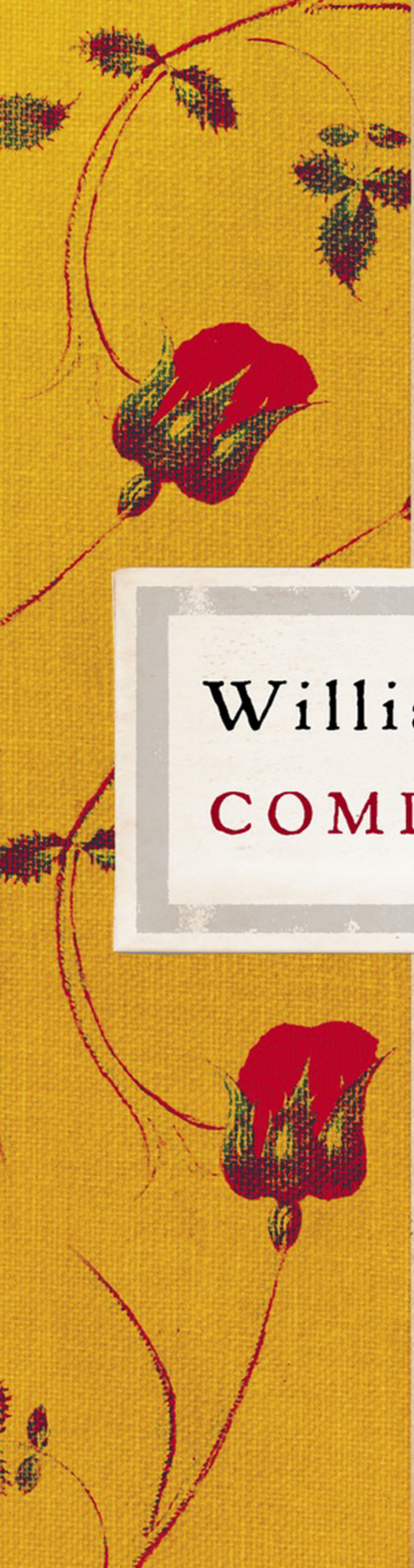

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William Shakespeare
COMPLETE WORKS

EDITED BY

JONATHAN BATE
AND ERIC RASMUSSEN

MODERN LIBRARY

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2007 Modern Library Edition

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ISBN 9780679642954
eBook ISBN 9780345546562

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THE RSC SHAKESPEARE COMPLETE WORKS

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PREFACE

As Shakespeare wrote for a company of actors and as the First Folio was the product of the work of many hands, so this edition is a product of the Royal Shakespeare Company's principle of ensemble. Jonathan Bate's role has been akin to that of a theater company's artistic director: he devised the guiding principles, wrote almost all the introductory materials, and was final arbiter for every editorial decision. He gladly takes responsibility for all the edition's failings. Eric Rasmussen has been like a stage director overseeing the performance of the complete works: line by line, through nearly a million words of Shakespeare, he has made choices about modernization, punctuation, emendations, and stage directions. He has edited thirty of the thirty-eight plays in this edition and checked the remaining eight, for which primary credit belongs to Eleanor Lowe (*King John*, *1* and *2 Henry VI*, *Henry VIII*, *Coriolanus*), Dee Anna Phares (*Macbeth* and *Othello*), and Lucy Munro (*Pericles*). Jonathan Bate edited the poems and sonnets, with assistance from Jan Sewell, Penelope Freedman, and James Gibson.

Héloïse Sénéchal was chief commentary editor, researching and writing the explanatory notes for about half the plays herself and revising the initial work on the other half, which was undertaken by Eleanor Lowe, Jan Sewell, Charlotte Scott, Esme Miskimmin, Penelope Freedman, Christopher Campbell, Takashi Kozuka, and Erin Sullivan. "First pass" edits, establishing the core of the play texts, were undertaken by Sophie Holroyd, Trey Jansen, Dee Anna Phares, and Will Sharpe. Ayako Kawanami and Paul Prescott assisted with text preparation early in the project, and Oliver Phillips with tabular material. Jan Sewell and Trey Jansen played the hugely important role of checking, improving, and proofreading every work. Equally indispensable was our eagle-eyed copy editor, Tracey Day. Over fifteen person-years of editorial labor have gone into the project and every word of Shakespeare has been scrutinized by five or six pairs of editorial eyes—but still, as in every previous edition, there are bound to be errors, and we would like to express our gratitude in advance to any readers who may draw our attention to them via the edition's website, www.therscshakespeare.com. Every effort will be made to incorporate corrections in later reprints and our forthcoming editions of individual works. Also to be found at the website are an array of supporting materials, including hints on Shakespearean verse speaking with audio examples, a bibliography (readily updatable online as it could not be in print), a more detailed account of our editorial procedures than that provided in the general introduction, and RSC production histories of all the plays.

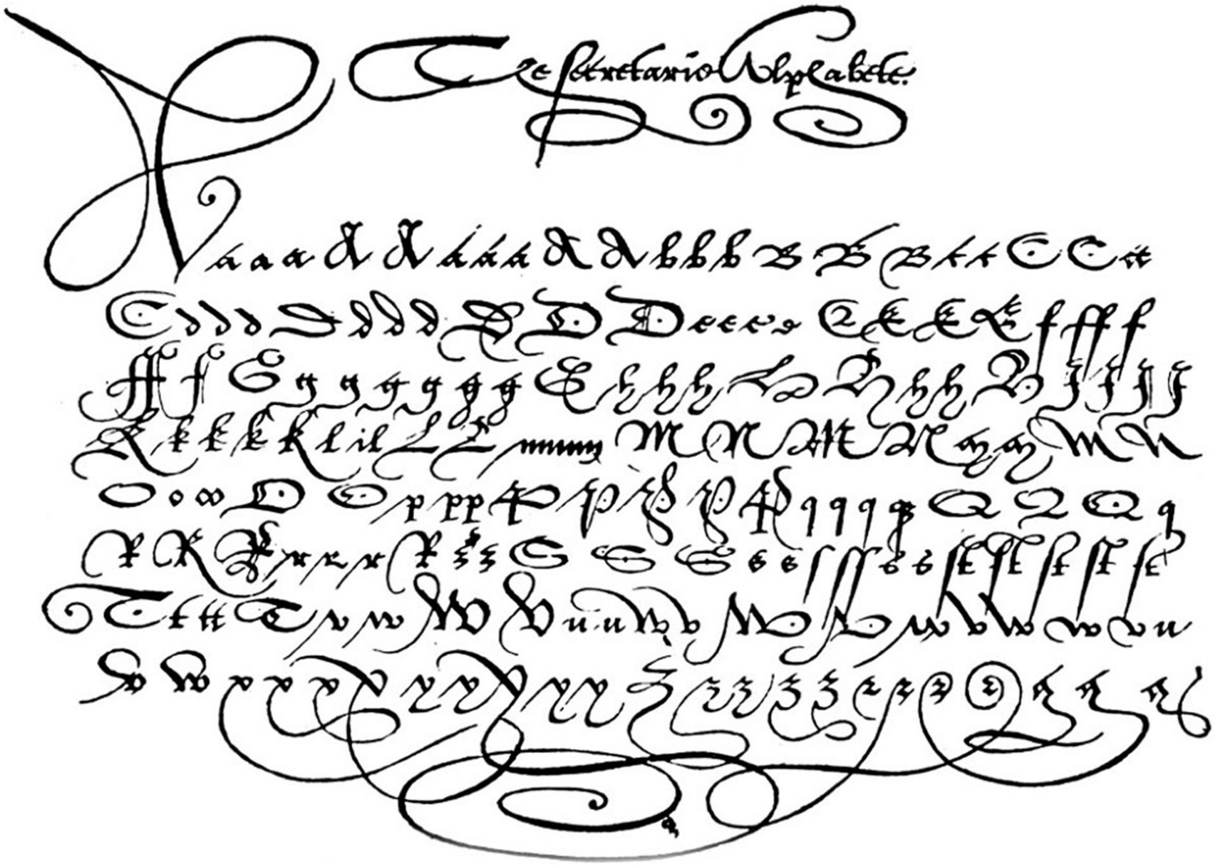
We gratefully acknowledge the work of our many predecessors in bringing Shakespeare from script to print. We have been especially influenced by the following: John Hemings, Henry Condell, Ralph Crane, Isaac Jaggard, Edward Blount, and their collaborators for the production of the First Folio; Nicholas Rowe and his successors for establishing the modern editorial tradition; Samuel Johnson for principles that helped to shape this edition; the select company of editors—Charles Knight, Charlotte Porter and Helen Clarke, Herbert Farjeon—who stayed loyal to the Folio in the centuries dominated by conflations and Quartos; successive generations of editors for Oxford, Cambridge, and the Arden series; the example of David Bevington; Stanley Wells and his collaborators on the 1986 Oxford edition for a new paradigm against which to measure ourselves.

The theoretical and practical work of many scholars has helped to shape our editorial principles, but special notice should be given to the work of Peter Blayney, Lukas Erne, John Jowett, and Paul Werstine. Our explanatory notes owe an immense debt not only to the commentaries of previous editions, but also to the creators of the *Oxford English Dictionary Online*, *Early English Books Online*, and *Literature Online*, the editors of *Athlone Shakespeare Dictionaries*, and the work of David and Ben Crystal (*Shakespeare's Words*), Ian Lancashire (*Early Modern English Dictionary Database* and *Lexicons of Early Modern English*), and Gordon Williams (*Dictionary of Sexual Language and Imagery in Shakespearean and Stuart Literature* and *A Glossary of Shakespeare's Sexual Language*).

We have always been conscious of standing on the shoulders of giants, while being aware that our predecessors will disagree with several of our key principles and hundreds of our local decisions. Such is the process of

Shakespearean editing, which will continue so long as the plays are read and performed.

Jonathan Bate, University of Warwick
Eric Rasmussen, University of Nevada, Reno


The Secretario Alphabete.

The forms of Elizabethan secretary hand: the variant strokes suggest how difficult it would have been to read the original manuscripts, which is one reason why the early printed texts are prone to error and the modern editorial process remains so laborious and speculative.

GENERAL INTRODUCTION

Jonathan Bate

“After God, Shakespeare has created most”
(Alexandre Dumas, French novelist whose works have been translated into nearly a hundred languages and adapted into over two hundred films, figures surpassed by Shakespeare alone)

“Shakespeare was conscious of a double or treble reality fused together into one line or a single word”
(Cesare Pavese, Italian poet and novelist)

“Somehow Shakespeare always had something to say to us”
(Ahmed Kathrada, imprisoned on Robben Island with Nelson Mandela)

Shakespeare Our Perennial Contemporary

Hamlet is delighted when he hears the news that the players have returned to Elsinore. He greets them as personal friends. Some of the theater enthusiasts among the courtiers of Queen Elizabeth and then King James, such as the Earl of Southampton, the Earl of Pembroke, and the Earl of Montgomery, would have greeted Shakespeare and his fellow actors in the same way. The circumstances of the fictional acting company at Elsinore reflect those of the real company, the Lord Chamberlain’s Men, that first put on Shakespeare’s *Hamlet*. Their highest priority is to be available on demand for court performances, if necessary reshaping their repertoire in response to a particular demand, as when Hamlet asks for a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines to be inserted into their tragedy. While waiting to be summoned to the palace, they perform regularly in the city, trying out each new play in the court of public opinion. They are an all-male company, whose teenage apprentices play the female parts. Their business at the box office faces a range of challenges, from state censorship to closure because of plague to rival attractions and in particular a fashionable new company consisting entirely of highly trained schoolboys.

Given that the players in *Hamlet* are in part a witty self-representation of Shakespeare's own acting company, it is fair to assume that Shakespeare himself believed as Hamlet does that actors are "the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time." According to contemporaneous dictionaries, an "abstract" was "a little book or volume gathered out of a greater," "an abridgement, epitome, summary, compendium, short course, or discourse." In an age of long sermons, interminable homilies, and closely printed treatises on ethics and politics, plays provided a crash course in the way of the world, an instantaneous mirror of manners and of life. The weighty folio volumes of *The Chronicles of England, Scotland and Ireland* gathered by Raphael Holinshed and others were anything but "brief." In a fraction of the time it would have taken to read them—and at a fraction of the cost of buying the book—Shakespeare's players, as they moved from the Rose to the Theatre to the Curtain to the Globe, offered the London public an abridgement and compendium of the nation's history.

Their dramatized "chronicles" of times past—whether British, European, ancient Greek, or Roman—were also mirrors of the present. All productions were "modern dress," with just the occasional period detail such as emblematic togas to represent classical Rome. More money was spent on the purchase of costumes than the commissioning of scripts. The kings, dukes, and ladies in the plays would have looked impressively courtly not least because their wardrobe consisted in part of the secondhand clothes of courtiers: often when aristocrats died, they would bequeath items of clothing to their servants, who would sell them to the players. From his reading and his firsthand experience of submitting his work for the approval of the Master of the Revels, then of performing at court, Shakespeare learned the language and manners of courtiership. So his characters came to speak and to gesture, as well as to be dressed, in the manner of monarchs and their entourage. A Duke of Buckingham or Earl of Pembroke in the audience might have seen himself mirrored in one of his ancestors in the chronicle plays. King James, who claimed descent from Banquo, would have watched "the Scottish play" with close attention. And the followers of the Earl of Essex, who liked to consider him the modern Achilles, would have found rich food for thought in Shakespeare's deconstruction of the Achillean code of chivalry in his *Troilus and Cressida*, written soon after Essex's dramatic fall from Queen Elizabeth's favor.

Whether set or written in the past, all great plays speak to present times. In Shakespeare, topical allusion is rare—the odd flattering glance at Queen Elizabeth, one conspicuous nod to Essex in *Henry* V—but the sense of the fictional world on stage as a mirror of the real world beyond the auditorium is pervasive.

Theater is unique among the arts of the word in the degree to which it is public, collaborative, multidimensional, and unpredictable. The greatest playwrights combine many different skills: they share the gift of narrative with the novelist and the epic storyteller, the arts of persuasive oratory with the lawyer and the public speaker, the trick of minting language anew with the poet, the ability to bring the past back to life with the historian, and the capacity to imagine—indeed to shape—the future with the prophet. While doing all this, they have always to think in three dimensions, to write for a body as well as a voice, to animate a stage as well as a page. At the same time, they rely on trust. Whereas the poet or novelist writes in the expectation of a direct relationship between their words, their imagined world and the minds of their readers, the playwright's work is always incomplete. It is only brought to fruition through the work of intermediaries: the actors and all the other professionals involved in the process of putting on a play.

Theater writing accordingly offers a unique combination of presence and absence. The audience is present in the same room as the performers. This is what makes the ancient and primal art of theater different from such modern media as radio, film, television, DVD, and Webcast. Indeed, the audience's response helps to shape the performance, which will be subtly different on every occasion. There is always a sense of risk. An actor might forget his lines: Shakespeare plays with the possibility in *Coriolanus*, when his mouthy protagonist is reduced to silence by the arrival of his pleading family ("Like a dull actor now, / I have forgot my part, and I am out, / Even to a full disgrace"). A stage effect may misfire, as when a faulty cannon burned down Shakespeare's Globe near the end of his career. A slip in a sword fight may shed real blood (this happened to me when I was playing Macbeth as a schoolboy, probably as punishment for our failure to observe the theatrical superstition of never uttering the title *Macbeth* but referring instead to "the Scottish play"). An unruly audience may overwhelm the stage (again, Shakespeare plays with the idea when Caliban and his drunken companions interrupt the play-within-the-play in *The Tempest*, provoking Prospero into an elegy on the evanescence of the theater of human life itself). The authorities may close a show for political reasons, as in *Hamlet* the usurping King of Denmark closes “The Mousetrap” before it is finished and as the deposition scene in *Richard II* was too sensitive to be printed or perhaps even to be played.

Shakespeare recognized that human affairs always embody a combination of permanent truths and historical contingencies, of—to use the terms of his age—”nature” and “custom.” At one level, he is “not of an age, but for all time.” He works with archetypal characters, core plots, and perennial conflicts, as he dramatizes the competing demands of the living and the dead, the old and the young, men and women, self and society, integrity and role-play, insiders and outsiders. He grasps the structural conflicts shared by all societies: religious against secular vision, country against city, birth against education, strong leadership against the people’s voice, the code of honor against the energies of erotic desire. But he also addressed the conflicts of his own historical moment: the transition from Catholicism to Protestantism and feudalism to modernity, the formation of national identity, trade, and immigration, the encounter with new worlds overseas, the shadow of foreign powers. He was restricted by the customs of his age, notably when it came to the subordination of women, but at the same time he was prophetic of future ages. Despite the inferior position of most women in his society and the fact that the convention of his theater meant that female parts were played by young men, he gives a remarkable degree of freedom and mental agility to his women.

Shakespeare's black characters were originally played by white actors with faces blackened by charred cork, but ever since the black singer, actor, and political activist Paul Robeson played Othello to Peggy Ashcroft's Desdemona in the 1930s, this drama of interracial marriage has been made to address pressing contemporary concerns of ethnic, cultural, and religious difference. In the early twenty-first century, the Islamic connotations of "the Moor" became as significant as his color.

Shakespeare endures because with each new turn of history, a new dimension of his work opens up before us. When George III went mad, *King Lear* was kept off the stage—it was just too close to the truth. During the Cold War, *Lear* again became Shakespeare's hottest play, its combination of starkness and absurdity answering to the mood of the age, inspiring the Polish critic Jan Kott to compare it to Samuel Beckett's *Endgame* in his influential book *Shakespeare our Contemporary* (1961), and both the Russian Grigori Kozintsev (1969) and the English Peter Brook (1971) to make darkly brilliant film versions.

Early in 1934, when the French Socialist government was close to collapse, a new translation of *Coriolanus* was staged at the Comédie Française in Paris. The production was perceived as an attack on democratic institutions. Rioting pro- and antigovernment factions clashed in the auditorium. The Swiss translator was branded a foreign Fascist. The prime minister fired the theater director and replaced him with the head of the security police, whose artistic credentials were somewhat questionable. What are we to conclude from this real-life drama? That Coriolanus' contempt for the rabble makes Shakespeare himself into a proto-Fascist? How could it then have been that the following year the Maly Theatre company in Stalin's Moscow staged a production of the same play that sought to demonstrate that Coriolanus was an "enemy of the people" and that Shakespeare was therefore a true Socialist? Shakespeare was neither an absolutist nor a democrat, but the fact that both productions were possible is one of the major reasons why he continues to live through his work four centuries after his death.

On June 20, 2006, a production of *Titus Andronicus* directed by Yukio Ninagawa opened at the Royal Shakespeare Theatre in Stratford-upon-Avon (see Plates), as part of a festival in which Shakespeare's complete works were staged in the course of a year. *Titus* is a dramatization of the bloody and inexorable logic of revenge in a militarized world where the highest value is placed upon the code of honor. For Shakespeare and his original audiences, imperial Rome was synonymous with such a culture; the Ninagawa production powerfully aligned the play with Samurai codes of behavior (twenty years earlier, the same director had achieved a similar cultural translation in an internationally acclaimed staging of *Macbeth*). This *Titus* was an abstract and brief chronicle of several times at once: Ninagawa followed Shakespeare in skillfully collapsing several phases of ancient Roman history into one (primitive, republican, imperial, decadent), while at the same time spectators were conscious of both Shakespeare's sixteenth-century England and the enduring influence of Samurai Japan.

But the play still spoke to the present: that same day in Iraq two American soldiers had their throats slit in revenge for the death in an air strike two weeks earlier of Abu Musab al-Zarqawi, the leader of al-Qaeda in Iraq. According to the Mujahedeen Shura Council, this ritualized act of vengeance was carried out personally by al-Zarqawi's successor—just as Titus exacts revenge with his own remaining hand. So long as we have wars, rape, codes of honor, and violent acts of revenge, Shakespeare's tragic vision will go on being contemporary. So long as we continue to be fascinated by human relationships—children rebelling against parents, mothers struggling to let their sons grow up and break free, best friends falling for the same girl, servants and counselors who are wiser than their masters, ordinary people using jokes as a way of deflating those in authority—his comic vision will also remain alive.

People are not really killed on the Shakespearean stage (whereas people do sometimes really kiss each other, which is one of the important differences between tragedy and comedy). People do not speak highly rhetorical five-beat iambic pentameter verse lines in real life (whereas many lines in Shakespeare, sometimes tragic but more usually comic, are spoken in prose, which is one of the important differences between his work and that of more austere dramatists such as Sophocles and Racine). Shakespearean deaths and Shakespearean speeches are stylized. There can be no such thing as an entirely naturalistic staging of Shakespeare. Stylistically, the kind of drama from which he is furthest is soap opera—though, gloriously, for all the fine language and exotic settings, many of his plots and themes inhabit the same realm as those of soap (boy meets girl, marriage goes wrong, people grow old). Every production has to maintain a delicate balance between creating the illusion of reality and self-consciously acknowledging the theatrical process. Shakespeare loved that duality, which is why one of his favorite devises is what critics call "metadrama": plays-within-the-play, impersonation and dressing-up, allusions to the world as theater and life as acting, direct addresses to the audience, choric figures who are both inside and outside the action.

In his world, character is not predetermined. People become themselves through action, dialogue, the process of thinking. Drama is a basic tool for discovery of the self, achieved through exile, disguise, soliloquy, and scenic counterpoint. For Shakespeare, value is not absolute. It depends upon reflection, as when a person’s “virtues shining upon others / Heat them and they retort that heat again / To the first giver” (*Troilus and Cressida*). Shakespeare’s theory of human relativity is made possible by his dramatic medium, by double plots, contradictions between word and action, and the constant presence of a questioning audience.

In our journey through life or a character’s journey through a play, do we find a core of “self” or do we make ourselves up as we go along? In Shakespeare, those with prewritten scripts find their plotted stories disrupted: Prospero, Angelo, the men in *Love’s Labour’s Lost*, Shylock, Bertram, Leontes, Henry IV, Coriolanus, Lear. The powerful exception is Prince Hal/Henry V, who always remains ruthlessly in control of his master plan even as he gives the impression of being just one of the boys. Those who improvise are the characters who most excite Shakespeare (and us): Hamlet, Falstaff, Lady Macbeth, Beatrice, Rosalind, Viola, the Bastard in *King John*, Mercutio, Cleopatra, and in their darker way Richard III, Edmund in *Lear*, and Iago. Those who cannot adapt to change inspire our pity (Richard II, Othello). At the deepest level, Shakespeare’s most successful characters are the best actors.

“Shakespeare’s plays,” wrote Dr. Samuel Johnson in the preface to his edition of 1765, “are not in the rigorous and critical sense either tragedies or comedies, but compositions of a distinct kind; exhibiting the real state of sublunary nature, which partakes of good and evil, joy and sorrow, mingled with endless variety of proportion and innumerable modes of combination; and expressing the course of the world, in which the loss of one is the gain of another; in which, at the same time, the reveller is hasting to his wine, and the mourner burying his friend; in which the malignity of one is sometimes defeated by the frolic of another; and many mischiefs and many benefits are done and hindered without design.” Tragedy and comedy are terms that go back to the drama of the ancient Greeks. In ancient Athens the two kinds were strictly separated. Tragedy concerned the downfall of great men and women, larger-than-life figures, kings and queens, mythical heroes, and antiheroes—Agamemnon, Clytemnestra, Oedipus, Hercules, Medea. Comedy was filled with ordinary people: petulant fathers, unruly wives, clever servants, young lovers on the make. Arbiters of taste have a tendency to shelter themselves under the wings of tradition. For this reason, literary theorists from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century regarded the practices of the ancients as rules to be obeyed rather than examples to be admired. In Shakespeare's lifetime, Sir Philip Sidney wrote with lofty disdain of the "mongrel tragi-comedy," which was the staple fare of the London stage. In Dr. Johnson's century, critical sophistication was frequently regarded as synonymous with French taste—and that meant the rigorous classicism of Racine and Voltaire.

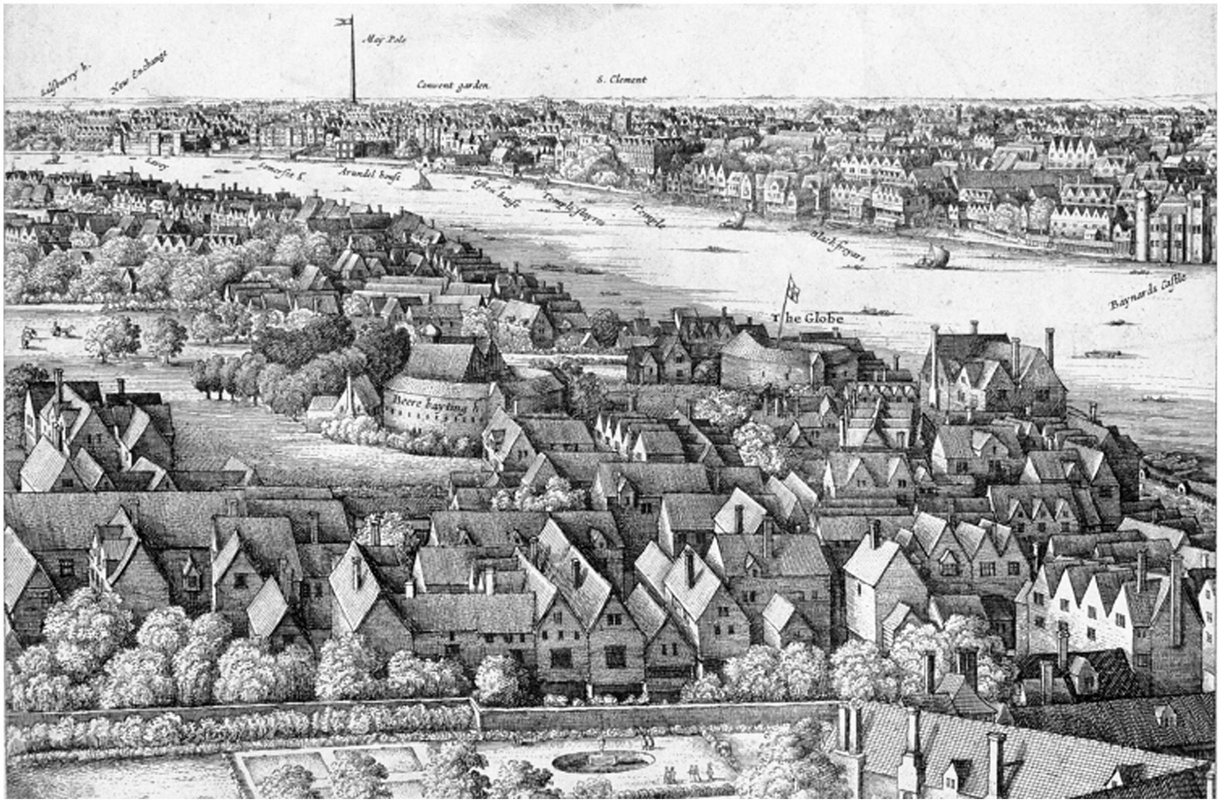
Johnson's preface to Shakespeare was written in a spirit of English empiricism that did not worry itself about neoclassical rules. "There is always an appeal open from criticism to nature," he says: Shakespeare's plays are great for the very reason that they mingle joy with sorrow and high with low. They may not conform to the model of the ancients, but they are true to life. The fall of the mighty is only ever part of the picture. Even Shakespeare's severest tragedies have their comedians: the Porter in *Macbeth*, Lear's Fool. Even his happiest comedies have their malcontents: Jaques in *As You Like It*, Don John in *Much Ado about Nothing*. We might go so far as to say that all Shakespeare's plays are tragicomedies and that is one of the principal reasons why his drama is, as Dr. Johnson also recognized, "the mirror of life."

Shakespeare's Debut: The "Upstart Crow"

William Shakespeare was an extraordinarily intelligent man who was born and died in an ordinary market town in the English Midlands. He lived an uneventful life in an eventful age. Like many clever country boys, he moved to the city in order to make his way in the world. Like many creative people, he found a career in the entertainment business.

Public playhouses and professional full-time acting companies reliant on the market for their income were born in Shakespeare's childhood. When he arrived in London as a man, a new phenomenon was in the making: the actor who is so successful that he becomes a "star." The word did not exist in its modern sense, but the pattern is recognizable: audiences went to the theater not so much to see a particular show as to witness the comedian Richard Tarlton or the dramatic actor Edward Alleyn.

Allegedly the son of a pig farmer, Tarlton came from the provinces. His trademark costume was a russet suit and buttoned cap. He graduated from the role of tavern jester to that of professional clown. His persona was the country innocent who is apparently baffled by the ways of the city, but whose outsider's eye gave him the ability to prick the bubble of pretension and anatomize the follies of the age. He died in 1588, but his name lived on for years; it has been claimed with some justice that he was the first Englishman of humble origins to become a national "celebrity." His role as company clown for the Queen's Men made possible the roles that Shakespeare wrote for his clowns, Will Kempe and Robert Armin: Lance and Lancelet, Costard, Dogberry and Bottom, Touchstone, Feste, the gravedigger in *Hamlet*, and Lear's unnamed Fool. More than this, his status as outsider looking in, countryman in the city, was a kind of model for Shakespeare's own art, which is at once a quip and a shrug, planned and improvised, involved and detached.


Saliſbury h.
New Exchange
May Pole
Couent garden
S. Clement
Savoy
Somerſet h.
Arundel houſe
Eſsex houſe
Temple ſtayres
Temple
Black fryars
Baynards Caſtle
The Globe
Beere bayting h.

A panorama of Shakespeare's London, showing the theaters on the south bank of the River Thames, a location on the margins of the city in an area associated with brothels and violent entertainment for the masses: by a pleasing irony, the engraver has captioned the bearbaiting arena "The Globe" and the theater "beere bayting h[ouse]."

Whereas Tarlton the comedian died young, Alleyn the tragedian lived long. He established his fame with mighty roles such as Marlowe's striding Tamburlaine, but then, like many a modern star, he recognized that there was more money and artistic control to be gained in becoming his own producer than in remaining a hired gun. A skilled entrepreneur, he built a succession of theaters that doubled as bearbaiting houses, and became a very rich man. After dabbling in local politics, he decided to immortalize himself through philanthropy by endowing a college at Dulwich. Two years younger than Shakespeare, he was always a step ahead of him. Alleyn was the man who revealed for the first time that the entertainment business could make you rich, famous, and respectable.

At the royal court, meanwhile, there was a new demand for sophisticated entertainment. A few years before Shakespeare's birth, Queen Elizabeth I had inherited an England that had oscillated between extremes of Protestantism and Roman Catholicism. The nation was weak and marginal in comparison with the might of Spain on the European mainland, let alone the Ottoman Empire beyond the Mediterranean Sea. Through a delicate balancing act, the young queen kept in play opposing religious faiths, rival courtiers, and multiple diplomatic liaisons. By refusing to submit to any potential husband, she claimed to be married to her people. Through the cultural patronage offered by her courtiers and the mythmaking symbolism afforded by poetry, spectacle, and painting, she shaped an image of herself as a virgin goddess and her nation as a new imperium, a worthy successor to the ancient Roman Empire that had mastered more than half the known world. During the 1580s, John Lyly—who had become the most fashionable writer in the land, thanks to his *Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit: Very Pleasant for All Gentlemen to Read* (1578)—wrote a series of plays for court performance, composed in finely spun prose and played by talented boy actors from the London choir schools. Lyly flattered the queen while at the same time appealing to the classical learning of the social elite and exploiting the aura of flirtation and femininity that was inevitable in a court where ambitious males vied for Her Majesty's attention. In Lyly's hands, courtship was inseparable from courtiership, the vicissitudes of love on stage serving as metaphor for the fickleness of favor in the royal presence chamber.

Shakespeare was an actor before he was a writer. It appears not to have been long before he realized that he was never going to grow into a great comedian like Tarlton or a great tragedian like Alleyn. Instead, he found a role within his company as the man who patched up old plays, breathing new life, new dramatic twists, into tired repertory pieces. He paid close attention to the work of the university-educated dramatists who were writing history plays and tragedies for the public stage in a style more ambitious, sweeping, and poetically grand than anything that had been seen before. But he may also have noted that what his friend and rival Ben Jonson would call "Marlowe's mighty line" sometimes faltered in the mode of comedy. Going to university was all well and good for honing the arts of rhetorical elaboration and classical allusion, but it could lead to a loss of the common touch. To stay close to a large segment of the potential audience for public theater, it was necessary to maintain the spirit of Tarlton, to write for clowns as well as kings, and to intersperse the flights of poetry with the humor of the tavern, the privy, and the brothel.

In the 1580s and early 1590s, several of Lyly's plays appeared in print. They offered Shakespeare a model for what might appeal at court: a tumble of clever words, witty banter between lovers, substantial female roles to be played by cross-dressed boys who sometimes slip back into male attire. The women are always one step ahead of the men, more sensitive of spirit, quicker of mind and tongue. A quick study and a brilliant mimic, Shakespeare realized that it was possible to do it all. To write both heroic and villainous roles for serious actors in the vein of Alleyn, as Marlowe had done. To churn out jokes and comic misunderstandings for Tarlton's successors. And to create linguistically and emotionally challenging female parts to be played by youthful males. To appeal to the queen and the ladies and gentlemen of the court as well as the gallants of the town and the denizens of the Bankside taverns. To find a voice that spoke to both the queen and her commoners.

The chronology and the pattern of authorship of Shakespeare's early works are impossible to pin down.[1] It seems, though, that by the summer of 1592 he had made his first steps in comedy, history, and tragedy. Many of those first steps—and not a few of his later ones—depended on an art of rewriting existing repertoire rather than creating new plays from scratch. In the late eighteenth century, wrestling with the thorny problem of the authorship of the *Henry VI* plays, the great scholar Edmond Malone predicted that "A time may arrive, in which it will become evident, from books and manuscripts yet undiscovered and unexamined, that Shakespeare did not attempt a single play on any subject, till the effect of the same story, or at least the ruling incidents in it, had been tried on the stage and familiarized to his audience." He has almost been proved right.

With *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and *The Taming of the Shrew*, Shakespeare created two very different courtship comedies. *The Two Gentlemen*, with its language of courtly love and its juxtaposition of the conflicting demands of desire and friendship, was close to the style and preoccupations of Lyly, whereas *The Shrew* was written in a harsher vein and more robust language, pushing at the borderline between violence and play. It is possible that both comedies were reworkings of existing repertory: the primary source for *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* may have been a lost pastoral called *Felix and Philismena*, played at court by the Queen's Men, while a surviving script published in 1594 as *The Taming of a*

Shrew may reflect a pre-Shakespearean version of the story of the formidable Kate.

Though the evidence is not absolutely decisive, it is probable that Shakespeare's first tragedy, *Titus Andronicus*, was also a new version of an old play. When it was published early in 1594, the title page indicated that it had been acted by several different companies. Stylistic analysis has revealed the hand of George Peele in the first act especially, but we do not know whether Shakespeare wrote in active collaboration with Peele or took over an older play by Peele, left the first act more or less intact and reworked the remainder more inventively. Whatever its origins, once in Shakespeare's hands *Titus* became a tour de force. As his *Shrew* put violence into courtship comedy, so his *Andronicus* put black comedy into bloodstained tragedy. Over twenty years later, Ben Jonson was complaining that audiences were still swearing that "*Jeronimo* or *Andronicus* are the best plays yet" (*Jeronimo* was Thomas Kyd's hugely popular *Spanish Tragedy,* foundation text of the revenge tradition and another play from which Shakespeare learned a potent rhetoric).

Comedy and tragedy, but also history: Shakespeare was one of the first to realize that theater could be the medium to make the national past available to a wider audience than the elite who could afford to read large history books. He accordingly domesticated the model of Christopher Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, an epic two-part drama full of elevated rhetoric, reversals of fortune, and energetic battles. England's disintegration took the place of exotic Tamburlaine's military career as the central action of his first foray into historical drama. A two-part dramatization of the Wars of the Roses, entitled *The First Part of the Contention betwixt the Two Famous Houses of York and Lancaster* and *The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York*, established Shakespeare as a force to be reckoned with in the London theater world. A few years later, sophisticated Ben Jonson would mock both the language and the staging of these plays—"with three rusty swords, / And help of some few foot and half-foot words, / Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars"—but in the early 1590s, the high-flown passion of York's excoriation of Queen Margaret, the "she-wolf of France," thrilled the ears of playgoers:

> O, tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide!

> How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
> To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
> And yet be seen to bear a woman’s face?
> Women are soft, mild, pitiful and flexible;
> Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
> Bid’st thou me rage? Why, now thou hast thy wish.
> Wouldst have me weep? Why, now thou hast thy will.
> For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
> And when the rage allays, the rain begins.

The rhetorical formality, the accumulation of epithets, and symmetries of phrasing, would have assisted the actor in memorizing such a speech and then delivering it memorably in the testing environment of an open-air stage. The contrasting play of “tiger’s heart” and “woman’s hide,” the stimulus to the archetypal tragic actions of raging and weeping (which would have been expressed by gesture as well as word), the clash of opposites (“soft” against “stern,” “flexible” against “flinty”), the sense that the face can both reveal and deceive: every aspect of the writing provides rich potential for the actor. At the same time, there is a startling reversal of customary roles. York is a senior actor, a master, but his role is to be humiliated by a boy, the apprentice in the female role. For force of passion and sheer range of expression, the part of Queen Margaret was unprecedented on the English stage. Shakespeare’s audacity in giving such prominence to a mere apprentice, in stretching female representation so far beyond the conventional romantic roles of Lyly’s comedies, was a severe challenge to theatrical custom.

The First Part of the Contention and *The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York* appeared in print in 1594–95. The published scripts in pocket “Quarto” or “Octavo” format were shorter versions of the plays than those printed in 1623 in the posthumous First Folio of Shakespeare’s complete works as the second and third parts of *Henry VI.*[2] The play that the Folio calls *The First Part of Henry the Sixth* was not published in the 1590s, but it was an undoubted hit on stage. Performed as new or newly revised at the Rose Theatre in March 1592, it juxtaposed the origins of the Wars of the Roses with the battles in France between plain-speaking English Talbot and tricksy French Joan of Arc. In a pamphlet published later that year Thomas

Nashe praised the power of the performance: “How would it have joyed brave Talbot, the terror of the French, to think that after he had lain two hundred years in his tomb, he should triumph again on the stage and have his bones new-embalmed with the tears of ten thousand spectators at least, at several times, who in the tragedian that represents his person imagine they behold him fresh bleeding?” Nashe may, however, have had a vested interest in exaggerating the triumph of the Talbot play: stylistic analysis suggests that he had a hand in its writing himself. There are also strong resemblances to the work of two other university-educated dramatists, Robert Greene and George Peele. Perhaps, then, as a result of the success of Shakespeare’s Wars of the Roses plays, Philip Henslowe, proprietor of the Rose, commissioned a new treatment of the earlier part of King Henry VI’s reign from some combination of Nashe, Greene, and Peele—only for Shakespeare to stamp his own mark on it once it was in the hands of the actors.

There is not enough evidence to rule out the possibility that all three *Henry VI* plays may include elements of collaborative writing or reworking of older plays. In the early years of his career, Shakespeare seems to have been a hired man, a jack of all trades: the bit-part actor who had found a niche for himself as a reformer of old plays was now contributing distinctive scenes to new ones. His stylistic fingerprints have been tentatively identified in a range of plays that apparently belong to the early 1590s: he may have written a powerful scene of domestic quarreling in the admirable detective tragedy *Arden of Faversham;* since the eighteenth century there have been strong arguments in favor of his authorship of some witty scenes in *The Reign of Edward* III, where the king attempts to seduce the Countess of Salisbury with some assistance from his court poet Lodowick; there are some notable verbal parallels between his early works and *Edmund Ironside,* a chronicle-based drama concerning a native English rebellion against the rule of King Canute. In 1595, the old play of *Locrine* (set in the primitive Britain where Shakespeare would locate *King Lear*) was printed with a title page describing it as “Newly set forth, overseen and corrected by W. S.” Though there is no evidence to link this “W. S.” to Shakespeare, it does seem that he cut his teeth as a writer in the role of overseer, improver, and new setter forth of old scripts.

It was galling for established writers to see their work being “corrected” by a mere actor. Late in 1592, a pamphlet was published under the title *Greene’s Groatsworth of Wit, bought with a Million of Repentance*. Prepared for the press by the playwright and printer Henry Chettle, it purportedly contained the dying wishes of the prolific writer Robert Greene, whose life had ended in squalor and poverty a few months before. One section took the form of a letter addressed “To those Gentlemen his *quondam* acquaintance, that spend their wits in making plays.” The gentlemen in question are recognizable as Christopher Marlowe, Thomas Nashe, and George Peele. The first two had, like Greene, graduated from Cambridge University, while Peele was an Oxford man. Collectively known by scholars as the “university wits,” they had written the best plays of the late 1580s and early 1590s, often working in collaboration with one another. The *Groatsworth* complains that the players—”those puppets, I mean, that spake from our mouths, those antics garnished in our colours”—were getting rich on the back of the university men’s labor, yet offering them minimal reward. Stop writing for the theater, warns the voice of the dying Greene, or you will end up in my sorry condition. What is more, there is a new threat to the professional writers, coming from within the acting trade:

> Trust them not, for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers that, with his “Tiger’s heart wrapped in a player’s hide,” supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you: and being an absolute *Johannes Factotum*, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country. O that I might intreat your rare wits to be employed in more profitable courses: and let those apes imitate your past excellence and never more acquaint them with your admired inventions…whiles you may, seek you better masters, for it is a pity men of such rare wits should be subject to the pleasure of such rude grooms.

The parody of York’s line in *3 Henry VI*, with “woman’s hide” wittily changed to “player’s hide,” together with the pun “Shake-scene,” leaves no room for doubt that the person under attack here is Shakespeare, the actor turned redresser of plays. The implication is that the actors, who are not gentlemen but lowly “grooms” in the service of their patrons, are taking the “inventions” of the freelance playwrights and altering them at their “pleasure,” mainly through the agency of the “upstart crow.” “Upstart” suggests Shakespeare’s inferior social origin. *Johannes Factotum* means “jack of all trades,” an allusion to the perceived breach of decorum whereby he has dabbled in both the vulgar trade of acting and the genteel profession of writing.

The image of the “upstart crow” and the conceit of “Shake-scene in a country,” the latter word perhaps calculated to suggest the opposite of “city” sophistication, suggest that the author of the *Groatsworth* has in his sights not only Shakespeare’s lack of a university degree but also his rural simplicity. Regional dialects were strongly divergent at this time: when Shakespeare came to London, both his accent and his speech idioms would have seemed provincial. The academic curriculum and social customs of Cambridge would have gone a long way toward homogenizing the Kentish Marlowe and the East Anglian Greene and Nashe in their patterns of thought, speech, and behavior. Shakespeare, by contrast, came straight to London from the Forest of Arden. If there is a self-portrait in his plays, it is probably to be found in a parodic representation of his own much-mocked origins: the figure of William, the country bumpkin in the Arden of As *You Like It*. It would be no surprise if we were to learn that Shakespeare played this cameo role himself. There had been pastoral interludes in Greene’s comedies, but one of Shakespeare’s hallmarks was the pervasive dramatic pattern of a movement between court and country, city and forest, sophistication and the simple life, a movement that reflected his own double life as London theatrical entrepreneur and provincial Warwickshire property speculator with pretensions to gentility.

The Back Story: Shakespeare of Stratford

Pomewater, Crab, Bitter Sweeting, Pippin, Leathercoat: Shakespeare knew his English apples better than any other dramatist. His language is scattered with flowers that are described with both botanical exactitude and folk knowledge. Damask, musk, and dog rose; the “pale” primrose that is “first-born child of spring”; crocuses with their “saffron wings”; daffodils “that come before the swallow dares”; the blue-veined harebell; “freckled” cowslips; “streaked gillyvors” (bicolored carnations artificially grafted so that some call them “nature’s bastards”); “larks-heels” or larkspurs; “sweet” marjoram; “hot” lavender; the “luscious woodbine” and its “sweet honeysuckle” flower; the eglantine or sweetbriar; “long purples,” an orchid with testicle-shaped roots that Gertrude in *Hamlet* says maids call “dead men’s fingers” but “liberal shepherds give a grosser name” (the plant was variously known as “priest’s pintel,” “bollock grass,” and “dog’s cullions,” but also as “the rampant widow,” which is ironic coming from Gertrude). The list could extend for pages, as could an account of Shakespeare’s technical knowledge of country pursuits such as falconry—which was one of his distinctive metaphors for relations between the sexes, as when Juliet longs for a falconer’s voice to call back her “tassel-gentle” Romeo or, more darkly, when Othello makes an extended comparison of Desdemona to a “haggard,” the term for a wild or unbroken hawk.

One of the ways in which Shakespeare made the imaginary worlds of his plays seem real was through an art of exactitude. This required greater truth to nature than to history. Historically, King Henry IV died in the spring of the year, but dramatically Shakespeare requires a late-summer mood at the climax of his two-part drama about the relationship between Prince Hal and Sir John Falstaff. He accordingly drops in a casual allusion to Hinckley Fair (a famous cattle market held annually on August 26) and refers to the sowing of the “headland” (the strip at the end of the furrow where the plough turns, which was planted later than the main field), with “red” (spring) as opposed to white (winter) wheat. Two centuries after the play was written, agricultural writers noted with amazement that red wheat was indeed sown on the Cotswold Hills as late as August.

Like Tarlton before him, Shakespeare enjoyed feigning rustic simplicity. He fooled his more urbane rivals by hiding his sophistication behind the pose of the “natural.” The “rude mechanicals” who rehearse their play in *A Midsummer Night’s Dream* are described as “hempen home-spuns,” suggesting the countryman’s garment of coarse hemp, as opposed to the fine silks and furs of court dress, and yet it is the most seemingly simpleminded of the group, Nick Bottom the weaver, who is granted an intimate encounter with the fairy queen and who achieves a special grace even as he is mocked as an ass. When Shakespeare witnessed his words being played before Queen Elizabeth, he must have felt a little like Bottom himself.

We will never know what drove his ambition, but his father's ill-fortune may have been part of the story. The human life cycle in early modern England was such that a man often fathered children around the time his own father died. So it was for John Shakespeare. His father Richard, a tenant farmer who lived in the village of Snitterfield, just north of Stratford-upon-Avon, died in 1560 or 1561. John Shakespeare, born in about 1530, had married Mary Arden—daughter of his father's landlord, socially a cut above him—when he was in his late twenties, by which time he was established as a glove maker and leather dresser in Stratford. William, their first surviving son, was born in April 1564. He grew up to write plays in which a "great round beard" is compared to "a glover's paring knife," and the soft kidskin leather known as "cheverel," used to make gloves, turns into a metaphor for his own most valuable commodity, namely his gift with words. Thus Mercutio jokes about Romeo's wit of cheverel that "stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad." Since "wit" was also a playful term for a man's sexual organ, the line contains sustained bawdy wordplay that exemplifies the wit it describes. Again, Feste in *Twelfth Night* says that "a good wit" can handle fragments of proverbial wisdom like a cheverel glove: "How quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!" The capacity to turn things inside out in an instant—whether through verbal pyrotechnics, twists of plot, turns of character, or intellectual reversals—is Shakespeare's hallmark. It is satisfying that cheverel is one of the signs he hangs above his metaphorical shop: he made his living from his wit where his father had made his from gloves.

John and Mary Shakespeare had five subsequent children, of whom the most intriguing is the youngest, Edmund, who was born in 1580 and later followed William to London, where he became an actor, presumably as an apprentice in his brother's company. The other survivors, sister Joan and brothers Gilbert and Richard, lived impeccably dull and respectable local lives. The black sheep of the family was John Shakespeare's brother, William's Uncle Henry, who frequently found himself on the wrong side of the law, at various times being fined, imprisoned or excommunicated for affray, debt, trespass, refusing to pay his tithes, and going to church in a hat instead of a cap.

By the time William was seven, his father had bought more property and achieved respectability in the town, holding the posts of bailiff and chief alderman of the borough council. This entitled him to send his children, free of charge, to the local grammar school. The King's New School provided a thorough grounding in Latin. A scene in The Merry *Wives of Windsor* featuring a clever schoolboy called William being drilled in his grammar has the smack of a personal memory being turned to comic account. The curriculum does not survive, but there was considerable uniformity in what was taught across the Elizabethan grammar school system, so Shakespeare's classroom experience may be readily inferred from others that do. Boys would remain in the first form until they could read Latin aloud with correct pronunciation and clear expression. They would then proceed to the second form, where they would be introduced to grammar: first the eight parts of speech, then the "concords of grammar and Latin speech to know the agreement of parts amongst themselves." After this initial grounding, work could begin on set texts, such as "the precepts of Cato with such other little books wherein is contained not only the eloquence of the tongue, but also good plain lessons of honesty and godliness." More demanding and literary texts were introduced in the third form, typically Aesop's fables, the poetry of Virgil, Cicero's letters, and the comedies of Terence. Boys who succeeded in mastering these would eventually be promoted to the fourth form, where there was a demanding regime of daily translation from Latin to English and back again, of readings in more advanced set texts, lessons in the rules of Latin versification, and composition of "epistles."

This pattern of work offers a glimpse of Shakespeare's beginnings as an author. Literary creation begins in translation and is inseparable from a program of reading: so it was that nearly all Shakespeare's plays were reworkings of preexistent texts. The "epistles" that the boys had to write to one another were his first exercise in the art of dramatic empathy: the requirement was to write a letter (in Latin) as if you were a famous figure from a classical story. Thus the boy Shakespeare might have been asked to imagine that he was wise old Nestor "exhorting Achilles by letter, that he bear bravely the snatching away of Briseida by Agamemnon, showing that one must bear even with an evil ruler, and public good must be preferred to private grief" or—being asked to inhabit the opposing side in the Trojan War—to write in the voice of Antenor persuading King Priam "that he should not be unwilling to return the stolen Helen to her Menelaus, either because it was just in itself, or because it would be the part of a very foolish ruler on account of the most shameful love of an effeminate youth and hardly a man Paris to cause that so many very brave men should enter battle.” Another exercise would be to use an incident in the life of, say, Julius Caesar or Mark Antony in order to exemplify some moral or political “theme.” The work of playwriting was an extension of the grammar school repertoire, cunningly adapted so as to be less obviously didactic.

The teaching of style and eloquence was as important as the moral content. From Erasmus’ *De Copia* Shakespeare learned the art of linguistic amplitude, saying the same thing several times over in a display of rhetorical ingenuity. From Cicero’s letters to his friends and his *Offices*, a handbook on ethical citizenship, he learned to polish and balance his sentences. He was regularly taught lessons in the art of persuasion. One of the specimen letters in Erasmus’ textbook was on the theme of persuading a young man to marry: Shakespeare’s sonnet sequence would begin with a set of variations on just such a theme, while a dialogue such as that between Helen and Parolles in *All’s Well That Ends Well* as they debate the pros and cons of virginity wittily imitates and elaborates upon several points made by Erasmus. The schoolroom technique of learning to argue both sides of a question—*in utramque partem*—was invaluable training not only for lawyers and politicians, but also for dramatists. Shakespeare imbibed his dialogic way of thinking unconsciously through the daily grind of his exercises in the Stratford-upon-Avon classroom. One suspects that his conscious mind would have been more engaged by the stories he encountered: in Ovid he read of erotic obsessions and magical transformations from man to beast, in Caesar he found the technical vocabulary of warfare, and in Sallust the machinations of conspiracy and power politics.

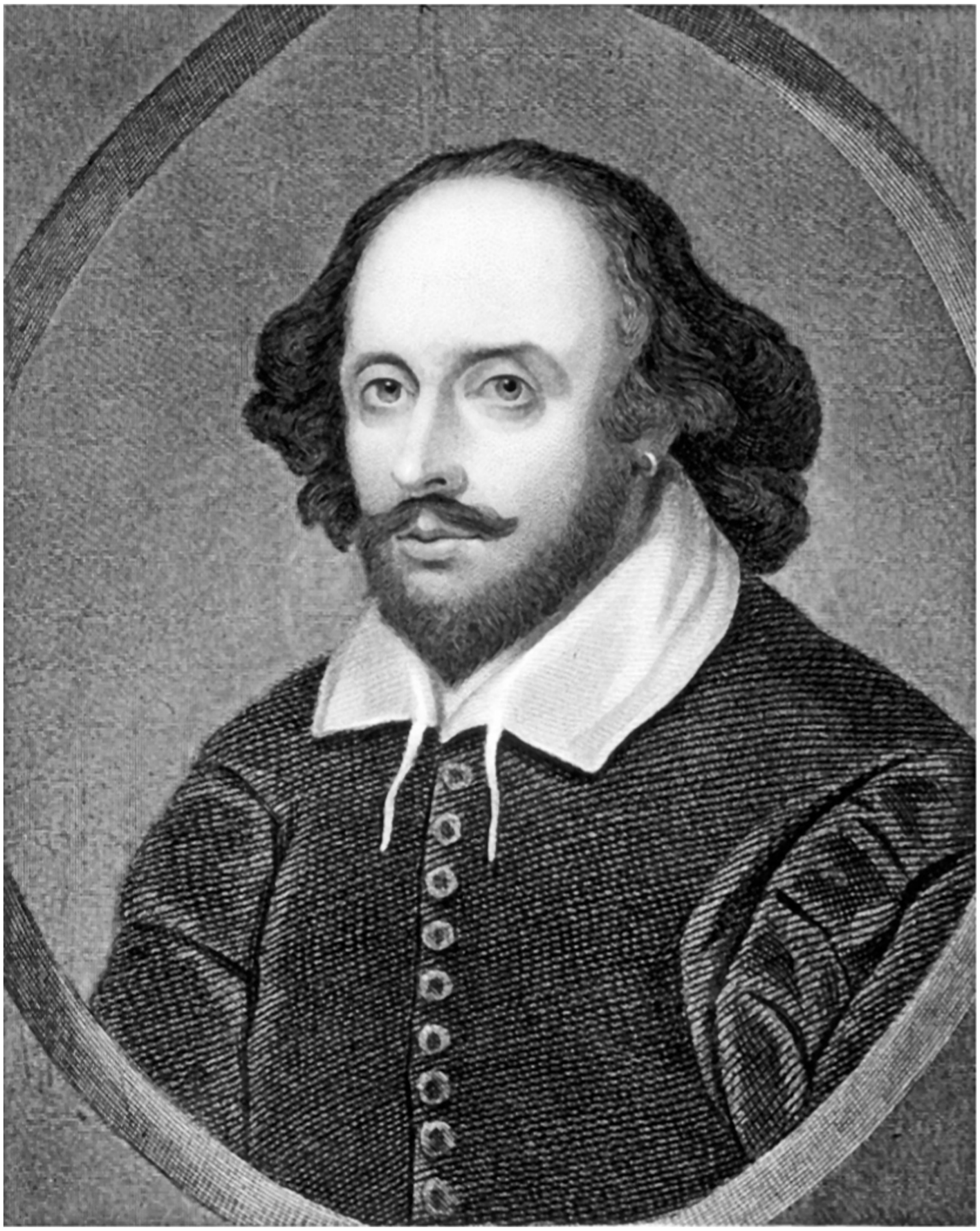
Ben Jonson, writing with the pride and insecurity of the learned autodidact, claimed in his commendatory poem in the First Folio that Shakespeare had “small Latin and less Greek.” Small by Jonson’s prodigious standards is large by ours: Shakespeare seems to have had enough Latin to base his *Comedy of Errors* and *Rape of Lucrece* on classical sources that had not been published in English translation. This is less surprising when one discovers that the boys in the upper forms of an

Elizabethan grammar school were expected to speak Latin at all times, save when they were assisting in the instruction of the lower forms.

The expectation that the senior boys would teach the junior is in accordance with the time-honored system of learning by means of apprenticeship. On completing their grammar school education, many of the Stratford boys would have been apprenticed into a trade. Richard Field, Shakespeare's near contemporary, went to London, found a position with a master printer and went on to become a master himself, with special skill in the printing of classical texts. Provided their parents could afford it, the most intellectually gifted pupils went on to Oxford or Cambridge University and thence to a career in the Church or the law. This was the road that Shakespeare did not take and the reason he was regarded by the university-educated writers as an "upstart crow."

Why didn't Shakespeare go to university? His father was clearly ambitious and determined. As well as establishing his glove and leather business, he dealt in wool, managed farmland for sheep-grazing, and apparently also practiced a little moneylending. Many of his business deals ended in litigation in the local courts, but that was common in the period. Young Will must have seemed like prime university material: bright as a button and son of the chief alderman of the town council. But in Will's thirteenth year, his father stopped attending local council meetings. He should have been fined for this (others in Stratford were), but he was not. The local tax assessments show that he was asked to pay less than he should have been, given his status. The clear signs are that he was in financial difficulties, but that his colleagues were initially willing to cut him some slack and give him the chance to set his affairs in order. Business was conducted largely on a credit basis, so a few bad debtors and a lack of cash reserves could cause big trouble. John Shakespeare's problems seem to have begun when one particular creditor pursued him hard. Over the next few years, he started selling land and trying to raise cash. He mortgaged a house in Wilmcote, the village where his wife had been brought up, to her brother-in-law from Barton on the Heath (a village mentioned in *The Taming of the Shrew*). Fearful of arrest for debt and consequent social humiliation, he stopped attending church. So at exactly the period when Shakespeare might have gone to university—boys typically went up in their mid-teens—he was needed at home.

John Shakespeare had overextended himself. He was struggling to maintain his young family. The likelihood is that Will spent his late teens as his father’s apprentice in the leather business. According to John Aubrey, one of the earliest, albeit not the most reliable, witnesses to Shakespeare’s life, “he exercised his father’s trade, but when he killed a calf, he would do it in a high style and make a speech.” Shakespeare probably cut up the hides rather than killed the calves, but the anecdote gives a sense of the intellectual frustration of this occupation for a man of his intelligence.



Many portraits have been claimed as images of Shakespeare. The only representation that is unquestionably authentic is the dome-headed engraving on the title page of the First Folio. The painting with the best provenance, going back to Shakespeare's godson William Davenant, is the so-called Chandos portrait in London's National Portrait Gallery, with its swarthy look, casually untied collar and stylish single gold earring. Engravings based on the portrait, such as this one, circulated widely in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, shaping the popular perception of Shakespeare.

At the age of eighteen, Shakespeare impregnated Anne (otherwise known as Agnes) Hathaway, a woman eight or nine years his elder. A special licence was issued, allowing them to be married without the usual three prior readings of the banns. A bond had to be provided as surety against any legal irregularity: since William was a minor, the money was put up by some friends of the Hathaways. The marriage took place at the end of November 1582, in a village outside Stratford. These circumstances suggest a degree of haste and concealment: John Shakespeare's financial problems may have been a factor (one only has to imagine a twist upon *Much Ado About Nothing* to visualize the potential embarrassment of the groom's father being arrested for debt during the wedding ceremony).

Susanna Shakespeare was born six months after the wedding, a few weeks after the third birthday of Will's brother Edmund. About a year and a half later, Anne gave birth to twins, Hamnet and Judith, named after Hamnet (a variant spelling of Hamlet) and Judith Sadler, family friends who would have served as godparents. During the years 1585–87 there were several actions for debt against John Shakespeare in the local courts. He racked up fines for failing to appear in court in answer to them. Three times he was bound over to keep the peace, in circumstances related to the debts. So it was that in the first years of his legal majority, William Shakespeare had to be the breadwinner for a household of four children under the age of seven.

At exactly this point he disappears from the historical record, only reemerging at the moment when the *Groatsworth* describes him as an "upstart crow." Did he go to seek his fortune as a soldier in the Dutch wars? A memorable scene in *2 Henry IV*, located in his native Cotswolds, reveals his knowledge of the process of recruitment, while play after play is steeped in the technical language of warfare and military life. Did he exploit his "small Latin" and become a lawyer's clerk, a "noverint" (this was the route toward the theater world taken by another talented, modestly born writer, Thomas Kyd)? Play after play is also steeped in the technical language of the law. In the late twentieth century, there was a popular theory that Shakespeare spent time as a servant in a recusant Catholic household in Lancashire, but the purported evidence was highly circumstantial and is largely discredited.[3] The best hint as to how he spent these so-called lost years comes via Aubury from the son of Christopher Beeston, one of Shakespeare's acting colleagues, who recalled that he had been "in his younger years a schoolmaster in the country." It has not, however, been established where or for how long this might have been the case. New evidence may yet be found. Why, for instance, did the distinguished poet and courtier Fulke Greville, whose family home was at Alcester near Stratford, take pride in being known as "Shakespeare's master"? Was it simply because he was the local lord of the manor or could he have found young Will a teaching position, perhaps on the Welsh border where he had extensive powers of patronage? In several of the plays Shakespeare is unusually interested in Wales and the Welsh language. His most memorable schoolmaster is a Welshman, Sir Hugh Evans in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, whose accent and foibles are mimicked with a degree of detail that conceivably hints at affectionate parody of a sometime colleague.

But this is all guesswork. All that is known for sure is that sooner or later Shakespeare tried to restore his family's fortunes by going to London and becoming an actor. Several of his plays rework originals in the repertoire of the Queen's Men, the leading company of the late 1580s, who toured widely (they made several visits to Stratford-upon-Avon) and were known for their anti-Catholic propaganda. Perhaps he initially had some association with them. Most of the actors who would go on to be his closest colleagues cut their teeth in the company known as Lord Strange's Men, so he is highly likely to have been a member of that troupe. In 1592, some of his plays were in the hands of a short-lived, mainly touring, company under the patronage of the Earl of Pembroke. It is not known whether he traveled with them.

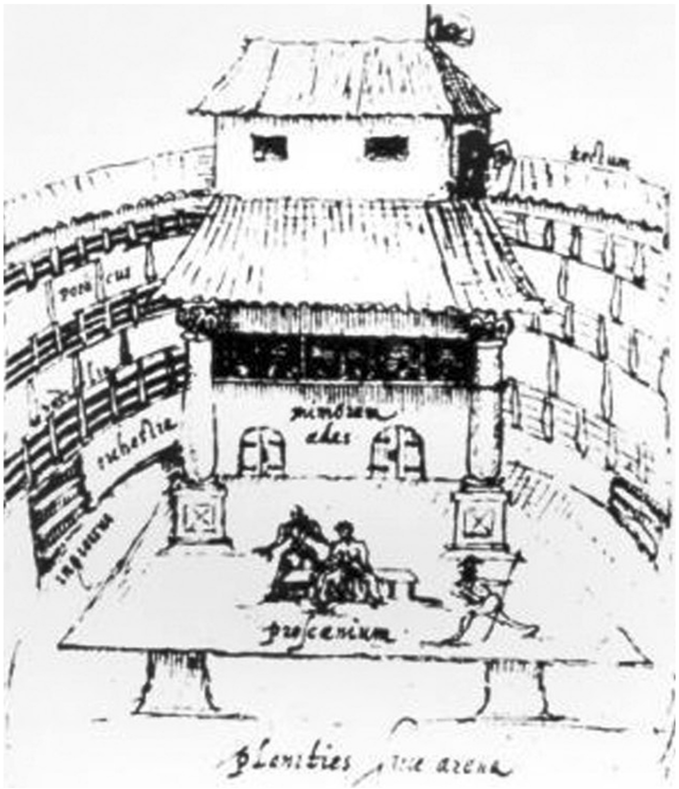
The Playhouses

While Shakespeare was still at school in Stratford, James Burbage, leader of the players who toured the land under the patronage of the Earl of Leicester, realized the potential offered by the massive expansion in the population of London that had occurred over the previous two generations: build a permanent playhouse and you have full control of your box office and your programming. You also have the potential to establish an audience base of repeat attendees in a way that was not possible when you were perpetually on the road. In 1576, he took a twenty-one-year lease on a site in Shoreditch to the northeast of the city and set about building a theater, working in partnership with his brother-in-law, John Brayne. Burbage's playhouse—

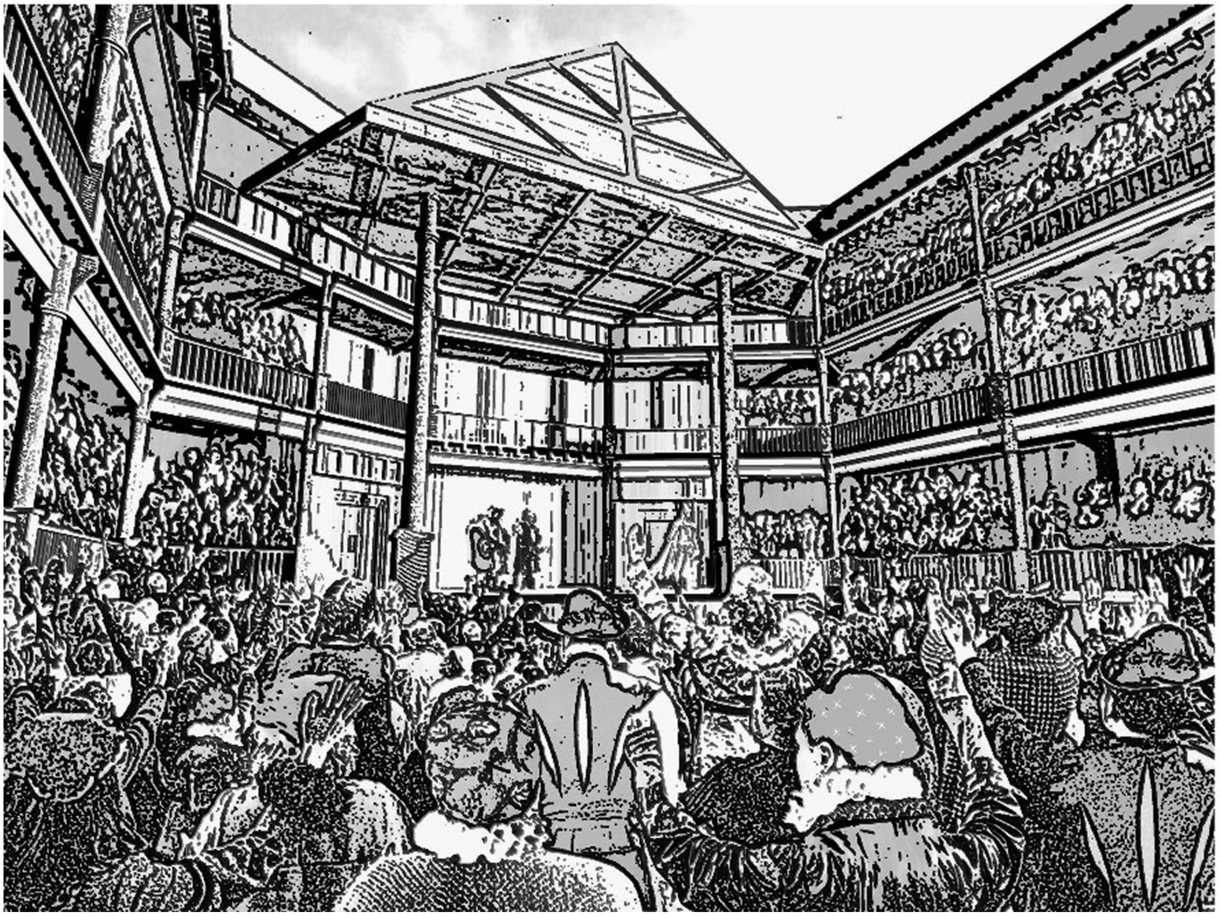
simply called The Theatre—soon became a landmark. A preacher at St. Paul’s Cross spoke of the “gorgeous Playing-place erected in the fields,” dutifully adding that it resembled “the old heathenish Theatre at Rome” in being “a showplace of all beastly and filthy matters.” The City of London was dominated by puritan-leaning figures who for generations would habitually associate plays with “unchastity,” “sedition,” and “uncomely matter.” That is why the actors relied on the court for patronage and why the public playhouses were always built in the “liberties” on the margins of London, outside the jurisdiction of the City fathers. It is also why Shakespeare took pleasure in teasing or exposing such puritanical figures as Malvolio in *Twelfth Night* and Angelo in *Measure for Measure*.

Southwark was an area on the south bank of the river, reached either by ferry or by walking across London Bridge, where the severed heads of executed traitors were displayed on poles as a reminder of the consequence of treason. Once on the south side, you could look back over the river to see St. Paul’s Cathedral towering over the city, but many of the buildings around you were brothels and gambling dens. This was the place for bearbaiting and cockfights. It was here that a new theater, the Rose, opened in 1587. Under the management of Philip Henslowe, it was used by several of the acting companies who over the next few years broke the monopoly of the Queen’s Men. Among those who played there were Lord Strange’s Men. Their patron, Ferdinando Stanley, Lord Strange (later Earl of Derby), had taken over some of Leicester’s Men, just as he followed in Leicester’s footsteps in supporting the publication of translations and other literary works. Richard Burbage, son of James, was a leading figure in the troupe. Several others were to join him in forming the core of a new company, the Lord Chamberlain’s Men, in 1594, after the mysterious sudden death of their patron. Since Shakespeare’s plays first emerge in the repertoire of Strange’s at the Rose, it may be inferred that Burbage, who became his closest colleague, was someone he met very soon after making his way into the theater world.

Elizabethan playhouses were “thrust” or “one-room” theaters. To understand Shakespeare’s original theatrical life, we have to forget about the indoor theater of later times, with its proscenium arch and curtain that would be opened at the beginning and closed at the end of each act. The proscenium arch theater, which held sway from the 1660s to the 1960s, divided the audience from the actors. Stage and auditorium were effectively two separate rooms: the audience looked from one world into another as if through the imaginary “fourth wall” framed by the proscenium arch. The picture-frame stage, together with the elaborate scenic effects and backdrops beyond it, created the illusion of a self-contained world—especially once nineteenth-century developments in the control of artificial lighting meant that the auditorium could be darkened and the spectators made to focus on the lighted stage. Shakespeare, by contrast, wrote for a bare platform stage with a standing audience gathered around it in a courtyard in full daylight. The audience were always conscious of themselves and their fellow spectators, and they shared the same “room” as the actors. A sense of immediate presence and the creation of rapport with the audience were all-important. The actor could not afford to imagine he was in a closed world, with silent witnesses dutifully observing him from the darkness.


tectum
porticus
orchestra
mimorum aedes
ingressus
proscenium
planities sive arena

Reconstructions of Elizabethan playhouses have relied heavily on this drawing by Arendt van Buchell, purportedly showing the Swan Theatre, which was built in 1596, but recent scholarship has shown that van Buchell was a poor draughtsman and unreliable copyist, so its details, such as the deep thrust stage and thick canopy-supporting pillars, should not be relied upon. The archaeology of the Rose Theatre suggests that Elizabethan stages were usually wider, shallower, and tapered.



Since there is no authentic image of the interior of a Shakespearean theater, we reproduce a hypothetical one, based on various kinds of evidence and designed by Charcoalblue: it is intended to suggest the vibrant atmosphere of the outdoor courtyard playhouses.

Since Shakespeare's theatrical career began at the Rose, there was enormous interest when the theater's foundations were excavated in 1989. The stage was revealed to be wide and shallow, trapezoid in shape, like a lozenge. This design had a great deal of potential for the theatrical equivalent of cinematic split-screen effects, whereby one group of characters would enter at the door at one end of the tiring-house wall at the back of the stage and another group through the door at the other end, thus creating two rival tableaux. Many of the battle-heavy and faction-filled plays that premiered at the Rose have scenes of just this sort.

At the rear of the Rose stage, there were three capacious exits, each over ten feet wide. Unfortunately, the very limited excavation of a fragmentary portion of the original Globe site, also in 1989, revealed nothing about the stage. The first Globe was built in 1599 with similar proportions to those of another theater, the Fortune, albeit that the former was polygonal and looked circular, whereas the latter was rectangular. The building contract for the Fortune survives and allows us to infer that the stage of the Globe was probably substantially wider than it was deep (perhaps forty-three feet wide and twenty-seven feet deep). It may well have been tapered at the front, like that of the Rose.

The capacity of the Globe was said to be enormous, perhaps in excess of three thousand. It has been conjectured that about eight hundred people may have stood in the yard, with two thousand or more in the three layers of covered galleries. The other "public" playhouses were also of large capacity, whereas the indoor Blackfriars Theatre that Shakespeare's company began using in 1608—the former refectory of a monastery—had overall internal dimensions of a mere forty-six by sixty feet. It would have made for a much more intimate theatrical experience and held a much smaller capacity, probably of about six hundred people. Since they paid at least sixpence a head, the Blackfriars attracted a more select or "private" audience. The atmosphere would have been closer to that of an indoor performance before the court in the Whitehall Palace or at Richmond. That Shakespeare always wrote for indoor production at court as well as outdoor performance in the public theater should make us cautious about inferring, as some scholars have, that the opportunity provided by the intimacy of the Blackfriars led to a significant change toward a "chamber" style in his last plays—which, besides, were performed at both the Globe and the Blackfriars. After the occupation of the Blackfriars a five-act structure seems to have become more important to Shakespeare. That was because of artificial lighting: there were musical interludes between the acts, while the candles were trimmed and replaced. Again, though, something similar must have been necessary for indoor court performances throughout his career.

Plague and Poetry

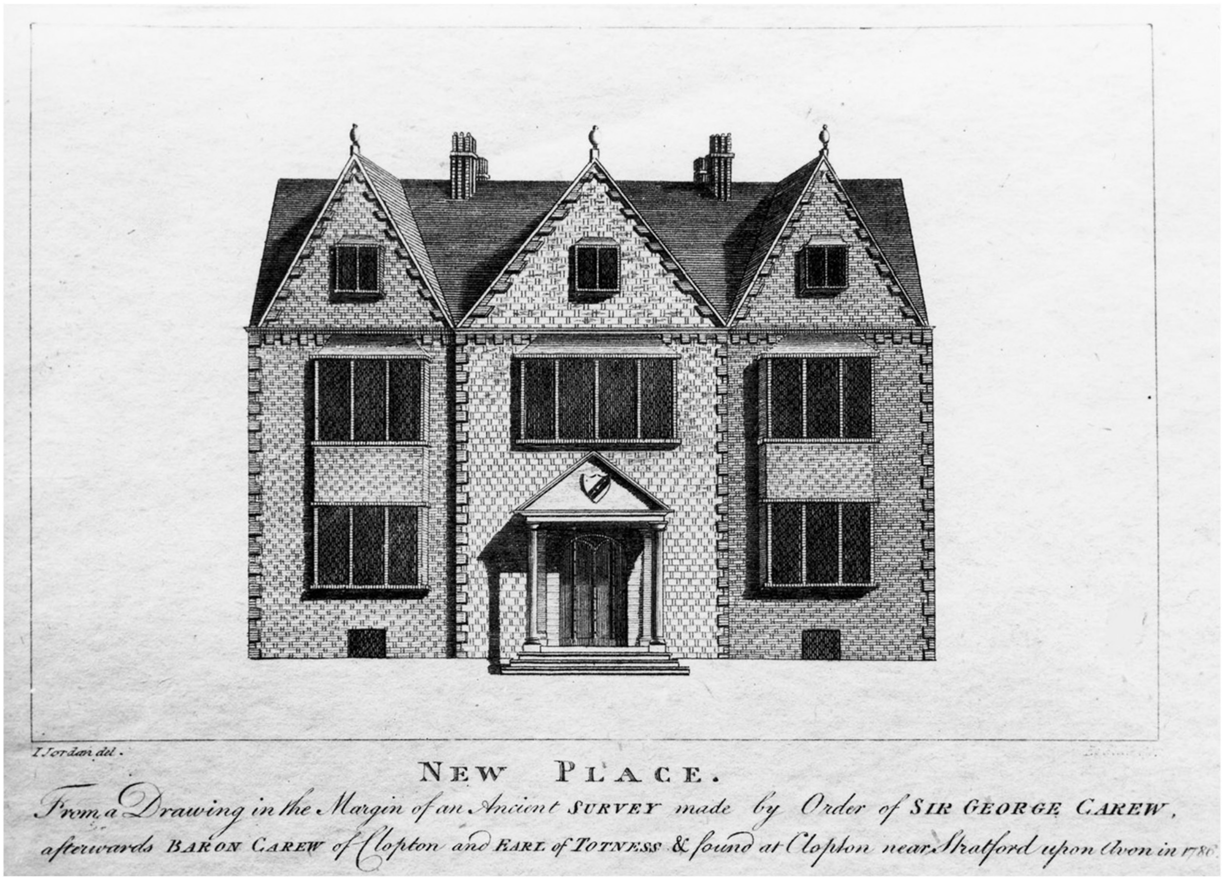
Times were hard for the players in the years 1592–94. In June 1592, the theaters were closed by government order, following a public disturbance. They reopened briefly in the depths of the following winter, but were then closed again for almost a full year, this time due to an increase in plague.

The best way of stopping the spread of infection was to prevent public gatherings such as plays, bearbaitings and bowling matches. So just as Shakespeare was establishing himself as a theater writer, his means of livelihood was cut off. Back home, his father had recently been blacklisted for non-attendance at church—not in the category of Jesuits, fugitives, recusants, or people “vehemently suspected to be such,” but among those who stayed away for fear of process for debt (Henry Field, father of the apprentice printer Richard, was on the same list). A case against John Shakespeare was also being heard in the Court of Common Pleas.

With the need to earn money for the family more pressing than ever and his writing gifts established, Shakespeare responded to the closure of the theaters by writing nondramatic verse in the hope of gaining patronage. This was a common strategy at the time, since the publication of a poem with a flattering dedication to a wealthy aristocrat could potentially yield three forms of income—a small cash payment from the publisher, a gift from the patron as thanks for the dedication, and, if one was very lucky, some form of secretarial or other employment in his lordship’s household. Shakespeare (and several other writers, including the same Tom Nashe who seems to have had a hand in *1 Henry* VI) targeted Henry Wriothesley, the third Earl of Southampton, ward to Lord Burghley, the most powerful man in England. Southampton was shortly to come into his majority and—it was hoped—a considerable fortune. In the weeks after the closure of the theaters, Shakespeare polished off his witty and erotic *Venus and Adonis*, a brilliantly inventive imitation of Ovid, and persuaded his Stratford friend Richard Field to print it, complete with a fulsome dedication to Southampton in which Shakespeare promised that he would dedicate his “idle hours” (of which he had many because of the continuing plague) to the composition of “some graver labour.”

The latter came to fruition as the longer, more rhetorically elaborate and more sombre *Rape of Lucrece*, published a year later in May 1594, with a shorter but more intimate-sounding dedication, suggesting that Southampton had offered Shakespeare some sort of reward. It may have been in Southampton’s household, either in London or at Titchfield in Hampshire, that Shakespeare met the Anglo-Italian John Florio, whose works he would read with profit and who perhaps provoked in him an interest in Italian culture. Like many of his contemporaries, Shakespeare was fascinated by the way that Italy was the home of courtly and artistic sophistication, but also the fount of political and sexual intrigue. The former was exemplified by Petrarch’s love sonnets and Baldassare Castiglione’s handbook on the art of being a courtier, the latter by Machiavelli’s maxim that “might is right” and Pietro Aretino’s heady literary concoctions of satire and eroticism.

Clever, sexy, intuitively responsive to the classics without being academically stifled by them, *Venus and Adonis* struck an instant chord with educated, fashion-conscious young male readers in London and the two universities. They constituted the principal market for artful poetry, so Field was duly rewarded: Venus *and Adonis* became the bestselling long poem of the age. It established Shakespeare’s reputation as the absolute master of witty words. This must have felt like a satisfying riposte to the *Groatsworth*. Furthermore, from this point onward, the financial fortunes of the Shakespeare family greatly improved: there were no more lawsuits against John Shakespeare and a concerted attempt was made to recover Mary Arden’s property in Wilmcote. Within a few years, there were two clear signs that the Shakespeares had been restored to respectability in Stratford-upon-Avon: in 1596, John Shakespeare, almost certainly through his son’s agency, was petitioning for a coat of arms and thus the status of a proper gentleman, and in May the following year William struck an excellent bargain in purchasing New Place, the second-largest house in town.


I. Jordan del.
NEW PLACE.
From a Drawing in the Margin of an Ancient SURVEY made by Order of SIR GEORGE CAREW,
afterwards BARON CAREW of Clopton and EARL of TOTNESS & found at Clopton near Stratford upon Avon in 178

Shakespeare was probably the first writer in England to become wealthy on the proceeds of his work: by the end of the 1590s, he had bought New Place, the second-largest property in Stratford-upon-Avon. He had also obtained the status of a "gentleman" and a family coat of arms: in this eighteenth-century engraving, it is displayed above the door of his house. The spear on the bend of the coat of arms plays on the bearer's name: Shakespeare could never resist a pun.

The Lord Chamberlain's Man

The accumulation of wealth had not, however, come from the poetry. Field and the publisher to whom he subsequently transferred the right to print *Venus and Adonis* would have taken the profit on sales, and when the Earl of Southampton came of age in 1595 he was found to have far less wealth than expected, so did not prove a munificent patron (a later source speaks of him giving Shakespeare "a thousand pounds" for a purchase, but this is likely to be a gross exaggeration). But in the theater world the cards fell right for Shakespeare. Plague abated and the playhouses reopened in the summer of 1594. The authorities took the opportunity to establish two companies in an effective duopoly, one troupe under the patronage of the Lord Chamberlain (Henry Carey, Lord Hunsdon) and the other under his son-in-law, the Lord Admiral (Charles, Lord Howard). To have two strong companies on hand with repertoires of proven quality and suitability, rather than having to deal with half a dozen companies, who could be difficult to track down when on tour, was the best way of ensuring that royal commands for court performances could always be met at short notice and with the prospect of results that satisfied Queen Elizabeth. The Lord Admiral's Men, with Edward Alleyn as star and his son-in-law Philip Henslowe as theater manager, were based at the Rose on the south bank of the River Thames, with the plays of the recently murdered Christopher Marlowe (and others influenced by them) at the core of their repertoire. The Lord Chamberlain's Men, with Richard Burbage as star, Augustine Phillips and later John Hemings as company manager, were based at the theater in Shoreditch, with the plays written or revised by Shakespeare at the core of their repertoire. The premature demise of Marlowe and Greene meant that Shakespeare had suddenly become the preeminent writer for the public stage.

He also invented a new role for himself, that of in-house company dramatist. Where his peers and predecessors had to sell their plays to Henslowe or another manager on a poorly paid piecework basis, Shakespeare took a percentage of the box-office income. The Lord Chamberlain's Men was constituted as a joint stock company, with the profits being distributed among the core actors who had invested as sharers. Shakespeare acted himself—he appears in the cast lists of some of Ben Jonson's plays as well as the list of actors' names at the beginning of his own collected works—but his principal duty was to write two or three plays a year for the company. By holding shares, he was effectively earning himself a royalty on his work, something almost without precedent in English literary history. At the beginning of Shakespeare's career, theater had been dominated by Alleyn the tragedian and Tarlton the clown. When the Lord Chamberlain's Men collected their fee for performance at court in the Christmas season of 1594, three of them went along to the Treasurer of the Chamber: Burbage the tragedian, Kempe the clown, and Shakespeare the scriptwriter. That was something new.

We do not know which two plays they performed before the queen that Christmas. The most likely is *The Comedy of Errors*, a dazzlingly contrived farce of twins and mistaken identity, fashioned from the ancient Roman comedy of Plautus: this was the show they played to a riotous audience of young lawyers at Gray's Inn on December 28, so it would have made sense also to have given it at court a day or two before. If, as was often the case, the queen had requested mixed fare, the other play might have been *The Tragedy of Richard the Third*, the historical drama that rounds off the Wars of the Roses begun in the *Henry VI* plays. Written as a showcase for Richard Burbage, the title role was more demanding in both range and length than anything written hitherto in English drama. Here the arts of self-consciously villainous playacting and self-examination in the form of soliloquy were developed as never before. To judge from subsequent allusions, both admiring and parodic, Crookback Richard was the first of Burbage's signature roles.

The next four years were the golden period in Shakespeare's career. In his early thirties and in full command of both his poetic and his theatrical medium, he perfected his art of comedy, while also developing his tragic and historical writing in new ways. In 1598, Francis Meres, a Cambridge University graduate with his finger on the pulse of the London literary world, praised Shakespeare for his excellence across the genres:

> As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy among the Latins, so Shakespeare among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage; for comedy, witness his *Gentlemen of Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Love Labours Lost*, his *Love Labours Won*, his *Midsummer Night Dream* and his *Merchant of Venice:* for tragedy his *Richard the 2, Richard the 3, Henry the 4, King John, Titus Andronicus* and his *Romeo and Juliet*. As Epius Stolo said that the Muses would speak with Plautus' tongue if they would speak Latin, so I say that the Muses would speak with Shakespeare's fine filed phrase if they would speak English.

For Meres, as for the many writers who praised the "honey-flowing vein" of *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*, Shakespeare was marked above all by his linguistic skill, by the gift of turning elegant poetic phrases. Half the plays mentioned by Meres had not been published by 1598, so he must have known them from the theater or by reputation—which is striking, since plays were advertised in terms of their title, content, and the identity of the acting company, not with a credit to the playwright. It is not inconceivable that Meres read some of the plays in manuscript: there are surviving examples of plays from the period being copied for the purpose of private reading (one of them, the so-called Dering manuscript, is a skillfully edited conflation of the two parts of *Henry IV*). Meres certainly knew that what he called Shakespeare's "sugared sonnets" were circulating "among his private friends."

The surprise in the list is the comedy called *Love's Labour Won*. Was this a lost sequel to *Love's Labour's Lost*, a play that ends with an offstage death resulting in the delay of a year before the ladies will allow themselves to be won? Or was it an early version of a comedy subsequently revised under another title—As *You Like It*, perhaps, or *Much Ado About Nothing* or *All's Well That Ends Well?* In 1953, a bookseller's inventory dating from 1603 was discovered: among the plays listed were not only *The Merchant of Venice*, *The Taming of a Shrew*, and *Love's Labour Lost*, but also *Love Labours Won*. This seems to prove that the play was actually printed, with no copies surviving (by no means a unique occurrence—all copies of the first printed edition of *Love's Labour's Lost* are also lost, while only single copies survive of the first editions of two of Shakespeare's most popular works, *Venus and Adonis* and *Titus Andronicus*). The absence of *Love's Labour Won* from the Folio may lend weight to the theory that it was an alternative title for a known play, but a lost play could be accounted for by a copyright dispute of the kind that meant that *Troilus and Cressida* very nearly failed to make it into the Folio. A copy of the Quarto edition of *Love's Labour Won* might still turn up, in what would be the most sensational literary discovery of modern times.

By the year 1598 it was clear that Shakespeare's name was a highly marketable commodity. Several of his plays, as well as the two narrative poems, had been in print for a few years, but it was only now that his name began appearing on the title page, something that was very much the exception rather than the rule when theater scripts were published. A publisher named William Jaggard cashed in on his name by producing a tiny volume of poetry called *The Passionate Pilgrim by W. Shakespeare*. It included three sets of verses lifted from *Love's Labour's Lost*, together with two Shakespeare sonnets that had been circulating in manuscript and that would eventually form part of the full collection of 1609, but also a selection of songs and sonnets by other authors. When the volume was reprinted in 1612, Jaggard added some work by Thomas Heywood, who immediately objected and in doing so mentioned that he had heard that Shakespeare was also displeased at Jaggard's sharp practice.

During the years around the turn of the century, Shakespeare perfected his comic art in *Much Ado about Nothing*, *As You Like It*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *Twelfth Night*. He brought his sequence of English history plays to a climax with *Henry V*. And, after the more domestic subject matter of *Romeo and Juliet*, he turned his tragic muse back to affairs of state with *Julius Caesar* and *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*. *Caesar* is one of the handful of Shakespearean plays for which we have an eyewitness account of an early performance. It took place in September 1599 at the newly built Globe on Bankside, where the Lord Chamberlain's Men had rebuilt their theater, following the expiry of the lease on their site in Shoreditch. The spectator was a Swiss student, Thomas Platter. In his journal of his visit to England, he especially noted two aspects of the production: the size of the cast ("nearly fifteen characters") and the jig at the end of the show (performed by four dancers, two dressed in men's clothes and two in women's). He was probably used to reading ancient tragedy, Seneca especially, where the casts were much smaller. The sheer scale and variety of the action of a Shakespeare play was what impressed him. The fact that Platter singled out the closing jig—and that his journal moved directly from play-going to the two other popular "theatrical" entertainments available in Southwark, cockfighting and bearbaiting—may suggest that he did not take the drama all that seriously. He did, however, observe that it had a vital educative role for the native London audience: "With these and many more amusements the English pass their time, learning at the play what is happening abroad; indeed men and womenfolk visit such places without scruple, since the English for the most part do not travel much, but prefer to learn foreign matters and take their pleasures at home." The suggestion is that for Elizabethan Londoners the theater was not only a medium of mass entertainment, but also a prime source of news, opinion, and political knowledge.

Shakespeare’s personal story during these years was mixed. He made enough money to restore his father’s fortunes and buy a big house, together with the status conferred by a family coat of arms, but success and prosperity were overshadowed by the death in August 1596 of his only son Hamnet, aged eleven. The influence of such a loss on his work is incalculable. It adds peculiar poignancy to Constance’s lament on the death of her similarly aged child Arthur in *King John*, which may have been written shortly afterward (“Grief fills the room up of my absent child”), but then again *King John* may have been written earlier. Some five years later, Viola’s moving response to the loss of her twin brother in *Twelfth Night*, and her joy in the reunion with him, give a very echo to what we may imagine were the feelings of the similarly aged Judith Shakespeare, while *Hamlet* (the variant spelling of Hamnet) has much to say about fathers and son in the context of death and grief—but *Hamlet* was an old play from the late 1580s that Shakespeare did not rework into its extant form until around 1600.

The nearest we may come to an immediate reaction to Hamnet’s death is a curious incident that autumn when Shakespeare became involved in a dispute between Francis Langley, the money broker who had financed the building of the Swan Theatre, and an agent acting on behalf of a quarrelsome, litigious Surrey Justice of the Peace who was not averse to sharp practice in his personal affairs. Shakespeare’s part in the affair is mysterious, though it is not impossible that he was engaged in negotiations with Langley at this time with a view to the Lord Chamberlain’s Men playing at the Swan, which would have given them exposure on the south bank of the river, in the backyard of their rival Henslowe, who was still operating out of the Rose. What is intriguing about this brush with the law is its proximity to Hamnet’s death. Hot-tempered dramatists such as Christopher Marlowe and Ben Jonson seemed to be forever getting into street fights (sometimes to the death) and ending up in court, whereas Shakespeare habitually kept his nose out of other people’s quarrels. This time, though, a threat was made and he was bound over to keep the peace: perhaps it was the one occasion where his grief was such that he let his temper fray.

On the financial side of things, he was a less than perfect citizen: in 1597 and 1598, lodging in Bishopsgate, he defaulted on his local taxes, while back in Stratford he was accused of having illegally hoarded a large quantity of malt or grain during a shortage. Letters and legal documents reveal him making loans, calling in debts, and accumulating considerable acreage of land as well as additional properties in and around Stratford all through these years and into the new century. Shakespeare’s father died in 1601 and his mother seven years later, and the family property in Henley Street passed to him, further enhancing his status as one of the town’s wealthiest men.

The Ensemble at Work

Like many crafts, the making of theater is a conservative profession. There is a way of doing things that actors and support staff learn early in their training, then stick by throughout their careers. Customs and techniques are broadly the same in different companies; conventional practices endure for generations. So although the archive of Shakespeare’s company is almost entirely lost, their practices may be inferred from such sources as the papers of Philip Henslowe, manager of the rival Admiral’s Men, and from an array of other fragmentary materials—including the practices of the players in *Hamlet* and Peter Quince’s amateur troupe in *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*.

In the absence of typewriters and photocopying machines, reading aloud would have been the means by which the company got to know a new play. The tradition of the playwright reading his complete script to the assembled company endured for generations. A copy would then have been taken to the Master of the Revels for licensing. The theater book holder or prompter would then have copied the parts for distribution to the actors. A partbook consisted of the character’s lines, with each speech preceded by the last three or four words of the speech before, the so-called “cue.” These would have been taken away and studied or “conned.” During this period of learning the parts, an actor might have had some one-to-one instruction, perhaps from the dramatist, perhaps from a senior actor who had played the same part before, and, in the case of an apprentice, from his master. A high percentage of Desdemona’s lines occur in dialogue with Othello, of Lady Macbeth’s with Macbeth, Cleopatra’s with Antony, and Volumnia’s with Coriolanus. The roles would almost certainly have been taken by the apprentice of the lead actor, usually Burbage, who delivers the majority of the cues. Given that apprentices lodged with their masters, there would have been ample opportunity for personal instruction, which may be what made it possible for young men to play such demanding parts.

After the parts were learned, there would usually then be a single rehearsal before the first performance. With six different plays to be performed on every week, there was no time for more. Actors, then, would go into a show with a very limited sense of the whole. The notion of a collective rehearsal process that is itself a process of discovery for the actors is wholly modern and would have been incomprehensible to Shakespeare and his original ensemble. Given the number of parts an actor had to hold in his memory, the forgetting of lines was probably more frequent than in the modern theater. The book holder was on hand to prompt.

When new plays were first performed, a prologue would be delivered. At the end of the show, audience reaction was gauged and alterations might be made before the next performance. Some shows were dropped after one performance, others after three. Thereafter, a successful play would enter the repertoire and probably not be altered any further, though it might be reworked when revived in later seasons.

Backstage personnel included the property man, the tire-man ("tire" being short for "attire") who oversaw the costumes, callboys, attendants, and the musicians, who might play at various times from the main stage, the rooms above, and within the tiring-house. To judge from a comic exchange in the induction to Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, dramatists were prone to make a nuisance of themselves backstage: "we are not so officiously befriended by him as to have his presence in the tiring-house, to prompt us aloud, stamp at the book-holder, swear for our properties, curse the poor tire-man, rail the music out of tune and sweat for every venial trespass we commit, as some author would, if he had such fine eagles as we" (this play was performed by the boy actors—"eagles" is the same metaphor as Hamlet's "little eyases"). There was often tension between the acting companies and the freelance playwrights from whom they purchased scripts: it was a smart move on the part of Shakespeare and the Lord Chamberlain's Men to bring the writing process in-house.

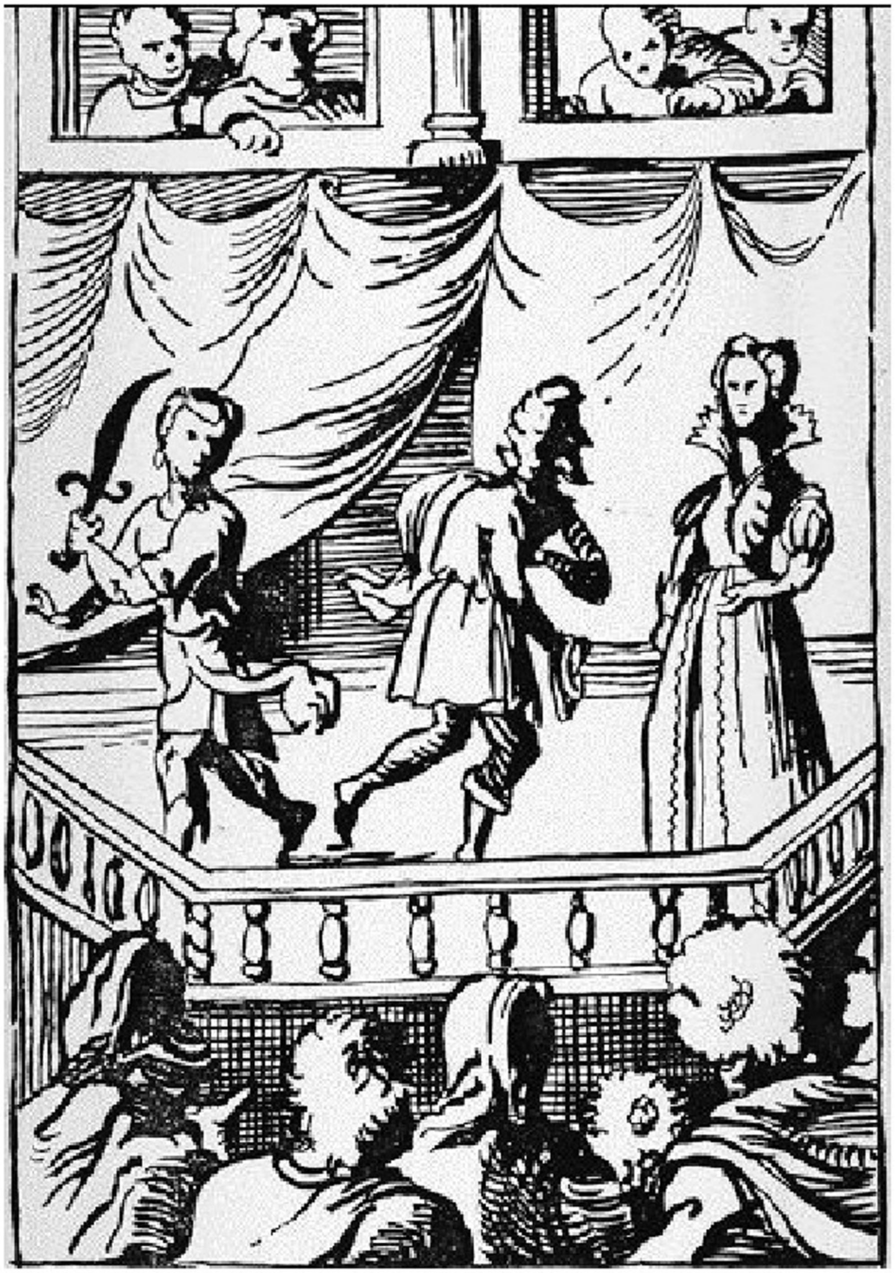
Front of house there were the “gatherers” who collected the money from audience members: a penny to stand in the open-air yard, another penny for a place in the covered galleries, sixpence for the prominent “lord’s rooms” to the side of the stage. In the indoor “private” theaters, gallants from the audience who fancied making themselves part of the spectacle sat on stools on the edge of the stage itself. Scholars debate as to how widespread this practice was in the public theaters such as the Globe. Once the audience were in place and the money counted, the gatherers were available to be extras on stage. That is one reason why battles and crowd scenes often come later rather than early in Shakespeare’s plays. There was no formal prohibition upon performance by women, and there certainly were women among the gatherers, so it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that female crowd members were played by females.

The play began at two o’clock in the afternoon and the theater had to be cleared by five. After the main show, there would be a jig—which consisted not only of dancing, but also of knockabout comedy (it is the origin of the farcical “afterpiece” in the eighteenth-century theater). So the time available for a Shakespeare play was about two and a half hours, somewhere between the “two hours’ traffic” mentioned in the prologue to *Romeo and Juliet* and the “three hours’ spectacle” referred to in the preface to the 1647 Folio of Beaumont and Fletcher’s plays. The prologue to a play by Thomas Middleton refers to a thousand lines as “one hour’s words,” so the likelihood is that about two and a half thousand, or a maximum of three thousand lines made up the performed text. This is indeed the length of most of Shakespeare’s comedies, whereas many of his tragedies and histories are much longer, raising the possibility that he wrote full scripts, possibly with eventual publication in mind, in the full knowledge that the stage version would be heavily cut. The short Quarto texts published in his lifetime—they used to be called “bad” Quartos—provide fascinating evidence as to the kind of cutting that probably took place. So, for instance, the First Quarto of *Hamlet* neatly merges two occasions when Hamlet is overheard, the “fishmonger” and the “nunnery” scenes.

The social composition of the audience was mixed. The poet Sir John Davies wrote of “A thousand townsmen, gentlemen and whores, / Porters and servingmen” who would “together throng” at the public playhouses. Though moralists associated female play-going with adultery and the sex trade, many perfectly respectable citizens' wives were regular attendees. Some, no doubt, resembled the modern groupie: a story attested in two different sources has one citizen's wife making a postshow assignation with Richard Burbage and ending up in bed with Shakespeare—supposedly eliciting from the latter the quip that William the Conqueror was before Richard III. Defenders of theater liked to say that by witnessing the comeuppance of villains on the stage, audience members would repent of their own wrongdoings, but the reality is that most people went to theater then, as they do now, for entertainment more than moral edification. Besides, it would be foolish to suppose that audiences behaved in a homogeneous way: a pamphlet of the 1630s tells of how two men went to see *Pericles* and one of them laughed while the other wept. Bishop John Hall complained that people went to church for the same reasons that they went to the theater: "for company, for custom, for recreation…to feed his eyes or his ears…or perhaps for sleep."

Men-about-town and clever young lawyers went to be seen as much as to see. In the modern popular imagination, shaped not least by the film *Shakespeare in Love* (1998) and the opening sequence of Laurence Olivier's *Henry V* film (1944), the penny-paying groundlings stand in the yard hurling abuse or encouragement and hazelnuts or orange peel at the actors, while the sophisticates in the covered galleries appreciate Shakespeare's soaring poetry. The reality was probably the other way round. A "groundling" was a kind of fish, so the nickname suggests the penny audience standing below the level of the stage and gazing in silent open-mouthed wonder at the spectacle unfolding above them. The more difficult audience members, who kept up a running commentary of clever remarks on the performance and who occasionally got into quarrels with players, were the gallants. Like Hollywood movies in modern times, Elizabethan and Jacobean plays exercised a powerful influence on the fashion and behavior of the young. John Marston mocks the lawyers who would open their lips, perhaps to court a girl, and out would "flow / Naught but pure Juliet and Romeo."

Scenery was limited, though sometimes set pieces were brought on (a bank of flowers, a bed, the mouth of hell). The trapdoor from below, the gallery stage above, and the curtained discovery-space at the back allowed for an array of special effects: the rising of ghosts and apparitions, the descent of gods, dialogue between a character at a window and another at ground level, the revelation of a statue or a pair of lovers playing at chess. Ingenious use could be made of props, as with the ass's head in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. In a theater that does not clutter the stage with the material paraphernalia of everyday life, those objects that are deployed may take on powerful symbolic weight, as when Shylock bears his weighing scales in one hand and knife in the other, thus becoming a parody of the figure of Justice who traditionally bears a sword and a balance. Among the more significant items in the property cupboard of Shakespeare's company, there would have been a throne (the "chair of state"), joint stools, books, bottles, coins, purses, letters (which are brought on stage, read or referred to on about eighty occasions in the complete works), maps, gloves, a set of stocks (in which Kent is put in *King Lear*), rings, rapiers, daggers, broadswords, staves, pistols, masks and vizards, heads and skulls, torches and tapers, lanterns that served to signal night scenes on the daylit stage, a buck's head, an ass's head, animal costumes. Live animals also put in appearances, most notably the dog Crab in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and possibly a young polar bear in *The Winter's Tale*.



This image from the title page of an academic play, William Alabaster's Roxana, *may be inspired by an indoor playhouse. It gives a sense of the audience's closeness to the action, of the tapered stage and its rail, and of the curtain or "arras" across the back. Scholars debate whether some of Shakespeare's audience members would have occupied the galleries above the stage, as here—in his plays, the space "aloft" is often used for action or music making.*

The costumes were the most important visual dimension of the play. Playwrights were paid between £2 and £6 per script, whereas Alleyn was not averse to paying £20 for "a black velvet cloak with sleeves embroidered all with silver and gold.” No matter what the period in the play is, actors wore mainly contemporary costume. The excitement for the audience came not from any impression of historical accuracy, but from the richness of the attire and perhaps the transgressive thrill of the knowledge that here were commoners like themselves strutting in the costumes of courtiers in effective defiance of the strict sumptuary laws whereby in real life people had to wear the clothes that befitted their social station.

To an even greater degree than props, costumes could carry symbolic importance. Racial characteristics could be suggested: a breastplate and helmet for a Roman soldier, a turban for a Turk, long robes for exotic characters such as Moors, a gabardine for a Jew. The figure of Time, as in *The Winter’s Tale*, would be equipped with hourglass, scythe, and wings; Rumor, who speaks the prologue of *2 Henry IV*, wore a costume representing a thousand tongues. The wardrobe in the tiring-house of the Globe would have contained much of the same stock as that of Philip Henslowe at the Rose: green gowns for outlaws and foresters, black for melancholy men such as Jaques and people in mourning such as the Countess in *All’s Well That Ends Well* (at the beginning of *Hamlet*, the prince is still in mourning black when everyone else is in festive garb for the wedding of the new king), a gown and hood for a friar (or a feigned friar like the duke in *Measure for Measure*), blue coats and tawny to distinguish the followers of rival factions, a leather apron and ruler for a carpenter (as in the opening scene of *Julius Caesar*—and in *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*, where this is the only sign that Peter Quince is a carpenter), a cockle hat with staff and a pair of sandals for a pilgrim or palmer (the disguise assumed by Helen in *All’s Well*), bodices and kirtles with farthingales beneath for the boys who are to be dressed as girls. A gender switch such as that of Rosalind or Jessica seems to have taken between fifty and eighty lines of dialogue—Viola does not resume her “maiden weeds,” but remains in her boy’s costume to the end of *Twelfth Night* because a change would have slowed down the action at just the moment it was speeding to a climax. Henslowe’s inventory also included “a robe for to go invisible”: Oberon, Puck, and Ariel must have had something similar.

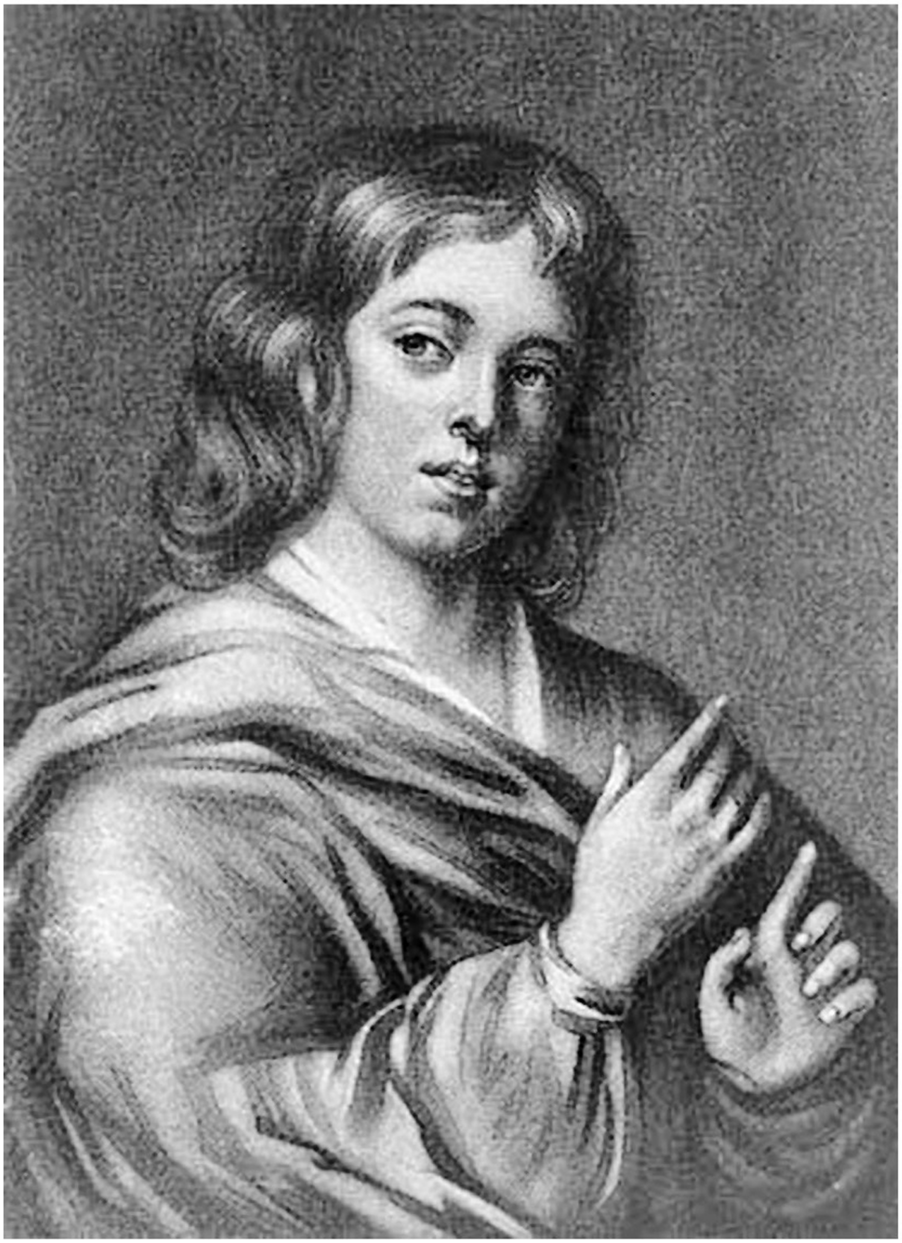
As the costumes appealed to the eyes, so there was music for the ears. Comedies included many songs. Desdemona’s willow song, perhaps a late addition to the text, is a rare and thus exceptionally poignant example from tragedy. Trumpets and tuckets sounded for ceremonial entrances, drums denoted an army on the march. Background music could create atmosphere, as at the beginning of *Twelfth Night*, during the lovers' dialogue near the end of *The Merchant of Venice*, when the statue seemingly comes to life in *The Winter's Tale*, and for the revival of Pericles and of Lear (in the Quarto text, but not the Folio). The haunting sound of the hautboy is suggested a realm beyond the human, as when the god Hercules is imagined deserting Mark Antony. Dances symbolized the harmony of the end of a comedy—though in Shakespeare's world of mingled joy and sorrow, someone is usually left out of the circle.

The most important resource was, of course, the actors themselves. They needed many skills: in the words of one contemporary commentator, "dancing, activity, music, song, elocution, ability of body, memory, skill of weapon, pregnancy of wit." Their bodies were as significant as their voices. Hamlet tells the player to "suit the action to the word, the word to the action": moments of strong emotion, known as "passions," relied on a repertoire of dramatic gestures as well as a modulation of the voice. When Titus Andronicus has had his hand chopped off, he asks "How can I grace my talk, / Wanting a hand to give it action?" A pen portrait of "The Character of an Excellent Actor" by the dramatist John Webster is almost certainly based on his impression of Shakespeare's leading man, Richard Burbage (who was also a skilled painter):

> Whatsoever is commendable in the grave Orator, is most exquisitely perfect in him; for by a full and significant action of body, he charms our attention: sit in a full theatre, and you will think you see so many lines drawn from the circumference of so many ears, whiles the actor is the centre …and for his voice 'tis not lower then the prompter, nor louder then the foil and target. By his action he fortifies moral precepts with example; for what we see him personate, we think truly done before us: a man of a deep thought might apprehend the ghosts of our ancient heroes walked again, and take him (at several times) for many of them. He is much affected to painting and 'tis a question whether that make him an excellent player, or, playing an exquisite painter. He adds grace to the poet's labours: for what in the poet is but ditty, in him is both ditty and music…All men have been of his occupation: and indeed, what he doth

> feignedly that do others essentially: this day one plays a monarch, the next a private person. Here one acts a tyrant, on the morrow an exile: a parasite this man tonight, tomorrow a precisian, and so of divers others.

Though Burbage was admired above all others, praise was also heaped upon the apprentice players whose alto voices fitted them for the parts of women. A spectator at Oxford in 1610 records how the audience were reduced to tears by the pathos of Desdemona’s death. The puritans who fumed about the biblical prohibition upon cross-dressing and the encouragement to sodomy constituted by the sigh of an adult male kissing a teenage boy on stage were a small minority. Little is known, however, about the characteristics of the leading apprentices in Shakespeare’s company. It may perhaps be inferred that one was a lot taller than the other, since Shakespeare often wrote for a pair of female friends, one tall and fair, the other short and dark (Helena and Hermia, Rosalind and Celia, Beatrice and Hero).



No image survives of a Shakespearean apprentice, but this is Ned Kynaston, last of the "boy actors," a famous Desdemona and the subject of Stage Beauty (*2004*), *an excellent movie that reimagines the time when actresses first took on Shakespeare's female parts in the 1660s*.

"He that plays the king shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me: the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target: the lover shall not sigh *gratis:* the humorous man shall end his part in peace: the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled o'th'sear: and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't": Hamlet's welcome of the players to Elsinore suggests that a degree of typecasting—the king, the adventurer, the lover, the humorous man, and so forth—was customary in Shakespeare's theater, a practice borne out by the tendency of his scripts to use generic speech headings such as "King," "Clown," "Bastard," and "Braggart." But putting the names of the Chamberlain's Men to particular parts is almost impossible. Burbage was undoubtedly Richard III, Romeo, Hamlet, Othello, and Lear, but was his apprentice, young Nick Tooley, the original Viola, Beatrice, Portia, and Rosalind? Did "stuttering" Hemings, as he was known, play Polonius and Lafew? When Henry Condell graduated to the status of full company sharer, did he become Edgar in *Lear* and Malcolm in *Macbeth?* We know little about Shakespeare's own acting roles—an early allusion indicates that he often took royal parts and a venerable tradition gives him old Adam in As *You Like It* and the ghost of old King Hamlet. Save for Burbage's lead roles and the generic part of the clown, all such castings are mere speculation. We do not even know for sure whether the original Falstaff was Will Kempe or another actor who specialized in comic roles, Thomas Pope.

Kempe left the company in early 1599. Tradition has it that he fell out with Shakespeare over the matter of excessive improvisation. He was replaced by Robert Armin, who was less of a clown and more of a cerebral wit: this explains the difference between such parts as Lancelet, Gobbo, and Dogberry, which were written for Kempe, and the more verbally sophisticated Feste and Lear's Fool, which were written for Armin.

One thing that is clear from surviving "plots" or storyboards of plays from the period is that a degree of doubling was necessary. *2 Henry VI* has over sixty speaking parts, but more than half of the characters only appear in a single scene and most scenes have only six to eight speakers. At a stretch, the play could be performed by thirteen actors. When Thomas Platter saw *Julius Caesar* at the Globe in 1599, he noted that there were about fifteen. Recent research suggests that a typical Lord Chamberlain's Men production had a cast of twenty-three (nine sharers, eight older apprentices or hired men, six boys), suggesting that there was less doubling of substantial roles than has sometimes been supposed, but it nevertheless remains suggestive when a major character is absent for a large part of the play. Why doesn't Paris go to the Capulet ball in *Romeo and Juliet?* Perhaps because he was doubled with Mercutio, who does. In *The Winter's*

Tale, Mamillius might have come back as Perdita and Antigonus been doubled by Camillo, making the partnership with Paulina at the end a very neat touch. Titania and Oberon are often played by the same pair as Hippolyta and Theseus, suggesting a symbolic matching of the rulers of the worlds of night and day, but it is questionable whether there would have been time for the necessary costume changes. As so often, one is left in the realm of tantalizing speculation.

“Dangerous Matter”: Politics and Religion

From the summer of 1594 to March 1603 the Lord Chamberlain’s Men played in London with few interruptions. They undertook a limited amount of touring: they are found at Cambridge and Ipswich in the eastern counties in 1594–95, at Faversham in Kent in the summer of 1596, at a private house in Rutland in the Midlands just after Christmas that year (a hurried trip for a one-off performance of *Titus Andronicus*, before returning to court duties), and on a longer tour to the southeast and southwest in 1597, venues including Dover, Rye, Marlborough, and Bristol. The reason for this longer tour was that the London theaters were closed for a period as punishment for the production at the newly built Swan Theatre of a politically ill-advised play called *The Isle of Dogs*. It is not known whether Shakespeare traveled with his fellows. In *King Lear* he reveals his knowledge of the thriving economy of samphire gathering on Dover cliff, so he is likely to have gone there.

Ironically, the only literary composition to survive in Shakespeare’s handwriting is a scene for a play that was never performed and with which he had very limited involvement. It seems to have been sometime around the turn of the century that the Lord Chamberlain’s Men obtained the script of a play about Sir Thomas More that had not been staged, due to political objections from the Master of the Revels who licensed all performances. Shakespeare contributed a skillful scene in which More quelled a rioting crowd through the force of his rhetoric. In a characteristic balancing act, he managed both to animate the ordinary people in the crowd with colorful detail (thus Doll says that More’s care for the people is witnessed by his having “made my brother, Arthur Watchins, Sergeant Safe’s yeoman”) and to argue in More’s voice on behalf of both empathy with the dispossessed (in this case immigrants) and respect for the order of the state (“For to the king God hath his office lent / Of dread, of justice, power and command, / Hath bid him rule, and willed you to obey”). This was not enough to make the play acceptable: “Leave out the insurrection wholly, with the cause thereof,” demanded the Master of the Revels, with the result that it languished in manuscript until the nineteenth century, when a scholar realized for the first time that here were a few precious pages in Shakespeare’s fluent, barely punctuated hand. Contrary to the expectation established by Hemings and Condell’s observation in the preface to the First Folio that when Shakespeare handed his manuscripts over to his acting company there was barely a crossing-out, the scene from *Sir Thomas More* reveals him in the process of having second thoughts even as he composes.

Since the 1700s, the cult of Shakespeare has been closely bound up with the idealization of Queen Elizabeth I. The plays of Shakespeare have often been set beside the poetry of John Donne, the gentleman-like virtues of Sir Philip Sidney, the global circumnavigation of Francis Drake, the colonial enterprise of Sir Walter Ralegh, and the defeat of the Spanish Armada: these, it has been said, were the fruits of England’s golden age. The reality is that Queen Elizabeth inherited, and Shakespeare grew up in a divided and vulnerable nation. The Spanish threat and the Irish problem would not go away. The queen’s tactic of not marrying was a highly effective way of keeping open a range of possible alliances, but by the 1590s it had created severe anxiety about the succession to the throne. In the period when Shakespeare was writing his plays, the queen and her ministers had come to rely more and more on coercion, threat, and surveillance in order to maintain authority.

At the end of his career, writing in collaboration with John Fletcher, Shakespeare turned his direct attention to the moment that shaped the historical context of his own life: Henry VIII’s decision to divorce Katherine of Aragon and marry Anne Boleyn (or Bullen) in the hope of siring a son to succeed him on the throne of England, an act of high political risk that eventually had consequences for the spiritual life of the entire nation. When Shakespeare’s father John was born, there was no Church other than that of Rome. When Shakespeare was born, there was a new state religion, the Church of England. When Shakespeare’s father was born, he owed a subject’s obedience to the king but a soul’s obedience to God via the Pope. During Shakespeare’s youth, successive Popes excommunicated the Queen of England and licensed her assassination. Drastic measures were taken to protect her safety. Shakespeare lived in a world of government spies, Catholic conspiracies, supposed Catholic conspiracies that were really secret service frame-ups, and public executions of traitors. In 1584, the queen’s Privy Council, their eyes cast anxiously on the claim to the throne of Elizabeth’s Catholic cousin, Mary Queen of Scots, instigated a “Bond of Association for the Preservation of Her Majesty’s Royal Person,” whereby they vowed “to pursue to utter extermination all that shall attempt by any act, counsel, or consent to anything that shall tend to the harm of Her Majesty’s Royal Person, or claim succession to the Crown by the untimely death of Her Majesty; vowing and protesting in the presence of the Eternal and Everliving God to prosecute such persons to the death.” The Bond, to which hundreds of Englishmen signed up, specifically called for vengeance in the event of the queen’s assassination. The world of oaths and factions, plot and counterplot, murder, and seizure of the throne, vengeance, and blood, in Shakespeare’s tragedies and histories should be understood in this historical context.

The public drama had enormous propaganda potential. A play such as Christopher Marlowe’s dramatization of *The Massacre at Paris* that had occurred on Saint Bartholomew’s Day in 1572 was the perfect way of inflaming the people against murderous Popish tyranny and also creating sympathy for London’s population of exiled Huguenot Protestants. But the drama had equal and opposite subversive potential. In 1597, an order went out for all the playhouses to be demolished as a result of Nashe and Jonson’s “lewd and mutinous” The *Isle of Dogs*, which had been staged at the Swan. Had the order been carried through, Shakespeare’s career would have been cut short well before he wrote many of his greatest plays. As it was, the Privy Council relented, though for a time performances were restricted to the two trusty troupes, the Lord Chamberlain’s and Lord Admiral’s Men. But plays touching on politics, religion, and international relations always retained the element of risk. The archives of the Revels office are punctuated by entries that reveal the censorship process at work: “this is too insolent and to be changed” scribbled against a speech, or the note “I did refuse to allow a play of Massinger’s because it did contain dangerous matter, as the deposing of Sebastian King of Portugal by Philip the Second and there being a peace sworn twixt the Kings of England and Spain.” A passage about York usurping the crown through popular incitement appears in the original published version of the play that became *2 Henry VI*, but not the Folio text. References to Irish rebellion are toned down in the same play and Macmorris’ plea on behalf of the Irish nation is absent from the 1600 Quarto of *Henry V*. The deposition scene is absent from the first three editions of *Richard II*. Passages concerning rebellion seem to have been removed from *2 Henry IV*. Shakespeare had to change the name of Oldcastle to Falstaff so as not to tarnish the memory of a famous proto-Protestant martyr.

In 1599, severely dangerous matter was published in the form of a history of the reign of Henry IV by Sir John Hayward, a follower of the queen’s restless favorite, the Earl of Essex, in which it was argued that Richard II’s weakness as a ruler was sufficient justification for Henry Bullingbrook’s seizure of the throne. The book was suppressed, but its aura of subversion clung to Shakespeare’s dramatization of the same material: the day before Essex and his followers attempted to seize the court in February 1601, they commissioned a performance of *Richard II* at the Globe, as if to prepare Londoners for the removal of an anointed but ineffective monarch.

Shakespeare’s political beliefs are as elusive as his religion, his sexuality, and just about everything else about him that matters. Precisely because he was not an apologist for any single position, it has been possible for the plays to be effectively reinterpreted in the light of each successive age. In the four centuries since his death, he has been made the apologist for all sorts of diametrically opposed ideologies, many of them anachronistic—we should not forget that he was writing before the time when toleration and liberal democracy became totemic values. But the political appropriation of him is true to his own practice: he too was a great trader in anachronism. He took the political structures of ancient Rome and mapped them onto his own time and state with fascinating effect. *The Rape of Lucrece* is set at the moment of transition from monarchy to republic, *Coriolanus* during the republican era, *Julius Caesar* at the pivotal moment when a crown is offered and refused but the republic collapses anyway, *Antony and Cleopatra* ends with the beginning of empire, and *Titus Andronicus* fictionalizes the Roman Empire in decay, approaching the time when the great city will be sacked by "barbarian" hordes from the north. *King Lear* and *Cymbeline* find echoes of the modern in the matter of ancient Britain. The history plays speak at once to the generations before Shakespeare and to his live audience. Several other plays use contemporary Italy as a mirror. Humanist learning and mercantile travel meant that the eyes of the Elizabethans were open to alternative forms of government other than the hereditary monarchy they experienced at home. They had great admiration for Venice, regarding that island city-state as a model of antipapal modernity and trading prowess. Venice had no monarch but a sophisticated oligarchic system, which was observed by English travelers and absorbed by readers such as Shakespeare by way of Lewis Lewkenor's translation of Contarini's *The Commonwealth and Republic of Venice* (an important source for *Othello*).

Not so long ago, it was commonplace for historians to assert that republican thought had no following in England until well into the seventeenth century—that the intellectual conditions, which made the Cromwellian republic possible only emerged a few years before the extraordinary moment when the English chopped off their king's head. Recent scholarship has shown that this was not the case: republican discourse, if not overt republican polemic, was widespread in Shakespeare's time. So, for instance, the anti-imperial Roman historian Tacitus was read, discussed, and admired as the most dispassionate of historians, whose work combined moral insight into the behavior of political actors with an assessment of their value as governors. Several of Shakespeare's plays may by this light be described as "Tacitean." The flavor of Tacitus is wonderfully captured in Justus Lipsius' dedicatory epistle to his translation of the *Annals:* "Behold a theatre of our modern life: I see a ruler rising up against the laws in one passage, subjects rising up against a ruler elsewhere. I find the devices which make the destruction of liberty possible and the unsuccessful effort to regain it. I read of tyrants overthrown in their turn, and of power, ever unfaithful to those who abuse it." This could equally well serve as a conspectus of Shakespeare's history plays and political tragedies.

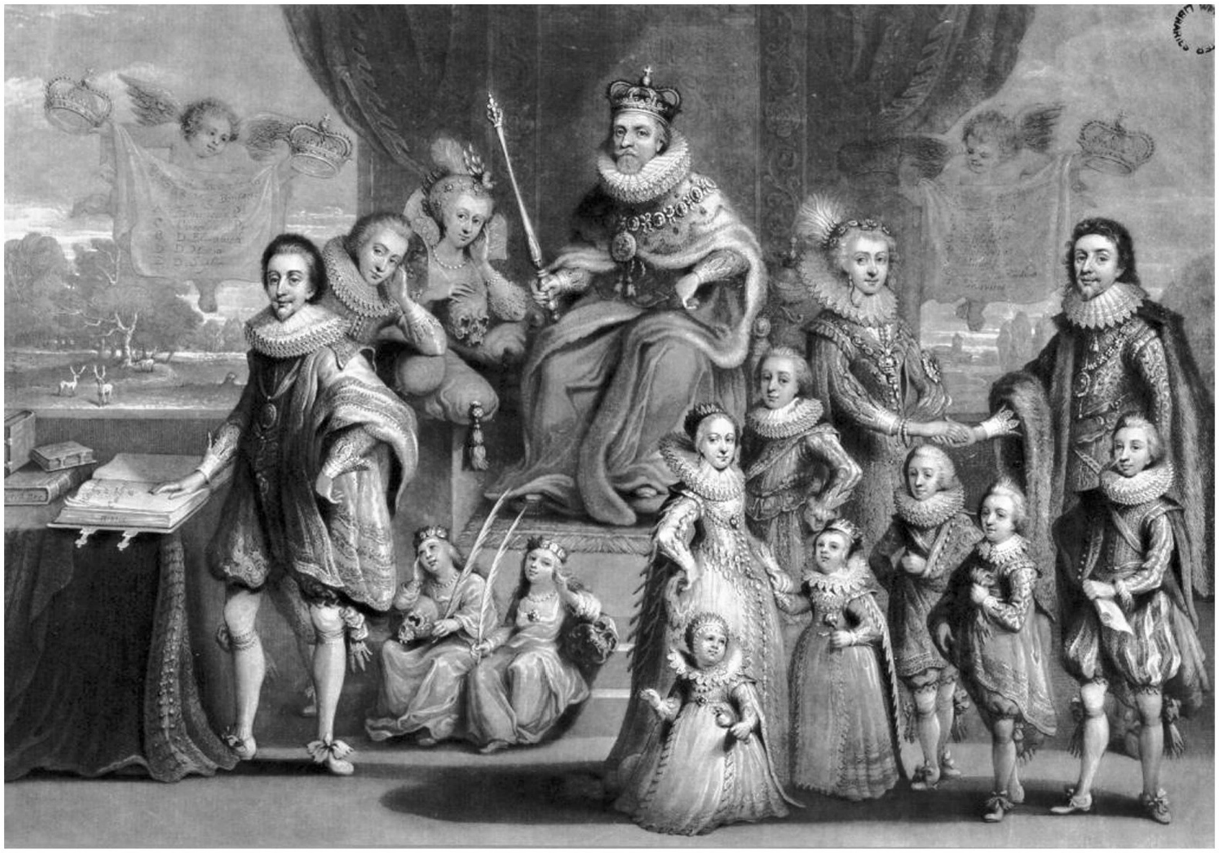
The association of Shakespeare with Tacitism is especially interesting because it aligns him with the Earl of Essex. Henry Savile, the first English translator of Tacitus, became provost of Eton school through Essex's patronage and there were a number of other Tacitean scholars and apologists in his circle. Shakespeare’s patron, Southampton, was a follower of Essex, so it must have been a political gesture on Shakespeare’s part to dedicate to him *The Rape of Lucrece*, a highly Tacitean account of the tyranny of Tarquin and the establishment of the Roman republic. Shakespeare’s most explicit contemporary political allusion is a flattering allusion in one of the *Henry V* choruses to Essex’s military expedition against the Irish. The commissioning of the performance of *Richard II* on the eve of the Essex rebellion suggests that the Tacitean faction still considered Shakespeare to be effectively their house dramatist in the last years of the old queen’s reign. But with his usual cunning, Shakespeare somehow managed to throw off the association: Essex was executed for treason and Southampton was sent to the Tower, but the players got away with a reprimand. They claimed that they had only put on the show because they had been well paid to do so.

The King’s Man

Shakespeare sometimes wrote in direct flattery of Queen Elizabeth, as in the epilogue to a court performance on Shrove Tuesday 1599, which our edition is the first to include in the main body of his work (see poem “To the Queen”). And the Virgin Queen is almost certainly the immortal phoenix of the mysteriously beautiful poem that has become known as “The Phoenix and Turtle,” written the same year as the Essex rebellion. But when the old queen finally died in 1603, Henry Chettle expressed surprise that Shakespeare’s “honied muse…dropped no sable tear” in her memory. Though there seems not to have been a published elegy, Shakespeare did perhaps reflect on the end of the era and the uncertain times to come in Sonnet 107, with its reference to the “eclipse” of the “mortal moon” (in classical mythology, the moon was associated with Diana the virgin huntress—and Elizabeth in turn was associated with her).

The new king, James I, who had held the Scottish throne as James VI since he had been an infant, immediately took the Lord Chamberlain’s Men under his direct patronage. Henceforth they would be the King’s Men, and for the rest of Shakespeare’s career they were favored with far more court performances than any of their rivals. There even seem to have been rumors early in the reign that Shakespeare and Burbage were being considered for knighthoods, an unprecedented honor for mere actors—and one that in the event was not accorded to a member of the profession for nearly three hundred years, when the title was bestowed upon Henry Irving, the leading Shakespearean actor of Queen Victoria's reign.

The King's Men were given the status of Grooms of the Chamber. Each sharer in the company was given four and a half yards of red cloth from the Master of the Great Wardrobe for the occasion of the new king's ceremonial procession through the City of London in March 1604. Henslowe's rival company, now under the patronage of the new queen, enacted a spectacle along the way. It is not known whether the King's Men performed or marched, perhaps assisting in the bearing of the royal canopy (implied by Sonnet 125?).



King James and his family: Shakespeare began writing in the time of the unmarried Queen Elizabeth, but after 1603, when his company became the King's Men, he knew that his plays would be performed in front of a royal family—royal weddings and dynastic liaisons become a preoccupation in his later plays.

In August that year, they had to close the theater and spend eighteen days literally "waiting" in attendance at Somerset House during the visit of a special envoy from the King of Spain, while a peace treaty was being thrashed out. This moment of suspension was an important turning point in Shakespeare's career. Elizabethan Shakespeare was a war poet: the Armada and the campaigns against the Spanish in the Netherlands had overshadowed his whole career. Jacobean Shakespeare was a peace poet: of course he still wrote battle scenes, which were always good box office, but a play such as *Coriolanus* is equally interested in the question of what happens to a man of action in time of peace. A Scottish king working in harmony with the English court brings peace at the climax of *Macbeth*, *Cymbeline* ends with a peace treaty, and *Antony and Cleopatra* concludes with Octavius becoming Augustus and promising to fulfill his prediction that "The time of universal peace is near." James liked to see himself as a modern Augustus, at once the bringer of peace across Europe and the founder of a new empire ("Britain," in contrast to Elizabeth's "England"). Shakespeare's Jacobean plays resonate with the new king's preoccupations: in *Macbeth*, the Gunpowder Plot, witchcraft, the lineage of Banquo, the practice of "touching" subjects to cure them of scrofula, known as "the king's evil"; in *Lear*, the need to unite Britain and the dire consequences of its division; in *Cymbeline*, Britain as a new Rome and the talismanic Welsh port of Milford Haven, where Henry Richmond landed at the dawn of the Tudor dynasty; in *The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest*, royal children and dynastic liaisons.

During the early years of the new reign, Shakespeare lodged in Cripplegate at the home of Christopher Mountjoy, a "tire-maker" of French Huguenot origin who may have been involved with the costuming of the King's Men. A very rare fragment of Shakespeare's own voice is to be heard in a deposition that he lodged with the Court of Requests in 1612 in a case of matrimonial dispute involving the Mountjoys' daughter and their apprentice. Shakespeare had helped to facilitate the match, but could not remember the financial details of the marriage settlement. His deposition seemed calculate to offend neither side, to be generous without making any commitments. When pressed, he said that "more to this interrogatory he cannot depose" or that he could "say nothing touching any part or point of the same interrogatory." To say nothing or to refuse to depose more than a little: he was as guarded before the court as he was in his writing.

An anecdote handed down from an actor in Shakespeare's company said that he was "the more to be admired" because "he was not a company-keeper," adding that he lived in Shoreditch, "would not be debauched" and, if invited to go out on the town in pursuit of women, would say that he was not feeling well. And yet the "dark lady" sonnets give the impression of being written in the voice of a man who knows sexual passion, guilt, and, even apparently the mercury-bath cure for syphilis. There is no firm evidence concerning the question of his sexuality, and in particular the degree of homoerotic charge in his idealization of the "fair youth" of his other sonnets—whoever that may have been, if indeed he was a real person at all.

Shakespeare's productivity rate slowed in the Jacobean years, not because of age or some personal trauma, but because there were frequent outbreaks of plague, causing the theaters to be closed for long periods. The King's Men were forced to spend many months on the road. Between November 1603 and 1608, they are to be found at Leicester, Coventry, Oxford and Bridgnorth in the Midlands, Bath and Barnstaple in the West Country, Faversham, Fordham, Maidstone and Dover in Kent, Saffron Walden and Dunwich in East Anglia. Attractive as it might be to imagine Shakespeare in Barnstaple shortly before the writing of *King Lear*, listening to a Devon accent that he then gives to the disguised Edgar, it is possible that he stopped touring with his colleagues in these later years. He may indeed have stopped acting: he is in the cast lists of Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour* (1598) and *Sejanus* (1603), but, unlike Burbage, Hemings, Condell, and the rest, not those of *Volpone* (1605), *The Alchemist* (1610), and *Catiline* (1611). An early owner of a copy of the First Folio scribbled against the names of the King's Men actors details about his knowledge of them. Against Shakespeare he wrote "least," or perhaps "ceast," "for making"—this enigmatic comment might suggest that as "maker" of plays Shakespeare reduced his commitment to acting in them.

With the London theaters closed so much of the time and a large repertoire on the stocks, Shakespeare seems to have focused his energies on writing a few long and complex tragedies that could have been played on demand at court: *Othello*, *King Lear*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Coriolanus*, and *Cymbeline* are among his longest and poetically grandest plays. *Macbeth* only survives in a shorter text, which shows signs of adaptation after Shakespeare's death. The bitterly satirical *Timon of Athens*, apparently a collaboration with Thomas Middleton that may have failed on the stage, also belongs to this period. In comedy, too, he wrote longer and morally darker works than in the Elizabethan period, pushing at the very bounds of the form in *Measure for Measure* and *All's Well That Ends Well*. It might even be argued that he was turning into a more literary and less theatrical author. The 1608 Quarto edition of *King Lear* emphasized its status as a "true chronicle history" as much as the fact that it had been played before His Majesty the King at Whitehall on Saint Stephen's night. One of the two printed issues of *Troilus and Cressida* in 1609 has a title page again emphasizing history as opposed to theater, together with an epistle conspicuously addressed to the *reader* as opposed to the playgoer. It was also in 1609 that the sonnets were published, with their many references to the achievement of immortality through the work of the pen. It is not, however, certain whether or not this volume was authorized by Shakespeare himself.

From 1608 onward, when the King’s Men began occupying the indoor Blackfriars playhouse (as a winter house), Shakespeare turned to a more romantic style. His company had a great success with a revived and altered version of an old pastoral play called *Mucedorus*. It even featured a bear. The younger dramatist John Fletcher, meanwhile, sometimes working in collaboration with Francis Beaumont, was pioneering a new style of tragicomedy, a mix of romance and royalism laced with intrigue and pastoral excursions. A play called *Philaster, or Love lies a-bleeding* was the prime example. Shakespeare experimented with this idiom in *Cymbeline* and it was presumably with his blessing that Fletcher eventually took over as the King’s Men’s company dramatist. The two writers apparently collaborated on three plays in the years 1612–14: a lost romance called *Cardenio* (based on the love-madness of a character in Cervantes’ *Don Quixote*), *Henry VIII* (originally staged with the title “All is True”), and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, a dramatization of Chaucer’s “Knight’s Tale.” These were written after Shakespeare’s two final solo-authored plays, *The Winter’s Tale*, a self-consciously old-fashioned work dramatizing the pastoral romance of his old enemy Robert Greene, and *The Tempest*, which at one and the same time drew together multiple theatrical traditions, diverse reading and, contemporary interest in the fate of a ship that had been wrecked on the way to the New World.

The collaborations with Fletcher suggest that Shakespeare’s career ended with a slow fade rather than the sudden retirement supposed by the nineteenth-century Romantic critics who read Prospero’s epilogue to *The Tempest* as Shakespeare’s personal farewell to his art. In the last few years of his life Shakespeare certainly spent more of his time in Stratford-upon-Avon, where he became involved in further property dealings and litigation. His voice is heard in an acrimonious dispute over the enclosure of the fields on the Welcombe Hills on the edge of town. As in the Mountjoy case, he was careful to balance his position between the parties. But his London life also continued. In 1613 he composed an *impresa*, or emblem, to be painted by Richard Burbage and carried during the Accession Day tilt by the Earl of Rutland, one of the old circle of Southampton and Essex. In the same year, Shakespeare made his first major London property purchase: a freehold house in the Blackfriars district, close to his company's indoor theater. *The Two Noble Kinsmen* may have been written as late as 1614, and Shakespeare was in London on business a little over a year before he died.

He made his will in March 1616, but soon altered it in order to protect the interests of his daughter Judith, when he discovered that her new husband, Thomas Quiney, had impregnated another woman. The bulk of his estate went to his elder daughter Susanna and her very respectable husband, Dr. John Hall. Shakespeare's widow would have been entitled to a life interest in a third of the estate. The famous late insertion in the will whereby she is bequeathed the "second-best bed" has been the subject of endless speculation. John and Susanna doubtless got the best bed, but we are unlikely ever to know whether the mention of the second-best one was an affectionate gesture, a slight, a joke, or of some other unexplained significance. The most touching aspect of Shakespeare's will is the bequest of money to buy memorial rings for his three closest colleagues among the actors, John Hemings, Richard Burbage, and Henry Condell.

He died on April 23, 1616, which may have been his fifty-second birthday. An old but unsubstantiated local tradition claimed that he expired after a drinking bout during a visit from fellow authors Michael Drayton and Ben Jonson. Two days later he was buried. As a tithe owner, he was entitled to a place in the chancel of the parish church. Some doggerel on the stone that covers the grave has been assigned, also by local tradition, to his own pen: "Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear / To dig the dust enclosèd here. / Blessed be the man that spares these stones, / And cursed be he that moves my bones." The sentiments are strictly conventional and the lines could have been written by anybody.

His immediate family died out within two generations, when his library and other possessions would have been dispersed, if he had a library, that is: just as he had the quality of a magpie in his literary borrowings, so the books he read in preparing to write his plays may well have been borrowed rather than owned. At one time or another about 130 surviving books have been put forward as bearing his signature or initials. Among them are copies of Florio's translation of Montaigne in the British Museum, the Aldine edition of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* in the Bodleian Library in Oxford, and Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch's *Lives of the Most Noble*

Grecians and Romanes in the Greenock Library in Scotland. Most, if not all, of the signatures are forgeries. Not long after his death, a stone monument was erected in Holy Trinity Church in Stratford-upon-Avon. But, as readers and other writers quickly recognized, his living monument was his work.

The Great Feast of Languages

When Shakespeare's daughter Susanna died in July 1649, just a few weeks after England was proclaimed a commonwealth instead of a kingdom, she was described in her epitaph as "witty above her sex." "Something of Shakespeare was in that," continued the verses cut on her gravestone. From the initial reception of *Venus and Adonis* through the dedicatory material prefaced to the First Folio to this nod toward his daughter's lineage, Shakespeare was renowned above all for his wit and his mastery of language. He lived in an age when the English language was undergoing a huge expansion, sucking in new words from all over Europe and beyond, and he worked in a profession wholly reliant upon the memorable use of language.

The eloquent and persuasive arrangement of words was the essence of the drama, as John Marston made explicit when he brought the figure of "Rhetoric" onstage near the beginning of his play about playing, *Histriomastix:*

> Rhetoric will put her richest habit on
> Of gestures, voice and exornation:
> Her tropes and schemes shall dignify her sense
> And honour peace with clearest eloquence.

Like all his poetic contemporaries, Shakespeare had a profoundly figurative imagination. Composition was conceived in terms of figures of words, divided into tropes (a word shifted away from its usual context or signification) and schemes (words arranged in expressive patterns), and figures of thought (such as frankness of speech, understatement, vivid description, the structural division of argument, accumulation, refining, dwelling on the point, comparison, exemplification, simile, personification, emphasis, conciseness, ocular demonstration). Tropes and schemes were both a device to assist actors in memorizing their lines and a method of organization to make the words spoken on stage vivid and memorable for the audience.

Even today Shakespeare is admired for certain kinds of rhetorical effect, such as simile (Cleopatra's "The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch / Which hurts and is desired"), metaphor (Cleopatra's "Dost thou not see the baby at my breast / That sucks the nurse asleep?") and an array of devices of repetition and variation—as when Macbeth imagines how the blood on his hands will "The multitudinous seas incarnadine, / Making the green one red," which essentially says the same thing twice, first in orotund Latinate phrasing, then in plain monosyllabic Anglo-Saxon. But Shakespeare's original audience would have taken pleasure in recognizing dozens of elaborate verbal figurations, ranging from *catachresis* (words wrenched from common usage, as in Hamlet's "I will speak daggers to her, but use none") to *asyndeton* (the omission of conjunctions—as occurs throughout Sonnet 129) to *anacoluthon* (changing the grammatical construction in the middle of the sentence, in imitation of the way we often speak) to *synonymy* (repeating the same idea in different terms: "This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle, / This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars, / This other Eden, demi-paradise") to *anadiplosis* (repetition of a word from the end of one line or clause to begin the next line or clause, as in Hotspur's dying speech, "But thought's the slave of life, and life, time's fool; / And time that takes survey of all the world / Must have a stop") to *antimetabole* or *chiasmus* (the mirrored pairing of two clauses—Polonius' "foolish figure" exemplifed by " 'tis true 'tis pity, / And pity it is true") to *epanalepsis* (the repetition of a word or phrase at the beginning and end of the same clause or sentence—Lear's "Nothing will come of nothing") to *isocolon* (phrases or clauses of parallel structure and approximately equal length) to *climax* (a series of phrases or clauses in order of increasing importance, often with key terms repeated using *anadiplosis* and often arranged in the form of *tricolon* or threefold *amplificatio*). The rhetorical handbooks listed dozens more such effects.

Shakespeare is sometimes said to have coined more new English words than anyone else, with the possible exception of James Joyce. This is not true. The illusion of his unique inventiveness in this regard was created by the tendency of the *Oxford English Dictionary* to cite examples from him as the first usage of a word. That was because of his ready availability when the dictionary was created at the end of the Victorian era. Now that there are large digitized databases of sixteenth-century books, it is easy to find prior occurrences for many supposed Shakespearean coinages. Despite this, the list of neologisms remains impressive. To give a random selection of words, Shakespeare is responsible for such verbs as "puke," "torture," "misquote," "gossip," "swagger," "blanket" (Poor Tom's "blanket my loins" in *Lear*), and "champion" (Macbeth's "champion me to the utterance"). He seems to have invented the nouns "critic," "mountaineer," "pageantry," and "eyeball," the adjectives "fashionable," "unreal," "bloodstained," "deafening," "majestic," and "domineering," and the adverbs "instinctively" and "obsequiously" in the sense of "behaving in the appropriate way to render obsequies for the dead" (only in the eighteenth century did the word come to connote "excessive deference"—perhaps as the very result of Richard III's feigning performance of the word). Many of his coinages are not new words, but old words in new contexts (such as the application of "manager" to the entertainment business, with *A Midsummer Night's Dream's* "manager of mirth") or new compounds or old words wrested to new grammatical usage. "Lord Angelo *dukes* it well in his absence" is a good example of the latter in *Measure for Measure*, and in *Macbeth* "I'll *devil-porter* it no further" offers compounding and grammatical conversion in the same instance.

Though twenty-first-century electronic databases diminish the extent of Shakespeare's actual coinages, they immeasurably enrich our sense of the astonishingly multivalent, polysemous quality of his language. As will be seen from our on-page explanatory notes, even an apparently simple word may have two or three very different meanings. Early modern dictionaries suggest that Shakespeare and his contemporaries thought of words not as referring to one thing, but as signifiers of a range of subtly related meanings. So, for instance, "conscience," a key word in *Hamlet*, is defined in John Baret's triple English, French, and Latin dictionary of 1574 as "witness of one's own mind, knowledge, remorse," thus simultaneously suggesting modern "consciousness" as well as the associations of a guilty conscience. "Honest," a key word in *Othello*, is revealed by John Florio's

1598 *World of Words* to be within a spectrum of words including “loyal,” “true,” “trusty,” “upright,” “faithful,” “righteous,” “natural,” “good,” “godly,” and “civil,” all of which are wonderfully inapposite for “honest Iago.”

One particular area where multiple signification operates extensively in Shakespeare is that of sexual reference. Puns on body parts, such as “thing” and “will” for the penis, “nothing” and “case” for the vagina, have long been recognized in both the comedies and the sonnets, but a long tradition of editorial reticence has meant that it is still not fully appreciated how pervasive sexual innuendo is across the full range of Shakespeare’s works. Our explanatory notes do not shy away from the bawdy energies of “back-trick,” “banquet,” “bauble,” “beard,” “bog,” “Brentford,” “buried face upwards,” “chink,” “clack-dish,” “her very c’s, her u’s, and [‘n’] her t’s, and thus makes she her great P’s,” “focative is caret / And that’s a good root,” “Neapolitan bone-ache,” “out,” “part,” “purse,” “ring,” “stones,” and scores of cognate terms. Words such as “out” do not, of course, always have a sexual connotation, but an exchange such as the following in *As You Like It* depends on the bawdy pun, whereby Orlando uses the actor’s sense of forgetting one’s lines (“lost for words”) and Rosalind responds as if he intended the bawdy one (“denied entry”). Her reply also depends on “honesty” meaning “chastity,” and “rank” meaning “lustful” and/or “in heat”:

ORLANDO Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

ROSALIND Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

ORLANDO What, of my suit?

ROSALIND Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Sexual punning is not only a symptom of the unprecedented extent and exuberance of Shakespeare’s verbal wit, but also a source of his boundless commitment to life. We will fully understand his vision only when we unashamedly acknowledge how he can move in an instant from such uplifting similes and metaphors as “It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night / As a rich jewel in an Ethiope’s ear” and “But, soft, what light through yonder window breaks? / It is the east, and Juliet is the sun" to the sentiment expressed by Mercutio just seconds before, "O Romeo, that she were, O, that she were / An open arse and thou a pop'rin pear," where the innuendo comes from not only the resemblance of the medlar fruit to a woman's genitals but also the naughty play on "pop it in."

Cult and Heresy

In 1612, around the time that Shakespeare was beginning to work in collaboration with John Fletcher, perhaps as a prelude to his retirement, the young dramatist John Webster wrote a preface to his tragedy *The White Devil* in which he expressed his "good opinion" of the "worthy labours" of his peers in the art of playmaking: the grandiose style of George Chapman, the learning of Ben Jonson, the collaborative enterprise of Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher, and "the right happy and copious industry of Mr Shakespeare, Mr Decker [sic], and Mr Heywood." Shakespeare's plays are thus praised for being plentiful in number and well judged in execution. He is placed in the company of Thomas Dekker and Thomas Heywood, two other prolific and highly professional writers who made their living from the stage. But he is mentioned after four writers who, while equally professional and industrious, were better connected to the court and the gentry—Chapman, Jonson, Beaumont, and Fletcher. Four years later, in the spring of 1616, Beaumont and Shakespeare died within a few weeks of each other. Beaumont became the first dramatist to be honored with burial in the national shrine of Westminster Abbey, beside the tombs of Geoffrey Chaucer (the father of English verse) and Edmund Spenser (the greatest poet of the Elizabethan era). Shakespeare was laid to rest in the provincial obscurity of his native Stratford-upon-Avon. That same year, Ben Jonson became the first English dramatist to publish a collected edition of his own plays written for the public stage. He was much mocked for his presumption in doing so, especially under the title of *Works*, suggestive of an edition of a classical author such as Virgil or Horace. Webster learned many of the tricks of his trade from Shakespeare, but if he had been asked which of his contemporaries would achieve immortality and come to be regarded as the greatest playmaker since the ancient Greek tragedians, he could as well have plumped for either Jonson or the team of Beaumont and Fletcher. Or possibly even Chapman. We now think of Shakespeare as a unique genius, the embodiment indeed of the very idea of artistic genius, but in his own time, though widely admired, he was but one of a constellation of theatrical stars.

How is it, then, that when we reach the eighteenth and nineteenth century Shakespeare's fame has outstripped that of all his peers? Why was he the sole dramatist of the age who would eventually have a genuinely international, ultimately a worldwide, impact?

One of the ways in which writers endure is through their influence on later writers. Jonson intuited this in his dedicatory poem to the 1623 First Folio of Shakespeare's collected plays, where he described Shakespeare as a "star" whose "influence" would "chide or cheer" the future course of British drama. Once the Folio was available to, in the words of its editors, "the great Variety of Readers," the plays began to influence not just the theater but poetry more generally. The works of Milton, notably his masque *Comus*, were steeped in Shakespearean language. Indeed, the young Milton's first published poem was a sonnet prefixed to the second edition of the Folio, in which Shakespeare was said to have built himself "a live-long Monument" in the form of his plays. Shakespeare was Milton's key precedent for the writing of his epic *Paradise Lost* (1667) in blank verse rather than rhyme. Even later seventeenth-century poets, such as King Charles II's Poet Laureate John Dryden, who were committed to rhyme, acknowledged the power of his dramatic blank verse. As an act of homage to "the Divine Shakespeare" Dryden abandoned rhyme in *All for Love* (1678), his reworking of the Cleopatra story.

The London theaters were closed during the years of civil war and republican government in the middle of the seventeenth century. The years after the Restoration of the monarchy in 1660 were characterized by a somewhat schizophrenic attitude to Shakespeare. On the positive side, he was invoked for his inspirational native genius, used to support claims for English naturalness as opposed to French artifice, and for the moderns against the ancients. In a sweeping *Essay of Dramatic Poesy* (1668), Dryden described Shakespeare as "the man who of all Modern, and perhaps Ancient Poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul." He brushed off charges of Shakespeare's lack of learning with the memorable judgment that "he needed not the spectacles of Books to read Nature."

Contemporaneously with Dryden, the learned Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle, praised Shakespeare for his extraordinary ability to enter into his vast array of characters, to "express the divers and different humors, or natures, or several passions in mankind." Yet at the same time, the courtly elite had spent their years of exile in France and come under the influence of a highly refined neoclassical theory of artistic decorum, according to which tragedy should be kept apart from comedy and high style from low, with dramatic "unity" demanding obedience to strict laws. For this reason, Dryden and his contemporaries took considerable liberties in polishing and "improving" Shakespeare's plays for performance. According to the law of poetic justice, wholly innocent characters should not be allowed to die: Nahum Tate therefore rewrote *King Lear* (1681) with a happy ending in which Cordelia marries Edgar. Tate also omitted the character of the Fool, on the grounds that such a figure was beneath the dignity of high tragedy.

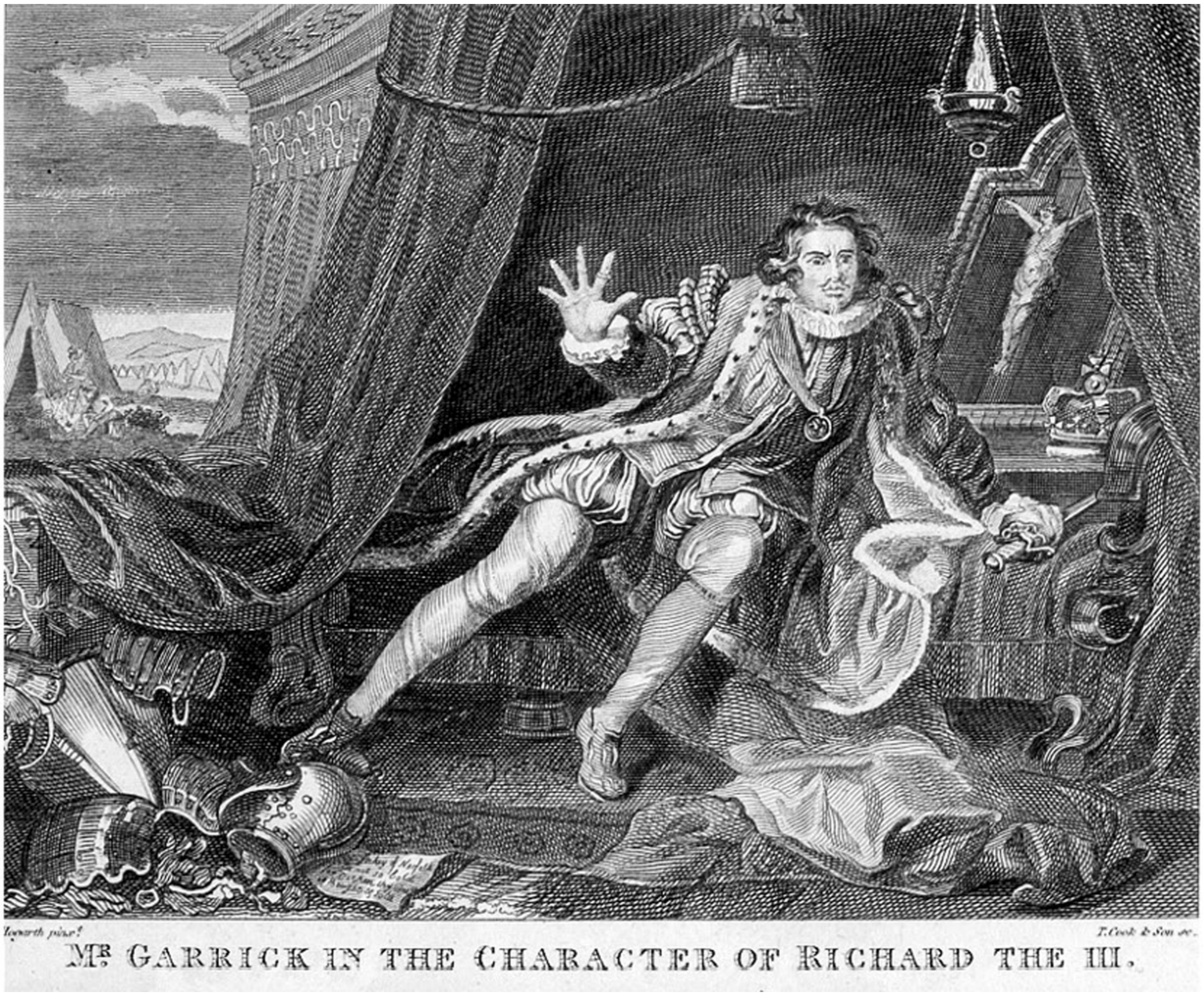
The more formal classicism of Jonson and the courtly romances of Beaumont and Fletcher answered more readily to the Frenchified standards of the Restoration theater. Actors, though, were demonstrating that the most rewarding roles in the repertoire were the Shakespearean ones. Thomas Betterton (1635–1710), the greatest player of the age, had enormous success as Hamlet, Sir Toby Belch, Henry VIII, Macbeth, Timon of Athens, Lear, Falstaff, Angelo in *Measure for Measure*, and Othello (some of these in versions close to the original texts, others in heavily adapted reworkings). Playhouse scripts of individual plays found their way into print, while the Folio went through its third and fourth printings. By the end of the century, Shakespeare was well entrenched in English cultural life. But he was not yet the unique genius.

Thomas Betterton's veneration for the memory of Shakespeare was such that late in his life he traveled to Warwickshire in order to find out what he could about the dramatist's origins. He passed a store of anecdotes to the poet, playwright, and eventual Poet Laureate Nicholas Rowe, who wrote "Some Account of the Life of Mr William Shakespeare," a biographical sketch published in 1709 in the first of the six volumes of his *Works of Shakespeare*, the collection that is usually regarded as the first modern edition of the plays. Rowe's biography offered a mixture of truth and myth, calculated to represent Shakespeare as a man of the people. It tells of how young Will was withdrawn from school when his father fell on hard times, and how he then got into bad company and stole deer from the park of local grandee Sir Thomas Lucy. The resultant prosecution forced him to leave for London, where he became an actor and then a dramatist. There is no documentary warrant for the deer-stealing story. Rowe's account is a symptom of how every age reinvents Shakespeare in its own image. The road from the provinces to London was a familiar one in the eighteenth century—Samuel Johnson and David Garrick walked it in real life, Henry Fielding's Tom Jones in fiction. Shakespeare served as exemplar of the writer who achieved success, and an unprecedented degree of financial reward, from his pen alone. The Earl of Southampton may have helped him on his way in his early years, but he was essentially a self-made man rather than a beneficiary of court and aristocratic patronage. For writers such as Alexander Pope and Samuel Johnson, struggling in the transition from the age of patronage to that of Grub Street professionalism, Shakespeare offered not only a body of poetic invention and a gallery of living characters but also an inspirational career trajectory.

If we had to identify a single decade in which the "cult of Shakespeare" took root, in which his celebrity and influence came to outstrip that of his contemporaries once and for all, it would probably be the 1730s. There was a proliferation of cheap mass-market editions, while in the theater the plays came to constitute about a quarter of the entire repertoire of the London stage, twice what they had been hitherto. The promotion of Shakespeare was driven by a number of forces, ranging from state censorship of new plays to a taste for the shapely legs of actresses in the cross-dressed "breeches parts" of the comedies. The plays were becoming synonymous with decency and Englishness, even as the institution of the theater was still poised between respectability and disrepute.

David Garrick (1717–1779), the actor who may justly be claimed as the father of what George Bernard Shaw later christened "bardolatry," arrived in London at a propitious moment. Shakespeare was growing into big business and the time was ripe for a new star to cash in on his name. As in many a good theater story, Garrick's first break came when he stepped in as an understudy and outshone the actor who normally took the part. This was followed by a more formal debut, again of a kind that established a pattern for later generations: the revolutionary new reading of a major Shakespearean part. For Garrick, it was Richard III (for Edmund Kean in the next century, it was Shylock). After this, there was no looking back. Garrick did all the things we have come to expect of a major star: he took on the full gamut of Shakespeare, he had an affair with his leading lady (the gorgeous and talented Peg Woffington), and he managed his own acting company, supervising the scripts and directing plays while also starring in them. It was because of Garrick's extraordinary energy in all these departments that he not only gave unprecedented respectability to the profession of actor, but also effectively invented the modern theater. The "actor-manager" tradition that he inaugurated stretched down to Laurence Olivier and beyond.

It was in the art of self-promotion that Garrick was unique. His public image was secured by William Hogarth's vibrant painting of him in the role of Richard III (see illustration below), confronted with his nightmares on the eve of the battle of Bosworth Field. The most frequently engraved and widely disseminated theatrical portrait of the eighteenth century, this iconic image simultaneously established Garrick as the quintessential tragedian and inaugurated the whole tradition of large-scale Shakespearean painting. Hitherto, the elevated genre of "history painting" had concentrated on biblical and classical subjects. With Hogarth's image—created in the studio, though influenced by Garrick's stage performance—Shakespearean drama joined this august company.


Hogarth pinx^t
T. Cook & Son sc.
M^r. GARRICK IN THE CHARACTER OF RICHARD THE III.

An engraving from William Hogarth's famous painting of Garrick as Richard III, confronting the ghosts on the night before the battle of Bosworth Field. Painted in the artist's studio, but influenced by the cluttered and "realistic" stage sets of the eighteenth century—a world away from the bare boards of the Globe.

The climax of Garrick's career in bardolatry was the Jubilee that he organized in commemoration of the bicentenary of Shakespeare's birth. The event took place in Stratford-upon-Avon in 1769, on the occasion of the opening of a new town hall, a mere five years later than the anniversary it was supposed to mark. It lasted for three days, during which scores of fashionable Londoners descended on the hitherto obscure provincial town where Shakespeare had been born. The literary tourist industry began here: local entrepreneurs did good business in the sale of Shakespearean relics, such as souvenirs supposedly cut from the wood of the great Bard's mulberry tree. Not since the marketing in medieval times of fragments of the True Cross had a single tree yielded so much wood. The Jubilee program included a grand procession of Shakespearean characters, a masked ball, a horse race, and a firework display. In true English fashion, the outdoor events were washed out by torrential rain. At the climax of the festivities Garrick performed his own poem, “An Ode upon dedicating a building and erecting a statue to Shakespeare at Stratford-upon-Avon,” set to music by the leading composer Thomas Arne. In the manner of a staged theatrical “happening,” Garrick had arranged for a member of the audience (a fellow actor), dressed as a French fop, to complain—as French connoisseurs of literary taste had complained for generations—that Shakespeare was vulgar, provincial, and overrated. This gave Garrick the opportunity to voice his grand defence of Shakespeare. Though the whole business was much mocked in newspaper reports, caricatures, and stage farces, it generated enormous publicity for both Garrick and Shakespeare across Britain and continental Europe. The Jubilee did more than make Stratford-upon-Avon into a tourist attraction: it inaugurated the very idea of a summer arts festival.

In an age when orthodox religion was facing severe challenges, the cult of Shakespeare was becoming a secular faith. Thanks to the enthusiasm of poets, critics, and translators such as Samuel Taylor Coleridge, William Hazlitt and John Keats in England, J. W. von Goethe and the Schlegel brothers in Germany, Victor Hugo and Alexandre Dumas in France, during the nineteenth-century era of Romanticism, the grammar school boy from the edge of the Forest of Arden became the supreme deity not just of poetry and drama, but of high culture itself.

There was, however, a downside to the apotheosis. Gods have an unfortunate propensity to attract wild-eyed extremists and earnest cranks. A few years after Garrick’s Jubilee, a retired Oxford don named the Reverend James Wilmot went poking around Stratford-upon-Avon in pursuit of relics and reminiscences of the divine William. Disappointed by the paucity of what he found, he became the first person to consider the possibility that the plays might really have been written by someone else. He did not, however, publish his theory.

Fast-forward to the mid-nineteenth century. Bardolatry and the British Empire are in their heyday. It is 1852. An unsigned article in an Edinburgh magazine asks for the first time the question over which so much ink would be needlessly spilt in the next century and a half: “Who wrote Shakspeare?” The author found it hard to reconcile the glories of the plays with our knowledge of Shakespeare’s life—his mealy-mouthed business dealings, his churlish will (that “second-best bed”). Maybe Shakespeare hired someone else to do his writing for him? Within a few years, a favored candidate emerged: Lord Bacon, one of the most learned authors of the age. It did not seem to matter that Bacon’s “new philosophy” of scientific empiricism represented an altogether different species of learning from that of the plays, with their habitual skepticism and casual resort to folk wisdom. Nor that Bacon’s own efforts at drama were distinctly wooden. The theory that “Shakespeare was Bacon” remained popular for half a century, despite numerous reasoned refutations. After the First World War, dozens of other candidates began to be brought forward. Those who found most vociferous support in the twentieth century were aristocrats such as William Stanley, the sixth Earl of Derby, and Edward de Vere, the seventeenth Earl of Oxford.

The love of conspiracy theories that pervaded Western popular culture in the late twentieth and early twenty-first centuries gave continuing prominence to the “authorship dispute.” One response to the phenomenon is dismissive: what does it matter so long as we have the plays? But there is a repellent snobbery in the idea that a man from an ordinary background could not have written the plays, that the true author must have been an aristocrat in disguise. Shakespeare’s family and fellow townspeople knew his gift: they represented him as a writer on his Stratford monument and compared him to Socrates and Virgil in the inscription upon it. His fellow actors and intimate associates in the running of his theater company, whom he remembered in his will, knew that he wrote the plays: they edited the First Folio and never doubted his authorship. Ben Jonson knew Shakespeare extremely well: Shakespeare acted in his plays, they quoted and parodied each other’s works, he contributed verses to the First Folio (a short poem affirming that the frontispiece was a true likeness of the author and a long epistle praising him as “swan of Avon” and saying that the plays were very good despite their poor attainment in the classical languages). In both his conversations with fellow poet Drummond of Hawthornden and his commonplace book, Jonson discussed Shakespeare’s compositional method and his relationship with the actors. Others who described Shakespeare as both an actor and a writer included Sir George Buc, William Camden, Leonard Digges (stepson of an overseer of Shakespeare's will), John Davies of Hereford (on at least two occasions), and the author of the academic *Parnassus* plays. Among those who knew Shakespeare and described him as a writer were Francis Beaumont (who praised the plays specifically on the grounds of their lack of book learning) and Francis Meres, who knew some of the sonnets in manuscript (perhaps including the one with the phrase "my name is Will," which has always proved mildly embarrassing to proponents of the view that the real author was called Francis or Edward or Christopher or Elizabeth).

The poor quality of the French, the hazy knowledge of European geography and the howlers in the representation of court etiquette in the plays rule out the authorship of any highly educated courtier or gentleman. Specific allusions, for instance to the names of villages around Stratford-upon-Avon and to individuals such as Shakespeare's schoolmate and publisher Richard Field and the local Somerville family, prove that the author was from Warwickshire. Though Shakespeare lets slip his identity in casual passing allusions of this kind, early modern plays were not autobiographical documents. Nearly all Shakespeare's plots were taken over from old plays, novels, history books, and other sources. They were not encodings of a secret life at court, as conspiracy theorists like to propose. Indeed, the principal failure of all "disguised aristocrat" fantasies about the authorship of the plays is their failure to account for the deeply collaborative nature of early modern theater: stray speech headings and other details reveal how Shakespeare wrote particular parts for particular actors; allusions to other plays, especially during the period of fierce intercompany rivalry around 1600, reveal that he was in constant dialogue with rival playwrights; the plays have many technical innovations intimately linked to practicalities of the theater, such as the opening of the Globe in 1599 and the introduction of act divisions in response to the move to Blackfriars in 1608: all these are signs of a professional theatrical insider, not an accomplished gentleman amateur. Above all, there is the fact of actual collaboration: the revision of other men's plays in the early works, the involvement with Thomas Middleton and George Wilkins (author of the first half of *Pericles*) in the early 1600s, and the co-writing of the last three plays with Fletcher. We know an immense amount about how plays were put together collaboratively and a whole battery of stylometric tests has enabled us to work out which playwright wrote which scenes. The “disguised aristocrat” theory cannot account for this. Besides, all verifiable stylometric tests conclusively rule out every alternative candidate who has been proposed as the true author of Shakespeare.

Other anti-Stratfordian claims reveal astonishing ignorance of the age. How could Shakespeare have been a literary man, it is asked, when he left no books in his will? Francis Bacon (one of the most advanced thinkers of the age), Richard Hooker (the leading theologian of the Anglican faith), and Samuel Daniel (the first English author to publish a collected edition of his literary works) left no books in their wills either. People did not habitually include inventories of their possessions in their wills. How could he have written such brilliant plays when there is so little evidence of his having received a formal education? The roll of the Stratford-upon-Avon grammar school is lost, but Shakespeare was entitled to attend it free of charge, by virtue of his father’s civic office, and the range of knowledge and allusion in the plays matches closely with what he would have learned in grammar school. The comic Latin lesson in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and the pedantic schoolmaster in *Love’s Labour’s Lost* are manifestly the creations of a grammar school boy, not a privately educated aristocrat.

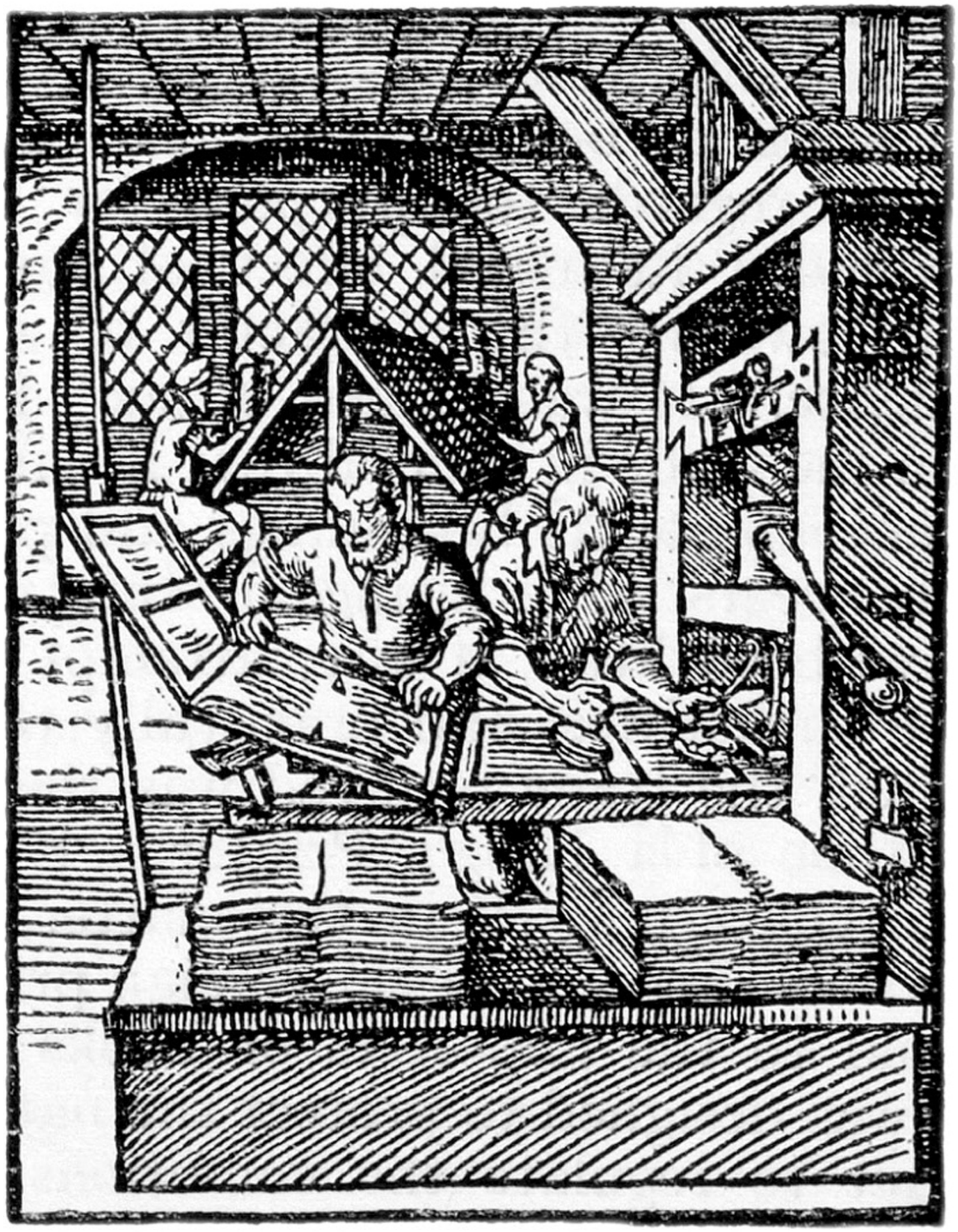
Shakespeare is no different from his fellow dramatists: George Chapman and Ben Jonson were the two most famously learned theater writers of the age, yet there is no contemporary record of either of them having attended school of any kind, let alone university. Jonson probably went to Westminster School, leaving to become a bricklayer’s apprentice before reaching the upper forms—but his attendance is an inference on the basis of circumstantial evidence, exactly as is Shakespeare’s attendance at King Edward’s grammar school in Stratford-upon-Avon. Nor do we know anything about the schooling of Henry Chettle, Thomas Dekker, Michael Drayton, Thomas Heywood, Thomas Middleton, John Webster, and a host of others.

Where are Shakespeare’s play manuscripts and letters? The same place as nearly all the play manuscripts and letters of the other Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists: lost because nobody at the time thought that the work of these popular entertainers, let alone the details of their lives, were sufficiently important to merit preservation for posterity. Immensely talented dramatists such as Christopher Marlowe, Thomas Middleton, and Thomas Heywood did not even have the benefit of close friends in the theater world to put together collected editions of their plays, as Hemings and Condell did for Shakespeare. It would in fact be more plausible to mount a case that Jonson did not write Jonson (a learned bricklayer?) or that Chapman did not write Chapman (translating Homer without a university degree!) than that Shakespeare did not write Shakespeare. Jonson's and Chapman's plays show far more classical learning than those of Shakespeare and as acute an understanding of court intrigue and politics, and yet they too were "uneducated" writers, so why has no one questioned their authorship? The logical conclusion of the fact that no one has done so is that the "Shakespeare authorship debate" is not a proper historical question with its roots in the early modern period, but an epiphenomenon, an aberrant offshoot of the nineteenth-century Romantic cult of Shakespeare. It stems from a desire to give Shakespeare a strong personality, and in so doing denies his greatest gift: the ability to suppress his own personality and absorb himself in his characters, to empathize not only with kings and lords, but also with daughters who disobey their fathers and outsiders who challenge the social order.

The First Folio Restored[4]

Shakespeare initially wrote his plays as scripts for performance, not finished literary works for publication. In order to understand the status of his texts and the editorial problems they present, we must begin by abandoning the modern model of literary authorship, with its movement from the solitary figure of the writer and a piece of paper (or a typewriter or computer screen) to the submission of a manuscript, typescript or computer file to a publisher, followed by the process of copyediting and proofreading. The traditional mark of a writer's authorization of his or her final text is the return of corrected proofs to a publisher, who then submits them to a printer for mass reproduction, binding, and distribution via the book trade. It is probable that Shakespeare only ever personally corrected the proofs of two of his forty or so works: the narrative poems *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*.

In every other case, a process of conjecture is required in order to establish some kind of authoritative text.



A printing house: in the background, the compositors are picking the individual letters out from the case, while in the foreground the leaves are being inked before being put through the press.

Nearly all the necessary raw manuscript materials are lost. Aside from the scene for *Sir Thomas More*, we have no working manuscripts in Shakespeare's hand, no scribal transcripts of the originals, no "playbooks" or "promptbooks" from his theater, no printer's copy, no authorially marked-up proof sheets. This is not unusual for the period. The editors of Christopher Marlowe and John Webster face exactly the same problems. We do know that Shakespeare’s friend and rival Ben Jonson carefully oversaw the progress of his plays into print, so his texts present fewer problems, but again the manuscripts behind them are lost. Printers did not archive the copy from which they worked; theater companies did keep master copies of their scripts, but these would mutate over time as theatrical innovations led to a process of rewriting. One of Shakespeare’s late collaborative works, *Cardenio*, survives only in the indirect form of an eighteenth-century rewrite of a playbook that was reworked some time in the late seventeenth century.

Plays are not like novels, poems, or biographies. They are not “owned” by an individual author. The best modern analogy for the status of an Elizabethan theater script is the film screenplay. Screenwriters traditionally occupy a lowly position in the Hollywood food chain. More often than not, teams of writers are employed. Sometimes one team will be sacked and another brought in to fix up a script. Producers will then demand changes on the basis of their perception of what will be commercially successful. Directors will demand changes on the basis of their own artistic vision. Stars will demand changes that enhance their own parts. Writers end up well down the credit list. Only after the industry matured did the notion of a published screenplay take hold; publication remains the exception rather than the rule, reserved for “classics” and films that are either exceptionally successful or unusually “artistic.” And when a screenplay is published, it is far more likely to be the studio’s finished version or the “director’s cut” than the writer’s or writers’ original script.

In every one of these particulars, there is an analogy with the theater in Shakespeare’s time (which is why Hollywood loved, and heaped Oscars upon, the 1998 film *Shakespeare in Love*). The theater manager Philip Henslowe was like a Hollywood producer: he would employ teams of writers to create new works and fix up old ones; it was star actors such as Edward Alleyn, not writers such as Robert Greene, who dominated the scene at the Rose (which is why Greene, or his colleague Henry Chettle, seems to have become bitter when a minor actor called William Shakespeare began fixing up other people’s plays and even writing his own). Publication of plays was the exception rather than the rule. Most of the scripts that did find their way into print in the 1580s and 1590s lacked an author’s name on the title page. The name of the acting company who had played the work ("with great applause") was what mattered. The identity of the playwright was not considered a selling point. It is a mark that Shakespeare was beginning to be considered someone special, perhaps an unusually literary dramatist, that after some half-dozen of his plays were published anonymously from 1594 onwards, in 1598 his name appeared on the title pages of texts of Love's *Labour's Lost*, *Richard II*, and *Richard III*.

During Shakespeare's lifetime about half his surviving plays were published in the format known as Quarto (so called because the sheets of paper that came off the printing press were folded in four). In terms of size, relatively low price, and function (books to be read through rather than lovingly preserved in a library), the modern paperback provides a good analogy. The print run for play Quartos was unlikely to be more than a thousand copies at most. A few of Shakespeare's Quartos were sufficiently good sellers to go through several editions. By the time of his death there were six Quarto printings of *1 Henry IV*, *Richard II,* and *Richard III,* and three of *Hamlet*, *Pericles*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Titus Andronicus*. Since we know nothing about box-office returns from the Theatre and the Globe, demand for printed copies is the best measure we have of the relative success of the plays. These seven—three histories, three tragedies, and a collaboratively-written romance—qualify as the best answer to the question "Which were Shakespeare's most successful plays in his own lifetime?" Frequency of allusion and imitation in the work of other dramatists provides confirmatory evidence. Ben Jonson was distinctly dismayed that *Titus* and *Pericles*, which he regarded as ramshackle affairs in contrast to his own more polished scripts, were such crowd-pleasers. But none of the plays was so successful in print as *Venus and Adonis*, which went through nine editions in Shakespeare's lifetime and a further six in the next twenty years. By a considerable margin the most widely read long poem of the age, it ensured that Shakespeare's name was synonymous with poetic eloquence and erotic delight.

In the year of Shakespeare's death, Ben Jonson became the first dramatist for the public stage to gather his plays in the more durable form of a "collected works." Three years later a publisher called Thomas Pavier put out editions of ten purported Shakespearean plays (among them the apocryphal *Sir John Oldcastle Part 1* and *A Yorkshire Tragedy*). This looked like an unauthorized attempt at a "collected Shakespeare." It certainly seemed so to the King’s Men. With the assistance of the Earl of Pembroke, who was Lord Chamberlain and a good friend to the actors, the three leading players, Burbage, Hemings, and Condell, obtained a blocking order against further productions of a similar kind. Burbage died soon after, leaving Hemings and Condell to begin the work of gathering materials for an authorized edition. The process involved collecting old Quartos and comparing them with the scripts held by the company. For previously unpublished plays, transcripts were made of the prompter’s “book,” some of them by a professional scribe called Ralph Crane. After long delays in the printing house, the great book was finally published in 1623 under the title Mr *William Shakespeares Comedies, Histories, & Tragedies Published according to the True Originall Copies*. Printed in large double-columned “Folio” format, it was adorned with Martin Droeshout’s engraving of Shakespeare and an array of preliminary matter, including Ben Jonson’s commendatory poems praising his fellow playwright as “Soul of the Age,” as a rival even to Sophocles, and as a dramatic artist whose works were “for all time,” surpassing “all that was ever writ.” Without the Folio, half of Shakespeare’s output would have been lost forever, and several other plays would have only survived in error-strewn texts. Among the eighteen Folio-only plays are *The Tempest*, *As You Like It*, *Twelfth Night*, *Julius Caesar*, *Macbeth*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*.

The Folio was reprinted three times before the end of the seventeenth century, but by early in the eighteenth it was beginning to have an antiquated feel. Shakespeare’s reputation was on the rise and a new middle-class reading public was emerging. The time was ripe for a “modernized” edition and the task was entrusted to the poet and dramatist Nicholas Rowe. In preparing his text, Rowe made a mistake that has never been fully rectified. He noticed that Hamlet’s last major soliloquy—“How all occasions do inform against me/And spur my dull revenge”—was missing from the Folio text of the play but present in the early Quarto. He accordingly stitched together the two texts, creating a composite version of *Hamlet* in the hope that it represented Shakespeare’s true original. But it did not. Modern bibliographic investigation has decisively shown that the early printed texts of *Hamlet* represent different moments in the play’s evolving stage history. A “conflated” *Hamlet* is not a Shakespearean original: it is a version of the play created by Rowe nearly a hundred years after Shakespeare’s death.

The eighteenth-century editors who followed Rowe, beginning with Alexander Pope, went even further with the “pick-and-mix” approach, mingling the variant Quarto and Folio texts of many more plays, most notably *King Lear*, *Othello*, *Richard II*, *Richard III*, and *Troilus and Cressida*. This approach continued in the mainstream editorial tradition through the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The Oxford edition of 1986 began the work of separating out the early texts, recognizing the discrete versions of *Hamlet* and *King Lear*. But it still moved inconsistently between versions, even printing the *Henry VI* plays in their Folio texts but with their Quarto titles. In short, then, all existing Shakespeare editions are deeply flawed: Rowe set editors off down the wrong path and they have not returned.

So it is that, astonishingly, the Shakespeare First Folio—unquestionably the most important single book in the history of world drama—has not been edited in its own right for about three hundred years. By “edited” we mean reproduced with the correction of presumed printer’s errors and the modernization of spelling and punctuation. There have been *facsimile reproductions* and *diplomatic transcriptions* of the Folio: these, however, are not corrected and modernized *editions*. Editing of a kind took place in the Second Folio of 1632, the Third Folio of 1663 (and its second issue of 1664), and the Fourth Folio of 1685. Some corrections were made and there was an element of modernization, but the interventions were fairly minimal: conventions of spelling, punctuation, and typography changed between 1623 and 1685, but far less than they have done in the three and a bit centuries since.

For the eighteen Folio-only plays, there is only one version to print, but where there are both Quartos and Folios, the story is complicated. The Quartos can be divided into two categories. Seven of them are short in length and contain frequent misprints and lines that don’t make sense: *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York* (which became the second and third parts of *Henry VI* in the Folio), the First Quarto of *Romeo and Juliet*, the First Quarto of *Hamlet*, *Henry V*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and the one Quarto play of which there is no Folio text, *Pericles.*[5] Thirteen others are long and well printed: *Titus Andronicus*, *Richard II*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *1 Henry IV*, *2 Henry IV*, *Richard III*, the Second Quarto of *Romeo and Juliet*, the Second Quarto of *Hamlet*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *Troilus and Cressida*, *Othello*. Uniquely, the Quarto of *King Lear* is long, but with many misprints and lines that do not make sense. It is a special case, its errors stemming from the particular circumstances of its first publication: a printer unused to working with plays and a manuscript probably based on Shakespeare's working draft, known in the period as "foul papers."

In the twentieth century, the short Quartos were described as "bad" texts because of their high degree of error, because the Second Quartos of *Romeo and Juliet* and *Hamlet* advertised themselves as, respectively, "Newly corrected, augmented and amended" and "Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much again as it was, according to the true and perfect copy," and because Hemings and Condell's preface to the First Folio spoke of how their authoritative text was replacing "diverse stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious imposters that exposed them." In all probability, though, this remark refers to Pavier's illicit Quartos of 1619, not those published in Shakespeare's lifetime.

The short Quartos have variously been supposed to be first drafts, abridgements for performance or perhaps touring, stenographers' reports or —the most popular theory in the twentieth century—actors' memorial reconstructions. There is an inherent implausibility about the theory that some of the minor actors pieced together the texts from memory, employed a scribe to copy as they recited, then went slyly to a "pirate" publisher, so the latter hypothesis has been much criticized, though the First Quarto of *Hamlet* and the Quarto of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* do bear some marks of reconstruction from memory. Whatever the origins of the various short Quartos, they represent the plays in very different form from that authorized by Hemings and Condell. In preparing the text of such plays as *Henry V* and *Merry Wives*, the Folio editors consciously rejected the "short" Quarto and used different manuscript sources, probably the "book" held by the acting company (sometimes known as the "promptbook," though that is not a term from the period).

With five of the long Quartos, there are very few differences from the Folio. These are *Love's Labour's Lost*, *1 Henry IV*, Second Quarto *Romeo and Juliet*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Much Ado About Nothing*. The norm here is that the Folio text was printed from a Quarto, with errors introduced and corrections made, but stage directions were added, presumably following consultation of the "book" held at the theater. Most editors work from the Quartos, but insert the Folio's stage directions. We use the reverse procedure, respecting the integrity of the Folio but using the Quartos to correct its printing errors.

In four cases—*Titus Andronicus*, *Richard II*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *2 Henry IV*—there are significant local differences, such as added scenes, the change of a character's identity in a single scene, an element of rewriting or the marks of censorship. So, for instance, the darkly comic "fly-killing" scene is in Folio *Titus* but not Quarto. The same goes for the deposition scene at the center of *Richard II*. In Folio *Dream*, Egeus instead of Philostrate introduces the revels in the final scene. In these plays, the Folio was printed from a Quarto, but in the preparation of copy for the printers there was more thoroughgoing attention to a manuscript source. Most modern editors back-project the Folio additions such as the fly-killing scene into their Quarto-based texts, thus creating a hybrid. We prefer, again, to respect the integrity of the Folio, though make use of the Quartos in correcting printers' errors.

The five remaining plays present the greatest textual challenge. They also happen to be five of Shakespeare's longest plays: *Hamlet*, *Richard III*, *Othello*, *King Lear*, and *Troilus and Cressida*. In each case there are major differences between the Quarto and Folio texts—substantial additions or omissions, hundreds of variant lines and words. In each play, some of the differences can be attributed to printing errors in one text, but many cannot. Here Quartos and Folios were printed from different principal sources (for example, Quarto from the authorial manuscript or a transcript of it, and Folio from the theatrical promptbook or a transcript of it). To complicate matters, the Folio editor sometimes consulted a Quarto when his manuscript copy was unclear. The best explanation for the major differences is that the two versions represent two moments in the life of the play, with intervening revisions having been undertaken by Shakespeare or the acting company or another dramatist on behalf of the acting company or a scribe preparing a written text or some combination thereof. It is with these plays that the editorial tradition of conflation has been most damaging.

In Shakespeare’s time, when the creation of a book involved the extraordinarily laborious process of picking out each individual letter from a case of type, printers preferred if at all possible to work from a book that was already printed rather than a manuscript, since the latter was much more difficult to read. The most significant fact about the printing of the First Folio is that Hemings and Condell had the opportunity to provide the printing house with Quarto texts of a large number of plays that could simply have been reprinted in the new large-page double-column format of the Folio. Pavier had produced his 1619 collection at speed because he was working from existing Quartos, not manuscripts. But Hemings and Condell did not do this. Even where Folio did use Quartos as copy texts, there was consultation of playhouse manuscripts. And in the case of the four big plays where there was an adequately printed Quarto, they chose to work from a different, playhouse-derived source that would have been much slower to print. Their choice not to take the easy option is a major reason why we should respect the integrity of their enterprise, why we should not conflate and why we print the Folio texts of *Hamlet*, *Richard III*, *Othello*, *King Lear*, and *Troilus and Cressida*. In some cases, the Quartos are probably closer to Shakespeare’s original manuscript draft, but the Folio is undoubtedly closer to his playhouse. For an edition such as this one, which is commissioned by a Shakespearean acting company, the copy text has to be the one authorized by Shakespeare’s own acting company.

This is not to say that we have edited the Folio as if the Quartos did not exist. Quarto readings are invaluable in the process of identifying and correcting printing errors in the Folio. And, indeed, it is a matter of peculiar good fortune that they exist for several of the tragedies. The overall standard of printing in the First Folio is remarkably high, though there are degrees of variation according to the nature of the printer’s copy for each play and the habits of the various members of the team of compositors who worked on the project. However, after the comedies and histories were completed, a new and less competent printer joined the team. Probably an apprentice, he is known by scholars as “Compositor E.” He was responsible for typesetting large chunks of *Troilus and Cressida*, *Titus Andronicus*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *King Lear*, and *Othello:* consultation of the Quartos allows us to undo much of his bad work in these plays. He also set parts of *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Cymbeline*, together with a page of *Timon of Athens:* since there are no Quartos of these plays, correction of his errors in them requires a higher degree of editorial conjecture.

None of the Folio plays is without error. “Compositor E” is a special case, but even “A” and “B,” the principal setters, had their vagaries and their careless moments. It probably did not help that ale was abundantly available in the printing shop, in order that there would be a ready supply of “chamberly” (urine), which was customarily used to moisten the leather of the inking balls. A modern editor would be foolish to reproduce a manifest compositorial error out of an obsessive desire to stay true to Folio. On many occasions, the Quarto text is manifestly accurate and the Folio compositor has made a clear error: on these occasions the Quarto reading must be restored. Because of compositorial errors, the Folio as printed did not exactly correspond to the Folio as Hemings and Condell wanted it printed. Our text is the first to seek to recover (in modernized form) the closest thing we have to an “authorized” Shakespeare: the text that Hemings and Condell prepared for Isaac Jaggard’s printers in the early 1620s. Facsimiles reproduce what came out of Jaggard’s shop. Most editions go back two steps to an irrecoverable supposed “original”—Shakespeare’s working manuscript or the purported text of the first performance. No edition until ours has begun from an attempt to reconstruct and then modernize what Hemings and Condell authorized: the texts that *went into* Jaggard’s shop in the form of transcripts of promptbooks for some plays and Quartos marked up with reference to the theater for others.

Like all editors since those of the 1632 Second Folio, we have attempted to be more accurate than the First Folio compositors were. Our golden rule has been to follow the Folio whenever it makes sense, but correct it from the Quartos when a Quarto is manifestly correct and the Folio manifestly erroneous. So too with the larger question of emendation: we follow the Folio whenever it makes sense, but correct it from the editorial tradition when the editorial tradition makes sense of what is manifestly erroneous in the Folio. In cases where differences between Folio and Quarto are, in the editors’ judgment, due not to a compositor’s error but to a divergence in copy (because of authorial or playhouse revision, or intelligent alteration or annotation or sophistication on the part of the book-keeper or editor or scribe who prepared the Folio text), the Folio is followed, but if the revision is of substance and interest it is flagged in the textual notes. For the sake of completion, substantial Quarto-only passages—which are especially numerous in *Hamlet* and *King Lear*—are edited separately at the end of each play where they occur.

Our text, then, aims to be simultaneously authentic and modern. Spelling and punctuation must be modernized to ensure that Shakespeare remains a living dramatist. Speech headings need to be rendered consistent and other tidying up is necessary for the sake of the modern reader and actor. We aim to return to the origins of Shakespearean editing in homage to Hemings, Condell, and their team, but at the same time we have learned the lesson of late twentieth-century scholarship and editorial theory: that there is no single definitive authorial text, because many different agents at different moments influence the creation and dissemination of a play. To stress again: our claim to originality is that we have edited a real book (the First Folio), not an imaginary construct ("the plays as they came from Shakespeare's hand," as in the dominant editorial tradition, or "the plays as first performed" as in the revisionist school of editing). We grant that this results in the alteration of some things that Shakespeare originally wrote, as in the case of oaths, which were modified ("heaven" for "God," removal of the blasphemous "zounds" and " 'sblood") following a parliamentary act of 1606. We accept that there are almost certainly passages in the Folio that are the result of playhouse additions after Shakespeare's death or scribal regularization and emendation in the process of preparing copy. But such features are worth retaining for the sake of editorial consistency, of fidelity to the ambition of recovering the plays at one particular key moment in their evolutionary history, and of recognition that Shakespeare's achievement was at the profoundest level collaborative.

We have also respected the Folio in editing its preliminary matter. And we have demarcated the non-Folio works (poems, sonnets, Quarto-only passages of *Hamlet* and *Lear*, together with the two collaborative plays, *Pericles* and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*) by setting them in double-column format—a deliberate inversion of the original distinction whereby Quartos were single column and Folio double. Unlike some modern editors, we are not fully persuaded that Shakespeare wrote the Countess of Salisbury scenes in the anonymous play *Edward III*—stylometric analysis increases our skepticism—so that play is not included.[6]

To illustrate the results of our method, here are two simple examples, one of Quarto/Folio variation and the other of our presumption against emendation unless it is absolutely necessary. Each involves a kiss. Othello tells the assembled senators of Desdemona's reaction to his narrative of his exotic military adventures. Quarto has "She gaue me for my paines a world of sighes." Folio has "She gaue me for my paines a world of kisses." Nearly all editions follow Quarto, even when Folio is their base-text. The assumption seems to be that Desdemona would not be so forward as to kiss Othello when he is still a comparative stranger. But "kisses" for "sighes" is an unlikely scribal or printer's error. It is more probable that each reading is true to the play at the particular moment in its life represented by the respective texts. We edit Folio, so we retain Folio's "kisses." We note in our commentary that, in the usage of the period, "kisses" could mean "gentle touches," but it is also the case that Venetian customs of courtesy in the play are by any standard forward—Cassio greets Iago's wife Emilia with a kiss on arrival in Cyprus and Iago's manipulation of Othello plays intensely on the Moor's lack of ease with Venetian body language. A Desdemona who kisses Othello in the imagined pre-action of the play is a stronger, more active and interesting character than one who merely sighs in admiration for his charisma.

At the climax of *Much Ado About Nothing*, all modern editions give Benedick the line "Peace, I will stop your mouth," at which point in all modern productions he kisses Beatrice. But the Folio reads "*Leon*. Peace I will stop your mouth." It is hard to imagine that the printer misread the speech heading "*Bene*" as "*Leon*" and, besides, by this point in the play Benedick is addressing Beatrice with the intimate "thou" and "thy," not the more formal "you" and "your." There is therefore every reason to suppose that Shakespeare intended the line to be spoken by Leonato—who perhaps *forces* Benedick and Beatrice into a kiss. By restoring the Folio line to its original speaker we create the possibility for a staging that is at once more challenging and, in all probability, more authentic.

Editing the Folio has involved us in hundreds of decisions of this sort.

We hope that our edition may come to be regarded as a modern equivalent to the eighteenth-century example of Dr. Samuel Johnson. As

Johnson drew on the revolutionary textual innovations of his predecessors such as Lewis Theobald, but had a presumption in favor of the authority of the Folio and of *explaining rather than emending* Shakespeare's text, so we draw on late twentieth-century scholarly innovations but inaugurate the twenty-first-century editorial tradition by falling back on Johnsonian common sense and gratitude to John Hemings and Henry Condell for their extraordinary work in making Shakespeare available "to the great variety of readers" in a text that keeps his plays anchored in the place from which they came and where they continue to be most alive: the theater. Here, then, is the actors' Shakespeare: the text authorized by the King's Men and edited for the Royal Shakespeare Company.

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[1] For a conjectural chronology of all the works, see charts at the end of the book.

[2] For further discussion of the early texts of Shakespeare, see "The First Folio Restored," pp. li–lviii.

[3] In particular, it has been persuasively shown that the "William Shakeshafte" named in the will of Alexander Hoghton of Lea Hall near Preston in Lancashire could not have been the young Shakespeare.

[4] A longer and more technical discussion of the textual question and our editorial procedures is available on the edition's website www.therscshakespeare.com.

[5] *The Two Noble Kinsmen* by John Fletcher and William Shakespeare first appeared in Quarto in 1634, from the printer of the Second Folio.

[6] A link to an electronic text is provided on the edition's website, www.therscshakespeare.com. We accept that Theobald's *Double Falsehood* (1728) is indirectly derived from Shakespeare and Fletcher's lost *Cardenio*, but the relationship is too distant to merit inclusion. We would also welcome further investigation of Shakespeare's possible hand in the anonymous *Arden of Faversham* and the possibility that he intervened somewhere in the theatrical life of other Chamberlain's/King's Men plays such as *Satiromastix* (1601), *Thomas Lord Cromwell* (1602), *The London Prodigal* (1605), *The Merry Devil of Edmonton* (1608), *A Yorkshire Tragedy* (1608), and *Mucedorus* with "new additions" (1610).

USER’S GUIDE

Titles follow the First Folio, where there are sometimes minor variations of nomenclature between contents list, title at head of play and running header—our default preference is the title at the head of the play (thus, for example, *Love’s Labour’s Lost* and *The Tragedy of Cymbeline* as opposed to the contents list’s *Love’s Labour Lost* and *Cymbeline King of Britain*). Some of the plays were originally staged with different titles (e.g., *The Second Part of Henry the Sixth* began its life as *The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of York and Lancaster*, and *Henry the Eighth* seems to have been called *All is True*).

Lists of Parts are supplied in the First Folio for only six plays, so these are predominantly editorial, arranged by groups of character (thus for *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*, the court, the genteel lovers, the artisans, the fairies). Capitals indicate that part of the name which is used for speech headings in the script (thus “**PROSPERO**, the right Duke of Milan” and “Sir John **FALSTAFF**“).

Locations are provided by the Folio for only two plays (*The Tempest* is set on “an uninhabited island” and *Measure for Measure* in Vienna). Eighteenth-century editors, working in an age of elaborately realistic stage sets, were the first to provide detailed locations. Given that Shakespeare wrote for a bare stage and often an imprecise sense of place, we have relegated locations to the explanatory notes at the foot of the page, where they are given at the beginning of each scene where the imaginary location is different from the one before. We have emphasized broad geographical settings rather than specifics of the kind that suggest anachronistically realistic staging. Thus Sicilia and Bohemia or court and country in *The Winter’s Tale*, Venice and Cyprus in *Othello*, not usually such locations as “another room in the palace.” Indications of movement from outdoors to indoors are given where appropriate.

Act and Scene Divisions were provided in the Folio (they were absent from the Quartos published in Shakespeare's lifetime). Sometimes, however, they were erroneous or omitted; corrections and additions supplied by editorial tradition are indicated by square brackets. Five-act division is based on a classical model, and act breaks provided the opportunity to replace the candles in the indoor Blackfriars playhouse, which the King's Men used after 1608, but Shakespeare did not necessarily think in terms of a five-part structure of dramatic composition. The Folio convention is that a scene ends when the stage is empty. Nowadays, partly under the influence of film, we tend to consider a scene to be a dramatic unit that ends with either a change of imaginary location or a significant passage of time within the narrative. Shakespeare's fluidity of composition accords well with this convention, so in addition to act and scene numbers we provide a ***running scene*** count in the right margin at the beginning of each new scene, in the typeface used for editorial directions. Where there is a scene break caused by a momentary bare stage, but the location does not change and extra time does not pass, we use the convention ***running scene continues***. There is inevitably a degree of editorial judgment in making such calls, but the system is very valuable in suggesting the pace of the plays (it reveals, for instance, the great compression of *Othello*).

Speaker's Names are often inconsistent in Folio. We have regularized speech headings, but retained an element of deliberate inconsistency in entry directions, in order to give the flavor of Folio.

Verse is indicated by lines that do not run to the right margin and by capitalization of the first letter of each line. The Folio printers sometimes set verse as prose, and vice versa (either out of misunderstanding or for reasons of space). We have silently corrected in such cases, although in some instances there is ambiguity, in which case we have leaned toward the preservation of Folio layout. Folio sometimes uses contraction ("turnd" rather than "turned") to indicate whether or not the final "-ed" of a past participle is sounded, an area where there is variation for the sake of the five-beat iambic pentameter rhythm. We use the convention of a grave accent to indicate sounding (thus "turnèd" would be two syllables), but would urge actors not to overstress. In cases where one speaker ends with a verse half-line and the next begins with the other half of the pentameter, editors since the late eighteenth century have indented the second line. We have abandoned this convention, since the Folio does not use it, and nor did actors' cues in the Shakespearean theater. An exception is made when the second speaker actively interrupts or completes the first speaker's sentence.

Spelling is modernized, but older forms are occasionally maintained where necessary for rhythm or aural effect. For instance, "y'are" is generally modernized to "you're," but the old form is retained in Regan's "I know you are of her bosom…Y'are. I know't."

Punctuation in Shakespeare's time was as much rhetorical as grammatical. "Colon" was originally a term for a unit of thought in an argument. The semicolon was a new unit of punctuation (some of the Quartos lack them altogether). We have modernized punctuation throughout, but have given more weight to Folio punctuation than many editors, since, though not Shakespearean, it reflects the usage of his period. In particular, we have used the colon far more than many editors: it is exceptionally useful as a way of indicating the way in which many Shakespearean speeches unfold clause by clause in a developing argument that gives the illusion of enacting the process of thinking in the moment. We have also kept in mind the origin of punctuation in classical times as a means of assisting the actor and orator: the comma suggests the briefest of pauses for breath, the colon a middling one, and a full stop, or period, a longer pause. Semicolons, by contrast, belong to an era of punctuation that was only just coming in during Shakespeare's time and that is coming to an end now: we have accordingly only used them where they occur in our copy texts (and not always then). Dashes are sometimes used for parenthetical interjections where the Folio has brackets. They are also used for interruptions and changes in train of thought. Where a change of addressee occurs within a speech, we have used a dash preceded by a full stop (or occasionally another form of punctuation). Often the identity of the respective addressees is obvious from the context. When it is not, this has been indicated in a marginal stage direction.

Entrances and Exits are fairly thorough in Folio, which has accordingly been followed as faithfully as possible. Where characters are omitted or corrections are necessary, this is indicated by square brackets (e.g., “[*and Attendants*]”). *Exit* is sometimes silently normalized to *Exeunt* and *Manet* anglicized to “remains.” We trust Folio positioning of entrances and exits to a greater degree than most editors: thus, for instance, we follow Folio in having the other characters enter in the middle of Petruchio’s speech to Kate at *Taming of the Shrew*, 2.1.268–81, making the latter part of the speech into a kind of game for the benefit of the onstage audience (an interpretation that strongly shaped Greg Doran’s RSC production).

Other Stage Directions such as stage business, asides, and indications of addressee are rare in Folio. Modern editions usually mingle editorial directions with original Folio and Quarto ones, sometimes marking interventions by means of square brackets. We have sought to distinguish what could be described as *directorial* interventions of this kind from Folio-style directions (either original or supplied) by placing the former in the right margin in a different typeface. There is a degree of subjectivity about which directions are of which kind, but the procedure is intended as a reminder to the reader and the actor that Shakespearean stage directions are often dependent upon editorial inference alone and are not set in stone. We also depart from editorial tradition in sometimes admitting uncertainty and thus printing permissive stage directions, such as an ***Aside?*** (often a line may be equally effective as an aside or a direct address—it is for each production or reading to make its own decision) or a ***may exit*** or a piece of business placed between arrows to indicate that it may occur at various different moments within a scene.

Line Numbers in the left margin are editorial, for reference and to key the explanatory and textual notes.

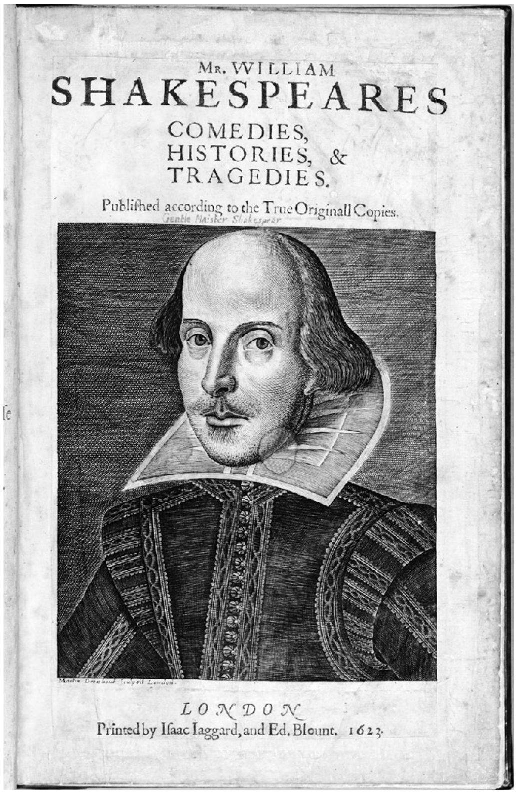
Explanatory Notes at the foot of each page explain allusions and gloss obsolete and difficult words, confusing phraseology, occasional major textual cruces, and so on. Particular attention is given to nonstandard usage, bawdy innuendo, and technical terms (e.g., legal and military language).

Where more than one sense is given, commas indicate shades of related meaning, slashes alternative or double meanings.

Textual Notes at the end of each play indicate major departures from the Folio. They take the following form: the reading of our text is given in bold and its source given after an equals sign, with "Q" indicating that it derives from the principal Quarto and "Ed" that it derives from the editorial tradition. The rejected Folio ("F") reading is then given. A selection of Quarto variants and plausible unadopted editorial readings are also included. Thus, for example, at *Hamlet*, 3.4.180, ***"bloat*** = Ed. F = blunt. Q = blowt," indicates that we have adopted the editorial reading "bloat" where Folio has "blunt" and Quarto has "blowt."

"Key Facts" boxes at the beginning of each work give information on plot, sources, proportion of verse and prose, textual issues, authorial attribution when doubtful or collaborative, date of composition, and first performance. They also include lists of substantial parts (characters who speak more than about forty lines) in descending order of size. Since the definition of a line spoken is variable (because of prose and half-lines), figures are given in terms of a percentage of the whole, the number of speeches delivered and the number of scenes the character is onstage. These lists make it possible to distinguish between works that are more ensemble-based (e.g., *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *2 Henry IV*) and those that are dominated by a small number of characters (e.g., *Othello* and *1 Henry IV*). Though there is a degree of imprecision about these lists as a result of editorial interventions, they offer much valuable information—for instance that Sir Toby Belch has the largest part in *Twelfth Night* and that only six lead characters so dominate their world that their part is over three times the length of anyone else's in the play (Hamlet, Richard III, Timon, Macbeth, Prospero, Henry V).

PRELIMINARY PAGES OF THE FIRST FOLIO



Mr. WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARES
COMEDIES,
HISTORIES, &
TRAGEDIES.
Publiſhed according to the True Originall Copies.
Gentle Maister Shakespear

LONDON
Printed by Iſaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623.

To the Reader[1]

This figure that thou here see’st put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the graver had a strife
With Nature to outdo the life:
O, could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brass as he hath hit
His face, the print would then surpass
All that was ever writ in brass.
But since he cannot, reader, look
Not on his picture, but his book.
Ben Jonson

TO THE MOST NOBLE AND INCOMPARABLE PAIR OF BRETHREN, WILLIAM Earl of Pembroke etc., Lord Chamberlain to the King's most excellent majesty, AND PHILIP Earl of Montgomery etc., gentleman of his majesty's bedchamber, both Knights of the most noble Order of the Garter and our singular good LORDS

Right Honourable,

Whilst we study to be thankful in our particular for the many favours we have received from your lordships, we are fallen upon the ill fortune to mingle two the most diverse things that can be: fear and rashness, rashness in the enterprise and fear of the success. For when we value the places your highnesses sustain, we cannot but know their dignity greater than to descend to the reading of these trifles, and, while we name them trifles, we have deprived ourselves of the defence of our dedication. But since your lordships have been pleased to think these trifles something heretofore, and have prosecuted[13] both them and their author, living, with so much favour, we hope that, they outliving him and he Ben Jonson not having the fate, common with some, to be executor to his own writings, you will use the like indulgence toward them you have done unto their parent. There is a great difference whether any book choose his patrons or find them: this hath done both. For so much were your lordships' likings of the several parts when they were acted as, before they were published, the volume asked to be yours. We have but collected them and done an office to the dead to procure his orphans guardians, without ambition either of self-profit or fame, only to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive as was our SHAKESPEARE, by humble offer of his plays to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we have justly observed no man to come near your lordships but with a kind of religious address, it hath been the height of our care, who are the presenters, to make the present worthy of your highnesses by the perfection. But there we must also crave our abilities to be considered, my lords. We cannot go beyond our own powers. Country hands reach forth milk, cream, fruits, or what they have: and many nations, we have

heard, that had not gums and incense, obtained their requests with a leavened cake. It was no fault to approach their gods by what means they could, and the most, though meanest, of things are made more precious when they are dedicated to temples. In that name therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your highnesses these remains of your servant Shakespeare, that what delight is in them may be ever your lordships', the reputation his, and the faults ours, if any be committed by a pair so careful to show their gratitude both to the living and the dead as is
Your lordships' most bounden,[47]
JOHN HEMINGE, HENRY CONDELL.[48]

To the great variety of readers

From the most able to him that can but[50] spell: there you are numbered. We had rather you were weighed, especially when the fate of all books depends upon your capacities, and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well, it is now public, and you will stand for your privileges, we know: to read and censure. Do so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a book, the stationer says. Then, how odd soever your brains be, or your wisdoms, make your licence the same, and spare not. Judge your six-penn'orth,[59] your shilling's worth, your five shillings' worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But whatever you do, buy. Censure will not drive a trade or make the jack[62] go. And though you be a magistrate of wit, and sit on the stage at Blackfriars[64] or the Cockpit to arraign plays daily, know, these plays have had their trial already, and stood out all appeals, and do now come forth quitted[67] rather by a decree of court than any purchased letters of commendation.

It had been a thing, we confess, worthy to have been wished that the author himself had lived to have set forth and overseen his own writings. But since it hath been ordained otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envy his friends the office of their care and pain to have collected and published them, and so to have published them as where, before, you were abused with divers[76] stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors that exposed them, even those are now offered to your view cured and perfect of their limbs, and all the rest absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them. Who, as he was a happy imitator of nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together, and what he thought he uttered with that easiness that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who only gather his works and give them you, to praise him. It is yours, that read him. And there we hope, to your diverse capacities, you will find enough both to draw and hold you, for his wit can no more lie hid than it could be lost. Read him, therefore, and again, and again, and if then you do not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger not to understand him. And so we leave you to other of his friends whom if you need can be your guides: if you need them not, you can lead yourselves and others. And such readers we wish him.

John Heminge, Henry Condell.

To the memory of my beloved, the AUTHOR Master William Shakespeare and what he hath left us

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name
Am I thus ample[101] to thy book and fame:
While I confess thy writings to be such
As neither man nor muse[103] can praise too much:
’Tis true, and all men’s suffrage.[104] But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise,
For silliest[106] ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne’er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin where it seemed to raise.
These are as some infamous bawd[112] or whore
Should praise a matron: what could hurt her more?

But thou art proof against them, and indeed
Above th'ill fortune of them, or the need.
I therefore will begin. Soul of the age!
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage!
My[118] Shakespeare, rise. I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer[119] or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further to make thee a room.
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still while thy book doth live
And we have wits to read and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses:
I mean with great but disproportioned muses.[125]
For if I thought my judgement were of years
I should commit[127] thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly[128] outshine,
Or sporting Kyd,[129] or Marlowe's mighty line.
And though thou hadst small[130] Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honour thee I would not seek
For names, but call forth thund'ring Aeschylus,[132]
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Pacuvius,[134] Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To life again, to hear thy buskin[135] tread
And shake a stage: or, when thy socks[136] were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show
To whom all scenes[141] of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the muses still were in their prime
When like Apollo[144] he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury[145] to charm!
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines,
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As since she will vouchsafe[149] no other wit.

The merry Greek,[150] tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus,[151] now not please,
But antiquated and deserted lie
As[153] they were not of nature’s family.
Yet must I not give nature all: thy art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the poet’s matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion, and that he
Who casts to write a living line must sweat,
Such as thine are, and strike the second heat
Upon the muses’ anvil, turn the same,
And himself with it that he thinks to frame;
Or for the laurel[162] he may gain a scorn,
For a good poet’s made as well as born.
And such wert thou. Look how the father’s face
Lives in his issue, even so the race
Of Shakespeare’s mind and manners brightly shines
In his well-turned and true-filed lines,
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,[168]
As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet swan of Avon![170] What a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames
That so did take Eliza[173] and our James!
But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced, and made a constellation there!
Shine forth, thou star of poets, and with rage
Or influence chide or cheer the drooping stage,
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned like night
And despairs day, but for thy volume’s light.

BEN JONSON

Upon the lines and life of the famous scenic poet, Master William Shakespeare

Those hands which you so clapped go now and wring,

You Britons brave, for done are Shakespeare’s days.
His days are done that made the dainty plays
Which made the globe[186] of heav’n and earth to ring.
Dried is that vein, dried is the Thespian[187] spring,
Turned all to tears, and Phoebus[188] clouds his rays.
That corpse, that coffin now bestick[189] those bays
Which crowned him poet first, then poets’ king.
If tragedies might any prologue have,
All those he made would scarce make one to this,
Where fame, now that he gone is to the grave
Death’s public tiring-house[194] the *nuntius* is.
For though his line of life went soon about,
The life yet of his lines shall never out.
HUGH HOLLAND[197]

To the memory of the deceased author Master W. Shakespeare

Shakespeare, at length thy pious fellows give
The world thy works, thy works by which outlive
Thy tomb thy name must; when that stone is rent,
And time dissolves thy Stratford monument,
Here we alive shall view thee still. This book,
When brass and marble fade, shall make thee look
Fresh to all ages. When posterity
Shall loathe what’s new, think all is prodigy[206]
That is not Shakespeare’s; ev’ry line, each verse
Here shall revive, redeem thee from thy hearse.
Nor[209] fire nor cank’ring age, as Naso said
Of his, thy wit-fraught[210] book shall once invade.
Nor shall I e’er believe or think thee dead,
Though missed, until our bankrupt stage be sped,[212]
Impossible, with some new strain t’outdo
Passions of Juliet and her Romeo,
Or till I hear a scene more nobly take
Than when thy half-sword parleying[216] Romans spake.
Till these, till any of thy volume’s rest

Shall with more fire, more feeling be expressed,
Be sure, our Shakespeare, thou canst never die,
But crowned with laurel, live eternally.
LEONARD DIGGES[221]

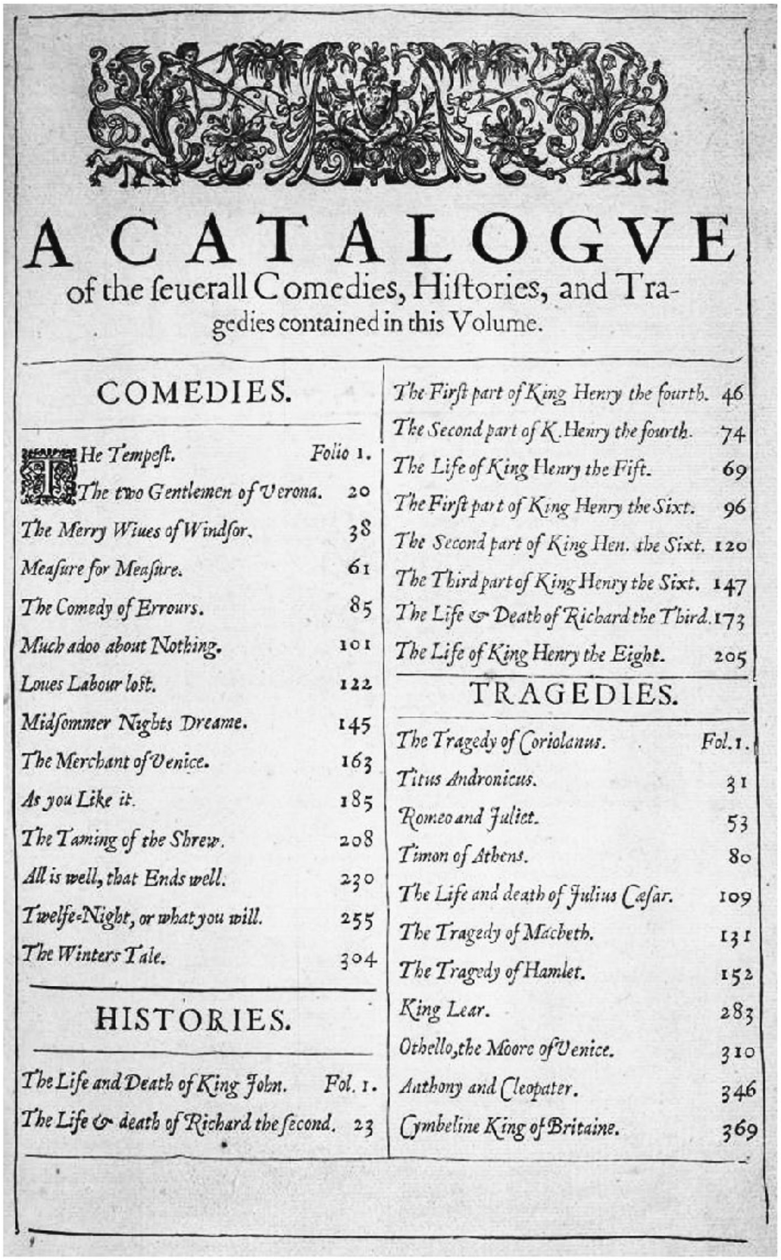
To the memory of Master W. Shakespeare

We wondered, Shakespeare, that thou went'st so soon
From the world's stage to the grave's tiring-room.[224]
We thought thee dead, but this thy printed worth
Tells thy spectators that thou went'st but forth
To enter with applause. An actor's art
Can die, and live to act a second part.
That's but an exit of mortality;
This, a re-entrance to a plaudite.[230]
JAMES MABBE[231]

The Works of William Shakespeare, containing all his Comedies, Histories and Tragedies: truly set forth, according to their first ORIGINAL.

The names of the principal actors in all these plays:

William Shakespeare
Richard Burbage
John Hemmings
Augustine Phillips
William Kempe
Thomas Pope
George Bryan
Henry Condell
William Sly
Richard Cowley
John Lowin
Samuel Cross
Alexander Cook
Samuel Gilburne
Robert Armin
William Ostler
Nathan Field
John Underwood
Nicholas Tooley
William Ecclestone
Joseph Taylor
Robert Benfield
Robert Gough
Richard Robinson
John Shank
John Rice



A CATALOGVE
of the ſeuerall Comedies, Hiſtories, and Tragedies contained in this Volume.

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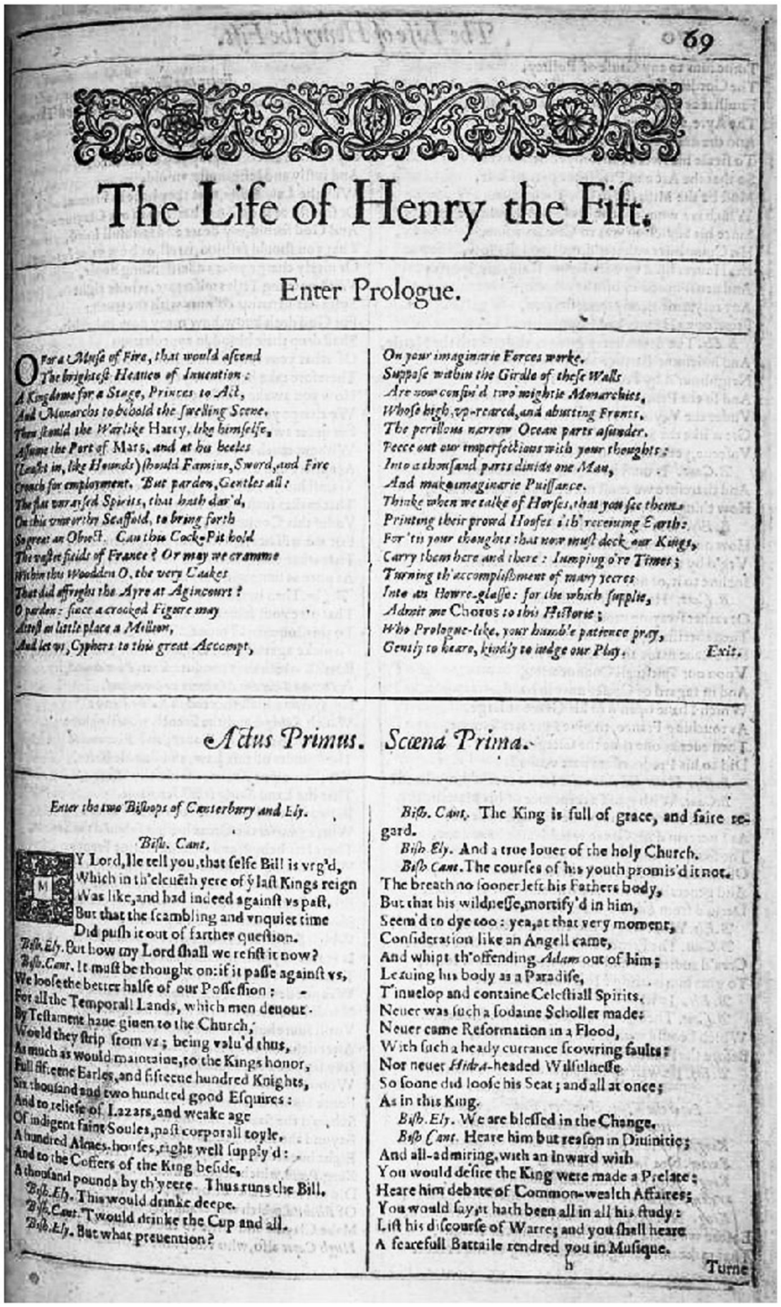
Catalogue of plays in the First Folio (Troilus and Cressida *is missing: copy was only obtained at the last minute, after the preliminary pages were printed*).



69

The Life of Henry the Fift.

Enter Prologue.

O For a Muſe of Fire, that would aſcend
The brighteſt Heauen of Inuention:
A Kingdome for a Stage, Princes to Act,
And Monarchs to behold the ſwelling Scene.
Then ſhould the Warlike Harry, *like himſelfe,*
Aſſume the Port of Mars, *and at his heeles*
(Leaſht in, like Hounds) ſhould Famine, Sword, and Fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, Gentles all:
The flat vnrayſed Spirits, that hath dar'd,
On this vnworthy Scaffold, to bring forth
So great an Obiect. Can this Cock-Pit hold
The vaſtie fields of France? Or may we cramme
Within this Woodden O, the very Caskes
That did affright the Ayre at Agincourt?
O pardon: ſince a crooked Figure may
Atteſt in little place a Million,
And let vs, Cyphers to this great Accompt,
On your imaginarie Forces worke.
Suppoſe within the Girdle of theſe Walls
Are now confin'd two mightie Monarchies,
Whoſe high, vp-reared, and abutting Fronts,
The perillous narrow Ocean parts aſunder.
Peece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thouſand parts diuide one Man,
And make imaginarie Puiſſance.
Thinke when we talke of Horſes, that you ſee them
Printing their prowd Hoofes i'th' receiuing Earth:
For 'tis your thoughts that now muſt deck our Kings,
Carry them here and there: Iumping o're Times;
Turning th'accompliſhment of many yeeres
Into an Howre-glaſſe: for the which ſupplie,
Admit me Chorus *to this Hiſtorie;*
Who Prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to heare, kindly to iudge our Play. *Exit.*

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter the two Biſhops of Canterbury and Ely.

Biſh. Cant.

MY Lord, Ile tell you, that ſelfe Bill is vrg'd,
Which in th'eleuenth yere of ẏ laſt Kings reign
Was like, and had indeed againſt vs paſt,
But that the ſcambling and vnquiet time
Did puſh it out of farther queſtion.

Biſh. Ely. But how my Lord ſhall we reſiſt it now?

Biſh. Cant. It muſt be thought on: if it paſſe againſt vs,
We looſe the better halfe of our Poſſeſſion:
For all the Temporall Lands, which men deuout
By Teſtament haue giuen to the Church,
Would they ſtrip from vs; being valu'd thus,
As much as would maintaine, to the Kings honor,
Full fifteene Earles, and fifteene hundred Knights,
Six thouſand and two hundred good Eſquires:
And to reliefe of Lazars, and weake age
Of indigent faint Soules, paſt corporall toyle,
A hundred Almes-houſes, right well ſupply'd:
And to the Coffers of the King beſide,
A thouſand pounds by th'yeere. Thus runs the Bill.

Biſh. Ely. This would drinke deepe.

Biſh. Cant. 'Twould drinke the Cup and all.

Biſh. Ely. But what preuention?

Biſh. Cant. The King is full of grace, and faire regard.

Biſh. Ely. And a true louer of the holy Church.

Biſh. Cant. The courſes of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no ſooner left his Fathers body,
But that his wildneſſe, mortify'd in him,
Seem'd to dye too: yea, at that very moment,
Conſideration like an Angell came,
And whipt th'offending *Adam* out of him;
Leauing his body as a Paradiſe,
T'inuelop and containe Celeſtiall Spirits.
Neuer was ſuch a ſodaine Scholler made:
Neuer came Reformation in a Flood,
With ſuch a heady currance ſcowring faults:
Nor neuer *Hidra*-headed Wilfulneſſe
So ſoone did looſe his Seat; and all at once;
As in this King.

Biſh. Ely. We are bleſſed in the Change.

Biſh. Cant. Heare him but reaſon in Diuinitie;
And all-admiring, with an inward wiſh
You would deſire the King were made a Prelate:
Heare him debate of Common-wealth Affaires;
You would ſay, it hath been all in all his ſtudy:
Liſt his diſcourſe of Warre; and you ſhall heare
A fearefull Battaile rendred you in Muſique.

h Turne

A page from the First Folio.

PRELIMINARY PAGES OF THE FIRST FOLIO

To the Reader poem printed opposite the title page **graver** engraver, who was Martin Droeshout (1601–1650?), a Flemish immigrant from a family of painters **Ben Jonson** dramatist and friend of Shakespeare; original poem is signed "B. I." ("I" and "J" were interchangeable in seventeenth-century typography) **Dedication WILLIAM…Pembroke** William Herbert (1580–1630), a notable patron of books and the arts, who as Lord Chamberlain took special responsibility for the acting company to which Shakespeare had belonged, the King's Men; it has been suggested that he might have been the dedicatee of Shakespeare's sonnets **King's…majesty** James I of England (he was also King James VI of Scotland) **PHILIP…Montgomery** Philip Herbert (1584–1650), William's brother, a favorite at the court of King James I **gentleman…bedchamber** an official court post **Order…Garter** the highest order of English knighthood

13 **prosecuted** treated

47 **bounden** obliged

48 **JOHN HEMINGE, HENRY CONDELL** Shakespeare's fellow actors in the King's Men; Heminge (1566–1630, so spelled here, but "Hemings," "Hemmings," or "Heminges" elsewhere) appears to have acted as the company's business manager. Both he and Condell (1576–1627) were among the original sharers in the Lord Chamberlain's Men

50 **but** only just

59 **six-penn'orth** six old pence was the price of a small Quarto volume; the First Folio cost 16–20 shillings (20 shillings was one old pound), depending on the binding

62 **jack** mechanism

64 **Blackfriars…Cockpit** both indoor theaters; Shakespeare's company used the Blackfriars from 1608 onward during the winter months; wealthy gallants could pay two shillings to sit on a stool at the side of the stage **arraign** interrogate/find fault with

67 **quitted** absolved, acquitted (i.e., popular acclaim on the stage has already judged the plays' success)

76 **divers…conceived them** perhaps an allusion to an unauthorized attempt to publish a collected Shakespeare in 1619, which seems to have inspired the King's Men to begin preparing their own edition

101 **ample** liberal, unsparing

103 **muse** poet, i.e., one inspired by a Muse (a classical goddess presiding over the arts)

104 **suffrage** common consent

106 **silliest** simplest, most artless **light** land or chance upon

112 **bawd** pander, go-between

118 **My…room** an allusion to William Basse or John Donne's elegy "On Mr. Wm. Shakespeare," which circulated widely in manuscript before it was first published in 1633: "Renowned Spenser, lie a thought more nigh / To learned Chaucer, and rare Beaumont lie / A little nearer Spenser, to make room / For Shakespeare in your threefold-fourfold tomb."

119 **Chaucer** Geoffrey Chaucer (1340?–1400), regarded as the father of English poetry **Spenser** Edmund Spenser (1552?–1599), author of the epic romance *The Faerie Queene*, regarded as the greatest Elizabethan poet **Beaumont** Francis Beaumont (1584–1616), playwright known for his collaborations with John Fletcher

125 **disproportioned muses** i.e., lesser poets

127 **commit** connect/consign

128 **Lyly** John Lyly (1554–1606), regarded as the best pre-Shakespearean writer of comedy

129 **Kyd** Thomas Kyd (1558–1594), renowned for his influential play *The Spanish Tragedy* **Marlowe's mighty line** Christopher Marlowe (1564–1593), renowned for the brilliance and lofty rhetorical flourish of his pentameter lines in plays such as *Tamburlaine the Great*, *The Jew of Malta*, and *Doctor Faustus*

130 **small…Greek** Shakespeare's grammar school education would have given him a good grounding in Latin, but little if any Greek; Jonson, by contrast, paraded his formidable learning (despite not having been to university)

132 **Aeschylus…Sophocles** the three great writers of ancient Greek tragedy

134 **Pacuvius…dead** Roman tragedians **him of Cordova** i.e., Seneca

135 **buskin** high, thick-soled boot worn by the actors in ancient Athenian tragedy

136 **socks** the *soccus* or low shoe worn by comedians

141 **scenes** stages, theaters

144 **Apollo** Greek and Roman sun god, patron of music and poetry

145 **Mercury** messenger of the gods

149 **vouchsafe** grant

150 **merry Greek** rascal, jester; applied here to the Greek writer of old comedy, **Aristophanes** (c.444–c.380 BC), considered tart since his satire was sharp and personal

151 **Terence, witty Plautus** (second century BC) stylish exponents of sophisticated and influential Roman new comedy

153 **As** as if

162 **laurel** its foliage signifies victory or distinction in poetry

168 **shake a lance** puns on Shakespeare's name

170 **swan of Avon** the River Avon flows through Shakespeare's birthplace, Stratford-upon-Avon; swans were sacred to Apollo and there are many on the Avon

173 **Eliza…James** Queen Elizabeth I and her successor King James I

186 **globe** plays on the name of the Globe Theatre

187 **Thespian** of Thespis, the traditional father of Greek tragedy (sixth century BC)

188 **Phoebus** Apollo as god of poetry, music, and the sun

189 **bestick** adorn, bedeck **bays** laurel leaves, a sign of distinction in poetry

194 **tiring-house** room or place where actors dressed for the stage **nuntius** theatrical messenger (Latin)

197 **HUGH HOLLAND** poet, fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge

206 **prodigy** abnormal, monstrous

209 **Nor** neither **Naso** the Roman poet Ovid (Publius Ovidius Naso, 43 BC–AD 18)

210 **wit-fraught** stored or supplied with wit, intelligence

212 **sped** provided, furnished

216 **half-sword parleying** debating at close quarters

221 **LEONARD DIGGES** poet, member of University College, Oxford; his stepfather, Thomas Russell, was an overseer of Shakespeare's will

224 **tiring-room** dressing room (stage metaphor)

230 **plaudite** round of applause

231 **JAMES MABBE** ("I. M." in First Folio), fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford **Burbage** (1568–1619) leading tragedian and close friend of Shakespeare; an original sharer in the Lord Chamberlain's Men **Phillips**

(d.1605), original sharer and business manager, also jig writer **Kempe** (d.1603) leading comedian and dancer of the 1590s; left Shakespeare’s company in 1599; spelled “Kempt” in Folio **Pope** (d.1603), sharer, with company by 1597 **Bryan** (d.1612), sharer, with company by 1596–97 **Sly** (1573–1608), sharer, with company by 1597 **Cowley** (1568–1619), sharer, with company by 1598 **Lowin** (1576–1653), sharer, joined company in 1603, later took over some of Burbage’s leading roles and Hemings’ managerial responsibility **Cross** (1568?–?) **Cook** (1583–1614), apprenticed to Hemings by 1597, later a sharer, played major female roles **Gilburne** (fl. 1605) apprenticed to Phillips by 1597, played major female roles **Armin** (1568–1615) took over from Kempe; a more cerebral, less physical comedian, he sang and also wrote plays **Ostler** (d.1614), originally with a boy-company, joined King’s Men by 1610, married Hemings’ daughter **Field** (1587–c.1620), originally a boy actor; also wrote plays; only joined the King’s Men after Shakespeare’s death **Underwood** (c.1588?–1624) originally with a boy-company, joined King’s Men by 1608, became sharer **Tooley** (1583–1623) Burbage’s apprentice, played major female roles in 1590s, remained with King’s Men until his death **Ecclestone** (1591–1623), with company by 1610, possibly having been an apprentice in 1590s **Taylor** (1586–1652), sharer, took over some of Burbage’s leading roles and Hemings’ managerial responsibility **Benfield** (1583–1649) only joined King’s Men in 1615 **Gough** (d.1624) apprentice to Phillips or Pope, later a sharer, played female roles in 1590s **Robinson** (c.1595?–1648) Burbage’s apprentice, then adult with King’s Men (married his master’s widow) **Shank** (d.1636) joined King’s Men after 1616 **Rice** (fl.1607–30) with King’s Men by 1607

FOREWORD

Michael Boyd
Artistic Director,
Royal Shakespeare Company

The endurance of Shakespeare depends not only on the felt experience of good, vivid theater, but also on dynamic scholarship that reveals his living text. So we have pursued a long-held ambition: the creation of the first RSC Complete Works edition. Editing Shakespeare, like staging his plays, is a constantly evolving process. We're delighted to be working with Random House and Macmillan on this new edition with a team led by Jonathan Bate—one of the foremost Shakespeare scholars of his generation and a valued presence in the RSC rehearsal room. By way of a foreword I'd like simply to make a few recommendations on how to read this book:

First, remember that you are reading scripts, blueprints for performance to a live audience and parts for actors to learn and embody. There's an extent to which you shouldn't "read" this book at all, but rather speak the parts out loud. You need to imagine the use of space, time, pitch, and rhythm, as well as the (sometimes) unspoken voice of the audience, that are all essential to the realization of what the scripts imply. They were not written as literature and should not be "read" as such.

If you are relatively new to Shakespeare's work, don't be put off by any sense that his work might be difficult to appreciate. A surprisingly small part of that difficulty is due to the distance between Shakespeare's English and today's. The detailed glossary notes and your own best guesses can deal with that. Most of Shakespeare's "difficulty" is the product of intelligence at play or the linguistic compression of passionate thought, be it erotic love or political rage. Sometimes difficulty is an important part of the narrative, with characters being deliberately misleading or obscure. They might be talking to each other or to the audience in code, but the clues are always there, and the puzzles are enjoyable and significant.

Trust the Folio-based text being as close as we can get to the favored draft of Shakespeare’s original acting company. And trust the author. The best way to celebrate Shakespeare’s extraordinary status as the world’s favorite artist four hundred years after his death is to trust him to take you to places you had previously not imagined or understood. Many of these texts would probably have been heavily cut for public performance, but to cut or ignore those scenes or speeches that don’t immediately make sense, without the author at your side, is perilous.

It’s particularly tempting with a Complete Works edition to look for Shakespeare’s “essential” voice, to seek for consistency of tone and concept. It’s also probably a big mistake. Indeed, one of the most essential secrets of Shakespeare’s survival and brilliance as an artist is his utterly successful sublimation of himself into the constantly conflicting voices of his characters. Thus he avoided the stringent political censorship better than any of his contemporary rivals and thus he avoided stifling his living dramas with the authorial voice of an essayist. Don’t try to decide what the plays are about. Let them be rowdy, lyrical, dirty, and inconsistent in your head. Read Jack Cade’s manifesto in *2 Henry VI* and Gonzalo’s manifesto in *The Tempest* in another part of the book and enjoy the ride on Shakespeare’s dangerous contradictions.

Lastly and most importantly—be inspired and not intimidated by the achievement of this great human artist.

THE TEMPEST

The Tempest was almost certainly Shakespeare’s last solo-authored play. We do not know whether he anticipated that this would be the case. It was also the first play to be printed in the First Folio. Again, we do not know whether it was given pride of place because the editors of the Folio regarded it as a showpiece—the summation of the master’s art—or for the more mundane reason that they had a clean copy in the clear hand of the scribe Ralph Crane, which would have given the compositors a relatively easy start as they set to work on the mammoth task of typesetting nearly a million words of Shakespeare. Whether it found its position by chance or design, *The Tempest’s* place at the end of Shakespeare’s career and the beginning of his collected works has profoundly shaped responses to the play ever since the early nineteenth century. It has come to be regarded as the touchstone of Shakespearean interpretation.

The narrative is concentrated on questions of mastery and rule. During the tempest in the opening scene, the normal social order is out of joint: the boatswain commands the courtiers in the knowledge that the roaring waves care nothing for “the name of king.” Then the back story, unfolded at length in Act 1 scene 2, tells of conspirators who do not respect the title of duke: we learn of Prospero’s loss of power in Milan and the compensatory command he has gained over Ariel and Caliban on the island. The Ferdinand and Miranda love knot is directed toward the future government of Milan and Naples. There is further politic plotting: Sebastian and Antonio’s plan to murder King Alonso and good Gonzalo, the madcap scheme of the base born characters to overthrow Prospero and make drunken butler Stephano king of the island. The theatrical coups performed by Prospero, assisted by Ariel and the other spirits of the island—the freezing of the conspirators, the harpy and the vanishing banquet, the masque of goddesses and agricultural workers, the revelation of the lovers playing at chess—all serve the purpose of requiting the sins of the past, restoring order in the present, and preparing for a harmonious future. Once the work is done, Ariel is released (with a pang) and Prospero is ready to prepare his own spirit for death. Even Caliban will “seek for grace.”

But Shakespeare never keeps it simple. Prospero’s main aim in conjuring up the storm and bringing the court to the island is to force his usurping brother Antonio into repentance. Yet when the climactic confrontation comes, Antonio does not say a word in reply to Prospero’s combination of forgiveness and demand. He wholly fails to follow the good example set by Alonso a few lines before. As for Antonio’s sidekick Sebastian, he has the temerity to ascribe Prospero’s magical foresight to demonic influence. For all the powers at Prospero’s command, there is no way of predicting or controlling human nature. A conscience cannot be created where there is none.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge described Prospero as “the very Shakespeare, as it were, of the tempest.” In other words, the leading character’s conjuring up of the storm in the opening scene corresponds to the dramatist’s conjuring up of the whole world of the play. The art of Prospero harnesses the power of nature in order to bring the other Italian characters to join him in his exile; by the same account, the art of Shakespeare transforms the platform of the stage into a ship at sea and then “an uninhabited island.” “Art” is the play’s key word. Caliban is Prospero’s “other” because he represents the state of nature. In the Darwinian nineteenth century, he was recast as the “missing link” between humankind and our animal ancestors.

Prospero’s backstory tells of a progression from the “liberal arts” that offered a training for governors to the more dangerous “art” of magic. Magical thinking was universal in the age of Shakespeare. Everyone was brought up to believe that there was another realm beyond that of nature, a realm of the spirit and of spirits. “Natural” and “demonic” magic were the two branches of the study and manipulation of preternatural phenomena. Magic meant the knowledge of hidden things and the art of working wonders. For some, it was the highest form of natural philosophy: the word came from *magia*, the ancient Persian term for wisdom. The “occult philosophy,” as it was known, postulated a hierarchy of powers, with influence descending from disembodied (“intellectual”) angelic spirits to the stellar and planetary world of the heavens to earthly things and their physical changes. The magician ascends to knowledge of higher powers and draws them down artificially to produce wonderful effects. Cornelius

Agrippa, author of the influential *De occulta philosophia,* argued that "ceremonial magic" was needed in order to reach the angelic intelligences above the stars. This was the highest and most dangerous level of activity, since it was all too easy—as Christopher Marlowe's Dr. Faustus found—to conjure up a devil instead of an angel. The more common form of "natural magic" involved "marrying" heaven to earth, working with the occult correspondences between the stars and the elements of the material world. The enduring conception of astrological influences is a vestige of this mode of thought. For a Renaissance mage such as Girolamo Cardano, who practiced in Milan, medicine, natural philosophy, mathematics, astrology, and dream interpretation were all intimately connected.

But natural magic could never escape its demonic shadow. For every learned mage such as Agrippa or Cardano, there were a thousand village "wise women" practicing folk medicine and fortune-telling. All too often, the latter found themselves demonized as witches, blamed for crop failure, livestock disease, and the other ills of life in the premodern era. Prospero is keen to contrast his own white magic with the black arts of Sycorax, Caliban's mother, but the play establishes strong parallels between them. He was exiled from Milan to the island because his devotion to his secret studies gave Antonio the opportunity to usurp the dukedom, whilst Sycorax was exiled from Algiers to the island because she was accused of witchcraft; he arrived with his young daughter, whilst she arrived pregnant with the child she had supposedly conceived by sleeping with the devil. Each of them can command the tides and manipulate the spirit world that is embodied by Ariel. When Prospero comes to renounce his magic, he describes his powers in words borrowed from the incantation of another witch, Medea in Ovid's great storehouse of ancient mythological tales, the *Metamorphoses*. Prospero at some level registers his own kinship with Sycorax when he says of Caliban "this thing of darkness I / Acknowledge mine." The splitting of subject and verb across the line ending here, ensuring a moment's hesitation in the acknowledgment, is an extreme instance of the suppleness with which late Shakespeare handles his iambic pentameter verse.

Shakespeare loved to set up oppositions, then shade his black and white into gray areas of moral complexity. In Milan, Prospero's inward-looking study of the liberal arts had led to the loss of power and the establishment of tyranny. On the island he seeks to make amends by applying what he has learned, by using active magic to bring repentance, restore his dukedom, and set up a dynastic marriage. Yet at the beginning of the fifth act he sees that to be truly human is a matter not of exercising wisdom for the purposes of rule, but of practicing a more strictly Christian version of virtue. For sixteenth-century humanists, education in princely virtue meant the cultivation for political ends of wisdom, magnanimity, temperance, and integrity. For Prospero what finally matters is kindness. And this is something that the master learns from his pupil: it is Ariel who teaches Prospero about “feeling,” not vice versa.

Ariel represents fire and air, concord and music, loyal service. Caliban is of the earth, associated with discord, drunkenness, and rebellion. Ariel’s medium of expression is delicate verse, whilst Caliban’s is for the most part a robust, often ribald, prose like that of the jester Trinculo and drunken butler Stephano. But, astonishingly, it is Caliban who speaks the play’s most beautiful verse when he hears the music of Ariel. Even in prose, Caliban has a wonderful attunement to the natural environment: he knows every corner, every species of the island. Prospero calls him “A devil, a born devil, on whose nature / Nurture can never stick,” yet in the very next speech Caliban enters with the line “Pray you tread softly, that the blind mole may not hear a footfall,” words of such strong imagination that Prospero’s claim is instantly belied.

Caliban’s purported sexual assault on Miranda shows that Prospero failed in his attempt to tame the animal instincts of the “man-monster” and educate him into humanity. But who bears responsibility for the failure? Could it be that the problem arises from what Prospero has imprinted on Caliban’s memory, not from the latter’s nature? Caliban initially welcomed Prospero to the island and offered to share its fruits, every bit in the manner of the “noble savages” in Michel de Montaigne’s essay “Of the Cannibals,” which was another source from which Shakespeare quoted in the play (Gonzalo’s Utopian “golden age” vision of how he would govern the isle is borrowed from the English translation of Montaigne). Caliban only acts basely after Prospero has printed that baseness on him; what makes Caliban “filth” may be the lessons in which Prospero has taught him that he is “filth.”

Caliban understands the power of the book: as fashioners of modern *coups d'état* begin by seizing the television station, so he stresses that the rebellion against Prospero must begin by taking possession of his books. But Stephano has another book. "Here is that which will give language to you," he says to Caliban, replicating Prospero's gaining of control through language—but in a different mode. Textual inculcation is replaced by intoxication: the book that is kissed is the bottle. The dialogic spirit that is fostered by Shakespeare's technique of scenic counterpoint thus calls into question Prospero's use of books. If Stephano and Trinculo achieve through their alcohol what Prospero achieves through his teaching (in each case Caliban is persuaded to serve and to share the fruits of the isle), is not that teaching exposed as potentially nothing more than a means of social control? Prospero often seems more interested in the power structure that is established by his schoolmastering than in the substance of what he teaches. It is hard to see how making Ferdinand carry logs is intended to inculcate virtue; its purpose is to elicit submission.

Arrival on an island uninhabited by Europeans, talk of "plantation," an encounter with a "savage" in which alcohol is exchanged for survival skills, a process of language learning in which it is made clear who is master and who is slave, fear that the slave will impregnate the master's daughter, the desire to make the savage seek for Christian "grace" (though also a proposal that he should be shipped to England and exhibited for profit), references to the dangerous weather of the Bermudas and to a "brave new world": in all these respects, *The Tempest* conjures up the spirit of European colonialism. Shakespeare had contacts with members of the Virginia Company, which had been established by royal charter in 1606 and was instrumental in the foundation of the Jamestown colony in America the following year. Some time in the autumn of 1610, a letter reached England describing how a fleet sent to reinforce the colony had been broken up by a storm in the Caribbean; the ship carrying the new governor had been driven to Bermuda, where the crew and passengers had wintered. Though the letter was not published at the time, it circulated in manuscript and inspired at least two pamphlets about these events. Scholars debate the extent to which Shakespeare made direct use of these materials, but certain details of the storm and the island seem to be derived from them. There is no doubt that the seemingly miraculous survival of the governor's party and the fertile environment they discovered in the Bahamas were topics of great public interest at the time of the play.

The British Empire, the slave trade, and the riches of the spice routes lay in the future. Shakespeare's play is set in the Mediterranean, not the Caribbean. Caliban cannot strictly be described as a native of the island. And yet the play intuits the dynamic of colonial possession and dispossession with such uncanny power that in 1950 a book by Octave Mannoni called *The Psychology of Colonisation* could argue that the process functioned by means of a pair of reciprocal neuroses: the "Prospero complex" on the part of the colonizer and the "Caliban complex" on that of the colonized. It was in response to Mannoni that Frantz Fanon wrote *Black Skin, White Masks*, a book that did much to shape the intellectual terrain of the "postcolonial" era. For many Anglophone Caribbean writers of the late twentieth century, *The Tempest*, and the figure of Caliban in particular, became a focal point for discovery of their own literary voices. The play is less a reflection of imperial history—after all, Prospero is an exile, not a venturer—than an anticipation of it.

As regular players at royal command performances in the Whitehall Palace, the King's Men knew that from the end of 1608 onward, the teenage Princess Elizabeth was resident at court. A cultured young woman who enjoyed music and dancing, she participated in court festivals and in 1610 danced in a masque called *Tethys*. Masques—performed by a mixed cast of royalty, courtiers, and professional actors, staged with spectacular scenery and elaborate music—were the height of fashion at court in these years. Shakespeare's friend and rival Ben Jonson, working in conjunction with the designer Inigo Jones, was carving out a role for himself as the age's leading masque-wright. In 1608 he introduced the "antimasque" (or "antemasque"), a convention whereby grotesque figures known as "antics" danced boisterously prior to the graceful and harmonious masque itself. Shakespeare nods to contemporary fashion by including a betrothal masque within the action of *The Tempest*, together with the antimasque farce of Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo smelling of horse-piss, stealing clothes from a line, and being chased away by dogs. One almost wonders whether the figure of Prospero is a gentle parody of Ben Jonson: his theatrical imagination is bound by the classical unities of time and place (as Jonson's was) and he stages a court masque (as Jonson did). Perhaps this is why a few years later, in his *Bartholomew Fair*, Jonson parodied *The Tempest* in return.

Prospero's Christian language reaches its most sustained pitch in the epilogue, but his final request is for the indulgence not of God but of the audience. At the last moment, humanist learning is replaced not by Christian but by theatrical faith. Because of this it has been possible for the play to be read, as it so often has been since the Romantic period, as Shakespeare's defense of his own dramatic art. Ironically, though, the play itself is profoundly skeptical of the power of the book and even of the theater. The book of art is drowned, whilst the masque and its players dissolve into vacancy like a "baseless fabric" or a dream.

KEY FACTS

PLOT: Twelve years ago Prospero, the Duke of Milan, was usurped by his brother, Antonio, with the help of Alonso, King of Naples, and the King's brother Sebastian. Prospero and his baby daughter Miranda were put to sea and landed on a distant island where ever since, by the use of his magic art, he has ruled over the spirit Ariel and the savage Caliban. He uses his powers to raise a storm that shipwrecks his enemies on the island. Alonso searches for his son, Ferdinand, although fearing him to be drowned. Sebastian plots to kill Alonso and seize the crown. The drunken butler, Stephano, and the jester, Trinculo, encounter Caliban and are persuaded by him to kill Prospero so that they can rule the island. Ferdinand meets Miranda and they fall instantly in love. Prospero sets heavy tasks to test Ferdinand and, when satisfied, presents the young couple with a betrothal masque. As Prospero's plan draws to its climax, he confronts his enemies and forgives them. Prospero grants Ariel his freedom and prepares to leave the island for Milan.

MAJOR PARTS: (*with percentage of lines/number of speeches/scenes on stage*) Prospero (30%/115/5), Ariel (9%/45/6), Caliban (8%/50/5), Stephano (7%/60/4), Gonzalo (7%/52/4), Sebastian (5%/67/4), Antonio (6%/57/4), Miranda (6%/49/4), Ferdinand (6%/31/4), Alonso (5%/40/4), Trinculo (4%/39/4).

LINGUISTIC MEDIUM: 80% verse, 20% prose.

DATE: 1611. Performed at court, November 1, 1611; uses source material not available before autumn 1610.

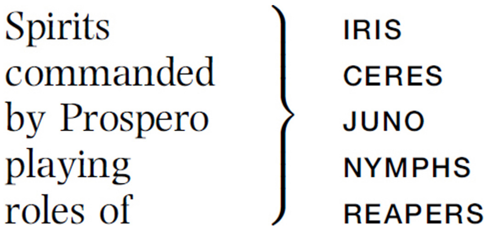
SOURCES: No known source for main plot, but some details of the tempest and the island seem to derive from William Strachey, *A True Reportory of the Wreck and Redemption of Sir Thomas Gates, Knight* (written 1610, published in *Purchas his Pilgrims*, 1625) and perhaps Sylvester Jourdain, *A Discovery of the Bermudas* (1610) and the

Virginia Company's pamphlet *A True Declaration of the Estate of the Colony in Virginia* (1610); several allusions to Virgil's *Aeneid* and Ovid's *Metamorphoses* (most notably the imitation in Act 5 scene 1 of Arthur Golding's 1567 translation of Medea's incantation in Ovid's 7th book); Gonzalo's "golden age" oration in Act 2 scene 1 based closely on Michel de Montaigne's essay "Of the Cannibals," translated by John Florio (1603).

TEXT: First Folio of 1623 is the only early printed text. Based on a transcript by Ralph Crane, professional scribe working for the King's Men. Generally good quality of printing.

THE TEMPEST

PROSPERO, the right Duke of Milan
MIRANDA, his daughter
ALONSO, King of Naples
SEBASTIAN, his brother
ANTONIO, Prospero’s brother, the usurping Duke of Milan
FERDINAND, son to the King of Naples
GONZALO, an honest old councillor
ADRIAN and FRANCISCO, lords
TRINCULO, a jester
STEPHANO, a drunken butler
MASTER of a ship
BOATSWAIN
MARINERS
CALIBAN, a savage and deformed slave
ARIEL, an airy spirit



Spirits commanded by Prospero playing roles of	IRIS CERES JUNO NYMPHS REAPERS

The Scene: an uninhabited island

Act 1 Scene 1[1.1]

running scene 1

A tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard. Enter a Shipmaster and a Boatswain

MASTER Boatswain!

BOATSWAIN Here, master. What cheer?[2]

MASTER Good:[3] speak to th'mariners. Fall to't yarely, or we run ourselves aground! Bestir,[4] bestir!

Exit

Enter Mariners

BOATSWAIN Heigh, my hearts![5] Cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! Yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend[6] to th'master's whistle.— ***To the storm*** Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo and others

ALONSO Good boatswain, have[8] care. Where's the master? Play the men.

BOATSWAIN I pray now, keep below.

ANTONIO Where is the master, boatswain?

BOATSWAIN Do you not hear him? You mar[11] our labour. Keep your cabins! You do assist the storm.

GONZALO Nay, good, be patient.

BOATSWAIN When the sea is. Hence![14] What cares these roarers for the name of king? To cabin! Silence! Trouble us not.

GONZALO Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

BOATSWAIN None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor:[17] if you can command these elements to silence, and work[18] the peace of the present, we will not hand[19] a rope more: use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.[21]— ***To the Mariners*** Cheerly, good hearts!—

To the Courtiers

Out of our way, I say.

Exeunt [Boatswain with Mariners, followed by Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, and Ferdinand]

GONZALO I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he[23] hath no drowning mark[24] upon him: his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging: make the rope of his destiny[25] our cable, for our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable.

Exit

Enter Boatswain

BOATSWAIN Down[27] with the topmast! Yare! Lower, lower! Bring her to try with main course. (*A cry within*) A plague upon this howling! They are louder than the weather or our office.[29]

Enter Sebastian, Antonio and Gonzalo

Yet again? What do you here? Shall we give o'er[30] and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

SEBASTIAN A pox[32] o'your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

BOATSWAIN Work you then.

ANTONIO Hang, cur![34] Hang, you whoreson, insolent noisemaker! We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

GONZALO I'll warrant[36] him for drowning, though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell and as leaky as an unstanched[37] wench.

BOATSWAIN Lay her ahold,[38] ahold! Set her two courses off to sea again! Lay her off!

Enter Mariners, wet

MARINERS All lost! To prayers, to prayers! All lost!

BOATSWAIN What, must[40] our mouths be cold?

GONZALO The king and prince at prayers: let's assist them, for our case is as theirs.

SEBASTIAN I'm out of patience.

ANTONIO We are merely[43] cheated of our lives by drunkards. This wide-chopped rascal: would thou mightst lie drowning, the washing of ten tides![44]

GONZALO He'll be hanged yet,[45]
Though every drop of water swear against it
And gape at wid'st[47] to glut him.

[Exeunt Boatswain and Mariners]

A confused noise within

[VOICES OFF-STAGE] Mercy on us! — We split,[48] we split! — Farewell, my wife and children! — Farewell, brother! — We split, we split, we split!

ANTONIO Let's all sink wi'th'king.

SEBASTIAN Let's take leave of him.

Exeunt [Antonio and Sebastian]

GONZALO Now would I give a thousand furlongs[52] of sea for an acre of barren ground: long heath,[53] brown furze, anything. The wills above be done! But I would fain[54] die a dry death.

Exit

Act 1 Scene 2[1.2]

running scene 2

Enter Prospero and Miranda

MIRANDA If by your art,[1] my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay[2] them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,[3]
But that the sea, mounting to th'welkin's[4] cheek,
Dashes the fire[5] out. O, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer: a brave[6] vessel —
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her —
Dashed all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perished.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere[11]
It should the good ship so have swallowed, and
The fraughting souls[13] within her.

PROSPERO Be collected:[14]
No more amazement.[15] Tell your piteous heart
There's no harm done.

MIRANDA O, woe the day!

PROSPERO No harm:
I have done nothing but in care of thee —
Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter — who
Art ignorant of what thou art: nought knowing
Of whence I am,[22] nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,[23]
And thy no greater father.[24]

MIRANDA More to know[25]
Did never meddle with[26] my thoughts.

PROSPERO 'Tis time
I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand
And pluck my magic garment from me. So: ***Lays down his magic cloak***
Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touched

The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision[33] in mine art
So safely ordered that there is no soul —
No, not so much perdition[35] as an hair
Betid[36] to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down, ***Miranda sits***
For thou must now know further.

MIRANDA You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopped
And left me to a bootless inquisition,[41]
Concluding 'Stay: not yet.'

PROSPERO The hour's now come,
The very minute bids thee ope[44] thine ear:
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out[48] three years old.

MIRANDA Certainly, sir, I can.

PROSPERO By what? By any other house or person?
Of any thing the image, tell me, that
Hath[52] kept with thy remembrance.

MIRANDA 'Tis far off,
And rather like a dream than an assurance[54]
That my remembrance warrants.[55] Had I not
Four or five women once that tended[56] me?

PROSPERO Thou hadst; and more, Miranda. But how is it
That this lives in thy mind? What see'st thou else
In the dark backward[59] and abysm of time?
If thou remembr'rest aught[60] ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou mayst.

MIRANDA But that I do not.

PROSPERO Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan and
A prince of power.

MIRANDA Sir, are not you my father?

PROSPERO Thy mother was a piece[67] of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan, and his only heir
And princess, no worse issued.[70]
MIRANDA O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessèd[73] wast we did?
PROSPERO Both, both, my girl.
By foul play — as thou say'st — were we heaved thence,
But blessedly holp[76] hither.
MIRANDA O, my heart bleeds
To think o'th'teen[78] that I have turned you to,
Which is from[79] my remembrance. Please you, further.
PROSPERO My brother and thy uncle, called Antonio —
I pray thee, mark[81] me — that a brother should
Be so perfidious[82] — he whom next thyself
Of all the world I loved, and to him put
The manage[84] of my state, as at that time
Through all the signories[85] it was the first,
And Prospero the prime[86] duke, being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts[87]
Without a parallel; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother
And to my state[90] grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle —
Dost thou attend me?
MIRANDA Sir, most heedfully.
PROSPERO Being once perfected[94] how to grant suits,
How to deny them, who t'advance and who
To trash for over-topping,[96] new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed 'em,[97]
Or else new formed[98] 'em; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i'th'state
To what tune pleased his ear, that[100] now he was
The ivy[101] which had hid my princely trunk
And sucked my verdure[102] out on't.— Thou attend'st not.

MIRANDA O good sir, I do.
PROSPERO I pray thee, mark me:
I, thus neglecting worldly ends,[105] all dedicated
To closeness[106] and the bettering of my mind
With that, which but[107] by being so retired,
O'er-prized[108] all popular rate, in my false brother
Awaked an evil nature, and my trust,
Like a good parent,[110] did beget of him
A falsehood[111] in its contrary, as great
As my trust was, which had indeed no limit,
A confidence *sans*[113] bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact:[115] like one
Who having into[116] truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory
To credit his own lie, he did believe
He was indeed the duke, out o'th'substitution[119]
And executing th'outward face[120] of royalty
With all prerogative: hence his ambition growing —
Dost thou hear?
MIRANDA Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.
PROSPERO To have no screen[124] between this part he played,
And him[125] he played it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan.[126] Me — poor man — my library
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties[127]
He thinks me now incapable. Confederates[128] —
So dry[129] he was for sway — wi'th'King of Naples
To give him annual tribute,[130] do him homage,
Subject[131] his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom yet[132] unbowed — alas, poor Milan —
To most ignoble stooping.
MIRANDA O the heavens!
PROSPERO Mark his condition[135] and th'event, then tell me
If[136] this might be a brother.
MIRANDA I should sin
To think but[138] nobly of my grandmother:

Good wombs have borne bad sons.
PROSPERO Now the condition.
This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate,[142] hearkens my brother's suit,
Which was, that he,[143] in lieu o'th'premises
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,[144]
Should presently extirpate[145] me and mine
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to th'purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan, and i'th'dead of darkness
The ministers[151] for th'purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.
MIRANDA Alack, for pity!
I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint[155]
That wrings mine eyes to't.
PROSPERO Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon's: without the which, this story
Were most impertinent.[160]
MIRANDA Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?
PROSPERO Well demanded, wench:
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst[164] not,
So dear the love my people bore me: nor set
A mark so bloody on the business: but
With colours fairer, painted[167] their foul ends.
In few,[168] they hurried us aboard a barque,
Bore us some leagues to sea, where they prepared
A rotten carcass of a butt,[170] not rigged,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast: the very rats
Instinctively have quit it. There they hoist[172] us,
To cry to th'sea that roared to us; to sigh
To th'winds, whose pity sighing back again,

Did us but loving wrong.[175]
MIRANDA Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you!
PROSPERO O, a cherubin[178]
Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have decked[181] the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burden groaned, which[182] raised in me
An undergoing stomach,[183] to bear up
Against what should ensue.
MIRANDA How came we ashore? ***Prospero sits***
PROSPERO By providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity — who being then appointed
Master of this design[190] — did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs[191] and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much.[192] So, of his gentleness,
Knowing I loved my books, he furnished me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.
MIRANDA Would[196] I might
But ever see that man.
PROSPERO Now I arise: ***Prospero stands***
Sit still,[199] and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arrived, and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit[201]
Than other princes can that have more time
For vainer[203] hours, and tutors not so careful.
MIRANDA Heavens thank you for’t. And now, I pray you, sir,
For still ’tis beating in my mind: your reason
For raising this sea-storm?
PROSPERO Know thus far forth:
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune —
Now my dear lady[209] — hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: and by my prescience[210]

I find my zenith[211] doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence[212]
If now I court not, but omit,[213] my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions:
Thou art inclined to sleep. ’Tis a good dullness,[215]
And give it way:[216] I know thou canst not choose.— ***Miranda sleeps***
Come away, servant, come. I am ready now.
Approach, my Ariel,[218] come.

Enter Ariel

ARIEL All hail, great master! Grave[219] sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be’t to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curled clouds: to thy strong bidding task[222]
Ariel and all his quality.[223]

PROSPERO Hast thou, spirit,
Performed to point[225] the tempest that I bade thee?

ARIEL To every article.
I boarded the king’s ship: now on the beak,[227]
Now in the waist,[228] the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement:[229] sometime I’d divide
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards[231] and bowsprit would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join. Jove’s[232] lightning, the precursors
O’th’dreadful thunderclaps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning[234] were not; the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune[235]
Seem to besiege and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident[237] shake.

PROSPERO My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil[239]
Would not infect his reason?

ARIEL Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad[242] and played
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,
Then all afire[245] with me: the king’s son, Ferdinand,

With hair up-staring[246] — then like reeds, not hair —
Was the first man that leaped; cried ‘Hell is empty
And all the devils are here.’
PROSPERO Why, that’s my spirit!
But was not this nigh[250] shore?
ARIEL Close by, my master.
PROSPERO But are they, Ariel, safe?
ARIEL Not a hair perished:
On their sustaining[254] garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou bad’st me,
In troops[256] I have dispersed them ’bout the isle.
The king’s son have I landed by himself,
Whom I left cooling of[258] the air with sighs
In an odd angle[259] of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.[260] ***Folds his arms***
PROSPERO Of the king’s ship,
The mariners, say how thou hast disposed,
And all the rest o’th’fleet?
ARIEL Safely in harbour
Is the king’s ship: in the deep nook where once
Thou call’dst me up at midnight to fetch dew[266]
From the still-vexed Bermudas,[267] there she’s hid;
The mariners all under hatches[268] stowed,
Who, with a charm[269] joined to their suffered labour,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o’th’fleet —
Which I dispersed — they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean float[272]
Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the king’s ship wrecked
And his great person perish.
PROSPERO Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is performed; but there’s more work:
What is the time o’th’day?
ARIEL Past the mid season.[279]
PROSPERO At least two glasses.[280] The time ’twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.[281]

ARIEL Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,[282]
Let me remember[283] thee what thou hast promised,
Which is not yet performed me.
PROSPERO How now? Moody?[285]
What is't thou canst demand?
ARIEL My liberty.
PROSPERO Before the time be out?[288] No more!
ARIEL I prithee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service,
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, served
Without or[292] grudge or grumblings: thou did promise
To bate[293] me a full year.
PROSPERO Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?
ARIEL No.
PROSPERO Thou dost: and think'st it much to tread[297] the ooze
Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o'th'earth
When it is baked with frost.
ARIEL I do not, sir.
PROSPERO Thou liest, malignant thing. Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax,[304] who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop?[305] Hast thou forgot her?
ARIEL No, sir.
PROSPERO Thou hast. Where was she born? Speak: tell me.
ARIEL Sir, in Algiers.[308]
PROSPERO O, was she so? I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damned witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Algiers,
Thou know'st, was banished: for[314] one thing she did
They would not take her life. Is not this true?
ARIEL Ay, sir.
PROSPERO This blue-eyed[317] hag was hither brought with child,

And here was left by th’sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report’st thyself, was then her servant:
And, for[320] thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy[321] and abhorred commands,
Refusing her grand hests,[322] she did confine thee
By help of her more potent ministers,[323]
And in her most unmitigable[324] rage,
Into a cloven[325] pine, within which rift
Imprisoned thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years: within which space she died,
And left thee there, where thou didst vent thy groans
As[329] fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island —
Save for the son that she did litter[330] here,
A freckled whelp,[331] hag-born — not honoured with
A human shape.
ARIEL Yes: Caliban[333] her son.
PROSPERO Dull thing,[334] I say so: he, that Caliban
Whom now I keep in service.[335] Thou best know’st
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves[337] howl and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damned, which Sycorax
Could not again undo. It was mine art,
When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape[341]
The pine and let thee out.
ARIEL I thank thee, master.
PROSPERO If thou more murmur’st,[344] I will rend an oak
And peg[345] thee in his knotty entrails till
Thou hast howled away twelve winters.
ARIEL Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent[348] to command
And do my spriting[349] gently.
PROSPERO Do so: and after two days
I will discharge[351] thee.
ARIEL That’s my noble master!
What shall I do? Say what? What shall I do?

PROSPERO Go make thyself like a nymph o'th'sea,
Be subject to no sight but thine and mine: invisible
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape
And hither come in't: go! Hence with diligence!
Exit [Ariel]
Awake, dear heart, awake. Thou hast slept well. Awake. ***To Miranda***
MIRANDA The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness[360] in me.
PROSPERO Shake it off. Come on:
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.
MIRANDA 'Tis a villain,[364] sir, I do not love to look on.
PROSPERO But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss[366] him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood and serves in offices[367]
That profit us. What, ho! Slave! Caliban!
Thou earth,[369] thou! Speak!
CALIBAN There's wood enough within.
Within
PROSPERO Come forth, I say! There's other business for thee:
Come, thou tortoise! When?
Enter Ariel like a water-nymph
Fine apparition: my quaint[373] Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.
ARIEL My lord, it shall be done.
Exit
PROSPERO Thou poisonous slave, got[376] by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam:[377] come forth!
Enter Caliban
CALIBAN As wicked dew as e'er my mother brushed
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen[379]
Drop on you both! A southwest[380] blow on ye
And blister you all o'er!
PROSPERO For this, be sure, tonight thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up: urchins[383]
Shall, for that vast[384] of night that they may work,

All exercise[385] on thee: thou shalt be pinched
As[386] thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than[387] bees that made ’em.
CALIBAN I must eat my dinner.
This island’s mine by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak’st from me. When thou cam’st first,
Thou strok’st me and made much of me: wouldst give me
Water with berries[392] in’t, and teach me how
To name the bigger[393] light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I loved thee
And showed thee all the qualities o’th’isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits,[396] barren place and fertile.
Cursed be I that did so! All the charms[397]
Of Sycorax — toads, beetles, bats — light[398] on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king: and here you sty[400] me
In this hard rock,[401] whiles you do keep from me
The rest o’th’island.
PROSPERO Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes[404] may move, not kindness! I have used thee —
Filth as thou art — with humane[405] care, and lodged thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate[406]
The honour of my child.
CALIBAN O ho, O ho! Would’t had been done!
Thou didst prevent me: I[409] had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.
MIRANDA Abhorred slave,
Which any print[412] of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable[413] of all ill. I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endowed thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race[418] —
Though thou didst learn — had that in’t which good natures
Could not abide to be with: therefore wast thou

Deservedly confined into this rock, who hadst
Deserved more[422] than a prison.
CALIBAN You taught me language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse. The red-plague[424] rid you
For learning[425] me your language.
PROSPERO Hag-seed,[426] hence!
Fetch us in fuel, and be quick: thou'rt best[427]
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack[430] thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.
CALIBAN No, pray thee.—
I must obey: his art is of such power, ***Aside***
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,[435]
And make a vassal[436] of him.
PROSPERO So, slave, hence!
Exit Caliban
Enter Ferdinand, and Ariel, invisible, playing and singing
ARIEL Come unto these yellow sands,
Song
And then take hands:
Curtsied when you have, and kissed
The wild waves whist:[441]
Foot it featly[442] here and there,
And, sweet sprites, bear
The burden.
[SPIRITS *Within, sing the*] (*burden,*[445] *dispersedly*)
Hark, hark! Bow-wow!
The watch-dogs bark: bow-wow.
ARIEL Hark, hark! I hear
The strain[449] of strutting chanticleer
Cry, cock-a-diddle-dow.
FERDINAND Where should this music be? I'th'air or th'earth?
It sounds no more: and sure it waits upon[452]
Some god o'th'island. Sitting on a bank,

Weeping again the[454] king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion[456]
With its sweet air: thence I have followed it —
Or it hath drawn me rather — but 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.
ARIEL Full fathom five[460] thy father lies,
Song
Of his bones are coral made:
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,[463]
But doth suffer[464] a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:[466]
[SPIRITS *Within*, *sing the*] (*burden*) Ding-dong.
ARIEL Hark! Now I hear them: ding-dong, bell.
FERDINAND The ditty[469] does remember my drowned father.
This is no mortal[470] business, nor no sound
That the earth owes.[471] I hear it now above me.
PROSPERO The fringèd curtains[472] of thine eye advance
And say what thou see'st yond.[473]
MIRANDA What is't? A spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave[476] form. But 'tis a spirit.
PROSPERO No, wench: it eats, and sleeps, and hath such senses
As we have, such. This gallant[478] which thou see'st
Was in the wreck: and, but[479] he's something stained
With grief — that's beauty's canker[480] — thou mightst call him
A goodly[481] person: he hath lost his fellows
And strays about to find 'em.
MIRANDA I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing natural[484]
I ever saw so noble.
PROSPERO It goes on, I see, ***Aside***
As my soul prompts[487] it.— Spirit, fine spirit: I'll free thee ***To Ariel***
Within two days for this.

FERDINAND Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs[490] attend! Vouchsafe my prayer
May know if you remain[491] upon this island,
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me[493] here: my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is — O you wonder![494] —
If you be maid[495] or no?
MIRANDA No wonder, sir,
But certainly a maid.
FERDINAND My language? Heavens!
I am the best[499] of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where[500] ’tis spoken.
PROSPERO How? The best?
What wert thou if the King of Naples heard thee?
FERDINAND A single thing,[503] as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He[504] does hear me:
And that he does, I weep. Myself am Naples,
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb,[506] beheld
The king my father wrecked.
MIRANDA Alack, for mercy!
FERDINAND Yes, faith, and all his lords, the Duke of Milan
And his brave son[510] being twain.
PROSPERO The Duke of Milan ***Aside***
And his more braver daughter could control[512] thee
If now ’twere fit to do’t. At the first sight
They have changed eyes.[514]— Delicate Ariel, ***To Ariel***
I’ll set thee free for this.— A word, good sir, ***To Ferdinand***
I fear you have done[516] yourself some wrong: a word.
MIRANDA Why speaks my father so ungently?[517] This
Is the third man that e’er I saw: the first
That e’er I sighed for. Pity move my father
To be inclined my way.
FERDINAND O, if a virgin,
And your[522] affection not gone forth, I’ll make you
The Queen of Naples.
PROSPERO Soft,[524] sir, one word more.—

They are both in either's[525] powers: but this swift business ***Aside***
I must uneasy[526] make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light.— One word more: I charge[527] thee ***To Ferdinand***
That thou attend[528] me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not,[529] and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.[531]
FERDINAND No, as I am a man.
MIRANDA There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:[533]
If the ill-spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.
PROSPERO Follow me.— ***To Ferdinand***
Speak not you for him: he's a traitor.— Come: ***To Miranda/To Ferdinand***
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Seawater shalt thou drink: thy food shall be
The fresh-brook mussels,[540] withered roots and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.
FERDINAND No!
I will resist such entertainment[543] till
Mine enemy has more power.
He draws, and is charmed from moving
MIRANDA O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle,[547] and not fearful.
PROSPERO What, I say,
My foot[549] my tutor?— Put thy sword up, traitor: ***To Ferdinand***
Who mak'st a show but dar'st not strike, thy conscience
Is so possessed with guilt. Come from thy ward,[551]
For I can here disarm thee with this stick, ***Brandishes his staff***
And make thy weapon drop.
MIRANDA Beseech you, father. ***Kneels or attempts to stop him***
PROSPERO Hence! Hang not on my garments.
MIRANDA Sir, have pity:
I'll be his surety.[557]
PROSPERO Silence! One word more
Shall make me chide[559] thee, if not hate thee. What,

An advocate for an impostor? Hush!
Thou think’st there is no more such shapes[561] as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban. Foolish wench,
To[563] th’most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.
MIRANDA My affections
Are then most humble: I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.
PROSPERO Come on, obey: ***To Ferdinand***
Thy nerves[569] are in their infancy again
And have no vigour[570] in them.
FERDINAND So they are:
My spirits,[572] as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father’s loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man’s threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through[576] my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else[577] o’th’earth
Let liberty make use of: space enough
Have I in such a prison.
PROSPERO It works.— Come on.— ***Aside/To Ferdinand***
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!— Follow me.— ***To Ariel/To Ferdinand***
Hark what thou else shalt do me.[582] ***To Ariel***
MIRANDA Be of comfort:
My father’s of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted[585]
Which now came from him.
PROSPERO Thou shalt be as free ***To Ariel***
As mountain winds; but then[588] exactly do
All points of my command.
ARIEL To th’syllable.
PROSPERO Come, follow.— Speak not for him. ***To Ferdinand/To Miranda***
Exeunt

Act 2 Scene 1

running scene 3

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco and others

GONZALO Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause — ***To Alonso***
So have we all — of joy, for our escape
Is much beyond[3] our loss. Our hint of woe
Is common: every day some sailor's wife,
The masters[5] of some merchant, and the merchant
Have just our theme of woe. But for the miracle —
I mean our preservation — few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh[8]
Our sorrow with our comfort.

ALONSO Prithee, peace.[10]

SEBASTIAN He receives comfort like cold porridge. ***Antonio and Sebastian speak apart***

ANTONIO The visitor[12] will not give him o'er so.

SEBASTIAN Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit:[13] by and by it will strike.

GONZALO Sir— ***To Alonso***

SEBASTIAN One: tell.[15]

GONZALO When every grief is entertained[16] that's offered, comes to th'entertainer—

SEBASTIAN A dollar.[17] ***Aside to Antonio, but overheard by Gonzalo***

GONZALO Dolour[18] comes to him, indeed: you have spoken truer than you purposed.

SEBASTIAN You have taken it wiselier[19] than I meant you should.

GONZALO Therefore, my lord— ***To Alonso***

ANTONIO Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

ALONSO I prithee, spare.[22] ***To Gonzalo***

GONZALO Well, I have done: but yet—

SEBASTIAN He will be talking.

ANTONIO Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?[25]

SEBASTIAN The old cock.

ANTONIO The cockerel.[27]

SEBASTIAN Done. The wager?[28]

ANTONIO A laughter.[29]

SEBASTIAN A match!

ADRIAN Though this island seem to be desert[31]—

SEBASTIAN Ha,[32] ha, ha!

ANTONIO So: you're paid.

ADRIAN Uninhabitable and almost inaccessible—

SEBASTIAN Yet—

ADRIAN Yet—

ANTONIO He could not miss't.

ADRIAN It must needs be of subtle,[38] tender and delicate temperance.

ANTONIO Temperance was a delicate[39] wench.

SEBASTIAN Ay, and a subtle,[40] as he most learnedly delivered.

ADRIAN The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

SEBASTIAN As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

ANTONIO Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.[43]

GONZALO Here is everything advantageous to life.

ANTONIO True: save[45] means to live.

SEBASTIAN Of that there's none, or little.

GONZALO How lush and lusty[47] the grass looks. How green!

ANTONIO The ground indeed is tawny.[48]

SEBASTIAN With an eye[49] of green in't.

ANTONIO He misses not much.

SEBASTIAN No: he doth but mistake the truth totally.

GONZALO But the rarity[52] of it is — which is indeed almost beyond credit—

SEBASTIAN As many vouched[53] rarities are.

GONZALO —That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and glosses, being rather new-dyed[55] than stained with salt water.

ANTONIO If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?

SEBASTIAN Ay, or very falsely pocket up[58] his report.

GONZALO Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric,[60] at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

SEBASTIAN 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

ADRIAN Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

GONZALO Not since widow Dido's[63] time.

ANTONIO Widow! A pox o'that! How[64] came that 'widow' in? Widow Dido!

SEBASTIAN What if he had said 'widower Aeneas'[65] too? Good lord, how you take it!

ADRIAN 'Widow Dido', said you? You make me study of[66] that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

GONZALO This[68] Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

ADRIAN Carthage?

GONZALO I assure you, Carthage.

ANTONIO His word is more than the miraculous harp.[71]

SEBASTIAN He hath raised the wall and houses too.

ANTONIO What impossible matter will he make easy next?

SEBASTIAN I think he will carry this island home in his pocket and give it his son for an apple.

ANTONIO And, sowing the kernels[76] of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

GONZALO Ay.

ANTONIO Why, in good time.

GONZALO Sir, ***To Alonso*** we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

ANTONIO And the rarest[81] that e'er came there.

SEBASTIAN Bate,[82] I beseech you, widow Dido.

ANTONIO O, widow Dido? Ay, widow Dido.[83]

GONZALO Is not, sir, my doublet[84] as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort—

ANTONIO That sort[85] was well fished for.

GONZALO —When I wore it at your daughter's marriage.

ALONSO You cram these words into mine ears against

The stomach[88] of my sense. Would I had never
Married my daughter there: for, coming thence,
My son is lost and — in my rate[90] — she too,
Who is so far from Italy removed
I ne’er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?
FRANCISCO Sir, he may live:
I saw him beat the surges[96] under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoll’n that met him: his bold head
’Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oared[100]
Himself with his good arms in lusty[101] stroke
To th’shore, that o’er his wave-worn basis[102] bowed,
As[103] stooping to relieve him: I not doubt
He came alive to land.
ALONSO No, no, he’s gone.
SEBASTIAN Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss, ***To Alonso***
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather loose[108] her to an African,
Where she, at least, is banished from your eye,
Who[110] hath cause to wet the grief on’t.
ALONSO Prithee, peace.
SEBASTIAN You were kneeled to and importuned[112] otherwise
By all of us: and the fair soul herself
Weighed between loathness[114] and obedience at
Which[115] end o’th’beam should bow. We have lost your son,
I fear, forever: Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this business’ making
Than we bring men to comfort them.
The fault’s your own.
ALONSO So is the dear’st[120] o’th’loss.
GONZALO My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time[123] to speak it in: you rub the sore,

When you should bring the plaster.
SEBASTIAN Very well.
ANTONIO And most chirurgeonly.[126]
GONZALO It is foul weather in us all, good sir, ***To Alonso***
When you are cloudy.
SEBASTIAN Foul weather?
ANTONIO Very foul.
GONZALO Had I plantation[131] of this isle, my lord—
ANTONIO He’d sow’t with nettle-seed.[132]
SEBASTIAN Or docks, or mallows.
GONZALO And were the king on’t, what would I do?
SEBASTIAN Scape being drunk for want[135] of wine.
GONZALO I’th’commonwealth I would by[136] contraries
Execute all things: for no kind of traffic[137]
Would I admit: no name of magistrate:
Letters[139] should not be known: riches, poverty,
And use of service,[140] none: contract, succession,
Bourn,[141] bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none:
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:
No occupation, all men idle, all:
And women too, but innocent and pure:
No sovereignty.
SEBASTIAN Yet he would be king on’t.
ANTONIO The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.
GONZALO All things in common[148] nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike,[150] knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have: but nature should bring forth,
Of it own kind, all foison,[152] all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.
SEBASTIAN No marrying ’mong his subjects?
ANTONIO None, man, all idle: whores and knaves.
GONZALO I would with such perfection govern, sir,
T’excel the golden age.[157]
SEBASTIAN ’Save his majesty!
ANTONIO Long live Gonzalo! ***Bowing or doffing hats***

GONZALO And — do you mark[160] me, sir?

ALONSO Prithee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.

GONZALO I do well believe your highness: and did it to minister occasion[162] to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible[163] and nimble lungs that they always use to laugh at nothing.

ANTONIO ’Twas you we laughed at.

GONZALO Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you: so you may continue and laugh at nothing still.

ANTONIO What a blow was there given!

SEBASTIAN An[169] it had not fallen flat-long.

GONZALO You are gentlemen of brave metal:[170] you would lift the moon out of her sphere,[171] if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel [invisible] playing solemn music

SEBASTIAN We would so, and then go a-batfowling.[172]

ANTONIO Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

GONZALO No, I warrant[174] you: I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?[175]

ANTONIO Go sleep, and hear us. ***All sleep except Alonso, Sebastian, and Antonio***

ALONSO What, all so soon asleep? I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts.
I find they are inclined to do so.

SEBASTIAN Please you, sir,
Do not omit[181] the heavy offer of it.
It seldom visits sorrow: when it doth, it is a comforter.

ANTONIO We two, my lord, will guard your person
While you take your rest, and watch your safety.

ALONSO Thank you. Wondrous heavy. ***He sleeps***

SEBASTIAN What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

[Exit Ariel]

ANTONIO It is the quality o’th’climate.

SEBASTIAN Why
Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find
Not myself disposed to sleep.

ANTONIO Nor I: my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as[192] by consent

They dropped, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian? O, what might? — No more.—
And yet, methinks I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be: th’occasion speaks[196] thee, and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.
SEBASTIAN What? Art thou waking?[199]
ANTONIO Do you not hear me speak?
SEBASTIAN I do, and surely
It is a sleepy language and thou speak’st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open: standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.
ANTONIO Noble Sebastian,
Thou let’st thy fortune sleep — die, rather: wink’st[208]
Whiles thou art waking.
SEBASTIAN Thou dost snore distinctly:[210]
There’s meaning in thy snores.
ANTONIO I am more serious than my custom:[212] you
Must be so too, if heed[213] me: which to do
Trebles thee o’er.[214]
SEBASTIAN Well, I am standing water.[215]
ANTONIO I’ll teach you how to flow.
SEBASTIAN Do so: to ebb
Hereditary sloth[218] instructs me.
ANTONIO O,
If[220] you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mock it: how in stripping it
You more invest[222] it. Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often, do so near the bottom run
By their own fear, or sloth.
SEBASTIAN Prithee, say on:[225]
The setting[226] of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter[227] from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes[228] thee much to yield.

ANTONIO Thus, sir:
Although this lord[230] of weak remembrance, this,
Who shall be of[231] as little memory
When he is earthed,[232] hath here almost persuaded —
For he’s a spirit of[233] persuasion, only
Professes to persuade — the king his son’s alive:
’Tis as impossible that he’s undrowned
As he that sleeps here swims.
SEBASTIAN I have no hope
That he’s undrowned.
ANTONIO O, out of that ‘no hope’
What great hope have you! No hope that way is
Another way so high a hope,[241] that even
Ambition[242] cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me
That Ferdinand is drowned?
SEBASTIAN He’s gone.
ANTONIO Then, tell me: who’s the next heir of Naples?
SEBASTIAN Claribel.
ANTONIO She that is Queen of Tunis: she that dwells
Ten leagues[249] beyond man’s life: she that from Naples
Can have no note,[250] unless the sun were post —
The man i’th’moon’s too slow — till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable: she that from whom[252]
We all were sea-swallowed, though some cast[253] again —
And by that destiny — to perform an act
Whereof[255] what’s past is prologue, what to come
In yours and my discharge.[256]
SEBASTIAN What stuff[257] is this? How say you?
’Tis true, my brother’s daughter’s Queen of Tunis:
So is she heir of Naples, ’twixt which regions
There is some space.[260]
ANTONIO A space whose every cubit[261]
Seems to cry out, ‘How shall that Claribel
Measure us back[263] to Naples? Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake.[264]’ Say this were death

That now hath seized them: why, they were no worse
Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples
As well as he[267] that sleeps: lords that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalo: I myself could make[269]
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore[270]
The mind that I do! What a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?
SEBASTIAN Methinks I do.
ANTONIO And how does your content[274]
Tender[275] your own good fortune?
SEBASTIAN I remember
You did supplant[277] your brother Prospero.
ANTONIO True:
And look how well my garments[279] sit upon me,
Much feater[280] than before. My brother's servants
Were then my fellows:[281] now they are my men.
SEBASTIAN But for your conscience.
ANTONIO Ay, sir: where lies that? If 'twere a kibe,[283]
'Twould put me to[284] my slipper: but I feel not
This deity[285] in my bosom: twenty consciences
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied[286] be they,
And melt ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like — that's dead —
Whom I with this obedient steel — three inches of it — ***Touching sword or dagger***
Can lay to bed forever: whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink[292] for aye might put
This ancient morsel,[293] this Sir Prudence, who
Should not[294] upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk:
They'll tell[296] the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.
SEBASTIAN Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent. As thou got'st Milan,

I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute[301] which thou payest,
And I the king shall love thee.
ANTONIO Draw together:
And when I rear[304] my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.
SEBASTIAN O, but one word. ***They talk apart***
Enter Ariel [invisible] with music and song
ARIEL My master through his art foresees the danger ***To Gonzalo, who still sleeps***
That you, his friend, are in, and sends me forth —
For else his project[309] dies — to keep them living.
While you here do snoring lie,
Sings in Gonzalo's ear
Open-eyed conspiracy
His time[312] doth take.
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake, awake!
ANTONIO Then let us both be sudden. ***Antonio and Sebastian draw their swords***
GONZALO Now, good angels preserve the king! ***Waking***
ALONSO Why, how now? Ho, awake! Why are you drawn? ***The others wake***
Wherefore this ghastly[319] looking?
GONZALO What's the matter?
SEBASTIAN Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions: did't not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.
ALONSO I heard nothing.
ANTONIO O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake! Sure it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.
ALONSO Heard you this, Gonzalo?
GONZALO Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shaked you, sir, and cried: as mine eyes opened,

I saw their weapons drawn: there was a noise,
That's verily.[334] 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

ALONSO Lead off this ground, and let's make further search
For my poor son.

GONZALO Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is sure i'th'island.

ALONSO Lead away.

ARIEL Prospero, my lord, shall know what I have done.
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son.

Exeunt [separately]

Act 2 Scene 2

running scene 4

Enter Caliban with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard

CALIBAN All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats,[2] on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal[3] a disease. His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor[4] pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows,[5] pitch me i'th'mire,
Nor lead me like a firebrand[6] in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em: but
For every trifle are they set upon me,
Sometime like apes, that mow[9] and chatter at me,
And after bite me: then like hedgehogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way and mount
Their pricks at my footfall: sometime am I
All wound[13] with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.

Enter Trinculo

Lo,[14] now, lo!
Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat:
Perchance he will not mind[17] me. ***Lies down and covers himself with his cloak***

TRINCULO Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off[18] any weather at all, and another storm brewing: I hear it sing i'th'wind: yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard[20] that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. ***Sees Caliban*** What have we here? A man or a fish? Dead or alive? A fish, he smells like a fish: a very ancient and fishlike smell: a kind of not-of-the-newest poor-John.[24] A strange fish! Were I in England now — as once I was — and had but this fish painted,[25] not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man:[26] any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit[27] to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian.[28] Legged like a man and his fins like arms! Warm, o'my troth! I do now let loose[29] my opinion, hold it no longer: this is no fish, but an islander that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. ***Thunder*** Alas, the storm is come again! My best way is to creep under his gaberdine:[31] there is no other shelter hereabout. Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows: I will here shroud[33] till the dregs of the storm be past. ***Trinculo gets under Caliban's cloak***

Enter Stephano, singing ***With a bottle in his hand***

STEPHANO I shall no more to sea, to sea:
Here shall I die ashore—
This is a very scurvy[36] tune to sing at a man's funeral: well, here's my comfort.

Drinks

The master, the swabber,[38] the boatswain and I,

Sings

The gunner and his mate,
Loved Mall, Meg and Marian and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate.
For she had a tongue with a tang,[42]
Would cry to a sailor, 'Go hang!'
She loved not the savour[44] of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor[45] might scratch her where'er she did itch:
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang!

This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort.

Drinks

CALIBAN Do not torment me: O!

STEPHANO What's the matter?[49] Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon's with savages and men of Ind,[50] ha? I have not scaped drowning to be afeard now of your four legs: for it hath been said, 'As proper[51] a man as ever went on four legs, cannot make him give ground[52]': and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at'nostrils.[53]

CALIBAN The spirit torments me: O!

STEPHANO This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague.[56] Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief,[57] if it be but for that. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's leather.[58]

CALIBAN Do not torment me, prithee: I'll bring my wood home faster.

STEPHANO He's in his fit now, and does not talk after[60] the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him and keep him tame, I[62] will not take too much for him: he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

CALIBAN Thou dost me yet but little hurt: thou wilt anon,[64] I know it by thy trembling. Now Prosper works upon thee.

STEPHANO Come[66] on your ways: open your mouth: here is that which will give language[67] to you, cat. Open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, ***Gives Caliban a drink*** I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend: open your chaps[68] again. ***Caliban spits it out***

TRINCULO I should know that voice: it should be— but he is drowned, and these are devils. O, defend me!

STEPHANO Four legs and two voices: a most delicate[72] monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend: his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract.[74] If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come. Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

TRINCULO Stephano!

STEPHANO Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him, I have no long[78] spoon.

TRINCULO Stephano! If thou be'st Stephano, touch me and speak to me, for I am Trinculo — be not afeard — thy good friend Trinculo.

STEPHANO If thou be'st Trinculo, come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legs.[81] ***Pulls him out*** If any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How cam'st thou to be the siege[83] of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

TRINCULO I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke: but art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now thou art not drowned: is the storm overblown?[85] I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm: and art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans scaped! ***Trinculo and Stephano embrace or dance***

STEPHANO Prithee, do not turn me about: my stomach is not constant.

CALIBAN These be fine things, an if[89] they be not sprites. ***Aside*** That's a brave god and bears celestial liquor: I will kneel to him.

STEPHANO How didst thou scape? How cam'st thou hither? Swear by this bottle how thou cam'st hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack[92] which the sailors heaved o'erboard, by this bottle which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands since I was cast ashore.

CALIBAN I'll swear upon that bottle to be thy true subject, for the liquor is not earthly.

STEPHANO Here: swear then how thou escap'dst.

TRINCULO Swum ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

STEPHANO Here, kiss the book.[99] ***Gives Trinculo the bottle*** Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.[100]

TRINCULO O Stephano, hast any more of this?

STEPHANO The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by th'sea-side, where my wine is hid.— How now, moon-calf? How does thine ague? ***To Caliban***

CALIBAN Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

STEPHANO Out o'th'moon, I do assure thee: I was the man i'th'moon when time was.[105]

CALIBAN I have seen thee in her, and I do adore[107] thee: my mistress showed me thee, and thy dog,[108] and thy bush.

STEPHANO Come, swear to that: kiss the book: ***Gives Caliban the bottle*** I will furnish it anon with new contents.[110] Swear. ***Caliban drinks***

TRINCULO By this good light,[111] this is a very shallow monster! I afeard of him? ***Aside?*** A very weak monster! The man i'th'moon? A most poor, credulous monster! Well drawn,[112] monster, in good sooth![113]

CALIBAN I'll show thee every fertile inch o'th'island: and I will kiss thy foot. I prithee, be my god.

TRINCULO By this light, a most perfidious[116] and drunken monster! When's god's ***Aside?*** asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

CALIBAN I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

STEPHANO Come on then: down, and swear. ***Caliban kneels***

TRINCULO I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed[120] monster. A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him— ***Aside?***

STEPHANO Come, kiss. ***To Caliban***

TRINCULO —But that the poor monster's in drink:[123] an abominable monster!

CALIBAN I'll show thee the best springs: I'll pluck thee berries: I'll fish for thee and get thee wood enough. A plague upon the tyrant that I serve! I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee, thou wondrous man.

TRINCULO A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard! ***Aside?***

CALIBAN I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs[128] grow: and I with my long nails will dig thee pignuts:[129] show thee a jay's nest and instruct thee how to snare the nimble marmoset:[130] I'll bring thee to clust'ring filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee young scamels[131] from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

STEPHANO I prithee, now lead the way without any more talking. Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here.— ***To Caliban*** Here, bear my bottle. Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

CALIBAN Farewell master: farewell, farewell!

Sings drunkenly

TRINCULO A howling monster: a drunken monster!

CALIBAN No more dams I'll make for[137] fish, ***Sings***
Nor fetch in firing[138] at requiring,
Nor scrape trencher,[139] nor wash dish,
'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban
Has a new master: get a new man.
Freedom, high-day![142] High-day, freedom! Freedom, high-day, freedom!

STEPHANO O brave monster, lead the way!

Exeunt

Act 3 Scene 1

running scene 5

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log

FERDINAND There be some sports[1] are painful, and their labour ***Sets down the log***
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness[2]
Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean[4] task
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but
The mistress which I serve quickens[6] what's dead
And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;[8]
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction.[11] My sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work and says such baseness[12]
Had never like executor. I forget:[13]
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours, ***Picks up the log***
Most busy least,[15] when I do it.

Enter Miranda and Prospero ***Prospero at a distance, unseen***

MIRANDA Alas, now pray you, ***To Ferdinand***
Work not so hard. I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoined[18] to pile.
Pray, set it down and rest you: when this burns
'Twill weep[20] for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study: pray now, rest yourself,
He's safe for these three hours.

FERDINAND O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge[24]
What I must strive to do.

MIRANDA If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: pray give me that,
I'll carry it to the pile.

FERDINAND No, precious creature,

I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.
MIRANDA It would become[33] me
As well as it does you; and I should do it
With much more ease, for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.
PROSPERO Poor worm, thou art infected.[37] ***Aside***
This visitation[38] shows it.
MIRANDA You look wearily.
FERDINAND No, noble mistress, ’tis fresh morning with me
When you are by[41] at night. I do beseech you,
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,
What is your name?
MIRANDA Miranda.— O my father,
I have broke your hest[45] to say so.
FERDINAND Admired Miranda,
Indeed the top[47] of admiration, worth
What’s dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard, and many a time
Th’harmony of their tongues hath into bondage[50]
Brought my too diligent[51] ear. For several virtues
Have I liked several women, never any
With so full soul but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,[54]
And put[55] it to the foil. But you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature’s best.
MIRANDA I do not know
One of my sex; no woman’s face remember,
Save from my glass,[60] mine own: nor have I seen
More that I may call men than you, good friend,[61]
And my dear father: how[62] features are abroad,
I am skilless[63] of; but by my modesty —
The jewel in my dower[64] — I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you:

Nor can imagination form a shape
Besides yourself to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts[68]
I therein do forget.
FERDINAND I am in my condition[70]
A prince, Miranda: I do think, a king —
I would not so — and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer
The flesh-fly[74] blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak:
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service, there resides
To make me slave to it, and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.
MIRANDA Do you love me?
FERDINAND O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event[81]
If I speak true: if hollowly,[82] invert
What best is boded[83] me to mischief: I,
Beyond all limit of what[84] else i'th'world,
Do love, prize, honour you.
MIRANDA I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.
PROSPERO Fair[88] encounter ***Aside***
Of two most rare[89] affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds[90] between 'em.
FERDINAND Wherefore weep you?
MIRANDA At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want.[94] But this is trifling,
And all the more it seeks to hide itself
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning,[96]
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence.
I am your wife, if you will marry me:
If not, I'll die your maid:[99] to be your fellow
You may deny me, but I'll be your servant
Whether you will or no.

FERDINAND My mistress,[102] dearest, ***Kneels***
And I thus humble ever.
MIRANDA My husband, then?
FERDINAND Ay, with a heart as willing
As[106] bondage e’er of freedom: here’s my hand.
MIRANDA And mine, with my heart in’t: and now farewell
Till half an hour hence.
FERDINAND A thousand[109] thousand!
Exeunt [Ferdinand and Miranda, separately]
PROSPERO So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surprised[111] withal: but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I’ll to my book,
For yet ere supper-time must I perform
Much business appertaining.[114]
Exit

Act 3 Scene 2

running scene 6

Enter Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo

STEPHANO Tell not me:[1] when the butt is out we will drink water: not a drop before; therefore bear up,[2] and board ’em. Servant-monster, drink to me.

TRINCULO Servant-monster? The folly of this island!— ***Aside*** They say there’s but five upon this isle: we are three of them: if th’other two be brained[4] like us, the state totters.

STEPHANO Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy eyes are almost set[6] in thy head. ***Caliban drinks***

TRINCULO Where should they be set else? He were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.[9]

STEPHANO My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me: I swam, ere I could recover[11] the shore, five and thirty leagues off and on. By this light, thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

TRINCULO Your lieutenant, if you list:[13] he’s no standard.

STEPHANO We’ll not run,[14] Monsieur Monster.

TRINCULO Nor go[15] neither: but you’ll lie like dogs and yet say nothing neither.

STEPHANO Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou be’st a good moon-calf.

CALIBAN How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe. I’ll not serve him: he is not valiant.[18]

TRINCULO Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case[19] to justle a constable. Why, thou deboshed[20] fish thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I today? Wilt thou tell a monstrous[21] lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

CALIBAN Lo, how he mocks me! Wilt thou let him, my lord?

TRINCULO ‘Lord’, quoth he! That a monster should be such a natural![24]

CALIBAN Lo, lo, again! Bite him to death, I prithee.

STEPHANO Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if[26] you prove a mutineer, the next tree. The poor monster’s my subject and he shall not suffer indignity.

CALIBAN I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

STEPHANO Marry,[30] will I: kneel and repeat it: I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter Ariel, invisible

CALIBAN As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning[32] hath cheated me of the island.

ARIEL Thou liest.

CALIBAN Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou: ***To Trinculo*** I would my valiant master would destroy thee. I do not lie.

STEPHANO Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale,[36] by this hand, I will supplant[37] some of your teeth.

TRINCULO Why, I said nothing.

STEPHANO Mum[39] then, and no more.— Proceed. ***To Trinculo/To Caliban***

CALIBAN I say by sorcery he got this isle:
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him — for I know thou dar'st,
But this thing[43] dare not —

STEPHANO That's most certain.

CALIBAN Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

STEPHANO How now shall this be compassed?[46]
Canst thou bring me to the party?[47]

CALIBAN Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee[48] asleep,
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

ARIEL Thou liest, thou canst not.

CALIBAN What a pied[51] ninny's this? Thou scurvy patch— ***To Trinculo***
I do beseech thy greatness give him blows, ***To Stephano***
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone
He shall drink nought but brine, for I'll not show him
Where the quick freshes[55] are.

STEPHANO Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and by this hand, I'll turn[57] my mercy out o'doors and make a stockfish of thee.

TRINCULO Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll go further off.

STEPHANO Didst thou not say he lied?

ARIEL Thou liest.

STEPHANO Do I so? Take thou that. ***Beats Trinculo*** As you like this, give[62] me the lie another time.

TRINCULO I did not give the lie. Out o'your wits and hearing too? A pox o'your bottle! This can sack and drinking do: a murrain[64] on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

CALIBAN Ha, ha, ha!

STEPHANO Now, forward[67] with your tale.— ***To Caliban/To Trinculo*** Prithee, stand further off.

CALIBAN Beat him enough:[68] after a little time,
I'll beat him too.

STEPHANO Stand further.— Come, proceed. ***To Trinculo/To Caliban***

CALIBAN Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I'th'afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain[72] him,
Having first seized his books: or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch[74] him with a stake,
Or cut his weasand[75] with thy knife. Remember
First to possess his books; for without them
He's but a sot,[77] as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly[79] as I. Burn but his books.
He has brave utensils[80] — for so he calls them —
Which when he has a house, he'll deck[81] withal.
And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter: he himself
Calls her a nonpareil:[84] I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam, and she:
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
As great'st does least.

STEPHANO Is it so brave a lass?

CALIBAN Ay, lord: she will become[89] thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.[90]

STEPHANO Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen — 'save our graces![92] — and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

TRINCULO Excellent.

STEPHANO Give me thy hand, I am sorry I beat thee: but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

CALIBAN Within this half hour will he be asleep:
Wilt thou destroy him then?

STEPHANO Ay, on mine honour.

ARIEL This will I tell my master. ***Aside***

CALIBAN Thou mak’st me merry: I am full of pleasure,
Let us be jocund.[102] Will you troll the catch
You taught me but while-ere?[103]

STEPHANO At thy request, monster, I will do reason,[104] any reason: come on, Trinculo, let us sing.

Flout[106] ’em and scout ’em

Sings

And scout ’em and flout ’em,
Thought is free.

CALIBAN That’s not the tune.

Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe

STEPHANO What is this same?

TRINCULO This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody.[111]

STEPHANO If thou be’st a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou be’st a devil, take’t[113] as thou list.

TRINCULO O, forgive me my sins!

STEPHANO He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee. Mercy upon us!

CALIBAN Art thou afeard?

STEPHANO No, monster, not I.

CALIBAN Be not afeard, the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not:
Sometimes a thousand twangling[120] instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,
That if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again, and then in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open and show riches
Ready to drop upon me, that when I waked
I cried to dream again.

STEPHANO This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

CALIBAN When Prospero is destroyed.

STEPHANO That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

[Exit Ariel, playing music]

TRINCULO The sound is going away: let's follow it, and after do our work.

STEPHANO Lead, monster: we'll follow. I would I could see this taborer: he lays it on.

TRINCULO Wilt come? I'll follow Stephano. ***To Caliban***

Exeunt

Act 3 Scene 3

running scene 7

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco and others

GONZALO By'r lakin,[1] I can go no further, sir,
My old bones ache. Here's a maze[2] trod indeed
Through forth-rights[3] and meanders. By your patience,
I needs must rest me.
ALONSO Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attached[6] with weariness
To th'dulling of my spirits: sit down and rest.
Even here I will put off[8] my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer:[9] he is drowned
Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks
Our frustrate[11] search on land. Well, let him go.
ANTONIO I am right glad that he's so out of hope. ***Aside to Sebastian***
Do not for[13] one repulse forgo the purpose
That you resolved t'effect.
SEBASTIAN The next advantage will we take thoroughly. ***Aside to Antonio***
ANTONIO Let it be tonight: ***Aside to Sebastian***
For now they are oppressed[17] with travail, they
Will not, nor cannot use such vigilance
As when they are fresh.

Solemn and strange music: and [enter] Prospero on the top, invisible. Enter several strange shapes, bringing in a banquet, and dance about it with gentle actions of salutations, and inviting the king and others to eat, they depart

SEBASTIAN I say tonight: no more. ***Aside to Antonio***
ALONSO What harmony is this? My good friends, hark!
GONZALO Marvellous sweet music.
ALONSO Give us kind keepers,[23] heavens. What were these?
SEBASTIAN A living drollery.[24] Now I will believe
That there are unicorns: that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phoenix'[26] throne, one phoenix

At this hour reigning there.
ANTONIO I'll believe both:
And what does else want credit,[29] come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.
GONZALO If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say I saw such islanders —
For certes[35] these are people of the island —
Who though they are of monstrous[36] shape, yet note
Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of
Our human generation[38] you shall find
Many, nay almost any.
PROSPERO Honest lord, ***Aside***
Thou hast said well: for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.
ALONSO I cannot too much muse[43]
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing —
Although they want the use of tongue — a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.
PROSPERO Praise in departing.[47] ***Aside***
FRANCISCO They vanished strangely.[48]
SEBASTIAN No matter, since
They have left their viands[50] behind: for we have stomachs.
Will't please you taste of what is here?
ALONSO Not I.
GONZALO Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers,[54]
Dewlapped[55] like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets[56] of flesh? Or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts? Which now we find
Each putter-out[58] of five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.
ALONSO I will stand to,[60] and feed,
Although[61] my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past. Brother, my lord the duke,

Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariel, like a harpy: claps his wings upon the table, and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes

ARIEL You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,
That hath to instrument[65] this lower world
And what is in't, the never-surfeited[66] sea
Hath caused to belch up you; and on this island,
Where man doth not inhabit — you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live — I have made you mad;
And even with suchlike valour[70] men hang and drown
Their proper selves.[71] You fools: I and my fellows ***Alonso, Sebastian, and Antonio draw their swords***
Are ministers of Fate: the elements[72]
Of whom your swords are tempered may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemocked-at[74] stabs
Kill the still-closing waters,[75] as diminish
One dowl[76] that's in my plume. My fellow ministers
Are like[77] invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy[78] for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted. But remember —
For that's my business[80] to you — that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero,
Exposed unto the sea — which hath requit[82] it —
Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed,
The powers, delaying — not forgetting — have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft: and do pronounce by me
Ling'ring perdition[88] — worse than any death
Can be at once — shall step by step attend
You and your ways: whose[90] wraths to guard you from,
Which here in this most desolate isle else falls
Upon your heads, is nothing but heart's sorrow
And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft music, enter the shapes again, and dance, with mocks and mows, and carrying out the table [depart]

PROSPERO Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Performed, my Ariel: a grace it had, devouring:[95]
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated[96]
In what thou hadst to say. So,[97] with good life
And observation strange,[98] my meaner ministers
Their several kinds[99] have done. My high charms work,
And these, mine enemies, are all knit up[100]
In their distractions:[101] they now are in my power,
And in these fits[102] I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand — whom they suppose is drowned —
And his and mine loved darling.
[Exit above]
GONZALO I'th'name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?
ALONSO O, it is monstrous, monstrous:
Methought the billows[108] spoke and told me of it,
The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder —
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe — pronounced
The name of Prosper: it did bass[111] my trespass.
Therefore my son i'th'ooze[112] is bedded: and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet[113] sounded
And with him there lie mudded.[114]
Exit
SEBASTIAN But[115] one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.
ANTONIO I'll be thy second.[117]
Exeunt [Sebastian and Antonio]
GONZALO All three of them are desperate: their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits.[120] I do beseech you —
That are of suppler joints — follow them swiftly
And hinder them from what this ecstasy[122]
May now provoke them to.
ADRIAN Follow, I pray you.
Exeunt omnes

Act 4 Scene 1

running scene 8

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand and Miranda

PROSPERO If I have too austerely[1] punished you, ***To Ferdinand***
Your compensation[2] makes amends, for I
Have given you here a third[3] of mine own life,
Or that for which I live: who once again
I tender[5] to thy hand. All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely[7] stood the test: here, afore heaven,
I ratify[8] this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her[9] of,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise
And make it halt[11] behind her.

FERDINAND I do believe it gainst[12] an oracle.

PROSPERO Then, as my guest, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchased,[14] take my daughter: but
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
All sanctimonious[16] ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be ministered,
No sweet aspersion[18] shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain and discord shall bestrew[20]
The union of your bed, with weeds so loathly[21]
That you shall hate it both. Therefore take heed,
As Hymen's[23] lamps shall light you.

FERDINAND As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue[25] and long life,
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st[27] suggestion
Our worser genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration
When I shall think or[31] Phoebus' steeds are foundered,

Or night kept chained below.
PROSPERO Fairly spoke.
Sit then and talk with her: she is thine own. ***Ferdinand and Miranda sit and talk***
What, Ariel! My industrious servant, Ariel!
Enter Ariel
ARIEL What would my potent master? Here I am.
PROSPERO Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform, and I must use you
In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,[39]
O’er whom I give thee power, here to this place:
Incite them to quick motion, for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity[43] of mine art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.
ARIEL Presently?[45]
PROSPERO Ay, with a twink.[46]
ARIEL Before you can say ‘come’ and ‘go’,
And breathe twice and cry ‘so, so’,
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.[50]
Do you love me, master? No?
PROSPERO Dearly, my delicate Ariel: do not approach
Till thou dost hear me call.
ARIEL Well: I conceive.[54]
Exit
PROSPERO Look thou be true:[55] do not give dalliance ***To Ferdinand***
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw
To th’fire i’th’blood:[57] be more abstemious,
Or else goodnight[58] your vow.
FERDINAND I warrant you, sir,
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.[61]
PROSPERO Well.
Now come, my Ariel! Bring a corollary,[63]
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly.[64]

No tongue! All eyes! Be silent.

Soft music. Enter Iris

IRIS Ceres,[66] most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches,[67] oats and peas;
Thy turfy[68] mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads[69] thatched with stover, them to keep:
Thy banks with pionèd[70] and twillèd brims,
Which spongy[71] April at thy hest betrims
To make cold[72] nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom-groves,
Whose shadow the dismissèd[73] bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn:[74] thy poll-clipped vineyard,
And thy sea-marge[75] sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air:[76] the queen o'th'sky,
Whose wat'ry arch[77] and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these,[78] and with her sovereign grace,

Juno descends ***In her chariot***

Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport.[80] Her peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres

CERES Hail, many-coloured messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter:[83]
Who, with thy saffron[84] wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey drops,[85] refreshing showers,
And with each end of thy blue bow[86] dost crown
My bosky[87] acres and my unshrubbed down,
Rich scarf to my proud[88] earth: why hath thy queen
Summoned me hither to this short-grassed green?

IRIS A contract of true love to celebrate,
And some donation[91] freely to estate
On the blest lovers.

CERES Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus[94] or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot
The means that[96] dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's[97] scandaled company

I have forsworn.[98]
IRIS Of her society
Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos,[101] and her son
Dove-drawn[102] with her. Here thought they to have done
Some wanton[103] charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are that no bed-right[104] shall be paid
Till Hymen’s[105] torch be lighted — but in vain.
Mars’ hot minion[106] is returned again:
Her waspish-headed[107] son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,[108]
And be[109] a boy right out.
CERES Highest queen of state,
Great Juno, comes: I know her by her gait.[111] ***Juno alights***
JUNO How does my bounteous[112] sister? Go with me
To bless this twain,[113] that they may prosperous be,
And honoured in their issue.
JUNO Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
They sing
Long continuance, and increasing,[116]
Hourly joys be still[117] upon you,
Juno sings her blessings on you.
CERES Earth’s increase, foison[119] plenty,
Barns and garners[120] never empty,
Vines with clust’ring bunches growing,
Plants with goodly burden bowing:
Spring[123] come to you at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest.
Scarcity and want shall shun you,
Ceres’ blessing so is on you.
FERDINAND This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly.[128] May I be bold
To think these spirits?
PROSPERO Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines called to enact
My present fancies.[132]

FERDINAND Let me live here ever:
So rare a wondered[134] father, and a wise,
Makes this place paradise.
PROSPERO Sweet, now, silence!
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously:[137]
There’s something else to do. Hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marred.
Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment
IRIS You nymphs, called Naiads,[140] of the windring brooks,
With your sedged[141] crowns and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels,[142] and on this green land
Answer your summons: Juno does command.
Come, temperate[144] nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love: be[145] not too late.
Enter certain nymphs
You sunburned sicklemen[146] of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow[147] and be merry:
Make holiday: your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.[150]
Enter certain reapers, properly habited: they join with the nymphs in a graceful dance, towards the end whereof Prospero starts suddenly and speaks: after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish
PROSPERO I had forgot that foul conspiracy ***Aside***
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come.— Well done. Avoid:[154] no more! ***To the spirits***
FERDINAND This is strange: your father’s in some passion[155] ***To Miranda***
That works him strongly.
MIRANDA Never till this day
Saw I him touched with anger, so distempered.[158]
PROSPERO You do look, my son, in a movèd sort,[159]
As if you were dismayed: be cheerful, sir.
Our revels[161] now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold[162] you, were all spirits and

Are melted into air, into thin air,
And, like the baseless[164] fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe[166] itself,
Yea, all[167] which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant[168] faded,
Leave not a rack[169] behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded[171] with a sleep. Sir, I am vexed,
Bear with my weakness, my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturbed with my infirmity.
If you be pleased, retire into my cell[174]
And there repose. A turn or two I'll walk
To still my beating mind.
FERDINAND *and* MIRANDA We wish your peace.
Exeunt [Ferdinand and Miranda]
PROSPERO Come with a thought:[178] I thank thee, Ariel: come!
Enter Ariel
ARIEL Thy thoughts I cleave to:[179] what's thy pleasure?
PROSPERO Spirit, we must prepare to meet with Caliban.
ARIEL Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it, but I feared
Lest I might anger thee.
PROSPERO Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?[184]
ARIEL I told you, sir, they were red-hot[185] with drinking,
So full of valour that they smote[186] the air
For breathing in their faces, beat the ground
For kissing of their feet: yet always bending[188]
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unbacked colts,[190] they pricked their ears,
Advanced[191] their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As[192] they smelt music: so I charmed their ears,
That calf-like they my lowing[193] followed through
Toothed[194] briars, sharp furzes, pricking gorse and thorns,
Which entered their frail shins: at last I left them
I'th'filthy-mantled[196] pool beyond your cell,

There dancing up to th'chins, that[197] the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

PROSPERO This was well done, my bird.
Thy[200] shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery[201] in my house, go bring it hither,
For stale[202] to catch these thieves.

ARIEL I go, I go.

Exit

PROSPERO A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick: on whom my pains,
Humanely[206] taken, all, all lost, quite lost.
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers.[208] I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.[209] Come, hang them on this line.

Enter Ariel, loaden with glistering apparel etc. ***Ariel hangs up the finery***

Enter Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo, all wet ***Prospero and Ariel stand apart***

CALIBAN Pray you, tread softly, that[210] the blind mole may not hear a footfall: we now are near his cell.

STEPHANO Monster, your fairy,[212] which you say is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played[213] the jack with us.

TRINCULO Monster, I do smell all horse-piss, at which my nose is in great indignation.

STEPHANO So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you, look you—

TRINCULO Thou wert but a lost[218] monster.

CALIBAN Good my lord, give me thy favour still.
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance:[221] therefore speak softly,
All's hushed as midnight yet.

TRINCULO Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool!

STEPHANO There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

TRINCULO That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

STEPHANO I will fetch off[228] my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

CALIBAN Prithee, my king, be quiet. See'st thou here,
This is the mouth o'th'cell: no noise, and enter.
Do that good mischief[231] which may make this island
Thine own forever, and I thy Caliban
For aye[233] thy foot-licker.

STEPHANO Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

TRINCULO O King[235] Stephano, O peer! ***Sees the apparel*** O worthy Stephano, look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

CALIBAN Let it alone, thou fool: it is but trash.

TRINCULO O, ho, monster: we know what belongs to a frippery.[238] ***Puts on a gown*** O King Stephano!

STEPHANO Put off that gown, Trinculo: by this hand, I'll have that gown.

TRINCULO Thy grace shall have it.

CALIBAN The dropsy[241] drown this fool: what do you mean
To dote thus on such luggage?[242] Let's alone
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches,
Make[245] us strange stuff.

STEPHANO Be you quiet, monster.— ***Takes it down*** Mistress line,[246] is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line:[247] now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair and prove a bald jerkin.

TRINCULO Do, do: we steal by line and level,[249] an't like your grace.

STEPHANO I thank thee for that jest: ***Gives Trinculo a garment*** here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country. 'Steal by line and level' is an excellent pass of pate:[252] there's another garment for't. ***Gives another***

TRINCULO Monster, come put some lime[253] upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

CALIBAN I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,
And all be turned to barnacles,[255] or to apes
With foreheads villainous[256] low.

STEPHANO Monster, lay to your[257] fingers: help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

TRINCULO And this. ***They load Caliban with garments***

STEPHANO Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter diverse spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, hunting them about, Prospero and Ariel setting them on

PROSPERO Hey, Mountain,[261] hey!
ARIEL Silver! There it goes, Silver!
PROSPERO Fury, Fury! There, Tyrant, there: hark! Hark! ***Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo are driven out***
Go, charge my goblins that they grind[264] their joints
With dry convulsions,[265] shorten up their sinews ***To Ariel***
With agèd cramps,[266] and more pinch-spotted make them
Than pard[267] or cat o'mountain.
ARIEL Hark, they roar.
PROSPERO Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lies at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom:[272] for a little,
Follow, and do me service.

Exeunt

Act 5 Scene 1

running scene 9

Enter Prospero in his magic robes, and Ariel

PROSPERO Now does my project[1] gather to a head.
My charms crack not,[2] my spirits obey, and Time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?[3]
ARIEL On the sixth hour, at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.
PROSPERO I did say so,
When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and's followers?
ARIEL Confined together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,[10]
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove[12] which weather-fends your cell:
They cannot budge till your release. The king,
His brother, and yours abide[14] all three distracted,
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay: but chiefly
Him that you termed,[17] sir, the good old lord Gonzalo:
His tears run down his beard, like winter's[18] drops
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works 'em
That if you now beheld them, your affections[20]
Would become tender.
PROSPERO Dost thou think so, spirit?
ARIEL Mine would, sir, were I human.
PROSPERO And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish[27] all as sharply
Passion as they, be kindlier moved[28] than thou art?
Though with their high[29] wrongs I am struck to th'quick,
Yet with my nobler reason gainst my fury
Do I take part:[31] the rarer action is

In virtue than[32] in vengeance. They being penitent,
The sole drift[33] of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go, release them, Ariel:
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

ARIEL I'll fetch them, sir.

Exit

PROSPERO Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing[38] lakes and groves,
And ye that on the sands with printless foot[39]
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly[40] him
When he comes back: you demi-puppets[41] that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets[42] make,
Whereof the ewe not bites:[43] and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms,[44] that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew,[45] by whose aid —
Weak masters[46] though ye be — I have bedimmed
The noontide sun, called forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault[48]
Set roaring war:[49] to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire,[50] and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-based[51] promontory
Have I made shake and by the spurs[52] plucked up
The pine and cedar. Graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, oped,[54] and let 'em forth
By my so potent art. But this rough[55] magic ***Prospero traces a circle with his staff***
I here abjure:[56] and when I have required
Some heavenly music — which even now I do —
To work mine end[58] upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain[60] fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet[61] sound
I'll drown my book.

Solemn music. Here enters Ariel before: then Alonso, with a frantic gesture, attended by Gonzalo: Sebastian and Antonio in like manner, attended by Adrian and Francisco. They all enter the circle which

Prospero had made, and there stand charmed: which Prospero observing, speaks:

A solemn air,[63] and the best comforter ***To Alonso***
To an unsettled fancy,[64] cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil[65] within thy skull!— There stand, ***To Sebastian and Antonio***
For you are spell-stopped.[66]
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man, ***To Gonzalo***
Mine eyes, ev’n sociable[68] to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly[69] drops.— The charm dissolves apace, ***Aside***
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising[71] senses
Begin to chase the ignorant[72] fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.— O good Gonzalo,
My true[74] preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow’st,[75] I will pay thy graces
Home both in word and deed.— Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer[78] in the act.—
Thou art pinched for’t now, Sebastian.— Flesh and blood, ***To Antonio***
You, brother mine, that entertain[80] ambition,
Expelled remorse and nature:[81] whom, with Sebastian —
Whose inward pinches[82] therefore are most strong —
Would here have killed your king: I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art. Their understanding
Begins to swell, and the[85] approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me or would know me. Ariel,
Fetch me the hat[89] and rapier in my cell:
I will discase[90] me, and myself present
As[91] I was sometime Milan. Quickly, spirit:
Thou shalt ere long be free. ***Ariel gets hat and rapier, returns immediately***

Ariel sings and helps to attire him:

ARIEL Where the bee sucks, there suck I:

In a cowslip's bell[94] I lie:
There I couch[95] when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

PROSPERO Why, that's my dainty Ariel. I shall miss
Thee: but yet thou shalt have freedom. So, so, so. ***Arranges his attire***
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches: the master and the boatswain
Being awake, enforce[105] them to this place;
And presently,[106] I prithee.

ARIEL I drink the air[107] before me, and return
Or ere[108] your pulse twice beat.

Exit

GONZALO All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful[111] country!

PROSPERO Behold, sir king,
The wrongèd Duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body,
And to thee and thy company, I bid ***Embraces him***
A hearty welcome.

ALONSO Whether thou be'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle[119] to abuse me —
As late I have been — I not know: thy pulse
Beats as of flesh and blood: and since I saw thee
Th'affliction of my mind amends,[122] with which
I fear a madness held me: this must crave —
An if this be at all[124] — a most strange story.
Thy[125] dukedom I resign, and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should Prospero
Be living and be here?

PROSPERO First, noble friend, ***To Gonzalo***

Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measured or confined.

GONZALO Whether this be[131]
Or be not, I'll not swear.

PROSPERO You do yet taste
Some subtleties[134] o'th'isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all.—
But you, my brace[136] of lords, were I so minded, ***Aside to Sebastian and Antonio***
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you[138] traitors: at this time,
I will tell no tales.

SEBASTIAN The devil speaks in him. ***Aside to Antonio, but overheard by Prospero***

PROSPERO No.—
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother ***To Antonio***
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest[144] fault — all of them — and require
My dukedom of thee, which perforce[145] I know
Thou must restore.

ALONSO If thou be'st Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation:
How thou hast met us here, whom three hours since
Were wrecked upon this shore? Where I have lost —
How sharp the point of this remembrance is —
My dear son Ferdinand.

PROSPERO I am woe[153] for't, sir.

ALONSO Irreparable is the loss, and Patience
Says it is past her cure.

PROSPERO I rather think
You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace
For the like[158] loss, I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.[159]

ALONSO You the like loss?

PROSPERO As great to me as late,[161] and supportable
To make the dear loss have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you: for I

Have lost my daughter.
ALONSO A daughter?
O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! That[167] they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?
PROSPERO In this last tempest. I perceive these lords
At this encounter do[171] so much admire
That they devour their reason[172] and scarce think
Their[173] eyes do offices of truth: their words
Are natural breath. But, howsoe’er you have
Been justled[175] from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan, who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wrecked, was landed
To be the lord on’t.[179] No more yet of this,
For ’tis a chronicle[180] of day by day,
Not a relation[181] for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir:
This cell’s my court: here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad:[184] pray you look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite[186] you with as good a thing,
At least bring forth a wonder,[187] to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.

Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda playing at chess

MIRANDA Sweet lord, you play me false.[189]
FERDINAND No, my dearest love,
I would not for the world.
MIRANDA Yes, for a score[192] of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.
ALONSO If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.
SEBASTIAN A most high miracle.[197]
FERDINAND Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:

I have cursed them without cause. ***Kneels***
ALONSO Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass[201] thee about.
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.
MIRANDA O wonder!
How many goodly[204] creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't.
PROSPERO 'Tis new to thee.
ALONSO What is this maid with whom thou wast at play? ***To Ferdinand***
Your eld'st[209] acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath severed us,
And brought us thus together?
FERDINAND Sir, she is mortal:
But by immortal providence, she's mine:
I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one.[215] She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,[217]
But never saw before: of whom I have
Received a second life: and second father
This lady makes him to me.
ALONSO I am hers.[221]
But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness.
PROSPERO There sir, stop:
Let us not burden our remembrances with
A heaviness[226] that's gone.
GONZALO I have inly[227] wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessèd crown.
For it is you that have chalked forth[230] the way
Which brought us hither.
ALONSO I say amen, Gonzalo.
GONZALO Was Milan[233] thrust from Milan that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice

Beyond a common joy, and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: in one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis,
And Ferdinand her brother found a wife
Where he himself was lost, Prospero his dukedom
In a poor isle, and all of us our selves
When no man was his own.

ALONSO Give me your hands: ***To Ferdinand and Miranda***
Let grief and sorrow still[243] embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy.

GONZALO Be it so. Amen!

Enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following

O, look, sir, look, sir! Here is more of us!
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown.— Now, blasphemy,[248] ***To Boatswain***
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

BOATSWAIN The best news is that we have safely found
Our king and company: the next, our ship,
Which but three glasses[253] since we gave out split,
Is tight and yare[254] and bravely rigged as when
We first put out to sea.

ARIEL Sir, all this service ***Aside to Prospero***
Have I done since I went.

PROSPERO My tricksy[258] spirit! ***Aside to Ariel***

ALONSO These are not natural events: they strengthen
From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither?

BOATSWAIN If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And — how we know not — all clapped under hatches,[263]
Where, but even now, with strange and several[264] noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awaked: straightway at liberty,[267]
Where we, in all our trim,[268] freshly beheld
Our royal, good and gallant ship, our master

Cap'ring[270] to eye her. On a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them
And were brought moping[272] hither.

ARIEL Was't well done? ***Aside to Prospero***

PROSPERO Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free. ***Aside to Ariel***

ALONSO This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod,
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct[277] of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

PROSPERO Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating[280] on
The strangeness of this business. At picked leisure[281] —
Which shall be shortly single[282] — I'll resolve you,
Which[283] to you shall seem probable, of every
These happened accidents.[284] Till when, be cheerful
And think of each thing well.[285]— Come hither, spirit, ***Aside to Ariel***
Set Caliban and his companions free:
Untie the spell.—

[Exit Ariel]

How fares my gracious sir? ***To Alonso***
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

Enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo, in their stolen apparel

STEPHANO Every man shift[290] for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself: for all is but fortune.[291] *Coraggio*, bully-monster, *coraggio*!

TRINCULO If these be true spies[292] which I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight.

CALIBAN O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

SEBASTIAN Ha, ha!
What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy 'em?

ANTONIO Very like.[299] One of them

Is a plain fish, and no doubt marketable.
PROSPERO Mark but the badges[301] of these men, my lords,
Then say if they be true.[302] This misshapen knave,
His mother was a witch, and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And[305] deal in her command without her power:
These three have robbed me, and this demi-devil —
For he's a bastard[307] one — had plotted with them
To take my life. Two of these fellows you
Must know and own: this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.
CALIBAN I shall be pinched to death.
ALONSO Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?
SEBASTIAN He is drunk now: where had he wine?
ALONSO And Trinculo is reeling ripe:[314] where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded[315] 'em?
How cam'st thou in this pickle?[316] ***To Trinculo***
TRINCULO I have been in such a pickle since I saw you last that I fear me will[317] never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.[318]
SEBASTIAN Why, how now, Stephano?
STEPHANO O, touch me not: I am not Stephano, but a cramp.[320]
PROSPERO You'd be king o'the isle, sirrah?[321]
STEPHANO I should have been a sore[322] one then.
ALONSO This is a strange thing as e'er I looked on. ***Points to Caliban***
PROSPERO He is as disproportioned in his manners[324]
As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell:
Take with you your companions: as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.[327]
CALIBAN Ay, that I will: and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace.[329] What a thrice-double ass
Was I to take this drunkard for a god
And worship this dull fool!
PROSPERO Go to, away!
ALONSO Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.
SEBASTIAN Or stole it, rather.
[Exeunt Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo]

PROSPERO Sir, I invite your highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night: which, part of it, I'll waste[337]
With such discourse as I not doubt shall make it
Go quick away: the story of my life
And the particular accidents[340] gone by
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-beloved solemnized,[344]
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought[346] shall be my grave.

ALONSO I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take[349] the ear strangely.

PROSPERO I'll deliver all,
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales
And sail so expeditious[352] that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.— My Ariel, chick,
That is thy charge: then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well.— Please you, draw near.[355]

Exeunt [all but Prospero]

EPILOGUE SPOKEN BY PROSPERO

Now my charms[356] are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,
Which is most faint: now 'tis true,
I must be here confined by you,[359]
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got
And pardoned the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell,
But release me from my bands[364]
With the help of your good hands:[365]
Gentle breath[366] of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want[368]

Spirits to enforce, art to enchant,
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer,[371]
Which pierces[372] so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardoned be,
Let your indulgence[375] set me free. ***Awaits applause***
Exit

Textual Notes

= First Folio text of 1623, the only authority for the play
2 = a correction introduced in the Second Folio text of 1632
d = a correction introduced by a later editor
D = stage direction
H = speech heading (i.e., speaker’s name)

ist of parts *based on “Names of the Actors” (reordered) at end of* F *text*

.1.7 SD *Ferdinand* = Ed. F = *Ferdinando* **50 wi’th’** = Ed. F = with’

.2.129 wi’th’ = Ed. F = with **202 princes** = Ed. F = Princesse (*old spelling of ‘princes’*) **330 she** = Ed. F = he

.2.139 trencher = Ed. F = *trenchering*

.1.2 sets = Ed. F = set **15 least** = F2. F = lest

.2.106 scout = Ed. F = *cout* (**107** F = *skowt*)

.3.2 ache = F2. F = akes **34 islanders** = F2. F = Islands

.1.12 gainst = Ed. F = Against (*beginning new half-line*) **13 guest** = F. *Some eds emend to* gift. **57 abstemious** = F2. F = abstenious **67 vetches** *spelled* Fetches *in* F **80 Her** = Ed. F = here **119 SH CERES** = Ed. (*no change of singer in* F) **134 wise** = F. *Some eds emend to* wife **209 them on** = Ed. F = on them

.1.18 run = F2. F = runs **77 Didst** = F (*catchword on sig. B2v; text reads* Did) **87 lies** = Ed. F = ly **118 Whether** = Ed. F = Where **291 Coraggio…coraggio** = F2. F = *Coragio…*Corasio

Act 1 Scene 1

1.1 ***Location:*** *a ship at sea* ***Boatswain*** ship’s chief officer

2 **cheer** news/encouragement

3 **Good** good fellow/good, you’re there **yarely** swiftly

4 **Bestir** be active

5 **hearts** hearties **Cheerly** heartily, willingly **yare** quick **Take…topsail** reducing the sail lessens the force of the wind pushing the ship toward land

6 **Tend** pay attention to **Blow…enough** blow until you burst, as long as we have enough rock-free sea to maneuver in

8 **have** take **Play the** act like

11 **mar** ruin

14 **Hence** be gone **roarers** waves/riotous people

17 **counsellor** adviser/member of the king’s council

18 **work…present** calm the current events

19 **hand** handle

21 **hap** happen

23 **he…gallows** “he that is born to be hanged shall never be drowned” (proverbial)

24 **mark** ominous indicator

25 **rope of his destiny** i.e., the hangman’s noose **cable** anchor rope

27 **Down…topmast** reduce the height of the ship’s main mast (to increase stability) **to…course** i.e., as near as possible to a standstill

29 **our office** we are as we undertake our work

30 **o’er** up

32 **pox** plague

34 **cur** dog

36 **warrant…drowning** guarantee he will not drown

37 **unstanched** promiscuous/sexually unsatisfied/menstruating freely

38 **Lay her ahold** keep the ship steady by sailing close to the wind **Set…to** raise both foresail and mainsail in order to drive the ship into open sea

40 **must…cold** i.e., must we die/must our prayers be ineffective

43 **merely** completely **wide-chopped** loudmouthed/with mouth wide open

44 **ten tides** pirates were hanged on the shore where their bodies remained during three tides

45 **hanged yet** i.e., will survive to be hanged on land
47 **at wid'st** wide open **glut** swallow
48 **We split** the ship is splitting apart/we are shipwrecked
52 **furlong** 220 yards **acre** furlong
53 **long heath** heather **brown furze** withered gorse
54 **fain** rather

Act 1 Scene 2

1.2 ***Location:*** *the rest of the play is set in various parts of Prospero's island* ***Prospero*** from Latin for "to cause to succeed"; in Italian and Spanish means "fortunate, prosperous" ***Miranda*** from Latin for "to wonder, marvel"; means "she who is admired"

1 **art** skill, magic, learning

2 **allay** calm

3 **pitch** black substance obtained from boiling tar

4 **welkin's** sky's

5 **fire** lightning

6 **brave** splendid

11 **or ere** before

13 **fraughting souls** those constituting the freight (cargo)

14 **collected** calm, composed

15 **amazement** fear/wonder

22 **whence I am** where I am from **more better** of a higher rank

23 **full poor cell** very humble dwelling, often that of a hermit or monk

24 **no greater father** no more important a father than this cell suggests

25 **More to know** desire to know more

26 **meddle with** mingle with/intrude upon

33 **provision** foresight

35 **perdition** loss, damage

36 **Betid** happened

41 **bootless inquisition** useless inquiry

44 **ope** open

48 **Out** fully

52 **Hath…remembrance** remains in your memory

54 **assurance** certainty

55 **warrants** guarantees

56 **tended** cared for/waited upon

59 **backward** past period **abysm** abyss, gulf

60 **aught** anything

67 **piece** exemplar, image

70 **no worse issued** (you are) of no less noble birth

73 **blessèd** fortunate

76 **holp** helped

78 **o'th'teen** of the **trouble turned you to** caused you

79 **from** absent from

81 **mark** pay attention to

82 **perfidious** treacherous

84 **manage** management

85 **signories** domains/governing bodies of Italian states

86 **prime** foremost

87 **liberal arts** seven scholastic disciplines: grammar, logic, rhetoric, music, astronomy, geometry, arithmetic

90 **state** country/role as duke **stranger** estranged **transported And rapt** absorbed and enraptured

94 **perfected** skilled (in) **suits** petitions, requests

96 **trash for over-topping** rein in for being overly ambitious **new…mine** promoted or gave new positions to Prospero's officials (creatures)

97 **changed 'em** substituted others for them/altered their duties

98 **new formed** 'em created new positions/changed their allegiances **key** control (plays on senses of "musical key" and "tuning key")

100 **that** so that

101 **ivy…trunk** the rapid growth of ivy on a tree's trunk can choke or poison the tree

102 **verdure** sap/vitality/power

105 **worldly ends** i.e., state or governmental duties

106 **closeness** solitude

107 **but** only **retired** secluded, secret

108 **O'er-prized…rate** outstripped the people's understanding/was too precious for the people to value

110 **good parent** "good parents breed bad children" (proverbial) **beget of** breed in

111 **falsehood…contrary** deception that, in its opposing nature, was

113 ***sans*** without **lorded** made lord

115 **else exact** otherwise demand **one…lie** i.e., one who has lied so frequently that he has made his memory false (**a sinner**) by coming to believe in his own lies

116 **into** unto it i.e., the lie

119 **out o'th'substitution** as a result of having usurped me

120 **th'outward face** the appearance

124 **screen** separation/obstacle

125 **him** i.e., himself; Antonio benefits from playing the role of duke

126 **Absolute Milan** wholly the Duke of Milan and wielding absolute power

127 **temporal royalties** practical concerns of state

128 **Confederates** (he) conspires

129 **dry thirsty**, desperate **sway** power

130 **tribute** payment of an agreed sum

131 **Subject…crown** subject himself to Alonso, the king (a duke wore a coronet)

132 **yet** as yet

135 **condition** pact/disposition **event** outcome

136 **If…brother** if this might be the action of a brother/if I might be the brother to such a man

138 **but** anything but

142 **inveterate** long-standing **hearkens** listens to

143 **he** i.e., the King of Naples **in…homage** in return for the conditions of allegiance/servility

144 **tribute** money

145 **presently extirpate** immediately uproot

151 **ministers** agents **thence** away

155 **hint** experience/occasion

160 **impertinent** irrelevant

164 **durst** dared

167 **painted** dressed up, disguised

168 **few** brief **barque** small ship

170 **butt** barrel

172 **hoist** launched

175 **loving wrong** i.e., although they blew us to sea, the winds pitied us

178 **cherubin** angel

181 **decked** covered/adorned **drops full salt** i.e., tears

182 **which** i.e., Miranda's smile

183 **undergoing stomach** courage to endure

190 **design** plan

191 **stuffs** equipment, provisions

192 **steaded much** been very useful **gentleness** nobleness

196 **Would** I wish

199 **Sit still** remain seated

201 **more profit** benefit far more

203 **vainer** more idle careful caring/painstaking

209 **my dear lady** i.e., Fortune

210 **prescience** foresight/visionary power

211 **zenith** peak of fortune (literally, highest point of the heavens)

212 **influence** power/invisible substance supposed to stream from stars and affect one's destiny

213 **omit** ignore

215 **dullness** sleepiness

216 **it way** in to it

218 **Ariel** as well as having connotations of "airiness," the name is Hebrew for "lion of God"; also the name of a magical spirit in various occult texts; perhaps evocative of the archangel Uriel

219 **Grave** learned, respected, dignified

222 **task** instruct

223 **quality** skills/other spirits

225 **to point** in every respect

227 **beak** prow

228 **waist** middle

229 **flamed amazement** appeared as a terrifying fire

231 **yards** crossbars on masts **bowsprit** long pole that holds a sail

232 **Jove's…thunderclaps** thunder and lightning were the chief weapons of the king of the gods

234 **sight-outrunning** quicker than the eye can follow

235 **Neptune** Roman god of the sea

237 **trident** three-pronged spear, carried by Neptune

239 **coil** turmoil

242 **of the mad** such as mad people suffer **played…desperation** displayed symptoms of despair, recklessness

245 **all afire** i.e., the ship caught fire

246 **up-staring** standing on end

250 **nigh** near

254 **sustaining** necessary/buoyant

256 **troops** groups

258 **cooling of** cooling

259 **angle** nook, corner

260 **sad knot** i.e., folded, a sign of melancholy

266 **dew** a common ingredient of magic potions

267 **still-vexed Bermudas** the Bermuda islands were famed for fearful storms

268 **under hatches** i.e., below deck

269 **charm** spell **suffered labour** i.e., the tiring work performed during the storm

272 **float** sea

279 **mid season** noon

280 **two glasses** two hourglasses (so it is about 2 p.m.)

281 **preciously** valuably

282 **pains** work, effort

283 **remember** remind

285 **Moody** ill-humored/stubborn/willful

288 **time be out** fixed period of service is over

292 **or** either

293 **bate** me deduct from my term of service

297 **tread…deep** walk on the muddy sand of the ocean floor

304 **Sycorax** name of uncertain origin, possibly derived from Greek sus (“pig”) and *korax* (“raven”), animals associated with witchcraft

305 **hoop** i.e., bent posture

308 **Algiers** seaport capital of Algeria, in North Africa

314 **for…life** probably meaning that Sycorax was pregnant and therefore could not be executed

317 **blue-eyed** with dark circles under the eyes or with blue eyelids, thought to be a sign of pregnancy **hag** witch **with child** pregnant

320 **for** because **delicate** fine in quality/ethereal

321 **earthy** coarse/of the earth

322 **hests** commands

323 **ministers** assistants

324 **unmitigable** impossible to assuage

325 **cloven** cleft, split

329 **As…strike** as often as each blade of a waterwheel hits the water

330 **litter** give birth to (term applied to animals)

331 **whelp** puppy, son of a bitch **hag-born** born of a witch

333 **Caliban** anagram of “can[n]ibal”; perhaps derived from the Romany word *caulibon* (“dark thing”)

334 **Dull thing** may refer to Ariel or Caliban

335 **in service** as a servant

337 **wolves…bears** i.e., even moved fierce beasts

341 **gape** open

344 **murmur’st** complain **rend** tear apart

345 **peg** fasten **entrails** innards (literally, intestines)

348 **correspondent** responsive, obedient

349 **spriting** magical actions of a sprite (spirit) **gently** quietly, tamely

351 **discharge** free

360 **Heaviness** sleepiness

364 **villain** base, lowborn/wicked person

366 **miss** do without

367 **offices** duties

369 **earth** earthy thing/low creature/piece of dirt

373 **quaint** ingenious/elegant

376 **got** conceived

377 **dam** mother

379 **fen** swampy ground

380 **southwest** winds from the southwest were thought to bring damp, disease-ridden air

383 **urchins** hedgehogs/spirits in hedgehog form

384 **vast** expanse/long period

385 **exercise** work

386 **As…honeycomb** i.e., as many times as there are cells in a honeycomb/so that you resemble a honeycomb

387 **Than** than the **’em** i.e., honeycombs

392 **berries** possibly grapes to make a mild wine, or juniper berries, which would create a kind of gin

393 **bigger…less** i.e., the sun and moon

396 **brine-pits** pools of salt water

397 **charms** spells

398 **light** alight

400 **sty** pen up, confine

401 **hard rock** cave

404 **stripes** lashes of a whip **kindness** goodwill/natural feeling/kinship **used** treated

405 **humane** human/benevolent

406 **violate…child** i.e., rape Miranda

409 **I…else** otherwise I would have populated

412 **print** imprint, image

413 **capable…ill** only susceptible to evil/able to perform any kind of evil

418 **race** innate disposition

422 **more** more punishment

424 **red-plague** red sores were caused by, amongst other diseases, the plague **rid** destroy

425 **learning** teaching

426 **Hag-seed** offspring of a witch

427 **thou'rt best** you would be better off

430 **rack** torture **old cramps** plentiful cramps/cramps of old age/cramps similar to those Caliban has experienced previously

435 **Setebos** a Patagonian god mentioned in sixteenth-century travel narratives

436 **vassal** servant, slave

441 **whist** (become) silent

442 **Foot it featly** dance skillfully

445 **burden** chorus, refrain

449 **strain** song **chanticleer** rooster

452 **waits upon** attends/anticipates

454 **the** for the

456 **passion** acute grief

460 **fathom five** five fathoms (thirty feet) deep

463 **fade** decompose

464 **suffer** undergo

466 **knell** funeral bell

469 **ditty** song/lyrics **does remember** recalls/commemorates

470 **mortal** human (plays on the sense of "deathly")

471 **owes** owns

472 **fringèd curtains** i.e., eyelids advance open

473 **yond** yonder, over there

476 **brave** handsome, noble, splendid

478 **gallant** fashionable, handsome young man

479 **but** except that **something** somewhat

480 **canker** infection, corruption

481 **goodly** handsome, fine

484 **natural** human

487 **prompts** directs, urges, wills

490 **airs** Ariel’s songs **Vouchsafe** grant (that)

491 **remain** live

493 **bear me** behave

494 **wonder** plays on the Latin root of Miranda’s name (*“mirandus”*—i.e., “wonderful”)

495 **maid** human/a virgin, unmarried

499 **best** i.e., highest in rank (a king, assuming his father is drowned)

500 **where** i.e., Naples

503 **single thing** solitary/a bachelor/one and the same person (as the King of Naples)

504 **He** i.e., as I am now king and hear my own grief

506 **ebb** low tide (i.e., without tears)

510 **son** Antonio’s son is never mentioned again; perhaps Shakespeare forgot or cut the part, neglecting this reference **twain** separated

512 **control** challenge/govern

514 **changed eyes** gazed at one another, exchanged loving looks **Delicate** fine/ethereal

516 **done…wrong** i.e., spoken falsely in your claim to be king

517 **ungently** harshly/discourteously

522 **your…forth** you have not fallen in love with or betrothed yourself to someone else

524 **Soft** wait a moment

525 **either’s** each other’s

526 **uneasy** difficult **light** easy, but in next line sense shifts to “less valuable/unchaste”

527 **charge** command

528 **attend** listen to, take heed of

529 **ow’st not** do not own

531 **on’t** of it (the island)

533 **temple** i.e., Ferdinand’s body

540 **fresh-brook mussels** inedible freshwater mussels
543 **entertainment** treatment/hospitality
547 **gentle** noble/courteous fearful frightening
549 **foot** i.e., inferior body part (proverbial: “do not make the foot the head”)
551 **ward** defensive posture
557 **surety** guarantor
559 **chide** scold/punish
561 **shapes** i.e., men
563 **To** compared to
569 **nerves** sinews, muscles
570 **vigour** strength
572 **spirits** vital powers/senses
576 **through** i.e., from
577 **all corners else** everywhere else
582 **do me** do for me
585 **unwonted** uncharacteristic
588 **then** i.e., if that is to be the case

Act 2 Scene 1

3 **much beyond** far outweighs **hint** circumstance, occasion

5 **masters…merchant** officers of some merchant ship

8 **weigh** balance

10 **peace** possibly Sebastian puns on “peas” by introducing porridge, a vegetable stew

12 **visitor** charitable visitor offering comfort or advice

13 **wit** intelligence

15 **tell** count (the strokes)

16 **entertained** received

17 **dollar** a large silver coin (playing on the sense of entertainer as “performer”)

18 **Dolour** sorrow **purposed** intended

19 **wiselier** more profoundly/wittily

22 **spare** desist

25 **crow** i.e., speak

27 **cockerel** young cock/young man

28 **wager** bet, stake

29 **A laughter** “he wins that laughs” (proverbial); may also play on the sense of “the whole number of eggs laid by a hen before she is ready to sit”

31 **desert** deserted

32 **Ha…paid** most editors assume that the speakers of these two lines should be reversed, so that Antonio wins the bet and laughs, then Sebastian replies that the laugh pays off the debt; but it could be that Sebastian laughs in response to Adrian’s words (*seems* deserted? – *of course* it’s deserted) and that by doing so he has paid off the bet

38 **subtle** refined temperance moderate climate (Antonio’s response treats Temperance as the name of a woman)

39 **delicate** pleasure-seeking, voluptuous

40 **subtle** crafty, sexually experienced learnedly delivered uttered authoritatively

43 **fen bog**, marshland

45 **save** except

47 **lusty** of vigorous growth

48 **tawny** yellowish brown

49 **eye** tinge

52 **rarity** exceptional nature **credit** belief

53 **vouched** acknowledged

55 **new-dyed** brand new

58 **pocket up** conceal

60 **Afric** Africa **Tunis** North African city, now the capital of Tunisia

63 **Dido's** Dido, Queen of Carthage, was the widow of Sychaeus, but was famed for her love affair with Aeneas; she committed suicide when he left her; there may also be a lewd pun on the slang term "dido" (genitals/dildo)

64 **How…in?** Antonio contests the reference to an abandoned woman as a widow

65 **"widower Aeneas"** Aeneas had been married to Creusa, who died in the sack of Troy

66 **study of** examine, meditate on

68 **This…Carthage** Tunis was about ten miles from Carthage and became the most important city in the region after Carthage fell

71 **miraculous harp** in Greek mythology, Amphion's music caused the walls of Thebes to rebuild themselves

76 **kernels** pips

81 **rarest** most splendid/beautiful

82 **Bate** disregard

83 **Ay, widow Dido** if there is a missing speech prefix, this could be a cynical interjection from Sebastian

84 **doublet** close-fitting jacket in a sort to some extent

85 **sort** perhaps a reference to the drawing of lots or to the "sorting" offish for market

88 **stomach** appetite/inclination **sense** disposition

90 **rate** opinion

96 **surges** waves

100 **oared** rowed

101 **lusty** vigorous

102 **wave-worn basis** the eroded base of the cliff rising from the shore

103 **As** as if

108 **loose** release, turn loose (as one would an animal)

110 **Who** probably applies to Alonso's eye, but possibly to Claribel **wet the grief** weep

112 **importuned** pleaded with

114 **loathness** loathing, repulsion

115 **which…bow** which half of the scales should sink

120 **dear'st** most precious/significant part (i.e., Ferdinand)

123 **time** i.e., appropriate time

126 **chirurgeonly** surgeon-like

131 **plantation** opportunity for colonization (Antonio plays on the sense of "planting")

132 **nettle-seed…mallows** common wild plants/weeds

135 **want** lack

136 **by…things** implement the opposite to what is usual

137 **traffic** trade, commerce

139 **Letters** scholarship, learning

140 **use of service** practice of having servants **succession** inheritance

141 **Bourn** land boundary **tilth** farmed land

148 **in common** communal

150 **pike** spear **engine** device/machinery/weapon

152 **foison** plenty

157 **golden age** in classical mythology, the earliest of ages, when life was idyllic

160 **mark** hear, observe

162 **minister occasion** provide an opportunity (for laughter)

163 **sensible** responsive, sensitive **nimble** agile, swift to respond **use** are accustomed

169 **An…flat-long** if it had not been delivered with the flat side of the sword (rather than the sharp edge)

170 **metal** puns on "mettle" (constitution, courage)

171 **sphere** position in the heavens **five weeks** i.e., rather than the usual four, which ought to be long enough

172 **a-batfowling** catching roosting birds/swindling

174 **warrant** assure **adventure…weakly** risk my sound judgment for such a slight cause

175 **heavy** drowsy

181 **omit** reject, ignore **it** i.e., sleep

192 **as** as if

196 **occasion speaks** opportunity speaks to

199 **waking** awake

208 **wink'st** shut your eyes (i.e., refuse to see what is in front of you)

210 **distinctly** meaningfully, clearly

212 **custom** usual self

213 **heed** you heed

214 **Trebles thee o'er** makes you three times greater

215 **standing water** not ebbing or flowing (i.e., open to ideas/idle)

218 **Hereditary sloth** natural laziness/my position as younger brother to a king

220 **If…it if** only you realized that your mockery reveals your intentions/if only you realized that despite your mockery you harbor genuine desires

222 **invest** clothe, adorn **Ebbing** declining

225 **say on** speak more, go on

226 **setting** look/fixed appearance

227 **matter** of importance

228 **throes…yield** gives you much pain to bring forth

230 **lord** i.e., Gonzalo **remembrance** memory

231 **of…memory** as little remembered

232 **earthed** dead and buried

233 **spirit of** expert at, epitome of **only Professes** (as an adviser) makes it his sole vocation

241 **high a hope** i.e., of gaining the crown

242 **Ambition…there** ambition itself could not glimpse it and doubt that there is anything to achieve/ambition itself could not ordinarily proceed a fraction further without fear of discovery

249 **leagues** a league was about three miles **man's life** a lifetime's journey

250 **note** communication/information **post** messenger

252 **from whom** i.e., returning from whose wedding

253 **cast** vomited up

255 **Whereof…prologue** in relation to which all that has gone before is only a prelude to what is to come

256 **discharge** performance/management

257 **stuff** notion/rubbish

260 **space** distance

261 **cubit** about twenty inches (the length of the forearm)

263 **Measure us back** travel back over us (i.e., retrace her steps) **Keep** remain

264 **wake** i.e., to his opportunity

267 **he** i.e., Alonso **prate** prattle

269 **make…chat** train a jackdaw to be as profound

270 **bore…do** shared my intention/were of my way of thinking/were resolved like me

274 **content** liking

275 **Tender** value, regard

277 **supplant** overthrow

279 **garments** i.e., his duke's robes

280 **feater** with a better fit

281 **fellows** companions, equals men servants

283 **kibe** chilblain, blister

284 **put me to** force me to wear

285 **deity** i.e., conscience

286 **candied** made of ice, crystallized

292 **perpetual wink** endless sleep aye ever

293 **morsel** piece of flesh/scrap

294 **Should not** must not be allowed to

296 **tell…hour** declare it is whatever time we require/agree to any business that we propose

301 **tribute** annual sum payable by Antonio to Naples in return for receiving Alonso's help in deposing Prospero

304 **rear** raise

309 **project** plan

312 **time** opportunity

319 **ghastly** full of fear

334 **verily** certain

Act 2 Scene 2

2 **flats** plain, swampy ground
3 **inch-meal** inch by inch
4 **nor** neither pinch torment
5 **urchin-shows** goblin apparitions
6 **firebrand** will-o’-the-wisp, moving light
9 **mow** grimace, make faces
13 **wound** wound round **cloven** split **Trinculo** perhaps from the Italian *trincare* (“to drink eagerly”)
14 **Lo** look
17 **mind** notice
18 **bear off** ward off
20 **bombard** leather wine jug
24 **poor-John** dried hake, a fish mainly eaten by the poor
25 **fish painted** i.e., on a sign to attract passersby
26 **make a man** make a man rich/be taken for a man
27 **doit** trifling sum (a small Dutch coin)
28 **dead Indian** American Indians were sometimes displayed to the paying public **Legged** with legs
29 **let loose** take back
31 **gaberdine** coarse-textured cloak
33 **shroud** shelter
36 **scurvy** wretched, disagreeable
38 **swabber** sailor who washes the deck
42 **tang** sting
44 **savour** smell
45 **tailor…itch** she would let a tailor (proverbially lecherous) have sex with her (itch may suggest venereal disease)
49 **the matter** happening
50 **Ind** India
51 **proper** normal/fine **four legs** Stephano sees the legs of both Trinculo and Caliban and adapts a common proverb
52 **give ground** yield
53 **at’nostrils** through his nostrils
56 **ague** sickness, shaking, fever

57 **relief** refreshment, sustenance **recover** revive

58 **neat's leather** cowhide

60 **after** in the manner of

62 **I…him** i.e., no price can be too high for him

64 **anon** shortly

66 **Come…ways** come on/come here

67 **language…cat** "ale will make a cat speak" (proverbial) **shake** cast off

68 **chaps** jaws

72 **delicate** extraordinary/ingeniously made/delightful

74 **detract** slander

78 **long spoon** "he should have a long spoon that sups with the devil" (proverbial)

81 **lesser legs** presumably Trinculo has shorter legs than Caliban

83 **siege** excrement (Stephano pulls Trinculo out from between Caliban's legs) **moon-calf** monstrosity, misshapen creature, idiot (born under the moon's influence) **vent** discharge/fart

85 **overblown** blown over

89 **an if** if

92 **butt of sack** barrel of Spanish white wine

99 **kiss the book** alludes to kissing the Bible to confirm an oath, and to the phrase "kiss the cup" (i.e., "have another drink")

100 **goose** simpleton; also suggests drunken giddiness

105 **when time was** once

107 **adore** worship **mistress** i.e., Miranda

108 **dog…bush** in folklore, the man in the moon had been banished there with his dog after he illegally gathered kindling (his **bush**) on a Sunday

110 **new contents** i.e., more wine

111 **good light** i.e., the sun shallow gullible, naive

112 **drawn** drunk

113 **sooth** truth

116 **perfidious** treacherous

120 **puppy-headed** stupid

123 **in drink** drunk

128 **crabs** crab apples

129 **pignuts** edible roots, earth chestnuts

130 **marmoset** small monkey **filberts** hazelnuts

131 **scamels** of uncertain meaning; perhaps error for “seamews” (seagulls) or “shamois” (goat); a fish or shellfish has also been suggested, but rock and young go better with the goatish sense

137 **for** i.e., to trap

138 **firing** firewood

139 **trencher** wooden plate

142 **high-day** holiday

Act 3 Scene 1

1 **sports** activities, pastimes **painful** arduous **their…off** the pleasure derived from the task is enhanced by the hard work/pleasure in undertaking the task removes the sense of effort

2 **baseness** contemptible work

4 **mean** lowly

6 **quickens** enlivens

8 **crabbed** irritable, churlish

11 **sore injunction** severe command

12 **baseness…executor** such a lowly task has never had such a performer

13 **forget** forget to work

15 **Most busy least** being busy seems like being at leisure, thanks to sweet thoughts of Miranda

18 **enjoined** bound

20 **weep** by releasing drops of moisture or resin

24 **discharge** carry out

33 **become** be fitting for

37 **infected** with love

38 **visitation** visit (plays on senses of “bout of plague” and “charitable visit to the poor”)

41 **by** nearby

45 **hest** command

47 **top** epitome, pinnacle

50 **bondage** slavery

51 **diligent** attentive

54 **owed** owned

55 **put…foil** thwarted it/disputed it (as in a swordfight)

60 **glass** mirror

61 **friend** lover

62 **how…abroad** what people look like in the world

63 **skilless** ignorant **modesty** virtue, chastity

64 **dower** dowry

68 **precepts** instructions, orders

70 **condition** social rank

74 **flesh-fly** fly that lays its eggs in dead flesh **blow** contaminate/deposit eggs in/swell

81 **kind event** favorable outcome

82 **hollowly** insincerely

83 **boded** intended **mischief** misfortune, harm

84 **what** whatever

88 **Fair** excellent, pleasing

89 **rare** special, profound

90 **that which breeds** that which develops/their children

94 **to want** for lack of

96 **Hence, bashful cunning** away with timid devices/coy artfulness

99 **maid** virgin/servant fellow spouse

102 **mistress** sweetheart

106 **As…freedom** as slavery embraces freedom

109 **thousand** i.e., farewells

111 **surprised** delightfully bewildered/taken unawares **withal** by **it my…more** nothing could make me rejoice more

114 **appertaining** relevant to this

Act 3 Scene 2

1 **Tell not me** presumably to stop drinking **out** finished

2 **bear up** stay standing/approach **board ’em** get on board/attack (i.e., “drink up”)

4 **brained** furnished with a brain/drunk

6 **set** drunkenly fixed/glazed (Trinculo plays on the sense of “placed”)

9 **tail** may play on the sense of “penis” or “bottom”

11 **recover** reach **five…leagues** about 100 miles **off and on** more or less

standard ensign or flag-bearer (puns on the sense of “person capable of standing”)

13 **list** wish

14 **run** i.e., away from battle

15 **go** walk **lie** lie down/deceive

18 **valiant** worthy/courageous

19 **case** fit state, state of readiness **justle** jostle

20 **deboshed** debauched, corrupted

21 **monstrous** huge/unnatural/befitting a monster

24 **natural** simpleton, idiot (plays on the sense of “normal, naturally formed”)

26 **if…tree** i.e., you’ll be hanged like a **mutineer**

30 **marry** by the Virgin Mary (a mild oath) **stand** stand still/listen/remain upright

32 **cunning** art, skill, craft

36 **tale** may pun on “tail,” especially if Trinculo has just kicked Caliban in the backside

37 **supplant** uproot (plays on the sense of “usurp”)

39 **Mum** be quiet

43 **this thing** i.e., Trinculo

46 **compassed** accomplished

47 **party** person in question

48 **yield him thee** deliver him to you

51 **pied** multicolored (refers to a jester’s clothing) **patch** fool/clown/rogue

55 **freshes** freshwater streams

57 **turn…o’doors** banish any feelings of mercy **stockfish** dried cod; Stephano threatens to beat Trinculo as fish is beaten before cooking; he may also imply that he will take Trinculo’s drink away

62 **give…lie** accuse me of lying/insult me

64 **murrain** plague (literally, disease affecting cattle and sheep)

67 **forward** go on

68 **enough** thoroughly

72 **brain** murder, dash out his brains

74 **paunch** stab in the stomach

75 **weasand** windpipe

77 **sot** idiot/drunkard

79 **rootedly** deep-seatedly

80 **utensils** instruments of magic or alchemy/household goods

81 **deck** withal decorate/furnish with

84 **nonpareil** unsurpassed, one without equal

89 **become** befit/grace

90 **brood** offspring

92 **’save our graces** God save us **viceroys** deputy rulers

102 **jocund** joyful **troll** sing merrily **catch** musical round

103 **while-ere** a while ago

104 **reason** anything within reason

106 **flout…’em** insult them and mock them **tabor** small drum

111 **picture of Nobody** i.e., someone invisible

113 **take’t…list** take it as you will/do as you wish

120 **twangling** resonant/twanging

130 **by and by** soon/immediately **story** scheme

133 **this taborer** drummer (i.e., Ariel) **lays it on** i.e., bangs the drum with energy

Act 3 Scene 3

1 **By’r lakin** by our Ladykin (i.e., the Virgin Mary)

2 **maze** network of tracks, labyrinth

3 **forth-rights** and meanders straight and winding paths

6 **attached** seized

8 **put off** cast off

9 **for my flatterer** to be my indulgent, flattering courtier

11 **frustrate** fruitless/frustrated

13 **for** because of **repulse** setback **forgo** give up

17 **oppressed** worn down **travail** labor/traveling

23 **keepers** protecting spirits

24 **drollery** puppet show/comic entertainment/humorous picture

26 **phoenix** mythical Arabian bird that was consumed by fire every 500 years, then resurrected from the ashes

29 **want credit** lack credibility

35 **certes** certainly

36 **monstrous** unnatural/unusual

38 **generation** race

43 **muse** wonder at

47 **Praise in departing** keep your praise until the occasion is over (proverbial)

48 **strangely** surprisingly/unnaturally

50 **viands** food **stomachs** appetites

54 **mountaineers** mountain dwellers

55 **Dewlapped** with folds of loose skin around the throat

56 **Wallets** sagging bags

58 **putter-out…one** brokers offered the traveler five times an initial sum deposited if he returned safely from his journey with proof that he had reached his destination **putter-out** broker/traveler

60 **stand to** come forward/begin eating

61 **Although** even if (it is to be) **harpy** mythical monster with a woman’s face and body and a bird’s wings and claws; sometimes agents of divine vengeance **quaint device** ingenious mechanism/contrivance

65 **to instrument** at its disposal/as its agent **lower world** i.e., the sublunar, mortal world

66 **never-surfeited** never satisfied, hungry

70 **suchlike valour** insane fearlessness

71 **proper selves** themselves

72 **elements…tempered** i.e., fire and earth from which your swords are forged (**tempered**); these two elements are powerless against the other two (**winds** and **waters**)

74 **bemocked-at** scorned

75 **still-closing waters** ever-united/self-healing

76 **dowl** small feather **plume** plumage

77 **like** equally

78 **massy** heavy

80 **business** purpose

82 **requit** repaid/avenged

88 **perdition** ruin (with connotations of "damnation")

90 **whose…ensuing** i.e., to guard yourselves from the anger of the powers, which will otherwise befall you on this deserted island, you must live a faultless life of profound repentance **mocks and mows** jeering expressions/grimaces and pouts

95 **devouring** all-consuming (or possibly Ariel has eaten part of the banquet)

96 **bated** omitted

97 **So** likewise **good life** great realism/much liveliness

98 **observation strange** particular, careful attention **meaner** lower ranking

99 **several kinds** various/individual roles **high** elevated, sophisticated, powerful

100 **knit up** tied up, entangled

101 **distractions** agitation, temporary madness

102 **fits** attacks, turmoil

108 **billows** great waves

111 **bass** pronounce in a deep, resonant voice **trespass** wrong, crime

112 **ooze** muddy sand on the seabed

113 **plummet** instrument used to measure the depth of water **sounded** sank

114 **mudded** buried in mud

115 **But…o'er** as long as they come one at a time I'll fight whole armies of devilish spirits

117 **second** supporter/backup fighter in a duel

120 **spirits** faculties, vital powers
122 **ecstasy** frenzy

Act 4 Scene 1

1 **austerely** severely

2 **compensation** i.e., Miranda

3 **third** i.e., a very important part (possibly Miranda is a third of Prospero’s age; or she shares his **life** with his dukedom and his art)

5 **tender** offer/betroth **vexations** afflictions

7 **strangely** admirably, exceptionally

8 **ratify** formally approve

9 **her** of of her

11 **halt** proceed lamely

12 **gainst** even in the face of

14 **purchased** obtained/won

16 **sanctimonious** holy

18 **sweet aspersion** fragrant shower

20 **bestrew** cover

21 **loathly** loathsome

23 **Hymen** in Greek and Roman mythology, the god of marriage (represented by a young man carrying a **lamp**)

25 **fair issue** beautiful children

27 **strong’st…can** most powerful temptation/influence that our bad angel (**worser genius**) can exert on us

31 **or** either **Phoebus** the sun god, whose horse-drawn chariot carried the sun across the heavens **foundered** lame

39 **rabble** i.e., crowd of more lowly spirits

43 **vanity** trifling/dazzling display

45 **presently** immediately

46 **with a twink** in the wink of an eye

50 **mop and mow** grimace and pout

54 **conceive** understand

55 **true** faithful **dalliance** frivolity, amorous conversation

57 **th’fire i’th’blood** passion, lust

58 **goodnight** farewell to

61 **liver** thought to be the seat of sexual desire

63 **a corollary** an extra (spirit)

64 **pertly** briskly **Iris** rainbow goddess and messenger of the gods

66 **Ceres** goddess of the harvest and the earth **leas** fields

67 **vetches** coarse crops, often dried for animal feed

68 **turfy** grassy

69 **meads** meadows **thatched with stover** covered with hay, winter animal feed

70 **pionèd…brims** alluding to the agrarian practice of cutting and laying hedges to border or enclose pasture **pionèd** dug, trenched **twillèd** interwoven, plaited branches **brims** hedges, borders

71 **spongy** rainy, damp **hest** command **betrims** trims with dew or rain/adorns with blossom

72 **cold** modest, chaste **crowns coronets** of flowers **broom-groves** groves of broom (a yellow-flowered shrub)

73 **dismissèd** rejected

74 **lass-lorn** forsaken, bereft of a sweetheart **poll-clipped** pollarded, pruned

75 **sea-marge** coast

76 **air** take the air **queen o'th'sky** i.e., Juno

77 **wat'ry arch** rainbow

78 **these** i.e., the landscape described above

80 **sport** make merry **peacocks** the sacred birds of Juno who drew her carriage **amain** swiftly

83 **wife of Jupiter** Juno, married to the king of the gods

84 **saffron** orange-red

85 **Diffusest honey drops** scatters sweet rain/dew

86 **bow** rainbow

87 **bosky** bushy, full of thickets **unshrubbed down** bare, undulating hills

88 **proud** splendid

91 **donation** gift, favor **estate** bestow

94 **Venus…son** Cupid was son to Venus, goddess of love

96 **means that** manner in which **dusky Dis** dark Pluto, the rich god of the underworld; aided by Venus and Cupid, he kidnapped Ceres's daughter Proserpine who was forced to spend half of every year with him

97 **blind boy's** Cupid, god of love, was blind **scandaled** disgraceful

98 **forsworn** rejected

101 **Paphos** city in Cyprus, home to the cult of Venus

102 **Dove-drawn** doves, the birds of love, pull Venus's chariot

103 **wanton** mischievous/lascivious

104 **bed-right** i.e., sex

105 **Hymen's…lighted** symbolizing the completion of the marriage ceremony

106 **Mars' hot minion** i.e., lustful Venus, lover to the god of war

107 **waspish-headed** peevish, spiteful and, literally, one who stings (with arrows)

108 **sparrows** proverbially lecherous birds

109 **be…out** behave in all respects like a boy not a god

111 **gait** bearing, movement

112 **bounteous** generous

113 **twain** couple

116 **increasing** children/fruitfulness

117 **still** always

119 **foison** abundance

120 **garners** granaries

123 **Spring…harvest** may spring arrive as soon as the autumn harvest is over (so there is no winter)

128 **charmingly** enchantingly/melodiously/pleasingly **be bold** take the liberty, venture

132 **present fancies** immediate imaginings/whims

134 **wondered** to be wondered at, extraordinary

137 **seriously** importantly/solemnly

140 **Naiads** water nymphs **windring** winding and wandering

141 **sedged** made from sedge, a coarse grassy plant growing by rivers

142 **crisp channels** rippling streams

144 **temperate** gentle/abstemious

145 **be…late** come quickly/arrive before the couple make love

146 **sicklemen** harvesters (a sickle is a hooked knife used for reaping)

147 **furrow** i.e., fields (literally, groove made by a plough)

150 **country footing** rustic dance **properly habited** appropriately clad (i.e., in their harvesting clothes) **heavily** slowly, sadly/suddenly

154 **Avoid** be gone

155 **passion** agitation, turmoil

158 **distempered** disturbed, ill-humored

159 **movèd sort** distressed state

161 **revels** (courtly) entertainment/masque

162 **foretold** you told you earlier

164 **baseless** without a foundation/illusory **fabric** building/structure

166 **globe** world (puns on the Globe theater)

167 **all** i.e., all those, all the people **it** i.e., the **globe**

168 **pageant** spectacle/scene

169 **rack** shred of cloud, fragment of mist (perhaps with play on “wrack”—i.e., wreck)

171 **rounded** completed/surrounded (perhaps with play on “crowned”)

174 **cell** humble dwelling

178 **with a thought** quickly, as swiftly as I think of you

179 **cleave to** adhere to, respond rapidly to

184 **varlets** rogues

185 **red-hot** fired up/red in the face

186 **smote** struck

188 **bending** turning, proceeding

190 **unbacked colts** untrained, unbroken young horses

191 **Advanced** opened

192 **As** as if

193 **lowing** mooing

194 **Toothed** prickly **briars…thorns** all types of thorny, coarse shrubs

196 **filthy-mantled** covered with scum or rotting weeds

197 **that** so that **lake…feet** i.e., being stirred up, the lake stank even more foully than their feet

200 **Thy…still** i.e., remain invisible

201 **trumpery** fancy garments, worthless finery

202 **stale** bait

206 **Humanely** as a human/benevolently **lost** wasted on him/corrupted by him

208 **cankers** decays, becomes malignant

209 **roaring** moaning, wailing **line** clothes-line/lind (i.e., lime tree) **glistering** glittering

210 **that** so that even

212 **fairy** i.e., Ariel

213 **played…with** tricked/played the knave

218 **lost** ruined, destitute

221 **hoodwink this mischance** cover up this misfortune

228 **fetch off** retrieve **o’er ears** up to my ears (in the stinking lake)

231 **mischief** evil, wrongdoing

233 **aye** ever

235 **King…peer** allusion to a popular ballad (“King Stephen was a worthy peer”) about kings and their clothing

238 **frippery** secondhand clothes shop

241 **dropsy** disease in which the body accumulates fluid

242 **luggage** trappings, encumbrances

245 **Make…stuff** transform we ourselves into extraordinary material

246 **Mistress line** i.e., the clothesline/tree **jerkin** close-fitting jacket

247 **under the line** off the clothesline or tree/at the equator, or metaphorically, genitals, and thus **bald** from either a sailor’s fever or syphilis **hair** many jerkins were made from animal fur and cured (i.e., “hairless”) leather

249 **line and level** methodically **an’t like** if it please

252 **pass of pate** witty thrust

253 **lime** birdlime, a sticky substance spread on branches to snare birds

255 **barnacles** sea creatures/type of goose (hence connotations of stupidity, as with apes)

256 **villainous** villainously/vilely (playing on “villain,” a servant or lowly person)

257 **lay to your** use **hogshead** large cask **diverse** various

261 **Mountain…Tyrant** the names of the spirits as hounds, all of which imply their powerful personalities

264 **grind** torment/crush

265 **dry convulsions** painful cramps **shorten up** contract

266 **agèd cramps** pains of old age **pinch-spotted** bruised from pinches

267 **pard leopard**/panther **cat o’mountain** wild cat

272 **air at freedom** freedom of the air (i.e., be released) **a little** short time

Act 5 Scene 1

1 **project** plan (with associations of “alchemical experiment”) **gather…head** come to fruition/begin to boil (a vital stage in alchemy)

2 **crack not** do not fail/do not overboil **Time…carriage** Time walks more easily with his burden

3 **How’s the day?** What time is it?

10 **gave in charge** instructed

12 **line-grove** grove of lime trees **weather-fends** shelters

14 **abide** remain **distracted** distressed/maddened

17 **termed** called

18 **winter’s…reeds** winter rain from thatched roofs

20 **affections** feelings

27 **relish…Passion** feel the force of emotion/suffering as acutely

28 **kindlier moved** affected with more compassion

29 **high** extreme **th’quick** most tender part

31 **take part** join forces **rarer** more unusual/profound

32 **than** rather than

33 **drift** aim

38 **standing** still/stagnant

39 **with printless foot** leaving no trace

40 **fly** flee

41 **demi-puppets** tiny creatures

42 **sour ringlets** fairy rings, darker circles of grass supposedly caused by fairies dancing

43 **ewe not bites** sheep will not eat the grass because it is sour

44 **midnight mushrooms** mushrooms that grow overnight; toadstools were particularly associated with fairies

45 **solemn curfew** nine o’clock bell; after the evening curfew, the spirits were free until dawn

46 **masters** ministers/magicians **bedimmed** eclipsed/clouded over

48 **azured vault** blue sky

49 **roaring war** i.e., caused a storm

50 **fire** i.e., lightning **rifted** split **oak** a tree particularly associated with the king of the gods

51 **strong-based** promontory sturdy headland

52 **spurs** i.e., roots
54 **oped** opened
55 **rough** violent/imperfect
56 **abjure** solemnly reject **required** summoned
58 **end** purpose
60 **certain** a certain number of **fathoms** a fathom was about six feet
61 **plummet** instrument used to measure the depth of water **sound** penetrate **frantic** mad
63 **air** melody
64 **fancy** imagination
65 **boil** that boil
66 **spell-stopped** motionless, arrested by the spell
68 **sociable** sympathetic **show** sight (Gonzalo is weeping)
69 **Fall fellowly** let fall compassionate **apace** swiftly
71 **rising** awakening
72 **ignorant** dull/befuddled **mantle** cloak
74 **true** honest
75 **follow'st** serve **pay…Home** repay the debt in full
78 **furtherer** enabler
80 **entertain** court/welcome
81 **remorse and nature** pity and kinship
82 **inward pinches** inner turmoil/tortures of conscience
85 **the…shore** i.e., their awakening senses begin to move them toward understanding
89 **hat** and **rapier** signs of a gentleman **rapier** sword
90 **discase** undress/change costume
91 **As…Milan** as I looked when I was Duke of Milan
94 **cowslip's bell** the bell-shaped petals that form the flower
95 **couch** rest/conceal myself
105 **enforce** urge/drive
106 **presently** immediately
107 **drink the air** i.e., devour the way, travel quickly
108 **Or ere** before
111 **fearful** terrifying/awe-inspiring
119 **trifle** illusion, trick **abuse** deceive/harm
122 **amends** improves

124 **be at all** is even real

125 **Thy…resign** Alonso gives up his claims over Milan, a tributary state to Naples

131 **be…not** is or is not real

134 **subtleties** illusions, magical contrivances (plays on sense of “sugar confections”)

136 **brace** pair

138 **you** you as

144 **rankest** most grievous

145 **perforce** of necessity

153 **woe** sorry

158 **the like** asimilar **sovereign** excellent/healing

159 **content** satisfied/resigned

161 **as late** recent **supportable…weaker** I have far fewer means at my disposal with which to make my grief bearable

167 **That** i.e., were it necessary in order for that to be the case

171 **do…admire** are so astonished

172 **devour their reason** their reason is consumed **think…truth** believe their eyes

173 **their…breath** they are speechless

175 **justled** jostled

179 **on’t** of it

180 **chronicle…day** a narrative to be told over many days/one day at a time

181 **relation** report

184 **abroad** elsewhere

186 **requite** repay/respond to

187 **wonder** puns on Miranda’s name

189 **play me false** are cheating

192 **a score** twenty **wrangle** wage war

197 **miracle** continues wordplay on Miranda’s name

201 **compass** encircle

204 **goodly** splendid, worthy

209 **eld’st** oldest, longest

215 **one** i.e., a living father

217 **renown** report/honor

221 **hers** i.e., her father (in-law)

226 **heaviness** grief/weight

227 **inly** inwardly

230 **chalked forth** marked out

233 **Milan…Milan** i.e., the Duke of Milan (Prospero)…the dukedom

243 **still** always **his heart** the heart of anyone who

248 **blasphemy…shore** i.e., the Boatswain, who curses freely on his ship, is uncharacteristically silent

253 **glasses** hourglasses (i.e., three hours) **gave out** reported

254 **tight and yare** efficient and seaworthy

258 **tricksy** cleverly playful

263 **clapped under hatches** shut up below deck

264 **several** various

267 **at liberty** i.e., released from below deck

268 **trim** finery/clothes

270 **Cap'ring** leaping/dancing **On a trice** instantly

272 **moping** dazed, bewildered

277 **conduct** guide/director

280 **beating** dwelling

281 **picked leisure** a chosen moment of free time

282 **be shortly single** soon be undivided (referring to leisure)

283 **Which…probable** in a manner that will convince you

284 **happened accidents** events that have taken place

285 **well** easily/cheerfully

290 **shift** look out for

291 **fortune** chance, fate **Coraggio** "have courage" (Italian) **bully** gallant/my old mate

292 **spies** i.e., eyes

299 **like** likely **One…fish** presumably Caliban

301 **badges** livery

302 **true** legitimate/honest

305 **And…power** could adopt some of the moon's power without its authority/could operate beyond the reach of the moon's power

307 **bastard** illegitimate/hybrid

314 **reeling ripe** drunk and staggering

315 **gilded** flushed/enlivened

316 **pickle** trouble/inebriation/state of being preserved in liquor

317 **will…bones** (the alcohol) will never leave my body

318 **fly-blowing** decay (the blowfly lays eggs in dead flesh)

320 **cramp** i.e., doubled-up from either the pinches of Ariel’s torment or drunkenness

321 **sirrah** sir (contemptuous)

322 **sore** aching/dreadful

324 **manners** behavior/moral conduct

327 **trim it handsomely** adorn the cell beautifully

329 **grace** mercy, direction **thrice-double** sixfold (three times two)

337 **waste** pass away

340 **accidents** events

344 **solemnized** marked with ceremony

346 **Every third thought** i.e., I will frequently meditate on death, as a good Christian should

349 **Take…strangely** be an extraordinary, captivating thing to hear

352 **expeditious** swift **catch** catch up with

355 **draw near** probably an invitation to the others to approach his cell, but the phrase also means “attend,” thus preparing the audience for the epilogue

356 **charms…o’erthrown** my magic is relinquished (**o’erthrown** plays on the sense of “usurped”)

359 **you** the audience

364 **bands** bonds

365 **hands** i.e., in applause

366 **Gentle breath** kind words/cries of approval

368 **want** lack

371 **prayer** approbation and forgiveness

372 **pierces…assaults** penetrates so deeply that it moves

375 **indulgence** approval (playing on the Catholic sense of “official release from sin”)

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

The Two Gentlemen of Verona is one of Shakespeare’s early plays, perhaps even his first. We do not know exactly when it was written or first performed, but its stylistic and dramatic features distinguish it as early work: a small cast, a preponderance of end-stopped verse lines, a degree of simplicity in both language and characterization. Though the play has the relative superficiality of youth, it also has the virtues of that time of life: freshness, energy, pace, wholeheartedness, a desire to get to the point and to speak its mind. It is about the things that matter most urgently to young people: themselves, their friendships, and their love affairs. It makes its drama out of the conflicts between these things: how can you be simultaneously true to yourself, to your best friend, and to the object of your sexual desire? Especially if the person you’ve fallen in love with happens to be your best friend’s girlfriend.

In all sorts of ways, *The Two Gentlemen* is a prototype for later Shakespearean developments. The cross-dressed heroine recurs in the more renowned comedies of the late 1590s and early 1600s. The outlaw scenes introduce a movement out from “civil” society into a “wilderness” or green world, where surprising developments take place, anticipating the enchanted wood of *A Midsummer Night’s Dream* and the forest of Arden in *As You Like It*. The soliloquies of Proteus, meanwhile, offer an early example of a Shakespearean character undergoing a crisis of personal identity, of consciousness—already we are moving into the territory that will be taken in very different (and of course much more complex) directions in the self-communion of Richard III, Richard II, and eventually Hamlet.

The play begins by establishing the friendship between the two gentlemen. Valentine’s name suggests the patron saint of lovers in the Christian tradition, while that of Proteus evokes the shape-changing god of the classical tradition. The names are enough to suggest that Valentine will be the constant lover, Proteus the fickle one. Initially, though, Valentine is associated with the pursuit of “honor” rather than sexual desire. He intends to seek his fortune in the city of Milan instead of “living dully sluggardized at home.” His plan would immediately have pricked the interest of many members of the play’s original London audience, who would themselves have made the journey from the provinces to the capital—as indeed Shakespeare had done himself not long before writing the play.

Proteus, meanwhile, has undergone a psychological rather than a physical journey: he has left himself, his friends, and all, for love. His desire for Julia has “metamorphosed” him and made him neglect his studies, waste his time, and go to “war with good counsel.” The didactic literature of the age was full of admonitions against such self-abuse. Young gentlemen were supposed to study the arts of good behavior and good citizenship, not to be distracted by affairs of the heart and effeminizing influences. Stage plays came into the latter category, which partially accounts for the antitheatrical diatribes of Elizabethan “puritans.”

The opening also establishes oppositions between generations and genders. Shakespeare then sets up a dialogue across the barrier of class by means of witty banter between master and servant. Valentine’s servant Speed is there to anatomize the characteristics of the mooning courtly lover: he observes his master folding his arms like a melancholy malcontent, relishing love songs, walking alone, sighing like a schoolboy who knows he’s going to be in trouble for losing his spelling book, weeping, speaking in a whining voice, and rejecting food like someone on a diet. Much as the play celebrates the transforming energies of young love—and indeed engages with its destructive potential—it also mocks the courtly idiom of love-language, not least through the contrast between the artificial poeticisms of the genteel characters and the robust prose voice of their servants.

The name Speed suggests the quickness of wit that is confirmed by this servant’s linguistic facility and awareness of the gentlemen’s foibles. He always seems to be one step ahead of Valentine, anticipating what his master’s going to do next in an aside shared with the audience. Proteus’s servant Lance also has a name that suggests mental sharpness: Shakespeare himself was often praised by his contemporaries for having a wit that was as sharp as the spear in his name. Ironically, though, Lance’s way of proceeding is anything but pointed: his role is that of the clown for whom everything goes wrong and who confuses his words ("the prodigious son" for the prodigal son, "a notable lover" misheard as "a notable lubber"). When he tries to use his shoe, his staff, his hat, and his dog to act out the scene of his farewell from his family, he gets into a terrible tangle. The joke is that this should be asa result of the unpredictability of the live dog on stage, but actually it is due to Lance's own incompetence. At the end of the fourth act, Lance has a second two-hander with his dog, a riff on the theme of a servant's obedience to his master. As Lance makes a mess of the demands of Proteus, so Crab fails to do the will of Lance: "Did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale?"

While Speed mocks Valentine's transformation into a lover, Lance succumbs to desire in the manner of his master. He falls in love with a milkmaid, the unseen prototype of the hoyden character-type that will be incarnated in the fat kitchen maid of *The Comedy of Errors* and *As You Like It*'s goatherd Audrey. Lance's catalog of the milkmaid's down-to-earth virtues and vices parodies the courtly lover's enumeration of the beauties of his mistress.

Silvia is the beautiful lady of courtly romance, the object of men's devoted gaze and fantastic desire, a woman on a pedestal who reveals little of her inner life. Julia, by contrast, wears her heart upon her sleeve as she moves from domesticity to danger when she sets off in pursuit of Proteus. Her decision to do so reveals the sexual double standard that was pervasive in Shakespeare's time: whereas a young man is condemned for sluggardizing at home, a young woman risks being made the object of scandal by setting out from home.

One of Shakespeare's favorite techniques was the dramatically ironic counterpointing of scenes: we see Julia proving her love for Proteus by setting off on her dangerous journey immediately after we have seen Proteus renouncing his love for Julia because he has been smitten by the sight of Silvia. The scene when Valentine introduces his best friend to the girl he has fallen in love with is brief but very subtly written. It turns on the correspondence between the language of courtesy and that of courtship. Valentine asks Silvia to welcome Proteus "with some special favour" and to "entertain him" in her service. What he means is "please treat my friend with respect," but since in the courtly idiom the language of service is synonymous with that of love, Proteus is given an opening to project himself into the role of a rival lover—when Silvia modestly refers to herself as a “worthless mistress” he responds by saying that he would fight to the death anyone else who described her thus. In a sense, the crux of the play lies in the double meaning of the word “mistress.”

Proteus explores his own transformation in two soliloquies that come in rapid succession. In the first, he introduces the image of his love for Julia as akin to a wax image melted to oblivion by the heat of his new desire for Silvia. At the same time, he recognizes that what he has fallen in love with is merely a “picture,” the outer image of her beauty. The play begins to probe more deeply into the nature of love when in later scenes a series of questions are asked about the relationship between the “shadow” of surface beauty and the “substance” or “essence” of personality within. In parallel with this motif, the action develops the concerns of Proteus’s second major soliloquy: making and breaking vows, finding and losing selves, and the conflict between “sweet-suggesting love” and “the law of friendship.” “In love,” Proteus asks at the play’s crisis point, “Who respects friend?”

Prior to the last few years of Shakespeare’s career, his plays were performed without an interval. Despite this, there is often a perceptible change in the action at the beginning of the fourth act. The plot has been wound to the full, so now the unwinding begins. Here the turning point is marked by the movement away from court and city to a wood peopled by some rather genteel outlaws. One of them swears “By the bare scalp of Robin Hood’s fat friar” and it is the jolly camaraderie of the Merry Men, stripped of the old story’s violence and political edge, that is evoked by these outlaws.

Desire feeds itself on rejection. The more Silvia spurns Proteus, the more he desires her. By the same account, the more he spurns Julia, the more she dotes on him. In the play’s richest sequence, music is introduced to establish a nocturnal setting in which Proteus displaces Turio and woos Silvia at her window, not knowing that he is overheard by Julia in her pageboy disguise: this is her dark night of the soul. But then in a bold and very Shakespearean twist, when Proteus confronts the disguised Julia face to face he takes rather a fancy to her boy-self: “Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well, / And will employ thee in some service presently.” The words “employ” and “service” maintain the punning on the shared language of domestic obligation and sexual engagement. Anticipating Viola in *Twelfth Night*, Julia finds herself in the painful position of being “servant” to the man whose “mistress” she really wants to be. Hitherto Proteus has regarded Julia as nothing more than a decorative blonde. Now that he thinks she is Sebastian, he unwittingly begins to intuit her inner qualities.

At this point, the play reaches its highest point of sophistication and self-conscious artfulness. The audience is offered two images: a portrait of Silvia and a description of Sebastian, dressed in Julia’s clothes, playing the part of a rejected lover, Ariadne deserted by Theseus in a famous story from classical mythology. The contrast between the two images effectively turns the scene into a Shakespearean claim for the superiority not only of the player’s art to the portrait painter’s but also of his own dramatization of love to the static vision of courtly romance. The painting, like the lady of romance, is but a “senseless form” to be “worshipped, kissed, loved, and adored.” The actor, by contrast, can evoke the real pain of passion so convincingly (“so lively acted”) that the audience may be moved to tears. No one is better than Proteus at expressing eternal adoration in the artful language—all sighs and poetic hyperbole—of the courtly lover, but his fickleness reveals the essential insincerity of the code. Paradoxically, it is the play-actor who is truly sincere: “Sebastian” is really Julia, passioning not for Theseus’s but for Proteus’s perjury and unjust flight.

Painters can achieve tricks of the eye—perspectival illusions of depth, anamorphic representations that vary in appearance according to where the viewer stands—but the theatrical imagination can do much more: the imagined performance of Sebastian as Ariadne is mapped on to the achieved performance of both Julia as Sebastian in the world of the play and the boy-actor as Julia on the stage where the drama was first brought to life. Throughout his career, Shakespeare will return to such complex layered effects of illusion and reality, in accordance with his core belief that we are all players in the great theater of the world.

Having gone emotionally deep in the fourth act, Shakespeare speeds toward a conventional comic conclusion in the fifth. The forest of the jolly outlaws is his device for doing so. It is not a psychologically complex environment like the wood in *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*. Rather, it is a place where the polished veneer of civil society is stripped away, allowing people to act impulsively on their desires. Psychological consistency is not the point here: one moment Proteus is threatening to rape Silvia, the next Valentine is seeking to demonstrate that he values gentlemanly friendship above erotic desire by offering Silvia to Proteus. We do get the ending we expect and desire, but the abruptness with which it comes about is a sign of impatience or immaturity on Shakespeare’s part—but then again, his mind was so restlessly inventive that he never really cared for endings.

KEY FACTS

PLOT: Valentine sets off from Verona for Milan to see the world. Proteus stays at home because of his love for Julia. She is in love with him, but neither knows of the other's love until Lucetta shows Julia a love letter from Proteus. He is reading her reply when his father, Antonio, informs him of his decision to send him to the duke's court to join Valentine. The lovers take their leave and swear eternal constancy. In Milan, Proteus finds that Valentine has fallen in love with Silvia, the duke's daughter, and plans to elope with her to foil her father's plan to marry her to Turio. Valentine confides his plan to his friend but Proteus, infatuated with Silvia at first sight, betrays the plan to the duke and Valentine is banished from Milan. In the wilderness he encounters a band of outlaws and is elected their leader. Meanwhile Julia, disguised as Sebastian, has come to Milan in search of Proteus. Overhearing him declare his passion for Silvia, she is devastated but, under cover of her disguise, enters his service as a page. When Proteus sends her with a message to Silvia, Julia is encouraged to find that his advances are again rejected and that Silvia remains faithful to Valentine. Silvia escapes into the forest to join Valentine. The duke and Turio set out in pursuit, followed by Proteus and Julia. Silvia is captured by the outlaws but then rescued by Proteus, who, seeing that she still spurns him, tries to force himself on her. Valentine intervenes and Proteus is forced to confront his act of betrayal. Julia reveals her identity and a reconciliation begins.

MAJOR PARTS: (*with number of speeches/scenes on stage*) Proteus (20%/147/11), Valentine (17%/149/6), Julia (14%/107/7), Speed (9%/117/6), Lance (9%/68/4), Duke (9%/48/5), Silvia (7%/58/6), Lucetta (3%/48/2), Turio (3%/36/5).

LINGUISTIC MEDIUM: 80% verse, 20% prose. High frequency of rhyme.

DATE: Early 1590s. Mentioned by Francis Meres in 1598. Presumed on stylistic grounds to be one of the earliest plays, but no firm evidence for any particular year.

SOURCES: Main plot based on a story in Jorge de Montemayor, *Diana Enamorada* (originally in Spanish—English translation by Bartholomew Yong published 1598, but circulated in manuscript several years earlier); plot may be mediated via a lost Queen's Men play of the 1580s, *Felix and Feliomena*. Other literary influences seem to include Arthur Brooke, *Romeus and Juliet* (1562), and John Lyly, *Euphues* (1578), and perhaps *Midas* (ca. 1589).

TEXT: First Folio of 1623 is the only early printed text. Based on a transcript by Ralph Crane, professional scribe working for the King's Men. Generally good quality of printing.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

VALENTINE **PROTEUS**	the two gentlemen

SPEED, a clownish servant to Valentine
LANCE, the like to Proteus
DUKE OF MILAN, father to Silvia
SILVIA, beloved of Valentine
EGLAMOUR, agent for Silvia in her escape
ANTONIO, father to Proteus
PANTINO, servant to Antonio
TURIO, a foolish rival to Valentine
JULIA, beloved of Proteus
LUCETTA, waiting-woman to Julia
HOST, where Julia lodges
OUTLAWS, with Valentine
Servants, Musicians, Lance’s dog Crab

Act 1 Scene 1[1.1]

running scene 1

Enter Valentine [and] Proteus

VALENTINE Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus:
Home-keeping youth have ever homely[2] wits.
Were't not affection[3] chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honoured love,
I rather would entreat thy company
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than — living dully sluggardized[7] at home —
Wear out thy youth with shapeless[8] idleness.
But since thou lov'st, love still,[9] and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.
PROTEUS Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu.
Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply[12] see'st
Some rare noteworthy object in thy travel.
Wish me partaker in thy happiness
When thou dost meet good hap:[15] and in thy danger —
If ever danger do environ[16] thee —
Commend thy grievance[17] to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beadsman,[18] Valentine.
VALENTINE And on a love-book[19] pray for my success?
PROTEUS Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.
VALENTINE That's on some shallow story of deep love:
How young Leander[22] crossed the Hellespont.
PROTEUS That's a deep story, of a deeper love,
For he was more than over-shoes in love.[24]
VALENTINE 'Tis true: for you are over-boots in love,
And yet you never swam the Hellespont.
PROTEUS Over the boots? Nay, give[27] me not the boots.
VALENTINE No, I will not, for it boots[28] thee not.
PROTEUS What?
VALENTINE To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans:
Coy[31] looks with heart-sore sighs, one fading moment's mirth,

With twenty watchful,[32] weary, tedious nights;
If haply won, perhaps a hapless[33] gain,
If[34] lost, why then a grievous labour won;
However,[35] but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquishèd.
PROTEUS So, by your circumstance,[37] you call me fool.
VALENTINE So, by your circumstance,[38] I fear you’ll prove.
PROTEUS ’Tis Love you cavil[39] at: I am not Love.
VALENTINE Love is your master, for he masters you:
And he that is so yokèd[41] by a fool,
Methinks should not be chronicled for[42] wise.
PROTEUS Yet writers say: as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker[44] dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.
VALENTINE And writers say: as the most forward[46] bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,[47]
Even so by love, the young and tender wit
Is turned to folly, blasting[49] in the bud,
Losing his verdure,[50] even in the prime,
And all the fair effects[51] of future hopes.
But wherefore[52] waste I time to counsel thee
That art a votary[53] to fond desire?
Once more, adieu. My father at the road[54]
Expects my coming, there to see me shipped.[55]
PROTEUS And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.
VALENTINE Sweet Proteus, no: now let us take our leave.
To Milan[58] let me hear from thee by letters
Of thy success[59] in love, and what news else
Betideth[60] here in absence of thy friend:
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.[61]
PROTEUS All happiness bechance[62] to thee in Milan.
VALENTINE As much to you at home: and so, farewell.
Exit
PROTEUS He after honour hunts, I after love;
He leaves his friends to dignify[65] them more;
I leave[66] myself, my friends and all, for love.

Thou, Julia,[67] thou hast metamorphosed me:
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War[69] with good counsel, set the world at nought;
Made wit with musing[70] weak, heart sick with thought.

[Enter Speed]

SPEED Sir Proteus, ’save you.[71] Saw you my master?

PROTEUS But[72] now he parted hence to embark for Milan.

SPEED Twenty to one then, he is shipped already,
And I have played the sheep[74] in losing him.

PROTEUS Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray,
An if[76] the shepherd be awhile away.

SPEED You conclude that my master is a shepherd, then, and I a sheep?

PROTEUS I do.

SPEED Why then, my[79] horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.

PROTEUS A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

SPEED This proves me still a sheep.

PROTEUS True: and thy master a shepherd.

SPEED Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.[83]

PROTEUS It[84] shall go hard but I’ll prove it by another.

SPEED The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me. Therefore I am no sheep.

PROTEUS The sheep for fodder[87] follow the shepherd, the shepherd for food follows not the sheep: thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee. Therefore thou art a sheep.

SPEED Such another proof will make me cry ‘baa[90]’.

PROTEUS But dost thou hear? Gav’st thou my letter to Julia?

SPEED Ay, sir: I, a lost-mutton,[92] gave your letter to her, a laced-mutton, and she, a laced-mutton, gave me, a lost-mutton, nothing for my labour.

PROTEUS Here’s too small a pasture for such store[94] of muttons.

SPEED If the ground be overcharged,[95] you were best stick her.

PROTEUS Nay, in that you are astray:[96] ’twere best pound you.

SPEED Nay, sir, less than a pound[97] shall serve me for carrying your letter.

PROTEUS You mistake: I mean the pound — a pinfold.[98]

SPEED From a pound to a pin?[99] Fold it over and over, 'tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

PROTEUS But what said she?

SPEED Ay. ***Nods his head***

PROTEUS Nod — ay — why, that's 'noddy'.[103]

SPEED You mistook, sir: I say she did nod, and you ask me if she did nod, and I say 'ay'.

PROTEUS And that set together is noddy.

SPEED Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take[107] it for your pains.

PROTEUS No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.

SPEED Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear[109] with you.

PROTEUS Why sir, how do you bear with me?

SPEED Marry,[111] sir, the letter, very orderly, having nothing but the word 'noddy' for my pains.

PROTEUS Beshrew[113] me, but you have a quick wit.

SPEED And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

PROTEUS Come come, open the matter[115] in brief: what said she?

SPEED Open your purse, that the money and the matter may be both at once delivered.

PROTEUS Well, sir: here is for your pains. What said she? ***Gives a coin***

SPEED Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly[119] win her. ***Examines coin, with contempt***

PROTEUS Why? Couldst thou perceive[120] so much from her?

SPEED Sir, I could perceive[121] nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter. And being so hard to me that brought your mind,[122] I fear she'll prove as hard to you in[123] telling your mind. Give her no token but stones, for she's as hard as steel.

PROTEUS What said she, nothing?

SPEED No, not so much as 'Take this for thy pains.' To testify your bounty,[126] I thank you, you have testerned me;[127] in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself. And so, sir, I'll commend[128] you to my master.

PROTEUS Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck,

[Exit Speed]

Which cannot perish having thee aboard,
Being destined to a drier death[131] on shore.
I must go send some better messenger:
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,[133]
Receiving them from such a worthless post.[134]

Exit

Act 1 Scene 2[1.2]

running scene 2

Enter Julia and Lucetta

JULIA But say, Lucetta — now we are alone —
Wouldst thou then counsel me to fall in love?
LUCETTA Ay, madam, so[3] you stumble not unheedfully.
JULIA Of all the fair resort[4] of gentlemen
That every day with parle[5] encounter me,
In thy opinion, which is worthiest love?
LUCETTA Please you repeat their names, I'll show my mind,
According to my shallow simple skill.
JULIA What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?[9]
LUCETTA As of a knight well-spoken, neat[10] and fine;
But, were I you, he never should be mine.
JULIA What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?[12]
LUCETTA Well of his wealth; but of himself, so so.
JULIA What think'st thou of the gentle[14] Proteus?
LUCETTA Lord, Lord: to see what folly reigns in us!
JULIA How now? What means this passion[16] at his name?
LUCETTA Pardon, dear madam: 'tis a passing[17] shame
That I — unworthy body as I am —
Should censure[19] thus on lovely gentlemen.
JULIA Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?
LUCETTA Then thus: of many good, I think him best.
JULIA Your reason?
LUCETTA I have no other, but a woman's reason:
I think him so because I think him so.
JULIA And wouldst thou have me cast[25] my love on him?
LUCETTA Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.[26]
JULIA Why he, of all the rest, hath never moved[27] me.
LUCETTA Yet he, of all the rest, I think best loves ye.
JULIA His little speaking[29] shows his love but small.
LUCETTA Fire that's closest kept burns most of all.
JULIA They do not love that do not show their love.

LUCETTA O, they love least that let men know their love.
JULIA I would I knew his mind.
LUCETTA Peruse this paper, madam. ***Gives a letter***
JULIA ‘To Julia’. Say, from whom?
LUCETTA That the contents will show.
JULIA Say, say: who gave it thee?
LUCETTA Sir Valentine’s page: and sent, I think, from Proteus.
He would have given it you, but I, being[39] in the way,
Did in your name receive it: pardon the fault, I pray.
JULIA Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker![41]
Dare you presume to harbour wanton[42] lines?
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
Now trust me, ’tis an office[44] of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper: see it be returned,
Or else return no more into my sight.
LUCETTA To plead for love deserves more fee[48] than hate.
JULIA Will ye be gone?
LUCETTA That[50] you may ruminate.
Exit
JULIA And yet I would I had o’erlooked[51] the letter;
It were a shame to call her back again
And pray her to[53] a fault for which I chid her.
What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view!
Since maids, in modesty, say ‘no’ to that
Which they would have[57] the profferer construe ‘ay’.
Fie, fie: how wayward[58] is this foolish love
That — like a testy[59] babe — will scratch the nurse
And presently,[60] all humbled, kiss the rod!
How churlishly[61] I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angerly[63] I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforced my heart to smile!
My penance is to call Lucetta back
And ask remission[66] for my folly past.

What ho! Lucetta!
[Enter Lucetta]
LUCETTA What would your ladyship?
JULIA Is't near dinner-time?
LUCETTA I would it were,
That you might kill your stomach[71] on your meat
And not upon your maid. ***Drops a letter, then picks it up***
JULIA What is't that you took up so gingerly?
LUCETTA Nothing.
JULIA Why didst thou stoop then?
LUCETTA To take a paper up that I let fall.
JULIA And is that paper nothing?
LUCETTA Nothing concerning me.
JULIA Then let[79] it lie for those that it concerns.
LUCETTA Madam, it will not lie[80] where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.[81]
JULIA Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.
LUCETTA That[83] I might sing it, madam, to a tune.
Give me a note: your ladyship can set[84]—
JULIA As little by such toys[85] as may be possible.
Best sing it to the tune of 'Light o'love'.[86]
LUCETTA It is too heavy[87] for so light a tune.
JULIA Heavy? Belike it hath some burden[88] then?
LUCETTA Ay, and melodious were it, would you sing it.
JULIA And why not you?
LUCETTA I cannot reach so high.[91]
JULIA Let's see your song. ***Takes the letter***
How now, minion![92]
LUCETTA Keep tune[93] there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet methinks I do not like this tune.
JULIA You do not?
LUCETTA No, madam, 'tis too sharp.[96]
JULIA You, minion, are too saucy.
LUCETTA Nay, now you are too flat,[98]
And mar[99] the concord with too harsh a descant:
There wanteth but a mean[100] to fill your song.

JULIA The mean is drowned with your unruly bass.[101]
LUCETTA Indeed, I bid the base[102] for Proteus.
JULIA This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with protestation![104] ***Tears the letter***
Go, get you gone, and let the papers lie:
You would be fing'ring[106] them to anger me.
LUCETTA She makes it strange,[107] but she would be best pleased
To be so angered with another letter.
[Exit]
JULIA Nay, would[109] I were so angered with the same:
O hateful hands, to tear such loving words;
Injurious wasps,[111] to feed on such sweet honey
And kill the bees that yield it with your stings!
I'll kiss each several paper[113] for amends.
Look, here is writ 'kind Julia'. Unkind[114] Julia, ***↓Examining the pieces↓***
As[115] in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
And here is writ 'love-wounded Proteus'.
Poor wounded name: my[119] bosom as a bed
Shall lodge thee till thy wound be throughly[120] healed;
And thus I search[121] it with a sovereign kiss.
But twice or thrice was 'Proteus' written down.
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away
Till I have found each letter, in the letter,
Except mine own name: that, some whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged,[126] fearful, hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging sea.
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ:
'Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
To the sweet Julia': that[130] I'll tear away:
And yet I will not, sith[131] so prettily
He[132] couples it to his complaining names.
Thus[133] will I fold them, one upon another;
Now kiss, embrace, contend,[134] do what you will.
[Enter Lucetta]

LUCETTA Madam, dinner is ready, and your father stays.[135]
JULIA Well, let us go.
LUCETTA What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?
JULIA If you respect[138] them, best to take them up.
LUCETTA Nay, I was taken up[139] for laying them down.
Yet here they shall not lie, for[140] catching cold. ***Picks up the pieces***
JULIA I see you have a month's mind to[141] them.
LUCETTA Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;
I see things too, although you judge I wink.[143]
JULIA Come, come: will't please you go?

Exeunt

Act 1 Scene 3[1.3]

running scene 3

Enter Antonio and Pantino

ANTONIO Tell me, Pantino, what sad[1] talk was that
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?[2]
PANTINO ’Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.
ANTONIO Why? What of him?
PANTINO He wondered that your lordship
Would suffer[6] him to spend his youth at home,
While other men, of slender reputation,[7]
Put forth[8] their sons to seek preferment out:
Some to the wars to try their fortune there,
Some to discover islands far away,
Some to the studious universities;
For any or for all these exercises,
He said that Proteus your son was meet,[13]
And did request me to importune[14] you
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment[16] to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.
ANTONIO Nor need’st thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.[19]
I have considered well his loss of time,
And how he cannot be a perfect[21] man,
Not being tried[22] and tutored in the world:
Experience is by industry achieved
And perfected by the swift course of time.
Then tell me, whither were I best to send him?
PANTINO I think your lordship is not ignorant[26]
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor[28] in his royal court.
ANTONIO I know it well.
PANTINO ’Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him thither:
There shall he practise tilts[31] and tournaments,

Hear sweet discourse,[32] converse with noblemen,
And be in eye of[33] every exercise
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.
ANTONIO I like thy counsel: well hast thou advised.
And that thou mayst perceive how well I like it,
The execution[37] of it shall make known.
Even with the speediest expedition[38]
I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.
PANTINO Tomorrow, may it please you, Don Alfonso
With other gentlemen of good esteem
Are journeying to salute the emperor
And to commend[43] their service to his will.
ANTONIO Good company: with them shall Proteus go.
[Enter Proteus, reading]
And in good time![45] Now will we break with him.
PROTEUS Sweet love, sweet lines, sweet life!
Here is her hand,[47] the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.[48]
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves
To seal[50] our happiness with their consents.
O heavenly Julia!
ANTONIO How now? What letter are you reading there?
PROTEUS May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations[54] sent from Valentine,
Delivered by a friend that came from him.
ANTONIO Lend me the letter: let me see what news.
PROTEUS There is no news, my lord, but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well beloved
And daily gracèd[59] by the emperor,
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.
ANTONIO And how stand you affected[61] to his wish?
PROTEUS As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his[63] friendly wish.
ANTONIO My will is something sorted[64] with his wish.
Muse[65] not that I thus suddenly proceed:
For what I will, I will, and there an end.

I am resolved that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentinus in the emperor’s court:
What maintenance[69] he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition[70] thou shalt have from me.
Tomorrow be in readiness to go:
Excuse it not,[72] for I am peremptory.

PROTEUS My lord, I cannot be so soon provided:[73]
Please you deliberate a day or two.

ANTONIO Look[75] what thou want’st shall be sent after thee.
No[76] more of stay: tomorrow thou must go.
Come on, Pantino, you shall be employed
To hasten on his expedition.

[Exeunt Antonio and Pantino]

PROTEUS Thus have I shunned the fire for fear of burning,
And drenched me in the sea where I am drowned.
I feared to show my father Julia’s letter,
Lest he should take exceptions[82] to my love,
And with the vantage[83] of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against[84] my love.
O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away.

[Enter Pantino]

PANTINO Sir Proteus, your father calls for you:
He is in haste, therefore I pray you go.

PROTEUS Why, this it is: my heart accords[91] thereto,
And yet a thousand times it answers ‘no’.

Exeunt

Act 2 Scene 1[2.1]

running scene 4

Enter Valentine [and] Speed

SPEED Sir, your glove.
VALENTINE Not mine: my gloves are on.[2]
SPEED Why then, this may be yours, for this is but one.
VALENTINE Ha! Let me see: ay, give it me, it’s mine.
Sweet ornament[5] that decks a thing divine.
Ah, Silvia,[6] Silvia!
SPEED Madam Silvia! Madam Silvia! ***Calls***
VALENTINE How now, sirrah?[8]
SPEED She is not within hearing, sir.
VALENTINE Why, sir, who bade you call her?
SPEED Your worship, sir, or else I mistook.
VALENTINE Well, you’ll still[12] be too forward.
SPEED And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.
VALENTINE Go to,[14] sir: tell me, do you know Madam Silvia?
SPEED She that your worship loves?
VALENTINE Why, how know you that I am in love?

SPEED Marry, by these special marks:[17] first, you have learned — like Sir Proteus — to wreathe[18] your arms like a malcontent: to relish a love-song like a robin-redbreast: to walk alone like one that had the pestilence:[19] to sigh like a school-boy that had lost his A B C: to weep like a young wench that had buried her grandam:[20] to fast like one that takes diet: to watch[21] like one that fears robbing: to speak puling[22] like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions: when you fasted, it was presently[24] after dinner: when you looked sadly, it was for want of money. And now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

VALENTINE Are all these things perceived in me?
SPEED They are all perceived without ye.[28]
VALENTINE Without me?[29] They cannot.

SPEED Without you? Nay, that’s certain: for, without you were so simple, none else would. But you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal, that not an eye that sees you but is a physician to comment on your malady.

VALENTINE But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

SPEED She that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?

VALENTINE Hast thou observed that? Even she, I mean.

SPEED Why sir, I know her not.

VALENTINE Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know’st her not?

SPEED Is she not hard-favoured, sir?

VALENTINE Not so fair, boy, as well-favoured.

SPEED Sir, I know that well enough.

VALENTINE What dost thou know?

SPEED That she is not so fair as, of you, well-favoured.

VALENTINE I mean that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

SPEED That’s because the one is painted and the other out of all count.

VALENTINE How painted? And how out of count?

SPEED Marry, sir, so painted to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

VALENTINE How esteem’st thou me? I account of her beauty.

SPEED You never saw her since she was deformed.

VALENTINE How long hath she been deformed?

SPEED Ever since you loved her.

VALENTINE I have loved her ever since I saw her, and still I see her beautiful.

SPEED If you love her, you cannot see her.

VALENTINE Why?

SPEED Because Love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes, or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungartered!

VALENTINE What should I see then?

SPEED Your own present folly and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

VALENTINE Belike, boy, then you are in love, for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

SPEED True, sir: I was in love with my bed. I thank you, you swinged[64] me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

VALENTINE In conclusion, I stand affected to[66] her.

SPEED I would you were set,[67] so your affection would cease.

VALENTINE Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

SPEED And have you?

VALENTINE I have.

SPEED Are they not lamely writ?

VALENTINE No, boy, but as well as I can do them. Peace! Here she comes.

SPEED O, excellent motion![73] O, exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret to her. ***Aside***

[Enter Silvia]

VALENTINE Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

SPEED O, 'give[75] ye good ev'n: here's a million of manners. ***Aside***

SILVIA Sir Valentine and servant,[76] to you two thousand.

SPEED He[77] should give her interest, and she gives it him. ***Aside***

VALENTINE As you enjoined me, I have writ your letter
Unto the secret, nameless friend[79] of yours,
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in
But for my duty to your ladyship. ***Gives her a letter***

SILVIA I thank you, gentle servant: 'tis very clerkly[82] done.

VALENTINE Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off:[83]
For being ignorant to whom it goes
I writ at random, very doubtfully.[85]

SILVIA Perchance[86] you think too much of so much pains?

VALENTINE No, madam, so[87] it stead you, I will write —
Please you command — a thousand times as much.
And yet—

SILVIA A pretty period![90] Well, I guess the sequel,
And yet I will not name it: and yet I care not.

And yet take this[92] again. And yet I thank you, ***Offers him the letter***
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.
SPEED And yet you will, and yet another ‘yet’. ***Aside***
VALENTINE What means your ladyship? Do you not like it?
SILVIA Yes, yes: the lines are very quaintly[96] writ,
But, since unwillingly, take them again.[97] ***Offers the letter again***
Nay, take them.
VALENTINE Madam, they are for you.
SILVIA Ay, ay: you writ them, sir, at my request,
But I will none of[101] them. They are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly.
VALENTINE Please you, I’ll write your ladyship another.
SILVIA And when it’s writ, for my sake read it over,
And if it please you, so:[105] if not, why, so.
VALENTINE If it please me, madam? What then?
SILVIA Why, if it please you, take it for your labour;[107]
And so, good morrow, servant.
Exit
SPEED O, jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible ***Aside***
As a nose on a man’s face, or a weathercock on a steeple!
My master sues to[111] her, and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
O, excellent device![113] Was there ever heard a better?
That my master, being scribe,
To himself should write the letter?
VALENTINE How now, sir? What, are you reasoning[116] with yourself?
SPEED Nay, I was rhyming: ’tis you that have the reason.
VALENTINE To do what?
SPEED To be a spokesman from Madam Silvia.
VALENTINE To whom?
SPEED To yourself: why, she woos you by a figure.[121]
VALENTINE What figure?
SPEED By a letter, I should say.
VALENTINE Why, she hath not writ to me?
SPEED What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself?
Why, do you not perceive the jest?

VALENTINE No, believe me.

SPEED No believing you indeed, sir. But did you perceive her earnest?[128]

VALENTINE She gave me none,[129] except an angry word.

SPEED Why, she hath given you a letter.

VALENTINE That’s the letter I writ to her friend.

SPEED And that letter hath she delivered, and there an end.[132]

VALENTINE I would it were no worse.

SPEED I’ll warrant[134] you, ’tis as well:
For often have you writ to her, and she in modesty,
Or else for want[136] of idle time, could not again reply,
Or fearing else some messenger that might her mind discover,[137]
Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.
All this I speak in print,[139] for in print I found it.
Why muse you, sir? ’Tis dinner-time.

VALENTINE I have dined.[141]

SPEED Ay, but hearken, sir: though the chameleon[142] Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by my victuals,[143] and would fain have meat. O, be not like your mistress: be moved,[144] be moved.

Exeunt

Act 2 Scene 2[2.2]

running scene 5

Enter Proteus [and] Julia

PROTEUS Have patience, gentle Julia.

JULIA I must, where is[2] no remedy.

PROTEUS When possibly I can, I will return.

JULIA If you turn[4] not, you will return the sooner.
Keep this remembrance[5] for thy Julia's sake. ***Gives a ring***

PROTEUS Why then, we'll make exchange; here, take you this. ***Gives a ring***

JULIA And seal the bargain with a holy kiss. ***They kiss***

PROTEUS Here is my hand for my true constancy:[8]
And when that hour o'erslips[9] me in the day,
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance[11]
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness.
My father stays[13] my coming: answer not,
The tide is now; nay, not thy tide of tears,
That tide will stay[15] me longer than I should.
Julia, farewell. What, gone without a word?

[Exit Julia]

Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak,
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace[18] it.

[Enter Pantino]

PANTINO Sir Proteus, you are stayed for.

PROTEUS Go: I come, I come.
Alas, this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.

Exeunt

Act 2 Scene 3[2.3]

running scene 6

Enter Lance [leading his dog, Crab]

LANCE Nay, ’twill be this hour ere[1] I have done weeping: all the kind of the Lances have this very fault. I have received my proportion,[2] like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the Imperial’s[3] court. I think Crab, my dog, be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur[6] shed one tear: he is a stone, a very pebble stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog. A Jew[7] would have wept to have seen our parting. Why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I’ll show you the manner of it.[9] This shoe is my father. No, this left[10] shoe is my father. No, no, this left shoe is my mother. Nay, that cannot be so neither. Yes, it is so, it is so: it hath the worser sole.[11] This shoe with the hole[12] in it is my mother, and this my father. A vengeance on’t, there ’tis. Now, sir, this staff[13] is my sister, for, look you, she is as white as a lily and as small as a wand.[14] This hat is Nan, our maid. I am the dog: no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog. O, the dog is me, and I am myself. Ay, so, so. Now come I to my father. Father, your[16] blessing: now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping. Now should I kiss my father: well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother: O, that she could speak now like a wood[18] woman! Well, I kiss her. Why, there ’tis; here’s my mother’s breath[19] up and down. Now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes. Now the dog all this while sheds not a tear nor speaks a word: but see how I lay the dust[21] with my tears.

[Enter Pantino]

PANTINO Lance, away, away: aboard! Thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What’s the matter? Why weep’st thou, man? Away, ass, you’ll lose the tide,[23] if you tarry any longer.

LANCE It is no matter if the tied[25] were lost, for it is the unkindest tied that ever any man tied.

PANTINO What's the unkindest tide?

LANCE Why, he that's tied here, Crab, my dog.

PANTINO Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood,[29] and in losing the flood, lose thy voyage, and in losing thy voyage, lose thy master, and in losing thy master, lose thy service, and in losing thy service— ***Lance gestures for him to stop*** Why dost thou stop my mouth?

LANCE For fear thou shouldst lose[32] thy tongue.

PANTINO Where should I lose my tongue?

LANCE In thy tale.[34]

PANTINO In thy tail![35]

LANCE Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tied! Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears: if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

PANTINO Come: come away, man. I was sent to call[39] thee.

LANCE Sir, call me what thou dar'st.

PANTINO Wilt thou go?

LANCE Well, I will go.

Exeunt

Act 2 Scene 4[2.4]

running scene 7

Enter Valentine, Silvia, Turio [and] Speed

SILVIA Servant!

VALENTINE Mistress?

SPEED Master, Sir Turio frowns on you.

VALENTINE Ay, boy, it’s for love.

SPEED Not of you.

VALENTINE Of my mistress, then.

SPEED ’Twere[7] good you knocked him.

[Exit]

SILVIA Servant, you are sad.

VALENTINE Indeed, madam, I seem so.

TURIO Seem you that[10] you are not?

VALENTINE Haply I do.

TURIO So do counterfeits.[12]

VALENTINE So do you.

TURIO What seem I that I am not?

VALENTINE Wise.

TURIO What instance[16] of the contrary?

VALENTINE Your folly.

TURIO And how quote[18] you my folly?

VALENTINE I quote it in your jerkin.[19]

TURIO My jerkin is a doublet.[20]

VALENTINE Well, then, I’ll double your folly.

TURIO How?[22]

SILVIA What, angry, Sir Turio? Do you change colour?

VALENTINE Give him leave, madam, he is a kind of chameleon.

TURIO That hath more mind to feed on your blood than live[25] in your air.

VALENTINE You have said, sir.

TURIO Ay, sir, and done[27] too, for this time.

VALENTINE I know it well, sir: you always end[28] ere you begin.

SILVIA A fine volley[29] of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

VALENTINE ’Tis indeed, madam, we thank the giver.

SILVIA Who is that, servant?

VALENTINE Yourself, sweet lady, for you gave the fire.[32] Sir Turio borrows his wit from your ladyship’s looks, and spends what he borrows kindly[33] in your company.

TURIO Sir, if you spend[34] word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

VALENTINE I know it well, sir: you have an exchequer[36] of words and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers, for it appears by their bare liveries[37] that they live by your bare words.

SILVIA No more, gentlemen, no more: here comes my father.

[Enter Duke]

DUKE Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.[40]
Sir Valentine, your father is in good health:
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

VALENTINE My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger[45] from thence.

DUKE Know ye Don Antonio, your countryman?[46]

VALENTINE Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth[48] and worthy estimation,
And not without desert[49] so well reputed.

DUKE Hath he not a son?

VALENTINE Ay, my good lord, a son that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father.

DUKE You know him well?

VALENTINE I knew him as myself, for from our infancy
We have conversed and spent our hours together,
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting[57] the sweet benefit of time
To clothe mine age[58] with angel-like perfection,
Yet hath Sir Proteus — for that’s his name —
Made use and fair advantage of his days:
His years but young, but his experience old,
His head unmellowed[62] but his judgement ripe,
And in a word — for far behind his worth

Comes all the praises that I now bestow —
He is complete[65] in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.
DUKE Beshrew me, sir, but if he make this good,[67]
He is as worthy for an empress’ love,
As meet to be an emperor’s counsellor.
Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me,
With commendation from great potentates,[71]
And here he means to spend his time awhile:
I think ’tis no unwelcome news to you.
VALENTINE Should I have wished a thing, it had been he.
DUKE Welcome him then according to his worth.
Silvia, I speak to you, and you, Sir Turio,
For Valentine, I need not cite[77] him to it:
I will send him hither to you presently.
[Exit]
VALENTINE This is the gentleman I told your ladyship
Had come[80] along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes locked in her crystal looks.[81]
SILVIA Belike that[82] now she hath enfranchised them
Upon some other pawn for fealty.
VALENTINE Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners still.
SILVIA Nay, then he should be blind, and being blind,
How could he see his way to seek out you?
VALENTINE Why, lady, Love hath twenty pair of eyes.
TURIO They say that Love[88] hath not an eye at all.
VALENTINE To see such lovers, Turio, as yourself:
Upon a homely[90] object, Love can wink.
SILVIA Have done, have done: here comes the gentleman.
[Turio may exit]
[Enter Proteus]
VALENTINE Welcome, dear Proteus! Mistress, I beseech you,
Confirm his welcome with some special favour.
SILVIA His worth is warrant[94] for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wished to hear from.
VALENTINE Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain[96] him

To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.
SILVIA Too low[98] a mistress for so high a servant.
PROTEUS Not so, sweet lady: but too mean[99] a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.
VALENTINE Leave[101] off discourse of disability:
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.
PROTEUS My duty[103] will I boast of, nothing else.
SILVIA And duty never yet did want his meed.[104]
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.
PROTEUS I'll die[106] on him that says so but yourself.
SILVIA That you are welcome?
PROTEUS That you are worthless.
[Enter Turio, or a servant enters and whispers to Turio]
TURIO Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.
SILVIA I wait upon his pleasure. Come, Sir Turio,
Go with me. Once more, new servant, welcome.
I'll leave you to confer of home affairs:
When you have done, we look to hear from you.
PROTEUS We'll both attend upon your ladyship.
[Exeunt Silvia and Turio]
VALENTINE Now, tell me: how do all from whence you came?
PROTEUS Your friends are well and have them much commended.[116]
VALENTINE And how do yours?
PROTEUS I left them all in health.
VALENTINE How does your lady? And how thrives your love?
PROTEUS My tales of love were wont to[120] weary you:
I know you joy not in a love discourse.
VALENTINE Ay, Proteus, but that life is altered now.
I have done penance for contemning[123] Love,
Whose high imperious[124] thoughts have punished me
With bitter fasts, with penitential[125] groans,
With nightly tears and daily heart-sore sighs:
For in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chased sleep from my enthrallèd[128] eyes,
And made them watchers of[129] mine own heart's sorrow.
O gentle Proteus, Love's a mighty lord,

And hath so humbled me, as I confess,
There is no[132] woe to his correction,
Nor to[133] his service no such joy on earth.
Now no discourse, except it be of love:
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup and sleep
Upon the very naked[136] name of love.
PROTEUS Enough: I read your fortune in your eye.
Was this[138] the idol that you worship so?
VALENTINE Even she;[139] and is she not a heavenly saint?
PROTEUS No, but she is an earthly paragon.[140]
VALENTINE Call her divine.
PROTEUS I will not flatter her.
VALENTINE O, flatter me, for love delights in praises.
PROTEUS When I was sick,[144] you gave me bitter pills,
And I must minister the like[145] to you.
VALENTINE Then speak the truth by[146] her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,[147]
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.
PROTEUS Except my mistress.
VALENTINE Sweet,[150] except not any,
Except[151] thou wilt except against my love.
PROTEUS Have I not reason to prefer mine own?
VALENTINE And I will help thee to prefer[153] her too:
She shall be dignified with this high honour,
To bear my lady’s train, lest the base earth
Should from[156] her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
And of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain[158] to root the summer-swelling flower
And make rough winter everlastingly.
PROTEUS Why, Valentine, what braggardism[160] is this?
VALENTINE Pardon me, Proteus: all I can[161] is nothing
To[162] her whose worth makes other worthies nothing.
She is alone.[163]
PROTEUS Then let her alone.
VALENTINE Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own,
And I as rich in having such a jewel

As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me that I do not dream on thee,[169]
Because thou see'st me dote upon[170] my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes —
Only for[172] his possessions are so huge —
Is gone with her along, and I must after:
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.
PROTEUS But she loves you?
VALENTINE Ay, and we are betrothed: nay, more, our marriage-hour,
With[177] all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determined of:[178] how I must climb her window,
The ladder made of cords, and all the means
Plotted and 'greed[180] on for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.
PROTEUS Go on before: I shall inquire you forth.[183]
I must unto the road, to disembark[184]
Some necessaries[185] that I needs must use,
And then I'll presently attend you.
VALENTINE Will you make haste?
PROTEUS I will.
Exit [Valentine]
Even as one heat another heat expels,[189]
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance[191] of my former love
Is by a newer object[192] quite forgotten.
Is it mine eye or Valentine's praise?
Her true perfection or my false transgression[194]
That makes me reasonless[195] to reason thus?
She is fair: and so is Julia that I love —
That I did love, for now my love is thawed,
Which, like a waxen image gainst a fire
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks my zeal[200] to Valentine is cold,
And that I love him not as I was wont.

O, but I love his lady too too much,
And that’s the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,[204]
That thus without advice[205] begin to love her?
’Tis but her picture[206] I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzlèd my reason’s light:
But when I look[208] on her perfections,
There is no reason but[209] I shall be blind.
If I can check[210] my erring love, I will:
If not, to compass[211] her I’ll use my skill.

Exit

Act 2 Scene 5

running scene 8

Enter Speed and Lance [separately. Lance with his dog, Crab]

SPEED Lance, by mine honesty, welcome to Padua.[1]

LANCE Forswear[2] not thyself, sweet youth, for I am not welcome. I reckon this always, that a man is never undone[3] till he be hanged, nor never welcome to a place till some certain shot[4] be paid and the hostess say ‘Welcome!’

SPEED Come on, you madcap: I’ll to the ale-house with you presently, where, for one shot of five pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with Madam Julia?

LANCE Marry, after they closed in earnest,[8] they parted very fairly in jest.

SPEED But shall she marry him?

LANCE No.

SPEED How then? Shall he marry her?

LANCE No, neither.

SPEED What, are they broken?[13]

LANCE No, they are both as[14] whole as a fish.

SPEED Why then, how stands the matter[15] with them?

LANCE Marry, thus: when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

SPEED What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.

LANCE What a block[18] art thou, that thou canst not! My staff understands me.

SPEED What thou say’st?

LANCE Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I’ll but lean, and my staff understands me.

SPEED It stands under thee, indeed.

LANCE Why, stand-under and under-stand is all one.

SPEED But tell me true, will’t be a match?

LANCE Ask my dog: if he say ‘ay’, it will. If he say ‘no’, it will. If he shake his tail and say nothing, it will.

SPEED The conclusion is, then, that it will.

LANCE Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but by a parable.[28]

SPEED ’Tis well that I get it so. But Lance, how say’st thou[29] that my master is become a notable[30] lover?

LANCE I never knew him otherwise.

SPEED Than how?

LANCE A notable lubber,[33] as thou reportest him to be.

SPEED Why, thou whoreson[34] ass, thou mistak’st me.

LANCE Why, fool, I meant not thee, I meant thy master.

SPEED I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

LANCE Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt, go with me to the alehouse: if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

SPEED Why?

LANCE Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to the ale[41] with a Christian. Wilt thou go?

SPEED At thy service.

Exeunt

Act 2 Scene 6

running scene 9

Enter Proteus alone

PROTEUS To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn?
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn?
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn.
And ev'n that power[4] which gave me first my oath
Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
Love bade me swear, and Love bids me forswear;
O sweet-suggesting[7] Love, if thou hast sinned,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.
Unheedful[11] vows may heedfully be broken,
And he wants wit[12] that wants resolved will
To learn[13] his wit t'exchange the bad for better.
Fie, fie, unreverend[14] tongue, to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferred[15]
With twenty thousand soul-confirming[16] oaths.
I cannot leave[17] to love, and yet I do:
But there I leave to love where I should love.
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself.
If I lose them, thus find I[21] by their loss:
For[22] Valentine, myself, for Julia, Silvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend,
For love is still most precious in itself,
And Silvia — witness heaven that made her fair[25] —
Shows Julia[26] but a swarthy Ethiope.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Remembering that my love to her is dead.
And Valentine I'll hold[29] an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant[31] to myself,

Without some treachery used to Valentine.
This night he meaneth with a corded[33] ladder
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window,
Myself in counsel[35] his competitor.
Now presently I'll give her father notice
Of their disguising[37] and pretended flight,
Who, all enraged, will banish Valentine,
For Turio he intends shall wed his daughter.
But Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross,[40]
By some sly trick, blunt[41] Turio's dull proceeding.
Love, lend[42] me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift.[43]

Exit

Act 2 Scene 7[2.7]

running scene 10

Enter Julia and Lucetta

JULIA Counsel, Lucetta: gentle girl, assist me,
And ev'n in kind love, I do conjure[2] thee,
Who art the table[3] wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly charactered[4] and engraved,
To lesson[5] me and tell me some good mean
How with my honour I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.
LUCETTA Alas, the way is wearisome and long.
JULIA A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure[10] kingdoms with his feeble steps:
Much less shall she that hath Love's wings to fly,
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection as Sir Proteus.
LUCETTA Better forbear[14] till Proteus make return.
JULIA O, know'st thou not his looks are my soul's food?
Pity the dearth[16] that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly[18] touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.
LUCETTA I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualify[22] the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.
JULIA The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns.
The current[25] that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopped, impatiently doth rage:
But when his fair course is not hinderèd,
He makes[28] sweet music with th'enamelled stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge[29]
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage,
And so by many winding nooks he strays

With willing sport[32] to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
I’ll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love,
And there I’ll rest, as after much turmoil
A blessèd soul doth in Elysium.[38]
LUCETTA But in what habit[39] will you go along?
JULIA Not like a woman, for[40] I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds[42]
As may beseem[43] some well-reputed page.
LUCETTA Why then, your ladyship must cut your hair.
JULIA No, girl, I’ll knit[45] it up in silken strings
With twenty odd-conceited[46] true-love knots.
To be fantastic[47] may become a youth
Of greater time[48] than I shall show to be.
LUCETTA What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?
JULIA That fits as well as ‘Tell me, good my lord,
What compass[51] will you wear your farthingale?’
Why, ev’n what fashion thou best likes, Lucetta.
LUCETTA You must needs have them with a codpiece,[53] madam.
JULIA Out, out, Lucetta! That will be ill-favoured.[54]
LUCETTA A round hose,[55] madam, now’s not worth a pin
Unless you have a codpiece to stick pins on.[56]
JULIA Lucetta, as thou lov’st me, let me have
What thou think’st meet and is most mannerly.[58]
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unstaid[60] a journey?
I fear me it will make me scandalized.[61]
LUCETTA If you think so, then stay at home and go not.
JULIA Nay, that I will not.
LUCETTA Then never dream on infamy,[64] but go.
If Proteus like your journey when you come,
No matter who’s displeased when you are gone:
I fear me he will scarce be pleased withal.[67]

JULIA That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances[70] of infinite of love
Warrant[71] me welcome to my Proteus.
LUCETTA All these are servants to deceitful men.
JULIA Base men, that use them to so base effect.
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth:
His words are bonds,[75] his oaths are oracles,
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate,[76]
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart,
His heart, as far from fraud as heaven from earth.
LUCETTA Pray heav'n he prove so when you come to him.
JULIA Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong
To bear a hard[81] opinion of his truth:
Only deserve my love by loving him,
And presently go with me to my chamber
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish[85] me upon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,[86]
My goods, my lands, my reputation:
Only, in lieu thereof,[88] dispatch me hence.
Come, answer not, but to it presently.
I am impatient of my tarriance.[90]
Exeunt

Act 3 Scene 1[3.1]

Enter Duke, Turio [and] Proteus

DUKE Sir Turio, give us leave,[1] I pray, awhile:
We have some secrets to confer about.

[Exit Turio]

Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?

PROTEUS My gracious lord, that which I would discover
The law of friendship bids me to conceal,
But when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me — undeserving as I am —
My duty pricks[8] me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine my friend
This night intends to steal away your daughter:
Myself am one made privy to[12] the plot.
I know you have determined to bestow her
On Turio, whom your gentle daughter hates,
And should she thus be stol'n away from you,
It would be much vexation[16] to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift,
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows which would press you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeless[21] grave.

DUKE Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care,
Which to requite,[23] command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply when they have judged me fast asleep,
And oftentimes have purposed[26] to forbid
Sir Valentine her company and my court.
But fearing lest my jealous aim[28] might err
And so unworthily disgrace the man —
A rashness that I ever yet have shunned —

I gave him gentle[31] looks, thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclosed to me.
And that thou mayst perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,[34]
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept:
And thence she cannot be conveyed away.
PROTEUS Know, noble lord, they have devised a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down:
For which, the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently,
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly
That my discovery[45] be not aimed at:
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher[47] of this pretence.
DUKE Upon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light[49] from thee of this.
PROTEUS Adieu, my lord: Sir Valentine is coming.
[Exit Proteus]
[Enter Valentine]
DUKE Sir Valentine, whither away[51] so fast?
VALENTINE Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.
DUKE Be they of much import?
VALENTINE The tenor[56] of them doth but signify
My health and happy being at your court.
DUKE Nay then, no matter. Stay with me awhile:
I am to break[59] with thee of some affairs
That touch me near,[60] wherein thou must be secret.
’Tis not unknown to thee that I have sought
To match my friend Sir Turio to my daughter.
VALENTINE I know it well, my lord, and sure the match
Were rich and honourable: besides, the gentleman

Is full of virtue, bounty,[65] worth and qualities
Beseeming[66] such a wife as your fair daughter.
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?
DUKE No, trust me, she is peevish,[68] sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty,
Neither regarding[70] that she is my child
Nor fearing me as[71] if I were her father.
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice,[73] hath drawn my love from her,
And, where I thought the remnant[74] of mine age
Should have been cherished by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolved to take a wife
And turn her out to who[77] will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower,[78]
For me and my possessions she esteems[79] not.
VALENTINE What would your grace have me to do in this?
DUKE There is a lady in Verona here
Whom I affect:[82] but she is nice and coy,
And nought[83] esteems my agèd eloquence.
Now therefore would I have thee to my tutor —
For long agone[85] I have forgot to court,
Besides, the fashion of the time is changed —
How and which way I may bestow myself[87]
To be regarded[88] in her sun-bright eye.
VALENTINE Win her with gifts, if she respect not words:
Dumb jewels often in their silent kind[90]
More than quick[91] words do move a woman’s mind.
DUKE But she did scorn a present that I sent her.
VALENTINE A woman sometime scorns what best contents her.
Send her another: never give her o’er,[94]
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.[95]
If she do frown, ’tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget[97] more love in you.
If she do chide, ’tis not to have you gone,
Forwhy,[99] the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say,

For[101] ‘get you gone’, she doth not mean ‘away!’
Flatter and praise, commend,[102] extol their graces:
Though[103] ne’er so black, say they have angels’ faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say is no man
If with his tongue[105] he cannot win a woman.
DUKE But she I mean is promised by her friends[106]
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth,
And kept severely from resort of men,
That[109] no man hath access by day to her.
VALENTINE Why then I would resort to her by night.
DUKE Ay, but the doors be locked and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.
VALENTINE What lets[113] but one may enter at her window?
DUKE Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built so shelving[115] that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.
VALENTINE Why then, a ladder quaintly[117] made of cords
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,[118]
Would serve to scale another Hero’s tower,[119]
So[120] bold Leander would adventure it.
DUKE Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,[121]
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.
VALENTINE When would you use it? Pray, sir, tell me that.
DUKE This very night; for Love is like a child
That longs for everything that he can come by.
VALENTINE By seven o’clock I’ll get you such a ladder.
DUKE But, hark thee: I will go to her alone.
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?
VALENTINE It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length.[130]
DUKE A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?[131]
VALENTINE Ay, my good lord.
DUKE Then let me see thy cloak:
I’ll get me one of such another[134] length.
VALENTINE Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.
DUKE How shall I fashion me[136] to wear a cloak?

I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me. ***Takes Valentine’s cloak and discovers a letter***
What letter is this same?[138] What’s here? ‘To Silvia’! ***and a rope ladder concealed under it***
And here an engine[139] fit for my proceeding.
I’ll be so bold to break the seal for once.
‘My thoughts do harbour[141] with my Silvia nightly, ***Reads***
And slaves they are to me that send them flying.
O, could their master come and go as lightly,[143]
Himself[144] would lodge where, senseless, they are lying.
My herald[145] thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them,
While I, their king, that thither them importune,[146]
Do curse the grace[147] that with such grace hath blessed them,
Because myself do want[148] my servants’ fortune.
I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their lord should be.’
What’s here?
‘Silvia, this night I will enfranchise[152] thee.’
’Tis so: and here’s the ladder for the purpose.
Why, Phaeton[154] — for thou art Merops’ son —
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars because they shine on thee?
Go, base intruder, overweening slave,[158]
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates,[159]
And[160] think my patience, more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence.
Thank me for this more than for all the favours
Which, all too much, I have bestowed on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories
Longer than swiftest expedition[165]
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter or thyself.
Be gone! I will not hear thy vain excuse,
But as thou lov’st thy life, make speed from hence.

[Exit]

VALENTINE And why not death, rather than living torment?
To die is to be banished from myself,
And Silvia is myself: banished from her
Is self from self. A deadly banishment:
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?[176]
Unless it be to think that she is by
And feed upon the shadow[178] of perfection.
Except[179] I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale.
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon.
She is my essence, and I leave to be[183]
If I be not by her fair influence[184]
Fostered,[185] illumined, cherished, kept alive.
I[186] fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:
Tarry I here, I but attend on[187] death,
But fly I hence, I fly away from life.

[Enter Proteus and Lance]

PROTEUS Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

LANCE So-ho,[190] so-ho!

PROTEUS What see'st thou?

LANCE Him we go to find: there's not a hair[192] on's head but 'tis a Valentine.[193]

PROTEUS Valentine?

VALENTINE No.

PROTEUS Who then? His spirit?[196]

VALENTINE Neither.

PROTEUS What then?

VALENTINE Nothing.

LANCE Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?

PROTEUS Who wouldst thou strike?

LANCE Nothing.

PROTEUS Villain,[203] forbear.

LANCE Why, sir, I'll strike nothing.[204] I pray you—

PROTEUS Sirrah, I say forbear. Friend Valentine, a word.
VALENTINE My ears are stopped[206] and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath possessed them.
PROTEUS Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,[208]
For they are harsh, untuneable and bad.
VALENTINE Is Silvia dead?
PROTEUS No, Valentine.
VALENTINE No Valentine[212] indeed, for sacred Silvia.
Hath she forsworn[213] me?
PROTEUS No, Valentine.
VALENTINE No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me.
What is your news?
LANCE Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanished.[217]
PROTEUS That thou art banished — O, that's the news —
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.
VALENTINE O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.[221]
Doth Silvia know that I am banishèd?
PROTEUS Ay, ay: and she hath offered to the doom[223] —
Which unreversed stands in effectual force —
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tendered,[226]
With them, upon her knees, her humble self,
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became[228] them
As if but now they waxèd[229] pale for woe.
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;[232]
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession[234] chafed him so,
When she for thy repeal[235] was suppliant,
That to close[236] prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of biding[237] there.
VALENTINE No more, unless the next word that thou speak'st
Have some malignant[239] power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee breathe it in mine ear,

As[241] ending anthem of my endless dolour.
PROTEUS Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study[243] help for that which thou lament'st:
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love:
Besides, thy staying will abridge[246] thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff: walk hence with that
And manage[248] it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence,
Which, being writ to me, shall be delivered
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.[251]
The time now serves not to expostulate:[252]
Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate,
And ere I part with thee, confer at large[254]
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs.
As thou lov'st Silvia, though[256] not for thyself,
Regard[257] thy danger, and along with me.
VALENTINE I pray thee, Lance, an if thou see'st my boy,[258]
Bid him make haste and meet me at the North-gate.
PROTEUS Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.
VALENTINE O, my dear Silvia! Hapless Valentine!

[Exeunt Valentine and Proteus]

LANCE I am but a fool, look you, and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave: but that's all[263] one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now that knows me to be in love, yet I am in love, but a team of horse[264] shall not pluck that from me, nor who 'tis I love: and yet 'tis a woman, but what woman, I will not tell myself: and yet 'tis a milkmaid,[266] yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips: yet 'tis a maid,[267] for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities[268] than a water-spaniel, which is much in a bare Christian. ***Pulls out a paper*** Here is the catelog[269] of her condition. '*Inprimis:* She can fetch and carry.' Why, a horse can do no more; nay, a horse cannot fetch,[270] but only carry, therefore is she better than a jade.[271] '*Item:* She can milk.' Look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

[Enter Speed]

SPEED How now, Signior Lance? What news with your mastership?

LANCE With my master's ship? Why, it is at sea.

SPEED Well, your old vice[275] still: mistake the word. What news, then, in your paper?

LANCE The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.

SPEED Why, man? How black?

LANCE Why, as black as ink.

SPEED Let me read them.

LANCE Fie on thee, jolt-head,[281] thou canst not read.

SPEED Thou liest: I can.

LANCE I will try[283] thee. Tell me this: who begot thee?

SPEED Marry, the son of my grandfather.

LANCE O illiterate loiterer! It was the son of thy grandmother: this proves that thou canst not read.

SPEED Come, fool, come: try me in[287] thy paper.

LANCE There: and Saint Nicholas[288] be thy speed. ***Gives him the paper***

SPEED '*Inprimis:* She can milk.' ***Reads***

LANCE Ay, that she can.

SPEED '*Item:* She brews good ale.'

LANCE And thereof comes the proverb 'Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.'

SPEED '*Item:* She can sew.[294]'

LANCE That's as much as to say 'Can she so?'

SPEED '*Item:* She can knit.'

LANCE What need a man care for a stock[297] with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?

SPEED '*Item:* She can wash and scour.'

LANCE A special virtue, for then she need not be washed and scoured.[300]

SPEED '*Item:* She can spin.[301]'

LANCE Then may I set[302] the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

SPEED 'Item: She hath many nameless virtues.[303]'

LANCE That's as much as to say 'bastard virtues'[304] that indeed know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

SPEED Here follow her vices.

LANCE Close at the heels of her virtues.

SPEED ‘Item: She is not to be kissed fasting in respect of[308] her breath.’

LANCE Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on.

SPEED ‘Item: She hath a sweet mouth.[310]’

LANCE That makes amends for her sour breath.

SPEED ‘Item: She doth talk in her sleep.’

LANCE It’s no matter for that, so she sleep[313] not in her talk.

SPEED ‘Item: She is slow in words.’

LANCE O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words is a woman’s only virtue: I pray thee out with’t, and place it for her chief virtue.

SPEED ‘Item: She is proud.[317]’

LANCE Out with that too: it was Eve’s legacy,[318] and cannot be ta’en from her.

SPEED ‘Item: She hath no teeth.[319]’

LANCE I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

SPEED ‘Item: She is curst.[321]’

LANCE Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

SPEED ‘Item: She will often praise[323] her liquor.’

LANCE If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will, for good things should be praised.

SPEED ‘Item: She is too liberal.[326]’

LANCE Of her tongue she cannot,[327] for that’s writ down she is slow of: of her purse she shall not, for that I’ll keep shut. Now, of another thing[328] she may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

SPEED ‘Item: She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.’

LANCE Stop there: I’ll have her. She was mine and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse[333] that once more.

SPEED ‘Item: She hath more hair than wit’—

LANCE More hair than wit? It may be I’ll prove[335] it. The cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair that covers the wit is more than the wit, for the greater hides the less. What’s next?

SPEED ‘And more faults than hairs’—

LANCE That’s monstrous:[339] O, that that were out!

SPEED ‘And more wealth than faults.’

LANCE Why, that word makes the faults gracious.[341] Well, I’ll have her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible—

SPEED What then?

LANCE Why, then will I tell thee — that thy master stays for thee at the North-gate.

SPEED For me?

LANCE For thee? Ay, who art thou? He hath stayed for a better man than thee.

SPEED And must I go to him?

LANCE Thou must run to him, for thou hast stayed so long that going will scarce serve the turn.

SPEED Why didst not tell me sooner? ’Pox of[351] your love letters!

[Exit]

LANCE Now will he be swinged[352] for reading my letter; an unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets. I’ll[353] after, to rejoice in the boy’s correction.

Exit

Act 3 Scene 2

running scene 12

Enter Duke [and] Turio

DUKE Sir Turio, fear not but that she will love you,
Now Valentine is banished from her sight.

TURIO Since his exile she hath despised me most,
Forsworn my company and railed[4] at me,
That[5] I am desperate of obtaining her.

DUKE This weak impress[6] of love is as a figure
Trenchèd[7] in ice, which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water and doth lose his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.

[Enter Proteus]

How now, Sir Proteus, is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?

PROTEUS Gone, my good lord.

DUKE My daughter takes his going grievously?[14]

PROTEUS A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

DUKE So I believe, but Turio thinks not so.
Proteus, the good conceit[17] I hold of thee —
For thou hast shown some sign of good desert[18] —
Makes me the better[19] to confer with thee.

PROTEUS Longer than I prove loyal to your grace
Let me not live to look upon your grace.

DUKE Thou know'st how willingly I would effect[22]
The match between Sir Turio and my daughter?

PROTEUS I do, my lord.

DUKE And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will?

PROTEUS She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

DUKE Ay, and perversely she persevers so.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love Sir Turio?

PROTEUS The best way is to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice and poor descent:[32]
Three things that women highly hold in hate.
DUKE Ay, but she’ll think that it is spoke in hate.
PROTEUS Ay, if his enemy deliver[35] it:
Therefore it must with circumstance[36] be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.
DUKE Then you must undertake to slander him.
PROTEUS And that, my lord, I shall be loath[39] to do:
’Tis an ill office for a gentleman,
Especially against his very[41] friend.
DUKE Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.[45]
PROTEUS You have prevailed, my lord: if I can do it
By aught[47] that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say this weed[49] her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love Sir Turio.
TURIO Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it should ravel[52] and be good to none,
You must provide[53] to bottom it on me,
Which must be done by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.
DUKE And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind[56]
Because we know, on Valentine’s report,
You are already Love’s firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant[60] shall you have access
Where you with Silvia may confer at large —
For she is lumpish,[62] heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend’s sake, will be glad of you —
Where you may temper[64] her by your persuasion
To hate young Valentine and love my friend.
PROTEUS As much as I can do, I will effect.

But you, Sir Turio, are not sharp[67] enough:
You must lay lime[68] to tangle her desires
By wailful sonnets,[69] whose composèd rhymes
Should be full-fraught[70] with serviceable vows.
DUKE Ay, much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.[71]
PROTEUS Say that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart.
Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears
Moist it again, and frame[75] some feeling line
That may discover[76] such integrity:
For Orpheus'[77] lute was strung with poets' sinews,
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame and huge leviathans[79]
Forsake unsounded deeps[80] to dance on sands.
After your dire-lamenting[81] elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
With some sweet consort;[83] to their instruments
Tune[84] a deploring dump. The night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet-complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit[86] her.
DUKE This discipline[87] shows thou hast been in love.
TURIO And thy advice this night I'll put in practice.
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently
To sort[91] some gentlemen well skilled in music.
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn
To give[93] the onset to thy good advice.
DUKE About it,[94] gentlemen!
PROTEUS We'll wait upon your grace till after supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.
DUKE Even now about it. I will pardon you.[97]
Exeunt

Act 4 Scene 1[4.1]

running scene 13

Enter certain Outlaws
FIRST OUTLAW Fellows, stand fast: I see a passenger.[1]
SECOND OUTLAW If there be ten, shrink not, but down with ’em.
[Enter Valentine and Speed]
THIRD OUTLAW Stand,[3] sir, and throw us that you have about ye.
If not, we’ll make you sit and rifle[4] you.
SPEED Sir, we are undone; these are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.
VALENTINE My friends—
FIRST OUTLAW That’s not so, sir: we are your enemies.
SECOND OUTLAW Peace: we’ll hear him.
THIRD OUTLAW Ay, by my beard, will we: for he is a proper[10] man.
VALENTINE Then know that I have little wealth to lose;
A man I am, crossed with[12] adversity:
My riches are these poor habiliments,[13]
Of which, if you should here disfurnish[14] me,
You take the sum and substance[15] that I have.
SECOND OUTLAW Whither travel you?
VALENTINE To Verona.
FIRST OUTLAW Whence came you?
VALENTINE From Milan.
THIRD OUTLAW Have you long sojourned[20] there?
VALENTINE Some sixteen months, and longer might have stayed,
If crookèd[22] fortune had not thwarted me.
FIRST OUTLAW What, were you banished thence?
VALENTINE I was.
SECOND OUTLAW For what offence?
VALENTINE For that which now torments me to rehearse:
I killed a man, whose death I much repent,
But yet I slew him manfully, in fight,
Without false vantage[29] or base treachery.
FIRST OUTLAW Why, ne’er repent it, if it were done so;

But were you banished for so small a fault?
VALENTINE I was, and held[32] me glad of such a doom.
SECOND OUTLAW Have[33] you the tongues?
VALENTINE My youthful travel therein made me happy,[34]
Or else I often had been miserable.
THIRD OUTLAW By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,[36]
This fellow were[37] a king for our wild faction!
FIRST OUTLAW We'll have him. Sirs, a word. ***Outlaws confer privately***
SPEED Master, be one of them: it's an honourable kind of thievery.
VALENTINE Peace, villain.
SECOND OUTLAW Tell us this: have you anything[41] to take to?
VALENTINE Nothing but my fortune.
THIRD OUTLAW Know then that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungoverned[44] youth
Thrust from the company of awful[45] men.
Myself was from Verona banishèd
For practising[47] to steal away a lady,
An heir and niece,[48] allied unto the duke.
SECOND OUTLAW And I from Mantua,[49] for a gentleman,
Who, in my mood,[50] I stabbed unto the heart.
FIRST OUTLAW And I for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose: for we cite[52] our faults,
That they may hold excused[53] our lawless lives;
And partly, seeing you are beautified
With goodly shape,[55] and by your own report
A linguist and a man of such perfection
As we do in our quality[57] much want—
SECOND OUTLAW Indeed, because you are a banished man,
Therefore, above the rest,[59] we parley to you:
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity
And live as we do in this wilderness?
THIRD OUTLAW What say'st thou? Wilt thou be of our consort?[63]
Say 'ay', and be the captain of us all:
We'll do thee homage[65] and be ruled by thee,
Love thee as our commander and our king.

FIRST OUTLAW But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.
SECOND OUTLAW Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offered.
VALENTINE I take your offer and will live with you,
Provided that you do no outrages[70]
On silly[71] women or poor passengers.
THIRD OUTLAW No, we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us: we’ll bring thee to our crews,[73]
And show thee all the treasure we have got,
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.[75]

Exeunt

Act 4 Scene 2[4.2]

running scene 14

Enter Proteus

PROTEUS Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Turio:
Under the colour[3] of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer.
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts;
When I protest[7] true loyalty to her,
She twits[8] me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend[9] my vows,
She bids me think how I have been forsworn
In breaking faith with Julia, whom I loved;
And notwithstanding all her sudden quips,[12]
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows and fawneth on her still.

[Enter Turio and Musicians]

But here comes Turio; now must we to her window,
And give some evening music to her ear.

TURIO How now, Sir Proteus, are you crept[18] before us?

PROTEUS Ay, gentle Turio, for you know that love
Will creep[20] in service where it cannot go.

TURIO Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.[21]

PROTEUS Sir, but I do: or else I would be hence.

TURIO Who, Silvia?

PROTEUS Ay, Silvia: for your sake.

TURIO I[25] thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen, Let's tune, and to it lustily[26] awhile.

[Enter, at a distance, the Host, and Julia in boy's clothes] ***They talk apart***

HOST Now, my young guest, methinks you're allicholly;[27] I pray you, why is it?

JULIA Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

HOST Come, we’ll have you merry: I’ll bring you where you shall hear music and see the gentleman that you asked for.

JULIA But shall I hear him speak?

HOST Ay, that you shall.

JULIA That will be music. ***Music plays***

HOST Hark, hark!

JULIA Is he among these?

HOST Ay: but peace, let’s hear ’em.

[PROTEUS or A MUSICIAN sings the] song

Who is Silvia? What is she?
That all our swains[38] commend her?
Holy, fair and wise is she:
The heaven such grace[40] did lend her,
That she might admirèd[41] be.
Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,[44]
To help him of[45] his blindness,
And, being helped, inhabits there.
Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling.
To her let us garlands bring.

HOST How now? Are you sadder than you were before? How do[52] you, man? The music likes[53] you not.

JULIA You mistake: the musician likes me not.[54]

HOST Why, my pretty youth?

JULIA He plays false,[56] father.

HOST How, out of tune on the strings?

JULIA Not so: but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings.

HOST You have a quick[59] ear.

JULIA Ay, I would I were deaf: it makes me have a slow[60] heart.

HOST I perceive you delight not in music.

JULIA Not a whit, when it jars[62] so.

HOST Hark what fine change[63] is in the music.

JULIA Ay, that change is the spite.[64]

HOST You would have them always play but one thing?[65]

JULIA I would always have one[66] play but one thing. But, host, doth this Sir Proteus that we talk on Often resort unto this gentlewoman?

HOST I tell you what Lance his man told me: he loved her out[69] of all nick.

JULIA Where is Lance?

HOST Gone to seek his dog, which tomorrow, by his master’s command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

JULIA Peace, stand aside: the company parts. ***Julia and the Host stand aside***

PROTEUS Sir Turio, fear not you: I will so plead That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

TURIO Where meet we?

PROTEUS At Saint Gregory’s well.[77]

TURIO Farewell.

[Exeunt Turio and Musicians]

[Enter Silvia above, at her window]

PROTEUS Madam, good even to your ladyship.

SILVIA I thank you for your music, gentlemen. Who is that that spake?

PROTEUS One, lady, if you knew his pure heart’s truth, You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.

SILVIA Sir Proteus, as I take it.

PROTEUS Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

SILVIA What’s your will?[86]

PROTEUS That I may compass yours.[87]

SILVIA You have your wish: my will is even this,
That presently you hie[89] you home to bed.
Thou subtle,[90] perjured, false, disloyal man:
Think’st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,[91]
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That hast deceived so many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love[94] amends.
For me — by this pale[95] queen of night I swear —
I am so far from granting thy request

That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit,[97]
And by and by[98] intend to chide myself,
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.
PROTEUS I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady:
But she is dead.
JULIA ’Twere false, if[102] I should speak it; ***Aside***
For I am sure she is not burièd.
SILVIA Say that she be: yet Valentine thy friend
Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,
I am betrothed. And art thou not ashamed
To wrong him with thy importunacy?[107]
PROTEUS I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.
SILVIA And[109] so suppose am I: for in his grave
Assure thyself, my love is burièd.
PROTEUS Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.
SILVIA Go to thy lady’s grave and call hers[112] thence,
Or at the least, in hers sepulchre[113] thine.
JULIA He heard not that. ***Aside***
PROTEUS Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,[115]
Vouchsafe[116] me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber.
To that I’ll speak, to that I’ll sigh and weep:
For since the substance of your perfect self
Is else[120] devoted, I am but a shadow,
And to your shadow[121] will I make true love.
JULIA If[122] ’twere a substance, you would sure deceive it, ***Aside***
And make it but a shadow, as I am.
SILVIA I am very loath to be your idol, sir;
But, since[125] your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I’ll send it.
And so, good rest.
PROTEUS As wretches have o’ernight
That wait for execution in the morn.
[Exeunt Proteus and Silvia, separately]
JULIA Host, will you go?

HOST By my halidom,[132] I was fast asleep.
JULIA Pray you, where lies[133] Sir Proteus?
HOST Marry, at my house.[134] Trust me, I think ’tis almost day.
JULIA Not so: but it hath been the longest night
That e’er I watched, and the most heaviest.[136]
[Exeunt]

Act 4 Scene 3[4.3]

running scene 15

Enter Eglamour

EGLAMOUR This is the hour that Madam Silvia
Entreated me to call and know her mind:
There's some great matter she'd employ me in.
Madam, madam.
[Enter Silvia above, at her window]
SILVIA Who calls?
EGLAMOUR Your servant and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.
SILVIA Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.
EGLAMOUR As many, worthy lady, to yourself:
According to your ladyship's impose,[10]
I am thus early come to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.
SILVIA O, Eglamour, thou art a gentleman —
Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not —
Valiant, wise, remorseful,[15] well accomplished.
Thou art not ignorant what dear good will
I bear unto the banished Valentine,
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain[19] Turio, whom my very soul abhorred.
Thyself hast loved, and I have heard thee say
No grief did ever come so near thy heart
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vowed'st pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would[24] to Valentine,
To Mantua, where I hear he makes abode;
And for[26] the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.[28]
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief,

And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which heaven and fortune still[33] rewards with plagues.
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.
EGLAMOUR Madam, I pity much your grievances,[39]
Which, since I know they virtuously are placed,
I give consent to go along with you,
Recking[42] as little what betideth me
As much I wish all good befortune[43] you.
When will you go?
SILVIA This evening coming.
EGLAMOUR Where shall I meet you?
SILVIA At Friar Patrick’s cell,[47]
Where I intend holy confession.
EGLAMOUR I will not fail your ladyship.
Good morrow, gentle lady.
SILVIA Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour.
Exeunt [separately]

Act 4 Scene 4

running scene 16

Enter Lance [with his dog, Crab]

LANCE When a man's servant shall play the cur[1] with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of[2] a puppy: one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it. I have taught him, even as one would say precisely, 'thus I would teach a dog'. I was sent to deliver him as a present to Mistress Silvia from my master, and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber but he steps me[6] to her trencher and steals her capon's leg: O, 'tis a foul thing when a cur cannot keep[7] himself in all companies. I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him[8] to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take[9] a fault upon me that he did, I think verily[10] he had been hanged for't: sure as I live, he had suffered for't, you shall judge. He thrusts me[11] himself into the company of three or four gentlemanlike dogs under the duke's table: he had not been there — bless the mark[12] — a pissing while,[13] but all the chamber smelt him. 'Out with the dog!' says one. 'What cur is that?' says another. 'Whip him out', says the third. 'Hang him up', says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab, and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: 'Friend,' quoth I, 'you mean to whip the dog?' 'Ay, marry, do I', quoth he. 'You do him the more wrong,' quoth I, ''twas I did the thing you wot of.'[18] He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for his servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks[20] for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed: I have stood on the pillory[21] for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for't.— ***To Crab*** Thou think'st not of this now. Nay, I remember the trick you served me when I took my leave of Madam Silvia: did not I bid thee still mark[23] me and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up[24] my leg and make water against a gentlewoman’s farthingale? Didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

[Enter Proteus, and Julia disguised as Sebastian]

PROTEUS Sebastian is thy name? ***To Julia*** I like thee well and will employ thee in some service presently.

JULIA In what you please, I’ll do what I can.

PROTEUS I hope thou wilt.— ***To Lance*** How now, you whoreson peasant, where have you been these two days loitering?

LANCE Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

PROTEUS And what says she to my little jewel?[32]

LANCE Marry, she says your dog was a cur,[33] and tells you currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

PROTEUS But she received my dog?

LANCE No indeed did she not: here have I brought him back again.

PROTEUS What, didst thou offer her this from me? ***Points to Crab***

LANCE Ay, sir: the other squirrel[38] was stolen from me by the hangman boys in the market-place, and then I offered her mine own, who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

PROTEUS Go get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne’er return again into my sight.
Away, I say: stay’st thou to vex me here?

[Exit Lance with Crab]

A slave, that still an end[44] turns me to shame.
Sebastian, I have entertained[45] thee,
Partly that I have need of such a youth
That can with some discretion do my business,
For ’tis no trusting to yond[48] foolish lout,
But chiefly for thy face and thy behaviour,[49]
Which, if my augury[50] deceive me not,
Witness[51] good bringing up, fortune and truth:
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently, and take this ring with thee, ***Gives a ring***
Deliver it to Madam Silvia;
She loved me well delivered[55] it to me.

JULIA It seems you loved not her, to leave[56] her token: She is dead, belike?
PROTEUS Not so: I think she lives.
JULIA Alas!
PROTEUS Why dost thou cry ‘Alas’?
JULIA I cannot choose but pity her.
PROTEUS Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?
JULIA Because methinks that she loved you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia:
She dreams on him that has forgot her love,
You dote on her that cares not for your love.
’Tis pity love should be so contrary:
And thinking on it makes me cry ‘Alas’.
PROTEUS Well, give her that ring and therewithal[69]
This letter. That’s her chamber. Tell my lady ***Gives a letter***
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me, sad and solitary.
[Exit]
JULIA How many women would do such a message?
Alas, poor Proteus, thou hast entertained
A fox to be the shepherd of thy Iambs.
Alas, poor fool,[77] why do I pity him
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me:
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will.
And now am I, unhappy messenger,
To[84] plead for that which I would not obtain,
To carry that which I would have refused,
To praise his faith which I would have dispraised.
I am my master’s true-confirmèd[87] love,
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet will I woo for him, but yet so coldly

As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.[91]
[Enter Silvia, attended by her servant Ursula]
Gentlewoman, good day: I pray you, be my mean[92]
To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia.
SILVIA What would you with her, if[94] that I be she?
JULIA If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.
SILVIA From whom?
JULIA From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.
SILVIA O, he sends you for a picture?
JULIA Ay, madam.
SILVIA Ursula, bring my picture there. ***Ursula brings the picture***
Go give your master this: tell him from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber[104] than this shadow.
JULIA Madam, please you peruse this letter. ***Gives her a letter***
Pardon me, madam, I have unadvised[106]
Delivered you a paper that I should not:
This is the letter to your ladyship. ***Takes back the letter and gives another***
SILVIA I pray thee, let me look on that again.
JULIA It may not be: good madam, pardon me.
SILVIA There, hold.[111]
I will not look upon your master's lines:
I know they are stuffed with protestations[113]
And full of newfound[114] oaths, which he will break
As easily as I do tear his paper. ***Tears the letter***
JULIA Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring. ***Offers the ring***
SILVIA The more shame for him that he sends it me,
For I have heard him say a thousand times
His Julia gave it him at his departure.
Though his false finger have profaned[120] the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.
JULIA She thanks you.
SILVIA What say'st thou?
JULIA I thank you, madam, that you tender[124] her.
Poor gentlewoman, my master wrongs her much.

SILVIA Dost thou know her?
JULIA Almost as well as I do know myself.
To think upon her woes, I do protest
That I have wept a hundred several times.
SILVIA Belike she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her?
JULIA I think she doth: and that's her cause of sorrow.
SILVIA Is she not passing fair?
JULIA She hath been fairer, madam, than she is:
When she did think my master loved her well,
She, in my judgement, was as fair as you.
But since she did neglect her looking-glass
And threw her sun-expelling mask[137] away,
The air hath starved the roses in her cheeks
And pinched the lily-tincture[139] of her face,
That now she is become as[140] black as I.
SILVIA How tall was she?
JULIA About my stature:[142] for at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight[143] were played,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimmed[145] in Madam Julia's gown,
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgements,
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore I know she is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep a-good,[149]
For I did play a lamentable part.
Madam, 'twas Ariadne,[151] passioning
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight,
Which I so lively[153] acted with my tears
That my poor mistress, movèd therewithal,
Wept bitterly: and would I might be dead
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.
SILVIA She is beholding[157] to thee, gentle youth.
Alas, poor lady, desolate and left!
I weep myself to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purse: I give thee this ***Gives money***
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.

Farewell.
[Exeunt Silvia and Ursula]
JULIA And she shall thank you for’t, if e’er you know her.
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild[164] and beautiful.
I hope my master’s suit[165] will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress’[166] love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture: let me see, I think
If I had such a tire,[169] this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers.
And yet the painter flattered her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow;
If that be all the difference in his love,
I’ll get me such a coloured periwig.[175]
Her eyes are grey as glass, and so are mine:
Ay, but her forehead’s low, and mine’s as high.[177]
What should it be that he respects[178] in her
But I can make respective[179] in myself,
If this fond Love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow,[181] come, and take this shadow up,
For ’tis thy rival.— O thou senseless form,[182] ***Looks at the picture***
Thou shalt be worshipped, kissed, loved and adored;
And were there sense in his idolatry,
My substance should be statue[185] in thy stead.
I’ll use[186] thee kindly, for thy mistress’ sake
That used me so: or else, by Jove[187] I vow,
I should have scratched out your unseeing eyes
To make my master out of love with thee.
Exit

Act 5 Scene 1[5.1]

Enter Eglamour

EGLAMOUR The sun begins to gild[1] the western sky,
And now it is about the very hour
That Silvia, at Friar Patrick's cell, should meet me.
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,[4]
Unless it be to come before their time,[5]
So much they spur their expedition.[6]
See where she comes.—

[Enter Silvia, with a mask]

Lady, a happy evening!

SILVIA Amen, amen.[8] Go on, good Eglamour,
Out at the postern[9] by the abbey-wall;
I fear I am attended[10] by some spies.

EGLAMOUR Fear not. The forest is not three leagues[11] off:
If we recover[12] that, we are sure enough.

Exeunt

Act 5 Scene 2[5.2]

running scene 18

Enter Turio, Proteus, [and] Julia [disguised as Sebastian]

TURIO Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?

PROTEUS O, sir, I find her milder[2] than she was,
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.[3]

TURIO What? That my leg is too long?

PROTEUS No, that it is too little.[5]

TURIO I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.

JULIA But love will not be spurred[7] to what it loathes. ***Aside***

TURIO What says she to my face?

PROTEUS She says it is a fair[9] one.

TURIO Nay then, the wanton[10] lies: my face is black.

PROTEUS But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

JULIA 'Tis true, such pearls[13] as put out ladies' eyes, ***Aside***
For I had rather wink than look on them.

TURIO How likes she my discourse?

PROTEUS Ill,[16] when you talk of war.

TURIO But well, when I discourse of love and peace.

JULIA But better indeed, when you hold your peace.[18] ***Aside***

TURIO What says she to my valour?

PROTEUS O, sir, she makes[20] no doubt of that.

JULIA She needs not, when she knows it cowardice. ***Aside***

TURIO What says she to my birth?[22]

PROTEUS That you are well derived.[23]

JULIA True: from a gentleman to a fool. ***Aside***

TURIO Considers she my possessions?

PROTEUS O ay, and pities[26] them.

TURIO Wherefore?

JULIA That such an ass should owe[28] them. ***Aside***

PROTEUS That they are out by lease.[29]

JULIA Here comes the duke.

[Enter the Duke]

DUKE How now, Sir Proteus; how now, Turio.
Which of you saw Eglamour of late?
TURIO Not I.
PROTEUS Nor I.
DUKE Saw you my daughter?
PROTEUS Neither.
DUKE Why then,
She's fled unto that peasant Valentine,
And Eglamour is in her company.
'Tis true, for Friar Laurence[40] met them both
As he, in penance, wandered through the forest.
Him[42] he knew well, and guessed that it was she,
But, being masked,[43] he was not sure of it.
Besides, she did intend confession
At Patrick's cell this even,[45] and there she was not.
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore I pray you stand[47] not to discourse,
But mount you[48] presently and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot
That leads toward Mantua, whither they are fled:
Dispatch,[51] sweet gentlemen, and follow me.
[Exit]
TURIO Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
That flies her fortune[53] when it follows her.
I'll after, more to be revenged on Eglamour
Than for the love of reckless[55] Silvia.
[Exit]
PROTEUS And I will follow, more for Silvia's love
Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her.
[Exit]
JULIA And I will follow, more to cross that love
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love.
Exit

Act 5 Scene 3[5.3]

running scene 19

[Enter] Silvia [with the] Outlaws

FIRST OUTLAW Come, come, be patient:
We must bring you to our captain.

SILVIA A thousand more mischances[3] than this one
Have learned me how to brook[4] this patiently.

SECOND OUTLAW Come, bring her away.

FIRST OUTLAW Where is the gentleman that was with her?

THIRD OUTLAW Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us.
But Moyses and Valerius[8] follow him.
Go thou with her to the west end of the wood,
There is our captain: we'll follow him that's fled.
The thicket is beset,[11] he cannot scape.

[Exeunt Second and Third Outlaws]

FIRST OUTLAW Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave.
Fear not: he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

SILVIA O Valentine, this I endure for thee!

Exeunt

Act 5 Scene 4

running scene 19 continues

Enter Valentine

VALENTINE How use[1] doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert,[2] unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining[5] notes
Tune my distresses and record[6] my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion[8] so long tenantless,
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall
And leave no memory of what it was.
Repair[11] me with thy presence, Silvia:
Thou gentle nymph,[12] cherish thy forlorn swain. ***Commotion within***
What hallowing[13] and what stir is this today?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have[15] some unhappy passenger in chase.
They love me well: yet I have much to do
To keep them from[17] uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine: who's this comes here? ***Stands aside***

[Enter Proteus, Silvia, and Julia disguised as Sebastian]

PROTEUS Madam, this service I have done for you —
Though you respect[20] not aught your servant doth —
To hazard life and rescue you from him[21]
That would have forced[22] your honour and your love.
Vouchsafe[23] me for my meed but one fair look:
A smaller boon[24] than this I cannot beg,
And less than this I am sure you cannot give.

VALENTINE How like a dream is this? I see and hear: ***Aside***
Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile.

SILVIA O miserable, unhappy that I am!

PROTEUS Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came:
But by my coming I have made you happy.

SILVIA By thy approach[31] thou mak’st me most unhappy.
JULIA And me, when he approacheth to your presence. ***Aside***
SILVIA Had I been seizèd by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.
O, heaven, be judge how I love Valentine,
Whose life’s as tender[37] to me as my soul!
And full[38] as much, for more there cannot be,
I do detest false perjured Proteus.
Therefore be gone, solicit[40] me no more.
PROTEUS What dangerous action,[41] stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look:
O, ’tis the curse in love, and still approved,[43]
When women cannot love where they’re beloved.
SILVIA When Proteus cannot love where he’s beloved.
Read over Julia’s heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend[47] thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou’dst two,[50]
And that’s far worse than none: better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one.
Thou counterfeit[53] to thy true friend!
PROTEUS In love
Who respects[55] friend?
SILVIA All men but Proteus.
PROTEUS Nay, if the gentle spirit[57] of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,[58]
I’ll woo you like a soldier, at arms’ end,[59]
And love you ’gainst the nature of love: force ye. ***He grabs her***
SILVIA O heaven!
PROTEUS I’ll force thee yield to my desire.
VALENTINE Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil[63] touch, ***Comes forward***
Thou friend of an ill fashion![64]
PROTEUS Valentine!
VALENTINE Thou common[66] friend, that’s without faith or love,

For such is a friend now. Treacherous man,
Thou hast beguiled[68] my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me. Now I dare not say
I have one friend alive: thou wouldst disprove me.
Who should be trusted, when one’s right hand[71]
Is perjured to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count[74] the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private[75] wound is deepest. O time most accurst,
’Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst!

PROTEUS My shame and guilt confounds[77] me.
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender’t[80] here. I do as truly suffer
As e’er I did commit.[81]

VALENTINE Then I am paid:
And once again I do receive thee[83] honest.
Who[84] by repentance is not satisfied
Is nor[85] of heaven nor earth, for these are pleased:
By penitence[86] th’Eternal’s wrath’s appeased.
And that my love[87] may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.

JULIA O, me unhappy! *Swoons*

PROTEUS Look to the boy.

VALENTINE Why, boy! Why, wag![91] How now? What’s the matter? Look up: speak.

JULIA O, good sir, my master charged[92] me to deliver a ring to Madam Silvia, which, out of my neglect, was never done.

PROTEUS Where is that ring, boy?

JULIA Here ’tis: this is it. *Produces her own ring*

PROTEUS How? Let me see. *Takes ring* Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.

JULIA O, cry you mercy,[97] sir, I have mistook: This is the ring you sent to Silvia. *Offers another ring*

PROTEUS But how cam’st thou by this ring? At my depart[99] I gave this unto Julia.

JULIA And Julia herself did give it me, And Julia herself hath brought it hither. ***Reveals herself***
PROTEUS How? Julia?
JULIA Behold her that gave aim[103] to all thy oaths,
And entertained[104] ’em deeply in her heart.
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root![105]
O Proteus, let this habit[106] make thee blush.
Be thou ashamed that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment,[108] if shame live
In a disguise of love!
It[110] is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes than men their minds.
PROTEUS Than men their minds? ’Tis true. O heaven, were man
But constant, he were perfect. That one error
Fills him with faults, makes him run through all th’sins:
Inconstancy[115] falls off ere it begins.
What is in Silvia’s face but I may spy
More fresh in Julia’s, with a constant eye?
VALENTINE Come, come, a hand from either. ***Proteus and Julia join hands***
Let me be blest to make this happy close:
’Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.
PROTEUS Bear witness, heaven, I have my wish forever.
JULIA And I mine.
[Enter Outlaws, with Duke and Turio]
OUTLAWS A prize, a prize, a prize!
VALENTINE Forbear, forbear, I say! It is my lord the Duke. ***Outlaws release Duke and Turio***
Your grace is welcome to a man disgraced,[125]
Banished Valentine.
DUKE Sir Valentine?
TURIO Yonder is Silvia, and Silvia’s mine. ***Steps forward***
VALENTINE Turio, give[129] back, or else embrace thy death: ***Draws his sword***
Come not within the measure[130] of my wrath.
Do not name Silvia thine: if once again,
Verona shall not hold[132] thee. Here she stands,
Take but possession of her with a touch:

I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.
TURIO Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I.
I hold him but a fool that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.
DUKE The more degenerate and base art thou
To make such means[140] for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.[141]
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress’ love:
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal[146] thee home again,
Plead[147] a new state in thy unrivalled merit,
To which I thus subscribe:[148] Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman and well derived,
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserved her.
VALENTINE I thank your grace: the gift hath made me happy.
I now beseech you, for your daughter’s sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.
DUKE I grant it, for thine own, whate’er it be.
VALENTINE These banished men that I have kept withal[155]
Are men endued with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here
And let them be recalled from their exile:
They are reformèd, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment,[160] worthy lord.
DUKE Thou hast prevailed: I pardon them and thee.
Dispose of[162] them as thou know’st their deserts.
Come, let us go: we will include all jars[163]
With triumphs,[164] mirth and rare solemnity.
VALENTINE And as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your grace to smile.
What think you of this page, my lord?
DUKE I think the boy hath grace[168] in him: he blushes.
VALENTINE I warrant you, my lord, more grace[169] than boy.

DUKE What mean you by that saying?
VALENTINE Please you, I’ll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortunèd.[172]
Come Proteus, ’tis your penance but to hear
The story of your loves discoverèd.
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours,
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.
Exeunt

Textual Notes

= First Folio text of 1623, the only authority for the play
2 = a correction introduced in the Second Folio text of 1632
d = a correction introduced by a later editor
D = stage direction

ist of parts *based on “Names of all the Actors” (reordered) at end of* F *text*
spells Protheus, Thurio, Panthino and Panthion

ll entrances mid-scene = Ed. F *groups names of all characters in each scene at beginning of scene*

.1.26 swam *spelled* swom *in* **F 44 eating love** = F. *Some eds emend to* doting love **66 leave** = Ed. F = loue **67, 2.1.25 metamorphosed** *spelled* metamorphis’d *in* F **77 a sheep** = F2. F = sheepe **127 testerned** = F2. F = cestern’d

.2.101 your = F2. F = you

.3.17 travel *spelled* trauaile *in* F *which could mean either* travel *or* travail **89 father** = F2. F = Fathers

.4.100 worthy = F2. F = worthy a **193 Is it** = F2. F = It is **mine eye** = Ed. F = mine **211 SD *Exit*** = F2. F = *Exeunt*

.5.29 that = F2. F = that that

.6.0 SD alone F = *solus*

.1.56 tenor = Ed. F = tenure **274 master’s ship** = Ed. F = Mastership **308 kissed fasting** = Ed. F = fasting

.2.14 grievously = F (*corrected*). F (*uncorrected*) = heauily

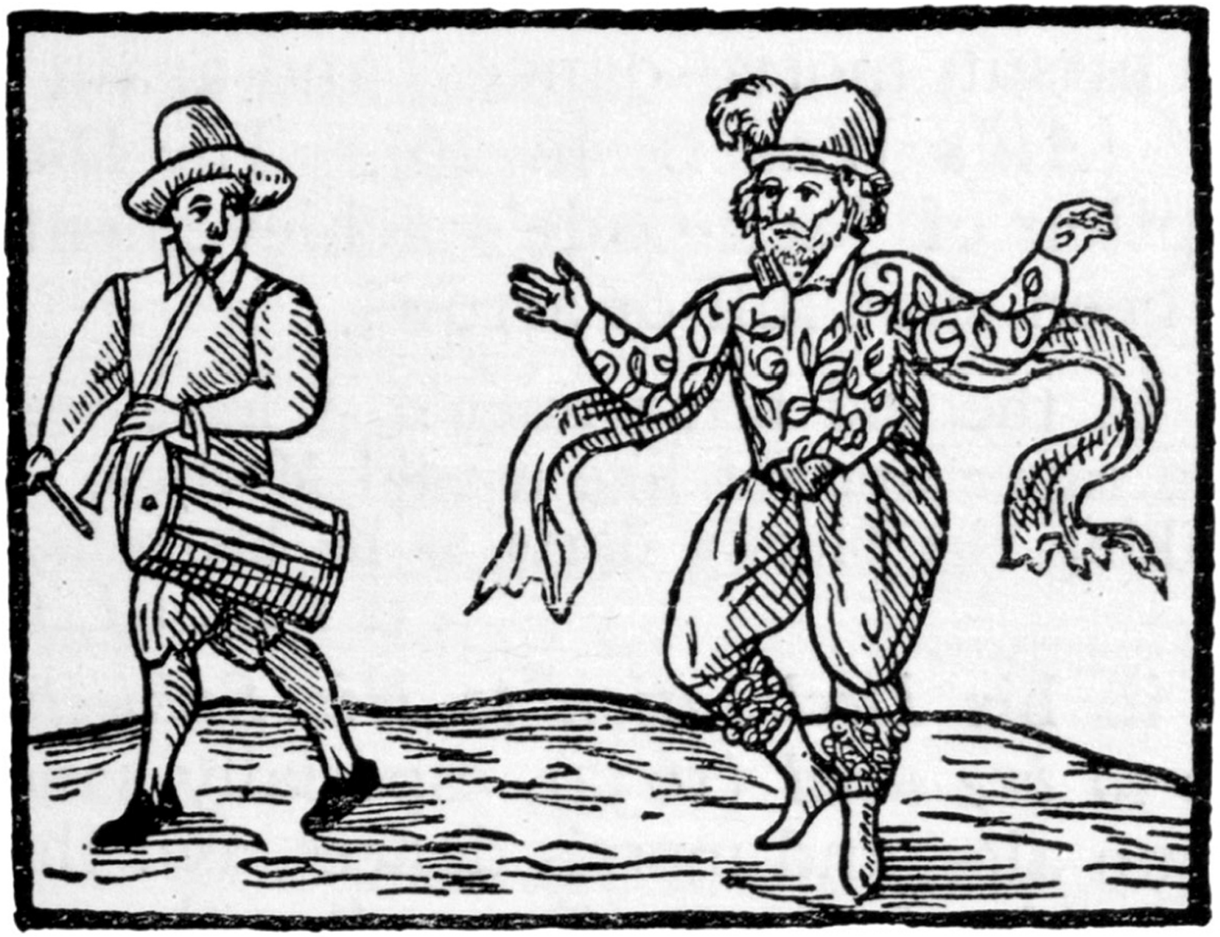
.1.35 often had been = F2. F = often had beene often

.2.109 his = F2. F = her

.3.42 Recking = Ed. F = Wreaking

.4.38 hangman = Ed. F = Hangmans **52 thou** = F2. F = thee **56 to leave** = F2. F = not leaue

.2.18 your = Ed. F = you



Will Kempe, company clown to the Lord Chamberlain's Men; he is shown with a man playing the tabor, a common instrument in the musical accompaniment to the plays.

Act 1 Scene 1

***List of parts*: clownish servant** actually a quick-witted page boy **the like** actually older than Speed and more foolish—the role for the company clown

1.1 ***Location:*** *Verona* ***Valentine*** his name signifies a lover (from the patron saint of lovers) ***Proteus*** from the Greek god known for his ability to change shape at will; a name often used to suggest deceit

2 **homely** simple/dull

3 **affection** love/sexual desire **tender** youthful

7 **sluggardized** in a state of idleness

8 **shapeless** purposeless

9 **still** constantly

12 **haply** by chance

15 **hap** chance

16 **environ** surround

17 **Commend thy grievance** entrust your unhappiness

18 **beadsman** person paid to pray for others

19 **love-book** courtship manual or tale of love

22 **Leander…Hellespont** in classical mythology Leander regularly swam across the Hellespont to see his lover Hero, until one night he drowned

24 **over-shoes in love** shoe-deep/immersed in love

27 **give…boots** don’t make a fool of me

28 **boots** profits

31 **Coy** disdainful

32 **watchful** wakeful

33 **hapless** unlucky

34 **If…won** if the lover fails to win his lady then all that he will have gained is sorrow and effort

35 **However** whatever the outcome **but** merely **a folly** foolishness

37 **circumstance** elaborate speech

38 **circumstance** situation

39 **cavil** quibble/complain **Love** refers here to Cupid

41 **yokèd** bound/controlled

42 **chronicled for** recorded as being

44 **eating canker** worm that feeds off and destroys plants

46 **forward** early

47 **blow** bloom

49 **blasting** withering

50 **verdure** green freshness **prime** spring

51 **effects** outcome

52 **wherefore** why **counsel** advise

53 **votary** devoted worshipper **fond** foolish/doting

54 **road** harbor

55 **shipped** dispatched on board a ship

58 **Milan** northern Italian dukedom

59 **success** destiny

60 **Betideth** takes place

61 **mine** i.e., my letters full of news

62 **bechance** happen

65 **dignify** honor (by improving his own reputation in the world)

66 **leave** abandon/neglect

67 **Julia** possibly named after the Juliet in Arthur Brooke's poem *Romeus and Juliet;* her name may also signify passion, being derived from the hot month of July

69 **War** disagree

70 **musing** pondering **Speed** a name suggesting quick wit; possibly ironic in places as Speed is sometimes slow to go about his errands

71 **'save you** God save you

72 **But** just

74 **sheep** puns on "ship"

76 **An if** if

79 **my…horns** as he owns me my horns belong to him (Speed implies that this makes Valentine a cuckold)

83 **circumstance** reasoned argument

84 **It…another** it'll be unfortunate if I can't prove the point with a different explanation

87 **fodder** food

90 **baa** puns on the contemptuous "bah"

92 **mutton** sheep **laced-mutton** a prostitute wearing either lace or a tightly laced bodice

94 **store** great quantity

95 **overcharged** overcrowded **stick** slaughter/have sex with

96 **astray** wandering into error (puns on the idea of “a stray sheep”) **pound** confine in an animal pound/beat

97 **pound** reference to money, though still punning on a beating

98 **pinfold** animal pen

99 **pin** insignificant amount **Fold** multiply (puns on pinfold) with additional suggestions of folding a letter

103 **“noddy”** fool

107 **take…pains** have it as a reward for the trouble you have taken

109 **fain to bear** obliged to put up (with suggestions of carrying on behalf of)

111 **Marry** by the Virgin Mary **orderly** dutifully/properly

113 **Beshrew** the devil take

115 **open the matter** reveal the information

119 **hardly** with great difficulty

120 **perceive** understand/glean

121 **perceive** receive (may play on purse) **ducat** gold coin

122 **brought your mind** conveyed your feelings to her

123 **in…mind** when you tell her of your emotions in person **token** lover’s gift **stones** jewels

126 **bounty** generosity

127 **testerned me** given me sixpence (a “testern”) **requital whereof** return for which

128 **commend** present greetings from

131 **drier death** i.e., hanging

133 **deign my lines** accept my letter

134 **post** messenger/idiot

Act 1 Scene 2

1.2 ***Lucetta*** diminutive form of “Lucy”

3 **so** providing that **stumble** trip/have sex **unheedfully** carelessly/recklessly

4 **resort** company

5 **parle** talk

9 **Sir Eglamour** almost certainly a different Eglamour from the one who appears later in the play; *amor* is Latin for “love”

10 **neat** elegant

12 **Mercatio** his name suggests that he is a merchant

14 **gentle** well-born/honorable

16 **passion** outburst

17 **passing** surpassing, extreme (puns on **passion**)

19 **censure** pass judgment on

25 **cast** bestow

26 **cast away** wasted

27 **moved** wooed

29 **little speaking** very few words on the subject

39 **being…it** happening to meet him I took the letter on your behalf

41 **goodly broker** fine intermediary

42 **wanton** passionate/lewd

44 **office** position

48 **fee** recompense

50 **That…ruminate** (yes) in order to enable you to think

51 **I had o’erlooked** I wish I had read

53 **pray her to** beg her to commit **chid** rebuked

57 **have…‘ay’** rather the person making the offer interpreted as “yes”

58 **wayward** perverse, unreasonable

59 **testy** irritable

60 **presently** immediately **kiss the rod** be obedient **rod** cane

61 **churlishly** roughly, ungraciously

63 **angerly** angrily

66 **remission** forgiveness

71 **kill your stomach** satisfy your appetite/calm your bad temper (**meat** was pronounced “mate” and thus puns on **maid**)

79 **let…concerns** leave it there for those it is intended for

80 **lie…concerns** fib about its contents

81 **false interpreter** untrustworthy/untrue reader

83 **That** in order that

84 **set** set to music (in the next line Julia intends the sense of “set store by”)

85 **toys** trifles

86 **‘Light o’ love’** a popular tune

87 **heavy** serious/burdensome **light** frivolous/of little weight

88 **burden** bass accompaniment/chorus/ **heavy** load

91 **reach so high** sing at such a high pitch/win someone of Proteus’s status

92 **minion** minx, mischievous one

93 **tune** melody/temper **so…out** in that way you will finish the song/rid yourself of your mood

96 **sharp** shrill/cross

98 **flat** tunelessly low in pitch/blunt

99 **mar** spoil **concord** harmony **descant** harmonious variation on the tune

100 **mean** middle point/method/tenor (a male voice—i.e., that of Proteus)

101 **unruly bass** uncontrolled bass voice/unworthy, low behavior

102 **bid the base** sing the male part/challenge to a chase

104 **coil with protestation** fuss about declarations of love

106 **fing’ring** fiddling with/stealing

107 **makes it strange** pretends she doesn’t care

109 **would…same** I wish that I had the letter back to be able to appear enraged by it/I wish that it really was anger that I was feeling about the letter

111 **Injurious wasps** unjust/harmful wasps (i.e., fingers)

113 **several paper** scrap of the torn-up letter

114 **Unkind** cruel/unnatural

115 **As** as if

119 **my…thee** I shall keep the scrap of paper with your name on it in my breast pocket/my heart will nurture your name

120 **throughly** thoroughly

121 **search** clean/probe (a wound) **sovereign** healing

126 **ragged** rugged

130 **that** i.e., the part with her name on it

131 **sith** since

132 **He…names** he links my name to his lamenting one

133 **Thus…another** Julia folds the paper so that her name is lying upon that of Proteus (the sexual nature of this is continued in the following line in which the actions described become increasingly physical)

134 **contend** grapple, engage with sexually

135 **stays** waits

138 **respect** value

139 **taken up** rebuked

140 **for** lest they should

141 **month's mind to** preference for

143 **judge I wink** think my eyes are shut

Act 1 Scene 3

1.3 **Pantino** possibly from “pantler,” a type of servant, and the Italian diminutive *ino*
1 **sad** serious
2 **cloister** covered arcade adjoining a building
6 **suffer** allow
7 **slender reputation** lesser/insignificant status/repute
8 **Put forth** send out into the world **preferment** advancement, favor
13 **meet** suitable
14 **importune** urge
16 **impeachment…age** discredit to him when he is older
19 **hammering** thinking hard about
21 **perfect** complete/fully rounded and experienced
22 **tried** tested
26 **ignorant** unaware
28 **emperor** the Duke of Milan—he is referred to as both “emperor” and “duke” in the play
31 **practise tilts** take part in jousts
32 **sweet discourse** elegant conversation
33 **in eye of** witness to
37 **execution** carrying out
38 **expedition** haste
43 **commend** commit
45 **in good time** just at the right moment **break with** reveal the plan to
47 **hand** handwriting
48 **pawn** pledge
50 **seal** ratify/complete
54 **commendations** greeting
59 **gracèd** favored
61 **stand you affected** are you inclined
63 **his** i.e., Valentine’s
64 **something sorted** somewhat in agreement
65 **Muse** wonder
69 **maintenance** allowance **friends** supporters/relatives
70 **Like exhibition** the same amount

72 **Excuse it not** make no excuses **peremptory** resolved
73 **provided** equipped
75 **Look** see that
76 **No…stay** no further talk of lingering
82 **take exceptions** make objections
83 **vantage** benefit
84 **excepted most against** caused the greatest obstacle to
91 **accords** agrees

Act 2 Scene 1

2.1 ***Location:*** *Milan*

2 **on** pronounced “one” (thus allowing for the pun in the following line)

5 **ornament** item of clothing **decks** adorns

6 **Silvia** from the Latin “silva” meaning “woods”; also signifies a woodland deity or spirit

8 **sirrah** sir (authoritative)

12 **still** always **forward** hasty/lively

14 **Go to** expression of dismissive impatience

17 **special marks** particular signs

18 **wreathe** fold (considered a sign of melancholy) **malcontent** discontented person **relish** sing/have a taste for/enjoy

19 **pestilence** plague (victims were shunned for fear of infection) **lost his ABC** lost his schoolbook/forgotten the alphabet

20 **grandam** grandmother

21 **watch** remain awake

22 **puling** whiningly **beggar at Hallowmas** beggars traditionally made special requests for aid on All Saints’ Day (November 1) **wont** accustomed previously

24 **presently** immediately **want** lack

28 **without ye** externally

29 **Without me** out of my presence

30 **without** unless

31 **you…you** you surround these follies so fully that they are visible within you/you are so simple that even without these external signs of folly your internal folly would shine through

32 **water…urinal** urine in a glass vessel used by doctors for diagnosis

33 **malady** illness

36 **Even she** herself

39 **hard-favoured** ugly

40 **well-favoured** attractive/gracious

43 **of you, well-favoured** preferred by you

44 **favour** goodwill/charm

45 **painted** artificial (painted on with cosmetics) **out…count** beyond calculation

47 **counts of** esteems, values

48 **How…me?** i.e., Do you think nothing, then, of my judgment?

49 **deformed** disfigured/transformed by love in Valentine’s eyes

55 **Love is blind** Cupid was traditionally depicted as blind

56 **lights** clear-sightedness

57 **ungartered** with his garters undone (i.e., disheveled, traditionally a sign of one in love)

60 **hose** breeches (Valentine is in an even worse condition than Proteus, who at least managed to put on his hose)

64 **swinged** beat

66 **stand affected to** love (in his reply, Speed plays on the sense of stand as “have an erection”)

67 **set** calm/seated

73 **motion** puppet show **interpret to her** provide the words for the puppet (Silvia)

75 **’give…ev’n** God give you a plain “good evening” (instead of these elaborate greetings) **million of** excessive quantity

76 **servant** a lover who served and was devoted to his lady

77 **He…him** as her lover, Valentine should express personal interest in Silvia, yet she gives him financial interest by doubling the number of greetings he has given her

79 **friend** lover

82 **clerkly** scholarly

83 **came hardly off** was accomplished with difficulty

85 **doubtfully** hesitantly

86 **Perchance…pains** perhaps you think it is not worth making so much effort

87 **so…you** as long as it is of help to you

90 **pretty period** fine/clever pause/conclusion **the sequel** what was to come next

92 **this** i.e., the letter

96 **quaintly** skillfully

97 **again** back

101 **none of** have nothing to do with

105 **so** so be it

107 **for your labour** as payment for your efforts

111 **sues to** pleads with/courts

113 **device** scheme/invention

116 **reasoning** talking/debating

121 **figure** ingenious device/number

128 **earnest** to be serious (the following line plays on the sense of “financial deposit”)

129 **none** nothing

132 **end** end to the matter/purpose

134 **warrant** assure

136 **want** lack

137 **discover** reveal

139 **in print** very precisely, as if quoting from a book

141 **I have dined** implying that he has feasted upon Silvia’s looks

142 **chameleon…air** Love was supposed to be changeable, like the chameleon, a creature that can alter its color and that was reputed to survive on air

143 **victuals** food **fain** willingly

144 **moved** sympathetic/persuaded to go to dinner

Act 2 Scene 2

2.2 ***Location:*** *Verona*

2 **is** there is

4 **turn** change, become unfaithful

5 **remembrance** love token, keepsake

8 **constancy** fidelity

9 **o'erslips** passes by unnoticed

11 **mischance** misfortune

13 **stays** awaits

15 **stay** detain

18 **grace** adorn/do honor to

Act 2 Scene 3

2.3 **Lance** short form of Lancelot; the name may also be derived from the Old French *l'ancelot* ("attendant")

1 **ere** before **kind** family

2 **proportion** malapropism for "portion" (i.e., "allowance") **prodigious** malapropism for "prodigal," a reference to the well-known Bible story

3 **Imperial's** emperor's **Crab** from "crab-apple," a sour fruit

6 **cur** dog

7 **Jew** considered to be pitiless wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is

9 **manner of it** way it happened **shoe** Lance uses his shoes to represent his parents

10 **left** thought to be inferior to the right

11 **sole** puns on "soul" (women supposedly had souls inferior to those of men)

12 **hole** plays on the sense of "vagina" **A vengeance on't** a mild oath: Lance is struggling to remove his shoe

13 **staff** tall walking stick **small** slim

14 **wand** slender stick

16 **your** i.e., I ask for your

18 **wood** mad (playing on the fact that Lance's shoe is wooden)

19 **mother's breath** Lance is smelling the shoe **up and down** in every way/exactly **mark** note

21 **lay the dust** dampen the dust underfoot

23 **post** hasten **lose** miss

25 **tied** i.e., Crab (puns on tide)

29 **flood** sea's tide

32 **lose** lose/loosen

34 **tale** talk, story

35 **tail** anus

39 **call** summon

Act 2 Scene 4

2.4 ***Location:*** *Milan* ***Turio*** Latin for “sprig, young shoot,” perhaps suggesting the character’s immaturity

7 **’Twere…knocked** it would be a good idea to hit

10 **that** what

12 **counterfeits** fakes, impostors

16 **instance** evidence

18 **quote** observe (pronounced like “coat,” this plays on **jerkin** in the next line)

19 **jerkin** jacket worn over a **doublet**

20 **doublet** close-fitting jacket

22 **How?** What?

25 **live…air** live near you/listen to you speak/live off the same air you breathe (like a **chameleon**)

27 **done** finished/acted (as opposed to having **said**) **this time** the moment (Turio suggests that in the future he may “do” more, i.e., fight Valentine)

28 **end…begin** stop before you’ve started (i.e., before actually dueling)

29 **volley** discharge (of weapons)

32 **the fire** i.e., the spark to set off the **volley**/ignite the guns

33 **kindly** naturally/lovingly

34 **spend** spend like money/waste

36 **exchequer** treasury

37 **bare liveries** shabby uniforms (worn by a gentleman’s servants or dependants)

40 **hard beset** energetically besieged (by suitors)

45 **happy messenger** messenger bringing good news

46 **countryman** man from the same country

48 **worth** wealth/rank/worthiness **worthy estimation** deserving of respect

49 **without desert** undeservedly

57 **Omitting** disregarding

58 **age** present age/eventual old age

62 **unmellowed** young (with no gray hairs) **ripe** mature

65 **complete** perfect **feature** physical appearance

67 **make this good** lives up to this description

71 **potentates** powerful rulers

77 **cite** urge

80 **Had come** would have come

81 **looks** gaze

82 **Belike that** perhaps **enfranchised…fealty** freed his eyes in return for an alternative pledge of loyalty/freed them in favor of another lover’s pledge of loyalty

88 **Love…all** Cupid was blind

90 **homely** plain/unattractive **wink** shut its eyes

94 **warrant** guarantee

96 **entertain** receive

98 **low** humble **high** dignified/superior

99 **mean** unworthy

101 **Leave…disability** stop this talk of inadequacy

103 **duty** i.e., a servant’s duty

104 **want his meed** lack its recompense

106 **die** i.e., in a fight **but** except for

116 **them much commended** conveyed their hearty greetings

120 **were wont to** used to

123 **contemning** condemning, despising

124 **imperious** magisterial/commanding

125 **penitential** undergoing penance

128 **enthrallèd** enslaved

129 **watchers of** sleepless over/vigilant over

132 **no…correction** no misery as bad as that which results from Love’s punishment

133 **to** in comparison to

136 **very naked** mere

138 **this** i.e., Silvia

139 **Even she** she indeed/exactly so

140 **paragon** person of surpassing excellence

144 **sick** i.e., with love (for Julia) **bitter pills** i.e., did not indulge me, but administered unpleasant-tasting medicine

145 **minister the like** give you the same treatment

146 **by** about

147 **principality** one of the nine orders of angels

150 **Sweet** a term of friendly affection

151 **Except** unless **except against** object to

153 **prefer** promote, advance

156 **from…kiss** brush against her clothing

158 **Disdain…flower** refuse to allow the flowers to take root in it

160 **braggardism** bragging arrogance

161 **can** i.e., can say

162 **To** compared to **worthies** things of value

163 **alone** unique

169 **dream on thee** pay you much attention

170 **dote upon** focus lovingly on/be infatuated with

172 **for** because

177 **With…flight** along with every detail of our ingenious escape plan

178 **Determined of** decided on

180 **’greed** agreed

183 **inquire you forth** seek you out

184 **disembark** unload (from the boat)

185 **necessaries** personal luggage

189 **expels** drives out (applying heat was thought to ease a burn)

191 **remembrance** memory

192 **object** sight

194 **false transgression** faithless sin/wrongful violation of loyalty

195 **reasonless** without cause **to reason thus** justify myself/explore matters in this way

200 **zeal** devotion/loyalty

204 **advice** reflection

205 **without advice** unadvisedly

206 **picture** appearance

208 **look** come to look (in the future) **perfections** exquisite inner qualities

209 **no reason but** no doubt that

210 **check** restrain/reprimand **erring** wandering/wrongful

211 **compass** win/embrace

Act 2 Scene 5

1 **Padua** most editors emend to "Milan," assuming that Shakespeare forgot his location, but it is conceivable that Speed is winding up the travel-weary and slow-witted Lance by naming the wrong city

2 **Forswear** swear falsely/perjure (Lance claims that he is not welcome, but may also imply cheekily that Speed swears falsely because he does so on his honesty) **reckon** think/add up

3 **undone** ruined (puns on the notion of untying a hanged body)

4 **shot** payment/tavern bill **hostess** landlady of an inn

8 **closed in earnest** embraced/agreed in a serious manner (there may also be a glance at the sense of earnest as "financial pledge," thus contributing to the banter about money) **fairly** kindly/cordially

13 **broken** fallen out (in the following line Lance plays on "in pieces")

14 **as…fish** proverbial (whole puns on "hole," which, along with fish, was slang for "vagina")

15 **stands the matter** goes the business (stands puns on "to become erect" and **matter** on "sexual liaison"; Lance picks up on this in the following line)

18 **block** blockhead **understands** stands beneath/supports (puns on Speed's sense of "comprehend"; the staff may be used to suggest a penis)

28 **parable** comparison/enigmatic speech

29 **how say'st thou** what do you say to the suggestion

30 **notable** noticeable/notorious

33 **lubber** clumsy lout

34 **whoreson** bastard (whore's son) **thou mistak'st me** you misunderstand me (Lance interprets "you mistake me, Speed, for my master, Valentine")

41 **ale** ale-house/country festival (possibly a church festival, which a Jew would not attend; alternatively Lance may be associating Jewishness with a lack of Christian **charity**)

Act 2 Scene 6

4 **power…oath** love, which made me swear fidelity to Julia

7 **sweet-suggesting** sweetly tempting/seductive **if…it** if you have ever sinned/if you have sinned by making me false (to Julia), teach me how to justify it

11 **Unheedful** thoughtless **heedfully** carefully/conscientiously

12 **wants wit** lacks intelligence

13 **learn** teach

14 **unreverend** irreverent, impudent **her** i.e., Julia

15 **preferred** urged

16 **soul-confirming** soul-strengthening (Proteus has sworn by his soul)

17 **leave** cease

21 **thus find I** so I find myself

22 **For** in exchange for

25 **fair** beautiful/pale-complexioned

26 **Shows Julia** reveals, shows up Julia to be **swarthy Ethiope** dark-complexioned Ethiopian (considered unattractive)

29 **hold** consider

31 **constant** faithful, true

33 **corded** rope

35 **in counsel** being in his confidence **competitor** associate/rival

37 **disguising…flight** deceptive intended escape

40 **cross** thwart

41 **blunt** stupid

42 **lend** give

43 **drift** scheme

Act 2 Scene 7

2.7 ***Location:*** *Verona*

2 **conjure** entreat

3 **table** writing tablet, notebook

4 **charactered** written

5 **lesson** teach **mean** method

10 **measure** travel over

14 **forbear** have patience/desist

16 **dearth** famine

18 **inly** inward

22 **qualify** moderate

25 **current** i.e., in water

28 **makes…stones** creates a pleasing sound as it babbles over the smooth stones

29 **sedge** rushlike plants

32 **sport** entertaining activity **wild** open/untamed

38 **Elysium** heaven

39 **habit** clothing

40 **for…men** as I wish to avoid the improper advances made by lewd men

42 **weeds** garments

43 **beseem** be appropriate for

45 **knit** tie, knot

46 **odd-conceited** elaborately devised

47 **fantastic** imaginative, fanciful

48 **time** age

51 **compass** circumference **farthingale** hooped petticoat

53 **codpiece** conspicuous attachment sewn onto the front of breeches (also implies the penis)

54 **ill-favoured** unsightly

55 **round hose** breeches with close-fitting legs that gave a padded appearance to the upper area; usually adorned with a prominent codpiece **not…pin** not worth anything/not worthy of a penis

56 **stick pins on** some codpieces were decorated with pins

58 **mannerly** appropriate (puns on “man”)

60 **unstaid** immodest

61 **scandalized** disgraced

64 **dream on infamy** worry about getting a bad reputation

67 **withal** with it

70 **instances** evidence **infinite** infinity

71 **Warrant…Proteus** guarantee that Proteus will welcome my arrival

75 **bonds** binding promises **oracles** guaranteed truth tellers

76 **immaculate** pure

81 **hard** poor **truth** sincerity/fidelity

85 **furnish** maintain/equip **longing journey** journey undertaken as a result of longing

86 **at thy dispose** under your control

88 **in lieu thereof** in exchange for which

90 **tarriance** delay

Act 3 Scene 1

3.1 **Location:** *Milan*
1 **give us leave** leave us (polite)
8 **pricks** spurs
12 **privy to** aware of/entrusted with
16 **vexation** anger/distress
21 **timeless** premature
23 **requite** repay **command me** ask any favor of me
26 **purposed** intended
28 **jealous aim** suspicious guess
31 **gentle** kind/friendly/courteous **thereby…me** in order to try and discover the information you have just revealed to me
34 **suggested** tempted
45 **discovery…at** revelation that Proteus exposed Valentine's secret is not suspected
47 **publisher** revealer **pretence** intention
49 **light** enlightenment, indication
51 **whither away** where are you going
56 **tenor** content
59 **am to break** want to broach
60 **touch me near** affect me significantly, are close to my heart
65 **bounty** generosity
66 **Beseeming** befitting
68 **peevish** headstrong **froward** obstinate
70 **regarding** considering/respecting
71 **as…were** as she should do toward
73 **advice** reflection
74 **remnant…age** remainder of my days
77 **who** whoever
78 **wedding-dower** dowry
79 **esteems** values
82 **affect** love/favor **nice** reluctant/temperamental
83 **nought…eloquence** does not care for the love-talk of an old man
85 **agone** ago **forgot to court** forgotten how to woo
87 **bestow myself** behave

88 **regarded** well-regarded

90 **kind** nature

91 **quick** lively

94 **her o'er** up on her

95 **after-love the more** later love greater

97 **beget** produce

99 **Forwhy** because

101 **For** by

102 **commend** praise **extol…graces** elaborate on their virtues

103 **Though…black** however dark-complexioned/unattractive they be

105 **with his tongue** through talking/flattery (plays on the idea of oral sex)

106 **friends** family

109 **That** so that

113 **lets** prevents

115 **shelving** projecting

117 **quaintly** skillfully

118 **anchoring hooks** heavy hooks attached to the rope ladder as a means of securing it to the window

119 **Hero's tower** in classical myth, Leander was guided to Hero by a light in her tower

120 **So** provided

121 **blood** rank/good family

130 **of any length** reasonably long

131 **serve the turn** fit the purpose

134 **such another** the same

136 **fashion me** adapt myself

138 **this same** this one here

139 **engine…proceeding** device (the ladder) suitable for the very scheme I have been planning

141 **harbour** lodge/take refuge

143 **lightly** freely, easily

144 **Himself** i.e., Valentine **senseless** unconscious **lying** reposing/dwelling

145 **herald** messenger **them** themselves

146 **thither them importune** urge them to go there

147 **grace…grace** good fortune that with such honor

148 **want** lack **servants'** i.e., thoughts'

152 **enfranchise** liberate

154 **Phaeton…son** in Greek mythology Phaeton was the son of the sun god Helios and Clymene (wife of **Merops**); he drove Helios's sun-chariot (**heavenly car**), but could not control it, burned part of the earth, and was killed with a thunderbolt hurled by Zeus

158 **overweening slave** arrogant rogue

159 **equal mates** women of your own worth/social status

160 **And…hence** know that it is my patience, rather than any merit of your own, that is responsible for permitting you to leave

165 **expedition** departure

176 **by** nearby

178 **shadow** image

179 **Except** unless

183 **leave to be** cease to exist

184 **influence** power/substance thought to emanate from stars that influenced human fate

185 **Fostered** nurtured **illumined** lit up

186 **I…doom** I am not really escaping death in fleeing the duke's sentence (**doom**)

187 **attend on** wait for/serve

190 **So-ho** a hunting cry

192 **hair** puns on "hare"

193 **a Valentine** a true lover/token of love (Valentine is a lover right down to his very hairs)

196 **spirit** ghost

203 **Villain** rogue

204 **I'll strike nothing** I won't hit anything/if I hit a spirit I will be striking nothing as it has nobody

206 **stopped** blocked

208 **mine** i.e., my news

212 **No Valentine** no longer able to be a lover/no longer myself (as existence was dependent on Silvia's presence)

213 **forsworn** rejected

217 **vanished** malapropism for "banished"

221 **surfeit** be ill from overeating

223 **doom…force** the sentence of banishment, which, as long as it is not reversed, stands in full force

226 **tendered** made an offering of

228 **became** suited

229 **waxèd** grew

232 **sire** father

234 **intercession** prayer on someone else’s behalf chafed enraged

235 **thy repeal** the reversal of your sentence/your return **suppliant** petitioner

236 **close** secure/secluded

237 **biding** (her) remaining

239 **malignant** evil/harmful/infectious

241 **As…dolour** so that it might be a funeral hymn to my infinite sorrow

243 **study** think about

246 **abridge** shorten

248 **manage** handle, wield

251 **thy love** i.e., Silvia

252 **expostulate** discuss/expound

254 **confer at large** discuss in full

256 **though…thyself** even if not for your own sake

257 **Regard** pay heed to

258 **my boy** i.e., Speed

263 **all…knave** doesn’t matter as long as he is a knave in one thing only

He…that not a man alive

264 **horse** horses

266 **maid** virgin **gossips** godparents (i.e., she has had a child)

267 **maid** servant **serves** provides domestic service/has sex

268 **qualities** accomplishments **water-spaniel** submissive dog **bare** mere/naked (i.e., not hairy like a dog)

269 **cate-log…condition** catalog (list) of her attributes **Inprimis** “in the first place” (Latin)

270 **fetch** respond to an instruction to fetch something

271 **jade** worthless old horse/loose woman **Item** Latin term for “next” (in a list) **milk** milk a cow/drain one of money/suckle a baby/cause ejaculation (**clean hands** may continue the idea of masturbation)

275 **vice** bad habit/comic character in morality plays known for his puns

281 **jolt-head** blockhead

283 **try** test **begot** conceived

287 **in** on

288 **Saint Nicholas** patron saint of scholars **speed** protector (puns on Speed’s name)

294 **sew** stitch (Lance interprets “sow seed” and is therefore surprised that a woman can do so)

297 **stock** dowry **knit…stock** knit him a stocking/conceive stupid offspring for him

300 **washed and scoured** cleaned and scrubbed/beaten

301 **spin** spin wool/have sex

302 **set…wheels** have an easy life (**wheels** plays on “spinning wheels”)

303 **nameless virtues** inexpressible qualities

304 **bastard virtues** illegitimate children

308 **in respect of** because of

310 **sweet mouth** sweet tooth/lecherous mouth

313 **sleep** puns on “slip” (to commit an error/lapse sexually)

317 **proud** haughty/high-spirited/lecherous

318 **Eve’s legacy** the result of Eve’s greedy desire in the Garden of Eden

319 **no teeth** possibly a result of having a **sweet mouth**, though teeth could also fall out after treatment for syphilis

321 **curst** bad-tempered (plays on crust)

323 **praise** taste (in the following line Lance has understood “speak highly of’)

326 **liberal** unrestrained in her manner/free with her sexual favors

327 **cannot** cannot be

328 **another thing** i.e., her vagina (plays on **purse**, which had the same slang meaning)

333 **Rehearse** repeat

335 **prove** i.e., with a verbal demonstration of logic **more than** greater than in that it entirely conceals the salt **cover…salt** lid of a large salt cellar (**salt** may pun on both “wit” and “lechery”)

339 **monstrous** outrageous/unnatural **out** wrong/not on the list

341 **gracious** acceptable

351 **Pox of** a plague on

352 **swinged** beaten **unmannerly** ill-mannered

353 **I'll…correction** I'll follow so that I can enjoy seeing his punishment (for being late)

Act 3 Scene 2

4 **railed** ranted abusively

5 **That** so that

6 **impress** impression, imprint **figure** shape

7 **Trenchèd** cut, engraved

14 **grievously** sorrowfully

17 **conceit** opinion

18 **desert** worth, deserving

19 **the better** more inclined

22 **effect** bring about

32 **descent** social status

35 **deliver** speak

36 **circumstance** detailed evidence

39 **loath** very reluctant

41 **very** true

45 **friend** i.e., the duke

47 **aught…dispraise** anything that I can say to damage his character

49 **weed** root out

52 **ravel** get tangled up

53 **provide** prepare **bottom** wind into a ball (Silvia's love is being imaged as thread being unwound from Valentine and wound around Turio)

56 **kind** business

60 **warrant** authorization

62 **lumpish** dull/despondent **heavy** gloomy

64 **temper** mold

67 **sharp** ardent, keen

68 **lime** birdlime, a sticky substance spread on branches to catch birds

tangle entangle, trap

69 **wailful sonnets** lamenting, wistful love poems **composèd** carefully constructed

70 **full-fraught…vows** entirely filled with vows of service

71 **heaven-bred poesy** poetry inspired by heaven

75 **frame** compose

76 **discover** reveal **integrity** absolute devotion/total sincerity

77 **Orpheus** in Greek legend, a musician so skillful that his music could even charm animals, rocks, and trees **sinews** tendons

79 **leviathans** sea monsters

80 **Forsake unsounded deeps** abandon the unfathomed parts of the sea

81 **dire-lamenting** deeply sorrowing **elegies** mournful love poems

83 **consort** group of musicians

84 **Tune** sing **deploring** doleful **dump** sorrowful melody

86 **inherit** gain possession of

87 **discipline** learning/teachings

91 **sort** select

93 **give…to** bring about the initiation of

94 **About it** on with the business

97 **pardon you** i.e., from having to wait upon me

Act 4 Scene 1

4.1 ***Location:*** *wilderness/forest*

1 **passenger** traveler

3 **Stand** stop (sit in the following line plays on the sense of “remain standing”)

4 **rifle** rob

10 **proper** fine-looking

12 **crossed with** thwarted by

13 **habiliments** clothes

14 **disfurnish** deprive

15 **sum and substance** everything

20 **sojourned** stayed

22 **crookèd** malign, devious

29 **false vantage** unfair advantage

32 **held…doom** was pleased to get such a (reasonable) sentence

33 **Have…tongues?** Can you speak any foreign languages?

34 **happy** fortunate/accomplished

36 **fat friar** i.e., Friar Tuck, a member of Robin Hood’s band of outlaws

37 **were** would be (a good) **faction** group

41 **anything…to** any resources

44 **ungoverned** uncontrolled, reckless, violent

45 **awful** worthy of respect (or possibly a printer’s error for “lawful”)

47 **practising** plotting

48 **niece** kinswoman (phrase sometimes emended to “An heir, and near allied”)

49 **Mantua** northern Italian dukedom

50 **mood** rage

52 **cite** acknowledge/mention

53 **hold excused** explain/justify

55 **shape** appearance/figure

57 **quality** profession

59 **above the rest** for this reason above all **parley** talk/negotiate

63 **consort** company/group

65 **do thee homage** perform acts of allegiance/acknowledge your superiority

70 **outrages** acts of violence
71 **silly** defenseless
73 **crews** gang
75 **dispose** disposal

Act 4 Scene 2

4.2 ***Location:*** *Milan*
3 **colour** pretext **commending** praising
7 **protest** swear
8 **twits** taunts/reproaches
9 **commend** offer/declare
12 **quips** sharp retorts
18 **crept** moved quietly, stealthily
20 **creep** crawl **go** walk upright
21 **love not here** i.e., do not love Silvia
25 **I…own** i.e., it's a good thing for your sake that you made your meaning clear
26 **lustily** heartily **Host** innkeeper
27 **allicholly** the Host means "melancholy"
38 **swains** youths/lovers
40 **grace** virtue/favor/elegance
41 **admirèd** marveled at
44 **repair** hasten
45 **of** with
52 **do** are
53 **likes** pleases
54 **likes me not** does not please me/does not love me
56 **plays false** plays out of tune/is unfaithful **father** respectful term for an old man
59 **quick** sharp (in the following line Julia plays on the sense of "lively, rapid" when she contrasts quick with slow)
60 **slow** heavy/not rapid
62 **jars** sounds discordant
63 **change** modulation (in the following line Julia plays on the sense of "fickle/unfaithful")
64 **spite** vexation
65 **but one thing** only the same melody
66 **one…thing** a lover play only one role (play is sexually suggestive and thing puns on "vagina")
69 **out…nick** beyond reckoning

77 **Saint Gregory's well** has been identified as an actual well near Milan

86 **will** intent/desire

87 **compass yours** fulfill your wishes/win your approval/gain your sexual desire

89 **hie** hurry

90 **subtle** cunning, treacherous

91 **conceitless** witless

94 **thy love** i.e., Julia

95 **pale…night** i.e., the moon (associated with chastity)

97 **wrongful suit** dishonorable/insulting courtship

98 **by and by** immediately

102 **if** even if

107 **importunacy** persistent entreaties

109 **And…I** in that case, you may assume that I am too

112 **hers** i.e., her (Julia's) love

113 **sepulchre** bury

115 **obdurate** unyielding

116 **Vouchsafe** permit

120 **else** elsewhere

121 **shadow** image/portrait (playing on the usual sense in the previous line)

122 **If…am** if the image in Silvia's picture was real, you would be false to it and reduce it to mere shadowy unreality, just as you have done to me (Julia is changed from her real self through both heartbreak and disguise)

125 **since…well** as it will suit your fickle nature well

132 **halidom** all I consider holy

133 **lies** lodges

134 **house** i.e., inn

136 **heaviest** sorrowful/darkest

Act 4 Scene 3

4.3 **Eglamour** *amour* (French for “love”) suggests a lover; his own lady having died, Eglamour remains devoted to the cause of true love by functioning as a knightly escort to Silvia

10 **impose** command

15 **remorseful** compassionate

19 **Vain** foolish

24 **would** want to go

26 **for** because

28 **repose** rely

33 **still** always

39 **grievances** distress/sorrowful affections

42 **Recking** caring **betideth** befalls

43 **befortune** happen to

47 **cell** simple dwelling

Act 4 Scene 4

1 **play the cur** play up/be knavish/behave like a dog **goes hard** is tough

2 **of** from

6 **steps me** steps (**me** is emphatic) **trencher** plate **capon's** chicken's

7 **keep** control

8 **takes upon him** undertakes **a dog at** adept at (puns on the literal meaning of **dog**)

9 **take…did** plead guilty to his wrong doing

10 **verily** truly **had** would have

11 **thrusts me** thrusts

12 **bless the mark** i.e., pardon the phrase I am about to use

13 **pissing while** short time (literally, the time it takes to urinate)

18 **wot of** have learned about **makes…ado** makes no more fuss

20 **stocks** contraption for public punishment in which a person had their wrists and ankles confined **puddings** sausages

21 **pillory** instrument of punishment in which a person had their head and wrists confined

23 **still mark** always pay attention to

24 **heave up** raise **make water** urinate

32 **jewel** i.e., the pretty dog Proteus thinks Lance delivered to Silvia

33 **cur** dog/ill-bred fellow **currish** mean-spirited/snarling

38 **squirrel** i.e., small dog (contemptuous) **hangman boys** rascally boys fit for the hangman

44 **still an end** continuously (possible printer's error for "on end")

45 **entertained** taken into service

48 **yond** yonder

49 **behaviour** bearing/manners

50 **augury** discernment/prediction

51 **Witness** are evidence of

55 **delivered** who gave

56 **leave** part with/forsake

69 **therewithal** with it

77 **poor fool** Julia refers to herself

84 **To…obtain** i.e., Silvia's love (for Proteus)

87 **true-confirmèd** truly established/legitimate/declared

91 **speed** succeed
92 **mean** means/agent
94 **if…she** if I am indeed Silvia
104 **fit his chamber** suit his room
106 **unadvised** inadvertently
111 **hold** wait a moment
113 **protestations** declarations (of love)
114 **newfound** recently invented
120 **profaned** abused/treated irreverently
124 **tender** care for/esteem
137 **sun-expelling mask** mask worn by a lady to protect her complexion from the sun
139 **pinched the lily-tincture** eroded the lily-white color
140 **as…I** Julia may have besmirched her face as part of her disguise
142 **stature** height **Pentecost** Whitsun, Christian festival held on the seventh Sunday after Easter
143 **pageants of delight** enjoyable plays/entertainments
145 **trimmed** dressed up
149 **a-good** in earnest
151 **Ariadne…flight** in Greek mythology Ariadne was abandoned by her love Theseus despite the fact that she had helped him to escape from the labyrinth that contained the beastly Minotaur **passioning** passionately sorrowing
153 **lively** in a lifelike way/convincingly
157 **beholding** indebted
164 **mild** gracious, kind
165 **suit…cold** wooing (of Silvia) will be in vain/received coldly
166 **my mistress** i.e., Julia herself
169 **tire** headdress
175 **periwig** wig
177 **as high** the same height as (i.e., no lower than) hers
178 **respects** values/admires
179 **respective** worthy of **respect**
181 **shadow** the disguised/heartbroken Julia **take…up** pick up this picture/take on this rival
182 **senseless form** unconscious image

185	**statue** i.e., an idol	**stead** place
186	**use** treat	
187	**Jove** king of the gods	

Act 5 Scene 1

5.1 ***Location:*** *outside the city*

1 **gild** tinge with gold

4 **break not hours** do not fail to keep meetings

5 **before their time** early

6 **expedition** speedy action

8 **Amen, amen** i.e., amen to that/yes indeed

9 **postern** side or back gate

10 **attended** followed

11 **three leagues** about nine miles

12 **recover** reach **sure** secure

Act 5 Scene 2

5.2 ***Location:*** *Milan*

2 **milder** more gracious, gentler

3 **person** physical appearance

5 **little** thin

7 **spurred** urged on (plays on the idea of the spurs of a riding-**boot**)

9 **fair** attractive/pale-complexioned/effeminate

10 **wanton** willful, capricious woman **black** tanned

13 **pearls** cataracts/syphilitic sores **put out** make useless **eyes** eyes/vaginas (syphilis infected both the eyes and the genitals)

16 **Ill…war** i.e., she does not like it when you talk of violence/your talk of war only reminds her of your inadequacy for masculine pursuits

18 **hold your peace** remain silent

20 **makes** has

22 **birth** noble ancestry

23 **derived** descended

26 **pities** is concerned for/considers pitiful

28 **owe** own

29 **out by lease** rented out/not entirely in one's possession

40 **Friar Laurence** possibly a slip for Friar Patrick, the friar at whose cell Silvia and Eglamour met, though conceivably another friar is being referred to

42 **Him** i.e., Eglamour

43 **being masked** she having on a mask

45 **even** evening

47 **stand** delay

48 **mount you** rise up/get on horseback

51 **Dispatch** hurry up

53 **flies her fortune** flees her good fortune (i.e., Turio's courtship)

55 **reckless** uncaring

Act 5 Scene 3

5.3 ***Location:*** *wilderness/forest*

3 **more mischances** greater misfortunes

4 **brook** endure

8 **Moyses and Valerius** i.e., two of the outlaws (“Moyses” is a form of “Moses”)

11 **beset** surrounded/beseiged

Act 5 Scene 4

1 **use** custom

2 **desert** deserted place

5 **complaining** sorrowing

6 **record** sing

8 **mansion** i.e., his breast, love’s dwelling place

11 **Repair** revive (plays on the senses “reconstruct” and “return”)

12 **nymph** beautiful one/semidivine being

13 **hallowing** shouting

15 **Have** who have

17 **from** from committing

20 **respect** value **aught** anything

21 **him** i.e., the First Outlaw

22 **forced…love** i.e., sexually assaulted/raped you

23 **Vouchsafe** grant **meed** reward **fair** favorable/beautiful

24 **boon** favor

31 **approach** loving advances

37 **tender** precious

38 **full** just

40 **solicit** urge/chase after favors

41 **action** course of action/fighting

43 **still approved** continually tested/proven

47 **rend** tear up **faith** promises, fidelity

50 **thou’dst two** i.e., you are somehow able to be a faithful lover to two women at once

53 **counterfeit…friend** false imitation of a true friend like Valentine

55 **respects** takes into consideration

57 **spirit** nature/breath of air (this latter sense, picked up on in moving, implies proximity between Silvia and Proteus) **moving** wooing/stirring

58 **form** manner of behaving/appearance

59 **at arms’ end** at sword’s point/with my penis

63 **uncivil** uncivilized, brutish

64 **ill fashion** wicked sort

66 **common** commonplace (i.e., showing no special qualities of friendship)

68 **beguiled** deceived

71 **right hand** i.e., his closest friend, Proteus

74 **count** consider

75 **private** personal/internal

77 **confounds** overcomes

80 **tender’t** offer it

81 **commit** do wrong

83 **receive thee** regard you as

84 **Who** he who

85 **nor** neither **these** i.e., heaven and earth

86 **penitence** repentance **th’Eternal’s** God’s

87 **love** i.e., friendship **free** generous

91 **wag** lad

92 **charged** instructed

97 **cry you mercy** forgive me

99 **depart** departure (from Verona)

103 **gave aim** was the object of

104 **entertained** received

105 **cleft the root** split the bottom of my heart

106 **habit** outfit (Julia’s page disguise; also puns on the sense of “behavior”)

108 **raiment** clothing **if…love** if it is in fact shameful to disguise oneself for love/if you can feel shame, being a false lover

110 **It…minds** propriety considers it less disgraceful for women to disguise themselves than for men to be unfaithful

115 **Inconstancy…begins** unfaithful passions drop away even before they begin

125 **disgraced** dishonored (plays on the sense of “out of favor”)

129 **give** move

130 **measure** range

132 **hold** protect (**“Verona”** may be a slip for “Milan”, which is Turio’s home)

140 **means** efforts

141 **slight conditions** insubstantial grounds

146 **repeal** recall

147 **Plead…merit** argue that there is a new state of affairs now that you have shown your superior deserving

148 **subscribe** bear witness/acknowledge

155 **kept withal** lived with

160 **employment** service

162 **Dispose of** make arrangements for **as…deserts** in accordance with their deservings

163 **include all jars** bring to an end, shut up all discord

164 **triumphs** festivities **rare solemnity** marvelous celebration

168 **grace** virtue/charm

169 **grace** ideal female beauty

172 **fortunèd** come to pass

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

In 1702 the poet and critic John Dennis rewrote *The Merry Wives of Windsor* with the title *The Comical Gallant: or, the Amours of Sir John Falstaff*. Dennis claimed that the original Shakespearean play was a particular favorite of Queen Elizabeth. Indeed, he reported, “This comedy was written at her command, and by her direction, and she was so eager to see it acted that she commanded it to be finished in fourteen days; and was afterwards, as tradition tells us, very well pleased at the representation.” A few years later, the story was elaborated in the biography appended to Nicholas Rowe’s edition of Shakespeare: the Queen was so well pleased “with that admirable character of Falstaff in the two parts of Henry the Fourth” that she commanded Shakespeare “to continue it for one play more, and to show him in love.”

We do not know whether the story is true, but there is great appeal in the idea of Falstaff reincarnated by royal command and transposed from tavern and battlefield to lady’s chamber and linen basket. There is no doubt that the play’s popularity on the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century stage owed much to its status as a vehicle for Falstaff. And at the end of the nineteenth century, the drama underwent another transposition as it was recreated in perhaps the greatest of all Shakespearean operas, Verdi and Boito’s *Falstaff*.

A seventeenth-century educational theorist called Philip King complained that it was ridiculous to suggest that “the condition of all our English women may be drawn out of Shakespeare’s The Merry Wives of Windsor.” And in the 1660s, the leading English female intellectual of the age, Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle, singled out those wives as particularly strong examples of Shakespeare’s gift for representing women: “who could describe Cleopatra better than he hath done, and many other females to his own creating, as Nan Page, Mrs Page, Mrs Ford, the Doctor’s Maid, Beatrice, Mrs Quickly, Doll Tearsheet, and others, too many to relate?” Though King disapproved and the Duchess approved, they clearly agreed that *The Merry Wives* was one of Shakespeare’s best plays for women. Whereas Shakespeare’s other comedies are courtship dramas that end with weddings or the promise of them, *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is more interested in how witty wives sustain society. The play is Shakespeare’s nearest approach to sitcom, where the setting is domestic and people are forever rushing in and out of doors.

“The Merry Wives” indicates that this is a play in which the women will be on top. “Of Windsor” promises a comedy of English town life. This is in sharp contrast to Shakespeare’s other comedies of the late 1590s and early 1600s, with their courtly, continental, and often pastoral settings. Indeed, with the exception of the Eastcheap scenes in the *Henry IV* plays, Windsor is the closest Shakespeare comes to the one major dramatic genre of the age that he did not attempt: the comedy of London life. City comedy was the forte of the group of slightly younger dramatists who came onto the theater scene around the turn of the century—Ben Jonson, Thomas Dekker, and Thomas Middleton.

But Windsor is not London. Though the play includes several types familiar from city comedy—the jealous husband, the marriageable citizen’s daughter, the simpleton up from the country—the setting is more provincial town than buzzing metropolis. The dramatist’s own experience of life in Stratford-upon-Avon was probably a more formative influence on the creation of this play than any literary source of the kind that inspired most of his other comedies. The scene in which a cheeky boy called William is drilled in Latin grammar feels as close to autobiographical reminiscence as anything in Shakespeare.

Nor is Windsor a generic English town. The castle and the royal park made it synonymous with the monarchy. During the closing nocturnal scene in the park, Mistress Quickly in the role of Queen of the Fairies offers a good luck charm to Queen Elizabeth, whom the poet Edmund Spenser had immortalized a few years before under the guise of England’s *Faerie Queene*. Given its royal setting, its close relationship to the history plays, and the fact that it is the only Shakespearean comedy with an English setting, *The Merry Wives* is inevitably interested in questions of Englishness. The comic treatment of honor and cozening, true and false knighthood, and the nature of gentility rearticulates some of the matter of the *Henry IV* plays in a new key, but the most sustained exploration of national identity takes place at the level of language.

Shakespeare has always been so admired for his poetry that the language of *The Merry Wives* has often been underrated for the simple reason that of all his plays this is the one with the highest proportion of prose. Yet its command of the prose medium is unstoppable: from first to last there is a stream of wordplay, innuendo, and hilarious linguistic misapprehension. The comic suitors are the key here: the Welsh parson Sir Hugh Evans and the French Doctor Caius are characterized by their abuse of the English language. Extraordinary mileage is obtained from Caius's verbal tics ("By gar," "vat is?") and such simple substitutions as Evans's "f" for "v" (thus in the Latin language lesson, the grammatical term "vocative" becomes the obscene-sounding "focative"). Verbal sparring stands in for physical. Whereas in the history plays national pride comes from prowess at arms, here it is a matter of prowess at words. When the Welshman and the Frenchman prepare to fight a duel over their rivalry for Anne, Shallow and Page remove their swords and the Host says "Let them keep their limbs whole and hack our English.

Comedy at the expense of foreigners for their abuse of the English tongue might be described as crudely patriotic or mildly xenophobic. A deeper patriotism and a richer form of comedy come from the capacity of the English language to turn adversity to advantage. That is the art of Falstaff, as it is in a more general sense the art of Shakespeare and his actors. Falstaff is repeatedly humiliated, but his mastery of the English language always gives him the last word. On discovering that he has been pinched and beaten not by real goblins but by Sir Hugh and his class of children, Falstaff magnificently retorts "Have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English?" and then "I am not able to answer the Welsh flannel." He is physically humiliated ("dejected"), but his linguistic gift never fails. Like his creator, he can seemingly conjure anything into language. Again and again, a bodily battering is transformed into the opportunity for a verbal display in which a tone of feigned incredulity creates a unique combination of excess and humility, self-delusion and self-knowledge that is irresistible to a theater audience.

KEY FACTS

PLOT: Sir John Falstaff, staying in Windsor and down on his luck, decides to restore his fortunes by seducing the wives of two wealthy citizens. He sends Mistress Page and Mistress Ford identical love letters, but they discover his double-dealing and set about turning the tables, arranging an assignation at Mistress Ford's house. The jealous Frank Ford has heard of Falstaff's plan and decides to test his wife's fidelity. Pretending to be Master Broom, he pays Falstaff to seduce his wife on his behalf, twice almost catching them together. The Pages' daughter Anne is pursued by three suitors. The French physician Doctor Caius is her mother's choice, whilst her father favors Slender, Justice Shallow's kinsman. Anne herself is in love with Fenton. Mistress Quickly is being paid by all three suitors to advance their cause. A duel between Doctor Caius and Parson Evans is averted when the Host of the Garter Inn plays a trick on them, and they in turn pay him back. In Windsor Great Park at night, Falstaff is set up for his final punishment—and one of Anne Page's suitors is successful.

MAJOR PARTS: (*with percentage of lines/number of speeches/scenes on stage*) Falstaff (17%/136/9), Mrs. Page (12%/101/9), Ford (12%/99/9), Mrs. Quickly (10%/74/9), Evans (8%/87/9), Mrs. Ford (6%/85/7), Page (6%/75/11), Slender (5%/56/7), Shallow (4%/59/7), Caius (4%/49/8), Host (4%/46/8), Fenton (4%/20/4), Pistol (2%/29/5), Simple (2%/25/5), Anne Page (1%/19/3).

LINGUISTIC MEDIUM: 10% verse, 90% prose. Highest proportion of prose in the *Complete Works*.

DATE: 1597–1601. Allusion to the Order of the Garter in the final scene has led to supposition that the play was performed at, or indeed commissioned for, the Garter Feast held at Whitehall in April 1597, when George Carey, Lord Chamberlain and patron of Shakespeare's acting company, was elected to the order, as (*in absentia*) was Frederick Duke of Württemberg (which may account for the allusions to a German duke in the scene involving the Host's horses). The 1597–98 winter season at court and the Garter festivities for 1599 have also been proposed as the occasion: the argument for the latter, when Henry Brooke, eighth Lord Cobham, was elected Knight of the Garter, is interwoven with the Brooke/Broom crux (see "Text", below). The argument against 1597 is that it would place the play before *2 Henry IV*, which seems counterintuitive: the relationship between Falstaff and Shallow, together with the retinue of "irregular humorists," is more likely to have been created in the history play and reanimated in the comedy than vice versa (though it has been suggested that *The Merry Wives* was dashed off when Shakespeare was halfway through the writing of *2 Henry IV*). The element of "humoral" comedy suggests a date after Ben Jonson introduced this vogue in *Every Man in his Humour* (1598). The argument against a special Garter commission is that a full-length comedy, as opposed to a shorter masque or entertainment of a more courtly kind, is unlikely to have been performed on such an occasion. It is possible that the Garter dimension is a vestige of an earlier commissioned work that was expanded into a comedy for the public stage. The play is not mentioned by Meres, suggesting late 1598 or 1599 as the earliest date for public performance. The 1602 Quarto title page clearly indicates performance both before the court and in the public theater. Quarto omits the speech alluding to the Order of the Garter and many other references to Windsor and the court. The major differences between Quarto and Folio texts (see below) suggest several stages of composition and probably performance in different versions.

SOURCES: No known source for the main plot, but the gallant who attempts to seduce another man's wife, is interrupted, and is hidden in a bizarre place was a traditional comic motif, as was the clever wife who gets the upper hand (there is an example in one of the tales in Barnabe Riche's *Farewell to Military Profession*, a book that provided Shakespeare with the main source for *Twelfth Night*); the

Anne Page plot of rival suitors for an attractive daughter also has many analogues. The horse-stealing episode may allude to the Duke of Württemberg's visit to England in 1592 and has parallels with a comic sequence in Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*. Falstaff with his horns in the park combines the folktale of Herne the Hunter with the classical myth (from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*) of Actaeon. The pinching Fairies are themselves pinched from act four scene three of John Lyly's play *Endymion, the Man in the Moon* (published 1591).

TEXT: Published in Quarto in 1602, in a version that has the hallmarks of a "reported text" of a stage production. About half the length of the Folio, and with many textual corruptions, the Quarto was reprinted in 1619. The First Folio text of 1623 was set from a transcript by Ralph Crane, professional scribe to the King's Men, though it is not certain whether he worked from the playhouse "book" or an authorial manuscript.

The Quarto calls into question two other significant details in the Folio. First, the name by which Ford calls himself when disguised: this is "Brooke" in Quarto but "Broom" in Folio. "Brooke" was clearly Shakespeare's original intention, being an aquatic variation on "Ford" and the occasion for at least one liquid pun ("Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflows such liquor"—2.2.107). The change to "Broom" in Folio may well have been made in order to avoid offending the powerful family with whom Shakespeare had already been in trouble over a name in *1 Henry IV*. Lord Cobham had objected to the name Sir John Oldcastle, with the result that Shakespeare changed it to Sir John Falstaff. The Cobham family name was Brooke, so perhaps they intervened again, or the name was changed for fear that they might. We follow Folio's Broom, but in production it is probably best to revert to Brook, in order to make the watery jokes work. Falstaff does not, after all, hide in a broom cupboard: he is thrown into a brook.

The other issue is the color coding at the climactic moment of the play, when Anne's three suitors come on and take the fairy each of them supposes is her, whilst the children are singing their song and pinching Falstaff. In Folio, Master Page tells Slender that his daughter will be in white, but when Slender comes on with the humiliating news that he has grabbed and married a boy, he says that he took a fairy in green. With Caius, it is the other way round: Mistress Page tells him that Anne will be in green, but he takes a boy in white. Editors since the eighteenth century have reversed the colors in the dialogue at the end, to make them consistent with those of the initial plan. Since the inconsistency is much more likely to be the author’s than the printer’s, we have not done this, but attention is drawn to this issue in the gloss and the textual notes.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

MISTRESS MARGARET PAGE, of Windsor
MASTER GEORGE PAGE, her husband
ANNE PAGE, their daughter
WILLIAM PAGE, a boy, their son
MISTRESS ALICE FORD, of Windsor
MASTER FRANK FORD, her husband
MASTER FENTON, a young gentleman, in love with Anne Page
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF
BARDOLPH
PISTOL
NIM
followers of Falstaff
ROBIN, Falstaff’s pageboy
ROBERT SHALLOW, Esquire, a country justice
MASTER ABRAHAM SLENDER, cousin to Shallow
up from the country
PETER SIMPLE, servant to Slender
SIR HUGH EVANS, a Welsh parson
HOST of the Garter Inn
DOCTOR CAIUS, a French physician
JOHN RUGBY, his servant
MISTRESS QUICKLY, his housekeeper
Servants; Children of Windsor playing Fairies

Act 1 Scene 1[1.1]

running scene 1

Enter Justice Shallow, Slender [and] Sir Hugh Evans

SHALLOW Sir[1] Hugh, persuade me not. I will make a Star Chamber matter of it. If he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

SLENDER In the county of Gloucester, Justice of Peace and Coram.[3]

SHALLOW Ay, cousin[4] Slender, and Custalorum.

SLENDER Ay, and Rato-lorum[5] too; and a gentleman born, master parson, who writes himself *Armigero*[6] in any bill, warrant, quittance or obligation, *Armigero*.

SHALLOW Ay, that I do, and have done any time these three hundred years.

SLENDER All his successors — gone before him — hath done't, and all his ancestors — that come after him — may. They may give[9] the dozen white luces in their coat.[10]

SHALLOW It is an old coat.

EVANS The dozen white louses do become[12] an old coat well. It agrees well passant. It is a familiar[13] beast to man, and signifies love.

SHALLOW The luce is the fresh fish. The salt fish is an old coat.[14]

SLENDER I may quarter,[15] coz.

SHALLOW You may, by marrying.

EVANS It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

SHALLOW Not a whit.

EVANS Yes, py'r lady:[19] if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures. But that is all one: if Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence,[21] to make atonements[22] and compromises between you.

SHALLOW The Council[23] shall hear it, it is a riot.

EVANS It is not meet[24] the Council hear a riot: there is no fear of Got in a riot. The Council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot. Take[25] your vizaments[26] in that.

SHALLOW Ha, o’my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

EVANS It is petter that friends[28] is the sword, and end it. And there is also another device[29] in my prain, which peradventure prings goot discretions with it. There is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master Thomas[30] Page, which is pretty virginity.

SLENDER Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small[31] like a woman.

EVANS It is that fery[32] person for all the ’orld, as just as you will desire, and seven hundred pounds of moneys, and gold and silver, is[33] her grandsire upon his death’s-bed — Got deliver to a joyful resurrections! — give,[34] when she is able to overtake seventeen years old. It were a goot motion,[35] if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between Master Abraham and Mistress Anne Page.

SLENDER Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?

EVANS Ay, and her father is[39] make her a petter penny.

SLENDER[40] I know the young gentlewoman: she has good gifts.

EVANS Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities,[41] is goot gifts.

SHALLOW Well, let us see honest[42] Master Page. Is Falstaff there?

EVANS Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar as I do despise one that is false, or as I despise one that is not true. The knight, Sir John, is there, and I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers.[45] I will peat the door for Master Page. ***Knocks*** What, ho! Got pless your house here!

PAGE Who’s there? ***Speaks within and then enters***

EVANS Here is Got’s plessing, and your friend, and Justice Shallow, and here young Master Slender, that peradventures shall tell[49] you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

PAGE I am glad to see your worships well. I thank you for my venison, Master Shallow.

SHALLOW Master Page, I am glad to see you: much good do it your good heart. I wished your venison better, it was ill[54] killed. How doth good Mistress Page? And I thank you always with my heart, la[55] — with my heart.

PAGE Sir, I thank you.

SHALLOW Sir, I thank you: by[57] yea and no, I do.

PAGE I am glad to see you, good Master Slender.

SLENDER How does your fallow[59] greyhound, sir? I heard say he was outrun on Cotsall.[60]

PAGE It could not be judged,[61] sir.

SLENDER You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

SHALLOW That he will not.— 'Tis your fault,[64] 'tis your fault.— 'Tis a good dog. ***Aside to Slender/To Page***

PAGE A cur,[65] sir.

SHALLOW Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog, can there be more said? He is good and fair. Is Sir John Falstaff here?

PAGE Sir, he is within: and I would[68] I could do a good office between you.

EVANS It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

SHALLOW He hath wronged me, Master Page.

PAGE Sir, he doth in some sort[71] confess it.

SHALLOW If it be confessed, it is not redressed. Is not that so, Master Page? He hath wronged me, indeed he hath, at[73] a word, he hath. Believe me: Robert Shallow esquire saith he is wronged.

PAGE Here comes Sir John.

[Enter Falstaff, Bardolph, Nim and Pistol]

FALSTAFF Now, Master Shallow, you'll complain of me to the king?

SHALLOW Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.[78]

FALSTAFF But not kissed your keeper's[79] daughter?

SHALLOW Tut, a pin![80] This shall be answered.

FALSTAFF I will answer it straight:[81] I have done all this. That is now answered.

SHALLOW The Council shall know this.

FALSTAFF 'Twere better for you if it were known in counsel.[83] You'll be laughed at.

EVANS *Pauca verba*[84], Sir John, goot worts.

FALSTAFF Good worts?[85] Good cabbage. Slender, I broke your head. What matter have you against me?

SLENDER Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you, and against your cony-catching[87] rascals, Bardolph, Nim and Pistol.

BARDOLPH You Banbury cheese![89]

SLENDER Ay, it is no matter.[90]

PISTOL How now, Mephostophilus?[91]

SLENDER Ay, it is no matter.

NIM Slice,[93] I say! *Pauca*, *pauca*. Slice, that's my humour.

SLENDER Where's Simple, my man? Can you tell, cousin?

EVANS Peace, I pray you. Now let us understand. There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is, Master Page — *fidelicet*[96] Master Page — and there is myself — *fidelicet* myself — and the three[97] party is — lastly and finally — mine host[98] of the Garter.

PAGE We three to hear it and end it between them.

EVANS Fery goot, I will make a prief[100] of it in my note-book, and we will afterwards 'ork[101] upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can.

FALSTAFF Pistol!

PISTOL He hears with ears.

EVANS The tevil[104] and his tam! What phrase is this? He hears with ear? Why, it is affectations.

FALSTAFF Pistol, did you pick Master Slender's purse?

SLENDER Ay, by these gloves, did he, or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber[108] again else, of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and two pence apiece of Yead[109] Miller, by these gloves.

FALSTAFF Is this true, Pistol?

EVANS No, it is false,[112] if it is a pick-purse.

PISTOL Ha, thou mountain-foreigner![113] Sir John and master mine, I combat challenge[114] of this latten bilbo. Word of denial in thy labras[115] here! Word of denial: froth and scum, thou liest!

SLENDER By these gloves, then, 'twas he. ***Points to Nim***

NIM Be avised,[118] sir, and pass good humours: I will say 'marry trap' with you, if you run[119] the nuthook's humour on me. That is the very note of it.

SLENDER By this hat, then, he[120] in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

FALSTAFF What say you, Scarlet and John?[122]

BARDOLPH Why, sir, for my part, I say the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

EVANS It is his five senses. Fie, what the ignorance is!

BARDOLPH And being fap,[126] sir, was, as they say, cashiered: and so conclusions passed the careers.

SLENDER Ay, you spake in Latin then too. But ’tis no matter. I’ll ne’er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick. If I be drunk, I’ll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

EVANS So Got ’udge[131] me, that is a virtuous mind.

FALSTAFF You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen, you hear it.

[Enter Anne, with wine]

PAGE Nay, daughter, carry the wine in: we’ll drink within.

[Exit Anne]

SLENDER O heaven, this is Mistress Anne Page! ***Aside?***

[Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page]

PAGE How now, Mistress Ford?

FALSTAFF Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met. By your leave,[136] good mistress. ***Kisses her***

PAGE Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome. Come, we have a hot venison pasty to[138] dinner. Come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[Exeunt all except Shallow, Slender and Evans]

SLENDER I had rather than forty shillings I had my book[140] of *Songs and Sonnets* here.

[Enter Simple]

How now, Simple, where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not the *Book of Riddles*[142] about you, have you?

SIMPLE *Book of Riddles?* Why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon Allhallowmas[144] last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

SHALLOW Come, coz. Come, coz, we stay[145] for you. A word with you, coz. Marry, this, coz: there is, as ’twere, a tender,[146] a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here. Do you understand me?

SLENDER Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable. If it be so, I shall do[148] that that is reason.

SHALLOW Nay, but understand me.

SLENDER So I do, sir.

EVANS Give ear to his motions.[152] Master Slender, I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of[153] it.

SLENDER Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says. I pray you pardon me, he's a Justice of Peace in his country,[155] simple though I stand here.

EVANS But that is not the question. The question is concerning your marriage.

SHALLOW Ay, there's the point, sir.

EVANS Marry, is it: the very point of it, to Mistress Anne Page.

SLENDER Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.[159]

EVANS But can you affection the 'oman?[160] Let us command to know that of your mouth or of your lips, for divers[161] philosophers hold that the lips is parcel of the mouth. Therefore, precisely, can you carry[162] your good will to the maid?

SHALLOW Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

SLENDER I hope, sir, I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

EVANS Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak possitable,[165] if you can carry her your desires towards her.

SHALLOW That you must. Will you, upon[167] good dowry, marry her?

SLENDER I will do a greater thing than that upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

SHALLOW Nay, conceive[170] me, conceive me, sweet coz. What I do is to pleasure you, coz. Can you love the maid?

SLENDER I will marry her, sir, at your request. But if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease[173] it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another. I hope upon familiarity will grow more contempt. But if you say 'Marry her', I will marry her — that I am freely dissolved,[176] and dissolutely.

EVANS It is a fery discretion answer. Save the fall[177] is in the 'ord 'dissolutely' — the 'ort is, according to our meaning, 'resolutely' — his meaning is good.

SHALLOW Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

SLENDER Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la!

SHALLOW Here comes fair Mistress Anne.

[Enter Anne]

Would I were young for your sake, Mistress Anne.

ANNE The dinner is on the table, my father desires your worships' company.

SHALLOW I will wait on him, fair Mistress Anne.

EVANS 'Od's plessèd will! I will not be absence at the grace.

[Exeunt Shallow and Evans]

ANNE Will't please your worship to come in, sir?

SLENDER No, I thank you, forsooth,[187] heartily. I am very well.

ANNE The dinner attends[188] you, sir.

SLENDER I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth.— ***To Simple*** Go, sirrah,[189] for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin Shallow.

[Exit Simple]

A justice of peace sometime may be beholding[191] to his friend for a man. I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: but what though,[192] yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

ANNE I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.

SLENDER I'faith, I'll eat nothing. I thank you as much as though I did.

ANNE I pray you, sir, walk in.

SLENDER I had rather walk here, I thank you. I bruised my shin th'other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence[198] — three veneys for a dish of stewed prunes[199] — and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? Be there bears i'th'town?

ANNE I think there are, sir. I heard them talked of.

SLENDER I love the sport[202] well, but I shall as soon quarrel at it, as any man in England. You are afraid if you see the bear loose, are you not?

ANNE Ay, indeed, sir.

SLENDER That's meat and drink to me, now. I have seen Sackerson[205] loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain: but, I warrant[206] you, the women have so cried and shrieked at it that it passed.[207] But women, indeed, cannot abide ’em: they are very ill-favoured[208] rough things.

[Enter Page]

PAGE Come, gentle Master Slender, come: we stay for you.

SLENDER I’ll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

PAGE By cock and pie,[211] you shall not choose, sir. Come, come.

SLENDER Nay, pray you lead the way.

PAGE Come on, sir.

SLENDER Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

ANNE Not I, sir, pray you, keep on.[215]

SLENDER Truly, I will not go first. Truly, la! I will not do you that wrong.

ANNE I pray you, sir.

SLENDER I’ll rather be unmannerly than troublesome. ***Goes first*** You do yourself wrong, indeed, la!

Exeunt

Act 1 Scene 2

running scene 2

Enter Evans and Simple

EVANS Go your ways, and ask of[1] Doctor Caius' house, which is the way; and there dwells one Mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse,[2] or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry,[3] his washer and his wringer.

SIMPLE Well, sir.

EVANS Nay, it is petter yet. Give her this letter. ***Gives letter*** For it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance[5] with Mistress Anne Page. And the letter is to desire and require her to solicit[7] your master's desires to Mistress Anne Page. I pray you, be gone: I will make an end of my dinner, there's pippins[8] and cheese to come.

Exeunt

Act 1 Scene 3

running scene 3

Enter Falstaff, Host, Bardolph, Nim, Pistol [and] page [Robin]

FALSTAFF Mine host of the Garter!

HOST What says my bully rook?[2] Speak scholarly and wisely.

FALSTAFF Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

HOST Discard, bully Hercules,[4] cashier. Let them wag. Trot, trot.

FALSTAFF I sit at[5] ten pounds a week.

HOST Thou'rt an emperor: Caesar, Kaiser[6] and Pheazar. I will entertain Bardolph: he shall draw,[7] he shall tap. Said I well, bully Hector?

FALSTAFF Do so, good mine host.

HOST I have spoke. Let him follow.— ***To Bardolph*** Let me see thee froth[9] and lime. I am at a word: follow.

[Exit]

FALSTAFF Bardolph, follow him. A tapster[11] is a good trade. An old cloak makes a new jerkin:[12] a withered servingman a fresh tapster. Go, adieu.

BARDOLPH It is a life that I have desired. I will thrive.

[Exit Bardolph]

PISTOL O base Hungarian wight,[14] wilt thou the spigot wield?

NIM He was gotten in drink.[15] Is not the humour conceited?

FALSTAFF I am glad I am so acquit[16] of this tinderbox. His thefts were too open: his filching was like an unskilful singer, he kept not time.

NIM The good humour[18] is to steal at a minute's rest.

PISTOL 'Convey', the wise it call. 'Steal?' Foh! A fico[19] for the phrase.

FALSTAFF Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.[20]

PISTOL Why then, let kibes[21] ensue.

FALSTAFF There is no remedy: I must cony-catch, I must shift.[22]

PISTOL Young ravens must have food.

FALSTAFF Which of you know Ford of this town?

PISTOL I ken the wight:[25] he is of substance good.

FALSTAFF My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.[26]

PISTOL Two yards, and more.

FALSTAFF No quips now, Pistol! Indeed, I am in the waist two yards about, but I am now about no waste: I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to[29] Ford's wife. I spy entertainment[30] in her: she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation. I can construe[31] the action of her familiar style, and the hardest voice of her behaviour — to be Englished[32] rightly — is, 'I am Sir John Falstaff's.'

PISTOL He hath studied her will,[33] and translated her will, out of honesty, into English.

NIM The[35] anchor is deep. Will that humour pass?

FALSTAFF Now, the report goes she has all the rule of her husband's purse: he hath a legion of angels.[37]

PISTOL As[38] many devils entertain. And 'To her, boy!' say I.

NIM The humour rises:[39] it is good. Humour me the angels.

FALSTAFF I have writ me[40] here a letter to her. ***Shows letters*** And here another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious oeillades.[42] Sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

PISTOL Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

NIM I thank thee for that humour.[45]

FALSTAFF O, she did so course[46] o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass.[47] Here's another letter to her. She bears the purse too: she is a region in Guiana,[48] all gold and bounty. I will be cheaters[49] to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me. They shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade[50] to them both.— ***To Nim*** Go bear thou this letter to Mistress Page — and thou this to Mistress Ford. ***To Pistol*** We will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

PISTOL Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy[53] become, And[54] by my side wear steel? Then Lucifer take all! ***Gives back the letter***

NIM I will run[55] no base humour. Here, take the humour-letter. ***Gives the letter back*** I will keep the 'haviour of reputation.[56]

FALSTAFF Hold, sirrah, bear you these letters tightly,[57] ***To Robin***
Sail like my pinnace[58] to these golden shores.

Rogues, hence, avaunt![59] Vanish like hailstones: go,
Trudge, plod away o'th'hoof,[60] seek shelter, pack!
Falstaff will learn the humour[61] of the age,
French thrift,[62] you rogues, myself and skirted page.

[Exeunt Falstaff and Robin]

PISTOL Let vultures gripe[63] thy guts! For gourd and fullam holds,
And high and low[64] beguiles the rich and poor:
Tester[65] I'll have in pouch when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk![66]

NIM I have operations[67] which be humours of revenge.

PISTOL Wilt thou revenge?

NIM By welkin[69] and her star!

PISTOL With wit or steel?[70]

NIM With both the humours,[71] I. I will discuss the humour of this love to Ford.

PISTOL And I to Page shall eke[72] unfold How Falstaff, varlet vile, His dove will prove,[74] his gold will hold, And his soft couch defile.

NIM My humour shall not cool. I will incense Ford to deal with poison. I will possess him with yellowness,[77] for the revolt of mine is dangerous. That is my true humour.

PISTOL Thou art the Mars of malcontents.[79] I second thee, troop on.

Exeunt

Act 1 Scene 4

running scene 4

Enter Mistress Quickly, Simple and John Rugby

MISTRESS QUICKLY What, John Rugby! I pray thee go to the casement and see if you can see my master, Master Doctor Caius, coming. If he do, i'faith, and find anybody in the house, here will be an old[3] abusing of God's patience and the King's English.

RUGBY I'll go watch.

MISTRESS QUICKLY Go, and we'll have a posset[6] for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal[7] fire.— [*Exit Rugby*] An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal,[8] and, I warrant you, no tell-tale nor no breed-bate. His worst fault is that he is given to prayer, he is something peevish[9] that way, but nobody but has his fault. But let that pass. Peter Simple you say your name is?

SIMPLE Ay, for fault[12] of a better.

MISTRESS QUICKLY And Master Slender's your master?

SIMPLE Ay, forsooth.

MISTRESS QUICKLY Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's[15] paring-knife?

SIMPLE No, forsooth, he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard: a Cain-coloured[17] beard.

MISTRESS QUICKLY A softly-sprighted[18] man, is he not?

SIMPLE Ay, forsooth, but he is as[19] tall a man of his hands as any is between this and his head. He hath fought with a warrener.[20]

MISTRESS QUICKLY How say you? O, I should remember him: does he not hold up his head, as it were, and strut in his gait?

SIMPLE Yes, indeed, does he.

MISTRESS QUICKLY Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune. Tell Master Parson Evans I will do what I can for your master. Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

RUGBY Out, alas![26] Here comes my master. ***Within***

MISTRESS QUICKLY We shall all be shent.[27] Run in here, good young man, go into this ***To Simple*** closet.[28] ***Simple goes into the closet*** He will not stay long. What, John Rugby? John! What, John, I say?

[Enter Rugby]

Go, John, go inquire for my master. I doubt[29] he be not well, that he comes not home.

[Exit Rugby]

And[31] down, down, adown-a, etc. ***She sings***

[Enter Caius]

CAIUS Vat is you sing? I do not like des toys.[32] Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet *une boîtie en vert:*[33] a box, a green-a box. Do intend vat I speak? A green-a box.

MISTRESS QUICKLY Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you.— ***Aside*** I am glad he went not in himself. If he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad.[36] ***She goes into the closet***

CAIUS *Fe, fe, fe, fe, ma*[37] *foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais voir à le* Court *la grande affaire.*

[Enter Mistress Quickly with a box]

MISTRESS QUICKLY Is it this, sir?

CAIUS *Oui, mette-le au mon* pocket. *Dépêche,*[40] quickly. Vere is dat knave Rugby?

MISTRESS QUICKLY What, John Rugby? John?

[Enter Rugby]

RUGBY Here, sir!

CAIUS You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby. Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to the court.

RUGBY 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

CAIUS By my trot,[46] I tarry too long. Od's me, *que ai-je oublié*. Dere is some simples in my closet dat I vill not for the varld I shall leave behind. ***He goes into the closet***

MISTRESS QUICKLY Ay me, he'll find the young man there and be mad.

CAIUS O *diable*[49], *diable!* Vat is in my closet? ***Within*** Villain, *larron!* Rugby, my rapier! ***Pulls Simple out***

MISTRESS QUICKLY Good master, be content.

CAIUS Wherefore shall I be content-a?

MISTRESS QUICKLY The young man is an honest man.

CAIUS What shall de honest man do in my closet? Dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

MISTRESS QUICKLY I beseech you be not so phlegmatic.[56] Hear the truth of it: he came of[57] an errand to me, from Parson Hugh.

CAIUS Vell.

SIMPLE Ay, forsooth, to desire her to—

MISTRESS QUICKLY Peace, I pray you.

CAIUS Peace-a your tongue. Speak-a your tale. ***To Mistress Quickly/To Simple***

SIMPLE To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to Mistress Anne Page for my master in the way of marriage.

MISTRESS QUICKLY This is all, indeed, la! But I'll ne'er[64] put my finger in the fire, and need not.

CAIUS Sir Hugh send-a you? Rugby, *baillez*[66] me some paper. Tarry you a little-a while. ***Rugby brings paper. Caius writes***

MISTRESS QUICKLY I am glad he is so quiet. ***Aside to Simple*** If he had been throughly moved, you should have heard him so loud and so melancholy.[69] But notwithstanding, man, I'll do you[70] your master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master — I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house, and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat[72] and drink, make the beds and do all myself—

SIMPLE 'Tis a great charge[74] to come under one body's hand. ***Aside to Mistress Quickly***

MISTRESS QUICKLY Are you avised[75] o'that? ***Aside to Simple*** You shall find it a great charge, and to be up early and down late. But notwithstanding — to tell you in your ear, I[76] would have no words of it — my master himself is in love with Mistress Anne Page. But notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind — that's neither here nor there.

CAIUS You jack'nape,[79] give-a this letter to Sir Hugh. ***Gives a letter to Simple*** By gar, it is a shallenge. I will cut his troat in de park,[80] and I will teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make.— ***To Simple*** You may be gone. It is not good you tarry here.— By gar, I will cut all his two stones.[82] By gar, he shall not have a stone to throw at his dog.

[Exit Simple]

MISTRESS QUICKLY Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

CAIUS It is no matter-a ver[84] dat: do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself? By gar, I vill kill de Jack[85] priest: and I have appointed mine host of de Jarteer[86] to measure our weapon. By gar, I will myself have Anne Page.

MISTRESS QUICKLY Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well. We must give folks leave to prate.[88] What the good-year!

CAIUS Rugby, come to the court with me.— ***To Mistress Quickly*** By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door. Follow my heels, Rugby.

MISTRESS QUICKLY You shall have An—[91]

[Exeunt Caius and Rugby]

fool's-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do, nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

FENTON Who's within there, ho? ***Within***

MISTRESS QUICKLY Who's there, I trow?[96] Come near the house, I pray you.

[Enter Fenton]

FENTON How now, good woman? How dost thou?

MISTRESS QUICKLY The better that it pleases your good worship to ask.

FENTON What news? How does pretty Mistress Anne?

MISTRESS QUICKLY In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest,[100] and gentle, and one that is your friend[101] — I can tell you that by the way — I praise heaven for it.

FENTON Shall I do any good, thinkest thou? Shall I not lose my suit?

MISTRESS QUICKLY Troth, sir, all is in his hands above: but notwithstanding, Master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book[104] she loves you. Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

FENTON Yes, marry, have I. What of that?

MISTRESS QUICKLY Well, thereby hangs a tale: good faith, it[107] is such another Nan — but, I detest,[108] an honest maid as ever broke bread. We had an hour's talk of that wart. I shall never laugh but in that maid's company. But, indeed, she is given too much to allicholy[110] and musing. But for you — well, go to—

FENTON Well, I shall see her today. Hold, there's money for thee: let me have thy voice[112] in my behalf. If thou see'st her before me, commend me—

MISTRESS QUICKLY Will I? I'faith, that we will. And I will tell your worship more of the wart the next time we have confidence,[114] and of other wooers.

FENTON Well, farewell, I am in great haste now.

MISTRESS QUICKLY Farewell to your worship.

[Exit Fenton]

Truly, an honest gentleman. But Anne loves him not. For I know Anne's mind as well as another does. Out upon't,[118] what have I forgot?

Exit

Act 2 Scene 1

running scene 5

Enter Mistress Page **With a letter**

MISTRESS PAGE What, have I scaped[1] love-letters in the holiday-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see: ***Reads*** ‘Ask me no reason why I love you, for though Love use Reason for his precisian,[3] he admits him not for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I: go to then, there’s sympathy.[4] You are merry, so am I: ha, ha, then there’s more sympathy. You love sack,[5] and so do I: would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page, at the least if the love of soldier can suffice, that I love thee. I will not say, pity me — ’tis not a soldier-like phrase — but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might
For thee to fight,
John Falstaff.’

What a Herod of Jewry[15] is this? O wicked, wicked world! One that is well-nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant?[16] What an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish[17] drunkard picked — with the devil’s name — out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company! What should I say[19] to him? I was then frugal of my mirth — heaven forgive me! Why, I’ll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down[21] of men. How shall I be revenged on him? For revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.[22]

[Enter Mistress Ford]

MISTRESS FORD Mistress Page, trust me,[23] I was going to your house.

MISTRESS PAGE And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.[24]

MISTRESS FORD Nay, I’ll ne’er believe that; I have[25] to show to the contrary.

MISTRESS PAGE Faith, but you do, in my mind.

MISTRESS FORD Well, I do then: yet I say I could show you to the contrary. O Mistress Page, give me some counsel!

MISTRESS PAGE What's the matter, woman?

MISTRESS FORD O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect,[30] I could come to such honour!

MISTRESS PAGE Hang the trifle, woman, take the honour. What is it? Dispense with trifles: what is it?

MISTRESS FORD If I would but go to hell[34] for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted.

MISTRESS PAGE What? Thou liest! Sir Alice Ford? These knights will hack,[36] and so thou shouldst not alter the article[37] of thy gentry.

MISTRESS FORD We burn daylight.[38] Here, read, read. ***Gives letter to Mistress Page*** Perceive how I might be knighted. I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make[39] difference of men's liking. And yet he would not swear, praised women's modesty, and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness,[41] that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone[42] to the truth of his words. But they do no more adhere and keep place together than the hundred Psalms to the tune of 'Greensleeves'.[44] What tempest, I trow, threw this whale — with so many tuns of oil in his belly — ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think the best way were to entertain[46] him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease. Did you ever hear the like?

MISTRESS PAGE Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs. To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions,[49] here's the twin-brother of thy letter. ***Shows her own letter*** But let thine inherit[50] first, for I protest mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names — sure, more — and these are of the second edition. He will print them, out of doubt, for he cares not what he puts into the press,[53] when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under Mount Pelion.[54] Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles[55] ere one chaste man.

MISTRESS FORD Why, this is the very same: the very hand,[56] the very words. *Compares the two letters* What doth he think of us?

MISTRESS PAGE Nay, I know not. It makes me almost ready to wrangle[58] with mine own honesty. I'll entertain[59] myself like one that I am not acquainted withal: for, sure, unless he know some strain[60] in me that I know not myself, he would never have boarded[61] me in this fury.

MISTRESS FORD 'Boarding', call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.[62]

MISTRESS PAGE So will I: if he come[63] under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him. Let's appoint him a meeting, give him a show of comfort[64] in his suit and lead him on with a fine-baited[65] delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine host of the Garter.

MISTRESS FORD Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him that may not sully the chariness[68] of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! It would give eternal food to his jealousy.

MISTRESS PAGE Why, look where he comes, and my good man too: he's as far from jealousy as I am from giving him cause, and that — I hope — is an unmeasurable distance.

MISTRESS FORD You are the happier woman.

MISTRESS PAGE Let's consult together against this greasy knight. Come hither. *They withdraw*

[Enter Ford with Pistol, and Page with Nim]

FORD Well, I hope it be not so.

PISTOL Hope is a curtal[76] dog in some affairs. Sir John affects[77] thy wife.

FORD Why, sir, my wife is not young.

PISTOL He woos both high and low, both rich and poor,
Both young and old, one with another, Ford.
He loves the gallimaufry,[81] Ford, perpend.

FORD Love my wife?

PISTOL With liver[83] burning hot. Prevent,
Or go thou like Sir Actaeon,[84] he
With Ringwood[85] at thy heels.
O, odious is the name![86]

FORD What name, sir?

PISTOL The horn, I say. Farewell.
Take heed, have open eye, for thieves do foot[89] by night.
Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo-birds[90] do sing.
Away,[91] Sir Corporal Nim!
Believe it, Page, he speaks sense.

[Exit]

FORD I will be patient. I will find out this. ***Aside***

NIM And this is true, I like not the humour of lying. ***To Page*** He hath wronged me in some humours: I should have borne[95] the humoured letter to her, but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity.[96] He loves your wife: there's the short and the long. My name is Corporal Nim. I speak and I avouch 'tis true: my name is Nim, and Falstaff loves your wife. Adieu. I love not the humour of bread and cheese.[98] Adieu.

[Exit]

PAGE 'The humour of it', quoth a![100] Here's a fellow frights English out of his wits.

FORD I will seek out Falstaff.

PAGE I never heard such a drawling, affecting[102] rogue.

FORD If I do find it[103] — well.

PAGE I will not believe such a Cataian,[104] though the priest o'th'town commended him for a true man.

FORD 'Twas a good sensible fellow — well.

PAGE How now, Meg? ***Mistress Page and Mistress***

MISTRESS PAGE Whither go you, George? Hark you. ***Ford come forward***

MISTRESS FORD How now, sweet Frank, why art thou melancholy?

FORD I melancholy? I am not melancholy. Get you home, go.

MISTRESS FORD Faith, thou hast some crotchets[111] in thy head now.— Will you go, Mistress Page?

MISTRESS PAGE Have with you.[113]— You'll come to dinner, George?— Look who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight. ***Aside to Mistress Ford***

[Enter Mistress Quickly]

MISTRESS FORD Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.[115] ***Aside to Mistress Page***

MISTRESS PAGE You are come to see my daughter Anne?

MISTRESS QUICKLY Ay, forsooth, and I pray how does good Mistress Anne?

MISTRESS PAGE Go in with us and see. We have an hour's talk with you.

[Exeunt Mistress Page, Mistress Ford and Mistress Quickly]

PAGE How now, Master Ford?

FORD You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

PAGE Yes, and you heard what the other told me?

FORD Do you think there is truth in them?

PAGE Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think the knight would offer[123] it. But these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives are a yoke[124] of his discarded men: very rogues, now they be out of service.

FORD Were they his men?

PAGE Marry, were they.

FORD I like it never the better for that. Does he lie[128] at the Garter?

PAGE Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage[129] toward my wife, I would turn her loose to him, and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my[131] head.

FORD I do not misdoubt[132] my wife, but I would be loath to turn them together. A man may be too confident. I would have nothing lie on my head. I cannot be thus satisfied.

PAGE Look where my ranting[135] host of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate[136] or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily.

[Enter Host]

How now, mine host?

HOST How now, bully-rook? Thou'rt a gentleman.

[Enter Shallow]

Cavaliero[139] Justice, I say!

SHALLOW I follow, mine host, I follow. Good[140] even and twenty, good Master Page. Master Page, will you go with us? We have sport in hand.

HOST Tell him, Cavaliero Justice: tell him, bully-rook.

SHALLOW Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh the Welsh priest and Caius the French doctor.

FORD Good mine host o'th'Garter, a word with you. ***They speak apart***

HOST What sayst thou, my bully-rook?

SHALLOW Will you go with us to behold it? ***To Page*** My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons, and, I think, hath appointed them contrary[148] places, for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester.[149] ***They speak apart*** Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

HOST Hast thou no suit against my[150] knight, my guest-cavalier?

FORD None, I protest.[151] But I'll give you a pottle of burned sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him my name is Broom, only for a jest.

HOST My hand, bully. Thou shalt have egress and regress[153] — said I well? — and thy name shall be Broom. It is a merry knight.— ***To Shallow and Page*** Will you go, An-heires?[154]

SHALLOW Have with you, mine host.

PAGE I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

SHALLOW Tut, sir, I could have told you more. In these times you stand on distance:[157] your passes, stoccadoes,[158] and I know not what. 'Tis the heart, Master Page, 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword,[159] I would have made you four tall[160] fellows skip like rats.

HOST Here, boys, here, here! Shall we wag?[161]

PAGE Have with you. I had rather hear them scold[162] than fight.

[Exeunt Host, Shallow and Page]

FORD Though Page be a secure[163] fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily. She was in his[164] company at Page's house, and what they made[165] there I know not. Well, I will look further into't, and I have a disguise to sound[166] Falstaff. If I find her honest, I lose not my labour: if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed.

Exit

Act 2 Scene 2

running scene 6

Enter Falstaff [and] Pistol

FALSTAFF I will not lend thee a penny.

PISTOL Why, then the world's mine oyster, which I with sword will open.

FALSTAFF Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn.[3] I have grated upon[4] my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow[5] Nim, or else you had looked through the grate, like a gemini of baboons. I am damned in hell for swearing to gentlemen my friends you were good soldiers and tall fellows. And when Mistress Bridget lost the handle[7] of her fan, I took't upon[8] mine honour thou hadst it not.

PISTOL Didst not thou share?[9] Hadst thou not fifteen pence?

FALSTAFF Reason,[10] you rogue, reason. Think'st thou I'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang[11] no more about me, I am no gibbet for you. Go — a short knife and a throng — to your manor of Picked-hatch,[12] go! You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue. You stand upon your honour. Why, thou unconfinable[13] baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honour precise.[14] Ay, ay, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on[15] the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain[16] to shuffle, to hedge and to lurch: and yet, you rogue, will ensconce[17] your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating[18] oaths, under the shelter of your honour? You will not do it? You?

PISTOL I do relent.[20] What would thou more of man?

[Enter Robin]

ROBIN Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

FALSTAFF Let her approach.

[Enter Mistress Quickly]

MISTRESS QUICKLY Give[23] your worship good morrow.

FALSTAFF Good morrow, good wife.

MISTRESS QUICKLY Not so,[25] an't please your worship.

FALSTAFF Good maid, then.

MISTRESS QUICKLY That I am, I'll be sworn,
As my mother was the first hour I was born.

FALSTAFF I do believe the swearer. What with me?

MISTRESS QUICKLY Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

FALSTAFF Two thousand, fair woman, and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

MISTRESS QUICKLY There is one Mistress Ford, sir — I pray come a little nearer this ways — I myself dwell with master Doctor Caius—

FALSTAFF Well, on. Mistress Ford, you say—

MISTRESS QUICKLY Your worship says very true. I pray your worship come a little nearer this ways.

FALSTAFF I warrant thee nobody hears. ***Gestures toward Pistol and Robin*** Mine own people, mine own people.

MISTRESS QUICKLY Are they so? Heaven bless them, and make them his servants.

FALSTAFF Well, Mistress Ford: what of her?

MISTRESS QUICKLY Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, lord, your worship's a wanton! Well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray—

FALSTAFF Mistress Ford, come, Mistress Ford.

MISTRESS QUICKLY Marry, this is the short and the long of it: you have brought her into such a canaries as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all — when the court lay at Windsor — could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches, I warrant you — coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, smelling so sweetly, all musk, and so rushling, I warrant you, in silk and gold, and in such alligant terms, and in such wine and sugar of the best and the fairest that would have won any woman's heart: and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her. I had myself twenty angels given me this morning, but I defy all angels — in any such sort, as they say — but in the way of honesty: and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all. And yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners,[54] but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

FALSTAFF But what says she to me? Be brief, my good she-Mercury.[56]

MISTRESS QUICKLY Marry, she hath received your letter, for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify[58] that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

FALSTAFF Ten and eleven.

MISTRESS QUICKLY Ay, forsooth, and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot[62] of. Master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas, the sweet woman leads an ill life with him: he's a very jealousy man. She leads a very frampold[64] life with him, good heart.

FALSTAFF Ten and eleven. Woman, commend me to her. I will not fail her.

MISTRESS QUICKLY Why, you say well. But I have another messenger[66] to your worship. Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too: and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous[68] a civil modest wife, and one, I tell you, that will not miss you[69] morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other: and she bade me tell your worship that her husband is seldom from home, but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man. Surely I think you have charms,[72] la. Yes, in truth.

FALSTAFF Not I, I assure thee. Setting the attraction of my good parts[73] aside, I have no other charms.

MISTRESS QUICKLY Blessing on your heart for't!

FALSTAFF But I pray thee tell me this: has Ford's wife and Page's wife acquainted each other how they love me?

MISTRESS QUICKLY That were a jest indeed! They have not so little grace,[78] I hope — that were a trick indeed! But Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves.[80] Her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page, and truly Master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does: do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list,[83] rise when she list, all is as she will, and truly she deserves it, for if there be a kind[84] woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page, no remedy.

FALSTAFF Why, I will.

MISTRESS QUICKLY Nay, but do so, then, and, look you, he may come and go between you both: and in any case have a nay-word,[88] that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand anything, for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness. Old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

FALSTAFF Fare thee well, commend me to them both. There's my purse: I am yet thy debtor.— Boy, go along with this woman. [*Exeunt Mistress Quickly and Robin*] This news distracts[94] me.

PISTOL This punk[95] is one of Cupid's carriers.
Clap[96] on more sails, pursue, up with your fights,
Give fire. She is my prize,[97] or ocean whelm them all!

[Exit]

FALSTAFF Say'st[98] thou so, old Jack? Go thy ways: I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after[99] thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee. Let them say 'tis grossly[100] done, so[101] it be fairly done, no matter.

[Enter Bardolph, with a goblet]

BARDOLPH Sir John, there's one Master Broom below would fain[102] speak with you and be acquainted with you, and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

FALSTAFF Broom is his name?

BARDOLPH Ay, sir.

FALSTAFF Call him in.

[Exit Bardolph]

Such Brooms are welcome to me, that o'erflows such liquor. Aha, Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, have I encompassed[108] you? Go to, via!

[Enter Bardolph, with Ford disguised, carrying a bag of money]

FORD Bless you, sir.

FALSTAFF And you, sir. Would you speak with me?

FORD I make bold[111] to press with so little preparation upon you.

FALSTAFF You're welcome. What's your will? Give us leave,[112] drawer.

[Exit Bardolph]

FORD Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much: my name is Broom.

FALSTAFF Good Master Broom, I desire more acquaintance of you.

FORD Good Sir John, I sue[115] for yours: not to charge you, for I must let you understand I think myself in better plight[116] for a lender than you are, the which hath something emboldened me to this unseasoned[117] intrusion. For they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

FALSTAFF Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.[119]

FORD Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me. ***Sets it down*** If you will help to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.[121]

FALSTAFF Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

FORD I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

FALSTAFF Speak, good Master Broom: I shall be glad to be your servant.

FORD Sir, I hear you are a scholar — I will be brief with you — and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means as desire to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover[127] a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection. But, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register[129] of your own, that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith[130] you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

FALSTAFF Very well, sir, proceed.

FORD There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

FALSTAFF Well, sir.

FORD I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her: followed her with a doting observance,[136] engrossed opportunities to meet her, fee'd every slight occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her: not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely[138] to many to know what she would have given.[139] Briefly, I have pursued her as love hath pursued me, which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind or in my means,[141] meed I am sure I have received none, unless experience be a jewel that I have purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this:

'Love like a shadow flies[144] when substance love pursues,
Pursuing that that flies,[145] and flying what pursues.'

FALSTAFF Have you received no promise of satisfaction[146] at her hands?

FORD Never.

FALSTAFF Have you importuned[148] her to such a purpose?

FORD Never.

FALSTAFF Of what quality was your love, then?

FORD Like a fair house built on another man's ground, so that I have lost my edifice by mistaking the place where I erected[152] it.

FALSTAFF To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

FORD When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say that though she appear honest[155] to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far that there is shrewd construction[156] made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance,[157] authentic[158] in your place and person, generally allowed for your many war-like, court-like and learned preparations.[159]

FALSTAFF O, sir!

FORD Believe it, for you know it. ***Points to the bag*** There is money: spend it, spend it, spend more, spend all I have, only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable[163] siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife. Use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you. If any man may, you may as soon as any.

FALSTAFF Would it apply well to[165] the vehemency of your affection that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.[166]

FORD O, understand my drift:[167] she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour that the folly[168] of my soul dares not present itself. She is too bright to be looked against.[169] Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance[170] and argument to commend themselves: I could drive her then from the ward[171] of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other[172] her defences, which now are too too strongly embattled against me. What say you to't, Sir John?

FALSTAFF Master Broom, I will first make bold with your money. ***Takes the bag*** Next, give me your hand. And last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

FORD O, good sir!

FALSTAFF I say you shall.

FORD Want[178] no money, Sir John: you shall want none.

FALSTAFF Want no Mistress Ford, Master Broom, you shall want none. I shall be with her, I may tell you, by her own appointment. Even as you came in to me, her assistant or go-between parted from me. I say I shall be with her between ten and eleven, for at that time the jealous rascally knave her husband will be forth.[182] Come you to me at night: you shall know how I speed.[183]

FORD I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

FALSTAFF Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave, I know him not. Yet I wrong him to call him poor: they say the jealous wittolly[186] knave hath masses of money, for the which his wife seems to me well-favoured.[187] I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer, and there's my harvest-home.[188]

FORD I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might avoid him if you saw him.

FALSTAFF Hang him, mechanical[190] salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits, I will awe him with my cudgel. It shall hang like a meteor[191] o'er the cuckold's horns. Master Broom, thou shalt know I will predominate[192] over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife. Come to me soon at night. Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his style.[194] Thou, Master Broom, shalt know him for knave and cuckold. Come to me soon at night.

[Exit]

FORD What a damned Epicurean[196] rascal is this? My heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who says this is improvident[197] jealousy? My wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixed, the match is made. Would any man have thought this? See the hell of having a false[199] woman: my bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at, and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand[200] under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms, names! Amaimon[202] sounds well: Lucifer, well: Barbason, well: yet they are devils' additions,[203] the names of fiends. But Cuckold? Wittol? Cuckold? The devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure[204] ass. He will trust his wife, he will not be jealous. I will rather trust a Fleming[205] with my butter, Parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitae[206] bottle, or a thief to walk[207] my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself. Then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises: and what they think in their hearts they may effect — they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be praised for my jealousy! Eleven o'clock the hour. I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it. Better three hours too soon than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! Cuckold, cuckold, cuckold!

Exit

Act 2 Scene 3

running scene 7

Enter Caius and Rugby

CAIUS Jack Rugby!

RUGBY Sir?

CAIUS Vat is the clock, Jack?

RUGBY ’Tis past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet.

CAIUS By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come. He has pray his Pible well, dat he is no come. By gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

RUGBY He is wise, sir. He knew your worship would kill him, if he came.

CAIUS By gar, de herring is no[8] dead, so as I vill kill him. ***Draws*** Take your rapier, Jack. I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

RUGBY Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

CAIUS Villainy,[11] take your rapier.

RUGBY Forbear. Here’s company. ***Caius sheathes his sword***

[Enter Host, Shallow, Slender and Page]

HOST Bless thee, bully doctor.

SHALLOW ’Save[14] you, Master Doctor Caius.

PAGE Now, good master doctor.

SLENDER Give you good morrow, sir.

CAIUS Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

HOST To see thee fight, to see thee foin,[18] to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there, to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock,[19] thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant.[20] Is he dead, my Ethiopian? Is he dead, my Francisco? Ha, bully! What says my Aesculapius,[21] my Galen, my heart of elder? Ha? Is he dead, bully stale? Is he dead?

CAIUS By gar, he is de coward Jack-priest of de vorld. He is not show his face.

HOST Thou art a Castalion[24] king-urinal. Hector of Greece, my boy!

CAIUS I pray you bear witness that me have stay, six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

SHALLOW He is the wiser man, Master Doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies. If you should fight, you go against the hair[28] of your professions. Is it not true, Master Page?

PAGE Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

SHALLOW Bodykins,[32] Master Page, though I now be old and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one.[33] Though we are justices and doctors and churchmen, Master Page, we have some salt[34] of our youth in us. We are the sons of women, Master Page.

PAGE ’Tis true, Master Shallow.

SHALLOW It will be found so, Master Page.— Master Doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace. You have showed yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman. You must go with me, Master Doctor.

HOST Pardon, guest-justice.[41] A word, Monsieur Mockwater.

CAIUS Mock-vater? Vat is dat?

HOST Mockwater, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

CAIUS By gar, then I have as much mock-vater as de Englishman. Scurvy Jack-dog[44] priest! By gar, me vill cut his ears.

HOST He will clapper-claw[46] thee tightly, bully.

CAIUS Clapper-de-claw? Vat is dat?

HOST That is, he will make thee amends.

CAIUS By gar, me do look he shall clapper-de-claw me, for, by gar, me vill have it.

HOST And I will provoke him to’t, or let him wag.

CAIUS Me tank you for dat.

HOST And, moreover, bully— ***Speaks aside with Shallow, Page and Slender*** but first, Master guest, and Master Page, and eke Cavaliero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore.[54]

PAGE Sir Hugh is there, is he?

HOST He is there. See what humour he is in. And I will bring the doctor about by the fields. Will it do well?

SHALLOW We will do it.

PAGE, SHALLOW and SLENDER Adieu, Good Master Doctor.

[Exeunt Page, Shallow and Slender]

CAIUS By gar, me vill kill de priest, for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

HOST Let him die. Sheathe thy impatience, throw cold water on thy choler. Go about the fields with me through Frogmore. I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page is, at a farmhouse a-feasting, and thou shalt woo her. Cried game, said I well?

CAIUS By gar, me dank you vor dat. By gar, I love you, and I shall procure-a you de good guest: de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

HOST For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page. Said I well?

CAIUS By gar, ’tis good, vell said.

HOST Let us wag, then.

CAIUS Come at my heels, Jack Rugby.

Exeunt

Act 3 Scene 1

running scene 8

Enter Evans and Simple ***Evans with a sword in one hand and a book in the other Simple carrying Evans' gown***

EVANS I pray you now, good master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for Master Caius, that calls himself doctor of physic?[3]

SIMPLE Marry, sir, the Petty-ward,[4] the Park-ward, every way: Old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

EVANS I most fehemently desire you, you will also look that way.

SIMPLE I will, sir. ***Steps aside and keeps watch***

EVANS Pless my soul, how full of chollors[8] I am, and trempling of mind! I shall be glad if he have deceived me. How melancholies I am! I will knog[9] his urinals about his knave's costard[10] when I have good opportunities for the 'ork. Pless my soul!

To shallow rivers,[12] to whose falls ***Sings***
Melodious birds sings madrigals.[13]
There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.
To shallow—

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.

Melodious birds sing madrigals. ***Sings***
When[19] as I sat in Pabylon
— And a thousand vagram[20] posies.
To shallow, etc.

SIMPLE Yonder he[22] is coming, this way, Sir Hugh.

EVANS He's welcome.

To shallow rivers, to whose falls— ***Sings***

Heaven prosper the right! What weapons is he?

SIMPLE No weapons,[26] sir. There comes my master, Master Shallow, and another gentleman, from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Enter Page, Shallow and Slender

EVANS Pray you give me my gown, or else keep it in your arms. ***Reads his Bible***

SHALLOW How now, Master Parson? Good morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

SLENDER Ah, sweet Anne Page! ***Aside?***

PAGE ’Save you, good Sir Hugh!

EVANS ’Pless you from[33] his mercy sake, all of you!

SHALLOW What, the sword[34] and the word? Do you study them both, Master Parson?

PAGE And youthful still: in your doublet and hose,[35] this raw rheumatic day?

EVANS There is reasons and causes for it.

PAGE We are come to you to do a good office, Master Parson.

EVANS Fery well: what is it?

PAGE Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike,[39] having received wrong by some person, is at most odds[40] with his own gravity and patience that ever you saw.

SHALLOW I have lived fourscore[42] years and upward: I never heard a man of his place, gravity and learning so wide[43] of his own respect.

EVANS What is he?

PAGE I think you know him: Master Doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

EVANS Got’s will, and his passion of my heart, I had as lief[47] you would tell me of a mess of porridge.[48]

PAGE Why?

EVANS He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates[50] and Galen, and he is a knave besides — a cowardly[51] knave as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

PAGE I warrant you, he’s[52] the man should fight with him. ***To Shallow***

SLENDER O sweet Anne Page! ***Aside?***

SHALLOW It appears so by his weapons. Keep them asunder: here comes Doctor Caius.

[Enter Host, Caius and Rugby] ***Evans and Caius prepare to fight***

PAGE Nay, good Master Parson, keep in your weapon.

SHALLOW So do you, good Master Doctor.

HOST Disarm them, and let them question.[58] ***Shallow and Page take their swords*** Let them keep their limbs whole and hack our English.[59]

CAIUS I pray you, let-a me speak a word with your ear. Vherefore vill you not meet-a me?

EVANS Pray you, use your patience.— ***Aside to Caius/Aloud*** In good time.

CAIUS By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

EVANS Pray you, let us not be laughing-stocks to other men's humours. ***Aside to Caius*** I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends.— I will knog your urinal about your knave's coxcomb.[66] ***Aloud***

CAIUS *Diable!* Jack Rugby, mine host de Jarteer, have I not stay[67] for him to kill him? Have I not, at de place I did appoint?

EVANS As I am a Christians soul, now look you, this is the place appointed, I'll be judgement by[70] mine host of the Garter.

HOST Peace, I say, Gallia and Gaul,[71] French and Welsh, soul-curer and body-curer!

CAIUS Ay, dat is very good, excellent.

HOST Peace, I say. Hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic?[74] Am I subtle? Am I a Machiavel?[75] Shall I lose my doctor? No, he gives me the potions and the motions.[76] Shall I lose my parson? My priest? My Sir Hugh? No, he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs.[77] ***To Caius/To Evans*** Give me thy hand, terrestrial, so. Give me thy hand, celestial,[78] so. Boys of art, I have deceived you both: I have directed you to wrong places. Your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burned sack be the issue.[80]— ***To Page and Shallow*** Come, lay their swords to pawn.— Follow me, lads of peace, follow, follow, follow.

[Exit] ***To Caius and Evans***

SHALLOW Trust me, a mad host. Follow, gentlemen, follow.

SLENDER O sweet Anne Page! ***Aside?***

[Exeunt Shallow, Slender and Page]

CAIUS Ha, do I perceive dat? Have you make-a de sot[84] of us, ha, ha?

EVANS This is well, he has made us his vlouting-stog.[85] I desire you that we may be friends, and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same scall,[86] scurvy cogging companion,[87] the host of the Garter.

CAIUS By gar, with all my heart. He promise to bring me where is Anne Page: by gar, he deceive me too.

EVANS Well, I will smite his noddles.[90] Pray you, follow.

[Exeunt]

Act 3 Scene 2

running scene 9

Enter Robin [followed by] Mistress Page

MISTRESS PAGE Nay, keep your way,[1] little gallant. You were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether[2] had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

ROBIN I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man than follow him like a dwarf.

MISTRESS PAGE O, you are a flattering boy. Now I see you'll be a courtier.

[Enter Ford]

FORD Well met, Mistress Page. Whither go you?

MISTRESS PAGE Truly, sir, to see your wife. Is she at home?

FORD Ay, and as[9] idle as she may hang together, for want of company. I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

MISTRESS PAGE Be sure of that — two other husbands.

FORD Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

MISTRESS PAGE I cannot tell what the dickens his[13] name is my husband had him of. What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

ROBIN Sir John Falstaff.

FORD Sir John Falstaff?

MISTRESS PAGE He, he. I can never hit on's name. There is such a league[17] between my good man and he. Is your wife at home indeed?

FORD Indeed she is.

MISTRESS PAGE By your leave, sir, I am sick till I see her.

[Exeunt Mistress Page and Robin]

FORD Has Page any brains? Hath he any eyes? Hath he any thinking? Sure they sleep, he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelvescore.[23] He pieces out his wife's inclination, he gives her folly[24] motion and advantage. And now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear[25] this shower sing in the wind. And Falstaff's boy with her. Good plots, they are laid, and our revolted[26] wives share damnation together. Well, I will take him,[27] then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so-seeming Mistress Page, divulge[28] Page himself for a secure and wilful[29] Actaeon, and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim.[30] ***A clock strikes*** The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search: there I shall find Falstaff. I shall be rather praised for this than mocked, for it is as positive as the earth is firm that Falstaff is there. I will go.

[Enter Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Evans, Caius and Rugby]

SHALLOW, PAGE and OTHERS Well met, Master Ford.

FORD Trust me, a good knot.[34] I have good cheer at home, and I pray you all go with me.

SHALLOW I must excuse myself, Master Ford.

SLENDER And so must I, sir. We have appointed to dine with Mistress Anne, and I would not break with[38] her for more money than I'll speak of.

SHALLOW We have lingered about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

SLENDER I hope I have your good will, father Page.

PAGE You have, Master Slender, I stand wholly for you. But my wife, Master Doctor, is for you altogether.

CAIUS Ay, be-gar, and de maid is love-a me. My nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush.

HOST What say you to young Master Fenton? ***To Page*** He capers,[46] he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday,[47] he smells April and May. He will carry't,[48] he will carry't, 'tis in his buttons, he will carry't.

PAGE Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having:[49] he kept company with the wild[50] prince and Poins. He is of too high a region, he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot[51] in his fortunes with the finger of my substance. If he take her, let him take her simply:[52] the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

FORD I beseech you heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner. Besides your cheer, you shall have sport: I will show you a monster.[55] Master Doctor, you shall go, so shall you, Master Page, and you, Sir Hugh.

SHALLOW Well, fare you well.— ***Aside to Slender*** We shall have the freer wooing at Master Page's. [*Exeunt Shallow and Slender*]

CAIUS Go home, John Rugby, I come anon.[59] [*Exit Rugby*]

HOST Farewell, my hearts.[60] I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him. [*Exit*]

FORD I think I shall drink in pipe wine[62] first with him. ***Aside*** I'll make him dance.— Will you go, gentles?[63] ***Aloud***

ALL Have with[64] you to see this monster.

Exeunt

Act 3 Scene 3

running scene 10

Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page

MISTRESS FORD What, John? What, Robert?

MISTRESS PAGE Quickly, quickly! Is the buck-basket[2]—

MISTRESS FORD I warrant. What, Robin, I say!

[Enter John and Robert with a laundry basket]

MISTRESS PAGE Come, come, come.

MISTRESS FORD Here, set it down.

MISTRESS PAGE Give your men the charge,[6] we must be brief.

MISTRESS FORD Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be ready here hard[7] by in the brew-house,[8] and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and without any pause or staggering take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters[10] in Datchet Mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch close by the Thames side.

MISTRESS PAGE You will do it? ***To John and Robert***

MISTRESS FORD I ha' told them over and over, they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are called.

[Exeunt John and Robert]

MISTRESS PAGE Here comes little Robin.

[Enter Robin]

MISTRESS FORD How now, my eyas-musket?[16] What news with you?

ROBIN My master, Sir John, is come in at your back-door, Mistress Ford, and requests your company.

MISTRESS PAGE You little Jack-a-Lent,[19] have you been true to us?

ROBIN Ay, I'll be sworn. My master knows not of your being here and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty[21] if I tell you of it: for he swears he'll turn me away.[22]

MISTRESS PAGE Thou'rt a good boy. This secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. I'll go hide me.

MISTRESS FORD Do so.— ***To Robin*** Go tell thy master I am alone.

[Exit Robin]

Mistress Page, remember you your cue.

MISTRESS PAGE I warrant thee: if I do not act it, hiss me.

[Exit]

MISTRESS FORD Go to, then. We'll use this unwholesome humidity,[28] this gross watery pumpion.[29] We'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

[Enter Falstaff]

FALSTAFF Have[30] I caught thee, my heavenly jewel? Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough: this is the period[31] of my ambition. O this blessèd hour!

MISTRESS FORD O sweet Sir John!

FALSTAFF Mistress Ford, I cannot cog,[33] I cannot prate, Mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead. I'll speak it before the best lord. I would make thee my lady.

MISTRESS FORD I your lady, Sir John? Alas, I should be a pitiful lady!

FALSTAFF Let the court of France show me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow that becomes the ship-tire,[39] the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

MISTRESS FORD A plain kerchief,[40] Sir John: my brows become nothing else, nor that well neither.

FALSTAFF Thou art a tyrant to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute[42] courtier, and the firm[43] fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert if Fortune[44] thy foe were not, Nature thy friend. Come, thou canst not hide it.

MISTRESS FORD Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

FALSTAFF What made me love thee? Let that persuade thee there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping hawthorn-buds[49] that come like women in men's apparel and smell like Bucklersbury[50] in simple time. I cannot. But I love thee, none but thee — and thou deservest it.

MISTRESS FORD Do not betray me, sir. I fear you love Mistress Page.

FALSTAFF Thou mightst as well say I love to walk by the Counter-gate,[53] which is as hateful to me as the reek[54] of a lime-kiln.

MISTRESS FORD Well, heaven knows how I love you, and you shall one day find it.

FALSTAFF Keep in that mind, I'll deserve it.

MISTRESS FORD Nay, I must tell you, so you do, or else I could not be in that mind.

ROBIN Mistress Ford, Mistress Ford, ***Speaks within or enters*** here's Mistress Page at the door, sweating and blowing[59] and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

FALSTAFF She shall not see me: ***Falstaff hides himself*** I will ensconce me[60] behind the arras.

MISTRESS FORD Pray you, do so: she's a very tattling woman.

[Enter Mistress Page] ***Robin may enter here***

What's the matter? How now?

MISTRESS PAGE O Mistress Ford, what have you done? You're shamed, you're overthrown, you're undone[64] forever!

MISTRESS FORD What's the matter, good Mistress Page?

MISTRESS PAGE O, well-a-day,[66] Mistress Ford, having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

MISTRESS FORD What cause of suspicion?

MISTRESS PAGE What cause of suspicion? Out upon you![69] How am I mistook in you?

MISTRESS FORD Why, alas, what's the matter?

MISTRESS PAGE Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman that he says is here now in the house by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence. You are undone.

MISTRESS FORD 'Tis not so, I hope.

MISTRESS PAGE Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here! But 'tis most certain your husband's coming, with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear,[77] why, I am glad of it: but if you have a friend[78] here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed, call all your senses to you, defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life[79] forever.

MISTRESS FORD What shall I do? There is a gentleman my dear friend — and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril. I had rather than a thousand pound he were out of the house.

MISTRESS PAGE For shame, never stand[84] 'you had rather' and 'you had rather'. Your husband's here at hand! Bethink you of some conveyance[85] — in the house you cannot hide him. O, how have you deceived me? Look, here is a basket. If he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here, and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking. Or — it is whiting-time[88] — send him by your two men to Datchet Mead.

MISTRESS FORD He's too big to go in there. What shall I do?

FALSTAFF Let me see't, let me see't, O, let me see't! I'll in, I'll in. ***Comes out of hiding*** Follow your friend's counsel. I'll in.

MISTRESS PAGE What, Sir John Falstaff? ***Aside to Falstaff*** Are these your letters, knight?

FALSTAFF I love thee. Help me away. ***Gets into the basket. They cover him with foul linen/To Robin*** Let me creep in here. I'll never—

MISTRESS PAGE Help to cover your master, boy.— Call your men, Mistress Ford.— ***To Falstaff*** You dissembling[96] knight!

MISTRESS FORD What, John! Robert! John!

[Exit Robin]

[Enter John and Robert]

Go take up these clothes here quickly. ***They attempt to fit the cowl-staff***[98] Where's the cowl-staff? Look, how you drumble![99] Carry them to the laundress in Datchet Mead. Quickly, come.

[Enter Ford, Page, Caius and Evans]

FORD Pray you, come near. ***To Page, Caius and Evans*** If I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest, I deserve it. How now? Whither bear you this?

JOHN To the laundress, forsooth.

MISTRESS FORD Why, what[103] have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

FORD Buck?[105] I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck! Ay, buck! I warrant you, buck — and of the season[106] too, it shall appear.

[Exeunt John and Robert with the basket]

Gentlemen, I have dreamed tonight.[107] I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers,[108] search, seek, find out. I'll warrant we'll unkennel the fox. ***Locks the door*** Let me stop this way first. So, now uncape.[109]

PAGE Good Master Ford, be contented.[110] You wrong yourself too much.

FORD True, Master Page. Up, gentlemen. You shall see sport anon. Follow me, gentlemen.

[Exit]

EVANS This is fery fantastical humours and jealousies.

CAIUS By gar, 'tis no the fashion of France: it is not jealous in France.

PAGE Nay, follow him, gentlemen. See the issue of his search.

[Exeunt Page, Caius and Evans]

MISTRESS PAGE Is there not a double excellency in this?

MISTRESS FORD I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or Sir John.

MISTRESS PAGE What a taking[119] was he in, when your husband asked who was in the basket!

MISTRESS FORD I am half afraid he will have need of washing,[121] so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

MISTRESS PAGE Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain[123] were in the same distress.

MISTRESS FORD I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here, for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

MISTRESS PAGE I will lay a plot to try[127] that, and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

MISTRESS FORD Shall we send that foolish carrion,[129] Mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water, and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

MISTRESS PAGE We will do it: let him be sent for tomorrow eight o'clock to have amends.

[Enter Ford, Page, Caius and Evans]

FORD I cannot find him. Maybe the knave bragged of that he could not compass.[135]

MISTRESS PAGE Heard you that? ***Aside to Mistress Ford***

MISTRESS FORD You use[137] me well, Master Ford, do you?

FORD Ay, I do so.

MISTRESS FORD Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

FORD Amen!

MISTRESS PAGE You do yourself mighty wrong, Master Ford.

FORD Ay, ay, I must bear it.

EVANS If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses,[144] heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgement.

CAIUS By gar, nor I too. There is no bodies.

PAGE Fie, fie, Master Ford, are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not ha' your distemper[147] in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

FORD 'Tis my fault, Master Page. I suffer for it.

EVANS You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as[150] honest a 'omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

CAIUS By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

FORD Well, I promised you a dinner. Come, come, walk in the park, I pray you pardon me. I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this. Come, wife, come, Mistress Page. I pray you pardon me. Pray heartily pardon me.

PAGE Let's go in, gentlemen, but trust me, we'll mock him.— ***To Caius and Evans*** I do invite you tomorrow morning to my house to breakfast. ***To Ford, Caius and Evans*** After, we'll a-birding[158] together, I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?

FORD Anything.

EVANS If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

CAIUS If there be one or two, I shall make-a the turd.

FORD Pray you, go, Master Page.

[Exeunt all but Evans and Caius?]

EVANS I pray you now remembrance[163] tomorrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

CAIUS Dat is good, by gar, with all my heart.

EVANS A lousy knave, to have his gibes and his mockeries.

Exeunt

Act 3 Scene 4

running scene 11

Enter Fenton [and] Anne

FENTON I see I cannot get thy father's love,
Therefore no more turn[2] me to him, sweet Nan.

ANNE Alas, how then?

FENTON Why, thou must be thyself.[4]
He doth object I am too great of birth,
And that, my state[6] being galled with my expense,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth.
Besides these, other bars[8] he lays before me:
My riots[9] past, my wild societies,
And tells me 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee but as a property.

ANNE Maybe he tells you true.

FENTON No, heaven so speed[13] me in my time to come!
Albeit I will confess thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I wooed thee, Anne,
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps[17] in gold or sums in sealèd bags.
And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.

ANNE Gentle Master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love, still seek it, sir.
If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why, then — hark you hither! ***They speak apart***

[Enter Shallow, Slender and Mistress Quickly]

SHALLOW Break[24] their talk, Mistress Quickly. My kinsman shall speak for himself.

SLENDER I'll[25] make a shaft or a bolt on't. 'Slid, 'tis but venturing.

SHALLOW Be not dismayed.[26]

SLENDER No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that, but that I am afeard.

MISTRESS QUICKLY Hark ye, Master Slender would speak a word with you.

ANNE I come to him.— This is my father's choice. ***Aside to Fenton*** O, what a world of vile ill-favoured[30] faults Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

MISTRESS QUICKLY And how does good Master Fenton? ***They speak apart*** Pray you, a word with you.

SHALLOW She's coming. To her, coz. O boy, thou[33] hadst a father!

SLENDER I had a father, Mistress Anne: my uncle can tell you good jests of him. Pray you, uncle, tell Mistress Anne the jest how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

SHALLOW Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

SLENDER Ay, that I do, as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

SHALLOW He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

SLENDER Ay, that I will, come[40] cut and long-tail, under the degree of a squire.

SHALLOW He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.[41]

ANNE Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

SHALLOW Marry, I thank you for it: I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz. I'll leave you. ***Stands aside***

ANNE Now, Master Slender.

SLENDER Now, good Mistress Anne.

ANNE What is your will?[47]

SLENDER My will? 'Od's heartlings,[48] that's a pretty jest indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven. I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

ANNE I mean, Master Slender, what would you with me?

SLENDER Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you. Your father and my uncle hath made motions.[52] If it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole. They can tell you how things go better than I can. You may ask your father, here he comes.

[Enter Page and Mistress Page]

PAGE Now, Master Slender — love him, daughter Anne.—
Why, how now? What does Master Fenton here?
You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt[57] my house:
I told you, sir, my daughter is disposed of.

FENTON Nay, Master Page, be not impatient.

MISTRESS PAGE Good Master Fenton, come not to my child.

PAGE She is no match for you.
FENTON Sir, will you hear me?
PAGE No, good Master Fenton.—
Come, Master Shallow. Come, son Slender, in.—
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master Fenton.
[Exeunt Page, Shallow and Slender]
MISTRESS QUICKLY Speak to Mistress Page.
FENTON Good Mistress Page, for that[67] I love your daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce,[69] against all checks, rebukes and manners,
I must advance the colours[70] of my love
And not retire. Let me have your good will.
ANNE Good mother, do not marry me to yond[72] fool.
MISTRESS PAGE I mean it not, I seek you a better husband.
MISTRESS QUICKLY That's my master, Master Doctor.
ANNE Alas, I had rather be set quick[75] i'th'earth,
And bowled to death with turnips!
MISTRESS PAGE Come, trouble not yourself. Good Master Fenton,
I will not be your friend nor enemy:
My daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I find her, so am I affected.[80]
Till then, farewell, sir. She must needs go in,
Her father will be angry.
FENTON Farewell, gentle mistress.— Farewell, Nan.
[Exeunt Mistress Page and Anne]

MISTRESS QUICKLY This is my doing, now. 'Nay,' said I, 'will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? Look on Master Fenton.' This is my doing.

FENTON I thank thee, and I pray thee once[86] tonight, Give my sweet Nan this ring. ***Gives her a ring and money*** There's[87] for thy pains.

MISTRESS QUICKLY Now heaven send thee good fortune.
[Exit Fenton]

A kind heart he hath. A woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet I would my master had Mistress Anne, or I would Master Slender had her: or, in sooth,[91] I would Master Fenton had her. I will do what I can for them all three, for so I have promised, and I’ll be as good as my word — but speciously[93] for Master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses. What a beast am I to slack it!

Exit

Act 3 Scene 5

running scene 12

Enter Falstaff

FALSTAFF Bardolph, I say!

[Enter Bardolph]

BARDOLPH Here, sir.

FALSTAFF Go fetch me a quart[3] of sack: put a toast in't.

[Exit Bardolph]

Have I lived to be carried in a basket like a barrow[4] of butcher's offal, and to be thrown in the Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new-year's gift. The rogues slighted me[7] into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a blind bitch's puppies,[8] fifteen i'th'litter. And you may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking: if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down.[9] I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy[10] and shallow — a death that I abhor, for the water swells a man — and what a thing should I have been when I had been swelled? I should have been a mountain of mummy.[12]

[Enter Bardolph with sack]

BARDOLPH Here's Mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

FALSTAFF Come. let me pour in some sack to the Thames water, for my belly's as cold as if I had swallowed snowballs for pills to cool the reins.[15] Call her in.

BARDOLPH Come in, woman.

[Enter Mistress Quickly]

MISTRESS QUICKLY By your leave, I cry you mercy![17] Give your worship good morrow.

FALSTAFF Take away these chalices. ***To Bardolph*** Go, brew me a pottle[18] of sack finely.

BARDOLPH With eggs, sir?

FALSTAFF Simple[20] of itself. I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage.— How now?

[Exit Bardolph]

MISTRESS QUICKLY Marry, sir, I come to your worship from Mistress Ford.

FALSTAFF Mistress Ford? I have had ford enough. I was thrown into the ford, I have my belly full of ford.[24]

MISTRESS QUICKLY Alas the day, good heart, that was not her fault. She does so take on with[25] her men: they mistook their erection.[26]

FALSTAFF So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

MISTRESS QUICKLY Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn[28] your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a-birding. She desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine. I must carry her word quickly. She'll make you amends, I warrant you.

FALSTAFF Well, I will visit her. Tell her so, and bid her think what a man is. Let her consider his frailty,[33] and then judge of my merit.

MISTRESS QUICKLY I will tell her.

FALSTAFF Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

MISTRESS QUICKLY Eight and nine, sir.

FALSTAFF Well, be gone. I will not miss[37] her.

MISTRESS QUICKLY Peace be with you, sir.

[Exit]

FALSTAFF I marvel I hear not of Master Broom. He sent me word to stay within. I like his money well. O, here he comes.

[Enter Ford, disguised as Broom]

FORD Bless you, sir!

FALSTAFF Now, Master Broom, you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife.

FORD That indeed, Sir John, is my business.

FALSTAFF Master Broom, I will not lie to you: I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

FORD And sped you,[47] sir?

FALSTAFF Very ill-favouredly,[48] Master Broom.

FORD How so, sir? Did she change her determination?[49]

FALSTAFF No, Master Broom, but the peaking cornuto[50] her husband, Master Broom, dwelling in a continual 'larum[51] of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested,[52] and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy: and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

FORD What, while you were there?

FALSTAFF While I was there.

FORD And did he search for you, and could not find you?

FALSTAFF You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Mistress Page, gives intelligence of Ford's approach: and, in her invention and Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

FORD A buck-basket?

FALSTAFF Yes, a buck-basket! Rammed[62] me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, greasy napkins, that,[63] Master Broom, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril.

FORD And how long lay you there?

FALSTAFF Nay, you shall hear, Master Broom, what I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds,[68] were called forth by their mistress to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet Lane: they took me on their shoulders, met the jealous knave their master in the door, who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket. I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have searched it, but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held[72] his hand. Well, on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark[73] the sequel, Master Broom. I suffered the pangs of three several[74] deaths: first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with[75] a jealous rotten bell-wether: next, to be compassed, like a good bilbo in the circumference of a peck,[76] hilt to point, heel to head, and then, to be stopped in like a strong distillation[77] with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease. Think of that, a man of my kidney,[78] think of that — that am as subject to heat as butter — a man of continual dissolution[79] and thaw: it was a miracle to scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease like a Dutch dish,[81] to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe. Think of that — hissing hot — think of that, Master Broom.

FORD In good sadness,[84] sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit then is desperate. You'll undertake her no more?

FALSTAFF Master Broom, I will be thrown into Etna,[86] as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-birding. I have received from her another embassy[88] of meeting: 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Broom.

FORD 'Tis past eight already, sir.

FALSTAFF Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed. And the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her. Adieu. You shall have her, Master Broom. Master Broom, you shall cuckold Ford.

[Exit]

FORD Hum! Ha! Is this a vision? Is this a dream? Do I sleep? Master Ford awake, awake, Master Ford! There's a hole[96] made in your best coat, Master Ford. This 'tis to be married, this 'tis to have linen and buck-baskets. Well, I will proclaim myself what I am. I will now take the lecher. He is at my house. He cannot scape me, 'tis impossible he should. He cannot creep into a halfpenny purse,[99] nor into a pepper-box. But, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am[101] I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not shall not make me tame. If I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me: I'll be horn-mad.[102]

Exit

Act 4 Scene 1

running scene 13

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Quickly [and] William

MISTRESS PAGE Is he at Master Ford's already, think'st thou?

MISTRESS QUICKLY Sure he is by this, or will be presently. But truly he is very courageous mad about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

MISTRESS PAGE I'll be with her by and by. I'll but bring my young man here to school. Look where his master comes. 'Tis a playing-day, I see.

[Enter Evans]

How now, Sir Hugh, no school today?

EVANS No, Master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

MISTRESS QUICKLY Blessing of his heart!

MISTRESS PAGE Sir Hugh, my husband says my son profits nothing in the world at his book. I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

EVANS Come hither, William. Hold up your head. Come.

MISTRESS PAGE Come on, sirrah, hold up your head. Answer your master, be not afraid.

EVANS William, how many numbers is in nouns?

WILLIAM PAGE Two.

MISTRESS QUICKLY Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say, 'Od's nouns'.

EVANS Peace your tattlings! What is 'fair', William?

WILLIAM PAGE *Pulcher*.

MISTRESS QUICKLY Polecats? There are fairer things than polecats, sure.

EVANS You are a very simplicity 'oman. I pray you peace. What is *lapis*, William?

WILLIAM PAGE A stone.

EVANS And what is 'a stone', William?

WILLIAM PAGE A pebble.

EVANS No, it is *lapis*. I pray you, remember in your prain.

WILLIAM PAGE *Lapis*.

EVANS That is a good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?[27]

WILLIAM PAGE Articles[28] are borrowed of the pronoun, and be thus declined: *Singulariter*[29], *nominativo*, *hic*, *haec*, *hoc*.

EVANS *Nominativo*, *hig*, *hag*, *hog*, pray you mark: *genitivo*[30], *huius*. Well, what is your accusative case?

WILLIAM PAGE *Accusativo*, *hinc*[32]— *Faltering*

EVANS I pray you, have your remembrance, child, *accusativo*, *hing*, *hang*, *hog*.[33]

MISTRESS QUICKLY ‘Hang-hog’[34] is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

EVANS Leave your prabbles,[35] ’oman. What is the focative case, William?

WILLIAM PAGE O,[36] — *vocativo*, O.

EVANS Remember, William, focative is *caret*[37].

MISTRESS QUICKLY And that’s a good root.

EVANS ’Oman, forbear.

MISTRESS PAGE Peace!

EVANS What is your genitive case plural, William?

WILLIAM PAGE Genitive case?

EVANS Ay.

WILLIAM PAGE Genitive: *horum*[44], *harum*, *horum*.

MISTRESS QUICKLY Vengeance of[45] Ginny’s case, fie on her! Never name her, child, if she be a whore.

EVANS For shame, ’oman.

MISTRESS QUICKLY You do ill to teach the child such words: he teaches him to hick[48] and to hack, which they’ll do fast enough of themselves, and to call ‘horum’ — fie upon you!

EVANS ’Oman, art thou lunatics? Hast thou no understandings for thy cases and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires.

MISTRESS PAGE Prithee, hold thy peace. *To Mistress Quickly*

EVANS Show me now, William, some declensions[54] of your pronouns.

WILLIAM PAGE Forsooth, I have forgot.

EVANS It is *qui*, *quae*, *quod*. If you forget your *quies*, your *quaes*, and your *quods*, you must be preeches.[57] Go your ways, and play, go.

MISTRESS PAGE He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

EVANS He is a good sprag[59] memory. Farewell, Mistress Page.

MISTRESS PAGE Adieu, good Sir Hugh.

[Exit Evans]

Get you home, boy. Come, we stay too long.

Exeunt

Act 4 Scene 2

running scene 14

Enter Falstaff [and] Mistress Ford ***The basket is brought out***

FALSTAFF Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance.[1] I see you are obsequious[2] in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth, not only, Mistress Ford, in the simple office[3] of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement[4] and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

MISTRESS FORD He's a-birding, sweet Sir John.

MISTRESS PAGE What, ho, gossip[6] Ford! What, ho! ***Within***

MISTRESS FORD Step into th'chamber, Sir John.

[Exit Falstaff]

[Enter Mistress Page]

MISTRESS PAGE How now, sweetheart, who's at home besides yourself?

MISTRESS FORD Why, none but mine own people.[9]

MISTRESS PAGE Indeed?

MISTRESS FORD No, certainly.— Speak louder. ***Whispers to her***

MISTRESS PAGE Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

MISTRESS FORD Why?

MISTRESS PAGE Why, woman, your husband is in his old lines[14] again: he so takes on yonder with my husband, so rails against all married mankind, so curses all Eve's daughters of what complexion[16] soever, and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, 'Peer out,[17] peer out!', that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but tameness, civility and patience to[18] this his distemper he is in now. I am glad the fat knight is not here.

MISTRESS FORD Why, does he talk of him?

MISTRESS PAGE Of none but him, and swears he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket: protests to my husband he is now here, and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport to make another experiment[24] of his suspicion. But I am glad the knight is not here: now he shall see his own foolery.

MISTRESS FORD How near is he, Mistress Page?

MISTRESS PAGE Hard by, at street end. He will be here anon.

MISTRESS FORD I am undone. The knight is here.

MISTRESS PAGE Why then you are utterly shamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you? Away with him, away with him! Better shame than murder.

MISTRESS FORD Which way should he go? How should I bestow[31] him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

[Enter Falstaff]

FALSTAFF No, I'll come no more i'th'basket. May I not go out ere he come?

MISTRESS PAGE Alas, three of Master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out: otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you[35] here?

FALSTAFF What shall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney.

MISTRESS FORD There they always use[38] to discharge their birding-pieces. Creep into the kiln-hole.[39]

FALSTAFF Where is it?

MISTRESS FORD He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract[42] for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: there is no hiding you in the house.

FALSTAFF I'll go out then.

MISTRESS PAGE If you go out in your own semblance,[45] you die, Sir John — unless you go out disguised.

MISTRESS FORD How might we disguise him?

MISTRESS PAGE Alas the day, I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him: otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler[49] and a kerchief, and so escape.

FALSTAFF Good hearts, devise something: any extremity rather than a mischief.[50]

MISTRESS FORD My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford,[51] has a gown above.

MISTRESS PAGE On my word, it will serve him: she's as big as he is — and there's her thrummed[53] hat and her muffler too. Run up, Sir John.

MISTRESS FORD Go, go, sweet Sir John. Mistress Page and I will look[54] some linen for your head.

MISTRESS PAGE Quick, quick! We'll come dress you straight:[56] put on the gown the while.

[Exit Falstaff]

MISTRESS FORD I would my husband would meet him in this shape.[58] He cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears she's a witch, forbade her my house and hath threatened to beat her.

MISTRESS PAGE Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

MISTRESS FORD But is my husband coming?

MISTRESS PAGE Ay, in good sadness[64] is he, and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.[65]

MISTRESS FORD We'll try[66] that, for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

MISTRESS PAGE Nay, but he'll be here presently. Let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

MISTRESS FORD I'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up, I'll bring linen for him straight.

[Exit]

MISTRESS PAGE Hang him, dishonest[72] varlet! We cannot misuse him enough.
We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest[74] too.
We do not act[75] that often jest and laugh,
'Tis old but true: still[76] swine eat all the draff.

[Exit]

[Enter Mistress Ford with John and Robert]

MISTRESS FORD Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders. Your master is hard at[77] door. If he bid you set it down, obey him. Quickly, dispatch.[78]

[Exit]

JOHN Come, come, take it up.

ROBERT Pray heaven it be not full of knight again.

JOHN I hope not, I had as lief[81] bear so much lead. ***John and Robert lift the basket***

[Enter Ford, Page, Shallow, Caius and Evans]

FORD Ay,[82] but if it prove true, Master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?— Set down the basket, villain. ***John and Robert set down the basket*** Somebody call my wife. Youth in a basket! O, you panderly[84] rascals, there's a knot, a gin,[85] a pack, a conspiracy against me. Now shall the devil be shamed. What, wife, I say! Come, come forth. Behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching.

PAGE Why, this passes,[88] Master Ford. You are not to go loose any longer, you must be pinioned.[89]

EVANS Why, this is lunatics, this is mad as a mad dog!

SHALLOW Indeed, Master Ford, this is not well indeed.

FORD So say I too, sir.

[Enter Mistress Ford]

Come hither, Mistress Ford — Mistress Ford the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband. I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

MISTRESS FORD Heaven be my witness you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

FORD Well said, brazen-face, hold it out![97] Come forth, sirrah! ***Pulls clothes out of the basket***

PAGE This passes.

MISTRESS FORD Are you not ashamed? Let the clothes alone.

FORD I shall find you anon.

EVANS 'Tis unreasonable. Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

FORD Empty the basket, I say! ***To John and Robert***

PAGE Why, man, why?

FORD Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket. Why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is. ***To John and Robert*** My intelligence is true, my jealousy is reasonable. Pluck me out all the linen.

MISTRESS FORD If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.[107]

John and Robert empty the basket

PAGE Here's no man.

SHALLOW By my fidelity,[109] this is not well, Master Ford. This wrongs you.

EVANS Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart. This is jealousies.

FORD Well, he's not here I seek for.

PAGE No, nor nowhere else but in your brain.

FORD Help to search my house this one time. If I find not what I seek, show[114] no colour for my extremity, let me forever be your table-sport.[115] Let them say of me, 'As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman.'[116] Satisfy me once more, once more search with me. ***John and Robert refill the basket and exeunt with it***

MISTRESS FORD What, ho, Mistress Page, come you and the old woman down. My husband will come into the chamber.

FORD Old woman? What old woman's that?

MISTRESS FORD Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

FORD A witch, a quean,[122] an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of[123] errands, does she? We are simple men, we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession[124] of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by th'figure,[125] and such daubery as this is, beyond our element. We know nothing. Come down, you witch, you hag, you! Come down, I say! ***Takes a cudgel***

MISTRESS FORD Nay, good sweet husband.— Good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

[Enter Mistress Page leading Falstaff in woman's clothes]

MISTRESS PAGE Come, Mother Prat,[129] come, give me your hand.

FORD I'll prat[130] her. ***Beats Falstaff*** Out of my door, you witch, you rag, you baggage, you polecat, you runnion![131] Out, out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you.

[Exit Falstaff]

MISTRESS PAGE Are you not ashamed? I think you have killed the poor woman.

MISTRESS FORD Nay, he will do it. 'Tis[133] a goodly credit for you.

FORD Hang her, witch!

EVANS By[135] yea and no, I think the ’oman is a witch indeed. I like not when a ’oman has a great peard. I spy a great peard under his muffler.

FORD Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow. See but the issue of my jealousy. If I cry[138] out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

PAGE Let’s obey his humour[139] a little further. Come, gentlemen.

[Exeunt Ford, Page, Shallow, Caius and Evans]

MISTRESS PAGE Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

MISTRESS FORD Nay, by th’mass, that he did not: he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

MISTRESS PAGE I’ll have the cudgel hallowed[143] and hung o’er the altar. It hath done meritorious[144] service.

MISTRESS FORD What think you? May we, with the warrant[145] of womanhood and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

MISTRESS PAGE The spirit of wantonness[147] is, sure, scared out of him. If the devil have him not in fee-simple,[148] with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste,[149] attempt us again.

MISTRESS FORD Shall we tell our husbands how we have served[150] him?

MISTRESS PAGE Yes, by all means, if it be but to scrape the figures[151] out of your husband’s brains. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.[153]

MISTRESS FORD I’ll warrant they’ll have him publicly shamed, and methinks there would be no period[155] to the jest, should he not be publicly shamed.

MISTRESS PAGE Come, to the forge with it, then shape it.[156] I would not have things cool.

Exeunt

Act 4 Scene 3

running scene 15

Enter Host and Bardolph

BARDOLPH Sir, the German desires to have three of your horses. The duke himself will be tomorrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

HOST What duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court. Let me speak with the gentlemen. They speak English?

BARDOLPH Ay, sir. I'll call them to you.

HOST They shall have my horses, but I'll make them pay, I'll sauce them.[6] They have had my house a week at command.[7] I have turned away my other guests. They must come off,[8] I'll sauce them. Come.

Exeunt

Act 4 Scene 4

running scene 16

Enter Page, Ford, Mistress Page, Mistress Ford and Evans

EVANS ’Tis[1] one of the best discretions of a ’oman as ever I did look upon.

PAGE And did he send you both these letters at an instant?[2]

MISTRESS PAGE Within a quarter of an hour.

FORD Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt.
I rather will suspect the sun with cold
Than thee with wantonness. Now doth thy honour stand,
In him that was of late an heretic,[7]
As firm as faith.

PAGE ’Tis well, ’tis well, no more.
Be not as extreme in submission as in offence.
But let our plot go forward. Let our wives
Yet once again, to make us public sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him and disgrace him for it.

FORD There is no better way than that they spoke of.

PAGE How? To send him word they’ll meet him in the park at midnight? Fie, fie, he’ll never come.

EVANS You say he has been thrown in the rivers and has been grievously peaten as an old ’oman. Methinks there should be terrors in him, that he should not come. Methinks his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

PAGE So think I too.

MISTRESS FORD Devise but how you’ll use[22] him when he comes,
And let us two devise to bring him thither.

MISTRESS PAGE There is an old tale goes that Herne the hunter,[24]
Sometime[25] a keeper here in Windsor Forest,
Doth all the winter-time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragged[27] horns,
And there he blasts[28] the tree, and takes the cattle,
And makes milch-kine[29] yield blood, and shakes a chain

In a most hideous and dreadful manner.
You have heard of such a spirit, and well you know
The superstitious idle-headed eld[32]
Received and did deliver to our age
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.
PAGE Why, yet there want[35] not many that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's Oak.
But what of this?
MISTRESS FORD Marry, this is our device:
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us.
PAGE Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this shape.[41] When you have brought him thither,
What shall be done with him? What is your plot?
MISTRESS PAGE That likewise have we thought upon, and thus:
Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth,[45] we'll dress
Like urchins,[46] oafs and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers[47] on their heads,
And rattles in their hands. Upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she and I are newly met,
Let them from forth a sawpit[50] rush at once
With some diffusèd[51] song. Upon their sight,
We two in great amazèdness will fly:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And fairy-like to pinch the unclean knight,
And ask him why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread
In shape profane.
MISTRESS FORD And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposèd fairies pinch him sound,[59]
And burn him with their tapers.
MISTRESS PAGE The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves, dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.
FORD The children must
Be practised well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

EVANS I will teach the children their behaviours, and I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my taber.

FORD That will be excellent. I’ll go buy them vizards.[68]

MISTRESS PAGE My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies,
Finely attirèd in a robe of white.

PAGE That silk will I go buy.— And in that time ***Aside***
Shall Master Slender steal my Nan away,
And marry her at Eton.[73]— Go, send to Falstaff straight. ***To Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford***

FORD Nay, I’ll to him again in name of Broom:
He’ll tell me all his purpose. Sure, he’ll come.

MISTRESS PAGE Fear not you that.— Go get us properties[76] ***To Page, Ford, and Evans***
And tricking[77] for our fairies.

EVANS Let us about it. It is admirable pleasures and fery honest knaveries.

[Exeunt Page, Ford and Evans]

MISTRESS PAGE Go, Mistress Ford,
Send quickly to Sir John, to know his mind.

[Exit Mistress Ford]

I’ll to the Doctor. He hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, though well landed,[83] is an idiot,
And he[84] my husband best of all affects.
The Doctor is well moneyed, and his friends
Potent at court. He, none but he, shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her.

[Exit]

Act 4 Scene 5

running scene 17

Enter Host [and] Simple

HOST What wouldst thou have, boor?[1] What, thick-skin? Speak, breathe, discuss: brief, short, quick, snap.

SIMPLE Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir John Falstaff from Master Slender.

HOST There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed and truckle-bed.[4] 'Tis painted about with the story of the Prodigal,[5] fresh and new. Go, knock and call. He'll speak like an Anthropophaginian[6] unto thee. Knock, I say.

SIMPLE There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber. I'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down. I come to speak with her indeed.

HOST Ha? A fat woman? The knight may be robbed. I'll call.— Bully knight, bully Sir John! Speak from thy lungs military.[10] Art thou there? It is thine host, thine Ephesian,[11] calls.

FALSTAFF How now, mine host? ***Above or within***

HOST Here's a Bohemian-Tartar[13] tarries the coming down of thy fat woman. Let her descend, bully, let her descend. My chambers are honourable. Fie! Privacy?[14] Fie!

[Enter Falstaff]

FALSTAFF There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me, but she's gone.

SIMPLE Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman[18] of Brentford?

FALSTAFF Ay, marry, was it, mussel-shell.[19] What would you with her?

SIMPLE My master, sir, my Master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go through the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nim, sir, that beguiled[21] him of a chain, had the chain or no.

FALSTAFF I spake with the old woman about it.

SIMPLE And what says she, I pray, sir?

FALSTAFF Marry, she says that the very same man that beguiled Master Slender of his chain, cozened him of it.

SIMPLE I would I could have spoken with the woman herself: I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

FALSTAFF What are they? Let us know.

HOST Ay, come. Quick.

SIMPLE I may not conceal[31] them, sir.

HOST Conceal them, or thou diest.

SIMPLE Why, sir, they were nothing but about Mistress Anne Page, to know if it were my master's fortune to have her or no.

FALSTAFF 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

SIMPLE What, sir?

FALSTAFF To have her or no. Go, say the woman told me so.

SIMPLE May I be bold to say so, sir?

FALSTAFF Ay, sir, like[39] who more bold.

SIMPLE I thank your worship. I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [*Exit*]

HOST Thou art clerkly,[41] thou art clerkly, Sir John. Was there a wise woman with thee?

FALSTAFF Ay, that there was, mine host, one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life. And I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

[Enter Bardolph]

BARDOLPH Out, alas, sir. Cozenage, mere[46] cozenage!

HOST Where be my horses? Speak well of them, varletto.[47]

BARDOLPH Run away with the cozeners, for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off from behind one of them, in a slough of mire,[49] and set spurs and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses.[50]

HOST They are gone but to meet the duke, villain. Do not say they be fled. Germans are honest men.

[Enter Evans]

EVANS Where is mine host?

HOST What is the matter, sir?

EVANS Have a care of your entertainments.[55] There is a friend of mine come to town tells me there is three cozen-germans[56] that has cozened all the hosts of Readings,[57] of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good will, look you. You are wise and full of gibes and vlouting-stocks,[58] and ’tis not convenient[59] you should be cozened. Fare you well.

[Exit]

[Enter Caius]

CAIUS Vere is mine host de Jarteer?

HOST Here, Master Doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma.

CAIUS I cannot tell vat is dat.[62] But it is tell-a me dat you make grand preparation for a duke de Jamany.[63] By my trot, dere is no duke that the court is know to come. I tell you for good will. Adieu.

[Exit]

HOST Hue[65] and cry, villain, go!— ***To Bardolph/To Falstaff*** Assist me, knight, I am undone!— Fly, run, hue and cry, villain! ***To Bardolph*** I am undone!

[Exeunt Host and Bardolph]

FALSTAFF I would all the world might be cozened, for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgelled, they would melt me out of my fat drop by drop, and liquor[70] fishermen’s boots with me. I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits till I were as crestfallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I forswore[72] myself at primero. Well, if my wind were but long enough, I would repent.

[Enter Mistress Quickly] Now, whence come you?

MISTRESS QUICKLY From the two parties, forsooth.

FALSTAFF The devil take one party and his dam[76] the other, and so they shall be both bestowed.[77] I have suffered more for their sakes, more than the villainous inconstancy of man’s disposition is able to bear.

MISTRESS QUICKLY And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant, speciously[79] one of them. Mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

FALSTAFF What tell’st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow, and I was like[83] to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford. But[84] that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, delivered me, the knave constable had set me i'th'stocks, i'th'common stocks, for a witch.

MISTRESS QUICKLY Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber. You shall hear how things go, and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat — good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so crossed.

FALSTAFF Come up into my chamber.

Exeunt

Act 4 Scene 6

running scene 17 continues

Enter Fenton [and] Host

HOST Master Fenton, talk not to me. My mind is heavy. I will give over[1] all.

FENTON Yet hear me speak. Assist me in my purpose, And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee A hundred pound in gold more than your loss.

HOST I will hear you, Master Fenton, and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.[5]

FENTON From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page,
Who mutually hath answered my affection —
So far forth[9] as herself might be her chooser —
Even to[10] my wish. I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth[12] whereof so larded with my matter,
That neither singly can be manifested
Without the show of both. Fat Falstaff
Hath a great scene.[15] The image of the jest
I'll show you here at large.[16] Hark, good mine host:
Tonight at Herne's Oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,
Must my sweet Nan present the Fairy Queen —
The purpose why is here — in which disguise,
While other jests are something rank on foot,[20]
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with Slender, and with him at Eton
Immediately to marry. She hath consented. Now, sir,
Her mother — ever strong against that match
And firm for Doctor Caius — hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle[26] her away,
While other sports are tasking of[27] their minds,
And at the dean'ry,[28] where a priest attends,
Straight marry her. To this her mother's plot

She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath
Made promise to the doctor. Now, thus it rests:[31]
Her father means she shall be all in white,
And in that habit,[33] when Slender sees his time
To take her by the hand and bid her go,
She shall go with him. Her mother hath intended,
The better to denote[36] her to the doctor —
For they must all be masked and vizarded —
That quaint[38] in green she shall be loose enrobed,
With ribbons pendent[39] flaring ’bout her head;
And when the doctor spies his vantage[40] ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,[41]
The maid hath given consent to go with him.
HOST Which means she to deceive, father or mother?
FENTON Both, my good host, to go along with me.
And here it rests, that you’ll procure the vicar
To stay[46] for me at church, ’twixt twelve and one,
And, in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.
HOST Well, husband[49] your device. I’ll to the vicar.
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.
FENTON So shall I evermore be bound to thee:
Besides, I’ll make a present[52] recompense.

Exeunt

Act 5 Scene 1

running scene 17 continues

Enter Falstaff [and] Mistress Quickly

FALSTAFF Prithee, no more prattling. Go, I'll hold.[1] This is the third time. I hope good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go. They say there is divinity[2] in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death. Away.

MISTRESS QUICKLY I'll provide you a chain, and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

FALSTAFF Away, I say. Time wears.[6] Hold up your head, and mince.

[Exit Mistress Quickly]

[Enter Ford, disguised as Broom]

How now, Master Broom? Master Broom, the matter will be known tonight, or never. Be you in the park about midnight, at Herne's Oak, and you shall see wonders.

FORD Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

FALSTAFF I went to her, Master Broom, as you see, like a poor old man, but I came from her, Master Broom, like a poor old woman. That same knave Ford, her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, Master Broom, that ever governed frenzy. I will tell you, he beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman, for in the shape of man, Master Broom, I fear not Goliath[15] with a weaver's beam, because I know also life is a shuttle.[16] I am in haste. Go along with me, I'll tell you all, Master Broom. Since I plucked geese, played truant and whipped top,[17] I knew not what 'twas to be beaten till lately. Follow me, I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford, on whom tonight I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow. Strange things in hand,[20] Master Broom. Follow.

Exeunt

Act 5 Scene 2

running scene 18

Enter Page, Shallow [and] Slender

PAGE Come, come. we’ll couch[1] i’th’castle-ditch till we see the light of our fairies. Remember, son Slender, my daughter—

SLENDER Ay, forsooth, I have spoke with her and we have a nay-word[3] how to know one another: I come to her in white, and cry ‘mum’,[4] she cries ‘budget’, and by that we know one another.

SHALLOW That’s good too. But what needs either your ‘mum’ or her ‘budget’? The white will decipher[7] her well enough. It hath struck ten o’clock.

PAGE The night is dark: light and spirits will become[8] it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let’s away. Follow me.

Exeunt

Act 5 Scene 3

running scene 18 continues

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Ford [and] Caius

MISTRESS PAGE Master Doctor, my daughter is in green. When you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch[2] it quickly. Go before into the park. We two must go together.

CAIUS I know vat I have to do. Adieu.

MISTRESS PAGE Fare you well, sir.

[Exit Caius]

My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff as he will chafe[6] at the Doctor's marrying my daughter. But 'tis no matter. Better a little chiding than a great deal of heartbreak.

MISTRESS FORD Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies? And the Welsh devil Hugh?

MISTRESS PAGE They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's Oak, with obscured[11] lights, which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

MISTRESS FORD That cannot choose but amaze[14] him.

MISTRESS PAGE If he be not amazed, he will be mocked. If he be amazed, he will every way be mocked.

MISTRESS FORD WE'LL betray him finely.

MISTRESS PAGE Against such lewdsters and their lechery. Those that betray them do no treachery.

MISTRESS FORD The hour draws on. To the Oak, to the Oak!

Exeunt

Act 5 Scene 4

running scene 18 continues

Enter Evans [disguised, with others as] Fairies

EVANS Trib,[1] trib, fairies. Come, and remember your parts. Be pold, I pray you. Follow me into the pit, and when I give the watch-'ords,[2] do as I pid you. Come, come, trib, trib.

Exeunt

Act 5 Scene 5

running scene 18 continues

Enter Falstaff [disguised as Herne]

FALSTAFF The Windsor bell hath struck twelve, the minute draws on. Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me! Remember, Jove,[2] thou wast a bull for thy Europa. Love set on thy horns. O powerful Love, that in some respects makes a beast a man, in some other a man a beast. You were also, Jupiter, a swan for the love of Leda.[4] O omnipotent Love, how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose. A fault done first in the form of a beast. O Jove, a beastly fault![6] And then another fault in the semblance of a fowl. Think on't, Jove, a foul fault! When gods have hot backs,[7] what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag, and the fattest, I think, i'th'forest. Send me a cool rut-time,[9] Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow?[10] Who comes here? My doe?

[Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page]

MISTRESS FORD Sir John? Art thou there, my deer?[11] My male deer?

FALSTAFF My doe with the black scut![12] Let the sky rain potatoes, let it thunder to the tune of Greensleeves, hail kissing-comfits[13] and snow eryngoes. Let there come a tempest of provocation,[14] I will shelter me here. ***Embraces her***

MISTRESS FORD Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.[15]

FALSTAFF Divide[16] me like a bribed buck, each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow[17] of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman,[18] ha? Speak I like Herne the hunter? Why, now is Cupid[19] a child of conscience: he makes restitution. ***Horns within*** As I am a true spirit, welcome.

MISTRESS PAGE Alas, what noise?

MISTRESS FORD Heaven forgive our sins.

FALSTAFF What should this be?

MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE Away, away! ***They run off***

FALSTAFF I think the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil[24] that's in me should set hell on fire. He would never else cross[25] me thus.

Enter [Evans, disguised as before; Pistol, as Hobgoblin; Mistress Quickly, Anne and others, as] Fairies [with tapers]

MISTRESS QUICKLY Fairies black, grey, green and white,
You moonshine revellers and shades[27] of night,
You orphan[28] heirs of fixèd destiny,
Attend[29] your office and your quality.
Crier[30] Hobgoblin, make the fairy oyez.

PISTOL Elves, list[31] your names. Silence, you airy toys.
Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap.
Where fires thou find'st unraked[33] and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry,[34]
Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery.

FALSTAFF They are fairies, he that speaks to them shall die. ***Aside***
I'll wink[37] and couch: no man their works must eye. ***Lies down upon his face***

EVANS Where's Bede? Go you, and where you find a maid
That ere she sleep has thrice her prayers said,
Raise[40] up the organs of her fantasy:
Sleep she[41] as sound as careless infancy.
But those as[42] sleep and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides and shins.

MISTRESS QUICKLY About,[44] about.
Search Windsor Castle, elves, within and out.
Strew good luck, oafs,[46] on every sacred room,
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,[47]
In state as[48] wholesome as in state 'tis fit,
Worthy[49] the owner and the owner it.
The several[50] chairs of order look you scour
With juice of balm[51] and every precious flower.
Each fair instalment,[52] coat, and sev'ral crest,
With loyal blazon[53] evermore be blest.
And nightly meadow-fairies, look you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass,[55] in a ring.
Th'expressure[56] that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see.

And *Honi*[58] *soit qui mal y pense* write
In em'rald tufts, flowers purple, blue and white,
Like sapphire, pearl and rich embroidery,
Buckled[61] below fair knighthood's bending knee.
Fairies use flowers for their charactery.[62]
Away, disperse. But till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom[64] round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

EVANS Pray you, lock hand in hand, yourselves in order set.
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure[68] round about the tree.
But stay, I smell a man of middle-earth.[69]

FALSTAFF Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy, ***Aside*** lest he transform me to a piece of cheese![71]

PISTOL Vile worm, thou wast o'erlooked[72] even in thy birth. ***To Falstaff***

MISTRESS QUICKLY With trial-fire[73] touch me his finger-end.
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend
And turn[75] him to no pain. But if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

PISTOL A trial, come.

EVANS Come, will this wood[78] take fire? ***They burn him with their tapers***

FALSTAFF O, O, O!

MISTRESS QUICKLY Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire.
About[81] him, fairies, sing a scornful rhyme,
And, as you trip,[82] still pinch him to your time.

FAIRIES [*sing*] *The Song*
Fie on sinful fantasy,[84] Fie on lust and luxury! ***During this song they pinch Falstaff.***
Lust is but a bloody fire,[85] ***Caius comes one way and steals away***
Kindled with unchaste desire, ***a boy in green; Slender another way and***
Fed in heart, whose flames aspire, ***takes off a boy in white; and Fenton***
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher. ***comes and steals away Anne.***
Pinch him, fairies, mutually,[89] ***A noise of hunting is heard within.***
Pinch him for his villainy. ***All the Fairies run away.***
Pinch him and burn him and turn him about, ***Falstaff pulls off his buck's***

Till candles and starlight and moonshine be out. ***head and rises***

[Enter Page, Ford, Mistress Page and Mistress Ford]

PAGE Nay, do not fly, I think we have watched[93] you now.
Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?[94]

MISTRESS PAGE I pray you, come, hold[95] up the jest no higher.
Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives?
See you these, husband? Do not these fair yokes[97] ***Points to horns***
Become the forest better than the town?

FORD Now, sir, who's a cuckold now? Master Broom, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave: here are his horns, Master Broom. And, Master Broom, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to Master Broom. His horses are arrested[102] for it, Master Broom.

MISTRESS FORD Sir John, we have had ill luck, we could never meet.[104] I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.[105]

FALSTAFF I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

FORD Ay, and an ox too. Both the proofs[107] are extant.

FALSTAFF And these are not fairies. I was three or four times in the thought they were not fairies, and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise[109] of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery[110] into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now how wit[111] may be made a Jack-a-Lent,[112] when 'tis upon ill employment!

EVANS Sir John Falstaff, ***Unmasks*** serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

FORD Well said, fairy Hugh.

EVANS And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

FORD I will never mistrust my wife again till thou art able to woo her in good English.

FALSTAFF Have I laid my brain in the sun and dried it, that it wants matter[119] to prevent so gross o'erreaching[120] as this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? Shall I have a coxcomb[121] of frieze? 'Tis time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

EVANS Seese is not good to give putter. Your belly is all putter.

FALSTAFF ‘Seese’ and ‘putter’? Have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters[124] of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the realm.

MISTRESS PAGE Why Sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

FORD What, a hodge-pudding?[129] A bag of flax?

MISTRESS PAGE A puffed[130] man?

PAGE Old, cold, withered and of intolerable[131] entrails?

FORD And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

PAGE And as poor as Job?[133]

FORD And as wicked as his wife?

EVANS And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sack, and wine, and metheglins,[136] and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

FALSTAFF Well, I am your theme.[138] You have the start of me. I am dejected. I am not able to answer the Welsh flannel.[139] Ignorance itself is a plummet o’er me. Use me as you will.

FORD Marry, sir, we’ll bring you to Windsor, to one Master Broom, that you have cozened of money, to whom you should[142] have been a pander. Over and above that you have suffered, I think to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

PAGE Yet be cheerful, knight. Thou shalt eat a posset[145] tonight at my house, where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her Master Slender hath married her daughter.

MISTRESS PAGE Doctors doubt that. ***Aside*** If Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this,[148] Doctor Caius’ wife.

[Enter Slender]

SLENDER Whoa ho, ho, father Page!

PAGE Son, how now? How now, son, have you dispatched?[151]

SLENDER Dispatched? I’ll make the best in Gloucestershire know on’t. Would I were hanged, la, else.

PAGE Of what,[154] son?

SLENDER I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress Anne Page, and she’s a great lubberly[156] boy. If it had not been i’th’church, I would have swinged him, or he should have swinged[157] me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir — and ’tis a postmaster’s[158] boy.

PAGE Upon my life, then, you took the wrong.[159]

SLENDER What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl. If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman’s apparel, I would not have had him.[162]

PAGE Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter by her garments?

SLENDER I went to her in green,[165] and cried ‘mum’, and she cried ‘budget’, as Anne and I had appointed, and yet it was not Anne, but a postmaster’s boy.

[Exit]

MISTRESS PAGE Good George, be not angry. I knew of your purpose, turned my daughter into white,[168] and indeed, she is now with the Doctor at the deanery, and there married.

[Enter Caius]

CAIUS Vere is Mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened. I ha’ married *un garçon*, a boy, *un paysan*[171], by gar, a boy. It is not Anne Page. By gar, I am cozened.

MISTRESS PAGE Why, did you take her in white?[172]

CAIUS Ay, by gar, and ’tis a boy. By gar, I’ll raise[173] all Windsor.

[Exit]

FORD This is strange. Who hath got the right Anne?

PAGE My heart misgives me. Here comes Master Fenton.

[Enter Fenton and Anne]

How now, Master Fenton?

ANNE Pardon, good father. Good my mother, pardon.

PAGE Now, mistress, how chance you went not with Master Slender?

MISTRESS PAGE Why went you not with Master Doctor, maid?

FENTON You do amaze[180] her. Hear the truth of it:
You would have married her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion[182] held in love.
The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,[183]
Are now so sure[184] that nothing can dissolve us.

Th'offence is holy that she hath committed,
And this deceit loses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or unduteous title,[187]
Since therein she doth evitate[188] and shun
A thousand irreligious cursèd hours
Which forcèd marriage would have brought upon her.
FORD Stand not amazed, here is no remedy. ***To Page and Mistress Page***
In love the heavens themselves do guide the state.[192]
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.
FALSTAFF I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand[194] to ***To Page and Mistress Page***
strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.[195]
PAGE Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee joy!
What cannot be eschewed must be embraced.
FALSTAFF When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chased.
MISTRESS PAGE Well, I will muse[199] no further. Master Fenton,
Heaven give you many, many merry days.
Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire,
Sir John and all.
FORD Let it be so. Sir John,
To Master Broom you yet shall hold your word,
For he tonight shall lie with Mistress Ford.

Exeunt

Textual Notes

= First Quarto text of 1602
= First Folio text of 1623
3 = a correction introduced in the Third Quarto text of 1630
2 = a correction introduced in the Second Folio text of 1632
d = a correction introduced by a later editor
D = stage direction
H = speech heading (i.e., speaker's name)

ist of parts = Ed

ll entrances midscene = Ed. F *groups names of all characters in each scene at beginning of scene*

.1.19 py'r lady *spelled* per-lady *in* F **113–16** *set as verse* = Q. F = *set as prose* **114 latten** = Q (*spelled* laten). F = Latine **127 careers** *spelled* Car-eires *in* F **175 contempt** = Ed. F = content

.3.0 SD and Robin = Ed. F = *Page* (*pageboy*) **9 lime** = Q. F = *liue* **37 legion** = Ed. Q = legions. F = legend **42 oeillades** *spelled* illiads *in* F **60 o'th'hoof** = F2. F = ith'hoofe **61 humour** = Q. F = honor

.4.33 une boîtie en vert = Ed. F = vnboyteene verd **37–8 chaud. Je m'en vais voir à le Court la grande affaire**; Ed. F = *chando, le man voi a le Court la grand affaires* **65 baillez** = Ed. F = ballow **87 good-year** = Ed. F = good-ier

.1.1 I = Q3. *Not in* F **40 praised** = Ed. F = praise **150 cavalier** *spelled* Caualeire *in* F **151 SH FORD** = Q. F = *Shal* **152 Broom** = F (*spelled* Broome). *Ford's disguised name is* Brooke *throughout* Q

.2.27 That I am = Q. *Omitted in* F **162 exchange** = Q3. F = enchange

.3.41 A word = Q. F = a

.1.4 Petty = Ed. F = pittie **77 Give…terrestrial, so** = Q. *Not in* F **81 lads** = Q. F = Lad

.3.26 cue *spelled* Qu *in* F **44–5 Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend** = F2 *punctuation. Comma after* foe *in* F **54 kiln** = Ed. F = kill **102 SH JOHN** = Ed. F = *Ser* **129 foolish** = F2. F = foolishion

.4.13 SH FENTON = Q3. *Not in* F **56 Fenton** = Ed. F = *Fenter*

.5.20 sperm *spelled* Spersme *in* F

.1.51 lunatics = Ed. F= Lunaties

.2.39 kiln = Ed. F = Kill **70 direct** = Q3. F = direct direct **72 misuse him** = F2. F = misuse **79, 81 SH JOHN** = Ed. F = 1. *Ser* **80 SH ROBERT** = Ed. F = 2. *Ser* **81 as lief** = F2. F = liefe as **103 SH PAGE** = Ed. F = *M. Ford.* **127 not strike** = Q3. F = strike

.3.7 house = Q. F = houses

.4.5 cold = Ed. F = gold **29 makes** = F2. F = make **58 SH MISTRESS FORD** = Ed. F = *Ford*

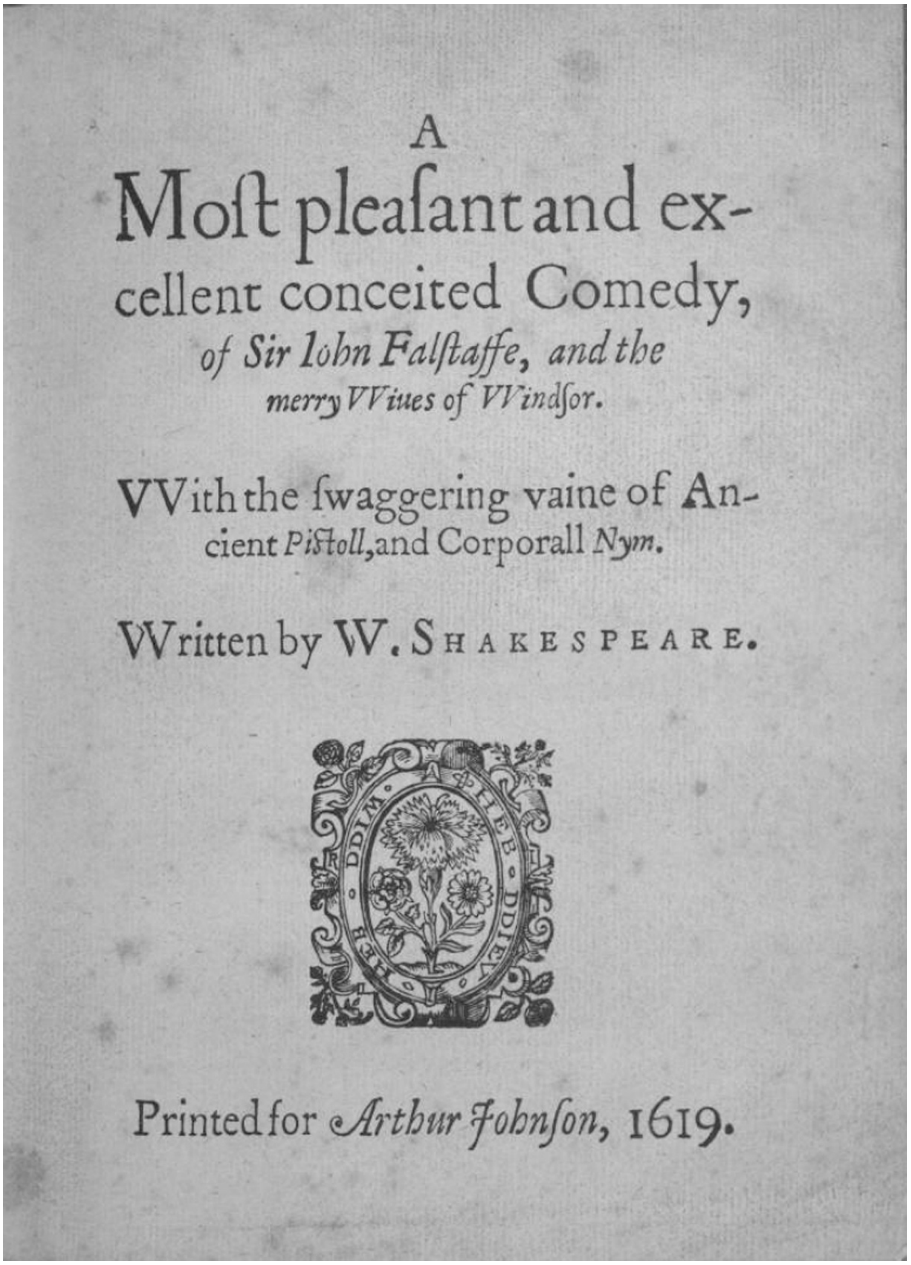
.5.31 SH SIMPLE = Ed. F = *Fal.* **41 art** = Q. F = are

.6.36 denote = Ed. F = deuote

.2.2 daughter = F2. *Omitted in* F

.3.10 Hugh = Ed. F = Herne

.5.46 oafs *spelled* Ouphes *in* F **57 More** = F2. F = Mote **82 SH FAIRIES** = Ed. *Not in* F **84–92** *Stage direction based on* Q, *but with colours of costumes altered to conform to* F *– see 'Text' in Key Facts 173 un paysan* = Ed. F = oon pesant



A

Moſt pleaſant and excellent conceited Comedy,
of Sir Iohn Falſtaffe, and the
merry VViues of VVindſor.

VVith the ſwaggering vaine of Ancient *Piſtoll*, and Corporall *Nym*.

Written by W. SHAKESPEARE.

Printed for *Arthur Johnſon*, 1619.

Title page of the Quarto version of the play, with Falstaff credited above the Merry Wives.

Act 1 Scene 1

1.1 ***Location:*** *the entire play is set in Windsor (twenty-five miles west of London), moving between the streets, the homes of Page and Ford, the Garter Inn, a field outside the town and, in the fifth act, the Great Park near Windsor Castle*

1 **Sir** the usual title for a clergyman **persuade** urge/argue with **Star Chamber** court consisting of most of the King's Privy Council, which met in a chamber with stars painted on its ceiling

3 **Coram** corruption of "quorum," a group of judges whose presence was required at a trial

4 **cousin** kinsman **Custalorum** corruption of "custos rotulorum," the keeper of the shire records and a justice of the peace

5 **Rato-lorum** i.e., "rotulorum"

6 **writes himself Armigero** i.e., signs himself *armiger*, Latin for "esquire" (one entitled to bear arms/a gentleman) **bill** legal document/document requiring the payment of debts **warrant** document authorizing a judicial sentence/the payment of debts between two parties **quittance** document certifying release from a debt or obligation **obligation** contract binding a person to an action or payment

9 **give** display (in a coat of arms) **luces** pikes (freshwater fish)

10 **coat** coat of arms (Evans's **louses**—lice—plays on the sense of "garment")

12 **become** suit **passant** (heraldic term for) walking/surpassingly

13 **familiar** well-known/overly intimate

14 **coat** Shallow plays on Evans's Welsh pronunciation of **coat** as "cod"

15 **quarter** add the arms of another family to one's coat of arms (Evans understands "cut into four") **coz** cousin (i.e., kinsman)

19 **py'r lady** by Our Lady (i.e., the Virgin Mary); Evans often substitutes "p" for "b" **skirts** separate sections forming the lower part of a coat

21 **do my benevolence** lend my help

22 **atonements** agreement/reconciliation (Evans often makes singular words into plurals) **compromises** joint agreement/settlement made by an arbitrator

23 **Council** King's Privy Council, which often heard cases of **riot**; Evans seems to think Shallow is referring to a church council

24 **meet** fitting **Got** God (Evans often substitutes "t" for "d")

25 **Take…that** take that into consideration

26 **vizaments** advisements

28 **friends…sword** i.e., friendship is substituted for violence

29 **device** plan **peradventure** perhaps/most likely **discretions** judgment

30 **Thomas** later named as George (presumably Shakespeare’s memory slip)

31 **small** in a high-pitched/light/quiet voice

32 **fery** very (Evans often substitutes “f’ for “v”) **’orld** world **just** exact/exactly

33 **is** has

34 **give** given (her)

35 **motion** suggestion **pribbles and prabbles** petty squabbles

39 **is…penny** will give her more besides

40 **Slender** most editors reassign to Shallow, since Slender has already said he knows Anne **gifts** qualities (Evans takes the word literally)

41 **possibilities** financial prospects

42 **honest** respectable/upright/sincere

45 **well-willers** well-wishers

49 **tell…tale** have something else to say to you

54 **ill** clumsily/poorly/illegally (by Falstaff)

55 **la** an intensifier equivalent to “indeed”

57 **by…no** a very mild oath

59 **fallow** light brown

60 **Cotsall** the Cotswold hills, in central England

61 **judged** decided conclusively

64 **’tis your fault** you (Slender) are to blame for teasing Page

65 **cur** dog (may or may not be contemptuous)

68 **would** wish **office** service

71 **in some sort** partly/to some extent

73 **at** in **Pistol** pronounced to sound like “pizzle” (“penis”)

78 **lodge** hunting lodge/gamekeeper’s cottage

79 **keeper’s** gamekeeper’s

80 **pin** i.e., a trifle **answered** accounted for/responded to as a legal charge (Falstaff plays on the sense of “replied to”)

81 **straight** straight away

83 **in counsel** in secret (puns on **Council**)

84 ***Pauca verba*** Latin for “few words”

85 **worts** plants of the cabbage family (a joke on Evans’s pronunciation of “words”) **broke** wounded **matter** cause of complaint (Slender shifts the sense to “matter of significance,” while playing on the sense of “pus from a wound”)

87 **cony-catching** cheating (literally “rabbit-catching”)

89 **Banbury cheese** the Oxfordshire town was known for its thin cheeses; Slender is being mocked for being pale and slight

90 **matter** importance (plays on sense of “substance”)

91 **Mephostophilus** a devil, well known from Christopher Marlowe’s play *Doctor Faustus*

93 **Slice** i.e., gash him with a sword/slice him up like a cheese ***Pauca*** i.e., briefly (from ***pauca verba***) **humour** inclination/frame of mind

96 ***fidelicet*** Evans means *videlicet* (Latin for “namely”)

97 **three** third

98 **host** innkeeper **Garter** perhaps a reference to the Garter Inn in Windsor

100 **prief** brief/summary

101 **’ork** work **discreetly** discretion

104 **tevil…tam** devil and his dam (i.e., mother)

108 **great chamber** main room/hall **groats** fourpenny coins **mill-sixpences** sixpences that had their designs impressed on them in a stamping mill **Edward shovel-boards** shillings made in the reign of Edward VI (used in the game of **shovel-board**)

109 **Yead** i.e., Ed (Edward)

112 **it is false** he is dishonest (Evans responds to “true, Pistol” as if it were “true Pistol”—i.e., “honest Pistol”)

113 **mountain-foreigner** i.e., Welshman

114 **combat challenge** challenge combat (i.e., trial by combat) **latten** brass/tin-plate/thinly hammered **bilbo** sword (from Bilbao, Spanish town famed for sword manufacture)

115 **labras** lips (from either the Spanish *labros* or the Latin *labra*, both meaning “lips”)

118 **Be avised** think carefully/take my advice **pass good humours** be agreeable **‘marry trap’** contemptuous phrase of uncertain meaning, the

general sense of which may be something like “be off with you/mind your own business/you’ve caught yourself out” **marry** by the Virgin Mary

119 **run…me** behave like a constable **nuthook** hooked stick used to pull nuts from trees; slang for “constable” **very note** right tune (i.e., the truth); perhaps with a play on “nut”

120 **he…face** i.e., Bardolph

122 **Scarlet and John** Will Scarlet and Little John were two of Robin Hood’s companions; **Scarlet** is applied to Bardolph because of his drunkard’s red nose

126 **fap** drunk **cashiered** dismissed/got rid of/thrown out of the tavern **conclusions…careers** his conclusions about what had happened galloped beyond all bounds career short gallop at full speed

131 **’udge** judge **mind** intention

136 **leave** permission

138 **pasty to** pie for

140 **book…Sonnets** probably *Songs and Sonnets*, a collection of poems, most of them about love, published by Richard Tottel in 1557 and known as *Tottel’s Miscellany*

142 **Book of Riddles** unidentified; several Elizabethan collections of riddles existed

144 **Allhallowmas** All Saints’ Day, November 1 **Michaelmas** the feast of Saint. Michael, September 29; Simple is wrong in saying it is two weeks after Allhallowmas

145 **stay** wait

146 **tender** offer (i.e., of marriage, made on behalf of Slender) **afar off** indirectly/in a roundabout manner

148 **do…reason** i.e., behave in a reasonable manner/cooperate

152 **motions** suggestions

153 **be capacity of** have the capacity to understand

155 **country** district **simple…here** as sure as I stand here/although I seem humble/despite my own undistinguished status

159 **demands** requests

160 **’oman** woman

161 **divers** various **parcel** part

162 **carry…to** feel inclination/affection for (with a quibble on the slang sense of **will**—i.e., “sexual desire/penis”)

165 **possitable** malapropism for “positively” **carry her** convey/direct

167 **upon** providing that she comes with/on the promise of

170 **conceive** understand

173 **decrease** malapropism for “increase”

176 **dissolved** resolved **dissolutely** malapropism for “resolutely”

177 **fall** i.e., error ’ord word

187 **forsooth** in truth

188 **attends** waits for

189 **sirrah** sir (authoritative) **for all** although

191 **beholding** indebted

192 **what though** what of it

198 **fence** fencing **veneys** technical (French) term for each assault in a fencing match (from venu, “come”); pun (not intended by Slender) on “Venus”, slang for prostitute

199 **stewed prunes** known to be a popular dish in brothels (“the stews”) **smell…meat** unintentionally suggesting whore’s flesh

202 **the sport** bearbaiting, a popular Elizabethan pastime

205 **Sackerson** a well-known bear kept at Paris Garden in Southwark

206 **warrant** assure

207 **passed** was past belief

208 **ill-favoured** ugly

211 **cock and pie** a mild oath; either a literal reference to fowl and cooked pie or a corruption of “God” and an allusion to the church rules concerning the celebration of Saints’ days **you…choose** polite way of saying “I insist/you have no choice”

215 **keep on** go ahead/carry on

Act 1 Scene 2

1 **of** concerning

2 **nurse** housekeeper **dry nurse** i.e., not a wet nurse, who would look after a baby

3 **laundry** laundress **wringer** one who wrings out clothes after they have been washed

5 **altogether's acquaintance** is well acquainted

7 **solicit** urge/court favor for

8 **pippins** apples

Act 1 Scene 3

2 **bully rook** jolly companion/old rogue

4 **bully Hercules** old mate Hercules (the Greek hero) **cashier** dismiss **wag** move on

5 **sit at** live here at the cost of

6 **Kaiser** emperor **Pheazar** vizier (chief minister to a ruler), or possibly a nonsense word to rhyme with Caesar and Kaiser **entertain** employ

7 **draw…tap** withdraw liquor from a cask in the manner of an innkeeper **Hector** hero of the Trojan war

9 **froth** make the beer froth up on top as a means of serving less **lime** flavor wine with lime in order to mask its sourness **I…word** i.e., without further ado

11 **tapster** barman

12 **jerkin** close-fitting jacket

14 **Hungarian wight** thievish, beggarly person (with a play on “hungry”) **spigot** peg used to stop the hole in a cask of liquor

15 **gotten in drink** conceived while his parents were drunk **Is…conceited** isn’t that an ingenious/witty notion

16 **acquit** rid **tinderbox** i.e., Bardolph, an inflammable and red-faced man **open** obvious

18 **good humour** best method/way to do it **at…rest** in the space of a minute (rest plays on the sense of “moment of silence within a piece of music”)

19 **fico** “fig” (Italian; a contemptuous word, sometimes accompanied by the obscene gesture of thrusting the thumb between two fingers)

20 **out at heels** out of money (literally, with shoes or stockings worn through)

21 **kibes** chilblains

22 **shift** provide for myself/live by deception/live on my wits

25 **ken the wight** know the person

26 **am about** up to (Pistol interprets “measure about the waist”)

29 **make love to** court/woo

30 **entertainment** welcome/a pleasant reception (with sexual connotations) **carves** is a courteous and generous hostess/has sex **leer** sideways glance/sexually inviting look

31 **construe** interpret/translate/analyze grammatically **action** working/oratorical gesture (with sexual connotations) **familiar** usual/plain/courteous/overly intimate **hardest voice** most severe expression/most difficult grammatical form to translate

32 **Englished** translated into English

33 **will** inclination/sexual desire/legal document **honesty** chastity

35 **The…deep** probably "this idea (of Falstaff's) is firmly entrenched" **that humour pass** Falstaff's frame of mind change/Falstaff's inclination get him anywhere/my neat expression gain approval

37 **legion of angels** great number of gold coins (plays on the sense of "host of heavenly beings")

38 **As…entertain** employ just as many devils **To her** a cry of encouragement such as might be used to a hound pursuing prey

39 **The humour rises** the wit improves/(Falstaff's) inclination grows **Humour…angels** let your inclination lead to the acquisition of the money (me is emphatic)

40 **writ me** written

42 **oeillades** amorous looks

45 **humour** turn of phrase

46 **course** run (her eyes) **intention** intent observation/purpose

47 **burning-glass** magnifying glass

48 **purse plays on sense of "vagina" Guiana** country in South America fabled for its great wealth

49 **cheaters** escheator, a district official who supervised escheats, estates that returned to the monarch's possession in the absence of a valid heir (plays on sense of "sexual cheat, deceiver") **exchequers** treasuries

50 **trade plays on sense of "have sex with"**

53 **Pandarus of Troy** in Greek legend, the go-between (or pander) in Troilus and Cressida's love affair

54 **And…steel** i.e., and having stooped to such an unmanly profession, still call myself a soldier

55 **run…humour** undertake no such low task **humour-letter** having repeated humour so often, Nim's use of it has begun to become meaningless; possibly he means "letter written out of fancy" or simply adds humour for contemptuous emphasis

56 **'haviour of reputation** an honorable bearing/a reputable manner

57 **tightly** properly/well

58 **pinnace** small sailing vessel

59 **avaunt** be gone

60 **o'th'hoof** on foot **pack** be off

61 **humour** mood/fashion

62 **French thrift** economy, possibly a French tendency to have only one page rather than several attendants **skirted** wearing a coat with a fully skirted lower section

63 **gripe** grip/afflict the bowels with pain **gourd and fullam** false or loaded dice **holds** hold good/continue to be effective

64 **high and low** i.e., dice loaded to produce either high or low numbers **beguiles** deceives

65 **Tester** sixpence **pouch** (my) purse

66 **Phrygian Turk** i.e., base, barbarous person **Phrygia** region in Asia Minor conquered by the Turks in the fifteenth century; now part of modern Turkey

67 **operations** plans **humours of** inclinations for

69 **welkin** sky

70 **wit or steel** intelligence/ingenuity or violence (the sword)

71 **humours** methods **discuss** make known **humour** nature

72 **eke** also

74 **prove** put to the test (sexually)

77 **yellowness** i.e., jealousy **revolt** i.e., against Falstaff

79 **Mars of malcontents** most warlike of rebels **Mars** god of war

Act 1 Scene 4

3 **old** great

6 **posset** hot drink made with milk, liquor, and spices **soon at night** before the night is too far advanced

7 **sea-coal** superior type of coal transported by sea from the north of England

8 **withal** with **breed-bate** troublemaker

9 **peevish** foolish/perverse

12 **fault** i.e., lack

15 **glover** glove maker **paring-knife** knife used for trimming leather

17 **Cain-coloured** reddish-yellow **Cain** in the Bible, the world's first murderer

18 **softly-sprighted** gentle/mild in spirit

19 **as…hands** as brave (**tall**) a fighter **between…head** in these parts

20 **warrener** gamekeeper/one in charge of an enclosure for breeding rabbits

26 **Out, alas!** exclamation of dismay

27 **shent** blamed/rebuked

28 **closet** private room

29 **doubt** fear

31 **And…adown-a** the refrain of a song

32 **toys** trifles (i.e., songs)

33 ***une botie en vert*** French for "a green box" (**boîtie** may also mean "surgeon's instrument case") **Do intend** i.e., do you hear (from the French *entendre*)

36 **horn-mad** wildly enraged, like a horned beast/madly jealous like a cuckold (horned husband of an unfaithful wife)

37 ***ma…affaire*** by my faith, it's very hot. I'm going to see the great business at the **Court**

40 ***Oui…Dépêche*** "yes; put it in my pocket: hurry up"

46 **trot** troth (faith) **Od's me** God save me ***que ai-je oublié*** "what have I forgotten" **simples** medicinal herbs

49 ***diable*** devil **larron** thief

56 **phlegmatic** dull/cold; presumably Quickly means "choleric"—i.e., "angry/hot"

57 **of** on

64 **ne'er…not** never burn my fingers (i.e., meddle) unnecessarily

66 **baillez** bring

69 **melancholy** introspective/sullen/broodingly angry; perhaps another error for "choleric"

70 **you** since you ask; or simply emphatic **yea…no** truth

72 **dress meat** prepare food

74 **charge** responsibility/burden

75 **avised** aware/informed **You…it** i.e., it certainly is/let me assure you it is

76 **I…it** I wouldn't wish any word of it to get out

79 **jack'nape** ape (hence "fool/upstart") **gar** God

80 **park** enclosed hunting ground **meddle or make** interfere

82 **stones** testicles

84 **ver** for

85 **Jack** knavish

86 **Jarteer** Garter **measure our weapon** swords were measured before a duel to ensure that they were of equal length (**weapon** has phallic connotations)

88 **prate** chatter/gossip **What the good-year** what the devil

91 **An** puns on "Anne" (whom Caius will be a **fool** to woo)

96 **trow** wonder **near** in

100 **honest** chaste

101 **friend** sympathizer/favorer (with a play on the sense of "lover")

104 **book** i.e., Bible

107 **it…Nan** what an extraordinary girl she is **Nan** diminutive of "Anne"

108 **detest** malapropism for "protest" (i.e., declare)

110 **allicholy** malapropism for "melancholy" **go to** expression of impatient dismissal

112 **voice** support

114 **confidence** malapropism for "conference"; Quickly means "private conversation"

118 **Out upon't** expression of irritation

Act 2 Scene 1

1 **scaped** escaped **holiday-time** best time/heyday

3 **precisian** puritan/strict spiritual adviser (some editors emend to “physician”) **counsellor** adviser/confidant

4 **sympathy** agreement/affinity (between us)

5 **sack** Spanish white wine

15 **Herod of Jewry** i.e., ranting villain; in the Bible, Herod of Judaea ordered the deaths of John the Baptist and the infant Jesus; he was presented in morality plays as both evil and absurdly boastful

16 **gallant** fashionable young gentleman/one who woos ladies **unweighed** unconsidered

17 **Flemish** from the Netherlands; the Flemish were proverbially heavy drinkers

19 **should I say** could I have said

21 **putting down** suppression (perhaps with sexual connotations)

22 **puddings** sausages (also used to refer to the human guts)

23 **trust me** believe me/depend upon it

24 **ill** unwell/out of sorts (Mistress Ford responds to the sense of “ugly”)

25 **have** have something (i.e., the letter)

30 **respect** consideration

34 **go to hell** i.e., by committing adultery with Falstaff

36 **hack** strike repeatedly with a sword/have sex/make a whore of a woman

37 **article…gentry** nature of your social rank

38 **burn daylight** i.e., waste time

39 **make…liking** discriminate between men’s physiques

41 **uncomeliness** unseemly behavior

42 **gone…of** accorded with

44 **‘Greensleeves’** a popular love song, here incongruously juxtaposed with the sacred tunes of the **Psalms** (some editors emend **hundred** to “hundredth,” suggesting specific allusion to Psalm 100, “All people that on earth do dwell / Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice”) **tuns** barrels/tons

46 **entertain** receive/welcome/occupy his attention

49 **ill opinions** Falstaff’s poor opinions of the women’s virtue

50 **inherit** take possession (of Falstaff’s offer)

53 **into the press** into the printing press/under pressure of his weight during sex

54 **Mount Pelion** in Greek mythology, warring giants piled Pelion on top of Mount Ossa in an attempt to reach Olympus, home of the gods

55 **turtles** turtledoves, proverbially faithful birds **ere** before

56 **hand** handwriting

58 **wrangle…honesty** quarrel with my own virtue

59 **entertain** treat/consider

60 **strain** quality

61 **boarded** accosted/wooed (Mistress Ford picks up on the sense of “have sex with”) **fury** fierce passion

62 **above deck** i.e., above the waist

63 **come** plays on the sense of “have an orgasm” **hatches** with vaginal connotations

64 **comfort…suit** encouragement in his courtship

65 **fine-baited** tempting/alluring/skillfully baited

68 **chariness** careful preservation

76 **curtal** with a tail docked or cut off

77 **affects** aims at/loves

81 **gallimaufry** mixture (literally, stew made from a variety of odds and ends) **perpend** consider

83 **liver** thought to be the seat of the passions **Prevent** i.e., act now to stop Falstaff

84 **Actaeon** in Greek mythology, the goddess Diana turned Actaeon into a stag after he had seen her bathing; he was then killed by his own hounds

85 **Ringwood** one of Actaeon’s hounds **thy** some editors emend to “his”

86 **the name** i.e., of cuckold (Actaeon’s horns made him a symbol of cuckoldry)

89 **foot** walk

90 **cuckoo-birds** known for laying their eggs in other birds’ nests; they were associated with cuckolds because of their name, and their call was considered a warning to married men

91 **Away** come away

95 **should have borne** was to have carried

96 **upon my necessity** when I need it

98 **bread and cheese** i.e., basic rations (perhaps those received in the service of Falstaff)

100 **quoth a** said he **his** its

102 **affecting** affected

103 **it** i.e., it to be true

104 **Catalan** person from Cathay (China), used to mean “scoundrel” **though** even if

111 **crotchets** whims/peculiar ideas

113 **Have with you** I’ll come with you/let’s go

115 **fit it** suit the part

123 **offer** attempt

124 **yoke** pair

128 **lie** lodge

129 **voyage** sexual advances

131 **lie on my** head be my responsibility/fault (in his response, Ford plays on the idea of wearing a cuckold’s horns on one’s head)

132 **misdoubt** mistrust/doubt **turn them** release them (language used of cattle)

135 **ranting** jovial/boisterous/verbally extravagant

136 **pate** head

139 **Cavaliero** knight/courtly gentleman (from the Spanish *caballero* or the Italian *cavaliere*)

140 **Good…twenty** good day, many times over

148 **contrary** different/opposing

149 **no jester** i.e., Evans is skilled at swordsmanship/Evans is deadly serious

150 **my…guest-cavalier** i.e., Falstaff, who is a **guest** at the Host’s inn

151 **protest** declare **pottle** drinking vessel containing half a gallon (about four pints) **burned sack** mulled wine/wine containing burnt sugar **recourse** access

153 **egress and regress** right of exit and entry (legal terms)

154 **An-heires** of unclear meaning; possibly a partly anglicized version of the Dutch *mynheers* (“gentlemen”) or a corruption of *ameers* or “emirs” (Arab princes or military commanders)

157 **stand on distance** attach importance to the prescribed distance between the two duellists

158 **passes, stoccadoes** thrusts (technical terms used in fencing) **heart** courage/spirit

159 **long sword** heavier weapon (the lighter rapier was now more fashionable)

160 **tall** brave/skillful with weapons

161 **wag** go

162 **scold** quarrel/wrangle

163 **secure** overconfident **stands…frailty** relies so firmly on what is in fact his wife’s moral weakness

164 **his** i.e., Falstaff’s

165 **made** did

166 **sound** sound the depth of/examine/make trial of

Act 2 Scene 2

3 **countenance to pawn** borrow money on the strength of being in my service **countenance** standing/reputation

4 **grated upon** harassed with demands

5 **coach-fellow** companion (literally, one of a pair of horses harnessed to a coach) **grate** prison bars (plays on grated) **gemini** pair

7 **handle…fan** these were often made of precious material such as ivory or silver

8 **took't upon** swore by

9 **share** have a share in it

10 **Reason** with good reason **gratis** for nothing

11 **hang…me** cease to be a burden to me (**hang** plays on the sense of "put to death") **a…throng** i.e., go and find a crowd where you may cut people's purse-strings with a short knife

12 **Picked-hatch** a brothel or a disreputable part of London (literally, the half-door surmounted by spikes that may have characterized a brothel)

13 **unconfinable** limitless/infinite

14 **precise** pure/scrupulously observed

15 **on…hand** disregarded/to one side

16 **fain…lurch** obliged to deceive, dodge, and cheat

17 **ensconce** hide, as in a small fort (sconce) **cat-a-mountain** wild cat **red-lattice** alehouse (wooden lattices painted red characterized a tavern)

18 **bold-beating** excessively presumptuous/repeatedly coarse

20 **relent** yield

23 **Give** God give

25 **Not so** i.e., I am not a **wife**

28 **As…born** Quickly means "just as much of an innocent maid as I was when I was born, like my mother was before me," but actually says "just as much of a virgin as my mother was in childbirth"

31 **vouchsafe** permit (Quickly means something like "entreat")

33 **ways** way

34 **on** go on

41 **wanton** seducer/lewd person/unruly one

44 **canaries** malapropism for "quandary"; a canary was either a dance or a wine **wonderful** astonishing

48 **rushling** Quickly means “rustling” **alligant** Quickly means “elegant”; **alligant** was a form of “alicant,” a Spanish wine

50 **eye-wink of** glance from

51 **angels** i.e., as a bribe for her help from one of the suitors

52 **sort** manner/way

54 **pensioners** “poor Knights of Windsor,” who prayed for the King in return for an annuity

56 **she-Mercury** female Mercury, the messenger of the gods

58 **notify** understand/take note

62 **wot** know

64 **frampold** sour-tempered

66 **messenger** Quickly means “message”

68 **fartuous** Quickly means “virtuous” **civil modest** decent and proper

69 **miss you** miss (**you** is emphatic)

72 **charms** magic spells

73 **parts** personal qualities/physical features

78 **grace** decency

80 **of all loves** for the sake of love **infection to** Quickly means “affection for”

83 **list** pleases

84 **kind** plays on the sense of “sexually willing”

88 **nay-word** code word

94 **distracts** bewilders

95 **punk** prostitute **carriers** messengers

96 **Clap** put (promptly) **fights** screens used during a sea battle to protect the crew

97 **prize** treasure/captured vessel **whelm** capsize/sink

98 **Say’st…Jack?** i.e., is that how things are (Falstaff is talking to himself)

99 **look after** look at (desirously)

100 **grossly** clumsily/coarsely (puns on the sense of “fat”)

101 **so** as long as **fairly** fully/well (puns on the sense of “handsome”)

102 **fain** eagerly

108 **encompassed** got hold of/got round (plays on the sense of “embraced”) **via** Italian exclamation of encouragement to action

111 **make bold** am presumptuous **preparation** advance warning

112 **Give us leave** leave us please **drawer** one who draws liquor/a tapster

115 **sue** beg **charge** burden— i.e., with expense
116 **plight** condition/health
117 **unseasoned** unseasonable/ill-timed
119 **on** go forward
121 **carriage** carrying (of it)
127 **discover** reveal
129 **register** record
130 **sith** since
136 **observance** attentiveness/dutiful service **engrossed** gathered **fee'd** employed
138 **largely** generously
139 **would have given** would like to have given to her
141 **means** methods/resources/wealth **meed** reward
144 **flies** flees **substance** wealth/body (as opposed to **shadow**)
145 **that flies** which runs away from it (**love**)
146 **satisfaction** payment/sexual gratification
148 **importuned** urged
152 **erected** plays on the idea of penile erection
155 **honest** chaste **mirth** enjoyment of pleasure/merriment
156 **shrewd construction** malicious judgment
157 **great admittance** i.e., widely received by society/admitted by the best persons
158 **authentic** respectable **generally allowed** approved of by all
159 **preparations** accomplishments
163 **amiable** amorous
165 **apply well to** be appropriate to/fit in with
166 **preposterously** perversely/irrationally/foolishly
167 **drift** plan
168 **folly** lewdness/foolishness
169 **against** at directly (as if she were the sun) **detection** accusation/exposure
170 **instance** evidence
171 **ward** protection/defensive posture (a fencing term)
172 **her** of her
178 **Want** lack
182 **forth** away from home

183 **speed** get on/succeed

186 **wittolly** contentedly cuckolded **the which** which reason

187 **well-favoured** good-looking

188 **harvest-home** harvest gathered in/celebratory harvest festival

190 **mechanical** base, coarse (from the word for a manual worker) **salt-butter** cheap

191 **meteor** considered to be a bad omen

192 **predominate** have ascendancy (an astrological term)

194 **aggravate his style** add to his title (by calling him **cuckold** and **knave**)

196 **Epicurean** pleasure-loving/sensual

197 **improvident** unwary/rash

199 **false** unfaithful/dishonest

200 **stand…terms** have to put up with being called offensive names

202 **Amaimon…Barbason** names of devils

203 **additions** names/titles

204 **secure** overconfident/unsuspecting

205 **Fleming** person from Flanders (a country in the Netherlands, whose inhabitants were supposedly very fond of **butter**)

206 **aqua-vitae** strong spirits such as whiskey

207 **walk** exercise **ambling gelding** easily ridden horse

Act 2 Scene 3

8 **no…as** not so dead as he will be when

11 **Villainy** i.e., villain

14 **’Save** God save

18 **foin** thrust/lunge with a sword **traverse** pierce with a sword/move from side to side in fencing

19 **punto, thy stock** thrust with the point of the sword **reverse** backhanded thrust or “punto reverso” **distance** (awareness of) the distance that must be kept from the opponent

20 **montant** upward thrust **Ethiopian** i.e., person of dark hair and complexion **Francisco** i.e., Frenchman

21 **Aesculapius** Greek god of medicine **Galen** famous second-century Greek physician **heart of elder** i.e., as opposed to the firm “heart of oak” that denoted courage; the elder tree is low and has soft wood **bully stale** my old laughingstock/my old inspector of urine (i.e., doctor)

24 **Castalion** perhaps suggesting Spanish (from Castile) **king-urinal** ruler over urine diagnosis **Hector of Greece** the famed warrior was in fact from Troy

28 **against the hair** contrary to/against the grain

32 **Bodykins** by God’s dear body

33 **make one** join in

34 **salt** savor/liveliness

41 **guest-justice** like Falstaff, Shallow is also staying at the Garter Inn

Mockwater i.e., one who analyzes urine, perhaps with “mock” suggesting a degree of quackery (plays on “make water”—i.e., urinate from fear)

44 **Jack-dog** male dog/mongrel/knavish dog

46 **clapper-claw** beat/thrash

54 **Frogmore** small village near Windsor

60 **for a jack-an-ape** on behalf of an ape (i.e., Slender)

63 **Cried game** probably a sporting exclamation

67 **adversary** the Host knows that Caius will misunderstand and take the word to mean something like “advocate”

Act 3 Scene 1

3 **physic** medicine

4 **Petty-ward** i.e., toward Windsor Little (“petit”) Park **Park-ward** toward Windsor Great Park **Old Windsor** village near Windsor, south of **Frogmore**

8 **chollors** choler (i.e., bile/anger)

9 **knog** knock (possibly “knot”) **urinals** vessel containing urine for medical inspection (possibly Evans confusedly intends “testicles”)

10 **costard** head (literally, large apple)

12 **To shallow rivers** throughout the following two stanzas, Evans sings parts of Christopher Marlowe’s well-known poem “Come live with me and be my love” **falls** cascades/waterfalls

13 **madrigals** songs for several voices (more generally, pastoral or love songs)

19 **When…Pabylon** Evans inserts a line from the metrical version of Psalm 137 **Pabylon** Babylon

20 **vagram** vagrant (malapropism for “fragrant”)

22 **he** i.e., Caius

26 **No weapons** presumably Simple means that, unlike Evans, Caius has not yet drawn his sword

33 **from** Evans means “for”

34 **word** i.e., scripture

35 **doublet and hose** close-fitting jacket and breeches (without his **gown**)

39 **belike** probably

40 **at most odds** at the greatest variance

42 **fourscore** eighty (literally, four times twenty)

43 **wide…respect** indifferent to his own reputation/far from proper consideration of himself/far from his own nature

47 **as lief** just as soon/rather

48 **mess of porridge** serving of meat and vegetable stew, eaten before the main course

50 **Hibocrates** Hippocrates, famous Greek physician of the fifth century BC

51 **a cowardly** i.e., as cowardly a

52 **he’s** i.e., Evans

58 **question** dispute/debate

59 **hack our English** mangle the English language instead

66 **cockscomb** head (literally, cap resembling the comb of a cock, worn by a professional fool)

67 **stay** waited

70 **judgement by** judged by/ruled by the judgment of

71 **Gallia and Gaul** Wales (from the French “Galles”) and France

74 **politic** cunning/wily **subtle** crafty/sly

75 **Machiavel** intriguer/unscrupulous schemer (from Niccolò Machiavelli’s *The Prince*, a sixteenth-century treatise perceived as advocating political cunning)

76 **motions** bowel motions (i.e., laxatives or enemas)

77 **no-verbs** warnings as to what is forbidden/ (Welsh) nonsense words

terrestrial i.e., Caius, who ministers to the body

78 **celestial** i.e., Evans, who deals with spiritual matters **art** skill/learning

80 **issue** outcome **to pawn** i.e., as they are no longer needed

84 **sot** fool

85 **vlouting-stog** flouting-stock (i.e., laughingstock)

86 **scall** scald (i.e., scabby/scurvy/contemptible)

87 **cogging companion** cheating rascal

90 **noddles** head

Act 3 Scene 2

1 **keep your way** keep going **were wont** used

2 **Whether** which

9 **as…together** as idle as she can be whilst remaining in one piece/those who are as idle as she is may as well keep each other company

13 **his…of** is the name of the person my husband got the boy from

17 **league** i.e., of friendship

23 **twelve score** (from a distance of) 240 paces or yards **pieces out** increases

24 **folly** lewdness **motion and advantage** prompting and opportunity

25 **hear…wind** foresee what is to come (as one may anticipate rain before it actually arrives)

26 **revolted** i.e., from virtue and fidelity

27 **take him** catch him out/encounter him

28 **divulge** reveal

29 **wilful** willing **Actaeon** i.e., a cuckold (due to the horns he received when turned into a stag)

30 **cry aim** applaud/shout encouragement (a term from archery)

34 **knot** group/company **cheer** entertainment/food and drink

38 **break with** break my word to

46 **capers** is merry and lively/dances/leaps

47 **speaks holiday** speaks in a lively, entertaining way/uses choice language

48 **carry't** be successful/carry it off **'tis…buttons** he has the essential quality within him/he is sure to succeed

49 **having** wealth, means

50 **wild…Poins** i.e., Prince Henry and Poins, who appear in Shakespeare's *Henry IV* plays **region** social standing

51 **knit a knot** secure/repair **substance** wealth

52 **simply** i.e., as she is, with no dowry

55 **monster** i.e., Falstaff, imaged here as a so-called monster exhibited at a fair

59 **anon** shortly

60 **hearts** fine friends **canary** sweet wine from the Canary Islands (in Ford's response, he plays on the sense of "lively dance")

62 **pipe wine** wine from the wooden cask (**pipe** puns on the sense of “musical instrument”) **make him dance** i.e., make him leap/beat him

63 **gentles** gentlemen

64 **Have with** we shall come

Act 3 Scene 3

2 **buck-basket** laundry basket (to **buck** is to wash)

6 **charge** instructions

7 **hard** close

8 **brew-house** outhouse for brewing beer

10 **whitsters** bleachers of clothing **Datchet Mead** meadow between Windsor Little Park and the River Thames

16 **eyas-musket** young hawk that has not been fully trained

19 **Jack-a-Lent** figure or puppet of a man traditionally pelted during Lent

21 **liberty** i.e., unemployment

22 **turn me away** sack me

28 **humidity** dampness/collection of fluids (i.e., Falstaff)

29 **pumpion** pumpkin **turtles from jays** turtledoves (proverbially faithful) from brightly colored birds (i.e., loose women)

30 **Have…jewel?** a slightly adapted line from Philip Sidney’s sonnet sequence *Astrophil and Stella*

31 **period** goal/climax

33 **cog** cheat/flatter **prate** prattle/brag

39 **ship-tire** ornamental headdress shaped like or inspired by a ship **tire-valiant** elaborate headdress **Venetian admittance** accepted as fashionable in stylish Venice

40 **kerchief** simple head covering **become** suit

42 **absolute** perfect

43 **firm…foot** confident tread **semi-circled farthingale** semicircular boned petticoat worn underneath the back of the dress

44 **Fortune…friend** i.e., Nature has favored Mistress Ford with beauty but Fortune has prevented her from being a lady (Falstaff continues to imply that he could raise her estate)

49 **hawthorn-buds** i.e., budding courtiers/affected young gallants

50 **Bucklersbury** street in the City of London known for shops selling medicinal herbs **simple time** midsummer, when herbs (simples) were most readily available

53 **Counter-gate** gate to the Counter, a debtor’s prison in Southwark

54 **reek** smoke/foul smell **lime-kiln** kiln for making mortar

59 **blowing** puffing **presently** immediately

60 **ensconce me** hide myself **arras** large tapestry wall hanging

64 **undone** ruined

66 **well-a-day** expression of regret **to** as

69 **Out upon you!** expression of frustration and condemnation

77 **clear** innocent/free from blame

78 **friend** lover **amazed** stunned

79 **good life** i.e., existence as a respectable woman/reputation

84 **stand** waste time (saying)

85 **conveyance** contrivance to get Falstaff out of the house

88 **whiting-time** bleaching time

96 **dissembling** deceptive

98 **cowl-staff** pole used by two people to carry a **cowl** (tub or basket)

99 **drumble** move sluggishly

103 **what…do** what business is it of yours **You…buck-washing** a proper concern of yours is it to interfere with washing clothes

105 **Buck** laundry, but Ford puns on the senses of “stag,” whose horns represent cuckoldry, and “lecherous man”

106 **of the season** in the rutting season

107 **tonight** i.e., last night

108 **chambers** inner rooms/bedrooms **unkennel** drive out

109 **uncape** uncover (or perhaps a printer’s error for “escape” or “uncase”)

110 **contented** calm/satisfied

119 **taking** agitated state

121 **need of washing** i.e., as he may have urinated or defecated in fright

123 **strain** nature

127 **try** test

129 **carrion** old bag/whore

135 **compass** achieve/embrace

137 **use** treat

144 **presses** large cupboards

147 **distemper…kind** bad temper/disordered mind of this sort

150 **as…desires** as I could possibly wish for (unintentionally punning on the sense of “as I could desire sexually”)

158 **a-birding** hunt small birds using a **hawk** to drive them into leafless bushes

163 **remembrance…host** i.e., let us remember the revenge we have planned on the Host for the trick he played on us over the duel

Act 3 Scene 4

2 **turn** refer

4 **be thyself** i.e., take matters into your own hands

6 **state…expense** my estate being damaged by my spending **galled** made sore through chafing

8 **bars** obstacles

9 **riots** wasteful/dissipated lifestyle **societies** companionships

13 **speed** prosper

17 **stamps** coins (stamped with an image)

24 **Break** interrupt

25 **I'll…on't** i.e., I'll do it one way or another (a **shaft** is a slender arrow used in a longbow, while a **bolt** is the shorter, thicker one used in a crossbow) **'Slid** by God's eyelid (a common phrase) **but venturing** only a matter of having a go

26 **dismayed** frightened; Slender's reply suggests that he does not understand the word

30 **ill-favoured** ugly

33 **thou…father** i.e., remember that you had a valiant father/a father who once wooed a woman; Slender misunderstands this as a prompt for conversation with Anne

40 **come…long-tail** come what may (literally, refers to a horse/dog with either a docked or a long tail)

41 **jointure** marriage settlement provided for the wife by the husband in the event of his death

47 **will** wish (Slender understands the legal sense of the term; there may also be a play on the sense of "sexual desire")

48 **'Od's heartlings** by God's dear heart

52 **motions** urgings **happy…dole** i.e., may the man who gets you be happy with his lot

57 **haunt** hang around

67 **for that** because

69 **Perforce** of necessity **checks** rebukes/obstacles **manners** means of behaving (to me)

70 **advance the colours** raise the flag (as if toward an opposing army)

72 **yond** yonder

75 **set quick** buried alive (up to the neck)

80 **affected** inclined

86 **once** at some point

87 **There's** i.e., there's money

91 **sooth** truth

93 **speciously** malapropism for "specially" **of** be on

Act 3 Scene 5

3 **quart** i.e., two pints **toast** piece of hot toast sometimes added to wine

4 **barrow** barrow-load

7 **slighted me** tipped me contemptuously

8 **blind bitch’s puppies** the newborn, blind puppies of a bitch

9 **down** sink

10 **shore was shelvy** banks were sloping

12 **mummy** dead flesh

15 **reins** kidneys

17 **cry you mercy** beg your pardon

18 **pottle** drinking vessel containing half a gallon (equivalent to four pints)

20 **Simple** plain/unmixed (with eggs) **I’ll** I’ll have **pullet-sperm** chicken seed (i.e., eggs)

24 **ford** river water

25 **take on with** rant at, berate

26 **erection** malapropism for “direction” (i.e., instruction; Falstaff’s response brings in the architectural and phallic senses)

28 **yearn** move to compassion

33 **frailty** moral frailty (contrasted here with Falstaff’s supposed resolution in keeping his appointment with Mistress Ford)

37 **miss** fail to meet

47 **sped you** were you successful

48 **ill-favouredly** poorly

49 **determination** intention/decision

50 **peaking cornuto** skulking/mean-spirited cuckold

51 **’larum** alarm/agitation **comes me** comes (**me** is an intensifier)

52 **protested** declared (love)

62 **Rammed** perhaps, coming after **buck**, with a play on “ram” (male sheep, horned like the buck, and also associated with lust)

63 **that** so that

68 **knaves, his hinds** servants (both terms may also be derogatory)

72 **held** with held

73 **mark** note

74 **several** separate

75 **detected with** discovered by **rotten** diseased **bell-wether** ram (sometimes castrated) wearing a bell round his neck as a means of leading the flock **compassed** surrounded/bent over like a strong sword **bilbo** sword from Bilbao, town in Spain noted for excellent sword manufacture

76 **peck** two-gallon container used to store dry goods **stopped** shut, stoppered

77 **distillation** concentrated substance **fretted** became corroded/fermented

78 **kidney** constitution/nature

79 **dissolution** melting/dissolving (puns on the sense of "loose living")

81 **Dutch dish** the Dutch were supposedly very fond of butter

84 **good sadness** all seriousness

86 **Etna** volcano in Sicily

88 **embassy** message

96 **hole…coat** i.e., even I have a fault (proverbial; possibly with sexual connotations)

99 **halfpenny purse** small purse for small coins

101 **what I am** i.e., a cuckold

102 **horn-mad** wildly enraged, like a horned beast/madly jealous like a cuckold

Act 4 Scene 1

2 **by this** by this time

3 **courageous** vigorously/extremely, or possibly a malapropism for “outrageous(ly)”

4 **suddenly** immediately

6 **playing-day** holiday

8 **is…play** i.e., has asked that the boys be given a holiday, the privilege of a visitor to the school

11 **accidence** principles of Latin grammar; the following examples are drawn from William Lilly and John Colet’s *A Short Introduction of Grammer*, the official prescribed text for schools

15 **Two** i.e., single and plural

17 **‘Od’s nouns’** Quickly is confusing the abbreviated phrase “by God’s (i.e., Christ’s) wounds” with the idea of odd numbers

18 **Peace your tattlings!** Leave off your prattling!

20 **Polecats** weasel-like animals/whores (pronounced in a more similar manner than today, Quickly is confusing the word with the Latin **pulcher**)

27 **articles** i.e., the (definite article) or a/an (indefinite article)

28 **Articles…hoc** a direct quotation from Lilly’s *Grammer* **pronoun** part of speech used to designate an object without naming it directly; e.g., “this/that”

29 ***Singulariter*** in the singular ***nominativo*** in the nominative case ***hic, haec, hoc*** common Latin pronouns

30 ***genitivo*** the genitive case (is)

32 ***hinc*** the correct form is in fact *hunc*, though Evans fails to spot this (unless his subsequent *hing is* a printer’s error for *hung*)

33 ***hing*, *hang*, *hog*** i.e., *hunc*, *hanc*, *hoc*

34 **‘Hang-hog’** hanging up a pig is necessary to produce bacon

35 **prabbles** silly chatter/irritating interruptions **focative** i.e., vocative; Evans’s pronunciation inadvertently plays on “fuck” **case** plays on the sense of “vagina”

36 **O** suggestive of the vagina

37 ***caret*** Latin for “is missing”; Quickly’s response shows that she hears the word as “carrot,” which, along with **root**, is slang for “penis”

44 ***horum*** plays on “whore” ***harum*** plays on “hare” (another slang term for a prostitute)

45 **Vengeance of** a plague upon **Ginny’s case** Quickly misunderstands “genitive case” as “this woman Ginny’s case (vagina)”

48 **hick…hack** drink (hiccup) and to go whoring/to have sex (with whores)

54 **declension** the variation of a pronoun etc. through its different cases

57 **preeches** breeched (i.e., whipped on the buttocks)

59 **sprag** i.e., sprack (smart/alert)

Act 4 Scene 2

1 **sufferance** suffering
2 **obsequious** compliant/dutiful
3 **office** role/(sexual) performance **accoutrement** adornments, apparel
4 **complement** accompanying etiquette **sure of** secure from
6 **gossip** friend
9 **people** i.e., servants
14 **lines** tricks **takes on** rants
16 **complexion** appearance/coloring
17 **Peer out** i.e., show yourselves (addressed to his cuckold’s horns)
18 **to** compared to
24 **experiment** trial
31 **bestow** dispose of/stow (him) away
35 **what make you** what are you doing
38 **use…birding-pieces** make it a custom to fire their guns
39 **kiln-hole** opening to the oven
42 **abstract** list
45 **semblance** appearance
49 **muffler** scarf covering part of the face and the neck
50 **mischief** injury, misfortune
51 **Brentford** originally “Brainford,” a village between Windsor and London, known for amorous assignations **above** upstairs
53 **thrummed** fringed/with a shaggy surface
54 **look** look for
56 **straight** straight away **the while** in the meantime
58 **shape** outward appearance/disguise
64 **good sadness all** seriousness
65 **intelligence** information
66 **try** test
72 **dishonest** deceitful, lecherous
74 **honest** chaste, virtuous
75 **act** actually commit misdeeds/have sex
76 **still** quiet **draff** swill, leftovers given to pigs
77 **hard at** close by/right at the
78 **dispatch** hurry

81 **as lief** rather

82 **Ay…again?** Ford's reply to whatever Page has just said—presumably something to the effect of "if it prove false that Falstaff is there, you will look like a fool"

84 **panderly** pimping/go-between

85 **gin** gang **Now…shamed** i.e., now the truth will out (proverbial: "speak the truth and shame the devil")

88 **passes** surpasses/is excessive

89 **be pinioned** have your wings clipped

97 **hold it out** keep up your deception

107 **flea's death** i.e., a miserable death/he shall be crushed like a parasitic insect

109 **fidelity** faith

114 **show…extremity** offer no excuse for my extreme behavior

115 **table-sport** joke amongst company

116 **leman** lover

122 **quean** hussy/whore **cozening** cheating

123 **of** on

124 **under the profession** in the name

125 **by th'figure** by drawing up horoscopes **daubery** trickery **element** understanding (literally, the element in which one rightfully belongs)

129 **Mother Prat** prat means "a trick" though it was also slang for the buttocks

130 **prat** practice tricks on/beat (or simply a nonce-word derived from the name) **rag** worthless wretch

131 **runnion** abusive term for a woman, perhaps "mangy old bag"

133 **'Tis…you** i.e., that will reflect well on you (said in irony)

135 **By…no** a very mild oath (moderated from the Quarto text's stronger "By Jesu")

138 **cry…trail** bark like a hunting dog when there is in fact no scent **open** bark loudly at a scent

139 **obey his humour** humor him

143 **hallowed** blessed/dedicated to God

144 **meritorious** deserving of reward

145 **warrant** assurance/authorization (with play on the legal sense: "document authorizing a judicial sentence")

147 **wantonness** lust

148 **fee-simple** absolute possession (legal term used of land or property)

fine and recovery legal procedures employed to transfer the ownership of land

149 **waste** legal term referring to the damage or alteration of land or property by a tenant (puns on "waist")

150 **served** treated (with a play on the sense of "had sex with")

151 **figures** fantasies

153 **ministers** agents

155 **period** conclusion

156 **shape it** i.e., as one would mold hot iron in the **forge**

Act 4 Scene 3

6 **sauce them** make them pay overly high prices

7 **at command** at their disposal

8 **come off** pay up

Act 4 Scene 4

1 **’Tis…’oman** she is one of the most prudent/sensible women
2 **an instant** the same time
7 **heretic** unbeliever/holder of unorthodox religious beliefs
22 **use** treat/behave toward
24 **Herne the hunter** huntsman of great skill who was wounded after saving the king from a vicious stag; his own life was saved when the dead beast’s antlers were tied to his head, but he was later framed for or caught poaching and hanged himself from an oak in Windsor Great Park, which he is said to haunt
25 **Sometime** at one point/formerly
27 **ragged** rough, jagged
28 **blasts** withers **takes** bewitches
29 **milch-kine** dairy cows
32 **eld** people from the past
35 **want** lack
41 **shape** disguise/appearance
45 **growth** size
46 **urchins** goblins/elves **oafs** goblin or elf children/changelings
47 **tapers** candles
50 **sawpit** pit over which wood was laid to be sawn
51 **diffusèd** confused, disordered
59 **sound** soundly
68 **vizards** masks
73 **Eton** village over the river from Windsor
76 **properties** theatrical props
77 **tricking** adornments
83 **well landed** in possession of a good amount of land
84 **he…affects** my husband favors him most

Act 4 Scene 5

1 **boor** peasant, ill-bred fellow **thick-skin** idiot **discuss** declare

4 **standing-bed and truckle-bed** the truckle-bed was a smaller bed on castors kept beneath the main (**standing**) bed

5 **Prodigal** the Prodigal (extravagant) Son, who appears in the biblical parable (Luke 15)

6 **Anthropophaginian** cannibal

10 **lungs military** military lungs

11 **Ephesian** boon companion/fellow degenerate

13 **Bohemian-Tartar** i.e., savage, dissolute person

14 **Privacy** seclusion, concealment (implying that Falstaff has been having sex with the “woman”)

18 **wise woman** woman skilled in magic

19 **mussel-shell** perhaps Simple is gaping open-mouthed or is being imaged as something worthless and insignificant

21 **beguiled** deceived

31 **conceal** malapropism for “reveal”

39 **like…bold** as bold as the boldest

41 **clerkly** learned

46 **mere** absolute

47 **varletto** i.e., varlet, loosely Italianized by the Host

49 **slough of mire** muddy bog

50 **Doctor Faustuses** In Christopher Marlowe’s play of the same name, Doctor Faustus, a German, sold his soul to the devil; this passage seems to allude to a scene in which three characters are thrown in a mire

55 **entertainments** the hospitality you provide for your guests

56 **cozen-germans** cheating Germans/men pretending to be Germans (plays on “cousin german”—i.e., first cousin)

57 **Readings…Colebrook** small towns not far from Windsor (**Readings** is Caius’s Welsh plural for Reading; **Colebrook** is now Colnbrook)

58 **vlouting-stocks** flouts (i.e., mockery); literally flouting-stocks (i.e., laughingstocks)

59 **convenient** appropriate

62 **dat…come** i.e., who is known to have arrived or is due to arrive at court

63 **Jamany** i.e., Germany

65 **Hue…villain** a cry used to call for the pursuit of a criminal (addressed to Bardolph)

70 **liquor** smear with oil or grease (to render waterproof)

72 **forswore…primero** cheated in a card game but swore that I had not

wind breath

76 **dam** mother

77 **bestowed** got rid of

79 **speciously** malapropism for “specially”

83 **like** likely/about

84 **But** were it not for the fact that

90 **crossed** thwarted

Act 4 Scene 6

1 **over** up (my efforts in support of your pursuit of Anne Page)

5 **counsel** secret

9 **So far forth** insofar

10 **to** in accordance with

12 **mirth** i.e., the humorous account of the humiliation of Falstaff **larded… matter** intermingled with my current concerns

15 **scene** i.e., role in the drama **image** idea

16 **at large** in full (Fenton may be showing the Host Anne’s letter)

20 **rank on foot** abundantly afoot

26 **shuffle** smuggle

27 **tasking of** occupying

28 **dean’ry** house belonging to the dean of a church

31 **it rests** the matter stands

33 **habit** clothing

36 **denote** mark out

38 **quaint** prettily/fashionably **loose enrobed** loosely dressed/gowned with an outer garment

39 **pendent** hanging **flaring** spread out/waving in the wind

40 **vantage** opportunity

41 **token** sign

46 **stay** wait

49 **husband** manage (with an obvious pun) **device** plan

52 **present** immediate

Act 5 Scene 1

1 **hold** keep the appointment

2 **divinity** divine power

6 **wears** wears away/is running out **mince** i.e., get moving (literally, walk daintily/trippingly)

15 **Goliath…beam** according to the Bible, the giant Goliath had a spear like a weaver’s beam (i.e., wooden roller in a loom)

16 **shuttle** another quotation adapted from the Bible; a **shuttle** was an instrument used in weaving for passing thread to and fro

17 **whipped top** made a top (child’s toy) spin by lashing it

20 **in hand** are happening

Act 5 Scene 2

1 **couch** lie/hide

3 **nay-word** code word

4 **‘mum’…‘budget’** “mumbudget” was a phrase meaning “keep silent”

7 **decipher** reveal

8 **become** suit

Act 5 Scene 3

2	**dispatch**	get on with it/conclude it
6	**chafe**	be vexed/inflamed
11	**obscured**	concealed
14	**choose but amaze**	fail to terrify/astound

Act 5 Scene 4

1	**Trib**	trip (i.e., come on/move nimbly)
2	**watch-’ords**	watchwords (i.e., password/signal)

Act 5 Scene 5

2 **Jove…Europa** Europa, daughter of the King of Phoenicia, was carried away by Jove, king of the gods; disguised as a bull, he swam to Crete with her on his back

4 **Leda** in the guise of a swan, **Jupiter** (or **Jove**) seduced Leda, wife of the King of Sparta

6 **fault** sin, with particular application to fornication and possible play on “vagina”

7 **backs** loins

9 **rut-time** mating season **piss my tallow** piss away my fat; stags were thought to urinate more frequently during the mating season, by the end of which their energetic behavior had caused them to lose weight

10 **piss my tallow** piss away my fat; stags were thought to urinate more frequently during the mating season, by the end of which their energetic behavior had caused them to lose weight **doe** female deer/mate/whore

11 **deer** puns on “dear”

12 **scut** tail/vulva **potatoes** sweet or Spanish potatoes were considered aphrodisiacs

13 **kissing-comfits** confectionary for sweetening the breath **eryngoes** candied roots of the sea holly; a type of sweetmeat viewed as an aphrodisiac

14 **provocation** sexual stimulation

15 **sweetheart** puns on “sweet hart” (i.e., male deer)

16 **Divide…buck** in order to conceal the theft, stolen (**bribed**) deer were cut up and divided rapidly amongst the poachers

17 **fellow…walk** gamekeeper of this part of the wood

18 **woodman** hunter/womanizer/lunatic

19 **Cupid…restitution** i.e., Cupid is conscientiously making amends to me

24 **oil** i.e., grease/fat

25 **cross** thwart **Hobgoblin** another name for Puck or Robin Goodfellow

27 **shades** spirits

28 **orphan** parentless/neglected/friendless **heirs…destiny** offspring who have set roles to carry out/inheritors of destiny (perhaps with the power to influence it)

29 **Attend…quality** attend to your duties and particular occupations

30 **Crier** town crier, maker of public announcements **oyez** i.e., “hear ye”

31 **list** listen for **toys** insubstantial creatures

33 **unraked** without coals and ashes heaped together to maintain burning through the night

34 **bilberry** small blue-black fruit

37 **wink** shut my eyes **eye** observe

40 **Raise…fantasy** stimulate her imagination, give her delightful dreams

41 **Sleep she** may she sleep **careless** free from anxiety

42 **as** who

44 **About** about it/to action

46 **oafs** elves

47 **perpetual doom** judgment day

48 **as…fit** as sound in condition as it is deserving of dignity

49 **Worthy** worthy of

50 **several…order** individual seats assigned to the Knights of the Garter (in the castle chapel)

51 **balm** fragrant herbs

52 **instalment** stall (i.e., place or seat assigned to a knight) **coat** coat of arms **crest** heraldic device originally worn on a helmet

53 **blazon** banner bearing the coat of arms

55 **compass** circle (i.e., the Garter ribbon, worn below the knee)

56 **Th'expressure** picture, expression (i.e., fairy-ring or circle of darker green grass)

58 ***Honi…pense*** "shamed be he who thinks evil (of it)" (the French motto that appeared on the Garter ribbons)

61 **Buckled** tied

62 **charactery** writing

64 **dance of custom** customary dance

68 **measure** stately dance

69 **man of middle-earth** i.e., a mortal, dwelling on the earth (midway between heaven and hell)

71 **cheese** supposedly the favorite food of the Welsh

72 **o'erlooked** looked on with the evil eye, bewitched

73 **trial-fire** testing fire **touch me** touch (**me** is emphatic)

75 **turn** expose **start** recoil, flinch

78 **wood** i.e., Falstaff's finger

81 **About** surround

82 **trip** dance/skip **still** continually

84 **fantasy** imaginings/amorous desire

luxury lechery **green…Anne** the original Quarto stage direction has Caius taking a boy *in red,* Slender one *in green,* and Anne *in white;* see “Text” in Key Facts

85 **bloody fire** fire in the blood/lustful fire

89 **mutually** all together

93 **watched** spied and caught

94 **serve your turn** do for you

95 **hold…higher** maintain the joke no more

97 **yokes** Falstaff’s antlers are shaped like the oxen’s yoke

102 **arrested** seized by legal warrant (until the debt is paid)

104 **meet** encounter one another amorously

105 **deer** puns on “dear”

107 **proofs** i.e., his horns **extant** apparent/protruding

109 **surprise…powers** ambush of my faculties/understanding

110 **foppery** trickery, foolery **in…of** in spite of, the face of

111 **wit** intelligence

112 **Jack-a-Lent** figure of a man traditionally pelted during Lent, butt of jokes

119 **wants matter** lacks the means

120 **o’erreaching** deception **with** by

121 **coxcomb** fool’s cap (with a crest like a cock’s comb) **frieze** coarse woolen cloth

124 **fritters** fried scraps of battered meat **late-walking** going out with whores late at night

129 **hodge-pudding** pudding made from a random assortment of ingredients

bag of flax sack of flax (plant fibers used for cloth)

130 **puffed** swollen

131 **intolerable** insufferable/excessively large/impossible to carry

133 **Job** in the Bible, Job suffered great poverty; his wife advised him to curse God for it

136 **metheglins** spiced liquor of Welsh origin **starings** glares

138 **theme** subject (of your mockery) **start of** advantage over **dejected** cast down, humbled, humiliated

139 **flannel** coarse woolen cloth **Ignorance…me** I am searched to the very depths by ignorance itself (i.e., Evans); may pun on “plumbet” (woolen fabric) **plummet** device for measuring the depth of the sea

142 **should…pander** were to have been a pimp

145 **posset** hot drink made with milk, liquor, and spices

148 **this** this time, now

151 **dispatched** managed things

154 **Of what** i.e., know of what

156 **lubberly** loutish

157 **swinged** beaten

158 **postmaster** keeper of post horses (which were hired out for the swift conveyance of messages)

159 **took the wrong** went wrong (in following instructions); Slender responds to the sense of “made a mistake (in thinking the boy was Anne)”

162 **had him** accepted him as my wife/had sex with him

165 **green** most editors emend to “white” for consistency with the setup in Act 5 scene 2

168 **white** most editors emend to “green” for consistency with the setup in Act 4 scene 6

171 ***paysan*** peasant

172 **white** most editors emend to “green” for consistency with the setup in Act 5 scene 3

173 **raise** rouse

180 **amaze** bewilder

182 **proportion…love** balanced, mutual loving relationship

183 **contracted** engaged (secretly)

184 **sure** firmly bound

187 **unduteous title** undutifulness **title** name

188 **evitate** avoid

192 **guide the state** rule matters

194 **stand** advantageous position from which a hunter may shoot

195 **glanced** struck superficially

199 **muse** wonder/grumble

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

The most widely read book in Shakespeare's England was the "Geneva" translation of the Bible. Because of this, the title of *Measure for Measure* would have been readily recognized by the play's original audience as an allusion to the opening verses of the seventh chapter of Saint Matthew's gospel:

> Judge not, that ye be not judged.
> For with what judgement ye judge, ye shall be judged, and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.
> And why see'st thou the mote, that is in thy brother's eye, and perceivest not the beam that is in thine own eye?

The running head summarizing the content of this page in the Geneva Bible reads "Christ's doctrine— God's providence." Of all Shakespeare's plays, *Measure for Measure* is the one in which the dramatization of Christian doctrine and the motions of divine providence are most prominent. Angelo sees the mote in Claudio's eye (getting his girlfriend Juliet pregnant before marrying her, albeit after becoming engaged to her) and fails to perceive the beam in his own (dumping his girlfriend Mariana upon discovering that she hasn't got any money). He judges Claudio, but the duke contrives to judge him by his own measure.

The Geneva Bible included interpretative glosses in its margins. Beside the "measure for measure" verses appeared the admonition "hypocrites hide their own faults, and seek not to amend them, but are curious to reprove other men's." That could as well be an instant character sketch of Angelo. He is more than once described as "precise," a term applied to no other character in Shakespeare. It was a word that often went with "puritan," as may be seen from the way in which Shakespeare's acquaintance John Florio defined the phrase *Gabba santi* in his Anglo-Italian dictionary: "a precise dissembling puritan, an hypocrite."

Despite the steer given by the title, the play is much more tangled than the old drama on which it was based, George Whetstone's *History of*

Promos and Cassandra, which showed “the unsufferable abuse of a lewd magistrate,” “the virtuous behaviour of a chaste lady,” and “the perfect magnanimity of a noble king in checking vice and favouring virtue,” all for the purpose of revealing “the ruin and overthrow of dishonest practices” and “the advancement of upright dealing.” Shakespeare took Whetstone’s basic plotline and principal characters—the indecent proposal, the hypocritical dealing of the lawgiver, the beautiful gentlewoman asked to give up her chastity in return for her brother’s life, the ruler who returns and sorts everything out—but greatly complicated the moral vision. Whetstone’s character of Promos has two anguished soliloquies in which he reflects on his desire for Cassandra. They offer a structural anticipation of Angelo’s self-questioning “What’s this? What’s this? Is this her fault or mine? / The tempter or the tempted, who sins most? Ha?” and “When I would pray and think, I think and pray / To several subjects.” Whetstone, however, lacks Shakespeare’s gift of writing soliloquy with meditative pauses, shifts between argument and emotion, and rhetorical twists that create the illusion that the character is having the thought as he speaks rather than speechifying on a predetermined theme. Promos’ dilemma is set up in terms of a simple opposition between reason and desire; with Angelo, on the other hand, it is the force of Isabella’s reason—her powers of linguistic persuasion—that inflames his desire. He wants her not because she’s beautiful or even because she is on the verge of taking a vow of perpetual chastity, but because he loves to see her mind and tongue at work. “She speaks, and ’tis such sense / That my sense breeds with it.” Here rational sense is the very thing that stirs sensuality. In a good production, sexual chemistry crackles between Angelo and Isabella even as she resists him. Being a man who is used to getting his way, he does not realize how much he loves it when he does not. Two strong wills strain against each other. As we watch, there is a little part of us that anticipates—or even hopes—that they will end up marrying each other in the manner of Shakespeare’s other sparring couples, Petruchio and Kate, Berowne and Rosaline, Beatrice and Benedick.

Intriguingly, the Mariana plotline is Shakespeare’s key innovation in the plot: Whetstone’s play and the various sixteenth-century Italian versions of the story do not have the “bed trick” and they end with the king or duke punishing the Angelo figure by having him marry the Isabella figure (in order to repair her honor) before being executed. The Isabella figure then intervenes, professes her love for the man who has abused her, he is pardoned, and they live happily ever after. Shakespeare transposes these turns onto Mariana and saves Angelo from execution. Mercy prevails over justice: it should be remembered that the "measure for measure" passage in Saint Matthew's gospel is at the heart of the Sermon on the Mount, in which Jesus lays out his moral code, sharply distinguishing his new covenant of forgiveness from the harsher "eye for an eye" law of the Old Testament.

The introduction of Mariana into the story displaces the marriage plot from Isabella, seemingly leaving her free to return to the nunnery and take her final vows. But the play ends with the wholly unexpected twist of the duke's proposal. In one way, it is a fitting union. Having made the wrong choice of deputy (Escalus would have done the job much better), the duke makes the right choice of wife: Isabella will bring to his household the moral fiber that has been lacking, without any of Angelo's hypocrisy. Her "ghostly father" will become her husband and the mother superior of the nunnery will have to do without her: the monastic virtues will be brought from the contemplative to the active life, from the cloister to the secular state, in a manner characteristic of the sixteenth-century Protestant Reformation. In another way, though, it is an astonishing ending. This has not been a courtship comedy. And is there not a little touch of moral blackmail in the proposal? Angelo's proposition was: sleep with me and I will save your brother's life. The duke's is: I have saved your brother's life, so marry me.

It has sometimes been argued that Shakespeare was becoming bored with comedy's conventional happy ending in multiple marriages. Perhaps this is a parody of a comic ending. He certainly turned away from comedy in the next few years of his writing career. Strikingly, Isabella does not respond to the proposal. Does she fall into the duke's arms with silent and submissive joy? Or look puzzled? Or aghast? Some productions of the play leave the ending open, with a kind of freeze-frame effect. It is not unknown—though without textual warrant—for Isabella to look the duke up and down, then turn away and march back to the sisterhood.

The puzzle over the ending is bound up with broader interpretative anxieties about the duke. He may be regarded as a Godlike figure, benignly controlling the world of the play from behind the scenes. But is it healthy for a human to take on the role of divine providence? Angelo is a moral hypocrite, but it should not be forgotten that the origin of the word “hypocrite” is the Greek term for an actor. It is the duke who is the role-player, the actor. Does he have the right to impersonate a friar and hear the confessions of Claudio and Mariana? “Confess” is another of the play’s key words, used in both its spiritual and judicial senses.

The part of Lucio is considerably bigger than that of Angelo. Where Angelo is a false-seeming angel crested with the devil’s horn, Lucio plays a seductive Lucifer to the duke’s God. To adapt what William Blake said of John Milton’s *Paradise Lost*, Shakespeare was a true poet and of the devil’s party without (perhaps) knowing it. Lucio speaks deep truths in light language: the extinction of sexual desire would require the gelding and spaying of all the youth of the city; the duke is in certain senses a creature of “dark corners.” It is almost the first law of the Shakespearean universe that the voice of the devil’s advocate should not be silenced. “I am a kind of burr,” says Lucio, “I shall stick.”

The first recorded performance of *Measure for Measure* took place on December 26, 1604, as part of the royal Christmas festivities. It was, then, one of the first plays written by Shakespeare for his new monarch. Within weeks of Queen Elizabeth’s death in 1603, Shakespeare’s acting company had been renamed the King’s Men. Over the next ten years they played at court between a dozen and twenty times a year, far more often than any other company. Though the duke is by no means an allegorical representation of King James, the play reveals Shakespeare moving into territory that fascinated the king: a concern with slander and reputation, an anatomy of the secret springs of power as opposed to a public display of majesty in the style of Queen Elizabeth’s pageants and processions (“I love the people, / But do not like to stage me to their eyes”), a demonstration of the intricacies of theological and moral debate (one of James’ first acts on arriving in London was to convene a conference at Hampton Court in which he participated in the contentions of high and low churchmen over such matters as the estate of holy matrimony and the question of who could legitimately perform the sacraments). The king would therefore have been the ideal spectator for such set pieces as the duke’s rhetorical mortification of Claudio (“Be absolute for death”). An acute ironist himself, he would have enjoyed the irony whereby Claudio is instantly persuaded by the duke's richly rendered argument, only to change his position a few minutes later when his sister tells him of Angelo's offer—at which point he voices a speech about the horrors of bodily decay and spiritual damnation that is the very antithesis of the duke's argument against life.

Though the play is set in Vienna, the brothels in the "suburbs" or "liberties" of the city evoke the London in which it was performed, where theater and the sex trade stood side by side on the south bank of the Thames. The malapropisms of Constable Elbow, meanwhile, are in the vein of very English humor associated with Dogberry in *Much Ado about Nothing* and Mistress Quickly in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. At the same time, the play has the whiff of both sexual license and political intrigue that the Elizabethans and Jacobeans associated with Italy. The duke's plan to get Angelo to do his dirty work for him could be read as a political strategy deriving from the pages of Machiavelli.

A drama is always a species of trial, in which actions, motives, and ideas are tested before the jury of an audience. The Duke of Vienna—like Duke Prospero of Milan in *The Tempest*—is a dramatist engaged upon a test. How is unbridled carnal license best restrained, in order to save society from the ravages of sexual disease and the burden of unwanted children? By extreme puritanism of the kind advocated by Angelo? This solution is tested and found severely wanting. What does the duke offer in its place? In theory the answer is a middle road between justice and mercy, licence and restraint. The technical term for this third way is "temperance," a key virtue in classical ethics. The duke, says Escalus, is "A gentleman of all temperance." Temperance, however, depends on everyone behaving reasonably and obeying the rule of moderation. What Shakespeare recognizes—as the duke does not—is that people simply cannot be relied upon to show perpetual temperance. So it is that at the very center of the action we find the extraordinary bit part of Barnardine, the man who announces that he will not be executed today, thank you very much, because he has a hangover. The whole of the duke's plot nearly collapses because of him. It is salvaged only by the palpably improbable device of inventing the pirate Ragozine who just happens to look like Claudio and to die at the right moment. Barnardine, wrote the great nineteenth-century essayist William Hazlitt, "is a fine antithesis to the morality and the hypocrisy of the other characters of the play."

KEY FACTS

PLOT: The Duke of Vienna decides to leave the city for a while, appointing his deputy, Angelo, to govern in his absence. Angelo resolves to revive vigorous laws against sexual license, which have fallen into disuse. Under these laws a young gentleman, Claudio, is sentenced to death for having made his fiancée Juliet pregnant before their wedding ceremony. Claudio's sister Isabella, a novice nun, is persuaded by his friend Lucio to plead with Angelo for her brother's life. Angelo promises to free Claudio if Isabella will sleep with him. She refuses and tells her brother that she must keep her honor and he, therefore, must die. The duke has stayed in Vienna disguised as a friar observing the new regime and he now persuades Isabella to pretend to accede to Angelo's demands. Her place in Angelo's bed is secretly taken by Mariana, Angelo's former fiancée whom he deserted. After the event, Angelo betrays Isabella by trying to carry out Claudio's execution but his plans are foiled by the duke's intervention.

MAJOR PARTS: (*with percentage of lines/number of speeches/scenes on stage*) Duke (30%/194/9), Isabella (15%/129/8), Lucio (11%/111/5), Angelo (11%/83/5), Escalus (7%/78/5), Provost (6%/65/7), Pompey (6%/60/4), Claudio (4%/35/4), Elbow (2%/28/2), Mariana (2%/24/3), Overdone (1%/15/2).

LINGUISTIC MEDIUM: 65% verse, 35% prose.

DATE: Performed at court December 26, 1604; probably written earlier the same year.

SOURCES: Main plot from George Whetstone's two-part play *Promos and Cassandra* (1578) and the novella in Giraldi Cinthio's *Hecatommithi* (1565) that was Whetstone's source; the bed trick was a common romance motif, though not in these sources; the "disguised duke" motif appears in a number of contemporaneous plays, such as

John Marston’s *The Malcontent* and Thomas Middleton’s *The Phoenix* (both ca. 1603).

TEXT: The 1623 Folio is the only early text. It was typeset from a transcript by the scribe Ralph Crane, though the nature of Crane’s copy is not clear. The absence of swearwords from the play’s seamy underbelly suggests a theatrical script from after the 1606 Act against profanity. The song at the beginning of Act 4 also occurs (with a second stanza) in *Rollo Duke of Normandy* by John Fletcher and others (1616–19). It has been suggested that the song, perhaps together with the ensuing dialogue between the duke and Mariana, was introduced as part of a revision of the play in which a five-act structure was imposed. The soliloquy “O place and greatness” (4.1.59) has often been regarded as an interpolation. The duke is unnamed in the text, but called Vincentio in Crane’s list of parts. These, and other minor inconsistencies and loose ends, have led to the supposition that the Folio text is a theatrical adaptation—in which some have detected the hand of Thomas Middleton—as opposed to a pure Shakespearean original.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE[1.1a]

THE DUKE, unnamed in play, but “Vincentio” in Folio list of roles
ANGELO, the Deputy
ESCALUS an ancient lord
CLAUDIO, a young gentleman
LUCIO, a fantastic
Two other like **GENTLEMEN**
PROVOST
THOMAS and PETER, two friars (probably the same character, with misremembered name)
A JUSTICE
VARRIUS, a lord, friend to the duke
ELBOW, a simple constable
FROTH, a foolish gentleman
POMPEY, the clown, servant to Mistress Overdone
ABHORSON, an executioner
BARNARDINE, a dissolute prisoner
ISABELLA, sister to Claudio
MARIANA, betrothed to Angelo
JULIET, beloved of Claudio
FRANCISCA, a nun
MISTRESS OVERDONE, a bawd
BOY, singer attending Mariana
Lords, Officers, Citizens, Servants, Messenger, Attendants

The Scene: Vienna

Act 1 Scene 1[1.1]

running scene 1

Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords [and Attendants]

DUKE Escalus.

ESCALUS My lord.

DUKE Of government the properties[3] to unfold
Would seem[4] in me t'affect speech and discourse,
Since I am put to know[5] that your own science
Exceeds, in that,[6] the lists of all advice
My strength[7] can give you. Then no more remains
But[8] that to your sufficiency as your worth is able,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions,[10] and the terms
For common justice, you're as pregnant[11] in
As art and practice[12] hath enrichèd any
That we remember. There is our commission, ***Hands him a paper***
From which we would not have you warp.[14] Call hither,
I say, bid come before us Angelo.

[Exit an Attendant]

What[16] figure of us think you he will bear?
For you must know, we have with special soul[17]
Elected him our absence to supply;[18]
Lent him our terror,[19] dressed him with our love,
And given his deputation[20] all the organs
Of our own power. What think you of it?

ESCALUS If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo[23] such ample grace and honour,
It is Lord Angelo.

DUKE Look where he comes.

Enter Angelo

ANGELO Always obedient to your grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.[27]

DUKE Angelo,
There is a kind of character[29] in thy life

That to th'observer doth thy history[30]
Fully unfold.[31] Thyself and thy belongings
Are[32] not thine own so proper as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of[36] us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits[37] are not finely touched
But[38] to fine issues, nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple[39] of her excellence
But, like a thrifty[40] goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use. But I do bend[42] my speech
To one that can my[43] part in him advertise.
Hold[44] therefore, Angelo.
In our remove[45] be thou at full ourself:
Mortality[46] and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart. Old Escalus,
Though first in question,[48] is thy secondary.
Take thy commission. ***Offers a paper***
ANGELO Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my mettle,[51]
Before so noble and so great a figure[52]
Be stamped upon it.
DUKE No more evasion.
We have with a leavened[55] and preparèd choice
Proceeded to you: therefore take your honours. ***Angelo takes paper***
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition[57]
That it prefers itself[58] and leaves unquestioned
Matters of needful value.[59] We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings[60] shall importune,
How it goes with us, and do look[61] to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:
To th'hopeful[63] execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.
ANGELO Yet give leave,[65] my lord,

That we may bring you something[66] on the way.
DUKE My haste may not admit[67] it,
Nor need you, on mine honour, have[68] to do
With any scruple. Your scope is as mine own,
So to enforce or qualify[70] the laws
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand,
I'll privily[72] away. I love the people,
But do not like to stage me[73] to their eyes:
Though it do well,[74] I do not relish well
Their loud applause and *aves*[75] vehement,
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion[76]
That does affect[77] it. Once more, fare you well.
ANGELO The heavens give safety to your purposes!
ESCALUS Lead[79] forth and bring you back in happiness!
DUKE I thank you. Fare you well.
Exit
ESCALUS I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns[82] me
To look into the bottom of my place.
A power I have, but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.
ANGELO 'Tis so with me. Let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching[88] that point.
ESCALUS I'll wait upon your honour.
Exeunt

Act 1 Scene 2[1.2]

running scene 2

Enter Lucio and two other Gentlemen

LUCIO If the duke with the other dukes come not to composition[1] with the King of Hungary, why then all the dukes fall upon[2] the king.

FIRST GENTLEMAN Heaven grant us its peace,[3] but not the King of Hungary's!

SECOND GENTLEMAN Amen.

LUCIO Thou concludest like the sanctimonious[5] pirate, that went to sea with the Ten Commandments, but scraped one out of the table.[6]

SECOND GENTLEMAN 'Thou shalt not steal'?

LUCIO Ay, that he razed.[8]

FIRST GENTLEMAN Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions:[10] they put forth to steal. There's not a soldier of us all that, in the thanksgiving before meat,[11] do relish the petition well that prays for peace.

SECOND GENTLEMAN I never heard any soldier dislike it.

LUCIO I believe thee; for I think thou never wast where grace was said.

SECOND GENTLEMAN No? A dozen times at least.

FIRST GENTLEMAN What, in metre?[15]

LUCIO In any proportion[16] or in any language.

FIRST GENTLEMAN I think, or in any religion.

LUCIO Ay, why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy:[18] as for example, thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

FIRST GENTLEMAN Well, there[20] went but a pair of shears between us.

LUCIO I grant, as there may between the lists[21] and the velvet. Thou art the list.

FIRST GENTLEMAN And thou the velvet. Thou art good velvet; thou'rt a three-piled piece,[22] I warrant thee. I had as lief[23] be a list of an English kersey as be piled, as thou art piled, for a French velvet.[24] Do I speak feelingly now?

LUCIO I think thou dost, and indeed, with most painful feeling[25] of thy speech. I will, out of thine own confession,[26] learn to begin thy health, but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

FIRST GENTLEMAN I think I have done myself wrong,[28] have I not?

SECOND GENTLEMAN Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art tainted or free.[29]

Enter Bawd [Mistress Overdone]

LUCIO Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation[30] comes! I have purchased as many diseases under her roof as come to—

SECOND GENTLEMAN To what, I pray?

LUCIO Judge.[33]

SECOND GENTLEMAN To three thousand dolours[34] a year.

FIRST GENTLEMAN Ay, and more.

LUCIO A French crown[36] more.

FIRST GENTLEMAN Thou art always figuring[37] diseases in me, but thou art full of error, I am sound.

LUCIO Nay, not as one would say, healthy: but so sound[39] as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow,[40] impiety has made a feast of thee.

FIRST GENTLEMAN How now! ***To Mistress Overdone*** Which of your hips has the most profound[41] sciatica?

MISTRESS OVERDONE Well, well. There’s one yonder arrested and carried to prison was worth five thousand of you all.

SECOND GENTLEMAN Who’s that, I pray thee?

MISTRESS OVERDONE Marry,[45] sir, that’s Claudio, Signior Claudio.

FIRST GENTLEMAN Claudio to prison? ’Tis not so.

MISTRESS OVERDONE Nay, but I know ’tis so. I saw him arrested, saw him carried away, and, which is more, within these three days his head to be chopped off.

LUCIO But, after[49] all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this?

MISTRESS OVERDONE I am too sure of it. And it is for getting Madam Julietta with child.

LUCIO Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise[53] in promise-keeping.

SECOND GENTLEMAN Besides, you know, it draws[54] something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

FIRST GENTLEMAN But most of all agreeing with the proclamation.[56]

LUCIO Away! Let's go learn the truth of it.

Exeunt [Lucio and Gentlemen]

MISTRESS OVERDONE Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat,[58] what with the gallows and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk.[59]

Enter Clown [Pompey]

How now? What's the news with you?

POMPEY Yonder man[61] is carried to prison.

MISTRESS OVERDONE[62] Well, what has he done?

POMPEY A woman.

MISTRESS OVERDONE But what's his offence?

POMPEY Groping[65] for trouts in a peculiar river.

MISTRESS OVERDONE What, is there a maid[66] with child by him?

POMPEY No, but there's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

MISTRESS OVERDONE What proclamation, man?

POMPEY All houses[70] in the suburbs of Vienna must be plucked down.

MISTRESS OVERDONE And what shall become of those in the city?

POMPEY They shall stand for seed:[72] they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in[73] for them.

MISTRESS OVERDONE But shall all our houses of resort[74] in the suburbs be pulled down?

POMPEY To the ground, mistress.

MISTRESS OVERDONE Why, here's a change indeed in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

POMPEY Come, fear you not: good counsellors[78] lack no clients. Though you change your place, you need not change your trade: I'll be your tapster[79] still. Courage! There will be pity taken on you; you that have worn[80] your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

MISTRESS OVERDONE What's to do here, Thomas[82] tapster? Let's withdraw.

POMPEY Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison, and there's Madam Juliet.

Exeunt

Act 1 Scene 3

running scene 2 continues

Enter Provost, Claudio, Juliet, Officers; Lucio and the two Gentlemen [follow]

CLAUDIO Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to th'world?
Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

PROVOST I do it not in evil disposition,[3]
But from Lord Angelo by special charge.

CLAUDIO Thus can the demigod Authority
Make us pay down[6] for our offence by weight
The[7] words of heaven; on whom it will, it will,
On whom it will not, so. Yet still 'tis just.

LUCIO Why, how now, Claudio? Whence[9] comes this restraint?

CLAUDIO From too much liberty,[10] my Lucio, liberty:
As surfeit[11] is the father of much fast,
So every scope[12] by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue,
Like rats that ravin[14] down their proper bane,
A thirsty[15] evil, and when we drink we die.

LUCIO If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors:[17] and yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom as the morality[18] of imprisonment. What's thy offence, Claudio?

CLAUDIO What but to speak of would offend again.

LUCIO What, is't murder?

CLAUDIO No.

LUCIO Lechery?

CLAUDIO Call it so.

PROVOST Away, sir. You must go.

CLAUDIO One word, good friend. Lucio, a word with you.

LUCIO A hundred, if they'll do you any good.
Is lechery so looked after?[27]

CLAUDIO Thus stands it with me: upon a true contract[28]
I got possession of Julietta's bed.

You know the lady, she is fast[30] my wife,
Save[31] that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward[32] order. This we came not to
Only for propagation of a dower[33]
Remaining in the coffer of her friends,[34]
From whom we thought it meet[35] to hide our love
Till time had made[36] them for us. But it chances
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment[37]
With character too gross[38] is writ on Juliet.
LUCIO With child, perhaps?
CLAUDIO Unhappily, even so.
And the new deputy now for the duke —
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness,[42]
Or whether that the body public[43] be
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that[45] it may know
He can command, lets it straight[46] feel the spur:
Whether the tyranny be in his place,[47]
Or in his[48] eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in[49] — but this new governor
Awakes me[50] all the enrollèd penalties
Which have, like unscoured[51] armour, hung by th'wall
So long that nineteen zodiacs[52] have gone round
And none of them[53] been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me. 'Tis surely for a name.

LUCIO I warrant it is: and thy head stands so tickle[56] on thy shoulders that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke and appeal to him.

CLAUDIO I have done so, but he's not to be found.
I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service:
This day my sister should the cloister[60] enter
And there receive her approbation.[61]
Acquaint her with the danger of my state,
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To[64] the strict deputy: bid herself assay him.

I have great hope in that, for in her youth
There is a prone[66] and speechless dialect,
Such as move[67] men. Beside, she hath prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,[68]
And well she can persuade.

LUCIO I pray she may; as well for the encouragement of the like,[70] which else would stand under grievous imposition,[71] as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack.[72] I'll to her.

CLAUDIO I thank you, good friend Lucio.

LUCIO Within two hours.

CLAUDIO Come, officer, away!

Exeunt

Act 1 Scene 4

running scene 3

Enter Duke and Friar Thomas

DUKE No, holy father, throw away that thought:[1]
Believe not that the dribbling dart[2] of love
Can pierce a complete[3] bosom. Why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour[4] hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled[5] than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

FRIAR THOMAS May your grace speak of it?

DUKE My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever loved the life removed,[9]
And held in idle price[10] to haunt assemblies
Where youth and cost[11] and witless bravery keeps.
I have delivered to Lord Angelo —
A man of stricture[13] and firm abstinence —
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travelled to Poland,
For so I have strewed[16] it in the common ear,
And so it is received. Now, pious sir,
You will demand[18] of me why I do this.

FRIAR THOMAS Gladly, my lord.

DUKE We have strict statutes and most biting laws,
The needful bits and curbs[21] to headstrong weeds,
Which for this fourteen years we have let slip,[22]
Even like an o'ergrown[23] lion in a cave
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond[24] fathers,
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,[25]
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not to use, in time the rod[27]
Becomes more mocked than feared: so our decrees,
Dead[29] to infliction, to themselves are dead,
And liberty[30] plucks justice by the nose,
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart[31]

Goes all decorum.[32]

FRIAR THOMAS It rested in your grace
To unloose this tied-up justice when you pleased:
And it in you more dreadful[35] would have seemed
Than in Lord Angelo.

DUKE I do fear, too dreadful.
Sith[38] ’twas my fault to give the people scope,
’Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall[39] them
For what I bid them do, for we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass[41]
And not the punishment. Therefore indeed, my father,
I have on Angelo imposed the office,[43]
Who may in th’ambush[44] of my name strike home,
And yet my[45] nature never in the fight
To do in slander. And to behold his sway,[46]
I will, as ’twere a brother[47] of your order,
Visit both prince[48] and people: therefore, I prithee,
Supply me with the habit[49] and instruct me
How I may formally[50] in person bear me
Like a true friar. More reasons for this action
At our more leisure shall I render you;
Only, this one: Lord Angelo is precise,[53]
Stands at[54] a guard with envy, scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone. Hence shall we see,
If power change purpose,[57] what our seemers be.

Exeunt

Act 1 Scene 5

running scene 4

Enter Isabella and Francisca, a nun

ISABELLA And have you nuns no further privileges?

FRANCISCA Are not these large enough?

ISABELLA Yes, truly. I speak not as desiring more,
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists[5] of Saint Clare.

LUCIO Ho? Peace be in this place!

Within

ISABELLA Who’s that which calls?

FRANCISCA It is a man’s voice. Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him;
You may, I may not: you are yet unsworn.[10]
When you have vowed, you must not speak with men
But in the presence of the prioress.[12]
Then, if you speak, you must not show your face,
Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.
He calls again. I pray you, answer him.

[Exit]

ISABELLA Peace and prosperity! Who is’t that calls?

[Enter Lucio]

LUCIO Hail, virgin, if you be, as those cheek-roses[17]
Proclaim you are no less. Can you so stead[18] me
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice[20] of this place and the fair sister
To her unhappy[21] brother Claudio?

ISABELLA Why her unhappy brother? Let me ask,
The rather for[23] I now must make you know
I am that Isabella and his sister.

LUCIO Gentle and fair, your brother kindly[25] greets you.
Not to be weary[26] with you, he’s in prison.

ISABELLA Woe me! For what?

LUCIO For that which, if myself might be his judge,

He should receive his punishment in thanks:[29]
He hath got his friend[30] with child.
ISABELLA Sir, make me not your story.[31]
LUCIO ’Tis true.
I would not, though ’tis my familiar[33] sin
With maids to seem the lapwing[34] and to jest,
Tongue[35] far from heart, play with all virgins so.
I hold you as a thing enskied[36] and sainted
By your renouncement,[37] an immortal spirit,
And to be talked with in sincerity,
As with a saint.
ISABELLA You[40] do blaspheme the good in mocking me.
LUCIO Do not believe it. Fewness[41] and truth, ’tis thus:
Your brother and his lover have embraced.[42]
As those that feed grow full, as blossoming time
That from the seedness[44] the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison,[45] even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth[46] his full tilth and husbandry.
ISABELLA Someone with child by him? My cousin[47] Juliet?
LUCIO Is she your cousin?
ISABELLA Adoptedly, as school-maids change their names
By vain[50] though apt affection.
LUCIO She it is.
ISABELLA O, let him marry her.
LUCIO This is the point.
The duke is very strangely gone from hence,
Bore[55] many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand and hope of action: but we do learn
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His giving-out[58] were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design.[59] Upon his place,
And with full line[60] of his authority,
Governs Lord Angelo, a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth:[62] one who never feels
The wanton[63] stings and motions of the sense,
But doth rebate[64] and blunt his natural edge

With profits[65] of the mind, study and fast.
He — to give fear to use[66] and liberty,
Which have for long run by the hideous[67] law,
As mice by lions — hath picked out an act,
Under whose heavy sense[69] your brother's life
Falls into forfeit.[70] He arrests him on it,
And follows close the rigour of the statute
To make him an example. All hope is gone,
Unless you have the grace[73] by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo: and that's my pith[74] of business
'Twixt you and your poor brother.
ISABELLA Doth he so seek his life?
LUCIO Has censured[77] him already,
And, as I hear, the provost hath a warrant
For's execution.
ISABELLA Alas, what poor ability's in me
To do him good?
LUCIO Assay[82] the power you have.
ISABELLA My power? Alas, I doubt—
LUCIO Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,[87]
Men give[88] like gods: but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions[89] are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe them.
ISABELLA I'll see what I can do.
LUCIO But speedily.
ISABELLA I will about it straight,
No longer staying but to give the mother[94]
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother. Soon at night[96]
I'll send him certain word of my success.[97]
LUCIO I take my leave of you.
ISABELLA Good sir, adieu.
Exeunt [separately]

Act 2 Scene 1

running scene 5

Enter Angelo, Escalus, Servants, [and a] Justice

ANGELO We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear[2] the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom[3] make it
Their perch and not their terror.

ESCALUS Ay, but yet
Let us be keen,[6] and rather cut a little
Than fall[7] and bruise to death. Alas, this gentleman
Whom I would save had a most noble father.
Let but your honour know —
Whom I believe to be most strait[10] in virtue —
That, in the working of your own affections,[11]
Had time cohered with place or place with wishing,
Or that[13] the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attained th'effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Erred[16] in this point which now you censure him,
And pulled the law upon you.

ANGELO 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury passing[20] on the prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve[21] have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try. What's open made[22] to justice,
That justice seizes. What[23] knows the laws
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,[24]
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take't
Because we see it, but what we do not see
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate[28] his offence
For[29] I have had such faults, but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgement pattern out[31] my death,

And nothing[32] come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Enter Provost

ESCALUS Be it as your wisdom will.

ANGELO Where is the provost?

PROVOST Here, if it like[35] your honour.

ANGELO See that Claudio
Be executed by nine tomorrow morning.
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepared,[38]
For that's the utmost[39] of his pilgrimage.

[Exit Provost]

ESCALUS Well, heaven forgive him, and forgive us all. ***Aside***
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall.
Some run[42] from breaks of ice, and answer none,
And some condemnèd for a fault alone.[43]

Enter Elbow [and] Officers [with] Froth [and] Clown [Pompey]

ELBOW Come, bring them away: if these be good people in a commonweal that do nothing but use[45] their abuses in common houses, I know no law. Bring them away.

ANGELO How now, sir, what's your name? And what's the matter?

ELBOW If it please your honour, I am the poor duke's[48] constable, and my name is Elbow: I do lean[49] upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.[50]

ANGELO Benefactors? Well, what benefactors are they? Are they not malefactors?

ELBOW If it please your honour, I know not well what they are, but precise[52] villains they are, that I am sure of, and void[53] of all profanation in the world that good Christians ought to have.

ESCALUS This comes off well:[55] here's a wise officer. ***To Angelo***

ANGELO Go to,[56] what quality are they of? Elbow is your name? Why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

POMPEY He cannot, sir: he's out at elbow.[58]

ANGELO What are you, sir?

ELBOW He, sir? A tapster, sir, parcel-bawd,[60] one that serves a bad woman, whose house,[61] sir, was, as they say, plucked down in the suburbs: and now she professes a hot-house,[62] which, I think, is a very ill house too.

ESCALUS How know you that?

ELBOW My wife, sir, whom I detest[64] before heaven and your honour —

ESCALUS How? Thy wife?

ELBOW Ay, sir: whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman—

ESCALUS Dost thou detest her therefore?

ELBOW I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity[69] of her life, for it is a naughty house.

ESCALUS How dost thou know that, constable?

ELBOW Marry, sir, by my wife, who, if she had been a woman cardinally[71] given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery and all uncleanliness[72] there.

ESCALUS By the woman's means?[73]

ELBOW Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means: but as she spit in his[74] face, so she defied him.

POMPEY Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

ELBOW Prove it before these varlets[77] here, thou honourable man, prove it.

ESCALUS Do you hear how he misplaces?[78] ***Aside to Angelo***

POMPEY Sir, she came in great with child, and longing — saving[79] your honour's reverence — for stewed prunes.[80] Sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant[81] time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence — your honours have seen such dishes, they are not China dishes, but very good dishes—

ESCALUS Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, sir.

POMPEY No, indeed, sir, not[85] of a pin: you are therein in the right. But to the point. As I say, this Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great-bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes, and having but two in the dish, as I said, Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly, for, as you know, Master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again.[90]

FROTH No, indeed.

POMPEY Very well: you being then, if you be remembered, cracking the stones[92] of the foresaid prunes—

FROTH Ay, so I did indeed.

POMPEY Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remembered, that such a one and such a one were past cure of the thing[96] you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you—

FROTH All this is true.

POMPEY Why, very well, then—

ESCALUS Come, you are a tedious fool. To the purpose: what was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me[101] to what was done to her.

POMPEY Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

ESCALUS No, sir, nor I mean it not.

POMPEY Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave. And, I beseech you, look into[105] Master Froth here, sir, a man of fourscore pound a year, whose father died at Hallowmas.[106] Was't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth?

FROTH All-hallond eve.[107]

POMPEY Why, very well, I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair,[108] sir, 'twas in the Bunch of Grapes,[109] where indeed you have a delight to sit, have you not?

FROTH I have so, because it is an open[111] room and good for winter.

POMPEY Why, very well, then. I hope here be truths.

ANGELO This will last[113] out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there. I'll take my leave
And leave you to the hearing of the cause,[115]
Hoping you'll find good cause[116] to whip them all.

Exit [Angelo]

ESCALUS I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship.— Now, sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

POMPEY Once, sir? There was nothing done[119] to her once.

ELBOW I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

POMPEY I beseech your honour, ask me.

ESCALUS Well, sir, what did this gentleman to her?

POMPEY I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face. Good Master Froth, look upon his honour, 'tis for a good purpose. Doth your honour mark[124] his face?

ESCALUS Ay, sir, very well.

POMPEY Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

ESCALUS Well, I do so.

POMPEY Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

ESCALUS Why, no.

POMPEY I'll be supposed[130] upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good, then, if[131] his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

ESCALUS He's in the right. Constable, what say you to it?

ELBOW First, an it like[134] you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow, and his mistress is a respected woman.

POMPEY By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

ELBOW Varlet, thou liest, thou liest, wicked varlet! The time is yet to come that she was ever respected[138] with man, woman or child.

POMPEY Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

ESCALUS Which is the wiser here? Justice or Iniquity?[140] Is this true?

ELBOW O thou caitiff![141] O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her before I was married to her? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer. Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery[144] on thee.

ESCALUS If he took[145] you a box o'th'ear, you might have your action of slander too.

ELBOW Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

ESCALUS Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him that thou wouldst discover[149] if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou know'st what they are.

ELBOW Marry, I thank your worship for it.— ***To Pompey*** Thou see'st, thou wicked varlet, now, what's come upon thee: thou art to continue[152] now, thou varlet, thou art to continue.

ESCALUS Where were you born, friend?

FROTH Here in Vienna, sir.

ESCALUS Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

FROTH Yes, an't[157] please you, sir.

ESCALUS So. What trade are you of, sir?

POMPEY A tapster, a poor widow's tapster.

ESCALUS Your mistress' name?

POMPEY Mistress Overdone.

ESCALUS Hath she had any more than one husband?

POMPEY Nine, sir: Overdone[163] by the last.

ESCALUS Nine? Come hither to me, Master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters: they will draw[165] you, Master Froth, and you will hang them.[166] Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

FROTH I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a tap-house,[168] but I am drawn in.

ESCALUS Well, no more of it, Master Froth, farewell.—

[Exit Froth]

Come you hither to me, Master Tapster. ***To Pompey*** What's your name, Master Tapster?

POMPEY Pompey.

ESCALUS What else?

POMPEY Bum, sir.

ESCALUS Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you, so that in the beastliest sense you are Pompey the Great.[175] Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in[176] being a tapster, are you not? Come, tell me true, it shall be the better for you.

POMPEY Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.[178]

ESCALUS How would you live, Pompey? By being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? Is it a lawful trade?

POMPEY If the law would allow it, sir.

ESCALUS But the law will not allow it, Pompey, nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

POMPEY Does your worship mean to geld and splay[183] all the youth of the city?

ESCALUS No, Pompey.

POMPEY Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't[185] then. If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear[186] the bawds.

ESCALUS There is pretty orders[187] beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

POMPEY If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad[190] to give out a commission for more heads: if this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it after[191] three-pence a bay. If you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so.

ESCALUS Thank you, good Pompey, and, in requital of[193] your prophecy, hark you: I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever, no, not for dwelling where you do. If I do, Pompey, I shall beat[195] you to your tent, and prove a shrewd[196] Caesar to you: in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipped. So, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

POMPEY I thank your worship for your good counsel— ***Aside*** but I shall follow it as the flesh[199] and fortune shall better determine. Whip me? No, no, let carman[200] whip his jade: The valiant heart's not whipped out of his trade.

Exit

ESCALUS Come hither to me, Master Elbow, come hither, Master Constable. How long have you been in this place[203] of constable?

ELBOW Seven year and a half, sir.

ESCALUS I thought by the readiness[205] in the office you had continued in it some time. You say, seven years together?

ELBOW And a half, sir.

ESCALUS Alas, it hath been great pains[208] to you. They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't. Are there not men in your ward[209] sufficient to serve it?

ELBOW Faith, sir, few of any wit[210] in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them. I do it for some piece of money, and go[211] through with all.

ESCALUS Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

ELBOW To your worship's house, sir?

ESCALUS To my house. Fare you well.
[Exit Elbow]
What's o'clock, think you? ***To Justice***
JUSTICE Eleven,[217] sir.
ESCALUS I pray you home to dinner with me.
JUSTICE I humbly thank you.
ESCALUS It grieves me for the death of Claudio,
But there's no remedy.
JUSTICE Lord Angelo is severe.
ESCALUS It is but needful.[223]
Mercy[224] is not itself that oft looks so,
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:
But yet, poor Claudio! There is no remedy.
Come, sir.
Exeunt

Act 2 Scene 2

running scene 5 continues

Enter Provost [and a] Servant

SERVANT He’s[1] hearing of a cause: he will come straight,
I’ll tell him of you.

PROVOST Pray you, do.— I’ll know

[Exit Servant]

His pleasure,[4] maybe he will relent. Alas,
He[5] hath but as offended in a dream!
All sects,[6] all ages smack of this vice, and he
To die for’t?

Enter Angelo

ANGELO Now, what’s the matter, provost?

PROVOST Is it your will Claudio shall die tomorrow?

ANGELO Did not I tell thee yea? Hadst thou not order?
Why dost thou ask again?

PROVOST Lest[12] I might be too rash.
Under[13] your good correction, I have seen
When, after execution, judgement hath
Repented[15] o’er his doom.

ANGELO Go to, let that be mine.[16]
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you[18] shall well be spared.

PROVOST I crave your honour’s pardon.
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning[20] Juliet?
She’s very near her hour.[21]

ANGELO Dispose of[22] her
To some more fitter place, and that with speed.

[Enter Servant]

SERVANT Here is the sister of the man condemned
Desires access to you.

ANGELO Hath he a sister?

PROVOST Ay, my good lord, a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sisterhood,[28]

If not already.
ANGELO Well, let her be admitted.
[Exit Servant]
See you the fornicatress[31] be removed.
Let her have needful but not lavish means.
There shall be order[33] for't.
Enter Lucio and Isabella
PROVOST 'Save your honour!
ANGELO Stay a little while.— ***To Provost***
You're welcome: what's your will? ***To Isabella***
ISABELLA I am a woeful suitor[37] to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.
ANGELO Well, what's your suit?
ISABELLA There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice,
For which I would not plead, but that I must,
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war 'twixt will[44] and will not.
ANGELO Well, the matter?[45]
ISABELLA I have a brother is condemned to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his[47] fault,
And not my brother.
PROVOST Heaven give thee moving[49] graces! ***Aside***
ANGELO Condemn the fault and not the actor of it?
Why, every[51] fault's condemned ere it be done:
Mine were the[52] very cipher of a function,
To fine[53] the faults whose fine stands in record,
And let go by[54] the actor.
ISABELLA O, just but severe law!
I had a brother, then. Heaven keep your honour.
LUCIO Give't[57] not o'er so. To him again, entreat him, ***Aside to Isabella***
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown.
You are too cold. If you should need a pin,[59]
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it.
To him, I say!
ISABELLA Must he needs die? ***To Angelo***

ANGELO Maiden, no remedy.
ISABELLA Yes, I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy.
ANGELO I will not do't.
ISABELLA But can you, if you would?[67]
ANGELO Look what[68] I will not, that I cannot do.
ISABELLA But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,
If so your heart were touched with that remorse
As mine is to him?
ANGELO He's sentenced, 'tis too late.
LUCIO You are too cold. ***Aside to Isabella***
ISABELLA Too late? Why, no, I that do speak a word
May call it back again. Well, believe this:
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,[77]
The marshal's[78] truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become[79] them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does.
If he had been as you[81] and you as he,
You would have slipped like him, but he, like you,
Would not have been so stern.
ANGELO Pray you, be gone.
ISABELLA I would to heaven I had your potency,[85]
And you were Isabel. Should it then be thus?
No, I would tell[87] what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.
LUCIO Ay, touch him, there's the vein.[89] ***Aside to Isabella***
ANGELO Your brother is a forfeit of[90] the law,
And you but waste your words.
ISABELLA Alas, alas!
Why, all the souls that were[93] were forfeit once,
And he[94] that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgement, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips

Like man new made.[99]
ANGELO Be you content, fair maid,
It is the law, not I, condemn your brother.
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him. He must die tomorrow.
ISABELLA Tomorrow? O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare him!
He's not prepared for death. Even for our kitchens
We kill[106] the fowl of season: shall we serve heaven
With less respect than we do minister[107]
To our gross[108] selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you;
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it.
LUCIO Ay, well said. ***Aside to Isabella***
ANGELO The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:
Those[113] many had not dared to do that evil,
If the first that did th'edict infringe
Had answered for his deed. Now 'tis awake,
Takes note of what is done, and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass[117] that shows what future evils,
Either now,[118] or by remissness new-conceived,
And so in progress to be hatched and born,[119]
Are now to have no successive degrees,[120]
But ere[121] they live to end.
ISABELLA Yet show some pity.
ANGELO I show it most of all when I show justice:
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismissed[125] offence would after gall,
And do him right that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your brother dies tomorrow; be content.
ISABELLA So you must be the first that gives this sentence,
And he, that suffers. O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.
LUCIO That's well said. ***Aside to Isabella***
ISABELLA Could great men thunder

As Jove[135] himself does, Jove would ne’er be quiet,
For every pelting,[136] petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder,
Nothing but thunder! Merciful heaven,
Thou rather with thy sharp[139] and sulphurous bolt
Splits the unwedgeable[140] and gnarlèd oak
Than the soft myrtle:[141] but man, proud man,
Dressed in a little brief[142] authority,
Most ignorant of what he’s most assured[143] —
His glassy[144] essence — like an angry ape
Plays such fantastic[145] tricks before high heaven
As makes the angels weep, who, with our spleens,[146]
Would all themselves laugh mortal.[147]
LUCIO O, to him, to him, wench: he will relent. ***Aside to Isabella***
He’s coming,[149] I perceive’t.
PROVOST Pray heaven she win him. ***Aside***
ISABELLA We cannot weigh[151] our brother with ourself.
Great men may jest with[152] saints, ’tis wit in them,
But in[153] the less foul profanation.
LUCIO Thou’rt i’th’right, girl, more o’that. ***Aside to Isabella***
ISABELLA That in the captain’s but a choleric[155] word,
Which in the soldier is flat[156] blasphemy.
LUCIO Art avised[157] o’that? More on’t. ***Aside to Isabella***
ANGELO Why do you put[158] these sayings upon me?
ISABELLA Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself
That skins[161] the vice o’th’top. Go to your bosom,
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That’s like my brother’s fault. If it confess
A natural guiltiness[164] such as is his,
Let it not sound[165] a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother’s life.
ANGELO She speaks, and ’tis such sense[167] ***Aside***
That my sense[168] breeds with it.— Fare you well. ***Starts to go***
ISABELLA Gentle my lord, turn back.
ANGELO I will bethink me. Come again tomorrow.

ISABELLA Hark how I’ll bribe you: good my lord, turn back.
ANGELO How? Bribe me?
ISABELLA Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you.
LUCIO You[174] had marred all else. ***Aside to Isabella***
ISABELLA Not with fond[175] sicles of the tested gold,
Or stones[176] whose rates are either rich or poor
As fancy[177] values them, but with true prayers
That shall be up at heaven and enter there
Ere sunrise, prayers from preservèd[179] souls,
From fasting maids[180] whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.[181]
ANGELO Well, come to me tomorrow.
LUCIO Go to, ’tis well; away! ***Aside to Isabella***
ISABELLA Heaven keep your honour safe.
ANGELO Amen. ***Aside***
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.[187]
ISABELLA At what hour tomorrow
Shall I attend your lordship?
ANGELO At any time ’fore noon.
ISABELLA ’Save[191] your honour!
[Exeunt Isabella, Lucio and Provost]
ANGELO From thee, even from thy virtue.
What’s this? What’s this? Is this her fault or mine?
The tempter or the tempted, who sins most? Ha?
Not she — nor doth she tempt — but it is I
That, lying by the violet[196] in the sun,
Do as the carrion[197] does, not as the flower,
Corrupt[198] with virtuous season. Can it be
That modesty[199] may more betray our sense
Than woman’s lightness?[200] Having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary[201]
And pitch[202] our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou? Or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully[204] for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live!

Thieves for their robbery have authority
When judges steal themselves. What, do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? What is’t I dream on?
O cunning enemy,[210] that to catch a saint
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour,[214] art and nature,
Once stir my temper,[215] but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite. Ever till now,
When men were fond,[217] I smiled and wondered how.

Exit

Act 2 Scene 3

running scene 6

Enter [separately] Duke [disguised as a friar] and Provost

DUKE Hail to you, provost — so[1] I think you are.
PROVOST I am the provost. What’s your will, good friar?
DUKE Bound[3] by my charity and my blest order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison. Do me the common right[5]
To let me see them and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.
PROVOST I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter Juliet

Look, here comes one: a gentlewoman of mine,[10]
Who, falling in the flaws[11] of her own youth,
Hath blistered her report.[12] She is with child,
And he that got[13] it, sentenced: a young man
More fit to do another such offence
Than die for this.
DUKE When must he die?
PROVOST As I do think, tomorrow.
I have provided for you, stay awhile, ***To Juliet***
And you shall be conducted.[19]
DUKE Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?
JULIET I do, and bear[21] the shame most patiently.
DUKE I’ll teach you how you shall arraign[22] your conscience
And try[23] your penitence, if it be sound
Or hollowly[24] put on.
JULIET I’ll gladly learn.
DUKE Love you the man that wronged you?
JULIET Yes, as I love the woman that wronged him.
DUKE So then it seems your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed?
JULIET Mutually.

DUKE Then was your sin of heavier[31] kind than his.
JULIET I do confess it, and repent it, father.
DUKE ’Tis meet so,[33] daughter, but lest you do repent
As that[34] the sin hath brought you to this shame,
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves,[35] not heaven,
Showing we would not spare heaven as we love it,
But as we[37] stand in fear—
JULIET I do repent me, as[38] it is an evil,
And take the shame with joy.
DUKE There rest.[40]
Your partner, as I hear, must die tomorrow,
And I am going with instruction[42] to him.
Grace go with you, *Benedicite*[43].
Exit
JULIET Must die tomorrow! O injurious[44] love,
That respites[45] me a life, whose very comfort
Is still[46] a dying horror!
PROVOST ’Tis[47] pity of him.
Exeunt

Act 2 Scene 4

running scene 7

Enter Angelo

ANGELO When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several[2] subjects. Heaven hath my empty words,
Whilst my invention,[3] hearing not my tongue,
Anchors[4] on Isabel: heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name,
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception.[7] The state whereon I studied
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown seared[9] and tedious: yea, my gravity,
Wherein — let no man hear me — I take pride,
Could I with boot[11] change for an idle plume
Which the air beats for vain.[12] O place, O form,
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,[13]
Wrench awe from fools and tie[14] the wiser souls
To thy false seeming? Blood,[15] thou art blood.
Let's[16] write good angel on the devil's horn —
'Tis[17] not the devil's crest.

Enter [a] Servant

How now? Who's there?

SERVANT One Isabel, a sister, desires access to you.

ANGELO Teach[19] her the way.

[Exit Servant]

O heavens,
Why does my blood thus muster to[20] my heart,
Making both it unable for itself,[21]
And dispossessing[22] all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throngs[24] with one that swoons,
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The general,[27] subject to a well-wished king,

Quit their own part[28] and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught[29] love
Must needs appear offence.

Enter Isabella

How now, fair maid?
ISABELLA I am come to know your pleasure.
ANGELO That[32] you might know it would much better please me ***Aside?***
Than to demand what ’tis.— Your brother cannot live.
ISABELLA Even so.[34] Heaven keep your honour. ***She starts to go***
ANGELO Yet may he live awhile, and it may be
As long as you or I: yet he must die.
ISABELLA Under your sentence?
ANGELO Yea.
ISABELLA When, I beseech you? That in his reprieve,[39]
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted[40]
That his soul sicken not.
ANGELO Ha! Fie, these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him that hath from[43] nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit[44]
Their saucy sweetness[45] that do coin heaven’s image
In stamps[46] that are forbid: ’tis all as easy
Falsely[47] to take away a life true made
As to put mettle[48] in restrainèd means
To make a false one.
ISABELLA ’Tis[50] set down so in heaven, but not in earth.
ANGELO Say you so? Then I shall pose you[51] quickly.
Which had you rather, that the most just law
Now took your brother’s life, or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness
As she that he hath stained?
ISABELLA Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.
ANGELO I talk not of your[58] soul. Our compelled sins
Stand more for number than for account.
ISABELLA How say you?
ANGELO Nay, I’ll not warrant[61] that, for I can speak

Against the thing I say. Answer to this:
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life.
Might there not be a charity in sin
To save this brother's life?
ISABELLA Please[67] you to do't,
I'll[68] take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.
ANGELO Pleased you to do't at peril of your soul,
Were equal poise[71] of sin and charity.
ISABELLA That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven let me bear it. You granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn[74] prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.[76]
ANGELO Nay, but hear me.
Your sense[78] pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or seem so crafty,[79] and that's not good.
ISABELLA Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously[81] to know I am no better.
ANGELO Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright
When it doth tax[83] itself, as these black masks
Proclaim an enshield[84] beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could, displayed. But mark[85] me,
To be receivèd[86] plain, I'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.
ISABELLA So.
ANGELO And his offence is so, as it appears,[89]
Accountant[90] to the law upon that pain.
ISABELLA True.
ANGELO Admit[92] no other way to save his life —
As I subscribe not[93] that, nor any other,
But in[94] the loss of question — that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desired of such a person,
Whose credit[96] with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles

Of the all-building[98] law, and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures[100] of your body
To this supposed,[101] or else to let him suffer:
What would you do?
ISABELLA As much for my poor brother as myself:
That is, were I under the terms[104] of death,
Th'impression[105] of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip[106] myself to death, as to a bed
That longing have been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.
ANGELO Then must your brother die.
ISABELLA And 'twere the cheaper way.
Better it were a brother died at once,
Than that a sister by redeeming him
Should die for ever.[113]
ANGELO Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
That you have slandered so?
ISABELLA Ignomy[116] in ransom and free pardon
Are of two houses. Lawful mercy
Is nothing kin[118] to foul redemption.
ANGELO You seemed of late to make the law a tyrant,
And rather proved the sliding[120] of your brother
A merriment[121] than a vice.
ISABELLA O pardon me, my lord, it oft falls out[122]
To have what we would[123] have, we speak not what we mean.
I something[124] do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.
ANGELO We are all frail.
ISABELLA Else[127] let my brother die,
If not a fedary,[128] but only he
Owe[129] and succeed thy weakness.
ANGELO Nay, women are frail too.
ISABELLA Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves,
Which are as[132] easy broke as they make forms.
Women? Help heaven![133] Men their creation mar

In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail,
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous[136] to false prints.
ANGELO I think it well.[137]
And from this testimony of your own sex —
Since I suppose[139] we are made to be no stronger
Than[140] faults may shake our frames — let me be bold.
I do arrest your words. Be that[141] you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none.[142]
If you be one, as you are well[143] expressed
By all external warrants, show it now,
By putting on the destined livery.[145]
ISABELLA I have no tongue but one.[146] Gentle my lord,
Let me entreat you speak[147] the former language.
ANGELO Plainly conceive[148] I love you.
ISABELLA My brother did love Juliet,
And you tell me that he shall die for't.
ANGELO He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.
ISABELLA I know your virtue hath a licence[152] in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on[154] others.
ANGELO Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.
ISABELLA Ha! Little honour to be much believed,
And most pernicious[158] purpose! Seeming, seeming!
I will proclaim[159] thee, Angelo, look for't.
Sign me a present[160] pardon for my brother,
Or with an outstretched[161] throat I'll tell the world aloud
What[162] man thou art.
ANGELO Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoiled name, th'austereness[164] of my life,
My vouch[165] against you, and my place i'th'state,
Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you shall stifle[167] in your own report
And smell of calumny.[168] I have begun,
And now I give my sensual[169] race the rein:

Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite,
Lay by[171] all nicety and prolixious blushes
That banish[172] what they sue for. Redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will,
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness[175] shall his death draw out
To ling'ring sufferance.[176] Answer me tomorrow,
Or, by the affection[177] that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can; my false o'erweighs your true.

Exit

ISABELLA To whom should I complain? Did I[180] tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof,[183]
Bidding the law make curtsy[184] to their will,
Hooking both right and wrong to th'appetite,
To follow as it draws![186] I'll to my brother.
Though he hath fallen by prompture[187] of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour
That, had he twenty heads to tender down[189]
On twenty bloody blocks,[190] he'd yield them up
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorred pollution.
Then Isabel, live chaste, and brother, die;
More[194] than our brother is our chastity.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit[196] his mind to death, for his soul's rest.

Exit

Act 3 Scene 1

running scene 8

Enter Duke [disguised], Claudio and Provost

DUKE So then you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?

CLAUDIO The miserable have no other medicine
But only hope:
I've hope to live, and am prepared to die.

DUKE Be absolute[5] for death: either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep. A breath thou art,
Servile[9] to all the skyey influences
That dost this habitation[10] where thou keep'st
Hourly afflict. Merely,[11] thou art death's fool,
For[12] him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not noble,
For all th'accommodations[14] that thou bear'st
Are[15] nursed by baseness. Thou'rt by no means valiant,
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork[16]
Of a poor worm.[17] Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st,[18] yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more.[19] Thou art not thyself,
For thou exists on many a thousand grains
That issue[21] out of dust. Happy thou art not,
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not certain,[23]
For thy complexion[24] shifts to strange effects
After[25] the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor,
For like an ass, whose back with ingots[26] bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none,
For thine own bowels[29] which do call thee sire,
The mere[30] effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo[31] and the rheum

For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor[32] youth, nor age,
But as it were an after-dinner’s[33] sleep
Dreaming on both, for all thy blessèd youth
Becomes as agèd,[35] and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld.[36] And when thou art old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb,[37] nor beauty
To make thy riches pleasant. What’s yet in this
That bears[39] the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths; yet death we fear,
That makes[41] these odds all even.
CLAUDIO I humbly thank you.
To sue[43] to live, I find I seek to die,
And, seeking death, find life. Let it[44] come on.
ISABELLA What, ho! Peace here, grace and good company. ***Within***
PROVOST Who’s there? Come in. The wish[46] deserves a welcome.
DUKE Dear sir, ere long I’ll visit you again. ***To Claudio***
CLAUDIO Most holy sir, I thank you.
Enter Isabella
ISABELLA My business is a word or two with Claudio.
PROVOST And very welcome. Look, signior, here’s your sister.
DUKE Provost, a word with you. ***Duke and Provost talk apart***
PROVOST As many as you please.
DUKE Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be concealed.
Provost and Duke withdraw and hide themselves
CLAUDIO Now, sister, what’s the comfort? ***Provost may exit***
ISABELLA Why,
As all comforts are: most good, most good indeed.
Lord Angelo, having affairs to[57] heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger;[59]
Therefore your best appointment[60] make with speed,
Tomorrow you set on.[61]
CLAUDIO Is there no remedy?
ISABELLA None, but such remedy as, to save a head,
To cleave[64] a heart in twain.
CLAUDIO But is there any?

ISABELLA Yes, brother, you may live;
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter[69] you till death.
CLAUDIO Perpetual durance?[70]
ISABELLA Ay, just,[71] perpetual durance, a restraint,
Though[72] all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determined scope.[73]
CLAUDIO But in what nature?[74]
ISABELLA In such a one as, you consenting to't,
Would bark[76] your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.
CLAUDIO Let me know the point.
ISABELLA O, I do fear thee, Claudio, and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous[80] life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect[81]
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense[83] of death is most in apprehension,
And the poor beetle that we tread upon
In corporal sufferance[85] finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.
CLAUDIO Why[87] give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution[88] fetch
From flow'ry tenderness?[89] If I must die,
I will encounter[90] darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.
ISABELLA There spake my brother: there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die.
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances.[95] This outward-sainted deputy,
Whose settled visage[96] and deliberate word
Nips youth i'th'head[97] and follies doth enew
As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil:
His filth within being cast,[99] he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.
CLAUDIO The prenzie[101] Angelo?

ISABELLA O, ’tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned’st body to invest[103] and cover
In prenzie guards![104] Dost thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity
Thou mightst be freed?
CLAUDIO O heavens, it cannot be.
ISABELLA Yes, he[108] would give’t thee, from this rank offence,
So to offend him still. This night’s the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest tomorrow.
CLAUDIO Thou shalt not do’t.
ISABELLA O, were it but my life,
I’d throw it down for your deliverance[114]
As frankly[115] as a pin.
CLAUDIO Thanks, dear Isabel.
ISABELLA Be ready, Claudio, for your death tomorrow.
CLAUDIO Yes. Has he affections[118] in him,
That thus can make him bite[119] the law by th’nose,
When he would force[120] it? Sure it is no sin,
Or of the deadly seven, it is the least.
ISABELLA Which is the least?
CLAUDIO If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick[124]
Be perdurably fined?[125] O Isabel!
ISABELLA What says my brother?
CLAUDIO Death is a fearful thing.
ISABELLA And shamèd life a hateful.
CLAUDIO Ay, but to die, and go we know not where,
To lie in cold obstruction[130] and to rot,
This sensible warm motion[131] to become
A kneaded clod;[132] and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling[134] region of thick-ribbèd ice,
To be imprisoned in the viewless[135] winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent[137] world: or to be worse than worst

Of those that lawless and incertain[138] thought
Imagine howling — ’tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathèd worldly life
That age, ache, penury[141] and imprisonment
Can lay on nature[142] is a paradise
To[143] what we fear of death.

ISABELLA Alas, alas!

CLAUDIO Sweet sister, let me live.
What sin you do to save a brother’s life,
Nature[147] dispenses with the deed so far
That it becomes a virtue.

ISABELLA O you beast![149]
O faithless coward! O dishonest[150] wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man[151] out of my vice?
Is’t not a kind of incest to take life
From thine own sister’s shame? What should I think?
Heaven shield[154] my mother played my father fair,
For such a warpèd[155] slip of wilderness
Ne’er issued from his blood. Take my defiance![156]
Die, perish! Might but[157] my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.
I’ll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.

CLAUDIO Nay, hear me, Isabel.

ISABELLA O, fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin’s not accidental,[163] but a trade.
Mercy to thee would prove itself[164] a bawd,
’Tis best that thou diest quickly.

CLAUDIO O, hear me, Isabella! *The Duke comes forward*

DUKE Vouchsafe[167] a word, young sister, but one word.

ISABELLA What is your will?

DUKE Might you dispense[169] with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction[170] I would require is likewise your own benefit.

ISABELLA I have no superfluous leisure, my stay must be stolen out of other affairs, but I will attend[172] you awhile. *She walks apart*

DUKE Son, I have overheard what hath passed between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose[174] to corrupt her; only he hath made an assay of her virtue to practise[175] his judgement with the disposition of natures. She, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious[176] denial which he is most glad to receive. I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true. Therefore prepare yourself to[178] death: do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible. Tomorrow you must die, go to your knees and make ready.

CLAUDIO Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life that I will sue to be rid of it.

DUKE Hold you there.[182] Farewell.

[Exit Claudio]

Provost, a word with you. ***Provost enters or comes forward***

PROVOST What's your will, father?

DUKE That now you are come, you will be gone. Leave me awhile with the maid. My mind promises with my habit[186] no loss shall touch her by my company.

PROVOST In good time. ***Isabella comes forward***

Exit

DUKE The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good: the goodness[188] that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace,[189] being the soul of your complexion,[190] shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath conveyed to my understanding; and, but that frailty[191] hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute,[193] and to save your brother?

ISABELLA I am now going to resolve[194] him. I had rather my brother die by the law than my son should be unlawfully born. But, O, how much is the good duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.[197]

DUKE That shall not be much amiss. Yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid[198] your accusation: he made trial of you only. Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings:[200] to the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe that you may most uprighteously[201] do a poor wronged lady a merited[202] benefit, redeem your brother from the angry law, do no stain to your own gracious person, and much please the absent duke, if peradventure[203] he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

ISABELLA Let me hear you speak further. I have spirit[205] to do anything that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.[206]

DUKE Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick, the great soldier who miscarried[208] at sea?

ISABELLA I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

DUKE She should this Angelo have married, was affianced[210] to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed:[211] between which time of the contract and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily[213] this befell to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural:[215] with him, the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry: with both, her combinate[216] husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

ISABELLA Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

DUKE Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort, swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour:[219] in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet[220] wears for his sake: and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

ISABELLA What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world? What corruption in this life that it will let this man live! But how out of this can she avail?[224]

DUKE It is a rupture that you may easily heal, and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

ISABELLA Show me how, good father.

DUKE This forenamed maid hath yet in her the continuance[228] of her first affection: his unjust unkindness — that in all reason should have quenched her love — hath, like an impediment[230] in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo, answer his requiring[231] with a plausible obedience, agree with his demands to the point.[232] Only refer yourself to this advantage: first, that your stay with him may not be long, that the time may have all shadow and silence in it, and the place answer to convenience.[234] This being granted in course, and now follows all: we shall advise this wronged maid to stead up[235] your appointment, go in your place. If the encounter[236] acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense; and here, by this is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled.[238] The maid will I frame[239] and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness[240] of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

ISABELLA The image[241] of it gives me content already, and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.[242]

DUKE It lies much in your holding up.[243] Haste you speedily to Angelo: if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to Saint Luke’s, there at the moated grange[245] resides this dejected Mariana. At that place call upon me, and dispatch[246] with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

ISABELLA I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father.

Exit

Enter Elbow [and] Officers [with Pompey, the] Clown

ELBOW Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown[249] and white bastard.

DUKE O heavens, what stuff[251] is here?

POMPEY ’Twas[252] never merry world since of two usuries the merriest was put down, and the worser allowed by order of law a furred gown to keep him warm; and furred with fox[254] and lamb-skins too, to signify that craft, being richer than innocency, stands[255] for the facing.

ELBOW Come your way, sir. Bless you, good father friar.

DUKE And you, good brother father.[257] What offence hath this man made you, sir?

ELBOW Marry, sir, he hath offended the law; and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir, for we have found upon him, sir, a strange picklock,[259] which we have sent to the deputy.

DUKE Fie, sirrah,[261] a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live. Do thou but think
What ’tis to cram a maw[264] or clothe a back
From such a filthy vice. Say to thyself,
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array[267] myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending?[269] Go mend, go mend.

POMPEY Indeed, it does stink in some sort,[270] sir, but yet, sir, I would prove—

DUKE Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs[271] for sin, Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer: Correction[273] and instruction must both work Ere this rude[274] beast will profit.

ELBOW He must before[275] the deputy, sir, he has given him warning. The deputy cannot abide a whoremaster. If he[276] be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

DUKE That[278] we were all, as some would seem to be, Free[279] from our faults, as faults from seeming free!

Enter Lucio

ELBOW His neck will come to[280] your waist — a cord, sir.

POMPEY I spy comfort, I cry[281] bail. Here’s a gentleman and a friend of mine.

LUCIO How now, noble Pompey? What, at the wheels of Caesar? Art thou led in triumph?[282] What, is there none of Pygmalion’s[283] images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting[284] the hand in the pocket and extracting clutched? What reply, ha? What sayest thou to this tune, matter and method? Is’t not drowned i’th’last rain,[286] ha? What sayest thou, Trot? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad,[287] and few words? Or how? The trick of it?

DUKE Still thus,[288] and thus, still worse!

LUCIO How doth my dear morsel,[289] thy mistress? Procures she still, ha?

POMPEY Troth,[290] sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

LUCIO Why, ’tis good: it is the right of it,[291] it must be so. Ever your fresh whore and your powdered[292] bawd, an unshunned consequence, it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

POMPEY Yes, faith, sir.

LUCIO Why, ’tis not amiss,[295] Pompey. Farewell: go, say I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? Or how?

ELBOW For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

LUCIO Well, then, imprison him. If imprisonment be the due[298] of a bawd, why, ’tis his right. Bawd is he doubtless, and of antiquity[299] too, bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey. Commend me to the prison, Pompey: you will turn good husband[300] now, Pompey, you will keep the house.

POMPEY I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

LUCIO No, indeed, will I not, Pompey, it is not the wear.[303] I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage.[304] If you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey.— Bless you, friar.

DUKE And you.

LUCIO Does Bridget paint[307] still, Pompey, ha?

ELBOW Come your ways, sir, come.

POMPEY You will not bail me, then, sir? ***To Lucio***

LUCIO Then, Pompey, nor now. What news abroad,[310] friar? What news?

ELBOW Come your ways, sir, come.

LUCIO Go to kennel,[312] Pompey, go.

[Exeunt Elbow, Pompey and Officers]

What news, friar, of the duke?

DUKE I know none. Can you tell me of any?

LUCIO Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia. Other some,[315] he is in Rome. But where is he, think you?

DUKE I know not where: but wheresoever, I wish him well.

LUCIO It was a mad fantastical trick[318] of him to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence: he puts transgression to’t.[319]

DUKE He does well in’t.

LUCIO A little more lenity[322] to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed[323] that way, friar.

DUKE It is too general[324] a vice, and severity must cure it.

LUCIO Yes, in good sooth,[325] the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied, but it is impossible to extirp[326] it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say this Angelo was not made by man and woman after this downright[327] way of creation. Is it true, think you?

DUKE How should he be made, then?

LUCIO Some report a sea-maid[330] spawned him. Some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes.[331] But it is certain that when he makes water his urine is congealed ice, that I know to be true: and he is a motion generative,[332] that’s infallible.

DUKE You are pleasant,[333] sir, and speak apace.

LUCIO Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a codpiece[334] to take away the life of a man. Would the duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hanged a man for the getting[336] a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a[337] thousand. He had some feeling of the sport, he knew the service,[338] and that instructed him to mercy.

DUKE I never heard the absent duke much detected for women,[339] he was not inclined that way.

LUCIO O sir, you are deceived.

DUKE ’Tis not possible.

LUCIO Who, not the duke? Yes, your beggar of fifty,[343] and his use was to put a ducat in her clack-dish;[344] the duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too, that let me inform you.

DUKE You do him wrong, surely.

LUCIO Sir, I was an inward[347] of his. A shy fellow was the duke, and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing.[348]

DUKE What, I prithee, might be the cause?

LUCIO No, pardon. ’Tis a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand, the greater[351] file of the subject held the duke to be wise.

DUKE Wise? Why, no question but he was.

LUCIO A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing[354] fellow.

DUKE Either this is the envy[355] in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life and the business he hath helmed[356] must upon a warranted need give him a better proclamation.[357] Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings-forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman and a soldier: therefore you speak unskilfully,[359] or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darkened in your malice.

LUCIO Sir, I know him, and I love him.

DUKE Love[361] talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

LUCIO Come, sir, I know what I know.

DUKE I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But if ever the duke return — as our prayers are he may — let me desire you to make your answer[364] before him. If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain[365] it; I am bound to call upon you — and, I pray you, your name?

LUCIO Sir, my name is Lucio, well known to the duke.

DUKE He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

LUCIO I fear you not.

DUKE O, you hope the duke will return no more, or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite.[370] But indeed I can do you little harm. You’ll forswear[371] this again?[372]

LUCIO I’ll be hanged first. Thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if Claudio die tomorrow or no?

DUKE Why should he die, sir?

LUCIO Why? For filling[376] a bottle with a tundish. I would the duke we talk of were returned again. This ungenitured[377] agent will unpeople the province with continency.[378] Sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds[379] darkly answered, he would never bring them to light. Would he were returned! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing.[381] Farewell, good friar. I prithee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays.[382] He's now past it, yet and I say to thee, he would mouth with[383] a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic. Say that I said so. Farewell.

Exit

DUKE No might nor greatness in mortality Can censure 'scape.[386] Back-wounding calumny The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong Can tie the gall[388] up in the sland'rous tongue? But who comes here?

Enter Escalus, Provost and [Officers with] Bawd [Mistress Overdone]

ESCALUS Go, away with her to prison.

MISTRESS OVERDONE Good my lord, be good to me: your honour is accounted a merciful man, good my lord.

ESCALUS Double[393] and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind? This would make mercy swear[394] and play the tyrant.

PROVOST A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honour.

MISTRESS OVERDONE My lord, this is one Lucio's information[396] against me. Mistress Kate Keepdown[397] was with child by him in the duke's time, he promised her marriage. His child is a year and a quarter old come Philip and Jacob.[398] I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me!

ESCALUS That fellow is a fellow of much licence.[400] Let him be called before us. Away with her to prison. Go to, no more words. [*Exeunt Officers with Mistress Overdone*] Provost, my brother[402] Angelo will not be altered: Claudio must die tomorrow. Let him be furnished with divines,[403] and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought[404] by my pity, it should not be so with him.

PROVOST So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for th'entertainment[406] of death.

ESCALUS Good even, good father.

DUKE Bliss and goodness on you!

ESCALUS Of whence are you?[409]

DUKE Not of this country, though my chance[410] is now To use it for my time.[411] I am a brother Of gracious order, late come from the

See[412] In special business from his holiness.

ESCALUS What news abroad[414] i'th'world?

DUKE None, but that there is so[415] great a fever on goodness that the dissolution of it must cure it. Novelty is only in request,[416] and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course[417] as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies[418] secure, but security enough to make fellowships[419] accurst. Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

ESCALUS One that, above all other strifes,[422] contended especially to know himself.

DUKE What pleasure[423] was he given to?

ESCALUS Rather rejoicing to see another merry than merry at anything which professed to make him rejoice. A gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events,[426] with a prayer they may prove prosperous, and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand that you have lent him visitation.[427]

DUKE He professes to have received no sinister measure[429] from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination[430] of justice: yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction[431] of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life, which I by my good leisure[432] have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die.

ESCALUS You[433] have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have laboured for the poor gentleman to the extremest[434] shore of my modesty, but my brother justice have I found so severe that he hath forced me to tell him he is indeed Justice.[436]

DUKE If his own life answer the straitness[437] of his proceeding, it shall become him well: wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

ESCALUS I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you well.

DUKE Peace be with you.

[Exeunt Escalus and Provost]

He who the sword of heaven[441] will bear

Should be as holy as severe:
Pattern[443] in himself to know,
Grace to stand,[444] and virtue go,
More[445] nor less to others paying
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking.
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed[450] my vice and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness[453] made in crimes,
Making practice[454] on the times,
To draw[455] with idle spiders' strings
Most pond'rous and substantial things!
Craft[457] against vice I must apply.
With Angelo tonight shall lie
His old betrothèd[459] but despised,
So disguise[460] shall, by th'disguised,
Pay[461] with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting.[462]

Exit

Act 4 Scene 1[4.1]

running scene 9

Enter Mariana and [a] Boy, singing

BOY Take, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn,[2]
And those eyes, the[3] break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again, bring again,
Seals of love, but sealed in vain, sealed in vain.

Enter Duke [disguised as before]

MARIANA Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away:
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often stilled[9] my brawling discontent.

[Exit Boy]

I cry you mercy,[10] sir, and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical.
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
My[13] mirth it much displeased, but pleased my woe.

DUKE ’Tis good; though music oft hath such a charm[14]
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you tell me, hath anybody inquired for me here today?
Much upon[16] this time have I promised here to meet.

MARIANA You have not been inquired after: I have sat here all day.

Enter Isabella

DUKE I do constantly[19] believe you. The time is come even now. I shall crave your forbearance[20] a little, maybe I will call upon you anon for some advantage to yourself.

MARIANA I am always bound to you.

Exit

DUKE Very well met,[23] and well come.
What is the news from this good deputy?

ISABELLA He hath a garden circummured[25] with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard backed,
And to that vineyard is a planchèd[27] gate

That makes his opening[28] with this bigger key. ***Shows keys***
This other doth command[29] a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads.
There have I made my promise, upon the
Heavy[32] middle of the night to call upon him.

DUKE But shall you on your knowledge[33] find this way?

ISABELLA I have ta'en a due[34] and wary note upon't:
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action[36] all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o'er.

DUKE Are there no other tokens[38]
Between you 'greed[39] concerning her observance?

ISABELLA No, none, but only a repair[40] i'th'dark,
And that I have possessed[41] him my most stay
Can be but brief, for I have made him know
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon[44] me, whose persuasion is
I come about my brother.

DUKE 'Tis well borne up.[46]
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this.— What ho, within! Come forth!

Enter Mariana

I pray you be acquainted with this maid,
She comes to do you good.

ISABELLA I do desire the like.[51]

DUKE Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

MARIANA Good friar, I know you do, and have found it.[53]

DUKE Take, then, this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear.
I shall attend your leisure,[56] but make haste,
The vaporous night approaches.

MARIANA Will't please you walk aside?

Exit [Mariana with Isabella]

DUKE O place[59] and greatness! Millions of false eyes
Are stuck[60] upon thee: volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests[61]

Upon thy doings, thousand escapes[62] of wit
Make thee the father[63] of their idle dream
And rack[64] thee in their fancies.
Enter Mariana and Isabella
Welcome, how agreed?
ISABELLA She’ll take the enterprise upon her, father,
If you advise it.
DUKE It[68] is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.
ISABELLA Little[70] have you to say
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
‘Remember now my brother.’
MARIANA Fear me not.
DUKE Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all.
He is your husband on a pre-contract:[75]
To bring you thus together ’tis no sin,
Sith[77] that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish[78] the deceit. Come, let us go:
Our[79] corn’s to reap, for yet our tithe’s to sow.
Exeunt

Act 4 Scene 2[4.2]

running scene 10

Enter Provost and Clown [Pompey]

PROVOST Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a man's head?

POMPEY If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can. But if he be a married man, he's his wife's head,[3] and I can never cut off a woman's head.

PROVOST Come, sir, leave[4] me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. Tomorrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine. Here is in our prison a common[6] executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem[7] you from your gyves: if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment and your deliverance[8] with an unpitied whipping, for you have been a notorious bawd.

POMPEY Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd time[10] out of mind, but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

PROVOST What, ho, Abhorson![13] Where's Abhorson there?

Enter Abhorson

ABHORSON Do you call, sir?

PROVOST Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you tomorrow in your execution. If you think it meet,[16] compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you. If not, use him for the present and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation[17] with you: he hath been a bawd.

ABHORSON A bawd, sir? Fie upon him, he will discredit our mystery.[19]

PROVOST Go to, sir, you weigh equally:[20] a feather will turn the scale.

Exit

POMPEY Pray, sir, by your good favour[21] — for surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look[22] — do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

ABHORSON Ay, sir, a mystery.

POMPEY Painting,[24] sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery. But what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hanged, I cannot imagine.

ABHORSON Sir, it is a mystery.

POMPEY Proof?

ABHORSON Every true[30] man's apparel fits your thief—

POMPEY If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big[31] enough. If it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little[32] enough. So every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Enter Provost

PROVOST Are you agreed?

POMPEY Sir, I will serve him, for I do find your hangman is a more penitent[35] trade than your bawd: he[36] doth oftener ask forgiveness.

PROVOST You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe tomorrow, four o'clock.

ABHORSON Come on, bawd, I will instruct thee in my trade. Follow.

POMPEY I do desire to learn, sir, and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn,[40] you shall find me yare. For truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn.[41]

[Exeunt Pompey and Abhorson]

PROVOST Call hither Barnardine and Claudio.
The one has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though[44] he were my brother.

Enter Claudio

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death. ***Shows warrant***
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight tomorrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

CLAUDIO As fast locked up in sleep as guiltless labour[48]
When it lies starkly[49] in the traveller's bones.
He will not wake.

PROVOST Who can do good on[51] him?
Well, go, prepare yourself. But hark, what noise? ***Knocking within***
Heaven give your spirits comfort.— By and by.

[Exit Claudio]

I hope it is some pardon or reprieve
For the most gentle Claudio.

Enter Duke [disguised as before]
Welcome father.
DUKE The best and wholesom'st spirits of the night
Envelop you, good provost. Who called here of late?
PROVOST None, since the curfew[59] rung.
DUKE Not Isabel?
PROVOST No.
DUKE They will, then, ere't be long.
PROVOST What comfort is for Claudio?
DUKE There's some in hope.
PROVOST It is a bitter deputy.
DUKE Not so, not so: his life is paralleled[66]
Even[67] with the stroke and line of his great justice.
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself which he spurs on his power
To qualify[70] in others. Were he mealed with that
Which he corrects,[71] then were he tyrannous,
But this[72] being so, he's just. Now are they come.
[Exit Provost]
This is a gentle[73] provost: seldom when
The steelèd[74] jailer is the friend of men. ***Knocking within***
How now? What noise? That spirit's[75] possessed with haste
That wounds th'unsisting[76] postern with these strokes.
[Enter Provost]
PROVOST There he must stay until the officer
Arise to let him in. He[78] is called up.
DUKE Have you no countermand[79] for Claudio yet,
But he must die tomorrow?
PROVOST None, sir, none.
DUKE As near the dawning, Provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.
PROVOST Happily[84]
You something know, yet I believe there comes
No countermand, no such example[86] have we:
Besides, upon the very siege[87] of justice
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear

Professed the contrary.

Enter a Messenger

This is his lordship's man.

DUKE And here comes Claudio's pardon. ***Aside?***

MESSENGER My lord hath sent you this note, ***Gives a paper*** and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow, for, as I take it, it is almost day.

PROVOST I shall obey him.

[Exit Messenger]

DUKE This is his pardon, purchased[96] by such sin ***Aside***
For which the pardoner himself is in.
Hence[98] hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority.
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,[100]
That for the fault's love[101] is th'offender friended.—
Now, sir, what news?

PROVOST I told you. Lord Angelo, belike[103] thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted[104] putting-on, methinks strangely, for he hath not used it before.

DUKE Pray you let's hear.

PROVOST ***Reads the letter*** 'Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock, and in the afternoon Barnardine. For my better satisfaction,[108] let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly[109] performed with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver.[110] Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer[111] it at your peril.' What say you to this, sir?

DUKE What[112] is that Barnardine who is to be executed in th'afternoon?

PROVOST A Bohemian born, but here nursed up and bred, one that is a prisoner nine years old.[113]

DUKE How came it that the absent duke had not either delivered him to his liberty or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

PROVOST His friends still wrought[117] reprieves for him: and indeed, his fact, till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful[118] proof.

DUKE It is now apparent?

PROVOST Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

DUKE Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? How seems he to be touched?[121]

PROVOST A man that apprehends[122] death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep, careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come: insensible[123] of mortality and desperately mortal.

DUKE He wants[125] advice.

PROVOST He will hear none. He hath evermore[126] had the liberty of the prison. Give him leave to escape hence, he would not. Drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and showed him a seeming[129] warrant for it, it hath not moved him at all.

DUKE More of him anon. There is written in your brow, Provost, honesty and constancy. If I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles[131] me, but in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay[132] myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect,[134] I crave but four days' respite, for the which you are to do me both a present[135] and a dangerous courtesy.

PROVOST Pray, sir, in what?

DUKE In the delaying death.

PROVOST Alack, how may I do it, having the hour limited[138] and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make[139] my case as Claudio's, to cross[140] this in the smallest.

DUKE By the vow of mine order, I warrant[141] you, if my instructions may be your guide, let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

PROVOST Angelo hath seen them both and will discover the favour.[144]

DUKE O, death's a great disguiser, and you may add to it. Shave the head and tie[145] the beard and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared[146] before his death: you know the course[147] is common. If anything fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

PROVOST Pardon me, good father, it is against my oath.

DUKE Were you sworn to the duke or to the deputy?

PROVOST To him and to his substitutes.

DUKE You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch[153] the justice of your dealing?

PROVOST But what likelihood is in that?

DUKE Not a resemblance,[156] but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful that neither my coat,[157] integrity, nor persuasion can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. ***Shows a letter*** Look you, sir, here is the hand[158] and seal of the duke: you know the character,[159] I doubt not, and the signet is not strange[160] to you.

PROVOST I know them both.

DUKE The contents of this is the return of the duke; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure, where you shall find within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not, for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor,[165] perchance of the duke's death, perchance entering into some monastery, but by chance nothing[166] of what is writ. Look, th'unfolding star calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be; all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head. I will give him a present shrift[169] and advise him for a better place. Yet[170] you are amazed, but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away. It is almost clear dawn.

Exeunt

Act 4 Scene 3

running scene 10 continues

Enter Clown [Pompey]

POMPEY I am as well acquainted[1] here as I was in our house of profession: one would think it were Mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young Master Rash.[3] He's in for a commodity of brown paper and old[4] ginger, ninescore and seventeen pounds, of which he made five marks ready money. Marry, then ginger was not much in request, for the old women[5] were all dead. Then is there here one Master Caper,[6] at the suit of Master Three-pile[7] the mercer, for some four suits of peach-coloured satin, which now peaches[8] him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizzy and young Master Deep-vow and Master Copperspur[9] and Master Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger man, and young Drop-heir[10] that killed lusty Pudding, and Master Forthright the tilter, and brave[11] Master Shoe-tie the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabbed Pots, and I think forty more, all great doers[12] in our trade, and are now 'for the Lord's sake'.

Enter Abhorson

ABHORSON Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

POMPEY Master Barnardine! You must rise[15] and be hanged. Master Barnardine!

ABHORSON What ho, Barnardine!

BARNARDINE A pox[17] o'your throats! ***Within*** Who makes that noise there? What are you?

POMPEY Your friends, sir, the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to[18] rise and be put to death.

BARNARDINE Away, you rogue, away! ***Within*** I am sleepy.

ABHORSON Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

POMPEY Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

ABHORSON Go in to him and fetch him out.

POMPEY He is coming, sir, he is coming: I hear his straw[25] rustle.

Enter Barnardine

ABHORSON Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

POMPEY Very ready, sir.

BARNARDINE How now, Abhorson? What's the news with you?

ABHORSON Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap[29] into your prayers, for, look you, the warrant's come.

BARNARDINE You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted[31] for't.

POMPEY O, the better, sir, for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes[32] in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Enter Duke [disguised as before]

ABHORSON Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly father.[34] Do we jest now, think you?

DUKE Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you and pray with you.

BARNARDINE Friar, not I. I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets.[38] I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

DUKE O, sir, you must, and therefore I beseech you Look forward on the journey you shall go.

BARNARDINE I swear I will not die today for any man's persuasion.

DUKE But hear you[43]—

BARNARDINE Not a word. If you have anything to say to me, come to my ward,[44] for thence[45] will not I today.

Exit

Enter Provost

DUKE Unfit to live or die. O, gravel[46] heart!
After him, fellows, bring him to the block.

[Exeunt Abhorson and Pompey]

PROVOST Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

DUKE A creature unprepared, unmeet[49] for death,
And to transport him[50] in the mind he is
Were damnable.

PROVOST Here in the prison, father,

There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine,[54] a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years,[55] his beard and head
Just of his colour. What if we do omit[56]
This reprobate[57] till he were well inclined,
And satisfy the deputy with the visage[58]
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

DUKE O, 'tis an accident[60] that heaven provides!
Dispatch it[61] presently, the hour draws on
Prefixed[62] by Angelo. See this be done,
And sent according to command, whiles I
Persuade this rude[64] wretch willingly to die.

PROVOST This shall be done, good father, presently.
But Barnardine must die this afternoon.
And how shall we continue[67] Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come
If he were known alive?

DUKE Let this be done:
Put them in secret holds,[71] both Barnardine and Claudio.
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting[72]
To yonder generation,[73] you shall find
Your safety manifested.[74]

PROVOST I am your free dependant.[75]

DUKE Quick, dispatch, and send the head to Angelo.

Exit [Provost]

Now will I write letters to Angelo —
The provost, he shall bear them — whose contents
Shall witness to him I am near at home,
And that by great injunctions[80] I am bound
To enter publicly. Him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,[82]
A league[83] below the city, and from thence,
By cold gradation[84] and well-balanced form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Enter Provost [with Ragozine's head]

PROVOST Here is the head. I'll carry it myself.

DUKE Convenient is it. Make a swift return,
For I would commune[88] with you of such things
That want no ear but yours.
PROVOST I'll make all speed.
Exit
ISABELLA Peace, ho, be here!
Within
DUKE The tongue of Isabel. She's come to know
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither.
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of[95] despair,
When it is least expected.
Enter Isabella
ISABELLA Ho, by your leave!
DUKE Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.
ISABELLA The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?
DUKE He hath released him, Isabel — from the world.
His head is off and sent to Angelo.
ISABELLA Nay, but it is not so.
DUKE It is no other.
Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close[105] patience.
ISABELLA O, I will to him and pluck out his eyes!
DUKE You shall not be admitted to his sight.
ISABELLA Unhappy Claudio, wretched Isabel,
Injurious world, most damnèd Angelo!
DUKE This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot.
Forbear it[111] therefore, give your cause to heaven.
Mark what I say, which you shall find
By every syllable a faithful verity.[113]
The duke comes home tomorrow — nay, dry your eyes —
One of our convent, and his confessor,[115]
Gives me this instance.[116] Already he hath carried
Notice to Escalus and Angelo,
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can, pace[119] your wisdom

In that good path[120] that I would wish it go,
And you shall have your bosom on[121] this wretch,
Grace[122] of the duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.

ISABELLA I am directed by you.

DUKE This letter, then, to Friar Peter give, ***Gives a letter***
’Tis that he sent me of the duke’s return.
Say, by this token I desire his company
At Mariana’s house tonight. Her cause and yours
I’ll perfect him withal,[129] and he shall bring you
Before the duke, and to[130] the head of Angelo
Accuse him home and home.[131] For my poor self,
I am combinèd[132] by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you[133] with this letter:
Command these fretting waters[134] from your eyes
With a light heart; trust not my holy order
If I pervert[136] your course. Who’s here?

Enter Lucio

LUCIO Good even. Friar, where’s the provost?

DUKE Not within, sir.

LUCIO O, pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient. I am fain[140] to dine and sup with water and bran: I dare not for my head fill my belly. One fruitful[141] meal would set me to’t. But they say the duke will be here tomorrow. By my troth, Isabel, I loved thy brother. If the old fantastical[142] duke of dark corners[143] had been at home, he had lived.

[Exit Isabella]

DUKE Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholding[144] to your reports, but the best is, he[145] lives not in them.

LUCIO Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do. He’s a better woodman[146] than thou tak’st him for.

DUKE Well, you’ll answer this one day. ***Starts to go*** Fare ye well.

LUCIO Nay, tarry, I’ll go along with thee. I can tell thee pretty[149] tales of the duke.

DUKE You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true. If not true, none were enough.

LUCIO I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

DUKE Did you such a thing?

LUCIO Yes, marry, did I, but I was fain to forswear[154] it. They would else have married me to the rotten medlar.[155]

DUKE Sir, your company is fairer[156] than honest. Rest you well.

LUCIO By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end. If bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it. Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr,[158] I shall stick.

Exeunt

Act 4 Scene 4

running scene 11

Enter Angelo and Escalus

ESCALUS Every letter he hath writ hath disvouched[1] other.

ANGELO In most uneven[2] and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness. Pray heaven his wisdom[3] be not tainted. And why meet him at the gates and redeliver[4] our authorities there?

ESCALUS I guess not.

ANGELO And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions[7] in the street?

ESCALUS He shows his reason for that: to have a dispatch[8] of complaints and to deliver us from devices[9] hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

ANGELO Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaimed betimes[11] i'th'morn. I'll call you at your house. Give notice to such men of sort and suit[12] as are to meet him.

ESCALUS I shall, sir. Fare you well.

ANGELO Good night.

Exit [Escalus]

This deed unshapes[15] me quite, makes me unpregnant
And dull[16] to all proceedings. A deflowered maid,
And by an eminent body[17] that enforced
The law against it![18] But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim[19] against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue[20] me? Yet reason dares her no,
For my authority bears[21] of a credent bulk
That no particular scandal once can touch
But it confounds the breather.[23] He should have lived,
Save that his riotous[24] youth with dangerous sense
Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge
By[26] so receiving a dishonoured life
With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had lived!

Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right: we would, and we would not.

Exit

Act 4 Scene 5[4.5]

running scene 12

Enter Duke [in his own habit] and Friar Peter

DUKE These letters at fit time deliver me.[1] ***Gives letters***
The provost knows our purpose and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction[3]
And hold you ever[4] to our special drift,
Though sometimes you do blench[5] from this to that,
As cause doth minister.[6] Go call at Flavius' house,
And tell him where I stay. Give the like notice
To Valentius, Rowland, and to Crassus,
And bid them bring the trumpets[9] to the gate.
But send me Flavius first.

FRIAR PETER It shall be speeded[11] well.

[Exit]

Enter Varrius

DUKE I thank thee, Varrius, thou hast made good haste.
Come, we will walk. There's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle[14] Varrius.

Exeunt

Act 4 Scene 6[4.6]

running scene 13

Enter Isabella and Mariana

ISABELLA To speak so indirectly[1] I am loath.
I would say the truth, but to accuse him[2] so,
That is your part. Yet I am advised to do it,
He[4] says, to veil full purpose.
MARIANA Be ruled by him.
ISABELLA Besides, he tells me that if peradventure[6]
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange, for ’tis a physic[8]
That’s bitter[9] to sweet end.

Enter [Friar] Peter

MARIANA I would[10] Friar Peter—
ISABELLA O, peace, the friar is come.
FRIAR PETER Come, I have found you out a stand[12] most fit,
Where you may have such vantage on[13] the duke
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets sounded.
The generous and gravest citizens
Have hent[16] the gates, and very near upon
The duke is entering: therefore hence, away!

Exeunt

Act 5 Scene 1

running scene 14

Enter Duke [in his own habit], Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Escalus, Lucio, [and] Citizens, at several doors

DUKE My very worthy cousin,[1] fairly met! — ***To Angelo***
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you. ***To Escalus***

ANGELO and ESCALUS Happy return be to your royal grace!

DUKE Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We have made inquiry of you, and we hear
Such goodness of your justice that our soul
Cannot but yield[7] you forth to public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.[8]

ANGELO You make my bonds[9] still greater.

DUKE O, your desert speaks loud, and I should wrong it
To lock it in the wards[11] of covert bosom,
When it deserves with characters[12] of brass
A forted[13] residence ’gainst the tooth of time
And razure[14] of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the subject[15] see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain[16] proclaim
Favours[17] that keep within. Come, Escalus,
You must walk by us on our other hand,
And good supporters are you.

Enter [Friar] Peter and Isabella

FRIAR PETER Now is your time. Speak loud and kneel before him.

ISABELLA Justice, O royal duke! Vail your regard[21] ***Kneels***
Upon a wronged — I would fain[22] have said, a maid.
O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object
Till you have heard me in my true complaint
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!

DUKE Relate your wrongs: in what, by whom? Be brief.
Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice,
Reveal[29] yourself to him.

ISABELLA O worthy duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil.
Hear me yourself, for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believed,
Or wring[34] redress from you. Hear me, O, hear me here!
ANGELO My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm.
She hath been a suitor[36] to me for her brother
Cut off[37] by course of justice—
ISABELLA By course of justice!
ANGELO And she will speak most bitterly and strange.[39]
ISABELLA Most strange, but yet most truly will I speak.
That Angelo's forsworn,[41] is it not strange?
That Angelo's a murderer, is't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator,
Is it not strange and strange?
DUKE Nay, it is ten times strange.
ISABELLA It is not truer[47] he is Angelo
Than this is all as true as it is strange;
Nay, it is ten times true, for truth is truth
To[50] th'end of reck'ning.
DUKE Away with her. Poor soul,
She speaks this in[52] th'infirmity of sense.
ISABELLA O prince, I conjure[53] thee, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort[54] than this world,
That thou neglect me not with that opinion[55]
That I am touched[56] with madness. Make not impossible
That which but seems unlike. 'Tis not impossible
But one, the wicked'st caitiff[58] on the ground,
May seem as shy,[59] as grave, as just, as absolute
As Angelo: even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings,[61] caracts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain. Believe it, royal prince:
If he be less, he's nothing, but he's more,
Had I more name[64] for badness.
DUKE By mine honesty,

If she be mad — as I believe no other —
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,[67]
Such a dependency[68] of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.
ISABELLA O gracious duke,
Harp[71] not on that, nor do not banish reason
For inequality, but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear where it seems hid,
And hide[74] the false seems true.
DUKE Many that are not mad
Have, sure, more lack of reason. What would you say?
ISABELLA I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemned upon the act[78] of fornication
To lose his head, condemned by Angelo.
I, in probation[80] of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother, one Lucio
As then[82] the messenger—
LUCIO That's I, an't like your grace.
I came to her from Claudio, and desired her
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo
For her poor brother's pardon.
ISABELLA That's he indeed.
DUKE You were not bid to speak.
LUCIO No, my good lord,
Nor wished[90] to hold my peace.
DUKE I wish you now, then.
Pray you take note of it. And when you have
A business for yourself,[93] pray heaven you then
Be perfect.[94]
LUCIO I warrant[95] your honour.
DUKE The warrant's for yourself: take heed to't.
ISABELLA This gentleman told somewhat[97] of my tale—
LUCIO Right.
DUKE It may be right, but you are i'the wrong
To speak before your time.— Proceed.
ISABELLA I went

To this pernicious[102] caitiff deputy—
DUKE That's somewhat madly spoken.
ISABELLA Pardon it,
The phrase is to the matter.[105]
DUKE Mended[106] again. The matter: proceed.
ISABELLA In brief, to[107] set the needless process by —
How I persuaded,[108] how I prayed and kneeled,
How he refelled[109] me, and how I replied,
For this was of much length — the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible[113] intemperate lust
Release my brother. And after much debatement[114]
My sisterly remorse[115] confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him. But the[116] next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting,[117] he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.
DUKE This is most likely.[119]
ISABELLA O, that[120] it were as like as it is true!
DUKE By heaven, fond[121] wretch, thou know'st not what thou speak'st,
Or else thou art suborned[122] against his honour
In hateful practice.[123] First, his integrity
Stands without blemish. Next, it imports no reason[124]
That with such vehemency he should pursue[125]
Faults proper to himself. If he had so offended,
He would have weighed[127] thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off.[128] Someone hath set you on.
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.
ISABELLA And is this all?
Then, O you blessèd ministers[132] above,
Keep me in patience, and with ripened time
Unfold[134] the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance![135] Heaven shield your grace from woe,
As I, thus wronged, hence unbelievèd go! ***She starts to go***

DUKE I know you’d fain be gone. An officer!
To prison with her. Shall we thus permit ***Isabella is arrested***
A blasting[139] and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.[140]
Who knew of your intent and coming hither?
ISABELLA One that I would were here, Friar Lodowick.[142]
DUKE A ghostly[143] father, belike. Who knows that Lodowick?
LUCIO My lord, I know him, ’tis a meddling friar,
I do not like the man. Had he been lay,[145] my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace
In your retirement,[147] I had swinged him soundly.
DUKE Words against me? This’[148] a good friar, belike.
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute! Let this friar be found.
LUCIO But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar,
I saw them at the prison: a saucy[152] friar,
A very scurvy[153] fellow.
FRIAR PETER Blessèd be your royal grace.
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abused.[156] First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accused your substitute,
Who is as free from touch or soil[158] with her
As she from one ungot.[159]
DUKE We did believe no less.
Know you that Friar Lodowick that she speaks of?
FRIAR PETER I know him for a man divine and holy,
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,[163]
As he’s reported by this gentleman.
And on my trust a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches,[166] misreport your grace.
LUCIO My lord, most villainously,[167] believe it.
FRIAR PETER Well, he in time may come to clear himself,
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange[170] fever. Upon his mere request,
Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended ’gainst Lord Angelo, came I hither,

To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true and false, and what he with his oath
And all probation[175] will make up full clear,
Whensoever he's convented.[176] First, for this woman.
To justify[177] this worthy nobleman
So vulgarly[178] and personally accused,
Her shall you hear disprovèd to her eyes,[179]
Till she herself confess it.

DUKE Good friar, let's hear it.

[Exit Isabella, guarded]

Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo?
O heaven, the vanity[183] of wretched fools!
Give us some seats. Come, cousin Angelo,
In this I'll be impartial: be you judge
Of your own cause.

Enter Mariana [veiled] ***Seats brought in for Duke and Angelo***

Is this the witness, friar?
First, let her show her face, and after speak.

MARIANA Pardon, my lord, I will not show my face ***Kneels?***
Until my husband bid me.

DUKE What, are you married?

MARIANA No, my lord.

DUKE Are you a maid?

MARIANA No, my lord.

DUKE A widow, then?

MARIANA Neither, my lord.

DUKE Why, you are nothing then: neither maid, widow, nor wife?

LUCIO My lord, she may be a punk,[197] for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

DUKE Silence that fellow. I would he had some cause[199]
To prattle for himself.

LUCIO Well, my lord.

MARIANA My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married,
And I confess besides I am no maid.
I have known[204] my husband, yet my husband
Knows not that ever he knew me.

LUCIO He was drunk then, my lord, it can be no better.
DUKE For[207] the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too.
LUCIO Well, my lord.
DUKE This is no witness for Lord Angelo.
MARIANA Now I come to't, my lord.
She that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband,
And charges[213] him, my lord, with such a time
When I'll depose[214] I had him in mine arms
With all th'effect[215] of love.
ANGELO Charges she more[216] than me?
MARIANA Not that I know.
DUKE No? You say your husband.
MARIANA Why, just,[219] my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows he thinks that he knows Isabel's.
ANGELO This is a strange abuse.[222] Let's see thy face.
MARIANA My husband bids me, now I will unmask. ***Unveils***
This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once thou swor'st was worth the looking on:
This is the hand which, with a vowed contract,
Was fast belocked[227] in thine: this is the body
That took away the match[228] from Isabel,
And did supply[229] thee at thy garden-house
In[230] her imagined person.
DUKE Know you this woman?
LUCIO Carnally, she says.
DUKE Sirrah, no more!
LUCIO Enough, my lord.
ANGELO My lord, I must confess I know this woman,
And five years since there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt myself and her, which was broke off,
Partly for that her promised proportions[238]
Came short of composition,[239] but in chief
For that[240] her reputation was disvalued
In levity. Since which time of five years

I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.
MARIANA Noble prince, ***Kneels?***
As there comes light from heaven and words from breath,
As there is sense in truth and truth in virtue,
I am affianced this man’s wife as strongly
As words could make up vows. And, my good lord,
But Tuesday night last gone in’s garden-house
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees,
Or else forever be confixèd[252] here,
A marble monument!
ANGELO I did but smile[254] till now.
Now, good my lord, give me the scope[255] of justice,
My patience here is touched.[256] I do perceive
These poor informal[257] women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member[258]
That sets them on. Let me have way,[259] my lord,
To find this practice out.
DUKE Ay, with my heart
And punish them to your height of pleasure.
Thou foolish friar, and thou pernicious woman,
Compact[264] with her that’s gone, think’st thou thy oaths,
Though they would swear down[265] each particular saint,
Were testimonies against his worth and credit
That’s sealed in approbation?[267] You, Lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin, lend him your kind pains[268]
To find out this abuse, whence ’tis derived.
There is another friar that set them on,
Let him be sent for. ***Duke gets up and Escalus takes his seat***
FRIAR PETER Would he were here, my lord, for he indeed
Hath set the women on to this complaint.
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.
DUKE Go do it instantly.
[Exit Provost]

And you, my noble and well-warranted[277] cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,[278]
Do with your injuries as seems you best
In any chastisement.[280] I for a while
Will leave you, but stir not you[281] till you have
Well determined[282] upon these slanderers.

ESCALUS My lord, we'll do it throughly.[283]

Exit [Duke] Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that Friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

LUCIO *Cucullus*[286] *non facit monachum*: honest in nothing but in his clothes, and one that hath spoke most villainous speeches of the duke.

ESCALUS We shall entreat you to abide here till he come and enforce[288] them against him. We shall find this friar a notable[289] fellow.

LUCIO As any in Vienna, on my word.

ESCALUS Call that same Isabel here once again, I would speak with her. ***Exit an Attendant*** Pray you, my lord,***To Angelo*** give me leave to question, you shall see how I'll handle[292] her.

LUCIO Not better than he, by her own report.

ESCALUS Say you?[294]

LUCIO Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her privately,[295] she would sooner confess, perchance[296] publicly she'll be ashamed.

Enter Duke [in his friar's disguise], Provost, Isabella [and Officers]

ESCALUS I will go[297] darkly to work with her.

LUCIO That's the way, for women are light[298] at midnight.

ESCALUS Come on, mistress, here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

LUCIO My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of, here with the provost.

ESCALUS In very good time. Speak not you to him till we call upon you.

LUCIO Mum.[302]

ESCALUS Come, sir, did you set these women on to slander Lord Angelo? They have confessed you did.

DUKE 'Tis false.

ESCALUS How?[306] Know you where you are?

DUKE Respect[307] to your great place, and let the devil
Be sometime honoured[308] for his burning throne.
Where is the duke? ’Tis he should hear me speak.
ESCALUS The duke’s in us,[310] and we will hear you speak:
Look[311] you speak justly.
DUKE Boldly, at least. But, O, poor souls,
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
Good[313] night to your redress! Is the duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The duke’s unjust,
Thus to retort[316] your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain’s mouth
Which here you come to accuse.
LUCIO This is the rascal, this is he I spoke of.
ESCALUS Why, thou unreverend[320] and unhallowed friar,
Is’t not enough thou hast suborned these women
To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth[322]
And in the witness of his proper ear,[323]
To call him villain, and then to glance[324] from him
To th’duke himself, to tax[325] him with injustice?
Take him hence, to th’rack[326] with him! We’ll touse you
Joint by joint, but we will know his purpose.
What? Unjust?
DUKE Be not so hot.[329] The duke dare
No more stretch[330] this finger of mine than he
Dare rack his own. His subject am I not,
Nor here provincial.[332] My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble
Till it o’errun the stew:[335] laws for all faults,
But faults so countenanced[336] that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits[337] in a barber’s shop,
As much in[338] mock as mark.
ESCALUS Slander to th’state! Away with him to prison!
ANGELO What can you vouch against him, Signior Lucio?
Is this the man that you did tell us of?

LUCIO ’Tis he, my lord. Come hither, goodman[342] baldpate. Do you know me?

DUKE I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice. I met you at the prison, in the absence of the duke.

LUCIO O, did you so? And do you remember what you said of the duke?

DUKE Most notedly,[346] sir.

LUCIO Do you so, sir? And was the duke a fleshmonger,[347] a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

DUKE You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make[349] that my report: you indeed spoke so of him, and much more, much worse.

LUCIO O thou damnable fellow, did not I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches?

DUKE I protest I love the duke as I love myself.

ANGELO Hark, how the villain would close[353] now, after his treasonable abuses.

ESCALUS Such a fellow is not to be talked withal. Away with him to prison. Where is the provost? ***Provost lays hands the Duke*** Away with him to prison. Lay bolts[355] enough upon him. Let him speak no more. Away with those giglots[356] too, and with the other confederate on companion!

DUKE Stay, sir, stay awhile. ***To Provost***

ANGELO What, resists he? Help him, Lucio.

LUCIO Come, sir, come, sir, come, sir. Foh, sir! Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal, you must be hooded, must you? Show your knave’s visage, with a pox to you: show your sheep-biting[362] face, and be hanged an hour! ***Lucio pulls off the friar’s hood and discovers the Duke; all rise*** Will’t not off?

DUKE Thou art the first knave that e’er mad’st[363] a duke.—
First, provost, let me bail[364] these gentle three.—
Sneak not away, sir, for the friar and you ***To Lucio***
Must have a word anon.— Lay hold on him. ***Lucio is arrested***

LUCIO This may prove worse than hanging. ***Aside?***

DUKE What you have spoke I pardon. Sit you down, ***To Escalus***
We’ll borrow place[369] of him.—

Sir, by your leave. ***To Angelo, whose seat he takes***
Hast thou or[371] word or wit or impudence
That yet can do thee office?[372] If thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold[374] no longer out.
ANGELO O, my dread[375] lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernible,[377]
When I perceive your grace, like power divine,
Hath looked upon my passes.[379] Then, good prince,
No longer session[380] hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession:
Immediate sentence then and sequent[382] death
Is all the grace I beg.
DUKE Come hither, Mariana.—
Say: wast thou e'er contracted to this woman? ***To Angelo***
ANGELO I was, my lord.
DUKE Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.—
Do[387] you the office, friar, which consummate,
Return him here again.— Go with him, provost.
Exeunt [Angelo, Mariana, Friar Peter and Provost]
ESCALUS My lord, I am more amazed at his dishonour
Than at[391] the strangeness of it.
DUKE Come hither, Isabel.
Your friar is now your prince. As I was then
Advertising[394] and holy to your business,
Not changing[395] heart with habit, I am still
Attorneyed[396] at your service.
ISABELLA O give me pardon
That I, your vassal,[398] have employed and pained
Your unknown sovereignty.
DUKE You are pardoned, Isabel:
And now, dear maid, be you as free[401] to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart,
And you may marvel why I obscured[403] myself,
Labouring to save his life, and would not rather

Make rash remonstrance[405] of my hidden power
Than let him so be lost.[406] O most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity[407] of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brained[409] my purpose. But, peace be with him.
That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear. Make it your comfort,
So[412] happy is your brother.

ISABELLA I do, my lord.

Enter Angelo, Mariana, [Friar] Peter [and] Provost

DUKE For this new-married man approaching here,
Whose salt[415] imagination yet hath wronged
Your well defended honour, you must pardon
For Mariana's sake. But as he adjudged[417] your brother,
Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity and of promise-breach[419]
Thereon dependent for your brother's life,
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper[422] tongue,
'An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!'
Haste still[424] pays haste, and leisure answers leisure,
Like doth quit[425] like, and measure still for measure.
Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested,
Which, though[427] thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage.
We do condemn thee to the very block[428]
Where Claudio stooped to death, and with like haste.
Away with him!

MARIANA O my most gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock[432] me with a husband.

DUKE It is your husband mocked you with a husband.
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit, else[435] imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life
And choke your good to come. For[437] his possessions,
Although by confiscation they are ours,
We do instate[439] and widow you withal,

To buy you a better husband.
MARIANA O my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.
DUKE Never crave him, we are definitive.[443]
MARIANA Gentle my liege— ***Kneels***
DUKE You do but lose your labour.[445]
Away with him to death.— Now, sir, to you. ***To Lucio***
MARIANA O my good lord! Sweet Isabel, take my part,
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you all my life to do you service.
DUKE Against all sense[450] you do importune her.
Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,[451]
Her brother's ghost his pavèd bed[452] would break,
And take her hence in horror.
MARIANA Isabel,
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me,
Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all.
They say best men are moulded out of faults,
And for the most[458] become much more the better
For being a little bad: so may my husband.
O Isabel, will you not lend a knee?
DUKE He dies for Claudio's death.
ISABELLA Most bounteous sir,
Look, if it please you, on this man condemned, ***Kneels***
As if my brother lived. I partly think
A due sincerity governed his deeds,
Till he did look on me: since it is so,
Let him not die. My brother had but[467] justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died.
For Angelo,
His[470] act did not o'ertake his bad intent,
And must be buried but as an intent
That perished by the way. Thoughts are no subjects,[472]
Intents but merely thoughts.
MARIANA Merely, my lord.
DUKE Your suit's unprofitable.[475] Stand up, I say. ***They stand***

I have bethought me of another fault.
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?
PROVOST It was commanded so.
DUKE Had you a special warrant for the deed?
PROVOST No, my good lord, it was by private message.
DUKE For which I do discharge you of your office.
Give up your keys.
PROVOST Pardon me, noble lord,
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not,[485]
Yet did repent me after more advice,[486]
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserved[489] alive.
DUKE What’s he?
PROVOST His name is Barnardine.
DUKE I would thou hadst done so by Claudio.
Go fetch him hither, let me look upon him.
[Exit Provost]
ESCALUS I am sorry, one so learnèd and so wise
As you, Lord Angelo, have still[495] appeared,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood[496]
And lack of tempered[497] judgement afterward.
ANGELO I am sorry that such sorrow I procure,[498]
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart
That I crave death more willingly than mercy,
’Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.
Enter Provost, Barnardine, Claudio [muffled, and] Julietta
DUKE Which is that Barnardine?
PROVOST This, my lord.
DUKE There was a friar told me of this man.
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul
That apprehends[506] no further than this world,
And squar’st[507] thy life according. Thou’rt condemned,
But, for those earthly faults, I quit[508] them all,
And pray thee take this mercy to provide

For better times to come. Friar, advise him,
I leave him to your hand. What muffled[511] fellow’s that?

PROVOST This is another prisoner that I saved,
Who should have died when Claudio lost his head,
As like almost to Claudio as himself. ***Unmuffles Claudio***

DUKE If he be like your brother, for his sake ***To Isabella***
Is he pardoned. And, for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too. But fitter time for that.
By this Lord Angelo perceives he’s safe,
Methinks I see a quickening[520] in his eye.
Well, Angelo, your evil quits[521] you well:
Look[522] that you love your wife, her worth worth yours.
I find an apt remission[523] in myself.
And yet here’s one in place[524] I cannot pardon.
You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward, ***To Lucio***
One all of luxury,[526] an ass, a madman —
Wherein have I so deserved of you,
That you extol[528] me thus?

LUCIO ’Faith, my lord. I spoke it but according to the trick.[529] If you will hang me for it, you may, but I had rather it would please you I might be whipped.

DUKE Whipped first, sir, and hanged after.
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city:
If any woman wronged by this lewd fellow —
As I have heard him swear himself there’s one
Whom he begot with child — let her appear,
And he shall marry her. The nuptial finished,
Let him be whipped and hanged.

LUCIO I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a whore. Your highness said even now, I made you a duke. Good my lord, do not recompense me in making me a cuckold.[540]

DUKE Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive, and therewithal[542]
Remit[543] thy other forfeits. Take him to prison,
And see our pleasure herein executed.[544]

LUCIO Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death,[545] whipping,
and hanging.

DUKE Slandering a prince deserves it.

[Exeunt Officers with Lucio]

She, Claudio, that you wronged, look you restore.[547]
Joy to you, Mariana. Love her, Angelo:
I have confessed her[549] and I know her virtue.
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness,
There's more behind[551] that is more gratulate.
Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy,
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's,
Th'offence pardons itself. Dear Isabel,
I have a motion[557] much imports your good,
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours and what is yours is mine.
So, bring[560] us to our palace, where we'll show
What's yet behind,[561] that's meet you all should know.

[Exeunt]

Textual Notes

= First Folio text of 1623, the only authority for the play
2 = a correction introduced in the Second Folio text of 1632
d = a correction introduced by a later editor
D = stage direction
H = speech heading (i.e., speaker's name)

ist of parts *based on "Names of All the Actors" (reordered) at end of* F *text*

.1.74 relish *spelled* rallish in F **80 SD Exit** = F2. F *places SD after line 79*

.2.42 SH MISTRESS OVERDONE = Ed. F = *Bawd. (throughout)* **61 SH POMPEY** = Ed. F = *Clo. or Clow. (throughout)*

.3.18 morality = Ed. F = mortality

.4.11 and witless = F2. F = witlesse **22 fourteen** = F *Some eds emend to* nineteen **28 Becomes more** = Ed. F = More **46 in** = F. *Some eds emend to* me *or* it **50 me** = Ed. F *omits*

.5.2 SH FRANCISCA = Ed. F = *Nun* **58 giving-out** = F. *Some eds emend to* givings-out

.1.13 your = Ed. F = our

.2.75 back again = F2. F = againe **118 now** = F. *Some eds emend to* new *or* raw **121 ere** = Ed. F = here **135 ne'er** = F2 F = neuer

.4.9 seared = Ed. F = feard **53 or** = Ed. F = and **80 me be** = F2. F = be

.1.29 sire = Ed. F = fire **53 me…them** = Ed. F = them to hear me **72 Though** = Ed. F = Through **97 enew** = Ed. F = emmew **141 penury** = F2. F = periury **210 by oath** = F2. F = oath **267 eat**, **array** = Ed. F = eate away **279 Free from** = F2. F = From **361 dearer** = Ed. F = deare **382 now…yet** = F. *Some eds. emend to* not past it yet **412 See** = Ed. F = Sea **417 it** is = Ed. F = as it is

.1.23 well come = F. *Some eds emend to* welcome **61 quests** = F2. F = Quest

.2.35–6 = F. *Some eds assign the speech to Abhorson* **84 Happily** *Spelled* Happely *in* F **90** *Assigned to the Provost* = Ed. F *assigns to the Duke* lordship's = Ed. F = Lords **91** *Assigned to the Duke* = Ed. F *assigns to the Provost*

.3.10 Forthright = Ed. F = Forthlight **11 Shoe**-tie *Spelled* Shootie *in* F **73 yonder** = Ed. F = yond **115 convent** *Spelled* Couent *in* F

.4.4 redeliver = Ed. F = re-liuer

.5.6 Flavius' = Ed. F = Flavia's **8 Valentius** = Ed. F = Valencius

.1.14 me = Ed. F = we **187 her** = F2 F = your **438 confiscation** = F2. F = confutation **561 that's** = F2. F = that

Act 1 Scene 1

1.1a **List of parts: fantastic** extravagant, showy dresser/person with fanciful ideas **Provost** officer in charge of the arrest, custody, and punishment of offenders **Isabella** sometimes “Isabel” for sake of meter **Juliet** sometimes “Julietta” for sake of meter **bawd** pimp

1.1b ***Location:*** *with the exception of Act 4 scenes 1 and 5, the entire play is set in Vienna, moving between the duke’s palace, the street, the monastery, the nunnery, the prison, and, in the final scene, the city gates*

3 **properties** particulars, qualitites **unfold** explain

4 **seem…t’affect** make it appear that I loved/make it seem as if I wished to display

5 **put to know** obliged to acknowledge **science** knowledge

6 **that** i.e., knowledge of the properties of government **lists** limits

7 **strength** mental capacity

8 **But…work** unclear, possibly because certain words have been omitted accidentally; the general sense seems to be “other than to rely on the workings of your ability (**sufficiency**) and worth”

10 **institutions** customs/laws **terms** conditions/sessions of the law court

11 **pregnant** knowledgeable

12 **art and practice** learning and experience

14 **warp** deviate

16 **What…bear?** How do you think he will represent me? How will he perform as my substitute? **figure** duke’s stamp on a coin or seal

17 **special soul** inner conviction, particular consideration

18 **supply** occupy as a substitute

19 **terror** supreme authority, power to punish **dressed…love** furnished him with our ability to grant favors/invested him with our favor

20 **deputation** position as deputy **organs** instruments

23 **undergo** sustain **grace** favor **Angelo** from the word “angel,” a celestial being as well as a gold coin bearing the image of the Archangel Michael

27 **pleasure** wishes

29 **character** distinctive mark/personal trait/individual handwriting

30 **history** life story/record

31 **unfold** narrate/reveal **belongings** attributes

32 **Are…proper** do not belong to you exclusively (i.e., you have a duty to the public good to share your talents) **waste…thee** i.e., you cannot squander your virtues for purely personal ends or waste your personal efforts purely on cultivating your virtues

36 **of** from (i.e., in public service)

37 **Spirits** souls/temperaments **touched** created/put to the test or stamped, like coins

38 **But…issues** except to do fine deeds/except, like coins, to be refined and put into circulation

39 **scruple** tiny amount

40 **thrifty** frugal, economical **determines…use** appoints herself the privileges of a creditor, namely both gratitude for the loan and financial interest (use puns on the sense of "actively using nature's gifts")

42 **bend** direct

43 **my…advertise** instruct me

44 **Hold** wait a moment/be steadfast, or "take what I am about to offer you"

45 **remove** absence **at full** in every respect

46 **Mortality** (power to impose) the death penalty

48 **first in question** first under consideration/senior **secondary** deputy

51 **mettle** character/spirit; puns on "metal" (of a coin)

52 **figure** image

55 **leavened** carefully considered/matured (like dough left to rise)

57 **quick condition** urgent a nature

58 **prefers itself** takes precedence **unquestioned** unexamined

59 **needful value** necessary importance

60 **concernings** affairs **importune** urge

61 **look** expect

63 **th'hopeful** the promising

65 **leave** permission

66 **bring you something** accompany you a little

67 **admit** allow

68 **have…scruple** concern yourself with any doubt

70 **qualify** moderate

72 **privily** secretly

73 **stage me** publicly display myself

74 **do well** is fitting/politically appropriate/pleasing to the crowd

75 ***aves*** welcoming shouts

76 **safe discretion** sound judgment

77 **affect** cultivate, like

79 **Lead** may they lead you

82 **concerns…place** is important to me to establish the full extent of my position

88 **Touching** regarding

Act 1 Scene 2

1.2 **Lucio** from the Italian for “light” (bright/of loose morals)

1 **composition** settlement

2 **fall upon** attack

3 **peace…Hungary’s** plays on the notion of a “hungry peace,” during which jobless soldiers struggled to feed themselves

5 **sanctimonious** outwardly pious

6 **table** thin stone or wood slab inscribed with the Ten Commandments

8 **razed** erased

10 **from their functions** to desist from their occupations **put forth** set out

11 **meat** a meal **petition** entreaty

15 **metre** verse

16 **proportion** form

18 **controversy** refers to religious dispute over the nature of God’s **grace** (mercy), in particular the puritan–Catholic controversy over whether one’s soul was saved by one’s actions in life or by grace alone

20 **there…us** i.e., we are both cut from the same cloth

21 **lists** plain fabric edging

22 **three-piled piece** trebly thick, of high quality material/sufferer from hemorrhoids

23 **lief** willingly **kersey** plain, coarsely woven cloth **piled** luxuriously thick/bald (a symptom of syphilis)

24 **French velvet** fancy garment (plays on the fact that syphilis was known as the “French disease,” and syphilitic scars were sometimes covered with velvet patches) **feelingly** aptly/painfully

25 **painful feeling** conviction/pain caused by oral syphilitic ulcers

26 **confession** admission **begin…thee** toast your health, but remember not to drink after you (since the cup will be contaminated)

28 **done myself wrong** misrepresented myself/laid myself open to mockery

29 **tainted or free** infected or healthy **Overdone** her name implies that she is a worn-out prostitute (to “do” was slang for “to have sex”)

30 **Mitigation** i.e., one who relieves (mitigates) sexual desire

33 **Judge** guess

34 **dolours** lamentations/silver coins

36 **French crown** gold coin (plays on baldness caused by syphilis)

37 **figuring** calculating/imagining

39 **sound** healthy/echoingly resonant

40 **bones are hollow** brittle bones were a symptom of late syphilis **impiety** lust, sin

41 **profound** acute **sciatica** pain in the upper hip, thought to be a symptom of syphilis

45 **Marry** by the Virgin Mary

49 **after** despite

53 **precise** scrupulous

54 **draws…purpose** is relevant to the conversation we had on that topic

56 **proclamation** public declaration/legal prohibition

58 **sweat** sweating-sickness/induction of sweating as a treatment for syphilis

59 **custom-shrunk** lacking in customers **Pompey** his name has (ironic) connotations of “pomp and splendor”; Pompey the Great was a famous Roman general of the first century BC

61 **Yonder man** i.e., Claudio

62 **done** Pompey’s response puns on the sense of “had sex with”

65 **Groping…river** i.e., sex (literally, a reference to catching fish by hand)

peculiar privately owned, with play on female private parts

66 **maid** young unmarried woman/virgin (plays on the sense of “type of fish”)

70 **houses…suburbs** brothels, almost always situated in city suburbs

72 **stand for seed** like plants, remain unharvested so that they may generate another crop (**stand** plays on the sense of “have an erection” and **seed** on “semen”) **burgher** citizen

73 **put in** bid/interceded

74 **resort** regular visiting

78 **counsellors** advisers/lawyers

79 **tapster** waiter, barman

80 **worn…service** worked so long and hard in the business/become almost blind from syphilis through sexually servicing so many men

82 **Thomas** generic name for a **tapster**

Act 1 Scene 3

3 **evil disposition** malice

6 **down** immediately **weight** in full (literally, weighing rather than counting coins, in order to ensure their true value)

7 **The…heaven** according to the Bible (specifically Romans 9:15, in which God says “I will have mercy on him to whom I will show mercy”)

9 **Whence…restraint?** Why have you been arrested?

10 **liberty** freedom/sexual license

11 **surfeit** excess, overindulgence **fast** starvation/restraint

12 **scope** opportunity, freedom

14 **ravin…bane** eagerly devour their particular poison (ratsbane, usually arsenic oxide)

15 **thirsty** thirst-provoking (rat poison dehydrates rodents)

17 **creditors** i.e., those who would arrest him (for debt) **lief** willingly

foppery folly

18 **morality** wisdom

27 **looked after** vigilantly pursued, watched out for

28 **true contract** i.e., both parties declared their intention to marry, in the presence of witnesses

30 **fast** firmly

31 **Save** except **denunciation** official declaration

32 **outward** public/legal

33 **propagation of a dower** increase/production of a dowry

34 **friends** relatives/protectors

35 **meet** right

36 **made…us** made them into our allies

37 **mutual entertainment** love making

38 **character too gross** writing that is only too large, obvious

42 **glimpse of newness** brief dazzling of new power

43 **body public** state/populace

45 **that** so that

46 **straight** straight away

47 **in his place** inherent in his official position

48 **his…up** the pride of the man who occupies that position

49 **stagger in** am uncertain about

50 **Awakes me** revives (**me** is emphatic) **enrollèd** legally recorded

51 **unscoured** unpolished, rusty

52 **zodiacs** years

53 **them** i.e., the armor/laws **for a name** to gain a reputation

56 **tickle** precariously

60 **cloister** nunnery

61 **approbation** probationary period as a novice (one in the early stages of becoming a nun)

64 **To** with **assay** assault/test/tempt

66 **prone** ready/gentle, tractable, submissive **speechless dialect** silent communication (body language)

67 **move** affects/arouses **prosperous art** successful rhetorical skill

68 **discourse** rationality, understanding

70 **the like** others guilty of the same offense

71 **grievous imposition** serious accusation/penalty

72 **game of tick-tack** form of backgammon involving the placing of pegs in holes, hence a euphemism for sex

Act 1 Scene 4

1 **that thought** apparently the friar thinks that the duke wishes to conceal himself in the monastery as part of some amorous plan

2 **dribbling dart** random arrow (of Cupid)

3 **complete** whole, accomplished, perfect

4 **harbour** refuge

5 **wrinkled** i.e., mature

9 **removed** secluded

10 **in idle price** at little worth **assemblies** large social gatherings

11 **cost** extravagance **witless bravery keeps** foolish bravado is to be found

13 **stricture** severity, self-restraint

16 **strewed** spread

18 **demand** ask

21 **bits and curbs** parts of harnesses used to control horses **weeds** people who are of no use in society (some editors emend to “steeds” so as to maintain the equine imagery)

22 **let slip** unloosed/allowed to go unchecked

23 **o’ergrown** old/fat and inactive

24 **fond** foolish/doting

25 **twigs of birch** used for beating disobedient children

27 **rod** cane

29 **Dead…dead** not being enforced, have become redundant

30 **liberty…nose** freedom/license contemptuously mocks the law

31 **athwart** in the wrong direction

32 **decorum** propriety, social order

35 **dreadful** awe-inspiring/terrible

38 **Sith** since

39 **gall** vex, harass

41 **permissive pass** authorization

43 **office** role/responsibility

44 **in th’ambush** under the cover or authority of **home** to the center of the target

45 **my…slander** not incite hatred toward me

46 **sway** power, influence

47 **brother…order** i.e., disguised as a Franciscan friar

48 **prince** i.e., Angelo, as the reigning authority

49 **habit** clothing/friar's outfit

50 **formally** outwardly **bear me** conduct myself

53 **precise** punctilious, morally strict

54 **at…with** on guard toward (fencing term) **envy** malice **scarce…stone** i.e., barely admits that he is human

57 **purpose** intention, attitude

Act 1 Scene 5

5 **votarists** those bound by religious vows **Saint Clare** religious order set up by Saint Clare in 1212, sworn to observe poverty and silence

10 **unsworn** have not yet taken a nun’s vows

12 **prioress** head of the nunnery

17 **cheek-roses** rosy/blushing cheeks

18 **stead** assist

20 **novice** one in the early stages of becoming a nun, yet to take her vows

21 **unhappy** miserable/unlucky

23 **rather for** more so because

25 **kindly** with brotherly affection

26 **weary** tedious

29 **thanks** gratitude/approval

30 **friend** lover

31 **your story** the subject of your mockery

33 **familiar** usual (plays on the sense of “overly intimate”)

34 **lapwing** plover (bird associated with amorous intrigue and deceit)

35 **Tongue…heart** i.e., my words contradicting my intentions **play** jest (with sexual connotations)

36 **enskied** in the skies, heavenly

37 **By your renouncement** because of your rejection of the material world (you are)

40 **You…me** in mocking/flattering me, you defame what is truly holy

41 **Fewness** in few words

42 **embraced** i.e., had sex

44 **seedness** act of sowing seeds **bare fallow** uncultivated land

45 **teeming foison** plentiful harvest

46 **Expresseth** reveals **tilth and husbandry** plowing and cultivation (with sexual connotations)

47 **cousin** relative/close friend

50 **vain…affection** silly though natural fondness

55 **Bore…hand** misleadingly kept many men, including me, waiting in

58 **giving-out** utterances

59 **true-meant design** real intentions **Upon** in

60 **line** scope

62 **snow-broth** melted snow
63 **wanton** uncontrolled/lascivious **motions** urges **sense** senses
64 **rebate** blunt (as of a weapon)/suppress **edge** blade/keen desire
65 **profits** improvements **fast** fasting
66 **use** (disreputable) habit
67 **hideous** frightening
69 **heavy sense** severe meaning
70 **Falls into forfeit** has to be given up
73 **grace** good fortune/favor
74 **pith** essence
77 **censured** condemned
82 **Assay** try
87 **sue** plead
88 **give** yield/offer
89 **petitions…them** requests are granted as fully as the maidens themselves would wish
94 **mother** mother superior, head of the nunnery
96 **Soon at night** early in the evening
97 **my success** the outcome of my attempts

Act 2 Scene 1

2 **fear** frighten

3 **custom** familiarity

6 **keen** shrewd/sharp **cut a little** i.e., proceed gradually (in the restriction of crime)

7 **fall** let fall (wide-ranging or heavy punishments) **bruise** crush

10 **strait** rigorous

11 **affections** emotions/desires

13 **that…purpose** if the determined acting out of your passion could have obtained the desired outcome (i.e., sex)

16 **Erred…which** made the mistake for which

20 **passing** delivering a verdict

21 **sworn twelve** the twelve members of a jury sworn in under a legal oath

22 **open made** made visible

23 **What** who

24 **pregnant** obvious (that)

28 **extenuate** lessen

29 **For** because

31 **judgement pattern out** sentence (on Claudio) act as a precedent for

32 **nothing…partial** let nothing intervene in my favor

35 **like** please

38 **prepared** i.e., for death (by confessing his sins and receiving the last rites)

39 **utmost…pilgrimage** limit of his life's journey

42 **run…ice** flee cracks in ice underfoot, or perhaps "get away with breaches of chastity," but Folio spelling "brakes" has led to uncertainty and editorial speculation **answer none** are not made responsible for their sins

43 **a fault alone** a single fault **Froth** connotations of empty-headedness and insubstantiality, perhaps also "head of ale" and conceivably suggestive of semen

45 **use…houses** engage in their vices in brothels

48 **poor duke's** duke's poor

49 **lean** rely (perhaps with a play on his name)

50 **benefactors** malapropism for "malefactors"

52 **precise** malapropism for "precious" (i.e., "out-and-out")

53 **void** devoid **profanation** either Elbow really means “reverence” or this is a malapropism for “profession”

55 **comes off well** is well spoken

56 **Go to** expression of dismissive impatience **quality** rank, position

58 **out at elbow** disconcerted/speechless/ragged

60 **parcel-bawd** part-time pimp **serves** works for/serves drinks to/serves sexually

61 **house** i.e., brothel **professes** makes a profession of/claims to run (perhaps playing on the sense of “makes vows to a religious order”)

62 **hot-house** bathhouse (effectively another brothel)

64 **detest** malapropism for “protest” (i.e., “declare”)

69 **pity…life** a great pity/bad thing for her/pity she should live **naughty** wicked

71 **cardinally** malapropism for “carnally”

72 **uncleanliness** moral impurity

73 **the woman’s means** Mistress Overdone’s doing (Elbow responds to the sense of “by her agent, Pompey”)

74 **his** i.e., Pompey’s

77 **varlets…honourable** Elbow gets his terms the wrong way round **varlets** knaves

78 **misplaces** misuses language, gets his word order mixed up

79 **saving…reverence** i.e., begging your pardon/if you will excuse my language

80 **stewed prunes** often available in brothels, they were used to treat syphilis, and here function as a euphemism for “scrotum”; stewed puns on “stews” (i.e., a brothel)

81 **distant** for “instant” or “present” **stood** plays on the sense of “were erect” **fruit-dish** euphemism for “vagina”

85 **not…pin** it is not worth a trifle (pin plays on the sense of “penis”) **point** with phallic connotations

90 **again** back

92 **stones** puns on the sense of “testicles”

96 **thing…of** i.e., syphilis **wot** know

101 **Come me** come (me is emphatic) **done** Pompey’s response plays on the sense of “had sex”

105 **look into** consider **fourscore pound** £80 (a good income)

106 **Hallowmas** November 1, All Saints' Day

107 **All-hallond eve** October 31, All Hallows' Eve (Halloween)

108 **lower chair** unclear; probably a low-slung seat, or easy chair

109 **Bunch of Grapes** the name of a tavern or room in a tavern

111 **open** public (with a fire)

113 **last…Russia** i.e., take a very long time

115 **cause** case

116 **cause** reason

119 **done** plays on the sexual sense

124 **mark** note

130 **supposed** malapropism for "deposed"(i.e., sworn) **book** i.e., the Bible

131 **if…harm** i.e., if his face is the worst thing about him, and is in fact harmless, how could any other part of him (i.e., his penis) be effective

134 **an it like** if it please **respected** malapropism for "suspected"

138 **respected** Elbow understands "suspected" (of having had sex)

140 **Justice or Iniquity** personified characters in morality plays

141 **caitiff** wretch, villain **Hannibal** probably a mistake for "cannibal"; Hannibal was a Carthaginian general who fought the Romans in the third century BC

144 **action of battery** lawsuit for assault, but a mistake for **slander** as Escalus notices

145 **took** gave

149 **discover** reveal **courses** way of life

152 **continue** Elbow seems to think this means "be punished" or "be restrained"

157 **an't** if it

163 **Overdone…last** she got the name Overdone from her last husband/she became sexually worn out after her ninth husband

165 **draw** corrupt/draw in/drag to execution/drain of money (plays on the sense of drawing ale from a barrel)

166 **hang them** caused them to be hanged/curse them

168 **tap-house** tavern **but** unless

175 **Pompey the Great** famous Roman general **beastliest** crudest/most brutish

176 **colour it in** conceal it

178 **would live** wants to earn a living

183 **geld and splay** castrate (the men) and spay (the women)

185 **to't** continue **take…knaves** find employment for whores and their clients

186 **fear** worry about

187 **pretty orders** considerable laws **but…hanging** exclusively beheading and hanging

190 **glad…heads** have to give an order for more people (**heads** may also play on "maidenheads"—i.e., young women) **hold** remains valid/is observed

191 **after** at the rate of **bay** room/space under a gable (i.e., extremely cheaply)

193 **requital of** repayment for

195 **beat…you** Julius **Caesar** defeated Pompey the Great at the battle of Pharsalia, in 48 BC

196 **shrewd** artful/severe **dealing** terms

199 **flesh…determine** my body and opportunity dictate

200 **carman** the driver of a cart **jade** worn-out horse

203 **place** position

205 **readiness** eagerness/speed

208 **pains** trouble **put…upon't** make you perform the task for so long/work you so hard

209 **ward** district of a city **sufficient** competent (enough)

210 **wit** intelligence

211 **go…all** carry out all the duties of my position

217 **Eleven…dinner** lunch was usually eaten before midday

223 **needful** necessary

224 **Mercy…woe** i.e., being merciful may in fact encourage further wrongdoing

Act 2 Scene 2

1 **He's** i.e., Angelo

4 **pleasure** intention

5 **He** i.e., Claudio **but as offended** only done wrong as if

6 **sects** types of people **smack** have a flavor of, partake in

12 **Lest** in case

13 **Under…correction** correct me if I am wrong

15 **Repented…doom** regretted the sentence he had imposed

16 **mine** my role/my problem

18 **you…spared** we will manage perfectly well without you/you will be spared the fear of error

20 **groaning** i.e., in labor

21 **hour** time to give birth

22 **Dispose of** make arrangements for

28 **sisterhood** order of nuns

31 **fornicatress** i.e., Juliet

33 **order** authorization

37 **suitor** petitioner, supplicant

44 **will…not** wanting and not wanting to

45 **matter** subject/point

47 **his…brother** let the evil deed be condemned rather than Claudio himself

49 **moving** persuasive

51 **every…done** i.e., all faults are wrong, by their very nature; therefore they must be condemned even before they can be committed

52 **the…function** a meaningless role

53 **fine** punish **fine…record** punishments are set down by the law

54 **by** unpunished

57 **Give't…so** do not give up so easily

59 **pin** i.e., worthless trifle

67 **would** wanted to

68 **what** whatever compassion belongs, is fitting

77 **deputed sword** sword of justice entrusted to rulers or their deputies as a symbol of office

78 **marshal** senior military officer **truncheon** military staff symbolizing command

79 **Become** suits **grace** virtue

81 **as you** in your position

85 **potency** power

87 **tell** assert

89 **vein** proper course to follow

90 **a forfeit of** subject to

93 **were** ever existed before Christ offered redemption

94 **he** i.e., God **vantage** opportunity (to condemn mankind for original sin)

99 **new made** i.e., reborn through Christian salvation, or through Christ's redemption of mankind

106 **kill…season** kill the birds when they are in the best condition to be eaten

107 **minister** attend to/supply

108 **gross** inferior/mortal **bethink you** consider

113 **Those…deed** the many people who have engaged in extramarital sex would not have done so if the first person to break the law had been punished

117 **glass** mirror/crystal

118 **now** now in existence **remissness new-conceived** moral laxity freshly contemplated (though not yet carried out)

119 **hatched and born** planned and executed

120 **successive degrees** further stages of development

121 **ere** before **end** die

125 **dismissed** overlooked/unpunished **gall** harm/vex

135 **Jove** in Roman mythology, king of the gods; his weapon was the thunderbolt **quiet** at peace

136 **pelting** paltry

139 **sharp…bolt** i.e., lightning

140 **unwedgeable** incapable of being split **oak** a tree that was sacred to Jove

141 **myrtle** evergreen shrub symbolic of love

142 **brief** temporal, earthly

143 **assured** confident about

144 **glassy** vain/fragile/translucent/reflected

145 **fantastic** illusory/grotesque/capricious/foolish

146 **with our spleens** if they had human spleens (thought to be the seat of laughter)

147 **laugh mortal** laugh themselves into being human/laugh themselves to death

149 **coming** coming round

151 **weigh…ourself** judge others by the same standards we employ for ourselves

152 **jest with** joke about/speak lightly of **wit** mental sharpness

153 **in…profanation** in inferior men it is blasphemy

155 **choleric** hot-tempered

156 **flat** downright

157 **avised** aware

158 **put** force

161 **skins** covers up, like a film of skin over an ulcer

164 **natural guiltiness** inherent tendency to sin/guilt over normal affections

165 **sound** declare

167 **sense** reason

168 **sense** senses/sexual impulses **breeds** grows (with connotations of pregnancy and, possibly, erection)

174 **You…else** i.e., a material bribe would have undone all your previous good work

175 **fond** foolish, trivial **sicles** shekels, silver coins **tested** genuine

176 **stones** jewels **rates** value

177 **fancy** whim, arbitrariness **true** faithful, constant

179 **preservèd** protected (in the nunnery)

180 **fasting maids** i.e., nuns **dedicate** dedicated

181 **temporal** worldly

187 **cross** are in conflict, thwart one another

191 **’Save** God save

196 **violet** flower associated with chastity

197 **carrion** dead, putrefying flesh

198 **Corrupt…season** rot under the wholesome sun (which causes violets to flourish)

199 **modesty** chastity

200 **lightness** promiscuity, lasciviousness **waste ground** wasteland

201 **raze the sanctuary** obliterate the holy places

202 **pitch** build

204 **foully** i.e., immorally/sexually

210 **enemy** i.e., the devil

214 **double vigour** twofold power, enhanced energy **art and nature** skills of seduction and inherent sexuality

215 **stir my temper** disturb my temperament/equilibrium, inflame my desire

217 **fond** infatuated/loving/foolish

Act 2 Scene 3

1 **so…are** the duke remembers that he is in disguise and, as a friar, would not know the provost

3 **Bound** obliged **blest order** religious order

5 **common right** right of a priest to visit condemned people/right of any citizen

10 **of mine** in my charge

11 **flaws** gusts of passion/faults/cracks

12 **blistered her report** tarnished her reputation

13 **got** conceived

19 **conducted** escorted

21 **bear** endure (plays on the sense of “bear a child”)

22 **arraign** interrogate

23 **try** test **if** to see whether **sound** genuine

24 **hollowly** insincerely

31 **heavier** more severe/more sorrowful/heavier with the weight of a baby

33 **meet so** proper that you do so **lest** in case

34 **As that** because

35 **toward ourselves** selfish

37 **we…fear** i.e., we tend to repent out of fear of God rather than love for him

38 **as** because

40 **There rest** maintain that attitude

42 **instruction** moral guidance

43 ***Benedicite*** bless you

44 **injurious** harmful

45 **respites** grants

46 **still** constantly

47 **’Tis…him** he is to be pitied

Act 2 Scene 4

2 **several** various

3 **invention** thoughts/imagination

4 **Anchors** fixes **heaven** probably substituted for “God” as a result of prohibition on naming the deity

7 **conception** thought/plan (perhaps with connotations of pregnancy) **state** affairs of government

9 **seared** dried up **gravity** authority/respectability

11 **boot** advantage **change** exchange **idle plume** frivolous feather (worn in hats)

12 **for vain** (in punishment) for vanity/to no purpose (plays on “weather vane”) **place** rank **form** ceremony, dignity

13 **case, thy habit** clothing/outward appearance

14 **tie…seeming** bind even the wiser people to a faith in the trappings of authority

15 **Blood** sexual desire/human frailty

16 **Let’s** even if we were to **angel** plays on Angelo’s name

17 **’Tis…crest** i.e., it would still not change the devil’s evil nature **crest** identifying feature on a coat of arms

19 **Teach** show

20 **muster to** rush to, collect in

21 **unable for itself** incapable

22 **dispossessing** depriving

24 **throngs** crowds

27 **general** people **well-wished** well-liked

28 **part** role **obsequious fondness** fawning foolishness/dutiful affection

29 **untaught** indecorous, ignorant

32 **That…’tis** I would rather you gave me what I desire than ask what it is (plays on the sexual connotations of **know** and **pleasure**)

34 **Even so** so be it

39 **reprieve** time before his execution

40 **fitted** prepared spiritually

43 **from…made** i.e., murdered a man

44 **remit** pardon

45 **saucy sweetness** lecherous pleasures **coin…forbid** i.e., forge illegitimate children in God’s image

46 **stamps** instruments for impressing images on coins

47 **Falsely** wrongly **true** legitimately

48 **mettle** substance/metal/semen **restrainèd means** forbidden moulds

50 **’Tis…earth** the sins of murder and conceiving illegitimate children may be judged equally sinful in heaven, but they are not by humans

51 **pose you** present you with a problem/question you

58 **Our…account** sins we commit out of necessity are recorded, but we are not made to pay for them

61 **warrant** guarantee

67 **Please** if it please

68 **I’ll…soul** I’ll risk the punishment of my soul (by saying)

71 **poise** balance

74 **morn** morning

76 **answer** responsibility

78 **sense** understanding/intention (plays on sense of “sensual inclination”)

ignorant unaware

79 **seem so crafty** are cunningly pretending to be so (some editors emend to “craftily”)

81 **But graciously** except with grace and humility

83 **tax** rebuke **masks** worn to shield the complexion from the sun (perhaps also with suggestion of nuns’ habits)

84 **enshield** concealed

85 **mark** pay attention to

86 **receivèd** understood **gross** bluntly

89 **appears** is evident/is set down (in law)

90 **Accountant** accountable **pain** penalty (of death)

92 **Admit** suppose

93 **subscribe not** agree to neither

94 **in…question** unclear; perhaps “for the sake of argument”

96 **credit** influence/reputation **great place** powerful position

98 **all-building** on which everything is founded (some editors emend to “all-binding”)

100 **treasures…body** i.e., virginity

101 **supposed** hypothetical man

104 **terms** sentence

105 **impression** marks **keen** biting/eager

106 **strip** whip/bare myself

113 **die for ever** i.e., suffer eternal damnation

116 **Ignomy…houses** shameful bargaining for pardon and unconditional release are entirely different matters

118 **nothing kin** unrelated

120 **sliding** sinfulness

121 **merriment** lighthearted matter

122 **oft falls out** often happens

123 **would** wish to

124 **something** somewhat

127 **Else** otherwise

128 **not a fedary** no accomplice

129 **Owe…weakness** owns and inherits the moral frailty that you speak of

132 **as…forms** can be destroyed as easily as they can reflect images

133 **Help heaven!** Heaven help them! **Men…them** men debase their inherent superiority by abusing women/men ruin women, who created them, by abusing them

136 **credulous…prints** susceptible to forged imprints (i.e., ready believers of male falsehood)

137 **think it well** agree

139 **suppose** propose

140 **Than…frames** than the weaknesses that we are prey to

141 **that** what

142 **none** not a woman (as you define one)

143 **well…warrants** clearly reveal yourself to be by your outward appearance

145 **livery** uniform (of womanly frailty)

146 **but one** i.e., a truthful one (two tongues would be deceitful)

147 **speak…language** use the plainer language employed earlier/return to the matters discussed previously

148 **conceive** understand (perhaps with sexual connotations)

152 **licence** freedom of authority (perhaps with play on sense of “licentiousness”)

154 **To pluck on** as a means of testing

158 **pernicious** destructive **Seeming** deceptive behavior

159 **proclaim** denounce
160 **present** immediate
161 **outstretched** wide open
162 **What** what kind of
164 **austereness** strictness
165 **vouch** testimony
167 **stifle** suffocate **report** story/reputation
168 **calumny** slander
169 **sensual…rein** allow my desires to run freely
171 **by** aside **prolixious** time-wasting
172 **banish…for** eliminate the very feelings they aim to arouse
175 **unkindness** cruelty/unnatural behavior/lack of sisterly feeling
176 **sufferance** torment
177 **affection** passion
180 **Did I** were I to
183 **approof** approval
184 **make curtsy** submit, bow
186 **draws** demands/leads
187 **prompture** urging **blood** sexual desire
189 **tender down** lay down in payment
190 **blocks** execution blocks
194 **More** worth more
196 **fit** prepare

Act 3 Scene 1

5 **absolute** resolved

9 **Servile** subject/obedient **skyey influences** planetary/meteorological influences

10 **habitation** world/dwelling/body **keep’st** reside

11 **Merely** entirely **fool** plaything/dupe

12 **For…still** you strive to flee death and yet are always running toward it

14 **accommodations** civilized comforts/clothing

15 **Are…baseness** spring from lowly origins

16 **fork** forked tongue

17 **worm** snake **of rest** way to rest

18 **provok’st** summon **grossly** excessively/foolishly

19 **no more** i.e., than sleep

21 **issue…dust** grow from the earth

23 **certain** consistent

24 **complexion** disposition **strange** new/unusual

25 **After** in accordance with/in imitation of

26 **ingots** gold bars

29 **bowels** i.e., children **sire** father

30 **mere effusion** very product **proper** own

31 **serpigo** spreading skin disease **rheum** catarrh/head cold

32 **nor** neither

33 **after-dinner’s** i.e., early afternoon

35 **as agèd** i.e., like an elderly beggar **alms Of** money from

36 **palsied eld** old age, afflicted by palsy (disease characterized by trembling)

37 **heat, affection, limb** passion, love, agility

39 **bears…of** is worthy of being called

41 **makes…even** i.e., levels all differences

43 **To sue** in pleading

44 **it** i.e., death

46 **wish** i.e., of **peace, grace, and good company**

57 **affairs to** business with

59 **leiger** resident ambassador

60 **appointment** preparation

61 **set on** begin (your journey)

64 **cleave** split **twain** two

69 **fetter** enchain

70 **Perpetual durance** life imprisonment

71 **just** exactly

72 **Though…had** even if you had freedom to roam the entire world

vastidity vastness

73 **determined scope** limited range

74 **in what nature** of what sort

76 **bark** strip **trunk** body/tree trunk

80 **feverous** feverish **entertain** cherish, harbor

81 **more respect** value more

83 **sense** fearful awareness **apprehension** anticipation

85 **corporal sufferance** physical pain

87 **Why…shame?** Why do you dishonor me in this way?

88 **resolution** strength of purpose **fetch** derive

89 **flow'ry tenderness** elaborately worded offers of comfort

90 **encounter** meet/engage with sexually

95 **In base appliances** through dishonorable remedies **outward-sainted** seemingly holy

96 **settled visage** fixed countenance **deliberate** carefully considered/calculating

97 **Nips youth i'th'head** grasps youth by the neck, like a bird of prey **enew** drive into the water, as a **falcon** does its victim

99 **cast** vomited up/cleansed by draining

101 **prenzie** unclear meaning; possibly an obscure heraldic term (the register of **livery, invest, guards**); perhaps a misprint for "precise" (puritanical), "priestly," or "princely" (meant ironically)

103 **invest** dress

104 **guards** trimmings on the front of a rich garment **Dost thou think** would you believe

108 **he…still** in exchange for this foul sin he would give you the freedom to continue breaking the law

114 **deliverance** release

115 **frankly** freely

118 **affections** lust

119 **bite…th'nose** i.e., mock, insult the law
120 **force** enforce (plays on the sense of "violate")
124 **trick** trifle/whim/sexual act
125 **perdurably fined** eternally punished
130 **obstruction** state of death
131 **sensible warm motion** feeling, living, body
132 **kneaded clod** compacted lump of earth **delighted** capable of delight
134 **thrilling** bitterly cold **region** separate part of the universe **thick-ribbèd** formed into ridges
135 **viewless** invisible
137 **pendent** hanging in space
138 **lawless and incertain** frenzied and uncertain
141 **penury** poverty
142 **nature** human nature, powers of endurance
143 **To** compared to
147 **Nature** human nature/nature itself **dispenses** pardons
149 **beast** i.e., creature lacking judgment or compassion
150 **dishonest** shameful
151 **made a man** given life or prosperity
154 **shield** ensure/forbid **played…fair** was faithful
155 **warpèd…wilderness** twisted seedling/offspring of licentiousness
156 **defiance** rejection/contempt
157 **but** merely **bending down** praying (on bended knees)
163 **accidental** a one-off event **trade** habitual practice
164 **prove itself** turn out to be
167 **Vouchsafe** permit
169 **dispense…leisure** give up your time **by and by** soon
170 **satisfaction** recompense **likewise…benefit** as much to your advantage as mine
172 **attend** wait for
174 **purpose** intention **only…assay** he has merely tested
175 **practise…natures** test his ability to judge personality
176 **gracious** virtuous
178 **to** for **satisfy your resolution** maintain your determination
182 **Hold you there** preserve that state of mind
186 **habit** friar's clothing (that) **touch** affect, harm

188 **goodness…goodness** if those who are beautiful do not value virtue, their beauty will not last

189 **grace** divine virtue

190 **complexion** disposition

191 **frailty…falling** there are other comparable examples of such wrongdoing

193 **substitute** deputy

194 **resolve** answer

197 **discover his government** reveal his conduct

198 **avoid** refute

200 **advisings** advice **I…believe** I am convinced

201 **uprighteously** uprightly, righteously

202 **merited** worthy/deserved

203 **peradventure** perhaps

205 **spirit** courage

206 **spirit** soul

208 **miscarried** hadan accident/died/went missing

210 **affianced** betrothed

211 **nuptial appointed** wedding arranged **contract** engagement **limit…solemnity** appointed time of the ceremony

213 **heavily** grievously **befell to** fell out for/affected

215 **natural** brotherly **sinew** mainstay

216 **combinate** betrothed

219 **dishonour** sexual misconduct **few** short **bestowed…lamentation** married her to her own grief

220 **yet** still

224 **avail** benefit

228 **continuance…affection** i.e., still loves Angelo

230 **impediment…current** obstacle in the flow of a river

231 **requiring** request **plausible** believable/ingratiating

232 **to the point** to the letter **refer…advantage** ask for these advantageous conditions

234 **answer to convenience** be opportune/suit your convenience **course** due course

235 **stead up** carry out

236 **encounter** meeting/sexual interaction **acknowledge** reveals **her recompense** redress

238 **scaled** weighed up

239 **frame** prepare **fit** ready **carry** manage

240 **doubleness** twofold nature **reproof** blame

241 **image** idea

242 **perfection** completion

243 **holding up** ability to maintain it

245 **moated grange** farmhouse surrounded by a moat

246 **dispatch** make arrangements

249 **brown…bastard** sweet Spanish wine (plays on the sense of “illegitimate mixed-race children”)

251 **stuff** nonsense

252 **’Twas…since** the world is not as enjoyable since **two usuries** i.e., money lending and prostitution **merriest** most enjoyable (prostitution)

254 **fox** fox fur (with connotations of cunning) **craft** deceit

255 **stands…facing** trims the outside of the garment/puts itself on show to the world

257 **brother father** “friar” means “brother,” so the duke is making fun of Elbow’s terms of address

259 **picklock** device for picking locks (here, those of chastity belts)

261 **sirrah** sir (contemptuous)

264 **maw** gullet/stomach

267 **array** dress

269 **So stinkingly depending** supported by such foulness **mend** reform your ways

270 **sort** way

271 **proofs** evidence

273 **Correction** punishment

274 **rude** barbarous

275 **before** go before

276 **he…errand** i.e., he would be better doing anything else than that

278 **That** if only

279 **Free…free** free from sin (as Angelo appears to be) and sin free from hypocrisy

280 **come to** resemble **cord** rope (Elbow imagines the noose being like the cord that friars wore around the **waist**)

281 **cry** call out for

282 **led in triumph** paraded in disgrace (in ancient Rome, following a triumph in war, prisoners were led behind the chariots of the victors)

283 **Pygmalion** a sculptor and King of Cyprus, he fell in love with an ivory statue he had made of his ideal woman

284 **putting…clutched** i.e., to be had for money **clutched** with a fist grasping money

286 **Is't…rain** i.e., lost (referring either to the old way of life or to Pompey's **reply**) **Trot** old hag, bawd **way** response/fashion

287 **sad…words** i.e., dejected **trick** manner

288 **thus, and thus** more and more/the same (nonsense)

289 **morsel** mouthful, tidbit

290 **Troth** in truth **eaten…beef** exhausted her supply of prostitutes/eaten all the supplies of salt beef **tub** sweating-tub used to treat venereal disease/pickling tub for curing beef

291 **right of it** the logical thing

292 **powdered** salted/heavily made up **unshunned** unavoidable

295 **amiss** wrong

298 **due** penalty

299 **of antiquity** of old **bawd-born** son of a bawd/born to be a bawd

300 **husband** housekeeper

303 **wear** fashion

304 **bondage** imprisonment **mettle** spirit (plays on the idea of the metal chains used to fetter prisoners)

307 **paint** wear makeup

310 **abroad** in the world

312 **kennel** doghouse/gutter

315 **Other some** others

318 **fantastical trick** fanciful whim **steal** steal away **usurp the beggary** take on a baseness

319 **puts transgression to't** i.e., punishes wrongdoers

322 **lenity** lenience

323 **crabbed** severe/harsh

324 **general** widespread

325 **sooth** truth **great kindred** large family **allied** connected

326 **extirp** eliminate **put down** stopped

327 **downright** straightforward

330 **sea-maid** mermaid

331 **stock-fishes** dried cod (plays on sense of “impotent penis”) **makes water** urinates

332 **motion generative** sexless puppet **infallible** certain

333 **pleasant** humorous/facetious **apace** rapidly/idly

334 **codpiece** cloth appendage worn by men at the front of the breeches (euphemism for “penis”)

336 **getting** conception

337 **a** of a **feeling** understanding **sport** i.e., sex

338 **service** i.e., sexual business

339 **detected for women** accused of lechery

343 **beggar of fifty** fifty-year-old beggarwoman **use** habit/sexual practice **ducat** gold coin

344 **clack-dish** beggar’s pot/vagina **crotchets** fanciful notions

347 **inward** intimate friend

348 **withdrawing** sudden departure

351 **greater…subject** majority of his subjects

354 **unweighing** undiscriminating

355 **envy** malice

356 **helmed** steered **warranted need** justified necessity

357 **proclamation** reputation **testimonied** judged **bringings-forth** achievements

359 **unskilfully** without justification/ignorantly

361 **Love…love** if you loved him you would know him better, and if you knew him better you would love him more

364 **make your answer** justify your comments

365 **maintain** defend

370 **unhurtful an opposite** weak an adversary

371 **forswear** deny

372 **again** on another occasion

376 **filling…tundish** i.e., having sex **tundish** funnel with a long stem (i.e., penis)

377 **ungenitured** sexless/impotent **agent** deputy, substitute **unpeople** depopulate

378 **continency** sexual abstinence **Sparrows…lecherous** sparrows were sacred to Venus and proverbially lascivious

379 **dark deeds** secret sexual acts **darkly answered** privately dealt with
381 **untrussing** undressing (specifically, untying hose from doublet)
382 **mutton on Fridays** i.e., break the ecclesiastical laws that forbade the eating of meat on Fridays (**mutton** puns on the sense of “prostitute”)
383 **mouth with** kiss brown **bread coarse** rye bread
386 **censure ’scape** escape condemnation
388 **gall** bile
393 **Double…kind?** (You have been) warned two or three times and still continue to do wrong?
394 **swear…tyrant** become so exasperated that it would become pitiless
396 **information** official legal complaint
397 **Keepdown** the name may imply sexual appetite and “lying down”
duke’s time under the rule of the duke
398 **Philip and Jacob** May 1, the day of Saint Philip and Saint James
400 **licence** immorality/lechery
402 **brother** colleague
403 **divines** clergyman
404 **wrought…pity** acted with the same amount of pity I feel
406 **entertainment** reception
409 **whence are you** where are you from
410 **chance** situation
411 **my time** the time being
412 **See** Holy See, Rome
414 **abroad** out
415 **so…it** (goodness) is so sick with worldly ills that it can cure itself only by dying
416 **in request** (exists only when it is) in demand/fashionable **aged** consistent
417 **course** course of action/mode of behavior
418 **societies** associations between people **security** overconfidence (plays on sense of “financial pledge guaranteeing a loan”)
419 **fellowships** partnerships (plays on sense of “trading corporations”)
422 **strifes** objectives/endeavors
423 **pleasure** enjoyments
426 **events** activities
427 **lent him visitation** paid him a visit

429 **sinister measure** unfair treatment

430 **determination** resolution, decision **framed to** devised for

431 **instruction** prompting

432 **good leisure** own time **discredited** shown to be false

433 **You…calling** you have fulfilled your divine duties to both God and the prisoner

434 **extremest…modesty** limits of my abilities

436 **indeed Justice** Justice itself

437 **straitness** severity

441 **sword of heaven** emblem of religious/legal authority

443 **Pattern…know** be himself a model of virtue

444 **Grace to stand** support himself with grace **virtue go** conduct himself with virtue

445 **More…weighing** administering no more or less justice to himself than he would to others

450 **weed** weed out

453 **likeness…crimes** seemingly virtuous behavior founded on sin

454 **Making practice** practice deception

455 **draw…things** pretend to catch big things, but with merely insubstantial means

457 **Craft** cunning, skill

459 **old betrothèd** ex-fiancée (Mariana) **despised** scorned

460 **disguise** deception **th'disguised** the disguised Mariana

461 **Pay…exacting** repay with deception the wrongful demands (made on Isabella)

462 **contracting** marriage contract

Act 4 Scene 1

4.1 ***Location:*** *outside Vienna*
2 **forsworn** perjured, false
3 **the…day like** the dawn
9 **stilled** quieted **brawling** clamorous
10 **cry you mercy** beg your pardon
13 **My…woe** my music does not mean I am merry but it soothed my grief
14 **charm** magical ability
16 **much upon** at about this
19 **constantly** entirely
20 **forbearance** patience/absence **anon** immediately afterward/in a while
23 **well met** perfect timing **well come** welcome
25 **circummured** walled around
27 **planchèd** made of planks
28 **makes his opening** opens
29 **command** unlock
32 **Heavy** dark/sleepy
33 **on your knowledge** with the information you have
34 **due** careful/adequate **wary** cautious
36 **action…precept** verbal directions
38 **tokens** signals
39 **’greed** agreed **her observance** particulars she must adhere to
40 **repair** visit
41 **possessed** informed **most** longest
44 **stays upon** attends **persuasion** belief
46 **borne up** sustained, managed
51 **like** same
53 **have found it** have experience of it
56 **attend your leisure** wait for you until you are ready
59 **place** status, position **false** treacherous
60 **stuck** fixed **report** rumor
61 **quests…doings** inquiries into your business
62 **escapes** outbursts
63 **father…dream** source of their delusion
64 **rack** torment/distort **fancies** imaginations

68 **It…too** I not only agree to it, but beg you to do it

70 **Little…say** say little

75 **pre-contract** betrothal, a binding contract

77 **Sith** since **title** claim

78 **flourish** adorn, render attractive

79 **Our…sow** we have yet to reap the harvest for we have not sown the seed **tithe** a tenth of the crop, due to the Church (some editors emend to "tilth," plowed field)

Act 4 Scene 2

4.2 ***Location:*** *Vienna*

3 **head** master (the sense then shifts to pun on “maidenhead”—i.e., virginity)

4 **leave…snatches** leave out your quibbles

6 **common** public

7 **redeem** release **gyves** shackles, ankle fetters

8 **deliverance** release **unpitied** relentless, merciless

10 **time…mind** for longer than I can remember

13 **Abhorson** a conflation of “abhor” and “whoreson” (son of a whore), with connotations of “abortion” (i.e., monstrosity)

16 **meet** fitting **compound…year** agree on an annual sum **abide** remain

17 **plead his estimation** argue he is superior to the job

19 **mystery** craft, profession

20 **weigh equally** are worth the same

21 **favour** permission (sense then shifts to “face”)

22 **hanging look** downcast expression/the look of a hangman or of someone destined for hanging **mystery** Pompey responds to the sense of “art, skill”

24 **Painting** art/cosmetics

30 **true** honest

31 **big** large/valuable

32 **little** small/worthless

35 **penitent** repentant

36 **he…forgiveness** the executioner would ask the condemned person for forgiveness

40 **turn** purpose/hanging **yare** quick, ready

41 **good turn** favor/skillful execution (perhaps, given Pompey is a bawd, with play on the sexual sense)

44 **though** even if

48 **guiltless labour** innocent toil

49 **starkly** stiffly **traveller’s** laborer’s (“travailer’s”)

51 **do good on** improve

59 **curfew** in London, the curfew bell was rung at dusk in the winter and 9 p.m. in the summer to call all persons in until dawn the next day

66 **paralleled** reflected/modeled on
67 **Even** exactly **stroke and line** linear course/written authority
70 **qualify** moderate/control **mealed** stained
71 **corrects** punishes
72 **this** i.e., his virtuous nature
73 **gentle** honorable **seldom when** it is seldom that
74 **steelèd** hardened
75 **spirit's** i.e., the messenger
76 **unsisting** unyielding **postern** back or side gate
78 **He…up** he (the officer) has arisen to attend the call
79 **countermand** reprieve
84 **Happily** perhaps
86 **example** precedent
87 **siege** seat
96 **purchased…in** bought by the same sin as Angelo has committed
98 **Hence…authority** sin grows rapidly when it is supported by (**borne in**) those in power
100 **extended** stretched/widened
101 **fault's love** love of the sin **friended** befriended, assisted
103 **belike** perhaps **remiss** negligent, careless
104 **unwonted** unusual **putting-on** prompting
108 **satisfaction** assurance
109 **duly** dutifully/fully **a thought** the knowledge
110 **deliver** communicate
111 **answer** be accountable **your peril** risk of punishment
112 **What** who
113 **nine years old** for the past nine years
117 **wrought** obtained **fact** crime
118 **undoubtful** absolute
121 **touched** affected (by the thought of his impending execution)
122 **apprehends** conceives of/fears **dreadfully** fearfully
123 **insensible…mortal** unmoved by death and yet irredeemably condemned to die
125 **wants** lacks/needs **advice** guidance/spiritual counsel
126 **evermore…prison** always had the freedom to go anywhere within the prison

129 **seeming** supposed
131 **beguiles** deceives **boldness…cunning** confidence of my skill
132 **lay…hazard** put myself at risk
134 **manifested effect** visible way
135 **present** immediate **courtesy** service
138 **limited** specified
139 **…Claudio's** i.e., be subject to the death penalty
140 **cross** thwart, obstruct
141 **warrant** guarantee (your safety)
144 **discover the favour** recognize the face
145 **tie** knot/tie together (to control any straggly hair)
146 **bared** shaved, trimmed
147 **course** practice **fall…this** happens to you as a result of this
153 **avouch** confirms
156 **resemblance** possibility
157 **coat** friar's habit **attempt** persuade
158 **hand** signature/handwriting
159 **character** handwriting **signet** seal of authority
160 **strange** unfamiliar
165 **tenor** substance
166 **nothing…writ** none of the above **unfolding star** i.e., Morning Star, when the **shepherd** releases his sheep from the fold
169 **present shrift** immediate confession **better place** i.e., heaven
170 **Yet** still **this** i.e., the letter **absolutely resolve you** explain everything to you

Act 4 Scene 3

1 **acquainted** known **house of profession** i.e., the brothel

3 **Rash** impetuous, capricious **commodity** supply **brown paper** coarse, poor-quality wrapping paper

4 **old** stale **ninescore…money** which he believed to be worth £197; making only £3.33 in actual cash, he is now in prison for debt

5 **old women** proverbially fond of ginger

6 **Caper** leaping or skipping while dancing **suit** lawsuit (sense then shifts to “clothing”)

7 **Three-pile** luxuriously thick material, usually velvet **mercer** a dealer in fabrics

8 **peaches** impeaches, denounces **Dizzy** silly, vacuous **Deep-vow** perhaps a lover who falls passionately, but frequently, in love

9 **Copperspur** perhaps a man who has spurs made of copper in the hope they may pass for gold **Starve-lackey** mean person who starves his servants

rapier fencing was done with a rapier (sword) and dagger

10 **Drop-heir** perhaps someone who kills heirs, or marries them only to drop them; or “dropsied” (i.e., pretentious); or one with “hair” that is dropping out, a symptom of syphilis **lusty Pudding** perhaps a rich, fat heir (a **pudding** was a sausage) **Forthright** moving forward, charging **tilter** jouster

11 **brave** splendidly dressed **Shoe-tie** elaborate shoelace or bow **Half-can…Pots** probably refers to a drunken brawl in which Half-can, someone “half-cut” (drunk), or someone who drank smaller measures of liquor, stabbed Pots (named after a drinking vessel)

12 **doers…trade** frequenters of brothels (to “do” meant to have sex with)

‘for…sake’ “meat for the Lord’s sake” was the frequent cry of prisoners asking for food

15 **rise** awake/ascend the scaffold

17 **pox** plague

18 **to** as to

25 **straw** floors of prisons were strewn with straw

29 **clap into** get on with

31 **fitted** in a suitable condition

32 **betimes** early

34 **ghostly father** holy confessor
38 **billets** wooden sticks
43 **hear you** listen
44 **ward** cell
45 **thence** from there
46 **gravel** stony
49 **unmeet** unfit
50 **transport him** i.e., put him to death
54 **Ragozine** possibly a native of Ragusa, a successful Adriatic port, now Dubrovnik
55 **years** age **head** hair
56 **omit** disregard
57 **reprobate** villain
58 **visage** head/face
60 **accident** event
61 **Dispatch it** carry it out
62 **Prefixed** determined
64 **rude** vulgar, uncivilized
67 **continue** keep alive
71 **holds** cells
72 **journal greeting** daily appearance
73 **yonder generation** those outside of the prison
74 **manifested** apparent
75 **free dependant** willing servant/entirely under your protection
80 **injunctions** commands **bound** required
82 **consecrated fount** holy spring
83 **league** three miles **below** outside
84 **cold gradation** calm advancement **well-balanced form** careful observance of the proper procedures
88 **commune** discuss
95 **of** out of
105 **close** controlled, silent
111 **Forbear it** restrain yourself
113 **verity** truth
115 **confessor** either Friar Thomas (mentioned in Act 1) or Friar Peter
116 **instance** information

119 **pace** control, maneuver
120 **good path** right direction
121 **bosom on** dearest wish inflicted on
122 **Grace** by virtue **heart** heart's content
129 **perfect him withal** tell him about
130 **to…of** face to face with
131 **home and home** thoroughly
132 **combinèd** bound
133 **Wend you** direct yourself, go
134 **waters** i.e., tears
136 **pervert** turn aside
140 **fain** obliged **bran** coarse brown bread **for my head** for fear of losing my head
141 **fruitful** fulfilling (with sexual connotations) **set me to't** set me to work sexually/provide the strength for sex
142 **fantastical** whimsical, capricious
143 **dark corners** i.e., secretive/given to lurking in dark corners (plays on the sense of "vaginas")
144 **beholding** beholden, indebted
145 **he…them** he is nothing like you say/his reputation does not depend on you
146 **woodman** hunter (of women)
149 **pretty** fine/clever
154 **fain to forswear** eager to deny
155 **medlar** type of fruit/whore (slang term for the vagina)
156 **fairer** more (falsely) attractive, entertaining
158 **burr** prickly seed-head that sticks easily to clothing

Act 4 Scene 4

1 **disvouched** contradicted

2 **uneven** erratic

3 **wisdom…tainted** wits are not infected

4 **redeliver** hand back, restore (legal term)

7 **exhibit their petitions** utter their complaints/requests

8 **dispatch** swift settlement

9 **devices** plots, contrivances

11 **betimes** early

12 **sort and suit** social rank and personal retinue

15 **unshapes** confounds, deforms **unpregnant** unreceptive, unprepared

16 **dull** sluggish, unresponsive

17 **eminent body** respected public figure

18 **it** i.e., extramarital sex **But** were it not **tender** vulnerable, raw, pitiable

19 **proclaim** publicly complain of **maiden loss** loss of virginity

20 **tongue** reproach, denounce **dares her no** frightens her not to

21 **bears…bulk** carries such weighty credibility

23 **confounds the breather** discredits the person who utters the complaint

24 **riotous** unrestrained **sense** passion/awareness (of Angelo’s actions)

26 **By** as a result of

Act 4 Scene 5

4.5 ***Location:*** *outside Vienna*

1 **me** for me

3 **keep your instruction** stick to your task

4 **hold you ever** stand firm **special drift** particular aim

5 **blench** swerve

6 **cause doth minister** circumstances require

9 **trumpets** trumpeters

11 **speeded** done swiftly, accomplished

14 **gentle** honorable

Act 4 Scene 6

4.6	**Location:**	*Vienna*
1	**indirectly**	dishonestly
2	**him**	Angelo so in that manner (truthfully)
4	**He**	i.e., the duke/friar
6	**peradventure**	by any chance
8	**physic**	medicine
9	**bitter…end**	unpleasant to taste but good for the health
10	**would**	wish
12	**stand**	place to stand
13	**vantage on**	advantageous position (from which to intercept)
16	**hent**	arrived, taken up positions at
	near upon	shortly

Act 5 Scene 1

1 **cousin** a friendly form of address

7 **yield…thanks** thank you publicly

8 **Forerunning more requital** preceding further gratitude/reward

9 **bonds** obligations

11 **wards…bosom** secret confines of my heart

12 **characters** letters

13 **forted** fortified **tooth** i.e., ravages

14 **razure** obliteration

15 **subject** duke's citizens

16 **fain** gladly

17 **Favours** high regard **keep within** live inside (my heart)

21 **Vail your regard** cast your gaze downward

22 **fain** much more willingly

29 **Reveal** explain

34 **wring** bring about

36 **suitor** petitioner, supplicant

37 **Cut off** (whose life was) cut short

39 **strange** oddly (Isabella shifts the sense to "unprecedentedly")

41 **forsworn** perjured, false

47 **truer** more certain

50 **To…reck'ning** to the end of time/no matter how far we examine the matter

52 **in…sense** from a diseased mind

53 **conjure** entreat

54 **comfort** godly realm/source of divine comfort

55 **with that opinion** in the belief that

56 **touched** tainted/affected **Make…unlike** do not assume it is impossible because it seems unlikely

58 **caitiff** wretch **ground** face of the earth

59 **shy** cautious, reserved **grave** wise, dignified, revered **absolute** perfect, complete

61 **dressings** finery, official robes **caracts** badges (of office) **forms** formal procedures

64 **more name** a greater vocabulary/more terms

67 **frame of sense** lucidity, rational structure

68 **dependency…thing** coherent relationship of ideas

71 **Harp** dwell **banish…inequality** assume I am mad because I am socially inferior or because my words contradict Angelo’s reputation

74 **hide…true** (let the **truth**) eclipse the falsehood that merely seems plausible/(let your **reason**) ignore the falsehood that seems to be true

78 **act** legal act prohibiting premarital sex/deed

80 **probation…sisterhood** i.e., a novice

82 **As then** at that time

90 **wished** was I asked

93 **business for yourself** matter concerning yourself

94 **perfect** fully prepared/accurate

95 **warrant** assure (the duke shifts the sense to “document authorizing arrest”)

97 **somewhat** some part

102 **pernicious** destructive

105 **to the matter** relevant

106 **Mended** set right

107 **to…by** leaving out unnecessary details

108 **persuaded** entreated, urged

109 **refelled** refused

113 **concupiscible** hotly desirous

114 **debatement** argument, deliberation

115 **remorse** pity **confutes** overcomes

116 **the…betimes** early the next morning

117 **surfeiting** being overindulged

119 **likely** probable (ironic)

120 **…true** i.e., as then the duke might believe her

121 **fond** foolish

122 **suborned** bribed to make false accusations

123 **practice** conspiracy

124 **imports no reason** makes no sense

125 **pursue…himself** seek to punish a crime he had also committed

127 **weighed** judged

128 **cut him off** had him executed **set you on** put you up to this

132 **ministers** angels

134 **Unfold** reveal
135 **countenance** social standing/outward show
139 **blasting** destructive, withering
140 **practice** plot
142 **Lodowick** the duke’s assumed name as a friar
143 **ghostly** holy (plays on the sense of “insubstantial”)
145 **lay** not a clergyman
147 **retirement** absence **had swinged** would have beaten
148 **This’** this is
152 **saucy** insolent
153 **scurvy** contemptible
156 **abused** deceived
158 **touch or soil** moral blemish/sexual stain
159 **ungot** not yet conceived
163 **temporary meddler** one who interferes in secular matters
166 **vouches** testifies, asserts **misreport** slander
167 **most villainously** he did, and most villainously too
170 **strange** unknown/severe **mere** sole/personal
175 **probation** proof **make…clear** make absolutely clear
176 **convented** summoned to appear
177 **justify** exonerate
178 **vulgarly** publicly
179 **to her eyes** to her face
183 **vanity** futile actions/foolishness
197 **punk** prostitute
199 **cause…himself** reason to speak/charge of his own to defend himself against
204 **known** had sex with
207 **For…too** if it kept you quiet I wish you were also drunk
213 **charges** accuses, indicts **with** at
214 **depose** testify
215 **th’effect** the manifestations/fulfillment
216 **Charges she more** is she accusing other men
219 **just** exactly
222 **abuse** deception
227 **fast belocked** locked firmly

228 **match** assignation

229 **supply** satisfy **garden-house** summer house

230 **In…person** disguised as Isabella

238 **proportions** dowry

239 **composition** the agreed amount **in chief** principally

240 **For that** because **disvalued In levity** discredited on grounds of (sexual) immorality

252 **confixèd** fixed firmly

254 **smile** i.e., regard such accusations as foolish/amusing

255 **scope** full extent

256 **touched** affected/hurt

257 **informal** demented

258 **mightier member** more powerful person

259 **way** opportunity, scope

264 **Compact** in collusion

265 **swear down** invoke **particular** individual

267 **sealed in approbation** confirmed and approved

268 **pains** efforts

277 **well-warranted** eminently approved of

278 **forth** fully, to the end

280 **chastisement** form of punishment

281 **stir not you** do not move

282 **determined** made a judgment on

283 **throughly** thoroughly

286 ***Cucullus…monachum*** “a hood does not make a monk” (Latin)

288 **enforce…him** lay your charges against him

289 **notable** notorious

292 **handle** deal with (Lucio then plays on the sense of “fondle”)

294 **Say you?** What did you say?

295 **privately** alone/in her private parts

296 **perchance…ashamed** perhaps she will be too ashamed to admit her deceit/be made love to in public

297 **go…her** question her in a cryptic or cunning manner (perhaps with unwitting play on “have sex with her in the dark/sinfully”)

298 **light** bright/promiscuous

302 **Mum** (I shall be) silent

306 **How?** What?

307 **Respect** let respect be shown/I am respectful

308 **honoured…throne** respected, if not for anything else, for the fact that he is the king of hell

310 **in us** is represented by us

311 **Look** make sure

313 **Good…redress!** Farewell to any hope of justice!

316 **retort** reject **manifest** evidently truthful

320 **unreverend** disrespectful/irreligious **unhallowed** unholy

322 **mouth** language

323 **proper ear** own hearing

324 **glance** move rapidly/turn

325 **tax** charge, blame

326 **th'rack** torture instrument that stretched the limbs **touse** pull violently

329 **hot** rash, hasty

330 **stretch** upon the rack

332 **here provincial** of this province (hence not subject to its laws)

335 **stew** cauldron/brothel

336 **countenanced** endorsed (by those in authority)

337 **forfeits…shop** Elizabethan barbers displayed lists of penalties for misbehavior in their shops

338 **in…mark** in jest as a serious warning

342 **goodman** form of address to one below the rank of gentleman **baldpate** monks were required to shave parts of their heads

346 **notedly** particularly

347 **fleshmonger** fornicator/pimp

349 **…report** attribute those remarks to me

353 **close** compromise/conclude

355 **bolts** leg irons, fetters

356 **giglots** harlots **confederate companion** accomplice (Friar Peter)

362 **sheep-biting** whoremongering/thieving (said of a dog that would attack sheep) **hanged** the fate of dogs caught attacking sheep **an hour** in an hour/for an hour or so

363 **mad'st** created

364 **bail** free **gentle three** i.e., Isabella, Mariana, and Friar Peter

369 **place** i.e., the position where Angelo is presiding

371 **or** either

372 **do thee office** be of service to you

374 **hold…out** give in (to the truth)

375 **dread** revered

377 **undiscernible** undetected

379 **passes** actions/trespasses

380 **session** trial

382 **sequent** subsequent

387 **Do…office** undertake the task **consummate** being completed

391 **at…it** at the fact that he behaved like this than at the extraordinary nature of the situation

394 **Advertising** attentive **holy** devoted

395 **changing…habit** having changed my feelings with my appearance

396 **Attorneyed** serving as your agent

398 **vassal** servant, subject **pained** put to effort

401 **free** generous

403 **obscured** disguised

405 **rash remonstrance** sudden revelation

406 **so lost** i.e., executed **kind** fond, sisterly

407 **celerity** speed

409 **brained** destroyed, dashed the brains from

412 **So** thus

415 **salt** lecherous

417 **adjudged** condemned

419 **promise-breach Thereon dependent** i.e., the breaking of the promise to save Claudio, made in return for Isabella giving up her **chastity**

422 **proper** own

424 **still** always

425 **quit** repay **measure** retribution/judgment/due proportion

427 **though…vantage** even were you to deny it you would not benefit

428 **very block** same executioner’s block

432 **mock** deceive/tantalize/taunt

435 **else…you** otherwise accusations regarding your sexual relations with him

437 **For** as for

439 **instate** endow **widow you withal** grant you a widow’s settlement with them
443 **definitive** determined
445 **lose your labour** waste your efforts
450 **Against all sense** totally unreasonably **importune** entreat
451 **of this fact** for this crime
452 **pavèd bed** grave covered with a stone slab
458 **most** most part
467 **but** only
470 **His…intent** despite his bad intentions he did not fulfill them
472 **subjects** actual things/people subject to the ruling power
475 **unprofitable** pointless/unsuccessful
485 **knew it not** was not sure
486 **advice** consideration
489 **reserved** preserved
495 **still** always
496 **blood** sexual desire
497 **tempered** self-controlled
498 **procure** bring about
506 **apprehends** comprehends
507 **squar’st** measures/shapes
508 **quit** acquit, pardon
511 **muffled** concealed (with a hood or clothing)
520 **quickening** fresh animation
521 **quits** repays/leaves
522 **Look** make sure **her…yours** her worth is equal to yours/let your worth be deserving of hers
523 **apt remission** ready forgiveness
524 **in place** present
526 **luxury** lust
528 **extol** praise
529 **trick** custom/whim/prank/foolishness
540 **cuckold** man with an unfaithful wife
542 **therewithal** in addition
543 **Remit** pardon **forfeits** punishments
544 **pleasure herein executed** wishes fulfilled

545 **pressing to death** one who refused to plead guilty or innocent was pressed with heavy weights until he pleaded or died (plays on the sense of “death by sexual exention”)

547 **restore** makes amends to (by marriage)

549 **confessed her** been her confessor

551 **behind** to come **gratulate** pleasing/expressive of thanks

557 **motion…good** proposal that greatly concerns your benefit

560 **bring** accompany

561 **yet behind** still to be revealed **meet** fitting

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

A merchant of Syracuse has identical twin sons. One is stolen at the age of seven. The other's name is changed to that of the lost boy, in his memory. When grown up, he wanders the Mediterranean in search of his brother, finally chancing upon the seaport where the latter lives. The wanderer encounters the mistress, the wife, and other acquaintances of the brother and is inevitably mistaken for him. When he denies all knowledge of the people who greet him, they assume that he is mad and attempt to have him locked up—save that by a further confusion they apprehend the other twin, the one who *does* know them. The audience awaits the moment of resolution that will come when the twins appear on stage together.

Such is the plot of Plautus' *Menaechmi*, a Roman comedy familiar to any Elizabethan with a classical education—which is to say any young man who had been to the university and many who had reached no further than the upper level of grammar school. When *The Comedy of Errors* was performed before an audience of London lawyers and their patrons in the Christmas festivities of 1594, it was instantly recognized as being "like to Plautus his *Menaechmus.*" Some years later, a lawyer named John Manningham made the same link, describing *Twelfth Night*, Shakespeare's later comedy of twins and mistaken identity, as "much like *The Comedy of Errors* or *Menaechmi* in Plautus." While we applaud difference, Shakespeare's first audiences favored likeness: a work was good not because it was original, but because it resembled an admired classical exemplar, which in the case of comedy meant a play by Terence or Plautus.

Imitation was at the core of both education and artistic theory in Shakespeare's world. But good imitation was never slavish: it necessitated a surpassing of the original, often achieved by the fusion of different sources or the complicating of an already complicated plot line. Thus Shakespeare proved his cleverness to his audience of clever young lawyers. It is as if he is saying: Plautus presented one pair of identical twins, so I will give you two. The possibilities for confusion are greatly multiplied by this device. As well as the stranger being mistaken for the local man, and the local mistaken for the stranger, we have the servants of each being mistaken by their own master and the other's master and the locals. Not to mention the masters mistaken by their servants. The comedy whereby an unmarried man in an alien environment is told that his wife is expecting him at home for dinner is doubled by the comedy of his slave receiving the unlooked-for attentions of the spherical kitchen-maid with whom his twin has been sexually involved.

The Comedy of Errors turns on the essential device of farce: exits and entrances. The wrong person keeps coming out of the door. Classical comedy provided a model in which the action of a drama takes place in a single location during the course of a single day. *Errors* is one of the few Shakespearean plays to follow this convention. The entire action takes place in the marketplace of Ephesus, its temporal structure framed by the Egeon plot (condemned in the morning, released in the evening). Unusually for Shakespeare, the exit and entrance doors represent specific locations: the Phoenix (Antipholus' and Adriana's house), the Porcupine (the courtesan's house), and the Priory. They may even have been labeled thus in performance. From the point of view of staging, this device was well fitted to indoor academic drama—as the play's brevity was suited to its being but a small part of a longer evening's entertainment at the Inns of Court. *Errors* is by some margin the shortest of Shakespeare's plays. It has around 1800 lines; some of the tragedies and histories are more than twice as long. There is no surviving evidence of performance on the public stage, but this is no guarantee that the play was kept in reserve for private performance to elite audiences. The device of the doors could have been adapted for the public theaters, perhaps with the upstage-center "discovery space" serving for the Priory in which the lost mother is found.

Though the Ephesian market economy is brought to life by means of Angelo the goldsmith and various merchants, the largest parts in the play belong to the strangers and the wife. The central comic device of mistaken identity is a means to the discovery of identity. Meeting someone who thinks you are someone you are not is a disturbing but ultimately invaluable way of finding out who you really are. Antipholus of Syracuse has been traveling in search of his family. On arriving in Ephesus and being mistaken for his long-lost brother, he realizes that his own self is not secure. His lines comparing himself to a drop of water cut to the quick of that experience of wandering and wondering, which shapes so many of Shakespeare's comedies. How can we reconcile the self's conflicting need for autonomy (the single drop of water) and community (the ocean)? The sense of loss and confusion prepare us for the imagery of Ephesus as a mad world and the potential nightmare—the *reductio ad absurdum* of farce—whereby we are led to imagine what it would be like if everybody else were mad and we alone were sane and therefore taken to be mad.

Comedy's fond conclusion is that by finding the right partner we find ourselves. Antipholus of Syracuse finds not only father, mother, and brother, but also future wife, in the form of Luciana, sister to his brother's wife. As in other early comedies such as *The Taming of the Shrew* and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, there are two strong roles for the boy actors in Shakespeare's company. Whereas the two pairs of brothers are identical twins, the sisters are of contrasting appearance and character. Their names are indicative: "Adriana" means of the earth and "Luciana" of the light; the former is brunette and the latter blonde; the wife is perceived as shrewish and the sister as divinely beautiful. But in the play's most richly written speeches, Shakespeare goes beyond the clichés of femininity suggested by these dualities.

As Shakespeare's comedies variously suggest, happy endings are all too often mere illusions or at best momentary suspensions of life's messiness. If we may assume that the twins are reasonably alike in nature as well as identical in appearance, then there is a strong possibility that in the imaginary afterlife of the action Antipholus' marriage to Luciana, despite its sparky beginning, will end up all too similar to his brother's marriage to her sister. While unmarried, Luciana speaks in favor of wifely submission and accuses her sister of shrewishness. But her sister has had to put up with a husband who prefers to spend his time about town—not least in the company of a courtesan—rather than at home with his wife. Most of Shakespeare's comedies are celebrations of courtship, but the married couples met along the way are shaky role models. Once Luciana discovers what husbands are really like, her theory will be sorely tested.

Adriana's marriage is patched up at the end of the play, but there is no undoing the pain she has expressed in the lines that turn Antipholus of Syracuse's self-centered image of the drop of water into an account of how every action has consequences for those who love us. As so often, Shakespeare has it both ways: Adriana delivers at one and the same time the moving testimony of a neglected wife responding to her husband's sexual infidelity and the cue for the line that invariably wins the play's biggest laugh: "Plead you to me, fair dame?" She is, of course, confronting the wrong brother.

KEY FACTS

PLOT: Ephesus and Syracuse are at odds. Any Syracusan found in Ephesus will be executed unless he can pay a ransom of a thousand marks. Egeon, an old Syracusan merchant, has been arrested. He explains how he has come to Ephesus: he and his wife Emilia had identical twin sons and identical twin slaves, purchased for the purpose of serving the sons. In a shipwreck many years ago, he was separated from his wife, one son, and one slave. The survivors are renamed in memory of the lost ones: Antipholus for the son and Dromio for the slave. Once grown to manhood, Antipholus of Syracuse, with his Dromio, had set off in search of his brother and mother. Egeon is now in search of them. The Duke gives him until evening to find the ransom money. By chance Antipholus and Dromio of Syracuse have also just arrived in Ephesus. The other Antipholus and Dromio have been living there since the wreck. And so the comedy of errors ensues. The locals constantly mistake the visiting twins for the natives—even Antipholus of Ephesus' wife Adriana and her sister Luciana are fooled. The confusions result in Antipholus of Ephesus being arrested for debt and declared mad, while Antipholus of Syracuse takes refuge from his brother's angry wife in a Priory—where the abbess turns out to be Egeon's long-lost wife. All is resolved and Egeon is freed.

MAJOR ROLES: (*with percentage of lines/number of speeches/scenes on stage*) Antipholus of Syracuse (15%/103/6), Adriana (15%/79/6), Dromio of Syracuse (14%/99/9), Antipholus of Ephesus (12%/76/4), Dromio of Ephesus (9%/63/6), Egeon (8%/17/2), Luciana (5%/43/4), Duke Solinus (5%/22/2), Angelo (4%/31/4), Emilia (4%/16/1).

LINGUISTIC MEDIUM: 85% verse, 15% prose. Fairly high incidence of rhyme.

DATE: Performed at Gray's Inn Christmas festivities for the legal profession, December 28, 1594. Possibly written for this occasion, though may have earlier date. Remained well known in legal circles and was performed at court December 28, 1604.

SOURCES: The main plot of Syracusan merchant, lost twins and mistaken identity is taken from Plautus' *Menaechmi* (Roman, c.200 BC), known either in Latin original or a manuscript translation by William Warner (not published until 1595). The marital misunderstanding induced by the mistaken identity of a slave, resulting in the master being shut out from his own house, is taken from another Plautus play, *Amphitruo*. The combination of *two* sets of identical twins is uniquely Shakespearean. The shipwreck and lost/found parent motif may derive from the romance tradition that dates back to the story of Apollonius of Tyre, which was the main source for Shakespeare's later (cowritten) play, *Pericles*.

TEXT: 1623 Folio is the only early text. It is generally thought to have been set from Shakespeare's original manuscript, but there is no firm evidence for this—a transcript or (less likely) theatrical promptbook is also possible. Generally good quality of printing.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

Solinus, **DUKE** of Ephesus
EGEON, a merchant from Syracuse, father of the Antipholus twins
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS
ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE } twin brothers, sons of Egeon
DROMIO OF EPHESUS
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE } twin brothers and bondsmen (slaves) of the Antipholus twins
ADRIANA, wife of Antipholus of Ephesus
LUCIANA, her sister
LUCE, Adriana’s kitchen-maid
A COURTESAN
ANGELO, a goldsmith
BALTHASAR, a merchant
FIRST MERCHANT
SECOND MERCHANT, Angelo’s creditor
Doctor **PINCH**, a schoolmaster and exorcist
EMILIA, an abbess at Ephesus
Jailer, Officer, Messenger, Servants and other Attendants

Act 1 Scene 1[1.1]

running scene 1

Enter Duke of Ephesus with [Egeon] the merchant of Syracuse, Jailer and other Attendants

EGEON Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And by the doom[2] of death end woes and all.

DUKE Merchant of Syracusa, plead no more.
I am not partial[4] to infringe our laws;
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage[6] of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing[7] countrymen,
Who, wanting[8] guilders to redeem their lives,
Have sealed[9] his rigorous statutes with their bloods,
Excludes all pity from our threat’ning looks,
For, since the mortal[11] and intestine jars
’Twixt thy seditious[12] countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods[13] been decreed,
Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,
To admit no traffic[15] to our adverse towns.
Nay, more: if any born at Ephesus
Be seen at any Syracusan marts[17] and fairs,
Again, if any Syracusan born
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies:
His goods confiscate to[20] the duke’s dispose,
Unless a thousand marks[21] be levièd
To quit[22] the penalty and to ransom him.
Thy substance,[23] valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks,
Therefore by law thou art condemned to die.

EGEON Yet this my comfort: when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

DUKE Well, Syracusan, say in brief the cause
Why thou departed’st from thy native home,
And for what cause thou cam’st to Ephesus.

EGEON A heavier[31] task could not have been imposed
Than I[32] to speak my griefs unspeakable.
Yet, that[33] the world may witness that my end
Was wrought by nature,[34] not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.[35]
In Syracusa was I born, and wed
Unto a woman, happy but[37] for me,
And by[38] me, had not our hap been bad.
With her I lived in joy, our wealth increased
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamium,[41] till my factor's death
And the great care of goods at random[42] left,
Drew me from kind embracements[43] of my spouse;
From whom my absence was not six months old
Before herself — almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment[46] that women bear —
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon and safe arrivèd where I was.
There had she not been long, but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons,
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguished but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A poor mean[54] woman was deliverèd
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike.
Those, for[56] their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend[57] my sons.
My wife, not meanly[58] proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions[59] for our home return.
Unwilling I agreed. Alas, too soon we came aboard.
A league[61] from Epidamium had we sailed
Before the always wind-obeying deep[62]
Gave any tragic instance[63] of our harm.
But longer did we not retain much hope,
For what obscurèd light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds

A doubtful warrant[67] of immediate death,
Which though myself would gladly have embraced,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for[70] what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings[71] of the pretty babes,
That mourned for fashion,[72] ignorant what to fear,
Forced me to seek delays[73] for them and me.
And this it was[74] — for other means was none —
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,[75]
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe,[76] to us.
My wife, more careful[77] for the latter-born,
Had fastened him unto a small spare mast,
Such as seafaring men provide for storms:
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like[81] heedful of the other.
The children thus disposed, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom[83] our care was fixed,
Fastened ourselves at either end the[84] mast,
And floating straight,[85] obedient to the stream,
Was carried towards Corinth,[86] as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispersed those vapours[88] that offended us,
And by the benefit[89] of his wishèd light,
The seas waxed calm, and we discoverèd
Two ships from far, making amain[91] to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus[92] this.
But ere[93] they came — O, let me say no more.
Gather the sequel by that[94] went before.
DUKE Nay, forward,[95] old man, do not break off so,
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.
EGEON O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily[98] termed them merciless to us:
For ere the ships could meet by[99] twice five leagues,
We were encountered by a mighty rock,
Which being violently borne up upon,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst,

So that in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what[105] to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul, seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind,
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ship had seized on us,[111]
And knowing whom it was their hap[112] to save,
Gave healthful welcome to their shipwrecked guests,
And would have reft[114] the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark[115] been very slow of sail,
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus have you heard me severed from my bliss,
That by misfortunes was my life prolonged,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.
DUKE And for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
Do me the favour to dilate[121] at full
What have befall'n[122] of them and thee till now.
EGEON My youngest boy, and yet my eldest[123] care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After[125] his brother, and importuned me
That his attendant[126] — for his case was like,
Reft[127] of his brother, but retained his name —
Might bear him company in the quest of[128] him:
Whom whilst I laboured[129] of a love to see,
I hazarded[130] the loss of whom I loved.
Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
Roaming clean[132] through the bounds of Asia,
And coasting[133] homeward, came to Ephesus,
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought
Or[135] that or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life,
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels[138] warrant me they live.

DUKE Hapless[139] Egeon, whom the fates have marked
To bear the extremity of dire mishap.
Now trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they,[143] may not disannul,
My soul should sue[144] as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudgèd[145] to the death,
And passèd sentence may not be recalled
But to[147] our honour’s great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can;
Therefore, merchant, I’ll limit[149] thee this day
To seek thy health[150] by beneficial help.
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus,
Beg thou or borrow to make up the sum,
And live. If no, then thou art doomed to die.
Jailer, take him to thy custody.

JAILER I will, my lord.

EGEON Hopeless and helpless doth Egeon wend,[156]
But to procrastinate[157] his lifeless end.

Exeunt

[Act 1 Scene 2][1.2]

running scene 1 continues

Enter Antipholus [of Syracuse], a Merchant [of Ephesus] and Dromio [of Syracuse]

MERCHANT OF EPHESUS Therefore give out[1] you are of Epidamium,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day a Syracusan merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here,
And not being able to buy out[5] his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money that I had to keep.[8] ***Gives money***

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Go bear it to the Centaur,[9] where we host, ***To Dromio***
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time.[11]
Till that, I'll view the manners[12] of the town,
Peruse[13] the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return and sleep within mine inn,
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean.[18]

Exit

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE A trusty villain,[19] sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care[20] and melancholy,
Lightens my humour[21] with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn and dine with me?

MERCHANT OF EPHESUS I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit.[25]
I crave your pardon. Soon at[26] five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And after ward consort[28] you till bed-time.
My present business calls me from you now.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Farewell till then. I will go lose myself
And wander up and down to view the city.
MERCHANT OF EPHESUS Sir, I commend you to your own content.[32]
Exit
ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE He that commends me to mine own content
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water
That in the ocean seeks another drop,
Who, falling there to find[37] his fellow forth —
Unseen,[38] inquisitive — confounds himself.
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy,[40] lose myself.
Enter Dromio of Ephesus
Here comes the almanac[41] of my true date.—
What now? How chance thou art returned so soon?
DROMIO OF EPHESUS Returned so soon? Rather approached too late:
The capon[44] burns, the pig falls from the spit,
The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell,
My mistress made it one[46] upon my cheek.
She is so hot[47] because the meat is cold,
The meat is cold because you come not home,
You come not home because you have no stomach,[49]
You have no stomach having broke your fast:[50]
But we that know what ’tis to fast and pray[51]
Are penitent[52] for your default today.
ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Stop[53] in your wind, sir. Tell me this, I pray:
Where have you left the money that I gave you?
DROMIO OF EPHESUS O, sixpence that I had o’[55] Wednesday last
To pay the saddler for my mistress’ crupper?[56]
The saddler had it, sir, I kept it not.
ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE I am not in a sportive[58] humour now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar’st thou trust
So great a charge[61] from thine own custody?
DROMIO OF EPHESUS I pray you jest, sir, as you sit at dinner.
I from my mistress come to you in post,[63]

If I return I shall be post[64] indeed,
For she will score[65] your fault upon my pate.
Methinks your maw,[66] like mine, should be your clock,
And strike you home without a messenger.
ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season,[68]
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?
DROMIO OF EPHESUS To me, sir? Why, you gave no gold to me.
ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Come on, sir knave, have done[72] your foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast disposed thy charge.[73]
DROMIO OF EPHESUS My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house, the Phoenix,[75] sir, to dinner;
My mistress and her sister stays[76] for you.
ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Now as I am a Christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestowed my money,
Or I shall break that merry sconce[79] of yours
That stands[80] on tricks when I am undisposed.
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?
DROMIO OF EPHESUS I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both.
If I should pay your worship those[85] again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.
ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Thy mistress' marks? What mistress, slave, hast thou?
DROMIO OF EPHESUS Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phoenix;
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
And prays that you will hie[90] you home to dinner.
ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave. ***Beats Dromio***
DROMIO OF EPHESUS What mean you, sir? For God's sake, hold your hands:
Nay, an[94] you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.
Exit

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Upon my life, by some device[95] or other
The villain is o’er-raught[96] of all my money.
They say this town is full of cozenage,[97]
As[98] nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working[99] sorcerers that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform[100] the body,
Disguisèd cheaters, prating mountebanks,[101]
And many suchlike liberties of sin.[102]
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I’ll to the Centaur to go seek this slave.
I greatly fear my money is not safe.

Exit

Act 2 Scene 1[2.1]

running scene 2

Enter Adriana, wife to Antipholus [of Ephesus], with Luciana, her sister

ADRIANA Neither my husband nor the slave returned,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master?
Sure,[3] Luciana, it is two o'clock.

LUCIANA Perhaps some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine and never fret;
A man is master of his liberty:
Time is their master, and when they see time,[8]
They'll go or come; if so, be patient, sister.

ADRIANA Why should their liberty than ours be more?

LUCIANA Because their business still[11] lies out o'door.

ADRIANA Look, when[12] I serve him so, he takes it ill.

LUCIANA O, know he is the bridle of your will.

ADRIANA There's none but asses will be bridled so.

LUCIANA Why, headstrong liberty is lashed[15] with woe.
There's nothing situate[16] under heaven's eye
But hath his bound,[17] in earth, in sea, in sky.
The beasts, the fishes and the wingèd fowls
Are their males' subjects and at their controls.[19]
Man, more divine,[20] the master of all these,
Lord of the wide world and wild wat'ry seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend[25] on their accords.

ADRIANA This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

LUCIANA Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.

ADRIANA But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.[28]

LUCIANA Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

ADRIANA How if your husband start[30] some other where?

LUCIANA Till he come home again, I would forbear.[31]

ADRIANA Patience unmoved! No[32] marvel though she pause,
They can be meek that have no other cause.[33]
A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry.
But were we burdened with like[36] weight of pain,
As much or more we should ourselves complain.
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless[39] patience would relieve me,
But if thou live to see like right bereft,[40]
This fool-begged[41] patience in thee will be left.

LUCIANA Well, I will marry one day, but to try.[42]
Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus

ADRIANA Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

DROMIO OF EPHESUS Nay, he's at two[45] hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

ADRIANA Say, didst thou speak with him? Know'st thou his mind?

DROMIO OF EPHESUS Ay, ay, he told[48] his mind upon mine ear. Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

LUCIANA Spake he so doubtfully[50] thou couldst not feel his meaning?

DROMIO OF EPHESUS Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows, and withal so doubtfully that I could scarce understand[52] them.

ADRIANA But say, I prithee, is he coming home? It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

DROMIO OF EPHESUS Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.[55]

ADRIANA Horn-mad, thou villain?

DROMIO OF EPHESUS I mean not cuckold-mad,[57] but sure he is stark mad:
When I desired him to come home to dinner,
He asked me for a thousand marks in gold.
"Tis dinner-time,' quoth I, 'My gold!' quoth he.
'Your meat doth burn,' quoth I, 'My gold!' quoth he.
'Will you come home?' quoth I, 'My gold!' quoth he.
'Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?'
'The pig,' quoth I, 'is burned.' 'My gold!' quoth he.
'My mistress, sir,' quoth I. 'Hang up[65] thy mistress!

I know not thy mistress, out on[66] thy mistress!'
LUCIANA Quoth who?
DROMIO OF EPHESUS Quoth my master:
'I know,' quoth he, 'no house, no wife, no mistress.'
So that my[70] errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders,
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.
ADRIANA Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home. *Beats him*
DROMIO OF EPHESUS Go back again, and be new[74] beaten home?
For God's sake, send some other messenger.
ADRIANA Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.
DROMIO OF EPHESUS And he will bless[77] that cross with other beating:
Between you I shall have a holy[78] head.
ADRIANA Hence, prating peasant,[79] fetch thy master home.
DROMIO OF EPHESUS Am I so round[80] with you as you with me,
That like a football you do spurn[81] me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
If I last[83] in this service, you must case me in leather.
[Exit]
LUCIANA Fie, how impatience loureth[84] in your face! *To Adriana*
ADRIANA His[85] company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely[87] age th'alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? Then he hath wasted[88] it.
Are my discourses[89] dull? Barren my wit?
If voluble[90] and sharp discourse be marred,
Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard.[91]
Do their[92] gay vestments his affections bait?
That's not my fault, he's master of my state.[93]
What ruins are in me that can be found,
By[95] him not ruined? Then is he the ground
Of my defeatures.[96] My decayèd fair,
A sunny look of his would soon repair.
But, too unruly deer,[98] he breaks the pale
And feeds from home;[99] poor I am but his stale.
LUCIANA Self-harming jealousy! Fie, beat it hence.

ADRIANA Unfeeling fools[101] can with such wrongs dispense.
I know his eye doth homage otherwhere,[102]
Or else what lets[103] it but he would be here?
Sister, you know he promised me a chain,
Would[105] that alone, a love he would detain,
So[106] he would keep fair quarter with his bed:
I see the jewel best enamellèd[107]
Will lose his beauty, yet the gold bides still[108]
That others touch,[109] and often touching will
Wear[110] gold, and no man that hath a name,
By falsehood and corruption doth it shame.
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

LUCIANA How many fond[114] fools serve mad jealousy?

Exeunt

[Act 2 Scene 2]

running scene 3

Enter Antipholus [of Syracuse]

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
Safe at the Centaur, and the heedful[2] slave
Is wand'red forth, in care[3] to seek me out
By[4] computation and mine host's report.
I could not[5] speak with Dromio since at first
I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse

How now, sir, is your merry humour altered?
As you love strokes,[8] so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur? You received no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE What answer, sir? When spake I[13] such a word?

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE I did not see you since you sent me hence
Home to the Centaur with the gold you gave me.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt,[17]
And told'st me of a mistress and a dinner,
For which I hope thou felt'st[19] I was displeased.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE I am glad to see you in this merry vein:[20]
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?[22]
Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.

Beats Dromio

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE Hold, sir, for God's sake! Now your jest is earnest,[24]
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for[27] my fool and chat with you,
Your sauciness[28] will jest upon my love,
And make[29] a common of my serious hours.

When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport,[30]
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,[32]
And fashion[33] your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.[34]

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE Sconce call you it? So[35] you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head. An[36] you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head and ensconce[37] it too, or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Dost thou not know?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Shall I tell you why?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE Ay, sir, and wherefore;[42] for they say every why hath a wherefore.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Why, first, for flouting me, and then, wherefore, for urging[44] it the second time to me.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season,[46] When in the why and the wherefore is neither rhyme nor reason? Well, sir, I thank you.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Thank me, sir, for what?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE Marry,[50] sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE I'll make you amends next, to give[51] you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE No, sir, I think the meat wants that[53] I have.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE In good time,[54] sir. What's that?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE Basting.[55]

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Your reason?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE Lest it make you choleric[59] and purchase me another dry basting.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Well, sir, learn to jest in good time.[60] There's a time for all things.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE I durst have denied[62] that before you were so choleric.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE By what rule,[63] sir?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of Father Time[64] himself.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Let's hear it.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE There's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE May he not do it by fine and recovery?[69]

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE Yes, to pay a fine[70] for a periwig and recover the lost hair of another man.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Why is Time such a niggard[72] of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?[73]

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts, and what he hath scanted[75] men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE Not a man of those but he hath[77] the wit to lose his hair.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers[78] without wit.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE The plainer dealer,[80] the sooner lost; yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.[81]

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE For what reason?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE For two,[83] and sound ones too.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Nay, not sound, I pray you.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE Sure[85] ones, then.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Nay, not sure in a thing falsing.[86]

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE Certain[87] ones then.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Name them.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring:[89] the other, that at dinner they[90] should not drop in his porridge.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE You would all this time have proved there is no time for all things.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE Marry, and did, sir: namely, in no time to recover hair lost by nature.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE But your reason was not substantial,[95] why there is no time to recover.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE Thus I mend[97] it: Time himself is bald, and therefore to the world’s end will have bald followers.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE I knew ’twould be a bald[99] conclusion — but soft, who wafts us yonder?

Enter Adriana [beckoning] and Luciana

ADRIANA Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange[101] and frown,
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects.[102]
I am not Adriana nor thy wife.
The time was once when thou unurged[104] wouldst vow
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savoured in thy taste,
Unless I spake or looked or touched or carved[109] to thee.
How comes it now, my husband, O, how comes it,
That thou art then estrangèd from thyself?[111]
Thy self I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,[113]
Am better than thy dear self’s better part.[114]
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me,
For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall[116]
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,[117]
And take unmingled thence that drop again
Without addition or diminishing,
As[120] take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly[121] would it touch thee to the quick
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious,
And that this body, consecrate[123] to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate?
Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn[125] at me,
And hurl the name of ‘husband’ in my face,
And tear the stained[127] skin of my harlot brow,
And from my false[128] hand cut the wedding ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?

I know thou canst, and therefore see[130] thou do it.
I am possessed with[131] an adulterate blot,
My blood is mingled[132] with the crime of lust.
For if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted[135] by thy contagion.
Keep[136] then fair league and truce with thy true bed,
I live distained,[137] thou undishonourèd.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town as to your talk,
Who,[141] every word by all my wit being scanned,
Wants[142] wit in all one word to understand.

LUCIANA Fie, brother,[143] how the world is changed with you.
When were you wont[144] to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE By Dromio?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE By me?

ADRIANA By thee, and this thou didst return[148] from him,
That he did buffet[149] thee and in his blows
Denied my house for[150] his, me for his wife.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the course and drift[152] of your compact?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Villain, thou liest, for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE I never spake with her in all my life.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE How can she thus then call us by our names?
Unless it be by inspiration.[158]

ADRIANA How ill agrees it[159] with your gravity
To counterfeit[160] thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting[161] him to thwart me in my mood.
Be[162] it my wrong you are from me exempt,
But wrong[163] not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine: ***Clings to his sleeve***
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,

Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,[166]
Makes me with thy strength to communicate.[167]
If aught possess[168] thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, brier,[169] or idle moss,
Who all for want of pruning, with intrusion,[170]
Infect thy sap and live on thy confusion.[171]
ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE To me she speaks, she moves[172] me for her theme; *Aside*
What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error[175] drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,[176]
I'll entertain[177] the offered fallacy.
LUCIANA Dromio, go bid the servants spread[178] for dinner.
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE O, for my beads,[179] I cross me for a sinner. *Crosses himself*
This is the fairy land. O spite of spites,
We talk with goblins, owls[181] and sprites;
If we obey them not, this will ensue:
They'll suck our breath or pinch us black and blue.
LUCIANA Why prat'st thou[184] to thyself and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou Dromio, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot.[185]
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE I am transformèd,[186] master, am I not?
ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE I think thou art in mind, and so am I.
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.
ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Thou hast thine own form.
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE No, I am an ape.[190]
LUCIANA If thou art changed to aught,[191] 'tis to an ass.
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE 'Tis true, she rides[192] me and I long for grass.
'Tis so, I am an ass, else it could never be
But I should know her as well as she knows me.
ADRIANA Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put[196] the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man and master laughs[197] my woes to scorn.
Come, sir, to dinner.— Dromio, keep[198] the gate.—
Husband, I'll dine above[199] with you today,

And shrive[200] you of a thousand idle pranks.—
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say he dines forth,[202] and let no creature enter.—
Come, sister.— Dromio, play the porter well.
ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell? ***Aside***
Sleeping or waking, mad or well-advised?[205]
Known unto these and to myself disguised?
I'll say as they say, and persever[207] so,
And in this mist at[208] all adventures go.
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE Master, shall I be porter at the gate?
ADRIANA Ay, and let none enter, lest I break your pate.
LUCIANA Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.

Exeunt

Dromio of Syracuse remains as porter

Act 3 Scene 1

running scene 3 continues

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, his man Dromio [of Ephesus], Angelo the goldsmith and Balthazar the merchant

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS Good Signior Angelo, you must excuse us all,
My wife is shrewish[2] when I keep not hours;
Say that I lingered with you at your shop
To see the making of her carcanet,[4]
And that tomorrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain that would face me down[6]
He met me on the mart, and that I beat him,
And charged[8] him with a thousand marks in gold,
And that I did deny my wife and house.
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?

DROMIO OF EPHESUS Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know:
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand[12] to show.
If the skin were parchment and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS I think thou art an ass.

DROMIO OF EPHESUS Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kicked, and being at that pass,[18]
You would keep from my heels and beware of an ass.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS You're sad,[20] Signior Balthazar. Pray God our cheer
May answer[21] my good will and your good welcome here.

BALTHAZAR I[22] hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS O, Signior Balthazar, either[23] at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

BALTHAZAR Good meat, sir, is common, that every churl[25] affords.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS And welcome more common, for that's nothing but words.

BALTHAZAR Small cheer[28] and great welcome makes a merry feast.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing[29] guest.

But though my cates[30] be mean, take them in good part,
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart. ***Tries the door of his house***
But soft,[32] my door is locked.— Go bid them let us in. ***To Dromio***
DROMIO OF EPHESUS Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Ginn![33] ***Calling***
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE Mome,[34] malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch, ***Speaks from the other side of the door***
Either get thee from the door or sit down at the hatch:[35]
Dost thou conjure for wenches,[36] that thou call'st for such store,
When one[37] is one too many? Go, get thee from the door.
DROMIO OF EPHESUS What patch is made our porter? My master stays[38] in the street.
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE Let him walk from[39] whence he came, lest he catch cold on's feet.
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS Who talks within there? Ho,[40] open the door.
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE Right, sir, I'll tell you when, an[41] you'll tell me wherefore.
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS Wherefore? For my dinner: I have not dined today.
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE Nor today here you must not, come again when you may.
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS What art thou that keep'st me out from the house I owe?[44]
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.
DROMIO OF EPHESUS O, villain, thou hast stol'n both mine office[46] and my name:
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle[47] blame.
If[48] thou hadst been Dromio today in my place,
Thou wouldst have changed thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.

Enter Luce [within or above, concealed from the others]

LUCE What a coil[50] is there, Dromio? Who are those at the gate?
DROMIO OF EPHESUS Let my master in, Luce.
LUCE Faith, no, he comes too late, and so tell your master.
DROMIO OF EPHESUS O lord, I must laugh. Have at[54] you with a proverb
— Shall I set in my staff?

LUCE Have at you with another, that's — When?[55] Can you tell?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE If thy name be called Luce — Luce, thou hast answered him well.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS Do you hear, you minion,[58] you'll let us in, I hope?

To Luce

LUCE I thought to have asked you.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE And you said no.

DROMIO OF EPHESUS So come, help. ***They beat the door***
Well struck, there was blow[62] for blow.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS Thou baggage,[63] let me in. ***To Luce***

LUCE Can you tell for whose sake?

DROMIO OF EPHESUS Master, knock the door hard.

LUCE Let him knock[66] till it ache.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

LUCE What[68] needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

Enter Adriana ***within or above, concealed, like Luce***

ADRIANA Who is that at the door that keeps[69] all this noise?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.[70]

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS Are you there, wife? You might have come before.

ADRIANA Your wife, sir knave? Go, get you from the door.

[Exit with Luce]

DROMIO OF EPHESUS If[73] you went in pain, master, this 'knave' would go sore.

ANGELO Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome. We would fain[74] have either.

BALTHAZAR In debating which was best, we shall part[75] with neither.

DROMIO OF EPHESUS They stand at the door, master, bid them welcome hither.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS There is something in the wind,[77] that we cannot get in.

DROMIO OF EPHESUS You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.[78]
Your cake[79] here is warm within: you stand here in the cold.

It would make a man mad as a buck[80] to be so bought and sold.
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS Go fetch me something, I'll break ope[81] the gate.
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE Break any breaking[82] here, and I'll break your knave's pate.
DROMIO OF EPHESUS A man may break a word[83] with you, sir, and words are but wind:
Ay, and break[84] it in your face, so he break it not behind.
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE It seems thou want'st breaking.[85] Out upon thee, hind!
DROMIO OF EPHESUS Here's too much 'out upon thee!' I pray thee let me in.
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE Ay, when fowls[87] have no feathers and fish have no fin.
[Exit]
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS Well, I'll break in. Go borrow me a crow.[88]
DROMIO OF EPHESUS A crow without feather? Master, mean you so?
For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather,
If a crow help us in, sirrah,[91] we'll pluck a crow together.
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS Go get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.
BALTHAZAR Have patience, sir, O, let it not be so!
Herein[94] you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect[95]
Th'unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this,[97] your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years and modesty,
Plead[99] on her part some cause to you unknown.
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse[100]
Why at this time the doors are made[101] against you.
Be ruled by me, depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger[103] all to dinner,
And about[104] evening, come yourself alone
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand[106] you offer to break in
Now in the stirring passage[107] of the day,
A vulgar comment[108] will be made of it,
And that supposed[109] by the common rout

Against your yet ungalled[110] estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead,
For slander lives upon succession,[113]
Forever housed[114] where it gets possession.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS You have prevailed. I will depart in quiet,
And in despite of mirth[116] mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Pretty and witty, wild,[118] and yet, too, gentle.
There will we dine. This woman that I mean,
My wife — but I protest,[120] without desert —
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal.[121]
To her will we to dinner.— Get you home *To Angelo*
And fetch the chain, by this[123] I know ’tis made.
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine,[124]
For there’s the house.[125] That chain will I bestow —
Be it for nothing but to spite my wife —
Upon mine hostess there. Good sir, make haste.
Since mine own doors[128] refuse to entertain me,
I’ll knock[129] elsewhere, to see if they’ll disdain me.

ANGELO I’ll meet you at that place some hour hence.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS Do so, this jest shall cost me some expense.

Exeunt

[Act 3 Scene 2]

running scene 3 continues

Enter Luciana with Antipholus of Syracuse

LUCIANA And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? Shall, Antipholus,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs[3] rot?
Shall love in building[4] grow so ruinous?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then for her wealth's sake use her with more kindness.
Or if you like elsewhere,[7] do it by stealth:
Muffle[8] your false love with some show of blindness.
Let not my sister read it in your eye,
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator.[10]
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty,[11]
Apparel[12] vice like virtue's harbinger,
Bear a fair[13] presence though your heart be tainted,
Teach sin the carriage[14] of a holy saint,
Be secret-false.[15] What need she be acquainted?
What[16] simple thief brags of his own attaint?
'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed
And let her read it in thy looks at board.[18]
Shame hath a bastard fame,[19] well managèd,
Ill deeds is doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women, make us but believe —
Being compact of credit[22] — that you love us.
Though others[23] have the arm, show us the sleeve.
We in your motion[24] turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again,
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife:
'Tis holy sport to be a little vain,[27]
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Sweet mistress, what[29] your name is else I know not,
Nor by what wonder[30] you do hit of mine,

Less[31] in your knowledge and your grace you show not
Than our earth’s wonder, more than earth[32] divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak.
Lay open to my earthy-gross conceit,[34]
Smothered in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded[36] meaning of your words’ deceit.
Against my soul’s pure truth, why labour you
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? Would you create me new?[39]
Transform me then, and to your power I’ll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know,
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage[43] do I owe.
Far more, far more to you do I decline.[44]
O, train[45] me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister’s flood of tears.
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote.[47]
Spread o’er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I’ll take them, and there lie,
And in that glorious supposition[50] think
He gains by death that[51] hath such means to die.
Let[52] love, being light, be drownèd if she sink.
LUCIANA What, are you mad that you do reason so?
ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Not mad, but mated,[54] how, I do not know.
LUCIANA It is a fault that springeth from your eye.
ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE For gazing on your beams,[56] fair sun, being by.
LUCIANA Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.
ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE As good to wink,[58] sweet love, as look on night.
LUCIANA Why call you me love? Call my sister so.
ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Thy sister’s sister.
LUCIANA That’s my sister.
ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE No:
It is thyself, mine own self’s better part,
Mine eye’s clear eye, my dear heart’s dearer heart,
My food, my fortune and my sweet hope’s aim,
My[66] sole earth’s heaven and my heaven’s claim.

LUCIANA All this my sister is, or else should be.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Call[68] thyself sister, sweet, for I am thee.
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:
Give me thy hand.

LUCIANA O, soft, sir, hold you still:
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will.[73]

Exit

Enter Dromio of Syracuse ***Running***

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Why, how now, Dromio, where runn'st thou so fast?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE Do you know me, sir? Am I Dromio? Am I your man? Am I myself?

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE I am an ass, I am a woman's man and besides myself.[78]

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE What woman's man? And how besides thyself?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman: one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have[81] me.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE What claim lays she to thee?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE Marry sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse, and she would have me as a beast[84] — not that, I being a beast, she would have me, but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE What is she?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE A very reverent[87] body: ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say 'sir-reverence'.[88] I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE How dost thou mean a fat marriage?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE Marry, sir, she's the kitchen wench[91] and all grease, and I know not what use to put her to but to make a lamp of her and run from her by her own light. I warrant her rags and the tallow[93] in them will burn a Poland winter. If she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week[94] longer than the whole world.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE What complexion[95] is she of?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE Swart,[96] like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept: for why? She sweats[97] a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE That's a fault that water will mend.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE No, sir, 'tis in grain.[99] Noah's flood could not do it.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE What's her name?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE Nell,[101] sir. But her name and three quarters — that's an ell and three quarters — will not measure her from hip to hip.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Then she bears some breadth?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE No longer from head to foot than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe. I could find[105] out countries in her.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE In what part of her body stands Ireland?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE Marry, sir, in her buttocks: I found it out by the bogs.[107]

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Where Scotland?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE I found it by the barrenness,[109] hard in the palm of the hand.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Where France?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE In her forehead, armed and reverted,[111] making war against her hair.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Where England?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE I looked for the chalky cliffs,[114] but I could find no whiteness in them. But I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum[115] that ran between France and it.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Where Spain?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE Faith, I saw it not, but I felt it hot[118] in her breath.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Where America, the Indies?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE O sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies,[120] carbuncles, sapphires, declining[121] their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain, who sent whole armadoes[122] of carracks to be ballast at her nose.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Where stood Belgia,[123] the Netherlands?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE O sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge[124] or diviner laid claim to me, called me Dromio, swore I was assured[125] to her, told me what privy[126] marks I had about me, as the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch. And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel, she had transformed me to a curtal dog[129] and made me turn i'th'wheel.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Go, hie[130] thee presently, post to the road,
An if[131] the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour[132] in this town tonight.
If any bark put forth,[133] come to the mart,
Where I will walk till thou return to me.
If everyone knows us and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge,[136] pack and be gone.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife.

Exit

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE There's none but witches[139] do inhabit here,
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She that doth call me husband, even my[141] soul
Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair sister,
Possessed with such a gentle sovereign[143] grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself.
But, lest myself be guilty to[146] self-wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter Angelo with the chain

ANGELO Master Antipholus.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Ay, that's my name.

ANGELO I know it well, sir, lo,[150] here is the chain.
I thought to have ta'en you[151] at the Porpentine,
The chain unfinished made me stay[152] thus long. ***Gives the chain***

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE What is your will that I shall do with this?

ANGELO What please[154] yourself, sir: I have made it for you.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Made it for me, sir? I bespoke[155] it not.

ANGELO Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have.
Go home with it and please your wife withal,
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,

And then receive my money for the chain.
ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne’er see chain nor money more.
ANGELO You are a merry man, sir, fare you well.
Exit
ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE What I should think of this, I cannot tell,
But this I think: there’s no man is so vain[164]
That would refuse so fair an offered chain.
I see a man here needs not live by shifts,[166]
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I’ll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay,[168]
If any ship put out, then straight away.
Exit

Act 4 Scene 1

running scene 4

Enter a [Second] Merchant, [Angelo the] goldsmith and an Officer

SECOND MERCHANT You know since Pentecost[1] the sum is due, ***To Angelo***
And since I have not much importuned you,
Nor now I had[3] not, but that I am bound
To Persia and want guilders for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,[5]
Or I'll attach[6] you by this officer.

ANGELO Even just[7] the sum that I do owe to you
Is growing[8] to me by Antipholus,
And in the instant that I met with you
He had of me a chain. At five o'clock
I shall receive the money for the same.
Pleaseth[12] you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge[13] my bond and thank you too.

Enter Antipholus [and] Dromio of Ephesus from the Courtesan's

OFFICER That labour may you save: see where he comes.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
And buy a rope's end.[16] That will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.
But soft, I see the goldsmith; get thee gone,
Buy thou a rope and bring it home to me.

DROMIO OF EPHESUS I buy a thousand pound a year, I buy a rope.[21]

Exit

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS A man is well holp up[22] that trusts to you: ***To Angelo***
I promised your presence and the chain,
But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me.
Belike[25] you thought our love would last too long
If it were chained together, and therefore came not.

ANGELO Saving[27] your merry humour, here's the note ***Shows a paper***
How much your chain weighs to the utmost[28] carat,
The fineness of the gold and chargeful fashion,[29]

Which doth amount to three odd ducats[30] more
Than I stand debted[31] to this gentleman.
I pray you see him presently discharged,
For he is bound to sea and stays but[33] for it.
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS I am not furnished with the present[34] money.
Besides, I have some business in the town.
Good signior, take the stranger to my house
And with you take the chain and bid my wife
Disburse[38] the sum on the receipt thereof.
Perchance[39] I will be there as soon as you.
ANGELO Then you will bring the chain to her yourself.
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS No, bear it with you, lest I come not time
enough.[41]
ANGELO Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about you?
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS An if I have not, sir, I hope you have,
Or else you may return without your money.
ANGELO Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain.
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS Good lord! You use this dalliance[48] to excuse
Your breach of promise to[49] the Porpentine.
I should have chid[50] you for not bringing it,
But like a shrew[51] you first begin to brawl.
SECOND MERCHANT The hour steals on, I pray you, sir, dispatch.[52] ***To Angelo***
ANGELO You hear how he importunes me — the chain!
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS Why, give it to my wife and fetch your money.
ANGELO Come, come, you know I gave it you even now.
Either send the chain or send me by some token.[56]
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS Fie, now you run this humour[57] out of breath:
Come, where's the chain? I pray you let me see it.
SECOND MERCHANT My business cannot brook[59] this dalliance.
Good sir, say whe'er you'll answer[60] me or no:
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS I answer you? What should I answer you?
ANGELO The money that you owe me for the chain.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS I owe you none till I receive the chain.
ANGELO You know I gave it you half an hour since.
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS You gave me none, you wrong me much to say
so.
ANGELO You wrong me more, sir, in denying it.
Consider how it stands upon[68] my credit.
SECOND MERCHANT Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.[69]
OFFICER I do, and charge you in the duke's name to obey me. ***To Angelo***
ANGELO This touches[71] me in reputation. ***To Antipholus***
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS Consent to pay thee that[74] I never had?
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.
ANGELO Here is thy fee,[76] arrest him, officer. ***Gives money***
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.[78]
OFFICER I do arrest you, sir, you hear the suit. ***To Antipholus***
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS I do obey thee, till I give thee bail.—
But, sirrah, you[81] shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.[82]
ANGELO Sir, sir, I shall have law[83] in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame,[84] I doubt it not.
Enter Dromio [of] Syracuse, from the bay
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE Master, there's a bark of Epidamium
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage,[87] sir,
I have conveyed aboard, and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum[89] and aqua-vitae.
The ship is in her trim,[90] the merry wind
Blows fair from land. They stay for nought at all
But for their owner, master, and yourself.
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS How now? A madman? Why, thou peevish[93]
sheep,
What ship of Epidamium stays for me?
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE A ship you sent me to, to hire[95] waftage.
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope,

And told thee to what purpose and what end.
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE You sent me for a rope's end[98] as soon,
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS I will debate this matter at more leisure
And teach your ears to list[101] me with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight.[102]
Give her this key, and tell her in the desk ***Gives a key***
That's covered o'er with Turkish tapestry,
There is a purse of ducats, let her send it.
Tell her I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me. Hie thee, slave, be gone.—
On, officer, to prison till it come.

Exeunt [all but Dromio of Syracuse]

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE To Adriana? That is where we dined,
Where Dowsabel[110] did claim me for her husband.
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.[111]
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds[113] fulfil.

Exit

[Act 4 Scene 2]

running scene 5

Enter Adriana and Luciana
ADRIANA Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Mightst thou perceive austerely[2] in his eye
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?
Looked he or[4] red or pale, or sad or merrily?
What observation[5] mad’st thou in this case,
Of his heart’s meteors[6] tilting in his face?
LUCIANA First he denied you had in him no[7] right.
ADRIANA He meant he did me none, the more my spite.[8]
LUCIANA Then swore he that he was a stranger here.
ADRIANA And true[10] he swore, though yet forsworn he were.
LUCIANA Then pleaded I for you.
ADRIANA And what said he?
LUCIANA That love I begged for you, he begged of me.
ADRIANA With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?
LUCIANA With words that in an honest[15] suit might move.
First, he did praise my beauty, then my speech.
ADRIANA Didst speak him fair?[17]
LUCIANA Have patience, I beseech.
ADRIANA I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still.[19]
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his[20] will.
He is deformèd, crooked, old and sere,[21]
Ill-faced, worse bodied, shapeless[22] everywhere,
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind,
Stigmatical in making,[24] worse in mind.
LUCIANA Who would be jealous then of such a one?
No evil lost is wailed[26] when it is gone.
ADRIANA Ah, but I think him better than I say,
And yet would[28] herein others’ eyes were worse.
Far[29] from her nest the lapwing cries away,
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.
Enter Dromio of Syracuse ***Running, with the key***

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE Here, go — the desk, the purse! Sweet, now, make haste.
LUCIANA How hast thou lost thy breath?
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE By running fast.
ADRIANA Where is thy master, Dromio? Is he well?
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE No, he's in Tartar limbo,[35] worse than hell.
A devil in an everlasting[36] garment hath him,
One whose hard heart is buttoned[37] up with steel:
A fiend, a fairy,[38] pitiless and rough,
A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow[39] all in buff,
A back-friend,[40] a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands
The passages[41] of alleys, creeks and narrow lands,
A hound that runs counter,[42] and yet draws dryfoot well,
One that before the judgement[43] carries poor souls to hell.
ADRIANA Why, man, what is the matter?
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE I do not know the matter,[45] he is 'rested on the case.
ADRIANA What, is he arrested? Tell me at whose suit?[46]
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE I know not at whose suit he is arrested well,
But is in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that can I tell.
Will you send him, mistress, redemption,[49] the money in his desk?
ADRIANA Go fetch it, sister. This I wonder at,
Exit Luciana
That he, unknown to me, should be in debt.
Tell me, was he arrested on a band?[52]
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE Not on a band, but on a stronger thing:
A chain, a chain, do you not hear it ring?
ADRIANA What, the chain?
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE No, no, the bell, 'tis time that I were gone.
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.[57]
ADRIANA The hours come back! That did I never hear.
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE O, yes, if any hour[59] meet a sergeant, a turns back for very fear.
ADRIANA As if time were in debt. How fondly[60] dost thou reason.
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE Time is a very bankrupt, and owes[61] more than he's worth to season.

Nay, he's a thief too: have you not heard men say
That Time comes stealing[64] on by night and day?
If a be in debt and theft,[65] and a sergeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn[66] back an hour in a day?
Enter Luciana ***With a purse***
ADRIANA Go, Dromio, there's the money, bear it straight,
And bring thy master home immediately.
[Exit Dromio, with the purse]
Come, sister, I am pressed down[69] with conceit:
Conceit, my comfort[70] and my injury.
Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 3]

running scene 6

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE There’s not a man I meet but doth salute[1] me
As if I were their well-acquainted friend,
And everyone doth call me by my name:
Some tender[4] money to me, some invite me,
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses,
Some offer me commodities to buy.
Even now a tailor called me in his shop,
And showed me silks that he had bought for me,
And therewithal took measure of my body.
Sure these are but imaginary wiles,[10]
And Lapland[11] sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse ***With the purse***

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE Master, here’s the gold you sent me for. What, have you got the picture of old Adam new-apparelled?[13]

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE What gold is this? What Adam dost thou mean?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE Not that Adam[15] that kept the Paradise, but that Adam that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calf’s[16] skin that was killed for the Prodigal, he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE I understand thee not.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE No? Why, ’tis a plain case:[19] he that went like a bass-viol in a case of leather; the man, sir, that when gentlemen are tired, gives them a sob[20] and ’rests them.[21] He, sir, that takes pity on decayed men and gives them suits of durance. He that sets[22] up his rest to do more exploits with his mace than a morris-pike.[23]

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE What, thou mean’st an officer?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band:[25] he that brings any man to answer it[26] that breaks his band, one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, ‘God give you good rest[27]’.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Well, sir, there rest[28] in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth tonight? May we be gone?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark *Expedition* put forth tonight, and then were you hindered by the sergeant, to tarry[31] for the hoy *Delay*. ***Gives him the purse*** Here are the angels[32] that you sent for to deliver you.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE The fellow is distract,[33] and so am I,
And here we wander in illusions.
Some blessèd power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtesan

COURTESAN Well met, well met, Master Antipholus.
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now.
Is that the chain you promised me today?

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Satan avoid,[39] I charge thee tempt me not.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE Master, is this Mistress Satan?

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE It is the devil.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam:[42] and here she comes in the habit[43] of a light wench, and thereof comes that the wenches say 'God damn me', that's as much to say, 'God make me a light wench'. It is written, they appear to men like angels of light, light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn. *Ergo,*[45] light wenches will burn.[46] Come not near her.

COURTESAN Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir. Will you go with me? we'll mend[48] our dinner here.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat,[49] or bespeak a long spoon.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Why, Dromio?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE Marry, he[51] must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Avoid then, fiend, what[52] tell'st thou me of supping? ***To the Courtesan*** Thou art, as you are all,[53] a sorceress. I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.

COURTESAN Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner, Or, for[56] my diamond, the chain you promised, And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE Some devils ask[58] but the parings of one’s nail, a rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherry-stone. But she, more covetous, would have a chain. Master, be wise, an if[60] you give it her, the devil will shake her chain and fright us with it.

COURTESAN I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain.
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so?

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Avaunt,[64] thou witch. Come, Dromio, let us go.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE ‘Fly pride’, says the peacock.[65] Mistress, that you
know.

Exeunt [Antipholus and Dromio of Syracuse]

COURTESAN Now, out of doubt Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean[67] himself.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promised me a chain.
Both one and other he denies me now.
The reason that I gather he is mad,
Besides this present instance of his rage,[72]
Is a mad tale he told today at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
Belike[75] his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now to hie home[77] to his house,
And tell his wife that, being lunatic,
He rushed into my house and took perforce[79]
My ring away. This course I fittest choose,[80]
For forty ducats is too much to lose.

[Exit]

[Act 4 Scene 4]

running scene 6 continues

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus with a Jailer [or Officer]

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS Fear me not, man, I will not break away:
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money
To warrant[3] thee as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward[4] mood today,
And will not lightly[5] trust the messenger
That I should be attached[6] in Ephesus,
I tell you 'twill sound harshly in her ears.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus with a rope's-end

Here comes my man, I think he brings the money.—
How now, sir? Have you that I sent you for?

DROMIO OF EPHESUS Here's that, I warrant you, will pay[10] them all. ***Gives the rope***

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS But where's the money?

DROMIO OF EPHESUS Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

DROMIO OF EPHESUS I'll serve[14] you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS To what end[15] did I bid thee hie thee home?

DROMIO OF EPHESUS To[16] a rope's-end, sir, and to that end am I returned.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS And to[17] that end, sir, I will welcome you. ***Beats him***

OFFICER Good sir, be patient.

DROMIO OF EPHESUS Nay, 'tis for me to be patient, I am in adversity.

OFFICER Good now, hold thy tongue.

DROMIO OF EPHESUS Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.[21]

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS Thou whoreson,[22] senseless villain.

DROMIO OF EPHESUS I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS Thou art sensible in[24] nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

DROMIO OF EPHESUS I am an ass, indeed, you may prove it by my long ears.[25] I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows.

When I am cold, he heats me with beating: when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am waked with it when I sleep, raised with it when I sit, driven out of doors with it when I go from home, welcomed home with it when I return, nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont[30] her brat, and I think when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtesan, and a schoolmaster called Pinch

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS Come, go along, my wife is coming yonder.

DROMIO OF EPHESUS Mistress, ***To Adriana*** *respice finem,*[33] respect your end, or rather, the prophecy like the parrot, ‘beware the rope’s-end’.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS Wilt thou still[35] talk?

Beats Dromio

COURTESAN How say you now? Is not your husband mad? ***To Adriana***

ADRIANA His incivility confirms no less.
Good Doctor[38] Pinch, you are a conjurer,
Establish him in his true sense[39] again,
And I will please[40] you what you will demand.

LUCIANA Alas, how fiery and how sharp[41] he looks.

COURTESAN Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy.[42]

PINCH Give me your hand and let me feel your pulse. ***To Antipholus***

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS There is my hand, and let it feel your ear. ***Strikes him***

PINCH I charge thee, Satan, housed within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight:
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS Peace, doting[49] wizard, peace, I am not mad.

ADRIANA O, that thou wert not, poor distressèd soul.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS You minion, you, are these your customers?[51]
Did this companion[52] with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house today,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house?

ADRIANA O husband, God doth know you dined at home,
Where would you had remained until this time,
Free from these slanders and this open shame.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS Dined at home?— Thou villain, what sayest thou?
To Dromio
DROMIO OF EPHESUS Sir, sooth[60] to say, you did not dine at home.
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS Were not my doors locked up, and I shut out?
DROMIO OF EPHESUS Perdie,[62] your doors were locked, and you shut out.
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS And did not she herself revile me there?
DROMIO OF EPHESUS Sans fable,[64] she herself reviled you there.
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt and scorn me?
DROMIO OF EPHESUS Certes[66] she did, the kitchen-vestal scorned you.
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS And did not I in rage depart from thence?
DROMIO OF EPHESUS In verity[68] you did, my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.
ADRIANA Is't good to soothe[70] him in these contraries? *To Pinch*
PINCH It is no shame. The fellow[71] finds his vein, *Aside to Adriana*
And yielding to[72] him, humours well his frenzy.
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS Thou hast suborned[73] the goldsmith to arrest me.
ADRIANA Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.
DROMIO OF EPHESUS Money by me? Heart[76] and good will you might,
But surely, master, not a rag[77] of money.
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?
ADRIANA He came to me and I delivered it.
LUCIANA And I am witness with her that she did.
DROMIO OF EPHESUS God and the rope-maker bear me witness
That I was sent for nothing but a rope.
PINCH Mistress, both man and master is possessed,
I know it by their pale and deadly[84] looks.
They must be bound and laid in some dark room.
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth[86] today?
— *To Adriana*
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold? *To Dromio*
ADRIANA I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.
DROMIO OF EPHESUS And, gentle master, I received no gold:
But I confess, sir, that we were locked out.
ADRIANA Dissembling[91] villain, thou speak'st false in both.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all,
And art confederate[93] with a damnèd pack
To make a loathsome abject scorn[94] of me.
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes
That would behold in me this shameful sport. ***He threatens Adriana***

Enter three or four, and offer to bind him. He strives

ADRIANA O, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.

PINCH More company,[98] the fiend is strong within him.

LUCIANA Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS What, will you murder me?— Thou jailer, thou,
I am thy prisoner. Wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?[102]

OFFICER Masters, let him go.
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

PINCH Go bind this man, for he is frantic[105] too. ***They bind Dromio of Ephesus***

ADRIANA What wilt thou do, thou peevish[106] officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure[108] to himself?

OFFICER He is my prisoner. If I let him go,
The debt he owes will be required of me.

ADRIANA I will discharge[111] thee ere I go from thee.
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And knowing[113] how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good master doctor, see him safe conveyed
Home to my house. O, most unhappy day!

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS O, most unhappy strumpet!

DROMIO OF EPHESUS Master, I am here entered in bond[117] for you.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS Out on thee, villain, wherefore dost thou mad[118] me?

DROMIO OF EPHESUS Will you be bound for nothing? Be mad, good master: cry[119] 'The devil!'

LUCIANA God help poor souls, how idly do they talk.

ADRIANA Go bear him hence.— Sister, go you with me.

Exeunt [Pinch and his assistants, bearing Antipholus and Dromio of Ephesus] Adriana, Luciana, Officer and Courtesan remain

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?
OFFICER One Angelo, a goldsmith. Do you know him?
ADRIANA I know the man. What is the sum he owes?
OFFICER Two hundred ducats.
ADRIANA Say, how grows it due?
OFFICER Due for a chain your husband had of him.
ADRIANA He did bespeak[129] a chain for me, but had it not.
COURTESAN When as your husband all in rage today
Came to my house and took away my ring,
The ring I saw upon his finger now,
Straight after did I meet him with a chain.
ADRIANA It may be so, but I did never see it.—
Come, jailer, bring me where the goldsmith is.
I long to know the truth hereof[136] at large.

Enter Antipholus and Dromio [of] Syracuse with their rapiers drawn

LUCIANA God for thy mercy, they are loose again.
ADRIANA And come with naked[138] swords.
Let's call more help to have them bound again.
OFFICER Away, they'll kill us.

Run all out. Exeunt all, as fast as may be, frighted.
[Antipholus and Dromio of Syracuse remain]

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE I see these witches are afraid of swords.
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE She that would be[142] your wife now ran from you.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Come to the Centaur, fetch our stuff[143] from thence. I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE Faith, stay here this night, they will surely do us no harm. You saw they speak us fair,[146] give us gold. Methinks they are such a gentle nation that, but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims[147] marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still[148] and turn witch.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE I will not stay tonight for all the town. Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard.

Exeunt

Act 5 Scene 1

running scene 7

Enter the [Second] Merchant and [Angelo] the goldsmith

ANGELO I am sorry, sir, that I have hindered you,
But I protest, he had the chain of[2] me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

SECOND MERCHANT How is the man esteemed here in the city?

ANGELO Of very reverend[5] reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly beloved,
Second to none that lives here in the city:
His[8] word might bear my wealth at any time.

SECOND MERCHANT Speak softly, yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter Antipholus and Dromio [of Syracuse] again ***Antipholus wearing the chain***

ANGELO 'Tis so, and that self[10] chain about his neck
Which he forswore[11] most monstrously to have.
Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.—
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble,
And not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance[16] and oaths so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly.
Beside[18] the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend,
Who, but for staying on[20] our controversy,
Had hoisted sail and put to sea today.
This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE I think I had, I never did deny it.

SECOND MERCHANT Yes, that you did, sir, and forswore it too.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Who heard me to deny it or forswear it?

SECOND MERCHANT These ears of mine, thou know'st did hear thee.
Fie[27] on thee, wretch, 'tis pity that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.[28]

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Thou art a villain to impeach[29] me thus:
I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty

Against thee presently,[31] if thou dar’st stand.
SECOND MERCHANT I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.
They draw. Enter Adriana, Luciana, [the] Courtesan and others
ADRIANA Hold, hurt him not, for God’s sake, he is mad.
Some get within him,[34] take his sword away.
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE Run, master, run, for God’s sake, take[36] a house.
This is some priory. In, or we are spoiled.[37]
Exeunt [Antipholus and Dromio of Syracuse] to the priory
Enter [Emilia, the] Lady Abbess
EMILIA Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?
ADRIANA To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast
And bear him home for his recovery.
ANGELO I knew he was not in his perfect wits.
SECOND MERCHANT I am sorry now that I did draw[43] on him.
EMILIA How long hath this possession held the man?
ADRIANA This week he hath been heavy,[45] sour, sad,
And much different from the man he was.
But till this afternoon his passion
Ne’er brake into extremity of rage.
EMILIA Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of sea?
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Strayed[51] his affection in unlawful love,
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing?
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?
ADRIANA To none of these, except it be the last,
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.
EMILIA You should for that have reprehended[57] him.
ADRIANA Why, so I did.
EMILIA Ay, but not rough enough.
ADRIANA As roughly as my modesty would let me.
EMILIA Haply[61] in private.
ADRIANA And in assemblies[62] too.
EMILIA Ay, but not enough.

ADRIANA It was the copy[64] of our conference.
In bed he slept not for my urging it,
At board[66] he fed not for my urging it.
Alone,[67] it was the subject of my theme,
In company I often glancèd[68] it:
Still[69] did I tell him it was vile and bad.
EMILIA And thereof[70] came it that the man was mad.
The venom clamours[71] of a jealous woman
Poisons more deadly than a mad dog’s tooth.
It seems his sleeps were hindered by thy railing,[73]
And thereof comes it that his head is light.[74]
Thou say’st his meat was sauced with thy upbraidings:
Unquiet meals make ill digestions.
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred,
And what’s a fever but a fit of madness?
Thou say’st his sports[79] were hindered by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barred, what doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,
And at her[83] heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures[84] and foes to life?
In food, in sport and life-preserving[85] rest
To be disturbed, would mad[86] or man or beast.
The consequence is then thy jealous fits
Have scared thy husband from the use of[88] wits.
LUCIANA She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demeaned[90] himself rough, rude and wildly.
Why bear you these rebukes and answer not? ***To Adriana***
ADRIANA She did betray[92] me to my own reproof.
Good people enter and lay hold on him.
EMILIA No, not a creature enters in my house.
ADRIANA Then let your servants bring my husband forth.
EMILIA Neither. He took this place for sanctuary,[96]
And it shall privilege[97] him from your hands
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour[99] in assaying it.

ADRIANA I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet[101] his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney[102] but myself,
And therefore let me have him home with me.
EMILIA Be patient, for I will not let him stir
Till I have used the approvèd[105] means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal[107] man again.
It is a branch[108] and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order.
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.
ADRIANA I will not hence and leave my husband here:
And ill it doth beseem your holiness
To separate the husband and the wife.
EMILIA Be quiet and depart, thou shalt not have him.
[Exit]
LUCIANA Complain unto the duke of this indignity. ***To Adriana***
ADRIANA Come, go, I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce[119] my husband from the abbess.
SECOND MERCHANT By this,[120] I think, the dial points at five:
Anon,[121] I'm sure the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale,
The place of death and sorry[123] execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.
ANGELO Upon what cause?
SECOND MERCHANT To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,
Who put[127] unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.
ANGELO See where they come: we will behold his death.
LUCIANA Kneel to the duke before he pass the abbey.
Enter the Duke of Ephesus and [Egeon] the merchant of Syracuse, bareheaded [and bound], with the Headsman and other Officers
DUKE Yet once again proclaim it publicly,

If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender[134] him.
ADRIANA Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess.
DUKE She is a virtuous and a reverend lady.
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.
ADRIANA May it please your grace, Antipholus, my husband —
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important[140] letters — this ill day
A most outrageous[141] fit of madness took him,
That desp’rately[142] he hurried through the street,
With him his bondman,[143] all as mad as he,
Doing displeasure[144] to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing[145] thence
Rings, jewels, anything his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order[148] for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot[150] not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him,
And with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again and madly bent[154] on us,
Chased us away: till raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them. Then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them,
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer[159] us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command
Let him be brought forth, and borne[162] hence for help.
DUKE Long since thy husband served me in my wars,
And I to thee engaged[164] a prince’s word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace[166] and good I could.
Go some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbess come to me.

I will determine[169] this before I stir.
Enter a Messenger
MESSENGER O, mistress, mistress, shift[170] and save yourself, ***To Adriana***
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row,[172] and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have singed off with brands[173] of fire,
And ever as it blazed, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire[175] to quench the hair.
My master preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with scissors nicks[177] him like a fool,
And sure,[178] unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.
ADRIANA Peace, fool, thy master and his man are here,
And that is false thou dost report to us.
MESSENGER Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true,
I have not breathed almost since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows if he can take[184] you,
To scorch your face and to disfigure you.
Cry within
Hark, hark! I hear him, mistress: fly, be gone.
DUKE Come, stand by me, fear nothing.— Guard with halberds.[187]
ADRIANA Ay me, it is my husband: witness you,
That he is borne about[189] invisible.
Even now we housed him in the abbey here,
And now he’s there, past[191] thought of human reason.
Enter Antipholus and Dromio of Ephesus
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS Justice, most gracious duke, O, grant me justice,
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee[194] in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.
EGEON Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,[197]
I see my son Antipholus and Dromio.
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there:
She whom thou gav’st to me to be my wife,
That hath abusèd and dishonoured me,

Even in the strength[202] and height of injury.
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.
DUKE Discover[205] how, and thou shalt find me just.
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she with harlots[207] feasted in my house.
DUKE A grievous fault: say, woman, didst thou so?
ADRIANA No, my good lord. Myself, he and my sister
Today did dine together. So[210] befall my soul,
As this is false he burdens me withal.
LUCIANA Ne’er may I look on[212] day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth.
ANGELO O perjured woman! They are both forsworn,[214]
In this the madman justly chargeth[215] them.
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS My liege, I am advisèd[216] what I say,
Neither disturbed with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash,[218] provoked with raging ire,
Albeit[219] my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman locked me out this day from dinner;
That goldsmith there, were he not packed[221] with her,
Could witness[222] it, for he was with me then,
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him. In the street I met him,
And in his company that gentleman. ***Indicates Second Merchant***
There did this perjured goldsmith swear[229] me down
That I this day of him received the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not. For the which
He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey, and sent my peasant[233] home
For certain[234] ducats: he with none returned.
Then fairly I bespoke[235] the officer
To go in person with me to my house.
By[237] th’way we met my wife, her sister, and a rabble more

Of vile confederates. Along with them
They brought one Pinch, a hungry[239] lean-faced villain,
A mere anatomy,[240] a mountebank,
A threadbare[241] juggler and a fortune-teller,
A needy,[242] hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man. This pernicious[243] slave,
Forsooth,[244] took on him as a conjurer,
And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with[246] no face, as ’twere, outfacing me,
Cries out, I was possessed. Then all together
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a dark and dankish[249] vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together,
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,[251]
I gained my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your grace, whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities.
ANGELO My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,
That he dined not at home, but was locked out.
DUKE But had he such a chain of thee, or no?
ANGELO He had, my lord: and when he ran in here,
These people saw the chain about his neck.
SECOND MERCHANT Besides, I will be sworn these ears of mine ***To Antipholus***
Heard you confess you had the chain of him,
After you first forswore it on the mart,
And thereupon I drew my sword on you:
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence I think you are come by miracle.
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS I never came within these abbey walls,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:
I never saw the chain, so help me heaven,
And this is false you burden me withal.
DUKE Why, what an intricate impeach[271] is this?
I think you all have drunk of Circe’s cup.[272]
If here you housed him, here he would have been.

If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly.[274]
You say he dined at home, the goldsmith here *To Adriana*
Denies that saying.— Sirrah, what say you? *To Dromio*
DROMIO OF EPHESUS Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porpentine.
COURTESAN He did, and from my finger snatched that ring.
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS ’Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.
DUKE Saw’st thou him enter at the abbey here?
COURTESAN As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.
DUKE Why, this is strange. Go call the abbess hither.
I think you are all mated,[283] or stark mad.
Exit one to the Abbess
EGEON Most mighty duke, vouchsafe[284] me speak a word:
Haply[285] I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.
DUKE Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.
EGEON Is not your name, sir, called Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman, Dromio?
DROMIO OF EPHESUS Within this hour I was his bondman[290] sir,
But he, I thank him, gnawed in two my cords,
Now am I Dromio, and his man unbound.
EGEON I am sure you both of you remember me.
DROMIO OF EPHESUS Ourselves[294] we do remember, sir, by you,
For lately we were bound as you are now.
You are not Pinch’s patient, are you, sir?
EGEON Why look you strange[297] on me? You know me well.
ANTIPHOLUS I never saw you in my life till now.
EGEON O, grief hath changed me since you saw me last,
And careful[300] hours with time’s deformèd hand
Have written strange defeatures[301] in my face.
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS Neither.[303]
EGEON Dromio, nor thou?
DROMIO OF EPHESUS No, trust me, sir, nor I.
EGEON I am sure thou dost.
DROMIO OF EPHESUS Ay, sir, but I am sure I do not, and whatsoever a man denies, you

are now bound[308] to believe him.
EGEON Not know my voice? O time’s extremity,
Hast thou so cracked[310] and splitted my poor tongue
In seven short years[311] that here my only son
Knows not my feeble[312] key of untuned cares?
Though now this grainèd[313] face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming[314] winter’s drizzled snow,
And all the conduits[315] of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night[316] of life some memory,
My wasting lamps[317] some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses — I cannot err —
Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS I never saw my father in my life.
EGEON But[322] seven years since, in Syracusa, boy,
Thou know’st we parted, but perhaps, my son,
Thou sham’st to acknowledge me in misery.
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS The duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witness with me that it is not so.
I ne’er saw Syracusa in my life.
DUKE I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne’er saw Syracusa:
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.
Enter the Abbess [Emilia], with Antipholus and Dromio of Syracuse
EMILIA Most mighty duke, behold a man much wronged.
All gather to see them
ADRIANA I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.
DUKE One of these men is genius[334] to the other:
And so of these, which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? Who deciphers[336] them?
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE I, sir, am Dromio, command him away.
DROMIO OF EPHESUS I, sir, am Dromio, pray let me stay.
ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Egeon art thou not? Or else his ghost.
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE O, my old master, who hath bound him here?
EMILIA Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,

And gain a husband by his liberty.
Speak, old Egeon, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once called Emilia,
That bore thee at a burden[345] two fair sons?
O, if thou be'st the same Egeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Emilia.
DUKE Why, here begins his morning story[348] right:
These two Antipholuses, these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance[350] —
Besides her urging of[351] her wreck at sea —
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.
EGEON If I dream not, thou art Emilia.
If thou art she, tell me where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?
EMILIA By men of Epidamium, he and I
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;
But by and by, rude[359] fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamium.
What then became of them, I cannot tell,
I to this fortune that you see me in.
DUKE Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first.
ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE No, sir, not I, I came from Syracuse.
DUKE Stay,[366] stand apart, I know not which is which.
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.
DROMIO OF EPHESUS And I with him.
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,
Duke Menaphon,[370] your most renownèd uncle.
ADRIANA Which of you two did dine with me today?
ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE I, gentle mistress.
ADRIANA And are not you my husband?
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS No, I say nay to that.
ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE And so do I, yet did she call me so.
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother.— What I told you then, ***To Luciana***

I hope I shall have leisure[378] to make good,
If this be not a dream I see and hear.
ANGELO That is the chain, sir, which you had of me. ***Points to chain***
ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE I think it be, sir, I deny it not.
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS And you, sir, for this chain arrested me. ***To Angelo***
ANGELO I think I did, sir, I deny it not.
ADRIANA I sent you money, sir, to be your bail ***To Antipholus of Ephesus***
By Dromio, but I think he brought it not.
DROMIO OF EPHESUS No, none by me.
ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE This purse of ducats I received from you, ***To Adriana***
And Dromio, my man, did bring them me. ***Shows purse***
I see we still[389] did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these errors are arose.[391]
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS These ducats pawn I for my father here. ***Offers money***
DUKE It shall not need, thy father hath his life.
COURTESAN Sir, I must have that diamond from you. ***To Antipholus of Ephesus***
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS There, take it, and much thanks for my good
cheer.[395] ***Gives ring***
EMILIA Renownèd duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursèd all our fortunes.
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathizèd[400] one day's error
Have suffered wrong, go, keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction.[402]
Thirty-three years have I but[403] gone in travail
Of you, my sons, and till this present hour
My heavy burden ne'er deliverèd.
The duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars[407] of their nativity,
Go to a gossips'[408] feast, and joy with me,
After so long grief, such festivity.
DUKE With all my heart, I'll gossip at[410] this feast.
Exeunt all. The two Dromios and two brothers [Antipholus] remain

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE Master, shall I fetch your stuff from shipboard? ***To Antipholus of Ephesus***
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embarked?[412]
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE Your goods that lay at host,[413] sir, in the Centaur.
ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE He speaks to me, I am your master, Dromio.
Come, go with us, we'll look to that anon.
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.
Exeunt [*Antipholus of Syracuse and Antipholus of Ephesus*]
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE There is a fat friend[418] at your master's house,
That kitchened me[419] for you today at dinner.
She now shall be my sister,[420] not my wife.
DROMIO OF EPHESUS Methinks you are my glass,[421] and not my brother:
I see by you, I am a sweet-faced youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE Not I, sir, you are my elder.
DROMIO OF EPHESUS That's a question, how shall we try it?
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE We'll draw cuts[426] for the senior, till then, lead thou first.
DROMIO OF EPHESUS Nay then, thus:
We came into the world like brother and brother,
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.
Exeunt

Textual Notes

= First Folio text of 1623, the only authority for the play
2 = a correction introduced in the Second Folio text of 1632
d = a correction introduced by a later editor
D = stage direction
H = speech heading (i.e., speaker's name)

ist of parts = Ed

.1.1 SH EGEON = Ed. F = *Marchant, Mer. Or Father throughout speech headings* **42 the** = Ed. F = he **54 poor mean** = F2. F = meane **101 up upon** = F2. F = vp **115 bark** = F2. F = backe **122 thee** = F2. F = they **126 for** = F2. F = so **150 health** = Ed. F = helpe

.2.4 arrival = F2. F = a riuall **15 travel** *spelled* travaile *in* F *(used for both* travel *and* travail*)* **37 falling** = F. Ed. = failing **66 clock** = Ed. F = cooke **93 God's** = Ed. F = God **96 o'er-raught** = Ed. F = ore-wrought

.1.12 ill = F2. F = thus **59 thousand** = F2. F = hundred **62 come home** = Ed. F = come **110 Wear** = Ed. F = Where

.2.12 didst = F2. F = did didst **78 men** = Ed. F = them **89 tiring** = Ed. F = trying **166 stronger** = Ed. F = stranger **177 offered** = Ed. F = free'd

.1.83 you = F2. F = your 97, **99 her** = Ed. F = your

.2.0 *SD Luciana* = Ed. F *Iuliana* **1 SH LUCIANA** = Ed. F = *Iulia* **4 building** = Ed. F = buildings **ruinous** = Ed. F = ruinate **16 attaint** = Ed. F = attaine **21 but** = Ed. F = not **26 wife** = F2. F = wise **46 sister's** = F2. F = sister **49 bed** = F2. F = bud **49 them** = Ed. F = thee **57 where** = Ed. F = when **101 and** = Ed. F = is **112 hair** = F2. F = heire

.1.7 SH ANGELO = Ed. F = *Gold. throughout* **17 her** = Ed. F = their **28 carat** *spelled* charect *in* F

.2.6 Of = F2. F = Oh **37 One** *spelled* On *in* F **51 That** = F2. F = Thus **66 a** = Ed. F = I

.3.28 ship = F2. F = ships **49 you do** = F2. F = do

.4.136 *SD their rapiers* = Ed.F = *his Rapier*

.1.36 God's = Ed. F = God **123 death** = Ed. F = depth **405 ne'er** = Ed. F = are **408 joy** = Ed. F = go **409 festivity** = Ed. F = Natiuity

Act 1 Scene 1

1.1 ***Location:*** *Ephesus. This is the location for the whole play. Most of the action takes place outdoors in public, in or near the market ("mart")*
Ephesus Ionian city, now part of Turkey **Syracuse** city in Sicily

2 **doom** sentence

4 **partial** inclined

6 **rancorous outrage** bitter wrongdoing

7 **well-dealing** civil, honest

8 **wanting** lacking **guilders** silver coins **redeem** ransom

9 **sealed** certified (as if their **bloods** were sealing wax) **rigorous statutes** severe laws (literally, legal documents)

11 **mortal** deadly **intestine** internal **jars** conflicts

12 **seditious** turbulent

13 **synods** assemblies

15 **traffic** to trade between **adverse** hostile

17 **marts** markets

20 **to** at **dispose** disposal

21 **marks** coins, each worth two-thirds of a pound **levièd** raised

22 **quit** pay

23 **substance** possessions

31 **heavier** more sorrowful

32 **I** for me

33 **that** so that

34 **wrought by nature** brought about by natural affection

35 **gives me leave** permits me to

37 **but** only

38 **by…bad** would have been happy with me had we not suffered misfortune

41 **Epidamium** Epidamnus, port on the coast of Illyricum; now Durrës in Albania **factor's** agent's

42 **at random** unattended

43 **embracements** embraces

46 **pleasing punishment** i.e., pregnancy

54 **mean** lowly, humble

56 **for** because

57 **attend** serve/accompany

58 **meanly** a little

59 **motions** urgings

61 **league** about three miles

62 **deep** sea

63 **instance** suggestion

67 **doubtful warrant** dreadful assurance

70 **before for** in the face of

71 **plainings** wailing

72 **for fashion** as is customary

73 **delays** i.e., from death

74 **it was** is what happened

75 **boat** the ship’s life-boat

76 **sinking-ripe** ready to sink

77 **careful** concerned **latter-born** youngest

81 **like** equally

83 **whom** him/those on whom

84 **the** of the

85 **straight** immediately **stream** current

86 **Corinth** Greek city

88 **vapours** clouds offended assailed

89 **benefit** help

91 **amain** swiftly

92 **Epidaurus** probably a port on the Adriatic coast, just south of Dubrovnik (then Illyria, now Croatia), though there was another Epidaurus (famous for its amphitheater) in Greece

93 **ere** before

94 **that** that which

95 **forward** proceed

98 **Worthily** deservedly

99 **meet by** come within **twice five leagues** about thirty miles

105 **What** something

111 **seized on us** took hold of us/hauled us up

112 **hap** chance

114 **reft…prey** deprived the fishermen of their catch

115 **bark** small ship
121 **dilate** relate
122 **befall’n** of happened to
123 **eldest** longest
125 **After** about **importuned** begged
126 **attendant** i.e., one of the twins of humbler birth **like** the same
127 **Reft…name** deprived of his brother, but retaining his sibling’s name
128 **of** for
129 **laboured…love** longed
130 **hazarded…loved** i.e., risked losing my younger son
132 **clean** completely **bounds** territories
133 **coasting** traveling along the coast
135 **Or** either
138 **travels** also “travails” (efforts, pains) **warrant** guarantee
139 **Hapless** unlucky
143 **would they** even if they wanted to **disannul** abolish
144 **sue** plead, petition
145 **adjudgèd** condemned
147 **But to** except at the cost of **disparagement** disgrace
149 **limit** allow
150 **health** i.e., life, well-being
156 **wend** go, direct himself
157 **procrastinate** postpone

Act 1 Scene 2

1.2 ***Antipholus*** from the Greek *anti* + *philia* (“opposing love”); Folio entry direction calls him “Antipholis Erotes” (suggesting Latin *erratus*, “wanderer”/Erotes, “lovegods, cupids”) *Dromio* Greek for “runner”

1 **give out** say

5 **buy out** ransom

8 **to keep** in my keeping

9 **the Centaur** an inn **host** lodge

11 **dinner-time** i.e., about noon

12 **manners** habits, nature

13 **Peruse** observe

18 **mean** opportunity/means (i.e., the money)

19 **villain** servant/rogue **oft** often

20 **care** cares, troubles

21 **humour** mood (one of the four bodily “humors” that governed the disposition)

25 **benefit** profit

26 **Soon at** at about/promptly at

28 **consort** accompany

32 **content** pleasure, enjoyment

37 **find…forth** discover his companion (some editors emend **falling** to “failing”)

38 **Unseen** unknown/inexperienced **confounds** becomes indistinguishable to/destroys/loses

40 **unhappy** ill-fated

41 **almanac…date** as they were born at the same time, Dromio is a living calendar for Antipholus to judge his age by

44 **capon** castrated cockerel (a common dish)

46 **made it one** i.e., struck him

47 **hot** angry

49 **stomach** appetite

50 **broke your fast** had breakfast

51 **fast and pray** acts of penitence

52 **penitent** repentant/fasting **default** offence

53 **Stop…wind** hold your breath, shut up

55 **o’** on
56 **crupper** leather strap on a horse’s saddle
58 **sportive** merry
61 **charge** responsibility **from…custody** out of your own keeping
63 **post** haste
64 **post** beaten, like a tavern doorpost on which accounts were marked
65 **score** engrave/count **pate** head
66 **maw** stomach
68 **out of season** irrelevant/inappropriate
72 **have done** end
73 **charge** responsibility, task
75 **the Phoenix** the name of Antipholus’ house or sign of his shop
76 **stays** wait
79 **sconce** head
80 **stands** insists **undisposed** not in the mood
85 **those** i.e., the beatings
90 **hie** hasten
94 **an** if **take** take to
95 **device** scheme
96 **o’er-raught** cheated
97 **cozenage** trickery
98 **As** such as **jugglers** illusionists, tricksters
99 **Dark-working** secretive/with the power to create darkness
100 **deform** transform/harm
101 **prating mountebanks** swift-talking quacks
102 **liberties of sin** unrestrained, dissolute sinners (some editors emend to “libertines”)

Act 2 Scene 1

2.1 ***Adriana*** the name means “dark one,” suggesting she may be brunette ***Antipholus* [*of Ephesus*]** Folio entry direction calls him [Antipholis Sereptus] (from Latin *surreptus*, “stolen away”) ***Luciana*** the name means “light one,” suggesting she may be blonde

3 **Sure** surely

8 **see time** see fit

11 **still** always

12 **when** whenever **serve** treat **ill** badly

15 **lashed** whipped/harnessed

16 **situate** situated

17 **bound** limit

19 **at their controls** under their control

20 **more divine** closer to God in the order of being

25 **attend…accords** serve their wishes/wait on their consent

28 **bear some sway** wield some power

30 **start…where** wander elsewhere (i.e., have an affair)

31 **forbear** be patient

32 **No…pause** no wonder she hesitates to marry

33 **other cause** reason to behave otherwise

36 **like** the same

39 **helpless** useless

40 **like right bereft** yourself deprived of similar rights

41 **fool-begged** foolish **left** abandoned

42 **but to try** just to see what it’s like

45 **two…ears** refers to his earlier beating

48 **told** communicated/tolled (i.e., struck) **Beshrew** curse

50 **doubtfully** ambiguously (Dromio shifts the sense to “dreadfully”)

52 **understand** comprehend/endure (“stand under”)

55 **horn-mad** furious (like a horned beast)

57 **cuckold-mad** enraged like a husband with an unfaithful wife; such men were popularly imagined to grow horns

65 **Hang up** hang

66 **out on** expression of indignant contempt

70 **my…shoulders** the message I should have delivered verbally he made me return with on my shoulders (as a beating)

74 **new** freshly

77 **bless** puns on the sense of “wound” (from French: “blesser”)

78 **holy** blessed/full of holes

79 **peasant** servant (contemptuous)

80 **round** outspoken/spherical

81 **spurn** kick/treat contemptuously

83 **last** plays on sense of “wooden mold of a foot used for making shoes” **leather** i.e., like a **football** (or shoe)

84 **loureth** scowls

85 **His** i.e., Antipholus’ **do…grace** give pleasure to his sweethearts

87 **homely** plain

88 **wasted** withered/squandered

89 **discourses** conversations **wit** intelligence

90 **voluble** articulate **marred** ruined

91 **than marble hard** than even hard marble would

92 **their** i.e., the **minions’ gay vestments** pretty, bright outfits **bait** ensnare (plays on “bate”—i.e., “reduce” the force of his love for Adriana)

93 **state** estate, appearance

95 **By…ruined** that he is not responsible for **ground** cause

96 **defeatures** waning attractions **fair** beauty

98 **deer** puns on “dear” **pale** boundaries

99 **feeds from home** satisfies his appetites elsewhere **stale** laughing-stock/prostitute

101 **Unfeeling fools** only insensitive fools

102 **doth homage otherwhere** admires another woman

103 **lets** prevents

105 **Would…detain** a heavily disputed line, variously emended to “alone o’ love,” “alone, alone” or “alone, alas”; the gist seems to be “I had rather he would withhold the gift (**chain**) and remain faithful”

106 **So** as long as **keep…bed** i.e., remain faithful

107 **jewel best enamellèd** even the most beautifully enameled ornament (or woman)

108 **bides still** lasts for ever (like a true wife)

109 **touch** the quality of gold was tested by rubbing it against a touchstone (plays on sense of “fondle sexually”)

110 **Wear** wear away (may also play on the idea of using up one’s money on mistresses or whores) **name** reputation

114 **fond** doting/foolish

Act 2 Scene 2

2 **heedful** attentive/careful **slave** servant/rascal

3 **in care** conscientiously

4 **By…report** by working out my whereabouts based on the inkeeper’s information

5 **could not** speak have not spoken

8 **strokes** blows

13 **spake I** did I speak

17 **the gold’s receipt** receiving the gold

19 **felt’st** understood/physically experienced

20 **vein** mood

22 **in the teeth** to my face

24 **earnest** genuine (plays on the financial sense of “deposit laid to secure a **bargain**”)

27 **for** as **fool** companion/jester

28 **sauciness** insolence **jest upon** trifle with

29 **make…hours** intrude upon my important matters as though they were free to anyone

30 **sport** play

32 **aspect** disposition (plays on the sense of “planetary position”)

33 **fashion** suit, adapt **demeanour** attitude, behavior

34 **sconce** head (Dromio plays on the sense of “fortress”)

35 **So** if **battering** beating/attacking with a battering ram

36 **An** if **blows long** puns on “long bow” **sconce** protection/helmet

37 **ensconce** shelter **seek…shoulders** i.e., as my brains will have been beaten into my shoulders

42 **wherefore** for what reason

44 **urging** repeating

46 **out of season** unjustly

50 **Marry** by the Virgin Mary **something…nothing** i.e., beating that I did nothing to deserve

51 **to give** by giving

53 **wants that** lacks that which

54 **In good time** indeed

55 **Basting** moistening/beating

59 **choleric** angry (choler was the hot humor worsened by a dry diet) **dry** severe

60 **in good time** appropriately

62 **durst have denied** would have dared deny

63 **By what rule** on what grounds

64 **Father Time** traditionally depicted as an elderly man, bald but for a forelock of hair

69 **fine and recovery** legal terms for the process of transferring ownership or inheritance of property

70 **fine** fee **periwig** wig **hair** puns on “heir”

72 **such a niggard** so begrudging

73 **excrement** outgrowth

75 **scanted** limited

77 **hath…hair** is clever enough to lose his hair (ironic, since baldness was a symptom of syphilis; **wit** may play on sense of “penis”)

78 **plain dealers** straightforward, frank

80 **plainer dealer** greater womanizer (playing on “to deal”—i.e., “to have sex”)

81 **jollity** sexual pleasure

83 **two** plays on the notion of testicles **sound** valid (Antipholus plays on the sense of “healthy”)

85 **Sure** certain (Antipholus plays on the sense of “trustworthy”)

86 **thing falsing** deceptive situation/unfaithful vagina

87 **Certain** reliable

89 **tiring** dressing his hair

90 **they** his hairs **porridge** soup

95 **substantial** substantiated

97 **mend** amend

99 **bald** inane **wafts** beckons

101 **strange** without recognition, distant

102 **aspects** looks

104 **unurged** unprompted

109 **carved** sliced the meat (plays on slang sense of “had sex with”)

111 **estrangèd from thyself** so unlike yourself/so distant toward me, your other half

113 **incorporate** united in one body

114 **better part** soul/higher qualities
116 **fall** let fall
117 **breaking gulf** sea
120 **As…too** as take yourself from me without taking myself away from me
121 **dearly** grievously **quick** most tender spot
123 **consecrate** sanctified, dedicated
125 **spurn** strike
127 **stained** overly made-up, like a whore/figuratively tarnished by impure deeds/branded as a punishment for harlotry
128 **false** unfaithful
130 **see…it** make sure that you do
131 **possessed with** seized by **adulterate blot** the stain of adultery
132 **blood is mingled** blood was thought to mingle during sex
135 **strumpeted** made a whore
136 **Keep…league** if you remain faithful
137 **distained** unstained
141 **Who** and I **scanned** analyzed
142 **Wants…understand** am unable to comprehend a single word
143 **brother** brother-in-law
144 **wont** accustomed
148 **return** report
149 **buffet** beat
150 **for** tobe
152 **course and drift** purpose and meaning **compact** agreement
158 **inspiration** divine or magical revelation
159 **ill agrees it** badly it suits gravity dignity
160 **counterfeit** dissemble **grossly** blatantly
161 **Abetting** encouraging/enabling **thwart…mood** cross me in my anger
162 **Be…exempt** even if it is my fault that you have distanced yourself from me
163 **wrong…contempt** do not increase that injury by treating me with further disdain
166 **stronger state** superior condition
167 **communicate** share
168 **possess** takes, draws **dross** rubbish
169 **brier** a wild and thorny rose that grows rapidly **idle** worthless

170 **with intrusion** invasively
171 **confusion** destruction
172 **moves…theme** appeals to me as her subject matter
175 **error** misapprehension
176 **sure uncertainty** undoubted mystery
177 **entertain** accept, play along with **offered fallacy** delusion I am presented with
178 **spread** lay the table
179 **beads** rosary **cross me** make the sign of the Christian cross **for** as
181 **owls** sometimes associated with witchcraft and evil **sprites** spirits
184 **pratest thou** do you babble
185 **sot** fool
186 **transformèd** metamorphosed (by magic)
190 **ape** fool/merely an imitator of humanity
191 **aught** anything
192 **rides** controls **grass** open pasture (i.e., freedom)
196 **put…weep** i.e., cry like a child
197 **laugh…scorn** mock my grief
198 **keep** guard
199 **above** i.e., in private/literally, upon the upper level of the stage, hence potentially unable to see those below
200 **shrive** absolve
202 **forth** away from home
205 **well-advised** in my right mind
207 **persever** carry on
208 **at…go** take on all new experiences

Act 3 Scene 1

2 **shrewish** bad-tempered **keep not hours** am late

4 **carcanet** jewelled necklace

6 **face me down** impudently contradict me that

8 **charged** entrusted/accused him of possessing

12 **hand** handiwork, mark of your hand (plays on sense of “handwriting”)

18 **at that pass** in that predicament

20 **sad** solemn **cheer** fare, hospitality

21 **answer** live up to

22 **I…dear** I value your warm welcome more highly than the delicacies at your table

23 **either…dish** even the warmest welcome is not tantamount to one good dish **flesh** meat

25 **churl** peasant

28 **small cheer** little/humble food

29 **sparing** moderate

30 **cates** delicacies/provisions **mean** frugal/humble **part** spirit

32 **soft** wait a moment

33 **Ginn** probably a form of Jenny

34 **Mome** idiot **malt-horse** oaf (large horse used by breweries) **capon** eunuch (literally, castrated cockerel) **coxcomb** fool **patch** clown, rogue

35 **hatch** lower part of a door (puns on “set a hatch before the door”—i.e., “keep quiet”)

36 **conjure for wenches** pimp for prostitutes/summon women by spells **store** large quantity

37 **one…many** even one woman is more than enough

38 **stays** waits

39 **from** back to

40 **Ho** an expression to call attention

41 **an** if

44 **owe** own

46 **office** position

47 **mickle** great

48 **If…ass** i.e., “If you had gone through what I have today you would have wished you weren’t me”

50 **coil** disturbance

54 **Have at** let me attack **set…staff** make myself at home (with phallic connotations)

55 **When…tell?** i.e., never

58 **minion** servant/hussy

62 **blow** verbal blow/knock at the door

63 **baggage** good-for-nothing woman, harlot

66 **knock** may play on sense of “have sex”

68 **What…town?** What do I care for your threats when you can be punished for them? **stocks** public instrument of punishment in which the arms or legs were confined

69 **keeps** keeps up, continues

70 **boys** fellows

73 **If…sore** i.e., you and the **knave** are the same person

74 **fain** gladly

75 **part** depart

77 **in the wind** afoot, strange going on

78 **thin** i.e., and you felt the cold wind

79 **cake** plays on sense of “woman” **stand** plays on sense of “have an erection”

80 **buck** male deer/cuckold **bought and sold** betrayed and exploited

81 **ope** open

82 **Break any breaking** if you break anything

83 **break a word** speak

84 **break…behind** does not fart

85 **want’st breaking** need a beating **hind** peasant/female deer

87 **fowls…fin** i.e., never

88 **crow** crowbar

91 **sirrah** addressed to Dromio of Syracuse **pluck a crow** “clear up the matter” (proverbial)

94 **Herein** in this matter

95 **compass of suspect** scope of suspicion

97 **Once this** in short

99 **Plead…unknown** suggest there is a valid reason for her odd behavior

100 **excuse** explain

101 **made** shut

103 **the Tiger** an inn
104 **about** roundabout
106 **strong hand** physical force **offer** try
107 **stirring passage** busy activity
108 **vulgar comment** public conjecture **of** on
109 **supposed** presumed to be true **rout** rabble
110 **ungalled** unharmed **estimation** reputation
113 **upon succession** for generations
114 **housed** dwelling **gets possession** is believed/gets a foothold
116 **despite of mirth** in spite of the lack of joy **merry** cheerful
118 **wild** wanton/frivolous/lively **gentle** kind/yielding
120 **protest** declare **without desert** undeservedly
121 **withal** with, about
123 **this** this time
124 **Porpentine** Porcupine, the name of a house
125 **there's the house** that is her house/where she lives
128 **doors** plays on slang sense of "vagina" **entertain** receive (sexually)
129 **knock** plays on sense of "have sex"

Act 3 Scene 2

3 **love-springs** shoots of love

4 **building** its construction

7 **like elsewhere** love someone else

8 **Muffle** conceal/blindfold **false** unfaithful **blindness** disguise, concealment

10 **orator** spokesman

11 **become disloyalty** give a pleasing appearance to your infidelity

12 **Apparel…harbinger** clothe vice as though it heralds virtue

13 **fair** honorable, attractive

14 **carriage** demeanor

15 **secret-false** secretly disloyal

16 **What…attaint?** What foolish thief would brag of his own corruption?

18 **board** table, mealtimes

19 **bastard fame** illegitimate honor (if it is)

22 **compact of credit** made of trust

23 **others…sleeve** lovers are embraced and given love, the wife is left merely with the threads, or edges of affection

24 **motion** orbit **move** affect/influence

27 **vain** deceptive

29 **what…else** what other name you have

30 **wonder** marvel **of** on

31 **Less…wonder** you seem no less wise and gracious than the wonder of the world (here, sometimes interpreted as Queen Elizabeth I)

32 **earth** human, mortal flesh

34 **earthy-gross conceit** flawed human understanding

36 **folded** hidden

39 **new** anew

43 **homage** duty

44 **decline** incline

45 **train** seduce, entice **sweet…note** in Greek mythology, the beautiful song of mermaids lured sailors to their death

47 **dote** idolize, become infatuated with

50 **supposition** i.e., belief that her hair is a **bed**

51 **that** who **die** plays on the sense of “orgasm”

52 **Let…sink** if love is frivolous or fickle and cannot sustain itself then let it die

54 **mated** bewildered by love (plays on sense of “matched”)

56 **beams** sunrays/invisible beams thought to be emitted by the eyes

58 **wink** close one’s eyes

66 **My…claim** my heaven on earth and my only hope of heaven

68 **Call…thee** i.e., call yourself sister for I am attached to you as you would have me be to her

73 **good will** approval

78 **besides myself** myself also/out of my senses

81 **have** possess sexually

84 **a beast** may pun on “abased” (i.e., in a sexually servile position)

87 **reverent** worthy, commanding

88 **‘sir-reverence’** “save your reverence,” an apology for having said or done something offensive; also a euphemism for “dung” **lean** slender

91 **wench** servant **grease** puns on “grace”

93 **tallow** animal fat used for candles and soap **Poland winter** i.e., a long time

94 **week** may pun on “wick”

95 **complexion** physical appearance

96 **Swart** swarthy, dark-complexioned

97 **sweats** sweats so much that **go over** polish/be up to his

99 **in grain** ingrained

101 **ell** forty-five inches

105 **find** out discover/locate

107 **bogs** marshes/anus

109 **barrenness…hand** i.e., her palms are dry, calloused, and hard

111 **armed and reverted** probably alludes to syphilitic sores and hair loss

114 **chalky cliffs** white cliffs of Dover/teeth

115 **salt rheum** English Channel/watery discharge from the eyes or nose

118 **hot…breath** as if she had been eating spicy, pungent food

120 **rubies, carbuncles, sapphires** precious stones/sores and pimples

121 **declining…aspect** looking down (possibly implying a large or hooked nose)

122 **armadoes…ballast** fleets of large ships to be loaded

123 **Belgia** Belgium **Netherlands** also known as the Low Countries, so alludes here to nether regions, genitalia

124 **drudge** servant **diviner** witch

125 **assured** betrothed

126 **privy** private **of** on

129 **curtal dog** dog with a docked tail **turn i'the'wheel** tread a wheel to turn a spit

130 **hie** hasten **presently** immediately **post** hasten **road** harbor

131 **An if** if **from shore** out to sea

132 **harbour** remain

133 **bark put forth** ship set sail

136 **trudge** leave

139 **witches** a term applied to both sexes

141 **my** my very

143 **sovereign** excellent

146 **to** of

150 **lo** look

151 **ta'en you** caught up with you

152 **stay** delay

154 **What please** whatever pleases

155 **bespoke** ordered

164 **vain** foolish

166 **shifts** stratagems

168 **stay** wait

Act 4 Scene 1

1 **Pentecost** Whitsuntide, seven days after Easter

3 **had** would

5 **present satisfaction** immediate payment

6 **attach** arrest

7 **Even just** exactly

8 **growing** owed

12 **Pleaseth** if it please

13 **discharge** settle

16 **rope's end** i.e., for flogging

21 **I…rope** slightly ambiguous; perhaps "pound" plays on "beatings," or Dromio simply drawls that he would as gladly buy a rope as he would receive a thousand pounds

22 **holp up** helped

25 **Belike** perhaps **love** friendship **too long** longer

27 **Saving** with respect to

28 **utmost** final

29 **chargeful fashion** excellent workmanship

30 **ducats** gold coins

31 **debted** indebted

33 **stays but** waits only

34 **present** ready

38 **Disburse** pay out

39 **Perchance** perhaps

41 **I…enough** I do not come in time

48 **dalliance** idle talk

49 **to** to go to

50 **chid** rebuked

51 **shrew** scolding woman/mischievous man

52 **dispatch** hurry up

56 **by some token** with some evidence (that I come on your authority)

57 **humour…breath** exhaust the joke

59 **brook** tolerate

60 **answer** pay

68 **stands upon** affects **credit** reputation/financial standing

69 **suit** request

71 **touches** injures

74 **that** for that which

76 **fee** public officers were entitled to a private fee for their actions

78 **apparently** openly

81 **you…dear** this jest will cost you as much

82 **answer** amount to

83 **law** my legal rights

84 **notorious shame** public humiliation

87 **fraughtage** cargo

89 **balsamum** aromatic resin **aqua-vitae** alcoholic spirit

90 **in her trim** in fine condition

93 **peevish** prattling, bleating **sheep** fool (plays on **ship** in the following line)

95 **hire** waftage buy our passage

98 **rope's end** flogging

101 **list** listen to **heed** attention

102 **straight** immediately

110 **Dowsabel** generic term for a sweetheart, from French *douce et belle* ("gentle and beautiful"); here ironically applied to Nell

111 **compass** embrace/circumnavigate

113 **minds** wishes

Act 4 Scene 2

2 **austerely** seriously, sincerely

4 **or** either

5 **observation** plays on sense of "astronomical measurement"

6 **meteors…face** emotional conflict discernible in his appearance **tilting** in contest

7 **no** any

8 **spite** sorrow/humiliation

10 **true…were** he spoke the truth (for he is behaving like a stranger) and yet he lied (as he is my husband)

15 **honest** genuine/noble

17 **speak him fair** encourage him

19 **hold me still** remain silent/patient

20 **his** its

21 **sere** withered

22 **shapeless** unshapely, ugly

24 **Stigmatical in making** physically deformed

26 **wailed** grieved for

28 **would…worse** wish others saw him as less desirable

29 **Far…away** to divert attention from the young in her nest, the **lapwing** calls from elsewhere

35 **Tartar limbo** hellish prison/pagan hell

36 **everlasting** fabric from which police uniform was made/eternal

37 **buttoned…steel** probably alludes to steel buttons of a police uniform

38 **fairy** supernatural spirit **rough** cruel

39 **fellow…buff** sergeant or other official in a uniform made of durable ox-hide leather

40 **back-friend** false friend shoulder-clapper arresting officer countermands prohibits

41 **passages** free movement along **creeks** winding lanes, narrow passages **lands** possibly a form of "launds" meaning "glades"

42 **counter** in the opposite direction to the prey (puns on sense of "prison") **draws dryfoot** follows the prey by the scent of its footprints

43 **judgement** verdict in a court of law; Christian Day of Judgement; **hell** may allude to the colloquial name of a particular debtor's prison under

Westminster Hall

45 **matter** dispute, cause **’rested…case** in relation to this particular case (possible play on sense of “clothing”)

46 **suit** petition (Dromio shifts the sense to “clothing”)

49 **redemption** bail

52 **band** bond (document requiring payment of a debt); Dromio plays on the sense of “neck-band” (i.e., ruff)

57 **one** “on” and “one” were pronounced similarly

59 **hour** puns on either “whore” or “ower” (debtor) **a** (s)he

60 **fondly** foolishly

61 **owes…season** is so excessively in debt that it is not worth redeeming him (**season** may pun on “seisin,” a legal term for “possession of freehold,” and on “seize”—i.e., arrest; **Time** may play on “thyme” with **season** punning on “flavor”)

64 **stealing** creeping/robbing

65 **theft** a thief **in** stands in

66 **turn…hour** turn back time so that he can run away

69 **pressed down** burdened/depressed **conceit** imaginings

70 **comfort…injury** i.e., because she can try and imagine all is well yet fears it is not

Act 4 Scene 3

1 **salute** greet

4 **tender** offer

10 **wiles** delusions

11 **Lapland** was notorious for witches

13 **have…new-apparelled** i.e., have you managed to rid yourself of the sergeant (the **old**, or biblical Adam dressed himself for the first time after the Fall)

15 **Adam…Paradise** conceivably a topical joke referring to an Adam who ran an inn called Paradise

16 **calf's…Prodigal** in the Bible, the skin of the fatted calf that was killed for the return of the prodigal son; here, the leather of the sergeant's uniform

19 **plain case** law case/clothing **bass-viol…case** cello-like instrument in a leather holder

20 **sob** cry/rest (given to horses)

21 **'rests them** arrests them/lets them rest **decayed** ruined **suits of durance** long confinement/durable clothing

22 **sets…rest** gambles all (puns on "arrest") **mace** staff, symbol of office

23 **morris-pike** spear-like weapon

25 **band** band of officers

26 **it** for it band legal bond

27 **rest** repose/arrest

28 **rest** in cease

31 **tarry…hoy** wait for a small coastal vessel (ironically named since a "hoy" was intended for fast sailing)

32 **angels** gold coins (puns on sense of "celestial beings")

33 **distract** mad

39 **avoid** away

42 **dam** mother

43 **habit** clothing, appearance **light** loose

45 ***Ergo*** "therefore" (Latin)

46 **burn** infect with venereal disease/burn in hell

48 **mend** complete **here** perhaps at her lodgings

49 **spoon-meat** soft food served on a spoon, baby food bespeak request

51 **he…devil** proverbial

52 **what** why

53 **you are all** i.e., all Ephesians

56 **for** in exchange for

58 **ask** i.e., in return for leaving people alone **parings** clippings **rush** straw

60 **an if** if

64 **Avaunt** go

65 **peacock** traditionally an emblem of pride so hardly in a position to tell others to avoid it; Dromio makes a sarcastic reference to the courtesan’s request for Antipholus to be faithful

67 **demean** conduct

72 **rage** anger/insanity

75 **Belike** probably

77 **home** directly

79 **perforce** by force

80 **fittest choose** consider the most appropriate

Act 4 Scene 4

3 **warrant…for** i.e., as much as the sum for which I have been arrested

4 **wayward** perverse, wilful

5 **lightly** readily, easily

6 **attached** arrested

10 **pay** i.e., with a beating

14 **serve…rate** provide you with five hundred ropes for that price

15 **end** purpose

16 **To** for

17 **to…you** in that way shall I receive you (i.e., with a beating; **end** puns on sense of “backside”)

21 **hold his hands** restrain his fists

22 **whoreson** son of a whore

24 **sensible in** responsive to **ass** may pun on “arse”

25 **long ears** plays on the similar pronunciation of “ears” and “years”

30 **wont her brat** habitually carries her child

33 ***respice finem*** “think on your end,” i.e., death (Latin) **prophecy…parrot** parrots might be taught to say “*respice funem*”—i.e., “consider the hangman’s rope,” a sinister **prophecy**

35 **still** incessantly

38 **Doctor** his academic title, not indicative of medical qualifications

conjurer i.e., versed in Latin and therefore capable of exorcising devils (traditionally addressed in Latin)

39 **true sense** right mind

40 **please** satisfy, reward

41 **sharp** angry

42 **ecstasy** frenzy

49 **doting** foolish

51 **customers** (whore’s) clients

52 **companion** rogue **saffron** yellow

60 **sooth** truth

62 **Perdie** by God (from French, *par dieu*)

64 **Sans fable** without a lie

66 **Certes** certainly **kitchen-vestal** kitchen maid (ironic; the vestal virgins were in charge of the sacred fire in the Roman temple of Vesta)

68 **verity** truth

70 **soothe** humor **contraries** fabrications

71 **fellow** i.e., Dromio **finds his vein** knows his master’s mood

72 **yielding to** pretending to agree with

73 **suborned** bribed

76 **Heart…might** you might have sent good wishes

77 **rag** farthing, scrap

84 **deadly** deathly

86 **forth** out

91 **Dissembling** deceitful

93 **confederate** conspiring pack group

94 **abject scorn** contemptible mockery **strives** struggles

98 **More company** get more help

102 **make a rescue** i.e., take me forcibly out of legal custody

105 **frantic** deranged

106 **peevish** idiotic/spiteful

108 **displeasure** wrong

111 **discharge** settle with

113 **knowing…grows** when I know what the total of the debt amounts to

117 **entered in bond** tied up (plays on legal sense of “pledged as a guarantor”)

118 **mad** incite

119 **cry…devil!**’ cry out on/invoke the devil (that is supposed to have possessed you)

129 **bespeak** commission

136 **hereof** of this **at large** in full

138 **naked** unsheathed

142 **would be** claimed/tried to be

143 **stuff** belongings

146 **us fair** to us courteously

147 **claims** demands

148 **still** always

Act 5 Scene 1

2 **of** from

5 **reverend** respected

8 **His…time** I would let him borrow against my name any time/I would lend him my wealth with only his word as guarantee

10 **self** same

11 **forswore** denied

16 **circumstance** detailed argument

18 **Beside** besides **charge** cost/public accusation

20 **staying on** delaying because of our dispute

27 **Fie** shame

28 **resort** dwell/walk

29 **impeach** accuse

31 **presently** immediately **stand** defend yourself

34 **within him** close to him, within his guard

36 **take** take refuge in

37 **spoiled** ruined/beaten

43 **draw** i.e., a sword

45 **heavy** gloomy **sour** sullen **sad** serious

51 **Strayed** led astray **unlawful** illicit, unfaithful

57 **reprehended** rebuked

61 **Haply** perhaps

62 **assemblies** public

64 **copy…conference** theme of our conversation

66 **board** table

67 **Alone…theme** it was my only topic of conversation

68 **glancèd** touched on

69 **Still** continually

70 **thereof…mad** and as a result the man became mad

71 **venom clamours** venomous protests

73 **railing** complaining

74 **light** wild/lecherous

79 **sports** entertainments

83 **her** i.e., despair’s

84 **distemperatures** disorders

85 **life-preserving** rest sleep

86 **mad** or make mad either

88 **of** of his

90 **demeaned** behaved **rude** harshly

92 **betray…reproof** expose me to my own disgrace

96 **sanctuary** criminals were immune from legal prosecution while they were in churches

97 **privilege** protect

99 **lose my labour** exhaust myself/waste my efforts **assaying** attempting

101 **Diet** attend to, feed **office** duty

102 **attorney** representative

105 **approvèd** proven, tested

107 **formal** complete

108 **branch** part

119 **perforce** forcibly

120 **this** this time **dial** sundial, timepiece

121 **Anon** soon

123 **sorry** pitiable/vile

127 **put** arrived, docked **bareheaded** i.e., ready for execution **Headsman** executioner

134 **tender** value, pity

140 **important** urgent **letters** formal requests, instructions (perhaps Adriana is a former ward of the duke's)

141 **outrageous** fierce

142 **desp'rately** recklessly/madly

143 **bondman** servant

144 **displeasure** wrong

145 **bearing** thence taking away

148 **take order** make reparations, deal with

150 **wot** know

154 **bent** intent/turned

159 **suffer** permit

162 **borne…help** taken away for treatment

164 **engaged** pledged

166 **grace** favor

169 **determine** settle **stir** move on

170 **shift** flee
172 **a-row** one after the other
173 **brands** torches
175 **puddle mire** murky water
177 **nicks…fool** cuts his hair so that he resembles a fool
178 **sure** certainly
184 **take** take hold of
187 **halberds** long-handled weapon with an axe-like head
189 **is borne about** moves around/is transported
191 **past…reason** inconceivably
194 **bestrid thee** stood over you (when you were threatened)
197 **dote** deranged
202 **strength…injury** most harmful and offensive way possible
205 **Discover** reveal
207 **harlots** the term could be applied to men and women
210 **So…withal** may my soul be punished if what he accuses me of is not false
212 **on** at
214 **forsworn** perjured, lying
215 **chargeth** accuses
216 **advisèd** rational in
218 **heady-rash** irrational, reckless
219 **Albeit…mad** although the wrongs inflicted on me are enough to make someone wiser mad
221 **packed** complicit
222 **witness** bear witness to
229 **swear** me down reduce me to silence by swearing/refute me in swearing
233 **peasant** servant
234 **certain** a certain amount of
235 **bespoke** asked
237 **By** on **rabble more** further mob
239 **hungry** emaciated
240 **anatomy** skeleton **mountebank** quack doctor
241 **threadbare** impoverished **juggler** sorcerer, illusionist
242 **needy** poor/inadequate **sharp-looking** hungry-looking

243 **pernicious** ruinous

244 **Forsooth** in truth **took…as** assumed the role of **conjurer** exorcist

246 **with…me** despite being so emaciated he appeared to have no face, he confronted me with his stare

249 **dankish** dank, damp **vault** cellar, storeroom

251 **sunder** two

271 **impeach** charge

272 **Circe's cup** in Homer's *Odyssey* Circe is the sorceress who changed men into beasts with a charmed drink

274 **coldly** rationally

283 **mated** bewildered

284 **vouchsafe** permit

285 **Haply** through chance

290 **bondman** plays on the fact that the men were bound together

294 **Ourselves…you** we recognize ourselves in your situation

297 **strange** as a stranger

300 **careful** full of anxiety **deformèd** disfiguring

301 **defeatures** deformities/changes

303 **Neither** nor that either

308 **bound** plays on the fact that Egeon is tied up

310 **cracked…tongue** aged and distorted my voice

311 **seven short years** a slip; in Act 1, Egeon stated that he had been traveling for five years

312 **feeble…cares** weak tone of my cracked voice

313 **grainèd** wrinkled

314 **sap-consuming…snow** i.e., the white hairs of his beard

315 **conduits** veins

316 **night** of life old age

317 **wasting lamps** i.e., eyes

322 **But** only

334 **genius** attendant spirit thought to accompany and influence a man throughout his life

336 **deciphers** distinguishes

345 **at a burden** in one birth

348 **morning story** i.e., the narrative related by Egeon in Act 1 **right** precisely

350 **semblance** appearance
351 **urging of** focusing on
359 **rude** violent
366 **Stay** wait
370 **Duke Menaphon** not mentioned elsewhere; the name appears in Marlowe’s *Tamburlaine* (1587) and Greene’s *Menaphon* (1589)
378 **leisure** opportunity
389 **still** repeatedly
391 **are arose** did arise
395 **cheer** entertainment
400 **sympathizèd** shared
402 **satisfaction** explanation/reparation
403 **but…travail** still been in labor
407 **calendars…nativity** i.e., the Dromios, who were born on the same day
408 **gossips’** godparents’ (i.e., christening) **joy** enjoy
410 **gossip at** participate in/converse at
412 **embarked** loaded on the ship
413 **at host** at the inn
418 **friend** lover
419 **kitchened me** entertained me in the kitchen
420 **sister** sister-in-law
421 **glass** mirror
426 **cuts** lots

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

Comedy is tragedy averted. A young woman prepares herself for marriage. Then we witness the ceremony itself. Whenever we go to a wedding we cannot help relishing the dramatic pause when the priest asks the couple, “If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you on your souls to utter it.” On this occasion the drama turns into a crisis: in front of the whole congregation Claudio the groom accuses Hero the bride of infidelity on the very eve of her wedding day. She faints, he storms out, her father says that he hopes she is dead since she has brought such shame on his household. The play has begun with the end of a war, a move from the language of martial bonding to that of courtship and coupling. Its atmosphere has been all holiday. No more.

The change of mood extends even to the other pair of lovers. The relationship between Benedick and Beatrice has hitherto been characterized by sharp but always lighthearted banter; now Beatrice raises the stakes dramatically, forcing Benedick to choose between love and friendship. Suddenly we have moved into the O*thello*-world of sexual accusation and death-threat. Don John, the chief plotter of all the mischief, is no lago—he is a cardboard cutout villain, an archetypal melancholy man (“I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man’s jests”)—so in our rational minds we do not believe he will triumph, but we end the fourth act feeling that a substantial act of atonement will be required of Claudio.

Comedy makes room for little acts of grace; it allows the second chance that tragedy denies. In *Much Ado*, the grace comes from two agencies: the Friar who arranges the mock-death and resurrection of Hero (“let wonder seem familiar”), and the Watchmen who stumble upon the truth of Don John’s plot. We expect God to work his benign way through friars: this one teaches the important lesson that “what we have we prize not to the worth / Whiles we enjoy it.” It is only when we have lost someone that we realize how much we value them. It may seem strange that providence also works by means of the bumbling, malaprop-prone Dogberry. It is, however, one of the laws of the comic universe that appearance ("semblance") is deceptive. Those who think they are clever, like Don John, end up looking foolish; those whom we at first think are foolish, like Dogberry, turn out to be peculiarly wise. Their wisdom is that of the heart, not the intellect. Jesus said that to understand the kingdom of heaven one has to make oneself as a child: Dogberry, like Bottom in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, is one of Shakespeare's natural children. He is "condemned into everlasting redemption" for his simplicity and goodness.

In the final act, Claudio goes through his penance at the tomb of Hero. Then in the final scene he does as he is told and is rewarded via a theatrical flourish that substitutes the former bride for a supposed replacement one, a device in the tradition of Euripides' ancient and beautiful play *Alcestis*. But in agreeing to marry the mysterious cousin has not Claudio been a little eager to forget his first love? He is not exactly gracious when she comes back to him—the only words he manages are a startled "Another Hero!" There is no word of apology or plea for forgiveness, only a hurrying forward to the resolution of the Beatrice and Benedick plot. In Christopher Marlowe's famous poem, which Shakespeare knew well, Leander swims the Hellespont and gladly risks drowning in order to reach his beloved Hero. Claudio does not seem to be the kind of lover who would make such a gesture: the truly romantic, potentially tragic, action is Beatrice's demand of Benedick that he should prove his love for her by killing Claudio.

As spectators, we have been much more attracted to the witty lovers than the (supposedly) romantic ones. Since we cannot wait for the union of Benedick and Beatrice, we join Claudio in the rush toward it. Only on a second reading or viewing do we stop to worry about the kind of husband he will make for Hero. The question that matters to us is how on earth Beatrice and Benedick will stop insulting each other long enough to agree to a marriage contract. The answer comes from Leonato when he says "Peace! I will stop your mouth"—and forces the lovers to kiss. We know that the wit-combat will resume, but for a moment at the end of the play we imagine the suspension of all quarrels in a kiss and then a dance. Technically, the Beatrice and Benedick story is a subplot that Shakespeare introduced into a romance story he inherited from Renaissance Italy; theatrically, they steal the show and the benign plot whereby they are tricked into acknowledging their love for each other is the most memorable thing in the play. The simultaneously ardent and reluctant conjunction of “Signior Mountanto” and “Lady Disdain” helps us to forget about Claudio’s deficiencies. Small wonder that King Charles I wrote “Bennedike and Betrice” beneath the title of the play in his copy of Shakespeare’s Second Folio and that in the nineteenth century Hector Berlioz dispensed with the other pair altogether in composing his opera *Béatrice et Bénédict*.

The play’s title is multiply suggestive. There is much ado about the nothing that Hero has done wrong. Shakespeare often makes “nothing” a euphemism for a vagina, because women lack a male “thing” between their legs, so there is an obscene second sense. “Nothing” seems to have been pronounced “noting,” which provides a further rich sense: the play is full of “noting” in the sense of watching and overhearing, whether in the famous scenes in which Benedick and Beatrice are deliberately allowed to overhear conversations of great interest to them or the plan to let Claudio “witness” the infidelity of his betrothed.

Disguise is a closely related motif: Don Pedro woos Hero on behalf of, and in the guise of, Claudio. This plan is eavesdropped upon by scheming Borachio. In each narrative of noting, an imagined detail—interlaced branches in a garden walk, a musty room hung with tapestry—creates a sense of location even as Shakespeare writes for a bare stage. As befits a work in which prose outweighs verse by a ratio of more than two to one, the texture of the play offers far more realism than romance: instead of the (sometimes parodically overblown) love poetry we find in many of the other comedies, the focus here is on less hyperbolic but more heartfelt matters such as a bride’s delight in the precise fashion and cut of her wedding dress.

Though Don Pedro facilitates Claudio’s desire for Hero, it is Beatrice who intrigues him. When he offers to repeat his matchmaking and get her a husband, for a moment he is half-serious in offering her himself. The exchange is one of the loveliest moments anywhere in Shakespearean comedy. Beatrice bookends their encounter with references to the pair who have found love; her merriment in the interim masks a profound loneliness that Don Pedro himself retains at the end of the play. “Prince, thou art sad,” says Benedick, “get thee a wife, get thee a wife.” Everyone needs to join the dance of matrimony, he suggests—otherwise one will end up a despised exile like Don John. But the note of realism that comes from the grounded prose voice of the sparring partners is sounded one last time, in a lighthearted reference to cuckoldry that simultaneously reactivates and defuses the matter of infidelity that has created all the ado: “There is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.”

KEY FACTS

PLOT: The war is over. Pedro Prince of Aragon, with his followers Benedick and Claudio, visits Leonato, Duke of Messina, father of Hero and uncle of Beatrice. Claudio falls in love with Hero and their marriage is agreed upon. Beatrice and Benedick despise love and engage in comic banter. The others plot to make them fall in love with each other, by a trick in which Benedick will overhear his friends talking of Beatrice's supposed secret love for him, and vice versa. Meanwhile Don John, the prince's misanthropic illegitimate brother, contrives a more malicious plot with the assistance of his follower Borachio: Claudio is led to believe that he has witnessed Hero in a compromising situation on the night before her wedding day—in fact it is her maid Margaret with Borachio. Claudio denounces Hero during the marriage ceremony. She faints and on the advice of the Friar, who is convinced of her innocence, Leonato announces that she is dead. Beatrice demands that Benedick should kill Claudio. The foolish constable Dogberry and his watchmen overhear Borachio boasting of his exploit and the plot is exposed. Claudio promises to make amends to Leonato: he is required to marry a cousin of Hero's in her place. When unmasked, she is revealed as Hero. Beatrice agrees to marry Benedick.

MAJOR PARTS: (*with percentage of lines/number of speeches/scenes on stage*) Benedick (17%/ 134/8), Leonato (13%/120/9), Don Pedro (12%/135/8), Claudio (11%/125/8), Beatrice (10%/106/8), Dogberry (7%/52/4), Hero (5%/44/6), Borachio (5%/23/6), Don John (4%/40/6), Friar Francis (3%/16/2), Margaret (2%/26/3), Antonio (2%/23/4), Ursula (2%/19/3), Conrad (1%/23/1), Verges (1%/18/3), Balthasar (1%/11/2).

LINGUISTIC MEDIUM: 30% verse, 70% prose.

DATE: Late 1598. Not mentioned by Francis Meres in list of Shakespeare’s plays in *Palladis Tamis* (registered for publication September 1598), but included part for Will Kemp, who left Shakespeare’s acting company in early 1599.

SOURCES: The Hero/Claudio plot of a deception leading to a false supposition of infidelity has many precedents in the sixteenth-century Italian romance tradition; Shakespeare’s primary sources seem to have been (1) the tale of Sir Timbreo and Fenicia in Matteo Bandello’s *Novelle*, which included characters of Piero King of Aragon and Lionato of Messina (in Italian, 1554, no English translation, but Shakespeare might have known the French translation of Pierre de Belleferest, *Histoires Tragiques*, 1569), and (2) the tale of Renaldo and Ginevra in Ariosto’s *Orlando Furioso*, book 5 (English translation by Sir John Harington, 1591). The Beatrice and Benedick plot is Shakespeare’s innovation, though witty couples and characters who scorn love only to fall in love themselves have comic precedents, notably in the plays of John Lyly.

TEXT: Quarto published 1600, probably printed from Shakespeare’s manuscript or a transcript of it. Generally good quality of printing. On some occasions, actors’ names instead of characters’ appear in the speech headings (Kemp for Dogberry and Cowley for Verges). Folio printed from Quarto, though with some reference to a playhouse manuscript; extra stage directions inserted, also act divisions; some corrections and some errors introduced. Our text restores Quarto readings in cases judged to be compositor error, but retains Folio where changes appear to be intentional.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

DON PEDRO, Prince of Aragon
BENEDICK, a lord from Padua } companions to
CLAUDIO, a lord from Florence } Don Pedro
BALTHASAR, a singer, attendant upon Don Pedro
A BOY, servant to Benedict
DON JOHN, illegitimate brother of Don Pedro
BORACHIO } followers of
CONRAD } Don John
LEONATO, governor of Messina Innogen, his silent wife
HERO, his daughter
BEATRICE, his niece, an orphan
ANTONIO, an old man, brother of Leonato
MARGARET } gentlewomen
URSULA } attendant upon Hero
FRIAR FRANCIS
DOGBERRY, Constable in charge of the Watch
VERGES, Headborough accompanying Dogberry
A SEXTON
WATCHMEN
Attendants and Messengers

Act 1 Scene 1[1.1]

running scene 1

Enter Leonato Governor of Messina, Innogen his wife, Hero his daughter and Beatrice his niece, with a Messenger

LEONATO I learn in this letter that Don Peter[1] of Aragon comes this night to Messina. ***Shows a letter***

MESSENGER He is very near by this: he was not three leagues[2] off when I left him.

LEONATO How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?[3]

MESSENGER But few of any sort,[4] and none of name.

LEONATO A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here that Don Peter hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine[6] called Claudio.

MESSENGER Much deserved on his part and equally remembered[8] by Don Pedro. He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure[9] of a lamb the feats of a lion. He hath indeed better bettered expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.

LEONATO He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

MESSENGER I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him, even so much that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of[14] bitterness.

LEONATO Did he break out into tears?

MESSENGER In great measure.

LEONATO A kind[18] overflow of kindness. There are no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy than to joy at weeping!

BEATRICE I pray you, is Signior Mountanto[20] returned from the wars or no?

MESSENGER I know none of that name, lady: there was none such in the army of any sort.

LEONATO What is he that you ask for, niece?

HERO My cousin means Signior Benedick[24] of Padua.

MESSENGER O, he's returned, and as pleasant[25] as ever he was.

BEATRICE He set up his bills[26] here in Messina and challenged Cupid at the flight: and my uncle's fool,[27] reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid and challenged him at the bird-bolt.[28] I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? For indeed I promised to eat all of his killing.

LEONATO Faith,[30] niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much, but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

MESSENGER He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

BEATRICE You had musty victual[33] and he hath holp to eat it: he's a very valiant trencher[34] man, he hath an excellent stomach.

MESSENGER And a good soldier too, lady.

BEATRICE And a good soldier to[36] a lady. But what is he to a lord?

MESSENGER A lord to a lord, a man to a man, stuffed[37] with all honourable virtues.

BEATRICE It is so indeed, he is no less than a stuffed man.[38] But for the stuffing — well, we are all mortal.

LEONATO You must not, sir, mistake my niece. There is a kind of merry war betwixt[40] Signior Benedick and her: they never meet but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

BEATRICE Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict four of his five wits[43] went halting[44] off, and now is the whole man governed with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference[45] between himself and his horse, for it is all the wealth that he hath left to be known[46] a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.[47]

MESSENGER Is't possible?

BEATRICE Very easily possible: he wears his faith[50] but as the fashion of his hat — it ever changes with the next block.[51]

MESSENGER I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.[52]

BEATRICE No. An[53] he were, I would burn my study. But I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer[54] now that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

MESSENGER He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

BEATRICE O lord, he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence,[58] and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio. If he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere[59] he be cured.

MESSENGER I will hold[60] friends with you, lady.

BEATRICE Do, good friend.

LEONATO You'll ne'er run mad,[62] niece.

BEATRICE No, not till a hot January.

MESSENGER Don Pedro is approached.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthasar and John the bastard

DON PEDRO Good Signior Leonato, are you come to meet your trouble?[65] The fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

LEONATO Never came trouble to my house in the likeness[67] of your grace, for trouble being gone, comfort should remain. But when you depart from me, sorrow abides and happiness takes his leave.

DON PEDRO You embrace your charge[70] too willingly. I think this is your daughter.

LEONATO Her mother hath many times told me so.

BENEDICK Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?

LEONATO Signior Benedick, no, for[73] then were you a child.

DON PEDRO You have it full,[74] Benedick. We may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly the lady fathers herself.[75] Be happy lady, for you are like an honourable father.

BENEDICK If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head[77] on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is. ***Don Pedro and Leonato talk aside***

BEATRICE I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick: nobody marks[79] you.

BENEDICK What, my dear Lady Disdain! Are you yet living?

BEATRICE Is it possible disdain should die while she hath such meet[82] food to feed it as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

BENEDICK Then is courtesy a turncoat.[85] But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would[86] I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truly I love none.

BEATRICE A dear happiness[88] to women: they would else have been troubled with a pernicious[89] suitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that. I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.

BENEDICK God keep your ladyship still in that mind, so some gentleman or other shall scape[92] a predestinate scratched face.

BEATRICE Scratching could not make it worse an ’twere[93] such a face as yours were.

BENEDICK Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.[94]

BEATRICE A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.[95]

BENEDICK I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so[96] good a continuer. But keep your way, a God’s name, I have done.

BEATRICE You always end with a jade’s[98] trick. I know you of old.

DON PEDRO That is the sum of all, Leonato.— ***To the others*** Signior Claudio and Signior Benedick, my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month, and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer. I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

LEONATO If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn.[103]— ***To Don John*** Let me bid you welcome, my lord. Being[104] reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

DON JOHN I thank you. I am not of many words, but I thank you.

LEONATO Please it your grace lead on?

DON PEDRO Your hand, Leonato. We will go together.

Exeunt all but Benedick and Claudio

CLAUDIO Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

BENEDICK I noted her not,[109] but I looked on her.

CLAUDIO Is she not a modest young lady?

BENEDICK Do you question me as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgement? Or would you have me speak after my custom,[112] as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

CLAUDIO No, I pray thee speak in sober judgement.

BENEDICK Why, i’faith, methinks she’s too low[115] for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise. Only this commendation I can afford[116] her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome, and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

CLAUDIO Thou think'st I am in sport.[119] I pray thee tell me truly how thou lik'st her.

BENEDICK Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

CLAUDIO Can the world buy such a jewel?

BENEDICK Yea, and a case[122] to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? Or do you play the flouting[123] jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you to go[124] in the song?

CLAUDIO In mine eye, she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

BENEDICK I can see yet without spectacles and I see no such matter. There's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury,[127] exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

CLAUDIO I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

BENEDICK Is't come to this? In faith, hath not the world one man but he will wear[132] his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore[133] again? Go to, i'faith, an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke,[134] wear the print of it and sigh away Sundays. Look, Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Enter Don Pedro [and] John the bastard

DON PEDRO What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

BENEDICK I would your grace would constrain[137] me to tell.

DON PEDRO I charge[138] thee on thy allegiance.

BENEDICK You hear, Count Claudio. I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so. But on my allegiance, mark you this, on my allegiance — he is in love. With who? Now that is your grace's part.[141] Mark how short his answer is: with Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

CLAUDIO If[143] this were so, so were it uttered.

BENEDICK Like the old tale, my lord: 'It[144] is not so, nor 'twas not so, but indeed, God forbid it should be so!'

CLAUDIO If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

DON PEDRO Amen, if you love her, for the lady is very well worthy.

CLAUDIO You speak this to fetch me in,[148] my lord.

DON PEDRO By my troth,[149] I speak my thought.

CLAUDIO And in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

BENEDICK And by my[151] two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

CLAUDIO That I love her, I feel.

DON PEDRO That she is worthy, I know.

BENEDICK That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me: I will die in it at the stake.[155]

DON PEDRO Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic[156] in the despite of beauty.

CLAUDIO And never could maintain[157] his part but in the force of his will.

BENEDICK That a woman conceived me, I thank her. That she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks. But that I will have a recheat[159] winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle[160] in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none. And the fine[162] is — for the which I may go the finer — I will live a bachelor.

DON PEDRO I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

BENEDICK With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord, not with love: prove[165] that ever I lose more[166] blood with love than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's[167] pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for[168] the sign of blind Cupid.

DON PEDRO Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.[170]

BENEDICK If I do, hang[171] me in a bottle like a cat and shoot at me, and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder and called Adam.[172]

DON PEDRO Well, as try.[173] 'In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.'

BENEDICK The savage bull may, but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck[174] off the bull's horns and set them in[175] my forehead, and let me be vilely painted, and in such great letters as they write 'Here is good horse to hire', let them signify under my sign[177] 'Here you may see Benedick the married man.'

CLAUDIO If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad.[178]

DON PEDRO Nay, if Cupid have not spent[179] all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

BENEDICK I look[181] for an earthquake too, then.

DON PEDRO Well, you will temporize[182] with the hours. In the meantime, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's, commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him[183] at supper, for indeed he hath made great preparation.

BENEDICK I have almost matter[185] enough in me for such an embassage, and so I commit you—

CLAUDIO To[187] the tuition of God. From my house, if I had it—

DON PEDRO The sixth of July. Your loving friend, Benedick.

BENEDICK Nay, mock not, mock not; the body[189] of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards[190] are but slightly basted on neither. Ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience. And so I leave you.

Exit

CLAUDIO My liege, your Highness now may do me good.[192]

DON PEDRO My love is thine to teach: teach it but how,
And thou shalt see how apt[194] it is to learn
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

CLAUDIO Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

DON PEDRO No child but Hero, she's his only heir.
Dost thou affect[198] her, Claudio?

CLAUDIO O, my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,[200]
I looked upon her with a soldier's eye
That liked, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love.
But now I am returned, and that[204] war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms

Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting[207] me how fair young Hero is,
Saying I liked her ere I went to wars.
DON PEDRO Thou wilt be like a lover presently
And tire the hearer with a book of words.[210]
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it,
And I will break[212] with her and with her father,
And thou shalt have her. Wast not to this end
That thou began'st to twist[214] so fine a story?
CLAUDIO How sweetly you do minister to[215] love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salved[218] it with a longer treatise.
DON PEDRO What need the bridge much broader than the flood?[219]
The[220] fairest grant is the necessity.
Look, what[221] will serve is fit: 'tis once, thou lovest,
And I will fit[222] thee with the remedy.
I know we shall have revelling tonight.
I will assume thy part in some disguise
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio,
And in her bosom[226] I'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter[228] of my amorous tale.
Then after, to her father will I break,
And the conclusion is, she shall be thine.
In practice let us put it presently.
Exeunt

[Act 1 Scene 2]

running scene 2

Enter Leonato and an old man [Antonio] brother to Leonato [meeting]

LEONATO How now, brother, where is my cousin,[1] your son? Hath he provided this music?

ANTONIO He is very busy about it. But brother, I can tell you strange news that you yet dreamt not of.

LEONATO Are they[5] good?

ANTONIO As[6] the event stamps them, but they have a good cover: they show well outward. The prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley[7] in my orchard, were thus overheard by a man of mine: the prince discovered[8] to Claudio that he loved my niece your daughter and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance, and if he found her accordant,[10] he meant to take the present time by the top and instantly break with you of it.

LEONATO Hath the fellow any wit[12] that told you this?

ANTONIO A good sharp fellow. I will send for him, and question him yourself.

LEONATO No, no; we will hold[14] it as a dream till it appear itself. But I will acquaint my daughter withal,[15] that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure[16] this be true. Go you and tell her of it.

[Enter Attendants]

Cousins, you know what you have to do.— O, I cry you mercy,[17] friend, go you with me and I will use your skill.— Good cousin, have a care this busy time.

Exeunt

[Act 1 Scene 3]

running scene 3

Enter Sir [Don] John the Bastard and Conrad his companion

CONRAD What the goodyear,[1] my lord, why are you thus out of measure sad?

DON JOHN There is no measure[2] in the occasion that breeds, therefore the sadness is without limit.

CONRAD You should hear reason.

DON JOHN And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it?

CONRAD If not a present[6] remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

DON JOHN I wonder that thou — being as thou sayest thou art, born under Saturn[7] — goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief.[8] I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests, eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure, sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on[11] no man's business, laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

CONRAD Yea, but you must not make the full show of this till you may do it without controlment.[14] You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace,[15] where it is impossible you should take true root but by the fair weather that you make yourself. It is needful that you frame[16] the season for your own harvest.

DON JOHN I had rather be a canker[18] in a hedge than a rose in his grace, and it better fits my blood[19] to be disdained of all than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any. In this — though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man — it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted[21] with a muzzle and enfranchised[22] with a clog: therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite. If I had my liberty, I would do my liking. In the meantime, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

CONRAD Can you make no use of your discontent?

DON JOHN I will make all use of it, for I use it only.[26] Who comes here?

Enter Borachio

What news, Borachio?

BORACHIO I came yonder from a great supper. The prince your brother is royally entertained by Leonato, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

DON JOHN Will it serve for any model[30] to build mischief on? What is he for a fool that betroths himself to unquietness?[31]

BORACHIO Marry it is your brother's right hand.

DON JOHN Who, the most exquisite[33] Claudio?

BORACHIO Even he.

DON JOHN A proper squire![35] And who, and who? Which way looks he?

BORACHIO Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

DON JOHN A very forward[37] March-chick. How came you to this?

BORACHIO Being entertained[38] for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand in sad[39] conference. I whipped me behind the arras[40] and there heard it agreed upon that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to Count Claudio.

DON JOHN Come, come, let us thither: this may prove food to my displeasure. That young start-up[43] hath all the glory of my overthrow. If I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure,[44] and will assist me?

CONRAD To the death, my lord.

DON JOHN Let us to the great supper. Their cheer[46] is the greater that I am subdued. Would the cook were of my mind. Shall we go prove[47] what's to be done?

BORACHIO We'll wait upon your lordship.

Exeunt

Act 2 Scene 1[2.1]

running scene 4

Enter Leonato, [Antonio] his brother, [Innogen] his wife, Hero his daughter [attended by Margaret and Ursula], and Beatrice his niece and a Kinsman

LEONATO Was not Count John here at supper?

ANTONIO I saw him not.

BEATRICE How tartly[3] that gentleman looks. I never can see him but I am heart-burned an hour after.

HERO He is of a very melancholy disposition.

BEATRICE He were an excellent man that were made just in the midway between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image[7] and says nothing, and the other too like my[8] lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

LEONATO Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face —

BEATRICE With a good[11] leg and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world, if he could get her good will.

LEONATO By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband if thou be so shrewd[14] of thy tongue.

ANTONIO In faith, she's too curst.[15]

BEATRICE Too curst is more than curst. I shall lessen God's sending that way, for it is said: 'God sends a curst cow short horns', but to a cow too curst he sends none.

LEONATO So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.[18]

BEATRICE Just,[19] if he send me no husband, for the which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face! I had rather lie in the woollen.[21]

LEONATO You may light upon a husband that hath no beard.

BEATRICE What should I do with him? Dress him in my apparel[23] and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth is not for me, and he that is less than a man, I am not for him. Therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest[27] of the bearward and lead his apes into hell.

LEONATO Well then, go you into hell.

BEATRICE No, but to the gate, and there will the devil meet me like an old cuckold with horns on his head, and say ‘Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven, here’s no place for you maids.[31]’ So deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter, for the heavens.[32] He shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

ANTONIO Well, niece, I trust you will be ruled by your father. ***To Hero***

BEATRICE Yes, faith, it is my cousin’s duty to make curtsy and say ‘Father, as it please you’: but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another curtsy and say ‘Father, as it please me.’

LEONATO Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted[38] with a husband.

BEATRICE Not till God make men of some other metal[39] than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust? To make account of her life to a clod of wayward marl?[41] No, uncle, I’ll none: Adam’s sons are my brethren, and truly I hold it a sin to match[42] in my kindred.

LEONATO Daughter, remember what I told you: ***To Hero*** if the prince do solicit[43] you in that kind,[44] you know your answer.

BEATRICE The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time.[45] If the prince be too important,[46] tell him there is measure in everything, and so dance out the answer. For hear me, Hero: wooing, wedding and repenting is as a Scotch jig,[47] a measure[48] and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical,[49] the wedding mannerly-modest as a measure, full of state and ancientry, and then comes repentance and, with his bad legs,[50] falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sinks into his grave.

LEONATO Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.[52]

BEATRICE I have a good eye, uncle, I can see a church by daylight.

LEONATO The revellers are entering, brother. Make good room. ***All put on their masks***

Enter Prince [Don] Pedro, Claudio, and Benedick, and Balthasar, [Don] John, [Borachio, Margaret, Ursula and other] Masquers with a drum ***Couples pair-up and begin dancing***

DON PEDRO Lady, will you walk a bout with your friend?[55]

HERO So[56] you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk, and especially when I walk away.

DON PEDRO With me in your company?

HERO I may say so when I please.

DON PEDRO And when please you to say so?

HERO When I like your favour,[61] for God defend the lute should be like the case.

DON PEDRO My visor[62] is Philemon's roof, within the house is Jove.

HERO Why then your visor should be thatched.[63]

DON PEDRO Speak low, if you speak love. ***They dance aside***

BALTHASAR Well, I would you did like me.

MARGARET So would not I for your own sake, for I have many ill qualities.

BALTHASAR Which is one?

MARGARET I say my prayers aloud.

BALTHASAR I love you the better. The hearers may cry 'Amen'.

MARGARET God match me with a good dancer.

BALTHASAR Amen.

MARGARET And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done. Answer, clerk.[73]

BALTHASAR No more words: the clerk is answered. ***They dance aside***

URSULA I know you well enough, you are Signior Antonio.

ANTONIO At a word,[76] I am not.

URSULA I know you by the waggling[77] of your head.

ANTONIO To tell you true, I counterfeit[78] him.

URSULA You could never do[79] him so ill-well, unless you were the very man. Here's his dry hand[80] up and down: you are he, you are he.

ANTONIO At a word, I am not.

URSULA Come, come, do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itself? ***They dance aside*** Go to, mum,[83] you are he. Graces will appear, and there's an end.

BEATRICE Will you not tell me who told you so?

BENEDICK No, you shall pardon me.

BEATRICE Nor will you not tell me who you are?

BENEDICK Not now.

BEATRICE That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the 'Hundred[88] Merry Tales' — well, this was Signior Benedick that said so.

BENEDICK What's he?

BEATRICE I am sure you know him well enough.

BENEDICK Not I, believe me.

BEATRICE Did he never make you laugh?

BENEDICK I pray you, what is he?

BEATRICE Why, he is the prince's jester, a very dull fool, only his[95] gift is in devising impossible[96] slanders. None but libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villainy,[97] for he both pleaseth men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him. ***Aside?*** I am sure he is in the fleet.[98] I would he had boarded[99] me.

BENEDICK When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

BEATRICE Do, do: he'll but break[101] a comparison or two on me, which peradventure —not marked or not laughed at — strikes him into melancholy, and then there's a partridge wing[103] saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. ***Music*** We must follow the leaders.[104]

BENEDICK In every good thing.

BEATRICE Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

Music for the Dance. [Then] exeunt [dancing, all except Don John, Borachio and Claudio]

DON JOHN Sure my brother is amorous on[107] Hero ***Aside to Borachio*** and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it. The ladies follow her and but one visor remains.

BORACHIO And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.

DON JOHN Are not you Signior Benedick? ***To Claudio***

CLAUDIO You know me well, I am he.

DON JOHN Signior, you are very near[112] my brother in his love. He is enamoured on Hero. I pray you dissuade him from her, she is no equal for his birth. You may do the part of an honest man in it.

CLAUDIO How know you he loves her?

DON JOHN I heard him swear his affection.

BORACHIO So did I too, and he swore he would marry her tonight.

DON JOHN Come, let us to the banquet.[118]

Exeunt [Don John and Borachio]

CLAUDIO Thus answer I in the name of Benedick,
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.
’Tis certain so, the prince woos for himself.
Friendship is constant[122] in all other things
Save in the office[123] and affairs of love.
Therefore all[124] hearts in love use their own tongues,
Let every eye negotiate for itself
And trust no agent, for beauty is a witch
Against whose charms faith[127] melteth into blood.
This is an accident[128] of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted[129] not. Farewell, therefore, Hero!

Enter Benedick

BENEDICK Count Claudio?

CLAUDIO Yea, the same.

BENEDICK Come, will you go with me?

CLAUDIO Whither?

BENEDICK Even to the next willow,[134] about your own business, count. What fashion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like an usurer’s chain?[135] Or under your arm, like a lieutenant’s scarf?[136] You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

CLAUDIO I wish him joy of her.

BENEDICK Why, that’s spoken like an honest drover,[139] so they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus?

CLAUDIO I pray you leave me.

BENEDICK Ho, now[142] you strike like the blind man: ’twas the boy that stole your meat, and you’ll beat the post.[143]

CLAUDIO If[144] it will not be, I’ll leave you.

Exit

BENEDICK Alas, poor hurt fowl,[145] now will he creep into sedges. But that my Lady Beatrice should know me and not know me![146] The prince’s fool! Ha? It may be I go under that title because I am merry. Yea, but so[147] I am apt to do myself wrong. I am not so reputed: it is the base, though bitter, disposition of Beatrice that puts[148] the world into her person and so gives me out. Well, I’ll be revenged as I may.

Enter the Prince [Don Pedro]

DON PEDRO Now, signior, where’s the count? Did you see him?

BENEDICK Troth, my lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame.[151] I found him here as melancholy as a lodge[152] in a warren. I told him, and I think I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady, and I offered him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken,[154] or to bind[155] him a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

DON PEDRO To be whipped? What’s his fault?

BENEDICK The flat transgression[157] of a schoolboy, who, being overjoyed with finding a bird’s nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

DON PEDRO Wilt thou make a trust[159] a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

BENEDICK Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too: for the garland he might have worn himself and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his bird’s nest.

DON PEDRO I will but teach them[164] to sing, and restore them to the owner.

BENEDICK If[165] their singing answer your saying, by my faith you say honestly.

DON PEDRO The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to[166] you: the gentleman that danced with her told her she is much wronged by you.

BENEDICK O, she misused[168] me past the endurance of a block! An oak but with one green leaf on it would have answered her. My very visor began to assume life and scold with her. She told me — not thinking I had been myself — that I was the prince's jester, and that I was duller than a great[171] thaw, huddling jest upon jest with such impossible conveyance[172] upon me that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards,[173] and every word stabs. If her breath were as terrible as her terminations,[174] there were no living near her, she would infect to the North Star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all[176] that Adam had left him before he transgressed. She would have made Hercules[177] have turned spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her, you shall find her the infernal Ate[178] in good apparel. I would to God some scholar would conjure[179] her, for certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary,[180] and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither: so indeed all disquiet, horror and perturbation follows her.

Enter Claudio and Beatrice, Leonato [and] Hero

DON PEDRO Look, here she comes.

BENEDICK Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes[184] that you can devise to send me on: I will fetch you a tooth-picker[185] now from the furthest inch of Asia, bring you the length of Prester John's[186] foot, fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard, do you any embassage to the Pygmies,[187] rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy.[188] You have no employment for me?

DON PEDRO None, but to desire your good company.

BENEDICK O God, sir, here's a dish I love not: I cannot endure this Lady Tongue.

Exit

DON PEDRO Come, lady, come, you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.

BEATRICE Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile, and I gave him use[192] for it, a double heart for his single one: marry, once before he won it of me with false dice,[193] therefore your Grace may well say I have lost it.

DON PEDRO You have put him down,[195] lady, you have put him down.

BEATRICE So I would not he should do[196] me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

DON PEDRO Why, how now, count? Wherefore[198] are you sad?

CLAUDIO Not sad, my lord.

DON PEDRO How then? Sick?

CLAUDIO Neither, my lord.

BEATRICE The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well: but civil[202] count, civil as an orange, and something of a jealous complexion.[203]

DON PEDRO I'faith, lady, I think your blazon[204] to be true, though I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit[205] is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won: I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained. Name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

LEONATO Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes. His grace hath made the match, and all grace[209] say 'Amen' to it.

BEATRICE Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

CLAUDIO Silence is the perfectest herald[211] of joy. I were but little happy, if I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours. I give away myself for you and dote upon[213] the exchange.

BEATRICE Speak, cousin, or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither. ***Claudio and Hero kiss?***

DON PEDRO In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

BEATRICE Yea, my lord, I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy[217] side of care. My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart.

CLAUDIO And so she doth, cousin.

BEATRICE Good[220] lord, for alliance! Thus goes everyone to the world but I, and I am sunburnt.[221] I may sit in a corner and cry 'Hey-ho for a husband!'

DON PEDRO Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

BEATRICE I would rather have one of your father's getting.[223] Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

DON PEDRO Will you have me, lady?

BEATRICE No, my lord, unless I might have another for working days: your grace is too costly to wear every day. But I beseech your grace pardon me. I was born to speak all mirth and no matter.

DON PEDRO Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you, for out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

BEATRICE No, sure, my lord, my mother cried, but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born. Cousins, God give you joy!

LEONATO Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

BEATRICE I cry you mercy, uncle.— ***To Don Pedro*** By your grace's pardon.

Exit

DON PEDRO By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

LEONATO There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad but when she sleeps, and not ever sad then, for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamt of unhappiness and waked herself with laughing.

DON PEDRO She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

LEONATO O, by no means: she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

DON PEDRO She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

LEONATO O lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

DON PEDRO Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

CLAUDIO Tomorrow, my lord. Time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.

LEONATO Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night, and a time too brief, too, to have all things answer my mind.

DON PEDRO Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing. But I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us. I will in the interim undertake one of Hercules' labours, which is to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection, th'one with th'other. I would fain have it a match, and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister[253] such assistance as I shall give you direction.

LEONATO My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.[255]

CLAUDIO And I, my lord.

DON PEDRO And you too, gentle Hero?

HERO I will do any modest[258] office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

DON PEDRO And Benedick is not the unhopefullest[259] husband that I know. Thus far can I praise him: he is of a noble strain,[260] of approved valour and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin that she shall fall in love with Benedick, and I, with your two helps, ***To Leonato and Claudio*** will so practise on[262] Benedick that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach,[263] he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer: his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift.[265]

Exeunt

[Act 2 Scene 2]

running scene 4 continues

Enter [Don] John and Borachio

DON JOHN It is so: the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

BORACHIO Yea, my lord, but I can cross it.

DON JOHN Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable[3] to me: I am sick in displeasure to him, and whatsoever comes athwart[4] his affection ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

BORACHIO Not honestly, my lord, but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

DON JOHN Show me briefly how.

BORACHIO I think I told your lordship a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting gentlewoman to Hero.

DON JOHN I remember.

BORACHIO I can at any unseasonable[12] instant of the night appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber window.

DON JOHN What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

BORACHIO The poison of that lies in you to temper.[15] Go you to the prince your brother, spare not to tell him that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned[17] Claudio — whose estimation do you mightily hold up — to a contaminated stale,[18] such a one as Hero.

DON JOHN What proof shall I make of that?

BORACHIO Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex[20] Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue?[21]

DON JOHN Only to despite[22] them, I will endeavour anything.

BORACHIO Go, then, find me a meet[23] hour to draw Don Pedro and the Count Claudio alone. Tell them that you know that Hero loves me, intend[24] a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio — as in[25] a love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like[26] to be cozened with the semblance[27] of a maid — that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial:[28] offer them instances, which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber window, hear me call Margaret Hero, hear Margaret term me Claudio, and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding — for in the meantime I will so fashion the matter[31] that Hero shall be absent — and there shall appear such seeming truths of Hero’s disloyalty that jealousy[33] shall be called assurance and all the preparation overthrown.

DON JOHN Grow[34] this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working[35] this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

BORACHIO Be thou constant[36] in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

DON JOHN I will presently go learn their day of marriage.

Exeunt

[Act 2 Scene 3]

running scene 5

Enter Benedick, alone

BENEDICK Boy!

[Enter Boy]

BOY Signior?

BENEDICK In my chamber-window lies a book: bring it hither to me in the orchard.

BOY I[4] am here already, sir.

BENEDICK I know that, but I would have thee hence and here again.

Exit [Boy]

I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument[8] of his own scorn by falling in love: and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum[9] and the fife,[10] and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe. I have known when he would have walked ten mile afoot[11] to see a good armour, and now will he lie ten nights awake carving[12] the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose — like an honest man and a soldier — and now is he turned orthography,[14] his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted and see with these eyes? I cannot tell: I think not. I will not be sworn, but love may transform[16] me to an oyster, but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well: another is wise, yet I am well: another virtuous, yet I am well: but till all graces[19] be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace.[20] Rich she shall be, that's certain: wise, or I'll none: virtuous, or I'll never cheapen[21] her: fair, or I'll never look on her: mild, or come not near me: noble,[22] or not I for an angel: of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please

God. Ha! The prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. ***He hides in the arbour***

Enter [Don Pedro], Leonato, Claudio and [Balthasar]

DON PEDRO Come, shall we hear this music?

CLAUDIO Yea, my good lord. How still the evening is,
As[27] hushed on purpose to grace harmony.

DON PEDRO See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

CLAUDIO O, very well, my lord: the music ended,[29]
We'll fit[30] the kid-fox with a pennyworth.

DON PEDRO Come, Balthasar, we'll hear that song again.

BALTHASAR O, good my lord, tax[32] not so bad a voice
To slander music any more than once.

DON PEDRO It[34] is the witness still of excellency
To put a strange face on his own perfection.
I pray thee sing, and let me woo[36] no more.

BALTHASAR Because you talk of wooing, I will sing,
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
To her[39] he thinks not worthy, yet he woos,
Yet will he swear he loves.

DON PEDRO Nay, pray thee come,
Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

BALTHASAR Note this before my notes:
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

DON PEDRO Why, these are very crotchets[46] that he speaks:
Note[47] notes, forsooth, and nothing. ***Music***

BENEDICK Now, divine air![48] ***Aside*** Now is his soul ravished. Is it not strange that sheep's guts should hale[49] souls out of men's bodies? Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

BALTHASAR [*Sings*] *the song*

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever:
One foot in sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,[55]

Converting all your sounds of woe
Into hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties,[58] sing no moe,
Of dumps[59] so dull and heavy:
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leafy.
Then sigh not so, etc.

DON PEDRO By my troth, a good song.

BALTHASAR And an ill singer, my lord.

DON PEDRO Ha, no, no, faith: thou sing’st well enough for a shift.[65]

BENEDICK An[66] he had been a dog that should have howled thus, ***Aside*** they would have hanged him, and I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief. I had as lief[67] have heard the night-raven,[68] come what plague could have come after it.

DON PEDRO Yea, marry, dost thou hear, Balthasar? I pray thee get us some excellent music, for tomorrow night we would have it at the Lady Hero’s chamber window.

BALTHASAR The best I can, my lord.

DON PEDRO Do so: farewell.

Exit Balthasar

Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me of today, that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

CLAUDIO O, ay! Stalk on,[75] the fowl sits.— ***Aside to Don Pedro*** I did never think that lady would have loved any man. ***Aloud***

LEONATO No, nor I neither, but most wonderful[77] that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor.

BENEDICK Is’t possible? Sits[79] the wind in that corner? ***Aside***

LEONATO By my troth my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it, but that she loves him with an enraged affection:[81] it is past the infinite of thought.

DON PEDRO Maybe she doth but counterfeit.[82]

CLAUDIO Faith, like enough.

LEONATO O God! Counterfeit? There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers[85] it.

DON PEDRO Why, what effects of passion shows she?

CLAUDIO Bait the hook well, this fish will bite. ***Aside to them***

LEONATO What effects, my lord? She will sit you[88]—you heard my daughter tell you how.

CLAUDIO She did indeed.

DON PEDRO How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

LEONATO I would have sworn it had, my lord, especially against Benedick.

BENEDICK I should think this a gull,[93] but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: ***Aside*** knavery cannot sure hide himself in such reverence.

CLAUDIO He hath ta'en th'infection — ***Aside to them*** hold it up.[95]

DON PEDRO Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

LEONATO No, and swears she never will. That's her torment.

CLAUDIO 'Tis true indeed, so your daughter says: 'Shall I,' says she, 'that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?'

LEONATO This says she now when she is beginning to write to him, for she'll be up twenty times a night, and there will she sit in her smock[101] till she have writ a sheet of paper: my daughter tells us all.

CLAUDIO Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

LEONATO O, when she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found 'Benedick' and 'Beatrice' between the sheet?

CLAUDIO That.[107]

LEONATO O, she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence,[108] railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her. 'I measure him', says she, 'by my own spirit, for I should flout him if he writ to me, yea, though I love him, I should.'

CLAUDIO Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses: 'O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!'

LEONATO She doth indeed, my daughter says so, and the ecstasy[114] hath so much overborne[115] her that my daughter is sometime afeard she will do a desperate outrage[116] to herself: it is very true.

DON PEDRO It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

CLAUDIO To what end? He would but make a sport of it and torment the poor lady worse.

DON PEDRO An he should, it were an alms[121] to hang him. She's an excellent sweet lady and, out of all suspicion,[122] she is virtuous.

CLAUDIO And she is exceeding wise.

DON PEDRO In everything, but in loving Benedick.

LEONATO O, my lord, wisdom and blood[125] combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

DON PEDRO I would she had bestowed this dotage[128] on me: I would have daffed all other respects[129] and made her half myself. I pray you tell Benedick of it and hear what he will say.

LEONATO Were it good, think you?

CLAUDIO Hero thinks surely she will die, for she says she will die if he love her not, and she will die ere she make her love known, and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will bate[134] one breath of her accustomed crossness.

DON PEDRO She doth well: if she should make tender of[135] her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it, for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible[136] spirit.

CLAUDIO He is a very proper[137] man.

DON PEDRO He hath indeed a good outward happiness.[138]

CLAUDIO 'Fore God,[139] and in my mind, very wise.

DON PEDRO He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit.

LEONATO And I take him to be valiant.

DON PEDRO As Hector,[142] I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may see he is wise, for either he avoids them with great discretion,[143] or undertakes them with a Christian-like fear.

LEONATO If he do fear God, a must necessarily keep peace. If he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

DON PEDRO And so will he do, for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by[148] some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

CLAUDIO Never tell him, my lord: let her wear it out[150] with good counsel.

LEONATO Nay, that's impossible: she may wear her heart out first.

DON PEDRO Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter. Let it cool the while.[152] I love Benedick well, and I could wish he would modestly[153] examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a lady.

LEONATO My lord, will you walk? Dinner is ready.

CLAUDIO If he do not dote on her upon[156] this, I will never trust my expectation. ***Aside to them***

DON PEDRO Let there be the same net spread for her, ***Aside to them*** and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry.[158] The sport will be when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter:[159] that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb-show.[160] Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

Exeunt [Don Pedro, Claudio and Leonato]

BENEDICK This can be no trick: ***He comes forward*** the conference was sadly borne,[161] they have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady: it seems her affections have[162] the full bent. Love me? Why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured:[163] they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her. They say too that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. I did never think to marry. I must not seem proud. Happy are they that hear their detractions[166] and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair — 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness, and virtuous — 'tis so, I cannot reprove[168] it, and wise, but for loving me — by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument[169] of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks[170] and remnants of wit broken[171] on me because I have railed so long against marriage. But doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and sentences[173] and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career[174] of his humour? No, the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. Here comes Beatrice. By this day, she's a fair lady! I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter Beatrice

BEATRICE Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

BENEDICK Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.[178]

BEATRICE I took no more pains for those thanks than you take pains to thank me: if it had been painful, I would not have come.

BENEDICK You take pleasure then in the message?

BEATRICE Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point and choke[182] a daw withal.[183] You have no stomach, signior, fare you well.

Exit

BENEDICK Ha! 'Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner' — there's a double meaning in that. 'I took no more pains for those thanks than you took pains to thank me' — that's as much as to say, 'Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks.' If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain: if I do not love her, I am a Jew.[188] I will go get her picture.

Exit

Act 3 Scene 1

running scene 6

Enter Hero, and two gentlewomen, Margaret and Ursula

HERO Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour,
There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
Proposing[3] with the prince and Claudio.
Whisper her ear, and tell her I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her. Say that thou overheard'st us,
And bid her steal into the pleachèd bower
Where honeysuckles, ripened by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter, like favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance[10] their pride
Against that power that bred it: there will she hide her
To listen our purpose.[12] This is thy office:
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

MARGARET I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently.

[Exit]

HERO Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace[16] this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick.
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit:
My talk to thee must be how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice. Of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay.[23]

Enter Beatrice [into the bower]

Now begin:
For look where Beatrice like a lapwing[24] runs
Close by the ground to hear our conference.

URSULA The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish ***To Hero***
Cut with her golden oars[27] the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:

So angle we for Beatrice, who even now
Is couchèd[30] in the woodbine coverture.
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.
HERO Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing ***To Ursula***
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it. ***They approach the bower***
No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful: ***Aloud***
I know her spirits are as coy[35] and wild
As haggards[36] of the rock.
URSULA But are you sure
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?[38]
HERO So says the prince and my new-trothèd[39] lord.
URSULA And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?
HERO They did entreat me to acquaint her of it,
But I persuaded them, if they loved Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.
URSULA Why did you so? Doth[45] not the gentleman
Deserve as full as fortunate a bed[46]
As ever Beatrice shall couch[47] upon?
HERO O god of love! I know he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded[49] to a man.
But nature never framed a woman’s heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice.
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising[53] what they look on, and her wit
Values itself so highly that to her
All matter else seems weak:[55] she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project[56] of affection,
She is so self-endeared[57].
URSULA Sure, I think so:
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.
HERO Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man,
How[62] wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured,
But she would spell him backward:[63] if fair-faced,
She would swear the gentleman should be her sister:

If black,[65] why, nature, drawing of an antic,
Made a foul blot: if tall, a lance ill-headed:[66]
If low, an agate[67] very vilely cut:
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds:
If silent, why, a block movèd with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out,
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness[72] and merit purchaseth.
URSULA Sure, sure, such carping[73] is not commendable.
HERO No, not to be so odd[74] and from all fashions
As Beatrice is cannot be commendable.
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,
She would mock me into air: O, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press[78] me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like covered[79] fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly.
It were a better death than die with mocks,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.
URSULA Yet tell her of it: hear what she will say.
HERO No, rather I will go to Benedick
And counsel[85] him to fight against his passion.
And truly I'll devise some honest slanders[86]
To stain my cousin with. One doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.
URSULA O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgement —
Having so swift and excellent a wit
As she is prized[92] to have — as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.
HERO He is the only[94] man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.
URSULA I pray you be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy:[97] Signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument[98] and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.
HERO Indeed he hath an excellent good name.

URSULA His excellence did earn it ere he had it.
When are you married, madam?

HERO Why, every day, tomorrow.[103] Come, go in:
I'll show thee some attires,[104] and have thy counsel
Which is the best to furnish me[105] tomorrow. ***They step back from the bower***

URSULA She's ta'en, I warrant you: we have caught her, madam.

HERO If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:[107]
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

Exeunt [Hero and Ursula]

BEATRICE What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true? ***She comes forward***
Stand I condemned for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt farewell, and maiden pride adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such.
And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee,
Taming[114] my wild heart to thy loving hand.
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band.[116]
For others say thou dost deserve, and I
Believe it better than reportingly.[118]

Exit

Act 3 Scene 2

running scene 7

Enter Prince [Don Pedro], Claudio, Benedick and Leonato

DON PEDRO I do but stay till your marriage be consummate,[1] and then go I toward Aragon.

CLAUDIO I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe[3] me.

DON PEDRO Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage as to show a child his new coat and forbid him to wear it. I will only[5] be bold with Benedick for his company, for from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot he is all mirth. He hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string and the little hangman[7] dare not shoot at him. He hath a heart as sound as a bell and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinks his tongue speaks.

BENEDICK Gallants, I am not as I have been.

LEONATO So say I, methinks you are sadder.

CLAUDIO I hope he be in love.

DON PEDRO Hang him, truant![13] There's no true drop of blood in him to be truly touched with love. If he be sad, he wants[14] money.

BENEDICK I have the toothache.

DON PEDRO Draw[16] it.

BENEDICK Hang it.[17]

CLAUDIO You must hang it[18] first, and draw it afterwards.

DON PEDRO What? Sigh for the toothache?

LEONATO Where[20] is but a humour or a worm.

BENEDICK Well, everyone cannot master a grief but[21] he that has it.

CLAUDIO Yet say I, he is in love.

DON PEDRO There is no appearance of fancy[23] in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises — as to be a Dutchman today, a Frenchman tomorrow.[24] Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it to appear he is.

CLAUDIO If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: a brushes his hat o'mornings, what should that bode?

DON PEDRO Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

CLAUDIO No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him, and the old ornament[30] of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

LEONATO Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

DON PEDRO Nay, a rubs himself with civet.[33] Can you smell him out by that?

CLAUDIO That's as much as to say the sweet youth's in love.

DON PEDRO The greatest note[35] of it is his melancholy.

CLAUDIO And when was he wont[36] to wash his face?

DON PEDRO Yea, or to paint[37] himself? For the which, I hear what they say of him.

CLAUDIO Nay, but his jesting spirit, which is now crept into a lute-string[38] and now governed[39] by stops.

DON PEDRO Indeed, that tells a heavy[40] tale for him. Conclude: he is in love.

CLAUDIO Nay, but I know who loves him.

DON PEDRO That would I know too. I warrant, one that knows him not.

CLAUDIO Yes, and his ill conditions,[43] and in despite of all, dies for him.

DON PEDRO She shall be buried with her face upwards.[44]

BENEDICK Yet is this no charm for the toothache. Old signior,[45] walk aside with me: I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses[46] must not hear.

[Exeunt Benedick and Leonato]

DON PEDRO For[48] my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

CLAUDIO 'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this[49] played their parts with Beatrice, and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter [Don] John the Bastard

DON JOHN My lord and brother, God save you.[51]

DON PEDRO Good den,[52] brother.

DON JOHN If[53] your leisure served, I would speak with you.

DON PEDRO In private?

DON JOHN If it please you. Yet Count Claudio may hear, for what I would speak of concerns him.

DON PEDRO What's the matter?

DON JOHN Means your lordship to be married tomorrow? ***To Claudio***

DON PEDRO You know he does.

DON JOHN I know not that, when he knows what I know.

CLAUDIO If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

DON JOHN You may think I love you not: let[62] that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think he holds[63] you well, and in dearness of heart, hath holp to effect your ensuing marriage — surely suit ill spent and labour ill bestowed.

DON PEDRO Why, what's the matter?

DON JOHN I came hither to tell you, and, circumstances shortened[67] — for she has been too long a talking[68] of — the lady is disloyal.

CLAUDIO Who, Hero?

DON PEDRO Even she: Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

CLAUDIO Disloyal?

DON JOHN The word is too good to paint out[72] her wickedness. I could say she were worse: think you of a worse title, and I will fit[73] her to it. Wonder not till further warrant.[74] Go but with me tonight, you shall see her chamber window entered, even the night before her wedding-day. If you love her then, tomorrow wed her. But it would better fit[76] your honour to change your mind.

CLAUDIO May this be so?

DON PEDRO I will not think it.

DON JOHN If[79] you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know. If you will follow me, I will show you enough, and when you have seen more and heard more, proceed accordingly.

CLAUDIO If I see anything tonight why I should not marry her tomorrow in the congregation where I should wed, there will I shame her.

DON PEDRO And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

DON JOHN I will disparage her no farther till you are my witnesses. Bear it coldly[86] but till night, and let the issue show itself.

DON PEDRO O day untowardly turned![88]

CLAUDIO O mischief[89] strangely thwarting!

DON JOHN O plague right well prevented! So will you say when you have seen the sequel.

Exeunt

[Act 3 Scene 3][3.3]

running scene 8

Enter Dogberry and his compartner [Verges] with the Watch

DOGBERRY Are you good men and true?[1]

VERGES Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation,[2] body and soul.

DOGBERRY Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance[4] in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

VERGES Well, give them their charge,[5] neighbour Dogberry.

DOGBERRY First, who think you the most desertless[6] man to be constable?

FIRST WATCHMAN Hugh Otecake,[7] sir, or George Seacole, for they can write and read.

DOGBERRY Come hither, neighbour Seacole. ***Second Watchman steps forward*** God hath blessèd you with a good name: to be a well-favoured[9] man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.

SECOND WATCHMAN Both which, master constable—

DOGBERRY You have: I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour,[12] sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it. And for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless[15] and fit man for the constable of the watch: therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge: you shall comprehend[16] all vagrom men, you are to bid any man stand,[17] in the prince's name.

SECOND WATCHMAN How if a will not stand?

DOGBERRY Why, then, take[19] no note of him, but let him go, and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

VERGES If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

DOGBERRY True, and they are to meddle[22] with none but the prince's subjects. You shall also make no noise in the streets, for for the watch to babble and talk is most tolerable[24] and not to be endured.

WATCHMAN We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs[25] to a watch.

DOGBERRY Why, you speak like an ancient[26] and most quiet watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only have a care that your bills[27] be not stolen. Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid them that are drunk get them to bed.

WATCHMAN How if they will not?

DOGBERRY Why then, let them alone till they are sober: if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for.

WATCHMAN Well, sir.

DOGBERRY If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true[35] man: and for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why the more is for your honesty.

WATCHMAN If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

DOGBERRY Truly, by[38] your office, you may, but I think they that touch pitch will be defiled.[39] The most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

VERGES You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

DOGBERRY Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will,[42] much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

VERGES If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse and bid her still[45] it.

WATCHMAN How if the nurse be asleep and will not hear us?

DOGBERRY Why then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying, for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baas will never answer a calf when he bleats.

VERGES ’Tis very true.

DOGBERRY This is the end of the charge: you, constable, are to present[51] the prince’s own person. If you meet the prince in the night, you may stay[52] him.

VERGES Nay, by’r lady,[53] that I think a cannot.

DOGBERRY Five shillings to one on’t, with any man that knows the statues,[54] he may stay him: marry,[55] not without the prince be willing, for indeed the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

VERGES By’r lady, I think it be so.

DOGBERRY Ha, ah, ha! Well, masters, good night, an there be any matter of weight chances,[59] call up me. Keep your fellows’ counsels and your own, and good night. Come, neighbour. ***Starts to go***

WATCHMAN Well, masters, we hear our charge. Let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

DOGBERRY One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you watch about Signior Leonato’s door, for the wedding being there tomorrow, there is a great coil[64] tonight. Adieu. Be vigitant,[65] I beseech you.

Exeunt [Dogberry and Verges]

Enter Borachio and Conrad

BORACHIO What, Conrad?

WATCHMAN Peace! Stir not. ***Aside***

BORACHIO Conrad, I say!

CONRAD Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

BORACHIO Mass,[70] and my elbow itched, I thought there would a scab follow.

CONRAD I will owe thee an answer for that: and now forward with thy tale.

BORACHIO Stand thee close[72] then under this penthouse, for it drizzles rain, and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

WATCHMAN Some treason, masters. ***Aside*** Yet stand close.

BORACHIO Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

CONRAD Is it possible that any villainy should be so dear?[76]

BORACHIO Thou shouldst rather ask if it were possible any villainy should be so rich, for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

CONRAD I wonder at it.

BORACHIO That shows thou art unconfirmed.[81] Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is[82] nothing to a man.

CONRAD Yes, it is apparel.

BORACHIO I mean the fashion.[84]

CONRAD Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

BORACHIO Tush, I may as well say the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed[87] thief this fashion is?

WATCHMAN I know that Deformed: ***Aside*** a has been a vile thief this seven years, a goes up and down[88] like a gentleman. I remember his name.

BORACHIO Didst thou not hear somebody?

CONRAD No, 'twas the vane on the house.

BORACHIO Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is, how giddily a turns about all the hot bloods[93] between fourteen and five-and-thirty, sometimes fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers[94] in the reechy painting, sometime like god Bel's priests in the old church-window, sometime like the shaven Hercules in the smirched[96] worm-eaten tapestry, where his codpiece seems as massy as his club?

CONRAD All this I see, and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted[98] out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

BORACHIO Not so, neither. But know that I have tonight wooed Margaret, the Lady Hero's gentlewoman,[101] by the name of Hero. She leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night — I tell this tale vilely — I should first tell thee how the prince, Claudio and my master, planted and placed and possessed[104] by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

CONRAD And thought they Margaret was Hero?

BORACHIO Two of them did, the prince and Claudio, but the devil my master knew she was Margaret, and partly by his oaths,[108] which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made. Away went Claudio enraged, swore he would meet her as he was appointed next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw o'er-night, and send her home again without a husband.

FIRST WATCHMAN We charge you in the prince’s name, stand!

SECOND WATCHMAN Call up the right master constable. We have here recovered[115] the most dangerous piece of lechery[116] that ever was known in the commonwealth.

FIRST WATCHMAN And one Deformed is one of them. I know him, a wears a lock.[117]

CONRAD Masters, masters—

SECOND WATCHMAN You’ll be made[119] bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

CONRAD Masters—

FIRST WATCHMAN Never speak, we charge you. Let us obey[121] you to go with us.

BORACHIO We are like to prove a goodly commodity,[122] being taken up of these men’s bills.[123]

CONRAD A commodity in question,[124] I warrant you. Come, we’ll obey you.

Exeunt

[Act 3 Scene 4]

running scene 9

Enter Hero and Margaret and Ursula

HERO Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

URSULA I will, lady.

HERO And bid her come hither.

URSULA Well.

[Exit]

MARGARET Troth, I think your other rabato[5] were better.

HERO No, pray thee good Meg, I'll wear this.

MARGARET By my troth 's not so good, and I warrant your cousin will say so.

HERO My cousin's a fool, and thou art another. I'll wear none but this.

MARGARET I like the new tire[9] within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner, and your gown's a most rare[10] fashion, i'faith. I saw the Duchess of Milan's gown that they praise so.

HERO O, that exceeds,[12] they say.

MARGARET By my troth 's but a night-gown in respect of[13] yours — cloth a gold, and cuts,[14] and laced with silver, set with pearls, down sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts, round underborne[15] with a bluish tinsel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.[16]

HERO God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy.[17]

MARGARET 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

HERO Fie upon thee,[19] art not ashamed?

MARGARET Of what, lady? Of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in[20] a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I[21] think you would have me say, saving your reverence, 'a husband'. An[22] bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend nobody. Is there any harm in 'the heavier for a husband'? None, I think, an[24] it be the right husband and the right wife, otherwise ’tis light and not heavy. Ask my Lady Beatrice else,[25] here she comes.

Enter Beatrice

HERO Good morrow, coz.[26]

BEATRICE Good morrow, sweet Hero.

HERO Why, how now? Do you speak in the sick tune?

BEATRICE I am out of all other tune, methinks.

MARGARET Clap’s into[30] ‘Light o’ love’ — that goes without a burden. Do you sing it, and I’ll dance[31] it.

BEATRICE Ye[32] light o’ love with your heels! Then, if your husband have stables enough, you’ll look he shall lack no barns.[33]

MARGARET O illegitimate construction![34] I scorn that with my heels.

BEATRICE ’Tis almost five o’clock, cousin, ’tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill. Hey-ho![36]

MARGARET For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

BEATRICE For the letter that begins them all, H.[38]

MARGARET Well, an[39] you be not turned Turk, there’s no more sailing by the star.

BEATRICE What means the fool, trow?[40]

MARGARET Nothing I, but God send every one their heart’s desire!

HERO These gloves the Count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

BEATRICE I am stuffed,[43] cousin, I cannot smell.

MARGARET A maid, and stuffed! There’s goodly catching of cold.

BEATRICE O, God help me, God help me! How long have you professed apprehension?[45]

MARGARET Even since you left it. Doth not my wit become me rarely?[46]

BEATRICE It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap.[47] By my troth, I am sick.

MARGARET Get you some of this distilled *carduus benedictus*,[49] and lay it to your heart: it is the only thing for a qualm.[50]

HERO There thou prick’st her with a thistle.

BEATRICE *Benedictus?* Why *benedictus?* You have some moral in this *benedictus*.

MARGARET Moral? No, by my troth I have no moral meaning, I meant plain holy-thistle. You may think perchance that I think you are in love, nay, by’r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list, nor I list not to think what I can, nor indeed I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love or that you will be in love or that you can be in love. Yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry, and yet now in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging. And how you may be converted I know not, but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do.

BEATRICE What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

MARGARET Not a false gallop.

Enter Ursula

URSULA Madam, withdraw. The prince, the count, Signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town are come to fetch you to church.

HERO Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula.

[Exeunt]

[Act 3 Scene 5]

running scene 10

Enter Leonato, and the Constable [Dogberry] and the Headborough [Verges]

LEONATO What would you with me, honest neighbour?

DOGBERRY Marry, sir, I would have some confidence[2] with you that decerns you nearly.

LEONATO Brief, I pray you, for you see it is a busy time with me.

DOGBERRY Marry, this it is, sir.

VERGES Yes, in truth it is, sir.

LEONATO What is it, my good friends?

DOGBERRY Goodman[8] Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter — an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt[9] as, God help, I would desire they were, but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.

VERGES Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living that is an old man, and no honester than I.

DOGBERRY Comparisons are odorous:[13] *palabras*, neighbour Verges.

LEONATO Neighbours, you are tedious.

DOGBERRY It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers.[15] But truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious[16] as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

LEONATO All thy tediousness on me, ah?

DOGBERRY Yea, an 'twere a thousand times more than 'tis, for I hear as good exclamation[20] on your worship as of any man in the city, and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

VERGES And so am I.

LEONATO I would fain know what you have to say.

VERGES Marry, sir, our watch tonight, excepting[24] your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant[25] knaves as any in Messina.

DOGBERRY A good old man, sir, he will be talking. As they say, 'When the age is in, the wit is out', God help us, it is a world[27] to see. Well said, i'faith, neighbour Verges. Well, God's a good man,[28] an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind. An honest soul, i'faith, sir, by my troth he is, as ever broke bread. But God is to be worshipped, all men are not alike, alas, good neighbour.

LEONATO Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

DOGBERRY Gifts that God gives.

LEONATO I must leave you.

DOGBERRY One word, sir: our watch, sir, have indeed comprehended[34] two auspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

LEONATO Take their examination yourself and bring it me. I am now in great haste, as may appear unto you.

DOGBERRY It shall be suffigance.[38]

LEONATO Drink some wine ere you go. Fare you well.

[Enter a Messenger]

MESSENGER My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

LEONATO I'll wait upon them. I am ready.

Exeunt [Leonato and Messenger]

DOGBERRY Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacole, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn[43] to the jail. We are now to examination those men.

VERGES And we must do it wisely.

DOGBERRY We will spare for no wit, I warrant you. Here's that shall drive some of them to a non-come.[46] Only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication[47] and meet me at the jail.

Exeunt

Act 4 Scene 1

running scene 11

Enter Prince [Don Pedro, Don John the] Bastard, Leonato, Friar [Francis], Claudio, Benedick, Hero and Beatrice [and Attendants]

LEONATO Come, Friar Francis, be brief: only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

FRIAR FRANCIS You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady.

CLAUDIO No.

LEONATO To be married to her. Friar, you come to marry her.

FRIAR FRANCIS Lady, you come hither to be married to this count.

HERO I do.

FRIAR FRANCIS If either of you know any inward[8] impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you on your souls to utter it.

CLAUDIO Know you any, Hero?

HERO None, my lord.

FRIAR FRANCIS Know you any, Count?

LEONATO I dare make his answer, none.

CLAUDIO O, what men dare do! What men may do! What men daily do, not knowing what they do!

BENEDICK How now? Interjections? Why then, some be of laughing, as ha, ha, he!

CLAUDIO Stand thee by,[17] friar. Father, by your leave:
Will you with free and unconstrainèd soul
Give me this maid, your daughter?

LEONATO As freely, son, as God did give her me.

CLAUDIO And what have I to give you back whose worth
May counterpoise[22] this rich and precious gift?

DON PEDRO Nothing, unless you render her again.[23]

CLAUDIO Sweet prince, you learn[24] me noble thankfulness.
There, Leonato, take her back again. ***Hands Hero to Leonato***
Give not this rotten orange to your friend.
She's but the sign and semblance[27] of her honour.
Behold how like a maid she blushes here.
O, what authority and show of truth

Can cunning sin cover itself withal![30]
Comes not that blood[31] as modest evidence
To witness[32] simple virtue? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shows? But she is none.
She knows the heat of a luxurious[35] bed:
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.
LEONATO What do you mean, my lord?
CLAUDIO Not to be married,
Not to knit my soul to an approvèd[39] wanton.
LEONATO Dear my lord, if you, in[40] your own proof,
Have vanquished the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity—
CLAUDIO I know what you would say: if I have known[43] her,
You will say she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate[45] the ’forehand sin.
No, Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large,[47]
But, as a brother to his sister, showed
Bashful[49] sincerity and comely love.
HERO And seemed I ever otherwise to you?
CLAUDIO Out on thee, seeming! I will write against it.[51]
You seem to me as Dian[52] in her orb,
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown.[53]
But you are more intemperate[54] in your blood
Than Venus[55] or those pampered animals
That rage in savage sensuality.
HERO Is my lord well that he doth speak so wide?[57]
LEONATO Sweet prince, why speak not you?
DON PEDRO What should I speak?
I stand dishonoured, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.[61]
LEONATO Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?
DON JOHN Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.
BENEDICK This looks not like a nuptial.
HERO ‘True’? O God!

CLAUDIO Leonato, stand I here?
Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?
Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?
LEONATO All this is so, but what of this, my lord?
CLAUDIO Let me but move[70] one question to your daughter,
And by that fatherly and kindly[71] power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.
LEONATO I charge thee do so, as thou art my child. ***To Hero***
HERO O, God defend me, how am I beset![74]
What kind of catechizing[75] call you this?
CLAUDIO To make you answer[76] truly to your name.
HERO Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach?
CLAUDIO Marry, that can Hero:
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.
What man was he talked with you yesternight,
Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?
Now if you are a maid, answer to this.
HERO I talked with no man at that hour, my lord.
DON PEDRO Why, then you are no maiden. Leonato,
I am sorry you must hear. Upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother and this grievèd[87] count
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber window,
Who hath indeed, most like a liberal[90] villain,
Confessed the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.
DON JOHN Fie, fie, they are not to be named, my lord,
Not to be spoken of.
There is not chastity enough in language
Without offence to utter them. Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.[97]
CLAUDIO O Hero! What a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces[99] had been placed
About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart!
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! Farewell,

Thou pure impiety and impious purity!
For[103] thee I’ll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture[104] hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.[106]
LEONATO Hath no man’s dagger here a point for me? ***Hero swoons***
BEATRICE Why, how now, cousin! Wherefore sink you down?
DON JOHN Come, let us go. These things, come thus to light,
Smother her spirits[110] up.
[Exeunt Don Pedro, Don John and Claudio]
BENEDICK How doth the lady?
BEATRICE Dead, I think. Help, uncle!
Hero! Why, Hero! Uncle! Signior Benedick! Friar!
LEONATO O fate! Take not away thy heavy hand.
Death is the fairest cover for her shame
That may be wished for.
BEATRICE How now, cousin Hero!
FRIAR FRANCIS Have comfort, lady.
LEONATO Dost thou look up?[119]
FRIAR FRANCIS Yea, wherefore should she not?
LEONATO Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?
Do not live, Hero, do not ope thine eyes,
For did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would on[127] the rearward of reproaches
Strike at thy life. Grieved[128] I, I had but one?
Chid[129] I for that at frugal nature’s frame?
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not with charitable hand
Took up a beggar’s issue at my gates,
Who smearèd thus, and mired[134] with infamy,
I might have said ‘No part of it is mine:
This shame derives itself from unknown loins’?

But mine, and mine I loved, and mine I praised,
And mine[138] that I was proud on, mine so much
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her — why, she, O, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,
And salt too little which may season[143] give
To her foul-tainted flesh!

BENEDICK Sir, sir, be patient.
For my part, I am so attired[146] in wonder,
I know not what to say.

BEATRICE O, on my soul my cousin is belied![148]

BENEDICK Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

BEATRICE No, truly not: although until last night,
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

LEONATO Confirmed, confirmed! O, that is stronger made
Which was before barred up with ribs of iron.
Would the two princes lie, and Claudio lie,
Who loved her so that, speaking of her foulness,
Washed it with tears? Hence from her, let her die.

FRIAR FRANCIS Hear me a little:
For I have only been silent so long,
And given[159] way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady. I have marked
A thousand blushing apparitions[161]
To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness beat away those blushes,
And in her eye there hath appeared a fire
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool,
Trust not my reading nor my observations,
Which[168] with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenure of my book: trust not my age,
My reverence,[170] calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting[172] error.

LEONATO Friar, it cannot be.
Thou seest that all the grace that she hath left
Is that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury:[176] she not denies it.
Why seek’st thou then to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper[178] nakedness?
FRIAR FRANCIS Lady, what man is he you are accused of?
HERO They know that do accuse me: I know none.
If I know more of any man alive
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,[182]
Let all my sins lack mercy! O my father,
Prove you that any man with me conversed
At hours unmeet,[185] or that I yesternight
Maintained the change[186] of words with any creature,
Refuse[187] me, hate me, torture me to death!
FRIAR FRANCIS There is some strange misprision[188] in the princes.
BENEDICK Two of them have the very bent of[189] honour,
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice[191] of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame[192] of villainies.
LEONATO I know not. If they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her. If they wrong her honour,
The proudest[195] of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat[197] up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,[198]
Nor my bad life reft[199] me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awaked in such a kind,[200]
Both strength of limb and policy[201] of mind,
Ability in means and choice of friends,
To quit[203] me of them throughly.
FRIAR FRANCIS Pause awhile,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead:
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish[208] it that she is dead indeed.

Maintain a mourning ostentation,[209]
And on your family’s old monument[210]
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.
LEONATO What shall become of this? What will this do?
FRIAR FRANCIS Marry, this well carried[214] shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse, that is some good.
But not for that[216] dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail[217] look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must so be maintained,
Upon the instant that she was accused,
Shall be lamented, pitied and excused
Of every hearer, for it so falls out
That what we have we prize[222] not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it; but, being lacked and lost,
Why, then we rack[224] the value, then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours. So will it fare with Claudio:
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
Th’idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination,[229]
And every lovely organ[230] of her life
Shall come apparelled[231] in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect[233] of his soul
Than when she lived indeed. Then shall he mourn —
If ever love had interest[235] in his liver —
And wish he had not so accusèd her,
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success[238]
Will fashion the event[239] in better shape
Than I can lay[240] it down in likelihood.
But if all aim[241] but this be levelled false,
The supposition of the lady’s death
Will quench the wonder of[243] her infamy.
And if it sort[244] not well, you may conceal her,

As best befits her wounded reputation,
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds and injuries.[247]

BENEDICK Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you.
And though you know my inwardness[249] and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly as your soul
Should with your body.

LEONATO Being that[254] I flow in grief,
The smallest twine[255] may lead me.

FRIAR FRANCIS ’Tis well consented. Presently away,
For[257] to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.
Come, lady, die to live. This wedding day
Perhaps is but prolonged. Have patience and endure.

Exeunt [all but Benedick and Beatrice]

BENEDICK Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

BEATRICE Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

BENEDICK I will not desire that.

BEATRICE You have no reason, I do it freely.

BENEDICK Surely I do believe your fair cousin is wronged.

BEATRICE Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that would right her.

BENEDICK Is there any way to show such friendship?

BEATRICE A very even[267] way, but no such friend.

BENEDICK May a man do it?

BEATRICE It is a man’s office, but not yours.

BENEDICK I do love nothing in the world so well as you. Is not that strange?

BEATRICE As strange as the thing I know not. It were as possible for me to say I loved nothing so well as you, but believe me not: and yet I lie not. I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am sorry for my cousin.

BENEDICK By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

BEATRICE Do not swear by it and eat it.[275]

BENEDICK I will swear by it that you love me, and I will make him eat it that says I love not you.

BEATRICE Will you not eat your word?

BENEDICK With no sauce that can be devised to it. I protest[279] I love thee.

BEATRICE Why then, God forgive me.

BENEDICK What offence, sweet Beatrice?

BEATRICE You have stayed[282] me in a happy hour: I was about to protest I loved you.

BENEDICK And do it with all thy heart.

BEATRICE I love you with so much of my heart that none is left to protest.

BENEDICK Come, bid me do anything for thee.

BEATRICE Kill Claudio.

BENEDICK Ha, not for the wide world.

BEATRICE You kill me to deny. Farewell.

BENEDICK Tarry,[289] sweet Beatrice.

BEATRICE I am gone, though I am here. There is no love in you. Nay I pray you let me go.

BENEDICK Beatrice—

BEATRICE In faith, I will go.

BENEDICK We'll be friends first.

BEATRICE You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy.

BENEDICK Is Claudio thine enemy?

BEATRICE Is a not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? O that I were a man! What, bear[298] her in hand until they come to take hands,[299] and then, with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour — O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

BENEDICK Hear me, Beatrice—

BEATRICE Talk with a man out at a window! A proper saying![303]

BENEDICK Nay, but Beatrice—

BEATRICE Sweet Hero! She is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.[305]

BENEDICK Beat—

BEATRICE Princes and counties![307] Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly Count Comfit, a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! Or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into curtsies, valour into compliment,[310] and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too. He is now as valiant as Hercules that only tells a lie and swears it.[311] I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

BENEDICK Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand I love thee.

BEATRICE Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

BENEDICK Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wronged Hero?

BEATRICE Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

BENEDICK Enough: I am engaged,[317] I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear[318] account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go comfort your cousin, I must say she is dead: and so farewell.

[Exeunt separately]

[Act 4 Scene 2][4.2]

running scene 12

Enter the Constables [Dogberry and Verges], Borachio and [Sexton as] the Town Clerk in gowns [with Conrad, and the Watch]

DOGBERRY Is our whole dissembly[1] appeared?

VERGES O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton.

SEXTON Which be the malefactors?[3]

DOGBERRY Marry, that am I and my partner.

VERGES Nay, that's certain, we have the exhibition[5] to examine.

SEXTON But which are the offenders that are to be examined? Let them come before master constable.

DOGBERRY Yea, marry, let them come before me. ***Borachio and Conrad are brought forward*** What is your name, friend?

BORACHIO Borachio.

DOGBERRY Pray, write down 'Borachio'.— Yours, sirrah?[10]

CONRAD I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrad.

DOGBERRY Write down 'master gentleman Conrad'. Masters, do[12] you serve God? Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves, and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

CONRAD Marry, sir, we say we are none.

DOGBERRY A marvellous witty[16] fellow, I assure you. But I will go about with him. Come you hither, sirrah, a word in your ear, sir: ***To Borachio*** I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

BORACHIO Sir, I say to you we are none.

DOGBERRY Well, stand aside. 'Fore God, they are both in a tale.[20] Have you writ down that they are none?

SEXTON Master constable, you go not the way to examine. You must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

DOGBERRY Yea, marry, that's the eftest[24] way. Let the watch come forth. Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

FIRST WATCHMAN This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

DOGBERRY Write down 'Prince John a villain'. Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

BORACHIO Master constable—

DOGBERRY Pray thee fellow, peace: I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

SEXTON What heard you him say else?

SECOND WATCHMAN Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully.

DOGBERRY Flat burglary as ever was committed.

VERGES Yea, by th'mass, that it is.

SEXTON What else, fellow?

FIRST WATCHMAN And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

DOGBERRY O villain! Thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption[39] for this.

SEXTON What else?

WATCHMEN This is all.

SEXTON And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away. Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this suddenly died. Master Constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato. I will go before and show him their examination.

[Exit]

DOGBERRY Come, let them be opinioned.[47]

VERGES Let[48] them be in the hands—

CONRAD Off, coxcomb![49]

DOGBERRY God's my life, where's the sexton? Let him write down 'the prince's officer coxcomb'. Come, bind them.— Thou naughty[51] varlet!

CONRAD Away! You are an ass, you are an ass.

DOGBERRY Dost thou not suspect[53] my place? Dost thou not suspect my years? O that he were here to write me down an ass! But masters, remember that I am an ass: though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass. No, thou villain, thou art full of piety,[56] as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow, and which is more, an officer, and which is more, a householder, and which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina, and one that knows the law, go to, and a rich fellow enough, go to, and a fellow that hath had losses,[59] and one that hath two gowns[60] and everything handsome about him. Bring him away. O that I had been writ down an ass!

Exeunt

Act 5 [Scene 1]

running scene 13

Enter Leonato and his brother [Antonio]

ANTONIO If you go on thus, you will kill yourself,
And ’tis not wisdom thus to second[2] grief
Against yourself.
LEONATO I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve: give not me counsel,
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with[8] mine.
Bring me a father that so loved his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelmed like mine,
And bid him speak of patience,
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer[13] every strain for strain,
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament,[15] branch, shape and form.
If such a one will smile and stroke his beard,
Bid sorrow wag,[17] cry ‘Hem!’ when he should groan,
Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters,[19] bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man: for, brother, men
Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel, but tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion,[24] which before
Would give preceptial[25] medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air and agony with words.
No, no, ’tis all men’s office to speak patience
To those that wring[29] under the load of sorrow,
But no man’s virtue nor sufficiency[30]
To be so moral[31] when he shall endure

The like himself: therefore give me no counsel.
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.[33]
ANTONIO Therein do men from children nothing differ.
LEONATO I pray thee peace.[35] I will be flesh and blood,
For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently,
However[38] they have writ the style of gods
And made[39] a push at chance and sufferance.
ANTONIO Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself,
Make those that do offend you suffer too.
LEONATO There thou speak'st reason. Nay, I will do so.
My soul doth tell me Hero is belied,
And that shall Claudio know, so shall the prince
And all of them that thus dishonour her.

Enter Prince [Don Pedro] and Claudio

ANTONIO Here comes the prince and Claudio hastily.
DON PEDRO Good den, good den.
CLAUDIO Good day to both of you.
LEONATO Hear you, my lords—
DON PEDRO We have[50] some haste, Leonato.
LEONATO Some haste, my lord! Well, fare you well, my lord:
Are you so hasty now? Well, all is one.[52]
DON PEDRO Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.
ANTONIO If he could right himself with quarrelling,
Some of us[55] would lie low.
CLAUDIO Who wrongs him?
LEONATO Marry, thou dost wrong me, thou dissembler,[57] thou:

Claudio prepares to draw his sword

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword,
I fear thee not.
CLAUDIO Marry, beshrew[60] my hand
If it should give your age such cause of fear:
In faith, my hand meant[62] nothing to my sword.
LEONATO Tush, tush, man, never fleer[63] and jest at me:
I speak not like a dotard[64] nor a fool,
As under privilege of age to brag

What I have done being young or what would do
Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,[67]
Thou hast so wronged my innocent child and me
That I am forced to lay my reverence[69] by,
And with grey hairs and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial[71] of a man.
I say thou hast belied mine innocent child:
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lies buried with her ancestors —
O, in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, framed by thy villainy!
CLAUDIO My villainy?
LEONATO Thine, Claudio, thine, I say.
DON PEDRO You say not right, old man.
LEONATO My lord, my lord,
I'll prove it on his body if he dare,
Despite his nice fence[82] and his active practice,
His May of youth and bloom of lustihood.[83]
CLAUDIO Away! I will not have to do with you.
LEONATO Canst thou so daff[85] me? Thou hast killed my child:
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.
ANTONIO He shall kill two of us, and men indeed:
But that's no matter, let him kill one first.
Win[89] me and wear me, let him answer me.
Come follow me, boy, come, sir boy, come follow me:
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence,[91]
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.
LEONATO Brother—
ANTONIO Content yourself. God knows I loved my niece,
And she is dead, slandered to death by villains,
That dare as well answer a man indeed
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue.
Boys, apes, braggarts,[98] Jacks, milksops!
LEONATO Brother Antony—
ANTONIO Hold you content. What, man! I know them, yea,
And what they weigh,[101] even to the utmost scruple,

Scrambling,[102] out-facing, fashion-monging boys,
That lie and cog[103] and flout, deprave and slander,
Go anticly,[104] and show outward hideousness,
And speak off[105] half a dozen dang'rous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,[106]
And this is all.

LEONATO But, brother Antony—

ANTONIO Come, 'tis no matter:
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

DON PEDRO Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.[111]
My heart is sorry for your daughter's death.
But on my honour, she was charged with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.

LEONATO My lord, my lord—

DON PEDRO I will not hear you.

Enter Benedick

LEONATO No? Come, brother, away! I will be heard.

ANTONIO And shall, or some of us will smart for it.

Exeunt both [Leonato and Antonio]

DON PEDRO See, see, here comes the man we went to seek.

CLAUDIO Now, signior, what news?

BENEDICK Good day, my lord.

DON PEDRO Welcome, signior: you are almost come to part almost a fray.

CLAUDIO We had[123] like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.

DON PEDRO Leonato and his brother. What think'st thou? Had we fought, I doubt[125] we should have been too young for them.

BENEDICK In a false quarrel there is no true valour. I came to seek you both.

CLAUDIO We have been up and down to seek thee, for we are high-proof[128] melancholy and would fain have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit?

BENEDICK It is in my scabbard: shall I draw[130] it?

DON PEDRO Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

CLAUDIO Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit.[132] I will bid thee draw,[133] as we do the minstrels, draw to pleasure us.

DON PEDRO As I am an honest man, he looks pale. Art thou sick, or angry?

CLAUDIO What, courage, man! What though care[135] killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

BENEDICK Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career,[137] an you charge it against me. I pray you choose another subject.

CLAUDIO Nay then, give him another staff:[139] this last was broke cross.

DON PEDRO By this light, he changes more and more: I think he be angry indeed.

CLAUDIO If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.[141]

BENEDICK Shall I speak a word in your ear?

CLAUDIO God bless me from a challenge!

BENEDICK You are a villain. ***Aside to Claudio*** I jest not: I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right,[145] or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

CLAUDIO Well, I will meet you, so[148] I may have good cheer.

DON PEDRO What? A feast, a feast?

CLAUDIO I'faith, I thank him: he hath bid me to a calf's[150] head and a capon, the which if I do not carve most curiously,[151] say my knife's naught. Shall I not find a woodcock[152] too?

BENEDICK Sir, your wit ambles[153] well, it goes easily.

DON PEDRO I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day: I said, thou hadst a fine[155] wit. 'True,' says she, 'a fine little one.' 'No,' said I, 'a great wit.' 'Right,' says she, 'a great gross one.' 'Nay,' said I, 'a good wit.' 'Just,' said she, 'it hurts nobody.' 'Nay,' said I, 'the gentleman is wise.' 'Certain,' said she, 'a wise gentleman.'[157] 'Nay,' said I, 'he hath the tongues.'[158] 'That I believe,' said she, 'for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore[159] on Tuesday morning: there's a double[160] tongue, there's two tongues.' Thus did she, an hour together, transshape[161] thy particular virtues: yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest[162] man in Italy.

CLAUDIO For the which she wept heartily and said she cared not.

DON PEDRO Yea, that she did: but yet for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly. The old man's daughter[165] told us all.

CLAUDIO All, all, and moreover, God[166] saw him when he was hid in the garden.

DON PEDRO But[167] when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

CLAUDIO Yea, and text underneath, 'Here dwells Benedick the married man'?

BENEDICK Fare you well, boy, you know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour. You break jests as braggarts[171] do their blades, which God be thanked, hurt not. My lord,[172] for your many courtesies I thank you. I must discontinue your company. Your brother the bastard is fled from Messina: you have among you killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my Lord Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet: and till then, peace be with him.

[Exit]

DON PEDRO He is in earnest.

CLAUDIO In most profound earnest, and I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

DON PEDRO And hath challenged thee.

CLAUDIO Most sincerely.

DON PEDRO What a pretty thing man is when he goes in his doublet and hose[180] and leaves off his wit!

Enter Constable [Dogberry, Verges and the Watch, with] Conrad and Borachio

CLAUDIO He[182] is then a giant to an ape, but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

But, soft you,[183] let me be: pluck up, my heart, and be sad. Did he not say my brother was fled?

DOGBERRY Come you, sir: if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons[186] in her balance. Nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

DON PEDRO How now? Two of my brother's men bound? Borachio one!

CLAUDIO Hearken[189] after their offence, my lord.

DON PEDRO Officers, what offence have these men done?

DOGBERRY Marry, sir, they have committed false report,[191] moreover, they have spoken untruths, secondarily, they are slanders,[192] sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady, thirdly, they have verified unjust things, and to conclude, they are lying knaves.

DON PEDRO First, I ask thee what they have done, thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence, sixth and lastly, why they are committed, and to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

CLAUDIO Rightly reasoned, and in his own division.[197] And by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.

DON PEDRO Who have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound[199] to your answer?[200] This learned constable is too cunning to be understood. What's your offence?

BORACHIO Sweet prince, let me go no farther to mine answer. Do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes. What your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light, who in the night overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John your brother incensed[205] me to slander the Lady Hero, how you were brought into the orchard and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments, how you disgraced her when you should marry her. My villainy they have upon record, which I had rather seal with my death than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation, and briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

DON PEDRO Runs not this speech like iron through your blood? ***To Claudio***

CLAUDIO I have drunk poison whiles he uttered it.

DON PEDRO But did my brother set thee on to this? ***To Borachio***

BORACHIO Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

DON PEDRO He is composed and framed of treachery,
And fled he is upon this villainy.

CLAUDIO Sweet Hero! Now thy image doth appear
In the rare semblance[218] that I loved it first.

DOGBERRY Come, bring away the plaintiffs.[219] By this time our sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of the matter. And masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

VERGES Here, here comes master Signior Leonato, and the sexton too.

Enter Leonato [and Antonio, with the Sexton]

LEONATO Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes,
That, when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him. Which of these is he?

BORACHIO If you would know your wronger, look on me.

LEONATO Art thou the slave that with thy breath hast killed
Mine innocent child?

BORACHIO Yea, even I alone.

LEONATO No, not so, villain, thou beliest thyself:
Here stand a pair of honourable men,[231]
A third is fled, that had a hand in it.
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death.
Record it with your high and worthy deeds,
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

CLAUDIO I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself,
Impose me to[238] what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin. Yet sinned I not
But in mistaking.

DON PEDRO By my soul, nor I.
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to.

LEONATO I cannot bid you bid my daughter live —
That were impossible — but I pray you both,
Possess[247] the people in Messina here
How innocent she died, and if your love
Can labour aught[249] in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And sing it to her bones, sing it tonight:
Tomorrow morning come you to my house,
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew. My brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copy of my child that's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us:

Give her the right[257] you should have giv'n her cousin,
And so dies my revenge.

CLAUDIO O noble sir,
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me!
I do embrace your offer and dispose[261]
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

LEONATO Tomorrow then I will expect your coming,
Tonight I take my leave. This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who I believe was packed[266] in all this wrong,
Hired to it by your brother.

BORACHIO No, by my soul, she was not,
Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me,
But always hath been just and virtuous
In anything that I do know by her.

DOGBERRY Moreover, sir, which indeed is not under[272] white and black, this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass. I beseech you let it be remembered in his punishment. And also the watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they[274] say he wears a key in his ear and a lock hanging by it, and borrows money in God's name,[275] the which he hath used so long and never paid that now men grow hard-hearted and will lend nothing for God's sake. Pray you examine him upon that point.

LEONATO I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

DOGBERRY Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth, and I praise God for you.

LEONATO There's for thy pains. ***Gives money***

DOGBERRY God[283] save the foundation!

LEONATO Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

DOGBERRY I leave an arrant knave with your worship, which I beseech your worship to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship! I wish your worship well. God restore you to health! I humbly give you[287] leave to depart, and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit[288] it! Come, neighbour.

LEONATO Until tomorrow morning, lords, farewell.

Exeunt [Dogberry and Verges]

ANTONIO Farewell, my lords: we look for you tomorrow.
DON PEDRO We will not fail.
CLAUDIO Tonight I'll mourn with Hero.
LEONATO Bring you these fellows on.— We'll talk with Margaret, ***To the Watch*** How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

Exeunt [separately]

[Act 5 Scene 2]

running scene 14

Enter Benedick and Margaret [meeting]

BENEDICK Pray thee, sweet Mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands by helping me to the speech of[2] Beatrice.

MARGARET Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

BENEDICK In so high a style,[4] Margaret, that no man living shall come over it, for in most comely[5] truth thou deservest it.

MARGARET To have no man come over me? Why, shall I always keep below stairs?[6]

BENEDICK Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth, it catches.[7]

MARGARET And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils,[8] which hit but hurt not.

BENEDICK A most manly wit, Margaret, it will not hurt a woman: and so, I pray thee call Beatrice, I give[10] thee the bucklers.

MARGARET Give us the swords,[11] we have bucklers of our own.

BENEDICK If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes[12] with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

MARGARET Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who I think hath legs.

Exit Margaret

BENEDICK And therefore will come.[15]

The[16] god of love, ***Sings***
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How[19] pitiful I deserve—

I mean in singing: but in loving, Leander[20] the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of panders, and a whole bookful of these quondam carpet-mongers,[21] whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self in love. Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme, I have tried: I can find out no rhyme to 'lady' but 'baby' — an innocent[25] rhyme: for 'scorn,' 'horn' — a hard rhyme: for 'school,' 'fool' — a babbling rhyme: very ominous endings. No, I was not born under a rhyming planet, for I cannot woo in festival[27] terms.

Enter Beatrice

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee?

BEATRICE Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

BENEDICK O, stay but till then!

BEATRICE ‘Then’ is spoken: fare you well now. And yet ere I go, let me go with that I came,[31] which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

BENEDICK Only foul words: and thereupon I will kiss thee.

BEATRICE Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome:[35] therefore I will depart unkissed.

BENEDICK Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit. But I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge, and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe[38] him a coward. And I pray thee now tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

BEATRICE For them all together, which maintained so politic[40] a state of evil that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer[42] love for me?

BENEDICK ‘Suffer love’! A good epithet! I do suffer love indeed, for I love thee against my will.

BEATRICE In spite of your heart, I think. Alas, poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours, for I will never love that which my friend[46] hates.

BENEDICK Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

BEATRICE It appears not in this confession.[48] There’s not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

BENEDICK An old, an old instance,[50] Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours. If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb[51] ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monuments[52] than the bells ring, and the widow weeps.

BEATRICE And how long is that, think you?

BENEDICK Question:[54] why, an hour in clamour and a quarter in rheum. Therefore is it most expedient for the wise, if Don[55] Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself, who I myself will bear witness is praiseworthy. And now tell me, how doth your cousin?

BEATRICE Very ill.

BENEDICK And how do you?

BEATRICE Very ill too.

Enter Ursula

BENEDICK Serve God, love me and mend. There will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

URSULA Madam, you must come to your uncle — yonder’s old coil at home: it is proved my Lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused, and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone. Will you come presently?

BEATRICE Will you go hear this news, signior?

BENEDICK I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes. And moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle’s.

Exeunt

[Act 5 Scene 3]

running scene 15

Enter Claudio, Prince [Don Pedro] and three or four with tapers [followed by Balthasar and Musicians]

CLAUDIO Is this the monument of Leonato?

LORD It is, my lord.

CLAUDIO [*Reads the*] *epitaph*

‘Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death, in guerdon[5] of her wrongs,
Gives her fame[6] which never dies.
So the life that died with shame
Lives in death with glorious fame.’
Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb.
Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

BALTHASAR [*Sings the*] *song*

Pardon, goddess[12] of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight,[13]
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan,
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily:
Graves, yawn and yield your dead,
Till death be utterèd,
Heavily, heavily.

CLAUDIO Now, unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this rite.

DON PEDRO Good morrow, masters, put your torches out.
The wolves have preyed, and look, the gentle day
Before the wheels of Phoebus[26] round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.
Thanks to you all, and leave us. Fare you well.

CLAUDIO Good morrow, masters: each his several way.
DON PEDRO Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds,[30]
And then to Leonato’s we will go.
CLAUDIO And Hymen[32] now with luckier issue speed’s
Than this for whom we rendered up this woe.
Exeunt

[Act 5 Scene 4]

running scene 16

Enter Leonato, Benedick, [Beatrice,] Margaret, Ursula, old man [Antonio], Friar [Francis and] Hero

FRIAR FRANCIS Did I not tell you she was innocent?

LEONATO So are the prince and Claudio, who accused her
Upon[3] the error that you heard debated.
But Margaret was in some fault for this,
Although against her will,[5] as it appears
In the true course of all the question.[6]

ANTONIO Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

BENEDICK And so am I, being else[8] by faith enforced
To call young Claudio to a reckoning[9] for it.

LEONATO Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,
And when I send for you, come hither masked.
The prince and Claudio promised by this hour
To visit me. You know your office, brother:
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio.

Exeunt Ladies

ANTONIO Which I will do with confirmed countenance.[17]

BENEDICK Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

FRIAR FRANCIS To do what, signior?

BENEDICK To bind me, or undo[20] me — one of them.
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

LEONATO That eye my daughter lent her: 'tis most true.

BENEDICK And I do with an eye of love requite her.

LEONATO The sight whereof I think you had from me,
From Claudio and the prince: but what's your will?

BENEDICK Your answer, sir, is enigmatical.
But for[28] my will, my will is your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoined

In the state of honourable marriage,
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.
LEONATO My heart is with your liking.
FRIAR FRANCIS And my help.
Enter Prince [Don Pedro] and Claudio, with Attendants
DON PEDRO Good morrow to this fair assembly.
LEONATO Good morrow, prince, good morrow, Claudio:
We here attend you. Are you yet determined
Today to marry with my brother's daughter?
CLAUDIO I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiope.[38]
LEONATO Call her forth, brother: here's the friar ready.
[Exit Antonio]
DON PEDRO Good morrow, Benedick. Why, what's the matter,
That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm and cloudiness?
CLAUDIO I think he thinks upon the savage bull.
Tush, fear not, man: we'll tip thy horns with gold,
And all Europa[45] shall rejoice at thee,
As once Europa[46] did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.
BENEDICK Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low,
And some such strange bull leaped your father's cow,
And got a calf in that same noble feat
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.
Enter brother [Antonio], Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, [and] Ursula [the ladies all masked]
CLAUDIO For this I owe you:[52] here comes other reck'nings.
Which is the lady I must seize upon?
ANTONIO This same is she, and I do give you her.
CLAUDIO Why, then she's mine. Sweet, let me see your face.
LEONATO No, that you shall not, till you take her hand
Before this friar and swear to marry her.
CLAUDIO Give me your hand before this holy friar.
I am your husband, if you like of me.
HERO And when I lived, I was your other wife:
And when you loved, you were my other husband. ***Unmasks***

CLAUDIO Another Hero?
HERO Nothing certainer.
One Hero died defiled, but I do live,
And surely as I live, I am a maid.
DON PEDRO The former Hero! Hero that is dead!
LEONATO She died, my lord, but whiles her slander lived.
FRIAR FRANCIS All this amazement can I qualify,[68]
When after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell you largely[70] of fair Hero's death.
Meantime let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.
BENEDICK Soft and fair,[73] friar. Which is Beatrice?
BEATRICE I answer to that name. What is your will? ***Unmasks***
BENEDICK Do not you love me?
BEATRICE Why, no, no more than reason.
BENEDICK Why then, your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio
Have been deceived: they swore you did.
BEATRICE Do not you love me?
BENEDICK Troth, no, no more than reason.
BEATRICE Why then, my cousin,[81] Margaret and Ursula
Are much deceived, for they did swear you did.
BENEDICK They swore you were almost sick for me.
BEATRICE They swore you were well-nigh dead for me.
BENEDICK 'Tis no matter. Then you do not love me?
BEATRICE No, truly, but in friendly recompense.
LEONATO Come, cousin,[87] I am sure you love the gentleman.
CLAUDIO And I'll be sworn upon't that he loves her,
For here's a paper written in his hand, ***Shows a paper***
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashioned to Beatrice.
HERO And here's another ***Shows another paper***
Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.
BENEDICK A miracle! Here's our own hands against our hearts. Come, I will have thee, but by this light I take thee for pity.

BEATRICE I would not deny you, but by this good day I yield upon great persuasion, and partly to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.[98]

LEONATO Peace! I will stop your mouth. ***He kisses her***

DON PEDRO How dost thou, 'Benedick, the married man'?

BENEDICK I'll tell thee what, prince: a college[101] of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour. Dost thou think I care for a satire or an epigram? No. If a man will be beaten with brains, a shall[103] wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it, and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it, for man is a giddy[106] thing, and this is my conclusion. For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee, but in that thou art like[107] to be my kinsman, live unbruised and love my cousin.

CLAUDIO I had well hoped thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled[110] thee out of thy single life to make thee a double-dealer, which out of question thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

BENEDICK Come, come, we are friends. Let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten[113] our own\ hearts and our wives' heels.

LEONATO We'll have dancing afterward.

BENEDICK First, of my word: therefore play, music. Prince, thou art sad:[115] get thee a wife, get thee a wife. There is no[116] staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.

Enter a Messenger

MESSENGER My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,
And brought with armèd men back to Messina.

BENEDICK Think not on him till tomorrow.
I'll devise thee brave[120] punishments for him.
Strike up, pipers!

Dance [and exeunt]

Textual Notes

= First Quarto text of 1600

= First Folio text of 1623

2 = a correction introduced in the Second Folio text of 1632

d = a correction introduced by a later editor

D = stage direction

H = speech heading (i.e., speaker’s name)

ist of parts = Ed

.1.28 bird-bolt *spelled* Burbolt *in* F **33 eat** = Q. F = ease **65 are you come** = Q. F = you are come **72 sir** = Q. F *omits* **95 yours** = Q. F = your **99 That** = Q. F = This **151 spoke** = Q. F = speake **212 and…her** = Q. F *omits* **215 you** do = Q. F = doe you

.2.3 SH ANTONIO = Ed. F = *Old. throughout scene* **3 strange** = Q. F *omits* **6 event** = F2. F = events **7 my** = F. Q = mine **8 thus** = F. Q = thus much

.3.5 bringeth = F. Q = brings **6 yet** = F. Q = at least **15 true root** = Q. F = root **26 will make** = F. Q = make **39 me behind** = Q. F = behind

.1.22 upon = F. Q = on **27 bearward** *spelled* Berrord *in* F **35 Father** = Q. F *omits* **40 account** = F. Q = an account **51 sinks** = F. Q = sincke **54 SD [Don] John** = Ed. F = *or dumbe Iohn* **55 a bout** = Ed. F = about **62 Jove** = Q. F = Loue **65, 67, 69 SH BALTHASAR** = Ed. F = Bene. **97 pleaseth** = F. Q = pleases **134 count** = F. Q = county **135 of** = Q. F = off **152 think I told** = Q. F = thinke, told **153 good will** = Q. F = will **155 a rod** = F. Q = vp a rod **171 and** = F. *Not in* Q **174 her terminations** = Q. F = terminations **190 this** = F. Q = my **193 his single** = Q. F = a single **203 a jealous** = F. Q = that iealous **218 her heart** = Q. F = my heart **248 my mind** = Q. F = mind

.2.23 Don = Q. F = on **32 truths** = F. Q = truth **36 thou** = F. Q = you

.3.22 I for = Q. F = for **24 SD** *Balthasar* = Ed. F = *Iacke Wilson* (*apparently the actor who played Balthasar*) **33 To…excellency** *mistakenly printed twice in* F **36 Woo** = Q. F = woe **49 SH BALTHASAR** = Ed. *Not in* F **60 was** = Q. F = were **104 told us** of = F. Q = told of vs **119 but make** = F. Q = make but **141 SH LEONATO** = F. Q = *Claudio* **142 see** = F. Q = say **144 Christian-like** = F. Q = most christianlike **149 seek** = Q. F = see **154 to…good** = F. Q = so good **159 gentlewoman** = F. Q = gentlewomen **163 the full** = F. Q = their full

.1.0 gentlewomen = Q. F = *Gentlemen* **60 she make** = F. Q = sheele make **81 than** = Q. F = to **106 ta’en** = F. Q = limed

.2.24 Frenchman tomorrow = F. Q *continues* or in the shape of two countries at once, as a Germaine from the waste downward, all slops, and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no dublet: unlesse…you would have it appeare he is **40 Conclude** = F. Q = conclude, conclude

.3.23 talk = F. Q = to talke **25 SH WATCHMAN** F’s *Watch. does not distinguish between the first and second watchmen* **28 bid them** = F. Q = bid those **54 statues** = F. Q = statutes **88 years** = F. Q = yeere **97 and I see** = Q. F = and see **106 they** = Q. F = thy **121 SH FIRST WATCHMAN** = Ed. F *gives the speech to Conrad*

.4.33 look = F. Q = see

.5.6 SH VERGES = Ed. F = *Headb. throughout scene* **8 off** *spelled* of *in* F **19 times** = F. Q = pound **37 as may** = F. Q = as it may **43 examination** = Q. F = examine those men = F. Q = these men

.1.14–15 not…**do** = Q. F *omits* **73 doso** = Q. F = do **85 you are** = F. Q = are you **94 spoken** = F. Q = spoke **127 rearward** = Q. F = reward **134 smearèd** = F. Q = smirched **154 two princes** = Q. F = princes **163 beat** = Q. F = beare **206 princes** = Ed.F = Princesse **275 swear by it** = F. Q = sweare **288 deny** = F. Q = deny it **318 leave** = F. Q = I leave

.2.1 SH DOGBERRY = Ed. F = *Keeper*. **2 SH VERGES** = Ed. F = *Cowley* (*apparently the actor who played Verges*) **4 SH DOGBERRY** = Ed. F = *Andrew*. **8 SH DOGBERRY** = Ed. F = *Kemp. throughout rest of scene* (*Will Kemp* was *apparently the actor who played Dogberry*) **12–13 serve**…**Masters** = F. Q = serue God? *Both* Yea sir we hope. *Kem* [*i.e.*, *Kemp*] Write downe, that they hope they serue God: and write God first, for God defend but God shoulde go before such villaines: maisters **45 Leonato** = F. Q = Leonatoes **48 SH VERGES** = Ed. F = *Sex*[ton]. Q = *Couley* (*actor playing Verges*) **49 SH CONRAD Off** = Ed. Q/F *continue previous speech* of Coxcombe **53 O that** = Q. F = Of that **58 any in** = F. Q = anie is in

.1.7 comforter = Q. F = comfort **8 do** = Q. F = doth **17 Bid** = Ed. Q/F = And **68 my** = F. Q = mine **105 off** = Ed. F = of **155 says** = F. Q = said **227 thou** = Q. F = thou thou

.2.22 names = Q. F = name **24 in** = Q. *not in* F **25 hard rhyme** = Q. F = hard time **27 for** = F. Q = nor **52 monuments** = F. Q = monument

.3.3 SH CLAUDIO = Ed. *Not in* F **10 dumb** = F. Q = dead **11 SH BALTHASAR** = Ed. *Not in* F **21 Heavily**, **heavily** = Q. F = Heavenly, heavenly **22 SH CLAUDIO** = Ed. F = *Lo*.

.4.7 sort = F. Q = sorts **33 my help**. = F. Q = my helpe. Heere comes the Prince and Claudio, **50 And got** = Q. F = A got **54 SH ANTONIO** = Ed. F = *Leo*. **64 died defiled** = Q. F = died **83 swore you** = F. Q = swore that you **84 swore you** = F. Q = swore that you **85 no matter** = F. Q = no such matter **99 SH LEONATO** = F. *Most eds assign to* BENEDICK **105 what I have** = Q. F = I have

Act 1 Scene 1

Title: **NOTHING** puns on “noting” (i.e., musical notation/observation) and on “no thing” (i.e., vagina) ***List of parts:*** **Headborough** parish officer

1.1 ***Location:*** *Messina* city in northeast Sicily ***Innogen*** a character who never speaks: she may have been created in the writing and omitted in the performance ***Hero*** named after the loyal lover of Leander who killed herself after he drowned swimming the Hellespont to see her ***Beatrice*** from the Latin *beatrix* meaning “she who blesses”

1 **Don Peter** i.e., Don Pedro **Aragon** kingdom in northern Spain

2 **leagues** a league is about three miles

3 **action** battle

4 **sort** high rank **name** reputation/distinction/noble status

6 **Florentine** person from the city of Florence, in northwest Italy

8 **remembered** rewarded

9 **figure** form/image

14 **badge of bitterness** i.e., the uncle’s **tears** that demonstrate that his joy is modest badge badge worn by a nobleman’s servant (a sign of inferiority and humility)

18 **kind** natural **truer** more genuine/virtuous/honest

20 **Mountanto** from the fencing term “montanto,” an upward thrust, suggestive of the verbal dueling Benedick engages in with Beatrice (there may also be a sexual play on “mount on to”)

24 **Benedick** from the Latin *benedictus* meaning “blessed” **Padua** northern Italian city known for its university

25 **pleasant** amusing/merry

26 **bills** notices advertising a public entertainment **Cupid** god of love who shot love-inducing arrows into people’s hearts **flight** archery with flight-arrows (light, well-feathered arrows)

27 **fool** probably a professional fool employed by Leonato for entertainment **subscribed for** took up the challenge on behalf of

28 **bird-bolt** blunt arrow safe enough to be used by children or fools

30 **Faith** in faith (i.e., truly) **tax** censure/disparage **meet** even

33 **musty victual** mouldy, stale food **holp** helped **valiant trencherman** hearty eater (**valiant** plays on the sense of “courageous” as Beatrice implies that the only thing Benedick tackles with boldness is food)

34 **trencher** wooden plate **stomach** appetite (puns on the sense of “courage”)

36 **to** compared to/faced with

37 **stuffed** full/replete

38 **stuffed man** figure stuffed to resemble a man/man sated with food

40 **betwixt** between

43 **five wits** five mental faculties (imagination, memory, fantasy, estimation, common sense)

44 **halting** limping

45 **difference** in heraldry the sign that distinguished the junior branch of a family (in this case Benedick)

46 **known…creature** identified as one in possession of the faculty of reason (i.e., human)

47 **sworn brother** brother-in-arms (one who swore brotherly loyalty and support in combat to a friend)

50 **faith** fidelity/oath of brotherhood

51 **block** mould for shaping new fashions of hats

52 **books** good books, favor

53 **An** if

54 **squarer** brawler/quarrelsome rogue

58 **pestilence** plague/disease **presently** immediately

59 **ere** before

60 **hold** remain

62 **run mad** i.e., by catching (falling in love with) **the Benedick**

65 **trouble** i.e., Don Pedro and his companions who will put Leonato, as host, to the **cost** and effort of entertaining them **fashion** usual practice

67 **likeness** appearance

70 **charge** responsibility/expense

73 **for…child** i.e., so I had nothing to fear from a seducer such as you

74 **have it full** have been amply answered

75 **fathers herself** i.e., shows who her father is through her resemblance to him

77 **head** i.e., with its white hair

79 **marks** pays attention to

82 **meet** suitable (puns on “meat,” which meant food generally)

85 **turncoat** one who changes their appearance or loyalties

86 **would** wish

88 **dear happiness** great good fortune

89 **pernicious** ruinous/wicked **humour for that** disposition on that issue

92 **scape** escape **predestinate** inevitable

93 **an ’twere** if it were

94 **rare parrot-teacher** marvellous chatterer (literally, one who repeats herself as if teaching a parrot)

95 **beast of yours** i.e., because beasts do not have the power of speech

96 **so…continuer** was able to go on for so long

98 **jade** overused or worthless horse/whore **trick** knack (of stopping abruptly)/ sexual act

103 **forsworn** proved wrong

104 **Being** as you are

109 **noted her not** did not pay her any special attention

112 **after my custom** in my usual way/as is my habit

115 **low** short **high** elevated/elaborate (puns on the sense of “tall”) **brown** brown-haired **fair** fine/flattering (puns on the sense of “light-complexioned/pale-haired”)

116 **afford** offer/allow

119 **in sport** joking, being playful

122 **case** plays on the sense of “vagina” (**jewel** could also mean “virginity”) **sad** serious

123 **flouting** jack mocking rascal **hare-finder** one with eyesight sharp enough to spot a quick hare (the mockery of a **flouting Jack** as **Cupid** was blind) **Vulcan** Roman god of fire, traditionally depicted as a blacksmith

124 **go** be in tune/harmonize

127 **fury** fierce passion/rage/avenging spirit

132 **wear…suspicion** get married and invite suspicion when wearing his cap that it covers horns (signs of being a cuckold—i.e., having an unfaithful wife)

133 **threescore** sixty **Go to** away with you (an expression of impatience)

134 **yoke** wooden apparatus worn on the neck of a captive and used to subdue and prevent escape; a similar device is used to couple oxen together

for ploughing **print** imprint **sigh away Sundays** which must now be spent dutifully with one’s wife

137 **constrain** compel

138 **charge** order

141 **part** i.e., to ask with who?

143 **If…uttered** if this were indeed the case it would be uttered in this way

144 **‘It…so!’** the quotation is supposedly from an old story in which it is uttered by a woman who has discovered that her lover is a robber

148 **fetch me in** trick me (into confessing)

149 **troth** good faith

151 **my…troths** Benedick owes loyalty to both Claudio, his **sworn brother,** and to Don Pedro, prince and military leader

155 **stake** a wooden post to which **heretics** were tied for burning

156 **heretic** one who holds blasphemous opinions or whose ideas are in opposition to accepted views despite contempt

157 **maintain** justify **in…will** by wilful obstinacy

159 **recheat** notes sounded on a horn for calling hounds together at a hunt (here symbolic of the cuckolded husband’s horns) **winded** blown

160 **bugle** horn (here suggestive of both the cuckold’s horn and the penis) **baldric** shoulder belt used to hold a **bugle** (also suggestive of the vagina, particularly as it is **invisible**—i.e., hidden)

162 **fine** conclusion **finer** more finely dressed (without a wife to support)

165 **prove** i.e., should you prove

166 **more…drinking** the heavy sighs brought on by love were thought to drain the heart of blood, while drinking wine was believed to fortify the blood flow

167 **ballad-maker** writer of ballads (songs of love) **hang…Cupid** brothels had signs painted on their walls

168 **for** in the place of

170 **argument** topic for discussion

171 **hang…me** cats were sometimes suspended in baskets (bottles) and used for archery practice

172 **Adam** a reference to Adam Bell, a famous archer

173 **try** tell **‘in…yoke’** a proverb that may have been popularized by its use in Thomas Kyd’s play *The Spanish Tragedy*

174 **pluck…forehead** another reference to cuckoldry

175 **in…write** in lettering that is as big as that usually used to write

177 **sign** sign used to advertise a sideshow or public spectacle, which consisted of a picture of the attraction with a description written under it

178 **horn-mad** completely mad/enraged (like a charging bull or a furious cuckold)

179 **spent…Venice** shot all of his arrows in Venice, famous for its sexual freedom and prostitution (**spent** puns on its sense of “to ejaculate” and arrows are phallic) **quiver** case for arrows (puns on **quake**)

181 **look** for await/expect

182 **temporize…hours** become more temperate (milder) with time/waste time or procrastinate (**hours** may pun on “whores”)

183 **fail him** i.e., fail to attend

185 **matter** wit/sense **embassage** message/mission

187 **To…Benedick** Claudio and Don Pedro imitate the conventional ending of a letter **tuition** care/guidance

189 **body** basic material guarded with fragments adorned with scraps

190 **guards…neither** ornamental scraps are only loosely stitched on anyway
flout old ends mock (me) with old tags of letters/ **fragments** of cloth

192 **do me good** help me

194 **apt** quick/ready

198 **affect** love/favor

200 **ended action** recently ended military action

204 **that** now that

207 **prompting** reminding/urging

210 **book of words** lovers traditionally wrote lots of poetry

212 **break** broach the matter

214 **twist** weave

215 **minister to** tend to/administer a cure to

218 **salved** accounted for/applied soothing ointment to **treatise** narrative

219 **flood** river

220 **The…necessity** the best gift is the gift that is needed

221 **what…fit** whatever is useful and will suffice is suitable **’tis once** once and for all

222 **fit** supply

226 **in her bosom** privately **unclasp** open (as if undoing the clasps of a book)

228 **encounter** conversational address/military assault

Act 1 Scene 2

1 **cousin** a general term for any relative or close friend

5 **they** i.e., the **news**

6 **As…them** as the outcome (**event**) determines/proves **stamps** prints (the book metaphor continues with **cover**) **show well outward** look promising

7 **thick-pleached alley** walk overarched by densely intertwining branches

8 **discovered** revealed

10 **accordant** of the same opinion/agreeable **take…top** seize the opportunity

12 **wit** good sense/acumen

14 **hold** regard **appear** manifests

15 **withal** with it

16 **peradventure** perhaps

17 **cry you mercy** beg your pardon **friend** i.e., one of the attendants, a musician

Act 1 Scene 3

1 **What the goodyear** what the devil **out of measure** immoderately

2 **measure** proportion/moderation/limit **occasion that breeds** circumstances that provoke (my **sadness**)

6 **present** immediate **sufferance** endurance

7 **Saturn** those born under the influence of Saturn were thought to be naturally morose and melancholy

8 **mortifying mischief** fatal disease

11 **tend on** attend/see to **claw** soothe/flatter

14 **controlment** restraint **stood…brother** i.e., opposed Don Pedro in the recent war

15 **grace** favor

16 **frame** create

18 **canker** wild rose (puns on the sense of “cancer”)

19 **blood** disposition/illegitimate status of by **fashion a carriage** invent a demeanor/behavior

21 **trusted…muzzle** like a fierce dog, only trusted when wearing a muzzle

22 **enfranchised…clog** only given liberty with a heavy block of wood tied to my leg

26 **use it only** am always discontented/discontent is my only resource

Borachio from the Spanish **borracho** meaning “drunkard”

30 **model** architectural plan

31 **unquietness** i.e., a troubled life

33 **exquisite** accomplished/perfect

35 **proper squire** fine lover (the tone is contemptuous)

37 **forward** precocious/eager/ardent/presumptuous **March-chick** very young thing (could apply to Hero or Claudio, though Claudio seems likely)

38 **entertained…perfumer** employed as burner of sweet-smelling herbs in the rooms of a house **smoking** perfuming

39 **sad** serious

40 **arras** large tapestry hung on a wall for insulation (with sufficient space behind it for a man to conceal himself)

43 **start-up** upstart **overthrow** i.e., defeat in the war **cross** thwart

44 **sure** reliable, loyal

46 **cheer** merriment, joy **subdued** low in spirits/conquered

47 **prove** put to the test/find out by experience

Act 2 Scene 1

2.1 ***Kinsman*** like Innogen, a “ghost” character who does not speak

3 **tartly** sourly, bitterly **am heart-burned** suffer heartburn (indigestion)

7 **image** statue

8 **my…son** a widow’s eldest son (traditionally a favored and indulged child)

11 **good** i.e., shapely

14 **shrewd** mischievous/sharp

15 **curst** perverse/shrewish

18 **horns** in her response Beatrice plays on the senses of “cuckold’s horns” and “penis”

19 **Just** exactly right

21 **the woollen** rough wool blankets (rather than a husband with a scratchy beard)

23 **apparel** clothing

27 **in earnest** as an advance payment **the…hell** proverbially, the fate of an old maid was to lead apes in hell **bearward** keeper of bears (and possibly apes)

31 **maids** virgins **Saint Peter** heaven’s gatekeeper

32 **for the heavens** a mild exclamation, but also with the sense of “in order to get to heaven” or “**away to St Peter** as one who is in charge of entry to heaven” **bachelors** unmarried people of both sexes

38 **fitted** supplied (with suggestion of a vagina filled with a penis)

39 **metal** material (puns on “mettle” meaning “temperament”) **earth** a reference to the Christian notion that God made man from dust (whereas women were formed from one of Adam’s ribs)

41 **wayward marl** unreasonable/changeable clay brethren brothers

42 **match…kindred** marry a relative

43 **solicit** entreat/woo

44 **kind** manner (i.e., with talk of marriage)

45 **in good time** soon/in time to the music

46 **important** pressing, urgent **measure** moderation (puns on the dance known as a measure)

47 **Scotch jig** a lively dance

48 **measure** a slow, stately dance **cinque-pace** a lively dance involving five (**cinque**) steps (**pas**) and pronounced “sink-a-pace” (thus leading to Beatrice’s pun on **sink**) **suit** wooing **hot** passionate/vigorous

49 **fantastical** imaginative/full of wild movements **mannerly-modest** decorously moderate **state and ancientry** ceremonious dignity and old-fashioned formality

50 **bad legs** tottering or perhaps gout-ridden legs resulting from old age

52 **apprehend passing shrewdly** interpret things very severely/discern things very sharply

55 **friend** friend/lover

56 **So** so long as

61 **favour** face **case** a metaphorical reference to Don Pedro’s (apparently unattractive) mask

62 **visor** mask **Philemon’s…Jove** the peasant Philemon entertained a disguised Jove (king of the gods) in his humble cottage

63 **thatched** i.e., like Philemon’s cottage—perhaps a suggestion that Don Pedro is bald or balding, or that his mask lacks hair

73 **clerk** i.e., a parish clerk who led the responses during a church service

76 **At a word** in brief

77 **waggling** shaking, either the tremblings of old age or a gesture that accompanied his denial in the previous line

78 **counterfeit** imitate

79 **do…ill-well** imitate his inadequacies so well

80 **dry hand** a result of age **up and down** all over/in every respect

83 **mum** silence **graces** attractive personal qualities/virtues

88 **‘Hundred Merry Tales’** a popular collection of crude comic anecdotes

95 **only his** his only

96 **impossible** unbelievable **libertine** one who disregards moral laws and follows his own inclinations

97 **villainy** wicked humor/discourtesy/low-minded jesting **pleaseth…them** i.e., amuses some with his rudeness but angers those he slanders

98 **in the fleet** amongst the dancers

99 **boarded** tackled/accosted (puns on the sense of “had sex with”)

101 **break** as a lance might in jousting **comparison** a sneering or unflattering analogy

103 **partridge wing** the part of the bird with virtually no meat on it (Beatrice’s comment is sarcastic)

104 **leaders** i.e., of the dance

107 **amorous on** courting

112 **near…love** i.e., close to/highly regarded by my brother

118 **banquet** wine, fruit, and sweetmeats served after the dance

122 **constant** unwavering/faithful

123 **office** service/business

124 **all** let all

127 **faith** loyalty/integrity **blood** desire

128 **accident…proof** event that is shown to be the case very regularly

129 **mistrusted** suspected

134 **willow** a willow **garland** was an emblem of unrequited love

135 **usurer’s chain** heavy gold chain worn by wealthy moneylenders

136 **lieutenant’s scarf** sash worn diagonally across the chest as a symbol of rank

139 **drover** cattle-dealer so in this way

142 **now…post** i.e., strike out in anger (an allusion to a tale in which a boy is punished for stealing meat from his blind master, and gets his revenge by causing the old man to injure himself on a pillar)

143 **post** pillar/messenger (i.e., Benedick)

144 **If…be** i.e., if you will not leave me

145 **hurt fowl** injured bird **sedges** coarse rush-like plants (where a wounded **fowl** might hide)

146 **not know me** not know my true nature

147 **so** in this way (i.e., by being merry)

148 **puts…out** assumes that the world shares her opinions and represents me in that way

151 **Lady Fame** i.e., a gossip **fame** rumor

152 **lodge…warren** dwelling (probably of a gamekeeper) in an enclosed area used for breeding game (i.e., an isolated place)

154 **forsaken** rejected (by a lover)

155 **bind…rod** bind together a bundle of twigs as rod for punishment

157 **flat transgression** plain sin

159 **a trust** an act of trust

164 **them** i.e., the birds

165 **If…honestly** if what they sing agrees with what you say you have taught them (i.e., to marry Claudio) then you speak honorably

166 **to** with

168 **misused** abused block block of wood

171 **great** thaw the dull period during which roads became muddy and impassable and people were unable to go out **huddling** heaping up

172 **impossible conveyance** incredible skill **mark** archer's target (at which a man would have stood to note where the arrows landed)

173 **poniards** daggers

174 **terminations** terms of expression

176 **all…transgressed** i.e., the delights and dominion of the Garden of Eden before the Fall

177 **Hercules…too** in Greek legend the Queen of Lydia, Omphale, made Hercules dress as a woman and spin wool while she took over his **club** and lion's skin; turning a roasting **spit** was one of the lowliest domestic tasks **cleft** split

178 **Ate** goddess of discord and vengeance

179 **conjure** exorcise (the sending of evil spirits back to hell had to be carried out in Latin so a **scholar** would be required) **here** i.e., on earth

180 **sanctuary** holy place of safety

184 **Antipodes** the other side of the world

185 **tooth-picker** toothpick

186 **Prester John** Christian ruler of a wealthy Eastern kingdom **Cham** Kubla Khan, emperor of the Mongols

187 **Pygmies** race of very small people thought to live in Asia

188 **harpy** fierce mythical creature with the face of a woman and body of a bird

192 **use** financial interest on a loan (plays on the sense of "usage") **double** twice as loving/duplicitous

193 **false dice** i.e., false promises, deception

195 **put him down** defeated him with wit (Beatrice's response plays on the sense of "sexually subdued")

196 **do** puns on the sense of "have sex with"

198 **wherefore** why

202 **civil** grave/sober (puns on "Seville," the Spanish city well-known as a producer of bitter-tasting oranges)

203 **jealous complexion** i.e., yellow, a color associated with melancholy and jealousy

204 **blazon** description

205 **conceit** understanding of things, notion

209 **grace** i.e., God

211 **herald** messenger/proclaimer

213 **dote upon** love dearly

217 **windy…care** windward (i.e., advantageous/safe) side of trouble

220 **Good…alliance**! Thank God for family unions/marriage! **goes…world** everyone gets married

221 **sunburnt** Elizabethans considered a tanned complexion unattractive

'Hey-ho…husband' a playful expression of regret that was also the title of a ballad

223 **getting** conception (a punning response to Don Pedro's sense of "obtain")

229 **matter** substance/serious content

230 **Your…me** i.e., I would much rather you talked on than were silent

becomes suits

232 **cried** i.e., at the pain of labor

235 **cry you mercy** beg your pardon **By…pardon** with your grace's (Don Pedro's) pardon (for my departure)

237 **melancholy element** the body was thought to consist of four elements, or humors, one of which was black bile, an excess of which caused melancholy

238 **ever** always

241 **suit** courtship

247 **a just seven-night** precisely a week

249 **breathing** interval warrant assure

251 **Hercules' labours** in Greek legend, Hercules carried out twelve seemingly impossible tasks (**labours**) imposed on him by King Eurystheus

252 **fain** gladly

253 **minister** provide

255 **watchings** staying awake

258 **modest** proper, seemly

259 **unhopefullest** least promising

260 **strain** descent, lineage **approved** tested/proven **honesty** honor

262 **practise on** work upon craftily

263 **queasy stomach** feelings of sickness/delicate stomach/poor appetite (for love and marriage)

265 **drift** plan, intention

Act 2 Scene 2

3 **medicinable** healing

4 **comes athwart** impedes, is an obstacle to **ranges evenly** goes smoothly, directly

12 **unseasonable** inappropriate/odd **appoint** instruct

15 **temper** mix

17 **renowned** well-reputed/honorable **estimation** worth

18 **stale** prostitute

20 **vex** torment, afflict **undo** ruin

21 **issue** outcome

22 **despite** spite, wreak malice on

23 **meet** suitable **draw** bring together

24 **intend** pretend **zeal** ardent loyalty

25 **as in** as follows/such as

26 **like** likely **cozened** cheated

27 **semblance** outward appearance

28 **trial** evidence **instances** proofs

31 **fashion the matter** arrange matters/contrive affairs

33 **jealousy** suspicion **preparation** i.e., for the wedding

34 **Grow…can** no matter how harmful the outcome

35 **working** carrying out of **ducats** gold (sometimes silver) coins used in Europe

36 **constant** unchanging/resolved

Act 2 Scene 3

4 **I…sir** i.e., I will return so quickly that it will seem as if I had never left (in his reply Benedick jestingly takes the Boy literally)

8 **argument** subject

9 **drum…fife** i.e., war-like instruments

10 **fife** a flute-like instrument **tabor…pipe** i.e., instruments associated with festivity **tabor** a small drum

11 **afoot** on foot

12 **carving** designing **doublet** close-fitting jacket with flared base **wont to** accustomed

14 **orthography** stylistically polished and elaborate **fantastical** fanciful, imaginative

16 **transform…oyster** turn me into a lowly creature/silence me as an oyster snaps shut

19 **graces** virtues

20 **grace** favor none have **none** of her

21 **cheapen** bid for **or** or she shall

22 **noble** puns on the name of a gold coin **angel** puns on the name of a gold coin

27 **As** as if

29 **the music ended** i.e., once the music has ended

30 **fit…pennyworth** i.e., give him more than he bargained for **kid-fox** cunning young fox

32 **tax** order

34 **It…perfection** it is always proof of excellence that it claims not to recognize its own skill

36 **woo** entreat, coax

39 **her…worthy** Balthasar also refers to himself as one who is an unworthy singer, but whose skills have yet been courted by Don Pedro

46 **crotchets** whimsical fancies/musical notes

47 **Note…nothing** pay attention to your musical notes, in truth, and nothing else (**nothing** puns on “noting,” which was pronounced in a similar manner)

48 **air** melody **sheep’s guts** from which an instrument’s strings were made

49 **hale** haul **horn** hunting horn, a more masculine instrument (possibly with an unconscious play on cuckold's horns)

55 **blithe and bonny** joyful and healthily beautiful

58 **ditties** songs **moe** more

59 **dumps** low spirits (puns on the sense of "sad songs")

65 **for a shift** for the purpose/for lack of a better alternative

66 **An** if

67 **as lief** as soon/rather

68 **night-raven** the call of which was supposed to foretell disaster

75 **Stalk on** i.e., as a hunter would advance upon his prey (a sitting **fowl**)

77 **wonderful** extraordinary/astonishing

79 **Sits…corner?** Is that the way the wind is blowing? (i.e., Is that the way things are?)

81 **enraged affection** furiously passionate love

82 **counterfeit** pretend

85 **discovers** reveals

88 **sit you** sit

93 **gull** trick/deception

95 **hold it up** keep up the trick/keep going

101 **smock** slip

107 **That** (yes) that one

108 **halfpence** fragments (a halfpenny was a small coin) **railed** ranted/chastised abusively

114 **ecstasy** frenzy

115 **overborne** overwhelmed

116 **outrage** violence

121 **alms** charitable deed

122 **suspicion** doubt

125 **blood** passion/desire **tender** young/delicate

128 **dotage** great love/infatuation **daffed** doffed (i.e., cast off)

129 **respects** considerations **made…myself** i.e., married her

134 **bate** abate, modify

135 **make tender of** offer

136 **contemptible** contemptuous/scornful

137 **proper** handsome

138 **good outward happiness** pleasingly attractive appearance

139 **’Fore God** an exclamation roughly equivalent to “indeed so, with God as my witness”

142 **Hector** the leader of the Trojans in the Trojan war, known for his bravery

143 **discretion** prudence, good judgement

148 **by** to judge by **large** coarse/unrestrained

150 **wear it out** outlive it/use it up/grow tired of it **counsel** reflection

152 **the while** in the meantime

153 **modestly** in a reasonable, moderate way

156 **upon** after

158 **carry** carry out **they…dotage** each believes that the other is in love

159 **no such matter** in fact there is no truth in it

160 **dumb-show** play acted without words (as Benedick and Beatrice will be speechless)

161 **sadly borne** seriously carried out

162 **have…bent** are engaged to their fullest extent (like a bow pulled as far as possible)

163 **censured** judged/criticized

166 **their detractions** criticisms of themselves

168 **reprove** disprove/refute/reject

169 **argument** demonstration/evidence

170 **quirks** quips/witty conceits

171 **broken** cracked at my expense/snapped like a lance in jousting

173 **sentences** maxims, sayings **paper…brain** i.e., words, which cannot hurt **awe** terrify/restrain

174 **career…humour** pursuit of his inclination **career** gallop of a horse, as in a tournament

178 **pains** efforts (Beatrice plays on the sense of literal pain in **painful**)

182 **choke** kill/silence **daw** jackdaw (proverbially a stupid bird, so also a rude reference to the talkative Benedick)

183 **withal** with **stomach** appetite

188 **Jew** thought by many Elizabethans to be pitiless **picture** a miniature, which a lover might wear or carry with him

Act 3 Scene 1

3 **Proposing** conversing

10 **advance…it** defy the very prince whose favor made them great

12 **purpose** matter of our conversation **office** duty/task

16 **trace** range through, pass along

23 **hearsay** report/rumor/something overheard

24 **lapwing** bird of the plover family known for running through the grass in a crouching fashion

27 **oars** i.e., fins

30 **couchèd…coverture** lying hidden in the thick covering of honeysuckle

35 **coy** disdainful **wild** unrestrained/wayward/rude/fierce

36 **haggards** untamed female hawks

38 **entirely** completely/sincerely

39 **new-trothèd** i.e., Claudio, newly betrothed

45 **Doth…upon?** i.e., Doesn’t Benedick deserve a wife as good as Beatrice?

46 **bed** marriage bed

47 **couch** lie

49 **yielded** given

53 **Misprising** undervaluing/scorning

55 **weak** of little worth/contemptible

56 **project** conception, notion

57 **self-endeared** in love with herself

62 **How** however **rarely** excellently

63 **spell him backward** declare he is the opposite **fair-faced** attractive/light-complexioned

65 **black** dark-complexioned **antic** grotesque figure/grinning buffoon

66 **ill-headed** with a poorly made or misshapen head

67 **agate** an agate stone would often have a tiny figure carved into it before being set in a ring

72 **simpleness** plainness/integrity **purchaseth** earns/deserves

73 **carping** fault-finding

74 **odd** at odds with **from** contrary to

78 **press…death** pressing a person to death with heavy weights was the penalty for one who refused to plead guilty or innocent to a crime

79 **covered** covered with a tightly packed heap of fuel to ensure a long burning time

85 **counsel** advise

86 **honest slanders** i.e., slanders that will do no serious harm to her reputation

92 **prized** esteemed, valued

94 **only** i.e., best, unrivaled

97 **fancy** thought/preference/liking

98 **argument** skill in debate/powers of reasoning

103 **tomorrow** from tomorrow onward

104 **attires** ornamented headdresses with false hair attached to them

105 **furnish me** fit me out with, clothe me with

107 **haps** chance/accidents

114 **Taming…hand** i.e., as a hawk would learn to obey the falconer

116 **band** bond (plays on sense of “wedding ring”)

118 **reportingly** as it is reported/through hearsay

Act 3 Scene 2

1 **consummate** consummated/accomplished

3 **vouchsafe** permit

5 **only…with** be bold only with (i.e., prevail upon)

7 **hangman** i.e., executioner

13 **truant** knave

14 **wants** lacks

16 **Draw** extract (Claudio puns on the sense of “disembowel,” sometimes the fate of a hanged man)

17 **Hang it** an expression of angry impatience

18 **hang it** teeth were hung up outside barbers’ shops as advertisements for the dental work that barbers also carried out (though Claudio also refers to the hanging, and drawing, of a criminal)

20 **Where** where there **humour…worm** toothache was thought to be caused either by the descent from the head into the tooth of one of the four humors (fluids), or by a worm in the tooth

21 **but** except

23 **fancy** love (Don Pedro goes on to pun on the sense of “whim”)

24 **Frenchman tomorrow** German and Spanish references follow hereafter in the Quarto (see Textual Notes); Folio’s omission of them may have been to avoid offence at court

30 **ornament…tennis-balls** filling tennis balls with beard-hair seems to have been an actual practice

33 **civet** a musky perfume obtained from the glands of the civet cat **smell him out** detect the truth/discern his presence by his smell

35 **note** sign

36 **wont** accustomed **wash** clean/perfume

37 **paint** apply cosmetics

38 **lute-string** the lute was considered the instrument of a lover

39 **governed** controlled/has the musical key determined stops frets/restraints/impediments

40 **heavy** sad

43 **ill conditions** bad characteristics **dies** expires/orgasms

44 **face upwards** as a faithful Christian/in a sexual position, under Benedick

45 **Old signior** i.e., Leonato

46 **hobby-horses** jokers

48 **For** upon

49 **by this** by this time

51 **God save you** a common greeting

52 **Good den** good evening

53 **If…served** if you have time

62 **let…hereafter** whether or not I love you will be apparent after I have imparted what I have to say **aim…manifest** judge me more effectively according to what I will now reveal to you

63 **holds** regards

67 **circumstances shortened** in brief/regardless of details

68 **a talking** of the subject of conversation (either Claudio and Don Pedro's conversation or public gossip)

72 **paint out** convey in full

73 **fit** suit/adapt **Wonder** marvel/be incredulous

74 **warrant** proof

76 **fit** befit

79 **If…know** if you do not dare to admit that what you see with your own eyes is the case, then you had better say nothing about it/then you know nothing at all

86 **bear it coldly** behave calmly

88 **untowardly turned** unfavorably changed

89 **mischief** misfortune/wickedness

Act 3 Scene 3

3.3 ***Dogberry*** named after the berry of the wild cornel or dogwood, a type of shrub ***Verges*** named after verjuice, the bitter juice that comes from unripe fruit ***Watch*** a group of citizens who assisted with local policing

1 **true** reliable, honest

2 **salvation** a malapropism—Verges means “damnation”

4 **allegiance** Dogberry means “treachery”

5 **charge** duties/responsibilities

6 **desertless** Dogberry’s error for “deserving”

7 **Otecake** from “oatcake,” a cake made of oatmeal **Seacole** from “sea coal,” a more expensive type of fuel

9 **well-favoured** good-looking

12 **favour** face/appearance

15 **senseless** Dogberry means “sensible” **fit** suitable

16 **comprehend** malapropism for “apprehend” **vagrom** vagrant

17 **stand** stop

19 **take…him** pay no attention to him

22 **meddle** be concerned/involved with

24 **tolerable** Dogberry means “intolerable”

25 **belongs** to is the responsibility of

26 **ancient** experienced

27 **bills** long-handled weapons with axe-like heads

35 **true** honest

38 **by** according to **pitch** black tar-like substance

39 **defiled** polluted, soiled

42 **by my will** out of choice **more** Dogberry means “less”

45 **still** quiet/calm

51 **present** represent

52 **stay** detain

53 **by’r lady** by Our Lady (the Virgin Mary)

54 **statues** malapropism for “statutes”

55 **marry** by the Virgin Mary

59 **chances** i.e., chances to occur **counsels** confidences

64 **coil** bustle

65 **vigitant** malapropism for “vigilant”

70 **Mass** by the Mass **scab** scoundrel/skin disease characterized by a rash or scaliness and itching

72 **close** concealed **penthouse** overhanging part of a building

76 **dear** costly

81 **unconfirmed** inexperienced

82 **is…man** does not represent a man's true self (Conrad, however, understands "is of no importance to a man")

84 **fashion** i.e., the style as opposed to garments (**apparel**) themselves

87 **deformed** i.e., as fashion is constantly changing

88 **up and down** all over the place

93 **hot bloods** spirited, eager young men

94 **Pharaoh's soldiers** the soldiers of the Egyptian king who pursued the fleeing Israelites and were drowned in the Red Sea **reechy** smoky/grimy **god Bel's priests** in the apocryphal Book of Daniel, the priests of Bel were slain by the King of Persia when Daniel showed that their god was false

96 **smirched** soiled/discolored **codpiece** a conspicuous attachment, often ornamented, sewn onto the front of breeches over the crotch massy massive/heavy

98 **shifted** moved (puns on the senses of "shift" as "underclothing" and as "a change of clothes")

101 **gentlewoman** attendant **leans me out** leans out

104 **possessed** informed (with connotations of demonic possession, especially given that Don John is subsequently referred to as **the devil**) amiable loving

108 **oaths** avowals

115 **recovered** malapropism for "discovered"

116 **lechery** malapropism for "treachery"

117 **lock** lovelock, a fashionable lock of curled hair

119 **made** made to

121 **obey** the First Watchman means "command"

122 **commodity** product/goods bought on credit **taken up** arrested/received on credit

123 **bills** long-handled weapons/promissory notes

124 **in question** subject to legal procedures/sought after/in doubt

Act 3 Scene 4

5 **rabato** stiff linen collar, sometimes used to support a ruff

9 **tire** attire (i.e., headdress) **within** i.e., in an inner room **hair** i.e., false hair on the headdress

10 **rare** splendid

12 **exceeds** excels/is beyond comparison

13 **respect of** comparison to

14 **cuts** slashes in the fabric of a garment that reveal differently colored material beneath **laced** trimmed **down sleeves** fitted sleeves that went down to the wrists **side sleeves** secondary open sleeves hanging from the shoulders

15 **round underborne** trimmed all the way round (this could refer either to the skirt or to the visible hem of a petticoat) **tinsel** silk shot with gold or silver thread **quaint** attractive/elegant/skilfully made

16 **on't** of it

17 **heavy** sorrowful (Ursula plays on the literal sense of "weighed down")

19 **Fie upon thee** an expression of disgust or indignation

20 **in** even in

21 **I…husband** i.e., at this rate, I must even apologize for mentioning the word "husband"

22 **An** if **wrest** distort/misinterpret

24 **an** if **light** puns on "sexually loose"

25 **else** otherwise

26 **coz** cousin

30 **Clap's into** let us start singing **'Light o' love'** a popular tune **burden** a man's part, the bass accompaniment (Ursula continues to play on the idea of the **weight of a man**)

31 **dance** playing on the sexual connotations of dancing

32 **Ye…heels!** You're a light-heeled (i.e., promiscuous) one!

33 **barns** puns on "bairns" (i.e., children)

34 **illegitimate construction** incorrect interpretation (puns on the notion of illegitimate children) **scorn…heels** reject that by stamping on or kicking at it

36 **Hey-ho!…husband?** Ursula plays on the title of the well-known ballad

38 **H** puns on "ache," which was pronounced in the same way as the letter

39 **an** if **be…Turk** have not rejected your faith (by rejecting your loathing of love) star the North **Star**, a reliable indicator for navigators

40 **trow** I wonder

43 **stuffed** with a cold (Ursula puns on the senses of “penetrated sexually” and “pregnant”)

45 **professed apprehension** claimed to be witty

46 **rarely** excellently (Beatrice plays on the sense of “infrequently”)

47 **in your cap** i.e., like a fool’s coxcomb (headgear resembling a cock’s comb)

49 ***carduus benedictus*** the “holy thistle,” a plant often used in medicine (with an obvious pun on “Benedick”)

50 **qualm** sudden sensation of faintness or nausea

55 **list** please

57 **such another** i.e., a similar enemy to love

59 **eats…grudging** i.e., accepts his lot without complaining

63 **false gallop** literally, a canter, but Ursula means “I speak the truth”

Act 3 Scene 5

2 **confidence** private conference **decerns** a malapropism for “concerns”

8 **Goodman** title for a person beneath the rank of gentleman

9 **blunt** Dogberry means “sharp”

13 **odorous** malapropism for “odious” ***palabras*** short for *pocas palabras*, Spanish for “few words”

15 **poor Duke’s officers** Dogberry means “Duke’s poor officers”

16 **tedious** Dogberry thinks that the word means something complimentary, such as “rich”

20 **exclamation** public complaint, but Dogberry means “acclamation”

24 **excepting** Dogberry means “respecting”

25 **arrant** notorious/absolute

27 **a world** i.e., wondrous

28 **a good man** i.e., good

34 **comprehended** malapropism for “apprehended” **auspicious** malapropism for “suspicious”

38 **suffigance** malapropism for “sufficient”

43 **inkhorn** inkwell

46 **non-come** Dogberry probably means “nonplus” (i.e., state of perplexity), but the phrase also suggests “non compos mentis” (i.e., mad)

47 **excommunication** malapropism for “communication” (i.e., discussion) or possibly “examination”

Act 4 Scene 1

8 **inward** secret

17 **Stand thee by** stand aside **by your leave** with your permission (i.e., to call you **Father**)

22 **counterpoise** balance, equal

23 **render her again** give her back

24 **learn** teach

27 **sign and semblance** outward appearance and mere image

30 **withal** with

31 **blood** i.e., blush

32 **witness** bear witness to

35 **luxurious** lecherous

39 **approvèd** proved

40 **in…proof** your own test of her

43 **known** had sex with

45 **extenuate…sin** lessen the sin of having sex before marriage

47 **large** unrestrained/licentious

49 **Bashful** modest/sensitive **comely** becoming/proper

51 **write against it** i.e., denounce it publicly

52 **Dian…orb** Diana, goddess of chastity and the moon (her **orb**)

53 **blown** in bloom

54 **intemperate** immoderate, unbridled **blood** sexual desire

55 **Venus** goddess of love

57 **wide** wide of the mark

61 **stale** prostitute

70 **move** put

71 **kindly** natural

74 **beset** assailed, besieged

75 **catechizing** questioning, a form of instruction used by the Church in which a person answers a set of questions about the Christian faith

76 **answer…name** the first question in the Anglican catechism asks the respondent his or her name

87 **grievèd** wronged/afflicted with sorrow

90 **liberal** licentious/unrestrained

97 **much misgovernment** great misconduct

99 **graces** virtues/attractions

103 **For** because of

104 **conjecture** suspicion

106 **gracious** attractive/joyful/virtuous

110 **spirits** vital energies

119 **look up** revive/look heavenward

127 **on…reproaches** following this disgrace

128 **Grieved…one?** Did I once grieve that I only had one child?

129 **Chid** contended with/chastised **frame** plan/scheme of things

134 **mired** soiled **infamy** bad reputation/disgrace

138 **mine…her** I was so devoted to and proud of her that I cared nothing for myself

143 **season** preservative

146 **attired** clothed

148 **belied** slandered

159 **given** way gone along with

161 **apparitions** appearances

168 **Which…book** which validates, through the confirmation of experience, all that I have read in books

170 **reverence** respected state **divinity** status as a clergyman/knowledge of theology

172 **biting** severe/painful

176 **perjury** swearing something false to be true

178 **proper** true

182 **warrant** sanction

185 **unmeet** unsuitable

186 **Maintained the change** engaged in the exchange

187 **Refuse** reject/disown

188 **misprision** mistake, misunderstanding

189 **very bent of** a total inclination for

191 **practice** scheming/carrying out

192 **frame** plotting/creating

195 **proudest** finest/most arrogant/most eminent/most vigorous

197 **eat** eaten **invention** inventiveness (to plan revenge)

198 **means** resources/wealth

199 **reft** deprived

200 **kind** manner
201 **policy** shrewdness
203 **quit…throughly** avenge myself on them thoroughly
208 **publish** proclaim/make public
209 **mourning ostentation** display of mourning
210 **monument** burial vault
214 **carried** carried out/managed
216 **that** i.e., the changing of **slander to remorse**
217 **on this travail** as a result of this effort (**travail** plays on the sense of “pains of childbirth”)
222 **prize…worth** value not at its full worth
224 **rack** stretch
229 **study of imagination** introspective musings
230 **organ** aspect, feature
231 **apparelled** dressed **habit** clothing
233 **prospect** field of view
235 **interest** in a claim over **liver** believed to be the seat of love and passion
238 **success** succeeding events
239 **event** outcome
240 **lay…likelihood** outline its probable outcome
241 **aim…false** intentions except this one are confounded
243 **wonder of** amazement at/curiosity about
244 **sort** turn out
247 **injuries** insults
249 **inwardness** intimacy
254 **Being that** since **flow in grief** overflow with grief/am overcome with tears
255 **twine** thread
257 **For…cure** for extreme/unusual ills require extreme/unusual remedies
267 **even** direct **friend** friend/lover
275 **eat it** eat your words
279 **protest** declare/avow/insist
282 **stayed** detained, halted
289 **Tarry** stay/linger
298 **bear…hand** delude her with false hopes

299 **take hands** i.e., in marriage **uncovered** open, barefaced

303 **A proper saying!** A fine story!

305 **undone** ruined

307 **counties** counts **testimony** evidence/condemnation of error **count** plays on the sense of "charge in an indictment" **Comfit** candy/**sweet**

310 **compliment** etiquette/display **turned into tongue** are all talk **trim** fine/elegant

311 **swears it** merely swears that the lie is true

317 **engaged** pledged/accepting of Beatrice's wish

318 **dear** costly/significant

Act 4 Scene 2

4.2 **Sexton** a church officer

1 **dissembly** malapropism for “assembly”

3 **malefactors** wrongdoers

5 **exhibition** Dogberry means “commission” (i.e., authority to **examine** the **offenders**)

10 **sirrah** sir (contemptuous)

12 **do…God** the 1600 Quarto follows this with an exchange censored from the Folio: Conrad and Borachio reply “Yea, sir, we hope,” to which Dogberry says “Write down that they hope they serve God. And write ‘God’ first, for God defend but God should go before such villains.” He then continues “Masters…,” as in Folio

16 **witty** clever/wily **go about with** get the better of/handle

20 **in a tale** in agreement

24 **eftest** a nonsense word, which Dogberry intends to mean “easiest/nearest”

39 **redemption** Dogberry means “damnation”

47 **opinioned** malapropism for “pinioned” (i.e., bound)

48 **Let…hands** let their hands be tied

49 **coxcomb** fool

51 **naughty** wicked

53 **suspect** malapropism for “respect”

56 **piety** Dogberry means “impiety”

59 **had losses** i.e., he was formerly even wealthier

60 **two gowns** cloaks were fairly costly, so Dogberry suggests he has reasonably good finances **handsome** fitting/comfortable

Act 5 Scene 1

2 **second** support

8 **suit with** correspond to/fit

13 **answer** requite **strain** emotional pang/melody

15 **lineament** physical feature/characteristic **branch** division/part

17 **wag** be off **'Hem!'** i.e., clear one's throat in preparation for speech

19 **candle-wasters** those who waste candles by staying up late for study or drinking

24 **passion** powerful emotion/rage

25 **preceptial** of precepts (i.e., instructions or rules)

29 **wring** writhe/are oppressed/weep

30 **sufficiency** ability

31 **moral** full of moralizing advice and opinions

33 **advertisement** advice/admonition/public proclamation

35 **peace** silence

38 **However** however much **writ…of** written in the manner of/written as if with the authority of

39 **made…at** scorned/attacked **sufferance** suffering/endurance (of misery)

50 **have** are in

52 **all is one** it's all one/it does not matter

55 **Some of us** i.e., Don Pedro and Claudio

57 **dissembler** deceiver/hypocrite

60 **beshrew** curse

62 **meant…sword** had no intentions toward my sword

63 **fleer** mock, jeer

64 **dotard** old fool

67 **head** face

69 **reverence** respect due to an old man

71 **trial…man** i.e., a duel

82 **nice fence** refined and skilful swordsmanship/defensive action (contemptuous)

83 **lustihood** vigor

85 **daff** cast aside

89 **Win…me** overcome me and then brag about it, flaunt your prize

91 **foining fence** thrusting swordsmanship

98 **braggarts** boasters **Jacks** rascals/louts milksops effeminate/cowardly men

101 **weigh** i.e., are worth **scruple** very small measurement of weight

102 **Scrambling** contentious/uncouth **out-facing** defiant/confrontational/bullying **fashion-monging** preoccupied with fashion/dandies

103 **cog** cheat **flout** insult/mock **deprave** defame/deride

104 **anticly** grotesquely

105 **speak off** throw out

106 **durst** dared

111 **wake your patience** disturb your patience further

123 **had…have** nearly **with** by

125 **doubt** fear (said with irony)

128 **high-proof** in the highest degree

130 **draw** as one draws a sword

132 **beside their wit** out of their minds (plays on **by thy side**)

133 **draw…minstrels** draw it as a musician (**minstrel**) would draw out his instrument from its case or draw a bow across strings

135 **care…cat** a common proverb **care** anxiety/sorrow **mettle** spirit, vigour

137 **in the career** at full gallop, as in a jousting tournament **an** if **charge** level/advance in attack

139 **staff** lance **cross** crosswise, in the middle (an indication of clumsiness)

141 **turn his girdle** a common proverb referring to the turning of one's belt (**girdle**) so that the buckle is at the back, and meaning "put up with it"

145 **Do me right** give me satisfaction **protest** declare

148 **so** provided **cheer** entertainment

150 **calf's…capon** animals associated with foolishness (the calf) and cowardice (the **capon**, a castrated cockerel)

151 **curiously** skilfully

152 **woodcock** a bird associated with stupidity

153 **ambles** strolls (as opposed to moving rapidly) **easily** in a state of ease/unhurriedly

155 **fine** excellent (Beatrice's response plays on the senses of "marvelously" and "slender") **wit** plays on the sense of "penis"

157 **wise gentleman** either said with irony or meaning "old fool"

158 **hath the tongues** can speak foreign languages

159 **forswore** swore against/denied

160 **double** twofold/duplicitous

161 **transshape** transform

162 **properest** most handsome/finest

165 **old man's daughter** i.e., Hero

166 **God…garden** an allusion both to Benedick hiding in the arbor and to Adam, after his transgression, hiding from God in the Garden of Eden

167 **But…man** Don Pedro and Claudio recall Benedick's earlier statement that this is to be his fate if he marries

171 **braggarts…blades** i.e., as boasters damage or break their swords themselves to make it look as if they have been fighting

172 **My lord** i.e., Don Pedro

180 **hose** breeches

182 **He…man** he (i.e., one who has left **off his wit**) is then a hero (**giant**) in the eyes of a fool (**ape**), but in fact the fool is a learned person (**doctor**) in comparison to him

183 **soft you** wait a moment **pluck up** rouse/collect yourself **sad** serious

186 **reasons** plays on "raisins," then pronounced in a similar manner **balance** scales, which Justice is traditionally depicted as carrying **cursing** swearing, or Dogberry may mean "accursed"

189 **Hearken** inquire

191 **false report** slander/untruths

192 **slanders** Dogberry means "slanderers"

197 **division** logical order

199 **bound** on the way/tied up

200 **answer** trial **cunning** ingenious/knowledgeable

205 **incensed** incited

218 **semblance** image

219 **plaintiffs** Dogberry means "defendants" (a plaintiff is a complainant) **reformed** malapropism for "informed"

231 **honourable men** i.e., Don Pedro and Claudio

238 **Impose me to** impose on me

247 **Possess** inform

249 **aught** at all, to any extent **invention** inventiveness/imagination

257 **right** puns on "rite"

261 **dispose** you may dispose

266 **packed** implicated/acting as an accomplice

272 **under…black** in writing

274 **they…it** Dogberry’s misunderstanding of the First Watchman’s claim that Deformed **wears a lock**

275 **in God’s name** the usual plea of a beggar

283 **God…foundation**! the usual response of one receiving alms from a charitable foundation

287 **give you** Dogberry means “ask your”

288 **prohibit** Dogberry means “permit”

290 **look for** expect

294 **lewd** wicked/base

Act 5 Scene 2

2 **the speech of** speak with

4 **style** poetic style (puns on “stile”) **come over** surpass/surmount (Margaret plays on the sense of “mount sexually”)

5 **comely** proper/pleasing

6 **keep below stairs** remain (unmarried) in the servants’ quarters

7 **catches** seizes (its prey)

8 **foils** swords with blunt edges

10 **give…bucklers** surrender

11 **swords** with phallic connotations **bucklers** small shields with spikes in their centers/vaginas

12 **pikes** the shield’s spikes/penises **vice** screw (with sexual connotations)

15 **come** a possible pun on “orgasm”

16 **The…deserve** the lyrics to a well-known Elizabethan song

19 **How…singing** how much pity I deserve for my poor singing

20 **Leander…swimmer** Leander regularly swam across the Hellespont to see his lover Hero, until one night he drowned **Troilus…panders** Troilus was helped in his love affair with Cressida by the go-between (**pander**) Pandarus, though Cressida eventually rejected him

21 **quondam carpet-mongers** former ladies’ men

25 **innocent** simple/foolish **hard** poor/erect (playing on the phallic connotations of **horn**)

27 **festival** merry/light-hearted/celebratory

31 **that I came** that which I came for

35 **noisome** noxious

38 **subscribe** state/declare in writing

40 **politic** prudent

42 **suffer** experience/permit (Benedick puns on the senses of “feel pain” and “endure”)

46 **friend** lover

48 **confession** statement/declaration/admission

50 **instance** saying/argument **time…neighbors** good old days (when neighbors were friendly)

51 **tomb** i.e., memorial

52 **monuments** memory **bells…weeps** i.e., the duration of the funeral and mourning period

54 **Question** you have asked a question, here follows the answer **clamour** noise of the bells **rheum** tears

55 **Don…conscience** conscience was often imaged as a gnawing worm

64 **old coil** great turmoil

69 **die** puns on the sense of “orgasm” **eyes** puns on the sense of “vagina”

Act 5 Scene 3

5 **guerdon** recompense

6 **fame** renown/reputation

12 **goddess…night** Diana, goddess of the moon and of chastity

13 **virgin knight** i.e., her follower, Hero

26 **wheels of Phoebus** wheels of the chariot of Phoebus, the sun god

30 **weeds** clothes

32 **Hymen** god of marriage **speed's** speed us (i.e., make us prosper)

Act 5 Scene 4

3 **Upon** as a result of **debated** discussed

5 **against her will** unintentionally

6 **question** questioning/investigation

8 **else** otherwise **faith** i.e., his promise to Beatrice

9 **reckoning** settling of accounts (i.e., a duel)

17 **confirmed countenance** resolute appearance/demeanor

20 **undo** ruin/untie

28 **for** as for **is** is that

38 **Ethiope** Ethiopian

45 **Europa** Europe

46 **Europa…love** in the form of a bull Jove carried off the princess Europa

52 **owe you** i.e., owe you a response

68 **qualify** moderate

70 **largely** in full

73 **soft and fair** hold on a moment

81 **cousin** i.e., Hero

87 **cousin** Beatrice is his niece but **cousin** could refer to any relative

98 **in a consumption** wasting away

101 **college** assembly/fellowship **flout** mock

103 **shall…him** i.e., for fear of attracting attention or having his dress sense mocked

106 **giddy** unstable/flighty

107 **like** likely

110 **cudgelled** beaten **double-dealer** married man/unfaithful husband

113 **lighten…heels** make our wives' heels nimble through dancing/make our wives sexually eager

115 **sad** grave/mournful

116 **no…horn** another reference to cuckoldry

120 **brave** fine

LOVE’S LABOUR’S LOST

Love’s Labour’s Lost is a play for Shakespeare connoisseurs. It is a great feast of linguistic sophistication on the theme of the inadequacy of linguistic sophistication. It is full of poetry—and mockery of poetry. Its preposterous academic posturing is either hilarious or incomprehensible, according to the disposition of the listener. Some of its jokes and puns are now so obscure that a modern audience frequently finds itself in the position of Dull, listening in bemusement as the others plan their play: “Via, Goodman Dull!” says Holofernes, “Thou hast spoken no word all this while.” To which the simple constable replies, “Nor understood none neither, sir.”

The play was a favorite for the sophisticated audience at court—Queen Elizabeth herself would have greatly enjoyed not only the authority, wit, and hunting skills of the princess, but also the “sweet smoke of rhetoric” in the elaborate speechifying of the male courtiers and the wordy academic humor of Holofernes and Don Armado. The reaction of the general theater-going public—“the base vulgar,” as the play itself calls them—might have been more like that of Dull. It comes as no surprise that in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries this was Shakespeare’s least-performed play. Its minimal plot, intellectual rigor, and architectural symmetry make it seem to belong to some genre far from the popular theater—Enlightenment *opera buffa*, perhaps. There are, indeed, remarkable thematic and structural resemblances to Mozart and Da Ponte’s *Così, fan tutte*. A Paris production of 1863 actually merged the two works, combining Mozart’s music with a text based on Shakespeare. In the following century, W. H. Auden and his lover collaborated with Vladimir Nabokov’s cousin on an operatic version of the play, perhaps inspired by the fictional composer Leverkühn in Thomas Mann’s novel *Doctor Faustus*, whose only opera is a setting of *Love’s Labour’s* “in a spirit of the most artificial mockery and parody of the artificial: something highly playful and highly precious.”

Dr. Samuel Johnson thought that *Love's Labour's* was one of the most Shakespearean of Shakespeare's plays. Like the characters of Berowne and Boyet, who dislike each other because they are so like each other, Shakespeare was famous for his verbal facility, for being "honey-tongued." In no other play does he so fully indulge his gift for "Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise, / Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation, / Figures pedantical." At the same time, in no other play does he so mercilessly expose that gift as a fly-blown form of "maggot ostentation," ripe for renunciation in favor of those "honest plain words" that "best pierce the ear of grief." What is so Shakespearean is this way of having it both ways. "Taffeta phrases" are ostentatiously rejected and yet the simple rustic language that supposedly replaces them is equally thick with allusion (or, as Dull has it, "collusion" and "pollution"). Berowne's "russet yeas and honest kersey noes" puns on "eyes" and "nose," so reintroducing the figure of Ovid, surnamed Naso (Latin for "nose"), who is not only Holofernes' but also Shakespeare's master in the art of verbal pyrotechnics. For "the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy," "Ovidius Naso was the man: and why indeed 'Naso,' but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention?"

Ovid taught Shakespeare how to write love poetry but also how to parody love poetry. If ladies are conventionally praised for being blonde and pale-skinned, Ovid and Shakespeare know how to offer paradoxical praise of black. Where lesser poets catalog the body parts of the beloved in smoothly predictable blazons (blue eyes, creamy breasts), Ovid and Shakespeare turn the convention on its head: "two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes" and a piercing glare not at the bosom but at the dark place between the legs. Though Dr. Johnson was too polite to say so, one of the reasons why *Love's Labour's* is Shakespeare at his most Shakespearean is that it is simultaneously one of his most elegant plays (rivaled only by As *You Like It*) and his most filthy (rivaled only by *Troilus and Cressida*). The exchange in the fourth act concerning prickets, shooting, sores, ells, and sorrels is on the surface about deer-hunting, but beneath the veneer it alludes unmistakably to inflamed genitalia and sexually transmitted disease.

At the climax of the play, the mood changes with the entrance of Marcadé, ambassador of death. Immediately before his entrance, the play-within-the-play has dissolved into a brawl between a clown and a braggart knight on the subject of a pregnant dairymaid who is named after the Elizabethan term for a toilet. The knight is accused of wearing a “dishclout” of the maid’s as a favor next to his heart. A stinking dish cloth is enough to prick the bubble of chivalric romance, but the word also seems to have been a slang term for a rag strapped over the cleft so as to soak up menstrual blood. To hold that image in conjunction with the *memento mori* figure of Marcadé is to understand something of Shakespeare’s taste for extremity and paradox.

In contrast to those Shakespearean comedies that turn on a movement between a court and a green world, the play confines itself within the single location of a court that has turned itself into a green world. The action all takes place, in a very short time frame and with only a few (not very short) scenes, within the King of Navarre’s park. The setup could hardly be simpler. The king and his courtiers have forsworn love in the name of academic study, but the arrival of the Princess of France and her charming attendant ladies presents an obstacle to this plan. Green is the color associated with retreat to a garden for the purposes of intellectual contemplation (in his lyric “the Garden,” the poet Andrew Marvell imagined “Annihilating all that’s made / To a green thought in a green shade”). But, as Don Armado comes to realize when prompted by Moth his clever page, green is also “the colour of lovers.” The play is a demonstration of the triumph of love over intellectual labor. True wisdom belongs not to the intellectuals but to the clown Costard, who is of the view that it “is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.” Neither academic aspiration nor poetic elaboration will save man from this elementary truth.

Being sophisticated, Navarre and his three fellows only learn the truth by being embarrassed. In the play’s most theatrically effective scene, plotted like the best of farces, each of the four men is caught with his metaphoric trousers down—not just falling in love, but writing abysmal love poetry. George Bernard Shaw summarized the dramatic effect neatly: “No.1 being inaudible to 2, 3 and 4; No.2 audible to No.1, but not to 3 and 4; No.3 audible to 1 and 2, but not to No.4; and No.4 audible to all the rest, but himself temporarily stone deaf.” There is further delight when the men, now working in unison, disguise themselves as Russians in order to woo the ladies, but the ladies run rings around them because the disguise is so easily seen through. At this point we anticipate an unmasking, universal forgiveness, the forgetting of foolishness, multiple marriages, and everyone living happily ever after. First, however, the lower-ranked characters must perform a celebratory entertainment for the court.

Just as "The most lamentable comedy and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisbe" echoes the main plot of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, so the pageant of "The Nine Worthies" offers a commentary on that of *Love's Labour's Lost*. Navarre begins the main action with the premise that he and his courtiers will achieve immortal fame by means of their academic prowess, but, in a striking analogy to the opening sequence of Shakespeare's sonnets, the unfolding of the plot suggests that falling in love and reproducing oneself sexually is the only real means of guaranteeing survival after death. It is "women's eyes," not books and academes, that "contain and nourish all the world." Shakespeare turns the raw material for his play-within-the-play so that it fits with this theme. The Nine Worthies were traditionally three figures from each of the three traditions that constituted Shakespeare's cultural inheritance: the Bible (Joshua, David, Judas Maccabaeus), classical antiquity (Hector of Troy, Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar), and the romances of the Middle Ages (Arthur, Charlemagne, Godfrey of Bouillon). All nine had achieved immortality by means of heroic military action. This in itself is a rebuke to the court for its presumption that "fame that all hunt after in their lives" could come from something so passive as academic study. At the same time, Shakespeare changes the traditional cast: Julius Caesar is replaced by Costard as Pompey the Great and, more significantly, Moth as Hercules stands in for one of the biblical or medieval figures. This is partly a joke about size: Hercules is the archetypal big man, whereas Moth is compared to an insect or a dust particle. In addition, the introduction of Hercules highlights the motif of heroic endeavor brought low by desire. He was famous not only for his *labours* such as stealing golden apples from the garden of the Hesperides (alluded to in Berowne's long speech on love near the end of the fourth act), but also for the losses caused by his *loves*. Hercules was humiliated and unmanned by his love for Omphale, then driven mad and murderous by his desire for Deianira. "What great men have been in love?" Armado asks Moth. "Hercules, master" comes the reply. The biblical Samson and his catastrophic love for Delilah is invoked at the same point. One suspects that if the pageant of Worthies had run to its conclusion, he too would have muscled his way into the cast.

As in “Pyramus and Thisbe,” the noble audience are unnecessarily rude to the ignoble players. They subvert the illusion on which theater depends: “I Pompey am —” “You lie, you are not he.” And they make rude jokes at the expense of the actors: “For the ass to the Jude? Give it him: Jud-as, away!” Holofernes engages our hearts when he offers the dignified response: “This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.” The lords must undergo a further humbling before they prove their gentility and gain their reward: after all the linguistic labor, their loves are not won. Berowne is set the task of moving wild laughter in the throat of death and, in contrast to the traditional comic ending where Jack shall have Jill and nought shall go ill, here “Jack hath not Jill.” There is a kind of suspended animation, intended to last for a year, heralded by the closing song of spring and winter.

With its rhymes and dances, its four pairs of lovers and curious-knotted garden, the play has a symmetrical structure that seems to demand harmonious resolution, and yet it ends with interruption—the unfinished pageant, the unfinished courtship, and finally another unfinished performance. Armado announces that Holofernes and Nathaniel will stage an epilogue in the form of an academic dialogue, but we never get to hear it. The haunting simplicity of the song intended to introduce their debate brings Armado, the embodiment of verbosity, to one final rejection of language-feasting: he calls a halt to the show and dismisses the audiences onstage and off with the conclusion that more words would be harsh after such music.

KEY FACTS

PLOT: The King of Navarre and three of his lords form a little "academe" in which they vow to study for three years, renouncing the company of women. But the Princess of France and three of her ladies arrive on a diplomatic mission, throwing the plan into chaos as soon as the vows are made. The men from Navarre trump one another in a scene in which they are over heard reading aloud their bad love poems. The ladies then comprehensively outwit the men in a scene involving Russian disguise. A comic subplot concerns an extravagantly spoken Spaniard, his clever page, a country clown, and a pregnant dairymaid, with contributions from a curate and a pedantic schoolmaster, culminating in a pageant of classical and biblical heroes, "The Nine Worthies." Halfway through this show, Marcadé arrives with news of the death of the princess' father. The mood turns somber and the ladies give the men the task of performing a year's ascetic penance or community service before they will marry them.

MAJOR PARTS: (*with percentage of lines/number of speeches/scenes on stage*) Berowne (22%/159/5), King (11%/117/4), Princess (10%/102/3), Don Armado (10%/102/4), Boyet (8%/80/3), Costard (7%/83/7), Rosaline (7%/75/3), Holofernes (6%/54/3), Moth (5%/78/3), Dumaine (3%/54/4), Longaville (2%/40/4), Maria (2%/25/3), Katherine (2%/22/3), Nathaniel (2%/19/3), Dull (1%/15/4), Jaquenetta (1%/13/3).

LINGUISTIC MEDIUM: 65% verse, 35% prose. High proportion of rhyme and interwoven poetry, including sonnets.

DATE: Before 1598. Edition of that year refers to the play being "presented before her Highness [Queen Elizabeth] this last Christmas." A poem by Robert Tofte, also published in 1598, apparently refers to a performance seen in the public theater. Stylistic similarity to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and other lyrical plays, together with possible references to an Inns of Court Christmas entertainment of 1594–95, lead most scholars to date composition to 1595–96.

SOURCES: One of Shakespeare’s few genuinely sourceless plays, though draws on many aspects of the literary culture of the early 1590s (e.g., the vogue for love sonnets and the elaborate “euphuistic” writing style pioneered by John Lyly); the idea of four courtiers retreating from political engagement in order to engage in academic reflection and philosophical discussion may have been inspired by Pierre de la Primaudaye’s *The French Academy* (English translation 1586, reprinted 1589 and 1594). Though not a contemporary political allegory, some of the names in the play apparently allude to historical figures in contemporary France and Navarre (of great interest at the time, since in March 1594 King Henri of Navarre—a discrete kingdom between France and Spain—converted to Catholicism and became King of France).

TEXT: Quarto edition of 1598, “newly corrected and augmented by W. Shakespere”—this may imply that there was an earlier Quarto, now lost. The Folio was printed from the Quarto, making some corrections and introducing some errors. There are some severe textual tangles, particularly over characters’ names, where Shakespeare sometimes seems to have become muddled. Some passages, including Berowne’s crucial long speech about love at the end of the fourth act, contain repetition that strongly suggests that the printed text retains elements of Shakespeare’s first draft as well as the final version: we indicate such “first thoughts” with marginal marks (//).

LOVE’S LABOUR’S LOST

Ferdinand **KING** of Navarre

BEROWNE	lords attending on the king
LONGAVILLE	
DUMAINE	

Don Adriano de **ARMADO**, a Spanish braggart
MOTH, a boy, his page
COSTARD, a clown
JAQUENETTA, a dairymaid
Anthony **DULL**, a constable
Sir **NATHANIEL**, a curate
HOLOFERNES, a pedantic schoolmaster
The **PRINCESS** of France

ROSALINE	ladies attending on the princess
MARIA	
KATHERINE	

BOYET, a lord attending on the princess
Monsieur **MARCADÉ**, a messenger from the King of France
A **FORESTER**
Lords, Ladies, Attendants

Act 1 [Scene 1][1.1]

running scene 1

Enter Ferdinand King of Navarre, Berowne, Longaville and Dumaine

KING Let fame,[1] that all hunt after in their lives,
Live registered[2] upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace[3] us in the disgrace of death
When, spite[4] of cormorant devouring time,
Th'endeavour of this present breath[5] may buy
That honour which shall bate[6] his scythe's keen edge
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors — for so you are,
That war against your own affections[9]
And the huge army of the world's desires —
Our late[11] edict shall strongly stand in force.
Navarre[12] shall be the wonder of the world,
Our court shall be a little academe,[13]
Still[14] and contemplative in living art.
You three, Berowne, Dumaine and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term[16] to live with me,
My fellow-scholars, and to keep[17] those statutes
That are recorded in this schedule[18] here. ***Shows a paper***
Your oaths are passed,[19] and now subscribe your names,
That his own hand[20] may strike his honour down
That violates the smallest branch[21] herein.
If you are armed[22] to do as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep[23] oaths, and keep it too.

LONGAVILLE I am resolved: 'tis but a three years' fast.
The mind shall banquet though the body pine.[25] ***Signs***
Fat paunches have lean pates,[26] and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.

DUMAINE My loving lord, Dumaine is mortified.[28]
The grosser[29] manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross[30] world's baser slaves. ***Signs***
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die,

With all these living in[32] philosophy.
BEROWNE I can but say[33] their protestation over.
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, to live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances,[36]
As[37] not to see a woman in that term,
Which I hope well is not enrollèd[38] there.
And one day in a week to touch no food,
And but one meal on every day beside,
The which I hope is not enrollèd there.
And then to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink[43] of all the day —
When I was wont[44] to think no harm all night
And make a dark night too of half the day —
Which I hope well is not enrollèd there.
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep:
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep.
KING Your oath is passed to pass away from[49] these.
BEROWNE Let me say no, my liege, an if[50] you please.
I only swore to study with your grace
And stay here in your court for three years' space.[52]
LONGAVILLE You swore to that, Berowne, and to the rest.
BEROWNE By[54] yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.
What is the end[55] of study, let me know?
KING Why, that to know which else we should not know.
BEROWNE Things hid and barred, you mean, from common sense?[57]
KING Ay, that is study's godlike recompense.[58]
BEROWNE Come on[59] then, I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus, to study where I well may dine,
When I to feast expressly am forbid.
Or study where to meet some mistress fine,
When mistresses from common sense are hid.
Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,[65]
Study to break it and not break my troth.[66]
If study's gain be thus and this be so,

Study knows that which yet it doth not know.
Swear me to this, and I will ne’er say no.
KING These be the stops[70] that hinder study quite
And train[71] our intellects to vain delight.
BEROWNE Why, all delights are vain, and that most vain,
Which with pain[73] purchased doth inherit pain:
As[74] painfully to pore upon a book
To seek the light of truth, while truth the while[75]
Doth falsely[76] blind the eyesight of his look.
Light[77] seeking light doth light of light beguile:
So, ere[78] you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me[80] how to please the eye indeed
By fixing it upon a fairer[81] eye,
Who dazzling[82] so, that eye shall be his heed
And give him light that it was blinded by.
Study is like the heaven’s glorious sun
That will not be deep-searched with saucy[85] looks:
Small[86] have continual plodders ever won
Save[87] base authority from others’ books.
These earthly godfathers[88] of heaven’s lights,
That give a name to every fixèd star,
Have no more profit of[90] their shining nights
Than those that walk and wot[91] not what they are.
Too[92] much to know is to know nought but fame,
And every godfather[93] can give a name.
KING How well he’s read, to reason against reading.
DUMAINE Proceeded[95] well, to stop all good proceeding.
LONGAVILLE He weeds[96] the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.
BEROWNE The spring is near when green geese[97] are a-breeding.
DUMAINE How follows that?
BEROWNE Fit in his[99] place and time.
DUMAINE In reason nothing.[100]
BEROWNE Something then in rhyme.[101]
KING Berowne is like an envious[102] sneaping frost
That bites the first-born infants[103] of the spring.

BEROWNE Well, say I am. Why should proud[104] summer boast
Before the birds have any cause to sing?
Why should I joy in any abortive[106] birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows,[108]
But like of[109] each thing that in season grows.
So you, to study now it is too late,[110]
That were to climb[111] o'er the house to unlock the gate.

KING Well, sit you out.[112] Go home, Berowne, adieu.

BEROWNE No, my good lord, I have sworn to stay with you.
And though I have for barbarism[114] spoke more
Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
Yet confident I'll keep what I have sworn
And bide[117] the penance of each three years' day.
Give me the paper, let me read the same,
And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name. ***Takes the paper***

KING How well this yielding rescues thee from shame.

BEROWNE ***Reads*** '*Item*, That no woman shall come within a mile of my court.' Hath this been proclaimed?

LONGAVILLE Four days ago.

BEROWNE Let's see the penalty: 'On pain of losing her tongue.' Who devised this penalty?

LONGAVILLE Marry,[126] that did I.

BEROWNE Sweet lord, and why?

LONGAVILLE To fright them hence[128] with that dread penalty.

BEROWNE A dangerous law against gentility![129] ***Reads*** '*Item*, If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court shall possibly devise.'
This article,[133] my liege, yourself must break,
For well you know here comes in embassy[134]
The French king's daughter with yourself to speak —
A maid of grace and complete[136] majesty —
About surrender up of Aquitaine[137]
To her decrepit, sick and bedrid father:
Therefore this article is made in vain,

Or vainly[140] comes th'admirèd princess hither.
KING What say you, lords? Why, this was quite forgot.
BEROWNE So study evermore is overshot.[142]
While it doth study to have what it would,[143]
It doth forget to do the thing it should:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won as towns[146] with fire, so won, so lost.
KING We must of force[147] dispense with this decree.
She must lie[148] here on mere necessity.
BEROWNE Necessity will make us all forsworn[149]
Three thousand times within this three years' space,
For every man with his affects[151] is born,
Not by might[152] mastered but by special grace.
If I break faith, this word[153] shall speak for me:
I am forsworn 'on mere necessity'.
So to the laws at large[155] I write my name, ***Signs***
And he that breaks them in the least degree
Stands in attainder[157] of eternal shame.
Suggestions[158] are to others as to me:
But I believe, although I seem so loath,
I am the[160] last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick[161] recreation granted?
KING Ay, that there is. Our court, you know, is haunted[162]
With a refinèd traveller of Spain,
A man in[164] all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint[165] of phrases in his brain,
One who the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony,
A man of compliments,[168] whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny.[169]
This child of fancy,[170] that Armado hight,
For interim[171] to our studies shall relate
In high-born[172] words the worth of many a knight
From tawny[173] Spain lost in the world's debate.
How you delight,[174] my lords, I know not, I,
But I protest I love to hear him lie,

And I will use him for my minstrelsy.[176]
BEROWNE Armado is a most illustrious wight,[177]
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.
LONGAVILLE Costard[179] the swain and he shall be our sport,
And so to study three years is but short.

Enter a constable [Dull] with a letter, with Costard

DULL Which is the duke's[181] own person?

BEROWNE This, fellow. What wouldst?

DULL I myself reprehend[183] his own person, for I am his grace's tharborough. But I would see his own person in flesh and blood.

BEROWNE This is he.

DULL Signior Arme…Arme…commends you.[186] There's villainy abroad. This letter will tell you more. ***Shows a letter***

COSTARD Sir, the contempts[188] thereof are as touching me.

KING A letter from the magnificent[189] Armado.

BEROWNE How[190] low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

LONGAVILLE A high hope[191] for a low heaven. God grant us patience.

BEROWNE To hear, or forbear[192] hearing?

LONGAVILLE To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately, or to forbear both.

BEROWNE Well, sir, be it[194] as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.

COSTARD The matter is to[195] me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken[196] with the manner.

BEROWNE In what manner?

COSTARD In[198] manner and form following, sir, all those three. I was seen with her in the manor-house, sitting with her upon the form,[199] and taken following her into the park,[200] which, put together, is 'in manner and form following'. Now, sir, for the manner:[201] it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman. For the form: in some form.

BEROWNE For the 'following', sir?

COSTARD As it shall follow in my correction,[204] and God defend the right!

KING Will you hear this letter with attention?

BEROWNE As we would hear an oracle.

COSTARD Such is the simplicity[207] of man to hearken after the flesh.

KING ***Reads*** ‘Great deputy, the welkin’s[208] vicegerent and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul’s earth’s god, and body’s fostering[209] patron’—

COSTARD Not a word of Costard yet.

KING ***Reads*** ‘So it is’—

COSTARD It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so.[212]

KING Peace!

COSTARD Be[214] to me and every man that dares not fight.

KING No words!

COSTARD Of[216] other men’s secrets, I beseech you.

KING ***Reads*** ‘So it is, besieged with sable-coloured[217] melancholy, I did commend the black oppressing humour[218] to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air, and, as I am[219] a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time, when? About the sixth hour, when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper: so much for the time when. Now for the ground, which? Which, I mean, I walked upon. It is ycleped[222] thy park. Then for the place, where? Where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene[223] and most preposterous[224] event that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest. But to the place, where? It standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted[226] garden; there did I see that low-spirited[227] swain, that base minnow of thy mirth’—

COSTARD Me?

KING ***Reads*** ‘That unlettered[230] small-knowing soul’—

COSTARD Me?

KING ***Reads*** ‘That shallow vassal[232]’—

COSTARD Still me?

KING ***Reads*** ‘Which, as I remember, hight Costard’—

COSTARD O, me!

KING ***Reads*** ‘Sorted[236] and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon,[237] which with — O, with — but with this I passion to say wherewith[238]’—

COSTARD With a wench.

KING ***Reads*** ‘With a child of our grandmother Eve, a female, or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks[241] me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed[242] of punishment, by thy sweet grace’s officer, Anthony Dull, a man of good repute, carriage,[243] bearing, and estimation.’

DULL Me, an’t[244] shall please you. I am Anthony Dull.

KING ***Reads*** ‘For Jaquenetta — so is the weaker vessel[245] called which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain — I keep[246] her as a vessel of the law’s fury, and shall, at the least[247] of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty. Don Adriano de Armado.’

BEROWNE This is not so well as I looked for,[249] but the best that ever I heard.

KING Ay, the best for[250] the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this?

COSTARD Sir, I confess[251] the wench.

KING Did you hear the proclamation?

COSTARD I do confess much of the hearing it but little of the marking of[253] it.

KING It was proclaimed a year’s imprisonment to be taken with a wench.

COSTARD I was taken with none, sir: I was taken with a damsel.

KING Well, it was proclaimed damsel.

COSTARD This was no damsel, neither, sir: she was a virgin.

KING It is so varied[258] too, for it was proclaimed virgin.

COSTARD If it were, I deny her virginity: I was taken with a maid.

KING This maid[260] will not serve your turn, sir.

COSTARD This maid will serve my turn, sir.

KING Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: you shall fast a week with bran and water.

COSTARD I had rather pray[264] a month with mutton and porridge.

KING And Don Armado shall be your keeper.
My Lord Berowne, see him delivered o’er:[266]
And go we, lords, to put in practice that
Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

[Exeunt King, Longaville and Dumaine]

BEROWNE I'll lay[269] my head to any goodman's hat,
These oaths and laws will prove an idle[270] scorn.
Sirrah, come on.

COSTARD I suffer for the truth, sir, for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true[273] girl. And therefore welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction[274] may one day smile again, and until then, sit down, sorrow!

Exeunt

[Act 1 Scene 2][1.2]

running scene 1 continues

Enter Armado and Moth, his page

ARMADO Boy, what sign is it[1] when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

MOTH A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

ARMADO Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.[3]

MOTH No, no, O lord, sir, no.

ARMADO How canst thou part[5] sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

MOTH By a familiar[6] demonstration of the working, my tough señor.

ARMADO Why tough señor? Why tough señor?

MOTH Why tender juvenal? Why tender juvenal?

ARMADO I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton[9] appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate[10] tender.

MOTH And I, tough senior, as an appertinent[11] title to your old time, which we may name tough.

ARMADO Pretty[13] and apt.

MOTH How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? Or I apt, and my saying pretty?

ARMADO Thou pretty, because little.[16]

MOTH Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt?

ARMADO And therefore apt, because quick.[18]

MOTH Speak you this in my praise, master?

ARMADO In thy condign[20] praise.

MOTH I will praise an eel with the same praise.

ARMADO What, that an eel is ingenious?

MOTH That an eel is quick.[23]

ARMADO I do say thou art quick in answers. Thou heat'st my blood.[24]

MOTH I am answered, sir.

ARMADO I love not to be crossed.[26]

MOTH He speaks the mere[27] contrary: crosses love not him. ***Aside***

ARMADO I have promised to study three years with the duke.[28]

MOTH You may do it in an hour, sir.

ARMADO Impossible.

MOTH How many is one thrice told?[31]

ARMADO I am ill[32] at reckoning. It fits the spirit of a tapster.

MOTH You are a gentleman and a gamester,[33] sir.

ARMADO I confess both: they are both the varnish of a complete[34] man.

MOTH Then I am sure you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace[35] amounts to.

ARMADO It doth amount to one more than two.

MOTH Which the base vulgar[38] call three.

ARMADO True.

MOTH Why, sir, is this such a piece[40] of study? Now here's three studied ere you'll thrice wink. And how easy it is to put 'years' to the word 'three', and study three years in two words, the dancing horse[42] will tell you.

ARMADO A most fine figure![43]

MOTH To prove you a cipher.[44] ***Aside***

ARMADO I will hereupon confess I am in love. And as it is base[45] for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection[46] would deliver me from the reprobate[47] thought of it, I would take desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new-devised curtsy.[48] I think scorn to sigh: methinks I should outswear[49] Cupid. Comfort me, boy. What great men have been in love?

MOTH Hercules,[51] master.

ARMADO Most sweet Hercules! More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.[53]

MOTH Samson,[54] master. He was a man of good carriage, great carriage, for he carried the town-gates on his back like a porter, and he was in love.

ARMADO O well-knit[56] Samson, strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

MOTH A woman, master.

ARMADO Of what complexion?[60]

MOTH Of[61] all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

ARMADO Tell me precisely of what complexion.

MOTH Of the sea-water green,[63] sir.

ARMADO Is that one of the four complexions?

MOTH As I have read, sir, and the best of them too.

ARMADO Green[66] indeed is the colour of lovers, but to have a love of that colour, methinks Samson had small reason for it. He surely affected[67] her for her wit.

MOTH It was so, sir, for she had a green[68] wit.

ARMADO My love is most immaculate white and red.

MOTH Most maculate[70] thoughts, master, are masked under such colours.

ARMADO Define,[71] define, well-educated infant.

MOTH My father's wit and my mother's tongue assist me!

ARMADO Sweet invocation of a child, most pretty and pathetical![73]

MOTH If she[74] be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known,
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred
And fears by pale white shown.
Then if she fear, or be to blame,
By this[79] you shall not know,
For still[80] her cheeks possess the same
Which native[81] she doth owe.
A[82] dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

ARMADO Is there not a ballad,[83] boy, of the King and the Beggar?

MOTH The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since,[84] but I think now 'tis not to be found, or, if it were, it would neither serve[85] for the writing nor the tune.

ARMADO I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example[87] my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl that I took in the park with the rational hind[89] Costard. She deserves well.

MOTH To be whipped:[90] and yet a better love than my master. ***Aside***

ARMADO Sing, boy. My spirit grows heavy[91] in love.

MOTH And that's great marvel, loving a light[92] wench. ***Aside***

ARMADO I say sing.

MOTH Forbear till this company be past.

Enter [Costard, the] Clown, [Dull, the] Constable and [Jaquenetta, a] wench

DULL Sir, the duke's pleasure is that you keep Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight nor no penance,[96] but he must fast three days a week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park: she is allowed for the dey-woman.[97] Fare you well.

Exit

ARMADO I do betray myself with blushing.— Maid! ***Aside***

JAQUENETTA Man?

ARMADO I will visit thee at the lodge.[101]

JAQUENETTA That's hereby.[102]

ARMADO I know where it is situate.

JAQUENETTA Lord, how wise you are!

ARMADO I will tell thee wonders.

JAQUENETTA With that face?[106]

ARMADO I love thee.

JAQUENETTA So I heard you say.

ARMADO And so farewell.

JAQUENETTA Fair weather after you.

COSTARD Come, Jaquenetta, away.

Exit [Jaquenetta]

ARMADO Villain,[112] thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

COSTARD Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.[113]

ARMADO Thou shalt be heavily punished.

COSTARD I am more bound[115] to you than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

ARMADO Take away this villain. Shut him up. ***To Moth***

MOTH Come, you transgressing slave, away!

COSTARD Let me not be pent up,[119] sir, I will fast being loose.

MOTH No, sir, that were fast and[120] loose. Thou shalt to prison.

COSTARD Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation[121] that I have seen, some shall see—

MOTH What shall some see?

COSTARD Nay, nothing, Master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent[125] in their words and therefore I will say nothing. I thank God I have as little[126] patience as another man and therefore I can be quiet.

[Exeunt Moth and Costard]

ARMADO I do affect[127] the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn,[128] which is a great argument[129] of falsehood, if I love. And how can that be true love which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar,[130] love is a devil. There is no evil angel but love. Yet Samson was so tempted, and he had an excellent strength. Yet was Solomon[131] so seduced, and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft[132] is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds[133] for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn.[134] The *passado* he respects not, the *duello* he regards not. His disgrace is to be called boy, but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour: rust, rapier: be still, drum, for your manager[136] is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me, some extemporal[137] god of rhyme, for I am sure I shall turn sonnet. Devise, wit: write, pen, for[138] I am for whole volumes in folio.

Exit

Act 2 [Scene 1][2.1]

running scene 2

Enter the Princess of France with three attending Ladies [Rosaline, Maria and Katherine] and three Lords [Boyet and two others]

BOYET Now, madam, summon up your dearest[1] spirits.
Consider who the king your father sends,
To whom he sends, and what's his embassy:[3]
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
To parley[5] with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,[6]
Matchless[7] Navarre, the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitaine, a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of[9] all dear grace
As Nature was in making graces dear[10]
When she did starve[11] the general world beside
And prodigally gave them all to you.

PRINCESS Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,[13]
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise.
Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye,
Not uttered[16] by base sale of chapmen's tongues:
I am less proud to hear you tell[17] my worth
Than you much[18] willing to be counted wise
In spending[19] your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to task[20] the tasker. Good Boyet,
You are not ignorant[21] all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad[22] Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful[23] study shall outwear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court:
Therefore to's seemeth it[25] a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure,[27] and in that behalf,
Bold[28] of your worthiness, we single you
As our best-moving[29] fair solicitor.
Tell him the daughter of the King of France,

On serious business craving quick dispatch,
Importunes[32] personal conference with his grace.
Haste, signify so much, while we attend,[33]
Like humble-visaged suitors, his high will.
BOYET Proud of[35] employment, willingly I go.
Exit
PRINCESS All pride[36] is willing pride, and yours is so.
Who are the votaries,[37] my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?
A LORD Longaville is one.
PRINCESS Know you the man?
MARIA I know him, madam: at a marriage-feast
Between Lord Perigort[42] and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemnized
In Normandy,[44] saw I this Longaville.
A man of sovereign parts[45] he is esteemed,
Well fitted[46] in arts, glorious in arms.
Nothing[47] becomes him ill that he would well.
The only soil[48] of his fair virtue’s gloss,
If virtue’s gloss will stain with any soil,
Is a sharp wit matched with too blunt a will,[50]
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still[51] wills
It should none spare that come within his[52] power.
PRINCESS Some merry mocking lord, belike:[53] is’t so?
MARIA They say so most that most his humours[54] know.
PRINCESS Such short-lived wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?
KATHERINE The young Dumaine, a well-accomplished youth,
Of[58] all that virtue love for virtue loved:
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill,[59]
For he hath wit[60] to make an ill shape good,
And shape[61] to win grace though he had no wit.
I saw him at the Duke Alençon’s[62] once,
And much[63] too little of that good I saw
Is my report to his great worthiness.
ROSALINE Another of these students at that time

Was there with him, if I have heard a truth.
Berowne they call him, but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming[68] mirth,
I never spent an hour’s talk withal.[69]
His eye begets[70] occasion for his wit,
For every object that the one doth catch,[71]
The other turns to a mirth-moving[72] jest,
Which his fair tongue, conceit’s expositor,[73]
Delivers in such apt and gracious words
That agèd ears play truant at[75] his tales
And younger hearings are quite ravishèd,
So sweet and voluble[77] is his discourse.

PRINCESS God bless my ladies! Are they all in love,
That every one her own hath garnishèd
With such bedecking[80] ornaments of praise?

MARIA Here comes Boyet.

Enter Boyet

PRINCESS Now, what admittance,[82] lord?

BOYET Navarre had notice of your fair approach,
And he and his competitors[84] in oath
Were all addressed[85] to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learned:
He rather means to lodge[87] you in the field,
Like one that comes here to besiege his court,
Than seek a dispensation for his oath
To let you enter his unpeopled[90] house.
Here comes Navarre.

Enter [the King of] Navarre, Longaville, Dumaine, Berowne [and Attendants]

KING Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

PRINCESS ‘Fair’ I give you back again, and ‘welcome’ I have not yet: the roof[93] of this court is too high to be yours, and welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.

KING You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

PRINCESS I will be welcome, then. Conduct me thither.

KING Hear me, dear lady: I have sworn an oath.

PRINCESS Our Lady help my lord! He’ll be forsworn.
KING Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.[99]
PRINCESS Why, will[100] shall break it: will, and nothing else.
KING Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.
PRINCESS Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where[103] now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear your grace hath sworn out house-keeping.[104]
’Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
And sin to break it.
But pardon me. I am too sudden-bold:
To teach a teacher ill beseemeth[108] me.
Vouchsafe[109] to read the purpose of my coming, ***Gives a paper***
And suddenly[110] resolve me in my suit.
KING Madam, I will, if suddenly I may. ***Reads***
PRINCESS You will the sooner that[112] I were away,
For you’ll prove perjured if you make me stay.
BEROWNE Did not I dance with you in Brabant[114] once? ***To Rosaline***
ROSALINE Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?
BEROWNE I know you did.
ROSALINE How needless was it then to ask the question!
BEROWNE You must not be so quick.[118]
ROSALINE ’Tis long[119] of you that spur me with such questions.
BEROWNE Your wit’s too hot,[120] it speeds too fast, ’twill tire.
ROSALINE Not till it leave the rider in the mire.[121]
BEROWNE What time o’day?[122]
ROSALINE The hour that fools should ask.
BEROWNE Now fair befall your mask.[124]
ROSALINE Fair fall[125] the face it covers.
BEROWNE And send you many lovers.
ROSALINE Amen, so[127] you be none.
BEROWNE Nay, then will I be gone. ***Walks away***
KING Madam, your father here doth intimate[129] ***To the Princess***
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
Being but th’one half of an entire sum
Disbursèd[132] by my father in his wars.
But say that he[133] or we, as neither have,

Received that sum, yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more, in surety[135] of the which,
One part of Aquitaine is bound[136] to us,
Although not valued to[137] the money’s worth.
If then the king your father will restore[138]
But that one half which is unsatisfied,[139]
We will give up our right in Aquitaine
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,[142]
For here he doth demand[143] to have repaid
An hundred thousand crowns, and not[144] demands,
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have[146] his title live in Aquitaine,
Which we much rather had depart withal,[147]
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitaine, so gelded[149] as it is.
Dear princess, were not his requests so far
From reason’s yielding, your fair self should make
A[152] yielding gainst some reason in my breast
And go well satisfied to France again.
PRINCESS You do the king my father too much wrong
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseeming[156] to confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.
KING I do protest I never heard of it.
And if you prove it, I’ll repay it back
Or yield up Aquitaine.
PRINCESS We arrest[161] your word.
Boyet, you can produce acquittances[162]
For such a sum from special officers
Of Charles, his[164] father.
KING Satisfy me so.[165]
BOYET So please your grace, the packet is not come
Where that and other specialties[167] are bound.
Tomorrow you shall have a sight of them.
KING It shall suffice me; at which interview,

All liberal reason[170] would I yield unto.
Meantime receive such welcome at my hand
As honour without breach of honour[172] may
Make tender of[173] to thy true worthiness.
You may not come, fair princess, in my gates,
But here without[175] you shall be so received
As[176] you shall deem yourself lodged in my heart,
Though so denied fair harbour in my house.
Your[178] own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:
Tomorrow we shall visit you again.
PRINCESS Sweet health and fair desires consort[180] your grace.
KING Thy[181] own wish wish I thee in every place!
Exit [the King, with Longaville and Dumaine]
BEROWNE Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.
ROSALINE Pray you, do my commendations,[183] I would be glad to see it.
BEROWNE I would you heard it groan.
ROSALINE Is the fool[185] sick?
BEROWNE Sick at the heart.
ROSALINE Alack, let it blood.[187]
BEROWNE Would that do it good?
ROSALINE My physic[189] says ‘ay’.
BEROWNE Will you prick’t with your eye?[190]
ROSALINE *Non point,*[191] with my knife.
BEROWNE Now, God save thy life!
ROSALINE And yours from long living!
BEROWNE I cannot stay thanksgiving.[194]
Exit
Enter Dumaine
DUMAINE Sir, I pray you a word: what lady is that same? ***To Boyet***
BOYET The heir of Alençon, Katherine[196] her name.
DUMAINE A gallant[197] lady. Monsieur, fare you well.
[Exit]
[Enter Longaville]
LONGAVILLE I beseech you a word: what is she in the white? ***To Boyet***
BOYET A woman sometimes, if you saw her in the light.
LONGAVILLE Perchance light[200] in the light. I desire her name.

BOYET She hath but one for herself, to desire[201] that were a shame.
LONGAVILLE Pray you, sir, whose daughter?
BOYET Her mother’s, I have heard.
LONGAVILLE God’s blessing o’your beard!
BOYET Good sir, be not offended.
She is an heir of Falconbridge.
LONGAVILLE Nay, my choler[207] is ended.
She is a most sweet lady.
Exit Longaville
BOYET Not unlike,[209] sir, that may be.
Enter Berowne
BEROWNE What’s her name in the cap?
BOYET Rosaline,[211] by good hap.
BEROWNE Is she wedded or no?
BOYET To her will, sir, or so.[213]
BEROWNE You are welcome, sir. Adieu.
BOYET Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.[215]
Exit [Berowne]
MARIA That last is Berowne, the merry madcap lord.
Not a word with him but a jest.
BOYET And every jest but a word.
PRINCESS It was well done of you to take[219] him at his word.
BOYET I was as willing to grapple[220] as he was to board.
MARIA Two hot[221] sheeps, marry.
BOYET And wherefore not ‘ships’?
No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.
MARIA You sheep, and I pasture.[224] Shall that finish the jest?
BOYET So[225] you grant pasture for me. ***Tries to kiss her***
MARIA Not so, gentle beast.
My lips are no common,[227] though several they be.
BOYET Belonging to whom?
MARIA To my fortunes and me.
PRINCESS Good wits will be jangling;[230] but, gentles, agree.
This civil[231] war of wits were much better used
On Navarre and his bookmen,[232] for here ’tis abused.
BOYET If my observation — which very seldom lies

By[234] the heart's still rhetoric disclosèd with eyes —
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.
PRINCESS With what?
BOYET With that which we lovers entitle affected.[237]
PRINCESS Your reason?
BOYET Why, all his behaviours did[239] make their retire
To the court[240] of his eye, peeping thorough desire.
His heart, like an agate,[241] with your print impressed,
Proud[242] with his form, in his eye pride expressed.
His tongue, all[243] impatient to speak and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to be.
All senses to that sense[245] did make their repair,
To feel only looking on fairest of fair.
Methought all his senses were locked in his eye,
As jewels in crystal[248] for some prince to buy,
Who, tend'ring[249] their own worth from whence they were glassed,
Did point[250] out to buy them along as you passed.
His face's own margin[251] did quote such amazes
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.
I'll give you Aquitaine, and all that is his,
An[254] you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.
PRINCESS Come to our pavilion.[255] Boyet is disposed.
BOYET But[256] to speak that in words which his eye hath disclosed.
I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.
ROSALINE Thou art an old love-monger and speakest skilfully.
MARIA He is Cupid's grandfather and learns news of him.
KATHERINE Then was Venus[261] like her mother, for her father is but grim.
BOYET Do you hear, my mad[262] wenches?
MARIA No.
BOYET What then, do you see?
KATHERINE Ay, our way to be gone.
BOYET You are too hard[266] for me.

Exeunt

Act 3 [Scene 1]

running scene 3

Enter Braggart [Armado] and [his] Boy [Moth, singing a] song

ARMADO Warble, child, make passionate my sense of hearing.

MOTH Concolinel.[2] ***Sings***

ARMADO Sweet air![3] Go, tenderness of years, take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately[4] hither. I must employ him in a letter to my love.

MOTH Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?[5]

ARMADO How meanest thou? Brawling[6] in French?

MOTH No, my complete master: but to jig[7] off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour[8] it with turning up your eyelids, sigh a note and sing a note, sometime through the throat, if you swallowed love with singing love, sometime through the nose as if you snuffed up love by smelling love, with your hat penthouse-like[11] o'er the shop of your eyes, with your arms crossed on your thin-belly[12] doublet like a rabbit on a spit, or your hands in your pocket like a man after[13] the old painting, and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away. These are compliments,[14] these are humours, these betray nice wenches that would be betrayed without these and make them men of note[15] — do you note, men?[16] — that most are affected to these.

ARMADO How hast thou purchased[17] this experience?

MOTH By my penny of observation.

ARMADO But O, but O—

MOTH 'The[20] hobby-horse is forgot.'

ARMADO Callest thou my love 'hobby-horse[21]'?

MOTH No, master. The hobby-horse is but a colt,[22] and your love perhaps, a hackney.[23] But have you forgot your love?

ARMADO Almost I had.

MOTH Negligent student! Learn her by heart.

ARMADO By heart and in heart, boy.

MOTH And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.[27]

ARMADO What wilt thou prove?

MOTH A man, if I live, and this, ‘by’, ‘in’, and ‘without’, upon the instant: ‘by’ heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by[30] her. ‘In’ heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her. And ‘out’ of heart you love her, being out of heart[32] that you cannot enjoy her.

ARMADO I am all these three.

MOTH And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

ARMADO Fetch hither the swain. He must carry me[35] a letter.

MOTH A message well sympathized:[36] a horse to be ambassador for an ass.

ARMADO Ha, ha, what sayest thou?

MOTH Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited.[38] But I go.

ARMADO The way is but short. Away!

MOTH As swift as lead, sir.

ARMADO Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?[42] Is not lead a metal heavy, dull and slow?

MOTH *Minime*,[43] honest master, or rather, master, no.

ARMADO I say lead is slow.

MOTH You are too swift, sir, to say so. Is that lead slow which is fired from a gun?

ARMADO Sweet smoke of rhetoric! He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that’s he. I shoot thee at the swain.

MOTH Thump[50] then, and I flee.

[Exit]

ARMADO A most acute[51] juvenal, voluble and free of grace! By thy favour, sweet welkin,[52] I must sigh in thy face. Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.[53] My herald is returned.

Enter Page [Moth] and Clown [Costard]

MOTH A wonder, master! Here’s a costard[55] broken in a shin.

ARMADO Some enigma, some riddle: come, thy l’envoy,[56] begin.

COSTARD No egma,[57] no riddle, no l’envoy, no salve in the mail, sir. O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain! No l’envoy, no l’envoy, no salve, sir, but a plantain!

ARMADO By virtue,[59] thou enforcest laughter: thy silly thought, my spleen. The heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous[60] smiling. O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate[61] take *salve* for l'envoy, and the word 'l'envoy' for a salve?

MOTH Do the wise think them other? Is not l'envoy a salve?

ARMADO No, page: it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain Some obscure precedence[64] that hath tofore been sain. Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my l'envoy:

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee[66]
Were still[67] at odds, being but three.
Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds[69] by adding four.

MOTH A good l'envoy,[70] ending in the goose. Would you desire more?

COSTARD The boy hath sold[71] him a bargain, a goose, that's flat. Sir, your pennyworth is good,[72] an your goose be fat. To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose.[73] Let me see: a fat l'envoy — ay, that's a fat goose.

ARMADO Come hither, come hither. How did this argument[75] begin?

MOTH By saying that a costard was broken in a shin. Then called you for the l'envoy.

COSTARD True, and I for a plantain: thus came your argument in. Then the boy's fat l'envoy, the goose that you bought, And he ended the market.[80]

ARMADO But tell me, how was there a costard broken in a shin?

MOTH I will tell you sensibly.[82]

COSTARD Thou hast no feeling[83] of it, Moth. I will speak that l'envoy: I Costard, running out, that was safely within, Fell over the threshold[85] and broke my shin.

ARMADO We will talk no more of this matter.

COSTARD Till there be more matter[87] in the shin.

ARMADO Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise[88] thee.

COSTARD O, marry me to one Frances:[89] I smell some l'envoy, some goose in this.

ARMADO By my sweet soul, I mean setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person. Thou wert immured,[91] restrained, captivated, bound.

COSTARD True, true, and now you will be my purgation[92] and let me loose.

ARMADO I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance,[93] and in lieu thereof impose on thee nothing but this: ***Gives a letter*** bear this significant[94] to the country maid Jaquenetta. ***Gives money*** There is remuneration,[95] for the best ward of mine honours is rewarding my dependants.[96] Moth, follow.

[Exit]

MOTH Like the sequel,[97] I. Signior Costard, adieu.

Exit

COSTARD My sweet ounce of man’s flesh, my incony[98] Jew! Now will I look to his remuneration. ‘Remuneration’ — O, that’s the Latin word for three farthings.[99] Three farthings — remuneration. ‘What’s the price of this inkle?’[100] ‘One penny.’ ‘No, I’ll give you a remuneration.’ Why, it carries it.[101] ‘Remuneration.’ Why, it is a fairer name than French crown.[102] I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter Berowne

BEROWNE O, my good knave Costard, exceedingly well met.

COSTARD Pray you, sir, how much carnation[104] ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

BEROWNE What is a remuneration?

COSTARD Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.[107]

BEROWNE O, why then three farthings worth of silk.

COSTARD I thank your worship. God be wi’you! ***Starts to leave***

BEROWNE O, stay, slave,[110] I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,[111]
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

COSTARD When would you have it done, sir?

BEROWNE O, this afternoon.

COSTARD Well, I will do it, sir. Fare you well.

BEROWNE O, thou knowest not what it is.

COSTARD I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

BEROWNE Why, villain,[118] thou must know first.

COSTARD I will come to your worship tomorrow morning.

BEROWNE It must be done this afternoon.

Hark, slave, it is but this:
The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train[123] there is a gentle lady,
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
And Rosaline they call her. Ask for her
And to her white hand see thou do commend[126] ***Gives a letter and money***
This sealed-up counsel.[127] There’s thy guerdon: go.

COSTARD Gardon,[128] O sweet gardon! Better than remuneration, a’leven-pence-farthing better.[129] Most sweet gardon! I will do it, sir, in print. Gardon! Remuneration!

Exit

BEROWNE O and I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love’s whip,
A very beadle[132] to a humorous sigh,
A critic, nay, a night-watch constable,
A domineering pedant[134] o’er the boy,
Than[135] whom no mortal so magnificent!
This wimpled,[136] whining, purblind, wayward boy,
This Signior Junior, giant-dwarf, Don Cupid,
Regent[138] of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
Th’anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
Dread[141] prince of plackets, king of codpieces,
Sole imperator[142] and great general
Of trotting paritors[143] — O my little heart! —
And I to be a corporal[144] of his field
And wear his colours[145] like a tumbler’s hoop.
What? I love, I sue,[146] I seek a wife?
A woman that is like a German clock,[147]
Still a-repairing,[148] ever out of frame,
And never going aright,[149] being a watch,
But being[150] watched that it may still go right!
Nay, to be perjured, which is worst of all,
And, among three, to love the worst of all;
A whitely[153] wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch-balls[154] stuck in her face for eyes.
Ay, and by heaven, one that will do the deed[155]

Though[156] Argus were her eunuch and her guard.
And I to sigh for her, to watch[157] for her,
To pray for her! Go to,[158] it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect[159]
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue and groan.
Some men must love my[162] lady, and some Joan.

[Exit]

Act 4 [Scene 1]

running scene 4

Enter the Princess, a Forester [with a bow], her Ladies [Rosaline, Maria and Katherine] and her Lords [Boyet and others]

PRINCESS Was that the king that spurred his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?

BOYET I know not, but I think it was not he.

PRINCESS Whoe'er a was, a[4] showed a mounting mind.
Well, lords, today we shall have our dispatch:[5]
On Saturday we will return to France.
Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush
That we must stand and play the murderer in?

FORESTER Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice,[9]
A stand[10] where you may make the fairest shoot.

PRINCESS I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest[12] shoot.

FORESTER Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

PRINCESS What, what? First praise me and again[14] say no?
O short-lived pride! Not fair? Alack for woe!

FORESTER Yes, madam, fair.

PRINCESS Nay, never paint[17] me now.
Where fair[18] is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass,[19] take this for telling true: ***Gives money***
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

FORESTER Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.[21]

PRINCESS See see, my beauty will be saved by merit.[22]
O heresy in fair,[23] fit for these days!
A giving[24] hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.
But come, the bow. Now mercy[25] goes to kill, ***Takes a bow***
And shooting well is then[26] accounted ill.
Thus will I save my credit[27] in the shoot:
Not[28] wounding, pity would not let me do't.
If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.

And out of[31] question so it is sometimes,
Glory[32] grows guilty of detested crimes,
When for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,[33]
We bend to that the working of the heart.
As[35] I for praise alone now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood that my[36] heart means no ill.

BOYET Do not curst[37] wives hold that self-sovereignty
Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords?

PRINCESS Only for praise, and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord.

Enter Clown [Costard, with a letter]

BOYET Here comes a member[42] of the commonwealth.

COSTARD God dig-you-den[43] all! Pray you which is the head lady?

PRINCESS Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.[44]

COSTARD Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

PRINCESS The thickest[46] and the tallest.

COSTARD The thickest and the tallest. It is so, truth is truth.
An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
One o'these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.
Are not you the chief woman? You are the thickest here.

PRINCESS What's your will, sir? What's your will?

COSTARD I have a letter from Monsieur Berowne to one Lady Rosaline.

PRINCESS O, thy letter, thy letter! He's a good friend of mine.— ***To Rosaline***
Stand aside, good bearer.— Boyet, you can carve:[54] ***Takes the letter and gives it to Boyet***
Break up[55] this capon.

BOYET I am bound to serve.
This letter is mistook:[57] it importeth none here.
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

PRINCESS We will read it, I swear.
Break the neck[60] of the wax, and everyone give ear.

BOYET (*Reads*) 'By heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible:[61] true that thou art beauteous, truth itself that thou art lovely. More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have commiseration[63] on thy heroical vassal. The magnanimous and most illustrate[64] King Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate[65] beggar Zenelophon, and he it was that might rightly say, *Veni, vidi, vici,* which to annothanize[66] in the vulgar, — O base and obscure vulgar! — *videlicet,*[67] he came, see and overcame. He came, one; see, two; overcame, three. Who came? The king. Why did he come? To see. Why did he see? To overcome. To whom came he? To the beggar. What saw he? The beggar. Who overcame he? The beggar. The conclusion is victory. On whose side? The king. The captive is enriched. On whose side? The beggar's. The catastrophe[71] is a nuptial. On whose side? The king's. No, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king, for so stands the comparison: thou the beggar, for so witnesseth thy lowliness.[73] Shall I command thy love? I may. Shall I enforce thy love? I could. Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? Robes. For tittles?[75] Titles. For thyself? Me. Thus expecting[76] thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture,[77] and my heart on thy every part. Thine, in the dearest design of industry, Don Adriano de Armado.

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion[79] roar
Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey.
Submissive fall[81] his princely feet before,
And he from forage[82] will incline to play.
But if thou strive,[83] poor soul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture[84] for his den.'

PRINCESS What plume of feathers[85] is he that indited this letter?
What vane?[86] What weathercock? Did you ever hear better?

BOYET I am much deceived but I[87] remember the style.

PRINCESS Else[88] your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.

BOYET This Armado is a Spaniard that keeps[89] here in court,
A phantasime,[90] a Monarcho, and one that makes sport
To[91] the prince and his book-mates.

PRINCESS Thou fellow, a word. ***To Costard***
Who gave thee this letter?

COSTARD I told you: my lord.

PRINCESS To whom shouldst thou give it?

COSTARD From my lord to my lady.
PRINCESS From which lord to which lady?
COSTARD From my lord Berowne, a good master of mine,
To a lady of France that he called Rosaline.
PRINCESS Thou hast mistaken[100] his letter.— Come, lords, away.—
Here, sweet, put up[101] this: ’twill be thine another day. ***To Rosaline***
Exeunt [all but Boyet, Rosaline, Maria and Costard]
BOYET Who is the shooter?[102] Who is the shooter?
ROSALINE Shall I teach you to know?
BOYET Ay, my continent[104] of beauty.
ROSALINE Why, she that bears the bow.
Finely put off![106]
BOYET My lady goes to kill horns,[107] but if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns[108] that year miscarry.
Finely put on![109]
ROSALINE Well, then, I am the shooter.
BOYET And who is your deer?[111]
ROSALINE If[112] we choose by the horns, yourself come not near.
Finely put on indeed!
MARIA You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes[114] at the brow.
BOYET But she herself is hit lower:[115] have I hit her now?
ROSALINE Shall I come[116] upon thee with an old saying that was a man when King Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?[117]

BOYET So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when Queen Guinevere[118] of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

ROSALINE Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canst not hit it, my good man.
BOYET I cannot, cannot, cannot,
An[123] I cannot, another can.
Exeunt [Rosaline and Katherine]
COSTARD By my troth, most pleasant: how both did fit it![124]
MARIA A mark[125] marvellous well shot, for they both did hit it.
BOYET A mark! O, mark but[126] that mark! A mark, says my lady.

Let the mark[127] have a prick in’t, to mete at, if it may be.
MARIA Wide o’th’bow hand![128] I’faith your hand is out.
COSTARD Indeed, a must shoot[129] nearer, or he’ll ne’er hit the clout.
BOYET An if my hand be out,[130] then belike your hand is in.
COSTARD Then will she get the upshoot[131] by cleaving the pin.
MARIA Come, come, you talk greasily, your lips grow foul.
COSTARD She’s too hard[133] for you at pricks, sir. Challenge her to bowl.
BOYET I fear too much rubbing.[134] Good night, my good owl.
[Exeunt Boyet and Maria]
COSTARD By my soul, a swain, a most simple clown![135]
Lord, Lord, how the ladies and I have put him down!
O my troth, most sweet jests, most incony[137] vulgar wit,
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely,[138] as it were, so fit.
Armado o’th’t’other side — O, a most dainty[139] man!
To see him walk before a lady and to bear her fan!
To see him kiss his hand, and how most sweetly a will swear!
And his page o’t’other side, that handful of wit!
Ah, heavens, it is most pathetical nit![143] ***Shout within***
Sola,[144] sola!
Exit [Costard, running]

[Act 4 Scene 2][4.2]

running scene 4 continues

Enter Dull, Holofernes the pedant, and Nathaniel

NATHANIEL Very reverend[1] sport, truly, and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

HOLOFERNES The deer was, as you know, *sanguis*,[3] in blood, ripe as a pomewater, who now[4] hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *caelo*, the sky, the welkin, the heaven, and anon[5] falleth like a crab on the face of *terra*, the soil, the land, the earth.

NATHANIEL Truly, Master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least:[6] but, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck[7] of the first head.

HOLOFERNES Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*.[8]

DULL ’Twas not a ‘auld grey doe’, ’twas a pricket.[9]

HOLOFERNES Most barbarous intimation![10] Yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way, of explication,[11] *facere*, as it were, replication, or rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination, after[12] his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained,[13] or rather, unlettered, or ratherest unconfirmed fashion, to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

DULL I said the deer was not a *haud credo*, ’twas a pricket.

HOLOFERNES Twice-sod[16] simplicity, *bis coctus*! O thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

NATHANIEL Sir, he hath never fed of[18] the dainties that are bred in a book. He hath not eat[19] paper, as it were. He hath not drunk ink. His intellect is not replenished, he is only an animal, only sensible[20] in the duller parts.

And such barren plants are set before us that we thankful should be,
Which[22] we of taste and feeling are, for those parts that do
fructify[23] in us more than he.
For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,
So[25] were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school.
But *omne bene*,[26] say I, being of an old father’s mind,

Many[27] can brook the weather that love not the wind.

DULL You two are bookmen: can you tell by your wit
What was a month old at Cain's birth[29] that's not five weeks old as yet?

HOLOFERNES *Dictynna,*[30] goodman Dull. *Dictynna*, goodman Dull.

DULL What is *dictima?*

NATHANIEL A title to Phoebe, to Luna,[32] to the moon.

HOLOFERNES The moon was a month old when Adam was no more,[33]
And raught[34] not to five weeks when he came to fivescore.
Th'allusion[35] holds in the exchange.

DULL 'Tis true indeed: the collusion[36] holds in the exchange.

HOLOFERNES God comfort[37] thy capacity! I say, th'allusion holds in the exchange.

DULL And I say, the pollution[38] holds in the exchange, for the moon is never but a month old: and I say beside that, 'twas a pricket that the princess killed.

HOLOFERNES Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal[40] epitaph on the death of the deer? And, to humour the ignorant, called I the deer the princess killed a pricket.

NATHANIEL *Perge,*[42] good Master Holofernes, *perge,* so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

HOLOFERNES I will something[44] affect the letter, for it argues facility.
The preyful[45] princess pierced and pricked a pretty pleasing pricket,
Some say[46] a sore, but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.
The dogs did yell, put 'L'[47] to sore, then sorrel jumps from thicket.
Or[48] pricket sore, or else sorrel, the people fall a-hooting.
If sore be sore,[49] then L to sore makes fifty sores o'sorrel.
Of[50] one sore I an hundred make by adding but one more 'L'.

NATHANIEL A rare talent.

DULL If a talent[52] be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Aside

HOLOFERNES[53] This is a gift that I have, simple, simple: a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms,[54] figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions. These are begot[55] in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of pia mater, and delivered upon[56] the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

NATHANIEL Sir, I praise the Lord for you; and so may my parishioners, for their sons are well tutored by you, and their daughters profit[59] very greatly under you. You are a good member of the commonwealth.

HOLOFERNES *Mehercle,*[61] if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction. If their daughters be capable,[62] I will put it to them. But *vir sapit qui pauca loquitur*. A soul feminine[63] saluteth us.

Enter Jaquenetta and the Clown [Costard]

JAQUENETTA God give you good morrow, Master Person.[64]

NATHANIEL Master Person, *quasi*[65] pierce-one? And if one should be pierced, which is the one?

COSTARD Marry, Master Schoolmaster, he that is likest[67] to a hogshead.

HOLOFERNES Of[68] piercing a hogshead! A good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth, fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: ’tis pretty, it is well.

JAQUENETTA Good Master Parson, be so good as read me this letter. ***Gives letter to Holofernes*** It was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armado. I beseech you read it.

HOLOFERNES *Fauste,*[72] *precor gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra ruminat,* — and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan, I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice: *Venetia,*[74] *Venetia, Chi non ti vede non ti pretia*. Old Mantuan, old Mantuan! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not? Ut,[77] re, sol, la, mi, fa. ***Sings*** Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? Or rather, as Horace says in his— What, my soul, verses?

NATHANIEL Ay, sir, and very learned.

HOLOFERNES Let me hear a staff,[80] a stanza, a verse. *Lege, domine*.

NATHANIEL ‘If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love? ***Reads***
Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed.
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I’ll faithful prove.
Those thoughts to me were oaks,[84] to thee like osiers bowed.

Study[85] his bias leaves and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live that art[86] would comprehend.
If knowledge be the mark,[87] to know thee shall suffice:
Well learnèd is that tongue that well can thee commend,
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder,
Which is[90] to me some praise that I thy parts admire.
Thy eye Jove's[91] lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which not to anger bent,[92] is music and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, O, pardon, love, this wrong,
That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.'

HOLOFERNES You find not the apostrophus,[95] and so miss the accent. ***Takes the letter*** Let me supervise the canzonet.[96] Here are only numbers ratified, but for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret*[97]. Ovidius Naso was the man: and why indeed 'Naso', but for smelling out the odoriferous[98] flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari*[99] is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse his rider. But, damosella[100] virgin, was this directed to you?

JAQUENETTA Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Berowne, one of the strange[101] queen's lords.

HOLOFERNES I will overglance[102] the superscript: 'To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline.' I will look again on the intellect[103] of the letter, for the nomination[104] of the party writing to the person written unto: 'Your ladyship's in all desired employment,[105] Berowne.'

NATHANIEL Sir Holofernes, this Berowne is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed[107] a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which accidentally, or by the way[108] of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and go, my sweet, deliver this paper into the hand of the king: it may concern[109] much. Stay not thy compliment: I forgive[110] thy duty, adieu.

JAQUENETTA Good Costard, go with me. Sir, God save your life.

COSTARD Have[112] with thee, my girl.

Exit [Costard with Jaquenetta]

NATHANIEL Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously: and as a certain father[114] saith—

HOLOFERNES Sir tell me not of the father, I do fear colourable[115] colours. But to return to the verses: did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?

NATHANIEL Marvellous well for the pen.[117]

HOLOFERNES I do dine today at the father's of a certain pupil of mine, where if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake[120] your *ben venuto*, where I will prove those verses to be very unlearnèd, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention. I beseech your society.[122]

NATHANIEL And thank you too, for society, saith the text,[123] is the happiness of life.

HOLOFERNES And, certes,[124] the text most infallibly concludes it.— ***To Dull*** Sir, I do invite you too: you shall not say me nay. *Pauca verba*.[125] — Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 3]

running scene 4 continues

Enter Berowne, with a paper in his hand, alone

BEROWNE The king, he is hunting the deer: I am coursing[1] myself. They have pitched a toil: I am toiling[2] in a pitch, pitch that defiles. Defile, a foul word. Well, set thee down, sorrow, for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I[3] the fool. Well proved, wit! By the lord, this love is as mad[4] as Ajax: it kills sheep, it kills me — I a sheep. Well proved again o'my side. I will not love; if I do, hang me. I'faith, I will not. O, but her eye, — by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her — yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie,[7] and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love, and it hath taught me to rhyme and to be melancholy. And here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o'my sonnets already. The clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it. Sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in.[12] Here comes one with a paper. God give him grace to groan!

He stands aside. The King entereth [with a paper]

KING Ay me!

BEROWNE Shot, by heaven! ***Speaks aside through the rest of the scene*** Proceed, sweet Cupid, thou hast thumped him with thy bird-bolt[15] under the left pap. In faith, secrets!

KING 'So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not ***Reads***
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams,[18] when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dew[19] that on my cheeks down flows.
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,[21]
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light.
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep,
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee:
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,

And they thy glory through my grief will show.
But do not love thyself: then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses,[29] and still make me weep.
O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel,
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.'
How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper.
Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?

Enter Longaville [with a paper] The King steps aside

What, Longaville, and reading? Listen, ear.

BEROWNE Now, in thy[35] likeness, one more fool appear!

LONGAVILLE Ay me, I am forsworn!

BEROWNE Why, he comes in like a perjure,[37] wearing papers.

KING In love, I hope. Sweet fellowship in shame! ***Speaks aside through the rest of the scene***

BEROWNE One drunkard loves another[39] of the name.

LONGAVILLE Am I the first that have been perjured so?

BEROWNE I could put thee in comfort: not by two that I know.
Thou makest the triumviry,[42] the corner-cap of society,
The shape of Love's Tyburn[43] that hangs up simplicity.

LONGAVILLE I fear these stubborn[44] lines lack power to move.
O sweet Maria, empress of my love, ***Reads***
These numbers[46] will I tear and write in prose. ***Tears paper***

BEROWNE O, rhymes are guards[47] on wanton Cupid's hose:
Disfigure not his shop.[48]

LONGAVILLE This same shall go.
'Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,

He reads the sonnet

Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore, but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee.
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love:
Thy grace[57] being gained cures all disgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,

Exhal’st[60] this vapour-vow, in thee it is.
If broken then, it is no fault of mine:
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To[63] lose an oath to win a paradise?’
BEROWNE This is the liver[64] vein, which makes flesh a deity,
A green[65] goose a goddess. Pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend! We are much out[66] o’th’way.
LONGAVILLE By whom shall I send this? Company? Stay.
Enter Dumaine [with a paper] ***Longaville steps aside***
BEROWNE All hid, all hid: an old infant[68] play.
Like a demigod here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools’ secrets heedfully o’er-eye.[70]
More sacks[71] to the mill. O heavens, I have my wish!
Dumaine transformed! Four woodcocks[72] in a dish!
DUMAINE O most divine Kate!
BEROWNE O most profane coxcomb![74]
DUMAINE By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!
BEROWNE By earth, she is not, corporal:[76] there you lie.
DUMAINE Her amber hairs for[77] foul hath amber quoted.
BEROWNE An[78] amber-coloured raven was well noted.
DUMAINE As upright as the cedar.
BEROWNE Stoop,[80] I say.
Her shoulder is with child.[81]
DUMAINE As fair as day.
BEROWNE Ay, as some days, but then no sun must shine.
DUMAINE O that I had my wish!
LONGAVILLE And I had mine! ***Aside***
KING And I mine too, good lord! ***Aside***
BEROWNE Amen, so I had mine! Is not that a good word?[87]
DUMAINE I would forget her, but a[88] fever she
Reigns in my blood and will remembered be.
BEROWNE A fever in your blood? Why then incision[90]
Would let her out in saucers.[91] Sweet misprision!
DUMAINE Once more I’ll read the ode that I have writ.
BEROWNE Once more I’ll mark how love can vary wit.[93]
DUMAINE ‘On a day — alack the day! —

Reads his sonnet

Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom passing[96] fair
Playing in the wanton[97] air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, can passage find.
That[100] the lover, sick to death,
Wish himself the heaven’s breath.
“Air”, quoth he, “thy cheeks may blow,
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alack, my hand is sworn
Ne’er to pluck thee from thy thorn.
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,[106]
Youth so apt to pluck[107] a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee:
Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno[111] but an Ethiope were,
And deny himself for[112] Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.” ’
This will I send, and something else more plain,
That shall express my true love’s fasting pain.
O, would the king, Berowne, and Longaville
Were lovers too! Ill, to example[117] ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjured[118] note,
For none offend where all alike do dote.[119]

LONGAVILLE Dumaine, thy love is far from charity,[120] ***Comes forward***
That[121] in love’s grief desirest society.
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o’erheard and taken napping[123] so.

KING Come, sir, you blush: as his your case is such,[124] ***Comes forward***
You chide at him, offending twice as much.
You do not love Maria? Longaville
Did never sonnet for her sake compile,
Nor never lay his wreathèd[128] arms athwart
His loving bosom to keep down his heart?

I have been closely[130] shrouded in this bush
And marked you both and for you both did blush.
I heard your guilty rhymes, observed your fashion,[132]
Saw sighs reek[133] from you, noted well your passion.
‘Ay me’, says one, ‘O Jove!’ the other cries,
One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other’s eyes:
You would for paradise break faith and troth,[136] ***To Longaville***
And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath. ***To Dumaine***
What will Berowne say when that he shall hear
Faith infringèd which such zeal did swear?
How will he scorn? How will he spend[140] his wit?
How will he triumph, leap and laugh at it!
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by[143] me.
BEROWNE Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy. ***Comes forward***
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee pardon me.
Good heart, what grace[146] hast thou, thus to reprove
These worms[147] for loving, that art most in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches.[148] In your tears
There is no certain princess that appears.
You’ll not be perjured, ’tis a hateful thing,
Tush, none but minstrels[151] like of sonneting.
But are you not ashamed? Nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o’ershot?[153]
You found his mote,[154] the king your mote did see, ***To Longaville***
But I a beam[155] do find in each of three.
O, what a scene of fool’ry have I seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow and of teen![157]
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a king transformèd to a gnat![159]
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,[160]
And profound[161] Solomon tuning a jig,
And Nestor[162] play at push-pin with the boys,
And critic Timon[163] laugh at idle toys.
Where lies thy grief? O, tell me, good Dumaine;
And gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?

And where my liege's? All about the breast?
A caudle,[167] ho!
KING Too bitter is thy jest.
Are we betrayed thus to thy over-view?[169]
BEROWNE Not you to me, but I betrayed by you:
I, that am honest,[171] I, that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engagèd in,
I am betrayed by keeping company
With men like you, men of inconstancy.
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
Or groan for Joan? Or spend a minute's time
In pruning me?[177] When shall you hear that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a state,[179] a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb— ***Starts to leave***
KING Soft![181] Whither away so fast?
A true[182] man or a thief that gallops so?
BEROWNE I post[183] from love. Good lover, let me go.
Enter Jaquenetta [with a letter] and Clown [Costard]
JAQUENETTA God bless the king!
KING What present[185] hast thou there?
COSTARD Some certain treason.
KING What makes treason[187] here?
COSTARD Nay, it makes nothing, sir.
KING If it mar[189] nothing neither,
The treason and you go in peace away together.
JAQUENETTA I beseech your grace, let this letter be read. ***Gives letter to the King***
Our person[192] misdoubts it: 'twas treason, he said.
KING Berowne, read it over— ***Gives the letter to Berowne***
Where hadst thou it? ***To Jaquenetta***
JAQUENETTA Of Costard.
[Berowne] reads the letter
KING Where hadst thou it?
COSTARD Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio. ***Berowne tears the letter***
KING How now? What is in you? Why dost thou tear it?
BEROWNE A toy,[199] my liege, a toy. Your grace needs not fear it.

LONGAVILLE It did move him to passion,[200] and therefore let’s hear it.
DUMAINE It is Berowne’s writing and here is his name. ***Gathers the pieces and reads them***
BEROWNE Ah, you whoreson[202] loggerhead! You were born to do me shame.—
Guilty, my lord, guilty. I confess, I confess. ***To Costard***
KING What?
BEROWNE That you three fools lacked me fool to make up the mess:[205]
He, he, and you — and you, my liege — and I,
Are pick-purses[207] in love, and we deserve to die.
O, dismiss this audience and I shall tell you more.
DUMAINE Now the number is even.
BEROWNE True, true: we are four.
Will these turtles[211] be gone?
KING Hence, sirs,[212] away! ***To Costard and Jaquenetta***
COSTARD Walk[213] aside the true folk and let the traitors stay.
[Exeunt Costard and Jaquenetta]
BEROWNE Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O, let us embrace!
As true we are as flesh and blood can be,
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face:
Young blood doth not obey an old decree.
We cannot cross[218] the cause why we are born:
Therefore of all hands[219] must we be forsworn.
KING What, did these rent[220] lines show some love of thine?
BEROWNE ‘Did they’, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,
That, like a rude[222] and savage man of Ind,
At the first opening[223] of the gorgeous east,
Bows not his vassal[224] head, and strucken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What peremptory[226] eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow
That is not blinded by her majesty?
KING What zeal, what fury[229] hath inspired thee now?
My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon,
She,[231] an attending star, scarce seen a light.
BEROWNE My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Berowne.

O, but[233] for my love, day would turn to night!
Of all complexions the culled sovereignty[234]
Do meet as at a fair in her fair cheek,
Where several worthies[236] make one dignity,
Where nothing wants[237] that want itself doth seek.
Lend me the flourish of all gentle[238] tongues —
Fie,[239] painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not,
To things of[240] sale a seller’s praise belongs:
She passes[241] praise, then praise too short doth blot.
A withered hermit, fivescore winters worn,[242]
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye.
Beauty doth varnish[244] age as if new-born,
And gives the crutch[245] the cradle’s infancy.
O, ’tis the sun that maketh all things shine.

KING By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.[247]

BEROWNE Is ebony like her? O word divine!
A wife of such wood were felicity.[249]
O, who can give an oath? Where is a book?[250]
That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack
If[252] that she learn not of her eye to look.
No face is fair[253] that is not full so black.

KING O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,
The hue[255] of dungeons and the school of night,
And beauty’s crest[256] becomes the heavens well.

BEROWNE Devils soonest tempt, resembling[257] spirits of light.
O, if in black my lady’s brows be decked,
It[259] mourns that painting and usurping hair
Should ravish doters[260] with a false aspect,
And therefore is she born to make black fair.
Her favour[262] turns the fashion of the days,
For native blood[263] is counted painting now,
And therefore red[264] that would avoid dispraise
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

DUMAINE To look like her are chimney-sweepers black.

LONGAVILLE And since her time are colliers[267] counted bright.

KING And Ethiops of their sweet complexion crack.[268]

DUMAINE Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.
BEROWNE Your mistresses dare never come in[270] rain,
For fear their colours[271] should be washed away.
KING ’Twere good, yours did, for, sir, to tell you plain,
I’ll find a fairer face not washed today.
BEROWNE I’ll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.
KING No devil will fright thee then[275] so much as she.
DUMAINE I never knew man hold vile[276] stuff so dear.
LONGAVILLE Look, here’s[277] thy love: my foot and her face see. ***Shows his shoe***
BEROWNE O, if the streets were pavèd with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty[279] for such tread.
DUMAINE O, vile! Then, as she goes,[280] what upward lies
The street should see as she walked overhead.
KING But what of this? Are we not all in love?
BEROWNE O, nothing so sure, and thereby all forsworn.
KING Then leave this chat, and good Berowne, now prove[284]
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.
DUMAINE Ay, marry, there,[286] some flattery for this evil.
LONGAVILLE O, some authority how to proceed.
Some tricks, some quillets,[288] how to cheat the devil.
DUMAINE Some salve[289] for perjury.
BEROWNE O, ’tis more than need.[290]
Have at you[291] then, affection’s men at arms.
Consider what you first did swear unto:
To fast, to study, and to see no woman —
Flat treason against the kingly state[294] of youth.
Say, can you fast? Your stomachs are too young,
And abstinence engenders maladies.
// And where[297] that you have vowed to study, lords, //
// In that each of you have forsworn his book. //
// Can you still dream and pore and thereon look? //
// For when would you, my lord, or you, or you, //
// Have found the ground of study’s excellence //
// Without the beauty of a woman’s face? //
// From women’s eyes this doctrine I derive: //
// They are the ground, the books, the academes //

// From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.[305] //
// Why, universal plodding poisons up //
// The nimble spirits in the arteries, //
// As motion and long-during action tires //
// The sinewy vigour of the traveller. //
// Now, for not looking on a woman’s face, //
// You have in that forsworn the use of eyes //
// And study too, the causer of your vow, //
// For where is any author in the world //
// Teaches such beauty as a woman’s eye? //
// Learning is but an adjunct to ourself //
// And where we are our learning likewise is. //
// Then when ourselves we see in ladies’ eyes, //
// With ourselves, //
// Do we not likewise see our learning there? //
O, we have made a vow to study, lords,
And in that vow we have forsworn our books,
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation have found out
Such fiery numbers[324] as the prompting eyes
Of beauty’s tutors have enriched you with?
Other slow arts[326] entirely keep the brain,
And therefore, finding barren[327] practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil.
But love, first learnèd in a lady’s eyes,
Lives not alone immurèd[330] in the brain
But with the motion of all elements
Courses[332] as swift as thought in every power
And gives to every power a double power,
Above[334] their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye:
A lover’s eyes will gaze an eagle blind.
A lover’s ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the[338] suspicious head of theft is stopped.
Love’s feeling is more soft and sensible[339]
Than are the tender horns of cockled[340] snails.

Love’s tongue proves dainty Bacchus[341] gross in taste.
For[342] valour, is not Love a Hercules,
Still climbing[343] trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle[344] as Sphinx, as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo’s[345] lute, strung with his hair.
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst[348] poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink were tempered[349] with love’s sighs.
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women’s eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still[353] the right Promethean fire,
They are the books, the arts, the academes,[354]
That show, contain and nourish all the world,
Else[356] none at all in aught proves excellent.
Then fools you were these women to forswear,
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
For wisdom’s sake, a word that all men love,
Or, for love’s sake, a word that loves[360] all men,
Or, for men’s sake, the authors[361] of these women,
Or, women’s sake, by whom[362] we men are men,
Let’s once[363] lose our oaths to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.
It is religion[365] to be thus forsworn,
For charity[366] itself fulfils the law,
And who can sever love from charity?

KING Saint Cupid, then! And, soldiers, to the field!

BEROWNE Advance your standards,[369] and upon them, lords.
Pell-mell,[370] down with them! But be first advised
In conflict that you get[371] the sun of them.

LONGAVILLE Now to plain dealing:[372] lay these glozes by.
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

KING And win them too: therefore let us devise
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

BEROWNE First, from the park let us conduct them thither.

Then homeward every man attach[377] the hand
Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon
We will with some strange[379] pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape,
For revels, dances, masks and merry hours
Forerun[382] fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.
KING Away, away! No time shall be omitted
That will betime,[384] and may by us be fitted.
BEROWNE *Allons!*[385] *Allons*! Sowed cockle reaped no corn,
And justice always whirls[386] in equal measure:
Light[387] wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn,
If so, our copper[388] buys no better treasure.
Exeunt

Act 5 [Scene 1]

running scene 5

Enter [Holofernes] the Pedant, [Nathaniel the] Curate and Dull [the Constable]

HOLOFERNES *Satis quod sufficit*[1].

NATHANIEL I praise God for you, sir. Your reasons[2] at dinner have been sharp and sententious,[3] pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection, audacious without impudency, learnèd without opinion,[4] and strange without heresy. I did converse this *quondam*[5] day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated,[6] or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

HOLOFERNES *Novi*[7] *hominem tanquam te:* his humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed,[8] his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical.[9] He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate,[10] as I may call it.

NATHANIEL A most singular and choice epithet.

Draws out his table-book[11]

HOLOFERNES He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple[12] of his argument.[13] I abhor such fanatical phantasimes, such insociable and point-device companions, such rackers of orthography,[14] as to speak 'dout', fine, when he should say 'doubt', 'det', when he should pronounce 'debt': d, e, b, t, not d, e, t. He clepeth[16] a calf 'cauf', half 'hauf', neighbour *vocatur* 'nebour', neigh abbreviated 'ne'. This is abhominable,[17] which he would call 'abominable'. It insinuateth me of insanie.[18] Ne *intelligis, domine?* To make frantic, lunatic.

NATHANIEL *Laus*[19] *Deo, bone intelligo*.

HOLOFERNES *Bone? 'Bone'* for '*bene*', Priscian[20] a little scratched, 'twill serve.

Enter [Armado the] Braggart, [Moth, his] Boy [and Costard]

NATHANIEL *Videsne quis venit?*[21]

HOLOFERNES *Video et gaudeo*[22].

ARMADO Chirrah![23]

HOLOFERNES *Quare*[24] 'chirrah', not 'sirrah'?

ARMADO Men of peace, well encountered.

HOLOFERNES Most military sir, salutation.

MOTH They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps. ***Aside to Costard***

COSTARD O, they have lived long on the alms-basket[28] of words. ***To Moth*** I marvel thy master hath not eaten[29] thee for a word, for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*[30]. Thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.

MOTH Peace! The peal[31] begins.

ARMADO Monsieur, are you not lettered?[32] ***To Holofernes***

MOTH Yes, yes: he teaches boys the hornbook.[33] What is a b spelled backward with the horn on his head?

HOLOFERNES Ba, *pueritia*,[35] with a horn added.

MOTH Ba,[36] most silly sheep with a horn. You hear his learning.

HOLOFERNES *Quis*,[37] *quis*, thou consonant?

MOTH The last of the five vowels, if you repeat them, or the fifth, if I.

HOLOFERNES I[39] will repeat them: a, e, i—

MOTH The sheep. The other two concludes[40] it: o, u.

ARMADO Now, by the salt wave of the *Mediterraneum*,[41] a sweet touch, a quick venue of wit! Snip,[42] snap, quick and home! It rejoiceth my intellect: true wit!

MOTH Offered by a child to an old man — which is wit-old.[43]

HOLOFERNES What is the figure?[44] What is the figure?

MOTH Horns.[45]

HOLOFERNES Thou disputes[46] like an infant. Go, whip thy gig.

MOTH Lend me your horn to make one and I will whip about your infamy *manu cita*[47]. A gig of a cuckold's horn.

COSTARD An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread. Hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou halfpenny[51] purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased that thou wert[52] but my bastard, what a joyful father wouldst thou make me! Go to, thou hast it *ad dunghill*,[53] at the fingers' ends, as they say.

HOLOFERNES O, I smell false Latin: 'dunghill' for *unguem*.

ARMADO Arts-man,[55] preambulate. We will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house[56] on the top of the mountain?

HOLOFERNES Or *mons,*[57] the hill.

ARMADO At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

HOLOFERNES I do, *sans*[59] question.

ARMADO Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection[60] to congratulate the princess at her pavilion in the posteriors[61] of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

HOLOFERNES The posterior of the day, most generous[63] sir, is liable, congruent and measurable[64] for the afternoon. The word is well culled, choice, sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

ARMADO Sir, the king is a noble gentleman, and my familiar,[66] I do assure ye, very good friend. For what is inward[67] between us, let it pass. I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy:[68] I beseech thee, apparel thy head. And among other important and most serious designs,[69] and of great import indeed too — but let that pass, for I must tell thee it will please his grace, by the world,[70] sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder and with his royal finger thus dally with my excrement,[71] with my mustachio. But, sweet heart,[72] let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable: some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world — but let that pass. The very all of all[75] is — but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy — that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck,[76] with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antic,[77] or firework. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal,[79] to the end to crave your assistance.

HOLOFERNES Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies.[80] Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment[81] of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistants, at the king's command and this most gallant, illustrate[83] and learned gentleman, before the princess, I say none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies.

NATHANIEL Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

HOLOFERNES Joshua, yourself. ***Indicates Don Armado*** Myself, Judas Maccabaeus, and this gallant gentleman, Hector. This swain,[87] because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the Great. The page, Hercules.

ARMADO Pardon, sir, error: he is not quantity enough for that Worthy's thumb. He is not so big as the end of his club.[90]

HOLOFERNES Shall I have audience?[91] He shall present Hercules in minority: his enter and exit shall be strangling a snake,[92] and I will have an apology for that purpose.

MOTH An excellent device![93] So, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry 'Well done, Hercules! Now thou crushest the snake!' That is the way to make an offence gracious, though few have the grace to do it.

ARMADO For the rest of the Worthies?

HOLOFERNES I will play three myself.

MOTH Thrice-worthy gentleman.

ARMADO Shall I tell you a thing?

HOLOFERNES We attend.[100]

ARMADO We will have, if this fadge[101] not, an antic. I beseech you, follow.

HOLOFERNES *Via*,[102] goodman Dull! Thou hast spoken no word all this while.

DULL Nor understood none neither, sir.

HOLOFERNES *Allans!* We will employ thee.

DULL I'll make one[105] in a dance, or so, or I will play
On the tabor[106] to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.

HOLOFERNES Most Dull, honest Dull! To our sport, away!

Exeunt

[Act 5 Scene 2]

running scene 6

Enter Ladies [the Princess, Katherine, Rosaline and Maria]

PRINCESS Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings[2] come thus plentifully in.
A lady walled about with diamonds![3]
Look you what I have from the loving king. ***Shows a jewel***
ROSALINE Madame, came nothing else along with that?
PRINCESS Nothing but this? Yes, as much love in rhyme
As would be crammed up in a sheet of paper
Writ on both sides the leaf, margent[8] and all,
That he was fain[9] to seal on Cupid's name.
ROSALINE That was the way to make his godhead[10] wax,
For he hath been five[11] thousand years a boy.
KATHERINE Ay, and a shrewd[12] unhappy gallows too.
ROSALINE You'll ne'er be friends with him: a[13] killed your sister.
KATHERINE He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy,[14]
And so she died: had she been light,[15] like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might ha' been a grandam[17] ere she died.
And so may you, for a light heart lives long.
ROSALINE What's your dark[19] meaning, mouse, of this light word?
KATHERINE A light condition[20] in a beauty dark.
ROSALINE We need more light to find your meaning out.
KATHERINE You'll mar the light by taking[22] it in snuff:
Therefore I'll darkly[23] end the argument.
ROSALINE Look[24] what you do, you do it still i'th'dark.
KATHERINE So do not you, for you are a light wench.[25]
ROSALINE Indeed I weigh not[26] you, and therefore light.
KATHERINE You weigh[27] me not? O, that's you care not for me.
ROSALINE Great reason, for past[28] care is still past cure.
PRINCESS Well bandied[29] both. A set of wit well played.
But Rosaline, you have a favour[30] too.
Who sent it? And what is it?

ROSALINE I would[32] you knew.
An if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great. Be witness this: ***Shows a love token and a letter***
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Berowne.
The numbers true,[36] and, were the numbering too,
I were the fairest goddess on the ground.
I am compared to twenty thousand fairs.[38]
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!
PRINCESS Anything like?
ROSALINE Much in the letters,[41] nothing in the praise.
PRINCESS Beauteous as ink: a good conclusion.
KATHERINE Fair as a text B[43] in a copy-book.
ROSALINE ’Ware[44] pencils, how? Let me not die your debtor,
My red dominical,[45] my golden letter.
O, that your face were not so full of O’s![46]
PRINCESS A pox[47] of that jest and I beshrew all shrews.
But, Katherine, what was sent to you from fair Dumaine?
KATHERINE Madam, this glove. ***Shows a glove***
PRINCESS Did he not send you twain?[50]
KATHERINE Yes, madam, and moreover
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover,
A huge translation[53] of hypocrisy,
Vilely compiled, profound simplicity.[54]
MARIA This and these pearls to me sent Longaville. ***Shows a letter and a pearl necklace***
The letter is too long by half a mile.
PRINCESS I think no less. Dost thou not wish in heart
The chain were longer and the letter short?
MARIA Ay, or I would[59] these hands might never part.
PRINCESS We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.
ROSALINE They are worse fools to purchase[61] mocking so.
That same Berowne I’ll torture ere I go.
O that I knew he were but in by th’week![63]
How I would make him fawn and beg and seek
And wait the season[65] and observe the times
And spend his prodigal[66] wits in bootless rhymes

And shape his service wholly to my device
And make[68] him proud to make me proud that jests!
So pert aunt like[69] would I o’ersway his state
That he should be my fool and I his fate.[70]
PRINCESS None are so surely[71] caught, when they are catched,
As wit turned fool. Folly, in wisdom hatched,
Hath wisdom’s warrant[73] and the help of school
And wit’s own grace to grace a learnèd fool.
ROSALINE The blood of youth burns not with such excess
As gravity’s[76] revolt to wantonness.
MARIA Folly in fools bears not so strong a note[77]
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote,[78]
Since all[79] the power thereof it doth apply
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Enter Boyet

PRINCESS Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.
BOYET O, I am stabbed with laughter! Where’s her grace?
PRINCESS Thy news, Boyet?
BOYET Prepare, madam, prepare!
Arm,[85] wenches, arm! Encounters mounted are
Against your peace. Love doth approach disguised,
Armed in arguments: you’ll be surprised.[87]
Muster[88] your wits, stand in your own defence,
Or hide your heads like cowards and fly hence.
PRINCESS Saint Denis[90] to Saint Cupid! What are they
That charge[91] their breath against us? Say, scout, say.
BOYET Under the cool shade of a sycamore[92]
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour,
When, lo, to interrupt my purposed[94] rest,
Toward that shade I might behold addressed[95]
The king and his companions. Warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,[97]
And overheard what you shall overhear:[98]
That, by and by,[99] disguised they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conned[101] his embassage.

Action[102] and accent did they teach him there:
'Thus must thou speak', and 'thus thy body bear'.
And ever and anon[104] they made a doubt
Presence majestical[105] would put him out,
'For', quoth the king, 'an angel shalt thou see,
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.'
The boy replied, 'An angel is not evil:
I should have feared her had she been a devil.'
With that, all laughed and clapped him on the shoulder,
Making the bold wag[111] by their praises bolder.
One rubbed his elbow[112] thus, and fleered and swore
A better speech was never spoke before.
Another, with[114] his finger and his thumb
Cried, '*Via!*[115] We will do't, come what will come.'
The third he capered,[116] and cried, 'All goes well.'
The fourth turned[117] on the toe, and down he fell.
With that they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
That in this spleen ridiculous[120] appears,
To check[121] their folly, passion's solemn tears.
PRINCESS But what, but what, come they to visit us?
BOYET They do, they do, and are apparelled thus:
Like[124] Muscovites or Russians, as I guess.
Their purpose is to parley,[125] to court and dance,
And every one his love-feat[126] will advance
Unto his several[127] mistress, which they'll know
By favours several which they did bestow.
PRINCESS And will they so? The gallants[129] shall be tasked,
For, ladies, we will every one be masked,
And not a man of them shall have the grace,[131]
Despite of suit,[132] to see a lady's face.
Hold,[133] Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear,
And then the king will court thee for his dear.
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine,
So shall Berowne take me for Rosaline. ***The Princess and Rosaline exchange favors***

And change[137] your favours too, so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceived by these removes.[138] ***Katherine and Maria exchange favors***
ROSALINE Come on, then, wear the favours most in sight.[139]
KATHERINE But in this changing what is your intent?
PRINCESS The effect of my intent is to cross[141] theirs:
They do it but in mocking merriment,
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several counsels[144] they unbosom shall
To loves mistook,[145] and so be mocked withal
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages displayed[147] to talk and greet.
ROSALINE But shall we dance, if they desire us to’t?
PRINCESS No, to the death,[149] we will not move a foot,
Nor to their penned[150] speech render we no grace,
But while ’tis spoke each turn away her face.
BOYET Why, that contempt will kill[152] the speaker’s heart
And quite divorce his memory from his part.[153]
PRINCESS Therefore I do it, and I make no doubt
The rest will e’er come in, if he be out.[155]
There’s no such sport as sport by sport o’erthrown,
To make theirs ours[157] and ours none but our own.
So shall we stay, mocking intended[158] game,
And they, well mocked, depart away with shame.
[Trumpets] sound
BOYET The trumpet sounds: be masked. The maskers come. ***The Ladies mask***
Enter Blackamoors[160] *with music, the boy [Moth] with a speech, and the rest of the Lords*
[King, Berowne, Longaville and Dumaine] disguised [in Russian costumes and masks]
MOTH All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!
BEROWNE Beauties no richer than rich taffeta.[162] ***Aside?***
MOTH A holy parcel[163] of the fairest dames.
That ever turned their —
The Ladies turn their backs to him

backs — to mortal views.
BEROWNE Their eyes, villain, their *eyes!* ***Aside to Moth***
MOTH That ever turned their *eyes* to mortal views!Out[166]…
BOYET True. Out indeed.
MOTH Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe[168]
Not to behold—
BEROWNE *Once* to behold, rogue. ***Aside to Moth***
MOTH Once to behold with your sun-beamèd eyes…
With your sun-beamèd eyes…
BOYET They will not answer to that epithet.[173]
You were best call it ‘daughter-beamèd[174] eyes’.
MOTH They do not mark me and that brings me out.[175]
BEROWNE Is this your perfectness?[176] Be gone, you rogue!
[Exit Moth]
ROSALINE What[177] would these strangers? Know their minds, Boyet.
Pretends to be the Princess
If they do speak our language, ’tis our will
That some plain[179] man recount their purposes
Know what they would.
BOYET What would you with the princess?
BEROWNE Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.[182]
ROSALINE What would they, say they?
BOYET Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.
ROSALINE Why, that they have, and bid them so be gone.
BOYET She says, you have it, and you may be gone.
KING Say to her, we ‘have measured[187] many miles
To tread a measure[188] with you on the grass’.
BOYET They say that they have measured many a mile
To tread a measure with you on this grass.
ROSALINE It is not so. Ask them how many inches
Is in one mil. If they have measured many,
The measure[193] then of one is easily told.
BOYET If to come hither you have measured miles,
And many miles, the princess bids you tell
How many inches doth fill up one mile.
BEROWNE Tell her we measure them by weary steps.

BOYET She hears herself.
ROSALINE How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are numbered in the travel[201] of one mile?
BEROWNE We number[202] nothing that we spend for you.
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still[204] without account.
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.
ROSALINE My[207] face is but a moon, and clouded too.
KING Blessèd are clouds, to do[208] as such clouds do!
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars,[209] to shine,
Those clouds removed, upon our wat'ry eyne.[210]
ROSALINE O vain petitioner! Beg a greater matter:
Thou now requests but moonshine[212] in the water.
KING Then, in our measure vouchsafe but one change.[213]
Thou bid'st me beg: this begging is not strange.[214]
ROSALINE Play, music, then! Nay, you must do it soon. ***Music plays***
Not yet? No dance! Thus change I like the moon.
KING Will you not dance? How come you thus estranged?[217]
ROSALINE You took the moon at full, but now she's changed.
KING Yet still she[219] is the moon, and I the man.
ROSALINE The[220] music plays, vouchsafe some motion to it.
Our ears vouchsafe it.
KING But your legs should do it.
ROSALINE Since you are strangers and come here by chance,
We'll not be nice:[224] take hands. We will not dance. ***Offers her hand***
KING Why take you hands, then?
ROSALINE Only to part friends.
Curtsy, sweet hearts, and so the measure ends. ***Music stops***
KING More[228] measure of this measure. Be not nice.
ROSALINE We can afford no more at such a price.
KING Price[230] yourselves: what buys your company?
ROSALINE Your absence only.
KING That can never be.
ROSALINE Then cannot we be bought. And so, adieu.

Twice[234] to your visor and half once to you.
KING If you deny[235] to dance, let's hold more chat.
ROSALINE In private then.
KING I am best pleased with that. ***They talk apart***
BEROWNE White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee. ***To the Princess***
PRINCESS Honey and milk and sugar: there is three.[239] ***Pretends to be Rosaline***
BEROWNE Nay then, two treys,[240] and if you grow so nice,
Metheglin,[241] wort and malmsey. Well run, dice!
There's half-a-dozen sweets.[242]
PRINCESS Seventh sweet, adieu.
Since you can cog,[244] I'll play no more with you.
BEROWNE One word in secret.
PRINCESS Let it not be sweet.
BEROWNE Thou griev'st[247] my gall.
PRINCESS Gall! Bitter.
BEROWNE Therefore meet.[249] ***They talk apart***
DUMAINE Will you vouchsafe with me to change[250] a word? ***To Maria***
MARIA Name it. ***Pretends to be Katherine***
DUMAINE Fair lady—
MARIA Say you so? Fair lord.
Take you that for your 'fair lady'.
DUMAINE Please it you,[255]
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu. ***They talk apart***
KATHERINE What, was your vizard[257] made without a tongue? ***Pretends to be Maria***
LONGAVILLE I know the reason, lady, why you ask.
KATHERINE O for your reason! Quickly, sir, I long.
LONGAVILLE You have a double tongue[260] within your mask
And would afford[261] my speechless vizard half.
KATHERINE 'Veal',[262] quoth the Dutchman. Is not 'veal' a calf?
LONGAVILLE A calf, fair lady?
KATHERINE No, a fair lord calf.
LONGAVILLE Let's part[265] the word.
KATHERINE No, I'll not be your half.[266]
Take all, and wean[267] it, it may prove an ox.
LONGAVILLE Look, how you butt[268] yourself in these sharp mocks.

Will you give horns,[269] chaste lady? Do not so.
KATHERINE Then die a calf before your horns do grow.
LONGAVILLE One word in private with you ere I die.
KATHERINE Bleat softly then, the butcher hears you cry. ***They talk apart***
BOYET The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen[273]
As is the razor's edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen,
Above the sense of sense,[276] so sensible
Seemeth their conference.[277] Their conceits have wings
Fleeter[278] than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.
ROSALINE Not one word more, my maids: break off, break off.
BEROWNE By heaven, all dry-beaten[280] with pure scoff!
KING Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple wits.
Exeunt [King, Berowne, Longaville, Dumaine and Blackamoors]
PRINCESS Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovites. ***The ladies unmask***
Are these the breed of wits so wondered at?
BOYET Tapers[284] they are, with your sweet breaths puffed out.
ROSALINE Well-liking[285] wits they have: gross, gross, fat, fat.
PRINCESS O, poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout![286]
Will they not, think you, hang themselves tonight?
Or ever, but in vizards, show their faces?
This pert[289] Berowne was out of countenance quite.
ROSALINE They were all in lamentable cases.[290]
The king was weeping-ripe[291] for a good word.
PRINCESS Berowne did swear himself out[292] of all suit.
MARIA Dumaine was at my service, and his sword.
'No point', quoth I: my servant[294] straight was mute.
KATHERINE Lord Longaville said I came o'er[295] his heart:
And trow you[296] what he called me?
PRINCESS Qualm,[297] perhaps.
KATHERINE Yes, in good faith.
PRINCESS Go, sickness as thou art!
ROSALINE Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.[300]
But will you hear? The king is my love sworn.
PRINCESS And quick[302] Berowne hath plighted faith to me.
KATHERINE And Longaville was for my service born.

MARIA Dumaine is mine as sure as bark on tree.
BOYET Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:[305]
Immediately they will again be here
In[307] their own shapes, for it can never be
They will digest[308] this harsh indignity.
PRINCESS Will they return?
BOYET They will, they will, God knows,
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore change favours, and, when they repair,[312]
Blow[313] like sweet roses in this summer air.
PRINCESS How blow? How blow? Speak to be understood.
BOYET Fair ladies masked are roses in their bud:
Dismasked, their damask[316] sweet commixture shown,
Are angels vailing[317] clouds, or roses blown.
PRINCESS Avaunt,[318] perplexity! What shall we do
If they return in their own shapes to woo?
ROSALINE Good madam, if by me you'll be advised
Let's mock them still, as[321] well known as disguised.
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguised like Muscovites, in shapeless gear:[323]
And wonder what they were and to what end[324]
Their shallow shows and prologue vilely penned,
And their rough carriage[326] so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.
BOYET Ladies, withdraw. The gallants are at hand.
PRINCESS Whip to our tents, as roes[329] runs o'er land.
Exeunt [the Princess, Rosaline, Katherine and Maria]
Enter the King and the rest [Berowne, Longaville and Dumaine, as themselves]
KING Fair sir, God save you! Where's the princess?
BOYET Gone to her tent. Please it your majesty
Command me any service to her?
KING That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.
BOYET I will, and so will she, I know, my lord.
Exit
BEROWNE This fellow pecks up wit as pigeons peas

And utters[336] it again when Jove doth please.
He is wit's pedlar and retails his wares
At wakes[338] and wassails, meetings, markets, fairs.
And we that sell by gross,[339] the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant[341] pins the wenches on his sleeve.
Had[342] he been Adam, he had tempted Eve.
He can carve[343] too, and lisp. Why, this is he
That kissed[344] away his hand in courtesy.
This is the ape of form,[345] Monsieur the Nice,
That when he plays at tables[346] chides the dice
In honourable[347] terms. Nay, he can sing
A mean[348] most meanly, and in ushering
Mend[349] him who can. The ladies call him sweet.
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet.
This is the flower that smiles on everyone,
To show his teeth as white as whale's bone
And consciences that will not die in debt
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.
KING A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,
That put[356] Armado's page out of his part!

Enter the Ladies [the Princess, Rosaline, Maria and Katherine, with Boyet]

BEROWNE See where it[357] comes! Behaviour, what wert thou
Till this madman[358] showed thee? And what art thou now?
KING All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!
PRINCESS 'Fair'[360] in 'all hail' is foul, as I conceive.
KING Construe[361] my speeches better, if you may.
PRINCESS Then wish me[362] better, I will give you leave.
KING We came to visit you and purpose now
To lead you to our court. Vouchsafe it then.
PRINCESS This[365] field shall hold me, and so hold your vow.
Nor[366] God nor I delights in perjured men.
KING Rebuke me not for that which you provoke.
The virtue of your eye must break my oath.
PRINCESS You nickname[369] virtue: 'vice' you should have spoke,

For virtue’s office[370] never breaks men’s troth.
Now, by my maiden honour, yet[371] as pure
As the unsullied lily, I protest,[372]
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your house’s guest,
So much I hate a[375] breaking cause to be
Of heavenly oaths, vowed with integrity.
KING O, you have lived in desolation[377] here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.
PRINCESS Not so, my lord. It is not so, I swear.
We have had pastimes here and pleasant game:
A mess of Russians left us but of late.[381]
KING How, madam? Russians?
PRINCESS Ay, in truth, my lord.
Trim[384] gallants, full of courtship and of state.
ROSALINE Madam, speak true. It is not so, my lord.
My lady, to[386] the manner of the days,
In courtesy gives undeserving[387] praise.
We four indeed confronted were with four
In Russian habit. Here they stayed an hour,
And talked apace;[390] and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy[391] word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When[393] they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.
BEROWNE This jest is dry[394] to me. Fair gentle sweet,
Your wits makes wise things foolish. When[395] we greet,
With eyes best seeing, heaven’s fiery eye,
By light we lose light. Your capacity[397]
Is of that nature that to[398] your huge store
Wise things seem foolish and rich things but poor.
ROSALINE This proves you wise and rich, for in my eye[400]—
BEROWNE I am a fool, and full of poverty.
ROSALINE But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.
BEROWNE O, I am yours, and all that I possess!
ROSALINE All the fool mine?

BEROWNE I cannot give you less.
ROSALINE Which of the vizards was it that you wore?
BEROWNE Where? When? What vizard? Why demand you this?
ROSALINE There, then, that vizard; that superfluous case[409]
That hid the worse and showed the better face.
KING We are descried;[411] they'll mock us now downright. ***Aside***
DUMAINE Let us confess and turn it to a jest. ***Aside***
PRINCESS Amazed,[413] my lord? Why looks your highness sad?
ROSALINE Help, hold his brows![414] He'll swoon! Why look you pale?
Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.[415]
BEROWNE Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.
Can any face of brass[417] hold longer out?
Here stand I lady, dart thy skill[418] at me;
Bruise me with scorn, confound[419] me with a flout,
Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance,
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit,[421]
And I will wish[422] thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in Russian habit[423] wait.
O, never will I trust to speeches penned,
Nor to the motion[425] of a schoolboy's tongue,
Nor never come in vizard to my friend,[426]
Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's[427] song!
Taffeta[428] phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-piled[429] hyperboles, spruce affectation,
Figures[430] pedantical; these summer-flies
Have blown[431] me full of maggot ostentation.
I do forswear them; and I here protest,
By this white glove — how white the hand, God knows! —
Henceforth my wooing mind shall be expressed
In russet[435] yeas and honest kersey noes.
And, to begin, wench — so God help me, law![436] —
My love to thee is sound, sans[437] crack or flaw.
ROSALINE Sans[438] 'sans', I pray you.
BEROWNE Yet I have a trick[439]
Of the old rage.[440] Bear with me, I am sick.
I'll leave it by degrees.[441] Soft, let us see:

Write, ‘Lord[442] have mercy on us’ on those three.
They are infected, in their hearts it lies:
They have the plague, and caught it of[444] your eyes.
These lords are visited,[445] you are not free,
For the Lord’s tokens[446] on you do I see.
PRINCESS No, they are free[447] that gave these tokens to us.
BEROWNE Our states[448] are forfeit. Seek not to undo us.
ROSALINE It is not so, for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?[450]
BEROWNE Peace! For I will not have to do[451] with you.
ROSALINE Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.
BEROWNE Speak for yourselves. My wit is at an end. ***To the Lords***
KING Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression
Some fair excuse.
PRINCESS The fairest is confession.
Were you not here but even[457] now disguised?
KING Madam, I was.
PRINCESS And were you well advised?[459]
KING I was, fair madam.
PRINCESS When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your lady’s ear?
KING That more than all the world I did respect[463] her.
PRINCESS When she shall challenge[464] this, you will reject her.
KING Upon mine honour, no.
PRINCESS Peace, peace, forbear.[466]
Your oath once broke, you force[467] not to forswear.
KING Despise me when I break this oath of mine.
PRINCESS I will: and therefore keep it.— Rosaline,
What did the Russian whisper in your ear?
ROSALINE Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear
As precious eyesight, and did value me
Above this world: adding thereto moreover
That he would wed me or else die my lover.
PRINCESS God give thee joy of him. The noble lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word.
KING What mean you, madam? By my life, my troth,

I never swore this lady such an oath.

ROSALINE By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this. But take it, sir, again. ***Shows the Princess' favor***

KING My faith and this the princess I did give.
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

PRINCESS Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear,
And Lord Berowne, I thank him, is my dear.—
What, will you have me or your pearl again? ***To Berowne as she shows Rosaline's favor***

BEROWNE Neither of either,[486] I remit both twain.
I see the trick on't.[487] Here was a consent,
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
To dash[489] it like a Christmas comedy.
Some carry-tale,[490] some please-man, some slight zany,
Some mumble-news,[491] some trencher-knight, some Dick
That smiles[492] his cheek in years and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh when she's disposed,[493]
Told our intents before, which once disclosed,
The ladies did change favours and then we,
Following the signs, wooed but the sign of she.[496]
Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forsworn in will and error.
Much[499] upon this 'tis.— And might not you ***To Boyet***
Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady's foot by th'squier,[501]
And laugh[502] upon the apple of her eye?
And stand[503] between her back, sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher,[504] jesting merrily?
You put our page out: go, you are allowed.
Die[506] when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.
You leer[507] upon me, do you? There's an eye
Wounds[508] like a leaden sword.

BOYET Full merrily hath this brave manage,[509] this career, been run.

BEROWNE Lo, he is tilting straight![510] Peace! I have done.

Enter Clown [Costard]

Welcome, pure wit! Thou partest[511] a fair fray.

COSTARD O lord, sir, they would[512] know
Whether the three Worthies shall come in or no.

BEROWNE What, are there but three?

COSTARD No, sir, but it is vara[515] fine,
For every one pursents[516] three.

BEROWNE And three times thrice is nine.

COSTARD Not so, sir — under correction, sir — I hope it is not so.
You cannot beg us,[519] sir, I can assure you, sir, we know what we know.
I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir—

BEROWNE Is not nine?

COSTARD Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil[522] it doth amount.

BEROWNE By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

COSTARD O lord, sir, it were[524] pity you should get your living by reckoning, sir.

BEROWNE How much is it?

COSTARD O lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount. For mine own part, I am, as they say, but to perfect[527] one man in one poor man: Pompion[528] the Great, sir.

BEROWNE Art thou one of the Worthies?

COSTARD It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompey the Great. For mine own part, I know not the degree[531] of the Worthy, but I am to stand for him.

BEROWNE Go, bid them prepare.

COSTARD We will turn[533] it finely off, sir, we will take some care.

Exit

KING Berowne, they will shame us: let them not approach.

BEROWNE We are shame-proof, my lord, and ’tis some policy[535]
To have one show worse than the king’s and his company.

KING I say they shall not come.

PRINCESS Nay, my good lord, let me o’errule you now.
That sport best pleases that doth least know how:
Where zeal[540] strives to content and the contents
Dies in the zeal of that[541] which it presents,
There[542] form confounded makes most form in mirth

When great things labouring perish in their birth.

BEROWNE A right description of our sport, my lord. ***To the King***

Enter Braggart [Armado]

ARMADO Anointed,[545] I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath as will utter a brace[546] of words. ***Armado and the King talk apart***

PRINCESS Doth this man serve God?

BEROWNE Why ask you?

PRINCESS He speaks not like a man of God's making.

ARMADO That's all one,[550] my fair, sweet, honey monarch, for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical, too too vain, too too vain. But we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna*[552] *de la guerra*. ***Gives him a paper, which the King looks over*** I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement![553]

[Exit]

KING Here is like[554] to be a good presence of Worthies. He presents Hector of Troy, the swain Pompey the Great, the parish curate Alexander, Armado's page Hercules, the pedant[556] Judas Maccabaeus.

'And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive, ***Reads***
These four will change habits[558] and present the other five.'

BEROWNE There is five in the first show.

KING You are deceived, 'tis not so.

BEROWNE The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest,[561] the fool and the boy.
Abate[562] throw at novum, and the whole world again
Cannot prick out five such, take each one in's vein.[563]

KING The ship is under sail and here she comes amain.[564]

Enter [Costard as] Pompey

COSTARD I Pompey am—

BEROWNE You lie, you are not he.

COSTARD I Pompey am—

BOYET With leopard's head[568] on knee.

BEROWNE Well said, old mocker, I must needs[569] be friends with thee.

COSTARD I Pompey am, Pompey surnamed the Big—

DUMAINE The 'Great'.

COSTARD It is 'Great', sir—

Pompey surnamed the Great,
That oft in field,
With targe[575] and shield,
Did make my foe to sweat.
And travelling along this coast,[577] I here am come by chance,
And lay my arms[578] before the legs of this sweet lass of France.—
If your ladyship would say, 'Thanks Pompey', I had done. ***To the Princess***

PRINCESS Great thanks, great Pompey.

COSTARD 'Tis not so much worth, but I hope I was perfect.[581] I made a little fault in ' Great'.

BEROWNE My[583] hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best Worthy.

Enter Curate [Nathaniel] for Alexander

NATHANIEL When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander: By east, west, north and south, I spread my conquering might. My scutcheon[586] plain declares that I am Alisander—

BOYET Your nose says no, you are not, for it stands too right.[587]

BEROWNE Your[588] nose smells 'no' in this, most tender-smelling knight.

PRINCESS The conqueror is dismayed.— Proceed, good Alexander.

NATHANIEL When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander—

BOYET Most true, 'tis right: you were so, Alisander.

BEROWNE Pompey the Great—

COSTARD Your servant, and Costard.

BEROWNE Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

COSTARD O, sir, you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror. ***To Nathaniel*** You will be scraped out of the painted cloth[596] for this. Your lion that holds his pole-axe sitting on a close-stool[597] will be given to Ajax. He will be the ninth Worthy. A conqueror and afraid to speak? ***Nathaniel steps back*** Run away for shame, Alisander. There, an't shall please you, a foolish mild man, an honest man, look you, and soon dashed.[599] He is a marvellous good neighbour, in sooth, and a very good bowler. But for Alisander, alas, you see how 'tis — a little o'erparted.[601] But there are Worthies a-coming will speak their mind in some other sort.[602]

PRINCESS Stand aside, good Pompey.

Exit [Costard]

Enter Pedant [Holofernes] for Judas and the boy [Moth] for Hercules

HOLOFERNES Great Hercules is presented by this imp,[604]
Whose club killed Cerberus,[605] that three-headed *canus*,
And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
Thus did he strangle serpents in his *manus*[607].
Quoniam[608] he seemeth in minority,
Ergo[609] I come with this apology.—
Keep some state[610] in thy exit, and vanish. ***To Moth***

Exit boy [Moth]

Judas I am—

DUMAINE A Judas![612]

HOLOFERNES Not Iscariot,[613] sir.
Judas I am, ycliped[614] Maccabaeus.

DUMAINE Judas Maccabaeus clipped[615] is plain Judas.

BEROWNE A kissing traitor.[616] How art thou proved Judas?

HOLOFERNES Judas I am—

DUMAINE The more shame for you, Judas.

HOLOFERNES What mean you,[619] sir?

BOYET To make Judas hang himself.

HOLOFERNES Begin,[621] sir: you are my elder.

BEROWNE Well followed: Judas was hanged on an elder.

HOLOFERNES I will not be put[623] out of countenance.

BEROWNE Because thou hast no face.

HOLOFERNES What is this? ***Pointing to his face***

BOYET A cittern-head.[626]

DUMAINE The head of a bodkin.[627]

BEROWNE A death's[628] face in a ring.

LONGAVILLE The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.[629]

BOYET The pommel[630] of Caesar's falchion.

DUMAINE The carved-bone face on a flask.[631]

BEROWNE Saint George's half-cheek[632] in a brooch.

DUMAINE Ay, and in a brooch[633] of lead.

BEROWNE Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer.
And now forward, for we have put[635] thee in countenance.

HOLOFERNES You have put me out of countenance.

BEROWNE False, we have given thee faces.

HOLOFERNES But you have out-faced them all.[638]
BEROWNE An thou wert a lion,[639] we would do so.
BOYET Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.
And so adieu, sweet Jude. Nay, why dost thou stay?
DUMAINE For the latter end[642] of his name.
BEROWNE For the ass to the Jude? Give it him: Jud-as, away!
HOLOFERNES This is not generous,[644] not gentle, not humble.
BOYET A light[645] for Monsieur Judas! It grows dark, he may stumble. ***Holofernes steps back***
PRINCESS Alas, poor Maccabaeus, how hath he been baited!

Enter Braggart [Armado as Hector]

BEROWNE Hide thy head, Achilles.[647] Here comes Hector in arms.
DUMAINE Though my mocks come home by me,[648] I will now be merry.
KING Hector was but a Troyan[649] in respect of this.
BOYET But is this Hector?
KING I think Hector was not so clean-timbered.[651]
LONGAVILLE His leg is too big for Hector.
DUMAINE More calf,[653] certain.
BOYET No, he is best endued[654] in the small.
BEROWNE This cannot be Hector.
DUMAINE He's a god or a painter, for he makes[656] faces.
ARMADO The armipotent[657] Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift—
DUMAINE A gilt[659] nutmeg.
BEROWNE A lemon.
LONGAVILLE Stuck with cloves.
DUMAINE No, cloven.[662]
ARMADO The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;[664]
A man so breathed[665] that certain he would fight, yea
From morn till night, out of his pavilion.[666]
I am that flower—
DUMAINE That mint.
LONGAVILLE That columbine.
ARMADO Sweet Lord Longaville, rein[670] thy tongue.
LONGAVILLE I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector.

DUMAINE Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.[672]

ARMADO The sweet war-man[673] is dead and rotten. Sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried. When we breathed he was a man. But I will forward[674] with my device.[675] ***To the Princess*** Sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing.

[Costard] steps forth

PRINCESS Speak, brave Hector: we are much delighted.

ARMADO I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

BOYET Loves her by the foot.[678] ***Aside to Dumaine***

DUMAINE He may not by the yard.[679] ***Aside to Boyet***

ARMADO This Hector far surmounted Hannibal. The party is gone[681]—

COSTARD Fellow Hector, she is gone.[682] She is two months on her way.

ARMADO What meanest thou?

COSTARD Faith, unless you play the honest Troyan, the poor wench is cast away:[684] she's quick,[685] the child brags in her belly already. 'Tis yours.

ARMADO Dost thou infamonize[686] me among potentates? Thou shalt die.

COSTARD Then shall Hector be whipped for Jaquenetta that is quick[687] by him and hanged for Pompey[688] that is dead by him.

DUMAINE Most rare Pompey!

BOYET Renowned Pompey!

BEROWNE Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the Huge!

DUMAINE Hector trembles.

BEROWNE Pompey is moved. More Ates,[693] more Ates! Stir them, or stir them on!

DUMAINE Hector will challenge him.[694]

BEROWNE Ay, if a have[695] no more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea.

ARMADO By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

COSTARD I will not fight with a pole,[697] like a northern man; I'll slash, I'll do it by the sword. I pray you let me borrow[698] my arms again.

DUMAINE Room[699] for the incensed Worthies.

COSTARD I'll do it in my shirt.

DUMAINE Most resolute Pompey!

MOTH Master, let me take[702] you a buttonhole lower. ***To Armado*** Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing[703] for the combat. What mean you? You will lose your reputation.

ARMADO Gentlemen and soldiers, pardon me. I will not combat in my shirt.

DUMAINE You may not deny it. Pompey hath made the challenge.

ARMADO Sweet bloods,[706] I both may and will.

BEROWNE What reason have you for't?

ARMADO The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt: I go woolward[708] for penance.

BOYET True, and it was enjoined[709] him in Rome for want of linen. Since when, I'll be sworn he wore none but a dishclout[710] of Jaquenetta's, and that he wears next his heart for a favour.[711]

Enter a Messenger, Monsieur Marcadé

MARCADÉ God save you, madam!

PRINCESS Welcome, Marcadé,
But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

MARCADÉ I am sorry, madam, for the news I bring is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

PRINCESS Dead, for my life!

MARCADÉ Even so: my tale[718] is told.

BEROWNE Worthies, away! The scene begins to cloud.

ARMADO For mine own part, I breathe free breath.[720] I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right[721] myself like a soldier.

Exeunt Worthies

KING How fares your majesty?

PRINCESS Boyet, prepare. I will away tonight.

KING Madam, not so. I do beseech you, stay.

PRINCESS Prepare, I say. I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours, and entreat
Out of a new-sad soul that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom to excuse or hide[728]
The liberal[729] opposition of our spirits.
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves

In the[731] converse of breath, your gentleness
Was guilty of[732] it. Farewell worthy lord!
A heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue.
Excuse me so,[734] coming too short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtained.
KING The[736] extreme parts of time extremely forms
All causes to the purpose of his speed,
And often at his very loose[738] decides
That which long process[739] could not arbitrate.
And though the mourning[740] brow of progeny
Forbid[741] the smiling courtesy of love
The holy suit[742] which fain it would convince,
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,[743]
Let not the cloud of sorrow justle[744] it
From what it purposed: since to wail[745] friends lost
Is not by much so wholesome-profitable[746]
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.
PRINCESS I understand you not: my griefs are double.[748]
BEROWNE Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief,
And by these badges[750] understand the king.
For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
Played foul play[752] with our oaths: your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deformed[753] us, fashioning our humours
Even to the opposed end[754] of our intents.
And what in us hath seemed ridiculous —
As love is full of unbefitting[756] strains,
All wanton[757] as a child, skipping and vain,
Formed by the eye and therefore, like the eye,
Full of straying[759] shapes, of habits and of forms,
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his[761] glance:
Which parti-coated[762] presence of loose love
Put on[763] by us, if in your heavenly eyes
Have misbecomed[764] our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
Suggested[766] us to make. Therefore, ladies,

Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours. We to ourselves prove false[768]
By being once false forever to be true[769]
To those that make us both[770] — fair ladies, you.
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
Thus purifies itself and turns to grace.
PRINCESS We have received your letters full of love,
Your favours, the ambassadors of love,
And in our maiden council rated[775] them
At[776] courtship, pleasant jest and courtesy,
As bombast[777] and as lining to the time.
But more devout[778] than this in our respects
Have we not been, and therefore met[779] your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment.
DUMAINE Our letters, madam, showed much more than jest.
LONGAVILLE So did our looks.
ROSALINE We did not quote[783] them so.
KING Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.
PRINCESS A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end[787] bargain in.
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjured much,
Full of dear[789] guiltiness, and therefore this:
If for my love, as[790] there is no such cause,
You will do aught,[791] this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust, but go with speed
To some forlorn[793] and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world,
There stay until[795] the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning.
If this austere insociable[797] life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood,
If frosts and fasts, hard lodging[799] and thin weeds
Nip[800] not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial and last[801] love,
Then at the expiration[802] of the year

Come challenge[803] me, challenge me by these deserts,
And, by this virgin palm now kissing thine, ***Gives him her hand***
I will be thine. And till that instant shut
My woeful self up in a mourning house,
Raining the tears of lamentation
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part,
Neither entitled[810] in the other's heart.
KING If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up[812] these powers of mine with rest,
The[813] sudden hand of death close up mine eye!
Hence, hermit, then — my heart is in thy breast.
BEROWNE // And[815] what to me, my love? And what to me? //
ROSALINE // You must be purgèd too, your sins are rack'd: //
// You are attaint with faults and perjury. //
// Therefore, if you my favour mean to get, //
// A twelvemonth shall you spend and never rest, //
// But seek the weary beds of people sick. //
DUMAINE But what to me, my love? But what to me?
KATHERINE A wife? A beard, fair health and honesty:
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.
DUMAINE O, shall I say 'I thank you, gentle wife'?
KATHERINE Not so, my lord. A twelvemonth and a day
I'll mark no[826] words that smooth-faced wooers say.
Come when the king doth to my lady come,
Then if I have much love, I'll give you some.
DUMAINE I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.
KATHERINE Yet swear not, lest ye be forsworn again.
LONGAVILLE What says Maria?
MARIA At the twelvemonth's end
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.[833]
LONGAVILLE I'll stay[834] with patience, but the time is long.
MARIA The liker[835] you, few taller are so young.
BEROWNE Studies[836] my lady? Mistress, look on me.
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye:
What humble suit attends[838] thy answer there

Impose some service on me for thy love
ROSALINE Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Berowne,
Before I saw you, and the world's[841] large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with[842] mocks,
Full of comparisons[843] and wounding flouts,
Which you on all estates[844] will execute
That lie within the mercy of your wit.
To weed[846] this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And therewithal[847] to win me, if you please,
Without the which I am not to be won,
You shall this twelvemonth term[849] from day to day
Visit the speechless sick and still converse[850]
With groaning wretches, and your task shall be
With all the fierce[852] endeavour of your wit
To enforce[853] the painèd impotent to smile.
BEROWNE To move[854] wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be, it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.
ROSALINE Why, that's the way to choke a gibing[857] spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace[858]
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools.
A jest's prosperity[860] lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it. Then, if sickly ears,
Deafed[863] with the clamours of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
And I will have you and that fault withal.[865]
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.
BEROWNE A twelvemonth? Well, befall[869] what will befall,
I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.
PRINCESS Ay, sweet my lord, and so I take my leave. ***To the King***
KING No, madam, we will bring[872] you on your way.
BEROWNE Our wooing doth not end like an old play:
Jack hath not Jill. These ladies' courtesy[874]

Might well have made our sport a comedy.

KING Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
And then ’twill end.

BEROWNE That’s too long for a play.

Enter Braggart [Armado]

ARMADO Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me— ***To the King***

PRINCESS Was not that Hector?

DUMAINE The worthy knight of Troy.

ARMADO I will kiss thy royal finger and take leave. ***To the Princess*** I am a votary: I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough[883] for her sweet love three years.— ***To the King*** But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue[884] that the two learnèd men have compiled in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? It should have followed in the end of our show.

KING Call them forth quickly: we will do so.

ARMADO Holla! Approach.

Enter all [Holofernes, Nathaniel, Moth, Costard, Jaquenetta and others. They stand in two groups]

This side is Hiems, Winter. This Ver, the Spring. The one maintained[889] by the owl, th’other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

*[**THE SPRING GROUP** sings] the song*

When daisies pied[891] and violets blue
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
And lady-smocks[893] all silver-white
Do paint[894] the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then on every tree
Mocks married men;[896] for thus sings he:
‘Cuckoo,
Cuckoo, cuckoo.’ O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear.
When shepherds pipe on oaten straws[900]
And merry larks[901] are ploughmen’s clocks,
When turtles[902] tread, and rooks and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he:

‘Cuckoo,
Cuckoo, cuckoo.’ O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear.

*[***THE WINTER GROUP** *sings]*

When icicles hang by the wall
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail[910]
And Tom bears logs into the hall
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipped[913] and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl:
‘Tu-whit, tu-whoo.’
A merry note,
While greasy[917] Joan doth keel the pot.
When all aloud the wind doth blow
And coughing drowns the parson’s saw[919]
And birds sit brooding[920] in the snow
And Marian’s nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs[922] hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl:
‘Tu-whit, tu-whoo.’
A merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

ARMADO The words of Mercury[927] are harsh after the songs of Apollo.
You that way; we[928] this way.

Exeunt [separately]

Textual Notes

= First Quarto text of 1598
= First Folio text of 1623
2 = a correction introduced in the Second Folio text of 1632
d = a correction introduced by a later editor
D = stage direction
H = speech heading (i.e., speaker’s name)
// probable authorial first thoughts that should have been cut from the early printed editions

ist of parts = Ed

.1.27 quite = Q. *Not in* F **62 feast** = Ed. F = fast **72 and** = F. Q = but **111 That were to** = F. *Not in* Q **gate** = F. Q = little gate **112 sit** = Q. F = fit **129 SH BEROWNE** = Ed. F *and* Q *continue speech to Longaville* **131 court shall** = F. Q = Court can **153 speak** = Q. F = break **183 tharborough** = F. Q = Farborough **237 continent** = Q. F = Continent **246 keep** = Q. F = keeper **258 SH KING** = F (*Fer*.). Q = *Ber*. **274 until then, sit down** = F. Q = till then sit thee downe sorrow

.2.2 SH MOTH = Ed. F = *Boy*. (*throughout*) **3 SH ARMADO** = Ed. F = *Brag. or Bra*. (*throughout*) **6 senor** = Ed. F = signeur **9 epitheton** = F2. F = apathaton **22 ingenious** = Q. F = ingenuous **32 fits** = F. Q = **fitteth 38 call** = F. Q = do call **70 maculate** = Q. F = immaculate **76 blushing** = F2. F = blush-in **95 let him take** = F. Q = suffer him to take **100 SH JAQUENETTA** = Ed. F = *Maid*. (*throughout*) **106 that** = Q. F = what **111 SH COSTARD** = F. *Some eds reassign to* DULL, *ignoring his exit at line 98* **113 SH COSTARD** = Ed. F = *Clo*. (*throughout*) **117 SH ARMADO** = Q. F = Clo. **125 to** be too = Q. F = to be **131 Samson** was = F. Q = was Sampson

.1.13 SH PRINCESS = F2. F = *Queen* (F *has a redundant "Prin." at line 21*) **45 parts** = F. Q = peerelsse **54 SH MARIA** = Ed. F = *Lad*.1 **57 SH KATHERINE** = Ed. F = 2. *Lad*. **61 he** = Q. F = she **66 if** = Q. F = as **81 SH MARIA** = F. Q = *Lord* **90 unpeopled** = F. Q = unpeeled **115 SH ROSALINE** = F. *This and next six speeches assigned to Kath. in* Q **143 repaid** = Q. F = repaie **145 On** = Ed. F = One **170 would** I = F. Q = I will **174 in** = F. Q = within **177 fair** = Q. F = farther **179 we shall** = F. Q = shall we **182 SH BEROWNE** = Q. *This and next five speeches assigned to Boy*[*et*] *in* F **185 fool** = Q. F = soule **191 Non** *point* = Ed. F = *No poynt* **196 Katherine** = Ed. Q/F = Rosalin **211 Rosaline** = Ed. Q/F = Katherine **214 You** = F. Q = O you **221 SH MARIA** = F. Q = *Lady Ka*. **222 SH BOYET** = Q. *Placed at next line in* F **239 did** = Q. F = doe **249 whence** = F. Q = where **256 SH BOYET** = Q. F = *Bro*.

.1.1 SH ARMADO = Ed. F = *Brag. or Bra*. **7 master** = Q. *Not in* F **8 your feet** = F. F = the feete eyelids = Q. F = eie **10 through the nose** = F2. F = through: nose **42 Thy** = F. Q = The **57 O** = Q. F = Or **64 sain** = Q. F = faine **95 honours** = F. Q = honor **100 One penny** = Ed. F = i.d. **102 French** = Q. F = a French **137 Signior** Junior = Ed. F = signior *Iunios* **161 sue and** = F2. F = shue

.1.1 SH PRINCESS = F2. F = *Qu*. (*throughout*) **14 again** = Q. F = then again **68 overcame** = Ed. F = covercame **78 Armado** = F2. F = Armatho **124 hit it** = Ed. F = hit **131 pin** = F2. F = is in **139 Armado o'th't'other** = Ed. F = *Armathor* ath to the side **143 SD Shout** = F2. F = *Shoote*

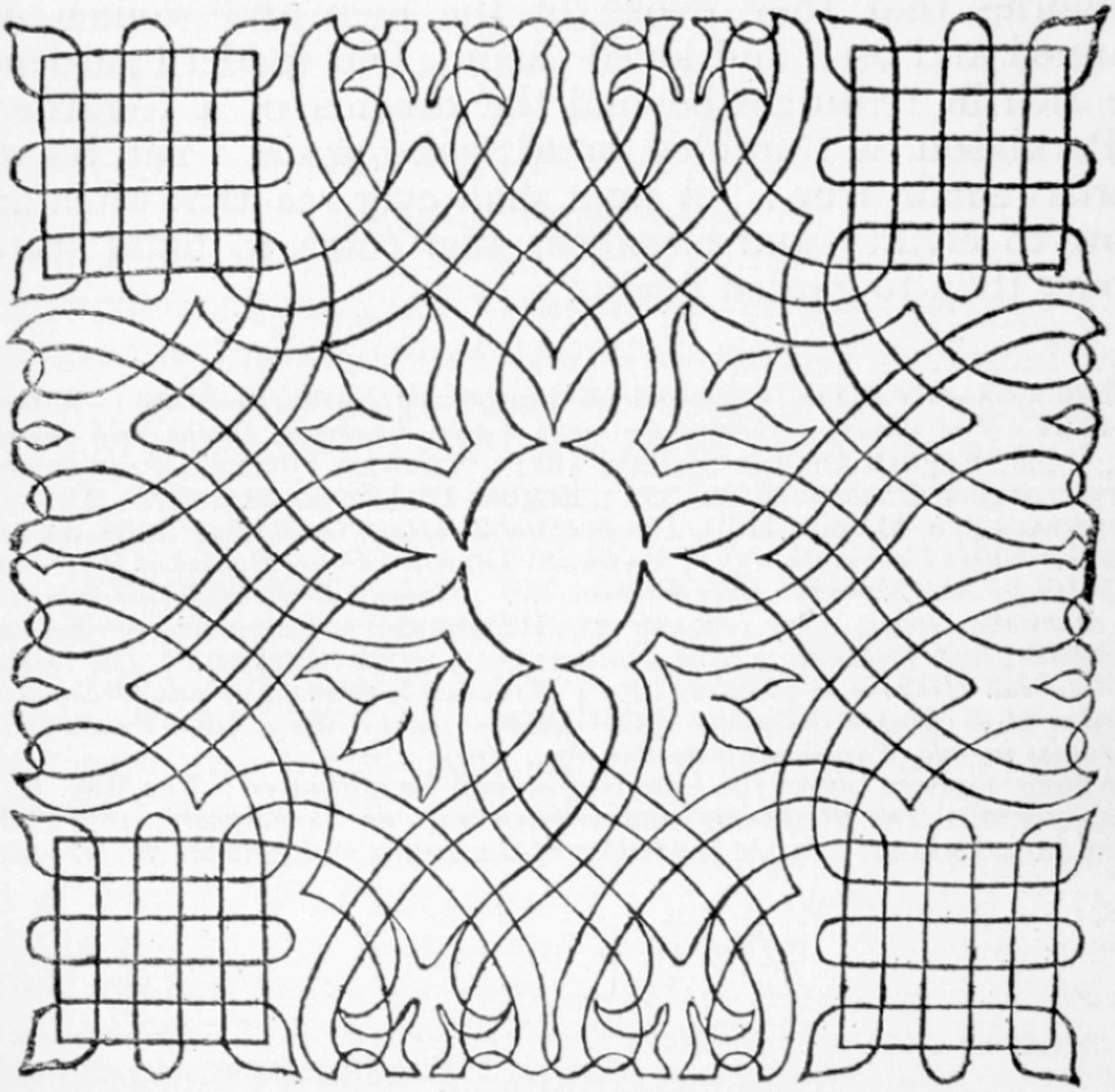
.2.3 SH HOLOFERNES = Ed. F = *Ped*. **9 auld grey doe** = Ed. F = *haud credo* **22 of** = Ed. *Not in* F **28 by** = F. Q = me by **30 Dictynna** = Ed. F = *Dictisima* **41 called** I = Ed. F = call'd **53 SH HOLOFERNES** = Ed. Q/F *reverse speech headings of Holofernes and Nathaniel in this and their next seven speeches* **55 pia mater** = Ed. F = **primater 61 ingenious** = Ed. F = **ingenuous 62 sapit** = Ed (Q2). F = *sapis* **65 pierce-one** = Ed. F = **Person 72 Fauste** = F2. F = *Facile* **76 loves thee not** = Q. *Not in* F **81 SH NATHANIEL** = Ed. *Not in* F **96 Here** = Ed. (*continuation of Holofernes' speech*). Q/F *assign to* Nath. **102 SH HOLOFERNES** = Ed. Q/F = *Nath*. **104 writing** = Ed. F = written **109 hand** = F. Q = royal hand **113 SH NATHANIEL** = Ed. F = *Hol*. **118 before** = Q. F = being

.3.75 of = F. Q = in **86 I** = Ed. *Not in* F **95 ever** = Q. F = every **135 One** = Q. F = On **148 coaches** = Ed. F = couches **161** tuning = F. Q = to tune **167 caudle** = Q. F = candle **170 to**…**by** = Ed. F = **by**…**to 174 men** like you, men = Ed. F = men, like men **216 show** = Q. F = will shew **218 are** = F. Q = were **249 wood** = Ed. F = word **259 and** = Ed. *Not in* F **361 authors** = Ed. F = author **385 Allons**! **Allons**! = Ed. F = Alone, alone

.1.1 quod = Ed. F = *quid* **15 d**, e, t = Ed. F = det **18 insanie** = Ed. F = infamie **19 bone** = Ed. F = *bene* **20 Bone**? … *'bene'* = Ed. F = *Bome boon for boon* **41 venue** = Ed. F = vene we **47 manu** = Ed. F = unum **64 choice** = F2. F = chose **69 important** = Ed. F = importunate **80 Nathaniel** = Ed. F = Holofernes (*Shakespeare confuses the names again*) **86 Judas**…**Hector** = Ed. F *transposes order of phrases and omits* Hector **104 Allons** = Ed. F = Alone

.2.46 not so = Q. *Not in* F **57 not wish** = Q. F = wish **76 wantonness** = F2. F = wantons be **81 is** in = Q. F = in **142 mocking** = F. Q = mockerie **151 her** = Ed. F = his **152 speaker's** = Q. F = Keepers **181 princess** *spelled* Princes *in* F **188 you on the** = F. Q = her on this **213 vouchsafe but** = F. Q = do but vouchsafe **254 Take you that** = F. Q = Take that **257 SH KATHERINE** = Ed. F = *Mari. or Mar*. (*throughout this exchange*) **335 pecks** = Q. F = picks **336 Jove** = F. Q = God **344 kissed**…**hand** = F. Q = kist his hand, a way **354 due** = Q. F = dutie **370 men's** = Q. F = men **372 unsullied** = F2. F = unsallied **389 Russian** = Q. F = Russia **394 Fair gentle** = F2. F = Gentle **407 was** = Q. F = what **411 are** = F. Q = were **429 affectation** = Ed. F = affection **457 you** not = F. Q = not you **509 manage** = Ed. F = manager **539 least** = F. Q = best **542 There** = Ed. F = Their **563 prick** = F. Q = picke **580 SH PRINCESS** = F2. F = *La*. **652 Hector** = F. Q = Hectors **674 When**…**man** = Q. *Not in* F **675 SD Costard** = Ed. F = *Berowne* (*probably error for* Clowne, *who is about to confront Armado over Jaquenetta's pregnancy*) **680–1 set** *as SD in* F **698 pray** = F. Q = bepray **713 SH PRINCESS** = F2. F = *Qu*. (*throughout rest of scene*) **726 entreat** = Q. F = entreats **733 nimble** = Ed. F = humble **734 too** = Q. F = so **749 ear** = Q. F = ears **778 this in our** = Ed. F = these are our. Q = this our 814 hermit = Ed. F = euer. Q = herrite **839 thy** = Q. F = my **883 years** = F. Q = yeere **927 SH ARMADO** = F. *Not in* Q, *where the Mercury/Apollo speech is set in large type with no speaker* **You that way** = F. *Not in* Q

A proper knotte to be caſt in the quarter of a Garden, or otherwiſe, as there is ſufficient roomth.



Design for a knot-garden: there is an elegant analogy between the symmetrical formality of Elizabethan garden design and the patterns of repetition and variation in rhetorically ornamented speech, so it is fitting that a "curious-knotted garden" (see Armado's letter, as quoted by the King at 1.1.226) is a key location in this most verbally elaborate of Shakespeare's comedies.

Act 1 Scene 1

List of parts: BEROWNE in Act 4 scene 3 rhymes with “moon” **MOTH** probably pronounced “mott”; some editors modernize to “Mote” **JAQUENETTA** perhaps pronounced “Jake-netta,” suggestive of “jakes” (privy, toilet)

1.1 ***Location:*** *Navarre, in the king’s park. This is the location for the entire play Ferdinand* in fact, the King of Navarre at the time of the play’s composition was Henri ***Berowne, Longaville*** the Duc de Berowne and the Duc de Longueville both fought for King Henri ***Dumaine*** perhaps based on Charles de Lorraine, Duc de Mayenne, and initially King Henri’s opponent

1 **fame** renown

2 **registered** recorded **brazen** brass-plated, enduring (plays on sense of “shameless”)

3 **grace** honor **disgrace** disfigurement/shame

4 **spite** in spite **cormorant** i.e., ravenous (literally, a greedy seabird)

5 **breath** i.e., life/speech

6 **bate** abate, blunt **his** i.e., time’s **keen** sharp/eager

9 **affections** passions

11 **late** recent **in force** i.e., be binding

12 **Navarre** the place/the king

13 **academe** institution of learning (originally Plato’s academy near Athens)

14 **Still…in** calmly, constantly studying **contemplative in** meditating on **living art** the art of living/vitality within scholarship

16 **term** period of time

17 **keep** observe

18 **schedule** document/list

19 **passed** pledged **subscribe** sign

20 **hand** sword/handwriting

21 **branch** clause

22 **armed** prepared (plays on sense of “carrying weapons”)

23 **deep** solemn **it** subscription (to the oath)

25 **pine** starve, languish

26 **pates** heads (i.e., wits) **dainty bits** choice morsels of food

28 **mortified** dead to worldly pleasures

29 **grosser** coarser, earthier

30 **gross** whole/coarse **baser slaves** those subject to inferior pleasures

32 **in** according to the tenets of/by the study of

33 **say…over** repeat their vows

36 **observances** requirements

37 **As** such as

38 **enrollèd** written

43 **wink** close one’s eyes/sleep

44 **wont** accustomed **think no harm** i.e., sleep

49 **pass away from** renounce

50 **an if** if

52 **space** duration

54 **By…nay** a common oath

55 **end** aim

57 **common sense** ordinary understanding

58 **recompense** reward

59 **Come on** quibbles on **common**

65 **too hard-a-keeping oath** an oath too hard to keep

66 **troth** faith

70 **stops** impediments **quite** completely

71 **train** entice **vain** foolish, trifling, self-gratifying

73 **pain** effort, suffering, labor **purchased** acquired **inherit** bring about more

74 **As** for example

75 **the while** in the meantime

76 **falsely** treacherously **his look** its sight

77 **Light** i.e., eyes, thought to produce the beams of light by which they saw **light** intellectual enlightenment **light…beguile** the eyes are cheated out of enlightenment (by excessive study)

78 **ere** before **darkness** intellectual obscurity

80 **Study me** let me learn

81 **fairer** more beautiful (plays on sense of “lighter”)

82 **dazzling** blinding (my eyes) **that eye** i.e., of the **fairer** woman **heed** focus of attention/guardian

85 **saucy** insolent

86 **Small** little
87 **Save** except **base** lowly, second-hand
88 **godfathers…lights** astronomers who name the stars, as godparents name children at baptism
90 **profit of** benefit from **shining** i.e., starlit
91 **wot** know **they** the stars/the walkers
92 **Too…fame** an excess of knowledge brings only a vainglorious reputation
93 **every godfather** i.e., any ordinary person
95 **Proceeded** argued (plays on sense of “taking a university degree”) **proceeding** intellectual advancement
96 **weeds** pulls up **lets…weeding** allows the weeds to flourish
97 **green geese** innocent simpletons/geese fed on grass
99 **Fit in his** in a manner appropriate to its
100 **In reason nothing** i.e., it doesn’t follow logically
101 **rhyme** i.e., the opposite of **reason**
102 **envious** malicious **sneaping** biting/nipping (**rhyme** puns on “rime”—i.e., frost)
103 **first-born infants** youngest plants
104 **proud** glorious/arrogant
106 **abortive** premature, unnatural
108 **new-fangled shows** newly created, elaborate displays (of flowers)
109 **like of** I delight in **in season** i.e., at its proper time
110 **too late** i.e., in life
111 **climb…gate** i.e., pointless
112 **sit you out** don’t take part
114 **barbarism** uncivilized ignorance
117 **bide** endure **three years’ day** day of three years
126 **Marry** by the Virgin Mary
128 **hence** away from here **dread** dreadful/frightening
129 **gentility** civilized behavior
133 **article** clause
134 **in embassy** as an ambassador
136 **complete** perfect
137 **Aquitaine** area of southwest France
140 **vainly** pointlessly

142 **overshot** wide of the mark (i.e., mistaken)

143 **would** wants

146 **towns…lost** i.e., a town that is burnt down as part of a military campaign is no gain at all

147 **force** necessity

148 **lie** lodge on **mere** out of absolute

149 **forsworn** perjured, oath-breakers

151 **affects** passions, desires

152 **might** personal strength **grace** divine favor

153 **word** phrase

155 **at large** as a whole

157 **in attainder** accused/convicted

158 **Suggestions…me** I am as susceptible to temptation as any man

160 **the…oath** the last one to swear, but the one who will keep his word the longest/the least likely to keep my oath the longest

161 **quick** lively

162 **haunted With** frequented by

164 **in…planted** involved in whatever is fashionable

165 **mint** creative source/wealth (literally, place where money is coined)

168 **compliments** accomplishments, courtesy

169 **mutiny** discord

170 **child of fancy** flamboyant, fanciful creature **hight** is called

171 **For interim** as an interval

172 **high-born** noble/lofty

173 **tawny** browned (by sun) **debate** strife

174 **delight** take pleasure

176 **for my minstrelsy** as my minstrel (i.e., musician, entertainer)

177 **wight** person

179 **Costard** literally “large apple”; slang for “head” **swain** low-ranking man/rustic **he** i.e., Armado **sport** entertainment

181 **duke’s** i.e., king’s

183 **reprehend** malapropism for “represent” **tharborough** thirdborough (i.e., parish constable)

186 **commends you** commends himself to you (i.e., greets you respectfully) **abroad** at large

188 **contempts** malapropism for “contents” **touching** concerning

189 **magnificent** ostentatious/splendid (joking allusion to the 1588 Spanish Armada, often referred to as “magnificent”)

190 **How…matter** however debased the content **high** lofty

191 **high hope** great expectation **low heaven** i.e., small blessing

192 **forbear** refrain from

194 **be it** let it be **style** puns on “stile” to **climb**

195 **to** about **manner** nature, way it is expressed

196 **taken…manner** caught in the act/with the stolen goods

198 **In…following** a commonly used legal phrase **those three** i.e., words (**manner, form, following**; punned on in the ensuing explanation)

199 **form** bench

200 **park** enclosed land used for hunting

201 **manner** custom, nature

204 **correction** punishment **God…right** a formal prayer said before trial by combat

207 **simplicity** stupidity/simple nature

208 **welkin’s** heavens’ **vicegerent** deputy **dominator** ruler

209 **fostering** supporting

212 **but so** merely so-so, not saying much

214 **Be** i.e., **peace** be extended to

216 **Of…secrets** Costard again extends the meaning of the king’s words

217 **sable-coloured** black commend commit

218 **black oppressing humour** i.e., melancholy **humour** mood (one of the four bodily “humours” that governed the disposition) **physic** medicine

219 **as I am** on my word as

222 **ycleped** called

223 **obscene** repulsive

224 **preposterous** improper, perverse **snow-white pen** i.e., goose quill **ebon-coloured** black

226 **curious-knotted** with intricately designed flower beds

227 **low-spirited** base **minnow…mirth** laughable, insignificant object

230 **unlettered** illiterate

232 **vassal** wretch

236 **Sorted** associated **consorted** accompanied

237 **continent canon** law enforcing (especially sexual) restraint **passion** grieve **wherewith** with what

238 **wherewith** with what

241 **pricks** spurs (may pun on sense of “penis”)

242 **meed** reward

243 **carriage** behavior **estimation** reputation

244 **an’t** if it

245 **weaker vessel** i.e., woman

246 **keep** retain (may play on sense of “keep as a mistress”)

247 **least…notice** slightest notification **trial** probably plays on sense of “sexual test”

249 **looked for** expected

250 **for** i.e., example of **sirrah** sir (used to an inferior)

251 **confess** admit to having been involved with

253 **marking of** paying attention to

258 **so varied** expressed equivocally

260 **maid** i.e., use of the word **maid serve your turn** get you out of trouble (Costard plays on the sense of “gratify me sexually”)

264 **pray** plays on sense of “have sex” **mutton and porridge** mutton soup (**mutton** plays on the sense of “prostitute” and **porridge** on the sense of “sex/genitalia”)

266 **delivered o’er** handed over

269 **lay** wager **goodman** title for someone below the rank of gentleman

270 **idle** worthless (matter for)

273 **true** honest, chaste, good **prosperity** malapropism for “adversity”

274 **Affliction** Costard means “prosperity” **sit down** i.e., be patient

Act 1 Scene 2

1.2 **Moth** winged insect (puns on the similarly pronounced “mote”—i.e., dust speck; possible pun on *mot*, the French for “word”)

1 **sign is it** is it a sign of

3 **imp** sapling/child

5 **part** distinguish between **tender** youthful, inexperienced **juvenal** youth (plays on the name of the Roman satirist Juvenal)

6 **familiar** easily comprehended **working** operation (of the emotions)

9 **congruent epitheton** fitting epithet **appertaining** relating

10 **nominate** name

11 **appertinent** appropriate

13 **Pretty** neat, ingenious, fine-looking

16 **pretty, because little** proverbial

18 **quick** quick-witted

20 **condign** well-deserved

23 **quick** speedy

24 **heat’st my blood** make me angry

26 **crossed** contradicted

27 **mere** absolute **crosses** coins (sometimes stamped with a cross)

28 **duke** i.e., the king

31 **told** counted

32 **ill** not good **reckoning** calculation **tapster** barman, tavern-keeper

33 **gamester** gambler/merry person/lewd person

34 **complete** accomplished

35 **deuce-ace** a (poor) throw of two and one in dice

38 **vulgar** common people

40 **piece** masterpiece/example

42 **dancing horse** probably refers to Morocco, a trained horse performing in 1590s London that could beat out numbers with its hoof

43 **figure** figure of speech/numeral

44 **cipher** zero

45 **base** unbefitting (sense then shifts to “low-born”)

46 **humour of affection** disposition to love

47 **reprobate** corrupt

48 **new-devised curtsy** newly invented (fashionable) bow **think scorn** disdain

49 **outswear** overcome by swearing/swear to do without **Cupid** Roman god of love

51 **Hercules** mythological Greek hero

53 **carriage** demeanor/bearing

54 **Samson** famously strong biblical character **carriage** plays on the sense of “carrying ability” **he…porter** Samson carried off the gates of Gaza (Judges 16:3)

56 **well-knit** well-constructed **rapier** long, thin sword

60 **complexion** disposition/skin color

61 **Of…four** refers to the four humors (blood, phlegm, choler, and melancholy) thought to determine temperament

63 **sea-water green** refers to greensickness, an anemic condition affecting young women

66 **Green** i.e., because associated with spring and youthfulness

67 **affected** loved **wit** intelligence

68 **green** immature

70 **maculate** spotted, polluted **colours** plays on sense of “pretexts”

71 **Define** explain

73 **pathetical** moving

74 **she…of** her complexion is (**made** puns on “maid” as well as possibly suggesting cosmetic artifice)

79 **this** i.e., her complexion

80 **still** always

81 **native** naturally **owe** own

82 **A…red** i.e., a warning against real or cosmetic red and white complexions; plays on the familiar opposition between **rhyme** and **reason**

83 **ballad…Beggar** probably that relating the tale of King Cophetua, who fell in love with a beggar maid

84 **ages since** generations ago

85 **serve** be acceptable

87 **example** justify/provide an example of **digression** transgression

89 **rational hind** rustic capable of reason

90 **whipped** a punishment for prostitutes **yet** yet she deserves

91 **heavy** sad

92 **light** not **heavy**/promiscuous **Clown** rustic

96 **penance** malapropism for “pleasure” **For** as for

97 **for the dey-woman** to serve the dairy woman

101 **lodge** hunting lodge/gamekeeper’s cottage

102 **hereby** nearby

106 **With that face?** i.e., Really?/You don’t say? (**tell** may pun on the sense of “count,” so that the **face** would **be** that of a clock)

112 **Villain** rascal/peasant/servant

113 **full stomach** full of food/courageously

115 **bound** obliged **fellows** servants **but lightly** little (plays on opposite of **heavily**)

119 **pent up** imprisoned/constipated **loose** free/loose in the bowels

120 **fast and** loose cheating **shalt to** shall go to

121 **desolation** malapropism, perhaps for “consolation”

125 **silent** perhaps an error for “free”

126 **little** error for “much” (or patience is an error for its opposite)

127 **affect** love

128 **be forsworn** break my oath

129 **argument** proof

130 **familiar** attendant evil spirit

131 **Solomon** biblical king known for his wisdom and love of women

132 **butt-shaft** unbarbed arrow used for target practice

133 **too much odds** at too great an advantage **first…cause** refers to the codes of dueling practice

134 **turn** purpose **passado** forward thrust with one foot advanced **duello** established dueling code

136 **manager** master/user

137 **extemporal…rhyme** god of improvised poetry **turn sonnet** become a sonneteer

138 **for** for producing folio large-format book

Act 2 Scene 1

2.1 **Princess of France** possible parallel in Marguerite de Valois, who married Henri of Navarre

1 **dearest** most valuable/strongest **spirits** energies/thoughts

3 **embassy** message

5 **parley** speak/negotiate **inheritor** owner

6 **owe** own

7 **Matchless** unrivaled (may pun on the king's unmarried status) **plea** claim

9 **prodigal of** lavish with **dear** precious, beloved

10 **dear** costly

11 **starve** i.e., deprive of **graces beside** i.e., apart from yourself

13 **mean** meager/moderate

16 **uttered** offered for sale/spoken **chapmen's** merchants'/pedlars'

17 **tell** speak of/reckon up

18 **much** greatly **counted** accounted

19 **spending** wasting/paying out

20 **task** set a task for/take to task **tasker** he who sets a task

21 **ignorant** unaware that **fame** rumor

22 **noise abroad** broadcast

23 **painful** laborious/diligent

25 **to's seemeth it** it seems to us needful necessary

27 **pleasure** wishes that behalf regard to that

28 **Bold** confident **single** select

29 **best-moving** most persuasive **fair** just/plausible/flattering **solicitor** advocate

32 **Importunes** begs for conference conversation

33 **attend** wait

35 **Proud of** honored by **willingly** puns on **will** in the previous line

36 **pride** the princess shifts the sense to "arrogance, vanity"

37 **votaries** those bound by a vow

42 **Perigort** Perigord is a district in southwest France **heir** heiress

44 **Normandy** region of northern France

45 **sovereign parts** excellent qualities

46 **fitted** equipped **arts** scholarship **arms** warfare

47 **Nothing…well** whatever he wants to do well he does well, and it suits him

48 **soil** blemish **gloss** luster

50 **blunt a will** i.e., unfeeling readiness to use his wit

51 **still** continually

52 **his** its

53 **belike** most likely

54 **humours** moods

58 **Of** by **for virtue** for his virtue

59 **least knowing ill** though he is ignorant of evil

60 **wit…good** such intelligence that he could make something bad seem good

61 **shape** the appearance **though** even if

62 **Duke Alençon** King Henri III of France’s younger brother, who unsuccessfully courted Queen Elizabeth around 1580

63 **much…worthiness** my report of him is inadequate compared to the worth I saw in him

68 **becoming** appropriate

69 **withal** with

70 **begets** creates **occasion** opportunities

71 **catch** i.e., see

72 **mirth-moving** laughter-provoking

73 **conceit’s expositor** the expounder of witty ideas

75 **play truant at** abandon their duties in order to listen to

77 **voluble** fluent

80 **bedecking** adorning

82 **admittance** reception

84 **competitors** partners/rivals

85 **addressed** prepared

87 **lodge** entertain/encamp **field** open land/battleground

90 **unpeopled** inadequately staffed

93 **roof…court** i.e., the sky

99 **by my will** willingly

100 **will** desire

103 **Where** whereas

104 **sworn out house-keeping** renounced hospitality

108 **beseemeth** suits
109 **Vouchsafe** agree
110 **suddenly** immediately **resolve…suit** answer my request
112 **that…away** in order to make me leave
114 **Brabant** in the Low Countries
118 **quick** impatient, sharp
119 **long** on account
120 **hot** eager, hasty
121 **mire** bog
122 **day** time is it
124 **mask** worn by ladies to protect the complexion from the sun
125 **fall** befall
127 **so** provided that
129 **intimate** refer to/imply
132 **Disbursèd** paid out **his** i.e., the King of France’s
133 **he** Navarre’s father **as neither have** which neither of us has
135 **in surety** as guarantee
136 **bound** contracted
137 **valued to** of the same value as
138 **restore** repay
139 **unsatisfied** unpaid
142 **little purposeth** scarcely intends
143 **demand…repaid** legally claims back/insists he has already paid
144 **not…crowns** does not even request, on payment of the rest of the money
146 **have…in** regain his entitlement to
147 **depart withal** part with
149 **gelded** weakened (literally, castrated)
152 **A…reason** me compromise even against reason
156 **unseeming** not seeming
161 **arrest** take you at **word** utterance/promise
162 **acquittances** documents confirming payment of a debt
164 **his** i.e., the King of Navarre’s
165 **Satisfy me so** provide me with this
167 **specialties** sealed contracts
170 **liberal reason** reasonable terms
172 **breach of honour** i.e., breaking the oath

173 **Make tender of** offer

175 **without** outside

176 **As** that

178 **Your** may your

180 **consort** attend

181 **Thy…place!** I wish you the same wherever you may be!

183 **do my commendations** give it my greetings

185 **fool** poor thing

187 **let it blood** bleed it

189 **physic** medical knowledge

190 **eye** gaze (puns on **ay**)

191 ***Non point*** “not at all” (French), perhaps also suggesting “no penis” (picking up on **prick**)

194 **stay thanksgiving** remain to express thanks

196 **Katherine** Shakespeare confused the names and wrote “Rosaline” here: editors and directors must emend for clarity of coupling

197 **gallant** fine-looking

200 **light…light** wanton when her behavior is known

201 **desire** want to have

207 **choler** anger

209 **unlike** unlikely

211 **Rosaline** Shakespeare confused the names and wrote “Katherine” here: editors and directors must emend for clarity of coupling **hap** chance, fortune

213 **so** something like that

215 **welcome to you** you are welcome to go

219 **take…word** accept what he says/take him on at his own word games

220 **grapple** contend with, seize (literally, attach one’s ship to another vessel) **board** accost (literally, climb aboard another ship)

221 **hot** fiery, ardent **sheeps** puns on **ships**

224 **pasture** puns on “pastor” (i.e., shepherd)

225 **So** as long as

227 **common** common ground (available to all sheep/men) **several** private land/more than one/parted

230 **jangling** squabbling **gentles** gentlefolk

231 **civil** domestic/polite

232 **bookmen** scholars **abused** misapplied

234 **By** about **still** silent

237 **affected** being in love

239 **did…retire** retreated

240 **court** royal dwelling (puns on sense of “courtship”) **thorough** through

241 **agate** precious stone often carved with tiny figures **print** image **impressed** stamped/affected

242 **Proud** made proud/swollen **his form** i.e., the princess’ image

243 **all…see** frustrated at only being able to speak rather than gaze

245 **that sense** i.e., eyesight **make their repair** go

248 **crystal** under crystal glass

249 **Who, tend’ring** which, offering **glassed** encased in glass

250 **point** direct, invite

251 **margin** i.e., like that of a page, which often carried additional notes **quote** display

254 **An** if

255 **pavilion** ceremonial tent **disposed** inclined (to be merry)

256 **But** only

261 **Venus** goddess of love, mother of Cupid **father** i.e., Boyet, as **Cupid’s grandfather grim** ugly

262 **mad** excitable

266 **hard** tough (to outwit)

Act 3 Scene 1

2 **Concolinel** presumably the title of Moth’s song, perhaps of Irish or French origin

3 **air** tune **enlargement** freedom

4 **festinately** speedily

5 **brawl** French dance

6 **Brawling** quarreling

7 **jig…tune** sing the tune of a jig **canary** i.e., dance (name of a lively dance)

8 **humour** adapt (yourself) to/indulge

11 **penthouse-like** like a roof projecting over a **shop**

12 **thin-belly doublet** unpadded lower part of a close-fitting jacket

13 **after** in the style of **snip and away** snatch before moving on to the next

14 **compliments** gentlemanly accomplishments **humours** whims **betray** seduce/mislead **nice** coy/capricious/lecherous

15 **note** reputation (plays on the sense of “musical note”) **note** pay attention

16 **men** possibly addressed to the men in the audience **affected** inclined

17 **purchased** acquired

20 **‘The…forgot’** probably lines from a popular song, now lost

21 **hobby-horse** false or toy horse/prostitute

22 **colt** young horse/lascivious person

23 **hackney** horse for hire/whore

27 **prove** demonstrate (sense then shifts to “turn out to be”)

30 **come by** possess

32 **out of heart** discouraged

35 **me** for me

36 **sympathized** suited

38 **slow-gaited** slow-moving

42 **ingenious** clever one

43 ***Minime*** by no means (Latin)

50 **Thump** i.e., noise of a **cannon** going off

51 **acute** clever **free of grace** liberal with charm

52 **welkin** sky, heaven

53 **gives thee place** yields its place to you

55 **costard** apple/head

56 **l’envoy** postscript (i.e., explanation)

57 **egma** Costard’s mistake for “enigma” (which he seems to think, along with **riddle** and **l’envoy**, means some type of remedy) **salve** healing ointment **mail** (medicine) bag **plantain** medicinal herb

59 **By virtue** mild oath **silly** foolish **spleen** laughter

60 **ridiculous** derisive

61 **inconsiderate** thoughtless, idiotic **salve** Latin for “hail, greetings” (the opposite of **l’envoy**)

64 **precedence** something said before **tofore** earlier **sain** said

66 **humble-bee** bumblebee

67 **still** always **at odds** quarreling/of an uneven number

69 **Staying the odds** ending the quarrel/making the number even **adding four** making up the fourth

70 **l’envoy…goose** *oie* is French for “goose” and the final sound of **envoy**

71 **sold…bargain** i.e., made a fool of him (proverbial) **flat** obvious

72 **good** i.e., well-spent **an** if

73 **fast and loose** cheating

75 **argument** discussion

80 **ended the market** refers to “Three women and a goose make a market” (proverbial)

82 **sensibly** with common sense/feelingly

83 **feeling** sense of the pain

85 **threshold** doorway

87 **matter** pus

88 **enfranchise** liberate (Costard hears as “en-Frances”—i.e., “give you a Frances”)

89 **Frances** typical name for a prostitute **goose** prostitute (slang)

91 **immured** confined

92 **purgation** purger of guilt/laxative **let me loose** free me/loosen my bowels

93 **from durance** free from imprisonment **lieu** exchange

94 **significant** sign

95 **remuneration** payment **ward** protection

96 **dependants** servants

97 **sequel** that which follows (recalls the **l’envoy** joke)

98 **incony** fine **Jew** affectionate term; possible pun on **juvenal** or diminutive of “jewel”

99 **farthings** coins worth quarter of a penny

100 **inkle** kind of linen tape

101 **carries it** wins the day

102 **French crown** coin/bald head caused by syphilis, the “French disease”

out of without using

104 **carnation** flesh-colored

107 **halfpenny farthing** i.e., three farthings, three quarters of a penny

110 **slave** rascal/fellow

111 **good my knave** my good fellow

118 **villain** rascal/fellow

123 **train** entourage

126 **commend** entrust

127 **counsel** private communication **guerdon** reward

128 **Gardon** anglicized version of **guerdon**

129 **better** i.e., the shilling (twelvepence) is eleven and a quarter pence better than his previous reward **in print** to the letter

132 **beadle** parish officer responsible for whipping minor offenders

humorous moody

134 **pedant** schoolmaster

135 **Than** compared with **magnificent** proud

136 **wimpled** blindfolded **purblind** completely blind

138 **Regent** ruler

141 **Dread** revered

142 **imperator** emperor

143 **paritors** those who summoned offenders to ecclesiastical courts

144 **corporal…field** Cupid’s field officer

145 **colours** insignia **tumbler’s hoop** acrobat’s ribboned hoop

146 **sue** pay court

147 **German clock** i.e., elaborate, likely to go wrong

148 **Still a-repairing** always in need of repair **frame** order

149 **going aright** keeping time/behaving well

150 **But being** unless it is

153 **whitely** pale **wanton** willful one **brow** forehead

154 **pitch-balls** balls as black as pitch (tar-like substance)

155 **deed** i.e., sex

156 **Though** even if **Argus** monster with a hundred eyes **eunuch** castrated male (i.e., guard)

157 **watch** be unable to sleep

158 **Go to** expression of impatient dismissal

159 **neglect** disregard

162 **my…Joan** i.e., a worthy versus a lowly woman

Act 4 Scene 1

4 **a was, a** he was, he **mounting** climbing/aspiring
5 **dispatch** dismissal
9 **coppice** thicket
10 **stand** hunter’s position
12 **fairest** most favorable/beautiful
14 **again** in response
17 **paint** flatter
18 **fair** beauty **brow** appearance
19 **good my glass** my good mirror
21 **inherit** possess
22 **merit** its intrinsic worth/reward/good deeds
23 **in fair** regarding beauty
24 **giving…praise** proverbial: “the giving hand is fair”
25 **mercy** i.e., the princess
26 **then** i. e., when the princess hunts, because she is merciful
27 **credit** reputation
28 **Not…do’t** i.e., if she fails to hit a deer, she can claim it was out of pity
31 **out of** without
32 **Glory** the desire to for glory/boastful spirit
33 **outward part** superficial attribute
35 **As** just as
36 **my…ill** means me no harm/toward whom I do not essentially mean harm
37 **curst** shrewish **self-sovereignty** self-discipline
42 **member…commonwealth** ordinary person
43 **God dig-you-den** God give you good evening (i.e., any time after noon)
44 **heads** may pun on “maidenheads”
46 **thickest** fattest
54 **carve** cut up/make courteous gestures
55 **Break up** cut up **capon** chicken (i.e., love letter)
57 **is mistook** has been delivered to the wrong person **importeth** concerns
60 **neck…wax** i.e., wax seal (recalls wringing the neck of a **capon**) **give ear** listen
61 **infallible** certain

63 **commiseration** pity **vassal** servant/slave

64 **illustrate** illustrious, renowned **pernicious** wicked (possibly Armado’s error for “penurious”)

65 **indubitate** undoubted ***Veni, vidi, vici*** “I came, I saw, I conquered” (Latin), Julius Caesar’s famous phrase

66 **annothanize** explain; perhaps a fusion of “anatomize” and “annotate” **vulgar** vernacular

67 ***videlicet*** “namely” (Latin) **see** saw **overcame** conquered; possibly goes on to assume sexual connotations

71 **catastrophe** conclusion

73 **lowliness** poverty, low status

75 **tittles** insignificant particles

76 **expecting** awaiting **profane** desecrate

77 **thy picture** (mental) image **dearest…industry** most heartfelt intention of industrious gallantry

79 **Nemean lion** slain by Hercules as the first of his twelve labors

81 **Submissive fall** if you fall submissively

82 **forage** hunting

83 **strive** resist

84 **repasture** food

85 **plume of feathers** showy idiot **indited** composed

86 **vane** weathervane (i.e., changeable)

87 **but I** if I do not

88 **Else** otherwise **going o’er** reading/climbing over (generating a pun on **style**/stile) **erewhile** a short time ago

89 **keeps** lodges

90 **phantasime** one full of fantasies **Monarcho** nickname of a pretentious Italian who frequented the Elizabethan court

91 **To** for **book-mates** fellow students

100 **mistaken** wrongly delivered

101 **up** away **thine** i.e., your turn

102 **shooter** archer, i.e., who is to shoot next (puns on “suitor”)

104 **continent** container

106 **put off** evaded

107 **horns** i.e., deer

108 **horns** i.e., cuckold's horns (which supposedly grew on the head of a man with an unfaithful wife) **miscarry** are scarce

109 **put on** hit

111 **deer** puns on "dear"

112 **If…near** i.e., not you; Rosaline dismisses Boyet either because he has a cuckold's horns or lacks the (suggestively phallic) horns of a mature deer

114 **strikes…brow** takes aim at the deer's head/accuses you of cuckoldry

115 **lower** i.e., in the heart/genitals hit **her scored** wittily/sexually

116 **come** upon answer (perhaps with sexual connotations) **a man** i.e., old **King Pepin** eighth-century king

117 **hit it** name of a popular song and dance (plays on sense of "sex")

118 **Queen Guinevere** wife of King Arthur, who was unfaithful to her husband

123 **An** if

124 **fit it** unite lyrics and meter (plays on sense of "have sex")

125 **mark** target

126 **mark but** only take note of

127 **mark** target/female genitals **prick** bull's-eye/penis **mete** aim (puns on "mate")

128 **Wide o'th'bow hand** wide of the mark on the left side (**bow** plays on sense of "vagina") **out** inaccurate/out of practice

129 **shoot** plays on sense of "ejaculate" **clout** cloth patch at the center of the target (plays on sense of "vulva")

130 **out** i.e., of practice **in** archery/sexually in i.e., in practice

131 **upshoot** best shot/ejaculation **cleaving the pin** splitting the peg at the center of the target/stimulating his penis

133 **hard** good/sexually impenetrable **pricks** archery targets/penises **bowl** play at bowls (possible play on "masturbate you")

134 **rubbing** of the bowling ball against impediments/masturbatory friction owl "to take owl" was to take offense; pronounced to rhyme with bowl it puns on "hole" (vagina)

135 **clown** rustic

137 **incony** fine, pronounced "incunny," perhaps punning on "coney"/French *con* ("cunt") **vulgar** common, probably Costard's mistake for the opposite

138 **obscenely** malapropism, perhaps for “seemly,” appropriate for the preceding dialogue; there may also be innuendo in **comes so smoothly off** and **so fit**

139 **dainty** fastidious/elegant

143 **pathetical nit** touching little fellow

144 **Sola** a hunting cry

Act 4 Scene 2

4.2 **pedant** schoolteacher

1 **reverend** worth respect **in the testimony** with the warrant

3 ***sanguis*, in blood** in finest condition **pomewater** large juicy apple

4 **now** at one moment

5 **anon** at the next moment **crab** crab apple

6 **at the least** to say the least

7 **buck…head** five-year-old male deer (i.e., having just grown antlers)

8 ***haud credo*** “I do not believe it” (Latin; Dull understands something like “old gray doe”)

9 **pricket** two-year-old male deer

10 **intimation** intrusion **insinuation** introduction

11 **explication** detailed description **facere** to make (Holofernes sprinkles his speech with Latin terms) **replication** reply

12 **after** in keeping with **undressed** unkempt

13 **untrained** uninstructed/poorly managed horticulturally **unlettered** illiterate ratherest most of all **unconfirmed** inexperienced/ignorant **insert** introduce/substitute intrusively

16 **Twice-sod** doubly boiled **bis coctus** “twice cooked”

18 **of** on

19 **eat** eaten

20 **sensible** capable of perception

22 **Which** as **feeling** sensitivity

23 **fructify** bear fruit

25 **So…learning** it would be like trying to educate a fool/clumsily patching learning’s fabric

26 ***omne bene*** “all is well” **of…mind** in agreement with one of the Church Fathers (early Christian authorities)

27 **Many…wind** i.e., one has to put up with what one can’t change **brook** endure

29 **Cain’s birth** i.e., at the beginning of creation (Cain was Adam and Eve’s son)

30 ***Dictynna*** one of the names of the Roman moon goddess **goodman** title for someone below the rank of gentleman

32 **Phoebe, to Luna** other names for the moon goddess

33 **no more** no older

34 **raught** reached **fivescore** one hundred (five times twenty)

35 **Th'allusion…exchange** the riddle remains valid even if one substitutes Cain's name for Adam's

36 **collusion** verbal trick (unwittingly correct as this is a malapropism for **allusion**)

37 **comfort** help **capacity** mental ability

38 **pollution** corruption (of what he has said); another malapropism for **allusion**

40 **extemporal** improvised

42 ***Perge*** "proceed" **abrogate scurrility** do away with coarse language

44 **something…letter** make some use of alliteration **argues facility** demonstrates linguistic fluency

45 **preyful** killing much prey/intent on hunting/sexually hungry **pricket** two-year-old male deer, with play on "penis"

46 **say** say it was **sore** four-year-old male deer, with play on "vulva" **sore** wounded, with play on "sexually infected" **shooting** being shot at/ejaculating

47 **'L'** sound of the dogs' yelling/letter "L" **sorrel** three-year-old male deer/**L** added to **sore**/sore penis (an "ell" was a measure of length and euphemism for "penis") **thicket** plays on sense of vagina/pubic hair

48 **Or…sorrel** i.e., whatever kind of deer it was **fall a-hooting** begin calling out

49 **sore be sore** the deer is wounded **fifty sores** L is the Roman numeral for fifty; the **sores** in this sequence also carry connotations of sexual disease **o'** out of

50 **Of…'L'** adding another "L" (fifty) makes one hundred deer **more 'L'** possible pun on "moral" (hidden meaning)

52 **talent** alternative spelling for "talon" **claws** scratches/flatters

53 **HOLOFERNES** in the following sequence Shakespeare seems to have muddled the names of the schoolmaster and the curate, leading the early editions to assign the speeches incorrectly; all editions, including this one, correct for clarity **foolish** simple/trifling

54 **forms** images **figures** rhetorical devices **apprehensions** conceptions **motions** inward promptings **revolutions** reflections

55 **begot** conceived **ventricle** brain cavity **pia mater** membrane covering the brain/brain

56 **upon…occasion** when the time is right

59 **profit** benefit/increase (due to pregnancy) **under you** under your teaching/underneath you (sexually)

61 ***Mehercle*** “by Hercules” **ingenious** clever/intelligent **want** lack

62 **capable** able to learn/have sex **put…them** with sexual connotations

vir…loquitur “he’s a wise man who says little” (proverbial)

63 **soul feminine** i.e., woman

64 **Person** parson (rustic pronounciation)

65 ***quasi*** “as if”

67 **likest** most like **hogshead** large cask for drink

68 **Of…hogshead** broaching a cask/getting drunk **lustre of conceit** spark of wit **turf of earth** i.e., person close to the soil

72 ***Fauste*****…ruminat** “Faustus, while all the cattle are chewing the cud in the cool shade, I pray **you**…” (opening of the poet **Mantuan’s** first eclogue, a well-known work at the time)

74 ***Venetia*****…pretia** “Venice, he that does not see thee does not esteem thee” (Italian proverb)

77 **Ut…fa** either notes of a scale or snatch of tune **Under pardon** begging your pardon **Horace** Latin poet of the first century BC

80 **staff** stanza **Lege, domine** “read, master”

84 **oaks** i.e., firm **osiers** pliant willows

85 **Study…book** i.e., the student abandons his inclination and makes your eyes his subject for study

86 **art** scholarship

87 **mark** target/vagina

90 **Which is** for which is owed **parts** physical or mental attributes

91 **Jove** Roman king of the gods

92 **bent** inclined

95 **apostrophus** apostrophe **accent** correct emphasis **supervise** look over

96 **canzonet** short song/poem **numbers ratified** metrically correct lines

97 ***caret*** (it is) “lacking” **Ovidius Naso** Roman poet Ovid (**Naso** means “large-nosed”)

98 **odoriferous** sweet-smelling **fancy** imagination **jerks** sharp speeches

99 ***Imitari*** “to imitate”

100 **damosella** damsel

101 **strange** foreign

102 **overglance** look over **superscript** address

103 **intellect** meaning, contents

104 **nomination** name

105 **all desired employment** any service you wish to put me to

107 **framed** composed **sequent** attendant

108 **way** of progression process of delivery **Trip and go** move nimbly (phrase from a popular song)

109 **concern** much be of great importance **Stay…compliment** don’t wait upon etiquette

110 **forgive** thy duty excuse the necessary courtesies

112 **Have** with thee I’ll go with you

114 **father** Church Father

115 **colourable** colours plausible explanations (offered by the Church Fathers)

117 **pen** calligraphy/style

120 **undertake…venuto** ensure your welcome

122 **society** company

123 **text** i.e., the Bible (possibly Ecclesiastes 4:8–12)

124 **certes** certainly **concludes** resolves

125 ***Pauca verba*** “few words” **gentles** gentlefolk **game** sport/hunting/love play

Act 4 Scene 3

1 **coursing** hunting (may pun on “cursing”) **pitched a toil** set up a net

2 **toiling…pitch** struggling among the sticky thoughts of love **defiles** pollutes, fouls **set thee down** settle in

3 **I** I am

4 **mad…sheep** when not given the armor of the dead Achilles, Ajax attacked a flock of sheep thinking they were the enemy

7 **lie…throat** tell enormous lies

12 **in** in love **groan** i.e., for love

15 **bird-bolt** blunt arrow for shooting birds **under…pap** i.e., where the heart is **pap** breast

18 **eye-beams** the eyes were thought to emit beams of light

19 **night of dew** nightly tears

21 **deep** sea

29 **glasses** mirrors **still** continually

35 **thy** i.e., the king’s

37 **perjure** perjurer, oath-breaker **wearing papers** perjurers were punished by having to wear papers stating their offense

39 **another…name** i.e., another drunkard

42 **triumviry** triumvirate (i.e., trio) **corner-cap** three- or four-cornered cap worn by clergymen and academics **society** fellowship

43 **Tyburn** place of execution where triangular gallows stood **simplicity** folly

44 **stubborn** stiff, rough **move** i.e., persuade Maria to love him

46 **numbers** verses/lines of poetry

47 **guards** decorations/defenses **hose** breeches

48 **shop** codpiece

57 **grace** favor

60 **exhal’st** draws up (the sun was thought to draw vapors from the earth)

63 **To** as to

64 **liver vein** style of the lover (the liver was thought to be the seat of passion)

65 **green goose** silly young girl/new prostitute

66 **out o’th’way** gone astray

68 **infant play** child’s game

70 **heedfully o’er-eye** observe attentively

71 **sacks…mill** cause for laughter (proverbial)

72 **woodcocks** proverbially stupid birds

74 **coxcomb** fool (literally, fool’s cap)

76 **corporal** officer (in Cupid’s army) (plays on “corporeal”)

77 **for…quoted** makes real amber seem ugly in comparison **quoted** cited

78 **An…noted** punning on foul as “fowl,” Berowne sarcastically applauds Dumaine’s identification of Katherine’s dark (raven) hair as amber-colored

80 **Stoop** curved/come down to earth

81 **with child** i.e., round

87 **good word** i.e., **Amen**/kind of me

88 **a** asa

90 **incision** cutting for letting blood

91 **in saucers** into receptacles/by the saucerful **misprision** error

93 **vary wit** inspire new forms of expression/decrease intelligence

96 **passing** surpassingly

97 **wanton** playful

100 **That** so that **sick to death** made ill from longing (**death** possibly plays on sense of “orgasm”)

106 **unmeet** unfitting

107 **pluck a sweet plays** on sense of “take virginity, have sex”

111 **Juno** Roman queen of the gods, wife of Jove **Ethiope** Ethiopian (i.e., dark-complexioned, thought to be unattractive)

112 **for** to be

117 **example** provide precedent for

118 **perjured** note paper pinned to perjurer describing his offense

119 **dote** love dearly

120 **charity** Christian love (as opposed to amorous love)

121 **That** you who **society** company

123 **taken napping** caught unawares

124 **such** i.e., the same

128 **wreathèd** folded (sign of melancholy) **athwart** across

130 **closely** secretly

132 **fashion** behavior

133 **reek** emanate

136 **troth** good faith, a pledge

140 **spend** expend/exhaust
143 **by** about
146 **grace** privilege
147 **worms** wretches
148 **coaches** alludes to the coach image in the king’s poem
151 **minstrels** musicians, entertainers sonneting sonnet-composition
153 **o’ershot** in error/off course (literally, to have overshot the target)
154 **mote** speck of dust/fault
155 **beam** large object/major fault
157 **teen** grief
159 **gnat** i.e., insignificant thing
160 **gig** spinning-top
161 **profound** wise **tuning a jig** singing a lively song/dancing
162 **Nestor** Trojan leader, famed for his wisdom **push-pin** children’s game
163 **Timon** Athenian notorious for his misanthropy **idle toys** trivial games/concerns
167 **caudle** medicinal gruel
169 **over-view** inspection
171 **honest** honorable
177 **pruning me** preening myself
179 **state** posture/bearing
181 **Soft**! Wait a moment!
182 **true** honest
183 **post** ride quickly (away)
185 **present** gift/written document
187 **makes treason** is treason doing
189 **mar** spoil (proverbial: “to make or mar”)
192 **person** parson (i.e., Nathaniel) **misdoubts** distrusts
199 **toy** trifle
200 **passion** powerful emotion
202 **whoreson** bastard (son of a whore) **loggerhead** blockhead
205 **mess** four dining companions
207 **pick-purses** pickpockets
211 **turtles** turtledoves—i.e., lovers
212 **sirs** address acceptable for both men and women
213 **Walk…folk** i.e., the honest people will leave

218 **cross** thwart **cause…born** i.e., fate

219 **of all hands** in any case

220 **rent** torn

222 **rude** ignorant, rough **savage** uncivilized **Ind** India

223 **opening** dawning

224 **vassal** submissive

226 **peremptory** determined **eagle-sighted** eagles were supposed to be able to look directly into the sun

229 **fury** frenzy

231 **She** i.e., Rosaline attending attendant **scarce…light** barely visible

233 **but** were it not **my love** i.e., the woman I love

234 **the culled sovereignty** those chosen as the best

236 **worthies** beings of excellence **dignity** (supreme) excellence

237 **wants** is lacking **want** desire

238 **gentle** wellborn

239 **Fie** expression of disgust **painted** artificial

240 **of** for

241 **passes** surpasses **then…blot** thus any praise is inadequate and defames her

242 **fivescore winters worn** a hundred years old

244 **varnish** improve, give luster to

245 **the crutch** i.e., old age **cradle's infancy** i.e., youth

247 **black as ebony** dark/unattractive

249 **were felicity** would be bliss

250 **book** i.e., Bible

252 **If…look** unless beauty learns how to look from Rosaline's eye

253 **fair** beautiful/pale **full so black** so completely dark-complexioned

255 **hue** complexion/color **school** academy (though some editors emend to "scowl" or "stole")

256 **beauty's crest** i.e., the sun **becomes** graces, befits

257 **resembling…light** when they pose as angels

259 **It** i.e., she/her beauty **that** the fact that **painting…hair** cosmetics and wigs

260 **doters** infatuated fools **false aspect** deceptive appearance

262 **favour…days** face inverts what is conventionally thought beautiful

263 **native blood** natural redness, a rosy complexion **counted painting** considered artificial (i.e., to be rouge)

264 **red** natural rosiness **dispraise** disparagement

267 **colliers** coal vendors

268 **crack** boast

270 **come in** expose themselves to

271 **colours** cosmetics/sparse natural color

275 **then** i.e., on **doomsday**

276 **vile** worthless/unattractive

277 **here's** i.e., Longaville's shoe

279 **dainty** light, delicate/refined

280 **goes** walks **what upward lies** i.e., what is up her skirt

284 **prove** demonstrate using logic

286 **there** that's the point **flattery…evil** pleasing self-deception to justify our oath-breaking

288 **quillets** subtle distinctions/quibbles

289 **salve** healing ointment

290 **need** necessary

291 **Have at you** let me at it/here goes **affection's…arms** love's soldiers

294 **state** majesty/status

297 **And where**…the following twenty-three lines are enclosed within solidi because, although they appear in the early printed texts, they seem to be Shakespeare's first draft of the lines that follow; they should be cut in performance

305 **Promethean fire** i.e., illumination (Prometheus stole fire from the gods to give to mankind)

324 **fiery numbers** passionate poems

326 **slow arts** dull or more serious learning **keep** occupy

327 **barren** unresponsive, unfruitful

330 **immurèd** walled up

332 **Courses** runs/chases **power** faculty/function

334 **Above…offices** beyond their ordinary abilities

338 **the…stopped** even the alert thief hears nothing

339 **sensible** sensitive

340 **cockled** having a shell

341 **Bacchus** Roman god of wine **gross** inferior, coarse

342 **For** as for

343 **climbing…Hesperides** Hercules’ eleventh labor was to pick the golden apples from the garden of the Hesperides

344 **Subtle** wily **Sphinx** mythological creature who killed anyone who couldn’t answer her riddle

345 **Apollo** Greek sun god, also god of music

348 **durst** dares

349 **tempered** blended

353 **still…fire** continually with the heavenly fire stolen by Prometheus

354 **academes** academies

356 **Else** otherwise **aught** anything

360 **loves** is loved by/inspires love in/is a friend to

361 **authors** creators

362 **whom** may pun on “womb”

363 **once** for once/only once

365 **religion** within the boundaries of our beliefs

366 **charity…law** biblical allusion: “he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law” (Romans 13:8)

369 **Advance your standards** raise up your flags (with phallic connotations) **upon them** to them (with sexual connotations)

370 **Pell-mell** with no regard for order/at close quarters (sexual connotations) **be first advised** first take care

371 **get…them** make sure the sun is in their eyes (thus giving you the advantage; puns on “[be]get the son”)

372 **dealing** puns on sense of “having sex” **glozes** elaborate speeches

377 **attach** seize (legal term)

379 **strange** novel, unusual, exceptional **solace** entertain

382 **Forerun** run before

384 **betime** happen **fitted** used appropriately

385 ***Allons***! “Let’s go!” (French) **Sowed…corn** wheat won’t be harvested if weeds are planted

386 **whirls…measure** is distributed evenly

387 **Light** merry/frivolous/promiscuous

388 **copper** small coins **treasure** vaginal connotations (plagues in previous line suggests sexual disease)

Act 5 Scene 1

1 ***Satis quod sufficit*** “what is provided is sufficient” (i.e., “enough is as good as a feast”)

2 **reasons** observations **dinner** main meal eaten in the middle of the day

3 **sententious** full of wise remarks **affection** affectation **audacious** bold

4 **opinion** arrogance **strange** new

5 ***quondam*** (the) “other” intituled entitled

6 **nominated** named

7 ***Novi…te*** “I know the man as well as I know you” peremptory determined

8 **filed** smooth

9 **thrasonical** boastful **picked** fastidious

10 **peregrinate** affectedly foreign (i.e., with the manner of one who has traveled)

11 **table-book** notebook

12 **staple** fiber/material

13 **argument** subject matter **fanatical** extravagant/flamboyant

phantasimes fantastical people **insociable** unsociable **point-device** overprecise

14 **rackers of orthography** torturers of correct spelling **fine** thinly/affectedly; alternatively, a misprint for “*sine b*” (“without the letter *b*“)

16 **clepeth** calls **vocatur** “is called”

17 **abhominable** plays on the popular misconception that the word was derived from Latin *ab homine* – i.e., “away from man/unnatural” insinuateth suggests, i.e., drives me to

18 **insanie** insanity **Ne intelligis, domine?** “Do you understand, sir?”

19 ***Laus…intelligo*** “Praise God, I understand well”

20 **Priscian…scratched** i.e., your Latin is slightly wrong (Priscian was an ancient grammarian whose works were still used in the sixteenth century)

21 ***Videsne quis venit?*** “Do you see who is coming?”

22 ***Video et gaudeo*** “I see and I rejoice”

23 **Chirrah**! either mispronunciation of “sirrah” or the Greek *chaere* (“hail”)

24 ***Quare*** “why”

28 **alms-basket** charity basket of food for the poor

29 **eaten…word** puns on pronunciation of Moth’s name as *mot* (“word” in French) **long…head** tall

30 ***honorificabilitudinitatibus*** state of being honored, supposedly the longest word in Latin **flap-dragon** edible object, such as a raisin (plucked from burning brandy and swallowed as part of the game of flap-dragon)

31 **peal** loud uproar/bell ringing

32 **lettered** educated (Moth understands “literate”)

33 **hornbook** paper displaying the alphabet, numbers, prayers, etc., protected by a thin layer of horn

35 ***pueritia*** “childishness,” i.e., child

36 **Ba** sound made by a sheep silly foolish

37 ***Quis*** “who” **consonant** nonentity, since it cannot be sounded without vowels

39 **i** interrupted by Moth, Holofernes inadvertently identifies himself (I) as the sheep

40 **concludes** it finishes the list/proves my point o, u i.e., “oh you/ewe”

41 ***Mediterraneum*** Mediterranean touch hit (scored against an opponent) venue thrust (in fencing)

42 **Snip, snap** remarking on Moth’s quick wit; “snip snap” is also “smart repartee” **home** on the target

43 **wit-old** pun on “wittold” or “wittol”—i.e., a contented cuckold

44 **figure** figure of speech

45 **Horns** i.e., of cuckoldry

46 **disputes** reason **gig** spinning-top

47 ***manu cita*** “with a ready hand”

51 **halfpenny** i.e., little **pigeon-egg** i.e., small egg **discretion** good judgment

52 **wert** were

53 ***ad dunghill*** corruption of *ad unguem*, i.e., “to the fingernail,” exact in detail

55 **Arts-man** scholar **preambulate** (let us) walk **barbarous** uncivilized

56 **charge-house** school

57 ***mons*** plays on *mons veneris*, pubic mound

59 **sans** “without” (French)

60 **affection** desire **congratulate** pay respects to

61 **posteriors** buttocks, i.e., later parts **rude** ignorant

63 **generous** noble **liable** apt **congruent** suitable

64 **measurable** fitting **culled** chosen

66 **familiar** close friend

67 **inward** private

68 **courtesy** manners (in wearing your hat) **apparel** cover

69 **designs** plans

70 **by the world** mild oath

71 **excrement** that which grows out of the body, such as hair and nails; also, feces

72 **sweet heart** i.e., dear friend **recount no fable** am not telling untruths

75 **all of all** essence

76 **chuck** chick (term of endearment) **ostentation** public display

77 **antic** extravagant spectacle **firework** i.e., firework display

79 **withal** with this **end** purpose

80 **Nine Worthies** popular subject for entertainments, featuring three Jews (Joshua, David, and Judas Maccabaeus), three pagans (Hector of Troy, Alexander the Great, and Julius Caesar), and three Christians (Arthur, Charlemagne, and Godfrey of Bouillon)

81 **entertainment** spending of

83 **illustrate** illustrious

87 **swain** i.e., Costard **great…joint** i.e., he has a big build (possible phallic joke) **pass** pass for/represent **Pompey the Great** famous Roman general of the first century BC

90 **club** play on penis size

91 **have audience** be heard **in minority** as a child **enter** entrance

92 **strangling a snake** as a baby, Hercules strangled two snakes sent by Juno to kill him **apology** formal explanation

93 **device** scheme

100 **attend** listen

101 **fadge** works out, succeeds

102 ***Via*** “come along”

105 **make one** take part

106 **tabor** small drum **hay** winding country dance

Act 5 Scene 2

2 **fairings** gifts

3 **A…diamonds**! presumably an ornamental lady’s portrait surrounded by diamonds

8 **margent** margin

9 **fain…name** obliged to place his seal over Cupid’s name (as he had written everywhere)

10 **godhead** i.e., Cupid’s **wax** grow (puns on the wax of the seal; plays on idea of an enlarging penis)

11 **five…boy** a child since the world was created

12 **shrewd** cunning/mischievous **unhappy** trouble-causing **gallows** someone who deserves to be hanged

13 **a…sister** i.e., she died for love

14 **heavy** sorrowful

15 **light** merry/lighthearted/promiscuous

17 **grandam** grandmother

19 **dark** hidden mouse term of affection **light word** frivolous talk/word “light”

20 **condition** disposition

22 **taking…snuff** trimming the wick/taking offense (proverbial)

23 **darkly** obscurely/enigmatically

24 **Look** what whatever do it plays on sense of “have sex”

25 **light wench** i.e., unchaste

26 **not** i.e., not the same as

27 **weigh** esteem **that’s** that means

28 **past…cure** there’s no point worrying about what can’t be helped (proverbial); some editors transpose “care” and “cure”

29 **bandied** exchanged, tossed to and fro **set** game (of tennis/**wit**)

30 **favour** love token

32 **would** wish

36 **numbers true** poetic meter correct **numbering** enumeration/calculation

38 **fairs** beautiful women

41 **letters** lettering **praise** content

43 **text B** elaborately written capital B, possibly for “black” or “Berowne” **copy-book** writing practice book

44 **’Ware** beware pencils fine paintbrushes **Let…debtor** i.e., I’ll not owe you an insult, I’ll get my own back (proverbial)

45 **red dominical** red lettering used to mark Sundays of the church year in calendars **golden** also used to mark Sundays or Easter, or a reference to Katherine’s hair

46 **O’s** possibly small scars caused by smallpox

47 **pox** curse (may pick up on the idea of smallpox scars) **beshrew** curse **shrews** vexatious, scolding women

50 **twain** two

53 **translation** expression

54 **simplicity** foolishness/lack of skill

59 **would** wish **these…part** perhaps Maria has bound the chain around her hands

61 **purchase** deserve, earn

63 **in by th’week** fully ensnared

65 **the season** for the right time **observe the times** keep to the rules

66 **prodigal** lavish, excessive **bootless** useless

68 **make…jests** make him feel grateful even for Rosaline’s proud mockery of him

69 **pert aunt like** Folio’s “pertaunt” (Quarto “perttaunt”) is unexplained: perhaps “like a lively older woman” (or with French tante for “aunt”?), though many emendations have been proposed, including “planet-like,” “fortune-like” and “pair-taunt-like” (supposedly a strong hand at cards) **o’ersway** overrule

70 **his fate** controller of his destiny

71 **surely** securely

73 **warrant** authorization

76 **gravity** seriousness/respectability **wantonness** foolish, uncontrolled, desirous behavior

77 **note** stigma/reproach

78 **dote** behave foolishly

79 **all…simplicity** the wise man will use his intelligence to demonstrate the wisdom of folly

85 **Arm** prepare (for combat) **Encounters mounted are** skirmishes are prepared

87 **surprised** ambushed

88 **Muster** assemble (like troops)

90 **Saint Denis** patron saint of France **to** against

91 **charge** load/fire **breath** i.e., words **scout** spy

92 **sycamore** tree associated with melancholy

94 **purposed** intended

95 **might behold addressed** saw approaching

97 **by** nearby

98 **overhear** hear told again

99 **by and by** shortly

101 **conned** learned **embassage** message

102 **Action** appropriate gestures **accent** verbal delivery

104 **ever and anon** every now and then **made a doubt** voiced their fear (that)

105 **majestical** regal **put him out** disconcert him/make him forget his lines

111 **wag** mischievous young man

112 **rubbed his elbow** gesture of satisfaction **fleered** grinned

114 **with…thumb** i.e., snapping his fingers

115 **Via**! “Come along!”

116 **capered** leaped/danced joyfully

117 **turned…toe** pirouetted

120 **spleen ridiculous** ludicrous fit of merriment

121 **check** restrain/reprimand

124 **Like…guess** no rhyme for this line, so a line may be missing

125 **parley** enter into conversation

126 **love-feat** perhaps a misprint for “love-suit”

127 **several** individual

129 **gallants** fine gentlemen/suitors tasked tested

131 **grace** privilege

132 **Despite of suit** in spite of entreaty

133 **Hold…dear** these two lines might be a first draft of the two that follow

137 **change** exchange

138 **removes** exchanges

139 **most in sight** conspicuously

141 **cross** thwart

144 **counsels** private intentions **unbosom** disclose

145 **loves mistook** i.e., the wrong women **withal** with this

147 **visages displayed** faces visible, i.e., unmasked

149 **to the death** i.e., we'd rather fight to the death than
150 **penned** composed **render** yield **grace** favor
152 **kill…heart** discourage his affection
153 **part** remembered lines/intentions
155 **be out** has forgotten his lines
157 **theirs ours** i.e., their fun our amusement
158 **intended** their intended
160 **Blackamoors** attendants costumed and/or made-up to look like black men
162 **taffeta** silk material, often used for making masks
163 **parcel** small group
166 **Out**…i.e., Moth has forgotten his lines; ellipsis used when speaker dries, dash when interrupted
168 **vouchsafe** permit, deign
173 **epithet** description
174 **daughter-beamèd** punning on sun-/son-beamèd
175 **brings me out** makes me forget my lines
176 **perfectness** being word perfect
177 **What…strangers**? What do these foreigners want? **minds** intentions
179 **plain** plainspoken/honest
182 **gentle visitation** a courteous, friendly visit
187 **measured** traversed
188 **tread a measure** dance a stately dance
193 **measure** quantity/measurement told counted/said
201 **travel** journeying/labor (travail)
202 **number** account/count up
204 **still** always **account** estimate, counting/debt
207 **My…moon** i.e., her face shines with light reflected from the princess/is changeable **clouded** i.e., masked
208 **do…do** i.e., be as close to the ladies' faces as the masks are
209 **stars** i.e., the other ladies
210 **eyne** eyes
212 **moonshine…water** i.e., something insubstantial
213 **change** round of dancing
214 **strange** unusual (plays on sense of "foreign")
217 **estranged** apart/aloof; puns on strange

219 **she…man** i.e., they belong together, being moon and man in the moon (no rhyme word for “moon”: a line may be missing)

220 **The…it** some editors assign this line to the king **motion** movement

224 **nice** shy/fussy/whimsical

228 **More** measure a greater quantity

230 **Price** “price” and “prize” sounded the same

234 **Twice…you** possibly refers to Rosaline’s curtsies—two to the king’s visor, but only half of one to his face

235 **deny** refuse

239 **three** i.e., sweet words for Berowne

240 **treys** threes (in gambling) **nice** coy

241 **Metheglin** strong spiced Welsh mead **wort** sweet unfermented beer **malmsey** strong sweet red wine **run** played/fallen

242 **sweets** i.e., sweet words

244 **cog** cheat (like a gambler)

247 **griev’st** vex **gall** sore spot/bile

249 **meet** fitting

250 **change** exchange

255 **Please it you** if it pleases you

257 **vizard** visor **tongue** leather strap held in the mouth to keep the visor secure/reference to Longaville’s silence

260 **double tongue** i.e., your tongue and the mask’s tongue/duplicitous tongue

261 **afford…half** i.e., end my silence/reveal your identity

262 **‘Veal’** Dutch pronunciation of “well” (i.e., assessment of Longaville’s reason); added to Katherine’s last spoken word, “long,” it provides the name of her wooer **calf** stupid person, implying Longaville is one

265 **part** divide

266 **half** co-sharer/partner (in marriage)

267 **wean** raise prove an ox become a fool

268 **butt** strike

269 **give horns** attack/cuckold your husband

273 **keen** sharp/eager

276 **sense of sense** perception of the senses **sensible** striking

277 **conference** conversation **conceits** witty thoughts, quips

278 **Fleeter** swifter, nimbler

280 **dry-beaten** beaten, bruised **scoff** mockery

284 **Tapers** candles **with** by

285 **Well-liking** thriving, plump **gross** dull/plump

286 **kingly-poor flout** feeble insult from a king/majestically poor mockery

289 **pert** lively **out…quite** completely disconcerted

290 **cases** states/masks

291 **weeping-ripe** ready to weep

292 **out…suit** out of keeping with his love suit (suit puns on sense of “clothing”)

294 **servant** servant in love/wooer **straight** at once

295 **came o’er** overcame

296 **trow you** would you believe

297 **Qualm** sudden feeling of nausea/heartburn

300 **plain statute-caps** woollen knitted caps worn by those of lower social status

302 **quick** hasty

305 **give ear** listen

307 **In…shapes** i.e., without disguises

308 **digest** swallow/put up with

312 **repair** return

313 **Blow** blossom (the princess plays on the sense of “give blows”)

316 **damask** red and white (variety of rose) **commixture** complexion/mingling

317 **vailing** lowering/yielding

318 **Avaunt** begone **perplexity** riddler

321 **as…disguised** as much as we did when they were in disguise

323 **shapeless gear** unshapely clothes

324 **end** purpose

326 **rough carriage** graceless behavior

329 **roes** female deer (puns on “rose”)

336 **utters** speaks/offers for sale

338 **wakes** church festivals **wassails** revels

339 **by gross** wholesale

341 **gallant** i.e., ladies’ man **pins…sleeve** makes the women dependent on him/collects them like favors

342 **Had…Eve** i.e., rather than Eve tempting Adam as in the Bible

343 **carve** behave charmingly but affectedly **lisp** talk in a pretentious manner

344 **kissed…courtesy** wore his hand out with too many courteous kisses

345 **ape of form** imitator of etiquette **Nice** fastidious

346 **tables** backgammon

347 **honourable** polite

348 **mean** middle part (tenor or alto) **meanly** well enough **ushering** taking the part of the gentleman usher, organizing ceremonies

349 **Mend** beat, improve on

356 **put…part** i.e., made Moth forget his lines

357 **it** i.e., Boyet **Behaviour** fine manners

358 **madman** i.e., Boyet

360 **'Fair'…foul** it is false to call a hailstorm fair

361 **Construe** understand/interpret

362 **wish me** greet me with leave permission

365 **This…me** i.e., I will stay here **hold** keep

366 **Nor** neither

369 **nickname** misname

370 **office** function

371 **yet** still

372 **protest** declare

375 **a…Of** to be the reason for you breaking your

377 **desolation** solitariness

381 **but of late** only recently

384 **Trim** smart **courtship** courtliness/wooing **state** stately appearance

386 **to…days** as is the current fashion

387 **undeserving** undeserved

390 **apace** quickly

391 **happy** well-chosen/apt/agreeable

393 **When…drink** i.e., they are fools

394 **dry** yields no result (plays on sense of thirsty)

395 **When…light** i.e., when we look directly at the sun, we are blinded by its light

397 **capacity** intelligence

398 **to** compared to

400 **eye** organ of sight/opinion

409 **case** covering, i.e., mask
411 **descried** discovered
413 **Amazed** perplexed/dumbstruck
414 **brows** temples
415 **Muscovy** i.e., Russia
417 **face of brass** brazen manner/firm expression
418 **dart thy skill** hurl your judgment/wit
419 **confound** destroy/overthrow flout taunt
421 **keen conceit** sharp wit
422 **wish** ask
423 **habit** outfit **wait** do service
425 **motion** movement
426 **friend** sweetheart
427 **harper's** harpist's
428 **Taffeta** i.e., elaborate **precise** fastidious
429 **Three-piled** luxuriously thick (like velvet)
430 **Figures** i.e., figures of speech **pedantical** pedantic/excessively learned
431 **blown** swollen/deposited eggs/polluted
435 **russet** rustic/homely (homespun reddish cloth) **kersey** plain (coarse cloth)
436 **law** la (i.e., "indeed")
437 **sans** "without" (French)
438 **Sans 'sans'** i.e., don't use affected French words
439 **trick** characteristic
440 **rage** madness/rash fever
441 **by degrees** little by little
442 **'Lord…us'** written on the doors of plague victims as a warning
444 **of** from
445 **visited** afflicted **free** uninfected
446 **Lord's tokens** signs of plague/love tokens given by the lords
447 **free** generous/uninfected
448 **states** honorable status/status as bachelors/estates
450 **sue** entreat/woo
451 **to do** sex/anything to do
457 **but even** just
459 **well advised** i.e., thinking wisely

463 **respect** value

464 **challenge** claim

466 **forbear** stop

467 **force…forswear** will not hesitate to break it again

486 **either** the two **remit** give up

487 **on’t** of it **consent** agreement

489 **dash** spoil **Christmas comedy** seasonal entertainment

490 **carry-tale** tell-tale **please-man** yes-man **slight** lowly **zany** clown’s assistant

491 **mumble-news** gossip **trencher-knight** dinner-table hero/great eater **Dick** low fellow

492 **smiles…years** wrinkles his face with smiles **trick** knack (with sexual innuendo)

493 **disposed** inclined to be merry

496 **sign of she** outward symbol thought to represent our particular mistress

499 **Much…’tis** it must have happened pretty much this way

501 **by th’squier** accurately

502 **laugh…eye** i.e., exchange laughter and knowing looks with her **apple** pupil

503 **stand…fire** i.e., act as her fireguard (stand may play on sense of “get an erection” and fire on sense of “sexual passion,” perhaps also with vaginal connotations)

504 **Holding a trencher** i.e., ready to be of service trencher plate

506 **Die** plays on sense of “have an orgasm” **smock…shroud** you’ll be buried like a woman smock woman’s undergarment

507 **leer** look sideways

508 **Wounds…sword** i.e., poses no threat of injury (sword may have phallic connotations)

509 **brave manage** fine gallop at full speed **career** charge/gallop

510 **tilting straight** going straight back to his verbal jousting (plays on notion of a thrusting penis)

511 **Thou partest** you are breaking up **fray** fight

512 **would** want to

515 **vara** very

516 **pursents** represents, acts

519 **beg us** i.e., take us for fools

522 **whereuntil** to what

524 **were…get** would be a shame if you had to make **reckoning** calculation

527 **perfect** i.e., perform, present

528 **Pompion** pumpkin; malapropism for “Pompey”

531 **degree** rank **stand for** represent

533 **turn…off** pull off the performance well

535 **policy** clever device

540 **zeal** fervent enthusiasm content please **contents** subject matter

541 **that…presents** the presentation

542 **There…mirth** the ruining of the presentation creates its own mirth

545 **Anointed** i.e., the king, anointed as monarch **expense** expenditure

546 **brace** pair

550 **one** the same (to me)

552 ***fortuna…guerra*** “the chance of war” (Spanish)

553 **couplement** couple

554 **like** likely **presence** company

556 **pedant** schoolmaster

558 **habits** costumes

561 **hedge-priest** uneducated rural priest

562 **Abate** set aside **throw at novum** lucky throws in a dice game, in which throwing a five and nine won; the actors will perform the Nine Worthies with only five actors

563 **vein** mood/character

564 **amain** at full speed

568 **leopard’s head** part of Pompey’s costume, possibly painted on a shield

569 **must needs** must

575 **targe** light shield

577 **coast** area

578 **arms** weapons (plays on sense of “limbs”)

581 **perfect** i.e., word perfect

583 **My…halfpenny** I’ll bet (anything) **for** as

586 **scutcheon** shield painted with a coat of arms

587 **right** straight; Alexander’s head was supposed to lean to one side

588 **Your…this** Alexander was supposed to smell sweet; Berowne suggests Boyet’s nose can tell this isn’t really Alexander by Nathaniel’s odor tender-smelling having a sensitive sense of smell

596 **painted cloth** the Nine Worthies were often depicted on painted hangings **lion…close-stool** Alexander’s coat of arms as depicted in the Renaissance pole-axe battle-axe

597 **close-stool** chamber pot within a seat (instead of throne) **Ajax** pun on “a jakes” (i.e., toilet)

599 **dashed** disheartened

601 **o’erparted** having too difficult a part to play

602 **sort** manner

604 **imp** child

605 **Cerberus** three-headed dog guarding the entrance to Hades, captured by Hercules as his final labor **canus** “dog” (Latin, actually *canis*)

607 ***manus*** “hands”

608 ***Quoniam*** “since” in minority a child

609 ***Ergo*** “therefore”

610 **state** dignity

612 **A Judas!** i.e., a traitor

613 **Iscariot** Judas Iscariot betrayed Christ; Judas Maccabaeus was a military leader

614 **ycliped** called

615 **clipped** cut short/embraced

616 **A kissing traitor** Judas betrayed Jesus with a kiss

619 **mean you** is your meaning/is your intention

621 **Begin** you go first (in hanging yourself) **elder** senior/superior (Berowne picks up on “type of tree on which Judas hanged himself”)

623 **put…countenance** made to lose composure (Berowne plays on sense of face)

626 **cittern-head** type of guitar with grotesquely carved head

627 **bodkin** hairpin with ornamental head

628 **death’s…ring** ring carved with death’s head (a skull)

629 **scarce seen** almost worn away

630 **pommel** ornamental knob on a sword or dagger **falchion** sword

631 **flask** powder flask for gunpowder

632 **half-cheek** profile

633 **brooch…tooth-drawer** tradesmen wore lead brooches to signify their trades

635 **put…countenance** stopped you being disconcerted/given you a face

638 **out-faced them all** put them all to shame

639 **lion…ass** in one of Aesop’s fables the ass disguises himself as a lion by wearing its skin until he is betrayed by his braying

642 **latter end** second part (i.e., ass)

644 **generous** mannerly/noble **gentle** courteous **humble** polite

645 **light…Judas** possible reference to the Judas candlestick, used at Easter in parish churches

647 **Achilles…Hector** enemies in the Trojan war **in arms** armed

648 **home by me** back to mock me

649 **Troyan** man of Troy/merry fellow

651 **clean-timbered** well-built

653 **calf** lower leg/fool

654 **endued** endowed **small** i.e., thinnest part of the calf

656 **makes** creates/pulls

657 **armipotent** powerful in arms

659 **gilt** glazed

662 **cloven** split in two (sexually; punning on lemon as “leman” or “lover”)

664 **Ilion** Troy

665 **breathed** exercised/fit

666 **pavilion** ceremonial tent used during tournaments

670 **rein** curb

672 **greyhound** i.e., fast runner

673 **war-man** warrior **beat…buried** i.e., don’t speak ill of the dead

674 **forward** advance

675 **device** performance

678 **foot** body part/measurement

679 **yard** three feet/penis

681 **gone** dead

682 **gone** pregnant (refers to Jaquenetta)

684 **cast away** ruined

685 **quick** pregnant **brags** boasts (suggesting that Armado is the father)

686 **infamonize** slander **potentates** monarchs

687 **quick** pregnant/living

688 **Pompey** i.e., the part of Pompey, played by Costard

693 **Ates** discordant comments; Ate was the Roman goddess of vengeance

694 **challenge him** i.e., to a fight

695 **a have** he has **sup** feed

697 **pole…man** raiders of the northern borders were known to fight with poles

698 **borrow…again** use the weapons I had as Pompey

699 **Room** make room

702 **take…lower** help unbutton your doublet/humiliate you

703 **uncasing** undressing

706 **bloods** spirited men

708 **woolward** wearing wool next to the skin without a linen shirt

709 **enjoined** imposed on want lack (i.e., Armado’s shirtlessness is the result of poverty not religious penance)

710 **dishclout** dishcloth, with play on menstrual rag

711 **favour** love token **Marcadé** his name can be associated with Mercury, messenger of the Roman gods and god of rhetoric; also with the French *danse macabre* or “dance of death”

718 **tale** news

720 **breathe free breath** am relieved **I…discretion** I have enough (if little) discretion to know I have behaved badly

721 **right** avenge/behave (correctly)

728 **hide** overlook

729 **liberal** unrestrained opposition antagonism

731 **the…breath** i.e., conversation **gentleness** nobility/courtesy

732 **guilty of** responsible for

734 **so** therefore

736 **The…speed** i.e., when there is little time available decisions have to be made quickly

738 **his very loose** the very last moment (archery metaphor)

739 **process** proceedings **arbitrate** conclude

740 **mourning…progeny** child’s grief for a parent

741 **Forbid** denies

742 **holy suit** i.e., marriage **fain** gladly **convince** demonstrate

743 **on foot** on its feet, i.e., begun

744 **justle** push

745 **wail** lament lost dead

746 **wholesome-profitable** beneficial to well-being

748 **double** because her father is dead and she cannot understand him

750 **badges** outward signs/words

752 **foul play** unfairly

753 **deformed** disfigured

754 **opposed end** i.e., exact opposite

756 **unbefitting** inappropriate **strains** features/impulses

757 **wanton** carefree/playful **vain** foolish/silly

759 **straying** some editors emend to “strange” **shapes** appearances **habits** ways of behaving/clothes

761 **his** its

762 **parti-coated** motley, patchwork (worn by fools) **presence** appearance **loose** unrestrained

763 **Put on** presented/worn

764 **misbecomed** been unbecoming to

766 **Suggested…make** tempted us to commit them

768 **prove false** i.e., by breaking their vows to pursue only learning

769 **true** i.e., faithful to the ladies

770 **both** i.e., oath breakers and true to our word

775 **rated** assessed

776 **At** as no more than

777 **bombast…time** i.e., ways of filling time bombast wool padding/speechifying

778 **devout** committed/earnest respects deliberation/attention

779 **met** responded to

783 **quote** regard

787 **world-without-end** everlasting

789 **dear** dire/costly, valuable

790 **as** although **such cause** reason (for you to)

791 **aught** anything

793 **forlorn** desolate naked austere

795 **until…reckoning** i.e., a year **signs** i.e., of the zodiac

797 **insociable** unsociable

799 **hard lodging** uncomfortable living conditions **weeds** clothes

800 **Nip** not inhibit not the growth of gaudy flourishing, colorful

801 **last** remain

802 **expiration** end

803 **challenge** claim **deserts** deserving actions

810 **entitled** in having legal claim to

812 **flatter up** pamper

813 **The** may the

815 **And…sick** these six lines are enclosed within solidi because they seem to be the first draft of the subsequent longer exchange between Berowne and Rosaline; they should be cut in performance

826 **mark no** pay no attention to **smooth-faced** plausible/youthful

833 **friend** i.e., lover/husband

834 **stay** wait

835 **The liker** that's more like; plays on long in "Longaville" **taller** braver; puns on sense of long

836 **Studies** reflects, muses

838 **attends** awaits

841 **world's large tongue** i.e., widely distributed report

842 **replete with** full of

843 **comparisons** scoffing analogies **flouts** insults

844 **estates** classes of people **execute** inflict

846 **weed** root out **wormwood** bitterness (medicinal herb)

847 **therewithal** along with that

849 **term** period of time

850 **still converse** continually associate

852 **fierce** vigorous/keen

853 **enforce** compel **painèd impotent** helpless distressed

854 **move** arouse **the…death** i.e., the dying

857 **gibing** scoffing

858 **loose grace** easy charm (with possible oxymoronic joke since loose can mean "sinful" while grace often signifies "virtue")

860 **prosperity** success

863 **Deafed** deafened **dear** dire/terrible

865 **withal** as well

869 **befall…befall** what will be will be

872 **bring** escort

874 **courtesy** courteous behavior

883 **hold the plough** become a farmer (with sexual connotations)

884 **dialogue** scholarly debate **two learnèd men** i.e., Sir Nathaniel and Holofernes

889 **maintained** defended/represented

891 **pied** multicolored

893 **lady-smocks** cuckooflowers

894 **paint** adorn

896 **Mocks married men** i.e., because his call sounds like “cuckold” and because the cuckoo usurps the nests of other birds

900 **oaten straws** straws from oat plants

901 **larks…clocks** because ploughmen rise early and larks are dawn birds

902 **turtles** turtledoves tread mate **daws** jackdaws

910 **blows his nail** i.e., warms his hands by blowing on them/has nothing much to do

913 **nipped** chilled **ways be foul** paths are muddy

917 **greasy** covered with grease/fat/sweaty **keel** stir/cool

919 **parson’s saw** clergyman’s maxims

920 **brooding** incubating eggs

922 **crabs** crab apples **bowl** i.e., bowl of ale

927 **Mercury** messenger of the gods **harsh** disagreeable, discordant **Apollo** Greek god of music **You** may refer either to the audience, ladies or actors

928 **we** may refer either to the actors, lords, or Armado and Jaquenetta

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT’S DREAM

Shakespeare is the poet of double vision. The father of twins, he was a mingler of comedy and tragedy, low life and high, prose and verse. He was a countryman who worked in the city, a teller of English folktales who was equally versed in the mythology of ancient Greece and Rome. His mind and world were poised between Catholicism and Protestantism, old feudal ways and new bourgeois ambitions, rational thinking and visceral instinct. *A Midsummer Night’s Dream* is one of his truly essential works because nowhere else is his double vision more apparent than in this play’s movement between the city and the wood, day and night, reason and imagination, waking life and dream.

Wood, night, imagination, dream. These are the coordinates of the second form of sight, which is best described as magical thinking. It is the mode of being that belongs to visionaries, astrologers, “wise women” and poets. It conjures up a world animated with energies and spirit forces; it finds correspondences between earthly things and divine. The eye that sees in this way rolls in a fine frenzy, glancing from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven. It bodies forth the forms of things unknown, turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothings a local habitation and a name.

Magical thinking answers a deep human need. It is a way of making sense of things that would otherwise seem painfully arbitrary—things like love and beauty. An ugly birthmark on a baby would be explained away by the suggestion that the infant might be a “changeling child,” swapped in the cradle by some night-tripping fairy. The sheer chance involved in the process of what we now call sexual chemistry may be rationalized in the story of the magic properties of the juice of the flower called love-in-idleness. And in a world dependent on an agricultural economy, bad harvests were somehow more palatable if explained by the intervention of malicious sprites upon the operation of the weather.

In the age of candle and rushlight, nights were seriously dark. The night was accordingly imagined to be seriously different from the day. The very fact of long hours of light itself conferred a kind of magic upon midsummer night. This is the night of the year when magical thinking is given full rein.

Theseus and Hippolyta never meet Oberon and Titania. In the original performance, the respective roles were likely to have been doubled. The contentious king and queen of fairies thus become the dark psychological doubles of the betrothed courtly couple. The correspondence inevitably calls into question the joy of the match between Athenian and Amazon. Oberon actually accuses Titania of having led Theseus "through the glimmering night" when he deserted "Perigenia whom he ravishèd," of having made the day duke break faith with a succession of paramours. Shakespeare loves to set up an antithesis, then knock it down. Here he implies that there is ultimately no sharp distinction between day and night: the sexual ethics of Theseus are perhaps as dubious as those of the adulterous child-possessor Titania.

Authority figures, representatives of the day world of political power, win little sympathy in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. For the lovers, the forest may be a place of confused identity, but at least it is an escape from the patriarchal matchmaking of Egeus. In the audience, the characters with whom we engage most warmly are neither monarchs nor lords, but the mischief-making Robin Goodfellow and the ineffable weaver, Bottom. Each in his way is an embodiment of the theatrical spirit that animates everything that is most gloriously Shakespearean. Always a man of the theater, Shakespeare lives in a world of illusion and make-believe that hits at deepest truths; he knows that his world is fundamentally sympathetic to those other counterworlds that we call dream and magic.

Robin the Puck compares the mortals to fools in a fond pageant: he has a right to think of himself as author of the play, since it is his dispensing of the love juice that fuels the plot. As for Bottom, at one level he is a bad actor. In both rehearsal and performance of "Pyramus and Thisbe," it becomes clear that he does not really understand the rules of the theatrical game. But at a deeper level, he is a true dramatic genius: he is gifted with the child's grace to suspend his disbelief. As Pyramus, he puts up a pretty poor performance; as Ass, it is another matter. The comical deficiency of "Pyramus and Thisbe" is that the actors keep telling us that they *haven't* become their characters. The Assification of Bottom is, by contrast, akin to those brilliant assumptions of disguise—Rosalind becoming Ganymede in

As *You Like It,* Viola Cesario in *Twelfth Night*—through which Shakespeare simultaneously reminds us that we are in the theater (an actor is always in disguise) and helps us to forget where we are (we willingly suspend our disbelief). In that forgetting, we participate in the mystery of magical thinking. With Bottom himself, we in the audience may say, "I have had a most rare vision."

Many members of Shakespeare's original audience, steeped as they were in the New Testament, would have recognized Bottom's account of his dream as an allusion—with the attributes of the different senses comically garbled—to a famous passage in the first Epistle to the Corinthians, in which St. Paul says that the eye of man has not seen and the ear of man has not heard the glories that will await us when we enter the Kingdom of Heaven. In the Geneva translation of the Bible, which Shakespeare knew well, the passage speaks of how the human spirit searches "the bottom of God's secrets." Jesus said that in order to enter his kingdom, one had to make oneself as a child. The same may be said of the kingdom of theater. It is because Bottom has the uncynical, believing spirit of a child that he is vouchsafed his vision. At the same time, Shakespeare himself offers a dangerously grown up image of what heaven might be like: the weaver may be innocent but the fairy queen is an embodiment of sexual experience. The "virgin queen" Elizabeth was also known as England's "fairy queen" and the wood in which the action takes place, with its "nine men's morris" and English wild flowers, is more domestic than Athenian, so there must have been an inherent political risk in the representation of a sexually voracious Titania. Shakespeare perhaps introduced Oberon's apparent allusion to a chaste Elizabeth—the "fair vestal thronèd by the west"—in order to dismiss any identification of Titania with the real-life fairy queen whom he knew would at some point be a spectator of the play.

The comedy and the charm of the *Dream* depend on a certain fragility. Good comedy is tragedy narrowly averted, while fairy charm is only safe from sentimentality if attached to some potential for the grotesque. Fairies only deserve to be believed in when they have the capacity to be seriously unpleasant. Of course we laugh when Bottom wears the head of an ass and makes love to a queen, but the image deliberately courts the suggestion of bestiality. In Ovid's *Metamorphoses,* Shakespeare's favorite book and the source for the tale of "Pyramus and Thisbe," people are driven by bestial desires and are rewarded by being transformed into animals. In Shakespeare, the ass’s head is worn in play, but it remains the closest thing in the drama of his age to an actual animal metamorphosis onstage.

Ovid was rational Rome’s great countervisionary, its magical thinker. His theme is transformation, the inevitability of change. Book fifteen of the *Metamorphoses* offers a philosophical discourse on the subject, mediated via the philosophy of Pythagoras. From here Shakespeare got many of those images of transience that roll through his Sonnets, but in the *Dream* he celebrates the transfiguring and enduring power of night vision, of second sight.

Night is the time for fantasy and for love, the time in which your wildest hopes may be indulged but your worst nightmares may have to be confronted. The action in the forest fills the space between the betrothal and the wedding celebration of Theseus and Hippolyta. For the young lovers it is also a time-between, the time, that is to say, of maturation, of discovering who they really are and whom they really love. When Hermia and Lysander, Helena and Demetrius emerge after a midsummer night’s madness in the wood, they don’t quite know what’s happened: “Methinks I see these things with parted eye, / When everything seems double.” And they’re not all quite sure if they’ve finally gained the person they want: “And I have found Demetrius like a jewel, / Mine own and not mine own.” But on reflection in the cold light of morning, the strangeness of the night has effected a material transformation, leading the lovers to a truer place than the one where they were at court the day before. Perhaps because she is herself a “stranger,” an outsider in the “civilized” world of Athens, it is the Amazon queen Hippolyta who understands this best:

But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigured so together,
More witnesseth than fancy’s images,
And grows to something of great constancy;
But howsoever, strange and admirable.

KEY FACTS

PLOT: Egeus orders his daughter Hermia to marry Demetrius; she refuses because she and Lysander are in love. Her friend Helena is in love with Demetrius, who once loved her but now does not. Under the law of Athens, Duke Theseus gives Hermia four days to obey her father on pain of death or confinement to a nunnery. Hermia and Lysander escape this harsh law by running away to the woods. Demetrius pursues them there, with Helena pursing him. In the woods, Oberon and Titania, King and Queen of fairies, have quarreled because Titania refuses to hand over an Indian changeling boy to be Oberon’s page. Oberon instructs the mischievous Puck, Robin Goodfellow, to press the juice of a magic flower on Titania’s eyes as she sleeps; it will make her fall in love with the first being she sees on waking. In an attempt to reconcile Demetrius and Helena, Oberon orders that juice should be put on his eyes whilst he is sleeping and she is near, but Robin mistakenly puts it on Lysander, who thus falls in love with Helena. She thinks she is being mocked. Love juice is then placed on Demetrius’ eyes in order to rectify the mistake, but the result is that he too falls for Helena. The boys fight over her and the girls quarrel. While Titania has been sleeping, a company of Athenian artisans under the leadership of Peter Quince has come to the wood to rehearse a play for the ensuing wedding festivities of Duke Theseus and Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons. Robin puts an ass’s head on Bottom the weaver and because of the love juice Titania falls in love with him. Eventually all is restored to right and the artisans perform their comically tragic play of “Pyramus and Thisbe.”

MAJOR PARTS: (*with percentage of lines/number of speeches/scenes on stage*) Bottom (12%/59/5), Theseus (11%/48/3), Helena (11%/36/5), Robin Goodfellow (10%/33/6), Oberon (10%/29/5), Lysander (8%/50/5), Hermia (8%/48/5), Titania

(7%/23/5), Demetrius (6%/48/5), Quince (5%/40/4), Flute (3%/18/4), Egeus (3%/13/3), Hippolyta (2%/14/3).

LINGUISTIC MEDIUM: 80% verse, 20% prose. Fairly high incidence of rhyme, including deliberately bad rhyme in “Pyramus and Thisbe.”

DATE: Mentioned in Francis Meres’ 1598 list of Shakespeare’s plays. Reference in Act 1 scene 2 to courtiers being afraid of a stage lion may allude to an incident in Scotland in August 1594. Strong stylistic resemblances to other “lyrical” plays of Shakespeare’s high Elizabethan period, such as *Richard II* and especially *Romeo and Juliet:* this group of plays is traditionally dated to 1595–96. It has often been speculated that the first performance was a private one at an aristocratic wedding celebration, but there is absolutely no evidence for this: in the Elizabethan period, masquelike entertainments rather than full-length plays were commissioned for festive occasions such as weddings.

SOURCES: The main plot is apparently without a direct source, which is unusual for Shakespeare. The tale of Pyramus and Thisbe is derived principally from Ovid’s *Metamorphoses*, book four. It also has strong structural resemblances to the Romeo and Juliet story, which Shakespeare dramatized around the same time. The play as a whole absorbs much of Shakespeare’s eclectic reading: numerous borrowings of Ovidian mythology, some use of Sir Thomas North’s translation of Plutarch, influence from John Lyly’s comedies (especially *Endimion* for dreaming and *Gallathea* for the interplay of aristocrats and artisans), an element of Chaucer (*The Knight’s Tale* for lovers at the court of Theseus, perhaps *The Tale of Sir Thopas* for the dream of sleeping with an “elf-queen”), perhaps *The Golden* Ass of Apuleius (trans. William Adlington, 1566) for Bottom’s transformation.

TEXT: Quarto 1600, “as it hath been sundry times publicly acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain his Servants,” apparently typeset from Shakespeare’s manuscript or a close transcription of it. Reprinted 1619 (Second Quarto). Folio text was set from a copy of the Second Quarto (thus repeating many of its corrections and errors), but with some consultation of an independent theater-derived manuscript, which provided additional stage directions, some corrections, and signs of a few revisions, most notably an economizing on roles whereby the Philostrate of Quarto becomes a silent character who only appears in the first scene and the role of Master of the Revels introducing the entertainment in the final scene is taken over by Egeus (which makes for nice tension between him and Lysander, the new son-in-law he did not want). Our edition retains this innovation as well as many local Folio corrections and modernizations, but restores Quarto in many cases where words are misset, omitted or transposed as a result of what was almost certainly compositor’s error as opposed to editorial alterations on the basis of the theater manuscript.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT’S DREAM

THESEUS, Duke of Athens
HIPPOLYTA, Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus
EGEUS, an Athenian courtier, father to Hermia
LYSANDER, in love with Hermia
HERMIA, in love with Lysander, but ordered by her father to marry Demetrius
DEMETRIUS, in love with Hermia, though once a suitor to Helena
HELENA, in love with Demetrius
Peter **QUINCE**, a carpenter and leader of an amateur dramatic group, who speaks the **PROLOGUE** to their play
Nick **BOTTOM**, a weaver, who plays **PYRAMUS** in the amateur play
Francis **FLUTE**, a bellows-mender, who plays **THISBE** in the amateur play
SNUG, a joiner, who plays a **LION** in the amateur play
Tom **SNOUT**, a tinker, who plays a **WALL** in the amateur play
Robin **STARVELING**, a tailor, who plays **MOONSHINE** in the amateur play
OBERON, King of Fairies
TITANIA, Queen of Fairies
ROBIN Goodfellow, also known as Puck, a sprite in the service of Oberon
PEASEBLOSSOM
COBWEB
MOTH
MUSTARDSEED
fairies attendant upon Titania
PHILOSTRATE, an official in Theseus’ court
Other Attendants at the court of Theseus; other
Fairies attendant upon Oberon

Act 1 [Scene 1][1.1]

running scene 1

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, with others [Philostrate and attendants]
THESEUS Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace.[2] Four happy days bring in
Another moon: but O, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes; she lingers[4] my desires,
Like[5] to a stepdame or a dowager
Long withering out[6] a young man's revenue.
HIPPOLYTA Four days will quickly steep[7] themselves in nights,
Four nights will quickly dream away the time.
And then the moon,[9] like to a silver bow
New-bent[10] in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.[11]
THESEUS Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments,
Awake the pert[14] and nimble spirit of mirth,
Turn melancholy forth to funerals:
The pale[16] companion is not for our pomp.
[Exit Philostrate]
Hippolyta, I wooed thee with my sword,[17]
And won thy love doing thee injuries.[18]
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph[20] and with revelling.
Enter Egeus and his daughter Hermia, Lysander and Demetrius
EGEUS Happy be Theseus, our renownèd duke.
THESEUS Thanks, good Egeus: what's the news with thee?
EGEUS Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.
Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.
Stand forth, Lysander. And my gracious duke,
This man hath bewitched the bosom of my child.—
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,

And interchanged love-tokens with my child.
Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,
With feigning voice verses of feigning love,
And stol'n[33] the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gauds,[34] conceits,
Knacks,[35] trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats — messengers
Of strong prevailment[36] in unhardened youth —
With cunning hast thou filched[37] my daughter's heart,
Turned her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness.— And, my gracious duke,
Be[40] it so she will not here before your grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens:
As she is mine, I may dispose of her;
Which shall be either to this gentleman
Or to her death, according to our law
Immediately[46] provided in that case.

THESEUS What say you, Hermia? Be advised, fair maid,
To you your father should be as a god,
One that composed your beauties, yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax
By him imprinted and within his power
To leave the figure or disfigure[52] it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

HERMIA So is Lysander.

THESEUS In himself he is.
But in this kind,[56] wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

HERMIA I would[58] my father looked but with my eyes.

THESEUS Rather your eyes must with his judgement look.

HERMIA I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern[62] my modesty
In such a presence[63] here to plead my thoughts:
But I beseech your grace that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,

If I refuse to wed Demetrius.
THESEUS Either to die the death[67] or to abjure
Forever the society[68] of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
Know[70] of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father’s choice,
You can endure the livery[72] of a nun,
For aye[73] to be in shady cloister mewed,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessèd they that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage.
But earthlier happy[78] is the rose distilled
Than that which withering on the virgin thorn
Grows, lives and dies in single blessedness.[80]
HERMIA So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere[82] I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship,[83] whose unwishèd yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.
THESEUS Take time to pause, and by the next new moon —
The sealing day[86] betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship —
Upon that day either prepare to die
For disobedience to your father’s will,
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would,[90]
Or on Diana’s[91] altar to protest
For aye[92] austerity and single life.
DEMETRIUS Relent, sweet Hermia.— And, Lysander, yield
Thy crazèd[94] title to my certain right.
LYSANDER You have her father’s love, Demetrius:
Let me have Hermia’s. Do[96] you marry him.
EGEUS Scornful Lysander! True, he hath my love;
And what is mine my love shall render[98] him.
And she is mine, and all my right of her
I do estate[100] unto Demetrius.
LYSANDER I am, my lord, as well derived[101] as he,

As well possessed:[102] my love is more than his,
My fortunes every way as fairly[103] ranked,
If not with[104] vantage, as Demetrius',
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am beloved of beauteous Hermia.
Why should not I then prosecute[107] my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch[108] it to his head,
Made[109] love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul: and she, sweet lady, dotes,[110]
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted[112] and inconstant man.

THESEUS I must confess that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof,
But, being over-full of self-affairs,[115]
My mind did lose[116] it. But, Demetrius, come,
And come, Egeus, you shall go with me.
I have some private schooling[118] for you both.
For you, fair Hermia, look[119] you arm yourself
To fit your fancies[120] to your father's will,
Or else the law of Athens yields you up —
Which by no means we may extenuate[122] —
To death or to a vow of single life.—
Come, my Hippolyta. What cheer, my love?—
Demetrius and Egeus, go[125] along:
I must employ you in some business
Against[127] our nuptial and confer with you
Of something nearly that[128] concerns yourselves.

EGEUS With duty and desire we follow you.

Exeunt all but Lysander and Hermia

LYSANDER How now, my love! Why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

HERMIA Belike[132] for want of rain, which I could well
Beteem[133] them from the tempest of mine eyes.

LYSANDER Ay me, for aught[134] that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth.

But either it was different in blood[137]—
HERMIA O cross![138] Too high to be enthralled to low.
LYSANDER Or else misgraffèd[139] in respect of years—
HERMIA O spite! Too old to be engaged to young.
LYSANDER Or else it stood[141] upon the choice of merit—
HERMIA O hell! To choose love by another’s eyes.
LYSANDER Or if there were a sympathy[143] in choice,
War, death or sickness did lay siege to it,
Making it momentary[145] as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream:
Brief as the lightning in the collied[147] night,
That in a spleen[148] unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere[149] a man hath power to say ‘Behold!’
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick[151] bright things come to confusion.
HERMIA If then true lovers have been ever crossed,[152]
It stands as an edict in destiny.
Then let us teach our trial[154] patience,
Because it is a customary cross,
As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs,
Wishes and tears, poor fancy’s[157] followers.
LYSANDER A good persuasion.[158] Therefore hear me, Hermia.
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child.
From Athens is her house removed seven leagues,[161]
And she respects[162] me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee,
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lov’st me, then
Steal forth thy father’s house tomorrow night,
And in the wood, a league without[167] the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do[169] observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay[170] for thee.
HERMIA My good Lysander!
I swear to thee, by Cupid’s[172] strongest bow,

By his best[173] arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicity[174] of Venus' doves,
By that which knitteth[175] souls and prospers love,
And by that fire which burned the Carthage[176] queen,
When the false Troyan[177] under sail was seen,
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke,
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
Tomorrow truly will I meet with thee.
LYSANDER Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

Enter Helena

HERMIA God speed fair[183] Helena, whither away?
HELENA Call you me fair? That fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair: O happy[185] fair!
Your eyes are lodestars,[186] and your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable[187] than lark to shepherd's ear
When wheat is green,[188] when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching: O, were favour[189] so,
Your words I catch,[190] fair Hermia, ere I go,
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,[193]
The rest I'll give to be to you translated.[194]
O, teach me how you look, and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.
HERMIA I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.
HELENA O, that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!
HERMIA I give him curses, yet he gives me love.
HELENA O, that my prayers could such affection move![200]
HERMIA The more I hate, the more he follows me.
HELENA The more I love, the more he hateth me.
HERMIA His folly, Helena, is none[203] of mine.
HELENA None, but your beauty: would that fault were mine!
HERMIA Take comfort: he no more shall see my face.
Lysander and myself will fly[206] this place.
Before the time I did Lysander see,

Seemed Athens like a paradise to me.
O, then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turned a heaven into hell!

LYSANDER Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:
Tomorrow night, when Phoebe[212] doth behold
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,[213]
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
A time that lovers' flights doth still[215] conceal,
Through Athens' gates have we devised to steal.

HERMIA And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint[218] primrose beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel[219] sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet,
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and strange[222] companions.
Farewell, sweet playfellow: pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius! —
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight
From lovers' food till morrow deep midnight.

Exit

LYSANDER I will, my Hermia.— Helena, adieu.
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you!

Exit

HELENA How happy some o'er other some[229] can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so:
He will not know what all[232] but he doth know.
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,[235]
Love can transpose to form[236] and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind.[238]
Nor hath love's mind of[239] any judgement taste,
Wings and no eyes figure[240] unheedy haste.
And therefore is love said to be a child,

Because in choice he is often beguiled.[242]
As waggish[243] boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy love is perjured everywhere.
For ere Demetrius looked on Hermia's eyne,[245]
He hailed down oaths that he was only mine.
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolved, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he tomorrow night
Pursue her; and for this intelligence,[251]
If I have thanks, it is a dear[252] expense.
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither and back again.

Exit

[Act 1 Scene 2][1.2]

running scene 2

Enter Quince the carpenter, Snug the joiner, Bottom the weaver, Flute the bellows-mender, Snout the tinker and Starveling the tailor

QUINCE Is all our company here?

BOTTOM You were best to call them generally,[2] man by man, according to the scrip.

QUINCE Here is the scroll of every man’s name, which is thought fit through all Athens to play in our interlude[4] before the duke and the duchess on his wedding day at night.

BOTTOM First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats[6] on, then read the names of the actors, and so grow[7] on to a point.

QUINCE Marry,[8] our play is ‘The most lamentable comedy and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisbe.’

BOTTOM A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.[11]

QUINCE Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver.

BOTTOM Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

QUINCE You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

BOTTOM What is Pyramus, a lover or a tyrant?

QUINCE A lover that kills himself most gallantly for love.

BOTTOM That will ask[17] some tears in the true performing of it. If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes: I will move storms; I will condole[18] in some measure. To the rest — yet my chief humour[19] is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear[20] a cat in, to make all split.

The raging rocks
And shivering[22] shocks
Shall break the locks
Of prison gates.
And Phibbus’ car[25]
Shall shine from far
And make and mar[27]

The foolish Fates.[28]

This was lofty.[29] Now name the rest of the players. This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein: a lover is more condoling.

QUINCE Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

FLUTE Here, Peter Quince.

QUINCE You must take Thisbe on you.

FLUTE What is Thisbe? A wand'ring[34] knight?

QUINCE It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

FLUTE Nay, faith, let not me play a woman: I have a beard coming.

QUINCE That's all one.[37] You shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.[38]

BOTTOM An[39] I may hide my face, let me play Thisbe too. I'll speak in a monstrous little voice. 'Thisne, Thisne!' 'Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear! Thy Thisbe dear and lady dear!'

QUINCE No, no, you must play Pyramus.— And, Flute, you Thisbe.

BOTTOM Well, proceed.

QUINCE Robin Starveling, the tailor.

STARVELING Here, Peter Quince.

QUINCE Robin Starveling, you must play Thisbe's[46] mother. Tom Snout, the tinker.

SNOUT Here, Peter Quince.

QUINCE You, Pyramus' father; myself, Thisbe's father; Snug the joiner, you, the lion's part: and I hope there is a play fitted.[49]

SNUG Have you the lion's part written? Pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

QUINCE You may do it extempore,[52] for it is nothing but roaring.

BOTTOM Let me play the lion too: I will roar that I will do any man's heart good to hear me. I will roar that I will make the duke say 'Let him roar again, let him roar again.'

QUINCE If you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies that they would shriek, and that were enough to hang us all.

ALL That would hang us, every mother's son.

BOTTOM I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion[60] but to hang us:

but I will aggravate my voice so that I will roar[61] you as gently as any sucking dove. I will roar an ’twere any nightingale.

QUINCE You can play no part but Pyramus, for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man, a proper[64] man, as one shall see in a summer’s day; a most lovely gentlemanlike man: therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

BOTTOM Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

QUINCE Why, what you will.

BOTTOM I will discharge[68] it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain[69] beard, or your French-crown-coloured beard, your perfect yellow.

QUINCE Some of your French crowns[71] have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced. ***Passes out the parts*** But, masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you and desire you, to con[73] them by tomorrow night, and meet me in the palace wood a mile without the town by moonlight. There will we rehearse, for if we meet in the city we shall be dogged with company, and our devices[75] known. In the meantime I will draw[76] a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you fail me not.

BOTTOM We will meet, and there we may rehearse more obscenely[78] and courageously.

Take pains, be perfect.[79] Adieu.

QUINCE At the duke’s oak we meet.

BOTTOM Enough. Hold[81] or cut bow-strings.

Exeunt

Act 2 [Scene 1][2.1]

running scene 3

Enter a Fairy at one door and Robin Goodfellow [Puck] at another

ROBIN How now, spirit, whither wander you?

FAIRY Over hill, over dale,
Through bush, through brier,
Over park,[4] over pale,
Thorough[5] flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon’s sphere;[7]
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs[9] upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners[10] be,
In their gold coats spots you see,
Those be rubies, fairy favours,[12]
In those freckles live their savours.[13]
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip’s ear.
Farewell, thou lob[16] of spirits, I’ll be gone:
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.[17]

ROBIN The king doth keep his revels here tonight:
Take heed the queen come not within his sight,
For Oberon is passing fell[20] and wrath,
Because that she as her attendant hath
A lovely boy, stol’n from an Indian king.
She never had so sweet a changeling,[23]
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace[25] the forests wild.
But she perforce[26] withholds the lovèd boy,
Crowns him with flowers and makes him all her joy.
And now they never meet in grove or green,
By fountain[29] clear or spangled starlight sheen,
But they do square,[30] that all their elves for fear
Creep into acorn cups and hide them there.

FAIRY Either I mistake your shape and making[32] quite,
Or else you are that shrewd[33] and knavish sprite
Called Robin Goodfellow. Are not you he
That frights the maidens of the villagery,[35]
Skim[36] milk, and sometimes labour in the quern,
And bootless[37] make the breathless housewife churn,
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm,[38]
Mislead[39] night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you and sweet Puck,
You do their work and they shall have good luck.
Are not you he?

ROBIN Thou speak’st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon and make him smile
When I a fat and bean-fed[46] horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly[47] foal,
And sometime lurk I in a gossip’s[48] bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab,[49]
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob
And on her withered dewlap[51] pour the ale.
The wisest aunt,[52] telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me,
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And ‘tailor’ cries, and falls into a cough.
And then the whole quire[56] hold their hips and laugh,
And waxen[57] in their mirth and neeze and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted[58] there.
But, room,[59] fairy! Here comes Oberon.

FAIRY And here my mistress. Would that he were gone!

Enter the King of Fairies [Oberon] at one door with his train, and the Queen [Titania] at another with hers

OBERON Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

TITANIA What, jealous Oberon? Fairies, skip hence.
I have forsworn his bed and company.

OBERON Tarry,[64] rash wanton, am not I thy lord?

TITANIA Then I must be thy lady:[65] but I know

When thou hast stol’n away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin[67] sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn[68] and versing love
To amorous Phillida.[69] Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest step[70] of India?
But that, forsooth,[71] the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskined[72] mistress and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded; and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity?

OBERON How canst thou thus for shame, Titania,
Glance at[76] my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst not thou lead him through the glimmering[78] night
From Perigenia[79] whom he ravishèd?
And make him with fair Aegles[80] break his faith,
With Ariadne[81] and Antiopa?

TITANIA These are the forgeries of jealousy,
And never since the middle summer’s spring[83]
Met we on hill, in dale, forest or mead,[84]
By pavèd[85] fountain or by rushy brook,
Or in[86] the beachèd margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets[87] to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls[88] thou hast disturbed our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping[89] to us in vain,
As in revenge, have sucked up from the sea
Contagious[91] fogs, which falling in the land
Hath every petty[92] river made so proud
That they have overborne[93] their continents.
The ox hath therefore stretched[94] his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost[95] his sweat, and the green corn
Hath rotted ere[96] his youth attained a beard.
The fold[97] stands empty in the drownèd field,
And crows are fatted with the murrion[98] flock,
The nine men’s morris[99] is filled up with mud,
And the quaint[100] mazes in the wanton green
For lack of tread are undistinguishable.

The human mortals want[102] their winter here:
No night is now with hymn or carol blessed.
Therefore[104] the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes[105] all the air,
That rheumatic[106] diseases do abound.
And through this distemperature[107] we see
The seasons alter; hoary-headed[108] frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,
And on old Hiems'[110] thin and icy crown
An odorous chaplet[111] of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set. The spring, the summer,
The childing[113] autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted[114] liveries, and the mazèd world
By their increase[115] now knows not which is which;
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate,[117] from our dissension:
We are their parents and original.[118]

OBERON Do you amend it then, it lies in you.
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy
To be my henchman.[122]

TITANIA Set your heart at rest:
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votress[125] of my order,
And in the spicèd Indian air by night
Full[127] often hath she gossiped by my side,
And sat with me on Neptune's[128] yellow sands,
Marking[129] th'embarkèd traders on the flood,
When we have laughed to see the sails conceive
And grow big-bellied with the wanton[131] wind,
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait[132]
Following — her womb then rich with my young squire —
Would imitate, and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
But she, being mortal, of that boy[137] did die:

And for her sake do I rear up her boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.
OBERON How long within this wood intend you stay?
TITANIA Perchance[141] till after Theseus’ wedding day.
If you will patiently[142] dance in our round
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare[144] your haunts.
OBERON Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.
TITANIA Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies, away.
We shall chide[147] downright, if I longer stay.
Exeunt [Titania and her train]
OBERON Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from[148] this grove
Till I torment thee for this injury.
My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou remembʼrest
Since[151] once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin’s back
Uttering such dulcet[153] and harmonious breath
That the rude[154] sea grew civil at her song,
And certain[155] stars shot madly from their spheres
To hear the sea-maid’s music.
ROBIN I remember.
OBERON That very time I saw, but thou couldst not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all[160] armed; a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal[161] thronèd by the west,
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As[163] it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts.
But I might[164] see young Cupid’s fiery shaft
Quenched in the chaste beams of the wat’ry moon;
And the imperial votress passèd on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.[167]
Yet marked I where the bolt[168] of Cupid fell.
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple[170] with love’s wound,
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.[171]
Fetch me that flower; the herb I showed thee once:

The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid
Will make or[174] man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb, and be thou here again
Ere the leviathan[177] can swim a league.
ROBIN I'll put a girdle[178] round about the earth
In forty minutes.
[Exit]
OBERON Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes.
The next thing when she waking looks upon,
Be it on lion, bear, or wolf or bull,
On meddling monkey or on busy ape,
She shall pursue it with the soul of love.
And ere I take this charm off from her sight,
As I can take it with another herb,
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible,
And I will overhear their conference. ***He stands aside***
Enter Demetrius, Helena following him
DEMETRIUS I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?
The[194] one I'll stay, the other stayeth me.
Thou told'st me they were stolen into this wood;
And here am I, and wood[196] within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.
HELENA You draw[199] me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel. Leave you[201] your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.
DEMETRIUS Do I entice you?[203] Do I speak you fair?
Or rather do I not in plainest truth
Tell you I do not nor I cannot love you?
HELENA And even for that do I love thee the more.

I am your spaniel, and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you.
Use me but[209] as your spaniel: spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,[210]
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love —
And yet a place of high respect with me —
Than to be used as you do use your dog?
DEMETRIUS Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit,
For I am sick when I do look on thee.
HELENA And I am sick when I look not on you.
DEMETRIUS You do impeach[218] your modesty too much,
To leave the city and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not,
To trust the opportunity of night
And the ill counsel of a desert[222] place
With the rich worth of your virginity.
HELENA Your virtue is my privilege:[224] for that
It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night.
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
For you in my respect are all the world.
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?
DEMETRIUS I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,[231]
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.
HELENA The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be changed:
Apollo[235] flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin,[236] the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger. Bootless[237] speed,
When cowardice pursues and valour flies.
DEMETRIUS I will not stay[239] thy questions, let me go;
Or if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.
[↓Exit Demetrius↓]

HELENA Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set[244] a scandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be wooed and were not made to woo.
I'll follow thee and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon[248] the hand I love so well.

Exit

OBERON Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him and he shall seek thy love.

Enter [Robin] Puck

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

ROBIN Ay, there it is. ***Shows the flower***

OBERON I pray thee give it me.
I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,[254]
Where oxlips[255] and the nodding violet grows,
Quite[256] over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses[257] and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania sometime[258] of the night,
Lulled in these flowers with dances and delight:
And there the snake throws[260] her enamelled skin,
Weed[261] wide enough to wrap a fairy in.
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove; ***Gives him some juice***
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes,
But do it when the next thing he espies
May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may prove
More fond on[271] her than she upon her love;
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

ROBIN Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so.

Exeunt

[Act 2 Scene 2]

running scene 4

Enter Queen of Fairies [Titania] with her train

TITANIA Come, now a roundel[1] and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence:
Some to kill cankers[3] in the musk-rose buds,
Some war with reremice[4] for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats, and some keep back
The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint[7] spirits. Sing me now asleep,
Then to your offices[8] and let me rest. ***She lies down on a bank***

Fairies sing

FIRST FAIRY You spotted snakes with double[9] tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen.
Newts and blind-worms,[11] do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen.

CHORUS Philomel,[13] with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby.
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;[18]
So, good night, with lullaby.

SECOND FAIRY Weaving spiders, come not here.
Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail, do no offence.

CHORUS Philomel, with melody, etc.[24]

FIRST FAIRY Hence, away! Now all is well;
One aloof[26] stand sentinel.

She [Titania] sleeps. [Exeunt Fairies]

Enter Oberon

OBERON What thou see’st when thou dost wake, ***Squeezes juice on Titania’s eyes***

Do it for thy true-love take,
Love and languish for his sake.
Be it ounce[30] or cat or bear,
Pard,[31] or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak’st, it is thy dear.
Wake when some vile thing is near.

[Exit]

Enter Lysander and Hermia

LYSANDER Fair love, you faint with wand’ring in the wood,
And to speak troth,[36] I have forgot our way:
We’ll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry[38] for the comfort of the day.

HERMIA Be it so, Lysander; find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

LYSANDER One turf shall serve as pillow for us both:
One heart, one bed, two bosoms and one troth.[42]

HERMIA Nay, good Lysander, for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.

LYSANDER O, take the sense,[45] sweet, of my innocence!
Love[46] takes the meaning in love’s conference.
I mean that my heart unto yours is knit
So that but one heart we can make of it.
Two bosoms interchainèd with an oath,
So then two bosoms and a single troth.
Then by your side no bed-room me deny,
For lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.[52]

HERMIA Lysander riddles very prettily.[53]
Now much beshrew[54] my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend,[56] for love and courtesy
Lie further off, in human[57] modesty:
Such separation as may well be said
Becomes[59] a virtuous bachelor and a maid,
So far be distant, and good night, sweet friend;
Thy love ne’er alter till thy sweet life end!

LYSANDER Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I,
And then end life when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed: sleep give thee all his rest!

HERMIA With half that wish the wisher's eyes[65] be pressed!

They sleep

Enter [Robin] Puck

ROBIN Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none
On whose eyes I might approve[68]
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence — who is here? ***Sees Lysander***
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my master said,
Despisèd the Athenian maid:
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul, she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.
Churl,[78] upon thy eyes I throw ***Puts juice on Lysander's eyes***
All the power this charm doth owe.[79]
When thou wak'st, let love forbid[80]
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid.
So awake when I am gone,
For I must now to Oberon.

Exit

Enter Demetrius and Helena, running

HELENA Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

DEMETRIUS I charge[85] thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

HELENA O, wilt thou darkling[86] leave me? Do not so.

DEMETRIUS Stay, on thy peril: I alone will go.

Exit

HELENA O, I am out of breath in this fond[88] chase!
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.[89]
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;[90]
For she hath blessèd and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:

If so, my eyes are oftener washed than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beasts that meet me run away for fear:
Therefore no marvel[96] though Demetrius
Do, as[97] a monster, fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glass[98] of mine
Made me compare with Hermia’s sphery eyne?[99]
But who is here? Lysander, on the ground; ***Sees Lysander***
Dead, or asleep? I see no blood, no wound.
Lysander if you live, good sir, awake.
LYSANDER And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake. ***Wakes***
Transparent[104] Helena, nature shows her art
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword!
HELENA Do not say so, Lysander, say not so.
What though[109] he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?
Yet Hermia still loves you; then be content.
LYSANDER Content with Hermia? No, I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia but Helena now I love;
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will[115] of man is by his reason swayed,
And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season;
So I, being young, till now ripe not[118] to reason.
And touching now the point[119] of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal[120] to my will
And leads me to your eyes, where I o’erlook[121]
Love’s stories[122] written in love’s richest book.
HELENA Wherefore[123] was I to this keen mockery born?
When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?
Is’t not enough, is’t not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius’ eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?

Good troth[129] you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well; perforce I must confess
I thought you lord[132] of more true gentleness.
O, that a lady of one man refused
Should of[134] another therefore be abused!

Exit

LYSANDER She sees not Hermia. Hermia, sleep thou there,
And never mayst thou come Lysander near;
For as a surfeit[137] of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings,
Or as the heresies that men do leave[139]
Are hated most of those[140] they did deceive,
So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,
Of[142] all be hated, but the most of me.
And all my powers address[143] your love and might
To honour Helen and to be her knight!

Exit

HERMIA Help me, Lysander, help me; do thy best ***Wakes***
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
Ay me, for pity; what a dream was here?
Lysander, look how I do quake with fear:
Methought a serpent ate my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.[150]
Lysander! What, removed?[151] Lysander! Lord!
What, out of hearing? Gone? No sound, no word?
Alack, where are you? Speak, an if[153] you hear:
Speak, of all loves![154] I swoon almost with fear.
No? Then I well perceive you are not nigh.
Either death or you I'll find immediately. ***Titania remains asleep***

Exit

Act 3 [Scene 1][3.1]

running scene 4 continues

Enter the Clowns [Bottom, Quince, Snug, Flute, Snout and Starveling]

BOTTOM Are we all met?

QUINCE Pat,[2] pat, and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake[3] our tiring-house, and we will do it in action as we will do it before the duke.

BOTTOM Peter Quince?

QUINCE What sayest thou, bully[6] Bottom?

BOTTOM There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisbe that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

SNOUT By'r lakin,[10] a parlous fear.

STARVELING I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.[11]

BOTTOM Not a whit: I have a device to make all well. Write me[12] a prologue, and let the prologue seem to say we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not killed indeed. And for the more better assurance, tell them that I, Pyramus, am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver; this will put them out of fear.

QUINCE Well, we will have such a prologue, and it shall be written in eight and six.[16]

BOTTOM No, make it two more: let it be written in eight and eight.

SNOUT Will not the ladies be afeard[18] of the lion?

STARVELING I fear it,[19] I promise you.

BOTTOM Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves, to bring in — God shield us! — a lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing. For there is not a more fearful[21] wild-fowl[22] than your lion living. And we ought to look to it.

SNOUT Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

BOTTOM Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck, and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect:[25] 'Ladies' or 'Fair-ladies, I would wish you' or 'I would request you' or 'I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble. My[27] life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity[28] of my life. No, I am no such thing, I am a man as other men are.’ And there indeed let him name his name, and tell them plainly[29] he is Snug the joiner.

QUINCE Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things: that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber, for you know Pyramus and Thisbe meet by moonlight.

SNOUT Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

BOTTOM A calendar, a calendar! Look in the almanac.[33] Find out moonshine, find out moonshine. ***They consult an almanac***

[Robin may] enter

QUINCE Yes, it doth shine that night.

BOTTOM Why, then may you leave a casement[36] of the great chamber window, where we play, open, and the moon may shine in at the casement.

QUINCE Ay, or else one must come in with a bush[38] of thorns and a lantern, and say he comes to disfigure,[39] or to present, the person of Moonshine. Then there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisbe, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

SNOUT You can never bring in a wall. What say you, Bottom?

BOTTOM Some man or other must present Wall: and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast[44] about him, to signify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus; and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisbe whisper. ***Hand gesture suggesting a hole in a wall***

QUINCE If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother’s son, and rehearse[47] your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake, and so every one according to his cue.

Robin [may] enter

ROBIN What hempen home-spuns[49] have we swagg’ring here, ***Aside***
So near the cradle[50] of the fairy queen?
What, a play toward?[51] I’ll be an auditor,
An actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

QUINCE Speak, Pyramus.— Thisbe, stand forth.

PYRAMUS [BOTTOM] Thisbe, the flowers of odious savours sweet—

QUINCE Odours, odours.

PYRAMUS [BOTTOM] —odours savours sweet,
So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisbe dear.
But hark, a voice! Stay thou but here awhile,
And by and by[59] I will to thee appear.

Exit

ROBIN A stranger Pyramus than e’er played here.

[Exit]

THISBE [FLUTE] Must I speak now?

QUINCE Ay, marry, must you, for you must understand he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

THISBE [FLUTE] Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most brisky juvenal[66] and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse that yet would never tire,
I’ll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny’s tomb.

QUINCE ‘Ninus’[69] tomb’, man! Why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus. You speak all your part[70] at once, cues and all. Pyramus, enter: your cue is past; it is, ‘never tire’.

THISBE [FLUTE] O — As true as truest horse that yet would never tire.

Enter [Robin and] Pyramus [Bottom] with the ass head

PYRAMUS [BOTTOM] If I were fair,[73] Thisbe, I were only thine.

QUINCE O monstrous! O strange! We are haunted. Pray, masters! Fly, masters! Help!

The Clowns all exit

ROBIN I’ll follow you, I’ll lead you about a round,[75]
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier.
Sometime a horse I’ll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire,[78]
And neigh and bark and grunt and roar and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. ***If Bottom exited with the other clowns, he reenters here***

Exit

BOTTOM Why do they run away? This is a knavery[81] of them to make me afeard.

Enter Snout

SNOUT O Bottom, thou art changed! What do I see on thee?

BOTTOM What do you see? You see an asshead of your own, do you?

[Exit Snout]

Enter Quince

QUINCE Bless thee, Bottom! Bless thee! Thou art translated.[84]

Exit

BOTTOM I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me, to fright me, if they could; but I will not stir from this place, do what they can. I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid.

The ousel cock[88] so black of hue, ***Sings***
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle[90] with his note so true,
The wren with little quill[91]—

TITANIA What angel wakes me from my flow'ry bed? ***Wakes***

BOTTOM The finch, the sparrow and the lark, ***Sings***
The plain-song[94] cuckoo grey,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares[96] not answer nay —
For, indeed, who[97] would set his wit to so foolish a bird? Who would give a bird the lie, though he cry 'cuckoo'[98] never so?

TITANIA I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamoured of thy note;
So is mine eye enthrallèd[101] to thy shape:
And thy fair virtue's[102] force perforce doth move me
On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee.

BOTTOM Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together nowadays; the more the pity that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek[106] upon occasion.

TITANIA Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

BOTTOM Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.[110]

TITANIA Out of this wood do not desire to go:
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt[112] or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate.[113]

The summer still[114] doth tend upon my state,
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me.
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee,
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,[117]
And sing while thou on pressèd flowers dost sleep.
And I will purge thy mortal grossness[119] so
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.
Peaseblossom,[121] Cobweb, Moth, Mustardseed!

Enter four Fairies

PEASEBLOSSOM Ready.

COBWEB And I.

MOTH And I.

MUSTARDSEED And I.

ALL Where shall we go?

TITANIA Be kind and courteous to this gentleman.
Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes,[128]
Feed him with apricocks[129] and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries.
The honey-bags steal from the humbleb-ees,[131]
And for night-tapers[132] crop their waxen thighs
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed and to arise.[134]
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes.
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

PEASEBLOSSOM Hail, mortal!

COBWEB Hail!

MOTH Hail!

MUSTARDSEED Hail!

BOTTOM I cry[142] your worship's mercy, heartily; I beseech your worship's name. ***To Cobweb***

COBWEB Cobweb.

BOTTOM I shall desire[144] you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.— Your name, honest gentleman?

PEASEBLOSSOM Peaseblossom.

BOTTOM I pray you commend me to Mistress Squash,[147] your mother, and to Master Peascod,[148] your father. Good Master Peaseblossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir?

MUSTARDSEED Mustardseed.

BOTTOM Good Master Mustardseed, I know your patience[151] well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made[153] my eyes water ere now. I desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Mustardseed.

TITANIA Come, wait upon him, lead him to my bower.
The moon methinks looks with a wat’ry eye,
And when she weeps,[157] weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforcèd[158] chastity.
Tie[159] up my lover’s tongue, bring him silently.

Exeunt

[Act 3 Scene 2]

running scene 5

Enter King of Fairies [Oberon] alone

OBERON I wonder if Titania be awaked;
Then what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in[3] extremity.

Enter [Robin] Puck

Here comes my messenger.— How now, mad spirit?
What night-rule[5] now about this haunted grove?

ROBIN My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close[7] and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull[8] and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches,[9] rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial-day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,[13]
Who Pyramus presented in their sport,
Forsook[15] his scene and entered in a brake,
When I did him at this advantage take:
An ass's noll[17] I fixèd on his head.
Anon his Thisbe must be answerèd,
And forth my mimic[19] comes. When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler[20] eye,
Or russet-pated choughs,[21] many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,[22]
Sever[23] themselves and madly sweep the sky,
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly.
And at our stamp here o'er and o'er one falls;
He 'murder' cries and help from Athens calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong.
For briars and thorns at their apparel snatch,
Some sleeves, some hats, from yielders[30] all things catch.

I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
When in that moment, so it came to pass,
Titania waked and straightway loved an ass.
OBERON This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latched[36] the Athenian's eyes
With the love juice, as I did bid thee do?
ROBIN I took him sleeping — that is finished too —
And the Athenian woman by his side,
That, when he waked, of force[40] she must be eyed.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia

OBERON Stand close.[41] This is the same Athenian. ***They stand aside***
ROBIN This is the woman, but not this the man.
DEMETRIUS O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.
HERMIA Now I but chide,[45] but I should use thee worse,
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse,
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes[48] in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.
The sun was not so true[50] unto the day
As he to me. Would he have stol'n away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon
This whole[53] earth may be bored and that the moon
May through the centre[54] creep, and so displease
Her brother's[55] noontide with th'Antipodes.
It cannot be but thou hast murdered him,
So should a murderer look, so dead,[57] so grim.
DEMETRIUS So should the murdered look, and so should I,
Pierced through the heart with your stern cruelty:
Yet you, the murderer, looks as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus[61] in her glimm'ring sphere.
HERMIA What's this to[62] my Lysander? Where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?
DEMETRIUS I'd rather give his carcass to my hounds.
HERMIA Out, dog! Out, cur![65] Thou driv'st me past the bounds

Of maiden’s patience. Hast thou slain him, then?
Henceforth be never numbered[67] among men.
O, once[68] tell true, tell true even for my sake!
Durst[69] thou a looked upon him being awake?
And hast thou killed him sleeping? O brave touch![70]
Could not a worm,[71] an adder, do so much?
An adder did it, for with doubler[72] tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.
DEMETRIUS You spend[74] your passion on a misprised mood.
I am not guilty of Lysander’s blood,
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.
HERMIA I pray thee tell me then that he is well.
DEMETRIUS An if I could, what should I get therefor?[78]
HERMIA A privilege never to see me more;
And from thy hated presence part I so:
See me no more, whether he be dead or no.
Exit
DEMETRIUS There is no following her in this fierce vein:[82]
Here therefore for a while I will remain.
So[84] sorrow’s heaviness doth heavier grow
For[85] debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe,
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender[87] here I make some stay.
[Demetrius] lies down [and sleeps]
OBERON What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite[88]
And laid the love juice on some true love’s sight:
Of thy misprision[90] must perforce ensue
Some true love turned, and not a false turned true.
ROBIN Then fate o’errules, that, one[92] man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding[93] oath on oath.
OBERON About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look[95] thou find.
All fancy-sick[96] she is and pale of cheer,
With sighs[97] of love, that costs the fresh blood dear.
By some illusion[98] see thou bring her here.
I’ll charm his eyes against[99] she doth appear.

ROBIN I go, I go, look how I go,
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.[101]

Exit

OBERON Flower of this purple dye, ***Squeezes juice on Demetrius' eyes***
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple[104] of his eye.
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as glor'ously
As the Venus of the sky.
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.[109]

Enter [Robin] Puck

ROBIN Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand,
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.[113]
Shall we their fond pageant[114] see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

OBERON Stand aside: the noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake. ***They stand aside***

ROBIN Then will two at once woo one,
That must needs be sport alone.[119]
And those things do best please me
That befall preposterously.[121]

Enter Lysander [following] Helena

LYSANDER Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears:
Look when[124] I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity[125] all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge[127] of faith to prove them true?

HELENA You do advance[128] your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth,[129] O devilish-holy fray!
These vows are Hermia's. Will you give her o'er?[130]
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh.
Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,

Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.[133]
LYSANDER I had no judgement when to her I swore.
HELENA Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o’er.
LYSANDER Demetrius[136] loves her, and he you.
DEMETRIUS O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!
Awakes
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe[139] in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealèd white,[141] high Taurus’ snow,
Fanned with the eastern wind, turns[142] to a crow
When thou hold’st up thy hand. O, let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal[144] of bliss!
HELENA O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent[145]
To set against[146] me for your merriment:
If you were civil and knew courtesy,
You would not do[148] me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join[150] in souls to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle[152] lady so;
To vow, and swear, and superpraise[153] my parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals and love Hermia;
And now both rivals to mock Helena.
A trim[157] exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid’s eyes
With your derision; none of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin and extort[160]
A poor soul’s patience, all to make you sport.
LYSANDER You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so,
For you love Hermia; this you know I know;
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia’s love I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love and will do till my death.

HELENA Never did mockers waste more idle breath.
DEMETRIUS Lysander, keep thy Hermia, I will none:[169]
If e’er I loved her, all that love is gone.
My heart to her but[171] as guestwise sojourned,
And now to Helen is it home returned,
There to remain.
LYSANDER Helen, it is not so.
DEMETRIUS Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest to thy peril thou abide[176] it dear.
Look where thy love comes, yonder is thy dear.
Enter Hermia
HERMIA Dark night, that from the eye his[178] function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension[179] makes,
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense.
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found,
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?
LYSANDER Why should he stay whom love doth press to go?
HERMIA What love could press[186] Lysander from my side?
LYSANDER Lysander’s love, that would not let him bide[187] —
Fair Helena, who more engilds[188] the night
Than all yon[189] fiery oes and eyes of light.—
Why seek’st thou me? Could not this make thee know, ***To Hermia***
The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?
HERMIA You speak not as you think; it cannot be.
HELENA Lo, she is one of this confed’racy![193]
Now I perceive they have conjoined all three
To fashion[195] this false sport in spite of me.
Injurious[196] Hermia, most ungrateful maid,
Have you conspired, have you with these contrived
To bait[198] me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel[199] that we two have shared,
The sisters’ vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid[201] the hasty-footed time
For parting us — O, is all forgot?

All schooldays’ friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial[204] gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,[207]
As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds,
Had been incorporate.[209] So we grew together
Like[210] to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem,
So with two seeming bodies but one heart,[213]
Two of the first,[214] like coats in heraldry,
Due[215] but to one and crownèd with one crest.
And will you rent[216] our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, ’tis not maidenly.
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.
HERMIA I am amazèd at your passionate words.
I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn me.
HELENA Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,
To call me goddess, nymph, divine and rare,[227]
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? And wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender[231] me, forsooth, affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace[233] as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate,
But miserable most, to love unloved?
This you should pity rather than despise.
HERMIA I understand not what you mean by this.
HELENA Ay, do. Persever,[238] counterfeit sad looks,

Make mouths[239] upon me when I turn my back,
Wink each at other, hold[240] the sweet jest up:
This sport well carried[241] shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.[243]
But fare ye well. ’Tis partly my own fault,
Which death or absence soon shall remedy.
LYSANDER Stay, gentle Helena, hear my excuse:
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!
HELENA O excellent!
HERMIA Sweet, do not scorn her so. ***To Lysander***
DEMETRIUS If she cannot entreat, I can compel. ***To Lysander***
LYSANDER Thou canst compel no more than she entreat.
Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers.
Helen, I love thee, by my life, I do;
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false that says I love thee not.
DEMETRIUS I say I love thee more than he can do. ***To Helena***
LYSANDER If thou say so, withdraw,[257] and prove it too.
DEMETRIUS Quick, come!
HERMIA Lysander, whereto[259] tends all this? ***She hangs on Lysander***
LYSANDER Away, you Ethiope![260]
DEMETRIUS No, no, sir,
Seem to break loose; take on as[262] you would follow,
But yet come not: you are a tame man, go!
LYSANDER Hang off,[264] thou cat, thou burr! Vile thing, let loose,
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent!
HERMIA Why are you grown so rude?[266]
What change is this, sweet love?
LYSANDER Thy love? Out,[268] tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathèd medicine![269] O hated potion, hence!
HERMIA Do you not jest?
HELENA Yes, sooth,[271] and so do you.
LYSANDER Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.
DEMETRIUS I would I had your bond, for I perceive
A weak bond[274] holds you; I’ll not trust your word.

LYSANDER What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I’ll not harm her so.
HERMIA What, can you do me greater harm than hate?
Hate me? Wherefore? O me! What news, my love?
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now as I was erewhile.[280]
Since night you loved me; yet since night you left me.
Why, then you left me — O, the gods forbid! —
In earnest, shall I say?
LYSANDER Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore be out of[286] hope, of question, of doubt;
Be certain, nothing truer: ’tis no jest
That I do hate thee and love Helena.
HERMIA O me! You juggler,[289] you canker-blossom, ***To Helena***
You thief of love! What, have you come by night
And stolen my love’s heart from him?
HELENA Fine, i’faith!
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient[295] answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! You counterfeit, you puppet,[296] you!
HERMIA Puppet? Why so? Ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures, she hath urged[299] her height,
And with her personage,[300] her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevailed with him.
And are you grown so high in his esteem
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?
How low am I, thou painted[304] maypole? Speak!
How low am I? I am not yet so low
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes. ***Attacks her***
HELENA I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me; I was never curst,[308]
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;[309]
I am a right[310] maid for my cowardice;

Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,
Because she is something lower[312] than myself,
That I can match her.
HERMIA Lower? Hark, again.
HELENA Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore[316] did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wronged you,
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth[319] unto this wood.
He followed you. For love I followed him.
But he hath chid me hence[321] and threatened me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too;
And now, so[323] you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back
And follow you no further. Let me go.
You see how simple and how fond[326] I am.
HERMIA Why, get you gone: who is’t that hinders you?
HELENA A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.
HERMIA What, with Lysander?
HELENA With Demetrius.
LYSANDER Be not afraid: she shall not harm thee, Helena.
DEMETRIUS No, sir, she shall not, though you take her part.[332]
HELENA O, when she’s angry, she is keen[333] and shrewd.
She was a vixen when she went to school,
And though she be but little, she is fierce.
HERMIA ‘Little’ again! Nothing but ‘low’ and ‘little’?
Why will you suffer[337] her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.
LYSANDER Get you gone, you dwarf,
You minimus,[340] of hind’ring knot-grass made!
You bead, you acorn.
DEMETRIUS You are too officious
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone. Speak not of Helena,
Take not her part. For if thou dost intend
Never so little show of love to her,

Thou shalt abide[347] it.
LYSANDER Now she holds me not.
Now follow, if thou dar’st, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.
DEMETRIUS Follow? Nay, I’ll go with thee, cheek by jowl.[351]
Exeunt Lysander and Demetrius
HERMIA You, mistress, all this coil[352] is ’long of you.
Nay, go not back.
HELENA I will not trust you, I,
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer though, to run away.
[Exit Helena, running, followed by Hermia]
Enter Oberon and [Robin] Puck [coming forward]
OBERON This is thy negligence. Still thou mistak’st,
Or else committ’st thy knaveries wilfully.
ROBIN Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprise,
That I have ’nointed an Athenian’s eyes,
And so far am I glad it so did sort,[365]
As[366] this their jangling I esteem a sport.
OBERON Thou see’st these lovers seek a place to fight:
Hie[368] therefore, Robin, overcast the night,
The starry welkin[369] cover thou anon
With drooping[370] fog as black as Acheron,
And lead these testy[371] rivals so astray
As[372] one come not within another’s way.
Like[373] to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;[374]
And sometime rail[375] thou like Demetrius;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o’er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty[378] wings doth creep;
Then crush this herb[379] into Lysander’s eye, ***Gives herb***

Whose liquor[380] hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error with his[381] might,
And make his eyeballs roll with wonted[382] sight.
When they next wake, all this derision[383]
Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision,
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend[385]
With league[386] whose date till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I’ll to my queen and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmèd eye release
From monster’s view, and all things shall be peace.

ROBIN My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,
For night-swift dragons[392] cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora’s harbinger,[393]
At whose approach, ghosts, wand’ring here and there,
Troop home to churchyards; damnèd spirits all,
That in crossways[396] and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light
And must for aye[400] consort with black-browed night.

OBERON But we are spirits of another sort:
I with the morning’s love[402] have oft made sport,
And, like a forester,[403] the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery red,
Opening on Neptune[405] with fair blessèd beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.
But notwithstanding, haste, make no delay:
We may effect this business yet ere day.

Exit

ROBIN Up and down, up and down,
I will lead them up and down.
I am feared in field and town.
Goblin,[412] lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Enter Lysander

LYSANDER Where art thou, proud Demetrius? Speak thou now.
ROBIN Here, villain, drawn[415] and ready. Where art thou? ***Imitating Demetrius***
LYSANDER I will be with thee straight.[416]
ROBIN Follow me, then, to plainer[417] ground. ***Exit Lysander, following the voice***

Enter Demetrius

DEMETRIUS Lysander, speak again;
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?
ROBIN Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars, ***Imitating Lysander***
Telling the bushes that thou look’st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant,[423] come, thou child.
I’ll whip thee with a rod. He is defiled
That draws a sword on thee.
DEMETRIUS Yea, art thou there?
ROBIN Follow my voice. We’ll try[427] no manhood here.

Exeunt

Enter Lysander

LYSANDER He goes before me and still dares me on.
When I come where he calls, then he’s gone.
The villain is much lighter-heeled than I:
I followed fast, but faster he did fly;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day!

Lie down

For if but once thou show me thy grey light,
I’ll find Demetrius and revenge this spite.[435] ***He sleeps***

Enter Robin and Demetrius, shifting places

ROBIN Ho, ho, ho! Coward, why com’st thou not?
DEMETRIUS Abide[437] me, if thou dar’st, for well I wot
Thou runn’st before me, shifting every place,
And dar’st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou now?
ROBIN Come hither. I am here.
DEMETRIUS Nay then, thou mock’st me. Thou shalt buy[442] this dear

If ever I thy face by daylight see.
Now, go thy way: faintness constraineth[444] me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be visited. ***Lies down and sleeps***

Enter Helena

HELENA O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate[448] thy hours! Shine comforts from the east,
That I may back to Athens by daylight,
From these that my poor company detest;
And sleep, that sometime shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me awhile from mine own company.

Sleep

ROBIN Yet but three? Come one more,
Two of both kinds make up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad.
Cupid is a knavish lad,

Enter Hermia

Thus to make poor females mad.

HERMIA Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew and torn with briers,
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray! ***Lies down and sleeps***

ROBIN On the ground
Sleep sound.
I'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy. ***Squeezes the juice on Lysander's eyes***
When thou wak'st,
Thou tak'st
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye,
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,

In your waking shall be shown.
Jack[477] shall have Jill,
Nought[478] shall go ill,
The man[479] shall have his mare again, and all shall be well.

Exit

They [Lysander, Demetrius, Helena and Hermia] sleep all the act

Act 4 [Scene 1]

running scene 5 continues

Enter Queen of Fairies [Titania] and Clown [Bottom, with ass head, wearing a coronet of flowers] and Fairies [Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, Mustardseed] and the King [Oberon] behind them

TITANIA Come, sit thee down upon this flow'ry bed,
While I thy amiable[2] cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy. ***She fondles him***

BOTTOM Where's Peaseblossom?

PEASEBLOSSOM Ready.

BOTTOM Scratch my head, Peaseblossom. Where's Monsieur Cobweb?

COBWEB Ready.

BOTTOM Monsieur Cobweb, good monsieur, get you your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not. I would be loath to have you overflown[13] with a honey-bag, signior. ***Cobweb may exit*** Where's Monsieur Mustardseed?

MUSTARDSEED Ready.

BOTTOM Give me your neaf,[15] Monsieur Mustardseed. Pray you leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

MUSTARDSEED What's your will?

BOTTOM Nothing, good monsieur, but to help Cavalery[18] Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur, for methinks I am marvellous[19] hairy about the face. And I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

TITANIA What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

BOTTOM I have a reasonable good ear in music. Let us have the tongs[22] and the bones.

Music: tongs, rural music[23]

TITANIA Or say, sweet love, what thou desirest to eat.

BOTTOM Truly, a peck[24] of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle[25] of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

TITANIA I have a vent'rous[26] fairy that shall seek The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

BOTTOM I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas. But, I pray you let none of your people stir[29] me. I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

TITANIA Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies, begone, and be all ways away.[31]

[Exeunt fairies]

So doth the woodbine[32] the sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwist; the female ivy so
Enrings[34] the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! How I dote on thee! ***They sleep***

Enter Robin Goodfellow and Oberon [who comes forward]

OBERON Welcome, good Robin.
See'st thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage[38] now I do begin to pity.
For, meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet favours[40] for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her and fall out with her.
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers.
And that same dew, which sometime[44] on the buds
Was wont to swell like round and orient[45] pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flowerets'[46] eyes
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
And she in mild terms begged my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child,
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
And, gentle Puck, take this transformèd scalp

From off the head of this Athenian swain;[56]
That, he awaking when the other[57] do,
May all to Athens back again repair,[58]
And think no more of this night's accidents[59]
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.
Be thou as thou wast wont to be; ***Squeezes the herb on her eyes***
See as thou wast wont to see.
Dian's bud[64] o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessèd power.
Now, my Titania, wake you, my sweet queen.

TITANIA My Oberon! What visions have I seen!
Methought I was enamoured of an ass.

OBERON There lies your love.

TITANIA How came these things to pass?
O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!

OBERON Silence awhile.— Robin, take off this head.—
Titania, music call, and strike more dead
Than common sleep of all these five[74] the sense.

TITANIA Music, ho! Music, such as charmeth[75] sleep!

Music, still

ROBIN Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep.

OBERON Sound, music! Come, my queen, take hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity,
And will tomorrow midnight solemnly[80]
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,[81]
And bless it to all fair prosperity.
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

ROBIN Fairy king, attend,[85] and mark:
I do hear the morning lark.

OBERON Then, my queen, in silence sad,[87]
Trip[88] we after the night's shade;
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

TITANIA Come, my lord, and in our flight
Tell me how it came this night
That I sleeping here was found
With these mortals on the ground.
Exeunt. Sleepers lie still
Wind horns. Enter Theseus, Egeus, Hippolyta, and all his train
THESEUS Go, one of you, find out the forester,
For now our observation[96] is performed;
And since we have the vaward[97] of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
Uncouple[99] in the western valley, let them go;
Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.
[Exit an Attendant]
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.
HIPPOLYTA I was with Hercules and Cadmus[104] once,
When in a wood of Crete they bayed[105] the bear
With hounds of Sparta;[106] never did I hear
Such gallant chiding,[107] for besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seemed all one mutual cry. I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.
THESEUS My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,[111]
So flewed,[112] so sanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew,
Crook-kneed and dewlapped[114] like Thessalian bulls,
Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouth[115] like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable[116]
Was never hallowed[117] to, nor cheered with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly;
Judge when you hear. But, soft![119] What nymphs are these?
EGEUS My lord, this is my daughter here asleep,
And this, Lysander, this Demetrius is,
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena.
I wonder of[123] their being here together.

THESEUS No doubt they rose up early to observe
The rite of May, and hearing our intent,
Came here in grace[126] of our solemnity.
But speak, Egeus; is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?
EGEUS It is, my lord.
THESEUS Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.
Horns and they wake. Shout within, they all start up.
Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine[131] is past.
Begin these woodbirds but to couple[132] now?
LYSANDER Pardon, my lord. ***They kneel***
THESEUS I pray you all stand up. ***They stand***
I know you two are rival enemies.
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,[137]
To sleep by hate and fear no enmity?
LYSANDER My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half sleep, half waking. But as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here.
But, as I think — for truly would I speak,
And now I do bethink me, so it is —
I came with Hermia hither. Our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of the Athenian law.
EGEUS Enough, enough, my lord. You have enough;
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.—
They would have stolen away, they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated[150] you and me:
You of your wife and me of my consent,
Of my consent that she should be your wife.
DEMETRIUS My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither to this wood,
And I in fury hither followed them;
Fair Helena in fancy[156] followed me.
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power —
But by some power it is — my love to Hermia,

Melted as the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gaud[160]
Which in my childhood I did dote upon.
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betrothed ere I saw Hermia:
But like a sickness did I loathe this food.
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now I do wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.
THESEUS Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this discourse we shall hear more anon.
Egeus, I will overbear[172] your will;
For in the temple, by and by[173] with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And, for[175] the morning now is something worn,
Our purposed[176] hunting shall be set aside.
Away with us to Athens; three and three,
We'll hold a feast in[178] great solemnity.—
Come, Hippolyta.

Exeunt Duke and lords [and Hippolyta]

DEMETRIUS These things seem small and undistinguishable,[180]
Like far-off mountains turnèd into clouds.
HERMIA Methinks I see these things with parted[182] eye,
When everything seems double.
HELENA So methinks:
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine[186] own and not mine own.
DEMETRIUS It seems to me
That yet we sleep, we dream. Do not you think
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?
HERMIA Yea, and my father.
HELENA And Hippolyta.
LYSANDER And he bid us follow to the temple.
DEMETRIUS Why, then, we are awake; let's follow him

And by[194] the way let us recount our dreams.

Exeunt lovers

Bottom wakes

BOTTOM When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer. My next is, 'Most fair Pyramus.' Hey-ho! Peter Quince? Flute, the bellows-mender? Snout, the tinker? Starveling? God's[197] my life, stolen hence and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I had a dream, past the wit[198] of man to say what dream it was. Man is but an ass, if he go about[199] to expound this dream. Methought I was — there is no man can tell what. Methought I was — and methought I had — but man is but a patched[201] fool if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called 'Bottom's Dream', because it hath no bottom;[205] and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke. Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her[206] death.

Exit

[Act 4 Scene 2][4.2]

running scene 6

Enter Quince, Flute, Snout and Starveling

QUINCE Have you sent to Bottom's house? Is he come home yet?

STARVELING He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported.[2]

FLUTE If he come not, then the play is marred. It goes not forward,[3] doth it?

QUINCE It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge[4] Pyramus but he.

FLUTE No, he hath simply the best wit[6] of any handicraft man in Athens.

QUINCE Yea, and the best person[7] too, and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

FLUTE You must say 'paragon'. A paramour is, God bless us, a thing of naught.[8]

Enter Snug the joiner

SNUG Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married. If our sport had gone forward, we[10] had all been made men.

FLUTE O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day[12] during his life; he could not have scaped[13] sixpence a day. An the duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged. He would have deserved it. Sixpence a day in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter Bottom

BOTTOM Where are these lads? Where are these hearts?[16]

QUINCE Bottom! O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

BOTTOM Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what, for if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you everything as it fell out.[19]

QUINCE Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

BOTTOM Not a word of[21] me. All that I will tell you is that the duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, good strings[22] to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps. Meet presently[23] at the palace, every man look o’er his part, for the short and the long is, our play is preferred.[24] In any case, let Thisbe have clean linen, and let not him that plays the lion pare[25] his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion’s claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath, and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words: away! Go, away!

Exeunt

Act 5 Scene 1[5.1]

running scene 7

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, and his lords

HIPPOLYTA ’Tis strange, my Theseus, that[1] these lovers speak of.

THESEUS More strange than true. I never may believe
These antic[3] fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping[5] fantasies that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover and the poet
Are of imagination all compact.[8]
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
That is the madman. The lover, all as frantic,[10]
Sees Helen’s[11] beauty in a brow of Egypt.
The poet’s eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And as imagination bodies[14] forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet’s pen
Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That if it would but apprehend[19] some joy,
It comprehends[20] some bringer of that joy.
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear!

HIPPOLYTA But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigured[24] so together,
More[25] witnesseth than fancy’s images
And grows to something of great constancy;[26]
But howsoever, strange and admirable.[27]

Enter lovers: Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia, Helena

THESEUS Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.
Joy, gentle friends! Joy and fresh days of love
Accompany your hearts!

LYSANDER More than to us
Wait in your royal walks, your board,[32] your bed!
THESEUS Come now, what masques,[33] what dances shall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours
Between our after-supper[35] and bedtime?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Egeus.
EGEUS Here, mighty Theseus.
THESEUS Say, what abridgement[41] have you for this evening?
What masque? What music? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?
EGEUS There is a brief[44] how many sports are ripe:
Make choice of which your highness will see first. ***Egeus gives a paper to Lysander***
LYSANDER ‘The battle[46] with the Centaurs, to be sung ***Reads***
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.’
THESEUS We’ll none of that. That have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.
LYSANDER ‘The riot[50] of the tipsy Bacchanals, ***Reads***
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.’
THESEUS That is an old device,[52] and it was played
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.
LYSANDER ‘The thrice[54] three Muses mourning for the death ***Reads***
Of learning, late deceased in beggary.’
THESEUS That is some satire, keen and critical,[56]
Not sorting[57] with a nuptial ceremony.
LYSANDER ‘A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus ***Reads***
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.’
THESEUS Merry and tragical? Tedious and brief?
That is, hot ice and wondrous strange[61] snow.
How shall we find the concord[62] of this discord?
EGEUS A play there is, my lord, some ten words long,
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,

Which makes it tedious. For in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.[67]
And tragical, my noble lord, it is,
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
Which, when I saw rehearsed, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water, but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.
THESEUS What are they that do play it?
EGEUS Hard-handed men that work in Athens here,
Which never laboured in their minds till now;
And now have toiled[76] their unbreathed memories
With this same play, against[77] your nuptial.
THESEUS And we will hear it.
EGEUS No, my noble lord,
It is not for you. I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extremely stretched and conned[83] with cruel pain,
To do you service.
THESEUS I will hear that play.
For never anything can be amiss,
When simpleness[87] and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in.— And take your places, ladies.
[Exit Egeus]
HIPPOLYTA I love not to see wretchedness o’er-charged[89]
And duty in his service[90] perishing.
THESEUS Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.
HIPPOLYTA He says they can do nothing in this kind.[92]
THESEUS The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our sport shall be to take[94] what they mistake;
And what poor duty cannot do, noble respect[95]
Takes it in[96] might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks[97] have purposèd
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods[100] in the midst of sentences,

Throttle their practised accent[101] in their fears,
And in conclusion dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence yet I picked[104] a welcome.
And in the modesty[105] of fearful duty
I read as much as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity
In least speak most, to my capacity.[109]

[Enter Egeus]

EGEUS So please your grace, the Prologue is addressed.[110]

THESEUS Let him approach.

Flourish [of] trumpets

Enter the Prologue: Quince

PROLOGUE [QUINCE] If we offend, it is with our good will.[112]
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good will.[114] To show our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.[115]
Consider then, we come but in despite.[116]
We[117] do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is.[118] All for your delight
We are not here.[119] That you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand; and by their show,[120]
You shall know all that you are like[121] to know.

THESEUS This fellow doth not stand upon points.[122]

LYSANDER He hath rid[123] his prologue like a rough colt: he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord. It is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

HIPPOLYTA Indeed he hath played on his prologue like a child on a recorder: a sound, but not in government.[126]

THESEUS His speech was like a tangled chain: nothing[127] impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

Enter, with a trumpet[er] before them, Pyramus [Bottom] and Thisbe [Flute], Wall [Snout], Moonshine [Starveling] and Lion [Snug]

PROLOGUE [QUINCE] Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show,
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.

This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
This beauteous lady Thisbe is certain.
This man with lime and rough-cast doth present
Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder.[134]
And through Wall’s chink, poor souls, they are content
To whisper. At the which let no man wonder.
This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,
Presenteth Moonshine. For, if you will know,
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn[139]
To meet at Ninus’ tomb, there, there to woo.
This grisly beast, which Lion hight[141] by name,
The trusty Thisbe, coming first by night,
Did scare away, or rather did affright.
And as she fled, her mantle[144] she did fall,
Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,[146]
And finds his trusty Thisbe’s mantle slain;
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broached[149] his boiling bloody breast.
And Thisbe, tarrying in mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain[152]
At large discourse, while here they do remain.

Exeunt all but Wall

THESEUS I wonder if the lion be to speak.

DEMETRIUS No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many asses do.

WALL [SNOUT] In this same interlude[156] it doth befall
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall.
And such a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a crannied hole or chink,
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisbe,
Did whisper often, very secretly.
This loam, this rough-cast and this stone doth show
That I am that same wall; the truth is so.
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,[164] ***Gestures to gap between his legs***

Through which the fearful[165] lovers are to whisper.

THESEUS Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

DEMETRIUS It is the wittiest partition[167] that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

THESEUS Pyramus draws near the wall. Silence!

Enter Pyramus

PYRAMUS [BOTTOM] O grim-looked[169] night! O night with hue so black!
O night, which ever art when day is not!
O night, O night! Alack, alack, alack,
I fear my Thisbe's promise is forgot.
And thou, O wall, thou sweet and lovely wall
That stands between her father's ground and mine!
Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
Show me thy chink,[176] to blink through with mine eyne! ***Wall opens his legs***
Thanks, courteous wall. Jove[177] shield thee well for this. ***Pyramus peers between Wall's legs***
But what see I? No Thisbe do I see.
O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss!
Cursed be thy stones[180] for thus deceiving me!

THESEUS The wall, methinks, being sensible,[181] should curse again.

PYRAMUS [BOTTOM] No, in truth, sir, he should not. 'Deceiving me' is Thisbe's cue; she is to enter and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat[183] as I told you. Yonder she comes.

Enter Thisbe

THISBE [FLUTE] O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me.
My cherry lips have often kissed thy stones,
Thy stones with lime[188] and hair knit up in thee.

PYRAMUS [BOTTOM] I see a voice; now will I to the chink,
To spy an I[190] can hear my Thisbe's face. Thisbe?

THISBE [FLUTE] My love thou[191] art, my love I think.

PYRAMUS [BOTTOM] Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace[192]
And like Limander[193] am I trusty still.

THISBE [FLUTE] And I like Helen,[194] till the Fates me kill.

PYRAMUS [BOTTOM] Not Shafalus to Procrus[195] was so true.

THISBE [FLUTE] As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.
PYRAMUS [BOTTOM] O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall!
THISBE [FLUTE] I kiss the wall's hole,[198] not your lips at all.
PYRAMUS [BOTTOM] Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?
THISBE [FLUTE] 'Tide[200] life, 'tide death, I come without delay.

[Exeunt Pyramus and Thisbe]

WALL [SNOUT] Thus have I, Wall, my part dischargèd so;
And, being done, thus Wall away doth go.

Exit

THESEUS Now is the mural[203] down between the two neighbours.

DEMETRIUS No remedy, my lord, when walls[204] are so wilful to hear without warning.

HIPPOLYTA This is the silliest stuff that e'er I heard.

THESEUS The best in this kind[206] are but shadows, and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

HIPPOLYTA It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

THESEUS If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

Enter Lion and Moonshine [with a lantern, thorn-bush and dog]

LION [SNUG] You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous[212] mouse that creeps on floor,
May now perchance both quake and tremble here,
When lion rough[214] in wildest rage doth roar.
Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am
A lion fell,[216] nor else no lion's dam,
For if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pity on my life.

THESEUS A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

DEMETRIUS The very best at[220] a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

LYSANDER This lion is a very fox[221] for his valour.

THESEUS True, and a goose[222] for his discretion.

DEMETRIUS Not so, my lord, for his valour cannot carry his discretion, and the fox carries[224] the goose.

THESEUS His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour, for the goose carries not the fox. It is well. Leave it to his discretion, and let us hearken to the moon.

MOONSHINE [STARVELING] This lantern doth the hornèd[227] moon present—

DEMETRIUS He should have worn the horns[228] on his head.

THESEUS He is no crescent,[229] and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

MOONSHINE [STARVELING] This lantern doth the hornèd moon present:
Myself the man i'th'moon doth seem to be.

THESEUS This is the greatest error of all the rest; the man should be put into the lantern. How is it else the man i'th'moon?

DEMETRIUS He dares not come there for the candle. For you see it is already in snuff.[234]

HIPPOLYTA I am aweary of this moon; would he would change!

THESEUS It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane.[236] But yet, in courtesy, in all reason,[237] we must stay the time.

LYSANDER Proceed, Moon.

MOONSHINE [STARVELING] All that I have to say is to tell you that the lantern is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

DEMETRIUS Why, all these should be in the lantern, for they are in the moon. But silence — here comes Thisbe.

Enter Thisbe

THISBE [FLUTE] This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?

LION [SNUG] O!

The lion roars. Thisbe runs off [dropping her mantle]

DEMETRIUS Well roared, Lion.

THESEUS Well run, Thisbe.

HIPPOLYTA Well shone, Moon. Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

[Lion shakes Thisbe's mantle, and exits]

THESEUS Well moused,[249] Lion.

DEMETRIUS And then came Pyramus.

LYSANDER And so the lion vanished.

Enter Pyramus

PYRAMUS [BOTTOM] Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams,
I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright,
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,

I trust to taste of truest Thisbe sight.
But stay, O spite!
But mark, poor knight,
What dreadful dole[258] is here?
Eyes, do you see?
How can it be?
O dainty duck! O dear!
Thy mantle good,
What, stained with blood!
Approach, you Furies[264] fell!
O Fates,[265] come, come,
Cut thread and thrum,[266]
Quail,[267] crush, conclude, and quell!

THESEUS This passion,[268] and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

HIPPOLYTA Beshrew[270] my heart, but I pity the man.

PYRAMUS [BOTTOM] O wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame?[271]
Since lion vile hath here deflowered[272] my dear:
Which is — no, no — which was the fairest dame
That lived, that loved, that liked, that looked with cheer.[274]
Come, tears, confound:
Out, sword, and wound
The pap[277] of Pyramus,
Ay, that left pap,
Where heart doth hop:
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus. ***Stabs himself***
Now am I dead,
Now am I fled,
My soul is in the sky.
Tongue,[284] lose thy light,
Moon take thy flight,
[Exit Moonshine]
Now die, die, die, die, die. ***Dies***

DEMETRIUS No die,[287] but an ace for him; for he is but one.

LYSANDER Less than an ace, man: for he is dead, he is nothing.

THESEUS With the help of a surgeon he might yet recover, and prove an ass.[289]

HIPPOLYTA How chance Moonshine is gone before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

Enter Thisbe

THESEUS She will find him by starlight. Here she comes, and her passion[292] ends the play.

HIPPOLYTA Methinks she should not use a long one[294] for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

DEMETRIUS A mote[296] will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better.

LYSANDER She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

DEMETRIUS And thus she means,[298] *videlicet*—

THISBE [FLUTE] Asleep, my love?
What, dead, my dove?
O Pyramus, arise!
Speak, speak. Quite dumb?
Dead, dead? A tomb
Must cover thy sweet eyes.
These lily lips,
This cherry nose,
These yellow cowslip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone!
Lovers, make moan:
His eyes were green as leeks.
O Sisters Three,[311]
Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk.
Lay them in gore,
Since you have shore[315]
With shears his thread of silk.[316]
Tongue, not a word.
Come, trusty sword,
Come, blade, my breast imbrue.[319] ***Stabs herself***
And farewell friends,
Thus Thisbe ends:

Adieu, adieu, adieu. ***Dies***

THESEUS Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

DEMETRIUS Ay, and Wall too.

BOTTOM No, I assure you, the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please ***Gets up*** you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance[326] between two of our company?

THESEUS No epilogue, I pray you, for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played Pyramus and hung himself in Thisbe’s garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly, and very notably discharged. But come,
your Bergomask; let your epilogue alone. ***A dance***
The iron tongue[333] of midnight hath told twelve.
Lovers, to bed, ’tis almost fairy time.
I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn
As much as we this night have overwatched.[336]
This palpable-gross[337] play hath well beguiled
The heavy gait[338] of night. Sweet friends, to bed.
A fortnight hold we this solemnity,[339]
In nightly revels and new jollity.

Exeunt

Enter [Robin] Puck ***With a broom***

ROBIN Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf beholds the moon.
Whilst the heavy[343] ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.[344]
Now the wasted brands[345] do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl,[346] screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night
That the graves all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,[351]
In the church-way paths to glide.
And we fairies that do run

By the triple Hecate's[354] team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic;[357] not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallowed[358] house.
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind[360] the door.

Enter King and Queen of Fairies [Oberon and Titania] with their train

OBERON Through the house give glimmering light,[361]
By the dead and drowsy fire,
Every elf and fairy sprite
Hop as light as bird from briar,
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.[366]

TITANIA First, rehearse[367] this song by rote,
To each word a warbling note.
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing and bless this place.

[FAIRIES *sing*]

The Song ***Fairies dance***

Now until the break of day
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed[374] will we,
Which by us shall blessèd be.
And the issue[375] there create
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be.
And the blots of Nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand.
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious,[382] such as are
Despisèd in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,[385]
Every fairy take his gait,[386]

And each several[387] chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace.
Ever shall in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.
Trip away, make no stay;[391]
Meet me all by break of day.

[Exeunt all but Robin]

ROBIN If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,
That you have but slumbered here
While these visions did appear.
And this weak[397] and idle theme,
No more yielding but[398] a dream,
Gentles,[399] do not reprehend.
If you pardon, we will mend.[400]
And, as I am an honest Puck,
If we have unearnèd luck
Now to scape the serpent's tongue,[403]
We will make amends ere long:
Else the Puck a liar call.
So, goodnight unto you all.
Give[407] me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.[408]

Textual Notes

= First Quarto text of 1600
= First Folio text of 1623
2 = a correction introduced in the Second Folio text of 1632
4 = a correction introduced in the Fourth Folio text of 1685
d = a correction introduced by a later editor
D = stage direction
H = speech heading (i.e., speaker's name)

ist of parts = Ed

.1.7 nights = F. Q = night **10 New-bent** = Ed. F = Now bent **25 Stand forth, Demetrius** = Ed. *Set in italic as a stage direction in* F **27 Stand forth, Lysander** = Ed. *Set in italic as a stage direction in* F **134 Ay me, for** = Q. F = For **I could ever** = Q. F = ever I could **138 low** = Ed. F = loue **142 eyes** = Q. F = eie **145 momentary** = F’s *modernization of Q’s* momentany **161 removed** = F. Q = remote **169 to** = Q. F = for **175 love** = F. Q = loves **185 your** = Q. F = you **203 none** = F. Q = no fault **208 like** = F. Q = as **210 into** = F. Q = unto a **219 sweet** = Ed. F = sweld **228 dote** = Q. F = dotes **242 often** = F. Q = so oft **251 this** = Q. F = his

.2.7 grow on to = F. Q = grow to **33 You must** = F. Q = Flute, you must **50 if it be** = Q. F = if be **61 roar** = F. Q = roare you **74 will we** = Q. F = we will

.1.1 SH ROBIN = Ed. F = *Rob. Sometimes* Pucke **5 thorough flood, thorough** = Q. F = through flood, through **33 sprite** = Q. F = spirit **34 not you he** = Q. F = you not hee **47 filly** = Q. F = silly **62 SH TITANIA** = Ed. F = Qu. **Fairies** = Ed. F = Fairy **66 hast** = Q. F = wast **70 step** = Q. F = steepe **78 not thou** = Q. F = thou not **80 Aegles** = Ed. F = Eagles **81 Antiopa** = Q. F = *Atiopa* **92 petty** = F. Q = pelting **108 hoary-headed** = Q1. F = hoared headed **110 thin** = Ed. F = chin **138 do I** = Q. F = I doe **158 saw** = Q. F = say **178 round about** = Q. F = about **214 do use** = Q. F = doe **242 the field** = Q. F = and Field **247 I’ll** = Q. F = I

.2.9 SH FIRST FAIRY = Ed. *Not in* F **13, 26 SH CHORUS =** Ed. *Not in* F **14 our** = Q. F = your **35 wood** = Q. F = woods **48 we can =** Q. F = can you **49 interchainèd** = Q. F = interchanged **67 found** = Q. F = finde **68 On** = Q. F = One **104 shows her art =** Ed. F = her shewes art. Q = shewes art. **113 Helena now I =** F. Q = Helena I **140 they** = Q. F = that **149 ate** = Ed. *Spelled* eate in F **150 you** = Q. F = yet

.1.20 yourselves = F. Q = your selfe **29 them** = Q. F = him **32 SH SNOUT =** Ed. Q/F = Sn., *which could be* SNOUT *or* SNUG. F2 = SNUG **34 SD** [**Robin may**] **enter** = Ed.F = *Enter Pucke. Not in* Q **48 SD Robin** [**may**] *enter* = Ed. Q/F = *Enter Robin* **54 SH PYRAMUS** [**BOTTOM**] = Ed.F = *Pir*. **61 SH THISBE** [**FLUTE**] = Ed.F = *This*. **72 SD Enter** … **head** *placed ten lines later in* F *at a possible re-entry point for Bottom* **91 with** = Q. F = and **103 On**…**thee** = Q. F *prints before the two preceding lines* **121 Peaseblossom**…**Mustardseed!** *set as SD in* F **122 SH PEASEBLOSSOM =** Ed.F = Fai. **123 SH COBWEB =** Ed. *Not in* F **124 SH MOTH =** Ed. *Not in* F **125 SH MUSTARDSEED =** Ed. *Not in* F **126 SH ALL =** Ed. *Not in* F **138 SH PEASEBLOSSOM =** Ed. F = *1.Fai*. **139 SH COBWEB =** Ed. *Not in F*. **140 SH MOTH =** Ed. F = *2.Fai*. **141 SH MUSTARDSEED =** Ed. F = *3.Fai*. **148 you of =** Q. F = of you **150 Mustardseed**. F *here accidentally repeats ‘Peas. Pease-blossome.’* **153 you of =** Ed. F = you **157 weeps, weeps =** Q. F = weepes, weepe

.2.5 haunted = Q. F = gaunted **58 murdered** = Q. F = murderer **68 tell true** = Q. F *omits repetition* **80 I so =** Ed.F = I **85 sleep** = Ed.F = slip **121 SD** [**following**] = Ed.F = *and* **123 come =** Q. F = comes **145 all are** = Q. F = are all **151 were men** = Q. F = are men **167 till** = Q. F = to **172 is it** = Q. F = it is **174 Helen, it** = Q. F = It **176 abide** = *F’s modernization of Q’s* aby **183 thy sound =** Q. F = that sound **214 like** = Ed, F = life **221 passionate** = F. *Not in* Q **244 my** = Q. F = mine **251 prayers** = Ed.F = praise **261 sir** = F. Q = heele. *Some eds emend to* yield **269 potion** = Q. F = poison **286 of doubt =** F. *Some eds omit* of **347 abide** = F’s *modernization of Q’s* aby **359 wilfully** = Q. F = willingly **362 hath** = F. Q = had **387 employ** = Q. F = imply **392 night-swift** = F. Q = nights swift **399 exile** = Q. F = dxile **411 feared** = Ed.F = sear’d **435 SD shifting places** *placed five lines earlier in* F **440 now** = Q. *Not in* F **451 sometime** = F. Q = sometimes **467 To your =** Ed. F = your

.1.5 SH BOTTOM = Ed. F = *Clow*. **9 You your =** Q. F = your **40 favours** = Q. F = savors **64 o’er** = Ed. F = or **71 do loathe his =** Q. F = doth loath this **72 this head =** Q. F = his head **74 five** = Ed. F = fine **76 Now, when =** Q. F = When **82 prosperity** = Q. F = posterity **85 Fairy** = Q. F = Faire **109 Seemed** = F2. F = Seeme **123 their** = Q. F = this **137 is** = Q. F = is is **145 might be =** F. Q = might

156 followed = F. Q = following **165 saw** = Ed. F = see **168 I do =** Q. F = doe I **171 shall hear more =** F. Q = more will here **183 everything** = Q. F = euery things **187 It seems** = F. Q *precedes with* Are you sure / That we are awake? **192 bid** = F. Q = did bid **204 ballad** = Ed (F4). F = ballet

.2.0 SD Flute = Ed. F = *Flute, Thisbie* **3 SH FLUTE =** Ed. F = *This*. **8 naught** = F2. F = nought **19 no true =** F. Q = not true **everything as =** F. Q = every thing right as

.1.16 airy = Ed. F = aire **39 Egeus** = F. Q = Philostrate **40 SH EGEUS =** F, *replacing Q's* PHILOSTRATE *throughout this scene* **44 ripe** = Q. F = rife **46 SH LYSANDER =** F. Q *assigns these comments to* THESEUS **79 SH EGEUS =** Ed. F = *Phi*., *a vestige from the* Q *version of the scene*, *in which Philostrate serves as the 'manager of mirth'* **111 SH THESEUS =** Q. F = *Duke or Du. throughout scene* **125 his** = F. Q = this **128 SD with** … **them** = Ed. F = *Tawyer with a Trumpet before them* (*William Tawyer was an actor in Shakespeare's company*) **147 trusty Thisbe's =** Q. F = Thisbies **153 SD Exeunt** … **Wall** F *provides a redundant SD three lines later: 'Exit Lyon, Thisbie, and Moonshine'* **183 enter** = F. Q = enter now **188 up in thee =** F. Q = now againe **194 And I** = Q. F = And **203 mural** = Ed. F = morall. Q = Moon used **205 SH HIPPOLYTA =** Q. F = *Dut*. (*for Dutchess*) *throughout* **218 on** = Q. F = of **226 hearken** = F. Q = listen **242 they are** = F. Q = all these are **254 gleams** = Ed.F = beames **255 taste** = F. Q = take **289 prove** = F. Q = yet proove **296 is the better**. = F. Q *continues* better: hee for a man, God warnd us; she for a woman, God blesse us. **325 SHBOTTOM** = F. Q = LYON **341 lion** = Ed.F = Lyons **367 this** = F. Q = your **370 SD** *The Song* = F. *Assigned to* Oberon *in* Q.

Act 1 Scene 1

List of parts: PHILOSTRATE…court in the Quarto text, he is the Master of the Revels who introduces the entertainment in the final act; in Folio, this role is taken by Egeus, leaving Philostrate a nonspeaking role in the first scene.

1.1 **Location:** *Athens* **Theseus** mythical Duke of Athens who conquered the Amazons **Hippolyta** mythical Queen of the Amazons, captured by Theseus

2 **apace** quickly **Four happy days** the action actually extends over two days and the intervening night

4 **lingers** draws out/keeps waiting

5 **Like** to like stepdame **stepmother** dowager widow

6 **withering out** i.e., using up **young man's revenue** i.e., her son's inheritance

7 **steep** soak, be suffused in

9 **moon…bow** Diana was goddess of hunting and the moon

10 **New-bent** ready to be strung or to let an arrow loose

11 **solemnities** ceremonies, celebrations

14 **pert** lively

16 **pale** companion melancholy fellow **pomp** splendid display, ceremony

17 **with my sword** Hippolyta was captured during Theseus' campaign against the Amazons

18 **injuries** wrongs

20 **triumph** public celebration **Hermia** name of Aristotle's disreputable mistress; may be derived from "Hermione" (daughter of Helen of Troy) **Lysander** derived from "Alexander" (another name for Paris, who carried off Helen of Troy) **Demetrius** a villainous Demetrius appears in North's Plutarch and in Shakespeare's **Titus Andronicus 32 feigning** singing softly/deceitful/joyful/desirous/longing

33 **stol'n…fantasy** cunningly imprinted yourself in her imagination

34 **gauds** showy playthings conceits trinkets

35 **knacks** knickknacks **trifles** insignificant tokens **nosegays** small bouquets of flowers **sweetmeats** confectionery

36 **prevailment** persuasion, influence unhardened inexperienced, yielding

37 **filched** stolen

40 **Be** it so if

46 **Immediately** directly

52 **disfigure** alter/erase

56 **kind** respect wanting lacking voice approval

58 **would** wish

62 **concern** befit

63 **presence** the duke/assembled people/ceremonial place

67 **die the death** be executed

68 **society** company

70 **Know** of learn from **blood** passions

72 **livery** clothing (and lifestyle)

73 **aye** always mewed confined

78 **earthlier happy** i.e., more happy on earth **distilled** whose essence is extracted for perfume

80 **single blessedness** i.e., celibacy

82 **Ere** before **virgin patent** privilege of virginity

83 **his lordship** i.e., Demetrius

86 **sealing day** i.e., wedding day

90 **would** wishes

91 **Diana** Roman goddess of chastity and the moon **protest** vow

92 **aye** ever

94 **crazèd** flawed/unsound/mad **title** claim

96 **Do** i.e., why don’t

98 **render** give to

100 **estate** unto bestow upon

101 **derived** descended

102 **possessed** propertied, i.e., affluent

103 **fairly** nobly/equally

104 **with…Demetrius’** superior to those of Demetrius

107 **prosecute** pursue

108 **avouch** declare head i.e., face

109 **Made** love to wooed Helena perhaps named after Helen of Troy

110 **dotes** is infatuated

112 **spotted** (morally) stained

115 **self-affairs** personal matters

116 **lose** forget

118 **schooling** admonition/advice

119 **look** be sure **arm** prepare

120 **fancies** desires

122 **extenuate** moderate

125 **go** come

127 **Against** in preparation for

128 **nearly that** that closely

132 **Belike** probably

133 **Beteem** grant

134 **aught** anything, whatever

137 **blood** rank

138 **cross** hindrance/vexation

139 **misgraffèd** mismatched

141 **stood** depended **merit** Folio’s emendation of Quarto’s “friends” (meaning “relatives”); some editors assume that both texts are wrong and that the line should read, “Or merit stood upon the choice of friends”

143 **sympathy** agreement

145 **momentary** fleeting

147 **collied** blackened

148 **spleen** fit of temper **unfolds** reveals

149 **ere** before

151 **quick** living/brief **confusion** ruin

152 **ever crossed** always thwarted

154 **trial** experience of this trial

157 **fancy’s** love’s

158 **persuasion** opinion

161 **seven leagues** about twenty-one miles

162 **respects** considers

167 **without** outside

169 **do…May** i.e., celebrate May Day

170 **stay** wait

172 **Cupid** Roman god of love

173 **best…head** i.e., one causing love (Cupid’s lead arrows were supposed to induce loathing)

174 **simplicity** innocence doves symbols of fidelity, these birds drew the goddess of love’s chariot

175 **knitteth** binds together

176 **Carthage** queen Dido, who committed suicide on a pyre when Aeneas deserted her

177 **false Troyan** the Trojan Aeneas

183 **fair** beautiful/fair-complexioned

185 **happy** favored, lucky

186 **lodestars** guiding stars air melody

187 **tuneable** harmonious

188 **green** fresh, new

189 **favour** good looks/a favorable attitude

190 **catch** seize

193 **bated** omitted (with play on “baited, hooked”)

194 **translated** transformed

200 **move** arouse

203 **none** i.e., no fault

206 **fly** flee

212 **Phoebe** another name for the Roman moon goddess

213 **glass** mirror (i.e., water)

215 **still** always

218 **faint** pale wont accustomed

219 **counsel** inmost thoughts/advice

222 **strange** foreign, new

229 **o’er other some** more than others

232 **all** everyone else

235 **quantity** value/substance/proportion (to what love makes them into)

236 **form** ordered, attractive appearance/substance

238 **blind** Cupid was traditionally depicted as a sightless **child**

239 **of…taste** the least bit of reason

240 **figure** symbolize

242 **beguiled** deceived, misguided

243 **waggish** playful, mischievous **game** jest/play **themselves forswear** break their word

245 **eyne** eyes

251 **intelligence** information

252 **dear** expense effort worth making/high price to pay (as Demetrius will pursue Hermia)/begrudging gratitude (from Demetrius)

Act 1 Scene 2

1.2 **Quince** probably from “quines” or “quoins,” a carpenter’s wooden wedges **Snug** close-fitting; a good name for a joiner (craftsman who makes furniture) **Bottom** the core onto which the weaver’s yarn was wound, or a ball of thread; did not have modern sense of “arse” **Flute** suggests the fluted pipes of a church organ operated by bellows; perhaps Flute also has a reedy, high voice **Snout** possibly Snout has a large nose (some editors suppose a reference to the spout of a kettle, which a tinker would have to mend, but sixteenth-century kettles did not have spouts) **Starveling** tailors were proverbially thin

2 **generally** malapropism for “severally” (i.e., individually) scrip scrap of paper/script (i.e., what is written down; the word did not have its modern theatrical sense)

4 **interlude** short play

6 **treats** on deals with, is about

7 **grow…point** approach a conclusion

8 **Marry** by the Virgin Mary

11 **spread yourselves** spread out

17 **ask** require

18 **condole** express great sorrow

19 **humour** inclination **Ercles** i.e., the Greek hero Hercules **rarely** magnificently, exceptionally

20 **tear…in** rant and bluster **split** go to pieces

22 **shivering** shattering

25 **Phibbus’ car** the chariot of Phoebus, the sun god

27 **mar** ruin

28 **Fates** three goddesses in control of human destiny

29 **lofty** grandiose, exalted, impressive vein temperament

34 **wand’ring** i.e., on a mission

37 **That’s all one** it doesn’t matter **small** high-pitched

38 **will** can

39 **An** if

46 **Thisbe’s…father** these characters never actually appear

49 **fitted** equipped, provided for (perhaps maintaining the language of joinery)

52 **do it extempore** improvise

60 **discretion** sound judgment **aggravate** malapropism for “moderate”

61 **roar** roar for **sucking dove** conflation of “sitting dove” and “sucking lamb,” both proverbially quiet and gentle **an ’twere** as if it were

64 **proper** handsome

68 **discharge** perform **your** i.e., you know the sort **orange-tawny** yellowish-brown

69 **purple-in-grain** dyed red **French-crown-coloured** i.e., the gold color of the French coin

71 **crowns** heads; baldness was an effect of syphilis (“the French disease”)

73 **con** learn

75 **devices** plans

76 **draw** draw up **bill** list

78 **obscenely** malapropism, perhaps for “seemly” or “obscurely”
courageously spiritedly

79 **perfect** word perfect

81 **hold…bow-strings** archers’ saying, possibly meaning “stand firm and fight, or cut your bowstrings in preparation for capture”

Act 2 Scene 1

2.1 ***Location:*** *a wood near Athens* **Robin Goodfellow** name traditionally given to a mischievous hobgoblin **Puck** a kind of mischievous goblin

4 **park** enclosed hunting ground pale fenced-in area

5 **Thorough** through

7 **sphere** stars and planets were thought to be contained within revolving hollow spheres

9 **orbs** i.e., fairy rings (dark circles in the grass)

10 **pensioners** bodyguards

12 **favours** tokens of favor

13 **savours** (sweet) scent

16 **lob** country bumpkin

17 **anon** soon

20 **passing fell** excessively fierce **wrath** angry

23 **changeling** child taken by the fairies (usually exchanged for a fairy child)

25 **trace** traverse

26 **perforce** forcibly

29 **fountain** spring **sheen** brightness

30 **square** quarrel

32 **making** physical appearance quite entirely

33 **shrewd** cunning

35 **villagery** villages

36 **Skim** take the cream off **quern** churn; also a mill for grinding corn

37 **bootless** in vain

38 **barm** yeasty froth on top of fermenting ale

39 **mislead** i.e., with false fire that moves from place to place

46 **bean-fed** well-fed

47 **filly** female

48 **gossip's** old friend's bowl i.e., drinking cup

49 **crab** crab apple

51 **dewlap** loose fold of skin hanging at the neck

52 **aunt** old woman 55 'tailor' cry of surprise; possibly because she ends up sitting on the floor (customary posture for tailors), or because she sits on her "tail" (i.e., **bum**)

56 **quire** company

57 **waxen** increase **neeze** sneeze

58 **wasted** spent

59 **room** make way **Oberon** name often given to the King of Fairies

Titania used by Ovid to refer to Diana (moon goddess) and Circe (enchantress)

64 **Tarry** stay **wanton** willful one, perhaps also with sense of “promiscuous” **lord** husband

65 **lady** wife

67 **Corin** conventional pastoral name

68 **corn** straw **versing** composing/uttering verses of

69 **Phillida** conventional pastoral name

70 **step** limit

71 **forsooth** in truth **bouncing** big, strapping (perhaps with sexual connotations)

72 **buskined** wearing high hunting boots (“buskins”)

76 **Glance at** refer to/cast aspersions on **credit** favor

78 **glimmering** twinkling, shimmering

79 **Perigenia** (sometimes spelt “Perigouna”) Theseus slept with her after he killed her robber father **ravishèd** carried off/seized/raped

80 **Aegles** nymph loved by Theseus

81 **Ariadne** she helped Theseus find his way out of the labyrinth; he then abandoned her **Antiopa** Amazon seduced or abducted by Theseus before being abandoned by him

83 **middle summer’s spring** i.e., beginning of midsummer

84 **mead** meadow

85 **pavèd** with a pebbly base **rushy** edged with rushes

86 **in** on **beachèd** covered with shingle **margent** margin, edge

87 **ringlets** circular fairy dance

88 **brawls** quarrels/noise; also lively French dance (contrasts with calmer **ringlets**) **sport** recreation

89 **piping** whistling

91 **Contagious** pestilential/harmful

92 **petty** small **proud** swollen

93 **overborne** their **continents** exceeded their boundaries (i.e., flooded)

94 **stretched** strained at/pulled

95 **lost** wasted
96 **ere…beard** before developing the awn (bristly growth)
97 **fold** animal pen
98 **murrion** infected
99 **nine men’s morris** ground marked out for a game involving nine pegs (**“men”**)
100 **quaint** elaborate **mazes** pattern of paths cut in the turf **wanton green** lush grass
102 **want**…blessed i.e., though the weather is wintery, there are no winter festivities (some editors emend “here” to “cheer”)
104 **Therefore** i.e., because of our dispute **floods** tides
105 **washes** saturates, renders moist
106 **rheumatic** diseases illnesses involving watery discharge, such as colds
107 **distemperature** poor weather/disorder
108 **hoary-headed** white-haired
110 **Hiems** personification of winter
111 **chaplet** garland
113 **childing** fertile
114 **wonted** customary **mazèd** confused/dumbstruck/terrified
115 **increase** produce
117 **debate** discord **dissension** discord
118 **original** point of origin
122 **henchman** squire, page
125 **votress** female follower, bound by a vow
127 **Full** very
128 **Neptune** Roman god of the sea
129 **Marking** observing, noting **th’embarkèd traders** sailing merchants or their ships **flood** sea
131 **wanton** playful/lustful
132 **swimming gait** smooth, graceful motion
137 **of that boy** i.e., in childbirth
141 **Perchance** perhaps
142 **patiently** calmly **round** circular dance
144 **spare** avoid
147 **chide** quarrel **downright** utterly
148 **from** go from

151 **Since** when **promontory** headland

153 **dulcet** sweet **breath** i.e., song

154 **rude** rough

155 **certain** surely/particular

160 **all** fully certain accurate/specific

161 **vestal** woman vowed to chastity, here assumed by most commentators to be an allusion to Queen Elizabeth I (**the imperial votress**)

163 **As** as if

164 **might** could

167 **fancy-free** unaffected by love

168 **bolt** arrow

170 **purple** blood-colored

171 **love-in-idleness** pansy or heartsease

174 **or** either

177 **leviathan** sea monster

178 **girdle** belt

194 **The…stayeth** i.e., I will confront Lysander; it is Hermia who is preoccupying me (some editors emend to “slay…slayeth”)

196 **wood** angry/mad (puns on “wooed”)

199 **draw** attract (magnetically) **adamant** hard magnetic substance

201 **Leave you** give up

203 **you fair** favorably, kindly to you

209 **but** only

210 **leave** permission

218 **impeach** discredit

222 **desert** desolate, isolated

224 **privilege** safeguard **for that** because

231 **brakes** bushes

235 **Apollo…chase** a reversal of the myth in which Daphne, being chased by Apollo, was spared rape by being turned into a laurel tree

236 **griffin** mythical beast, part lion part eagle **hind** female deer

237 **bootless** pointless

239 **stay** wait for

244 **set…sex** make me behave in a way that disgraces womankind

248 **upon** by/at

254 **blows** blossoms

255 **oxlips** flowers resembling both cowslip and primrose

256 **Quite** completely **woodbine** honeysuckle

257 **musk-roses** wild climbing roses eglantine sweetbriar, a sweetly scented rose

258 **sometime** at some time or other

260 **throws** sheds

261 **Weed** garment

271 **fond on** infatuated with

Act 2 Scene 2

1 **roundel** circular dance

3 **cankers** worms that destroy plants

4 **reremice** bats **leathern** leathery

7 **quaint** strange/dainty

8 **offices** duties

9 **double** i.e., forked

11 **blind-worms** adders

13 **Philomel** nightingale; Philomela was transformed into a nightingale after being raped by her brother-in-law

18 **nigh** near

24 **etc.** indicates chorus is to be repeated

26 **aloof** at a distance **sentinel** guard

30 **ounce** lynx

31 **Pard** leopard/panther

36 **troth** truth

38 **tarry…day** wait till the cooler part of the day

42 **troth** pledge (of love)/faith

45 **take the sense** i.e., interpret correctly

46 **Love…conference** i.e., love allows lovers to understand one another

52 **lie** mislead (you) (puns on “lie down”)

53 **prettily** charmingly/cleverly

54 **beshrew** curse

56 **friend** lover

57 **human** polite/courteous

59 **Becomes** befits

65 **wisher’s eyes** i.e., Lysander’s **pressed** i.e., closed in sleep

68 **approve** test

78 **Churl** villain/scoundrel

79 **owe** own

80 **forbid…eyelid** prevent you from sleeping

85 **charge** command **haunt** pursue/hang around

86 **darkling** in the dark

88 **fond** foolish/doting

89 **grace** favor

90 **lies** is/resides
96 **marvel** wonder
97 **as** as if (from)
98 **glass** mirror
99 **sphery eyne** heavenly eyes
104 **Transparent** radiant/see-through **art** skill (allowing him to see through Helena’s body)
109 **What though** what of it (if)
115 **will** inclination (plays on sense of “sexual desire”/”penis”)
118 **ripe not** i.e., was not mature enough
119 **point** peak **skill** discernment
120 **marshal** guide
121 **o’erlook** read
122 **stories** narrative/true history
123 **Wherefore** why
129 **Good troth** truly **good sooth** indeed
132 **lord** possessor **gentleness** nobility/courtesy/kindness
134 **of** by **abused** mistreated
137 **surfeit** excess
139 **leave** renounce
140 **those…deceive** i.e., the former heretics themselves
142 **Of** by
143 **address** direct
150 **prey** act of preying
151 **removed** departed
153 **an if** if
154 **of all loves** for love’s sake

Act 3 Scene 1

3.1 **Clowns** lower-class comic characters
2 **Pat** punctually
3 **brake** thicket **tiring-house** dressing room
6 **bully** old mate, good fellow
10 **By’r lakin** by our ladykin (i.e., the Virgin Mary) **parlous** perilous
11 **done** i.e., said and done
12 **Write me** write/write for me
16 **eight and six** alternating lines of eight and six syllables (common meter for ballads)
18 **afeard** afraid
19 **it** either the lion, or that the ladies will be afraid
21 **fearful** frightening
22 **wild-fowl** i.e., wild beast (literally, bird)
25 **defect** malapropism for “effect”
27 **My…yours** by my life (literally, I would lay down my life for you)
28 **pity…life** a bad thing, by my life/my life would be at risk
29 **plainly** may pun on “plane” (carpenter’s tool)
33 **almanac** calendar
36 **casement** section of a window
38 **bush…lantern** the traditional props of the man in the moon
39 **disfigure** malapropism for “figure” (i.e., represent) **present** represent
44 **rough-cast** lime and gravel mixture used for plastering walls
47 **rehearse** recite
49 **hempen home-spuns** those wearing homemade/rustic clothes
swagg’ring blustering
50 **cradle** place of rest
51 **toward** in preparation
59 **by and by** shortly
66 **brisky juvenal** lively young man **eke** also **Jew** desperate rhyme, or perhaps short for “juvenal” or “jewel” as a term of affection
69 **Ninus** founder of Nineveh
70 **part** an actor’s written part consisted solely of his lines and cues
73 **fair** handsome **were** would be
75 **round** circular dance/circuitous route

78 **fire** will-o’-the-wisp, a flame over marshy ground (caused by gas but popularly supposed to be a hobgoblin’s trick)

81 **knavery** trick

84 **translated** transformed

88 **ousel cock** male blackbird

90 **throstle** song thrush

91 **quill** reed/pipe (i.e., voice)

94 **plain-song** melodically simple

96 **dares…nay** is unable to deny the truth of the cuckoo’s cry of “cuckold” (man with an unfaithful wife)

97 **who…bird** adaptation of “do not set your wit against a fool’s” (proverbial) **give…lie** accuse the bird of lying

98 **cuckoo** i.e., “cuckold” **never so** ever so much

101 **enthrallèd** enslaved

102 **virtue’s** qualities’ **perforce** of necessity

106 **gleek** make a jest

110 **turn** purposes

112 **wilt** wish to

113 **rate** worth, rank

114 **still** always **tend upon** serve, wait upon **state** status as queen

117 **deep** bottom of the sea

119 **grossness** bodily form

121 **Peaseblossom** flower of plants of the pea family; Pease also meant “something of very small value or importance” **Moth** pronounced “mote” (i.e., speck) so this sense may also be implied

128 **eyes** i.e., sight

129 **apricocks** apricots **dewberries** type of blackberry

131 **humblebees** bumblebees

132 **night-tapers** candles

134 **arise** possible erectile connotations

142 **cry…mercy** beg your pardon

144 **desire…acquaintance** want to be better acquainted with you **if…you** cobwebs were used to stop bleeding

147 **Squash** unripe pea pod

148 **Peascod** pea pod (a traditional remedy for lovesickness, with play on “codpiece”)

151 **patience** endurance (as mustard is eaten with beef)
153 **made…water** since mustard is hot in the mouth
157 **weeps** i.e., causes dew
158 **enforcèd** violated
159 **Tie…tongue** perhaps because Bottom is braying

Act 3 Scene 2

3 **in extremity** to excess

5 **night-rule** mischievous, disordered nighttime activity **haunted** much frequented

7 **close** private/secluded

8 **dull** inactive

9 **patches** clowns/fools **rude mechanicals** uneducated manual workers

13 **barren sort** stupid group

15 **Forsook** left **scene** performance space

17 **noll** head

19 **mimic** burlesque actor/performer

20 **fowler** hunter

21 **russet-pated choughs** reddish-brown jackdaws (with play on “chuff,” rustic boor) many in sort i.e., in a large flock

22 **report** sound of firing

23 **Sever** scatter **sweep** move swiftly across

30 **yielders** those who yield to fear

36 **latched** ensnared/wetted

40 **of force** by necessity

41 **close** concealed

45 **chide** rebuke (you) **use** treat

48 **Being o’er shoes** having waded

50 **true** loyal

53 **whole** solid, intact **bored** pierced through

54 **centre** i.e., of the earth

55 **Her brother’s** i.e., the sun’s **th’Antipodes** the people/places on the opposite side of the globe

57 **dead** deadly/murderous

61 **Venus** bright planet; also Roman goddess of love sphere orbit/hollow surrounding sphere

62 **to** got to do with

65 **cur** dog

67 **numbered** counted

68 **once** once and for all

69 **Durst** would you/did you dare **a** have

70 **brave touch** fine/impudent deed

71 **worm** snake

72 **doubler** more divided/deceitful

74 **spend** expend/waste **passion** powerful feelings **misprised mood** mistaken anger

78 **therefor** for it

82 **vein** mood

84 **So…owe** i.e., lack of sleep and sorrow combined are making me very tired **heavier** harder to bear/sleepier

85 **For** because of the

87 **his tender** sleep's offer **make some stay** stay here awhile

88 **quite** utterly

90 **misprision** error

92 **one…troth** for each man who keeps his word/faith in love

93 **confounding** breaking **on** after

95 **look** be sure

96 **fancy-sick** lovesick cheer face

97 **sighs…dear** each sigh was thought to drain a drop of blood from the heart

98 **illusion** deception

99 **against** in preparation for when

101 **Tartar's bow** powerful bow from central Asia

104 **apple** pupil/center

109 **remedy** relief, resolution

113 **fee** payment

114 **fond pageant** foolish spectacle

119 **alone** unique/on its own

121 **preposterously** perversely, out of the normal course of events

124 **Look when** whenever

125 **nativity** i.e., through weeping

127 **badge** outward sign (as worn on servants' livery), i.e., tears

128 **advance** show

129 **truth kills truth** i.e., his vows to Hermia and to Helena invalidate one another **devilish-holy fray** quarrel involving false and true vows

130 **o'er** up

133 **light as tales** false as rumors/lies

136 **Demetrius…you** there maybe a missing rhyme line for Helena hereafter
139 **ripe** i.e., full and red **show** appearance
141 **pure congealèd white** i.e., pale skin (considered to be especially beautiful) **Taurus** mountain range in Turkey
142 **turns…crow** seems black in comparison (with Helena’s white skin)
144 **seal** promise
145 **bent** disposed
146 **set against** be hostile to
148 **do…injury** insult me so much
150 **join** in **souls** unite
152 **gentle** noble/mild
153 **superpraise** praise excessively **parts** qualities
157 **trim** fine
160 **extort** torture/wring
169 **will none** i.e., want nothing to do with her
171 **but…sojourned** stayed with her merely as a visitor
176 **abide** suffer for/pay for **dear** at great cost
178 **his** its
179 **apprehension** perception
186 **press** urge
187 **bide** remain
188 **engilds** brightens with gold
189 **yon** i.e., those over there **oes** spangles (i.e., stars)
193 **confed’racy** alliance
195 **fashion** contrive **in spite** to vex
196 **Injurious** harmful, unjust
198 **bait** persecute/torment
199 **counsel** inmost thoughts/advice
201 **chid** scolded
204 **artificial** skilled in the arts of creation
207 **one key** total harmony
209 **incorporate** indivisible, one body
210 **Like** similar
213 **heart** may pun on “hart,” a common heraldic device
214 **first** i.e., **bodies** (plays on sense of “dominant color on a shield”)
coats coats of arms (which can appear twice on a shield though under **one**

crest)

215 **Due…one** a coat of arms is allocated to a specific individual

216 **rent** rend, tear **ancient** long-standing **asunder** apart

227 **rare** splendid/exceptional

231 **tender** offer

233 **grace** favor

238 **Persever** persevere **sad** solemn

239 **mouths** faces

240 **hold…up** maintain the joke

241 **carried** conducted

243 **argument** subject (for a joke)

257 **withdraw** i.e., remove yourself from present company (for a duel)

259 **whereto** to what end

260 **Ethiope** Ethiopian, i.e., dark-complexioned (in comparison with fair Helena)

262 **take on as** behave as if

264 **Hang off** leave hold **burr** prickly seed head that sticks easily to clothing **let loose** get off

266 **rude** harsh, unkind, offensive

268 **Out** exclamation of impatience (“get away!”) **tawny** dark-skinned **Tartar** person from central Asia

269 **medicine** i.e., poison

271 **sooth** truly

274 **weak bond** i.e., Hermia (plays on earlier sense of “oath”)

280 **erewhile** before

286 **out of** free from

289 **juggler** trickster **canker-blossom** flower-destroying worm

295 **Impatient** angry

296 **puppet** false thing/small person

299 **urged** insisted on/brought forward

300 **personage** appearance

304 **painted** made-up (with cosmetics) **maypole** i.e., tall, skinny person

308 **curst** ill-tempered

309 **shrewishness** scolding/bad temper

310 **right** true/typical

312 **something lower** somewhat shorter

316 **evermore** always

319 **stealth** stealing away

321 **chid me hence** tried to drive me away with scolding

323 **so** if

326 **fond** foolish

332 **part** side

333 **keen** sharp **shrewd** vicious

337 **suffer** allow

340 **minimus** tiny, insignificant being **knot-grass** type of creeping weed

347 **abide** pay for

351 **cheek by jowl** i.e., side by side

352 **coil** turmoil ’long on account **Exit…Hermia** the Quarto text gives Hermia the exit line “I am amazed and know not what to say”; Folio’s omission of this was probably a printer’s error, but it might conceivably have been the purposeful cut of a weak line that converts a rhyming couplet to a triplet

365 **sort** fall out

366 **As** in that **jangling** squabbling

368 **Hie** hasten

369 **welkin** sky

370 **drooping** falling **Acheron** one of the four rivers of Hades (the classical underworld)

371 **testy** irritable

372 **As** so that

373 **Like…tongue** sometimes imitate Lysander’s voice

374 **wrong** insults

375 **rail** rant

378 **batty** batlike

379 **herb** i.e., the antidote

380 **liquor** liquid, juice **virtuous** powerful

381 **his** its

382 **wonted** accustomed, former

383 **derision** ridiculousness

385 **wend** make their way

386 **league** alliance, friendship **date** duration

392 **dragons** supposedly pulling the chariot of night or the moon **cut** cut through

393 **Aurora's harbinger** the morning star, which can be seen before dawn

396 **crossways** crossroads, the unconsecrated burial place for suicides **floods** "burial" place of those who had drowned (and whose bodies were unrecoverable)

400 **aye** eternity **consort** keep company

402 **morning's love** either Aurora's lover, or Aurora, Roman goddess of the dawn (i.e., Oberon does not have to disappear before dawn like the other **spirits**) **made sport** amused myself/made love to

403 **forester** guardian of the forest

405 **Neptune** Roman god of the sea

412 **Goblin** Puck refers to himself

415 **drawn** with sword drawn

416 **straight** at once

417 **plainer** flatter/more open

423 **recreant** coward

427 **try** test

435 **spite** vexation, grievance

437 **Abide** confront/endure **wot** know

442 **buy** pay for

444 **constraineth** compels

448 **Abate** shorten

477 **Jack…Jill** "all shall be well and Jack shall have Jill" (proverbial)

478 **Nought** nothing

479 **man…mare** proverbial

Act 4 Scene 1

2 **amiable** lovable **coy** caress

13 **overflown** flowed over, drenched

15 **neaf** fist **leave your courtesy** stop bowing/put your hat back on

18 **Cavalery** cavalier (i.e., courtly gentleman) **Cobweb** apparently an error for Peaseblossom

19 **marvellous** extremely

22 **tongs** simple metal musical instrument, struck to produce sound **bones** pieces of bone clapped together between the fingers

23 ***rural music*** simple rustic music

24 **peck** quantity (quarter of a bushel) provender fodder (for animals)

25 **bottle** bundle **fellow** equal

26 **vent'rous** adventurous, daring

29 **stir** wake **exposition** of malapropism for “disposition to”

31 **all ways away** gone in all directions

32 **woodbine** bindweed, which entwines itself with **honeysuckle**

34 **Enrings** encircles

38 **dotage** infatuation

40 **favours** love tokens (perhaps flowers)

44 **sometime** formerly

45 **orient** from the east/lustrous

46 **flowerets** small flowers

56 **swain** rustic

57 **other** others

58 **repair** make their way

59 **accidents** events

64 **Dian's bud** i.e., Oberon's corrective herb, linked to Diana, Roman goddess of chastity

74 **these five** i.e., Bottom and the lovers

75 **charmeth** brings about by magic **Music, still** the “rural music” may still have been playing or perhaps this is a cue for “still” (i.e., gentle) music; Oberon's **Silence awhile** may cue the suspension of the former before **Sound, music!** cues the latter

80 **solemnly** ceremoniously

81 **triumphantly** with great celebration

85 **attend** listen

87 **sad** solemn

88 **Trip** move swiftly **his** i.e., Theseus’

96 **observation** observance (of May morning rites)

97 **vaward** vanguard (i.e., foremost part)

99 **Uncouple** release (pairs of dogs for the hunt)

104 **Cadmus** founder of Thebes

105 **bayed** pursued with dogs

106 **hounds of Sparta** dogs famed for their skill

107 **chiding** i.e., barking

111 **kind** breed

112 **so flewed** with the same large cheek folds **sanded** sandy-colored

114 **dewlapped** with loose folds of skin hanging at the neck **Thessalian** from Thessaly, an ancient region of northeastern Greece

115 **matched in mouth** united in barking (i.e., harmonious)

116 **tuneable** melodious

117 **hallowed** to had “halloo” (a cry of encouragement) shouted to it **cheered** urged on

119 **soft** wait a moment

123 **of** at

126 **in grace** of to honor **solemnity** ceremony

131 **Saint Valentine** February 14, the day on which birds were thought to choose their mates

132 **couple** pair off

137 **jealousy** suspicion

150 **defeated** frustrated/deprived

156 **fancy** love/infatuation

160 **idle gaud** worthless trinket

172 **overbear** overrule

173 **by and by** soon

175 **for** since **something worn** somewhat spent

176 **purposed** intended

178 **in** with **solemnity** ceremony

180 **undistinguishable** unrecognizable

182 **parted** divided/unfocused

186 **Mine…own** i.e., because found, of uncertain ownership

194 **by** on

197 **God's** God save **hence** away from here **rare** unique/marvelous

198 **wit** understanding

199 **go about** endeavor

201 **patched** i.e., wearing a fool's multicolored costume **The...was** garbled version of a famous passage about what the Geneva Bible calls "the bottom of God's secrets" (1 Corinthians 2:9–10)

205 **bottom** foundation/(is) unfathomable **Peradventure** perhaps

206 **her** presumably Thisbe's

Act 4 Scene 2

4.2 **Location:** *Athens*

2 **transported** carried off/transformed

3 **forward** ahead

4 **discharge** perform

6 **wit** intellect

7 **person** appearance, bearing **paramour** malapropism for “paragon”

8 **naught** i.e., wickedness, shame (with possible vaginal connotations)

10 **we…men** i.e., our fortunes would have been made

12 **sixpence a day** i.e., as a reward from the duke (a considerable sum, half a day’s wage)

13 **scaped** escaped, avoided An if

16 **hearts** fine friends

19 **fell out** happened

21 **of** from

22 **strings** i.e., with which to attach the beards **pumps** light shoes

23 **presently** at once

24 **preferred** recommended

25 **pare** trim

Act 5 Scene 1

5.1 **his** i.e. Theseus’

1 **that** that which

3 **antic** bizarre/grotesque, with pun on “antique,” antiquated, which is the Quarto spelling **fairy toys** foolish stories about fairies

5 **shaping** creative **apprehend** grasp (intellectually)

8 **compact** composed

10 **frantic** mad, frenzied

11 **Helen’s** Helen of Troy’s **brow of Egypt** dark-skinned complexion (thought unattractive)

14 **bodies** forth gives shape to

19 **apprehend** conceive

20 **comprehends** incorporates

24 **transfigured** changed, affected

25 **More** witnesseth is more certain testimony

26 **constancy** consistency, truth

27 **admirable** wondrous, extraordinary

32 **board** table

33 **masques** courtly entertainments involving music, dancing, and elaborate costumes

35 **after-supper** time after the evening meal

41 **abridgement** pastime (to shorten the evening)

44 **brief** summary **ripe** fully prepared

46 **battle…Centaurs** probably derived from Ovid’s *Metamorphoses*, which tells of the battle of the Centaurs and the Lapithae; some versions say that **Hercules** was present

50 **riot…rage** another tale from Ovid’s *Metamorphoses* in which Orpheus was torn apart by female followers of Bacchus (Roman god of wine)

52 **device** show

54 **thrice…beggary** possible reference to Spenser’s poem “The Tears of the Muses”

56 **critical** judgmental

57 **sorting** with appropriate for

61 **strange** snow a word may be missing here, e.g., “strange black snow”

62 **concord** harmony

67 **fitted** suitable, apt

76 **toiled** exhausted, taxed **unbreathed** unpracticed, inexperienced

77 **against** in preparation for

83 **conned** learned

87 **simpleness** unassuming simplicity

89 **wretchedness o'er-charged** humble people overburdened

90 **his service** its attempt to serve

92 **kind** respect

94 **take** accept, comprehend, value

95 **noble respect** dignity and consideration that comes with nobility

96 **in…merit** in terms of effort rather than actual value

97 **clerks** scholars

100 **Make periods** full stops/rhetorical pauses

101 **accent** speech, intonation

104 **picked** extracted, detected

105 **modesty** propriety/shyness **fearful** frightened

109 **capacity** understanding

110 **addressed** ready

112 **will.** Quince inadvertently inserts a period here and changes the meaning of the line

114 **will.** another misplaced period

115 **end** aim

116 **despite** malice

117 **we…you** correctly punctuated, this would read "we come—but in despite we do not come—as minding to content you"

118 **is.** erroneous period **All** exclusively **delight** missing punctuation (e.g., period, semicolon)

119 **here.** erroneous period

120 **show** appearance/performance

121 **like** likely

122 **stand upon points** dwell on trivialities/insist on (correct) punctuation

123 **rid** dispensed with/ridden **rough** untrained **stop** pulling up (of a horse)/period

126 **government** control

127 **nothing** not

134 **sunder** separate

139 **scorn** shame, disdain
141 **hight** is called
144 **mantle** loose cloak **fall** let fall
146 **tall** fine/brave
149 **broached** pierced
152 **twain** two/separated
156 **interlude** short play
164 **sinister** left
165 **fearful** frightened
167 **partition** wall/section of a scholarly book
169 **grim-looked** grim-looking, forbidding
176 **chink** plays on sense of “vagina/anus”
177 **Jove** Roman supreme god
180 **stones** plays on sense of “testicles”
181 **sensible** capable of feeling **again** in response
183 **pat** exactly
188 **lime** probably pronounced “limb,” thus playing on sense of “penis”
hair plays on “pubic hair”
190 **an** if
191 **thou…love** Thisbe misplaces the pause that should be after “love”
192 **lover’s grace** i.e., gracious lover
193 **Limander** malapropism for “Leander,” lover of Hero
194 **Helen** mistake for “Hero”
195 **Shafalus to Procrus** mistakes for “Cephalus,” who was married to “Procris”
198 **hole** plays on “asshole”
200 **’Tide** betide, i.e., come
203 **mural** wall
204 **walls…hear** derived from the proverb “walls have ears” **wilful** willing
206 **in this kind** of this sort **shadows** images/reflections/actors
212 **monstrous** frightening/enormous
214 **rough** wild/cruel
216 **fell** fierce **dam** mother
220 **at** i.e., at playing **beast** puns on **best**
221 **a very fox** i.e., cunning **for** i.e., for all
222 **goose…discretion** i.e., foolish **discretion** judgment/prudence

224 **carries** i.e., literally, as prey

227 **hornèd** i.e. crescent-shaped

228 **horns…head** i.e., as a cuckold (men with unfaithful wives were said to grow horns)

229 **no crescent** no growing moon (presumably because he is so thin)

234 **in snuff** in need of blowing out/angry

236 **in the wane** decreasing/lacking

237 **reason** i.e., reasonable behavior **stay the time** wait for the moment, sit it out

249 **moused** seized/shaken (refers to Thisbe's mantle)

258 **dole** sorrow, grievous occurrence

264 **Furies** three classical goddesses of vengeance **fell** fierce

265 **Fates** three classical goddesses in control of human destiny (a thread that would be cut when death was due)

266 **thrum** end of warp thread on a weaving loom, i.e., everything

267 **Quail** end, destroy **quell** overcome, ruin

268 **passion** fit of grief **friend** lover **go near to** almost

270 **Beshrew** curse

271 **frame** create

272 **deflowered** presumably a mistake for "devoured"

274 **cheer** face/joy

277 **pap** breast (usually a woman's)

284 **Tongue** error for "eye"

287 **die** one of a pair of dice **ace** one (single spot on a die)

289 **ass** puns on **ace**

292 **passion** sorrow/suffering (resulting in death)

294 **long one** i.e., fit of grief

296 **mote** tiny particle

298 **means** laments/intends ***videlicet*** "that is to say" (Latin)

311 **Sisters Three** i.e., the Fates

315 **shore** shorn, cut

316 **thread of silk** i.e., life

319 **imbrue** pierce

326 **Bergomask dance** rustic dance, named after the people of Bergamo, Italy **between** i.e., performed by

333 **iron tongue** clapper of a bell **told** counted, i.e., rung (puns on "tolled")

336 **overwatched** stayed up late

337 **palpable-gross** obviously clumsy **beguiled** whiled away

338 **heavy gait** slow/sleepy passage

339 **solemnity** celebration

343 **heavy** exhausted

344 **fordone** worn out

345 **wasted brands** burnt logs

346 **screech-owl** the barn owl’s cry was thought to be a bad omen

351 **sprite** spirit

354 **triple Hecate** classical goddess of witchcraft and night, associated with the moon; often represented in triple form, she was known as Luna/Cynthia in heaven, Diana on earth, and Proserpina in the underworld **team** i.e., the creatures, probably dragons, pulling her chariot

357 **frolic** frolicsome, merry

358 **hallowed** blessèd

360 **behind** out from behind/behind

361 **give glimmering light** probably a command to the fairies, who may have candles with them (perhaps carried on their heads to leave their hands free for dancing)

366 **trippingly** skillfully, lightly

367 **rehearse** recite **rote** heart

374 **best bride-bed** i.e., that of Theseus and Hippolyta

375 **issue** children **create** created

382 **prodigious** ominous

385 **consecrate** holy, blessed

386 **gait** (own) course

387 **several** individual

391 **stay** delay

397 **weak** deficient **idle** foolish/trifling

398 **yielding but** meaningful than

399 **Gentles** ladies and gentlemen **reprehend** reprove

400 **mend** improve, put it right

403 **serpent’s tongue** i.e., audience hisses

407 **Give…hands** i.e., applaud

408 **restore amends** make amends in return

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

In the summer of 1598, the Lord Chamberlain's Men registered their right to print "a book of the Merchant of Venice or otherwise called the Jew of Venice." Two years later the play was published with a title page intended to whet the prospective reader's appetite: *The most excellent History of the Merchant of Venice. With the extreme cruelty of Shylock the Jew towards the said Merchant, in cutting a just pound of his flesh, and the obtaining of Portia by the choice of three chests*. The character of Shylock and the courtship of Portia by Bassanio were clearly considered the play's principal selling points. If *The Jew of Venice* was actually an alternative title for the stage, then there was a clear echo of one of the biggest box-office successes of the age, Christopher Marlowe's *The Jew of Malta*. What, then, of Antonio the merchant?

In no other Shakespearean play does the titular character have such a small role: Portia's is much the largest part, followed by Shylock and then Bassanio. Antonio is no more prominent in the dialogue than his friends Gratiano and Lorenzo. The part almost seems to be deliberately underwritten. "In sooth I know not why I am so sad," he begins the play. His friends suggest some possible reasons: he is worried about his merchandise or perhaps he is in love. Antonio denies both, proposing instead that to play the melancholy man is simply his given role in the theater of the world. Intriguingly, Shakespeare gives the name Antonio to discontented characters in two other plays: one is Sebastian's nautical companion in *Twelfth Night*, who risks his life for his close friend only to be ignored when Sebastian finds the love of a good woman, and the other is Prospero's usurping brother in *The Tempest*, who has no wife or child of his own and who is again marginalized at the end of the play. Some productions have explored the sense of exclusion associated with the Antonio figures in *Merchant* and *Twelfth Night* by suggesting that they are made melancholy by unrequited homoerotic desire for, respectively, Bassanio and Sebastian.

Shakespeare often returned to a triangular structure of relationships in which close male friendship is placed at odds with desire for a woman. The pattern recurs not only in several of the plays but also as the implied narrative of the Sonnets. *The Merchant of Venice* begins with Bassanio seeking to borrow from his friend in order to finance the pursuit of a wealthy lover. He sets himself up as a figure from classical mythology: Jason in pursuit of the Golden Fleece. The analogy establishes Gratiano and Lorenzo as fellow Argonauts. Jason was renowned for being clever and brave, but also selfish and materialistic. His pattern of behavior was to gain the assistance of a woman—Ariadne, Medea—in realizing his ambitions, to become her lover and then to desert her and move on to a new adventure. With Jason as his role model, Bassanio has the potential to join the company of those other lovers in Shakespearean comedy—Claudio in *Much Ado About Nothing*, Bertram in *All's Well that Ends Well*—who are not worthy of the women they obtain.

To make such comparisons is to see that *The Merchant of Venice* is one of Shakespeare's darker comedies. The blurring of perspectives between the romantic and the sinister is especially apparent in the beautiful but ironic love duet of Lorenzo and Jessica at the beginning of the final act. They compare themselves to some oft-sung partners from the world of classical mythology. But what kind of exemplary figures are these? Cressida, who was unfaithful to Troilus; Medea the poisoner; Thisbe, whose tragical fate, though comically represented in the mechanicals' play in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, was identical to Juliet's; and Dido, whom Aeneas deserted in his quest for imperial glory. They are all figures in the pantheon of tragedy, not comedy.

The cleverness that Bassanio shares with the mythological figure of Jason is apparent from his choice of casket. Portia's late father has devised a simple test to find her the right husband: those suitors who choose the golden or silver caskets are clearly motivated by desire for wealth and must therefore want to marry her for her money. The man who chooses lead obviously does not care about cash, so he is likely to love Portia for herself alone. Bassanio, however, recognizes that appearances are not to be trusted. Venice, sixteenth-century Europe's preeminent city of commercial exchange and conspicuous consumption, has taught him that credit allows a man to display himself above his means. He does not want to look like a fortune hunter when wooing Portia, so he borrows from Antonio in order to dress like a wealthy man: “By something showing a more swelling port / Than my faint means would grant continuance.” He chooses the lead casket because he knows from his own example that “outward shows” may be least themselves and that the world is easily deceived “with ornament.” Gold, he reasons, is for greedy Midas, so he spurns it—this is what he imagines Portia wants to hear. He is of course assisted by the hint she drops for his benefit: whereas Morocco and Aragon had to make their choice in silence, Bassanio’s is heralded by a song that warns against trusting what appears to “the eyes.”

Portia has been attracted to Bassanio for some time (he has previously visited Belmont in the guise of “a scholar and a soldier” in the retinue of another suitor), but it is when he reasons against gold that love takes her over, banishing all other emotions. She responds with a beautifully articulated self-revelation. Ignore my riches, virtues, beauty, status, she says: “the full sum of me / Is sum of nothing, which to term in gross / Is an unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpractisèd.” On the surface, the rural estate of Belmont (literally “beautiful mountain”) is the play’s version of pastoral: an Arcadian realm of ease, integrity, and self-discovery that stands in contrast to the hard-nosed commerce of the duplicitous city. But the lesson of Belmont is actually a cynical one: choose wealth and you won’t get it, appear to reject it and it will be yours. The Prince of Morocco, who takes things at face value, is roundly rejected. It will not be the last time that Shakespeare pits an honest Moor against a world of Italian intrigue.

For all their fine words, both Bassanio and Portia are engaged in “practice,” a word that the Elizabethans associated with the figure of Machiavelli, archetypal Italianate schemer for self-advancement. Bassanio *is* the gold digger he pretends not to be, while Portia has no intention of letting any man become “her lord, her governor, her king” in the way that she says she will. At the end of her submission speech, she gives Bassanio the ring (symbol of both wealth and marital union) that will later be the device whereby she tricks him and thus establishes her position as the dominant partner in the relationship. She may speak about giving him all her property—which is what marriage meant according to the law of the time—but when she returns from Venice to Belmont at the end of the play she continues to speak of “*my* house” and the light “burning in *my* hall.”

As for Portia's claim that she is "unlessoned" and "unschooled," this is wholly belied by her bravura performance in the cross-dressed role of Balthasar, interpreting the laws of Venice with forensic skill that reduces the duke and his magnificoes to amazement. On leaving Belmont, she says that she and Nerissa will remain in a nunnery, the ultimate place of female confinement, until Bassanio's financial difficulties are resolved. She actually goes to the public arena of the Venetian court, moving from passive (the woman wooed) to active (the problem solver). In the robes of a lawyer instead of those of a nun, she excels in the art of debate, deploying a rhetorical art calculated to delight Queen Elizabeth, who loved nothing more than to outmaneuver courtiers, diplomats, and suitors in the finer points of jurisprudence and theology.

"The quality of mercy is not strained": the quality of Portia's argument (and Shakespeare's writing) unfolds from the several meanings of "strained." Mercy is not constrained or forced, it must be freely given; nor is it partial or selective—it is a pure distillation like "the gentle rain from heaven," not the kind of liquid from which impure particles can be strained out. As in *Measure for Measure*, Shakespeare explores the tension between justice and mercy, here interpreted in terms of the opposition between the Old Testament Jewish law of "an eye for an eye" and Christ's New Testament covenant of forgiveness. When Shylock refuses to show mercy and stands by the old covenant, Portia's art is to throw his legal literalism back in his face: the corollary of his demand for an exact pound of flesh is that he should not spill a drop of Venetian blood. But if the quality of mercy is not strained, then neither should be that of conversion: a bitter taste is left when Shylock is constrained to become a Christian.

Commerce, with which Venice was synonymous, depends on borrowing to raise capital. Christianity, however, disapproved of usury, the lending of money with interest. The Jewish moneylender was early modern Europe's way out of this impasse. Venice was famous for its ghetto in which the Jews were constrained to live, even as they oiled the wheels of the city's economy. Shakespeare does not mention the ghetto, but he reveals a clear understanding of how the system worked when Shylock refuses Antonio's invitation to dinner: "I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following, but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you." There is sociability and commerce between different ethnic and religious groups, but spiritual practices and customs are kept distinct. Shylock will not go to dinner because his religion prevents him from eating pork, but ultimately he regards questions of business as more important than those of faith: he hates Antonio "for he is a Christian, / *But more*, for that in low simplicity / He lends out money gratis and brings down / The rate of usance here with us in Venice."

It is the Christians who act according to raw prejudice. Shylock is spat upon simply because he is a Jew. Barabas, the Jew of Malta in the play written by Marlowe a few years before, answers to the stereotype of the Jew in love with his moneybags (though he does also love his daughter), whereas Shylock famously appeals to a common humanity that extends across the ethnic divide:

> He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million, laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies, and what's the reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die?

In Elizabethan England the test for a witch was the pricking of her thumb: if it did not bleed, the woman was in league with the devil. Shylock's "If you prick us, do we not bleed?" is a way of saying "do not demonize the Jews—we are not like witches." "The villainy you teach me I will execute," he continues: "if you do demonize me, then I will behave diabolically." The alien, the oppressed minority, sees no alternative but to fight back: "And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge?" This is the point of parting between the Jewish law of "an eye for an eye" and the Christian notion of turning the other cheek and showing the quality of mercy.

The representation of Shylock as monstrous villain has played a part in the appalling history of European anti-Semitism. But such a representation necessarily occludes the subtler moments of Shakespeare's characterization. A ring is not only the device whereby Portia and Nerissa assert their moral and verbal superiority over their husbands, but also the means by which Shylock is humanized through the memory of his dead wife:

TUBAL One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

SHYLOCK Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal. It was my turquoise, I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor. I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

KEY FACTS

PLOT: Antonio, the merchant of Venice, lends three thousand ducats to his friend Bassanio in order to assist him in his wooing of the wealthy and beautiful Portia of Belmont, an estate some distance from Venice. But Antonio’s own money is tied up in business ventures that depend on the safe return of his ships from sea, so he borrows the money from Shylock, a Jewish moneylender whom he has previously insulted for his high rates of interest. Shylock lends the money against a bond whereby failure to repay the loan on the agreed date will entitle Shylock to a pound of Antonio’s flesh. Portia’s father has decreed that she will marry whichever suitor makes the correct choice when presented with three caskets, made of gold, silver, and lead. Where wealthy suitors from Morocco and Aragon fail, Bassanio succeeds by choosing lead. His friend Gratiano marries Portia’s lady-in-waiting Nerissa at the same time. News arrives that Antonio’s ships have been lost; he is unable to pay his debt. Shylock’s claim to his pound of flesh is heard in the law court before the duke. Unknown to their husbands, Portia disguises herself as a young male lawyer acting on behalf of Antonio, Nerissa as a clerk. Portia’s ingenious defense is that Shylock is entitled to his pound of flesh but not to spill any of Antonio’s blood; she argues that the Jew should forfeit his life for having conspired against the life of a Venetian. The duke pardons Shylock on condition that he gives half his wealth to Antonio and half to the state. Antonio surrenders his claim on condition that Shylock converts to Christianity and leaves his property to his daughter Jessica, whom he has disinherited for running away with her Christian lover Lorenzo. Portia and Nerissa then assert their power over Bassanio and Gratiano by means of a trick involving rings that the men have promised never to part with. Finally there is good news about Antonio’s ships.

MAJOR PARTS: (*with percentage of lines/number of speeches/scenes on stage*) Portia (22%/117/9), Shylock (13%/79/5), Bassanio (13%/73/6), Gratiano (7%/58/7), Lorenzo (7%/47/7), Antonio (7%/47/6), Lancelet Gobbo (6%/44/6), Salerio (5%/31/7), Morocco (4%/7/2), Nerissa (3%/36/7), Jessica (3%/26/7), Solanio (2%/20/5), Duke (2%/18/1), Aragon (2%/4/1), Old Gobbo (1%/19/1).

LINGUISTIC MEDIUM: 80% verse, 20% prose.

DATE: Registered for publication July 1598 and mentioned in Francis Meres' 1598 list of Shakespeare's comedies; reference to a ship called the *Andrew* suggests late 1596 or early 1597, when the Spanish vessel *St. Andrew*, which had been captured at Cadiz after running aground, was much in the news.

SOURCES: There are many ancient and medieval folk variations on the motif of a body part demanded as surety for a bond. The setting of the story in Venice, the pursuit of "the lady of Belmonte" as the reason the hero needs the money, the bond being made by a friend rather than the hero himself, the identification of the moneylender as a Jew, and the lady disguising herself as a male lawyer, coming to Venice, and arguing that the bond does not allow for the shedding of blood all come from a tale in Ser Giovanni Fiorentino's collection *Il Pecorone* ("The Dunce," in Italian, published 1558—no English translation). A lost English play of the 1570s called *The Jew* may have been an intervening source. The character of Shylock and the elopement of his daughter with a Christian are strongly shaped by Christopher Marlowe's highly successful play The *Jew of Malta* (c.1590). The choice between three caskets as a device to identify a worthy marriage partner is another ancient motif; the closest surviving precedent is a story in the medieval *Gesta Romanorum* (translated by Richard Robinson, 1577, revised 1595 with use of the rare word "insculpt," which is echoed in Morocco's speech).

TEXT: Quarto 1600: a good quality text, apparently set from a fair copy of the dramatist's manuscript; reprinted 1619, with some errors and some corrections. Folio text was set from a copy of the first Quarto, making some corrections, introducing some errors, and apparently drawing on a theatrical manuscript for stage directions, including music cues. We follow Folio where it corrects or modernizes Quarto, but restore Quarto where Folio changes appear to be printers' errors. The only serious textual problem concerns the Venetian gentlemen known in the theatrical profession as the "Salads." They are initially identified in entry directions and speech headings as "Salarino" and "Solanio" (variously abbreviated, most commonly to "Sal." and "Sol."), but never named in the dialogue, so are unidentified from the point of view of a theater audience. Folio reverses their speech headings at the beginning of the opening scene, probably erroneously. In Act 3 scene 2 "Salerio" arrives in Belmont as "a messenger from Venice"; he is named in the dialogue, so identifiable to the audience. Is this a third character, a composite of the first two, or—more probably—has Shakespeare forgotten that he began with "Salarino"? In the following scene, Quarto has "Salerio" back in Venice with Antonio and Shylock, which must be an error—he has only just exited from Belmont with Bassanio. Folio intelligently corrects the Act 3 scene 3 entry direction to "Solanio." In Act 4 scene 1, "Salerio" has returned with Bassanio. Some editions and productions have retained Salarino, Solanio, and Salerio, but it seems more likely that Salarino and Salerio are intended to be the same character: we have followed this assumption.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

ANTONIO, a merchant of Venice
BASSANIO, his friend, suitor to Portia
LORENZO, friend of Antonio and Bassanio, in love with Jessica
GRATIANO, friend of Antonio and Bassanio
SALERIO } friends of
SOLANIO } Antonio and Bassanio
LEONARDO, servant to Bassanio
PORTIA, an heiress
NERISSA, her gentlewoman-in-waiting
BALTHASAR, servant to Portia
STEPHANO, servant to Portia
Prince of **ARAGON**, suitor to Portia
Prince of **MOROCCO**, suitor to Portia
SHYLOCK, a Jew of Venice
JESSICA, his daughter
TUBAL, a Jew, Shylock’s friend
LANCELET GOBBO, the clown, servant to Shylock and later Bassanio
OLD GOBBO, Lancelet’s father
DUKE of Venice
Magnificoes of Venice
A Jailer, Attendants and Servants

Act 1 [Scene 1][1.1]

running scene 1

Enter Antonio, Salerio and Solanio

ANTONIO In sooth[1] I know not why I am so sad.
It wearies me, you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff[4] 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn:[5]
And such a want-wit[6] sadness makes of me
That I have much ado[7] to know myself.

SALERIO Your mind is tossing on[8] the ocean,
There where your argosies[9] with portly sail
Like signiors[10] and rich burghers on the flood,
Or as it were the pageants[11] of the sea,
Do overpeer[12] the petty traffickers
That curtsy[13] to them, do them reverence,
As they fly[14] by them with their woven wings.

SOLANIO Believe me, sir, had I such venture[15] forth,
The better part[16] of my affections would
Be with my hopes[17] abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass to know where sits[18] the wind,
Peering in maps for ports and piers and roads,[19]
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures out of doubt
Would make me sad.

SALERIO My wind cooling my broth
Would blow me to an ague,[24] when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should[26] not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats,[27]
And see my wealthy *Andrew*[28] docked in sand,
Vailing[29] her high top lower than her ribs
To kiss her burial;[30] should I go to church
And see the holy edifice of stone,

And not bethink me straight[32] of dang’rous rocks,
Which touching but[33] my gentle vessel’s side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,[34]
Enrobe the roaring waters[35] with my silks,
And in a word, but even[36] now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this, and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing bechanced[39] would make me sad?
But tell not me, I know, Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

ANTONIO Believe me, no. I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom[43] trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate[44]
Upon[45] the fortune of this present year:
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.

SALERIO Why, then you are in love.

ANTONIO Fie,[48] fie!

SOLANIO Not in love neither: then let us say you are sad
Because you are not merry; and ’twere as easy
For you to laugh and leap, and say you are merry
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,[52]
Nature hath framed[53] strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep[54] through their eyes
And laugh like parrots at a bagpiper,[55]
And other[56] of such vinegar aspect
That they’ll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though[58] Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo and Grattano

SOLANIO Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano and Lorenzo. Fare ye well,
We leave you now with better company.

SALERIO I would have stayed till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented[63] me.

ANTONIO Your worth is very dear[64] in my regard.
I take it your own business calls on you,
And you embrace[66] th’occasion to depart.

SALERIO Good morrow, my good lords.
BASSANIO Good signiors both, when shall we laugh?[68] Say, when?
You grow exceeding strange.[69] Must it be so?
SALERIO We'll make our leisures[70] to attend on yours.
Exeunt Salerio and Solanio
LORENZO My lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
We two will leave you, but at dinnertime
I pray you have[73] in mind where we must meet.
BASSANIO I will not fail you.
GRATIANO You look not well, Signior Antonio.
You have too much respect[76] upon the world:
They lose it[77] that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously[78] changed.
ANTONIO I hold[79] the world but as the world, Gratiano,
A stage where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.
GRATIANO Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old[83] wrinkles come,
And let my liver[84] rather heat with wine
Than my heart[85] cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire[87] cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes and creep[88] into the jaundices
By being peevish?[89] I tell thee what, Antonio —
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks —
There are a sort of men whose visages[91]
Do cream[92] and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilful[93] stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dressed[94] in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,[95]
As[96] who should say, 'I am, sir, an oracle,
And when I ope[97] my lips, let no dog bark!'
O my Antonio, I do know of these
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing; when I am very sure
If they should speak, would almost damn[101] those ears

Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time.
But fish not with this melancholy bait[104]
For this fool[105] gudgeon, this opinion.
Come, good Lorenzo. Fare ye well awhile,
I'll end my exhortation[107] after dinner.

LORENZO Well, we will leave you then till dinnertime. ***To Antonio and Bassanio***
I must be one of these same dumb[109] wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

GRATIANO Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

ANTONIO Fare you well, I'll grow[113] a talker for this gear.

GRATIANO Thanks, i'faith, for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried[115] and a maid not vendible.

Exit [Gratiano with Lorenzo]

ANTONIO Is[116] that anything now?

BASSANIO Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons[118] are two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere[119] you find them, and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

ANTONIO Well, tell me now, what lady is the same[121]
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage
That you today promised to tell me of?

BASSANIO 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled[125] mine estate
By something[126] showing a more swelling port
Than my faint[127] means would grant continuance.
Nor do I now make moan[128] to be abridged
From such a noble rate,[129] but my chief care
Is to come[130] fairly off from the great debts
Wherein my time[131] something too prodigal
Hath left me gaged.[132] To you, Antonio,
I owe the most in money and in love,
And from your love I have a warranty[134]
To unburden[135] all my plots and purposes

How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

ANTONIO I pray you good Bassanio, let me know it,
And if it stand as you yourself still do,
Within[139] the eye of honour, be assured
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlocked to your occasions.[141]

BASSANIO In my schooldays, when I had lost one shaft,[142]
I shot his[143] fellow of the selfsame flight
The selfsame way with more advisèd[144] watch
To find the other forth,[145] and by adventuring both
I oft found both. I urge[146] this childhood proof
Because what follows is pure innocence.[147]
I owe you much and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost. But if you please
To shoot another arrow that self[150] way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or[152] to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard[153] back again,
And thankfully rest[154] debtor for the first.

ANTONIO You know me well, and herein spend but[155] time
To wind[156] about my love with circumstance,
And out of[157] doubt you do me now more wrong
In making[158] question of my uttermost
Than if you had made waste[159] of all I have.
Then do but[160] say to me what I should do
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am pressed[162] unto it: therefore speak.

BASSANIO In Belmont is a lady richly[163] left,
And she is fair and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues. Sometimes[165] from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages.
Her name is Portia, nothing[167] undervalued
To Cato's[168] daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renownèd suitors, and her sunny locks

Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,[172]
Which makes her seat[173] of Belmont Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages[177] me such thrift,
That I should questionless[178] be fortunate.

ANTONIO Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea,
Neither have I money, nor commodity[180]
To raise a present[181] sum: therefore go forth.
Try[182] what my credit can in Venice do,
That shall be racked,[183] even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee[184] to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go presently[185] inquire, and so will I,
Where money is, and I no question make
To have it of my trust[187] or for my sake.

Exeunt

[Act 1 Scene 2][1.2]

running scene 2

Enter Portia with her waiting woman, Nerissa

PORTIA By my troth,[1] Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

NERISSA You would be,[2] sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are, and yet, for aught[3] I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing; it is no small happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean.[5] Superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency[6] lives longer.

PORTIA Good sentences[7] and well pronounced.

NERISSA They would be better if well followed.

PORTIA If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine[10] that follows his own instructions; I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood,[13] but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree — such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes[14] of good counsel the cripple; but this reason is not in fashion to choose me a husband. O me, the word 'choose!' I may neither choose whom I would,[16] nor refuse whom I dislike, so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will[17] of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one nor refuse none?

NERISSA Your father was ever virtuous, and holy men at their death have good inspirations: therefore the lottery[20] that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver and lead, whereof who[21] chooses his meaning chooses you, will no doubt never be chosen by any rightly[22] but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

PORTIA I pray thee overname[25] them, and as thou namest them, I will describe them, and according to my description level at[26] my affection.

NERISSA First, there is the Neapolitan[27] prince.

PORTIA Ay, that's a colt[28] indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse, and he makes it a great appropriation[29] to his own good parts that he can shoe him himself. I am much afraid my lady his mother played false[30] with a smith.

NERISSA Then is there the County[31] Palatine.

PORTIA He doth nothing but frown, as who[32] should say, 'An you will not have me, choose.'[33] He hears merry tales and smiles not. I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly[34] sadness in his youth. I had rather to be married to a death's-head[35] with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

NERISSA How[37] say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

PORTIA God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker, but he! Why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's, a better bad[40] habit of frowning than the Count Palatine. He is every man in no man. If a throstle[41] sing, he falls straight a capering, he will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him, for if[43] he love me to madness, I should never requite him.

NERISSA What say you then to Falconbridge, the young baron of England?

PORTIA You know I say[45] nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian, and you will come[46] into the court and swear that I have a poor[47] pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture, but alas, who can converse with a dumb show?[48] How oddly he is suited. I think he bought his doublet[49] in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere.

NERISSA What think you of the other lord, his neighbour?

PORTIA That he hath a neighbourly charity in him, for he borrowed[52] a box of the ear of the Englishman and swore he would pay him again when he was able. I think the Frenchman became his surety[54] and sealed under for another.

NERISSA How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's[55] nephew?

PORTIA Very vilely in the morning when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man, and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast.[58] An the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift[59] to go without him.

NERISSA If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should[60] refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

PORTIA Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee set a deep glass of Rhenish wine[62] on the contrary[63] casket, for if the devil be within, and that temptation without, Iknow he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.[65]

NERISSA You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords. They have acquainted me with their determinations,[67] which is indeed to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit,[68] unless you may be won by some other sort[69] than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

PORTIA If I live to be as old as Sibylla,[70] I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel[71] of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I wish them a fair departure.

NERISSA Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?[75]

PORTIA Yes, yes, it was Bassanio, as I think, so was he called.

NERISSA True, madam. He, of all the men that ever my foolish[77] eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

PORTIA I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a Servingman

SERVANT The four strangers[80] seek you, madam, to take their leave. And there is a forerunner[81] come from a fifth, the Prince of

Morocco, who brings word the prince his master will be here tonight.

PORTIA If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach. If he have the condition[84] of a saint and the complexion[85] of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me. Come, Nerissa.— ***To the Servingman*** Sirrah,[86] go before; whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door.

Exeunt

[Act 1 Scene 3][1.3]

running scene 3

Enter Bassanio with Shylock the Jew

SHYLOCK Three thousand ducats,[1] well.

BASSANIO Ay, sir, for three months.

SHYLOCK For three months, well.

BASSANIO For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.[4]

SHYLOCK Antonio shall become bound, well.

BASSANIO May you stead[6] me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

SHYLOCK Three thousand ducats for three months and Antonio bound.

BASSANIO Your answer to that.

SHYLOCK Antonio is a good man.

BASSANIO Have you heard any imputation[10] to the contrary?

SHYLOCK Ho, no, no, no, no! My meaning in saying he is a good man is to have you understand me that he is sufficient.[12] Yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis,[13] another to the Indies, I understand moreover, upon the Rialto,[14] he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath squandered[15] abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men. There be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves — I mean pirates[16] — and then there is the peril of waters, winds and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding,[17] sufficient. Three thousand ducats. I think I may take his bond.

BASSANIO Be assured you may.

SHYLOCK I will be assured[20] I may. And that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

BASSANIO If it please you to dine with us.

SHYLOCK Yes, to smell pork, to eat of the habitation[23] which your prophet the Nazarite[24] conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following,[25] but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto? Who is he comes here?

Enter Antonio

BASSANIO This is Signior Antonio.
SHYLOCK How like a fawning publican[28] he looks! ***Aside***
I hate him for he is a Christian,
But more, for that in low simplicity[30]
He lends out money gratis[31] and brings down
The rate of usance[32] here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,[33]
I will feed fat[34] the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation,[35] and he rails —
Even there[36] where merchants most do congregate —
On me, my bargains and my well-won thrift,[37]
Which he calls interest. Cursèd be my tribe,[38]
If I forgive him!
BASSANIO Shylock, do you hear?
SHYLOCK I am debating[41] of my present store,
And by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross[43]
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?
Tubal,[45] a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish[46] me; but soft! How many months
Do you desire?— Rest you fair,[47] good signior. ***To Antonio***
Your[48] worship was the last man in our mouths.
ANTONIO Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
By taking nor by giving of excess,[50]
Yet to supply the ripe wants[51] of my friend,
I'll break a custom.— Is he yet possessed[52] ***To Bassanio***
How much ye would?[53]
SHYLOCK Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.
ANTONIO And for three months.
SHYLOCK I had forgot — three months — you told me so.
Well then, your bond.[57] And let me see, but hear you,
Methoughts you said you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.[59]
ANTONIO I do never use[60] it.
SHYLOCK When Jacob[61] grazed his uncle Laban's sheep —
This Jacob from[62] our holy Abram was,

As his wise mother wrought[63] in his behalf,
The third possessor;[64] ay, he was the third—
ANTONIO And what of him? Did he take interest?
SHYLOCK No, not take interest, not, as you would say,
Directly interest. Mark[67] what Jacob did:
When Laban and himself were compromised[68]
That all the eanlings[69] which were streaked and pied
Should fall as[70] Jacob’s hire, the ewes, being rank,
In end of autumn turnèd to the rams,
And, when the work of generation[72] was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd peeled[74] me certain wands,
And in[75] the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck[76] them up before the fulsome ewes,
Who then conceiving, did in eaning[77] time
Fall[78] parti-coloured lambs, and those were Jacob’s.
This was a way to thrive,[79] and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.
ANTONIO This was a venture,[81] sir, that Jacob served for,
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But swayed and fashioned[83] by the hand of heaven.
Was this inserted[84] to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?
SHYLOCK I cannot tell, I make it breed as fast.
But note me, signior—
ANTONIO Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul producing holy witness
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly[92] apple rotten at the heart.
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!
SHYLOCK Three thousand ducats, ’tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve, then let me see, the rate—
ANTONIO Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding[96] to you?
SHYLOCK Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated[98] me

About my moneys and my usances.
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance[101] is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,[103]
And all for use[104] of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help.
Go to,[106] then. You come to me and you say ‘
Shylock, we would have moneys’ — you say so,
You that did void[108] your rheum upon my beard,
And foot[109] me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold. Moneys is your suit.[110]
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
‘Hath a dog money? Is it possible
A cur should lend three thousand ducats?’ Or
Shall I bend low and in a bondman’s key,[114]
With bated[115] breath and whisp’ring humbleness,
Say this: ‘Fair sir, you spat on me on Wednesday last;
You spurned me such a day; another time
You called me dog, and for these courtesies I’ll
lend you thus much moneys’?
ANTONIO I am as like[120] to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends, for when did friendship take
A[124] breed of barren metal of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy,
Who, if he break,[126] thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalties.
SHYLOCK Why, look you how you storm!
I would be friends with you and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stained me with,
Supply your present wants and take no doit[131]
Of usance for my moneys, and you’ll not hear me:
This is kind[133] I offer.
BASSANIO This were[134] kindness.

SHYLOCK This kindness will I show:
Go with me to a notary,[136] seal me there
Your single[137] bond, and in a merry sport
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Expressed in the condition,[140] let the forfeit
Be nominated for[141] an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body it pleaseth me.
ANTONIO Content, in faith, I’ll seal to such a bond
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.
BASSANIO You shall not seal to such a bond for me.
I’ll rather dwell[147] in my necessity.
ANTONIO Why, fear not, man, I will not forfeit it.
Within these two months — that’s a month before
This bond expires — I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.
SHYLOCK O father Abram, what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect[153]
The thoughts of others! Pray you tell me this:
If he should break his day,[155] what should I gain
By the exaction[156] of the forfeiture?
A pound of man’s flesh taken from a man
Is not so estimable,[158] profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs or goats. I say
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so,[161] if not, adieu.
And for my love, I pray you wrong me not.
ANTONIO Yes Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.
SHYLOCK Then meet me forthwith[164] at the notary’s,
Give him direction[165] for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse[166] the ducats straight,
See[167] to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty[168] knave, and presently
I’ll be with you.
Exit

ANTONIO Hie[170] thee, gentle Jew.
Exit
This Hebrew will turn Christian, he grows kind.[171]
BASSANIO I like not fair terms and a villain’s mind.
ANTONIO Come on, in this there can be no dismay.
My ships come home a month before the day.
Exeunt

Act 2 [Scene 1][2.1]

running scene 4

Enter Morocco, a tawny Moor, all in white, and three or four followers accordingly, with
Portia, Nerissa and their train. Flourish cornets

MOROCCO Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadowed livery[2] of the burnished sun,
To whom I am a neighbour and near bred.[3]
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phoebus'[5] fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision[6] for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest,[7] his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect[8] of mine
Hath feared[9] the valiant. By my love I swear,
The best-regarded virgins of our clime[10]
Have loved it too: I would not change this hue,[11]
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

PORTIA In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice[14] direction of a maiden's eyes.
Besides, the lott'ry of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing.
But if my father had not scanted[17] me,
And hedged[18] me by his wit to yield myself
His[19] wife who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renownèd prince, then[20] stood as fair
As any comer I have looked on yet
For[22] my affection.

MOROCCO Even for that I thank you:
Therefore, I pray you lead me to the caskets
To try my fortune. By this scimitar[25]
That slew the Sophy[26] and a Persian prince
That won three fields[27] of Sultan Solyman,
I would o'erstare[28] the sternest eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,

Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey
To win thee, lady. But alas the while!
If Hercules[33] and Lichas play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides[36] beaten by his page,
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.
PORTIA You must take your chance,
And either not attempt to choose at all
Or swear before you choose, if you choose wrong
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage: therefore be advised.[44]
MOROCCO Nor will not.[45] Come, bring me unto my chance.
PORTIA First, forward to the temple. After dinner
Your hazard[47] shall be made.
MOROCCO Good fortune then!
To make me blest or cursed’st among men.

Cornets [and] exeunt

[Act 2 Scene 2][2.2]

running scene 5

Enter the Clown [Lancelet] alone

LANCELET Certainly my conscience will serve[1] me to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow and tempts me, saying to me, ‘Gobbo,[2] Lancelet Gobbo, good Lancelet’, or ‘Good Gobbo’, or ‘Good Lancelet Gobbo, use your legs, take the start,[4] run away.’ My conscience says, ‘No; take heed, honest Lancelet, take heed, honest Gobbo’, or, as aforesaid, ‘Honest Lancelet Gobbo, do not run, scorn running with thy heels.’[6] Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack: ‘Fia!’ says the fiend, ‘Away!’ says the fiend, ‘For the heavens,[7] rouse up a brave mind’, says the fiend, ‘and run.’ Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, ‘My honest[9] friend Lancelet, being an honest man’s son’, or rather an honest woman’s son — for indeed my father did something[10] smack, something grow to,[11] he had a kind of taste — well, my conscience says ‘Lancelet, budge not.’ ‘Budge’, says the fiend. ‘Budge not’, says my conscience. ‘Conscience,’ say I, ‘you counsel well.’ ‘Fiend,’ say I, ‘you counsel well.’ To be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, God[14] bless the mark, is a kind of devil; and to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence,[16] is the devil himself. Certainly the Jew is the very devil incarnation,[17] and in my conscience, my conscience is a kind of hard conscience to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew; the fiend gives the more friendly counsel. I will run, fiend. My heels are at your commandment. I will run.

Enter Old Gobbo, with a basket

GOBBO Master young man, you, I pray you which is the way to Master Jew’s?

LANCELET ***Aside*** O heavens, this is my true-begotten[21] father, who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel-blind,[22] knows me not. I will try confusions with him.

GOBBO Master young gentleman, I pray you which is the way to Master Jew's?

LANCELET Turn upon your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand,[25] but turn down indirectly[26] to the Jew's house.

GOBBO By God's sonties,[27] 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Lancelet, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

LANCELET Talk you of young Master Lancelet?— ***Aside*** Mark me now, now will I raise[29] the waters.— Talk you of young Master Lancelet?

GOBBO No master,[31] sir, but a poor man's son. His father, though I say't, is an honest exceeding poor man and, God be thanked, well to live.[32]

LANCELET Well, let his father be what a[33] will, we talk of young Master Lancelet.

GOBBO Your worship's friend and Lancelet.[34]

LANCELET But I pray you *ergo*,[35] old man, *ergo*, I beseech you talk you of young Master Lancelet?

GOBBO Of Lancelet, an't[37] please your mastership.

LANCELET *Ergo*, Master Lancelet. Talk not of Master Lancelet, father,[38] for the young gentleman — according to fates and destinies and such odd sayings, the Sisters[39] Three and such branches of learning — is indeed deceased, or as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

GOBBO Marry, God forbid! The boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

LANCELET Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post,[43] a staff or a prop? Do you know me, father?

GOBBO Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman, but I pray you tell me, is my boy, God rest his soul, alive or dead?

LANCELET Do you not know me, father?

GOBBO Alack, sir, I am sand-blind. I know you not.

LANCELET Nay, indeed if you had your eyes you might fail of the knowing[49] me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. Give me your blessing.

Truth will come to light, murder cannot be hid long, a man’s son may, but in the end truth will out.

GOBBO Pray you, sir, stand up. ***He kneels*** I am sure you are not Lancelet, my boy.

LANCELET Pray you let’s have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing. I am Lancelet, your[55] boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

GOBBO I cannot think you are my son.

LANCELET I know not what I shall think of that. But I am Lancelet, the Jew’s man, and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother.

GOBBO Her name is Margery,[59] indeed. I’ll be sworn, if thou be Lancelet, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipped might he be! What a beard hast thou got! Thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my fill-horse[61] has on his tail.

LANCELET It should seem, then, that Dobbin’s tail grows backward.[63] ***He rises*** I am sure he had more hair of[64] his tail than I have of my face when I last saw him.

GOBBO Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree?[65] I have brought him a present. How ’gree you now?

LANCELET Well, well. But for mine own part, as I have set[67] up my rest to run away, so I will not rest[68] till I have run some ground; my master’s a very Jew. Give him a present? Give him a halter![69] I am famished in his service. You may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come. Give me[70] your present to one Master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare[71] new liveries. If I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune! Here comes the man. To him, father, for I am a Jew[73] if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter Bassanio, with a follower or two [including Leonardo]

BASSANIO ***To a Servant*** You may do so, but let it be so hasted[74] that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered, put the liveries to making, and desire Gratiano to come anon[76] to my lodging.

[Exit a Servant]

LANCELET To him, father.

GOBBO God bless your worship! ***Comes forward***

BASSANIO Gramercy![79] Wouldst thou aught with me?

GOBBO Here's my son, sir, a poor boy—

LANCELET Not a poor[81] boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man, that would, sir, as my father shall specify—

GOBBO He hath a great infection,[83] sir, as one would say, to serve—

LANCELET Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew and have a desire, as my father shall specify—

GOBBO His master and he, saving your worship's reverence, are scarce[86] cater-cousins—

LANCELET To be brief, the very truth is that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutify[89] unto you—

GOBBO I have here a dish of doves that I would bestow upon your worship, and my suit is—

LANCELET In very brief, the suit is impertinent[92] to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man, and though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

BASSANIO One speak for both. What would you?

LANCELET Serve you, sir.

GOBBO That is the very defect[97] of the matter, sir.

BASSANIO I know thee well, thou hast obtained thy suit.
Shylock thy master spoke with me this day,
And hath preferred[100] thee, if it be preferment
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

LANCELET The old proverb[103] is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir: you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

BASSANIO Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son.
Take leave of thy old master and inquire[106]
My lodging out.— Give him a livery ***To a Servant***
More guarded[108] than his fellows'. See it done.

LANCELET Father, in. I cannot get a service, no. ***Points to his palm*** I have ne'er a tongue in my head. Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table[110] which doth offer to swear upon a book,[111] I shall have good fortune. Go to, here's a simple line of life, here's a small trifle[112] of wives. Alas, fifteen wives is nothing! Eleven widows and nine maids is a simple[113] coming-in for one man, and then to scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge[114] of a feather-bed. Here are simple scapes. Well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear.[115] Father, come; I'll take my leave of the[116] Jew in the twinkling.

Exit Clown [Lancelet with Old Gobbo]

BASSANIO I pray thee good Leonardo, think on this. ***Gives a list***
These things being bought and orderly bestowed,[118]
Return in haste, for I do feast[119] tonight
My best-esteemed acquaintance. Hie thee, go.

LEONARDO My best endeavours shall be done herein.[121]

Enter Grattano

GRATIANO Where's your master?

LEONARDO Yonder, sir, he walks.

Exit

GRATIANO Signior Bassanio!

BASSANIO Gratiano!

GRATIANO I have a suit to you.

BASSANIO You have obtained it.[127]

GRATIANO You must not deny me. I must go with you to Belmont.

BASSANIO Why then you must. But hear thee, Gratiano,
Thou art too wild, too rude[130] and bold of voice,
Parts[131] that become thee happily enough
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where they are not known, why, there they show[133]
Something too liberal.[134] Pray thee take pain
To allay[135] with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping[136] spirit, lest through thy wild behaviour
I be misconstered[137] in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

GRATIANO Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,[140]
Talk with respect and swear but[141] now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely,
Nay more, while grace is saying,[143] hood mine eyes

Thus with my hat, and sigh and say ‘Amen’, ***Covers his face***
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied[146] in a sad ostent
To please his grandam,[147] never trust me more.
BASSANIO Well, we shall see your bearing.
GRATIANO Nay, but I bar[149] tonight. You shall not gauge me
By what we do tonight.
BASSANIO No, that were pity.
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose[154] merriment. But fare you well.
I have some business.
GRATIANO And I must to Lorenzo and the rest,
But we will visit you at suppertime.
Exeunt

[Act 2 Scene 3][2.3]

running scene 6

Enter Jessica and the Clown [Lancelet]

JESSICA I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so.
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness;
But fare thee well. There is a ducat for thee. ***Gives money***
And, Lancelet, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter. Do it secretly. ***Gives a letter***
And so farewell. I would not have my father
See me talk with thee.

LANCELET Adieu! Tears exhibit[10] my tongue, most beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew! If a Christian did not play the knave and get[11] thee, I am much deceived; but adieu. These foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit. Adieu.

Exit

JESSICA Farewell, good Lancelet.
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me
To be ashamed to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners.[17] O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,[18]
Become a Christian and thy loving wife.

Exit

[Act 2 Scene 4]

running scene 7

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salerio and Solanio

LORENZO Nay, we will slink away in[1] suppertime,
Disguise us at my lodging and return
All in an hour.

GRATIANO We have not made good preparation.

SALERIO We have not spoke[5] us yet of torchbearers.

SOLANIO ’Tis vile,[6] unless it may be quaintly ordered,
And better in my mind not undertook.

LORENZO ’Tis now but four of clock. We have two hours
To furnish us.[9]— Friend Lancelet, what’s the news?

Enter Lancelet, with a letter

LANCELET An[10] it shall please you to break up this, shall it seem to signify. ***Gives him the letter***

LORENZO I know the hand.[11] In faith, ’tis a fair hand,
And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.

GRATIANO Love-news, in faith.

LANCELET By your leave,[15] sir. ***Starts to leave***

LORENZO Whither goest thou?

LANCELET Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup[17] tonight with my new master the Christian.

LORENZO Hold here, take this. Tell gentle Jessica ***Gives money***
I will not fail her. Speak it privately.
Go,[21] gentlemen,
Will you prepare you for this masque[22] tonight?
I am provided of[23] a torchbearer.

Exit Clown [Lancelet]

SALERIO Ay, marry, I’ll be gone about it straight.

SOLANIO And so will I.

LORENZO Meet me and Gratiano
At Gratiano’s lodging some[27] hour hence.

SALERIO ’Tis good we do so.

Exit [Salerio with Solanio]

GRATIANO Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

LORENZO I must needs[30] tell thee all. She hath directed
How I shall take her from her father’s house,
What gold and jewels she is furnished with,
What page’s suit she hath in readiness.
If e’er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle[35] daughter’s sake;
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,[36]
Unless she[37] do it under this excuse,
That she[38] is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me, peruse this as thou goest. ***Gives the letter***
Fair Jessica shall be my torchbearer.

Exeunt

[Act 2 Scene 5]

running scene 8

Enter [Shylock the] Jew and [Lancelet,] his man that was, the Clown

SHYLOCK Well, thou shall see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of[2] old Shylock and Bassanio.—
What, Jessica! — Thou shalt not gormandize[3]
As thou hast done with me— What, Jessica!—
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out[5]—
Why, Jessica, I say!

LANCELET Why, Jessica!

SHYLOCK Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

LANCELET Your worship was wont[9] to tell me
I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Jessica

JESSICA Call you? What is your will?

SHYLOCK I am bid forth[12] to supper, Jessica.
There are my keys. But wherefore[13] should I go?
I am not bid for love, they flatter me.
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon[15]
The prodigal[16] Christian. Jessica, my girl,
Look to[17] my house. I am right loath to go.
There is some ill[18] a-brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags tonight.[19]

LANCELET I beseech you, sir, go. My young master doth expect[20] your reproach.

SHYLOCK So do I his.

LANCELET An they have conspired together. I will not say you shall see a masque, but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding[23] on Black[24] Monday last at six o'clock i'th'morning, falling out that year on Ash Wednesday was four year, in th'afternoon.

SHYLOCK What, are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors, and when you hear the drum
And the vile squealing of the wry-necked[28] fife,

Clamber not you up to the casements[29] then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street
To gaze on Christian fools with varnished faces,[31]
But stop[32] my house's ears, I mean my casements.
Let not the sound of shallow fopp'ry[33] enter
My sober house. By Jacob's staff,[34] I swear,
I have no mind of[35] feasting forth tonight,
But I will go. Go you before me, sirrah,
Say I will come.

LANCELET I will go before, sir.— Mistress, look out at window, for[38] all this, ***Aside to Jessica***
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewès[40] eye.

[Exit Lancelet]

SHYLOCK What says that fool of Hagar's offspring,[41] ha?

JESSICA His words were 'Farewell mistress', nothing else.

SHYLOCK The patch[43] is kind enough, but a huge feeder,
Snail-slow in profit,[44] but he sleeps by day
More than the wild-cat. Drones[45] hive not with me:
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrowed purse. Well, Jessica, go in.
Perhaps I will return immediately.
Do as I bid you, shut doors after you.
Fast[51] bind, fast find —
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.

Exit

JESSICA Farewell, and if my fortune be not crossed,[53]
I have a father, you a daughter lost.

Exit

[Act 2 Scene 6]

running scene 9

Enter the masquers, Gratiano and Salerio
GRATIANO This is the penthouse[1] under which Lorenzo
Desired us to make a stand.[2]
SALERIO His[3] hour is almost past.
GRATIANO And it is marvel[4] he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever[5] run before the clock.
SALERIO O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons[6] fly
To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont
To keep obligèd[8] faith unforfeited!
GRATIANO That ever[9] holds: who riseth from a feast
With that[10] keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread[11] again
His tedious measures[12] with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chasèd than enjoyed.
How like a younger[15] or a prodigal
The scarfèd[16] bark puts from her native bay,
Hugged and embracèd by the strumpet[17] wind!
How like a prodigal doth she return,
With over-withered ribs[19] and ragged sails,
Lean, rent[20] and beggared by the strumpet wind!
Enter Lorenzo
SALERIO Here comes Lorenzo. More of this hereafter.
LORENZO Sweet friends, your[22] patience for my long abode:
Not I but my affairs have made you wait.
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch[25] as long for you then. Approach.
Here dwells my father[26] Jew. Ho! Who's within?
[Enter] Jessica above [in boy's clothes]
JESSICA Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.[28]
LORENZO Lorenzo, and thy love.

JESSICA Lorenzo, certain, and my love indeed,
For who love I so much? And now who knows
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?
LORENZO Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.
JESSICA Here, catch this casket, it is worth the pains.
I am glad ’tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much ashamed of my exchange.[36]
But love is blind and lovers cannot see
The pretty[38] follies that themselves commit,
For if they could, Cupid[39] himself would blush
To see me thus transformèd to a boy.
LORENZO Descend, for you must be my torchbearer.
JESSICA What, must I hold[42] a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth,[43] are too too light.
Why, ’tis an office of discovery,[44] love,
And I should be obscured.
LORENZO So you are, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish[47] of a boy.
But come at once,
For the close[49] night doth play the runaway,
And we are stayed for[50] at Bassanio’s feast.
JESSICA I will make fast[51] the doors and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.
[Exit above]
GRATIANO Now, by my hood, a gentle[53] and no Jew.
LORENZO Beshrew[54] me but I love her heartily.
For she is wise, if I can judge of her,
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true,[56]
And true[57] she is, as she hath proved herself,
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair and true,
Shall she be placèd in my constant soul.
Enter Jessica [below]
What, art thou come? On, gentlemen, away!
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.[61]
Exit [with Jessica and Salerio]
Enter Antonio

ANTONIO Who’s there?
GRATIANO Signior Antonio?
ANTONIO Fie, fie, Gratiano! Where are all the rest?
’Tis nine o’clock: our friends all stay for you.
No masque tonight, the wind is come about.[66]
Bassanio presently will go aboard.
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.
GRATIANO I am glad on’t. I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail and gone tonight.

Exeunt

[Act 2 Scene 7][2.7]

running scene 10

[Flourish of cornets.] Enter Portia with [the Prince of] Morocco and both their trains

PORTIA Go, draw aside the curtains and discover[1]
The several[2] caskets to this noble prince.
Now make your choice. ***The curtains are opened***
MOROCCO The first, of gold, who[4] this inscription bears:
‘Who[5] chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.’
The second, silver, which this promise carries,
‘Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.’
This third, dull[8] lead, with warning all as blunt,
‘Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.’
How shall I know if I do choose the right?
PORTIA The one of them contains my picture, prince.
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.[12]
MOROCCO Some god direct my judgement! Let me see.
I will survey the inscriptions back[14] again.
What says this leaden casket?
‘Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.’
Must give: for what? For lead? Hazard for lead?
This casket threatens. Men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross,[20]
I’ll then nor[21] give nor hazard aught for lead.
What says the silver with her virgin hue?[22]
‘Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.’
As much as he deserves; pause there, Morocco,
And weigh[25] thy value with an even hand:
If thou be’st rated[26] by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough, and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady.
And yet to be afeard of my deserving
Were but a weak disabling[30] of myself.

As much as I deserve? Why, that’s the lady.
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces and in qualities of breeding,
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I strayed no further, but chose here?
Let’s see once more this saying graved[36] in gold:
‘Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.’
Why, that’s the lady, all the world desires her.
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing[40] saint.
The Hyrcanian deserts[41] and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now
For princes to come view fair Portia.
The watery kingdom,[44] whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits,[46] but they come,
As o’er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is’t like[49] that lead contains her? ’Twere damnation
To think so base[50] a thought, it were too gross
To rib[51] her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think in silver she’s immured,[52]
Being ten times undervalued to[53] trièd gold?
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set[55] in worse than gold! They have in England
A coin that bears the figure of an angel[56]
Stamped in gold, but that’s insculped[57] upon,
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within. Deliver me the key:
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

PORTIA There, take it, prince, and if my form[61] lie there,
Then I am yours. ***He unlocks the gold casket***

MOROCCO O hell! What have we here?
A carrion[64] Death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll; I’ll read the writing.
‘All that glisters is not gold, ***Reads***

Often have you heard that told;
Many a man his life hath sold
But[69] my outside to behold.
Gilded tombs do worms enfold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgement old,[72]
Your answer had not been inscrolled:[73]
Fare you well, your suit is cold.’
Cold, indeed, and labour lost.
Then farewell, heat, and welcome, frost!
Portia, adieu. I have too grieved a heart
To take a tedious[78] leave. Thus losers part.
Exit [with his train. Flourish of cornets]

PORTIA A gentle riddance. Draw the curtains, go.
Let all of his complexion[80] choose me so.
[They close the curtains and] exeunt

[Act 2 Scene 8][2.8]

running scene 11

Enter Salerio and Solanio

SALERIO Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail.
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is not.

SOLANIO The villain Jew with outcries raised[4] the duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

SALERIO He comes too late, the ship was under sail;
But there the duke was given to understand
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica.
Besides, Antonio certified the duke
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

SOLANIO I never heard a passion[12] so confused,
So strange, outrageous,[13] and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
'My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian! O my Christian ducats!
Justice, the law, my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealèd bag, two sealèd bags of ducats,
Of double ducats,[19] stol'n from me by my daughter!
And jewels, two stones,[20] two rich and precious stones,
Stol'n by my daughter! Justice! Find the girl,
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats.'

SALERIO Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying, his stones,[24] his daughter, and his ducats.

SOLANIO Let good Antonio look[25] he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

SALERIO Marry, well remembered.
I reasoned[28] with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow[29] seas that part
The French and English there miscarried[30]
A vessel of our country richly fraught.[31]

I thought upon[32] Antonio when he told me,
And wished in silence that it were not his.
SOLANIO You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.
SALERIO A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
Bassanio told him he would make some speed
Of his return. He answered, ‘Do not so,
Slubber[40] not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay[41] the very riping of the time.
And for[42] the Jew’s bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of[43] love.
Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship and such fair ostents[45] of love
As shall conveniently become you[46] there.’
And even there,[47] his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible[49]
He wrung Bassanio’s hand, and so they parted.
SOLANIO I think he[51] only loves the world for him.
I pray thee let us go and find him out,
And quicken[53] his embracèd heaviness
With some delight or other.
SALERIO Do we so.

Exeunt

[Act 2 Scene 9][2.9]

running scene 12

Enter Nerissa and a Servitor

NERISSA Quick, quick, I pray thee draw the curtain straight.[1] ***The Servitor opens the curtains***
The Prince of Aragon[2] hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election[3] presently.

Enter [the Prince of] Aragon, his train and Portia. Flourish of cornets

PORTIA Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince.
If you choose that wherein I am contained,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnized.
But if thou fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

ARAGON I am enjoined[9] by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold[10] to anyone
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of[12] the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage. Lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

PORTIA To these injunctions everyone doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

ARAGON And so have I addressed me.[18] Fortune now
To my heart's hope! Gold, silver, and base lead.
'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'
You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
What says the golden chest? Ha? Let me see:
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.'
What many men desire — that 'many' may be meant
By[25] the fool multitude that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond[26] eye doth teach,
Which pries[27] not to th'interior, but like the martlet
Builds in[28] the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force[29] and road of casualty.

I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump[31] with common spirits
And rank me with the barb'rous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house.
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'
And well said too, for who shall go about
To cozen[37] fortune and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeservèd dignity.
O, that estates, degrees[40] and offices
Were not derived corruptly, and that clear[41] honour
Were purchased[42] by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover[43] that stand bare!
How many be commanded that command!
How much low peasantry would then be gleaned[45]
From the true seed[46] of honour! And how much honour
Picked from the chaff and ruin of the times
To be new-varnished![48] Well, but to my choice:
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'
I will assume[50] desert; give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here. ***He opens the silver casket***
PORTIA Too long a pause for that which you find there. ***Aside?***
ARAGON What's here? The portrait of a blinking idiot
Presenting me a schedule![54] I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia.
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings.
'Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves.'
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? Are my deserts no better?
PORTIA To[60] offend and judge are distinct offices
And of opposèd natures.
ARAGON What is here?
'The fire seven times tried this:[63] ***Reads***
Seven times tried that judgement[64] is
That did never choose amiss.[65]

Some there be that shadows[66] kiss,
Such have but a shadow’s bliss.
There be fools alive, iwis,[68]
Silvered[69] o’er, and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I[71] will ever be your head.
So begone: you are sped.[72]’
Still more fool I shall appear
By the time[74] I linger here.
With one fool’s head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet, adieu. I’ll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.[78]

[Exeunt Aragon and train]

PORTIA Thus hath the candle singed the moth.
O, these deliberate[80] fools! When they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

NERISSA The ancient saying is no heresy:
Hanging and wiving[83] goes by destiny.

PORTIA Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa. ***Nerissa closes the curtains***

Enter Messenger

MESSENGER Where is my lady?

PORTIA Here, what would my lord?[86]

MESSENGER Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify th’approaching of his lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets:
To wit,[91] besides commends and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value; yet[92] I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love.
A day in April never came so sweet
To show how costly[95] summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer[96] comes before his lord.

PORTIA No more, I pray thee. I am half afeard
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend’st such high-day[99] wit in praising him.

Come, come, Nerissa, for I long to see
Quick Cupid’s post[101] that comes so mannerly.

NERISSA Bassanio, Lord Love, if thy will it be!

Exeunt

Act 3 [Scene 1][3.1]

running scene 13

Enter Solanio and Salerio

SOLANIO Now, what news on the Rialto?

SALERIO Why, yet it[2] lives there unchecked that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas;[3] the Goodwins, I think they call the place, a very dangerous flat[4] and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip's[5] report be an honest woman of her word.

SOLANIO I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever knapped[6] ginger or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any slips of prolixity[8] or crossing the plain highway of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio — O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

SALERIO Come,[11] the full stop.

SOLANIO Ha, what sayest thou? Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

SALERIO I would it might prove[13] the end of his losses.

SOLANIO Let me say 'amen' betimes,[14] lest the devil cross my prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew. How now, Shylock! What news among the merchants?

Enter Shylock

SHYLOCK You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

SALERIO That's certain. I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings[18] she flew withal.

SOLANIO And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged,[20] and then it is the complexion[21] of them all to leave the dam.

SHYLOCK She is damned for it.

SOLANIO That's certain, if the devil[23] may be her judge.

SHYLOCK My own flesh and blood[24] to rebel!

SOLANIO Out upon it,[25] old carrion! Rebels it at these years?

SHYLOCK I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

SALERIO There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory,[27] more between your bloods than there is between red wine and Rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

SHYLOCK There I have another bad match:[30] a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto, a beggar that was used to come so smug upon the mart.[32] Let him look to his bond. He was wont to call me usurer. Let him look to his bond. He was wont to lend money for[33] a Christian courtesy. Let him look to his bond.

SALERIO Why, I am sure if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh. What's that good for?

SHYLOCK To bait fish withal. If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me[38] half a million, laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled[39] my friends, heated mine enemies, and what's the reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions,[41] senses, affections, passions? Fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what[46] is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance[47] be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villainy you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard but[49] I will better the instruction.

Enter a man from Antonio

SERVANT Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house and desires to speak with you both.

SALERIO We have been up and down[52] to seek him.

Enter Tubal

SOLANIO Here comes another of the tribe.[53] A third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

Exeunt Gentlemen [Solanio, Salerio and Servant]

SHYLOCK How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa?[55] Hast thou found my daughter?

TUBAL I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

SHYLOCK Why, there, there, there, there! A diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfurt![58] The curse never fell upon our nation till now, I never felt it till now. Two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! Would she were hearsed[61] at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them? Why, so —and I know not how much is spent in the search. Why, thou loss upon loss! The thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief, and no satisfaction,[63] no revenge, nor no ill luck stirring but what lights[64] o'my shoulders, no sighs but o'my breathing, no tears but o'my shedding.

TUBAL Yes, other men have ill luck too. Antonio, as I heard in Genoa —

SHYLOCK What, what, what? Ill luck, ill luck?

TUBAL —hath an argosy cast away,[68] coming from Tripolis.

SHYLOCK I thank God, I thank God. Is it true, is it true?

TUBAL I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

SHYLOCK I thank thee, good Tubal, good news, good news! Ha, ha, heard in Genoa?

TUBAL Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night fourscore[72] ducats.

SHYLOCK Thou stick'st a dagger in me. I shall never see my gold again. Fourscore ducats at a sitting,[74] fourscore ducats!

TUBAL There came divers[75] of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.[76]

SHYLOCK I am very glad of it. I'll plague him, I'll torture him. I am glad of it.

TUBAL One of[78] them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

SHYLOCK Out upon her![79] Thou torturest me, Tubal. It was my turquoise, I had it of Leah[80] when I was a bachelor. I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

TUBAL But Antonio is certainly undone.[82]

SHYLOCK Nay, that’s true, that’s very true. Go, Tubal, fee[83] me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before.[84] I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit, for were he out of Venice I can make what[85] merchandise I will. Go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue. Go, good Tubal, at our synagogue, Tubal.

Exeunt [separately]

[Act 3 Scene 2][3.2]

running scene 14

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, [Nerissa] and all their trains

PORTIA I pray you tarry.[1] Pause a day or two
Before you hazard, for in choosing[2] wrong
I lose your company: therefore forbear[3] awhile.
There's something tells me, but it is not love,
I would not lose you, and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality;[6]
But lest you should not understand me well —
And[8] yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought —
I would detain you here some month or two
Before you venture[10] for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn.[11]
So[12] will I never be. So may you miss me.
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'erlooked[15] me and divided me.
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,
Mine own, I would[17] say. But if mine, then yours,
And so all yours. O, these naughty[18] times
Puts bars[19] between the owners and their rights!
And so, though[20] yours, not yours. Prove it so,
Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.
I speak too long, but 'tis to peise[22] the time,
To eke[23] it and to draw it out in length,
To stay[24] you from election.

BASSANIO Let me choose,
For as I am, I live upon the rack.[26]

PORTIA Upon the rack, Bassanio? Then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

BASSANIO None but that ugly treason of mistrust,[29]
Which makes me fear[30] the enjoying of my love.
There may as well be amity and life

’Tween snow and fire, as[32] treason and my love.
PORTIA Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforcèd[34] do speak anything.
BASSANIO Promise me life, and I’ll confess the truth.
PORTIA Well then, confess and live.[36]
BASSANIO ‘Confess and love’
Had been the very sum of my confession.
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance![40]
But let me to[41] my fortune and the caskets.
PORTIA Away, then! I am locked in one of them.
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof.[44]
Let music sound while he doth make his choice,
Then if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,[46]
Fading in music. That the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream
And wat’ry death-bed for him. He may win,
And what is music then? Then music is
Even as the flourish[51] when true subjects bow
To a new-crownèd monarch. Such it is,
As are those dulcet[53] sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom’s ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence,[56] but with much more love,
Than young Alcides,[57] when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling[58] Troy
To the sea-monster. I stand for[59] sacrifice,
The rest aloof are the Dardanian[60] wives,
With bleared visages,[61] come forth to view
The issue[62] of th’exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou,[63] I live. With much, much more dismay
I view the fight than thou that mak’st the fray.[64]
Here music
A song the whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself
[SINGER] Tell me where is fancy[65] bred,

Or[66] in the heart, or in the head?
How begot,[67] how nourishèd?
Reply, reply.
It is engendered in the eyes,
With gazing fed, and fancy dies
In the cradle[71] where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy’s knell.[72]
I’ll begin it — Ding, dong, bell.

ALL Ding, dong, bell.

BASSANIO So may the outward shows be least themselves,[75]
The world is still[76] deceived with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being seasoned with a gracious[78] voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damnèd error, but some sober brow[80]
Will bless it and approve[81] it with a text,
Hiding the grossness[82] with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple[83] but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his[84] outward parts;
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,[87]
Who, inward searched,[88] have livers white as milk.
And these assume but valour’s excrement[89]
To render them redoubted.[90] Look on beauty,
And you shall see ’tis purchased by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest[93] that wear most of it:
So are those crispèd[94] snaky golden locks
Which makes such wanton[95] gambols with the wind
Upon supposèd fairness,[96] often known
To be the dowry[97] of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guilèd[99] shore
To a most dangerous sea, the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian[101] beauty; in a word,

The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, then, thou gaudy[103] gold,
Hard food for Midas,[104] I will none of thee;
Nor none of thee,[105] thou pale and common drudge
’Tween man and man. But thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threaten’st than dost promise aught,
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I. Joy be the consequence!
PORTIA How all the other passions fleet[110] to air, ***Aside***
As[111] doubtful thoughts and rash-embraced despair
And shudd’ring fear and green-eyed jealousy!
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,
In measure[114] rain thy joy, scant this excess.
I feel too much thy blessing. Make it less,
For fear I surfeit.[116]
BASSANIO What find I here? ***He opens the lead casket***
Fair Portia’s counterfeit![118] What demigod
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?[119]
Or whether,[120] riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are severed[121] lips,
Parted with sugar breath, so sweet a bar[122]
Should sunder[123] such sweet friends. Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh t’entrap the hearts of men
Faster[126] than gnats in cobwebs. But her eyes —
How could he see to do them? Having made one,
Methinks it[128] should have power to steal both his
And leave itself unfurnished.[129] Yet look how far
The substance[130] of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance. Here’s the scroll,
The continent[133] and summary of my fortune.
‘You that choose not by the view ***Reads***
Chance as fair[135] and choose as true.
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content and seek no new.

If you be well pleased with this
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is
And claim her with a loving kiss.’
A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave,
I come by note[143] to give and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize[144]
That thinks he hath done well in people’s eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his[148] or no,
So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so,
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirmed, signed, ratified[151] by you.

PORTIA You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am; though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better, yet for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself,
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich,
That only to stand high in your account,[158]
I might in virtues, beauties, livings,[159] friends,
Exceed account.[160] But the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing, which to term in gross[161]
Is an unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpractisèd,[162]
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn. Happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted.[170] But now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o’er myself, and even now, but now,
This house, these servants and this same myself

Are yours, my lord. I give them with this ring,
Which when you part from, lose or give away,
Let it presage[176] the ruin of your love
And be my vantage[177] to exclaim on you. ***Puts a ring on his finger***
BASSANIO Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood[179] speaks to you in my veins,
And there is such confusion[180] in my powers,
As after some oration fairly spoke
By a belovèd prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleasèd multitude,
Where every something[184] being blent together,
Turns to a wild[185] of nothing, save of joy
Expressed[186] and not expressed. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence.
O, then be bold[188] to say Bassanio's dead!
NERISSA My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That[190] have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy: good joy, my lord and lady!
GRATIANO My lord Bassanio and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish,
For I am sure you can wish none[194] from me.
And when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith,[196] I do beseech you,
Even[197] at that time I may be married too.
BASSANIO With all my heart, so[198] thou canst get a wife.
GRATIANO I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid.[201]
You loved, I loved, for intermission[202]
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you;
Your fortune stood[204] upon the caskets there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls,[205]
For wooing here until I sweat again,
And swearing till my very roof[207] was dry
With oaths of love, at last,[208] if promise last,
I got a promise of this fair one here

To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achieved her mistress.
PORTIA Is this true, Nerissa?
NERISSA Madam, it is so,[213] so you stand pleased withal.
BASSANIO And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?
GRATIANO Yes, faith,[215] my lord.
BASSANIO Our feast shall be much honoured in your marriage.
GRATIANO We'll play[217] with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.
NERISSA What, and stake down?[218]
GRATIANO No, we shall ne'er win at that sport,[219] and stake down.
But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel?[220]
What, and my old Venetian friend Salerio?
Enter Lorenzo, Jessica and Salerio
BASSANIO Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hither,
If that the youth[223] of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave,
I bid my very[225] friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.
PORTIA So do I, my lord. They are entirely welcome.
LORENZO I thank your honour. For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here,
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.
SALERIO I did, my lord,
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him[235] to you. ***Gives Bassanio a letter***
BASSANIO Ere I ope[236] his letter,
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.
SALERIO Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind,
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate.[240]
[Bassanio] opens the letter
GRATIANO Nerissa, cheer[241] yond stranger, bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salerio. What's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal[243] merchant, good Antonio?

I know he will be glad of our success,
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.
SALERIO I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost.
PORTIA There are some shrewd[247] contents in yond same paper,
That steals the colour from Bassanio’s cheek.
Some dear friend dead, else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution[250]
Of any constant[251] man. What, worse and worse?
With leave,[252] Bassanio: I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of anything
That this same paper brings you.
BASSANIO O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant’st words
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins. I was a gentleman,
And then I told you true. And yet, dear lady,
Rating[262] myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state[264] was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing, for indeed,
I have engaged[266] myself to a dear friend,
Engaged my friend to his mere[267] enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady,
The paper as[269] the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Salerio?
Hath all his ventures failed? What, not one hit?[272]
From Tripolis, from Mexico and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary[274] and India?
And not one vessel scape the dreadful[275] touch
Of merchant-marring[276] rocks?
SALERIO Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear,[278] that if he had
The present[279] money to discharge the Jew,

He[280] would not take it. Never did I know
A creature that did bear the shape of man
So keen and greedy to confound[282] a man.
He plies the duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach[284] the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice. Twenty merchants,
The duke himself and the magnificoes[286]
Of greatest port[287] have all persuaded with him,
But none can drive him from the envious[288] plea
Of forfeiture,[289] of justice and his bond.
JESSICA When I was with him I have heard him swear
To Tubal and to Chus,[291] his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio’s flesh
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him: and I know, my lord,
If law, authority and power deny not,
It will go hard with[296] poor Antonio.
PORTIA Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?
BASSANIO The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best-conditioned[299] and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies,[300] and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy.
PORTIA What sum owes he the Jew?
BASSANIO For me three thousand ducats.
PORTIA What, no more?
Pay him six thousand and deface[306] the bond.
Double six thousand and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio’s fault.
First go with me to church and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend,
For never shall you lie by Portia’s side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over.
When it is paid, bring your true friend along.

My maid Nerissa and myself meantime
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away!
For you shall hence[318] upon your wedding day.
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer,[319]
Since you are dear[320] bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

BASSANIO ***Reads*** ‘Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate[323] is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit, and since in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might see you at my death. Notwithstanding,[325] use your pleasure, if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.’

PORTIA O love! Dispatch[327] all business, and be gone!

BASSANIO Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste; but till I come again,
No bed shall e’er be guilty of my stay,
No rest be interposer ’twixt us twain.[331]

Exeunt

[Act 3 Scene 3][3.3]

running scene 15

Enter [Shylock] the Jew and Solanio and Antonio and the Jailer

SHYLOCK Jailer, look[1] to him, tell not me of mercy.
This is the fool that lends out money gratis.[2]
Jailer, look to him.

ANTONIO Hear me yet, good Shylock.

SHYLOCK I'll have my bond. Speak not against my bond,
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou calledst me dog before thou hadst a cause,
But since I am a dog, beware my fangs.
The duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,
Thou naughty[10] jailer, that thou art so fond
To come abroad[11] with him at his request.

ANTONIO I pray thee hear me speak.

SHYLOCK I'll have my bond. I will not hear thee speak.
I'll have my bond and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed[15] fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not,
I'll have no speaking. I will have my bond.

Exit Jew

SOLANIO It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept[20] with men.

ANTONIO Let him alone.
I'll follow him no more with bootless[22] prayers.
He seeks my life, his reason well I know;
I oft delivered from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan[25] to me:
Therefore he hates me.

SOLANIO I am sure the duke
Will never grant[28] this forfeiture to hold.

ANTONIO The duke cannot deny the course of law,
For the commodity[30] that strangers have

With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of the state,
Since that[33] the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore go.
These griefs and losses have so bated me,[35]
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
Tomorrow to my bloody creditor.
Well, jailer, on. Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not.

Exeunt

[Act 3 Scene 4][3.4]

running scene 16

Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica and [Balthasar,] a man of Portia's

LORENZO Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit[2]
Of godlike amity,[3] which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom[5] you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,[6]
How dear a lover[7] of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than customary[9] bounty can enforce you.

PORTIA I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now, for in companions
That do converse and waste[12] the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs[14] a like proportion
Of lineaments,[15] of manners and of spirit;
Which makes me think that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover[17] of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestowed
In purchasing the semblance[20] of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty!
This comes too near the praising of myself:
Therefore no more of it. Hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry[25] and manage of my house
Until my lord's return; for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breathed a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return.

There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you
Not to deny[33] this imposition,
The which my love and some necessity
Now lays upon you.
LORENZO Madam, with all my heart,
I shall obey you in all fair commands.
PORTIA My people[38] do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well till we shall meet again.
LORENZO Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you.
JESSICA I wish your ladyship all heart’s content.
PORTIA I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased
To wish it back on you: fare you well Jessica.
Exeunt [Jessica and Lorenzo]
Now, Balthasar,
As I have ever found thee honest-true,[47]
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter, ***Gives a letter***
And use thou all the endeavour of a man
In speed to Padua. See thou render[50] this
Into my cousin’s hand, Doctor Bellario,
And look what[52] notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee with imagined[53] speed
Unto the traject,[54] to the common ferry
Which trades[55] to Venice; waste no time in words,
But get thee gone. I shall be there before thee.
BALTHASAR Madam, I go with all convenient speed.
[Exit]
PORTIA Come on, Nerissa, I have work in hand
That you yet know not of; we’ll see our husbands
Before they think of us.
NERISSA Shall they see us?
PORTIA They shall, Nerissa, but in such a habit,[62]
That they shall think we are accomplishèd[63]
With that we lack.[64] I’ll hold thee any wager,

When we are both accoutred[65] like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver[67] grace,
And speak between[68] the change of man and boy
With a reed voice, and turn two mincing[69] steps
Into a manly stride, and speak of frays[70]
Like a fine bragging youth, and tell quaint[71] lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died.
I could not do withal.[74] Then I'll repent,
And wish for all that, that I had not killed them;
And twenty of these puny[76] lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear I have discontinued school
Above[78] a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thousand raw[79] tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

NERISSA Why, shall we turn to[81] men?

PORTIA Fie, what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter!
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device[84]
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure[87] twenty miles today.

Exeunt

[Act 3 Scene 5]

running scene 17

Enter [Lancelet the] Clown and Jessica

LANCELET Yes, truly, for look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children: therefore, I promise[2] you, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation[3] of the matter: therefore be of good cheer, for truly I think you are damned. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good, and that is but a kind of bastard[5] hope neither.

JESSICA And what hope is that, I pray thee?

LANCELET Marry, you may partly hope that your father got[7] you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

JESSICA That were a kind of bastard hope indeed. So the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

LANCELET Truly then I fear you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla,[12] your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother; well, you are gone both ways.

JESSICA I[14] shall be saved by my husband. He hath made me a Christian.

LANCELET Truly, the more to blame he. We[15] were Christians enow before, e'en as many as could well live one by[16] another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs. If we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.[18]

Enter Lorenzo

JESSICA I'll tell my husband, Lancelet, what you say. Here he comes.

LORENZO I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Lancelet, if you thus get[20] my wife into corners.

JESSICA Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo. Lancelet and I are[22] out. He tells me flatly there is no mercy for me in heaven because I am a Jew's daughter. And he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth, for in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

LORENZO I shall answer that better to the commonwealth than you can the getting[26] up of the negro's belly. The Moor[27] is with child by you, Lancelet.

LANCELET It is much[28] that the Moor should be more than reason, but if she be less than an honest[29] woman, she is indeed more than I took her for.

LORENZO How every fool can play upon the word! I think the best grace[30] of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots. Go in, sirrah, bid them[32] prepare for dinner.

LANCELET That is done, sir, they have all stomachs.[33]

LORENZO Goodly lord, what a wit-snapper[34] are you? Then bid them prepare dinner.

LANCELET That is done too, sir, only 'cover'[35] is the word.

LORENZO Will you cover then, sir?

LANCELET Not so, sir, neither. I know my duty.[37]

LORENZO Yet more quarrelling with occasion![38] Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows;[40] bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

LANCELET For[42] the table, sir, it shall be served in: for the meat, sir, it shall be covered: for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits[43] shall govern.

Exit Clown [Lancelet]

LORENZO O dear discretion,[45] how his words are suited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words, and I do know
A many[48] fools that stand in better place,
Garnished[49] like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter.[50] How cheerest thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?

JESSICA Past all expressing.[53] It is very meet
The lord Bassanio live an upright life,
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth.

And if on earth he do not merit it,
In reason[58] he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heav’nly match
And on the wager lay[60] two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawned[62] with the other, for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.[63]
LORENZO Even[64] such a husband
Hast thou of[65] me as she is for a wife.
JESSICA Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.
LORENZO I will anon. First, let us go to dinner.
JESSICA Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomach.[68]
LORENZO No, pray thee let it serve for table-talk,
Then, howsome’er thou speak’st, ’mong other things
I shall digest[71] it.
JESSICA Well, I’ll set you forth.[72]
Exeunt

Act 4 [Scene 1][4.1]

running scene 18

Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Antonio, Bassanio and Grattano [with Salerio and others]

DUKE What, is Antonio here?

ANTONIO Ready, so please your grace.

DUKE I am sorry for thee. Thou art come to answer[3]
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From[6] any dram of mercy.

ANTONIO I have heard
Your grace hath ta’en great pains to qualify[8]
His rigorous course, but since he stands obdurate[9]
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy’s[11] reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am armed
To suffer with a quietness of spirit
The very tyranny[14] and rage of his.

DUKE Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

SALERIO He is ready at the door. He comes, my lord.

Enter Shylock

DUKE Make room, and let him stand before our[17] face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but[19] lead’st this fashion of thy malice
To the last[20] hour of act, and then ’tis thought
Thou’lt show thy mercy and remorse[21] more strange
Than is thy strange[22] apparent cruelty;
And where thou now exact’st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant’s flesh,
Thou wilt not only loose[25] the forfeiture,
But, touched with humane gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety[27] of the principal,
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,

Enow to press a royal merchant[30] down
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms[32] and rough hearts of flints,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars,[33] never trained
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle[35] answer, Jew.
SHYLOCK I have possessed[36] your grace of what I purpose,
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due[38] and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger[39] light
Upon your charter[40] and your city’s freedom.
You’ll ask me why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion[42] flesh than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I’ll not answer that,
But say it is my humour;[44] is it answered?
What if my house be troubled with a rat
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned?[47] What, are you answered yet?
Some men there are love[48] not a gaping pig,
Some that are mad if they behold a cat,
And others when the bagpipe sings i’th’nose[50]
Cannot contain their urine, for affection,[51]
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be rendered,
Why he[55] cannot abide a gaping pig,
Why he,[56] a harmless necessary cat,
Why he, a woollen bagpipe, but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame
As to offend, himself being offended.
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged[61] hate and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow[62] thus
A losing[63] suit against him. Are you answered?
BASSANIO This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current[65] of thy cruelty.

SHYLOCK I am not bound to please thee with my answer.
BASSANIO Do all men kill the things they do not love?
SHYLOCK Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
BASSANIO Every offence is not a hate at first.
SHYLOCK What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?
ANTONIO I pray you think[71] you question with the Jew:
You may as well go stand upon the beach
And bid the main flood[73] bate his usual height,
Or even as well use question[74] with the wolf
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb.
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag[77] their high tops and to make no noise
When they are fretted[78] with the gusts of heaven.
You may as well do anything most hard[79]
As seek to soften that — than[80] which what harder? —
His Jewish heart: therefore, I do beseech you
Make no more offers, use no further means,
But with all brief and plain conveniency[83]
Let me have judgement and the Jew his will.
BASSANIO For thy three thousand ducats here is six.
SHYLOCK If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts and every part a ducat,
I would not draw[88] them. I would have my bond!
DUKE How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend’ring[89] none?
SHYLOCK What judgement shall I dread, doing no wrong?[90]
You have among you many a purchased slave,
Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,[93]
Because you bought them. Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burdens? Let their beds
Be made as soft as yours and let their palates
Be seasoned with such viands?[98] You will answer ‘
The slaves are ours.’ So do I answer you:
The pound of flesh which I demand of him
Is dearly bought, ’tis mine and I will have it.

If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for[104] judgement. Answer: shall I have it?
DUKE Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learnèd doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here today.
SALERIO My lord, here stays without[109]
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.
DUKE Bring us the letters. Call the messenger.
BASSANIO Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.
ANTONIO I am a tainted[116] wether of the flock,
Meetest[117] for death. The weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me;
You cannot better be employed, Bassanio,
Than to live still and write mine epitaph.
Enter Nerissa [dressed like a law clerk]
DUKE Came you from Padua, from Bellario?
NERISSA From both. My lord Bellario greets your grace. ***She gives the Duke a letter while Shylock whets his knife on his shoe***
BASSANIO Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?
SHYLOCK To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.
GRATIANO Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou mak’st thy knife keen.[126] But no metal can,
No, not the hangman’s[127] axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?
SHYLOCK No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.
GRATIANO O, be thou damned, inexecrable[130] dog!
And for thy life[131] let justice be accused.
Thou almost mak’st me waver in my faith
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,[133]
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men. Thy currish[135] spirit

Governed a wolf who, hanged for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell[137] soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallowed[138] dam,
Infused itself in thee, for thy desires
Are wolvish, bloody, starved and ravenous.
SHYLOCK Till thou canst rail[141] the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st[142] thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair[143] thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To endless ruin. I stand here for law.
DUKE This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learnèd doctor in our court;
Where is he?
NERISSA He attendeth here hard[148] by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.
DUKE With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.
[Exeunt some]
Meantime the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

Reads 'Your grace shall understand that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick, but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation[154] was with me a young doctor of Rome. His name is Balthasar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant. We turned o'er many books together. He is furnished[157] with my opinion, which — bettered with his own learning, the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend — comes with him, at my importunity,[159] to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend[160] estimation, for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial[162] shall better publish his commendation.'

Enter Portia for Balthasar ***Dressed like a lawyer***
You hear the learnèd Bellario, what he writes,
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.
Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?
PORTIA I did, my lord.

DUKE You are welcome. Take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference[168]
That holds this present question[169] in the court?
PORTIA I am informèd throughly[170] of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?
DUKE Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.
PORTIA Is your name Shylock?
SHYLOCK Shylock is my name.
PORTIA Of a strange nature is the suit you follow,
Yet in such rule[176] that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn[177] you as you do proceed.—
You stand within his danger,[178] do you not?
ANTONIO Ay, so he says.
PORTIA Do you confess[180] the bond?
ANTONIO I do.
PORTIA Then must the Jew be merciful.
SHYLOCK: On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.
PORTIA The quality of mercy is not strained,[184]
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest:[186]
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
’Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown.
His sceptre shows[190] the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread[192] and fear of kings.
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,[193]
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest[196] God’s
When mercy seasons[197] justice: therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of justice,[199] none of us
Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render[201]
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much

To mitigate the justice of thy plea,
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence ’gainst the merchant there.
SHYLOCK My[206] deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
PORTIA Is he not able to discharge[208] the money?
BASSANIO Yes, here I tender[209] it for him in the court,
Yea, twice the sum. If that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o’er
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.
If this will not suffice, it must appear[213]
That malice bears down truth.[214] And I beseech you
Wrest once[215] the law to your authority.
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.
PORTIA It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree establishèd.
’Twill be recorded for[220] a precedent,
And many an error by the same example
Will rush into the state. It cannot be.
SHYLOCK A Daniel[223] come to judgement! Yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!
PORTIA I pray you let me look upon the bond.
SHYLOCK Here ’tis, most reverend doctor, here it is. ***Gives Portia the bond***
PORTIA Shylock, there’s thrice thy money offered thee.
SHYLOCK An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven.
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.
PORTIA Why, this bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant’s heart. Be merciful.
Take thrice thy money, bid me tear the bond.
SHYLOCK When it is paid according to the tenure.[236]
It doth appear you are a worthy judge,
You know the law, your exposition

Hath been most sound. I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgement. By my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I stay here on my bond.
ANTONIO Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgement.
PORTIA Why then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.
SHYLOCK O noble judge! O excellent young man!
PORTIA For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath[250] full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
SHYLOCK ’Tis very true. O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
PORTIA Therefore lay bare your bosom.
SHYLOCK Ay, his breast,
So says the bond, doth it not, noble judge?
‘Nearest his heart’, those are the very words.
PORTIA It is so. Are there balance[258] here to weigh
The flesh?
SHYLOCK I have them ready.
PORTIA Have by[261] some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop[262] his wounds, lest he should bleed to death.
SHYLOCK Is it so nominated in the bond?
PORTIA It is not so expressed, but what of that?
’Twere good you do so much for charity.
SHYLOCK I cannot find it, ’tis not in the bond. ***Looking at the bond***
PORTIA Come, merchant, have you anything to say?
ANTONIO But little. I am armed[268] and well prepared.
Give me your hand, Bassanio. Fare you well.
Grieve not that I am fall’n to this for you,
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom. It is still[272] her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow

An age of poverty, from which ling’ring penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife.
Tell her the process[278] of Antonio’s end.
Say how I loved you; speak me[279] fair in death.
And when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.[281]
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt.
For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I’ll pay it instantly with[285] all my heart.
BASSANIO Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which[287] is as dear to me as life itself,
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteemed above thy life.
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver[291] you.
PORTIA Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by to hear you make the offer.
GRATIANO I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love.
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.
NERISSA ’Tis well you offer it behind her back,
The wish would make else[298] an unquiet house.
SHYLOCK These be the Christian husbands. I have a daughter.
Would[300] any of the stock of Barabbas ***Aside?***
Had been her husband rather than a Christian!
We trifle[302] time. I pray thee pursue sentence.
PORTIA A pound of that same merchant’s flesh is thine.
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.
SHYLOCK Most rightful judge!
PORTIA And you must cut this flesh from off his breast.
The law allows it, and the court awards it.
SHYLOCK Most learnèd judge! A sentence! Come, prepare!
PORTIA Tarry a little, there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood,

The words expressly are ‘a pound of flesh’.
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh,
But in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are by the laws of Venice confiscate[315]
Unto the state of Venice.
GRATIANO O upright judge! Mark,[317] Jew. O learnèd judge!
SHYLOCK Is that the law?
PORTIA Thyself shalt see the act,
For as thou urgest justice, be assured
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.
GRATIANO O learned judge! Mark, Jew: a learned judge!
SHYLOCK I take this offer, then. Pay the bond thrice
And let the Christian go.
BASSANIO Here is the money.
PORTIA Soft![326]
The Jew shall[327] have all justice. Soft, no haste.
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
GRATIANO O Jew! An upright judge, a learnèd judge!
PORTIA Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou less nor more
But just a pound of flesh. If thou tak’st more
Or less than a just[333] pound, be it so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,[334]
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple,[336] nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation[337] of a hair,
Thou diest and all thy goods are confiscate.
GRATIANO A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.[340]
PORTIA Why doth the Jew pause? Take thy forfeiture.
SHYLOCK Give me my principal,[342] and let me go.
BASSANIO I have it ready for thee, here it is.
PORTIA He hath refused it in the open court.
He shall have merely[345] justice and his bond.
GRATIANO A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel!

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
SHYLOCK Shall I not have barely[348] my principal?
PORTIA Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be taken so at thy peril, Jew.
SHYLOCK Why, then the devil give him good[351] of it!
I'll stay[352] no longer question. ***Starts to go***
PORTIA Tarry, Jew.
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be proved against an alien[356]
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party gainst the which he doth contrive[359]
Shall seize[360] one half his goods, the other half
Comes to the privy coffer[361] of the state,
And the offender's life lies in[362] the mercy
Of the duke only, gainst[363] all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st,
For it appears, by manifest proceeding,[365]
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contrived against the very life
Of the defendant, and thou hast incurred
The danger[369] formerly by me rehearsed.
Down[370] therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.
GRATIANO Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself,
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord:[373]
Therefore thou must be hanged at the state's charge.[374]
DUKE That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.
For[377] half thy wealth, it is Antonio's,
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness[379] may drive unto a fine.
PORTIA Ay, for[380] the state, not for Antonio.
SHYLOCK Nay, take my life and all. Pardon not that.
You take my house when you do take the prop

That doth sustain my house. You take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live.
PORTIA What mercy can you render him, Antonio?
GRATIANO A halter[386] gratis. Nothing else, for God’s sake.
ANTONIO So[387] please my lord the duke and all the court
To quit[388] the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content, so[389] he will let me have
The other half in use,[390] to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter.
Two things provided more: that for this favour
He presently[394] become a Christian.
The other, that he do record a gift
Here in the court of all he dies possessed[396]
Unto his son[397] Lorenzo and his daughter.
DUKE He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon that I late[399] pronouncèd here.
PORTIA Art thou contented, Jew? What dost thou say?
SHYLOCK I am content.
PORTIA Clerk, draw a deed of gift.
SHYLOCK I pray you give me leave to go from hence,
I am not well. Send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.
DUKE Get thee gone, but do it.
GRATIANO In christening thou shalt have two godfathers.
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,[408]
To bring thee to the gallows, not to the font.[409]
Exit [Shylock]
DUKE Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner. ***To Portia***
PORTIA I humbly do desire your grace of[411] pardon.
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet[413] I presently set forth.
DUKE I am sorry that your[414] leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify[415] this gentleman,
For in my mind you are much bound to him.
Exit Duke and his train

BASSANIO Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties, in lieu whereof,[419]
Three thousand ducats due unto the Jew
We freely cope[421] your courteous pains withal. ***Offers money***
ANTONIO And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.
PORTIA He is well paid that is well satisfied,
And I, delivering you, am satisfied
And therein do account[426] myself well paid.
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you know[428] me when we meet again.
I wish you well, and so I take my leave. ***Starts to leave***
BASSANIO Dear sir, of force I must attempt[430] you further.
Take some remembrance of us as a tribute,
Not as fee. Grant me two things, I pray you:
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.[433]
PORTIA You press[434] me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake. ***To Antonio***
And, for your love,[436] I'll take this ring from you. ***To Bassanio***
Do not draw back your hand, I'll take no more,
And you in[438] love shall not deny me this.
BASSANIO This ring, good sir, alas, it is a trifle!
I will not shame myself to give you this.
PORTIA I will have nothing else but only this,
And now methinks I have a mind to[442] it.
BASSANIO There's more depends on this than on the value.
The dearest[444] ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation.
Only for this, I pray you pardon me.
PORTIA I see, sir, you are liberal[447] in offers.
You taught me first to beg, and now methinks
You teach me how a beggar should be answered.
BASSANIO Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife,
And when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell nor give nor lose it.

PORTIA That ’scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
An if your wife be not a madwoman,
And know how well I have deserved this ring,
She would not hold out enemy forever
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!
Exeunt [Portia and Nerissa]
ANTONIO My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring.
Let his deservings and my love withal
Be valued against your wife’s commandment.
BASSANIO Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him.
Give him the ring, and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio’s house. Away, make haste!
Exit Gratiano
Come, you and I will thither presently,
And in the morning early will we both
Fly[466] toward Belmont. Come, Antonio.
Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 2]

running scene 19

Enter Portia and Nerissa ***Still disguised***

PORTIA Inquire[1] the Jew’s house out, give him this deed,
And let him sign it. We’ll away tonight ***Gives her a deed***
And be[3] a day before our husbands home.
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter Gratiano

GRATIANO Fair sir, you[5] are well o’erta’en.
My lord Bassanio upon more advice[6]
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
Your company at dinner. ***Gives her the ring***

PORTIA That cannot be;
His ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so, I pray you tell him. Furthermore,
I pray you show my youth old Shylock’s house.

GRATIANO That will I do.

NERISSA Sir, I would speak with you.
I’ll see if I can get my husband’s ring, ***Aside to Portia***
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

PORTIA Thou mayst, I warrant. ***Aside to Nerissa***
We shall have old[18] swearing
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we’ll outface[20] them, and outswear them too.—
Away, make haste! Thou know’st where I will tarry. ***Aloud***

NERISSA Come, good sir, will you show me to this house?

Exeunt

Act 5 [Scene 1][5.1]

running scene 20

Enter Lorenzo and Jessica

LORENZO The moon shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
And they did make no noise, in such a night
Troilus[4] methinks mounted the Trojan walls
And sighed his soul toward the Grecian tents
Where Cressid lay that night.

JESSICA In such a night
Did Thisbe[8] fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,[9]
And ran dismayed away.

LORENZO In such a night
Stood Dido[12] with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild[13] sea banks and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.

JESSICA In such a night
Medea[16] gathered the enchanted herbs
That did renew[17] old Aeson.

LORENZO In such a night
Did Jessica steal[19] from the wealthy Jew
And with an unthrift[20] love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.

JESSICA In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

LORENZO In such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,[27]
Slander her love,[28] and he forgave it her.

JESSICA I would out-night you,[29] did nobody come.
But hark, I hear the footing[30] of a man.

Enter [Stephano, a] Messenger

LORENZO Who comes so fast in silence of the night?
STEPHANO A friend.
LORENZO A friend? What friend? Your name, I pray you, friend?
STEPHANO Stephano is my name, and I bring word
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont. She doth stray about[36]
By holy crosses,[37] where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.
LORENZO Who comes with her?
STEPHANO None but a holy hermit and her maid.
I pray you is my master yet returned?
LORENZO He is not, nor we have not heard from him.
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.
Enter Clown [Lancelet]
LANCELET Sola,[46] sola! Wo ha, ho! Sola, sola!
LORENZO Who calls?
LANCELET Sola! Did you see Master Lorenzo?
And Master Lorenzo, sola, sola!
LORENZO Leave hollowing,[50] man! Here.
LANCELET Sola! Where, where?
LORENZO Here.
LANCELET Tell him there’s a post[53] come from my master, with his horn full of good news: my master will be here ere morning.
[Exit]
LORENZO Sweet soul, let’s in,[55] and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter. Why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signify,[57] pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand,
And bring your music[59] forth into the air.
[Exit Stephano]
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears. Soft stillness and the night
Become[63] the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven[64] ***They sit***
Is thick inlaid with patens[65] of bright gold.
There’s not the smallest orb[66] which thou behold’st
But in his motion[67] like an angel sings,
Still choiring[68] to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls,
But whilst this muddy[70] vesture of decay
Doth grossly[71] close it in, we cannot hear it.
[Enter Musicians]
Come, ho, and wake Diana[72] with a hymn!
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress’ ear,
And draw her home with music.
JESSICA I am never merry when I hear sweet music.
Play music
LORENZO The reason is, your spirits[76] are attentive.
For do but note a wild and wanton[77] herd
Or race[78] of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching[79] mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition[80] of their blood.
If they but[81] hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air[82] of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,[83]
Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet[85]
Did feign[86] that Orpheus drew trees, stones and floods,
Since nought so stockish,[87] hard and full of rage,
But music for time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems[91] and spoils.
The motions[92] of his spirit are dull as night
And his affections[93] dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.
Enter Portia and Nerissa
PORTIA That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!

So shines a good deed in a naughty[97] world.

NERISSA When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

PORTIA So doth the greater glory dim the less.
A substitute shines brightly as a king
Until a king be by,[101] and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters.[103] Music! Hark!

Music

NERISSA It is your music, madam, of the house.

PORTIA Nothing is good, I see, without respect.[105]
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

NERISSA Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

PORTIA The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark
When neither is attended,[109] and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season[113] seasoned are
To their right praise and true perfection!
Peace, ho! The moon sleeps with Endymion[115]
And would not be awaked.

Music ceases

LORENZO That is the voice,
Or I am much deceived, of Portia.

PORTIA He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

LORENZO Dear lady, welcome home.

PORTIA We have been praying for our husbands’ welfare,
Which speed,[123] we hope, the better for our words.
Are they returned?

LORENZO Madam, they are not yet,
But there is come a messenger before,[126]
To signify their coming.

PORTIA Go in, Nerissa.
Give order to my servants that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence,

Nor you, Lorenzo, Jessica, nor you.
A tucket[131] *sounds*
LORENZO Your husband is at hand. I hear his trumpet.
We are no telltales, madam; fear you not.
PORTIA This night methinks is but the daylight sick.
It looks a little paler. ’Tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.
Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Grattano and their followers
BASSANIO We should[137] hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in[138] absence of the sun.
PORTIA Let me give light,[139] but let me not be light,
For a light wife doth make a heavy[140] husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me,
But God sort[142] all! You are welcome home, my lord.
BASSANIO I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my friend.
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.
PORTIA You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound[147] for you.
ANTONIO No more than I am well acquitted of.[148]
PORTIA Sir, you are very welcome to our house.
It must appear in other ways than words:
Therefore I scant[151] this breathing courtesy.
GRATIANO By yonder moon I swear you do me wrong. ***To Nerissa***
In faith, I gave it to the judge’s clerk.
Would he were gelt[154] that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at[155] heart.
PORTIA A quarrel, ho, already? What’s the matter?
GRATIANO About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me, whose posy[158] was
For all the world like cutler’s poetry
Upon a knife, ‘Love me, and leave me not.’
NERISSA What talk you of the posy or the value?
You swore to me when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till the hour of death
And that it should lie with you in your grave.

Though[165] not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective[166] and have kept it.
Gave it a judge’s clerk! But well I know
The clerk will ne’er wear hair on’s face that had it.
GRATIANO He will, an if he live to be a man.
NERISSA Ay, if a woman live to be a man.
GRATIANO Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little scrubbèd[172] boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge’s clerk,
A prating[174] boy, that begged it as a fee.
I could not for my heart deny it him.
PORTIA You were to blame — I must be plain with you —
To part so slightly[177] with your wife’s first gift.
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger
And so riveted[179] with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring and made him swear
Never to part with it, and here he stands.
I dare be sworn for him he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters.[184] Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief.
An ’twere to me, I should be mad[186] at it.
BASSANIO Why, I were best to cut my left hand off ***Aside***
And swear I lost the ring defending it.
GRATIANO My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begged it and indeed
Deserved it too. And then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begged mine,
And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings.
PORTIA What ring gave you my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you received of me.
BASSANIO If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it. But you see my finger
Hath not the ring upon it. It is gone.
PORTIA Even so void is your false heart of truth.

By heaven, I will ne’er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.
NERISSA Nor I in yours till I again see mine.
BASSANIO Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive[207] for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.
PORTIA If you had known the virtue[211] of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain[213] the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If[216] you had pleased to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted[217] the modesty
To urge[218] the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe:
I’ll die for’t but some woman had the ring.
BASSANIO No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,[222]
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me
And begged the ring; the which I did deny him
And suffered[225] him to go displeased away —
Even he that had held up[226] the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforced to send it after him.
I was beset with shame and courtesy.
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it.[231] Pardon me, good lady!
And by these blessèd candles[232] of the night,
Had you been there, I think you would have begged
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.
PORTIA Let not that doctor e’er come near my house.
Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,

And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal[238] as you.
I'll not deny him anything I have,
No, not my body nor my husband's bed.
Know[241] him I shall, I am well sure of it.
Lie not a night from home. Watch me like Argus.[242]
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour,[244] which is yet mine own,
I'll have the doctor for my bedfellow.
NERISSA And I his clerk: therefore be well advised[246]
How you do leave me to mine own protection.
GRATIANO Well, do you so. Let not me take[248] him, then.
For if I do, I'll mar[249] the young clerk's pen.
ANTONIO I am th'unhappy[250] subject of these quarrels.
PORTIA Sir, grieve not you. You are welcome notwithstanding.
BASSANIO Portia, forgive me this enforcèd wrong,
And in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself—
PORTIA Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself.[257]
In each eye, one. Swear by your double[258] self,
And there's an oath of credit.[259]
BASSANIO Nay, but hear me.
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
I never more will break an oath with thee.
ANTONIO I once did lend my body for thy wealth,— *To Bassanio*
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring, *To Portia*
Had quite miscarried.[265] I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.[267]
PORTIA Then you shall be his surety.[268] Give him this
And bid him keep it better than the other. *She gives Antonio the ring*
ANTONIO Here, Lord Bassanio. Swear to keep this ring.
BASSANIO By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!
PORTIA I had it of him. Pardon, Bassanio,

For, by this ring, the doctor lay with[273] me.
NERISSA And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano,
For that same scrubbèd boy, the doctor's clerk, ***Shows her ring***
In lieu of[276] this last night did lie with me.
GRATIANO Why, this is like the mending of highways
In summer, where the ways are fair[278] enough.
What, are we cuckolds[279] ere we have deserved it?
PORTIA Speak not so grossly.[280] You are all amazed.
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure. ***She gives a letter***
It comes from Padua, from Bellario.
There you shall find that Portia was the doctor,
Nerissa there her clerk. Lorenzo here
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,
And but e'en[286] now returned. I have not yet
Entered my house. Antonio, you are welcome,
And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect. Unseal this letter soon. ***Gives him a letter***
There you shall find three of your argosies
Are richly[291] come to harbour suddenly:
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chancèd on this letter.
ANTONIO I am dumb.[294]
BASSANIO Were you the doctor and I knew you not?
GRATIANO Were you the clerk that is to make me cuckold?
NERISSA Ay, but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.
BASSANIO Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow.
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.
ANTONIO Sweet lady, you have given me life and living;[301]
For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.[303]
PORTIA How now, Lorenzo?
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.
NERISSA Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.
There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,

After his death, of all he dies possessed of.
LORENZO Fair ladies, you drop manna[310] in the way
Of starvèd people.
PORTIA It is almost morning,
And yet I am sure you[313] are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in,
And charge[315] us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.
GRATIANO Let it be so. The first inter'gatory[317]
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on[318] is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,[319]
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day.
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
Till I were couching[322] with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live I'll fear no other thing
So sore[324] as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

Exeunt

Textual Notes

= First Quarto text of 1600
2 = Second Quarto text of 1619
= First Folio text of 1623
2 = a correction introduced in the Second Folio text of 1632
d = a correction introduced by a later editor
D = stage direction
H = speech heading (i.e., speaker's name)

ist of parts = Ed

.1.0 SD *Salerio and Solanio* = Ed. F = *Salarino, and Salanio*

.1.8 SH SALERIO = Ed. F = *Sal*. Q = *Salarino. SHs for first three speeches of Antonio's friends' reversed in* F*, due to confusing SHs in Q: Salarino, Salanio, Salar*. **15 SH SOLANIO** = Q *(Salanio)*. F = *Salar*. **28 docked** = Ed. F = docks **62 SH SALERIO** = Ed. F = *Sala. (his next two speeches: Sal.)* **70 SD *Salerio*** = Ed. F = *Salarino* **116 Is** = Ed. F = It is **118 are two** = F. Q = are as two **157 do me now** = Q. F = doe

.2.4 small = F. Q = meane **12 be one** = F. Q = to be one **14 reason is not in** = F. Q = reasoning is not in the **17 Is it** = Q. F = It is **31 Palatine** = Q2. F = Palentine **35 rather to be** = F. Q = rather be **37 Bon** = Ed. F = *Boune* **41 throstle** = Ed. F = Trassell **43 should** = F. Q = shall **51 other** = F. Q =

Scottish. *Altered in F so as not to offend Scottish King James* **73 wish** = F. Q = pray God grant **80 seek you** = F. Q = seeke for you

.3.26 Rialto = Ed. F = Ryalta **37 well-won** = Q. F = well-worne **53 ye** = Q. F = he **74 peeled** *spelled* pil’d *in* F **103 spit** *spelled* spet *in F* **113 should** = F. Q = can **116 spat** *spelled* spet *in* F **124 of barren** = F. Q = for barren **127 penalties** = F. Q = penaltie **143 it pleaseth** = F. Q = pleaseth **172 terms** = Q. F = teames

.1.0 SD *Morocco* *spelled Morochus in* F **32 thee, lady** = Q. F = the Ladie **36 page** = Ed. F = rage

.2.1 SH LANCELET = Ed. F = Clo. **2 Gobbo** = Q2. F = *Iobbe (throughout scene)* **17 a kind** = F. Q = but a kinde **34 Lancelet** = F. Q = Lancelet sir **64 last** = Q2. F = lost **123 SD *Exit*** *placed two lines earlier in* F **133 where they** = F. Q = where thou

.3.9 talk = F. Q = in talk **11 did** = Ed. F = doe **12 somewhat** = F. Q = something

.4.0 SD *Salerio* = Ed. F = *Slarino (Sal. for his SHs throughout this scene)* **10 shall** it = F. Q = it shall **13** Is = Q. F = I

.5.1 SH SHYLOCK = Q2. F = *Iew* **26 there** = Q. F = their **40 Jewès** = Ed. F = Iewes **44 but** = F. Q = and

.6.0 SD *Salerio* = Ed. F = *Salino* **2 a stand** = F. Q = stand **7 seal** = Q. F = steale **18 a prodigal** = F. Q = the prodigal **46 you are** = F. Q = are you **60 gentlemen** = F. Q = gentleman

.7.5 many men = Q. F = men **10** *Line accidentally printed twice in* F **70 tombs** = Ed. F = *timber*

.8.0 SD *Salerio* = Ed. F = *Salarino* **6 comes** = F. Q = came **8 gondola** *spelled* Gondilo in F **34 You** = Q. F = Yo

.9.7 thou = F. Q = you **45 peasantry** = Q. F = pleasantry **102 Bassanio, Lord Love**, = Ed. F = *Bassanio* Lord, loue

.1.0 SD *Salerio* = Ed. F = *Salarino* **5 gossip’s** = F. Q = gossip **26 blood** = F. Q = my blood **40 what’s the** = F. Q = what’s his **50 SH SERVANT** = Ed. *Not in* F **56 of her** = Q. F = of ster **62 how much** = F. Q = whats **71 heard** = Ed. F = here **79 turquoise** = Ed. F = Turkies

.2.0 SD *trains* = Q. F = *traine* **17 if** = Q. F = of **34 do** = Q. F = doth **44 aloof** = Q. F = aloose **63 much, much** = Q. F = much **69 eyes** = F. Q = eye **83 vice** = Ed. F = voice **152 me** = Q. F = my **161 nothing** = F. Q = something **174 lord** = F. Q = Lords **199 have** = Q. F = gaue **207 roof** = Q2. F = rough **213 is** so = F. Q = is **322 SH BASSANIO** = Ed. *Not in* F **324 might see** = F. Q = might but see **331 No** = Q. F = Nor

.3.2 lends = F. Q = lent

.4.13 equal *spelled* egal *in* F **50 Padua** = Ed. F = Mantua **51 hand** = F. Q = hands **54 traject** = Ed. F = Tranect

.5.57–8 merit it, In = Ed. F = meane it, it Is. Q = meane it, it In **65 a wife** = F. Q = wife

.1.52 Mistress = Ed. F = Masters **66 answer** = F. Q = answers **75 Why**…**made** = Q. *Not in* F **78 fretted** = F. Q = fretten **80 what** = F. Q = what’s **112 messenger** = Q. F = Messengers **144 endless** = F. Q = cureless **165 Came** = F. Q = Come **204 court** = Q. F = course **224 do** I = F. Q = I do **230 No, not** = F. Q = Not not **262 should** = F. Q = doe **263 Is it so** = Q. F = It is not **267 Come** = F. Q = You **282 not** = F. Q = but **312 Then take** = F. Q = Take then **333 it so** = F. Q = it but so **340 thee** = F. Q = you **350 taken so** = F. Q = so taken **407 thou shalt** = F. Q = shalt thou **410 home with me** = Q. F = with me home

.1.3 noise = Q. F = nnyse **32 SH STEPHANO** = Ed. F = *Mes*. **41 is** = Q. F = it **41 returned** = Q. F = rnturn’d **44 us** = Q. F = vs vs **55 Sweet soul** = Ed. F *prints as last words of Lancelet’s speech* **57 Stephano** = Q2. F = *Stephen* **57 pray** = F. Q = I pray **71 it in** = Q. F = in it **88 time** = F. Q = the time **163 the hour** = F. Q = your hour **167 But**…**know** = F. Q = no God’s my Iudge **232 And by** = F. Q =

For by **263 thy** = F. Q = his **272 Pardon** = F. Q = Pardon me **286 but e’en now** = F. Q = even but now

Act 1 Scene 1

1.1 **Location:** *Venice*

1 **sooth** truth

4 **stuff** substance **whereof…born** i.e., what is its cause

5 **to learn** yet to discover

6 **want-wit** senseless idiot

7 **ado** trouble

8 **tossing on** troubled/preoccupied with

9 **argosies** large merchant ships **portly** stately, majestic **sail** sails/(act of) sailing

10 **signiors** sirs/gentlemen **burghers** citizens **flood** sea

11 **pageants** spectacles, shows

12 **overpeer** look down upon **petty traffickers** inferior merchant ships

13 **curtsy** bow or curtsy, perhaps suggested by the bobbing of the smaller ships in the argosies' wake **do them reverence** pay them respect

14 **fly** speed **woven wings** material sails (also suggestive of the wings of a **fly**)

15 **venture** risky business enterprise **forth** away from home, i.e., on the seas

16 **better part** greater half **affections** emotions/thoughts

17 **hopes** expectations, prospects **still** constantly

18 **where sits** i.e., which way blows

19 **roads** harbors

24 **ague** fever, shaking

26 **should** i.e., could

27 **flats** sandbanks

28 ***Andrew*** name of a ship

29 **Vailing** lowering (in submission) **high top** top section of the mast **ribs** i.e., body of the ship

30 **burial** burial place **should I** was I able to

32 **bethink me straight** think immediately

33 **but** merely **gentle** noble/harmless

34 **stream** current

35 **waters…silks** may play on idea of "watered silk," a relatively new fabric

36 **even** just **this** this much (i.e., the value of the cargo)

39 **bechanced** having happened

43 **bottom** ship's bottom, hold

44 **estate** fortunes/circumstances

45 **Upon** dependent on/risked upon **fortune** chance, fate

48 **Fie** expression of impatience or disgust

52 **Janus** Roman god with two faces

53 **framed** formed

54 **peep** peer through eyes half-closed in laughter

55 **bagpiper** bagpipes were thought to sound melancholic

56 **other** others **vinegar aspect** sour expression

58 **Though** even if **Nestor** Trojan leader, noted for his wisdom and gravity

Gratiano according to a contemporary Italian dictionary, a name given to a foolish or clownish character in a play

63 **prevented** forestalled

64 **dear** valuable **regard** consideration

66 **embrace** welcome **th'occasion** the opportunity

68 **laugh** i.e., meet for some fun

69 **strange** distant/unfamiliar

70 **leisures…yours** spare time accommodate yours, i.e., ensure we are available when you are

73 **have** in mind i.e., think about

76 **respect…world** concern for worldly affairs/business

77 **it** enjoyment (especially of material wealth) **buy…care** i.e., worry so much about it

78 **marvellously** extremely

79 **hold** consider, view

83 **old** your former/plentiful/familiar, "good old" (puns on the sense of "elderly")

84 **liver** thought to be the seat of the passions

85 **heart…groans** groans were believed to drain blood from the heart

mortifying penitential/deadly

87 **grandsire** grandfather **cut in alabaster** i.e., a statue on a tomb

88 **creep…jaundices** become yellow from an excess of yellow bile or choler

89 **peevish** irritable, morose

91 **visages** faces

92 **cream** and mantle become covered in a layer of scum (i.e., are calm/expressionless) **standing** still/stagnant

93 **wilful** deliberate **stillness** restraint/quietness **entertain** maintain

94 **dressed...opinion** invested with a reputation

95 **conceit** understanding

96 **As...say** as if to say

97 **ope** open

101 **damn...fools** condemn the hearers for obliging them to call the speakers fools (according to the Bible a damnable offense)

104 **melancholy bait** i.e., silence used to fool people into assuming you are wise

105 **fool** foolish **gudgeon** proverbially gullible fish

107 **exhortation** earnest speech/entreaty

109 **dumb** silent

113 **grow** become **for this gear** as a result of this talk/on account of this matter

115 **neat's tongue dried** cured ox tongue **vendible** saleable/sought after (for marriage)

116 **Is...now?** Did that (talk) mean anything?

118 **reasons** reasonings, opinions

119 **ere** before

121 **same** i.e., one

125 **disabled** devalued

126 **something** somewhat **swelling port** extravagant lifestyle

127 **faint** inadequate **grant continuance** allow maintenance (of)

128 **make moan** complain **abridged** deprived

129 **noble rate** high style of living **care** concern

130 **come...from** i.e., repay

131 **time** (young) age/time spent **prodigal** excessive, lavish

132 **gaged** pledged/entangled

134 **warranty** authorization

135 **unburden** reveal

139 **Within...honour** i.e., honorable

141 **occasions** needs

142 **shaft** arrow

143 **his…flight** the same type of arrow

144 **advisèd** careful

145 **forth out adventuring** risking

146 **urge** bring forward **proof** test/example

147 **innocence** sincerity

150 **self** same

152 **or** either

153 **hazard** i.e., that which was risked subsequently

154 **rest** remain

155 **spend but** only waste

156 **wind…circumstance** ingratiate yourself by speaking in an elaborate, roundabout way

157 **out of** without

158 **making…uttermost** questioning my offer of all the help I can give

159 **made waste** spent/wasted

160 **but** only

162 **pressed** enlisted

163 **richly** left with a large inheritance (left by her father)

165 **sometimes** formerly, at one time

167 **nothing undervalued To** worth no less than

168 **Cato** Roman politician of the second century BC **Brutus** Roman politician of the first century BC, married to **Portia**

172 **golden fleece** in Greek mythology the valued prize sought by **Jason**

173 **seat** rural estate **strand** the shore of **Colchos** (Colchis), where the fleece was found

177 **presages** that predicts **thrift** profit/advantage

178 **questionless** without question

180 **commodity** goods

181 **present** immediate, ready

182 **Try** find out

183 **racked** stretched

184 **furnish thee** equip you to go

185 **presently** at once (to)

187 **of my trust** on my credit as a merchant **sake** i.e., friendship’s sake

Act 1 Scene 2

1.2 **Location:** *Belmont* **waiting woman** companion and confidante; she is a genteel character, not a servant

1 **troth** faith

2 **would be** would have real reason to be (weary)

3 **aught** anything **surfeit** feed to excess

5 **mean** middle **Superfluity** overindulgence **comes sooner by** sooner gains

6 **competency** sufficiency/modest means

7 **sentences** maxims **pronounced** delivered

10 **divine** clergyman

13 **blood** passions (i.e., not reason) **hot temper** passionate, impulsive temperament **cold decree** i.e., sensible advice

14 **meshes** nets, traps **in fashion** the (right) way

16 **would** want **will** desire

17 **will** testament/inclination

20 **lottery** game of chance

21 **who** whoever **his meaning** i.e., the chest he intended

22 **rightly** correctly (sense then shifts to “truly”)

25 **overname** list

26 **level at** point to/guess at

27 **Neapolitan** inhabitants of Naples were famed for their horsemanship

28 **colt** foolish/lustful youth (puns on the sense of “young horse”)

29 **appropriation** addition/special feature **parts** abilities

30 **played false** was unfaithful **smith** blacksmith

31 **County** Count **Palatine** possessing royal privileges over his region

32 **who** if one **An** if

33 **choose** i.e., do as you like **prove** prove to be **weeping philosopher** Heraclitus of Ephesus, a reclusive and melancholy philosopher of 500 BC

34 **unmannerly** impolite/immoderate **sadness** gravity/melancholy

35 **death’s-head** skull

37 **How** what **by** about **Le Bon** the good (French)

40 **better bad** i.e., worse **He…man** he copies characteristics of everyone else but lacks his own identity

41 **throstle** thrush **straight** straightaway **a capering** to dancing

43 **if** even if

45 **say** i.e., speak (puns on Nerissa’s meaning, “think about”)

46 **come…swear** i.e., testify

47 **poor…the** i.e., very little **proper man’s picture** the image of an attractive man

48 **dumb show** mime **suited** dressed

49 **doublet** close-fitting jacket **round hose** short breeches puffed out at the hips **bonnet** hat

52 **borrowed** received

54 **surety** guarantor **sealed under** pledged (literally, set his seal) **another** i.e., a further **box of the ear**

55 **Saxony** former principality of Germany

58 **beast** may pun on **best An** if **fall** befall, happen

59 **makeshift** arrange, manage

60 **you should** you would

62 **Rhenish wine** German white wine

63 **contrary** incorrect **if** even if **without** on the outside

65 **sponge** i.e., excessive drinker

67 **determinations** resolutions

68 **suit** courtship

69 **sort** way **imposition** command

70 **Sibylla** Cumaean prophetess whom Apollo granted as many years of life as there were grains in her handful of sand **Diana** Roman goddess of chastity

71 **parcel** company

75 **Monferrat** Italian dukedom

77 **foolish** inexperienced

80 **four strangers** foreign suitors (in fact, six have been mentioned)

81 **forerunner** messenger

84 **condition** disposition

85 **complexion…devil** traditionally black **shrive me** hear my confession, absolve me **wive** marry

86 **Sirrah** sir (used to an inferior)

Act 1 Scene 3

1.3 **Location:** *Venice* ***Shylock*** perhaps from the Hebrew *Shallach* (“cormorant”), or from “Shiloh” (Genesis 49:10, although the word means “messiah”); possible connotations of wary secrecy and hoarding (shy lock)

1 **ducats** gold coins

4 **bound** bound in obligation to repay

6 **stead** assist **pleasure** oblige

10 **imputation** accusation

12 **sufficient** of adequate means **supposition** uncertainty

13 **Tripolis** Tripoli, North African port (now in Libya) **Indies** East Indies

14 **Rialto** merchants’ exchange in Venice; also bridge over the Grand Canal

15 **squandered** scattered/sent recklessly

16 **pirates** puns on **rats**

17 **notwithstanding** nevertheless

20 **assured** shifts sense to “guaranteed against risks” **bethink me** consider it

23 **habitation** i.e., the body of a pig

24 **Nazarite** someone from Nazareth, i.e., Jesus

25 **following** forth

28 **publican** tax collector

30 **low simplicity** humble naïveté/foolishness

31 **gratis** for nothing (i.e., without charging interest)

32 **usance** lending money at interest

33 **upon the hip** at a disadvantage (wrestling term)

34 **fat** until fat

35 **our sacred nation** i.e., the Jewish people **rails** rants/is abusive (about)

36 **there…congregate** i.e., on the Rialto

37 **thrift** profit

38 **tribe** i.e., one of the twelve tribes of Israel, from which all Jews were descended

41 **debating…store** considering my supply of ready money

43 **gross** total

45 **Tubal** name found in Genesis 10:2

46 **furnish** supply **soft** wait a moment

47 **Rest you fair** form of greeting (“may you remain well”)

48 **Your…mouths** i.e., we were just talking about you

50 **excess** i.e., interest

51 **ripe wants** pressing needs

52 **possessed** notified of

53 **would** want

57 **bond** contract/pledge

59 **advantage** interest

60 **use** employ (puns on the sense of “interest”)

61 **Jacob…sheep** with his mother’s help, Jacob tricked his father into making him heir; fleeing his brother Esau’s wrath, he went to work for his **uncle Laban** (Genesis 27 and 30)

62 **from** descended from **Abram** Abraham

63 **wrought** brought about, arranged

64 **third possessor** i.e., of the birthright (after Abraham and Isaac)

67 **Mark** pay attention to

68 **were compromised** had reached agreement

69 **eanlings** newborn lambs **pied** spotted with another color

70 **fall as** become **hire** wages **rank** lustful/in heat

72 **generation** procreation

74 **peeled…wands** stripped the bark off particular sticks

75 **in…kind** while the sheep were engaged in their natural act (i.e., breeding)

76 **stuck…ewes** refers to the idea that what the mother sees during conception influences the appearance of the offspring **fulsome** lustful

77 **eaning** lambing

78 **Fall** drop, give birth to

79 **thrive** profit

81 **venture** enterprise **served** served God

83 **fashioned** arranged, created

84 **inserted** introduced, brought up **good** i.e., justifiable

92 **goodly** wholesome-looking

96 **beholding** indebted

98 **rated** berated, reproached (puns on **rate**)

101 **sufferance** endurance

103 **gaberdine** loose cloak or coat

104 **use** employment (puns on sense of “financial interest”)

106 **Go to** expression of impatient dismissal

108 **void** discharge, empty **rheum** spittle

109 **foot** kick **spurn** despise/reject/strike **stranger cur** unknown dog

110 **suit** request

114 **bondman’s key** serf’s tone

115 **bated** subdued

120 **like** likely

124 **A…metal** an unnatural increase of money – i.e., interest **barren** unable to reproduce naturally **of** from

126 **break** i.e., fail to repay the sum **better** more willing

131 **doit** small coin (i.e., tiny amount)

133 **kind** kindness/natural behavior

134 **were** would be (indeed)

136 **notary** person authorized to draw up contracts

137 **single** particular/ **bond** that specifies that a sum of money must be paid on an appointed day

140 **condition** contract

141 **nominated for** named as **equal** exact

147 **dwell** remain/exist **necessity** need

153 **suspect** i.e., to doubt

155 **break his day** miss the appointed date (for repayment)

156 **exaction** enforcement

158 **estimable** valuable

161 **so** so be it

164 **forthwith** at once

165 **direction** instruction

166 **purse** bag up

167 **See** attend **fearful** fear-inducing

168 **unthrifty** profligate/careless **knave** scoundrel/servant **presently** soon

170 **Hie** hurry **gentle** courteous (may pun on “gentile”)

171 **kind** agreeable/generous/natural

Act 2 Scene 1

2.1 **Location:** *Belmont* **tawny** dark-skinned/of yellowish-brown skin **Moor** person of either African or Middle Eastern origin **Flourish** fanfare

2 **livery** uniform/badge **burnished** shining like polished metal

3 **near bred** closely related

5 **Phoebus** Roman sun god

6 **make incision** i.e., to let blood

7 **reddest** suggestive of courage and vigor

8 **aspect** face

9 **feared** frightened

10 **clime** land

11 **hue** color/appearance

14 **nice** scrupulous/whimsical **direction** guidance

17 **scanted** limited

18 **hedged** protected/confined **wit** wisdom

19 **His** as his

20 **then** would then have **fair** i.e., fair a chance (puns on the sense of “fair-skinned/attractive”)

22 **For** of gaining/hoping for

25 **scimitar** short, curved sword

26 **Sophy** ruler (shah) of Persia

27 **fields** battles **of** from/against **Solyman** Suleiman, sultan who fought against Persia

28 **o’erstare** outstare

33 **Hercules** Greek hero **Lichas** Hercules’ companion

36 **Alcides** another name for Hercules

44 **advised** warned

45 **Nor will not** break my word, i.e., speak to a woman

47 **hazard** risk/choice/fortune

Act 2 Scene 2

2.2 **Location:** *Venice* **Clown** a rustic and/or comic character **Lancelet** i.e., “little lance” (type of spear/penis); Sir Lancelot was famous for adultery with King Arthur’s wife; a “lance” was also a surgeon’s instrument for piercing an abscess

1 **serve** allow

2 **Gobbo** hunchback (Italian)

4 **start** advantage

6 **with thy heels** firmly (plays on literal sense) **courageous** purposeful/forceful/lusty **pack** depart **Fia!** *Via*! i.e., away (Italian)

7 **for the heavens** i.e., in heaven’s name

9 **honest** honorable (sense then shifts to “chaste”)

10 **something** somewhat/some thing (i.e., vagina) **smack** have a taste for/taste literally/have sex with

11 **grow to** become one with/tend toward/become erect **taste** preference/literal taste

14 **God…mark** i.e., excuse my language

16 **saving your reverence** i.e., begging your pardon

17 **incarnation** slip for “incarnate” (ironic, given that the Incarnation refers to the making of Christ into flesh)

21 **true-begotten** honestly conceived (Lancelet means “real, true”) **sand-blind** half-blind (from “sam-blind,” but Lancelet thinks “as if with **sand** in the eyes”)

22 **high-gravel-blind** completely blind **confusions** (appropriate) malapropism for “conclusions” – i.e., “experiment”

25 **of no hand** i.e., neither left or right

26 **indirectly** along a winding route (perhaps plays on the sense of “moral crookedness”)

27 **sonties** saints **hit** get right, find

29 **raise the waters** provoke tears

31 **master** gentleman or professional tradesperson

32 **well to live** well-to-do/managing satisfactorily/healthy

33 **a** he

34 **friend and Lancelet** Old Gobbo’s polite way of rejecting the title “master” for Lancelet

35 ***ergo*** “therefore” (Latin)

37 **an’t** if it

38 **father** respectful form of address for an old man

39 **Sisters Three** three Fates, goddesses who spin, measure, and cut the thread of a person’s life

43 **hovel-post** doorpost of a hovel

49 **of the knowing** to recognize **it…child** reversal of the proverb “it is a wise child that knows its own father”

55 **your…be** comic paraphrase of the Gloria from the Book of Common Prayer: “As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be”

59 **Margery** sometimes used as slang term for a whore, or vagina

61 **fill-horse** carthorse (“fills” were the shafts of a cart)

63 **backward** inward (i.e., is shorter)

64 **of** on

65 **agree** get on

67 **set…rest** staked all

68 **rest** pause, stop **very** thorough

69 **halter** hangman’s noose **tell** count **finger…ribs** Lancelet reverses **ribs** and **finger**

70 **Give me** give for me/give (**me** is emphatic)

71 **rare** splendid **liveries** uniforms (for servants)

73 **Jew** i.e., villain

74 **hasted** hastened **farthest** latest

76 **anon** shortly

79 **Gramercy** many thanks **aught** anything

81 **poor** shifts sense from “unfortunate/humble” to “penniless”

83 **infection** malapropism for “affection” (i.e., desire)

86 **scarce** scarcely **cater-cousins** good friends, close

89 **frutify** malapropism for “certify”

92 **impertinent** malapropism for “pertinent”

97 **defect** malapropism for “effect” (i.e., meaning, purport)

100 **preferred** recommended/promoted

103 **old proverb** “the grace of God is gear enough” (i.e., sufficient) **parted** divided

106 **inquire…out** find out where my house is

108 **guarded** ornamented by braid trimmings

110 **table** part of the palm

111 **book** i.e., Bible (on which oaths are sworn) **simple** ordinary/unremarkable **line of life** the lifeline on the palm supposedly records the length and nature of a person’s life

112 **trifle** insignificant amount

113 **simple** humble **coming-in** income (puns on the sense of “having sex”) **scape** escape

114 **edge…feather-bed** perhaps refers to the dangers of marriage (i.e., a wife’s infidelity) **scapes** escapes/adventures/wrongdoings

115 **gear** matter

116 **the** i.e., a

118 **bestowed** stowed away (on the ship bound for Belmont)

119 **feast** lay on a feast for

121 **herein** in this matter

127 **obtained it** i.e., been granted your request

130 **rude** raucous/coarse

131 **Parts** qualities **become** suit

133 **show** appear

134 **liberal** licentious **take pain** make an effort

135 **allay** diminish **modesty** restraint/propriety

136 **skipping** frivolous

137 **misconstered** misconstrued, misunderstood

140 **habit** demeanor/behavior/clothing

141 **but** only

143 **saying** being said

146 **studied…ostent** practiced in a solemn appearance

147 **grandam** grandmother

149 **bar** exclude **gauge** assess

154 **purpose** intend

Act 2 Scene 3

2.3	**Jessica** probably a form of “Iscah,” daughter of Abraham’s brother, Haran (Genesis 11:29)
10	**exhibit** express (malapropism for “inhibit,” i.e., restrain)
11	**get** beget, conceive
17	**manners** behavior/character
18	**strife** i.e., internal conflict, turmoil

Act 2 Scene 4

1 **in** during

5 **spoke …of** discussed/hired

6 **vile** degrading/worthless **quaintly** skillfully **ordered** arranged

9 **furnish us** prepare

10 **An** if **this** i.e., the letter’s seal **seem to signify** i.e., tell you something

11 **hand** handwriting **fair hand** attractive handwriting (sense then shifts to “beautiful pale hand”)

15 **By your leave** with your permission (to go)

17 **sup** have supper

21 **Go** i.e., come

22 **masque** theatrical entertainment, usually involving music and dancing

23 **of** with

27 **some** about an

30 **must needs** must **directed** instructed/described

35 **gentle** puns on “gentile”

36 **foot** step/path

37 **she** i.e., misfortune

38 **she** i.e., Jessica **issue** child **faithless** pagan/dishonest

Act 2 Scene 5

2 **of** between

3 **gormandize** eat excessively

5 **rend apparel out** wear out your clothes

9 **wont** accustomed

12 **bid forth** invited out

13 **wherefore** why

15 **upon** i.e., at the expense of

16 **prodigal** wastefully extravagant

17 **to** after **right loath** very reluctant

18 **ill** harm/trouble

19 **tonight** last night

20 **expect** await **reproach** malapropism for “approach”; Shylock responds to what Lancelet has actually said

23 **nose fell a-bleeding** considered to be a bad omen

24 **Black …th’afternoon** a deliberately nonsensical series of details; Lancelet pokes fun at superstitious attitudes such as Shylock’s **Black Monday** Easter Monday

28 **wry-necked** played with the musician’s head twisted away from the instrument

29 **casements** windows

31 **varnished faces** i.e., wearing masks

32 **stop** shut

33 **fopp’ry** foolishness

34 **Jacob’s staff** in the Bible, the only possession Jacob started out with

35 **mind of** inclination for **forth** away from home

38 **for** despite

40 **a Jewès** eye proverbial phrase for something very valuable; also plays on Jessica (a “Jewess”) eyeing Lorenzo

41 **Hagar’s offspring** Abraham’s Egyptian concubine Hagar gave birth to Ishmael; both mother and son were outcast at Abraham’s wife Sarah’s request

43 **patch** fool, clown

44 **profit** progress

45 **Drones** nonworkers (literally, bees whose only role is to impregnate the queen) **hive** live (in a hive)

51 **Fast …find** keep possessions securely and they’ll always be found quickly (proverbial)

53 **crossed** thwarted

Act 2 Scene 6

1 **penthouse** projecting roof of a building

2 **make a stand** i.e., wait

3 **His …past** i.e., he is almost late

4 **marvel** surprising **out-dwells his hour** i.e., is late

5 **ever** always **run…clock** i.e., are early

6 **Venus' pigeons** doves that draw Venus' chariot

8 **obligèd** contracted, pledged **unforfeited** unbroken

9 **ever** always **holds** holds true

10 **that** with which

11 **untread** retrace

12 **measures** paces **unbated fire** undiminished keenness

15 **younger** younger son, as the **prodigal** was (sometimes emended to "younker," fashionable youth)

16 **scarfèd** bark ship decorated with flags **puts from** leaves

17 **strumpet** lascivious/wild/changeable

19 **over-withered ribs** over-weathered ship's timbers (i.e., damaged by waves)

20 **rent** torn **beggared** made destitute

22 **your** I beg your **abode** delay

25 **watch** wait/keep watch

26 **father** father-in-law

28 **tongue** i.e., voice

36 **exchange** change (into boy's clothes)

38 **pretty** clever, artful

39 **Cupid** Roman god of love

42 **hold…to** stand and observe/illuminate

43 **sooth** truth **light** immoral/evident/luminous

44 **office of discovery** i.e., torchbearing, because it involves revealing things

47 **garnish** outfit/trimming (some editors emend "lovely" to "lowly")

49 **close** secretive/concealing **play the runaway** i.e., pass quickly

50 **stayed for** awaited

51 **make fast** i.e., shut securely, lock **gild** equip, adorn (literally, cover with gold)

53 **gentle** dear one/gentile
54 **Beshrew** curse
56 **true** reliable
57 **true** constant
61 **stay** wait
66 **is come about** i.e., has changed (favorably for sailing)

Act 2 Scene 7

2.7 ***Location:*** *Belmont* ***trains*** retinues

1 **discover** reveal

2 **several** various, individual

4 **who** which

5 **Who** whoever

8 **dull** not bright/blunt **blunt** forthright/unrefined

12 **withal** with it

14 **back** over

20 **dross** rubbish/residue from melted metal

21 **nor** neither

22 **virgin hue** possibly because **silver** is the color of the moon, ruled over by Diana, goddess of chastity

25 **weigh** weigh up, assess **even** fair/impartial

26 **rated** valued/estimated **estimation** reputation/value

30 **disabling** belittling

36 **graved** engraved

40 **mortal breathing** i.e., living

41 **Hyrcanian deserts** Persian region south of the Caspian sea known for its wildness **desert** deserted/isolated place **vasty** vast

44 **watery kingdom** i.e., the sea **ambitious head** i.e., waves

46 **spirits** courageous men

49 **like** likely

50 **base** unworthy (puns on lead as a **base** metal) **gross** inferior/coarse/earthly

51 **rib** enclose (as ribs do the internal organs) **cerecloth** winding-sheet, shroud **obscure** concealed/dark

52 **immured** enclosed

53 **undervalued to** less in value compared with **trièd** tested

55 **set** fixed, like a jewel

56 **angel** Archangel Michael, who appeared on a coin known as an “angel”

57 **insculped** engraved

61 **form** image

64 **carrion** loathsome/skeletal/putrefying **Death** death’s head, skull

69 **But** only
72 **in judgement old** i.e., wise
73 **inscrolled** inscribed on a scroll
78 **tedious** lengthy **part** depart
80 **complexion** temperament/skin color

Act 2 Scene 8

2.8 ***Location:*** *Venice*

4 **raised** roused, woke up

12 **passion** passionate outcry

13 **outrageous** excessively fierce

19 **double ducats** twice the value of single ducats

20 **stones** jewels

24 **stones** plays on the sense of “testicles”

25 **look** be sure **day** i.e., date on which the loan is to be repaid

28 **reasoned** talked

29 **narrow…English** i.e., the English Channel

30 **miscarried** came to harm/was destroyed

31 **fraught** laden

32 **upon** of

40 **Slubber** spoil/rush

41 **stay** wait (for) **riping** ripening

42 **for** as for

43 **of** i.e., concerned with

45 **ostents** displays

46 **become you** be appropriate to you/dignify you

47 **there** i.e., then

49 **affection wondrous sensible** emotion extraordinarily evident

51 **he…him** i.e., Bassanio is all he lives for

53 **quicken** revive/lighten **embracèd heaviness** adopted sadness

Act 2 Scene 9

2.9 ***Location:*** *Belmont Servitor* servant

1 **straight** straightaway

2 **Aragon** region of northeastern Spain

3 **election** choice **presently** at once

9 **enjoined** bound

10 **unfold** reveal

12 **Of** i.e., to choose

18 **addressed me** prepared myself **Fortune** good luck

25 **By** to signify **fool** foolish **show** appearance

26 **fond** foolish

27 **pries** peers closely **martlet** swift/house martin

28 **in** i.e., in a place exposed to

29 **force** turbulence/violence **road** pathway **casualty** mischance

31 **jump** agree

37 **cozen** cheat

40 **estates, degrees** status, rank **offices** official roles

41 **clear** innocent, pure

42 **purchased** obtained

43 **cover…bare** i.e., keep their hats on (social inferiors removed their hats in the presence of their superiors)

45 **gleaned** stripped, culled

46 **seed** plant germ/descendants

48 **new-varnished** newly adorned, polished

50 **assume** desert claim worth

54 **schedule** scroll

60 **To…natures** i.e., Aragon must not assess his own case now it has been judged; or, Portia says that she cannot comment, because she is the indirect cause of the offense

63 **this** i.e., the silver casket

64 **judgement** i.e., God’s judgment

65 **amiss** incorrectly

66 **shadows** images/illusions/reflections

68 **iwis** indeed

69 **Silvered** o'er white-haired/decorated with ornamentation indicating military or court status

71 **I** i.e., the fool's head

72 **sped** (have) achieved your purpose/sent away with speed

74 **By the time** i.e., the longer

78 **wroth** grief/anger

80 **deliberate** calculating

83 **wiving** marrying **goes** is determined

86 **my lord** playful response to **my lady 90 sensible regreets** tangible greetings (i.e., **gifts**)

91 **To wit** that is to say **commends** commendations **breath** speech

92 **yet** until now

95 **costly** bountiful

96 **fore-spurrer** one who has ridden ahead (i.e., messenger)

99 **high-day** holiday (i.e., elaborate)

101 **post** messenger

Act 3 Scene 1

3.1 ***Location:*** *Venice*

2 **it…unchecked** an undisputed rumor is circulating **lading** cargo

3 **narrow seas** presumably the English Channel **Goodwins** Goodwin Sands, off the Kent coast

4 **flat** sandbank **tall** lofty/gallant

5 **gossip** old friend/chatty woman

6 **knapped** nibbled at **ginger** old women were proverbially fond of ginger

8 **slips of prolixity** evasions into tedious explanation **crossing** forestalling **plain…talk** i.e., good, honest communication

11 **Come…stop** i.e., get to the point and finish what you’re saying

13 **prove** prove to be

14 **betimes** at once **cross** thwart

18 **wings** (page’s) costume/flying apparatus

20 **fledged** ready to fly/sexually ripe

21 **complexion** temperament **dam** mother

23 **devil** probably alludes to Shylock

24 **flesh and blood** i.e., daughter (Solanio plays on the sense of “sexual desires”)

25 **Out upon it** expression of irritation **carrion** putrefying flesh **these years** i.e., your advanced age

27 **jet and ivory** i.e., black and white

30 **match** contract

32 **mart** market, i.e., the **Rialto look to** heed, remember

33 **for…courtesy** out of Christian charity/for a good deed in return

38 **hindered me** prevented me from earning

39 **cooled** alienated **heated** angered

41 **dimensions** parts of the body **affections** inclinations/emotions/love **passions** powerful emotions

46 **what…humility** i.e., in what benevolent manner does he respond

47 **his sufferance** the Jew’s endurance

49 **go hard but** be highly unfortunate if I do not **better the instruction** improve on the (Christian) example

52 **up and down** everywhere

53 **of the tribe** i.e., Jew **matched** i.e., found to match them

55 **Genoa** northwestern coastal Italian city

58 **Frankfurt** site of a famous jewellery fair **curse** God’s curse on the Jews

61 **hearsed** in a coffin

63 **satisfaction** compensation

64 **lights** settles

68 **cast away** lost, shipwrecked

72 **fourscore** eighty

74 **at a sitting** in one go

75 **divers** several

76 **break** fail to keep the bond/go bankrupt

78 **of** from

79 **Out upon her!** expression of frustration and condemnation

80 **Leah** Shylock’s wife **wilderness** i.e., large number

82 **undone** ruined

83 **fee** purchase, hire, secure **officer** constable/bailiff **bespeak** engage

84 **before** i.e., before the date of Antonio’s bond

85 **what** whatever **merchandise** business dealings **will** want

Act 3 Scene 2

3.2 ***Location:*** *Belmont*

1 **tarry** wait, delay

2 **in choosing** if you choose

3 **forbear** desist, have patience

6 **quality** way

8 **And…thought** i.e., a modest young woman can think but not speak what she feels

10 **venture** take a chance (i.e., with the caskets)

11 **forsworn** will have broken my promise

12 **So** that (i.e., forsworn) **So** as a result **miss me** i.e., choose incorrectly

15 **o'erlooked** bewitched

17 **would** i.e., should

18 **naughty** wicked

19 **bars** obstacles

20 **though…yours** i.e., although I am truly yours (by desire), I am not so legitimately **Prove it** if it turn out to be

22 **peise** delay (literally by weighing down)

23 **eke** eke out, extend

24 **stay** prevent/dissuade election choice

26 **rack** torture instrument that stretched the limbs, used to elicit confessions from those suspected of **treason**

29 **mistrust** worry, doubt

30 **fear** fearful, doubtful about **enjoying** with sexual connotations

32 **as** as between

34 **enforcèd** compelled

36 **confess and live** plays on “confess and be hanged” (proverbial)

40 **deliverance** i.e., from death

41 **let me to** allow me (to deal with)

44 **aloof** to one side

46 **swan-like end** swans were thought to sing as they died

51 **flourish** trumpet fanfare

53 **dulcet** sweet

56 **presence** dignity/noble demeanor

57 **Alcides** i.e., Hercules, who rescued Hesione from a **sea-monster** and was rewarded by her father, the King of Troy, with a pair of magnificent horses, rather than the maiden’s love

58 **howling** grieving

59 **stand for** represent

60 **Dardanian** Trojan

61 **blearèd visages** tear-stained faces

62 **issue** outcome

63 **Live thou** if you live

64 **fray** assault/din

65 **fancy** love

66 **Or** either

67 **begot** conceived

71 **the cradle** its infancy/the **eyes**

72 **knell** funeral bell

75 **themselves** i.e., like what they seem

76 **still** always

78 **gracious** charming

80 **sober brow** i.e., solemn clergyman

81 **approve** support **text** passage from the Bible

82 **grossness** flagrant/coarse nature

83 **simple** small/basic **assumes** acquires

84 **his** its

87 **Mars** god of war

88 **searched** probed surgically **livers…milk** the liver was thought to be the seat of courage; a coward’s would be pale from lack of blood

89 **excrement** facial hair

90 **redoubted** dreaded/revered **beauty…weight** cosmetics and hair were bought by the ounce

93 **lightest** most frivolous/least heavy

94 **crispèd** tightly curled

95 **wanton** playful/wild/lascivious

96 **fairness** beauty/brightness

97 **dowry…sepulchre** i.e., a wig made of a dead woman’s hair

99 **guilèd** deceptive

101 **Indian** i.e., dark-skinned (the Elizabethans preferred fair complexions)

103 **gaudy** excessively showy/bright

104 **Midas** Phrygian king whose wish for everything he touched to turn to gold was granted only too literally

105 **thee** i.e., the silver casket **drudge** lackey, because used in business transactions

110 **fleet** change/pass swiftly

111 **As** such as **rash-embraced** recklessly adopted

114 **measure** moderation **rain** pour (but could be “rein”) **scant** limit

116 **surfeit** overindulge and become ill

118 **counterfeit** image **demigod** i.e., the painter, or creator of this perfect image

119 **eyes** i.e., the eyes of the portrait

120 **Or whether** or **balls of mine** i.e., my eyeballs

121 **severed** parted

122 **bar** barrier (i.e., **breath**)

123 **sunder** separate

126 **Faster** more tightly

128 **it** i.e., the first painted eye

129 **unfurnished** unfinished, unpartnered

130 **substance** subject (i.e., Portia) **shadow** image, reflection

133 **continent** summation/container

135 **Chance as fair** guess as fortunately

143 **by note** i.e., as directed by the scroll **note** invoice/account

144 **prize** contest

148 **his** for him

151 **confirmed, signed, ratified** language of commerce

158 **account** estimate/financial reckoning

159 **livings** possessions, livelihood

160 **account** calculation **sum** essence/financial amount

161 **term in gross** express overall, wholesale

162 **unpractisèd** inexperienced/innocent

170 **converted** changed (also a legal term for wrongfully appropriating someone else’s property for one’s own use) **But** just

176 **presage** indicate

177 **vantage** opportunity/superior position **exclaim on** accuse/denounce

179 **blood** blood/passion

180 **confusion** agitation **powers** faculties

184 **something** i.e., small utterance **blent** blended

185 **wild** wilderness (i.e., confused sound, hubbub) **save** except

186 **expressed** articulated, comprehensible

188 **be bold** presume, feel certainty

190 **That** who

194 **wish none** require no more/want to detract from any of my joy

196 **faith** (love) promise

197 **Even** exactly

198 **so** provided

201 **maid** waiting woman

202 **intermission** delay/respite (in loving)

204 **stood** depended

205 **falls** turns out

207 **roof** i.e., of the mouth

208 **last** endure (puns on **at last**)

213 **so** provided

215 **faith** in truth/fidelity

217 **play …boy** bet who has the first son

218 **stake down** put the money down in advance

219 **sport** game/sex **stake down** i.e., with a nonerect penis

220 **infidel** i.e., Jessica

223 **youth** newness **new interest** recently acquired authority

225 **very** true

235 **Commends him** sends his regards

236 **ope** open

240 **estate** circumstances

241 **cheer** welcome **yond** yonder, that

243 **royal** kingly, magnificent

247 **shrewd** ominous/grievous

250 **constitution** mood

251 **constant** consistent, stable

252 **leave** your permission **half yourself** i.e., as his wife; the witnessed betrothal was nearly as binding as marriage

262 **Rating** reckoning, estimating

264 **state** estate, wealth

266 **engaged** pledged

267 **mere** total

269 **as** like

272 **hit** success

274 **Barbary** Barbary Coast, North Africa

275 **dreadful** fear-inspiring

276 **merchant-marring** capable of damaging a merchant ship

278 **should appear** i.e., appears

279 **present** ready **discharge** pay

280 **He** i.e., Shylock

282 **confound** destroy

284 **impeach** call into question **freedom** civil liberty

286 **magnificoes** foremost noblemen in Venice

287 **port** dignity/social standing **persuaded** entreated

288 **envious** malicious **plea** legal claim

289 **forfeiture** penalty

291 **Chus** a name found in Genesis 10:6, spelled “Cush”

296 **hard with** badly for

299 **best-conditioned** best-natured

300 **courtesies** good services

306 **deface** obliterate

318 **hence** (go) from here

319 **cheer** appearance/welcome

320 **dear** expensively (sense then shifts to “deeply”)

323 **estate** condition/status

325 **Notwithstanding** nevertheless **use your pleasure** enjoy yourself/do what you wish

327 **Dispatch** settle

331 **’twixt us twain** between us two

Act 3 Scene 3

3.3 ***Location:*** *Venice*

1 **look** see

2 **gratis** for no interest

10 **naughty** wicked **fond** foolish

11 **abroad** out of the jail/outside

15 **dull-eyed** easily deceived/stupid

20 **kept** dwelt

22 **bootless** pointless

25 **made moan** complained, lamented (about debts to Shylock)

28 **grant** allow **hold** stand firm

30 **commodity** (commercial) privileges **strangers** outsiders (including Jews)

33 **Since that** since

35 **bated me** diminished me/made me lose weight

Act 3 Scene 4

3.4 ***Location:*** *Belmont*

2 **conceit** understanding

3 **godlike amity** divine friendship

5 **to whom** i.e., Antonio

6 **relief** financial aid

7 **lover** friend

9 **customary …you** ordinary generosity would make you

12 **waste** spend/while away

14 **needs** of necessity **like** similar, comparable

15 **lineaments** characteristics/physical features

17 **bosom lover** intimate friend

20 **semblance** image **my soul** i.e., Bassanio

25 **husbandry** domestic administration **manage** management

33 **deny** refuse **imposition** command

38 **people** i.e., household servants

47 **honest-true** truthful and reliable

50 **render** give

52 **look what** whatever

53 **imagined** all imaginable

54 **traject** crossing place/ferry **common** public

55 **trades** i.e., crosses

62 **habit** clothing

63 **accomplishèd** equipped

64 **that we lack** i.e., penises (they will be disguised as men) **hold** offer and maintain

65 **accoutred** dressed

67 **braver** bolder/more splendid **grace** elegance/attitude

68 **between …voice** i.e., with an adolescent boy’s reedy breaking voice

69 **mincing** dainty

70 **frays** fights

71 **quaint** ingenious

74 **do withal** help it

76 **puny** petty/inexperienced

78 **Above** more than

79 **raw** unrefined **Jacks** fellows

81 **turn to** become (Portia puns on the sense of “become sexually available to”)

84 **device** plan

87 **measure** cover/count out

Act 3 Scene 5

2 **promise** assure **fear you** fear for you **plain** honest

3 **agitation** agitated thoughts (possible malapropism for “cogitation”)

5 **bastard** mixed/illegitimate **neither** nevertheless

7 **got** begot, conceived

12 **Scylla …Charybdis** Odysseus had to navigate between these two dangerous points (the monster **Scylla** and whirlpool **Charybdis**) **fall into** with sexual connotations **gone** ruined

14 **I…husband** “the unbelieving wife is made acceptable to God by being united to her Christian husband” (1 Corinthians 7:14)

15 **We …enow** there were enough of us Christians

16 **by** alongside/off **raise…hogs** because Christians eat pork (unlike Jews)

18 **money** any price

20 **get …corners** i.e., for sex

22 **are** have fallen

26 **getting …belly** making the **negro** pregnant

27 **Moor** African (woman)

28 **much** of concern **more than reason** greater than is reasonable (i.e., pregnant); **more** puns on **Moor less…for** i.e., Lancelet does not think much of the woman’s morals (possibly he gets confused in his attempt to play on **Moor/more/less**)

29 **honest** chaste

30 **grace** virtue, quality

32 **them** i.e., the servants (but Lancelet takes the sense of “diners”)

33 **stomachs** appetites

34 **wit-snapper** wisecracker

35 **‘cover’** lay the table (Lancelet goes on to play on the sense of “cover one’s head with a hat”)

37 **my duty** i.e., as a servant, who would remove his hat in the presence of superiors

38 **quarrelling with occasion** i.e., taking the opportunity for quibbling

40 **fellows** fellow servants

42 **For** as for **table** i.e., food **covered** i.e., on a covered serving dish

43 **humours and conceits** whims and fancies

45 **discretion** judgment **suited** adapted as appropriate

48 **A many** many **stand…place** have higher positions of employment

49 **Garnished** provided with a good supply of words/dressed

50 **Defy the matter** confuse the meaning **cheerest thou** are you feeling

53 **Past all expressing** beyond words **meet** suitable

58 **In reason** it stands to reason

60 **lay** bet, stake

62 **Pawned** pledged **rude** unrefined

63 **fellow** equal

64 **Even** just

65 **of** in

68 **stomach** appetite/inclination

71 **digest** consider/endure/swallow

72 **set you forth** praise you/serve you up

Act 4 Scene 1

4.1	***Location:***	*Venice*		
3	**answer**	face/defend yourself against		
6	**From**	of	**dram**	tiny amount
8	**qualify**	diminish, moderate		
9	**stands obdurate**	remains inflexible		
11	**envy’s**	malice’s		
14	**tyranny**	cruelty		
17	**our**	the royal plural		
19	**but…fashion**	only persist in this form/contrivance		
20	**last…act**	i.e., eleventh hour, final moment		
21	**remorse**	pity	**strange**	surprisingly
22	**strange**	unnatural/foreign		
25	**loose**	revoke, abandon		
27	**moiety**	portion/half		
30	**royal merchant**	merchant prince		
32	**brassy bosoms**	hard hearts		
33	**Turks and Tartars**	both considered pitiless infidels		
35	**gentle**	puns on “gentile”		
36	**possessed**	notified		
38	**due**	debt		
39	**danger**	damage		
40	**charter**	deed of privilege		
42	**carrion**	loathsome/putrefying		
44	**humour**	mood, inclination	**answered**	explained satisfactorily
47	**baned**	poisoned		
48	**love**	who love		
50	**i’th’nose**	with a nasal twang		
51	**affection**	inclination		
55	**he**	one person	**gaping**	i.e., roasted with its mouth open
56	**Why he**	another person	**necessary**	useful (for catching rats and mice)
61	**lodged**	deep-rooted	**certain**	definite, fixed
62	**follow**	pursue		
63	**losing**	i.e., involving loss (for Antonio)		
65	**current**	course, flow		

71 **think** realize

73 **main flood** sea at high tide **bate** lessen

74 **use question** dispute

77 **wag** sway

78 **fretted** chafed

79 **hard** difficult (puns on the sense of “tough, firm”)

80 **than** more than

83 **conveniency** convenience

88 **draw** collect/receive

89 **rend’ring** yielding/giving back

90 **no wrong** i.e., nothing illegal

93 **parts** actions/duties

98 **viands** food (as you eat)

104 **stand for** represent/uphold

109 **stays without** waits outside

116 **tainted** diseased **wether** sheep (specifically, castrated ram)

117 **Meetest** most fitting

126 **keen** sharp/eager

127 **hangman’s** i.e., executioner’s **keenness** sharpness/eagerness/severity

130 **inexecrable** unmovable/accursed

131 **thy life** the fact that you are alive **accused** chastised

133 **Pythagoras** ancient Greek philosopher whose doctrine supported the transmigration of souls

135 **currish** mean-spirited/snarling (like a dog)

137 **fell** savage **fleet** leave, fly off

138 **unhallowed** unholy **dam** mother

141 **rail** rant

142 **but offend’st** merely harm

143 **Repair** restore

148 **hard** close

154 **in loving visitation** on a friendly visit

157 **furnished** equipped

159 **importunity** urging

160 **reverend** respected, worthy

162 **whose trial** the testing of whom **publish** make known **commendation** recommendation/praise

168 **difference** dispute

169 **present question** current argument

170 **throughly** thoroughly

176 **rule** proper discipline

177 **impugn** call into question

178 **danger** (power to) harm

180 **confess** acknowledge

184 **strained** forced, artificial; also perhaps filtered/distilled (setting up rain imagery)

186 **is twice blest** bestows a double blessing

190 **shows** represents

192 **dread** reverence/awe

193 **sceptred sway** royal government

196 **likest** most like

197 **seasons** modifies

199 **justice** i.e., God’s justice (if He did not show mercy to humankind)

201 **render** perform in return

206 **My…head!** possible echo of the crowd’s acceptance of responsibility for Jesus’ death (Matthew 27:25)

208 **discharge** pay

209 **tender** offer

213 **must appear** will be evident

214 **bears down truth** overwhelms integrity

215 **Wrest once** for once, forcibly subject

220 **for** as **precedent** i.e., on which future lawsuits can be based

223 **Daniel** in the Apocryphal story, Daniel judges Susannah correctly, despite his youth and the false witness of the Elders **judgement** i.e., make judgment

236 **tenure** legal conditions, terms of the bond

250 **Hath …to** fully supports

258 **balance** scales

261 **by** nearby **on your charge** at your responsibility/expense

262 **stop** staunch

268 **armed** i.e., prepared/fortified

272 **still** always (usually) **use** practice

278 **process** course, manner

279 **me…death** favorably of me when I am dead
281 **love** i.e., loving friend
285 **with…heart** most willingly/literally, with my heart
287 **Which** who
291 **deliver** free
298 **else** otherwise
300 **Would** I wish **Barabbas** a thief released by Pontius Pilate instead of Jesus at the people’s request
302 **trifle** waste **pursue** proceed with
315 **confiscate** confiscated
317 **Mark** take note
326 **Soft**! Wait a moment!
327 **all** only/complete
333 **just** exact (plays on the sense of “fair, lawful”)
334 **substance** amount/weight
336 **scruple** tiny amount
337 **estimation…hair** by a hair’s breadth/weight
340 **on the hip** at a disadvantage (wrestling term)
342 **principal** original capital sum, i.e., three thousand ducats
345 **merely** only/absolute
348 **barely** i.e., at the very least
351 **good** good fortune
352 **stay** remain **question** to argue the case
356 **alien** foreigner
359 **contrive** scheme
360 **seize** take legal possession of
361 **privy coffer** private treasury
362 **in** at
363 **gainst…voice** despite any other appeals
365 **proceeding** course of action
369 **danger** damage/penalty **rehearsed** related
370 **Down** i.e., on your knees
373 **cord** rope
374 **charge** cost
377 **For** as for
379 **humbleness** remorse (on Shylock’s part) **drive** convert

380 **for…Antonio** i.e., the state’s portion of the goods may be reduced to a fine, but not Antonio’s half

386 **halter** hangman’s noose

387 **So** if it please

388 **quit** cancel, release (Shylock) from

389 **so** provided that

390 **use** (legal) trust

394 **presently** immediately

396 **possessed** possessed of

397 **son** i.e., son-in-law

399 **late** lately

408 **ten more** i.e., twelve, the number in a jury

409 **font** place of Christian baptism

411 **of** for

413 **meet** fitting, necessary

414 **your…not** you don’t have time to stay

415 **gratify** show gratitude to/reward

419 **in lieu whereof** in exchange for which

421 **cope** give in recompense (for)

426 **account** consider (plays on the sense of “financial reckoning”)

428 **know** remember (a private joke on the sense of “have sex with”)

430 **attempt** tempt/persuade

433 **pardon me** i.e., excuse my insistence

434 **press** urge (plays on the sense of “enjoy sexually”) **yield** plays on the sense of “submit sexually”

436 **love** friendship (plays on the sense of “marital love”)

438 **in** out of

442 **mind to** desire for

444 **dearest** most expensive

447 **liberal** free/overgenerous

466 **Fly** hasten

Act 4 Scene 2

1 **Inquire …out** find out where the Jew’s house is **deed** i.e., the document stating Shylock will leave his possessions to Jessica and Lorenzo

3 **be** i.e., arrive

5 **you…o’erta’en** i.e., I’m glad I caught you

6 **advice** reflection

18 **old** plenty of

20 **outface** defy/contradict/shame **outswear** outdo in swearing

Act 5 Scene 1

5.1 ***Location:*** *Belmont*

4 **Troilus** separated from his lover, Cressida (**Cressid**), by the Trojan war, he was subsequently abandoned by her

8 **Thisbe** at their meeting place Pyramus discovered his lover Thisbe's cloak, dropped in fright at the sight of a lion; his mistaken belief that she had been killed led to both their suicides **o'ertrip** skip over

9 **ere himself** before the lion itself

12 **Dido** Queen of **Carthage** who fell in love with, and was abandoned by, Aeneas **willow** willow leaves; symbol of grief for lost love

13 **wild** unruly/cruel **waft** wafted (i.e., beckoned)

16 **Medea** lover of Jason; she helped him gain the golden fleece and restored the health of his father, **Aeson**

17 **renew** rejuvenate/revive

19 **steal** run stealthily from/rob

20 **unthrift** extravagant

27 **shrew** troublemaker, ill-tempered woman

28 **love** lover

29 **out-night you** i.e., outdo you in our game of references to the night **did** if

30 **footing** footfall

36 **doth stray about** is distracted by

37 **holy crosses** shrines by the road

46 **Sola** imitation of the sound of a messenger's horn/a hunting cry **Wo ha, ho!** falconer's call to the hawk

50 **hollowing** shouting/urging on of dogs in the hunt

53 **post** messenger **horn** messenger's instrument/cornucopia, i.e., plentiful supply

55 **in** go in **expect** await

57 **signify** make known

59 **music** i.e., musicians **air** plays on sense of "melody"

63 **Become** suit **touches** skillful playing (by plucking or fingering instruments)

64 **floor of heaven** i.e., sky

65 **patens** shallow, circular dishes (on which communion bread is placed)

66 **orb** heavenly body (planet, star)

67 **motion** movement (heavenly bodies were thought to be surrounded by hollow spheres; as they rotated they produced beautiful music)

68 **Still choiring** continually singing in chorus **young-eyed** with eternally clear sight **cherubins** cherubim, angels

70 **muddy…decay** i.e., claylike mortal clothing (flesh)

71 **grossly** physically, coarsely **close it in** i.e., enclose the soul

72 **Diana** Roman goddess of the moon

76 **spirits** mental faculties/feelings **attentive** i.e., preoccupied

77 **wanton** unrestrained, wild, boisterous

78 **race** company/herd **unhandled** untamed

79 **Fetching** performing **bounds** leaps

80 **hot condition** passionate nature **blood** spirit

81 **but** only **perchance** by chance/perhaps

82 **air** melody

83 **mutual stand** general pause

85 **the poet** i.e., Ovid

86 **feign** depict/invent **Orpheus** legendary Greek poet and musician who could charm all of nature with his music **drew** drew in, attracted **floods** rivers

87 **stockish** unfeeling/stupid

91 **stratagems** schemes/bloody acts **spoils** destruction, pillaging

92 **motions** inner promptings **dull** dark/lifeless

93 **affections** feelings/disposition **Erebus** place of darkness between earth and the classical underworld

97 **naughty** wicked

101 **by** nearby **his** i.e., the substitute's **state** dignity/sovereignty

103 **main of waters** sea

105 **respect** consideration of circumstance

109 **attended** paid attention to/heard

113 **season** occasion **seasoned** improved/flavored

115 **Endymion** shepherd with whom the moon goddess fell in love; she granted him eternal sleep so she could visit him

123 **speed** succeed/hasten **words** i.e., prayers

126 **before** ahead of them

131 ***tucket*** trumpet call

137 **should…Antipodes** would experience day at the same time as the other side of the world

138 **in…sun** i.e., at night (since Portia is like a second sun)

139 **light** promiscuous

140 **heavy** sad (plays on the sense of “weighty”)

142 **sort** arrange

147 **bound** imprisoned/indebted/legally bound

148 **acquitted of** repaid for/freed from

151 **scant** cut short **breathing** i.e., verbal

154 **gelt** gelded, castrated **for my part** as far as I’m concerned

155 **at** to

158 **posy** verse or motto inscribed on a ring

165 **Though** i.e., if

166 **respective** careful, considerate

172 **scrubbèd** undersized

174 **prating** chattering

177 **slightly** easily

179 **riveted** bolted

184 **masters** possesses

186 **mad** enraged

207 **conceive** understand

211 **virtue** power

213 **contain** retain

216 **If** that if **pleased** wanted, attempted

217 **wanted** (so) lacking **modesty** restraint

218 **urge** request persistently **ceremony** sacred token

222 **civil doctor** doctor of civil law

225 **suffered** let

226 **held up** i.e., saved

231 **it** i.e., honor

232 **candles…night** i.e., stars

238 **liberal** generous

241 **Know** recognize/have sex with

242 **Argus** monster with a hundred eyes

244 **honour** good name/chaste reputation **yet** still

246 **be well advised** take care

248 **take** catch

249 **mar** ruin **pen** i.e., penis

250 **th’unhappy** the unlucky/miserable/trouble-causing

257 **doubly sees himself** sees himself reflected twice

258 **double** dual/deceitful

259 **of credit** worth believing

265 **quite miscarried** entirely come to harm

267 **advisedly** deliberately

268 **surety** guarantor

273 **lay with** slept with

276 **lieu of** exchange for

278 **fair** good, unmuddied (i.e., without needing repair)

279 **cuckolds** men with unfaithful wives

280 **grossly** coarsely/foolishly

286 **e’en** just

291 **richly** i.e., laden with expensive goods

294 **dumb** speechless

301 **living** livelihood

303 **road** harbor

310 **manna** during the Exodus, the food God provided for the Israelites in the desert

313 **you…full** your curiosity will not be content until further details are revealed

315 **charge…inter’gatories** examine us under formal questioning

317 **inter’gatory** question

318 **sworn on** under oath to answer truthfully

319 **stay** wait

322 **couching** in bed

324 **sore** greatly **ring** gold band (plays on the sense of “vagina”)

AS YOU LIKE IT

As You Like It is Shakespeare's most elegant play. At its climax Rosalind calls the cast into a circle, the figure of perfection, and resolves the plot with the assistance of Hymen, god of marriage. Whereas most of the other comedies are shadowed by death, this one offers four weddings and no funeral. The part of Rosalind is the longest and most joyous female role in the complete works. It would have been extraordinarily demanding for the boy-actor who first performed it, though made a little easier by the fact that Rosalind spends so much of the time dressed as a boy.

By rights, the play should have been named after its heroine. It is the Elizabethan equivalent of an "adapted" as opposed to an "original" screenplay: a dramatization of a popular novel of the day, Thomas Lodge's *Rosalynde*. Shakespeare selects and compresses his material, but retains its essential spirit as a series of debates on the nature of love played out against a romantic woodland backdrop. The flavor of Lodge's story, its language studded with allusions to classical mythology, may be tasted from the climactic moment when Rosalynde reverts to her female identity: "In went *Ganimede* and dressed herself in woman's attire, having on a gown of green, with kirtle of rich sandal, so quaint that she seemed *Diana* triumphing in the forest; upon her head she wore a chaplet of roses, which gave her such a grace that she looked like *Flora* perked in the pride of all her flowers."

Shakespeare moves quickly from the multiple marriages to the closing dance. He introduces the magical "conversion" of bad Frederick in place of the battle between the forces of good and evil that occurs at the end of Lodge's story, and he focuses on the realization of erotic desire rather than the questions of social advancement that preoccupied Lodge. The play omits the apportioning of rewards with which *Rosalynde* ended. In the novel, the figure who corresponds to Sylvanus becomes "lord over all the forest of Arden," Corin is made master of the Celia-figure's flock, and loyal retainer Adam improbably becomes captain of the king's guard.

Lodge’s setting was France, but he anglicized the name of the Ardennes forest to Arden. Perhaps this is what made the story so attractive to Shakespeare, who was born and raised close to the Forest of Arden in Warwickshire, from which his mother, Mary Arden, took her family name. The play accordingly removes the action further from France: though a few French names such as “Le Beau” are retained, the location of the court is not specified. The deceased gentleman with three sons—the oldest who treats the youngest like a mere servant, the middle away at university and invisible until the closing twist—is Sir John of Bordeaux in Lodge, but the more symbolically named Sir Rowland de Bois in Shakespeare. De Bois means “of the woods” and Sir Rowland is a name suggestive of a lost world of chivalry and romance, as in *The Song of Roland*. “Orlando,” the Italianized form of Rowland, is chosen by Shakespeare for his hero as a way of indicating that the youngest son has a special bond with his dead father, a duty to preserve his good name. To more educated members of the Elizabethan theater audience, it would also have conjured up the eponymous hero of *Orlando Furioso*, an epic poem by Ariosto that was the sixteenth century’s great exemplar of chivalric romance. It is typical of Shakespeare’s skeptical, ironic temperament that the Orlando who wanders round the forest defacing trees with second-rate love poems, and who needs to take lessons in courtship from a supposed teenage boy, does not quite live up to his heroic name—not, at least, until the play moves into the true mode of romance when he rescues his brother from a lion and a snake.

The first we hear of the exiled duke is that, “like the old Robin Hood of England,” he is in the forest with a group of “merry men.” Ostensibly the qualifier “of England” is an indication that the action is supposed to take place in France, but the deeper effect is to identify Arden with Sherwood. About a year before the play was written, rival acting company the Admiral’s Men had played a two-part drama on the subject of Robin Hood called *Robert Earl of Huntingdon*—the first work in the long history of the legend to turn Robin into a disguised aristocrat as opposed to a genuinely subversive outlaw. The Arden scenes of *As You Like It* begin with the exiled duke contrasting the natural order of the forest to the flattery and envy of the court. As in the Robin Hood story, the wished-for conclusion is the restoration of the right ruler.

Yet the play ironizes as well as idealizes. The most prominent figure in the duke's forest circle is not a merry man but a melancholy man, the satirical Jaques. Often wrongly described as one of the duke's courtiers, he is a gentleman who has sold his lands in order to become a "traveller," a wry detached observer of manners and morals. The forest order is dependent on hunting, leading Jaques to sympathize with the wounded stag and suggest that the good duke usurps the place of the deer every bit as much as the bad duke has usurped power back at court. Jaques and Touchstone—the two key characters invented by Shakespeare without precedent in Lodge—spar with each other because the satire of the former and the witty foolery of the latter are rival modes of mocking courtly pretensions such as Orlando's highly romanticized language of love-service.

Arden is also compared to the mythological "golden age" and the play duly has its complement of classically named shepherds, signalling the influence of the ancient tradition of pastoral verse. The golden age was the imagined infancy of humankind, another Eden, a playground in which Nature offered up her fruits and the winter wind never blew. But Shakespeare complicates the picture. The duke's very first speech sees Arden as a place less to "fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world" than to draw moral lessons from the natural world. This is no Arcadia of perpetual summer: the seasons do change, it is just that "the penalty of Adam"—being forced to labor for subsistence—seems less harsh than the vicissitudes of the court. The myth of the golden age made Utopia into the state that society had fallen from rather than that which it aspired to: a place where everybody was happy and there was no such thing as property. The old shepherd Corin is a voice of happiness, but he has no illusions about the need for labor and his dependence on property that he does not own. He is shepherd to another man's flock and only keeps his job because Celia buys the farm.

Many of Shakespeare's plays keep up a constant shuttle between symbolically opposed locations—Venice and Belmont, Rome and Egypt, Sicilian court and Bohemian country—but As *You Like It* moves all the major players to Arden as swiftly as possible. Once there, the scenes run together fluently. There is no clock ticking in the forest, no sense of time being marked by the scene breaks. Initially, however, there are two discernible imaginary locations: the farm and the cave, Corin's world of agricultural labor and the deep forest where the duke and his men play at being Robin Hood. Orlando and Jaques drift between the two, whereas Rosalind/Ganymede and Celia/Aliena are not allowed to penetrate too far into the deep forest. Their reunion with the duke must be withheld for the climax.

There is a curious stage direction when the women first arrive in Arden: "*Enter Rosalind for Ganymede, Celia for Aliena, and Clown alias Touchstone*." Does *alias* mean that Touchstone has also taken on a disguised identity? It has been suggested that he would have begun the play in the long plain coat of the "natural" (simpleton), then exchanged this for the "motley" of the professional fool when he escapes from the court with the women. But there is no sense of his verbal style changing or of disguise being a means of self-discovery, as it is so profoundly for Rosalind when she plays the role of Ganymede; Touchstone appears always to have been a touchstone, a master of retort who reveals other people's foolishness. The question of Touchstone being recognized as the court fool, and thus blowing the disguise of Rosalind and Celia, is avoided by the device of keeping all three of them apart from the duke and his courtiers until the final scene. That is why Jaques cannot be a courtier: he must encounter Touchstone as a stranger and delight in him as a fellow outsider, albeit with a different linguistic style and a different end to his irony. Jaques offers "invective" and formal discourses (most famously his anatomy of the "seven ages" of human life) to Touchstone's one-line quips and riffs of extended word-mongering (most dazzlingly his explication of the seven stages of a quarrel).

Wherever the word "natural" is found in the play, whether associated with Touchstone, Corin, or the forest itself, it is possible to see happiness and a kind of innocence; the voice of Jaques is that of "experience" bringing world-weary melancholy. Rosalind has no doubt which she prefers, observing to Jaques that "your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad."

As in Lodge's *Rosalynde,* the plot of the play sometimes seems little more than a pretext for the setting up of debates and meditations. The heart of the play is to be found in the set-piece dialogues. Before their departure from court, Rosalind and Celia debate the relative importance of "Nature" and "Fortune"; in Arden, there are dialogues between the melancholy man and the fool, the cynic and the lover, the court fool and the “natural” shepherd (who wins the debate by virtue of his recognition that social customs vary from place to place). With brilliant counterpoint, a prose wooing scene is played against a verse one. Reversing dramatic convention, it is the courtly characters who speak prose and the shepherds who court in verse.

Above all, there is the encounter between Orlando and Rosalind-as-Ganymede-as-Rosalind. With the added layer of the boy-actor for whom Shakespeare was writing—of which we are reminded by means of a joke in the epilogue—here a boy plays a girl playing a boy playing a girl. Whereas in the shepherd plot it is Phoebe who has romantic notions about love that make her natural partner Silvius a disappointment to her, in the main plot disguise enables the woman to offer the man down-to-earth “counsel” as preparation for marriage. Through the illusions of cross-dressing and role-play, Rosalind exposes the illusions of romantic desire: “the patterns of love” (Troilus, Leander) are not to be imitated, since the old stories about them are “all lies.” “Men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love.” So much for men.

As for women, the key to keeping them is not to restrain them. Rosalind/Ganymede’s lesson is the opposite to that of *The Taming of the Shrew:* a desirable woman is not a tame one but a “wayward” one, whose energies (verbal, emotional, and sexual) are incorrigible. “Make the doors upon a woman’s wit and it will out at the casement. Shut that and ’twill out at the key-hole. Stop that, ’twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.” In her poise and her playfulness, her knowledge of what makes people tick, and her capacity for strong feeling, whether joyful, fearful, or simply amazed (“O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded”), Rosalind is Shakespeare’s most complete woman.

KEY FACTS

PLOT: Orlando is the youngest of three brothers, badly treated by the oldest, Oliver; Duke Senior, meanwhile, has been banished and the court usurped by his younger brother, Frederick. Orlando fights with Charles, the court wrestler, and he and Rosalind, daughter of the exiled duke, fall in love. Rosalind and her cousin Celia, daughter of usurping Duke Frederick, leave the court for the Forest of Arden, taking the fool Touchstone with them; Rosalind disguises herself as a boy ("Ganymede"), while Celia calls herself "Aliena." On being told by the old family servant Adam that Oliver is plotting to kill him, Orlando also flees to the forest. In Arden, Rosalind and Celia buy a farm in order to help the old shepherd Corin; Orlando meets up with the banished duke and his courtiers. "Ganymede" offers to assist Orlando in his wooing by pretending to be Rosalind, so that he can rehearse his love-lines. The shepherd Silvius is in love with shepherdess Phoebe, but she falls for "Ganymede." Touchstone, after initially scorning rural life, decides to marry Audrey the goatherd, displacing country bumpkin William. Oliver comes to the forest and his life is saved by Orlando; he repents of his wicked ways and falls in love with Celia. Wicked Duke Frederick becomes a hermit and Rosalind, restored to her female self, arranges multiple marriages, presided over by the god Hymen. All ends happily, save that the melancholy traveler Jaques wants no part in the festivities.

MAJOR PARTS: (*with percentage of lines/number of speeches/scenes on stage*) Rosalind (25%/ 201/10), Orlando (11%/120/9), Celia (10%/108/7), Touchstone (10%/74/7), Jaques (8%/57/7), Oliver (6%/37/4), Duke Senior (4%/32/3), Silvius (3%/24/5), Phoebe (3%/23/3), Corin (3%/24/4), Frederick (3%/20/4), Le Beau (2%/14/1), Adam (2%10/4), Charles (2%/8/2), Amiens (1%/9/2), Hymen (1%/2/1), Audrey (1%/12/3).

LINGUISTIC MEDIUM: 55% prose, 45% verse. Several songs and interwoven (parodically bad) love-lyrics.

DATE: Not mentioned in Francis Meres' 1598 list of Shakespeare's plays, unless originally called *Love's Labour's Won* (mentioned by Meres, but now lost). Registered for publication in early summer 1600, but not printed at that time. Song "It was a lover and his lass" printed in Thomas Morley's *First Book of Airs* (1600). Several literary allusions suggest composition in 1599 or early 1600.

SOURCES: Based closely on Thomas Lodge's prose romance *Rosalynde* (1590). Some names altered (e.g., Oliver and Orlando for Lodge's Saladyne and Rosader), others retained (e.g., Phoebe, "Aliena," "Ganymede"). Only major additions are characters of Jaques and Touchstone.

TEXT: First printed in the 1623 Folio. Very high quality printing, perhaps from the theatrical "book."

AS YOU LIKE IT

DUKE SENIOR, in exile
ROSALIND, his daughter
Duke **FREDERICK**, his usurping brother
CELIA, Frederick’s daughter
TOUCHSTONE, the court jester
AMIENS, a lord attending on Duke Senior
LE BEAU, a courtier attending on Frederick
CHARLES, wrestler to Frederick
OLIVER
JAQUES
ORLANDO
the three sons of Sir Rowland de Bois
ADAM, an old servant of Sir Rowland, now in service to Oliver
DENNIS, servant to Oliver
JAQUES, a melancholy traveler
CORIN, an old shepherd
SILVIUS, a young shepherd, in love with Phoebe
PHOEBE, a shepherdess
WILLIAM, a countryman, in love with Audrey
AUDREY, a goatherd
SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, a country clergyman
HYMEN, god of marriage, perhaps played by Amiens or another courtier
Lords, Pages, Attendants

Act 1 Scene 1[1.1]

running scene 1

Enter Orlando and Adam

ORLANDO As I remember, Adam,[1] it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will but poor[2] a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother on his blessing to breed[3] me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit. For my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays[5] me here at home unkept, for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling[6] of an ox? His horses are bred better, for, besides that they are fair[7] with their feeding, they are taught their manage,[8] and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth, for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound[10] to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance[11] seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds,[12] bars me the place of a brother, and, as[13] much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves[14] me. And the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid[16] it.

Enter Oliver

ADAM Yonder comes my master, your brother.

ORLANDO Go apart,[18] Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up. ***Adam stands aside***

OLIVER Now, sir, what make[19] you here?

ORLANDO Nothing: I am not taught to make anything.

OLIVER What mar[21] you then, sir?

ORLANDO Marry,[22] sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

OLIVER Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.[24]

ORLANDO Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion[25] have I spent that I should come to such penury?

OLIVER Know you where you are, sir?

ORLANDO O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.[28]

OLIVER Know you before whom, sir?

ORLANDO Ay, better than him I am before knows[30] me. I know you are my eldest brother, and, in[31] the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations[32] allows you my better, in that you are the first-born, but the same tradition[33] takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me as you, albeit I confess your coming before me is[34] nearer to his reverence.

OLIVER What, boy! ***Raises his hand or hits him***

ORLANDO Come, come, elder brother, you are too young[37] in this. ***Grabs him***

OLIVER Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?[38]

ORLANDO I am no villain: I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois,[39] he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot[40] villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so. Thou hast railed on[42] thyself.

ADAM Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance,[43] be at accord.

OLIVER Let me go, I say.

ORLANDO I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities.[47] The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises[48] as may become[49] a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament,[50] with that I will go buy my fortunes. ***Lets him go***

OLIVER And what wilt thou do? Beg when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you. You shall have some part of your will.[52] I pray you leave me.

ORLANDO I will no further offend[54] you than becomes me for my good.

OLIVER Get you with him, you old dog. ***To Adam***

ADAM Is ‘old dog’ my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master, he would not have spoke such a word.

Exeunt Orlando [and] Adam

OLIVER Is it even so? Begin you to grow upon[58] me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither.[59] Holla, Dennis!

Enter Dennis

DENNIS Calls your worship?

OLIVER Was not Charles, the duke’s wrestler, here to speak with me?

DENNIS So[62] please you, he is here at the door and importunes access to you.

OLIVER Call him in.

[Exit Dennis]

’Twill be a good way, and tomorrow the wrestling is.

Enter Charles

CHARLES Good morrow[65] to your worship.

OLIVER Good Monsieur Charles, what’s the new news at the new court?

CHARLES There’s no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke, and three or four loving[68] lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke, therefore he gives them good leave[70] to wander.

OLIVER Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke’s daughter, be banished with her father?

CHARLES O, no; for the duke’s daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever[72] from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay[73] behind her; she is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter, and never two ladies loved[75] as they do.

OLIVER Where will the old duke live?

CHARLES They say he is already in the Forest of Arden,[77] and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin

Hood[78] of England: they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet[79] the time carelessly as they did in the golden world.[80]

OLIVER What, you wrestle tomorrow before the new duke?

CHARLES Marry do I, sir, and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall.[84] Tomorrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit, and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender,[86] and for your love I would be loath to foil him, as I must for my own honour if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal,[88] that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook[89] such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search[90] and altogether against my will.

OLIVER Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite.[92] I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein and have by underhand[93] means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of France, full of ambition, an envious emulator[95] of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother: therefore use thy discretion. I had as lief[96] thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to't;[97] for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace[98] himself on thee, he will practice against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device[99] and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other, for I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him, but should I anatomize[102] him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep and thou must look pale and wonder.

CHARLES I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come tomorrow, I'll give him his payment.[105] If ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more. And so God keep your worship!

Exit

OLIVER Farewell, good Charles. Now will I stir this gamester:[107] I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle,[109] never schooled and yet learnèd, full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised.[111] But it shall not be so long: this wrestler shall clear[112] all. Nothing remains but that I kindle[113] the boy thither, which now I'll go about.

Exit

Act 1 Scene 2[1.2]

running scene 2

Enter Rosalind and Celia

CELIA I pray thee Rosalind, sweet my coz,[1] be merry.

ROSALIND Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of, and would[2] you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn[4] me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

CELIA Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so[6] thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered[8] as mine is to thee.

ROSALIND Well, I will forget the condition of my estate,[10] to rejoice in yours.

CELIA You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like[11] to have; and truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce,[13] I will render thee again in affection. By mine honour, I will, and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

ROSALIND From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports.[16] Let me see, what think you of falling in love?

CELIA Marry, I prithee do, to make sport[18] withal: but love no man in good earnest, nor no further in sport neither[19] than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.

ROSALIND What shall be our sport, then?

CELIA Let us sit and mock the good housewife[22] Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

ROSALIND I would we could do so, for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman[25] doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

CELIA ’Tis true, for those that she makes fair[26] she scarce makes honest, and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favouredly.[27]

ROSALIND Nay, now thou goest from Fortune’s office[28] to Nature’s: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments[29] of Nature.

Enter Clown [Touchstone]

CELIA No? When Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall[30] into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit[31] to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool[32] to cut off the argument?

ROSALIND Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature’s natural[34] the cutter-off of Nature’s wit.

CELIA Peradventure[35] this is not Fortune’s work neither, but Nature’s, who perceiveth our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone,[37] for always the dullness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits.—How now, wit?[38] Whither wander you?

TOUCHSTONE Mistress, you must come away to your father.

CELIA Were you made the messenger?[40]

TOUCHSTONE No, by mine honour, but I was bid to come for you.

ROSALIND Where learned you that oath, fool?

TOUCHSTONE Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes,[43] and swore by his honour the mustard was naught:[44] now I’ll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.[46]

CELIA How prove you that in the great heap of your knowledge?

ROSALIND Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

TOUCHSTONE Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

CELIA By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

TOUCHSTONE By my knavery, if I had it, then I were, but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn. No more was this knight swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

CELIA Prithee, who is’t that thou meanest?

TOUCHSTONE One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

CELIA My father's love is enough to honour him enough; speak no more of him, you'll be whipped for taxation[59] one of these days.

TOUCHSTONE The more pity that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

CELIA By my troth,[62] thou sayest true, for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur the Beau.

Enter Le Beau

ROSALIND With his mouth full of news.

CELIA Which he will put[66] on us, as pigeons feed their young.

ROSALIND Then shall we be news-crammed.

CELIA All the better: we shall be the more marketable.[68]—
Bonjour, Monsieur Le Beau, what's the news?

LE BEAU Fair princess, you have lost[69] much good sport.

CELIA Sport? Of what colour?[70]

LE BEAU What colour, madam? How shall I answer you?

ROSALIND As wit and fortune will.

TOUCHSTONE Or as the destinies decrees. ***Imitates Le Beau***

CELIA Well said, that was laid[74] on with a trowel.

TOUCHSTONE Nay, if I keep not my rank[75]—

ROSALIND Thou losest[76] thy old smell.

LE BEAU You amaze[77] me, ladies. I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

ROSALIND Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

LE BEAU I will tell you the beginning, and if it please your ladyships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to do:[81] and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

CELIA Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.

LE BEAU There comes an old man and his three sons—

CELIA I could match this beginning with an old tale.[85]

LE BEAU Three proper[86] young men, of excellent growth and presence.

ROSALIND With bills[87] on their necks, 'Be it known unto all men by these presents.'

LE BEAU The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler, which Charles in a moment threw him and broke three of his ribs, that[89] there is little hope of life in him. So[90] he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie, the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole[91] over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

ROSALIND Alas!

TOUCHSTONE But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

LE BEAU Why, this that I speak of.

TOUCHSTONE Thus men may grow wiser every day. It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

CELIA Or I, I promise thee.

ROSALIND But is there any[99] else longs to see this broken music in his sides? Is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

LE BEAU You must if you stay here, for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

CELIA Yonder, sure they are coming. Let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke [Frederick], Lords, Orlando, Charles and Attendants

DUKE FREDERICK Come on. Since the youth will not be entreated, his[104] own peril on his forwardness.

ROSALIND Is yonder the man? ***To Le Beau***

LE BEAU Even he, madam.

CELIA Alas, he is too young, yet he looks successfully.[108]

DUKE FREDERICK How now, daughter and cousin![109] Are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

ROSALIND Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.[111]

DUKE FREDERICK You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds[112] in the man.[113] In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies, see if you can move him.

CELIA Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

DUKE FREDERICK Do so. I'll not be by. ***He stands aside***

LE BEAU Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for you. ***To Orlando***

ORLANDO I attend them with all respect and duty.

ROSALIND Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

ORLANDO No, fair princess, he is the general challenger: I come but in,[120] as others do, to try[121] with him the strength of my youth.

CELIA Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes or knew yourself with your judgement, the fear of your adventure[124] would counsel you to a more equal[125] enterprise. We pray you for your own sake to embrace your own safety and give over this attempt.

ROSALIND Do, young sir: your reputation shall not therefore be misprized.[127] We will make it our suit[128] to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

ORLANDO I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial; wherein if I be foiled,[131] there is but one shamed that was never gracious,[132] if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends[133] no wrong, for I have none to lament me, the world no injury, for in it I have nothing. Only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

ROSALIND The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

CELIA And mine, to eke out[137] hers.

ROSALIND Fare you well: pray heaven I be deceived[138] in you!

CELIA Your heart's desires be with you!

CHARLES Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie[140] with his mother earth?

ORLANDO Ready, sir, but his will[142] hath in it a more modest working.

DUKE FREDERICK You shall try but one fall.[143]

CHARLES No, I warrant[144] your grace you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

ORLANDO You mean to mock me after, you should not have mocked me before. But come your ways.[146]

ROSALIND Now Hercules[148] be thy speed, young man!

CELIA I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg.

Wrestle

ROSALIND O excellent young man!

CELIA If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down.[151] ***Charles is thrown***

Shout

DUKE FREDERICK No more, no more.

ORLANDO Yes, I beseech your grace:
I am not yet well breathed.[154]

DUKE FREDERICK How dost thou, Charles?

LE BEAU He cannot speak, my lord.

DUKE FREDERICK Bear him away.— ***Charles is carried out/To Orlando*** What is thy name, young man?

ORLANDO Orlando, my liege, the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois.

DUKE FREDERICK I would thou hadst been son to some man else:
The world esteemed thy father honourable,
But I did find him still[161] mine enemy.
Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth.
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

Exit Duke [with others; Celia, Orlando and Rosalind remain]

CELIA Were I my father, coz, would I do this? ***To Rosalind***

ORLANDO I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son, ***Aside?***
His youngest son, and would not change that calling[168]
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

ROSALIND My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul, ***To Celia***
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto[173] entreaties,
Ere[174] he should thus have ventured.

CELIA Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him and encourage him. ***To Rosalind***
My father's rough and envious[177] disposition
Sticks[178] me at heart.— Sir, you have well deserved, ***To Orlando***
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly,[180] as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress[181] shall be happy.

ROSALIND Gentleman, ***Gives him a chain from her neck***

Wear this for me, one out of suits[183] with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz? ***To Celia***
CELIA Ay.— Fare you well, fair gentleman.
ORLANDO Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts[187]
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up
Is but a quintain,[189] a mere lifeless block.
ROSALIND He calls us back. My pride fell with my fortunes.
I'll ask him what he would.[191]— Did you call, sir? ***To Orlando***
Sir, you have wrestled well and overthrown
More than your enemies.
CELIA Will you go, coz?
ROSALIND Have with you.[195] Fare you well.
Exeunt [Rosalind and Celia]
ORLANDO What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue? I cannot speak to her,
yet she urged conference.[197]
Enter Le Beau
O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!
Or[199] Charles or something weaker masters thee.
LE BEAU Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved
High commendation, true applause and love,
Yet such is now the duke's condition[203]
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous:[205] what he is indeed
More suits you to conceive[206] than I to speak of.
ORLANDO I thank you, sir; and pray you tell me this:
Which of the two was daughter of the duke
That here was at the wrestling?
LE BEAU Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners,
But yet indeed the taller[211] is his daughter,
The other is daughter to the banished duke,
And here detained by her usurping uncle
To keep his daughter company, whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.

But I can tell you that of late this duke
Hath ta’en displeasure ’gainst his gentle[217] niece,
Grounded upon no other argument[218]
But that the people praise her for her virtues
And pity her for her good father’s sake;
And, on my life, his malice ’gainst the lady
Will suddenly[222] break forth. Sir, fare you well.
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge[224] of you.

ORLANDO I rest[225] much bounden to you. Fare you well.

[Exit Le Beau]

Thus must I from[226] the smoke into the smother,
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother.
But heavenly Rosalind!

Exit

Act 1 Scene 3

running scene 2 continues

Enter Celia and Rosalind

CELIA Why, cousin? Why, Rosalind? Cupid[1] have mercy, not a word?

ROSALIND Not one to throw at a dog.

CELIA No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs,[3] throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.[4]

ROSALIND Then there were[5] two cousins laid up, when the one should be lamed with reasons and the other mad without any.

CELIA But is all this for your father?

ROSALIND No, some of it is for my child's father.[8] O, how full of briars is this working-day[9] world!

CELIA They are but burs,[10] cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery: if we walk not in the trodden paths our very petticoats[11] will catch them.

ROSALIND I could shake them off my coat:[12] these burs are in my heart.

CELIA Hem[13] them away.

ROSALIND I would try, if I could cry 'hem'[14] and have him.

CELIA Come, come, wrestle[15] with thy affections.

ROSALIND O, they take[16] the part of a better wrestler than myself!

CELIA O, a[17] good wish upon you! You will try in time, in despite of a fall. But turning[18] these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

ROSALIND The duke my father loved his father dearly.

CELIA Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly?[22] By this kind of chase,[23] I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

ROSALIND No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

CELIA Why[26] should I not? Doth he not deserve well?

Enter Duke with Lords

ROSALIND Let me love him for that, and do you love him because I do. Look, here comes the duke.

CELIA With his eyes full of anger.
DUKE FREDERICK Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste[30] *To Rosalind*
And get you from our court.
ROSALIND Me, uncle?
DUKE FREDERICK You, cousin
Within these ten days if that thou be’st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.
ROSALIND I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myself I hold intelligence[39]
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires,
If that I do not dream or be not frantic[41] —
As I do trust I am not — then, dear[42] uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your highness.
DUKE FREDERICK Thus do all traitors.
If their purgation[46] did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace[47] itself;
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.
ROSALIND Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor;
Tell me whereon[50] the likelihood depends.
DUKE FREDERICK Thou art thy father’s daughter, there’s enough.
ROSALIND So was I when your highness took his dukedom,
So was I when your highness banished him;
Treason is not inherited, my lord,
Or if we did derive it from our friends,[55]
What’s that to me? My father was no traitor.
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.
CELIA Dear sovereign, hear me speak.
DUKE FREDERICK Ay, Celia, we stayed[60] her for your sake,
Else[61] had she with her father ranged along.
CELIA I did not then entreat to have her stay,
It was your pleasure[63] and your own remorse.

I was too young[64] that time to value her,
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why so am I. We still[66] have slept together,
Rose at an instant,[67] learned, played, eat together,
And wheresoe’er we went, like Juno’s swans,[68]
Still we went coupled and inseparable.
DUKE FREDERICK She is too subtle[70] for thee, and her smoothness,
Her very silence and her patience
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name,[73]
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips.
Firm and irrevocable is my doom[76]
Which I have passed upon her: she is banished.
CELIA Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege:
I cannot live out of her company.
DUKE FREDERICK You are a fool. You, niece, provide[80] yourself:
If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness[82] of my word, you die.
Exeunt Duke and others
CELIA O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change[84] fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee be not thou more grieved than I am.
ROSALIND I have more cause.
CELIA Thou hast not, cousin.
Prithee be cheerful; know’st thou not the duke
Hath banished me, his daughter?
ROSALIND That he hath not.
CELIA No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one.
Shall we be sundered?[93] Shall we part, sweet girl?
No, let my father seek another heir:
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go and what to bear with us.
And do not seek to take your change[97] upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out,

For, by this heaven, now at[99] our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.
ROSALIND Why, whither shall we go?
CELIA To seek my uncle in the Forest of Arden.
ROSALIND Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.
CELIA I'll put myself in poor and mean[106] attire
And with a kind of umber[107] smirch my face.
The like do you. So shall we pass along
And never stir assailants.
ROSALIND Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit[112] me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe[113] upon my thigh,
A boar-spear[114] in my hand, and — in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will —
We'll have a swashing[116] and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface[118] it with their semblances.
CELIA What shall I call thee when thou art a man?
ROSALIND I'll have no worse a name than Jove's[120] own page,
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.[121]
But what will you be called?
CELIA Something that hath a reference to my state:[123]
No longer Celia, but Aliena.[124]
ROSALIND But, cousin, what if we assayed[125] to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?[127]
CELIA He'll go along o'er the wide world with me.
Leave me alone[129] to woo him. Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together,
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go in we content[133]
To liberty and not to banishment.

Exeunt

Act 2 Scene 1[2.1]

running scene 3

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens and two or three Lords, like foresters

DUKE SENIOR Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom[2] made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp?[3] Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious[4] court?
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam,[5]
The seasons' difference,[6] as the icy fang
And churlish chiding[7] of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
'This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly[11] persuade me what I am.'
Sweet are the uses[12] of adversity,
Which, like the toad,[13] ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.
And this our life exempt[15] from public haunt
Finds tongues[16] in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in everything.
AMIENS I would not change[18] it. Happy is your grace
That can translate[19] the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.[20]
DUKE SENIOR Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,[22]
Being native burghers[23] of this desert city,
Should in their own confines[24] with forkèd heads
Have their round haunches gored.
FIRST LORD Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,
And in that kind[28] swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banished you.
Today my Lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along[31]

Under an oak whose antique[32] root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls[33] along this wood,
To the which place a poor sequestered[34] stag
That from the hunter’s aim had ta’en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
Coursed[40] one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool
Much markèd of[42] the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on th’extremest verge[43] of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

DUKE SENIOR But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize[46] this spectacle?

FIRST LORD O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless[48] stream;
‘Poor deer,’ quoth he, ‘thou mak’st a testament[49]
As worldlings[50] do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much.’ Then, being there alone,
Left and abandoned of his velvet friend,[52]
“Tis right,’ quoth he, ‘thus misery doth part[53]
The flux[54] of company.’ Anon a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
And never stays[56] to greet him. ‘Ay,’ quoth Jaques,
‘Sweep on, you fat and greasy[57] citizens,
’Tis just the fashion; wherefore[58] do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?’
Thus most invectively[60] he pierceth through
The body of country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we
Are mere[63] usurpers, tyrants, and what’s worse,
To fright the animals and to kill them up[64]
In their assigned and native dwelling-place.

DUKE SENIOR And did you leave him in this contemplation?

SECOND LORD We did, my lord, weeping and commenting[67]

Upon the sobbing deer.
DUKE SENIOR Show me the place.
I love to cope[70] him in these sullen fits,
For then he’s full of matter.[71]
FIRST LORD I’ll bring you to him straight.[72]
Exeunt

Act 2 Scene 2[2.2]

running scene 4

Enter Duke [Frederick], with Lords

DUKE FREDERICK Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be: some villains[2] of my court
Are of consent and sufferance[3] in this.

FIRST LORD I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her abed, and in the morning early
They found the bed untreasured[7] of their mistress.

SECOND LORD My lord, the roynish[8] clown, at whom so oft
Your grace was wont[9] to laugh, is also missing.
Hisperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts[13] and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles,
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

DUKE FREDERICK Send to his brother, fetch that gallant[17] hither.
If he be absent, bring his brother to me.
I'll make him find him. Do this suddenly,[19]
And let not search and inquisition quail[20]
To bring again[21] these foolish runaways.

Exeunt

Act 2 Scene 3[2.3]

running scene 5

Enter Orlando and Adam, [meeting]

ORLANDO Who's there?

ADAM What, my young master? O, my gentle master!
O my sweet master! O you memory[3]
Of old Sir Rowland! Why, what make you[4] here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong and valiant?
Why would you be so fond[7] to overcome
The bonny priser[8] of the humorous duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more[12] do yours: your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified[13] and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely[14]
Envenoms[15] him that bears it!

ORLANDO Why, what's the matter?

ADAM O, unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors! Within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother — no, no brother, yet the son —
Yet not the son, I will not call him son —
Of him I was about to call his father —
Hath heard your praises,[23] and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use[24] to lie
And you within it. If he fail of[25] that,
He will have other means to cut you off;[26]
I overheard him and his practices.[27]
This is no place,[28] this house is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

ORLANDO Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

ADAM No matter whither, so[31] you come not here.

ORLANDO What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?
Or with a base and boist'rous[33] sword enforce
A thievish living on the common[34] road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can.
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood[38] and bloody brother.

ADAM But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire[40] I saved under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse[41]
When service[42] should in my old limbs lie lame
And unregarded[43] age in corners thrown.
Take that, and he that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age. Here is the gold, ***Gives gold***
All this I give you. Let me be your servant.
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;[48]
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead[51] woo
The means of weakness and debility:
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty,[54] but kindly. Let me go with you.
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

ORLANDO O good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant[58] service of the antique world,
When service sweat[59] for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion,
And having that, do choke[62] their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield
In lieu of[66] all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways,[67] we'll go along together,

And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We’ll light upon some settled low content.[69]
ADAM Master, go on, and I will follow thee
To the last gasp with truth and loyalty.
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore[72]
Here livèd I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek,
But at fourscore it is too[75] late a week.
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well and not my master’s debtor.

Exeunt

Act 2 Scene 4[2.4]

running scene 6

Enter Rosalind for Ganymede, Celia for Aliena, and Clown alias Touchstone

ROSALIND O Jupiter,[1] how merry are my spirits!

TOUCHSTONE I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

ROSALIND ***Aside?*** I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman, but I must comfort the weaker vessel,[4] as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore courage, good Aliena!

CELIA I pray you bear with me. I cannot go no further.

TOUCHSTONE For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you: yet I should bear no cross[8] if I did bear you, for I think you have no money in your purse.

ROSALIND Well, this is the Forest of Arden.

TOUCHSTONE Ay, now am I in Arden, the more fool I. When I was at home, I was in a better place, but travellers must be content.

Enter Corin and Silvius

ROSALIND Ay, be so, good Touchstone. Look you, who comes here: a young man and an old in solemn[13] talk. ***They stand aside***

CORIN That is the way to make her scorn you still.

SILVIUS O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

CORIN I partly guess, for I have loved ere now.

SILVIUS No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sighed upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine —
As sure I think did never man love so —
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?[23]

CORIN Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

SILVIUS O, thou didst then never love so heartily![25]
If thou rememb'rest not the slightest folly[26]
That ever love did make thee run into,

Thou hast not loved.
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearing[30] thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not loved.
Or if thou hast not broke from[32] company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not loved.
O Phoebe,[35] Phoebe, Phoebe!

Exit

ROSALIND Alas, poor shepherd! Searching of[36] thy wound,
I have by hard adventure[37] found mine own.

TOUCHSTONE And I mine. I remember when I was in love, I broke my sword[38] upon a stone and bid him[39] take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile. And I remember the kissing of her batler[40] and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt hands had milked; and I remember the wooing of a peascod[41] instead of her, from whom I took two cods[42] and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears, 'Wear these for my sake.' We that are true lovers run into strange capers;[43] but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

ROSALIND Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware[45] of.

TOUCHSTONE Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit[46] till I break my shins against it.

ROSALIND Jove, Jove! This shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.[49]

TOUCHSTONE And mine, but it grows something[50] stale with me.

CELIA I pray you one of you question yond[51] man
If he for gold will give us any food.
I faint almost to death.

TOUCHSTONE Holla, you clown![54] ***To Corin***

ROSALIND Peace, fool, he's not thy kinsman.

CORIN Who calls?

TOUCHSTONE Your betters, sir.

CORIN Else are they very wretched.

ROSALIND Peace, I say. Good even[59] to you, friend.

CORIN And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

ROSALIND I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert[62] place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed:
Here’s a young maid with travel much oppressed
And faints for succour.[65]
CORIN Fair sir, I pity her
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her.
But I am shepherd to another man
And do not shear[70] the fleeces that I graze:
My master is of churlish disposition
And little recks[72] to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality.
Besides, his cote,[74] his flocks and bounds of feed
Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote[75] now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on. But what is, come see,
And in my voice[78] most welcome shall you be.
ROSALIND What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?
CORIN That young swain[80] that you saw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying anything.
ROSALIND I pray thee if it stand[82] with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay[84] for it of us.
CELIA And we will mend[85] thy wages. I like this place
And willingly could waste[86] my time in it.
CORIN Assuredly the thing is to be sold.
Go with me: if you like upon report
The soil, the profit and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder[90] be
And buy it with your gold right suddenly.[91]
Exeunt

Act 2 Scene 5

running scene 7

Enter Amiens, Jaques and others

AMIENS *Song*
Under the greenwood[1] tree
Who[2] loves to lie with me,
And turn[3] his merry note
Unto the sweet bird’s throat,[4]
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see no enemy
But winter and rough weather.

JAQUES More, more, I prithee more.

AMIENS It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

JAQUES I thank it. More, I prithee more.
I can suck melancholy out of a song,
As a weasel sucks eggs. More, I prithee more.

AMIENS My voice is ragged.[13] I know I cannot please you.

JAQUES I do not desire you to please me,
I do desire you to sing.
Come, more: another stanzo[16] — call you ’em stanzos?

AMIENS What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

JAQUES Nay, I[18] care not for their names. They owe me nothing. Will you sing?

AMIENS More at your request than to please myself.

JAQUES Well then, if ever I thank any man, I’ll thank you. But that[20] they call compliment[21] is like th’encounter of two dog-apes, and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny and he renders me the beggarly[22] thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

AMIENS Well, I’ll end[24] the song. Sirs, cover the while. The duke will drink under this tree. He hath been all this day to look[25] you. ***A table with food and drink is set out***

JAQUES And I have been all this day to avoid him.
He is too disputable[27] for my company:

I think of as many matters[28] as he, but I give
Heaven thanks and make no boast of them.
Come, warble, come.
Song. All together here
Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i’th’sun,[32]
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see etc.[36]

JAQUES I’ll give you a verse to this note
That I made yesterday in[38] despite of my invention. ***Hands Amiens a paper***

AMIENS And I’ll sing it. Thus it goes:
If it do come to pass ***Sings***
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame,[44] ducdame, ducdame:
HERE shall he see gross[45] fools as he, ***Other lords gather around him***
An[46] if he will come to me. ***in a circle, examining the paper***
What’s that ‘ducdame’?

JAQUES ’Tis a Greek[48] invocation, to call fools into a circle. I’ll go sleep, if I can. If I cannot, I’ll rail[49] against all the first-born of Egypt.

AMIENS And I’ll go seek the duke. His banquet[50] is prepared.

Exeunt [separately]

Act 2 Scene 6

running scene 7 continues

Enter Orlando and Adam

ADAM Dear master, I can go no further.
O, I die for food! Here lie I down, ***Lies down***
And measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

ORLANDO Why, how now, Adam? No greater heart in thee? Live a little, comfort[4] a little, cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth[5] forest yield anything savage, I will either be food for it or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit[6] is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable,[7] hold death awhile at the arm's end. I will here be with thee presently,[8] and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die. But if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said![10] Thou look'st cheerly, and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air. Come, I will bear thee to some shelter, and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live anything in this desert. ***Picks up Adam*** Cheerly, good Adam!

Exeunt

Act 2 Scene 7

running scene 7 continues

Enter Duke Senior and Lord[s], like outlaws

DUKE SENIOR I think he be transformed into a beast,
For I can nowhere find him like a man.

FIRST LORD My lord, he is but even now gone hence:
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

DUKE SENIOR If he, compact of jars,[5] grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.[6]
Go, seek him: tell him I would speak with him.

Enter Jaques

FIRST LORD He saves my labour by his own approach.

DUKE SENIOR Why, how now, monsieur! What a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company?
What, you look merrily.

JAQUES A fool, a fool! I met a fool i'th'forest,
A motley[13] fool — a miserable world.
As I do live by food, I met a fool
Who laid him down and basked him in the sun,
And railed on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms,[17] and yet a motley fool.
'Good morrow, fool', quoth I. 'No, sir,' quoth he,
'Call[19] me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune.'
And then he drew a dial[20] from his poke,
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock,
Thus we may see', quoth he, 'how the world wags.[23]
'Tis but an hour[24] ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven,
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe[26] and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot[27] and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale.[28]' When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral[29] on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,[30]

That fools should be so deep contemplative,[31]
And I did laugh sans[32] intermission
An hour by his dial. O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley’s the only wear.[34]
DUKE SENIOR What fool is this?
JAQUES O worthy fool! One that hath been a courtier,
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it. And in his brain,
Which is as dry[39] as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places[40] crammed
With observation, the which he vents[41]
In mangled forms. O, that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.
DUKE SENIOR Thou shalt have one.
JAQUES It is my only suit,[45]
Provided that you weed[46] your better judgements
Of all opinion that grows rank[47] in them
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal,[49] as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please, for so fools have.
And they that are most gallèd[51] with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
The ‘why’ is plain as way[53] to parish church:
He that[54] a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,[55]
Seem senseless[56] of the bob. If not,
The wise man’s folly is anatomized[57]
Even by the squandering glances[58] of the fool.
Invest[59] me in my motley, give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse[61] the foul body of th’infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.
DUKE SENIOR Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.
JAQUES What, for a counter,[64] would I do but good?
DUKE SENIOR Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin.
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,[66]

As sensual as the brutish sting[67] itself;
And all th’embossèd[68] sores and headed evils
That thou with licence of free foot hast caught
Wouldst thou disgorge[70] into the general world.
JAQUES Why, who cries out on pride,[71]
That can therein tax[72] any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the weary[74] very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say the city woman bears
The cost of princes[77] on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in[78] and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function[80]
That says his bravery[81] is not on my cost,
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits[82]
His folly to the mettle[83] of my speech?
There then, how then, what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wronged him: if it do him right,[85]
Then he hath wronged himself. If he be free,[86]
Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,
Unclaimed of any man. But who comes here?
Enter Orlando
ORLANDO Forbear,[89] and eat no more. ***Draws his sword***
JAQUES Why, I have eat none yet.
ORLANDO Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.
JAQUES Of[92] what kind should this cock come of?
DUKE SENIOR Art thou thus boldened, man, by thy distress,
Or else a rude[94] despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem’st so empty?
ORLANDO You touched[96] my vein at first. The thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta’en from me the show
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred[98]
And know some nurture.[99] But forbear, I say:
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answerèd.[101]

JAQUES An you will not be answered with reason,[102] I must die.
DUKE SENIOR What would you have? Your gentleness[103] shall force
More than your force move us to gentleness.
ORLANDO I almost die for food, and let me have it.
DUKE SENIOR Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.
ORLANDO Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you.
I thought that all things had been savage here,
And therefore put I on the countenance[109]
Of stern commandment. But whate’er you are
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy[112] boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time,
If ever you have looked on better days,
If ever been where bells have knolled[115] to church,
If ever sat at any good man’s feast,
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear
And know what ’tis to pity and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement[119] be:
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword. ***Sheathes his sword***
DUKE SENIOR True is it that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knolled to church,
And sat at good men’s feasts, and wiped our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engendered:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command[126] what help we have
That to your wanting[127] may be ministered.
ORLANDO Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limped in pure love: till he be first sufficed,
Oppressed with two weak[133] evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.
DUKE SENIOR Go find him out.
And we will nothing waste[136] till you return.
ORLANDO I thank ye, and be blest for your good comfort!

[Exit]

DUKE SENIOR Thou see’st we are not all alone unhappy:[138]
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

JAQUES All the world’s a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts[146] being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling[147] and puking in the nurse’s arms.
Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress’ eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange[153] oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in[154] honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon’s mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon[157] lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws[159] and modern instances.
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,[161]
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose,[163] well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank,[164] and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his[166] sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,[167]
Is second childishness and mere[168] oblivion,
Sans[169] teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Enter Orlando, with Adam

DUKE SENIOR Welcome. Set down your venerable burden,
And let him feed.

ORLANDO I thank you most for him. ***Sets down Adam***
ADAM So had you need.
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.
DUKE SENIOR Welcome, fall to.[175] I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes.—
Give us some music, and, good cousin, sing.
Song
Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind[179]
As man's ingratitude.
Thy tooth is not so keen,[181]
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.[183]
Heigh-ho, sing heigh-ho, unto the green holly.
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
The hey-ho, the holly.
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky
That dost not bite so nigh[189]
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,[191]
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Hey-ho, sing, etc.
DUKE SENIOR If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son, ***To Orlando***
As you have whispered faithfully[196] you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies[197] witness
Most truly limned[198] and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke
That loved your father. The residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.
Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes[204] understand.
Exeunt

Act 3 Scene 1[3.1]

running scene 8

Enter Duke [Frederick], Lords and Oliver

DUKE FREDERICK Not see him[1] since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better[2] part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument[3]
Of my revenge, thou present.[4] But look to it:
Find out thy brother, wheresoe’er he is.
Seek him with candle. Bring him dead or living
Within this twelvemonth, or turn[7] thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine
Worth seizure[10] do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit[11] thee by thy brother’s mouth
Of what we think against thee.

OLIVER O, that your highness knew my heart in this!
I never loved my brother in my life.

DUKE FREDERICK More villain thou. Well, push him out of doors,
And let my officers of[16] such a nature
Make[17] an extent upon his house and lands.
Do this expediently[18] and turn him going.

Exeunt

Act 3 Scene 2[3.2]

running scene 9

Enter Orlando ***With a paper***

ORLANDO Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
And thou, thrice-crownèd[2] queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress'[4] name that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! These trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,[6]
That every eye which in this forest looks
Shall see thy virtue witnessed everywhere.
Run, run, Orlando, carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste and unexpressive[10] she.

Exit

Enter Corin and Clown [Touchstone]

CORIN And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

TOUCHSTONE Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private,[14] it is a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare[15] life, look you, it fits my humour[16] well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach.[17] Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

CORIN No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is: and that he that wants[19] money, means and content is without three good friends: that the property of rain is to wet and fire to burn: that good pasture makes fat sheep: and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun: that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art[22] may complain of good breeding or comes of a very dull kindred.

TOUCHSTONE Such a one is a natural[24] philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

CORIN No, truly.

TOUCHSTONE Then thou art damned.

CORIN Nay, I hope.[27]

TOUCHSTONE Truly thou art damned, like an ill-roasted[28] egg: all on one side.

CORIN For not being at court? Your reason.

TOUCHSTONE Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners.[30] If thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked, and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous[32] state, shepherd.

CORIN Not a whit, Touchstone. Those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court, but you kiss[35] your hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

TOUCHSTONE Instance,[37] briefly. Come, instance.

CORIN Why, we are still[38] handling our ewes, and their fells, you know are greasy.

TOUCHSTONE Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? And is not the grease[39] of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say, come.

CORIN Besides, our hands are hard.

TOUCHSTONE Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder instance, come.

CORIN And they are often tarred[45] over with the surgery of our sheep, and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.[46]

TOUCHSTONE Most shallow man! Thou worms-meat[47] in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed. Learn of the wise, and perpend:[48] civet is of a baser birth than tar, the very uncleanly flux[49] of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

CORIN You have too courtly a wit for me. I'll rest.[50]

TOUCHSTONE Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man. God make incision[51] in thee. Thou art raw.[52]

CORIN Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that[53] I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content[54] with my harm, and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

TOUCHSTONE That is another simple[56] sin in you: to bring the ewes and the rams together and to offer[57] to get your living by the copulation of cattle, to be bawd to a bell-wether,[58] and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly[59] ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds. I cannot see else how thou shouldst scape.

CORIN Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress' brother.

Enter Rosalind ***With a paper***

ROSALIND 'From the east to western Ind,[62] ***Reads***
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lined[66]
Are but black to[67] Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind
But the fair[69] of Rosalind.'

TOUCHSTONE I'll rhyme you so eight years together,[70] dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted. It[71] is the right butter-women's rank to market.

ROSALIND Out, fool!

TOUCHSTONE For a taste:
If a hart[74] do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,[76]
So be sure will Rosalind.
Wintered[78] garments must be lined,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap[80] must sheaf and bind,
Then to cart[81] with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut[82] hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose[84] will find

Must find love’s prick[85] and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop[86] of verses. Why do you infect yourself with them?

ROSALIND Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a tree.

TOUCHSTONE Truly the tree yields bad fruit.[88]

ROSALIND I’ll graff[89] it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar. Then it will be the earliest fruit i’th’country, for you’ll be rotten[90] ere you be half ripe, and that’s the right virtue[91] of the medlar.

TOUCHSTONE You have said, but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter Celia, with a writing

ROSALIND Peace! Here comes my sister, reading. Stand aside. ***They stand aside***

CELIA ‘Why should this a desert be? ***Reads***
For[95] it is unpeopled? No.
Tongues I’ll hang on every tree
That shall civil sayings[97] show.
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring[99] pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span[100]
Buckles in[101] his sum of age.
Some, of violated vows
’Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,
Will I Rosalinda write,
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence[108] of every sprite
Heaven would in little[109] show.
Therefore heaven Nature charged[110]
That one body should be filled
With all graces wide-enlarged.[112]
Nature presently[113] distilled
Helen’s[114] cheek, but not her heart,
Cleopatra’s[115] majesty,
Atalanta’s better part,[116]
Sad Lucretia’s modesty.[117]

Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod[119] was devised,
Of many faces, eyes and hearts,
To have the touches[121] dearest prized.
Heaven would[122] that she these gifts should have,
And I to[123] live and die her slave.'

ROSALIND O most gentle Jupiter![124] ***Steps forward*** What tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried 'Have patience, good people!'

CELIA How now? Back,[126] friends. Shepherd, go off a little.—***To Touchstone*** Go with him, sirrah.

TOUCHSTONE Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat, though not with bag and baggage,[128] yet with scrip and scrippage. *Exeunt* [*Corin and Touchstone*]

CELIA Didst thou hear these verses?

ROSALIND O, yes, I heard them all, and more too, for some of them had in them more feet[131] than the verses would bear.

CELIA That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

ROSALIND Ay, but the feet were lame and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

CELIA But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

ROSALIND I was seven[137] of the nine days out of the wonder before you came, for look here what I found on a palm-tree. I was never so berhymed since Pythagoras'[138] time that[139] I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

CELIA Trow[140] you who hath done this?

ROSALIND Is it a man?

CELIA And a chain,[142] that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour?

ROSALIND I prithee who?

CELIA O lord, lord! It is a hard matter for friends[144] to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes and so encounter.

ROSALIND Nay, but who is it?

CELIA Is it possible?[147]

ROSALIND Nay, I[148] prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

CELIA O wonderful,[149] wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! And yet again wonderful, and after that, out[150] of all whooping!

ROSALIND Good my complexion![151] Dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South[153] Sea of discovery. I prithee tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle, either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings.

CELIA So you may put a man in your belly.[158]

ROSALIND Is he of God's making?[159] What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat? Or his chin worth a beard?

CELIA Nay, he hath but a little beard.

ROSALIND Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay[162] the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

CELIA It is young Orlando that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

ROSALIND Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak, sad[166] brow and true maid.

CELIA I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

ROSALIND Orlando?

CELIA Orlando.

ROSALIND Alas the day! What shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou saw'st him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he?[171] What makes he[172] here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

CELIA You must borrow me Gargantua's[174] mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars[175] is more than to answer in a catechism.[176]

ROSALIND But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

CELIA It is as easy to count atomies[179] as to resolve the propositions of a lover, but take a taste of my finding him, and relish[180] it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

ROSALIND It may well be called Jove's tree,[182] when it drops forth such fruit. ***Aside?***

CELIA Give me audience,[183] good madam.

ROSALIND Proceed.

CELIA There lay he, stretched along,[185] like a wounded knight.

ROSALIND Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

CELIA Cry 'holla'[187] to the tongue, I prithee. It curvets unseasonably. He was furnished[188] like a hunter.

ROSALIND O, ominous! He comes to kill my heart.[189]

CELIA I would sing my song without a burden.[190] Thou bringest me out of tune.

ROSALIND Do you not know I am a woman? When I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Enter Orlando and Jaques

CELIA You bring me out.[193] Soft! Comes he not here?

ROSALIND 'Tis he. Slink by, and note him. ***They stand aside***

JAQUES ***To Orlando*** I thank you for your company, but, good faith, I had as lief[195] have been myself alone.

ORLANDO And so had I, but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.[198]

JAQUES God buy you. Let's meet as little as we can.

ORLANDO I do desire we may be better strangers.

JAQUES I pray you mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

ORLANDO I pray you mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.[202]

JAQUES Rosalind is your love's name?

ORLANDO Yes, just.[204]

JAQUES I do not like her name.

ORLANDO There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

JAQUES What stature is she of?

ORLANDO Just as high as my heart.

JAQUES You are full of pretty[209] answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned[210] them out of rings?

ORLANDO Not so, but I answer you right painted cloth,[211] from whence you have studied your questions.[212]

JAQUES You have a nimble wit; I think 'twas made of Atalanta's[213] heels. Will you sit down with me? And we two will rail against our mistress the world and all our misery.

ORLANDO I will chide no breather[216] in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

JAQUES The worst fault you have is to be in love.

ORLANDO 'Tis a fault I will not change[219] for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

JAQUES By my troth,[220] I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

ORLANDO He is drowned in the brook. Look but in, and you shall see him.

JAQUES There I shall see mine own figure.[222]

ORLANDO Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.[223]

JAQUES I'll tarry no longer with you. Farewell, good Signior Love.

ORLANDO I am glad of your departure. Adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy.

[Exit Jaques]

ROSALIND ***Aside to Celia*** I will speak to him like a saucy lackey,[226] and under that habit play the knave with him.— Do you hear, forester?

ORLANDO Very well. What would you?

ROSALIND I pray you, what is't o'clock?

ORLANDO You should ask me what time o'day: there's no clock in the forest.

ROSALIND Then there is no true lover in the forest, else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect[232] the lazy foot of time as well as a clock.

ORLANDO And why not the swift foot of time? Had not that been as proper?

ROSALIND By no means, sir; time travels in divers[234] paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal and who he stands still withal.

ORLANDO I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

ROSALIND Marry, he trots hard[238] with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized. If the interim be but a se'nnight,[239] time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

ORLANDO Who ambles time withal?

ROSALIND With a priest that lacks Latin and a rich man that hath not the gout, for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean[244] and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious[245] penury. These time ambles withal.

ORLANDO Who doth he gallop withal?

ROSALIND With a thief to the gallows, for though he go as softly[247] as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

ORLANDO Who stays it still withal?

ROSALIND With lawyers in the vacation,[250] for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

ORLANDO Where dwell you, pretty youth?

ROSALIND With this shepherdess, my sister, here in the skirts[253] of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

ORLANDO Are you native of this place?

ROSALIND As the cony[256] that you see dwell where she is kindled.

ORLANDO Your accent is something finer than you could purchase[257] in so removed a dwelling.

ROSALIND I have been told so of many: but indeed an old religious[259] uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland[260] man, one that knew courtship[261] too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched[262] with so many giddy offences as he hath generally[263] taxed their whole sex withal.

ORLANDO Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

ROSALIND There were none principal. They were all like one another as half-pence are, every one fault seeming monstrous till his[267] fellow fault came to match it.

ORLANDO I prithee recount some of them.

ROSALIND No, I will not cast away my physic[269] but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts[270] the forest that abuses our young plants with carving 'Rosalind' on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind. If I could meet that fancy-monger,[272] I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian[273] of love upon him.

ORLANDO I am he that is so love-shaked. I pray you tell me your remedy.

ROSALIND There is none of my uncle's marks[275] upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love, in which cage of rushes[276] I am sure you are not prisoner.

ORLANDO What were his marks?

ROSALIND A lean cheek, which you have not: a blue[278] eye and sunken, which you have not: an unquestionable[279] spirit, which you have not: a beard neglected, which you have not — but I pardon you for that, for simply your[280] having in beard is a younger brother's revenue. Then your hose should be ungartered,[281] your bonnet unbanded,[282] your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation: but you are no such man: you are rather point-device[284] in your accoutrements, as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

ORLANDO Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

ROSALIND Me believe it? You may as soon make her that you love believe it, which I warrant she is apter[288] to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still[289] give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

ORLANDO I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

ROSALIND But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

ORLANDO Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

ROSALIND Love is merely[295] a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess[298] curing it by counsel.

ORLANDO Did you ever cure any so?

ROSALIND Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress, and I set him every day to woo me. At which time would I, being but a moonish[301] youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical,[302] apish,[303] shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles, for every passion something and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are for the most part cattle[304] of this colour: would now like him, now loathe him: then entertain[305] him, then forswear[306] him: now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living[307] humour of madness, which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely[308] monastic. And thus I cured him, and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver[309] as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

ORLANDO I would not be cured, youth.

ROSALIND I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind and come every day to my cote[313] and woo me.

ORLANDO Now, by the faith of my love, I will. Tell me where it is.

ROSALIND Go with me to it and I'll show it you, and by[315] the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

ORLANDO With all my heart, good youth.

ROSALIND Nay, you must call me Rosalind.— Come, sister, will you go?

Exeunt

Act 3 Scene 3

running scene 9 continues

Enter Clown [Touchstone], Audrey and Jaques [behind]

TOUCHSTONE Come apace,[1] good Audrey. I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how,[2] Audrey, am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

AUDREY Your features? Lord warrant[3] us! What features?

TOUCHSTONE I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious[4] poet, honest Ovid,[5] was among the Goths.

JAQUES O, knowledge ill-inhabited,[6] worse than Jove in a thatched house. ***Aside***

TOUCHSTONE When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded[8] with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great[9] reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

AUDREY I do not know what 'poetical' is. Is it honest[10] in deed and word? Is it a true thing?

TOUCHSTONE No, truly, for the truest prose is the most feigning,[12] and lovers are given to prose, and what they swear in prose may be said as lovers, they do feign.

AUDREY Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical?

TOUCHSTONE I do truly, for thou swear'st to me thou art honest.[15] Now if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

AUDREY Would you not have me honest?

TOUCHSTONE No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favoured,[18] for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

JAQUES A material[20] fool! ***Aside***

AUDREY Well, I am not fair, and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

TOUCHSTONE Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul[22] slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.[23]

AUDREY I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

TOUCHSTONE Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness; sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee, and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext,[27] the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple[28] us.

JAQUES I would fain[29] see this meeting. ***Aside***

AUDREY Well, the gods give us joy!

TOUCHSTONE Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger[31] in this attempt, for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly[32] but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary.[33] It is said, 'many a man knows[34] no end of his goods'. Right. Many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife: 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so. Poor men alone? No, no: the noblest deer[36] hath them as huge as the rascal.[37] Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor. And by how much defence[39] is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.[40]

Enter Sir Oliver Martext

Here comes Sir Oliver.— Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met. Will you dispatch[41] us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

SIR OLIVER Is there none here to give the woman?

TOUCHSTONE I will not take her on[44] gift of any man.

SIR OLIVER Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

JAQUES Proceed, proceed I'll give her. ***Steps forward***

TOUCHSTONE Good even, good Master What-ye-call't.[47] How do you, sir? You are very well met. God 'ild[48] you for your last company, I am very glad to see you. Even a toy in hand here, sir. Nay, pray be covered.[49]

JAQUES Will you be married, motley?

TOUCHSTONE As the ox hath his bow,[51] sir, the horse his curb and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires, and as pigeons bill,[52] so wedlock would be nibbling.

JAQUES And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot,[55] then one of you will prove a shrunk panel and, like green[56] timber, warp, warp.

TOUCHSTONE *Aside* I[57] am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another, for he is not like[58] to marry me well, and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

JAQUES Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

TOUCHSTONE Come, sweet Audrey:
We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.[62]
Farewell, good Master Oliver. Not —
‘O[64] sweet Oliver, O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behind thee’
but —
‘Wind[67] away,
Begone, I say,
I will not to wedding with thee.’

SIR OLIVER ’Tis no matter; ne’er a fantastical[70] knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling.

Exeunt [separately]

Act 3 Scene 4

running scene 9 continues

Enter Rosalind and Celia

ROSALIND Never talk to me. I will weep.

CELIA Do, I prithee, but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

ROSALIND But have I not cause to weep?

CELIA As good cause as one would desire: therefore weep.

ROSALIND His very hair is of the dissembling[6] colour.

CELIA Something browner than Judas'. Marry, his[7] kisses are Judas' own children.

ROSALIND I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.

CELIA An excellent colour, your[9] chestnut was ever the only colour.

ROSALIND And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.[10]

CELIA He hath bought a pair of cast[11] lips of Diana. A nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously, the very ice of chastity is in them.

ROSALIND But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

CELIA Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

ROSALIND Do you think so?

CELIA Yes, I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer, but for his verity[16] in love, I do think him as concave[17] as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

ROSALIND Not true in love?

CELIA Yes, when he is in, but I think he is not in.

ROSALIND You have heard him swear downright he was.

CELIA 'Was' is not 'is'. Besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster:[22] they are both the confirmer of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

ROSALIND I met the duke yesterday and had much question[24] with him: he asked me of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he, so he laughed and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

CELIA O, that's a brave man! He writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths and breaks them bravely, quite traverse,[28] athwart the heart of his lover, as a puny tilter,[29] that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose;[30] but all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. Who comes here?

Enter Corin

CORIN Mistress and master, you have oft inquired
After the shepherd that complained of[32] love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

CELIA Well, and what of him?

CORIN If you will see a pageant[37] truly played,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark[41] it.

ROSALIND O, come, let us remove:[42]
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play.

Exeunt

Act 3 Scene 5

running scene 9 continues

Enter Silvius and Phoebe

SILVIUS Sweet Phoebe, do not scorn me, do not, Phoebe.
Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart th'accustomed sight of death makes hard,
Falls[5] not the axe upon the humbled neck
But[6] first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than he[7] that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter Rosalind, Celia and Corin ***They stand aside***

PHOEBE I would not be thy executioner.
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty,[11] sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates[13] on atomies,
Should be called tyrants, butchers, murderers.
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart,
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee.
Now counterfeit[17] to swoon, why now fall down,
Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it. Lean but upon a rush,[22]
The cicatrice[23] and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps. But now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

SILVIUS O dear Phoebe, If ever — as that ever may be near —
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,[29]
Then shall you know the wounds invisible

That love's keen[31] arrows make.
PHOEBE But till that time
Come not thou near me: and when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not,
As till that time I shall not pity thee.
ROSALIND And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother, ***Steps forward***
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though[38] you have no beauty —
As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than[40] without candle may go dark to bed —
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary[43]
Of nature's sale-work.[44] 'Od's my little life,
I think she means to tangle[45] my eyes too!
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle[48] eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream
That can entame my spirits to your worship.
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her, ***To Silvius***
Like foggy south,[51] puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer[52] man
Than she a woman. 'Tis such fools as you
That makes the world full of ill-favoured children.
'Tis not her glass[55] but you that flatters her,
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments[57] can show her.
But mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love;
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can, you are not for all markets.
Cry[62] the man mercy, love him, take his offer:
Foul[63] is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So take her to thee, shepherd. Fare you well.
PHOEBE Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together:[65]
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

ROSALIND He’s fallen in love with your foulness—***Aside or to Phoebe/To Silvius*** and she’ll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I’ll sauce[68] her with bitter words.— Why look you so upon me? ***To Phoebe***

PHOEBE For no ill will I bear you.

ROSALIND I pray you do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine.[72]
Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,
’Tis at the tuft of olives,[74] here hard by.
Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply[75] her hard.
Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abused in sight[78] as he.
Come, to our flock.

Exeunt [Rosalind, Celia and Corin]

PHOEBE Dead Shepherd,[80] now I find thy saw of might,
‘Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?’

SILVIUS Sweet Phoebe—

PHOEBE Ha, what say’st thou, Silvius?

SILVIUS Sweet Phoebe, pity me.

PHOEBE Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

SILVIUS Wherever sorrow is, relief would be.
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermined.[89]

PHOEBE Thou hast my love.[90] Is not that neighbourly?

SILVIUS I would have you.

PHOEBE Why, that were covetousness.[92]
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee;
And yet it is not that I bear thee love,
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst[96] was irksome to me,
I will endure; and I’ll employ thee too.
But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art employed.

SILVIUS So holy and so perfect is my love,

And I in such a poverty[101] of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears[103] after the man
That the main harvest reaps. Loose now and then
A scattered smile, and that I'll live upon.
PHOEBE Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?[106]
SILVIUS Not very well, but I have met him oft,
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds[108]
That the old carlot[109] once was master of.
PHOEBE Think not I love him, though I ask for him:
'Tis but a peevish[111] boy, yet he talks well.
But what care I for words? Yet words do well
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth, not very pretty.
But sure he's proud, and yet his pride becomes him;
He'll make a proper man. The best thing in him
Is his complexion.[117] And faster than his tongue
Did make offence his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall, yet for his years he's tall.
His leg is but so-so, and yet 'tis well.
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty[122] red
Than that mixed in his cheek. 'Twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant[124] red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they marked him
In parcels[126] as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him. But, for my part,
I love him not nor hate him not. And yet
Have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black and my hair black,
And, now I am remembered,[132] scorned at me.
I marvel why I answered not again.[133]
But that's all one: omittance[134] is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it. Wilt thou, Silvius?

SILVIUS Phoebe, with all my heart.
PHOEBE I'll write it straight:[138]
The matter's in my head and in my heart.
I will be bitter with him and passing[140] short.
Go with me, Silvius.

Exeunt

Act 4 Scene 1

running scene 9 continues

Enter Rosalind, and Celia and Jaques

JAQUES I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

ROSALIND They say you are a melancholy fellow.

JAQUES I am so. I do love it better than laughing.

ROSALIND Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray[4] themselves to every modern censure[5] worse than drunkards.

JAQUES Why, ’tis good to be sad[6] and say nothing.

ROSALIND Why then, ’tis good to be a post.[7]

JAQUES I have neither the scholar’s melancholy, which is emulation,[8] nor the musician’s, which is fantastical,[9] nor the courtier’s, which is proud, nor the soldier’s, which is ambitious, nor the lawyer’s, which is politic,[10] nor the lady’s, which is nice,[11] nor the lover’s, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples,[12] extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry[13] contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous[14] sadness.

ROSALIND A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men’s; then to have seen much and to have nothing is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

JAQUES Yes, I have gained my experience.

Enter Orlando

ROSALIND And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad, and to travel[20] for it too.

ORLANDO Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind!

JAQUES Nay, then, God buy you, an[22] you talk in blank verse.

[Exit]

ROSALIND Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: look you lisp[23] and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own country, be out of love with your nativity,[24] and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam[26] in a gondola. Why, how now, Orlando, where have you been all this while? You a lover? An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

ORLANDO My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

ROSALIND Break an hour's promise in love? He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts and break but a part of the thousand part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o'th'shoulder,[32] but I'll warrant him heart-whole.[33]

ORLANDO Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

ROSALIND Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight. I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

ORLANDO Of a snail?

ROSALIND Ay, of a snail, for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure,[39] I think, than you make a woman. Besides, he brings his destiny with him.

ORLANDO What's that?

ROSALIND Why, horns,[42] which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for: but he comes armed[43] in his fortune and prevents the slander of his wife.

ORLANDO Virtue is no horn-maker, and my Rosalind is virtuous.

ROSALIND And I am your Rosalind.

CELIA It pleases him to call you so, but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer[46] than you.

ROSALIND Come, woo me, woo me, for now I am in a holiday humour[47] and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very[48] very Rosalind?

ORLANDO I would kiss before I spoke.

ROSALIND Nay, you were better speak first, and when you were gravelled[51] for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out,[52] they will spit. And for lovers lacking — God warn[53] us! — matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

ORLANDO How if the kiss be denied?

ROSALIND Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

ORLANDO Who[57] could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

ROSALIND Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty[59] ranker than my wit.

ORLANDO What, of my suit?[60]

ROSALIND Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

ORLANDO I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

ROSALIND Well, in her person, I say I will not have you.

ORLANDO Then, in mine own person, I die.

ROSALIND No, faith, die by attorney.[65] The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*,[66] in a love-cause. Troilus[67] had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club, yet he did what he could to die[68] before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year though[69] Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night, for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont and being taken with the cramp was drowned. And the foolish chroniclers of that age found it[72] was 'Hero of Sestos'. But these are all lies: men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

ORLANDO I would not have my right[74] Rosalind of this mind, for I protest her frown might kill me.

ROSALIND By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on[77] disposition. And ask me what you will, I will grant it.

ORLANDO Then love me, Rosalind.

ROSALIND Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays[79] and all.

ORLANDO And wilt thou have me?

ROSALIND Ay, and twenty[81] such.

ORLANDO What sayest thou?

ROSALIND Are you not good?

ORLANDO I hope so.

ROSALIND Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister?

ORLANDO Pray thee marry us.

CELIA I cannot say the words.

ROSALIND You must begin, ‘Will you, Orlando —’

CELIA Go to.[91] Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

ORLANDO I will.

ROSALIND Ay, but when?

ORLANDO Why now, as fast[94] as she can marry us.

ROSALIND Then you must say ‘I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.’

ORLANDO I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

ROSALIND I might ask you for your commission,[97] but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband. There’s a girl goes[98] before the priest, and certainly a woman’s thought runs before her actions.

ORLANDO So do all thoughts: they are winged.

ROSALIND Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed[101] her.

ORLANDO Forever and a day.

ROSALIND Say ‘a day’, without the ‘ever’. No, no, Orlando. Men are April when they woo, December when they wed. Maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon[105] over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against[106] rain, more new-fangled[107] than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey. I will weep for nothing, like Diana[108] in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry. I will laugh like a hyena, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

ORLANDO But will my Rosalind do so?

ROSALIND By my life, she will do as I do.

ORLANDO O, but she is wise.

ROSALIND Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder.[114] Make[115] the doors upon a woman’s wit and it will out at the casement. Shut that and ’twill out at the key-hole. Stop that, ’twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

ORLANDO A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say ‘Wit, whither wilt?’[118]

ROSALIND Nay, you might keep that check[119] for it till you met your wife’s wit going to your neighbour’s bed.

ORLANDO And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

ROSALIND Marry, to say she came to seek you there. You shall never take[122] her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault[124] her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

ORLANDO For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

ROSALIND Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

ORLANDO I must attend the duke at dinner. By two o'clock I will be with thee again.

ROSALIND Ay, go your ways, go your ways. I knew what you would prove: my friends told me as much, and I thought no less. That flattering tongue of yours won me. 'Tis but[131] one cast away, and so, come, death! Two o'clock is your hour?

ORLANDO Ay, sweet Rosalind.

ROSALIND By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or come one minute behind your hour,[135] I will think you the most pathetical break-promise and the most hollow lover and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind that may be chosen out of the gross[137] band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure and keep your promise.

ORLANDO With no less religion[139] than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so adieu.

ROSALIND Well, time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try.[141] Adieu.

Exit [Orlando]

CELIA You have simply misused[142] our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what[143] the bird hath done to her own nest.

ROSALIND O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom[146] deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the Bay of Portugal.

CELIA Or rather, bottomless, that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

ROSALIND No, that same wicked bastard of Venus[149] that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen[150] and born of madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses everyone’s eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I’ll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I’ll go find a shadow[152] and sigh till he come.

CELIA And I’ll sleep.

Exeunt

Act 4 Scene 2

running scene 10

Enter Jaques and Lords [as] foresters

JAQUES Which is he that killed the deer?

FIRST LORD Sir, it was I.

JAQUES Let's present him to the duke like a Roman conqueror. And it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head for a branch[4] of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

SECOND LORD Yes, sir.

JAQUES Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

Music, song

LORDS What shall he have that killed the deer?
His leather skin and horns to wear.
Then sing him home,
The rest shall bear this burden:[11]
Take thou no scorn to wear the horn,
It was a crest ere thou wast born,
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it.
The horn, the horn, the lusty[16] horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

Exeunt

Act 4 Scene 3

running scene 11

Enter Rosalind and Celia

ROSALIND How say you now? Is it not past two o’clock? And here much Orlando![1]

CELIA I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta’en his bow and arrows and is gone forth to sleep.

Enter Silvius ***With a letter***

Look, who comes here.

SILVIUS My errand is to you, fair youth. ***To Rosalind***
My gentle Phoebe bid me give you this:
I know not the contents, but — as I guess
By the stern brow and waspish[8] action
Which she did use[9] as she was writing of it —
It bears an angry tenor; pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

ROSALIND Patience herself would startle at this letter ***Reads letter***
And play the swaggerer.[13] Bear this, bear all:
She says I am not fair, that I lack manners.
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me,
Were man as rare as phoenix.[16] ’Od’s my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt.
Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.[19]

SILVIUS No, I protest,[20] I know not the contents.
Phoebe did write it.

ROSALIND Come, come, you are a fool
And turned into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand. She has a leathern[24] hand,
A freestone-coloured[25] hand. I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but ’twas her hands.
She has a huswife’s[27] hand, but that’s no matter:
I say she never did invent this letter,
This is a man’s invention[29] and his hand.

SILVIUS Sure, it is hers.

ROSALIND Why, ’tis a boisterous[31] and a cruel style.
A style for challengers. Why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian. Women’s gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude[34] invention,
Such Ethiope[35] words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?

SILVIUS So please you, for I never heard it yet,
Yet heard too much of Phoebe’s cruelty.

ROSALIND She Phoebes[39] me. Mark how the tyrant writes:
‘Art thou god to shepherd turned,

Read

That a maiden’s heart hath burned?’
Can a woman rail thus?

SILVIUS Call you this railing?

ROSALIND ‘Why, thy godhead laid apart,[44]

Reads

Warr’st thou with a woman’s heart?’
Did you ever hear such railing?
‘Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance[48] to me.’
Meaning me a beast.
‘If the scorn of your bright eyne[50]
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect![53]
Whiles you chid me, I did love.
How then might your prayers[55] move!
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me;
And by[58] him seal up thy mind,
Whether that thy youth and kind[59]
Will the faithful offer take
Of me and all that I can make,[61]
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I’ll study how to die.’

SILVIUS Call you this chiding?

CELIA Alas, poor shepherd!

ROSALIND Do you pity him? No, he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument[67] and play false strains upon thee? Not to be endured! Well, go your way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame snake,[68] and say this to her: that if she love me, I charge her to love thee. If she will not, I will never have her unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word, for here comes more company.

Exit Silvius

Enter Oliver

OLIVER Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know,
Where in the purlieus[73] of this forest stands
A sheep-cote fenced about with olive trees?

CELIA West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom.[75]
The rank of osiers[76] by the murmuring stream
Left[77] on your right hand brings you to the place.
But at this hour the house doth keep itself,
There's none within.

OLIVER If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description,
Such garments and such years: 'The boy is fair,
Of female favour,[83] and bestows himself
Like a ripe[84] sister. The woman low
And browner than her brother.' Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?

CELIA It is no boast, being asked, to say we are.

OLIVER Orlando doth commend him[88] to you both,
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
He sends this bloody napkin.[90] Are you he? ***Shows bloody handkerchief***

ROSALIND I am. What must we understand by this?

OLIVER Some of my shame, if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher[94] was stained.

CELIA I pray you tell it.

OLIVER When last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour, and pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,[99]
Lo, what befell! He threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself:
Und’r an old oak, whose boughs were mossed with age
And high top bald[103] with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o’ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back; about his neck
A green and gilded[106] snake had wreathed itself,
Who with her head nimble in threats approached
The opening of his mouth. But suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlinked[109] itself,
And with indented[110] glides did slip away
Into a bush, under which bush’s shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching,[113] head on ground, with catlike watch
When that[114] the sleeping man should stir; for ’tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.
This seen, Orlando did approach the man
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.
CELIA O, I have heard him speak of that same brother,
And he did render him[120] the most unnatural
That lived amongst men.
OLIVER And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.
ROSALIND But to[124] Orlando: did he leave him there,
Food to the sucked and hungry lioness?
OLIVER Twice did he turn his back and purposed so,
But kindness,[127] nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,[128]
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him, in which hurtling[130]
From miserable slumber I awaked.

CELIA Are you his brother?
ROSALIND Was't you he rescued?
CELIA Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?
OLIVER 'Twas I, but 'tis not I. I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.
ROSALIND But, for[138] the bloody napkin?
OLIVER By and by.
When from the first to last betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments[141] had most kindly bathed,
As how I came into that desert place:
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array[144] and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love,
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripped himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief,[151] I recovered him, bound up his wound,
And after some small space,[152] being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dyed in this blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind. *Rosalind faints*
CELIA Why, how now, Ganymede? Sweet Ganymede!
OLIVER Many will swoon when they do look on blood.
CELIA There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede!
OLIVER Look, he recovers.
ROSALIND I would I were at home.
CELIA We'll lead you thither.— I pray you, will you take him by the arm? *They get Rosalind to her feet*
OLIVER Be of good cheer, youth. You a man! You lack a man's heart.
ROSALIND I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body[165] would think this was well counterfeited! I pray you tell your brother how well I

counterfeited. Heigh-ho!

OLIVER This was not counterfeit: there is too great testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.[168]

ROSALIND Counterfeit, I assure you.

OLIVER Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man.

ROSALIND So I do. But, i’faith, I should have been a woman by right.

CELIA Come, you look paler and paler. Pray you draw homewards. Good sir, go with us.

OLIVER That will I, for I must bear answer back How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

ROSALIND I shall devise something: but I pray you commend my counterfeiting to him. Will you go?

Exeunt

Act 5 Scene 1

running scene 11 continues

Enter Clown [Touchstone] and Audrey

TOUCHSTONE We shall find a time, Audrey. Patience, gentle Audrey.

AUDREY Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's[2] saying.

TOUCHSTONE A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

AUDREY Ay, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in[5] me in the world. Here comes the man you mean.

Enter William

TOUCHSTONE It is meat and drink to me to see a clown.[7] By my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for. We shall be flouting:[8] we cannot hold.

WILLIAM Good ev'n, Audrey.

AUDREY God ye[10] good ev'n, William.

WILLIAM And good ev'n to you, sir.

TOUCHSTONE Good ev'n, gentle friend. Cover thy head,[12] cover thy head. Nay, prithee be covered. How old are you, friend?

WILLIAM Five and twenty, sir.

TOUCHSTONE A ripe age. Is thy name William?

WILLIAM William, sir.

TOUCHSTONE A fair name. Wast born i'th'forest here?

WILLIAM Ay, sir, I thank God.

TOUCHSTONE 'Thank God'. A good[19] answer. Art rich?

WILLIAM Faith, sir, so-so.

TOUCHSTONE 'So-so' is good, very good, very excellent good. And yet it is not, it is but so-so. Art thou wise?

WILLIAM Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

TOUCHSTONE Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying: 'The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.' The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth, meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid?

WILLIAM I do, sir.

TOUCHSTONE Give me your hand. Art thou learnèd?[30]

WILLIAM No, sir.

TOUCHSTONE Then learn this of me: to have is to have, for it is a figure[32] in rhetoric that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other. For all your writers do consent that *ipse*[34] is he. Now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

WILLIAM Which he, sir?

TOUCHSTONE He, sir, that must marry this woman: therefore, you clown, abandon —which is in the vulgar[38] ‘leave’ — the society — which in the boorish is ‘company’ — of this female — which in the common[39] is ‘woman’, which together is: abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest. Or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit,[41] I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage. I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado,[42] or in steel; I will bandy[43] with thee in faction; I will o’errun thee with policy. I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble and depart.

AUDREY Do, good William.

WILLIAM God rest[46] you merry, sir.

Exit

Enter Corin

CORIN Our master and mistress seeks you. Come, away, away!

TOUCHSTONE Trip,[48] Audrey, trip, Audrey.— I attend, I attend.

Exeunt

Act 5 Scene 2

running scene 11 continues

Enter Orlando and Oliver **Orlando with his arm in a sling**

ORLANDO Is't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? That but seeing, you should love her? And loving, woo? And wooing, she should grant? And will you persever[3] to enjoy her?

OLIVER Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting. But say with me, I love Aliena. Say with her that she loves me; consent with both that we may enjoy each other. It shall be to your good, for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate[8] upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Enter Rosalind

ORLANDO You have my consent. Let your wedding be tomorrow: thither will I invite the duke and all's[10] contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for look you, here comes my Rosalind.

ROSALIND God save you, brother.[12]

OLIVER And you, fair 'sister'.[13]

ROSALIND O my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf![14]

ORLANDO It is my arm.

ROSALIND I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

ORLANDO Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

ROSALIND Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he showed me your handkerchief?

ORLANDO Ay, and greater wonders than that.

ROSALIND O, I know where you are:[21] nay, 'tis true. There was never anything so sudden but the fight of two rams and Caesar's thrasonical[22] brag of 'I came, saw, and overcame.' For your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked, no sooner looked but they loved, no sooner loved but they sighed, no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason, no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees[26] have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent,[27] or else be incontinent before marriage; they are in the very wrath[28] of love and they will together: clubs cannot part them.

ORLANDO They shall be married tomorrow, and I will bid[30] the duke to the nuptial. But O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I tomorrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

ROSALIND Why then, tomorrow I cannot serve your turn[34] for Rosalind?

ORLANDO I can live no longer by thinking.

ROSALIND I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit:[37] I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch[38] I say I know you are. Neither[39] do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable.[42] If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture[43] cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her. I know into what straits[44] of fortune she is driven, and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient[46] to you, to set her before your eyes tomorrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

ORLANDO Speak'st thou in sober[48] meanings?

ROSALIND By my life, I do, which I tender[49] dearly, though I say I am a magician: therefore, put you in your best array,[50] bid your friends, for if you will be married tomorrow, you shall, and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter Silvius and Phoebe

Look, here comes a lover of mine and a lover of hers.

PHOEBE Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,[53]
To show the letter that I writ to you.

ROSALIND I care not if I have. It is my study[55]

To seem despiteful[56] and ungentle to you.
You are there followed by a faithful shepherd.
Look upon him, love him: he worships you.
PHOEBE Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.
SILVIUS It is to be all made of sighs and tears,
And so am I for Phoebe.
PHOEBE And I for Ganymede.
ORLANDO And I for Rosalind.
ROSALIND And I for no woman.
SILVIUS It is to be all made of faith and service,[65]
And so am I for Phoebe.
PHOEBE And I for Ganymede.
ORLANDO And I for Rosalind.
ROSALIND And I for no woman.
SILVIUS It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion and all made of wishes,
All adoration, duty, and observance,[72]
All humbleness, all patience and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance,
And so am I for Phoebe.
PHOEBE And so am I for Ganymede.
ORLANDO And so am I for Rosalind.
ROSALIND And so am I for no woman.
PHOEBE If this be so, why blame you me to love you? ***To Rosalind***
SILVIUS If this be so, why blame you me to love you? ***To Phoebe***
ORLANDO If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
ROSALIND Who do you speak to? 'Why blame you me to love you?'
ORLANDO To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.
ROSALIND Pray you no more of this. 'Tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.—
I will help you if I can.— ***To Silvius***
I would love you, if I could.— ***To Phoebe***
Tomorrow meet me all together.— ***To all***
I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married tomorrow.— ***To Phoebe***

I will satisfy[90] you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married tomorrow.— ***To Orlando***
I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married ***To Silvius*** tomorrow.—
As you love Rosalind, meet.— ***To Orlando***
As you love Phoebe, meet.— And as I love no woman, I'll meet. So fare you well: ***To Silvius***
I have left you commands.

SILVIUS I'll not fail,[96] if I live.

PHOEBE Nor I.

ORLANDO Nor I.

Exeunt

Act 5 Scene 3

running scene 11 continues

Enter Clown [Touchstone] and Audrey

TOUCHSTONE Tomorrow is the joyful day, Audrey: tomorrow will we be married.

AUDREY I do desire it with all my heart, and I hope it is no dishonest[2] desire to desire to be a woman[3] of the world. Here come two of the banished duke’s pages.

Enter two Pages

FIRST PAGE Well met, honest[4] gentleman.

TOUCHSTONE By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

SECOND PAGE We are for you. Sit i’th’middle. ***They sit***

FIRST PAGE Shall we clap into’t roundly,[7] without hawking or spitting or saying we are hoarse, which are the only[8] prologues to a bad voice?

SECOND PAGE I’faith, i’faith, and both in a tune,[9] like two gypsies on a horse.

Song

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o’er the green cornfield did pass
In the spring-time,[13] the only pretty ring-time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding.
Sweet lovers love the spring.
And therefore take[16] the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crownèd with the prime[18]
In spring-time, etc.[19]

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie
In spring-time, etc.

This carol[24] they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring-time, etc.

TOUCHSTONE Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty,[28] yet the note[29] was very untunable.

FIRST PAGE You are deceived, sir: we kept time, we lost not our time.

TOUCHSTONE By my troth, yes: I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God buy you, and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey.

Exeunt

Act 5 Scene 4

running scene 12

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, Celia

DUKE SENIOR Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promisèd?

ORLANDO I sometimes do believe and sometimes do not,
As those that fear they hope and know they fear.

Enter Rosalind, Silvius and Phoebe

ROSALIND Patience once more, whiles our compact[5] is urged:
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, you will bestow her on Orlando here? ***To Duke Senior***

DUKE SENIOR That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

ROSALIND And you say, you will have her, when I bring her? ***To Orlando***

ORLANDO That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

ROSALIND You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing? ***To Phoebe***

PHOEBE That will I, should I die the hour after.

ROSALIND But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

PHOEBE So is the bargain.

ROSALIND You say, that you'll have Phoebe, if she will? ***To Silvius***

SILVIUS Though to have her and death were both one thing.

ROSALIND I have promised to make[17] all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter,
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter.
Keep you your word, Phoebe, that you'll marry me,
Or else refusing me, to wed this shepherd.
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her
If she refuse me. And from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

Exeunt Rosalind and Celia

DUKE SENIOR I do remember in this shepherd boy
Some lively[26] touches of my daughter's favour.

ORLANDO My lord, the first time that I ever saw him
Methought he was a brother to your daughter:

But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutored in the rudiments[30]
Of many desperate[31] studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,

Enter Clown [Touchstone] and Audrey

Obscurèd[33] in the circle of this forest.

JAQUES There is, sure, another flood toward,[34] and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues[35] are called fools.

TOUCHSTONE Salutation and greeting to you all!

JAQUES Good my lord, bid him welcome: this is the motley-minded[37] gentleman that I have so often met in the forest. He hath been a courtier, he swears.

TOUCHSTONE If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation.[39] I have trod a measure,[40] I have flattered a lady, I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy, I have undone[41] three tailors, I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

JAQUES And how was that ta'en up?[43]

TOUCHSTONE Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

JAQUES How seventh cause? Good my lord, like this fellow.

DUKE SENIOR I like him very well.

TOUCHSTONE God 'ild[47] you, sir, I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives,[48] to swear and to forswear, according as marriage binds and blood breaks.[49] A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own, a poor humour[50] of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house, as your pearl in your foul[51] oyster.

DUKE SENIOR By my faith, he is very swift[52] and sententious.

TOUCHSTONE According to the fool's bolt,[53] sir, and such dulcet diseases.

JAQUES But, for the seventh cause. How did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

TOUCHSTONE Upon a lie seven times removed — bear your body more seeming,[56] Audrey — as[57] thus, sir: I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard. He sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind[58] it was: this is called the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the Quip Modest. If again it was not well cut, he disabled[61] my judgement: this is called the Reply Churlish. If again it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the Reproof Valiant. If again it was not well cut, he would say I lied: this is called the Countercheck[64] Quarrelsome: and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.

JAQUES And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

TOUCHSTONE I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct, and so we measured swords[67] and parted.

JAQUES Can you nominate[68] in order now the degrees of the lie?

TOUCHSTONE O sir, we quarrel in print,[69] by the book, as you have books for good manners. I will name you the degrees: The first, the Retort Courteous: the second, the Quip Modest: the third, the Reply Churlish: the fourth, the Reproof Valiant: the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome: the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance: the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct, and you may avoid that too, with an ‘if’. I knew when seven justices could not take up[75] a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an ‘if’, as, ‘If you said so, then I said so’, and they shook hands and swore brothers.[77] Your ‘if’ is the only peacemaker. Much virtue in ‘if’.

JAQUES Is not this a rare[78] fellow, my lord? He’s as good at anything and yet a fool.

DUKE SENIOR He uses his folly like a stalking-horse[79] and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter Hymen, Rosalind and Celia. Still music

HYMEN Then is there mirth[81] in heaven,
When earthly things made even[82]
Atone[83] together.
Good duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither,

That thou mightst join her hand with his
Whose heart within his bosom is.
ROSALIND To you I give myself, for I am yours.— ***To Duke Senior***
To you I give myself, for I am yours. ***To Orlando***
DUKE SENIOR If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.
ORLANDO If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.
PHOEBE If sight and shape[93] be true,
Why then, my love adieu!
ROSALIND I'll have no father, if you be not he.— ***To Duke Senior***
I'll have no husband, if you be not he.— ***To Orlando***
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she. ***To Phoebe***
HYMEN Peace, ho! I bar[98] confusion:
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events.
Here's eight that must take hands
To join in Hymen's bands,[102]
If truth holds true contents.—
You and you no cross[104] shall part;— ***To Orlando and Rosalind***
You and you are heart in heart.— ***To Oliver and Celia***
You to his love must accord,[106] ***To Phoebe***
Or have a woman to your lord.[107]—
You and you are sure[108] together, ***To Touchstone and Audrey***
As the winter to foul weather.—
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning,[111]
That reason wonder may diminish
How thus we met, and these things finish.

Song

Wedding is great Juno's[114] crown,
O, blessèd bond of board and bed![115]
'Tis Hymen peoples[116] every town,
High wedlock then be honourèd:
Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

DUKE SENIOR O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me! ***To Celia***
Even daughter, welcome, in no less degree.

PHOEBE I will not eat my word, now thou[122] art mine, ***To Silvius***
Thy faith my fancy[123] to thee doth combine.
Enter Second Brother [Jaques de Bois]
JAQUES DE BOIS Let me have audience for a word or two:
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Addressed[129] a mighty power, which were on foot,
In[130] his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise and from the world,[135]
His crown bequeathing to his banished brother,
And all their lands restored to them again
That were with him exiled. This to be true,
I do engage[139] my life.
DUKE SENIOR Welcome, young man.
Thou offer’st fairly[141] to thy brothers’ wedding:
To one his lands withheld, and to the other
A land itself at large,[143] a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest, let us do those ends[144]
That here were well begun and well begot:
And after, every[146] of this happy number
That have endured shrewd[147] days and nights with us
Shall share the good of our returnèd fortune,
According to the measure of their states.[149]
Meantime, forget this new-fall’n[150] dignity
And fall into our rustic revelry.
Play, music! And you, brides and bridegrooms all,
With[153] measure heaped in joy, to th’measures fall.
JAQUES Sir, by your patience.[154] If I heard you rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life
And thrown into neglect the pompous[156] court?

JAQUES DE BOIS He hath.

JAQUES To him will I: out of these convertites[158]
There is much matter to be heard and learned.—
You to your former honour I bequeath, ***To Duke Senior***
Your patience and your virtue well deserves it.—
You to a love that your true faith doth merit.— ***To Orlando***
You to your land and love and great allies.[163]— ***To Oliver***
You to a long and well-deservèd bed.— ***To Silvius***
And you to wrangling, for thy loving voyage ***To Touchstone***
Is but[166] for two months victualled. So, to your pleasures.
I am for other than for dancing measures.

DUKE SENIOR Stay, Jaques, stay.

JAQUES To see no pastime, I. What you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandoned cave.

Exit

DUKE SENIOR Proceed, proceed.— We'll begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights. ***They dance***

[Exeunt all but Rosalind]

ROSALIND It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue, but it is no more unhandsome[174] than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush,[175] 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue. Yet to good wine they do use good bushes, and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case[177] am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnished[178] like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me. My way is to conjure[179] you, and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you. And I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women — as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them — that between you and the women the play[183] may please. If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked[184] me and breaths that I defied not. And I am sure, as many as have good beards or good faces or sweet breaths will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell.[186]

Exit

Textual Notes

= First Folio text of 1623, the only authority for the play

2 = a correction introduced in the Second Folio text of 1632

3 = a correction introduced in the Third Folio text of 1664

d = a correction introduced by a later editor

H = speech heading (i.e., speaker's name)

ist of parts = Ed

.1.73 she = F3. F = hee **107 SH OLIVER** = F2. *Not in* F

.2.2–3 yet I were = Ed. F = yet were **39 SH TOUCHSTONE** = Ed. F = *Clow. (then Clo. throughout)* **58 SH CELIA** = Ed. F = *Ros.*

.3.71 her = F2. F = per

.1.51 much = F2. F = must **122 be** = F2. F = by

.3.10 some = F2. F = seeme **16 SH ORLANDO** = F2. *Not in* F **30 SH ORLANDO** = F2. F = *Ad.* **72 seventeen** = Ed. F = seauentie

.4.36 thy = Ed. F = they wound = F2. F = would **59 you, friend** = F2. F = your friend **64 travel** = F3. F = trauaile

.5.1 SH AMIENS = Ed. *Not in* F

.7.38 brain = Ed. F = braive **88 comes** = F2. F = come **186 The** = F. Ed = Then **202 master** = F2. F = masters

.2.20 good = Ed. F = pood **94 this a** = Ed. F = *this* **114 her** = Ed. F = *his* **182 forth such** = F2. F = forth **202 more** = *modernization of F's* moe **272 deifying** = F2. F = defying **276 are** = F2. F = art **284 accoutrements** *spelled* accoustrements *in* F

.3.61 SH TOUCHSTONE = F2. F = *Ol.*

.4.21 of a = F2. F = of

.5.22 Lean but = F2. F = Leane **106 erewhile** = Ed. F = yere-while

.1.1 me be = F2. F = me **13 my** = F2. F = by **20 travel** = F3. F = trauaile **72 Sestos** = F2. F = Cestos **109 hyena** = Ed. F = Hyen **118 wilt** = F3. F = wil't **148 in**, it = F2. F = in, in

.2.2 SH FIRST LORD = Ed. F = *Lord* **6 SH SECOND LORD** = Ed. F = *Lord.* **8 SH LORDS** = Ed. *Not in* F **4.3.6 bid** = F2. F = did bid **143 In** = F2. F = I

.1.29 sir = F2. F = sit **43 policy** = F2. F = police

.2.5 nor her = Ed. F = nor **18 swoon** = Ed. F = sound **23 overcame** = F2. F = overcome **82 Who** = Ed. F = Why

.3.13 ring = Ed. F = *rang*

.4.63 lied = Ed. F = lie **64 to the** = F2. F = ro **87 her** = F3. F = his **124 SH JAQUES DE BOIS** = Ed. F = *2. Bro.* **137 them** = Ed. F = him **145 were** = F2. F = vvete

Act 1 Scene 1

1.1 ***Location:*** *the whereabouts of Oliver's household is unspecified*

1 **Adam** name evocative of the biblical first man

2 **poor** only **crowns** gold coins **charged** order was given to

3 **breed** bring up **keeps at school** maintains at university

5 **stays** detains **unkept** poorly maintained

6 **stalling** stall accommodation

7 **fair** in fine condition

8 **manage** trained movements **riders** horse trainers **dearly** at great cost

10 **bound** indebted

11 **countenance** behavior/attitude to me/support

12 **hinds** servants/farm-workers

13 **as…lies** to the best of his ability **mines my gentility** undermines my status as a gentleman

14 **grieves** vexes

16 **avoid** put an end to

18 **Go apart** stand aside **shake me up** abuse/scold me

19 **make** do (Orlando picks up on the sense of "create")

21 **mar** ruin

22 **Marry** by the Virgin Mary (perhaps plays on **mar**)

24 **be naught awhile** i.e., be gone

25 **prodigal portion** biblical allusion to the prodigal (wastefully lavish) son, who, having spent all his money, had to look after pigs and eat their scraps

28 **orchard** garden

30 **knows** is aware of/acknowledges the claims of

31 **in…blood** because of our noble breeding

32 **courtesy of nations** established custom of civilized society (i.e., rights of inheritance)

33 **tradition** custom/surrender (of privilege) **blood** nobility/kinship/anger

34 **is…reverence** accords you more of the respect that was due to him

37 **young** immature/inexperienced

38 **villain** scoundrel (Orlando plays up the sense of "low-born person")

39 **de Bois** "of the woods" (French, though probably anglicized to pronunciation "boys")

40 **begot** conceived

42 **railed on** insulted
43 **father's remembrance** the sake of your father's memory
47 **qualities** accomplishments
48 **exercises** activities/skills
49 **become** suit **allottery** share, allocation
50 **testament** will
52 **will** (father's) bequest/(your) wish
54 **offend** vex/assail
58 **grow upon** trouble/take liberties with **physic** cure **rankness** insolence/overgrowth/disease
59 **neither** either **Holla** a shout to catch attention
62 **So** if it **importunes** asks insistently for
65 **morrow** morning
68 **loving** i.e., loyal
70 **good leave** full permission
72 **ever** constantly
73 **to stay** by staying
75 **loved** i.e., one other
77 **Forest of Arden** the Forêt des Ardennes in France; Shakespeare would have also known the Forest of Arden near Stratford-upon-Avon
78 **Robin Hood** popular English outlaw who lived in a forest and robbed the rich to feed the poor
79 **fleet** pass **carelessly** in a carefree way
80 **golden world** in classical mythology, the earliest of ages, when life was idyllic
84 **fall** (wrestling) bout **credit** reputation
86 **tender** inexperienced **foil** defeat
88 **withal** with this **stay…intendment** keep him from carrying out his intention
89 **brook** endure
90 **search** seeking
92 **kindly requite** fittingly/graciously reward
93 **underhand** secret
95 **envious emulator** malicious disparager **parts** qualities
96 **lief** willingly
97 **look to't** beware

98 **grace…thee** gain honor at your expense **practise** scheme

99 **device** stratagem

102 **anatomize** dissect, reveal

105 **payment** punishment **go alone** walk unaided

107 **gamester** sportsman

109 **gentle** well-born/honorable/kind **device** ingenuity/intention/witty expression/conversation **sorts** social classes/types of people

111 **misprised** despised/undervalued

112 **clear** settle

113 **kindle…thither** encourage Orlando to go to the wrestling match

Act 1 Scene 2

1.2 ***Location:*** *the whereabouts of the court is unspecified*

1 **coz** short for “cousin”

2 **would** wish

4 **learn** teach

6 **so** provided that

8 **righteously tempered** correctly constituted/properly tuned

10 **estate** fortune

11 **like** likely

13 **perforce** of necessity

16 **sports** pastimes

18 **make sport** have fun (plays on the sense of “have sex”) **withal** with (perhaps with play on “with all”)

19 **neither…again** without being able to escape virtuously with no more than an innocent blush (**come off** plays on the sense of “have an orgasm”)

22 **housewife** mistress of the household/hussy

25 **bountiful blind woman** i.e., Fortune, traditionally depicted as a **blind** woman turning a wheel

26 **fair** beautiful **honest** chaste/virtuous

27 **ill-favouredly** ugly

28 **office** role

29 **lineaments** features ***Touchstone*** stone used to test the quality or genuineness of gold and silver alloys

30 **fall…fire** i.e., come to disaster (by being burned and disfigured, by losing her virginity, or by contracting venereal disease)

31 **wit** intelligence **flout at** mock

32 **fool** i.e., Touchstone

34 **natural** idiot

35 **Peradventure** perhaps

37 **whetstone** stone used for sharpening tools

38 **wit…you** “Wit, whither wilt thou?” (i.e., proverbial; refers to one with “wandering” wits)

40 **messenger** bearer of news/official employed to apprehend state prisoners

43 **pancakes** these could also have savory fillings

44 **naught** worthless **stand to** maintain, insist upon

46 **forsworn** perjured

59 **taxation** slander

62 **troth** faith ***Le Beau*** “the handsome” (French)

66 **put** force

68 **marketable** i.e., like pigeons fattened for sale

69 **lost** missed

70 **colour** kind

74 **laid…trowel** expressed excessively/bluntly

75 **rank** standing as a wit (Rosalind plays on the sense of “foul-smelling” for a joke about farting)

76 **losest** lose/let loose, release **old** ripe/stale/customary

77 **amaze** bewilder

81 **do** come

85 **tale** puns on “tail” (as opposed to **beginning**)

86 **proper** handsome/fine

87 **bills** advertisements/legal documents **presents** legal documents; plays on **presence**

89 **that** so that

90 **So** in the same way

91 **dole** lamentation

99 **any** anyone **broken** discordant/with parts arranged for different instruments (plays on the idea of broken **ribs**) ***Flourish*** trumpet fanfare, usually accompanying a person in authority

104 **his…forwardness** whatever danger results is due to his reckless confidence

108 **looks successfully** seems likely to succeed

109 **cousin** term used for any relative beyond the immediate family

111 **leave** permission

112 **odds** advantage

113 **man** i.e., Charles **fain** gladly

120 **come but in** merely enter the field

121 **try** test

124 **adventure** venture

125 **equal** evenly matched

127 **misprized** undervalued/scorned

128 **suit** request, petition
131 **foiled** thrown/defeated
132 **gracious** favored
133 **friends** relatives/supporters
137 **eke out** supplement
138 **deceived** mistaken
140 **lie…earth** be thrown on the ground/have sex with **his mother earth**/die and be buried (may anticipate the implied reference to Antaeus, son of Earth who renewed his strength by lying on the ground and whom **Hercules** defeated in wrestling)
142 **will** wish/lust/penis **working** aim/sexual activity
143 **fall** conclusive throw
144 **warrant** assure
146 **come your ways** come on
148 **Hercules** demigod who wrestled with and defeated the mighty giant Antaeus **speed** protector
151 **down** fall
154 **breathed** exercised/out of breath
161 **still** always
168 **calling** name/position in life
173 **unto** in addition to
174 **Ere** before
177 **envious** malicious
178 **Sticks** pierces
180 **justly** exactly **promise** expectation
181 **mistress** sweetheart
183 **suits** favor
187 **parts** qualities/spirits
189 **quintain** post used as a target when practicing jousting or darts
191 **would** wants
195 **Have with you** I'm coming
197 **conference** conversation
199 **Or** either
203 **condition** disposition
205 **humorous** temperamental **indeed** in reality
206 **conceive** understand/imagine

211 **taller** more elegant/more attractive (some editors assume a reference to height and emend to “smaller” or “shorter,” since Celia is less tall than Rosalind)

217 **gentle** well-born/kind

218 **argument** reason

222 **suddenly** at any time

224 **knowledge** acquaintance

225 **rest** remain **bounden** indebted

226 **from…smother** i.e., from bad to worse **smother** dense, suffocating smoke/smoldering fire

Act 1 Scene 3

1 **Cupid** god of love
3 **curs** dogs/worthless fellows
4 **reasons** remarks/explanations
5 **Then there were** if I did, then there would be
8 **child's father** i.e., one who might become the father of my children (Orlando) **briars** i.e., obstacles
9 **working-day** ordinary, everyday
10 **burs** prickly seed-heads that stick easily to clothing
11 **petticoats** skirts
12 **coat** petticoat/skirt
13 **Hem** cough (as if to dislodge something stuck in the throat or to clear the chest; pun on "sew a hem")
14 **'hem'** puns on "him" **have** win, possess (plays on the sense of "have sex with")
15 **wrestle** plays on the sense of "grapple sexually"
16 **take…of** support (**part** plays on the sense of "penis")
17 **a…you** bless you/good luck to you (**upon** may play on the sense of "mount sexually") **try** fight/have sex **fall** throw in wrestling/bout of sex/moral lapse
18 **turning…service** to finish with this joking (**turning, jests,** and **service** all play on the sense of "copulation")
22 **dearly** deeply (possible pun on "deer" is generated by **chase**)
23 **chase** pursuit/hunt
26 **Why …not?** i.e., Why should I hate him?
30 **your safest haste** sufficient haste to ensure your safety
39 **intelligence** communication
41 **frantic** mad
42 **dear** noble
46 **purgation** acquittal
47 **grace** salvation, divine grace
50 **whereon** on what
55 **friends** relatives
60 **stayed** kept
61 **Else** otherwise **ranged** wandered

63 **pleasure** will **remorse** compassion

64 **young** immature

66 **still** always

67 **an instant** the same time **eat** eaten

68 **like Juno's swans** i.e., yoked together to pull the chariot of the Roman queen of the gods

70 **subtle** crafty **smoothness** plausibility/friendliness

73 **name** reputation

76 **doom** judgment

80 **provide** prepare

82 **greatness** authority

84 **change** exchange

93 **sundered** separated

97 **change** i.e., of circumstances

99 **at…pale** depending on whether **pale** is an adjective or a noun, either "the sky is pale in shock and grief," or "our **sorrows** have reached their utmost limit"

106 **mean** lowly

107 **umber** brown pigment (to conceal aristocratically pale complexions)

112 **suit …points** dress myself in every respect

113 **gallant curtle-axe** fine cutlass

114 **boar-spear** weapon used for boar hunting

116 **swashing** swaggering/dashing

118 **outface …semblances** brazen it out with appearances

120 **Jove** in Roman mythology, king of the gods

121 **Ganymede** a beautiful youth, carried off by **Jove** to be his cupbearer; the name was also used by Elizabethans to refer to a youth who was the subject of an older man's homosexual desire

123 **state** status

124 **Aliena** from the Latin for "stranger"

125 **assayed** attempted

127 **travel** journey/hardship

129 **Leave me alone** leave it to me woo persuade

133 **content** contentment

Act 2 Scene 1

2.1 ***Location:*** *the Forest of Arden* **Amiens** name of a northern French town; may suggest “friendliness” (from the Latin) *foresters* forest dwellers

2 **old custom** established practice/experience

3 **painted pomp** artificial show

4 **envious** malicious

5 **penalty of Adam** i.e., the harsher seasons and greater toil that followed loss of Eden

6 **difference** change **as** such as

7 **churlish chiding** harsh brawling/rebuking

11 **feelingly** tangibly/intensely

12 **uses** benefits

13 **toad …head** supposedly, venomous toads had precious stones in their heads that were antidotes to poisons

15 **exempt…haunt** not visited by people

16 **tongues** speech

18 **change** alter/exchange

19 **translate** transform/re-express (one thing in terms of another)

20 **style** mode of expression/way of life

22 **fools** poor creatures

23 **burghers** citizens **desert** lonely, uninhabited

24 **confines** territories **forkèd heads** i.e., barbed arrow-heads

28 **kind** manner

31 **along** stretched out

32 **antique** ancient/antic (i.e., grotesquely gnarled)

33 **brawls** rushes noisily

34 **sequestered** separated (from his herd)

40 **Coursed** flowed/chased (plays on the sense of “hunted”)

42 **markèd of** noticed by

43 **extremest verge** very edge

46 **moralize** draw a moral from, interpret

48 **needless** having no need (for more water)

49 **testament** will

50 **worldlings** materially minded mortals **sum of more** store/additional amount

52 **velvet friend** deer with smooth coat/richly clothed person/syphilitic lover

53 **part** depart from/separate

54 **flux** continuous stream **Anon** instantly/soon **careless** carefree

56 **stays** stops

57 **greasy** plump and fit for killing/wealthy

58 **wherefore** why

60 **invectively** in violent terms

63 **mere** absolute

64 **up** off

67 **commenting** pondering

70 **cope** encounter

71 **matter** ideas/material for discussion

72 **straight** straight away

Act 2 Scene 2

2.2 ***Location:*** *the court*

2 **villains** servants/wrongdoers

3 **sufferance** acquiescence

7 **untreasured** robbed/emptied of a treasure

8 **roynish** coarse

9 **wont** accustomed

13 **parts** qualities

17 **gallant** fine fellow/daring young man/ladies’ man (i.e., Orlando)

19 **suddenly** immediately

20 **quail** fail

21 **again** back

Act 2 Scene 3

2.3 ***Location:*** *Oliver’s household*

3 **memory** reminder

4 **make you** are you doing

7 **fond** foolish

8 **bonny priser** robust prize-fighter **humorous** temperamental

12 **more** better

13 **sanctified** sanctimonious, hypocritical

14 **comely** fair

15 **Envenoms** poisons

23 **your praises** people’s praises of you

24 **use** are accustomed

25 **of** to do

26 **cut you off** kill you

27 **practices** schemes

28 **place** i.e., safe place **butchery** slaughterhouse

31 **so** so long as

33 **boist’rous** massive/savage **enforce** gain by force

34 **common** public

38 **diverted blood** kinship drawn away from its natural course

40 **thrifty hire** wages thriftily saved

41 **foster-nurse** nurse who brings up another’s child as her own

42 **service…lame** i.e., when I am too weak to work

43 **unregarded** uncared for, ignored

48 **lusty** vigorous

51 **unbashful forehead** shameless audacity

54 **Frosty** i.e., white-haired **kindly** pleasant/thriving

58 **constant** faithful

59 **sweat** i.e., worked **meed** reward

62 **choke…having** i.e., stop working once they have gained their reward/promotion

66 **In lieu of** in return for **husbandry** cultivation/domestic management

67 **come thy ways** come on

69 **low content** humble contentment

72 **fourscore** eighty (four times twenty)

75 **too …week** i.e., far too late

Act 2 Scene 4

2.4 **Location:** *the Forest of Arden; except for one brief scene (Act 3 scene 1) the remainder of the action takes place in various parts of the forest for* i.e., disguised as *alias* may indicate a change of costume (see Introduction)

1 **Jupiter** Roman king of the gods (Jove)

4 **weaker vessel** i.e., woman **doublet and hose** man's close-fitting jacket and breeches

8 **cross** burden/coin (with cross stamped on it) *Silvius* from Latin for "woods"

13 **solemn** serious

23 **fantasy** amorous imaginings/desire

25 **heartily** sincerely, from the heart

26 **folly** foolishness/lewdness

30 **Wearing** wearing out, wearying

32 **broke from** escaped

35 **Phoebe** a name for Diana/Artemis, goddess of the moon, chastity, and hunting

36 **Searching of** probing **wound** Touchstone will shift the sense to "vagina"

37 **adventure** fortune

38 **sword** weapon/penis

39 **him** the stone/his sword **coming** visiting/ejaculating **a-night** at night

40 **batler** wooden club (for beating wet laundry) **dugs** teats **chopt** chapped **milked** plays on the sense of "caused to ejaculate"

41 **peascod** pea-pod (with genital connotations; a reversal of "codpiece")

42 **cods** pods/testicles **Wear** plays on the sense of "have sex with, exhaust"

43 **capers** frolicsome leaps/fornications **mortal** subject to decay (sense then shifts to "only human")

45 **ware** aware (puns on **wear;** Touchstone shifts the sense to "wary")

46 **wit** possible play on "penis"

49 **upon my fashion** like mine

50 **something** somewhat **stale** may play on the sense of "prostitute"

51 **yond** yonder, that

54 **clown** rustic (Rosalind picks up on the sense of "jester")

59 **even** evening (i.e., afternoon)
62 **desert** deserted **entertainment** hospitality, provisions
65 **succour** help
70 **shear…graze** i.e., make any profit from the sheep I tend
72 **recks** cares
74 **cote** cottage **bounds of feed** range of pasture land
75 **sheepcote** building sheltering sheep (perhaps here a shepherd’s cottage)
78 **in my voice** as far as I am concerned
80 **swain** low-ranking man/rustic **but erewhile** only a while ago
82 **stand** is consistent
84 **to pay** i.e., money
85 **mend** improve
86 **waste** spend
90 **feeder** servant
91 **suddenly** at once

Act 2 Scene 5

1 **greenwood** leafy

2 **Who** anyone who

3 **turn** adapt, tune note melody

4 **throat** voice

13 **ragged** hoarse/harsh

16 **stanzo** stanza, verse

18 **I …nothing** Jaques refers to the **names** on a loan document of those who **owe** money

20 **that** that which

21 **compliment** etiquette **th'encounter** the meeting/sexual encounter **dog-apes** dog-faced baboons

22 **beggarly** i.e., effusive

24 **end** complete **cover the while** in the meantime lay the cloth for a meal

25 **look** look for

27 **disputable** argumentative

28 **matters** topics

32 **i'th'sun** i.e., free from care

36 **etc.** indicates repeat of "no enemy / But winter and rough weather"

38 **in…invention** in spite of my poor imagination

44 **Ducdame** meaning unclear; probably a nonsense word

45 **gross** great/dull/coarse

46 **An** if if

48 **Greek** i.e., gibberish circle magic circle/circle of gaping idiots (i.e., the others, gathered round Amiens)

49 **rail** rant all…Egypt in punishment for Pharaoh's ill-treatment of the Jews, God slaughtered all first-born children and animals in Egypt, which resulted in a great lament being raised in the night

50 **banquet** light meal/course of fruit, sweetmeats and wine

Act 2 Scene 6

4	**comfort**	take comfort
5	**uncouth**	unknown
6	**conceit**	imagination
7	**comfortable**	cheerful
8	**presently**	immediately/soon
10	**said**	done cheerly cheerful

Act 2 Scene 7

5 **compact of jars** made up of discords

6 **spheres** stars and planets were thought to be contained by crystalline spheres, which produced beautiful music as they rotated

13 **motley** in a professional fool's multicolored clothing

17 **set terms** roundly/in an articulate manner

19 **Call …fortune** "Fortune favors fools" (proverbial)

20 **dial** watch poke pocket

23 **wags** goes (may pun on the sense of "moves sexually")

24 **hour** may pun on "whore" nine…eleven possibly suggestive of growing erection

26 **ripe** mature/grow erect/search

27 **rot** decay/detumesce/become infected with venereal disease (possibly puns on "rut")

28 **tale** puns on "tail" (i.e., "penis")

29 **moral** moralize

30 **chanticleer** a cockerel

31 **deep contemplative** thoughtful/familiar with sexual matters

32 **sans** without

34 **wear** thing worth wearing

39 **dry** according to Elizabethan physiology, one with a dry brain was slow to grasp matters but sure to remember them **remainder** remaining

40 **places** nooks and corners/topics

41 **vents** expresses

45 **suit** request/outfit

46 **weed** puns on the sense of "clothing"

47 **rank** luxuriantly, wild

49 **Withal** as well **charter** privilege

51 **gallèd** vexed, irritated

53 **way** puns on **why church** attendance was required by law

54 **that …hit** who is the target of a fool's taunts

55 **smart** feels pain

56 **senseless …bob** insensible to the jest; the line is a foot short, suggesting that words may have been omitted, so some editors emend (e.g., "Not to seem senseless" or "If he seem senseless")

57	**anatomized**	dissected
58	**squandering glances**	random jibes
59	**Invest**	clothe
61	**Cleanse**	purge medically
64	**counter**	worthless token used to represent a coin
66	**libertine**	wild, lecherous, dissolute person
67	**brutish sting**	animal urging of lust
68	**th’embossèd …evils**	swellings and sores caused by venereal disease
70	**disgorge**	vomit
71	**pride**	sexual desire/arrogance
72	**tax …party**	censure any particular individual
74	**weary …ebb**	the very stuff it feeds on is exhausted and used up
77	**cost of princes**	i.e., excessively costly garments
78	**come in**	come forward in the law court/intervene
80	**function**	occupation
81	**bravery**	fine clothes not…cost none of my business as I did not pay for it
82	**suits**	fits/dresses
83	**mettle**	spirit/substance
85	**do him right**	speak truly of him
86	**free**	innocent
89	**Forbear**	stop
92	**Of…of?**	Where has this young cockerel sprung from?
94	**rude**	uncivilized
96	**touched …first**	hit it with your first suggestion
98	**inland bred**	civilized
99	**nurture**	education, good upbringing
101	**answerèd**	satisfied
102	**reason**	may pun on “raisin” (grape), possibly part of the **fruit** at the meal
103	**gentleness**	nobility/civilized conduct
109	**countenance**	appearance/expression
112	**melancholy**	dark, gloomy
115	**knolled**	rung (to summon people)
119	**enforcement**	constraint
126	**upon command**	at will

127 **wanting** needs

133 **weak** causing weakness

136 **waste** consume

138 **unhappy** ill-fated

146 **acts** actions/divisions of a play

147 **Mewling** whimpering, mewing

153 **strange** foreign **bearded…pard** with a bristling beard like a leopard's whiskers

154 **Jealous in** quick to defend his

157 **capon** chicken (technically a castrated cockerel)

159 **saws** sayings **modern instances** everyday examples

161 **pantaloon** in Italian comedy, the foolish elderly man who wore spectacles, pantaloons (type of trousers), and slippers

163 **hose** breeches

164 **shank** leg

166 **his** its

167 **history** history play/narrative

168 **mere** complete

169 **Sans** without **eyes** eyesight

175 **fall to** eat ***Song*** often sung by Amiens, assuming he is among the lords on stage for this scene

179 **unkind** cruel/unnatural

181 **keen** sharp

183 **rude** rough

189 **nigh** close

191 **warp** wrinkle/become corrugated by turning to ice

196 **faithfully** convincingly/truly

197 **effigies** likeness

198 **limned** portrayed

204 **fortunes** adventures

Act 3 Scene 1

3.1 ***Location:*** *the court*

1 **him** i.e., Orlando

2 **better** greater made made of

3 **argument** subject

4 **present** being present (i.e., I would vent my wrath on you instead)

7 **turn** return

10 **seizure** taking legal possession of

11 **quit …mouth** acquit yourself by means of your brother’s own testimony

16 **of …nature** whose responsibility it is

17 **Make …upon** seize

18 **expediently** promptly **turn him going** send him packing

Act 3 Scene 2

3.2 ***Location:*** *the forest (where all remaining scenes are set)*

2 **thrice-crownèd …night** the goddess of the moon, hunting, and chastity, known as Luna/Cynthia/Phoebe in the heavens, Diana/Artemis on earth, and Proserpina/Hecate/Lucina in the underworld

4 **thy huntress** i.e., Rosalind **sway** rule

6 **character** write

10 **unexpressive** inexpressible

14 **private** lonely

15 **spare** frugal

16 **humour** temperament **plenty** abundance/comforts of life/food

17 **stomach** inclination/appetite

19 **wants** lacks

22 **art** education **complain of** lament the lack of/complain about

24 **natural** instinctive/foolish/rustic

27 **hope** i.e., hope not

28 **ill-roasted …side** eggs were roasted in the hot ashes of the fire and required turning for even cooking

30 **manners** proper behavior/morals

32 **parlous** perilous

35 **but you kiss** without kissing

37 **Instance** evidence/give an example

38 **still** always **fells** fleeces

39 **grease** sweat

45 **tarred …sheep** tar, having antiseptic properties, was applied to injured sheep

46 **civet** musky substance used in perfume and obtained from the anal glands of the civet cat

47 **worms-meat** i.e., rotten flesh **respect of** comparison with

48 **perpend** consider

49 **flux** flow **Mend** improve

50 **rest** cease (Touchstone shifts sense to “remain”)

51 **make incision** cut, as **raw** meat is scored and salted for cooking/cut, for the medical purpose of letting blood (and curing folly)/graft on (wisdom), as a plant is cultivated

52 **raw** inexperienced/ignorant/uncooked

53 **that** what **get** earn

54 **content …harm** patient in my own afflictions

56 **simple** foolish

57 **offer** presume/venture **cattle** animals/whores **bawd** pimp

58 **bell-wether** leading male sheep of a flock (with a bell around its neck)

crooked-pated with crooked/curled horns

59 **cuckoldly** a cuckold (man with an unfaithful wife) was traditionally said to grow horns **out of** beyond the limits of

62 **Ind** Indies

66 **lined** drawn

67 **black to** dark-complexioned, foul compared to

69 **fair** beauty/light complexion

70 **together** continuously

71 **It …market** i.e., the predictable verse resembles either the jogging to market of country women in a cart or the eager lust of a whore to put herself to sale **butter-women** butter-sellers/lecherous women/whores **rank** movement in line/lustful

74 **hart** male deer **hind** female deer

76 **after kind** act according to its nature (proverbial; plays on the sense of “have sex”)

78 **Wintered** worn in winter/old **lined** plays on notion of sex between dogs, giving bawdy connotations to the next line (i.e., Rosalind will lose her slenderness to pregnancy)

80 **reap** perhaps with slang sense of “have sex” **sheaf and bind** tie the crop into bundles (perhaps with suggestion of pregnancy)

81 **cart** transport the crop in a cart/punish a prostitute by publicly carrying her in or whipping her behind a cart

82 **nut** plays on the sense of “vagina”

84 **rose** plays on the sense of “vagina”

85 **prick** thorn/penis

86 **false gallop** canter

88 **fruit** plays on sense of “genitals”

89 **graff** graft—i.e., make one plant grow onto another (plays on the sense of “have sex”) **medlar** tree bearing apple-like fruits/medlar fruit (resembles the vagina)/pun on “meddler” (prostitute)

90 **rotten** infected with venereal disease

91 **right virtue** true character

95 **For** because

97 **civil sayings** civilized reflections

99 **his erring** its wandering

100 **span** distance from thumb to little finger

101 **Buckles in** encompasses

108 **quintessence** purest essence/extract **sprite** spirit

109 **in little** in miniature (i.e., in the form of Rosaline)

110 **Nature charged** ordered Nature

112 **wide-enlarged** (that had been) widely dispersed

113 **presently** immediately

114 **Helen's …heart** i.e., Helen of Troy's beauty but not her deceitful heart; when Paris carried Helen off to Troy war broke out between the Grecians and the Trojans

115 **Cleopatra** famous Egyptian queen

116 **Atalanta's better part** presumably her beauty or perhaps athletic skill; Atalanta declared that she would only marry the man who could defeat her in a race, while losing suitors would be killed

117 **Lucretia's modesty** raped by Tarquin, Lucretia was so ashamed she committed suicide

119 **synod** assembly/conjunction of planets

121 **touches** features

122 **would** willed

123 **I to** that I should

124 **Jupiter** king of the gods who carried off the beautiful youth Ganymede

126 **Back** (to Corin and Touchstone) move back **sirrah** sir (used to an inferior)

128 **bag and baggage** collective property of an army **scrip and scrippage** nonce phrase referring to a shepherd's pouch (scrip) and its contents

131 **feet** i.e., metrical feet

137 **seven…wonder** from the phrase "a nine days' wonder" (so Rosalind has been wondering about the verses for quite a while)

138 **Pythagoras** Greek philosopher who believed in the transmigration of souls from humans to animals

139 **that** when **Irish rat** supposedly the Irish could kill rats with rhyming incantations

140 **Trow** know

142 **And a chain** i.e., yes, it is, and one with a chain **Change you colour?** Are you blushing?

144 **friends …encounter** inversion of the proverb “friends may meet, but mountains never greet”; friends plays on the sense of “lovers” **encounter** plays on the sense of “sexual union”

147 **possible** i.e., that you do not know

148 **I …vehemence** I earnestly beg you

149 **wonderful** incredible

150 **out …whooping** beyond what all shouts of astonishment can express

151 **Good my complexion!** Oh (have mercy on) my temperament/curiosity! **caparisoned** dressed

153 **South …discovery** i.e., as lengthy as an exploratory voyage over the South Seas **apace** swiftly

158 **belly** stomach/womb (playing on **drink** in its slang sense of “have sex”)

159 **of God’s making** i.e., a real man

162 **stay** wait for

166 **sad…maid** i.e., seriously and truly

171 **Wherein went he?** What was he wearing?

172 **makes he** is he doing

174 **Gargantua** the giant in François Rabelais’ book *Gargantua* (1534)

175 **particulars** details

176 **catechism** series of set questions and answers used as a form of instruction by the Church

179 **atomies** motes, atoms **resolve the propositions** answer the questions

180 **relish** flavor **good observance** close attention

182 **Jove’s tree** oak trees were associated with Jove

183 **Give me audience** listen to me

185 **along** out

187 **‘holla’** stop (used to a horse) **curvets** leaps about

188 **furnished** dressed

189 **heart** puns on “hart” (male deer)

190 **burden** chorus

193 **bring me out** make me forget what I was saying **Soft!** Wait a moment!

195 **lief** willingly

198 **society** company

202 **ill-favouredly** poorly

204 **just** exactly

209 **pretty** clever **acquainted** plays on the sense of “sexually familiar”

210 **conned** learned by heart **rings** which had verses engraved on them (also slang for “vaginas”)

211 **right painted cloth** in the manner of a cheap hanging depicting commonplace mythological scenes

212 **questions** topics

213 **Atalanta** famed for her swiftness

216 **breather** i.e., living being

219 **change** exchange

220 **troth** faith

222 **figure** image (Orlando plays on the sense of “number”)

223 **cipher** zero

226 **saucy lackey** insolent minion **habit** appearance **play the knave** play a boy/trick him

232 **detect** reveal

234 **divers** various

238 **hard** with an uneasy pace, with difficulty contract…marriage formal betrothal

239 **se’nnight** week (seven nights)

244 **lean** unrewarding/thin **wasteful** time-wasting/causing one to waste away

245 **tedious** troublesome/painful

247 **softly** slowly

250 **vacation** period during which the law courts are suspended **term** period appointed for the sitting of courts of law

253 **skirts** outskirts

256 **cony** rabbit **kindled** born

257 **purchase** acquire **removed** remote

259 **religious** pious/monastic/scrupulous

260 **inland** of civilized society

261 **courtship** court life/wooing

262 **touched** tainted

263 **generally** without exception

267 **his** its

269 **physic** medicine

270 **haunts** who hangs around

272 **fancy-monger** dealer in love

273 **quotidian** daily recurring fever

275 **marks** signs, symptoms

276 **cage of rushes** i.e., flimsy prison

278 **blue** i.e., with dark circles

279 **unquestionable** unwilling to be questioned

280 **your…revenue** your beard is like a younger brother’s income (i.e., small)

281 **ungartered** not tied up

282 **unbanded** without a colored hat-band

284 **point-device** immaculate **accoutrements** clothes **as** as if

288 **apter** more likely

289 **still** always **sooth** truth

295 **merely** entirely dark…do imprisonment in the dark and whipping were “treatments” for the insane

298 **profess** practice, have knowledge in

301 **moonish** changeable

302 **fantastical** fanciful, impulsive

303 **apish** foolish

304 **cattle…colour** beasts of this kind

305 **entertain** welcome, treat well

306 **forswear** deny, reject **that** so that **drave** drove

307 **living** genuine

308 **merely** utterly

309 **liver** thought to be the seat of the passions **sound** healthy

313 **cote** cottage

315 **by** on

Act 3 Scene 3

1 **apace** quickly

2 **how** what **simple feature** plain appearance (Audrey may understand "specific part/penis")

3 **warrant** protect

4 **capricious** lascivious, fickle (from the Latin *caper* meaning "goat"; the word play is reinforced by **goats/Goths** having similar pronunciations)

5 **Ovid …Goths** Roman poet **Ovid**, author of *The Art of Love*, was banished to live among the **Goths**; he complained that they did not understand his **verses**

6 **ill-inhabited** poorly lodged **Jove…house** having been turned away by others, the disguised Jove and his son Mercury were welcomed into the humble dwelling of Philemon and Baucis

8 **seconded** backed, supported **forward** precocious

9 **great …room** large bill for insubstantial accommodation; some critics see a reference to the 1593 tavern murder of playwright Christopher Marlowe, supposedly the result of a dispute about the bill

10 **honest** respectable/genuine

12 **feigning** imaginative/deceitful

15 **honest** truthful/chaste

18 **hard-favoured** ugly

20 **material** meaningful, full of matter/concerned with earthly things

22 **foul** loathsome/filthy/ugly **slut** woman of slovenly habits/kitchen maid/whore **meat** food (plays on the sense of "penis")

23 **dish** plays on the sense of "vagina"

27 **Sir Oliver Martext** "Sir" was sometimes used for priests who were not university graduates; **Martext** (mar-text) suggests an uneducated priest who could not expound upon the Scriptures **next** nearest

28 **couple** marry (plays on the sense of "get us to have sex")

29 **fain** willingly **meeting** encounter/sexual union

31 **stagger** falter

32 **assembly** congregation **horn-beasts** suggestive of cuckolds **what though** what of it

33 **necessary** inevitable

34 **knows …goods** i.e., is very well off

36 **deer** plays on the sense of “dear”

37 **rascal** young or inferior deer in a herd/ordinary husband **walled** i.e., fortified

39 **defence** possibly plays on type of fortification known as “hornwork”

40 **to want** be lacking

41 **dispatch us** settle (i.e., marry)

44 **on** as the

47 **What-ye-call’t** probably a joking reluctance to say “Jaques” (i.e., “jakes” meaning “lavatory”)

48 **’ild** yield (i.e., reward) **last** most recent (i.e., present) **toy in hand** trifle to attend to

49 **covered** i.e., put on your (respectfully removed) hat

51 **bow** yoke **curb** restraining strap attached to the bit **bells** attached to the falcon’s leg

52 **bill** stroke beak with beak **nibbling** having sex/seizing

55 **wainscot** wooden paneling

56 **green** not dried thoroughly/unseasoned **warp** shrink/go wrong

57 **I…but** I am inclined to think that **of** by

58 **like** likely **well** properly

62 **bawdry** lewdness

64 **‘O…thee’** lines from a lost Elizabethan ballad, originally paired with a reply; Touchstone rejects the lines of the abandoned woman, in favor of the dismissive answer **brave** fine worthy

67 **Wind** wend, go

70 **fantastical** capricious, mad **flout** mock/jeer

Act 3 Scene 4

6 **dissembling…Judas** i.e., reddish, traditionally the hair color of **Judas**, the disciple who betrayed Christ with a kiss **dissembling** deceitful

7 **his…children** refers to the kiss with which Judas betrayed Christ

9 **your** this **only** i.e., most desirable

10 **holy bread** bread blessed and distributed to those who had not taken Communion; after the Reformation, bread provided for the Eucharist

11 **cast** sculpted/cast-off/chaste **Diana** goddess of chastity **of winter's sisterhood** i.e., sworn to coldness

16 **verity** sincerity

17 **concave** hollow **covered goblet** empty drinking vessel (covered when not in use)

22 **tapster** barman, tavern keeper **reckonings** personal esteem/bills

24 **question** conversation

28 **traverse** crosswise/poorly aimed and broken across (jousting term)

29 **puny tilter** insignificant, petty jouster

30 **goose** fool

32 **complained of** lamented over

37 **pageant** spectacle, scene

41 **mark** observe

42 **remove** move

Act 3 Scene 5

5 **Falls** lets fall

6 **But…pardon** without begging pardon first (a traditional practice)

7 **he…lives** the executioner who earns his living until he dies

11 **pretty** ingenious

13 **coward gates** i.e., eyelids **atomies** atoms, specks

17 **counterfeit** pretend

22 **rush** waterside plant

23 **cicatrice** scar **capable impressure** palpable impression

29 **fancy** love

31 **keen** sharp

38 **What though** what does it matter

40 **Than…bed** i.e., than ought to go to bed in darkness so that your lover will not see you

43 **ordinary** common condition

44 **sale-work** ready-made goods of inferior quality **'Od's** (may) God save

45 **tangle** ensnare

48 **bugle** glass beads, usually black

51 **south** south wind **wind and rain** i.e., sighs and tears

52 **properer** more handsome, finer

55 **glass** mirror

57 **lineaments** facial features

62 **Cry** beg

63 **Foul…scoffer** ugliness is most hideous when it is rough and abusive

65 **together** uninterruptedly

68 **sauce** rebuke

72 **in wine** when drunk

74 **tuft of olives** clump of olive trees **hard** close

75 **ply** urge

78 **abused in sight** deceived in his perception

80 **Dead Shepherd** i.e., Christopher Marlowe (murdered in 1593), from whose poem *Hero and Leander* the ensuing quotation is taken **saw** maxim, saying **of might** powerful, convincing

89 **extermined** exterminated

90 **love…neighbourly** refers to the biblical instruction to “love thy neighbor as thyself”
92 **covetousness** refers to the Tenth Commandment which prohibits coveting one’s neighbor’s goods
96 **erst** formerly
101 **poverty** deficiency
103 **ears** i.e., of corn
106 **erewhile** a short time ago
108 **bounds** land
109 **carlot** churl, peasant
111 **peevish** silly, foolish/spiteful
117 **complexion** face/appearance
122 **lusty** lively
124 **constant** unchanging damask pink or light red
126 **parcels** bits, parts
132 **am remembered** remember
133 **again** back
134 **omittance…quittance** not having done so does not mean I never shall
138 **straight** straight away
140 **passing** excessively

Act 4 Scene 1

4 **betray** expose

5 **modern censure** commonplace judgment

6 **sad** Rosalind quibbles on the sense of “massive, solid”

7 **post** stout pole

8 **emulation** envy of those who are superior

9 **fantastical** fanciful, extravagant

10 **politic** crafty

11 **nice** fastidious

12 **simples** ingredients (literally, medicinal herbs)

13 **sundry** varied **often** frequent

14 **humorous** moody

20 **travel** voyage/take pains

22 **an** if

23 **lisp** put on a foreign accent **strange suits** foreign clothes **disable** disparage

24 **nativity** birth (i.e., nationality)

26 **swam** floated, traveled

32 **clapped him o’th’shoulder** merely tapped him/arrested him

33 **heart-whole** essentially unaffected, with the heart unengaged

39 **jointure** marriage settlement that provided for the wife in the event of her husband’s death

42 **horns** of a snail/of a cuckold **fain** obliged **beholding** indebted

43 **armed…fortune** i.e., as a **snail**, naturally possessed of horns **prevents the slander** forestalls the disrepute

46 **leer** complexion, appearance

47 **holiday humour** festive mood

48 **very** true

51 **gravelled** stumped

52 **out** at a loss for words

53 **warn** protect, warrant **cleanliest shift** most skillful measure

57 **Who…out** Rosalind goes on to play with the sense of “denied vaginal entry”

59 **honesty** chastity **ranker** more corrupt

60 **of my suit** out of my courtship/clothing

65 **by attorney** by proxy (as opposed to “in person”)

66 ***videlicet*** “namely” (Latin)

67 **Troilus** lover of Cressida, who proved faithless to him; he was killed by Achilles during the Trojan war

68 **die** may play on the sense of “experience orgasm” **patterns** models
Leander in classical mythology, Leander regularly swam across the river **Hellespont** to see his lover **Hero of Sestos**, until one night he drowned

69 **though** even if

72 **found it** concluded the cause

74 **right** real

77 **coming-on** agreeable, encouraging

79 **Fridays and Saturdays** days on which Christians abstained from eating meat

81 **twenty** twenty more

91 **Go to** expression of impatient dismissal

94 **fast** firmly/quickly

97 **commission** authority

98 **goes…priest** proceeds with the service more quickly than the priest

101 **possessed** married/had sex with

105 **Barbary cock-pigeon** male pigeon thought to be from Barbary (north Africa)

106 **against** before, in anticipation of

107 **new-fangled** fond of novelty, easily distracted by new things

108 **Diana…fountain** the goddess was a fairly popular figure to adorn fountains

114 **waywarder** more obstinate, wilful

115 **Make** shut **wit** possible play on the sense of “genitals” **casement** window

118 **‘Wit, whither wilt?’** Wit, where are you going? (proverbial; refers to one with “wandering” wits)

119 **check** rebuke

122 **take** catch/possess sexually

124 **fault** error (plays on the sense of “vagina”) **husband’s occasion** excuse to attack her husband (plays on the sense of “sexual business, opportunity for use”) **nurse** breast-feed

131 **but…away** only one abandoned woman

135 **behind your hour** late **pathetical** miserable, deplorable

137 **gross** whole/inferior **censure** condemnation/judgment

139 **religion** faithfulness

141 **try** test/judge

142 **simply misused** absolutely abused **love-prate** love-talk

143 **what…nest** proverbially, the bird fouls its own nest (**nest** also plays on the sense of “vagina”)

146 **fathom** six feet **sounded** measured, penetrated

149 **bastard of Venus** Cupid, son of Venus by Mars (or, variously, Mercury or Jupiter), not by her husband Vulcan **begot** conceived **thought** fancy

150 **spleen** impulse **blind** Cupid was traditionally depicted as sightless **abuses** deceives

152 **shadow** shade

Act 4 Scene 2

4 **branch** wreath (plays on the sense of “subdivision of a deer’s horn”)

11 **bear this burden** sing this refrain/bear the cuckold’s horns

16 **lusty** lively/lustful

Act 4 Scene 3

1 **here much Orlando** “much Orlando there is to be seen here” (said in irony)

8 **waspish** spiteful

9 **use** employ, adopt

13 **swaggerer** quarreler, blusterer

16 **phoenix** mythical Arabian bird that was consumed by fire every 500 years, then resurrected from the ashes; only one existed at a time **’Od’s** God is

19 **device** devising

20 **protest** declare, vow

24 **leathern** leathery, rough

25 **freestone-coloured** brownish-yellow **freestone** sandstone or limestone **verily** truly

27 **huswife’s** housewife’s (i.e., hard and coarse)

29 **invention** style **hand** handwriting

31 **boisterous** violent, rough

34 **giant-rude** extremely rough

35 **Ethiope** Ethiopian (i.e., black)

39 **Phoebes** i.e., is cruel to

44 **apart** aside

48 **vengeance** harm

50 **eyne** eyes

53 **aspect** gaze (with astrological connotations)

55 **prayers** entreaties

58 **by…mind** i.e., employ Silvius to bring me your decision in a sealed letter

59 **kind** nature

61 **make** offer

67 **instrument** tool/musical instrument strains melodies

68 **snake** i.e., drudge

73 **purlieus** borders

75 **neighbour bottom** nearby valley

76 **rank of osiers** row of willows

77 **Left** passed by

83 **favour** appearance/face **bestows** acquits
84 **ripe** mature/elder **low** short
88 **commend him** i.e., offers his respectful greetings
90 **napkin** handkerchief
94 **handkercher** handkerchief
99 **fancy** love
103 **bald** i.e., leafless
106 **gilded** gold
109 **unlinked** uncoiled
110 **indented** undulating
113 **couching** stretched out/hidden
114 **When that** for the time when
120 **render him** describe him as
124 **to** with regard to
127 **kindness** feelings of kinship
128 **just occasion** justifiable reason
130 **hurtling** tumult
138 **for** what about
141 **recountments** accounts of events **kindly** naturally/affectionately
144 **array** clothing **entertainment** welcome, provision
151 **Brief** in short **recovered** revived
152 **space** time
165 **a body** anyone
168 **passion of earnest** genuine emotion

Act 5 Scene 1

2 **old gentleman's** i.e., Jaques'

5 **interest in** right to/share in

7 **clown** rustic

8 **flouting** mocking **hold** resist, stop

10 **God ye** God give you

12 **Cover thy head** i.e., put on your hat (which William has respectfully removed)

19 **God'. A good** Touchstone may mock William's rustic accent

30 **learnèd** educated

32 **figure** figure of speech, device

34 ***ipse*** "he himself" (Latin)

38 **vulgar** vernacular **boorish** coarse speech

39 **common** vulgar tongue

41 **to wit** that is to say

42 **bastinado** beating with a stick

43 **bandy** fight **in faction** in insults **o'errun…policy** overwhelm you with cunning

46 **rest** keep

48 **Trip** skip (plays on the sense of "succumb sexually") **attend** follow/accompany

Act 5 Scene 2

3 **persever** persevere

8 **estate** settle

10 **all's** all his **contented** willing

12 **brother** i.e., brother-in-law

13 **'sister'** i.e., responding to Orlando calling Ganymede “Rosalind” (unless Oliver sees through the disguise and realizes that it really is Rosalind)

14 **scarf** i.e., sling

21 **where you are** what you mean

22 **thrasonical** boastful, vainglorious

26 **degrees** puns on the sense of “steps”; also refers to the rhetorical device of climax Rosalind uses as her verbs link together and move the sentence forward **pair** flight

27 **incontinent** at once (sense then shifts to “unchaste”)

28 **wrath** full passion

30 **bid** invite

34 **serve your turn** act as a substitute (puns on the sense of “satisfy you sexually”)

37 **conceit** understanding, intelligence

38 **insomuch** inasmuch as

39 **Neither…me** nor am I trying to gain greater approval from you other than that which is necessary to enable you to trust me enough to help you; I am not seeking my own promotion

42 **not damnable** i.e., not practicing black magic

43 **gesture…out** manner proclaims

44 **straits** confined places

46 **inconvenient** unsuitable human…is i.e., the real Rosalind, not a spirit conjured up by black magic

48 **sober** serious

49 **tender** value

50 **array** clothing

53 **ungentleness** discourtesy

55 **study** purpose

56 **despiteful** cruel, scornful

65 **service** devotion

72 **observance** due respect/service

90 **satisfy** content (plays on the sense of “sexually satisfy”)

96 **fail** be absent

Act 5 Scene 3

2 **dishonest** unchaste

3 **woman…world** i.e., married (plays on the sense of “sexually experienced”)

4 **honest** honorable

7 **clap into’t roundly** begin immediately **hawking** throat clearing

8 **only** usual

9 **in a tune** keeping time/in unison

13 **ring-time** time for giving or exchanging rings (i.e., wedding season)

16 **take** seize/enjoy

18 **prime** spring/height of perfection

19 **etc.** i.e., repeat chorus

24 **carol** song

28 **ditty** lyrics

29 **note** music, tune **untunable** unmelodious

Act 5 Scene 4

5 **compact** agreement **urged** presented formally

17 **make…even** smooth out all these matters

26 **lively** lifelike/striking **touches** qualities/features **favour** appearance/face

30 **rudiments** basics

31 **desperate** dangerous

33 **Obscurèd** concealed **circle** surroundings/magic circle

34 **toward** approaching

35 **tongues** languages

37 **motley-minded** foolish-minded

39 **purgation** test

40 **measure** stately dance **politic** crafty **smooth** seemingly amiable

41 **undone** ruined, bankrupted **like to have** almost

43 **ta'en up** settled

47 **'ild** yield (i.e., reward) desire…like wish you the same

48 **copulatives** people being joined in marriage (with play on “those engaged in copulation”)

49 **blood breaks** passion declines

50 **humour** inclination, whim **honesty** chastity/virtue

51 **foul** dirty

52 **swift** quick-witted **sententious** given to utter pointed sayings

53 **fool's bolt** “a fool's **bolt** is soon shot” (proverbial; phallic and ejaculatory connotations) bolt short, thick arrow **dulcet diseases** sweet afflictions

56 **seeming** seemingly

57 **as** for instance

58 **in the mind** of the opinion

61 **disabled** disparaged

64 **Countercheck** rebuke **Circumstantial** told indirectly through circumstances or details

67 **measured swords** checked that the length of the swords was the same (a necessary preparation for dueling)

68 **nominate** name

69 **in print** in a precise manner

75 **take up** settle

77 **swore brothers** vowed devoted friendship

78 **rare** extraordinary/splendid

79 **stalking-horse** horse behind which a hunter concealed himself in order to get within easy range of the game **presentation** show *Hymen* god of marriage (commonly depicted as a young man carrying a torch); sometimes played as a god, sometimes as a part enacted by Amiens or another courtier *Still* subdued/soft

81 **mirth** joy

82 **made even** are reconciled

83 **Atone** unite

93 **shape** appearance, physical form

98 **bar** prohibit

102 **bands** bonds, i.e., marriage

104 **cross** adversity

106 **accord** agree

107 **lord** husband

108 **sure** securely bound

111 **questioning** conversation/inquiry

114 **Juno** queen of the gods and goddess of marriage

115 **board and bed** food and lodging

116 **peoples** populates

122 **thou** i.e., Silvius

123 **fancy** love **combine** unite

129 **Addressed** prepared **power** army

130 **In…conduct** under his own leadership

135 **world** secular life/material interests

139 **engage** pledge

141 **offer'st fairly** contribute finely

143 **at large** of full size

144 **do those ends** accomplish those aims

146 **every** every one

147 **shrewd** hard

149 **states** ranks, status

150 **new-fall'n** newly received

153 **With…joy** in abundant joy **th'measures** stately dances

154 **patience** permission

156 **pompous** vainglorious/ceremonious

158 **convertites** converts

163 **allies** relatives

166 **but…victualled** only has sufficient supplies for two months

174 **unhandsome** faulty in appearance/inappropriate good…bush proverbial; something of good quality needs no advertising as its merits speak for themselves

175 **bush** tavern sign (originally a small bush)

177 **case** state/predicament **insinuate with** work on/stealthily win the favor of

178 **furnished** dressed

179 **conjure** entreat/put a spell on

183 **the play** *As You Like It*/sexual dalliance If…woman in Shakespeare’s England all parts were played by male actors

184 **liked** pleased **defied** despised

186 **bid me farewell** i.e., applaud/shout approvingly

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

The novelist Vladimir Nabokov once wrote that “reality” is a word that only has meaning when it is placed in quotation marks. The physicist’s “reality” is not the same as the biochemist’s, the secular humanist’s as the religious fundamentalist’s. Dare one say the woman’s is not the same as the man’s? In a culture where the conception of inherent sexual difference is regarded as a mere prejudice, as a forbidden thought (regardless of the “reality” revealed by molecular biology and neuroanatomy), *The Taming of the Shrew* is not likely to be one of Shakespeare’s most admired plays. Its presentation of female subordination presents the same kind of awkwardness for liberal sensibilities that the representation of Shylock does in the post-Holocaust world. At face value, the play proposes that desirable women are quiet and submissive, whereas women with spirit must be “tamed” through a combination of physical and mental abuse. Necessary tools may include starvation, sense deprivation, and the kind of distortion of “reality” that is practiced in totalitarian regimes.

Thus O’Brien to Winston Smith in George Orwell’s *Nineteen Eighty-Four:* “How many fingers am I holding up?” In this “reality” the correct answer is not the actual number but the number that the torturer says he is holding up. There is a precise analogy on the road back to Padua, after Kate has undergone her taming in the secluded country house where no neighbor will hear her cries:

PETRUCHIO I say it is the moon.
KATE I know it is the moon.
PETRUCHIO Nay, then you lie. It is the blessèd sun.
KATE Then, God be blessed, it is the blessèd sun.
But sun it is not, when you say it is not,
And the moon changes even as your mind.
What you will have it named, even that it is,
And so it shall be so for Katherine.

HORTENSIO Petruchio, go thy ways, the field is won.

She has been bent to her husband’s will. She is now ready to demonstrate that she is prepared to love, serve, and obey him. She knows her place: “Such duty as the subject owes the prince / Even such a woman oweth to her husband.” She offers to place her hand beneath her husband’s foot. The shrew is tamed.

The younger dramatist John Fletcher, who was Shakespeare’s collaborator in his final years, clearly thought that this harsh ending needed a riposte. He wrote a sequel, *The Woman’s Prize; or, The Tamer Tamed,* in which Kate has died and Petruchio remarried, only to find his new wife giving him a taste of his own medicine by means of the time-honored device of refusing to sleep with him until he submits to her will. Kate’s sister Bianca plays the role of colonel in a war between the sexes, which the women win, thus proving that it was an act of folly for Petruchio to tyrannize over his first wife in Shakespeare’s play.

In Shakespeare’s time, it was absolutely orthodox to believe that a man was head of the household, as the monarch was head of state and God was head of the cosmos. “My foot my tutor?” says Prospero in *The Tempest* when his daughter Miranda presumes to speak out of turn: if the man was the head, the girl-child was the foot, just as in *Coriolanus* a plebeian is nothing more than the “big toe” of the commonwealth. Kate’s readying of her hand to be trodden upon turns the analogy between social and bodily hierarchy into a stage image. But she is going much further than she should: the wife was not supposed to be beneath the foot, she was supposed to be the heart of the household. Instead of crowing in his triumph, Petruchio says “kiss me, Kate” for the third time, giving Cole Porter a title for his reimagining of the story in the cheerful mode of a musical.

Nabokov placed the word “reality” in quotation marks not because he was a cultural relativist, but because he was an aesthete. That is to say, he did not believe that art was merely a reflection, a mirror, of a pre-existent “reality.” Art shapes the way in which we perceive ourselves and the world. “Falling in love” is not only the work of molecular change in the brain, but also a set of behaviors learned from the romantic fictions of page, stage—now screen—and cultural memory. One of the tricks of great art is to draw attention to its own artificiality and in so doing paradoxically assert that its "reality" is as real as anything in the quotidian world of its audience. Shakespeare's taste for plays-within-the-play and allusions to the theatricality of the world, Mozart's witty quotations of the clichés of operatic convention, and Nabokov's magical wordplay all fulfill this function.

Sometimes, though, the opposite device is used: an artist puts quotation marks around a work in order to say "Don't take this too seriously, don't mistake its feigning for 'reality.' " *The Taming of the Shrew* is such a work: the opening scenes with Christopher Sly place the entire play within quotation marks. The "induction" presents a series of wish-fulfillment fantasies to a drunken tinker: the fantasy that he is a lord, that he has a beautiful young wife, that scenes of erotic delight can be presented for his delectation, and that a company of professional players will stage "a kind of history" for his sole benefit, in order to frame his mind to "mirth and merriment" while teaching him how to tame a shrewish wife. But Sly is not a lord and the "wife" who watches with him is not a woman but a cross-dressed boy (which reminds us that in Shakespeare's working world the Kate who is humiliated by Petruchio was also not a woman but a cross-dressed boy-actor). The effect of the frame is to "distance" the action and so suggest that it does not present the "reality" of proper marital relations. If Sly is not a lord and the pageboy not a wife, then this is not how to tame a shrew.

In the surviving script of the play, Sly and the pageboy disappear after the first act, presumably because Shakespeare's acting company was not large enough to waste several members of the cast sitting in the gallery as spectators all the way through. But in an anonymously published play of 1594 called *The Taming of a Shrew*, which seems to be some sort of adaptation, reconstruction, or variant version, the Christopher Sly "frame" is maintained throughout the action by means of a series of brief interludes and an epilogue. This version ends with the tinker going home claiming that the play has taught him how to tame a shrew and thus to handle his own wife. But the tapster knows better: "your wife will course [thrash] you for dreaming here tonight." The hungover Sly is in no position to tame anybody; he will return home and be soundly beaten by his wife. Kate's speech propounds the patriarchal ideal of marriage, but in *A Shrew* the Slys' is a union that reveals this ideology's distance from "reality"; its implied resolution, with the woman on top, intimates that “real” housewives are not silent and obedient, and plays cannot teach husbands to tame them into submission.

We do not need the epilogue of the anonymously published play to see that Shakespeare’s ending is more complicated and ironic than first appears. Having been outwitted in his courtship of Bianca, Hortensio marries the widow for her money. The latter shows signs of frowardness and has to be lectured by Kate. The first half of Kate’s famous submission speech is spoken in the singular, addressed specifically to the widow and not to womankind in general: “*Thy* husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper, / Thy head, thy sovereign: one that cares for thee.” The contextual irony of this is not always appreciated: in contradistinction to Kate’s prescriptions, in this marriage it will be the wife, the wealthy widow, who provides the “maintenance”; Hortensio will be spared the labors of a breadwinner. According to Kate, all a husband asks from a wife is love, good looks, and obedience; these are said to be “Too little payment for so great a debt.” But the audience knows that in this case the debt is all Hortensio’s. Besides, he has said earlier that he is no longer interested in woman’s traditional attribute of “beauteous looks”—all he wants is the money. Kate’s vision of obedience is made to look oddly irrelevant to the very marriage upon which she is offering advice.

Then there is Kate’s sister. Petruchio’s “taming school” is played off against the attempts by Lucentio and Hortensio to gain access to Bianca by disguising themselves as schoolmasters. In the scene in which Lucentio courts her in the guise of a Latin tutor, the woman gives as good as she gets. She is happy to flirt with her supposed teacher over Ovid’s erotic manual *The Art of Love*. This relationship offers a model of courtship and marriage built on mutual desire and consent; Bianca escapes her class of sixteenth-century woman’s usual fate of being married to a partner of the father’s choice, such as rich old Gremio. If anything, Bianca is the dominant partner at the end. She is not read a lecture by Kate, as the widow is, and she gets the better of her husband in their final on-stage exchange. Like Beatrice in *Much Ado About Nothing*, she more than matches her man in the art of wordplay. One almost wonders if she would not be better matched with the pretended rather than the “real” Lucentio, that is to say the clever servant

Tranio who oils the wheels of the plot and sometimes threatens to steal the show.

The double plot is a guarantee that, despite the subduing of Kate, the play is no uncomplicated apology for shrew-taming. But is Kate really subdued? Or is her submission all part of the game that she and Petruchio have been playing out? It is their marriage, not the other ones, that compels the theater audience. A woman with Kate's energies would be bored by a conventional lover such as Lucentio. She and Petruchio are well matched because they are both of "choleric" temperament; their fierce tempers are what make them attractive to each other and charismatic to us. They seem to know they are born for each other from the moment in their first private encounter when they share a joke about oral sex ("with my tongue in your tail"). "Where two raging fires meet together" there may not be an easy marriage, but there will certainly not be a dull match and a passive wife. In the twentieth century the roles seemed ready made for Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor.

KEY FACTS

PLOT: Christopher Sly, a beggarly tinker, falls asleep drunk, having been thrown out of an ale-house. A lord takes him into his house and plays a trick involving the pretence that Sly is a lord himself, for whose benefit a company of players will act *The Taming of the Shrew*. The main action then commences. Fortune-hunting Hortensio, rich old Gremio, and newly-arrived-in-town Lucentio all wish to court beautiful Bianca, but she cannot marry before her older sister, shrewish Kate. Petruchio vows to woo Kate both for her dowry and for the challenge of overcoming her fearsome reputation. Hortensio and Lucentio gain access to Bianca by disguising themselves as tutors, while Lucentio's servant Tranio plays the role of his master. Petruchio marries Kate—turning up late wearing the most unsuitable clothes imaginable—and takes her off to his country house, where he "tames" her through various forms of deprivation. Tranio persuades a traveling schoolteacher to pretend to be Lucentio's father Vincentio in order to give assurance of Lucentio's financial means; there is confusion when the real Vincentio turns up, but the love-match between Lucentio and Bianca is happily settled. Hortensio marries a wealthy widow and Petruchio and Kate return to reveal that she is a changed woman.

MAJOR PARTS: (*with percentages of lines/number of speeches/scenes on stage*) Petruchio (22%/158/8), Tranio (11%/90/8), Kate (8%/82/8), Hortensio (8%/70/8), Baptista (7%/68/6), Lucentio (7%/61/8), Grumio (6%/63/4), Gremio (6%/58/6), Lord (5%/17/2), Biondello (4%/39/7), Bianca (3%/29/7), Sly (2%/24/3), Vincentio (2%/23/3), Pedant (2%/20/3).

LINGUISTIC MEDIUM: 80% verse, 20% prose.

DATE: Usually considered to be one of Shakespeare's earliest works. Assuming that Quarto *The Taming of a Shrew*, registered for publication May 1594, is a version of the text rather than a source for it (see below), the play is likely to pre-date the long periods of plague closure that inhibited theatrical activity from summer 1592 onward, but there is no firm evidence for a more precise date.

SOURCES: The Induction's scenario of a beggar transported into luxury is a traditional motif in ballads and the folk tradition; the shrewish wife is also common in fabliaux and other forms of popular tale, as well as classical comedy; Socrates, wisest of the ancients, was supposed to be married to the shrewish Xanthippe; the courtship of Bianca is developed from George Gascoigne's *Supposes* (1566), itself a prose translation of Ludovico Ariosto's *I Suppositi* (1509), an archetypal Italian Renaissance comedy suffused with conventions derived from the ancient Roman comedies of Plautus and Terence. Some scholars suppose that *The Taming of a Shrew* (1594) is a badly printed text of an older play that was Shakespeare's primary source, but others regard it as an adaptation of Shakespeare's work; it includes the Christopher Sly frame, the taming of Kate (with a differently named tamer), and a highly variant version of the Bianca sub-plot.

TEXT: The 1623 Folio is the only authoritative text; it seems to have been set from manuscript copy, possibly a scribal transcript that retains some of the marks of Shakespeare's working manuscript. The 1594 Quarto *Taming of a Shrew* must be regarded as an autonomous work, but it provides a source for emendations on a few occasions where it corresponds closely to *The Shrew*.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Christopher **SLY**, a drunken beggar/tinker	in the Induction
A **LORD**	
HOSTESS	
A **PAGE** named Bartholomew	
Players	
Huntsmen	
Servants	

BAPTISTA Minola, a gentleman of Padua

KATE (Katherina), his elder daughter, the “shrew”

BIANCA, his younger daughter

PETRUCHIO, a gentleman from Verona, suitor to Kate

LUCENTIO, in love with Bianca (disguises himself as “Cambio,” a Latin tutor)

VINCENTIO, Lucentio’s father, a merchant from Pisa

GREMIO, an aged suitor to Bianca

HORTENSIO, friend of Petruchio and suitor to Bianca (disguises himself as “Litio,” a music tutor)

TRANIO, Lucentio’s servant

BIONDELLO, a boy in the service of Lucentio

GRUMIO	Petruchio’s servants
CURTIS	

A **PEDANT**

A **WIDOW**

A **TAILOR**

A **HABERDASHER**

Servants and Messengers (Petruchio has servants named **NATHANIEL, JOSEPH, NICHOLAS, PHILIP and PETER**)

[Induction] Scene 1*

running scene 1

Enter Beggar and Hostess, [the beggar is called] Christopher Sly

SLY I'll pheeze[1] you, in faith.

HOSTESS A[2] pair of stocks, you rogue!

SLY You're a baggage,[3] the Slys are no rogues. Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror:[4] therefore *paucas pallabris*, let the world slide. Sessa!

HOSTESS You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?[5]

SLY No, not a denier.[6] Go by, Saint Jeronimy, go to thy cold bed and warm thee.

HOSTESS I know my remedy: I must go fetch the thirdborough.[7]

[Exit]

SLY Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law.[8] I'll not budge an inch, boy. Let him come, and kindly.[9]

[He] falls asleep

Wind horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his train

LORD Huntsman, I charge[10] thee tender well my hounds.
Brach[11] Merriman, the poor cur is embossed,
And couple[12] Clowder with the deep-mouthed brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good[13]
At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault?[14]
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

FIRST HUNTSMAN Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord.
He cried[17] upon it at the merest loss,
And twice today picked out the dullest scent.
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

LORD Thou art a fool. If Echo were as fleet,[20]
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup[22] them well and look unto them all:
Tomorrow I intend to hunt again.

FIRST HUNTSMAN I will, my lord.

LORD What's here? One dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe? ***Sees Sly***

SECOND HUNTSMAN He breathes, my lord. Were he not warmed with ale,
This were a bed but cold[27] to sleep so soundly.
LORD O monstrous beast, how like a swine he lies!
Grim[29] death, how foul and loathsome is thine image.
Sirs, I will practise on[30] this drunken man.
What think you, if he were conveyed to bed,
Wrapped in sweet[32] clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet[33] by his bed,
And brave[34] attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?[35]
FIRST HUNTSMAN Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.[36]
SECOND HUNTSMAN It would seem strange[37] unto him when he waked.
LORD Even as a flatt’ring dream or worthless fancy.[38]
Then take him up and manage well the jest:
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber
And hang it round[41] with all my wanton pictures:
Balm[42] his foul head in warm distillèd waters
And burn sweet[43] wood to make the lodging sweet:
Procure me music ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet[45] and a heavenly sound.
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight[46]
And with a low[47] submissive reverence
Say ‘What is it your honour will command?’
Let one attend him with a silver basin
Full of rose-water and bestrewed with flowers,
Another bear the ewer,[51] the third a diaper,
And say ‘Will’t please your lordship cool your hands?’
Someone be ready with a costly suit
And ask him what apparel he will wear.
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease.[56]
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic,
And when he says he is,[58] say that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly,[60] gentle sirs.
It will be pastime passing[61] excellent,

If it be husbanded[62] with modesty.
FIRST HUNTSMAN My lord, I warrant[63] you we will play our part,
As[64] he shall think by our true diligence
He is no less than what we say he is.
LORD Take him up gently and to bed with him, ***Some carry out Sly***
And each one to his office[67] when he wakes
Sound trumpets
Sirrah,[68] go see what trumpet ’tis that sounds.
[Exit a Servingman]
Belike,[69] some noble gentleman that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.
Enter Servingman
How now? Who is it?
SERVINGMAN An’t[72] please your honour, players
That offer service to your lordship.
Enter Players
LORD Bid them come near.— Now, fellows, you are welcome.
PLAYERS We thank your honour.
LORD Do you intend to stay with me tonight?
SECOND PLAYER So please[77] your lordship to accept our duty.
LORD With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
Since once he played a farmer’s eldest son.
’Twas where you wooed the gentlewoman so well:
I have forgot your name, but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted[82] and naturally performed.
FIRST PLAYER I think ’twas Soto that your honour means.
LORD ’Tis very true, thou didst it excellent.
Well, you are come to me in happy[85] time,
The rather for[86] I have some sport in hand
Wherein your cunning[87] can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play tonight;
But I am doubtful[89] of your modesties,
Lest over-eyeing of[90] his odd behaviour —
For yet his honour never heard a play —
You break into some merry passion[92]
And so offend him, for I tell you, sirs,

If you should smile he grows impatient.[94]
FIRST PLAYER Fear not, my lord, we can contain ourselves
Were he the veriest antic[96] in the world.
LORD Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,[97] ***To a Servingman***
And give them friendly welcome every one.
Let them want[99] nothing that my house affords.
Exit one with the Players
Sirrah, go you to Barthol’mew my page,
And see him dressed in all suits[101] like a lady.
That done, conduct him to the drunkard’s chamber,
And call him ‘madam’, do him obeisance.[103]
Tell him from me, as he will[104] win my love,
He bear[105] himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observed in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplishèd:[107]
Such duty[108] to the drunkard let him do
With soft low tongue[109] and lowly courtesy,
And say, ‘What is’t your honour will command,
Wherein your lady and your humble wife
May show her duty and make known her love?’
And then with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with[114] declining head into his bosom,
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoyed
To see her noble lord restored to health,
Who for this seven years hath esteemèd him[117]
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:
And if the boy have not a woman’s gift
To rain a shower of commanded tears,[120]
An onion will do well for such a shift,[121]
Which in a napkin[122] being close conveyed
Shall in despite[123] enforce a watery eye.
See this dispatched[124] with all the haste thou canst.
Anon[125] I’ll give thee more instructions.
Exit a Servingman
I know the boy will well usurp the grace,[126]
Voice, gait and action of a gentlewoman:

I long to hear him call the drunkard husband,
And how[129] my men will stay themselves from laughter
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I'll in[131] to counsel them. Haply my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen[132]
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.
[Exeunt]

[Induction Scene 2][*]

running scene 1 continues

Enter aloft the drunkard [Sly] with Attendants, some with apparel, basin and ewer, and other appurtenances, and Lord

SLY For God’s sake, a pot of small[1] ale.

FIRST SERVINGMAN Will’t please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

SECOND SERVINGMAN Will’t please your honour taste of these conserves?[3]

THIRD SERVINGMAN What raiment[4] will your honour wear today?

SLY I am Christophero Sly, call not me ‘honour’ nor ‘lordship’. I ne’er drank sack in my life: and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef:[6] ne’er ask me what raiment I’ll wear, for I have no more doublets[7] than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet — nay, sometime more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look[9] through the over-leather.

LORD Heaven cease this idle humour[10] in your honour!
O, that a mighty man of such descent,
Of such possessions and so high esteem,
Should be infusèd with so foul a spirit![13]

SLY What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly’s son of Burtonheath,[15] by birth a pedlar, by education a cardmaker, by transmutation a bear-herd,[16] and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife[17] of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score[18] for sheer ale, score me up for the lying’st knave in Christendom. What, I am not bestraught![19] Here’s—

THIRD SERVINGMAN O, this it is that makes your lady mourn!

SECOND SERVINGMAN O, this is it that makes your servants droop![21]

LORD Hence comes it that your kindred shuns your house,
As[23] beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient[25] thoughts from banishment
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.[26]
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.

Wilt thou have music? Hark! Apollo[29] plays,
Music
And twenty cagèd nightingales do sing.
Or wilt thou sleep? We'll have thee to a couch
Softer and sweeter than the lustful[32] bed
On purpose trimmed up[33] for Semiramis.
Say thou wilt walk, we will bestrow[34] the ground.
Or wilt thou ride? Thy horses shall be trapped,[35]
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking?[37] Thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark. Or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin[39] answer them
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.
FIRST SERVINGMAN Say thou wilt course,[41] thy greyhounds are as swift
As breathèd[42] stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.
SECOND SERVINGMAN Dost thou love pictures? We will fetch thee straight
Adonis[44] painted by a running brook,
And Cytherea[45] all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton[46] with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.
LORD we'll show thee Io[48] as she was a maid,
And how she was beguilèd[49] and surprised,
As lively[50] painted as the deed was done.
THIRD SERVINGMAN Or Daphne[51] roaming through a thorny wood,
Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds,
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly[54] the blood and tears are drawn.
LORD Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord.
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning[57] age.
FIRST SERVINGMAN And till the tears that she hath shed for thee
Like envious[59] floods o'errun her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world,
And yet[61] she is inferior to none.
SLY Am I a lord? And have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? Or have I dreamed till now?

I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak,
I smell sweet savours and I feel soft things.
Upon my life, I am a lord indeed
And not a tinker nor Christopher Sly.
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight,
And once again, a pot o'th'smallest ale.
SECOND SERVINGMAN Will't please your mightiness to wash your hands?
O, how we joy to see your wit[71] restored!
O, that once more you knew but[72] what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream,
Or when you waked, so waked as if you slept.
SLY These fifteen years! By my fay,[75] a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of[76] all that time?
FIRST SERVINGMAN O, yes, my lord, but very idle words,
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door,
And rail upon[80] the hostess of the house,
And say you would present[81] her at the leet,
Because she brought stone[82] jugs and no sealed quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.
SLY Ay, the woman's[84] maid of the house.
THIRD SERVINGMAN Why, sir, you know no house nor no such maid,
Nor no such men as you have reckoned up,[86]
As Stephen Sly and old John Naps of Greece[87]
And Peter Turph and Henry Pimpernell
And twenty more such names and men as these
Which never were nor no man ever saw.
SLY Now lord be thankèd for my good amends![91]
ALL Amen.
Enter [the Page dressed as a] lady, with Attendants
SLY I thank thee. Thou shalt not lose by it.
PAGE How fares my noble lord?
SLY Marry,[95] I fare well, for here is cheer enough. Where is my wife?
PAGE Here, noble lord. What is thy will with her?
SLY Are you my wife and will not call me husband?

My men should call me ‘lord’. I am your Goodman.[98]
PAGE My husband and my lord, my lord and husband,
I am your wife in all obedience.
SLY I know it well.— What must I call her?
LORD Madam.
SLY Al’ce[103] madam, or Joan madam?
LORD ‘Madam’, and nothing else. So lords call ladies.
SLY Madam wife, they say that I have dreamed
And slept above some fifteen year or more.
PAGE Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandoned[108] from your bed.
SLY ’Tis much. Servants, leave me and her alone.
[Exeunt Attendants]
Madam, undress you and come now to bed.
PAGE Thrice-noble lord, let me entreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two,
Or, if not so, until the sun be set.
For your physicians have expressly charged,
In[115] peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed:
I hope this reason stands for[117] my excuse.

SLY Ay, it stands[118] so that I may hardly tarry so long. But I would be loath to fall into my dreams again. I will therefore tarry in despite[119] of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Messenger
MESSENGER Your honour’s players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant[121] comedy,
For so your doctors hold it very meet,[122]
Seeing too much sadness hath congealed your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy:
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play
And frame[126] your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars[127] a thousand harms and lengthens life.

SLY Marry, I will, let them play it. Is not a comonty[128] a Christmas gambold or a tumbling trick?

PAGE No, my good lord, it is more pleasing stuff.[130]

SLY What, household stuff?

PAGE It is a kind of history.[132]

SLY Well, we'll see't. Come, madam wife, sit by my side and let the world slip,[133] ***They sit*** we shall ne'er be younger.

Flourish

[Act 1 Scene 1][1.1]

running scene 2

Enter Lucentio and his man Tranio

LUCENTIO Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua,[2] nursery of arts,
I am arrived for[3] fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy,
And by my father's love and leave[5] am armed
With his good will and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approved[7] in all,
Here let us breathe[8] and haply institute
A course of learning and ingenious[9] studies.
Pisa, renownèd for grave[10] citizens,
Gave[11] me my being and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic[12] through the world,
Vincentio come of[13] the Bentivolii.
Vincentio's[14] son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become to serve all hopes conceived,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue and that part of philosophy
Will I apply that treats of[19] happiness
By virtue specially to be achieved.
Tell me thy mind, for I have Pisa left
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash[23] to plunge him in the deep
And with satiety[24] seeks to quench his thirst.

TRANIO *Mi perdonato,*[25] gentle master mine.
I am in all affected[26] as yourself,
Glad that you thus continue your resolve
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoics[31] nor no stocks, I pray,

Or so devote to Aristotle's[32] checks
As[33] Ovid be an outcast quite abjured.
Balk[34] logic with acquaintance that you have
And practise rhetoric in your common[35] talk,
Music and poesy use to quicken[36] you;
The mathematics and the metaphysics,
Fall to[38] them as you find your stomach serves you.
No[39] profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en:
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.[40]
LUCENTIO Gramercies,[41] Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If, Biondello, thou wert[42] come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness,
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.[45]
But stay a while, what company is this?
TRANIO Master, some show to welcome us to town.

Enter Baptista with his two daughters, Katherina and Bianca, Gremio a pantaloon, Hortensio suitor to Bianca. Lucentio [and] Tranio stand by

BAPTISTA Gentlemen, importune[48] me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolved you know:
That is, not to bestow[50] my youngest daughter
Before I have a husband for the elder.
If either of you both love Katherina,
Because I know you well and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.
GREMIO To cart her[55] rather. She's too rough for me. ***Aside?***
There, there, Hortensio, will you[56] any wife?
KATE I pray you, sir, is it your will ***To Baptista***
To make a stale[58] of me amongst these mates?
HORTENSIO Mates', maid? How mean you that? No mates for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.
KATE I'faith, sir, you shall never need to fear:
Iwis[62] it is not halfway to her heart.
But if it were, doubt not her care[63] should be
To comb your noddle[64] with a three-legged stool
And paint[65] your face and use you like a fool.

HORTENSIO From all such devils, good lord deliver us!
GREMIO And me too, good lord!
TRANIO Husht, master! Here's some good pastime toward;[68] ***Aside to Lucentio***
That wench is stark mad or wonderful froward.[69]
LUCENTIO But in the other's silence do I see ***Aside to Tranio***
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio!
TRANIO Well said, master. Mum,[73] and gaze your fill. ***Aside to Lucentio***
BAPTISTA Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said, Bianca, get you in,
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.
KATE A pretty peat![78] It is best
Put[79] finger in the eye, an she knew why.
BIANCA Sister, content you[80] in my discontent.
Sir, to your pleasure[81] humbly I subscribe:
My books and instruments shall be my company,
On them to look and practise by myself.
LUCENTIO Hark, Tranio, thou may'st hear Minerva[84] speak.
HORTENSIO Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?[85]
Sorry am I that our good will effects[86]
Bianca's grief.
GREMIO Why will you mew her up,[88]
Signior Baptista, for[89] this fiend of hell,
And make her[90] bear the penance of her tongue?
BAPTISTA Gentlemen, content ye, I am resolved.—
Go in, Bianca.—
[Exit Bianca]
And for[93] I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,
Or Signior Gremio, you, know any such,
Prefer[98] them hither, for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal

To mine own children in good bringing up.
And so farewell.— Katherina, you may stay,
For I have more to commune[102] with Bianca.

Exit

KATE Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not? What, shall I be appointed hours,[103] as though, belike,[104] I knew not what to take and what to leave? Ha?

Exit

GREMIO You may go to the devil's dam.[105] Your gifts are so good, here's none will hold you.— Their love[106] is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast[107] it fairly out. Our cake's dough on both sides. Farewell. Yet for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on[108] a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish[109] him to her father.

HORTENSIO So will I, Signior Gremio. But a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brooked parle,[111] know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both — that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress and be happy rivals in Bianca's love — to labour and effect[113] one thing specially.

GREMIO What's that, I pray?

HORTENSIO Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

GREMIO A husband? A devil.

HORTENSIO I say a husband.

GREMIO I say a devil. Think'st thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

HORTENSIO Tush, Gremio, though it pass[120] your patience and mine to endure her loud alarums,[121] why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

GREMIO I cannot tell, but I had as lief[123] take her dowry with this condition: to be whipped at the high cross[124] every morning.

HORTENSIO Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But come, since this bar in law[126] makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have[128] to’t afresh. Sweet Bianca! Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest gets the ring.[129] How say you, Signior Gremio?

GREMIO I am agreed, and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing that would thoroughly woo her, wed her and bed her and rid the house of her! Come on. *Exeunt both* [*Gremio and Hortensio*]. *Tranio and Lucentio remain*

TRANIO I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold?

LUCENTIO O Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible or likely.
But see, while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness,[138]
And now in plainness do confess to thee,
That art to me as secret[140] and as dear
As Anna[141] to the Queen of Carthage was,
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl.
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst.
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

TRANIO Master, it is no time to chide you now.
Affection is not rated[147] from the heart:
If love have touched you, naught remains but so,
Redime[149] *te captum quam queas minimo*.

LUCENTIO Gramercies, lad. Go forward.[150] This contents:
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel’s sound.

TRANIO Master, you looked so longly[152] on the maid,
Perhaps you marked not[153] what’s the pith of all.

LUCENTIO O, yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor[155] had,
That made great Jove to humble him[156] to her hand.
When with his knees he kissed[157] the Cretan strand.

TRANIO Saw you no more? Marked you not how her sister
Began to scold and raise up such a storm
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

LUCENTIO Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move
And with her breath she did perfume the air.

Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.
TRANIO Nay, then, ’tis time to stir him from his trance.— *Aside*
I pray, awake, sir. If you love the maid,
Bend[166] thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:
Her elder sister is so curst[167] and shrewd
That till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid[169] at home,
And therefore has he closely[170] mewed her up,
Because she will not be annoyed[171] with suitors.
LUCENTIO Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father’s he!
But art thou not advised[173] he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?
TRANIO Ay, marry, am I, sir, and now ’tis plotted.
LUCENTIO I have it, Tranio.
TRANIO Master, for my hand,[177]
Both our inventions meet[178] and jump in one.
LUCENTIO Tell me thine first.
TRANIO You will be schoolmaster
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That’s your device.[182]
LUCENTIO It is: may it be done?
TRANIO Not possible, for who shall bear[184] your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio’s son,
Keep house[186] and ply his book, welcome his friends,
Visit his countrymen and banquet them?
LUCENTIO *Basta*,[188] content thee, for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house,
Nor can we be distinguished by our faces
For man or master. Then it follows thus:
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house and port[193] and servants as I should.
I will some other be, some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner[195] man of Pisa.
’Tis hatched and shall be so. Tranio, at once
Uncase[197] thee: take my coloured hat and cloak. *They exchange clothes*
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee,

But I will charm[199] him first to keep his tongue.
TRANIO So had you need.
In brief, sir, sith[201] it your pleasure is,
And I am tied[202] to be obedient —
For so your father charged[203] me at our parting,
‘Be serviceable to my son’, quoth he,
Although I think ’twas in another sense —
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.
LUCENTIO Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves.
And let me be a slave, t’achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight[210] hath thralled my wounded eye.

Enter Biondello

Here comes the rogue. Sirrah, where have you been?

BIONDELLO Where have I been? Nay, how now? Where are you? Master, has my fellow Tranio stolen your clothes? Or you stolen his? Or both? Pray, what’s the news?

LUCENTIO Sirrah, come hither. ’Tis no time to jest,
And therefore frame[216] your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my count’nance[218] on,
And I for my escape have put on his,
For in a quarrel since I came ashore
I killed a man, and fear I was descried.[221]
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,[222]
While I make way from hence to save my life.
You understand me?
BIONDELLO I, sir? Ne’er a whit.
LUCENTIO And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth.
Tranio is changed into Lucentio.
BIONDELLO The better for him. Would I were so too!
TRANIO So could I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after,
That Lucentio indeed had Baptista’s youngest daughter.
But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master’s, I advise
You use your manners discreetly[232] in all kind of companies:
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio,

But in all places else your master Lucentio.
LUCENTIO Tranio, let’s go. One thing more rests[235] that thyself execute:
to make one among these wooers. If thou ask me why, sufficeth[236]
my reasons are both good and weighty.

Exeunt

The Presenters above speaks

FIRST SERVINGMAN My lord, you nod. You do not mind[238] the play.

SLY Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter,[239] surely.
Comes there any more of it?

PAGE My lord, ’tis but begun.

SLY ’Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady.
Would[243] ’twere done!

They sit and mark

[Act 1 Scene 2][1.2]

running scene 2 continues

Enter Petruchio and his man Grumio

PETRUCHIO Verona,[1] for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua; but of all[2]
My best belovèd and approvèd friend,
Hortensio, and I trow[4] this is his house.
Here, sirrah Grumio, knock, I say.

GRUMIO Knock,[6] sir? Whom should I knock? Is there any man has rebused your worship?

PETRUCHIO Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

GRUMIO Knock you here, sir? Why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?

PETRUCHIO Villain,[11] I say, knock me at this gate
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.[12]

GRUMIO My master is grown quarrelsome. I[13] should knock you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

PETRUCHIO Will it not be?
Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring[16] it.
I'll[17] try how you can *sol-fa* and sing it.

He wrings him by the ears

GRUMIO Help, mistress,[18] help! My master is mad.

PETRUCHIO Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah villain.

Enter Hortensio

HORTENSIO How now? What's the matter? My old friend Grumio and my good friend Petruchio? How[21] do you all at Verona?

PETRUCHIO Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?
Con[23] *tutto il cuore, ben trovato,* may I say.

HORTENSIO *Alla*[24] *nostra casa ben venuto, molto honorata signor mio* Petruchio. Rise, Grumio, rise. We will compound[25] this quarrel.

GRUMIO Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he 'leges[26] in Latin. If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service, look you, sir: he bid me knock him and rap him soundly, sir. Well, was it fit for a

servant to use[28] his master so, being perhaps, for aught[29] I see, two and thirty, a pip out?
Whom would to God I had well knocked at first,
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

PETRUCHIO A senseless villain! Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate
And could not get him for my heart[34] to do it.

GRUMIO Knock at the gate? O heavens! Spake you not these words plain, 'Sirrah, knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly'? And come you now with, 'knocking at the gate'?

PETRUCHIO Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

HORTENSIO Petruchio, patience. I am Grumio's pledge.[39]
Why, this'[40] a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,
Your ancient,[41] trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy[42] gale
Blows you to Padua here from old Verona?

PETRUCHIO Such wind as scatters young men through the world,
To seek their fortunes further than at home
Where small experience grows. But in a few,[46]
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:
Antonio, my father, is deceased,
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Happily to wive[50] and thrive as best I may.
Crowns[51] in my purse I have and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

HORTENSIO Petruchio, shall I then come roundly[53] to thee
And wish[54] thee to a shrewd ill-favoured wife?
Thou'ldst[55] thank me but a little for my counsel.
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich. But thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her.

PETRUCHIO Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we
Few words suffice: and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife —
As wealth is burden[62] of my wooing dance —

Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,[63]
As old as Sibyl[64] and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xanthippe,[65] or a worse,
She moves me not,[66] or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me, were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas.
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua,
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

GRUMIO Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind[71] is. Why, give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet or an aglet-baby;[72] or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses. Why, nothing comes amiss, so[74] money comes withal.

HORTENSIO Petruchio, since we are[75] stepped thus far in,
I will continue that I broached[76] in jest.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough and young and beauteous,
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman.
Her only fault, and that is faults enough,
Is that she is intolerable[81] curst
And shrewd and froward, so beyond all measure
That, were my state[83] far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

PETRUCHIO Hortensio, peace! Thou know'st not gold's effect.
Tell me her father's name and 'tis enough,
For I will board[87] her, though she chide as loud
As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.[88]

HORTENSIO Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman.
Her name is Katherina Minola,
Renowned in Padua for her scolding tongue.

PETRUCHIO I know her father, though I know not her,
And he knew my deceasèd father well.
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her,
And therefore let me be thus bold with you
To give you over[97] at this first encounter,

Unless you will accompany me thither.

GRUMIO I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour[99] lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him. She may perhaps call him half a score[101] knaves or so. Why, that's nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail[102] in his rope-tricks. I'll tell you what, sir, an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure[103] in her face and so disfigure her with it that she shall have no more eyes to see withal[104] than a cat. You know him not, sir.

HORTENSIO Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee,
For in Baptista's keep[106] my treasure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,[107]
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca,
And her withholds from me and other more,[109]
Suitors to her and rivals in my love,
Supposing it a thing impossible,
For those defects[112] I have before rehearsed,
That ever Katherina will be wooed:
Therefore this order[114] hath Baptista ta'en,
That none shall have access unto Bianca
Till Katherine the curst have got a husband.

GRUMIO Katherine the curst!
A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

HORTENSIO Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace,[119]
And offer me disguised in sober robes
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen[122] in music, to instruct Bianca,
That so I may by this device at least
Have leave and leisure to make love to[124] her
And unsuspected court her by herself.

Enter Gremio and Lucentio disguised

GRUMIO Here's no knavery![126] See, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together! Master, master, look about you. Who goes there, ha?

HORTENSIO Peace, Grumio, it is the rival of my love.
Petruchio, stand by a while. ***They stand aside***

GRUMIO A proper stripling[130] and an amorous! ***Aside***
GREMIO O, very well, I have perused the note.[131] ***To Lucentio***
Hark you, sir, I'll have them very fairly[132] bound —
All books of love, see that at any hand[133] —
And see you read[134] no other lectures to her.
You understand me. Over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,[136]
I'll mend[137] it with a largesse. Take your paper too, ***Gives Lucentio the note***
And let me have them[138] very well perfumed,
For she is sweeter than perfume itself
To whom they go to. What will you read to her?
LUCENTIO Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you
As for my patron, stand you so assured,
As firmly as yourself[143] were still in place —
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.
GREMIO O, this learning, what a thing it is!
GRUMIO O, this woodcock,[147] what an ass it is! ***Aside***
PETRUCHIO Peace, sirrah!
HORTENSIO Grumio, mum.— God save you, Signior Gremio.
GREMIO And you[150] are well met, Signior Hortensio.
Trow you[151] whither I am going? To Baptista Minola.
I promised to inquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca,
And by good fortune I have lighted well
On this young man, for learning and behaviour
Fit[156] for her turn, well read in poetry
And other books, good ones, I warrant ye.
HORTENSIO 'Tis well. And I have met a gentleman
Hath promised me to help me to[159] another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress.
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so beloved of me.
GREMIO Beloved of me, and that my deeds shall prove.
GRUMIO And that his bags[164] shall prove. ***Aside***

HORTENSIO Gremio, ’tis now no time to vent[165] our love.
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,[166]
I’ll tell you news indifferent[167] good for either.
Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement[169] from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katherine,
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.
GREMIO So[172] said, so done, is well.
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?
PETRUCHIO I know she is an irksome brawling scold:
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.
GREMIO No, say’st me so, friend? What countryman?[176]
PETRUCHIO Born in Verona, old Antonio’s son.
My father dead, my fortune lives for me,
And I do hope good days and long to see.
GREMIO O sir, such a life with such a wife were strange.
But if you have a stomach,[181] to’t a’ God’s name.
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild-cat?
PETRUCHIO Will I live?[184]
GRUMIO Will he woo her? Ay, or I’ll hang her. ***Aside?***
PETRUCHIO Why came I hither but to that intent?
Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puffed up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar chafèd[190] with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance[191] in the field,
And heaven’s artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitchèd[193] battle heard
Loud ’larums,[194] neighing steeds, and trumpets’ clang?
And do you tell me of a woman’s tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to hear
As will a chestnut[197] in a farmer’s fire?
Tush, tush! Fear[198] boys with bugs.
GRUMIO For he fears none.
GREMIO Hortensio, hark:

This gentleman is happily arrived,
My mind presumes, for his own good and yours.
HORTENSIO I promised we would be contributors
And bear his charge[204] of wooing whatsoe’er.
GREMIO And so we will, provided that he win her.
GRUMIO I would I were as sure of a good dinner.
Enter Tranio brave [disguised as Lucentio] and Biondello
TRANIO Gentlemen, God save you. If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest[208] way
To the house of Signior Baptista Minola?
BIONDELLO He that has the two fair daughters, is’t he you mean?
TRANIO Even he, Biondello.
GREMIO Hark you, sir, you mean not her to[212]—
TRANIO Perhaps, him and her, sir. What[213] have you to do?
PETRUCHIO Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.
TRANIO I love no chiders,[215] sir. Biondello, let’s away.
LUCENTIO Well begun,[216] Tranio. ***Aside***
HORTENSIO Sir, a word ere[217] you go:
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?
TRANIO And if I be, sir, is it any offence?
GREMIO No, if without more words you will get you hence.
TRANIO Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me as for you?
GREMIO But so is not she.
TRANIO For what reason, I beseech you?
GREMIO For this reason, if you’ll know,
That she’s the choice[226] love of Signior Gremio.
HORTENSIO That she’s the chosen of Signior Hortensio.
TRANIO Softly, my masters. If you be gentlemen,
Do me this right: hear me with patience.
Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all[231] unknown,
And were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have, and me for one.
Fair Leda’s daughter[234] had a thousand wooers,
Then well one more may fair Bianca have,

And so she shall. Lucentio shall make one,
Though[237] Paris came in hope to speed alone.
GREMIO What, this gentleman will out-talk us all.
LUCENTIO Sir, give him head.[239] I know he'll prove a jade.
PETRUCHIO Hortensio, to what end are all these words?
HORTENSIO Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?
TRANIO No, sir, but hear I do that he hath two:
The one as famous for a scolding tongue
As is the other for beauteous modesty.
PETRUCHIO Sir, sir, the first's for me, let[246] her go by.
GREMIO Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules,[247]
And let it be[248] more than Alcides' twelve.
PETRUCHIO Sir, understand you this of me, in sooth:[249]
The youngest daughter whom you hearken for,[250]
Her father keeps from all access of suitors,
And will not promise her to any man
Until the elder sister first be wed.
The younger then is free, and not before.
TRANIO If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead[256] us all and me amongst the rest,
And if you break the ice and do this feat,
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access, whose hap[259] shall be to have her
Will[260] not so graceless be to be ingrate.
HORTENSIO Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive.[261]
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify[263] this gentleman,
To whom we all rest[264] generally beholding.
TRANIO Sir, I shall not be slack, in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive[266] this afternoon
And quaff carouses[267] to our mistress' health,
And do as adversaries[268] do in law,
Strive[269] mightily, but eat and drink as friends.
GRUMIO *and* BIONDELLO O excellent motion![270] Fellows, let's be gone.
HORTENSIO The motion's good indeed and be it so,

Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*.[272]
Exeunt

[Act 2 Scene 1]

running scene 3

Enter Katherina and Bianca ***Bianca's hands tied***

BIANCA Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
To make a bondmaid[2] and a slave of me.
That I disdain. But for these other goods,[3]
Unbind[4] my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment,[5] to my petticoat,
Or what you will command me will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

KATE Of all thy suitors here I charge thee tell
Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble[9] not.

BIANCA Believe me, sister, of all the men alive
I never yet beheld that special[11] face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

KATE Minion,[13] thou liest. Is't not Hortensio?

BIANCA If you affect[14] him, sister, here I swear
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

KATE O, then belike you fancy riches more:
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.[17]

BIANCA Is it for him you do envy[18] me so?
Nay then you jest, and now I well perceive
You have but jested with me all this while.
I prithee sister Kate, untie my hands.

KATE If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

Strikes her

Enter Baptista

BAPTISTA Why, how now, dame?[23] Whence grows this insolence?—
Bianca, stand aside. Poor girl, she weeps.
Go ply thy needle,[25] meddle not with her.—
For shame, thou hilding[26] of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross[28] thee with a bitter word?

KATE Her silence flouts[29] me, and I'll be revenged.

Flies after Bianca

BAPTISTA What, in my sight? Bianca, get thee in.

Exit [Bianca]

KATE What, will you not suffer[31] me? Nay, now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband,
I must dance[33] barefoot on her wedding day,
And for your love to her lead[34] apes in hell.
Talk not to me. I will go sit and weep
Till I can find occasion of[36] revenge.

[Exit]

BAPTISTA Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I?
But who comes here?

Enter Gremio, Lucentio in the habit of a mean man, Petruchio with [Hortensio as a musician, and] Tranio, with his boy [Biondello] bearing a lute and books

GREMIO Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

BAPTISTA Good morrow, neighbour Gremio.
God save you, gentlemen!

PETRUCHIO And you, good sir. Pray, have you not a daughter
Called Katherina, fair and virtuous?

BAPTISTA I have a daughter, sir, called Katherina.

GREMIO You are too blunt. Go[45] to it orderly.

PETRUCHIO You wrong me, Signior Gremio, give me leave.[46]—
I am a gentleman of Verona, sir, ***To Baptista***
That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,[48]
Her affability and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities and mild behaviour,
Am bold to show myself a forward[51] guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And for[54] an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine, ***Presents Hortensio***
Cunning in music and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,[57]
Whereof I know she is not ignorant.
Accept of[59] him, or else you do me wrong.

His name is Litio,[60] born in Mantua.
BAPTISTA You’re welcome, sir, and he, for your good sake.
But for my daughter Katherine, this I know,
She is not for your turn,[63] the more my grief.
PETRUCHIO I see you do not mean to part with her,
Or else you like not of my company.
BAPTISTA Mistake me not, I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? What may I call your name?
PETRUCHIO Petruchio is my name, Antonio’s son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.
BAPTISTA I know him well. You are welcome for his sake.
GREMIO Saving[71] your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us that are poor petitioners[72] speak too:
Baccare![73] You are marvellous forward.
PETRUCHIO O, pardon me, Signior Gremio, I[74] would fain be doing.
GREMIO I doubt it not, sir. But you will curse your wooing.—***To Baptists***
Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful,[76] I am sure of it. To express the like kindness, myself, that have been more kindly[77] beholding to you than any, ***Presents Lucentio*** freely give unto you this young scholar, that hath been long studying at Rheims,[78] as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics. His name is Cambio.[79] Pray, accept his service.
BAPTISTA A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio.
Welcome, good Cambio.—
But, gentle sir, methinks you walk[83] like a stranger. ***To Tranio***
May I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?
TRANIO Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own,
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment[90] of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request,
That, upon knowledge[92] of my parentage,
I may have welcome ’mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour as the rest.

And toward the education of your daughters
I here bestow a simple instrument, ***Presents lute and books***
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

BAPTISTA Lucentio[99] is your name? Of whence, I pray?

TRANIO Of Pisa, sir, son to Vincentio.

BAPTISTA A mighty[101] man of Pisa. By report
I know him well. You are very welcome, sir.— ***To Hortensio and Lucentio***
Take you the lute, and you the set of books,
You shall go see your pupils presently.[104]—
Holla,[105] within!

Enter a Servant

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my daughters, and tell them both
These are their tutors: bid them use them well.

[Exit Servant, with Lucentio and Hortensio, Biondello following]

We will go walk a little in the orchard,[109]
And then to dinner.[110] You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

PETRUCHIO Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,[112]
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have bettered rather than decreased.
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

BAPTISTA After my death the one half of my lands,
And in possession[120] twenty thousand crowns.

PETRUCHIO And for that dowry I'll assure[121] her of
Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,
In all my lands and leases[123] whatsoever.
Let specialties[124] be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants[125] may be kept on either hand.

BAPTISTA Ay, when the special[126] thing is well obtained,
That is, her love, for that is all in all.

PETRUCHIO Why, that is nothing, for I tell you, father,[128]

I am as peremptory as she proud-minded.
And where two raging fires meet together
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury.
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I[134] to her and so she yields to me,
For I am rough and woo not like a babe.

BAPTISTA Well mayst thou woo, and happy[136] be thy speed!
But be thou armed for some unhappy words.

PETRUCHIO Ay, to the proof,[138] as mountains are for winds,
That shakes not, though they blow perpetually.

Enter Hortensio [disguised as Litio], with his head broke

BAPTISTA How now, my friend? Why dost thou look so pale?

HORTENSIO For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

BAPTISTA What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

HORTENSIO I think she'll sooner prove[143] a soldier.
Iron may hold with[144] her, but never lutes.

BAPTISTA Why, then thou canst not break her to[145] the lute?

HORTENSIO Why, no, for she hath broke[146] the lute to me.
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,[147]
And bowed her hand to teach her fingering,
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
'Frets, call you these?' quoth she, 'I'll fume[150] with them.'
And with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate[152] made way,
And there I stood amazèd[153] for a while,
As[154] on a pillory, looking through the lute,
While she did call me rascal fiddler[155]
And twangling Jack,[156] with twenty such vile terms,
As had she studied[157] to misuse me so.

PETRUCHIO Now, by the world, it is a lusty[158] wench.
I love her ten times more than e'er I did.
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

BAPTISTA Well, go with me and be not so discomfited.[161] ***To Hortensio***
Proceed in practice[162] with my younger daughter,
She's apt to learn and thankful for good turns.

Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?
PETRUCHIO I pray you do.
Exeunt all but Petruchio
I'll attend[166] her here,
And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say that she rail, why then I'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say that she frown, I'll say she looks as clear[170]
As morning roses newly washed with dew:
Say she be mute and will not speak a word,
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing[174] eloquence:
If she do bid me pack,[175] I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week:
If she deny to wed, I'll crave[177] the day
When I shall ask the banns[178] and when be married.
But here she comes, and now, Petruchio, speak.
Enter Katherina
Good morrow, Kate, for that's your name, I hear.
KATE Well have you heard, but something hard[181] of hearing:
They call me Katherine that do talk of me.
PETRUCHIO You lie, in faith, for you are called plain Kate,
And bonny Kate and sometimes Kate the curst,
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties[187] are all Kates, and therefore, Kate,
Take this of[188] me, Kate of my consolation,
Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,[190]
Yet not so deeply[191] as to thee belongs,
Myself am moved[192] to woo thee for my wife.
KATE Moved? In good time![193] Let him that moved you hither
Remove you[194] hence. I knew you at the first
You were a movable.[195]
PETRUCHIO Why, what's a movable?

KATE A joint stool.[197]
PETRUCHIO Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.[198]
KATE Asses[199] are made to bear, and so are you.
PETRUCHIO Women are made to bear, and so are you.
KATE No such jade as you, if me you mean.
PETRUCHIO Alas, good Kate, I will not burden[202] thee,
For knowing thee to be but young and light[203]—
KATE Too light[204] for such a swain as you to catch,
And yet as[205] heavy as my weight should be.
PETRUCHIO Should be?[206] Should — buzz!
KATE Well ta'en,[207] and like a buzzard.
PETRUCHIO O slow-winged turtle,[208] shall a buzzard take thee?
KATE Ay, for a turtle,[209] as he takes a buzzard.
PETRUCHIO Come, come, you wasp, i'faith, you are too angry.
KATE If I be waspish,[211] best beware my sting.
PETRUCHIO My remedy is then to pluck it out.
KATE Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.
PETRUCHIO Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?[214] In his tail.
KATE In his tongue.
PETRUCHIO Whose tongue?
KATE Yours, if you talk of tails,[217] and so farewell.
PETRUCHIO What, with[218] my tongue in your tail? Nay, come again.
Good Kate, I am a gentleman.
KATE That I'll try.[220]
She strikes him
PETRUCHIO I swear I'll cuff[221] you, if you strike again.
KATE So may you lose your arms:[222]
If you strike[223] me, you are no gentleman,
And if no gentleman, why then no arms.
PETRUCHIO A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books![225]
KATE What is your crest,[226] a coxcomb?
PETRUCHIO A combless[227] cock, so Kate will be my hen.
KATE No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.[228]
PETRUCHIO Nay, come, Kate, come, you must not look so sour.
KATE It is my fashion,[230] when I see a crab.

PETRUCHIO Why, here’s no crab, and therefore look not sour.
KATE There is, there is.
PETRUCHIO Then show it me.
KATE Had I a glass,[234] I would.
PETRUCHIO What, you mean my face?
KATE Well[236] aimed of such a young one.
PETRUCHIO Now, by Saint George, I am too young[237] for you.
KATE Yet you are withered.
PETRUCHIO ’Tis with cares.[239]
KATE I care not.
PETRUCHIO Nay, hear you, Kate. In sooth you scape[241] not so.
KATE I chafe[242] you, if I tarry. Let me go.
PETRUCHIO No, not a whit. I find you passing gentle.
’Twas told me you were rough[244] and coy and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar,
For thou are pleasant,[246] gamesome, passing courteous,
But slow[247] in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers.
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,[248]
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross[250] in talk.
But thou with mildness entertain’st[251] thy wooers,
With gentle conference,[252] soft and affable.
Why does the world report that Kate doth limp? ***Kicks her?***
O sland’rous world! Kate like the hazel twig
Is straight and slender and as brown in hue
As hazelnuts and sweeter than the kernels.
O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.[257]
KATE Go, fool, and whom[258] thou keep’st command.
PETRUCHIO Did ever Dian[259] so become a grove
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?[260]
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate,
And then let Kate be chaste and Dian sportful![262]
KATE Where did you study[263] all this goodly speech?
PETRUCHIO It is extempore,[264] from my mother-wit.
KATE A[265] witty mother, witless else her son.
PETRUCHIO Am I not wise?[266]

KATE Yes, keep you warm.
PETRUCHIO Marry, so I mean,[268] sweet Katherine, in thy bed.
And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry ’greed on,
And, will[272] you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn,[273]
For by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me,
Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio [disguised as Lucentio]
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate,
And bring you from a wild Kate[278] to a Kate
Conformable[279] as other household Kates.
Here comes your father. Never make denial,[280]
I must and will have Katherine to my wife.
BAPTISTA Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you[282] with my daughter?
PETRUCHIO How but well, sir? How but well?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.[284]
BAPTISTA Why, how now, daughter Katherine? In your dumps?[285]
KATE Call you me ‘daughter’? Now, I promise you
You have showed a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half-lunatic,
A mad-cap ruffian and a swearing Jack
That thinks with oaths to face[290] the matter out.
PETRUCHIO Father, ’tis thus: yourself and all the world
That talked of her, have talked amiss of her:
If she be curst, it is for policy,[293]
For she’s not froward, but modest as the dove,
She is not hot, but temperate[295] as the morn,
For patience she will prove a second Grissel,[296]
And Roman Lucrece[297] for her chastity.
And to conclude, we have ’greed[298] so well together
That upon Sunday is the wedding day.
KATE I’ll see thee hanged on Sunday first.
GREMIO Hark, Petruchio, she says she’ll see thee hanged first.

TRANIO Is this your speeding?[302] Nay then, goodnight our part!
PETRUCHIO Be patient, gentlemen, I choose her for myself.
If she and I be pleased, what’s that to you?
’Tis bargained ’twixt us twain,[305] being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you, ’tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!
She hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss
She vied[310] so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink[311] she won me to her love.
O, you are novices! ’Tis a[312] world to see
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock[314] wretch can make the curstest shrew.
Give me thy hand, Kate. I will unto Venice
To buy apparel ’gainst[316] the wedding day;
Provide the feast, father, and bid[317] the guests.
I will be sure my Katherine shall be fine.[318]
BAPTISTA I know not what to say, but give me your hands.[319]
God send you joy, Petruchio! ’Tis a match.
GREMIO *AND* TRANIO Amen, say we. We will be witnesses.
PETRUCHIO Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu.
I will to Venice. Sunday comes apace.[323]
We will have rings and things and fine array,
And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o’Sunday.
Exeunt Petruchio and Katherine [separately]
GREMIO Was ever match clapped up[326] so suddenly?
BAPTISTA Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant’s part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart.[328]
TRANIO ’Twas[329] a commodity lay fretting by you:
’Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.
BAPTISTA The gain I seek is quiet[331] in the match.
GREMIO No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.[332]
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter.
Now is the day we long have looked for.
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.
TRANIO And I am one that love Bianca more

Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.
GREMIO Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.
TRANIO Greybeard, thy love doth freeze.[339]
GREMIO But thine doth fry.[340]
Skipper,[341] stand back, ’tis age that nourisheth.
TRANIO But youth in ladies’ eyes that flourisheth.
BAPTISTA Content you, gentlemen, I will compound[343] this strife.
’Tis deeds[344] must win the prize, and he of both
That can assure my daughter greatest dower[345]
Shall have my Bianca’s love.
Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her?
GREMIO First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate[349] and gold,
Basins and ewers to lave[350] her dainty hands:
My hangings[351] all of Tyrian tapestry:
In ivory coffers[352] I have stuffed my crowns:
In cypress[353] chests my arras counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents,[354] and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey[355] cushions bossed with pearl,
Valance[356] of Venice gold in needlework:
Pewter and brass and all things that belongs
To house or housekeeping. Then, at my farm
I have a hundred milch-kine[359] to the pail,
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable[361] to this portion.
Myself am struck[362] in years, I must confess,
And if I die tomorrow, this is hers,
If whilst I live she will be only mine.
TRANIO That ‘only’ came well in.[365] Sir, list to me:
I am my father’s heir and only son.
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I’ll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls,[369] as any one
Old Signior Gremio has in Padua,
Besides two[371] thousand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.[372]

What, have I pinched[373] you, Signior Gremio?
GREMIO Two thousand ducats by the year of land?
My land amounts not to so much in all.— ***Aside***
That she shall have, besides an argosy[376]
That now is lying in Marseillis' road.[377]
What, have I choked you with an argosy? ***To Tranio***
TRANIO Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less
Than three great argosies, besides two galliases,[380]
And twelve tight[381] galleys. These I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.
GREMIO Nay, I have offered all, I have no more,
And she can have no more than all I have.
If you like me, she shall have me and mine. ***To Baptista***
TRANIO Why then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise. Gremio is out-vied.[387]
BAPTISTA I must confess your offer is the best,
And let[389] your father make her the assurance,
She is your own, else,[390] you must pardon me.
If you should die before him, where's her dower?
TRANIO That's but a cavil.[392] He is old, I young.
GREMIO And may not young men die, as well as old?
BAPTISTA Well, gentlemen,
I am thus resolved: on Sunday next, you know
My daughter Katherine is to be married.
Now on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance.
If not, to Signior Gremio.
And so, I take my leave, and thank you both.
Exit
GREMIO Adieu, good neighbour.— Now I fear thee not.
Sirrah young gamester,[402] your father were a fool
To give thee all, and in his waning age
Set[404] foot under thy table. Tut, a toy!
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy.
Exit
TRANIO A vengeance on your crafty withered hide!

Yet I have faced[407] it with a card of ten.
’Tis[408] in my head to do my master good:
I see no reason but supposed Lucentio
Must get[410] a father, called ‘supposed Vincentio’,
And that’s a wonder. Fathers commonly
Do get their children, but in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire,[413] if I fail not of my cunning.

Exit

Act 3 [Scene 1]

running scene 3 continues

Enter Lucentio [disguised as Cambio], Hortensio [disguised as Litio] and Bianca

LUCENTIO Fiddler,[1] forbear. You grow too forward, sir.
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment[2]
Her sister Katherine welcomed you withal?[3]

HORTENSIO But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative,[6]
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture[8] shall have leisure for as much.

LUCENTIO Preposterous[9] ass, that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordained![10]
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies or his usual pain?[12]
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And while I pause, serve in[14] your harmony.

HORTENSIO Sirrah, I will not bear these braves[15] of thine.

BIANCA Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong
To strive for that which resteth[17] in my choice.
I am no breeching[18] scholar in the schools,
I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed[19] times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down.
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles.[22] ***To Hortensio***
His lecture will be done ere you have tuned.

HORTENSIO You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

LUCENTIO That will be never. Tune your instrument.

BIANCA Where left we last?

LUCENTIO Here, madam:
'Hic[28] ibat Simois. Hic est Sigeia tellus. ***Reads***
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.'

BIANCA Conster[30] them.

LUCENTIO ‘*Hic ibat*’, as I told you before, ‘*Simois*’, I am Lucentio, ‘*hic est*’, son unto Vincentio of Pisa, ‘*Sigeia tellus*’, disguised thus to get your love, ‘*Hic steterat*’, and that Lucentio that comes a-wooing, ‘*Priami*’, is my man Tranio, ‘*regia*’, bearing my port,[34] ‘*celsa senis*’, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

HORTENSIO Madam, my instrument’s in tune.

BIANCA Let’s hear. O fie![36] The treble jars. ***He plays***

LUCENTIO Spit[37] in the hole, man, and tune again.

BIANCA Now let me see if I can conster it: ‘*Hic ibat Simois*’, I know you not, ‘*hic est Sigeia tellus*’, I trust you not, ‘*Hic steterat Priami*’, take heed he hear us not, ‘*regia*’, presume not, ‘*celsa senis*’, despair not.

HORTENSIO Madam, ’tis now in tune. ***He plays again***

LUCENTIO All but the bass.

HORTENSIO The bass is right: ’tis the base knave that jars.[43]
How fiery and forward our pedant[44] is. ***Aside***
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love.
Pedascule,[46] I’ll watch you better yet.

BIANCA In time I may believe, yet I mistrust. ***To Lucentio***

LUCENTIO Mistrust it not, for, sure, Aeacides[48]
Was Ajax, called so from his grandfather.

BIANCA I must believe my master,[50] else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt.[51]
But let it rest.— Now, Litio, to you:
Good master, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant[54] with you both.

HORTENSIO You may go walk, and give me leave[55] a while. ***To Lucentio***
My lessons make no music in three parts.[56]

LUCENTIO Are you so formal,[57] sir? Well, I must wait —
And watch withal,[58] for, but I be deceived, ***Aside***
Our fine musician groweth amorous. ***He stands aside***

HORTENSIO Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order[61] of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art,
To teach you gamut[63] in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy and effectual,

Than hath been taught by any of my trade.
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.[66] ***Gives Bianca a paper***

BIANCA Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

HORTENSIO Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

BIANCA ‘*Gamut* I am, the ground[69] of all accord, ***Reads***
A re, to plead Hortensio’s passion.
B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,
C fa ut, that loves with all affection.
D sol re, one[73] clef, two notes have I,
E la mi, show pity, or I die.’
Call you this gamut? Tut, I like it not.
Old[76] fashions please me best. I am not so nice
To change true[77] rules for old inventions.

Enter a Messenger

MESSENGER Mistress, your father prays you leave your books
And help to dress your sister’s chamber up.
You know tomorrow is the wedding day.

BIANCA Farewell, sweet masters both, I must be gone. [*Exeunt Bianca and Messenger*]

LUCENTIO Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.

[Exit]

HORTENSIO But I have cause to pry into[83] this pedant.
Methinks he looks as though he were in love.
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble
To cast thy wand’ring eyes on every stale,[86]
Seize[87] thee that list. If once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with[88] thee by changing.

Exit

[Act 3 Scene 2]

running scene 4

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katherina, Bianca, [Lucentio] and others, Attendants

BAPTISTA Signior Lucentio, this is the ’pointed day. ***To Tranio***
That Katherine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.
What will be said? What mockery will it be,
To want[5] the bridegroom when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

KATE No shame but mine: I must forsooth[8] be forced
To give my hand opposed against my heart
Unto a mad-brain rudesby[10] full of spleen,
Who wooed[11] in haste and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic[12] fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour.
And to be noted for[14] a merry man,
He’ll woo a thousand, ’point the day of marriage,
Make feasts, invite friends, and proclaim the banns,
Yet never means to wed where he hath wooed.
Now must the world point at poor Katherine,
And say, ‘Lo,[19] there is mad Petruchio’s wife,
If it would please him come and marry her.’

TRANIO Patience, good Katherine, and Baptista too.
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune[23] stays him from his word.
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise,
Though he be merry, yet withal he’s honest.

KATE Would Katherine had never seen him though!

Exit weeping [followed by Bianca and others]

BAPTISTA Go, girl. I cannot blame thee now to weep,
For such an injury would vex a very saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.[29]

Enter Biondello

BIONDELLO Master, master, news! Old[30] news, and such news as you never heard of!

BAPTISTA Is it new and old too? How may that be?

BIONDELLO Why, is it not news to hear of Petruchio's coming?

BAPTISTA Is he come?

BIONDELLO Why, no, sir.

BAPTISTA What then?

BIONDELLO He is coming.

BAPTISTA When will he be here?

BIONDELLO When he stands where I am and sees you there.

TRANIO But say, what to[39] thine old news?

BIONDELLO Why, Petruchio is coming in a new hat and an old jerkin:[40] a pair of old breeches thrice turned:[41] a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced, an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless:[43] with two broken points: his horse hipped, with an old mothy saddle and stirrups of no kindred:[44] besides, possessed with the glanders and like to mose in the chine, troubled with the lampass,[45] infected with the fashions, full of windgalls,[46] sped with spavins, rayed with yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers,[47] begnawn with the bots, swayed in the back and shoulder-shotten,[48] near-legged before and with a half-checked bit and a head-stall of sheep's leather[49] which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst and now repaired with knots, one girth[50] six times pieced, and a woman's crupper[51] of velure, which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.[52]

BAPTISTA Who comes with him?

BIONDELLO O, sir, his lackey,[54] for all the world caparisoned like the horse: with a linen stock[55] on one leg and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list;[56] an old hat and the humour of forty fancies pricked in't for a feather — a monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian footboy[57] or a gentleman's lackey.

TRANIO 'Tis some odd humour pricks[59] him to this fashion.

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparelled.[60]
BAPTISTA I am glad he’s come, howsoe’er he comes.
BIONDELLO Why, sir, he comes not.
BAPTISTA Didst thou not say he comes?
BIONDELLO Who? That Petruchio came?
BAPTISTA Ay, that Petruchio came.
BIONDELLO No, sir, I say his horse comes, with him on his back.
BAPTISTA Why, that’s all one.
BIONDELLO Nay, by Saint Jamy,[68]
I hold[69] you a penny,
A horse and a man
Is more than one,
And yet not many.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio

PETRUCHIO Come, where be these gallants?[73] Who’s at home?
BAPTISTA You are welcome, sir.
PETRUCHIO And yet I come not well.[75]
BAPTISTA And yet you halt[76] not.
TRANIO Not so well apparelled as I wish you were.
PETRUCHIO Were it better, I should rush in thus.
But where is Kate? Where is my lovely bride?
How does my father? Gentles,[80] methinks you frown.
And wherefore[81] gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,[82]
Some comet[83] or unusual prodigy?
BAPTISTA Why, sir, you know this is your wedding day.
First were we sad, fearing you would not come,
Now sadder that you come so unprovided.[86]
Fie, doff[87] this habit, shame to your estate,
An eyesore to our solemn[88] festival!
TRANIO And tell us what occasion of import[89]
Hath all so long detained you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?
PETRUCHIO Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforcèd to digress,

Which at more leisure I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But where is Kate? I stay too long from her.
The morning wears,[98] ’tis time we were at church.
TRANIO See not your bride in these unreverent[99] robes.
Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.
PETRUCHIO Not I, believe me. Thus I’ll visit her.
BAPTISTA But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.
PETRUCHIO Good sooth,[103] even thus: therefore ha’ done with words.
To me she’s married, not unto my clothes.
Could I repair what she will wear[105] in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,[106]
’Twere well for Kate and better for myself.
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely[110] kiss!
Exeunt [Petruchio and Grumio]
TRANIO He hath some meaning in his mad attire.
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.
BAPTISTA I’ll after him, and see the event[114] of this.
Exeunt [Baptista, Gremio and Attendants]
TRANIO But, sir, love concerneth us to add ***To Lucentio***
Her father’s liking,[116] which to bring to pass,
As before I imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man — whate’er he be,
It skills[119] not much, we’ll fit him to our turn —
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa,
And make assurance here in Padua
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.
LUCENTIO Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca’s steps[126] so narrowly,
’Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage,[127]
Which once performed, let all the world say no,

I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.
TRANIO That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage[131] in this business.
We'll overreach[132] the greybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying[133] father, Minola,
The quaint[134] musician, amorous Litio,
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.
Enter Gremio
Signior Gremio, came you from the church?
GREMIO As willingly as e'er I came from school.
TRANIO And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?
GREMIO A bridegroom,[139] say you? 'Tis a groom indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.
TRANIO Curster[141] than she? Why, 'tis impossible.
GREMIO Why he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.
TRANIO Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.
GREMIO Tut, she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to[144] him.
I'll tell you, Sir[145] Lucentio, when the priest
Should ask if Katherine should be his wife,
'Ay, by gogs-wouns[147]', quoth he, and swore so loud
That all amazed the priest let fall the book,[148]
And as he stooped again to take it up,
This mad-brained bridegroom took[150] him such a cuff
That down fell priest and book and book and priest.
'Now take them[152] up,' quoth he, 'if any list.'
TRANIO What said the wench when he rose again?
GREMIO Trembled and shook, for why,[154] he stamped and swore,
As if the vicar meant to cozen[155] him.
But after many[156] ceremonies done,
He calls for wine: 'A health!' quoth he, as if
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates
After a storm, quaffed off[159] the muscadel
And threw the sops[160] all in the sexton's face,
Having no other reason
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly[162]
And seemed to ask him[163] sops as he was drinking.

This done, he took the bride about the neck
And kissed her lips with such a clamorous smack
That at the parting all the church did echo.
And I seeing this came thence for very shame,
And after me, I know, the rout[168] is coming.
Such a mad marriage never was before.
Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels[170] play.

Music plays

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Bianca, Hortensio [disguised as Litio], Baptista, [Grumio and others]

PETRUCHIO Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains.
I know you think[172] to dine with me today,
And have prepared great store of wedding cheer,[173]
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

BAPTISTA Is’t possible you will away tonight?

PETRUCHIO I must away today, before night come.
Make[178] it no wonder. If you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.
And honest[180] company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet and virtuous wife.
Dine with my father, drink a health to me,
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

TRANIO Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

PETRUCHIO It may not be.

GREMIO Let me entreat you.

PETRUCHIO It cannot be.

KATE Let me entreat you.

PETRUCHIO I am content.

KATE Are you content to stay?

PETRUCHIO I am content you shall entreat me stay,
But yet not stay,[193] entreat me how you can.

KATE Now, if you love me, stay.

PETRUCHIO Grumio, my horse.

GRUMIO Ay, sir, they be ready, the oats[196] have eaten the horses.

KATE Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go today,
No, nor tomorrow, not till I please myself.
The door is open, sir, there lies your way,
You may be[201] jogging whiles your boots are green.
For me, I’ll not be gone till I please myself.
’Tis like you’ll prove a jolly[203] surly groom,
That take[204] it on you at the first so roundly.

PETRUCHIO O Kate, content thee. Prithee be not angry.

KATE I will be angry. What hast[206] thou to do?—
Father, be quiet. He shall stay my leisure.[207]

GREMIO Ay, marry, sir, now it[208] begins to work.

KATE Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner.
I see a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

PETRUCHIO They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.—
Obey the bride, you that attend on her.
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,[214]
Carouse full measure[215] to her maidenhead,
Be mad[216] and merry, or go hang yourselves.
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.—
Nay, look not big,[218] nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret.
I will be master of what is mine own:
She is my[220] goods, my chattels, she is my house,
My household stuff,[221] my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything,
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare.
I’ll bring mine action[224] on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua.— Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves.
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate.
I’ll buckler[229] thee against a million.

Exeunt Petruchio, Katherina [and Grumio]

BAPTISTA Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

GREMIO Went they not[231] quickly, I should die with laughing.

TRANIO Of all mad matches never was the like.
LUCENTIO Mistress, what’s your opinion of your sister?
BIANCA That, being mad herself, she’s madly mated.
GREMIO I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.[235]
BAPTISTA Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants[236]
For to supply the places at the table,
You know there wants no junkets[238] at the feast.
Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom’s place,
And let Bianca take her sister’s room.[240]
TRANIO Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?[241]
BAPTISTA She shall, Lucentio. Come, gentlemen, let’s go.
Exeunt

[Act 3 Scene 3][3.3]

running scene 5

Enter Grumio

GRUMIO Fie, fie on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foul ways![1] Was ever man so beaten? Was ever man so rayed?[2] Was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little[4] pot and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me. But I with blowing the fire shall warm myself, for, considering the weather, a taller[7] man than I will take cold. Holla, ho, Curtis!

Enter Curtis

CURTIS Who is that calls so coldly?[8]

GRUMIO A piece of ice: if thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel with no greater a run[10] but my head and my neck. A fire good Curtis.

CURTIS Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

GRUMIO O, ay, Curtis, ay, and therefore fire,[12] fire, cast on no water.

CURTIS Is she so hot[13] a shrew as she's reported?

GRUMIO She was, good Curtis, before this frost. But, thou know'st, winter[14] tames man, woman and beast, for it hath tamed my old master and my new mistress and myself, fellow Curtis.

CURTIS Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.[17]

GRUMIO Am I but three inches? Why, thy horn[18] is a foot, and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand, she being now at hand, thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?[21]

CURTíS I prithee, good Grumio, tell me how goes the world?

GRUMIO A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine, and therefore fire: do[23] thy duty, and have thy duty, for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

CURTIS There's fire ready, and therefore, good Grumio, the news.

GRUMIO Why, ‘Jack,[26] boy! Ho, boy!’ and as much news as wilt thou.

CURTIS Come, you are so full of cony-catching![27]

GRUMIO Why, therefore fire, for I have caught extreme cold. Where’s the cook? Is supper ready, the house trimmed,[29] rushes strewed, cobwebs swept, the servingmen in their new fustian,[30] the white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks[31] fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and everything in order?

CURTIS All ready, and therefore, I pray thee, news.

GRUMIO First know my horse is tired, my master and mistress fallen out.

CURTIS How?

GRUMIO Out of their saddles into the dirt, and thereby hangs a tale.

CURTIS Let’s ha’t,[37] good Grumio.

GRUMIO Lend thine ear.

CURTIS Here.

GRUMIO There. ***Strikes him***

CURTIS This ’tis to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

GRUMIO And therefore ’tis called a sensible[42] tale, and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*,[43] we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress—

CURTIS Both of[45] one horse?

GRUMIO What’s that to thee?

CURTIS Why, a horse.

GRUMIO Tell thou the tale. But hadst thou not crossed[48] me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell and she under her horse: thou shouldst have heard in how miry[50] a place, how she was bemoiled, how he left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me, how he swore, how she prayed that never prayed before, how I cried, how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burst,[53] how I lost my crupper, with many things of worthy memory,[54] which now shall die in oblivion and thou return unexperienced[55] to thy grave.

CURTIS By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

GRUMIO Ay, and that thou and the proudest[57] of you all shall find when he comes home. But what[58] talk I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop and the rest. Let their heads be slickly combed, their blue[59] coats brushed and their garters of an indifferent knit.[60] Let them curtsy with their left legs and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horsetail till they kiss their hands.[61] Are they all ready?

CURTIS They are.

GRUMIO Call them forth.

CURTIS Do you hear, ho? You must meet my master to countenance[65] my mistress.

GRUMIO Why, she hath a face of her own.

CURTIS Who knows not that?

GRUMIO Thou, it seems, that calls for company to countenance her.

CURTIS I call them forth to credit[69] her.

Enter four or five Servingmen

GRUMIO Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

NATHANIEL Welcome home, Grumio!

PHILIP How now, Grumio!

JOSEPH What, Grumio!

NICHOLAS Fellow Grumio!

NATHANIEL How now, old lad?

GRUMIO Welcome, you.—***Greets each Servingman*** How now, you?— What, you?— Fellow, you.— And thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce[77] companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

NATHANIEL All things is ready. How near is our master?

GRUMIO E'en at hand, alighted by this,[79] and therefore be not—
Cock's passion, silence!
I hear my master.

Enter Petruchio and Kate

PETRUCHIO Where be these knaves? What, no man at door
To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse?
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?

ALL SERVINGMEN Here, here, sir, here, sir.

PETRUCHIO Here, sir, here, sir, here, sir, here, sir!
You logger-headed[86] and unpolished grooms!

What, no attendance? No regard? No duty?
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?
GRUMIO Here, sir, as foolish as I was before.
PETRUCHIO You peasant swain.[90] You whoreson malt-horse drudge.
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,[91]
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?
GRUMIO Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,[93]
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpinked[94] i'th'heel.
There was no link[95] to colour Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing.[96]
There were none fine[97] but Adam, Rafe and Gregory,
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly.
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.
PETRUCHIO Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.
Exeunt Servingmen
'Where[101] is the life that late I led? ***Sings***
Where are those—'
Sit down, Kate, and welcome.— Soud,[103] soud, soud, soud! ***They sit***
Enter Servants with supper
Why, when, I say? Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.—
Off with my boots, you rogues! You villains, when?[105] ***A Servant takes off his boot***
'It[106] was the friar of orders grey, ***Sings***
As he forth walkèd on his way—'
Out,[108] you rogue! You pluck my foot awry.
Take that, and mend[109] the plucking of the other. ***Kicks him***
Be merry, Kate.— Some water,[110] here. What, ho!
Enter one with water
Where's my spaniel Troilus?[111] Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand[112] come hither.—
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.—
Where are my slippers? Shall I have some water?
Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.— ***Servant spills water***
You whoreson villain, will you let it fall? ***Strikes the Servant***
KATE Patience, I pray you. 'Twas a fault unwilling.
PETRUCHIO A whoreson beetle-headed,[118] flap-eared knave!—

Come, Kate, sit down, I know you have a stomach.[119]
Will you give thanks,[120] sweet Kate, or else shall I?
What's this? Mutton?

FIRST SERVANT Ay.

PETRUCHIO Who brought it?

PETER I.

PETRUCHIO 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meat.
What dogs are these? Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser[127]
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers,[129] cups, and all. ***Throws the meat and dishes at them***
You heedless joltheads[130] and unmannered slaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be[131] with you straight.

KATE I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet.
The meat was well,[133] if you were so contented.

PETRUCHIO I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away,
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler,[136] planteth anger,
And better 'twere that both of us did fast,
Since, of ourselves,[138] ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient, tomorrow't shall be mended,
And for this night we'll fast for company.[141]
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

Exeunt

Enter Servants severally

NATHANIEL Peter, didst ever see the like?

PETER He kills[144] her in her own humour.

GRUMIO Where is he?

Enter Curtis, a servant

CURTIS In her chamber, making a sermon of continency[146] to her,
And rails and swears and rates[147] that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,
And sits as one new-risen[149] from a dream.
Away, away, for he is coming hither.

[Exeunt]
Enter Petruchio

PETRUCHIO Thus have I politicly[151] begun my reign,
And ’tis my hope to end successfully.
My falcon[153] now is sharp and passing empty,
And till she stoop[154] she must not be full-gorged,
For then she never looks upon[155] her lure.
Another way I have to man[156] my haggard,
To make her come and know her keeper’s call,
That is, to watch her,[158] as we watch these kites
That bate and beat[159] and will not be obedient.
She eat[160] no meat today, nor none shall eat.
Last night she slept not, nor tonight she shall not.
As with the meat, some undeservèd fault
I’ll find about the making of the bed,
And here I’ll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets.
Ay, and amid this hurly[166] I intend
That all is done in reverend care of her.
And in conclusion she shall watch[168] all night,
And if she chance to nod I’ll rail and brawl
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness,
And thus I’ll curb her mad and headstrong humour.
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak. ’Tis charity to show.[174]

Exit

[Act 3 Scene 4][3.4]

running scene 6

Enter Tranio and Hortensio

TRANIO Is't possible, friend Litio, that Mistress Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, sir, she bears[3] me fair in hand.

HORTENSIO Sir, to satisfy[4] you in what I have said,
Stand by and mark the manner of his teaching.

Enter Bianca [and Lucentio]

LUCENTIO Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

BIANCA What, master, read you? First resolve[7] me that.

LUCENTIO I read that I profess,[8] the *Art to Love*.

BIANCA And may you prove, sir, master of your art.

LUCENTIO While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart. ***Lucentio and Bianca talk aside***

HORTENSIO Quick proceeders,[11] marry! Now tell me, I pray,
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Loved none in the world so well as Lucentio.

TRANIO O despiteful love, unconstant womankind!
I tell thee, Litio, this is wonderful.[15]

HORTENSIO Mistake no more, I am not Litio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be,
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a one[19] as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion;[20]
Know, sir, that I am called Hortensio.

TRANIO Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire[23] affection to Bianca,
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,[24]
I will with you, if you be so contented,
Forswear[26] Bianca and her love forever.

HORTENSIO See how they kiss and court! Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more, but do forswear her,

As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly[31] flattered her withal.
TRANIO And here I take the like unfeignèd[32] oath,
Never to marry with her though she would entreat.
Fie on her! See how beastly[34] she doth court him!
HORTENSIO Would[35] all the world but he had quite forsworn!
For me, that[36] I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass, which hath as long loved me
As I have loved this proud disdainful haggard.
And so farewell, Signior Lucentio.
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love. And so I take my leave,
In resolution[43] as I swore before.
[Exit]
TRANIO Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As ’longeth[45] to a lover’s blessèd case!
Nay, I have ta’en you napping,[46] gentle love,
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.
BIANCA Tranio, you jest. But have you both forsworn me?
TRANIO Mistress, we have.
LUCENTIO Then we are rid of Litio.
TRANIO I’faith, he’ll have a lusty[51] widow now,
That shall be wooed and wedded in a day.
BIANCA God give him joy!
TRANIO Ay, and he’ll tame her.
BIANCA He says so, Tranio.
TRANIO Faith, he is gone unto the taming school.
BIANCA The taming school? What, is there such a place?
TRANIO Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master,
That teacheth tricks eleven[59] and twenty long,
To tame a shrew and charm[60] her chatt’ring tongue.
Enter Biondello
BIONDELLO O master, master, I have watched so long
That I am dog-weary,[62] but at last I spied
An ancient angel[63] coming down the hill

Will serve the turn.
TRANIO What is he, Biondello?
BIONDELLO Master, a mercatante,[66] or a pedant,
I know not what, but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.
LUCENTIO And what of him, Tranio?
TRANIO If he be credulous and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem[71] Vincentio,
And give assurance to Baptista Minola
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.[74]
[Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca]
Enter a Pedant
PEDANT God save you, sir!
TRANIO And you, sir! You are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the furthest?
PEDANT Sir, at the furthest for a week or two,
But then up further, and as far as Rome,
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.
TRANIO What countryman,[81] I pray?
PEDANT Of Mantua.
TRANIO Of Mantua, sir? Marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?
PEDANT My life, sir? How, I pray? For that goes hard.[85]
TRANIO 'Tis death for anyone in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
Your ships are stayed[88] at Venice, and the duke,
For[89] private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,
Hath published[90] and proclaimed it openly.
'Tis marvel,[91] but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaimed about.
PEDANT Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so,[93]
For I have bills[94] for money by exchange
From Florence and must here deliver them.
TRANIO Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this I will advise you:

First tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?
PEDANT Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been,
Pisa renownèd for grave citizens.
TRANIO Among them know you one Vincentio?
PEDANT I know him not, but I have heard of him,
A merchant of incomparable wealth.
TRANIO He is my father, sir, and sooth to say,
In count’nance somewhat doth resemble you.
BIONDELLO As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.[106] ***Aside***
TRANIO To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake,
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes
That you are like to Sir Vincentio.
His name and credit[111] shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodged.
Look[113] that you take upon you as you should.
You understand me, sir. So shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city.
If this be court’sy, sir, accept of it.
PEDANT O, sir, I do, and will repute[117] you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.
TRANIO Then go with me to make[119] the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand.
My father is here looked for[121] every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
’Twixt me and one Baptista’s daughter here.
In all these circumstances I’ll instruct you.
Go with me to clothe you as becomes[125] you.
Exeunt

Act 4 Scene 1[4.1]

running scene 7

Enter Katherina and Grumio

GRUMIO No, no, forsooth, I dare not for my life.

KATE The more my wrong,[2] the more his spite appears.
What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars that come unto my father's door
Upon entreaty have a present[5] alms,
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity.
But I, who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,
Am starved for meat,[9] giddy for lack of sleep,
With oaths kept waking and with brawling fed.
And that which spites[11] me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love,
As who[13] should say, if I should sleep or eat,
'Twere deadly sickness or else present death.
I prithee go and get me some repast,
I care not what, so[16] it be wholesome food.

GRUMIO What say you to a neat's[17] foot?

KATE 'Tis passing good, I prithee let me have it.

GRUMIO I fear it is too choleric[19] a meat.
How say you to a fat tripe finely broiled?[20]

KATE I like it well, good Grumio, fetch it me.

GRUMIO I cannot tell,[22] I fear 'tis choleric.
What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

KATE A dish that I do love to feed upon.

GRUMIO Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

KATE Why then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.

GRUMIO Nay then, I will not. You shall have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

KATE Then both, or one, or anything thou wilt.

GRUMIO Why then, the mustard without the beef.

KATE Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave

Beats him

That feed'st me with the very[32] name of meat.
Sorrow on thee and all the pack of you
That triumph thus upon my misery.
Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio and Hortensio with meat

PETRUCHIO How fares my Kate? What, sweeting,[36] all amort?
HORTENSIO Mistress, what cheer?[37]
KATE Faith, as cold[38] as can be.
PETRUCHIO Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.
Here love, thou see'st how diligent I am
To dress thy meat myself and bring it thee.
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What, not a word? Nay then thou lov'st it not,
And all my pains[44] is sorted to no proof.
Here, take away this dish.
KATE I pray you let it stand.[46]
PETRUCHIO The poorest service is repaid with thanks,
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.
KATE I thank you, sir.
HORTENSIO Signior Petruchio, fie, you are to blame.[50]
Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.
PETRUCHIO Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lovest me. ***Aside***
Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!— ***Hortensio takes plate and does not let Kate eat***
Kate, eat apace.[54] And now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house
And revel it as bravely[56] as the best,
With silken coats and caps and golden rings,
With ruffs[58] and cuffs and farthingales and things,
With scarfs and fans and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads and all this knavery.[60]
What, hast thou dined? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.[62]

Enter Tailor [with a gown]

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments.

Enter Haberdasher [with a hat]
Lay forth the gown.— What news with you, sir?
HABERDASHER Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.[65]
PETRUCHIO Why, this was moulded on a porringer,[66]
A velvet dish. Fie, fie, ’tis lewd[67] and filthy.
Why, ’tis a cockle[68] or a walnut-shell,
A[69] knack, a toy, a trick, a baby’s cap.
Away with it! Come, let me have a bigger.
KATE I’ll have no bigger. This doth fit the time,[71]
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.
PETRUCHIO When you are gentle,[73] you shall have one too,
And not till then.
HORTENSIO That will not be in haste. ***Aside***
KATE Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak,
And speak I will. I am no child, no babe.
Your betters have endured me[78] say my mind,
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or else my heart concealing it will break,
And rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.
PETRUCHIO Why, thou say’st true. It is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin,[85] a bauble, a silken pie.
I love thee well in that thou lik’st it not.
KATE Love me or love me not, I like the cap,
And it I will have, or I will have none.
[Exit Haberdasher]
PETRUCHIO Thy gown? Why, ay. Come, tailor, let us see’t.
O mercy, God! What masquing stuff[90] is here?
What’s this? A sleeve? ’Tis like a demi-cannon.[91]
What, up and down,[92] carved like an apple tart?
Here’s snip and nip and cut and slish and slash,
Like to a censer[94] in a barber’s shop.
Why, what o’devil’s name, tailor, call’st thou this?
HORTENSIO I see she’s like to have neither cap nor gown. ***Aside***
TAILOR You bid me make it orderly and well,

According to the fashion and the time.
PETRUCHIO Marry, and did.[99] But if you be remembered,
I did not bid you mar[100] it to the time.
Go, hop[101] me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir:
I'll none of it. Hence, make[103] your best of it.
KATE I never saw a better-fashioned gown,
More quaint,[105] more pleasing, nor more commendable.
Belike[106] you mean to make a puppet of me.
PETRUCHIO Why, true, he means to make a puppet of thee.
TAILOR She says your worship means to make a puppet of her.
PETRUCHIO O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread, thou thimble,
Thou yard,[110] three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail!
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou!
Braved[112] in mine own house with a skein of thread?
Away, thou rag, thou quantity,[113] thou remnant,
Or I shall so be-mete[114] thee with thy yard
As thou shalt think on prating[115] whilst thou liv'st!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marred her gown.
TAILOR Your worship is deceived. The gown is made
Just as my master had direction.
Grumio gave order how it should be done.
GRUMIO I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.[120]
TAILOR But how did you desire it should be made?
GRUMIO Marry, sir, with needle and thread.
TAILOR But did you not request to have it cut?
GRUMIO Thou hast faced[124] many things.
TAILOR I have.

GRUMIO Face not me. Thou hast braved[126] many men, brave not me; I will neither be faced nor braved. I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown, but I did not bid him cut it to pieces. *Ergo,*[128] thou liest.

TAILOR Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify. ***Shows bill***
PETRUCHIO Read it.
GRUMIO The[131] note lies in's throat, if he say I said so.
TAILOR '*Imprimis*, a loose-bodied gown.[132]' ***Reads***

GRUMIO Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom[134] of brown thread: I said a gown.

PETRUCHIO Proceed.

TAILOR ‘With a small compassed[136] cape.’ ***Reads***

GRUMIO I confess the cape.

TAILOR ‘With a trunk[138] sleeve.’ ***Reads***

GRUMIO I confess two sleeves.

TAILOR ‘The sleeves curiously[140] cut.’ ***Reads***

PETRUCHIO Ay, there’s the villainy.

GRUMIO Error i’th’bill,[142] sir, error i’th’bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out and sewed up again, and that I’ll prove upon thee,[143] though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

TAILOR This is true that I say, an[145] I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it.

GRUMIO I am for thee straight.[146] Take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

HORTENSIO God-a-mercy, Grumio, then he shall have no odds.[148]

PETRUCHIO Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

GRUMIO You are i’th’right, sir, ’tis for my mistress.

PETRUCHIO Go, take[151] it up unto thy master’s use.

GRUMIO Villain, not for thy life. Take up my mistress’ gown for thy master’s use!

PETRUCHIO Why, sir, what’s your conceit[153] in that?

GRUMIO O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for:[154]
Take up my mistress’ gown to his master’s use!
O, fie, fie, fie!

PETRUCHIO Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid.— ***Aside to Hortensio***
Go take it hence. Be gone, and say no more. ***To the Tailor***

HORTENSIO Tailor, I’ll pay thee for thy gown tomorrow. ***Aside to the Tailor***
Take no unkindness of[160] his hasty words.
Away, I say, commend me to thy master.

Exit Tailor

PETRUCHIO Well, come, my Kate. We will unto your father’s
Even in these honest mean habiliments:[163]
Our purses shall be proud,[164] our garments poor,

For ’tis the mind that makes the body rich,
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth[167] in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel
Because his painted[171] skin contents the eye?
O no, good Kate, neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture[173] and mean array.
If thou account’st it shame, lay[174] it on me.
And therefore frolic.[175] We will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us[176] at thy father’s house.—
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him, ***To Grumio***
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end.—
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.
Let’s see, I think ’tis now some seven o’clock,
And well we may come there by dinnertime.[181]

KATE I dare assure you, sir, ’tis almost two,
And ’twill be suppertime[183] ere you come there.

PETRUCHIO It shall be seven ere I go to horse.
Look, what[185] I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing[186] it. Sirs, let’t alone.
I will not go today, and ere I do,
It shall be what o’clock I say it is.

HORTENSIO Why, so this gallant will command the sun.

[Exeunt] ***Aside***

[Act 4 Scene 2][4.2]

running scene 8

Enter Tranio [disguised as Lucentio], and the Pedant dressed like Vincentio ***Pedant booted and bareheaded***

TRANIO Sir, this is the house. Please it you that I call?

PEDANT Ay, what else? And but[2] I be deceived,
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.[5]

TRANIO ’Tis well, and hold your own,[6] in any case,
With such austerity as ’longeth[7] to a father.

Enter Biondello

PEDANT I warrant you. But, sir, here comes your boy.
’Twere good he were schooled.[9]

TRANIO Fear you not him.— Sirrah Biondello,
Now do your duty throughly,[11] I advise you:
Imagine ’twere the right[12] Vincentio.

BIONDELLO Tut, fear not me.

TRANIO But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

BIONDELLO I told him that your father was at Venice,
And that you looked for[16] him this day in Padua.

TRANIO Thou’rt a tall[17] fellow. Hold thee that to drink. ***Gives money***
Here comes Baptista: set your countenance,[18] sir.

Enter Baptista and Lucentio

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of. ***To the Pedant***
I pray you stand[21] good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.[22]

PEDANT Soft[23] son!
Sir, by your leave, having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself:
And, for[28] the good report I hear of you,

And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him, to stay[30] him not too long,
I am content, in a good father’s care,
To have him matched. And if you please[32] to like
No worse than I, upon some agreement
Me shall you find ready and willing
With one consent[35] to have her so bestowed,
For curious[36] I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

BAPTISTA Sir, pardon me in what I have to say.
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections.
And therefore if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him
And pass[45] my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made and all is done.
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

TRANIO I thank you, sir. Where then do you know[48] best
We be affied[49] and such assurance ta’en
As shall with either part’s agreement stand?

BAPTISTA Not in my house, Lucentio, for you know
Pitchers have ears,[52] and I have many servants.
Besides, old Gremio is heark’ning still,[53]
And haply[54] we might be interrupted.

TRANIO Then at my lodging, an it like you.
There doth my father lie,[56] and there, this night,
We’ll pass[57] the business privately and well.
Send for your daughter by your servant here. ***Indicates Lucentio, and winks at him***
My boy shall fetch the scriv’ner[59] presently.
The worst is this, that at so slender warning
You are like to have a thin and slender pittance.[61]

BAPTISTA It likes me well. Cambio, hie[62] you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight.

And, if you will, tell what hath happened:
Lucentio’s father is arrived in Padua,
And how she’s like[66] to be Lucentio’s wife.

[Exit Lucentio]

BIONDELLO I pray the gods she may with all my heart!

Exit

TRANIO Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.

Enter Peter

Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! One mess[70] is like to be your cheer.
Come, sir, we will better it in Pisa.

BAPTISTA I follow you.

Exeunt [Tranio, Pedant and Baptista]

Enter Lucentio [disguised as Cambio] and Biondello

BIONDELLO Cambio!

LUCENTIO What say’st thou, Biondello?

BIONDELLO You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

LUCENTIO Biondello, what of that?

BIONDELLO Faith, nothing. But has[77] left me here behind to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.[78]

LUCENTIO I pray thee moralize[79] them.

BIONDELLO Then thus: Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

LUCENTIO And what of him?

BIONDELLO His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

LUCENTIO And then?

BIONDELLO The old priest at Saint Luke’s church is at your command[85] at all hours.

LUCENTIO And what of all this?

BIONDELLO I cannot tell, except they are busied about a counterfeit assurance.[87] Take you assurance[88] of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*. To th’church, take the priest, clerk and some sufficient[89] honest witnesses. If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say, but bid Bianca farewell forever and a day.

LUCENTIO Hear’st thou, Biondello?

BIONDELLO I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit, and so may you, sir. And so, adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's to bid the priest be ready to come against you come[95] with your appendix.

Exit

LUCENTIO I may, and will, if she be so contented.
She will be pleased, then wherefore should I doubt?
Hap[98] what hap may, I'll roundly go about her.
It shall go hard[99] if Cambio go without her.

Exit

[Act 4 Scene 3][4.3]

running scene 9

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Hortensio [and Servants]

PETRUCHIO Come on, a God’s name, once more toward our father’s.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly[2] shines the moon!
KATE The moon? The sun: it is not moonlight now.
PETRUCHIO I say it is the moon that shines so bright.
KATE I know it is the sun that shines so bright.
PETRUCHIO Now, by my mother’s son, and that’s myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,[7]
Or ere[8] I journey to your father’s house.—
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.— ***To the Servants***
Evermore crossed and crossed, nothing but crossed!
HORTENSIO Say as he says, or we shall never go. ***To Kate***
KATE Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please.
An if you please to call it a rush-candle,[14]
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.
PETRUCHIO I say it is the moon.
KATE I know it is the moon.
PETRUCHIO Nay, then you lie. It is the blessèd sun.
KATE Then, God be blessed, it is the blessèd sun.
But sun it is not, when you say it is not,
And the moon changes even as your mind.
What you will have it named, even that it is,
And so it shall be so for Katherine.
HORTENSIO Petruchio, go thy ways,[24] the field is won. ***Aside***
PETRUCHIO Well, forward, forward! Thus the bowl should run,[25]
And not unluckily against the[26] bias.
But, soft, company is coming here.

Enter Vincentio

Good morrow, gentle mistress. Where away?[28] ***To Vincentio***
Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too, ***To Kate***
Hast thou beheld a fresher[30] gentlewoman?

Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What stars do spangle[32] heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heav'nly face?—
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.— ***To Vincentio***
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake. ***To Kate***
HORTENSIO A[36] will make the man mad, to make the woman of him. ***Aside***
KATE Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet,
Whither away, or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man, whom[40] favourable stars
Allots thee for his lovely bedfellow!
PETRUCHIO Why, how now, Kate? I hope thou art not mad.
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, withered,
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.
KATE Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun
That everything I look on seemeth green.[47]
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father.
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.
PETRUCHIO Do, good old grandsire, and withal make known
Which way thou travellest: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.
VINCENTIO Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter[54] much amazed me,
My name is called Vincentio, my dwelling Pisa,
And bound I am to Padua, there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.
PETRUCHIO What is his name?
VINCENTIO Lucentio, gentle sir.
PETRUCHIO Happily met, the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee my loving father.[62]
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this[64] hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not grieved: she is of good esteem,[65]
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;

Beside, so qualified as may beseem[67]
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio,
And wander we to see thy honest[70] son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.
VINCENTIO But is this true? Or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant[73] travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?
HORTENSIO I do assure thee, father, so it is.
PETRUCHIO Come, go along, and see the truth hereof,
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.[77]
Exeunt [all but Hortensio]
HORTENSIO Well, Petruchio, this has put[78] me in heart.
Have to[79] my widow! And if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.[80]
Exit

[Act 4 Scene 4][4.4]

running scene 10

Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca. Gremio is out before

BIONDELLO Softly and swiftly, sir, for the priest is ready.

LUCENTIO I fly, Biondello; but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

Exit [Lucentio with Bianca]

BIONDELLO Nay, faith, I'll see the church o'your back,[4] and then come back to my master's as soon as I can.

[Exit]

GREMIO I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Vincentio, Grumio, with Attendants

PETRUCHIO Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house.
My father's[8] bears more toward the marketplace.
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

VINCENTIO You[10] shall not choose but drink before you go.
I think I shall command[11] your welcome here;
And by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.[12]

Knock

GREMIO They're busy within: you were best knock louder.

Pedant looks out of the window

PEDANT What's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

VINCENTIO Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

PEDANT He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

VINCENTIO What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two to make merry withal?

PEDANT Keep your hundred pounds to yourself. He shall need none, so long as I live.

PETRUCHIO Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in Padua. Do you hear, sir? To leave frivolous circumstances,[20] I pray you tell Signior Lucentio that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

PEDANT Thou liest. His father is come from Padua[22] and here looking out at the window.

VINCENTIO Art thou his father?

PEDANT Ay, sir, so his mother says, if I may believe her.

PETRUCHIO Why, how now, gentleman! ***To Vincentio*** Why, this is flat knavery to take upon you another man's name.

PEDANT Lay hands on the villain. I believe a means to cozen[28] somebody in this city under my countenance.[29]

Enter Biondello

BIONDELLO I have seen them in the church together. ***Aside*** God send 'em good shipping![30] But who is here? Mine old master Vincentio! Now we are undone[31] and brought to nothing.

VINCENTIO Come hither, crack-hemp.[33] ***Seeing Biondello***

BIONDELLO I hope I may choose,[34] sir.

VINCENTIO Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me?

BIONDELLO Forgot you? No, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

VINCENTIO What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

BIONDELLO What, my old worshipful old master? Yes, marry, sir, see where he looks out of the window.

VINCENTIO Is't so, indeed?

He beats Biondella

BIONDELLO Help, help, help! Here's a madman will murder me.

[Exit]

PEDANT Help, son! Help, Signior Baptista!

[Exit from above]

PETRUCHIO Prithee, Kate, let's stand aside and see the end of this controversy. ***They stand aside***

Enter Pedant [below] with servants, Baptista, Tranio

TRANIO Sir, what are you that offer[46] to beat my servant?

VINCENTIO What am I, sir? Nay, what are you, sir? O immortal gods! O fine[47] villain! A silken doublet, a velvet hose, a scarlet cloak and a copatain[48] hat! O, I am undone, I am undone! While I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

TRANIO How now? What's the matter?

BAPTISTA What, is the man lunatic?

TRANIO Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what ’cerns it you[54] if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain[55] it.

VINCENTIO Thy father! O villain! He is a sailmaker in Bergamo.[56]

BAPTISTA You mistake, sir, you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

VINCENTIO His name? As if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

PEDANT Away, away, mad ass! His name is Lucentio and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio.

VINCENTIO Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master! Lay hold on him, I charge you in the duke’s name. O, my son, my son! Tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

TRANIO Call forth an officer.

[Enter an Officer]

Carry this mad knave to the jail. Father Baptista,
I charge you see that he be forthcoming.[67]

VINCENTIO Carry me to the jail?

GREMIO Stay, officer, he shall not go to prison.

BAPTISTA Talk not, Signior Gremio, I say he shall go to prison.

GREMIO Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be cony-catched[71] in this business. I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

PEDANT Swear, if thou dar’st.

GREMIO Nay, I dare not swear it.

TRANIO Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.

GREMIO Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.

BAPTISTA Away with the dotard![77] To the jail with him!

Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca

VINCENTIO Thus strangers may be hailed[78] and abused. O monstrous villain!

BIONDELLO O, we are spoiled[79] and— yonder he is. Deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Exeunt Biondello, Tranio and Pedant, as fast as may be

LUCENTIO Pardon, sweet father.

Kneels

VINCENTIO Lives my sweet son?
BIANCA Pardon, dear father.
BAPTISTA How hast thou offended? Where is Lucentio?
LUCENTIO Here's Lucentio,
Right son to the right Vincentio,
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes[88] bleared thine eyne.
GREMIO Here's packing,[89] with a witness to deceive us all!
VINCENTIO Where is that damnèd villain Tranio,
That faced and braved me in this matter so?
BAPTISTA Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?
BIANCA Cambio is changed[93] into Lucentio.
LUCENTIO Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state[95] with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town,
And happily I have arrived at the last
Unto the wishèd haven of my bliss.
What Tranio did, myself enforced him to;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.
VINCENTIO I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the jail.
BAPTISTA But do you hear, sir? Have you married my daughter without asking my good will?
VINCENTIO Fear not, Baptista, we will content you, go to.[104] But I will in, to be revenged for this villainy. *Exit*
BAPTISTA And I, to sound[106] the depth of this knavery.
Exit
LUCENTIO Look not pale, Bianca, thy father will not frown.
Exeunt [Lucentio and Bianca]
GREMIO My cake is dough,[108] but I'll in among the rest,
Out[109] of hope of all but my share of the feast.
[Exit]
KATE Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.
PETRUCHIO First kiss me, Kate, and we will.
KATE What, in the midst of the street?
PETRUCHIO What, art thou ashamed of me?
KATE No, sir, God forbid, but ashamed to kiss.

PETRUCHIO Why, then let’s home again.— Come, sirrah, let’s away.
KATE Nay, I will give thee a kiss. Now pray thee, love, stay. ***They kiss***
PETRUCHIO Is not this well? Come, my sweet Kate.
Better once[118] than never, for never too late.
Exeunt

Act 5 [Scene 1][5.1]

running scene 11

Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio and Bianca, [Petruchio, Katherina, Hortensio,] Tranio, Biondello, Grumio and Widow. The Servingmen with Tranio bringing in a banquet

LUCENTIO At last, though long,[1] our jarring notes agree,
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at scapes[3] and perils overblown.
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with selfsame kindness[5] welcome thine.
Brother Petruchio, sister Katherina,
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,
Feast with[8] the best, and welcome to my house.
My banquet is to close[9] our stomachs up
After our great good cheer.[10] Pray you sit down,
For now we sit to chat as well as eat.

PETRUCHIO Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

BAPTISTA Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

PETRUCHIO Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

HORTENSIO For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

PETRUCHIO Now, for my life, Hortensio fears[16] his widow.

WIDOW Then[17] never trust me if I be afeard.

PETRUCHIO You are very sensible,[18] and yet you miss my sense:
I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.

WIDOW He[20] that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

PETRUCHIO Roundly[21] replied.

KATE Mistress, how mean you that?

WIDOW Thus[23] I conceive by him.

PETRUCHIO Conceives by me! How likes Hortensio that?

HORTENSIO My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.[25]

PETRUCHIO Very well mended.[26] Kiss him for that, good widow.

KATE ‘He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.’
I pray you tell me what you meant by that.

WIDOW Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,

Measures my husband’s sorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.
KATE A very mean[32] meaning.
WIDOW Right, I mean you.
KATE And I am mean[34] indeed, respecting you.
PETRUCHIO To her,[35] Kate!
HORTENSIO To her, widow!
PETRUCHIO A hundred marks,[37] my Kate does put her down.
HORTENSIO That’s my office.[38]
PETRUCHIO Spoke like an officer. Ha’ to thee, lad!
Drinks to Hortensio
BAPTISTA How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?
GREMIO Believe me, sir, they butt[41] together well.
BIANCA Head, and butt![42] An hasty-witted body
Would say your head and butt were head and horn.[43]
VINCENTIO Ay, mistress bride, hath that awakened you?
BIANCA Ay, but not frighted me: therefore I’ll sleep again.
PETRUCHIO Nay, that you shall not. Since you have begun,
Have at you[47] for a bitter jest or two.
BIANCA Am I your bird?[48] I mean to shift my bush,
And then pursue me as you draw your bow.[49]
You are welcome all.
Exeunt Bianca, [Katherina and Widow]
PETRUCHIO She hath prevented[51] me. Here, Signior Tranio,
This bird you aimed at, though you hit[52] her not:
Therefore a health[53] to all that shot and missed. ***Makes a toast***
TRANIO O, sir, Lucentio slipped[54] me like his greyhound,
Which runs himself and catches for his master.
PETRUCHIO A good swift simile, but something currish.[56]
TRANIO ’Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself:
’Tis thought your deer[58] does hold you at a bay.
BAPTISTA O, O, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.
LUCENTIO I thank thee for that gird,[60] good Tranio.
HORTENSIO Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?
PETRUCHIO A has a little galled[62] me, I confess.
And as the jest did glance away from[63] me,

’Tis ten to one it maimed you two outright.
BAPTISTA Now, in good sadness,[65] son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest[66] shrew of all.
PETRUCHIO Well, I say no: and therefore for assurance[67]
Let’s each one send unto his wife,
And he whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.
HORTENSIO Content. What’s the wager?
LUCENTIO Twenty crowns.
PETRUCHIO Twenty crowns?
I’ll venture so much of[75] my hawk or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.
LUCENTIO A hundred then.
HORTENSIO Content.
PETRUCHIO A match! ’Tis done.
HORTENSIO Who shall begin?
LUCENTIO That will I.
Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.
BIONDELLO I go.
Exit
BAPTISTA Son, I’ll be your half,[84] Bianca comes.
LUCENTIO I’ll have no halves. I’ll bear it all myself.
Enter Biondello
How now? What news?
BIONDELLO Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy and she cannot come.
PETRUCHIO How?[89] She’s busy and she cannot come?
Is that an answer?
GREMIO Ay, and a kind one too.
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.
PETRUCHIO I hope better.
HORTENSIO Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith.
Exit Biondello
PETRUCHIO O, ho, entreat her?

Nay, then she must needs[97] come.
HORTENSIO I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can,
Enter Biondello yours will not be entreated.
Now, where's my wife?
BIONDELLO She says you have some goodly jest in hand.
She will not come. She bids you come to her.
PETRUCHIO Worse and worse, she will not come! O, vile,
Intolerable, not to be endured!
Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress,
Say, I command her come to me.
Exit [Grumio]
HORTENSIO I know her answer.
PETRUCHIO What?
HORTENSIO She will not.
PETRUCHIO The[110] fouler fortune mine, and there an end.
Enter Katherina
BAPTISTA Now, by my holidame,[111] here comes Katherina!
KATE What is your will, sir, that you send for me?
PETRUCHIO Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?
KATE They sit conferring[114] by the parlour fire.
PETRUCHIO Go fetch them hither. If they deny to come,
Swinge[116] me them soundly forth unto their husbands.
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.
[Exit Katherina]
LUCENTIO Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.
HORTENSIO And so it is: I wonder what it bodes.
PETRUCHIO Marry, peace it bodes, and love and quiet life,
And awful[121] rule and right supremacy,
And, to be short, what not[122] that's sweet and happy.
BAPTISTA Now, fair befall thee,[123] good Petruchio;
The wager thou hast won, and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns,
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is changed, as[127] she had never been.
PETRUCHIO Nay, I will win my wager better yet

And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.
Enter Kate, Bianca and Widow
See where she comes and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.—
Katherine, that cap of yours becomes you not.
Off with that bauble, throw it underfoot. ***Kate throws the cap on the ground***
WIDOW Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass![136]
BIANCA Fie! What a foolish[137] duty call you this?
LUCENTIO I would your duty were as foolish too:
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me five hundred crowns since suppertime.
BIANCA The more fool you for laying[141] on my duty.
PETRUCHIO Katherine, I charge thee tell these headstrong women
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.
WIDOW Come, come, you’re mocking. We will have no telling.
PETRUCHIO Come on, I say, and first begin with her.
WIDOW She shall not.
PETRUCHIO I say she shall, and first begin with her.
KATE Fie, fie! Unknit[148] that threat’ning unkind brow, ***To the Widow***
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor.
It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,[151]
Confounds thy fame[152] as whirlwinds shake fair buds,
And in no sense is meet[153] or amiable.
A woman moved[154] is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming,[155] thick, bereft of beauty,
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign: one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits his body
To painful[161] labour both by sea and land,
To watch[162] the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe,

And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt.—
Such duty as the subject owes the prince ***To all?***
Even such a woman oweth to her husband.
And when she is froward, peevish,[169] sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest[170] will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel
And graceless[172] traitor to her loving lord?
I am ashamed that women are so simple[173]
To offer war where they should kneel for peace,
Or seek for rule, supremacy and sway,[175]
When they are bound[176] to serve, love and obey.
Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,
Unapt[178] to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft[179] conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?—
Come, come, you froward and unable[181] worms, ***To all the Women***
My mind hath been as big[182] as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason haply[183] more,
To bandy[184] word for word and frown for frown;
But now I see our lances are but straws,
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
That[187] seeming to be most which we indeed least are.
Then vail your stomachs,[188] for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband’s foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.[191]
PETRUCHIO Why, there’s a wench! Come on, and kiss me, Kate. ***They kiss***
LUCENTIO Well, go thy ways,[193] old lad, for thou shalt ha’t.
VINCENTIO ’Tis[194] a good hearing when children are toward.
LUCENTIO But a harsh hearing when women are froward.
PETRUCHIO Come, Kate, we’ll to bed.
We three[197] are married, but you two are sped.
’Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white.[198] ***To Lucentio***
And being a winner, God give you goodnight!

Exeunt Petruchio [and Katherina]

HORTENSIO Now, go thy ways. Thou hast tamed a curst shrew.
LUCENTIO ’Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tamed so.

Textual Notes

= First Quarto text of *The Taming of a Shrew* (1594)
= First Folio text of 1623
2 = a correction introduced in the Second Folio text of 1632
3 = a correction introduced in the Third Folio text of 1664
d = a correction introduced by a later editor
D = stage direction
H = speech heading (i.e., speaker’s name)

ist of parts = Ed

nd.1.0 SD Christopher = Ed. F = *Christophero* **1 SH SLY** = Ed. F = *Begger* **7 thirdborough** = Ed. F = Headborough **16 SH FIRST HUNTSMAN** = Ed. F = *Hunts*. **83 SH FIRST PLAYER** = Ed. F = *Sincklo* **95 SH FIRST PLAYER** = Ed. F = *Plai*.

nd.2.2 lordship = Q. F = Lord **17 fourteen pence** = Ed. F = xiiii d. **94 SH PAGE** = Ed. F = *Lady. or La. (throughout)* **128 play it. Is** = Ed. F = play, it is **132 a** = F2. F = a a

.1.0 SD *Tranio* = F2. F = *Triano* **13 Vincentio** = Ed. F = *Vincentio’s* **14 brought** = Q. F = brough **25 *Mi*** = Ed. F = *Me* **47 SD *Katherina*** = F2. F = *Katerina* **SD suitor** = F2 *(spelled* shuiter*)*. F = *sister* **149 *captum*** = F2. F = *captam* **197 coloured** = F2. F = Conlord **234 your** = F2. F = you

.2.23 *Con tutto il cuore, ben trovato* = Ed. F = *contutti le core bene trobatto* **24 *molto honorato*** = Ed. F = *multo honorato* **29 pip** = Ed. F = peepe **67 she as** = F2. F = she is as **109 me and other** = Ed. F = me. Other **159 me to** = Ed. F = one to **177 Antonio’s** = Ed. F = *Butonios* **257 feat** = Ed. F = seeke

.1.8 thee tell = F2. F = tel **75 Neighbour** = Ed. F = neighbors **77 unto you** = Ed. F = vnto **197 joint** = Ed. F = ioyn’d **248 askance** = Ed. F = a sconce **331 in** = Ed. F = me **377 Marseillis** = Ed. F = Marcellus

.1.28 *Sigeia* = F2. F = *sigeria* **44–7** *assigned to Lucentio in* F **47 SH BIANCA** = Ed. *Not in* F **48 SH LUCENTIO** = Ed. F = *Bian*. **50 SH BIANCA** = Ed. F = *Hort*. **63 gamut** = Ed. F = gamoth *or* gamouth *(throughout scene)* **77 change** = F2. F = charge **78 SH MESSENGER** = Ed. F = *Nicke*.

.2.16 Make feasts, invite friends = Ed. F = Make friends, inuite **29 of thy** = F2. F = of **30 Old news** = Ed. F = newes **32 hear** = Q. F = heard **47 swayed** = Ed.F = Waid **117 before I** = F2. F = before **140 grumbling** = F2. F = grumlling **187 SH GREMIO =** F2 *(Gre.)*. F = *Gra*.

.3.17 SH CURTIS = Q. F = *Gru*.

.4.4 SH HORTENSIO = F2. F = *Luc*. **6 SH LUCENTIO** = F2. F = *Hor*. **7 you? First** = Ed. F = you first, **8 SH LUCENTIO** = F2. F = *Hor*. **13 none** = Ed. F = me **31 her** = F3. F = them **74 Take** = F2. F = *Par*. Take **in** = Ed. *Not in* F

.1.65 SH HABERDASHER = Ed. F = *Fel*. **84 is a** = Q. F = is **91 like a** = Q. F = like **174 account’st** = Ed. F = accountedst

.2.1 Sir = Ed. F = Sirs **5 Where** = Ed. F = *Tra*. Where **18 SD *Enter…Lucentio*** F *mistakenly repeats an entrance direction for the Pedant* **54 haply** = Ed. F = happilie **87 except** = F2. F = expect

.3.19 is = Q. F = in **38 where** = F2. F = whether **79 she be** = F2. F = she

.4.5 master's = Ed. F = mistris **38 master's** = F2. F = Mistris **59 Tranio** = F2. F = *Tronio* **114 No** = Q. F = Mo

.1.2 done = Ed. F = come **39 thee** = Q. F = the **64 two** = Ed. F = too **67 for** = F2. F = sir

Induction Scene 1

Induction Scene 1 ***Location:*** *rural England*

1 **pheeze** fix, get even with

2 **A…stocks** i.e., I’ll put you in the stocks (instrument of punishment in which the arms or legs were confined)

3 **baggage** good-for-nothing woman, harlot **chronicles** historical account

4 **Richard Conqueror** Sly may confuse Richard Coeur-de-lion (Lionheart) with William the Conquerer ***paucas pallabris*** “few words” (corruption of the Spanish) **Sessa!** Be off! (cry used in hunting)/be quiet

5 **burst** broken

6 **denier** tenth of a penny **Go…Jeronimy** Sly confuses Saint Jerome with Hieronimo, a character in Thomas Kyd’s *The Spanish Tragedy* who cautioned himself with “Hieronimo, beware! Go by, go by!” **cold bed** perhaps a beggar’s bed, the damp ground

7 **thirdborough** parish constable

8 **by law** in court

9 **kindly** by all means

10 **charge** order **tender well** take good care of

11 **Brach** bitch-hound (given that **Merriman** would seem a more suitable name for a male dog, some editors emend to “breathe”—i.e., “give breathing space to”—thus also improving the grammar) **cur** dog **embossed** exhausted, foaming at the mouth

12 **couple** leash together **deep-mouthed brach** bitch with a loud bark

13 **made it good** i.e., picked up the scent

14 **coldest fault** when the scent was lost

17 **cried…loss** howled upon discovering the scent when it had been completely lost **merest** total

20 **fleet** swift

22 **sup** feed **unto** after

27 **bed but cold** cold bed in which

29 **Grim…image** in his drunken stupor Sly resembles a corpse

30 **practise on** trick

32 **sweet** delightful/perfumed

33 **banquet** light meal

34 **brave** fine

35 **forget himself** behave inappropriately/forget who he was

36 **cannot choose** is bound to

37 **strange** odd/wonderful

38 **fancy** fanciful thought/imagining

41 **hang it round** adorn it **wanton** lively

42 **Balm** anoint, bathe **foul** dirty/unattractive **distillèd** fragrant

43 **sweet** scented

45 **dulcet** sweet

46 **straight** straight away

47 **low** humble **reverence** bow/servitude

51 **ewer** jug containing water for handwashing **diaper** cloth

56 **disease** illness/derangement

58 **is** must be (mad)

60 **kindly** naturally

61 **passing** exceedingly

62 **husbanded** managed **modesty** care/moderation

63 **warrant** assure

64 **As** so that

67 **office** duty, role

68 **Sirrah** sir (used to an inferior)

69 **Belike** perhaps

72 **An't** if it

77 **So please** if it please **duty** services

82 **fitted** suited (to you)

85 **happy** fortunate

86 **rather for** more so because

87 **cunning** professional skill

89 **doubtful** apprehensive about **modesties** propriety, self-control

90 **over-eyeing of** observing/staring at

92 **merry passion** fit of laughter

94 **impatient** angry

96 **veriest antic** most complete buffoon

97 **buttery** storeroom for provisions

99 **want** lack **affords** has to offer

101 **all suits** every aspect (puns on sense of “outfits”)

103 **do him obeisance** bow/be submissive

104 **as he will** if he wishes to

105 **bear** must conduct **honourable action** dignified behavior

107 **by them accomplishèd** performed by them (the **ladies**)

108 **duty** reverence

109 **tongue** voice **lowly** humble

114 **with…bosom** bowing his head to his chest

117 **esteemèd him** believed himself to be

120 **commanded tears** tears on command

121 **shift** purpose/trick

122 **napkin** handkerchief **close conveyed** secretly carried

123 **in despite** notwithstanding anything

124 **dispatched** carried out

125 **Anon** shortly

126 **usurp the grace** take on the elegance

129 **how** to see how **stay** prevent

131 **in** go in **Haply** perhaps/hopefully

132 **spleen** i.e., mood, impulse (the **spleen** was thought to be the seat of laughter)

Induction Scene 2

Induction Scene 2 most editions assume a shift of location from “outside an ale-house” to “a bedroom in the lord’s house,” but the text suggests that the location of the whole induction is the lord’s house, the only move being from outside (the main stage) to the bedroom (above space)

1 **small** weak (hence cheap) **sack** Spanish white wine

3 **conserves** confections, sweetmeats

4 **raiment** clothing

6 **conserves of beef** salted beef

7 **doublets** close-fitting jackets

9 **look …over-leather** i.e., peep through holes

10 **idle humour** mad whim

13 **spirit** temperament/mood/fiend

15 **Burtonheath** possibly Barton-on-the-heath, a village near Stratford-upon-Avon **cardmaker** maker of cards, instruments for combing wool **transmutation** change of condition

16 **bear-herd** keeper of a performing bear **tinker** pot-mender

17 **ale-wife** woman who keeps an ale-house **Wincot** village four miles south of Stratford-upon-Avon **on the score** in debt

18 **score** tally kept by marking notches on a piece of wood **sheer** weak/drunk without food **score…for** reckon me to be

19 **bestraught** out of my mind

21 **droop** become despondent

23 **As** as if

25 **ancient** former

26 **dreams** delusions

29 **Apollo** Greek god of music

32 **lustful** arousing desire

33 **trimmed up** decked out **Semiramis** legendary queen of Assyria, famous for her voluptuousness

34 **bestrow** scatter (probably with rushes)

35 **trapped** adorned/fitted out

37 **hawking** hunting with hawks

39 **welkin** sky

41 **course** hunt the hare

42 **breathèd** exercised, strong-winded **roe** small deer

44 **Adonis** in classical mythology, a beautiful huntsman, pursued by **Cytherea** (Venus); when he was killed by a boar while hunting, she changed him into an anemone

45 **Cytherea** more commonly known as Venus, the goddess of love **sedges** coarse grass growing by rivers

46 **wanton** grow playful/flourishing/lustful

48 **Io** in classical myth, a girl raped by Jove/Jupiter, then turned into a heifer **maid** virgin

49 **beguilèd** bewitched/deceived **surprised** attacked

50 **lively** lifelike

51 **Daphne** in classical mythology, a girl pursued by the god Apollo; she prayed for help and was turned into a laurel tree

54 **workmanly** skillfully

57 **waning** degenerate/declining from the perfection of Eden

59 **envious** cruel

61 **yet** even now

71 **wit** senses

72 **knew but** only knew

75 **fay** faith

76 **of** in

80 **rail upon** rant, complain about **hostess…house** landlady of the inn

81 **present…leet** bring accusations against her at the manorial court (**leet**)

82 **stone…quarts** unlike **sealed quarts**, **stone jugs** had no official mark upon them guaranteeing they contained the specified amount of ale

84 **woman's…house** landlady's maid

86 **reckoned up** listed

87 **Greece** possibly a corruption of "Greet," a small village not far from Stratford

91 **amends** recovery

95 **Marry** by the Virgin Mary **fare** am getting along (plays on the sense of "food and drink") **cheer** hospitality (plays on the sense of "food and drink")

98 **goodman** husband

103 **Al'ce** Alice

108 **abandoned** banished

115 **In…malady** due to the risk of bringing on your old illness
117 **stands for** is valid as
118 **it stands** my penis is erect **hardly** plays on the idea of erectile hardness
119 **despite** spite
121 **pleasant** merry
122 **meet** fitting
126 **frame** adjust
127 **bars** prevents
128 **comonty…gambold** Sly’s mispronunciation of “comedy” and “gambol” (entertainment) **tumbling trick** acrobatic trick
130 **stuff** matter (Sly responds to the literal sense of “furnishings”)
132 **history** story
133 **slip** slide by

Act 1 Scene 1

1.1 ***Location:*** *Padua* ***Lucentio*** name suggests "light," making him a fitting partner for "Bianca" (the white/fair)

2 **Padua** city in northern Italy **nursery** training ground (the university of Padua was one of the oldest in Europe)

3 **for** in **Lombardy** Padua is not in Lombardy, which is probably, however, intended here to denote all of northern Italy

5 **leave** permission

7 **approved** tested, proved

8 **breathe** rest **haply** perhaps/fortunately **institute** begin

9 **ingenious** intellectual

10 **grave** learned

11 **Gave…first** i.e., both I and my father were born there

12 **great traffic** extensive trade

13 **come of** descended from **Bentivolii** a powerful Italian family who were, in fact, from Bologna rather than Pisa

14 **Vincentio's…deeds** it is appropriate that Vincentio's son, who was brought up in Florence, should fulfil the expectations of him by adding to his fortune with acts of virtue

19 **treats of** concerns

23 **plash** pool

24 **satiety** excess

25 ***Mi perdonato*** "pardon me"(Italian)

26 **affected** disposed

31 **stoics** rigorous individuals practicing abstinence and endurance

stocks stupid, senseless people

32 **Aristotle** Greek philosopher **checks** recommendations of moral restraint

33 **As** that **Ovid** Roman poet, author of *The Art of Love* **abjured** rejected

34 **Balk** argue, quibble over

35 **common** everyday

36 **quicken** enliven

38 **Fall to** apply yourself/begin eating **stomach serves you** inclination/appetite requires

39 **No…ta’en** a version of Horace’s famous statement that “he who has mixed usefulness with pleasure has gained every point”

40 **affect** like

41 **Gramercies** many thanks

42 **wert** were to

45 **beget** create ***Bianca*** Italian for “white” ***pantaloon*** in Italian comedy, the foolish old man

48 **importune** urge

50 **bestow** give in marriage

55 **cart her** drive her around in a cart (usual punishment for a prostitute)

rough violent/uncontrollable

56 **will you** do you want

58 **stale** bait/laughing-stock/prostitute (puns on the chess term “stalemate”) **mates** fellows (plays on the sense of “husbands”)

62 **Iwis** indeed **not…heart** i.e., marriage is not something I even consider

63 **her care** my chief desire

64 **noddle** head

65 **paint** i.e., redden with scratching **use** treat

68 **toward** about to begin

69 **wonderful froward** remarkably obstinate

73 **Mum** hush

78 **peat** pet

79 **Put…why** make herself cry if she could think of an excuse

80 **content you** be satisfied

81 **pleasure** will **subscribe** submit

84 **Minerva** goddess of wisdom

85 **strange** distant, unfriendly

86 **effects** causes

88 **mew her up** confine her

89 **for** on account of

90 **her** i.e., Bianca **her** i.e., Kate’s (sharp)

93 **for** because

98 **Prefer** recommend **cunning** skillful

102 **commune** discuss

103 **appointed hours** given a timetable

104 **belike** perhaps

105 **dam** mother **gifts** qualities (ironic) here's…you no one here will detain you

106 **Their love** i.e., women's love **blow our nails** wait patiently/waste time

107 **fast…out** manage to survive/endure it as cordially as we can Our…sides i.e., we have both failed

108 **light on** come across

109 **wish** recommend

111 **brooked parle** tolerated conversation/negotiation **advice** consideration **toucheth** concerns

113 **labour and effect** work for and bring about

120 **pass** surpass

121 **alarums** noise (literally, a military call to arms) **an** if

123 **had as lief** would as willingly

124 **high cross** cross set on a pedestal in the town center

126 **bar in law** legal impediment (i.e., Baptista's refusal to let Bianca marry until Kate is married) **it…maintained** it shall progress in a friendly manner

128 **have…afresh** renew our combat once again **Happy…dole!** Happiness to the winner! (proverbial)

129 **ring** alludes to the jousting game in which competitors tried to lift a ring with their lances (puns on senses of "wedding ring" and "vagina")

138 **love in idleness** puns on "love-in-idleness," a pansy thought to have power to stimulate love

140 **secret** trusted

141 **Anna…Carthage** Dido, Queen of Carthage, confided in her sister Anna that she was in love with Aeneas

147 **rated** driven out through rebuke

149 ***Redime…minimo*** "free yourself from bondage for as little ransom as you can" (Latin, inaccurately quoted, as in the standard Elizabethan grammar textbook, from Terence's play *Eunuchus*)

150 **Go forward** carry on **This** i.e., what you have said so far

152 **so longly** for such a long time/so longingly

153 **marked not** did not notice **pith** essence

155 **daughter of Agenor** Europa, daughter of the King of Tyre; she was loved by **Jove**, who turned himself into a bull in order to abduct her

156 **him** himself

157 **kissed** i.e., knelt on **Cretan strand** shore of Crete (in fact, Europa was taken to, rather than from, Crete)

166 **Bend** apply, direct

167 **curst** bad-tempered **shrewd** shrewish, disagreeable

169 **maid** unmarried virgin

170 **closely** securely

171 **annoyed** vexed/distracted

173 **advised** aware

177 **for my hand** by my hand/for my part

178 **inventions meet** plans agree **jump** coincide

182 **device** plot

184 **bear** play

186 **Keep house** entertain **ply his book** study

188 **Basta** “enough”(Italian) **full** in full

193 **port** position, dignity

195 **meaner** lower-ranking

197 **Uncase** undress **coloured** as opposed to the plainer, often blue, livery worn by Elizabethan servants

199 **charm** persuade

201 **sith** since

202 **tied** obliged

203 **charged** instructed

210 **Whose sudden sight** the sudden sight of whom **thralled** enslaved **wounded** i.e., pierced by Cupid’s arrow

216 **frame** fit

218 **count’nance** manner/appearance

221 **descried** witnessed/denounced

222 **becomes** is suitable

232 **discreetly** prudently

235 **rests** remains **that thyself execute** which is for you to carry out **make** become

236 **sufficeth** let it suffice ***Presenters above*** i.e., the remaining characters from the Induction

238 **mind** attend to

239 **matter** subject

243 **Would** I wish ***mark*** attend, observe

Act 1 Scene 2

1.2 ***Grumio*** connotations of “groom”—i.e., servingman

1 **Verona** city in northern Italy

2 **of all** especially

4 **trow** know/believe

6 **knock** Grumio plays on the sense of “strike (a person)” **rebused** malapropism for “abused”

11 **Villain** wicked one/servant **me** for me **gate** door

12 **pate** head

13 **I…worst** if I hit you first I know that I shall come off the worst for it

16 **ring** i.e., with a circular knocker or bell; puns on “wring”

17 **I’ll…it** i.e., I’ll see how you can shriek ***sol-fa*** sing a scale

18 **mistress** some editors emend to “masters”

21 **How…all** what are you both doing

23 ***Con…trovato*** “with all my heart well met” (Italian)

24 ***Alla*****…Petruchio** “Welcome to our house, most worshipful Petruchio” (Italian)

25 **compound** settle

26 **’leges** alleges **in Latin** despite his Italian name, Grumio does not know the difference between Latin and Italian

28 **use** treat

29 **aught** anything **two…out** i.e., overshooting the mark/not in his right mind/drunk (thirty-one was a card game, the object of which was to collect cards with a total value of thirty-one; it was also a term for being drunk)
pip one of the spots on a card

34 **heart** i.e., life

39 **pledge** guarantor

40 **this’** this is **heavy chance** sad situation

41 **ancient** long-standing

42 **happy** fortunate

46 **in a few** briefly

50 **wive** marry

51 **Crowns** gold coins

53 **come roundly** speak plainly

54 **wish** commend **ill-favoured** foul-tempered

55 **Thou'ldst** you would

62 **burden** refrain/bass accompaniment (in a song)

63 **Florentius' love** in Gower's *Confessio Amantis* Florentius is a knight who agrees to marry an ugly hag if she helps him solve the riddle on which his life depends

64 **Sibyl** ancient prophetess; in classical mythology, Apollo gave the Sibyl of Cumae as many years of life as she held grains of sand in her hand, but he did not grant her accompanying youth

65 **Xanthippe** wife of Socrates, notorious for her bad temper

66 **moves me not** does not affect me **not…me** cannot blunt the edge of my desire

71 **mind** opinion/intention

72 **aglet-baby** small figure ornamenting the tag of a lace or cord **trot** hag

74 **so…withal** so long as money comes with it

75 **are…in** have gone this far

76 **that I broached** what I began

81 **intolerable** intolerably

83 **state** financial situation

87 **board** accost (naval metaphor referring to attacking a ship; plays on the sense of "have sex with")

88 **crack** roar, explode

97 **give you over** leave you

99 **humour** whim **O'** on **an** if

101 **half a score** ten

102 **rail** rant **rope-tricks** possibly Grumio's version of "rhetoric" or "rope rhetoric," or implying tricks deserving of punishment by hanging **stand** resist, withstand

103 **figure** figure of speech/rhetorical trick

104 **withal** with

106 **keep** safe-keeping (literally, fortified tower) **treasure** plays on the sense of "(Bianca's) vagina"

107 **hold** custody

109 **other more** others besides

112 **defects** faults **rehearsed** related

114 **order** measure

119 **grace** favor

122 **seen** skilled

124 **make love to** woo/seduce

126 **Here’s no knavery!** i.e., this does not look like a trick (sarcastic) **beguile** deceive

130 **proper stripling** fine, handsome youth

131 **note** presumably, a list of required books

132 **fairly** handsomely

133 **at any hand** in any case

134 **read…lectures** give no other lessons

136 **liberality** generosity

137 **mend…largesse** add to it with a donation

138 **them** i.e., the books

143 **yourself…place** if you yourself were present

147 **woodcock** proverbially stupid bird

150 **you…met** I am glad to meet you

151 **Trow you** do you know

156 **Fit…turn** suited to her needs (plays on the sense of “suitable for sex”)

159 **help me to** assist me in obtaining

164 **bags** money-bags

165 **vent** proclaim

166 **me fair** courteously to me

167 **indifferent…either** that is equally good for both of us

169 **agreement…liking** our agreeing to his conditions (Hortensio later explains that he and Gremio are to pay for the cost of wooing Kate)

172 **So…well** if what you say were to be achieved, it would be all very well

176 **What countryman?** Where are you from?

181 **stomach** appetite **to’t** begin eating, go ahead

184 **Will I live?** i.e., of course

190 **chafèd** irritated

191 **ordnance** artillery

193 **pitchèd** planned

194 **’larums** calls to arms

197 **chestnut…fire** chestnuts crackle when they burn

198 **Fear** frighten **bugs** imaginary terrors

204 **charge** expense ***brave*** finely dressed

208 **readiest** quickest

212 **to**— the implied missing word is “woo,” though some editors emend to “too?”

213 **What…do**? What is it to do with you?

215 **chiders** quarrellers, rebukers

216 **begun** said

217 **ere** before

226 **choice** chosen/special

231 **all** altogether

234 **Leda’s daughter** Helen of Troy, supposedly the most beautiful woman in the world

237 **Though** even if **Paris** the Trojan prince who snatched Helen from her husband **speed alone** be the only one to succeed

239 **head** free reign **jade** worn-out horse

246 **let…by** leave her alone

247 **Hercules…twelve** in Greek mythology, Hercules (also called **Alcides**) carried out twelve seemingly impossible tasks

248 **let it be** grant that it is

249 **sooth** truth

250 **hearken for** seek to win/inquire after

256 **stead** help

259 **whose hap** he whose good fortune it

260 **Will…ingrate** will not be so ill-mannered as to be ungrateful

261 **conceive** understand

263 **gratify** show gratitude to/reward

264 **rest** remain **beholding** indebted

266 **contrive** spend, use

267 **quaff carouses** drink toasts

268 **adversaries** opposing lawyers

269 **Strive** compete

270 **motion** proposal

272 ***ben venuto*** “welcome” (Italian); sense here is “host”

Act 2 Scene 1

2 **bondmaid** slave-girl
3 **goods** ornaments, jewels, love tokens
4 **Unbind** if you will unbind
5 **raiment** clothing
9 **dissemble** lie
11 **special** particular
13 **Minion** hussy
14 **affect** love
17 **fair** well dressed
18 **envy** despise
23 **dame** madam (accusatory)
25 **ply thy needle** sew/embroider **meddle not** have nothing to do
26 **hilding** good-for-nothing
28 **cross** provoke, thwart
29 **flouts** mocks
31 **suffer** listen to/permit/endure
33 **dance…day** traditionally the fate of an unmarried elder sister
34 **lead…hell** proverbially old maids did so because they had no children to lead in heaven
36 **occasion of** opportunity for ***habit*** clothing ***mean*** humble
45 **Go…orderly** apply yourself to the business with decorum
46 **give me leave** excuse me/let me explain myself
48 **wit** intelligence
51 **forward** eager/presumptuous
54 **for…entertainment** as an entrance-fee for my reception
57 **sciences** fields of learning
59 **Accept of** accept
60 **Litio** Second Folio and many later editions emend to “Licio” throughout **Mantua** city in northern Italy
63 **turn** purpose/needs
71 **Saving** with respect for
72 **poor petitioners** humble suitors
73 ***Baccare!*** “Stand back!” (mock-Latin)

74 **I…doing** I am eager for action (perhaps plays on the sense of “having sex”)

76 **grateful** agreeable **like** same

77 **kindly** fittingly/affectionately

78 **Rheims** northern French town with a well-known university

79 **Cambio** Italian for “exchange”

83 **walk…stranger** seem like a newcomer/seem as if you are not one of the group/stand aside

90 **preferment** precedence (i.e., offering Kate before Bianca)

92 **upon knowledge** when you know

99 **Lucentio…name?** perhaps Baptista learns this by opening one of the books in which Lucentio’s name is written

101 **mighty** renowned, noble

104 **presently** at once

105 **Holla** a shout to attract attention

109 **orchard** garden

110 **dinner** the main meal of the day, served between eleven and noon

passing extremely

112 **asketh haste** is urgent

120 **in possession** i.e., on marriage

121 **assure…widowhood** provide for her after my death/guarantee her rights as a widow

123 **leases** property that is let

124 **specialities** a special contract

125 **covenants** formal agreements

126 **special** unique/particular

128 **father** i.e., father-in-law

134 **So I** so I shall behave (like an **extreme gust**)

136 **happy…speed** may the outcome be happy/fortunate

138 **to the proof** so as to be invulnerable ***broke*** grazed, bleeding

143 **prove** become/test the skill of

144 **hold with** resist, withstand

145 **break her to** teach her to play

146 **broke…me** i.e., broken the **lute** over my head

147 **frets** ridges for guiding the fingers (Kate shifts the sense to “vexations”)

150 **fume** show anger

152 **pate** head

153 **amazèd** perplexed, dumbstruck

154 **As…pillory** as if in the stocks (in which the head was confined by wooden boards)

155 **fiddler** lute-player/meddler

156 **Jack** base fellow

157 **studied** practiced, planned

158 **lusty** lively

161 **discomfited** disheartened

162 **in practice** with your lessons

166 **attend** wait for

170 **clear** serene, faultless

174 **piercing** moving

175 **pack** leave

177 **crave** demand

178 **banns** public proclamations of intended marriages

181 **hard** puns on heard (which was pronounced similarly)

187 **dainties…Kates** puns on “cates” (i.e., **dainties**, delicacies)

188 **of** from

190 **sounded** proclaimed/fathomed

191 **deeply…belongs** loudly/in such depth as you deserve

192 **moved** compelled (Kate shifts to the literal sense)

193 **In good time!** Indeed!

194 **you…first** from the start

195 **movable** piece of furniture/changeable person

197 **joint stool** low stool made by a joiner (“I took you for a joint stool” was a way of mockingly apologizing for ignoring someone)

198 **sit on me** i.e., as I am a stool (with sexual innuendo)

199 **Asses** puns on “arses” **bear** carry loads (Petruchio plays on the sense of “bear the weight of a man’s body/of a baby”)

202 **burden** lie on top of/accuse

203 **light** not heavy/promiscuous

204 **light** quick **swain** rustic (contemptuous)

205 **as…be** the right weight/of sound social standing

206 **be** puns on “bee” **buzz** rumor—i.e., you should hear what actually is said about you; also a noise of impatience; **wasp** then shifts sense to insect noise

207 **ta’en** seized upon, used **buzzard** fool (literally useless bird of prey)/rumor-monger

208 **turtle** turtle-dove (symbol of faithful love)

209 **turtle…buzzard** i.e., only a fool will take me for a faithful wife, just as the turtle-dove mistakenly swallows an insect

211 **waspish** spiteful/wasp-like

214 **sting** plays on the sense of genitals/sexual urge

217 **tails** puns on “tales”

218 **with…tail** i.e., leaving me with the last word (**tail** puns on the sense of “vagina”) **come** plays on the sense of “have an orgasm” **again** back/once more

220 **try** test

221 **cuff** hit

222 **lose your arms** waste your strength/loosen your grip/forfeit your coat of arms (the sign of being a **gentleman**)

223 **strike** plays on the sense of “have sex with”

225 **books** book of heraldry, where gentlemen’s coats of arms were recorded (plays on the notion of “good books” and on “vagina”)

226 **crest** identifying feature on a coat of arms/tuft on the head of an animal (with phallic connotations) **coxcomb** fool’s cap (similar in appearance to a cock’s crest; plays on “cock”—i.e., penis)

227 **combless** i.e., unthreatening **cock** cockerel/penis **so** provided that **hen** i.e., wife/harlot

228 **craven** cock with no fighting spirit

230 **fashion** manner **crab** sour crab-apple

234 **glass** mirror

236 **Well…one** well guessed for one so inexperienced

237 **young** youthful/strong

239 **cares** troubles

241 **scape** escape

242 **chafe** annoy, inflame

244 **rough** harsh/unmanageable **coy** disdainful, unresponsive

246 **pleasant** merry **gamesome** sportive, playful

247 **slow** easygoing, without a quick tongue

248 **askance** scornfully

250 **cross** combative/ill-tempered

251 **entertain'st** receive

252 **conference** conversation

257 **halt** limp

258 **whom…command** order you servants about (rather than me)

259 **Dian** Diana, goddess of chastity, the moon, and hunting **become** suit, enhance

260 **gait** manner, bearing, way of walking

262 **sportful** lively/playful/amorous

263 **study** learn/practice **goodly** splendid (sarcastic)

264 **extempore** spontaneous, improvised **mother-wit** natural intelligence

265 **A…son** your mother must have had some wit, as left to yourself you would have none at all

266 **wise…warm** "he is wise enough that can keep himself warm" (proverbial)

268 **mean** intend to

272 **will…you** whether you will or not

273 **for your turn** right for you (plays on the sense of "for sex with you")

278 **wild Kate** puns on "wild-cat"

279 **Conformable** pliant, obedient

280 **Never make denial** do not refuse me

282 **speed you** do you succeed, fare

284 **amiss** adversely, without progress

285 **In your dumps?** Down-hearted?

290 **face …out** brazenly get his own way

293 **policy** strategic purposes

295 **temperate** moderate, gentle

296 **Grissel** Patient Griselda was, in Boccaccio and Chaucer, a model of wifely obedience

297 **Lucrece** raped by the Roman king Tarquin, Lucrece was so ashamed she committed suicide

298 **'greed** got along

302 **speeding** progress/success **goodnight our part** our part in this business is over

305 **’twixt us twain** between we two

310 **vied** redoubled (gambling term for raising the stakes) **protesting** declaring

311 **twink** twinkling

312 **a …see** wonderful to see

314 **meacock** feeble

316 **gainst** in preparation for

317 **bid** invite

318 **fine** finely dressed

319 **hands …witnesses** joining of hands in front of witnesses (the “pre-contract”) prevented either party from becoming engaged to another

323 **apace** swiftly

326 **clapped up** settled

328 **desperate mart** risky business endeavor

329 **’Twas…you** it (Kate) was a piece of merchandise that was losing its value (**fretting** plays on the sense of “aggravating”)

331 **quiet** peace of mind

332 **quiet catch** (ironic)

339 **freeze** possibly implies impotence

340 **fry** burn lecherously

341 **Skipper** frivolous wastrel **nourisheth** sustains life

343 **compound** settle

344 **deeds** actions/legal deeds **he of both** whichever of the two of you

345 **dower** settlement made to the wife on the death of the husband

349 **plate** gold or silver tableware

350 **lave** wash

351 **hangings** wallcoverings **Tyrian** from Tyre, an ancient trading city on the Mediterranean

352 **coffers** chests

353 **cypress** made from cypress wood **arras counterpoints** tapestried bed coverings from Arras

354 **tents** hangings for a bed

355 **Turkey** Turkish **bossed** embossed, adorned

356 **Valance…needlework** valences (borders on the sides or canopy of a bed) embroidered with Venetian gold thread

359 **milch-kine** dairy cows **to the pail** (specifically) for milking

361 **answerable…portion** appropriate to an estate of this size
362 **struck** old
365 **came well in** is to the point **list** listen
369 **walls** i.e., the walls forming the city limits
371 **two…land** i.e., the land brings in an annual income of two thousand ducats (gold coins)
372 **jointure** widow’s settlement
373 **pinched** distressed/belittled
376 **argosy** large merchant ship
377 **Marseillis’ road** the harbor at Marseilles
380 **galliases** heavy low-built vessels
381 **tight** efficient, seaworthy
387 **out-vied** outbid (card-playing term)
389 **let** providing **assurance** (financial) guarantee
390 **else** otherwise
392 **cavil** quibble
402 **gamester** gambler, foolish adventurer **were** would be
404 **Set…table** i.e., become dependent upon you **toy** piece of nonsense
407 **faced …ten** bluffed, brazened it out with a card only worth ten
408 **’Tis…head** I have a plan
410 **get** beget, conceive
413 **sire** father

Act 3 Scene 1

1 **Fiddler …sir** implies that Hortensio is holding Bianca’s fingers as he teaches her the lute

2 **entertainment** reception

3 **withal** with

6 **prerogative** priority

8 **lecture** lesson

9 **Preposterous** unreasonable/placing last what should be first

10 **ordained** created

12 **usual pain** habitual labor

14 **serve in** serve up (contemptuous)

15 **braves** blustering threats

17 **resteth …choice** is up to me

18 **breeching …schools** schoolboy liable to be whipped (breeched)

19 **’pointed** appointed

22 **the whiles** in the meantime

28 **‘*Hic…senis*’** “here ran the [river] Simois; here is the Sigeian land [Troy]; here stood the lofty palace of old Priam [King of Troy]” (from Ovid’s *Heroides*)

30 **Conster** translate/analyze grammatically/expound

34 **port** station, dignity **pantaloon** foolish old man (i.e., Gremio)

36 **fie** expression of impatience or disgust **jars** sounds discordant

37 **Spit…again** possibly a perversion of the proverb “spit in your hands and take a better hold” (sequence **instrument’s…spit in the hole … tune… fingering** may have sexual connotations)

43 **jars** quarrels

44 **pedant** schoolmaster/quibbler

46 **Pedascule** little pedant

48 **Aeacides …grandfather** the Greek hero Ajax was also known as Aeacides, after his grandfather Aeacus (Lucentio has moved to the next line of Ovid’s *Heroides*)

50 **master** tutor

51 **doubt** point

54 **pleasant** merry, playful

55 **give me leave** leave me

56 **three parts** i.e., the company of three people

57 **formal** punctilious

58 **withal** at the same time **but** unless

61 **order** method

63 **gamut** the musical scale **briefer sort** quicker way

66 **fairly drawn** neatly set out

69 **ground …accord** basis of all harmony

73 **one …I** perhaps Hortensio’s love (**one clef**) and his real and assumed personalities (**two notes**); may also have sexual connotations (“one vagina,” “two testicles”—**notes** playing on “nuts”) leading to play on **die** in next line

76 **Old** established **nice** capricious

77 **true** legitimate, constant

83 **pry into** spy on, investigate

86 **stale** decoy (specifically, one that distracts a poorly trained hawk)

87 **Seize …list** let those who want you have you **ranging** straying (like a hawk)/unfaithful

88 **quit with** rid of/even with

Act 3 Scene 2

5 **want** lack

8 **forsooth** in truth

10 **rudesby** insolent ruffian **spleen** temper, passion

11 **wooed …leisure** varies the proverbial “he who marries in haste repents at leisure”

12 **frantic** insane, frenzied

14 **noted for** known as

19 **Lo** look

23 **fortune …word** event prevents him from keeping his word

29 **humour** temperament

30 **Old** plentiful (Baptista plays on the more familiar sense)

39 **to** of

40 **jerkin** close-fitting jacket

41 **turned** i.e., inside out (to make them last longer) **candle-cases** containers for candle ends (i.e., too worn out to wear)

43 **chapeless** without a sheath **points** laces for fastening the doublet to the hose **hipped** lame, with an injured hip

44 **of no kindred** that do not match **glanders** horse disease affecting the nostrils and jaws **like…chine** of unclear meaning; perhaps a corruption of “like to mourn in the **chine**“—i.e., likely to be in the final stages of the **glanders**—or possibly “likely to have a weak spine (**chine**)”

45 **lampass** horse disease affecting the mouth **fashions** farcins (horse disease causing tumors)

46 **windgalls** tumors on a horse’s leg **sped with spavins** rendered useless by swelling of the leg joints **rayed** disfigured **yellows** jaundice **fives** horse disease affecting the parotid glands **stark** utterly

47 **staggers** horse disease marked by a staggering movement **begnawn** gnawed at **bots** intestinal worms **swayed…back** with a bowed spine

48 **shoulder-shotten** with a dislocated shoulder **near-legged before** knock-kneed in the front legs **half-checked bit** restraining bit with a broken side-ring (so, ineffective) **head-stall** part of the horse’s bridle that goes over the head

49 **sheep’s leather** i.e., weak leather **restrained** pulled tight

50 **girth** leather band that goes under the horse’s stomach to hold the saddle in place **pieced** mended

51 **crupper** leather strap that prevents the saddle from slipping **velure** velvet **hath…studs** is adorned with her initials in (brass or silver) studs

52 **packthread** string

54 **lackey** servant **caparisoned** dressed

55 **stock** stocking **kersey** coarse cloth **boot-hose** over-stocking covering the whole of the lower leg

56 **list** strip of cloth **humour…fancies** unclear; possibly refers to an old ballad, or to a fanciful ornament—the general sense is that the hat is adorned in an elaborate and whimsical manner **pricked…feather** pinned in it in place of

57 **footboy** page, servant on foot

59 **pricks** spurs

60 **mean-apparelled** dressed humbly/moderately

68 **Saint Jamy** probably Saint James of Compostella, whose shrine was a popular object of pilgrimage

69 **hold** bet

73 **gallants** fashionable, fine young gentlemen

75 **come not well** am not welcome (Baptista responds to the sense of “walk with difficulty”)

76 **halt** limp

80 **Gentles** gentlemen

81 **wherefore** why **goodly** fine

82 **monument** portent

83 **comet** thought be a bad omen **prodigy** omen

86 **unprovided** ill-dressed, unprepared

87 **doff** take off **habit** clothing **estate** rank

88 **solemn** ceremonious

89 **occasion of import** important event

98 **wears** is passing, being wasted

99 **unreverent** disrespectful

103 **Good sooth** truly **ha’** have

105 **wear** wear out (with sexual connotations)

106 **accoutrements** clothes

110 **lovely** loving

114 **event** outcome

116 **liking** approval **to pass** about

119 **skills** matters **fit** adapt

126 **steps** movements **narrowly** closely

127 **steal our marriage** marry secretly

131 **watch our vantage** look for a favorable opportunity

132 **overreach** outwit

133 **narrow-prying** inquisitive

134 **quaint** crafty

139 **groom** lowly character/servingman

141 **Curster** more quarrelsome

144 **a fool to** innocent compared to

145 **Sir** respectful term of address

147 **gogs-wouns** God’s wounds (a common oath)

148 **book** i.e., Bible

150 **took** gave

152 **them** probably refers to the priest and, his book; possibly refers to the hem of Kate’s skirt with Petruchio claiming to suspect the priest of peeping at her undergarments **any list** anyone is listening/wants to

154 **for why** because

155 **cozen** cheat

156 **many** various

159 **quaffed off** drank up, drained **muscadel** a sweet wine

160 **sops** pieces of bread or cake placed in wine

162 **hungerly** sparsely

163 **him** him for

168 **rout** company

170 **minstrels** musicians

172 **think** expect

173 **cheer** food and drink

178 **Make …wonder** don’t be surprised

180 **honest** worthy, kind

193 **not stay** not content to stay

196 **oats…horses** i.e., the horses are more than ready to gallop (as they have been so well fed)

201 **be…green** go while your boots are still fresh

203 **jolly** self-confident, arrogant

204 **take…roundly** behaves so presumptuously from the start

206 **hast …do** is it to do with you

207 **stay my leisure** wait until I’m ready

208 **it …work** things are beginning to happen

214 **domineer** feast riotously

215 **Carouse full measure** drink heartily **maidenhead** virginity

216 **mad** high-spirited

218 **big** threatening, irate

220 **my …anything** an echo of the Tenth Commandment, which lists the possessions one should not covet **chattels** movable possessions

221 **stuff** furnishings

224 **bring mine action** take legal action against/respond with physical force **proudest he** bravest/most self-assured man

229 **buckler** defend (a buckler was a small round shield)

231 **Went they not** if they had not gone

235 **Kated** mated with Kate/infected with “the Kate”

236 **wants For to** are lacking to

238 **junkets** sweetmeats

240 **room** place

241 **bride it** play the bride

Act 3 Scene 3

3.3 ***Location:*** *a country estate*

1 **foul ways** muddy roads

2 **rayed** dirtied

4 **little …hot** small pot that boils rapidly—i.e., small man who is quick to become angry (proverbial)

7 **taller** braver/nobler/less short

8 **coldly** unenthusiastically/like one who is physically chilly

10 **run** running start

12 **fire…water** refers to the musical round “Scotland’s burning, Scotland’s burning / See yonder! See yonder! / Fire, fire! Fire, fire! / Cast on water! Cast on water!”

13 **hot** fiery tempered

14 **winter…beast** “winter and wedlock tame both man and beast” (proverbial)

17 **beast** Curtis objects to the implication that he is Grumio’s **fellow** after Grumio compares himself to a **beast**

18 **horn** cuckold’s horn (the sign of a man with an unfaithful wife) **so… least** i.e., I/my penis must be at least as long to have made you a cuckold (picking up on the **three-inch** insult)

21 **hot office** fire-making duty

23 **do…duty** do your duty and take your dues (wages)

26 **Jack…news** alludes to the musical round “Jack boy, ho boy, News: / The cat is in the well”

27 **cony-catching** trickery (puns on “catch”—i.e., a musical round, such as that quoted by Grumio)

29 **trimmed** decked out, prepared **strewed** i.e., on the floor, the usual Elizabethan practice

30 **fustian** type of coarse cloth

31 **jacks** male servants/leather drinking vessels **jills** female servants/metal drinking vessels (which would need polishing **without**) **laid** usually on tables or hung on walls

37 **ha’t** have it, hear it

42 **sensible** felt by the senses/easily understood

43 ***Imprimis*** first (Latin)

45 **of** on

48 **crossed** interrupted/irritated

50 **miry** boggy **bemoiled** covered with mud

53 **burst** broken

54 **worthy memory** worth remembering

55 **unexperienced** in ignorance

57 **proudest** bravest

58 **what** why

59 **blue** traditional color of a servant’s livery

60 **indifferent knit** modest/matching pattern **curtsy** bow **left legs** as a show of subservience (to put your right foot forward was considered arrogant)

61 **kiss their hands** to kiss your own hand was a mark of respect to a superior

65 **countenance** honor (in the next line Grumio puns on the sense of “face”)

69 **credit** respect (in the next line Grumio puns on the sense of “provide financial credit for”)

77 **spruce** lively/smart **neat** spotless/elegant

79 **this** this time **Cock’s passion** by God’s passion

86 **logger-headed** stupid

90 **swain** yokel **whoreson** rogue, son-of-a-whore **malt-horse drudge** plodding idiot (literally, heavy brewer’s horse used to grind malt by working a treadmill)

91 **park** enclosed hunting ground

93 **made** finished

94 **unpinked** lacking ornamentation

95 **link** blacking (from a burnt torch)

96 **come from sheathing** returned from being fitted with a scabbard

97 **fine** properly dressed

101 **‘Where…those—’** lines from an old (lost) ballad

103 **Soud** unclear; possibly an exclamation of impatience or despair (many editors emend to “Food”)

105 **when** exclamation of impatience

106 **It …way** fragment of a ballad (possibly bawdy, now lost) **friar…grey** Gray friar or Franciscan

108 **Out** exclamation of anger **pluck…awry** pull my foot the wrong way (as you remove my boot)

109 **mend** make a better job of

110 **water** for handwashing

111 **Troilus** a name associated with fidelity

112 **Ferdinand** no such character ever appears

118 **beetle-headed** thick-headed (a “beetle” is a heavy wooden mallet) **flap-eared** with long hanging ears

119 **stomach** appetite

120 **give thanks** say grace

127 **dresser** kitchen table on which food was prepared/sideboard from which food was served

129 **trenchers** plates

130 **joltheads** blockheads **unmannered** insolent

131 **be …straight** deal with you immediately

133 **well** satisfactory

136 **choler** anger (associated with heat and dryness)

138 **of ourselves** by our natures

141 **for company** together

144 **kills …humour** defeats her with her own temperament

146 **continency** moderation, self-restraint

147 **rates** scolds

149 **new-risen** newly woken

151 **politicly** shrewdly, strategically

153 **falcon** i.e., Kate; methods used in training a wild hawk involved continual observation, sleep deprivation, and hunger **sharp** keenly hungry

154 **stoop** swoops directly to the prey/submits **full-gorged** fully fed

155 **looks upon** takes notice of **lure** bait used in training a hawk

156 **man** control **haggard** female hawk/wild woman

158 **watch her** keep her awake **kites** birds of prey

159 **bate and beat** flutter and flap

160 **eat** ate

166 **hurly** commotion **intend** pretend

168 **watch** remain awake

174 **charity to show** public duty to reveal it

Act 3 Scene 4

3.4	***Location:***	*Padua*
3	**bears …hand**	encourages me
4	**satisfy**	convince
7	**resolve**	answer
8	**I profess**	which I practice/claim knowledge of
	Art to Love	Ovid’s erotic poem *Ars Amatoria*
11	**Quick proceeders**	apt/rapid students (plays on the scholarly sense of to “proceed” from a bachelor’s to a master’s degree)
15	**wonderful**	extraordinary
19	**such a one**	i.e., Bianca
20	**cullion**	wretch
23	**entire**	wholehearted
24	**lightness**	inconstancy/promiscuity
26	**Forswear**	reject
31	**fondly**	foolishly/dotingly
32	**unfeignèd**	genuine
34	**beastly**	abominably/lecherously
35	**Would …foresworn!**	If only the whole world, other than he, would forsake her!
36	**that**	so that
43	**In resolution**	determinedly
45	**’longeth**	belongs
46	**ta’en you napping**	caught you off guard
51	**lusty**	lively/eager/merry/lustful
59	**eleven…long**	i.e., exactly right (alludes to the card game “thirty-one”)
60	**charm**	silence with a spell
62	**dog-weary**	exhausted
63	**ancient angel**	old guardian angel
66	**mercatante**	merchant (Italian)
	pedant	schoolmaster
71	**seem**	pretend to be
74	**let me alone**	i.e., rely on me
81	**What countryman**	where are you from
85	**goes hard**	is significant
88	**stayed**	detained

89 **For** on account of a

90 **published** publicly announced

91 **marvel** remarkable **newly come** have only just arrived

93 **than so** even than this

94 **bills …exchange** money orders, promissory notes

106 **and all one** but never mind

111 **credit** reputation **undertake** assume

113 **Look …should** make sure that you play your part properly

117 **repute** consider, esteem

119 **make …good** put the plan into action

121 **looked for** expected

125 **becomes** befits

Act 4 Scene 1

4.1 ***Location:*** *a country estate*

2 **my wrong** injustice I undergo

5 **present** immediate

9 **meat** food

11 **spites** mortifies, vexes

13 **who** one who

16 **so** so long as

17 **neat's** ox's

19 **choleric** likely to induce choler (anger)

20 **broiled** grilled

22 **cannot tell** am not sure

32 **very** mere

36 **sweeting** sweetheart **amort** dispirited

37 **what cheer** how are you (in the next line Kate plays on the sense of "food/hospitality" and Petruchio continues the wordplay with **cheerfully**)

38 **cold** poor, inadequate

44 **pains …proof** efforts are wasted

46 **stand** remain

50 **to blame** at fault

54 **apace** quickly

56 **bravely** splendidly

58 **ruffs** elaborate starched neck-wear **cuffs** decorative bands sewn onto the sleeves **farthingales** boned petticoats worn underneath the back of the dress

60 **knavery** showy adornment

62 **ruffling treasure** frilled, lacy clothing

65 **bespeak** order

66 **porringer** porridge bowl

67 **lewd** vile, cheap **filthy** contemptible

68 **cockle** cockleshell

69 **A…trick** i.e., trinkets, trifles

71 **fit the time** is fashionable

73 **gentle** mild

78 **endured me** permitted me to

85 **custard-coffin** pastry crust for custard

90 **masquing stuff** clothes fit for a masque (i.e., elaborate, theatrical)

91 **demi-cannon** large cannon

92 **up and down** in every respect **carved…tart** i.e., slashed to reveal a different fabric beneath (like the slits on tart crusts)

94 **censer** perfuming vessel with a perforated lid

99 **did** I did

100 **mar** ruin

101 **hop…home** hop home over every street gutter (**kennel**)

103 **make …it** do what you can with it

105 **quaint** elegant, skillfully made

106 **Belike** perhaps **puppet** i.e., fool

110 **yard** yardstick, measuring rod **nail** measure of length for cloth (two and a quarter inches)

112 **Braved** defied

113 **quantity** scrap

114 **be-mete** measure (quibbles on “mete out punishment”)

115 **on prating** of prattling like this again

120 **stuff** material

124 **faced** adorned (Grumio’s next usage puns on the sense of “confront”)

126 **braved** provided clothes for/defied

128 ***Ergo*** “therefore” (Latin)

131 **The…throat** the note lies outrageously (punning on the sense of a musical note that emanates from the throat)

132 **loose-bodied gown** loose-fitting/designed for sexually “loose” women

134 **bottom** ball

136 **compassed** cut with a curved edge

138 **trunk** full, puffed

140 **curiously** elaborately/skilfully

142 **bill** the note detailing the nature of the dress

143 **prove upon thee** i.e., by fighting you

145 **an** if **place where** suitable place

146 **for thee straight** ready for you now **mete-yard** yardstick

148 **odds** advantage

151 **take…use** take it away and let your master use it how he will (in his response, Grumio interprets **take up** as “pull up” and **use** as “sexual

usage”)

153 **conceit** idea (puns on “con”—i.e., “vagina”)

154 **think for** think

160 **of** from

163 **mean habiliments** poor, humble clothes

164 **proud** bulging

167 **peereth** appears/peeps through

171 **painted** colored, patterned

173 **furniture** clothing

174 **lay** blame

175 **frolic** be joyous

176 **sport us** make merry

181 **dinnertime** noon

183 **suppertime** i.e., about six

185 **what** whatever

186 **crossing** contradicting **let’t alone** leave it

Act 4 Scene 2

4.2 ***Location:*** *Padua*

2 **but** unless

5 **Pegasus** i.e., at an inn with the sign of Pegasus, the winged horse of classical mythology

6 **hold your own** play your part

7 **’longeth** belongs

9 **schooled** instructed/practiced (in his part)

11 **throughly** thoroughly

12 **right** real

16 **looked for** expected

17 **tall** fine **hold…drink** take this to buy a drink

18 **set your countenance** assume the appearance (of a father)

21 **stand** show yourself a

22 **patrimony** inheritance

23 **Soft** wait a moment

28 **for** because of

30 **stay** delay

32 **please…I** are as satisfied as I am

35 **one consent** absolute agreement **bestowed** given in marriage

36 **curious** particular, awkward

45 **pass** confirm

48 **know** deem, think

49 **affied** betrothed formally **assurance…stand** pledges made as will be agreeable to both parties

52 **Pitchers have ears** i.e., there may be eavesdroppers (proverbial) **Pitchers** jugs with large handles (“ears”) on either side

53 **heark’ning still** continues to wait for his opportunity

54 **haply** perhaps

56 **lie** lodge

57 **pass** settle

59 **scriv’ner** scribe authorized to draw up legal contracts

61 **pittance** sustenance, food

62 **hie** hurry

66 **like** soon, likely

70 **mess** dish, basic meal

77 **has** he has

78 **tokens** signals

79 **moralize** explain

85 **command** service

87 **counterfeit assurance** invalid legal settlement

88 **assurance** pledge ***cum…solum*** “with the sole right to print” (Latin), a copyright phrase found in the title pages of books but here applied to the idea of marriage and reproduction

89 **sufficient** right amount/competent **that…for** what you want

95 **against you come** in anticipation of your arrival **appendix** appendage (i.e., Bianca; also continues the printing metaphor)

98 **Hap** happen **roundly…her** approach her plainly, without further ado (may also have sexual connotations)

99 **go hard** be unfortunate (plays on the sense of “get erect”)

Act 4 Scene 3

4.3 ***Location:*** *on the road*

2 **goodly** splendidly

7 **list** please

8 **Or ere** before

14 **rush-candle** candle dipped in tallow wax, which gave a dim light

24 **go thy ways** well done/carry on **field** battle

25 **bowl should run** refers to the game of bowls in which balls are rolled toward a central ball

26 **against the** bias against its natural course (the **bias** is the weight in the ball that enables it to be bowled in a curve)

28 **Where away?** Where are you going?

30 **fresher** more blooming

32 **spangle** shine, adorn

36 **A** he

40 **whom** to whom

47 **green** young, fresh (also alludes to the optical effect of looking at and then away from the sun)

54 **encounter** greeting

62 **father** father-in-law

64 **this** this time

65 **esteem** reputation

67 **beseem** befit

70 **honest** virtuous, noble (ironically plays on the sense of “truthful”)

73 **pleasant** jovial **break a jest** play a joke

77 **jealous** suspicious

78 **put…heart** encouraged me

79 **Have to** now for/here’s to

80 **untoward** stubborn, perverse

Act 4 Scene 4

4.4 ***Location:*** *Padua*

4 **o'your back** behind you (i.e., I'll see you safely into the church)

8 **father's** i.e., Baptista's house **bears** lies

10 **You …but** i.e., I insist that

11 **command** authorize, ascertain

12 **cheer is toward** entertainment is in place

20 **frivolous circumstances** trivial matters

22 **from Padua** i.e., where we are right now (some editors emend to "from Mantua," or "to Padua")

28 **cozen** cheat

29 **under my countenance** by pretending to be me

30 **good shipping** happy fortune, a good journey (perhaps also "good sex")

31 **undone** ruined

33 **crack-hemp** rogue who deserves to be hanged (literally, who causes the hempen rope to strain)

34 **choose** do as I choose/have a choice when it comes to being hanged

46 **offer** attempt

47 **fine** richly dressed

48 **copatain** high-crowned

54 **'cerns it you** does it concern you

55 **maintain** afford

56 **Bergamo** town near Milan

67 **forthcoming** available to stand trial

71 **cony-catched** tricked

77 **dotard** old fool

78 **hailed** dragged about/greeted

79 **spoiled** ruined

88 **counterfeit supposes** false appearances **eyne** eyes

89 **packing** plotting, conspiracy **with a witness** that's for certain

93 **changed** plays on the meaning of *cambio* ("change")

95 **state** situation/status

104 **go to** exclamation of mild impatience and dismissal

106 **sound** probe

108 **cake is dough** i.e., I've failed

109 **Out …all** with no hope of anything

118 **once** at some time

Act 5 Scene 1

5.1 ***banquet*** fruit, sweetmeats, and wine, served after the main meal

1 **long** after a long time

3 **scapes** escapes **overblown** now past

5 **kindness** kinship/good will

8 **with** on

9 **close** fill

10 **great good cheer** presumably the main wedding feast at Baptista's

16 **fears** is frightened of/frightens

17 **Then …afeard** i.e., I can assure you I am not frightened

18 **sensible** perceptive

20 **He …round** i.e., you attribute your own feelings to others—you, Petruchio, are afraid of *your* wife

21 **Roundly** boldly, soundly

23 **Thus…him** that's how I understand him (Petruchio picks up on **roundly** and **conceive** to make a joke about pregnancy)

25 **conceives her tale** interprets her remark/is impregnated (tale puns on "tail"—i.e., vagina)

26 **mended** retorted/rectified

32 **mean** average/poor

34 **mean …you** moderate compared to you

35 **To her** attack her (a cry used to urge on animals in hunting or fighting)

37 **marks** coins, each worth two thirds of a pound **put her down** outdo her (Gremio plays on the sense of "have sex with her")

38 **office** role/sexual duty

41 **butt** lock horns/thrust sexually

42 **butt** bottom **hasty-witted body** quick-witted person

43 **head and horn** a horned head (i.e., that of a cuckold; horn plays on the sense of "penis/hunting horn")

47 **Have at you** be prepared for **bitter** shrewd, keen

48 **bird** prey **shift my bush** fly to another bush to hide in (plays on the idea of pubic hair)

49 **bow** refers to fowling— hunting sitting birds with bow and arrow (with phallic connotations)

51 **prevented** thwarted

52 **hit** shot with an arrow/penetrated sexually
53 **health** toast
54 **slipped** unleashed
56 **currish** ignoble/dog-like
58 **deer** puns on “dear” **does…bay** turns on you and holds you off with its horns/denies you sex
60 **gird** taunt
62 **galled** scratched, irritated
63 **glance away from** bounce off
65 **good sadness** all seriousness
66 **veriest** truest
67 **assurance** proof
75 **of** on
84 **be your half** put up half your bet
89 **How?** What?
97 **needs** necessarily
110 **The …mine** then I have the worst luck
111 **by my holidame** by Our Lady/by all that I hold holy
114 **conferring** chatting
116 **Swinge** thrash
121 **awful** worthy of respect **right** rightful
122 **what not** everything
123 **fair befall thee** good luck to you
127 **as …been** as if the former Kate had never existed
136 **pass** state of affairs
137 **foolish** stupid (Lucentio shifts the sense to “fond, doting”)
141 **laying** betting
148 **Unknit** relax **unkind** harsh/unnatural
151 **meads** meadows
152 **Confounds thy fame** destroys your reputation
153 **meet** appropriate
154 **moved** angered
155 **ill-seeming** ugly
161 **painful** grueling
162 **watch** be awake during
169 **peevish** stubborn, perverse

170	**honest**	virtuous, upright
172	**graceless**	sinful
173	**simple**	foolish
175	**sway**	authority, influence
176	**bound**	i.e., by duty/in marriage
178	**Unapt**	not designed
179	**soft**	gentle, fragile
	conditions	constitutions/qualities
181	**unable**	incapable
182	**big**	strong/contentious/determined/proud
183	**haply**	perhaps
184	**bandy**	exchange
187	**That …be**	seeming to be that
188	**vail your stomachs**	lower your pride/surrender your inclinations
	boot	use
191	**do him ease**	give him pleasure/ease his burden
193	**go thy ways**	well done
	ha't	have it (win the wager)
194	**'Tis…toward**	it is a good thing to hear when children are compliant
197	**three**	three men
	you…sped	you two (Lucentio and Hortensio) are done for
198	**white**	center of the target (puns on Bianca's name, "white" in Italian)
200	**shrew**	pronounced "shrow," the word provides the rhyme for this final couplet

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

All's Well That Ends Well is one of Shakespeare's least performed and least loved comedies. It is also one of his most fascinating and intriguingly modern works. The play presents a battlefield of opposing value systems: abstract codes jostle against material commodities, words are undermined by actions, generation argues with generation, and a sex war rages.

The language of sexual relations is persistently intermingled with that of warfare. The key word, deployed with equal force in conversations about the bedroom, the court, and the battlefield, is "honour." The atmosphere feels very different from that of Shakespeare's comic green world. *All's Well* shares the darker view of human nature and the more troubling preoccupations of three other plays written at the end of Queen Elizabeth I's reign and the beginning of James I's: *Troilus and Cressida*, *Othello,* and *Measure for Measure*.

In the very first scene, virginity is described by Parolles as woman's weapon of resistance. But man will besiege it, "undermine" it, and "blow up" his foe—make her pregnant. Like honor, virginity may variously be seen as a mystical treasure, a mark of integrity, a marketable commodity, and a kind of nothing. Traditional wisdom suggests that it is something a girl must preserve with care. But the play is full of proverbs and moral maxims that are found wanting, "undermined" by the demands of the body. Lavatch, Shakespeare's most cynical and lascivious fool, is on hand to remind us of this. "I am driven on by the flesh," he remarks, suggesting that the story of the sexes boils down to "Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger." "Tib" was a generic name for a whore; the "rush" is a rudimentary wedding ring fashioned from reeds, but a woman's "ring" is also the place where she is penetrated by a man's nether finger.

"War" says Bertram, "is no strife / To the dark house and the detested wife." For a young man in search of action, a wife is but a "clog," a block of wood tied to an animal to prevent it from escaping. Parolles voices the same sentiment in the tumble of language that is his hallmark:

To th'wars, my boy, to th'wars!
He wears his honour in a box unseen
That hugs his kicky-wicky here at home,
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars' fiery steed. To other regions,
France is a stable, we that dwell in't jades:
Therefore, to th'war!

"Kicky-wicky" is an abusive term for a wife, the "box unseen" is the vagina and "marrow" is the essence of manliness (according to ancient physiology, semen was distilled from the marrow in the backbone). A proper man, Parolles suggests, should be off riding a "fiery steed" into battle, in the spirit of Mars, god of war; those who stay at home are no better than female horses good only for breeding and sexual indulgence ("jade" was another slang term for "whore").

All's Well is in the mainstream of comedy insofar as it is about young people and the process of growing up. Bertram is like most young men of every era: he wants to be one of the boys, to prove his manhood. Enlistment in the army provides the ideal opportunity. He wants to sow some wild oats along the way, but is not ready for marriage. Critics hate him for not loving the lovely humble Helen from the start. "I cannot reconcile my heart to Bertram," wrote Dr. Johnson with characteristic candor and forthrightness, "a man noble without generosity, and young without truth; who marries Helen as a coward, and leaves her as a profligate: when she is dead by his unkindness, sneaks home to a second marriage, is accused by a woman whom he has wronged, defends himself by falsehood, and is dismissed to happiness." Of course, there is something obnoxious in the snobbery with which Bertram first dismisses Helen on the grounds of her low status, but when he goes on to say that he is simply not in love with her, he reveals a kind of integrity. He bows to the king's will and marries her, but since his heart does not belong to her he refuses to give her his body. If a woman were forced to marry in this way, we would rather admire her for withholding sexual favors from her husband.

Bertram represents modernity in that he acts according to an existential principle: he follows his own self, not some preexistent code of duty, service to his monarch, or obligation to the older generation. One word for this code is indeed integrity. Another is selfishness. It is the prerogative of the old, especially mothers, to know, to suffer, and still to forgive the selfishness of their young. Bertram's mother, the widowed Countess of Rossillion, who treats the orphaned Helen like a daughter and is only too happy to accept her as a daughter-in-law, regardless of her lowly background, was described by George Bernard Shaw as "the most beautiful old woman's part ever written" (though she could perfectly well be in her forties). Since female parts were written for young male actors, strong maternal roles such as this are exceptional in Shakespeare. The only analogous parts are the more overbearing figures of Queen Margaret in the *Henry VI* plays, Tamora in *Titus Andronicus*, and Volumnia in *Coriolanus*. The serenity of the countess has meant that the principal reason for modern revivals of *All's Well* has been the opportunity to showcase actresses such as Edith Evans, Peggy Ashcroft, and Judi Dench in their later years.

One of the key debates in the play is that between nature and nurture. The Countess of Rossillion believes that her son is a fundamentally good boy who has fallen into bad company, as embodied by the worthless Parolles. Helen, meanwhile, has strong natural qualities (the "dispositions she inherits") reinforced by a loving and responsible upbringing (the "education" she has received first from her doctor father, then in the household of the countess).

Parallel to the question of nature and nurture is that of divine providence and individual responsibility. Helen believes that "Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie, / Which we ascribe to heaven": like Bertram, she is a voice of modernity in her belief that individuals can carve their own destiny. She does so by means of disguise and bold solo travel: from Roussillon in south-west France to Paris, where she gains access to the king, then to Florence in the dress of a pilgrim en route to Compostella. Like Julia in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Rosalind in *As You Like It*, and Viola in *Twelfth Night*, she uses her disguised self as an opportunity to talk about her true feelings. The part is the longest in the play and it gives an actor great opportunities for the portrayal of an isolated young woman's self-exploration through both soliloquy and dialogue in lucid and serpentine verse, not to mention passages of prose banter and some piercing asides.

As Dr. Johnson dryly noted, the geography seems somewhay awry when Helen undertakes her pilgrimage: in going from France to Spain via Italy, she is "somewhat out of the road." Such details did not matter to Shakespeare. For him, the pilgrim motif—taken over from the story in Boccaccio that was his source for the main plot of the play—had symbolic importance in that it associated Helen with an older value structure of reverence and self-sacrifice even as she asserts her own will. Pilgrims are people who believe in miracles, so Helen's adoption of the role allies her with the worldview voiced by the old courtier Lafew after she has cured the king: "They say miracles are past, and we have our philosophical persons to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear."

Yet Helen is only a pretended pilgrim and the king has been cured not by a miracle but by the medical knowledge she has inherited from her father. Again and again the play takes a fairy-tale motif and turns it into something tougher, more earthly, and open to philosophical debate. Lafew's generalization sets up the key scene in which Bertram rejects Helen. The idea of unquestioning obedience to the king's will is itself a thing "supernatural and causeless." It depends upon an "unknown fear," the mystique of monarchy, the idea that the king is God's representative on earth, and that to challenge him will cause the entire fabric of the natural order to collapse. In a crucial rhyming couplet near the end of the play—often editorially reassigned to the Countess of Rossillion for no good textual reason—the king says that, since he has failed in his management of Bertram's first marriage, the second had better be a success otherwise "nature" may as well "cesse" (cease).

Shakespeare's instinctive conservatism tips the balance in favor of the old order. The king, the countess, and the old courtier are generous and ethically admirable, much more obviously sympathetic than Bertram, Parolles, and Lavatch. Bertram has to be tricked out of his sexual selfishness and Parolles out of his vainglory, but still Shakespeare the role-player and wordsmith invests huge dramatic energy in the darker characters. He uses them to open cracks in the established order. The king tells Bertram that Helen should be viewed for what she is within, not by way of the superficial trappings of wealth and rank: "The property by what it is should go, / Not by the title.” Yet his own authority depends on his title, and the “go by what it is” argument might be turned to say that if Bertram does not love Helen he should not marry her. The king moves swiftly from reasoning to the assertion of raw authority: “My honour’s at the stake, which to defeat, / I must produce my power.” Shakespeare’s intensely compacted writing style makes the point. By “which to defeat,” the king means “in order to defeat the threat to my honor,” but ironically the very need to produce his “power” itself defeats the code of honor. As so often in Shakespeare’s darker plays, the figure of Niccolò Machiavelli lurks in the shadows, whispering that fine old codes such as honor and duty can only be underwritten by raw power.

He who asserts the new code of the self must live by that code. Both Bertram and Parolles are found out. The two lords Dumaine are not only mechanics in the double plot of ambush and bed trick, but also commentators upon how their victims are brought to self-knowledge: “As we are ourselves, what things we are! / Merely our own traitors.” The Dumaines too are young and modern in their recognition that we cannot simply sort our kind into sheep and goats in the manner of authoritarian religious dispensations. They propose instead that human life is shaded gray: “The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues.” This could be the epigraph for Shakespeare’s dramatically mingled yarn of tragi-comedy.

Parolles comes to acknowledge his boastful tongue. “Simply the thing I am / Shall make me live,” he vows. What, though, can this mean, given that —as his name indicates—he is made of nothing but words? Bertram, meanwhile, only comes to realize how much Helen is to be valued when she has been lost. The fiction of comedy gives him a second chance to love her. But in the modern world where there are no miracles, “all’s well that ends well” is a fiction. Along the way, we have been promised on more than one occasion that all will end well, but when it comes to the climax the king says that “all yet *seems* well” and that “*if* it end so meet” then all bitterness will be past. Those little conditional qualifiers leave open the door to the tragic world.

KEY FACTS

PLOT: Helen, orphaned daughter of a doctor, is under the protection of the widowed Countess of Rossillion. In love with Bertram, the countess' son, Helen follows him to court, where she cures the sick French king of an apparently fatal illness. The king rewards her by offering her the husband of her choice. She names Bertram; he resists. When forced by the king to marry her, he refuses to sleep with her and, accompanied by the braggart Parolles, leaves for the Italian wars. He says that he will only accept Helen if she obtains a ring from his finger and becomes pregnant with his child. She goes to Italy disguised as a pilgrim and suggests a "bed trick" whereby she will take the place of Diana, a widow's daughter whom Bertram is trying to seduce. A "kidnapping trick" humiliates the boastful Parolles, while the bed trick enables Helen to fulfill Bertram's conditions, leaving him no option but to be a husband to her, to his mother's delight.

MAJOR PARTS: (*with percentages of lines/number of speeches/scenes on stage*) Helen (16%/109/ 12), Parolles (13%/141/11), King of France (13%/87/4), Countess (10%/86/7), Bertram (9%102/10), Lafew (9%/97/7), Lavatch (7%/58/6), First Lord Dumaine (5%/70/7), Second Lord Dumaine (4%/47/6), Diana (4%/44/4), First Soldier/Interpreter (3%/37/2), Widow (2%/21/5).

LINGUISTIC MEDIUM: 55% verse, 45% prose.

DATE: No external evidence to indicate when written or first performed; usually dated to early Jacobean years (1603–06) on stylistic grounds and because of similarity to *Measure for Measure*. Moments of antipuritan satire do not help in determining a specific date.

SOURCES: Main plot derived from Giovanni Boccaccio's *Decameron* (Italian, fourteenth century) by way of William Painter's

English translation, *The Palace of Pleasure* (1566); Countess and Lafew are Shakespeare’s invention, as is Parolles, who is in the tradition of the braggart soldier of classical comedy—a character type of which the greatest Elizabethan examples were Falstaff in *Henry IV* and Captain Bobadil in Ben Jonson’s *Every Man in his Humour*.

TEXT: First Folio of 1623 is only early printed text. Many features such as misassigned speeches, repeated speech headings, inconsistent naming, and probably misplaced lines suggest that the manuscript was not neatly prepared and that it caused confusion to the printers. Apparent authorial first thoughts suggest influence of Shakespeare’s working manuscript, while music cues suggest that of the theatrical promptbook. Of the many textual problems, the most frustrating concerns the two lords/brothers Dumaine: they have several different designations, variants on “1 Lord G.” and “2 Lord E.,” “French E.” and “French G.,” “Captain G.” and “Captain E.” The initials are sometimes supposed to refer to actors’ names. Shakespeare sometimes seems to forget whether “G.” is “1” and “E.” is “2” or vice versa. This means, for instance, that there is confusion over which brother leads the ambush of Parolles and which accompanies Bertram as he sets off to seduce Diana. We have adopted a solution that is dramatically consistent while requiring only minimal alteration of Folio’s speech ascriptions.

ALL’S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

BERTRAM, Count of Rossillion
COUNTESS of Rossillion, his mother
HELEN * (occasionally known as Helena), an orphan in the protection of the countess
REYNALDO, steward to the countess
LAVATCH, clown in the countess’ household
PAROLLES, a boastful follower of Bertram
KING of France
LAFEW, an old French lord
GENTLEMEN of the French court, including an Astringer
FIRST LORD Dumaine
SECOND LORD Dumaine
brothers who become captains in the Florentine army
FIRST SOLDIER, who plays role of interpreter
DUKE of Florence
WIDOW, Capilet of Florence
DIANA, her daughter
MARIANA, her friend
LORDS, Attendants including a Page, Soldiers, people of Florence

Act 1 Scene 1[1.1]

running scene 1

Enter young Bertram, [the] Count of Rossillion, his mother [the Countess], and Helena, Lord Lafew, all in black

COUNTESS In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

BERTRAM And I in going, madam, weep o’er my father’s death anew; but I must attend his majesty’s command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

LAFEW You shall find of the king a husband, madam, you, sir, a father. He that so generally is at all times good must of necessity hold his virtue to you, whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

COUNTESS What hope is there of his majesty’s amendment?

LAFEW He hath abandoned his physicians, madam, under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

COUNTESS This young gentlewoman had a father — O, that ‘had’! How sad a passage ’tis! — whose skill was almost as great as his honesty, had it stretched so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. Would for the king’s sake he were living! I think it would be the death of the king’s disease.

LAFEW How called you the man you speak of, madam?

COUNTESS He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon.

LAFEW He was excellent indeed, madam. The king very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly: he was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

BERTRAM What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

LAFEW A fistula, my lord.

BERTRAM I heard not of it before.

LAFEW I would it were not notorious. Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

COUNTESS His sole child, my lord, and bequeathed to my overlooking.[29] I have those hopes[30] of her good that her education promises her dispositions she inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer. For where an unclean[31] mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity,[32] they are virtues and traitors too. In her they are the better for their simpleness;[33] she derives her honesty and achieves her goodness.

LAFEW Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

COUNTESS ’Tis the best brine a maiden can season[35] her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood[37] from her cheek. No more of this, Helena. Go to, no more, lest it be rather thought you affect[38] a sorrow than to have.

HELEN I do affect a sorrow indeed, but I have it too.

LAFEW Moderate lamentation is the right of[40] the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

COUNTESS If[42] the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

BERTRAM Madam, I desire your holy[43] wishes.

LAFEW How[44] understand we that?

COUNTESS Be thou blest, Bertram, and succeed thy father
In manners[46] as in shape. Thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire[47] in thee, and thy goodness
Share with thy birthright.[48] Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none. Be able[49] for thine enemy
Rather in power[50] than use, and keep thy friend
Under thy own life’s key. Be checked[51] for silence,
But never taxed[52] for speech. What heaven more will,
That thee may furnish and my prayers pluck[53] down,
Fall on thy head! Farewell.— My lord, ***To Lafew***
’Tis an unseasoned[55] courtier. Good my lord,
Advise him.

LAFEW He cannot want[57] the best
That shall attend his love.[58]

COUNTESS Heaven bless him.— Farewell, Bertram.

[Exit]

BERTRAM The best wishes that can be forged[60] in your thoughts be servants to you! ***To Helen*** Be comfortable[61] to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

LAFEW Farewell, pretty lady. You must hold[62] the credit of your father.

[Exeunt Bertram and Lafew]

HELEN O, were that all! I think not on my father,
And these[64] great tears grace his remembrance more
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him. My imagination
Carries no favour[67] in't but Bertram's.
I am undone.[68] There is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. 'Twere[69] all one
That I should love a bright particular star
And think to wed it, he is so above me.
In his bright radiance and collateral[72] light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere;[73]
Th'ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind[75] that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty,[76] though a plague,
To see him every hour, to sit and draw
His archèd brows, his hawking[78] eye, his curls
In our heart's table[79] — heart too capable
Of every line and trick[80] of his sweet favour:
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy[81]
Must sanctify his relics.[82] Who comes here?

Enter Parolles

One that goes with him: I love him for his[83] sake, ***Aside***
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way[85] fool, solely a coward.
Yet these fixed[86] evils sit so fit in him
That they take place[87] when virtue's steely bones
Looks[88] bleak i'th'cold wind. Withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on[89] superfluous folly.

PAROLLES Save[90] you, fair queen!

HELEN And you, monarch!

PAROLLES No.

HELEN And no.

PAROLLES Are you meditating on virginity?

HELEN Ay. You have some stain[95] of soldier in you. Let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity: how may we barricado[96] it against him?

PAROLLES Keep[97] him out.

HELEN But he assails, and our virginity, though valiant, in the defence yet is weak. Unfold[99] to us some warlike resistance.

PAROLLES There is none. Man setting[100] down before you will undermine you and blow you up.

HELEN Bless[102] our poor virginity from underminers and blowers up! Is there no military policy[103] how virgins might blow up men?

PAROLLES Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up.[104] Marry, in blowing him down[105] again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politic[106] in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase,[107] and there was never virgin got till virginity was first lost. That[108] you were made of is mettle to make virgins. Virginity by being once lost may be ten times found.[109] By being ever kept, it is ever lost. ’Tis too cold a companion. Away with’t!

HELEN I will stand for’t[111] a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

PAROLLES There’s little can be said in’t,[112] ’tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part[113] of virginity is to accuse your mothers, which is most infallible disobedience. He[114] that hangs himself is a virgin: virginity murders itself and should be buried in highways[115] out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese, consumes itself to the very paring,[117] and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited[118] sin in the canon. Keep it not, you cannot choose but lose[119] by’t. Out with’t! Within ten year it will make itself two, which is a goodly increase, and the principal[120] itself not much the worse. Away with’t!

HELEN How[122] might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

PAROLLES Let me see. Marry, ill, to like him that ne’er it[123] likes. ’Tis a commodity will lose the gloss[124] with lying: the longer kept, the less worth. Off with’t while ’tis vendible.[125] Answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion: richly suited[126] but unsuitable, just like the brooch and the toothpick, which wear not[127] now. Your date is better in your pie and your porridge than in your cheek. And your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears:[129] it looks ill, it eats dryly. Marry, ’tis a withered pear: it was formerly better: marry, yet ’tis a withered pear. Will you anything with it?

HELEN Not my virginity yet —
There[132] shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother[133] and a mistress and a friend,
A phoenix,[134] captain and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear.
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord,[138] and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster.[139] With a world
Of pretty, fond,[140] adoptious christendoms
That blinking[141] Cupid gossips. Now shall he —
I know not what he shall. God send him well![142]
The court’s a learning place, and he is one—

PAROLLES What one, i’faith?

HELEN That I wish well. ’Tis pity—

PAROLLES What’s pity?

HELEN That wishing well had not a body[147] in’t,
Which might be felt, that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars[149] do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them[150] follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think,[151] which never
Returns us thanks.[152]

Enter Page

PAGE Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.

[Exit]

PAROLLES Little Helen, farewell. If I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

HELEN Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

PAROLLES Under Mars,[156] ay.

HELEN I especially think, under Mars.

PAROLLES Why under Mars?

HELEN The wars hath so kept you under[159] that you must needs be born under Mars.

PAROLLES When he was predominant.[160]

HELEN When he was retrograde,[161] I think rather.

PAROLLES Why think you so?

HELEN You go so much backward[163] when you fight.

PAROLLES That's for advantage.[164]

HELEN So is running away, when fear proposes the safety. But the composition[165] that your valour and fear makes in you is a virtue of a good wing,[166] and I like the wear[167] well.

PAROLLES I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee acutely. I will return perfect[169] courtier in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of[170] a courtier's counsel and understand what advice shall thrust[171] upon thee. Else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away.[172] Farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers. When thou hast none, remember thy friends. Get thee a good husband, and use[173] him as he uses thee. So, farewell.

[Exit]

HELEN Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven. The fated[176] sky
Gives us free scope, only doth backward pull
Our slow designs[178] when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love so high,
That makes me see, and cannot feed[180] mine eye?
The[181] mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes[182] and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts[183] to those
That weigh[184] their pains in sense and do suppose
What hath been cannot be. Who ever strove

To show her merit that did miss[186] her love?
The king's disease — my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fixed and will not leave me.

Exit

[Act 1 Scene 2][1.2]

running scene 2

Flourish cornets. Enter the King of France, with letters, and divers Attendants

KING The Florentines[1] and Senoys are by th'ears,
Have fought with equal fortune and continue
A braving[3] war.

FIRST LORD So 'tis reported, sir.

KING Nay, 'tis most credible. We here receive it
A certainty, vouched from our cousin[6] Austria,
With caution that the Florentine will move[7] us
For speedy aid, wherein our dearest friend[8]
Prejudicates[9] the business and would seem
To have us make denial.[10]

FIRST LORD His love and wisdom,
Approved[12] so to your majesty, may plead
For amplest credence.[13]

KING He hath armed[14] our answer,
And Florence[15] is denied before he comes:
Yet, for[16] our gentlemen that mean to see
The Tuscan service,[17] freely have they leave
To stand[18] on either part.

SECOND LORD It well may serve
A nursery[20] to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.[21]

KING What's he comes here?

Enter Bertram, Lafew and Parolles

FIRST LORD It is the Count Rossillion, my good lord,
Young Bertram.

KING Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face. ***To Bertram***
Frank[26] nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well composed thee. Thy father's moral parts[27]
Mayst thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

BERTRAM My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

KING I would I had that corporal soundness[30] now,
As when thy father and myself in friendship
First tried[32] our soldiership. He did look far
Into the service of the time and was[33]
Discipled of the bravest.[34] He lasted long,
But on us both did haggish[35] age steal on
And wore us out of act.[36] It much repairs me
To talk of your good father; in his youth
He had the wit which I can well observe
Today in our young lords. But they may jest
Till their own scorn[40] return to them unnoted
Ere[41] they can hide their levity in honour.
So like a courtier, contempt[42] nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,
His equal[44] had awaked them, and his honour,
Clock to itself,[45] knew the true minute when
Exception[46] bid him speak, and at this time
His tongue obeyed his hand.[47] Who were below him
He used[48] as creatures of another place
And bowed his eminent top[49] to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled.[51] Such a man
Might be a copy[52] to these younger times;
Which, followed well, would demonstrate them[53] now
But goers backward.
BERTRAM His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb,
So[57] in approof lives not his epitaph
As in your royal speech.
KING Would I were with him! He would always say —
Methinks I hear him now. His plausive[60] words
He scattered not[61] in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there and to bear[62] — ‘Let me not live’ —
This his good melancholy oft began
On[64] the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out[65] — ‘Let me not live,’ quoth he,

‘After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff[66]
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive[67] senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgements are
Mere[69] fathers of their garments, whose constancies
Expire before their fashions.’ This he wished.
I,[71] after him, do after him wish too,
Since I nor[72] wax nor honey can bring home,
I quickly were[73] dissolvèd from my hive
To give some labourers[74] room.

SECOND LORD You’re loved, sir.
They that least lend[76] it you shall lack you first.

KING I fill a place, I know’t. How long is’t, count,
Since the physician at your father’s died?
He was much famed.

BERTRAM Some six months since, my lord.

KING If he were living, I would try him yet.
Lend me an arm: the rest[82] have worn me out
With several[83] applications. Nature and sickness
Debate[84] it at their leisure. Welcome, count.
My son’s no dearer.

BERTRAM Thank your majesty.

Exeunt. Flourish

[Act 1 Scene 3][1.3]

running scene 3

Enter Countess, Steward [Reynaldo] and Clown [Lavatch]

COUNTESS I will now hear; what say you of this gentlewoman?[1]

REYNALDO Madam, the care I have had to even your content,[2] I wish might be found in the calendar[3] of my past endeavours, for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness[4] of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

COUNTESS What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah.[5] The complaints I have heard of you I do not all believe. 'Tis my slowness that I do not, for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

LAVATCH 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor[9] fellow.

COUNTESS Well,[10] sir.

LAVATCH No, madam, 'tis not so well that I am poor, though many of the rich are damned. But if I may have your ladyship's good will to go[12] to the world, Isbel the woman[13] and I will do as we may.

COUNTESS Wilt thou needs[14] be a beggar?

LAVATCH I do beg your good will in this case.

COUNTESS In what case?

LAVATCH In Isbel's case[17] and mine own. Service is no heritage: and I think I shall never have the blessing of God till I have issue[18] o' my body, for they say bairns are blessings.

COUNTESS Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

LAVATCH My poor body, madam, requires it. I am driven on by the flesh, and he must needs go[22] that the devil drives.

COUNTESS Is this all your worship's[23] reason?

LAVATCH Faith, madam, I have other holy[24] reasons, such as they are.

COUNTESS May the world[25] know them?

LAVATCH I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are, and indeed I do marry that I may repent.[27]

COUNTESS Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

LAVATCH I am out o' friends, madam, and I hope to have friends for[29] my wife's sake.

COUNTESS Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

LAVATCH You're shallow,[31] madam, in great friends, for the knaves come to do that for me which I am aweary of. He that ears[32] my land spares my team and gives me leave to in[33] the crop. If I be his cuckold, he's my drudge; he that comforts my wife is the cherisher[34] of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend: *ergo*,[35] he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are,[36] there were no fear in marriage, for young Charbon the Puritan[37] and old Poysam the Papist, howsome'er[38] their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one. They may jowl[39] horns together, like any deer i'th'herd.

COUNTESS Wilt thou ever[40] be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave?

LAVATCH A prophet I, madam, and I speak the truth the next[41] way.

For I the ballad will repeat, ***Sings***
Which men full true shall find:
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.[45]

COUNTESS Get you gone, sir. I'll talk with you more anon.[46]

REYNALDO May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you: of her I am to speak.

COUNTESS Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her — ***To Lavatch*** Helen, I mean.

LAVATCH Was this fair face[50] the cause,' quoth she, ***Sings***
'Why the Grecians sackèd[51] Troy?
Fond[52] done, done fond,
Was this King Priam's[53] joy?'
With that she sighèd as she stood,
With that she sighèd as she stood,
And gave this sentence[56] then:
'Among[57] nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.'

COUNTESS What, one good in ten? You corrupt the song,[60] sirrah.

LAVATCH One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying[61] o'th'song. Would God would serve the world[62] so all the year! We'd find no fault with the tithe-woman,[63] if I were the parson. One in ten, quoth a? An we might have a good woman born but[64] ere every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well. A man may draw[65] his heart out ere a pluck one.

COUNTESS You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you?

LAVATCH That[67] man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done! Though honesty[68] be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt. It will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart. I am going, forsooth.[69] The business is for Helen to come hither.

Exit

COUNTESS Well, now.

REYNALDO I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

COUNTESS Faith, I do. Her father bequeathed[73] her to me, and she herself, without other advantage,[74] may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds. There is more owing her than is paid and more shall be paid her than she'll demand.

REYNALDO Madam, I was very late[76] more near her than I think she wished me. Alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears. She thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense.[78] Her matter was, she loved your son. Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates.[80] Love no god, that would not extend his might only where qualities[81] were level. Dian no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight surprised[82] without rescue in the first assault or ransom afterward. This she delivered in the most bitter touch[83] of sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in, which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal,[84] sithence, in the loss[85] that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

COUNTESS You have discharged[86] this honestly. Keep it to yourself. Many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tott'ring in the balance that I could neither believe nor misdoubt.[88] Pray you leave me. Stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care. I will speak with you further anon.

Exit Steward [Reynaldo]

Enter Helen

Even so it was with me when I was young. ***Aside***
If ever we are nature's, these[92] are ours. This thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong.
Our blood[94] to us, this to our blood is born:
It is the show[95] and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impressed[96] in youth.
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults, or[98] then we thought them none.
Her eye is sick on't. I observe[99] her now.

HELEN What is your pleasure, madam?

COUNTESS You know, Helen, I am a mother to you.

HELEN Mine honourable mistress.

COUNTESS Nay, a mother. Why not a mother? When I said 'a mother,'
Methought[104] you saw a serpent. What's in 'mother'
That you start[105] at it? I say I am your mother,
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombèd mine.[107] 'Tis often seen
Adoption[108] strives with nature, and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds.
You ne'er oppressed me with a mother's groan,[110]
Yet I express to you a mother's care.
God's mercy, maiden! Does it curd[112] thy blood
To say I am thy mother? What's the matter,
That this distempered[114] messenger of wet,
The many-coloured Iris,[115] rounds thine eye?
— Why? That you are my daughter?

HELEN That I am not.[117]

COUNTESS I say I am your mother.

HELEN Pardon, madam.
The Count Rossillion cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honoured name,
No note[122] upon my parents, his all noble.

My master, my dear lord he is, and I
His servant live, and will his vassal[124] die.
He must not be my brother.
COUNTESS Nor I your mother.
HELEN You are my mother, madam, would you were —
So[128] that my lord your son were not my brother —
Indeed my mother! Or were you both our mothers,[129]
I care no[130] more for than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister. Can't no other[131]
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?
COUNTESS Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law.
God shield[134] you mean it not! Daughter and mother
So strive upon your pulse. What, pale again?
My fear hath catched[136] your fondness. Now I see
The mystery of your loveliness,[137] and find
Your salt tears' head.[138] Now to all sense 'tis gross:
You love my son. Invention[139] is ashamed
Against[140] the proclamation of thy passion
To say thou dost not: therefore tell me true.
But tell me then 'tis so, for look, thy cheeks
Confess it, t'one to th'other, and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours
That in their kind[145] they speak it. Only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That[147] truth should be suspected. Speak, is't so?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clew.[148]
If it be not, forswear't:[149] howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,[150]
To tell me truly.
HELEN Good madam, pardon me.
COUNTESS Do you love my son?
HELEN Your pardon, noble mistress.
COUNTESS Love you my son?
HELEN Do not you love him, madam?
COUNTESS Go not about;[157] my love hath in't a bond
Whereof the world takes note.[158] Come, come, disclose

The state of your affection, for your passions
Have to the full appeached.[160]
HELEN Then I confess, ***Kneels***
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before[163] you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son.
My friends[165] were poor but honest, so’s my love.
Be not offended, for it hurts not him
That he is loved of me; I follow him not
By any token[168] of presumptuous suit,
Nor would I have him till I do deserve him,
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope.
Yet in this captious[172] and intenible sieve
I still[173] pour in the waters of my love
And lack[174] not to lose still; thus, Indian-like,
Religious[175] in mine error, I adore
The sun that looks upon his worshipper
But knows of him no more.[177] My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with[178] my love,
For loving where you do; but if yourself,
Whose agèd honour cites[180] a virtuous youth,
Did ever in so true a flame of liking
Wish chastely and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself[183] and love — O, then, give pity
To her whose state is such that cannot choose
But lend[185] and give where she is sure to lose;
That[186] seeks not to find that her search implies,
But riddle-like lives[187] sweetly where she dies.
COUNTESS Had you not lately an intent — speak truly —
To go to Paris?
HELEN Madam, I had.
COUNTESS Wherefore?[191] Tell true.
HELEN I will tell truth, by grace[192] itself I swear.
You know my father left me some prescriptions[193]
Of rare and proved effects, such as his reading

And manifest[195] experience had collected
For general sovereignty,[196] and that he willed me
In[197] heedfull’st reservation to bestow them,
As notes[198] whose faculties inclusive were
More than they were in note.[199] Amongst the rest,
There is a remedy, approved,[200] set down,
To cure the desp’rate[201] languishings whereof
The king is rendered lost.[202]
COUNTESS This was your motive for Paris, was it? Speak.
HELEN My lord your son made me to think of this;
Else Paris and the medicine and the king
Had from the conversation[206] of my thoughts
Haply[207] been absent then.
COUNTESS But think you, Helen,
If you should tender[209] your supposèd aid,
He would receive it? He and his physicians
Are of a mind.[211] He, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help. How shall they credit[212]
A poor unlearnèd virgin, when the schools,[213]
Embowelled[214] of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself?
HELEN There’s something in’t
More than my father’s skill, which was the great’st
Of his profession, that his good receipt[218]
Shall for my legacy be sanctified[219]
By th’luckiest stars in heaven, and would your honour
But give me leave to try success,[221] I’d venture
The well-lost[222] life of mine on his grace’s cure
By such a[223] day and hour.
COUNTESS Dost thou believe’t?
HELEN Ay, madam, knowingly.[225]
COUNTESS Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave[226] and love,
Means and attendants and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court. I’ll stay at home
And pray God’s blessing into[229] thy attempt.
Be gone tomorrow. And be sure of this:

What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss. 231
Exeunt

Act 2 [Scene 1][2.1]

running scene 4

Enter the King [carried in a chair] with divers young Lords taking leave for the Florentine war, Count Rossillion [Bertram] and Parolles. Flourish cornets

KING Farewell, young lords. These warlike principles[1]
Do not throw from you.[2] And you, my lords, farewell.
Share the advice betwixt you. If both gain, all
The gift[4] doth stretch itself as ’tis received,
And is enough for both.

FIRST LORD ’Tis our hope, sir,
After well-entered[7] soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

KING No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes[10] the malady
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords.
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen. Let higher Italy[13] —
Those[14] bated that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy — see that you come
Not to woo[16] honour, but to wed it, when
The bravest questant[17] shrinks. Find what you seek,
That fame may cry[18] you loud. I say, farewell.

SECOND LORD Health at your bidding serve your majesty!

KING Those girls of Italy, take heed of them:
They say our French lack[21] language to deny
If they demand. Beware of being captives[22]
Before you serve.[23]

BOTH Our hearts receive your warnings.

KING Farewell.— Come hither to me. ***King steps aside with some lords***

FIRST LORD O, my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us! ***To Bertram***

PAROLLES ’Tis not his fault, the spark.[27]

SECOND LORD O, ’tis brave[28] wars!

PAROLLES Most admirable. I have seen those wars.

BERTRAM I am commanded here,[30] and kept a coil with
‘Too young’ and ‘the next year’ and “tis too early’.

PAROLLES An thy mind stand to’t, boy, steal away bravely.[32]

BERTRAM I shall stay here the forehorse[33] to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,[34]
Till honour be bought up[35] and no sword worn
But one[36] to dance with. By heaven, I’ll steal away.

FIRST LORD There’s honour in the theft.

PAROLLES Commit it, count.

SECOND LORD I am your accessary, and so farewell.

BERTRAM I grow to[40] you, and our parting is a tortured body.

FIRST LORD Farewell, captain.

SECOND LORD Sweet Monsieur Parolles!

PAROLLES Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word,[43] good metals.[44] You shall find in the regiment of the Spinii one Captain Spurio,[45] with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrenched[46] it. Say to him I live, and observe his reports for me.

FIRST LORD We shall, noble captain.

PAROLLES Mars[48] dote on you for his novices!—

[Exeunt Lords]

What will ye do? ***To Bertram***

BERTRAM Stay[50] the king. ***Bertram and Parolles stand aside***

PAROLLES Use a more spacious ceremony[51] to the noble lords. ***To Bertram*** You have restrained yourself within the list[52] of too cold an adieu. Be more expressive to them, for they wear[53] themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received[54] star. And though the devil lead the measure,[55] such are to be followed. After them, and take a more dilated farewell.

BERTRAM And I will do so.

PAROLLES Worthy fellows, and like[57] to prove most sinewy sword-men.

The King comes forward

Exeunt [Bertram and Parolles]

Enter Lafew

LAFEW Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.[58] ***Kneels***

KING I'll fee[59] thee to stand up.
LAFEW Then here's a man stands that has brought his pardon.[60] ***Rises***
I would you had kneeled, my lord, to ask me mercy,
And that at my bidding you could so stand up.
KING I would I had, so I had broke thy pate,[63]
And asked thee mercy for't.
LAFEW Good faith, across.[65] But, my good lord, 'tis thus:
Will you be cured of your infirmity?
KING No.
LAFEW O, will[68] you eat no grapes, my royal fox?
Yes, but you will[69] my noble grapes, an if
My royal fox could reach them. I have seen a medicine[70]
That's able to breathe life into a stone,
Quicken[72] a rock, and make you dance canary
With sprightly fire and motion, whose simple[73] touch,
Is powerful to araise[74] King Pippin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen[75] in's hand
And write to her a love-line.
KING What 'her' is this?
LAFEW Why, Doctor She: my lord, there's one arrived,
If you will see her. Now, by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light[81] deliverance, I have spoke
With one that, in her sex, her years, profession,[82]
Wisdom and constancy, hath amazed me more
Than I dare blame[84] my weakness. Will you see her,
For that is her demand, and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.
KING Now, good Lafew,
Bring in the admiration[88] that we with thee
May spend[89] our wonder too, or take off thine
By wondering how thou took'st[90] it.
LAFEW Nay, I'll fit[91] you,
And not be all day neither.
KING Thus he his special nothing[93] ever prologues. ***Lafew goes to the door or exits and re-enters***

Enter Helen

LAFEW Nay, come your ways.[94] ***To Helen***
KING This haste hath wings indeed.
LAFEW Nay, come your ways.
This is his majesty, say your mind to him.
A traitor you do look like, but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears. I am Cressid's uncle,[99]
That dare leave two together. Fare you well.

Exit

KING Now, fair one, does your business follow[101] us?
HELEN Ay, my good lord.
Gerard de Narbon was my father,
In what he did profess,[104] well found.
KING I knew him.
HELEN The rather will I spare my praises towards him.
Knowing him is enough. On's bed of death
Many receipts[108] he gave me, chiefly one
Which, as the dearest issue[109] of his practice,
And of his old experience th'only[110] darling,
He bade me store up, as a triple[111] eye,
Safer[112] than mine own two. More dear I have so,
And hearing your high majesty is touched
With that malignant cause[114] wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender[116] it and my appliance
With all bound[117] humbleness.
KING We thank you, maiden,
But may not be so credulous[119] of cure,
When our most learnèd doctors leave us, and
The congregated college[121] have concluded
That labouring art[122] can never ransom nature
From her inaidible[123] estate. I say we must not
So stain our judgement, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute[125] our past-cure malady
To empirics,[126] or to dissever so
Our great self[127] and our credit, to esteem

A senseless[128] help when help past sense we deem.

HELEN My duty[129] then shall pay me for my pains:
I will no more enforce mine office[130] on you,
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one[132] to bear me back again.

KING I cannot give thee less, to[133] be called grateful.
Thou thought’st to help me, and such thanks I give
As one near death to those that wish him live.
But what at full[136] I know, thou know’st no part,
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.[137]

HELEN What I can do can do no hurt to try,
Since you set[139] up your rest gainst remedy.
He[140] that of greatest works is finisher
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ[142] in babes hath judgement shown,
When judges have been babes; great[143] floods have flown
From simple[144] sources, and great seas have dried
When miracles have by the great’st[145] been denied.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises, and oft it hits[147]
Where hope is coldest and despair most shifts.[148]

KING I must not hear thee. Fare thee well, kind maid.
Thy pains not used must by[150] thyself be paid:
Proffers[151] not took reap thanks for their reward.

HELEN Inspirèd[152] merit so by breath is barred.
It is not so with him that all things knows
As ’tis with us that square[154] our guess by shows.
But most it is presumption in us when
The help of heaven we count[156] the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent.
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.[158]
I am not an impostor[159] that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim,
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

KING Art thou so confident? Within what space[163]

Hop’st thou my cure?
HELEN The greatest[165] grace lending grace
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher[167] his diurnal ring,
Ere twice in murk and occidental[168] damp
Moist Hesperus[169] hath quenched her sleepy lamp,
Or four and twenty times the pilot’s glass[170]
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass,
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free and sickness freely die.
KING Upon thy certainty and confidence
What dar’st thou venture?[175]
HELEN Tax[176] of impudence,
A strumpet’s[177] boldness, a divulgèd shame
Traduced[178] by odious ballads: my maiden’s name
Seared[179] otherwise, nay, worse of worst, extended
With vilest torture, let my life be ended.
KING Methinks in thee some blessèd spirit doth speak
His powerful sound within an organ weak:
And what impossibility would slay[183]
In common sense,[184] sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear, for all that life can rate[185]
Worth name of life in thee hath estimate:[186]
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all
That happiness and prime[188] can happy call.
Thou[189] this to hazard needs must intimate
Skill infinite or monstrous desperate.[190]
Sweet practicer,[191] thy physic I will try,
That ministers[192] thine own death if I die.
HELEN If I break time,[193] or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die,
And well deserved. Not[195] helping, death’s my fee.
But if I help, what do you promise me?
KING Make thy demand.
HELEN But will you make it even?[198]
KING Ay, by my sceptre and my hopes of heaven.

HELEN Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly hand
What[201] husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted[202] be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state.
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

KING Here is my hand. The premises observed,[208]
Thy will by my performance[209] shall be served.
So make the choice of[210] thy own time, for I,
Thy resolved[211] patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must —
Though more to know could not be more to trust —
From whence thou cam’st, how tended on.[214] But rest
Unquestioned[215] welcome and undoubted blest.—
Give me some help here, ho!— If thou proceed
As high as word,[217] my deed shall match thy deed.

Flourish. Exeunt [the King is carried out]

[Act 2 Scene 2][2.2]

running scene 5

Enter Countess and Clown [Lavatch]

COUNTESS Come on, sir, I shall now put[1] you to the height of your breeding.

LAVATCH I will show myself highly fed[2] and lowly taught. I know my business is but to the court.

COUNTESS To the court! Why, what place make you[4] special, when you put off that with such contempt? But to the court!

LAVATCH Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put[6] it off at court: he that cannot make a leg,[7] put off's cap, kiss his hand and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and indeed such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court. But for me, I have an answer[9] will serve all men.

COUNTESS Marry, that's a bountiful answer that fits all questions.

LAVATCH It is like a barber's chair that fits all buttocks: the pin-buttock,[11] the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock,[12] or any buttock.

COUNTESS Will your answer serve fit[13] to all questions?

LAVATCH As fit as ten groats[14] is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffety punk,[15] as Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger, as a pancake for Shrove Tuesday, a morris[16] for May Day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean[17] to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth, nay, as the pudding[18] to his skin.

COUNTESS Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

LAVATCH From below your duke to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

COUNTESS It must be an answer of most monstrous size that must fit all demands.

LAVATCH But a trifle neither,[22] in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it. Here it is, and all that belongs to't. Ask me if I am a courtier, it shall do you no harm to learn.

COUNTESS To be young again, if we could. I will be a fool in question,[25] hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

LAVATCH O lord, sir! There's a simple putting off.[27] More, more, a hundred of them.

COUNTESS Sir, I am a poor friend of yours that loves you.

LAVATCH O lord, sir![29] Thick, thick, spare not me.

COUNTESS I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.[30]

LAVATCH O lord, sir! Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

COUNTESS You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

LAVATCH O lord, sir! Spare not me.

COUNTESS Do you cry, 'O lord, sir!' at your whipping, and 'Spare not me'? Indeed your 'O lord, sir!' is very sequent[35] to your whipping: you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.[36]

LAVATCH I ne'er had worse luck in my life in my 'O lord, sir!' I see things may serve long, but not serve ever.

COUNTESS I play the noble[39] housewife with the time
To entertain it so merrily with a fool.

LAVATCH O lord, sir! Why, there't serves well again.

COUNTESS An end, sir. To your business. Give Helen this, ***Gives a letter***
And urge her to a present[43] answer back. Commend me to my kinsmen and my son. This is not much.

LAVATCH Not much commendation to them.

COUNTESS Not much employment for you. You understand me?

LAVATCH Most fruitfully.[47] I am there before my legs.

COUNTESS Haste you again.[48]

Exeunt [separately]

[Act 2 Scene 3][2.3]

running scene 6

Enter Count [Bertram], Lafew and Parolles

LAFEW They say miracles are past, and we have our philosophical persons[1] to make modern[2] and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing ourselves into[3] seeming knowledge when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.[4]

PAROLLES Why, ’tis the rarest[5] argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.

BERTRAM And so ’tis.

LAFEW To be relinquished of[8] the artists—

PAROLLES So I say, both of Galen[9] and Paracelsus.

LAFEW Of all the learnèd and authentic fellows[10]—

PAROLLES Right, so I say.

LAFEW That gave him out[12] incurable—

PAROLLES Why, there ’tis. So say I too.

LAFEW Not to be helped —

PAROLLES Right. As ’twere a man assured of a—

LAFEW Uncertain life and sure death.

PAROLLES Just,[17] you say well. So would I have said.

LAFEW I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

PAROLLES It is, indeed: if you will have it in showing,[19] you shall read it in— what-do-ye-call there? ***Points to the ballad Lafew holds***

LAFEW ‘A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.’ ***Reads***

PAROLLES That’s it. I would have said the very same.

LAFEW Why, your dolphin[23] is not lustier. ’Fore me, I speak in respect—

PAROLLES Nay, ’tis strange, ’tis very strange. That is the brief[24] and the tedious of it, and he’s of a most facinerious[25] spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the—

LAFEW Very hand of heaven.

PAROLLES Ay, so I say.

LAFEW In a most weak—

PAROLLES And debile minister,[29] great power, great transcendence, which should indeed give us a further use to be made than alone the recovery of the king, as to be—

LAFEW Generally[32] thankful.

Enter King, Helen and Attendants

PAROLLES I would have said it; you say well. Here comes the king. ***Lafew and Parolles stand aside***

LAFEW *Lustigue,*[34] as the Dutchman says. I'll like a maid the better whilst I have a tooth[35] in my head. Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.

PAROLLES *Mor du vinager*![36] Is not this Helen?

LAFEW 'Fore God, I think so.

KING Go, call before me all the lords in court.

[Exit Attendant]

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side, ***Helen sits***
And with this healthful hand, whose banished sense[40]
Thou hast repealed,[41] a second time receive
The confirmation of my promised gift,
Which but attends[43] thy naming.

Enter three or four Lords

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel[44]
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,[45]
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice
I have to use. Thy frank election[47] make.
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.[48]

HELEN To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when love please! Marry, to each, but one!

LAFEW I'd give bay[51] curtal and his furniture
My[52] mouth no more were broken than these boys',
And writ[53] as little beard.

KING Peruse them well:
Not one of those but had a noble father.

HELEN Gentlemen, heaven hath through me restored the king to health.

She addresses her to a Lord

ALL We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

HELEN I am a simple maid, and therein wealthiest
That I protest[59] I simply am a maid.
Please it your majesty, I have done already.
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper[61] me,
‘We blush that thou shouldst choose. But be refused,
Let the white death[63] sit on thy cheek for ever,
We’ll ne’er come there again.’

KING Make choice and see,
Who[66] shuns thy love shuns all his love in me.

HELEN Now, Dian,[67] from thy altar do I fly,
And to imperial Love,[68] that god most high,
Do my sighs stream.— Sir, will you hear my suit? ***To First Lord***

FIRST LORD And grant it.

HELEN Thanks, sir. All[71] the rest is mute.

LAFEW I had rather be in this choice than throw ames-ace[72] for my life. ***Aside***

HELEN The honour,[73] sir, that flames in your fair eyes ***To Second Lord***
Before I speak, too threat’ningly replies.
Love[75] make your fortunes twenty times above
Her[76] that so wishes, and her humble love.

SECOND LORD No better,[77] if you please.

HELEN My wish receive,
Which great love grant! And so I take my leave.

LAFEW Do all they deny her? ***Aside*** An they were sons of mine, I’d have them whipped, or I would send them to th’Turk[81] to make eunuchs of.

HELEN Be not afraid that I your hand should take. ***To Third Lord***
I’ll never do you wrong for your own sake.
Blessing upon your vows, and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

LAFEW These boys are boys of ice, they’ll none have her. ***Aside*** Sure[86] they are bastards to the English, the French ne’er got[87] ’em.

HELEN You are too young, too happy,[88] and too good, ***To Fourth Lord***
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

FOURTH LORD Fair one, I think not so.

LAFEW There's one grape[91] yet. ***Aside*** I am sure thy father drunk wine. But if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen. I have known[92] thee already.

HELEN I dare not say I take you, but I give ***To Bertram***
Me and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power. This is the man.

KING Why, then, young Bertram, take her: she's thy wife.

BERTRAM My wife, my liege? I shall beseech your highness,
In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

KING Know'st thou not, Bertram, what she has done for me?

BERTRAM Yes, my good lord,
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

KING Thou know'st she has raised me from my sickly bed.

BERTRAM But follows it, my lord, to bring me down[104]
Must answer for your raising? I know her well:
She had her breeding[106] at my father's charge.
A poor physician's daughter my wife? Disdain
Rather corrupt[108] me ever!

KING 'Tis only title[109] thou disdain'st in her, the which
I can build up. Strange is it that our bloods,
Of colour, weight and heat, poured all together,
Would quite confound distinction,[112] yet stands off
In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous, save what thou dislik'st,
A poor physician's daughter, thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name. But do not so.
From lowest place whence virtuous things proceed,[117]
The place is dignified by th'doer's deed.
Where great[119] additions swell's, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied[120] honour. Good alone
Is good without a name. Vileness is so:
The property[122] by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair.
In these to nature she's immediate heir,[124]
And these breed honour. That[125] is honour's scorn,

Which challenges itself as honour's born
And is not like the sire. Honours thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our foregoers.[129] The mere word's a slave,
Deboshed[130] on every tomb, on every grave
A lying trophy,[131] and as oft is dumb,
Where dust and damned oblivion is the tomb
Of honoured bones indeed.[133] What should be said?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest: virtue and she
Is her own dower,[136] honour and wealth from me.
BERTRAM I cannot love her, nor will strive[137] to do't
KING Thou wrong'st thyself if thou shouldst strive to choose.[138]
HELEN That you are well restored,[139] my lord, I'm glad.
Let the rest go.
KING My honour's at the stake,[141] which to defeat,
I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this[143] good gift,
That dost in vile misprision[144] shackle up
My love and her desert.[145] That canst not dream,
We,[146] poising us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh[147] thee to the beam. That wilt not know,
It is in us[148] to plant thine honour where
We please to have it grow. Check[149] thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travails in[150] thy good.
Believe not[151] thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right
Which both thy duty owes and our power claims,
Or I will throw thee from my care forever
Into the staggers[155] and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance, both my revenge and hate
Loosing[157] upon thee, in the name of justice,
Without all terms[158] of pity. Speak. Thine answer.
BERTRAM Pardon, my gracious lord, for I submit
My fancy[160] to your eyes. When I consider
What great creation[161] and what dole of honour

Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which late[162]
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praisèd of the king, who,[164] so ennobled,
Is as ’twere born so.

KING Take her by the hand,
And tell her she is thine, to whom I promise
A counterpoise,[168] if not to thy estate,
A balance more replete.[169]

BERTRAM I take her hand.

KING Good fortune and the favour of the king
Smile upon this contract, whose[172] ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,
And be performed tonight. The solemn feast
Shall more[175] attend upon the coming space,
Expecting[176] absent friends. As thou lov’st her,
Thy love’s to me religious,[177] else, does err.

Exeunt. Parolles and Lafew stay behind commenting of this wedding

LAFEW Do you hear, monsieur? A word with you.

PAROLLES Your pleasure, sir.

LAFEW Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

PAROLLES Recantation? My lord? My master?

LAFEW Ay. Is it not a language I speak?

PAROLLES A most harsh one, and not to be understood without bloody succeeding.[183] My master?

LAFEW Are you companion[185] to the Count Rossillion?

PAROLLES To any count, to all counts, to what is man.[186]

LAFEW To what is count’s man. Count’s master is of another style.

PAROLLES You are too old,[188] sir. Let it satisfy you, you are too old.

LAFEW I must tell thee, sirrah, I write[189] man, to which title age cannot bring thee.

PAROLLES What I dare[190] too well do, I dare not do.

LAFEW I did think thee, for two ordinaries,[191] to be a pretty wise fellow. Thou didst make tolerable vent[192] of thy travel, it might pass. Yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel[193] of too great a burden.[194] I have now found thee. When I lose thee again, I care not. Yet art thou good for nothing but taking up,[195] and that thou'rt scarce worth.

PAROLLES Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity[196] upon thee—

LAFEW Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial,[197] which if—lord have mercy on thee for a hen![198] So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well. Thy casement[199] I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

PAROLLES My lord, you give me most egregious[200] indignity.

LAFEW Ay, with all my heart, and thou art worthy of it.

PAROLLES I have not, my lord, deserved it.

LAFEW Yes, good faith, every dram[203] of it, and I will not bate thee a scruple.

PAROLLES Well, I shall be wiser.[204]

LAFEW Even as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull[205] at a smack o'th'contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf and beaten, thou shall find what it is to be proud of thy bondage.[207] I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say in the default,[208] he is a man I know.

PAROLLES My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

LAFEW I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing[210] eternal. For doing I am past, as I will[211] by thee, in what motion age will give me leave.

Exit

PAROLLES Well, thou hast a son shall[212] take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord! Well, I must be patient. There is no fettering[213] of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience,[214] an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age than I would have of— I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Enter Lafew

LAFEW Sirrah, your lord and master's married. There's news for you: you have a new mistress.

PAROLLES I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation[219] of your wrongs.[220] He is my good lord. Whom I serve above is my master.

LAFEW Who? God?

PAROLLES Ay, sir.

LAFEW The devil it is that’s thy master. Why dost thou garter[223] up thy arms o’ this fashion? Dost make hose[224] of thy sleeves? Do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I’d beat thee. Methink’st thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think thou wast created for men to breathe[227] themselves upon thee.

PAROLLES This is hard and undeserved measure,[229] my lord.

LAFEW Go to,[230] sir. You were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate. You are a vagabond[231] and no true traveller. You are more saucy with lords and honourable personages than the commission[232] of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry.[233] You are not worth another word, else I’d call you knave. I leave you.

Exit

PAROLLES Good, very good, it is so then. Good, very good, let it be concealed awhile.

Enter Count Rossillion [Bertram]

BERTRAM Undone,[235] and forfeited to cares forever!

PAROLLES What’s the matter, sweet heart?

BERTRAM Although before the solemn priest I have sworn,
I will not bed her.

PAROLLES What, what, sweetheart?

BERTRAM O my Parolles, they have married me!
I’ll to the Tuscan wars and never bed her.

PAROLLES France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits
The tread of a man’s foot: to th’wars!

BERTRAM There’s letters from my mother. What th’import[244] is,
I know not yet.

PAROLLES Ay, that would be known. To th’wars, my boy, to th’wars!
He wears his honour in a box[247] unseen
That hugs his kicky-wicky[248] here at home,
Spending[249] his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet[250]
Of Mars’ fiery steed. To other regions,

France is a stable, we that dwell in't jades:[252]
Therefore, to th'war!
BERTRAM It shall be so. I'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled, write to the king
That which I durst not speak. His present gift
Shall furnish me to[258] those Italian fields
Where noble fellows strike. War is no strife
To[260] the dark house and the detested wife.
PAROLLES Will this *capriccio*[261] hold in thee? Art sure?
BERTRAM Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I'll send her straight[263] away. Tomorrow
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.
PAROLLES Why, these balls bound,[265] there's noise in it. 'Tis hard.
A young man married is a man that's marred:[266]
Therefore away, and leave her bravely, go.
The king has done you wrong, but hush, 'tis so.
Exeunt

[Act 2 Scene 4]

running scene 6 continues

Enter Helena and Clown [Lavatch] ***Helen reading a letter***

HELEN My mother greets me kindly.[1] Is she well?

LAVATCH She is not well,[2] but yet she has her health: she's very merry, but yet she is not well: but thanks be given, she's very well and wants[3] nothing i'th'world; but yet she is not well.

HELEN If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well?

LAVATCH Truly, she's very well indeed, but for two things.

HELEN What two things?

LAVATCH One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly. The other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly.

Enter Parolles

PAROLLES Bless you, my fortunate lady.

HELEN I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortune.

PAROLLES You had my prayers to lead them[12] on, and to keep them on, have them still. O, my knave, how does my old lady?

LAVATCH So[14] that you had her wrinkles and I her money, I would she did as you say.

PAROLLES Why, I say nothing.

LAVATCH Marry, you are the wiser man, for many a man's[16] tongue shakes out his master's undoing: to say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title,[18] which is within a very little of nothing.

PAROLLES Away! Thou'rt a knave.

LAVATCH You should have said, sir, 'Before[20] a knave thou'rt a knave.' That's, 'Before me thou'rt a knave.' This had been truth, sir.

PAROLLES Go to,[22] thou art a witty fool. I have found thee.

LAVATCH Did you find me[23] in yourself, sir? Or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable. And much fool may you find in you, even to[24] the world's pleasure and the increase of laughter.

PAROLLES A good knave, i'faith, and well fed.[26]

Madam, my lord will go away tonight.
A very serious business calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love,[29]
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge,
But puts it off to[31] a compelled restraint,
Whose[32] want, and whose delay, is strewed with sweets,
Which they[33] distil now in the curbèd time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy
And pleasure drown[35] the brim.
HELEN What's his will else?[36]
PAROLLES That you will take your instant leave o'th'king
And make[38] this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strength'ned with what apology[39] you think
May make it probable need.[40]
HELEN What more commands he?
PAROLLES That, having this obtained, you presently
Attend[43] his further pleasure.
HELEN In everything I wait upon his will.
PAROLLES I shall report it so.
Exit
HELEN I pray you.— Come, sirrah. ***To Parolles/To Lavatch***
Exeunt

[Act 2 Scene 5]

running scene 6 continues

Enter Lafew and Bertram

LAFEW But I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

BERTRAM Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.[2]

LAFEW You have it from his own deliverance.[3]

BERTRAM And by other warranted testimony.

LAFEW Then my dial[5] goes not true. I took this lark for a bunting.

BERTRAM I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge and accordingly[6] valiant.

LAFEW I have then sinned against his experience and transgressed against his valour, and my state[9] that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes. I pray you make us friends. I will pursue the amity.

Enter Parolles

PAROLLES These things shall be done, sir. ***To Bertram***

LAFEW Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?[12] ***To Bertram***

PAROLLES Sir?

LAFEW O, I know him well. Ay, 'sir', he. 'Sir' 's a good workman, a very good tailor.

BERTRAM Is she gone to the king? ***Aside to Parolles***

PAROLLES She is.

BERTRAM Will she away tonight?

PAROLLES As you'll have[18] her.

BERTRAM I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,
Given order for our horses, and tonight,
When I should take possession of the bride,
End ere I do begin.

LAFEW ***Aside*** A good traveller is something[23] at the latter end of a dinner, but one that lies three thirds[24] and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard and thrice beaten.— God save you, captain.

BERTRAM Is there any unkindness[26] between my lord and you, monsieur? ***To Parolles***

PAROLLES I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

LAFEW You have made shift[28] to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leapt into the custard. And out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question[29] for your residence.[30]

BERTRAM It may be you have mistaken[31] him, my lord.

LAFEW And shall do so ever, though I took him at's prayers. Fare you well, my lord, and believe this of me: there can be no kernel in this light nut. The soul of this man is his clothes. Trust him not in matter of heavy[34] consequence. I have kept of them tame,[35] and know their natures. Farewell, monsieur. I have spoken better of you than you have or will to deserve[36] at my hand, but we must do good against evil.

[Exit]

PAROLLES An idle[38] lord, I swear.

BERTRAM I think so.

PAROLLES Why, do you not know[40] him?

BERTRAM Yes, I do know him well, and common speech
Gives him a worthy pass.[42] Here comes my clog.

Enter Helena [with an attendant]

HELEN I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king and have procured his leave
For present parting,[45] only he desires
Some private speech with you.

BERTRAM I shall obey his will.
You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
Which holds not colour[49] with the time, nor does
The ministration[50] and requirèd office
On my particular. Prepared I was not
For such a business: therefore am I found
So much unsettled. This drives me to entreat you
That presently you take your way for home,
And rather muse[55] than ask why I entreat you,
For my respects[56] are better than they seem
And my appointments[57] have in them a need
Greater than shows itself at the first view

To you that know them not. This to my mother. ***Gives a letter***
'Twill be two days ere I shall see you, so
I leave you to your wisdom.
HELEN Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.
BERTRAM Come, come, no more of that.
HELEN And ever shall
With true observance[66] seek to eke out that
Wherein toward me my homely stars[67] have failed
To equal my great fortune.[68]
BERTRAM Let that go. My haste is very great. Farewell. Hie[69] home.
HELEN Pray, sir, your pardon.
BERTRAM Well, what would you say?
HELEN I am not worthy of the wealth I owe,[72]
Nor dare I say 'tis mine, and yet it is.
But, like a timorous thief, most fain[74] would steal
What law does vouch[75] mine own.
BERTRAM What would you have?
HELEN Something, and scarce so much: nothing, indeed.
I would[78] not tell you what I would, my lord.
Faith yes:
Strangers and foes do sunder,[80] and not kiss.
BERTRAM I pray you stay[81] not, but in haste to horse.
HELEN I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.—
Where are my other men?— Monsieur, farewell. ***To Attendant***
Exit
BERTRAM Go thou toward home, where I will never come
Whilst I can shake my sword or hear the drum.
Away, and for our flight.
PAROLLES Bravely, *corragio*![87]
[Exeunt]

Act 3 [Scene 1][3.1]

running scene 7

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, the two Frenchmen [First and Second Lords Dumaine] with a troop of Soldiers

DUKE So that from[1] point to point now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war,
Whose great decision[3] hath much blood let forth
And more thirsts after.

FIRST LORD Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part, black[6] and fearful
On the opposer.[7]

DUKE Therefore we marvel much our cousin[8] France
Would in so just a business shut his bosom[9]
Against our borrowing prayers.[10]

SECOND LORD Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield,[12]
But[13] like a common and an outward man
That the great figure[14] of a council frames
By self-unable motion:[15] therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, since I have found
Myself in my incertain grounds to fail
As often as I guessed.

DUKE Be it his pleasure.[19]

FIRST LORD But I am sure the younger[20] of our nature,
That surfeit[21] on their ease, will day by day
Come here for physic.[22]

DUKE Welcome shall they be,
And all the honours that can fly from[24] us
Shall on them settle. You know your places well.
When better fall,[26] for your avails they fell.
Tomorrow to th'field.

Flourish [Exeunt]

[Act 3 Scene 2][3.2]

running scene 8

Enter Countess and Clown [Lavatch]

COUNTESS It hath happened all as I would have had it, save that he comes not along with her.

LAVATCH By my troth,[3] I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

COUNTESS By what observance,[4] I pray you?

LAVATCH Why, he will look upon his boot and sing: mend[5] the ruff and sing: ask questions and sing: pick his teeth and sing. I know a man that had this trick of melancholy sold[7] a goodly manor for a song.

COUNTESS Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. ***Opens a letter***

LAVATCH I have no mind to[9] Isbel since I was at court. Our old lings and our Isbels o'th'country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o'th'court. The brains[10] of my Cupid's knocked out, and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.[12]

COUNTESS What have we here?

LAVATCH E'en[14] that you have there.

Exit

COUNTESS 'I have sent you a daughter-in-law. She hath recovered[15] the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not[16] bedded her, and sworn to make the "not" eternal. You shall hear I am run away: know it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold[18] a long distance. My duty to you. Your unfortunate son, Bertram.'

[Reads] a letter

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy.
To fly[21] the favours of so good a king,
To pluck his indignation on thy head
By the misprizing[23] of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.[24]

Enter Clown [Lavatch]

LAVATCH O, madam, yonder is heavy[25] news within, between two soldiers and my young lady!

COUNTESS What is the matter?

LAVATCH Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort. Your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would.

COUNTESS Why should he be killed?

LAVATCH So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does. The danger is in standing to't.[32] That's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come will tell you more. For my part, I only hear your son was run away.

[He may exit]

Enter Helen and two Gentlemen [First and Second Lords Dumaine]

SECOND LORD Save[34] you, good madam.

HELEN Madam, my lord is gone, forever gone.

FIRST LORD Do not say so.

COUNTESS Think upon patience. Pray you, gentlemen,
I have felt so many quirks[38] of joy and grief
That the first face[39] of neither, on the start
Can woman[40] me unto't. Where is my son, I pray you?

FIRST LORD Madam, he's gone to serve the Duke of Florence:
We met him thitherward,[42] for thence we came,
And after some dispatch in hand[43] at court,
Thither we bend[44] again.

HELEN Look on his letter, madam, here's my passport.[45] ***Shows a letter***

Reads 'When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body that I am father to, then call me husband. But in such a "then" I write a "never".' This is a dreadful sentence.[48]

COUNTESS Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

FIRST LORD Ay, madam, and for the contents' sake are sorry for our pains.

COUNTESS I prithee, lady, have[51] a better cheer.
If thou engrossest[52] all the griefs are thine,
Thou robb'st me of a moiety:[53] he was my son,
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my[55] child. Towards Florence is he?

FIRST LORD Ay, madam.

COUNTESS And to be a soldier?

FIRST LORD Such is his noble purpose, and believe’t,
The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience[60] claims.

COUNTESS Return you thither?

SECOND LORD Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

HELEN ‘Till I have no wife I have nothing in France.’ ***Reads***
’Tis bitter.

COUNTESS Find you that there?

HELEN Ay, madam.

SECOND LORD ’Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply,[67] which his heart was not
consenting to.

COUNTESS Nothing in France, until he have no wife!
There’s nothing here that is too good for him
But only she, and she deserves a lord
That twenty such rude[72] boys might tend upon
And call her hourly mistress. Who was with him?

SECOND LORD A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have sometime known.

COUNTESS Parolles, was it not?

SECOND LORD Ay, my good lady, he.

COUNTESS A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.
My son corrupts a well-derivèd[79] nature
With his inducement.[80]

SECOND LORD Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal[82] of that too much,
Which holds[83] him much to have.

COUNTESS You’re welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses: more I’ll entreat you
Written[88] to bear along.

FIRST LORD We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

COUNTESS Not so, but[91] as we change our courtesies.
Will you draw near?[92]

Exeunt [all but Helen]

HELEN ‘Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.’
Nothing in France, until he has no wife!
Thou shalt have none, Rossillion,[95] none in France.
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord, is’t I
That chase thee from thy country and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event[98]
Of the none-sparing war? And is it I
That drive thee from the sportive[100] court, where thou
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark[101]
Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers[102]
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim, move[104] the still-peering air
That sings[105] with piercing. Do not touch my lord.
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there.[106]
Whoever charges on his forward[107] breast,
I am the caitiff[108] that do hold him to’t,
And though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected. Better ’twere
I met the ravin[111] lion when he roared
With sharp constraint[112] of hunger: better ‘twere
That all the miseries which nature owes[113]
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rossillion,
Whence[115] honour but of danger wins a scar,
As oft[116] it loses all. I will be gone:
My being here it is that holds thee hence.
Shall I stay here to do’t?[118] No, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house
And angels officed all.[120] I will be gone,
That pitiful[121] rumour may report my flight,
To consolate[122] thine ear. Come night, end day!
For with the dark, poor thief, I’ll steal[123] away.

Exit

[Act 3 Scene 3][3.3]

running scene 9

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, Rossillion [Bertram], Drum and Trumpets, soldiers, Parolles

DUKE The general of our horse thou art, and we,
Great[2] in our hope, lay our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.

BERTRAM Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength, but yet
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake
To th'extreme edge[7] of hazard.

DUKE Then go thou forth,
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm[9]
As thy auspicious mistress!

BERTRAM This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file.[12]
Make me but like my thoughts,[13] and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love.

Exeunt

[Act 3 Scene 4][3.4]

running scene 10

Enter Countess and Steward [Reynaldo]

COUNTESS Alas! And would you take the letter of[1] her?
Might you not know she would do as she has done,
By sending me a letter? Read it again.

REYNALDO 'I[4] am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone.

[Reads the] letter

Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That barefoot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted[7] vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that from the bloody course of war
My dearest master, your dear son, may hie.[9]
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far
His name with zealous fervour sanctify.
His taken[12] labours bid him me forgive.
I, his despiteful[13] Juno, sent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping[14] foes to live
Where death and danger dogs the heels of worth.
He is too good and fair for death and me,
Whom[17] I myself embrace, to set him free.'

COUNTESS Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!
Reynaldo, you did never lack advice[19] so much,
As letting her pass so: had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.[22]

REYNALDO Pardon me, madam.
If I had given you this at overnight,[24]
She might have been o'erta'en, and yet she writes
Pursuit would be but vain.

COUNTESS What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband? He cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom[29] heaven delights to hear
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath

Of greatest justice. Write, write, Reynaldo,
To this unworthy husband[32] of his wife.
Let every word weigh heavy of[33] her worth
That he does weigh too light. My greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Dispatch the most convenient messenger.
When haply[37] he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return, and hope I may that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love. Which of them both
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense[41]
To make distinction. Provide[42] this messenger.
My heart is heavy and mine age is weak.
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.

Exeunt

[Act 3 Scene 5][3.5]

running scene 11

A tucket afar off. Enter old Widow of Florence, her daughter [Diana], and Mariana with other Citizens

WIDOW Nay, come, for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all[1] the sight.

DIANA They say the French count has done most honourable service.

WIDOW It is reported that he has taken their[3] greatest commander, and that with his own hand he slew the duke’s brother.

We have lost our labour. ***Tucket*** They are gone a contrary way. Hark! You may know by their trumpets.

MARIANA Come, let’s return again, and suffice[7] ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl.[8] The honour of a maid is her name, and no legacy is so rich as honesty.[9]

WIDOW I have told my neighbour how you have been solicited[10] by a gentleman his companion.

MARIANA I know that knave, hang him! One Parolles: a filthy officer[12] he is in those suggestions[13] for the young earl. Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens and all these engines[14] of lust, are not the things they go under. Many a maid hath been seduced by them, and the misery is example that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood,[16] cannot for all that dissuade succession,[17] but that they are limed with the twigs that threatens them. I hope I need not to advise you further, but I hope your own grace[18] will keep you where you are, though[19] there were no further danger known but the modesty which is so lost.

DIANA You shall not need to fear[20] me.

Enter Helen [disguised as a pilgrim]

WIDOW I hope so. Look, here comes a pilgrim. I know she will lie[21] at my house: thither they send one another. I’ll question her.— God save you, pilgrim! Whither are you bound?

HELEN To Saint Jaques le Grand.
Where do the palmers[25] lodge, I do beseech you?

WIDOW At the Saint Francis[26] here beside the port.
HELEN Is this the way? ***A march afar***
WIDOW Ay, marry, is’t.
Hark you! They come this way.
If you will tarry,[30] holy pilgrim,
But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodged,
The rather for[33] I think I know your hostess
As ample[34] as myself.
HELEN Is it yourself?
WIDOW If you shall please so, pilgrim.
HELEN I thank you, and will stay upon[37] your leisure.
WIDOW You came, I think, from France?
HELEN I did so.
WIDOW Here you shall see a countryman of yours
That has done worthy service.
HELEN His name, I pray you.
DIANA The Count Rossillion. Know you such a one?
HELEN But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him:
His face I know not.
DIANA Whatsome’er[46] he is,
He’s bravely taken[47] here. He stole from France,
As ’tis reported, for[48] the king had married him
Against his liking. Think you it is so?
HELEN Ay, surely, mere[50] the truth. I know his lady.
DIANA There is a gentleman that serves the count
Reports but coarsely of her.
HELEN What’s his name?
DIANA Monsieur Parolles.
HELEN O, I believe[55] with him,
In argument[56] of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean[57]
To have her name repeated. All her deserving[58]
Is a reservèd honesty,[59] and that
I have not heard examined.[60]
DIANA Alas, poor lady!

’Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

WIDOW I write[64] good creature: wheresoe’er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly. This young maid might do her
A shrewd[66] turn if she pleased.

HELEN How do you mean?
Maybe the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose?

WIDOW He does indeed,
And brokes[71] with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid.
But she is armed for him and keeps her guard
In honestest[74] defence.

Drum and colours. Enter Count Rossillion [Bertram], Parolles and the whole army

MARIANA The gods forbid else![75]

WIDOW So, now they come:
That is Antonio, the duke’s eldest son.
That, Escalus.

HELEN Which is the Frenchman?

DIANA He,
That with the plume. ’Tis a most gallant fellow.
I would he loved his wife: if he were honester[82]
He were much goodlier. Is’t not a handsome gentleman?

HELEN I like him well.

DIANA ’Tis pity he is not honest. Yond’s that same knave
That leads him to these places. Were I his lady,
I would poison that vile rascal.

HELEN Which is he?

DIANA That jackanapes[89] with scarves. Why is he melancholy?

HELEN Perchance he’s hurt i’th’battle.

PAROLLES Lose our drum! Well.

MARIANA He’s shrewdly[92] vexed at something. Look, he has spied us.

WIDOW Marry, hang you!

MARIANA And your courtesy,[94] for a ring-carrier!

Exeunt [Bertram, Parolles and army]

WIDOW The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I will bring you
Where you shall host.[96] Of enjoined penitents
There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.
HELEN I humbly thank you:
Please it[100] this matron and this gentle maid
To eat with us tonight, the charge[101] and thanking
Shall be for me.[102] And, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts of[103] this virgin Worthy the note.
BOTH we'll take your offer kindly.[105]
Exeunt

[Act 3 Scene 6][3.6]

running scene 12

Enter Count Rossillion [Bertram] and the [two] Frenchmen, as at first

SECOND LORD Nay, good my lord, put him to't,[1] let him have his way.

FIRST LORD If your lordship find him not a hilding,[2] hold me no more in your respect.

SECOND LORD On my life, my lord, a bubble.[3]

BERTRAM Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

SECOND LORD Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as[6] my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.[8]

FIRST LORD It were fit you knew him, lest reposing[9] too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might at some great and trusty[10] business in a main danger fail you.

BERTRAM I would I knew in what particular action to try[11] him.

FIRST LORD None better than to let him fetch off[12] his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

SECOND LORD I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise[14] him; such I will have whom I am sure he knows not[15] from the enemy: we will bind and hoodwink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer[16] of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents. Be but your lordship present at his examination. If he do not, for the promise of his life and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you and deliver all the intelligence[19] in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath,[20] never trust my judgement in anything.

FIRST LORD O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum. He says he has a stratagem for't. When your lordship sees the bottom[23] of his success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore[24] will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining[25] cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter Parolles

SECOND LORD O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the honour of his design. ***Aside to Bertram*** Let him fetch off his drum in any hand.[27]

BERTRAM How now, monsieur? This drum sticks[28] sorely in your disposition.

FIRST LORD A pox[29] on't! Let it go, 'tis but a drum.

PAROLLES 'But a drum'? Is't 'but a drum'? A drum so lost? There was excellent command: to charge in with our horse upon our own wings,[31] and to rend our own soldiers!

FIRST LORD That was not to be blamed in[33] the command of the service: it was a disaster of war that Caesar himself could not have prevented if he had been there to command.

BERTRAM Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success. Some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum, but it is not to be recovered.

PAROLLES It might have been recovered.

BERTRAM It might, but it is not now.

PAROLLES It is to be recovered. But[40] that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*.[41]

BERTRAM Why, if you have a stomach,[42] to't, monsieur: if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this[43] instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise and go on. I will grace[44] the attempt for a worthy exploit. If you speed[45] well in it, the duke shall both speak of it and extend to you what further becomes[46] his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

PAROLLES By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

BERTRAM But you must not now slumber in it.[49]

PAROLLES I'll about it this evening, and I will presently[50] pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation,[51] and by midnight look to hear further from me.

BERTRAM May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it?

PAROLLES I know not what the success will be, my lord, but the attempt I vow.

BERTRAM I know thou'rt valiant, and to the possibility[55] of thy soldiership will subscribe[56] for thee. Farewell.

PAROLLES I love not many words.

Exit

SECOND LORD No more than a fish loves water. Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done, damns himself[60] to do and dares better be damned than to do't?

FIRST LORD You do not know him, my lord, as we do. Certain it is that he will steal himself into a man's favour and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries, but when you find him out, you have[63] him ever after.

BERTRAM Why, do you think he will make no deed[64] at all of this that so seriously he does address himself unto?

SECOND LORD None in the world. But return with an invention and clap upon you two or three probable[67] lies. But we have almost embossed him. You shall see his fall tonight; for[68] indeed he is not for your lordship's respect.

FIRST LORD We'll make you some sport with the fox ere we case[69] him. He was first smoked[70] by the old lord Lafew. When his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat[71] you shall find him, which you shall see this very night.

SECOND LORD I must go look my twigs.[72] He shall be caught.

BERTRAM Your[73] brother he shall go along with me. ***To First Lord***

FIRST LORD As't please your lordship. I'll leave you.

[Exit]

BERTRAM Now will I lead you to the house, and show you
The lass I spoke of.

SECOND LORD But you say she's honest.

BERTRAM That's all the fault. I spoke with her but once
And found her wondrous cold, but I sent to her
By this same coxcomb[80] that we have i'th'wind
Tokens and letters which she did re-send.
And this is all I have done. She's a fair creature.
Will you go see her?

SECOND LORD With all my heart, my lord.

Exeunt

[Act 3 Scene 7][3.7]

running scene 13

Enter Helen and Widow

HELEN If you misdoubt[1] me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But[3] I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

WIDOW Though my estate[4] be fall’n, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses,
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

HELEN Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband,
And what to your sworn counsel[10] I have spoken
Is so[11] from word to word. And then you cannot,
By[12] the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.

WIDOW I should believe you,
For you have showed me that which well approves[15]
You’re great in fortune.

HELEN Take this purse of gold, ***Gives a purse***
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay and pay again
When I have found it.[20] The count he woos your daughter,
Lays down his wanton[21] siege before her beauty,
Resolves to carry[22] her: let her in fine consent,
As we’ll direct her how ’tis best to bear[23] it.
Now his important blood[24] will naught deny
That she’ll demand: a ring the county[25] wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his house
From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it. This ring he holds
In most rich choice,[29] yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will,[30] it would not seem too dear,
Howe’er repented after.

WIDOW Now I see
The bottom[33] of your purpose.
HELEN You see it lawful,[34] then: it is no more,
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring; appoints[36] him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastely absent. After,
To marry her,[39] I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is passed[40] already.
WIDOW I have yielded:
Instruct my daughter how she shall persever,[42]
That time and place with this deceit so lawful
May prove coherent.[44] Every night he comes
With musics[45] of all sorts and songs composed
To her unworthiness.[46] It nothing steads us
To chide[47] him from our eaves, for he persists
As if his life lay[48] on't.
HELEN Why then tonight
Let us assay[50] our plot, which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning[51] in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act,
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact.[53]
But let's about it.

[Exeunt]

Act 4 [Scene 1][4.1]

running scene 14

Enter one of the Frenchmen [the First Lord Dumaine], with five or six other Soldiers in ambush

FIRST LORD He can come no other way but by this hedge-corner. When you sally[1] upon him, speak what terrible[2] language you will: though you understand it not yourselves, no matter, for we must not seem to understand him, unless[3] some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

FIRST SOLDIER Good captain, let me be th'interpreter.

FIRST LORD Art not acquainted with him? Knows he not thy voice?

FIRST SOLDIER No, sir, I warrant you.

FIRST LORD But what linsey-woolsey[8] hast thou to speak to us again?

FIRST SOLDIER E'en such as you speak to me.

FIRST LORD He must think us some band of strangers[10] i'th'adversary's entertainment. Now he hath a smack[11] of all neighbouring languages: therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy,[12] not to know what we speak one to another, so we seem to know, is to know straight[13] our purpose: choughs' language, gabble enough and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic.[14] But couch,[15] ho! Here he comes, to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges. ***They hide***

Enter Parolles

PAROLLES Ten o'clock. Within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausive[18] invention that carries it. They begin to smoke[19] me, and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find my tongue is too foolhardy, but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it and of his creatures,[21] not daring the reports of my tongue.

FIRST LORD This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of.

Speaks aside to the others throughout

PAROLLES What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts,[25] and say I got them in exploit: yet slight ones will not carry it. They will say, ‘Came you off with so little?’ And great ones I dare not give. Wherefore, what’s the instance?[27] Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman’s mouth and buy myself another of[28] Bajazet’s mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

FIRST LORD Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is?

PAROLLES I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn,[31] or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

FIRST LORD We cannot afford[33] you so.

PAROLLES Or the baring[34] of my beard, and to say it was in stratagem.

FIRST LORD ’Twould not do.

PAROLLES Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripped.

FIRST LORD Hardly serve.

PAROLLES Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel.[38]

FIRST LORD How deep?

PAROLLES Thirty fathom.[40]

FIRST LORD Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed.

PAROLLES I would I had any drum of the enemy’s. I would swear I recovered it.

FIRST LORD You shall hear one anon.

PAROLLES A drum now of the enemy’s—

Alarum within ***The Lord and Soldiers come out of hiding***

FIRST LORD *Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.* ***First Soldier will act as Interpreter***

ALL *Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.* ***They seize and blindfold Parolles***

PAROLLES O, ransom, ransom! Do not hide mine eyes.

INTERPRETER *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

PAROLLES I know you are the Muskos’[49] regiment,
And I shall lose my life for want of language.
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,[51]
Italian, or French, let him speak to me,
I’ll discover[53] that which shall undo the Florentine.

INTERPRETER *Boskos vauvado*. I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue. *Kerelybonto*. Sir, betake thee[55] to thy faith, for seventeen poniards are at thy bosom.

PAROLLES O!

INTERPRETER O, pray, pray, pray! *Manka revania dulche*.

FIRST LORD *Oscorbidulchos volivorco*.

INTERPRETER The general is content to spare thee yet,
And, hoodwinked[60] as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather[61] from thee. Haply thou mayst inform
Something to save thy life.

PAROLLES O, let me live,
And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,
Their force, their purposes. Nay, I'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.

INTERPRETER But wilt thou faithfully?

PAROLLES If I do not, damn me.

INTERPRETER *Acordo linta*.
Come on, thou art granted space.[70]

Exeunt [with Parolles guarded]

A short alarum within

FIRST LORD Go tell the Count Rossillion and my brother
We have caught the woodcock,[72] and will keep him muffled
Till we do hear from them.

SECOND SOLDIER Captain, I will.

FIRST LORD A[75] will betray us all unto ourselves:
Inform on[76] that.

SECOND SOLDIER So I will, sir.

FIRST LORD Till then I'll keep him dark and safely locked.

Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 2][4.2]

running scene 15

Enter Bertram and the maid called Diana

BERTRAM They told me that your name was Fontybell.[1]
DIANA No, my good lord, Diana.
BERTRAM Titled goddess,[3]
And worth[4] it, with addition! But, fair soul,
In your fine frame[5] hath love no quality?
If the quick[6] fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument.[7]
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern,
And now you should be as your mother was
When your sweet self was got.[11]
DIANA She then was honest.[12]
BERTRAM So should you be.
DIANA No:
My mother did but duty, such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.
BERTRAM No more o'that.
I prithee do not strive against my vows:[18]
I was compelled to her, but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint,[20] and will forever
Do thee all rights[21] of service.
DIANA Ay, so you serve us
Till we serve[23] you, but when you have our roses,
You barely[24] leave our thorns to prick ourselves
And mock us with our bareness.[25]
BERTRAM How have I sworn!
DIANA 'Tis not the many oaths that makes the truth,
But the plain single vow that is vowed true.
What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the high'st[30] to witness. Then, pray you tell me:
If I should swear by Jove's[31] great attributes,

I loved you dearly, would you believe my oaths
When I did love you ill?[33] This has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest[34] to love
That I will work against him: therefore your oaths
Are words[36] and poor conditions but unsealed,
At least in my opinion.
BERTRAM Change it,[38] change it.
Be not so holy-cruel:[39] love is holy,
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts[40]
That you do charge men with. Stand no more off,
But give thyself unto my sick[42] desires,
Who[43] then recovers. Say thou art mine, and ever
My love as it begins shall so persèver.
DIANA I see that men make ropes in such a scarre[45]
That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.
BERTRAM I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power
To give it from me.
DIANA Will you not, my lord?
BERTRAM It is an honour[50] 'longing to our house,
Bequeathèd down from many ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquy[52] i'th'world
In me to lose.
DIANA Mine honour's[54] such a ring:
My chastity's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathèd down from many ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquy i'th'world
In me to lose. Thus your own proper[58] wisdom
Brings in the champion honour on my part
Against your vain assault.
BERTRAM Here, take my ring. ***Gives her a ring***
My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be thine,
And I'll be bid[63] by thee.
DIANA When midnight comes, knock at my chamber-window:
I'll order take[65] my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band[66] of truth,
When you have conquered my yet maiden[67] bed,

Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me.
My reasons are most strong and you shall know them
When back again this ring shall be delivered:
And on your finger in the night I'll put
Another ring, that what in time proceeds[72]
May token[73] to the future our past deeds.
Adieu, till then. Then, fail not. You have won
A wife[75] of me, though there my hope be done.

BERTRAM A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee.

[Exit]

DIANA For which live long to thank both heaven and me.
You may so in the end.
My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in's heart. She says all men
Have the like[81] oaths. He had sworn to marry me
When his wife's dead: therefore I'll lie with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,[83]
Marry[84] that will, I live and die a maid.
Only in this disguise[85] I think't no sin
To cozen[86] him that would unjustly win.

Exit

[Act 4 Scene 3][4.3]

running scene 16

Enter the two French Captains [the Lords Dumaine] and some two or three Soldiers

FIRST LORD You have not given him his mother's letter?

SECOND LORD I have delivered it an hour since:[2] there is something in't that stings his nature, for on the reading it he changed almost into another man.

FIRST LORD He has much worthy[4] blame laid upon him for shaking off so good a wife and so sweet a lady.

SECOND LORD Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty[7] to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly[8] with you.

FIRST LORD When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

SECOND LORD He hath perverted[10] a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown, and this night he fleshes[11] his will in the spoil of her honour. He hath given her his monumental[12] ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.[13]

FIRST LORD Now, God delay[14] our rebellion! As we are ourselves, what things are we!

SECOND LORD Merely[15] our own traitors. And as in the common course of all treasons, we still[16] see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends, so he that in this action contrives[17] against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

FIRST LORD Is[19] it not meant damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company tonight?

SECOND LORD Not till after midnight, for he is dieted[21] to his hour.

FIRST LORD That approaches apace.[22] I would gladly have him see his company anatomized,[23] that he might take a measure of his own judgements, wherein so curiously[24] he had set this counterfeit.

SECOND LORD We will not meddle with him[25] till he come, for his presence must be the whip of the other.[26]

FIRST LORD In the meantime, what hear you of these wars?

SECOND LORD I hear there is an overture[28] of peace.

FIRST LORD Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

SECOND LORD What will Count Rossillion do then? Will he travel higher,[30] or return again into France?

FIRST LORD I perceive by this demand,[32] you are not altogether of his council.

SECOND LORD Let it be forbid, sir! So should I be a great deal[33] of his act.

FIRST LORD Sir, his wife some two months since fled from his house. Her pretence[34] is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le Grand; which holy undertaking with most austere sanctimony[36] she accomplished. And there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

SECOND LORD How is this justified?[39]

FIRST LORD The stronger part of it by her own letters, which makes her story true, even to the point of her death. Her death itself, which could not be her office[41] to say is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector[42] of the place.

SECOND LORD Hath the count all this intelligence?

FIRST LORD Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming[44] of the verity.[45]

SECOND LORD I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.

FIRST LORD How mightily sometimes we make[47] us comforts of our losses!

SECOND LORD And how mightily some other times we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity that his valour hath here acquired for him shall at home be encountered[50] with a shame as ample.

FIRST LORD The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished[53] by our virtues.

Enter a [Servant as a] Messenger

How now! Where's your master?

SERVANT He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn[55] leave: his lordship will next morning for[56] France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

SECOND LORD They shall be no more than needful[58] there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter Count Rossillion [Bertram]

FIRST LORD They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now.— How now, my lord! Is't not after midnight?

BERTRAM I have tonight dispatched[62] sixteen businesses, a month's length apiece, by an abstract of success: I have congied with[63] the duke, done my adieu with his nearest,[64] buried a wife, mourned for her, writ to my lady mother I am returning, entertained my convoy[65] and between these main parcels of dispatch effected many nicer[66] needs. The last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

SECOND LORD If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

BERTRAM I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it[69] hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? Come, bring forth this counterfeit module,[71] h'as deceived me like a double-meaning prophesier.

SECOND LORD Bring him forth. ***To Soldiers***
H'as sat i'th'stocks[73] all night, poor gallant knave.

[Exit some Soldiers]

BERTRAM No matter. His heels have deserved it in usurping[74] his spurs so long. How does he carry[75] himself?

SECOND LORD I have told your lordship already, the stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood: he weeps like a wench that had shed[77] her milk, he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time[79] of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i'th'stocks. And what think you he hath confessed?

BERTRAM Nothing of me, has a?[81]

SECOND LORD His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Enter Parolles [blindfolded] with his Interpreter

BERTRAM A plague upon him! Muffled? He can say nothing of me. Hush, hush.

FIRST LORD Hoodman[85] comes! *Portotartarossa*.

INTERPRETER He calls for the tortures. What will you say without ’em?

PAROLLES I will confess what I know without constraint.[87] If ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

INTERPRETER *Bosko chimurcho*.

FIRST LORD *Boblibindo chicurmurco*.

INTERPRETER You are a merciful general. Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.[92]

PAROLLES And truly, as I hope to live.

INTERPRETER ‘First demand of him how many horse[94] the duke is strong.’ ***Pretends to read*** What say you to that?

PAROLLES Five or six thousand, but very weak and unserviceable. The troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit and as I hope to live.

INTERPRETER Shall I set down your answer so?

PAROLLES Do. I’ll take the sacrament[100] on’t, how and which way you will. ***Bertram and the Lords speak aside throughout***

BERTRAM All’s one[101] to him. What a past-saving slave is this?

FIRST LORD You’re deceived, my lord: this is Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist — that was his own phrase — that had the whole theoric[103] of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape[104] of his dagger.

SECOND LORD I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean,[105] nor believe he can have everything in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

INTERPRETER Well, that’s set down. ***To Parolles***

PAROLLES ‘Five or six thousand horse,’ I said — I will say true — ‘or thereabouts’, set down, for I’ll speak truth.

FIRST LORD He’s very near the truth in this.

BERTRAM But I con[111] him no thanks for’t, in the nature he delivers it.

PAROLLES ‘Poor rogues’, I pray you say.

INTERPRETER Well, that's set down.

PAROLLES I humbly thank you, sir. A truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous[114] poor.

INTERPRETER 'Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot.[115]' *Pretends to read* What say you to that?

PAROLLES By my troth, sir, if I were to live[117] this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio, a hundred and fifty: Sebastian, so[118] many: Corambus, so many: Jaques, so many: Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick and Gratii, two hundred fifty each: mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred fifty each. So that the muster-file,[121] rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll, half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks,[122] lest they shake themselves to pieces.

BERTRAM What shall be done to him?

FIRST LORD Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my condition,[125] and what credit I have with the duke.

INTERPRETER Well, that's set down. *Pretends to read* 'You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumaine be i'th'camp, a Frenchman, what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars, or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighing[130] sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt.' What say you to this? What do you know of it?

PAROLLES I beseech you let me answer to the particular[132] of the inter'gatories: demand them singly.

INTERPRETER Do you know this Captain Dumaine?

PAROLLES I know him: a was a botcher's[135] 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the shrieve's fool[136] with child — a dumb innocent that could not say him nay.[137] *First Lord attempts to hit Parolles*

BERTRAM Nay, by your leave, hold your hands, though I know his[138] brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

INTERPRETER Well, is this captain in the Duke of Florence's camp?

PAROLLES Upon my knowledge he is, and lousy.[141]

FIRST LORD Nay look not so upon me. We shall hear of your lord anon.

INTERPRETER What is his reputation with the duke?

PAROLLES The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine, and writ to me this other day to turn him out o'th'band.[145] I think I have his letter in my pocket.

INTERPRETER Marry, we'll search. ***They search his pockets***

PAROLLES In good sadness,[147] I do not know. Either it is there, or it is upon a file with the duke's other letters in my tent.

INTERPRETER Here 'tis. Here's a paper. Shall I read it to you?

PAROLLES I do not know if it be it or no.

BERTRAM Our interpreter does it well.

FIRST LORD Excellently.

INTERPRETER 'Dian, the count's a fool, and full of gold'— ***Reads***

PAROLLES That is not the duke's letter, sir. That is an advertisement[154] to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one Count Rossillion, a foolish idle boy, but for all that very ruttish.[156] I pray you, sir, put it up again.

INTERPRETER Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.[157]

PAROLLES My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid, for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity and devours up all the fry[160] it finds.

BERTRAM Damnable both-sides[161] rogue!

INTERPRETER 'When he swears oaths, bid him drop[162] gold, and take it.

[Reads the] letter

After he scores,[163] he never pays the score.
Half[164] won is match well made, match and well make it;
He ne'er pays after-debts,[165] take it before.
And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this:
Men are to mell[167] with, boys are not to kiss.
For count[168] of this, the count's a fool, I know it,
Who pays before,[169] but not when he does owe it.
Thine, as he vowed to thee in thine ear, Parolles.'

BERTRAM He shall be whipped through the army with this rhyme in's[171] forehead.

SECOND LORD This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist[172] and the armipotent[173] soldier.

BERTRAM I could endure anything before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

INTERPRETER I perceive, sir, by the general's looks, we shall be fain[175] to hang you.

PAROLLES My life, sir, in any case. Not that I am afraid to die, but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature.[177] Let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i'th'stocks, or anywhere, so I may live.

INTERPRETER We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely: therefore, once more to this Captain Dumaine. You have answered to his reputation with the duke and to his valour. What is his honesty?

PAROLLES He will steal, sir, an egg[182] out of a cloister, for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus.[183] He professes not keeping of oaths, in breaking 'em he is stronger than Hercules.[184] He will lie, sir, with such volubility that you would think truth were a fool. Drunkenness is his best virtue, for he will be swine-drunk,[185] and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him. But they[186] know his conditions[187] and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has everything that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

FIRST LORD I begin to love him for this.

BERTRAM For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me. He's more and more a cat.

INTERPRETER What say you to his expertness in war?

PAROLLES Faith, sir, h'as led[194] the drum before the English tragedians — to belie him, I will not — and more of his soldiership I know not, except, in that country he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end,[196] to instruct for the doubling of files.[197] I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

FIRST LORD He hath out-villained villainy so far that the rarity redeems him.

BERTRAM A pox on him, he's a cat still.

INTERPRETER His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

PAROLLES Sir, for a cardecue[203] he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it, and cut[204] th'entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

INTERPRETER What's his brother, the other Captain Dumaine?

SECOND LORD Why does he ask him of me?

INTERPRETER What's he?

PAROLLES E'en a crow o'th'same nest: not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for[210] a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat he outruns any lackey;[211] marry, in coming on[212] he has the cramp.

INTERPRETER If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

PAROLLES Ay, and the captain[214] of his horse, Count Rossillion.

INTERPRETER I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

PAROLLES I'll no more[216] drumming. ***Aside*** A plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition[217] of that lascivious young boy, the count, have I run into this danger. Yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?

INTERPRETER There is no remedy, sir, but you must die. The general says, you that have so traitorously discovered[221] the secrets of your army and made such pestiferous[222] reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use: therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

PAROLLES O lord, sir, let me live, or let me see my death!

FIRST LORD That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. ***Unblindfolds him*** So, look about you: know you any here?

BERTRAM Good morrow, noble captain.

SECOND LORD God bless you, Captain Parolles.

FIRST LORD God save you, noble captain.

SECOND LORD Captain, what greeting will you[230] to my Lord Lafew? I am for France.

FIRST LORD Good captain,[231] will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the Count Rossillion? An I were not a very[232] coward, I’d compel it of you. But fare you well.

Exeunt [Bertram and Lords]

INTERPRETER You are undone,[234] captain — all but your scarf that has a knot on’t yet.

PAROLLES Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

INTERPRETER If you could find out a country where but[236] women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent[237] nation. Fare ye well, sir. I am for France too. We shall speak of you there.

Exeunt [Interpreter and Soldiers]

PAROLLES Yet am I thankful. If my heart were great[239]
’Twould burst at this. Captain I’ll be no more,
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
As captain shall. Simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who[243] knows himself a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword. Cool, blushes. And, Parolles, live
Safest in shame. Being fooled,[247] by fool’ry thrive;
There’s place and means for every man alive.
I’ll after them.

Exit

[Act 4 Scene 4][4.4]

running scene 17

Enter Helen, Widow and Diana

HELEN That you may well perceive I have not wronged you,
One[2] of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety,[3] ’fore whose throne ’tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.
Time was, I did him a desirèd office,
Dear almost as his life, which gratitude[6]
Through[7] flinty Tartar’s bosom would peep forth,
And answer thanks. I duly am informed
His grace is at Marseilles, to which place
We have convenient convoy.[10] You must know
I am supposèd dead. The army breaking,[11]
My husband hies him[12] home, where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We’ll be before our welcome.[14]

WIDOW Gentle madam,
You never had a servant to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

HELEN Nor you, mistress,
Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompense your love. Doubt not but heaven
Hath brought me up to be[21] your daughter’s dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive[22]
And helper to a husband. But, O strange men,
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy trusting[25] of the cozened thoughts
Defiles[26] the pitchy night, so lust doth play
With what it loathes[27] for that which is away.
But more of this hereafter. You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet[29] must suffer
Something in my behalf.

DIANA Let death and honesty[31]

Go with[32] your impositions, I am yours,
Upon[33] your will to suffer.
HELEN Yet,[34] I pray you:
But with the word[35] the time will bring on summer,
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away.
Our wagon is prepared, and time revives[38] us:
All’s well that ends well, still the fine’s[39] the crown;
Whate’er the course, the end is the renown.[40]

Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 5][4.5]

running scene 18

Enter Clown [Lavatch], Old Lady [Countess] and Lafew

LAFEW No, no, no, your son was misled with[1] a snipt-taffeta fellow there, whose villainous saffron[2] would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour. Your[3] daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home, more advanced by the king than by that red-tailed humble-bee[4] I speak of.

COUNTESS I would I had not known him. It was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praise for creating. If she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest[8] groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted[9] love.

LAFEW ’Twas a good lady, ’twas a good lady. We may pick a thousand salads ere we light on[11] such another herb.

LAVATCH Indeed, sir, she was the sweet marjoram[12] of the salad, or rather, the herb of grace.

LAFEW They are not herbs,[14] you knave, they are nose-herbs.

LAVATCH I am no great Nebuchadnezzar,[15] sir. I have not much skill in grace.

LAFEW Whether[16] dost thou profess thyself, a knave or a fool?

LAVATCH A fool,[17] sir, at a woman’s service, and a knave at a man’s.

LAFEW Your distinction?

LAVATCH I would cozen[19] the man of his wife and do his service.

LAFEW So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

LAVATCH And I would give his wife my bauble,[21] sir, to do her service.

LAFEW I will subscribe[22] for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

LAVATCH At your service.

LAFEW No, no, no.

LAVATCH Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

LAFEW Who’s that? A Frenchman?

LAVATCH Faith, sir, a has an English maine,[27] but his fisnomy is more hotter in France than there.

LAFEW What prince is that?

LAVATCH The black prince,[30] sir, alias the prince of darkness, alias the devil.

LAFEW Hold thee,[31] there's my purse: ***Gives a purse*** I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of. Serve him still.

LAVATCH I am a woodland[33] fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire, and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire. But sure he is the prince[34] of the world. Let his nobility remain in's court. I am for the house with the narrow gate,[35] which I take to be too little for pomp[36] to enter. Some that humble themselves may, but the many[37] will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.

LAFEW Go thy ways,[39] I begin to be aweary of thee, and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways. Let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.[41]

LAVATCH If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks,[42] which are their own right by the law of nature.

Exit

LAFEW A shrewd[44] knave and an unhappy.

COUNTESS So a is. My lord that's gone[45] made himself much sport out of him. By his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness, and indeed he has no pace,[47] but runs where he will.

LAFEW I like him well, 'tis not amiss. And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's[49] death and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter, which, in the minority[50] of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance[51] did first propose. His highness hath promised me to do it, and to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

COUNTESS With very much content, my lord, and I wish it happily effected.

LAFEW His highness comes post[56] from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered[57] thirty. A will be here tomorrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence[58] hath seldom failed.

COUNTESS It rejoices me that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here tonight. I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together.

LAFEW Madam, I was thinking with[62] what manners I might safely be admitted.

COUNTESS You need but[63] plead your honourable privilege.

LAFEW Lady, of that I have made a bold charter,[64] but I thank my God it holds yet.

Enter Clown [Lavatch]

LAVATCH O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet[65] on's face. Whether there be a scar under't or no, the velvet knows,[66] but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two[67] pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.[68]

LAFEW A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good liv'ry[69] of honour, so belike is that.

LAVATCH But it is your carbonadoed[70] face.

LAFEW Let us go see your son, I pray you. I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

LAVATCH Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats and most courteous feathers, which bow the head and nod at every man.

Exeunt

Act 5 [Scene 1][5.1]

running scene 19

Enter Helen, Widow and Diana, with two Attendants

HELEN But this exceeding posting[1] day and night
Must wear[2] your spirits low. We cannot help it:
But since you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold[5] you do so grow in my requital
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time.[6]

Enter a Gentle Astringer ***Perhaps with a hawk***

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend[8] his power. God save you, sir.

GENTLEMAN And you.

HELEN Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

GENTLEMAN I have been sometimes there.

HELEN I do presume, sir, that you are not fall'n[12]
From the report that goes upon your goodness,
And therefore, goaded with most sharp[14] occasions
Which lay nice[15] manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.

GENTLEMAN What's your will?

HELEN That it will please you
To give this poor petition[20] to the king, ***Shows a petition***
And aid me with that store of power you have
To come into his presence.

GENTLEMAN The king's not here.

HELEN Not here, sir?

GENTLEMAN Not, indeed.
He hence removed[26] last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.[27]

WIDOW Lord, how we lose our pains![28]

HELEN All's well that ends well yet,
Though time seem so adverse and means unfit.

I do beseech you, whither is he gone?
GENTLEMAN Marry, as I take it, to Rossillion,
Whither I am going.
HELEN I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like[35] to see the king before me,
Commend[36] the paper to his gracious hand, ***Gives petition***
Which I presume[37] shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you with what good speed
Our means[40] will make us means.
GENTLEMAN This I’ll do for you.
HELEN And you shall find yourself to be well thanked,
Whate’er falls more.[43] We must to horse again.
Go, go, provide.[44]
[Exeunt, separately]

[Act 5 Scene 2][5.2]

running scene 20

Enter Clown [Lavatch] and Parolles

PAROLLES Good Monsieur Lavache,[1] give my lord Lafew this letter. ***Gives Lavatch a letter*** I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes. But I am now, sir, muddied in Fortune's mood,[3] and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

LAVATCH Truly, Fortune's displeasure is but sluttish[5] if it smell so strongly as thou speakest of. I will henceforth eat no fish of Fortune's butt'ring.[6] Prithee allow the wind.

PAROLLES Nay, you need not to stop[8] your nose, sir. I spake but by a metaphor.

LAVATCH Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose, or against any man's metaphor. Prithee get thee further.

PAROLLES Pray you, sir, deliver me[11] this paper.

LAVATCH Foh! Prithee stand away. A paper[12] from Fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

Enter Lafew

Here is a purr[14] of Fortune's, sir, or of Fortune's cat — but not a musk-cat — that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and as he says, is muddied withal.[16] Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may, for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious,[17] foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort and leave him to your lordship.

Exit

PAROLLES My lord, I am a man whom Fortune hath cruelly scratched.

LAFEW And what would you have me to do? 'Tis too late to pare[20] her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with Fortune that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a cardecue[23] for you. ***Gives coin*** Let the justices make you and Fortune friends; I am for other business. ***Starts to leave***

PAROLLES I beseech your honour to hear me one single word.

LAFEW You beg a single penny more. ***Gives another coin*** Come, you shall ha't, save your word.

PAROLLES My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

LAFEW You beg more than 'word'[28] then. Cox my passion! Give me your hand. How does your drum?

PAROLLES O my good lord, you were the first that found me.[30]

LAFEW Was I, in sooth?[31] And I was the first that lost thee.

PAROLLES It lies in[32] you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

LAFEW Out upon thee,[33] knave! Dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? One brings thee in grace and the other brings thee out. ***Trumpets sound*** The king's coming. I know by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire[35] further after me. I had talk of you last night. Though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat. Go to, follow.

PAROLLES I praise God for you.

[Exeunt]

[Act 5 Scene 3]

running scene 20 continues

Flourish. Enter King, Old Lady [Countess], Lafew, the two French Lords, with Attendants

KING We lost a jewel of[1] her, and our esteem
Was made much poorer by it: but your son,
As mad in folly, lacked the sense to know
Her estimation home.[4]

COUNTESS ’Tis past, my liege,
And I beseech your majesty to make[6] it
Natural[7] rebellion, done i’th’blade of youth,
When oil and fire, too strong for reason’s force,
O’erbears it and burns on.

KING My honoured lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all,
Though my revenges were high bent[12] upon him,
And watched[13] the time to shoot.

LAFEW This I must say,
But first I beg my pardon,[15] the young lord
Did to his majesty, his mother and his lady
Offence of mighty note; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife
Whose beauty did astonish[19] the survey
Of richest[20] eyes, whose words all ears took captive,
Whose dear perfection hearts that scorned to serve
Humbly called mistress.

KING Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear. Well, call him hither.
We are reconciled, and the first view[25] shall kill
All repetition. Let him not ask our pardon.
The nature of his great offence is dead,[27]
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
Th’incensing relics[29] of it. Let him approach
A stranger,[30] no offender; and inform him

So ’tis our will he should.
GENTLEMAN[32] I shall, my liege.
[Exit]
KING What says he to your daughter? Have you spoke? ***To Lafew***
LAFEW All that he is hath reference to[34] your highness.
KING Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me
That sets him high in fame.
Enter Count Bertram ***With a patch of velvet on his left cheek***
LAFEW He looks well on’t.
KING I am not a day of season,[38]
For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail
In me at once. But to the brightest beams
Distracted[41] clouds give way, so stand thou forth.
The time is fair again.
BERTRAM My high-repented blames,[43]
Dear sovereign, pardon to[44] me.
KING All is whole.[45]
Not one word more of the consumèd[46] time.
Let’s take[47] the instant by the forward top,
For we are old, and on our quick’st[48] decrees
Th’inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this lord?
BERTRAM Admiringly, my liege. At first
I stuck[53] my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst[54] make too bold a herald of my tongue,
Where[55] the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective[56] did lend me,
Which warped the line of every other favour,[57]
Scorned a fair colour,[58] or expressed it stol’n,
Extended or contracted[59] all proportions
To a most hideous object.[60] Thence it came
That she[61] whom all men praised and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have loved, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.
KING Well excused.

That thou didst love her, strikes some scores[65] away
From the great count.[66] But love that comes too late,
Like a remorseful[67] pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns[68] a sour offence,
Crying, ‘That’s good that’s gone.’ Our rash faults
Make trivial price[70] of serious things we have,
Not knowing[71] them until we know their grave.
Oft our displeasures,[72] to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends and after weep[73] their dust.
Our own love waking cries to see what’s done,
While shameful hate sleeps out[75] the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen’s knell,[76] and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin.[77]
The main consents[78] are had, and here we’ll stay
To see our widower’s second marriage day,
Which better than the first, O dear heaven, bless!
Or, ere they meet,[81] in me, O nature, cesse!

LAFEW Come on, my son, in whom my house’s name
Must be digested,[83] give a favour from you
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come.[85] ***Bertram gives Lafew a ring***
By my old beard,
And every hair that’s on’t, Helen, that’s dead,
Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this,
The last[89] that e’er I took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.

BERTRAM Hers it was not.

KING Now, pray you let me see it. For mine eye, ***Lafew gives it to him***
While I was speaking, oft was fastened to’t.
This ring was mine, and when I gave it Helen,
I bade[95] her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitied to[96] help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft, to reave[97] her
Of what should stead[98] her most?

BERTRAM My gracious sovereign,
Howe’er it pleases you to take it so,

The ring was never hers.
COUNTESS Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it, and she reckoned[103] it
At[104] her life’s rate.
LAFEW I am sure I saw her wear it.
BERTRAM You are deceived, my lord. She never saw it.
In Florence was it from a casement[107] thrown me,
Wrapped in a paper, which contained the name
Of her that threw it. Noble she was, and thought
I stood engaged,[110] but when I had subscribed
To mine own fortune and informed her fully
I could not answer[112] in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceased
In heavy satisfaction[114] and would never
Receive the ring again.
KING Plutus[116] himself,
That knows the tinct[117] and multiplying med’cine,
Hath not in nature’s mystery more science[118]
Than I have in this ring. ’Twas mine, ’twas Helen’s,
Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess ’twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She called the saints to surety[123]
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
Where you have never come, or sent it us
Upon[127] her great disaster.
BERTRAM She never saw it.
KING Thou speak’st it falsely, as I love mine honour,
And mak’st conjectural[130] fears to come into me
Which I would fain[131] shut out. If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman — ’twill not prove so —
And yet I know not. Thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead, which nothing but to close
Her eyes myself could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring. Take him away. ↓↑***Puts ring on his own finger***↓↑

My fore-past[137] proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall[138] tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly[139] feared too little. Away with him.
We'll sift[140] this matter further.

BERTRAM If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was.

[Exit, guarded]

Enter a Gentleman [the Astringer]

KING I am wrapped in dismal thinkings.

GENTLEMAN Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame or no, I know not:
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath for[149] four or five removes come short
To tender[150] it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquished[151] thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this[152] I know
Is here attending. Her business looks[153] in her
With an importing visage,[154] and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief,[155] it did concern
Your highness with herself.

KING

[Reads a] letter

'Upon his many protestations to marry me when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the Count Rossillion a widower. His vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid[159] to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice. Grant it me, O king! In you it best lies, otherwise a seducer flourishes and a poor maid is undone. Diana Capilet.'

LAFEW I will buy me a son-in-law in[163] a fair, and toll for this. I'll none of him.

KING The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafew,
To bring forth this discov'ry. Seek these suitors.[165]
Go speedily and bring again the count.

Enter Bertram [guarded]

I am afeard[167] the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatched.[168]

COUNTESS Now, justice on the doers!

KING I wonder, sir, sith[170] wives are monsters to you,
And that[171] you fly them as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry.— What woman's that?

Enter Widow [and] Diana

DIANA I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derivèd[174] from the ancient Capilet.
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

WIDOW I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease,[179] without your remedy.

KING Come hither, count. Do you know these women?

BERTRAM My lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them. Do they charge me further?

DIANA Why do you look so strange[183] upon your wife?

BERTRAM She's none of mine, my lord.

DIANA If you shall marry,
You give away this hand,[186] and that is mine,
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine,
You give away myself, which is known mine,
For I by vow am so embodied yours,[189]
That she which marries you must marry me,
Either both or none.

LAFEW Your reputation comes too short for my daughter. ***To Bertram***
You are no husband for her.

BERTRAM My lord, this is a fond[194] and desp'rate creature,
Whom sometime I have laughed with. Let your highness
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

KING Sir, for my thoughts, you[198] have them ill to friend
Till your deeds gain them:[199] fairer prove your honour
Than in my thought it lies.

DIANA Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.
KING What say'st thou to her?
BERTRAM She's impudent,[205] my lord,
And was a common gamester[206] to the camp.
DIANA He does me wrong, my lord. If I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price.
Do not believe him. O, behold this ring, ***Shows a ring***
Whose high respect and rich validity[210]
Did lack a parallel.[211] Yet for all that
He gave it to a commoner[212] o'th'camp,
If I be one.
COUNTESS He blushes, and 'tis hit.[214]
Of[215] six preceding ancestors, that gem,
Conferred by testament[216] to th'sequent issue,
Hath it been owed[217] and worn. This is his wife,
That ring's a thousand proofs.
KING Methought you said
You saw one here in court could witness it.
DIANA I did, my lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument:[222] his name's Parolles.
LAFEW I saw the man today, if man he be.
KING Find him, and bring him hither.
[Exit an Attendant]
BERTRAM What of him?
He's quoted for[226] a most perfidious slave
With[227] all the spots o'th'world taxed and deboshed,
Whose nature sickens but[228] to speak a truth.
Am I or[229] that or this for what he'll utter,
That will speak anything?
KING She hath that ring of yours.
BERTRAM I think she has; certain it is I liked her,
And boarded[233] her i'th'wanton way of youth.
She knew her distance[234] and did angle for me,
Madding[235] my eagerness with her restraint,

As all impediments in fancy's[236] course
Are motives of more fancy. And in fine,
Her insuite[238] cunning, with her modern grace,
Subdued me[239] to her rate: she got the ring,
And I had that which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

DIANA I must be patient.
You, that have turned[243] off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet[244] me. I pray you yet —
Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband —
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

BERTRAM I have it not.

KING What ring was yours, I pray you?

DIANA Sir, much like the same upon your finger.

KING Know you this ring? This ring was his of late.

DIANA And this was it I gave him, being abed.

KING The story then goes[253] false, you threw it him
Out of a casement.

DIANA I have spoke the truth.

Enter Parolles

BERTRAM My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.

KING You boggle[257] shrewdly, every feather starts you.
Is this the man you speak of?

DIANA Ay, my lord.

KING Tell me, sirrah — but tell me true, I charge you, ***To Parolles***
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
Which on your just proceeding[262] I'll keep off —
By[263] him and by this woman here what know you?

PAROLLES So please your majesty, my master hath been an honourable gentleman. Tricks[265] he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.

KING Come, come, to th'purpose: did he love this woman?

PAROLLES Faith, sir, he did love her, but how?

KING How, I pray you?

PAROLLES He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

KING How is that?

PAROLLES He[271] loved her, sir, and loved her not.

KING As thou art a knave, and no knave. What an equivocal companion[272] is this!

PAROLLES I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

LAFEW He's a good drum,[274] my lord, but a naughty orator.

DIANA Do you know he promised me marriage?

PAROLLES Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

KING But wilt thou not speak all thou knowest?

PAROLLES Yes, so please your majesty. I did go between them, as I said. But more than that, he loved her, for indeed he was mad for her and talked of Satan and of Limbo[280] and of Furies and I know not what. Yet I was in that credit with them at that time that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions,[281] as promising her marriage, and things which would derive[282] me ill will to speak of: therefore I will not speak what I know.

KING Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married. But thou art too fine[285] in thy evidence: therefore stand aside. This ring, you say, was yours?

DIANA Ay, my good lord.

KING Where did you buy it? Or who gave it you?

DIANA It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

KING Who lent it you?

DIANA It was not lent me neither.

KING Where did you find it, then?

DIANA I found it not.

KING If it were yours by none of all these ways,
How could you give it him?

DIANA I never gave it him.

LAFEW This woman's an easy[297] glove, my lord: she goes off and on at pleasure.

KING This ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.

DIANA It might be yours or hers, for aught[299] I know.

KING Take her away. I do not like her now.
To prison with her, and away with him.
Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,

Thou diest within this hour.
DIANA I'll never tell you.
KING Take her away.
DIANA I'll put in[306] bail, my liege.
KING I think thee now some common customer.[307]
DIANA By Jove, if[308] ever I knew man, 'twas you.
KING Wherefore hast thou accused him all this while?
DIANA Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty.
He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't.
I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life.
I am either maid, or else this old man's wife. ***Points to Lafew***
KING She does abuse our ears. To prison with her.
DIANA Good mother, fetch my bail.— Stay, royal sir.
[Exit Widow]
The jeweller that owes[317] the ring is sent for,
And he shall surety[318] me. But for this lord
Who hath abused me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harmed me, here I quit[320] him.
He knows himself my bed he hath defiled,
And at that time he got his wife with child.
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick.
So there's my riddle: one that's dead is quick,[324]
And now behold the meaning.
Enter Helen and Widow
KING Is there no exorcist
Beguiles[327] the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real that I see?
HELEN No, my good lord,
'Tis but the shadow[330] of a wife you see,
The name and not the thing.
BERTRAM Both, both. O, pardon!
HELEN O my good lord, when I was like[333] this maid,
I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring,
And, look you, here's your letter. This it says: ***Shows letter***
'When from my finger you can get this ring

And are by me with child', etc. This is done:
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?
BERTRAM If she, my liege, can make me know[339] this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.
HELEN If it appear not plain and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce[342] step between me and you!
O my dear mother, do I see you living?
LAFEW Mine eyes smell onions. I shall weep anon:
Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkercher.[345] ***To Parolles***
So. I thank thee. Wait on[346] me home, I'll make sport with thee.
Let thy court'sies[347] alone, they are scurvy ones.
KING Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even[349] truth in pleasure flow.—
If thou be'st yet a fresh uncroppèd flower, ***To Diana***
Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower,
For I can guess that by thy honest aid
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—
Of that and all the progress[354] more and less
Resolvedly[355] more leisure shall express.
All yet seems well, and if it end so meet,[356]
The bitter past,[357] more welcome is the sweet.
Flourish
[Epilogue]
The king's a beggar now the play is done.
All is well ended if this suit be won,
That you express content,[360] which we will pay
With strife[361] to please you, day exceeding day.
Ours[362] be your patience then, and yours our parts,
Your[363] gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.
Exeunt

Textual Notes

= First Folio text of 1623, the only authority for the play

2 = a correction introduced in the Second Folio text of 1632
3 = a correction introduced in the Third Folio text of 1663–4
4 = a correction introduced in the Fourth Folio text of 1685
d = a correction introduced by a later editor
D = stage direction
H = speech heading (i.e., speaker’s name)

ist of parts = Ed

.1.1 SHCOUNTESS = Ed. F = *Mother* **2 SH BERTRAM** = Ed. F = *Ros.* **107 got** = F2. F = goe **127 wear** = Ed. F = were **136 traitress** = F2. F = Traitoresse

.2.4 SH FIRST LORD = Ed. F = *1.Lo.G.* **19 SH SECOND LORD** = Ed. F = *2.Lo.E* **23 Rossillion** = F2. F = *Rosignoll*

.3.2 SH REYNALDO = Ed. F = *Ste.* **9 SH LAVATCH** = Ed. F = *Clo.* **13 I** = F2. F = w **18 bairns** *spelled* barnes in F **55** F *omits this line, but prints “bis” (Latin for “twice”) at the end of the preceding line* **64 ere** = Ed. F = ore **81 Dian no queen** = Ed. F = Queene **93 rightly** = Ed. F = righlie **143 t’one** = F2. F = ’ton tooth **172 intenible** = F2. F = intemible **207 Haply** *spelled* Happily *in* F **223 and** = F2. F = an

.1.6 SH FIRST LORD = Ed. F = *Lord. G.* **19 SH SECOND LORD** = Ed. F = *L.G.* **28 SH SECOND LORD** = Ed. F = *2.Lo.E.* **45 with his cicatrice** = Ed. F = his sicatrice, with **59 fee** = Ed. F = see **93 SD *Enter Helen*** = Ed. *One line later in* F **159 impostor** = F3. F = Impostrue **179 nay** = Ed. F = ne **199 heaven** = Ed. F = helpe

.2.1 SH COUNTESS = Ed. F = *Lady. (*F *also uses Count., Lad., Old La. and La.)* **42 An** = Ed. F = And **47 legs** = F2. F = legegs

.3.1 SH LAFEW = Ed. F = *Ol. Laf.* **86 her** = F2. F = heere **122 it is** = F2. F = is is **195 thou’rt** = F3.F = th’ourt **234 SD *Enter Count Rossillion*** = Ed. *One line earlier in* F **260 detested** = Ed. F = detected

.5.14 Ay, “sir,” he “Sir” ‘s = Ed. F = I sir, hee sirs **22 End** = Ed. F = And **23 one** = Ed. F = on **25 heard** = F2. F = hard

.1.11 SH SECOND LORD = Ed. F = *French E.* **20 SH FIRST LORD** = Ed. F = *Fren.G.* **27 th’field** = F2. F = th the field

.2.7 sold = F3.F = hold **14 E’en** = Ed. F = In

.4.1 SH COUNTESS = Ed. *Not in* F **4 SH REYNALDO** = Ed. *Not in* F **7 have** = F2. F = *hane* **18 SH COUNTESS** = Ed. *Not in* F **23 SH REYNALDO** = Ed. F = *Ste.*

.5.0 SD *Diana* = Ed. F = *Violenta* **22–3 are you** = F2. F = are **24 le** = Ed. F = la

.6.1 SH SECOND LORD = Ed. F = *Cap. E.* **2 SH FIRST LORD** = Ed. F = *Cap. G.* **23 his** = Ed. F = this **24 ore** = Ed. F = ours

.7.22 Resolves = F2. F = Resolve **38 After** = F. F2 = After this **46 steads** = F4. F = steeds

.1.1 SH FIRST LORD = F *(1 Lord E.).* Lo.E *for remainder of scene, perhaps because Shakespeare has forgotten that elsewhere first lord is* G *and second is* E **5 captain** = F3. F = Captaiue **70 art** = F3. F = are

.3.101 All’s…him *assigned to Parolles in* F **175 the** = F2. F = your **203 cardecue** = F2. F = Cardceue

.4.18 you = F4. F = your

.2.1 Monsieur = Ed. F = M^{r} **22 under her** = F2. F = vnder

.3.66 count *spelled* compt *in* F **116 Plutus** = Ed. F = *Platus* **138 tax** = F2. F = taze **157 SH KING** = Ed. *Not in* F **170 sith** = Ed. F = sir **172 SD *Diana*** = Ed. F = *Diana, and Parrolles* **238 cunning** = Ed.

F = comming **337 are** = Ed. F = is **361 strife** = F2. F = *strift*

Act 1 Scene 1

List of parts: **HELEN** perhaps named after Helen of Troy, reputedly the most beautiful woman in the world and the cause of a great war

LAFEW some editions modernize to “lafeu” (*feu*, French for “fire”)

1.1 ***Location:*** *Rossillion (now Roussillon), old province in southern France, near the Pyrenees mountains*

1 **delivering** sending forth (plays on the sense of “giving birth”)

3 **attend** obey, heed **in ward** under guardianship (as a minor who has inherited property)

4 **subjection** obedience, servitude as a subject/legal obligation

5 **of** in **husband** i.e., protector

6 **generally** universally/to everyone **hold** maintain **virtue** benevolence **whose** i.e., the Countess and Bertram

7 **stir…wanted** provoke it even in those who lacked generosity **where… abundance** i.e., in the king

9 **amendment** recovery

10 **practices** medical treatments

11 **persecuted time** tormented his days/drawn out his suffering

14 **passage** turn of phrase/transition/event/death **honesty** honor, integrity

16 **Would** I wish

20 **Narbon** Narbonne, southern French city near province of Roussillon

22 **still** yet/for ever

25 **fistula** ulcer

27 **notorious** widely known/evident

29 **overlooking** guardianship

30 **hopes …good** i.e., high hopes for her **education** upbringing **dispositions** natural talents

31 **unclean** naturally corrupted **virtuous qualities** fine learned accomplishments

32 **go with pity** are mingled with regret

33 **simpleness** unaffected simplicity (i.e., not mixed with vice) **derives** inherits

35 **season** preserve/flavor

37 **livelihood** animation **Go to** expression of dismissal (i.e., “come, come”)

38 **affect** assume/pretend to have **than to have** rather than genuinely feel one

40 **of** due to

42 **If …mortal** i.e., if resisted, overabundant grief quickly dies

43 **holy** sacred/respected

44 **How …that?** What does that mean? (some editors suppose the line is displaced and that it may be a response to Helen or the Countess, not Bertram)

46 **manners** good conduct **shape** physical appearance **Thy** may thy **blood** nobility/parentage

47 **empire** rule

48 **birthright** inherited qualities

49 **able** ready/powerful enough

50 **power** ability, potential **keep…key** value your friend’s life as dearly as your own

51 **checked** rebuked

52 **taxed** censured **What** whatever **more will** wishes to give you in addition

53 **pluck** draw

55 **unseasoned** inexperienced

57 **want** lack **best** i.e., best advice

58 **his love** my love for him

60 **forged** created, imagined

61 **comfortable** comforting, supportive **make much of** be attentive to

62 **hold** maintain **credit** reputation/honor

64 **these …him** i.e., the floods of tears she is shedding because of her unrequited love for Bertram do more honor to her father’s memory than did the (fewer) tears wept at his death

67 **favour** image, face (puns on the sense of “love token”)

68 **undone** ruined

69 **’Twere…That** it is the same as if

72 **collateral** parallel but distant

73 **sphere** orbit (heavenly bodies were thought to be surrounded by hollow spheres that produced beautiful music as they rotated)

75 **hind** female deer (puns on sense of “servant”)

76 **pretty** pleasing

78 **hawking** sharp, keen

79 **table** notebook, drawing tablet **capable** appreciative, sensitive

80 **trick** distinguishing feature **favour** face

81 **fancy** love/infatuation

82 **relics** i.e., memory ***Parolles*** i.e., “words,” from French *paroles*

83 **his** i.e., Bertram’s

85 **great way** complete **solely** wholly

86 **fixed** certain, established **fit** suitably

87 **take place** take precedence/are accepted **steely** i.e., hard, uncompromising

88 **Looks …wind** are left out in the cold/look pale, unappealing **Withal** therefore **full oft** very often

89 **waiting on** attending, deferring to **superfluous** extravagant, overabundant

90 **Save** God save **queen** may play on “quean” (i.e., prostitute)

95 **stain** hint/taint

96 **barricado** barricade

97 **Keep** ensure he stays (plays on the sense of “build a fortified tower”)

99 **Unfold** reveal

100 **setting…you** besieging you (with sexual connotations) **undermine** overthrow/dig underneath to lay mines/burrow into sexually **blow you up** cause an explosion/make you pregnant

102 **Bless** (may God) protect

103 **policy** stratagem

104 **be blown up** gain an erection/have an orgasm **Marry** by the Virgin Mary

105 **blowing him down** inducing his orgasm, and subsequent loss of erection **breach** vagina/hole in defences **city** i.e., virginity

106 **politic** prudent/strategic

107 **rational increase** logical profit-making/an increase in rational beings through reproduction **got** begotten, conceived

108 **That** that which **mettle** substance/coinage (indistinguishable from “metal” in Shakespearean usage)

109 **found** i.e., duplicated in reproduction (by producing ten virgins) **cold** chaste

111 **stand for’t** defend it

112 **in’t** in its defense

113 **part** behalf (puns on the sense of “genitals”) **infallible** certain

114 **He…virgin** i.e., like a virgin who refuses to reproduce, a crime likened to suicide

115 **highways …limit** traditionally suicides were buried in at crossroads, in unconsecrated ground **desperate** reckless/dangerous **offendress** female offender

117 **paring** rind **his** its **stomach** appetite/pride **peevish** stubborn, perverse

118 **inhibited** prohibited **canon** list of sins in the Bible

119 **lose** fail to profit (puns on the idea of “losing” one’s virginity) **Out with’t!** Away with it!/put it out to interest **make itself two** double in value (by increasing at a rate of ten percent per year)

120 **principal** initial investment

122 **How** what

123 **it** i.e., virginity

124 **gloss** freshness/shine **lying** remaining unused (may play on the sense of “lying down”)

125 **vendible** saleable, marketable **Answer…request** respond to current consumer demand

126 **suited** dressed **unsuitable** unfashionable **toothpick** ornate toothpicks were fashionable for a period

127 **wear not** are not in fashion **date** fruit/age/penis **pie** with vaginal connotations **porridge** stew (with vaginal connotations) **in your cheek** i.e., as sign of increasing age

129 **pears** with vaginal connotations **eats dryly** tastes dry

132 **There** i.e., at court

133 **mother** here begins a list of names and relationships found in love poetry

134 **phoenix** i.e., paragon, wonder (literally, mythical Arabian bird that was consumed by fire every five hundred years, then resurrected from the ashes; only one existed at a time)

138 **concord** harmony **dulcet** sweet

139 **disaster** unlucky star

140 **fond** affectionate/foolish **adoptious** adopted **christendoms** baptismal (Christian) names

141 **blinking** blind **gossips** is godparent to

142 **well** fortune

147 **body** i.e., something tangible

149 **baser stars** lesser fortunes **shut…in** confine us to

150 **effects of them** i.e., fulfilled wishes

151 **alone must think** must only think (not do)

152 **Returns us thanks** give us gratitude, reward

156 **Mars** Roman god of war **ay** “I” in Folio, but likely to be heard by the audience as an ironic “yes” (Mars not being known for charity)

159 **under** down/in a lowly position

160 **predominant** in the ascendant, dominant

161 **retrograde** moving in a contrary direction, backward

163 **backward** i.e., in retreat, fleeing the enemy

164 **advantage** tactical gain (Helen shifts the sense to “personal interest”)

165 **composition** mixture/constitution (plays on the sense of “trace”)

166 **wing** ability to fly swiftly/jacket’s shoulder flap (may pun on the sense of “flank of troops”)

167 **wear** fashion

169 **perfect** (the) complete **in the which** i.e., in which manner **naturalize** accustom

170 **capable of** receptive to/have (sexual) capacity for

171 **thrust** with sexual connotations

172 **makes thee away** sees you off **leisure** opportunity

173 **use** treat/employ sexually

176 **fated** fateful/with power over destiny

178 **designs** undertakings/plans **dull** sluggish

180 **feed** satisfy (my longing)

181 **The** across the **space in fortune** gap in social status/difference in fortunes

182 **like likes** kindred affections **native** closely related/of similar rank/natural

183 **strange attempts** extraordinary endeavors (to be united)

184 **weigh…sense** evaluate their efforts according to common-sense

186 **miss** fail to achieve

Act 1 Scene 2

1.2 ***Location:*** *Paris* **Flourish** fanfare, usually accompanying a person in authority ***divers*** various
1 **Florentines** people from Florence (northern Italian city, capital of Tuscany) **Senoys** people from Siena **by th'ears** at odds, fighting
3 **braving** defiant
6 **cousin** fellow monarch of
7 **move** urge, appeal to
8 **dearest friend** i.e., Austria
9 **Prejudicates** prejudges
10 **make denial** i.e., deny aid to the Florentines
12 **Approved** established, proved
13 **credence** trust
14 **armed** fortified (against entreaties)
15 **Florence** ruler of Florence
16 **for** as for **see** i.e., take **part** in
17 **service** military service
18 **stand** serve, fight **part** side
20 **nursery** training-ground **sick** longing
21 **breathing and exploit** active military employment
26 **Frank** generous **rather…haste** more fastidious than hasty
27 **parts** qualities
30 **corporal soundess** good physical health
32 **tried** tested **did…service** had deep knowledge of military matters
33 **was Discipled of** taught/was taught by
34 **bravest** boldest/finest/noblest
35 **haggish** hag-like, repulsive/frosty
36 **out of act** down beyond action **repairs** restores, revives
40 **scorn** mockery **return…unnoted** goes unheeded/is visited back upon them
41 **Ere** before **levity in honour** light-heartedness in honorable action
42 **contempt** neither contempt
44 **equal** i.e., social equal **awaked** provoked
45 **Clock to itself** true to itself, reliable, self-governing **true** exact
46 **Exception** grievance/disapproval

47 **hand** hand of action/hand of his honor’s clock, showing the appropriate time **Who** those who

48 **used** treated **another place** different (higher) rank

49 **top** head

51 **humbled** humbled himself

52 **copy** example/model

53 **them …backward** men of today to be merely inferior

57 **So …epitaph** his epitaph is nowhere so profoundly confirmed **approof** proof, experience/approbation

60 **plausive** praising

61 **scattered not** did not disperse randomly **grafted** cultivated deliberately

62 **bear** i.e., bear fruit

64 **On …heel** at the conclusion and end **pastime** entertainment, leisure activity

65 **out** over

66 **snuff** burnt-out wick/hindrance

67 **apprehensive** perceptive/quick-witted

69 **Mere …garments** only capable of inventing new fashions **constancies** loyalties

71 **I…too** I, surviving him, also wish (plays on idea of following into death)

72 **nor** neither

73 **were** would be **dissolvèd** released

74 **labourers** productive bees

76 **lend** show, give **it** i.e., love **lack** miss

82 **the rest** i.e., other physicians

83 **several** various **applications** treatments

84 **Debate** contend over **it** i.e., his health

Act 1 Scene 3

1.3 ***Location:*** *Rossillion* **Lavatch** probably from the French *la vache* (“the cow”)

1 **gentlewoman** i.e., Helen

2 **even your content** please you

3 **calendar** record

4 **clearness** purity **deservings** merits, deserts **of…them** we speak openly of our own merits

5 **sirrah** sir (used to a social inferior)

9 **poor** wretched, humble (sense then shifts to “impoverished”)

10 **Well** i.e., go on (Lavatch shifts the sense to “satisfactory”)

12 **go …world** i.e., get married **Isbel** typical name for a whore

13 **woman** female servant/whore **do** act/have sex

14 **needs** of necessity

17 **case** puns on the sense of “vagina” **Service** employment as a servant (plays on the sense of “sex”) **heritage** inheritance (for children)

18 **issue …body** i.e., children **bairns** children

22 **go** puns on the sense of “have sex”

23 **your worship** title of mock respect

24 **holy** i.e., sanctioned by marriage (puns on “holey,” i.e., vaginal)

25 **world** mankind, i.e., secular people

27 **repent** regret marrying/atone for sex out of wedlock

29 **for …sake** to keep my wife company (with suggestion of sexual activity)

31 **shallow** lacking in judgment **in** of **do** with sexual connotations

32 **ears** ploughs/has sex with/impregnates **land** i.e., wife **spares my team** takes the load off my sexual organs **gives me leave** allows/enables

33 **in** harvest/bring in **crop** i.e., of children **cuckold** man with an unfaithful wife **drudge** slave/menial worker **comforts** pleasures (sexually)

34 **cherisher** nourisher/sustainer (in procreative sense)

35 ***ergo*** “therefore” (Latin)

36 **what they are** i.e., cuckolds

37 **Charbon the Puritan** meat-eating puritan (from French *chair bonne:* “good flesh,” eaten on fast-days) **Poysam the Papist** fish-eating Catholic (from French *poisson:* “fish,” eaten on fast-days)

38 **howsome'er** howsoever/although **both one** alike (in being cuckolds)

39 **jowl** dash, knock

40 **ever** always **calumnious** slanderous

41 **next** nearest/most direct

45 **kind** nature, i.e., to be a cuckold (which sounds like "cuckoo") is natural

46 **anon** at another time

50 **fair face** i.e., of Helen of Troy, the most beautiful woman in the world, whose abduction by Paris caused the Trojan war **she** perhaps Hecuba, wife of **Priam**

51 **sackèd** plundered **Troy** ancient city of West Turkey, besieged for ten years during the Trojan war

52 **Fond** foolishly

53 **King Priam** King of Troy, killed during the conflict

56 **sentence** maxim, wise saying

57 **Among** along with

60 **corrupt the song** presumably Lavatch has inverted the words of a well-known song; it may have originally read "Among nine good if one be bad, / There's yet nine good in ten"

61 **purifying** cleansing, improving

62 **serve the world** i.e., by consistently providing **one good woman in ten**

63 **tithe-woman** tenth woman (i.e., one in ten); the **tithe** was the tenth of one's farm produce able to be claimed by the **parson** **An** if

64 **but …earthquake** i.e., rarely **blazing star** comet **mend…well** improve the odds

65 **draw** pull **one** i.e., a good woman

67 **That** to think that

68 **honesty** truth/virtue **wear…heart** i.e., conform by hiding pride beneath an outward appearance of obedience, just as Puritans wore the prescribed Anglican surplice over the more extreme Calvinist **black gown**

69 **forsooth** in truth

73 **bequeathed** left (by will)/entrusted

74 **advantage** financial interest/additional personal benefits **make title** lay claim

76 **late** recently

78 **stranger sense** other person’s or stranger’s hearing **matter** subject, theme
80 **estates** stations in life **no** i.e., unworthy of being a
81 **only where qualities** except where ranks **Dian** Diana, Roman goddess of chastity, the moon, and hunting **suffer** allow
82 **surprised** to be captured/attacked
83 **touch** feeling/expression/note
84 **withal** with **sithence** since
85 **loss** harm **something** somewhat
86 **discharged** performed **likelihoods** indications
88 **misdoubt** disbelieve **Stall** confine, lodge, hide
92 **these** difficulties/pangs of love
94 **blood** passion
95 **show** appearance/display **seal** sign/confirmation
96 **impressed** imprinted, stamped
98 **or** or rather/but
99 **observe** see through/note
104 **Methought** it seemed to me
105 **start** flinch
107 **enwombèd mine** carried in my womb
108 **Adoption** i.e., (love for) adopted children **strives** competes **nature** i.e., (love for) one’s own children **choice…seeds** we choose to graft a cutting from another plant onto our stock, and thus make it into our own
110 **mother’s groan** i.e., in labor
112 **curd** curdle
114 **distempered** distressed/unseasonal, inclement
115 **Iris** Greek goddess of the rainbow **rounds** encircles
117 **not** i.e., not your daughter-in-law
122 **note** mark of distinction **parents** ancestors
124 **vassal** subject/servant
128 **So** provided that
129 **both our mothers** mother of us both
130 **no …than** as much as
131 **Can’t no other** can it be no other way
134 **shield** ensure/forbid
136 **catched** caught **fondness** foolishness/affection

137 **loveliness** many editors emend to “loneliness” (solitary melancholy)
138 **head** source **sense** perception **gross** obvious
139 **Invention** (your) devising of excuse
140 **Against** in the face of
145 **kind** natural way (i.e., by weeping)
147 **That …suspected** for fear that truth will be regarded with suspicion/to ensure that truth will not be guessed at
148 **clew** ball (of thread)
149 **forswear’t** deny it (under oath) **howe’er** in any case **charge** command
150 **avail** benefit
157 **Go not about** don’t be roundabout (in answering) **bond** i.e., maternal bond
158 **takes note** recognizes
160 **appeached** informed against (you)
163 **before** more than
165 **friends** relatives
168 **token** sign, evidence, indication (plays on the sense of “love token”)
presumptuous suit unwarranted aim/expectant courtship
172 **captious** capacious/eager to take in/deceptive **intenible** incapable of holding
173 **still** continually
174 **lack …still** yet do not run out of more to pour in and waste/do not run out of more to keep continuously pouring in and losing
175 **Religious** ardent/worshipful
177 **no more** nothing other (than to look on him)
178 **encounter with** contest, fight
180 **cites** confirms, acknowledges
183 **herself** i.e., chastity
185 **lend …lose** i.e., bestow affection where it is sure of no success
186 **that** what **implies** involves, seeks
187 **lives …dies** i.e., in loving Bertram, Helen is doomed to eternal disappointment
191 **Wherefore?** Why?
192 **grace** God’s grace
193 **prescriptions** ancient customs/instructions/doctor’s prescriptions
195 **manifest** evident

196 **sovereignty** efficacy/healing

197 **In…them** to reserve them for use with the greatest care

198 **notes** instructions/doctor’s prescriptions **faculties inclusive** comprehensive capabilities

199 **in note** recognized to be

200 **approved** tested, proven

201 **desp’rate** despairing, hopeless

202 **rendered lost** deemed incurable

206 **conversation** processes, reflections

207 **Haply** perhaps

209 **tender** offer

211 **a mind** the same opinion

212 **credit** believe/trust

213 **schools** universities, medical faculties

214 **Embowelled** disemboweled, emptied **doctrine** learning, science **left off** abandoned

218 **receipt** prescription/remedy

219 **sanctified** blessed

221 **try success** find out what happens **venture** risk

222 **well-lost** i.e., lost for a good cause

223 **such a** a specific

225 **knowingly** i.e., securely, with confidence

226 **leave** permission

229 **into** unto/upon

231 **miss** lack

Act 2 Scene 1

2.1 ***Location:*** *Paris*
1 **principles** i.e., advice
2 **throw from you** forget
4 **gift** i.e., of advice
7 **well-entered** (becoming) experienced
10 **owes** owns
13 **higher Italy** high-ranking Italians/northern Italy (Tuscany)
14 **Those …monarchy** except those who merely inherit their places from what is left of the Holy Roman Empire/they that are cast down by having merely the remains of the Holy Roman Empire
16 **woo** court, flirt with **wed** i.e., own, be bound to
17 **questant** seeker, one on a quest **shrinks** recoils (plays on the sense of “loses his erection”)
18 **cry** proclaim
21 **lack …deny** i.e., cannot say no
22 **captives** i.e., to the girls’ charms
23 **serve** fight (plays on the sense of “have sex”)
27 **spark** young man about town
28 **brave** splendid
30 **here** to stay here **kept a coil** fussed over
32 **bravely** boldly/worthily
33 **forehorse …smock** lead horse in a team led by a woman
34 **masonry** stonework floor (i.e., not a battlefield)
35 **bought up** won by others
36 **one …with** i.e., an ornamental weapon **steal** sneak (the First Lord plays on the sense of “rob”)
40 **grow to** become attached to **a tortured body** like a body being torn apart
43 **a word** in a word
44 **metals** blades/spirits (“mettles”)
45 **Spurio** “counterfeit” (Italian) **cicatrice** scar **sinister** left
46 **entrenched** gashed, grooved **reports** response
48 **Mars** may Mars **novices** recruits
50 **Stay** wait on/obey (Second Folio repunctuates “Stay:” which changes the sense to “Wait: the king is coming”)

51 **spacious ceremony** ample courtesy

52 **list** boundary

53 **wear …time** i.e., are fashionable/notable **muster true gait** display correct bearing/behavior

54 **received** fashionable

55 **measure** stately dance **dilated** extended

57 **like** likely **sinewy** muscular, energetic

58 **tidings** news

59 **fee** pay

60 **brought his pardon** i.e., something to earn it

63 **broke thy pate** given you a blow to the skull

65 **across** i.e., a clumsy hit (in jousting, to break a lance across rather than striking directly with the point showed poor skill)

68 **will …fox** in Aesop's fable the fox declared the grapes were sour because he couldn't reach them; the king dismisses the idea of recovery because he thinks it impossible

69 **will** will eat/want **an if** if

70 **medicine** doctor

72 **Quicken** give life to **canary** a lively Spanish dance

73 **simple** minimal/herbal/medicinal

74 **araise** raise from the dead/sexually arouse **King Pippin** eighth-century French king, father of **Charlemain** (Charlemagne)

75 **pen** plays on the sense of "penis"

81 **light** light-hearted/sexually suggestive **deliverance** delivery, reporting

82 **profession** claims of skill

84 **blame** attribute to **weakness** partiality, susceptibility

88 **admiration** object of wonder

89 **spend** expend **take off** reduce, remove

90 **took'st** conceived of, caught

91 **fit** satisfy

93 **special nothing** particular trifles **ever prologues** always introduces

Enter Helen some editors suppose that she is disguised, since in Act 2 Scene 3 Lafew appears surprised at her identity, despite having met her in Act 1 Scene 1; this is possible, but it seems more likely that he is complicit with her plan (hence **Cressid's uncle**) and that the later surprise is feigned

94 **come your ways** come along

99 **Cressid’s uncle** Pandarus, go-between for the lovers Troilus and Cressida
101 **follow** relate to
104 **profess** practice, make a profession of **well found** of established skill
108 **receipts** recipes for medical cures
109 **issue** product
110 **th’only** the foremost/peerless
111 **triple** third
112 **Safer** more safely
114 **cause …power** disease (**cause**) for which the worth of my father’s gift is most effective
116 **tender** offer **appliance** remedy/treatment
117 **bound** prepared/dutiful
119 **credulous** readily believing
121 **congregated college** i.e., of doctors
122 **art** skill/scholarship/science
123 **inaidible** unable to be assisted
125 **prostitute** submit (basely)
126 **empirics** quack doctors **dissever** divide
127 **great self** kingly person **credit** reputation **esteem** give merit to, believe in
128 **senseless** foolish **sense** rational hope **deem** judge (it to be)
129 **duty** i.e., as a subject (having tried to help you) **pains** efforts
130 **office** services, duty
132 **modest one** slight thought/thought that confirms my modest, seemly behavior **to…again** for me to return with/to conduct me home
133 **to** than to
136 **at full** in detail **no part** not at all
137 **art** (sufficient) medical skill
139 **set …rest** stake everything (derived from the card game primero)
140 **He** i.e., God
142 **holy writ** the Bible, which contains several examples of the young being wiser than their elders **babes** foolish/inexperienced
143 **great …sources** Moses struck rock from which water flowed for the thirsty Israelites (Exodus 17)

144 **simple** small **great…dried** Moses led the Israelites through the Red Sea, which parted, allowing them to pass on dry ground (Exodus 14)

145 **great'st** great persons, such as Pharaoh, who complained about God's power

147 **hits** succeeds

148 **shifts** operates

150 **by …paid** be their own reward

151 **Proffers** offers **for** as

152 **Inspirèd** divinely inspired (plays on the sense of "inhaled") **breath** words

154 **square** shape **shows** appearances

156 **count** consider

158 **experiment** trial

159 **impostor** swindler **proclaim…aim** declare my success before attempting to hit the target/claim skill that is greater than my ability

163 **space** period of time

165 **greatest** i.e., God's

167 **torcher** torchbearer, the sun god, who was carried across the sky in a horse-drawn chariot **diurnal ring** daily circuit

168 **occidental** western (i.e., sunset)

169 **Hesperus** the evening star (Venus)

170 **pilot's glass** nautical hourglass

175 **venture** risk/wager

176 **Tax** accusation

177 **strumpet's** harlot's/whore's

178 **Traduced** slandered

179 **Seared** branded **extended** stretched on a rack

183 **slay** deny, extinguish

184 **sense** higher wisdom/natural feeling, instinct

185 **rate** value

186 **estimate** value

188 **prime** youth

189 **Thou …hazard** your willingness to risk this **needs** necessarily

190 **monstrous desperate** unnaturally reckless

191 **practicer** practitioner **physic** medical advice/medicine

192 **ministers** delivers (plays on the sense of "dispenses healing")

193 **break time** miss my deadline **property** any particular respect
195 **Not** in not
198 **make it even** fulfill it
201 **What** whatever
202 **Exempted** far removed
208 **premises observed** conditions noted/fulfilled
209 **performance** carrying out (of the request)
210 **of** in
211 **resolved** determined **still** always
214 **tended on** attended
215 **Unquestioned** unquestionably
217 **high as word** amply as promised

Act 2 Scene 2

2.2 ***Location:*** *Rossillion*

1 **put…height** thoroughly test **breeding** education/upbringing

2 **highly fed** overfed **lowly** inadequately

4 **make you** do you think **put off** dismiss

6 **put** pass

7 **make a leg** bow

9 **answer** throughout the exchange this word seems to have phallic connotations (**question** thus suggests “vagina”)

11 **pin** narrow/sharp **quatch** probably squat/fat

12 **brawn** meaty/well-rounded

13 **fit** suitably

14 **groats** fourpenny coins **French crown** gold coin/bald head (symptom of syphilis)

15 **taffety punk** finely dressed whore **Tib** typical name for lower-class girl/whore (diminutive of “Isabel”) **rush** ring made of reeds/vagina **Tom** typical name for a rogue **forefinger** with phallic connotations **pancake** traditionally eaten on Shrove Tuesday, the feasting day before Lent

16 **morris** morris dance **nail** with phallic connotations **his** its **hole** with vaginal connotations **cuckold** man with an unfaithful wife **horn** traditionally cuckolds were supposed to sprout horns

17 **quean** prostitute (puns on “queen”) **wrangling knave** quarrelsome servant/rogue

18 **pudding** sausage (perhaps with phallic connotations) **his** its

22 **neither** on the contrary

25 **fool in question** ignorant/inexperienced in questioning (you)

27 **putting off** evasion

29 **O lord, sir!** a fashionable phrase among affected courtiers **Thick** quickly

30 **homely meat** plain food

35 **is very sequent** follows logically **answer** reply cleverly/respond well

36 **bound to’t** obliged to reply/tied up for it

39 **noble** used ironically, as she is wasting time

43 **present** immediate **Commend me** convey my regards

47 **fruitfully** abundantly **before my legs** i.e., very quickly

48 **again** back again

Act 2 Scene 3

2.3 ***Location:*** *Paris*

1 **philosophical persons** scholars of “natural philosophy”

2 **modern** everyday **things** things that seem **causeless** inexplicable by natural causes

3 **ensconcing ourselves into** fortifying ourselves with

4 **unknown fear** fear of the unknown

5 **rarest** most extraordinary **argument** topic, issue **shot out** suddenly appeared **latter** most recent

8 **relinquished of** abandoned by **artists** scholars, medical practitioners

9 **Galen** famous second-century Greek physician **Paracelsus** famous sixteenth-century Swiss physician

10 **authentic fellows** accredited members of the medical profession

12 **gave him out** proclaimed him to be

17 **Just** exactly

19 **showing** visible/printed form

23 **dolphin** puns on “dauphin” (i.e., heir to the French throne) **’Fore me** before me; mild oath, like “upon my soul”

24 **brief …tedious** short and the long

25 **facinerious** extremely wicked

29 **debile minister** feeble agent

32 **Generally** universally

34 ***Lustigue*** lusty, vigorous (from the German *lustig*) **Dutchman** German

35 **tooth** sweet tooth, i.e., appetite for pleasure **coranto** lively dance

36 ***Mor du vinager*!** pseudo-French oath, literally, “death of/by vinegar”

40 **banished sense** loss of feeling

41 **repealed** recalled, given a second chance

43 **attends** awaits

44 **parcel** group

45 **my bestowing** my power to give in marriage

47 **frank election** free choice

48 **forsake** refuse

51 **bay …furniture** my bay horse with a docked tail (**curtal**), and all his trappings

52 **My …boys’** to have as many teeth/to be as little broken to the bit (i.e., youthful) as these boys

53 **writ** to be able to claim/exhibit ***She…Lord*** some editors suppose that this direction is misplaced and belongs with the later line spoken to First Lord

59 **protest** declare

61 **whisper** whisper to

63 **white death** pallor of death

66 **Who** he who **his…me** my love for him

67 **Dian** Diana, Roman goddess of chastity

68 **Love** i.e., Cupid, god of love

71 **All …mute** there is no more to be said

72 **ames-ace** double ace, lowest throw in dice **for my life** were my life at stake

73 **honour** high status/willingness to marry/admiration

75 **Love** may Love

76 **Her …wishes** i.e., myself, Helen

77 **No better** i.e., I wish for nothing better than your **humble love**

81 **th’Turk** i.e., non-Christian barbarian

86 **Sure** surely

87 **got** conceived

88 **happy** fortunate

91 **grape** i.e., fruit of good lineage **drunk wine** i.e., to give you good blood

92 **known** seen through

104 **bring me down** i.e., by making me marry a social inferior (with associations of bringing into the marriage bed, and, possibly, of losing one’s erection)

106 **breeding** upbringing **charge** order/expense

108 **corrupt** debase/contaminate **ever** forever

109 **title** lack of title

112 **confound distinction** be indistinguishable **stands off** separate

117 **proceed** come forth

119 **great …none** titles puff us up rather than virtue (**swell’s**: “swell is,” elided for meter)

120 **dropsied** swollen/proud/diseased

122 **property** inherent quality **go** i.e., be known

124 **heir** because the qualities are inherited from nature
125 **That...sire** true honor is scornful of inherited title when accompanying behavior not worthy of it
129 **foregoers** ancestors
130 **Deboshed** debauched, corrupted
131 **trophy** memorial
133 **honoured bones indeed** i.e., the remains of those who were truly honorable
136 **dower** dowry
137 **strive** attempt
138 **choose** assert your own choice
139 **restored** cured
141 **at the stake** tied up like a bear to be baited, under attack **which** which threat
143 **this** of this
144 **misprision** scorn
145 **desert** right/recompense **That** you who
146 **We** the royal plural **poising** weighing **defective** i.e., lighter (as she is humble)
147 **weigh...beam** outweigh you and tip your scale up to the crossbar
148 **in us** within my royal power
149 **Check** restrain
150 **travails in** labors for
151 **Believe not** deny **presently** immediately
155 **the staggers** giddiness, unsteadiness (also, a horse disease affecting balance) **careless** untended/reckless/irresponsible **lapse** decline
157 **Loosing** being loosed, inflicted
158 **all terms** any form
160 **fancy** desire
161 **great creation** creation of greatness **dole** portion
162 **which late** who recently
164 **who** i.e., Helen
168 **counterpoise** equal weight (i.e., in dowry) **not** not equal
169 **replete** complete/perfect/abundant
172 **whose...brief** the formal accomplishment of which (i.e., marriage) shall quite properly follow the present agreement

175 **more…space** have to wait for a time

176 **Expecting** waiting for (the arrival of) **As** as long as

177 **religious** sacred/true/dutiful **err** go astray

183 **succeeding** consequences (i.e., a fight)

185 **companion** comrade/rascal

186 **man** manly/mankind (Lafew shifts the sense to “servant”)

188 **too old** i.e., for a duel **satisfy** appease (in place of a duel)

189 **write** claim to be

190 **dare…do** have the courage to accomplish only too well, I dare not because of your old age

191 **ordinaries** standard meals

192 **vent** utterance **scarfs** military sashes **bannerets** small banners

193 **vessel** ship, adorned with flags

194 **burden** cargo **found** seen through **thee** i.e., your company

195 **taking up** arresting/calling to account

196 **antiquity** old age

197 **trial** testing of supposed courage

198 **hen** i.e., not a bold cock; perhaps also refers to Parolles’ “plumage” **window of lattice** ale-house (whose red lattice windows signified its function)

199 **casement** window

200 **egregious** outrageous

203 **dram** small amount **bate** lessen **scruple** tiny amount

204 **wiser** i.e., in future

205 **pull…contrary** swallow a good quantity of your foolishness

207 **bondage** what binds you (i.e., the scarves of which he is **proud**) **hold** maintain

208 **in the default** when you fail **know** understand/see through

210 **poor doing** inadequate ability to inflict **vexation doing** action (plays on the sense of “having sex”)

211 **will** will pass (puns on **past** as “passed”) **in…leave** with what movement age will allow me

212 **shall…me** upon whom I will vent my anger for these insults **scurvy** contemptible

213 **fettering** imprisoning

214 **with any convenience** on a suitable occasion **an** even if

219 **reservation** concealment

220 **wrongs** insults **good lord** i.e., patron (rather than employer) **Whom** he whom

223 **garter** tie (withs carves)

224 **hose** stockings, usually tied up with garters **set…stands** put your penis where your nose should be/smell your bottom

227 **breathe** exercise (through fighting)

229 **measure** treatment/judgment

230 **Go to** expression of dismissive impatience **picking…pomegranate** i.e., a small offense, as an excuse

231 **vagabond** itinerant vagrant, traveling without license **true** honest/licensed **saucy** insolent

232 **commission** warrant, allowance

233 **heraldry** i.e., authority, entitlement

235 **Undone** ruined **cares** troubles, sorrows

244 **import** content, sense

247 **box** container/vagina

248 **kicky-wicky** woman

249 **Spending** expending/wasting/ejaculating **marrow** vitality/sexual energy/semen

250 **curvet** horse’s leap

252 **jades** worn-out horses

258 **furnish me to** equip me for **fields** battlefields

260 **To** compared to **dark house** gloomy house/lunatic asylum

261 ***capriccio*** “whim” (Italian) **Art** are you

263 **straight** immediately

265 **balls bound** tennis balls bounce (i.e., are spirited, to be reckoned with; plays on the sense of “testicles”)

266 **marred** ruined (plays on **married**)

Act 2 Scene 4

1 **kindly** affectionately/as a mother

2 **well** i.e., at rest, dead

3 **wants** lacks

12 **them** i.e., your **good fortune them** i.e., my prayers

14 **So** provided that **did** may pun on “died”

16 **man’s** servant’s **shakes out** brings about

18 **title** status as man or servant/name (“Parolles,” or “words”; also puns on “tittle”—i.e., “tiny amount”)

20 **Before** in the presence of **Before me** i.e., upon my soul

22 **Go to** i.e., enough of that **found thee** found you out, found you to be a fool

23 **me** i.e., folly

24 **even to** i.e., enough for

26 **well fed** probably refers to “better fed than taught” (proverbial); possibly “energetic, spirited”

29 **rite of love** i.e., sexual consummation of marriage

31 **to** owing to

32 **Whose…delay** the delay and absence of which **sweets** sweet-scented flowers

33 **they** i.e., **want** and **delay curbèd** restrained

35 **drown** overflow

36 **else** besides

38 **make** represent **as** as if it were **proceeding** course of action/idea

39 **apology** excuse

40 **probable need** plausible necessity

43 **Attend** await **pleasure** command, will

Act 2 Scene 5

2 **approof** proven quality/testimony

3 **deliverance** utterance

5 **dial** timepiece/compass **I…bunting** i.e., I underestimated him; reversal of “to take a bunting for a lark” (proverbial; the **lark** was the superior bird)

6 **accordingly** suitably

9 **state** i.e., condition of my soul **find** find it

12 **tailor** refers to Parolles’ garments; “the tailor makes the man” is proverbial

18 **you’ll have** you wanted

23 **something** i.e., an asset, with plenty of stories to tell the guests

24 **three thirds** i.e., all the time

26 **unkindness** ill-will

28 **made shift** contrived **him…custard** the jester who traditionally jumped into **custard** at the Lord Mayor’s annual feast in London

29 **suffer question** endure questioning

30 **residence** i.e., why you are there

31 **mistaken** misjudged/misidentified (Lafew shifts the sense to “been offended by him”)

34 **heavy** serious/not **light**

35 **them tame** such creatures as pets

36 **to deserve** deserve

38 **idle** foolish

40 **know** i.e., rather than merely **think**

42 **pass** reputation **clog** hindrance (block of wood tied to man or animal to prevent escape)

45 **present parting** immediate departure

49 **colour** appropriate character **time** i.e., the immediate aftermath of marriage

50 **ministration…particular** duty and obligation of me as husband

55 **muse** wonder

56 **respects** reasons

57 **appointments** purposes, affairs

66 **observance** dutiful service **eke out** supplement, increase

67 **homely stars** humble origins

68 **great fortune** i.e., as your wife
69 **Hie** hurry
72 **owe** own
74 **fain** willingly
75 **vouch** affirm to be
78 **would** want
80 **sunder** part
81 **stay** delay
87 ***corragio*** “courage” (Italian)

Act 3 Scene 1

3.1 ***Location:*** *Florence*

1 **from…point** in every detail

3 **Whose great decision** the deciding of which

6 **black** wicked

7 **opposer** enemy’s part

8 **cousin** i.e., fellow sovereign

9 **bosom** heart

10 **borrowing prayers** entreaties for assistance

12 **yield** give up, share

13 **But** except as **common…man** ordinary external observer

14 **figure** scheme, devisings **frames** constructs, guesses at

15 **self-unable motion** inadequate conjectures

19 **his pleasure** as he (the King of France) wishes

20 **younger …nature** young men of our temperament, outlook (some editors emend “nature” to “nation”)

21 **surfeit…ease** grow sick of overindulgence in leisure

22 **physic** cure, perhaps by letting blood through war

24 **fly from** be bestowed by

26 **better fall** better places fall vacant **avails** advantages (as you may fill them)

Act 3 Scene 2

3.2 ***Location:*** *Rossillion*

3 **troth** faith

4 **observance** observation, signs

5 **mend** adjust

7 **sold** who sold

9 **mind to** inclination for **lings** salt cod, slang for “vaginas/whores” (similar play possible in **country**)

10 **brains** plays on the sense of “semen” (thus making **Cupid** a personified penis and giving **knocked out** sexual connotations)

12 **stomach** appetite

14 **E’en** just, the same as

15 **recovered** cured

16 **not** with a pun on the marital knot

18 **hold** remain at

21 **fly** flee

23 **misprizing** despising/undervaluing

24 **of empire** even of an emperor

25 **heavy** sad/serious **within** inside

32 **standing to’t** standing one’s ground/having an erection (both courses of action may lead to death—literally and in the sense of “orgasm”) **getting** begetting, conception

34 **Save** God save

38 **quirks** turns

39 **face** appearance **on the start** at its sudden arrival

40 **woman** make behave like a woman, i.e., weep

42 **thitherward** on his way there **thence** from there

43 **dispatch in hand** settlement of business

44 **bend** direct our steps

45 **passport** license to travel

48 **sentence** statement/judgment

51 **have…cheer** bear a happier countenance/be encouraged

52 **engrossest** monopolize **are** that are

53 **moiety** share/half

55 **all my** my only

60 **convenience** propriety
67 **haply** perhaps
72 **rude** ignorant/unkind/rough
79 **a well-derivèd** his own well-descended
80 **his inducement** Parolles’ bad influence
82 **deal** quantity **that** influence
83 **holds…have** maintains and benefits him considerably
88 **Written** in writing
91 **but…courtesies** only insofar as I am able to repay your courtesy
change exchange
92 **draw near** come along (with me)
95 **Rossillion** i.e., Bertram
98 **event** outcome
100 **sportive** playful/lighthearted/amorous
101 **mark** target
102 **leaden messengers** i.e., bullets
104 **move** part/stir (to pity) (sometimes emended to “cleave” or “wound”)
still-peering ever watchful (some editors emend to “still-piecing”)
105 **sings** i.e., whistles as a bullet pierces it/cries in pain/sings in indifference
106 **set him there** put him in the position
107 **forward** in the front line/facing the enemy
108 **caitiff** wretch
111 **ravin** ravenous
112 **constraint** compulsion
113 **owes** owns
115 **Whence…scar** from where honor merely earns a scar by undergoing danger
116 **oft** often as **all** i.e., life
118 **do’t** i.e., keep you away **although** even if
120 **officed all** carried out all household duties
121 **pitiful** compassionate
122 **consolate** console
123 **steal** creep (plays on the sense of “rob”)

Act 3 Scene 3

3.3 ***Location:*** *Florence* ***Drum and Trumpets*** i.e., a drummer and a trumpeter

2 **Great** pregnant/swelling **lay** wager **credence** trust, faith

7 **th'extreme edge** the utmost limit

9 **helm** helmet

12 **file** rank of soldiers

13 **like my thoughts** i.e., valiant

Act 3 Scene 4

3.4 ***Location:*** *Rossillion*

1 **of** from

4 **‘I…free’** this letter is cast in the form of a sonnet **Saint Jaques** Saint James, whose shrine was at Compostella, in northwest Spain

7 **sainted** holy/dedicated to a saint

9 **hie** hasten

12 **taken** undertaken

13 **despiteful** cruel, malicious **Juno** supreme goddess, who imposed twelve labors on Hercules

14 **camping** tent-dwelling (i.e., army)

17 **Whom** i.e., death

19 **advice** judgment

22 **prevented** forestalled

24 **at overnight** last night

29 **whom** i.e., both Helen and her prayers

32 **unworthy husband** husband unworthy

33 **weigh heavy of** emphasize

37 **When haply** perhaps when

41 **sense** perception

42 **Provide** equip

Act 3 Scene 5

3.5 ***Location:*** *Florence* ***tucket*** trumpet fanfare ***Diana*** significantly, given her role, the name of the goddess of chastity and hunting; the Folio entry direction calls her “Violenta,” which was perhaps Shakespeare’s first thought for the name

1 **lose all** entirely miss

3 **their** i.e., Siena’s

7 **suffice** satisfy

8 **earl** i.e., Bertram **name** reputation

9 **honesty** chastity

10 **solicited** entreated, courted

12 **officer** agent

13 **suggestions** promptings toward evil/entreaties **for** on behalf of

14 **engines** devices/plots **go under** appear to be

16 **wreck of maidenhood** loss of virginity

17 **succession** (others from) doing the same **that** for all that **limed** trapped (like birds caught in lime, a sticky substance smeared on **twigs**)

18 **grace** virtue

19 **though** even if **further…lost** worse risk than the loss of virginity (i.e., pregnancy)

20 **fear** fear for

21 **lie** lodge

25 **palmers** pilgrims

26 **Saint Francis** inn with the sign of Saint Francis **port** city gate

30 **tarry** wait

33 **for** because

34 **ample** well, fully

37 **stay upon** await **leisure** convenience

46 **Whatsome’er** whoever

47 **bravely taken** highly regarded

48 **for** because

50 **mere** absolutely

55 **believe** agree

56 **argument** any issue **to** in comparison with

57 **mean** lowly/unworthy

58 **All her deserving** her only merit

59 **reservèd honesty** well-guarded chastity

60 **examined** called into question

64 **write** style her (some editors emend to “warrant”)

66 **shrewd** malicious

71 **brokes** bargains, negotiates **suit** endeavor, request

74 **honestest** most chaste ***colours*** battle-flags

75 **else** (that it should be) otherwise

82 **honester** more honorable

89 **jackanapes** monkey

92 **shrewdly** sorely

94 **courtesy** curtsy (i.e., bow) **ring-carrier** pimp

96 **host** lodge **enjoined penitents** those bound by oath to undertake pilgrimage as penance for sin

100 **Please it** if it please

101 **charge** expense

102 **for me** mine

103 **precepts of** advice on

105 **kindly** gratefully

Act 3 Scene 6

3.6 ***Location:*** *battlefield*
1 **to't** to the test
2 **hilding** good-for-nothing
3 **bubble** i.e., nothing/showy/easily destroyed
6 **as** as if he were
8 **entertainment** patronage
9 **reposing** trusting, relying
10 **trusty** requiring trustworthiness
11 **try** test
12 **fetch off** rescue/retrieve
14 **surprise** ambush, attack
15 **knows not** cannot distinguish **hoodwink** blindfold/deceive
16 **leaguer** military camp
19 **intelligence** secret information
20 **oath** i.e., the vow he took never to divulge the **intelligence**
23 **bottom** extent
24 **ore** precious metal **give…entertainment** i.e., beat him/cast him out (proverbial)
25 **inclining** partiality, liking (for Parolles)
27 **in any hand** in any case
28 **sticks…disposition** is really upsetting you **sticks** stabs
29 **pox** plague
31 **wings** flanks, on either side of the main body of troops **rend** tear apart, devastate
33 **in** upon **command…service** military orders
40 **But** were it not
41 ***hic jacet*** i.e., I shall die—literally “here lies” (Latin), phrase found on tombstones
42 **stomach** appetite/courage **mystery** skill
43 **his** its
44 **grace** honor
45 **speed** fare/succeed
46 **becomes** befits
49 **slumber in it** i.e., delay

50 **presently** immediately **pen** write **dilemmas** choices of action

51 **mortal preparation** spiritual readiness either for my death or those of the men I kill

55 **possibility** competence, capacity

56 **subscribe** vouch

60 **damns himself** i.e., by swearing falsely

63 **have** have a true understanding of

64 **make no deed** perform no part/make no attempt

67 **probable** plausible **embossed** hunted down/driven to exhaustion

68 **for** worthy of

69 **case** skin, unmask

70 **smoked** smoked out, exposed

71 **sprat** small fish (i.e., contemptible person)

72 **look my twigs** see to my bird-trap

73 **Your…me** i.e., Bertram pulls rank and orders the Second Lord to accompany him in his pursuit of Diana, leaving the First Lord to undertake the ambush on Parolles

80 **coxcomb** fool (literally, fool’s cap) **have i’th’wind** have scented, are tracking

Act 3 Scene 7

3.7 ***Location:*** *Florence*

1 **misdoubt** disbelieve, suspect

3 **But…upon** without losing the foundations my plans rely on

4 **estate** worldly fortune

10 **sworn counsel** private hearing that you have vowed to keep secret

11 **so…word** true in every word

12 **By** with respect to

15 **approves** proves, demonstrates

20 **found it** received your **help**

21 **wanton** lascivious

22 **carry** win **in fine** in the end/to sum up

23 **bear** manage

24 **important blood** urgent sexual passion

25 **county** count

29 **rich choice** high esteem **idle fire** foolish ardor

30 **will** sexual desire

33 **bottom** essence

34 **lawful** to be lawful

36 **appoints…encounter** arranges a meeting with him

39 **marry her** enable her to marry

40 **is passed** has been given

42 **persever** proceed

44 **coherent** fitting

45 **musics** musicians/instruments/music

46 **unworthiness** humble status/because convincing her to do an unworthy deed **steads** profits

47 **chide** scold, drive away

48 **lay** depended

50 **assay** try **speed** succeed

51 **meaning** intention (on Bertram’s part) **lawful deed** i.e., marital sex

53 **fact** i.e., Bertram’s belief that he is having sex with another woman

Act 4 Scene 1

4.1 ***Location:*** *battlefield*

1 **sally** burst out

2 **terrible** terrifying

3 **unless** except for

8 **linsey-woolsey** cloth made of flax and wool (i.e., verbal mixture, nonsense) **again** in response

10 **strangers** foreigners **entertainment** employment

11 **smack** taste, smattering

12 **fancy** creativity **to know** knowing **so** so long as

13 **know straight** directly achieve **choughs** jackdaws, plays on "chuff," meaning "rustic, clown"

14 **politic** cunning

15 **couch** lie down, hide **beguile** while away

18 **plausive** plausible **it** it off

19 **smoke** smoke out, suspect

21 **creatures** i.e., soldiers **not…tongue** and I am afraid to carry out my boasts

25 **hurts** wounds

27 **instance** motive (for doing this)/proof (of my supposed exploits) **Tongue…mouth** with sexual connotations **butter-woman** dairywoman/whore (i.e., chatty/lecherous)

28 **of** from **Bajazet's mule** mules were proverbially silent and sometimes associated with Turks, but emperors such as Bajazet had "mute" slaves, so some editors emend accordingly; or there may be a garbled allusion to Balaam's ass in the Bible, which only spoke at God's command

31 **serve the turn** suffice

33 **afford** allow/let (you) off

34 **baring** shaving **in stratagem** an act of cunning, for disguise

38 **citadel** presumably the enemy fortress

40 **Thirty fathom** 180 feet ***Alarum*** call to arms

49 **Muskos** probably Muscovites

51 **low Dutch** "low Dutch" and "high Dutch" were distinct languages

53 **discover** reveal

55 **betake thee** entrust thyself **poniards** daggers

60 **hoodwinked** blindfolded **lead thee on** take you elsewhere/direct the conversation

61 **gather** gain information

70 **space** time/a temporary reprieve

72 **woodcock** proverbially stupid bird **muffled** blindfolded

75 **A** he

76 **Inform on** report

Act 4 Scene 2

4.2 ***Location:*** *Florence*

1 **Fontybell** i.e., “beautiful fountain”

3 **goddess** Diana was the goddess of chastity and hunting

4 **worth** worthy of **addition** additional distinction

5 **frame** being, shape **quality** part

6 **quick** lively

7 **monument** statue

11 **got** conceived

12 **honest** chaste (i.e., married; Bertram shifts the sense to “frank, open”)

18 **vows** i.e., of love for Diana/to have nothing to do with Helen

20 **constraint** compulsion

21 **rights** duties

23 **serve** gratify sexually **roses** virginities/vaginas

24 **barely** in a naked state/only just **thorns…ourselves** i.e., with shame (quibbles on the idea that this is in place of a man’s **prick**)

25 **bareness** loss of the rose of virginity/defenselessness

30 **high’st** i.e., God **to** as our

31 **Jove** supreme Roman god

33 **ill** imperfectly/immorally **holding** consistency (i.e., is untenable)

34 **protest** profess

36 **words** mere words **conditions** contracts **unsealed** i.e., not valid legally

38 **it** i.e., your opinion

39 **holy-cruel** cruel by being holy

40 **crafts** skills/deceits

42 **sick** i.e., needing cure

43 **Who** which will **recovers** recover

45 **scarre** sense unclear; some editors emend to “snare”

50 **honour** object of distinction

52 **obloquy** disgrace

54 **honour’s** virginity’s **ring** with vaginal connotations

58 **proper** personal

63 **bid** commanded

65 **order take** make arrangements

66 **band** bond

67 **yet maiden** still virgin

72 **proceeds** comes to pass

73 **token** betoken, signify

75 **wife** i.e., by having sex **hope** i.e., of marrying Bertram **be done** ends

81 **like** same

83 **braid** i.e., twisted, deceitful

84 **Marry** let those marry

85 **disguise** deceptive role

86 **cozen** trick

Act 4 Scene 3

4.3 ***Location:*** *battlefield*

2 **since** ago

4 **worthy** deserved

7 **his bounty** (the instrument of) his generosity

8 **darkly** secretly

10 **perverted** seduced/corrupted

11 **fleshes** rewards with meat (as hounds were given a piece of the kill; sexual connotations) **will** sexual desire/penis **spoil** plundered loot/despoiling/meat given to hounds

12 **monumental** i.e., serving as a reminder of his ancestry **made** successful

13 **composition** bargain (plays on the sense of “something made”)

14 **delay** subdue **rebellion** rebellious, lustful appetites **ourselves** i.e., human

15 **Merely** entirely

16 **still** always **themselves** i.e., their true, traitorous natures **attain to** reach **ends** objectives/deaths **he** i.e., Bertram

17 **contrives** conspires **proper stream** own current of desire

19 **Is…meant** does it not show (as)

21 **dieted…hour** restricted to his appointed time

22 **apace** quickly **company** companion

23 **anatomized** dissected, revealed

24 **curiously…counterfeit** elaborately he has displayed this false jewel (Parolles)

25 **him** i.e., Parolles **he…his** i.e., Bertram

26 **the other** i.e., Parolles

28 **overture** opening, move toward

30 **higher** further

32 **demand** question **of his council** in his confidence

33 **deal…act** partaker in his affairs

34 **pretence** purpose

36 **sanctimony** holiness

39 **justified** proved

41 **office** role

42 **rector** priest/ruler

44 **arming** establishment, strengthening

45 **verity** truth

47 **make…of** take comfort in

50 **encountered** met

53 **cherished** comforted, pitied

55 **solemn** formal

56 **for** leave for **offered** given

58 **needful** necessary **if** even if **more…commend** stronger commendations than Bertram deserves

62 **dispatched** settled **by…success** quickly and successfully/here follows a summary of my success

63 **congied with** taken ceremonious leave of

64 **nearest** closest company

65 **entertained my convoy** hired my means of transport **parcels of dispatch** major items of business

66 **nicer** more delicate/lascivious

69 **hear of it** i.e., because Diana may be pregnant and/or may claim him as her husband

71 **module** model (of a soldier) **double-meaning prophesier** ambiguous, equivocal oracle

73 **stocks** instrument of public punishment in which the arms, head, or legs were confined **gallant** showy, ostentatious

74 **usurping** laying false claim to **spurs** symbols of knightly valor

75 **carry** bear, conduct (the Second Lord puns on the sense of “transport”)

77 **shed** spilled

79 **time…remembrance** beginning of his memory **instant disaster** current misfortune

81 **a** he

85 **Hoodman** term for the blindfolded player in the game Blind Man’s Bluff

87 **constraint** force **pasty** meat pie with pinched crusts

92 **note** memorandum/list

94 **horse** cavalry **is strong** i.e., has

100 **take the sacrament** i.e., swear most religiously **how and which** however and whichever

101 **All’s one** it’s all the same **past-saving** beyond redemption

103 **theoric** theory

104 **chape** metal plate covering the point of the sheath

105 **clean** free from blood/polished

111 **con** i.e., give **in the nature** considering the way in which

114 **marvellous** extremely

115 **a-foot** in terms of foot soldiers

117 **live** i.e., live only for

118 **so** as

121 **muster-file** official list of soldiers **rotten and sound** (of those both) sick and healthy **poll** heads, i.e., soldiers

122 **cassocks** soldier’s cloaks/coats

125 **condition** (military) character

130 **well-weighing** heavy/persuasive

132 **particular** individual points **inter’gatories** questions

135 **botcher** mender (of clothes and shoes) **’prentice** apprentice

136 **shrieve’s fool** idiot girl in the sheriff’s care **innocent** fool

137 **him nay** no to him

138 **his…falls** i.e., he is in danger of a sudden death

141 **lousy** lice-infested/contemptible

145 **o’th’band** of the military company

147 **good sadness** all seriousness

154 **advertisement** advice, warning **proper** respectable

156 **ruttish** lustful **up** back

157 **favour** permission

160 **fry** young fish

161 **both-sides** two-faced

162 **drop** offer, pay with

163 **scores** incurs a bill

164 **Half…it** one is halfway there if the bargain is well-made, so set out your terms clearly (or “be even”) and succeed

165 **after-debts** outstanding bills **it** i.e., payment

167 **mell** mingle/have sex

168 **For count** on account/so be sure

169 **before** in advance

171 **in’s** on his

172 **manifold linguist** speaker of many languages

173 **armipotent** powerful in arms

175 **fain** obliged

177 **nature** my natural life

182 **egg…cloister** i.e., trifling thing, even from a holy place

183 **Nessus** centaur who tried to rape Hercules’ wife **professes not** does not make a practice of

184 **Hercules** Greek hero famed for feats of strength

185 **swine-drunk** drunk as a pig (i.e., excessively drunk— and thus likely to wet his **bed-clothes**)

186 **they** i.e., the servants who put him to bed

187 **conditions** habits

194 **led…tragedians** drums announced a performance by actors **belie** tell lies about

196 **Mile-end** field outside the city of London where citizen militia were trained

197 **doubling of files** simple military maneuver

203 **cardecue** *quart d’écu*, small French silver coin **fee-simple** absolute possession (legal term used of land or property)

204 **cut…perpetually** prevent inheritance to all subsequent heirs forever

210 **for** as

211 **lackey** errand-running servant

212 **coming on** advancing

214 **captain…horse** cavalry commander

216 **no more** have nothing more to do with

217 **beguile the supposition** deceive the opinion

221 **discovered** revealed

222 **pestiferous** malicious, pestilent **held** regarded

230 **you** you send **for** bound for

231 **in** on

232 **a very** an absolute

234 **undone** ruined/undressed

236 **but** only

237 **impudent** shameless, immodest

239 **great** big/noble

243 **Who** he who

247 **fooled** made a fool of/tricked

Act 4 Scene 4

4.4 ***Location:*** *Florence*

2 **One…world** i.e., the French king

3 **surety** guarantor

6 **which gratitude** gratitude for which

7 **Through** even through **Tartar** inhabitant of Central Asia, considered pitiless and savage

10 **convenient convoy** suitable means of transport

11 **breaking** disbanding

12 **hies him** hastens

14 **our welcome** i.e., we are expected

21 **be** i.e., provide **dower** dowry

22 **motive** agent/means

25 **saucy trusting** lecherous acceptance **cozened** deluded

26 **Defiles** blackens/pollutes **pitchy** dark (pitch is a tar-like substance)

27 **loathes** i.e., Helen **for…away** i.e., in place of Diana

29 **yet** further

31 **death and honesty** i.e., a chaste death

32 **Go with** i.e., result from **impositions** commands

33 **Upon** at

34 **Yet** for a while

35 **the word** sense unclear; perhaps refers to the fulfilment of the plan

38 **revives** will reinvigorate

39 **fine's** end's

40 **renown** i.e., important thing

Act 4 Scene 5

4.5 ***Location:*** *Rossillion*

1 **with** by **snipt-taffeta** in slashed silk, indicative of showiness

2 **saffron** orange-red dye used to color ruffs and food **unbaked** uncooked/immature/impressionable **doughy** dough-like/malleable

3 **Your** i.e., had it not been for Parolles, your

4 **humble-bee** bumble-bee

8 **dearest** direst/most precious **groans…mother** i.e., in labor

9 **rooted** established/planted (Lafew develops this sense)

11 **light on** come across

12 **sweet marjoram** type of herb **herb of grace** rue, herb associated with repentance (suggests Helen's spiritual **grace**)

14 **herbs** edible salad plants **nose-herbs** scented plants for smelling

15 **Nebuchadnezzar** Babylonian king, forced from his kingdom and made to eat grass **grace** puns on "grass"

16 **Whether** which of the two

17 **fool** supposedly fools had big penises **service** employment/sexual service

19 **cozen** cheat **service** duty, i.e., sex

21 **bauble** fool's baton with a carved head on one end/penis **do** with sexual connotations

22 **subscribe** vouch/answer

27 **maine** mane, like that of a royal English lion/meinie, family, retinue **fisnomy** physiognomy, facial features **hotter in France** choleric, angry, warlike (to the French)/susceptible to the "French disease" (syphilis)

30 **black prince** Edward the Black Prince of England, son of Edward III

31 **Hold thee** be quiet **suggest** tempt

33 **woodland** rustic, i.e., simple **fire** also "hellfire"

34 **prince…world** another title for the devil

35 **narrow gate** according to the Bible, the route to salvation (Matthew 7:13)

36 **pomp** proud, showy people

37 **many** majority **chill** faint-hearted/sensitive to cold (thus preferring the warmth of hellfire) **tender** fond of comfort

39 **Go thy ways** be off **before** now, before I grow truly fed up with you

41 **tricks** i.e., tampering with the horse’s feed to save hay

42 **jades’ tricks** mischief caused by badly behaved horses

44 **shrewd** cunning, mischievous **unhappy** unlucky/discontented/mischievous

45 **gone** dead (i.e., her husband the count)

47 **pace** restraint, obedient movement (horse-training term)

49 **lady’s** i.e., Helen’s **moved** urged, persuaded

50 **minority** youth, when they were minors

51 **self-gracious remembrance** his own thoughtfulness, without prompting **propose** i.e., for marriage to Bertram

56 **post** rapidly

57 **numbered** was aged **him** i.e., a messenger

58 **intelligence** information

62 **with…admitted** how I might with propriety be allowed to be present (at the meeting of Bertram and the king)

63 **but** only **your honourable privilege** the privilege due your honored self

64 **charter** claim

65 **patch of velvet** used to cover either battle scars or those resulting from syphilis treatment

66 **knows** plays on **no**

67 **two…half** i.e., covered with thick velvet

68 **worn bare** without a velvet patch/hairless (from syphilis)

69 **liv’ry** badge **belike** probably

70 **carbonadoed** slashed (like meat for cooking)/cut in the manner of incisions made for syphilis treatment

Act 5 Scene 1

4.4	***Location:***	*Marseilles*
1	**exceeding posting**	exceptional haste
2	**wear**	wear out
5	**bold**	confident
	my requital	the reward I shall give you
6	**In happy time**	fortunately met
	Gentle Astringer	gentleman keeper of hawks
8	**spend**	exert
12	**fall'n**	less than/altered
14	**sharp**	urgent
	occasions	needs
15	**nice**	overscrupulous
	put	urge/compel
20	**petition**	request
26	**hence removed**	departed from here
27	**use**	custom
28	**pains**	efforts
35	**like**	likely
36	**Commend**	commit
37	**presume**	assure (you)
40	**means…means**	resources will enable us
43	**falls more**	else happens
44	**provide**	prepare

Act 5 Scene 2

5.2 ***Location:*** *Rossillion*

1 **Lavache** Parolles clarifies the name’s probable derivation (*vache* is French for “cow”)

3 **mood** anger/temper (puns on “mud”)

5 **sluttish** a whore/dirty

6 **butt’ring** preparation/cooking **allow the wind** i.e., stand downwind of me, so I don’t have to smell you

8 **stop** block

11 **me** for me

12 **paper** i.e., soiled with excrement **close-stool** toilet/chamber-pot enclosed in a stool

14 **purr** knave, jack in a card game/cat noise/animal dung **musk-cat** i.e., perfume, the musky substance obtained from the anal glands of the civet cat

16 **withal** with it **carp** fish bred in ponds/chatterer

17 **ingenious** wily/ungenious, i.e., stupid **smiles of comfort** gloating (ironic usage)

20 **pare** trim

23 **cardecue** small silver coin **justices** magistrates, responsible for dealing with beggars under Elizabethan law

28 **‘word’** a single word, as Parolles’ name means “words” **Cox my passion!** By God’s passion! (i.e., Christ’s suffering) **Cox** cock’s (i.e., God’s)

30 **me** me out

31 **sooth** truth **lost** parted with/abandoned

32 **in** into **grace** favor **out** of favor

33 **Out upon thee** expression of frustration and condemnation

35 **inquire…me** ask for me later

Act 5 Scene 3

1 **of** in **our esteem** my worth

4 **home** fully, truly

6 **make** consider

7 **Natural** i.e., of the passions **i'th'blade** in the greenness, immaturity (sometimes emended to "blaze" for consistency with subsequent fire imagery)

12 **high bent** pulled fully taut for action (like a bow)

13 **watched** awaited

15 **my pardon** i.e., you to pardon me

19 **astonish** stun/dazzle **survey** sight, gaze

20 **richest** most noble/most experienced

25 **view** sight (of him) **kill All repetition** put an end to going over past wrongs

27 **dead** forgotten (also a reminder that Helen is supposedly dead)

29 **incensing relics** anger-rousing memories

30 **stranger** i.e., person whose story is unknown

32 **GENTLEMAN** i.e., an attendant

34 **hath reference to** is at the disposal of

38 **day of season** i.e., inclined to one unchanging disposition **season** time of year/weather

41 **Distracted** breaking/agitated

43 **high-repented blames** bitterly regretted faults

44 **to** in

45 **whole** mended/well

46 **consumèd** used up/passed

47 **take…top** tug occasion by the forelock (hair at the front of the head)

48 **quick'st** most lively/urgent

53 **stuck** fixed

54 **Durst** dared **herald** messenger

55 **Where** i.e., in **my heart impression** image (of Lafew's daughter)
infixing was implanted/fastened onto

56 **perspective** optical glass that produced a distorted image

57 **favour** (woman's) face

58 **fair colour** beautiful appearance/pale complexion (considered attractive) **expressed** deemed (it to be) **stolen** i.e., falsely created with cosmetics

59 **Extended or contracted** (the **perspective**) distorted by elongating or shortening

60 **object** spectacle/sight

61 **she** i.e., Helen

65 **scores** debts

66 **great count** large account/judgment day

67 **remorseful** compassionate **pardon** reprieve from death **slowly carried** i.e., delivered too late

68 **turns** becomes

70 **Make trivial price** undervalue

71 **knowing** acknowledging **know their grave** i.e., lose them

72 **displeasures** wrongs

73 **weep** weep over, mourn **dust** remains

75 **out** through

76 **knell** funeral bell

77 **Maudlin** Magdalen, Lafew's daughter; means "sorrowful" (may recall Mary Magdalene)

78 **main consents** i.e., agreements of the most important parties

81 **they meet** Bertram and Maudlin marry/the first and second marriages become similar **cesse** variant form of "cease" (some editors assign the closing couplet to the countess, though with no warrant from the Folio)

83 **digested** incorporated **favour** love token

85 **come** yield/come forth

89 **last** last time **took her leave** said farewell to her

95 **bade** told

96 **Necessitied to** in dire need of

97 **reave** deprive/rob

98 **stead** help, support

103 **reckoned** valued

104 **At** as highly as **rate** worth

107 **casement** window

110 **engaged** pledged (to her) **subscribed To** acknowledged

112 **answer…overture** respond honorably to her advances

114 **heavy satisfaction** sad resignation

116 **Plutus** Greek god of wealth

117 **tinct** tincture, elixir **multiplying med'cine** alchemical formula for turning base metals into gold

118 **science** knowledge

123 **to surety** as witness

127 **Upon…disaster** in the event of some terrible misfortune befalling her

130 **conjectural** speculative

131 **fain** willingly

137 **fore-past** former **fall** turn out

138 **Shall…vanity** will not reprove my fears for being foolish; rather my fears have foolishly not been apprehensive enough

139 **vainly** stupidly/wrongly

140 **sift** examine carefully ***Gentleman* [*the Astringer*]** though no mention is made here of his status as a hawk-keeper

149 **for** on account of **removes** stages in a royal progress (Helen kept missing the king) **short** i.e., too late

150 **tender** offer

151 **Vanquished** won

152 **this** this time

153 **looks** manifests itself

154 **importing visage** countenance full of urgency

155 **brief** summary

159 **honour's paid** i.e., virginity's surrendered **taking no leave** without saying good-bye

163 **in** at **fair** i.e., where stolen or poor-quality goods were for sale; Lafew reasons that even there he would receive a better deal than in accepting Bertram for his daughter **toll for this** sell Bertram at a market (where vendors paid a fee and entered their goods in the toll-book)

165 **suitors** petitioners

167 **afeard** afraid

168 **foully snatched** i.e., that she was murdered (on Bertram's orders)

170 **sith** since

171 **that** since **fly…lordship** flee them as soon as you promise to marry them

174 **Derivèd** descended

179 **both shall cease** i.e., she will die in dishonor

183 **strange** like a stranger

186 **this hand** i.e., Bertram's

189 **embodied yours** made part of your body/united as one

194 **fond** foolish

198 **you…friend** they are not friendly toward you

199 **gain them** win them over again

205 **impudent** shamless, immodest

206 **gamester** sexual player, prostitute

210 **validity** value

211 **parallel** equal

212 **commoner** prostitute

214 **'tis hit** the mark is hit, this is true

215 **Of** by

216 **testament** will **th'sequent issue** the successive heir

217 **owed** owned

222 **instrument** agent, means

226 **quoted for** regarded as **perfidious** treacherous

227 **With** by **spots** stains, vices **taxed** censured **deboshed** debauched, corrupted

228 **but** merely

229 **or…for** (to be judged) one or the other according to

233 **boarded** accosted sexually **wanton** playful/lascivious

234 **knew her distance** knew her inferiority of rank/knew how to tease from a distance

235 **Madding** maddening, provoking

236 **fancy's** love's/desire's

238 **insuite** possibly "unusual" (some editors emend to "infinite") **modern** commonplace

239 **Subdued me** made me submit **rate** price

243 **turned** cast

244 **diet** restrain (from what I deserve)

253 **goes** is

257 **boggle** shy away (like a horse) **shrewdly** sharply, greatly **starts** startles

262 **just proceeding** honest speaking

263 **By** about

265 **Tricks** lustful tendencies

271 **He…not** i.e., wanted to have sex with her, but didn’t want to marry her

272 **companion** fellow/rascal

274 **drum** drummer **naughty** wicked/unskilled

280 **Limbo** region on the border of hell for unbaptized infants and those born before the time of Christ **Furies** three classical goddesses of vengeance **in…them** so trusted by

281 **motions** proposals/sexual movements

282 **derive** bring

285 **fine** subtle

297 **easy** loose-fitting/sexually compliant **glove** plays on the sense of “vagina” **goes…on** plays on the sense of “orgasms and has sex” **at pleasure** at will/for sexual pleasure

299 **aught** anything

306 **put in** provide

307 **customer** prostitute

308 **if…you** i.e., my virginity is intact **knew** had sex with

317 **owes** owns

318 **surety** act as guarantor **for** for as for

320 **quit** acquit/repay

324 **quick** alive

327 **Beguiles** tricks **truer office** accurate function

330 **shadow** ghost/image/poor reflection/illusion

333 **like** disguised as

339 **know** understand

342 **Deadly divorce** divorcing death

345 **handkercher** handkerchief

346 **Wait on** accompany **make sport** joke

347 **court’sies** polite gestures/bows

349 **even** plain, exact

354 **progress…less** greater and lesser details of events

355 **Resolvedly** in a way that resolves all questions

356 **meet** fittingly

357 **past** being past

360 **express content** i.e., with applause and calls of approval

361 **strife** striving, endeavor **exceeding** after

362 **Ours…parts** i.e., let us reverse roles: the actors will listen patiently while the audience applauds actively

363 **Your…us** i.e., applaud **hearts** gratitude

TWELFTH NIGHT, OR WHAT YOU WILL

“What is love?” asks Feste the clown in one of his songs. It is a very old question. One of the most influential answers to it comes from ancient Greece in the imaginary voice of the comic dramatist Aristophanes in Plato’s dialogue the *Symposium*. Love, says Aristophanes, is a quest, a journey in search of our lost other half.

The idea is explained by way of a story about human origins. Originally there were not two sexes but three—male, female, and a mixture of the two called androgynous. Furthermore, the original humans were round, with four hands, four feet, and two faces. Humankind then began to have presumptuous ambitions. We rose up against the Olympian gods. Zeus therefore decided to weaken us by cutting us in two, “like an apple halved for pickling.” So now we have two legs, two arms, one face, and the sensation that we are only half ourselves. We yearn and wander, hoping that one day we will find the other half that is literally our soul mate. If the original whole of which you are a half was male, your desire will be for another male (as seems to be the case with Antonio in this play—and Orsino when he falls for “Cesario”?); if female, another female (Olivia desiring the disguised Viola?). These two orientations are what we now call homosexual.

Only if your original was androgynous will you be drawn to the opposite sex, as Viola is to Orsino—and Sir Toby, who has the play’s largest role, to Maria. When one of us meets his or her other half, “the actual half of himself,” then, the *Symposium* explains, “the pair are lost in an amazement of love and friendship and intimacy, and one will not wish to be out of the other’s sight even for a moment: these are the people who pass their whole lives together, and yet they could not explain what they desire of one another.”

A myth of this kind is a piece of storytelling that answers to a profound and enduring human belief: that we are somehow incomplete without love, without a partner. And that in an ideal world we would all have exactly the right partner. We know viscerally that desire and reproduction are forever bound to conjunction and splitting: two people join as one in the act of love; we are made out of a mixture of X and Y chromosomes, of male seed and female egg, of two distinct genetic lines.

If love is a quest for an idealized version of our own selves, it is easy to understand our fascination with twins. They seem to be the living embodiment of the single self split in two; the extreme case of conjoined twins vividly conjures up the *Symposium*'s tale of the original human as an unhalved apple. At the same time, a certain anxiety has always been attached to the phenomenon of twins. In ancient Greece it was assumed that a woman who bore twins must have been impregnated by two different men. Some mythical twins represent idealized unity—as with Castor and Pollux, the "gemini" or heavenly twins who symbolize perfect friendship—but others represent opposition or splitting. A nymph in Ovid's *Metamorphoses* has twins fathered by Apollo, god of music and light, and Mercury, god of theft and shady dealings; a pair of girl twins in Spenser's *Faerie Queene* respectively embody chastity and eroticism; in another of Ovid's poems, the *Fasti*, a girl called Lara is raped by Mercury and bears the Lares Compitales, who become guardians of the crossroads. These twins become symbolic of how the story of our lives is made of a perpetual sequence of choices, as alternative ways open before us.

Perhaps the most potent of all narratives about twins are those in which a brother and sister are separated soon after birth, meet when they are grown up, and fall passionately and unashamedly in love with each other: Siegmund and Sieglinde, as portrayed in Richard Wagner's *Die Walküre*, might be considered western culture's highest exemplar of the motif. Brother–sister incest was sometimes explored in the Renaissance theater—most notably in John Ford's darkly brilliant *'Tis Pity She's a Whore*—but Shakespeare steered away from this dangerous matter. His way of recreating the *Symposium*'s originary androgyne was by cross-dressing Viola as "Cesario," the lovely boy-actor with whom both man and woman, both Orsino and Olivia, fall in love. Puns on "woman's part" and "small pipe" (meaning both voice and male sexual organ) leave no doubt that alluring androgyny is implied here:

For they shall yet belie thy happy years,

That say thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious, thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.

William and Anne Shakespeare's twins, Judith and Hamnet (alternatively spelled Hamlet), were born in February 1585. Their father's fascination with the dramatic possibilities of double selves is apparent from his early *Comedy of Errors*, where he adapted a classical story about separated male twins and mistaken identity, but complicated it by giving the brothers servants who are also identical twins. Then in the summer of 1596, the eleven-year-old Hamnet died. Shakespeare had lost his only son and Judith would be forever bereft of her second self. Though we should always be wary of inferring authorial autobiography from the words of fictional characters in a play, there is an inescapable poignancy to the images of loss in *Twelfth Night:* when Feste sings of sad cypress ("Come away, death") or Viola alludes to a funeral monument, it is tempting to think of Shakespeare's own lost boy. Olivia mourns a brother, whilst Viola assumes that hers has been drowned. When she takes a male disguise and "becomes" Cesario, it is as if she impersonates her own opposite-sex twin: "I am all the daughters of my father's house / And all the brothers too." She herself explains that the lost Sebastian is the model for her performance of male behavior ("For him I imitate").

The principal source of *Twelfth Night*'s tale of siblings lost and found, and of a cross-dressed servant sent to woo on behalf of a master whom she loves herself, was a novella by Barnaby Riche called "Apolonius and Silla." There the brother and sister who are the originals for Viola and Sebastian are not twins but "the one of them was so like the other in countenance and favour that there was no man able to discern the one from the other by their faces, saving by their apparel, the one being a man, the other a woman." Critics sometimes express puzzlement that Shakespeare makes so much of the resemblance between Viola and Sebastian, given his presumed personal knowledge that boy–girl twins are not identical. In modern terminology, it is generally accepted that monozygotic fertilization is always same sex (in fact, recent research has shown that in certain rare cases of genetic abnormality it is possible to have boy–girl monozygotic twins). But Riche's original premise reveals the absurdity of this criticism of the plot: siblings don't even have to be twins to look remarkably alike.

One of the greatest challenges for a writer is to imagine what it would be like to be a member of the opposite sex. The particular demand faced by Shakespeare and the boy-actors who played his women's parts was to get beyond the age's conventions of proper female behavior, which commended silence and submissiveness. "Cesario" is partly a device to give Viola an active voice, to enable her to break the shackles of passivity. But the lovely combination of quick-witted facility, wonder, and vulnerability with which she slots into her impersonation is something more than a reaction to social convention or codes of propriety. In terms of the play's imaginary world, Viola plays Cesario so effectively because of her prior knowledge and love of Sebastian—this is what allows the otherwise implausible conceit of Olivia's marrying Sebastian in the belief that he is Cesario. In terms of the play's creative origin, it is tempting to speculate that the germ was sown by Shakespeare's observation of the intuitive understanding between his twins as they learned to speak and to play together.

Shakespearean comedy often imagines a journey from the secure womb of the family to a world of shipwreck and isolation, and thence to the bond of marriage. The characters lose themselves to find themselves. Broken families are restored in the same instant that new families are anticipated through the pronouncement of love vows. The climax of *Twelfth Night* is one of the great reunion scenes, as the parted twins are joined:

ORSINO One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,
A natural perspective, that is and is not!
…
ANTONIO How have you made division of yourself?
An apple cleft in two is not more twin
Than these two creatures.

The language is richly suggestive of one made two and two made one, of the cleft apple from the *Symposium*'s myth of origins, and of the workings of nature combined with the trick of art (a "perspective" was a distorting glass that created the optical illusion of one picture appearing as two). In a single action, brother and sister find both each other and their object of desire.

And yet. The peculiar poignancy of *Twelfth Night* comes from the sense that there are many losses even in this moment of wonder. Antonio, who has been like a brother and even a lover to Sebastian, is left alone. Malvolio has been humiliated just a little too far. The union of Sir Toby and Maria leaves Sir Andrew isolated—he was adored once, too, but we cannot imagine that he will be again. And Feste is there to sing another sad song of time and change. Above all, Cesario is no more: Orsino closes the dialogue by addressing Viola by her boy-name one final time before she assumes her female garb and becomes his "fancy's queen." But "fancy's queen" is the very language of that shallow courtly love with which Orsino had tried to woo Olivia: the language that Cesario cast off when (s)he began speaking in his/her own voice. In the closing moments of the play, Viola does seem to revert to the silence and passivity of orthodox female behavior.

What is going through her imaginary heart at this moment? Even as Sebastian and Orsino are found, Cesario is lost. Could Viola be saying good-bye to the feigned twin into which she has made herself?

The name Cesario suggests untimely birth—as in "Caesarean section," a baby "from his mother's womb untimely ripped"—but the character undergoes an untimely death. A few months before starting the comedy of *Twelfth Night*, Shakespeare completed his deeply meditated tragedy of *Hamlet*. There are unfathomable crosscurrents at work here: in creating and destroying Cesario, perhaps Shakespeare too is saying a good-bye. To his own Hamnet. Viola is diminished when bereaved of her invented second self. Was this Shakespeare's delayed response to poor Judith's desolation on the loss of her twin?

A more immediate occasion for the play's meditations on love and identity seems to have been Shakespeare's friendly rivalry with Ben Jonson. Shakespeare had been writing courtship comedies for many years when Jonson came onto the theatrical scene at the end of the 1590s with a more hard-edged satirical vein of drama that tapped into the psychology of "humors"—the idea that aberrant behavior (which is readily comic and worthy of satire) could be attributed to an excess of a particular passion or obsession or to temperamental imbalance (too much choler or melancholy). Jonson seems to have fallen out with Shakespeare's acting company early in the new century. At this time he wrote a play called *The Fountain of Self-Love, or Cynthia's Revels* for the Children of Her Majesty's Chapel, the “boy-actors” company that, to judge from a famous piece of dialogue in *Hamlet*, was perceived by Shakespeare and his fellows as something of a threat to their own prestige. Jonson’s double title was innovative and not a little pretentious: Shakespeare may well have been mocking it with *Twelfth Night, or What You Will* (his only double title). In pricking the bubble of inflated language, as he habitually does, Feste may be glancing at Jonson’s verbosity. “I might say ‘element,’ but the word is over-worn”: “element” is a key word in Jonson’s humoral lexicon. And again, in response to Antonio’s “I prithee vent thy folly somewhere else,” Feste says “Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly!” Since *The Fountain of Self-Love* contains such phrases as “vent thy passion” and “vent the Etna of his fires,” “some great man” might almost be Jonson.

The fountain in Jonson’s play is that of Narcissus, who drowned while trying to kiss his own reflection. Shakespeare’s Illyria is also a place of self-love. Malvolio in particular is a Narcissus figure, but there is also a certain vanity about Orsino as he plays the role of the courtly lover. Viola, by contrast, is the opposite of a self-lover. She comes back from drowning and speaks in the voice of the desiring woman whom Narcissus neglected:

> Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
> And call upon my soul within the house,
> Write loyal cantons of contemnèd love
> And sing them loud even in the dead of night,
> Hallow your name to the reverberate hills
> And make the babbling gossip of the air
> Cry out “Olivia!” O, you should not rest
> Between the elements of air and earth,
> But you should pity me!

As intimated by the “reverberate hills” and the echo effect “ ‘Olivia!’—O,” the “babbling gossip of the air” alludes to the mythological figure of Echo, who pined away as a result of her unrequited love for Narcissus.

Jonsonian comedy is peopled by narcissists. *Twelfth Night* responds with an astonishing exploration of the relationship between knowledge of self and sympathy for others—which we might call “echoing”—in the composition of human identity. “I am not what I am”; “Be that thou know’st thou art”; “I swear I am not that I play”; “Ourselves we do not owe”; “nothing that is so is so”; “You shall from this time be / Your master’s mistress.” These paradoxes and promises are the word music of Illyria that “Gives a very echo to the seat / Where love is throned.”

KEY FACTS

PLOT: Viola and her twin brother, Sebastian, have been shipwrecked off the coast of Illyria. Each believes that the other has been drowned. Viola disguises herself as a boy and, under the name of Cesario, enters the service of the duke Orsino. The duke sends Cesario to woo the lady Olivia on his behalf, but Olivia falls in love with the lovely "boy." Viola/Cesario, meanwhile, has fallen in love with Orsino. Sebastian is saved by the sea captain Antonio and he too arrives in Illyria. Malvolio, Olivia's steward, disapproves of the other members of her household—her kinsman Sir Toby Belch, his friend Sir Andrew Aguecheek and the jester Feste. Led by the ingenuity of Maria, Olivia's waiting woman, these three plot Malvolio's downfall. Olivia meets Sebastian and, mistaking him for Cesario, arranges for them to be secretly married. Further confusion follows upon mistakes as to the identity of the twins. Orsino is furious at the apparent falseness of his page, but, with the eventual meeting of the twins, true identities are revealed and Orsino recognizes his love for Viola.

MAJOR PARTS: (*with percentages of lines/number of speeches/scenes on stage*) Sir Toby Belch (13%/152/10), Viola (13%/121/8), Olivia (12%/118/6), Feste (12%/104/7), Malvolio (11%/ 87/7), Orsino (9%/59/4), Sir Andrew (6%/88/8), Maria (6%/59/6), Sebastian (5%/31/5), Fabian (4%/51/4), Antonio (4%/26/4).

LINGUISTIC MEDIUM: 40% verse, 60% prose.

DATE: 1601: Performed at Middle Temple February 1602; not mentioned by Meres 1598; alludes to Anthony Sherley's visit to the Persian Sophy (1598–1601) and to a map first published in 1599; parodies the motif of self-love, double title, and use of word "element" in Ben Jonson's *The Fountain of Self-Love, or Cynthia's Revels* (late 1600/early 1601), while a character in Jonson's *Poetaster* (performed later in 1601) seems to say that he has been to a performance of *Twelfth Night*.

SOURCES: Main plot adapted from the story of “Apolonius and Silla” in Barnaby Riche’s *Riche His Farewell to Military Profession* (1581), though the motif of the cross-dressed disguised “page” wooing a lady on behalf of a master whom she loves herself is derived from a series of Italian comedies going back to *Gl’Ingannati* (“The Deceived”), an extremely bawdy play performed by “The Academy of the Thunderstruck” in Siena (1537). The mistaking of twins is bred from Plautus’ *Menaechmi* by way of Shakespeare’s own *Comedy of Errors*. There is no clear source for the Sir Toby/Malvolio plot.

TEXT: First Folio of 1623 is only early printed text. Probably set from scribal copy, it is exceptionally free from errors and textual problems.

TWELFTH NIGHT, OR WHAT YOU WILL

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria
CURIO } courtiers
VALENTINE } attending upon Orsino
VIOLA, later disguised as Cesario
A Sea-**CAPTAIN**
SEBASTIAN, Viola’s twin brother
ANTONIO, another sea-captain
OLIVIA, a Countess in Illyria
MARIA, her waiting-woman
SIR TOBY BELCH, Olivia’s kinsman
SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK, companion of Sir Toby
MALVOLIO, Olivia’s steward
FABIAN, a member of Olivia’s household
FESTE the clown, Olivia’s jester
Musicians, Sailors, Lords, Officers, Servants, Attendants and a Priest

Act 1 Scene 1[1.1]

running scene 1

Enter Orsino Duke of Illyria, Curio and other Lords ***Music plays***

ORSINO If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it, that surfeiting,[2]
The appetite[3] may sicken and so die.
That strain again, it had a dying fall:[4]
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound[5]
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour. Enough, no more,
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before. ***Music stops***
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh[9] art thou
That, notwithstanding thy capacity,[10]
Receiveth as the sea.[11] Nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch[12] soe'er,
But falls into abatement[13] and low price
Even in a minute. So full of shapes[14] is fancy
That it alone[15] is high fantastical.

CURIO Will you go hunt, my lord?

ORSINO What, Curio?

CURIO The hart.[18]

ORSINO Why so I do, the noblest that I have.
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purged the air of pestilence.[21]
That instant was I turned into a hart,
And my desires, like fell[23] and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.

Enter Valentine

How now, what news from her?

VALENTINE So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element[27] itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample[28] view,
But like a cloistress[29] she will veilèd walk,

And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine[31] — all this to season
A brother’s dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

ORSINO O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love when the rich golden shaft[36]
Hath killed the flock of all affections else[37]
That live in her — when liver,[38] brain and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied,[39] and filled
Her sweet perfections with one self[40] king!
Away before me, to sweet beds of flowers.
Love thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.

Exeunt

Act 1 Scene 2[1.2]

running scene 2

Enter Viola, a Captain and Sailors

VIOLA What country, friends, is this?
CAPTAIN This is Illyria, lady.
VIOLA And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.[4]
Perchance[5] he is not drowned: what think you, sailors?
CAPTAIN It is perchance that you yourself were saved.
VIOLA O, my poor brother! And so perchance may he be.
CAPTAIN True, madam, and to comfort you with chance,[8]
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you and those poor number saved with you
Hung on our driving[11] boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident[12] in peril, bind himself —
Courage and hope both teaching him the practice[13] —
To a strong mast that lived[14] upon the sea,
Where, like Arion[15] on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with[16] the waves
So long as I could see.
VIOLA For saying so, there's gold. ***Gives money***
Mine own escape unfoldeth[19] to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him.[21] Know'st thou this country?
CAPTAIN Ay, madam, well, for I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place.
VIOLA Who governs here?
CAPTAIN A noble duke, in nature as in name.
VIOLA What is his name?
CAPTAIN Orsino.
VIOLA Orsino. I have heard my father name him.
He was a bachelor then.
CAPTAIN And so is now, or was so very late,[30]
For but a month ago I went from hence,

And then ’twas fresh in murmur[32] — as you know,
What[33] great ones do, the less will prattle of —
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.
VIOLA What’s she?
CAPTAIN A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since, then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died, for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjured the sight
And company of men.
VIOLA O that I served that lady,
And might not be[43] delivered to the world
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is.
CAPTAIN That were hard to compass,[46]
Because she will admit no kind of suit,[47]
No, not[48] the duke’s.
VIOLA There is a fair behaviour[49] in thee, captain,
And though that[50] nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in[51] pollution, yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits[52]
With this thy fair and outward character.[53]
I prithee — and I’ll pay thee bounteously —
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as haply[56] shall become
The form of my intent. I’ll serve this duke.
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch[58] to him.
It may be worth thy pains, for I can sing
And speak to him in many sorts of music
That will allow[61] me very worth his service.
What else may hap,[62] to time I will commit,
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.[63]
CAPTAIN Be you his eunuch, and your mute I’ll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.
VIOLA I thank thee. Lead me on.
Exeunt

Act 1 Scene 3

running scene 3

Enter Sir Toby [Belch] and Maria

SIR TOBY What a plague[1] means my niece to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's[2] an enemy to life.

MARIA By my troth,[3] Sir Toby, you must come in earlier a-nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill[4] hours.

SIR TOBY Why, let her except, before excepted.[5]

MARIA Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest[6] limits of order.

SIR TOBY Confine? I'll confine[7] myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too. An[8] they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

MARIA That quaffing[10] and drinking will undo you. I heard my lady talk of it yesterday, and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

SIR TOBY Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?[13]

MARIA Ay, he.

SIR TOBY He's as tall[15] a man as any's in Illyria.

MARIA What's that to th'purpose?

SIR TOBY Why, he has three thousand ducats[17] a year.

MARIA Ay, but he'll[18] have but a year in all these ducats: he's a very fool and a prodigal.[19]

SIR TOBY Fie, that you'll say so! He plays o'th'viol-de-gamboys,[20] and speaks three or four languages word for word without book,[21] and hath all the good gifts of nature.

MARIA He hath indeed, almost natural,[22] for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller: and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay[23] the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

SIR TOBY By this hand, they are scoundrels and subtractors[26] that say so of him. Who are they?

MARIA They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

SIR TOBY With drinking healths to my niece. I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria. He's a coward and a coystrill[30] that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o'th'toe[31] like a parish top. What, wench? *Castiliano vulgo*![32] For here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

Enter Sir Andrew [Aguecheek]

SIR ANDREW Sir Toby Belch. How now, Sir Toby Belch?

SIR TOBY Sweet Sir Andrew.

SIR ANDREW Bless you, fair shrew.[35] ***To Maria***

MARIA And you too, sir.

SIR TOBY Accost,[37] Sir Andrew, accost.

SIR ANDREW What's that?

SIR TOBY My niece's chambermaid.[39]

SIR ANDREW Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

MARIA My name is Mary, sir.

SIR ANDREW Good Mistress Mary Accost—

SIR TOBY You mistake, knight. 'Accost' is front[43] her, board her, woo her, assail her.

SIR ANDREW By my troth, I would not undertake[44] her in this company. Is that the meaning of 'accost'?

MARIA Fare you well, gentlemen. ***Starts to leave***

SIR TOBY An[47] thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again.

SIR ANDREW An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?[50]

MARIA Sir, I have not you by th'hand.

SIR ANDREW Marry,[52] but you shall have, and here's my hand. ***Gives her his hand***

MARIA Now, sir, thought is free.[53] I pray you bring your hand to th'buttery-bar and let it drink.

SIR ANDREW Wherefore,[55] sweetheart? What's your metaphor?

MARIA It's dry,[56] sir.

SIR ANDREW Why, I[57] think so: I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

MARIA A dry jest,[59] sir.

SIR ANDREW Are you full of them?

MARIA Ay, sir, I have them at[61] my fingers' ends. ***Lets go of his hand*** Marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.[62]

Exit Maria

SIR TOBY O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary.[63] When did I see thee so put down?

SIRANDREW Never in your life, I think, unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian[65] or an ordinary man has. But I am a great eater[66] of beef and I believe that does harm to my wit.

SIR TOBY No question.

SIR ANDREW An I thought that, I'd forswear it.[68] I'll ride home tomorrow, Sir Toby.

SIR TOBY *Pourquoi*,[69] my dear knight?

SIR ANDREW What is '*Pourquoi'*? Do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues[71] that I have in fencing, dancing and bear-baiting. O, had I but followed the arts![72]

SIR TOBY Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.[73]

SIR ANDREW Why, would that have mended[74] my hair?

SIR TOBY Past question, for thou see'st it will not curl by nature.

SIR ANDREW But it becomes[76] me well enough, does't not?

SIR TOBY Excellent. It hangs like flax[77] on a distaff, and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

SIRANDREW Faith, I'll home tomorrow, Sir Toby. Your niece will not be seen, or if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me.[80] The count himself here hard by woos her.

SIR TOBY She'll none o'th'count. She'll not match above her degree,[81] neither in estate, years, nor wit;[82] I have heard her swear't. Tut, there's life in't, man.

SIR ANDREW I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o'th'strangest[83] mind i'th'world: I delight in masques and revels[84] sometimes altogether.

SIR TOBY Art thou good at these kickshawses,[85] knight?

SIRANDREW As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under[86] the degree of my betters, and yet I will not compare with an old man.[87]

SIR TOBY What is thy excellence in a galliard,[88] knight?

SIR ANDREW Faith, I can cut a caper.[89]

SIR TOBY And I can cut[90] the mutton to't.

SIRANDREW And I think I have the back-trick[91] simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

SIR TOBY Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? Are they like to take[93] dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? Why dost thou not go to church in[94] a galliard and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig,[95] I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues[96] in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star[97] of a galliard.

SIR ANDREW Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent[98] well in a damned coloured stock. Shall we set about some revels?

SIR TOBY What shall we do else? Were we not born under Taurus?

SIR ANDREW Taurus?[101] That's sides and heart.

SIR TOBY No, sir, it is legs and thighs.[102] ***Sir Andrew dances*** Let me see thee caper. Ha? Higher, ha, ha! Excellent!

Exeunt

Act 1 Scene 4

running scene 4

Enter Valentine and Viola [as Cesario] in man's attire

VALENTINE If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario,[1] you are like to be much advanced.[2] He hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

VIOLA You either fear his humour[4] or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

VALENTINE No, believe me.

Enter Duke [Orsino], Curio and Attendants

VIOLA I thank you. Here comes the count.

ORSINO Who saw Cesario, ho?

VIOLA On your attendance,[9] my lord, here.

ORSINO Stand you awhile aloof.[10]— Cesario, ***To Attendants, who stand aside***
Thou know'st no[11] less but all. I have unclasped
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait[13] unto her,
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them[15] there thy fixèd foot shall grow
Till thou have audience.[16]

VIOLA Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandoned to her sorrow
As it is spoke,[19] she never will admit me.

ORSINO Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds[20]
Rather than make unprofited return.

VIOLA Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

ORSINO O, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise[24] her with discourse of my dear faith;
It shall become[25] thee well to act my woes.
She will attend[26] it better in thy youth
Than in a nuncio's[27] of more grave aspect.

VIOLA I think not so, my lord.

ORSINO Dear lad,[29] believe it;

For they shall yet belie[30] thy happy years,
That say thou art a man: Diana’s lip[31]
Is not more smooth and rubious,[32] thy small pipe
Is as the maiden’s organ, shrill and sound,[33]
And all is semblative[34] a woman’s part.
I know thy constellation[35] is right apt
For this affair.— Some four or five attend him. ***To Attendants***
All, if you will, for I myself am best
When least in company. Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely[39] as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

VIOLA I’ll do my best
To woo your lady.— Yet, a barful strife![42] ***Aside***
Whoe’er I woo, myself would be his wife.

Exeunt

Act 1 Scene 5[1.5]

running scene 5

Enter Maria and Clown [Feste]

MARIA Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in[2] way of thy excuse. My lady will hang thee for thy absence.

FESTE Let her hang me: he that is well hanged[4] in this world needs to fear no colours.

MARIA Make that good.[6]

FESTE He[7] shall see none to fear.

MARIA A good lenten[8] answer. I can tell thee where that saying was born, of 'I fear no colours.'

FESTE Where, good Mistress Mary?

MARIA In the wars, and that may you be bold[11] to say in your foolery.

FESTE Well, God give them wisdom that have it, and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

MARIA Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent, or, to be turned away,[14] is not that as good as a hanging to you?

FESTE Many[16] a good hanging prevents a bad marriage, and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

MARIA You are resolute, then?

FESTE Not so, neither. But I am resolved on two points.[19]

MARIA That if one break, the other will hold, or if both break, your gaskins[20] fall.

FESTE Apt,[21] in good faith, very apt. Well, go thy way. If Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh[22] as any in Illyria.

MARIA Peace, you rogue, no more o'that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best.[24]

[Exit]

Enter Lady Olivia with Malvolio [and Attendants]

FESTE Wit, an't[25] be thy will, put me into good fooling! ***Aside*** Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools, and I that

am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man. For what says Quinapalus?[27] 'Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.'—
God bless thee, lady. ***To Olivia***

OLIVIA Take the fool away. ***To Attendants***

FESTE Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

OLIVIA Go to,[31] you're a dry fool. I'll no more of you. Besides, you grow dishonest.

FESTE Two faults, Madonna,[32] that drink and good counsel will amend. For give the dry[33] fool drink, then is the fool not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself. If he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher[34] mend him. Anything that's mended is but patched:[35] virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin, and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple[36] syllogism[37] will serve, so. If it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower.[38] The lady bade take away the fool: therefore, I say again, take her away.

OLIVIA Sir, I bade them take away you.

FESTE Misprision[41] in the highest degree! Lady, *cucullus non facit monachum:* that's as much to say as I wear not motley[42] in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

OLIVIA Can you do it?

FESTE Dexteriously,[45] good madonna.

OLIVIA Make your proof.

FESTE I must catechize[47] you for it, madonna. Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

OLIVIA Well, sir, for want of other idleness,[48] I'll bide your proof.

FESTE Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

OLIVIA Good fool, for my brother's death.

FESTE I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

OLIVIA I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

FESTE The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.

OLIVIA What think you of this fool, Malvolio? Doth he not mend?[55]

MALVOLIO Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake him. Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

FESTE God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox,[59] but he will not pass his word for twopence that you are no fool.

OLIVIA How say you to that, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren[62] rascal. I saw him put down the other day with[63] an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out[64] of his guard already. Unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest,[65] I take these wise men, that crow so at these set[66] kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

OLIVIA O, you are sick of[67] self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless and of free[68] disposition is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets. There is no slander in an allowed[69] fool, though he do nothing but rail;[70] nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.[71]

FESTE Now Mercury[72] endue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fools.

Enter Maria

MARIA Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

OLIVIA From the Count Orsino, is it?

MARIA I know not, madam. 'Tis a fair young man, and well attended.

OLIVIA Who of my people hold him in delay?

MARIA Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

OLIVIA Fetch him off, I pray you. He speaks nothing but madman.[79] Fie on him!—

[Exit Maria]

Go you, Malvolio; if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home. What[80] you will, to dismiss it.—

Exit Malvolio

Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old,[82] and people dislike it.

FESTE Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be[83] a fool, whose skull Jove[84] cram with brains, for — here he comes —

Enter Sir Toby

one of thy kin has a most weak pia mater.[85]

OLIVIA By mine honour, half drunk.— ***To Sir Toby*** What is he at the gate, cousin?

SIR TOBY A gentleman.

OLIVIA A gentleman? What gentleman?

SIR TOBY ’Tis a gentleman here— ***Beiches/To Feste*** a plague o’these pickle herring!— How now, sot?[89]

FESTE Good Sir Toby!

OLIVIA Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?[91]

SIR TOBY Lechery? I defy lechery. There’s one[92] at the gate.

OLIVIA Ay, marry, what is he?

SIR TOBY Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not. Give me faith,[94] say I. Well, it’s all one.

Exit

OLIVIA What’s a drunken man like, fool?

FESTE Like a drowned man, a fool and a madman: one[97] draught above heat makes him a fool, the second mads him, and a third drowns[98] him.

OLIVIA Go thou and seek the crowner,[99] and let him sit o’my coz, for he’s in the third degree of drink: he’s drowned. Go look after him.

FESTE He is but mad yet, madonna, and the fool shall look to the madman.

[Exit]

Enter Malvolio

MALVOLIO Madam, yond[102] young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick, he takes[103] on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep — he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too — and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? He’s fortified against any denial.

OLIVIA Tell him he shall not speak with me.

MALVOLIO He’s been told so, and he says he’ll stand at your door like a sheriff’s post,[108] and be the supporter[109] to a bench, but he’ll speak with you.

OLIVIA What kind o'man is he?

MALVOLIO Why, of mankind.[111]

OLIVIA What manner of man?

MALVOLIO Of very ill manner.[113] He'll speak with you, will you or no.

OLIVIA Of what personage[114] and years is he?

MALVOLIO Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy. As a squash[115] is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling[116] when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him in standing water,[117] between boy and man. He is very well-favoured and he speaks very shrewishly.[118] One would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

OLIVIA Let him approach. Call in my gentlewoman.

MALVOLIO Gentlewoman, my lady calls.

Exit

Enter Maria

OLIVIA Give me my veil. Come, throw it o'er my face. We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.[122] ***She is veiled***

Enter Viola [and Attendants]

VIOLA The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

OLIVIA Speak to me, I shall answer for her. Your will?

VIOLA Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty — I pray you tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her. I would be loath to cast away[126] my speech, for besides that it is excellently well penned,[127] I have taken great pains to con[128] it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister[129] usage.

OLIVIA Whence came you, sir?

VIOLA I can say little more than I have studied,[131] and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest[132] assurance, if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

OLIVIA Are you a comedian?[134]

VIOLA No, my profound heart.[135] And yet, by the very fangs of malice, I swear I am not that I play.[136] Are you the lady of the house?

OLIVIA If I do not usurp[137] myself, I am.

VIOLA Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself, for what[138] is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from[139] my commission. I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

OLIVIA Come to what is important in’t. I forgive[141] you the praise.

VIOLA Alas, I took great pains to study it, and ’tis poetical.

OLIVIA It is the more like to be feigned.[143] I pray you keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach rather to wonder[144] at you than to hear you. If[145] you be not mad, be gone. If you have reason, be brief. ’Tis not that time of moon with me to make one[146] in so skipping a dialogue.

MARIA Will you hoist sail,[147] sir? Here lies your way.

VIOLA No, good swabber,[148] I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant,[149] sweet lady; tell me your mind, I am a messenger.

OLIVIA Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy[150] of it is so fearful.[151] Speak your office.

VIOLA It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture[152] of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive[153] in my hand. My words are as full of peace as matter.

OLIVIA Yet you began rudely.[154] What are you? What would you?

VIOLA The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I learned from my entertainment.[156] What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead: to your ears, divinity:[157] to any other’s, profanation.

OLIVIA Give us the place alone. We will hear this divinity.

[Exeunt Maria and Attendants]

Now, sir, what is your text?[159]

VIOLA Most sweet lady—

OLIVIA A comfortable[161] doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

VIOLA In Orsino’s bosom.[162]

OLIVIA In his bosom? In what chapter[163] of his bosom?

VIOLA To answer[164] by the method, in the first of his heart.

OLIVIA O, I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

VIOLA Good madam, let me see your face.

OLIVIA Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of[168] your text. ***Unveils*** But we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such[169] a one I was this present. Is't not well done?

VIOLA Excellently done, if[170] God did all.

OLIVIA 'Tis in grain,[171] sir, 'twill endure wind and weather.

VIOLA 'Tis beauty truly blent,[172] whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning[173] hand laid on.
Lady, you are the cruell'st she[174] alive,
If you will lead these graces[175] to the grave
And leave the world no copy.[176]

OLIVIA O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted. I will give out divers schedules[177] of my beauty. It shall be inventoried,[178] and every particle and utensil labelled to my will: as, *item*, two lips, indifferent[179] red: *item*, two grey eyes, with lids to them: *item*, one neck, one chin and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise[180] me?

VIOLA I see you what you are, you are too proud.
But if[182] you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you. O, such love
Could be but recompensed, though[184] you were crowned
The nonpareil[185] of beauty!

OLIVIA How does he love me?

VIOLA With adorations, fertile[187] tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

OLIVIA Your lord does know my mind: I cannot love him.
Yet I suppose[190] him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In[192] voices well divulged, free, learned and valiant,
And in dimension[193] and the shape of nature
A gracious[194] person; but yet I cannot love him.
He might have took his answer long ago.

VIOLA If I did love you in my master's flame,[196]
With such a suff'ring, such a deadly[197] life,
In your denial I would find no sense,
I would not understand it.

OLIVIA Why, what would you?
VIOLA Make me a willow cabin[201] at your gate,
And call upon my soul[202] within the house,
Write loyal cantons[203] of contemnèd love
And sing them loud even in the dead of night,
Hallow[205] your name to the reverberate hills
And make the babbling[206] gossip of the air
Cry out ‘Olivia!’ O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me!
OLIVIA You might do much. What is your parentage?
VIOLA Above my fortunes,[211] yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.
OLIVIA Get you to your lord.
I cannot love him. Let him send no more,
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains. Spend this for me. ***Offers a purse***
VIOLA I am no fee’d post,[218] lady; keep your purse.
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love[220] make his heart of flint that you shall love,
And let your fervour, like my master’s, be
Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty.
Exit
OLIVIA ‘What is your parentage?’
‘Above my fortunes, yet my state is well;
I am a gentleman.’ I’ll be sworn thou art.
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon.[227] Not too fast. Soft, soft!
Unless the[228] master were the man. How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?[229]
Methinks I feel this youth’s perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
What ho, Malvolio!
Enter Malvolio

MALVOLIO Here, madam, at your service.
OLIVIA Run after that same peevish[235] messenger,
The county's[236] man. He left this ring behind him, ***Gives a ring***
Would I[237] or not. Tell him I'll none of it.
Desire[238] him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold[239] him up with hopes. I am not for him.
If that the youth will come this way tomorrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hie[241] thee, Malvolio.
MALVOLIO Madam, I will.
Exit
OLIVIA I do I know not what, and fear to find
Mine[244] eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force. Ourselves we do not owe.[245]
What is decreed must be, and be this so.
[Exit]

Act 2 Scene 1

running scene 6

Enter Antonio and Sebastian

ANTONIO Will you stay no longer? Nor[1] will you not that I go with you?

SEBASTIAN By your patience,[2] no. My stars shine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might perhaps distemper[3] yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils[4] alone. It were a bad recompense for your love to lay any of them on you.

ANTONIO Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

SEBASTIAN No, sooth,[7] sir: my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty[8] that you will not extort from me what I am[9] willing to keep in. Therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express[10] myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called[11] Roderigo. My father was that Sebastian of Messaline whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour.[12] If the heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended. But you, sir, altered that, for some[14] hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drowned.

ANTONIO Alas the day!

SEBASTIAN A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful. But though I could not with such estimable wonder[18] overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish[19] her: she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.[21]

ANTONIO Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.[22]

SEBASTIAN O, good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.[23]

ANTONIO If you will not murder[24] me for my love, let me be your servant.

SEBASTIAN If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered,[26] desire it not. Fare ye well at once.

My bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet[27] so near the manners of my mother that upon the least occasion more mine eyes will tell[28] tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court. Farewell.

Exit

ANTONIO The gentleness[30] of all the gods go with thee!
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else[32] would I very shortly see thee there.
But come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport,[34] and I will go.

Exit

Act 2 Scene 2

running scene 7

Enter Viola and Malvolio at several doors

MALVOLIO Were not you ev'n[1] now with the Countess Olivia?

VIOLA Even now, sir, on[2] a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

MALVOLIO She returns this ring to you, sir. ***Shows a ring*** You might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance[5] she will none of him. And one thing more, that you be never so hardy[6] to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this.[7] Receive it so.

VIOLA She took the ring of me. I'll none of it.

MALVOLIO Come, sir, you peevishly[9] threw it to her, and her will is, it should be so returned. If it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye.[10] ***Throws it on the ground*** If not, be it his that finds it.

Exit

VIOLA I left no ring with her. What means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside[13] have not charmed her!
She made[14] good view of me, indeed so much
That methought her eyes had lost[15] her tongue,
For she did speak in starts[16] distractedly.
She loves me, sure. The cunning of her passion
Invites me in[18] this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring? Why, he sent her none;
I am the man. If it be so, as 'tis,
Poor lady, she were better[21] love a dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant[23] enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false[24]
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms![25]
Alas, our[26] frailty is the cause, not we,
For such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this fadge?[28] My master loves her dearly,

And I, poor monster,[29] fond as much on him,
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state[32] is desperate for my master’s love.
As I am woman — now alas the day! —
What thriftless[34] sighs shall poor Olivia breathe?
O time, thou must untangle this, not I.
It is too hard a knot for me t’untie.

[Exit]

Act 2 Scene 3

running scene 8

Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew

SIR TOBY Approach,[1] Sir Andrew. Not to be abed after midnight is to be up betimes, and *diluculo surgere*,[2] thou know'st—

SIR ANDREW Nay, by my troth I know not, but I know to be up late is to be up late.

SIR TOBY A false conclusion. I hate it as an unfilled can.[4] To be up after midnight and to go to bed then is early: so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our lives[6] consist of the four elements?

SIR ANDREW Faith, so they say, but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

SIR TOBY Thou'rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. Marian,[8] I say, a stoup of wine!

Enter Clown [Feste]

SIR ANDREW Here comes the fool, i'faith.

FESTE How now, my hearts![11] Did you never see the picture of 'we three'?

SIR TOBY Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.[12]

SIR ANDREW By my troth the fool has an excellent breast.[13] I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg,[14] and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth thou wast[15] in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus,[16] of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus. 'Twas very good, i'faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman.[17] Hadst it?

FESTE I did impeticos[18] thy gratillity, for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock. My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons[19] are no bottle-ale houses.

SIR ANDREW Excellent. Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

SIR TOBY Come on, there is sixpence for you. ***Gives a coin to Feste*** Let's have a song.

SIR ANDREW There's a testril of[22] me too. If one knight give a— ***Gives another coin***

FESTE Would you have a love song,[23] or a song of good life?

SIR TOBY A love song, a love song.

SIR ANDREW Ay, ay. I care not for good life.

FESTE O mistress mine, where are you roaming?

Sings

O stay and hear, your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low.[28]
Trip[29] no further, pretty sweeting,
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

SIR ANDREW Excellent good, i'faith.

SIR TOBY Good, good.

FESTE What is love? 'Tis not hereafter,[34] ***Sings***

Present mirth hath present laughter.
What's to come is still[36] unsure.
In delay there lies no plenty,[37]
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,[38]
Youth's a stuff[39] will not endure.

SIR ANDREW A mellifluous voice, as I am true[40] knight.

SIR TOBY A contagious breath.[41]

SIR ANDREW Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.

SIR TOBY To hear[43] by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse[44] the night owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver?[45] Shall we do that?

SIR ANDREW An you love me, let's do't. I am dog[46] at a catch.

FESTE By'r lady,[47] sir, and some dogs will catch well.

SIR ANDREW Most certain. Let our catch be, 'Thou knave'.[48]

FESTE 'Hold thy peace,[49] thou knave', knight? I shall be constrained in't to call thee knave, knight.

SIR ANDREW 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins 'Hold thy peace'.

FESTE I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

SIR ANDREW Good, i'faith. Come, begin.

Catch sung

Enter Maria

MARIA What a caterwauling do you keep[55] here? If my lady have not called up her steward[56] Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

SIR TOBY My lady's a Catayan,[57] we are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and 'Three[58] merry men be we'. Am not I consanguineous? Am I not of her blood? Tillyvally.[59] Lady! ***Sings***

'There[60] dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!'

FESTE Beshrew[61] me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

SIRANDREW Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace,[63] but I do it more natural.

SIR TOBY 'O,[64] the twelfth day of December'— ***Sings***

MARIA For the love o'God, peace!

Enter Malvolio

MALVOLIO My masters, are you mad? Or what are you? Have you no wit,[66] manners, nor honesty,[67] but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out[68] your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse[69] of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

SIR TOBY We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up![71]

MALVOLIO Sir Toby, I must be round[72] with you. My lady bade me tell you that though she harbours[73] you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house. If not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

SIR TOBY 'Farewell,[77] dear heart, since I must needs be gone.' ***Sings***

MARIA Nay, good Sir Toby. ***Sings***

FESTE 'His eyes do show his days are almost done.' ***Sings***

MALVOLIO Is't even so?[80]

SIR TOBY 'But I will never die.' ***Sings***

FESTE Sir Toby, there you lie.

MALVOLIO This is much credit to you.

SIR TOBY 'Shall I bid him go?' ***Sings***

FESTE ‘What an if[85] you do?’ ***Sings***

SIR TOBY ‘Shall I bid him go, and spare not?[86]’ ***Sings***

FESTE ‘O no, no, no, no, you dare not.’ ***Sings***

SIR TOBY Out o’tune,[88] sir, ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?[89]

FESTE Yes, by Saint Anne,[90] and ginger shall be hot i’th’mouth too.

SIR TOBY Thou’rt i’th’right. Go, sir, rub[91] your chain with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria!

MALVOLIO Mistress Mary, if you prized[93] my lady’s favour at anything more than contempt,[94] you would not give means for this uncivil rule; she shall know of it, by this hand.

Exit

MARIA Go[96] shake your ears.

SIR ANDREW ’Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man’s a-hungry,[97] to challenge him the field,[98] and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him.

SIR TOBY Do’t, knight. I’ll write thee a challenge, or I’ll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

MARIA Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for tonight. Since the youth of the count’s was today with my lady, she is much out of quiet.[102] For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull[103] him into a nayword and make him a common recreation,[104] do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed. I know I can do it.

SIR TOBY Possess[106] us, possess us, tell us something of him.

MARIA Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.[107]

SIR ANDREW O, if I thought that, I’d beat him like a dog!

SIR TOBY What, for being a puritan? Thy exquisite[109] reason, dear knight?

SIR ANDREW I have no exquisite reason for’t, but I have reason good enough.

MARIA The devil a puritan that he is, or anything constantly,[111] but a time-pleaser, an affectioned[112] ass, that cons state without book and utters it by great swarths. The best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies,[113] that it is his grounds of faith[114] that all that look on him love him. And on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

SIR TOBY What wilt thou do?

MARIA I will drop in his way some obscure epistles[117] of love, wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure[118] of his eye, forehead, and complexion,[119] he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece: on[120] a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.[121]

SIR TOBY Excellent! I smell a device.[122]

SIR ANDREW I have't in my nose too.

SIR TOBY He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece and that she's in love with him.

MARIA My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

SIR ANDREW And your horse now would make him an ass.

MARIA Ass,[128] I doubt not.

SIR ANDREW O, 'twill be admirable!

MARIA Sport royal, I warrant you. I know my physic[130] will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter. Observe his construction[132] of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell.

Exit

SIR TOBY Good night, Penthesilea.[133]

SIR ANDREW Before me,[134] she's a good wench.

SIR TOBY She's a beagle,[135] true-bred, and one that adores me. What o'that?

SIR ANDREW I was adored once too.

SIR TOBY Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.

SIR ANDREW If I cannot recover[138] your niece, I am a foul way out.

SIR TOBY Send for money, knight. If thou hast her not i'th'end, call me cut.[139]

SIR ANDREW If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

SIR TOBY Come, come, I'll go burn[141] some sack. 'Tis too late to go to bed now. Come, knight, come, knight.

Exeunt

Act 2 Scene 4

running scene 9

Enter Duke [Orsino], Viola, Curio and others

ORSINO Give me some music.— Now, good morrow, friends.
Now, good Cesario, but[2] that piece of song,
That old and antique[3] song we heard last night;
Methought it did relieve my passion[4] much,
More than light airs[5] and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-pacèd times.
Come, but one verse.

CURIO He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

ORSINO Who was it?

CURIO Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

ORSINO Seek him out, and play the tune the while.[12]

[Exit Curio]

Come hither, boy. If ever thou shalt love,

Music plays

In the sweet pangs of it remember me,
For such as I am, all true lovers are:
Unstaid and skittish[16] in all motions else,
Save in the constant[17] image of the creature
That is beloved. How dost thou like this tune?

VIOLA It gives[19] a very echo to the seat
Where love is throned.

ORSINO Thou dost speak masterly.[21]
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stayed[23] upon some favour that it loves:
Hath it not, boy?

VIOLA A little, by your favour.[25]

ORSINO What kind of woman is't?

VIOLA Of your complexion.

ORSINO She is not worth thee, then. What years, i'faith?

VIOLA About your years, my lord.

ORSINO Too old by heaven. Let still[30] the woman take
An elder than herself, so wears she[31] to him,
So sways she level[32] in her husband’s heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies[34] are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,[35]
Than women’s are.
VIOLA I[37] think it well, my lord.
ORSINO Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent,[39]
For women are as roses, whose fair flower
Being once displayed,[41] doth fall that very hour.
VIOLA And so they are. Alas, that they are so.
To die, even when they to perfection grow!
Enter Curio and Clown [Feste]
ORSINO O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.— ***To Feste***
Mark[45] it, Cesario, it is old and plain;
The spinsters[46] and the knitters in the sun
And the free[47] maids that weave their thread with bones
Do use[48] to chant it. It is silly sooth,
And dallies[49] with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.[50]
FESTE Are you ready, sir?
ORSINO I prithee sing.
FESTE Come away,[53] come away, death,
The song
Music **Sings**
And in sad cypress[54] let me be laid.
Fly away, fly away, breath,
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck[57] all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My[59] part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower, sweet

On my black coffin let there be strewn.[62]
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

ORSINO There's for thy pains.

FESTE No pains, sir. I take pleasure in singing, sir.

ORSINO I'll pay thy pleasure then.

FESTE Truly, sir, and pleasure[72] will be paid, one time or another.

ORSINO Give me now leave to leave[73] thee.

FESTE Now, the melancholy god[74] protect thee, and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta,[75] for thy mind is a very opal. I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their[76] business might be everything and their intent everywhere, for that's[77] it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell.

Exit

ORSINO Let all the rest give place.[78] ***Curio and Attendants stand aside***
Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty[82] lands.
The parts[83] that fortune hath bestowed upon her
Tell her, I hold as giddily[84] as fortune.
But 'tis that miracle[85] and queen of gems
That nature pranks[86] her in attracts my soul.

VIOLA But if she cannot love you, sir?

ORSINO I cannot be so answered.

VIOLA Sooth, but you must.
Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her.
You tell her so. Must she not then be answered?[93]

ORSINO There is no woman's sides
Can bide[95] the beating of so strong a passion

As love doth give my heart, no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much. They lack retention.[97]
Alas, their love may be called appetite,[98]
No motion[99] of the liver, but the palate,
That suffer[100] surfeit, cloyment and revolt.
But mine[101] is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much. Make no compare[102]
Between that love a woman can bear me
And that I owe[104] Olivia.
VIOLA Ay, but I know—
ORSINO What dost thou know?
VIOLA Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.
ORSINO And what's her history?[112]
VIOLA A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i'th'bud,
Feed on her damask[115] cheek: she pined in thought,
And with a green and yellow[116] melancholy
She sat like patience[117] on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more, but indeed
Our shows[120] are more than will, for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.
ORSINO But died thy sister of her love, my boy?
VIOLA I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too, and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to[125] this lady?
ORSINO Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste: give her this jewel: say ***Gives a jewel***
My love can give no place,[128] bide no denay.

Exeunt

Act 2 Scene 5

running scene 10

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew and Fabian

SIR TOBY Come thy ways,[1] Signior Fabian.

FABIAN Nay, I'll come. If I lose a scruple[2] of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

SIR TOBY Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly[4] rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

FABIAN I would exult, man. You know he brought me out o'favour with my lady about a bear-baiting[7] here.

SIR TOBY To anger him we'll have the bear again, and we will fool[8] him black and blue. Shall we not, Sir Andrew?

SIR ANDREW An we do not, it is pity[10] of our lives.

Enter Maria

SIR TOBY Here comes the little villain.— ***To Maria*** How now, my metal of India?[11]

MARIA Get ye all three into the box-tree:[12] Malvolio's coming down this walk. He has been yonder i'the sun practising behaviour[13] to his own shadow this half hour. Observe him, for the love of mockery, for I know this letter will make a contemplative[15] idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! ***They hide*** Lie thou there, for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.[16] ***Puts a letter on the ground***

Exit

Enter Malvolio ***Sir Toby and the others are not heard by Malvolio***

MALVOLIO 'Tis but fortune, all is fortune. Maria once told me she[17] did affect me, and I have heard herself come thus near,[18] that should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses[19] me with a more exalted respect than anyone else that follows[20] her. What should I think on't?

SIR TOBY Here's an overweening[21] rogue!

FABIAN O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare[22] turkey-cock of him. How he jets under his advanced plumes![23]

SIR ANDREW 'Slight,[24] I could so beat the rogue!

SIR TOBY Peace, I say.

MALVOLIO To be Count Malvolio!

SIR TOBY Ah, rogue!

SIR ANDREW Pistol[28] him, pistol him.

SIR TOBY Peace, peace!

MALVOLIO There is example[30] for't: the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

SIR ANDREW Fie on him, Jezebel![32]

FABIAN O, peace! Now he's deeply in:[33] look how imagination blows him.

MALVOLIO Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state[34]—

SIR TOBY O, for a stone-bow[35] to hit him in the eye!

MALVOLIO Calling my officers[36] about me, in my branched velvet gown, having come from a day-bed,[37] where I have left Olivia sleeping —

SIR TOBY Fire and brimstone!

FABIAN O, peace, peace!

MALVOLIO And then to have the humour of state,[40] and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place as I would[41] they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby[42]—

SIR TOBY Bolts and shackles![43]

FABIAN O peace, peace, peace! Now, now.

MALVOLIO Seven of my people,[45] with an obedient start, make out for him. I frown the while, and perchance[46] wind up my watch, or play with my— some rich jewel. Toby approaches; curtsies[47] there to me—

SIR TOBY Shall this fellow live?

FABIAN Though our silence be drawn from us with cars,[49] yet peace.

MALVOLIO I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar[50] smile with an austere regard of control[51]—

SIR TOBY And does not Toby take[52] you a blow o'the lips then?

MALVOLIO Saying, 'Cousin[53] Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative[54] of speech'—

SIR TOBY What, what?

MALVOLIO 'You must amend your drunkenness.'

SIR TOBY Out, scab![57]

FABIAN Nay, patience, or we break the sinews[58] of our plot.

MALVOLIO ‘Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight’—

SIR ANDREW That’s me, I warrant you.

MALVOLIO ‘One Sir Andrew’—

SIR ANDREW I knew ’twas I, for many do call me fool.

MALVOLIO What employment[63] have we here? ***Picks up the letter***

FABIAN Now is the woodcock[64] near the gin.

SIR TOBY O, peace! And the spirit of humours[65] intimate reading aloud to him.

MALVOLIO By my life, this is my lady’s hand[66] these be her very C’s, her U’s and her T’s, and thus makes she her great P’s.[67] It is in contempt of question her hand.

SIR ANDREW Her C’s, her U’s and her T’s. Why that?

MALVOLIO ***Reads*** ‘To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes.’ Her very phrases!

By your leave, wax. Soft! And the impressure[70] her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal.[71] ’Tis my lady. To whom should this be?

FABIAN This wins him, liver[72] and all.

MALVOLIO ‘Jove knows I love, ***Reads***
But who?
Lips, do not move.
No man must know.’

‘No man must know.’ What follows? The numbers altered![77] ‘No man must know.’ If this should be thee, Malvolio?

SIR TOBY Marry, hang thee, brock![79]

MALVOLIO ‘I may command where I adore, ***Reads***
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,[81]
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:
M.O.A.I. doth sway[83] my life.’

FABIAN A fustian[84] riddle!

SIR TOBY Excellent wench, say I.

MALVOLIO ‘M.O.A.I. doth sway my life.’ Nay, but first let me see, let me see, let me see.

FABIAN What[87] dish o'poison has she dressed him.

SIR TOBY And with what wing[88] the staniel checks at it!

MALVOLIO 'I may command where I adore.' Why, she may command me! I serve her,
she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity.[90]
There is no obstruction[91] in this. And the end — what should that alphabetical position portend?[92] If I could make that resemble something in me. Softly: M.O.A.I.—

SIR TOBY O, ay,[93] make up that. He is now at a cold scent.

FABIAN Sowter[94] will cry upon't for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

MALVOLIO M. — Malvolio. M. — Why, that begins my name!

FABIAN Did not I say he would work it out? The cur[96] is excellent at faults.

MALVOLIO M. — But then there is no consonancy[97] in the sequel that suffers under probation:[98] 'A' should follow but 'O' does.

FABIAN And O shall end,[99] I hope.

SIR TOBY Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry O!

MALVOLIO And then I comes behind.

FABIAN Ay, an you had any eye[102] behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

MALVOLIO M.O.A.I. This simulation[104] is not as the former. And yet, to crush this a little, it would bow[105] to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft, here follows prose: ***Reads*** 'If this fall into thy hand, revolve.[106] In my stars I am above thee, but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands.[108] Let thy blood and spirit embrace[109] them. And to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough[110] and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants. Let thy tongue tang[111] arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever[113] cross-gartered. I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so. If not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services[116] with thee,

The Fortunate-Unhappy.[117]'

Daylight and champaign[118] discovers not more. This is open. I will be proud, I will read politic[119] authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-device[120] the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites[121] to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered. And in this she manifests herself to[123] my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits[124] of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript: ***Reads*** 'Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest[127] my love, let it appear in thy smiling. Thy smiles become thee well: therefore in my presence still[128] smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.' Jove, I thank thee. I will smile. I will do everything that thou wilt have me.

Exit ***Sir Toby, Sir Andrew and Fabian come out of hiding***

FABIAN I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.[132]

SIR TOBY I could marry this wench for this device.[133]

SIR ANDREW So could I too.

SIR TOBY And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

Enter Maria

SIR ANDREW Nor I neither.

FABIAN Here comes my noble gull-catcher.[137]

SIR TOBY Wilt[138] thou set thy foot o'my neck?

SIR ANDREW Or o'mine either?

SIR TOBY Shall I play[140] my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bondslave?

SIR ANDREW I'faith, or I either?

SIR TOBY Why, thou hast put him in such a dream that when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

MARIA Nay, but say true, does it work upon him?

SIR TOBY Like aqua-vitae[145] with a midwife.

MARIA If you will then see the fruits[146] of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and ’tis a colour she abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests. And he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt.[150] If you will see it, follow me.

SIR TOBY To the gates of Tartar,[151] thou most excellent devil of wit!

SIR ANDREW I’ll make one[152] too.

Exeunt

Act 3 Scene 1[3.1]

running scene 10 continues

Enter Viola and Clown [Feste, with a tabor]

VIOLA Save[1] thee, friend, and thy music. Dost thou live by thy tabor?

FESTE No, sir, I live by the church.

VIOLA Art thou a churchman?

FESTE No such matter, sir. I do live by the church, for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

VIOLA So thou mayst say, the king lies by[6] a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him, or the church stands[7] by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

FESTE You have said,[8] sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit. How quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

VIOLA Nay, that's certain. They that dally nicely[10] with words may quickly make them wanton.[11]

FESTE I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

VIOLA Why, man?

FESTE Why, sir, her name's a word, and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But indeed, words are very rascals since bonds[15] disgraced them.

VIOLA Thy reason, man?

FESTE Troth, sir, I can yield[17] you none without words, and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

VIOLA I warrant thou art a merry fellow and car'st for nothing.

FESTE Not so, sir, I do care for something. But in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

VIOLA Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?

FESTE No, indeed, sir, the lady Olivia has no folly. She will keep no fool, sir, till she be married, and fools are as like husbands as pilchards[24] are to herrings: the husband's the bigger. I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

VIOLA I saw thee late[26] at the count Orsino's.

FESTE Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb[27] like the sun, it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but[28] the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress. I think I saw your wisdom[29] there.

VIOLA Nay, an thou pass upon[30] me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee. ***Gives money***

FESTE Now Jove, in his next commodity[32] of hair, send thee a beard!

VIOLA By my troth I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one[33]— ***Aside*** though I would not have it grow on my chin.— Is thy lady within?

FESTE Would not a pair of these[35] have bred, sir?

VIOLA Yes, being kept together and put to use.[36]

FESTE I would play Lord Pandarus[37] of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

VIOLA I understand you, sir. 'Tis well begged. ***Gives more money***

FESTE The matter, I hope, is not great, sir; begging but a beggar. Cressida[39] was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will conster[40] to them whence you come. Who you are and what you would are out[41] of my welkin. I might say 'element', but the word is overworn.

Exit

VIOLA This fellow is wise enough to play the fool,
And to do that well craves[44] a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality[46] of persons, and the time,
And, like the haggard,[47] check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice[48]
As full of labour as a wise man's art,
For folly that he wisely shows is fit;[50]
But wise men, folly-fall'n,[51] quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir Toby and Andrew

SIR TOBY Save you, gentleman.

VIOLA And you, sir.

SIR ANDREW *Dieu*[54] *vous garde, monsieur*.

VIOLA *Et*[55] *vous aussi. Votre serviteur*.

SIR ANDREW I hope, sir, you are, and I am yours.

SIR TOBY Will you encounter[57] the house? My niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade[58] be to her.

VIOLA I am bound to[59] your niece, sir. I mean she is the list of my voyage.

SIR TOBY Taste[60] your legs, sir, put them to motion.

VIOLA My legs do better understand[61] me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

SIR TOBY I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

VIOLA I will answer you with gait and entrance.[64] But we are prevented.

Enter Olivia and Gentlewoman [Maria]

Most excellent accomplished lady, the[65] heavens rain odours on you!

SIR ANDREW That youth's a rare courtier. ***To Toby*** 'Rain odours', well.

VIOLA My matter hath no voice,[67] lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed[68] ear.

SIR ANDREW 'Odours,' 'pregnant' and 'vouchsafed'. ***To Toby*** I'll get 'em all three all ready.[69]

OLIVIA Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.[70]—

[Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew and Maria]

Give me your hand, sir.

VIOLA My duty, madam, and most humble service.

OLIVIA What is your name?

VIOLA Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

OLIVIA My servant, sir? 'Twas[75] never merry world
Since lowly feigning[76] was called compliment.
You're servant to the count Orsino, youth.

VIOLA And he is yours,[78] and his must needs be yours:
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

OLIVIA For[80] him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks,[81] rather than filled with me!

VIOLA Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.

OLIVIA O, by your leave, I pray you.

I bade you never speak again of him;
But, would you undertake another suit,[86]
I had rather hear you to solicit[87] that
Than music[88] from the spheres.

VIOLA Dear lady—

OLIVIA Give me leave,[90] beseech you. I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse[92]
Myself, my servant and, I fear me, you.
Under your hard construction[94] must I sit,
To force[95] that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake[97]
And baited it with all th’unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving[99]
Enough is shown: a cypress,[100] not a bosom,
Hides my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

VIOLA I pity you.

OLIVIA That’s a degree[103] to love.

VIOLA No, not a grize,[104] for ’tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

OLIVIA Why, then, methinks ’tis time to smile again.[106]
O, world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion[109] than the wolf!

Clock strikes

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper[113] man.
There lies your way, due west.

VIOLA Then westward-ho! Grace and good disposition[115]
Attend your ladyship!
You’ll[117] nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

OLIVIA Stay.
I prithee tell me what thou think’st of me.

VIOLA That you do think you are not what you are.[120]
OLIVIA If I think so, I think the same of you.
VIOLA Then think you right: I am not what I am.
OLIVIA I would you were as I would have you be.
VIOLA Would it be better, madam, than I am?
I[125] wish it might, for now I am your fool.
OLIVIA O, what a deal[126] of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murd’rous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love’s[129] night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood,[131] honour, truth and everything,
I love thee so that, maugre[132] all thy pride,
Nor[133] wit nor reason can my passion hide.
Do not extort[134] thy reasons from this clause,
For that[135] I woo, thou therefore hast no cause,
But rather reason[136] thus with reason fetter:
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.
VIOLA By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom and one truth,
And that no woman has, nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam. Never more
Will I my master’s tears to you deplore.[143]
OLIVIA Yet come again, for thou perhaps mayst move
That heart which now abhors, to like his love.

Exeunt

Act 3 Scene 2

running scene 11

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew and Fabian

SIR ANDREW No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

SIR TOBY Thy reason, dear venom,[2] give thy reason.

FABIAN You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

SIR ANDREW Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's servingman than ever she bestowed upon me. I saw't i'th'orchard.[5]

SIR TOBY Did she see thee the while,[6] old boy? Tell me that.

SIR ANDREW As plain as I see you now.

FABIAN This was a great argument[8] of love in her toward you.

SIR ANDREW 'Slight, will you make an ass o'me?

FABIAN I will prove it[10] legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgement and reason.

SIR TOBY And they have been grand-jurymen since before Noah[11] was a sailor.

FABIAN She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse[13] valour, to put fire in your heart and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her, and with some excellent jests, fire-new[14] from the mint, you should have banged[15] the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked.[16] The double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north[17] of my lady's opinion, where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valour or policy.[19]

SIR ANDREW An't be any way, it must be with valour, for policy I hate: I had as lief[20] be a Brownist[21] as a politician.

SIR TOBY Why, then, build me[22] thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him. Hurt him in eleven places: my niece shall take note of it. And assure thyself, there is no love-broker[24] in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

FABIAN There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

SIR ANDREW Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

SIR TOBY Go, write it in a martial hand.[28] Be curst and brief: it is no matter how witty, so[29] it be eloquent and full of invention. Taunt him with the licence of ink. If thou thou'st[30] him some thrice, it shall not be amiss. And as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware[31] in England, set 'em down. Go, about it. Let there be gall[32] enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen,[33] no matter. About it.

SIR ANDREW Where shall I find you?

SIR TOBY We'll call thee at the *cubiculo*.[35] Go.

Exit Sir Andrew

FABIAN This is a dear manikin[36] to you, Sir Toby.

SIR TOBY I have been dear[37] to him, lad, some two thousand strong, or so.

FABIAN We shall have a rare[38] letter from him; but you'll not deliver't?

SIR TOBY Never trust me, then. And by all means stir on the youth to an answer.

I think oxen and wainropes[40] cannot hale them together. For
Andrew, if he were opened and you find so much blood in his
liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of
th'anatomy.[42]

FABIAN And his opposite,[43] the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter Maria

SIR TOBY Look where the youngest wren[44] of mine comes.

MARIA If you desire the spleen,[45] and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull[46] Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian that means to be saved by believing rightly can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness.[48] He's in yellow stockings.

SIR TOBY And cross-gartered?

MARIA Most villainously:[50] like a pedant that keeps a school i'th'church. I have dogged[51] him like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him: he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new[52] map with the augmentation of the Indies. You have not seen such a thing as ’tis. I can hardly forbear[54] hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him. If she do, he’ll smile and take’t for a great favour.

SIR TOBY Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

Exeunt

Act 3 Scene 3

running scene 12

Enter Sebastian and Antonio

SEBASTIAN I would not by my will have troubled you,
But since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide[3] you.

ANTONIO I could not stay behind you: my desire,
More sharp than filèd[5] steel, did spur me forth,
And not all[6] love to see you, though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,
But jealousy[8] what might befall your travel,
Being skill-less in[9] these parts, which to a stranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable. My willing love,
The rather[12] by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

SEBASTIAN My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make but thanks,
And thanks, and ever oft[16] good turns
Are shuffled off[17] with such uncurrent pay.
But were my worth,[18] as is my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing.[19] What's to do?
Shall we go see the relics[20] of this town?

ANTONIO Tomorrow, sir. Best first go see your lodging.

SEBASTIAN I am not weary, and 'tis long to night.
I pray you let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown[25] this city.

ANTONIO Would you'd pardon me.
I do not without danger walk these streets.
Once in a sea-fight gainst the count his[28] galleys
I did some service, of such note indeed,
That were I ta'en here it[30] would scarce be answered.

SEBASTIAN Belike[31] you slew great number of his people.

ANTONIO Th’offence is not of such a bloody nature,
Albeit[33] the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument.[34]
It might have since been answered[35] in repaying
What we took from them, which for traffic’s[36] sake,
Most of our city did. Only myself stood out,
For which, if I be lapsèd[38] in this place,
I shall pay dear.
SEBASTIAN Do not then walk too open.[40]
ANTONIO It doth not fit[41] me. Hold, sir, here’s my purse. ***Gives his purse***
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,[42]
Is best to lodge. I will bespeak our diet,[43]
Whiles you beguile[44] the time and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town. There shall you have[45] me.
SEBASTIAN Why I your purse?
ANTONIO Haply[47] your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase, and your store,[48]
I think, is not for idle markets,[49] sir.
SEBASTIAN I’ll be your purse-bearer and leave you
For an hour.
ANTONIO To th’Elephant.
SEBASTIAN I do remember.
Exeunt

Act 3 Scene 4

running scene 13

Enter Olivia and Maria

OLIVIA I have sent after him:[1] he says he'll come. ***Aside***
How shall I feast him? What bestow of[2] him?
For youth is bought more oft than begged or borrowed.
I speak too loud.—
Where's Malvolio? He is sad[5] and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes.
Where is Malvolio?

MARIA He's coming, madam, but in very strange manner. He is sure possessed,[8] madam.

OLIVIA Why, what's the matter? Does he rave?

MARIA No, madam, he does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come, for sure the man is tainted in's wits.

OLIVIA Go call him hither.— I am as mad as he, ***Maria goes to call Malvolio*** If sad and merry madness equal be.

Enter Malvolio [cross-gartered and in yellow stockings]

How now, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO Sweet lady, ho, ho.

OLIVIA Smilest thou? I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

MALVOLIO Sad,[18] lady? I could be sad: this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering, but what of that? If it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet[20] is, 'Please one, and please all'.

OLIVIA Why, how dost thou, man? What is the matter with thee?

MALVOLIO Not black[22] in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.[23]

OLIVIA Wilt thou go to bed,[24] Malvolio?

MALVOLIO To bed? Ay, sweetheart, and I'll come to thee.

OLIVIA God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so and kiss thy hand[26] so oft?

MARIA How do you, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO At your request! Yes, nightingales answer daws.[28]

MARIA Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

MALVOLIO ‘Be not afraid of greatness.’ ’Twas well writ.

OLIVIA What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO ‘Some are born great’—

OLIVIA Ha?

MALVOLIO ‘Some achieve greatness’—

OLIVIA What say’st thou?

MALVOLIO ‘And some have greatness thrust upon them.’

OLIVIA Heaven restore thee!

MALVOLIO ‘Remember who commended thy yellow stockings’—

OLIVIA Thy yellow stockings?

MALVOLIO ‘And wished to see thee cross-gartered.’

OLIVIA Cross-gartered?

MALVOLIO ‘Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so’—

OLIVIA Am I made?

MALVOLIO ‘If not, let me see thee a servant still.’

OLIVIA Why, this is very midsummer[45] madness.

Enter Servant

SERVANT Madam, the young gentleman of the count Orsino’s is returned. I could hardly[47] entreat him back. He attends your ladyship’s pleasure.

OLIVIA I’ll come to him.

[Exit Servant]

Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where’s my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him. I would not have him miscarry[50] for the half of my dowry.

Exeunt [Olivia and Maria]

MALVOLIO O, ho! Do you come near[52] me now? No worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose that I may appear stubborn to him, for she incites me to that in the letter. ‘Cast thy humble slough,’ says she, ‘be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants, let thy tongue tang with arguments of state, put thyself into the trick of singularity.' And consequently[57] sets down the manner how: as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit[58] of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her, but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful. And when she went away now, 'Let this fellow[60] be looked to.' Fellow? Not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, everything adheres together, that no dram[61] of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous[62] or unsafe circumstance — What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Enter Toby, Fabian and Maria

SIR TOBY Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn[65] in little, and Legion[66] himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

FABIAN Here he is, here he is. How is't with you, sir? How is't with you, man?

MALVOLIO Go off. I discard you. Let me enjoy my private.[68] Go off.

MARIA Lo,[69] how hollow the fiend speaks within him! Did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my
lady prays you to have a[70] care of him.

MALVOLIO Ah, ha, does she so?

SIR TOBY Go to, go to. Peace, peace. We must deal gently with him. Let me alone.[72]—How do you, Malvolio? How is't with you? What, man, defy the devil! Consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

MALVOLIO Do you know what you say?

MARIA La[76] you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!

FABIAN Carry his water[78] to th'wise woman.

MARIA Marry, and it shall be done tomorrow morning, if I live. My lady would not
lose him for more than I'll say.

MALVOLIO How now, mistress?

MARIA O Lord!

SIR TOBY Prithee hold thy peace, this is not the way. Do you not see you move[83] him? Let me alone with him.

FABIAN No way but gentleness, gently, gently. The fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

SIR TOBY Why, how now, my bawcock?[87] How dost thou, chuck?

MALVOLIO Sir!

SIR TOBY Ay, Biddy,[89] come with me. What, man, ’tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit[90] with Satan. Hang him, foul collier!

MARIA Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

MALVOLIO My prayers, minx?

MARIA No, I warrant you he will not hear of godliness.

MALVOLIO Go, hang yourselves all! You are idle[94] shallow things. I am not of your element.[95] You shall know more hereafter.

Exit

SIR TOBY Is’t possible?

FABIAN If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

SIR TOBY His very genius[99] hath taken the infection of the device, man.

MARIA Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take[100] air and taint.

FABIAN Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

MARIA The house will be the quieter.

SIR TOBY Come, we’ll have him in[103] a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he’s mad. We may carry[104] it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him, at which time we will bring the device to the bar[106] and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter Sir Andrew

FABIAN More matter[108] for a May morning.

SIR ANDREW Here’s the challenge, read it. ***Shows a paper*** I warrant[109] there’s vinegar and pepper in’t.

FABIAN Is’t so saucy?[110]

SIR ANDREW Ay, is’t, I warrant[111] him. Do but read.

SIR TOBY Give me. ***Reads*** ‘Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy[112] fellow.’

FABIAN Good, and valiant.

SIR TOBY ***Reads*** ‘Wonder not, nor admire[114] not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for’t.’

FABIAN A good note,[116] that keeps you from the blow of the law.

SIR TOBY *Reads* ‘Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly. But thou liest[118] in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.’

FABIAN Very brief, and to exceeding good sense— *Aside* less.

SIR TOBY ‘I will waylay thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me’—*Reads*

FABIAN Good.

SIR TOBY *Reads* ‘Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.’

FABIAN Still you keep o’th’windy[123] side of the law. Good.

SIR TOBY *Reads* ‘Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine, but my hope[125] is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,

Andrew Aguecheek.’

If this letter move[128] him not, his legs cannot. I’ll give’t him.

MARIA You may have very fit occasion for’t: he is now in some commerce[129] with my lady, and will by and by depart.

SIR TOBY Go, Sir Andrew. Scout me[131] for him at the corner of the orchard like a bumbaily:[132] so soon as ever thou see’st him, draw, and as thou draw’st swear horrible,[133] for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off,[134] gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away!

SIR ANDREW Nay, let me alone[136] for swearing.

Exit

SIR TOBY Now will not I deliver his letter, for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity[138] and breeding. His employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less: therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth. He will find it comes from a clodpole.[140] But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour, and drive the gentleman, as I know his youth[142] will aptly receive it, into a most hideous[143] opinion of his rage, skill, fury and impetuosity. This will so fright them both that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.[145]

Enter Olivia and Viola

FABIAN Here he comes with your niece. Give them way[146] till he take leave, and presently after him.

SIR TOBY I will meditate the while upon some horrid[148] message for a challenge.

[Exeunt Sir Toby, Fabian and Maria]

OLIVIA I have said too much unto a heart of stone
And laid[150] mine honour too unchary on't.
There's something in me that reproves my fault,
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

VIOLA With the same 'haviour[154] that your passion bears
Goes on my master's griefs.

OLIVIA Here, wear this jewel[156] for me, 'tis my picture.
Refuse it not. It hath no tongue to vex you.
And I beseech you come again tomorrow.
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
That honour saved[160] may upon asking give?

VIOLA Nothing but this: your true love for my master.

OLIVIA How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you?

VIOLA I will acquit[164] you.

OLIVIA Well, come again tomorrow. Fare thee well.
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell.

[Exit]

Enter Toby and Fabian

SIR TOBY Gentleman, God save thee.

VIOLA And you, sir.

SIR TOBY That[169] defence thou hast, betake thee to't. Of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not, but thy intercepter,[170] full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end. Dismount[171] thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful and deadly.

VIOLA You mistake, sir, I am sure. No man hath any quarrel to[173] me: my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

SIR TOBY You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price,[176] betake you to your guard, for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill and wrath can furnish man withal.[177]

VIOLA I pray you, sir, what is he?

SIR TOBY He is knight, dubbed[179] with unhatched rapier and on carpet consideration, but he is a devil in private brawl. Souls and bodies hath he divorced three, and his incensement[181] at this moment is so implacable that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre.[182] Hob, nob, is his word: give't or take't.

VIOLA I will return again into the house and desire some conduct[183] of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste[185] their valour. Belike this is a man of that quirk.

SIR TOBY Sir, no. His indignation derives itself out of a very competent[186] injury: therefore, get you on and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that[188] with me which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked, for meddle[189] you must, that's certain, or forswear[190] to wear iron about you.

VIOLA This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you do me this courteous office,[191] as to know of the knight what my offence to him is. It is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

SIR TOBY I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return.

Exit Toby

VIOLA Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

FABIAN I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement,[196] but nothing of the circumstance more.

VIOLA I beseech you what manner of man is he?

FABIAN Nothing[199] of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him if I can.

VIOLA I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight. I care not who knows so much of my mettle.[204]

Exeunt

Enter Toby and Andrew

SIR TOBY Why, man, he's a very devil. I have not seen such a firago.[205] I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all, and he gives me the stuck in[206] with such a mortal[207] motion that it is inevitable. And on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hits the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to[208] the Sophy.

SIR ANDREW Pox[209] on't, I'll not meddle with him.

SIR TOBY Ay, but he will not now be pacified. Fabian can scarce hold[210] him yonder.

SIR ANDREW Plague on't, an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning[211] in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere[212] I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

SIR TOBY I'll make the motion.[214] ***Aside*** Stand here, make a good show on't.— This shall end without the perdition of souls.[215] Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Enter Fabian and Viola

I have his horse to take up[216] the quarrel. ***Aside to Fabian*** I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

FABIAN He is as horribly conceited[217] of him, and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

SIR TOBY There's no remedy, sir, he will fight with you for's oath[219] sake. ***To Viola*** Marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel,[220] and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw for the supportance[221] of his vow. He protests he will not hurt you.

VIOLA Pray God defend me! ***Aside*** A[223] little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

FABIAN Give ground if you see him furious. ***To Viola***

SIR TOBY Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy. The gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you. He cannot by the duello[227] avoid it. But he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on, to't.

SIR ANDREW Pray God he keep his oath!

Enter Antonio

VIOLA I do assure you, 'tis against my will. ***To Fabian/They draw their swords***

ANTONIO Put up[232] your sword. If this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me.
If you offend him, I for him defy you.

SIR TOBY You, sir? Why, what are you?

ANTONIO One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

SIR TOBY Nay, if you be an undertaker,[238] I am for you. ***They draw***

Enter Officers

FABIAN O, good Sir Toby, hold! Here come the officers.

SIR TOBY I'll be with you anon.[240] ***To Antonio***

VIOLA Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please. ***To Sir Andrew***

SIRANDREW Marry, will I, sir. And for that[242] I promised you, I'll be as good as my word. He[243] will bear you easily and reins well.

FIRST OFFICER This is the man; do thy office. ***Indicates Antonio***

SECOND OFFICER Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit[245] of Count Orsino.

ANTONIO You do mistake me, sir.

FIRST OFFICER No, sir, no jot. I know your favour[247] well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.
Take him away: he knows I know him well.

ANTONIO I must obey.— This comes with seeking you. ***To Viola***
But there's no remedy, I shall answer[251] it.
What will you do, now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me
Much more for what I cannot do for you
Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed;[255]
But be of comfort.

SECOND OFFICER Come, sir, away.

ANTONIO I must entreat of you some of that money. ***To Viola***

VIOLA What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have showed me here,
And part[261] being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something. My having[263] is not much.
I'll make division of my present[264] with you.
Hold, there's half my coffer.[265] ***Offers money***

ANTONIO Will you deny[266] me now?
Is't possible that my deserts[267] to you
Can lack persuasion?[268] Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound[269] a man
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

VIOLA I know of none,
Nor know I you by voice or any feature.
I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vainness,[275] babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

ANTONIO O heavens themselves!

SECOND OFFICER Come, sir, I pray you go.

ANTONIO Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here
I snatched one half out of the jaws of death,
Relieved him with such sanctity[282] of love,
And to his image,[283] which methought did promise
Most venerable worth,[284] did I devotion.

FIRST OFFICER What's that to us? The time goes by. Away!

ANTONIO But O, how vile an idol proves this god.
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature[287] shame.
In nature there's no blemish but the mind.
None can be called deformed but the unkind.[289]
Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks[291] o'erflourished by the devil.

FIRST OFFICER The man grows mad. Away with him! Come, come, sir.

ANTONIO Lead me on.

Exit [with Officers]

VIOLA Methinks his words do from such passion fly, ***Aside***

That he believes himself, so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta’en for you!

SIR TOBY Come hither, knight. Come hither, Fabian. We’ll whisper o’er a couplet or
two of most sage[299] saws. ***They stand aside***

VIOLA He named Sebastian. I my brother know
Yet living in my glass,[301] even such and so
In favour[302] was my brother, and he went
Still[303] in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate. O, if it prove,[304]
Tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in love.

[Exit]

SIR TOBY A very dishonest[306] paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare. His dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity and denying him. And for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

FABIAN A coward, a most devout coward, religious[309] in it.

SIR ANDREW ’Slid,[310] I’ll after him again and beat him.

SIR TOBY Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

SIR ANDREW An I do not—

FABIAN Come, let’s see the event.[313]

SIR TOBY I dare lay any money ’twill be nothing yet.[314]

Exeunt

Act 4 Scene 1

running scene 14

Enter Sebastian and Clown [Feste]

FESTE Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

SEBASTIAN Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow.
Let me be clear of thee.

FESTE Well held out,[4] i'faith! No, I do not know you, nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her, nor your name is not Master Cesario, nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so.

SEBASTIAN I prithee vent[7] thy folly somewhere else. Thou know'st not me.

FESTE Vent my folly! He has heard that word of[8] some great man and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber[9] the world will prove a cockney.[10] I prithee now ungird thy strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my lady. Shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

SEBASTIAN I prithee, foolish Greek,[12] depart from me. ***Gives money*** There's money for thee. If you tarry[13] longer, I shall give worse payment.

FESTE By my troth, thou hast an open[14] hand. These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report[15] — after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter Andrew, Toby and Fabian

SIR ANDREW Now, sir, have I met you again? ***Strikes Sebastian*** There's for you.

SEBASTIAN Why, there's for thee, and there, and there. ***Beats Sir Andrew*** Are all the people mad?

SIR TOBY Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

FESTE This will I tell my lady straight.[19] I would not be in some of your coats for twopence.

[Exit]

SIR TOBY Come on, sir, hold.[21]

SIR ANDREW Nay, let him alone. I'll go another way to work with him. I'll have an action of battery[22] against him, if there be any law in Illyria. Though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

SEBASTIAN Let go thy hand.

SIR TOBY Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron.[26] You are well fleshed.[27] Come on.

SEBASTIAN I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now? If thou darest tempt me further, draw thy sword.

SIR TOBY What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert[30] blood from you.

Enter Olivia

OLIVIA Hold, Toby. On thy life I charge thee, hold!

SIR TOBY Madam!

OLIVIA Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preached! Out of my sight!—
Be not offended, dear Cesario.—
Rudesby,[38] be gone!

[Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew and Fabian]

I prithee, gentle friend,
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil[40] and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botched up,[43] that thou thereby
Mayst smile at this. Thou shalt not choose but go.
Do not deny. Beshrew[45] his soul for me,
He started[46] one poor heart of mine in thee.

SEBASTIAN What relish[47] is in this? How runs the stream? ***Aside***
Or[48] I am mad, or else this is a dream.
Let fancy[49] still my sense in Lethe steep.
If it be thus to dream, still[50] let me sleep!

OLIVIA Nay, come, I prithee. Would thou'dst[51] be ruled by me!

SEBASTIAN Madam, I will.

OLIVIA O, say so, and so be!

Exeunt

Act 4 Scene 2

running scene 15

Enter Maria and Clown [Feste]

MARIA Nay, I prithee put on this gown and this beard. ***Hands him a gown and beard*** Make him believe thou art Sir[1] Topas the curate.[2] Do it quickly. I'll call Sir Toby the whilst.

[Exit]

FESTE Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble[3] myself in't, and I would I were the first that ever dissembled[4] in such a gown. ***Puts on gown and beard*** I am not tall enough to become the function[5] well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student. But to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper[6] goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors[7] enter.

Enter Toby [and Maria]

SIR TOBY Jove bless thee, Master Parson.

FESTE *Bonos dies,*[9] Sir Toby. For, as the old hermit of Prague that never saw pen and ink very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc,[10] 'That that is, is.' So I, being Master Parson, am Master Parson; for what is 'that' but 'that', and 'is' but 'is'?

SIR TOBY To him, Sir Topas.

FESTE What, ho, I say? Peace in this prison.

SIR TOBY The knave counterfeits well, a good knave.

MALVOLIO Who calls there?

Within

FESTE Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

MALVOLIO Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

FESTE Out, hyperbolical[18] fiend! How vexest thou this man! Talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

SIR TOBY Well said, Master Parson.

MALVOLIO Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged. Good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad. They have laid me here in hideous darkness.

FESTE Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms,[23] for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy. Sayest thou that house[25] is dark?

MALVOLIO As hell, Sir Topas.

FESTE Why it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes,[27] and the clerestories toward the south north are as lustrous as ebony, and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

MALVOLIO I am not mad, Sir Topas. I say to you, this house is dark.

FESTE Madman, thou errest. I say there is no darkness but ignorance, in which thou art more puzzled[32] than the Egyptians in their fog.

MALVOLIO I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say there was never man thus abused.[34] I am no more mad than you are. Make the trial of it in any constant[35] question.

FESTE What is the opinion of Pythagoras[36] concerning wild fowl?

MALVOLIO That the soul of our grandam[37] might happily inhabit a bird.

FESTE What think'st thou of his opinion?

MALVOLIO I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

FESTE Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness. Thou shalt hold th'opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow[41] of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

MALVOLIO Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

SIR TOBY My most exquisite[44] Sir Topas!

FESTE Nay, I am[45] for all waters.

MARIA Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown. He sees thee not.

SIR TOBY To[47] him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him. I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered,[48] I would he were, for I am now so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot.[50] Come by and by to my chamber.

Exeunt [Sir Toby and Maria] ***Sings***

FESTE 'Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.'

MALVOLIO Fool!

FESTE 'My lady is unkind, perdy.[54]' ***Sings***

MALVOLIO Fool!

FESTE ‘Alas, why is she so?’ ***Sings***

MALVOLIO Fool, I say!

FESTE ‘She loves another’— Who calls, ha? ***Sings***

MALVOLIO Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink and paper. As I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for’t.

FESTE Master Malvolio?

MALVOLIO Ay, good fool.

FESTE Alas, sir, how fell you besides[64] your five wits?

MALVOLIO Fool, there was never man so notoriously[65] abused. I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

FESTE But[67] as well? Then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

MALVOLIO They have here propertied[69] me, keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face[70] me out of my wits.

FESTE Advise you[71] what you say. The minister is here.—
Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! ***As Sir Topas***
Endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.[73]

MALVOLIO Sir Topas!

FESTE Maintain no words with him, good fellow.— ***As Sir Topas***
Who, I, sir? Not I, sir. God buy you,[76] good Sir Topas.—***As himself***
Marry, amen.—***As Sir Topas***
I will, sir, I will. ***As himself***

MALVOLIO Fool, fool, fool, I say!

FESTE Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent[80] for speaking to you.

MALVOLIO Good fool, help me to some light and some paper. I tell thee I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

FESTE Well-a-day[83] that you were, sir.

MALVOLIO By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady. It shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

FESTE I will help you to’t. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? Or do you but counterfeit?

MALVOLIO Believe me, I am not. I tell thee true.

FESTE Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.

MALVOLIO Fool, I'll requite[92] it in the highest degree. I prithee be gone.

FESTE I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir, ***Sings***
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,[96]
Like to the old Vice,[97]
Your need to sustain,
Who, with dagger of lath,[99]
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries 'Aha!' to the devil,
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails,[103] dad.
Adieu, goodman[104] devil.

Exit

Act 4 Scene 3

running scene 16

Enter Sebastian

SEBASTIAN This is the air, that is the glorious sun,
This pearl she gave me, I do feel’t and see’t. ***Holds up a pearl***
And though ’tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet ’tis not madness. Where’s Antonio, then?
I could not find him at the Elephant.
Yet there he was,[6] and there I found this credit,
That he did range[7] the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service,
For though my soul disputes well[9] with my sense
That this may be some error but no madness,
Yet doth this accident[11] and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance,[12] all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes
And wrangle[14] with my reason that persuades me
To any other trust[15] but that I am mad,
Or else the lady’s mad; yet, if ’twere so,
She could not sway her house,[17] command her followers,
Take[18] and give back affairs and their dispatch
With such a smooth, discreet and stable bearing
As I perceive she does. There’s something in’t
That is deceivable.[21] But here the lady comes.

Enter Olivia and Priest

OLIVIA Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
Now go with me and with this holy man
Into the chantry[24] by: there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight[26] me the full assurance of your faith,
That my most jealous[27] and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall conceal it
Whiles[29] you are willing it shall come to note,
What[30] time we will our celebration keep

According to my birth.[31] What do you say?
SEBASTIAN I’ll follow this good man, and go with you,
And having sworn truth, ever will be true.
OLIVIA Then lead the way, good father, and heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note[35] this act of mine!
Exeunt

Act 5 Scene 1

Enter Clown [Feste] and Fabian

FABIAN Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

FESTE Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.

FABIAN Anything.

FESTE Do not desire to see this letter.

FABIAN This[5] is to give a dog and in recompense desire my dog again.

Enter Duke [Orsino], Viola, Curio and Lords

ORSINO Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?

FESTE Ay, sir, we are some of her trappings.[7]

ORSINO I know thee well. How dost thou, my good fellow?

FESTE Truly, sir, the better for[9] my foes and the worse for my friends.

ORSINO Just the contrary, the better for thy friends.

FESTE No, sir, the worse.

ORSINO How can that be?

FESTE Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me. Now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself, and by my friends I am abused:[15] so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then, the worse for my friends and the better for my foes.

ORSINO Why, this is excellent.

FESTE By my troth, sir, no, though[19] it please you to be one of my friends.

ORSINO Thou shalt not be the worse for me. ***Gives a coin*** There's gold.

FESTE But[21] that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

ORSINO O, you give me ill counsel.

FESTE Put your grace[23] in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.[24]

ORSINO Well, I will be so much a sinner to[25] be a double-dealer. ***Gives another coin*** There's another.

FESTE *Primo, secundo, tertio,*[26] is a good play, and the old saying is, the third pays for all. The triplex,[27] sir, is a good tripping measure, or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind: one, two, three.

ORSINO You can fool no more money out of me at this throw.[29] If you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

FESTE Marry, sir, lullaby[32] to your bounty till I come again. I go, sir. But I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness. But as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon.

Exit

Enter Antonio and Officers

VIOLA Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

ORSINO That face of his I do remember well,
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmeared
As black as Vulcan[38] in the smoke of war.
A bawbling[39] vessel was he captain of,
For[40] shallow draught and bulk unprizeable,
With which such scathful[41] grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom[42] of our fleet,
That very[43] envy and the tongue of loss
Cried fame and honour on him. What's the matter?

FIRST OFFICER Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the *Phoenix*[46] and her fraught from Candy,
And this is he that did the *Tiger*[47] board
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg;
Here in the streets, desperate[49] of shame and state,
In private brabble[50] did we apprehend him.

VIOLA He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side,[51]
But in conclusion put[52] strange speech upon me.
I know not what 'twas but distraction.[53]

ORSINO Notable[54] pirate! Thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,

Whom thou, in terms so bloody[56] and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?
ANTONIO Orsino, noble sir,
Be[59] pleased that I shake off these names you give me.
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
Though I confess, on base[61] and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither.
That most ingrateful boy there by your side
From the rude[64] sea's enraged and foamy mouth
Did I redeem. A wreck past hope he was.
His life I gave him and did thereto add
My love, without retention[67] or restraint,
All[68] his in dedication. For his sake
Did I expose myself — pure[69] for his love —
Into the danger of this adverse[70] town,
Drew to defend him when he was beset,
Where being apprehended, his false cunning —
Not meaning to partake with me in danger —
Taught him to face[74] me out of his acquaintance,
And grew[75] a twenty years removèd thing
While one would wink, denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended[77] to his use
Not half an hour before.
VIOLA How can this be?
ORSINO When came he to this town?
ANTONIO Today, my lord. And for three months before,
No interim, not a minute's vacancy,
Both day and night did we keep company.
Enter Olivia and Attendants
ORSINO Here comes the countess. Now heaven walks on earth.
But for[85] thee, fellow — fellow, thy words are madness.
Three months this youth hath tended upon me.
But more of that anon. Take him aside.
OLIVIA What would my lord, but[88] that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

VIOLA Madam?
ORSINO Gracious Olivia—
OLIVIA What do you say, Cesario? Good my lord[93]—
VIOLA My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.
OLIVIA If it be aught[95] to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat[96] and fulsome to mine ear
As howling after music.
ORSINO Still so cruel?
OLIVIA Still so constant, lord.
ORSINO What, to perverseness? You uncivil[100] lady,
To whose ingrate[101] and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out
That e'er devotion tendered![103] What shall I do?
OLIVIA Even what[104] it please my lord that shall become him.
ORSINO Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to th'Egyptian thief[106] at point of death,
Kill what I love? — a savage jealousy
That sometimes savours nobly.[108] But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance[109] cast my faith,
And that[110] I partly know the instrument
That screws[111] me from my true place in your favour,
Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still.
But this your minion,[113] whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender[114] dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crownèd in[116] his master's spite.
Come, boy, with me. My thoughts are ripe in mischief:[117]
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove. ***Starts to leave***
VIOLA And I, most jocund,[120] apt and willingly,
To[121] do you rest, a thousand deaths would die. ***Starts to leave***
OLIVIA Where goes Cesario?
VIOLA After him I love
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores,[125] than e'er I shall love wife.
If I do feign, you witnesses above

Punish my life for tainting of[127] my love!
OLIVIA Ay me, detested! How am I beguiled![128]
VIOLA Who does beguile you? Who does do you wrong?
OLIVIA Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?
Call forth the holy father.
[Exit an Attendant]
ORSINO Come, away! ***To Viola***
OLIVIA Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.
ORSINO Husband?
OLIVIA Ay, husband. Can he that deny?
ORSINO Her husband, sirrah?[136]
VIOLA No, my lord, not I.
OLIVIA Alas, it is the baseness[138] of thy fear
That makes thee strangle[139] thy propriety
Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up.
Be that[141] thou know’st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear’st.[142]
Enter Priest
O, welcome, father!
Father, I charge thee by thy reverence
Here to unfold,[145] though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before ’tis ripe, what thou dost know
Hath newly passed between this youth and me.
PRIEST A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirmed by mutual joinder[150] of your hands,
Attested by the holy close[151] of lips,
Strengthened by interchangement of your rings,
And all the ceremony of this compact[153]
Sealed[154] in my function, by my testimony.
Since when, my watch[155] hath told me, toward my grave
I have travelled but two hours.
ORSINO O thou dissembling cub! What wilt thou be ***To Viola***
When time hath sowed a grizzle[158] on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft[159] so quickly grow
That thine own trip[160] shall be thine overthrow?

Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

VIOLA My lord, I do protest[163]—

OLIVIA O, do not swear!
Hold little faith,[165] though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir Andrew ***His head bleeding***

SIR ANDREW For the love of God, a surgeon! Send one presently[166] to Sir Toby.

OLIVIA What's the matter?

SIR ANDREW H'as broke[168] my head across and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too. For the love of God, your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

OLIVIA Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

SIR ANDREW The count's gentleman, one Cesario. We took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.[172]

ORSINO My gentleman, Cesario?

SIR ANDREW 'Od's lifelings,[174] here he is! You broke my head for nothing, and that that
I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

VIOLA Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you.
You drew your sword upon me without cause,
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Enter Toby and Clown [Feste] ***Sir Toby wounded***

SIRANDREW If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me. I think you set nothing[179] by a bloody coxcomb. Here comes Sir Toby halting.[180] You shall hear more. But if he had not been in drink,[181] he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

ORSINO How now, gentleman? How is't with you?

SIR TOBY That's all one:[183] h'as hurt me, and there's th'end on't. Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

FESTE O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agone.[185] His eyes were set at eight i'th'morning.

SIR TOBY Then he's a rogue, and a passy measures pavin.[187] I hate a drunken rogue.

OLIVIA Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

SIR ANDREW I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dressed[189] together.

SIR TOBY Will you help? An ass-head and a coxcomb[190] and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull![191]

OLIVIA Get him to bed, and let his hurt be looked to.

[Exeunt Feste, Fabian, Sir Toby and Sir Andrew]

Enter Sebastian

SEBASTIAN I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman.
But, had it been the brother[194] of my blood,
I must have done no less with[195] wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard[196] upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you.
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

ORSINO One face, one voice, one habit,[200] and two persons,
A natural perspective,[201] that is and is not!

SEBASTIAN Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours racked[203] and tortured me,
Since I have lost thee!

ANTONIO Sebastian are you?

SEBASTIAN Fear'st[206] thou that, Antonio?

ANTONIO How have you made division of yourself?
An apple cleft in two is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

OLIVIA Most wonderful!

SEBASTIAN Do I stand there? I never had a brother, ***Sees Viola***
Nor can there be that deity[212] in my nature
Of here and everywhere.[213] I had a sister,
Whom the blind[214] waves and surges have devoured.
Of charity,[215] what kin are you to me?
What countryman? What name? What parentage?

VIOLA Of Messaline. Sebastian was my father,
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited[219] to his watery tomb.
If spirits can assume both form and suit[220]
You come to fright us.

SEBASTIAN A spirit I am indeed,
But am[223] in that dimension grossly clad

Which from the womb I did participate.[224]
Were you a woman, as the[225] rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say ‘Thrice-welcome, drownèd Viola!’
VIOLA My father had a mole upon his brow.
SEBASTIAN And so had mine.
VIOLA And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had numbered thirteen years.
SEBASTIAN O, that record[232] is lively in my soul!
He finished indeed his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.
VIOLA If nothing lets[235] to make us happy both
But this my masculine usurped attire,
Do not embrace me till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump[238]
That I am Viola — which to confirm,
I’ll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds,[241] by whose gentle help
I was preserved to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.
SEBASTIAN So comes it, lady, you have been mistook.[245] ***To Olivia***
But nature to[246] her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted[247] to a maid,
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived,
You are betrothed both to a maid and man.
ORSINO Be not amazed; right noble is his blood.—***To Olivia***
If this be so, as yet the glass[251] seems true, ***Aside?***
I shall have share in this most happy[252] wreck.—
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times ***To Viola***
Thou never shouldst love woman like to[254] me.
VIOLA And all those sayings will I overswear;[255]
And all those swearings keep as true in soul
As doth that orbèd continent[257] the fire
That severs day from night.
ORSINO Give me thy hand,

And let me see thee in thy woman’s weeds.

VIOLA The captain that did bring me first on shore
Hath my maid’s garments. He upon some action[262]
Is now in durance,[263] at Malvolio’s suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady’s.

OLIVIA He shall enlarge[265] him. Fetch Malvolio hither.
And yet, alas, now I remember me,[266]
They say, poor gentleman, he’s much distract.[267]

Enter Clown [Feste] with a letter, and Fabian

A most extracting[268] frenzy of mine own
From[269] my remembrance clearly banished his.
How does he, sirrah?

FESTE Truly, madam, he holds Beelzebub[271] at the stave’s end as well as a man in his case may do. H’as here writ a letter to you; I should have given’t you today[272] morning, but as a madman’s epistles[273] are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.[274]

OLIVIA Open’t, and read it.

FESTE Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers[276] the madman. ***Reads*** ‘By the lord, madam’—

OLIVIA How now, art thou mad?

FESTE No, madam, I do but read madness. An your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *vox*.[280]

OLIVIA Prithee read i’thy right wits.

FESTE So I do, madonna. But to read[282] his right wits is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

OLIVIA Read it you, sirrah. ***To Fabian, who takes the letter***

FABIAN *Reads*

‘By the lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it. Though you have put me into darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance[288] I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty[290] a little unthought of and speak out of my injury.

The madly-used Malvolio.’

OLIVIA Did he write this?

FESTE Ay, madam.

ORSINO This savours not much of distraction.

OLIVIA See him delivered,[295] Fabian, bring him hither.

[Exit Fabian]

My lord, so[296] please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as[297] well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown th’alliance[298] on’t, so please you,
Here at my house and at my proper[299] cost.

ORSINO Madam, I am most apt[300] t’embrace your offer.—
Your master quits[301] you. And for your service done him, ***To Viola***
So much against the mettle[302] of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you called me master for so long,
Here is my hand. You shall from this time be
Your master’s mistress.

OLIVIA A sister! You are she.

Enter Malvolio [and Fabian]

ORSINO Is this the madman?

OLIVIA Ay, my lord, this same.—
How now, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

OLIVIA Have I, Malvolio? No.

MALVOLIO Lady, you have. Pray you peruse that letter. ***Hands her the letter***
You must not now deny it is your hand.[315]
Write from it,[316] if you can, in hand or phrase,
Or say ’tis not your seal, not your invention.[317]
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,[319]
Why you have given me such clear lights[320] of favour,
Bade me come smiling and cross-gartered to you,
To put on yellow stockings and to frown

Upon Sir Toby and the lighter[323] people?
And, acting[324] this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffered[325] me to be imprisoned,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck[327] and gull
That e’er invention played on?[328] Tell me why.

OLIVIA Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character,[330]
But out of[331] question ’tis Maria’s hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad; then cam’st[333] in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presupposed[334]
Upon thee in the letter. Prithee be content.
This practice[336] hath most shrewdly passed upon thee,
But when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

FABIAN Good madam, hear me speak,
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
Taint the condition[342] of this present hour,
Which I have wondered[343] at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon[346] some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceived against[347] him. Maria writ
The letter at Sir Toby’s great importance,[348]
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful[350] malice it was followed,
May rather pluck on[351] laughter than revenge,
If that[352] the injuries be justly weighed
That have on both sides passed.

OLIVIA Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled[354] thee!

FESTE Why, ‘Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them.’ I was one, sir, in this interlude;[356] one Sir Topas, sir, but that’s all one. ‘By the Lord, fool, I am not mad.’ But do you remember? Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? An you smile not, he’s gagged.’ And thus the whirligig[359] of time brings in his revenges.

MALVOLIO I’ll be revenged on the whole pack of you.

[Exit]

OLIVIA He hath been most notoriously abused.

ORSINO Pursue him and entreat him to a peace.
He hath not told us of the captain yet.
When that is known and golden[364] time convents,
A solemn combination[365] shall be made
Of our dear souls.— Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence.[367]— Cesario, come —
For so you shall be, while you are a man.
But when in other habits[369] you are seen,
Orsino’s mistress and his fancy’s[370] queen.

Exeunt [all, except Feste]

FESTE When that I was and a[371] little tiny boy,

Sings

With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish[373] thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man’s estate,[375]
With hey, ho, etc.[376]
Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain, etc.

But when I came, alas! to wive,[379]
With hey, ho, etc.
By swaggering[381] could I never thrive,
For the rain, etc.

But when I came unto my beds,[383]
With hey, ho, etc.
With toss-pots[385] still had drunken heads,
For the rain, etc.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, etc.
But that’s all one, our play is done,
And we’ll strive to please you every day.

[Exit]

Textual Notes

= First Folio text of 1623, the only authority for the play
2 = a correction introduced in the Second Folio text of 1632
3 = a correction introduced in the Third Folio text of 1663
d = a correction introduced by a later editor
D = stage direction
H = speech heading (i.e., speaker’s name)

ist of parts = Ed
.1.1 SH ORSINO = Ed. F = *Duke*
.2.15 Arion = Ed. F = *Orion*
.3.75 curl by = Ed. F = coole my **76 me** = F2. F = we **4 does’t** = Ed. F = dost **99 set** = Ed. F = sit **101 That’s** = F3. F = That
.5.4 SH FESTE = Ed. F = *Clo.* **122 SD *Viola*** = F2. F = *Violenta*
.2.26 our = F2. F = O **27 made of** = Ed. F = made, if
.3.2 *diluculo* *spelled Deliculo in* F **17 leman** = Ed. F = Lemon **103 a nayword** = Ed. F = an ayword
.4.55 Fly away, fly = Ed. F = Fye away, fie **88 I** = Ed. F = It **staniel** = Ed. F = stallion
.5.107 born = Ed. F = become **achieve** = F2. F = atcheeues **128 dear** = F2. F = deero
.1.6 king = F2. F = Kings **51 wise men** = Ed. F = wisemens
.2.6 thee the = F3. F = the
.4.21 SH OLIVIA = F2. F = *Mal* **56 tang** = F2. F = langer
.2.50 sport to = Ed. F = sport
.1.187 pavin = F2. F = panyn **388 With hey** = F2. F = *hey*

Act 1 Scene 1

1.1 ***Location:*** *Illyria* (*country on the east of the Adriatic Sea; now Croatia*). *The entire action takes place here, moving between the households of Duke Orsino and Olivia, with occasional scenes in undetermined public places* ***Orsino*** Italian for “bear-cub”; perhaps suggestive of immaturity ***Curio*** either “curious” or “courtly” (from the Italian for “court”); may suggest fastidious affectation in dress and manners

2 **surfeiting** overindulging (in food or sex)

3 **appetite** hunger/sexual craving

4 **dying fall** dropping cadence (plays on the sense of “orgasm and detumescence”)

5 **sound** i.e., of a breeze

9 **quick and fresh** sharp and eager, hungry

10 **capacity** (small) size/ability to contain

11 **as the sea** i.e., without limit

12 **validity and pitch** worth and utmost elevation

13 **abatement** diminution

14 **shapes** imaginary forms **fancy** love/desire (plays on the sense of “imagination”)

15 **alone…fantastical** is uniquely imaginative/delusory

18 **hart** male deer (Orsino puns on “heart”)

21 **pestilence** plague (often attributed to bad air)

23 **fell** fierce **hounds…me** as in the classical myth of Actaeon, hunted down by his own hounds as punishment for gazing on the naked goddess Diana ***Valentine*** the name of the patron saint of lovers

27 **element** sky **years’ heat** i.e., summers

28 **ample** full, i.e., unveiled

29 **cloistress** nun

31 **eye-offending brine** stinging, salty tears **season** preserve (with salt)

36 **golden shaft** i.e., arrow of Cupid (god of love)

37 **affections else** other feelings

38 **liver…heart** seats (**thrones**) of sexual passion, intellect, and emotion

39 **supplied** filled/satisfied **filled…perfections** her perfect qualities are filled

40 **one self** one and the same

Act 1 Scene 2

1.2 ***Viola*** Italian for “violet,” a flower that symbolized faithfulness and was thought to purge melancholy; also suggestive of musical instrument

4 **Elysium** the heaven of classical mythology

5 **Perchance** perhaps (the Captain shifts the sense to “by chance”)

8 **chance** the possibility of good fortune

11 **driving** storm-driven

12 **provident** foresighted/resourceful/fortunate

13 **practice** method

14 **lived** floated

15 **Arion** Greek musician who jumped overboard to escape being murdered and was carried to safety by a dolphin charmed by his music

16 **hold acquaintance with** remain afloat upon

19 **unfoldeth…hope** encourages me to hope

21 **like of him** i.e., that he has also survived

30 **late** recently

32 **murmur** rumor

33 **What…of** whatever the aristocracy do, the lower classes gossip about it

43 **be…is** have my identity/rank revealed until I decide the time is ripe

46 **compass** bring about

47 **suit** petition/courtship

48 **not** not even

49 **fair behaviour** good conduct/promising appearance

50 **though that** though

51 **close in** enclose

52 **suits With** matches

53 **character** appearance

56 **haply…intent** may suit the shape of the purpose

58 **eunuch** male castrated to maintain a high singing voice

61 **allow** prove **worth** worthy of

62 **hap** happen, chance to occur

63 **wit** cunning plan

Act 1 Scene 3

1 **What a plague** an oath, like “what the hell” **niece** Toby may be Olivia’s uncle, but “niece” could be used more generally for any female relative

2 **care** worry/grief

3 **troth** faith **a-nights** at night **cousin** relative

4 **ill** antisocial

5 **except, before excepted** plays on the legal phrase *exceptis excipiendis* (“with the aforementioned exceptions”); essentially Sir Toby says he does not care, Olivia may object all she likes

6 **modest** moderate

7 **confine…finer** I won’t restrain myself further/I won’t dress more finely

8 **An** if

10 **quaffing** copious drinking

13 **Aguecheek** suggesting thin face of one suffering from a fever (ague)

15 **tall** brave/noble/of great height (Maria understands the latter meaning) **any’s** any (man) is

17 **ducats** gold coins (**three thousand** was a considerable annual income)

18 **he’ll…ducats** he’ll have spent all his money in a year **very** complete/veritable

19 **prodigal** excessively extravagant person

20 **o’th’viol-de-gamboys** the viol da gamba, a bass viol played held between the legs (often has sexual connotations)

21 **without book** i.e., spontaneously, from memory

22 **natural** like an idiot

23 **allay…in** reduce his taste for

26 **subtractors** detractors, slanderers

30 **coystrill** knave

31 **o’th’toe** head-over-heels **parish top** large spinning top (kept rotating by being whipped), provided for parishioners’ entertainment

32 ***Castiliano vulgo*!** unclear Latin-Italian phrase; possibly “Speak of the devil!” **Agueface** playful variation of **Aguecheek**

35 **shrew** small mouse/troublesome one

37 **Accost** approach/woo/grapple with

39 **chambermaid** female attendant

43 **front** confront **board** accost (sexual-naval metaphor referring to sex as attacking a ship) **assail** attack, seduce

44 **undertake** approach/have sex with (literally, “have her underneath me”) **in this company** in front of spectators

47 **An…so** if you let her leave in this way **sword** symbol of gentlemanly status (with phallic connotations)

50 **in hand** to deal with (Maria takes the phrase literally; also plays on the idea of masturbation)

52 **Marry** by the virgin Mary

53 **thought is free** think what you like (proverbial) **th’buttery-bar** the ledge created by opening the half-door of the buttery, with play on genitals

55 **Wherefore** why

56 **dry** thirsty/shriveled/impotent (supposedly signified by a dry palm)

57 **I…dry** alludes to the proverb “fools have wit enough to come in out of the rain”

59 **dry jest** stupid/ironic

61 **at…ends** always ready/literally by the hand

62 **barren** empty of jests and of Sir Andrew’s hand

63 **canary** sweet wine from the Canary Islands; also continues play on impotence **put down** snubbed (Sir Andrew plays on the senses of “drunk/impotent”)

65 **Christian** i.e., average man

66 **Eater …wit** beef was thought to dull the intellect; **wit** may also signify “penis” and **beef** “whore,” implying impotence as a result of venereal disease

68 **forswear it** give it up

69 ***Pourquoi*** “why” (French)

71 **tongues** foreign languages **bear-baiting** spectator sport in which a bear chained to a stake was attacked by dogs

72 **the arts** liberal arts/academic learning

73 **head of hair** puns on **tongues** pronounced “tongs,” thus suggesting a barber’s curling tongs

74 **mended** improved

76 **becomes** suits

77 **flax** yellow fiber **distaff** staff used to spin flax **housewife** woman who keeps house/prostitute **take…off** treat Sir Andrew as a distaff and his hair as

flax to be spun/have sex with Sir Andrew, resulting in syphilitic hair loss
80 **none of me** have nothing to do with me **count** i.e., Duke Orsino **hard** near
81 **degree** (social) position **estate** status/fortune
82 **wit** intelligence **life in't** still hope (proverbial)
83 **strangest** oddest/most extraordinary
84 **masques and revels** courtly entertainments involving dancing
85 **kickshawses** trivial distractions/sexual sweetmeats
86 **under…betters** except for my social superiors
87 **old man** expert
88 **galliard** lively dance
89 **cut a caper** perform a leap/have sex
90 **cut…to't** plays on the sense of caper as a berry used in sauce for **mutton;** also a prostitute
91 **back-trick** backward dance step/sex
93 **like to take** likely to gather **Mistress Mall's picture** i.e., a portrait protected from dust and light by a **curtain** (**Mall** is a diminutive of "Mary")
94 **in** doing **coranto** running dance
95 **jig** rapid, springing dance **make water** urinate **sink-a-pace** cinquepace, a lively dance with five steps; may play on the sense of **sink** as "sewer"
96 **virtues** talents
97 **star…galliard** astrological influence favorable to dancing
98 **indifferent** moderately **damned** damnably (the Folio reading "dam'd" is defensible as an intensifier, but it could be emended to, e.g., "damson-coloured" or "flame-coloured") **stock** stocking
101 **Taurus …heart** zodiacal signs were thought to govern parts of the body
102 **legs and thighs** more usually Taurus was said to govern the neck and throat

Act 1 Scene 4

1 **Cesario** suggests “little Caesar” and perhaps the idea of splitting/separating (as in “Caesarean” and “caesura”)

2 **advanced** promoted

4 **humour** disposition/capriciousness

9 **On your attendance** ready to serve you

10 **aloof** to one side

11 **no…all** i.e., everything

13 **address thy gait** direct your steps

15 **them** i.e., Olivia’s servants **grow** i.e., take root

16 **audience** reception by Olivia

19 **spoke** said, rumored

20 **civil bounds** bounds of civilized behavior

24 **Surprise** ambush, take unawares **faith** faithful love

25 **become** suit

26 **attend** listen, pay attention to

27 **nuncio’s** messenger’s **aspect** appearance

29 **lad** servant/young man

30 **belie** deceive

31 **Diana’s lip** Diana was the Roman goddess of the moon, hunting, and chastity; in view of “pipe” and “organ,” **lip** may play on “nether lip” (labia)

32 **rubious** ruby-red **pipe** voice/penis

33 **shrill and sound** high-pitched and unbroken

34 **is semblative** resembles **part** attributes/role/sexual organ

35 **constellation** disposition determined by the stars

39 **freely** independently

42 **barful strife** effort full of hindrances

Act 1 Scene 5

1.5 ***Feste*** From Latin or Italian, *festa* (“feast” or “festival”), an appropriate name for a fool/clown

2 **in** by

4 **well hanged** plays on the sense of “with a large penis” **no colours** i.e., nothing (literally, military flags); puns on “collars” (nooses)

6 **Make that good** justify yourself

7 **He…fear** i.e., a dead man cannot see (enemy **colours**)

8 **lenten** meager (Lent, the time of fasting, was especially associated with puritanism)

11 **bold** confident/certain

14 **turned away** dismissed from service

16 **Many…marriage** proverbial; **good hanging** may continue play on the sense of “large penis” **for** as for **let…out** i.e., good weather will make dismissal more bearable

19 **points** matters (Maria plays on the sense of “laces used to hold up breeches”)

20 **gaskins** breeches

21 **Apt** quick, witty **If…drinking** either never, or suggesting that Maria and Sir Toby would be a good match

22 **Eve’s flesh** woman

24 **were best** are best advised ***Malvolio*** “ill-will” (Latin)

25 **an’t** if it

27 **Quinapalus** an invented authority, perhaps playing on French *qui n’a pas lu* (“unread”) or mock Italian “him on the stick” (the face on the fool’s bauble)

31 **Go to** expression of impatient dismissal **dry** dull **dishonest** undutiful

32 **Madonna** “my lady” (Italian)

33 **dry** dull/thirsty **mend** improve; later plays on the sense of “repair”

34 **botcher** mender of clothes and shoes

35 **patched** simply mended, covered up; also alludes to the fool’s multicolored costume

36 **simple** uncomplicated/foolish

37 **syllogism** reasoning based on two premises (here those concerning virtue and sin) **so** well and good **no…calamity** i.e., one married to calamity

will always be faithless **cuckold** man with an unfaithful wife

38 **beauty's a flower** i.e., it will fade; Feste advises Olivia to make the most of her youth and beauty, rather than shutting herself away and refusing to marry

41 **Misprision** error/wrongful arrest ***cucullus…monachum*** "a hood does not make a monk" (Latin)

42 **motley** multicolored clothing worn by professional fools **leave** permission

45 **Dexteriously** skillfully

47 **catechize** cross-examine (literally, form of Church instruction in which a person answers a set of questions about the Christian faith) **good…virtue** my good virtuous mouse; playful term of endearment

48 **idleness** pastime **bide** await/endure

55 **mend** improve (Malvolio shifts the sense to "grow (more foolish)"

59 **no fox** not cunning **pass** give

62 **barren** dull-witted **put down** defeated

63 **with** by **ordinary fool** unexceptional fool/fool performing at an inn (**ordinary**)/natural idiot **stone** may also refer to Stone, an Elizabethan tavern fool

64 **out …guard** defenseless (fencing term), i.e., lacking a witty reply **minister occasion** provide opportunity (for fooling)

65 **protest** declare **crow** laugh raucously

66 **set** unspontaneous **zanies** assistants

67 **of** with **distempered** unbalanced

68 **free** generous **bird-bolts** blunt arrows for shooting birds

69 **allowed** licensed

70 **rail** rant **discreet** prudent

71 **reprove** express disapproval

72 **Mercury…leasing** may **Mercury**, god of deception, make you good at lying

79 **madman** i.e., rubbish, gibberish **Fie** expression of impatience or disgust

80 **What you will** whatever you want to say

82 **old** stale

83 **should be** were

84 **Jove** Roman king of the gods

85 **pia mater** brain (literally, soft membrane enclosing it)

89 **sot** fool/drunkard

91 **lethargy** (drunken) state

92 **one** someone

94 **faith** i.e., to defy the devil **it’s all one** it doesn’t matter

97 **one…heat** one drink beyond that which would warm him

98 **drowns** makes him excessively drunk/unintelligible/unconscious

99 **crowner** coroner **sit o’my coz** hold an inquest on my kinsman

102 **yond** yonder, that

103 **takes…understand** understands

108 **sheriff’s post** decorated post denoting authority, fixed in front of the sheriff’s door

109 **supporter…bench** furniture support (**bench** plays on the sense of “court of justice”)

111 **of mankind** i.e., ordinary

113 **ill manner** i.e., impolite **will…no** whether you want to or not

114 **personage** appearance

115 **squash** unripe pea pod (peascod, allusive of genitals—a humorous reversal of “codpiece,” a bag worn over the opening at the front of a man’s breeches)

116 **codling** unripe apple, plays on “cod” meaning “scrotum”

117 **standing water** at the turn of the tide **well-favoured** good-looking

118 **shrewishly** sharply/shrilly

122 **embassy** message/ambassador

126 **cast away** waste

127 **penned** written

128 **con** learn by heart **sustain** endure **comptible** sensitive

129 **sinister** impolite

131 **studied** learned, memorized **out…part** not within my brief

132 **modest** reasonable

134 **comedian** actor

135 **my profound heart** upon my soul/(to Olivia) my wise lady

136 **that I play** the character I perform

137 **usurp** counterfeit (Viola shifts the sense to “assume unjust authority over”)

138 **what…reserve** i.e., Olivia should not withhold herself from love and marriage
139 **from** outside, not part of **on** go on
141 **forgive** excuse from repeating
143 **feigned** fictional/insincere **it in** it to yourself **saucy** impudent
144 **wonder** marvel
145 **If…brief** i.e., if Viola has any sense at all she should go; any sensible message must be conveyed quickly **'Tis…me** I am not a lunatic, i.e., not affected by the moon's changes
146 **make one** take part **skipping** frivolous, mad
147 **hoist sail** i.e., prepare to leave
148 **swabber** sailor who washes the deck **hull** float, with sails furled **Some mollification** please pacify/I have pacified
149 **giant** i.e., Maria; a joke about Maria's small size and/or Maria resembles a giant in a romance tale who guarded a lady
150 **courtesy** introduction, preamble/etiquette
151 **fearful** frightening, alarming **Speak your office** perform your task, deliver your speech
152 **overture** disclosure **taxation of homage** demand for money on behalf of a superior lord
153 **olive** olive branch, symbol of peace **matter** real substance
154 **rudely** i.e., by being saucy at the gates
156 **entertainment** reception **maidenhead** virginity
157 **divinity** sacred **profanation** blasphemy
159 **text** theme/topic drawn from the Bible for discussion in a sermon
161 **comfortable** comforting
162 **bosom** heart
163 **chapter** as of the Bible
164 **answer…method** continue the metaphor
168 **out of** straying from **curtain** i.e., veil covering Olivia's face (**picture**)
169 **such…present** i.e., here I am (Olivia speaks of her face as if it were a recent portrait)
170 **if…all** i.e., if all Olivia's beauty is natural, rather than cosmetic or touched up by the metaphorical painter
171 **in grain** indelible, i.e., all natural

172 **truly blent** genuinely blended/realistically painted **red and white** i.e., lips (or rosy cheeks) and skin

173 **cunning** skillful

174 **she** lady

175 **graces** beauties

176 **copy** replica in the form of a child (Olivia plays on the sense of “list”)

177 **divers schedules** several inventories

178 **inventoried** itemized **utensil** article, feature

179 **indifferent** adequately

180 **praise** puns on “appraise,” i.e., evaluate

182 **if** even if

184 **but recompensed, though** no more than repaid, even if

185 **nonpareil** paragon

187 **fertile** abundant

190 **suppose** consider

192 **In…divulged** well-regarded in popular opinion **free** honorable/generous

193 **dimension…nature** physical form

194 **gracious** graceful, attractive

196 **flame** passion

197 **deadly** deathlike

201 **willow cabin** shelter made from willow branches, a symbol of unrequited love

202 **my soul** i.e., Olivia

203 **cantons** songs **contemnèd** despised, rejected

205 **Hallow** shout/bless **reverberate** echoing

206 **babbling…air** like that of Echo, whose unrequited love for Narcissus meant she wasted away to a mere voice **gossip** chatter

211 **fortunes** position as a servant **state** social status **well** satisfactory

218 **fee’d post** hired messenger

220 **Love…love** may Love harden the heart of whomever you fall in love with

227 **blazon** heraldic coat of arms, which could only be displayed by a gentleman **Soft** wait a moment

228 **the…man** i.e., Orsino and Cesario could change places **man** servant

229 **catch the plague** i.e., fall in love

235 **peevish** headstrong

236 **county's** count's, i.e., Duke Orsino's

237 **Would I** whether I wanted it

238 **Desire** ask **flatter with** i.e., encourage

239 **hold…hopes** sustain him with false expectations

241 **Hie** hasten

244 **Mine…mind** my eyes (through which love enters) may have betrayed my reason

245 **owe** own

Act 2 Scene 1

1 **Nor …not** do you not wish

2 **patience** permission **darkly** ominously **malignancy** evil influence

3 **distemper** spoil, unbalance **crave** entreat **leave** permission

4 **evils** misfortunes

7 **sooth** (in) truth **determinate** intended **extravagancy** wandering

8 **modesty** propriety

9 **am…in** wish to keep secret **it…manners** politeness compels me

10 **express** reveal

11 **called** said was **Messaline** unclear, possibly Marseilles or Messina, or invented by Shakespeare

12 **an hour** the same hour (they are twins)

14 **some** about an **breach** breaking waves

18 **estimable wonder** admiring judgment **overfar** too greatly

19 **publish** speak openly of/celebrate **envy** malice

21 **more** i.e., tears

22 **entertainment** reception (for one so worthy)

23 **your trouble** the trouble I put you to

24 **murder…love** i.e., by making me leave you

26 **recovered** rescued, brought back to life **kindness** tenderness/natural affection (for my sister)

27 **yet** still **manners…mother** i.e., a womanish inclination to weep

28 **tell…me** i.e., betray my feelings by crying

30 **gentleness** good favor

32 **Else** otherwise

34 **sport** recreation

Act 2 Scene 2

1 **ev’n** just

2 **on** at **but hither** only this far

5 **desperate assurance** hopeless certainty

6 **hardy** bold **in his affairs** on his business

7 **taking of this** understanding of this message/reception of the ring **it** the ring

9 **peevishly** willfully, foolishly **so** in the same manner, i.e., thrown

10 **eye** plain sight

13 **outside** appearance

14 **made…of** had a good look at

15 **lost** made her lose

16 **starts** bursts **distractedly** with agitation/madly

18 **in** by way of **churlish** blunt, ungracious

21 **were better** would be better off

23 **pregnant** resourceful **enemy** probably Satan

24 **proper-false** attractive but deceitful (men)

25 **set their forms** make their impressions (like seals in wax)

26 **our…be** i.e., because women are made of frail material, we are weak

28 **fadge** turn out

29 **monster** unnatural creature (being both man and woman) **fond** dote

32 **state…for** situation is hopeless with regard to

34 **thriftless** unprofitable

Act 2 Scene 3

1 **Approach** come **betimes** early

2 ***diluculo surgere*** (… *saluberrimum est*) “to get up early is most healthy” (Latin proverb)

4 **can** drinking vessel

6 **lives** i.e., living beings (Sir Andrew interprets as “way of life”) **four elements** earth, air, fire, and water, from which everything was thought to be made

8 **Marian** variant of Mary/Maria **stoup** drinking vessel/measure of alcohol

11 **hearts** fine friends **picture…three** captioned picture showing two fools or asses, so that the spectator is the third

12 **catch** musical round

13 **breast** set of lungs, singing voice

14 **leg** for dancing, or bowing before singing

15 **thou wast** you were

16 **Pigrogromitus…Queubus** words invented by Feste as examples of his feigned wisdom **equinoctial** equator

17 **leman** sweetheart **Hadst it?** Did you receive it?

18 **impeticos** i.e., pocket up **gratillity** gratuity (another invented word) **whipstock** whip handle

19 **Myrmidons** Achilles’ followers; possible play on “Mermaid Inn,” a tavern in Shakespeare’s London **bottle-ale houses** low-class taverns

22 **testril of** sixpenny coin from

23 **song…life** drinking song (Sir Andrew interprets good as “virtuous, moral”)

28 **high and low** i.e., in terms of pitch or volume

29 **Trip** go, skip **sweeting** darling

34 **hereafter** in the future

36 **still** always

37 **plenty** profit

38 **and twenty** an intensifier (the singer’s lover is “twenty times sweet”)

39 **stuff** quality/material

40 **true** honest/legitimate

41 **contagious breath** infectious breath/catchy song

43 **hear…nose** i.e., if we inhaled sound **dulcet in contagion** sweetly contagious **welkin** sky

44 **rouse** startle/wake **three souls** three singers would have thrice the effect; powerful music was supposed to draw forth the soul

45 **weaver** often associated with psalm singing, so to excite one with a drinking song would be a real achievement

46 **dog** i.e., good (Feste plays on the literal sense)

47 **By'r lady** by Our Lady, the Virgin Mary

48 **'Thou knave'** the words of the round

49 **Hold thy peace** be quiet (subsequent dialogue plays on "piece," penis)

constrained compelled

55 **keep** make

56 **steward** manager of household affairs

57 **Catayan** Catharan (puritan) **politicians** schemers **Peg-a-Ramsey** spying wife in a popular ballad

58 **'Three…we'** popular refrain from a song **consanguineous** blood-related

59 **Tillyvally** nonsense

60 **'There…lady!'** the opening and refrain of a song about the biblical tale of Susanna and the Elders

61 **Beshrew** curse

63 **grace** charm **natural** convincingly/idiotically

64 **'O…December'** from an unidentified song, possibly an erroneous reference to the twelfth day of Christmas (i.e., Twelfth Night)

66 **wit** good sense

67 **honesty** decorum **tinkers** popularly viewed as drunkards

68 **squeak out** i.e., sing shrilly **coziers'** cobblers'

69 **mitigation or remorse** considerate lowering

71 **Sneck up!** Shut up!/ Buzz off!

72 **round** blunt

73 **harbours** lodges **nothing allied** not related to

77 **'Farewell…gone'** over the next few lines Sir Toby and Feste adapt lines from a contemporary ballad

80 **Is't even so?** Is that the way things are?

85 **an if** if

86 **spare not** spare him not/be merciless

88 **Out o' tune** false **Art** are (you)

89 **cakes and ale** i.e., festivity, particularly abhorrent to one with puritan tendencies

90 **Saint Anne** mother of the Virgin Mary; another antipuritan dig **ginger** spice in ale/aphrodisiac

91 **rub…crumbs** polish your chain of office (reminding Malvolio of his servant status)

93 **prized** valued

94 **contempt** disrespect/disobedience **give means** i.e., provide drink **rule** behavior

96 **Go …ears** i.e., like an ass; a dismissive insult

97 **a-hungry** (very) hungry

98 **the field** to a duel

102 **out of quiet** agitated **For** as for **let…him** leave him to me

103 **gull** trick **nayword** byword (for stupidity)

104 **recreation** source of amusement

106 **Possess** inform

107 **puritan** overly strict moralist; not necessarily a member of the extreme Protestant religious movement

109 **exquisite** ingenious/excellent

111 **constantly** consistently **time-pleaser** timeserver, flatterer

112 **affectioned** pretentious **cons…book** learns high-flown expressions by heart **by great swarths** in broad sweeps (like quantities of scythed hay) **The best persuaded** having the highest opinion

113 **excellencies** excellent features/accomplishments

114 **grounds of faith** foundations of belief

117 **obscure epistles** ambiguous letters

118 **expressure** expression

119 **complexion** appearance/coloring/temperament **feelingly personated** accurately represented

120 **on…matter** when we have forgotten the circumstances in which something was written or what it was about **make distinction of** distinguish between

121 **hands** handwriting

122 **device** plot

128 **Ass** puns on “as”

130 **physic** medicine/treatment

132 **construction** interpretation **event** outcome

133 **Penthesilea** Queen of the Amazons; probably refers to Maria’s shortness

134 **Before me** mild oath like “upon my soul”

135 **beagle** skillful hunting dog

138 **recover** obtain/win **foul way out** miserably far from success/badly out of pocket

139 **cut** cart horse (castrated or with docked tail)/vagina

141 **burn** warm/sweeten with burnt sugar **sack** Spanish white wine

Act 2 Scene 4

2 **but** (I want to hear) only
3 **antique** quaint/old
4 **passion** suffering
5 **airs** melodies **recollected terms** studied, artificial expressions
12 **the while** in the meantime
16 **Unstaid and skittish** unsettled and fickle **motions else** other emotions
17 **constant** faithful (contemplation of the)
19 **gives…throned** reflects the heart exactly
21 **masterly** from experience/knowingly
23 **stayed** lingered **favour** face
25 **by your favour** if you please (plays on the sense of “on your face”)
30 **still** always
31 **wears she** she adapts herself
32 **sways she level** swings in perfect balance/exerts constant influence
34 **fancies** infatuations
35 **worn** exhausted
37 **I…well** I believe it
39 **hold the bent** hold steady (from archery: holding the bow taught)
41 **displayed** unfurled, in full bloom
45 **Mark** take note of
46 **spinsters** spinners
47 **free** carefree/innocent **weave…bones** make lace with bone bobbins
48 **Do use** are accustomed **silly sooth** simple truth
49 **dallies** deals lightly/toys
50 **old age** bygone times, good old days
53 **away** here
54 **cypress** cypress-wood coffin/among sprigs of cypress (associated with mourning)
57 **stuck** adorned, strewn **yew** yew twigs, also emblematic of mourning
59 **My…it** I am the truest lover who ever died for love
62 **strewn** pronounced “strown”
72 **pleasure…paid** with pain (proverbial)
73 **leave to leave** permission to dismiss

74 **melancholy god** Saturn, thought to govern melancholy dispositions
doublet close-fitting jacket

75 **changeable taffeta** shot silk, the color of which changes depending on the light **opal** iridescent gem of changeable color **men…constancy** i.e., inconstant men

76 **their…everywhere** “he that is everywhere is nowhere” (proverbial)

77 **that’s…nothing** that’s the attitude that considers a useless voyage to be profitable

78 **give place** leave

82 **dirty** dishonorably acquired/despicable/muddy

83 **parts** attributes, i.e., wealth

84 **giddily** lightly **fortune** traditionally held to be fickle

85 **miracle…gems** i.e., Olivia’s beauty

86 **pranks** adorns

93 **be answered** satisfied

95 **bide** withstand

97 **retention** the power to retain (emotion)

98 **appetite** desire/fancy

99 **motion** impulse/emotion **liver** thought to be the seat of strong passion
palate organ of taste, i.e., easily satisfied

100 **suffer** undergo **surfeit** sickening over indulgence **cloyment** excessive gratification **revolt** revulsion (of appetite)

101 **mine** i.e., my love

102 **compare** comparison

104 **owe** have for

112 **history** story

115 **damask** pink, like the damask rose

116 **green and yellow** sickly, pale, and sallow

117 **patience…monument** carved figure on a memorial

120 **shows** outwards displays **are more** have more substance **will** our desires **still** always

125 **to** go to

128 **give no place** not give way **denay** denial

Act 2 Scene 5

1 **Come thy ways** come along

2 **scruple** tiny amount **boiled** puns on (black) “bile,” the cause of **melancholy**; also a joke, since **melancholy** was a cold, dry humor

4 **niggardly** mean-minded **sheep-biter** nasty, shifty fellow (literally, a dog that attacks sheep)

7 **bear-baiting** a pastime that was particularly disapproved of by puritans

8 **fool…blue** bruise him (metaphorically) with fooling

10 **pity…lives** a pity we should live

11 **metal of India** i.e., pure gold, treasure

12 **box-tree** thick evergreen shrub used in ornamental gardens **walk** path

13 **behaviour** courtly gestures

15 **contemplative** preoccupied/mindlessly gazing **Close** stay hidden

16 **tickling** i.e., flattery; one method of catching **trout** is to stroke them under their gills

17 **she** Olivia **affect** love/feel fondness for

18 **thus near** i.e., close to saying **fancy** love

19 **uses** treats

20 **follows** serves

21 **overweening** arrogant/overambitious

22 **rare** splendid **turkey-cock** a proverbially proud, vain bird **jets** struts

23 **advances plumes** raised feathers

24 **’Slight** (by) God’s light

28 **Pistol** shoot

30 **example** precedent **lady…wardrobe** unknown allusion to the marriage of a woman to her social inferior **yeoman…wardrobe** servant in charge of household clothes and linen

32 **Jezebel** in the Bible, proud wife of Ahab, King of Israel; term for a wicked, deceptive, or lascivious woman

33 **in** absorbed in his own fantasies **blows him** puffs him up

34 **state** canopied chair of state

35 **stone-bow** crossbow that shoots stones

36 **officers** household servants **branched** embroidered with a branched pattern or with images of foliage

37 **daybed** sofa/bed for daytime reclining (with sexual associations)

40 **humour of state** temperament/power of one in authority **demure…regard** solemn survey of the room and company

41 **would** wish

42 **Toby** Malvolio omits “Sir”

43 **Bolts and shackles!** restraints for a prisoner

45 **people** servants **start** sudden movement **make out** go

46 **perchance** perhaps **my—** perhaps chain of office, which Malvolio momentarily forgets he would not be wearing, but he could be referring to anything; a genital quibble is probably present

47 **curtsies** bows

49 **cars** chariots/carts, i.e., by torture

50 **familiar** friendly

51 **regard of control** authoritative look

52 **take** strike, give

53 **Cousin** kinsman

54 **prerogative** due privilege, right

57 **scab** scoundrel

58 **sinews** muscles, strength

63 **employment** business

64 **woodcock** proverbially stupid bird **gin** trap

65 **humours** whims, moods **intimate** suggest

66 **hand** handwriting **C’s…T’s** “cut” was slang for “vagina,” but the joke may well be on “cunt” (with **and** as “n”)

67 **great P’s** uppercase P’s/noble vagina (“piece”)/copious urination **in contempt of** beyond

70 **impressure** imprint, seal **Lucrece** Olivia’s seal ring bears the image of Lucrece, Roman heroine who committed suicide after being raped

71 **uses to seal** customarily seals

72 **liver** seat of passion

77 **numbers altered** meter changed

79 **brock** badger, used contemptuously

81 **Lucrece knife** knife Lucrece used to kill herself

83 **sway** rule

84 **fustian** nonsensical/pompous (literally, inferior cloth)

87 **What** what a **dressed** prepared for

88 **wing** flight/speed **staniel** kestrel, or small falcon **checks** swoops

90 **formal capacity** normal intelligence

91 **obstruction** obstacle **position** arrangement

92 **portend** mean

93 **O, ay** puns on the **O…I** of **M.O.A.I.** **makeup** workout **at…scent** has lost the trail

94 **Sowter** name of a hound (a “souter” was a cobbler) **cry** bark **rank** foul-smelling

96 **cur** dog **faults** finding the scent again after the trail has gone cold

97 **consonancy…sequel** consistency of pattern **suffers** holds up

98 **probation** investigation

99 **O shall end** O ends Malvolio’s name/a cry of misery will end this business/the hangman’s noose ends life

102 **eye** puns on **Ay** and **I** **detraction** defamation, slander

104 **simulation** disguised meaning **former** earlier, clearer parts of the letter **crush** force a meaning from

105 **bow** yield

106 **revolve** consider (with play on “turn round,” which may cue Malvolio to do so) **stars** fortunes

108 **open their hands** offer bounty **blood and spirit** i.e., all of you, body, and soul

109 **embrace** willingly accept **inure** accustom **like** likely **cast** cast off

110 **slough** outer skin **opposite** antagonistic/contradictory

111 **tang…state** ring out on political topics **trick of singularity** peculiar, distinctive behavior

113 **ever** at all times **cross-gartered** wearing garters crossed near the knee **Go to** i.e., come on

116 **alter services** exchange places of mistress and servant; with sexual innuendo

117 **Fortunate-Unhappy** i.e., wealthy, but lacking requited love

118 **champaign** open countryside **discovers** reveals **open** clear

119 **politic** political/prudent **baffle** publicly disgrace **gross** dull/base

120 **point-device** to the last detail **jade** deceive

121 **excites** urges

123 **manifests herself to** reveals herself as **injunction** order

124 **habits** ways of dressing/behavior **happy** fortunate **strange** aloof **stout** proud, haughty

127 **entertainest** welcome, accept
128 **still** always
132 **Sophy** Shah of Persia
133 **device** plot
137 **gull-catcher** fool trapper/trickster
138 **Wilt …neck?** i.e., I submit totally to you
140 **play** gamble **tray-trip** type of dicing game **bondslave** slave
145 **aqua-vitae** strong spirits, such as brandy
146 **fruits** outcome
150 **contempt** object of contempt
151 **Tartar** Tartarus, hell of classical mythology
152 **make one** join in, tag along

Act 3 Scene 1

3.1 ***tabor*** small drum
1 **Save** God save **live by** earn your living with (Feste plays on the sense of **by** as “next to”)
6 **lies by** dwells near/sleeps with
7 **stands** is maintained **stand** is placed
8 **You have said** you have had your say/fair enough **sentence** saying
cheveril kidskin (pliable leather)
10 **dally nicely** play subtly/triflingly
11 **wanton** uncontrolled, ambiguous/lecherous
15 **bonds** legal contracts **disgraced them** i.e., by suggesting that a man’s word alone was not enough
17 **yield** give
24 **pilchards** small fish that resemble herring
26 **late** recently
27 **orb** planet, world
28 **but** were it not for the fact that
29 **your wisdom** i.e., you, a hired servant/fool
30 **pass upon** jest at/judge
32 **commodity** supply
33 **for one** wanting a beard/from love for a bearded man
35 **these** i.e., coins **bred** multiplied; Feste asks for more money
36 **put to use** invested for profit (plays on the sense of “having had sex”)
37 **Pandarus** uncle to **Cressida** and go-between for his niece and her lover
Troilus Phrygia country in Asia Minor where Troy was situated
39 **Cressida…beggar** in some versions of the story, Cressida became a beggar with leprosy
40 **conster** explain
41 **out…welkin** beyond me welkin sky, heavens **element** sphere of knowledge/sky
44 **craves** requires
46 **quality** character/rank
47 **haggard** untrained hawk **check** swoop
48 **practice** occupation
50 **is fit** suits the purpose

51 **folly-fall'n** stooping to foolishness

54 ***Dieu…monsieur*** "God save you, sir" (French)

55 ***Et…serviteur*** "And you, too. [I am] your servant" (French)

57 **encounter** approach/enter

58 **trade** business, with sexual innuendo **to** with, concerning

59 **bound to** heading for **list** limit, objective

60 **Taste** tryout

61 **understand** support/comprehend

64 **gait and entrance** corresponding nouns to Sir Toby's verbs; **gait** puns on "gate" **prevented** anticipated/forestalled

65 **the** may the **odours** sweet smells

67 **hath no voice** cannot be uttered **pregnant** receptive

68 **vouchsafed** (kindly) bestowed, i.e., attentive

69 **all ready** committed to memory, ready for use

70 **hearing** audience (with Cesario)

75 **'Twas …world** proverbial: things haven't been the same

76 **lowly feigning** pretended modesty **compliment** courtesy

78 **yours** your servant **his** i.e., his servants

80 **For** as for

81 **blanks** blank paper/unstamped coins

86 **suit** petition, courtship

87 **solicit** urge

88 **music…spheres** planets and stars were thought to be surrounded by hollow spheres that produced beautiful music as they rotated

90 **leave** permission (to speak)

92 **abuse** wrong/disgrace

94 **construction** judgment/interpretation (of my conduct)

95 **To force** for forcing

97 **stake** post to which a bear is chained for baiting by dogs

99 **receiving** understanding

100 **cypress** light transparent material

103 **degree** step

104 **grize** step **vulgar proof** common experience

106 **smile again** i.e., throw off melancholy

109 **lion** a more noble adversary

113 **proper** handsome/worthy

115 **disposition** state of mind
117 **You'll** you'll send
120 **what you are** i.e., in love with me (a woman/a servant)
125 **I…fool** you make me look foolish
126 **deal** quantity
129 **love's…noon** i.e., despite trying to conceal itself, love is obvious
131 **maidhood** virginity
132 **maugre** in spite of
133 **Nor** neither
134 **extort…clause** extract reason from this premise
135 **For that** because **no cause** need to woo in return
136 **Reason …fetter** restrain your reason with the following reasoning
143 **deplore** lament, recount sorrowfully

Act 3 Scene 2

2 **venom** venomous person

5 **i'th'orchard** in the garden

6 **the while** at the time

8 **argument** proof

10 **it** my case **oaths** sworn testament

11 **Noah** biblical character who survived a mighty flood sent by God

13 **dormouse** sleepy

14 **fire-new …mint** i.e., like a freshly minted coin

15 **banged** struck

16 **balked** avoided/neglected **double gilt** i.e., golden (**opportunity**)

17 **north** cold region

19 **policy** strategy

20 **lief** willingly

21 **Brownist** follower of Robert Browne, founder of an extreme puritan sect **politician** schemer

22 **build me** build **Challenge me** challenge

24 **love-broker** go-between

28 **martial hand** military style/handwriting **curst** quarrelsome

29 **so** provided that **invention** innovation **licence of ink** freedom encouraged by writing rather than speaking

30 **thou'st** call him "thou," an insult to a stranger ("you" is the polite form) **lies** accusations of lying

31 **bed of Ware** famous bed, able to hold twelve people

32 **gall** bile, anger/an ingredient in ink (oak gall)

33 **goose-pen** quill pen made from a goose's feather (may play on sense of **goose** as "fool")

35 ***cubiculo*** "bedroom" (Latin)

36 **manikin** little man, puppet

37 **dear** costly **two thousand** probably ducats (gold coins)

38 **rare** marvelous, i.e., entertaining

40 **wainropes** wagon ropes, pulled by **oxen hale** haul, drag

42 **th'anatomy** i.e., his skeleton/body

43 **opposite** adversary **visage** appearance/face **presage** indication

44 **youngest wren** the wren is a small bird (a play on Maria’s size); some editors emend “mine” to “nine”

45 **spleen** fit of laughter (the **spleen** was thought to be the seat of laughter)

46 **gull** fool, dupe **renegado** deserter of his religion

48 **passages of grossness** i.e., the ludicrous statements in Maria’s letter

50 **villainously** offensively, horribly **pedant** schoolmaster

51 **dogged** followed closely

52 **new…Indies** probably refers to a map published in 1599 that showed the East Indies in much greater detail than previously

54 **forbear** desist from

Act 3 Scene 3

3 **chide** scold

5 **filèd** sharpened

6 **all** only (out of) **so much** enough (love)

8 **jealousy** concern, apprehension (about)

9 **skill-less in** unacquainted with **stranger** foreigner

12 **rather** more readily

16 **ever oft** very often

17 **shuffled off** shrugged aside **uncurrent** worthless

18 **worth** financial means **conscience** feeling of obligation **firm** substantial/reliable

19 **dealing** treatment/reward

20 **relics** antiquities, old sights

25 **renown** make famous

28 **count his** count's, i.e., duke's **galleys** ships usually propelled by oars as well as sails

30 **it…answered** it would be virtually impossible to account for it/make reparation (i.e., Antonio's life would be in danger)

31 **Belike** presumably

33 **Albeit** even though

34 **bloody argument** cause for shedding blood

35 **answered** requited

36 **traffic's** trade's

38 **lapsèd** apprehended/caught out

40 **open** publicly

41 **doth not fit** does not suit/is not appropriate for

42 **Elephant** name of an inn

43 **bespeak our diet** order our food

44 **beguile** while away

45 **have** meet

47 **Haply** perhaps **toy** trifle

48 **store** available money

49 **idle markets** trivial purchases

Act 3 Scene 4

1 **him** i.e., Cesario

2 **of** on

5 **sad** serious **civil** decorous

8 **possessed** by evil spirits, i.e., mad

18 **sad** serious/melancholy

20 **sonnet** song/poem **‘Please…all’** a ballad about women having their own way sexually

22 **black** melancholic (from an excess of black bile) **It** i.e., the letter **his** i.e., Malvolio’s

23 **Roman hand** fashionable Italian style of handwriting

24 **go to bed** i.e., to rest (but Malvolio takes this as sexually suggestive)

26 **kiss thy hand** a fashionable greeting amongst courtiers

28 **daws** jackdaws, birds of the crow family/fools

45 **midsummer** proverbially the season for madness

47 **hardly** with difficulty **attends** awaits

50 **miscarry** come to harm

52 **come near** begin to understand/appreciate

57 **consequently** subsequently **reverend carriage** dignified bearing

58 **habit** manner/clothing **sir of note** distinguished man **limed** caught; birdlime was a sticky substance smeared on branches to trap birds

60 **Fellow** equal **after my degree** according to my position

61 **dram** tiny amount **scruple** small quantity/doubt

62 **incredulous** incredible **unsafe** unreliable

65 **drawn in little** gathered in a small space/painted in miniature

66 **Legion** biblical reference to a multitude of devils; Sir Toby may mistakenly think it is the name of a specific devil

68 **private** privacy, with possible play on “private parts”

69 **Lo** look **hollow** echoingly

70 **have a** take

72 **Let me alone** leave him to me

76 **La** look

78 **water** urine, examined for diagnosis **wise woman** local healer, thought able to cure those bewitched

83 **move** excite/provoke

87 **bawcock** good fellow (from the French *beau coq*, i.e., “fine bird”)

chuck chick

89 **Biddy** hen **gravity** respectability

90 **cherry-pit** children’s game in which cherrystones are thrown into a hole

foul collier dirty coalman, i.e., the devil

94 **idle** worthless/trivial

95 **element** sphere/type

99 **genius** soul/guardian spirit

100 **take…taint** be spoiled (by exposure to air)

103 **in…bound** conventional treatment for the insane

104 **carry** manage/maintain

106 **bar** open court, i.e., judgment **finder of madmen** juror who formally declared whether a man was mad

108 **matter** substance/sport **May morning** i.e., festive time

109 **warrant** assure you/confirm

110 **saucy** spicy/insolent

111 **warrant** assure

112 **scurvy** worthless/contemptible

114 **admire** marvel

116 **note** remark **keeps** protects **blow…law** legal punishment (for breaching the peace)

118 **liest…throat** lie outrageously

123 **o’th’windy** on the windward, i.e., safe

125 **hope** i.e., of success **as…him** insofar as you treat him as such

128 **move** provoke/set in motion

129 **commerce** transaction/conversational exchange

131 **Scout me** keep watch (for me)

132 **bumbaily** bailiff who crept up on the debtor from behind

133 **horrible** terribly/exceedingly

134 **twanged off** uttered ringingly/said with a snide nasal intonation

approbation credit **proof** testing out

136 **let me alone** i.e., you can rely on me

138 **capacity** intelligence

140 **clodpole** idiot

142 **youth** inexperience **aptly receive** readily believe

143 **hideous** terrifying

145 **cockatrices** basilisks, mythical reptiles whose gaze had the power to kill

146 **Give them way** keep out of their way **presently** immediately

148 **horrid** terrifying

150 **laid** laid down/exposed **unchary** carelessly

154 **’haviour…bears** behavior that characterizes your passion

156 **jewel** piece of jewellery, here a miniature portrait of Olivia

160 **honour saved** i.e., apart from my virginity

164 **acquit** excuse, release (from obligation to love)

169 **That** whatever **betake** resort

170 **intercepter** one lying in wait **despite** contempt **bloody** bloodthirsty

171 **Dismount** draw **tuck** sword **yare** quick

173 **to** with **remembrance** memory

176 **price** value **opposite** opponent

177 **withal** with

179 **dubbed** invested with knightly status **unhatched** unhacked, unmarked (in battle) **on carpet consideration** for courtly, rather than military, reasons

181 **incensement** fury **satisfaction** recompense for offense to one’s honor

182 **sepulchre** tomb **Hob, nob** have or have not, i.e., come what may **word** motto

183 **conduct** protection

185 **taste** test **quirk** peculiarity

186 **competent** sufficient

188 **that** i.e., the duel

189 **meddle** get involved

190 **forswear…you** cease to wear a sword

191 **office** task **know of** inquire from

196 **mortal arbitrement** fight to the death

199 **Nothing…promise** not at all as extraordinary **read** judge **form** appearance **like** likely

204 **mettle** spirit/courage

205 **firago** virago, female fighter **pass** bout (of fencing)

206 **stuck in** fencing thrust

207 **mortal** fatal **motion** fencing maneuver **inevitable** unavoidable **answer** return hit **pays you** strikes you in return

208 **to** in the service of **Sophy** Shah of Persia

209 **Pox** plague

210 **hold** restrain

211 **cunning** skillful **fence** fencing

212 **ere** before

214 **motion** offer

215 **perdition of souls** i.e., loss of life perdition destruction, damnation **ride** i.e., make a fool of

216 **take up** settle

217 **horribly conceited** has just as terrifying an idea

219 **for's oath** for his oath's

220 **quarrel** cause of complaint

221 **supportance** upholding **protests** declares/vows

223 **A…would** it wouldn't take much to (**thing** plays on the sense of "penis")

227 **duello** established duelling code

232 **up** away

238 **undertaker** one who takes on a task/challenger **for** ready for

240 **anon** shortly

242 **for that** as for what

243 **He** i.e., Capilet, the horse **reins** is obedient, responds to the reins

245 **suit** order/request

247 **favour** face

251 **answer** be accountable for

255 **amazed** shocked/bewildered

261 **part** in part

263 **having** fortune

264 **present** available resources

265 **coffer** money

266 **deny** reject/disown

267 **deserts** worthy deeds

268 **lack persuasion** fail to persuade you to help me **tempt** try

269 **unsound** morally weak/inadequate

275 **vainness** ostentation

282 **sanctity** holiness

283 **image** appearance (plays on the sense of "religious icon")

284 **venerable worth** worthy to be venerated

287 **feature** physical appearance

289 **unkind** cruel/unnatural

291 **trunks** chests/bodies **o’erflourished** richly decorated/made outwardly beautiful

299 **sage** solemn/dignified **saws** sayings

301 **glass** mirrored reflection/image

302 **favour** appearance **went** went about

303 **Still** always **ornament** clothing, adornments

304 **prove** i.e., to be true

306 **dishonest** dishonorable **a coward** cowardly

309 **religious** devout

310 **’Slid** by God’s eyelid (common oath)

313 **event** outcome

314 **yet** after all

Act 4 Scene 1

4 **held out** kept up

7 **vent** utter, let out

8 **of** from

9 **lubber** clumsy idiot

10 **cockney** pampered child/affected, effeminate fellow **ungird** takeoff **strangeness** aloofness

12 **Greek** buffoon/speaker of gibberish

13 **tarry** linger **worse payment** i.e., blows

14 **open** generous (with money or blows)

15 **report** reputation **fourteen years' purchase** i.e., a large investment of time and money

19 **straight** at once **in…coats** in your position

21 **hold** restrain yourself

22 **action of battery** lawsuit for assault

26 **iron** dagger/sword

27 **fleshed** initiated into fighting

30 **malapert** impudent

38 **Rudesby** ruffian **friend** friend/lover

40 **uncivil** barbarous **extent** assault

43 **botched up** patched together

45 **Beshrew** curse

46 **started** startled/drove from cover **heart** puns on "hart"

47 **relish** meaning (literally, "taste")

48 **Or** either

49 **fancy** imagination **Lethe** river of forgetfulness in the classical underworld

50 **still** always

51 **Would thou'dst** if only you would

Act 4 Scene 2

1 **Sir** respectful title for priest **Topas** topaz, a precious stone, was supposed to cure madness; also proverbial for a puritan priest

2 **curate** parish priest **the whilst** in the meantime

3 **dissemble** disguise

4 **dissembled** feigned, deceived become suit

5 **function** task/role (of priest) **said** reputed

6 **housekeeper** host **goes as fairly** sounds as good **careful** painstaking/conscientious

7 **competitors** conspirators, partners in crime

9 ***Bonos dies*** "good day" (mock Latin/Spanish) **old…Prague** an invented authority **never…ink** was illiterate

10 **King Gorboduc** legendary British king

18 **hyperbolical** immoderate/vehement/raging **fiend** evil spirit (supposedly possessing Malvolio) **vexest** torment

23 **modest terms** mild expressions

25 **house** i.e., room

27 **barricadoes** barricades **clerestories** upper windows

32 **puzzled** bewildered **Egyptians…fog** in the Bible, God punished the Egyptians with three days of darkness

34 **abused** wronged/maltreated

35 **constant** decided/consistent/logical **question** discussion, debate

36 **Pythagoras** ancient Greek philosopher who believed in the transmigration of souls from humans to animals

37 **grandam** grandmother **happily** perhaps (though may play on adverbial sense)

41 **allow…wits** acknowledge you are sane **woodcock** proverbially stupid and easily caught bird

44 **exquisite** ingenious/exact (in imitation)

45 **am…waters** can turn my hand to anything

47 **To** goto

48 **delivered** liberated

50 **upshot** final stroke, conclusion **by and by** straightaway

54 **perdy** by God (from French *par dieu*)

64 **besides** out of **five wits** mental faculties: common sense, fantasy, judgment, memory, and imagination
65 **notoriously** evidently/outrageously
67 **But** only
69 **propertied** packed away like a piece of furniture/a stage prop
70 **face** bully
71 **Advise you** be careful/consider
73 **bibble babble** idle chatter
76 **God buy you** good-bye, literally “God be with you”
80 **shent** rebuked
83 **Well-a-day** alas/would
92 **requite** repay
96 **a trice** an instant
97 **Vice** buffoon/comic character in old morality plays
99 **dagger of lath** the weapon of the Vice character **lath** thin wood
103 **Pare thy nails** probably a comic routine in morality plays **Pare** trim
dad the Vice was sometimes portrayed as the devil’s son
104 **goodman** title for someone below the rank of gentleman

Act 4 Scene 3

6 **was** had been **credit** report
7 **range** roam
9 **disputes well** i.e., agrees
11 **accident** unforeseen event
12 **instance** precedent **discourse** rationality
14 **wrangle** argue
15 **trust** belief
17 **sway her house** govern her household
18 **Take…dispatch** deal with matters of household business
21 **deceivable** deceptive
24 **chantry** private chapel **by** nearby
26 **Plight…faith** pledge your love (in a binding betrothal)
27 **jealous** anxious, uncertain, wary
29 **Whiles** until **note** public knowledge
30 **What** at which **celebration** i.e., marriage
31 **birth** social status
35 **fairly note** observe with favor

Act 5 Scene 1

5 **This…again** seemingly refers to the anecdote about Elizabeth I and her kinsman Dr. Boleyn; she asked for his dog and promised him anything in return, upon which he asked for the animal back

7 **trappings** ornaments/bits and pieces

9 **for** because of

15 **abused** deceived **so…affirmatives** if the outcome is like the response to a request for a kiss, where “no, no, no, no” means “yes, yes”

19 **though** even though **friends** i.e., one who gives him **praise**

21 **But** except for the fact **double-dealing** duplicity/giving twice

23 **your grace** favor/virtue (plays on the customary way of addressing a duke) **in your pocket** i.e., to hide it/to give money **flesh and blood** human instincts/frailty

24 **it** i.e., the **ill counsel**

25 **to** as to

26 ***Primo*, *secundo*, *tertio*** “first, second, third” (Latin) **play** game **third…all** i.e., third time lucky (proverbial)

27 **triplex** triple time in music **tripping** nimble, skipping **measure** stately dance/music **Saint Bennet** church of Saint Benedict

29 **throw** roll of the dice/occasion

32 **lullaby** i.e., farewell

38 **Vulcan** Roman god of fire, and the gods’ blacksmith

39 **bawbling** trifling

40 **For** (trifling) because of **draught** depth of water required to float the ship **unprizeable** of little value

41 **scathful** damaging **grapple** close fighting, attempts to board another ship

42 **bottom** ship (literally, ship’s hull)

43 **very** even **envy** malice, i.e., his enemies **loss** defeat

46 ***Phoenix*** name of Illyrian ship **fraught** cargo **Candy** Candia, modern Heraklion, a port in Crete

47 ***Tiger*** name of Illyrian ship

49 **desperate** disregarding

50 **brabble** brawl

51 **on my side** (his sword) in my defense

52 **put…me** spoke to me strangely

53 **but distraction** if not madness

54 **Notable** notorious

56 **bloody** bloodthirsty **dear** grievous, severe

59 **Be…I** allow me to

61 **base** basis

64 **rude** rough

67 **retention** reservation

68 **All…dedication** dedicated wholly to him

69 **pure** purely

70 **adverse** hostile

74 **face…acquaintance** deny he knew me

75 **grew…wink** in the space of a moment he behaved as if we had not seen each other for twenty years

77 **recommended** committed

85 **But for** as for

88 **but…have** except that which I refuse him, i.e., love

93 **lord** if addressed to Viola, “husband” (Viola uses the sense of “master”)

95 **aught** anything

96 **fat** gross **fulsome** distasteful, nauseating

100 **uncivil** uncivilized

101 **ingrate** ungrateful **unauspicious** ill-omened, unpromising

103 **tendered** offered (may play on “tender,” i.e., loving, gentle)

104 **Even what** whatever/exactly what **become** suit

106 **Egyptian thief** character from a Greek romance who tried to kill a captive he loved when his own life was threatened

108 **savours nobly** has a taste of nobility

109 **non-regardance** disrespect/lack of attention

110 **that** since

111 **screws** forces

113 **minion** favorite/darling

114 **tender** care for/value

116 **in …spite** to the vexation of his master

117 **ripe in mischief** ready to do harm

120 **jocund** cheerful **apt** readily

121 **To…rest** in order to give you ease
125 **mores** such comparisons
127 **tainting of** discrediting
128 **beguiled** deceived
136 **sirrah** sir (contemptuous; used to an inferior)
138 **baseness** cowardice/lowly nature
139 **strangle** stifle **propriety** real identity
141 **that** that which
142 **that thou fear'st** him you fear, i.e., Orsino
145 **unfold** reveal
150 **joinder** joining
151 **close** meeting
153 **compact** agreement
154 **Sealed…function** certified by my priestly authority
155 **watch** clock
158 **grizzle** sprinkling of gray hair **case** (animal) skin
159 **craft** cunning
160 **trip** wrestling move to throw opponent
163 **protest** declare/swear
165 **Hold little faith** keep some part of your promise
166 **presently** immediately
168 **H'as broke** he has cut **coxcomb** head (with suggestion of fool's cap resembling a cock's crest)
172 **incardinate** incarnate
174 **'Od's lifelings** by God's little lives (mild oath)
179 **set nothing by** think nothing of
180 **halting** limping
181 **in drink** drunk **tickled** i.e., beaten **othergates** in another way, i.e., differently
183 **all one** doesn't matter **there's th'end on't** that's all there is to it **sot** idiot/drunkard
185 **agone** ago, past **set** glazed/fixed/closed (**eight i'th'morning** may suggest the manner in which the surgeon's eyes were fixed, rolling back, like the sun high in the morning sky)
187 **passy measures pavin** stately dance, i.e., slow
189 **be dressed** bandaged

190 **coxcomb** fool

191 **gull** dupe/fool

194 **brother…blood** my own brother

195 **with…safety** in reasonable self-protection

196 **strange regard** odd/distant look

200 **habit** clothing

201 **natural perspective** optical illusion produced by nature

203 **racked** tormented

206 **Fear'st** doubt

212 **deity** godlike quality

213 **here and everywhere** omnipresence

214 **blind** heedless

215 **Of charity** (tell me) out of kindness

219 **suited** dressed

220 **form and suit** physical appearance and dress

223 **am…clad** my body is clothed with the flesh

224 **participate** have in common with all humanity

225 **the…even** everything else is in agreement

232 **record** memory **lively** vivid, alive

235 **lets** hinders

238 **jump** coincide

241 **weeds** clothes

245 **mistook** mistaken

246 **to…drew** inclined in the right direction (bowling metaphor)

247 **contracted** betrothed

251 **glass** mirror/lens of optical instrument (**perspective**)

252 **happy** fortunate

254 **like to** as much as

255 **overswear** swear again and again

257 **orbèd continent** spherical container, i.e., as the sun keeps

262 **action** legal charge

263 **in durance** imprisoned

265 **enlarge** release

266 **remember me** remember

267 **distract** mad

268 **extracting** distracting **frenzy** agitation/madness

269 **From…his** drove him from my memory

271 **Beelzebub** the devil **the stave's end** at a distance

272 **today** i.e., this

273 **epistles** letters/New Testament letters from the apostles **gospels** truths/New Testament records of Christ's life and teaching **skills** matters

274 **delivered** handed over

276 **delivers** speaks the words of

280 ***vox*** "voice" (Latin), i.e., the correct manner of delivery (Feste has obviously read the words in a "mad" style)

282 **read** discern **right wits** true state of mind **perpend** consider

288 **semblance** outward show **the which** i.e., the letter

290 **duty** i.e., respectful behavior of a steward **out…injury** as a wronged party

295 **delivered** released

296 **so** may it **thought on** considered

297 **as…wife** as good a sister-in-law as you'd hoped to regard me as a wife

298 **th'alliance** the union (in a double wedding)

299 **proper** personal

300 **apt** ready

301 **quits** releases (from service)

302 **mettle** natural disposition

315 **hand** handwriting

316 **from it** differently

317 **invention** composition

319 **modesty of honour** name of all that is decent and honorable/restraint befitting your status

320 **lights** signals

323 **lighter** more frivolous/lesser

324 **acting** undertaking

325 **suffered** allowed

327 **geck** dupe/fool

328 **invention played on** trickery sported with

330 **character** style of writing

331 **out of** beyond

333 **cam'st** you came

334 **presupposed Upon** previously suggested to

336 **practice** plot/trick **shrewdly** mischievously passed been perpetrated

342 **condition** (happy) circumstances

343 **wondered** marvelled

346 **Upon** because of **uncourteous** unfriendly/uncivil **parts** qualities/actions

347 **conceived against** imagined/discerned in

348 **importance** urging

350 **sportful** playful **followed** followed up/carried out

351 **pluck on** induce

352 **If that** If

354 **baffled** tricked/disgraced

356 **interlude** short play

359 **whirligig** spinning top/roundabout

364 **golden** auspicious **convents** comes together/calls us

365 **combination** union

367 **hence** here, i.e., Olivia’s house

369 **habits** clothing

370 **fancy’s** love’s

371 **and a** a very

373 **foolish** trivial/silly (may play on the sense of “lewd”) **thing** may play on the sense of “penis” **toy** trifle/useless/fun (may play on a sense of “penis”)

375 **man’s estate** manhood

376 **etc.** indicates repeat of chorus

379 **wive** marry

381 **swaggering** bullying/quarreling

383 **beds** drunk to bed/old age

385 **With toss-pots** like other drunkards

THE WINTER’S TALE

In about 1590 the dramatist George Peele wrote a play called *The Old Wives’ Tale* in which an old woman is asked to tell “a merry winter’s tale” in order to “drive away the time trimly.” “Once upon a time,” she begins, as all traditional storytellers do, “there was a king or a lord or a duke that had a fair daughter, the fairest that ever was, as white as snow and as red as blood: and once upon a time his daughter was stolen away.” An old wives’ or a winter’s tale is like a fairy story: it is not supposed to be realistic and it is bound to have a happy ending. Along the way, there will be magic, dreams, coincidences, children lost and found. This is the style of play to which Shakespeare turned some twenty years after Peele, in the final phase of his career.

Shakespeare’s late plays have come to be known as “romances.” Although neither the dramatist himself nor the compilers of the First Folio used this generic classification, the term is helpful because it gestures toward the origin of such stories in ancient Greek prose romance, which was peopled by wanderers, separated lovers, oracles, shepherds, and heroes who undergo narrow escapes from disaster. The story of Apollonius of Tyre, the ultimate source for Shakespeare’s cowritten play *Pericles*, is a classic example of the genre. Robert Greene, another dramatist who was prominent in the early 1590s, wrote several prose romances in this tradition, among them *Pandosto: The Triumph of Time*, the story that is dramatized in *The Winter’s Tale*. We do not know exactly what led Shakespeare, some time after writing the tragedies of *Lear* and *Macbeth*, to turn back to the style of Peele and Greene. Always attuned to changes in the wind, perhaps he sensed that a gentler mode of tragicomedy and pastoral romance, with a distinctly royalist agenda, suited the times: the King’s Men seem to have had notable successes in these years with several dramas of this kind, including a revival of the old anonymous play of *Mucedorus*, which even featured an encounter with a bear.

The Winter's Tale does not, however, begin in the world of romance. The Sicilian opening of the story is full of court intrigue in the manner of *King Lear* and sexual jealousy reminiscent of *Othello*. There are accusations of conspiracy, a queen is tried for treason, and a king behaves like a tyrant. Only in the second half is there a redemptive movement from court to country: the structure is similar to that of *Cymbeline*, another Shakespearean tragicomedy written around the same time. In contrast to Sicilia, Bohemia is a place of benign chance, where the flight of a falcon leads a prince to his future bride and a thieving trickster inadvertently helps the plot toward its happy resolution. The arts of the court give way to the harmonies of nature. Though this is to oversimplify: Polixenes relies on "intelligence" and disguise, then threatens physical violence against Perdita. She is a princess assumed to be a shepherdess, who dresses up as a queen and speaks of the need to intermingle art and nature in the grafting of flowers: complex layers of illusion are at work.

Critics have been much exercised by Leontes' explosion of anger when Hermione succeeds in persuading Polixenes to prolong his visit to Sicilia after Leontes has failed to do so. Why does her courtesy lead instantly to a false accusation of adultery? Has Leontes' jealousy been festering for a long time? Is he angry because a woman has come between two close male friends (a Shakespearean obsession that runs from the early *Two Gentlemen of Verona* through the sonnets to his last play, *The Two Noble Kinsmen*)? Such questions are the prerogative of the reader more than the spectator in the playhouse. An audience watching a play can only work out a limited amount about the events that are imagined to have occurred before the action begins, and in the theatrical experience such events do not exist.

Theatrical attention is concentrated more on Leontes as he is than on how he got there. In a puzzling, tortuous self-analysis concerning the "infection" of his brains, he says that as mental states may be affected by things unreal, such as dreams, so they may also be affected by things that are real:

> …Can thy dam, may't be
> Affection?— Thy intention stabs the centre.
> Thou dost make possible things not so held,
> Communicat'st with dreams — how can this be? —
> With what's unreal thou coactive art,

And fellow’st nothing. Then ’tis very credent
Thou mayst co-join with something, and thou dost,
And that beyond commission, and I find it,
And that to the infection of my brains
And hard’ning of my brows.

Both syntax and semantics are crabbed. Leontes’ fragmented sentences are symptoms of his mental disintegration. The referent of the key word “affection” is unstable: does it refer to the relationship between Hermione and Polixenes or to Leontes’ own mental state? “Affection” could denote their sexual desire or his strong feeling in response to it, but the word could also signify delusion, sickness. The ambiguity is revelatory precisely because Leontes can no longer distinguish between what is going on in his own mind and the reality observed by everyone else on stage. Hermione speaks truer than she knows when in the trial scene she says, “My life stands in the level of your dreams.”

The logical conclusion of Leontes’ analysis ought to be that the thing that is exercising him, namely the supposed affair between his wife and his best friend, is nothing but a bad dream. But he obstinately draws the opposite conclusion. The irrationality of this move is itself a sign of the “infection” that is afflicting him. Honest Camillo sees this, but, for the very reason that he is “infected,” Leontes himself cannot. His “distraction” makes him misinterpret every action, even as his very language becomes infected with dark sexual *double entendre:* “stabs,” “nothing” and “co-join” anticipate the subsequent grossness of “no barricado for a belly” and “she has been sluiced in’s absence / And his pond fished by his next neighbour.”

Whatever the origin of Leontes’ suspicion, the dramatic interest is in the effect, the tendency of human beings who have fallen into holes to dig themselves ever deeper. No argument, not even the supposedly divine “truth” of the oracle, will convince Leontes of his error. Accordingly, what does persuade him to change his mind is an effect of emotion rather than reason: the shock, the raw grief, of his son’s and wife’s sudden deaths. The boy Mamillius is the one who has said that “A sad tale’s best for winter” when his mother offers to tell him a story, and he it is who becomes victim of the winter-bound first half of the play. Leontes metaphorically freezes his wife out of his affections, with the unintended result that his son catches a literal chill and dies. Only after this can the action move to the regenerative world of romance. “Thou met’st with things dying, I with things newborn,” remarks the Old Shepherd at the play’s pivotal point when he scoops up the baby Perdita as Antigonus is torn to pieces by the bear.

One of the best ways of discovering Shakespeare’s core concerns in a play is to consider his major additions to his sources: it is a fair assumption that he is most himself when he departs from his originals. As one would expect from *Pandosto*, Leontes is easily the largest role in the play, twice as long as any other. But the next two most sizeable parts—added together, they equal that of Leontes in length—are Camillo and Paulina. The figure of Leontes’ honest counselor greatly expands the role of the king’s cupbearer in *Pandosto*, whilst Paulina, Hermione’s preserver and Leontes’ conscience, has no equivalent in the source. The prominence of these roles suggests that in this play Shakespeare is especially interested in the relationship between absolute power, with its potential to turn to tyranny, and the role of the wise counselor. How far can an adviser, or for that matter a playwright whose works are performed at court, go in speaking truths that their rulers might not want to hear? This was a perennial concern in the Elizabethan and Jacobean era.

The court of King James was different from that of Queen Elizabeth not least because there was a royal family. Negotiations to find the right husband for the king’s daughter were ongoing at the time of the play’s composition and first court performance. This should not, however, lead us to read the drama as an allegory of contemporary diplomacy. Leontes is in no sense a representation of King James; besides, one of the things that makes the play a romance is its delightful representation of paternal informality and intimacy in the exchanges with Mamillius in the opening court scene. Real kings did not publicly mix the roles of patriarch and playmate in this way.

In Greene’s *Pandosto*, when the Perdita figure arrives incognito at court near the climax of the story, the desiring eye of her father falls upon her, raising the spectre of royal incest. One of Paulina’s roles in *The Winter’s Tale* is to divert Leontes from any thought of this kind: “Your eye hath too much youth in’t,” she remarks, reminding him that even in middle age his dead queen was more beautiful “Than what you look on now.” Earlier in the same scene, Paulina has counseled the king against remarriage, eliciting the response

> Thou speak’st truth.
> No more such wives: therefore, no wife. One worse,
> And better used, would make her sainted spirit
> Again possess her corpse, and on this stage —
> Where we offenders now — appear soul-vexed,
> And begin, ‘Why to me?’

These lines brilliantly anticipate the moment when, thanks to the dramaturgical art of Paulina, the “sainted spirit” of Hermione really does appear to have a soul breathed back into it as she walks again on that same “stage.”

In *Pandosto* the wronged queen does not return to life. The reanimation of what Leontes takes to be Hermione’s statue is Shakespeare’s invention. The wonder-filled final scene puts a seemingly life-giving art into the hands of Paulina. That art dramatizes the magical power of theater itself so that we in the audience, like the characters on stage, awaken our faith. The many-layered quality of the illusion—a boy-actor pretending to be a female character, Hermione, who is herself pretending to be a statue—takes Shakespeare’s art to an extreme level of self-consciousness. Fittingly, the scene is also an allusion to Ovid, the most self-conscious artist among Shakespeare’s literary models.

In book ten of the *Metamorphoses*, the artist Pygmalion carves an ivory statue so realistic that it seems to be a real girl, so beautiful that he falls in love with it. He desperately wants to believe it is real and there are moments when the perfection of the art is such that the statue does seem to be struggling into life. With a little assistance from the goddess Venus, a kiss then animates the statue in a striking reversal of the usual Ovidian metamorphic pattern in which people are turned into things or animals. At a profound level, Pygmalion is a figure of Ovid himself: the artist who transforms mere words into living forms.

Shakespeare learned from Ovid’s Pygmalion both an idea and a style. If you want something badly enough and you believe in it hard enough, you will eventually get it: though tragedy denies this possibility, comedy affirms it. This is the illusion that theater can foster. Ovid showed Shakespeare that the way to evoke this leap of faith is through pinpricks of sensation. The progression in the animation of Pygmalion's statue is both precise and sensuous: blood pulses through the veins, the lips respond, the ivory face flushes. Correspondingly, Leontes contrasts the warm life his queen once had with the coldness of the statue, but then he seems to see blood in the veins and warmth upon the lips. And when she descends and embraces him, she is warm.

At the beginning of the play Leontes complains that Hermione's body-contact with Polixenes is "Too hot, too hot"—he wants her to be frigidly chaste, even though she is pregnant. His jealous look is like that of the basilisk or the gorgon Medusa: he turns his wife to stone. In the final act, this metaphor becomes a metamorphosis as Paulina conjures up the illusion of Hermione's depetrification. The transformation is triumphantly realized on stage both linguistically and visually. "Does not the stone rebuke me / For being more stone than it?" asks Leontes, when confronted with the statue. The hardened image of his wife forces him to turn his gaze inward upon his own hard heart. The play ends with the melting of that heart and the rekindling of love, with its concordant release of Hermione back into softness, warmth, and life.

We know in our heads that we are not really watching a statue coming to life. Yet in a good production, at the moment of awakening we feel in our hearts that we are. The magic of the drama occurs in a strange but deeply satisfying space between the two poles of reality and illusion. Metamorphosis is a kind of translation that occurs in the passage from one state to another. Ovid's world, which is also evoked by Perdita's comparison of herself to Proserpina, goddess of spring, shuttles between human passions and natural phenomena. Shakespeare carried the magic of that world across into the medium of theater, where everything is illusion, but somehow—as he put it in the alternative title of another of his last plays, *Henry VIII*—"All is True."

When Perdita, whose name means "lost one," is restored to her father, the oracle is fulfilled and there is some atonement for the death of Mamillius. Not, however, full restoration, for Mamillius himself will not return. The boy-actor who played the part would almost certainly have doubled as Perdita in the second half of the play, visually transforming the dead son into a living daughter. Polixenes' son Florizel also stands in for Mamillius: he grows into what Leontes' son might have become. When he and Perdita are joined in marriage, the two kings and their kingdoms are united. Leontes has to accept that he will only live on through the female line. This is an appropriate punishment, given his earlier rejection of the female for having come between him and his "brother."

It will perhaps seem harsh to speak of punishment after the delights of the pastoral scene, the benign mischief of Autolycus, and the wonder of the moment when the supposed statue of Hermione is brought back to life. To do so is to resemble the Paulina who browbeats Leontes into maintaining his penance for sixteen years. When she finally softens and lets him into her art gallery, surely we too need to let go of our reason and our moral judgement. "It is required," as Paulina puts it, that we awake our faith. But can so much suffering evaporate in an instant of theatrical magic? Hermione's face is scarred with the marks of time, the wrinkles accumulated in her sixteen years' seclusion. And not even the joys of the impending union of the two houses can bring back the child whose "smutched" nose his father has so tenderly wiped in the first act.

KEY FACTS

PLOT: Polixenes, King of Bohemia, has been on a nine-month visit to the court of his childhood friend Leontes, King of Sicilia, and his wife, Queen Hermione. Groundlessly, Leontes becomes convinced that his heavily pregnant wife has been having an affair with Polixenes. He tries to persuade his most trusted courtier, Camillo, to poison Polixenes. Convinced of the queen's innocence, Camillo warns Polixenes and they depart for Bohemia together. Another courtier, Antigonus, is ordered to leave Hermione's newly born daughter on a desert shore. Leontes tries Hermione for treason; when he denies the truth of the god Apollo's oracular declaration of her innocence, his son Mamillius dies. He is then told that the queen has also died. Antigonus leaves the baby girl on the coast of Bohemia, where he is torn to pieces by a bear. An old shepherd and his clownish son find the baby, bring her up as a member of their family, and name her Perdita. Sixteen years later, she is being courted by Polixenes' son, Prince Florizel, who has disguised himself as a shepherd, Doricles. The roguish pedlar Autolycus tricks the shepherds out of money. Polixenes and Camillo come in disguise to the countryside; when the king denounces his son for courting a low-born shepherdess, Florizel and Perdita flee to Sicilia, with the assistance of Camillo. The shepherd and clown follow, bringing tokens that reveal Perdita's true identity. That which was lost having been found, Paulina, the lady most loyal to Hermione, reveals a statue of the dead queen and tells the assembled company to prepare themselves for a great wonder.

MAJOR PARTS: (*with percentages of lines/number of speeches/scenes on stage*) Leontes (20%/ 125/6), Paulina (10%/59/5), Camillo (9%/72/5), Autolycus (9%/67/3), Polixenes (8%/57/4), Florizel (6%/45/2), Hermione (6%/35/4), Clown (5%/64/4), Shepherd (4%/42/3), Perdita (4%/25/3), Antigonus (3%/19/3). An unusually large number of named parts have 20–30 lines, less than 1% of the text: Archidamus, Cleomenes, Dion, the boy Mamillius, Emilia, Dorcas, and Mopsa.

LINGUISTIC MEDIUM: 75% verse, 25% prose.

DATE: 1611. Performed at the Globe May 1611; dance of satyrs apparently borrows from a court entertainment of January 1611; performed at court November 1611 and again for royal wedding celebrations in early 1613. Some scholars argue for 1609–10 on assumption that satyrs' dance is a later interpolation, but theaters were closed because of plague for many months of these earlier years.

SOURCES: A dramatization of Robert Greene's prose romance *Pandosto: The Triumph of Time* (1588, also known as *The History of Dorastus and Fawnia*). The survival and revival of the queen is a Shakespearean innovation, influenced by the story in Ovid's *Metamorphoses* (book ten) in which Pygmalion's statue comes to life.

TEXT: First Folio of 1623 is only early printed text. Typeset from a transcription by Ralph Crane, professional scribe to the King's Men, it is very well printed, with remarkably few textual problems.

THE WINTER’S TALE

LEONTES, King of Sicilia
HERMIONE, his queen
MAMILLIUS, their son, a child
PERDITA, their daughter
CAMILLO
ANTIGONUS
CLEOMENES
DION
Lords at the Sicilian court
PAULINA, a lady, wife to Antigonus
EMILIA, a lady attending upon Hermione
POLIXENES, King of Bohemia
FLORIZEL, his son
ARCHIDAMUS, a lord of Bohemia
OLD SHEPHERD, reputed father of Perdita
CLOWN, his son
AUTOLYCUS, a rogue, formerly in the service of Prince Florizel
Shepherds and Shepherdesses, including **MOPSA and DORCAS**
Twelve countrymen disguised as satyrs
A MARINER, a jailer, other Lords, Gentlemen, Servants
TIME, as Chorus

Act 1 Scene 1[1.1]

running scene 1

Enter Camillo and Archidamus

ARCHIDAMUS If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia,[1] on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot,[2] you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

CAMILLO I think this coming summer the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia[4] the visitation which he justly owes him.

ARCHIDAMUS Wherein[6] our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves, for indeed—

CAMILLO Beseech you—

ARCHIDAMUS Verily,[9] I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence — in so rare[10] — I know not what to say. We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficience,[11] may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

CAMILLO You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

ARCHIDAMUS Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

CAMILLO Sicilia[16] cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection which cannot choose but branch[18] now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities[19] made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed[20] with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies,[21] that they have seemed to be together, though absent, shook hands, as over a vast,[22] and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves.

ARCHIDAMUS I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable[25] comfort of your young prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.[26]

CAMILLO I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that indeed physics the subject,[28] makes old hearts fresh. They that went on crutches ere[29] he was born desire yet their life to see him a man.

ARCHIDAMUS Would they else[30] be content to die?

CAMILLO Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

ARCHIDAMUS If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one.

Exeunt

Act 1 Scene 2

running scene 1 continues

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, Camillo [and Attendants]

POLIXENES Nine changes of the wat'ry star[1] hath been
The shepherd's note[2] since we have left our throne
Without a burden.[3] Time as long again
Would be filled up, my brother, with our thanks.
And yet we should, for perpetuity,[5]
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cipher,[6]
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one 'We thank you' many thousands moe
That go before it.
LEONTES Stay[10] your thanks a while,
And pay them when you part.
POLIXENES Sir, that's tomorrow.
I am questioned[13] by my fears of what may chance
Or breed upon our absence, that may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say
'This is put forth too truly'. Besides, I have stayed
To tire your royalty.
LEONTES We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.[19]
POLIXENES No longer stay.
LEONTES One sev'nnight[21] longer.
POLIXENES Very sooth,[22] tomorrow.
LEONTES We'll part the time between's[23] then, and in that
I'll no gainsaying.[24]
POLIXENES Press me not, beseech you, so.
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i'th'world
So soon as yours could win me. So it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'Twere needful[29] I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward, which to hinder

Were[31] in your love a whip to me, my stay
To you a charge[32] and trouble. To save both,
Farewell, our brother.
LEONTES Tongue-tied, our queen? Speak you.
HERMIONE I had thought, sir, to have held my peace until
You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You, sir,
Charge[37] him too coldly. Tell him you are sure
All in Bohemia's well: this[38] satisfaction
The bygone day proclaimed. Say[39] this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.[40]
LEONTES Well said, Hermione.
HERMIONE To tell,[42] he longs to see his son, were strong.
But[43] let him say so then, and let him go.
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.[45]—
Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure[46] ***To Polixenes***
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take[48] my lord, I'll give him my commission
To let him there a month behind[49] the gest
Prefixed for's parting.— Yet, good deed,[50] Leontes,
I love thee not a jar[51] o'th'clock behind
What lady she her lord.— You'll stay?
POLIXENES No, madam.
HERMIONE Nay, but you will?
POLIXENES I may not, verily.
HERMIONE Verily?
You put me off with limber vows.[57] But I,
Though you would seek t'unsphere the stars[58] with oaths,
Should yet say 'Sir, no going.' Verily,
You shall not go; a lady's 'Verily' is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest: so you shall pay[63] your fees
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?
My prisoner? Or my guest? By your dread[65] 'Verily',
One of them you shall be.

POLIXENES Your guest, then, madam.
To be your prisoner should import offending,[68]
Which is for me less easy to commit
Than you to punish.
HERMIONE Not your jailer, then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of[73] my lord's tricks and yours when you were boys.
You were pretty lordings[74] then?
POLIXENES We were, fair queen,
Two lads that thought there was no more behind[76]
But such a day tomorrow as today,
And to be boy eternal.
HERMIONE Was not my lord
The verier wag[80] o'th'two?
POLIXENES We were as twinned Iambs that did frisk i'th'sun,
And bleat the one at th'other. What we changed[82]
Was innocence for innocence. We knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dreamed
That any did. Had we pursued that life,
And our weak[86] spirits ne'er been higher reared
With stronger blood, we should have answered heaven
Boldly 'Not guilty', the[88] imposition cleared
Hereditary ours.
HERMIONE By this we gather
You have tripped[91] since.
POLIXENES O, my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to's.[93] For
In those unfledged[94] days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not crossed the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.[96]
HERMIONE Grace to boot![97]
Of[98] this make no conclusion, lest you say
Your queen and I are devils. Yet go on.
Th'offences we have made you do we'll answer,[100]
If you first sinned[101] with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipped not

With any but with us.

LEONTES Is he won yet?

HERMIONE He'll stay, my lord.

LEONTES At my request he would not.— ***Aside?***
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.

HERMIONE Never?

LEONTES Never, but once.

HERMIONE What? Have I twice said well? When was't before?
I prithee tell me. Cram's[112] with praise, and make's
As fat as tame things.[113] One good deed dying tongueless
Slaughters[114] a thousand waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages. You may ride's[115]
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs[116] ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to th'goal:
My last good deed was to entreat his stay:
What was my first? It has an elder sister,[119]
Or I mistake you — O, would[120] her name were Grace! —
But once before I spoke to th'purpose: when?
Nay, let me have't: I long.

LEONTES Why, that was when
Three crabbèd[124] months had soured themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand
And clap[126] thyself my love; then didst thou utter '
I am yours for ever.'

HERMIONE 'Tis grace indeed.—
Why, lo[129] you now, I have spoke to th'purpose twice: ***To Polixenes?***
The one forever earned a royal husband;
Th'other for some while a friend.[131] ***Takes Polixenes' hand***

LEONTES Too hot, too hot! ***Aside***
To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods.[133]
I have *tremor cordis*[134] on me: my heart dances,
But not for joy, not joy. This entertainment[135]
May a free[136] face put on, derive a liberty
From heartiness,[137] from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well[138] become the agent. 'T may, I grant.

But to be paddling[139] palms and pinching fingers,
As now they are, and making practised[140] smiles,
As in a looking-glass, and then to sigh, as ’twere
The mort[142] o’th’deer — O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows.[143]— Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?
MAMILLIUS Ay, my good lord.
LEONTES I’ fecks![146]
Why, that’s my bawcock.[147] What? Hast smutched thy nose?—
They say it is a copy out of mine.— Come, captain, ***Aside?***
We must be neat;[149] not neat, but cleanly, captain.
And yet the steer,[150] the heifer and the calf
Are all called neat.— Still virginalling[151] ***Aside***
Upon his palm?— How now, you wanton[152] calf!
Art thou my calf?
MAMILLIUS Yes, if you will, my lord.
LEONTES Thou want’st[155] a rough pash and the shoots that I have
To be full[156] like me.— Yet they say we are ***Aside?***
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say anything. But were they false
As o’er-dyed blacks,[159] as wind, as waters, false
As dice are to be wished by one that fixes
No bourn[161] ’twixt his and mine, yet were it true
To say this boy were like me.— Come, sir page, ***To Mamillius***
Look on me with your welkin[163] eye. Sweet villain!
Most dear’st, my collop![164] Can thy dam, may’t be
Affection?[165]— Thy intention stabs the centre. ***Aside?***
Thou dost make possible things not so held,[166]
Communicat’st with dreams — how can this be? —
With what’s unreal thou coactive art,[168]
And fellow’st[169] nothing. Then ’tis very credent
Thou mayst co-join[170] with something, and thou dost,
And that beyond commission,[171] and I find it,
And that to the infection of my brains
And hard’ning[173] of my brows.
POLIXENES What means Sicilia?[174]

HERMIONE He something seems[175] unsettled.
POLIXENES How, my lord?
LEONTES What cheer? How is’t with you, best brother?
HERMIONE You look as if you held a brow of much distraction.
Are you moved,[179] my lord?
LEONTES No, in good earnest.—
How sometimes nature will betray its folly, ***Aside?***
Its tenderness, and make[182] itself a pastime
To harder bosoms!— Looking on the lines
Of my boy’s face, methoughts I did recoil
Twenty-three years, and saw myself unbreeched,[185]
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,[186]
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash,[190] this gentleman.— Mine honest friend, ***To Mamillius***
Will you take[191] eggs for money?
MAMILLIUS No, my lord, I’ll fight.
LEONTES You will? Why, happy[193] man be’s dole! My brother,
Are you so fond of your young prince as we
Do seem to be of ours?
POLIXENES If at home, sir,
He’s all my exercise,[197] my mirth, my matter;
Now my sworn friend and then mine enemy;
My parasite,[199] my soldier, statesman, all.
He makes a July’s day short as December,
And with his varying childness[201] cures in me
Thoughts[202] that would thick my blood.
LEONTES So stands this squire
Officed[204] with me. We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver[205] steps.— Hermione,
How thou lovest us, show in our brother’s welcome.
Let what is dear[207] in Sicily be cheap.
Next to thyself and my young rover,[208] he’s
Apparent[209] to my heart.
HERMIONE If you would seek us,

We are yours i'th'garden: shall's attend[211] you there?
LEONTES To your own bents[212] dispose you: you'll be found,
Be you beneath the sky.— I am angling now, ***Aside***
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to,[215] go to!
How she holds up the neb, the bill[216] to him!
And arms[217] her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband!
[Exeunt Polixenes, Hermione and Attendants]
Gone already?
Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a forked[219] one!—
Go, play, boy, play. Thy mother plays,[220] and I
Play too, but so[221] disgraced a part, whose issue
Will hiss[222] me to my grave. Contempt and clamour
Will be my knell.[223] Go play, boy, play.— There have been,
Or I am much deceived, cuckolds[224] ere now.
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now while I speak this, holds his wife by th'arm,
That little thinks she has been sluiced[227] in's absence
And his pond[228] fished by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour. Nay, there's comfort in't
Whiles other men have gates[230] and those gates opened,
As mine, against their will. Should all despair
That have revolted[232] wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic[233] for't there's none:
It is a bawdy[234] planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant;[235] and 'tis powerful, think it,
From east, west, north and south. Be it concluded,
No barricado[237] for a belly. Know't,
It will let in and out the enemy
With bag and baggage.[239] Many thousand on's
Have the disease, and feel't not.— How now, boy?
MAMILLIUS I am like you, they say.
LEONTES Why that's some comfort. What, Camillo there?
CAMILLO Ay, my good lord. ***Comes forward***
LEONTES Go play, Mamillius, thou'rt an honest man.—

[Exit Mamillius]
Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.
CAMILLO You had much ado[246] to make his anchor hold:
When you cast out, it still came home.[247]
LEONTES Didst note it?
CAMILLO He would not stay at your petitions,[249] made
His business more material.[250]
LEONTES Didst perceive it?—
They're[252] here with me already, whisp'ring, rounding ***Aside***
'Sicilia is a so-forth.[253]' 'Tis far gone
When I shall gust it last.— How came't, Camillo, ***To Camillo***
That he did stay?
CAMILLO At the good queen's entreaty.
LEONTES At the queen's be't. 'Good' should be pertinent,[257]
But so it is,[258] it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate[259] but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking,[260] will draw in
More than the common blocks.[261] Not noted, is't,
But of[262] the finer natures? By some severals
Of head-piece[263] extraordinary? Lower messes
Perchance are to this business[264] purblind? Say.
CAMILLO Business, my lord? I think most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.
LEONTES Ha?
CAMILLO Stays here longer.
LEONTES Ay, but why?
CAMILLO To satisfy your highness and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.
LEONTES Satisfy?[272]
Th'entreaties of your mistress? Satisfy?
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well[275]
My chamber-councils,[276] wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleansed my bosom,[277] I from thee departed
Thy penitent reformed. But we[278] have been
Deceived in thy integrity, deceived

In that which seems so.

CAMILLO Be it forbid, my lord!

LEONTES To bide[282] upon't, thou art not honest: or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward,
Which hoxes[284] honesty behind, restraining
From course required: or else thou must be counted[285]
A servant grafted[286] in my serious trust
And therein negligent: or else a fool
That see'st a game[288] played home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.

CAMILLO My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish and fearful.
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Among the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,[296]
It was my folly: if industriously
I played the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing[299] well the end: if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue[300] doubted,
Whereof[301] the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest. These, my lord,
Are such allowed infirmities that honesty
Is never free of. But, beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me. Let me know my trespass[306]
By its own visage;[307] if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

LEONTES Ha' not you seen, Camillo —
But that's past doubt, you have, or your eye-glass[310]
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn — or heard —
For to a vision so apparent[312] rumour
Cannot be mute — or thought — for cogitation[313]
Resides not in that man that does not think —
My wife is slippery?[315] If thou wilt confess,

Or else be[316] impudently negative,
To have nor eyes nor ears nor thought, then say
My wife's a hobby-horse,[318] deserves a name
As rank[319] as any flax-wench that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say't and justify't.

CAMILLO I would not be a stander-by to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded[322] so, without
My present[323] vengeance taken. 'Shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become[324] you less
Than this; which to reiterate were[325] sin
As deep as that, though true.

LEONTES Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? Is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? Stopping the career[329]
Of laughter with a sigh — a note infallible[330]
Of breaking honesty?[331] Horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? Wishing clocks more swift?
Hours,[333] minutes? Noon, midnight? And all eyes
Blind with the pin and web[334] but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? Is this nothing?
Why then the world and all that's in't is nothing:
The covering sky is nothing, Bohemia nothing,
My wife is nothing,[338] nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

CAMILLO Good my lord, be cured
Of this diseased opinion, and betimes.[341]
For 'tis most dangerous.

LEONTES Say it be, 'tis true.

CAMILLO No, no, my lord.

LEONTES It is. You lie, you lie.
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee,
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave,
Or else a hovering temporizer,[348] that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both. Were my wife's liver[350]
Infected as her life, she would not live

The running of one glass.[352]
CAMILLO Who does infect her?
LEONTES Why, he that wears her like her medal,[354] hanging
About his neck, Bohemia: who, if I
Had servants true about me that bare[356] eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts,[358] they would do that
Which should undo[359] more doing. Ay, and thou,
His cupbearer[360] — whom I from meaner form
Have benched[361] and reared to worship, who mayst see
Plainly as heaven sees earth and earth sees heaven,
How I am galled[363] — mightst bespice a cup
To give mine enemy a lasting wink,[364]
Which draught to me were cordial.[365]
CAMILLO Sir, my lord,
I could do this, and that with no rash[367] potion,
But with a ling'ring dram[368] that should not work
Maliciously[369] like poison. But I cannot
Believe this crack[370] to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have loved thee—
LEONTES Make[373] that thy question, and go rot!
Dost think I am so muddy,[374] so unsettled,
To appoint[375] myself in this vexation, sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets —
Which to preserve is sleep,[377] which being spotted
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps —
Give[379] scandal to the blood o'th'prince my son —
Who I do think is mine and love as mine —
Without ripe moving to't?[381] Would I do this?
Could man so blench?[382]
CAMILLO I must believe you, sir.
I do, and will fetch off[384] Bohemia for't,
Provided that when he's removed, your highness
Will take again your queen as yours at first,
Even for[387] your son's sake, and thereby for sealing

The injury of tongues in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.
LEONTES Thou[390] dost advise me
Even so as I mine own course have set down.
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.
CAMILLO My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance[394] as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep[395] with Bohemia
And with your queen. I am his cupbearer:
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.
LEONTES This is all.
Do't and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou splitt'st thine own.
CAMILLO I'll do't, my lord.
LEONTES I will seem friendly, as thou hast advised me.
Exit
CAMILLO O miserable[404] lady! But, for me,
What case[405] stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes, and my ground[406] to do't
Is the obedience to a master; one
Who, in[408] rebellion with himself, will have
All[409] that are his so too. To do this deed,
Promotion follows. If[410] I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings
And flourished after, I'd not do't. But since
Nor brass[413] nor stone nor parchment bears not one,
Let villainy itself forswear't. I must
Forsake the court. To do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck.[416] Happy star, reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.
Enter Polixenes
POLIXENES This is strange. Methinks ***Aside***
My favour here begins to warp.[419] Not speak?—
Good day, Camillo.
CAMILLO Hail, most royal sir!

POLIXENES What is the news i’th’court?
CAMILLO None rare,[423] my lord.
POLIXENES The king hath on him such a countenance
As[425] he had lost some province and a region
Loved as he loves himself. Even now I met him
With customary compliment,[427] when he,
Wafting[428] his eyes to th’contrary and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me and
So leaves me to consider what is breeding
That changes thus his manners.
CAMILLO I dare not know, my lord.
POLIXENES How, dare not? Do not? Do you know, and dare not?
Be intelligent[434] to me. ’Tis thereabouts.
For, to[435] yourself, what you do know, you must,
And cannot say you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your changed complexions[437] are to me a mirror
Which shows me mine changed too, for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus altered with’t.
CAMILLO There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper,[442] but
I cannot name the disease, and it is caught
Of[444] you that yet are well.
POLIXENES How, caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk.[446]
I have looked on thousands who have sped[447] the better
By my regard,[448] but killed none so. Camillo —
As you are certainly a gentleman, thereto
Clerk-like[450] experienced, which no less adorns
Our gentry[451] than our parents’ noble names,
In whose success[452] we are gentle — I beseech you,
If you know aught[453] which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be informed, imprison’t not
In ignorant concealment.
CAMILLO I may not answer.
POLIXENES A sickness caught of me, and yet I well?

I must be answered. Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure[459] thee, by all the parts of man
Which honour does acknowledge, whereof[460] the least
Is not this suit of mine, that thou declare
What incidency[462] thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near,
Which way to be prevented, if to be.
If not, how best to bear it.
CAMILLO Sir, I will tell you,
Since I am charged[467] in honour and by him
That I think honourable: therefore mark[468] my counsel,
Which must be ev’n[469] as swiftly followed as
I mean to utter it; or both yourself and me
Cry lost, and so goodnight![471]
POLIXENES On, good Camillo.
CAMILLO I am appointed him[473] to murder you.
POLIXENES By whom, Camillo?
CAMILLO By the king.
POLIXENES For what?
CAMILLO He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen’t or been an instrument
To vice[479] you to’t, that you have touched his queen
Forbiddenly.
POLIXENES O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly and my name
Be yoked with his[483] that did betray the best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour[485] that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive, and my approach be shunned,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great’st infection
That e’er was heard or read!
CAMILLO Swear[489] his thought over
By each particular star in heaven and
By all their influences;[491] you may as well
Forbid the sea for to[492] obey the moon
As or[493] by oath remove or counsel shake

The fabric[494] of his folly, whose foundation
Is piled upon his faith and will continue
The[496] standing of his body.
POLIXENES How should this grow?[497]
CAMILLO I know not. But I am sure ’tis safer to
Avoid what’s grown than question how ’tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
That lies enclosèd in this trunk[501] which you
Shall bear along impawned,[502] away tonight!
Your followers I will whisper to[503] the business,
And will by twos and threes at several posterns[504]
Clear them[505] o’th’city. For myself, I’ll put
My fortunes to your service, which[506] are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain,
For by the honour of my parents, I
Have uttered truth, which if you seek to prove,[509]
I dare not stand by;[510] nor shall you be safer
Than one condemnèd by the king’s own mouth,
Thereon his execution sworn.
POLIXENES I do believe thee:
I saw his heart in’s face. Give me thy hand.
Be pilot[515] to me and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready and
My people did expect my hence departure[517]
Two days ago. This jealousy
Is for a precious creature: as she’s rare,
Must it be great, and as his person’s mighty,
Must it be violent, and as he does conceive
He is dishonoured by a man which ever
Professed[523] to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o’ershades me.
Good expedition[525] be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme,[526] but nothing
Of his ill-ta’en[527] suspicion. Come, Camillo.
I will respect thee as a father if
Thou bear’st my life off hence. Let us avoid.[529]

CAMILLO It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns. Please your highness
To take the urgent hour. Come, sir, away.

Exeunt

Act 2 Scene 1

running scene 2

Enter Hermione, Mamillius, Ladies

HERMIONE Take the boy to you. He so troubles me,
’Tis past enduring.

FIRST LADY Come, my gracious lord, ***Takes Mamillius***
Shall I be your playfellow?

MAMILLIUS No, I’ll none of[5] you.

FIRST LADY Why, my sweet lord?

MAMILLIUS You’ll kiss me hard and speak to me as if
I were a baby still.— I love you better. ***To Second Lady***

SECOND LADY And why so, my lord?

MAMILLIUS Not for because[10]
Your brows are blacker — yet black brows, they say,
Become so[12]me women best, so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle
Or a half-moon made with a pen.

SECOND LADY Who taught ’this?[15]

MAMILLIUS I learned it out of women’s faces. Pray now
What colour are your eyebrows?

FIRST LADY Blue, my lord.

MAMILLIUS Nay, that’s a mock. I have seen a lady’s nose
That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

FIRST LADY Hark ye.
The queen your mother rounds apace.[22] We shall
Present our services to a fine new prince
One of these days, and then you’d wanton with us,[24]
If we would have you.

SECOND LADY She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk. Good[27] time encounter her!

HERMIONE What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir, now
I am for[29] you again. Pray you sit by us,
And tell’s a tale.

MAMILLIUS Merry or sad[31] shall’t be?

HERMIONE As merry as you will.
MAMILLIUS A sad tale's best for winter. I have one
Of sprites[34] and goblins.
HERMIONE Let's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down. Come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites. You're powerful at it.
MAMILLIUS There was a man—
HERMIONE Nay, come, sit down, then on.
MAMILLIUS Dwelt by a churchyard — I will tell it softly. ***Sits***
Yond crickets[41] shall not hear it.
HERMIONE Come on, then, and give't me in mine ear. ***They talk apart***
[Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords and others]
LEONTES Was he met there? His train? Camillo with him?
A LORD Behind the tuft[44] of pines I met them. Never
Saw I men scour[45] so on their way: I eyed them
Even[46] to their ships.
LEONTES How blest am I
In my just censure,[48] in my true opinion!
Alack, for lesser knowledge! How accursed
In being so blest! There may be in[50] the cup
A spider steeped, and one may drink, depart,
And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
Th'abhorred ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge,[55] his sides,
With violent hefts.[56] I have drunk, and seen the spider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pander.[57]
There is a plot against my life, my crown.
All's true that is mistrusted.[59] That false villain
Whom I employed was pre-employed by him.
He has discovered my design, and I
Remain a pinched[62] thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will. How came the posterns
So easily open?
A LORD By his great authority,
Which often hath no less prevailed than so

On your command.
LEONTES I know’t too well.—
Give me the boy. I am glad you did not nurse[69] him. ***To Hermione***
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.
HERMIONE What is this? Sport?[72]
LEONTES Bear the boy hence. He shall not come about her. ***To a Lord or Lady***
Away with him, and let her sport[74] herself
With that she’s big with,— for ’tis Polixenes ***To Hermione***
Has made thee swell thus.
[The Lord or Lady exits with Mamillius]
HERMIONE But I’d say he had not;
And I’ll be sworn you would believe my saying,
Howe’er[79] you lean to th’nayward.
LEONTES You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well. Be but about
To say ‘She is a goodly lady’, and
The justice[83] of your hearts will thereto add
‘ ’Tis pity she’s not honest,[84] honourable.’
Praise her but for this her without-door[85] form,
Which on my faith deserves high speech, and straight[86]
The shrug, the hum or ha, these petty brands[87]
That calumny[88] doth use — O, I am out —
That[89] mercy does, for calumny will sear
Virtue itself: these shrugs, these hums and ha’s,
When you have said ‘She’s goodly’, come between[91]
Ere you can say ‘She’s honest.’ But be’t known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She’s an adultress.
HERMIONE Should a villain say so —
The most replenished[96] villain in the world —
He[97] were as much more villain. You, my lord,
Do but mistake.
LEONTES You have mistook,[99] my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes. O thou thing,
Which I’ll[101] not call a creature of thy place,

Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like[103] language use to all degrees
And mannerly distinguishment[104] leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar. I have said
She's an adult'ress. I have said with whom.
More, she's a traitor and Camillo is
A federary[108] with her, and one that knows
What she should shame to know[109] herself
But with her most vile principal, that she's
A bed-swerver,[111] even as bad as those
That vulgars[112] give bold'st titles; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.
HERMIONE No, by my life,
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have published[117] me. Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me throughly[118] then to say
You did mistake.
LEONTES No. If I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre[122] is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top.[123] Away with her, to prison!
He who shall speak for her is afar off[124] guilty
But[125] that he speaks.
HERMIONE There's some ill[126] planet reigns:
I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspect[128] more favourable. Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping — as our sex
Commonly are — the want[130] of which vain dew
Perchance[131] shall dry your pities: but I have
That honourable grief lodged here[132] which burns
Worse than tears drown. Beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified[134] as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure[135] me; and so
The king's will be performed.
LEONTES Shall I be heard?[137]

HERMIONE Who is't that goes with me? Beseech your highness
My women may be with me, for you see
My plight[140] requires it. Do not weep, good fools.
There is no cause. When you shall know your mistress
Has deserved prison, then abound in tears
As I come out; this action I now go on
Is for my better grace.[144]— Adieu, my lord. ***To Leontes***
I never wished to see you sorry, now
I trust I shall.— My women, come, you have leave.[146]
LEONTES Go, do our bidding. Hence!
[Exit Hermione, guarded, with Ladies]
A LORD Beseech your highness, call the queen again.
ANTIGONUS Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice
Prove violence, in the which three great ones suffer:
Yourself, your queen, your son.
A LORD For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down and will do't, sir,
Please you t'accept it, that the queen is spotless
I'th'eyes of heaven and to you — I mean,
In this which you accuse her.
ANTIGONUS If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep[158] my stables where
I lodge my wife, I'll go in couples[159] with her,
Than[160] when I feel and see her no further trust her,
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram[162] of woman's flesh is false,
If she be.
LEONTES Hold your peaces.
A LORD Good my lord—
ANTIGONUS It is for you we speak, not for ourselves.
You are abused and by some putter-on[167]
That will be damned for't. Would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn[169] him. Be she honour-flawed,
I have three daughters — the eldest is eleven
The second and the third, nine, and some[171] five —
If this prove true, they'll pay for't. By mine honour,

I'll geld[173] 'em all: fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations.[174] They are co-heirs,
And I had rather glib[175] myself than they
Should not produce fair issue.[176]
LEONTES Cease. No more.
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose. But I do see't and feel't
As you feel doing thus,[180] and see withal
The instruments that feel.[181]
ANTIGONUS If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty:[183]
The[184]re's not a grain of it the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.
LEONTES What? Lack I credit?[186]
FIRST LORD I had rather you did lack than I, my lord,
Upon this ground.[188] And more it would content me
To have her honour true than your suspicion,[189]
Be blamed for't how you might.
LEONTES Why, what need we
Commune with you of this, but rather follow
Our forceful instigation?[193] Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness
Imparts this, which if you, or stupefied[195]
Or seeming so in skill,[196] cannot or will not
Relish[197] a truth like us, inform yourselves
We need no more of your advice. The matter,
The loss, the gain, the ord'ring on't,[199] is all
Properly[200] ours.
ANTIGONUS And I wish, my liege,[201]
You had only in your silent judgement tried it,
Without more overture.[203]
LEONTES How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,[205]
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity —
Which was as gross[208] as ever touched conjecture,

That lacked sight only, nought for approbation[209]
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made[211] up to th'deed — doth push on this proceeding.
Yet, for a greater confirmation —
For in an act of this importance 'twere
Most piteous to be wild[214] — I have dispatched in post
To sacred Delphos,[215] to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuffed sufficiency.[217] Now from the oracle
They will bring all, whose spiritual counsel had,[218]
Shall stop or spur me. Have I done well?

A LORD Well done, my lord.

LEONTES Though I am satisfied and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to th'minds of others, such as he[223]
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to[225] th'truth. So have we thought it good
From[226] our free person she should be confined,
Lest that the treachery[227] of the two fled hence
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us.
We are to speak in public, for this business
Will raise[230] us all.

ANTIGONUS To laughter, as I take it, ***Aside***
If the good truth were known.

Exeunt

Act 2 Scene 2

running scene 3

Enter Paulina, a Gentleman [and Attendants]

PAULINA The keeper of the prison, call to him.
Let him have knowledge who I am. ***Gentleman goes to the door***
Good lady,
No court in Europe is too good for thee.
What dost thou then in prison?

[Enter the Jailer]

Now, good sir,
You know me, do you not?

JAILER For a worthy lady,
And one who much I honour.

PAULINA Pray you then,
Conduct me to the queen.

JAILER I may not, madam.
To the contrary I have express commandment.

PAULINA Here's ado,[12] to lock up honesty and honour from
Th'access of gentle[13] visitors! Is't lawful, pray you,
To see her women? Any of them? Emilia?

JAILER So please you, madam,
To put apart[16] these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.

PAULINA I pray now call her.—
Withdraw yourselves.

[Exeunt Gentleman and Attendants]

JAILER And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.

PAULINA Well, be't so, prithee.

[Exit Jailer]

Here's such ado to make no stain a stain
As passes colouring.[24]

Enter Jailer with Emilia]

Dear gentlewoman,

How fares our gracious lady?
EMILIA As well as one so great and so forlorn[27]
May hold together. On[28] her frights and griefs —
Which never tender lady hath borne greater —
She is[30] something before her time delivered.
PAULINA A boy?
EMILIA A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Lusty[33] and like to live. The queen receives
Much comfort in't, says 'My poor prisoner,
I am innocent as you.'
PAULINA I dare be sworn.
These dangerous unsafe lunes[37] i'th'king, beshrew them!
He must be told on't,[38] and he shall. The office
Becomes[39] a woman best. I'll take't upon me.
If I prove honey-mouthed,[40] let my tongue blister
And never[41] to my red-looked anger be
The trumpet any more. Pray you, Emilia,
Commend[43] my best obedience to the queen.
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show't the king and undertake to be
Her[46] advocate to th'loud'st. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o'th'child:
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades when speaking fails.
EMILIA Most worthy madam,
Your honour and your goodness is so evident
That your free[52] undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue. There is no lady living
So meet[54] for this great errand. Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I'll presently[55]
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer,
Who but today hammered[57] of this design,
But durst[58] not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be denied.
PAULINA Tell her, Emilia.
I'll use that tongue I have: if wit[61] flow from't

As boldness from my bosom, let’t not be doubted
I shall do good.
EMILIA Now be you blest for it!
I’ll to the queen.— Please you come something nearer. ***To Jailer***
JAILER Madam, if’t please the queen to send the babe,
I[67] know not what I shall incur to pass it,
Having no warrant.
PAULINA You need not fear it, sir:
This child was prisoner to the womb and is
By law and process of great nature thence
Freed and enfranchised, not a party to
The anger of the king nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.
JAILER I do believe it.
PAULINA Do not you fear. Upon mine honour, I
Will stand betwixt you and danger.
Exeunt

Act 2 Scene 3

running scene 4

Enter Leontes

LEONTES Nor[1] night nor day no rest. It is but weakness
To bear the matter thus, mere weakness. If
The cause were not in being[3] — part o'th'cause,
She, th'adulteress, for the harlot[4] king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank[5]
And level[6] of my brain, plot-proof. But she
I can hook[7] to me — say that she were gone,
Given[8] to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again. Who's there?

[Enter a Servant]

SERVANT My lord?

LEONTES How does the boy?

SERVANT He took good rest tonight.
'Tis hoped his sickness is discharged.

LEONTES To see his nobleness!
Conceiving[15] the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declined, drooped, took it deeply,
Fastened and fixed the shame on't in himself,
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languished. Leave me solely.[19] Go,
See how he fares.—

[Exit Servant]

Fie, fie! No thought of him.[20]
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me — in himself too mighty,
And in his parties, his alliance.[23] Let him be
Until a time may serve. For present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me, make their pastime at my sorrow.
They should not laugh if I could reach them, nor
Shall she[28] within my power.

Enter Paulina, carrying the baby; Antigonus and Lords enter and try to hold her back]

A LORD You must not enter.
PAULINA Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to[30] me.
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen’s life? A gracious innocent soul,
More free[33] than he is jealous.
ANTIGONUS That’s enough.
SERVANT Madam, he hath not slept tonight, commanded
None should come at him.
PAULINA Not so hot,[37] good sir,
I come to bring him sleep.[38] ’Tis such as you,
That creep like shadows by him and do sigh
At each his needless heavings,[40] such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking.[41] I
Do come with words as medicinal as true,
Honest as either,[43] to purge him of that humour
That presses him from sleep.
LEONTES What noise there, ho?
PAULINA No noise, my lord, but needful conference[46]
About some gossips[47] for your highness.
LEONTES How?[48]
Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus,
I charged thee that she should not come about me.
I knew she would.
ANTIGONUS I told her so, my lord,
On[53] your displeasure’s peril and on mine,
She should not visit you.
LEONTES What? Canst not rule[55] her?
PAULINA From[56] all dishonesty he can. In this,
Unless he take the course that you have done —
Commit[58] me for committing honour — trust it,
He shall not rule me.
ANTIGONUS La you now,[60] you hear.
When she will take the rein, I let her run.
But she’ll not stumble.

PAULINA Good my liege, I come.
And, I beseech you hear me, who professes
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor, yet that dares
Less appear so in[67] comforting your evils,
Than such as most seem yours. I say, I come
From your good queen.
LEONTES Good queen?[70]
PAULINA Good queen, my lord, good queen. I say good queen,
And would by[72] combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst[73] about you.
LEONTES Force her hence. ***To Lords***
PAULINA Let him that makes but trifles[75] of his eyes
First hand[76] me. On mine own accord I'll off.
But first I'll do my errand. The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter —
Here 'tis — commends it to your blessing. ***Lays down the baby***
LEONTES Out![80]
A mankind[81] witch! Hence with her, out o'door.
A most intelligencing bawd![82]
PAULINA Not so.
I am as ignorant[84] in that as you
In so entitling[85] me, and no less honest
Than you are mad, which is enough, I'll warrant,[86]
As this world goes, to pass for honest.
LEONTES Traitors! ***To Lords***
Will you not push her out?— Give her the bastard. ***To Antigonus***
Thou dotard,[90] thou art woman-tired, unroosted
By thy dame Partlet[91] here. Take up the bastard,
Take't up, I say: give't to thy crone.[92]
PAULINA Forever ***To Antigonus***
Unvenerable[94] be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess by[95] that forcèd baseness
Which he has put upon't!
LEONTES He dreads[97] his wife.
PAULINA So I would you did. Then 'twere past all doubt

You’d call your children yours.
LEONTES A nest of traitors!
ANTIGONUS I am none, by this good light.
PAULINA Nor I, nor any
But one that’s here, and that’s himself, for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen’s,
His hopeful son’s, his babe’s, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword’s; and will not —
For, as[107] the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compelled to’t — once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten
As ever oak or stone was sound.
LEONTES A callat[111]
Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband
And now baits[113] me! This brat is none of mine.
It is the issue of Polixenes.
Hence with it, and together with the dam[115]
Commit them to the fire!
PAULINA It is yours.
And, might we lay[118] th’old proverb to your charge,
So like you, ’tis the worse.[119] Behold, my lords,
Although the print[120] be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
The trick[122] of’s frown, his forehead, nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek, his smiles,
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger.
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got[126] it, if thou hast
The ordering[127] of the mind too, ’mongst all colours
No yellow[128] in’t, lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband’s!
LEONTES A gross hag.[130]
And, lozel,[131] thou art worthy to be hanged, ***To Antigonus***
That wilt not stay her tongue.[132]
ANTIGONUS Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you’ll leave yourself

Hardly one subject.

LEONTES Once more, take her hence.

PAULINA A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

LEONTES I'll ha' thee burnt.

PAULINA I care not:
It[141] is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant.
But this most cruel usage of your queen —
Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hinged fancy[145] — something savours
Of tyranny and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

LEONTES On your allegiance, *To Antigonus*
Out of the chamber with her! Were I a tyrant,
Where[150] were her life? She durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her!

PAULINA I pray you do not push me. I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord, 'tis yours. Jove[153] send her
A better guiding spirit! What[154] needs these hands?
You[155] that are thus so tender o'er his follies
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so. Farewell, we are gone.

Exit

LEONTES Thou, traitor, hast set on[158] thy wife to this. *To Antigonus*
My child? Away with't! Even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence
And see it instantly consumed with fire.
Even thou and none but thou. Take it up straight.[162]
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
And by good testimony,[164] or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper[167] hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire,
For thou set'st on thy wife.

ANTIGONUS I did not, sir.
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in’t.
LORDS We can. My royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.
LEONTES You’re liars all.
A LORD Beseech your highness, give us better credit.[176]
We have always truly served you, and beseech’[177]
So to esteem of us, and on our knees we beg,
As recompense of our dear[179] services
Past and to come, that you do change this purpose,
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue.[182] We all kneel.
LEONTES I[183] am a feather for each wind that blows.
Shall I live on to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? Better burn it now
Than curse it then. But be it. Let it live.
It shall not neither.— You, sir, come you hither. ***To Antigonus***
You that have been so tenderly officious
With Lady Margery,[189] your midwife there,
To save this bastard’s life — for ’tis a bastard,
So sure as this beard’s grey[191] — what will you adventure
To save this brat’s life?
ANTIGONUS Anything, my lord,
That my ability may undergo
And nobleness impose. At least thus much:
I’ll pawn the little blood which I have left
To save the innocent. Anything possible.
LEONTES It shall be possible. Swear by this sword ***Holds out sword***
Thou wilt perform my bidding.
ANTIGONUS I will, my lord.
LEONTES Mark and perform it, see’st thou! For the fail
Of any point in’t shall not only be
Death to thyself but to thy lewd-tongued[203] wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin[204] thee,
As thou art liege-man[205] to us, that thou carry

This female bastard hence and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert[207] place quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to it[209] own protection
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune[210]
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,
That thou commend[213] it strangely to some place
Where chance may nurse[214] or end it. Take it up.
ANTIGONUS I swear to do this, though a present[215] death
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe. ***Takes up baby***
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites[217] and ravens
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like[220] offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous
In more[221] than this deed does require; — and blessing
Against this cruelty fight on thy[222] side,
Poor thing, condemned to loss!
Exit [with the baby]
LEONTES No, I'll not rear
Another's issue.
Enter a Servant
SERVANT Please your highness, posts[226]
From those you sent to th'oracle are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arrived from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to th'court.
FIRST LORD So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.[232]
LEONTES Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 'tis good speed, foretells
The great Apollo suddenly[235] will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords.
Summon a session,[237] that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady, for, as she hath
Been publicly accused, so shall she have

A just and open trial. While she lives
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me,
And think upon my bidding.
Exeunt

Act 3 Scene 1[3.1]

running scene 5

Enter Cleomenes and Dion

CLEOMENES The climate's delicate,[1] the air most sweet,
Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.
DION I shall report,
For most it caught[5] me, the celestial habits,
Methinks I so should term them, and the reverence
Of the grave[7] wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn and unearthly
It was i'th'off'ring!
CLEOMENES But of all, the burst
And the ear-deaf'ning voice o'th'oracle,
Kin[12] to Jove's thunder, so surprised my sense
That I was nothing.
DION If th'event[14] o'th'journey
Prove as successful to the queen — O, be't so! —
As it hath been to us rare,[16] pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth[17] the use on't.
CLEOMENES Great Apollo
Turn all to th'best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.
DION The violent[22] carriage of it
Will clear or end the business: when the oracle,
Thus by Apollo's great divine[24] sealed up,
Shall the contents discover,[25] something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge. Go, fresh horses!
And gracious be the issue!

Exeunt

Act 3 Scene 2[3.2]

running scene 6

Enter Leontes, Lords, Officers

LEONTES This sessions, to our great grief we pronounce,
Even pushes gainst our heart: the party tried
The daughter of a king, our wife, and one
Of[4] us too much beloved. Let us be cleared
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,
Even[7] to the guilt or the purgation.
Produce the prisoner.

OFFICER It is his highness' pleasure that the queen
Appear in person here in court. Silence!

Enter Hermione as to her trial, Paulina and Ladies attending]

LEONTES Read the indictment.

OFFICER ***Reads*** Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, King of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, King of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence[15] whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel[17] and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.

HERMIONE Since what I am to say must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot[22] me
To say 'Not guilty': mine[23] integrity
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so received. But thus: if powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then but innocence shall make
False accusation blush and tyranny
Tremble at patience.[29] You, my lord, best know,

Whom least will seem to do so, my past life
Hath been as continent,[31] as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy, which is more
Than history[33] can pattern, though devised
And played to take spectators.[34] For behold me
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe[35]
A moiety[36] of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing
To prate[38] and talk for life and honour 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For[39] life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for[40] honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience,[43] sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,[44]
How merited[45] to be so. Since he came,
With[46] what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strained t'appear thus: if one jot beyond
The bound of honour, or in act or will
That way inclining, hardened be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry fie[51] upon my grave!
LEONTES I[52] ne'er heard yet
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did
Than to perform it first.
HERMIONE That's true enough.
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.
LEONTES You will not own it.
HERMIONE More[59] than mistress of
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
With whom I am accused, I do confess
I loved him, as in honour he required,
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me, with a love even such,

So and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which, not to have done, I think had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you and toward your friend,[69] whose love had spoke,
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely
That it was yours. Now, for[71] conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes, though it be dished[72]
For me to try how: all I know of it
Is that Camillo was an honest man.
And why he left your court, the gods themselves —
Wotting[76] no more than I — are ignorant.

LEONTES You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta’en to do in’s absence.

HERMIONE Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level[81] of your dreams,
Which[82] I’ll lay down.

LEONTES Your actions are my dreams.
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dreamed it. As you were past all shame —
Those of your fact[86] are so — so past all truth,
Which to deny concerns[87] more than avails, for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,[88]
No father owning it — which is indeed
More criminal in thee than it — so thou
Shalt feel our justice, in[91] whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death.

HERMIONE Sir, spare your threats.
The bug[94] which you would fright me with, I seek.
To me can life be no commodity;[95]
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give[97] lost, for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second joy,
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barred, like one infectious. My third comfort
Starred most unluckily,[101] is from my breast —

The innocent milk in it[102] most innocent mouth —
Haled[103] out to murder. Myself on every post
Proclaimed a strumpet,[104] with immodest hatred
The child-bed privilege[105] denied, which ’longs
To women of all fashion.[106] Lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i’th’open air, before
I have got strength of limit.[108] Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore proceed:
But yet hear this — mistake me not. No life,
I prize it not a straw, but for mine honour,
Which I would free[113] — if I shall be condemned
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else[114]
But what your jealousies awake,[115] I tell you
’Tis rigour[116] and not law. Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle:
Apollo be my judge!

A LORD This your request
Is altogether just: therefore bring forth,
And in Apollo’s name, his oracle.

[Exeunt some Officers]

HERMIONE The Emperor of Russia was my father.
O that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter’s trial! That he did but see
The flatness[125] of my misery; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Enter Officers, with Cleomenes and Dion]

OFFICER You here shall swear upon this sword of justice, ***Holds sword***
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos, and from thence have brought
This sealed-up oracle, by the hand delivered
Of great Apollo’s priest; and that since then,
You have not dared to break the holy seal
Nor read the secrets in’t.

CLEOMENES *and* DION All this we swear.

LEONTES Break up the seals and read.

OFFICER *Reads* Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten,[137] and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found.

LORDS Now blessèd be the great Apollo!
HERMIONE Praised!
LEONTES Hast thou read truth?
OFFICER Ay, my lord, even so as it is here set down.
LEONTES There is no truth at all i'th'oracle:
The sessions[144] shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.
Enter a Servant]
SERVANT My lord the king, the king!
LEONTES What is the business?
SERVANT O sir, I shall be hated to report it!
The prince your son, with mere conceit[148] and fear
Of the queen's speed,[149] is gone.
LEONTES How? Gone?
SERVANT Is dead.
LEONTES Apollo's angry, and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. ***Hermione faints***
How now there!
PAULINA This news is mortal[154] to the queen. Look down
And see what death is doing.
LEONTES Take her hence.
Her heart is but o'ercharged. She will recover.
I have too much believed mine own suspicion:
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.
[Exeunt Ladies, carrying Hermione]
Apollo, pardon
My great profaneness gainst thine oracle!
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,
New woo my queen, recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy.
For, being transported[165] by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose

Camillo for the minister to poison
My friend Polixenes, which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied[169]
My swift command, though I with death and with
Reward did threaten and encourage him,
Not[172] doing it and being done. He, most humane
And filled with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclasped my practice,[174] quit his fortunes here —
Which you knew great — and to the hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended,[176]
No richer than[177] his honour. How he glisters
Through my rust! And how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!
PAULINA Woe the while!
O, cut my lace,[181] lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too.
A LORD What fit is this, good lady?
PAULINA What studied[184] torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels?[185] Racks? Fires? What flaying? Boiling?
In leads or oils? What old or newer torture
Must I receive, whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny,
Together working with thy jealousies —
Fancies[190] too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine — O, think what they have done
And then run mad indeed, stark mad! For all
Thy bygone fooleries[193] were but spices of it.
That thou betrayed’st Polixenes, ’twas nothing:
That did but show thee, of[195] a fool, inconstant
And damnable ingrateful. Nor was’t much,
Thou wouldst have poisoned good Camillo’s honour,
To have him kill a king. Poor trespasses.[198]
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby-daughter
To be or[201] none or little; though a devil
Would have shed[202] water out of fire ere done’t.

Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts —
Thoughts high for one so tender[205] — cleft the heart
That could conceive[206] a gross and foolish sire
Blemished his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid[208] to thy answer. But the last — O, lords,
When I have said,[209] cry woe! The queen, the queen,
The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead, and vengeance for't
Not dropped down[211] yet.
A LORD The higher powers forbid!
PAULINA I say she's dead. I'll swear't. If word nor oath
Prevail not, go and see. If you can bring
Tincture or lustre[215] in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods. But, O thou tyrant,
Do not repent these things, for they are heavier[218]
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee[219]
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain and still[222] winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look[224] that way thou wert.
LEONTES Go on, go on.
Thou canst not speak too much. I have deserved
All tongues to talk their bitt'rest.
A LORD Say no more.
Howe'er[229] the business goes, you have made fault ***To Paulina***
I'th'boldness of your speech.
PAULINA I am sorry for't;
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent. Alas, I have showed too much
The rashness of a woman. He is touched
To th'noble heart. What's gone and what's past help
Should be past grief. Do not receive affliction
At my petition;[237] I beseech you, rather
Let me be punished, that have minded[238] you

Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman.
The love I bore your queen — lo, fool again! —
I’ll speak of her no more, nor of your children.
I’ll not remember[243] you of my own lord,
Who is lost too. Take your patience[244] to you,
And I’ll say nothing.

LEONTES Thou[246] didst speak but well
When most the truth, which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of[248] thee. Prithee bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen and son.
One grave shall be for both: upon them[250] shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I’ll visit
The chapel where they lie, and tears shed there
Shall be my recreation. So long as nature[254]
Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use[256] it. Come and lead me
To these sorrows.

Exeunt

Act 3 Scene 3[3.3]

running scene 7

Enter Antigonus [carrying the] babe, [and] a Mariner

ANTIGONUS Thou[1] art perfect then, our ship hath touched upon
The deserts[2] of Bohemia?

MARINER Ay, my lord, and fear
We have landed in ill time. The skies look grimly
And threaten present blusters.[5] In my conscience,
The heavens with that[6] we have in hand are angry
And frown upon's.

ANTIGONUS Their sacred wills be done! Go, get aboard.
Look to thy bark.[9] I'll not be long before
I call upon thee.

MARINER Make your best haste, and go not
Too far i'th'land: 'tis like to be loud[12] weather.
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon't.

ANTIGONUS Go thou away. I'll follow instantly.

MARINER I am glad at heart
To be so rid o'th'business.

Exit

ANTIGONUS Come, poor babe.
I have heard, but not believed, the spirits o'th'dead
May walk again. If such thing be, thy mother
Appeared to me last night, for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,[22]
Sometimes her head on one side, some another.[23]
I never saw a vessel[24] of like sorrow,
So filled[25] and so becoming. In pure white robes,
Like very sanctity,[26] she did approach
My cabin where I lay, thrice bowed before me,
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts; the fury[29] spent, anon
Did this break from her: 'Good Antigonus,

Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bohemia.
There weep and leave it crying. And, for[35] the babe
Is counted lost forever, Perdita,[36]
I prithee call't. For this ungentle[37] business
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more.' And so, with shrieks[39]
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself and thought
This was so and no slumber. Dreams are toys,[42]
Yet for this once, yea superstitiously,
I will be squared[44] by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffered death, and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father. Blossom, speed[49] thee well. ***Lays down the baby with a box and bundle***
There lie, and there thy character:[50] there these,
Which may, if fortune please, both breed[51] thee, pretty,
And still rest thine. The storm begins. Poor wretch, ***Thunder***
That for thy mother's fault[53] art thus exposed
To loss and what may follow! Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds. And most accursed am I
To be by oath enjoined[56] to this. Farewell!
The day frowns more and more: thou'rt like to have
A lullaby too rough. I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour![59]
Well may I get aboard. This is the chase![60]
I am gone forever.

Exit, pursued by a bear

Enter a Shepherd]

SHEPHERD I would there were no age between ten and three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest, for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry,[64] stealing, fighting — Hark you now! Would any but these boiled-brains[65] of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep, which I fear the wolf will sooner find than the master. If anywhere I have them, ’tis by the seaside, browsing of[68] ivy. Good luck, an’t be thy will. ***Sees the baby*** What have we here? Mercy on’s, a bairn?[69] A very pretty bairn! A boy or a child, I wonder? A pretty one, a very pretty one. Sure, some scape.[70] Though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work,[71] some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer[72] that got this than the poor thing is here. I’ll take it up for pity — yet I’ll tarry[73] till my son come. He hallooed but even now. Whoa, ho, hoa!

Enter Clown

CLOWN Hilloa, loa!

SHEPHERD What? Art so near? If thou’lt see a thing to talk on[76] when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ailest[77] thou, man?

CLOWN I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land! But I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky: betwixt the firmament[79] and it you cannot thrust a bodkin’s[80] point.

SHEPHERD Why, boy, how is it?

CLOWN I would you did but see how it chafes,[82] how it rages, how it takes up the shore! But that’s not to the point. O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! Sometimes to see ’em, and not to see ’em. Now the ship boring[84] the moon with her main-mast, and anon[85] swallowed with yeast and froth, as you’d thrust a cork into a hogshead.[86] And then for the land-service, to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone. How he cried to me for help and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman. But to make[88] an end of the ship, to see how the sea flap-dragoned it. But first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them. And how the poor gentleman roared and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather.

SHEPHERD Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

CLOWN Now, now. I have not winked[93] since I saw these sights. The men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman. He's at it now.

SHEPHERD Would I had been by,[95] to have helped the old man!

CLOWN I would you had been by the ship side, to have helped her; there your[96] charity would have lacked footing.

SHEPHERD Heavy[98] matters, heavy matters! But look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself. Thou met'st[99] with things dying, I with things newborn. Here's a sight for thee: look thee, a bearing-cloth[100] for a squire's child. Look thee here. Take up, take up, boy. Open't. So, let's see — it was told me I should be rich by the fairies — this is some changeling.[102] Open't. What's within, boy?

CLOWN You're[103] a made old man. ***Opens the box*** If the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold, all gold!

SHEPHERD This is fairy gold,[105] boy, and 'twill prove so. Up with't, keep it close. Home, home, the next[106] way. We are lucky, boy, and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go. Come, good boy, the next way home.

CLOWN Go you the next way with your findings. I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman and how much he hath eaten. They are never curst[109] but when they are hungry. If there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

SHEPHERD That's a good deed. If thou mayst discern by that which is left of him what[111] he is, fetch me to th'sight of him.

CLOWN Marry,[113] will I. And you shall help to put him i'th'ground.

SHEPHERD 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't.

Exeunt

Act 4 Scene 1[4.1]

running scene 8

Enter Time, the Chorus

TIME I, that please some, try[1] all, both joy and terror
Of good and bad, that makes and unfolds[2] error,
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings.[4] Impute it not a crime
To me or my swift passage, that I slide
O’er sixteen years and leave the growth untried[6]
Of that wide gap, since it is in my power
To o’erthrow law and in one self-born[8] hour
To plant and o’erwhelm[9] custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere[10] ancient’st order was
Or what is now received. I witness[11] to
The times that brought them[12] in, so shall I do
To th’freshest things now reigning and make stale[13]
The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it.[15] Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass[16] and give my scene such growing
As[17] you had slept between. Leontes leaving —
Th’effects of his fond jealousies so grieving
That he shuts up himself — imagine me,
Gentle[20] spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia, and remember well,
I mentioned a son o’th’king’s,[22] which Florizel
I now name to you, and with speed so pace[23]
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wond’ring.[25] What of her ensues
I list not prophesy,[26] but let Time’s news
Be known when ’tis brought forth. A shepherd’s daughter
And what to her adheres,[28] which follows after,
Is th’argument[29] of Time. Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now.
If never, yet[31] that Time himself doth say

He wishes earnestly you never may.
Exit

Act 4 Scene 2[4.2]

running scene 9

Enter Polixenes and Camillo

POLIXENES I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate:[1] 'tis a sickness denying thee anything, a death to grant this.

CAMILLO It is fifteen[3] years since I saw my country. Though I have for the most part been aired[4] abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me, to whose feeling[5] sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween[6] to think so, which is another spur to my departure.

POLIXENES As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services by leaving me now: the need I have of thee thine own goodness hath made: better not to have had thee than thus to want[9] thee. Thou, having made me businesses which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself or take away with thee the very services thou hast done, which if I have not enough considered,[12] as too much I cannot, to be more thankful to thee shall be my study, and my profit therein the heaping friendships.[13] Of that fatal country, Sicilia, prithee speak no more, whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled[15] king, my brother, whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when sawest thou the Prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy,[18] their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved[19] their virtues.

CAMILLO Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince. What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown. But I have missingly noted,[21] he is of late much retired from court and is less frequent to his princely exercises[22] than formerly he hath appeared.

POLIXENES I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care — so far that I have eyes[25] under my service which look upon his removedness, from whom I have this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd: a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.[28]

CAMILLO I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note.[29] The report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin[30] from such a cottage.

POLIXENES That's likewise part of my intelligence: but, I fear, the angle[31] that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question[33] with the shepherd, from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy[34] to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Prithee be my present[35] partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

CAMILLO I willingly obey your command.

POLIXENES My best Camillo, we must disguise ourselves.

Exeunt

Act 4 Scene 3[4.3]

running scene 10

Enter Autolycus singing

AUTOLYCUS When daffodils begin to peer,[1]
With hey, the doxy[2] over the dale,
Why then comes in the sweet o'[3] the year,
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.[4]

The white sheet[5] bleaching on the hedge,
With hey, the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Doth set[7] my pugging tooth an edge.
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,
With hey, the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,[11]
While we lie tumbling[12] in the hay.

I have served Prince Florizel and in my time wore three-pile,[13] but now I am out of service.

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night,
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

If tinkers[19] may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget,[20]
Then my account I well may give,
And in[22] the stocks avouch it.

My traffic[23] is sheets. When the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me Autolycus, who being, as I am, littered under[24] Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered[25] trifles. With die and drab I purchased this caparison, and my revenue is the silly cheat.[26] Gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway. Beating and hanging are terrors to me. For[27] the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. ***He sees the Clown approaching*** A prize, a prize!

Enter Clown

CLOWN Let me see, every ’leven wether tods, every tod yields pound and odd shilling. Fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

AUTOLYCUS If the springe hold, the cock’s mine. ***Aside***

CLOWN I cannot do’t without counters. Let me see, what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar, five pound of currants, rice — what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers — three-man-song-men all, and very good ones — but they are most of them means and basses; but one puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron to colour the warden pies. Mace, dates? — none, that’s out of my note. Nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg. Four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o’th’sun.

AUTOLYCUS O, that ever I was born! ***Grovels on the ground***

CLOWN I’th’name of me.

AUTOLYCUS O, help me, help me! Pluck but off these rags, and then, death, death!

CLOWN Alack, poor soul, thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

AUTOLYCUS O, sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions.

CLOWN Alas, poor man, a million of beating may come to a great matter.

AUTOLYCUS I am robbed, sir, and beaten. My money and apparel ta’en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

CLOWN What, by a horseman, or a footman?

AUTOLYCUS A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

CLOWN Indeed, he should be a footman by the garments he has left with thee. If this be a horseman’s coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I’ll help thee. Come, lend me thy hand. ***Helps him to his feet***

AUTOLYCUS O, good sir, tenderly, O!

CLOWN Alas, poor soul!

AUTOLYCUS O, good sir, softly, good sir! I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.[58]

CLOWN How now? Canst stand?

AUTOLYCUS Softly, dear sir. Good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office. ***Picks his pocket***

CLOWN Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

AUTOLYCUS No, good sweet sir. No, I beseech you, sir. I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going. I shall there have money, or anything I want. Offer me no money, I pray you. That kills my heart.

CLOWN What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

AUTOLYCUS A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with troll-my-dames.[66] I knew him once a servant of the prince. I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

CLOWN His vices, you would say. There's no virtue whipped out of the court. They cherish it to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.[70]

AUTOLYCUS Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well. He hath been since an ape-bearer,[71] then a process-server,[72] a bailiff, then he compassed a motion of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living[73] lies, and, having flown over[74] many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue. Some call him Autolycus.

CLOWN Out upon him! Prig,[76] for my life, prig. He haunts wakes, fairs and bearbaitings.

AUTOLYCUS Very true, sir. He, sir, he. That's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

CLOWN Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but looked big and spit at him, he'd have run.

AUTOLYCUS I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter. I am false of heart[81] that way, and that he knew, I warrant him.

CLOWN How do you now?

AUTOLYCUS Sweet sir, much better than I was. I can stand and walk. I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly[85] towards my kinsman’s.

CLOWN Shall I bring thee on the way?

AUTOLYCUS No, good-faced[87] sir. No, sweet sir.

CLOWN Then fare thee well. I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing. *Exit*

AUTOLYCUS Prosper you, sweet sir! Your purse is not hot[89] enough to purchase your spice. I’ll be with you at your sheep-shearing too. If I make not this cheat[90] bring out another and the shearers prove sheep,[91] let me be unrolled and my name put in the book of virtue!

[*Sings*] *song* Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily hent[94] the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

Exit

Act 4 Scene 4

running scene 11

Enter Florizel [wearing shepherd's clothing, and] Perdita

FLORIZEL These your unusual weeds[1] to each part of you
Does give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora[2]
Peering[3] in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty[4] gods,
And you the queen on't.

PERDITA Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide[7] at your extremes it not becomes me —
O, pardon, that I name them! Your high self,
The gracious mark o'th'land,[9] you have obscured
With a swain's wearing,[10] and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like pranked up.[11] But that our feasts
In every mess[12] have folly and the feeders
Digest[13] it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attired, swoon, I think,
To show[15] myself a glass.

FLORIZEL I bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

PERDITA Now Jove afford you cause!
To me the difference[20] forges dread. Your greatness
Hath not been used to fear. Even now I tremble
To think your father, by some accident,[22]
Should pass this way as you did. O, the Fates!
How would he look, to see his work so noble
Vilely bound up?[25] What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these my borrowed flaunts,[26] behold
The sternness[27] of his presence?

FLORIZEL Apprehend[28]
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter[31]

Became a bull, and bellowed: the green Neptune[32]
A ram, and bleated: and the fire-robed god,
Golden Apollo,[34] a poor humble swain,
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way[37] so chaste, since my desires
Run not before[38] mine honour, nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.
PERDITA O, but, sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when ’tis
Opposed, as it must be, by th’power of the king.
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak, that you must change this purpose,
Or I my life.[45]
FLORIZEL Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forced[47] thoughts, I prithee darken not
The mirth o’th’feast. Or[48] I’ll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father’s. For I cannot be
Mine own, nor anything to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am most constant,
Though[52] destiny say no. Be merry, gentle.
Strangle such thoughts as these with[53] anything
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance, as[55] it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial which
We two have sworn shall come.
PERDITA O lady Fortune,
Stand you[59] auspicious!
FLORIZEL See, your guests approach.
Address[61] yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let’s be red with mirth.

[Enter Shepherd, Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas and others, with Polixenes and Camillo disguised]

SHEPHERD Fie, daughter! When my old wife lived, upon
This day she was both pantler,[64] butler, cook,
Both dame[65] and servant, welcomed all, served all,

Would sing her song and dance her turn: now here,
At upper end o’th’table, now i’th’middle,
On his[68] shoulder, and his, her face o’fire
With labour and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to[70] each one sip. You are retired,
As if you were a feasted one and not
The hostess of the meeting. Pray you bid
These unknown friends to’s welcome, for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o’th’feast. Come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.
PERDITA Sir, welcome. ***To Polixenes***
It is my father’s will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o’th’day.— You’re welcome, sir.— ***To Camillo***
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.— Reverend sirs,
For you there’s rosemary[83] and rue. These keep ***Gives flowers***
Seeming and savour[84] all the winter long.
Grace and remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!
POLIXENES Shepherdess,
A fair one are you — well you fit[88] our ages
With flowers of winter.
PERDITA Sir, the year[90] growing ancient,
Not yet on summer’s death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o’th’season
Are our carnations and streaked gillyvors,[93]
Which some call nature’s bastards.[94] Of that kind
Our rustic garden’s barren, and I care not
To get slips[96] of them.
POLIXENES Wherefore,[97] gentle maiden,
Do you neglect[98] them?
PERDITA For[99] I have heard it said
There is an[100] art which in their piedness shares
With great creating nature.

POLIXENES Say there be.
Yet nature is made better by no mean[103]
But nature makes that mean, so over[104] that art,
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion[107] to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race.[109] This is an art
Which does mend[110] nature, change it rather, but
The art itself is nature.
PERDITA So it is.
POLIXENES Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards.
PERDITA I'll not put
The dibble[116] in earth to set one slip of them.
No more than were I painted[117] I would wish
This youth should say 'twere well and only therefore
Desire to breed by me. Here's flowers for you: ***Gives flowers***
Hot[120] lavender, mints, savory, marjoram,
The marigold, that goes[121] to bed wi'th'sun
And with him rises weeping. These are flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they are given
To men of middle age. You're very welcome.
CAMILLO I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.
PERDITA Out, alas![127]
You'd be so lean that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.—
Now, my fair'st friend, ***To Fiorizel***
I would I had some flowers o'th'spring that might
Become your time of day,— and yours, and yours, ***To Shepherdesses***
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads[134] growing.— O Proserpina,
For the flowers now that, frighted, thou let'st fall
From Dis's wagon! Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares,[137] and take

The winds of March with beauty: violets, dim,[138]
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's[139] eyes
Or Cytherea's[140] breath: pale primroses
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus[142] in his strength — a malady
Most incident to maids: bold oxlips and
The crown imperial:[144] lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce[145] being one. O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er!

FLORIZEL What, like a corpse?

PERDITA No, like a bank for love to lie and play on.
Not like a corpse. Or if,[150] not to be buried,
But quick[151] and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers.
Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pastorals.[153] Sure this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

FLORIZEL What you do
Still[156] betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so, so give alms,[158]
Pray so, and, for the ord'ring[159] your affairs,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o'th'sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that. Move still,[162] still so,
And own[163] no other function. Each your doing,
So singular[164] in each particular,
Crowns what[165] you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

PERDITA O Doricles,[167]
Your praises are too large. But that your youth,
And the true[169] blood which peeps fairly through't,
Do plainly give you out[170] an unstained shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You wooed me the false way.[172]

FLORIZEL I think you have

As little skill[174] to fear as I have purpose
To put you to’t. But come, our dance, I pray.
Your hand, my Perdita. So turtles[176] pair,
That never mean to part.
PERDITA I’ll swear for ’em. ***They stand aside***
POLIXENES This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever ***To Camillo***
Ran on the greensward.[180] Nothing she does or seems
But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place.
CAMILLO He tells her something
That makes her blood look out.[184] Good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.[185]
CLOWN Come on, strike up!
DORCAS Mopsa must be your mistress.[187] Marry, garlic,
To mend[188] her kissing with!
MOPSA Now, in good time![189]
CLOWN Not a word, a word. We stand upon[190] our manners.
Come, strike up! ***Music***

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses

POLIXENES Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Which dances with your daughter?
SHEPHERD They call him Doricles, and boasts[194] himself
To have a worthy feeding;[195] but I have it
Upon his own report and I believe it.
He looks like sooth.[197] He says he loves my daughter.
I think so too, for never gazed the moon
Upon the water as he’ll stand and read,
As ’twere, my daughter’s eyes. And to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.
POLIXENES She dances featly.[203]
SHEPHERD So she does anything, though I report it,
That should be silent. If young Doricles
Do light upon[206] her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter Servant

SERVANT O, master, if you did but hear the pedlar at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor[209] and pipe. No, the bagpipe could not move you. He sings several tunes faster than you'll tell[210] money. He utters them as he had eaten ballads and all men's ears grew[211] to his tunes.

CLOWN He could never come better.[212] He shall come in. I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed and sung lamentably.

SERVANT He hath songs for man or woman, of all sizes. No milliner[215] can so fit his customers with gloves. He has the prettiest love-songs for maids, so without bawdry,[217] which is strange, with such delicate burdens of dildos and fadings, 'jump her and thump her'. And where some stretch-mouthed[218] rascal would, as it were, mean mischief and break[219] a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer 'Whoop,[220] do me no harm, good man', puts him off, slights him, with 'Whoop, do me no harm, good man'.

POLIXENES This is a brave[222] fellow.

CLOWN Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited[223] fellow. Has he any unbraided[224] wares?

SERVANT He hath ribbons of all the colours i'th'rainbow; points[225] more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by th'gross:[226] inkles,[227] caddisses, cambrics, lawns. Why, he sings 'em over as they were gods or goddesses. You would think a smock[228] were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand[229] and the work about the square on't.

CLOWN Prithee bring him in, and let him approach singing.

PERDITA Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in's tunes.

Servant goes to door

CLOWN You have[232] of these pedlars, that have more in them than you'd think, sister.

PERDITA Ay, good brother, or go about[233] to think.

Enter Autolycus, singing ***He wears a false beard and carries a pack***

AUTOLYCUS Lawn as white as driven snow,

Song

Cypress[235] black as e'er was crow,

Gloves as sweet[236] as damask roses,
Masks[237] for faces and for noses,
Bugle[238] bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady’s chamber,
Golden quoifs[240] and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears,
Pins and poking-sticks[242] of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel.
Come buy of me, come. Come buy, come buy.
Buy lads, or else your lasses cry. Come buy!

CLOWN If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me, but being enthralled[247] as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

MOPSA I was promised them against[248] the feast, but they come not too late now.

DORCAS He hath promised you more than that,[249] or there be liars.

MOPSA He hath paid you[250] all he promised you. Maybe he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

CLOWN Is there no manners left among maids? Will they wear their plackets[252] where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole,[254] to whistle of these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? ’Tis well they are whisp’ring. Clamour[255] your tongues, and not a word more.

MOPSA I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry-lace[257] and a pair of sweet gloves.

CLOWN Have I not told thee how I was cozened[259] by the way and lost all my money?

AUTOLYCUS And indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad:[260] therefore it behoves men to be wary.

CLOWN Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

AUTOLYCUS I hope so, sir, for I have about me many parcels of charge.[263]

CLOWN What hast here? Ballads?

MOPSA Pray now, buy some. I love a ballad in print alife,[265] for then we are sure they are true.

AUTOLYCUS Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's[267] wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden[268] and how she longed to eat adders' heads and toads carbonadoed.[269]

MOPSA Is it true, think you?

AUTOLYCUS Very true, and but a month old.

DORCAS Bless me from marrying a usurer!

AUTOLYCUS Here's the midwife's name to't, one Mistress Tale-porter,[273] and five or six honest wives that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

MOPSA Pray you now, buy it.

CLOWN Come on, lay it by,[276] and let's first see more ballads. We'll buy the other things anon.

AUTOLYCUS Here's another ballad of a fish that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday the fourscore[279] of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids. It was thought she was a woman and was turned into a cold fish for she would not exchange flesh[281] with one that loved her. The ballad is very pitiful and as true.

DORCAS Is it true too, think you?

AUTOLYCUS Five justices'[284] hands at it, and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

CLOWN Lay it by too; another.

AUTOLYCUS This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

MOPSA Let's have some merry ones.

AUTOLYCUS Why, this is a passing[288] merry one and goes to the tune of 'Two maids wooing a man'. There's scarce a maid westward but she sings it. 'Tis in request,[289] I can tell you.

MOPSA We can both sing it. If thou'lt bear a part,[291] thou shalt hear. 'Tis in three parts.

DORCAS We had the tune on't[293] a month ago.

AUTOLYCUS I can bear my part. You must know 'tis my occupation. Have[294] at it with you.

[They sing the] song

AUTOLYCUS Get you hence, for I must go
Where it fits not you to know.

DORCAS Whither?

MOPSA O, whither?
DORCAS Whither?
MOPSA It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell.
DORCAS Me too, let me go thither.
MOPSA Or[304] thou goest to th’grange or mill.
DORCAS If to either, thou dost ill.[305]
AUTOLYCUS Neither.
DORCAS What, neither?
AUTOLYCUS Neither.
DORCAS Thou hast sworn my love to be.
MOPSA Thou hast sworn it more to me.
Then whither goest? Say, whither?

CLOWN We’ll have[312] this song out anon by ourselves. My father and the gentlemen are in sad[313] talk, and we’ll not trouble them. Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I’ll buy for you both. Pedlar, let’s have the first choice. Follow me, girls.

[Exit with Dorcas and Mopsa]

AUTOLYCUS And you shall pay well for ’em.

Song

Will you buy any tape, ***Follows them, singing***
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys[321] for your head,
Of the new’st and finest, finest wear-a?
Come to the pedlar.
Money’s a meddler.
That doth utter[325] all men’s ware-a.

Exit

[Enter Servant]

SERVANT Master, there is three carters,[326] three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made[327] themselves all men of hair. They call themselves Saltiers,[328] and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in’t. But they themselves are o’th’mind, if it be not too rough for some that know little but bowling,[330] it will please plentifully.

SHEPHERD Away! We’ll none on’t; here has been too much homely[331] foolery already. I know, sir, we weary you.

POLIXENES You weary those that refresh us. Pray let’s see these four threes[333] of herdsmen.

SERVANT One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king, and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by th’square.[336]

SHEPHERD Leave your prating.[337] Since these good men are pleased, let them come in. But quickly now.

SERVANT Why, they stay[339] at door, sir. ***Goes to the door***

Here a dance of twelve Satyrs

POLIXENES O, father,[340] you’ll know more of that hereafter.— ***To Shepherd***
Is it not too far gone? ’Tis time to part them. ***To Camillo***
He’s simple[342] and tells much.—
How now, fair shepherd! ***To Fiorizel***
Your heart is full of something that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young
And handed[345] love as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks.[346] I would have ransacked
The pedlar’s silken treasury and have poured it
To her acceptance. You have let him go
And nothing marted[349] with him. If your lass
Interpretation should abuse[350] and call this
Your lack of love or bounty,[351] you were straited
For a reply, at least if you make[352] a care
Of happy holding her.

FLORIZEL Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are.
The gifts she looks[356] from me are packed and locked
Up in my heart, which I have given already,
But not delivered.[358] O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, whom, it should seem,
Hath sometime[360] loved.— I take thy hand, this hand, ***To Perdita***
As soft as dove’s down and as white as it,

Or Ethiopian’s tooth, or the fanned snow that’s bolted[362]
By th’northern blasts[363] twice o’er. ***Takes her hand***
POLIXENES What follows this?
How prettily th’young swain seems to wash[365]
The hand was[366] fair before! I have put you out.
But to[367] your protestation: let me hear
What you profess.
FLORIZEL Do, and be witness to’t.
POLIXENES And this my neighbour too?
FLORIZEL And he, and more
Than he, and men, the earth, the heavens, and all;
That were I crowned the most imperial monarch,
Thereof[374] most worthy, were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge
More than was ever man’s, I would not prize them
Without her love; for her employ them all,
Commend[378] them and condemn them to her service
Or to their own perdition.
POLIXENES Fairly offered.
CAMILLO This shows a sound affection.
SHEPHERD But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?
PERDITA I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well. No, nor mean better.
By[386] th’pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.
SHEPHERD Take hands, a bargain!
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to’t.
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion[391] equal his.
FLORIZEL O, that must be
I’th’virtue of your daughter: one being dead,[393]
I shall have more than you can dream of yet,
Enough then for your wonder. But come on,
Contract[396] us ’fore these witnesses.
SHEPHERD Come, your hand.

And, daughter, yours.
POLIXENES Soft,[399] swain, awhile, beseech you.
Have you a father?
FLORIZEL I have, but what of him?
POLIXENES Knows he of this?
FLORIZEL He neither does nor shall.
POLIXENES Methinks a father
Is at the nuptial of his son a guest
That best becomes[406] the table. Pray you once more,
Is not your father grown incapable[407]
Of reasonable affairs? Is he not stupid
With age and alt’ring rheums?[409] Can he speak? Hear?
Know man from man? Dispute[410] his own estate?
Lies he not bed-rid? And again does[411] nothing
But what he did being childish?
FLORIZEL No, good sir.
He has his health and ampler strength indeed
Than most have of his age.
POLIXENES By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial.[418] Reason my son
Should choose himself a wife, but as good reason
The father, all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity,[421] should hold some counsel
In such a business.
FLORIZEL I yield[423] all this.
But for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which ’tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.
POLIXENES Let him know’t.
FLORIZEL He shall not.
POLIXENES Prithee let him.
FLORIZEL No, he must not.
SHEPHERD Let him, my son. He shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.
FLORIZEL Come, come, he must not.

Mark[434] our contract.
POLIXENES Mark your divorce, young sir, ***Takes off disguise***
Whom son I dare not call. Thou art too base
To be acknowledged. Thou a sceptre’s heir,
That thus affects[438] a sheep-hook!— Thou, old traitor, ***To Shepherd***
I am sorry that by hanging thee I can
But shorten thy life one week.— And thou, fresh piece ***To Perdita***
Of excellent[441] witchcraft, who of force must know
The royal fool thou cop’st with[442]—
SHEPHERD O, my heart!
POLIXENES I’ll have thy beauty scratched with briers and made
More homely[445] than thy state.— For thee, fond boy, ***To Fiorizel***
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt see this knack,[447] as never
I mean thou shalt, we’ll bar thee from succession,[448]
Not[449] hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far[450] than Deucalion off. Mark thou my words.
Follow us to the court.— Thou churl,[451] for this time, ***To Shepherd***
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead[453] blow of it.— And you, enchantment,— ***To Perdita***
Worthy enough a herdsman — yea, him[454] too,
That[455] makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee — if ever henceforth thou
These rural latches[457] to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee
As thou art tender[460] to’t.
Exit
PERDITA Even here undone![461]
I was not much afeard, for once or twice
I was about to speak and tell him plainly,
The selfsame sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage[465] from our cottage but
Looks on alike.[466]— Will’t please you, sir, be gone? ***To Fiorizel***
I told you what would come of this. Beseech you
Of your own state take care. This dream of mine —

Being now awake, I’ll queen it no inch further,
But milk my ewes and weep.
CAMILLO Why, how now, father!
Speak ere thou diest.
SHEPHERD I cannot speak, nor think
Nor dare to know that which I know.— O, sir, ***To Fiorizel***
You have undone a man of fourscore three,[475]
That thought to fill[476] his grave in quiet, yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones; but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud and lay me
Where no[480] priest shovels in dust.— O cursèd wretch, ***To Perdita***
That knew’st this was the prince, and wouldst adventure[481]
To mingle faith[482] with him! Undone, undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have lived
To die when I desire.
Exit
FLORIZEL Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afeard. Delayed,
But nothing altered. What I was, I am.
More straining[488] on for plucking back, not following
My leash unwillingly.
CAMILLO Gracious my lord,
You know your father’s temper. At this time
He will allow no speech — which I do guess
You do not purpose[493] to him — and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear.
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.
FLORIZEL I not purpose it.
I think, Camillo?[498]
CAMILLO Even he, my lord. ***May remove his disguise***
PERDITA How often have I told you ’twould be thus!
How often said, my dignity[501] would last
But[502] till ’twere known!
FLORIZEL It cannot fail but by

The violation[504] of my faith, and then
Let nature crush the sides o’th’earth together
And mar the seeds[506] within! Lift up thy looks.
From my succession wipe[507] me, father. I
Am heir to my affection.
CAMILLO Be advised.[509]
FLORIZEL I am, and by my fancy.[510] If my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason.
If not, my senses, better pleased with madness,
Do bid it welcome.
CAMILLO This is desperate,[514] sir.
FLORIZEL So call it, but it does fulfil my vow.
I needs must think it honesty.[516] Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp[517] that may
Be thereat gleaned, for all the sun sees or
The close[519] earth wombs or the profound seas hides
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair beloved: therefore, I pray you
As you have ever been my father’s honoured friend,
When he shall miss me — as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more — cast your good counsels
Upon his passion.[525] Let myself and fortune
Tug[526] for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver,[527] I am put to sea
With her whom here I cannot hold on shore.
And most opportune to her need, I have
A vessel rides fast by,[530] but not prepared
For this design. What[531] course I mean to hold
Shall[532] nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.
CAMILLO O, my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,[535]
Or stronger for your need.
FLORIZEL Hark, Perdita.— ***Takes her aside***
I’ll hear you by and by. ***To Camillo***
CAMILLO He’s irremovable,[539] ***Aside***

Resolved for flight. Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame[541] to serve my turn,
Save him from danger, do him love and honour,
Purchase[543] the sight again of dear Sicilia
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.
FLORIZEL Now, good Camillo,
I am so fraught[547] with curious business that
I leave out ceremony.[548]
CAMILLO Sir, I think
You have heard of my poor[550] services, i'th'love
That I have borne your father?
FLORIZEL Very nobly
Have you deserved. It is my father's music
To speak your deeds, not[554] little of his care
To have them recompensed as thought on.
CAMILLO Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king
And through him what's nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace[559] but my direction,
If your more ponderous[560] and settled project
May suffer alteration.[561] On mine honour,
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving[562]
As shall become your highness, where you may
Enjoy[564] your mistress, from the whom I see,
There's no disjunction[565] to be made, but by —
As heavens forfend![566] — your ruin. Marry her,
And, with my best endeavours in your absence,
Your discontenting[568] father strive to qualify
And bring him up to liking.[569]
FLORIZEL How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man
And after[573] that trust to thee.
CAMILLO Have you thought on[574]
A place whereto you'll go?

FLORIZEL Not any yet,
But as th’unthought-on[577] accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance and flies[579]
Of every wind that blows.
CAMILLO Then list[581] to me.
This follows, if you will not change your purpose
But undergo this flight: make for Sicilia,
And there present yourself and your fair princess,
For so I see she must be, ’fore Leontes;
She shall be habited[586] as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks I see
Leontes opening his free arms and weeping
His welcomes forth, asks thee there ‘Son, forgiveness’,
As[590] ’twere i’th’father’s person, kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess; o’er and o’er divides[591] him
’Twixt his unkindness and his kindness. Th’one
He chides to hell and bids the other grow
Faster than thought or time.
FLORIZEL Worthy Camillo,
What colour[596] for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?
CAMILLO Sent by the king your father
To greet him and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing[600] towards him, with
What you as[601] from your father shall deliver —
Things known betwixt us three — I’ll write you down,
The which shall point[603] you forth at every sitting
What you must say, that he shall not perceive
But that you have your father’s bosom[605] there
And speak his very heart.
FLORIZEL I am bound to you.
There is some sap[608] in this.
CAMILLO A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpathed[611] waters, undreamed shores, most certain

To miseries enough, no hope to help you,
But as you shake off one[613] to take another.
Nothing[614] so certain as your anchors, who
Do their best office if they can but stay[615] you
Where you'll be loath to be. Besides, you know
Prosperity's[617] the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.[619]
PERDITA One of these is true:
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,[621]
But not take in[622] the mind.
CAMILLO Yea? Say you so?
There shall not at your father's house these seven years[624]
Be born another such.[625]
FLORIZEL My good Camillo,
She's as[627] forward of her breeding as
She is i'th'rear our birth.
CAMILLO I cannot say 'tis pity
She lacks instructions,[630] for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.
PERDITA Your pardon, sir. For this
I'll blush you thanks.
FLORIZEL My prettiest Perdita!
But, O, the thorns we stand upon!— Camillo,
Preserver of my father, now of me,
The medicine of our house, how shall we do?
We are not furnished[638] like Bohemia's son,
Nor shall appear[639] in Sicilia.
CAMILLO My lord,
Fear none of this. I think you know my fortunes[641]
Do all lie there. It shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed[643] as if
The scene you play were mine.[644] For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want,[645] one word. ***They talk apart***
Enter Autolycus

AUTOLYCUS Ha, ha! What a fool honesty is! And trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman. I have sold all my trumpery:[647] not a counterfeit stone, not a ribbon, glass,[648] pomander, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring,[649] to keep my pack from fasting. They throng who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed[650] and brought a benediction to the buyer, by which means I saw whose purse was best in picture,[651] and what I saw, to my good use[652] I remembered. My clown, who wants but something to be a reasonable man, grew[653] so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes till he had both tune and words, which so drew the rest of the herd to me that all their other senses stuck in ears.[655] You might have pinched a placket, it was senseless; 'twas nothing to geld[656] a codpiece of a purse. I would have filed keys off that hung in chains. No hearing, no feeling, but my sir's[657] song, and admiring the nothing[658] of it. So that in this time of lethargy I picked and cut most of their festival purses, and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub[659] against his daughter and the king's son and scared my choughs[660] from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army. ***Camillo, Florizel and Perdita come forward***

CAMILLO Nay, but my letters, by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

FLORIZEL And those that you'll procure from King Leontes—

CAMILLO Shall satisfy[665] your father.

PERDITA Happy be you!
All that you speak shows fair.

CAMILLO Who have we here? ***Sees Autolycus***
We'll make an instrument of this, omit
Nothing[670] may give us aid.

AUTOLYCUS If they have overheard me now, why, hanging. ***Aside***

CAMILLO How now, good fellow? Why shakest thou so? Fear not, man. Here's no harm intended to thee.

AUTOLYCUS I am a poor fellow, sir.

CAMILLO Why, be so still. Here's nobody will steal that from thee. Yet for the outside[675] of thy poverty we must make an exchange: therefore discase[676] thee instantly — thou must think[677] there's a necessity in't — and change garments with this gentleman. Though the pennyworth[678] on his side be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.[679] ***Gives money***

AUTOLYCUS I am a poor fellow, sir.— I know ye well enough. ***Aside***

CAMILLO Nay, prithee, dispatch:[681] the gentleman is half flayed already.

AUTOLYCUS Are you in earnest,[682] sir? I smell the trick on't. ***Aside***

FLORIZEL Dispatch, I prithee.

AUTOLYCUS Indeed, I have had earnest, but I cannot with conscience take it.

CAMILLO Unbuckle, unbuckle. ***Florizel and Autolycus exchange clothes***
Fortunate mistress — let my prophecy
Come[687] home to ye! — you must retire yourself
Into some covert;[688] take your sweetheart's hat
And pluck[689] it o'er your brows, muffle your face,
Dismantle you,[690] and, as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming,[691] that you may —
For I do fear eyes over[692] — to shipboard
Get undescried.[693]

PERDITA I see the play so lies[694]
That I must bear a part.

CAMILLO No remedy.[696]
Have you done there?

FLORIZEL Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

CAMILLO Nay, you shall have no hat. ***Gives hat to Perdita***
Come, lady, come. Farewell, my friend.

AUTOLYCUS Adieu, sir.

FLORIZEL O Perdita, what have we twain[703] forgot!
Pray you a word.

CAMILLO What I do next, shall be to tell the king ***Aside***
Of this escape and whither they are bound.
Wherein my hope is I shall so prevail
To force him after,[708] in whose company
I shall review[709] Sicilia, for whose sight
I have a woman's[710] longing.

FLORIZEL Fortune speed[711] us!

Thus we set on, Camillo, to th'seaside.

CAMILLO The swifter speed the better.

Exeunt [Florizel, Perdita and Camillo]

AUTOLYCUS I understand the business, I hear it. To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cutpurse;[715] a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for th'other senses. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange[717] had this been without boot? What a boot is here with this exchange? Sure, the gods do this year connive at[718] us, and we may do anything extempore.[719] The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity, stealing away from his father with his clog[720] at his heels. If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal,[721] I would not do't. I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant[722] to my profession.

Enter Clown and Shepherd ***Carrying fardel and box***

Aside, aside. ***He stands aside*** Here is more matter for a hot[723] brain. Every lane's end, every shop, church, session,[724] hanging, yields a careful man work.

CLOWN See, see. What a man you are now! There is no other way but to tell the king she's a changeling[726] and none of your flesh and blood.

SHEPHERD Nay, but hear me.

CLOWN Nay, but hear me.

SHEPHERD Go to,[729] then.

CLOWN She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king, and so your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her, those secret things, all but what she has with her. This being done, let the law go whistle, I warrant you.

SHEPHERD I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I

may say, is no honest man, neither to his father nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

CLOWN Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him and then your blood had been the dearer by I[738] know how much an ounce.

AUTOLYCUS *Aside* Very wisely, puppies![739]

SHEPHERD Well, let us to the king. There is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

AUTOLYCUS *Aside* I know not what impediment this complaint[742] may be to the flight of my master.[743]

CLOWN Pray heartily he be at palace.

AUTOLYCUS Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: *Aside* let me pocket up[746] my pedlar's excrement.— *Takes off his false beard* How now, rustics! Whither are you bound?

SHEPHERD To th'palace, an it like[747] your worship.

AUTOLYCUS Your affairs there? What? With whom? The condition[748] of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having,[749] breeding, and any

thing that is fitting to be known, discover.[750]

CLOWN We are but plain[751] fellows, sir.

AUTOLYCUS A lie; you are rough and hairy. Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give[753] us soldiers the lie, but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel: therefore they do not give us the lie.

CLOWN Your worship had like to have given us one,[755] if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

SHEPHERD Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

AUTOLYCUS Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. See'st thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings?[759] Hath not my gait in it the measure of the court?

Receives not thy nose court-odour from me? Reflect I not on thy baseness[760] court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that[761] I insinuate or toaze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier cap-a-pe;[762] and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.[763]

SHEPHERD My business, sir, is to the king.

AUTOLYCUS What advocate[765] hast thou to him?

SHEPHERD I know not, an't like you.

CLOWN Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant.[767] ***Aside to the Shepherd*** Say you have none.

SHEPHERD None, sir. I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.

AUTOLYCUS How blessed are we that are not simple men! ***Aside*** Yet nature might have
made me as these are, therefore I will not disdain.

CLOWN This cannot be but[771] a great courtier. ***To Shepherd***

SHEPHERD His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

CLOWN He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical.[773] A great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking on's teeth.[774]

AUTOLYCUS The fardel there? What's i'th'fardel? Wherefore that box?

SHEPHERD Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the king, and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to th'speech of him.

AUTOLYCUS Age,[779] thou hast lost thy labour.

SHEPHERD Why, sir?

AUTOLYCUS The king is not at the palace. He is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and air himself, for, if thou be'st[782] capable of things serious, thou must know the king is full of grief.

SHEPHERD So 'tis said, sir, about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

AUTOLYCUS If that shepherd be not in hand-fast,[786] let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

CLOWN Think you so, sir?

AUTOLYCUS Not he alone shall suffer what wit[789] can make heavy and vengeance bitter, but those that are germane[790] to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman, which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue[792] a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace![793] Some say he shall be stoned, but that death is too soft for him, say I. Draw our throne into a sheep-cote?[794] All deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

CLOWN Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

AUTOLYCUS He has a son, who shall be flayed alive, then ’nointed[796] over with honey, set on the head of a wasp’s nest, then stand till he be three quarters and a dram[797] dead, then recovered again with aqua-vitae[798] or some other hot infusion, then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims,[799] shall he be set against a brick wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown[801] to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital?[802] Tell me, for you seem to[803] be honest plain men, what you have to the king. Being something gently considered, I’ll bring you where he is aboard, tender[804] your persons to his presence, whisper him[805] in your behalfs; and if it be in man besides the king to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

CLOWN He seems to be of great authority.***To Shepherd*** Close[807] with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold. Show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember ‘stoned’ and ‘flayed alive’.

SHEPHERD An’t please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that[811] gold I have. ***Offers gold*** I’ll make it as much more and leave this young man in pawn[812] till I bring it you.

AUTOLYCUS After I have done what I promised?

SHEPHERD Ay, sir.

AUTOLYCUS Well, give me the moiety.[816]—***Takes gold/To Clown*** Are you a party in this business?

CLOWN In some sort, sir. But though my case[817] be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

AUTOLYCUS O, that’s the case of the shepherd’s son. Hang him, he’ll be made an example.

CLOWN Comfort, good comfort!***To Shepherd*** We must to the king and show our strange sights. He must know ’tis none of your daughter nor my sister. We are gone else.[822] Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does when the business is performed, and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you.

AUTOLYCUS I will trust you. Walk before[825] toward the seaside. Go on the right hand, I will but look[826] upon the hedge and follow you.

CLOWN We are blest in this man, as I may say, even blest.

SHEPHERD Let's before as he bids us. He was provided to do us good.

[Exeunt Shepherd and Clown]

AUTOLYCUS If I had a mind to be honest, I see fortune would not suffer[829] me. She drops booties[830] in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion: gold and a means to do the prince my master good; which who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him.[832] If he think it fit to shore them[833] again and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious,[834] for I am proof against[835] that title and what shame else belongs to't. To him will I present them. There may be matter[836] in it.

Exit

Act 5 Scene 1[5.1]

running scene 12

Enter Leontes, Cleomenes, Dion, Paulina [and] Servants

CLEOMENES Sir, you have done enough, and have performed
A saint-like sorrow.[2] No fault could you make,
Which you have not redeemed; indeed, paid[3] down
More penitence than done trespass. At the last,
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil.
With them forgive yourself.

LEONTES Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them,[9] and so still think of
The wrong I did myself, which was so much
That heirless it hath made my kingdom and
Destroyed the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of. True?

PAULINA Too true, my lord.
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or from the[16] all that are took something good
To make a perfect woman, she you killed
Would be unparalleled.

LEONTES I think so. Killed?
She I killed? I did so: but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did. It is as bitter
Upon thy tongue as in my thought. Now, good now,[22]
Say so but seldom.

CLEOMENES Not at all, good lady.
You might have spoken a thousand things that would
Have done[26] the time more benefit and graced
Your kindness better.

PAULINA You are one of those
Would have him wed again.

DION If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance

Of his most sovereign name,[32] consider little
What dangers by his highness' fail of issue[33]
May drop upon his kingdom and devour
Incertain lookers on.[35] What were more holy
Than to rejoice the former queen is well?[36]
What holier than, for royalty's repair,
For present comfort and for future good,
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to't?

PAULINA There is none worthy,
Respecting[42] her that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfilled their secret purposes.
For has not the divine Apollo said?
Is't not the tenor[45] of his oracle,
That King Leontes shall not have an heir
Till his lost child be found? Which that it shall
Is all as monstrous[48] to our human reason
As my Antigonus to break his grave
And come again to me, who, on my life,[50]
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel[51]
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills.— Care not for issue. ***To Leontes***
The crown will find an heir. Great[54] Alexander
Left his to th'worthiest, so his successor
Was like to be the best.

LEONTES Good Paulina,
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour — O, that ever I
Had squared me[60] to thy counsel! Then, even now,
I might have looked upon my queen's full[61] eyes,
Have taken treasure from her lips—

PAULINA And left them
More rich for what they yielded.

LEONTES Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives: therefore, no wife. One[66] worse,
And better used, would make her[67] sainted spirit

Again possess her corpse, and[68] on this stage —
Where we offenders now[69] — appear soul-vexed,
And begin, ‘Why[70] to me?’
PAULINA Had she such power,
She had[72] just such cause.
LEONTES She had, and would incense me
To murder her I married.
PAULINA I should so.[75]
Were I the ghost that walked, I’d bid you mark[76]
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in’t
You chose her. Then I’d shriek, that even your ears
Should rift[79] to hear me and the words that followed
Should be ‘Remember mine.[80]’
LEONTES Stars, stars,
And all eyes else[82] dead coals! Fear thou no wife;
I’ll have no wife, Paulina.
PAULINA Will you swear
Never to marry but by my free leave?[85]
LEONTES Never, Paulina, so be blest my spirit!
PAULINA Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.
CLEOMENES You tempt[88] him over-much.
PAULINA Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront[91] his eye.
CLEOMENES Good madam—
PAULINA I have done.
Yet, if my lord will marry — if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will — give me the office[95]
To choose you a queen. She shall not be so young
As was your former, but she shall be such
As, walked[98] your first queen’s ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.
LEONTES My true Paulina,
We shall not marry till thou bid’st us.
PAULINA That
Shall be when your first queen’s again in breath.

Never till then.
Enter a Servant
SERVANT One that gives out himself[105] Prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, she
The fairest I have yet beheld, desires access
To your high presence.
LEONTES What[109] with him? He comes not
Like to his father's greatness. His approach,
So out of circumstance[111] and sudden, tells us
'Tis not a visitation framed,[112] but forced
By need and accident.[113] What train?
SERVANT But few,
And those but mean.[115]
LEONTES His princess, say you, with him?
SERVANT Ay, the most peerless[117] piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.
PAULINA O, Hermione,
As[120] every present time doth boast itself
Above a better gone, so must thy grave
Give way to what's seen now! Sir, you yourself ***To Servant***
Have said and writ so, but your writing now
Is colder than that theme:[124] 'She had not been,
Nor was not to be equalled.' Thus your verse
Flowed with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly ebbed,[126]
To say you have seen a better.
SERVANT Pardon, madam.
The one[129] I have almost forgot — your pardon —
The other, when she has obtained your eye,
Will have your tongue[131] too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else,[133] make proselytes
Of who[134] she but bid follow.
PAULINA How? Not women?
SERVANT Women will love her that she is a woman
More worth than any man: men that she is
The rarest of all women.

LEONTES Go, Cleomenes.
Yourself, assisted with your honoured friends,
Bring them to our embracement.— Still, ’tis strange ***To Paulina***
He thus should steal upon us.
[Exeunt Cleomenes and others]
PAULINA Had our prince,[143]
Jewel of children, seen this hour, he had paired
Well with this lord, there was not full a[145] month
Between their births.
LEONTES Prithee no more; cease. Thou know’st
He dies to me again when talked of. Sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish[151] me of reason. They are come.
Enter Cleomenes and others, [with] Florizel and Perdita
Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince, ***To Florizel***
For she did print[153] your royal father off,
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty-one,
Your father’s image is so hit[155] in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him, and speak of something wildly
By us performed before. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair princess — goddess! — O, alas!
I lost a couple, that ’twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood begetting[161] wonder as
You, gracious couple, do. And then I lost —
All mine own folly — the society,[163]
Amity[164] too, of your brave father, whom,
Though[165] bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.
FLORIZEL By his command
Have I here touched[168] Sicilia and from him
Give you all greetings that a king, at friend,[169]
Can send his brother, and but[170] infirmity,
Which waits[171] upon worn times hath something seized
His wished ability, he had himself

The lands and waters ’twixt your throne and his
Measured[174] to look upon you, whom he loves —
He bade me say so — more than all the sceptres[175]
And those that bear them living.
LEONTES O, my brother —
Good gentleman! — the wrongs I have done thee stir
Afresh within me, and these thy offices,[179]
So rarely[180] kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness. Welcome hither,
As is the spring to th’earth. And hath he too
Exposed this paragon[183] to th’fearful usage,
At least ungentle,[184] of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains,[185] much less
Th’adventure[186] of her person?
FLORIZEL Good my lord,
She came from Libya.
LEONTES Where the warlike Smalus,[189]
That noble honoured lord, is feared and loved?
FLORIZEL Most royal sir, from thence, from him whose daughter
His tears proclaimed[192] his, parting with her: thence,
A prosperous south-wind friendly, we have crossed,
To execute[194] the charge my father gave me
For visiting your highness. My best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismissed,
Who for Bohemia bend,[197] to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival and my wife’s in safety
Here where we are.
LEONTES The blessèd gods
Purge all infection from our air whilst you
Do climate[203] here! You have a holy father,
A graceful[204] gentleman, against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin,
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless.[207] And your father’s blest,
As he from heaven merits it, with you,

Worthy his[209] goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have looked on,
Such goodly things as you.

Enter a Lord

LORD Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,[213]
Were not the proof so nigh.[214] Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself by me.
Desires you to attach[216] his son, who has —
His dignity and duty[217] both cast off —
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd’s daughter.

LEONTES Where’s Bohemia? Speak.

LORD Here in your city. I now came from him.
I speak amazedly,[222] and it becomes
My marvel and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hast’ning, in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple, meets he on the way
The father of this seeming[226] lady and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

FLORIZEL Camillo has betrayed me,
Whose honour and whose honesty till now
Endured all weathers.

LORD Lay’t[232] so to his charge:
He’s with the king your father.

LEONTES Who? Camillo?

LORD Camillo, sir. I spake with him, who now
Has[236] these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake. They kneel, they kiss the earth,
Forswear themselves[238] as often as they speak.
Bohemia stops[239] his ears, and threatens them
With divers[240] deaths in death.

PERDITA O, my poor father!
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract[243] celebrated.

LEONTES You are married?
FLORIZEL We are not, sir, nor are we like to be.
The stars, I see, will kiss[246] the valleys first:
The[247] odds for high and low's alike.
LEONTES My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?
FLORIZEL She is,
When once she is my wife.
LEONTES That 'once' I see by your good father's speed
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking
Where you were tied in duty, and as sorry
Your choice is not so rich in worth[256] as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.
FLORIZEL Dear, look up.[258] ***To Perdita***
Though Fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us with my father, power no jot
Hath she to change our loves. Beseech you, sir,
Remember since[262] you owed no more to time
Than I do now. With thought of such affections,
Step[264] forth mine advocate. At your request
My father will grant precious things as trifles.
LEONTES Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.[267]
PAULINA Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't. Not a month
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.
LEONTES I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made.— But your petition[273] ***To Fiorizel***
Is yet unanswered. I will to your father.
Your[275] honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them and you, upon which errand
I now go toward him: therefore follow me
And mark what[278] way I make. Come, good my lord.

Exeunt

Act 5 Scene 2

running scene 13

Enter Autolycus and a Gentleman

AUTOLYCUS Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?[1]

FIRST GENTLEMAN I was by[2] at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber.[4] Only this, methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

AUTOLYCUS I would most gladly know the issue[6] of it.

FIRST GENTLEMAN I make a broken delivery[7] of the business; but the changes I perceived in the king and Camillo were very notes of admiration.[8] They seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases[9] of their eyes. There was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture. They looked as[10] they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed. A notable passion of wonder appeared in them, but the wisest beholder that knew no more but seeing, could not say if th'importance[13] were joy or sorrow, but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman

Here comes a gentleman that happily[15] knows more. The news, Rogero?

SECOND GENTLEMAN Nothing but bonfires.[16] The oracle is fulfilled. The king's daughter is found. Such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour that ballad-makers[17] cannot be able to express it.

Enter another Gentleman

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward. He can deliver you more. How goes it now, sir? This news, which is called true, is so like an old tale that the verity[20] of it is in strong suspicion. Has the king found his heir?

THIRD GENTLEMAN Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance.[22] That which you hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle[24] of Queen Hermione's, her jewel about the neck of it, the letters of Antigonus found with it which they know to be his character,[25] the majesty of the creature in resemblance of the mother, the affection of[26] nobleness which nature shows above her breeding, and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

SECOND GENTLEMAN No.

THIRD GENTLEMAN Then have you lost a sight which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner that it seemed sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance[33] of such distraction[34] that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries 'O, thy mother, thy mother!' Then asks Bohemia forgiveness, then embraces his son-in-law, then again worries he[37] his daughter with clipping[38] her. Now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames[40] report to follow it and undoes description to do it.

SECOND GENTLEMAN What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

THIRD GENTLEMAN Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse,[43] though credit[44] be asleep and not an ear open: he was torn to pieces with a bear. This avouches[45] the shepherd's son, who has not only his innocence, which seems much, to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his that Paulina knows.

FIRST GENTLEMAN What became of his bark[47] and his followers?

THIRD GENTLEMAN Wrecked the same instant of their master's death and in the view of the shepherd, so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child were even then lost when it was found. But, O, the noble combat that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one[51] eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled. She lifted the princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart that she might no more be in danger of losing.[54]

FIRST GENTLEMAN The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes, for by such was it acted.

THIRD GENTLEMAN One of the prettiest touches[57] of all and that which angled for mine eyes, caught the water[58] though not the fish, was when, at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to't bravely confessed and lamented by the king, how attentiveness[60] wounded his daughter, till, from one sign of dolour[61] to another, she did, with an 'Alas', I would fain say, bleed tears, for I am sure my heart wept blood. Who was most marble[62] there changed colour, some swooned, all sorrowed. If all the world could have seen't, the woe had been universal.

FIRST GENTLEMAN Are they returned to the court?

THIRD GENTLEMAN No. The princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina — a piece many years in doing and now newly performed[67] by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano,[68] who, had he himself eternity and could put breath into his work, would beguile[69] nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape.[70] He so near to Hermione hath done Hermione that they say one would speak to her and stand in hope of answer. Thither with all greediness of affection are they gone, and there they intend to sup.

SECOND GENTLEMAN I thought she had some great matter there in hand, for she hath privately twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione visited that removèd[75] house. Shall we thither and with our company piece the rejoicing?

FIRST GENTLEMAN Who would be thence[76] that has the benefit of access? Every wink of an eye some new grace[77] will be born. Our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along.

Exeunt [Gentlemen]

AUTOLYCUS Now, had I not the dash[79] of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the[80] old man and his son aboard the prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel and I know not what. But he at that time, overfond of the shepherd's daughter, so he then took her to be, who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me, for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relished[85] among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd and Clown

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms[87] of their fortune.

SHEPHERD Come, boy. I am past more children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

CLOWN You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this[90] other day, because I was no gentleman born. See you these clothes? Say you see them not and think me still no gentleman born. You were best say these robes are not gentlemen born. Give[93] me the lie, do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

AUTOLYCUS I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

CLOWN Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

SHEPHERD And so have I, boy.

CLOWN So you have, but I was a gentleman born before my father, for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me brother, and then the two kings called my father brother, and then the prince my brother and the princess my sister called my father father; and so we wept, and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

SHEPHERD We may live, son, to shed many more.

CLOWN Ay, or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous[103] estate as we are.

AUTOLYCUS I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship and to give[105] me your good report to the prince my master.

SHEPHERD Prithee, son, do, for we must be gentle,[106] now we are gentlemen.

CLOWN Thou wilt amend thy life?

AUTOLYCUS Ay, an it like your good worship.

CLOWN Give me thy hand. I will swear to the prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

SHEPHERD You may say it, but not swear it.

CLOWN Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors[112] and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

SHEPHERD How if it be false, son?

CLOWN If it be ne’er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend, and I’ll swear to the prince thou art a tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt not be drunk. But I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt be drunk. But I’ll swear it, and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

AUTOLYCUS I will prove so, sir, to my power.

CLOWN Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow. If I do not wonder how thou dar’st venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark, the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen’s picture. Come, follow us. We’ll be thy good masters.

Exeunt

Act 5 Scene 3

running scene 14

Enter Leontes, Polixenes. Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, Lords and Attendants

LEONTES O grave[1] and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!
PAULINA What,[3] sovereign sir,
I did not well I meant well. All my services
You have paid home.[5] But that you have vouchsafed,
With your crowned brother and these your contracted[6]
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace, which[8] never
My life may last to answer.
LEONTES O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble.[11] But we came
To see the statue of our queen. Your gallery[12]
Have we passed through, not without much content[13]
In many singularities,[14] but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.
PAULINA As she lived peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you looked upon
Or hand of man hath done: therefore I keep it
Lonely,[21] apart. But here it is. Prepare
To see the life as lively mocked[22] as ever
Still[23] sleep mocked death. Behold, and say ’tis well. ***Paulina draws a curtain and reveals Hermione standing like a statue***
I like your silence, it the more shows off
Your wonder. But yet speak. First, you, my liege,
Comes it not something near?[26]
LEONTES Her natural posture!
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed
Thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art she

In thy not chiding, for she was as tender
As infancy and grace. But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So agèd as this seems.
POLIXENES O, not by much.
PAULINA So much the more our carver's excellence.
Which lets go by some sixteen years and makes her
As[37] she lived now.
LEONTES As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, warm life,
As now it coldly stands, when first I wooed her!
I am ashamed. Does not the stone rebuke me
For being more stone[44] than it? O royal piece,
There's magic in thy majesty, which has
My evils conjured to remembrance and
From thy admiring[47] daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee.
PERDITA And give me leave,
And do not say 'tis superstition,[50] that
I kneel and then implore her blessing.— Lady, ***Kneels before the statue***
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.
PAULINA O, patience! ***Prevents Perdita from touching***
The statue is but newly fixed;[55] the colour's not dry. ***Perdita stands?***
CAMILLO My lord, your sorrow was too sore[56] laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So[58] many summers dry. Scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow
But killed itself much sooner.
POLIXENES Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause[62] of this have power
To take off so much grief from you as he
Will piece up in[64] himself.
PAULINA Indeed, my lord,

If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought[67] you — for the stone is mine —
I'd not have showed it.
LEONTES Do not draw the curtain.
PAULINA No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your fancy[70]
May think anon it moves.
LEONTES Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that methinks already —
What was he that did make it?— See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breathed? And that those veins
Did verily[76] bear blood?
POLIXENES Masterly done.
The very life seems warm upon her lip.
LEONTES The fixture[79] of her eye has motion in't,
As we are mocked with art.
PAULINA I'll draw the curtain.
My lord's almost so far transported[82] that
He'll think anon it lives.
LEONTES O, sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together!
No settled senses[86] of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let't[87] alone.
PAULINA I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirred you, but
I could afflict you farther.
LEONTES Do, Paulina,
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial[92] comfort. Still, methinks
There is an air[93] comes from her. What fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.
PAULINA Good my lord, forbear:
The ruddiness[97] upon her lip is wet.
You'll mar[98] it if you kiss it, stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?
LEONTES No, not these twenty years
PERDITA So long could I

Stand by, a looker-on.
PAULINA Either forbear,[103]
Quit presently[104] the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed, descend
And take you by the hand. But then you'll think —
Which I protest against — I am assisted
By wicked powers.[109]
LEONTES What you can make her do,
I am content to look on. What to speak,
I am content to hear, for 'tis as easy
To make her speak as move.
PAULINA It is required
You do awake your faith. Then all stand still.
On:[116] those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.
LEONTES Proceed:
No foot shall stir.
PAULINA Music; awake her: strike![120] ***Music***
'Tis time: descend: be stone no more: approach: ***To Hermione***
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come,
I'll fill[123] your grave up. Stir. Nay, come away.
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him[124]
Dear life redeems you.— You perceive she stirs.
Start not. Her actions shall be holy as ***Hermione comes down***
You hear my spell is lawful. Do not shun her
Until you see her die again, for[128] then
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand:
When she was young you wooed her, now in age
Is[131] she become the suitor?
LEONTES O, she's warm! ***Touches her***
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.
POLIXENES She embraces him.
CAMILLO She hangs about his neck.
If she pertain to life[137] let her speak too.

POLIXENES Ay, and make it manifest[138] where she has lived,
Or how stol’n from the dead.
PAULINA That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted[141] at
Like an old tale. But it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—
Please you to interpose, fair madam. Kneel ***To Perdita***
And pray your mother’s blessing.— Turn, good lady, ***To Hermione***
Our Perdita is found.
HERMIONE You gods, look down
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter’s head!— Tell me, mine own.
Where hast thou been preserved?[150] Where lived? How found
Thy father’s court? For thou shalt hear that I,
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being,[153] have preserved
Myself to see the issue.[154]
PAULINA There’s time enough for that,
Lest they[156] desire upon this push to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together,
You precious winners all. Your exultation
Partake[159] to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some withered bough and there
My mate,[161] that’s never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.[162]
LEONTES O, peace, Paulina!
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife. This is a match,[165]
And made between’s[166] by vows. Thou hast found mine —
But how, is to be questioned, for I saw her,
As I thought, dead, and have in vain said many
A prayer upon her grave. I’ll not seek far —
For[170] him, I partly know his mind — to find thee
An honourable husband.— Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand, whose worth and honesty
Is richly noted and here justified[173]

By us, a pair of kings.— Let's from this place.—
What? Look upon my brother.— Both your pardons, ***To Hermione, then also Polixenes***
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion. This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, whom, heavens directing,
Is troth-plight[179] to your daughter.— Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand,[181] and answer to his part
Performed in this wide gap of time since first
We were dissevered.[183] Hastily, lead away.

Exeunt

Textual Notes

= First Folio text of 1623, the only authority for the play

2 = a correction introduced in the Second Folio text of 1632

d = a correction introduced by a later editor

H = speech heading (i.e., speaker's name)

includes list of parts ("The Names of the Actors") at end of text

.2.3 burden *spelled* Burthen *in* F **126 And** = F2. F = A **188 do** = Ed. F = do's **241 they say** = F2. F = say **318 hobby-horse** = Ed. F = Holy-Horse

.1.6 SH FIRST LADY = Ed. F = *Lady*

.3.45 What = F2. F = Who

.2.10 Silence = Ed. F *prints as a stage direction*

.3.69 bairn *spelled* barne *in* F **103 made** = Ed. F = mad

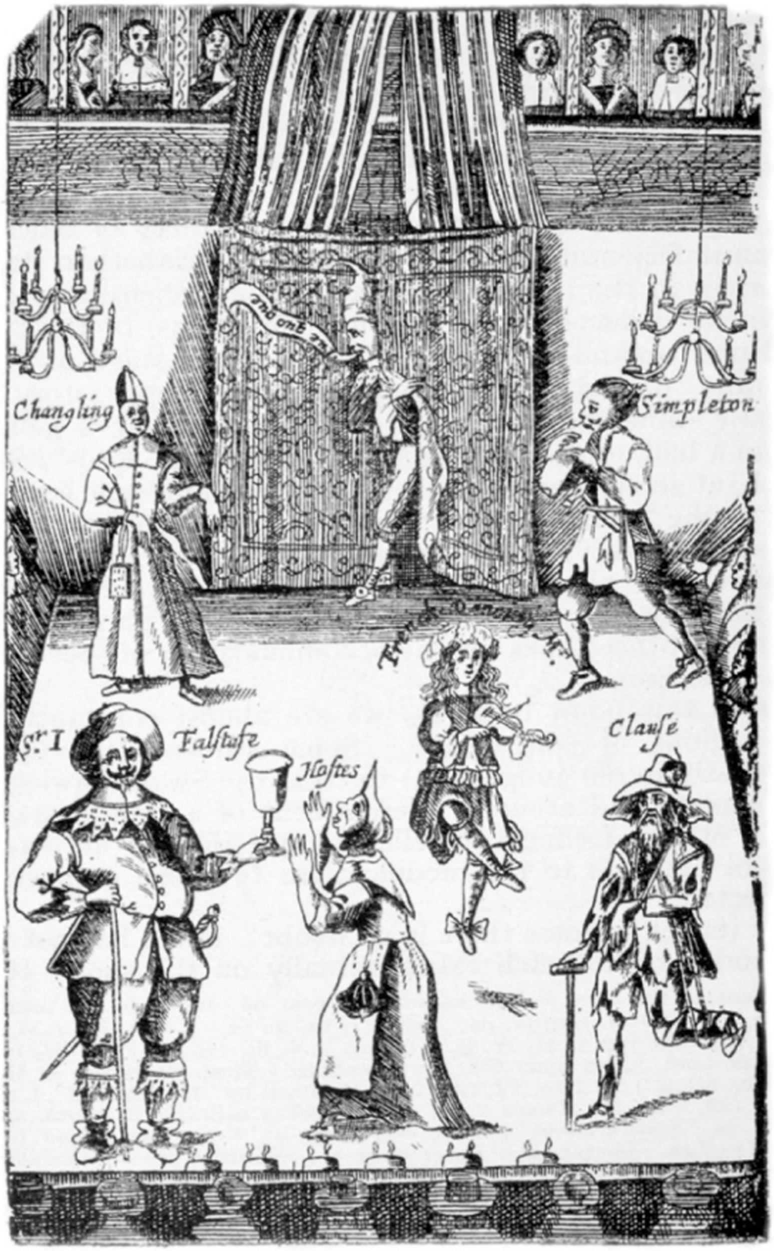
.3.1 SH AUTOLYCUS = Ed. *Not in* F **32 counters** *spelled* Compters *in* F **46 offends** = F2. F = offend

.4.13 Digest it = F2. F = Digest **14 swoon** = Ed. F = sworne **113 your** = F2. F = you **184 out** = Ed. F = on't

.4.234 SH AUTOLYCUS = Ed. *Not in* F **254 kiln** *spelled* kill *in* F **336 square** *spelled* squire *in* F **437 acknowledged** = F2. F = acknowledge **441 who** = F2. F = whom **447 shalt see** = Ed. F = shalt neuer see **458 hoop** = Ed. F = hope **528 whom** = F2. F = who **681 flayed** *spelled* fled *in* F **761 or** = F2. F = at

.1.93 SH PAULINA = Ed. *Assigned to Cleomenes in* F

.3.21 lonely = Ed. F = Louely


Changling
Simpleton
French Dancing Mr.
Sr. I Falſtafe
Hoſtes
Clauſe

This engraving, the frontispiece to Francis Kirkman’s The Wits (1672–73), depicts a number of famous dramatic characters, with Sir John Falstaff and the Hostess in the foreground, but it is most interesting for showing what a curtained “discovery space” at the back of the stage may have looked like: Hermione posed as the statue would have been revealed when Paulina drew the curtain. The space would also have been used when Prospero “discovers” Miranda and Ferdinand playing chess at the climax of The Tempest.

Act 1 Scene 1

1.1 ***Location:*** *Sicilia* (*now Sicily*)

1 **Bohemia** Bohemia, a central European kingdom, formerly part of the Austrian Empire; its capital was Prague **on…occasion** in the same circumstances

2 **on foot** in employment

4 **Bohemia** the King of Bohemia

6 **Wherein…loves** in whatever manner our hospitality may shame us, we shall make up for it in our love for you

9 **Verily** truly **in…knowledge** as my knowledge enables me to do

10 **rare** exceptional/excellent **sleepy** sleep-inducing

11 **insufficience** inadequacy

16 **Sicilia** the King of Sicily **trained** educated (plays on the sense of “directed or joined horticulturally”)

18 **branch** flourish

19 **necessities** responsibilities

20 **attorneyed** represented

21 **embassies** messages

22 **vast** boundless space **ends…winds** opposite corners of the globe **The** may the

25 **unspeakable** indescribable **of** in the form of

26 **note** attention

28 **physics the subject** gives health to the people

29 **ere** before **desire…life** are determined to survive

30 **else** otherwise

Act 1 Scene 2

1 **wat’ry star** the moon, which **changes** each month

2 **note** observation

3 **burden** i.e., occupant

5 **perpetuity** ever

6 **cipher** zero that, worthless in itself, may increase the value of a number it is added to

10 **Stay** restrain

13 **questioned…truly’** plagued by anxieties as to what might happen in my absence and concerned that no biting (**sneaping**) winds of hostility should make me conclude I was right to be afraid

19 **put us to’t** prove by testing me

21 **sev’nnight** week

22 **very sooth** truly

23 **between’s** between us

24 **no gainsaying** not be refused

29 **needful** necessary

31 **Were…me** would be a punishment to me (although well-intentioned)

32 **charge** burdensome responsibility

37 **Charge** entreat

38 **this…day** such reassuring news was announced yesterday

39 **Say** if you say

40 **ward** defensive position (fencing term)

42 **tell** say (to us) **strong** i.e., as an argument

43 **But** only

45 **distaffs** cleft staffs around which wool or flax was wound for use in spinning

46 **adventure** risk

48 **take** receive

49 **behind…parting** after the time (**gest**) appointed for his departure

50 **good deed** indeed

51 **jar** tick **behind…she** less than any noble woman (loves)

57 **limber vows** limp protestations

58 **t’unsphere the stars** to unhinge the cosmos (each star was thought to be contained within its own hollow sphere)

63 **pay…depart** Elizabethan prisoners were required to pay a fee on being released

65 **dread** greatly to be feared

68 **import offending** imply that I had offended

73 **Of** about

74 **pretty lordings** fine young gentlemen

76 **behind** to come

80 **verier wag** more mischievous fellow

82 **changed** exchanged

86 **weak…blood** childish dispositions/innocence never developed into adult passions

88 **the…ours** excepting the inherited (original) sin of all mankind/and have been spared inherited (original) sin

91 **tripped** sinned

93 **to's** to us

94 **unfledged** undeveloped, youthful

96 **play-fellow** i.e., Leontes

97 **Grace to boot!** Charming too!

98 **Of …conclusion** do not follow that statement (about temptation) to its logical conclusion

100 **answer** explain/respond to/repay

101 **sinned …us** had sexual relations with us and continued to do so only with us and no others

112 **Cram's** cram us (i.e., me)

113 **tame things** domestic pets (**fat** plays on her pregnancy) **tongueless** unremarked upon

114 **Slaughters…that** means that all corresponding deeds go unrecognized as well

115 **ride's** ride us (with sexual connotations)

116 **furlong** a furlong is 220 yards (200 metres) **ere…acre** before we will cover an acre as a result of (instead) being kicked with a spur

119 **sister** i.e., the first good deed Leontes mentioned

120 **would** I wish/if only **Grace** i.e., virtue/honor/divine favor

124 **crabbèd** bitter, frustrating (crab apples were a notoriously sour fruit)

126 **clap** seal a bargain by striking hands reciprocally

129 **lo** look **to th'purpose** effectively

131 **friend** companion (Leontes may pick up on the sense of “lover”)

133 **mingling bloods** process believed to occur during sex, since semen was assumed to be chiefly composed of blood

134 ***tremor cordis*** heart palpitations

135 **entertainment** hospitality (can have sexual connotations)

136 **free** innocent/open/generous

137 **heartiness** welcoming warmth **bounty** generosity **fertile bosom** profuse affection

138 **well…agent** still reflect well on the person behaving in such a way (Hermione) **’T** it

139 **paddling…fingers** i.e., flirtatious gestures **paddling** fingering

140 **practised** studied/flirtatious

142 **mort** horn sounded at the kill of a **deer**/death **deer** puns on “dear”

143 **brows** forehead, from which cuckolds (men with unfaithful wives) were supposed to grow horns

146 **I’ fecks!** In faith!

147 **bawcock** fine fellow (from French *beau coq*, meaning “fine cock, rooster”) **smutched** dirtied, smudged

149 **neat** clean, smart (puns on the sense of “horned cattle”)

150 **steer** young male ox

151 **virginalling…palm** moving the fingers up and down, as if playing the virginals (a keyed instrument); with sexual innuendo

152 **wanton** wild/untrained/playful/lustful

155 **Thou want’st** you lack **rough pash** shaggy head **shoots** horns (signifying cuckoldry)

156 **full** complete, fully grown

159 **o’er-dyed blacks** fabric weakened by excessive dyeing/fabric that has had black dye applied over a preexisting color **wind, as waters** i.e., changeable, capricious

161 **bourn…mine** boundary between his and my possessions (of which he intends to cheat me at **dice**)

163 **welkin** sky-blue

164 **collop** piece of flesh, offspring **Can thy dam** is your mother capable (of infidelity)

165 **Affection** strong feeling/passion/animosity/delusion (sense apparently shifts between Hermione’s supposed erotic desire for Polixenes and

Leontes' intense reaction) **intention** intensity, forceful purpose (which strikes to his heart, the **center** of his being)

166 **not so held** deemed impossible

168 **thou coactive art** you collaborate

169 **fellow'st** are companion to **credent** likely, believable

170 **co-join** conjoin (sexual suggestion)

171 **commission** what is permitted **find** discover, discern

173 **hard'ning…brows** i.e., as a cuckold, beginning to grow horns

174 **Sicilia** i.e., Leontes

175 **something seems** appears somewhat

179 **moved** distressed

182 **make…bosoms** provide entertainment to those with harder hearts

185 **unbreeched** i.e., a child, not yet in breeches (short trousers)

186 **muzzled** sheathed or with its tip protected

190 **squash** unripe pea pod (familiar/contemptuous)

191 **take…money** i.e., be deceived into accepting something of inferior value (proverbial)

193 **happy…dole** may his destiny be good fortune/happiness

197 **exercise** usual occupation

199 **parasite** sponger, flattering courtier

201 **childness** childlike ways

202 **Thoughts…blood** i.e., melancholy, thought to thicken the blood

204 **Officed** in such a role

205 **graver** slower, more sedate

207 **dear** expensive/beloved **cheap** inexpensive/common

208 **rover** wanderer

209 **Apparent** in line to

211 **shall's attend** shall we wait for

212 **bents** inclinations **found** discovered literally/exposed morally

215 **Go to** expression of impatient dismissal

216 **neb, the bill** nose and the mouth, i.e., she inclines her face as if to be kissed

217 **arms…husband** behaves as though she were with her own husband

219 **forked** horned

220 **plays** ambiguous: amuses herself/is busily engaged/practices deceit/has sexual intercourse; sense then shifts to "perform a role"

221 **so…part** i.e., the cuckold, butt of jokes **issue** outcome/end/action/offspring (plays on the sense of “children”)
222 **hiss** derisive response to Leontes’ performance in role of cuckold
223 **knell** funeral bells **There have** perhaps elided “There’ve” for sake of meter
224 **cuckolds** men with unfaithful wives
227 **sluiced** flushed out with water, i.e., semen
228 **pond** plays on sense of “vagina” **fished** plays on sense of “copulated with”
230 **gates** i.e., vaginas
232 **revolted** unfaithful
233 **Physic** remedy
234 **bawdy** lewd **strike** blast with a malevolent influence
235 **predominant** in the ascendant
237 **barricado…belly** i.e., defence against sexual entry
239 **bag and baggage** plays on the sense of “penis and testicles” **on’s** of us
246 **ado** trouble, fuss **his anchor hold** him (Polixenes) stay
247 **still came home** always returned, i.e., failed to take hold
249 **petitions** requests, entreaties
250 **material** urgent
252 **They’re…already** i.e., people are already talking about me **rounding** talking secretly
253 **so-forth** so-and-so, i.e., cuckold **’Tis…last** it must be far advanced, if I am the last to realize it **gust** taste
257 **pertinent** appropriate (as a description of her)
258 **so it is** as matters stand **taken** understood, perceived
259 **pate** head
260 **conceit is soaking** understanding is receptive
261 **blocks** idiots
262 **But of** except by **severals** individuals
263 **head-piece** intellect **Lower messes** inferior classes
264 **business** plays on “sexual business” **purblind** blind
272 **Satisfy** Leontes picks up on the sense of “gratify sexually”
275 **well** well as with
276 **chamber-councils** personal business
277 **cleansed my bosom** heard my confession and given me absolution

278 **we** Leontes falls back on royal “we” to assert authority

282 **bide** dwell

284 **hoxes** cripples

285 **counted** accounted, deemed

286 **grafted** planted

288 **game** play son the sense of “sexual play/contest” **home** to its conclusion **stake drawn** prize collected (plays on the sense of “penis ready for action”)

296 **wilful-negligent** deliberately neglectful

299 **weighing** considering, anticipating

300 **issue** outcome

301 **whereof …non-performance** where, the deed being accomplished, it became clear that it should indeed have been undertaken

306 **trespass** crime

307 **visage** face, appearance

310 **eye-glass** lens of the eye

312 **vision so apparent** something so obvious

313 **cogitation** thought

315 **slippery** licentious/deceitful/unchaste

316 **be…To** shamelessly deny that you

318 **hobby-horse** whore

319 **rank** lustful **flax-wench** lowly woman (flax was spun on a—phallic—distaff, so this also signifies “whore/lecherous woman”) **puts…troth-plight** has sex before her betrothal

322 **clouded** i.e., defamed

323 **present** immediate **’Shrew** curse (beshrew)

324 **become** befit, suit

325 **were…true** would be as sinful as the (adulterous) wrongs you describe, even if they were true

329 **career** full gallop

330 **note infallible** certain sign

331 **honesty** virtue, decency/chastity **Horsing…foot** foot-treading, a favorite erotic signal of the period; plays on sexual sense of “mount,” adopting sexual position

333 **Hours** wishing hours were

334 **pin and web** cataract

338 **nothing** of no significance; plays on “no thing” (i.e., vagina/no penis)

341 **betimes** quickly

348 **temporizer** procrastinator

350 **liver** thought to be the seat of sexual passion

352 **glass** hourglass

354 **medal** miniature portrait of the beloved

356 **bare** bore, had

358 **particular thrifts** personal profit

359 **undo** prevent, ruin **doing** action/sex

360 **cupbearer** servant who carried his master’s cup and was responsible for serving wine **meaner form** lower rank

361 **benched** given a position of authority **worship** honor, respectability

363 **galled** distressed, vexed **bespice** season (with poison)

364 **lasting wink** eternal sleep (death)

365 **cordial** health giving, heart restoring

367 **rash** immediately effective

368 **dram** draught, tiny amount

369 **Maliciously** violently

370 **crack** moral breach (with vaginal connotations) **dread** noble, respected

373 **Make…rot!** If you are going to dispute my accusations, then go and rot!

374 **muddy** dull-witted

375 **appoint…vexation** put myself in this distress

377 **sleep** peace of mind **spotted** stained

379 **Give…blood** raise questions about the legitimacy

381 **ripe moving to’t** full, compelling reason for it

382 **blench** turn aside

384 **fetch off** kill (plays on the sense of “rescue”)

387 **for…tongues** preventing damaging talk

390 **Thou…down** i.e., what you suggest is exactly what I had intended to do

394 **countenance** expression/appearance

395 **keep** keep company with

404 **miserable** doomed, unfortunate

405 **case** situation

406 **ground** reason, imperative

408 **in…himself** behaving uncharacteristically, defying his true nature

409 **All…too** all of his servants behave in such a way as well

410 **If** even if

413 **brass…parchment** monuments or materials on which history is recorded

416 **break-neck** i.e., death **Happy** favorable

419 **warp** contract/go astray

423 **none rare** nothing exceptional

425 **As** as if

427 **customary compliment** usual courtesy

428 **Wafting…th'contrary** looking away **falling** letting fall, pouting

434 **intelligent** informative, communicative **'Tis thereabouts** it must be something of this sort, i.e., something you **dare not** say

435 **to…must** within your heart, if you know something, you cannot deny that you do

437 **complexions** appearance, expressions

442 **distemper** disordered constitution

444 **Of** from

446 **basilisk** mythical reptile that could kill with its sight and breath

447 **sped** fared/succeeded

448 **regard** look/favor, esteem

450 **Clerk-like** educated (and)

451 **gentry** gentlemanly role

452 **whose success** being descended from whom **gentle** honorable

453 **aught** anything **behove** benefit

459 **conjure** charge, solemnly appeal **parts** qualities

460 **whereof…suit** not the least of which is (to answer) my request

462 **incidency** event

467 **charged** commanded

468 **mark** pay attention to

469 **ev'n** even, just

471 **goodnight** i.e., the end

473 **him** by him/to be the one

479 **vice** force

483 **his…best** i.e., Judas, betrayer of Christ

485 **savour** smell **strike** blast, have an evil influence over **dullest** least receptive

489 **Swear…over** even if you swear what he says is untrue

491 **influences** an invisible substance was supposed to stream from stars and influence destiny

492 **for to** to

493 **or** either

494 **fabric** building, structure

496 **The…body** for the rest of his life

497 **grow** have developed

501 **trunk** body

502 **impawned** as a pledge

503 **whisper to** inform secretly of

504 **posterns** back gates of the city

505 **Clear them** make their way out

506 **which …lost** i.e., in revealing this information I have ruined my **fortunes**

509 **prove** test

510 **stand by** reaffirm publicly

515 **pilot** guide **thy…mine** your position/privileges shall always be related to mine **places** dignities, rank, honors

517 **hence departure** departure from here

523 **Professed** professed friendship

525 **Good expedition** prompt departure

526 **theme** concern, motive

527 **ill-ta'en** misinformed, unjustified

529 **avoid** leave

Act 2 Scene 1

5 **none of** have nothing to do with

10 **for because** because

12 **so** provided

15 **’this** you this

22 **rounds apace** grows larger rapidly (in pregnancy)

24 **wanton with us** (want to) play with us

27 **Good …her!** May she have a **happy** labor!

29 **for** ready for

31 **sad** serious/mournful

34 **sprites** spirits

41 **Yond crickets** i.e., the other women over there

44 **tuft** thicket

45 **scour** move swiftly

46 **Even** all the way

48 **just censure** accurate/justifiable judgment

50 **in…infected** i.e., a **spider** (thought to be venomous) would not poison the drink they were in unless the drinker knew of its presence **steeped** soaked

55 **gorge** stomach/throat

56 **hefts** heaves **I have drunk** perhaps elided “I’ve drunk” for sake of meter

57 **pander** pimp, go-between

59 **mistrusted** suspected **false** deceitful

62 **pinched** tormented **trick** trifle, toy

69 **nurse** breastfeed (babies of noble households were breastfed by wet nurses)

72 **Sport?** A joke?

74 **sport** entertain (plays on the sense of “have sex”)

79 **Howe’er…th’nayward** whatever you think to the contrary

83 **justice** rightful judgment

84 **honest** truthful/chaste

85 **without-door** public, outward

86 **straight** immediately

87 **brands** stigmas/slanders

88 **calumny** slander **out** wrong/angry/speechless

89 **That…itself** i.e., **mercy,** not slander, uses shrugs to suggest that Hermione is unchaste; slander attacks actual **virtue** (which she does not possess)

91 **come between** interrupt

96 **replenished** complete

97 **He…villain** saying so would make him an even greater villain

99 **mistook** plays on the sense of “wrongfully had sex with”

101 **I’ll …place** i.e., I will not desecrate your high rank by calling you what you really are (in fact Leontes does so: **creature** plays on the sense of “whore”)

103 **a like** the same **degrees** social classes

104 **mannerly distinguishment** the proper distinction

108 **federary** confederate, accomplice

109 **know** plays on the sense of “have sex”

111 **bed-swerver** unfaithful to the marital bed (“swerver” means offender, trespasser; possible play on “swiver”)

112 **vulgars** common people **bold’st titles** coarsest names **Privy to** secretly aware of

117 **published** publicly denounced **Gentle my** my noble

118 **throughly** thoroughly **to say** by saying

122 **centre** mainstay, support (i.e., if my supposition is incorrect, then the whole structure of my mind/the world will collapse)

123 **top** spinning-top, toy

124 **afar off** indirectly/by implication

125 **But…speaks** merely by speaking up

126 **ill** malevolent

128 **aspect** astrological influence

130 **want** lack

131 **Perchance…pities** may perhaps prevent you from feeling pity for me

132 **here** i.e., in my heart

134 **qualified** tempered, moderated **charities** senses of charity

135 **measure** judge

137 **heard** i.e., obeyed

140 **plight** situation, i.e., her pregnancy

144 **better grace** higher virtue (in the eyes of God)

146 **leave** permission (to go)

158 **keep…wife** i.e., treat my wife as I would an animal/segregate my wife from all men (as mares were from stallions in stables)

159 **in couples** leashed together (as hounds were for the hunt)

160 **Than…her** not trust her except when I can see or feel her

162 **dram** tiny portion

167 **putter-on** plotter, instigator

169 **land-damn** of unclear meaning; probably “thrash pitilessly”

171 **some** about

173 **geld** spay, make infertile

174 **bring false generations** have illegitimate children

175 **glib** castrate

176 **fair issue** legitimate offspring

180 **doing thus** perhaps Leontes touches Antigonus or places Antigonus’ hand on something **withal** in addition

181 **instruments that feel** i.e., fingers

183 **honesty** chastity/fidelity/truth

184 **the…sweeten** to perfume the face

186 **credit** credibility, (others’) belief

188 **Upon this ground** in this matter (plays on sense of “earth”)

189 **suspicion** doubt

193 **instigation** incentive, direction **Our…this** my royal privilege does not require your advice; I am informing you of this out of **natural goodness**

195 **or stupefied** either insensible

196 **in skill** falsely

197 **Relish** appreciate, understand

199 **ord’ring on’t** management of it

200 **Properly** personally

201 **liege** lord, superior entitled to feudal allegiance and service

203 **overture** public disclosure

205 **ignorant by age** grown stupid with age

208 **gross…only** obvious as any suspicion that lacked only visible proof (**gross** plays on the senses of “coarse/vile”)

209 **nought for approbation** nothing remained for proof

211 **Made** added **deed** event/sexual act **proceeding** course of action

214 **wild** rash **post** haste

215 **Delphos** Delos, the island where Apollo the sun god was born and home to an oracle; possibly conflated with Delphi, the Greek town more famous for its oracle

217 **stuffed sufficiency** complete competency

218 **had** having been heard

223 **he** any man/Antigonus

225 **Come up to** face

226 **From** away from **free** accessible/innocent/not imprisoned

227 **treachery** i.e., suspected plot to kill Leontes

230 **raise** rouse, incite

Act 2 Scene 2

12 **ado** a fuss

13 **gentle** noble/kind

16 **put apart** dismiss, leave

24 **passes colouring** surpasses dyeing/is beyond all attempts at justification

27 **forlorn** outcast

28 **On** on account of

30 **is…delivered** has given birth prematurely

33 **Lusty** robust

37 **lunes** fits of madness, attributed to changes of the moon **beshrew** curse

38 **on't** of it **office** task

39 **Becomes** is suited to

40 **honey-mouthed** deceitful

41 **never…more** may my tongue never be allowed to declare my anger again **red-looked** dressed in red, like the military herald who preceded the trumpeter

43 **Commend…obedience** send my devoted support

46 **Her…th'loud'st** her most vociferous representative

52 **free** generous **miss…issue** fail to achieve a positive outcome (**thriving issue** plays on the sense of "healthy offspring")

54 **meet** suitable

55 **presently** immediately

57 **hammered…design** thought of this enterprise

58 **durst…honour** dared not ask a noble person

61 **wit** good sense, wisdom

67 **I…it** punishment I risk to let it out of the prison

Act 2 Scene 3

1 **Nor** neither
3 **in being** alive
4 **harlot** lascivious (Polixenes)
5 **blank** target
6 **level** aim, range
7 **hook** attach
8 **Given…fire** burned at the stake (punishment for treason) **moiety** part
15 **Conceiving** learning of
19 **solely** alone
20 **him** i.e., Polixenes
23 **parties, his alliance** supporters, his allies
28 **she** she who is
30 **be second to** support
33 **free** innocent
37 **hot** rash, hasty
38 **sleep** i.e., peace
40 **needless heavings** pointless sighs or groans
41 **awakIng** sleeplessness
43 **either** both **humour** mood/sickness
46 **needful conference** necessary conversation
47 **gossips** godparents
48 **How?** What?
53 **On…peril** at the risk of your fury
55 **rule** control
56 **From** away from
58 **Commit** imprison
60 **La you now** there you are, then
67 **in…yours** when it comes to condoning your wrongs than those who seem superficially to be most loyal
70 **queen** may pun on “quean” (whore)
72 **by…good** prove her innocence by a duel
73 **the worst** even the most lowly
75 **makes but trifles** thinks little of, i.e., she’ll scratch them
76 **hand** touch **On…off** I’ll go when I decide

80 **Out!** Away!

81 **mankind** masculine/furious

82 **intelligencing bawd** spying pimp

84 **ignorant** inexperienced, unknowing

85 **entitling** calling

86 **warrant** assure (you)

90 **dotard** old fool **woman-tired** henpecked **unroosted** dislodged, usurped in domestic authority

91 **Partlet** traditional name for a hen

92 **crone** old woman/old ewe

94 **Unvenerable** unworthy of respect

95 **by…upon't** under that base name (of **bastard**) he has forced on it

97 **dreads** fears (Paulina's response seems to shift sense to "respects, reveres")

107 **as…opinion** i.e., as he is king, it is a shame he cannot be forced to uproot the basis of his belief

111 **callat** nag/whore

113 **baits** provokes (plays on **beats**)

115 **dam** mother (contemptuous, usually applied to animals)

118 **lay…charge** apply the old proverb to you

119 **'tis the worse** the child is the worse off for it

120 **print** copy **matter** substance/image

122 **trick** manner, habit **nay** even **valley** perhaps the groove between the nose and the lip or a cleft in the chin

126 **got** begot, conceived

127 **ordering…mind** temperament

128 **No yellow** let there be no yellow (traditionally the color of jealousy)

130 **hag** witch

131 **lozel** scoundrel

132 **stay her tongue** shut her up

141 **It…in't** i.e., it is *you*, the one who orders the fire, who is a heretic as you are burning me unjustly

145 **weak-hinged fancy** fragile, unsupported imaginings **savours** smells

150 **Where …life?** i.e., I would have had her killed by now

153 **Jove** Roman king of the gods

154 **What…hands?** i.e., There is no need to manhandle me

155 **You** i.e., Leontes’ attendants

158 **set on** put up

162 **straight** immediately

164 **testimony** authority/evidence

167 **proper** own

176 **credit** credibility/honor

177 **beseech’** beseech you

179 **dear** heartfelt/valuable

182 **foul issue** terrible outcome

183 **I…blows** I am exposed to every opinion

189 **Lady Margery** derogatory name for a woman; “Margery-prater” is a slang term for “hen”

191 **this beard’s grey** probably refers to Antigonus’ beard **adventure** risk

203 **lewd-tongued** outspoken/lascivious

204 **enjoin** command

205 **liege-man** loyal servant

207 **desert** deserted

209 **it** its

210 **strange fortune** unnatural circumstances/foreign events, i.e., Polixenes

213 **commend…place** commit it to some foreign land

214 **nurse…it** nurture or kill it

215 **present** instant, immediate

217 **kites** birds of prey **ravens** thought tobe a bird of ill omen

220 **Like** similar

221 **more** more ways **require** deserves

222 **thy** addressed to the baby

226 **posts** messengers

232 **beyond account** without precedent/beyond description

235 **suddenly** immediately

237 **session** legal hearing **arraign** put on trial

Act 3 Scene 1

3.1 ***Location:*** *on the road*

1 **delicate** exquisite/fragrant

5 **caught** struck/charmed **habits** clothing

7 **grave** reverend, wise

12 **Kin** similar **surprised** assailed, overwhelmed

14 **th'event** the outcome

16 **rare** wonderful, exceptional

17 **worth…on't** well spent

22 **violent…it** rash way it has been executed

24 **great divine** chief priest

25 **discover** reveal

Act 3 Scene 2

3.2 ***Location:*** *Sicilia*

4 **Of** by

7 **Even…purgation** until we have established guilt or acquittal

15 **pretence** purpose

17 **counsel** advise/communicate with

22 **boot** profit

23 **mine…received** as I am thought to be a liar my claims shall be received accordingly

29 **patience** endurance, suffering

31 **continent** restrained/faithful

33 **history** any historical narrative or fictional tale **pattern** show, provide a model for

34 **take spectators** enthrall an audience

35 **which owe** who owns

36 **moiety** portion

38 **prate** prattle

39 **For…spare** I value life as I do grief, both of which I could do without

40 **for…for** honor is handed down from me to my children and it is only for that reason that I make a stand

43 **conscience** also “inward consciousness”

44 **grace** favor

45 **merited** deserved

46 **With…thus** by what unacceptable behavior have I transgressed that I appear on trial like this **encounter** behavior (plays on the sense of “sexual act”)

51 **fie** shame

52 **I…first** I’ve never heard that adulterers lacked the same audacity to deny (**gainsay**) their actions that was required to perform them

59 **More…acknowledge** I must not answer for more than those faults that I actually possess

69 **friend…yours** relative (Polixenes), who has professed his love freely for you since childhood

71 **for** as for

72 **dished** served up

76 **Wotting** knowing

81 **level…dreams** target, aim of your delusions

82 **Which** i.e., my life

86 **of your fact** who have committed your crime

87 **concerns…avails** is of more importance than practical advantage to you

88 **like to itself** which, as a bastard, it should be

91 **in…death** i.e., the very mildest form of your punishment will be death, perhaps preceded by torture

94 **bug** imagined terror, fearful threat

95 **commodity** thing of value

97 **give** acknowledge, give up for

101 **Starred most unluckily** born under an unlucky star

102 **it** its

103 **Haled** dragged **post** proclamations were nailed up publicly

104 **strumpet** harlot/whore **immodest** outrageous

105 **child-bed privilege** rights extended to women after they had given birth, including bed rest **’longs** belongs

106 **fashion** ranks

108 **strength of limit** strength gained during the postnatal period of recuperation

113 **free** clear

114 **sleeping else** otherwise unforthcoming

115 **awake** create/muster

116 **rigour…law** severity rather than justice (plays on the phrase “the rigor of the law”)

125 **flatness** absoluteness

137 **truly begotten** conceived legitimately

144 **sessions** trial

148 **conceit** imagining

149 **speed** fate

154 **mortal** fatal

165 **transported** carried away, overcome

169 **tardied** held back from

172 **Not…done** depending on whether he did or did not do the deed

174 **Unclasped my practice** revealed my plot

176 **commended** entrusted

177 **No richer than** with nothing but **glisters** shines
181 **lace** laces that fasten the corset, **cut** to relieve faintness
184 **studied** planned
185 **wheels** to which victims were tied and beaten **Rack** torture instrument that stretched the limbs
190 **Fancies** imaginings **green** immature **idle** foolish
193 **bygone fooleries** previous mistakes **spices** slight tastes
195 **of** as **inconstant** disloyal
198 **Poor trespasses** small crimes
201 **or** either
202 **shed…done't** wept from his fiery eyes, or while burning in hellfire before he would commit such a sin
205 **tender** young **cleft** broke
206 **conceive** understand **sire** father
208 **Laid…answer** something you are required to answer to
209 **said** finished speaking
211 **dropped down** emerged
215 **Tincture or lustre** color or brightness
218 **heavier…stir** more sorrowful/weightier than all your remorse/misery can shift
219 **betake thee To** prepare for/go to
222 **still** permanent
224 **look…wert** look in your direction, take pity on you
229 **Howe'er…speech** whatever the nature of events you have erred in being so outspoken
237 **petition** urging, request
238 **minded** reminded
243 **remember** remind
244 **patience** endurance, suffering
246 **Thou…truth** you spoke best when most truthfully
248 **of** by
250 **them** i.e., the gravestones/burial monuments
254 **nature…exercise** I am physically able
256 **use** undertake

Act 3 Scene 3

3.3 ***Location:*** *Bohemia (coast)*

1 **Thou…o'th'business** dialogue between Antigonus and Mariner is set as verse, but may have been intended as prose **perfect** certain

2 **deserts** deserted coastal areas

5 **present blusters** impending storms **conscience** opinion

6 **that…hand** what we are undertaking

9 **bark** small ship

12 **loud** stormy

22 **creature** being, figure

23 **some another** sometimes on the other side

24 **vessel** container, figure

25 **filled…becoming** full of sorrow and so beautiful

26 **sanctity** holiness

29 **fury** strong passion **anon** presently

35 **for** because

36 **Perdita** literally "the lost one"

37 **ungentle** ignoble/cruel

39 **shrieks** ghosts were traditionally supposed to shriek in high-pitched voices

42 **toys** trifles

44 **squared** ruled

49 **speed** fare, survive

50 **character** written account of her history and parentage **these** gold and jewels later found with the baby

51 **breed…thine** pay for your upbringing with sufficient left over

53 **fault** crime

56 **enjoined** committed, obliged

59 **clamour** the noise of hunters and dogs or the roar of the **bear**

60 **chase** hunt (of Antigonus)/hunted bear ***bear*** a real polar bear cub was available at the time of the play's first performance, but some scholars assume an actor in bear costume

64 **ancientry** elderly/ancestors

65 **boiled-brains** idiots **this** in this

68 **browsing of** feeding on **an't be thy** if it be God's

69 **bairn** child **child** baby girl

70 **scape** sexual transgression **bookish** well-read

71 **stair-work …behind-door-work** i.e., secret sexual liaisons (**work** plays on the sense of “sexual activity” and **trunk** plays on the sense of “body”)

72 **warmer** i.e., from sexual activity **got** begot, conceived

73 **tarry** wait **hallooed** called out ***Clown*** a rustic, comic character; the Shepherd’s son

76 **on** about

77 **ailest** troubles/prevents

79 **firmament** sky

80 **bodkin** pin/needle

82 **chafes** seethes **takes up** consumes/rebukes

84 **boring** piercing

85 **anon** then/shortly **yeast** foam

86 **hogshead** cask of alcohol **land-service** combat on land/food served on land (i.e., events on land)

88 **make…ship** finish the story of the ship/tell you how the ship met its end
flap-dragoned consumed (as in a game of flapdragon, where raisins are plucked from burning brandy and swallowed)

93 **winked** shut my eyes

95 **by** nearby

96 **your…footing** you would have been unable to stand (**footing** puns on the sense of “establishment of a **charity**“)

98 **Heavy** grave, sorrowful

99 **met’st** met

100 **bearing-cloth** christening robe **squire** i.e., one of a relatively high social position

102 **changeling** child taken by the fairies, or the one substituted for it

103 **you’re…live** you will live prosperously

105 **fairy gold** if not kept secret, riches brought by fairies were thought to bring bad luck **close** secret

106 **next** nearest **still** yet/always

109 **curst** vicious

111 **what** who

113 **Marry** by the Virgin Mary

Act 4 Scene 1

4.1 ***Location:*** *the theater*

1 **try** test (proverbial: “time tries all things”) **both…Of** bringer of both joy and terror to the

2 **unfolds** reveals

4 **wings** Time was traditionally depicted as winged

6 **growth untried** development unexamined

8 **self-born** selfsame/self-created (by **Time**)

9 **plant and o’erwhelm** create and overrule

10 **ere…received** since the beginning of time, before the oldest laws and customs were set down and before those of the present day

11 **witness** bear willing testimony

12 **them** i.e., law and custom **do** be

13 **stale…present** redundant and past what is now fresh and gleaming

15 **seems to it** seems old in comparison to the present

16 **glass** hourglass

17 **As** as if **Leontes…himself** leaving Leontes to the consequences of his foolish jealousies, so distraught he shuts himself away

20 **Gentle** noble, wellborn/excellent/polite, courteous

22 **king’s** i.e., Polixenes’

23 **pace** proceed

25 **Equal with wond’ring** as great as the admiration her **grace** inspires

26 **list not prophesy** wish not to foretell

28 **adheres** pertains

29 **argument** subject matter

31 **yet** yet allow

Act 4 Scene 2

4.2 ***Location:*** *Bohemia (court)*

1 **importunate** persistent, urging **'tis…denying** it makes me ill to deny

3 **fifteen** the discrepancy between Camillo's fifteen and Time's sixteen years may be a scribal error or a slip on Shakespeare's part

4 **been aired** lived

5 **feeling** heartfelt **allay** comfort

6 **o'erween** presume

9 **want** be without **made me businesses** handled affairs for me

12 **considered** rewarded

13 **heaping friendships** growth of Camillo's kindnesses/increase of mutual friendship **fatal** deadly

15 **reconciled** remorseful, confessed

18 **unhappy** miserable/unfortunate **gracious** virtuous

19 **approved** proved

21 **missingly noted** noticed in his absence **retired** absent

22 **exercises** activities, pastimes

25 **eyes…service** employees to watch him **removedness** absence/where he goes

28 **unspeakable estate** indescribable wealth

29 **rare note** exceptional report

30 **begin** originate

31 **angle** fishhook

33 **question** conversation

34 **uneasy** difficult

35 **present** immediate

Act 4 Scene 3

4.3 ***Location:*** *Bohemia (rural)* ***Autolycus*** literally, “the wolf himself” or “the lone wolf”; in classical mythology, he was a crafty thief

1 **peer** peep out/appear

2 **doxy** whore/low woman

3 **sweet o’** sweetest part of

4 **pale** paleness/domain

5 **sheet…hedge** spring-cleaning involved washing linen, which was hung out to dry on hedges

7 **set…edge** unclear; the general sense seems to be “whet my appetite for thieving” (“to pug” means “to tug or pull” hence possibly “to steal”); alternative possibility is sexual (“pug” meant mistress/whore and “tooth” was associated with desire, as in “toothsome”)

11 **aunts** whores, wenches

12 **tumbling** having sex

13 **three-pile** costly thick velvet **out of service** unemployed

19 **tinkers** menders of metal pots and kettles (also applied to beggars and thieves) **leave to live** permission to live freely

20 **sow-skin budget** pigskin toolbag

22 **in …avouch it** affirm that I am a tinker (rather than a vagabond) and thus escape punishment **stocks** instrument of punishment in which the arms or legs were confined

23 **traffic** trade, goods **kite…linen** the kite (a bird of prey) supposedly stole pieces of cloth to build its nest; Autolycus steals **sheets** that have been left out to dry

24 **littered under** fathered by/born under the influence of (the connotations of animal birth recall Autolycus’ wolfishness) **Mercury** Roman god of thieves/the planet

25 **unconsidered** disregarded, unattended **die** i.e., gambling **drab** whoring/pimping **caparison** clothing, outfit

26 **silly cheat** petty deception/foolish victim of my trickery **Gallows and knock** hanging and beating (punishments of a highwayman)

27 **For…come** as for the future/the afterlife

29 **’leven wether tods** eleven sheep will produce 12 kg (a **tod**) of wool **odd** one

31 **springe** trap **cock** woodcock, a proverbially stupid bird

32 **counters** round metal discs used for calculating **sheep-shearing feast** festival held between May and July; the shearing of the sheep was accompanied by general celebrations

35 **lays it on** sets about it thoroughly **made me** made **nosegays** posies of flowers

36 **three-man-song-men** men who sing three-part songs

37 **means** boy altos or adult countertenors **puritan** pious Protestant, opposed to excessive festivity

38 **hornpipes** wind instruments/lively vigorous dance/piece of music for such a dance; the **puritan** is so religious he will only sing psalms to them

warden pies made from a variety of pear **Mace** spice made from nutmeg

39 **out of my note** not on my list **race** root

40 **o'th'sun** sun-dried

42 **I'th'name of me** a mild, and unusual, oath

46 **stripes** lashes of a whip

48 **great matter** serious consequences/infected wounds

51 **horseman…footman** highwayman or robber on foot (who would wear inferior **garments**)

54 **hot service** active use, i.e., excessive wear

58 **out** dislocated

66 **troll-my-dames** loose women/whores

70 **abide** stay briefly

71 **ape-bearer** showman with a performing monkey

72 **process-server** officer who serves a summons **compassed a motion** traveled around with a puppet show **prodigal son** in the New Testament parable, the younger son who squanders his inheritance but is forgiven by his father (Luke 15)

73 **living** property

74 **flown over** dabbled with

76 **Prig** thief/tinker **wakes** country festivals

81 **false of heart** fearful

85 **softly** gently

87 **good-faced** honest, kind

89 **hot** full (plays on the sense of "spicy")

90 **cheat** deception **bring out** lead to

91 **sheep** i.e., to be stupid **unrolled** removed from the list of thieves and vagabonds

94 **hent** grasp

Act 4 Scene 4

1	**unusual weeds**	special (festival) clothes
2	**Flora**	Roman goddess of flowers
3	**Peering…front**	appearing at the beginning of April
4	**petty**	minor
7	**chide…extremes**	rebuke your exaggerations
9	**mark o'th'land**	object of public attention
	obscured	concealed, disguised
10	**swain's wearing**	rustic clothing
11	**pranked up**	dressed up, adorned
12	**mess**	group of diners/collection of dishes
	folly	lewd or foolish behavior
13	**Digest…custom**	tolerate it because it is a tradition
15	**show…glass**	look at myself in a mirror
20	**difference**	i.e., in rank
22	**accident**	chance event
25	**Vilely bound up**	humbly/degradingly dressed (literally, bound like a book)
26	**flaunts**	fancy clothes
27	**sternness**	majesty
28	**Apprehend**	be apprehensive about, imagine
31	**Jupiter…bull**	in classical mythology the Roman supreme god Jupiter transformed himself into a bull and abducted Europa
32	**Neptune…ram**	the Roman sea god Neptune took on the shape of a ram to carry off Theopane
34	**Apollo…swain**	the classical sun god Apollo disguised himself as a shepherd to seduce Alcestis
37	**in a way**	for an undertaking/in a manner
38	**Run not before**	do not overtake
45	**I my life**	possibly Perdita anticipates being threatened with death
47	**forced**	unnatural/uneasy
48	**Or**	either
52	**Though**	even if
53	**with…while**	i.e., by occupying yourself with anything else in the meantime
55	**as**	as if

59 **Stand you** be/remain (Fortune was traditionally fickle)

61 **Address** prepare **sprightly** in a lively, cheerful manner

64 **pantler** pantry maid

65 **dame** hostess

68 **On his** at one person's

70 **to…sip** toast each person **retired** withdrawn

83 **rosemary** herb symbolizing **remembrance rue** herb symbolizing repentance and **grace**

84 **Seeming and savour** appearance and smell

88 **fit** suit, match

90 **the year …winter** i.e., in autumn

93 **gillyvors** gillyflowers, a type of dual-colored carnation

94 **nature's bastards** gillyflowers are a result of cross-pollination

96 **slips** cuttings (plays on sense of "sexual lapse")

97 **Wherefore** why

98 **neglect** reject

99 **For** because

100 **an…nature** i.e., artificial cross-breeding, in its effect of creating streaked color, only imitates nature's skill **piedness** being multicolored

103 **mean** method

104 **over…makes** i.e., man and his materials are created by nature, therefore anything he does is essentially natural too

107 **gentler scion** nobler shoot **stock** stem/ancestry

109 **race** root/ancestry, i.e., through cross-breeding, a superior plant is generated from a baser one

110 **mend** improve

116 **dibble** tool for making holes in which to plant seedlings **set** plant

117 **painted** wearing makeup

120 **Hot** herbs were divided into "hot" or "cold" varieties based on their supposed qualities **savory** a type of herb

121 **goes…weeping** the **marigold** closes at sunset and opens, filled with dew, at sunrise

127 **Out, alas!** exclamation of dismay

134 **maidenheads** virginities **Proserpina** in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Proserpina, the daughter of Ceres, is abducted by **Dis** (Pluto) as she gathers

flowers, and is taken in his chariot (**wagon**) to the underworld where he rules

137 **dares** i.e., return from its migration **take** bewitch

138 **dim** modest/drooping

139 **Juno** queen of the Roman gods

140 **Cytherea** Venus

142 **Phoebus** the sun god **malady…maids** i.e., greensickness, a type of anaemia that caused pallor and weakness; it affected adolescent girls

144 **crown imperial** a lily first imported into England from Constantinople in the late sixteenth century

145 **flower-de-luce** fleur-de-lis, heraldic lily (actually a type of iris)

150 **if** if so

151 **quick** alive

153 **Whitsun pastorals** morris dances and plays celebrating Whitsun, seven Sundays after Easter

156 **Still** always

158 **alms** charity to the poor or sick

159 **ord'ring** arranging of

162 **still** plays on the sense of "motionless"

163 **own…function** perform no other activity **your doing** thing you do

164 **singular** exceptional (plays on the sense of "individual, **particular**")
particular individual aspect

165 **what…deeds** your present actions

167 **Doricles** the name Florizel has assumed

169 **true** honorable/faithful

170 **give you out** proclaim you to be

172 **the false way** with dishonorable intentions

174 **skill** cause

176 **turtles** turtledoves, thought to mate for life

180 **greensward** grass

184 **blood look out** blush **sooth** truth

185 **curds and cream** derived from milk and thus associated with shepherds

187 **mistress** dance partner

188 **mend…with** i.e., improve her breath (so bad that even **garlic** would help)

189 **in good time** expression of indignation

190 **stand upon** insist on

194 **boasts** say he boasts

195 **worthy feeding** rich pasture, grazing land

197 **like sooth** truthful

203 **featly** skillfully

206 **light upon** choose her (for marriage) ***Servant*** i.e., the Old Shepherd’s servant (whose presence indicates that though humble, the household is not impoverished)

209 **tabor** small drum used for morris dancing

210 **tell** count out **ballads** narrative songs sung and sold by itinerant pedlars

211 **grew** listened attentively/were drawn to

212 **better** at a better time

215 **milliner** vendor of fashionable hats and **gloves**

217 **bawdry** lewdness **burdens** refrains **dildos and fadings** nonsense words used in refrains (plays on the senses of “false penis” and “moment after orgasm”) **‘jump…her’** also with sexual connotations

218 **stretched-mouthed** wide-mouthed/obscene

219 **break…matter** interrupt the song with an obscenity (**gap** plays on the sense of “vagina”)

220 **Whoop** exclamation of outcry or excitement

222 **brave** excellent/impudent

223 **admirable conceited** extraordinarily witty, ingenious

224 **unbraided** untarnished, not shop-soiled (“braid” plays on the sense of “ribbon”)

225 **points** laces used to attach doublet and hose (plays on the sense of “arguments”)

226 **by th’gross** wholesale

227 **inkles** linen tape **caddisses** yarn tape used for garters **cambrics** fine linen from Cambray in Flanders **lawns** fine linen **’em over** about them

228 **smock** woman’s undergarment

229 **sleeve-hand** cuff **work about** embroidery on **square** square piece of material on the chest area

232 **You have** there are some

233 **go about** wish

235 **Cypress** lightweight crepe fabric

236 **sweet** scented

237 **Masks** worn by women to protect the complexion from the sun

238 **Bugle** glittering

240 **quoifs** close-fitting caps **stomachers** decorated fronts for women's dresses

242 **poking-sticks** rod for stiffening the folds of a ruff (with possible phallic play)

247 **enthralled** enslaved (by love) **bondage** (buying and) binding up

248 **against** in preparation for

249 **more than that** presumably marriage

250 **paid you** had sex with you/given you **paid…again** refers to pregnancy and the **shame** of an illegitimate child

252 **plackets…faces** i.e., reveal their most private affairs in public **placket** slit in a skirt or petticoat (hence "vagina")

254 **kiln-hole** fire hole at an oven (somewhere to gossip)

255 **Clamour** silence

257 **tawdry-lace** Saint Audrey's lace, a decorative neckerchief

259 **cozened** tricked

260 **abroad** roaming about **behoves** befits

263 **charge** value

265 **alife** on my life

267 **usurer** moneylender **brought…of** delivered

268 **at a burden** in one birth

269 **carbonadoed** scored and grilled

273 **Tale-porter** i.e., "tale-bearer" or bringer of "tail" (vagina), hence pimp

276 **lay it by** set it aside

279 **fourscore** eightieth (four times twenty) **forty thousand fathom** 240,000 feet (about 74,000 meters)

281 **exchange flesh** have sex

284 **justices'** magistrates' **hands** signatures **pack** bag, pack of goods

288 **passing** extremely

289 **request** demand

291 **bear a part** sing a part/play a role/handle genitals

293 **on't** of it

294 **Have…you** let's begin

304 **Or** either **grange** farmhouse

305 **ill** wrong

312 **have…anon** finish this song later

313 **sad** serious

321 **toys** ornaments, trinkets

325 **utter** offer for sale **ware-a** wares, goods

326 **carters** cart drivers **neat-herds** cowherds

327 **made…hair** dressed in hairy disguises, presumably animal skins, to resemble satyrs

328 **Saltiers** malapropism for “satyrs” (mythical creatures, part man, part goat) **gallimaufry of gambols** chaotic mixture of leaps

330 **bowling** i.e., a gentle, sedate activity

331 **homely** simple

333 **threes** trios

336 **by th’square** with great precision

337 **prating** chattering

339 **stay** are waiting

340 **father** respectful term of address for an old man **you’ll…hereafter** presumably refers to a conversation the men were having during the dance

342 **He’s simple** the Shepherd is ignorant/humble

345 **handed** handled **wont** accustomed

346 **she with knacks** lady with trifles, presents

349 **marted** bargained/bought

350 **Interpretation should abuse** should misinterpret

351 **bounty** generosity **straited** at a loss

352 **make…her** care about keeping her happy

356 **looks** looks for

358 **delivered** i.e., legally, through formal betrothal **breathe my life** i.e., pledge my love

360 **sometime** formerly, at some time

362 **bolted** sifted, refined

363 **blasts** winds

365 **wash** clean/whitewash

366 **was** that was **put you out** disconcerted you (by interrupting); also used for actor forgetting his lines

367 **to** return to **protestation** declaration

374 **Thereof** of all monarchs

378 **Commend…perdition** either commit them to her service, or consign them to ruin

386 **By…his** through understanding the purity of my own thoughts I recognize that of his (a dress-making metaphor)

391 **portion** dowry

393 **one being dead** i.e., when Polixenes dies and Florizel inherits the throne

396 **Contract…witnesses** the formal betrothal; a pledge of marriage uttered before witnesses was legally binding

399 **Soft** wait a moment **swain** country gallant or lover/young man/rustic

406 **becomes** befits

407 **incapable Of** unable to understand (through senility)

409 **alt'ring rheums** weakening catarrh or similar ailments of old age

410 **Dispute** deal with

411 **does…childish** i.e., suffers dementia and returns to a state of childish dependency

418 **unfilial** not like a son, unnatural **Reason** it is reasonable that

421 **posterity** family, descendants **hold some counsel** be involved, consulted

423 **yield** grant

434 **Mark** witness

438 **affects** aspires to/seeks to obtain/loves/assumes the character of/puts on a pretence of **sheep-hook** shepherd's crook, and by implication a shepherd girl (derogatory)

441 **excellent** skilled **of force** by necessity

442 **cop'st with** deal with/embrace

445 **homely** ugly/humble **fond** foolish/doting

447 **knack** toy/piece of trickery

448 **succession** i.e., to the throne

449 **Not…blood** disown you

450 **Far…off** less linked in kinship than to **Deucalion**, in classical mythology the common ancestor of humankind and thus the most distant relation possible

451 **churl** rustic/villain, i.e., the Shepherd

453 **dead…it** i.e., execution **enchantment** enchantress, witch, i.e., Perdita

454 **him** i.e., Florizel

455 **That…thee** i.e., were it not for his royal blood, his behavior has made him even unworthy of a lowly person like you

457 **rural latches** metaphorical gates that lead from Perdita's rustic world into Florizel's

460 **tender** acutely receptive

461 **undone** ruined

465 **visage** face

466 **alike** both alike

475 **fourscore three** eighty-three

476 **fill…quiet** die peacefully

480 **no…dust** criminals were denied a Christian burial

481 **adventure** dare

482 **mingle faith** exchange vows (perhaps with play on the belief in the mingling of blood during sex)

488 **straining…back** determined for being deterred **following…unwillingly** being dragged against my will

493 **purpose** intend **hardly** with great dificulty/unwillingly

498 **I think, Camillo?** Camillo either takes off his disguise or is recognized by Florizel, even with it on

501 **dignity** worth

502 **But** only

504 **violation…faith** breaking of my oaths

506 **seeds** i.e., of life **Lift…looks** look at me/be cheerful

507 **wipe** erase

509 **Be advised** be cautious, think carefully

510 **fancy** feelings, love

514 **desperate** extreme/rash/dangerous

516 **honesty** right, honorable

517 **pomp** splendor, ostentation

519 **close** secret/enclosed **wombs** holds within **profound** deep

525 **passion** rage

526 **Tug** contend with one another

527 **deliver** report

530 **rides fast by** anchored nearby

531 **What…hold** where I intend to go

532 **Shall…reporting** will not benefit you to hear or me to tell you

535 **for advice** to advise

539 **irremovable** determined

541 **frame…turn** use for my purposes

543 **Purchase** obtain

547 **fraught** burdened **curious** difficult

548 **ceremony** courtesy (toward you)

550 **poor** meager

554 **not…on** and important to him to reward your service as fully as he values it

559 **embrace…direction** accept my advice, adopt my plan

560 **ponderous** weighty **settled** fixed, determined

561 **suffer alteration** permit some adjustments

562 **receiving** a reception

564 **Enjoy** make love to/love freely

565 **disjunction** separation

566 **forfend** forbid

568 **discontenting** discontented **qualify** pacify

569 **liking** giving his approval

573 **after…to** ever after trust

574 **on** of

577 **th'unthought…do** this unexpected event is responsible for our rash behavior now

579 **flies…blows** blown about like flies in the wind

581 **list** listen

586 **habited** dressed

590 **As…person** as though he were your father

591 **divides…kindness** veers between chastising himself for his past unkindness/unnatural behavior and endeavoring to be kind/fatherly now

596 **colour** pretext

600 **bearing** behavior

601 **as** as if

603 **point…sitting** direct you at every discussion (with regard to)

605 **bosom** most personal thoughts

608 **sap** life

611 **unpathed** uncharted

613 **one** one misery

614 **nothing…as** your only certainty

615 **stay** hold, keep

617 **Prosperity's…love** good fortune secures love

619 **Affliction alters** (love) is changed by adversity

621 **subdue the cheek** make the complexion pale

622 **take in** affect/conquer

624 **seven years** i.e., for a long time

625 **such** such as Perdita

627 **as…birth** as superior to her lowly upbringing as she is inferior to us in rank

630 **instructions** education

638 **furnished** dressed/equipped

639 **appear** appear so

641 **fortunes** wealth

643 **appointed** provided for

644 **mine** written/performed by me **instance** proof

645 **want** go without

647 **trumpery** worthless finery **stone** gem

648 **glass** mirror **pomander** ball of sweet-smelling substances carried about for ornament or to prevent infection **table-book** notebook

649 **horn-ring** ring made from horn, thought to possess magical qualities **fasting** i.e., being empty

650 **hallowed** sacred **benediction** blessing

651 **best in picture** looked best (to steal)

652 **use** purpose/opportunity/profit **wants** lacks **something** some thing

653 **grew** plays on the phallic sense of "became erect" **pettitoes** feet (literally, pig's trotters)

655 **stuck in ears** were devoted to hearing **placket** literally, slit in a petticoat, hence "vagina"

656 **geld…purse** cut a purse free from the codpiece it is attached to/castrate (**geld**) a scrotum

657 **my sir's** i.e., the Clown's

658 **nothing** meaninglessness/silliness (puns on musical "noting," which was pronounced similarly)

659 **whoo-bub** hullabaloo

660 **choughs** small chattering birds of crow family, especially jackdaws (plays on "chuffs" meaning "rustics") **chaff** wares, pickings/husks of grain after threshing/refuse

665 **satisfy** appease

670 **Nothing** nothing that

675 **outside…poverty** i.e., poor clothing

676 **discase** undress

677 **think** believe, understand

678 **pennyworth** bargain

679 **some boot** something more

681 **dispatch** hurry **flayed** stripped

682 **in earnest** sincere (sense then shifts to "advance payment") **trick** knack/habit/trickery **on't** of it, i.e., duping people

687 **Come…ye** be fulfilled

688 **covert** hiding place

689 **pluck** pull

690 **Dismantle you** take off your outer clothes **disliken** disguise

691 **seeming** appearance

692 **eyes over** spies

693 **undescried** undetected

694 **lies** plays on the sense of "dissimulates"

696 **remedy** alternative

703 **twain** two

708 **after** in pursuit

709 **review** see again

710 **woman's** i.e., overwhelming

711 **speed** favor/hasten

715 **cutpurse** one who steals by cutting purses which were worn hanging from the waist

717 **exchange** conversation/exchange of garments/financial transaction **without boot** even without payment **boot** benefit/profit/shoe

718 **connive at** conspire with

719 **extempore** on a whim, spontaneously **piece of iniquity** wrongful act

720 **clog** burden (block of wood tied to man or animal to prevent escape)/mistress

721 **withal** with this

722 **constant** faithful ***fardel*** bundle

723 **hot** enthusiastic, active

724 **session** court session **careful** attentive, cunning

726 **changeling** fairy child (usually substituted for a stolen mortal baby)

729 **Go to** go ahead

738 **I…ounce** i.e., nothing at all

739 **puppies** i.e., silly ones

742 **complaint** lament, grounds for grievance

743 **master** i.e., Florizel

746 **pocket up** put away **excrement** i.e., moustache/beard

747 **an it like** if it please

748 **condition** nature

749 **having** means, wealth

750 **discover** reveal

751 **plain** simple (Autolycus plays on sense of “smooth”)

753 **give…lie** deceive us/accuse us of lying (a valid cause for a duel) **pay…lie** i.e., even if cheated or insulted, since soldiers **pay** with legitimate currency rather than by stabbing, tradesmen cannot claim to have given anything (free goods/**the lie**), and a duel is thus avoided

755 **one** the lie/a duel **taken…manner** behaved properly/caught yourself in time

759 **enfoldings** clothing **gait** posture, bearing **measure** graceful movement

760 **baseness** lowly status, which the court would find contemptuous

761 **for that** because **insinuate** draw out subtly **toaze** tease out

762 **cap-a-pe** from head to toe

763 **open thy affair** disclose your business

765 **advocate** representative

767 **pheasant** the only courts known to the Clown are those of local justices; he assumes Autolycus refers to bribing the judge with a gift

771 **but** anyone but

773 **fantastical** imaginative/eccentric

774 **picking on’s teeth** the way he picks his teeth (ornate toothpicks were a mark of fashion)

779 **Age** old man

782 **be’st…serious** are able to understand important things

786 **hand-fast** arrested **fly** flee, escape

789 **wit…heavy** ingenuity can make brutal

790 **germane** related

792 **sheep-whistling rogue** rascal who whistles to his sheep **ram-tender** one who looks after rams **offer** attempt

793 **grace** favor at court

794 **sheep-cote** building sheltering sheep

796 **’nointed** anointed, covered

797 **dram** tiny bit

798 **aqua-vitae** liquor

799 **prognostication proclaims** the calendar forecasts

801 **blown** swollen with flies’ eggs (laid in wounds)

802 **capital** worthy of the death penalty

803 **to** to say to **Being…considered** as I am deemed noble/esteemed at court

804 **tender** offer, present

805 **him** in to him on **man** any man

807 **Close** make a deal

811 **that** what

812 **in pawn** as security

816 **moiety** half

817 **case** circumstances/skin

822 **gone else** dead otherwise

825 **before** ahead of me

826 **look…hedge** i.e., urinate

829 **suffer** allow

830 **booties** booty, benefits **courted** wooed **occasion** opportunity

832 **him** i.e., Florizel’s ship

833 **shore them** put them ashore

834 **officious** interfering

835 **proof against** impervious to

836 **matter** serious business/reward

Act 5 Scene 1

5.1 ***Location:*** *Sicilia*

2 **sorrow** i.e., penitence

3 **paid…trespass** endured and repented more than the sin warranted

9 **in them** with regard to them

16 **the…are** all existing women

22 **good now** expression of entreaty

26 **done…benefit** been more helpful

32 **sovereign name** royal lineage, i.e., through an heir

33 **fail of issue** childlessness

35 **Incertain lookers on** subjects or spectators who are unsure and anxious about the future

36 **well** i.e., in heaven

42 **Respecting** compared to

45 **tenor** substance

48 **monstrous** incredible, unnatural

50 **on my life** I am certain

51 **counsel** advice

54 **Great…th'worthiest** Alexander the Great reportedly urged his followers simply to choose the worthiest man as his successor

60 **squared me** conformed

61 **full** perfect

66 **One…used** i.e., if I married an inferior woman and treated her better (than Hermione)

67 **her** i.e., Hermione's

68 **and** i.e., and do so/and appear

69 **now** i.e., now stand (or perhaps a printer's error for "mourn") **soul-vexed** tormented (dying with a troubled soul was thought to make the dead rise as ghosts)

70 **Why** i.e., why offer this insult

72 **had** would have

75 **should so** would also incite you to do so

76 **mark** note, observe

79 **rift** split

80 **mine** i.e., my eyes

82 **eyes else** other eyes

85 **leave** permission

88 **tempt** test

91 **Affront** come before

95 **office** task, responsibility

98 **walked…ghost** were the ghost of Hermione to walk *Servant* so called in Folio, but clearly a gentleman courtier (he has once written poetry in praise of Hermione)

105 **gives out himself** claims to be

109 **What** i.e., what attendants, company

111 **out of circumstance** without ceremony

112 **framed** planned

113 **accident** chance event **train** retinue (has he with him)

115 **mean** humble

117 **peerless…earth** perfect mortal

120 **As…now** as every present moment claims to be superior to what's past, so must you (Hermione) yield for the living

124 **theme** subject of your verses, i.e., the dead Hermione

126 **shrewdly ebbed** severely lapsed/wisely receded

129 **one** i.e., Hermione

131 **tongue** praise

133 **professors else** those dedicated to other religions **proselytes** converts

134 **who** whoever

143 **prince** i.e., the dead Mamillius

145 **full a** a full

151 **Unfurnish** deprive

153 **print…off** made an exact copy of Polixenes

155 **hit** exact

161 **begetting** producing

163 **society** company

164 **Amity** friendship

165 **Though…him** I desire to go on living, however miserably, in order to see him once more

168 **touched** arrived in Sicilia/moved Leontes

169 **at friend** in friendship

170 **but** were it not that

171 **waits…times** accompanies old age **something…ability** affected the strength he wishes he had

174 **Measured** traveled

175 **sceptres…living** i.e., living kings

179 **offices** kindnesses

180 **rarely** exceptionally **as…slackness** reveal to me how remiss I have been

183 **paragon** i.e., Perdita **fearful usage** frightening treatment

184 **ungentle** rough **Neptune** Roman god of the sea

185 **pains** trouble

186 **Th'adventure …person** risking of her personal safety

189 **Smalus** no definitive source has been found for Smalus

192 **tears proclaimed** grief at her departure demonstrated her to be

194 **execute** carryout **charge** duty/command

197 **bend** direct their course

203 **climate** spend time

204 **graceful** full of divine grace

207 **issueless** childless

209 **his** of his

213 **bear no credit** seem unbelievable

214 **nigh** nearby

216 **attach** arrest

217 **dignity and duty** royal status and his duty to his father

222 **amazedly** in a state of amazement/confusedly, distractedly **becomes My marvel** befits my astonishment

226 **seeming** apparent

232 **Lay't…charge** accuse him directly

236 **Has …question** is questioning these miserable/humble men (the Shepherd and the Clown)

238 **Forswear themselves** renounce what they have said

239 **stops** blocks

240 **divers** several

243 **contract** betrothal

246 **kiss…first** i.e., fall to earth

247 **The…alike** random events of fortune affect those of high and low birth regardless/it is as likely that the high and the low should be united in

marriage as it is that the stars will descend to earth

256 **worth** rank

258 **look up** i.e., keep your spirits up

262 **since…now** when you were no older than I am now

264 **Step…advocate** come forward as my supporter

267 **trifle** toy/sexual whim of yours

273 **petition** request

275 **Your…desires** provided you have not let lust corrupt your honor (i.e., had sex)/provided your wishes are not incompatible with your status

278 **what…make** how far I succeed

Act 5 Scene 2

1 **relation** account, narrative

2 **by** nearby

4 **chamber** room/royal presence

6 **issue** outcome (plays on the sense of “child”)

7 **broken delivery** incomplete/confused report

8 **notes of admiration** marks of wonder

9 **cases…eyes** their eyelids (i.e., by staring in amazement)

10 **as** as if

13 **importance** meaning, import **one** one or the other

15 **happily** perhaps

16 **bonfires** i.e., celebrations

17 **ballad-makers** ballads often provided accounts of contemporary scandals and events

20 **verity** truth

22 **pregnant by circumstance** proven by evidence

24 **mantle** loose sleeveless cloak

25 **character** handwriting

26 **affection of** instinct toward, disposition of

33 **countenance** facial expressions/behavior

34 **distraction** frenzy **favour** face/appearance

37 **worries he** he harasses

38 **clipping** embracing **like…reigns** (weeping) like a fountain that has endured the reigns of many kings

40 **lames…it** makes any account of it seem deficient **undoes** defies **do** express

43 **rehearse** recount

44 **credit** belief **with** by

45 **avouches** vows **innocence** simple-mindedness, freedom from cunning

47 **bark** small ship

51 **one …elevated** i.e., experienced a mixture of happiness and grief

54 **losing** being lost

57 **prettiest touches** most ingenious/charming aspects

58 **caught the water** i.e., provoked tears

60 **attentiveness** intent listening

61 **dolour** grief **fain** be compelled to

62 **marble** hard-hearted

67 **newly performed** recently completed

68 **Julio Romano** Italian painter who died in 1546, infamous for erotic works

69 **beguile** cheat **custom** business

70 **ape** mimic **done** created

75 **removèd** isolated, remote **piece** add to

76 **thence** away from there

77 **grace** wonder **unthrifty** unprofitable, i.e., we waste an opportunity to add

79 **dash** trace **preferment** promotion

80 **the** i.e., the ship of the

85 **relished** tasted well **discredits** misdeeds

87 **blossoms** full-flowering

90 **this** the

93 **Give…lie** insult me so that I may challenge you to a duel **try** find out

103 **preposterous** utterly absurd; the Clown means to say “prosperous”

105 **give…report** speak well of me

106 **gentle** noble/kind

112 **boors** peasants **franklins** landowners ranking below the gentry

115 **ne’er so false** completely false **in** on

116 **tall…hands** brave/fine man

118 **would** wish

120 **to my power** as far as I can (perhaps implying his skill at using his **hands** for picking pockets)

123 **picture** likeness, statue

Act 5 Scene 3

1 **grave** wise
3 **What** whatever
5 **paid home** rewarded fully **vouchsafed** agreed, granted kindly
6 **contracted** betrothed
8 **which…answer** which for all my life I shall not be able to repay
11 **trouble** i.e., demands on your hospitality
12 **gallery** long, large room
13 **content** pleasure
14 **singularities** objects of note
21 **Lonely** separate (Folio’s “Louely” is conceivably correct, but a printer’s error much more likely)
22 **lively mocked** realistically imitated
23 **Still** motionless **well** well-done
26 **something near** somewhat close to resembling her
37 **As** as if
44 **stone** hard-hearted/dead (from grief)
47 **admiring** full of wonder **spirits** vital energies
50 **superstition** idolatry
55 **fixed** painted
56 **sore** painfully/severely
58 **So…dry** and an equal number of summers cannot dry up
62 **cause** i.e., himself
64 **piece up in** add to
67 **wrought** moved, affected
70 **fancy** imagination
76 **verily** truly
79 **fixture** fixed setting **motion** movement, life
82 **transported** entranced
86 **settled senses** calm state of mind in
87 **Let’t** leave it
92 **cordial** restorative, beneficial to the heart
93 **air…her** she seems to breathe
97 **ruddiness** rosy color
98 **mar** spoil

103 **forbear** restrain yourself, withdraw

104 **presently** immediately **chapel** room set aside for worship **resolve you** prepare yourself

109 **wicked powers** witchcraft

116 **On** onward

120 **strike** strike up (sense then shifts to “affect”)

123 **fill…up** i.e., bring you back to life

124 **him** i.e., death

128 **for…double** by shunning her in this new life, you would kill her again

131 **Is…suitor?** i.e., Must she take your hand?

137 **pertain to life** is truly alive

138 **make it manifest** explain

141 **hooted** jeered

150 **preserved** kept alive, protected

153 **in being** alive

154 **issue** outcome/child

156 **they …relation** at this crucial moment others trouble your happiness by relating their own stories

159 **Partake** extend **turtle** turtledove, thought to mate for life

161 **mate** i.e., Antigonus

162 **lost** dead

165 **match** contract

166 **between’s** between us

170 **For** as for

173 **justified** confirmed, acknowledged

179 **troth-plight** betrothed

181 **demand** question

183 **dissevered** divided

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN

During April 1811, Jane Austen was staying in London with her brother Henry. In a letter home to her sister Cassandra, she complained of “a very unlucky change of the Play for this very night—Hamlet instead of King John—and we are to go on Monday to Macbeth instead, but it is a disappointment to us both.” Two centuries on, we are likely to be astonished that so discerning a woman as Jane Austen would rather have seen *King John* than *Hamlet* or *Macbeth*. There is, however, a simple explanation: Austen was a seasoned admirer of Sarah Siddons, the greatest actress of the age, one of whose most celebrated roles was that of the impassioned Queen Constance, as rewarding a female role as any in the whole corpus of Shakespeare’s English history plays.

It was not for the wronged mother Constance alone that *King John* was held in high regard in the nineteenth century. The Victorians, with their penchant for sentiment, delighted in the pathos of the boy Arthur persuading Hubert not to burn out his eyes with hot irons. But the largest role, bigger than that of the vacillating king who gives the play its title, is that of the Bastard, Philip Falconbridge. The German Romantic critic A. W. von Schlegel was compelled by this figure: “He ridicules the secret springs of politics, without disapproving of them, for he owns that he is endeavoring to make his fortune by similar means, and wishes rather to belong to the deceivers than the deceived, for in his view of the world there is no other choice.” The Bastard—a dramatic invention, not a real historical figure—is a key character in Shakespeare’s development of the self-serving type that reaches its apogee with lago in *Othello* and Edmund in *King Lear*. Yet he is the most sympathetic male adult in the drama. He has wit and wisdom as well as the desire for advancement. The rest are mere politicians. In its anatomy of the mechanisms of their intrigue, *King John* is one of Shakespeare’s most modern plays. Set in a feudal world where monarchs were supposed to be God’s representatives on earth, it exposes power as a “commodity” for which men are in hungry competition.

The Bastard is the only character in whom the audience have confidence because he has confidence in us. Soliloquies offer access to his thought processes, and self-conscious theatricality allows the spectators to share his space. “Your royal presences be ruled by me,” he says to two kings at once, and we enjoy his presumption because he makes us part of the story: his lines about the citizens of Angiers, watching from the “battlements” of the stage gallery, are equally applicable to the paying crowd “in a theater, whence they gape and point / At your industrious scenes and acts of death.”

“Speak, citizens, for England,” says the King of France to the people of Angiers as it is besieged by rival armies from opposite sides of the English Channel. Of all Shakespeare’s history plays, *King John* is the one that most explicitly asks what it might mean to speak for England. It explores questions about legitimacy and inheritance that were not only of concern to all propertied families in Tudor England, but also of monumental significance to the monarchy—especially at a time when an aged childless queen was sitting on the throne. In the much better known play of *King Lear*, the legitimate son Edgar is the virtuous one and the illegitimate Edmund is the villain. *King John* imagines a more challenging possibility: suppose that a great king dies and that his bravest, most honest, and most intelligent son is an illegitimate one. In such a circumstance, inheritance on the basis of merit is not possible: if a bastard were to ascend the throne, the legitimacy of the entire monarchical system would be called into question. The seamless interdependence of patrilineal state, law, Church, and family would begin to unravel.

Richard I, the Lionheart, the exemplary king, has died without a legitimate son; the next brother in line (Geoffrey) is also dead. Who should succeed: the next brother down (John) or the son of the first brother (Arthur)? As if this were not difficult enough, the question of who speaks for England is intertwined with other debates about legitimacy. What is the geographic limit of England’s domain—does England retain the right to rule parts of France? And who should speak for England’s religion? This thorny issue is focused on the appointment of a new archbishop of Canterbury to head the English Church. Does the pope have the right to impose his candidate or should the English retain a voice in their own ecclesiastical affairs? Is there a point at which the monarchy may legitimately reject the will of the papacy? For a Tudor audience, a confrontation of this sort was bound to reverberate with Henry VIII's disputed divorce and the break from Rome in the 1530s.

In Protestant ideology, King John was a hero because he stood up against papal tyranny. He was seen as a kind of Henry VIII before his time. In the mid-sixteenth century, the Protestant zealot John Bale wrote a court drama on these lines, while the text of Shakespeare's probable primary source, the anonymous two-part play *The Troublesome Reign of King John* (published in 1591), is awash with raw anti-Catholic propaganda. Shakespeare's own play has often been read as testimony to his Protestant allegiance: in the 1730s, at a time of anxieties about a potential Jacobite uprising, an adaptation of it was performed in London with the unambiguous title *Papal Tyranny in the Reign of King John*. Yet the authentic Shakespeare is profoundly ambiguous. There is a clear vein of anti-Catholicism in John's "no Italian priest / Shall tithe or toll in our dominions," together with the way in which the papal legate Cardinal Pandulph is a scheming politician who speaks by indirections and equivocation ("But thou dost swear only to be forsworn, / And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear"). At the same time, John is accusingly addressed as "The borrowed majesty of England" and his equivocation hardly makes him a model ruler.

Back in the first scene, before there is any resolution to all the difficult questions of succession and faith, power, and proprietorship, a sheriff enters. His presence signals the jurisdiction of the shires, the "country" as opposed to the "court" interest. The question of which of two brothers will inherit a parcel of land in the shires parallels that of which of Richard Coeur-de-lion's brothers, John or Geoffrey (through Arthur), will inherit the nation as a whole. Again, for the original audience in the 1590s, an encounter set in the distant thirteenth century would have echoed with debates in their own time, where it was not unknown for a member of Parliament to give voice in the House of Commons to words that one might have expected to belong to the queen alone: "I speak for all England." In many quarters, there was a strongly held view that "England" was not synonymous with the English queen and her court based in and around London. Though the Tudor monarchs had tried to unify the nation by establishing a network of legal representatives across the shires, the "country" gentry as well as the great barons of the north and west guarded their autonomy fiercely.

The Bastard announces himself as a gentleman born in Northamptonshire; he is “a good blunt fellow,” which is to say a plain-speaking English countryman; later, he appeals to Saint George, the patron saint of England. His, then, is the voice of Shakespeare’s own place of origin, the Midlands, deep England. He is given a choice: to inherit the Falconbridge estates or take his “chance” and assume the name, though not the patrimony, of the royal father who sired him out of wedlock.

The norm in the English gentry was for the older son to inherit the land and the younger to become mobile, to go to London and find a career in the law, the clergy, the army, the diplomatic corps, or possibly even the entertainment business. Settled legitimacy was pitched against the life of the adventurer. By accepting his illegitimacy and renouncing the land he is actually entitled to (because it was the mother’s adultery, not the father’s, he is not forcibly disinherited in the manner of Edmund in *King Lear*), the Bastard takes the route that was usually that of the younger brother. Shakespeare did the same when he left Stratford-upon-Avon.

The Bastard’s origin in Middle England is further stressed by the arrival of Lady Falconbridge and James Gurney, wearing riding robes that signify the journey from country to court. The Bastard then describes his half-brother as “Colbrand the Giant, that same mighty man.” Colbrand was a Danish invader who was defeated in single combat by Guy of Warwick—a legendary figure who was immensely popular in chapbook, ballad, and drama. If Robert Falconbridge is symbolically Colbrand, then Philip the Bastard is symbolically Guy, a Warwickshire folk hero. Perhaps he is even a version of Robin Hood, with the Sheriff of Northampton standing in for his colleague from Nottingham. Robin Hood himself, the most famous folk hero from the reign of John, cannot be mentioned because his name would immediately turn the king into a villain, which Shakespeare did not want to do at the beginning of the play, both because he wanted to keep open the question of the relative legitimacy of the claims of John and Arthur and because he was working in that tradition of chronicle and drama in which King John was a proto-Protestant hero because of his refusal to allow the pope’s nominee, Stephen Langton, to become Archbishop of Canterbury.

When the pope excommunicates the English king and gives permission—indeed promise of canonization—to anyone who conspires to kill him, the parallels with contemporary England, where the pope had delivered the same sentence upon Queen Elizabeth, are impossible to ignore. So too with the way in which the fickle French swing one way and then the other (“O, foul revolt of French inconstancy!” exclaims Queen Elinor): in the sixteenth century, France was wracked by religiously motivated civil wars and it was well-nigh impossible to guess whether the state would end up with a Catholic or a Protestant on the throne. “The grappling vigour and rough frown of war” dominates the action of this play, just as wars of religion and dominion in the Netherlands, Ireland, and elsewhere impinged upon the lives of Shakespeare’s audience. Like Thersites in *Troilus and Cressida*, though without the vicious streak, the Bastard anatomizes the resulting chaos of alliances and divisions: “Mad world, mad kings, mad composition!”

The Bastard stands in for Guy of Warwick, who stands in for Robin Hood of Old England. It was Robin who maintained the values of good King Richard at home, whilst the latter was fighting his “holy war” in the Middle East (“Richard that robbed the lion of his heart / And fought the holy wars in Palestine”). As the play progresses, the Bastard’s role shifts to that of stand-in for the dead Coeur-de-lion himself. He ends up fighting the war on John’s behalf and at one point comes within a whisker of ascending the throne. When he speaks for England in the closing lines, his world-weary voice is also that of his creator, who in his *Henry VI* plays has shown the bloody consequences of England turning against itself.

KEY FACTS

PLOT: King Richard I, the revered “Lionheart,” is dead. His brother John has become king of England, but the French argue that the throne should belong to the boy Arthur, son of John’s deceased older brother Geoffrey. Matching the dispute over the throne is a dispute over inheritance in the noble Falconbridge family. It is discovered that Philip Falconbridge (the “Bastard”) is the illegitimate son of Richard I; he is accordingly knighted “Sir Richard and Plantagenet.” French and English forces fight for the town of Angiers in France; a citizen proposes that the opponents should be united by a marriage between Lewis the Dauphin, heir to France, and John’s niece, Lady Blanche. Arthur’s mother, Constance, is furious that the French have given up on her son’s claim. John is excommunicated for failing to agree to the pope’s choice for the post of archbishop of Canterbury. The papal legate Cardinal Pandulph stirs the French to resume war against the English. Arthur is captured and John commissions his servant Hubert to execute the boy; young Arthur dies from a fall while trying to escape. John changes his mind and agrees to the pope’s wishes. A French invasion force is shipwrecked. John falls sick and dies. His son Henry becomes king, though the Bastard remains the most forceful character.

MAJOR PARTS: (*with percentage of lines/number of speeches/scenes on stage*) Bastard (20%/89/11), King John (17%/95/9), Constance (10%/36/3), King Philip of France (7%/44/3), Hubert (6%/52/6), Salisbury (6%/36/6), Lewis the Dauphin (6%/28/5), Cardinal Pandulph (6%/23/4), Arthur (5%/23/5), Pembroke (3%/20/4), Queen Elinor (2%/22/4), Blanche (2%/9/2), Chatillon (2%/5/2).

LINGUISTIC MEDIUM: 100% verse.

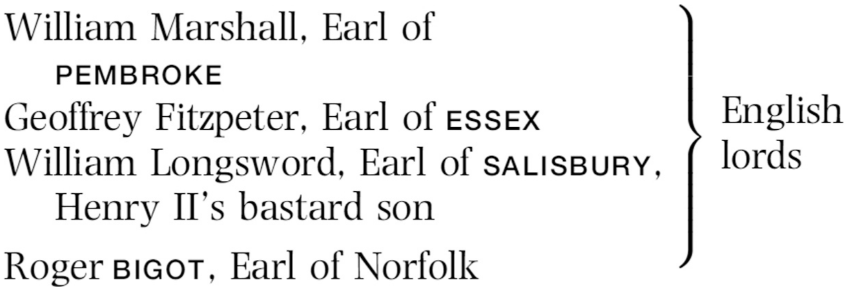
DATE: 1595–97? Mentioned by Meres 1598; close relationship to anonymous two-part play *The Troublesome Reign of King John* (published 1591), but stylistically much closer to later histories.

SOURCES: Scholars dispute the play’s relationship to *The Troublesome Reign:* is it the principal source or a badly printed text of an early version of Shakespeare’s play? On balance, the evidence supports the view that it was an old play that Shakespeare reworked in his own vein (rather as he reworked other anonymously authored chronicle plays such as *The Famous Victories of Henry V* and *King Leir*). The third volume of the 1587 edition of Holinshed’s *Chronicles* is the primary historical source behind both the anonymous play and Shakespeare’s.

TEXT: The two parts of *The Troublesome Reign* were reprinted together in 1611 with the title-page claim “Written by W. Sh.” (reprinted 1622 as “Written by W. Shakespeare”), but this was a sales ploy and not a reliable attribution. The only authoritative text is that in the First Folio. Scholars dispute the nature of the copy from which it was typeset; there is some evidence that it may have been the work of two scribes. There are a number of textual problems, most notably in the name of Hubert: this first appears halfway through Act 2 scene 1 as speaker’s name for the citizen of Angiers (who is initially an anonymous “*Cit.*”), but it is not used in the dialogue at this point, so the citizen is not identifiable by name to the audience. In the theater, “Hubert” is named for the first time when he swears loyalty to King John and is commissioned to imprison Arthur. Is the same person intended? Editors differ in their attempts to untangle this problem: we leave the question open by means of a marginal direction.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN

KING JOHN of England
QUEEN ELINOR, his mother, Henry II’s widow
PRINCE HENRY, John’s son, a child, later Henry III
BLANCHE of Castile, John’s niece
LADY FALCONBRIDGE, Sir Robert’s widow
ROBERT Falconbridge, her legitimate son
Philip Falconbridge, the **BASTARD**, her illegitimate son with King Richard I
James GURNEY, her servant



William Marshall, Earl of PEMBROKE	English lords
Geoffrey Fitzpeter, Earl of ESSEX	
William Longsword, Earl of SALISBURY, Henry II’s bastard son	
Roger BIGOT, Earl of Norfolk	

HUBERT, trusted servant to King John
PETER of Pomfret, a prophet
KING PHILIP II of France
***LEWIS** the Dauphin, his eldest son
Duke of **AUSTRIA**, allied to the French
MELUN, a French nobleman
CHATILLON, French nobleman and ambassador to England
CITIZEN of Angiers
CONSTANCE, wife of Geoffrey, John’s deceased older brother
ARTHUR, a child, her son and John’s nephew, Duke of Bretagne
CARDINAL PANDULPH, Pope Innocent III’s representative
A Sheriff and various Lords, Executioners, Heralds, Messengers, Soldiers, Citizens and Attendants

Act 1 Scene 1[1.1]

running scene 1

Enter King John, Queen Elinor, Pembroke, Essex and Salisbury, with the Chatillon of France

KING JOHN Now, say, Chatillon, what would France[1] with us?
CHATILLON Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France,
In my behaviour,[3] to the majesty,
The borrowed[4] majesty, of England here.
QUEEN ELINOR A strange beginning: ‘borrowed majesty’!
KING JOHN Silence, good mother: hear the embassy.[6]
CHATILLON Philip of France,[7] in right and true behalf
Of thy deceasèd brother Geoffrey’s[8] son,
Arthur Plantagenet,[9] lays most lawful claim
To this fair island and the territories[10] —
To Ireland, Poitiers,[11] Anjou, Touraine, Maine —
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword[12]
Which sways[13] usurpingly these several titles,
And put the same into young Arthur’s hand,
Thy nephew, and right[15] royal sovereign.
KING JOHN What follows if we disallow of[16] this?
CHATILLON The proud control[17] of fierce and bloody war,
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld—
KING JOHN Here have we war for war and blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment: so answer France.
CHATILLON Then take my king’s defiance from my mouth,
The furthest limit of my embassy.[22]
KING JOHN Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere[25] thou canst report, I will be there:
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.
So hence:[27] be thou the trumpet of our wrath
And sullen presage[28] of your own decay.—
An honourable conduct[29] let him have: ***To Pembroke***
Pembroke, look to’t.— Farewell, Chatillon.

Exeunt Chatillon and Pembroke

QUEEN ELINOR What now, my son? Have I not ever said
How that ambitious Constance[32] would not cease
Till she had kindled[33] France and all the world,
Upon[34] the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented and made whole[35]
With very easy arguments[36] of love,
Which now the manage[37] of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue[38] arbitrate.

KING JOHN Our strong possession and our right for us.

QUEEN ELINOR Your strong possession much more than your right, ***Aside to John***
Or else it must go wrong with you and me:
So much my conscience whispers in your ear,
Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall hear. ***She whispers to Essex***

Enter a Sheriff

ESSEX My liege,[44] here is the strangest controversy,
Come from the country to be judged by you,
That e’er I heard: shall I produce[46] the men?

KING JOHN Let them approach.—

[Exit Sheriff]

Our abbeys and our priories shall pay
This expeditious charge.[49]

Enter Robert Falconbridge and Philip [the Bastard]

What men are you?

BASTARD Your faithful subject I, a gentleman,
Born in Northamptonshire and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Falconbridge,
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Coeur-de-lion,[55] knighted in the field.

KING JOHN What art thou?

ROBERT The son and heir to that same Falconbridge.

KING JOHN Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it seems.

BASTARD Most certain of one mother, mighty king,

That is well known, and, as I think, one father:
But for the certain knowledge of that truth
I put you o’er[63] to heaven, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all men’s children may.
QUEEN ELINOR Out on thee,[65] rude man! Thou dost shame thy mother
And wound her honour with this diffidence.[66]
BASTARD I, madam? No, I have no reason for it.
That is my brother’s plea and none of mine,
The which if he can prove, a[69] pops me out
At least from fair[70] five hundred pound a year:
Heaven guard my mother’s honour and my land.
KING JOHN A good blunt fellow.— Why, being younger born, ***Aside / To Bastard***
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?
BASTARD I know not why, except to get the land:
But once[75] he slandered me with bastardy:
But whe’er[76] I be as true begot or no,
That still I lay[77] upon my mother’s head:
But that I am as well begot, my liege —
Fair fall[79] the bones that took the pains for me —
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself
If old Sir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father and this son like him:
O old Sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks I was not like[84] to thee!
KING JOHN Why, what a madcap[85] hath heaven lent us here!
QUEEN ELINOR He hath a trick[86] of Coeur-de-lion’s face:
The accent of his tongue affecteth[87] him.
Do you not read some tokens[88] of my son
In the large composition[89] of this man?
KING JOHN Mine eye hath well examined his parts,[90]
And finds them perfect Richard.— Sirrah,[91] speak, ***To Robert***
What doth move[92] you to claim your brother’s land?
BASTARD Because he hath a half-face[93] like my father.
With half that face[94] would he have all my land —
A half-faced groat[95] — five hundred pound a year!

ROBERT My gracious liege, when that[96] my father lived,
Your brother[97] did employ my father much—
BASTARD Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land:
Your tale must be how he employed my mother.
ROBERT And once dispatched him in an embassy
To Germany, there with the emperor
To treat of[102] high affairs touching that time.
Th'advantage of his absence took the king,
And in the meantime sojourned[104] at my father's;
Where how he did prevail,[105] I shame to speak.
But truth is truth: large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay,
As I have heard my father speak himself,
When this same lusty[109] gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeathed
His lands to me, and took[111] it on his death
That this my mother's son was none of his;
And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before[114] the course of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.
KING JOHN Sirrah, your brother is legitimate:
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him:
And if she did play false,[119] the fault was hers,
Which fault lies[120] on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how[121] if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claimed this son for his?
In sooth,[124] good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world:
In sooth he might. Then if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him, nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him:[128] this concludes,
My mother's son did get your father's heir,
Your father's heir must have your father's land.
ROBERT Shall then my father's will[131] be of no force

To dispossess that child which is not his?
BASTARD Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will[134] to get me, as I think.
QUEEN ELINOR Whether[135] hadst thou rather be: a Falconbridge,
And like thy brother to enjoy thy land,
Or the reputed[137] son of Coeur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence,[138] and no land beside?
BASTARD Madam, an[139] if my brother had my shape
And I had his, Sir[140] Robert's his like him,
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,[141]
My arms, such eel-skins stuffed, my face so thin,
That in[143] mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
Lest men should say, 'Look, where three-farthings[144] goes',
And to his shape[145] were heir to all this land,
Would I might[146] never stir from off this place,
I would give it every foot[147] to have this face:
It would not be Sir Nob[148] in any case.
QUEEN ELINOR I like thee well: wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him and follow me?
I am a soldier and now bound to France.
BASTARD Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance.
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,
Yet sell your face for five pence and 'tis dear.[154]—
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.
QUEEN ELINOR Nay, I would have you go before me thither.[156]
BASTARD Our country manners give[157] our betters way.
KING JOHN What is thy name?
BASTARD Philip, my liege, so is my name begun,
Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.
KING JOHN From henceforth bear his name whose form[161] thou bear'st:
Kneel thou down Philip, but rise[162] more great, ***He knights the Bastard***
Arise sir Richard, and Plantagenet.
BASTARD Brother by th'mother's side, give me your hand:
My father gave me honour, yours gave land:
Now blessèd be the hour[166] by night or day,
When I was got, Sir Robert was away.

QUEEN ELINOR The very spirit of Plantagenet:
I am thy grandam,[169] Richard: call me so.
BASTARD Madam, by chance, but not by truth:[170] what though?
Something about[171] a little from the right,
In at the window,[172] or else o'er the hatch:
Who dares not stir[173] by day must walk by night,
And have[174] is have, however men do catch:
Near[175] or far off, well won is still well shot,
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.
KING JOHN Go, Falconbridge, now hast thou thy desire:
A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.—
Come, madam, and come, Richard, we must speed[179]
For France, for France, for it is more than need.[180]
BASTARD Brother, adieu:[181] good fortune come to thee,
For thou wast got i'th'way of honesty.
Exeunt all but Bastard
A foot[183] of honour better than I was,
But many a many[184] foot of land the worse.
Well, now can I make any Joan[185] a lady.
'Good den,[186] Sir Richard' — 'God-a-mercy, fellow' —
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;
For new-made honour doth forget men's names:
'Tis[189] too respective and too sociable
For your conversion.[190] Now your traveller,
He and his toothpick[191] at my worship's mess,
And when my knightly stomach[192] is sufficed,
Why then I suck my teeth and catechize[193]
My pickèd[194] man of countries: 'My dear sir,'
Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin,
'I shall beseech you'; that is Question now,
And then comes Answer like an Absey book:[197]
'O sir,' says Answer, 'at your best command,
At your employment, at your service, sir.'
'No, sir,' says Question, 'I, sweet sir, at yours.'
And so, ere Answer knows what Question would,[201]
Saving[202] in dialogue of compliment,

And talking of the Alps and Apennines,
The Pyrenean and the river Po,
It draws toward supper[205] in conclusion so.
But this is worshipful society,
And fits the mounting[207] spirit like myself;
For he is but a bastard[208] to the time
That doth not smack[209] of observation,
And so am I[210] whether I smack or no:
And not alone in habit[211] and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement,[212]
But from the inward motion[213] to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison[214] for the age's tooth,
Which though I will not practise[215] to deceive,
Yet to[216] avoid deceit I mean to learn;
For it shall strew[217] the footsteps of my rising.

Enter Lady Falconbridge and James Gurney

But who comes in such haste in riding-robes?[218]
What woman-post[219] is this? Hath she no husband
That will take pains to blow a horn[220] before her?
O me, 'tis my mother.— How now, good lady?
What brings you here to court so hastily?

LADY FALCONBRIDGE Where is that slave[223] thy brother? Where is he
That holds in chase[224] mine honour up and down?

BASTARD My brother Robert, old Sir Robert's son,
Colbrand the Giant,[226] that same mighty man,
Is it Sir Robert's son that you seek so?

LADY FALCONBRIDGE Sir Robert's son, ay, thou unreverend[228] boy,
Sir Robert's son. Why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert?
He is Sir Robert's son, and so art thou.

BASTARD James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave[231] a while?

GURNEY Good leave, good Philip.

BASTARD Philip Sparrow,[233] James,
There's toys[234] abroad: anon I'll tell thee more.

Exit James [Gurney]

Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son:
Sir Robert might have eat[236] his part in me

Upon Good Friday, and ne’er broke his fast:
Sir Robert could do[238] well, marry, to confess:
Could get[239] me, Sir Robert could not do it;
We know his handiwork:[240] therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholding[241] for these limbs?
Sir Robert never holp[242] to make this leg.
LADY FALCONBRIDGE Hast thou conspirèd with thy brother too,
That[244] for thine own gain shouldst defend mine honour?
What means this scorn, thou most untoward[245] knave?
BASTARD Knight, knight, good mother, Basilisco-like![246]
What! I am dubbed,[247] I have it on my shoulder:
But, mother, I am not Sir Robert’s son:
I have disclaimed Sir Robert and my land,
Legitimation,[250] name, and all is gone;
Then, good my mother, let me know my father:
Some proper[252] man, I hope: who was it, mother?
LADY FALCONBRIDGE Hast thou denied thyself a Falconbridge?
BASTARD As faithfully as I deny[254] the devil.
LADY FALCONBRIDGE King Richard Coeur-de-lion was thy father:
By long and vehement suit[256] I was seduced
To make room for him in my husband’s bed:
Heaven[258] lay not my transgression to my charge,
That art the issue[259] of my dear offence
Which was so strongly urged past my defence.[260]
BASTARD Now by this light, were I to get[261] again,
Madam, I would not wish a better father:
Some sins do bear their privilege[263] on earth,
And so doth yours: your fault was not your folly:[264]
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,[265]
Subjected[266] tribute to commanding love,
Against whose fury and unmatchèd force
The aweless[268] lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard’s hand:
He that perforce[270] robs lions of their hearts
May easily win a woman’s: ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father:

Who[273] lives and dares but say thou didst not well
When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin,[275]
And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay,[277] it had been sin;
Who says it was,[278] he lies: I say 'twas not.

Exeunt

Act 2 Scene 1[2.1]

running scene 2

Enter before Angiers, [on one side] Philip King of France, Lewis [the] Dauphin, Constance, [and] Arthur, [on the other side] Austria ***With their forces***

KING PHILIP Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.—
Arthur, that[2] great forerunner of thy blood,
Richard that robbed the lion of his heart
And fought the holy[4] wars in Palestine,
By[5] this brave duke came early to his grave:
And for amends to his posterity,[6]
At our importance[7] hither is he come,
To spread[8] his colours, boy, in thy behalf,
And to rebuke[9] the usurpation
Of thy unnatural[10] uncle, English John:
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

ARTHUR God shall forgive you Coeur-de-lion's death ***To Austria***
The rather that you give his offspring[13] life,
Shadowing[14] their right under your wings of war:
I give you welcome with a powerless[15] hand,
But with a heart full of unstainèd[16] love:
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, Duke.

LEWIS A noble boy: who would not do thee right?

AUSTRIA Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous[19] kiss,
As seal[20] to this indenture of my love:
That to my home I will no more return
Till Angiers and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale,[23] that white-faced shore,
Whose foot spurns[24] back the ocean's roaring tides
And coops[25] from other lands her islanders,
Even till that England, hedged in with the main,[26]
That water-wallèd bulwark,[27] still secure
And confident[28] from foreign purposes,
Even till that utmost corner of the west

Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.[31]
CONSTANCE O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength
To make a more requital to[34] your love.
AUSTRIA The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their swords
In such a just and charitable war.
KING PHILIP Well then, to work: our cannon shall be bent[37]
Against the brows[38] of this resisting town.
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,[39]
To cull[40] the plots of best advantages:
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will[43] make it subject to this boy.
CONSTANCE Stay[44] for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvised[45] you stain your swords with blood:
My lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace which here we urge in war,
And then we shall repent each drop of blood
That hot rash haste so indirectly[49] shed.
Enter Chatillon
KING PHILIP A wonder, lady: lo,[50] upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arrived.—
What England[52] says, say briefly, gentle lord:
We coldly[53] pause for thee: Chatillon, speak.
CHATILLON Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,
And stir them up against[55] a mightier task:
England, impatient[56] of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms: the adverse winds,
Whose leisure[58] I have stayed, have given him time
To land his legions[59] all as soon as I:
His marches are expedient[60] to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident:
With him along is come the Mother-Queen,[62]
An Ate[63] stirring him to blood and strife:
With her her niece,[64] the lady Blanche of Spain:

With them a bastard of the king's deceased,[65]
And all th'unsettled humours[66] of the land,
Rash, inconsiderate,[67] fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces[68] and fierce dragons' spleens,
Have sold[69] their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make[71] a hazard of new fortunes here:
In brief, a braver[72] choice of dauntless spirits
Than now the English bottoms[73] have waft o'er
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scathe[75] in Christendom.

Drum beats

The interruption of their churlish[76] drums
Cuts off more circumstance:[77] they are at hand:
To parley[78] or to fight therefore prepare.

KING PHILIP How much unlooked-for is this expedition![79]

AUSTRIA By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence,
For courage mounteth with occasion:[82]
Let them be welcome then: we are prepared.

Enter King [John] of England, [the] Bastard, Queen [Elinor], Blanche, Pembroke and others

KING JOHN Peace be to France, if France in peace permit
Our just and lineal[85] entrance to our own;
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven,
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beats[88] his peace to heaven.

KING PHILIP Peace be to England, if that[89] war return
From France to England, there to live in peace:
England we love, and for that England's[91] sake
With burden of our armour here we sweat:
This toil[93] of ours should be a work of thine;
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast underwrought[95] his lawful king,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,[96]
Outfacèd[97] infant state, and done a rape

Upon the maiden virtue of the crown:
Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey's[99] face: ***Indicates Arthur***
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his;
This little abstract[101] doth contain that large
Which died in Geoffrey, and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief[103] into as huge a volume:
That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son: England was Geoffrey's right,
And this is Geoffrey's in the name of God:
How comes it then that thou art called a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat
Which owe[109] the crown that thou o'ermasterest?
KING JOHN From whom hast thou this great commission,[110] France,
To draw my answer from thy articles?[111]
KING PHILIP From that supernal judge[112] that stirs good thoughts
In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right:
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy,
Under whose warrant I impeach[116] thy wrong,
And by whose help I mean to chastise it.
KING JOHN Alack,[118] thou dost usurp authority.
KING PHILIP Excuse[119] it is to beat usurping down.
QUEEN ELINOR Who is it thou dost call usurper, France?
CONSTANCE Let me make answer: thy usurping son.
QUEEN ELINOR Out,[122] insolent! Thy bastard shall be king,
That thou mayst be a queen, and check[123] the world.
CONSTANCE My bed was ever to thy son as true
As thine was to thy husband, and this boy
Liker in feature[126] to his father Geoffrey
Than thou and John, in manners[127] being as like
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.[128]
My boy a bastard? By my soul I think
His[130] father never was so true begot:
It cannot be, an if[131] thou wert his mother.
QUEEN ELINOR There's a good mother, boy, that blots[132] thy father.
CONSTANCE There's a good grandam,[133] boy, that would blot thee.

AUSTRIA Peace!
BASTARD Hear the crier.[135]
AUSTRIA What the devil art thou?
BASTARD One that will play the devil,[137] sir, with you,
An a[138] may catch your hide and you alone:
You are the hare[139] of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard.
I'll smoke[141] your skin-coat an I catch you right:
Sirrah, look to't:[142] i'faith I will, i'faith.
BLANCHE O, well did he become[143] that lion's robe
That did disrobe the lion of that robe.
BASTARD It lies as sightly[145] on the back of him
As great Alcides'[146] shoes upon an ass:
But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back,
Or lay on that[148] shall make your shoulders crack.
AUSTRIA What cracker[149] is this same that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?
KING PHILIP Lewis, determine what we shall do straight.[151]
LEWIS Women and fools, break off your conference.
King John, this is the very sum[153] of all:
England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:
Wilt thou resign them and lay down thy arms?
KING JOHN My life as soon: I do defy thee, France.
Arthur of Bretagne,[158] yield thee to my hand,
And out of my dear love I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win.
Submit thee, boy.
QUEEN ELINOR Come to thy grandam, child.
CONSTANCE Do, child, go to it[163] grandam, child:
Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:[165]
There's a good grandam.
ARTHUR Good my mother, peace.
I would that I were low laid in my grave:
I am not worth this coil[169] that's made for me.

QUEEN ELINOR His mother shames[170] him so, poor boy, he weeps.
CONSTANCE Now shame upon you, whe'er she does or no:
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draws those heaven-moving pearls[173] from his poor eyes,
Which heaven shall take in[174] nature of a fee:
Ay, with these crystal beads[175] heaven shall be bribed
To do him justice and revenge on you.
QUEEN ELINOR Thou monstrous[177] slanderer of heaven and earth!
CONSTANCE Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth,
Call not me slanderer: thou and thine usurp
The dominations,[180] royalties, and rights
Of this oppressed boy: this is thy eldest son's son,[181]
Infortunate[182] in nothing but in thee:
Thy sins are visited[183] in this poor child:
The canon[184] of the law is laid on him,
Being but[185] the second generation
Removèd[186] from thy sin-conceiving womb.
KING JOHN Bedlam,[187] have done.
CONSTANCE I have but this to say:
That he is not only plaguèd for her sin,
But God hath made her sin[190] and her the plague
On this removèd issue,[191] plagued for her,
And with her plague her sin: his injury[192]
Her injury the beadle[193] to her sin,
All punished in the person of this child,
And all for[195] her: a plague upon her!
QUEEN ELINOR Thou unadvisèd[196] scold, I can produce
A will that bars the title[197] of thy son.
CONSTANCE Ay, who doubts that? A will: a wicked will,
A woman's will,[199] a cankered grandam's will!
KING PHILIP Peace, lady: pause, or be more temperate:[200]
It ill beseems[201] this presence to cry aim
To these ill-tunèd[202] repetitions.
Some trumpet[203] summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers: let us hear them speak
Whose title they admit,[205] Arthur's or John's.

Trumpet sounds. Enter a Citizen upon the walls [with others]

CITIZEN Who is it that hath warned[206] us to the walls?
KING PHILIP ’Tis France, for England.[207]
KING JOHN England for itself:
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects—
KING PHILIP You loving men of Angiers, Arthur’s subjects,
Our trumpet called you to this gentle[211] parle—
KING JOHN For our advantage; therefore hear us first:
These flags of France that are advancèd[213] here
Before the eye and prospect[214] of your town,
Have hither marched to your endamagement.[215]
The cannons have their bowels[216] full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they to spit forth
Their iron indignation gainst your walls:
All preparation for a bloody siege
And merciless proceeding by these French
Confronts your city’s eyes, your winking gates:
And but for our approach, those sleeping stones,[222]
That as a waist[223] doth girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordinance[224]
By this time from their fixèd beds of lime[225]
Had been dishabited,[226] and wide havoc made
For bloody power[227] to rush upon your peace.
But on the sight of us your lawful king,
Who painfully with much expedient[229] march
Have brought a countercheck[230] before your gates,
To save unscratched your city’s threatened cheeks,
Behold, the French, amazed,[232] vouchsafe a parle:
And now instead of bullets[233] wrapped in fire
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words, folded[235] up in smoke,
To make a faithless error[236] in your ears,
Which trust accordingly,[237] kind citizens,
And let us in. Your king, whose laboured[238] spirits,
Forwearied[239] in this action of swift speed,
Craves harbourage[240] within your city walls.

KING PHILIP When I have said,[241] make answer to us both.
Lo,[242] in this right hand, whose protection ***He takes Arthur's hand***
Is most divinely vowed upon the right[243]
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him and all that he enjoys:[246]
For[247] this downtrodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens[248] before your town,
Being no further enemy to you
Than the constraint[250] of hospitable zeal
In the relief of this oppressèd child
Religiously provokes. Be pleasèd then
To pay that duty which you truly owe
To him that owes[254] it, namely this young prince:
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save[256] in aspect, hath all offence sealed up:
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent[257]
Against th'invulnerable clouds of heaven,
And with a blessèd and unvexed[259] retire,
With unhacked[260] swords and helmets all unbruised,
We will bear home that lusty[261] blood again
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives, and you in peace.
But if you fondly[264] pass our proffered offer,
'Tis not the roundure[265] of your old-faced walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war,[266]
Though[267] all these English and their discipline
Were harboured in their rude[268] circumference:
Then tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In[270] that behalf which we have challenged it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?
CITIZEN In brief, we are the King of England's subjects:
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.
KING JOHN Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.
CITIZEN That can we not: but he that proves[276] the king,

To him will we prove loyal: till that time
Have we rammed up our gates against the world.
KING JOHN Doth not the crown of England prove the king?
And if not that, I bring you witnesses:
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed—
BASTARD Bastards, and else.[282] ***Aside***
KING JOHN To verify our title with their lives.
KING PHILIP As many and as well-born bloods[284] as those—
BASTARD Some bastards too. ***Aside***
KING PHILIP Stand in his face[286] to contradict his claim.
CITIZEN Till you compound[287] whose right is worthiest,
We for[288] the worthiest hold the right from both.
KING JOHN Then God forgive the sin of all those souls
That to their everlasting residence,[290]
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet[291]
In dreadful[292] trial of our kingdom's king.
KING PHILIP Amen, amen. Mount, chevaliers:[293] to arms!
BASTARD Saint George,[294] that swinged the dragon, and e'er since
Sits[295] on's horseback at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence![296]— Sirrah, were I at home ***To Austria***
At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,[297]
I would set[298] an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster[299] of you.
AUSTRIA Peace, no more.
BASTARD O tremble, for you hear the lion roar.
KING JOHN Up higher to the plain, where we'll set forth
In best appointment[303] all our regiments.
BASTARD Speed then, to take advantage[304] of the field.
KING PHILIP It shall be so, and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand. ***Citizens remain on the walls*** God[306] and our
right! *Exeunt* [*French and English forces*]

Here after excursions, enter [at one door] the Herald of France with Trumpets to the gates

FRENCH HERALD You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur Duke of Bretagne in,
Who by[309] the hand of France this day hath made

Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scattered on the bleeding ground:
Many a widow’s husband grovelling[312] lies,
Coldly embracing the discoloured earth:
And victory with little loss doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand, triumphantly displayed,[316]
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne England’s king and yours.

Enter [at another door the] English Herald, with Trumpets

ENGLISH HERALD Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells:
King John, your king and England’s, doth approach,
Commander[321] of this hot malicious day:
Their armours that marched hence[322] so silver-bright
Hither return all gilt[323] with Frenchmen’s blood:
There stuck no plume in any English crest[324]
That is removèd by a staff[325] of France:
Our colours[326] do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first marched forth:
And like[328] a jolly troop of huntsmen come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes:
Open your gates and give the victors way.

CITIZEN Heralds, from off our towers we might behold ***This Citizen may be Hubert***
From first to last, the onset and retire[333]
Of both your armies, whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censurèd:[335]
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answered blows:
Strength matched with strength, and power confronted power:
Both are alike,[338] and both alike we like.
One must prove greatest. While they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither, yet for both.

Enter the two Kings with their powers, at several doors [King John accompanied by the Bastard, Queen Elinor, Blanche; King Philip by Lewis the Dauphin and Austria]

KING JOHN France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the current of our right run on,
Whose passage,[343] vexed with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native[344] channel and o'erswell
With course disturbed even thy confining shores,
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress[347] to the ocean.

KING PHILIP England, thou hast not saved one drop of blood
In this hot trial more than we of France;
Rather, lost more. And by this hand I swear,
That sways[351] the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay down our just-borne[352] arms,
We'll put thee down,[353] gainst whom these arms we bear,
Or add a royal number[354] to the dead,
Gracing the scroll that tells of[355] this war's loss
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

BASTARD Ha, majesty! How high thy glory towers,[357]
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire:
O, now doth Death line his dead chaps[359] with steel:
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs:
And now he feasts, mousing[361] the flesh of men
In undetermined differences[362] of kings.
Why stand these royal fronts[363] amazèd thus?
Cry havoc,[364] kings: back to the stainèd field
You equal potents,[365] fiery kindled spirits!
Then let confusion[366] of one part confirm
The other's peace:[367] till then, blows, blood and death.

KING JOHN Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?[368]

KING PHILIP Speak, citizens, for England. Who's your king?

CITIZEN The King of England, when we know the king.

KING PHILIP Know him in us, that here hold up[371] his right.

KING JOHN In us, that[372] are our own great deputy
And bear possession of our person here,
Lord of our presence,[374] Angiers, and of you.

CITIZEN A greater power than we denies all this,
And till it be undoubted, we do lock

Our former scruple in our strong-barred gates:
Kings of[378] our fear, until our fears resolved
Be by some certain[379] king, purged and deposed.
BASTARD By heaven, these scroyles[380] of Angiers flout you, kings,
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious[383] scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be ruled by me:
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,[385]
Be friends awhile, and both conjointly bend[386]
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town.
By east and west let France and England mount[388]
Their battering cannon chargèd[389] to the mouths,
Till their soul-fearing[390] clamours have brawled down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
I'd play[392] incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfencèd[393] desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar[394] air:
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again:
Turn face to face, and bloody point[397] to point:
Then in a moment Fortune shall cull forth[398]
Out of one side her happy minion,[399]
To whom in favour she shall give the day,[400]
And kiss him with a glorious victory:
How like you this wild[402] counsel, mighty states?
Smacks[403] it not something of the policy?
KING JOHN Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well.— France, shall we knit[405] our powers,
And lay[406] this Angiers even with the ground,
Then after fight who[407] shall be king of it?
BASTARD An if[408] thou hast the mettle of a king,
Being wronged as we are by this peevish[409] town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy[411] walls,
And when that[412] we have dashed them to the ground,

Why then defy each other, and pell-mell,[413]
Make work upon ourselves,[414] for heaven or hell.
KING PHILIP Let it be so: say, where will you assault?
KING JOHN We from the west will send destruction
Into this city’s bosom.
AUSTRIA I from the north.
KING PHILIP Our thunder[419] from the south
Shall rain their drift[420] of bullets on this town.
BASTARD O prudent discipline![421] From north to south:
Austria and France shoot in each other’s mouth:
I’ll stir them to it.— Come, away, away!
CITIZEN Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe[424] awhile to stay,
And I shall show you peace and fair-faced league:[425]
Win you this city without stroke or wound:
Rescue those breathing lives[427] to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field.
Persever[429] not, but hear me, mighty kings.
KING JOHN Speak on with favour:[430] we are bent to hear.
CITIZEN That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanche,
Is niece to England: look upon the years[432]
Of Lewis the dauphin and that lovely maid.
If lusty[434] love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanche?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanche?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,[438]
Whose veins bound[439] richer blood than Lady Blanche?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young dauphin every way complete:[441]
If[442] not complete of, say he is not she:
And she again wants[443] nothing, to name want,
If[444] want it be not that she is not he:
He is the half part of a blessèd man,
Left to be finishèd[446] by such as she:
And she a fair divided[447] excellence,
Whose fullness of perfection lies in him.

O, two such silver currents when they join
Do glorify the banks that bound them in:
And two such shores to two such streams made one,
Two such controlling bounds[452] shall you be, kings,
To these two princes,[453] if you marry them:
This union shall do more than battery[454] can
To our fast-closèd[455] gates: for at this match,
With swifter spleen[456] than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage[457] shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance: but without this match,
The sea enragèd is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion, no, not Death himself
In mortal[462] fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

BASTARD Here’s a stay[464]
That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death
Out of his rags. Here’s a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death and mountains, rocks and seas,
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs.
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?[470]
He speaks plain cannon:[471] fire, and smoke, and bounce:
He gives the bastinado[472] with his tongue:
Our ears are cudgelled: not a word of his
But buffets[474] better than a fist of France:
Zounds![475] I was never so bethumped with words
Since[476] I first called my brother’s father dad.

QUEEN ELINOR Son, list[477] to this conjunction, make this match,
Give with our niece a dowry large enough:
For, by this knot, thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now unsured[480] assurance to the crown
That yon[481] green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France:
Mark[484] how they whisper: urge them while their souls

Are capable of[485] this ambition,
Lest zeal,[486] now melted by the windy breath
Of soft petitions,[487] pity and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.
CITIZEN Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty[490] of our threatened town?
KING PHILIP Speak England first, that hath been forward[491] first
To speak unto this city: what say you?
KING JOHN If that the dauphin there, thy princely son,
Can in[494] this book of beauty read ‘I love’,
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:
For Anjou[496] and fair Touraine, Maine, Poitiers,
And all that we upon this side the[497] sea —
Except this city now by us besieged —
Find liable[499] to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions,[501]
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with[503] any princess of the world.
KING PHILIP What say’st thou, boy? Look in the lady’s face.
LEWIS I do, my lord, and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow[507] of myself formed in her eye:
Which, being but the shadow of your son,[508]
Becomes a sun and makes[509] your son a shadow:
I do protest I never loved myself
Till now infixèd[511] I beheld myself
Drawn in the flattering table[512] of her eye.
Whispers with Blanche
BASTARD Drawn[513] in the flattering table of her eye,
Hanged in the frowning wrinkle of her brow,
And quartered[515] in her heart, he doth espy
Himself love’s traitor: this is pity now,
That hanged and drawn and quartered there should be
In such a love[518] so vile a lout as he.
BLANCHE My uncle’s will[519] in this respect is mine:

If he see aught[520] in you that makes him like,
That anything[521] he sees which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate[522] it to my will:
Or if you will, to speak more properly,[523]
I will enforce[524] it eas'ly to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That[526] all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this: that nothing do I see in you,
Though churlish[528] thoughts themselves should be your judge,
That I can find should merit[529] any hate.
KING JOHN What say these young ones? What say you, my niece?
BLANCHE That she is bound in honour still[531] to do
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe[532] to say.
KING JOHN Speak then, Prince Dauphin, can you love this lady?
LEWIS Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love,
For I do love her most unfeignedly.[535]
KING JOHN Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine, Maine,
Poitiers and Anjou, these five provinces,
With her to thee, and this addition more:
Full[539] thirty thousand marks of English coin.
Philip of France, if thou be pleased withal,[540]
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.
KING PHILIP It likes[542] us well, young princes: close your hands.
AUSTRIA And your lips too, for I am well assured[543]
That I did so when I was first assured.[544] ***Lewis and Blanche join hands and kiss***
KING PHILIP Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made,
For at Saint Mary's chapel presently[547]
The rites of marriage shall be solemnized.
Is not the lady Constance in this troop?
I know she is not, for this match made up[550]
Her presence would have interrupted much.
Where is she and her son? Tell me, who[552] knows.
LEWIS She is sad and passionate[553] at your highness' tent.
KING PHILIP And by my faith this league that we have made

Will give her sadness very little cure.—
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady? In her right we came,
Which we, God knows, have turned another way,
To our own vantage.

KING JOHN We will heal up all,
For we’ll create young Arthur Duke of Bretagne
And Earl of Richmond, and this rich fair town
We make him lord of. Call the lady Constance:
Some speedy messenger bid her repair[564]
To our solemnity:[565] I trust we shall,

[Exit Salisbury?]

If not fill up the measure[566] of her will,
Yet in some measure[567] satisfy her so
That we shall stop her exclamation.[568]
Go we as well as haste will suffer[569] us
To this unlooked-for, unpreparèd pomp.[570]

Exeunt [all but the Bastard]

BASTARD Mad world, mad kings, mad composition![571]
John, to stop Arthur’s title[572] in the whole,
Hath willingly departed[573] with a part,
And France, whose armour conscience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field
As God’s own soldier, rounded[576] in the ear
With[577] that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,
That broker[578] that still breaks the pate of faith,
That daily break-vow, he that wins[579] of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,
Who[581] having no external thing to lose
But the word ‘maid’,[582] cheats the poor maid of that:
That smooth-faced[583] gentleman, tickling commodity,
Commodity, the bias[584] of the world,
The world who of itself is peisèd[585] well,
Made to run even[586] upon even ground,
Till this advantage, this vile-drawing[587] bias,
This sway[588] of motion, this commodity,

Makes it take head from[589] all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent:
And this same bias, this commodity,
This bawd,[592] this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapped on[593] the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determined[594] aid,
From a resolved[595] and honourable war,
To a most base[596] and vile-concluded peace.
And why rail I on[597] this commodity?
But for[598] because he hath not wooed me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch[599] my hand,
When his fair angels[600] would salute my palm;
But for[601] my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say there is no sin but to be rich:
And being rich, my virtue then shall be
To say there is no vice but beggary:
Since kings break faith upon[607] commodity,
Gain be my lord, for I will worship thee.

Exit

Act 2 [Scene 2]

running scene 3

Enter Constance, Arthur and Salisbury

CONSTANCE Gone to be married? Gone to swear a peace? ***To Salisbury***
False blood to false blood joined! Gone to be friends?
Shall Lewis have Blanche, and Blanche those provinces?
It is not so, thou hast misspoke,[4] misheard:
Be well advised,[5] tell o'er thy tale again.
It cannot be, thou dost but[6] say 'tis so.
I trust[7] I may not trust thee, for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:[8]
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man:
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punished for thus frighting[11] me,
For I am sick and capable of[12] fears:
Oppressed with wrongs, and therefore full of fears:
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears,
A woman naturally born to fears;
And though[16] thou now confess thou didst but jest
With my vexed spirits, I cannot take a truce,[17]
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly[20] on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable[22] rheum,
Like a proud[23] river peering o'er his bounds?
Be these sad[24] signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again, not all thy former tale,
But this one word: whether thy tale be true.

SALISBURY As true as I believe you think them[27] false
That give you cause to prove[28] my saying true.

CONSTANCE O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die,
And let belief and life encounter[31] so

As doth the fury of two desperate men,
Which in the very meeting fall and die.
Lewis marry Blanche!— O boy, then where art thou? ***To Arthur***
France friend with England, what becomes of me?—
Fellow, be gone: I cannot brook[36] thy sight: ***To Salisbury***
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.
SALISBURY What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done?
CONSTANCE Which harm within itself so heinous is
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.
ARTHUR I do beseech you, madam, be content.[42]
CONSTANCE If thou that bidd'st me be content wert[43] grim,
Ugly and sland'rous[44] to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots and sightless[45] stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked,[46] swart, prodigious,
Patched[47] with foul moles and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content,
For then I should not love thee, no, nor thou
Become[50] thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair,[51] and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and Fortune joined to make thee great.
Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown[54] rose. But Fortune, O,
She is corrupted, changed, and won from thee:
Sh'adulterates[56] hourly with thine uncle John,
And with her golden[57] hand hath plucked on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,[58]
And made his majesty[59] the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to Fortune and King John,
That strumpet[61] Fortune, that usurping John:—
Tell me, thou fellow,[62] is not France forsworn? ***To Salisbury***
Envenom[63] him with words, or get thee gone
And leave those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to underbear.[65]
SALISBURY Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.

CONSTANCE Thou mayst, thou shalt: I will not go with thee:
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud,[69]
For grief is proud and makes his owner stoop.
To me and to the state[71] of my great grief
Let kings assemble: for my grief's so great
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrows sit: ***She sits upon the ground***
Here is my throne: bid kings come bow to it.
[Exit Salisbury with Arthur] ***Constance remains seated***

Act 3 Scene 1

running scene 3 continues

Enter King John, King Philip, Lewis, Blanche, Queen Elinor, the Bastard [and] Austria

KING PHILIP ’Tis true,[1] fair daughter, and this blessèd day
Ever in France shall be kept festival:
To solemnize this day the glorious sun
Stays[4] in his course and plays the alchemist,
Turning with splendour of his precious eye
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly course that brings this day about
Shall never see it but a holy day.[8]

CONSTANCE A wicked day, and not a holy day! ***Rising***
What hath this day deserved? What hath it done,
That it in golden letters[11] should be set
Among the high tides[12] in the calendar?
Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,
This day of shame, oppression, perjury.
Or if it must stand still,[15] let wives with child
Pray that their burdens may not fall[16] this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously[17] be crossed:
But[18] on this day let seamen fear no wreck:
No[19] bargains break that are not this day made;
This day all things begun come to ill end,
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change.

KING PHILIP By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawned[24] to you my majesty?

CONSTANCE You have beguiled[25] me with a counterfeit
Resembling majesty, which, being touched and tried,[26]
Proves valueless: you are forsworn,[27] forsworn:
You came in arms[28] to spill mine enemies’ blood,
But now in arms[29] you strengthen it with yours.
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war

Is cold in amity and painted[31] peace,
And our[32] oppression hath made up this league:
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjured kings!
A widow cries: be husband to me, heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out[36] the days in peace; but, ere sun set,
Set armèd discord ’twixt these perjured kings:
Hear me, O, hear me!
AUSTRIA Lady Constance, peace!
CONSTANCE War, war, no peace! Peace is to me a war:
O Limoges,[41] O Austria, thou dost shame
That bloody spoil:[42] thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward:
Thou little valiant, great in villainy,
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side;
Thou Fortune’s champion,[45] that dost never fight
But when her humorous[46] ladyship is by
To teach thee safety:[47] thou art perjured too,
And sooth’st up greatness.[48] What a fool art thou,
A ramping[49] fool, to brag, and stamp, and swear
Upon my party: thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier, bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength,
And dost thou now fall over[54] to my foes?
Thou wear a lion’s hide! Doff[55] it for shame,
And hang a calf’s-skin[56] on those recreant limbs.
AUSTRIA O, that a man should speak those words to me!
BASTARD And hang a calf’s-skin on those recreant limbs.
AUSTRIA Thou dar’st not say so, villain, for thy life.
BASTARD And hang a calf’s-skin on those recreant limbs.
KING JOHN We like not this: thou dost forget thyself.
Enter Pandulph[*]
KING PHILIP Here comes the holy legate[62] of the Pope.
CARDINAL PANDULPH Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven.—
To thee, King John, my holy errand is:
I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,

And from Pope Innocent[66] the legate here,
Do in his name religiously[67] demand
Why thou against the Church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn;[69] and force perforce
Keep Stephen Langton,[70] chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see:[71]
This, in our foresaid[72] holy father’s name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.
KING JOHN What earthy[74] name to interrogatories
Can test[75] the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous
To charge[78] me to an answer, as the Pope.
Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of England
Add thus much more, that no Italian priest
Shall tithe[81] or toll in our dominions:
But as we, under heaven, are supreme head,
So, under him, that great supremacy,[83]
Where[84] we do reign, we will alone uphold
Without th’assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the Pope, all reverence set apart[86]
To him and his usurped authority.
KING PHILIP Brother of England, you blaspheme[88] in this.
KING JOHN Though you and all the kings of Christendom
Are led so grossly[90] by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse[91] that money may buy out,
And by the merit of vile[92] gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of[93] a man,
Who in that sale sells[94] pardon from himself:
Though you and all the rest so grossly led
This juggling[96] witchcraft with revenue cherish,
Yet I alone, alone do me oppose[97]
Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.
CARDINAL PANDULPH Then by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand cursed and excommunicate:[100]
And blessèd shall he be that doth revolt

From his allegiance to an heretic:[102]
And meritorious shall that hand be called,
Canonizèd and worshipped as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.
CONSTANCE O, lawful let it be
That I have room[108] with Rome to curse awhile:
Good Father Cardinal, cry thou ‘Amen’
To my keen[110] curses; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.[111]
CARDINAL PANDULPH There’s law and warrant,[112] lady, for my curse.
CONSTANCE And for mine too: when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong:[114]
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;
For he that holds[116] his kingdom holds the law:
Therefore, since law itself is perfect[117] wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?
CARDINAL PANDULPH Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic,[120]
And raise the power of France[121] upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.
QUEEN ELINOR Look’st thou pale, France? Do not let go thy hand.
CONSTANCE Look to that,[124] devil, lest that France repent,
And by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.
AUSTRIA King Philip, listen to the cardinal.
BASTARD And hang a calf’s-skin on his recreant limbs.
AUSTRIA Well, ruffian, I must pocket up[128] these wrongs,
Because—
BASTARD Your breeches best may carry them.
KING JOHN Philip, what say’st thou to the cardinal?
CONSTANCE What should he say, but as the cardinal?[132]
LEWIS Bethink you,[133] father, for the difference
Is purchase[134] of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light[135] loss of England for a friend:
Forgo the easier.
BLANCHE That’s the curse of Rome.

CONSTANCE O Lewis, stand fast: the devil tempts thee here
In likeness of a new untrimmèd[139] bride.
BLANCHE The lady Constance speaks not from her faith,
But from her need.
CONSTANCE O, if thou grant my need,[142]
Which only lives but by[143] the death of faith,
That need must needs[144] infer this principle,
That faith would live again by death of need:
O then tread down my need, and faith mounts up:
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.
KING JOHN The king is moved,[148] and answers not to this.
CONSTANCE O, be removed[149] from him, and answer well! ***To King Philip***
AUSTRIA Do so, King Philip, hang no more in doubt.
BASTARD Hang[151] nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout.
KING PHILIP I am perplexed, and know not what to say.
CARDINAL PANDULPH What canst thou say but will perplex thee more,
If thou stand excommunicate and cursed?
KING PHILIP Good reverend father, make[155] my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow yourself.[156]
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Married in league, coupled and linked together
With all religious strength of sacred vows:
The latest[161] breath that gave the sound of words
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love
Between our kingdoms and our royal selves,
And even[164] before this truce, but new before,
No longer than we well could wash our hands
To clap[166] this royal bargain up of peace,
Heaven knows, they were besmeared and overstained[167]
With slaughter's pencil,[168] where revenge did paint
The fearful[169] difference of incensèd kings:
And shall these hands, so lately purged of blood,
So newly joined in love, so strong in both,
Unyoke this seizure[172] and this kind regreet?
Play fast and loose[173] with faith, so jest with heaven,

Make such unconstant[174] children of ourselves,
As now again to snatch our palm from palm?
Unswear faith sworn, and on the marriage-bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody[177] host,
And make a riot on the gentle brow[178]
Of true sincerity? O holy sir,
My reverend father, let it not be so:
Out of your grace, devise, ordain,[181] impose
Some gentle order, and then we shall be blest
To do your pleasure and continue friends.

CARDINAL PANDULPH All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.
Therefore to arms, be champion of our Church,
Or let the Church, our mother, breathe her curse,
A mother's curse, on her revolting[188] son:
France, thou mayst hold[189] a serpent by the tongue,
A casèd[190] lion by the mortal paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

KING PHILIP I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.[193]

CARDINAL PANDULPH So mak'st thou faith[194] an enemy to faith,
And like a civil war set'st oath to[195] oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
First made to heaven, first be to heaven performed,
That is, to be the champion of our Church:
What since[199] thou swor'st is sworn against thyself,
And may not be performèd by thyself,
For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss
Is not amiss when it is truly done:[202]
And being not done, where doing tends to[203] ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it:
The better act[205] of purposes mistook
Is to mistake again:[206] though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falsehood falsehood cures, as fire[208] cools fire
Within the scorchèd veins of one new burned:

It is religion[210] that doth make vows kept,
But thou hast sworn against religion:
By[212] what thou swear’st against the thing thou swear’st,
And[213] mak’st an oath the surety for thy truth
Against an oath the truth: thou art unsure[214]
To swear, swears[215] only not to be forsworn,
Else what a mockery should it be to swear?
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn,
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear:
Therefore thy later vows against thy first
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself:
And better conquest never canst thou make
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy loose suggestions:
Upon which better part[224] our prayers come in,
If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know
The peril of our curses light[226] on thee
So heavy as[227] thou shalt not shake them off,
But in despair die under their black[228] weight.

AUSTRIA Rebellion,[229] flat rebellion!

BASTARD Will’t not be?[230]
Will not a calf’s-skin stop[231] that mouth of thine?

LEWIS Father, to arms!

BLANCHE Upon thy wedding day?
Against the blood[234] that thou hast marrièd?
What, shall our feast be kept[235] with slaughtered men?
Shall braying trumpets and loud churlish drums,
Clamours of hell, be measures[237] to our pomp?
O husband, hear me: ay, alack, how new
Is ‘husband’ in my mouth! Even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne’er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle. ***She may kneel here***

CONSTANCE O, upon my knee made hard with kneeling, ***She may kneel***
I do pray to thee, thou virtuous dauphin,
Alter not the doom[245] forethought by heaven.

BLANCHE Now shall I see thy love: what motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?
CONSTANCE That which upholdeth him that thee upholds:[248]
His honour:— O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour! ***To Lewis***
LEWIS I muse[250] your majesty doth seem so cold, ***To King Philip***
When such profound respects[251] do pull you on.
CARDINAL PANDULPH I will denounce[252] a curse upon his head.
KING PHILIP Thou shalt not need. England, I will fall from[253] thee.
CONSTANCE O, fair return of banished majesty! ***She may rise***
QUEEN ELINOR O, foul revolt of French inconstancy!
KING JOHN France, thou shalt rue[256] this hour within this hour.
BASTARD Old Time the clock-setter, that bald[257] sexton Time,
Is it as he will? Well then, France shall rue.
BLANCHE The sun's o'ercast with blood: fair day, adieu![259]
Which is the side that I must go withal?
I am with both, each army hath a hand,
And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl asunder and dismember[263] me.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win:—
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou mayst lose:—
Father,[266] I may not wish the fortune thine:—
Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose:
Assurèd loss before the match be played.
LEWIS Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies. ***He may help her rise***
BLANCHE There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.
KING JOHN Cousin,[272] go draw our puissance together.
[Exit the Bastard]
France, I am burned up with inflaming wrath,
A rage whose heat hath this condition:[274]
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest-valued[276] blood, of France.
KING PHILIP Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:
Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.
KING JOHN No more than he that threats.[280] To arms let's hie!

Exeunt

Act 3 Scene 2[3.2]

running scene 4

Alarums, excursions. Enter [the] Bastard, with Austria's head

BASTARD Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot:
Some airy devil[2] hovers in the sky
And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there, ***He puts down Austria's head***
While Philip[4] breathes.

Enter [King] John, Arthur [and] Hubert

KING JOHN Hubert, keep[5] this boy.— Philip, make up:
My mother is assailèd[6] in our tent,
And ta'en,[7] I fear.

BASTARD My lord, I rescued her:
Her highness is in safety, fear you not:
But on, my liege,[10] for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end.[11]

Exeunt

Alarums, excursions, retreat. Enter King John, Queen Elinor, Arthur, [the] Bastard, Hubert, [and] Lords

KING JOHN So shall it be: your grace shall stay behind[12] ***To Queen Elinor***
So strongly guarded:— Cousin, look not sad: ***To Arthur***
Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

ARTHUR O, this will make my mother die with grief.

KING JOHN Cousin, away for England! Haste before,[17] ***To Bastard***
And ere our coming see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots: imprisoned angels[19]
Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon:
Use our commission[22] in his utmost force.

BASTARD Bell,[23] book and candle shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver becks[24] me to come on.
I leave your highness:— grandam, I will pray,
If ever I remember to be holy,

For your fair safety: so I kiss your hand.
ELINOR Farewell, gentle[28] cousin.
KING JOHN Coz,[29] farewell.
[Exit the Bastard]
QUEEN ELINOR Come hither, little kinsman: hark, a word. ***To Arthur***
KING JOHN Come hither, Hubert. ***He takes Hubert aside***
O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much: within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor
And with advantage[34] means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary[35] oath
Lives in this bosom,[36] dearly cherishèd.
Give me thy hand: I had a thing to say,
But I will fit it with some better tune.[38]
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
To say what good respect[40] I have of thee.
HUBERT I am much bounden[41] to your majesty.
KING JOHN Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet,
But thou shalt have: and creep time ne’er so slow,
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say, but let it go:
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton[48] and too full of gauds
To give me audience:[49] if the midnight bell
Did with his iron tongue and brazen[50] mouth
Sound on[51] into the drowsy race of night:
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessèd with a thousand wrongs:
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had baked thy blood and made it heavy, thick,
Which else[56] runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot,[57] laughter, keep men’s eyes
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion[59] hateful to my purposes:
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,

Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit[62] alone,
Without eyes, ears and harmful sound of words:
Then, in despite[64] of broad-eyed watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts.
But, ah, I will not: yet I love thee well,
And by my troth,[67] I think thou lov’st me well.
HUBERT So well, that what[68] you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to[69] my act,
By heaven, I would do it.
KING JOHN Do not I know thou wouldst?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon[73] young boy: I’ll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way,
And whereso’er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.
HUBERT And I’ll keep him so,[78]
That he shall not offend your majesty.
KING JOHN Death.
HUBERT My lord?
KING JOHN A grave.
HUBERT He shall not live.
KING JOHN Enough.
I could be merry now: Hubert, I love thee.
Well, I’ll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember.— Madam, fare you well:
I’ll send those powers[88] o’er to your majesty.
ELINOR My blessing go with thee.
KING JOHN For England, cousin,[90] go.
Hubert shall be your man,[91] attend on you
With all true duty.— On toward Calais, ho!
Exeunt [Queen Elinor at one door, the rest at another]

Act 3 Scene 3

running scene 5

Enter King Philip, Lewis, Cardinal Pandulph [and] Attendants

KING PHILIP So by a roaring tempest on the flood,[1]
A whole armado[2] of convicted sail
Is scattered and disjoined from fellowship.[3]
CARDINAL PANDULPH Courage and comfort: all shall yet go well.
KING PHILIP What can go well when we have run[5] so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? Divers[7] dear friends slain?
And bloody[8] England into England gone,
O'erbearing[9] interruption, spite of France?
LEWIS What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot[11] a speed with such advice disposed,
Such temperate[12] order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example:[13] who hath read or heard
Of any kindred[14] action like to this?
KING PHILIP well could I bear that England had this praise,
So[16] we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter Constance ***Distracted, with her hair down***

Look, who comes here! A grave[17] unto a soul:
Holding th'eternal spirit against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath:
I prithee, lady, go away with me.
CONSTANCE Lo, now: now see the issue[21] of your peace.
KING PHILIP Patience, good lady: comfort, gentle Constance.
CONSTANCE No, I defy[23] all counsel, all redress,
But[24] that which ends all counsel, true redress:
Death, death, O amiable,[25] lovely death:
Thou odoriferous[26] stench: sound rottenness:
Arise forth from the couch of lasting[27] night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones,
And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty[30] brows,

And ring these fingers with thy household worms,
And stop this gap of breath[32] with fulsome dust,
And be a carrion[33] monster like thyself:
Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smil'st
And buss[35] thee as thy wife: misery's love,
O, come to me!

KING PHILIP O fair affliction,[37] peace!

CONSTANCE No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a passion would I shake the world,
And rouse from sleep that fell[41] anatomy
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern[43] invocation.

CARDINAL PANDULPH Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

CONSTANCE Thou art not holy to belie[45] me so:
I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine:
My name is Constance: I was Geoffrey's wife:
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:
I am not mad: I would to heaven I were,
For then, 'tis like[50] I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canonized, cardinal:
For, being not mad, but sensible of[54] grief,
My reasonable part[55] produces reason
How I may be delivered of[56] these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself:
If I were mad, I should forget my son,
Or madly think a babe of clouts[59] were he:
I am not mad: too well, too well I feel
The different[61] plague of each calamity.

KING PHILIP Bind[62] up those tresses: O, what love I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop[64] hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends[65]
Do glue themselves in sociable[66] grief,

Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.
CONSTANCE To[69] England, if you will.
KING PHILIP Bind up your hairs.
CONSTANCE Yes, that I will: and wherefore[71] will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds and cried aloud ‘
O, that these hands could so redeem[73] my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty!’
But now I envy at[75] their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner. ***She binds up her hair***
And, Father Cardinal, I have heard you say
That we shall see and know[79] our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For since the birth of Cain,[81] the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,[82]
There was not such a gracious[83] creature born:
But now will canker-sorrow[84] eat my bud
And chase the native[85] beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim[87] and meagre as an ague’s fit,
And so[88] he’ll die: and rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know[90] him: therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.
CARDINAL PANDULPH You hold too heinous[92] a respect of grief.
CONSTANCE He talks to me that never had a son.
KING PHILIP You are as fond of[94] grief as of your child.
CONSTANCE Grief fills the room[95] up of my absent child:
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers[98] me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reason to be fond of grief?
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do. ***She unbinds her hair***

I will not keep this form[103] upon my head,
When there is such disorder in my wit:
O lord, my boy, my Arthur, my fair son,
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world:
My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure!
Exit

KING PHILIP I fear some outrage,[108] and I'll follow her.
Exit

LEWIS There's nothing in this world can make me joy:[109]
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull[111] ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoiled the sweet word's[112] taste
That[113] it yields nought but shame and bitterness.

CARDINAL PANDULPH Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant[115] of repair and health,
The fit[116] is strongest: evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil:
What have you lost by losing of this day?[118]

LEWIS All days of glory, joy and happiness.

CARDINAL PANDULPH If you had[120] won it, certainly you had.
No, no: when Fortune means[121] to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threat'ning eye:
'Tis strange to think how much King John hath lost
In this which he accounts[124] so clearly won:
Are not you grieved that Arthur is his prisoner?

LEWIS As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

CARDINAL PANDULPH Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit:
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,[130]
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne. And therefore mark:[132]
John hath seized Arthur, and it cannot be
That whiles warm life plays in that infant's[134] veins,
The misplaced[135] John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.

A sceptre snatched with an unruly hand
Must be as boisterously[138] maintained as gained:
And he that stands upon a slipp’ry place
Makes[140] nice of no vile hold to stay him up:
That[141] John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall:
So be it, for it cannot be but so.
LEWIS But what shall I gain by young Arthur’s fall?
CARDINAL PANDULPH You, in the right of Lady Blanche your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.
LEWIS And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.
CARDINAL PANDULPH How green[147] you are, and fresh in this old world!
John lays you plots:[148] the times conspire with you:
For he that steeps[149] his safety in true blood
Shall find but bloody safety and untrue.[150]
This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts
Of all his people and freeze up their zeal,[152]
That none[153] so small advantage shall step forth
To check[154] his reign, but they will cherish it:
No natural exhalation[155] in the sky,
No scope[156] of nature, no distempered day,
No common wind, no customèd[157] event,
But they will pluck away[158] his natural cause
And call them meteors, prodigies,[159] and signs,
Abortives,[160] presages, and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing[161] vengeance upon John.
LEWIS Maybe he will not touch young Arthur’s life,
But hold[163] himself safe in his prisonment.
CARDINAL PANDULPH O sir, when he shall hear of your approach,[164]
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies: and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss[168] the lips of unacquainted change,
And pick[169] strong matter of revolt and wrath
Out[170] of the bloody fingers’ ends of John.
Methinks I see this hurly[171] all on foot:
And O, what better matter breeds[172] for you

Than I have named! The Bastard Falconbridge
Is now in England, ransacking the Church,
Offending charity: if but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call[176]
To train[177] ten thousand English to their side,
Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon[179] becomes a mountain. O noble dauphin,
Go with me to the king: ’tis wonderful
What may be wrought[181] out of their discontent,
Now that their souls are top-full[182] of offence.
For England go: I will whet on[183] the king.

LEWIS Strong reasons make strange actions:[184] let us go:
If you say[185] ay, the king will not say no.

Exeunt

Act 4 Scene 1[4.1]

running scene 6

Enter Hubert and Executioners ***With a rope and irons***

HUBERT Heat me[1] these irons hot, and look thou stand
Within[2] the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth
And bind the boy which you shall find with me
Fast to the chair: be heedful:[5] hence, and watch.

FIRST EXECUTIONER I hope your warrant will bear out[6] the deed.

HUBERT Uncleanly scruples:[7] Fear not you: look to’t. ***The Executioners withdraw behind the arras***
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with[8] you.

Enter Arthur

ARTHUR Good morrow, Hubert.

HUBERT Good morrow, little[10] prince.

ARTHUR As[11] little prince, having so great a title
To be more prince, as may be. You are sad.[12]

HUBERT Indeed, I have been merrier.

ARTHUR ’Mercy[14] on me!
Methinks nobody should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad[17] as night
Only[18] for wantonness: by my christendom,
So[19] I were out of prison and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long:
And so I would be here, but that I doubt[21]
My uncle practises[22] more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey’s son?
No, indeed, is’t not: and I would[25] to heaven
I were your son, so[26] you would love me, Hubert.

HUBERT If I talk to him, with his innocent prate[27] ***Aside***
He will awake my mercy which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch.[29]

ARTHUR Are you sick, Hubert? You look pale today:
In sooth,[31] I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night and watch[32] with you.
I warrant[33] I love you more than you do me.
HUBERT His words do take possession of my bosom.— ***Aside***
Read here, young Arthur.— How now, foolish rheum![35] ***Showing a paper/Aside***
Turning[36] dispiteous torture out of door?
I must be brief,[37] lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.
Can you not read it? Is it not fair writ?[39]
ARTHUR Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:[40]
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?
HUBERT Young boy, I must.
ARTHUR And will you?
HUBERT And I will.
ARTHUR Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit[46] my handkercher about your brows,
The best I had, a princess wrought it[47] me,
And I did never ask it you[48] again:
And with my hand at midnight held your head,
And like the watchful[50] minutes to the hour,
Still and anon[51] cheered up the heavy time,
Saying ‘What lack you?[52]’ and ‘Where lies your grief?’
Or ‘What good love[53] may I perform for you?’
Many a poor man’s son would have lien[54] still
And ne’er have spoke a loving word to you:
But you at[56] your sick service had a prince:
Nay, you may think my love was crafty[57] love,
And call it cunning. Do, an if[58] you will.
If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,[59]
Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you.
HUBERT I have sworn to do it:
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

ARTHUR Ah, none but in this iron age[65] would do it:
The iron of itself, though heat[66] red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears
And quench this[68] fiery indignation,
Even[69] in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, consume away in rust
But for containing[71] fire to harm mine eye:
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammered iron?
And if an angel should have[73] come to me
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed him: no tongue but Hubert's.
HUBERT Come forth. ***Stamps; Executioners come forward***
Do as I bid you do.
ARTHUR O, save me, Hubert, save me! My eyes are out[78]
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.
HUBERT Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.
ARTHUR Alas, what need you be so boist'rous-rough?
I will not struggle: I will stand stone-still:
For heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be bound:
Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb:
I will not stir, nor winch,[86] nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly:[87]
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.
HUBERT Go, stand within: let me alone with him.
FIRST EXECUTIONER I am best pleased to be from[91] such a deed.
[Exeunt Executioners]
ARTHUR Alas, I then have chid[92] away my friend!
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.
HUBERT Come, boy, prepare yourself.
ARTHUR Is there no remedy?[97]
HUBERT None, but to lose your eyes.
ARTHUR O heaven, that there were but a mote[99] in yours,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance[101] in that precious sense:
Then feeling what small things are boisterous[102] there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

HUBERT Is this your promise? Go to,[104] hold your tongue.

ARTHUR Hubert, the utterance of a brace[105] of tongues
Must[106] needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not[107] hold my tongue: let me not, Hubert:
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. O, spare mine eyes,
Though to no use but still[110] to look on you.
Lo, by my troth,[111] the instrument is cold
And would not harm me.

HUBERT I can heat it, boy.

ARTHUR No, in good sooth:[114] the fire is dead with grief,
Being create[115] for comfort, to be used
In undeserved extremes:[116] see else yourself:
There is no malice in this burning coal:
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strewed repentant ashes on his head.

HUBERT But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

ARTHUR An if you do, you will but[121] make it blush
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it perchance[123] will sparkle in your eyes,
And, like a dog that is compelled to fight,
Snatch[125] at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny their office:[127] only you do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire and iron extends,[128]
Creatures[129] of note for mercy, lacking uses.

HUBERT Well, see to live: I will not touch thine eye
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:[131]
Yet am I sworn and I did purpose,[132] boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

ARTHUR O, now you look like Hubert. All this while
You were disguisèd.

HUBERT Peace; no more. Adieu.
Your uncle must not know but[137] you are dead.
I'll fill these doggèd[138] spies with false reports:
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless,[139] and secure,
That Hubert for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend[141] thee.
ARTHUR O heaven! I thank you, Hubert.
HUBERT Silence, no more: go closely[143] in with me.
Much danger do I undergo for thee.
Exeunt

Act 4 Scene 2[4.2]

running scene 7

Enter King John, Pembroke, Salisbury and other Lords ***King John ascends the throne***

KING JOHN Here once again we sit: once again crowned,
And looked upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.
PEMBROKE This ‘once again’, but that your highness pleased,
Was once[4] superfluous: you were crowned before,
And that high royalty was ne’er plucked off:
The faiths of men ne’er stainèd with revolt:
Fresh[7] expectation troubled not the land
With any longed-for change or better state.[8]
SALISBURY Therefore, to be possessed[9] with double pomp,
To guard[10] a title that was rich before,
To gild[11] refinèd gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light[14]
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven[15] to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.
PEMBROKE But[17] that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told,
And, in the last repeating, troublesome,
Being urgèd at a time unseasonable.[20]
SALISBURY In this the antique[21] and well-noted face
Of plain old form[22] is much disfigurèd,
And, like a shifted[23] wind unto a sail,
It[24] makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,
Startles and frights consideration,[25]
Makes sound[26] opinion sick and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashioned[27] robe.
PEMBROKE When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound[29] their skill in covetousness,
And oftentimes excusing[30] of a fault

Doth make the fault the worse by th'excuse:
As patches set upon a little breach[32]
Discredit[33] more in hiding of the fault
Than did the fault before it was so patched.
SALISBURY To this effect, before you were new crowned,[35]
We breathed[36] our counsel: but it pleased your highness
To overbear[37] it, and we are all well pleased,
Since all and every part of what we would
Doth make[39] a stand at what your highness will.
KING JOHN Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possessed you with,[41] and think them strong.
And more,[42] more strong, than lesser is my fear,
I shall indue[43] you with: meantime but ask
What you would have reformed that is not well,
And well shall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.
PEMBROKE Then I, as one that am the tongue[47] of these,
To sound[48] the purposes of all their hearts,
Both for myself and them, but chief of all
Your safety, for the which myself and them[50]
Bend[51] their best studies, heartily request
Th'enfranchisement[52] of Arthur, whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument:
If what in rest[55] you have, in right you hold,
Why then your fears, which, as they say, attend[56]
The steps of wrong, should move you to mew up[57]
Your tender[58] kinsman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise.[60]
That[61] the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions,[62] let it be our suit
That you have bid us ask his liberty,
Which for our goods[64] we do no further ask
Than, whereupon our weal[65] on you depending
Counts[66] it your weal, he have his liberty.

Enter Hubert

KING JOHN Let it be so: I do commit[67] his youth
To your direction.[68]—
Hubert, what news with you? ***Taking him to one side***
PEMBROKE This is the man should do[70] the bloody deed:
He showed his warrant to a friend of mine:
The image of a wicked heinous[72] fault
Lives[73] in his eye: that close aspect of his
Do[74] show the mood of a much troubled breast,
And I do fearfully believe ’tis done,
What we so feared he had a charge[76] to do.
SALISBURY The colour[77] of the king doth come and go
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds ’twixt[79] two dreadful battles set:
His passion is so ripe,[80] it needs must break.
PEMBROKE And when it breaks, I fear will issue thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child’s death.
KING JOHN We cannot hold[83] mortality’s strong hand.—
Good lords, although my will to give[84] is living, ***To Lords***
The suit which you demand is gone and dead.
He tells us Arthur is deceased tonight.[86]
SALISBURY Indeed we feared his sickness was past cure.
PEMBROKE Indeed we heard how near his death he was
Before the child himself felt he was sick:
This must be answered[90] either here or hence.
KING JOHN Why do you bend such solemn brows[91] on me?
Think you I bear the shears of destiny?[92]
Have I commandment on[93] the pulse of life?
SALISBURY It is apparent[94] foul play, and ’tis shame
That greatness[95] should so grossly offer it:
So[96] thrive it in your game, and so farewell.
PEMBROKE Stay yet, Lord Salisbury: I’ll go with thee,
And find th’inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forcèd[99] grave.
That blood which owed[100] the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold: bad world the while:[101]

This must not be thus borne: this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long I doubt.[103]

Exeunt [Lords]

KING JOHN They burn in indignation: I repent:
There is no sure[105] foundation set on blood:
No certain life achieved by others' death.

Enter [a] Messenger

A fearful[107] eye thou hast. Where is that blood
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:
Pour down thy weather:[110] how goes all in France?

MESSENGER From[111] France to England: never such a power
For any foreign preparation[112]
Was levied[113] in the body of a land.
The copy[114] of your speed is learned by them:
For when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings comes that they are all arrived.

KING JOHN O, where hath our intelligence[117] been drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care,[118]
That such an army could be drawn[119] in France,
And she not hear of it?

MESSENGER My liege, her ear
Is stopped with dust: the first of April died
Your noble mother; and as I hear, my lord,
The lady Constance in a frenzy[124] died
Three days before: but this from Rumour's tongue
I idly[126] heard: if true or false I know not.

KING JOHN Withhold thy speed, dreadful Occasion:[127]
O, make a league[128] with me, till I have pleased
My discontented peers. What? Mother dead?
How wildly[130] then walks my estate in France!—
Under whose conduct[131] came those powers of France
That thou for[132] truth giv'st out are landed here?

MESSENGER Under the dauphin.

KING JOHN Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.

Enter [the] Bastard and Peter of Pomfret

Now, what says the world
To your proceedings?[136] Do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

BASTARD But if you be afeard[138] to hear the worst,
Then let the worst unheard[139] fall on your head.

KING JOHN Bear with me cousin, for I was amazed[140]
Under the tide:[141] but now I breathe again
Aloft[142] the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

BASTARD How I have sped[144] among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express:[145]
But as I travelled hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied:[147]
Possessed with rumours, full of idle[148] dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.
And here's a prophet that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading[152] on his heels:
To whom he sung in rude[153] harsh-sounding rhymes,
That ere the next Ascension Day[154] at noon,
Your highness should deliver up[155] your crown.

KING JOHN Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

PETER Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

KING JOHN Hubert, away with him: imprison him,
And on that day at noon, whereon he says
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hanged.
Deliver him to safety,[161] and return,
For I must use thee.—

[Exeunt Hubert and Peter]

O my gentle[162] cousin,
Hear'st thou the news abroad,[163] who are arrived?

BASTARD The French, my lord: men's mouths are full of it.
Besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury,
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to seek the grave

Of Arthur, who they say is[168] killed tonight
On your suggestion.[169]

KING JOHN Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies.
I have a way to win their loves again:
Bring them before me.

BASTARD I will seek them out.

KING JOHN Nay, but make haste: the[175] better foot before.
O, let me have no subject enemies,[176]
When adverse[177] foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout[178] invasion.
Be Mercury,[179] set feathers to thy heels,
And fly like thought from them to me again.

BASTARD The spirit[181] of the time shall teach me speed.

Exit

KING JOHN Spoke like a sprightful[182] noble gentleman.
Go after him: for he perhaps shall need
Some messenger betwixt[184] me and the peers,
And be thou he.

MESSENGER With all my heart, my liege.

[Exit]

KING JOHN My mother dead!

Enter Hubert

HUBERT My lord, they say five moons were seen tonight:[188]
Four fixèd, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wondrous[190] motion.

KING JOHN Five moons?

HUBERT Old men and beldams[192] in the streets
Do prophesy upon it[193] dangerously:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths,
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads
And whisper one[196] another in the ear.
And he that speaks doth grip the hearer's wrist,
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,[198]
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,

The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor’s news,
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
Had[205] falsely thrust upon contrary feet,
Told of a many thousand[206] warlike French
That were embattailèd[207] and ranked in Kent.
Another lean, unwashed artificer[208]
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur’s death.

KING JOHN Why seek’st thou to possess[210] me with these fears?
Why urgest thou[211] so oft young Arthur’s death?
Thy hand hath murdered him: I had a mighty cause[212]
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

HUBERT No had,[214] my lord! Why, did you not provoke me?

KING JOHN It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves that take their humours[216] for a warrant
To break within the bloody[217] house of life,
And on the winking[218] of authority
To understand a law,[219] to know the meaning
Of dangerous[220] majesty, when perchance it frowns
More upon humour[221] than advised respect.

HUBERT Here is your hand[222] and seal for what I did. ***He shows a paper***

KING JOHN O, when the last account[223] ’twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation.
How oft the sight of means to do[226] ill deeds
Make deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been by,[227]
A fellow by the hand of nature marked,[228]
Quoted[229] and signed to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind.
But taking note of thy abhorred aspect,[231]
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
Apt, liable[233] to be employed in danger,
I faintly[234] broke with thee of Arthur’s death:
And thou, to be endearèd to a king,
Made it no conscience[236] to destroy a prince.

HUBERT My lord—
KING JOHN Hadst thou but shook thy head or made a pause
When I spake darkly[239] what I purposèd,
Or turned an eye of doubt upon my face,
As[241] bid me tell my tale in express words,
Deep shame had[242] struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought[243] fears in me.
But thou didst understand me by my signs
And didst in signs again parley[245] with sin:
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And consequently thy rude[247] hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.
Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me, and my state[250] is braved,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers;
Nay, in the body[252] of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine[253] of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult[254] reigns
Between my conscience and my cousin’s death.
HUBERT Arm you against your other enemies:
I’ll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden[259] and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never entered yet
The dreadful motion[262] of a murderous thought;
And you have slandered nature in my form,[263]
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,[264]
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.
KING JOHN Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the peers:
Throw[268] this report on their incensèd rage,
And make them tame[269] to their obedience.
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature, for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary[272] eyes of blood

Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O, answer not, but to my closet[274] bring
The angry lords with all expedient haste.
I conjure[276] thee but slowly: run more fast.

Exeunt

Act 4 Scene 3[4.3]

running scene 8

Enter Arthur, on the walls **Disguised as a ship boy**

ARTHUR The wall is high, and yet will I leap down.
Good ground, be pitiful and hurt me not:
There's few or none do know me: if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance[4] hath disguised me quite.
I am afraid, and yet I'll venture[5] it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts[7] to get away:
As good to die[8] and go, as die and stay. ***He leaps down***
O me! My uncle's spirit is in these stones:
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones!

Dies

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury and Bigot

SALISBURY Lords, I will meet him[11] at Saint Edmundsbury:
It is our safety,[12] and we must embrace
This gentle[13] offer of the perilous time.

PEMBROKE Who brought that letter from the cardinal?

SALISBURY The count Melun, a noble lord of France,
Whose private[16] with me of the dauphin's love
Is much more general[17] than these lines import.

BIGOT Tomorrow morning let us meet him then.

SALISBURY Or rather then set forward; for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, lords, or ere[20] we meet.

Enter [the] Bastard

BASTARD Once more today well met, distempered[21] lords:
The king by me requests your presence straight.[22]

SALISBURY The king hath dispossessed himself[23] of us:
We will not line[24] his thin bestainèd cloak
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot[25]
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks.
Return and tell him so: we know the worst.

BASTARD Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.

SALISBURY Our griefs,[29] and not our manners, reason now.
BASTARD But there is little reason in your grief.
Therefore ’twere reason you had manners now.
PEMBROKE Sir, sir, impatience[32] hath his privilege.
BASTARD ’Tis[33] true, to hurt his master, no man’s else.
SALISBURY This is the prison. What is he lies here? ***He sees Arthur’s body***
PEMBROKE O, death, made proud with pure and princely beauty:
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.
SALISBURY Murder, as[37] hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open[38] to urge on revenge.
BIGOT Or when he[39] doomed this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.
SALISBURY Sir Richard,[41] what think you? You have beheld,
Or have you read, or heard: or could you think,
Or do you almost think,[43] although you see,
That[44] you do see? Could thought, without this object,
Form such another? This is the very top,
The height, the crest,[46] or crest unto the crest,
Of murder’s arms:[47] this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-eyed[49] wrath or staring rage
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.[50]
PEMBROKE All murders past do stand excused[51] in this:
And this, so sole[52] and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet unbegotten sin of times,[54]
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exampled[56] by this heinous spectacle.
BASTARD It is a damned and a bloody work:
The graceless[58] action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.
SALISBURY If that it be the work of any hand?
We had a kind of light[61] what would ensue:
It is the shameful work of Hubert’s hand,
The practice[63] and the purpose of the king:
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,

Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless[66] excellence
The incense[67] of a vow, a holy vow:
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected[69] with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set[71] a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worship[72] of revenge.
PEMBROKE *and* BIGOT Our souls religiously[73] confirm thy words.
Enter Hubert
HUBERT Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you:
Arthur doth live: the king hath sent for you.
SALISBURY O, he is bold, and blushes not at death.—
Avaunt,[77] thou hateful villain, get thee gone!
HUBERT I am no villain.
SALISBURY Must I rob the law?[79] ***Draws his sword***
BASTARD Your sword is bright,[80] sir: put it up again.
SALISBURY Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin.[81]
HUBERT Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say:
By heaven, I think my sword's as sharp as yours. ***Draws his sword***
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt[85] the danger of my true defence;
Lest I, by marking[86] of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness and nobility.
BIGOT Out, dunghill! Dar'st thou brave[88] a nobleman?
HUBERT Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.
SALISBURY Thou art a murderer.
HUBERT Do not prove me so:[92]
Yet[93] I am none. Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks: who speaks not truly, lies.
PEMBROKE Cut him to pieces.
BASTARD Keep the peace, I say.
SALISBURY Stand by,[97] or I shall gall you, Falconbridge.
BASTARD Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury:
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,

Or teach thy hasty spleen[100] to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime,[101]
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,[102]
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.
BIGOT What wilt thou do, renownèd Falconbridge?
Second[105] a villain and a murderer?
HUBERT Lord Bigot, I am none.
BIGOT Who killed this prince?
HUBERT 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:
I honoured him, I loved him, and will weep
My date[110] of life out for his sweet life's loss.
SALISBURY Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without such rheum,[112]
And he, long traded[113] in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.
Away with me, all you whose souls abhor
Th'uncleanly savours[116] of a slaughter-house,
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.
BIGOT Away toward Bury, to the Dauphin there.
PEMBROKE There tell the king he may inquire[119] us out.
Exeunt Lords
BASTARD Here's a good world! Knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damned, Hubert.
HUBERT Do but hear me, sir.
BASTARD Ha! I'll tell thee what:
Thou'rt damned as black[126] — nay, nothing is so black —
Thou art more deep damned than Prince Lucifer:[127]
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.
HUBERT Upon my soul—
If thou didst but consent
BASTARD To this most cruel act, do but[131] despair:
And if thou want'st[132] a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb

Will serve to strangle thee: a rush[134] will be a beam
To hang thee on: or wouldst[135] thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle[138] such a villain up.
I do suspect thee very grievously.[139]

HUBERT If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded[142] in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want[143] pains enough to torture me:
I left him well.

BASTARD Go, bear him in thine arms:
I am amazed,[146] methinks, and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.
How easy dost thou take[148] all England up!
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven: and England now is left
To tug and scamble[152] and to part by th'teeth
The unowed[153] interest of proud-swelling state:
Now for[154] the bare-picked bone of majesty
Doth doggèd[155] war bristle his angry crest
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now powers[157] from home and discontents at home
Meet in one line:[158] and vast confusion waits,
As doth a raven on a sick-fall'n beast,
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.[160]
Now happy he[161] whose cloak and cincture can
Hold out[162] this tempest. Bear away that child
And follow me with speed: I'll to the king:
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,[164]
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land. ***Hubert carrying the body of Arthur***

Exeunt

Act 5 Scene 1[5.1]

running scene 9

Enter King John and Pandulph, [with] Attendants

KING JOHN Thus have I yielded up into your hand ***Giving Cardinal Pandulph the crown***
The circle[2] of my glory.

CARDINAL PANDULPH Take again ***Returning the crown to King John***
From this my hand, as holding of[4] the Pope
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

KING JOHN Now keep your holy word: go meet the French,
And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches 'fore we are inflamed:[8]
Our discontented counties[9] do revolt:
Our people quarrel with obedience,
Swearing allegiance and the love of soul[11]
To stranger[12] blood, to foreign royalty;
This inundation[13] of mistempered humour
Rests[14] by you only to be qualified.
Then pause not: for the present time's so sick,
That present[16] med'cine must be ministered,
Or overthrow[17] incurable ensues.

CARDINAL PANDULPH It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage[19] of the Pope:
But since you are a gentle convertite,[20]
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war
And make fair weather in your blust'ring[22] land:
On this Ascension Day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the Pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms.

Exeunt [all but King John]

KING JOHN Is this Ascension Day? Did not the prophet
Say that before Ascension Day at noon
My crown I should give off?[28] Even so I have:
I did suppose it should be on constraint,[29]

But, heav’n be thanked, it is but voluntary.
Enter [the] Bastard
BASTARD All Kent hath yielded: nothing there holds out
But Dover Castle: London hath received,
Like a kind host, the dauphin and his powers.
Your nobles will not hear[34] you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy:
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful[37] friends.
KING JOHN Would not my lords return to me again
After they heard young Arthur was alive?
BASTARD They found him dead and cast into the streets,
An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some damned hand was robbed and ta’en away.
KING JOHN That villain Hubert told me he did live.
BASTARD So on my soul he did, for aught he knew:
But wherefore do you droop?[45] Why look you sad?
Be great in act as you have been in thought:
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
Govern the motion[48] of a kingly eye:
Be stirring[49] as the time, be fire with fire,
Threaten the threat’ner and outface[50] the brow
Of bragging[51] horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow[52] their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away, and glisten like the god of war[55]
When he intendeth to become[56] the field:
Show boldness and aspiring confidence:
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there? And make him tremble there?
O, let it not be said: forage,[60] and run
To meet displeasure farther from the doors,
And grapple with him ere he come so nigh.[62]
KING JOHN The legate of the Pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy[64] peace with him,

And he hath promised to dismiss the powers
Led by the dauphin.
BASTARD O inglorious[67] league!
Shall we, upon[68] the footing of our land,
Send fair-play[69] orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation,[70] parley and base truce
To arms invasive? Shall a beardless boy,
A cockered[72] silken wanton, brave our fields,
And flesh[73] his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours[74] idly spread,
And find no check?[75] Let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance the cardinal cannot make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at least be said
They saw we had a purpose[78] of defence.
KING JOHN Have thou the ordering[79] of this present time.
BASTARD Away, then, with good courage!— Yet, I know, ***Aside***
Our party may well meet a prouder[81] foe.
Exeunt

Act 5 Scene 2[5.2]

running scene 10

Enter, in arms, Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke, Bigot [and] Soldiers

LEWIS My lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance:
Return the precedent[3] to these lords again,
That having our fair[4] order written down,
Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament[6]
And keep our faiths[7] firm and inviolable.

SALISBURY Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble dauphin, albeit[9] we swear
A voluntary zeal and an unurged faith
To your proceedings: yet believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time[12]
Should seek a plaster by contemned[13] revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker[14] of one wound
By making many: O, it grieves my soul
That I must draw this metal[16] from my side
To be a widow-maker: O, and there
Where honourable rescue and defence[18]
Cries out upon[19] the name of Salisbury!
But such is the infection of the time,
That for the health and physic[21] of our right,
We cannot deal but[22] with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confusèd[23] wrong:
And is't not pity, O my grievèd friends,
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Was born to see so sad an hour as this,
Wherein we step after[27] a stranger, march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks? I must withdraw and weep
Upon the spot[30] of this enforced cause —

To grace[31] the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted[32] colours here.
What, here? O nation, that thou couldst remove,[33]
That Neptune's[34] arms who clippeth thee about,
Would bear[35] thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple[36] thee unto a pagan shore,
Where these two Christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend[39] it so unneighbourly.

LEWIS A noble temper[40] dost thou show in this,
And great affections[41] wrestling in thy bosom
Doth make an earthquake[42] of nobility.
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought
Between compulsion[44] and a brave respect:
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,[45]
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary[48] inundation:
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amazed
Than had I seen the vaulty[52] top of heaven
Figured[53] quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renownèd Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave[55] away this storm:
Commend[56] these waters to those baby eyes
That never saw the giant world enraged,
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full warm of blood,[59] of mirth, of gossiping:
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity
As Lewis himself: so, nobles,[62] shall you all,
That knit[63] your sinews to the strength of mine.
And even[64] there methinks an angel spake.

Enter Cardinal Pandulph

Look where the holy legate comes apace,[65]

To give us warrant from the hand of heaven
And on our actions set the name of right
With holy breath.
CARDINAL PANDULPH Hail, noble Prince of France!
The next is this: King John hath reconciled
Himself to Rome: his spirit is come[71] in
That so stood out against the Holy Church,
The great metropolis and see[73] of Rome.
Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,[74]
And tame the savage spirit of wild war,
That like a lion fostered[76] up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in show.[78]
LEWIS Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back:[79]
I am too high-born to be propertied,[80]
To be a secondary at control,[81]
Or useful serving-man and instrument
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chastised kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it:
You taught me how to know the face of right,[89]
Acquainted me with[90] interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;
And come ye now to tell me John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine:
And, now it is half-conquered, must I back
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave? What penny[98] hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop[100] this action? Is't not I
That undergo this charge?[101] Who else but I,

And such as to my claim are liable,[102]
Sweat in this business and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out
'Vive le roi'[105] as I have banked their towns?
Have I not here the best cards for the game
To win this easy match[107] played for a crown?
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?[108]
No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

CARDINAL PANDULPH You look but on the outside of this work.

LEWIS Outside or inside, I will not return
Till my attempt so much be glorified
As to my ample[113] hope was promisèd
Before I drew[114] this gallant head of war,
And culled[115] these fiery spirits from the world
To outlook[116] conquest and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death. ***Trumpet sounds***
What lusty[118] trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter [the] Bastard

BASTARD According to[119] the fair play of the world,
Let me have audience:[120] I am sent to speak.
My holy lord of Milan, from the king
I come to learn how you have dealt for him:[122]
And, as you answer, I do know the scope[123]
And warrant[124] limited unto my tongue.

CARDINAL PANDULPH The dauphin is too wilful-opposite,[125]
And will not temporize[126] with my entreaties:
He flatly says he'll not lay down his arms.

BASTARD By all the blood that ever fury breathed,
The youth says well. Now hear our English king,
For thus his royalty doth speak in me:
He is prepared, and reason[131] too he should:
This apish[132] and unmannerly approach,
This harnessed[133] masque and unadvisèd revel,
This unheard[134] sauciness and boyish troops,
The king doth smile at, and is well prepared
To whip[136] this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,

From out the circle of his territories.
That hand which had the strength, even at your door,
To cudgel you and make you take the hatch,[139]
To dive like buckets in concealèd wells,
To crouch in litter[141] of your stable planks,
To lie like pawns[142] locked up in chests and trunks,
To hug[143] with swine, to seek sweet safety out
In vaults[144] and prisons, and to thrill and shake
Even at the crying of your nation’s crow,[145]
Thinking this voice an armèd Englishman:
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No: know the gallant monarch is in arms
And like an eagle o’er his eyrie[150] towers,
To souse[151] annoyance that comes near his nest:
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,[152]
You bloody Neroes,[153] ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame:
For your own ladies and pale-visaged maids
Like Amazons[156] come tripping after drums:
Their thimbles into armèd gauntlets[157] change,
Their needles to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.
LEWIS There end thy brave,[160] and turn thy face in peace:
We grant thou canst outscold[161] us: fare thee well:
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabbler.[163]
CARDINAL PANDULPH Give me leave to speak.
BASTARD No, I will speak.
LEWIS We will attend[166] to neither.
Strike up the drums, and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest and our being here.
BASTARD Indeed your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
And so shall you, being beaten: do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready braced[172]

That shall reverberate all as loud as thine.
Sound but another, and another shall
As loud as thine rattle the welkin's[175] ear
And mock the deep-mouthed thunder: for at hand —
Not trusting to this halting[177] legate here,
Whom he hath used rather for sport[178] than need —
Is warlike John: and in his forehead[179] sits
A bare-ribbed[180] Death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

LEWIS Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

BASTARD And thou shalt find[183] it, dauphin, do not doubt.

Exeunt [at different doors]

Act 5 Scene 3[5.3]

running scene 11

Alarums. Enter King John and Hubert [at different doors]

KING JOHN How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert.

HUBERT Badly, I fear. How fares your majesty?

KING JOHN This fever that hath troubled me so long
Lies heavy on me: O, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger

MESSENGER My lord, your valiant kinsman Falconbridge
Desires your majesty to leave the field
And send him word by me which way you go.

KING JOHN Tell him toward Swinstead,[8] to the abbey there.

MESSENGER Be of good comfort, for the great supply[9]
That was expected by the dauphin here
Are wrecked three nights ago on Goodwin Sands.[11]
This news was brought to Richard[12] but even now:
The French fight coldly[13] and retire themselves.

KING JOHN Ay me, this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.
Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter[16] straight;
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint.

Exeunt

Act 5 Scene 4

running scene 11 continues

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke and Bigot

SALISBURY I did not think the king so stored[1] with friends.

PEMBROKE Up once again:[2] put spirit in the French:
If they miscarry,[3] we miscarry too.

SALISBURY That misbegotten[4] devil Falconbridge
In[5] spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

PEMBROKE They say King John, sore[6] sick, hath left the field.

Enter Melun, wounded

MELUN Lead me to the revolts[7] of England here.

SALISBURY When we were happy we had other names.

PEMBROKE It is the count Melun.

SALISBURY Wounded to death.

MELUN Fly,[11] noble English, you are bought and sold:
Unthread[12] the rude eye of rebellion
And welcome home again discarded faith:
Seek out King John and fall before his feet:
For if the French be lords of this loud day,
He[16] means to recompense the pains you take
By cutting off your heads: thus hath he sworn
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at Saint Edmundsbury;
Even on that altar where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.

SALISBURY May this be possible? May this be true?

MELUN Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity[24] of life,
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolveth[26] from his figure gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use[28] of all deceit?
Why should I then be false, since it is true
That I must die here and live hence[30] by truth?

I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn[32] if e’er those eyes of yours
Behold another daybreak in the east:
But even this night, whose black contagious breath
Already smokes[35] about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble and day-wearied sun,
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,
Paying the fine[38] of rated treachery
Even with a treacherous fine[39] of all your lives,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert with your king:
The love of him, and this respect[42] besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu[45] whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour[46] of the field,
Where I may think the remnant[47] of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.

SALISBURY We do believe thee, and beshrew[50] my soul,
But I do love the favour[51] and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread[53] the steps of damnèd flight,
And like a bated[54] and retirèd flood,
Leaving our rankness[55] and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds[56] we have o’erlooked
And calmly run on in obedience
Even to our ocean, to our great King John.
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence,
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right[61] in thine eye. Away, my friends! New flight,
And happy[62] newness, that intends old right.

Exeunt

Act 5 Scene 5[5.5]

running scene 12

Enter Lewis and his train

LEWIS The sun of heaven, methought, was loath[1] to set,
But stayed and made the western welkin[2] blush,
When English measure[3] backward their own ground
In faint retire:[4] O, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless[5] shot,
After such bloody toil, we bid goodnight,
And wound our tott'ring[7] colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it.

Enter a Messenger

MESSENGER Where is my prince, the dauphin?

LEWIS Here: what news?

MESSENGER The count Melun is slain: the English lords
By his persuasion are[12] again fall'n off,
And your supply, which you have wished so long,
Are cast away and sunk on Goodwin Sands.

LEWIS Ah, foul shrewd[15] news! Beshrew thy very heart!
I did not think to be so sad tonight
As this hath made me. Who was he that said
King John did fly an hour or two before
The stumbling[19] night did part our weary powers?

MESSENGER Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

LEWIS Well: keep good quarter[21] and good care tonight:
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure[23] of tomorrow.

Exeunt

Act 5 Scene 6[5.6]

running scene 13

Enter [the] Bastard and Hubert, severally

HUBERT Who's there? Speak, ho! Speak quickly, or I shoot.
BASTARD A friend. What art thou?
HUBERT Of the part[3] of England.
BASTARD Whither dost thou go?
HUBERT What's that to thee? Why may not I demand
Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?
BASTARD Hubert, I think?
HUBERT Thou hast a perfect[8] thought:
I will upon all hazards[9] well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well.
Who art thou?
BASTARD Who thou wilt: and if thou please,
Thou mayst befriend me so much as to think
I come[14] one way of the Plantagenets.
HUBERT Unkind remembrance![15] Thou and endless night
Have done me shame: brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent[17] breaking from thy tongue
Should scape[18] the true acquaintance of mine ear.
BASTARD Come, come: *sans* compliment[19]: what news abroad?
HUBERT Why, here walk I in the black brow of night,
To find you out.[21]
BASTARD Brief,[22] then: and what's the news?
HUBERT O my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless and horrible.
BASTARD Show me the very wound[25] of this ill news:
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.
HUBERT The king, I fear, is poisoned by a monk:
I left him almost speechless, and broke out[28]
To acquaint you with this evil, that you might
The better arm you to[30] the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure[31] known of this.

BASTARD How did he take it? Who did taste[32] to him?
HUBERT A monk, I tell you, a resolvèd villain,
Whose bowels[34] suddenly burst out: the king
Yet[35] speaks and peradventure may recover.
BASTARD Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?
HUBERT Why, know you not? The lords are all come back,
And brought Prince Henry[38] in their company,
At whose request the king hath pardoned them,
And they are all about his majesty.
BASTARD Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear[42] above our power.
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power[43] this night,
Passing[44] these flats, are taken by the tide:
These Lincoln Washes[45] have devourèd them:
Myself, well mounted, hardly[46] have escaped.
Away before:[47] conduct me to the king:
I doubt[48] he will be dead or ere I come.

Exeunt

Act 5 Scene 7[5.7]

running scene 14

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury and Bigot

PRINCE HENRY It is too late: the life of all his blood
Is touched[2] corruptibly, and his pure brain,
Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house,
Doth by the idle[4] comments that it makes
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke

PEMBROKE His highness yet doth speak, and holds belief
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell[9] poison which assaileth him.

PRINCE HENRY Let him be brought into the orchard[10] here.

[Exit Bigot]

Doth he still rage?[11]

PEMBROKE He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

PRINCE HENRY O vanity[14] of sickness! Fierce extremes
In their continuance will not feel themselves.[15]
Death, having preyed upon the outward parts,
Leaves them invisible,[17] and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions[19] of strange fantasies,
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,[20]
Confound[21] themselves. 'Tis strange that death should sing.
I am the cygnet[22] to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

SALISBURY Be of good comfort, Prince, for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest[27]
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.[28]

King John [is] brought in

KING JOHN Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room:[29]
It would not out at windows nor at doors:
There is so hot a summer in my bosom
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form,[33] drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

PRINCE HENRY How fares your majesty?

KING JOHN Poisoned, ill fare:[37] dead, forsook, cast off:
And none of you will bid the winter come
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw,[39]
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burned bosom, nor entreat the north[41]
To make his bleak winds kiss my parchèd lips
And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you much,
I beg cold comfort:[44] and you are so strait
And so ingrateful,[45] you deny me that.

PRINCE HENRY O that there were some virtue[46] in my tears,
That might relieve you!

KING JOHN The salt in them is hot.
Within me is a hell, and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confined to tyrannize
On unreprievable condemnèd blood.

Enter [the] Bastard

BASTARD O, I am scalded with my violent motion[52]
And spleen[53] of speed to see your majesty!

KING JOHN O cousin, thou art come to set[54] mine eye:
The tackle[55] of my heart is cracked and burnt,
And all the shrouds[56] wherewith my life should sail
Are turnèd to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string[58] to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be utterèd:
And then all this thou see'st is but a clod[60]
And module[61] of confounded royalty.

BASTARD The dauphin is preparing hitherward,[62]
Where heaven he[63] knows how we shall answer him:

For in a night the best part of my power,
As I upon[65] advantage did remove,
Were in the Washes all unwarily
Devourèd by the unexpected flood.[67] ***King John dies***
SALISBURY You breathe these dead[68] news in as dead an ear.—
My liege, my lord!— But[69] now a king, now thus. ***To King John***
PRINCE HENRY Even so[70] must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,[71]
When this was now a king, and now is clay?
BASTARD Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind ***To King John***
To do the office for thee of revenge,
And then my soul shall wait on[75] thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.[76]—
Now, now, you stars that move in your right spheres,[77] ***To the Lords***
Where be your powers? Show now your mended faiths,
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction and perpetual shame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land:
Straight[82] let us seek, or straight we shall be sought:
The dauphin rages at our very heels.
SALISBURY It seems you know not, then, so much as we:
The Cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the dauphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect[88] may take,
With purpose presently[89] to leave this war.
BASTARD He will the rather[90] do it when he sees
Ourselves well sinewèd[91] to our defence.
SALISBURY Nay, ’tis in a manner done already,
For many carriages[93] he hath dispatched
To the seaside, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing[95] of the cardinal,
With whom yourself, myself and other lords,
If you think meet,[97] this afternoon will post
To consummate[98] this business happily.
BASTARD Let it be so.— And you, my noble prince,

With other princes[100] that may best be spared,
Shall wait upon[101] your father's funeral.
PRINCE HENRY At Worcester must his body be interred;
For so he willed it.
BASTARD Thither shall it then,
And happily[105] may your sweet self put on
The lineal state[106] and glory of the land,
To whom with all submission, on my knee
I do bequeath[108] my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly. ***He kneels***
SALISBURY And the like tender[110] of our love we make,
To rest[111] without a spot for ever more. ***The Lords kneel***
PRINCE HENRY I have a kind soul that would give thanks
And knows not how to do it but with tears. ***He weeps***
BASTARD O, let us pay the time but[114] needful woe, ***Rising***
Since it hath been beforehand[115] with our griefs.
This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But[118] when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners[120] of the world in arms,
And we shall shock[121] them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest[122] but true.

Exeunt

Textual Notes

F = First Folio text of 1623, the only authority for the play
F2 = a correction introduced in the Second Folio text of 1632
Ed = a correction introduced by a later editor
SD = stage direction
SH = speech heading (i.e., speaker's name)

List of parts = Ed

1.1.0 SD *the* = F. Ed = them, *but* F *can be supported if "Chatillon" is regarded as a title rather than a name* **49 expeditious** = F. F2 = expeditions **148 It** = F. F2 = I. F *is taken to refer to the Bastard's face from the previous line* **189 too** = F2. F = two **209 smack** = Ed. F = smoake **217**

SD *Enter…**Gurney*** = Ed. *SD five lines down in* F **239 Could** = F. Ed = Could he/a. *Although inserting "he" clarifies the sense, the suggestion is not supported metrically* **259 That** = F. Ed = Thou

Act 2 Scene 1 = Ed. F = *Scœna Secunda* **1 SH KING PHILIP** = Ed. F = *Lewis* **18 SH LEWIS** = F. *Some eds reassign to King Philip* **63 Ate** = Ed. F = Ace **113 breast** = F2. F = beast **146 shoes** = F. Ed = shows **151 SH KING PHILIP** = Ed. F *continues Austria's speech, with line beginning* "King *Lewis"* **221 Confronts your** = Ed. F = Comfort yours **265 roundure** = Ed. F = rounder **332 SH CITIZEN** = Ed. F = *Hubert. This SH recurs for rest of the scene; editors dispute whether or not the Hubert who is a character from Act 3 scene 2 onward is intended* **342 run** = F2 (runne). F = rome **359 dead** = F. Ed = dread **375 SH CITIZEN** = Ed. F = *Fra* **378 Kings** = F. Ed = Kinged **432 niece** = Ed. F = neere **442 of** = F. Ed = O **496 Anjou** = Ed. F = *Angiers*

Act 2 [Scene 2] = Ed. F = *Actus Secundus*

3.1.75 test = Ed. F = tast. Ed = task **124 that** = F. Ed = it **190 casèd** = F. Ed = crazèd, chafed **213 truth** = F. Ed = troth

3.2.4 SD *Enter…Hubert* = Ed. *Placed one line earlier in* F **64 broad-eyed** = Ed. F = brooded

3.3.45 not holy = Ed. F = holy **65 friends** = Ed. F = fiends **112 word's** = F. Ed = world's **151 evilly** = F. Ed = vilely

4.1.68 this = F. Ed = his

4.2.1 again = F3. F = against **42 than** = Ed. F = then. Ed = when **223 account** *spelled* accompt *in* F

4.3.161 cincture = Ed. F = center

Act 5 = Ed. F = *Actus Quartus*

5.1.55 glisten = Ed. F = glister

5.2.36 grapple = Ed. F = cripple. Ed = gripple **134 unheard** = F. Ed = unhaired **136 these** = Ed. F = this

5.4.18 more = Ed. F = moe

5.5.7 tott'ring = F. Ed = tatt'ring, *secondary sense, i.e., torn*

5.6.15 endless = F. Ed = eyeless

5.7.18 mind = Ed. F = winde **22 cygnet** = Ed. F = Symet **44 strait** *spelled* straight *in* F

Act 1 Scene 1

* ***List of parts:*** **LEWIS** anglicized form of French “Louis”

1.1 ***Location:*** *England* ***King John*** youngest son of Henry II and **Elinor**; born 1166, reigned 1199–1216 ***Queen Elinor*** daughter of William V, Duke of Aquitaine; she married and divorced Louis VII of France before marrying Henry II of England

1 **would France** does the King of France want

3 **behaviour** person, i.e., through me **majesty** sovereignty, splendor

4 **borrowed** assumed/feigned

6 **embassy** message (from the ambassador)

7 **Philip of France** King Philip II, son of Louis VII; lived 1165–1223, reigned from 1180

8 **Geoffrey** fourth son of Henry II

9 **Arthur Plantagenet** son of **Geoffrey** and Constance

10 **territories** dominions/dependencies

11 **Poitiers** i.e., the province of Poitou

12 **sword** i.e., state control

13 **sways** rules/controls **several** various/individual

15 **right** by right, i.e., true

16 **disallow of** refuse

17 **control** constraint/mastery

22 **embassy** message/ambassadorial role

25 **ere** before **report** deliver your message/make the noise of a **cannon** or of **thunder**

27 **hence** go from here **trumpet** herald/musical wind instrument used to announce important arrivals

28 **sullen presage** gloomy portent **decay** downfall/death

29 **conduct** escort

32 **Constance** heiress of Conan IV, Duke of Brittany; married Geoffrey in 1181 with whom she had Arthur

33 **kindled** stirred up, inflamed **France** king and nation

34 **Upon** on behalf of **party** part, side

35 **made whole** i.e., resolved

36 **arguments** proofs **love** friendship

37 **manage** management, government

38 **issue** outcome

44 **liege** lord **controversy** dispute

46 **produce** bring out

49 **expeditious charge** sudden cost

55 **Coeur-de-lion** Richard I, nicknamed “the Lionheart” **field** battlefield

63 **put you o’er** direct you **heaven** here and on several subsequent occasions “heaven” may be an alteration from “God,” following 1606 Parliamentary “Act to restrain the Abuses of Players”

65 **Out on thee** expression of indignation **rude** uncivilized

66 **diffidence** mistrust

69 **a** he **pops me out** disinherits me

70 **fair** fully

75 **once** in a word/at some time

76 **whe’er** whether **true begot** honorably conceived, legitimate

77 **lay…head** i.e., leave my mother to answer

79 **Fair fall** may good fortune befall

84 **like** similar

85 **madcap** lunatic/wild fellow **lent** brought

86 **trick** distinctive look, habit

87 **affecteth** imitates, assumes the character of

88 **tokens** signs, evidence

89 **large composition** general/robust constitution

90 **parts** qualities

91 **Sirrah** sir (used to an inferior)

92 **move** prompt

93 **half-face** profile/thin face

94 **face** plays on the sense of “brazen defiance”

95 **half-faced groat** coin worth four old pence with the monarch’s face in profile; also, “imperfect/insignificant”

96 **when that** when

97 **Your brother** i.e., Richard I, **Coeur-de-lion 99 tale** story (perhaps plays on sense of “genitals”) **employed** made use of/occupied sexually

102 **treat of** discuss **high** important **touching** relating to/affecting

104 **sojourned** stayed

105 **prevail** gain the mastery/succeed in attaining/persuade

109 **lusty** vigorous, lively (plays on the sense of “product of lust”) **got** begot, conceived
111 **took…death** i.e., swore most solemnly
114 **before…time** i.e., before the full nine months were up
119 **did play false** was unfaithful **fault** sin, moral defect (may play on the sense of “vagina”)
120 **lies…hazards** i.e., is one of the risks
121 **how** what **brother** i.e., Richard I
124 **sooth** truth **kept…world** the owner of a **cow** has the right to keep any **calf** born of that cow
128 **refuse him** spurn Philip (the Bastard) **concludes** settles it
131 **will** legal testament/wishes
134 **will** wish/carnal desire/penis
135 **Whether** which of the two
137 **reputed** recognized/supposed
138 **presence** self/personal dignity
139 **an** if if **shape** appearance
140 **Sir…him** i.e., that resembles Sir Robert’s
141 **riding-rods** horsewhips, i.e., skinny
143 **in** behind
144 **three-farthings** the thin three-farthing coin bore the queen’s image in front of a rose
145 **to his shape** in addition to having his inherited physical appearance
146 **Would I might** may I
147 **it every foot** every foot of it **this** i.e., my own
148 **Nob** nickname for Robert (puns on senses of “head/head of the family”) **case** puns on the sense of “face/appearance”
154 **dear** expensive, because more than a **groat** (fourpence)
156 **thither** i.e., to **death**
157 **give…way** allow our superiors to go first, as is polite
161 **form** likeness, image
162 **rise** some editors emend to “arise” for the sake of meter
166 **hour** possible pun on “whore”
169 **grandam** grandmother
170 **truth** chaste loyalty **what though** what of that

171 **Something about** in a somewhat indirect way **from the right** distant from the correct way, i.e., legitimacy

172 **window** with vaginal connotations **hatch** lower part of a door (with vaginal connotations)

173 **stir** plays on the senses of “get an erection/engage in sex” **walk** plays on the sexual sense of “be erect”

174 **have** (sexual) possession **catch** seize, get hold of

175 **Near…off** i.e., to the target (in archery/sexually) **shot** plays on the sense of “ejaculated”

179 **speed** travel hastily

180 **need** necessary

181 **adieu** good-bye

183 **foot** degree (may pun on French *foutre*, i.e., “fuck”)

184 **many a many** i.e., many (emphatic)

185 **Joan** typical name for a country or lower-class woman

186 **den** evening (from “God give you good even”) **God-a-mercy** God have mercy on you

189 **’Tis** i.e., remembering men’s names **respective** attentive/respectful

190 **conversion** i.e., newly titled man

191 **toothpick** ornate toothpicks were fashionable and seen as a foreign sophistication **worship’s mess** company of people eating together (now honored by his title)

192 **stomach** appetite **sufficed** satisfied

193 **catechize** question

194 **pickèd** foppish/having used the toothpick/specially chosen **of countries** i.e., well-traveled

197 **Absey book** book of ABC

201 **would** wants, asks

202 **Saving** except **dialogue of compliment** polite/affected conversation

205 **supper** i.e., suppertime **so** thus

207 **mounting** (socially) ascending/aspiring

208 **bastard…time** not a true son of the current age

209 **smack** show the characteristics (literally, taste); Folio spelling “smoake” was alternative form of same word, which could also mean “observe, suspect” **observation** observance of polite, fashionable practices

210 **so am I** i.e., a literal bastard

211 **habit** dress **device** outward show/ingenuity/heraldic design

212 **accoutrement** formal trappings

213 **motion** desire, impulse

214 **sweet poison** i.e., flattery **tooth** appetite, sweet tooth

215 **practise** plot

216 **to…learn** i.e., learn how to spot other people’s deception by studying it myself

217 **strew** be scattered **rising** i.e., ascent to greatness

218 **riding-robes** horse-riding clothes

219 **woman-post** female messenger

220 **blow a horn** i.e., to announce her arrival (plays on the fact that her husband has recently been shown to be a cuckold; men with unfaithful wives were popularly imagined to wear horns on their forehead)

223 **slave** wretch, villain

224 **holds in chase** hunts **up and down** in every respect/everywhere

226 **Colbrand the Giant** part of an invading Danish army defeated by Guy of Warwick, the eponymous hero of a medieval romance story

228 **unreverend** irreverent, disrespectful

231 **give us leave** leave us

233 **Philip Sparrow** the Bastard rejects his former name (since he has been renamed “Sir Richard Plantagenet”) as a common name for sparrows (as it resembles their call)

234 **toys** trifling matters **abroad** about, going on **anon** soon

236 **eat…fast** “He may his part on Good Friday **eat** and fast never the worse for ought he shall get” was proverbial eat i.e., eaten (pronounced “et”) **in** of

238 **do** perform, achieve/make, produce/copulate **marry** by the Virgin Mary **confess** admit/agree

239 **Could get** i.e., were it possible he could conceive

240 **handiwork** i.e., his half-brother, Robert Falconbridge

241 **beholding** beholden, indebted

242 **holp** helped

244 **That** you who

245 **untoward** unmannerly, improper **knave** scoundrel; the Bastard puns on the meaning “servant”

246 **Basilisco** a character in a contemporary play who insisted on his knighthood being acknowledged

247 **dubbed** knighted, by having a sword placed on the **shoulder**

250 **Legitimation** legitimacy

252 **proper** fine/respectable

254 **deny** renounce

256 **suit** urging, courtship

258 **Heaven** may heaven **charge** account/responsibility

259 **issue** offspring **dear** cherished/grievous/costly

260 **defence** resistance

261 **get** be conceived

263 **privilege** immunity

264 **folly** foolishness/lust

265 **dispose** disposal, command

266 **Subjected** obedient/as his royal subject

268 **aweless** fearless **lion…hand** as punishment for killing the Duke of Austria’s son, Richard I was imprisoned with a lion, whose heart he tore out by putting his hand down its throat

270 **perforce** forcibly

273 **Who** whoever

275 **kin** (new) relations

277 **said him nay** refused him

278 **was** i.e., a sin

Act 2 Scene 1

2.1 ***Location:*** *France* ***before Angiers*** in front of the gates of Angiers, on the Loire river ***Dauphin*** title for heir to the French throne ***Austria*** historically Leopold V; apparently wearing a lion’s skin, supposedly taken from Richard I

2 **that…blood** i.e., your predecessor

4 **holy…Palestine** the Crusades

5 **By** i.e., at the hand of

6 **posterity** descendants

7 **importance** request

8 **spread** display **colours** battle flags

9 **rebuke** repress

10 **unnatural** i.e., behaving in a manner that contradicts natural kinship

13 **offspring** descendants

14 **Shadowing** sheltering

15 **powerless** i.e., without a military force behind it

16 **unstainèd** pure, unblemished

19 **zealous** earnest

20 **seal…indenture** wax seal on a legal contract

23 **pale…shore** i.e., the chalk cliffs of England’s southeastern coast (hence England) **pale** either adjectival (colorless) or a noun (boundary, enclosure)

24 **spurns** kicks, rejects

25 **coops** encloses, protects

26 **main** sea

27 **bulwark** fortification **still** always

28 **confident** from self-assured against **purposes** plans, i.e., threats of invasion

31 **follow arms** i.e., take part in military action

34 **more requital to** greater recompense for

37 **bent** directed

38 **brows** i.e., walls/battlements

39 **discipline** military strategy

40 **cull** select **plots** positions, sites **advantages** i.e., military advantage in attack

43 **But we will** if necessary to **subject to** ruled by/answerable to

44 **Stay** wait **embassy** message

45 **unadvised** rashly, without full thought or information

49 **indirectly** wrongfully

50 **lo** look

52 **England** the King of England **gentle** noble

53 **coldly** calmly

55 **against** in preparation for

56 **impatient** of angered by

58 **leisure** convenience **stayed** waited for

59 **legions** forces

60 **expedient** rapid

62 **Mother-Queen** Queen-Mother, i.e., Elinor

63 **Ate** Greek goddess of discord and revenge

64 **niece** female relative; actually Elinor's granddaughter and John's niece

Blanche of Spain daughter of John's sister Eleanor and Alfonso VIII, King of Castile

65 **king's deceased** dead king (Richard I)

66 **unsettled humours** i.e., unruly persons, malcontents; **humours** four chief bodily fluids (blood, phlegm, choler, black choler) governing mental qualities and disposition

67 **inconsiderate** reckless **voluntaries** volunteers

68 **ladies' faces** i.e., beardless and young **spleens** tempers, impulses

69 **sold…backs** i.e., they have spent everything on armor and military equipment

71 **make…of** risk, venture

72 **braver** more splendid, finer **choice** selection

73 **bottoms** keels, i.e., ships **waft** wafted, i.e., conveyed (suggesting a quick easy journey)

75 **scathe** damage

76 **churlish** rough, harsh

77 **circumstance** details

78 **parley** negotiate

79 **expedition** warlike enterprise/haste

82 **occasion** (needful) circumstances ***others*** i.e., troops

85 **lineal** hereditary **own** i.e., territories/role of ruler

88 **beats** drives, forces

89 **if that** if

91 **England's** i.e., Arthur's

93 **toil** i.e., supporting Arthur's cause **work** duty, undertaking

95 **underwrought** undermined, sought to overthrow **his** its

96 **sequence of posterity** lawful succession

97 **Outfacèd** defied/intimidated **infant state** young majesty, i.e., Arthur

99 **Geoffrey's** i.e., Arthur's father's

101 **abstract** essence, summary

103 **brief** summary

109 **owe** own

110 **commission** warrant

111 **articles** points/charges

112 **supernal judge** i.e., God **supernal** celestial

116 **impeach** challenge, accuse

118 **Alack** exclamation of dissatisfaction, regret

119 **Excuse…down** preventing (your) usurpation of authority is a good enough excuse

122 **Out** expression of irritation and scorn

123 **check** control, discipline

126 **Liker in feature** more similar in physical appearance

127 **in manners** (who are) in behavior/character

128 **dam** mother (devil and parent were proverbially similar)

130 **His…mother** Constance insults Elinor by suggesting that it is likelier that Geoffrey was a bastard than that Arthur might be one

131 **an if** if

132 **blots** slanders

133 **grandam** grandmother **blot** defile/erase

135 **crier** announcing officer in a law court/town crier (a mocking reference to Austria)

137 **play the devil** i.e., make trouble

138 **An a** if he **catch** seize, get hold of **hide** i.e., lion's skin

139 **hare…beard** "even hares may pull dead lions by the beard" (proverbial)

141 **smoke** subject to smoke/disinfect/beat **an** if

142 **look to't** beware

143 **become** earn/befit

145 **sightly** appropriately

146 **Alcides** Hercules (Greek hero, one of whose twelve labors involved killing a lion, whose skin he then wore); some editors emend “shoes” to “shows,” i.e., distinctive clothing

148 **lay on that** i.e., inflict blows

149 **cracker** boaster (playing on the sense of “supposed breaker of **shoulders**“) **deafs** deafens

151 **straight** straight away

153 **very sum** final summary, absolute essence

158 **Bretagne** Brittany

163 **it** its

165 **fig** fruit/something valueless/rude gesture

169 **coil** turmoil, fuss

170 **shames** dishonors, embarrasses

173 **pearls** i.e., tears

174 **in…fee** as a bribe for divine support

175 **beads** teardrops (plays on the sense of “prayer beads on a rosary”)

177 **monstrous** unnatural

180 **dominations** dominions **royalties** royal rights

181 **eldest son’s son** eldest grandson

182 **Infortunate** unfortunate

183 **visited** punished

184 **canon…law** scriptural rule (that the sins of the parents will be visited upon their children)

185 **but** only

186 **Removèd** distant

187 **Bedlam** i.e., madwoman

190 **her sin** implies John, whom Constance suggests was conceived adulterously (in sin)

191 **removèd issue** relative at one remove, i.e., Arthur **for** because of

192 **his injury** harm done to Arthur

193 **beadle** parish officer entitled to punish minor offenses, i.e., punisher

195 **for** because of/instead of

196 **unadvisèd** rash, thoughtless

197 **title** legal claim

199 **will** willfulness, wish **cankered** corrupt

200 **temperate** calm

201 **beseems** befits **presence** royal company **cry aim** shout encouragement (archery term)

202 **ill-tunèd** harsh-sounding **repetitions** repeated accusations

203 **trumpet** trumpeter

205 **admit** grant, recognize

206 **warned** summoned

207 **France, for England** i.e., the French king on behalf of Arthur (who should be King of England)

211 **gentle** peaceful/noble **parle** negotiation

213 **advancèd** raised, displayed

214 **prospect** view

215 **endamagement** damage, detriment

216 **bowels** entrails

222 **stones** i.e., city walls

223 **waist** belt

224 **ordinance** artillery

225 **lime** mortar

226 **dishabited** dislodged

227 **bloody power** violent, fierce troops

229 **much expedient** very hasty

230 **countercheck** rebuke/check to oppose (the course of something)

232 **amazed** stunned/overwhelmed **vouchsafe** permit

233 **bullets** cannonballs

235 **folded…smoke** i.e., concealed in deceitful rhetoric

236 **faithless error** untrustworthy lie

237 **accordingly** in the same manner/as it deserves

238 **laboured** exhausted with hard work

239 **Forwearied** worn out

240 **harbourage** shelter

241 **said** finished speaking

242 **Lo** see

243 **right** i.e., just claim

246 **enjoys** possesses

247 **For** on behalf of **downtrodden equity** oppressed right **tread** picks up on **downtrodden**

248 **greens** grassy areas

250 **constraint** compulsion

254 **owes** owns

256 **Save** except **aspect** appearance **offence** hostility, harm **sealed up** i.e., prevented

257 **spent** expended, fired

259 **unvexed** untroubled/unimpeded **retire** retreat

260 **unhacked** unused/undamaged (from battle)

261 **lusty** vigorous

264 **fondly** foolishly **pass** pass up, disregard

265 **roundure** roundness, circumference

266 **messengers of war** i.e., cannonballs

267 **Though** even if **discipline** skill in warfare

268 **rude** rough

270 **In…which** on behalf of him (Arthur) for whom

276 **proves** proves to be

282 **else** others, suchlike

284 **bloods** hot-blooded fellows/noble men

286 **in his face** against him

287 **compound** agree

288 **for** on behalf of **hold** withhold

290 **everlasting residence** i.e., the grave, death

291 **fleet** pass, fly off

292 **dreadful** terrifying, daunting **trial** contest, putting to the proof

293 **chevaliers** knights

294 **Saint George** patron saint of England who famously slew a dragon

swinged beat, thrashed

295 **Sits…door** i.e., as a tavern sign **hostess** tavern landlady

296 **fence** fencing skill

297 **lioness** i.e., Austria's wife; also means "whore"

298 **set…hide** i.e., give Austria the cuckold's horns by sleeping with his wife

299 **monster** because a combination of lion and ox

303 **appointment** order, arrangement

304 **advantage** superior military position/opportunity

306 **God …right!** a battle cry ***excursions*** fighting (across the stage)

Trumpets trumpeters

309 **by…France** with the help of the French king

312 **grovelling** prostrate, face down

316 **displayed** drawn up (if referring to the troops)/unfurled (if referring to the banners)

321 **Commander** victor **malicious** violent, hostile

322 **hence** from here

323 **gilt** coated/glittering

324 **crest** i.e., helmet

325 **staff** spear/lance

326 **colours** battle flags

328 **like…huntsmen** traditionally huntsmen smeared their hands with blood of the kill

333 **onset and retire** attack and retreat

335 **censured** judged

338 **alike** equally **like** approve

343 **passage** progress, course

344 **native** natural, habitual **o'erswell** flood (John threatens French territory)

347 **progress** journey (may play on the sense of "official royal tour")

351 **sways** rules **climate** part of the sky

352 **just-borne** justly carried

353 **put thee down** defeat you

354 **royal number** i.e., a king's name

355 **tells of** records/counts

357 **towers** soars, mounts (falconry term)

359 **chaps** jaws

361 **mousing** tearing at (like a cat or an owl with its prey)

362 **undetermined differences** unresolved disagreements

363 **fronts** faces

364 **havoc** a call for general slaughter

365 **potents** potentates, rulers

366 **confusion** overthrow, destruction **part** side

367 **peace** i.e., victory

368 **yet admit** now recognize

371 **hold up** support

372 **that…here** i.e., John has no need for a spokesperson, representing himself as rightful king

374 **presence** own existence/majesty

378 **Kings of** i.e., ruled by

379 **some certain** i.e., one or the other/the particular rightful **purged and deposed** refers to the **fears**

380 **scroyles** scoundrels **flout** mock, insult

383 **industrious** ingenious/painstaking/hardworking **acts** deeds/theatrical actions/parts of a play

385 **mutines of Jerusalem** rival Jewish factions who united to fight the Romans besieging Jerusalem in AD 70 **mutines** mutineers, rebels

386 **conjointly bend** jointly aim

388 **mount** raise/prepare for firing

389 **chargèd** loaded

390 **soul-fearing** terrifying **brawled down** destroyed noisily

392 **play** torment by firing at **jades** wretches (literally, worthless horses)

393 **unfencèd** without walls, i.e., unprotected **desolation** barren ruin/despondency

394 **vulgar** common

397 **point** i.e., sword point

398 **cull forth** select

399 **happy minion** fortunate favorite

400 **day** i.e., victory

402 **wild** irregular/audacious **states** sovereigns

403 **Smacks…something** has it not a flavor **the policy** stratagem

405 **knit** unite

406 **lay** level, flatten

407 **who** i.e., to determine who

408 **An if** if **mettle** spirit, disposition

409 **peevish** obstinate/foolish

411 **saucy** insolent

412 **when that** when

413 **pell-mell** headlong/in hand-to-hand combat

414 **ourselves** i.e., each other **heaven or hell** i.e., eternal life or damnation

419 **thunder** i.e., cannon

420 **drift** shower, deluge

421 **discipline** military strategy
424 **vouchsafe** agree, grant
425 **league** alliance, friendship
427 **breathing lives** i.e., living people
429 **Persever** persevere, proceed
430 **favour** permission, approval **bent** resolved/inclined
432 **years** age
434 **lusty** lively, merry/fertile/lustful
438 **birth** noble ancestry
439 **bound** contain
441 **complete** fully equipped, perfect in
442 **If…she** i.e., the only fault in his perfection is that he is not her
complete of full of (those virtues)
443 **wants** lacks
444 **If…he** unless it could be a fault that she is not him
446 **finishèd** completed
447 **divided** incomplete
452 **bounds** boundaries
453 **princes** royal persons (of either sex)
454 **battery** assault
455 **fast-closèd** firmly, tightly shut **match** marriage (puns on the sense of “match that lights gunpowder”)
456 **spleen** eagerness, angry energy **powder** gunpowder
457 **mouth of passage** i.e., entrance **ope** open
462 **mortal** fatal peremptory determined
464 **stay** obstacle
470 **lusty blood** spirited fellow
471 **plain cannon** i.e., just like a cannon **bounce** explosion
472 **bastinado** beating with a stick
474 **buffets** beats, strikes
475 **Zounds** by God’s wounds **bethumped** pounded, thumped soundly
476 **Since…dad** i.e., since I learned to speak (conceivably suggesting punishment for the illegitimate boy calling Sir Robert “Dad”)
477 **list** listen **conjunction** union
480 **unsured** insecure

481 **yon** yonder, that (one over there) **green** youthful/inexperienced **boy** i.e., Arthur **sun** i.e., royal patronage

484 **Mark** note, observe

485 **capable of** receptive to

486 **zeal** enthusiasm

487 **soft petitions** gentle pleas **remorse** sorrow/compassion

490 **treaty** proposition

491 **forward** ready

494 **in…love** i.e., love Blanche

496 **Anjou** Folio prints “*Anglers*,” presumably mistaking the province of Anjou for the city of Angiers, where the scene takes place

497 **the** of the

499 **liable** subject

501 **promotions** social advancement

503 **Holds hand with** i.e., is equal to

507 **shadow** reflection, image (sense then shifts to “mere imitation/shadow cast by the sun”)

508 **son** plays on “sun” (popular image of royal glory)

509 **makes…shadow** i.e., outshines my actual or former self (plays on sense of “dims even your royal glory”)

511 **infixèd** fastened firmly

512 **table** tablet, painting surface

513 **Drawn** plays on the sense of “disembowelled” (being **hanged, drawn** and **quartered** was a traitor’s punishment)

515 **quartered** cut into pieces/lodged **espy** discern

518 **love** expression of love/lover

519 **will** desire, determination

520 **aught** anything

521 **That anything** whatever it is

522 **translate** convert, transform

523 **properly** correctly, decorously

524 **enforce** urge/compel, impose

526 **That** i.e., by saying that **worthy** worthy of

528 **churlish** harsh/grudging

529 **merit** deserve

531 **still** always

532 **vouchsafe** deign, graciously condescend

535 **unfeignedly** genuinely

539 **Full** i.e., all of **mark** monetary unit (not a coin) worth two thirds of an English pound

540 **withal** with this

542 **likes** pleases **close** join

543 **well assured** very certain

544 **assured** betrothed

547 **presently** immediately

550 **made up** accomplished

552 **who** whoever

553 **passionate** impassioned/emotional/sorrowful

564 **repair** come

565 **solemnity** i.e., the wedding ceremony

566 **measure** magnitude, capacity

567 **measure** limited extent, proportion

568 **exclamation** outcry, objection

569 **suffer** permit

570 **pomp** celebration

571 **composition** settlement/compromise

572 **title…whole** claim to the whole kingdom

573 **departed** parted

576 **rounded** whispered

577 **With** by

578 **broker** go-between, agent (plays on the notion of breakage) **breaks** beats, cracks **pate** head, skull **faith** loyalty/truth

579 **wins** gets the better

581 **Who** i.e., the maid’s **thing** plays on the sense of “penis”

582 **‘maid’** virgin

583 **smooth-faced** plausible/deceitful **tickling** amusing, playing with (plays on the sense of “fondling sexually”) **commodity** convenience, expediency/advantage, profit, self-interest/woman in her sexual capacity (plays on the sense of “virginity/female sexual goods”)

584 **bias** natural inclination (literally the weight in the bowling ball that enables it to be rolled in a curve)

585 **peisèd** poised, weighted

586 **even** level, evenly

587 **vile-drawing** i.e., that attracts evil

588 **sway** guiding power/swerve/change

589 **take head from** rebel against/roll away from **indifferency** moderation/equal impartiality

592 **bawd** pimp, go-between **all-changing** i.e., causing everything to change

593 **Clapped on** fixed on, presented to **outward eye** eyeball, external eye/hole in the bowling ball through which the bias was inserted

594 **determined** resolved/planned **aid** i.e., support for Arthur's cause

595 **resolved** determined/settled

596 **base** dishonorable/worthless

597 **rail I on** do I rant about

598 **But for** only

599 **clutch** clench (in refusal of an offer)

600 **angels** gold coins **salute** greet/touch (plays on the sense of "gold coin" and on the notion of "angelic salutation"—i.e., the angels' greeting to the Virgin Mary)

601 **for** because **unattempted** untempted/unapproached

607 **upon** because of

Act 2 Scene 2

4 **misspoke** spoken inaccurately/expressed badly

5 **Be well advised** consider carefully/be well-informed

6 **but** only

7 **trust** believe

8 **common man** i.e., not a king

11 **frighting** frightening

12 **capable of** susceptible to

16 **though** even if

17 **take a truce** make peace

20 **sadly** gravely

22 **lamentable** sorrowful **rheum** watery discharge, i.e., tears

23 **proud** swollen/arrogant **peering o'er his** overflowing its

24 **sad** solemn/sorrowful

27 **them** either King John and King Philip or simply the French

28 **prove** discover by experience

31 **encounter** meet in combat

36 **brook** tolerate

42 **content** patient, calm

43 **wert** were **grim** ugly/destructive

44 **sland'rous** shameful

45 **sightless** unsightly, offensive (possibly “unseen, internal”)

46 **crooked** deformed **swart** swarthy, of dark complexion (considered unattractive) **prodigious** monstrous, unnatural/ill-omened

47 **Patched** blotched, marked

50 **Become** befit

51 **fair** handsome/pale-complexioned

54 **half-blown** half-blossomed, i.e., still young and beautiful

56 **Sh'adulterates** she commits adultery (rather than being faithful to Arthur) **hourly** constantly (puns on “whore-ly,” i.e., like a whore)

57 **golden** implies offers of money **plucked on** drawn on, enticed/dragged in

58 **sovereignty** i.e., Arthur’s claim to the throne

59 **his majesty** i.e., King Philip and his power **theirs** i.e., King John and Fortune’s

61 **strumpet** harlot, prostitute

62 **fellow** with connotations of “servant/worthless man” **France** i.e., the French king **forsworn** guilty of perjury, breaking his promise

63 **Envenom** poison **words** i.e., curses

65 **underbear** endure

69 **proud** swollen/arrogant

71 **state** condition/throne

Act 3 Scene 1

1 **’Tis true** Philip and Blanche enter mid-conversation **daughter** i.e., daughter-in-law

4 **Stays…course** stands still **plays the alchemist** i.e., turns base metals into gold

8 **holy day** holiday/blessed occasion

11 **golden letters** used to mark feast days in the Church calendar

12 **high tides** important festival dates

15 **stand still** remain **with child** pregnant

16 **fall** i.e., be born

17 **prodigiously** with ill omen, i.e., with the birth of a deformed child

crossed thwarted

18 **But** except **wreck** shipwreck

19 **No…made** break only agreements made on this day

24 **pawned** pledged **majesty** royal dignity, i.e., his word

25 **beguiled** deceived

26 **touched and tried** put to the test

27 **forsworn** perjured, guilty of breaking your word

28 **in arms** with weapons/in friendship

29 **arms** coat of arms (Blanche and Lewis’s heraldic emblems will now be united) **yours** i.e., your arms/blood

31 **painted** superficial/feigned

32 **our** i.e., Constance and Arthur’s **made up** composed, accomplished

league alliance

36 **Wear out** survive/waste **days** some editors emend to “day”

41 **Limoges** i.e., Austria (Shakespeare combined two historical figures in one character, Duke Leopold of Austria and Viscount Vidomar of Limoges)

42 **bloody spoil** i.e., the lion’s skin **spoil** plunder, booty

45 **champion** one who fights on behalf of another

46 **humorous** temperamental **by** nearby

47 **safety** i.e., the best course of action, how to avoid getting injured

48 **sooth’st up greatness** flatter powerful people

49 **ramping** rampant/roaring/excessive **swear…party** declare your support for my cause

54 **fall over** defect

55 **Doff** remove

56 **calf's-skin** associated with fools and cowards **recreant** cowardly

Pandulph a fusion of two historical figures, one a cardinal, the other a **legate**

62 **legate** papal representative

66 **Pope Innocent** Innocent III

67 **religiously** solemnly/in the name of religion

69 **spurn** rebel, kick **force perforce** with violent compulsion

70 **Stephen Langton** elected archbishop of Canterbury by Pope Innocent, but rejected by John

71 **see** bishopric/the seat of a bishop in his church

72 **foresaid** aforementioned

74 **earthy** earthly **interrogatories** questions put to an accused person

75 **test** put to the proof

78 **charge** order

81 **tithe** levy a tax (specifically the tenth of one's goods owed to the Church) **toll** exact a payment

83 **great supremacy** highest authority or power

84 **Where** in which **uphold** maintain/rule

86 **set apart** discarded, ignored

88 **blaspheme** speak irreverently

90 **grossly** foolishly **meddling priest** i.e., the pope

91 **the curse** i.e., excommunication **buy out** cancel

92 **vile** base **dross** impure substance

93 **of** from

94 **sells…himself** incurs his own damnation/sells pardons that do not come from God

96 **juggling** cheating, deceiving **cherish** nourish, maintain

97 **me oppose** place myself in opposition

100 **excommunicate** excommunicated

102 **heretic** one who maintains unorthodox religious views

108 **room** space (puns on **Rome**)

110 **keen** eager/sharp **my wrong** the wrong done to me (my motivation)

111 **right** properly, correctly, rightfully (plays on the sense of "good")

112 **warrant** authority

114 **bar no wrong** does not prevent retaliation, i.e., cursing

116 **holds** maintains, controls

117 **perfect** completely

120 **arch-heretic** chief rebel to the Christian Church

121 **power of France** i.e., army **his head** him/his army

124 **Look to that** beware of/consider that possibility

128 **pocket up** endure/swallow (the Bastard plays on the literal sense of pockets in **breeches**)

132 **as the cardinal** i.e., as the cardinal says

133 **Bethink you** consider carefully **difference** disagreement/choice

134 **purchase** acquisition

135 **light** minor

139 **untrimmèd** unadorned/unbedded, i.e., virgin

142 **need** appeal for help

143 **but by** because of **faith** i.e., King Philip’s promise

144 **needs** necessarily

148 **moved** affected with sympathy/angered

149 **be removed** stand apart/separate yourself from his plans/be estranged (plays on **moved**)

151 **Hang** i.e., wear

155 **make…yours** i.e., put your self in my position

156 **bestow yourself** behave

161 **latest** last

164 **even** right **but new** just immediately

166 **clap** strike hands reciprocally in token of a **bargain** bargain transaction

167 **overstained** covered with stains/dyed

168 **pencil** paintbrush

169 **fearful** awesome, fear-inducing **difference** dispute, discord

172 **Unyoke this seizure** unclasp this grasp (of hands) **regreet** return of salutation

173 **fast and loose** i.e., gamble (literally, game of betting whether the end of a rope was fastened or not) **so** in the same manner

174 **unconstant** changeable, fickle

177 **bloody** bloodstained/violent **host** army

178 **brow** forehead

181 **ordain** establish

188 **revolting** rebelling

189 **hold…tongue** “take a serpent by the tongue” (proverbial; a snake’s venom was thought to be located in the tongue)

190 **casèd** wearing a skin, i.e., living **mortal** fatal, lethal

193 **faith** promise (to King John)

194 **faith** religious faith, i.e., the Church

195 **to** against

199 **since** subsequently, i.e., since swearing allegiance to the Church
swor’st i.e., allegiance with John

202 **truly done** i.e., **not done** at all

203 **to** toward

205 **act** action **purposes mistook** misguided aims, erroneous outcomes

206 **mistake again** i.e., break your oath to John **indirect** roundabout, devious

208 **fire…burned** “one heat drives out another” (proverbial; heat was used to treat burns)

210 **religion** religious belief, obligation or fear

212 **By…swear’st** i.e., you swear against the very faith by which you swear (in the making of your second oath to John)

213 **And…truth** i.e., in making an oath that apparently guarantees your loyalty and integrity, you in fact violate your faith

214 **unsure** uncertain, hesitant

215 **swears…forsworn** you swear never to break your word

224 **part** side

226 **light** descend (**heavy** creates a play on the sense of “of little weight”)

227 **as** that

228 **black** deadly

229 **Rebellion** i.e., Philip’s rebellion against the Church or against himself
flat outright

230 **be** i.e., be still and silent

231 **stop** fill/silence

234 **blood…marrièd** i.e., as Blanche is John’s niece

235 **kept** celebrated

237 **measures** melodious accompaniment

245 **doom** judgment/destiny **forethought** anticipated, planned

248 **that thee upholds** who supports you

250 **muse** wonder

251 **profound respects** important considerations

252 **denounce** proclaim

253 **fall from** desert/renounce

256 **rue** grieve for/regret

257 **bald** proverbially, Time was hairless

259 **adieu** good-bye

263 **dismember** mutilate, tear limb from limb

266 **Father** i.e., father-in-law

272 **Cousin** i.e., kinsman **puissance** power/army

274 **condition** nature/stipulation

276 **dearest-valued** i.e., royal/life-sustaining

280 **threats** threatens **hie** hasten

Act 3 Scene 2

3.2 ***Alarums*** calls to battle ***excursions*** fighting (across the stage)

2 **airy devil** aerial demons were associated with storms and, here, battle

4 **Philip** i.e., the Bastard **breathes** catches his breath ***Hubert*** probably based on Hubert de Burgh, chief judicial officer under King John

5 **keep** look after/guard **make up** move forward, press on

6 **assailèd** attacked

7 **ta'en** taken, captured

10 **liege** lord, superior entitled to feudal allegiance and service **pains… labour** a birth metaphor

11 **happy end** fortunate outcome/pleasing conclusion ***retreat*** call for withdrawal of army

12 **stay behind** i.e., remain behind in charge of John's territories

17 **Haste before** hurry ahead (of us)

19 **angels** gold coins (playing on the sense of "heavenly angels")

22 **commission** warrant/authority **his** its

23 **Bell…candle** items involved in the ceremony of excommunication

24 **becks** beckons

28 **gentle** kind/noble

29 **Coz** cousin

34 **advantage** profit/interest **pay** repay

35 **voluntary** freely offered, willing

36 **bosom** i.e., heart

38 **tune** i.e., words, speech

40 **respect** regard

41 **bounden** indebted, obliged

48 **wanton** lively, playful **gauds** showy playthings, attractive trifles

49 **give me audience** listen to me **midnight bell** i.e., bell tolling midnight

50 **brazen** made of brass/shameless

51 **Sound on** continue striking **race** course

56 **else** otherwise

57 **idiot** clown/fool **keep** occupy, hold captive

59 **passion** emotion

62 **conceit** thought

64 **despite** spite **watchful** wakeful/vigilant

67	**troth**	faith
68	**what**	whatever
69	**adjunct to**	attendant upon, linked to
73	**yon**	yonder, that
78	**so**	in such a way
88	**powers**	forces
90	**cousin**	i.e., Arthur
91	**man**	servant

Act 3 Scene 3

1 **flood** sea
2 **armado** armada, fleet **convicted** defeated
3 **fellowship** puns on “fellow ships”
5 **run** fared/followed a course
7 **Divers** various/several
8 **bloody** bloodstained/violent **England** the King of England
9 **O’erbearing** overcoming **interruption** resistance, obstacles **spite** in defiance
11 **hot** active, vigorous, quick **advice** prudence **disposed** handled
12 **temperate** calm, composed
13 **want example** lack precedent
14 **kindred** related, allied in qualities **like** similar
16 **So** provided that **pattern** previous example
17 **grave** i.e., shell of the body, mere container
21 **issue** outcome **peace** i.e., agreement, treaty
23 **defy** reject **counsel** advice **redress** assistance, comfort
24 **But** except
25 **amiable** lovable
26 **odoriferous** sweet-smelling **sound** wholesome, healthy
27 **lasting** everlasting
30 **vaulty** empty/sepulchral
32 **gap of breath** i.e., mouth **fulsome** repulsive
33 **carrion** skeletal/rotting
35 **buss** kiss
37 **affliction** i.e., afflicted one
41 **fell** terrible/cruel **anatomy** skeleton
43 **modern** commonplace, everyday **invocation** entreaty
45 **belie** slander
50 **like** likely
54 **sensible of** sensitive to, capable of feeling
55 **reasonable part** rational faculty
56 **delivered of** released from (perhaps with connotations of childbirth)
59 **babe of clouts** ragdoll **clouts** cloths/rags
61 **different** distinct, individual **plague** affliction

62 **Bind…tresses** in her distress, Constance’s hair is loose and dishevelled
64 **silver drop** i.e., tear
65 **wiry friends** i.e., hairs (**wiry** does not necessarily suggest “coarse, tough”)
66 **sociable** sympathetic
69 **To…will** Constance’s response to Philip’s invitation earlier in the scene
71 **wherefore** why
73 **redeem** liberate
75 **envy at** resent
79 **know** recognize/be acquainted with
81 **Cain** in the Bible, Adam and Eve’s eldest son (who killed his brother Abel)
82 **suspire** (first) breathe
83 **gracious** filled with divine grace/virtuous/delightful
84 **canker-sorrow** the gnawing worm of grief **bud** i.e., young son
85 **native** natural
87 **dim** dull/pale **meagre** gaunt **an ague’s fit** (the victim of) a bout of shaking caused by fever
88 **so** in that way/in that condition **rising** i.e., from death/into heaven
90 **know** recognize
92 **heinous** grave, severe **respect** view
94 **fond of** doting on
95 **room** place
98 **Remembers** reminds
103 **form** orderly arrangement
108 **outrage** passionate act of violence (i.e., suicide)
109 **joy** feel happy, take pleasure
111 **dull** bored/inattentive/sleepy
112 **word’s** i.e., **Life**
113 **That** so that
115 **in the instant** at the precise moment **repair** recovery
116 **fit** bout of illness
118 **day** i.e., battle (Lewis employs the more literal sense)
120 **had** would have (lost all those things)
121 **means** intends
124 **accounts** reckons

130 **rub** obstacle (a term from the game of bowls)

132 **mark** pay attention

134 **infant** young child/minor, too young to claim sovereignty (legal term)

135 **misplaced** i.e., usurping **entertain** receive, experience

138 **boisterously** violently

140 **Makes…no** is not fussy about using any **stay** prop, keep

141 **That** in order that

147 **green** young, inexperienced

148 **lays you plots** makes schemes for you

149 **steeps** soaks **true** legitimate/royal

150 **untrue** deceptive/uncertain

152 **zeal** fervent loyalty

153 **none…advantage** not even the smallest opportunity

154 **check** inhibit, curb, control **reign** rule (puns on “rein”)

155 **exhalation** vapor/meteor (considered a bad omen)

156 **scope** circumstance **distempered** disordered/stormy

157 **customèd** customary, ordinary

158 **pluck away** disregard **his** its **cause** explanation

159 **prodigies** omens

160 **Abortives** abnormalities **presages** signs, portents

161 **denouncing** declaring

163 **hold** consider **himself** i.e., John **in his prisonment** i.e., while Arthur is John’s prisoner

164 **approach** arrival

168 **kiss…of** i.e., welcome **unacquainted** unfamiliar

169 **pick** extract/find **strong matter of** compelling reason for

170 **Out…John** i.e., in John’s crimes, symbolized by his bloodstained hands

171 **hurly** uproar, turmoil **on foot** underway

172 **breeds** develops

176 **call** decoy, bait/call to arms

177 **train** lure

179 **Anon** instantly

181 **wrought** fashioned

182 **top-full** brimful **offence** hostility, sense of wrong (in reaction to John’s deeds)

183 **whet on** encourage (as if sharpening a sword)

184 **strange actions** unusual/unexpected military deeds

185 **ay** yes

Act 4 Scene 1

4.1 ***Location:*** *England, a prison*

1 **me** for me **irons** branding tools **look** be sure

2 **Within** behind **arras** large tapestry, wall hanging

5 **heedful** watchful/careful

6 **bear out** support, authorize

7 **Uncleanly scruples** improper concerns/concerns about being morally tainted

8 **to say with** something to say to

10 **little** young, small (Arthur then shifts the sense)

11 **As…be** I am as little a prince as possible, despite having claims to being much greater

12 **sad** serious, solemn

14 **’Mercy** i.e., God’s mercy

17 **sad** serious/mournful/dark-colored

18 **Only** merely **wantonness** foolish behavior/whim **by my christendom** i.e., as I am a Christian

19 **So** provided that

21 **doubt** suspect, fear

22 **practises** plots

25 **would** wish

26 **so** if

27 **prate** chatter

29 **dispatch** put (him) to death/hurry up

31 **sooth** truth

32 **watch** stay awake

33 **warrant** assure (you)

35 **rheum** i.e., tears

36 **Turning …door** banishing pitiless torture

37 **brief** quick **resolution** determination

39 **fair writ** written clearly, well

40 **effect** purpose

46 **knit** tied **handkercher** handkerchief

47 **wrought it** embroidered it for

48 **it you** for it back from you

50 **watchful** timekeeping/wakeful/vigilant

51 **Still and anon** continually **heavy** slow-moving/sad

52 **lack you** i.e., do you need **grief** physical pain/sorrow

53 **love** act of kindness

54 **lien** lain

56 **at…service** i.e., to look after you through your illness

57 **crafty** devious

58 **an if** if

59 **ill** badly, wrongfully

65 **iron age** the present/the last and worst of the four classical ages: Gold, Silver, Bronze, Iron/a period of wickedness and cruelty (puns on **irons**)

66 **heat** heated

68 **this** its

69 **Even…matter** in the very substance, i.e., tears

71 **But for containing** merely because it contained

73 **should have** had

78 **out** put out/blinded

86 **winch** wince

87 **angerly** angrily

91 **from** away from

92 **chid** scolded/driven

97 **remedy** alternative/relief

99 **mote** particle of dust; making literal the biblical reference to “a mote in the eye,” i.e., a minor fault observed in another person by someone who ignores a greater fault of his or her own (Matthew 7:3)

101 **annoyance** irritation **sense** organ of sense, i.e., eye

102 **boisterous** painful

104 **Go to** expression of irritated impatience

105 **a brace** (even) a pair

106 **Must…pleading** would not be sufficient to plead

107 **Let me not** do not make me

110 **still** always

111 **troth** faith

114 **in good sooth** truly

115 **create** created

116 **undeserved extremes** unjust cruelties **else** otherwise, i.e., if it isn’t true

121 **but** only

123 **perchance** perhaps **sparkle in** send sparks into

125 **Snatch** snap, bite **tarre** provoke, urge

127 **office** proper function

128 **extends** offers

129 **Creatures…uses** instruments noted for compassion when they are not put to evil uses

131 **owes** owns

132 **purpose** intend

137 **but** anything other than that

138 **doggèd** doglike/cruel

139 **doubtless** without fear

141 **offend** harm

143 **closely** secretly

Act 4 Scene 2

4.2 ***Location:*** *England, the court of King John*

4 **once** in a word/one occasion (that was)

7 **Fresh** new

8 **state** state of affairs/monarch

9 **possessed** invested, given possession (of the royal title) **double pomp** second ceremony

10 **guard** adorn/protect

11 **gild** cover with a thin layer of gold

14 **taper-light** candlelight

15 **eye of heaven** i.e., the sun

17 **But** i.e., were it not **pleasure** will/desire

20 **unseasonable** unsuitable (probably four syllables; **Being** at beginning of line may be monosyllabic for sake of meter)

21 **antique** old **well-noted** well-known

22 **form** custom **disfigurèd** altered

23 **shifted** changed (in direction)

24 **It** i.e., having a second coronation **fetch about** change tack

25 **consideration** deep reflection

26 **sound** healthy

27 **new a fashioned** newly made/of new design

29 **confound** ruin

30 **excusing…th'excuse** i.e., excuses draw attention to faults rather than explaining them away

32 **breach** tear, hole

33 **Discredit** bring into disrepute

35 **new crowned** i.e., crowned again

36 **breathed** spoke

37 **overbear** overrule

39 **make…at** stop and give way for/resist

41 **possessed you with** informed you of

42 **more…fear** I shall give you further reasons that are as great as my fear is small

43 **indue** supply

47 **tongue** spokesperson

48 **sound** proclaim/discover the depth of

50 **them** they

51 **Bend** direct, focus **studies** efforts

52 **enfranchisement** release

55 **rest** peace/freedom from exertion **in right** rightfully

56 **attend…wrong** i.e., are bent toward wrongdoing **attend** accompany

57 **mew up** confine

58 **tender** young

60 **exercise** occupations/gentlemanly physical training in the martial arts

61 **That** so that **this** i.e., such an argument

62 **grace occasions** suit their purposes **suit** request (that John earlier invited them to make)

64 **goods** personal benefits

65 **weal** welfare

66 **Counts** considers

67 **commit** entrust

68 **direction** responsibility (for Arthur's upbringing)

70 **should do** who was to have done

72 **heinous** hateful, odious

73 **Lives** i.e., is apparent **close** secretive **aspect** appearance

74 **Do** most editions since the Fourth Folio emend to "Does," but "Does show" sounds infelicitous: an elision *Do' show* is possible ("Doth show" is also possible)

76 **charge** order

77 **colour** i.e., of his complexion (which alternates between pale and red)

79 **'twixt** between **dreadful battles** terrifying fighting forces

80 **ripe** swollen (like an abscess) **break** burst

83 **hold** hold back

84 **give** i.e., grant your request

86 **tonight** last night

90 **answered** accounted for/recompensed **hence** elsewhere/in the future/in the next world

91 **brows** faces, expressions

92 **shears of destiny** i.e., like Atropos, one of the three Fates, responsible for cutting the thread of life

93 **commandment on** control over

94 **apparent** evidently

95 **greatness** i.e., a king **grossly** blatantly **offer** undertake, venture to do

96 **So** thus, i.e., **grossly game** intrigue, undertaking

99 **forcèd** compelled, brought about by violence

100 **owed** owned

101 **the while** in the meantime/while such things happen

103 **doubt** fear

105 **sure** secure **set** i.e., built

107 **fearful** frightened

110 **weather** i.e., stormy news

111 **From …England** the messenger interprets John's **how goes** ("how is it going") in terms of literal movement (France invading England) **power** army

112 **preparation** military expedition

113 **levied** mustered, raised **body** length and breadth

114 **copy** example

117 **intelligence** military information, spies

118 **care** diligence

119 **drawn** gathered

124 **frenzy** madness/fit of agitation

126 **idly** casually

127 **Occasion** course of events

128 **league** alliance/truce

130 **wildly** disorderedly, without rule **walks** goes, progresses **estate** affairs/holdings

131 **conduct** leadership

132 **for…out** claim in the name of truth ***Pomfret*** Pontefract in Yorkshire

136 **proceedings** course of action, i.e., to collect money from the monasteries

138 **afeard** afraid

139 **unheard…head** befall you without warning, i.e., it is better to be prepared for the **worst**

140 **amazed** stunned/bewildered

141 **tide** i.e., torrent of bad news

142 **Aloft** above, afloat in

144 **sped** succeeded/fared

145 **express** communicate/reveal

147 **strangely fantasied** full of strange imaginings

148 **idle** foolish/crazy

152 **treading…heels** i.e., following him closely

153 **rude** unlearned/lacking in polish

154 **Ascension Day** celebration of the feast of ascension of Christ into heaven, the Thursday forty days after Easter

155 **deliver up** surrender

161 **safety** safe-keeping, i.e., custody

162 **gentle** noble

163 **abroad** out there, in public

168 **is** was **tonight** last night

169 **suggestion** instigation

175 **the…before** i.e., quickly

176 **subject enemies** i.e., subjects who are enemies

177 **adverse** hostile

178 **stout** bold/determined

179 **Mercury** messenger of the Roman gods, often depicted with feathered sandals or feet

181 **spirit…time** i.e., circumstances (conceivably **spirit** plays on the alchemical sense of “mercury”)

182 **sprightful** spirited

184 **betwixt** between

188 **tonight** last night

190 **wondrous** bizarre, unbelievable

192 **beldams** old women

193 **prophesy upon it** make predictions based on it

196 **one** to one

198 **fearful action** frightened gestures

205 **Had…feet** he had mistakenly put on the wrong feet

206 **a many thousand** i.e., many thousands of

207 **embattailèd** drawn up in battle array **ranked** arranged in ranks

208 **artificer** artisan

210 **possess** acquaint/occupy

211 **urgest thou** do you present, bring forward **oft** often

212 **cause** reason

214 **No had** had none **provoke** incite

216 **humours** whims, moods

217 **bloody…life** i.e., the body

218 **winking** i.e., subtle signal

219 **understand a law** interpret it as a mandate

220 **dangerous** threatening **perchance** perhaps

221 **upon humour** because of a whim **advised respect** careful deliberation

222 **hand** signature

223 **account** judgment

226 **means to do** ways of doing, instruments for

227 **by** at hand

228 **marked** physically blemished/taken note of

229 **Quoted** noted, specified **signed** marked distinctively

231 **aspect** face/appearance

233 **liable** suitable

234 **faintly** half-heartedly/tentatively **broke** spoke

236 **conscience** i.e., matter of moral dilemma

239 **darkly** obscurely

241 **As** as though to **express** specific

242 **had** would have

243 **wrought** created

245 **parley** negotiate

247 **rude** violent/unkind

250 **state** authority, sovereignty **braved** challenged, defied

252 **body…land** refers to England as a body, as well as to the king’s own body (the popular metaphor of monarch as microcosm of state)

253 **confine** territory/limit/prison

254 **tumult** disturbance, insurrection/confused and violent emotion

259 **maiden** unblemished/virginal (a similarity continued in the idea of hymenal/murderous **blood**)

262 **motion** suggestion/impulse

263 **form** appearance

264 **rude exteriorly** outwardly harsh-looking

268 **Throw** cast (as if water on the fire of their **rage**)

269 **tame** submissive

272 **imaginary** imaginative/nonexistent **eyes of blood** passionate, angry eyes/bloodshot eyes

274 **closet** private room

276 **conjure** entreat, ask earnestly

Act 4 Scene 3

4.3 ***Location:*** *England, a prison*

4 **semblance** appearance **quite** totally

5 **venture** risk

7 **shifts** stratagems (possibly puns on the sense of “changes of clothing”)

8 **die…stay** i.e., risk death by escaping than stay and face certain death

11 **him** i.e., Lewis the dauphin **Saint Edmundsbury** Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk

12 **safety** best safeguard

13 **gentle** courteous/noble

16 **private** confidential talk

17 **general** universal, all-embracing

20 **or ere** before **we** i.e., the English lords and Lew is

21 **distempered** vexed, discontented

22 **straight** straightaway

23 **dispossessed himself** caused himself to lose possession, i.e., lost our support

24 **line** supply a lining for, i.e., fortify **bestainèd** marked with stains

cloak cover for his deeds

25 **attend the foot** i.e., serve one

29 **griefs** grievances, complaints **reason** speak, debate (the Bastard shifts the sense to “good sense, rationality”)

32 **impatience** anger **privilege** freedom/advantage

33 **’Tis…else** refers to the proverbial saying “anger punishes itself”

37 **as** as if

38 **lay it open** reveal the deed openly

39 **he** i.e., murder

41 **Sir Richard** i.e., the Bastard **beheld…think** i.e., ever encountered or imagined (anything like this)

43 **think** wonder

44 **That …see** what you see in front of you/that your eyes are functioning correctly object sight (of Arthur’s body)

46 **crest** heraldic device in the upper portion of a coat of arms (sense has shifted from “pinnacle”)

47 **arms** coat of arms

49 **wall-eyed** pale-eyed/squinting
50 **remorse** pity
51 **excused** pardoned **in** i.e., in comparison to
52 **sole** unique, unrivaled
54 **times** the future
56 **Exampled** compared with the precedent of **heinous** infamous, wicked
58 **graceless** ungodly/coarse **heavy** oppressive/clumsy
61 **light** foresight, indication
63 **practice** plot
66 **breathless** dead/inexpressible
67 **incense** perfumed smoke/breath
69 **infected** affected, stirred
71 **set** added
72 **worship** honor
73 **religiously** solemnly/devoutly **confirm** strengthen, support
77 **Avaunt** be gone
79 **rob the law** i.e., by taking the law into my own hands and killing you myself
80 **bright** i.e., unused **up** away
81 **murderer's skin** animal leather was the usual material used for sword scabbards
85 **tempt** test **danger** damage/peril **defence** legal defense/self-defense in a fight
86 **marking** paying sole attention to
88 **brave** challenge, defy
92 **prove me so** i.e., by making me kill you
93 **Yet** so far **Whose tongue soe'er** whoever's tongue
97 **by** aside **gall** injure
100 **spleen** temper/spirit
101 **betime** at once
102 **toasting-iron** i.e., sword (contemptuous)
105 **Second** support/act as deputy to
110 **date** duration
112 **rheum** watery matter/tears
113 **traded** practiced
116 **savours** smells

119 **inquire** us out seek us

126 **black** traditionally the color of the devil

127 **Prince Lucifer** the rebel archangel who fell from heaven to hell, i.e., Satan, the devil

131 **but** nothing but

132 **want'st** lack **cord** rope (to hang yourself)

134 **rush** reed

135 **wouldst** should you/if you wish to

138 **stifle** suffocate, drown

139 **grievously** strongly

142 **embounded** enclosed **clay** i.e., Arthur's flesh

143 **want** lack

146 **amazed** confused

148 **take…up** i.e., lift up Arthur's body (playing on the sense of "cause the English nation to take up arms")

152 **scamble** scramble, struggle, make shift **part** tear apart

153 **unowed** interest portion not owned by a universally recognized king (plays on the financial senses of the words: the nobles do not owe the king allegiance, imagined as monetary interest to be fought over)

154 **for** on behalf of bare-picked…majesty sovereign authority that has been almost stripped bare of dignity and grandeur by being fought over like dogs with a bone

155 **doggèd** fierce/cruel/doglike **crest** hackles/heraldic device on a coat of arms

157 **powers** armies **from** away from **discontents** discontented persons

158 **line** i.e., united purpose **confusion** disaster/chaos/destruction

160 **wrested pomp** majesty seized by force

161 **he** is he **cincture** belt

162 **Hold out** weather, endure

164 **brief in hand** will soon be underway/must be dealt with urgently

Act 5 Scene 1

5.1 ***Location:*** *England, the court of King John*

2 **circle…glory** i.e., my stately crown

4 **as holding of** in tenure, leasehold from (i.e., John must recognize papal authority once more)

8 **inflamed** consumed by fire

9 **counties** shires/counts, i.e., noblemen

11 **love of soul** deepest love

12 **stranger** foreign

13 **inundation** flood **mistempered humour** anger, ill-temper/bodily imbalance

14 **Rests** remains **only** alone **qualified** calmed

16 **present** instant, taking immediate effect **ministered** administered, given

17 **overthrow** bodily collapse (with political connotations)

19 **usage** treatment

20 **convertite** convert/penitent

22 **blust'ring** turbulent, stormy

28 **give off** give up, hand over

29 **constraint** compulsion

34 **hear** listen to, take notice of

37 **doubtful** fearful/untrustworthy

45 **droop** look downcast

48 **motion** movement

49 **stirring** as active **the time** i.e., current events

50 **outface** defy **brow** countenance

51 **bragging** boastful/bullying **inferior eyes** i.e., the king's subjects

52 **borrow…from** model their actions on

55 **god of war** i.e., the Roman god Mars

56 **become** grace/come to **field** battlefield

60 **forage** overrun (an area)/ pillage

62 **nigh** near

64 **happy** fortunate, opportune

67 **inglorious** shameful

68 **upon…land** standing on our own soil/because land is being paced by foreign soldiers

69 **fair-play** honorable, lacking cunning
70 **Insinuation** suggestions, attempts to gain favor **base** dishonorable, cowardly
72 **cockered** pampered **silken** effeminate/luxurious/clothed in silk
wanton spoiled child **brave** challenge
73 **flesh** initiate (in warfare)/plunge in (as one would a weapon into flesh)
74 **colours** battle flags **idly** foolishly/frivolously
75 **check** resistance
78 **purpose** intention, plan
79 **ordering** management
81 **prouder** superior/more arrogant

Act 5 Scene 2

5.2 ***Location:*** *England, the French camp*
3 **precedent** original (copy)
4 **fair** just/neatly written **order** agreement
6 **took the sacrament** received communion (a way of confirming the sacredness of vows)
7 **faiths** pledges
9 **albeit** although
12 **sore of time** wound of the present
13 **contemned** despised, contemptible
14 **canker** ulcer/corruption
16 **metal** i.e., sword
18 **rescue and defence** rescue of England from John/defense of England against the French
19 **Cries out upon** appeals to/rejects
21 **physic** cure
22 **deal but** proceed in any way other than
23 **confusèd** disastrous, disorderly
27 **step after** march behind, support **stranger** foreigner
30 **spot** place/blemish, moral stain
31 **grace** honor, support
32 **unacquainted** unfamiliar
33 **remove** move, depart
34 **Neptune** Roman god of the sea **clippeth** embrace
35 **bear** carry
36 **grapple** bind, attach **pagan…league** i.e., the English and French might unite against a common non-Christian enemy
39 **spend…unneighbourly** waste it in such an unneighborly manner
40 **temper** disposition
41 **affections** emotions, loyalties
42 **earthquake** i.e., tumult
44 **compulsion** necessity (of opposing John) **brave respect** noble regard (for your country)
45 **dew** i.e., tears
48 **ordinary** commonplace, everyday

52 **vaulty** arched roof

53 **Figured** adorned

55 **heave** bear

56 **Commend** commit, entrust **those baby eyes** i.e., babies

59 **blood** liveliness

62 **nobles** may play on the sense of “gold coins”

63 **knit** join **sinews** muscles, i.e., strength

64 **even…spake** i.e., in this heaven supports us/I see already that the promise of financial reward will secure your support (alternatively, some editors speculate that the reference is to a trumpet signaling Pandulph’s arrival) **angel** gold coin/heavenly being

65 **apace** quickly

71 **come** in become reconciled, returned

73 **see** bishopric/seat of a bishop in his church

74 **wind up** furl

76 **fostered…hand** brought up by hand

78 **show** appearance

79 **back** go back

80 **propertied** treated as an object

81 **secondary at control** second in command, deputy

89 **right** justice/a rightful claim

90 **Acquainted me with** introduced me to, made me aware of **interest** valid claim

98 **penny…borne** expense has Rome sustained

100 **underprop** support

101 **charge** expense

102 **liable** subject

105 ***‘Vive le roi’*** “Long live the king” (French; also a phrase in playing **cards**) **banked** besieged (within banks of fortifications)/captured, confined/skirted around (“bank” may also be a cardplaying term, perhaps meaning “to secure as a winning” or “a card-player’s stake”)

107 **match** game, contest (may play on the sense of “marriage” given Lewis’s union with Blanche) crown royal crown/coin, i.e., bet at cards

108 **set** series of games (won at cards)

113 **ample** complete, great

114 **drew** gathered **head** army

115 **culled** selected

116 **outlook** overcome/outstare

118 **lusty** vigorous

119 **According to** in accordance with

120 **have audience** be heard

122 **dealt for him** proceeded on his behalf

123 **scope** extent

124 **warrant** authority **limited** designated, permitted

125 **wilful-opposite** stubbornly hostile

126 **temporize** negotiate

131 **reason** with good reason

132 **apish** apelike, foolish **unmannerly** inappropriate, impolite (puns on “unmanly”—i.e., cowardly/not like a human)

133 **harnessed** armored **masque** courtly entertainment involving dancing and elaborate costumes **unadvisèd** ill-considered

134 **unheard** unheard of, extraordinary (plays on the literal sense as King John is not present, though he responds through the Bastard; some editors emend to “unhaired”—i.e., boyishly beardless)

136 **whip** i.e., drive **pigmy** very small

139 **take the hatch** leap over the lower half of the door, i.e., retreat hastily

141 **litter** animal straw **planks** floors

142 **pawns** goods pledged in exchange for a loan of money

143 **hug** i.e., curl up

144 **vaults** cellars/tombs **thrill** tremble

145 **crow** cockerel, the French national symbol

150 **eyrie** nest/brood

151 **souse** swoop down on

152 **revolts** rebels

153 **Neroes** the Roman emperor Nero was supposed to have torn open his mother’s womb after killing her

156 **Amazons** race of warrior women **tripping** moving quickly and lightly

157 **gauntlets** armored gloves

160 **brave** challenge **turn thy face** i.e., retreat

161 **outscold** outdo us in scolding/have more quarrelsome women than we

163 **brabbler** brawler/quarrelsome faultfinder

166 **attend** listen

172 **ready braced** prepared, with the skin tightened

175 **welkin** sky

177 **halting** hesitating

178 **sport** amusement

179 **forehead** countenance

180 **bare-ribbed** skeletal **office** duty, task

183 **find** discover/suffer, experience

Act 5 Scene 3

5.3 ***Location:*** *England, the battlefield* **Alarums** battle calls

8 **Swinstead** actually Swineshead, Lincolnshire

9 **supply** reinforcements

11 **Goodwin Sands** dangerous sandbanks off the coast of Kent

12 **Richard** i.e., the Bastard

13 **coldly** unenthusiastically **retire themselves** retreat

16 **litter** bed for the transport of the sick or wounded

Act 5 Scene 4

1 **stored** well supplied
2 **Up once again** i.e., onward, back to battle
3 **miscarry** fail
4 **misbegotten** wrongfully conceived
5 **In…spite** despite everything
6 **sore** grievously
7 **revolts** rebels
11 **Fly** flee **bought and sold** betrayed
12 **Unthread** withdraw (like thread from a needle) **eye** needle’s eye
16 **He** i.e., Lewis, the French dauphin
24 **quantity** small amount
26 **Resolveth** dissolves, melts **his figure** its **shape**
28 **use** practice/benefit
30 **hence** from now on/in the next world
32 **forsworn** perjured
35 **smokes** grows misty/moves like smoke
38 **fine** penalty **rated** assessed/rebuked
39 **fine** ending/penalty
42 **respect** factor
45 **lieu** exchange, payment **whereof** of which
46 **rumour** tumult, noise
47 **remnant** remainder
50 **beshrew** curse
51 **favour** appearance/face/benevolence **form** appearance/outcome
53 **untread** retrace
54 **bated** diminished
55 **rankness** swelling, excess (plays on the sense of “vileness”)
56 **bounds** limits, boundaries
61 **Right** clearly **New flight** i.e., toward King John
62 **happy** fortunate **old right** i.e., loyalty to King John

Act 5 Scene 5

5.5 ***Location:*** *England, the French camp* **train** retinue

1 **loath** reluctant

2 **welkin** sky

3 **measure** travel (over)

4 **faint retire** weak retreat **bravely** splendidly **came we off** we left the field of combat

5 **needless** superfluous, unnecessary

7 **tott'ring** waving/tattered (from the battle)

12 **are…off** have once again withdrawn their allegiance

15 **shrewd** harsh

19 **stumbling** i.e., causing the men to stumble

21 **quarter** watch

23 **adventure** fortune/hazard

Act 5 Scene 6

5.6 ***Location:*** *England, not far from Swinstead Abbey* ***severally*** separately

3 **Of the part** on the side

8 **perfect** accurate

9 **upon all hazards** whatever the risks

14 **come…of** am descended from (via one of my parents)

15 **Unkind remembrance**! Unnatural memory! (Hubert addresses his own memory; **unkind** may play on the sense of “lacking proper kinship”)

17 **accent** utterance/way of speaking **breaking** coming

18 **scape** escape, elude

19 ***sans*** **compliment** without ceremony **abroad** at large, out there

21 **find you out** find you

22 **Brief** be brief

25 **very wound** most painful part, worst

28 **broke out** rushed out, left

30 **to** for **sudden time** unexpected events, emergency

31 **at leisure** later, without urgency

32 **taste** act as taster (i.e., person who ate some of the king’s food to see whether it was poisoned)

34 **bowels** intestines

35 **Yet** still **peradventure** perhaps, by chance

38 **Prince Henry** John’s son, the future Henry III, who ruled 1216–72

42 **bear…power** endure more than we are able to

43 **power** army

44 **Passing** passing over **flats** sandbanks

45 **Lincoln Washes** sandbanks in Lincolnshire

46 **hardly** barely/with difficulty

47 **Away before** lead on, go ahead

48 **doubt** fear **or ere** before

Act 5 Scene 7

5.7 ***Location:*** *England, the garden of Swinstead Abbey*

2 **touched** tainted/endangered **corruptibly** in a manner causing decay

pure clear, lucid

4 **idle** nonsensical

9 **fell** cruel/fierce

10 **orchard** garden

11 **rage** rave

14 **vanity** absurdity

15 **not feel themselves** be unaware/become unaware of physical pain

17 **invisible** invisibly

19 **legions** multitudes/armies

20 **hold** stronghold (i.e., the mind)

21 **Confound** destroy, defeat/confuse

22 **cygnet** young swan, i.e., Prince Henry, the dying John’s youthful son

swan the swan was thought to sing only once, just before it died

27 **indigest** shapeless mass/confused situation

28 **rude** undefined, rough, disordered

29 **elbow-room** i.e., enough space

33 **scribbled form** indistinctly drawn shape/hasty sketch

37 **fare** food (plays on the sense of the verb—i.e., “to do”) **forsook** rejected, abandoned

39 **maw** throat/stomach

41 **north** north wind

44 **cold comfort** comforting coolness/no comfort **strait** severe/stingy (“straight” in Folio)

45 **ingrateful** ungrateful

46 **virtue** power/remedy

52 **motion** urge

53 **spleen** eagerness

54 **set** close (after death)

55 **tackle** rigging and sails

56 **shrouds** ship’s ropes (plays on the sense of “burial sheet”)

58 **string** heartstring/rope **stay** support/anchor

60 **clod** lump of earth

61 **module** model, image **confounded** destroyed

62 **preparing hitherward** on his way here/preparing to come here

63 **heaven he** probably originally “God he,” altered because of 1606 Parliamentary “Act to restrain the Abuses of Players,” which sought to put an end to blasphemous language on the stage

65 **upon** i.e., to gain (tactical) **remove** move, change the position of

67 **flood** rushing water/tide

68 **dead** deadly/grave

69 **But** just **thus** i.e., dead

70 **Even so** in the same way

71 **stay** support

75 **wait on** escort

76 **still** always

77 **right spheres** proper orbits

82 **Straight** at once

88 **respect** self-respect

89 **presently** immediately

90 **rather** sooner

91 **sinewèd** strengthened

93 **carriages** gun carriages (i.e., supports for artillery)

95 **disposing** management

97 **meet** fitting **post** hasten

98 **consummate** conclude

100 **princes** nobles

101 **wait upon** attend, serve in

105 **happily** with good fortune

106 **lineal state** i.e., rightfully inherited kingship

108 **bequeath** give

110 **like tender** same offer

111 **rest** remain **spot** blot

114 **but** ambiguous here since it can mean both “only” and “not merely”

needful woe necessary mourning

115 **beforehand** in credit, had more than enough (financial term)

118 **But** except

120 **three corners** i.e., all other parts

121 **shock** repel with force **rue** grieve

122 **rest** remain

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD THE SECOND

How do we measure the worth of our rulers? By the justice of their claim to power or the quality of their actions at the helm of state? King Richard II has wasted public funds and is under the influence of self-serving flatterers. He has arranged the murder of his uncle, Thomas of Woodstock, a plain-speaking elder statesman who has resisted Richard's misrule. Yet he is the rightful king, anointed by God. In the central scene of Shakespeare's play, the king is forced to participate in a ceremony in which he formally removes himself from the throne. Deposition was a matter so sensitive that this scene was censored out of the early printed editions of the play, so resonant that the Earl of Essex and his fellow conspirators commissioned Shakespeare's acting company to put on a special performance of *Richard II* on the eve of their rebellion against Queen Elizabeth. Their intention must have been to use the theater as a way of preparing the people of London for their challenge to the monarch.

After the failure of their march on the palace, one of Essex's men, Sir Gilly Meyrick, was sentenced to death for, among other things, commissioning this performance. Shakespeare's company managed to persuade the Star Chamber that they had only undertaken the performance for the sake of an extra fee and that they had no involvement in the real-life plot. They escaped with a reprimand. Though Shakespeare's sometime patron the Earl of Southampton marched with Essex, it would be foolhardy to infer the dramatist's own loyalties from this incident. To judge from the choices he made in dramatizing his historical source materials, he seems to have been more interested in the human story of Richard's fall than the politics of rebellion.

It is likely that the Essex faction commissioned the special performance not so much for its actual content—we cannot be sure that the deposition was actually staged at this time in the play's life—as for the broad association between the rise of Henry Bullingbrook and the career of the charismatic earl. Essex's men were probably remembering a book originally dedicated to their master, Sir John Hayward's *The First Part of the Life and Reign of King Henry IV*. Published in 1599, it had caused much controversy as a result of its detailed treatment of Richard's removal from the throne. The play must, nevertheless, have been very attractive to Essex and his followers, not only because it seemed to give good reasons for taking action against an ineffective, vacillating monarch, but also because it appeared to lament the decline of chivalric England. One of Essex's chief strategies during his rise to prominence at court in the 1590s was to portray himself as a hero from a nobler age that had gone. He invoked the code of "honor" and made himself synonymous with such displays as the Accession Day tilts, in which courtiers would joust like knights of old.

The beginning of the play, so redolent of the medieval "rites of knighthood," would have been very much to Essex's taste. Mowbray and Bullingbrook throw down their gages and prepare for single combat with sword and lance. They are concerned above all with "spotless reputation": "Mine honour is my life; both grow in one," says Mowbray, "Take honour from me, and my life is done." Honor is seen as the hallmark of the "trueborn Englishman." The feuding dukes regard themselves as true patriots, appealing to "English earth" and lamenting that in exile they must forgo their "native English" language. Richard's native language, by contrast, was French (which was also the nationality of his wife) and his court is implicitly seen as a place of French affectation. King Richard stands accused of wasting the patrimony of the English nation. He has been fleeced by his flatterers and costly Irish wars have required him to "lease out" the land. Given that Queen Elizabeth's exchequer was also heavily overdrawn as a result of the Irish problem, Shakespeare was probably being diplomatic as well as practical in not attempting to stage Richard's military campaign in Ireland, which is described at great length in his source, Holinshed's *Chronicles*. The focus remains firmly on the English land, imagined metaphorically as a sea-walled garden "full of weeds, her fairest flowers choked up." Within two years of the play appearing in print, John of Gaunt's "this sceptred isle" speech was ripped from its context and included in an anthology called *England's Parnassus* as an exemplar of patriotic writing. It appears there as an unfinished sentence, lacking the sting in the tail: "this England…Is now leased out…That England, that was wont to conquer others, / Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.” True patriotism, the original context reveals, involves fierce criticism of bad government as well as rhetorical praise of the land.

But if the bad governor is sacredly endowed as God’s anointed deputy on earth, then is it permissible to remove him, even in the name of England and “true chivalry”? If the king is synonymous with the law, then to turn the law against him may seem a contradiction in terms, as the Bishop of Carlisle recognizes: “What subject can give sentence on his king?” The monarch was traditionally imagined to have two bodies: as body politic, the king was incarnation of the nation; as body natural, he was a mortal like anyone else. This was what made possible the paradoxical words “The king is dead, long live the king.” When Richard stages his own unthroning, he inverts the words of the coronation service, shatters a mirror, and gives up one of his two bodies.

What is left for the private self when the public persona is stripped away? Without “honor,” according to the contentious dukes, “Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.” But what would a king be without his crown, without a name, and a title? Once Richard has broken the mirror, he turns from his image to his inner self. Whereas monarchy depends on exterior show, inwardness is explored through the medium of words. Richard is by far the most inward-looking of Shakespeare’s kings. By focusing on the individual consciousness, considering Richard’s fate in psychological terms, Shakespeare neatly sidesteps the alarmingly destabilizing political consequences of the moment when a subject gives sentence on a king. “I had forgot myself. Am I not king?” In the very act of asking this question, Richard reveals that the answer is “no”: since a king has two bodies, he has the right to speak in the royal “we,” but here Richard is no more than an “I.” In speaking of himself he veers between “I,” “we,” and “he” (“What must the king do now? Must he submit?”). Inconsistent pronouns are the surest sign of the instability of his self.

Soliloquy and rhetorical elaboration are forms of self-dramatization. Richard sustains himself through a bravura linguistic performance: “Let’s talk of graves…” He makes himself the object of his subjective musings: “Must he lose the name of king?” He watches himself losing his grip on his role: “Ay, no; no, ay, for I must nothing be.” And he becomes more and more aware that to be is also to act, that we are all role-players: “Thus play

I in one prison many people, / And none contented" ("one prison" is the Folio text's interesting variant on the original Quarto's "one person"—"prison" nicely suggests both Richard's confined location and the traditional idea of the body as prison of the soul, which is then released to eternity in death). He leaves the stage in the manner of "a well-graced actor."

Though the Folio text is titled *The Life and Death of King Richard the Second*, the earlier Quarto edition was called *The Tragedy of King Richard the Second*. The structure of the drama answers to a very traditional idea of tragedy as a story in which a powerful figure falls from earthly prosperity and in so doing rises to greatness of soul. Pity for Richard is the prevailing tragic emotion in the closing scenes. "It seems to be the design of the poet to raise Richard to esteem in his fall, and consequently to interest the reader in his favour," wrote Dr. Johnson. Note "the reader" there, not the *spectator*—this is a play that has been more admired on page than stage. Johnson continues: "He gives him only passive fortitude, the virtue of a confessor, rather than of a king. In his prosperity we saw him imperious and oppressive; but in his distress he is wise, patient, and pious."

By concentrating on the inner life of Richard, Shakespeare diminishes some of the major elements of the play that was his structural model, Christopher Marlowe's *Edward II*. The flatterers Bushy, Bagot, and Green are given very small roles and the exclusion of the queen from the king's affections is not fully developed. In Marlowe's dramatization of the fall of a weak king and the rise of his rival, the minions—first Gaveston and then Spencer—are central not only to the politics but also to the sexuality of the play. They are explicitly the king's lovers. The abused queen becomes a lead player in the rebellion against the king. Shakespeare's Richard by contrast seems too self-absorbed to be powerfully driven by sexual desire. Samuel Taylor Coleridge spoke intriguingly of the character's *feminine friendism*, but that is not quite a euphemism for homoerotic feeling.

As the man who rises when Richard falls, Bullingbrook's story remains unfinished. But Shakespeare anticipates the civil war that will wrack his reign. The role of Northumberland, who cooperates with Bullingbrook but will eventually turn against him, is greatly expanded from its seed in Holinshed's *Chronicles*. Richard delivers a prophecy that "The time shall not be many hours of age / More than it is ere foul sin, gathering head, /

Shall break into corruption” and predicts rightly that Northumberland will seek to pluck King Henry IV from his usurped throne. As he wrote these words, Shakespeare must have been thinking of how he was going to continue the story in another play.

KEY FACTS

PLOT: In the presence of King Richard, Henry Bullingbrook accuses Thomas Mowbray of embezzling crown funds and of plotting the death of his uncle, the Duke of Gloucester. They will not be reconciled and are about to fight, but Richard stops the combat before it can begin. Bullingbrook is exiled for ten years (later reduced to six); Mowbray is exiled for life. John of Gaunt (Duke of Lancaster, uncle to the king and father to Bullingbrook) dies after accusing Richard of improper government. Richard orders the seizure of Gaunt's property, thus denying Bullingbrook his inheritance. He then departs for Ireland, appointing his other uncle York to govern in his absence. Northumberland reveals that Bullingbrook has returned to England with an army. Bullingbrook persuades his uncle York that he has returned for his rightful inheritance, not to start a rebellion against the crown. Richard returns from Ireland to discover that his Welsh troops have deserted him, that York has allied himself with Bullingbrook, and that the common people are rising against him. Bullingbrook and his supporters meet with Richard. Bullingbrook promises to surrender his arms if his banishment is repealed and his inheritance restored. Richard agrees to his demands. Richard's cousin Aumerle is accused of murdering the Duke of Gloucester. Bullingbrook arrests everyone involved in the allegations. Richard agrees to abdicate. Bullingbrook announces his coronation. A plot is hatched to restore Richard to the throne. York discovers that his son Aumerle is involved in a plot to kill Bullingbrook. Aumerle confesses to Bullingbrook, and is pardoned. Richard is killed while imprisoned in Pomfret Castle. Bullingbrook receives news of his supporters' efforts to defeat his detractors. Exton presents Richard's body to Bullingbrook, only to be rewarded with banishment. Bullingbrook promises to undertake a pilgrimage to expiate his sins.

MAJOR PARTS: (*with percentage of lines/number of speeches/scenes on stage*) King Richard II (27%/98/9), Henry

Bullingbrook (15%/90/8), Duke of York (10%/54/8), John of Gaunt (7%/28/4), Northumberland (5%/38/6), Mowbray (5%/13/2), Queen (4%/25/4), Aumerle (3%/38/7), Duchess of York (3%/28/2), Bishop of Carlisle (2%/6/2), Duchess of Gloucester (2%/4/1), Gardener (2%/6/1).

LINGUISTIC MEDIUM: 100% verse, with high proportion of rhyme.

DATE: 1595–96. Registered for publication August 1597. Written after Samuel Daniel's *First Four Books of the Civil Wars* (registered October 1594, apparently published 1595); perhaps postdates renowned Accession Day tilts of November 1595. Described in February 1601 as "old and long out of use."

SOURCES: primary source is the account of the last two years of Richard's reign in Raphael Holinshed's *Chronicles* (1587 edition), supplemented—especially for various details in the final act—by Samuel Daniel's *First Four Books of the Civil Wars between the two Houses of Lancaster and York* (1594–95). Christopher Marlowe's *Edward II* (1592?) was a major dramatic influence, both structurally (the fall of a weak king and the rise of his rival) and thematically (flatterers, Irish wars, a marginalized queen). Some scholars also detect the influence of the anonymous chronicle play of *Woodstock:* as well as verbal parallels, there are resemblances between Shakespeare's John of Gaunt and this play's Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, but recent scholarship suggests that Shakespeare's play precedes *Woodstock*, not vice versa. The garden scene is apparently without source, though the comparison between a disordered state and an overgrown garden was traditional.

TEXT: First printed in Quarto in 1597, with text deriving from Shakespeare's working manuscript or a transcription of it; the deposition scene was, however, omitted for reasons of censorship. The First Quarto was reprinted several times (Second and Third Quartos, 1598; Fourth Quarto, 1608; Fifth Quarto, 1615). These later

Quartos correct a few obvious errors in the First Quarto, but introduce many misprints. The Second Quarto was one of the first printed play texts to include Shakespeare’s name on the title page. The Fourth Quarto printed the deposition sequence for the first time, but in a defective text. The Folio text seems to have been printed from the Third Quarto (though a few editors argue that it was based on either the Fifth Quarto or a defective copy of the Third Quarto with the missing final leaves made up from the Fifth Quarto), but the Folio editor also consulted a manuscript closely related to theatrical production, perhaps the company “playbook.” The Folio restored many First Quarto readings that had been corrupted in later Quartos, printed a good text of the deposition scene for the first time, added and systematized stage directions, made some alterations to staging for the sake of clarification, introduced act divisions, replaced “God” with “heaven” in accordance with the 1606 Act to restrain Abuses, made a few verbal alterations, and omitted about fifty lines (these mostly seem to be deliberate theatrical cuts, though a clutch of individual lines might have been dropped inadvertently). Most modern editions are based on the First Quarto, with the deposition scene, stage directions, and many individual readings taken from the Folio. Our text resists this sort of conflation and is based on Folio, with the correction of manifest printers’ errors. The Quarto-only passages are given at the end of the play.

GENEALOGY: See this page.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD THE SECOND

KING RICHARD II of England

QUEEN, Richard’s wife

JOHN OF GAUNT, Duke of Lancaster, Richard’s uncle

HENRY BULLINGBROOK, Duke of Hereford, John of Gaunt’s son, later King Henry IV

DUKE OF YORK, Edmund of Langley, Richard’s uncle

DUCHESS OF YORK, his wife

DUKE OF AUMERLE, their son and Earl of Rutland

DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, widow of Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester (Richard’s uncle)

THOMAS MOWBRAY, Duke of Norfolk

EARL OF SALISBURY

DUKE OF SURREY

LORD BERKELEY

BISHOP OF CARLISLE

ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER

SIR STEPHEN SCROOP

BUSHY

BAGOT

GREEN

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND

HARRY PERCY, Northumberland’s son

LORD ROSS

LORD WILLOUGHBY

LORD FITZWATERS

SIR PIERS OF EXTON

LORD

LORD MARSHAL

TWO HERALDS

CAPTAIN of the Welsh army

TWO LADIES attending the Queen

GARDENER

SERVANT to the Gardener

SERVANT to York

KEEPER of the prison at Pomfret Castle
TWO SERVANTS to Exton
GROOM of Richard’s stable
Various Soldiers, Attendants, Lords

Act 1 Scene 1[1.1]

running scene 1

Enter King Richard, John of Gaunt, with other Nobles and Attendants

KING RICHARD Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster,
Hast thou[2] according to thy oath and band
Brought hither Henry Hereford[3] thy bold son,
Here to make good the boist'rous[4] late appeal,
Which then our[5] leisure would not let us hear,
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

GAUNT I have, my liege.[7]

KING RICHARD Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded[8] him,
If he appeal the duke on ancient[9] malice,
Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground[11] of treachery in him?

GAUNT As near as I could sift[12] him on that argument,
On some apparent[13] danger seen in him
Aimed at your highness, no inveterate[14] malice.

KING RICHARD Then call them to our presence.

[Exit an Attendant]

Face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
Th'accuser and the accusèd freely speak;
High-stomached[18] are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Enter Bullingbrook and Mowbray

BULLINGBROOK Many years of happy days befall
My gracious[21] sovereign, my most loving liege!

MOWBRAY Each day still[22] better other's happiness
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,[23]
Add an immortal title[24] to your crown!

KING RICHARD We thank you both. Yet one but[25] flatters us,
As well appeareth[26] by the cause you come,
Namely, to appeal[27] each other of high treason.
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object[28]

Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?
BULLINGBROOK First, heaven be the record[30] to my speech!
In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tend'ring[32] the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten[33] hate,
Come I appellant[34] to this princely presence.
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark[36] my greeting well, for what I speak
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer[38] it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor and a miscreant;[39]
Too good[40] to be so and too bad to live,
Since the more fair and crystal[41] is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate[43] the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;
And wish — so please my sovereign — ere[45] I move,
What my tongue speaks my right[46] drawn sword may prove.
MOWBRAY Let not my cold[47] words here accuse my zeal:
'Tis not the trial[48] of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager[49] tongues,
Can arbitrate[50] this cause betwixt us twain.
The blood[51] is hot that must be cooled for this.
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast
As to be hushed and nought at all to say.
First, the fair reverence of[54] your highness curbs me
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech,
Which else[56] would post until it had returned
These terms of treason doubly down his throat.
Setting[58] aside his high blood's royalty,
And let[59] him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy[60] him, and I spit at him,
Call him a slanderous coward and a villain,
Which to maintain I would allow him odds,[62]
And meet[63] him, were I tied to run afoot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,

Or any other ground inhabitable[65]
Wherever Englishman durst[66] set his foot.
Meantime, let this[67] defend my loyalty:
By all my hopes most falsely doth he lie.
BULLINGBROOK Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,[69] ***Throws down his gage***
Disclaiming here the kindred of a king,
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except.[72]
If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength
As to take up mine honour's pawn,[74] then stoop.
By that and all the rites of knighthood else,
Will I make good[76] against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoken, or thou canst devise.[77]
MOWBRAY I take it up, and by that sword I swear ***Takes up gage***
Which gently[79] laid my knighthood on my shoulder,
I'll answer thee in[80] any fair degree,
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:
And when I mount, alive may I not light,[82]
If I be traitor or unjustly[83] fight!
KING RICHARD What doth our cousin lay[84] to Mowbray's charge?
It must be great that can inherit us[85]
So much as of a thought of ill in him.
BULLINGBROOK Look[87] what I said: my life shall prove it true,
That Mowbray hath received eight thousand nobles[88]
In name of lendings[89] for your highness' soldiers,
The which he hath detained for lewd[90] employments,
Like a false traitor and injurious[91] villain.
Besides I say, and will in battle prove,
Or[93] here or elsewhere to the furthest verge
That ever was surveyed by English eye,
That all the treasons for these eighteen years
Complotted[96] and contrivèd in this land
Fetched[97] from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
Further I say, and further will maintain
Upon his bad life to make all this good,

That he did plot the Duke of Gloucester's[100] death,
Suggest[101] his soon-believing adversaries,
And consequently, like a traitor coward,
Sluiced out[103] his innocent soul through streams of blood:
Which blood, like sacrificing[104] Abel's, cries
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth
To me for justice and rough chastisement.[106]
And by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.
KING RICHARD How high a pitch[109] his resolution soars!
Thomas of Norfolk, what sayest thou to this?
MOWBRAY O, let my sovereign turn away his face
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of[113] his blood,
How God and good men hate so foul a liar.
KING RICHARD Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears.
Were he my brother, nay, our kingdom's heir,
As he is but my father's brother's son,
Now, by my sceptre's awe,[118] I make a vow,
Such neighbour[119] nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize[120]
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul.
He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou.
Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.
MOWBRAY Then, Bullingbrook, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest.
Three parts of that receipt[126] I had for Calais
Disbursed I duly to his highness' soldiers;
The other part reserved I by consent,
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt
Upon[130] remainder of a dear account,
Since last I went to France to fetch[131] his queen.
Now swallow down that lie. For Gloucester's death,
I slew him not; but to mine own disgrace
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.
For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,[135]

The honourable father to my foe,
Once I did lay an ambush for your life —
A trespass[138] that doth vex my grievèd soul.
But ere I last received the sacrament
I did confess it, and exactly[140] begged
Your grace's pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault. As for the rest appealed,[142]
It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant[144] and most degenerate traitor
Which[145] in myself I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably[146] hurl down my gage ***Throws down his gage***
Upon this overweening[147] traitor's foot,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in[149] the best blood chambered in his bosom.
In haste whereof,[150] most heartily I pray
Your highness to assign our trial day.
KING RICHARD Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be ruled by me:
Let's purge[153] this choler without letting blood.
This we prescribe, though no physician:
Deep malice makes too deep incision.
Forget, forgive, conclude[156] and be agreed:
Our doctors[157] say this is no time to bleed.
Good uncle, let this end where it begun:
We'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your son.
GAUNT To be a make-peace shall become[160] my age:
Throw down, my son, the Duke of Norfolk's gage.
KING RICHARD And, Norfolk, throw down his.
GAUNT When, Harry, when?
Obedience bids I should not bid again.
KING RICHARD Norfolk, throw down, we bid; there is no boot.[164]
MOWBRAY Myself I throw, dread[165] sovereign, at thy foot. ***Kneels***
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:
The one my duty owes, but my fair name,[167]
Despite of death that lives upon my grave,
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
I am disgraced, impeached[170] and baffled here,

Pierced to the soul with slander’s venomed spear,
The which no balm[172] can cure but his heart-blood
Which breathed this poison.
KING RICHARD Rage must be withstood.
Give me his gage. Lions make leopards[175] tame.
MOWBRAY Yea, but not change his spots.[176] Take but my shame,
And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation: that away,[179]
Men are but gilded[180] loam or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barred-up[181] chest
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one:[183]
Take honour from me, and my life is done.
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try.[185]
In that I live and for that will I die.
KING RICHARD Cousin, throw down your gage. Do you begin.
BULLINGBROOK O, heaven defend my soul from such foul sin!
Shall I seem crest-fall’n[189] in my father’s sight?
Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height[190]
Before this out-dared[191] dastard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parle,[193] my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive[194] of recanting fear,
And spit it bleeding in his[195] high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour,[196] even in Mowbray’s face.
Exit Gaunt
KING RICHARD We were not born to sue,[197] but to command,
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At Coventry upon Saint Lambert’s day:[200]
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling[202] difference of your settled hate.
Since we cannot atone[203] you, we shall see
Justice design[204] the victor’s chivalry.
Lord Marshal, command our officers at arms

Be ready to direct these home alarms.

Exeunt

Act 1 Scene 2[1.2]

running scene 2

Enter Gaunt and Duchess of Gloucester

GAUNT Alas, the part[1] I had in Gloucester's blood
Doth more solicit[2] me than your exclaims,
To stir[3] against the butchers of his life.
But since correction lieth in those hands[4]
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven,
Who, when they see the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

DUCHESS Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's[11] seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven vials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches springing from one root:
Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,
Some of those branches by the Destinies[15] cut.
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloucester,
One vial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,
Is cracked, and all the precious liquor[19] spilt,
Is hacked down, and his summer leaves all faded,
By envy's[21] hand and murder's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt, his blood was thine! That bed, that womb,
That metal,[23] that self-mould that fashioned thee
Made him a man. And though thou liv'st and breath'st,
Yet art thou slain in him. Thou dost consent[25]
In some large measure to thy father's death,
In that thou see'st thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model[28] of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair.
In suff'ring[30] thus thy brother to be slaughtered,
Thou show'st the naked[31] pathway to thy life,

Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee.
That which in mean[33] men we entitle patience
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
What shall I say? To safeguard thine own life,
The best way is to venge[36] my Gloucester's death.
GAUNT Heaven's[37] is the quarrel, for heaven's substitute,
His deputy anointed[38] in his sight,
Hath caused his death, the which if wrongfully,
Let heaven revenge, for I may never lift
An angry arm against his minister.
DUCHESS Where then, alas, may I complaint myself?[42]
GAUNT To heaven, the widow's champion[43] to defence.
DUCHESS Why, then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.
Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin[46] Hereford and fell Mowbray fight.
O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!
Or if misfortune miss the first career,[49]
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,
That they may break his foaming courser's[51] back,
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,[52]
A caitiff[53] recreant to my cousin Hereford!
Farewell, old Gaunt: thy sometimes[54] brother's wife
With her companion grief must end her life.
GAUNT Sister, farewell. I must to Coventry.
As much good stay with thee as go with me!
DUCHESS Yet one word more: grief boundeth[58] where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight.
I take my leave before I have begun,
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother,[62] Edmund York.
Lo,[63] this is all. Nay, yet depart not so:
Though this be all, do not so quickly go.
I shall remember more. Bid him — O, what? —
With all good speed at Plashy[66] visit me.
Alack, and what shall good old York there see

But empty lodgings and unfurnished walls,
Unpeopled offices,[69] untrodden stones?
And what hear there for welcome but my groans?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there
To seek out sorrow that dwells everywhere.
Desolate, desolate, will I hence and die:
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.

Exeunt

Act 1 Scene 3[1.3]

running scene 3

Enter [the Lord] Marshal and Aumerle

LORD MARSHAL My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford armed?

AUMERLE Yea, at all points,[2] and longs to enter in.

LORD MARSHAL The Duke of Norfolk, sprightfully[3] and bold,
Stays[4] but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

AUMERLE Why, then, the champions[5] are prepared, and stay
For nothing but his majesty's approach.

Flourish. Enter King, Gaunt, Bushy, Bagot, Green and others. [When they are set,] then
Mowbray in armour and [a] Herald

KING RICHARD Marshal, demand[7] of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms.
Ask him his name and orderly[9] proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.

LORD MARSHAL In God's name and the king's, say who thou art
And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in arms,
Against what man thou com'st, and what's thy quarrel.[13]
Speak truly, on thy knighthood and thine oath,
As so defend thee heaven and thy valour!

MOWBRAY My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
Who hither comes engagèd by my oath —
Which heaven defend[18] a knight should violate! —
Both to defend my loyalty and truth
To God, my king and his succeeding[20] issue,
Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals me,
And, by the grace of God and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me.
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

Tucket. Enter Hereford [Bullingbrook] and Herald

KING RICHARD Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is and why he cometh hither

Thus plated[28] in habiliments of war,
And formally, according to our law,
Depose him[30] in the justice of his cause.
LORD MARSHAL What is thy name? And wherefore[31] com’st thou hither, ***To Bullingbrook***
Before King Richard in his royal lists?
Against whom com’st thou? And what’s thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!
BULLINGBROOK Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby
Am I, who ready here do stand in arms
To prove, by heaven’s grace and my body’s valour,
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
That he’s a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, King Richard and to me.
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven!
LORD MARSHAL On pain of death, no person be so bold
Or daring-hardy[43] as to touch the lists,
Except the marshal and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair[45] designs.
BULLINGBROOK Lord Marshal, let me kiss my sovereign’s hand,
And bow my knee before his majesty.
For Mowbray and myself are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage,
Then let us take a ceremonious leave
And loving farewell of our several[51] friends.
LORD MARSHAL The appellant in all duty greets your highness,
And craves to kiss your hand and take his leave.
KING RICHARD We will descend and fold him in our arms.
Comes down and embraces Bullingbrook
Cousin of Hereford, as[55] thy cause is just,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight![56]
Farewell, my blood,[57] which if today thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.
BULLINGBROOK O, let no noble eye profane[59] a tear
For me, if I be gored with Mowbray’s spear.
As confident as is the falcon’s flight

Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.—
My loving lord, I take my leave of you.— ***To Richard***
Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle,
Not sick, although I have to do with death,
But lusty,[66] young, and cheerly drawing breath.
Lo, as at English feasts, so I regreet[67]
The daintiest[68] last, to make the end most sweet.—
O thou, the earthy author of my blood, ***To Gaunt***
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,[70]
Doth with a twofold[71] rigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,
Add proof[73] unto mine armour with thy prayers,
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen[75] coat,
And furbish[76] new the name of John a Gaunt,
Even in the lusty 'haviour[77] of his son.
GAUNT Heaven in thy good cause make thee prosp'rous!
Be swift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blows, doubly redoublèd,
Fall like amazing[81] thunder on the casque
Of thy amazed pernicious[82] enemy,
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.
BULLINGBROOK Mine innocence and Saint George[84] to thrive!
MOWBRAY However heaven or fortune cast my lot,
There lives or dies, true to King Richard's throne,
A loyal, just and upright gentleman.
Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage and embrace
His golden uncontrolled enfranchisement[90]
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary.
Most mighty liege, and my companion peers,
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years.
As gentle[95] and as jocund as to jest
Go I to fight. Truth hath a quiet breast.
KING RICHARD Farewell, my lord. Securely[97] I espy

Virtue with valour couchèd[98] in thine eye.
Order[99] the trial, marshal, and begin.
LORD MARSHAL Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby,
Receive thy lance. And heaven defend thy right! ***Attendant gives a lance to Bullingbrook***
BULLINGBROOK Strong as a tower, in hope I cry ‘Amen’.
LORD MARSHAL Go bear this lance to Thomas, Duke of Norfolk. ***Attendant gives a lance to Mowbray***
FIRST HERALD Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby,
Stands here for God, his sovereign and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,[106]
To prove the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his king and him,[108]
And dares him to set forwards to the fight.
SECOND HERALD Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself and to approve[112]
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby,
To God, his sovereign and to him[114] disloyal,
Courageously and with a free desire
Attending[116] but the signal to begin.
A charge sounded
LORD MARSHAL Sound trumpets, and set forward, combatants.
Stay,[118] the king hath thrown his warder down.
KING RICHARD Let them lay by[119] their helmets and their spears,
And both return back to their chairs again.
Withdraw with us, and let the trumpets sound
While we return[122] these dukes what we decree.
A long flourish
Draw near, and list[123] what with our council we have done.
For that[124] our kingdom’s earth should not be soiled
With that dear[125] blood which it hath fosterèd,
And for[126] our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds ploughed up with neighbours’ swords,
Which so roused up with boist’rous[128] untuned drums,
With harsh resounding trumpets’ dreadful bray,

And grating shock[130] of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace
And make us wade even in our kindred’s blood:
Therefore, we banish you our territories.
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of death,
Till twice five summers have enriched our fields
Shall not regreet[136] our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger[137] paths of banishment.
BULLINGBROOK Your will be done. This must my comfort be:
That sun that warms you here shall shine on me,
And those his golden beams to you here lent
Shall point on me and gild my banishment.
KING RICHARD Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:
The sly[144] slow hours shall not determinate
The dateless limit[145] of thy dear exile.
The hopeless word of ‘never to return’
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.[147]
MOWBRAY A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
And all unlooked for[149] from your highness’ mouth.
A dearer merit,[150] not so deep a maim
As to be cast forth in the common[151] air,
Have I deservèd at your highness’ hands.
The language I have learned these forty years,
My native English, now I must forgo,
And now my tongue’s use is to me no more
Than an unstringèd viol or a harp,
Or like a cunning[157] instrument cased up,
Or, being open,[158] put into his hands
That knows no touch[159] to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have enjailed my tongue,
Doubly portcullised[161] with my teeth and lips,
And dull unfeeling barren ignorance
Is made my jailer to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil now.

What is thy sentence then but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?
KING RICHARD It boots[168] thee not to be compassionate.
After our sentence, plaining[169] comes too late.
MOWBRAY Then thus I turn me from my country's light
To dwell in solemn[171] shades of endless night. ***Starts to go***
KING RICHARD Return again, and take an oath with thee.
Lay on our royal sword your banished hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven —
Our part therein[175] we banish with yourselves —
To keep the oath that we administer:
You never shall, so help you truth and heaven,
Embrace each other's love in banishment,
Nor ever look upon each other's face,
Nor ever write, regreet,[180] or reconcile
This louring[181] tempest of your home-bred hate,
Nor ever by advisèd[182] purpose meet
To plot, contrive, or complot[183] any ill
Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.
BULLINGBROOK I swear.
MOWBRAY And I, to keep all this.
BULLINGBROOK Norfolk, so far as[187] to mine enemy:
By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wandered in the air,
Banished this frail sepulchre[190] of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banished from this land.
Confess thy treasons ere thou fly[192] this realm:
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging[194] burden of a guilty soul.
MOWBRAY No, Bullingbrook. If ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banished as from hence!
But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I do know,
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.[199]
Farewell, my liege, now no way can I stray:[200]
Save[201] back to England, all the world's my way.

Exit

KING RICHARD Uncle, even in the glasses[202] of thine eyes ***To Gaunt***
I see thy grievèd heart. Thy sad aspect[203]
Hath from the number of his banished years
Plucked four away.— Six frozen winters spent, ***To Bullingbrook***
Return with welcome home from banishment.

BULLINGBROOK How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters and four wanton[208] springs
End in a word: such is the breath of kings.

GAUNT I thank my liege, that in regard of me
He shortens four years of my son's exile.
But little vantage[212] shall I reap thereby,
For ere the six years that he hath to spend
Can change their moons and bring their times[214] about
My oil-dried[215] lamp and time-bewasted light
Shall be extinct[216] with age and endless night.
My inch of taper[217] will be burnt and done,
And blindfold[218] death not let me see my son.

KING RICHARD Why uncle, thou hast many years to live.

GAUNT But not a minute, king, that thou canst give.
Shorten my days thou canst with sudden sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow.
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage.[224]
Thy word is current[225] with him for my death,
But dead,[226] thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

KING RICHARD Thy son is banished upon good advice,[227]
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict[228] gave.
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lour?[229]

GAUNT Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.
You urged me as a judge, but I had rather
You would have bid me argue like a father.
Alas, I looked when[233] some of you should say
I was too strict to make[234] mine own away.
But you gave leave[235] to my unwilling tongue,
Against my will to do myself this wrong.

KING RICHARD Cousin, farewell, and, uncle, bid him so.
Six years we banish him, and he shall go. *Flourish.*
Exeunt [Richard and Attendants]
AUMERLE Cousin, farewell. What presence[239] must not know, ***To Bullingbrook***
From where you do remain let paper[240] show.
LORD MARSHAL My lord, no leave take I, for I will ride ***To Bullingbrook***
As far as land will let me, by your side.
GAUNT O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words ***To Bullingbrook***
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?
BULLINGBROOK I have too few[245] to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office[246] should be prodigal
To breathe[247] th'abundant dolour of the heart.
GAUNT Thy grief[248] is but thy absence for a time.
BULLINGBROOK Joy absent, grief is present for that time.
GAUNT What is six winters? They are quickly gone.
BULLINGBROOK To men in joy. But grief makes one hour ten.
GAUNT Call it a travel[252] that thou tak'st for pleasure.
BULLINGBROOK My heart will sigh when I miscall[253] it so,
Which finds it an enforcèd pilgrimage.
GAUNT The sullen[255] passage of thy weary steps
Esteem as foil[256] wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home return.
BULLINGBROOK O, who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?[259]
Or cloy[260] the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fantastic[263] summer's heat?
O, no, the apprehension[264] of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse.
Fell[266] sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when it bites, but lanceth[267] not the sore.
GAUNT Come, come, my son, I'll bring[268] thee on thy way.
Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.
BULLINGBROOK Then England's ground, farewell. Sweet soil, adieu.[270]

My mother, and my nurse, which bears me yet!
Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banished, yet a trueborn Englishman.

[Exeunt]

Act 1 Scene 4[1.4]

running scene 4

Enter King, Aumerle, Green and Bagot

KING RICHARD We did observe.[1]— Cousin Aumerle,
How far brought you high[2] Hereford on his way?
AUMERLE I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,
But to the next[4] highway, and there I left him.
KING RICHARD And say, what store[5] of parting tears were shed?
AUMERLE Faith, none for me,[6] except the north-east wind,
Which then blew bitterly against our face,
Awaked the sleepy rheum,[8] and so by chance
Did grace our hollow[9] parting with a tear.
KING RICHARD What said our cousin when you parted with him?
AUMERLE ‘Farewell’. And, for[11] my heart disdainèd that my tongue
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft[12]
To counterfeit[13] oppression of such grief
That word seemed buried in my sorrow’s grave.
Marry,[15] would the word ‘farewell’ have lengthened hours
And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewells,
But since it would not, he had none of me.
KING RICHARD He is our cousin,[19] cousin, but ’tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.[21]
Ourself and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green
Observed his courtship to the common people.
How he did seem to dive into their hearts
With humble and familiar courtesy,
What reverence[26] he did throw away on slaves,
Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles
And patient underbearing[28] of his fortune,
As ’twere to banish[29] their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet[30] to an oyster-wench.
A brace of draymen[31] bid God speed him well

And had the tribute of his supple[32] knee,
With ‘Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends’,
As were our England in reversion[34] his,
And he our[35] subjects’ next degree in hope.
GREEN Well, he is gone, and with him go these thoughts.
Now for the rebels which stand out[37] in Ireland.
Expedient manage[38] must be made, my liege,
Ere further leisure[39] yield them further means
For their advantage and your highness’ loss.
KING RICHARD We will ourself in person to this war,
And, for our coffers with too great a court
And liberal largesse[43] are grown somewhat light,
We are enforced to farm[44] our royal realm,
The revenue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand. If that come short,[46]
Our substitutes[47] at home shall have blank charters,
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them[49] for large sums of gold
And send them[50] after to supply our wants,
For we will make for Ireland presently.[51]
Enter Bushy
Bushy, what news?
BUSHY Old John of Gaunt is very sick, my lord,
Suddenly taken, and hath sent post haste
To entreat your majesty to visit him.
KING RICHARD Where lies he?
BUSHY At Ely House.[57]
KING RICHARD Now put it, heaven, in his physician’s mind
To help him to his grave immediately!
The lining[60] of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.
Come, gentlemen, let’s all go visit him.
Pray heaven we may make haste, and come too late!
[Exeunt]

Act 2 Scene 1[2.1]

running scene 5

Enter Gaunt, sick, with York [and Attendants]

GAUNT Will the king come, that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstaid[2] youth?
YORK Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath,
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.
GAUNT O, but they say the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony.
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain,
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.
He that no more must say is listened[9] more
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to gloze.[10]
More are men's ends marked[11] than their lives before.
The setting sun and music is the close,[12]
As the last[13] taste of sweets is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance more than things long past.
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad[16] tale may yet undeaf his ear.
YORK No, it is stopped with other flatt'ring sounds,
As praises, of his state:[18] then there are found
Lascivious metres,[19] to whose venom sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen,
Report of fashions in proud[21] Italy,
Whose manners still our tardy apish[22] nation
Limps after in base imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity[24] —
So[25] it be new, there's no respect how vile —
That is not quickly buzzed[26] into his ears?
That[27] all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will[28] doth mutiny with wit's regard.
Direct not him whose way himself will choose.
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.
GAUNT Methinks I am a prophet new inspired[31]

And thus expiring[32] do foretell of him.
His rash fierce blaze of riot[33] cannot last,
For violent fires soon burn out themselves.
Small[35] showers last long, but sudden storms are short.
He tires betimes[36] that spurs too fast betimes.
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder.
Light vanity,[38] insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means[39] soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this sceptred[40] isle,
This earth of majesty,[41] this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed[45] of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office[47] of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessèd plot,[50] this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming[51] womb of royal kings,
Feared by their breed[52] and famous for their birth,
Renownèd for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre[55] in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's[56] ransom, blessèd Mary's son:
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leased out — I die pronouncing it —
Like to a tenement[60] or pelting farm.
England, bound in[61] with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious[62] siege
Of watery Neptune,[63] is now bound in with shame,
With inky[64] blots and rotten parchment bonds.
That England, that was wont[65] to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,

How happy then were my ensuing death!
Enter King, Queen, Aumerle, Bushy, Green, Bagot, Ross and Willoughby
YORK The king is come. Deal mildly with his youth,
For young hot colts being raged do rage the more.
QUEEN How fares our noble uncle Lancaster?
KING RICHARD What comfort, man? How is't with agèd Gaunt?
GAUNT O, how that name befits my composition![73]
Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old.
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast,
And who abstains from meat[76] that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time have I watched.[77]
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt.
The pleasure that some fathers feed upon,
Is my strict fast — I mean, my children's looks,
And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt.
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits[83] nought but bones.
KING RICHARD Can sick men play so nicely[84] with their names?
GAUNT No, misery makes sport to mock[85] itself.
Since thou dost seek to kill[86] my name in me,
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.
KING RICHARD Should dying men flatter those that live?
GAUNT No, no, men living flatter those that die.
KING RICHARD Thou, now a-dying, say'st thou flatter'st me.
GAUNT O no, thou diest, though I the sicker be.
KING RICHARD I am in health, I breathe, I see thee ill.
GAUNT Now he that made me knows I see thee ill:[93]
Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.
Thy death-bed is no lesser than the land
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick.
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
Commit'st thy anointed body to the cure
Of those physicians that first wounded thee.
A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
Whose compass[101] is no bigger than thy head.

And yet, encagèd in so small a verge,[102]
The waste[103] is no whit lesser than thy land.
O, had thy grandsire[104] with a prophet’s eye
Seen how his son’s son should destroy his sons,[105]
From forth[106] thy reach he would have laid thy shame,
Deposing[107] thee before thou wert possessed,
Which art possessed now to depose thyself.
Why, cousin,[109] were thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let his land by lease.
But for[111] thy world enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than shame to shame it so?
Landlord of England art thou and not king.
Thy state[114] of law is bondslave to the law, and—
KING RICHARD And thou, a lunatic lean-witted fool,
Presuming on[116] an ague’s privilege,
Dar’st with thy frozen[117] admonition
Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood
With fury from his native residence?
Now, by my seat’s[120] right royal majesty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward’s son,
This tongue that runs so roundly[122] in thy head
Should run thy head from thy unreverent[123] shoulders.
GAUNT O, spare me not, my brother’s — Edward’s — son,
For that[125] I was his father Edward’s son.
That blood already, like the pelican,[126]
Thou hast tapped out[127] and drunkenly caroused.
My brother Gloucester, plain well-meaning soul —
Whom fair[129] befall in heaven ’mongst happy souls! —
May be a precedent and witness good
That thou respect’st not spilling Edward’s blood.
Join with the present sickness that I have,
And thy unkindness[133] be like crookèd age,
To crop at once a too long withered flower.
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee:
These words hereafter thy tormentors be!
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:

Love they to live that love and honour have. ***Carried off by Attendants***
Exit
KING RICHARD And let them die that age and sullens[139] have,
For both hast thou, and both become[140] the grave.
YORK I do beseech your majesty, impute his words
To wayward sickliness and age in him.
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry[143] Duke of Hereford, were he here.
KING RICHARD Right, you say true. As Hereford's love, so his;
As theirs, so mine, and all be as it is.
Enter Northumberland
NORTHUMBERLAND My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majesty.
KING RICHARD What says he?
NORTHUMBERLAND Nay, nothing. All is said.
His tongue is now a stringless instrument.
Words, life and all, old Lancaster hath spent.[151]
YORK Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.
KING RICHARD The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he.
His time is spent, our pilgrimage[155] must be.
So much for that. Now for our Irish wars:
We must supplant[157] those rough rug-headed kerns,
Which live like venom where no venom else
But only they have privilege to live.
And for these great affairs do ask some charge,[160]
Towards our assistance we do seize[161] to us
The plate,[162] coin, revenues and movables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possessed.
YORK How long shall I be patient? O, how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
Not Gloucester's death, nor Hereford's banishment,
Nor Gaunt's rebukes,[167] nor England's private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor Bullingbrook[168]
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle[171] on my sovereign's face.

I am the last of noble Edward’s sons,
Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was first.
In war was never lion raged more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman.
His face thou hast, for even so looked he,
Accomplished[178] with the number of thy hours.
But when he frowned, it was against the French
And not against his friends. His noble hand
Did win what he did spend and spent not that
Which his triumphant father’s hand had won.
His hands were guilty of no kindred’s blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
O Richard, York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between.

KING RICHARD Why, uncle, what’s the matter?

YORK O my liege,
Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleased
Not to be pardoned, am content withal.[190]
Seek you to seize[191] and grip into your hands
The royalties[192] and rights of banished Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead? And doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt just? And is not Harry true?[194]
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
Take Hereford’s rights away, and take from time
His[198] charters and his customary rights:
Let not tomorrow then ensue[199] today.
Be not thyself. For how art thou a king
But by fair sequence and succession?
Now, afore God — God forbid I say true! —
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford’s right,
Call[204] in his letters patents that he hath
By[205] his attorneys-general to sue
His livery, and deny his offered homage,[206]
You pluck[207] a thousand dangers on your head,

You lose a thousand well-disposèd hearts
And prick[209] my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

KING RICHARD Think what you will, we seize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money and his lands.

YORK I'll not be by[213] the while. My liege, farewell:
What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell.
But by bad courses[215] may be understood
That their events[216] can never fall out good.

Exit

KING RICHARD Go, Bushy, to the Earl of Wiltshire straight.
Bid him repair[218] to us to Ely House
To see[219] this business.— Tomorrow next
We will for Ireland, and 'tis time, I trow.[220]
And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our uncle York Lord Governor of England,
For he is just and always loved us well.—
Come on, our queen. Tomorrow must we part.
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

Flourish. [Exeunt all] except Northumberland, Willoughby and Ross

NORTHUMBERLAND Well, lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

ROSS And living too, for now his son is duke.

WILLOUGHBY Barely in title, not in revenue.

NORTHUMBERLAND Richly in both, if justice had her right.

ROSS My heart is great,[230] but it must break with silence,
Ere't be disburdened with a liberal[231] tongue.

NORTHUMBERLAND Nay, speak thy mind, and let him ne'er speak more
That speaks thy words again to do thee harm!

WILLOUGHBY Tends[234] that thou wouldst speak to th'Duke of Hereford?
If it be so, out with it boldly, man.
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

ROSS No good at all that I can do for him,
Unless you call it good to pity him,
Bereft[239] and gelded of his patrimony.

NORTHUMBERLAND Now, afore heaven, 'tis shame such wrongs are borne
In him, a royal prince, and many more

Of noble blood in this declining land.
The king is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers. And what they will inform,
Merely in hate, gainst any of us all,
That will the king severely prosecute[246]
Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.
ROSS The commons hath he piled[248] with grievous taxes,
And quite lost their hearts. The nobles hath he fined
For ancient[250] quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.
WILLOUGHBY And daily new exactions[251] are devised,
As blanks,[252] benevolences, and I wot not what.
But what, o'God's name, doth become of this?[253]
NORTHUMBERLAND Wars hath not wasted it, for warred he hath not,
But basely[255] yielded upon compromise
That which his ancestors achieved with blows.
More hath he spent in peace than they in wars.
ROSS The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.[258]
WILLOUGHBY The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken[259] man.
NORTHUMBERLAND Reproach and dissolution hangeth over him.
ROSS He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burdenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banished duke.
NORTHUMBERLAND His noble kinsman. Most degenerate king!
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm.
We see the wind sit sore[267] upon our sails,
And yet we strike[268] not, but securely perish.
ROSS We see the very wreck that we must suffer,
And unavoided is the danger now,
For suffering[271] so the causes of our wreck.
NORTHUMBERLAND Not so: even through the hollow eyes of death
I spy life peering, but I dare not say
How near the tidings[274] of our comfort is.
WILLOUGHBY Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.
ROSS Be confident to speak, Northumberland.
We three are but thyself, and speaking so,

Thy words are but as thoughts: therefore be bold.
NORTHUMBERLAND Then thus: I have from Port le Blanc, a bay
In Brittany, received intelligence
That Harry Duke of Hereford, Rainold[281] Lord Cobham,
That late broke[282] from the Duke of Exeter,
His[283] brother, Archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Rainston,
Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton and Francis Quoint,
All these well furnished[286] by the Duke of Brittany
With eight tall[287] ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience[288]
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore.
Perhaps they had ere this,[290] but that they stay
The first departing of the king for Ireland.
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp out[293] our drooping country’s broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn[294] the blemished crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre’s gilt[295]
And make high majesty look like itself,
Away with me in post[297] to Ravenspurgh.
But if you faint,[298] as fearing to do so,
Stay and be secret, and myself will go.
ROSS To horse, to horse! Urge doubts to them that fear.
WILLOUGHBY Hold[301] out my horse, and I will first be there.
Exeunt

Act 2 Scene 2[2.2]

running scene 6

Enter Queen, Bushy and Bagot

BUSHY Madam, your majesty is too much sad.
You promised, when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life-harming heaviness[3]
And entertain[4] a cheerful disposition.

QUEEN To please the king I did. To please myself
I cannot do it. Yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard. Yet again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me, and my inward soul
With nothing trembles. At something it grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the king.

BUSHY Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,[14]
Which shows like grief itself, but is not so.
For sorrow's eye, glazèd[16] with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to[17] many objects,
Like perspectives,[18] which rightly gazed upon
Show nothing but confusion: eyed awry[19]
Distinguish form.[20] So your sweet majesty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Find shapes of grief, more than himself[22] to wail,
Which, looked on as it is, is naught but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
More[25] than your lord's departure weep not. More's not seen;
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which for[27] things true weeps things imaginary.

QUEEN It may be so, but yet my inward soul
Persuades me it is otherwise. Howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad, so heavy[30] sad
As though on[31] thinking on no thought I think,

Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.
BUSHY ’Tis nothing but conceit,[33] my gracious lady.
QUEEN ’Tis nothing less.[34] Conceit is still derived
From some forefather grief. Mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot[36] my something grief,
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve.[37]
’Tis in reversion[38] that I do possess —
But what it is, that is not yet known — what
I cannot name. ’Tis nameless woe, I wot.[40]

Enter Green

GREEN Heaven save your majesty! And well met, gentlemen.
I hope the king is not yet shipped for Ireland.
QUEEN Why hop’st thou so? ’Tis better hope he is,
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope.
Then wherefore[45] dost thou hope he is not shipped?
GREEN That he, our hope, might have retired[46] his power,
And driven into despair an enemy’s hope,
Who strongly[48] hath set footing in this land.
The banished Bullingbrook repeals himself,[49]
And with uplifted arms[50] is safe arrived
At Ravenspurgh.
QUEEN Now God in heaven forbid!
GREEN O, madam, ’tis too true. And that is worse,
The Lord Northumberland, his son young Henry Percy,
The Lords of Ross, Beaumond and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.
BUSHY Why have you not proclaimed Northumberland
And the rest of the revolted faction, traitors?
GREEN We have: whereupon the Earl of Worcester
Hath broke his staff,[60] resigned his stewardship,
And all the household[61] servants fled with him
To Bullingbrook.
QUEEN So, Green, thou art the midwife of my woe,
And Bullingbrook my sorrow’s dismal heir.[64]
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy,[65]
And I, a gasping new-delivered mother,

Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow joined.
BUSHY Despair not, madam.
QUEEN Who shall hinder me?
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening[71] hope; he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands[73] of life,
Which false hope lingers[74] in extremity.

Enter York

GREEN Here comes the Duke of York.
QUEEN With signs of war about his agèd neck.
O, full of careful[77] business are his looks!
Uncle, for heaven’s sake, speak comfortable[78] words.
YORK Comfort’s in heaven, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses,[80] care and grief.
Your husband, he is gone to save[81] far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home.
Here am I left to underprop[83] his land,
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself.
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit[85] made,
Now shall he try[86] his friends that flattered him.

Enter a Servant

SERVANT My lord, your son[87] was gone before I came.
YORK He was? Why, so! Go all which way it will!
The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,[89]
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford’s side.
Sirrah,[91] get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloucester:
Bid her send me presently[92] a thousand pound.
Hold, take my ring.[93]
SERVANT My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship:
Today as I came by, I callèd there —
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.
YORK What is’t, knave?
SERVANT An hour before I came, the duchess died.
YORK Heav’n[99] for his mercy! What a tide of woes
Come rushing on this woeful land at once!

I know not what to do. I would[101] to heaven —
So[102] my untruth had not provoked him to it —
The king had cut off my head with my brother's.[103]
What, are there posts[104] dispatched for Ireland?
How shall we do[105] for money for these wars?
Come, sister — cousin, I would say — pray, pardon me.— ***To Queen***
Go, fellow, get thee home, provide some carts ***To Servant***
And bring away the armour that is there.—
[Exit Servant]
Gentlemen, will you muster[109] men?
If I know how or which way to order these affairs
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen.
Th'one is my sovereign, whom both my oath[113]
And duty bids defend: th'other again
Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wronged,
Whom conscience and my kindred[116] bids to right.
Well, somewhat[117] we must do.— Come, cousin, I'll
Dispose of[118] you.—
Gentlemen, go muster up your men,
And meet me presently at Berkeley[120] Castle.
I should to Plashy too,
But time will not permit. All is uneven,
And everything is left at[123] six and seven.
Exeunt [York and Queen]
BUSHY The wind sits[124] fair for news to go to Ireland,
But none returns. For us to levy power[125]
Proportionable to th'enemy
Is all impossible.
GREEN Besides, our nearness to the king in love
Is near the hate of those[129] love not the king.
BAGOT And that's the wavering commons, for their love
Lies in their purses, and whoso empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.
BUSHY Wherein the king stands generally[133] condemned.
BAGOT If judgement[134] lie in them, then so do we,

Because we have been ever near the king.
GREEN Well, I will for refuge straight[136] to Bristol Castle.
The Earl of Wiltshire is already there.
BUSHY Thither will I with you, for little office[138]
Will the hateful[139] commons perform for us,
Except like curs[140] to tear us all in pieces.
Will you go along with us? ***To Bagot***
BAGOT No, I will to Ireland to his majesty.
Farewell. If heart’s presages[143] be not vain,
We three here part that ne’er shall meet again.
BUSHY That’s as[145] York thrives to beat back Bullingbrook.
GREEN Alas, poor duke! The task he undertakes
Is numb’ring sands and drinking oceans dry.
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.
BUSHY Farewell at once, for once, for all, and ever.
Well, we may meet again.
BAGOT I fear me, never.

Exeunt

Act 2 Scene 3[2.3]

running scene 7

Enter the Duke of Hereford [Bullingbrook] and Northumberland

BULLINGBROOK How far is it, my lord, to Berkeley now?

NORTHUMBERLAND Believe me, noble lord,
I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire.
These high wild hills and rough uneven ways
Draws out our miles, and makes them wearisome.
And yet our fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.
But I bethink me what a weary way
From Ravenspurgh to Cottshold[9] will be found
In[10] Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company,
Which, I protest, hath very much beguiled[11]
The tediousness and process[12] of my travel.
But theirs is sweetened with the hope to have
The present benefit that I possess;
And hope to joy is little less in joy
Than hope enjoyed. By this[16] the weary lords
Shall make their way seem short, as mine hath done
By sight of what I have, your noble company.

BULLINGBROOK Of much less value is my company
Than your good words. But who comes here?

Enter Harry Percy

NORTHUMBERLAND It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.[22]—
Harry, how fares your uncle?

PERCY I had thought, my lord, to have learned his health of you.

NORTHUMBERLAND Why, is he not with the queen?

PERCY No, my good lord. He hath forsook[26] the court,
Broken his staff of office and dispersed
The household of the king.

NORTHUMBERLAND What was his reason?
He was not so resolved when we last spake together.

PERCY Because your lordship was proclaimèd traitor.
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurgh
To offer service to the Duke of Hereford,
And sent me over by Berkeley to discover
What power the Duke of York had levied[35] there,
Then with direction to repair[36] to Ravenspurgh.
NORTHUMBERLAND Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford, boy?
PERCY No, my good lord, for that is not forgot
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.
NORTHUMBERLAND Then learn to know him now: this is the duke.
PERCY My gracious lord, I tender[42] you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw and young,
Which elder days shall ripen and confirm
To more approvèd[45] service and desert.
BULLINGBROOK I thank thee, gentle[46] Percy, and be sure
I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends.
And as my fortune[49] ripens with thy love,
It shall be still[50] thy true love's recompense.
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it. ***Gives Percy his hand***
NORTHUMBERLAND How far is it to Berkeley? And what stir[52]
Keeps good old York there with his men of war?
PERCY There stands the castle, by yond[54] tuft of trees,
Manned with three hundred men, as I have heard.
And in it are the Lords of York, Berkeley and Seymour,
None else of name and noble estimate.[57]
Enter Ross and Willoughby
NORTHUMBERLAND Here come the Lords of Ross and Willoughby,
Bloody with spurring,[59] fiery-red with haste.
BULLINGBROOK Welcome, my lords. I wot[60] your love pursues
A banished traitor. All my treasury
Is yet but unfelt[62] thanks, which more enriched
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.
ROSS Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

WILLOUGHBY And far surmounts our labour to attain it.
BULLINGBROOK Evermore thanks[66] — th'exchequer of the poor,
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,[67]
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?
Enter Berkeley
NORTHUMBERLAND It is my Lord of Berkeley, as I guess.
BERKELEY My Lord of Hereford, my message is to you.
BULLINGBROOK My[71] lord, my answer is — to Lancaster,
And I am come to seek that name in England.
And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught[74] you say.
LORD BERKELEY Mistake me not, my lord, 'tis not my meaning
To raze[76] one title of your honour out.
To you, my lord, I come — what[77] lord you will—
From the most glorious[78] of this land,
The Duke of York, to know what pricks[79] you on
To take advantage of the absent time[80]
And fright our native[81] peace with self-born arms.
Enter York [with Attendants]
BULLINGBROOK I shall not need transport my words by you.
Here comes his grace in person.— My noble uncle! ***Kneels***
YORK Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable[85] and false.
BULLINGBROOK My gracious uncle—
YORK Tut, tut! Grace[87] me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle.
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word 'grace'
In an ungracious[89] mouth is but profane.
Why have these banished and forbidden legs
Dared once to touch a dust[91] of England's ground?
But then more 'why': why have they dared to march
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,
Frighting her pale-faced villages with war
And ostentation of despisèd[95] arms?
Com'st thou because th'anointed king is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.

Were I but now the lord of such hot youth
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself
Rescued the Black Prince,[101] that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand French,
O, then how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy,[104] chastise thee
And minister correction to thy fault!
BULLINGBROOK My gracious uncle, let me know my fault.
On[107] what condition stands it and wherein?
YORK Even in condition of the worst degree,
In gross rebellion and detested treason.
Thou art a banished man, and here art come
Before th'expiration of thy time,
In braving[112] arms against thy sovereign.
BULLINGBROOK As I was banished, I was banished Hereford, ***Stands***
But as I come, I come for[114] Lancaster.
And noble uncle, I beseech your grace
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent[116] eye.
You are my father, for methinks in you
I see old Gaunt alive. O then, my father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemned
A wand'ring vagabond; my rights and royalties
Plucked from my arms perforce[121] and given away
To upstart unthrifts?[122] Wherefore was I born?
If that my cousin king be King of England,
It must be granted I am Duke of Lancaster.
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman:
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father
To rouse[128] his wrongs and chase them to the bay.
I am denied[129] to sue my liv'ry here,
And yet my letters patents[130] give me leave.
My father's goods are all distrained[131] and sold,
And these and all are all amiss[132] employed.
What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And challenge law.[134] Attorneys are denied me;

And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent.[136]
NORTHUMBERLAND The noble duke hath been too much abused.
ROSS It stands[138] your grace upon to do him right.
WILLOUGHBY Base men by his endowments[139] are made great.
YORK My lords of England, let me tell you this:
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs
And laboured all I could to do him right.
But in this kind[143] to come, in braving arms,
Be[144] his own carver and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrongs, it may not be,
And you that do abet him in this kind
Cherish rebellion and are rebels all.
NORTHUMBERLAND The noble duke hath sworn his coming is
But for his own; and for the right of that
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid.
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath!
YORK Well, well, I see the issue[152] of these arms.
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power[154] is weak and all ill left.
But if I could, by him that gave me life,
I would attach[156] you all and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king.
But since I cannot, be it known to you
I do remain as neuter.[159] So, fare you well,
Unless you please to enter in the castle
And there repose you for this night.
BULLINGBROOK An offer, uncle, that we will accept.
But we must win[163] your grace to go with us
To Bristol Castle, which they say is held
By Bushy, Bagot and their complices,
The caterpillars[166] of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.
YORK It may be I will go with you: but yet I'll pause,
For I am loath to break our country's laws.
Nor friends nor foes, to me welcome you are:

Things past redress are now with me past care.

Exeunt

Act 2 Scene 4[2.4]

running scene 8

Enter Salisbury and a [Welsh] Captain

CAPTAIN My lord of Salisbury, we have stayed[1] ten days,
And hardly[2] kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;
Therefore we will disperse ourselves: farewell.

SALISBURY Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman:
The king reposeth all his confidence in thee.

CAPTAIN ’Tis thought the king is dead: we will not stay.
The bay-trees[8] in our country all are withered
And meteors[9] fright the fixèd stars of heaven;
The pale-faced moon looks bloody on the earth
And lean-looked[11] prophets whisper fearful change;
Rich men look sad and ruffians dance and leap,
The one[13] in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy by rage and war.
These signs forerun the death of kings.
Farewell. Our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assured Richard their king is dead.

Exit

SALISBURY Ah, Richard, with eyes of heavy mind
I see thy glory like a shooting star
Fall to the base earth from the firmament.[20]
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing[22] storms to come, woe and unrest.
Thy friends are fled to wait upon[23] thy foes,
And crossly[24] to thy good all fortune goes.

Exit

Act 3 Scene 1[3.1]

running scene 9

Enter Bullingbrook, York, Northumberland, Ross, Percy, Willoughby, with Bushy and Green, prisoners

BULLINGBROOK Bring forth these men.
Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls —
Since presently[3] your souls must part your bodies —
With too much urging[4] your pernicious lives,
For ’twere no charity. Yet to wash your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men
I will unfold some causes of[7] your deaths.
You have misled a prince, a royal king,
A happy[9] gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappied[10] and disfigured clean.
You have in manner[11] with your sinful hours
Made a divorce[12] betwixt his queen and him,
Broke[13] the possession of a royal bed
And stained the beauty of a fair queen’s cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes with your foul wrongs.
Myself, a prince by fortune of my birth,
Near to the king in blood, and near in love
Till you did make him misinterpret me,
Have stooped my neck under your injuries,
And sighed my English breath in foreign clouds,[20]
Eating the bitter bread of banishment;
While you have fed upon my signories,[22]
Disparked my parks[23] and felled my forest woods,
From mine own windows torn my household coat,[24]
Razed out my imprese,[25] leaving me no sign,
Save men’s opinions and my living blood,
To show the world I am a gentleman.
This and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the death.[29]— See them delivered over

To execution and the hand of death.
BUSHY More welcome is the stroke of death to me
Than Bullingbrook to England.
GREEN My comfort is that heaven will take our souls
And plague injustice with the pains of hell.
BULLINGBROOK My Lord Northumberland, see them dispatched.[35]—
[Exeunt Northumberland and others, with the prisoners]
Uncle, you say the queen is at your house:
For heaven’s sake, fairly let her be entreated.[37]
Tell her I send to her my kind commends;[38]
Take special care my greetings be delivered.
YORK A gentleman of mine I have dispatched
With letters of your love to her at large.[41]
BULLINGBROOK Thanks, gentle uncle.— Come, lords, away.
To fight with Glendower and his complices;
A while to work, and after holiday.
Exeunt

Act 3 Scene 2[3.2]

running scene 10

Drums. Flourish and colours. Enter Richard, Aumerle, Carlisle and Soldiers

KING RICHARD Barkloughly Castle[1] call you this at hand?

AUMERLE Yea, my lord. How brooks[2] your grace the air,
After your late tossing on the breaking seas?

KING RICHARD Needs must I like it well: I weep for joy
To stand upon my kingdom once again.
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs.
As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly[9] with her tears and smiles in meeting,
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense,[13]
But let thy spiders,[14] that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads lie in their way,
Doing annoyance[16] to the treacherous feet
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard[20] it, I prithee, with a lurking adder
Whose double[21] tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.
Mock not my senseless conjuration,[23] lords:
This earth shall have a feeling and these stones
Prove armèd soldiers, ere her native[25] king
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

CARLISLE Fear not, my lord. That power that made you king
Hath power to keep you king in spite of all.

AUMERLE He means, my lord, that we are too remiss,
Whilst Bullingbrook, through our security,[30]

Grows strong and great in substance and in friends.
KING RICHARD Discomfortable[32] cousin! Know’st thou not
That when the searching eye[33] of heaven is hid,
Behind the globe that lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen
In murders and in outrage bloody here:
But when from under this terrestrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines
And darts his lightning through ev’ry guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons and detested sins —
The cloak of night being plucked from off their backs —
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
So when this thief, this traitor, Bullingbrook,
Who all this while hath revelled in the night,
Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude[49] sea
Can wash the balm[50] from an anointed king;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord.
For every man that Bullingbrook hath pressed[53]
To lift shrewd[54] steel against our golden crown,
Heaven for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel.[56] Then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards the right.
Enter Salisbury
Welcome, my lord. How far off lies your power?
SALISBURY Nor near[59] nor farther off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm. Discomfort[60] guides my tongue
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy[63] days on earth.
O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men!

Today, today, unhappy day too late,
O’erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune and thy state;[67]
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bullingbrook, dispersed and fled.
AUMERLE Comfort, my liege. Why looks your grace so pale?
KING RICHARD But now[71] the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph[72] in my face, and they are fled.
And till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale and dead?
All souls that will be safe fly from my side,
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.
AUMERLE Comfort, my liege. Remember who you are.
KING RICHARD I had forgot myself. Am I not king?
Awake, thou sluggard majesty, thou sleepest.
Is not the king’s name forty thousand names?
Arm, arm, my name! A puny subject strikes
At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king. Are we not high?[83]
High be our thoughts. I know my uncle York
Hath power[85] enough to serve our turn. But who comes here?
Enter Scroop
SCROOP More health and happiness betide[86] my liege
Than can my care-tuned[87] tongue deliver him!
KING RICHARD Mine ear is open and my heart prepared.
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost? Why, ’twas my care,[90]
And what loss is it to be rid of care?
Strives Bullingbrook to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be. If he serve God,
We’ll serve him too and be his fellow[94] so.
Revolt our subjects? That we cannot mend.[95]
They break their faith to God as well as us.
Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay.
The worst is death, and death will have his day.
SCROOP Glad am I that your highness is so armed
To bear the tidings of calamity.

Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolved to tears,
So high above his[104] limits swells the rage
Of Bullingbrook,[105] covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel and hearts harder than steel.
Whitebeards[107] have armed their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy majesty, and boys with women's voices
Strive to speak big[109] and clap their female joints
In stiff unwieldy arms[110] against thy crown.
Thy very beadsmen[111] learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal[112] yew against thy state.
Yea, distaff-women[113] manage rusty bills
Against thy seat.[114] Both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.
KING RICHARD Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale so ill.
Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? Where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushy, where is Green,
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines[120] with such peaceful steps?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.
I warrant[122] they have made peace with Bullingbrook.
SCROOP Peace have they made with him indeed, my lord.
KING RICHARD O, villains, vipers, damned without redemption!
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes, in my heart-blood warmed, that sting my heart!
Three Judases,[127] each one thrice worse than Judas!
Would they make peace? Terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted[129] souls for this offence!
SCROOP Sweet love, I see, changing his property,[130]
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate.
Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands:[133] those whom you curse
Have felt the worst of death's destroying hand
And lie full low, graved[135] in the hollow ground.
AUMERLE Is Bushy, Green and the Earl of Wiltshire dead?

SCROOP Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.
AUMERLE Where is the duke my father with his power?
KING RICHARD No matter where; of comfort no man speak.
Let’s talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs,
Make dust our paper and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let’s choose executors and talk of wills.
And yet not so; for what can we bequeath
Save our deposed bodiès to the ground?
Our lands, our lives and all are Bullingbrook’s,
And nothing can we call our own but death
And that small model[148] of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover[149] to our bones.
For heaven’s sake let us sit upon the ground
And tell sad[151] stories of the death of kings:
How some have been deposed, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed,
Some poisoned by their wives, some sleeping killed,
All murdered. For within the hollow crown
That rounds[156] the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court and there the antic[157] sits,
Scoffing his state[158] and grinning at his pomp,
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize,[160] be feared and kill with looks,
Infusing him with self[161] and vain conceit,
As if this flesh which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable. And humoured thus,[163]
Comes at the last and with a little pin
Bores through his castle walls, and farewell king!
Cover your heads and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence. Throw away respect,
Tradition, form and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want,
Taste grief, need friends. Subjected[171] thus,
How can you say to me, I am a king?

CARLISLE My lord, wise men ne’er wail their present woes,
But presently[174] prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives in your weakness strength unto your foe,
And[177] so your follies fight against yourself.
Fear and be slain. No[178] worse can come to fight.
And fight and die is death destroying death,[179]
Where fearing dying pays death servile breath.
AUMERLE My father hath a power. Enquire of him
And learn to make a[182] body of a limb.
KING RICHARD Thou chid’st[183] me well. Proud Bullingbrook, I come
To change[184] blows with thee for our day of doom:
This ague[185] fit of fear is over-blown,
An easy task it is to win our own.
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.
SCROOP Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heavy[191] eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
I play the torturer, by[193] small and small
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken.
Your uncle York is joined with Bullingbrook,
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his faction.
KING RICHARD Thou hast said enough.
Beshrew[200] thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth ***To Aumerie***
Of that sweet way I was in to despair!
What say you now? What comfort have we now?
By heaven, I’ll hate him everlastingly
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to Flint Castle:[205] there I’ll pine away.
A king, woe’s slave, shall kingly woe obey.
That power[207] I have, discharge, and let ’em go
To ear[208] the land that hath some hope to grow,

For I have none. Let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.
AUMERLE My liege, one word.
KING RICHARD He does me double wrong
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers. Let them hence away,
From Richard’s night to Bullingbrook’s fair day.
Exeunt

Act 3 Scene 3[3.3]

running scene 11

Enter, with Drum and Colours, Bullingbrook, York, Northumberland [and] Attendants

BULLINGBROOK So that[1] by this intelligence we learn
The Welshmen are dispersed, and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed
With some few private friends upon this coast.

NORTHUMBERLAND The news is very fair and good, my lord.
Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.

YORK It would beseem[7] the Lord Northumberland
To say 'King Richard'. Alack the heavy day
When such a sacred king should hide his head.

NORTHUMBERLAND Your grace mistakes. Only to be brief
Left I his title out.

YORK The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you to[14] shorten you,
For taking[15] so the head, your whole head's length.

BULLINGBROOK Mistake[16] not, uncle, further than you should.

YORK Take[17] not, good cousin, further than you should,
Lest you mistake[18] the heavens are o'er your head.

BULLINGBROOK I know it, uncle, and oppose not myself
Against their will. But who comes here?

Enter Percy

Welcome, Harry. What, will not this castle yield?

PERCY The castle royally is manned, my lord,
Against thy entrance.

BULLINGBROOK Royally? Why, it contains no king?

PERCY Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king: King Richard lies[26]
Within the limits of yond lime and stone,
And with him the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop, besides a clergyman

Of holy reverence, who,[30] I cannot learn.
NORTHUMBERLAND O, belike[31] it is the Bishop of Carlisle.
BULLINGBROOK Noble lord,
Go to the rude[33] ribs of that ancient castle.
Through brazen[34] trumpet send the breath of parle
Into his[35] ruined ears, and thus deliver:
Henry Bullingbrook
Upon his knees doth kiss King Richard's hand
And sends allegiance and true faith of heart
To his most royal person, hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power
Provided that my[41] banishment repealed
And lands restored again be freely granted.
If not, I'll use th'advantage[43] of my power
And lay[44] the summer's dust with showers of blood
Rained from the wounds of slaughtered Englishmen;
The which, how far off from the mind of Bullingbrook
It is, such[47] crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land,
My stooping duty tenderly[49] shall show.
Go signify as much, while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.
Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,
That from this castle's tattered[53] battlements
Our fair appointments[54] may be well perused.
Methinks King Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water,[57] when their thund'ring smoke
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water;
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain[60]
My waters on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark[62] King Richard how he looks.
Parley without, and answer within. Then a flourish. Enter on the walls, Richard, Carlisle, Aumerle, Scroop [and] Salisbury
See, see, King Richard doth himself appear,

As doth the blushing[64] discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east,
When he perceives the envious[66] clouds are bent
To dim his glory and to stain[67] the tract
Of his bright passage to the occident.[68]

YORK Yet looks he like a king. Behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle’s, lightens forth[70]
Controlling majesty. Alack, alack, for woe,
That any harm should stain so fair a show!

KING RICHARD We are amazed;[73] and thus long have we stood ***To Northumberland***
To watch[74] the fearful bending of thy knee
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king.
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful[77] duty to our presence?
If we be not, show us the hand[78] of God
That hath dismissed us from our stewardship,
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can grip the sacred handle of our sceptre,
Unless he do profane,[82] steal, or usurp.
And though you think that all, as you have done,
Have torn[84] their souls by turning them from us,
And we are barren and bereft of friends,
Yet know, my master, God omnipotent,
Is must’ring in his clouds on our behalf
Armies of pestilence, and they shall strike[88]
Your children yet unborn and unbegot,[89]
That[90] lift your vassal hands against my head
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bullingbrook — for yond methinks he is —
That every stride he makes upon my land
Is dangerous treason. He is come to ope[94]
The purple testament[95] of bleeding war;
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns[97] of mothers’ sons
Shall ill become the flower of England’s face,

Change the complexion of her maid-pale[99] peace
To scarlet indignation and bedew
Her pastor's[101] grass with faithful English blood.
NORTHUMBERLAND The king of heaven forbid our lord the king
Should so with civil[103] and uncivil arms
Be rushed upon! Thy thrice-noble cousin,
Harry Bullingbrook, doth humbly kiss thy hand.
And by the honourable tomb he swears,
That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones,
And by the royalties of both your bloods —
Currents that spring from one most gracious head[109] —
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn or said,
His coming hither hath no further scope[113]
Than for his lineal royalties[114] and to beg
Enfranchisement[115] immediate on his knees,
Which on thy royal party[116] granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend[117] to rust,
His barbèd[118] steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your majesty.
This[120] swears he, as he is a prince, is just:
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit[121] him.
KING RICHARD Northumberland, say thus the king returns.[122]
His noble cousin is right welcome hither,
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplished[125] without contradiction.
With all the gracious[126] utterance thou hast,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.[127]—
We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not, ***To Aumerie***
To look so poorly[129] and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?
AUMERLE No, good my lord, let's fight with gentle words
Till time lend friends and friends their helpful swords.
KING RICHARD O God, O God, that e'er[134] this tongue of mine,

That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yond[136] proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth![137] O, that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I must be now!
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope[141] to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat[142] both thee and me.

AUMERLE Northumberland comes back from Bullingbrook.

KING RICHARD What must the king do now? Must he submit?
The king shall do it. Must he be deposed?
The king shall be contented.[146] Must he lose
The name of king? O'God's name, let it go.
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,[148]
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,
My gay apparel for an almsman's[150] gown,
My figured[151] goblets for a dish of wood,
My sceptre for a palmer's[152] walking staff,
My subjects for a pair of carvèd saints,
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave.
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade,[157] where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head,
For on my heart they tread now whilst I live,
And buried once,[160] why not upon my head?—
Aumerle, thou weep'st, my tender-hearted cousin!
We'll make foul weather with despisèd[162] tears,
Our sighs and they shall lodge[163] the summer corn,
And make a dearth[164] in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wantons[165] with our woes,
And make[166] some pretty match with shedding tears?
As thus, to drop them still[167] upon one place,
Till they have fretted us[168] a pair of graves
Within the earth, and, therein laid — there lies
Two kinsmen digged their graves with weeping eyes.

Would not this ill[171] do well?— Well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—
Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,
What says King Bullingbrook? Will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
You make a leg,[176] and Bullingbrook says ‘Ay’.
NORTHUMBERLAND My lord, in the base court[177] he doth attend
To speak with you. May it please you to come down?
KING RICHARD Down, down I come, like glist’ring[179] Phaethon,
Wanting the manage[180] of unruly jades.
In the base court? Base court where kings grow base,
To come at traitors’ calls and do them grace.[182]
In the base court, come down: down court, down king,
For night-owls shriek[184] where mounting larks should sing.
[Exeunt from above]
BULLINGBROOK What says his majesty?
NORTHUMBERLAND Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly,[187] like a frantic man
Yet he is come.
[Enter King Richard and his Attendants below]
BULLINGBROOK Stand all apart,[189]
And show fair duty to his majesty.
My gracious lord— ***Kneels***
KING RICHARD Fair cousin, you debase[192] your princely knee
To make the base earth proud with kissing it.
Me rather had[194] my heart might feel your love
Than my unpleased eye see your courtesy.[195]
Up,[196] cousin, up! Your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, although your knee be low.
BULLINGBROOK My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.
KING RICHARD Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.
BULLINGBROOK So far be mine, my most redoubted[200] lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.
KING RICHARD Well you deserved. They well deserve to have,
That know the strong’st and surest way to get.— ***Bullingbrook rises***
Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes. ***To York***

Tears show their love, but want their remedies.[205]—
Cousin, I am too young to be your father, ***To Bullingbrook***
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing[208] too,
For do we must what force will have us do.
Set on towards London, cousin, is it so?
BULLINGBROOK Yea, my good lord.
KING RICHARD Then I must not say no.
Flourish. Exeunt

Act 3 Scene 4[3.4]

Enter the Queen and two Ladies

QUEEN What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy[2] thought of care?

LADY Madam, we'll play at bowls.

QUEEN 'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs,[4]
And that my fortune runs against the bias.[5]

LADY Madam, we'll dance.

QUEEN My legs can keep no measure[7] in delight
When my poor heart no measure[8] keeps in grief:
Therefore, no dancing, girl, some other sport.

LADY Madam, we'll tell tales.

QUEEN Of sorrow or of joy?

LADY Of either, madam.

QUEEN Of neither, girl.
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,[14]
It doth remember[15] me the more of sorrow.
Or if of grief, being altogether had,[16]
It adds more sorrow to my want[17] of joy.
For what I have I need not to repeat,
And what I want it boots not[19] to complain.

LADY Madam, I'll sing.

QUEEN 'Tis[21] well that thou hast cause,
But thou shouldst please me better, wouldst thou weep.

LADY I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

QUEEN And I could sing, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.

Enter a Gardener and two Servants

But stay, here come the gardeners.
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.
My[28] wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They'll talk of state,[29] for everyone doth so

Against[30] a change; woe is forerun with woe. ***Queen and Ladies stand aside***
GARDENER Go bind thou up yond dangling apricocks,[31]
Which, like unruly children, make their sire[32]
Stoop with oppression[33] of their prodigal weight.
Give some supportance[34] to the bending twigs.
Go thou, and like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too fast-growing sprays,[36]
That look too lofty[37] in our commonwealth:
All must be even[38] in our government.
You thus employed, I will go root away
The noisome[40] weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome[41] flowers.
SERVANT Why should we in the compass[42] of a pale
Keep law and form and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model,[44] our firm estate,
When our sea-wallèd garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds, her fairest flowers choked up,
Her fruit-trees all unpruned, her hedges ruined,
Her knots[48] disordered and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?
GARDENER Hold thy peace.
He that hath suffered[51] this disordered spring
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf.[52]
The weeds that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,
That seemed in eating him to hold him up,
Are pulled up root and all by Bullingbrook —
I mean the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.
SERVANT What, are they dead?
GARDENER They are. And Bullingbrook
Hath seized[59] the wasteful king. O, what pity is it
That he had not so trimmed[60] and dressed his land
As we this garden: we at time of year[61]
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees,
Lest, being over-proud[63] with sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound[64] itself.

Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have lived to bear and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. Superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing[68] boughs may live.
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,[69]
Which waste and idle hours hath quite thrown down.
SERVANT What, think you the king shall be deposed?
GARDENER Depressed[72] he is already, and deposed
’Tis doubted[73] he will be. Letters came last night
To a dear friend of the Duke of York’s,
That tell black tidings.
QUEEN O, I am pressed to death[76] through want of speaking! ***Comes forward***
Thou, old Adam’s[77] likeness, set to dress this garden,
How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this unpleasing news?
What Eve, what serpent, hath suggested[79] thee
To make a second fall of cursèd man?
Why dost thou say King Richard is deposed?
Dar’st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine[83] his downfall? Say, where, when, and how,
Cam’st thou by this ill tidings? Speak, thou wretch.
GARDENER Pardon me, madam. Little joy have I
To breathe these news; yet what I say is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold[87]
Of Bullingbrook. Their fortunes both are weighed:
In your lord’s scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities[90] that make him light.
But in the balance of great Bullingbrook,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds[93] he weighs King Richard down.
Post[94] you to London, and you’ll find it so,
I speak no more than everyone doth know.
QUEEN Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,
Doth not thy embassage[97] belong to me,
And am I last that knows it? O, thou think’st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep

Thy sorrow in my breast. Come, ladies, go
To meet at London London’s king in woe.
What, was I born to this, that my sad look
Should grace the triumph[103] of great Bullingbrook?
Gard’ner, for telling me this news of woe,
I would the plants thou graft’st may never grow.

Exeunt [Queen and Ladies]

GARDENER Poor queen, so[106] that thy state might be no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curse.
Here did she drop a tear. Here in this place
I’ll set a bank of rue,[109] sour herb of grace.
Rue, e’en for ruth,[110] here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

Exeunt

Act 4 Scene 1[4.1]

running scene 13

Enter, as to the Parliament, Bullingbrook, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwaters, Surrey, Carlisle, Abbot of Westminister, Herald, Officers and Bagot

BULLINGBROOK Call forth Bagot.— ***Bagot is brought forward***
Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind,
What thou dost know of noble Gloucester's death,
Who wrought[4] it with the king, and who performed
The bloody office[5] of his timeless end.

BAGOT Then set before my face the lord Aumerle.

BULLINGBROOK Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man. ***To Aumerle***

BAGOT My lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue
Scorns to unsay[9] what it hath once delivered.
In that dead[10] time when Gloucester's death was plotted,
I heard you say, 'Is not my arm of length,[11]
That reacheth from the restful English court
As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?'
Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns[16]
Than[17] Bullingbrook's return to England;
Adding withal[18] how blest this land would be
In this your cousin's death.

AUMERLE Princes and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base[21] man?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,[22]
On[23] equal terms to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine honour soiled
With th'attainder[25] of his sland'rous lips.— ***Throws down his gage***
There is my gage, the manual[26] seal of death
That marks thee out for hell. I say thou liest,
And will maintain what thou hast said is false
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base

To stain the temper[30] of my knightly sword.
BULLINGBROOK Bagot, forbear.[31] Thou shalt not take it up.
AUMERLE Excepting one,[32] I would he were the best
In all this presence that hath moved[33] me so.
FITZWATERS If that thy valour stand[34] on sympathy, ***To Aumerie***
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage[35] to thine. ***Throws down his gage***
By that fair sun that shows me where thou stand’st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly[37] thou spak’st it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloucester’s death.
If thou deniest[39] it twenty times, thou liest,
And I will turn[40] thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forgèd, with my rapier’s point.
AUMERLE Thou dar’st not, coward, live to see the day.
FITZWATERS Now by my soul, I would it were this hour.
AUMERLE Fitzwaters, thou art damned to hell for this.
PERCY Aumerie, thou liest: his honour is as true
In this appeal[46] as thou art all unjust.
And that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to th’extremest[48] point ***Throws down his gage***
Of mortal breathing. Seize it, if thou dar’st.
AUMERLE An if[50] I do not, may my hands rot off ***Picks up the gage***
And never brandish more[51] revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!
SURREY My lord Fitzwaters, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.
FITZWATERS My lord, ’tis very true. You were in presence[55] then
And you can witness with me this is true.
SURREY As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.
FITZWATERS Surrey, thou liest.
SURREY Dishonourable boy!
That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword
That it shall render[61] vengeance and revenge
Till thou the lie-giver and that lie do lie
In earth as quiet as thy father’s skull,
In proof whereof, there is mine honour’s pawn. ***Throws down his gage***
Engage[65] it to the trial, if thou dar’st.

FITZWATERS How fondly[66] dost thou spur a forward horse!
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,[68]
And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,
And lies, and lies. There is my bond of faith, ***Throws down his gage***
To tie[71] thee to my strong correction.
As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal.
Besides, I heard the banished Norfolk say
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.
AUMERLE Some honest Christian trust me with a gage. ***Borrows a gage, then throws it down***
That[78] Norfolk lies, here do I throw down this,
If he may be repealed,[79] to try his honour.
BULLINGBROOK These differences[80] shall all rest under gage
Till Norfolk be repealed. Repealed he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restored again
To all his lands and signories.[83] When he’s returned,
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.[84]
CARLISLE That honourable day shall ne’er be seen.
Many a time hath banished Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,[87]
Streaming the ensign[88] of the Christian cross
Against black pagans, Turks and Saracens,
And toiled[90] with works of war, retired himself
To Italy, and there at Venice gave
His body to that pleasant country’s earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours[94] he had fought so long.
BULLINGBROOK Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?
CARLISLE As sure as I live, my lord.
BULLINGBROOK Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom[97]
Of good old Abraham! Lords appellants,[98]
Your differences shall all rest under gage
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter York

YORK Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-plucked[102] Richard, who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand.
Ascend his throne, descending[105] now from him,
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!

BULLINGBROOK In God’s name, I’ll ascend the regal throne.

CARLISLE Marry,[108] heaven forbid!
Worst[109] in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeming[110] me to speak the truth.
Would God that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard! Then true noblesse[113] would
Learn[114] him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here that is not Richard’s subject?
Thieves are not judged but they are by[117] to hear,
Although apparent[118] guilt be seen in them.
And shall the figure[119] of God’s majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy-elect,
Anointed, crownèd, planted many years,
Be judged by subject[122] and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? O, forbid it, God,
That in a Christian climate souls refined
Should show so heinous,[125] black, obscene a deed.
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirred up by heaven, thus boldly for his king.
My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford’s king.
And if you crown him, let me prophesy
The blood of English shall manure[131] the ground,
And future ages groan for his foul act.
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin and kind[135] with kind confound.

Disorder, horror, fear and mutiny
Shall here inhabit, and this land be called
The field[138] of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.
O, if you rear this house[139] against this house,
It will the woefullest division prove
That ever fell upon this cursed earth.
Prevent it, resist it, and let it not be so,
Lest child, child's children, cry against you 'Woe!'

NORTHUMBERLAND Well have you argued, sir. And for your pains,
Of capital treason we arrest you here.
My lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial.
May it please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit?[148]

BULLINGBROOK Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may surrender,[150] so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.

YORK I will be his conduct.[152]

Exit

BULLINGBROOK Lords, you that here are under our arrest,
Procure your sureties[154] for your days of answer.
Little are we beholding[155] to your love,
And little looked for[156] at your helping hands.

Enter Richard and York [with Officers bearing the regalia]

KING RICHARD Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reigned? I hardly yet have learned
To insinuate,[160] flatter, bow, and bend my knee.
Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours[163] of these men: were they not mine?
Did they not sometime[164] cry, 'All hail!' to me?
So Judas did to Christ, but he in twelve[165]
Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
God save the king! Will no man say 'Amen'?
Am I both priest and clerk?[168] Well then, amen.
God save the king, although I be not he.

And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.
To do what service[171] am I sent for hither?
YORK To do that office of thine own good will
Which tired majesty[173] did make thee offer:
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bullingbrook.
KING RICHARD Give me the crown.— ***Takes the crown and offers it to Bullingbrook***
Here, cousin, seize[176] the crown:
Here cousin, on this side my hand, on that side thine.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well
That owes[179] two buckets, filling one another,
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen and full of water:
That bucket down and full of tears am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.
BULLINGBROOK I thought you had been willing to resign.
KING RICHARD My crown I am, but still my griefs are mine.
You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs; still am I king of those.
BULLINGBROOK Part of your cares you give me with your crown.
KING RICHARD Your[189] cares set up do not pluck my cares down.
My care is loss of care, by[190] old care done:
Your care is gain of care, by new care won.
The cares I give I have, though given away,
They tend[193] the crown, yet still with me they stay.
BULLINGBROOK Are you contented to resign the crown?
KING RICHARD Ay,[195] no; no, ay, for I must nothing be:
Therefore no ‘no’, for I resign to thee.
Now mark me[197] how I will undo myself:
I give this heavy weight from off my head, ***Bullingbrook accepts crown***
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand, ***Bullingbrook accepts scepter***
The pride of kingly sway[200] from out my heart.
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release[204] all duteous oaths.

All pomp and majesty I do forswear:[205]
My manors, rents, revenues I forgo:
My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny.
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me,
God keep all vows unbroke are made to thee.
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing grieved,[210]
And thou with all pleased, that hast all achieved.
Long mayst thou live in Richard’s seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!
‘God save King Henry’, unkinged Richard says,
‘And send him many years of sunshine days!’ —
What more remains?

NORTHUMBERLAND No more, but that you read ***Gives a paper***
These accusations and these grievous crimes
Committed by your person and your followers
Against the state and profit of this land,
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily deposed.

KING RICHARD Must I do so? And must I ravel out[223]
My weaved-up follies? Gentle[224] Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop[226]
To read a lecture[227] of them? If thou wouldst,
There shouldst thou find one heinous article,[228]
Containing the deposing of a king
And cracking the strong warrant[230] of an oath,
Marked with a blot, damned in the book of heaven.
Nay, all of you that stand and look upon me,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait[233] myself,
Though some of you with Pilate[234] wash your hands
Showing an outward pity, yet you Pilates
Have here delivered me to my sour[236] cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

NORTHUMBERLAND My lord, dispatch.[238] Read o’er these articles.

KING RICHARD Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see.
And yet salt water blinds them not so much

But they can see a sort[241] of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest,
For I have given here my soul’s consent
T’undeck[245] the pompous body of a king;
Made glory base and sovereignty a slave,
Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant.
NORTHUMBERLAND My lord
KING RICHARD No lord of thine, thou haught[249] insulting man,
No, nor no man’s lord.— I have no name, no title;
No, not that name was given me at the font,[251]
But ’tis usurped. Alack the heavy day,
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself.
O, that I were a mockery[255] king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bullingbrook,
To melt myself away in water-drops!
Good king, great king — and yet not greatly good —
An if[259] my word be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight,
That it may show me what[261] a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his[262] majesty.
BULLINGBROOK Go some[263] of you and fetch a looking-glass.
[Exit an Attendant]
NORTHUMBERLAND Read o’er this paper while the glass doth come.
KING RICHARD Fiend, thou torments me ere I come to hell!
BULLINGBROOK Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.
NORTHUMBERLAND The commons will not then be satisfied.
KING RICHARD They shall be satisfied. I’ll read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that’s myself.
Enter one, with a glass
Give me that glass, and therein will I read. ***Takes the mirror***
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds? O flatt’ring glass,

Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile[276] me! Was this face the face
That every day under his household roof
Did keep[278] ten thousand men? Was this the face
That like the sun did make beholders wink?[279]
Is this the face which faced[280] so many follies,
That was at last out-faced[281] by Bullingbrook?
A brittle glory shineth in this face,
As brittle as the glory is the face. ***Throws the mirror down against the ground***
For there it is, cracked in an hundred shivers.[284]
Mark, silent king, the moral[285] of this sport,
How soon my sorrow hath destroyed my face.
BULLINGBROOK The shadow[287] of your sorrow hath destroyed
The shadow of your face.
KING RICHARD Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow? Ha? Let's see,
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within,
And these external manner[292] of laments
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief
That swells with silence in the tortured soul.
There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,[298]
And then be gone and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?
BULLINGBROOK Name it, fair cousin.
KING RICHARD 'Fair cousin'? I am greater than a king,
For when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
I have a king here to[305] my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.
BULLINGBROOK Yet ask.
KING RICHARD And shall I have?
BULLINGBROOK You shall.
KING RICHARD Then give me leave to go.

BULLINGBROOK Whither?
KING RICHARD Whither you will, so I were from your sights.
BULLINGBROOK Go, some of you convey[313] him to the Tower.
KING RICHARD O, good! ‘Convey’? Conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true king’s fall.
[Exeunt Richard, some Lords and a Guard]
BULLINGBROOK On Wednesday next we solemnly set down[316]
Our coronation. Lords, prepare yourselves.
Exeunt [all except Carlisle, the Abbot and Aumerle]
ABBOT A woeful pageant have we here beheld.
CARLISLE The woe’s to come. The children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.
AUMERLE You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious[322] blot?
ABBOT Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament[324]
To bury[325] mine intents, but also to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise.
I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your heart of sorrow and your eyes of tears.
Come home with me to supper. I’ll lay
A plot shall show us all a merry day.
Exeunt

Act 5 Scene 1[5.1]

running scene 14

Enter Queen and Ladies

QUEEN This way the king will come. This is the way
To Julius Caesar's[2] ill-erected tower,
To whose flint[3] bosom my condemnèd lord
Is doomed[4] a prisoner by proud Bullingbrook.
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter Richard and Guard

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither. Yet look up, behold,
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.
Ah, thou, the model[11] where old Troy did stand,
Thou map[12] of honour, thou King Richard's tomb,
And not King Richard. Thou most beauteous inn,[13]
Why should hard-favoured[14] grief be lodged in thee,
When triumph is become an ale-house[15] guest?

KING RICHARD Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden. Learn, good soul,
To think our former state[18] a happy dream;
From which awaked, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this. I am sworn brother,[20] sweet,
To grim Necessity, and he and I
Will keep a league[22] till death. Hie thee to France
And cloister[23] thee in some religious house.
Our holy lives must win a new world's[24] crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

QUEEN What, is my Richard both in shape[26] and mind
Transformed and weakened? Hath Bullingbrook deposed
Thine intellect? Hath he been in thy heart?
The lion dying thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage

To be[31] o'erpowered. And wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod,[32]
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion and a king of beasts?
KING RICHARD A king of beasts,[35] indeed. If aught but beasts,
I had been still[36] a happy king of men.
Good sometime[37] queen, prepare thee hence for France:
Think I am dead and that even here thou tak'st,
As from my death-bed, thy last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire
With good old folks and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages long ago betid.[42]
And ere thou bid good night, to quit[43] their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.
For why[46] the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent[47] of thy moving tongue
And in compassion weep[48] the fire out,
And some[49] will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter Northumberland [and others]

NORTHUMBERLAND My lord, the mind of Bullingbrook is changed.
You must to Pomfret,[52] not unto the Tower.—
And, madam, there is order ta'en[53] for you: ***To the Queen***
With all swift speed you must away to France.
KING RICHARD Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal[55]
The mounting Bullingbrook ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many[57] hours of age
More than it is ere foul sin, gathering head,[58]
Shall break into corruption.[59] Thou shalt think,
Though he[60] divide the realm and give thee half,
It is too little, helping[61] him to all.
He shall think that thou, which[62] know'st the way
To plant unrightful[63] kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urged, another way
To pluck him headlong from th'usurpèd throne.

The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear to hate, and hate turns one or both[67]
To worthy[68] danger and deservèd death.
NORTHUMBERLAND My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
Take leave and part,[70] for you must part forthwith.
KING RICHARD Doubly divorced? Bad men, ye violate
A twofold marriage, ’twixt[72] my crown and me
And then betwixt me and my married wife.—
Let me unkiss[74] the oath ’twixt thee and me; ***To Queen***
And yet not so, for with a kiss ’twas made.—
Part us, Northumberland. I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines[77] the clime.
My queen to France, from whence,[78] set forth in pomp,
She came adornèd hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas[80] or short’st of day.
QUEEN And must we be divided? Must we part?
KING RICHARD Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.
QUEEN Banish us both and send the king with me.
NORTHUMBERLAND That were[84] some love but little policy.
QUEEN Then whither he goes, thither let me go.
KING RICHARD So two, together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here.
Better far off than, near, be[88] ne’er the near.
Go, count thy way with sighs; I mine with groans.
QUEEN So longest way shall have the longest moans.
KING RICHARD Twice for one step I’ll groan, the way being short,
And piece[92] the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing sorrow let’s be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.
One kiss shall stop[95] our mouths, and dumbly part; ***They kiss***
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.
QUEEN Give me mine own again. ’Twere[97] no good part
To take on me to keep and kill[98] thy heart. ***They kiss***
So, now I have mine own again, be gone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.
KING RICHARD We make woe wanton[101] with this fond delay.

Once more, adieu;[102] the rest let sorrow say

Exeunt

Act 5 Scene 2[5.2]

running scene 15

Enter York and his Duchess

DUCHESS OF YORK My lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off,
Of our two cousins[3] coming into London.
YORK Where did I leave?[4]
DUCHESS OF YORK At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude[6] misgoverned hands from windows' tops
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.
YORK Then, as I said, the duke, great Bullingbrook,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed
Which[10] his aspiring rider seemed to know,
With slow but stately pace kept on his course,
While all tongues cried 'God save thee, Bullingbrook!'
You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements[15] darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage, and that all the walls
With painted imagery[17] had said at once '
'Jesu preserve thee! Welcome, Bullingbrook!'
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bareheaded,[20] lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespake[21] them thus: 'I thank you, countrymen',
And thus still[22] doing, thus he passed along.
DUCHESS OF YORK Alas, poor Richard! Where rides he the whilst?[23]
YORK As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-graced[25] actor leaves the stage,
Are idly[26] bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious,
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard. No man cried 'God save him',
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home,
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head,

Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
His face still combating with[33] tears and smiles,
The badges[34] of his grief and patience,
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steeled
The hearts of men, they must perforce[36] have melted
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events,
To whose high will we bound[39] our calm contents.
To Bullingbrook are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state[41] and honour I for aye allow.

Enter Aumerle

DUCHESS OF YORK Here comes my son Aumerle.

YORK Aumerle that was,
But that is lost for being Richard's friend.
And, madam, you must call him Rutland[45] now.
I am in parliament pledge[46] for his truth
And lasting fealty[47] to the new-made king.

DUCHESS OF YORK Welcome, my son. Who are the violets[48] now
That strew the green lap of the new come spring?[49]

AUMERLE Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not.
God knows I had as lief[51] be none as one.

YORK Well, bear you[52] well in this new spring of time,
Lest you be cropped[53] before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford? Hold[54] those jousts and triumphs?

AUMERLE For aught I know, my lord, they do.

YORK You will be there, I know.

AUMERLE If God prevent not, I purpose so.

YORK What seal[58] is that, that hangs without thy bosom?
Yea, look'st thou pale? Let me see the writing.

AUMERLE My lord, 'tis nothing.

YORK No matter, then, who sees it.
I will be satisfied. Let me see the writing.

AUMERLE I do beseech your grace to pardon me.
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

YORK Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.

I fear, I fear—
DUCHESS OF YORK What should you fear?
’Tis nothing but some bond[69] that he is entered into
For gay apparel against[70] the triumph.
YORK Bound to himself? What doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.
Boy, let me see the writing.
AUMERLE I do beseech you pardon me. I may not show it.
YORK I will be satisfied. Let me see it, I say.
Snatches it
Treason, foul treason! Villain, traitor, slave!
DUCHESS OF YORK What’s the matter, my lord?
YORK Ho! Who’s within there?
[Enter a Servant]
Saddle my horse.
Heaven for his mercy, what treachery is here!
DUCHESS OF YORK Why, what is’t, my lord?
YORK Give me my boots, I say. Saddle my horse.—
[Exit Servant]
Now, by my honour, my life, my troth,
I will appeach[84] the villain.
DUCHESS OF YORK What is the matter?
YORK Peace, foolish woman.
DUCHESS OF YORK I will not peace. What is the matter, son?
AUMERLE Good mother, be content. It is no more
Than my poor life must answer.[89]
DUCHESS OF YORK Thy life answer?
Enter Servant with boots
YORK Bring me my boots. I will unto the king.
DUCHESS OF YORK Strike him, Aumerle. Poor boy, thou art amazed.[92]—
Hence, villain![93] Never more come in my sight. ***To Servant***
YORK Give me my boots, I say.
DUCHESS OF YORK Why, York, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?[96]
Have we more sons? Or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date[98] drunk up with time?

And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? Is he not thine own?

YORK Thou fond[102] mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,
And interchangeably[105] set down their hands,
To kill the king at Oxford.

DUCHESS OF YORK He shall be none.[107]
We'll keep him here. Then what is that[108] to him?

YORK Away, fond woman! Were he twenty times my son,
I would appeach him.

DUCHESS OF YORK Hadst thou groaned[111] for him
As I have done, thou wouldst be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son.
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, nor any of my kin,
And yet I love him.

YORK Make way, unruly woman!

Exit

DUCHESS OF YORK After, Aumerle! Mount thee upon his horse.[121]
Spur post,[122] and get before him to the king,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
I'll not be long behind. Though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:
And never will I rise up from the ground[126]
Till Bullingbrook have pardoned thee. Away, begone!

Exeunt

Act 5 Scene 3[5.3]

running scene 16

Enter Bullingbrook, Percy and other Lords

BULLINGBROOK Can no man tell of my unthrifty[1] son?
’Tis full three months since I did see him last.
If any plague hang over us, ’tis he.
I would to heaven, my lords, he might be found.
Enquire at London, ’mongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrainèd loose[7] companions,
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And rob our watch,[9] and beat our passengers,
Which he, young wanton and effeminate[10] boy,
Takes on the[11] point of honour to support
So dissolute a crew.

PERCY My lord, some two days since I saw the prince,
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

BULLINGBROOK And what said the gallant?[15]

PERCY His answer was, he would unto the stews,[16]
And from the common’st[17] creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour,[18] and with that
He would unhorse[19] the lustiest challenger.

BULLINGBROOK As dissolute as desp’rate.[20] Yet through both
I see some sparks of better hope, which elder days
May happily[22] bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter Aumerle

AUMERLE Where is the king?

BULLINGBROOK What means our cousin, that he stares[24] and looks
so wildly?

AUMERLE God save your grace! I do beseech your majesty,
To have some conference with your grace alone.

BULLINGBROOK Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.

[Exeunt Henry Percy and Lords]

What is the matter with our cousin now?

AUMERLE Forever may my knees grow[30] to the earth,
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth
Unless a pardon[32] ere I rise or speak.
BULLINGBROOK Intended or committed was this fault?
If on the first, how heinous e'er it be,
To win thy after-love[35] I pardon thee.
AUMERLE Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.
BULLINGBROOK Have thy desire. ***Aumerle locks door***
YORK (*Within*) My liege, beware! Look to thyself:
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.
BULLINGBROOK Villain, I'll make thee safe.[41] ***Draws his sword***
AUMERLE Stay[42] thy revengeful hand, thou hast no cause to fear.
YORK (*Within*) Open the door, secure,[43] foolhardy king:
Shall I for love speak treason[44] to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open. ***Bullingbrook unlocks door***

Enter York

BULLINGBROOK What is the matter, uncle? Speak,
Recover breath, tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.
YORK Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The reason that my haste[50] forbids me show. ***Presents paper***
AUMERLE Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise passed.[51]
I do repent me: read not my name there
My heart is not confederate with my hand.[53]
YORK It was, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king.
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence;
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.
BULLINGBROOK O, heinous, strong[59] and bold conspiracy!
O loyal father of a treacherous son!
Thou sheer,[61] immaculate and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages
Hath held his current[63] and defiled himself!
Thy overflow of good converts to bad,

And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot[66] in thy digressing son.
YORK So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd,[67]
And he shall spend[68] mine honour with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping[69] fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
Or my shamed life in his dishonour lies.
Thou kill'st me in his life: giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true[73] man's put to death.
DUCHESS OF YORK (*Within*) What ho, my liege! For heaven's sake,
let me in.
BULLINGBROOK What shrill-voiced suppliant makes this eager cry?
DUCHESS OF YORK (*Within*) A woman, and thine aunt, great king. 'Tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door:
A beggar begs that never begged before.
BULLINGBROOK Our scene is altered from a serious thing,
And now changed to 'The Beggar and the King'.—
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in.
I know she's come to pray for your foul sin.
YORK If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins for[85] this forgiveness prosper may.
This festered[86] joint cut off, the rest rests sound:
This let alone[87] will all the rest confound.
Enter Duchess
DUCHESS OF YORK O king, believe not this hard-hearted man!
Love loving not itself[89] none other can.
YORK Thou frantic[90] woman, what dost thou make here?
Shall thy old dugs[91] once more a traitor rear?
DUCHESS OF YORK Sweet York, be patient. Hear me, gentle liege. ***Kneels***
BULLINGBROOK Rise up, good aunt.
DUCHESS OF YORK Not yet, I thee beseech.
Forever will I kneel upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy[96] sees,
Till thou give joy, until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.
AUMERLE Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee. ***Kneels***

YORK Against them both my true[100] joints bended be. ***Kneels***
DUCHESS OF YORK Pleads he in earnest? Look upon his face:
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest:[102]
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast.
He prays but faintly and would[104] be denied:
We pray with heart and soul and all beside.
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know:
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow.
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy,
Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.
Our prayers do out-pray his: then let them have
That mercy which true prayers ought to have.
BULLINGBROOK Good aunt, stand up.
DUCHESS OF YORK Nay, do not say, ‘stand up’.
But, ‘pardon’ first, and afterwards ‘stand up’.
And if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
‘Pardon’ should be the first word of thy speech.
I never longed to hear a word till now:
Say ‘pardon’, king, let pity teach thee how.
The word is short, but not so short as sweet:
No word like ‘pardon’ for kings’ mouths so meet.[120]
YORK Speak it in French, king: say, ‘*pardonnez-moi*’.[121]
DUCHESS OF YORK Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?
Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That sets the word itself against the word!—
Speak ‘pardon’ as ’tis current in our land: ***To Bullingbrook***
The chopping[126] French we do not understand.
Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there,
Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear,
That hearing how our plaints[129] and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee ‘pardon’ to rehearse.[130]
BULLINGBROOK Good aunt, stand up.
DUCHESS OF YORK I do not sue[132] to stand:
Pardon is all the suit[133] I have in hand.
BULLINGBROOK I pardon him, as heaven shall pardon me.
DUCHESS OF YORK O, happy[135] vantage of a kneeling knee!

Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again,
Twice saying 'pardon' doth not pardon twain,[137]
But makes one pardon strong.
BULLINGBROOK I pardon him with all my heart.
DUCHESS OF YORK A god on earth thou art. ***York, Duchess, and Aumerle rise***
BULLINGBROOK But for[141] our trusty brother-in-law, the abbot,
With all the rest of that consorted[142] crew,
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.
Good uncle, help to order several[144] powers
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are:
They shall not live within this world, I swear,
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewell, and, cousin, adieu:
Your mother well hath prayed, and prove[149] you true.
DUCHESS OF YORK Come, my old son. I pray heaven make thee new.
Exeunt

[Act 5 Scene 4]

running scene 16 continues

Enter Exton and Servants

EXTON Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake —
‘Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?’
Was it not so?

SERVANT Those were his very words.

EXTON ‘Have I no friend?’ quoth he: he spake it twice,
And urged it twice together, did he not?

SERVANT He did.

EXTON And speaking it, he wistly[8] looked on me,
As[9] who should say, ‘I would thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart’,
Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come, let’s go:
I am the king’s friend, and will rid his foe.

Exeunt

Act 5 Scene [5][5.5]

running scene 17

Enter Richard

KING RICHARD I have been studying[1] how to compare
This prison where I live unto the world.
And for because[3] the world is populous
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it. Yet I'll hammer't out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,
My soul the father, and these two beget[7]
A generation of still-breeding[8] thoughts;
And these same thoughts people this little world,
In humours[10] like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,
As[12] thoughts of things divine, are intermixed
With scruples[13] and do set the faith itself
Against the faith: as thus, 'Come, little ones',[14]
And then again:
'It[16] is as hard to come as for a camel
To thread the postern[17] of a needle's eye.'
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders; how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged[21] prison walls,
And, for[22] they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content[23] flatter themselves
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last, like silly[25] beggars
Who sitting in the stocks[26] refuge their shame,
That[27] many have and others must sit there;
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of such as have before endured the like.
Thus play I in one prison[31] many people,

And none contented. Sometimes am I king;
Then treason[33] makes me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am. Then crushing penury[34]
Persuades me I was better when a king.
Then am I kinged again, and by and by[36]
Think that I am unkinged by Bullingbrook,
And straight[38] am nothing. But whate'er I am,
Music
Nor I nor any man that but man is[39]
With nothing[40] shall be pleased, till he be eased
With being nothing.[41] Music do I hear?
Ha, ha! Keep time. How sour sweet music is
When time is broke and no proportion[43] kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives.
And here have I the daintiness[45] of ear
To hear time broke in a disordered string,[46]
But for the concord[47] of my state and time
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste[49] me,
For now hath time made me his numb'ring clock.[50]
My thoughts are minutes; and with sighs they jar[51]
Their watches[52] on unto mine eyes, the outward watch,
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,[53]
Is pointing still,[54] in cleansing them from tears.
Now sir, the sound that tells[55] what hour it is
Are clamorous groans, that strike[56] upon my heart,
Which is the bell. So sighs and tears and groans
Show minutes, hours and times.[58] But my time
Runs posting[59] on in Bullingbrook's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o'th'clock.[60]
This music mads[61] me. Let it sound no more, ***Music stops***
For though it have holp[62] madmen to their wits,
In me it seems it will make wise men mad.
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me,
For 'tis a sign of love, and love to[65] Richard
Is a strange brooch[66] in this all-hating world.

Enter Groom

GROOM Hail, royal prince!

KING RICHARD Thanks, noble peer.[68]
The[69] cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
What art thou? And how com’st thou hither
Where no man ever comes but that sad[71] dog
That brings me food to make misfortune[72] live?

GROOM I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
When thou wert king, who, travelling towards York,
With much ado,[75] at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometimes[76] royal master’s face.
O, how it yearned[77] my heart when I beheld
In London streets, that coronation-day,
When Bullingbrook rode on roan[79] Barbary,
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,[80]
That horse that I so carefully have dressed!

KING RICHARD Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle[82] friend,
How went he under him?

GROOM So proudly as if he had disdained the ground.

KING RICHARD So proud that Bullingbrook was on his back?
That jade[86] hath eat bread from my royal hand,
This hand hath made him proud with clapping[87] him.
Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down,
Since pride must have a fall, and break the neck
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse. Why do I rail on[91] thee,
Since thou, created to be awed[92] by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse,
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spurred, galled[95] and tired by jauncing Bullingbrook.

Enter Keeper, with a dish

KEEPER Fellow,[96] give place. Here is no longer stay.

KING RICHARD If thou love me, ’tis time thou wert away. ***To Groom***

GROOM What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say.

Exit

KEEPER My lord, will’t please you to fall to?[99]

KING RICHARD Taste of it first, as thou wert wont[100] to do.
KEEPER My lord, I dare not. Sir Pierce of Exton, who
Lately came from th'king, commands the contrary.
KING RICHARD The devil take Henry of Lancaster and thee!
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it. ***Beats him***
KEEPER Help, help, help!
Enter Exton and Servants [armed]
KING RICHARD How now? What means death in this rude[106] assault?
Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument.—
Takes a weapon from one man and kills him with it
Go thou, and fill another room[108] in hell.— ***Kills another man***
Exton strikes him down
That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire
That staggers[110] thus my person. Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the king's blood stained the king's own land.
Mount, mount, my soul! Thy seat[112] is up on high,
Whilst my gross[113] flesh sinks downward, here to die. ***Dies***
EXTON As full of valour as of royal blood.
Both have I spilled. O, would the deed were good!
For now the devil that told me I did well
Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead king to the living king I'll bear.—
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.
Exeunt

Act 5 Scene [6][5.6]

Flourish. Enter Bullingbrook, York, with other Lords and Attendants

BULLINGBROOK Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear
Is that the rebels have consumed with fire
Our town of Cicester[3] in Gloucestershire,
But whether they be ta'en[4] or slain we hear not.

Enter Northumberland

Welcome, my lord. What is the news?

NORTHUMBERLAND First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.
The next[7] news is, I have to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt and Kent.
The manner of their taking[9] may appear
At large discoursèd[10] in this paper here. ***Gives a paper***

BULLINGBROOK We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains,
And to thy worth will add right worthy[12] gains.

Enter Fitzwaters

FITZWATERS My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
The heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Seely,
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors
That sought at Oxford thy dire[16] overthrow.

BULLINGBROOK Thy pains, Fitzwaters, shall not be forgot.
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.[18]

Enter Percy and Carlisle

PERCY The grand[19] conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,
With clog[20] of conscience and sour melancholy
Hath yielded up his body to the grave,
But here is Carlisle living, to abide[22]
Thy kingly doom[23] and sentence of his pride.

BULLINGBROOK Carlisle, this is your doom:
Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,[25]
More[26] than thou hast, and with it joy thy life.
So as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife:
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,

High[29] sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter Exton, with [Attendants carrying] a coffin

EXTON Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy buried fear. Herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bordeaux,[33] by me hither brought.

BULLINGBROOK Exton, I thank thee not, for thou hast wrought[34]
A deed of slaughter with thy fatal hand
Upon my head and all this famous land.

EXTON From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

BULLINGBROOK They love not poison that do poison need,
Nor do I thee. Though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murd’rer, love[40] him murderèd.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word nor princely favour.
With Cain[43] go wander through the shade of night,
And never show thy head by day nor light.
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow.
Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,
And put on sullen[48] black incontinent.
I’ll make a voyage to the Holy Land,[49]
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.
March sadly[51] after: grace my mourning here,
In weeping after[52] this untimely bier.

Exeunt

Quarto passages that do not appear in the Folio

Following 1.3.127:

And for we think the eagle-wingèd pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set on you
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;

Following 1.3.232:

O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth his fault I should have been more mild:
A partial slander sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroyed.

Following 1.3.257:

BULLINGBROOK Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make
Will but remember me what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Must I not serve a long apprenticehood
To foreign passages, and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else
But that I was a journeyman to grief?
GAUNT All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not the king did banish thee,
But thou the king. Woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour
And not the king exiled thee; or suppose
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air
And thou art flying to a fresher clime:
Look what thy soul holds dear, imagine it

To lie that way thou go’st, not whence thou comest:
Suppose the singing birds musicians,
The grass whereon thou tread’st the presence strewed,
The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more
Than a delightful measure or a dance;
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it and sets it light.

Following 3.2.28:
The means that heaven yields must be embraced,
And not neglected; else, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven’s offer we refuse,
The proffered means of succour and redress.

Following 4.1.52:
LORD I task the earth to the like, forsworn Aumerle;
And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be holloaed in thy treacherous ear
From sun to sun: there is my honour’s pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou darest.
AUMERLE Who sets me else? By heaven, I’ll throw at all:
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

Textual Notes

= First Quarto text of 1597
= First Folio text of 1623
2 = a correction introduced in the Second Folio text of 1632
d = a correction introduced by a later editor

ist of parts = Ed

.1.127 duly = Q. *Not in* F **163 Obedience bids** = Ed. F *erroneously prints the words twice* **203 we shall** = Q. F = you shall

.2.20 faded *spelled* vaded *in* F **43 to** = F. Q = and **62 my** = F. Q = thy

.3.28 plated = Q. F = placed **29 formally** = Q. F = formerly **76 furbish** = Q. F = furnish **86 King** = Q. F = Kings **256 as foil** = Q. F = a soyle **266 never** = Q. F = euer

.4.7 blew = Q. F = grew **22 Bagot here** = Q. F = heere *Bagot* **27 smiles** = Q. F = soules

.1.18 found = Q. F = sound **118 chasing** = Q. F = chafing **191 grip** *spelled* gripe *in* F **234 thou wouldst** = Q. F = thou'dst **286 Brittany** = Ed. F = *Britaine*

.2.3 life-harming = Q. F = selfe-harming **27 weeps** = Q. F = weepe **54 son young** = Q. F = yong sonne **74 hope lingers** = Q. F = hopes linger **95 as**…**callèd** = Q. F = I came by, and call'd

.3.87 nor uncle me no uncle = Ed. F = nor Unckle me **92 then more** = Q. F = more then

.2.26 rebellion's = Q. F = Rebellious **102 makes** = Q. F = make **107 Whitebeards** = Q. F = White Beares **177 And**…**yourself** = Q. *Not in* F

.3.39 most royal = Q. F = Royall *(*F*'s lineation is also aberrant in these lines)*

.4.11 joy = Ed. F = Griefe **26 come** = Q. F = comes **61 we at** = Ed. F = at **62 Do** = Q. F = And **70 and** = F. Q = of

.1.27 I say thou = Q. F = Thou **34 sympathy** = Q. F = sympathize **113 noblesse** = Q. F = noblenesse **132 his** = F. Q = this **139 rear** = F. Q = raise

.1.39 thy = Q. F = my

.3.37 be = Q. F = me **50 reason** = F. Q = treason **63 held** = Q. F = had **95 kneel** = F. Q = walke

.5 [Scene 5] = Ed. F = *Scoena Quarta (i.e., numbered 5.4, since previous scene break is not noted)* **31 prison** = F. Q = person **95 Spurred, galled** = Q. F = Spur-gall'd

.6 [Scene 6] = Ed. F = *Scoena Quinta*

Act 1 Scene 1

* ***List of parts:*** **QUEEN** unnamed on stage; the historical Richard’s wife at the end of his reign was Isabel of Valois, a child; in portraying an adult queen and a close marriage, the play seems to conflate Isabel with Richard’s deceased first wife, Anne of Bohemia

1.1 ***Location:*** *the court of King Richard II* **John of Gaunt** was named after his place of birth, Ghent

2 **Hast thou** have you—the familiar form used to intimates and inferiors **band** bond

3 **Henry Hereford** i.e., Bullingbrook; he had been created Duke of Hereford (pronounced as two syllables) by Richard in 1397

4 **boist’rous** violent **late** recent **appeal** binding accusation

5 **our** Richard uses the plural royal pronoun **leisure** i.e., lack of leisure

7 **liege** lord, superior entitled to feudal allegiance and service

8 **sounded** enquired of

9 **on ancient** out of long-standing

11 **ground** motive, cause

12 **sift** find by questioning **argument** topic

13 **apparent** manifest, obvious

14 **inveterate** long-standing

18 **High-stomached** proud/high-spirited/courageous/angry **ire** anger

21 **gracious** full of divine grace, holy/benevolent

22 **still** always

23 **hap** fortune

24 **immortal title** i.e., immortality (in heaven)

25 **but** only

26 **well appeareth** is plainly apparent **you come** i.e., about which you come

27 **appeal** accuse of a crime that the accuser undertakes to prove (especially of treason)

28 **object** charge

30 **record** witness

32 **Tend’ring** cherishing

33 **misbegotten** wrongfully conceived

34 **appellant** (as an) accuser

36 **mark** note, pay attention to

38 **answer** answer for

39 **miscreant** wretch, villain

40 **good** high-ranking

41 **crystal** clear, bright (heavenly bodies were thought to be contained within rotating crystal spheres)

43 **aggravate** emphasize, magnify **note** reproach, mark of disgrace

45 **ere** before

46 **right** justly, rightfully

47 **cold** deliberate, unimpassioned **accuse** i.e., diminish, cast doubt on **zeal** powerful feelings/loyalty

48 **trial** judgment, test

49 **eager** sharp, biting

50 **Can arbitrate** that can reach a judicial decision on **cause** matter of dispute **betwixt** between **twain** two

51 **blood** anger, passion/bodily blood **cooled** calmed/let flow (either through medical bloodletting or in death)

54 **fair reverence of** proper respect for

56 **else** otherwise **post** hasten

58 **Setting…royalty** regardless of his royal blood (Bullingbrook is Richard’s cousin, and grandson to Edward III; **high blood** plays on the sense of “extreme anger”)

59 **let** supposing

60 **defy** challenge to combat

62 **odds** the advantage

63 **meet** encounter in combat **tied** obliged

65 **inhabitable** not habitable

66 **durst** dares to

67 **this** i.e., the following accusation, or possibly Mowbray indicates his sword

69 **gage** pledge signifying a commitment to combat (usually a glove or gauntlet, thrown down to challenge the opponent)

72 **except** set aside

74 **pawn** gage

76 **make good** prove

77 **thou canst devise** you can invent

79 **gently** nobly/kindly/softly

80 **in …degree** to any just, honorable extent

82 **light** alight, dismount (from my horse)

83 **unjustly** dishonorably/in an unjust cause

84 **lay …charge** accuse Mowbray of

85 **inherit us** put us in possession

87 **Look** attend to, note

88 **nobles** gold coins

89 **lendings** advances on payment

90 **lewd** improper/vile

91 **injurious** harmful

93 **Or** either

96 **Complotted** plotted in conspiracy with others

97 **Fetched** drew/derived **head** source

100 **Duke of Gloucester** son of Edward III, hence Richard's uncle and John of Gaunt's brother; he was murdered in 1397 at Calais, while in the custody of Mowbray and, many believe, at Richard's prompting

101 **Suggest** tempt, incite

103 **Sluiced out** let flow, flooded out

104 **sacrificing** sacrificial **Abel** in the Bible, killed by his brother Cain, the world's first murderer

106 **chastisement** correction, punishment

109 **pitch** height (literally, the highest point in a falcon's flight)

113 **slander of** disgrace to

118 **my sceptre's awe** the reverence due to my scepter

119 **neighbour** neighboring, close

120 **partialize** make partial, bias

126 **receipt** amount received

130 **Upon…account** for the balance of a large debt

131 **fetch** historically Mowbray was involved in marriage negotiations on Richard's behalf, though Richard escorted the French princess Isabel to England

135 **lord of Lancaster** i.e., John of Gaunt

138 **trespass** sin

140 **exactly** in full detail/specifically

142 **appealed** with which I am charged

144 **recreant** cowardly (if an adjective)/coward (if a noun)

145 **Which** which accusation

146 **interchangeably** in exchange, reciprocally

147 **overweening** arrogant

149 **Even in** i.e., by shedding **chambered** enclosed

150 **In haste whereof** to hasten which

153 **purge** cure medically (by bloodletting) **choler** anger (literally yellow bile, the hot and dry “humor,” one of four fluids in ancient and medieval physiology, believed to govern physical and mental qualities) **letting** shedding; refers specifically to the medical practice of phlebotomy (opening a vein so as to let blood flow)

156 **conclude** come to terms

157 **doctors** learned men, astrologers

160 **become** suit, befit

164 **boot** point, advantage (in refusing)

165 **dread** revered

167 **fair name** honorable reputation

170 **impeached** accused legally **baffled** disgraced publicly

172 **balm** ointment **his…breathed** the heart-blood of he who uttered

175 **Lions make leopards** the lion symbolized the king and featured on the royal coat of arms; Mowbray’s coat of arms bore a *lion leopard*, i.e., walking and showing the full face

176 **spots** leopard spots/stains of dishonor **Take** take responsibility for/take over

179 **away** gone

180 **but gilded** merely covered with gold, superficially fair **loam** earth, clay

181 **ten-times-barred-up** i.e., extremely secure **chest** plays on the sense of “torso”

183 **in one** together, inseparably

185 **try** put to the test

189 **crest-fall’n** humbled/abashed

190 **impeach my height** discredit my high rank, stoop

191 **out-dared** cowed/terrified **dastard** coward

193 **parle** truce (literally trumpet call instigating negotiation)

194 **motive** instrument, i.e., tongue **recanting** renouncing a belief/making a public confession of error

195 **his** its (the tongue’s)

196 **harbour** dwell/shelter
197 **sue** beg
200 **Saint Lambert's day** September 17
202 **swelling** growing/inflated with pride **settled** fixed, unchanging
203 **atone** set at one, reconcile
204 **design** designate, identify **chivalry** valor or prowess in war
206 **home alarms** domestic calls to arms

Act 1 Scene 2

1.2 ***Location:*** *unspecified, probably assumed to be Ely House, London*

1 **part…blood** i.e., my kinship to Gloucester (who was John of Gaunt's brother)

2 **solicit** urge **exclaims** outcries, exclamations

3 **stir** take action

4 **those hands** i.e., Richard's (whom Gaunt holds responsible for Gloucester's death)

11 **Edward's** Edward III

15 **Destinies** the Fates in classical mythology who cut the thread of life with their shears

19 **liquor** liquid

21 **envy's** malice's

23 **metal** substance (puns on "mettle," i.e., disposition) **self-mould** selfsame mold/mold from which the self is made

25 **consent** assent, acquiesce

28 **model** copy, image

30 **suff'ring** allowing

31 **naked** i.e., defenseless

33 **mean** lowly, humble

36 **venge** avenge

37 **Heaven's …deputy** i.e., Richard who, as king, was held to be God's earthly representative

38 **anointed…sight** i.e., marked with holy oil at Westminster Abbey, the part of the coronation ceremony that signified the sacred nature of the king

42 **complaint myself** lodge a formal complaint

43 **champion** defender

46 **cousin** kinsman **fell** cruel, fierce

49 **career** charge of the horse in combat

51 **courser** swift powerful horse ridden in battle

52 **lists** area of combat (literally, the barriers enclosing it)

53 **caitiff** cowardly, villainous **recreant** faith-breaker

54 **thy sometimes** formerly your

58 **boundeth** rebounds

62 **brother** i.e., brother-in-law

63	**Lo**	look
66	**Plashy**	the Duke of Gloucester’s country estate in Essex
69	**offices**	servants’ quarters

Act 1 Scene 3

1.3 ***Location:*** *the area of combat at Coventry*

2 **at all points** completely, in every respect

3 **sprightfully** full of high spirits

4 **Stays** awaits **appellant** accuser, challenger

5 **champions** contenders ***Flourish*** trumpet fanfare accompanying a person in authority ***When … set*** a Quarto direction, omitted from Folio, indicating that the king, as umpire, should be set upon a raised throne

7 **demand** ask

9 **orderly** duly, properly

13 **quarrel** complaint

18 **defend** forbid

20 **succeeding** subsequent/who will inherit the throne issue children

Tucket personal trumpet call

28 **plated** armored **habiliments** clothing, attire

30 **Depose him** take his sworn deposition

31 **wherefore** why

43 **daring-hardy** recklessly bold **touch** i.e., interfere in

45 **fair** lawful, proper

51 **several** respective/various

55 **as** insofar as, to the extent to which

56 **royal fight** because held in the king’s presence

57 **my blood** Richard’s reference is ambiguous; Bullingbrook was his cousin but all subjects were the king’s and part of the body politic

59 **profane** wrongfully let fall

66 **lusty** vigorous, robust **cheerly** cheerfully

67 **regreet** salute, welcome

68 **daintiest** most delicious

70 **regenerate** reborn, renewed

71 **twofold** i.e., father’s and son’s

73 **proof** impenetrability

75 **waxen** i.e., soft, vulnerable

76 **furbish** polish

77 **’haviour** behavior, actions

81 **amazing** stupefying/terrifying **casque** helmet

82 **pernicious** ruinous

84 **Saint George** patron saint of England

90 **enfranchisement** freedom

95 **gentle** pleasant, friendly, courteous **jocund** joyful, cheerful **jest** amuse oneself/act in a masque

97 **Securely** confidently

98 **couchèd** lodged/at rest

99 **Order** set in order/initiate

106 **recreant** cowardly/unfaithful to duty

108 **him** i.e., Bullingbrook

112 **approve** prove

114 **him** i.e., Mowbray

116 **Attending** awaiting ***charge*** trumpet call signaling the beginning of combat

118 **Stay** halt, stop **warder** staff or baton held by the king to symbolize his authority over the combat

119 **lay by** put **aside**

122 **return** inform

123 **list** listen to

124 **For that** because

125 **dear** beloved/costly

126 **for** because **aspect** sight

128 **boist'rous** noisy, raucous/violent

130 **shock** clash in combat

136 **regreet** see again

137 **stranger** foreign

144 **sly** stealthy **determinate** put to an end

145 **dateless limit** unlimited term **dear** heartfelt/grievous

147 **life** i.e., loss of life

149 **unlooked for** unexpected

150 **merit** reward **maim** wound

151 **common** ordinary/open

157 **cunning** skillfully made/requiring skill to play

158 **open** not in its case

159 **touch** fingering/skill

161 **portcullised** shut in, as if with a portcullis (defensive iron grille, usually of a castle)

168 **boots** profits **compassionate** lamenting piteously

169 **plaining** complaining

171 **solemn** burdensome/dark/mournful

175 **Our part therein** i.e., the duty you owe to me as king

180 **regreet** greet (one another) again

181 **louring** darkly threatening

182 **advisèd** considered, deliberate

183 **complot** conspire in

187 **so far as** let me say this much

190 **sepulchre** tomb

192 **fly** flee

194 **clogging** encumbering (like a clog, a block of wood attached to the neck or leg to prevent escape)

199 **rue** regret, lament

200 **stray** take the wrong road/go wrong

201 **Save** except

202 **glasses** windows

203 **aspect** look

208 **wanton** abundant, flourishing

212 **vantage** advantage

214 **times** seasonal cycles

215 **oil-dried** empty of oil **time-bewasted** used up by time

216 **extinct** extinguished

217 **taper** candle

218 **blindfold** death refers to the eyeless skull that symbolized death and/or to the idea of death depriving Gaunt of the power to see

224 **pilgrimage** i.e., journey through life

225 **current** valid, genuine (as a legitimate coin)

226 **dead** i.e., once I am dead

227 **advice** counsel, consideration, judgment

228 **party-verdict** share in the collective decision (of the king's advisers)

229 **lour** frown, look gloomy

233 **looked when** expected that, waited for

234 **make…away** banish my own child

235 **leave** permission

239 **presence…know** I cannot learn of you in person/what the royal court shall not know

240 **paper** i.e., letters

245 **few** i.e., few words

246 **office** function **prodigal** extravagant

247 **breathe** utter **dolour** sorrow

248 **grief** cause for grief (Bullingbrook shifts the sense to “sorrow”) **time** short while

252 **travel** journey/labor

253 **miscall** wrongly call

255 **sullen** somber, melancholy

256 **Esteem as foil** regard as a setting for a jewel

259 **Caucasus** region bordering Asia Minor including the Caucasus Mountains, depicted by Ovid as cold and stony

260 **cloy** satiate, gorge

263 **fantastic** imaginary

264 **apprehension** conception, awareness

266 **Fell** fierce, cruel **rankle** cause festering

267 **lanceth** pierces (to relieve infection)

268 **bring** escort

270 **adieu** good-bye

Act 1 Scene 4

1.4 ***Location:*** *the royal court*

1 **We did observe** Richard enters mid-conversation

2 **high** proud/of high rank

4 **next** nearest

5 **store** quantity, abundance

6 **for me** on my part

8 **rheum** watery discharge, i.e., tears

9 **hollow** insincere

11 **for** because

12 **craft** skill, cunning

13 **counterfeit** pretend, fake

15 **Marry** by the Virgin Mary

19 **cousin** Aumerle's father is the Duke of York, Richard's uncle **doubt** doubtful

21 **friends** relatives

26 **reverence** respect

28 **underbearing** endurance

29 **banish…him** take their affection into exile with him

30 **bonnet** soft brimless hat **oyster-wench** girl who sells oysters

31 **brace of draymen** pair of cart drivers

32 **supple** easily bent

34 **in reversion** i.e., after my death (when leased land would revert to its true owner)

35 **our…hope** in terms of public expectation and favor, the nearest heir

37 **stand out** make a stand, hold out

38 **Expedient manage** swift management

39 **leisure** delay

43 **largesse** generosity

44 **farm** lease parts of the land to tenants who might then collect taxes on their own behalf

46 **come short** is insufficient

47 **substitutes** those appointed to govern during the king's absence **blank charters** documents authorizing deputies to collect revenues, or forced loans; blank spaces were left for the names of those required to pay

49 **subscribe them** enter their names

50 **them** i.e., the **sums** collected

51 **presently** immediately

57 **Ely House** the Bishop of Ely’s palace in Holborn, London

60 **lining** contents (puns on the sense of “lining of a coat”)

Act 2 Scene 1

2.1 ***Location:*** *London, Ely House sick* Gaunt is probably carried on stage in a chair

2 **unstaid** uncontrolled

9 **listened** listened to

10 **gloze** flatter, talk smoothly

11 **marked** paid attention to

12 **close** closing cadence of a piece of music

13 **last** at its end/for longest

16 **sad** serious, solemn

18 **state** kingly splendor

19 **metres** verses **venom** poisonous

21 **proud** arrogant/showy/splendid

22 **tardy apish** belatedly imitating

24 **vanity** trifle

25 **So** provided **there's no respect** it does not matter

26 **buzzed** whispered busily

27 **That** so that

28 **will…regard** desire rebels against reasoned consideration

31 **new inspired** newly filled with divine influence (plays on the sense of "full of newly drawn breath")

32 **expiring** dying/breathing out

33 **riot** wasteful, dissolute lifestyle

35 **Small** composed of fine drops

36 **betimes** early

38 **Light vanity** frivolous foolishness **cormorant** glutton (literally, greedy seabird)

39 **means** resources, means of sustenance

40 **sceptred** invested with regal authority

41 **earth of majesty** land fit for kings **Mars** Roman god of war

45 **happy breed** fortunate race

47 **office** function

50 **plot** land for cultivation

51 **teeming** fertile

52 **by their breed** on account of their mighty ancestry

55 **sepulchre** cave outside Jerusalem in which Christ was buried **stubborn Jewry** the residents of Jerusalem who resisted Christianity

56 **world's ...son** i.e., Christ

60 **tenement** land or property held by a tenant **pelting** paltry

61 **bound in** bordered, surrounded

62 **envious** malicious, hostile

63 **Neptune** Roman god of the sea **bound** legally bound

64 **inky…bonds** i.e., the corrupt blank charters

65 **wont** accustomed

73 **composition** state of health

76 **meat** food

77 **watched** remained awake/kept guard

83 **inherits** receives

84 **nicely** ingeniously, precisely

85 **to mock** in mocking

86 **kill…me** i.e., by banishing Gaunt's son and heir

93 **see thee ill** see you imperfectly (as my sight is failing)/see the ill that is in you

101 **compass** circumference

102 **verge** limit, rim/the twelve-mile radius around the king's court/measure of land

103 **waste** wasteland/wastefulness/damage done to property by a tenant/waist

104 **grandsire** i.e., Edward III

105 **his sons** Edward's sons, Richard's uncles/Richard's own (as yet unborn) children

106 **forth** beyond

107 **Deposing** disinheriting, depriving **possessed** in possession of the crown (sense then shifts to "inhabited by the devil")

109 **cousin** kinsman **regent** ruler

111 **for…land** insofar as your world consists of this land

114 **state…law** absolute legal status (as king) is now subject to legal processes (as a result of leasing out land)

116 **Presuming on** taking advantage of **ague** fever and shaking

117 **frozen** cold, hostile/chilled by illness

120 **seat** throne/status

122 **roundly** bluntly/fluently

123 **unreverent** disrespectful

125 **For that** because

126 **pelican** the bird’s offspring were thought to feed on her blood

127 **tapped out** drawn as from a barrel **caroused** drunk heartily/drunk toasts with

129 **fair** good, happiness

133 **unkindness** unnatural behavior

139 **sullens** sulks, gloomy moods

140 **become** befit, suit

143 **dear As Harry** as dearly as Gaunt holds Harry (but Richard interprets “as dearly as Harry holds Richard”)

151 **spent** used up, exhausted

155 **pilgrimage** i.e., journey through life

157 **supplant** get rid of **rug-headed** shaggy-haired **kerns** lightly armed foot soldiers

160 **ask some charge** require some expenditure

161 **seize** take possession (legal term)

162 **plate** gold or silver tableware **movables** portable property

167 **Gaunt’s rebukes** the rebukes given by Richard to Gaunt **private wrongs** wrongs done to individuals

168 **Bullingbrook…marriage** Richard prevented the exiled Bullingbrook from marrying a cousin of the French king

171 **bend one wrinkle** direct one frown

178 **Accomplished…hours** i.e., when he was your age **Accomplished** equipped

190 **withal** with that

191 **seize** take legal possession of

192 **royalties** rights granted by the king/rights due to one of royal blood

194 **true** loyal/legitimate (as heir)

198 **His** i.e., time’s **customary rights** i.e., of inheritance and succession

199 **ensue** follow

204 **Call…patents** revoke the documents signed by the king granting land or titles

205 **By…livery** allowing him to sue, through his lawyers, for the right to his inheritance

206 **homage** avowal of allegiance, part of the formal process of receiving one’s inheritance

207 **pluck** pull

209 **prick** spur

213 **by** nearby, present

215 **courses** i.e., of action

216 **events** consequences

218 **repair** come

219 **see** attend to **Tomorrow next** tomorrow/tomorrow morning

220 **trow** believe

230 **great** swollen with emotion **with silence** by keeping silent

231 **liberal** freely speaking

234 **Tends…to** does what you want to say relate to

239 **Bereft** forcibly deprived, robbed **gelded** deprived of wealth/castrated

246 **prosecute** perform/pursue

248 **piled** most editors emend to “pilled” (stripped bare, plundered)

250 **ancient** long-standing

251 **exactions** means of enforcing payment

252 **blanks** blank charters **benevolences** forced loans **wot** know

253 **this** i.e., all the money that has been collected

255 **basely…compromise** made concessions in a cowardly way

258 **in farm** for rent, on lease

259 **broken** financially ruined

267 **sore** sorely, threateningly

268 **strike** draw in the sails/strike blows in opposition **securely** overconfidently, heedlessly

271 **suffering** enduring, permitting

274 **tidings** news

281 **Rainold…Exeter** in fact, it was the young Earl of Arundel who escaped from Exeter’s custody; it seems likely that a line is missing here and many editors insert a line based on Shakespeare’s source, Holinshed’s *Chronicles:* “Thomas, son and heir to th’Earl of Arundel”

282 **broke** escaped

283 **His** i.e., the Earl of Arundel’s

286 **furnished** equipped

287 **tall** large, grand

288 **expedience** haste

290 **had ere this** would have done already **stay** await

293 **Imp out** repair by inserting new feathers (falconry term)

294 **broking pawn** being pledged to a pawnbroker

295 **gilt** gold (puns on “guilt”)

297 **post** haste **Ravenspurgh** a former Yorkshire port on the River Humber

298 **faint** lose heart, are nervous

301 **Hold…horse** as long as my horse holds out

Act 2 Scene 2

2.2 ***Location:*** *the royal court*

3 **heaviness** sorrow

4 **entertain** maintain/receive

14 **shadows** mirrored reflections, insubstantial things

16 **glazèd** glassed over/covered with a film

17 **thing entire to** complete thing into

18 **perspectives** optical devices incorporating mirrors that produce distorted images/seemingly distorted paintings that only become clear when viewed from a particular angle **rightly** directly, from the front

19 **awry** obliquely, from the side

20 **Distinguish form** make their shape clear, reveal order

22 **himself** the original grief/Richard’s departure **wail** bewail, lament

25 **More** for more

27 **for** in place of/because of

30 **heavy** weightily/sorrowfully

31 **on…think** dwelling anxiously on nothing, on the absence of thought

33 **conceit** imagination (the queen shifts the sense to “thought, understanding”)

34 **nothing less** i.e., far from it **still** always

36 **begot** conceived, created **something** substantial, actual

37 **grieve** grieve for, feel sorrow over

38 **in reversion** i.e., asa legacy, not yet inherited

40 **wot** know, believe

45 **wherefore** why

46 **retired** pulled back (from Ireland)

48 **strongly** with a powerful military force

49 **repeals himself** recalls himself from exile/revokes his sentence of banishment

50 **uplifted arms** arms raised in prayer/brandished weapons

60 **staff** i.e., the symbol of his role as Steward of the king’s household

61 **household** i.e., royal establishment

64 **heir** child, offspring

65 **prodigy** portent/monster

71 **cozening** deceitful (may play on “cousin”)

73 **bands** bonds
74 **lingers** draws out, causes to linger **in extremity** to the very end/the final moments of life
77 **careful** anxious, care-filled
78 **comfortable** comforting
80 **crosses** obstacles
81 **save** protect (his rule in Ireland)
83 **underprop** support, prop up
85 **surfeit** excess, over-indulgence
86 **try** put to the test
87 **son** i.e., the Duke of Aumerle
89 **cold** unenthusiastic/unmoved
91 **Sirrah** sir (used to an inferior) **sister** sister-in-law
92 **presently** immediately
93 **take my ring** i.e., as a sign that the message is genuinely from York
99 **Heav'n** i.e., I pray heaven (God)
101 **would** wish
102 **So** provided that **untruth** disloyalty
103 **brother's** i.e., the murdered Gloucester's
104 **posts** messengers
105 **do** manage, provide
109 **muster** assemble in readiness for action
113 **oath** i.e., of allegiance
116 **kindred** kinship, family bond
117 **somewhat** something
118 **Dispose of** make arrangements for
120 **Berkeley** Castle a castle in Gloucestershire, near Bristol
123 **at…seven** in chaos
124 **sits** i.e., blows
125 **power** troops
129 **those** those who
133 **generally** universally/by the people
134 **judgement…we** they are to be judges, then our fate lies in their hands
136 **straight** (go) straight away
138 **office** service
139 **hateful** hate-filled

140 **curs** dogs
143 **presages** forebodings **vain** wrong, in vain
145 **as** depends on how

Act 2 Scene 3

2.3 ***Location:*** *Gloucestershire*

9 **Cottshold** the Cotswolds, rural area covering part of Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire

10 **In** by **wanting** lacking

11 **beguiled** whiled away

12 **tediousness and process** tedious course

16 **By this** in this way/with this hope

22 **whencesoever** wherever he may be

26 **forsook** abandoned, rejected

35 **levied** raised

36 **repair** go

42 **tender** offer (sense then shifts to “youthful, inexperienced”)

45 **approvèd** proven

46 **gentle** noble/courteous/kind

49 **fortune** success, luck/wealth

50 **still** always

52 **stir** events, activity

54 **yond** yonder, that **tuft** clump

57 **estimate** repute

59 **spurring** i.e., the blood of the horses they have spurred on so hard

60 **wot** know

62 **unfelt** i.e., not yet expressed through material reward **which** i.e., which **treasury**

66 **thanks…poor** i.e., gratitude is the only wealth the poor have

67 **comes to years** reaches the age of maturity

71 **my…Lancaster** Bullingbrook will respond only to his proper **title** (Duke of Lancaster), inherited from his father, John of Gaunt

74 **aught** anything

76 **raze** erase/scrape title puns on “tittle,” i.e., tiniest part

77 **what…will** whatever the title you wish me to use

78 **glorious** illustrious, important

79 **pricks** spurs

80 **absent time** i.e., time during which the king is absent

81 **native** natural, inherent (with connotations of birth) **self-born** originating with you, brandished for your own cause (also “self-borne”—carried by yourself)

85 **deceivable** deceptive

87 **Grace…grace** don’t speak to me of “grace” (since your behavior is so **ungracious**)

89 **ungracious** unmannerly/wicked/lacking in spiritual grace

91 **dust** particle of dust

95 **ostentation of despisèd** display of despicable (because traitorous)

101 **Black Prince** Edward, Richard’s father and son of Edward III

104 **palsy** weakness of the body, accompanied at times with tremor

107 **On…wherein?** What point of law have I contravened and how?/What personal flaw am I deemed to have and how has it manifested itself? **condition** legal stipulation/personal quality; York shifts the sense to “circumstances”

112 **braving** defiant, boastfully flaunted

114 **for** as/to claim the title of

116 **indifferent** impartial

121 **perforce** forcibly

122 **unthrifts** spendthrifts, wasteful people (with moral connotations)

128 **rouse** expose, chase from hiding (hunting term) **bay** last stand (where the cornered animal turns on its hunters)

129 **denied…liv’ry** refused the right to legally claim my inheritance

130 **letters patent** documents signed by the king granting land or titles (Bullingbrook’s have been revoked by Richard)

131 **distrained** confiscated by law

132 **amiss** wrongly

134 **challenge law** claim my legal rights

136 **of free descent** through legal succession

138 **stands…upon** is the responsibility of your grace

139 **endowments** i.e., wealth and property (that has now been given to others)

143 **kind** manner

144 **Be…way** i.e., act on his own authority, help himself (literally, carve his own piece of meat)

152 **issue** outcome

154 **power** army **ill left** left in disordered, poor condition

156 **attach** arrest **stoop** i.e., kneel for **mercy**

159 **as neuter** neutral

163 **win** persuade

166 **caterpillars** i.e., parasites

Act 2 Scene 4

2.4	***Location:*** *Wales*
1	**stayed** waited
2	**hardly** with difficulty
8	**bay-trees** bay leaves were associated with victory and immortality
9	**meteors** regarded as bad omens
11	**lean-looked** gaunt, lean-looking
13	**The one** i.e., **rich men**
20	**firmament** sky
22	**Witnessing** betokening, indicating
23	**wait upon** offer allegiance to
24	**crossly** adversely

Act 3 Scene 1

3.1 ***Location:*** *Bristol*

3 **presently** immediately **part** depart from

4 **urging** insisting on, emphasizing **pernicious** wicked, destructive

7 **causes of** legal reasons for

9 **happy** fortunate

10 **unhappied** made unfortunate, ruined **clean** completely

11 **in manner** as it were, in a way

12 **divorce** breach, separation

13 **Broke…bed** i.e., interfered with marital union and happiness

20 **clouds** mists of breath/climates, skies

22 **signories** estates

23 **Disparked my parks** opened my enclosed hunting grounds for other uses

24 **coat** coat of arms (often emblazoned on stained or painted windows)

25 **imprese** heraldic family emblem

29 **death** death penalty (legal term)

35 **dispatched** dealt with/killed

37 **entreated** treated

38 **commends** regards

41 **at large** (expressed) in full

Act 3 Scene 2

3.2 ***Location:*** *Barkloughly (Harlech) Castle*, *northern Wales* *colours* military flags (and those carrying them)

1 **Barkloughly castle** actually Harlech Castle

2 **brooks** likes (technically “tolerates”)

9 **fondly** affectionately/foolishly

13 **sense** appetite

14 **spiders** like **toads,** they were thought to be poisonous

16 **annoyance** harm

20 **Guard** protect/trim with an ornamental border **prithee** pray thee

21 **double** forked **mortal** deadly

23 **senseless conjuration** appeal to the unfeeling earth/foolish entreaty

25 **native** rightful, legitimately crowned

30 **security** overconfidence

32 **Discomfortable** discouraging

33 **eye…world** when, to us, the sun is hidden beneath the earth, lighting the underside of the world

49 **rude** turbulent

50 **balm** consecrating oil, used to anoint a king at his coronation

53 **pressed** conscripted

54 **shrewd** sharp, biting **steel** sword

56 **angel** puns on the sense of “gold coin”

59 **Nor near** no nearer

60 **Discomfort** sorrow/discouragement

63 **happy** fortunate

67 **state** kingship, power

71 **But now** only a moment ago

72 **triumph** rejoice, exult

83 **high** noble in rank (sense then shifts to “proud, ambitious”)

85 **power…turn** sufficient troops for our needs

86 **betide** befall, come to

87 **care-tuned** tuned by sorrow/tuned to a sorrowful key **deliver** report to

90 **care** burden, source of anxiety

94 **fellow** equal/servant

95 **mend** remedy

104 **his** applies to both **rage** and to **Bullingbrook**

105 **Bullingbrook** probably puns on “brook” **fearful** frightened

107 **Whitebeards** i.e., old men

109 **big** with deep voices (like men) **clap** place, thrust **female** feminine, i.e., youthful

110 **arms** armor

111 **beadsmen** almsmen who were paid to pray on behalf of another

112 **double-fatal** doubly deadly (the wood of the **yew** was used to make bows; its leaves and berries were poisonous)

113 **distaff-women** women occupied in spinning (a distaff was a staff used to hold wool) **bills** long-handled weapons with blades at the ends

114 **seat** throne

120 **Measure our confines** travel over our territories **peaceful** i.e., unopposed

122 **I warrant** I’m sure, I’ll guarantee

127 **Judas** the disciple who betrayed Jesus Christ

129 **spotted** stained (with sin)

130 **property** essence, own nature

133 **hands** used to sign a document or swear an oath

135 **graved** buried

148 **model** microcosm, replica/mould

149 **paste and cover** pastry covering/piecrust

151 **sad** solemn/sorrowful **stories** historical narratives

156 **rounds** encircles **mortal** human/destined for death

157 **antic** grotesque buffoon

158 **his state** at the king’s regality

160 **monarchize** act the monarch

161 **self** self-made/self-centered **conceit** imaginings, concept (of himself)

163 **humoured thus** Death, having amused himself in this way/Death, being so inclined/Death, having allowed the king to indulge himself in this way

171 **Subjected** under the dominion of grief/turned into a mere subject (rather than being a king)

174 **presently** immediately **prevent…wail** seek to forestall the routes to (or sources of) grief

177 **And…yourself** this line is omitted in Folio, seemingly as a printer’s error rather than a deliberate cut

178 **No…fight** nothing worse (than being **slain**) can come from fighting

179 **death destroying death** i.e., defying death by dying nobly (and, perhaps, being remembered in such a way)/by conquering death's power to make one afraid

182 **a…limb** i.e., a great fighting force out of a small number of soldiers

183 **chid'st** reprove, upbraid

184 **change** exchange **doom** destiny

185 **ague** acute or violent fever/fit of shaking or shivering **over-blown** blown over

191 **heavy** gloomy, sorrowful

193 **by…small** by increments, little by little

200 **Beshrew** curse **forth Of** out of

205 **Flint Castle** situated in northeast Wales

207 **power** forces, troops **discharge** dismiss

208 **ear** plough, cultivate

Act 3 Scene 3

3.3 ***Location:*** *outside Flint Castle*

1 **So that** Bullingbrook enters in mid-conversation

7 **beseem** befit

14 **to** as to

15 **taking…head** treating the head of state in such a manner/being headstrong/omitting the king’s title **your** by your

16 **Mistake** misunderstand (puns on “mis-take”)

17 **Take** seize, presume

18 **mistake** fail to understand that

26 **lies** dwells, is

30 **who** i.e., who he is

31 **belike** probably

33 **rude** rough, rugged **ribs** i.e., walls

34 **brazen** brass (plays on the sense of “audacious, shameless”) **parle** parley, negotiation between enemy forces (or the trumpet call signifying this)

35 **his** its (the castle’s, but possibly also referring to Richard) **ruined** battered

41 **my…again** the revoking of my banishment and restoration of my lands

43 **th’advantage…power** the superiority of my military force

44 **lay** flatten, subdue

47 **such** that such a **bedrench** drench thoroughly, soak

49 **tenderly** gently, peacefully/lovingly

53 **tattered** battered, old/jagged

54 **fair appointments** fine military provision

57 **fire and water** i.e., lightning and rain

60 **rain** puns on “reign”

62 **mark** note, observe ***Parley*** trumpet summons to negotiation

64 **blushing** i.e., in anger

66 **envious** hostile

67 **stain** obscure, dim **tract** course

68 **occident** west (where the sun sets)

70 **lightens forth** flashes out, like lightning

73 **amazed** astounded, bewildered

74 **watch** expect, wait for **fearful** full of reverence

77 **awful** full of awe

78 **hand** sign/signature

82 **profane** sin, commit sacrilege

84 **torn** i.e., ruined, damned **turning…us** i.e., betraying me

88 **strike** blight, afflict with plague (**pestilence**)

89 **unbegot** not yet conceived

90 **That** of you who **vassal** servile, slavish

94 **ope** open

95 **purple testament** bloody legacy

97 **crowns** heads (plays on **crown** in the previous line)

99 **maid-pale** virgin white, pale as a young girl

101 **pastor's** shepherd's, i.e., Richard, England's shepherd or spiritual protector

103 **civil** domestic, used in civil war **uncivil** violent, barbarous

109 **head** source

113 **scope** aim

114 **lineal royalties** hereditary rights as one with royal blood

115 **Enfranchisement** freedom (from banishment), restoration of rights

116 **party** part

117 **commend** commit

118 **barbèd** armored with barbs (metal protectors)

120 **is** and is

121 **credit** believe

122 **returns** replies

125 **accomplished** carried out

126 **gracious** courteous, elegant

127 **commends** greetings, regards

129 **poorly** abject, lowly

134 **e'er** ever

136 **yond** yonder, i.e., at some distance but within sight

137 **sooth** smooth words, appeasing terms

141 **scope** room, freedom/a purpose

142 **beat** conquer, strike (plays on the sense of a heart beating)

146 **be contented** i.e., submit, agree

148 **set of beads** rosary

150 **almsman** recipient of charity

151 **figured** embossed, ornamented

152 **palmer’s** pilgrim’s

157 **trade** commerce/tread

160 **buried once** once I am buried

162 **despisèd** despicable/to be scorned/unimportant

163 **lodge** flatten

164 **dearth** famine **revolting** rebellious

165 **play the wantons** trifle, frolic

166 **make** devise **pretty match** ingenious game

167 **still** always

168 **fretted us** eroded for us (**fretted** puns on the sense of “been distressed, complained”)

171 **ill** affliction

176 **make a leg** bow

177 **base court** lower or servants’ court **attend** wait

179 **glist’ring** glistening, glittering **Phaethon** in Greek mythology, the son of Apollo, the sun god; he was unable to control his father’s horse-drawn sun chariot, burned part of the earth, and was felled with a thunderbolt hurled by Zeus

180 **manage** control **jades** worthless horses

182 **do them grace** bow to them courteously/grant them favor

184 **night-owls shriek** considered a bad omen

187 **fondly** foolishly **frantic** mad, frenzied

189 **apart** aside

192 **debase** continues the earlier wordplay on base

194 **Me rather had** I had rather

195 **courtesy** curtsy, i.e., bow

196 **up** i.e., proud, ambitious/rebellious

200 **redoubted** dreaded, revered

205 **want their remedies** lack remedies for what caused them

208 **willing** willingly

Act 3 Scene 4

3.4 ***Location:*** *the Duke of York's garden*

2 **heavy** burdensome/sad

4 **rubs** hindrances (technically, impediment that interrupts the course of a bowling ball)

5 **against the bias** contrary to the desired course (a **bias** is the weight in the ball that enables it to be bowled in a curve)

7 **measure** due proportion/stately dance step

8 **measure** limit

14 **wanting** lacking

15 **remember** remind

16 **being altogether had** as I am entirely possessed by it

17 **want** lack

19 **boots not** is useless **complain** lament

21 **'Tis…cause** i.e., it is a good thing that you are happy enough to do so

28 **My** I'll wager my **row of pins** i.e., insignificant items

29 **state** affairs of state, politics

30 **Against** in anticipation of **forerun with** heralded by

31 **apricocks** apricots

32 **sire** father, i.e., tree that bears them

33 **oppression** burden **prodigal** excessive

34 **supportance** support

36 **sprays** shoots

37 **lofty** tall/proud, ambitious

38 **even** equal

40 **noisome** noxious, harmful

41 **wholesome** healthy

42 **compass** limits **pale** fenced area, enclosure

44 **model** copy in miniature **firm estate** settled situation/secure kingdom

48 **knots** intricately designed flower beds

51 **suffered** permitted/undergone

52 **fall of leaf** i.e., autumn

59 **seized** taken into custody

60 **trimmed** adorned

61 **at time of year** in season

63 **over-proud** too swollen

64 **confound** ruin

68 **bearing** fertile, fruit-bearing

69 **crown** king’s crown/leafy head of a tree

72 **Depressed** humbled, lowered in fortune

73 **doubted** feared

76 **pressed to death** a punishment that involved pressing the suspect with heavy weights until they pleaded innocent or guilty, or died

77 **Adam** in the Bible, the first man; he was in charge of cultivating the Garden of Eden until he was tempted into sin by **Eve** who had been tricked by the devil in the guise of a **serpent**

79 **suggested** tempted

83 **Divine** prophesy

87 **hold** grasp/custody

90 **vanities** follies **light** of little weight/frivolous

93 **odds** advantage

94 **Post** hasten

97 **embassage** message/errand **belong to** i.e., concern

103 **triumph** public festivity, triumphal procession

106 **so** provided **state** situation/royal status

109 **rue** herb symbolizing repentance and grace **sour** bitter, sad

110 **e’en for ruth** for sheer pity

Act 4 Scene 1

4.1	***Location:***	*Westminster Hall, London*
4	**wrought**	worked/arranged
5	**office**	task/duty
	timeless	untimely/everlasting
9	**unsay**	deny, retract
10	**dead**	fatal, deadly/secret, dark/past
11	**of length**	long
16	**crowns**	gold coins
17	**Than**	than have
18	**withal**	besides
21	**base**	contemptible/low-born
22	**stars**	birth, rank/destiny
23	**On…chastisement?**	To correct/punish him as if we were equals?
25	**th'attainder**	the dishonorable slur, accusation
26	**manual …death**	gauntlet (glove thrown down as a **gage**)/death warrant sealed by my hand
30	**temper**	steely firmness/condition
31	**forbear**	stop
32	**one**	i.e., Bullingbrook
33	**moved**	roused, angered
34	**stand**	insist
	sympathy	equal rank (in an opponent)
35	**in gage**	engaged
37	**vauntingly**	boastfully
39	**deniest**	two syllables ("deny'st")
40	**turn**	return
46	**appeal**	accusation
48	**th'extremest…breathing**	i.e., the death
50	**An if**	if
51	**more**	again
55	**in presence**	present
61	**render**	return
65	**Engage…trial**	accept it and thus pledge yourself to combat (**trial**)
66	**fondly**	foolishly
	forward	eager
68	**wilderness**	i.e., even somewhere remote or where no help is available
71	**tie**	bind
	correction	punishment, rebuke

78 **That** to assert that

79 **repealed** called back from exile **try** test in combat

80 **differences** disputes **rest under gage** remain challenges

83 **signories** estates

84 **enforce his trial** make sure that the combat takes place

87 **field** i.e., battle

88 **Streaming the ensign** flying the banner

90 **toiled** exhausted

94 **colours** battle flags

97 **bosom…Abraham** i.e., heaven

98 **appellants** who have made formal accusations

102 **plume-plucked** humbled, stripped of his glory

105 **descending** i.e., being passed to an heir

108 **Marry** by the Virgin Mary

109 **Worst** of lowest rank

110 **beseeming** befitting (as he is a clergyman)

113 **noblesse** nobility

114 **Learn** teach

117 **by** present

118 **apparent** obvious

119 **figure** image

122 **subject** i.e., of a subject

125 **heinous** grave/wicked **obscene** repulsive, foul

131 **manure** fertilize (after being spilt)

135 **kind** countrymen **confound** bring to ruin

138 **field** battlefield **Golgotha** Calvary (called “the place of skulls”), the hill outside Jerusalem where Christ was crucified

139 **house** royal family/Parliament

148 **suit** request (that the terms of Richard’s abdication be declared publicly to Parliament)

150 **surrender** abdicate

152 **conduct** escort

154 **sureties** guarantors (who will vouch for your appearance) **answer** trial

155 **beholding** indebted

156 **little looked for** little expected your **love** ***regalia*** crown and scepter

160 **insinuate** ingratiate myself

163 **favours** faces/support, kindness/gifts

164 **sometime** formerly

165 **twelve** i.e., the twelve disciples

168 **priest and clerk** in church services the priest said prayers to which the clerk responded “Amen”

171 **service** puns on the sense of “church service”

173 **tired majesty** exhausted, weary dignity/sovereign power

176 **seize** grasp/take legal possession of/arrest

179 **owes** owns, possesses **filling one another** the rising of the full bucket causes the other to be lowered and filled

189 **Your…down** your assumption of the anxieties and obligations of kingship does not detract from my grief; in the following lines Richard plays on several senses of **care:** kingly responsibility/personal grief/concern

190 **by…done** caused by my former inadequate responsibility

193 **tend** attend, follow

195 **Ay** puns on “I” **no** puns on “know”

197 **mark me** note **undo** bring to naught, destroy, unmake

200 **sway** rule

204 **release…oaths** release my subjects from their oaths of allegiance to me

205 **forswear** reject

210 **with nothing grieved** not grieved at all/grieved with the fact that I have nothing

223 **ravel out** unravel

224 **Gentle** noble/kind

226 **troop** company

227 **read a lecture** read out an account (as though preaching a lesson)

228 **article** item forming part of an accusation

230 **warrant** guarantee

233 **bait** harass, torment (like a bear being baited for sport)

234 **Pilate** Pontius Pilate, Roman governor of Judaea involved in the crucifixion of Christ, but who washed his hands before the discontented crowd as a means of exonerating himself from blame

236 **sour** bitter, harsh

238 **dispatch** make haste, get on with it

241 **sort** pack, gang

245 **T'undeck** to undress, to strip of ornament **pompous** splendid, ceremonially dressed

249 **haught** haughty, arrogant

251 **at the font** i.e., at my christening

255 **mockery** imitation/subject of ridicule

259 **An if** if **sterling** valid currency

261 **what** what kind of

262 **his** its

263 **some** i.e., one ***glass*** mirror

276 **beguile** deceive

278 **keep** maintain

279 **wink** blink, shut their eyes

280 **faced** covered over/countenanced, sanctioned

281 **out-faced** defied, challenged/replaced by

284 **shivers** shards, fragments

285 **moral** significance, true meaning

287 **shadow** reflection/dark, gloomy shade (Richard develops the sense to include delusive semblance, "thing without substance")

292 **manner** forms

298 **boon** favor

305 **to** as

313 **convey** escort (Richard goes on to play on the sense of "steal")

316 **set down** appoint the time for

322 **pernicious** destructive

324 **take the sacrament** receive Holy Communion (as a means of confirming your word)

325 **bury** conceal

Act 5 Scene 1

5.1 ***Location:*** *London, near the Tower*

2 **Julius Caesar** it was a popular notion that the Roman emperor built the Tower of London; in fact, it was erected by William the Conqueror **ill-erected** built for wicked ends and with evil consequences

3 **flint** i.e., hard

4 **doomed** judged/consigned to some adverse fate

11 **model** ground plan, outline **Troy** supposedly founded by the Trojan Brutus, London was often referred to as the New Troy

12 **map** outline, image

13 **inn** house/place of temporary lodging

14 **hard-favoured** ugly

15 **ale-house** cheap, lowly place of lodging

18 **state** situation/kingship

20 **sworn brother** the devoted, loyal friend

22 **league** bond of friendship, allegiance **Hie** hurry

23 **cloister** seclude, conceal religious house convent

24 **new world's** i.e., heaven's

26 **shape** physical appearance

31 **To be** at being

32 **rod** punishment cane

35 **beasts** beastly men **aught but** anything other than

36 **still** yet/always **happy** fortunate

37 **sometime** former

42 **long ago betid** that happened long ago

43 **quit** requite, repay **grief** i.e., mournful **tales**

46 **why** this cause **brands** burning logs **sympathize** feel for, respond to

47 **heavy accent** sorrowful tone **moving** talking/affecting, stirring to sorrow

48 **weep** literally, exude resin as they burn

49 **some** i.e., of the firewood (**brands**)

52 **Pomfret** Pontefract Castle, in Yorkshire

53 **order ta'en** instructions issued, arrangements made

55 **wherewithal** by means of which

57 **many…age** i.e., older

58 **head** to a head (of a boil, with play on the sense of “insurrection”)

59 **corruption** pus (plays on the sense of “sin, destruction”)

60 **Though he** even if he were to

61 **helping** you having helped

62 **which** who

63 **unrightful** illegitimate

67 **one or both** i.e., either usurping king or his collaborator

68 **worthy** well-deserved

70 **part** separate (from the queen; sense then shifts to “depart”)

72 **’twixt** betwixt, between

74 **unkiss** annul with a kiss

77 **pines** afflicts, wastes away

78 **from whence** from where; Isabel was daughter to the French king

80 **Hallowmas** November 1, All Saints’ Day **short’st of day** the winter solstice, shortest day of the year

84 **were** would show

88 **be…near** not being together **near** nearer

92 **piece…out** lengthen the journey

95 **stop** stop up, silence

97 **’Twere…me** it would do no good to take it upon myself (**part** plays on the sense of “parting” and “body part, organ”)

98 **kill** i.e., with sorrow

101 **wanton** playful, unrestrained, self-indulgent **fond** foolish/doting

102 **adieu** good-bye

Act 5 Scene 2

5.2 ***Location:*** *the Duke of York's house*

3 **cousins** kinsmen, i.e., Richard and Bullingbrook; York was their uncle

4 **leave** break off

6 **rude** unkind, uncivilized, rough **misgoverned** unruly, unrestrained

windows' tops upper windows

10 **Which** i.e., which horse **aspiring** ambitious

15 **casements** windows

17 **painted imagery** the people, or speaking figures in painted wall coverings

20 **Bareheaded** removing one's hat was a sign of respect or deference

21 **Bespake** addressed

22 **still** continually

23 **the whilst** during this

25 **well-graced** attractive/skilled/well-regarded, favored

26 **idly** unenthusiastically/inattentively

33 **combating with** fighting between

34 **badges** signs/livery

36 **perforce** of necessity

39 **bound** bind/limit, confine **contents** contentment

41 **state** regality, kingship **aye** ever, i.e., fully

45 **Rutland** for his support of Richard, Aumerle lost his status as duke, though he retained the title Earl of Rutland

46 **pledge…truth** guarantor of his loyalty

47 **fealty** allegiance

48 **violets** i.e., court favorites

49 **spring** i.e., Bullingbrook's kingship

51 **as lief** as soon, rather

52 **bear you** conduct yourself

53 **cropped** cut down/beheaded

54 **Hold** go ahead **triumphs** public festivities

58 **seal** i.e., seal attached to the bottom of a document (which Aumerle apparently carries in his doublet or jacket)

69 **bond** financial agreement (retained by the creditor)

70 **against** in preparation for

84 **appeach** denounce, inform against

89 **answer** answer for

92 **amazed** stunned, confused

93 **villain** rogue/servant

96 **own** i.e., own child

98 **teeming date** time for childbearing

102 **fond** foolish/doting

105 **interchangeably** reciprocally (so each of the conspirators has a copy of the agreement)

107 **be none** not be one of them

108 **that** i.e., the plot/the actions of the conspirators

111 **groaned** i.e., in labor

121 **his horse** i.e., grab his saddled horse and ride out first

122 **post** speedily

126 **the ground** i.e., kneeling

Act 5 Scene 3

5.3 ***Location:*** *the royal court*

1 **unthrifty** extravagant, dissolute **son** Prince Hal, later Henry V

7 **loose** immoral, wasteful

9 **watch** night watchmen **passengers** travelers

10 **effeminate** frivolous, self-indulgent, immature

11 **Takes on the** undertakes as a

15 **gallant** fashionable young man/fine fellow

16 **stews** brothels/part of a city occupied by houses of ill-fame

17 **common'st** most whorish, promiscuous **creature** prostitute **glove** with vaginal connotations

18 **favour** love token (worn by knights in jousts) **with that** wearing the token

19 **unhorse** plays on the sense of “deprive of a whore” **lustiest** most vigorous (plays on the sense of “most licentious”)

20 **desp'rate** reckless **both** i.e., both flaws

22 **happily** with favorable destiny/with a happy result

24 **stares** gapes, looks horror-struck

30 **grow** i.e., be fixed

32 **a pardon** i.e., I am granted a pardon

35 **after-love** future loyalty

41 **safe** harmless i.e., dead

42 **Stay** withhold

43 **secure** overconfident

44 **speak treason** i.e., by having to use such disrespectful terms

50 **haste** i.e., breathlessness

51 **passed** just made

53 **hand** signature

59 **strong** flagrant/significant, dangerous

61 **sheer** pure, clear **fountain** spring

63 **held his current** taken its course

66 **deadly blot** fatal sin/ink signature **digressing** deviating from its course/transgressing morally

67 **bawd** pimp, procurer

68 **spend** waste/may play on the sense of “ejaculate”

69 **scraping** money-saving

73 **true** loyal 81 ‘The…King’ probably refers to a ballad telling the popular tale of King Cophetua and the beggar maid he fell in love with

85 **for** as a result of

86 **festered** corrupt/diseased

87 **let alone** left untreated **confound** destroy

89 **itself** i.e., its own flesh and blood, one’s son

90 **frantic** mad

91 **dugs** breasts

96 **happy** happy/fortunate person

100 **true** loyal

102 **in jest** pretend

104 **would** wishes to

120 **meet** fitting

121 **‘*pardonnez-moi*’** French for “pardon me,” i.e., excuse me for refusing your request

126 **chopping** meaning-shifting, logic-chopping/affected

129 **plaints** laments

130 **rehearse** pronounce/repeat

132 **sue** beg

133 **suit** request (puns on the sense of “suit of cards,” an image maintained in **hand**)

135 **happy** joyous/fortunate **vantage** profit, gain/advantageous position

137 **twain** divide in two

141 **for** as for **brother-in-law** i.e., **the** Duke of Exeter the i.e., and the

142 **consorted** conspiring

144 **several** separate, various

149 **prove** i.e., make sure you prove

Act 5 Scene 4

8	**wistly**	intently, meaningfully
9	**As**	as one

Act 5 Scene 5

5.5 ***Location:*** *Pomfret (Pontefract) Castle*

1 **studying** thinking about, dwelling on

3 **for because** because

7 **beget** conceive

8 **still-breeding** constantly reproducing

10 **humours** dispositions, moods

12 **As** such as

13 **scruples** doubts **faith** i.e., religious belief, as manifested through Scripture

14 **‘Come, little ones’** from the Bible (Luke 18:16; also Matthew 19:14)

16 **‘It…eye’** biblical (Luke 18:25; also Matthew 19:24 and Mark 10:25)

17 **postern** back or side gate

21 **ragged** rough, rugged

22 **for** because **pride** prime/arrogance

23 **content** acceptance

25 **silly** simple/lowly/helpless

26 **stocks** contraption for public punishment in which the arms or legs were confined **refuge** take refuge from, reduce

27 **That** with the thought that

31 **prison** most editions follow Quarto’s “person,” but Folio’s “Prison” seems to be a purposeful alteration, not a printer’s error

33 **treason** thoughts of treason

34 **penury** poverty

36 **by and by** soon

38 **straight** straight away

39 **but man is** is merely mortal

40 **nothing** anything

41 **nothing** i.e., dead

43 **proportion** musical time, rhythm

45 **daintiness** sensitivity

46 **string** individual string/musical instrument

47 **concord** harmony

49 **waste** decay

50 **numb’ring clock** clock with hours marked on it (i.e., not an hourglass)

51 **jar…on** tick on, jump forward (**jar** plays on the sense of “make discordant”)

52 **watches** intervals between minutes/wakeful periods **watch** clock face (plays on the sense of “sentry/wakeful person”)

53 **dial’s point** clock’s hand

54 **still** continuously (plays on the sense of “motionless”)

55 **tells** counts out/reveals

56 **strike** beat, pound/toll

58 **times** marks on the dial, i.e., quarter- or half-hours **time** lifetime, time on earth

59 **posting** hurrying

60 **Jack o’th’clock** figure of a man that strikes a bell on the outside of some types of clocks

61 **mads** maddens

62 **holp…wits** music was thought to assist the recovery of the insane **holp** helped

65 **to** for

66 **strange brooch** rare jewel

68 **peer** equal/nobleman

69 **The…us** i.e., the imprisoned Richard **ten groats** Richard plays on the financial senses of **royal** and **noble** (types of gold coin): a royal was worth ten groats more than a noble, so the Groom has overvalued the **royal prince** by that amount (Richard identifies himself and the Groom as nobles) **groat** coin worth four old pence

71 **sad** dismal, unsmiling

72 **misfortune** i.e., Richard

75 **ado** trouble, fuss

76 **sometimes** formerly

77 **yearned** grieved, moved

79 **roan** horse with a coat in which the prevailing color is interspersed with some other **Barbary** the horse’s name, suggesting that it was imported from the Barbary coast of northern Africa whose horses were noted for great speed and endurance

80 **bestrid** straddled, ridden

82 **gentle** noble

86 **jade** worthless old horse

87 **clapping** patting
91 **rail on** abuse
92 **awed** controlled, subdued
95 **galled** made sore **jauncing** hard-riding
96 **Fellow** servant **give place** move, withdraw/defer to me
99 **fall to** begin eating
100 **wont** accustomed
106 **rude** rough, violent
108 **room** empty space
110 **staggers** makes stagger **my person** my royal person
112 **seat** royal throne/place in heaven
113 **gross** earthly, fleshy, lowly

Act 5 Scene 6

5.6 ***Location:*** *the royal court*

3 **Cicester** Cirencester

4 **ta'en** taken, captured

7 **next** most pressing

9 **taking** capture

10 **At large discoursèd** related in full

12 **worthy** well-deserved/valuable

16 **dire** dangerous, dreadful

18 **wot** know

19 **grand** chief

20 **clog** burden

22 **abide** await

23 **doom** judgment, punishment

25 **reverend room** holy place (i.e., monastery)

26 **More** i.e., more worthy of reverence/larger than your prison cell **joy** enjoy

29 **High** noble

33 **Bordeaux** Richard's birthplace

34 **wrought** created, fashioned

40 **love…murderèd** love him who has been murdered/love the fact that he has been murdered

43 **Cain** in the Bible, the world's first murderer

48 **sullen** mournful, somber **incontinent** immediately

49 **Holy Land** i.e., Jerusalem

51 **sadly** solemnly/sorrowfully **Grace** dignify

52 **after** as you follow **bier** stretcher-like structure on which a corpse is carried to the grave

THE TWO PARTS OF HENRY THE FOURTH

Shakespeare’s art of mingling comedy, history, and tragedy reached its peak in the two parts of *King Henry the Fourth*. As history, the plays paint a panorama of England, embracing a wider social range than any previous historical drama as the action moves from court to tavern, council chamber to battlefield, city to country, Archbishop and Lord Chief Justice to whore and thief. As comedy, they tell the story of a prodigal son’s journey from youth to maturity and an old rogue’s art of surviving by means of jokes, tall tales, and the art of being not only witty in himself but “the cause that wit is in other men.” As tragedy, they reveal the slow decline of a king who cannot escape his past, the precipitate demise of an impetuous young warrior who embodies both the glory and the futility of military heroism, and the heart-breaking dismissal of a substitute father who has loved a prince with a warmth of which his true father is incapable.

Richard II had followed the tragic pattern of a mismatch between the character of a man of high estate and the demands of his position as a ruler. It juxtaposed the fall of King Richard to the rise of Henry Bullingbrook:, comparing them to a pair of buckets on a pulley, one descending into a well as the other ascends. Once Bullingbrook has become King Henry IV, the pattern is reasserted and reversed in the next generation. Henry sees his son seeming to become another Richard, a time waster surrounding himself with unsuitable companions and allowing the country to run to seed. He sees himself—a soldier, a man of decision and action—not in his son, but in Hotspur, child of the Percy family who had helped him to displace Richard from the throne.

Historically, Henry Percy, known as Hotspur, was over twenty years older than Prince Henry (usually called Harry and, by Falstaff alone, Hal), the future King Henry V, victor of Agincourt. With his habitual dramatic license, Shakespeare altered history and made them rival youths of the same generation. Henry IV’s nightmare of history repeating itself is that Hotspur will play his own role to his son’s Richard. He wishes that “some night-tripping fairy” had exchanged the two Harries in their cradles “And called mine Percy, his [i.e., Northumberland’s] Plantagenet.” But this time it is the rebel who falls and the true heir who succeeds. *Henry the Fourth*, a double-header of a play, is full of doubles. There are paired fathers and sons: the king and the prince, Northumberland and Hotspur. There are surrogate fathers to the young hero: Sir John Falstaff and the Lord Chief Justice. There are brothers in blood (Prince Harry and Prince John, Northumberland and Worcester, Hotspur and his brother-in-law Mortimer, the aged kinsmen Shallow and Silence) and brothers in jest (Hal’s “sworn brethren” among the tavern crowd, Ned Poins chief among them).

One of the questions that fascinates Shakespeare in these plays concerns the appropriate education for a future king. The Tudor view was that the ideal king should combine the qualities of soldier, scholar, and courtier. Fencing, jousting, and hunting offered training in the chivalric arts of the medieval aristocracy, but a learned humanist tutor was also required to drill the prince in languages, literature, history, ethics, law, and theology. And at the same time it was necessary to master the elaborate codes of behavior, the conventions of propriety and deference, upon which courtship depended.

Hotspur is the embodiment of an old-style chivalric warrior. He would rather be astride his horse than engaging in courtly parley with his wife. He lives by the code of honor and is deliciously scornful of the courtly manners embodied by the trimly dressed, clean-shaven lord who comes with “pouncet-box” in hand to demand Hotspur’s prisoners: the clash of styles between battlefield and court is enough to turn him into a rebel. Hotspur has boundless courage and energy, but his desire “To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon” is susceptible to parody: his own wife teases him and Prince Hal mocks him as “the Hotspur of the north, he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife ‘Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.’ “His impulsiveness means that he cannot calculate, he is never the politician. “A plague upon it, / I have forgot the map!” he says during a council of war. A more politic tactician would be most unlikely to have forgotten it—and would never admit as much if he had.

As Hotspur embodies the old chivalric code, his fellow-warrior the Welshman Glendower stands for an equally antiquated mode of being:

magical thinking. He boasts of portents at his birth—fiery shapes in the air and goats running from the mountain—but this kind of talk is ridiculed. When he claims that he “can call spirits from the vasty deep,” Hotspur wryly asks “But will they come when you do call for them?” Talk of dragons and finless fish is “skimble-skamble stuff” that does nothing to advance the cause of the rebellion. In the end, the consequence of Glendower’s desire to listen to prophecies is that he fails to turn up for the battle.

The First Part shows Prince Harry playing “truant” from “chivalry,” but returning to it when the time is ripe. Even as he proves himself on the battlefield, the critique of honor continues with Falstaff’s mock “catechism”: “Can honour set to a leg? No…Who hath it? He that died o’Wednesday.” Falstaff’s philosophy is a simple “give me life”: never mind about ethical and political codes of behavior. “I am not a double man,” he says to Hal, putting down the dead Hotspur, whom he has been carrying on his back. Yet he is double the size of anyone else in the play and he has a double life, rising from feigned death on the battlefield of Shrewsbury so that he can return in The *Second Part*. It will be altogether harder to get rid of cowardly Falstaff than to defeat brave Hotspur. “Thou art not what thou seem’st,” remarks Hal: in seeming to have killed Hotspur, Falstaff is not the coward he has appeared to be. But he has not slain Hotspur, merely stabbed him when he is already dead—a supremely dishonorable deed. And yet what is honor? A mere word, an empty code. It is the trickster, the chancer, who survives, not the honorable man.

Falstaff is at once the great deceiver and the great truth teller, who reduces war to its bottom line: common foot soldiers are but “food for powder.” One of the reasons why Shakespeare made him fat was to remind the audience of the solidity of the human body: Falstaff’s girth is a way of saying that history is made not only of big speeches and dramatic events, but also of the daily lives of people who eat, drink, sleep, and die: “Rare words! Brave world! Hostess, my breakfast, come! / O, I could wish this tavern were my drum!”

A key word in *The First Part* is “instinct.” Hotspur has instinctive courage and Falstaff an instinctive sense of self-preservation. The king thinks that his son is instinctively idle and irresponsible. The aim of a sixteenth-century royal humanist education was to overcome such innate propensities by developing the ethical, linguistic, and political faculties of the pupil prince. For Hal, the King's Tavern in Eastcheap serves as a parody of the schoolroom at court. Falstaff is explicitly identified as his "tutor" and a central part of his education is to learn a new language—not, however, Latin, Greek, or the rhetorical elaboration of courtly speech, but the language of the people. This is a Harry who develops the art of speaking with every "Tom, Dick and Francis." He learns their jargon—"They call drinking deep, dyeing scarlet"—and becomes "so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour" that he will be able to "drink with any tinker in his own language" for the rest of his life. Henry IV believes that one of the failings of his predecessor Richard II was to seek to make himself popular, thus eroding the necessary distance that creates awe and gives mystique to the monarchy. But his own distance from public life—he is nearly always surrounded by an inner circle of courtiers or closeted alone in his chamber—causes power to ebb from him. His son, by contrast, comes to know the common people, developing a rapport that will enable him to inspire and lead his army in *Henry V*. The point is made through the very linguistic medium of the drama: all of Shakespeare's other English kings speak entirely in verse, whereas Prince Hal has command of a flexible prose voice, with which he reduces himself to the level of his people, an Eastcheap trick that he repeats when he goes in disguise among his men on the night before the battle of Agincourt.

The prince succeeds according to the principle articulated by the cunning politician Ulysses in *Troilus and Cressida:* a man "Cannot make boast to have that which he hath, / Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection, / As when his virtues shining upon others / Heat them and they retort that heat again / To the first giver." That is to say, we can only make value judgments through a process of comparison. "Percy is but my factor, good my lord, / To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf": by temporarily ceding glory to Henry Hotspur, Henry Monmouth will seem all the more glorious when he eventually triumphs over him. His whole strategy is revealed in the imagery of his first soliloquy: the sun seems brighter after cloud and a jewel on a dull background will "show more goodly and attract more eyes / Than that which hath no foil to set it off." The offsetting of the prince against his various foils is the structural key to the drama.

Prince Harry is a man of the future; his father is haunted by the past. Both parts of *Henry the Fourth* are suffused with the memory of the “by-paths and indirect crooked ways” by which Bullingbrook “met” (or rather took) the crown. The king is revealed at his most vulnerable halfway through *The Second Part*, in a scene that may have troubled the censor: sick and sleepless, he meditates on the cares of state, the fragility of office, and the weight of his past sin. A usurper himself, Henry IV has no ground on which to base his authority over the rebels who were once his allies. The only basis of his power is victory on the battlefield. In each part, this is achieved by means of a trick. At Shrewsbury in *The First Part*, the device consists of dressing several different men as the king in order to confuse the enemy. Having slain one of the impersonators, Douglas assumes that he is addressing another of them: “What art thou, / That counterfeit’st the person of a king?” This time, however, it is the king, not a counterfeit—which beautifully dramatizes the point that the king *is* a counterfeit because of his usurpation. In *The Second Part*, the king is too sick to fight his own battle, so at Gaultree Forest the Machiavellian strategy of reneging upon the terms of a negotiated truce is carried out by his second son, Prince John of Lancaster. Does that make Prince Harry into the true follower of Machiavelli, who advised that the effective prince is one who gets someone else to do his dirty work for him?

At the beginning of *The First Part*, the king says that he must postpone his crusade to the Holy Land because of the new civil broils at home, the fresh wound upon the earth of England. His dream of expiating his sins by liberating Jerusalem from the heathen is never translated into action. The prophecy that he would end his life there is only realized ironically: he dies in the “Jerusalem chamber” of his own palace. Henry IV’s fear, apparently borne out by the bad company that Prince Harry keeps, is that the sin of the father will be visited upon the reign of his son:

For the fifth Harry from curbèd licence plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?

O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

He imagines that the "riot" of the wayward prince will be translated into civil disorder when he becomes king. That is also Falstaff's hope on hearing that his beloved Hal is now Henry V: "the laws of England are at my commandment…and woe unto my Lord Chief Justice!" But he is in for a shock: Hal immediately adopts Falstaff's adversary, the Lord Chief Justice, as his new surrogate father. As in *The First Part* he had startled the rebels by transforming himself from tavern idler to armed warrior on horseback, so now in *The Second Part* he proves that he has learned the civic virtues as well as the military ones.

The prince's self-revelatory soliloquy early in The *First Part* began with the words "I know you all." The newly crowned king's rejection of Falstaff late in *The Second Part* begins with the words "I know thee not, old man." The verbal echo is unmistakable: he has ceased to be Hal, he is now delivering on his promise that the time would come when he would throw off the companions and misleaders of his youth. As predicted in the soliloquy, Harry has succeeded in falsifying men's hopes. His reformation glitters over his fault. Falstaff and company suddenly seem to be no more than instruments in a princely conjuring trick, a theatrical act of self-transformation designed to impress a public audience.

Radically opposing interpretations thus become possible. By one account, the politic march of history stands in violent contrast to the humane virtues of friendship, loyalty, good humor, sociability, verbal inventiveness, self-mockery, loyalty, and love. Humanity gives way to what the Bastard in *King John* called "commodity." The alternative view is that Falstaff embodies the temptations of the flesh. He scores highly for at least three of the seven deadly sins—gluttony, lust, and sloth. He is the "Vice" figure of the old tradition of morality plays and his rejection is accordingly Hal's final step on the path toward political and moral redemption. So it is that Hal can be played equally persuasively as a young man going on a journey toward maturity but still enjoy his departures from the straight and narrow path or as one of Shakespeare's Machiavellian manipulators—energetic and intellectually astute, a brilliant actor, but intensely self-conscious, emotionally reined in.

It is not known whether Shakespeare always intended *Henry the Fourth* to be a two-part play or whether he discovered at some point in the writing or production of *The First Part* that it would be dramatically unsatisfying to contain a double climax in a single play, to have Prince Harry prove himself a chivalric hero by defeating Hotspur on the battlefield and then immediately dissociate himself from Falstaff and the other thieves. Instead, the rejection of Falstaff is withheld until *The Second Part*, but anticipated in the play-within-the-play in *The First Part*, in which the prince's return to his father is pre-enacted in the tavern.

The scene is a glorious piece of improvised theater, with the actors changing roles and parodying different linguistic registers. Thus, for instance, when Falstaff plays King Henry he apes the affected courtly prose style of John Lyly: "for though the camomile, the more it is trodden the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears." It is a mark of Shakespeare's attention to detail that when Falstaff is playing the king he calls the prince "Harry" instead of his pet name "Hal." Though the language of the mock-play is intricate and varied, the staging is simple: "This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre and this cushion my crown." The metatheatrical effect reminds the audience that they are in a theater and at the same time suggests that power is itself a form of theater. There is no intrinsic reason why a golden crown is sacred and a stuffed cushion anarchic; whether in a theater or a palace, a throne may represent a "chair of state" but it is still a mere chair.

A chair is a chair and, as Gadshill puts it, "*Homo* is a common name to all men." Falstaff may be "that reverend Vice, that grey Iniquity, that father Ruffian, that Vanity in years," but he is also the embodiment of the shared frailty of all humanity: "If sack and sugar be a fault, heaven help the wicked: if to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned." To banish plump Jack is to banish "all the world." "I do," says Hal, playing the role of his father the king; "I will," he adds, anticipating what he will do when he becomes king himself. As so often when Shakespeare's art is working in its most concentrated form, judgment is left suspended. Is Hal "essentially made," with or without knowing it? And is it possible to be a true friend and a true prince? At the end of the "play extempore," he is friend more than prince, lying to an authority figure, the sheriff, in order to protect Falstaff. So is he—as some editors emend

—“essentially mad,” fundamentally as opposed to temporarily a “madcap”? “The true prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false thief,” says Falstaff: is the playtime of “recreation” a space for a brief interlude of misrule or a crucible in which the self is recreated?

There is little historical warrant for the story of Henry V’s riotous youth. A “prodigal son” narrative was attached to him in the chronicles and the anonymous play *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth* in order to highlight the change he undergoes when he becomes king, submits to the rule of law and so unifies and brings to order the nation that his father divided. The rejection of Falstaff and company is part and parcel of Harry’s symbolically becoming a new person at the moment of his coronation. The notion of “reformation” and the washing away of past iniquities clearly have strong religious connotations. Each time the prince returns to the court, he speaks a language of “fall” and “pardon.” When he fights well, his father tells him that “Thou hast redeemed thy lost opinion.”

The rhythm of Prince Hal’s life is that of providential history, leading to his “reformation” and his assumption of the roles, which attracted Queen Elizabeth to him: unifier of the body-politic, victor over a rival kingdom, heroic leader of a great and independent nation. The rhythm of Falstaff’s life is that of the body and the seasons. In *The Second Part* he journeys into the deep England of Justice Shallow’s Gloucestershire orchard. The immemorial quality of the rural world animated by Shallow’s ramblings—his talk that is strangely profound in its very triviality—summons up an England that is older and more stable than anything possible in the court-world of intrigue, innovation, and reversal. To a far greater degree than any previous play, *Henry the Fourth* brings the lives of ordinary people into history. The scene with the carriers in *The First Part* is a miniature of ordinary working-day life and common speech (“This house is turned upside down since Robin the ostler died”), while the Gloucestershire sequence in *The Second Part* is miraculously detailed. Shallow’s kinsman Silence has come over from Lincolnshire to stay and so provides an opportunity for the exchange of gossip (“How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford Fair?…Is old Double of your town living yet?”) and the sharing of reminiscence, which Falstaff then participates in (“We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow”). The pace of the action slows in a gesture of respect to the old, even as we laugh at them.

We learn from Shallow that Falstaff began his career as a page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk. This appears to be a Shakespearean fancy without source: it is true of neither the historical Sir John Falstaff, who flees the battlefield in *1 Henry VI*, nor the historical Sir John Oldcastle, of whom the character of Falstaff was originally an irreverent portrait. Why did Shakespeare give his fictional Falstaff a past that began in the service of Mowbray? At one level, it links him with opposition to the Lancastrian ascendancy represented by King Henry IV and his son. Mowbray was Henry IV's opponent when the latter was still Bullingbrook, back at the beginning of *Richard II*. Like father, like son: as Bullingbrook's accusation of treachery was instrumental in the banishment of Mowbray from the land, so Hal will banish Falstaff from his presence. Mowbray departs with a moving farewell to his native land and language; the effect of his words is to suggest that love of the English earth and the English word goes deeper than dynastic difference. We do not hear similar patriotic sentiments in the mouth of the self-interested Bullingbrook; he does nothing to bring back the old England idealized in the deathbed speech of his father, John of Gaunt (whose name and whose England are also remembered by Shallow).

In Shakespeare's own time, those who suffered banishment because of ideological difference, but who claimed that they were nevertheless loyal to England, were predominantly Catholics. And this suggests another level to the allusion that binds Falstaff to the Duke of Norfolk. To an Elizabethan audience, the name of Norfolk—the only surviving dukedom in the land—was synonymous with overt or suspected Catholic sympathy. The old Catholic ways persisted in the country long after the official change of religion inaugurated by Henry VIII's break from Rome. The Catholic liturgy's integral relationship with the agricultural calendar and the cycles of human biology could not be shattered overnight. There may, then, be a sense in which Falstaff's journey into deep England is also a journey into the old religion of Shakespeare's father and maternal grandfather. One wonders if it is a coincidence that, in fleshing out the skeletal character of the prince's riotous companion that he inherited from the old play of *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*, Shakespeare retained and made much of his own father's name of John. It is ironic that Falstaff's original surname, Oldcastle, had to be changed because the character was regarded as an insult to the memory of the proto-Protestant Lollard of that name: "for

Oldcastle died martyr," says the epilogue to *The Second Part*, "and this is not the man."

Indeed it is not the man, for Falstaff is if anything an embodiment of those ancient Catholic rhythms, which were suppressed in the name of Reformation. Vestiges of Oldcastle litter the text: "Falstaff sweats to death" suggests a martyr burning on a bonfire and "if I become not a cart as well as another man" could suggest a religious dissident on the way to the stake as well as a criminal being taken to the gallows. Protestants, especially in the extreme form of puritans, were traditionally lean; fat monks were symbolic of the corruptions of Catholicism. By making Sir John fat and not calling him Oldcastle, Shakespeare raises the specter of Catholic as opposed to Protestant martyrdoms. Falstaff is Malvolio's opposite: he stands for cakes and ale, festival and holiday, all that was anathema to puritanism. At the beginning of *Henry V*, the Archbishop of Canterbury confirms that Prince Harry's transformation was completed with the rejection of Falstaff: "Never came reformation in a flood, / With such a heady currance, scouring faults." If there is a proto-Protestant or embryonic puritan in the plays, it is King Harry the Fifth, newly washed of his past, casting off his old companions, turning away England's former self.

Even as he uses Hal for his own advancement, Falstaff is always a truer father than the cold and politic King Henry IV can ever be. The point is made with beautiful clarity by the contrast between Falstaff's heated engagement in the scene in which he and Hal act out the prodigal prince's forthcoming interview with his father and the king's chilly detachment in the interview itself. The complexity and the pain of the end of *The Second Part* stem from the way in which, by casting himself as the prodigal son and coming home to his politic heritage, Hal tears into the heart of old England. According to Holinshed's *Chronicles*, King Henry V left no friendship unrewarded. This cannot be said of Shakespeare's version of history. "Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound," says Falstaff immediately after he has been publicly denounced by his "sweet boy," changing the subject in the way that people often do when they feel betrayed or bewildered. At this moment, the spectator who has attended carefully to both parts may remember an earlier exchange when Hal asks "Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?" and Falstaff replies "A thousand pound, Hal? A million. Thy love is worth a million: thou ow'st me thy love."

In the epilogue to *The Second Part*, Shakespeare promises that “our humble author will continue the story with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katherine of France.” Audience members attending *Henry V* on the basis of this promise might be justified in asking for their money back: we do not see Sir John Falstaff in the Agincourt play. His presence would raise too many awkward questions of the “reformed” king. We only hear—most comically and at the same time most movingly—of his death. The king has broken his heart.

KEY FACTS: THE FIRST PART OF HENRY THE FOURTH

PLOT: After deposing King Richard II, Henry Bullingbrook has ascended the throne as Henry IV. Guilt about the disposition troubles his conscience, and the stability of his reign is threatened by growing opposition from some of the nobles who helped him to the throne. His son, Prince Henry (also known as Harry and, by Falstaff, as Hal), is living a dissolute life, frequenting the taverns of Eastcheap in the company of Sir John Falstaff and other disreputable characters, with whom he participates in a highway robbery. Opposition to the king becomes open rebellion, led by the Earl of Northumberland's son Henry Percy, known for his courage and impetuous nature as Hotspur. The Percy family supports the claim to the throne of Hotspur's brother-in-law, Edmund Mortimer. The rebellion brings Hal back to his father's side, while Falstaff musters a ragged troop of soldiers. The king's army defeat the rebels at the battle of Shrewsbury, where Hal kills Hotspur. Falstaff lives to die another day.

MAJOR PARTS: (*with percentage of lines/number of speeches/scenes on stage*) Falstaff (20%/151/ 8), Prince Henry (18%/170/10), Hotspur (18%/102/8), King Henry (11%/30/6), Worcester (6%/35/7), Poins (3%/36/3), Glendower (3%/23/1). Several characters speak between 15 and 30 of the play's 3,000 lines: Douglas, Hostess Quickly, Gadshill, Vernon, Mortimer, Lady Percy, Bardolph, Blunt, Northumberland, Westmorland, Francis.

LINGUISTIC MEDIUM: 55% verse, 45% prose.

DATE: Probably written and first performed 1596–97; registered for publication February 1598. Falstaff's name was originally Oldcastle; it was probably changed to Falstaff either during the months when William Brooke, Lord Cobham (an indirect descendant of the historical Sir John Oldcastle), was Lord Chamberlain (August 1596 to March 1597) or following the suppression of playing (July–October 1597) caused by a politically inflammatory play called *The Isle of Dogs*.

SOURCES: Based on the account of the reign of Henry IV in the 1587 edition of Holinshed's *Chronicles*, with some use of Samuel Daniel's epic poem *The First Four Books of the Civil Wars* (1595). Thus, for instance, the historical Hotspur was twenty years older than Hal, but Daniel made them contemporaries for dramatic effect. The intermingling of historical materials and comedy, in the context of the prince's riotous youth, is developed from the anonymous Queen's Men play, *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth* (performed late 1580s), which includes characters who may be regarded as crude prototypes of Falstaff and Poins.

TEXT: Quarto 1598 (text probably based on a scribal transcript of Shakespeare's manuscript; two printings, one of them lost save for a few sheets), reprinted 1599, 1604, 1608, 1613, 1622 (indicating that this was one of Shakespeare's most popular plays). The Folio text was set from the Fifth Quarto, correcting some but nowhere near all of its mistakes. Oaths were systematically removed in accordance with the 1606 Parliamentary "Act to restrain the Abuses of Players": since the Act applied to stage performances, not printed books, this suggests that a theatrical manuscript also lay behind the Folio text. There is therefore good reason to regard Folio as an autonomous text, with its own authority. Our text is based on Folio, but where there are manifest errors, either derived from the Quarto tradition or introduced by the Folio compositors, we restore readings from the First Quarto.

GENEALOGY: See this page.

KEY FACTS: THE SECOND PART OF HENRY THE FOURTH

PLOT: In despair at the death of his son Hotspur, the Earl of Northumberland lends his support to a second rebellion, led by the Archbishop of York. As the threat of civil war looms over the country, King Henry IV grows sick, while also fearing that his son Prince Henry (also known as Harry and, by Falstaff, as Hal) has returned to his old life with Falstaff and the other disreputable denizens of the Eastcheap tavern. Falstaff is sent on a recruiting expedition and renews old acquaintances in Gloucestershire. The rebel army is met by the king's forces, led this time by Hal's younger brother, Prince John of Lancaster. On his deathbed, King Henry is reconciled with his son, who has begun to distance himself from his former companions. A new, mature Hal accepts the crown as Henry V.

MAJOR PARTS: (*with percentage of lines/number of speeches/scenes on stage*) Falstaff (20%/184/8), Prince Henry (9%/60/5), King Henry IV (9%/34/4), Shallow (6%/77/4), Lord Chief Justice (5%/56/4), Hostess Quickly (5%/49/3), Archbishop Scroop (5%/25/3), Prince John of Lancaster (3%26/5), Westmorland (3%/21/4), Lord Bardolph (3%/18/2), Northumberland (3%/17/2), Pistol (2%/31/3), Doll Tearsheet (2%/31/2), Bardolph (2%/30/6), Poins (2%/28/2), Warwick (2%/26/4), Mowbray (2%/18/3), Hastings (2%/17/3), Morton (2%/6/1).

LINGUISTIC MEDIUM: 50% verse, 50% prose.

DATE: Around 1597–98. Must have been written after *The First Part* (1596–97) and before *Henry V* (early 1599); registered for publication August 1600. Vestiges of the name “Oldcastle” for “Falstaff” suggest that drafting may have begun before Lord Cobham's objections led to the name change in *The First Part*, but the play was probably not acted before this. The double epilogue (see "Text," below) suggests different stages of production.

SOURCES: Based on the account of the reign of Henry IV in the 1587 edition of Holinshed's *Chronicles*, with some use of Samuel Daniel's epic poem *The First Four Books of the Civil Wars* (1595). The intermingling of historical materials and comedy, in the context of the Prince's riotous youth, is developed from the anonymous Queen's Men play, *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth* (performed late 1580s), which included characters who may be regarded as crude prototypes of Falstaff and company, a scene in which a laboring man is press-ganged into the army, and a well-known encounter where the prince boxes the Lord Chief Justice on the ears.

TEXT: Quarto 1600, in two different issues, one of which omits Act 3 Scene 1 (showing the sick and sleepless king): scholars debate whether the scene was a late Shakespearean addition to his original draft or an omission because of its politically sensitive references back to the deposition of Richard II. The Quartos are usually thought to have been printed from Shakespeare's working manuscript. The 1623 Folio contains eight significant passages that are not in the Quarto, some relating to either the Archbishop's insurrection or the deposition of Richard II. These are more likely to be Quarto cuts (some for reasons of censorship, others for dramatic compression) than Folio additions. The Folio text shows some signs of consultation of a theatrical manuscript, probably some time after the 1606 "Act to restrain the Abuses of Players" (profanity has been toned down). The most plausible explanation of the complex textual history is that Folio was typeset from a carefully prepared manuscript based on a post-1606 promptbook, perhaps collated with the first issue of the Quarto. A further complication is that the Epilogue is printed in different ways in Quarto and Folio, and seems to combine two different speeches, probably one written for public performance and the other for a staging at court in the presence of Queen Elizabeth. Most editions are based on Quarto, with the Folio-only passages inserted, whereas we respect Folio as an autonomous text, though use Quarto for the correction of manifest printer's errors.

GENEALOGY: See this page.

THE FIRST PART OF HENRY THE FOURTH, with the Life and Death of Henry surnamed Hotspur

KING HENRY IV, formerly Henry Bullingbrook, Duke of Lancaster
PRINCE HENRY, Prince of Wales, Hal or Harry Monmouth
PRINCE JOHN, his younger brother, Lord of Lancaster
Earl of **WESTMORLAND**
Sir Walter **BLUNT**
Sir John **FALSTAFF**
Edward or Ned **POINS**
PETO
BARDOLPH
Earl of **NORTHUMBERLAND**, Henry Percy
Earl of **WORCESTER**, Thomas Percy, his younger brother
HOTSPUR, Sir Henry (or Harry) Percy, Northumberland’s son
Lord Edmund **MORTIMER**, Earl of March, Hotspur’s brother-in-law,
Owen **GLENDOWER**, Welsh lord, Mortimer’s father-in-law
Earl of **DOUGLAS**, a Scots Lord
Sir Richard **VERNON**
ARCHBISHOP of York, Richard Scroop
SIR MICHAEL, member of Archbishop’s household
LADY PERCY (Kate), Hotspur’s wife, Mortimer’s sister
LADY MORTIMER, Mortimer’s wife, Glendower’s daughter
FIRST CARRIER (Mugs)
OSTLER
SECOND CARRIER (Tom)
GADSHILL
CHAMBERLAIN
FIRST TRAVELLER
SECOND TRAVELLER
FRANCIS, an apprentice drawer or tapster
VINTNER
HOSTESS QUICKLY, landlady of a tavern

SHERIFF

SERVANT

MESSENGER

Lords, Soldiers, other Travellers, and Attendants

Act 1 Scene 1[1.1]

running scene 1

Enter the King, Lord John of Lancaster, [the] Earl of Westmorland, with others

KING HENRY IV So shaken as we[1] are, so wan with care,
Find we[2] a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents[3] of new broils
To be commenced in strands afar remote.[4]
No more the thirsty entrance[5] of this soil
Shall daub[6] her lips with her own children's blood.
No more shall trenching[7] war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flow'rets[8] with the armèd hoofs
Of hostile paces.[9] Those opposèd eyes,
Which, like the meteors[10] of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock[12]
And furious close[13] of civil butchery
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming[14] ranks,
March all one way and be no more opposed
Against acquaintance, kindred and allies.
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathèd knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ[19] —
Whose soldier now, under whose blessèd cross
We are impressèd[21] and engaged to fight —
Forthwith a power[22] of English shall we levy,
Whose arms[23] were moulded in their mother's womb
To chase these pagans in those holy fields[24]
Over whose acres walked those blessèd feet[25]
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nailed
For our advantage on the bitter[27] cross.
But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,
And bootless[29] 'tis to tell you we will go:
Therefore we meet not now.— Then let me hear

Of you, my gentle[31] cousin Westmorland,
What yesternight[32] our council did decree
In forwarding this dear[33] expedience.
WESTMORLAND My liege,[34] this haste was hot in question,
And many limits[35] of the charge set down
But[36] yesternight, when all athwart there came
A post[37] from Wales loaden with heavy news;
Whose worst was that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular[40] and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude[41] hands of that Welshman taken,
And a thousand of his people butcherèd,
Upon whose dead corpse[43] there was such misuse,
Such beastly shameless transformation,[44]
By those Welshwomen done as may not be
Without much shame retold or spoken of.
KING HENRY IV It seems then that the tidings[47] of this broil
Brake[48] off our business for the Holy Land.
WESTMORLAND This matched with[49] other like, my gracious lord.
Far more uneven[50] and unwelcome news
Came from the north and thus it did report:
On Holy Rood day,[52] the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approvèd[54] Scot,
At Holmedon[55] met, where they did spend
A sad[56] and bloody hour,
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood,[58] the news was told,
For he that brought them, in the very heat[59]
And pride of their contention did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue[61] any way.
KING HENRY IV Here[62] is a dear and true industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted[63] from his horse,
Stained with the variation of each[64] soil
Betwixt[65] that Holmedon and this seat of ours,
And he hath brought us smooth[66] and welcome news.

The Earl of Douglas is discomfited,[67]
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,
Balked[69] in their own blood did Sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains. Of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake,[71] Earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas, and the Earl of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.[73]
And is not this an honourable spoil?[74]
A gallant[75] prize? Ha, cousin, is it not?
WESTMORLAND In faith, it is a conquest for a prince to boast of.
KING HENRY IV Yea, there thou mak'st me sad and mak'st me sin
In envy that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father of so blest a son:
A son who is the theme[80] of honour's tongue;
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant,[81]
Who is sweet Fortune's minion[82] and her pride,
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot[84] and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O, that it could be proved
That some night-tripping[86] fairy had exchanged
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And called mine Percy, his Plantagenet:[88]
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from[90] my thoughts. What think you, coz,
Of this young Percy's pride? The prisoners,
Which he in this adventure[92] hath surprised,
To his own use he keeps, and sends me word
I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.
WESTMORLAND This is his uncle's teaching. This is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects,
Which makes him prune[97] himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.[98]
KING HENRY IV But I have sent for him to answer this.
And for this cause[100] awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we

Will hold at Windsor, and so inform the lords.
But come yourself with speed to us again,
For more is to be said and to be done
Than out[106] of anger can be utterèd.

WESTMORLAND I will, my liege.

Exeunt

Act 1 Scene 2[1.2]

running scene 2

Enter Henry, Prince of Wales [and] Sir John Falstaff

FALSTAFF Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

PRINCE HENRY Thou art so fat-witted[2] with drinking of old sack and unbuttoning thee after supper and sleeping upon benches in the afternoon, that thou hast forgotten[3] to demand that truly[4] which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? Unless hours were cups of sack and minutes capons[5] and clocks the tongues of bawds[6] and dials the signs of leaping-houses and the blessed sun himself a fair hot[7] wench in flame-coloured taffeta, I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous[8] to demand the time of the day.

FALSTAFF Indeed, you come near me[9] now, Hal, for we that take purses go by the moon and seven stars,[10] and not by Phoebus, he, ‘that wand’ring knight so fair’. And, I prithee, sweet wag,[11] when thou art king, as God save thy grace — majesty I should say, for grace thou wilt have none—

PRINCE HENRY What, none?

FALSTAFF No, not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.[14]

PRINCE HENRY Well, how then? Come, roundly,[15] roundly.

FALSTAFF Marry,[16] then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night’s body be called thieves[17] of the day’s beauty. Let us be Diana’s foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions[18] of the moon; and let men say we be men of good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance[20] we steal.

PRINCE HENRY Thou say’st well, and it holds[21] well too, for the fortune of us that are the moon’s men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing ‘Lay by’[24] and spent with crying ‘Bring in’,[25] now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

FALSTAFF Thou say’st true, lad. And is not my hostess[27] of the tavern a most sweet wench?

PRINCE HENRY As is the honey of Hybla,[29] my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?[30]

FALSTAFF How now, how now, mad wag? What, in thy quips and thy quiddities?[31] What a plague[32] have I to do with a buff jerkin?

PRINCE HENRY Why, what a pox[33] have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

FALSTAFF Well, thou hast called[34] her to a reck’ning many a time and oft.

PRINCE HENRY Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?[35]

FALSTAFF No, I’ll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

PRINCE HENRY Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch,[37] and where it would not, I have used my credit.

FALSTAFF Yea, and so used it that were it here apparent that thou art heir[39] apparent — but, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? And resolution[41] thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic the law? Do not thou, when thou art a king, hang a thief.

PRINCE HENRY No, thou shalt.

FALSTAFF Shall I? O rare![44] I’ll be a brave judge.

PRINCE HENRY Thou judgest false already: I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves and so become a rare hangman.

FALSTAFF Well, Hal, well, and in some sort it jumps[47] with my humour as well as waiting[48] in the court, I can tell you.

PRINCE HENRY For obtaining of suits?[49]

FALSTAFF Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe.[50] I am as melancholy as a gib cat[51] or a lugged bear.

PRINCE HENRY Or an old lion, or a lover’s lute.[52]

FALSTAFF Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.[53]

PRINCE HENRY What say’st thou to a hare,[54] or the melancholy of Moorditch?

FALSTAFF Thou hast the most unsavoury similes and art indeed the most comparative,[56] rascalli’st, sweet young prince. But, Hal, I prithee trouble me no more with vanity.[57] I would thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated[58] me the other day in the street about you, sir, but I marked him not.[59] And yet he talked very wisely, but I regarded him not; and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

PRINCE HENRY Thou didst well, for no[61] man regards it.

FALSTAFF O, thou hast damnable iteration[62] and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm unto me, Hal, God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing. And now I am, if a man should speak truly, little better than[65] one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over. An I do not, I am a villain. I'll be damned for never a[66] king's son in Christendom.

PRINCE HENRY Where shall we take a purse tomorrow, Jack?[67]

FALSTAFF Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one.[68] An I do not, call me villain and baffle[69] me.

PRINCE HENRY I see a good amendment[70] of life in thee, from praying to purse-taking.

FALSTAFF Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation,[71] Hal: 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Poins! Now shall we know if Gadshill[72] have set a watch. O, if men were to be saved by merit,[73] what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent[74] villain that ever cried 'Stand' to a true man.

[Enter Poins]

PRINCE HENRY Good morrow, Ned.

POINS Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says Monsieur Remorse?[76] What says Sir John Sack and Sugar, Jack? How agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good Friday[78] last for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg?

PRINCE HENRY Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain, for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs: he will give[80] the devil his due.

POINS Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

PRINCE HENRY Else he had[82] been damned for cozening the devil.

POINS But, my lads, my lads, tomorrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gad's[83] Hill, there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses. I have vizards[85] for you all; you have horses for yourselves. Gadshill lies[86] tonight in Rochester. I have bespoke supper tomorrow in Eastcheap;[87] we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns:[88] if you will not, tarry at home and be hanged.

FALSTAFF Hear ye, Yedward,[89] if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going.

POINS You will, chops?[90]

FALSTAFF Hal, wilt thou make one?

PRINCE HENRY Who, I rob? I a thief? Not I.

FALSTAFF There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood royal,[94] if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings.

PRINCE HENRY Well then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.

FALSTAFF Why, that's well said.

PRINCE HENRY Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

FALSTAFF I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

PRINCE HENRY I care not.

POINS Sir John, I prithee leave the prince and me alone: I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he shall go.

FALSTAFF Well,[102] mayst thou have the spirit of persuasion and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false thief; for the poor abuses[104] of the time want countenance.[105] Farewell. You shall find me in Eastcheap.

PRINCE HENRY Farewell, the latter[106] spring! Farewell, All-hallown summer!

[Exit Falstaff]

POINS Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us tomorrow. I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Peto, Bardolph and Gadshill shall rob those men that we have already waylaid:[109] yourself and I will not be there. And when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

PRINCE HENRY But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

POINS Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure[114] to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves, which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

PRINCE HENRY Ay, but 'tis like[117] that they will know us by our horses, by our habits and by every other appointment,[118] to be ourselves.

POINS Tut! Our horses they shall not see: I'll tie them in the wood. Our vizards we will change after we leave them. And, sirrah,[120] I have cases of buckram for the nonce,[121] to immask our noted outward garments.

PRINCE HENRY But I doubt[122] they will be too hard for us.

POINS Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back.[124] And for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be the incomprehensible[125] lies that this fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper: how thirty at least he fought with, what wards,[127] what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

PRINCE HENRY Well, I'll go with thee. Provide us all things necessary and meet me tomorrow night in Eastcheap. There I'll sup.[130] Farewell.

POINS Farewell, my lord.

Exit Poins

PRINCE HENRY I know you all, and will awhile uphold[132]
The unyoked humour[133] of your idleness.
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,[134]
Who doth permit the base contagious[135] clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted,[138] he may be more wondered at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport[142] would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wished-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.[144]

So, when this loose behaviour I throw off
And pay the debt I never promisèd,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes,[148]
And like bright metal on a sullen ground,[149]
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
Than that which hath no foil[152] to set it off.
I'll so offend[153] to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time[154] when men think least I will.

[Exit]

Act 1 Scene 3[1.3]

running scene 3

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur, Sir Walter Blunt and others

KING HENRY IV My blood hath been too cold and temperate,[1]
Unapt[2] to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me;[3] for accordingly
You tread upon[4] my patience. But be sure
I will from henceforth rather be myself,[5]
Mighty and to be feared, than my condition,[6]
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of[8] respect
Which the proud[9] soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

WORCESTER Our house,[10] my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge[11] of greatness to be used on it.
And that same greatness too which our own hands
Have holp[13] to make so portly.

NORTHUMBERLAND Mylord— ***To the King***

KING HENRY IV Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye.
O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,[17]
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier[19] of a servant brow.
You have good leave[20] to leave us. When we need
Your use[21] and counsel, we shall send for you.—

[Exit Worcester]

You were about to speak. ***To Northumberland***

NORTHUMBERLAND Yea, my good lord.
Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with[26] such strength denied
As was delivered[27] to your majesty,
Who either through envy or misprision[28]
Was guilty of this fault and not my son.

HOTSPUR My liege, I did deny no prisoners. ***To the King***
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage[32] and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat[34] and trimly dressed,
Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin new reaped[35]
Showed like a stubble-land at harvest-home.[36]
He was perfumèd like a milliner,[37]
And ’twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box,[39] which ever and anon
He gave[40] his nose and took’t away again,
Who therewith angry,[41] when it next came there,
Took[42] it in snuff. And still he smiled and talked,
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He called them untaught[44] knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly[45] unhandsome corpse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.[46]
With many holiday[47] and lady terms
He questioned[48] me, among the rest demanded
My prisoners in your majesty’s behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,[50]
To be so pestered with a popinjay,[51]
Out of my grief[52] and my impatience,
Answered neglectingly[53] I know not what,
He should or should not. For he made me mad
To see him shine so brisk[55] and smell so sweet
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman[56]
Of guns and drums and wounds — God[57] save the mark! —
And telling me the sovereign’st[58] thing on earth
Was parmaceti[59] for an inward bruise,
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villainous saltpetre[61] should be digged
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall[63] fellow had destroyed
So cowardly, and but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.

This bald unjointed chat[66] of his, my lord,
Made me to answer indirectly,[67] as I said,
And I beseech[68] you let not this report
Come current[69] for an accusation
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

BLUNT The circumstance considered, good my lord, ***To the king***
Whatever Harry Percy then had said
To such a person and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest retold,[74]
May reasonably die[75] and never rise
To do him wrong or any way impeach[76]
What then he said, so[77] he unsay it now.

KING HENRY IV Why, yet he[78] doth deny his prisoners,
But with proviso and exception,[79]
That we at our own charge[80] shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer,
Who, in my soul, hath wilfully betrayed
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, damned Glendower,
Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March[85]
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers,[86] then,
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason, and indent[88] with fears
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountain let him starve,
For I shall never hold that man my friend
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted[93] Mortimer.

HOTSPUR Revolted Mortimer?
He never did fall off,[95] my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war. To prove that true
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthèd[98] wounds, which valiantly he took
When on the gentle Severn’s sedgy bank,[99]
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound[101] the best part of an hour

In changing hardiment[102] with great Glendower.
Three times they breathed[103] and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement,[104] of swift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted[105] with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp[107] head in the hollow bank,
Bloodstainèd with these valiant combatants.
Never did base[109] and rotten policy
Colour[110] her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly.
Then let him not be slandered[113] with revolt.
KING HENRY IV Thou dost belie[114] him, Percy, thou dost belie him;
He never did encounter[115] with Glendower.
I tell thee, he durst[116] as well have met the devil alone
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer.
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind[121] from me
As will displease ye.— My lord Northumberland,
We license[123] your departure with your son.—
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it. ***To Hotspur***
Exeunt King [Henry, Blunt and train]
HOTSPUR An if[125] the devil come and roar for them
I will not send them. I will after[126] straight
And tell him so, for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of[128] my head.
NORTHUMBERLAND What? Drunk with choler?[129] Stay and pause awhile.
Here comes your uncle.
Enter Worcester
HOTSPUR Speak of Mortimer?
Yes, I will speak of him, and let my soul
Want mercy,[133] if I do not join with him.
In his behalf I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i'th'dust,

But I will lift the downfall[136] Mortimer
As high i'th'air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate[138] and cankered Bullingbrook.
NORTHUMBERLAND Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.
WORCESTER Who struck this heat[140] up after I was gone?
HOTSPUR He will, forsooth,[141] have all my prisoners.
And when I urged[142] the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek looked pale,
And on my face he turned an eye of death,[144]
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.
WORCESTER I cannot blame him: was he[146] not proclaimed
By Richard,[147] that dead is, the next of blood?
NORTHUMBERLAND He was. I heard the proclamation.
And then it was when the unhappy[149] king —
Whose wrongs in us[150] God pardon! — did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition,
From whence he intercepted[152] did return
To be deposed and shortly murderèd.
WORCESTER And for whose death we in the world's wide mouth
Live scandalized and foully spoken of.
HOTSPUR But soft,[156] I pray you; did King Richard then
Proclaim my brother[157] Mortimer
Heir to the crown?
NORTHUMBERLAND He did. Myself did hear it.
HOTSPUR Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin[160] king,
That wished him on the barren mountains starved.
But shall it be that you that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man
And for his sake wore the detested blot[164]
Of murderous subornation,[165] shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the agents, or base second means,[167]
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
O, pardon if that I descend so low,
To show the line[170] and the predicament
Wherein you range[171] under this subtle king.

Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did gage[175] them both in an unjust behalf,
As both of you — God pardon it! — have done,
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker,[178] Bullingbrook?
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fooled,[180] discarded and shook off
By him for whom these shames ye underwent?
No. Yet time serves wherein you may redeem
Your banished honours and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again,
Revenge the jeering and disdained contempt
Of this proud king, who studies[186] day and night
To answer[187] all the debt he owes unto you
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths:
Therefore, I say—

WORCESTER Peace, cousin, say no more.
And now I will unclasp[191] a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving[192] discontents
I'll read you matter deep[193] and dangerous,
As full of peril and adventurous spirit
As to o'er-walk[195] a current roaring loud
On the unsteadfast[196] footing of a spear.

HOTSPUR If he fall in, goodnight,[197] or sink or swim.
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So[199] honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple. The blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare!

NORTHUMBERLAND Imagination of some great exploit ***To Worcester***
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

HOTSPUR By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line[207] could never touch the ground,

And pluck up drownèd honour by the locks,
So he that doth redeem[209] her thence might wear
Without corrival,[210] all her dignities:
But out upon[211] this half-faced fellowship!
WORCESTER He apprehends[212] a world of figures here, ***To Northumberland***
But not the form[213] of what he should attend.—
Good cousin, give me audience for a while and list[214] to me.
HOTSPUR I cry you mercy.[215]
WORCESTER Those same noble Scots
That are your prisoners —
HOTSPUR I'll keep them all.
By heaven, he shall not have a Scot[219] of them.
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not.
I'll keep them, by this hand.
WORCESTER You start away
And lend no ear unto my purposes.
Those prisoners you shall keep.
HOTSPUR Nay, I will; that's flat.
He said he would not ransom Mortimer,
Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer,
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla[229] 'Mortimer!'
Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but 'Mortimer', and give it him
To keep his anger still[232] in motion.
WORCESTER Hear you, cousin, a word.
HOTSPUR All studies here I solemnly defy,[234]
Save how to gall and pinch[235] this Bullingbrook.
And that same sword-and-buckler[236] Prince of Wales,
But that[237] I think his father loves him not
And would be glad he met with some mischance,[238]
I would have poisoned him with a pot of ale.
WORCESTER Farewell, kinsman. I'll talk to you
When you are better[241] tempered to attend.
NORTHUMBERLAND Why, what a wasp-tongued and impatient fool ***To Hotspur***
Art thou to break into this woman's mood,

Tying[244] thine ear to no tongue but thine own!
HOTSPUR Why, look you, I am whipped and scourged with rods,
Nettled and stung with pismires,[246] when I hear
Of this vile politician,[247] Bullingbrook.
In Richard’s time — what d’ye call the place? —
A plague upon’t, it is in Gloucestershire,
’Twas where the madcap duke his uncle[250] kept,
His uncle York, where I first bowed my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bullingbrook,
When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh.[253]
NORTHUMBERLAND At Berkeley Castle.[254]
HOTSPUR You say true.
Why, what a candy deal[256] of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me.
‘Look when[258] his infant fortune came to age’,
And ‘gentle Harry Percy’ and ‘kind cousin’.—
O, the devil take such cozeners![260] — God forgive me, ***To Worcester***
Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.
WORCESTER Nay, if you have not, to’t again,
We’ll stay[263] your leisure.
HOTSPUR I have done, in sooth.[264]
WORCESTER Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas’ son[267] your only mean
For powers in Scotland, which, for divers[268] reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assured
Will easily be granted.— You, my lord, ***To Northumberland***
Your son in Scotland being thus employed,
Shall secretly into the bosom[272] creep
Of that same noble prelate[273] well beloved,
The archbishop.
HOTSPUR Of York, is’t not?
WORCESTER True, who bears hard[276]
His brother’s death at Bristol, the lord Scroop.[277]
I speak not this in estimation,[278]
As what I think might be, but what I know

Is ruminated, plotted and set down,
And only stays[281] but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

HOTSPUR I smell it:[283]
Upon my life, it will do wondrous well.

NORTHUMBERLAND Before[285] the game's afoot, thou still let'st slip.

HOTSPUR Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot.
And then the power[287] of Scotland and of York,
To join with Mortimer, ha?

WORCESTER And so they shall.

HOTSPUR In faith, it is exceedingly well aimed.[290]

WORCESTER And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head.[292]
For, bear ourselves as even[293] as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt,
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.[296]
And see already how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

HOTSPUR He does, he does. We'll be revenged on him.

WORCESTER Cousin, farewell. No further go in this
Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,[302]
I'll steal[303] to Glendower and Lord Mortimer,
Where you and Douglas and our powers at once,[304]
As I will fashion it, shall happily[305] meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

NORTHUMBERLAND Farewell, good brother. We shall thrive, I trust.

HOTSPUR Uncle, adieu. O, let the hours be short
Till fields[310] and blows and groans applaud our sport!

Exeunt

Act 2 Scene 1[2.1]

running scene 4

Enter a Carrier with a lantern in his hand

FIRST CARRIER Heigh-ho! An't be not four by the day,[1] I'll be hanged. Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed.[2] What, ostler!

OSTLER Anon,[3] anon. ***Within***

FIRST CARRIER I prithee, Tom,[4] beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point. The poor jade[5] is wrung in the withers out of all cess.

Enter another Carrier

SECOND CARRIER Peas and beans[6] are as dank here as a dog, and this is the next way to give poor jades the bots.[7] This house is turned upside down since Robin the ostler died.

FIRST CARRIER Poor fellow, never joyed[9] since the price of oats rose. It was the death of him.

SECOND CARRIER I think this is the most villainous house in all London Road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.[12]

FIRST CARRIER Like a tench? There is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.[14]

SECOND CARRIER Why, you will allow us ne'er a jordan,[15] and then we leak in your chimney,[16] and your chamber-lye breeds fleas like a loach.

FIRST CARRIER What, ostler! Come away[17] and be hanged! Come away!

SECOND CARRIER I have a gammon of bacon[18] and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing Cross.[19]

FIRST CARRIER The turkeys in my pannier[20] are quite starved. What, ostler! A plague on thee! Hast thou never an[21] eye in thy head? Canst not hear? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain. Come, and be hanged! Hast[23] no faith in thee?

Enter Gadshill

GADSHILL Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

FIRST CARRIER I think it be two o'clock.[25]

GADSHILL I prithee lend me thy lantern to see my gelding[26] in the stable.

FIRST CARRIER Nay, soft, I[27] pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that.

GADSHILL I prithee lend me thine. ***To the Second Carrier***

SECOND CARRIER Ay,[29] when? Can’st tell? Lend me thy lantern, quoth a? Marry, I’ll see thee hanged first.

GADSHILL Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

SECOND CARRIER Time[32] enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.— Come, neighbour Mugs,[33] we’ll call up the gentlemen. They will along with company, for they have great charge.

Exeunt [Carriers]

Enter Chamberlain

GADSHILL What, ho, Chamberlain?

CHAMBERLAIN At[36] hand, quoth pick-purse.

GADSHILL That’s[37] even as fair as — at hand, quoth the chamberlain, for thou variest no more from picking of purses than giving[38] direction doth from labouring. Thou lay’st[39] the plot how.

CHAMBERLAIN Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds current that[40] I told you yesternight: there’s a franklin[41] in the wild of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold. I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper, a kind of auditor,[43] one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter.[44] They will away presently.

GADSHILL Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas’ clerks,[45] I’ll give thee this neck.

CHAMBERLAIN No, I’ll none of it: I prithee keep that for the hangman, for I know thou worship’st Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

GADSHILL What talkest thou to me of the hangman? If I hang, I’ll make a fat pair of gallows, for if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou know’st he’s no starveling.[50] Tut, there are other Trojans that thou dream’st not of, the which for sport sake are content to do the profession[51] some grace; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake, make all whole.[52] I am joined with no foot-land rakers,[53] no long-staff sixpenny strikers, none of these mad mustachio purple-hued malt-worms, but with nobility and tranquillity,[54] burgomasters and great oneyers,[55] such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray. And yet, I lie, for they pray continually unto their saint, the commonwealth;[57] or rather not to pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride[58] up and down on her and make her their boots.

CHAMBERLAIN What, the commonwealth their boots? Will she hold[59] out water in foul way?

GADSHILL She will, she will; justice hath liquored[61] her. We steal as in a castle, cocksure.[62] We have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

CHAMBERLAIN Nay, I think rather you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisible.

GADSHILL Give me thy hand. Thou shalt have a share in our purpose, as I am a true[65] man.

CHAMBERLAIN Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

GADSHILL Go to. *Homo*[68] is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring the gelding out of the stable. Farewell, ye muddy[69] knave.

Exeunt

Act 2 Scene 2[2.2]

running scene 5

Enter Prince, Poins and Peto [and Bardolph]

POINS Come, shelter, shelter. I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets[1] like a gummed velvet.

PRINCE HENRY Stand close.[3] ***Poins, Peto, and Bardolph stand aside***

Enter Falstaff

FALSTAFF Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

PRINCE HENRY Peace, ye fat-kidneyed[5] rascal. What a brawling dost thou keep!

FALSTAFF What, Poins? Hal?

PRINCE HENRY He is walked up to the top of the hill. I'll go seek him.

Stands aside with the others

FALSTAFF I am accursed to rob in that thief's company. That rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the square[9] further afoot, I shall break my wind.[10] Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty year, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines[13] to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else: I have drunk medicines. Poins, Hal, a plague upon you both! Bardolph! Peto! I'll starve ere[15] I rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as to drink, to turn true man[16] and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me, and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon't when thieves cannot be true one to another! ***The Prince, Poins, Peto and Bardolph come forward*** *They whistle*

Whew![20] A plague light upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues. Give me my horse, and be hanged!

PRINCE HENRY Peace, ye fat-guts! Lie down, lay thine ear close to the ground and list if thou can hear the tread of travellers.

FALSTAFF Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer.[25] What a plague mean ye to colt[26] me thus?

PRINCE HENRY Thou liest. Thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.[27]

FALSTAFF I prithee, good Prince Hal, help me to[28] my horse, good king's son.

PRINCE HENRY Out, you rogue! Shall I be your ostler?

FALSTAFF Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters![30] If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads[31] made on all and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison. When a jest is so forward,[32] and afoot too! I hate it.

Enter Gadshill

GADSHILL Stand.

FALSTAFF So I do, against my will.

POINS O, 'tis our setter.[35] I know his voice.

BARDOLPH What news?

GADSHILL Case ye,[37] case ye; on with your vizards. There's money of the king's coming down the hill, 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

FALSTAFF You lie, you rogue, 'tis going to the King's Tavern.

GADSHILL There's enough to make us all.[40]

FALSTAFF To be hanged.

PRINCE HENRY You four shall front[42] them in the narrow lane. Ned and I will walk lower;[43] if they scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

PETO But how many be[44] of them?

GADSHILL Some eight or ten.

FALSTAFF Will they not rob us?

PRINCE HENRY What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

FALSTAFF Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt,[48] your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

PRINCE HENRY We'll leave that to the proof.[49]

POINS Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge. When thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

FALSTAFF Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

PRINCE HENRY Ned, where are our disguises? ***To Poins***

POINS Here, hard[54] by. Stand close. ***To Prince Henry***

[Exeunt Prince Henry and Poins]

FALSTAFF Now, my masters, happy[55] man be his dole, say I. Every man to his business.

Enter Travellers

FIRSTTRAVELLER Come, neighbour. The boy shall lead our horses down the hill. We'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

THIEVES Stay!

TRAVELLERS Jesu bless us!

FALSTAFF Strike, down with them! Cut the villains' throats. Ah, whoreson[60] caterpillars, bacon-fed[61] knaves! They hate us youth, down with them, fleece them.

TRAVELLERS O, we are undone,[62] both we and ours for ever!

FALSTAFF Hang ye, gorbellied[63] knaves, are you undone? No, ye fat chuffs, I would your store[64] were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves? Young men must live. You are grand-jurors,[65] are ye? We'll jure ye, i'faith.

Here they rob them and bind them [Exeunt]

Enter the Prince and Poins

PRINCE HENRY The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to London, it would be argument[67] for a week, laughter for a month and a good jest for ever.

POINS Stand close. I hear them coming.

Enter Thieves again

FALSTAFF Come, my masters,[70] let us share, and then to horse before day. An the prince and Poins be not two arrant[71] cowards, there's no equity stirring. There's no more valour in that Poins than in a wild duck.[72]

PRINCE HENRY Your money!

POINS Villains!

As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them. They all run away, leaving the booty behind them

PRINCE HENRY Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse.
The thieves are scattered and possessed with fear
So strongly that they dare not meet each other:

Each takes his fellow for an officer.
Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards[80] the lean earth as he walks along.
Were’t not for laughing, I should pity him.

POINS How the rogue roared!

Exeunt

Act 2 Scene 3[2.3]

running scene 6

Enter Hotspur, solus, reading a letter

HOTSPUR ‘But for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.[2]’ He could be contented: why is he not, then? In respect of the love he bears our house. He shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. ‘The purpose you undertake is dangerous’ — why, that’s certain: ’tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink. But I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. ‘The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you have named uncertain,[8] the time itself unsorted and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise[9] of so great an opposition.’ Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind,[10] and you lie. What a lack-brain is this? I protest,[11] our plot is as good a plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation.[12] An excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this? Why, my lord of York[13] commends the plot and the general course of the action. By this hand if I were now by this rascal, I could brain[15] him with his lady’s fan. Is there not my father, my uncle and myself, Lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York and Owen Glendower? Is there not besides the Douglas?[17] Have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? And are they not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this? An infidel! Ha, you shall see now in[19] very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself and go to buffets,[21] for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action![22] Hang him. Let him tell the king we are prepared. I will set forwards tonight.

Enter his Lady

How now, Kate? I must leave you within these two hours.

LADY PERCY O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?

For what offence have I this fortnight been
A banished woman from my Harry’s bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is’t that takes from thee
Thy stomach,[29] pleasure and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
And start so often when thou sit’st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,
And given my treasures[33] and my rights of thee
To thick-eyed[34] musing and cursed melancholy?
In my faint[35] slumbers I by thee have watched,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars,
Speak terms of manage[37] to thy bounding steed,
Cry ‘Courage! To the field!’ And thou hast talked
Of sallies and retires,[39] trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes,[40] frontiers, parapets,
Of basilisks,[41] of cannon, culverin,
Of prisoners’ ransom and of soldiers slain,
And all the current[43] of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war
And thus hath so bestirred thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat hath stood upon thy brow
Like bubbles in a late-disturbèd stream;
And in thy face strange motions[48] have appeared,
Such as we see when men restrain[49] their breath
On some great sudden haste. O, what portents are these?
Some heavy[51] business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.
HOTSPUR What, ho![53]
[Enter a Servant]
Is Gilliams[54] with the packet gone?
SERVANT He is, my lord, an hour agone.
HOTSPUR Hath Butler[56] brought those horses from the sheriff?
SERVANT One horse, my lord, he brought even[57] now.
HOTSPUR What horse? A roan,[58] a crop-ear, is it not?
SERVANT It is, my lord.
HOTSPUR That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back[61] him straight.
Esperance!
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.
[Exit Servant]
LADY PERCY But hear you, my lord.
HOTSPUR What say'st thou, my lady?
LADY PERCY What is it carries you away?[65]
HOTSPUR Why, my horse, my love, my horse.
LADY PERCY Out, you mad-headed ape!
A weasel[68] hath not such a deal of spleen
As you are tossed with. In sooth,
I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.
I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir[71]
About his title,[72] and hath sent for you
To line[73] his enterprise. But if you go—
HOTSPUR So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.
LADY PERCY Come, come, you paraquito,[75] answer me
Directly unto this question that I shall ask:
Indeed, I'll break thy little finger,[77] Harry,
If thou wilt not tell me true.
HOTSPUR Away,
Away, you trifler![80] Love? I love thee not.
I care not for thee, Kate. This is no world
To play with mammets[82] and to tilt with lips.
We must have bloody noses and cracked crowns,[83]
And pass them current[84] too.— God's me, my horse!
What say'st thou, Kate? What wouldst thou have with me?
LADY PERCY Do ye not love me? Do ye not, indeed?
Well, do not then, for since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me if thou speak'st in jest or no.
HOTSPUR Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am a-horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate,
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout.[94]

Whither I must, I must. And to conclude,
This evening must I leave thee, gentle Kate.
I know you wise, but yet no further wise
Than Harry Percy's wife. Constant[98] you are,
But yet a woman: and for secrecy,
No lady closer,[100] for I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know,
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.
LADY PERCY How? So far?
HOTSPUR Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:
Whither I go, thither shall you go too.
Today will I set forth, tomorrow you.
Will this content you, Kate?
LADY PERCY It must of force.[108]

Exeunt

Act 2 Scene 4[2.4]

running scene 7

Enter Prince and Poins

PRINCE HENRY Ned, prithee come out of that fat[1] room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

POINS Where hast been, Hal?

PRINCE HENRY With three or four loggerheads[4] amongst three or fourscore hogsheads. I have sounded[5] the very base-string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash[6] of drawers, and can call them by their names, as Tom, Dick and Francis. They take it already upon their confidence that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy, telling me flatly I am no proud[8] Jack like Falstaff, but a Corinthian,[9] a lad of mettle, a good boy, and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dyeing scarlet;[10] and when you breathe[11] in your watering, then they cry 'Hem!' and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour that I can drink[13] with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour that thou wert not with me in this action.[14] But, sweet Ned — to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar,[15] clapped even now into my hand by an under-skinker,[16] one that never spake other English in his life than 'Eight shillings and sixpence' and 'You are welcome', with this shrill addition, 'Anon,[18] anon, sir!— Score a pint of bastard in the Half-Moon', or so. But, Ned, to drive[19] away time till Falstaff come, I prithee do thou stand in some by-room while I question my puny[20] drawer to what end he gave me the sugar and do never leave[21] calling 'Francis', that his tale to me may be nothing but 'Anon'. Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent.[22]

POINS Francis!

PRINCE HENRY Thou art perfect.[24]

POINS Francis!

[Exit Poins]

Enter Drawer [Francis]

FRANCIS Anon, anon, sir.— Look down into the Pomgarnet,[26] Ralph.

PRINCE HENRY Come hither, Francis.

FRANCIS My lord?

PRINCE HENRY How long hast thou to serve,[29] Francis?

FRANCIS Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

POINS Francis! ***Within***

FRANCIS Anon, anon, sir.

PRINCE HENRY Five years. By'r lady,[33] a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture[34] and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?

FRANCIS O lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books[36] in England, I could find in my heart—

POINS Francis! ***Within***

FRANCIS Anon, anon, sir.

PRINCE HENRY How old art thou, Francis?

FRANCIS Let me see — about Michaelmas[41] next I shall be—

POINS Francis! ***Within***

FRANCIS Anon, sir.— Pray you stay[43] a little, my lord.

PRINCE HENRY Nay, but hark you, Francis, for[44] the sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

FRANCIS O lord, sir, I would it had been two!

PRINCE HENRY I will give thee for it a thousand pound. Ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

POINS Francis! ***Within***

FRANCIS Anon, anon.

PRINCE HENRY Anon, Francis? No, Francis. But tomorrow, Francis, or, Francis, on Thursday, or indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis!

FRANCIS My lord?

PRINCE HENRY Wilt thou rob[54] this leathern jerkin, crystal-button, not-pated, agate-ring,[55] puke-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch—

FRANCIS O lord, sir, who do you mean?

PRINCE HENRY Why, then, your brown bastard[57] is your only drink, for look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet[58] will sully. In Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

FRANCIS What, sir?

POINS Francis! *Within*

PRINCE HENRY Away, you rogue! Dost thou hear them call?

Here they both call him. The Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go Enter Vintner

VINTNER What, stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Look to the guests

within.

[Exit Francis]

My lord, old Sir John, with half-a-dozen more, are at the door: shall I let them in?

PRINCE HENRY Let them alone awhile, and then open the door.

[Exit Vintner]

Poins!

Enter Poins

POINS Anon, anon, sir.

PRINCE HENRY Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door. Shall we be merry?

POINS As merry as crickets,[71] my lad. But hark ye: what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? Come, what's the issue?[72]

PRINCE HENRY I[73] am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.

[Enter Francis]

What's o'clock, Francis?

FRANCIS Anon,[77] anon, sir.

[Exit]

PRINCE HENRY That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet[78] the son of a woman! His industry[79] is upstairs and downstairs, his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind,[80] the Hotspur of the north, he that kills me[81] some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife ‘Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.’ ‘O my sweet Harry’, says she, ‘how many hast thou killed today?’ ‘Give my roan horse a drench[83]’, says he, and answers ‘Some fourteen’, an hour after, ‘a trifle, a trifle’. I prithee call in Falstaff. I’ll play Percy, and that damned brawn[85] shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. ‘Rivo!’[86] says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow. ***Poins calls***

Enter Falstaff, [Gadshill, Bardolph and Peto. Francis follows with wine]

POINS Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

FALSTAFF A plague of[88] all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too, marry and amen!— Give me a cup of sack, boy.— Ere I lead this life long, I’ll sew nether stocks[89] and ***To Francis*** mend them and foot[90] them too. A plague of all cowards!— Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant?[91] ***Drinks***

PRINCE HENRY Didst thou never see Titan[92] kiss a dish of butter — pitiful-hearted Titan — that melted at the sweet tale of the sun? If thou didst, then behold that compound.[94]

FALSTAFF You rogue, here’s lime[95] in this sack too.— There is nothing but roguery to ***To Francis*** be found in villainous man; yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in’t.

[Francis may exit]

A villainous coward! Go thy ways,[98] old Jack, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring.[99] There lives not three good men unhanged in England, and one of them is fat and grows old. God help the while![101] A bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver. I could sing all manner of songs. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

PRINCE HENRY How now, wool-sack,[103] what mutter you?

FALSTAFF A king’s son? If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath,[104] and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I’ll[105] never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales?

PRINCE HENRY Why, you whoreson round[107] man, what’s the matter?

FALSTAFF Are you not a coward? Answer me to that. And Poins there?

POINS Ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

FALSTAFF I call thee coward? I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward, but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back. Call you that backing[112] of your friends? A plague upon such backing! Give me them that will face[113] me. Give me a cup of sack. I am a rogue, if I drunk[114] today.

PRINCE HENRY O, villain, thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

FALSTAFF All's[116] one for that.

He drinks

A plague of all cowards, still say I.

PRINCE HENRY What's the matter?

FALSTAFF What's the matter? Here be four of us have ta'en[119] a thousand pound this morning.

PRINCE HENRY Where is it, Jack? Where is it?

FALSTAFF Where is it? Taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor[122] four of us.

PRINCE HENRY What, a hundred, man?

FALSTAFF I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword[124] with a dozen of them two hours together. I have scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose,[126] my buckler cut through and through, my sword hacked like a hand-saw[127] — *ecce signum*! I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards! Let them speak; if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.[129]

PRINCE HENRY Speak, sirs, how was it?

GADSHILL We four set upon some dozen—

FALSTAFF Sixteen at least, my lord.

GADSHILL And bound them.

PETO No, no, they were not bound.

FALSTAFF You rogue, they were bound, every man of them, or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.[136]

GADSHILL As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us—

FALSTAFF And unbound the rest, and then come[138] in the other.

PRINCE HENRY What, fought ye with them all?

FALSTAFF All? I know not what ye call all, but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

POINS Pray heaven you have not murdered some of them.

FALSTAFF Nay, that's past praying for, I have peppered[144] two of them: two I am sure I have paid,[145] two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward.[146] Here I lay and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at[147] me—

PRINCE HENRY What, four? Thou saidst but two even now.

FALSTAFF Four, Hal, I told thee four.

POINS Ay, ay, he said four.

FALSTAFF These four came all a-front,[151] and mainly thrust at me. I made no more ado but took all their seven points[152] in my target, thus.

PRINCE HENRY Seven? Why, there were but four even now.

FALSTAFF In buckram?

POINS Ay, four, in buckram suits.

FALSTAFF Seven, by these hilts,[156] or I am a villain else.

PRINCE HENRY Prithee let him alone. We shall have more anon. ***Aside to Poins***

FALSTAFF Dost thou hear me, Hal?

PRINCE HENRY Ay, and mark[159] thee too, Jack.

FALSTAFF Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told
thee of—

PRINCE HENRY So, two more already.

FALSTAFF Their points[163] being broken—

POINS Down fell his hose.

FALSTAFF Began to give me ground.[165] But I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought[166] seven of the eleven I paid.

PRINCE HENRY O, monstrous! Eleven buckram men grown out of two?

FALSTAFF But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten[168] knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

PRINCE HENRY These lies are like the father[171] that begets them, gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained[172] guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-catch[173]—

FALSTAFF What, art thou mad? Art thou mad? Is not the truth the truth?

PRINCE HENRY Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason: what say’st thou to this?

POINS Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

FALSTAFF What, upon compulsion?[179] No. Were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion? If reasons[181] were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

PRINCE HENRY I’ll be no longer guilty of this sin. This sanguine[183] coward, this bed-presser,[184] this horseback-breaker, this huge hill of flesh—

FALSTAFF Away, you starveling, you elf-skin,[185] you dried neat’s tongue, bull’s pizzle, you stock-fish![186] O, for breath to utter what is like thee! You tailor’s-yard, you sheath,[187] you bowcase, you vile standing-tuck—

PRINCE HENRY Well, breathe awhile, and then to’t again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but thus.

POINS Mark, Jack.

PRINCE HENRY We two saw you four set on four and bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four, and with a word,[193] out-faced you from your prize, and have it, yea, and can show it you in the house. And, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave[196] art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight!

What trick, what device, what starting-hole[197] canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent[198] shame?

POINS Come, let’s hear, Jack: what trick hast thou now?

FALSTAFF I knew[200] ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters, was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules,[202] but beware instinct. The lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter. I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life: I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, lads, I am glad you have the money.— Hostess, clap to[205] the doors. Watch[206] tonight, pray tomorrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the good titles of fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? Shall we have a play extempore?[208]

PRINCE HENRY Content, and the argument[209] shall be thy running away.

FALSTAFF Ah, no more of that, Hal, an[210] thou lovest me!

Enter Hostess [Quickly]

HOSTESS QUICKLY My lord the prince?

PRINCE HENRY How now, my lady the hostess? What say’st thou to me?

HOSTESS QUICKLY Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you: he says he comes from your father.

PRINCE HENRY Give him as much as will make him a royal[215] man, and send him back again to my mother.

FALSTAFF What manner of man is he?

HOSTESS QUICKLY An old man.

FALSTAFF What doth gravity[219] out of his bed at midnight? Shall I give him his answer?

PRINCE HENRY Prithee do, Jack.

FALSTAFF ’Faith, and I’ll send him packing.

Exit

PRINCE HENRY Now, sirs: you fought fair; so did you, Peto, so did you, Bardolph. You are lions too, you ran away upon instinct. You will not touch the true prince; no, fie![224]

BARDOLPH ’Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

PRINCE HENRY Tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff’s sword so hacked?

PETO Why, he hacked it with his dagger, and said he would swear[227] truth out of England but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like.

BARDOLPH Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass[230] to make them bleed, and then to beslubber[231] our garments with it and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that[232] I did not this seven years before, I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

PRINCE HENRY O, villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken[233] with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore.[234] Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away; what instinct hadst thou for it?

BARDOLPH My lord, do you see these meteors?[236] Do you behold these exhalations?

PRINCE HENRY I do.

BARDOLPH What think you they portend?[238]

PRINCE HENRY Hot[239] livers and cold purses.

BARDOLPH Choler,[240] my lord, if rightly taken.

PRINCE HENRY No, if rightly taken, halter.[241]

Enter Falstaff

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone.— How now, my sweet creature of bombast?[243] How long is't ago, Jack, since thou saw'st thine own knee?

FALSTAFF My own knee? When I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an[244] eagle's talon in the waist. I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring.[245] A plague of sighing and grief! It blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was Sir John Braby from your father; you must go to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy,[248] and he of Wales that gave Amamon[249] the bastinado and made Lucifer cuckold and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook[250] — what a plague call you him?

POINS O, Glendower.

FALSTAFF Owen, Owen the same, and his son-in-law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o'horseback up a hill perpendicular—

PRINCE HENRY He that rides at high speed and with a pistol kills a sparrow flying.

FALSTAFF You have hit it.[256]

PRINCE HENRY So did he never the sparrow.

FALSTAFF Well, that rascal hath good mettle[258] in him. He will not run.

PRINCE HENRY Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running?[259]

FALSTAFF A-horseback, ye cuckoo,[260] but afoot he will not budge a foot.

PRINCE HENRY Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

FALSTAFF I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps[263] more. Worcester is stolen away by night. Thy father's beard is turned white with the news; you[264] may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

PRINCE HENRY Then 'tis like,[266] if there come a hot sun and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads[267] as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

FALSTAFF By the mass, lad, thou say'st true. It is like we shall have good trading[268] that way. But tell me, Hal, art not thou horrible afeard? Thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit[271] Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art not thou horrible afraid? Doth not thy blood thrill[272] at it?

PRINCE HENRY Not a whit, I lack some of thy instinct.

FALSTAFF Well, thou wilt be horrible chid[274] tomorrow when thou comest to thy father: if thou do love me, practise an answer.

PRINCE HENRY Do thou stand for[276] my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

FALSTAFF Shall I? Content.[278] This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre and this cushion my crown.

PRINCE HENRY Thy state is taken for a joint-stool,[280] thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown[281] for a pitiful bald crown.

FALSTAFF Well, an the fire of grace[282] be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.[283] Give me a cup of sack to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept, for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.[284]

PRINCE HENRY Well, here is my leg. *He bows or kneels*

FALSTAFF And here is my speech. Stand aside, nobility.[286]

HOSTESS QUICKLY This is excellent sport, i'faith!

FALSTAFF Weep[288] not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

HOSTESS QUICKLY O,[289] the father, how he holds his countenance!

FALSTAFF For God's sake, lords, convey[290] my tristful queen, For tears do stop[291] the flood-gates of her eyes.

HOSTESS QUICKLY O, rare,[292] he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see!

FALSTAFF Peace, good pint-pot,[293] peace, good tickle-brain.— Harry, I do not only *Quickly may exit, perhaps escorted by Bardolph* marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied, for though the camomile,[295] the more it is trodden the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. Thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my opinion, but chiefly a villainous trick[297] of thine eye and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip that doth warrant[298] me. If then thou be son to me, here lieth the point: why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at?[299] Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher[300] and eat blackberries? A question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses? A question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch:[303] this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest. For, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink but in tears: not in pleasure but in passion:[305] not in words only, but in woes also. And yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

PRINCE HENRY What manner of man, an it like[308] your majesty?

FALSTAFF A goodly portly[309] man, i'faith, and a corpulent: of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye and a most noble carriage,[310] and as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r lady, inclining to threescore;[311] and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff. If that man should be lewdly given,[312] he deceives me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then peremptorily[313] I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty[315] varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

PRINCE HENRY Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

FALSTAFF Depose me? If thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker[319] or a poulter's hare.

PRINCE HENRY Well, here I am set.[320]

FALSTAFF And here I stand. Judge, my masters.[321]

PRINCE HENRY Now, Harry, whence come you?

FALSTAFF My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

PRINCE HENRY The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

FALSTAFF I'faith, my lord, they are false. — Nay, I'll tickle ye[325] for a young prince.

PRINCE HENRY Swearest thou, ungracious[326] boy? Henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of a fat old man; a tun[328] of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk[329] of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies,[330] that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree[331] ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend Vice, that grey Iniquity,[332] that father Ruffian, that Vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? Wherein neat and cleanly,[333] but to carve a capon and eat it? Wherein cunning,[334] but in craft? Wherein crafty, but in villainy? Wherein villainous, but in all things? Wherein worthy, but in nothing?

FALSTAFF I would your grace would take[336] me with you: whom means your grace?

PRINCE HENRY That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

FALSTAFF My lord, the[339] man I know.

PRINCE HENRY I know thou dost.

FALSTAFF But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it. But that he is, saving your reverence,[343] a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, heaven help the wicked: if to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host[345] that I know is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine[346] are to be loved. No, my good lord, banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins, but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company: banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

PRINCE HENRY I do, I will. ***Knocking***

Enter Bardolph, running

BARDOLPH O, my lord, my lord! The sheriff with a most monstrous[352] watch is at the door.

FALSTAFF Out, you rogue!— Play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Enter the Hostess [Quickly]

HOSTESS QUICKLY O, my lord, my lord!

PRINCE HENRY Heigh, heigh! The[357] devil rides upon a fiddlestick. What's the matter?

HOSTESS QUICKLY The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

FALSTAFF Dost thou hear, Hal? Never[360] call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially made, without seeming so.

PRINCE HENRY And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

FALSTAFF I deny your major.[363] If you will deny the sheriff, so: if not, let him enter: if I become[364] not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon[365] be strangled with a halter as another.

PRINCE HENRY Go, hide thee behind the arras.[366] The rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true[367] face and good conscience.

FALSTAFF Both which I have had: but their date is out,[368] and therefore I'll hide me. ***Falstaff hides behind***

PRINCE HENRY Call in the sheriff.

Exeunt [all except Prince Henry and Peto] ***the arras***

Enter Sheriff and the Carrier Now, master sheriff, what is your will with me?

SHERIFF First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry[371]
Hath followed certain men unto this house.

PRINCE HENRY What men?

SHERIFF One of them is well known, my gracious lord,
A gross fat man.

CARRIER As fat as butter.

PRINCE HENRY The man, I do assure you, is not here,
For I myself at this time have employed him.
And, sheriff, I will engage[379] my word to thee
That I will, by tomorrow dinnertime,[380]
Send him to answer thee,[381] or any man,
For anything he shall be charged withal:[382]
And so let me entreat you leave the house.

SHERIFF I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

PRINCE HENRY It may be so: if he have robbed these men,
He shall be answerable,[387] and so farewell.

SHERIFF Goodnight, my noble lord.

PRINCE HENRY I think it is good morrow,[389] is it not?

SHERIFF Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

Exeunt [Sheriff and Carrier]

PRINCE HENRY This oily[391] rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call him forth. ***To Peto***

PETO Falstaff! Fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

PRINCE HENRY Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets.

He searcheth his pockets, and findeth certain papers

What hast thou found?

PETO Nothing but papers, my lord.

PRINCE HENRY Let's see, what be they? Read them.

PETO '*Item*, A capon, 2s 2d.[397] *Item*, Sauce, 4d. *Item*, Sack, two gallons, 5s 8d. *Item*, ***Reads***

Anchovies and sack after supper, 2s 6d. Item, Bread, ob.[398]'

PRINCE HENRY O, monstrous! But[399] one halfpenny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack? What there is else, keep close,[400] we'll read it at more advantage. There let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning. We must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot,[402] and I know his death will be a march of twelvescore.[403] The money shall be paid back again with advantage.[404] Be with me betimes in the morning, and so, good morrow, Peto.

PETO Good morrow, good my lord.

Exeunt

Act 3 Scene 1[3.1]

running scene 8

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Lord Mortimer and Owen Glendower

MORTIMER These promises[1] are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction[2] full of prosperous hope.
HOTSPUR Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,
Will you sit down?
And uncle Worcester — a plague upon it,
I have forgot the map!
GLENDOWER No, here it is. ***Shows a map***
Sit, cousin Percy, sit, good cousin Hotspur —
For by that name as oft as Lancaster[9]
Doth speak of you, his cheeks look pale and with
A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven.
HOTSPUR And you in hell, as oft as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.
GLENDOWER I cannot blame him: at my nativity
The front[14] of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets,[15] and at my birth
The frame and foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward.
HOTSPUR Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your mother’s cat had
but kittened, though yourself had never been born.
GLENDOWER I say the earth did shake when I was born.
HOTSPUR And I say the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose as fearing you[22] it shook.
GLENDOWER The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.
HOTSPUR O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.
Diseasèd nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions;[27] and the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic[28] pinched and vexed
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb,[30] which, for enlargement striving,

Shakes the old beldam[31] earth and tumbles down
Steeples and moss-grown[32] towers. At your birth
Our grandam[33] earth, having this distemperature,
In passion[34] shook.

GLENDOWER Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings.[36] Give me leave
To tell you once again that at my birth
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous[40] to the frighted fields.
These signs have marked me[41] extraordinary,
And all the courses[42] of my life do show
I am not in the roll[43] of common men.
Where is the living,[44] clipped in with the sea
That chides[45] the banks of England, Scotland and Wales,
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to[46] me?
And bring him out that is but woman’s son
Can trace[48] me in the tedious ways of art
And hold me pace[49] in deep experiments.

HOTSPUR I think there’s no man speaks better Welsh.[50]
I’ll to dinner.

MORTIMER Peace, cousin Percy, you will make him mad.

GLENDOWER I can call[53] spirits from the vasty deep.

HOTSPUR Why, so can I, or so can any man.
But will they come when you do call for them?

GLENDOWER Why, I can teach thee, cousin, to command the devil.

HOTSPUR And I can teach thee, cousin, to shame the devil
By telling truth: tell[58] truth and shame the devil.
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I’ll be sworn I have power to shame him hence.
O, while you live, tell truth and shame the devil!

MORTIMER Come, come, no more of this unprofitable chat.

GLENDOWER Three times hath Henry Bullingbrook made head[63]
Against my power:[64] thrice from the banks of Wye
And sandy-bottomed Severn have I sent him
Bootless[66] home and weather-beaten back.

HOTSPUR Home without boots, and in foul weather too!
How scapes he agues,[68] in the devil's name?
GLENDOWER Come, here's the map: shall we divide our right[69]
According to our threefold order ta'en?[70]
MORTIMER The archdeacon[71] hath divided it
Into three limits[72] very equally:
England, from Trent[73] and Severn hitherto,
By south and east is to my part assigned:
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower: and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite[79] are drawn,
Which being sealèd interchangeably[80] —
A business that this[81] night may execute—
Tomorrow, cousin Percy, you and I
And my good lord of Worcester will set forth
To meet your father and the Scottish power,
As is appointed[85] us, at Shrewsbury.
My father[86] Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days.—
Within that space[88] you may have drawn together ***To Glendower***
Your tenants, friends and neighbouring gentlemen.
GLENDOWER A shorter time shall send me to you, lords.
And in my conduct[91] shall your ladies come,
From whom you now must steal[92] and take no leave,
For there will be a[93] world of water shed
Upon the parting of your wives and you.
HOTSPUR Methinks my moiety,[95] north from Burton here, ***Looks at map***
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See how this river comes[97] me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.[99]
I'll have the current in this place dammed up,
And here the smug[101] and silver Trent shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly.

It shall not wind with such a deep indent,[103]
To rob me of so rich a bottom[104] here.
GLENDOWER Not wind? It shall, it must. You see it doth.
MORTIMER Yea, but
Mark how he[107] bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage[108] on the other side,
Gelding[109] the opposèd continent as much
As on the other side it takes from you.
WORCESTER Yea, but a little charge[111] will trench him here
And on this north side win this cape[112] of land,
And then he runs straight and even.
HOTSPUR I'll have it so. A little charge will do it.
GLENDOWER I'll not have it altered.
HOTSPUR Will not you?
GLENDOWER No, nor you shall not.
HOTSPUR Who shall say me nay?
GLENDOWER Why, that will I.
HOTSPUR Let[120] me not understand you, then. Speak it in Welsh.
GLENDOWER I can speak English, lord, as well as you,
For I was trained up in the English court;
Where, being but young,[123] I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty[124] lovely well
And gave[125] the tongue a helpful ornament;
A virtue[126] that was never seen in you.
HOTSPUR Marry,
And I am glad of it with all my heart.
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers.[130]
I had rather hear a brazen[131] candlestick turned,
Or a dry[132] wheel grate on the axle-tree,
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing[134] so much as mincing poetry:
'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.[135]
GLENDOWER Come, you shall have Trent turned.
HOTSPUR I do not care: I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend;

But in[139] the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I’ll cavil on[140] the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn?[141] Shall we be gone?
GLENDOWER The moon shines fair, you may away by night.
I’ll haste the writer[143] and withal
Break with[144] your wives of your departure hence.
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on[146] her Mortimer.
Exit
MORTIMER Fie, cousin Percy, how you cross[147] my father!
HOTSPUR I cannot choose:[148] sometime he angers me
With telling me of the mouldwarp[149] and the ant,
Of the dreamer[150] Merlin and his prophecies,
And of a dragon and a finless fish,
A clip-winged[152] griffin and a moulten raven,
A couching[153] lion and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble[154] stuff
As puts[155] me from my faith. I tell you what,
He held me last night at least nine hours
In reck’ning up[157] the several devils’ names
That were his lackeys:[158] I cried ‘Hum’, and ‘Well, go to’,
But marked him[159] not a word. O, he is as tedious
As a tired horse, a railing[160] wife,
Worse than a smoky house. I had rather live
With cheese[162] and garlic in a windmill far,
Than feed on cates[163] and have him talk to me
In any summer-house[164] in Christendom.
MORTIMER In faith,[165] he was a worthy gentleman,
Exceeding well read, and profited[166]
In strange concealments, valiant as a lion
And wondrous affable and as bountiful
As mines of India.[169] Shall I tell you, cousin?
He holds your temper[170] in a high respect
And curbs himself even of his natural scope[171]
When you do[172] cross his humour — ’faith, he does.
I warrant you, that man is not alive

Might so have tempted[174] him as you have done,
Without the taste[175] of danger and reproof:
But do not use it oft,[176] let me entreat you.
WORCESTER In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame,[177] ***To Hotspur***
And since your coming hither have done enough
To put him quite besides[179] his patience.
You must needs[180] learn, lord, to amend this fault:
Though sometimes it show[181] greatness, courage, blood —
And that's the dearest grace[182] it renders you —
Yet oftentimes it doth present[183] harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,[184]
Pride, haughtiness, opinion[185] and disdain,
The least of which haunting[186] a nobleman
Loseth[187] men's hearts and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,[188]
Beguiling[189] them of commendation.
HOTSPUR Well, I am schooled.[190] Good manners be your speed!
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.
Enter Glendower with the Ladies
MORTIMER This is the deadly spite[192] that angers me:
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.
GLENDOWER My daughter weeps. She'll not part with you,
She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.
MORTIMER Good father, tell her that she and my aunt Percy[196]
Shall follow in your conduct[197] speedily.
Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers him in the same
GLENDOWER She is desperate here:[198] a peevish self-willed harlotry,
One that no persuasion can do good upon.
The Lady speaks in Welsh
MORTIMER I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh[200]
Which thou pour'st down from these swelling heavens[201]
I am too perfect[202] in, and, but for shame,
In such a parley[203] should I answer thee.
The Lady [speaks] again in Welsh
I understand thy kisses and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation.[205]

But I will never be a truant,[206] love,
Till I have learned thy language, for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penned,[208]
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division,[210] to her lute.

GLENDOWER Nay, if thou melt,[211] then will she run mad.

The Lady speaks again in Welsh

MORTIMER O, I am ignorance itself in this![212]

GLENDOWER She bids you on the wanton rushes[213] lay you down
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you
And on your eyelids crown[216] the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness,[217]
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep
As is the difference betwixt day and night
The hour before the heavenly-harnessed team[220]
Begins his golden progress[221] in the east.

MORTIMER With all my heart I'll sit and hear her sing:
By that time will our book,[223] I think, be drawn.

GLENDOWER Do so,
And those musicians that shall play to you
Hang in the air[226] a thousand leagues from hence,
And straight[227] they shall be here: sit, and attend.

HOTSPUR Come, Kate, thou art perfect in[228] lying down: come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

LADY PERCY Go, ye giddy goose.

HOTSPUR Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh,[231] and 'tis no marvel he is so humorous.[232] By'r lady, he's a good musician.

LADY PERCY Then would you be nothing but musical, for you are altogether governed by humours.[234] Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

HOTSPUR I had rather hear Lady, my brach,[235] howl in Irish.

LADY PERCY Wouldst have thy head broken?[236]

HOTSPUR No.

LADY PERCY Then be still.[238]

HOTSPUR Neither,[239] 'tis a woman's fault.

LADY PERCY Now God help thee!
HOTSPUR To the Welsh lady's bed.
LADY PERCY What's that?
HOTSPUR Peace, she sings.
Here the Lady sings a Welsh song
HOTSPUR Come, I'll have your song too. ***To Lady Percy***
LADY PERCY Not mine, in good sooth.[245]
HOTSPUR Not yours, in good sooth?
You swear like a comfit-maker's[247] wife.
'Not you, in good sooth', and 'As true as I live',
And 'As God shall mend me' and 'As sure as day!'
And givest such sarcenet surety[250] for thy oaths,
As if thou never walk'st further than Finsbury.[251]
Swear me,[252] Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leave 'in sooth',
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,[254]
To velvet-guards[255] and Sunday-citizens.
Come, sing.
LADY PERCY I will not sing.
HOTSPUR 'Tis the next way to turn tailor,[258] or be red-breast teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours, and so, come in when ye will.
Exit
GLENDOWER Come, come, Lord Mortimer, you are as slow
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.
By this[262] our book is drawn, we'll but seal,
And then to horse immediately.
MORTIMER With all my heart.
Exeunt

Act 3 Scene 2[3.2]

running scene 9

Enter the King, Prince of Wales and others

KING HENRY IV Lords, give us leave.[1] The Prince of Wales and I
Must have some private conference. But be near at hand,
For we shall presently have need of you.

Exeunt Lords

I know not whether heaven will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That in his secret doom,[6] out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge[7] for me.
But thou dost in thy passages[8] of life
Make me believe that thou art only marked[9]
For the hot vengeance and the rod[10] of heaven
To punish my mistreadings.[11] Tell me else,
Could such inordinate[12] and low desires,
Such poor, such bare,[13] such lewd, such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,[14]
As thou art matched withal[15] and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood
And hold their level[17] with thy princely heart?

PRINCE HENRY So please your majesty, I would I could
Quit[19] all offences with as clear excuse
As well as I am doubtless[20] I can purge
Myself of many I am charged withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof[23] of many tales devised,
Which oft the ear of greatness[24] needs must hear
By smiling pick-thanks[25] and base news-mongers,
I may, for some things true,[26] wherein my youth
Hath faulty[27] wand'red and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.[28]

KING HENRY IV Heaven pardon thee! Yet let me wonder,[29] Harry,
At thy affections,[30] which do hold a wing

Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely[32] lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supplied,[33]
And art almost an alien[34] to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time[36]
Is ruined, and the soul of every man
Prophetically do forethink[38] thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackneyed[40] in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion,[42] that did help me to the crown,
Had[43] still kept loyal to possession
And left me in reputeless[44] banishment,
A fellow of no mark[45] nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir
But like a comet I was wondered at,
That men would tell their children, ‘This is he.’
Others would say, ‘Where? Which is Bullingbrook?’
And then I stole[50] all courtesy from heaven,
And dressed myself in such humility
That I did pluck allegiance from men’s hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crownèd king.
Thus I did keep my person fresh and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,[56]
Ne’er seen but wondered at: and so my state,[57]
Seldom[58] but sumptuous, showed like a feast
And won by rareness such solemnity.[59]
The skipping[60] king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters and rash bavin[61] wits,
Soon kindled and soon burnt, carded his state,[62]
Mingled his royalty with carping[63] fools,
Had his great name profanèd with their scorns[64]
And gave his countenance, against his name,[65]
To laugh at gibing[66] boys and stand the push

Of every beardless vain comparative;[67]
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoffed[69] himself to popularity,
That, being daily swallowed by men’s eyes,
They surfeited[71] with honey and began
To loathe[72] the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo[75] is in June,
Heard, not regarded, seen, but with such eyes
As, sick and blunted with community,[77]
Afford no extraordinary gaze,[78]
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes.
But rather drowsed and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face[82] and rendered such aspect
As cloudy[83] men use to do to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorged and full.
And in that very line,[85] Harry, standest thou,
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation.[87] Not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common[88] sight,
Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more,
Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.[91]

PRINCE HENRY I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
Be more myself.[93]

KING HENRY IV For[94] all the world
As thou art to this hour was Richard then,
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh,
And even as I was then is Percy now.
Now, by my sceptre and my soul to boot,
He[99] hath more worthy interest to the state
Than thou, the shadow of succession;[100]
For of[101] no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harness[102] in the realm,

Turns head[103] against the lion’s armèd jaws,
And, being no more in[104] debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient[105] lords and reverend bishops on
To bloody battles and to bruising[106] arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renownèd Douglas, whose[108] high deeds,
Whose hot incursions[109] and great name in arms
Holds from all soldiers chief[110] majority
And military title capital
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ!
Thrice hath the Hotspur, Mars[113] in swaddling clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprises[114]
Discomfited[115] great Douglas, ta’en him once,
Enlargèd[116] him and made a friend of him,
To fill[117] the mouth of deep defiance up
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The archbishop’s grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate[121] against us and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near’st and dearest[124] enemy?
Thou that art like[125] enough, through vassal fear,
Base inclination[126] and the start of spleen,
To fight against me under Percy’s pay,
To dog his heels and curtsy[128] at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.
PRINCE HENRY Do not think so. You shall not find it so.
And heaven forgive them that so much have swayed
Your majesty’s good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy’s head[133]
And in[134] the closing of some glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your son,
When I will wear a garment all of blood
And stain my favours[137] in a bloody mask,
Which, washed away, shall scour[138] my shame with it.

And that shall be the day, whene’er it lights,[139]
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praisèd knight,
And your unthought-of[142] Harry chance to meet.
For every honour sitting on his helm,[143]
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled! For the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor,[148] good my lord,
To engross up[149] glorious deeds on my behalf,
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship[152] of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning[153] from his heart.
This, in the name of heaven, I promise here:
The which if I perform and do survive
I do beseech your majesty may salve[156]
The long-grown wounds of my intemperature.[157]
If not, the end of life cancels all bonds,
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths
Ere break the smallest parcel[160] of this vow.

KING HENRY IV A hundred thousand rebels die in this:
Thou shalt have charge[162] and sovereign trust herein.

Enter Blunt

How now, good Blunt? Thy looks are full of speed.[163]

BLUNT So hath the business that I come to speak of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word
That Douglas and the English rebels met
The eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury.
A mighty and a fearful head[168] they are,
If[169] promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offered foul play in a state.

KING HENRY IV The Earl of Westmorland set forth today,
With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster,
For this advertisement[173] is five days old.

On Wednesday next, Harry, thou shalt set forward:
On Thursday we ourselves will march.
Our meeting is Bridgnorth,[176] and, Harry, you shall march
Through Gloucestershire, by which account,
Our business valuèd,[178] some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business: let’s away.
Advantage feeds him fat[181] while men delay.

Exeunt

Act 3 Scene 3[3.3]

running scene 10

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph

FALSTAFF Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely[1] since this last action? Do I not bate? Do I not dwindle? Why my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown. I am withered like an old apple-john.[3] Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking.[4] I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength[5] to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn,[6] a brewer's horse. The inside of a church! Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

BARDOLPH Sir John, you are so fretful,[8] you cannot live long.

FALSTAFF Why, there is it:[9] come sing me a bawdy song, make me merry. I was as virtuously given[10] as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough: swore little, diced not — above seven times a week, went to a bawdy-house[11] not above once in a quarter — of an hour, paid money that I borrowed — three of four times, lived well and in good compass:[13] and now I live out of all order, out of compass.

BARDOLPH Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass, out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

FALSTAFF Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: thou art our admiral,[16] thou bearest the lantern in the poop,[17] but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp.

BARDOLPH Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

FALSTAFF No, I'll be sworn, I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's-head[21] or a *memento mori:* I never see thy face but I think upon hellfire and Dives[22] that lived in purple, for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be 'By this fire', but thou art altogether given over;[24] and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou ran'st up Gad's Hill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think that thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*[26] or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase[27] in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light![28] Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern. But the sack that thou hast drunk me[30] would have bought me lights as good cheap as the dearest chandler's[31] in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire any time this two and thirty years. Heaven reward me for it!

BARDOLPH I would my face were in your belly![33]

FALSTAFF So should I be sure to be heart-burned.[34]

Enter Hostess [Quickly]

How now, Dame Partlet[35] the hen! Have you inquired yet who picked my pocket?

HOSTESS QUICKLY Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant. The tithe[38] of a hair was never lost in my house before.

FALSTAFF Ye lie, hostess: Bardolph was shaved[40] and lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn my pocket was picked. Go to, you are a woman,[41] go.

HOSTESS QUICKLY Who, I? I defy thee. I was never called so in mine own house before.

FALSTAFF Go to, I know[43] you well enough.

HOSTESS QUICKLY No, Sir John, you do not know me, Sir John. I know you, Sir John: you owe me money, Sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile[45] me of it. I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.[46]

FALSTAFF Dowlas,[47] filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters[48] of them.

HOSTESS QUICKLY Now, as I am a true woman, holland[49] of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drinkings,[50] and money lent you, four and twenty pounds.

FALSTAFF He had his part of it, let him pay. ***Points to Bardolph***

HOSTESS QUICKLY He? Alas, he is poor, he hath nothing.

FALSTAFF How? Poor? Look upon his face. What call you rich? Let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks. I'll not pay a denier.[55] What, will you make a younker[56] of me? Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring[57] of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

HOSTESS QUICKLY I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper!

FALSTAFF How? The prince is a jack,[60] a sneak-cup. An if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter the Prince marching [with Peto], and Falstaff meets him playing on his truncheon like a fife

How now, lad? is the wind in that door?[62] Must we all march

BARDOLPH Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.[63]

HOSTESS QUICKLY My lord, I pray you hear me.

PRINCE HENRY What say'st thou, Mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well. He is an honest man.

HOSTESS QUICKLY Good my lord, hear me.

FALSTAFF Prithee let her alone, and list to me.

PRINCE HENRY What say'st thou, Jack?

FALSTAFF The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras and had my pocket picked. This house is turned bawdy-house: they pick pockets.[71]

PRINCE HENRY What didst thou lose, Jack?

FALSTAFF Wilt thou believe me, Hal, three or four bonds[73] of forty pound apiece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's?

PRINCE HENRY A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

HOSTESS QUICKLY So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your grace say so. And, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is, and said he would cudgel you.

PRINCE HENRY What? He did not?

HOSTESS QUICKLY There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

FALSTAFF There's no more faith in thee than a stewed prune,[81] nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox.[82] And for womanhood, Maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to[83] thee. Go, you nothing, go.

HOSTESS QUICKLY Say, what thing? What thing?

FALSTAFF What thing?[85] Why, a thing to thank heaven on.

HOSTESS QUICKLY I am no thing to thank heaven on, I would thou shouldst know it. I am an honest man's wife, and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

FALSTAFF Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

HOSTESS QUICKLY Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

FALSTAFF What beast? Why, an otter.

PRINCE HENRY An otter, Sir John? Why an otter?

FALSTAFF Why? She's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

HOSTESS QUICKLY Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave, thou!

PRINCE HENRY Thou say'st true, hostess, and he slanders thee most grossly.

HOSTESS QUICKLY So he doth you, my lord, and said this other day you owed him a thousand pound.

PRINCE HENRY Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

FALSTAFF A thousand pound, Hal? A million. Thy love is worth a million: thou ow'st me thy love.

HOSTESS QUICKLY Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

FALSTAFF Did I, Bardolph?

BARDOLPH Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

FALSTAFF Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

PRINCE HENRY I say 'tis copper. Dar'st thou be as good as thy word now?

FALSTAFF Why, Hal, thou know'st, as thou art but a man, I dare, but as thou art a prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

PRINCE HENRY And why not as the lion?

FALSTAFF The king himself is to be feared as the lion: dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? Nay, if I do, let my girdle break.

PRINCE HENRY O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty in this bosom of thine: it is all filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket? Why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed[115] rascal, if there were anything in thy pocket but tavern-reck'nings, memorandums[116] of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded:[117] if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries[118] but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket up[119] wrong. Art thou not ashamed?

FALSTAFF Dost thou hear, Hal? Thou know'st in the state of innocency Adam fell, and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villainy? Thou seest I have more flesh[122] than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confess then, you picked my pocket?

PRINCE HENRY It appears so by the story.

FALSTAFF Hostess, I forgive thee. Go, make ready breakfast, love thy husband, look to thy servants and cherish thy guests. Thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pacified still.[127] Nay, prithee be gone.— *Exit Hostess* Now Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad, how is that answered?[128]

PRINCE HENRY O, my sweet beef,[129] I must still be good angel to thee. The money is paid back again.

FALSTAFF O, I do not like that paying back, 'tis a double labour.[131]

PRINCE HENRY I am good friends with my father and may do anything.

FALSTAFF Rob me the exchequer[133] the first thing thou dost, and do it with unwashed hands too.

BARDOLPH Do, my lord.

PRINCE HENRY I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.[136]

FALSTAFF I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O, for a fine thief, of two-and-twenty or thereabout! I am heinously unprovided.[138] Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they[139] offend none but the virtuous. I laud them, I praise them.

PRINCE HENRY Bardolph.

BARDOLPH My lord?

PRINCE HENRY Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster, ***Gives letters*** To my brother John. This to my lord of Westmorland.—

[Exit Bardolph]

Go, Peto, to horse, for thou and I Have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time.—

[Exit Peto]

Jack, meet me tomorrow in the Temple hall[147] At two o'clock in the afternoon. There shalt thou know thy charge[149] and there receive Money and order for their furniture.[150] The land is burning, Percy stands on high, And either they or we must lower lie.

[Exit Prince Henry]

FALSTAFF Rare[153] words! Brave world! Hostess, my breakfast, come! O, I could wish this tavern[154] were my drum!

Exit

Act 4 Scene 1[4.1]

running scene 11

Enter Harry Hotspur, Worcester and Douglas

HOTSPUR Well said, my noble Scot. If speaking truth
In this fine[2] age were not thought flattery,
Such attribution[3] should the Douglas have,
As not a[4] soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current[5] through the world.
By heaven, I cannot flatter: I defy[6]
The tongues of soothers.[7] But a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself.
Nay, task[9] me to my word, approve me, lord.

DOUGLAS Thou art the king of honour:
No man so potent breathes[11] upon the ground
But I will beard[12] him.

Enter a Messenger **With letters**

HOTSPUR Do so, and 'tis well.—
What letters hast there? — I can but[14] thank you.

MESSENGER These letters come from your father.

HOTSPUR Letters from him? Why comes he not himself?

MESSENGER He cannot come, my lord, he is grievous sick.

HOTSPUR How? Has he the leisure to be sick now
In such a jostling[19] time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government[20] come they along?

MESSENGER His letters bears[21] his mind, not I his mind.

WORCESTER I prithee tell me, doth he keep[22] his bed?

MESSENGER He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth,
And at the time of my departure thence
He[25] was much feared by his physician.

WORCESTER I would[26] the state of time had first been whole
Ere he by sickness had been visited:
His health was never better worth[28] than now.

HOTSPUR Sick now? Droop now? This sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise,

’Tis catching hither,[31] even to our camp.
He writes me here that inward sickness[32] —
And that his friends by deputation[33] could not
So soon be drawn,[34] nor did he think it meet
To lay so dangerous and dear[35] a trust
On any soul removed but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,[37]
That with our small conjunction[38] we should on,
To see how fortune is disposed to us,
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the king is certainly possessed[41]
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?
WORCESTER Your father’s sickness is a maim[43] to us.
HOTSPUR A perilous gash, a very limb lopped off:
And yet, in faith, it is not. His present want[45]
Seems more[46] than we shall find it. Were it good
To set[47] the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast?[48] To set so rich a main
On the nice hazard[49] of one doubtful hour?
It were not good, for therein should we read[50]
The very bottom[51] and the soul of hope,
The very list,[52] the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.
DOUGLAS ’Faith, and so we should,
Where now remains a sweet reversion,[55]
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what
Is to come in.
A comfort of retirement[58] lives in this.
HOTSPUR A rendezvous,[59] a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big[60]
Upon the maidenhead[61] of our affairs.
WORCESTER But yet I would your father had been here.
The quality and hair[63] of our attempt
Brooks[64] no division: it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty[66] and mere dislike

Of our proceedings kept the earl from hence.
And think how such an apprehension[68]
May turn the tide of fearful faction[69]
And breed a kind of question[70] in our cause,
For well you know, we of the off’ring[71] side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,[72]
And stop all sight-holes, every loop[73] from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us:
This absence of your father draws[75] a curtain,
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

HOTSPUR You strain too far.[78]
I rather of his absence make this use:[79]
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,[80]
A larger dare[81] to our great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here, for men must think,
If we without his help can make a head[83]
To push against the kingdom, with his help
We shall o’erturn it topsy-turvy down.
Yet[86] all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

DOUGLAS As[87] heart can think. There is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland as this dream of fear.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon

HOTSPUR My cousin Vernon, welcome, by my soul.

VERNON Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The Earl of Westmorland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards, with him Prince John.

HOTSPUR No harm:[93] what more?

VERNON And further, I have learned,
The king himself in person hath set forth,
Or hitherwards intended[96] speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.[97]

HOTSPUR He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,
And his comrades that daffed[100] the world aside
And bid it pass?

VERNON All furnished,[102] all in arms,
All plumed like estridges[103] that with the wind
Bated[104] like eagles having lately bathed,
Glittering in golden coats[105] like images,
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous[107] as the sun at midsummer,
Wanton[108] as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry with his beaver[109] on,
His cuisses[110] on his thighs, gallantly armed,
Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,[111]
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,[112]
As if an angel dropped down from the clouds,
To turn and wind[114] a fiery Pegasus
And witch[115] the world with noble horsemanship.
HOTSPUR No more, no more. Worse than the sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues.[117] Let them come.
They come like sacrifices in their trim,[118]
And to the fire-eyed maid[119] of smoky war
All hot and bleeding will we offer them:
The mailèd Mars[121] shall on his altar sit
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire
To hear this rich reprisal[123] is so nigh
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my horse,
Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales.
Harry to Harry, shall hot horse to horse
Meet and ne'er part till one drop down a corpse!
O, that Glendower were come!
VERNON There is more news:
I learned in Worcester,[131] as I rode along,
He cannot draw[132] his power this fourteen days.
DOUGLAS That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.
WORCESTER Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.
HOTSPUR What may the king's whole battle reach unto?[135]
VERNON To thirty thousand.
HOTSPUR Forty let it be.

My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us[139] may serve so great a day.
Come, let us take a muster[140] speedily:
Doomsday[141] is near; die all, die merrily.

DOUGLAS Talk not of dying. I am out of[142] fear
Of death or death's hand for this one-half year.[143]

Exeunt

Act 4 Scene 2[4.2]

running scene 12

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph

FALSTAFF Bardolph, get[1] thee before to Coventry. Fill me a bottle of sack. Our soldiers shall march through, we'll to Sutton Coldfield[2] tonight.

BARDOLPH Will you give me money, captain?

FALSTAFF Lay out,[4] lay out.

BARDOLPH This bottle makes[5] an angel.

FALSTAFF An if it do, take it for thy labour. And if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the coinage.[7] Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

BARDOLPH I will, captain. Farewell.

Exit

FALSTAFF If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet.[9] I have misused the king's press[10] damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good[11] householders, yeoman's sons, inquire me out[12] contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the banns,[13] such a commodity of warm slaves as had as lieve hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver[14] worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild duck. I pressed me none but such toasts-and-butter,[15] with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought[16] out their services. And now my whole charge[17] consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus[18] in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded unjust servingmen,[19] younger[20] sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters and ostlers trade-fallen, the cankers[21] of a calm world and long peace, ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old-faced ancient;[22] and such have I, to fill up the rooms[23] of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals[24] lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks.[25] A mad fellow met me on the way and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets[26] and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat. Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves[28] on; for indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's not a shirt and a half in all my company, and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat[31] without sleeves, and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host of St Albans,[32] or the red-nose innkeeper of Daventry. But that's all one, they'll find[33] linen enough on every hedge.

Enter the Prince and the Lord of Westmorland

PRINCE HENRY How now, blown[34] Jack? How now, quilt?

FALSTAFF What, Hal? How now, mad wag? What a devil dost thou in Warwickshire? — My good lord of Westmorland, I cry you mercy:[36] I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

WESTMORLAND 'Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too, but my powers are there already. The king, I can tell you, looks for[39] us all: we must away all tonight.

FALSTAFF Tut, never fear[41] me. I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

PRINCE HENRY I think to steal cream indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter.[43] But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?

FALSTAFF Mine, Hal, mine.

PRINCE HENRY I did never see such pitiful rascals.

FALSTAFF Tut, tut, good enough to toss:[46] food for powder, food for powder. They'll fill a pit[47] as well as better. Tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

WESTMORLAND Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare,[48] too beggarly.

FALSTAFF Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learned that of me.

PRINCE HENRY No, I'll be sworn, unless you call three[52] fingers on the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make haste. Percy is already in the field.[53]

FALSTAFF What, is the king encamped?

WESTMORLAND He is, Sir John. I fear we shall stay[55] too long.
FALSTAFF Well,
To[57] the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast
Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest.
Exeunt

Act 4 Scene 3[4.3]

running scene 13

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas and Vernon

HOTSPUR WE'LL fight with him[1] tonight.

WORCESTER It may not be.

DOUGLAS You give him then[3] advantage.

VERNON Not a whit.

HOTSPUR Why say you so? Looks he not for supply?[5]

VERNON So do we.

HOTSPUR His is certain, ours is doubtful.

WORCESTER Good cousin, be advised, stir not tonight.

VERNON Do not, my lord.

DOUGLAS You do not counsel well:
You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

VERNON Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,
And I dare well maintain[13] it with my life,
If well-respected[14] honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel[15] with weak fear
As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives.
Let it be seen tomorrow in the battle
Which of us fears.

DOUGLAS Yea, or tonight.

VERNON Content.

HOTSPUR Tonight, say I.

VERNON Come, come it may not be. I wonder much,
Being men of such great leading[23] as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag[25] back our expedition: certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up,
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but today,
And now their pride and mettle[28] is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That[30] not a horse is half the half of himself.

HOTSPUR So are the horses of the enemy

In general, journey-bated[32] and brought low.
The better part of ours are full of rest.
WORCESTER The number of the king exceedeth ours:
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.
The trumpet sounds a parley[35]
Enter Sir Walter Blunt
BLUNT I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe[37] me hearing and respect.
HOTSPUR Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt, and would to God
You were of our determination.[39]
Some of us love you well, and even those some[40]
Envy your great deservings and good name,
Because you are not of our quality,[42]
But stand against us like an enemy.
BLUNT And heaven defend[44] but still I should stand so,
So long as out of limit[45] and true rule
You stand against anointed[46] majesty.
But to my charge:[47] the king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs,[48] and whereupon
You conjure[49] from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty. If that[51] the king
Have any way your good deserts[52] forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs, and with all speed
You shall have your desires with interest,[55]
And pardon absolute for yourself and these
Herein misled by your suggestion.[57]
HOTSPUR The king is kind, and well we know the king
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father, my uncle and myself
Did give him that same royalty he wears,
And when he was[62] not six and twenty strong,
Sick[63] in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded[64] outlaw sneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the shore.

And when he heard him swear and vow to God
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery[68] and beg his peace,
With tears of innocency and terms of zeal,[69]
My father, in kind heart and pity moved,
Swore him assistance and performed it too.
Now when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceived Northumberland did lean to him,
The more[74] and less came in with cap and knee,
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
Attended[76] him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffered him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs,[78] as pages followed him
Even at the heels in golden[79] multitudes.
He presently,[80] as greatness knows itself,
Steps[81] me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his[82] blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurgh,
And now, forsooth,[84] takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts and some strait[85] decrees
That lay too heavy on the commonwealth,
Cries[87] out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country’s wrongs, and by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for.
Proceeded further — cut[91] me off the heads
Of all the favourites that the absent king
In deputation[93] left behind him here,
When he was personal in[94] the Irish war.
BLUNT Tut, I came not to hear this.
HOTSPUR Then to the point.
In short time after, he deposed the king.
Soon after that, deprived him of his life,
And in[99] the neck of that, tasked the whole state.
To make that worse, suffered his kinsman March[100] —
Who is, if[101] every owner were placed,

Indeed his king — to be engaged[102] in Wales,
There without ransom to lie forfeited,[103]
Disgraced[104] me in my happy victories,
Sought to entrap me by intelligence,[105]
Rated[106] my uncle from the council board,
In rage dismissed my father from the court,
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
And in conclusion drove us to seek out
This head of safety;[110] and withal to pry
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect[112] for long continuance.
BLUNT Shall I return this answer to the king?
HOTSPUR Not so, Sir Walter. We'll withdraw awhile.
Go to the king, and let there be impawned[115]
Some surety[116] for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall my uncle
Bring him our purpose. And so farewell.
BLUNT I would you would accept[119] of grace and love.
HOTSPUR And't may be so we shall.
BLUNT Pray heaven you do.
Exeunt

Act 4 Scene 4[4.4]

running scene 14

Enter the Archbishop of York and Sir Michael

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK Hie,[1] good Sir Michael; bear this sealèd brief ***Gives a letter***
With wingèd haste to the Lord Marshal,
This to my cousin Scroop, and all the rest
To whom they are directed.[4] If you knew
How much[5] they do import, you would make haste.

SIR MICHAEL My good lord,
I guess their tenor.[7]

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK Like[8] enough you do.
Tomorrow, good Sir Michael, is a day
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch,[11] for, sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The king with mighty and quick-raisèd power
Meets with Lord Harry.[14] And I fear, Sir Michael,
What with the sickness of Northumberland,
Whose power[16] was in the first proportion,
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
Who with them was rated firmly[18] too
And comes not in,[19] o'er-ruled by prophecies,
I fear the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial[21] with the king.

SIR MICHAEL Why, my good lord, you need not fear.
There is Douglas and Lord Mortimer.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK No, Mortimer is not there.

SIR MICHAEL But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,
And there is my lord of Worcester and a head[26]
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK And so there is. But yet the king hath drawn
The special head[29] of all the land together:
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,

The noble Westmorland and warlike Blunt;
And many more corrivals[32] and dear men
Of estimation[33] and command in arms.
SIR MICHAEL Doubt not, my lord, he shall be well opposed.
ARCHBISHOP OF YORK I hope no less, yet needful ’tis to fear.
And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed;
For if Lord Percy thrive[37] not, ere the king
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,
For he hath heard of our confederacy,[39]
And ’tis but wisdom to make strong[40] against him:
Therefore make haste. I must go write again
To other friends, and so farewell, Sir Michael.

Exeunt

Act 5 Scene 1[5.1]

running scene 15

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmorland, Sir Walter Blunt and Falstaff

KING HENRY IV How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky[2] hill! The day looks pale
At his distemperature.[3]

PRINCE HENRY The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet[5] to his purposes,
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves
Foretells a tempest and a blust'ring day.

KING HENRY IV Then with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seem foul[9] to those that win.

The trumpet sounds

Enter Worcester [and Vernon]

How now, my lord of Worcester? 'Tis not well
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet. You have deceived our trust,
And made us doff[13] our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:[14]
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? Will you again unknit[16]
This churlish[17] knot of all-abhorrèd war?
And move in that obedient orb[18] again
Where you did give a fair and natural light,
And be no more an exhaled meteor,[20]
A prodigy[21] of fear and a portent
Of broachèd[22] mischief to the unborn times?

WORCESTER Hear me, my liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain[25] the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours, for I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.[27]

KING HENRY IV You have not sought it? How comes it, then?

FALSTAFF Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
PRINCE HENRY Peace, chewet,[30] peace!
WORCESTER It pleased your majesty to turn your looks
Of favour from myself and all our house;
And yet I must remember[33] you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you my staff of office[35] did I break
In Richard’s time, and posted[36] day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing[39] so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother and his son,
That brought[41] you home and boldly did outdare
The danger of the time. You swore to us,
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,[43]
That you did[44] nothing of purpose gainst the state,
Nor claim no further than your new-fall’n right,[45]
The seat[46] of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster.
To this we swore our aid. But in short space
It rained down fortune show’ring on your head,
And such a flood of greatness fell on you —
What with our help, what with the absent king,
What with the injuries[51] of wanton time,
The seeming sufferances[52] that you had borne,
And the contrarious[53] winds that held the king
So long in the unlucky[54] Irish wars
That all in England did repute[55] him dead —
And from this swarm of fair advantages
You took occasion[57] to be quickly wooed
To gripe[58] the general sway into your hand,
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster,
And being fed by us, you used us so
As that ungentle gull,[61] the cuckoo’s bird,
Useth the sparrow, did oppress our nest,
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk
That even our love[64] durst not come near your sight

For fear of swallowing.[65] But with nimble wing
We were enforced, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight and raise this present head,
Whereby we stand opposèd[68] by such means
As you yourself have forged against yourself
By unkind[70] usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth[71]
Sworn to us in your younger[72] enterprise.

KING HENRY IV These things indeed you have articulated,
Proclaimed at market-crosses, read in churches,
To face[75] the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour[76] that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings[77] and poor discontents,
Which gape and rub the elbow[78] at the news
Of hurly-burly[79] innovation:
And never yet did insurrection want[80]
Such water-colours[81] to impaint his cause,
Nor moody[82] beggars, starving for a time
Of pell-mell havoc[83] and confusion.

PRINCE HENRY In both our[84] armies there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial.[86] Tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy: by my hopes[88] —
This present enterprise set[89] off his head —
I do not think a braver[90] gentleman,
More active-valiant or more valiant-young,
More daring or more bold, is now alive
To grace this latter[93] age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry,
And so I hear he doth account me too.
Yet this[97] before my father’s majesty:
I am content that he shall take the odds[98]
Of his great name and estimation,[99]
And will, to save the blood on either side,

Try fortune with him in a single fight.
KING HENRY IV And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture[102] thee,
Albeit[103] considerations infinite
Do make[104] against it. No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well; even those we love
That are misled upon your cousin’s[106] part.
And, will they take the offer of our grace,[107]
Both he and they and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again and I’ll be his.
So tell your cousin, and bring me word
What he will do. But if he will not yield,
Rebuke[112] and dread correction wait on us
And they shall do their office.[113] So, be gone,
We will not now be troubled with reply.
We offer fair,[115] take it advisedly.
Exeunt Worcester [and Vernon]
PRINCE HENRY It will not be accepted, on my life.
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.
KING HENRY IV Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge,[119]
For on their answer[120] will we set on them;
And God befriend us as our cause is just!
Exeunt all but Prince and Falstaff

FALSTAFF Hal, if thou see me down in the battle and bestride[122] me, so; ’tis a point of friendship.

PRINCE HENRY Nothing but a colossus[124] can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

FALSTAFF I would it were bedtime, Hal, and all well.

PRINCE HENRY Why, thou ow’st heaven a death.[127]

[Exit Prince Henry]

FALSTAFF ’Tis not due yet. I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward[129] with him that calls not on me? Well, ’tis no matter, honour pricks me on. But how if honour prick me off[130] when I come on? How then? Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief[131] of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? No. What is honour? A word. What is that word ‘honour’? Air. A trim[133] reckoning! Who hath it? He that died o’Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible,[134] then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction[135] will not suffer it. Therefore I’ll none of it. Honour is a mere scutcheon:[136] and so ends my catechism.

Exit

Act 5 Scene 2[5.2]

running scene 16

Enter Worcester and Sir Richard Vernon

WORCESTER O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,
The liberal kind offer of the king.
VERNON ’Twere best he did.
WORCESTER Then we are all undone.[4]
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king would keep his word in loving us.
He will suspect us still[7] and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults.
Supposition[9] all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes;
For treason is but trusted like the fox,
Who, ne’er so tame,[11] so cherished and locked up,
Will have a wild trick[12] of his ancestors.
Look[13] how he can, or sad or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote[14] our looks,
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The[16] better cherished, still the nearer death.
My nephew’s trespass[17] may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood,
And an adopted[19] name of privilege,
A hare-brained[20] Hotspur, governed by a spleen:
All his offences live upon[21] my head
And on his father’s. We did train[22] him on,
And, his corruption being ta’en[23] from us,
We as the spring[24] of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
In any case,[26] the offer of the king.
VERNON Deliver[27] what you will, I’ll say ’tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

Enter Hotspur [and Douglas]

HOTSPUR My uncle is returned.
Deliver up[30] my lord of Westmorland.—

Uncle, what news?
WORCESTER The king will bid you battle[32] presently.
DOUGLAS Defy him by[33] the lord of Westmorland.
HOTSPUR Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.
DOUGLAS Marry, and shall, and very willingly.
Exit Douglas
WORCESTER There is no seeming[36] mercy in the king.
HOTSPUR Did you beg any? God forbid!
WORCESTER I told him gently[38] of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking, which he mended[39] thus,
By now forswearing[40] that he is forsworn.
He calls us rebels, traitors, and will scourge[41]
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.
Enter Douglas
DOUGLAS Arm,[43] gentlemen, to arms! For I have thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
And Westmorland that was engaged[45] did bear it,
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.
WORCESTER The Prince of Wales stepped forth before the king,
And, nephew, challenged you to single fight.
HOTSPUR O, would[49] the quarrel lay upon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath[50] today
But I and Harry Monmouth![51] Tell me, tell me,
How showed his talking? Seemed it in contempt?
VERNON No, by my soul. I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urged[54] more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle[56] exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of[57] a man,
Trimmed[58] up your praises with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,[59]
Making[60] you ever better than his praise
By still dispraising praise valued with you.
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital[63] of himself,
And chid[64] his truant youth with such a grace

As if he mastered there a double[65] spirit
Of teaching and of learning instantly.
There did he pause. But let me tell the world,
If he outlive the envy[68] of this day,
England did never owe[69] so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.[70]
HOTSPUR Cousin, I think thou art enamourèd
On[72] his follies: never did I hear
Of any prince so[73] wild a liberty.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier’s arm,
That he shall shrink[76] under my courtesy.
Arm, arm with speed. And, fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better[78] consider what you have to do
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger

MESSENGER My lord, here are letters for you.
HOTSPUR I cannot read them now.
O, gentlemen, the time of life is short!
To[84] spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial’s point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
And if we live, we live to tread on kings,
If die, brave[88] death, when princes die with us!
Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,[89]
When the intent for bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger

MESSENGER My lord, prepare, the king comes on apace.[91]
HOTSPUR I thank him, that he cuts me[92] from my tale,
For I profess not[93] talking. Only this:
Let each man do his best. And here I draw a sword
Whose worthy temper[95] I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure[97] of this perilous day.
Now, *Esperance!*[98] Percy! And set on.

Sound all the lofty instruments[99] of war,
And by that music let us all embrace,
For, heaven to earth,[101] some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.

They embrace [and exeunt]. The trumpets sound. The King entereth with his power. Alarum unto the battle. Then enter Douglas and Sir Walter Blunt [dressed like the King]

BLUNT What is thy name, that in battle thus
Thou crossest me? What honour dost thou seek
Upon my head?
DOUGLAS Know then, my name is Douglas,
And I do haunt[107] thee in the battle thus
Because some tell me that thou art a king.
BLUNT They tell thee true.
DOUGLAS The Lord of Stafford dear[110] today hath bought
Thy likeness, for instead of thee, King Harry,
This sword hath ended him. So shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as a prisoner.
BLUNT I was not born to yield, thou haughty Scot,
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford’s death.

Fight. Blunt is slain

Then enters Hotspur

HOTSPUR O Douglas, had’st thou fought at Holmedon[117] thus,
I never had triumphed o’er a Scot.
DOUGLAS All’s done, all’s won, here breathless lies the king.
HOTSPUR Where?
DOUGLAS Here.
HOTSPUR This, Douglas? No. I know this face full[122] well:
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt,
Semblably furnished[124] like the king himself.
DOUGLAS Ah, fool, go with thy soul, whither it goes!
A borrowed title hast thou bought too dear.
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?
HOTSPUR The king hath many marching[128] in his coats.
DOUGLAS Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats.

I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.

HOTSPUR Up, and away!
Our soldiers stand[133] full fairly for the day.

Exeunt

Alarum, and enter Falstaff, solus

FALSTAFF Though I could scape shot-free[134] at London, I fear the shot here: here's no scoring[135] but upon the pate. Soft! Who are you? Sir Walter Blunt. There's honour for you! Here's no vanity![136] I am as hot as molten lead,[137] and as heavy too; heaven keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels. I have led my ragamuffins[138] where they are peppered: there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive, and they for the town's end,[139] to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter the Prince

PRINCE HENRY What, stand'st thou idle here? Lend me thy sword.
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting[142] enemies,
Whose deaths are unrevenged. Prithee
Lend me thy sword.

FALSTAFF O Hal, I prithee give me leave to breathe awhile. Turk Gregory[145] never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have paid[146] Percy, I have made him sure.[147]

PRINCE HENRY He is, indeed, and living to kill thee. I prithee lend me thy sword.

FALSTAFF Nay, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

PRINCE HENRY Give it me. What, is it in the case?[151]

FALSTAFF Ay, Hal, 'tis hot.[152] There's that will sack a city.

The Prince draws out a bottle of sack

PRINCE HENRY What, is it a time to jest and dally now?

Exit. [He] throws it at him [as he leaves]

FALSTAFF If Percy be alive, I'll pierce[154] him. If he do come in my way, so:[156] if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado[155] of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath. Give me life, which if I can save, so: if not, honour comes unlooked for,[157] and there’s an end.

Exit

Act 5 Scene 3[5.3]

running scene 16 continues

Alarum. Excursions. Enter the King, the Prince, Lord John of Lancaster and Earl of Westmorland The Prince has been wounded

KING HENRY IV I prithee,
Harry, withdraw thyself, thou bleed’st too much.
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.
PRINCE JOHN Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.
PRINCE HENRY I beseech your majesty, make up,[5]
Lest your retirement[6] do amaze your friends.
KING HENRY IV I will do so.
My lord of Westmorland, lead him to his tent.
WESTMORLAND Come, my lord, I’ll lead you to your tent.
PRINCE HENRY Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help;
And heaven forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stained[13] nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels’ arms triumph in massacres!
PRINCE JOHN We breathe[15] too long: come, cousin Westmorland,
Our duty this way lies. For heaven’s sake, come.
[Exeunt Lancaster and Westmorland]
PRINCE HENRY By heaven, thou hast deceived me, Lancaster.
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:
Before, I loved thee as a brother, John;
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.
KING HENRY IV I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point[21]
With lustier maintenance[22] than I did look for
Of such an ungrown[23] warrior.
PRINCE HENRY O, this boy lends mettle[24] to us all!
Exit
Enter Douglas
DOUGLAS Another king? They grow like Hydra’s heads.[25]
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours[27] on them. What art thou,

That counterfeit'st[28] the person of a king?

KING HENRY IV The king himself, who, Douglas, grieves at heart
So many of his shadows[30] thou hast met
And not the very[31] king. I have two boys
Seek[32] Percy and thyself about the field:
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay[34] thee, so defend thyself.

DOUGLAS I fear thou art another counterfeit,
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king.
But mine[37] I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

They fight, the King being in danger

Enter Prince

PRINCE HENRY Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like[39]
Never to hold it up again! The spirits
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are[41] in my arms;
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,
Who never promiseth but he means to pay.[43]

They fight. Douglas flieth

Cheerly,[44] my lord. How fares your grace?
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton: I'll to Clifton straight.

KING HENRY IV Stay, and breathe awhile.
Thou hast redeemed thy lost opinion,[48]
And showed thou mak'st[49] some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

PRINCE HENRY O heaven! They did me too much injury
That ever said I hearkened[52] to your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting[54] hand of Douglas over you,
Which would have been as speedy in your end
As all the poisonous potions in the world
And saved the treacherous labour of your son.

KING HENRY IV Make up to[58] Clifton, I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey.

Exit

Enter Hotspur

HOTSPUR If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.
PRINCE HENRY Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.
HOTSPUR My name is Harry Percy.
PRINCE HENRY Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of that name.
I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two stars keep not their motion[66] in one sphere,
Nor can one England brook[67] a double reign,
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.
HOTSPUR Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come
To end the one of us; and would to heaven
Thy name in arms[71] were now as great as mine!
PRINCE HENRY I'll make it greater ere I part from thee,
And all the budding[73] honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.
HOTSPUR I can no longer brook thy vanities.[75]
Fight
Enter Falstaff
FALSTAFF Well said,[76] Hal! To it Hal! Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.
Enter Douglas, he fights with Falstaff, who falls down as if he were dead
[Exit Douglas]
The Prince killeth Percy [Hotspur]
HOTSPUR O, Harry, thou hast robbed me of my youth!
I better brook the loss of brittle[79] life
Than those proud titles[80] thou hast won of me.
They wound my thoughts worse than the sword my flesh:
But thought's the slave of life, and life, time's fool;
And time that takes survey of all the world
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,[84]
But that the earth and the cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue. No, Percy, thou art dust
And food for— ***Dies***
PRINCE HENRY For worms, brave Percy. Farewell, great heart!

Ill-weaved[89] ambition, how much art thou shrunk?
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too[91] small a bound,
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough. This earth that bears thee dead
Bears not alive so stout[94] a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible[95] of courtesy,
I should not make so great a show of zeal,[96]
But let my favours[97] hide thy mangled face, ***Covers Hotspur's face***
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignominy[101] sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remembered in thy epitaph!—
What? Old acquaintance? Could not all this flesh ***He sees Falstaff on the ground***
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spared a better man.
O, I should have a heavy[106] miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity!
Death hath not struck so fat a deer today,
Though many dearer,[109] in this bloody fray.
Embowelled[110] will I see thee by and by:
Till then in blood[111] by noble Percy lie.

Exit

Falstaff riseth up

FALSTAFF Embowelled! If thou embowel me today, I'll give you leave to powder[112] me and eat me too tomorrow. 'Twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant[113] Scot had paid me scot and lot[114] too. Counterfeit? I am no counterfeit; to die, is to be a counterfeit, for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man. But to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion,[117] in the which better part I have saved my life. I am afraid of this gunpowder[118] Percy, though he be dead. How, if he should counterfeit too and rise? I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit: therefore I'll make him sure, yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes[121] me but eyes, and nobody sees me. ***Stabs him*** Therefore, sirrah, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

Takes Hotspur on his back

Enter Prince and John of Lancaster

PRINCE HENRY Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou fleshed[124]
Thy maiden[125] sword.

PRINCE JOHN But, soft! Who have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

PRINCE HENRY I did. I saw him dead,
Breathless and bleeding on the ground.—
Art thou alive? Or is it fantasy[130] ***To Falstaff***
That plays upon our eyesight? I prithee speak.
We will not trust our eyes without our ears.
Thou art not what thou seem'st.

FALSTAFF No, that's certain: I am not a double man.[134] But if I be not Jack[135] Falstaff, then am I a jack. There is Percy. ***Throws the body down*** If your father will do me any honour, so: if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

PRINCE HENRY Why, Percy I killed myself and saw thee dead.

FALSTAFF Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is given to lying! I grant you I was down and out of breath, and so was he. But we rose both at an instant[139] and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock.[140] If I may be believed, so: if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take't[141] on my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

PRINCE JOHN This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

PRINCE HENRY This is the strangest fellow, brother John.—
Come, bring your luggage[146] nobly on your back. ***To Falstaff***
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,[147]
I'll gild[148] it with the happiest terms I have.—

A retreat is sounded

The[149] trumpets sound retreat, the day is ours.—
Come, brother, let's to the highest[150] of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

Exeunt [Prince Henry and Lancaster]

FALSTAFF I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, heaven reward him! If I do[153] grow great again, I'll grow less, for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly as a nobleman should do.

Exit

Act 5 Scene 4

running scene 16 continues

The trumpets sound. Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmorland [and others], with Worcester and Vernon prisoners

KING HENRY IV Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.[1]
Ill-spirited[2] Worcester, did we not send grace,
Pardon and terms of love to all of you?
And wouldst thou turn[4] our offers contrary?
Misuse[5] the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?
Three knights upon our party[6] slain today,
A noble earl and many a creature else
Had been alive this hour,
If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.[10]

WORCESTER What I have done my safety[11] urged me to,
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

KING HENRY IV Bear Worcester to death[14] and Vernon too:
Other offenders we will pause upon.[15]

Exeunt Worcester and Vernon, [guarded]

How goes the field?[16]

PRINCE HENRY The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turned from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon[20] the foot of fear, fled with the rest;
And falling from a hill, he was so bruised
That the pursuers took[22] him. At my tent
The Douglas is, and I beseech your grace
I may dispose of[24] him.

KING HENRY IV With all my heart.

PRINCE HENRY Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honourable bounty[27] shall belong:
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him

Up to his pleasure,[29] ransomless and free:
His valour shown upon our crests[30] today
Hath taught us how to cherish such high[31] deeds
Even[32] in the bosom of our adversaries.

KING HENRY IV Then this remains, that we divide our power.[33]—
You, son John, and my cousin Westmorland
Towards York shall bend you[35] with your dearest speed,
To meet Northumberland and the prelate[36] Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms.[37]—
Myself and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his way,
Meeting the check[41] of such another day.
And since this business so fair[42] is done,
Let us not leave[43] till all our own be won.

Exeunt

Textual Notes

= First Quarto text of 1598
5 = Fifth Quarto text of 1613
7 = Seventh Quarto text of 1632
= First Folio text of 1623
2 = a correction introduced in the Second Folio text of 1632
3 = a correction introduced in the Third Folio text of 1663–64
d = a correction introduced by a later editor
D = stage direction
H = speech heading (i.e., speaker’s name)

ist of parts = Ed

ARDOLPH = F. Q = *Bardoll*

.1.64 Stained = Q. F = Strain’d **66 welcome** = Q. F = welcomes **76 In…is** = Ed. F *includes at end of king’s speech, making his answer his own rhetorical question*

.2.0 SD *Falstaff* = Ed. F = *Falstaffe and Pointz (it is conceivable that Poins enters here and remains silently in the background during the first 74 lines of dialogue, but more likely that he enters when his name is mentioned at line 72)* **29 of Hybla** = Q. *Not in* F **55 similes** = Q5. F = **smiles 61 for…it** = F. Q = for wisedome cries out in the streets and no man regards it **72 Poins** *set as a speech* *heading in* F **82 had been** = Q. F = had **108 Peto, Bardolph** = Ed. F = *Haruey, Rossill (Shakespeare's original names for these characters)* **152 foil** = Q. F = soyle

.3.24 name = Q. *Not in* F **27 As…son** = F. Q = As is deliuered to your maiestie. / Either enuie therefore, or misprision, / Is guiltie of this fault, and not my sonne *(*F *is more likely to be purposeful revision than compositorial error)* **43 bore** = Q. F = bare **45 corpse** *spelled* corse *in* F **68 this** = F. Q = his **78 yet he doth**= Q. F = yet doth **136 downfall** = F. Q = down-trod **164 wore** = F. Q = weare **239 poisoned him** = F. Q = him poisoned **256 candy** = Q. F = caudie **303 Lord** = Ed. F = loe

.1.25 SH FIRST CARRIER = Ed. F = *Car*.

.2.0 SD *and Bardolph* *(not in* F *but implied by* Q*'s 'and Peto &c.')* **8 thief's** = Q. F = Theefe **9 square** *spelled* squire *in* F **20 me my** = Q. F = my **35 SH BARDOLPH** = Ed. F = *Bardolfe*, what newes? *(continuation of Poins' speech)* **36 SH GADSHILL** = Ed. F = Bar. **55 SH FIRST TRAVELLER** = Ed. F = *Tra*. **60 Ah, whoreson** = Ed. F = a whorson

.3.1 SH HOTSPUR = Ed. *Not in* F **11 our friends** = Q. F = our Friend **46 beads** = Q. F = beds **100 well believe** = Q. F = will beleeue **102 far will** = Q. F = farre wilt

.4.90 and foot them = Q. *Not in* F **96 with lime in't** F *(uncorrected) reads* with in't F *(corrected) reads* with lime **109 SH POINS** = Q. F = *Prin*. **146 ward** = Q. F = word **171 the** = F. Q = their **181 plentiful** = Q. F = plentie **244 talon** *spelled* talent in F **247 Braby** = F. Q = Bracy **248 That** = Q. F = The **253 that** = Q. F = the **290 tristful** = Ed. F = trustfull **299 sun** *spelled* Sonne in F **352 most** = Q. F = most most **403 march** = Q. F = Match

.1.44 the = F. Q = he **65 sent** = Q. F = hent **191 our** = Q. F = your **218 'twixt** = Q. F = betwixt **226 hence** = Q. F = thence

.2.154 heaven…**survive** = F. Q = God *I* promise heere, / The which if he be pleasd I shall performe *(*F *alteration due to 1606 Parliamentary 'Act to restrain the Abuses of Players')*

.3.16 my = Q. F = thy **25 son** *spelled* sunne *in* F **38 tithe** = Ed. F = tight **60 sneak-cup** = F. Q = sneakeup **97 owed** *spelled* ought *in* F **126 and cherish** = F. Q = cherish *(*F *sets this speech as verse, though it is prose in* Q; *seems to have been added in an attempt to create a pentameter line)*

.1.21 I his mind = F. Q = I my mind. Ed = I, my lord **63 hair** = Q. F = Heire **81 our** = Q. F = your **88 as** = Q. F = At **dream** = F. Q = tearme **92 with him** = Q. F = with **127 hot** = Q. F = not

.2.2 Coldfield = Ed. F = cop-hill **14 fowl** = Q. F = Foole **24 tattered** = F3. F = totter'd

.4.0 SD *Michael* *spelled* Michell *in* F

.1.47 swore = Q. F = sware **72 your younger** = Q. F = yonger **134 Is it** = F. Q = tis

.2.8 other = Q. F = others **31 news** = Q. F = newe- **52 talking** = F. Q = tasking **73 a liberty** = Q. F = at Liberty **79 Than** = Q. F = That **89 are** = Q. F = is **138 ragamuffins** = Ed. F = rag of Muffins **141 lies** = Q. F = likes

.3.6 Lest your = Q. F = Least you **63 that** = F. Q = the **93 thee dead** = Q7. Q/F = the dead **123 with me** = Q. F = me

Act 1 Scene 1

1.1 ***Location:*** *the royal court. Henry Bullingbrook had usurped the English crown in 1399 when he forced his cousin, Richard II, to abdicate. Richard died shortly afterward in mysterious circumstances. The early years of Henry's reign were dominated by a determination to justify and consolidate his claim to the throne and by a number of insurrections. As the play opens, Henry voices his anxiety about civil unrest*

1 **we** i.e., the king/the nation as a whole **wan** pale, sickly

2 **Find we** let us find **frighted** frightened

3 **breathe short-winded accents** speak while out of breath **broils** quarrels, fighting

4 **strands afar remote** distant shores

5 **entrance** mouth

6 **daub** smear, plaster

7 **trenching** ploughing

8 **flow'rets** small flowers **armèd** iron-shod/armored

9 **paces** (horse's) tread/gallop **opposèd** hostile, malevolent

10 **meteors** regarded as bad omens

12 **intestine shock** internal, domestic military encounter

13 **close** hand-to-hand fighting

14 **mutual well-beseeming** united and ordered

19 **sepulchre of Christ** Christ's tomb (at Jerusalem; Henry is planning a crusade to the Holy Land)

21 **impressèd** conscripted **engaged** pledged, committed

22 **power** army **levy** raise, muster

23 **arms** upper limbs/weapons **mother's** natural mother's/England's

24 **fields** lands/battlefields

25 **blessèd feet** i.e., Christ's

27 **bitter** painful/pitiable

29 **bootless** pointless

31 **gentle** kindly/noble **cousin** kinsman

32 **yesternight** last night

33 **dear** important/urgent/noble/costly **expedience** expedition

34 **liege** lord, superior to whom feudal service was due **hot in question** hotly debated

35 **limits…charge** responsibilities relating to the undertaking

36 **But** only, as recently as **athwart** adversely, at odds with our business

37 **post** messenger **loaden** weighed down **heavy** sad/weighty

40 **irregular…Glendower** uncivilized guerrilla fighter (**Glendower** was leader of the Welsh rebels)

41 **rude** rough

43 **corpse** corpses

44 **transformation** mutilation

47 **tidings** news

48 **Brake** archaic past tense of “break”

49 **matched with** together with, accompanied by

50 **uneven** rough, unsettling

52 **Holy Rood day** September 14, dedicated to the cross (**rood**) of Christ **Hotspur** Henry Percy’s nickname suggests that he is vigorous, hasty, and hot-headed

54 **approvèd** tried and tested (in battle)

55 **Holmedon** the Northumberland site of the battle

56 **sad** serious/leading to sorrow

58 **shape of likelihood** likely conjecture

59 **heat…contention** middle of the fiercest fighting

61 **issue** outcome **any** either

62 **Here** either “here at court” or a line indicating Blunt’s presence among the “other” lords in attendance on stage

63 **new lighted** only just dismounted

64 **variation of each** different types of

65 **Betwixt** between **seat** residence/throne

66 **smooth** pleasant, welcome

67 **discomfited** defeated

69 **Balked** heaped up (in “balks,” i.e., ridges)

71 **Mordake…Douglas** Mordake was **Earl of Fife** but not Douglas’ son—Shakespeare misread Holinshed’s *Chronicles*, his main source

73 **Menteith** not in fact another earl, but one of Mordake’s titles

74 **honourable spoil** noble gains of war

75 **gallant** fine, splendid

80 **theme** subject, chief topic

81 **straightest plant** most upright tree

82 **minion** favorite

84 **riot** debauchery, corruption

86 **night-tripping** moving nimbly through the night **fairy** popular belief held that fairies sometimes stole human infants, substituting (troublesome) fairy children for them

88 **Plantagenet** the surname of this royal dynasty

90 **from** go from **coz** short for “cousin” (i.e., kinsman)

92 **adventure** enterprise, venture **surprised** captured, ambushed

97 **prune** preen (like a bird) **bristle** raise, ruffle angrily

98 **dignity** worthiness/kingship

100 **cause** reason

106 **out…utterèd** can be spoken openly in anger

Act 1 Scene 2

1.2 ***Location:** in London, but unspecified; perhaps the prince's apartments*

2 **fat-witted** dull-witted (plays on Falstaff's physical size) **sack** Spanish white wine

3 **forgotten** neglected/forgotten how

4 **demand that truly** ask accurately, rightly **truly** genuinely/accurately

5 **capons** castrated cockerels, a common dish

6 **bawds** pimps, procurers of sex **dials** sundials/clock faces **leaping-houses** brothels

7 **hot** lustful **taffeta** silky material associated with prostitutes

8 **superfluous** unnecessarily curious, irrelevant

9 **come near me** touch the point, begin to understand me **go by** travel by the light of/tell the time according to

10 **the seven stars** the Pleiades (a group of stars in the constellation Taurus) **Phoebus** the sun god **'wandering…fair'** probably a phrase from a ballad or popular romance, referring to the sun as a knight in a tale of romance

11 **wag** mischievous boy **grace** term of address for royalty (but sense then shifts to "spiritual grace" and then to "prayer before a meal")

14 **egg and butter** i.e., a very light meal (barely requiring **grace** tobe said as a blessing)

15 **roundly** plainly, straightforwardly (may play on Falstaff's shape)

16 **Marry** by the Virgin Mary **squires…body** the **night's** personal attendants (night's puns on "knight's")

17 **thieves…beauty** i.e., by sleepily wasting the day (**beauty** puns on "booty") **Diana** Roman goddess of the moon, patron of hunting and virginity **foresters** forest dwellers, servants

18 **minions** favorites **of good government** of good conduct/who live under a good ruler

20 **countenance** face, appearance/support, authority **steal** rob/move furtively

21 **holds** applies, is apt

24 **'Lay by'** highwayman's command that his victims lay aside their weapons

25 **‘Bring in’** an order for drinks **now…gallows** one moment one’s fortune is as low as the bottom of the ladder leading to the gallows, the next as high as the crossbar at the top of the gallows—i.e., whatever a thief’s course, the result (hanging) is the same

27 **hostess** landlady

29 **Hybla** Sicilian town famous for its **honey old…castle** carouser (plays on “Oldcastle,” Shakespeare’s original name for Falstaff; **castle** may play on the sense of “stocks,” instruments of public punishment in which a thief might be confined; a London brothel called The **Castle** may also be alluded to, appropriately named given that castle was slang for “vagina”) **buff jerkin** tight leather jacket worn by sheriffs officers (plays on the sense of “naked vagina”)

30 **robe of durance** long-lasting garment (with sexual connotations; **durance** plays on the sense of “imprisonment”)

31 **quiddities** quibbles

32 **What a plague** emphatic form of “what”

33 **pox** venereal disease

34 **called…reck’ning** asked her for the bill/asked her to explain herself/had sex with her

35 **pay thy part** pay for your share/have sex

37 **coin would stretch** money would go/penis would grow; **coin** puns on “quoin”—i.e., carpenter’s wedge (a euphemism for “penis”)

39 **heir** puns on **here** (which was pronounced in a similar manner)

41 **resolution** determination **fobbed** cheated **curb** restraint (literally, chain passed under a horse’s jaw) **old father antic** the elderly buffoon (that is)

44 **rare** splendid **brave** fine, excellent

47 **jumps…humour** fits my disposition

48 **waiting** waiting around/being in attendance

49 **suits** requests, legal petitions (Falstaff plays on the sense of “suits of clothes”; the hangman had the right to keep his victims’ garments)

50 **no lean wardrobe** i.e., no small amount (because hangings were common; **wardrobe** may pun on “wardrope,” a type of thick rope)

51 **gib cat** tom cat **lugged bear** baited bear, pulled by the ears and tugged on a chain

52 **lute** the stringed instrument was associated with lovers

53 **bagpipe** musical instrument/tedious, moaning speaker

54 **hare** a proverbially melancholy animal **Moorditch** notoriously filthy drainage ditch outside the northern walls of the City of London

56 **comparative** prone to making comparisons **rascalli'st** most rascal-like

57 **vanity** foolishness, trifles **commodity** supply **names** reputations

58 **rated** scolded

59 **marked him not** took no notice of him

61 **no…it** biblical allusion, “Wisdom crieth without…and no man regarded” (Proverbs 1:20–4), truncated in Folio because of the 1606 Parliamentary “Act to restrain the Abuses of Players”

62 **damnable iteration** a way of constantly quoting Scripture that will lead to damnation **saint** puritan term for a person chosen by God to be saved

65 **An** if

66 **never a** no

67 **Jack** affectionate form of “John”

68 **make one** make up one of the party

69 **baffle** publicly disgrace (a knight)

70 **amendment** reformation

71 **vocation** calling (from God)

72 **Gadshill** named after Gad's Hill in Kent, a notorious place for highway robberies **set a watch** surveyed the targeted area, conducted a recce (as part of planning a robbery; some editors emend to “set a match”—slang for “plan a robbery”)

73 **saved by merit** had their souls saved through good works and personal desert (as opposed to divine grace)

74 **omnipotent** unparalleled, almighty **‘Stand’** stand and deliver—highwayman's command **true** honest

76 **Monsieur Remorse** teasing reference to Falstaff **Sir…Jack** i.e., Falstaff; another mocking reference, apparently alluding to Falstaff's taste for sweetened wine

78 **Good Friday** the Friday before Easter Sunday, a strict fast day **Madeira** a strong white wine

80 **give…due** proverbial

82 **Else he had** Otherwise he had been **cozening** cheating

83 **Gad's Hill** the notorious spot for robberies was situated on the Dover road near **Rochester** in Kent; pilgrims traveling to **Canterbury** were often targets

85 **vizards** masks

86 **lies** lodges **bespoke** ordered

87 **Eastcheap** London street running from the junction of Cannon and Gracechurch Streets to Great Tower Street **secure** safely

88 **crowns** gold coins **tarry** stay

89 **Yedward** dialect form of “Edward” **hang you** i.e., report it and get you hanged

90 **chops** fat cheeks

94 **blood royal** regal descent (Falstaff goes on to play on the sense of “gold coin worth **ten shillings**“) **stand for** stand and fight for/be worth

102 **Well…believed** Falstaff parodies the language of a Protestant sermon on the power of God’s word to move the congregation

104 **abuses** wrongdoings, sins

105 **want countenance** lack recognition and support

106 **latter…summer** late spring and summer lasting until All Hallows’ Eve (October 31); the suggestion is that Falstaff’s youthful behavior is not in keeping with his age

109 **waylaid** set an ambush for

114 **pleasure** preference, decision **fail** i.e., to turn up

117 **like** likely **habits** clothes

118 **appointment** piece of gear

120 **sirrah** sir (familiar form often used to inferiors, jocular here) **cases of buckram** suits of coarse cloth

121 **nonce** purpose, occasion **immask** disguise **noted** well known

122 **doubt** fear **hard** tough, powerful

124 **turned back** turned their backs to flee **forswear** swear to give up

125 **incomprehensible** boundless, unlimited

127 **wards** defensive maneuvers (fencing term) **reproof** disproving, refutation/shame, reprimand

130 **sup** have supper (the last meal of the day)

132 **uphold** carry on with/support

133 **unyoked humour** unrestrained behavior, wild whim

134 **sun** common symbol of royalty

135 **contagious** noxious, infectious; **clouds** were thought to harbor disease

138 **wanted** missed, lacked

142 **sport** play, entertain oneself

144 **rare accidents** unusual events

148 **falsify men's hopes** prove expectations of me false

149 **sullen ground** dark background

152 **foil** contrast, background (technically, setting for a jewel)

153 **so offend** misbehave in such a way **skill** art/cunning tactic

154 **Redeeming time** making up for lost time (**Redeeming** has religious connotations)

Act 1 Scene 3

1.3 ***Location:*** *the royal court*

1 **temperate** calm, restrained

2 **Unapt** not inclined or ready to

3 **found me** found me to be so

4 **tread upon** try, take advantage of

5 **myself** my royal self

6 **condition** natural disposition

8 **title of** claim

9 **proud** fine, splendid, possessed of self-respect

10 **house** family

11 **scourge** punishing whip

13 **holp** helped **portly** prosperous, majestic/overweight, too comfortable

17 **peremptory** determined/imperious

19 **moody frontier** threatening look **frontier** literally, military fortification

20 **good leave** full permission

21 **use** services

26 **with…denied** refused so emphatically

27 **delivered** reported

28 **envy or misprision** malice or misunderstanding

32 **dry with rage** thirsty after the fury of battle

34 **neat** elegant **trimly** finely, immaculately

35 **new reaped** freshly shaven

36 **stubble-land at harvest-home** shorn stalks of crops at the end of the harvest

37 **milliner** seller of fancy goods (originally those from Milan)

39 **pouncet-box** small box with a perforated lid, used for holding perfume or snuff **ever and anon** time and again

40 **gave** held up to

41 **Who therewith angry** at which (removal of the box) his nose became angry

42 **Took…snuff** inhaled/took offense **still** continually

44 **untaught** ignorant, ill-mannered

45 **slovenly** dirty, untidy **unhandsome** unattractive, unbecoming

46 **nobility** elegant, aristocratic personage

47 **holiday…terms** refined, genteel expressions

48 **questioned** conversed with/asked questions of

50 **cold** untended/congealing

51 **popinjay** parrot (i.e., gaudy prattler)

52 **grief** pain

53 **neglectingly** unthinkingly, carelessly

55 **brisk** sprucely, smartly

56 **waiting-gentlewoman** woman of good family attending on a great lady

57 **God…mark!** conventional expression of apology

58 **sovereign'st** best, most healing

59 **parmaceti** corruption of “spermaceti”—fat from the head of a sperm whale, used for treating bruises

61 **saltpetre** potassium nitrate, the chief ingredient of gunpowder, also used medicinally

63 **tall** fine, valiant

66 **bald unjointed chat** empty, incoherent chatter

67 **indirectly** inattentively

68 **beseech** beg

69 **Come current** be accepted at face value

74 **retold** related, explained

75 **die** i.e., be forgotten

76 **impeach** discredit, accuse

77 **so** provided that

78 **yet he** still Hotspur (the king does not reply to him directly) **deny** refuse (to hand over)

79 **proviso and exception** terms and conditions

80 **charge** expense **straight** straight away

85 **Earl of March** i.e., **Mortimer**; in fact, Shakespeare confuses two Edmund Mortimers: one was indeed the Earl of March, but it was his uncle of the same name who married Glendower’s daughter

86 **coffers** money chests, treasury

88 **indent** make a contract **fears** those traitors who give us cause for fear/cowards

93 **revolted** rebellious

95 **fall off** abandon loyalty

98 **mouthèd** open, gaping/famous, spoken of

99 **Severn’s sedgy bank** reed-covered banks of the River Severn, which divided England and south Wales

101 **confound** spend, consume

102 **changing hardiment** exchanging valiant blows

103 **breathed** broke off to catch their breath

104 **Upon agreement** by mutual consent **flood** water, torrent

105 **affrighted** frightened

107 **crisp** wavy, rippled (personifies the river as curly-haired) **hollow** empty, sunken

109 **base…policy** lowly and corrupt plotting

110 **Colour** disguise/dye

113 **slandered** “sland’red” in Folio **revolt** i.e., the accusation of being a rebel

114 **belie** misrepresent, lie about

115 **encounter** fight

116 **durst** (would have) dared

121 **kind** manner

123 **license** formally authorize

125 **An if** if

126 **after** follow

128 **with hazard of** at the risk (of losing)

129 **choler** anger

133 **Want mercy** lack God’s mercy, i.e., be damned

136 **downfall** downfallen

138 **ingrate** ungrateful **cankered** diseased, corrupted **Bullingbrook** Henry’s surname before he was king (taken from the castle in which he was born—Hotspur refuses to acknowledge Henry’s royal status)

140 **heat** anger

141 **forsooth** in truth

142 **urged** pressed, brought forward

144 **eye of death** fearful look, perhaps also threatening

146 **he** i.e., Mortimer

147 **Richard** Richard II, deposed by Henry **next of blood** nearest blood relation, i.e., heir to the throne; confusion between the two Mortimers continues—it was in fact the younger man who was proclaimed heir, rather than his uncle (husband of Glendower’s daughter and the man who is meant here)

149 **unhappy** unfortunate

150 **in us** i.e., at our hands—the Percy family had supported Henry against Richard

152 **intercepted** interrupted (in the middle of his Irish campaign)

156 **soft** wait a moment

157 **brother** brother-in-law

160 **cousin** may pun on “cozen” (i.e., “cheat”)

164 **blot** (moral) stain

165 **subornation** incitement (to Richard’s murder)

167 **second means** agents, instruments

170 **line** status (plays on the sense of “rope”) **predicament** category/dangerous situation

171 **range** move/are ranked **subtle** crafty

175 **gage** pledge

178 **canker** wild rose/worm that destroys plants/ulcer

180 **fooled** made fools of/duped, frustrated

186 **studies** reflects, plans, endeavors

187 **answer** repay

191 **unclasp** i.e., open

192 **quick-conceiving** ready, quick to understand

193 **deep** deep-rooted/grave/cunning

195 **o’er-walk** cross

196 **unsteadfast** unsteady **spear** i.e., used as a bridge

197 **goodnight** i.e., he’s dead **or…swim** whether he sinks or swims/he’ll either sink or swim

199 **So** provided **cross** meet/thwart, oppose

207 **fathom-line** weighted line used for measuring the depth of water

209 **redeem** rescue, restore **thence** from there

210 **corrival** rival, competitor

211 **out upon** away with **half-faced fellowship** partial, unsatisfactory partnership

212 **apprehends** conceives of, perceives **figures** images/forms/figures of speech

213 **form** essential principle **attend** consider

214 **list** listen

215 **cry you mercy** beg your pardon

219 **Scot** puns on the sense of “small payment”

229 **holla** shout

232 **still** constantly

234 **defy** renounce

235 **gall and pinch** irritate and torment

236 **sword-and-buckler** weapons associated with servants; a gentleman carried rapier and dagger **buckler** small shield

237 **But that** were it not for the fact that

238 **mischance** accident

241 **better…attend** in the right frame of mind to listen

244 **Tying…own** listening to no one but yourself

246 **pismires** ants

247 **politician** crafty plotter

250 **duke his uncle** i.e., Edmund of Langley, Duke of York **kept** lived

253 **Ravenspurgh** Spurn Head on the Yorkshire coast

254 **Berkeley Castle** a castle in Gloucestershire, near Bristol

256 **candy deal** sickly sweet (flattering) quantity

258 **Look when** wait for the time when, as soon as **infant…age** i.e., I come into my inheritance

260 **cozeners** deceivers (puns on “cousin”)

263 **stay** await

264 **sooth** truth

267 **the Douglas’ son** i.e., Mordake **mean For powers** agent or means of raising an army

268 **divers** various

272 **bosom** i.e., confidence, trust

273 **prelate** church dignitary

276 **bears hard** takes badly

277 **lord Scroop** William Scroop, Earl of Wiltshire, executed by Bullingbrook in 1399; in fact the archbishop’s cousin

278 **estimation** guessing

281 **stays** waits **face…occasion** i.e., opportunity

283 **smell it** catch the scent, as in hunting

285 **Before…slip** you always release the dogs before the prey has been sighted

287 **power** army

290 **aimed** devised, directed
292 **head** army
293 **even** steadily, patiently
296 **pay us home** repay us in full/administer a fatal blow
302 **suddenly** soon
303 **steal** go secretly
304 **at once** all at the same time
305 **happily** fortunately
310 **fields** battlefields

Act 2 Scene 1

2.1 ***Location:*** *an inn-yard on the road between London and Canterbury Carrier* deliveryman

1 **by the day** in the morning **Charles' wain** Charlemagne's wagon, old name for the constellation of the Plough

2 **packed** loaded **ostler** groom at an inn

3 **anon** soon, in a moment

4 **Tom** presumably the Second Carrier, though possibly the Ostler **beat Cut's saddle** beating a saddle would soften it; Cut is the horse's name **flocks** tufts of wool (for padding) **point** pommel of saddle

5 **jade** worn-out old horse **wrung…withers** rubbed sore between the shoulders **out…cess** beyond measure

6 **Peas and beans** i.e., horses' food **dank…dog** damp

7 **bots** intestinal worms **house** inn

9 **joyed** was happy

12 **tench** freshwater fish with spots said to resemble flea bites

14 **first cock** first cockcrow, midnight

15 **jordan** chamber-pot **leak** urinate

16 **chimney** fireplace **chamber-lye** urine **loach** small freshwater fish, thought to harbor **fleas**

17 **Come away** come along

18 **gammon of bacon** ham **razes** either "races" (roots) or "rasers" (a measure amounting to four bushels)

19 **Charing Cross** village between London and Westminster, site of a market

20 **pannier** one of a pair of baskets

21 **An…thee** if cracking your skull were not as good a thing as drinking

23 **Hast** have you **faith** honesty, trustworthiness

25 **two o'clock** either an error, since the First Carrier earlier said that he thought it was four o'clock, or a lie to mislead Gadshill (who may have aroused suspicion)

26 **gelding** castrated horse

27 **I…that** i.e., I'm not so stupid as to fall for such an old trick

29 **Ay…tell?** What time is it? Do you know? (repeating Gadshill's earlier request); or proverbial phrase meaning "you must be joking" **quoth a** did

you say

32 **Time…candle** i.e., sometime tonight **warrant** assure

33 **neighbour Mugs** i.e., the First Carrier; **neighbour** is a friendly form of address **call** wake **along…charge** want to travel in a group because they're carrying valuable goods *Chamberlain* inn attendant in charge of the bedrooms

36 **At …pick-purse** I'm ready, as the pickpocket says

37 **That's…as** i.e., you might as well have said

38 **giving…labouring** giving orders does from working

39 **lay'st…how** devise the plan, direct the thief

40 **holds current that** remains true what

41 **franklin** small landowner **wild of Kent** Kentish weald, wooded country between the North and South Downs of southern England three…gold i.e., £200, a mark was an accounting unit (rather than a coin) worth two-thirds of a pound

43 **auditor** treasury official **abundance of charge** a lot of baggage

44 **eggs and butter** i.e., breakfast **presently** immediately

45 **Saint Nicholas' clerks** thieves, highwaymen; **Saint** Nicholas was supposedly their patron saint **I'll…neck** i.e., you can hang me

50 **starveling** skinny, starving person **Trojans** fine fellows (slang) **the which** who

51 **profession** i.e., of robbery

52 **make all whole** put everything right, sort things out

53 **foot-land rakers** thieves who operate on foot (as opposed to on a horse) **long-staff sixpenny strikers** thieves who, merely to steal sixpence, strike their victims with a long stick **mustachio purple-hued malt-worms** purple-faced drunkards with large moustaches

54 **tranquillity** those living a peaceful life **burgomasters** town officials

55 **oneyers** exact meaning uncertain, perhaps "ones," i.e., **great** personages **hold in** hold firm/keep silent

57 **commonwealth** nation

58 **ride** i.e., like a horse, but also with sexual connotations **boots** booty, plunder (the Chamberlain plays on the sense of "footwear"; there is also a quibble on the sense of "vagina")

59 **hold…way** keep you dry on a muddy road/piss herself

61 **liquored** oiled (to make waterproof)/plied with alcohol **as…castle** i.e., in complete safety

62 **cocksure** completely secure **receipt of fern-seed** recipe for fern-seed (supposed to confer invisibility)

65 **true** honest

68 ***Homo*** Latin for “man” **common name to** general name for

69 **muddy** muddled, dull-witted (plays on the sense of “dirty”)

Act 2 Scene 2

2.2 ***Location:*** *the highway near Gad’s Hill*

1 **frets…velvet** fusses or, literally, frays like cheap velvet stiffened with gum

3 **close** concealed

5 **fat-kidneyed** i.e., fat-bellied (**rascal** may play on the sense of “young or inferior deer,” a creature Falstaff is frequently compared to) **keep** make, keep up

9 **by the square** exactly **square** a measuring instrument

10 **break my wind** lose my breath (plays on the sense of “fart”) **Well…rogue** I expect to die well despite everything, as long as I’m not hanged for killing Poins

13 **medicines** potions

15 **ere** before **An** if

16 **turn true man** reform, become honest/become an informer **veriest varlet** most complete rogue

20 **Whew!** Expression of alarm or perhaps Falstaff trying to whistle

25 **exchequer** treasury

26 **colt** cheat

27 **uncolted** without a horse

28 **to** i.e., to find, but the prince takes him to mean “to mount”

30 **heir-apparent garters** jokes on the fact that as heir apparent, the prince belonged to the knightly Order of the Garter **peach** turn informer, betray (my accomplices)

31 **ballads…all** songs made up about you **filthy** disgraceful, obscene

32 **forward** far advanced/presumptuous, immodest **afoot** when the robbery plot is underway/when I am on foot

35 **setter** one who plans robberies

37 **Case ye** mask yourselves

40 **make us all** make our fortunes

42 **front** confront

43 **lower** further down **light on** come upon

44 **be** are there

48 **Gaunt** plays on the literal sense of “thin” (though actually the name was a form of “Ghent”)

49 **proof** test

54 **hard** near

55 **happy…dole** may good fortune be every man’s lot

60 **whoreson caterpillars** bastard parasites **whoreson** son of a whore

61 **bacon-fed** fat, well-fed **youth** youngsters

62 **undone** ruined

63 **gorbellied** big-bellied **chuffs** clowns/misers

64 **store** savings, full possessions **bacons** pigs

65 **grand-jurors** wealthy men, eligible to sit on a jury **jure** judge, see to/make a juror of

67 **argument** a topic of conversation

70 **my masters** sirs

71 **arrant** absolute **equity stirring** judgement in the world

72 **wild duck** i.e., easily frightened

80 **lards** drips fat on

Act 2 Scene 3

2.3 ***Location:*** *Hotspur's estate (historically, Warkworth Castle in Northumberland) solus* alone

2 **house** family (Hotspur goes on to play on the literal meaning, contrasting it with barn)

8 **uncertain** unreliable **unsorted** unsuitable

9 **counterpoise** counterbalance

10 **hind** peasant/menial/nervous female deer **lack-brain** idiot

11 **protest** declare, affirm

12 **expectation** promise

13 **lord of York** the Archbishop of York, Richard Scroop

15 **brain…fan** knock his brains out with a lady's fan—light and suitable for one with little brain

17 **the Douglas** Archibald, Earl of Douglas; **the** signifies the head of a Scottish clan

19 **in…of** i.e., really motivated by

21 **go to buffets** come to blows (with myself) **moving** trying to persuade **dish…milk** i.e., weak, cowardly one

22 **action** course of action/military enterprise/rhetorical gesture/division in a logical argument **prepared** drawn up for military action

29 **stomach** appetite

33 **treasures…rights** treasured intimacy and wifely rights

34 **thick-eyed** dull-sighted, preoccupied/heavy-lidded (from lack of sleep)

35 **faint** light, restless **watched** remained awake

37 **terms of manage** words of control

39 **sallies and retires** advances and retreats

40 **palisadoes** defensive fortifications

41 **basilisks** large cannon (named after a mythical reptile) **culverin** another type of large cannon

43 **current** movement, onward flow **heady** violent, swiftly moving

48 **motions** movements, expressions/emotions

49 **restrain** hold/catch

51 **heavy** important, weighty

53 **What, ho!** summons to servant

54 **Gilliams** name of another servant **packet** packet of letters, dispatch

56 **Butler** another servant

57 **even** just

58 **roan** with a coat of mixed color **crop-ear** with the top of the ears cropped

61 **back** mount **straight** straight away ***Esperance*!** Hope! (the Percy family motto was “*Esperance ma comforte,*” French for “In hope is my strength/consolation”)

65 **carries you away** transports you with emotion

68 **weasel** a notoriously aggressive animal (Hotspur responds literally)

spleen anger, impulsiveness

71 **stir** become roused, rebellious

72 **title** claim to the throne

73 **line** support

75 **paraquito** little parrot

77 **little finger** phallic connotations

80 **trifler** frivolous time waster

82 **mammets** dolls, perhaps with play on Latin *mamma* (“breasts”) **tilt** joust

83 **crowns** heads (plays on the sense of “coins” as well as having royal connotations)

84 **pass them current** pass them off as good currency **God’s me** God save me

94 **whereabout** speculate why

98 **Constant** faithful, trustworthy

100 **closer** more tight-lipped

108 **force** necessity

Act 2 Scene 4

2.4 ***Location:*** *a tavern in Eastcheap, London*

1 **fat** stuffy (possibly "vat") **lend…hand** help me

4 **loggerheads** blockheads, idiots **three or fourscore** sixty or eighty (a score is twenty) **hogsheads** large wine casks

5 **sounded…humility** played the lowest note of baseness/humbleness **sworn brother** avowed intimate friend

6 **leash** set of three (usually animals tied together) **drawers** bartenders, waiters **Francis** name of the bartender Hal subsequently teases

8 **proud** pompous **Jack** fellow, knave/Jack **Falstaff** (diminutive version of John)

9 **Corinthian** fine fellow—Corinth in ancient Greece was notorious for riotous living **mettle** spirit, worth

10 **dyeing scarlet** probably because heavy drinking reddens the complexion; perhaps because urine, a product of drinking, was used to fix dye

11 **breathe…watering** pause for breath while drinking (possibly "fart while urinating") **'Hem!'** sound of disapproval/a clearing of the throat **play it off** finish it up

13 **drink…language** i.e., consort comfortably with a drinker of any social class/drink heavily (tinkers were reputedly heavy drinkers)

14 **action** encounter (usually military)

15 **pennyworth of sugar** small quantity of sugar used to sweeten wine

16 **under-skinker** low-ranking waiter (to "skink" is to pour out liquor)

18 **Anon** (I'm) coming, just a moment **Score** put on the bill **bastard** sweet Spanish wine **Half-Moon** one of the rooms in the tavern

19 **drive** pass **by-room** side room

20 **puny** inexperienced/young/weedy **to what end** why

21 **leave** stop

22 **precedent** example

24 **perfect** word-perfect

26 **Pomgarnet** Pomegranate, the name of another room in the tavern

29 **to serve** left of your apprenticeship (the usual length was seven years; Francis is probably fourteen or sixteen)

33 **By'r lady** by Our Lady (the Virgin Mary) **long…pewter** long apprenticeship to learn to be a barman (drinking vessels were made of **pewter**)

34 **indenture** contract by which an apprentice was bound

36 **books** i.e., Bibles

41 **Michaelmas** the feast of Saint Michael, September 29

43 **stay** wait

44 **for** as for, about

54 **rob** i.e., rob your master of service by running away **leathern jerkin** (the master who wears a) tight-fitting leather jacket **crystal-button** fashionable shiny buttons **not-pated** short-haired

55 **agate-ring** ring set with a carved agate stone **puke-stocking** dark-colored heavy woollen stockings **caddis-garter** garter made of woollen tape **smooth tongue** smooth talker, flatterer **Spanish-pouch** wallet of Spanish leather

57 **brown bastard** Spanish wine, sweeter than the white variety **your only drink** the best of drinks

58 **doublet** tight-fitting jacket **sully** get dirty **Barbary** region in northern Africa (from which sugar was imported) **it** i.e., sugar ***amazed*** dumbfounded ***Vintner*** innkeeper selling wine

71 **merry as crickets** proverbial presumably because they jump about "singing" **cunning match** clever game, contest of wits

72 **issue** outcome, point

73 **I…midnight** I now understand all the moods that have ever existed from the beginning of time until now (i.e., I'm in the mood for anything/I have seen everything) **goodman** title for those below the rank of gentleman (the biblical **Adam** was a gardener) **pupil age** youthful time (i.e., the present)

77 **Anon** puns on "one" (pronounced similarly)

78 **yet** nevertheless (be)

79 **industry** business, labor, diligence **is** is to run **the…reckoning** consists of the items on a bill

80 **mind** opinion, way of thinking

81 **kills me** kills (**me** is colloquial/emphatic)

83 **drench** drink/draught of medicine

85 **brawn** lump of flesh/fattened boar or pig

86 **'Rivo!'** presumably a drinking cry; of uncertain origin **ribs** fatty meat on bones (i.e., Falstaff) **tallow** animal fat

88 **of** on

89 **nether stocks** stockings for the lower leg

90 **foot** darn the sole, repair the foot

91 **virtue extant** courage still alive

92 **Titan** Roman sun god (large and red-faced like Falstaff as he “kisses” the cup of sack); there may be sexual innuendo in **butter** (a whore was a “dish of butter”), **melted** (ejaculated), and **tail** (genitals) **pitiful-hearted** compassionate, tender

94 **compound** mixture (melted butter), i.e., either Falstaff and sack or Falstaff and sweat

95 **lime** calcium oxide, used to preserve wine

98 **Go thy ways** off you go

99 **shotten herring** a herring that has spawned its eggs (i.e., thin and weak)

101 **while** present age **weaver** many were Protestant immigrants, known for psalm-singing

103 **wool-sack** large bale of wool; judges traditionally sat on them

104 **dagger of lath** stage dagger made of soft wood, traditionally used by the comic Vice in morality plays

105 **I’ll…more** i.e., I’m not a real man **hair** a beard

107 **round** fat/plain speaking

112 **backing** supporting/turning one’s back, running away

113 **face** stand face to face/defy, contradict

114 **drunk** have had anything to drink

116 **All’s…that** sow hat, it doesn’t matter

119 **ta’en** taken

122 **poor** only

124 **at half-sword** at close quarters/fighting with short swords

126 **hose** breeches **buckler** small shield—sword and buckler were considered old-fashioned or lower-class weapons

127 **like a hand-saw** with the edge so notched from blows it appears serrated like the blade of a saw ***ecce signum*** “behold the sign or proof” (Latin; echoes words from the Catholic Mass) **dealt** fought **all…do** all this was not enough though

129 **sons of darkness** biblical phrase (1 Thessalonians 5:5)

136 **Ebrew Jew** a real (Hebrew) Jew, i.e., a knave

138 **come…other** the others came in

144 **peppered** made it hot for, stabbed repeatedly

145 **paid** settled with, killed **buckram** coarse linen cloth

146 **ward** defensive posture (fencing term) **lay** positioned myself **bore my point** pointed my sword

147 **let drive at** bore down on, attacked

151 **a-front** abreast **mainly** violently **made…ado** didn't wait any longer

152 **points** sword points **target** shield

156 **these hilts** this sword handle

159 **mark** observe, take note of/keep count

163 **points** sword points, but Poins takes it to mean the laces attaching the **hose** to the doublet

165 **give me ground** back away (**me** is emphatic) **foot and hand** at close range

166 **with a thought** as quick as thought

168 **misbegotten** wretched, bastard **Kendal green** coarse, green woollen cloth from Kendal in Cumbria (associated with forest outlaws)

171 **father** i.e., Falstaff, here compared to the devil—the proverbial "father of lies" **begets** conceives, creates

172 **clay-brained** dull-witted **knotty-pated** thick-headed

173 **tallow-catch** accumulation of animal fat

179 **upon compulsion** under force **strappado** means of torture: the victim was raised by ropes that tied his arms behind his back, then dropped suddenly, which usually dislocated the joints **racks** instruments of torture: the victim was tied to a frame, which was then extended, stretching the arms and legs in opposite directions

181 **reasons** puns on "raisins" (i.e., grapes, less readily available than **blackberries**)

183 **sanguine** red-faced (with **coward**, this creates an oxymoron, as a sanguine temperament was equated with courage)

184 **bed-presser** heavyweight who will strain beds; perhaps also lazy, one who stays in bed **horseback-breaker** one so fat he breaks horses' backs (pun on "horse"/"whore's")

185 **elf-skin** man of shrunken, fragile form (often emended to "eel-skin") **neat's** ox's **pizzle** penis; a dried bull's penis was sometimes used as a whip

186 **stock-fish** dried cod (suggestive of physical weakness and an impotent penis) tailor's-yard measuring yardstick/penis (tailors were sometimes imaged as thin or effeminate men)

187 **sheath** cover for knife or sword, i.e., empty case/vagina **bowcase** long, thin case for an archer’s bow, hence starveling/vagina **standing-tuck** slender sword that is either rigid (i.e., useless because insufficiently resilient) or upright (not engaged in action) or idle, delaying; with phallic connotations

193 **with a word** in a word/with merely a single word **out-faced** confronted and intimidated

196 **slave** base-minded villain

197 **starting-hole** bolt hole, hiding place

198 **apparent** evident

200 **knew** recognized

202 **Hercules** Greek hero renowned for strength **instinct** impulse/innate tendency/intuition lion…prince lions were popularly thought to recognize and refuse to harm royalty

205 **clap to** shut

206 **Watch** remain awake (for revelry)/be on guard **Gallants** fine, fashionable young men **hearts** fine companions

208 **extempore** immediately, improvised without rehearsal

209 **argument** plot, theme

210 **an** if

215 **royal** plays on the sense of “coin of greater value than the ‘noble’ [another type of coin]”

219 **gravity** aged respectability

224 **fie** expression of reproach or disgust

227 **swear…England** swear (falsely) with such conviction that truth fled the country

230 **spear-grass** tough, coarse grass

231 **beslubber** daub, smear **true** valiant/honest

232 **that** something **monstrous devices** outrageous tricks

233 **taken…manner** caught red-handed with the evidence/got into the habit

234 **extempore** spontaneously (i.e., Bardolph has a permanently red face from drinking) **fire** i.e., a fiery face

236 **meteors …exhalations** i.e., red blotches on Bardolph’s face; meteors were considered bad omens and thought to result from the sun sucking up poisonous vapors from the earth

238 **portend** foretell

239 **Hot…purses** drunkenness and poverty

240 **Choler** anger (choler was one of the four bodily “humors” governing the disposition) **rightly taken** correctly understood (the prince shifts the sense to “justly arrested”)

241 **halter** a noose (Hal puns on **choler**/collar)

243 **bombast** padding/high-flown language

244 **an…in** the width of an eagle’s claw around

245 **alderman’s thumb-ring** seal ring often worn by wealthy citizens on the thumb

248 **Percy** i.e., Hotspur **he of Wales** i.e., Glendower

249 **Amamon** name of a demon **bastinado** beating with a stick **Lucifer** the devil **cuckold** man with an unfaithful wife **swore…liegeman** made the devil swear to be his true servant

250 **Welsh hook** hooked staff used as a weapon and lacking the cross shape of a sword (on which oaths were customarily sworn) **what a plague** intensified form of “what”

256 **hit it** got it right (the prince plays on the literal sense)

258 **mettle** spirit (plays on the sense of “metal,” i.e., not fluid and liable to **run**) **run** flee (plays on sense of “melt”)

259 **running** i.e., speeding **o’ horseback**

260 **cuckoo** i.e., mindless repeater of words

263 **blue-caps** Scottish soldiers, who wore blue hats

264 **you…mackerel** i.e., for very little indeed—mackerel was a cheap fish even when fresh; perhaps land was being sold off to raise money for war or because of general economic anxiety about conflict (**mackerel** plays on the sense of “pimp/whore”)

266 **like** likely **hot** plays on angry/lecherous **buffeting hold** strife continues

267 **maidenheads** virginities **as…hundreds** i.e., as cheaply as nails for boots, suggesting that in troubled times women will be raped or forced to sell themselves

268 **trading** commerce/prostitution/sex

271 **spirit** devil (though the word also has connotations of “courage”)

272 **thrill** tremble/go cold

274 **chid** scolded

276 **stand for** stand in for, play the part of **particulars** details

278 **Content** I’m content, very well **state** throne

280 **joint-stool** low stool made by a joiner (“I took you for a joint stool” was a way of mockingly apologizing for ignoring someone)

281 **crown** head

282 **fire of grace** effects of divine grace

283 **moved** affected emotionally, stirred

284 **King Cambyses’ vein** ranting style; Cambyses was the tyrant in Thomas Preston’s *Life of Cambyses, King of Persia* (1569)

286 **Stand aside, nobility** presumably those in the tavern are being asked to clear a space

288 **Weep…vain** Falstaff addresses Mistress Quickly, who is presumably weeping from merriment (puns on “quean,” i.e., harlot, whore)

289 **O, the father** i.e., in God’s name; or refers to Falstaff acting the part of the prince’s father **holds his countenance** keeps a straight face, remains in character

290 **convey** take away/escort (to a seat) **tristful** sorrowful

291 **stop** fill up

292 **rare** marvelous **harlotry players** knavish actors

293 **pint-pot** Falstaff addresses Mistress Quickly with a nickname for one who sells beer **tickle-brain** potent liquor (here, one who sells it)

295 **camomile** daisy-like plant with medicinal qualities; it grows rapidly, proverbially more so when trodden on

297 **trick** habit, feature **foolish…lip** way of hanging your lower lip, regarded as a sign of loose living foolish affected/idiotic/lecherous

298 **warrant** assure

299 **pointed at** i.e., gossiped about/mocked **sun** puns on “son”

300 **micher** truant/loiterer/petty thief

303 **pitch** black tar-like substance **defile** stain, corrupt; Falstaff paraphrases Ecclesiastes 13:1: “Whoso toucheth pitch shall be defiled”

305 **passion** sincere emotion, distress

308 **an it like** if it please

309 **portly** dignified/fat **corpulent** solid, well-built/fat

310 **noble carriage** dignified bearing

311 **three score** sixty

312 **lewdly given** wickedly, lasciviously inclined

313 **peremptorily** determinedly

315 **naughty** wicked

319 **rabbit-sucker** unweaned baby rabbit **poulter's hare** hare hanging up in a poulterer's shop (which sold fowl and game)

320 **set** seated (on the mock throne)

321 **Judge, my masters** the tavern audience must decide who is the more kingly

325 **tickle ye** amuse you in the role of

326 **ungracious** without grace, blasphemous

328 **tun** large barrel especially for wine or beer/ton weight **converse** associate

329 **trunk** container/body **humours** diseases/fluids that determine the disposition: blood, bile, choler, phlegm **bolting-hutch** large bin used for sifting grain

330 **dropsies** diseases, which made the body swell with an accumulation of fluid **bombard** a leather wine jug **cloak-bag** large bag for carrying clothes

331 **Manningtree** Essex town with a well-known fair and cattle market **pudding** stuffing/sausage **reverend** worthy of respect **Vice** comic character in medieval morality plays who tempted the youthful hero **grey** gray-haired

332 **Iniquity** sinfulness/allegorical name for morality play character **father** i.e., elderly **Vanity** vain, proud, foolish, worthless character **In years** i.e., advanced in years, aged **Wherein…good** what is he good for

333 **neat and cleanly** refined and skillful

334 **cunning** knowledgeable, skillful **craft** deceit **crafty** skillful

336 **take…you** enable me to follow you, help me to understand

339 **the…know** i.e., I recognize the man but not the description

343 **saving your reverence** begging your pardon/if you will excuse my language **whoremaster** user of whores, i.e., a wicked man

345 **host** innkeeper, pub landlord

346 **Pharoah's lean kine** biblical reference to Pharoah's dream in which the seven lean **kine** (cattle) devour the seven fat kine, foretelling famine to come (Genesis 41:1–31)

352 **monstrous** unnaturally large **watch** group of citizens responsible for keeping order in the streets at night

357 **The…fiddlestick** i.e., here's a fine commotion (proverbial)

360 **Never…counterfeit** a much debated line; Falstaff seems to be referring to himself as genuine gold (i.e., loyal, worthy), despite the prince's earlier accusations of cowardice and hypocrisy **thou…so** another obscure line;

probably either “you are basically true (**essentially made**) to your friends, even if some of your recent declarations seem to contradict this” or “you are fundamentally a deceptive play-actor (**made**), despite seeming to be loyal”; some editors adopt a later reading, and substitute “mad” for “made”

363 **deny your major** reject your main premise **deny** refuse entrance to **so** so be it

364 **become** suit, befit **cart** wagon used to transport the condemned man to the gallows **bringing up** upbringing, breeding (which entitled him, as a knight, to death by beheading)/being brought before the authorities/being hanged

365 **soon** willingly/quickly

366 **arras** large tapestry wall hanging (hung so that there was space behind it to hide) **walk up above** go upstairs

367 **true** honest

368 **date is out** lease has expired, i.e., it’s too late for that

371 **hue and cry** the noise and shouting of citizens in pursuit of a felon

379 **engage** pledge

380 **dinnertime** i.e., midday

381 **answer thee** respond to your charges, account for himself to you

382 **withal** with

387 **answerable** held responsible

389 **morrow** morning

391 **oily** greasy/cunning, slippery **Paul’s** St. Paul’s Cathedral, the tallest landmark in London at this time

397 **2s 2d** two shillings and two pence

398 **ob.** abbreviation of “obolus,” i.e., halfpenny

399 **But** merely **intolerable deal** excessive quantity

400 **close** hidden, safe **advantage** a better opportunity

402 **charge of foot** command of an infantry company

403 **twelvescore** i.e., 240 yards **money** i.e., that was stolen

404 **advantage** interest **betimes** early

Act 3 Scene 1

3.1 ***Location:** unspecified; probably in Glendower’s house*

1 **promises** i.e., of support **sure** secure, reliable

2 **induction** beginning **prosperous hope** hope of prospering

9 **Lancaster** i.e., King Henry; Glendower deliberately refers to him by his former title (Duke of Lancaster)

14 **front** forehead, face

15 **cressets** torches (literally fires burning in iron baskets), hence meteors (signs of ill omen)

22 **as fearing you** because it feared you

27 **eruptions** outbreaks of disease/natural or meteorological disturbances **teeming** fertile, breeding

28 **colic** severe stomach pains

30 **womb** bowels/stomach **enlargement** release

31 **beldam** old woman, grandmother

32 **moss-grown** overgrown with moss, old

33 **grandam** grandmother **distemperature** bodily disturbance

34 **passion** suffering, bodily affliction

36 **crossings** contradictions

40 **clamorous** noisy **frighted fields** fields full of fear

41 **marked me** marked me out as

42 **courses** events

43 **roll** list

44 **the living** any person living **clipped in with** surrounded by

45 **chides** beats, contends with

46 **read to** i.e., instructed, educated

48 **trace** follow **tedious** time-consuming, lengthy, complex **art** scholarship/magic, occult arts

49 **hold me pace** keep up with me **deep experiments** profound, learned investigations

50 **Welsh** i.e., nonsense, gibberish

53 **call** summon, invoke (Hotspur shifts the sense to “call out to”) **vasty deep** immense abyss

58 **tell…devil** proverbial

63 **made head** advanced

64 **power** army **Wye** river on the Welsh-English border

66 **Bootless** unsuccessful, without gain (Hotspur plays on the literal sense)

68 **agues** violent fevers characterized by shaking

69 **right** just claim (to land)

70 **threefold order ta’en** three-way agreement

71 **archdeacon** not identified; chronicle sources suggest Archdeacon of Bangor

72 **limits** regions

73 **Trent…hitherto** the rivers Trent and Severn up to this point (presumably Mortimer indicates the map)

79 **indentures tripartite** contracts **drawn** up in triplicate drawn drawn up

80 **sealèd interchangeably** each party has a copy signed and sealed by all

81 **this…execute** can be done tonight

85 **appointed** agreed by **Shrewsbury** town on the Welsh-English border

86 **father** father-in-law

88 **space** period of time

91 **in my conduct** escorted by me

92 **steal** slip away

93 **a…water** i.e., many tears

95 **moiety** share, portion **Burton** Derbyshire town of Burton-upon-Trent

97 **comes…in** twists sharply into my section; Hotspur objects that the river turns north from Burton and deprives him of the fertile lands of Lincolnshire and part of Nottinghamshire

99 **cantle out** corner or portion cut off

101 **smug** smooth

103 **deep indent** sharp angled section, indentation

104 **bottom** river valley

107 **he** it (the river Trent) **runs me** runs

108 **like advantage** the same effect

109 **Gelding** depriving, cutting (land) off from **opposèd continent** land on the opposite side

111 **charge** cost/gunpowder used in blasting **trench** create a trench or channel

112 **cape** spur, projecting piece

120 **Let…Welsh** i.e., say it in Welsh (which I don’t understand) so that I won’t understand (and take offence)

123 **being but young** since I was young at the time **framed to** composed for

124 **ditty** poem, ballad **lovely** beautifully

125 **gave…ornament** adorned the English language with music and poetry/decorated the words with the music/improved the sound of the language with my Welsh accent

126 **virtue** accomplishment, skill

130 **metre ballad-mongers** sellers of predictably rhymed popular ballads

131 **brazen** brass **turned** i.e., on a lathe (which made an unpleasant grating noise)

132 **dry** unoiled **axle-tree** axle

134 **Nothing…as** nothing like as much as **mincing** affectedly dainty

135 **nag** feeble old horse

139 **in…bargain** when it comes to bargaining

140 **cavil on** dispute insistently over

141 **drawn** drawn up

143 **haste the writer** hurry the writer of the indentures **withal** at the same time

144 **Break with** speak to, inform

146 **doteth on** loves very dearly, is infatuated with

147 **cross** antagonize

148 **choose** help it

149 **mouldwarp** mole; according to Holinshed’s *Chronicles* the division of the map was arranged in accordance with a prophecy that imaged Henry IV as a mole and the others as dragon, lion, and wolf

150 **dreamer** visionary **Merlin** wizard and prophet at the legendary court of King Arthur

152 **clip-winged** with its wings clipped, i.e., prevented from flying **griffin** mythical beast, half lion, half eagle **moulten** having molted, lost its feathers

153 **couching** lying down (form of “couchant,” a heraldic term) **ramping** rearing, standing on its hind legs (form of “rampant,” a heraldic term)

154 **skimble-skamble** incoherent, nonsensical

155 **puts…faith** makes me forget or disbelieve my religion

157 **reck’ning up** listing, recounting **several** various

158 **lackeys** servants, followers **‘Hum’** noncommittal sound expressing agreement **‘Well, go to’** i.e., you don’t say, well I never

159 **marked him** took no notice of

160 **railing** complaining, scolding

162 **cheese…windmill** i.e., poor food in uncomfortable, noisy accommodation

163 **cates** delicacies

164 **summer-house** rich man’s country house

165 **In faith** truly

166 **profited…concealments** proficient in secret arts

169 **India** i.e., the West Indies

170 **temper** temperament, character

171 **scope** freedom of expression

172 **do…humour** antagonize him

174 **tempted** provoked

175 **taste…reproof** experiencing harm and rebuke

176 **use it oft** do it often

177 **wilful-blame** blameworthy for being obstinately self-willed

179 **beside** out of

180 **must needs** must

181 **show** is evidence of **blood** spirit

182 **dearest grace** most valuable advantage **renders** offers

183 **present** represent, demonstrate

184 **want of government** lack of self-control

185 **opinion** arrogance, conceit

186 **haunting** being associated with

187 **Loseth** causes him to lose

188 **parts besides** other qualities

189 **Beguiling** depriving

190 **schooled** instructed/admonished **be your speed** bring you good fortune

192 **spite** vexation, regret

196 **aunt Percy** more confusion between the two Edmund Mortimers: Lady Percy (Hotspur’s wife) was in fact the sister of the Mortimer married to Glendower’s daughter and aunt of the younger man

197 **in your conduct** under your escort

198 **desperate here** recklessly determined on this point (her decision not to leave Mortimer) **peevish self-willed harlotry** obstinate headstrong hussy

200 **pretty Welsh** i.e., her eloquent tears

201 **swelling heavens** i.e., her eyes filled with tears

202 **too perfect** only too accomplished, fluent

203 **parley** language, conversation (perhaps, picking up on soldier, with a sense of “military negotiation”)

205 **feeling disputation** moving, heartfelt discussion/conversation conducted through touch

206 **truant** negligent student

208 **highly penned** elaborately composed

210 **division** ornamentation, variation (specifically, passage in which a series of short notes elaborates on a longer passage)

211 **melt** give way to your feelings, weep

212 **this** i.e., Welsh

213 **wanton rushes** luxuriant floor covering of reeds

216 **crown** give power to

217 **heaviness** drowsiness

220 **heavenly-harnessed team** horses that drew the sun god’s chariot

221 **progress** course/royal journey

223 **book** indentures, legal contracts **drawn** drawn up

226 **Hang…air** i.e., they’re spirits **thousand leagues** three thousand miles

227 **straight** straight away

228 **perfect in** expert at, practiced at **lying down** with sexual connotations (continued in lap)

231 **devil understands Welsh** i.e., because the supposed spirits have answered Glendower’s call and music is playing

232 **humorous** capricious, whimsical

234 **humours** moods, whims (thought to be generated by bodily fluids or “humors”)

235 **brach** bitch, female dog (called Lady) **Irish** designed as insult here; may possibly suggest his bitch’s breed

236 **broken** beaten, grazed

238 **still** quiet, calm

239 **Neither** i.e., I won’t do that either **woman’s fault** i.e., being silent (or sexually passive) is a woman’s trait; may play on “broken head” as “broken maidenhead” (lost virginity), perhaps with fault quibbling on its sense of “vagina/sinful sexual yielding”

245 **sooth** truth

247 **comfit-maker’s** confectioner’s; Hotspur makes fun of a genteel oath and offers several more

250 **sarcenet surety** flimsy assurance **sarcenet** fine silken cloth

251 **Finsbury** Finsbury Fields, popular place of recreation just outside the city of London

252 **Swear me** swear/swear for me

254 **protest of pepper-gingerbread** i.e., mild oaths pepper-gingerbread in which pepper was partly substituted for ginger, making the gingerbread less spicy and pungent

255 **velvet-guards** velvet trimmings on clothes, or those who wore them **Sunday-citizens** those keeping their best clothes for Sunday

258 **tailor** tailors were supposed to be enthusiastic singers **be red-breast teacher** teach singing to robins (small red-breasted birds)

262 **this** this time **but seal** just put our seals on the documents

Act 3 Scene 2

3.2 ***Location:*** *the royal court*

1 **give us leave** please leave us alone

6 **doom** judgment **blood** family, offspring

7 **scourge** punishment of divine origin/punishing whip

8 **passages** course through, way of

9 **only marked For** solely designated tobe

10 **rod** i.e., of punishment

11 **mistreadings** wrongful steps, sins **else** how else

12 **inordinate** immoderate, disorderly

13 **bare** wretched, paltry/undisguised **lewd** vulgar, low **attempts** undertakings

14 **rude society** vulgar, uncivilized companionship

15 **withal** with **grafted** united

17 **hold their level** think themselves equal to

19 **Quit** acquit myself of **clear** honest

20 **doubtless** sure

23 **reproof** refutation, disproof

24 **greatness** the great, the high-ranking

25 **pick-thanks** flatterers and informers **news-mongers** tellers of tales, gossips

26 **things true** genuine misdemeanors

27 **faulty…irregular** gone astray off the proper path

28 **true submission** honest admission

29 **wonder** express surprise

30 **affections** tastes, inclinations **hold a wing** fly

32 **rudely** violently, in an uncivilized manner (according to an apocryphal tale, the prince was expelled from the King’s Privy Council for hitting the Lord Chief Justice)

33 **supplied** filled

34 **alien** stranger

36 **time** youth, life

38 **forethink** expect/prophesy

40 **common-hackneyed** cheapened by habitual exposure (from “hackney,” a horse for hire)

42 **Opinion** public opinion

43 **Had…possession** would have remained loyal to the holder of the crown (Richard II, deposed by Henry)

44 **reputeless** inglorious, shameful/anonymous, unacknowledged

45 **mark** significance **likelihood** prospect of success

50 **stole…heaven** adopted a manner of heavenly graciousness

56 **pontifical** belonging to a bishop

57 **state** magnificence, kingship

58 **Seldom** infrequently seen **feast** special occasion, celebration

59 **solemnity** ceremonious dignity

60 **skipping** frivolous **up and down** i.e., aimlessly

61 **rash bavin** quickly burnt up **bavin** brushwood or kindling soon ignited and burnt

62 **carded his state** destroyed his dignity, kingly status (to “card” is either to mix or to comb impurities from wool)

63 **Carping** chattering (Quarto has “capring,” so most editors print “capering”)

64 **scorns** foolishness, mockeries/contemptuous way of speaking

65 **against his name** to the detriment of his royal reputation

66 **gibing** mocking, taunting **stand the push** expose himself to the proximity/mockery of

67 **beardless vain comparative** immature, worthless maker of mocking comparisons

69 **Enfeoffed** committed, bound (literally, to vow loyalty to a lord in return for land)

71 **surfeited** grew overindulged and sick

72 **loathe…sweetness** i.e., they got sick of the sight of him

75 **cuckoo…June** i.e., commonplace by midsummer, not noticed any longer

77 **community** familiarity

78 **extraordinary gaze** special notice

82 **face** i.e., presence **rendered such aspect** with such an expression

83 **cloudy** sullen, gloomy **use to** habitually

85 **line** category

87 **vile participation** associating with commoners and base, vulgar people

88 **common** widespread, public/cheap, vulgar

91 **tenderness** i.e., tears of affection

93 **Be more myself** act in a manner more befitting my position

94 **For…world** i.e., in every way

99 **He…state** He (Percy) has a more honorable claim to the crown

100 **shadow of succession** mere shadow of a proper heir

101 **of** having **colour like to** semblance, pretext of

102 **harness** armor, i.e., armed men

103 **Turns head** directs his attention/leads his army **lion's** i.e., the king's (the lion is a traditional symbol of royalty)

104 **in…years** older (historically Hotspur was actually twenty-three years older than the prince)

105 **ancient** long-established

106 **bruising** damaging, crushing

108 **whose** i.e., Hotspur's **high** illustrious, noble

109 **hot incursions** fierce attacks

110 **chief…capital** military fame and pre-eminence

113 **Mars** Roman god of war **swaddling clothes** wrappings for babies (refers to Hotspur's youth)

114 **enterprises** military undertakings

115 **Discomfited** defeated **ta'en him once** captured him on one occasion

116 **Enlargèd** released

117 **fill…up** complete the number of opponents/add to the roar of opposition

121 **Capitulate** have formed a league, draw **up** agreements up i.e., in arms

124 **dearest** most precious, loved/worst, most bitter

125 **like** likely **vassal** base, servile

126 **Base inclination** taste for the inferior/acceding to base motives **start of spleen** rush of anger

128 **curtsy** bow, show respect

133 **redeem…head** atone for my sins with Percy's head/make Percy pay for all this

134 **in…day** at the end of some victorious battle

137 **favours** facial features/chivalric tokens worn to symbolize pledges or great feats **bloody mask** face made unrecognizable because covered in blood/mass, covering of blood

138 **scour** cleanse, get rid of

139 **lights** arrives/dawns

142 **unthought-of** ignored, associated with no great expectations

143 **helm** helmet

148 **factor** agent, commercial broker

149 **engross up** accumulate, buy up

152 **worship…time** honor gained in his lifetime

153 **reckoning** account, bill

156 **salve** apply healing ointment to

157 **intemperature** intemperance, lack of restraint/diseased body, disordered health

160 **parcel** part

162 **charge** command (of troops) **sovereign** supreme, royal (perhaps continuing the disease imagery with play on the sense of “healing”)

163 **speed** urgency

168 **head** military force

169 **If…hand** if all who have promised to join them do so

173 **advertisement** announcement, news

176 **Bridgnorth** small Shropshire town on the River Severn, south of Shrewsbury

178 **our business valuèd** according to this reckoning

181 **Advantage…fat** opportunity (for rebellion) increases

Act 3 Scene 3

3.3 ***Location:*** *the tavern in Eastcheap*

1 **fallen away vilely** horribly shrunken **action** engagement, battle (i.e., the robbery on Gad's Hill) **bate** decrease

3 **apple-john** type of apple said to be in best eating condition when shriveled **suddenly** immediately

4 **in some liking** in the mood/in good physical condition **out of heart** disheartened/out of condition

5 **strength** i.e., physical or spiritual

6 **peppercorn** i.e., small and shriveled **brewer's horse** i.e., old and worn out

8 **fretful** restless, anxious/frayed, worn

9 **there is it** i.e., exactly, that's the situation

10 **given** inclined

11 **bawdy-house** brothel

13 **compass** measure, moderation/circumference (referring to his wide girth), belt

16 **admiral** flagship with a lantern to guide the rest of the fleet

17 **poop** stern or rear of a ship **nose** i.e., because it is red from drinking **Knight…Lamp** mock-chivalric title parodying heroic names in tales of romance

21 **death's-head** skull (i.e., emblem of mortality, often carved into a stone set in a ring) ***memento mori*** object used to symbolize death (Latin: "reminder of death")

22 **Dives…purple** refers to Christ's parable of Dives, the rich man clothed in purple who goes to hell for allowing the pauper, Lazarus, to starve (Luke 16:19–31)

24 **given over** lost to virtue, committed to sin

26 ***ignis fatuus*** will-o'-the-wisp, marsh gas that gives off phosphorescent light and misleads night wanderers **ball of wildfire** will-o'-the-wisp/ball of lightning/skin disease characterized by vivid eruptions

27 **purchase** value

28 **bonfire-light** Folio spells "Bone-fire-Light," suggesting both etymology and original pronunciation **links** torches

30 **drunk me** drunk (me is emphatic) **good cheap** cheap

31 **chandler's** candle maker's **salamander** lizard-like creature supposed to live in fire

33 **I…belly!** proverbial retort (compares to modern "Get stuffed!")

34 **be heart-burned** have indigestion/my heart would be literally on fire

35 **Dame Partlet** traditional name for a hen

38 **tithe** tenth part

40 **was shaved** had his beard cut/went bald through syphilis/had his head shaved to get rid of lice/was robbed; hair may play on "whore"

41 **woman** i.e., inadequate/deceitful/promiscuous

43 **know** am acquainted with/have sexual knowledge of

45 **beguile** cheat

46 **to your back** for you to wear

47 **Dowlas** coarse linen (from Doulas in Brittany)

48 **bolters** cloths used for sifting flour

49 **holland** fine linen (originally from Holland) **ell** a measure of length (forty-five inches)

50 **diet and by-drinkings** meals and drinks in between meals

55 **denier** small coin worth one tenth of a penny

56 **younker** fashionable and gullible young man, easily duped **take mine ease** relax

57 **seal-ring** engraved ring used for sealing documents with wax, frequently an heirloom **forty mark** a substantial sum of money; a mark was worth two thirds of a pound

60 **jack** knave, rascal **sneak-cup** sneaky person, knave/one who sneaks drinks from others' cups ***truncheon*** cudgel (symbol of his new military office)

62 **Is…door?** i.e., is that the situation **door** direction

63 **two…fashion** prisoners were shackled together and led in pairs to Newgate, the City prison

71 **pick pockets** plays on the sense of "plunder vaginas"

73 **bonds** deeds promising the bearer payment

81 **stewed prune** commonly available in brothels, hence "whore/pimp"

82 **drawn fox** hunted fox (drawn from cover and dependent on its cunning for safety) **Maid Marian** a disreputable character in morris dances and May games, played by a boy in female clothing **deputy's…ward** wife of the deputy of the ward (an administrative district), i.e., a respectable woman

83 **to** compared to **nothing** thing of no significance/vagina ("no thing")

85 **thing** whore/vagina **on** for

87 **thy knighthood** the respect usually due to one who is a knight

91 **otter** an aquatic mammal whose exact nature and type was a subject of debate

93 **have** place, categorize/have sex with

108 **whelp** cub, offspring

111 **let…break** the breaking of one's belt (girdle) proverbially signified bad luck

115 **embossed** swollen/foaming at the mouth with exhaustion like a hunted animal **rascal** rogue/young, inferior deer

116 **memorandums** bills, invoices

117 **sugar-candy…long-winded** sugar was used to improve stamina

118 **injuries** items whose loss you claim has caused you injury **stand to it** insist, maintain your grievance

119 **pocket up** accept (plays on literal sense of "pocket")

122 **flesh…frailty** Falstaff plays with the biblical saying "the flesh is frail" (Matthew 26:41 and elsewhere)

127 **still** always

128 **answered** accounted for

129 **sweet beef** plump, fresh, unsalted beef **good angel** guardian angel

131 **double labour** i.e., first taking it, then returning it

133 **exchequer** royal treasury **with unwashed hands** straight away/without scruple

136 **charge of foot** command of an infantry company

138 **unprovided** ill-equipped (for villainous exploits)

139 **they…virtuous** i.e., by causing war, which provides opportunities for theft and profiteering **laud** celebrate, praise

147 **Temple hall** the Inner Temple at one of the London Inns of Court (where young men studied law)

149 **charge** company, regiment

150 **furniture** equipment

153 **Rare** marvelous **Brave** splendid

154 **tavern…drum** Falstaff wishes he might remain at the inn; a drum summoned soldiers to battle (possible pun on tavern/"taborin," a type of drum)

Act 4 Scene 1

4.1 ***Location:*** *the rebel camp near Shrewsbury*

2 **fine** over-refined

3 **attribution** honor, praise

4 **As not a** that no other **season's stamp** year's design or mint (coinage term)

5 **general current** generally accepted (continues coining imagery)

6 **defy** reject, challenge

7 **soothers** flatterers **braver** more honorable

9 **task** hold **approve me** prove, test

11 **breathes…ground** lives

12 **beard** i.e., challenge, defy (literally, pull insultingly by the beard)

14 **but** only

19 **jostling** clashing, contentious **power** army

20 **government** leadership

21 **bears** contain/reveal **I his mind** this Folio reading makes sense, though it is cheeky for the messenger to answer back in this way; most modern editors emend to "not I, my lord"

22 **keep** keep to

25 **He…by** his health was much feared for

26 **would** wish **state of time** present situation **whole** sound, healthy

28 **better worth** more important

31 **catching hither** contagious even here

32 **inward sickness** possibly an incomplete line, or one that expresses Hotspur's hasty manner of speaking

33 **by deputation** through those acting on his behalf

34 **drawn** drawn together, assembled **meet** fitting, appropriate

35 **dear** important

37 **bold advertisement** resolute advice/advice to be resolute

38 **conjunction** combined forces **on** proceed

41 **possessed** informed

43 **maim** serious injury

45 **present want** absence now

46 **more…it** worse than it will actually prove to be

47 **set** hazard, stake

48 **cast** throw of the dice **main** army/gambling stake

49 **nice hazard** delicate risk/precarious game of dice **doubtful** uncertain

50 **read** discern

51 **very bottom** full extent

52 **list** limit **bound** extent, boundary

55 **reversion** back-up, something to be relied on (literally, future inheritance)

58 **retirement** something to fall back on/peace, seclusion

59 **rendezvous** retreat, refuge

60 **big** threateningly, menacingly

61 **maidenhead** beginning, first trial (literally, virginity)

63 **hair** nature

64 **Brooks** tolerates

66 **loyalty** i.e., to the king **mere** absolute

68 **apprehension** thought, perception

69 **fearful faction** (rebel) alliances that generate fear/frightened groups (of rebel sympathizers)

70 **question** doubt, mistrust

71 **off'ring** challenging, aggressing

72 **strict arbitrement** close scrutiny, rigorous judgment

73 **loop** loophole, aperture

75 **draws** opens

78 **strain too far** exaggerate

79 **make this use** find this advantage

80 **opinion** renown, prestige

81 **dare** boldness

83 **make a head** raise an army

86 **Yet** still **joints** limbs

87 **As…think** i.e., as can possibly be wished

93 **No harm** i.e., that doesn't matter

96 **intended** is about to leave

97 **preparation** equipped military force

100 **daffed** tossed carelessly

102 **furnished** equipped

103 **estridges** ostriches (presumably the men's helmets are adorned with feathers)

104 **Bated** fluttered

105 **golden coats** sleeveless outer garments richly adorned with heraldic arms, worn over armor **images** gilded statues/emblems

107 **gorgeous** brightly colored, magnificent

108 **Wanton** wild, frolicsome, carefree

109 **beaver** helmet (technically, the visor)

110 **cuisses** thigh armor

111 **feathered Mercury** Roman messenger of the gods, usually depicted with wings on cap and sandals

112 **seat** i.e., saddle

114 **wind** wheel about, turn **Pegasus** winged horse in Greek mythology

115 **witch** bewitch

117 **agues** violent fevers thought to be bred or worsened by the early spring sun

118 **trim** finery, adornment (like animals garlanded for sacrifice)

119 **maid…war** Bellona, the Roman goddess of war

121 **mailèd Mars** Roman god of war, clad in armor

123 **reprisal** prize

131 **Worcester** English town on the River Severn

132 **draw…days** gather his forces for a fortnight

135 **What…unto?** What is the total number of the king’s troops?

139 **powers of us** forces we have **serve** suffice for

140 **muster** roll call

141 **Doomsday** Judgment Day

142 **out of** free from

143 **this one-half year** six months; Douglas does not expect to die within this period

Act 4 Scene 2

4.2 ***Location:*** *the road (they are traveling, probably along the Roman road Watling Street from London to Shrewsbury via Coventry, a Midlands town near Stratford-upon-Avon)*

1 **get** thee before you go on ahead

2 **Sutton Coldfield** Warwickshire town twenty miles northwest of Coventry

4 **Lay out** pay for it yourself

5 **makes** brings the amount you owe me to (Falstaff responds to the sense of “creates”) **angel** a gold coin variously worth between 6s 8d and 10s

7 **answer the coinage** be responsible for the validity of the coins

9 **soused gurnet** type of pickled fish/drunkard

10 **press** power of conscription **I…pounds** Falstaff has allowed those who can afford it to buy their way out **of** being soldiers of for

11 **good** substantial, wealthy **yeomen’s sons** the sons of freeholders of small landed estates

12 **inquire me out** ask for, seek **contracted** engaged (to be married)

13 **banns** public notice of the intention to marry, announced in church on three successive Sundays; the bachelors here are to be married soon

commodity portion, quantity **warm** comfortably off/sexually eager **lieve** soon

drum i.e., customarily sounded to enlist recruits or call men to battle

14 **caliver** musket, lightweight firearm

15 **toasts-and-butter** milksops, pampered fellows **hearts…heads** i.e., those with little appetite for fighting

16 **bought…services** bribed Falstaff to be exempted from military service

17 **charge** command, unit **ancients** ensigns, i.e., soldiers who carried military banners (plays on the sense of “elderly people”) **gentlemen of companies** gentlemen soldiers without formal rank

18 **Lazarus…sores** refers to the biblical story of the beggar Lazarus and the contemptuous rich man (Luke 16:19–21) **painted cloth** cheap wall hanging depicting the biblical tale

19 **discarded unjust serving-men** dismissed dishonest servants

20 **younger…brothers** i.e., those with no hope of a substantial inheritance

revolted tapsters apprentice barmen who have run away from their masters

ostlers trade-fallen out-of-work stablemen

21 **cankers** ulcers/parasites

22 **ancient** military banner

23 **rooms** places

24 **prodigals** in the biblical parable, the prodigal (extravagant) son wasted his inheritance and was reduced to feeding with the pigs

25 **draff and husks** pigswill and corn husks

26 **gibbets** gallows

28 **gyves** leg irons, shackles

31 **herald's…sleeves** the tabard was a sleeveless outer garment open down the sides

32 **Saint Albans** town along Watling Street about twenty-five miles north of London **Daventry** Northamptonshire town southeast of Coventry

33 **find…hedge** i.e., they'll steal clothes left to dry on hedgerows

34 **blown** swollen/short of breath **quilt** padded covering/fat man (plays on Falstaff's name, Jack, which could also mean a padded tunic worn instead of armor

36 **cry you mercy** beg your pardon

39 **looks for** expects

41 **fear** doubt

43 **butter** i.e., fat

46 **toss** throw away/impale on a pike **food for powder** cannon-fodder

47 **pit** mass grave **as well as better** just as well as better men would **Tush** exclamation of contempt

48 **bare** poorly clothed/inadequately equipped (Falstaff shifts the sense to "bare-boned, thin")

52 **three…ribs** three fingers' depth of fat covering his ribs; a "finger" measured three quarters of an inch

53 **field** battlefield

55 **stay** delay

57 **To…guest** i.e., the end of a fight and the beginning of a feast is the best time to arrive for one keener on eating than fighting (proverbial)

Act 4 Scene 3

4.3 ***Location:*** *the rebel camp near Shrewsbury*

1 **him** i.e., the king

3 **then** in that case, if you wait

5 **Looks…supply?** Is he not expecting reinforcements?

13 **maintain** justify, support, prove

14 **well-respected** well-considered **bid me on** urges me forward

15 **counsel** conference

23 **leading** leadership

25 **drag** hold **expedition** speedy action **horse** horses, cavalry

28 **pride and mettle** spirit and liveliness

30 **That…himself** so that none of the horses is even a quarter of its normal strength

32 **journey-bated** exhausted by travelling

35 ***parley*** trumpet summons to negotiation between enemy forces

37 **vouchsafe** permit **respect** consideration

39 **determination** mind, conviction

40 **even those some** those very people

42 **quality** party

44 **defend** forbid

45 **out of limit** past the bounds of natural order and allegiance

46 **anointed** i.e., rightful, legitimate (having been marked with holy oil as part of the coronation ceremony)

47 **charge** duty, task

48 **griefs** grievances, complaints **whereupon** on what grounds

49 **conjure** call forth (with connotations of magical invocation and bewitchment)

51 **If that** if

52 **deserts** deservings, merits

55 **with interest** and more in addition

57 **suggestion** prompting, incitement

62 **was…strong** had fewer than twenty-six followers

63 **Sick…regard** suffering poor public reputation

64 **unminded** disregarded **outlaw** Richard II had banished Henry Bullingbrook; he returned following his father’s death and Richard’s seizure

of his land and titles

68 **sue his livery** legally claim his right to inherit his father's lands and title **beg his peace** seek reconciliation with King Richard

69 **terms of zeal** i.e., eager assurances of loyalty

74 **more…knee** those of higher and lower social status offered him allegiance—with cap in hand and knees bent in a bow/kneeling

76 **Attended** awaited/accompanied **lanes** paths/rows

78 **heirs…followed** punctuated thus in Folio, but most editors emend to "heirs as pages, followed," thus altering the sense

79 **golden** splendidly or brightly dressed/celebratory, joyous/rich, abundant

80 **presently** soon **greatness knows itself** those in power come to understand their situation

81 **Steps…higher** becomes more ambitious

82 **his…poor** he was still humble/before he was king

84 **forsooth** in truth, perhaps used ironically here

85 **strait** harsh, strict

87 **Cries…abuses** condemns corruption, draws attention to wrongs

91 **cut…favourites** Richard's favorite courtiers were beheaded **cut me** cut (me is emphatic)

93 **In deputation** as his deputies

94 **was personal in** went in person to

99 **in…of** on the strength of/immediately after **tasked** taxed

100 **March** the Earl of March, Edmund Mortimer

101 **if…placed** if every claimant were entitled to occupy their rightful position

102 **engaged** held hostage

103 **forfeited** abandoned

104 **Disgraced…victories** i.e., by demanding my prisoners, the King turned my triumphs into disgrace

105 **intelligence** spying

106 **Rated** chided angrily, dismissed

110 **head of safety** defensive army **withal** furthermore **pry…title** examine his claim (to the throne)

112 **indirect** insufficiently direct in the line of succession/devious, irregular **for long continuance** to last long

115 **impawned** pledged, held in pawn

116 **surety** guarantee

119 **accept…love** i.e., be reconciled

Act 4 Scene 4

4.4 ***Location:*** *unspecified; presumably in the Archbishop of York's palace* ***Sir Michael*** presumably a priest or a knight; "sir" can be a courtesy title for clergymen

1 **Hie** go quickly **brief** letter, dispatch

4 **directed** addressed

5 **much…import** much information they contain/important they are

7 **tenor** substance, drift

8 **Like** likely

11 **bide the touch** be put to the test (as gold is tested with a touchstone)

14 **Lord Harry** i.e., Hotspur

16 **power…proportion** army was of the greatest size/importance

18 **rated firmly** considered to be strong, a powerful source of support

19 **comes not in** does not participate **o'er-ruled by prophecies** i.e., he is staying away due to unfavorable predictions of events

21 **instant trial** immediate test of strength

26 **head** force, army

29 **special head** exceptional military leadership

32 **corrivals** partners **dear** honorable/valuable

33 **estimation** worth, reputation

37 **thrive** flourish, succeed

39 **confederacy** league, conspiracy (with the rebels)

40 **make strong** strengthen our defenses

Act 5 Scene 1

5.1 ***Location:*** *the king's camp near Shrewsbury*

2 **busky** bush-covered

3 **distemperature** unhealthy, unnatural appearance

5 **the trumpet** part of trumpeter or herald

9 **foul** gloomy, bad (weather)

13 **doff** take off **easy** comfortable

14 **ungentle steel** hard, uncomfortable steel armor

16 **unknit** undo

17 **churlish** rude, ungracious, base

18 **orb** orbit, sphere

20 **exhaled meteor** meteors were believed to be formed of vapors drawn from the earth ("exhaled") by the sun; they were considered bad omens

21 **prodigy** omen/unnatural thing

22 **broachèd** already begun **mischief** evil, calamity **unborn times** future

25 **entertain** occupy **lag-end** latter part

27 **dislike** animosity, discord

30 **chewet** chough, jackdaw, i.e., chatterer/minced meat or fish pie

33 **remember** remind

35 **staff of office** Worcester had been steward of the king's household

36 **posted** rode speedily

39 **Nothing** nowhere near

41 **brought** escorted, accompanied **outdare** defy

43 **Doncaster** town in the northeast of England

44 **did…state** had no intention of threatening the realm

45 **new-fall'n right** recently inherited title (after his father's death)

46 **seat** estate **Gaunt** John of Gaunt, Henry's father

51 **injuries** abuses, wrongdoing **wanton** ungoverned, poorly managed

52 **seeming sufferances** apparent wrongs

53 **contrarious** opposing, unfavorable

54 **unlucky** ill-fated

55 **repute** believe him to be

57 **occasion** the opportunity **wooed** persuaded

58 **gripe** grip, grasp **general sway** overall power

61 **ungentle gull** cruel/dishonorable young bird **cuckoo's…sparrow** the cuckoo lays its eggs in other birds' nests to be hatched and fed; cuckoo chicks are much bigger and eventually take over the nest

64 **our love** those of us who loved you **durst not** did not dare

65 **swallowing** being eaten

68 **opposèd…means** in opposition to you as a result of such factors

70 **unkind** cruel/unnatural

71 **troth** honesty, integrity

72 **younger** earlier, original

75 **face** adorn, cover

76 **colour** hue/pretexts, pretence

77 **changelings** turncoats, changeable people **discontents** discontented persons

78 **rub the elbow** hug themselves in pleasure

79 **hurly burly** chaotic **innovation** novelty, change, revolution

80 **want** need, lack

81 **water-colours** watery deceptions **impaint** paint, color

82 **moody** sullen, angry

83 **havoc** plundering, violent disorder

84 **both our** i.e., the king's and the rebels'

86 **trial** battle

88 **by my hopes** i.e., of salvation

89 **set…head** not counted against him

90 **braver** finer/more courageous

93 **latter** recent, present

97 **this** I say this

98 **odds** advantages

99 **estimation** reputation

102 **venture** hazard, risk

103 **Albeit** despite the fact that

104 **make** weigh, argue

106 **cousin's** relative's (i.e., nephew's)

107 **grace** pardon

112 **Rebuke** shame, disgrace **dread correction** terrible punishment **wait on us** are at my command

113 **office** duty, task

115 **fair** fairly, fair terms **take it advisedly** consider it carefully

119 **charge** command/company, unit/responsibility

120 **on their answer** once we’ve had their answer, i.e., refusal of the terms

122 **bestride** stand astride a fallen man in order to defend him **so** thus—presumably Falstaff demonstrates the gesture

124 **colossus** giant; the Colossus of Rhodes, a gigantic statue of Apollo, supposedly stood astride the entrance to the harbor

127 **death** proverbial; puns on “debt”

129 **forward** eager **pricks** spurs

130 **pricks me off** marks me down (for a dead man) **set…leg** join together, set a broken leg

131 **grief** pain

133 **trim** fine, neat

134 **insensible** cannot be felt by the senses

135 **Detraction** slander

136 **scutcheon** heraldic shield, decorated with coats of arms and often used at funerals **catechism** set series of questions and answers (used as a form of instruction by the Church)

Act 5 Scene 2

5.2 ***Location:*** *the rebel camp near Shrewsbury, then the battlefield*

4 **undone** ruined

7 **still** always

9 **Supposition** notions, uncertainty, speculation **stuck…eyes** always watching, suspicious

11 **ne’er so tame** however tame he appears

12 **trick** trait

13 **Look…can** however one appears **or** either

14 **misquote** falsely report, misinterpret

16 **The…death** refers to the fact that oxen are fattened up before being killed

17 **trespass** wrongdoing, transgression

19 **adopted…privilege** nickname, which gives him licence (i.e., Hotspur, signifying rash impulsiveness)

20 **hare-brained** reckless, rash **spleen** violent bad temper (from the abdominal organ regarded as the location of strong emotion)

21 **live upon** shall be blamed on

22 **train** lead

23 **ta’en** derived, caught (like an infectious disease)

24 **spring** source

26 **In any case** whatever happens

27 **Deliver…so** say what you like, I’ll agree

30 **Deliver up** release—Westmorland has been held as surety for Worcester’s safe return

32 **battle** to engage in battle

33 **Defy him by** send our defiant response through

36 **seeming** apparent

38 **gently** with dignity, like a gentleman

39 **mended** improved on, contributed to

40 **forswearing…forsworn** falsely swearing that he had not broken his word

41 **scourge** punish

43 **Arm** prepare, put on your armor

45 **engaged** held as hostage **bear** convey

49 **would…heads** if only the quarrel was just between the two of us

50 **draw short breath** become out of breath (from fighting)/die

51 **Monmouth** nickname for the prince; the name of the town on the Welsh-English border where he was born

54 **urged** proposed

56 **gentle** honorable/not excessively violent **proof of arms** trial of fighting skills

57 **duties of** respect due to

58 **Trimmed…praises** adorned his praise of you

59 **chronicle** factual historical account

60 **Making…you** increasing your worth since no praise of his could do justice to your merits

63 **blushing cital** modest account

64 **chid** rebuked, condemned **truant** neglectful, misspent

65 **double…instantly** two sides of himself, both teacher and pupil, at the same time

68 **envy** malice, hostility

69 **owe** own

70 **wantonness** wild, dissolute behavior

72 **On** of

73 **so…liberty** who indulged in so much lawless freedom, wild behavior

76 **shrink…courtesy** be overwhelmed by my degree of courtesy/collapse, be wounded by me

78 **Better…persuasion** you are better off thinking for yourselves about what you have to do than expecting me, who lacks the gift of eloquence, to try to rouse your spirits

84 **To…hour** a life spent basely goes on for too long even if it only lasts an hour **If** even if **dial's point** hand of a clock

88 **brave** glorious

89 **fair** justifiable

91 **apace** swiftly

92 **cuts me** forces me to break off

93 **profess not** don't claim to be expert at

95 **temper** character/degree of hardness

97 **adventure** risky venture

98 ***Esperance!*** hope (French; part of the Percy family motto)

99 **instruments** i.e., trumpets, drums

101 **heaven to earth** I'll wager heaven against earth (i.e., something eternal and valuable against something transitory and unimportant) [and exeunt] most editions introduce a scene break here, but Folio does not have one and the action continues, with the imaginary location shifting seamlessly from rebel camp to battlefield ***Alarum*** call to battle (played on a trumpet) ***dressed like the King*** wearing the king's colors, Blunt is acting as a decoy. Most editors introduce a scene break at this stage direction, since the stage is momentarily bare and the imaginary location shifts from the rebel camp to the battlefield, but in the early texts and on stage the action is continuous

107 **haunt** follow

110 **dear** at great cost **bought thy likeness** paid for appearing like you (i.e., Stafford was also dressed like the king)

117 **Holmedon** town in Northumberland

122 **full** extremely

124 **Semblably furnished** similarly dressed and armed

128 **marching…coats** wearing the same clothing as him coats sleeveless outer garments adorned with heraldic arms, worn over armor

133 **stand…day** seem likely to win the battle ***solus*** alone

134 **shot-free** without paying the tavern bill/without getting shot

135 **scoring** adding to tavern bill/being wounded **pate** head

136 **Here's no vanity!** There's no self-conceit or concern for frivolity in death! **molten** melted

137 **lead** i.e., bullets **bowels** guts, stomach

138 **ragamuffins** i.e., his ragged company of soldiers **peppered** shot and killed; this would enable Falstaff to pocket his soldiers' pay

139 **town's end** outskirts of the town where beggars congregate

142 **vaunting** bragging, vainglorious

145 **Turk Gregory** Pope Gregory VII or XIII; both had violent reputations **Turk** violent barbarian

146 **paid** repaid, settled with (i.e., killed)

147 **sure** i.e., dead, but the prince shifts the sense to "out of danger"

151 **case** holster

152 **hot** Falstaff claims it has recently been fired frequently **sack** destroy ***out*** i.e., from Falstaff's holster

154 **pierce** pronounced "perse"—the word puns on "Percy" **so** so be it/thus—presumably miming his action

155 **carbonado** dish of scored, grilled meat **grinning honour** i.e., the sort of honor Blunt has earned, whose expression is now fixed as death stiffens his facial muscles

156 **so** all well and good

157 **unlooked for** without being sought, unexpectedly **an end** death/of my speech

Act 5 Scene 3

5.3 ***Location:*** *the battlefield at Shrewsbury Excursions* outbursts of fighting moving across the stage

5 **make up** advance, bring up your forces

6 **retirement** retreat, insufficiently aggressive strategy **amaze** alarm, bewilder

13 **stained** bloodstained (may play on sense of “dishonored”)

15 **breathe** rest, pause

21 **point** i.e., of his sword

22 **lustier maintenance** more vigorous bearing

23 **ungrown** immature; historically, John was thirteen at the time of the battle

24 **mettle** courage, spirit

25 **Hydra’s heads** in Greek mythology, the Hydra was a monster that grew two heads for every one that was cut off

27 **colours** i.e., the king’s

28 **counterfeit’st** impersonates

30 **shadows** reflections/those in disguise, actors

31 **very** real, true

32 **Seek** who seek

34 **assay** test

37 **mine** my victim, conquest

39 **like** likely

41 **are…arms** lend strength to my arms

43 **pay** settle the debt/kill ***flieth*** runs away

44 **Cheerly** expression of encouragement

48 **opinion** reputation

49 **mak’st…life** have some care for my life

52 **hearkened** waited eagerly for, sought

54 **insulting** threatening, harmful/boastful, contemptuous

58 **Make up to** move your forces forward

66 **motion** course, trajectory, orbit **sphere** orbit; stars and planets were thought to be contained within crystalline spheres

67 **brook** endure

71 **name in arms** military reputation

73 **budding…crest** literally, chivalric favors decorating his helmet; figuratively, his glorious reputation

75 **vanities** vain boasts

76 **said** done ***killeth*** i.e., fatally wounds

79 **brittle** fragile

80 **titles** claims to honor

84 **prophesy** conventional belief held that the dying were able to foretell the future

89 **Ill-weaved** devious, tangled

91 **too…bound** insufficient to contain it

94 **stout** strong, valiant

95 **sensible** aware

96 **show of zeal** expression of feeling

97 **favours** chivalric tokens worn on his helmet

101 **ignominy** shame

106 **heavy…thee** miss you greatly (heavy plays on the sense of “weighty, fat”)

109 **dearer** more noble/more valuable

110 **Emboweled** disemboweled (in preparation for embalming)

111 **in blood** in his own blood (plays on hunting term; a deer that was in blood was vigorous and full of life)

112 **powder** embalm/preserve in salt (like venison)

113 **termagant** savage, violent

114 **scot and lot** in full

117 **discretion** good judgment

118 **gunpowder** i.e., fiery, explosive

121 **confutes** refutes, contradicts

124 **fleshed** initiated into fighting (plays on the sense of “sexual initiated”; from the practice of feeding hunting dogs raw meat to excite them)

125 **maiden** virgin, previously unused **sword** with phallic connotations

130 **fantasy** illusion, imagination

134 **double man** ghost/two men (referring to the fact he carries Hotspur on his back)

135 **jack** knave

139 **at an instant** simultaneously

140 **Shrewsbury clock** perhaps referring to an actual clock (e.g., the church clock), or a metaphorical phrase

141 **take't…death** swear as though I were about to die and my soul depended upon it

146 **luggage** i.e., Hotspur

147 **do thee grace** bring you honor

148 **gild** embellish **happiest** most favorable **retreat** specific trumpet call signaling retreat

149 **the…ours** we have won

150 **highest** highest vantage point

153 **do…less** become a powerful nobleman/I'll slim down **purge** repent, purify myself/take laxatives or emetics to cause weight loss **leave** give up

Act 5 Scene 4

1 **rebuke** punishment

2 **Ill-spirited** wicked, evil-hearted **grace** good will, forgiveness

4 **turn…contrary** report the opposite

5 **Misuse** abuse **tenor** character, nature

6 **upon our party** on our side

10 **true intelligence** honest information

11 **safety** concern for personal safety

14 **the death** execution

15 **pause upon** think about, consider their fates

16 **field** battlefield

20 **Upon…fear** running away in fear

22 **took** seized, arrested

24 **dispose of** decide what to do with

27 **honourable bounty** the honor of this act of generosity

29 **to his pleasure** to do as he pleases

30 **crests** helmets

31 **high** noble

32 **Even…adversaries** in Quarto, Prince John replies before the king's closing speech: "I thank your grace for this high courtesy, / Which I shall give away immediately." ("give away": undertake, pass on [to Douglas])

33 **power** army

35 **bend you** direct your course **dearest** utmost

36 **prelate** ecclesiastical dignitary (i.e., the Archbishop of York, Richard Scroop)

37 **busily in arms** engaged in preparing for battle

41 **check** curb, reprimand **such another day** another battle like today's

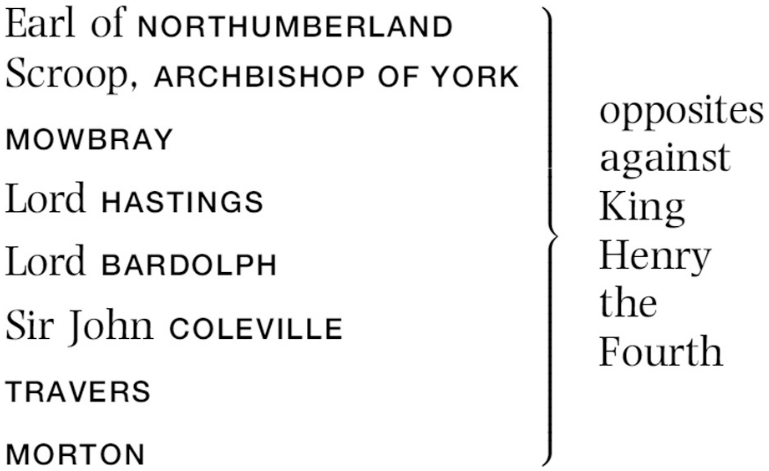
42 **fair** successfully

43 **leave** stop **all…won** everything that rightfully belongs to us is under our control (won puns on "one")

THE SECOND PART OF HENRY THE FOURTH,

Containing His Death and the Coronation of King Henry the Fifth*

RUMOUR, the presenter
KING HENRY IV
PRINCE HENRY, later King Henry V, also known as Hal or Harry Monmouth
Prince John of LANCASTER, brother to the prince
Humphrey, Duke of GLOUCESTER, a younger brother
Thomas, Duke of CLARENCE, a younger brother



Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND Scroop, ARCHBISHOP OF YORK MOWBRAY Lord HASTINGS Lord BARDOLPH Sir John COLEVILLE TRAVERS MORTON	opposites against King Henry the Fourth

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND, Northumberland’s wife
LADY PERCY, Northumberland’s daughter-in-law, widow of Henry Percy known as Hotspur
Northumberland’s PORTER

Earl of WARWICK
Earl of SURREY
Earl of WESTMORLAND
HARCOURT
Sir John BLUNT
GOWER
of the king's party

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE and his SERVANT

Sir John FALSTAFF
BARDOLPH
PISTOL
Edward or Ned POINS
PETO
Sir John's PAGE
irregular humorists

HOSTESS QUICKLY, landlady of a tavern
DOLL TEARSHEET
FRANCIS, a drawer
WILLIAM, a drawer
SECOND DRAWER
SHALLOW, a country Justice of the Peace
SILENCE, his kinsman, another Justice of the Peace
DAVY, servant to Shallow

RALPH MOULDY
SIMON SHADOW
THOMAS WART
FRANCIS FEEBLE
PETER BULLCALF
country soldiers

FANG, a constable
SNARE, his yeoman or assistant
Page to the King, Messengers, Servants, Musicians, Grooms, Beadles, Soldiers, Attendants
Speaker of the EPILOGUE

Induction[1.1]

Enter Rumour

RUMOUR Open your ears, for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing[2] when loud Rumour speaks?
I, from the orient[3] to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse,[4] still unfold
The acts[5] commencèd on this ball of earth.
Upon my tongue continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of them with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity
Under the smile of safety wounds the world.
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful[12] musters and prepared defence
Whilst the big[13] year, swoll’n with some other griefs,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And[15] no such matter? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies,[16] conjectures
And of[17] so easy and so plain a stop
That the blunt[18] monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant[19] wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize[21]
Among my household?[22] Why is Rumour here?
I run before King Harry’s victory,[23]
Who in a bloody field[24] by Shrewsbury
Hath beaten down young Hotspur[25] and his troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels’ blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first? My office[28] is
To noise abroad that Harry Monmouth[29] fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur’s sword,
And that the king before the Douglas’[31] rage
Stooped his anointed[32] head as low as death.

This have I rumoured through the peasant[33] towns
Between the royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hold[35] of ragged stone,
Where Hotspur’s father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-sick.[37] The posts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than[39] they have learned of me. From Rumour’s tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs.[40]

Exit

Act 1 Scene [1][1.1]

running scene 1

Enter Lord Bardolph and the Porter [separately]

LORD BARDOLPH Who keeps[1] the gate here, ho?
Where is the earl?

PORTER What[3] shall I say you are?

LORD BARDOLPH Tell thou the earl
That the lord Bardolph doth attend[5] him here.

PORTER His[6] lordship is walked forth into the orchard.
Please it[7] your honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer.

Enter Northumberland

LORD BARDOLPH Here comes the earl.

[Exit Porter]

NORTHUMBERLAND What news, Lord Bardolph? Every minute now
Should be the father of some stratagem;[11]
The times are wild:[12] contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding,[13] madly hath broke loose
And bears down[14] all before him.

LORD BARDOLPH Noble earl,
I bring you certain[16] news from Shrewsbury.

NORTHUMBERLAND Good, an[17] heaven will!

LORD BARDOLPH As good as heart can wish:
The king is almost wounded to the death
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,[20]
Prince Harry slain outright, and both the Blunts[21]
Killed by the hand of Douglas, young Prince John[22]
And Westmorland[23] and Stafford fled the field,
And Harry Monmouth's brawn,[24] the hulk Sir John,
Is prisoner to your son. O, such a day,
So fought, so followed[26] and so fairly won,
Came not till now to dignify the times
Since Caesar's fortunes![28]

NORTHUMBERLAND How[29] is this derived?

Saw you the field? Came you from Shrewsbury?
LORD BARDOLPH I spake with one, my lord, that came from thence,
A gentleman well bred and of good name,
That freely rendered[33] me these news for true.
NORTHUMBERLAND Here comes my servant Travers,[34] whom I sent
On Tuesday last to listen after news.
Enter Travers
LORD BARDOLPH My lord, I over-rode[36] him on the way,
And he is furnished with no certainties
More than he haply[38] may retail from me.
NORTHUMBERLAND Now, Travers, what good tidings comes from you?
TRAVERS My lord, Sir John Umfrevile[40] turned me back
With joyful tidings; and, being better horsed,
Outrode[42] me. After him came spurring hard
A gentleman, almost forspent[43] with speed,
That stopped by me to breathe[44] his bloodied horse.
He asked the way to Chester,[45] and of him
I did demand what news from Shrewsbury:
He told me that rebellion had ill luck
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.
With that, he gave his able[49] horse the head,
And bending forwards struck his able[50] heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade[51]
Up to the rowel-head,[52] and starting so
He seemed in running to devour the way,[53]
Staying[54] no longer question.
NORTHUMBERLAND Ha? Again:
Said he young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
Of Hotspur Coldspur? That rebellion
Had met ill luck?
LORD BARDOLPH My lord, I'll tell you what:
If my young lord your son have[60] not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a silken point[61]
I'll give my barony.[62] Never talk of it.
NORTHUMBERLAND Why should the gentleman that rode by Travers
Give then such instances[64] of loss?

LORD BARDOLPH Who, he?
He was some hilding[66] fellow that had stolen
The horse he rode on, and, upon my life,
Spoke at a venture.[68] Look, here comes more news.
Enter Morton
NORTHUMBERLAND Yea, this man’s brow, like to a title-leaf,[69]
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume:
So looks the strand[71] when the imperious flood
Hath left a witnessed usurpation.[72]—
Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?
MORTON I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord,
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask
To fright our party.
NORTHUMBERLAND How doth my son and brother?
Thou trembl’st; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter[79] than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even[80] such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew[82] Priam’s curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was burned.
But Priam found the fire ere[84] he his tongue,
And I my Percy’s death ere thou report’st it.
This thou wouldst say, ‘Your son did thus and thus.
Your brother thus. So fought the noble Douglas’,
Stopping[88] my greedy ear with their bold deeds.
But in the end, to stop[89] mine ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with ‘Brother, son, and all are dead.’
MORTON Douglas is living, and your brother, yet.
But, for my lord your son—
NORTHUMBERLAND Why, he is dead.
See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He that but fears the thing he would not know
Hath by instinct knowledge from others’ eyes
That what he feared is chanced.[98] Yet speak, Morton —
Tell thou thy earl his divination[99] lies,

And I will take it as a sweet disgrace
And make thee rich for doing[101] me such wrong.
MORTON You are too great to be by me gainsaid:[102]
Your spirit[103] is too true, your fears too certain.
NORTHUMBERLAND Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.
I see a strange confession in thine eye:
Thou shak'st thy head and hold'st[106] it fear or sin
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so:
The tongue offends not that reports his death.
And he doth sin that doth belie[109] the dead,
Not he which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office,[112] and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen[113] bell,
Rememb'red knolling[114] a departing friend.
LORD BARDOLPH I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.
MORTON I am sorry I should force you to believe
That which I would[117] to heaven I had not seen.
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rend'ring faint quittance,[119] wearied and out-breathed,
To Henry Monmouth, whose swift wrath beat down
The never-daunted[121] Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprung up.
In few,[123] his death, whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,
Being bruited[125] once, took fire and heat away
From the best tempered[126] courage in his troops,
For from his mettle[127] was his party steeled;
Which once in him abated,[128] all the rest
Turned on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement[131] flies with greatest speed,
So did our men, heavy in[132] Hotspur's loss,
Lend[133] to this weight such lightness with their fear
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,

Fly from the field. Then was the noble Worcester[136]
Too soon ta’en prisoner. And that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring[138] sword
Had three times slain th’appearance of the king,[139]
’Gan[140] vail his stomach and did grace the shame
Of those that turned their backs, and in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
Is that the king hath won, and hath sent out
A speedy power[144] to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster[145]
And Westmorland. This is the news at[146] full.

NORTHUMBERLAND For this I shall have time enough to mourn.
In poison there is physic,[148] and this news,
Having been well, that would have made me sick,
Being sick, have in[150] some measure made me well.
And as the wretch, whose fever-weakened joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient[153] of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper’s[154] arms, even so my limbs,
Weakened[155] with grief, being now enraged with grief,
Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou nice[156] crutch!

Throws down his crutch

A scaly gauntlet[157] now with joints of steel
Must glove this hand. And hence, thou sickly coif![158] *Throws down his nightcap*
Thou art a guard too wanton[159] for the head
Which princes, fleshed[160] with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron, and approach
The ragged’st[162] hour that time and spite dare bring
To frown upon th’enraged Northumberland!
Let heaven kiss earth! Now let not Nature’s hand
Keep the wild flood confined! Let order die!
And let the world no longer be a stage
To feed contention[167] in a ling’ring act,
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain[168]
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set

On bloody courses, the rude[170] scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead!
LORD BARDOLPH Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.
MORTON The lives of all your loving complices[173]
Lean on your health, the which, if you give o’er[174]
To stormy passion,[175] must perforce decay.
You cast th’event[176] of war, my noble lord,
And summed[177] the account of chance, before you said ‘
Let us make head.’[178] It was your presurmise
That in the dole[179] of blows, your son might drop.
You knew he walked o’er perils on an edge,[180]
More likely to fall in than to get o’er:
You were advised[182] his flesh was capable
Of wounds and scars and that his forward[183] spirit
Would lift him where most trade of[184] danger ranged:
Yet did you say ‘Go forth’, and none of this,
Though strongly apprehended,[186] could restrain
The stiff-borne[187] action. What hath then befallen,
Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,
More than that being which was like[189] to be?
LORD BARDOLPH We all that are engagèd to[190] this loss
Knew that we ventured on such dangerous seas
That if[192] we wrought our life was ten to one.
And yet we ventured, for the gain proposed
Choked the respect[194] of likely peril feared.
And since we are o’erset,[195] venture again.
Come, we will all put forth,[196] body and goods.
MORTON ’Tis[197] more than time. And, my most noble lord,
I hear for certain, and do speak the truth:
The gentle[199] Archbishop of York is up
With well-appointed powers.[200] He is a man
Who with a double surety[201] binds his followers.
My lord your son had only but the corpse,[202]
But[203] shadows and the shows of men, to fight,
For that same word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls,

And they did fight with queasiness,[206] constrained,
As[207] men drink potions, that their weapons only
Seemed on our side. But, for their spirits and souls,
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond. But now the bishop
Turns insurrection to religion.[211]
Supposed[212] sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He’s followed both with body and with mind,
And doth enlarge his rising[214] with the blood
Of fair King Richard, scraped from Pomfret stones:
Derives from heaven his quarrel and his cause:
Tells them he doth bestride[217] a bleeding land,
Gasping for life under great Bullingbrook:[218]
And more and less[219] do flock to follow him.

NORTHUMBERLAND I knew of this before. But, to speak truth,
This present grief had wiped it from my mind.
Go in with me, and counsel every man
The aptest[223] way for safety and revenge.
Get posts[224] and letters, and make friends with speed.
Never so few, nor never yet more need.

Exeunt

Act 1 Scene [2][1.2]

running scene 2

Enter Falstaff and Page

FALSTAFF Sirrah,[1] you giant, what says the doctor to my water?

PAGE He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water, but, for the party that owed[3] it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

FALSTAFF Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at[4] me. The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent anything that tends to laughter, more than I invent or is invented on me. I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee like a sow that hath o'erwhelmed[8] all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off,[9] why then I have no judgement. Thou whoreson mandrake,[10] thou art fitter to be worn in my cap than to wait at my heels. I was never manned with[11] an agate till now: but I will set you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send[12] you back again to your master, for a jewel — the juvenal,[13] the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledged. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand than he shall get one on his cheek, yet he will not stick[15] to say his face is a face-royal. Heaven may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amiss[16] yet. He may keep it still at a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing as if he had writ[17] man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace,[18] but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said Master Dombledon[19] about the satin for my short cloak and slops?[20]

PAGE He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance[21] than Bardolph: he would not take his bond and yours. He liked not the security.

FALSTAFF Let[23] him be damned, like the glutton! May his tongue be hotter! A whoreson Achitophel![24] A rascally yea-forsooth knave, to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand[25] upon security! The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high[26] shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles. And if a man is through[27] with them in honest taking up, then they must stand upon security. I had as lief[28] they would put ratsbane in my mouth as offer to stop it with security. I looked[29] he should have sent me two and twenty yards of satin, as I am true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security, for he hath the horn of abundance,[30] and the lightness[31] of his wife shines through it, and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lanthorn[32] to light him. Where's Bardolph?

PAGE He's gone into Smithfield[33] to buy your worship a horse.

FALSTAFF I bought him in Paul's,[34] and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield. If I could get me a wife in the stews,[35] I were manned, horsed, and wived.

Enter Chief Justice and Servant

PAGE Sir, here comes the nobleman[36] that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

FALSTAFF Wait, close.[38] I will not see him. ***Tries to sneak away***

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE What's he that goes there?

SERVANT Falstaff, an't[40] please your lordship.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE He that was in question for[41] the robbery?

SERVANT He, my lord. But he hath since done good service[42] at Shrewsbury, and, as I hear, is now going with some charge[43] to the lord John of Lancaster.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE What, to York? Call him back again.

SERVANT Sir John Falstaff!

FALSTAFF Boy, tell him I am deaf.

PAGE You must speak louder: my master is deaf.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE I am sure he is, to the hearing of anything good. Go, pluck him by the elbow, I must speak with him.

SERVANT Sir John!

FALSTAFF What? A young knave, and beg? Is there not wars?[51] Is there not employment? Doth not the king lack subjects? Do not the rebels want[52] soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worstr side, were[54] it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

SERVANT You mistake me, sir.

FALSTAFF Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? Setting[57] my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat,[58] if I had said so.

SERVANT I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside, and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat if you say I am any other than an honest man.

FALSTAFF I give thee leave to tell me so? I lay aside that which grows to[62] me? If thou gett'st any leave of me, hang me: if thou tak'st leave, thou wert better be hanged. You hunt counter,[64] hence! Avaunt!

SERVANT Sir, my lord would speak with you.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

FALSTAFF My good lord! Give your lordship good time of the day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad.[68] I heard say your lordship was sick. I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice.[69] Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack[70] of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time, and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverend[71] care of your health.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

FALSTAFF If it please your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE I talk not of his majesty: you would not come when I sent for you.

FALSTAFF And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.[77]

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE Well, heaven mend him! I pray, let me speak with you.

FALSTAFF This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, a sleeping of the blood, a whoreson tingling.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE What[81] tell you me of it? Be it as it is.

FALSTAFF It hath it original[82] from much grief, from study and perturbation of the brain. I have read the cause of his effects in Galen:[83] it is a kind of deafness.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE I think you are fallen into the disease, for you hear not what I say to you.

FALSTAFF Very well, my lord, very well. Rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking,[87] that I am troubled withal.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE To punish[88] you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears, and I care not if I be your physician.

FALSTAFF I am as poor as Job,[90] my lord, but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me in[91] respect of poverty, but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise[92] may make some dram of a scruple, or indeed a scruple itself.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE I sent for you, when there were matters[94] against you for your life, to come speak with me.

FALSTAFF As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service,[96] I did not come.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

FALSTAFF He[99] that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE Your means[100] is very slender, and your waste great.

FALSTAFF I would it were otherwise: I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE You have misled the youthful prince.

FALSTAFF The young prince hath misled me. I[104] am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE Well, I am loath to gall[106] a new-healed wound: your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit[107] on Gad's Hill. You may thank the unquiet[108] time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

FALSTAFF My lord?

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

FALSTAFF To wake a wolf is as bad as to smell a fox.[111]

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE What? You are as a candle, the better[112] part burnt out.

FALSTAFF A wassail candle,[113] my lord, all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve[114] the truth.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE There is not a white hair on your face but should have his[115] effect of gravity.

FALSTAFF His effect of gravy,[117] gravy, gravy.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE You follow the young prince up and down, like his evil angel.[118]

FALSTAFF Not so, my lord, your ill angel is light:[119] but I hope he that looks upon me will take me without weighing.[120] And yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go: I cannot tell.[121] Virtue is of so little regard in these costermongers that true valour is turned bear-herd:[122] pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings:[123] all the other gifts appertinent to man — as the malice of this age shapes them — are not worth a gooseberry. You that are old consider not the capacities of us that are young. You measure the heat of our livers[125] with the bitterness of your galls.[126] And we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags[127] too.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters[129] of age? Have you not a moist eye? A dry hand? A yellow cheek? A white beard? A decreasing leg? An increasing belly? Is not your voice broken?[131] Your wind short? Your wit single? And every part about you blasted[132] with antiquity? And will you call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John.

FALSTAFF My lord, I was born with a white head and something a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it with halloing[134] and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not. The truth is, I am only old in judgement and understanding, and he that will caper with[136] me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him![137] For the box of th’ear that the prince gave you, he gave it like a rude[138] prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it, and the young lion repents; marry,[139] not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack.[140]

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE Well, heaven send the prince a better companion!

FALSTAFF Heaven send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE Well, the king hath severed you and Prince Harry. I hear you are going with Lord John of Lancaster against the archbishop and the Earl of Northumberland.

FALSTAFF Yes, I[146] thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray — all you that kiss my lady Peace at home — that our armies join not in a hot day, for if I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, if I brandish anything but my bottle, would I might never spit white[149] again. There is not a dangerous action[150] can peep out his head but I am thrust upon it. Well, I cannot last ever.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE Well, be honest,[152] be honest, and heaven bless your expedition.

FALSTAFF Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?[153]

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE Not a penny, not a penny. You are too impatient to bear crosses.[154] Fare you well. Commend me to my cousin Westmorland.

[Exeunt Lord Chief Justice and Servant]

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE If I do, fillip[156] me with a three-man beetle. A man can no more separate age and covetousness than he can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox[158] pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent my curses.— Boy!

PAGE Sir?

FALSTAFF What money is in my purse?

PAGE Seven groats[162] and two-pence.

FALSTAFF I can get no remedy against this consumption[163] of the purse. Borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. ***Gives letters*** Go bear this letter to my lord of Lancaster, this to the prince, this to the Earl of Westmorland, and this to old Mistress Ursula,[166] whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin. About it: you know where to find me.

[Exit Page]

A pox of[168] this gout, or a gout of this pox! For the one or th’other plays the rogue with my great toe. It is no matter if I do halt.[169] I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of anything: I will turn diseases to commodity.[171]

Exit

Act 1 Scene [3][1.3]

running scene 3

Enter Archbishop, Hastings, Mowbray and Lord Bardolph

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK Thus have you heard our causes[1] and know our means,
And, my most noble friends, I pray you all
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes.
And first, lord marshal,[4] what say you to it?

MOWBRAY I well allow[5] the occasion of our arms,
But gladly would be better satisfied
How in[7] our means we should advance ourselves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puissance[9] of the king.

HASTINGS Our[10] present musters grow upon the file
To five and twenty thousand men of choice,[11]
And our supplies[12] live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incensèd fire of injuries.

LORD BARDOLPH The question then, Lord Hastings, standeth thus:
Whether our present five and twenty thousand
May hold up head[17] without Northumberland?

HASTINGS With him, we may.

LORD BARDOLPH Ay, marry, there’s the point:
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgement is, we should not step too far
Till we had his assistance by the hand.[22]
For in a theme[23] so bloody-faced as this,
Conjecture, expectation and surmise
Of aids incertain[25] should not be admitted.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK ’Tis very true, Lord Bardolph, for indeed
It was young Hotspur’s case[27] at Shrewsbury.

LORD BARDOLPH It was, my lord, who lined[28] himself with hope,
Eating the air[29] on promise of supply,
Flatt’ring himself with project[30] of a power

Much smaller[31] than the smallest of his thoughts,
And so, with great imagination
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death
And winking[34] leaped into destruction.

HASTINGS But, by your leave,[35] it never yet did hurt
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE Yes,[37] if this present quality of war —
Indeed the instant[38] action, a cause on foot —
Lives[39] so in hope as in an early spring
We see th'appearing buds, which to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant as despair
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model,
And when we see the figure[44] of the house,
Then must we rate[45] the cost of the erection,
Which if we find outweighs ability,[46]
What do we then but draw anew the model
In fewer offices?[48] Or at least desist
To build at all? Much more, in this great work —
Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down
And set another up — should we survey
The plot of situation and the model,
Consent[53] upon a sure foundation,
Question surveyors, know our own estate,[54]
How able[55] such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite.[56] Or else
We fortify[57] in paper and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men,
Like one that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
Gives o'er[61] and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject[62] to the weeping clouds
And waste for churlish[63] winter's tyranny.

HASTINGS Grant that our hopes, yet likely of fair birth,
Should be still-born, and that we now[65] possessed
The utmost man of expectation,

I think we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the king.
LORD BARDOLPH What, is the king but five and twenty thousand?
HASTINGS To us no more, nay, not so much, Lord Bardolph.
For his divisions — as[71] the times do brawl —
Are in three heads: one power against the French,
And one against Glendower,[73] perforce a third
Must take up us. So is the unfirm[74] king
In three divided, and his coffers[75] sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness.
ARCHBISHOP OF YORK That he should draw his several strengths together
And come against us in full puissance
Need not be dreaded.
HASTINGS If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarmed, the French and Welsh
Baying[82] him at the heels: never fear that.
LORD BARDOLPH Who is it like[83] should lead his forces hither?
HASTINGS The Duke of Lancaster and Westmorland:
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth.
But who is substituted[86] gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.[87]
ARCHBISHOP OF YORK Let us on,
And publish the occasion[89] of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice,
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited:[91]
An habitation[92] giddy and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.[93]
O thou fond many,[94] with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bullingbrook,
Before he was what thou wouldst have him be!
And being now trimmed[97] in thine own desires,
Thou,[98] beastly feeder, art so full of him
That thou provok’st thyself to cast[99] him up.
So,[100] so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard,
And now thou wouldst eat[102] thy dead vomit up,

And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times?
They that, when Richard lived, would have him die,
Are now become enamoured on his grave.
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head
When through proud London he came sighing on
After th'admirèd heels of Bullingbrook,
Criest now 'O earth, yield us that king again,
And take thou this.' O, thoughts of men accursed!
Past and to come seems best; things present worst.
MOWBRAY Shall we go draw[112] our numbers and set on?
HASTINGS We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone.
[Exeunt]

Act 2 Scene 1[2.1]

running scene 4

Enter Hostess [Quickly], with two officers: Fang and Snare

HOSTESS QUICKLY Master[1] Fang, have you entered the action?

FANG It is entered.

HOSTESS QUICKLY Where's your yeoman?[3] Is it a lusty yeoman? Will he stand to it?

FANG Sirrah— ***Looks around*** Where's Snare?

HOSTESS QUICKLY Ay, ay, good Master Snare.

SNARE Here, here. ***Comes forward***

FANG Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.

HOSTESS QUICKLY Ay, good Master Snare, I have entered[8] him and all.

SNARE It may chance cost some of us our lives: he will stab.

HOSTESS QUICKLY Alas the day. Take heed of him: he stabbed[10] me in mine own house, and that most beastly. He cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon[11] be out. He will foin[12] like any devil, he will spare neither man, woman nor child.

FANG If I can close[13] with him, I care not for his thrust.

HOSTESS QUICKLY No, nor I neither: I'll be at your elbow.

FANG If I but fist[15] him once, if he come but within my vice—

HOSTESS QUICKLY I am undone[16] with his going. I warrant he is an infinitive thing upon my score.[17] Good Master Fang, hold him sure: good Master Snare, let him not scape.[18] He comes continuantly to Pie-corner — saving your manhoods — to buy a saddle,[19] and he is indited to dinner to the Lubber's-head in Lombard Street, to Master Smooth's the silkman. I pra'ye, since my exion[20] is entered and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark[21] is a long one[22] for a poor lone woman to bear, and I have borne, and borne, and borne, and have been fubbed[23] off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing,[24] unless a woman should be made an ass and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.[25]

Enter Falstaff [with his Page] and Bardolph

Yonder he comes, and that arrant[26] malmsey-nose Bardolph, with him. Do your offices,[27] do your offices: Master Fang and Master Snare, do me, do me, do me your offices.

FALSTAFF How now? Whose mare's dead?[29] What's the matter?

FANG Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mistress Quickly.

FALSTAFF Away, varlets![31] Draw, Bardolph. ***They draw*** Cut me off the villain's head. Throw the quean[32] in the channel.

HOSTESS QUICKLY Throw me in the channel? I'll throw thee there. Wilt thou? Wilt thou? Thou bastardly rogue! Murder, murder! O, thou honeysuckle[34] villain, wilt thou kill God's officers and the king's? O, thou honey-seed[35] rogue, thou art a honey-seed, a man-queller,[36] and a woman-queller.

FALSTAFF Keep them off, Bardolph.

FANG A rescue, a rescue!

HOSTESS QUICKLY Good people, bring a rescue.[39]— ***To Page*** Thou wilt not? Thou wilt not? Do, do, thou rogue! Do, thou hemp-seed![40]

PAGE Away, you scullion,[41] you rampallion, you fustilarian! ***To Fang*** I'll tuck your catastrophe.[42]

Enter Chief Justice

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE What's the matter? Keep the peace here, ho!

HOSTESS QUICKLY Good my[44] lord, be good to me. I beseech you stand to me.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE How now, Sir John? What are you brawling here? Doth this become[46] your place, your time and business? You should have been well on your way to York. Stand from him, fellow; wherefore[47] hang'st upon him?

HOSTESS QUICKLY O my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap,[49] and he is arrested at my suit.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE For what sum?

HOSTESS QUICKLY It is more than for some, my lord, it is for all, all I have. He hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his. But I will have some of it out again, or I will ride[53] thee o'nights like the mare.

FALSTAFF I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground[55] to get up.[56]

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE How comes this, Sir John? Fie, what a man of good temper[57] would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come[59] by her own?

FALSTAFF What is the gross[60] sum that I owe thee?

HOSTESS QUICKLY Marry,[61] if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt[62] goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber at the round table, by a sea-coal[63] fire, on Wednesday in Whitsun week, when the prince broke[64] thy head for lik'ning him to a singing-man of Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife[66] Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then and call me gossip[67] Quickly, coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar, telling us she had a good dish[68] of prawns, whereby thou didst desire to eat some, whereby I told thee they were ill for a green[69] wound? And didst not thou, when she was gone downstairs, desire me to be no more familiar with such poor people, saying that ere long they should call me madam?[71] And didst thou not kiss me and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath:[72] deny it, if thou canst.

FALSTAFF My lord, this is a poor mad soul, and she says up and down the town that her eldest son[75] is like you. She hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her.[76] But for these foolish officers, I beseech you I may have redress against them.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level[81] consideration. I know you ha' practised upon the easy-yielding[82] spirit of this woman.

HOSTESS QUICKLY Yea, in troth,[83] my lord.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE Prithee, peace.— Pay[84] her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done her: the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current[86] repentance.

FALSTAFF My lord, I will not undergo this sneap[87] without reply. You call honourable boldness 'impudent sauciness'. If a man will curtsy[88] and say nothing, he is virtuous. No, my lord — your[89] humble duty remembered — I will not be your suitor. I say to you, I desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE You speak as having power[92] to do wrong. But answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy[93] the poor woman.

FALSTAFF Come hither, hostess. ***Takes Quickly aside***

Enter Master Gower

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE Now, Master Gower, what news?

GOWER The king, my lord, and Henry Prince of Wales Are near at hand: ***Gives a paper*** the rest the paper tells.

FALSTAFF As I am a gentleman.

HOSTESS QUICKLY Nay, you said so before.

FALSTAFF As I am a gentleman. Come, no more words of it.

HOSTESS QUICKLY By this heavenly ground[101] I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate[102] and the tapestry of my dining chambers.

FALSTAFF Glasses,[103] glasses is the only drinking. And for thy walls, a pretty slight drollery,[104] or the story of the Prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, if it were not for thy humours,[106] there is not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy action.[107] Come, thou must not be in this humour with me. Come, I know thou wast set on[108] to this.

HOSTESS QUICKLY Prithee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles.[109] I loath to pawn my plate, in good earnest, la.[110]

FALSTAFF Let it alone. I'll make other shift.[111] You'll be a fool still.

HOSTESS QUICKLY Well, you shall have it, although I pawn my gown. I hope you'll come to supper. You'll pay me all together?

FALSTAFF Will I live?[114] — ***To Bardolph*** Go, with her, with her — hook on, hook on.

HOSTESS QUICKLY Will you have Doll[115] Tearsheet meet you at supper?

FALSTAFF No more words. Let's have[116] her.

[Exeunt Quickly, Bardolph, Fang and others]

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE I have heard bitter news.

FALSTAFF What's the news, my good lord?

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE Where lay the king last night?

GOWER At Basingstoke,[120] my lord.

FALSTAFF I hope, my lord, all's well. What is the news, my lord?

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE Come all his forces back?

GOWER No. Fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,
Are marched up to my lord of Lancaster,
Against Northumberland and the Archbishop.

FALSTAFF Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE You shall have letters of me presently.[127] Come, go along with me, good Master Gower.

FALSTAFF My lord!

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE What's the matter?

FALSTAFF Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

GOWER I must wait upon my good lord here. I thank you, good Sir John.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE Sir John, you loiter here too long, being[133] you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

FALSTAFF Will you sup with me, Master Gower?

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir John?

FALSTAFF Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me. This is the right fencing grace,[138] my lord: tap for tap, and so part fair.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE Now the lord lighten thee![139] Thou art a great fool.

Exeunt

Act 2 Scene 2[2.2]

running scene 5

Enter Prince Henry and Poins

PRINCE HENRY Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

POINS Is it come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attached[2] one of so high blood.

PRINCE HENRY It doth me, though it discolours[4] the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely[5] in me to desire small beer?

POINS Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied[6] as to remember so weak a composition.[7]

PRINCE HENRY Belike[8] then my appetite was not princely got, for, in troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But indeed these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace[10] is it to me to remember thy name? Or to know thy face tomorrow? Or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast — *videlicet*[12] these — and those that were thy peach-coloured ones — or to bear[13] the inventory of thy shirts, as one for superfluity, and one other for use? But that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I, for it is a low[14] ebb of linen with thee when thou kept'st not racket there, as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy Low Countries[16] have made a shift to eat up thy Holland.

POINS How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard, you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers lying so sick as yours is?

PRINCE HENRY Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

POINS Yes, and let it be an excellent good thing.

PRINCE HENRY It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

POINS Go to.[24] I stand the push of your one thing that you'll tell.

PRINCE HENRY Why, I tell thee it is not meet[25] that I should be sad now my father is sick — albeit[26] I could tell to thee, as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend, I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

POINS Very hardly[28] upon such a subject.

PRINCE HENRY Thou think'st me as far in the devil's book as thou and Falstaff for obduracy and persistency. Let the end try[30] the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick: and keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation[32] of sorrow.

POINS The reason?

PRINCE HENRY What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep?

POINS I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

PRINCE HENRY It would be every man's thought, and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks: never a[37] man's thought in the world keeps the roadway better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites[39] your most worshipful thought to think so?

POINS Why, because you have been so lewd[40] and so much engrafted to Falstaff.

PRINCE HENRY And to thee.

POINS Nay, I am well spoken of. I can hear it with mine own ears: the worst that they can say of me is that I am a second brother[43] and that I am a proper fellow of my hands. And those two things, I confess, I cannot help. Look, look, here comes Bardolph.

PRINCE HENRY And the boy that I gave Falstaff. He had him from me Christian, and see if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.[47]

Enter Bardolph [and Falstaff's Page]

BARDOLPH Save[48] your grace.

PRINCE HENRY And yours, most noble Bardolph.

POINS Come, you pernicious ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing?[50] ***To Bardolph*** Wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man-at-arms are you become! Is it such a matter to get[52] a pottle-pot's maidenhead?

PAGE He called me even now, my lord, through a red lattice,[53] and I could discern no part of his face from the window. At last I spied his eyes, and methought he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat[55] and peeped through.

PRINCE HENRY Hath not the boy profited?[56] ***To Poins***

BARDOLPH Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

PAGE Away, you rascally Althaea's dream,[58] away!

PRINCE HENRY Instruct us, boy. What dream, boy?

PAGE Marry, my lord, Althaea dreamed she was delivered of a fire-brand,[60] and therefore I call him her dream.

PRINCE HENRY A crown's worth of good interpretation.— ***Gives Page money*** There it is, boy.

POINS O, that this good blossom[63] could be kept from cankers!— ***Gives Page money*** Well, there is sixpence[64] to preserve thee.

BARDOLPH If[65] you do not make him be hanged among you, the gallows shall be wronged.

PRINCE HENRY And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

BARDOLPH Well, my good lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town. ***Gives a letter*** There's a letter for you.

POINS Delivered with good respect.[70] And how doth the martlemas, your master?

BARDOLPH In bodily health, sir.

POINS Marry, the immortal part needs a physician, but that moves not him: though that be sick, it dies not.

PRINCE HENRY I do allow this wen[74] to be as familiar with me as my dog, and he holds his place, for look you he writes.

POINS ***Reads***

(Letter)

'John Falstaff, knight.' — Every man must know that, as[77] oft as he hath occasion to name himself, even like[78] those that are kin to the king, for they never prick their finger but they say, 'There is some of the king's blood spilt.' 'How comes that?' says he that takes upon him not to conceive.[80] The answer is as ready as a borrower's cap,[81] 'I am the king's poor cousin, sir.'

PRINCE HENRY Nay, they will be[82] kin to us, but they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter: ***Reads*** 'Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting.'

POINS Why, this is a certificate.[85]

PRINCE HENRY Peace! ***Reads*** 'I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity.'

POINS Sure he means brevity in breath, short-winded. ***Takes the letter and reads*** 'I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I[88] leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins, for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times[90] as thou mayst, and so farewell. Thine, by yea and no, which is as much as to say, as thou usest him, Jack Falstaff with my familiars,[91] John with my brothers and sister, and Sir John with all Europe.' My lord, I will steep[92] this letter in sack[93] and make him eat it.

PRINCE HENRY That's to make him eat twenty[94] of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? Must I marry your sister?

POINS May the wench have no worse fortune! But I never said so.

PRINCE HENRY Well, thus we play[97] the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us.— ***To Bardoloph*** Is your master here in London?

BARDOLPH Yes, my lord.

PRINCE HENRY Where sups he? Doth the old boar feed in the old frank?

BARDOLPH At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheap.

PRINCE HENRY What company?

PAGE Ephesians,[103] my lord, of the old church.

PRINCE HENRY Sup any women with him?

PAGE None, my lord, but old Mistress Quickly and Mistress Doll Tearsheet.

PRINCE HENRY What pagan[106] may that be?

PAGE A proper[107] gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

PRINCE HENRY Even such kin as the parish heifers are to the town bull.[108]— ***To Poins*** Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

POINS I am your shadow, my lord: I'll follow you.

PRINCE HENRY Sirrah, you boy, and Bardolph, no word to your master that I am yet in town. ***Gives money*** There's for your silence.

BARDOLPH I have no tongue, sir.

PAGE And for mine, sir, I will govern it.

PRINCE HENRY Fare ye well. Go.

[Exeunt Bardolph and Page]

This Doll Tearsheet should be some road.[116]

POINS I warrant you, as common as the way[117] between St Albans and London.

PRINCE HENRY How might we see Falstaff bestow[118] himself tonight in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

POINS Put on two leathern jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table like drawers.[121]

PRINCE HENRY From a God[122] to a bull? A heavy declension! It was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice,[123] a low transformation: that shall be mine, for in everything the purpose must weigh with[124] the folly. Follow me, Ned.

Exeunt

Act 2 Scene 3[2.3]

running scene 6

Enter Northumberland and his Lady, and Harry Percy's Lady

NORTHUMBERLAND I prithee, loving wife and gentle daughter,
Give an even way[2] unto my rough affairs.
Put not you on the visage[3] of the times
And be like them to Percy troublesome.

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND I have given over, I will speak no more.
Do what you will: your wisdom be your guide.

NORTHUMBERLAND Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn,
And, but[8] my going, nothing can redeem it.

LADY PERCY O, yet, for heaven's sake, go not to these wars!
The time[10] was, father, when you broke your word,
When you were more endeared to it than now,
When your own Percy, when my heart-dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look to see his father
Bring up his powers. But he did long in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
There were two honours lost, yours and your son's.
For yours, may heavenly glory brighten it.
For his, it stuck upon him as the sun
In the grey[19] vault of heaven, and by his light
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts. He was indeed the glass[21]
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves:[22]
He[23] had no legs that practised not his gait:
And speaking thick,[24] which nature made his blemish,
Became the accents of the valiant,
For those that could speak low and tardily
Would turn[27] their own perfection to abuse,
To seem like him: so that in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,[29]
In military rules, humours of blood,[30]
He was the mark[31] and glass, copy and book,

That fashioned others. And him — O, wondrous him!
O, miracle of men! — him did you leave,
Second to none, unseconded[34] by you,
To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage, to abide a field[36]
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
Did seem defensible.[38] So you left him.
Never, O, never, do his ghost[39] the wrong
To hold your honour more precise and nice[40]
With others than with him. Let them alone.
The marshal[42] and the archbishop are strong.
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
Today might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talked of Monmouth's[45] grave.
NORTHUMBERLAND Beshrew[46] your heart,
Fair daughter, you do draw my spirits[47] from me
With new[48] lamenting ancient oversights.
But I must go and meet with danger there,
Or it will seek me in another place
And find me worse provided.[51]
LADY NORTHUMBERLAND O, fly to Scotland,
Till that the nobles and the armèd commons
Have of their puissance[54] made a little taste.
LADY PERCY If they get ground[55] and vantage of the king,
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger. But, for all our loves,
First let them try themselves. So did your son.
He was so suffered;[59] so came I a widow,
And never shall have length of life enough
To rain upon remembrance[61] with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
For recordation to[63] my noble husband.
NORTHUMBERLAND Come, come, go in with me. 'Tis with my mind
As with the tide swelled up unto his height,
That makes a still-stand,[66] running neither way.
Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,

But many thousand reasons hold me back.
I will resolve for[69] Scotland: there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company.

Exeunt

Act 2 Scene 4[2.4]

running scene 7

Enter two Drawers

FIRST DRAWER What hast thou brought there? Apple-johns?[1] Thou know'st Sir John cannot endure an apple-john.

SECOND DRAWER Thou say'st true. The prince once set a dish of apple-johns before him, and told him there were five more Sir Johns, and, putting off his hat, said 'I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, withered knights.' It angered him to the heart, but he hath forgot that.

FIRST DRAWER Why then, cover[7] and set them down, and see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise;[8] Mistress Tearsheet would fain have some music.

SECOND DRAWER Sirrah, here will be the prince and Master Poins anon,[9] and they will put on two of our jerkins[10] and aprons, and Sir John must not know of it. Bardolph hath brought word.

FIRST DRAWER Then here will be old Utis:[12] it will be an excellent stratagem.

SECOND DRAWER I'll see if I can find out Sneak.

Exit

Enter Hostess [Quickly] and Doll [Tearsheet]

HOSTESS QUICKLY Sweetheart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality:[15] your pulsidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose. But, you have drunk too much canaries,[17] and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere we can say 'What's this?' How do you now?

DOLL TEARSHEET Better than I was. Hem![19]

HOSTESS QUICKLY Why, that was well said. A good heart's worth gold. Look, here comes Sir John.

Enter Falstaff

FALSTAFF 'When[22] Arthur first in court'— ***Sings*** Empty the jordan.[23]— ***To First Drawer*** 'And was a worthy king'. How now, Mistress Doll? ***Sings***

[Exit First Drawer]

HOSTESS QUICKLY Sick of a calm,[25] yea, good sooth.

FALSTAFF So is all her sect.[26] If they be once in a calm, they are sick.

DOLL TEARSHEET You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

FALSTAFF You make fat rascals,[28] Mistress Doll.

DOLL TEARSHEET I make[29] them? Gluttony and diseases make them, I make them not.

FALSTAFF If the cook[30] make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll. We catch of[31] you, Doll, we catch of you. Grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

DOLL TEARSHEET Ay, marry, our chains and our jewels.

FALSTAFF ‘Your[33] broaches, pearls and ouches.’ For to serve bravely is to come halting off, you know. To come off the breach[34] with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charged chambers[35] bravely—

HOSTESS QUICKLY Why, this is the old fashion: you two never meet but you fall to some discord. You are both, in good troth, as rheumatic[37] as two dry toasts. You cannot one bear with another’s confirmities.[38] ***To Doll*** What the good year! One must bear,[39] and that must be you: you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

DOLL TEARSHEET Can a weak empty vessel[41] bear such a huge full hogshead? There’s a whole merchant’s venture[42] of Bordeaux stuff in him. You have not seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold. Come, I’ll be friends with thee, Jack. Thou art going to the wars, and whether I shall ever see thee again or no, there is nobody cares.

Enter [First] Drawer

FIRST DRAWER Sir, Ancient[45] Pistol is below, and would speak with you.

DOLL TEARSHEET Hang him, swaggering[46] rascal! Let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouthed’st rogue in England.

HOSTESS QUICKLY If he swagger, let him not come here. I must live amongst my neighbours. I’ll[49] no swaggerers. I am in good name and fame with the very best. Shut the door, there comes no swaggerers here. I have not lived all this while, to have swaggering now. Shut the door, I pray you.

FALSTAFF Dost thou hear, hostess?

HOSTESS QUICKLY Pray you, pacify yourself, Sir John. There comes no swaggerers here.

FALSTAFF Dost thou hear? It is mine ancient.

HOSTESS QUICKLY Tilly-fally,[56] Sir John, never tell me: your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before Master Tisick,[57] the deputy, the other day, and as he said to me — it was no longer ago than Wednesday last — ‘Neighbour Quickly’, says he — Master Dumbe,[59] our minister, was by then — ‘Neighbour Quickly,’ says he, ‘receive[60] those that are civil; for’, sayeth he, ‘you are in an ill name.’ Now he said so, I can tell whereupon. ‘For’, says he, ‘you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive. Receive’, says he, ‘no swaggering companions.’[63] There comes none here. You would bless you to hear what he said. No, I’ll no swaggerers.

FALSTAFF He’s no swaggerer, hostess: a tame[65] cheater he. You may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound. He will not swagger with a Barbary hen,[66] if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance.— Call him up, drawer.

[Exit First Drawer]

HOSTESS QUICKLY ‘Cheater’, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater, but I do not love swaggering. I am the worse[69] when one says ‘swagger’. Feel, masters, how I shake. Look you, I warrant you.

DOLL TEARSHEET So you do, hostess.

HOSTESS QUICKLY Do I? Yea, in very truth do I, if it[72] were an aspen leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter Pistol, and Bardolph and his Boy

PISTOL Save you, Sir John!

FALSTAFF Welcome, Ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge[75] you with a cup of sack. Do you discharge[76] upon mine hostess.

PISTOL I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.[77]

FALSTAFF She is Pistol-proof,[78] sir. You shall hardly offend her.

HOSTESS QUICKLY Come,[79] I'll drink no proofs nor no bullets: I will drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

PISTOL Then to you, Mistress Dorothy.[81] I will charge you.

DOLL TEARSHEET Charge[82] me? I scorn you, scurvy companion. What? You poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate![83] Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

PISTOL I know[85] you, Mistress Dorothy.

DOLL TEARSHEET Away, you cutpurse[86] rascal, you filthy bung, away! By this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps,[87] if you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale[88] rascal, you basket-hilt stale juggler, you! Since when, I pray you, sir? What, with two points[89] on your shoulder? Much!

PISTOL I will murder[90] your ruff for this.

HOSTESS QUICKLY No, Good Captain[91] Pistol. Not here, sweet captain.

DOLL TEARSHEET Captain? Thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called captain? If captains were of my mind, they would truncheon[93] you out for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain? You slave, for what? For tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house?[95] He a captain? Hang him, rogue! He lives upon mouldy stewed prunes[96] and dried cakes. A captain? These villains will make the word 'captain' odious: therefore captains had need look to it.[98]

BARDOLPH Pray thee go down,[99] good ancient. ***To Pistol***

FALSTAFF Hark thee hither, Mistress Doll.

PISTOL Not I. I tell thee what, Corporal Bardolph, I could tear her. I'll be revenged on her.

PAGE Pray thee go down. ***To Pistol***

PISTOL I'll[104] see her damned first
To Pluto's damnèd lake,[105]
To the infernal deep,
With Erebus[107] and tortures vile also.
Hold[108] hook and line, say I.
Down, down, dogs! Down, Fates![109]
Have we not Hiren[110] here?

HOSTESS QUICKLY Good Captain Peesel,[111] be quiet. It is very late. I beseek you now, aggravate[112] your choler.

PISTOL These be good humours[113] indeed. Shall pack-horses
And hollow pampered jades[114] of Asia,
Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,
Compare with Caesar and with cannibals,[116]
And Trojan Greeks?[117]
Nay, rather damn them with King Cerberus,[118]
And let the welkin[119] roar. Shall we fall foul for toys?

HOSTESS QUICKLY By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

BARDOLPH Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

PISTOL Die men[122] like dogs! Give crowns like pins!
Have we not Hiren here?

HOSTESS QUICKLY On my word, captain, there's none such here. What the goodyear, do you think I would deny her?[125] I pray be quiet.

PISTOL Then feed,[126] and be fat, my fair Calipolis.
Come, give me some sack.
Si[128] *fortune me tormente, sperato me contento*.
Fear we broadsides?[129] No, let the fiend give fire.
Give me some sack. And, sweetheart, lie thou there. ***Lays down his sword***
Come we to full points[131] here? And are etceteras nothing?

FALSTAFF Pistol, I would be quiet.

PISTOL Sweet knight, I kiss thy neaf.[133] What, we have seen the seven stars!

DOLL TEARSHEET Thrust him downstairs. I cannot endure such a fustian[134] rascal.

PISTOL 'Thrust him down stairs'? Know we not Galloway nags?[135]

FALSTAFF Quoit[136] him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling. Nay, if he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

BARDOLPH Come, get you downstairs.

PISTOL What? Shall we have incision?[139] Shall we imbrue? ***Snatches up his sword***
Then death[140] rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days.
Why then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds
Untwined[142] the Sisters Three! Come, Atropos, I say!

HOSTESS QUICKLY Here's good stuff toward.[143]

FALSTAFF Give me my rapier,[144] boy.

DOLL TEARSHEET I prithee, Jack, I prithee do not draw.

FALSTAFF Get you downstairs. ***Draws and attacks Pistol***

[Exit Pistol, driven out by Bardolph]

HOSTESS QUICKLY Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear[147] keeping house, before I'll be in these tirrits[148] and frights. So, murder, I warrant now. Alas, alas, put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

DOLL TEARSHEET I prithee, Jack, be quiet. The rascal is gone. Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you!

HOSTESS QUICKLY Are you not hurt i'th'groin? Methought he made a shrewd[152] thrust at your belly.

[Enter Bardolph]

FALSTAFF Have you turned him out of doors? ***To Bardolph***

BARDOLPH Yes, sir. The rascal's drunk. You have hurt him, sir, in the shoulder.

FALSTAFF A rascal to brave[156] me!

DOLL TEARSHEET Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st! Come, let me wipe thy face. Come on, you whoreson chops.[158] Ah, rogue, I love thee. Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy,[159] worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the Nine Worthies.[160] Ah, villain!

FALSTAFF A rascally slave, I will toss[161] the rogue in a blanket.

DOLL TEARSHEET Do, if thou dar'st for thy heart. If thou dost, I'll canvass[162] thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Musicians

PAGE The music is come, sir.

FALSTAFF Let them play.— Play, sirs.— Sit on my knee, Doll. A rascal bragging slave! The rogue fled from me like quicksilver.[166]

DOLL TEARSHEET And thou followed'st him like a church.[167] Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig,[168] when wilt thou leave fighting on days and foining on nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter the Prince and Poins, disguised

FALSTAFF Peace, good Doll. Do not speak like a death's-head,[170] do not bid me remember mine end.

DOLL TEARSHEET Sirrah, what humour[172] is the prince of?

FALSTAFF A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler,[173] he would have chipped bread[174] well.

DOLL TEARSHEET They say Poins hath a good wit.

FALSTAFF He a good wit? Hang him, baboon! His wit is as thick as Tewkesbury mustard.[176] There is no more conceit[177] in him than is in a mallet.

DOLL TEARSHEET Why doth the prince love him so, then?

FALSTAFF Because their legs[179] are both of a bigness, and he plays at quoits well, and eats conger and fennel,[180] and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons, and rides the wild-mare with the boys, and jumps upon joint-stools,[181] and swears with a good grace, and wears his boot very smooth,[182] like unto the sign of the leg, and breeds no bate with telling of discreet[183] stories, and such other gambol faculties he hath, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits[184] him; for the prince himself is such another.[185] The weight of an hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.[186]

PRINCE HENRY Would not this nave of a wheel[187] have his ears cut off? *Aside to Poins*

POINS Let us beat him before his whore.

PRINCE HENRY Look, if the withered elder[189] hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.

POINS Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance?

FALSTAFF Kiss me, Doll. *She kisses him*

PRINCE HENRY Saturn and Venus[192] this year in conjunction! *Aside to Poins* What says the almanac to that?

POINS And look whether the fiery Trigon,[194] his man, be not lisping to his master's old tables,[195] his notebook, his counsel-keeper.

FALSTAFF Thou dost give me flatt'ring busses.[196] *To Doll*

DOLL TEARSHEET Nay truly, I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

FALSTAFF I am old, I am old.

DOLL TEARSHEET I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

FALSTAFF What stuff[200] wilt thou have a kirtle of? I shall receive money on Thursday. Thou shalt have a cap tomorrow. A merry song, come. It grows late. We will to bed. Thou wilt forget me when I am gone.

DOLL TEARSHEET Thou wilt set me a-weeping, if thou say'st so. Prove that ever I dress myself handsome[204] till thy return. Well, hearken the end.

FALSTAFF Some sack, Francis.

PRINCE HENRY *and* POINS Anon,[206] anon, sir. ***Stepping forward***

FALSTAFF Ha? A bastard son of the king's?— And art not thou Poins his[207] brother?

PRINCE HENRY Why, thou globe of sinful continents,[208] what a life dost thou lead!

FALSTAFF A better than thou: I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

PRINCE HENRY Very true, sir, and I come to draw you out by the ears.

HOSTESS QUICKLY O, the lord preserve thy good grace! Welcome to London. Now, heaven bless that sweet face of thine! What, are you come from Wales?

FALSTAFF Thou whoreson mad compound[213] of majesty, by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

DOLL TEARSHEET How? You fat fool, I scorn you.

POINS My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge and turn all to a merriment, if you take[217] not the heat.

PRINCE HENRY You whoreson candle-mine,[218] you, how vilely did you speak of me even now before this honest,[219] virtuous, civil gentlewoman!

HOSTESS QUICKLY Blessing on your good heart, and so she is, by my troth.

FALSTAFF Didst thou hear me? ***To Prince Henry***

PRINCE HENRY Yes, and you knew[222] me, as you did when you ran away by Gad's Hill: you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

FALSTAFF No, no, no, not so. I did not think thou wast within hearing.

PRINCE HENRY I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse,[225] and then I know how to handle you.

FALSTAFF No abuse, Hal, on mine honour, no abuse.

PRINCE HENRY Not to dispraise me, and call me pantler and bread-chopper and I know not what?

FALSTAFF No abuse, Hal.

POINS No abuse?

FALSTAFF No abuse, Ned, in the world, honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him — in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal.— None, Ned, none.— No, boys, none.

PRINCE HENRY See now whether pure fear and entire cowardice doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close[237] with us? Is she of the wicked? Is thine hostess here of the wicked? Or is the boy of the wicked? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns[239] in his nose, of the wicked?

POINS Answer, thou dead elm,[240] answer.

FALSTAFF The fiend hath pricked[241] down Bardolph irrecoverable, and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen,[242] where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy, there is a good angel about him, but the devil outbids[243] him too.

PRINCE HENRY For the women?

FALSTAFF For one of them, she is in hell[245] already, and burns poor souls. For the other, I owe[246] her money, and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

HOSTESS QUICKLY No, I warrant you.

FALSTAFF No, I think thou art not. I think thou art quit[248] for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering[249] flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law, for the which I think thou wilt howl.[250]

HOSTESS QUICKLY All victuallers[251] do so. What is a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

PRINCE HENRY You, gentlewoman— *To Doll*

DOLL TEARSHEET What says your grace?

FALSTAFF His grace says[255] that which his flesh rebels against. *Knocking within*

HOSTESS QUICKLY Who knocks so loud at door? Look to the door there, Francis.

Enter Peto

PRINCE HENRY Peto, how now? What news?

PETO The king your father is at Westminster,[258]
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts[259]
Come from the north, and as I came along,
I met and overtook a dozen captains,
Bare-headed,[262] sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

PRINCE HENRY By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane[265] the precious time,
When tempest of commotion,[266] like the south
Borne[267] with black vapour, doth begin to melt
And drop upon our bare unarmèd heads.—
Give me my sword and cloak.— Falstaff, goodnight.

Exeunt [Prince Henry, Poins and Peto]

FALSTAFF Now comes in the sweetest morsel[270] of the night, and we must hence and leave it unpicked.[271] ***Knocking within*** More knocking at the door? How now? What's the matter?

Bardolph goes to the door

BARDOLPH You must away to court, sir, presently.[272] A dozen captains stay[273] at door for you.

FALSTAFF Pay the musicians, sirrah.— ***To the Page*** Farewell, hostess.— Farewell, Doll. You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after. The undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is called on. Farewell good wenches. If I be not sent away post,[277] I will see you again ere I go.

DOLL TEARSHEET I cannot speak. If my heart be not ready to burst — well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

FALSTAFF Farewell, farewell.

Exeunt [Falstaff, Bardolph and Page]

HOSTESS QUICKLY Well, fare thee well. I have known[281] thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod-time,[282] but an honester and truer-hearted man — well, fare thee well.

BARDOLPH Mistress Tearsheet! ***Within***

HOSTESS QUICKLY What's the matter?

BARDOLPH Bid Mistress Tearsheet come to my master. ***Within***

HOSTESS QUICKLY O, run, Doll, run. Run, good Doll!

Exeunt

Act 3 Scene 1[3.1]

running scene 8

Enter the King, with a Page

KING HENRY IV Go call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick. ***Gives letters***
But ere they come, bid them o’er-read these letters,
And well consider of them. Make good speed.
Exit [Page]
How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep? O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature’s soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,[9]
Upon uneasy pallets[10] stretching thee
And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,[13]
And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile[15]
In loathsome beds, and leav’st the kingly couch
A watch-case[17] or a common ’larum-bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy’s eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge[20]
And in the visitation[21] of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows[22] by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads and hanging them
With deaf’ning clamours in the slipp’ry[24] clouds,
That,[25] with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial[26] sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,[27]
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,[29]
Deny it to a king? Then happy low,[30] lie down!

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.
Enter Warwick and Surrey
WARWICK Many good morrows[32] to your majesty!
KING HENRY IV Is it good morrow, lords?
WARWICK ’Tis one o’clock, and past.
KING HENRY IV Why then, good morrow to you all, my lords.
Have you read o’er the letters that I sent you?
WARWICK We have, my liege.
KING HENRY IV Then you perceive the body of our kingdom
How foul[39] it is, what rank diseases grow
And with what danger, near the heart of it?
WARWICK It is but as a body yet distempered,[41]
Which to his former strength may be restored
With good advice and little[43] medicine:
My lord Northumberland will soon be cooled.[44]
WARWICK O, heaven! That one might read the book of fate,
And see the revolution[46] of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent,[47]
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
Into the sea. And other times, to see
The beachy[50] girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune’s[51] hips; how chance’s mocks
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers[53] liquors! ’Tis not ten years gone
Since Richard[54] and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feast together, and in two years after
Were they at wars. It is but eight years since
This Percy[57] was the man nearest my soul,
Who like a brother toiled in my affairs
And laid his love and life under my foot,[59]
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes[60] of Richard
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by—
You, cousin Neville,[62] as I may remember— ***To Warwick***
When Richard, with his eye brimful of tears,
Then checked and rated[64] by Northumberland,
Did speak these words, now proved a prophecy?

‘Northumberland,[66] thou ladder by the which
My cousin Bullingbrook ascends my throne’ —
Though then, heaven knows, I had no such intent,
But that necessity so bowed the state
That I and greatness were compelled to kiss —
‘The time shall come’, thus did he follow it,
‘The time will come that foul sin, gathering head,[72]
Shall break into corruption.[73]’ So went on,
Foretelling this same[74] time’s condition
And the division of our amity.
WARWICK There is a history in all men’s lives,
Figuring[77] the nature of the times deceased,
The which observed, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim,[79] of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
And weak beginnings lie intreasurèd.[81]
Such things become the hatch and brood[82] of time;
And by the necessary form[83] of this,
King Richard might create a perfect guess
That great Northumberland, then false[85] to him,
Would of that seed grow to a greater falseness,
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.
KING HENRY IV Are these things then necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities;
And that same word even now cries out on[91] us.
They say the bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.
WARWICK It cannot be, my lord.
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the feared. Please it your grace
To go to bed. Upon my life, my lord,
The powers that you already have sent forth
Shall bring this prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I have received
A certain instance[101] that Glendower is dead.

Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill,
And these unseasoned[103] hours perforce must add
Unto your sickness.
KING HENRY IV I will take your counsel.
And were these inward[106] wars once out of hand,
We would,[107] dear lords, unto the Holy Land.
Exeunt

Act 3 Scene 2[3.2]

running scene 9

Enter Shallow and Silence, with Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, Bullcalf [and Servants]

SHALLOW Come on, come on, come on. Give me your hand, sir; give me your hand, sir. An early stirrer, by the rood![2] And how doth my good cousin Silence?

SILENCE Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

SHALLOW And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow?[4] And your fairest daughter and mine, my goddaughter Ellen?

SILENCE Alas, a black[6] ouzel, cousin Shallow!

SHALLOW By[7] yea and nay, sir. I dare say my cousin William is become a good scholar: he is at Oxford[8] still, is he not?

SILENCE Indeed, sir, to my cost.

SHALLOW He must then to the Inns of Court[10] shortly. I was once of Clement's Inn, where I think they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

SILENCE You were called 'lusty[12] Shallow' then, cousin.

SHALLOW I was called anything, and I would have done anything indeed too, and roundly[14] too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone,[15] and Will Squele, a Cotswold man. You had not four such swinge-bucklers[16] in all the Inns of Court again. And I may say to you, we knew where the bona-robas[17] were and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

SILENCE This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

SHALLOW The same Sir John, the very same. I saw him break Scoggin's[21] head at the court-gate,[22] when he was a crack not thus high. And the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish,[23] a fruiterer, behind Gray's Inn. O, the mad days that I have spent! And to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!

SILENCE We shall all follow, cousin.

SHALLOW Certain, ’tis certain, very sure, very sure: death is certain to all, all shall die. How[27] a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford Fair?

SILENCE Truly, cousin, I was not there.

SHALLOW Death is certain. Is old Double of your town living yet?

SILENCE Dead, sir.

SHALLOW Dead? See, see, he drew[31] a good bow, and dead? He shot a fine shoot. John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead? He would have clapped[33] in the clout at twelvescore, and carried you a forehand shaft at fourteen[34] and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man’s heart good to see. How a score[35] of ewes now?

SILENCE Thereafter[36] as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

SHALLOW And is old Double dead?

Enter Bardolph and his Boy [Falstaff’s Page]

SILENCE Here come two of Sir John Falstaffs men, as I think.

SHALLOW Good morrow, honest gentlemen.

BARDOLPH I beseech[40] you, which is Justice Shallow?

SHALLOW I am Robert Shallow, sir, a poor esquire[41] of this county, and one of the king’s justices of the peace.[42] What is your good pleasure with me?

BARDOLPH My captain, sir, commends him to you — my captain, Sir John Falstaff, a tall[43] gentleman, and a most gallant leader.

SHALLOW He greets me well, sir. I knew him a good backsword[45] man. How doth the good knight? May I ask how my lady his wife doth?

BARDOLPH Sir, pardon. A soldier is better accommodated[47] than with a wife.

SHALLOW It is well said, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated! It is good, yea, indeed, is it. Good phrases are surely, and everywhere, very commendable. Accommodated! It comes of *accommodo*.[50] Very good, a good phrase.

BARDOLPH Pardon, sir, I have heard the word. Phrase call you it? By this day, I know not the phrase, but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. ‘Accommodated’, that is when a man is, as they say, accommodated, or when a man is being whereby he thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

Enter Falstaff

SHALLOW It is very just.[56] Look, here comes good Sir John. Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand. Trust me, you look well and bear your years very well. Welcome, good Sir John.

FALSTAFF I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shallow.— Master Surecard,[59] as I think?

SHALLOW No, Sir John, it is my cousin Silence, in commission[61] with me.

FALSTAFF Good Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.[62]

SILENCE Your good worship is welcome.

FALSTAFF Fie, this is hot weather, gentlemen. Have you provided me here half a dozen of sufficient[65] men?

SHALLOW Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

FALSTAFF Let me see them, I beseech you. ***They sit***

SHALLOW Where's the roll? Where's the roll? Where's the roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so. Yea, marry, sir.— Ralph Mouldy! Let them appear as I call, let them do so, let them do so. Let me see, where is Mouldy?

MOULDY Here, if it please you.

SHALLOW What think you, Sir John? A good-limbed fellow: young, strong, and of good friends.[73]

FALSTAFF Is thy name Mouldy?

MOULDY Yea, if it please you.

FALSTAFF 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

SHALLOW Ha, ha, ha! Most excellent! Things that are mouldy lack use: very singular good. Well said, Sir John, very well said.

FALSTAFF Prick[79] him.

MOULDY I was pricked[80] well enough before, if you could have let me alone. My old dame[81] will be undone now for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery; you need not to have pricked me. There are other men fitter to go out than I.

FALSTAFF Go to. Peace, Mouldy, you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.[83]

MOULDY Spent?

SHALLOW Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside. Know you where you are?— For the other,[86] Sir John, let me see.— Simon Shadow?

FALSTAFF Ay, marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold[87] soldier.

SHALLOW Where's Shadow?

SHADOW Here, sir.

FALSTAFF Shadow, whose son[90] art thou?

SHADOW My mother's son, sir.

FALSTAFF Thy mother's son! Like enough, and thy father's shadow.[92] So the son of the female is the shadow of the male. It is often so, indeed, but not[93] of the father's substance!

SHALLOW Do you like him, Sir John?

FALSTAFF Shadow will serve[96] for summer. ***Aside*** Prick him,— for we have a number of shadows[97] to fill up the muster book.

SHALLOW Thomas Wart?

FALSTAFF Where's he?

WART Here, sir.

FALSTAFF Is thy name Wart?

WART Yea, sir.

FALSTAFF Thou art a very ragged[103] wart.

SHALLOW Shall I prick him down, Sir John?

FALSTAFF It were superfluous, for his apparel[105] is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins. Prick him no more.

SHALLOW Ha, ha, ha! You can do it, sir, you can do it. I commend you well.—Francis Feeble?

FEEBLE Here, sir.

FALSTAFF What trade art thou, Feeble?

FEEBLE A woman's tailor,[111] sir.

SHALLOW Shall I prick him, sir?

FALSTAFF You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have pricked[113] you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle[114] as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

FEEBLE I will do my good will,[116] sir. You can have no more.

FALSTAFF Well said, good woman’s tailor! Well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove or most magnanimous[118] mouse. Prick the woman’s tailor well,[119] Master Shallow, deep, Master Shallow.

FEEBLE I would Wart might have gone, sir.

FALSTAFF I would thou wert a man’s tailor, that thou mightst mend him and make him fit to go.[122] I cannot put him to a private soldier that is the leader of so many thousands.[123] Let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

FEEBLE It shall suffice.

FALSTAFF I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.— Who is the next?

SHALLOW Peter Bullcalf of the green?[126]

FALSTAFF Yea, marry, let us see Bullcalf.

BULLCALF Here, sir.

FALSTAFF Trust me, a likely[129] fellow! Come, prick me Bullcalf till he roar again.

BULLCALF O, good my lord captain—

FALSTAFF What, dost thou roar before th’art pricked?

BULLCALF O, sir! I am a diseased man.

FALSTAFF What disease hast thou?

BULLCALF A whoreson cold, sir, a cough, sir, which I caught with ringing[134] in the king’s affairs upon his coronation day,[135] sir.

FALSTAFF Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown.[136] We will have away thy cold, and I will take such order[137] that thy friends shall ring for thee.— Is here all?

SHALLOW There is two[138] more called than your number. You must have but four here, sir, and so I pray you go in with me to dinner.

FALSTAFF Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry[140] dinner. I am glad to see you, in good troth, Master Shallow.

SHALLOW O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the Windmill[142] in St George’s Field?[143]

FALSTAFF No more of that, good Master Shallow, no more of that.

SHALLOW Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Nightwork[145] alive?

FALSTAFF She lives, Master Shallow.

SHALLOW She never could away with[147] me.

FALSTAFF Never, never. She would always say she could not abide Master Shallow.

SHALLOW I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba.[149] Doth she hold her own well?

FALSTAFF Old, old, Master Shallow.

SHALLOW Nay, she must be old. She cannot choose but be old, certain she's old, and had Robin Nightwork by old Nightwork before I came to Clement's Inn.

SILENCE That's fifty-five years ago.

SHALLOW Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen! Ha, Sir John, said I well?

FALSTAFF We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow.

SHALLOW That we have, that we have, in faith, Sir John, we have. Our watch-word[158] was 'Hem boys!' Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner. O, the days that we have seen! Come, come.

[Exeunt Falstaff and the Justices]

BULLCALF Good Master Corporate[161] Bardolph, stand my friend, ***Gives money to Bardolph*** and here is four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief[162] be hanged, sir, as go. And yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends.[164] Else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

BARDOLPH Go to.[166] Stand aside.

MOULDY And, good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she hath nobody to do anything about her when I am gone, and she is old, and cannot help herself. ***Gives money*** You shall have forty,[169] sir.

BARDOLPH Go to. Stand aside.

FEEBLE I care not. A man can die but once: we owe a death. I will never bear a base mind. If it be my destiny, so:[172] if it be not, so. No man is too good to serve his prince, and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit[173] for the next.

BARDOLPH Well said. Thou art a good fellow.

FEEBLE Nay, I will bear no base mind.

[Enter Falstaff and the Justices]

FALSTAFF Come, sir, which men shall I have?

SHALLOW Four of which you please.

BARDOLPH Sir, a word with you: I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bullcalf.

FALSTAFF Go to, well.

SHALLOW Come, Sir John, which four will you have?

FALSTAFF Do you choose for me.

SHALLOW Marry, then, Mouldy, Bullcalf, Feeble and Shadow.

FALSTAFF Mouldy and Bullcalf: for you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service.[184]— And for your part, Bullcalf, grow till you come unto it. I will none of you.

SHALLOW Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong. They are your likeliest[186] men, and I would have you served with the best.

FALSTAFF Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thews,[189] the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man? Give me the spirit, Master Shallow. Where's Wart? You see what a ragged appearance it is. He shall charge[191] you and discharge you with the motion of a pewterer's hammer, come off and on[192] swifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced[193] fellow, Shadow, give me this man: he presents no mark to the enemy. The foeman may with as great aim[194] level at the edge of a penknife. And for a retreat, how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off! O, give me the spare[196] men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

BARDOLPH Hold, Wart, traverse.[198] ***Gives Wart a caliver*** Thus, thus, thus.

FALSTAFF Come, manage me[199] your caliver. So, very well, go to, very good, exceeding good. O, give me always a little, lean, old, chopped,[200] bald shot. Well said, Wart. Thou art a good scab.[201] ***Gives money*** Hold, there is a tester for thee.

SHALLOW He is not his craft's master. He doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-End Green,[202] when I lay at Clement's Inn — I was then Sir[203] Dagonet in Arthur's show — there was a little quiver[204] fellow, and he would manage you his piece thus. And he would about and about, and come you in and come you in. 'Ra, ta, ta', would he say. 'Bounce', would he say, and away again would he go, and again would he come. I shall never see such a fellow.

FALSTAFF These fellows will do well, Master Shallow. Farewell, Master Silence. I wil not use many words with you. Fare you well, gentlemen both. I thank you. I must[210] a dozen mile tonight. Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

SHALLOW Sir John, heaven bless you and prosper your affairs, and send us peace! As you return, visit my house. Let our old acquaintance be renewed. Peradventure[212] I will with you to the court.

FALSTAFF I would[214] you would, Master Shallow.

SHALLOW Go to. I have[215] spoke at a word. Fare you well.

Exit

FALSTAFF Fare you well, gentle[216] gentlemen.— On, Bardolph. Lead the men away.

[Exeunt Bardolph, Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble and Bullcalf]

As I return, I will fetch off[217] these justices. I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. How subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate[219] to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull Street,[220] and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute.[221] I do remember him at Clement's Inn like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring. When he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife. He was so forlorn,[224] that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible. He was the very genius[225] of famine. He came ever in the rearward of the fashion. And now is this Vice's dagger[226] become a squire, and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother[227] to him, and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard,[228] and then he burst his head for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it, and told John of Gaunt he beat his own name,[229] for you might have trussed him[230] and all his apparel into an eel-skin, the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court. And now hath he land and beefs.[231] Well, I will be acquainted[232] with him, if I return, and it shall go hard but I will make him a philosopher's two stones[233] to me. If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him. Let time shape,[234] and there an end.

Exit

Act 4 Scene 1[4.1]

running scene 10

Enter the Archbishop, Mowbray, Hastings

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK What is this forest called?

HASTINGS ’Tis Gaultree Forest,[2] an’t shall please your grace.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK Here stand, my lords, and send discoverers[3] forth
To know the numbers of our enemies.

HASTINGS We have sent forth already.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK ’Tis well done.
My friends and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you that I have received
New-dated[9] letters from Northumberland.
Their cold intent, tenor and substance, thus:
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers[11]
As might hold sortance with[12] his quality,
The which he could not levy,[13] whereupon
He is retired,[14] to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland; and concludes in hearty prayers
That your attempts may overlive[16] the hazard
And fearful meeting of their opposite.[17]

MOWBRAY Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground[18]
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger

HASTINGS Now, what news?

MESSENGER West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form[22] comes on the enemy.
And by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon or near the rate[24] of thirty thousand.

MOWBRAY The just[25] proportion that we gave them out.
Let us sway on[26] and face them in the field.

Enter Westmorland

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK What well-appointed[27] leader fronts us here?

MOWBRAY I think it is my lord of Westmorland.

WESTMORLAND Health and fair greeting from our general,

The prince,[30] Lord John and Duke of Lancaster.
ARCHBISHOP OF YORK Say on, my lord of Westmorland, in peace:
What doth[32] concern your coming?
WESTMORLAND Then, my lord,
Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that[35] rebellion
Came like itself,[36] in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody[37] youth, guarded with rage,
And countenanced[38] by boys and beggary,
I say, if damned commotion[39] so appeared,
In his true, native and most proper[40] shape,
You, reverend[41] father, and these noble lords
Had not[42] been here to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours.[44] You, lord archbishop,
Whose see[45] is by a civil peace maintained,
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touched,
Whose learning and good letters[47] peace hath tutored,
Whose white investments[48] figure innocence,
The dove and very blessèd spirit of peace,
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself
Out of the speech of peace that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war,
Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet and a point[55] of war?
ARCHBISHOP OF YORK Wherefore do I this? So the question stands.
Briefly to this end: we are all diseased,
And with our surfeiting and wanton[58] hours
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed[60] for it, of which disease
Our late King Richard, being infected, died.
But, my most noble lord of Westmorland,
I take[63] not on me here as a physician,
Nor do I as an enemy to peace
Troop in the throngs of military men,

But rather show[66] awhile like fearful war,
To diet rank[67] minds sick of happiness
And purge th’obstructions which begin to stop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance justly[70] weighed
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
And find our griefs[72] heavier than our offences.
We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforced from our most quiet there[74]
By the rough torrent of occasion,[75]
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to show in articles;[77]
Which long ere this we offered to the king,
And might by no suit[79] gain our audience.
When we are wronged and would unfold[80] our griefs,
We are denied access unto his person
Even by those men that most have done us wrong.
The dangers of the days but newly gone,[83]
Whose memory[84] is written on the earth
With yet appearing[85] blood, and the examples
Of[86] every minute’s instance, present now,
Hath put us in these ill-beseeming[87] arms,
Not to break peace or any branch of it,
But to establish here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.
WESTMORLAND Whenever yet was your appeal denied?
Wherein have you been gallèd[92] by the king?
What peer hath been suborned[93] to grate on you,
That you should seal[94] this lawless bloody book
Of forged rebellion with a seal divine?
ARCHBISHOP OF YORK My brother general, the commonwealth,[96]
I make my quarrel in particular.
WESTMORLAND There is no need of any such redress,
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.
MOWBRAY Why not to him in part, and to us all
That feel the bruises of the days before,

And suffer the condition of these times
To lay a heavy and unequal[103] hand
Upon our honours?
WESTMORLAND O, my good lord Mowbray,
Construe[106] the times to their necessities,
And you shall say indeed, it is the time,
And not the king, that doth you injuries.
Yet for your part, it not appears[109] to me
Either from the king or in the present time
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on. Were you not restored
To all the Duke of Norfolk's signories,[113]
Your noble and right well rememb'red father's?
MOWBRAY What thing, in honour, had my father lost,
That need to be revived and breathed[116] in me?
The king that loved him, as the state[117] stood then,
Was force perforce[118] compelled to banish him,
And then that Henry Bullingbrook and he,
Being mounted and both rousèd[120] in their seats,
Their neighing coursers[121] daring of the spur,
Their armèd[122] staves in charge, their beavers down,
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel[123]
And the loud trumpet blowing them together,[124]
Then, then, when there was nothing could have stayed[125]
My father from the breast of Bullingbrook,
O, when the king did throw his warder[127] down —
His own life hung upon the staff he threw —
Then threw he down himself and all their lives[129]
That by indictment[130] and by dint of sword
Have since miscarried[131] under Bullingbrook.
WESTMORLAND You speak, Lord Mowbray, now you know not what.
The Earl of Hereford[133] was reputed then
In England the most valiant gentleman.
Who knows on whom fortune would then have smiled?
But if your father had been victor there,
He[137] ne'er had borne it out of Coventry,

For all the country in a general voice
Cried hate upon him, and all their prayers and love
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on
And blessed and graced and did[141] more than the king —
But this is mere digression from my purpose.
Here come I from our princely general
To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace
That he will give you audience, and wherein[145]
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them,[147] everything set off,
That might so much as think you[148] enemies.
MOWBRAY But he hath forced us to compel[149] this offer,
And it proceeds from policy,[150] not love.
WESTMORLAND Mowbray, you overween[151] to take it so.
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear.
For, lo, within a ken[153] our army lies,
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle[156] is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect[157] in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;
Then reason will[159] our hearts should be as good.
Say you not then our offer is compelled.
MOWBRAY Well, by my will, we shall admit no parley.[161]
WESTMORLAND That argues but the shame of your offence:
A rotten[163] case abides no handling.
HASTINGS Hath the Prince John a full commission,
In very ample virtue[165] of his father,
To hear and absolutely to determine[166]
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?
WESTMORLAND That is intended[168] in the general's name.
I muse[169] you make so slight a question.
ARCHBISHOP OF YORK Then take, my lord of Westmorland, this schedule,[170]
Gives paper
For this contains our general grievances:
Each several article[172] herein redressed,

All members of our cause, both here and hence,[173]
That are insinewed to[174] this action,
Acquitted[175] by a true substantial form
And present[176] execution of our wills
To us and to our purposes confined,
We come within our awful banks[178] again
And knit[179] our powers to the arm of peace.
WESTMORLAND This will I show the general. Please you,[180] lords,
In sight of both our battles[181] we may meet,
At either end[182] in peace, which heaven so frame,
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.
ARCHBISHOP OF YORK My lord, we will do so.
[Exit Westmorland]
MOWBRAY There is a thing within my bosom tells me
That no conditions of our peace can stand.
HASTINGS Fear you not that. If we can make our peace
Upon such large terms and so absolute[189]
As our conditions shall consist upon,[190]
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.
MOWBRAY Ay, but our valuation[192] shall be such
That every slight and false-derivèd[193] cause,
Yea, every idle, nice and wanton[194] reason
Shall to the king taste of this action,
That, were[196] our royal faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be winnowed[197] with so rough a wind
That[198] even our corn shall seem as light as chaff
And good from bad find no partition.
ARCHBISHOP OF YORK No, no, my lord. Note this: the king is weary
Of dainty[201] and such picking grievances,
For he hath found to end one doubt[202] by death
Revives two greater in the heirs of life,[203]
And therefore will he wipe his tables[204] clean
And keep no tell-tale to his memory
That may repeat and history[206] his loss
To new remembrance. For full well he knows

He cannot so precisely[208] weed this land
As his misdoubts present occasion:[209]
His foes are so enrooted[210] with his friends
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so and shake a friend,
So that this land, like an offensive wife
That hath enraged him on[214] to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant up
And hangs resolved correction[216] in the arm
That was upreared to execution.[217]
HASTINGS Besides, the king hath wasted[218] all his rods
On late[219] offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement,
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer,[222] but not hold.
ARCHBISHOP OF YORK ’Tis very true,
And therefore be assured, my good lord marshal,
If we do now make our atonement[225] well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.
MOWBRAY Be it so.
Here is returned my lord of Westmorland.
Enter Westmorland
WESTMORLAND The prince is here at hand. Pleaseth your lordship
To meet his grace just[231] distance ’tween our armies.
MOWBRAY Your grace of York, in heaven’s name then forward.
ARCHBISHOP OF YORK Before,[233] and greet his grace.— My lord, we come.
Enter Prince John [and Attendants][a]
PRINCE JOHN You are well encountered here, my cousin[234] Mowbray.—
Good day to you, gentle[235] lord archbishop.—
And so to you, Lord Hastings, and to all.—
My lord of York, it better[237] showed with you
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text
Than now to see you here an iron[241] man,

Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word[243] to sword and life to death.
That man that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,
Would he[246] abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroach[247]
In shadow of such greatness! With you, lord bishop,
It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken
How deep[250] you were within the books of heaven?
To us, the speaker[251] in his parliament;
To us, th'imagined voice of heaven itself,
The very opener and intelligencer[253]
Between the grace, the sanctities[254] of heaven
And our dull workings.[255] O, who shall believe
But you[256] misuse the reverence of your place,
Employ the countenance[257] and grace of heaven,
As a false[258] favourite doth his prince's name,
In deeds dishonourable? You have taken up,[259]
Under the counterfeited zeal[260] of heaven,
The subjects of heaven's substitute,[261] my father,
And both against the peace of heaven and him
Have here upswarmèd[263] them.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK Good my lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your father's peace,
But, as I told my lord of Westmorland,
The time misordered[267] doth, in common sense,
Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous[268] form,
To hold[269] our safety up. I sent your grace
The parcels[270] and particulars of our grief,
The which hath been with scorn shoved[271] from the court,
Whereon this Hydra[272] son of war is born,
Whose dangerous eyes[273] may well be charmed asleep
With grant of our most just and right desires,
And true obedience, of this madness cured,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

MOWBRAY If not, we ready are to try our fortunes

To the last man.

HASTINGS And though we here fall down,
We have supplies[280] to second our attempt:
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them,
And so success[282] of mischief shall be born
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up
Whiles[284] England shall have generation.

PRINCE JOHN You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow,
To sound the bottom[286] of the after-times.

WESTMORLAND Pleaseth your grace to answer them directly
How far forth[288] you do like their articles.

PRINCE JOHN I like them all, and do allow them well,[289]
And swear here, by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook,[291]
And some about him have too lavishly[292]
Wrested his meaning and authority.—
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redressed, ***To Archbishop***
Upon my life, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your powers[296] unto their several counties,
As we will ours, and here between the armies,
Let's drink together friendly and embrace,
That all their eyes may bear those tokens[299] home
Of our restorèd love and amity.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK I take your princely word for these redresses.

PRINCE JOHN I give it you, and will maintain my word,
And thereupon I drink unto your grace. ***Toasts Archbishop***

HASTINGS Go, captain, and deliver to the army
This news of peace: let them have pay, and part.[305]
I know it will well please them. Hie[306] thee, captain.

Exit [Officer]

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK To you, my noble lord of Westmorland. ***Toasts Westmorland***

WESTMORLAND I pledge[308] your grace, and if you knew what pains ***Toasts Archbishop***
I have bestowed to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely. But my love to ye
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK I do not doubt you.
WESTMORLAND I am glad of it.—
Health to my lord and gentle cousin, Mowbray. ***Toasts Mowbray***
MOWBRAY You wish me health in very happy season,[315]
For I am, on the sudden, something[316] ill.
ARCHBISHOP OF YORK Against[317] ill chances men are ever merry,
But heaviness[318] foreruns the good event.
WESTMORLAND Therefore be merry, coz,[319] since sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus: ‘Some good thing comes tomorrow.’
ARCHBISHOP OF YORK Believe me, I am passing[321] light in spirit.
MOWBRAY So much the worse, if your own rule be true.
PRINCE JOHN The word of peace is rendered.[323] Hark, how they shout!
MOWBRAY This had been cheerful[324] after victory.
ARCHBISHOP OF YORK A peace is of the nature of a conquest,
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.
PRINCE JOHN Go, my lord, ***To Westmorland***
And let our army be dischargèd too.—
Exit [Westmorland]
And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains[330] ***To Archbishop***
March by us, that we may peruse[331] the men
We should have coped withal.[332]
ARCHBISHOP OF YORK Go, good Lord Hastings,
And ere they be dismissed, let them march by.
Exit [Hastings]
PRINCE JOHN I trust, lords, we shall lie[335] tonight together.
Enter Westmorland
Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?
WESTMORLAND The leaders, having charge from you to stand,
Will not go off until they hear you speak.
PRINCE JOHN They know their duties.
Enter Hastings
HASTINGS Our army is dispersed.
Like youthful steers unyoked,[341] they took their course
East, west, north, south, or, like a school broke up,
Each hurries toward his home and sporting-place.[343]

WESTMORLAND Good tidings, my lord Hastings, for the which
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason.—
And you, lord archbishop, and you, Lord Mowbray,
Of[347] capital treason I attach you both.

MOWBRAY Is this proceeding just and honourable?

WESTMORLAND Is your assembly so?

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK Will you thus break your faith?

PRINCE JOHN I pawned[351] thee none:
I promised you redress of these same grievances
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a most Christian care.
But for you, rebels, look to taste the due
Meet[356] for rebellion and such acts as yours.
Most shallowly[357] did you these arms commence,
Fondly[358] brought here and foolishly sent hence.
Strike up our drums, pursue the scattered stray.[359]
Heaven, and not we, have safely fought today.
Some guard these traitors to the block of death,
Treason's true bed and yielder up of breath.

Exeunt

Enter Falstaff and Coleville [separately]

FALSTAFF What's your name, sir? Of what condition[363] are you, and of what place, I pray?

COLEVILLE I am a knight, sir, and my name is Coleville of the Dale.

FALSTAFF Well, then, Coleville is your name, a knight is your degree, and your place, the Dale.[368] Coleville shall still be your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a place deep enough so shall you be still Coleville of the Dale.

COLEVILLE Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

FALSTAFF As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir, or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are the drops[371] of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance[372] to my mercy.

COLEVILLE I think you are Sir John Falstaff, and in that thought yield me.

FALSTAFF I[374] have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name.

An[375] I had but a belly of any indifferency,[376] I were simply the most active fellow in Europe. My womb, my womb, my womb, undoes me. Here comes our general.

Enter Prince John and Westmorland [with Blunt and others]

PRINCE JOHN The heat is past. Follow no further now.Call in the powers, good cousin Westmorland.Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?When everything is ended, then you come.These tardy tricks[382] of yours will, on my life, One time or other break[383] some gallows' back.

[Exit Westmorland]

FALSTAFF I would be sorry, my lord, but[384] it should be thus: I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? Have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition[386] of thought? I have speeded hither with[387] the very extremest inch of possibility. I have foundered nine[388] score and odd posts, and here, travel-tainted as I am, have in my pure and immaculate valour, taken Sir John Coleville of the Dale, a most furious[389] knight and valorous enemy. But what of that? He saw me, and yielded, that I may justly say, with the hook-nosed[391] fellow of Rome, 'I came, saw, and overcame.'

PRINCE JOHN It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

FALSTAFF I know not. Here he is, and here I yield him. And I beseech your grace, let it be booked[394] with the rest of this day's deeds; or, I swear, I will have it in a particular ballad,[395] with mine own picture on the top of it, Coleville kissing my foot: to the which course, if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt two-pences[396] to me, and I in the clear sky of fame o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders[398] of the element — which show like pins' heads to her — believe not the word of the noble: therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.[399]

PRINCE JOHN Thine's too heavy[400] to mount.

FALSTAFF Let it shine, then.

PRINCE JOHN Thine's too thick[402] to shine.

FALSTAFF Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

PRINCE JOHN Is thy name Coleville?

COLEVILLE It is, my lord.

PRINCE JOHN A famous rebel art thou, Coleville.

FALSTAFF And a famous true subject took him.

COLEVILLE I am, my lord, but as my betters are
That led me hither. Had they been[410] ruled by me,
You should have won them dearer[411] than you have.

FALSTAFF I know not how they sold[412] themselves, but thou, like a kind fellow, gav’st thyself away; and I thank thee for thee.

Enter Westmorland

PRINCE JOHN Have you left[414] pursuit?

WESTMORLAND Retreat is made and execution stayed.[415]

PRINCE JOHN Send Coleville with his confederates
To York, to present[417] execution.—
Blunt, lead him hence, and see you guard him sure.[418]

Exeunt [Blunt and others] with Coleville

And now dispatch we toward the court, my lords.
I hear the king my father is sore[420] sick.
Our news shall go before us to his majesty,
Which, cousin, you shall bear to comfort him, ***To Westmorland***
And we with sober[423] speed will follow you.

FALSTAFF My lord, I beseech you give me leave to go through Gloucestershire, and, when you come to court, stand my good lord, pray, in your good report.

PRINCE JOHN Fare you well, Falstaff. I, in my condition[426] Shall better speak of you than you deserve.

Exeunt [all but Falstaff]

FALSTAFF I would[428] you had but the wit: ’twere better than your dukedom. Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me, nor a man cannot make him laugh. But that’s no marvel: he drinks no wine. There’s never any of these demure boys come[431] to any proof, for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals,[432] that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness, and then when they marry, they get wenches.[433] They are generally fools and cowards; which some of us should be too, but for inflammation.[434] A good sherry-sack hath a two-fold operation in it: it ascends me[435] into the brain, dries me there all the foolish and dull and curdy[436] vapours which environ it, makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive,[437] full of nimble, fiery and delectable shapes, which, delivered o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherry is the warming of the blood, which, before cold and settled, left the liver[440] white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice. But the sherry warms it and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extremes:[442] it illuminateth the face, which as a beacon gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm. And then the vital[443] commoners and inland petty spirits muster me[444] all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puffed up with his retinue, doth any deed of courage, and this valour comes of sherry. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work,[446] and learning a[447] mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, till sack commences it and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant, for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile and bare land, manured, husbanded[450] and tilled with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good store of fertile sherry, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first principle I would teach them should be to forswear thin potations[453] and to addict themselves to sack.

Enter Bardolph

How now Bardolph?

BARDOLPH The army is discharged all and gone.

FALSTAFF Let them go. I'll through Gloucestershire, and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, Esquire. I have him already tempering[457] between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him.[458] Come away.

Exeunt

Act 4 Scene 2[4.2]

running scene 11

Enter King, Warwick, Clarence, Gloucester

KING HENRY IV Now, lords, if heaven doth give successful end
To this debate[2] that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields[3]
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.[4]
Our navy is addressed,[5] our power collected,
Our substitutes[6] in absence well invested,
And everything lies level[7] to our wish;
Only we want[8] a little personal strength,
And pause us,[9] till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

WARWICK Both which we doubt not but your majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

KING HENRY IV Humphrey, my son of Gloucester,
Where is the prince your brother?

GLOUCESTER I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

KING HENRY IV And how accompanied?

GLOUCESTER I do not know, my lord.

KING HENRY IV Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?

GLOUCESTER No, my good lord, he is in presence[19] here.

CLARENCE What would my lord and father? ***Comes forward***

KING HENRY IV Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.
How chance[22] thou art not with the prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas.
Thou hast a better place in his affection
Than all thy brothers. Cherish it, my boy,
And noble offices[26] thou mayst effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other brethren:[28]
Therefore omit[29] him not, blunt not his love,
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace
By seeming cold or careless of his will,

For he is gracious, if he be observed.[32]
He hath a tear for pity and a hand
Open as day for melting[34] charity:
Yet notwithstanding, being incensed, he's flint,[35]
As humorous[36] as winter, and as sudden
As flaws congealèd[37] in the spring of day.
His temper,[38] therefore, must be well observed:
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,[39]
When you perceive his blood inclined to mirth,
But being moody, give him line[41] and scope,
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,[42]
Confound[43] themselves with working. Learn this, Thomas,
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion[47] —
As, force perforce,[48] the age will pour it in —
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As aconitum[50] or rash gunpowder.
CLARENCE I shall observe him with all care and love.
KING HENRY IV Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?
CLARENCE He is not there today. He dines in London.
KING HENRY IV And how accompanied? Canst thou tell that?
CLARENCE With Poins, and other his continual[55] followers.
KING HENRY IV Most subject is the fattest[56] soil to weeds,
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them: therefore my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death.
The blood[60] weeps from my heart when I do shape
In forms imaginary th'unguided days
And rotten times that you shall look upon
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,[64]
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
When means and lavish[66] manners meet together,
O, with what wings shall his affections fly

Towards fronting[68] peril and opposed decay!
WARWICK My gracious lord, you look[69] beyond him quite:
The prince but studies his companions
Like a strange tongue, wherein, to gain the language,
’Tis needful that the most immodest word
Be looked upon and learned, which once attained,
Your highness knows, comes to no further use
But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,
The prince will, in the perfectness[76] of time,
Cast off his followers, and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure[78] live,
By which his grace must mete[79] the lives of others,
Turning past evils to advantages.
KING HENRY IV ’Tis[81] seldom when the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion.
Enter Westmorland
Who’s here? Westmorland?
WESTMORLAND Health to my sovereign, and new happiness
Added to that that I am to deliver!
Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace’s hand.
Mowbray, the Bishop Scroop,[87] Hastings and all
Are brought to the correction of your law.
There is not now a rebel’s sword unsheathed,
But peace puts forth her olive everywhere.
The manner how this action hath been borne[91]
Here at more leisure may your highness read, ***Gives a paper***
With every course[93] in his particular.
KING HENRY IV O Westmorland, thou art a summer bird,
Which ever in the haunch[95] of winter sings
The lifting up[96] of day.
Enter Harcourt
Look, here’s more news.
HARCOURT From enemies heaven keep your majesty,
And when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of.
The Earl Northumberland and the lord Bardolph,

With a great power of English and of Scots
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown:
The manner and true order of the fight
This packet,[105] please it you, contains at large. ***Gives papers***
KING HENRY IV And wherefore should these good news make me sick?
Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach[109] and no food —
Such are the poor, in health — or else a feast
And takes away the stomach — such are the rich,
That have abundance and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news,
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy.
O, me! Come near me, now I am much ill.
GLOUCESTER Comfort, your majesty!
CLARENCE O my royal father!
WESTMORLAND My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up.
WARWICK Be patient, princes. You do know these fits
Are with his highness very ordinary.
Stand from him. Give him air. He’ll straight[121] be well.
CLARENCE No, no, he cannot long hold out: these pangs,[122]
Th’incessant care and labour of his mind,
Hath wrought the mure[124] that should confine it in
So thin that life looks through and will break out.
GLOUCESTER The people fear me,[126] for they do observe
Unfathered heirs[127] and loathly births of nature:
The seasons change their manners,[128] as the year
Had found some months asleep and leaped them over.
CLARENCE The river hath thrice flowed,[130] no ebb between,
And the old folk, time’s doting[131] chronicles,
Say it did so a little time before
That our great-grandsire, Edward,[133] sicked and died.
WARWICK Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.
GLOUCESTER This apoplexy[135] will certain be his end.
KING HENRY IV I pray you take me up and bear me hence
Into some other chamber. Softly, pray.

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends,
Unless some dull[139] and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.
WARWICK Call for the music in the other room. ***To Servant***
KING HENRY IV Set me the crown upon my pillow here. ***Crown is set on the pillow***
CLARENCE His eye is hollow, and he changes much.
WARWICK Less noise, less noise!
Enter Prince Henry
PRINCE HENRY Who saw the Duke of Clarence?
CLARENCE I am here, brother, full of heaviness.[146] ***Weeps***
PRINCE HENRY How now? Rain[147] within doors, and none abroad?
How doth the king?
GLOUCESTER Exceeding ill.
PRINCE HENRY Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him.
GLOUCESTER He altered much upon the hearing it.
PRINCE HENRY If he be sick with joy, he'll recover without physic.[153]
WARWICK Not so much noise, my lords.— Sweet prince, speak low,
The king your father is disposed to sleep.
CLARENCE Let us withdraw into the other room.
WARWICK Will't please your grace to go along with us?
PRINCE HENRY No, I will sit and watch here by the king.
[Exeunt all but Prince Henry]
Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
O polished perturbation![161] Golden care!
That keep'st the ports[162] of slumber open wide
To many a watchful[163] night! Sleep with it now,
Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet
As he whose brow with homely biggen[165] bound
Snores out the watch[166] of night. O majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour[168] worn in heat of day,
That scald'st with safety. By his gates of breath[169]
There lies a downy feather which stirs not:
Did he suspire,[171] that light and weightless down

Perforce must move. My gracious lord, my father,
This sleep is sound indeed. This is a sleep
That from this golden rigol[174] hath divorced
So many English kings. Thy due from me
Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously.
My due from thee is this imperial crown,
Which, as immediate[180] from thy place and blood,
Derives itself[181] to me. Lo, here it sits, ***Puts crown on his head***
Which heaven shall guard. And put[182] the world's whole strength
Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal[184] honour from me. This from thee
Will I to mine[185] leave, as 'tis left to me.

Exit

KING HENRY IV Warwick! Gloucester! Clarence! ***Waking***

Enter Warwick, Gloucester, Clarence

CLARENCE Doth the king call?

WARWICK What would your majesty? How fares your grace?

KING HENRY IV Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

CLARENCE We left the prince my brother here, my liege,
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

KING HENRY IV The Prince of Wales? Where is he? Let me see him.

WARWICK This door is open. He is gone this way.

GLOUCESTER He came not through the chamber where we stayed.

KING HENRY IV Where is the crown? Who took it from my pillow?

WARWICK When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

KING HENRY IV The prince hath ta'en it hence. Go, seek him out.
Is he so hasty that he doth suppose
My sleep my death?
Find him, my lord of Warwick. Chide[200] him hither.

[Exit Warwick]

This part[201] of his conjoins with my disease
And helps to end me. See, sons, what things you are,
How quickly nature falls into revolt[203]
When gold becomes her object!

For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleeps with thoughts, their brains with care,
Their bones with industry,
For this they have engrossed[208] and pilèd up
The cankered[209] heaps of strange-achievèd gold.
For this they have been thoughtful[210] to invest
Their sons with arts[211] and martial exercises.
When, like the bee, culling from every flower
The virtuous sweets,
Our thighs[214] packed with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive, and, like the bees,[215]
Are murdered for our pains. This[216] bitter taste
Yields his engrossments to the ending[217] father.

Enter Warwick

Now, where is he that will not stay[218] so long
Till his friend sickness hath determined[219] me?

WARWICK My lord, I found the prince in the next room,
Washing with kindly[221] tears his gentle cheeks,
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow
That tyranny,[223] which never quaffed but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have washed his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

KING HENRY IV But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Enter Prince Henry [with the crown]

Lo, where he comes.— Come hither to me, Harry.—
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

Exeunt [Warwick, Gloucester, Clarence]

PRINCE HENRY I never thought to hear you speak again.

KING HENRY IV Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair[232]
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek’st the greatness that will o’erwhelm thee.
Stay but a little, for my cloud of dignity[236]
Is held from falling with so weak a wind

That it will quickly drop. My day is dim.
Thou hast stolen that which after some few hours
Were[240] thine without offence, and at my death
Thou hast sealed[241] up my expectation.
Thy life did manifest[242] thou lovedst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.
Thou hid’st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted[245] on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What? Canst thou not forbear[247] me half an hour?
Then get thee gone and dig my grave thyself,
And bid the merry bells ring to thy ear
That thou art crownèd, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse
Be drops of balm[252] to sanctify thy head,
Only compound[253] me with forgotten dust.
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees,
For now a time is come to mock at form.[256]
Henry the Fifth is crowned. Up, vanity,
Down, royal state, all you sage counsellors, hence!
And to the English court assemble now,
From ev’ry region, apes of idleness![260]
Now, neighbour confines,[261] purge you of your scum:
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more.
England shall double gild[266] his treble guilt.
England shall give him office,[267] honour, might,
For the fifth Harry from curbèd licence plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth[270] in every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care[272] could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?

O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!
PRINCE HENRY O, pardon me, my liege! But for my tears,
The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had[278] forestalled this dear and deep rebuke
Ere you with grief had spoke and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown, ***Puts it back on the pillow***
And he that wears the crown immortally
Long guard it yours. If I affect[282] it more
Than as your honour and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience[284] rise, ***Kneels***
Which my most true and inward duteous spirit
Teacheth, this prostrate and exterior bending.
Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course[288] of breath within your majesty,
How cold it struck my heart. If I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die
And never live to show th'incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposèd.[292]
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,
I spake unto the crown as having sense,[295]
And thus upbraided it: 'The care on thee depending[296]
Hath fed upon the body of my father:
Therefore, thou best of gold art worst of gold.
Other, less fine in carat,[299] is more precious,
Preserving life in med'cine potable,[300]
But thou, most fine,[301] most honoured, most renowned,
Hast eat the bearer up.' Thus, my royal liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head,
To try[304] with it, as with an enemy
That had before my face murdered my father,
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride,
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine

Did with the least affection[310] of a welcome
Give entertainment to[311] the might of it,
Let heaven forever keep it from my head
And make me as the poorest vassal[313] is
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!
KING HENRY IV O my son,
Heaven put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightst join the more[317] thy father’s love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it!
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed ***Prince Henry rises***
And hear, I think, the very latest[320] counsel
That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my son,
By what by-paths[322] and indirect crooked ways
I met[323] this crown, and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head.
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation,
For all the soil[327] of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seemed in me
But as an honour snatched with boist’rous[329] hand,
And I had many[330] living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances,
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposèd peace. All these bold fears[333]
Thou see’st with peril I have answerèd,
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument.[336] And now my death
Changes the mood, for what in me was purchased,[337]
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort.[338]
So thou the garland[339] wear’st successively.
Yet, though thou stand’st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green,[341]
And all thy friends, which thou must make[342] thy friends,
Have but their stings and teeth newly taken out,
By whose fell working[344] I was first advanced
And by whose power I well might lodge[345] a fear

To be again displaced, which to avoid,
I cut them off and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land,
Lest rest and lying still might make them look
Too near[350] unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course to busy giddy[351] minds
With foreign quarrels, that action,[352] hence borne out,
May waste[353] the memory of the former days.
More would I,[354] but my lungs are wasted so
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O heaven forgive,
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

PRINCE HENRY My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me.
Then plain and right must my possession be;
Which I with more than with a common pain[361]
Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter Lord John of Lancaster [Prince John] and Warwick [behind]

KING HENRY IV Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

PRINCE JOHN Health, peace, and happiness to my royal father!

KING HENRY IV Thou bring’st me happiness and peace, son John,
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare withered trunk.[367] Upon thy sight
My worldly business makes a period.[368]
Where is my lord of Warwick?

PRINCE HENRY My lord of Warwick!

KING HENRY IV Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging[372] where I first did swoon?

WARWICK ’Tis called Jerusalem, my noble lord.

KING HENRY IV Laud[374] be to heaven! Even there my life must end.
It hath been prophesied to me many years,[375]
I should not die but[376] in Jerusalem,
Which vainly[377] I supposed the Holy Land.
But bear me to that chamber. There I’ll lie.
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

Exeunt

Act 5 Scene 1[5.1]

running scene 12

Enter Shallow, Silence, Falstaff, Bardolph, Page and Davy

SHALLOW By[1] cock and pie, you shall not away tonight. What, Davy, I say!

FALSTAFF You must excuse me, Master Robert Shallow.

SHALLOW I will not excuse you. You shall not be excused. Excuses shall not be admitted. There is no excuse shall serve. You shall not be excused.— Why, Davy!

DAVY Here, sir. ***Steps forward***

SHALLOW Davy, Davy, Davy, let me see, Davy, let me see. William Cook, bid him come hither. Sir John, you shall not be excused.

DAVY Marry, sir, thus: those precepts[8] cannot be served. And again, sir, shall we sow the headland[9] with wheat?

SHALLOW With red wheat,[10] Davy. But for William Cook: are there no young pigeons?

DAVY Yes, sir. ***Gives a paper*** Here is now the smith's note[11] for shoeing and plough-irons.

SHALLOW Let it be cast[12] and paid.— Sir John, you shall not be excused.

DAVY Sir, a new link[13] to the bucket must needs be had. And, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley Fair?[14]

SHALLOW He shall answer[15] it. Some pigeons, Davy, a couple of short-legged hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws,[16] tell William Cook. ***They talk aside***

DAVY Doth the man of war[17] stay all night, sir?

SHALLOW Yes, Davy. I will use[18] him well. A friend i'th'court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy, for they are arrant knaves,[19] and will backbite.

DAVY No worse than they are bitten,[20] sir, for they have marvellous foul linen.

SHALLOW Well conceited,[21] Davy. About thy business, Davy.

DAVY I beseech you, sir, to countenance[22] William Visor of Woncot against Clement Perkes of the Hill.

SHALLOW There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor. That Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

DAVY I grant your worship that he is a knave, sir, but yet, heaven forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, these eight years, and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out[29] a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit[30] with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir: therefore, I beseech your worship let him be countenanced.

SHALLOW Go to, I say he shall have no wrong. Look about,[33] Davy.

[Exit Davy]

Where are you, Sir John? Come, off with your boots.— Give me your hand, Master Bardolph.

BARDOLPH I am glad to see your worship.

SHALLOW I thank thee with all my heart, kind Master Bardolph, and welcome, my tall[37] fellow.— Come, Sir John.

FALSTAFF I'll follow you, good Master Robert Shallow.

[Exit Shallow]

Bardolph, look to our horses.

[Exeunt Bardolph and Page]

If I were sawed into quantities,[41] I should make four dozen of such bearded hermits' staves[42] as Master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: they, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices: he, by conversing[44] with them, is turned into a justice-like servingman. Their spirits are so married in conjunction[45] with the participation of society that they flock together in consent, like so many wild geese. If I had a suit to[46] Master Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation[47] of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry[48] with Master Shallow that no man could better command his servants. It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage[50] is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing out of six fashions, which is four terms,[53] or two actions, and he shall laugh with intervallums. O, it is much that a lie with a slight oath and a jest with a sad brow[54] will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders. O, you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.[56]

SHALLOW Sir John! ***Within***

FALSTAFF I come, Master Shallow, I come, Master Shallow.

Exit

Act 5 Scene 2[5.2]

running scene 13

Enter the Earl of Warwick and the Lord Chief Justice

WARWICK How now, my Lord Chief Justice whither away?[1]

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE How doth the king?

WARWICK Exceeding well, his cares are now all ended.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE I hope, not dead.

WARWICK He’s walked the way of nature,
And to our purposes he lives no more.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE I would his majesty had called me with him.
The service[8] that I truly did his life
Hath left me open to all injuries.

WARWICK Indeed I think the young king loves you not.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE I know he doth not, and do arm myself
To welcome the condition of the time,
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.[14]

Enter John of Lancaster [Prince John], Gloucester and Clarence, [Westmorland and others]

WARWICK Here come the heavy issue[15] of dead Harry.
O, that the living Harry had the temper[16]
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!
How many nobles then should hold their places[18]
That must strike sail[19] to spirits of vile sort!

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE Alas, I fear all will be overturned.

PRINCE JOHN Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow.

GLOUCESTER *and* CLARENCE Good morrow, cousin.

PRINCE JOHN We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

WARWICK We do remember, but our argument[24]
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

PRINCE JOHN Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

GLOUCESTER O, good my lord, you have lost a friend indeed,
And I dare swear you borrow not[29] that face

Of seeming sorrow, it is sure[30] your own.
PRINCE JOHN Though no man be assured what grace[31] to find,
You stand in coldest expectation.[32]
I am the sorrier, would ’twere otherwise.
CLARENCE Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff fair,
Which swims against your[35] stream of quality.
LORD CHIEF JUSTICE Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour,
Led by th’impartial conduct of my soul,
And never shall you see that I will beg
A ragged[39] and forestalled remission.
If troth[40] and upright innocency fail me,
I’ll to the king my master that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.
WARWICK Here comes the prince.
Enter Prince Henry [now King Henry V]
LORD CHIEF JUSTICE Good morrow, and heaven save your majesty!
KING HENRY V This new and gorgeous garment majesty
Sits not so easy on me as you think.—
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear.
This is the English, not the Turkish court,
Not Amurah[49] an Amurah succeeds,
But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,
For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you.
Sorrow so royally in you appears
That I will deeply put the fashion on
And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad,
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burden laid upon us all.
For me, by heaven, I bid you be assured,
I’ll be your father and your brother too.
Let me but bear your love, I’ll bear your cares;
But weep that Harry’s dead, and so will I;
But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears
By number[62] into hours of happiness.
PRINCE JOHN, GLOUCESTER *and* CLARENCE We hope no other from your majesty.

KING HENRY V You all look strangely[64] on me.— And you most: *To Lord Chief Justice*
You are, I think, assured[65] I love you not.
LORD CHIEF JUSTICE I am assured, if I be measured rightly,
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.
KING HENRY V No?
How might a prince of my great hopes[69] forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What? Rate,[71] rebuke, and roughly send to prison
Th'immediate heir of England? Was this easy?[72]
May this be washed in Lethe,[73] and forgotten?
LORD CHIEF JUSTICE I then did use the person[74] of your father,
The image of his power lay then in me,
And in th'administration of his law,
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness pleasèd to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the king whom I presented,[80]
And struck me in my very seat of judgement,
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority
And did commit[84] you. If the deed were ill,
Be you[85] contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought?
To pluck down justice from your awful[87] bench?
To trip the course of law and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person?
Nay, more, to spurn[90] at your most royal image
And mock your workings in a second body?[91]
Question your royal thoughts, make[92] the case yours,
Be now the father and propose[93] a son,
Hear your own dignity so much profaned,[94]
See your most dreadful[95] laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdained,
And then imagine me taking your part
And in your power soft[98] silencing your son.

After this cold considerance,[99] sentence me;
And, as you are a king, speak in your state[100]
What I have done that misbecame[101] my place,
My person, or my liege’s sovereignty.
KING HENRY V You are right, Justice, and you weigh[103] this well:
Therefore still[104] bear the balance and the sword.
And I do wish your honours may increase
Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you and obey you, as I did.
So shall I live to speak my father’s words:
‘Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
That dares do justice on my proper[110] son;
And no less happy, having such a son,
That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hands of justice.’ You did commit me,
For which, I do commit[114] into your hand
Th’unstained sword that you have used[115] to bear,
With this remembrance:[116] that you use the same
With the like bold, just and impartial spirit
As you have done gainst me. There is my hand. ***Offers his hand***
You shall be as a father to my youth,
My voice shall sound[120] as you do prompt mine ear,
And I will stoop and humble my intents[121]
To your well-practised[122] wise directions.
And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you:
My father is gone wild into his grave,
For in his tomb lie my affections,[125]
And with his spirits sadly[126] I survive,
To mock[127] the expectation of the world,
To frustrate prophecies and to raze out[128]
Rotten opinion,[129] who hath writ me down
After my seeming.[130] The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flowed in vanity[131] till now.
Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea,
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods[133]
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.

Now call we our high court of parliament,
And let us choose such limbs[136] of noble counsel,
That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best governed nation,
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us,—
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand. ***To Lord Chief Justice***
Our coronation done, we will accite,[142]
As I before remembered,[143] all our state.
And, heaven consigning to[144] my good intents,
No prince nor peer shall have just cause to say,
Heaven shorten Harry’s happy life one day!

Exeunt

Act 5 Scene 3[5.3]

running scene 14

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Bardolph, [Davy] and Page

SHALLOW Nay, you shall see mine orchard,[1] where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin[2] of my own graffing, with a dish of caraways, and so forth.— Come, cousin Silence.— And then to bed.

FALSTAFF You have here a goodly dwelling and a rich.[4]

SHALLOW Barren, barren, barren: beggars all, beggars all, Sir John. Marry, good air.— Spread,[6] Davy, spread, Davy. Well said, Davy.

FALSTAFF This Davy serves you for good uses. He is your servingman and your husband.[8]

SHALLOW A good varlet,[9] a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John. I have drunk too much sack at supper. A good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down. Come, cousin.

SILENCE Ah, sirrah, quoth a,[11] we shall
Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer, ***Sings***
And praise heaven for the merry year.
When flesh[14] is cheap and females dear,
And lusty[15] lads roam here and there
So merrily, and ever among so merrily.

FALSTAFF There's a merry heart. Good Master Silence, I'll give you a health[17] for that anon.

SHALLOW Give Master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

DAVY Sweet sir, sit. I'll be with you anon. Most sweet sir, sit. Master page, good master page, sit. Proface![21] What you want in meat, we'll have in drink, but you bear.[22] The heart's all.

[Exit]

SHALLOW Be merry, Master Bardolph.— And, my little soldier there, be merry.

SILENCE Be merry, be merry, my wife has all, ***Sings***
For women are shrews,[25] both short and tall.
'Tis merry in[26] hall when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrovetide.[27]

Be merry, be merry.

FALSTAFF I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle.[29]

SILENCE Who, I? I have been merry twice and once[30] ere now.

[Enter Davy with apples]

DAVY There is a dish of leather-coats[31] for you. ***To Bardolph?***

SHALLOW Davy!

DAVY Your worship! I'll be with you straight.— A cup of wine, sir?

SILENCE A cup of wine that's brisk[34] and fine, ***Sings***
And drink unto the leman[35] mine,
And a merry heart lives long-a.

FALSTAFF Well said, Master Silence.

SILENCE If we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet of the night.

FALSTAFF Health and long life to you, Master Silence.

SILENCE Fill the cup, and let it come,[40] ***Sings***
I'll pledge[41] you a mile to the bottom.

SHALLOW Honest Bardolph, welcome. If thou want'st anything, and wilt not call, beshrew[43] thy heart.— ***To Page*** Welcome, my little tiny thief.— And welcome indeed too. I'll drink to Master Bardolph, and to all the cavalieros[44] about London.

DAVY I hope to see London once ere I die.

BARDOLPH If I might see you there, Davy.

SHALLOW You'll crack a quart[47] together, ha! Will you not, Master Bardolph?

BARDOLPH Yes, sir, in a pottle-pot.[48]

SHALLOW I thank thee. The knave will stick by thee,[49] I can assure thee that. He will not out:[50] he is true bred.

BARDOLPH And I'll stick by him, sir.

SHALLOW Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. ***Knocking within*** Look who's at door there, ho! ***Davy goes to the door*** Who knocks?

FALSTAFF Why, now you have done me right.[54]

SILENCE Do[55] me right, ***Sings***
And dub me knight,
Samingo.
Is't not so?

FALSTAFF 'Tis so.

SILENCE Is’t so? Why then, say an old man can do somewhat.[60]

DAVY If it please your worship, there’s one Pistol come from the court with news.

FALSTAFF From the court? Let him come in.

Enter Pistol

How now, Pistol?

PISTOL Sir John, save you, sir!

FALSTAFF What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

PISTOL Not the ill wind which blows none to good, sweet knight. Thou art now one of the greatest[67] men in the realm.

SILENCE Indeed, I think he be, but[68] Goodman Puff of Barson.

PISTOL Puff? Puff in thy teeth, most recreant[69] coward base!
Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend,
Helter-skelter have I rode to thee,
And tidings do I bring and lucky joys
And golden times and happy news of price.[73]

FALSTAFF I prithee now deliver them like a man[74] of this world.

PISTOL A[75] *foutre* for the world and worldlings base!
I speak of Africa and golden joys.

FALSTAFF O base Assyrian[77] knight, what is thy news?
Let King Cophetua[78] know the truth thereof.

SILENCE And Robin[79] Hood, Scarlet and John. ***Sings***

PISTOL Shall dunghill curs[80] confront the Helicons?
And shall good news be baffled?[81]
Then, Pistol, lay[82] thy head in Furies’ lap.

SILENCE Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.[83]

PISTOL Why then, lament therefore. ↓***Silence falls asleep***↓

SHALLOW Give me pardon, sir. If, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it there is but two ways, either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

PISTOL Under which king, Besonian?[88] Speak or die.

SHALLOW Under King Harry.

PISTOL Harry the Fourth or Fifth?

SHALLOW Harry the Fourth.

PISTOL A *foutre* for thine office!—
Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king.

Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth.
When Pistol lies, do[95] this, and fig me, like
The bragging Spaniard.

FALSTAFF What, is the old king dead?

PISTOL As nail in door. The things I speak are just.[98]

FALSTAFF Away,[99] Bardolph!— Saddle my horse.— Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine.— Pistol, I will double-charge[100] thee with dignities.

BARDOLPH O, joyful day! I would not take[102] a knighthood for my fortune.

PISTOL What? I do bring good news.

FALSTAFF Carry[104] Master Silence to bed.— Master Shallow, my lord Shallow, be what thou wilt. I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots. We'll ride all night. O sweet Pistol! Away, Bardolph!

[Exit Bardolph]

Come, Pistol, utter more to me, and withal[107] devise something to do thyself good. Boot,[108] boot, Master Shallow. I know the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses. The laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends, and woe unto my Lord Chief Justice!

PISTOL Let vultures[111] vile seize on his lungs also! 'Where is the life that late I led?'[112] say they. Why, here it is. Welcome those pleasant days.

Exeunt

Act 5 Scene 4[5.4]

running scene 15

Enter Hostess Quickly, Doll Tearsheet and Beadles

HOSTESS QUICKLY No, thou arrant knave. I would I might die, that[1] I might have thee hanged.[2] Thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

FIRST BEADLE The constables have delivered her over[3] to me, and she shall have whipping-cheer[4] enough, I warrant her. There hath been a man or two lately killed about her.[5]

DOLL TEARSHEET Nut-hook,[6] nut-hook, you lie. Come on, I'll tell thee what, thou[8] damned tripe-visaged[7] rascal. If the child I now go with do miscarry, thou hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.

HOSTESS QUICKLY O, that Sir John were come, he would make this a bloody[9] day to somebody, But I[10] would the fruit of her womb might miscarry!

FIRST BEADLE If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions[11] again, you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me, for the man is dead that you and Pistol beat among you.

DOLL TEARSHEET I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer,[14] I will have you as soundly swinged[15] for this, you blue-bottled rogue, you filthy famished correctioner. If you be not swinged, I'll forswear half-kirtles.[16]

FIRST BEADLE Come, come, you she knight-errant,[17] come.

HOSTESS QUICKLY O, that right[18] should thus o'ercome might! Well, of sufferance comes ease.

DOLL TEARSHEET Come, you rogue, come. Bring me to a justice.

HOSTESS QUICKLY Yes, come, you starved bloodhound.

DOLL TEARSHEET Goodman[22] death, goodman bones!

HOSTESS QUICKLY Thou anatomy,[23] thou!

DOLL TEARSHEET Come, you thin thing,[24] come you rascal.

FIRST BEADLE Very well.

Exeunt

Act 5 Scene 5[5.5]

running scene 16

Enter two Grooms

FIRST GROOM More rushes,[1] more rushes.

SECOND GROOM The trumpets have sounded twice.

FIRST GROOM It will be two of the clock ere they come from the coronation.

Exeunt Grooms

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolph and Page

FALSTAFF Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow. I will make the king do you grace. I will leer upon[5] him as he comes by, and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

PISTOL Bless thy lungs, good knight.

FALSTAFF Come here, Pistol, stand behind me.— O, if I had had time to have made new liveries,[9] I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But it is no matter, this poor show doth better: this doth infer[10] the zeal I had to see him.

SHALLOW It doth so.

FALSTAFF It shows my earnestness in affection—

PISTOL It doth so.

FALSTAFF My devotion—

PISTOL It doth, it doth, it doth.

FALSTAFF As it were, to ride day and night, and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me[17]—

SHALLOW It is most certain.

FALSTAFF But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him, thinking of nothing else, putting all affairs in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

PISTOL ’Tis *semper idem,*[22] for *obsque hoc nihil est*. ’Tis all in every part.

SHALLOW ’Tis so, indeed.

PISTOL My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,[24]
And make thee rage.
Thy Doll, and Helen[26] of thy noble thoughts,

Is in base durance[27] and contagious prison,
Haled[28] thither
By most mechanical[29] and dirty hand.
Rouse up revenge from ebon[30] den with fell
Alecto's[31] snake,
For Doll is in.[32] Pistol speaks naught but troth.
FALSTAFF I will deliver her.
PISTOL There roared the sea, and trumpet-clangour sounds.

The trumpets sound. Enter King Henry V, [with his] brothers [Prince John, Clarence, Gloucester], Lord Chief Justice [and others]

FALSTAFF Save thy grace, King Hal, my royal Hal!
PISTOL The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp[36] of fame!
FALSTAFF Save thee, my sweet boy!
KING HENRY V My Lord Chief Justice, speak to that vain[38] man.
LORD CHIEF JUSTICE Have you your wits? Know you what 'tis you speak?
FALSTAFF My king, my Jove![40] I speak to thee, my heart!
KING HENRY V I know thee not, old man. Fall to thy prayers.
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
I have long dreamed of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swelled,[44] so old and so profane.
But being awake, I do despise my dream.
Make less thy body hence,[46] and more thy grace,
Leave gormandizing;[47] know the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men.
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest.
Presume not that I am the thing I was,
For heaven doth know — so shall the world perceive —
That I have turned away my former self,
So will I those that kept me company.
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots:[56]
Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,
Not to come near our[59] person by ten mile.
For competence of life[60] I will allow you,

That[61] lack of means enforce you not to evil.
And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
We will, according to your strength and qualities,
Give you advancement.[64]— Be it your charge, my lord, ***To Chief Justice***
To see performed the tenor[65] of our word.— Set on.

Exeunt King [and his train]

FALSTAFF Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

SHALLOW Aye, marry, Sir John, which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

FALSTAFF That can hardly be, Master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this: I shall be sent for in private to him. Look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement. I will be the man yet that shall make you great.

SHALLOW I cannot well perceive how, unless you should give me your doublet[71] and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

FALSTAFF Sir, I will be as good as my word. This that you heard was but a colour.[74]

SHALLOW A colour[75] I fear that you will die in, Sir John.

FALSTAFF Fear no colours.[76] Go with me to dinner.— Come, Lieutenant Pistol. Come, Bardolph. I shall be sent for soon at night.[77]

[Enter Prince John, the Lord Chief Justice and Officers]

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet.[78]
Take all his company along with him.

FALSTAFF My lord, my lord—

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE I cannot now speak. I will hear you soon. Take them away.

PISTOL *Si*[82] *fortuna me tormento, spero me contento.*

Exeunt all but Lancaster [Prince John] and Chief Justice

PRINCE JOHN I like this fair proceeding[83] of the king's.
He hath intent[84] his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for,
But all are banished till their conversations[86]
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE And so they are.

PRINCE JOHN The king hath called his parliament, my lord.
LORD CHIEF JUSTICE He hath.
PRINCE JOHN I will lay odds that, ere this year expire,
We bear our civil swords[92] and native fire
As far as France. I heard a bird so sing,
Whose music, to my thinking, pleased the king.
Come, will you hence?

Exeunt

Epilogue

[Enter the Epilogue]

First my fear, then my curtsy,[96] last my speech. My fear is your displeasure: my curtsy, my duty: and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me, for what I have to say is of mine own making, and what indeed I should say will, I doubt,[99] prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture.[100] Be it known to you, as it is very well, I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it and to promise you a better. I did mean indeed to pay you with this, which, if like an ill venture[102] it come unluckily home, I break,[103] and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here I promised you I would be and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me[104] some and I will pay you some and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely. If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? And yet that were but light payment, to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me: if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly. One word more, I beseech you: if you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue[112] the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katherine of France, where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat,[113] unless already he be killed with your hard[114] opinions. For Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary, when my legs are too, I will bid you goodnight, and so kneel down before you; but, indeed, to pray for the queen.

[Exit]

Quarto passages that do not appear in the Folio

Following 1.2.186:

but it was alway yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If ye will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is: I were better to be eaten to death with a rust than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

Following 2.2.20:

and God knows, whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen shall inherit his kingdom: but the midwives say the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

Following 2.4.10:

Dispatch: the room where they supped is too hot; they’ll come in straight.

Following 2.4.44:

DOLL TEARSHEET Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

Following 2.4.109:

FALSTAFF No more, Pistol; I would not have you discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

After ‘divers liquors!’ in 3.1.53:

O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.

Textual Notes

= First Quarto text of 1600
= First Folio text of 1623
2 = a correction introduced in the Second Folio text of 1632
d = a correction introduced by a later editor
D = stage direction

H = speech heading (i.e., speaker’s name)

ist of parts: *adapted from* THE ACTORS NAMES *at end of* F *text*

nduction SH RUMOUR = Ed. *Not in* F **35 hold** = Ed. F = Hole

.1.42 hard = Q. F = head **68 Spoke** = Q. F = Speake **a venture** = Q. F = aduenture **188 brought** = F2. F = bring

.2.5 clay, man *spelled* Clay-man in F **72 for** = Q. *Not in* F

.1.1 SH HOSTESS QUICKLY = Ed. F = *Hostesse* **120, 123 SH GOWER** = Ed. F = *Mes*. **134 counties** = Q. F = Countries

.2.12 *videlicet* *spelled* Viz. *in* F **81 borrower’s** = Ed. F = borrowed

.3.5 SH LADY NORTHUMBERLAND = Ed. F = *Wife. (throughout the scene)*

.4.107 With = Q. F = where **163 SD** *Musicians* = Ed. F = *Musique* **186 avoirdupois** *spelled Haber-de-pois in* F

.2.110 SH FALSTAFF = Ed. F = *Shal*.

.1.39 appeared = Ed. F = appeare **118 force** = Ed. F = forc’d **252 th’imagined** = Ed. F = th’imagine **424 My…report** *set as prose in* F, *but some eds set as verse because of rhyme on* court/report **436 curdy** *spelled* cruddie *in* F

.2.262 will = Q. F = swill **277 moist** = Q. F = most **372 swoon** = Q. F = swoon’d

.2.37 th’impartial = Q. F = th’Imperiall **45 SH KING HENRY V** = Ed. F = *Prince*. **97 your** = Q. F = you

.3.19 Give = Q. F = Good **78 Cophetua** = Q. F = Couitha **83 SH SILENCE** = Ed. F = *Shal*.

.4.3 SH FIRST BEADLE = Ed. F = *Off*.

.5.13 SH PISTOL = F. *Some eds reassign to* SHALLOW **15 SH PISTOL** = F. *Some eds reassign to* SHALLOW **96 Epilogue** *text follows* F. Q *divides into three paragraphs: (1) from* First my feare *to* promise you infinitely: and so I kneele downe before you; but indeed, to pray for the Queene. *(2) from* If my tongue cannot *to* such as assemblie. *(3) from* One word more *to* wil bid you, good night. *I.e*., F *moves prayer for the Queen to the end. The confusion may be caused by the conflation of two distinct epilogues, perhaps one for public and one for court performance*

Induction

* ***List of parts:*** **irregular humorists** lawless/disorderly men with wayward temperaments

1.1 prologue. *The Second Part of Henry the Fourth* is continuous with *The First Part*, taking place immediately after the battle of Shrewsbury ***Rumour*** allegorical figure traditionally covered in painted tongues

2 **vent of hearing** i.e., ear

3 **orient** east **drooping** declining, where the sun sets

4 **post-horse** horse kept at a post house or inn for the use of messengers or travelers **still** always, continually **unfold** reveal

5 **acts** actions, events/divisions of a play

12 **fearful…defence** enrollment of troops and preparations for defense inspired by fear

13 **big** pregnant **griefs** suffering, hardship

15 **And…matter** which is not the case **pipe** small wind instrument, recorder

16 **jealousies** suspicions

17 **of…stop** so easy and straightforward to play stop finger-hole of a wind instrument

18 **blunt** stupid, dull

19 **still-discordant** constantly quarrelling

21 **anatomize** dissect, analyze

22 **household** domestic intimates, i.e., audience

23 **King Harry's victory** Henry IV's troops defeated Hotspur and the other rebels at the Battle of **Shrewsbury** (dramatized in *1 Henry IV*)

24 **field** battlefield Shrewsbury town on the Welsh-English border

25 **Hotspur** Sir Henry (or Harry) Percy, the Earl of Northumberland's son

28 **office** duty, task

29 **Harry Monmouth** Prince Henry (or Harry, or Hal), named after the town on the Welsh-English border where he was born

31 **the Douglas** Archibald, Earl of Douglas; the signifies the head of a Scottish clan

32 **anointed** i.e., royal, legitimate (having been marked with holy oil as part of the coronation ceremony)

33 **peasant** country, rustic (with connotations of “unsophisticated, credulous”)

35 **hold** fortress; Warkworth Castle was the Earl of Northumberland’s residence **ragged** rough, eroded

37 **crafty-sick** feigning illness **posts** messengers on horseback **tiring on** in tearing haste/exhausting themselves and their horses

39 **Than** except what

40 **true wrongs** the painful truth

Act 1 Scene 1

1.1 ***Location:*** *Warkworth Castle (residence of the Earl of Northumberland)* ***Porter*** gatekeeper

1 **keeps** guards

3 **What** who

5 **attend** wait for/wait upon

6 **is** has **orchard** garden

7 **Please it** if it please

11 **stratagem** violent deed/scheme, plot

12 **wild** savage, rebellious, unruly

13 **high feeding** overly rich food

14 **bears down** tramples

16 **certain** definite

17 **an** if **will** is willing, wishes it

20 **your son** Sir Henry Percy (Hotspur)

21 **Blunts** Sir Walter Blunt was killed by Douglas in *1 Henry IV*, Act 5 Scene 1; another Blunt is only mentioned in one of the play's sources

22 **Prince John** Prince Henry's younger brother

23 **Westmorland** Ralph Neville, a kinsman of the king's **Stafford** in *1 Henry IV*, Act 5 Scene 1, the Earl of Stafford is said to have been killed in the battle

24 **brawn** lump of flesh/fattened boar or pig **hulk** big, unwieldy person (literally, large ship) **Sir John** i.e., Falstaff

26 **followed** supported by loyal troops

28 **fortunes** successes

29 **How…derived?** What is the source of your information?

33 **Rendered** gave, related

34 **Travers** his name suggests his function to contradict Lord Bardolph

36 **over-rode** overtook

38 **haply** perhaps **retail** recount

40 **Sir John Umfrevile** either the name originally given to Lord Bardolph's character in an earlier version of the scene, or the gentleman who also gave Bardolph good news of the battle

42 **Outrode** rode faster than, left behind

43 **forspent** exhausted

44 **breathe** allow to rest and recover breath **bloodied** i.e., from the constant digging of spurs

45 **Chester** town in the northwest of England

49 **able** recovered/strong/easy to handle **gave…head** let him go freely, without restraint of the bridle

50 **able** capable/powerful

51 **jade** worn-out horse

52 **rowel-head** spiked wheel at the end of a spur

53 **devour the way** eat up the road

54 **Staying** waiting for

60 **have…day** has not won the battle

61 **point** lace for fastening clothing, i.e., something of small value

62 **barony** land held by a baron

64 **instances** evidence

66 **hilding** worthless

68 **at a venture** without due consideration/in a speculative manner **Morton** another servant of Northumberland’s; his name suggests death

69 **title-leaf** title page of a book describing the contents

71 **strand** shore, beach **flood** sea

72 **witnessed usurpation** visible signs of its invasion (left by the retreating tide)

79 **apter** more likely/more suitable

80 **Even** just

82 **Drew** drew aside, opened **Priam** King of Troy, killed in the Trojan war against the Greeks **curtain** i.e., of his bed

84 **ere** before

88 **Stopping** filling

89 **stop…indeed** prevent me from ever hearing anything again, i.e., kill me

98 **is chanced** has happened

99 **divination** prophecy, intuition

101 **doing…wrong** i.e., by telling me that I’m mistaken (a servant should not contradict his master)

102 **gainsaid** contradicted

103 **spirit** instinct, intelligence

106 **hold’st** maintain, believe

109 **belie** slander

112 **losing office** profitless task

113 **sullen** mournful

114 **knolling** ringing the funeral bell for

117 **would** wish

119 **quittance** repayment (of blows) **out-breathed** breathless

121 **never-daunted** never overcome with fear

123 **In few** in short

125 **bruited** reported

126 **best tempered** of finest quality, most hardened (literally refers to the treating of a sword to give it strength and resilience)

127 **mettle** character, courage plays on “metal” **steeled** hardened, literally overlaid with steel

128 **abated** blunted/diminished

131 **Upon enforcement** under compulsion, with force applied

132 **heavy in** weighed down/saddened by

133 **Lend…fear** i.e., despite the weight of their loss, fear made them light

136 **Worcester** Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester, Northumberland’s brother

138 **well-labouring** hard-working

139 **th’appearance…king** several men, including Sir Walter Blunt and the Earl of Stafford, had been dressed like the king to act as decoys on the battlefield

140 **’Gan…stomach** began to lessen his courage **grace…backs** i.e., Douglas joined those fleeing the battle grace dignify, sanction

144 **power** armed force **encounter** meet in battle

145 **Lancaster** Prince John (so called because he was born in Lancaster)

146 **at** in

148 **physic** medicine

150 **in…well** i.e., had I been healthy this bad news would have made me ill; being ill, it has gone some way toward giving me strength

153 **Impatient…fit** unable to endure his attack of fever

154 **keeper** nurse

155 **Weakened** “weak’ned” in Folio, perhaps playing on “weak-kneed”

156 **nice** effeminate, unmanly

157 **scaly gauntlet** armored glove covered with plates of steel, giving it the appearance of scales

158 **coif** nightcap

159 **wanton** self-indulgent, effeminate

160 **fleshed** made eager after having their appetites whetted (as hunting dogs are fed raw meat to excite them)

162 **ragged'st** roughest, harshest

167 **contention** strife **ling'ring act** painfully protracted struggle/drawn-out part of a play

168 **Cain** son of Adam and Eve who in killing his brother Abel became the world's first murderer

170 **rude** violent/unpolished

173 **complices** confederates, supporters

174 **give o'er** give way, give in

175 **passion** outburst of emotion **perforce** necessarily

176 **cast th'event** calculated the likely outcome

177 **summed** added up

178 **make head** raise an army **presurmise** suspicion beforehand

179 **dole** dealing out (may play on "dole," i.e., sorrow) **drop** fall, die

180 **edge** i.e., narrow bridge/sword edge

182 **advised** aware **capable Of** susceptible to

183 **forward** eager, adventurous, rash

184 **trade of** trafficking in **ranged** was positioned

186 **apprehended** anticipated/feared

187 **stiff-borne** proudly, stubbornly carried

189 **like** likely

190 **engagèd to** involved in

192 **if…one** the odds of coming out alive were ten to one

194 **respect** consideration

195 **o'erset** overcome

196 **all put forth** all set out (as if going to sea)/stake everything

197 **'Tis…time** i.e., we shouldn't delay

199 **gentle** well-born **up** prepared for battle

200 **well-appointed powers** well-equipped forces

201 **double surety** i.e., as he has both spiritual and temporal authority

202 **corpse** bodies (not the souls)

203 **But** mere

206 **queasiness** uncertainty, reluctance

207 **As…potions** like men who drink medicine

211 **religion** i.e., a religious cause

212 **Supposed** known to be

214 **enlarge his rising** fortify, justify his uprising **with…stones** by recalling the murder of Richard II at Pomfret (Pontefract) Castle; Richard had been usurped by his cousin, Henry Bullingbrook, now Henry IV

217 **bestride** stand over

218 **Bullingbrook** i.e., Henry IV

219 **more and less** those of both high and low rank

223 **aptest** best, readiest

224 **posts** messengers

Act 1 Scene 2

1.2 ***Location:*** *in London, but unspecified, probably a street*

1 **Sirrah** sir (used to social inferiors) **giant** ironic since the page is a boy **water** urine

3 **owed** owned **knew for** was aware of

4 **gird at** taunt **foolish-compounded** made up of folly

8 **o'erwhelmed** squashed with her bulk

9 **set me off** display me to my best advantage; perhaps plays on "make me appear ridiculous" **whoreson** bastard (son of a whore)

10 **mandrake** poisonous plant whose forked root made it resemble the human form

11 **manned with** attended by **agate** diminutive person, an allusion to the tiny figures cut in the agate stones that appeared in rings

12 **send…jewel** Falstaff jokingly threatens to return the page to the prince as an ornament

13 **juvenal** youth (puns on first syllable of "jewel") **fledged** covered with down, i.e., he hasn't got a beard

15 **stick** hesitate **face-royal** majestic face (royal plays on the sense of "coin with the king's face on it")

16 **amiss** out of place **a…it** no barber could charge sixpence to shave a beardless face

17 **writ** called himself

18 **grace** term of address to a prince/favor

19 **Dombledon** a name probably derived from "dommel" or "dummel," i.e., dummy, stupid

20 **slops** loose baggy breeches

21 **assurance** financial guarantee **Bardolph** Falstaff's follower is unrelated to the rebel lord of the same name

23 **Let…hotter!** refers to the biblical parable of Dives and Lazarus in which the rich Dives refused food to the poor leper Lazarus, and was condemned to hell where he begged for water to cool his tongue; gluttony is one of the seven deadly sins

24 **Achitophel** an adviser to King David who betrayed him; Old Testament equivalent to Judas Iscariot **yea-forsooth** obsequious, like a tradesman who affects propriety by using mild oaths **bear…hand** lead a man on

25 **stand** insist **smooth-pates** men with short hair, an image associated with puritan tradesmen

26 **high** high-heeled, suggestive of pride **girdles** belts; the keys signify the men’s showy self-importance

27 **through…up** has agreed an honest and straightforward purchase with them

28 **lief** soon, willingly **ratsbane** rat poison

29 **looked** expected

30 **horn of abundance** cornucopia or horn of plenty, i.e., lots of wealth (plays on the notion of the horns supposedly sprouted by cuckolds, i.e., men with unfaithful wives)

31 **lightness** light/sexual promiscuity

32 **lanthorn** lantern (continues play on “horn”)

33 **Smithfield** area in the City of London with a horse and cattle market; of poor reputation

34 **Paul’s** St. Paul’s Cathedral; the aisle served as a place for servants to seek new masters

35 **stews** brothels

36 **nobleman…Bardolph** according to an apocryphal tale, the prince was expelled from the King’s Privy Council for hitting the Lord Chief Justice, an episode also referred to in ***1 Henry*** *IV*, Act 3 Scene 2 **committed** imprisoned

38 **close** stay close/stay out of sight **not see him** avoid him/pretend I have not seen him

40 **an’t** if it

41 **in question for** suspected of/was questioned about

42 **good service** in ***1 Henry*** *IV* Falstaff claimed the credit for killing Hotspur, although Prince Henry had in fact done so

43 **charge** military command

51 **A…wars?** Falstaff pretends to think the servant is begging rather than undertaking proper employment

52 **want** lack

54 **were…it** although it’s hard to say what could be worse than rebellion

57 **Setting…aside** disregarding my honor as a knight and soldier (which signify I couldn’t lie)

58 **in my throat** outrageously

62 **grows to** belongs to, is an integral part of

64 **hunt counter** one on the wrong track (hunting term: following the wrong scent); conceivably “one asking to go to prison (the Counter)” **Avaunt!** Be off!

68 **abroad** out of doors

69 **by advice** with the doctor’s permission

70 **smack** hint, taste **relish** flavor, taste **saltness** artificially preserved vitality of youth (salt is used to preserve meat)

71 **reverend** respectful

77 **apoplexy** illness causing paralysis

81 **What** why

82 **it original** its origin

83 **Galen** famous second-century Greek physician

87 **marking** paying attention **withal** with

88 **punish…heels** i.e., shackle your ankles, or put you in the stocks

90 **Job** biblical character who lost all his wealth but bore his ill-luck with patience

91 **in…poverty** i.e., because I am too poor to pay a fine **how** why, in what way

92 **wise…itself** a wise person might question **dram** unit of weight/small measure of medicine **scruple** third of a dram/doubt

94 **matters…life** charges laid against you that are punishable by the death penalty

96 **land-service** military service, which meant one could not be summoned to answer a civil charge; also a euphemistic way of referring to the robbery Falstaff carried out at Gad’s Hill (in *1 Henry IV*)

99 **He…less** i.e., one of my large girth cannot be anything but great

100 **means** financial resources, income waste expenditure (puns on “waist”)

104 **I…dog** presumably a joke about a fat man being led by his dog; possibly alludes to the full moon, popularly supposed to be inhabited by a man with a dog

106 **gall** irritate

107 **exploit…Hill** i.e., the robbery at Gad’s Hill in Kent in which Falstaff was involved in ***1 Henry*** *IV*

108 **unquiet** disturbed by war **your…action** having that offence quietly passed over

111 **smell a fox** be suspicious

112 **better** greater, most useful/more virtuous

113 **wassail candle** fat candle used at a feast **tallow** animal fat (used in candle making) **wax** beeswax (used for high-quality candles; plays on the sense of “growth”)

114 **approve** demonstrate, prove

115 **his** its

117 **gravy** grease, sweat

118 **angel** attendant spirit (Falstaff plays on the sense of “gold coin”)

119 **light** slim, underweight/counterfeit or fraudulently filed/satanic (the devil was originally Lucifer, the angel of light)

120 **weighing** considering, judging/determining physical weight **go** pass as currency/walk/perform sexually

121 **cannot tell** do not know/cannot be counted as a legitimate coin **costermongers** barrow boys, street salesmen; originally sellers of costard apples

122 **bear-herd** keeper of a performing bear **pregnancy** cleverness, quick-wittedness **tapster** innkeeper, barman

123 **reckonings** tavern bills **appertinent** belonging

125 **livers** considered the seat of the passions

126 **galls** the source of bitterness and anger **vaward** vanguard, forefront, early part

127 **wags** mischievous fellows

129 **characters** letters/characteristics **moist** watery, rheumy

131 **broken** cracked, weak **single** weak, poor

132 **blasted** blighted **Fie** expression of shame and indignation

134 **halloing** shouting/calling to hunting dogs **approve** prove/commend

136 **caper with** dance with/compete in dancing with **marks** a mark was worth two-thirds of a pound

137 **have at him** expression of defiance: so much **for** him/let’s go for it For as for

138 **rude** violent, unmannerly **sensible** reasonable/capable of physical sensation **checked** rebuked

139 **marry** by the Virgin Mary **ashes and sackcloth** symbols of repentance

140 **sack** Spanish white wine

146 **I…it** either a sarcastic “thank you for reminding me” or implies that the Lord Chief Justice is responsible for the separation **look you** be sure to

149 **spit white** i.e., be healthy (red spittle would result from illness or internal injury)

150 **action** engagement with the enemy

152 **be honest** behave honorably

153 **furnish me forth** equip me for the expedition

154 **bear crosses** sustain hardships/carry coins (stamped on one side with a cross)

156 **fillip** strike **three-man beetle** huge sledgehammer requiring three men to lift it

158 **pox** venereal disease **pinches** torments **both the degrees** i.e., of age and youth

162 **groats** coins worth four old pence

163 **consumption** disease (specifically, tuberculosis, which caused victims to waste slowly away)

166 **Mistress Ursula** not mentioned elsewhere; either an error for Mistress Quickly (Nell) or perhaps Falstaff is involved with another woman

168 **pox of** plague on **pox** syphilis

169 **halt** limp **colour** excuse, pretext

171 **commodity** profit, advantage

Act 1 Scene 3

1.3 ***Location:*** *presumably York, the Archbishop’s palace*

1 **causes** concerns/matters of legal dispute **means** methods/resources

4 **lord marshal** i.e., Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, the son of the man banished by Richard II

5 **allow** grant **occasion** motive/necessity/opportunity **arms** taking arms

7 **in** with **advance ourselves** promote our cause/be so ambitious/make military advances

9 **puissance** strength, influence

10 **Our…file** i.e., our current list of recruited soldiers grows

11 **men of choice** selected troops

12 **supplies** reinforcements **live…Of** rely chiefly on/are greatly increased by the expectation of support from

17 **hold up head** form a sufficient army

22 **by the hand** at hand, ready

23 **theme** cause **bloody-faced** violent, bloody (perhaps with additional sense of “shameful”)

25 **aids incertain** uncertain support **admitted** entertained, treated as valid

27 **case** situation

28 **lined** fortified

29 **Eating the air** i.e., feeding on false hopes

30 **project** the mental conception, prospect **power** army

31 **Much smaller** which turned out to be much smaller

34 **winking** with his eyes shut (to reality)

35 **by your leave** with your permission (to contradict)

37 **Yes** i.e., yes it can hurt **quality** state, condition

38 **instant** present **cause on foot** business that is already underway

39 **Lives…them** has as little chance of success as early spring buds that are likely to be killed by frosts before they have borne fruit **warrant** assurance, grounds for optimism

44 **figure** design

45 **rate** calculate

46 **ability** i.e., to pay

48 **offices** rooms **least** worst

53 **Consent** agree

54 **estate** wealth, resources

55 **able…undergo** practical it is to undertake the project

56 **opposite** adverse factors/the resources of the enemy

57 **fortify** plays on sense of “strengthen structurally, build” **figures** numbers/designs

61 **o’er** up **cost** object of expense, i.e., the building

62 **naked subject** exposed, unprotected victim

63 **churlish** rough, unkind

65 **now…expectation** already have all the men we can expect

71 **as…brawl** given the present strife

73 **Glendower** leader of the Welsh rebels **perforce** of necessity

74 **unfirm** insecure/indecisive

75 **coffers** money chests, i.e., treasury

82 **Baying** hunting, barking at in pursuit like a pack of dogs

83 **like** likely

86 **substituted** delegated

87 **notice** information

89 **publish the occasion** proclaim the cause

91 **surfeited** overindulged and become sick

92 **habitation** dwelling

93 **vulgar heart** popular, public affection

94 **fond many** foolish multitude

97 **trimmed** furnished with, adorned/strengthened

98 **Thou** i.e., the people

99 **cast** vomit

100 **So** in the same way **disgorge** vomit up from

102 **eat…up** the idea that a dog eats its vomit is proverbial (originating in Proverbs 26:11 and 2 Peter 2:22)

112 **draw** add up/assemble

Act 2 Scene 1

2.1 ***Location:*** *Eastcheap, London, near a tavern* ***Hostess*** landlady of a tavern

1 **Master** Quickly errs in using an overly respectful title for a mere constable **entered the action** begun the lawsuit

3 **yeoman** police officer's assistant **lusty** strong, vigorous/lustful **stand to it** be up to the task/get an erection

8 **entered** brought a lawsuit against

10 **stabbed** hurt (financially; plays on sense of "penetrated sexually"

house inn (plays on sense of "vagina")

11 **weapon** with phallic connotations

12 **foin** lunge, thrust with a weapon (sexual connotations, continued in thrust)

13 **close** grapple, fight (plays on sense of "embrace sexually")

15 **fist** punch (plays on the sense of "masturbate") **come** plays on sense of "have an orgasm" **vice** grip

16 **undone** ruined (financially/sexually, in terms of reputation) **going** plays on the sense of "sexual activity" **warrant** assure you **infinitive** malapropism for "infinite" **thing** with phallic connotations

17 **score** tavern bill, accounts **sure** securely, firmly

18 **scape** escape **continuantly** malapropism for "continually" or for "incontinently," i.e., immediately (plays on "continently," i.e., chastely)

Pie-corner the corner of Giltspur Street and Cock Lane, in Smithfield, London; famous for cooks' shops and saddlers, also known for prostitution (pie and corner were both slang terms for the vagina) **saving…manhoods** apologetic formula for mentioning an indelicate subject (manhoods may have phallic connotations)

19 **saddle** with slang sense of "whore" **indited** malapropism for invited (to "indite" is to summon for trial) **Lubber's-head** i.e., Libbard's or Leopard's Head, name of a public house; a lubber is a clumsy, idle lout

Lombard Street London street running from Mansion House to Gracechurch Street

20 **exion** i.e., action **case** lawsuit (plays on sense of "vagina")

21 **A hundred mark** equivalent to £66—a large sum; mark also means "score, reckoning," and has phallic connotations

22 **long one** i.e., large bill (with phallic connotations) **borne** endured patiently (plays on the sense of “borne the weight of a man during sex”)

23 **fubbed** fobbed

24 **dealing** plays on the sense of “having sex”

25 **wrong** assumes additional sense of “(shaming) penis” or possibly “illegitimate child”

26 **arrant** notorious, downright **malmsey-nose** red-nosed (from drink; malmsey is a sweet red wine)

27 **offices** official duties/acts of bodily excretion **do me** do (me is emphatic; plays on sense of “have sex with me”)

29 **Whose mare’s dead?** What’s the fuss? **mare** plays on the sense of “whore”

31 **varlets** rogues, rascals

32 **quean** whore **channel** gutter

34 **honeysuckle** malapropism for “homicidal”

35 **honey-seed** i.e., homicide (plays on sense of “sweet semen”)

36 **man-queller** murderer, crusher of men (appropriate given Falstaff’s size) **woman-queller** with sexual connotations

39 **a rescue** i.e., help (or perhaps Quickly thinks a rescue is some type of weapon or restraining rope)

40 **hemp-seed** i.e., one fit for the hangman’s rope (made of hemp); perhaps another malapropism for “homicide”

41 **scullion** most menial kitchen servant **rampallion** scoundrel, ruffian **fustilarian** unclear; perhaps derived from “fustilugs” (i.e., a fat, unkempt woman) **tuck** punish (may pun on “fuck”)

42 **catastrophe** arse

44 **Good my** my good **stand to** support (plays on sense of “become erect for”)

46 **become** befit, suit

47 **wherefore** why

49 **Eastcheap** London Street running from the junction of Cannon and Gracechurch Streets to Great Tower Street

53 **ride…mare** sit on you and suffocate you like the nightmare, a female spirit supposedly responsible for bad dreams; with sexual connotations mare plays on the sense of “whore”

55 **vantage of ground** superior position, favorable opportunity

56 **get up** with sexual connotations

57 **temper** disposition

59 **come…own** get what is due to her (come plays on the sense of “orgasm”)

60 **gross** total (perhaps with play on “fat/lecherous”)

61 **Marry** by the Virgin Mary (plays on the sense of “marriage”)

62 **parcel-gilt** partly gilded **Dolphin-chamber** a particular room in the inn (these were often individually named)

63 **sea-coal** superior type of coal transported by sea from the north of England **Whitsun week** seven weeks after Easter

64 **broke** hit, grazed **singing-man of Windsor** chorister of the royal chapel; possibly a reference to John Magdalen of the King’s Chapel, who passed himself off as Richard II in a plot to overthrow Henry IV

66 **goodwife** term of address for a married woman **Keech** lump of congealed fat, an appropriate name for a butcher

67 **gossip** familiar form of address for a female friend **mess** small quantity

68 **dish** perhaps with vaginal connotations **whereby** whereupon

69 **green** fresh, unhealed

71 **madam** i.e., a suitable term of address for the wife of a knight

72 **book-oath** oath on the Bible

75 **son…you** i.e., that you’re his father **in good case** well-off (case plays on the sense of “vagina”)

76 **distracted her** driven her mad

81 **level** fair, balanced **practised upon** worked craftily on, taken advantage of

82 **easy-yielding** generous, soft-hearted/sexually pliant

83 **troth** truth (plays on the sense of “pledge of marriage”)

84 **Pay…debt** plays on the sense of “undertake your obligation of marital sex” **unpay** undo, make good

86 **current** present, immediate/genuine

87 **sneap** snub, rebuke

88 **curtsy** bow

89 **your…remembered** not forgetting the respect due to one in your position

be your suitor petition you for a favor

92 **power** authorization **in…reputation** in accordance with the reputation you claim

93 **satisfy** financially reimburse/sexually pleasure

101 **heavenly ground** Quickly mixes religious and secular oaths: by this heavenly light/by the ground I walk on **fain** content

102 **plate** silver or gold tableware, presumably cups in view of Falstaff's response

103 **Glasses…drinking** in the late sixteenth century glassware was becoming more fashionable than metal drinking vessels

104 **drollery** comic picture or drawing **Prodigal** biblical story of the wasteful prodigal son, a popular subject for wall hangings **German hunting** hunting scenes of German origin **water-work** imitation tapestry/watercolor

106 **humours** moods

107 **draw thy action** withdraw your lawsuit

108 **set on** put up

109 **nobles** gold coins worth about a third of a pound **I** I am

110 **la** exclamation used for emphasis

111 **shift** arrangements **still** always

114 **Will I live?** i.e., as sure as I live **Hook on** hang on to her, don't let her out of sight

115 **Doll** a common name for a prostitute **Tearsheet** again suggestive of prostitution, evoking vigorous sexual activity sufficient to tear the bedsheets

116 **have** plays on the sense of “possess sexually”

120 **Basingstoke** a market town in Hampshire, forty-six miles southwest of London

127 **presently** immediately

133 **being** it being the case that **take soldiers up** enlist soldiers

138 **grace** style **tap for tap** tit for tat **fair** on good terms

139 **lighten thee** enlighten you/reduce your weight **great** considerable/fat

Act 2 Scene 2

2.2 ***Location:*** *in London but unspecified—either the prince's apartments or the same street location as the previous scene*

2 **attached** arrested, taken into custody (legal term)

4 **discolours…greatness** makes me blush/tarnishes my princely status

5 **show vilely** appear base **small beer** weak or thin beer/trivial occupations

6 **loosely studied** poorly educated/concerned with immoral matters

7 **composition** mixture, brew/invention

8 **Belike** perhaps, most likely **got** begotten, created

10 **disgrace…name** a member of the royal family would not have been expected to have any kind of personal relationship with a commoner

12 ***videlicet*** "namely" (Latin)

13 **bear** be aware of **for superfluity** as a spare

14 **low…racket** i.e., he doesn't play when he hasn't got a shirt to change into

16 **low countries** nether regions, i.e., his sexual appetite and brothel use **made…Holland** contrived to use up the money that would have been spent on shirts (Holland, one of the Low Countries, was a source of fine linen)

24 **Go to** exclamation of dismissive impatience **stand the push** withstand the thrust

25 **meet** fitting

26 **albeit** even though **fault** lack

28 **Very hardly** with difficulty

30 **try** test, judge, determine

32 **ostentation** outward show

37 **never a** no **keeps the roadway** sticks to the common path (of men's thoughts)

39 **accites** induces/summons (in legal sense)

40 **lewd** common, base **engraffed** closely attached

43 **second brother** i.e., a younger son without an inheritance, dependent on his wits **proper…hands** good in a fight

47 **transformed him ape** apparently Falstaff has dressed his page up in an elaborate outfit, like a performing monkey

48 **Save** God save **your grace** respectful title, but Henry shifts the sense of grace to “virtue, honor”

50 **blushing** i.e., red-faced from drink

52 **get…maidenhead** i.e., drain a tankard of ale **maidenhead** virginity

53 **red lattice** the lattice windows of alehouses were usually painted red; Bardolph’s face is therefore indistinguishable from the background

55 **ale-wife’s new petticoat** landlady’s (red) skirt (not necessarily underwear); red clothing was associated with prostitution

56 **profited** benefited (from Falstaff’s teaching)

58 **Althaea’s dream** in classical mythology Althaea was told that her son would live until a burning brand was consumed; the page confuses her with Hecuba, mother of Paris, who dreamed that she would give birth to a fire-brand that would destroy Troy (as Paris’ actions later did)

60 **fire-brand** burning log/mischief maker

63 **blossom** i.e., the page **cankers** grubs that destroy plants

64 **sixpence** probably alludes to the cross on an Elizabethan sixpence

65 **If…you** if your influence doesn’t end up getting him hanged

70 **good respect** very properly, most ceremoniously (ironic given Bardolph’s blunt delivery) **martlemas** i.e., fattened beast; Martinmas, the feast of Saint Martin (November 11), was associated with the slaughter of cattle and pigs

74 **wen** wart, growth **holds his place** insists on his rank

77 **as…himself** since he continually reminds them whenever he mentions his name

78 **even like** in the same way as

80 **conceive** understand

81 **borrower’s cap** i.e., readily removed in humble respect

82 **will be** are determined to be **but…Japhet** even if they have to derive their claim from as far back as Japhet, Noah’s third son

85 **certificate** licence issued to a subject by the king; in a letter the addressee’s name should come first

88 **I…thee** Falstaff imitates Roman brevity by emulating the structure of Caesar’s *veni*, *vidi*, *vici* (“I came, I saw, I conquered”): “I present my kind regards, praise your virtues and say goodbye”

90 **idle times** leisure mayst can **by…no** a mild oath

91 **familiars** close friends

92 **steep** soak

93 **sack** Spanish white wine

94 **twenty** i.e., a lot **use** treat, behave toward

97 **play…time** pass the time foolishly

100 **frank** sty, pig-pen

103 **Ephesians…church** good old companions of the usual disreputable ways

106 **pagan** heathen/prostitute

107 **proper** respectable

108 **town bull** commonly owned bull that was used to impregnate all the heifers

116 **road** i.e., whore (used by all men; road was slang for “vagina”)

117 **way…London** i.e., Watling Street, the main road from London to the Midlands **St Albans** Hertfordshire town twenty-five miles north of London

118 **bestow** behave

121 **drawers** bartenders, waiters

122 **God…bull** refers to the supreme god Jove’s transformation into a bull, in which form he raped Europa **heavy declension** serious decline **case** plays on the sense of “vagina”

123 **prentice** apprentice (bartender)

124 **weigh with** equal, counterbalance

Act 2 Scene 3

2.3 ***Location:*** *Warkworth Castle, Northumberland*

2 **even way** smooth passage **rough** difficult

3 **visage** face, i.e., attitude

8 **but** except for

10 **time…word** Lady Percy refers to Northumberland’s failure to join his son at Shrewsbury (see *1 Henry IV*)

19 **grey** pale blue

21 **glass** mirror

22 **dress themselves** fashion themselves, using him as a model

23 **He…gait** there was no one did not imitate his manner of walking

24 **thick** rapidly and loudly

27 **turn…abuse** spoil their naturally pleasant manner of speaking

29 **affections of delight** enjoyment of pleasures

30 **humours of blood** moods

31 **mark** reference point

34 **unseconded** unsupported

36 **abide a field** face a battle

38 **defensible** to offer any defense

39 **ghost** soul, spirit

40 **precise and nice** scrupulous and particular

42 **marshal…archbishop** i.e., Mowbray and the Archbishop of York

45 **Monmouth’s** i.e., the Prince of Wales’

46 **Beshrew** curse

47 **spirits** vital powers

48 **new** newly, again **ancient oversights** past mistakes

51 **provided** prepared, equipped

54 **puissance** power, strength

55 **ground…of** superiority and advantage over

59 **so suffered** allowed to do so **came I** I became

61 **remembrance** perhaps the plant of remembrance, rosemary

63 **recordation to** commemoration of

66 **still-stand** pause, standstill

69 **for** to make for

Act 2 Scene 4

2.4 ***Location:*** *Quickly's tavern in Eastcheap, London* **Drawers** bartenders, waiters

1 **Apple-johns** type of apple said to be in best eating condition when shriveled

7 **cover** lay the table

8 **noise** band of musicians **fain** gladly

9 **anon** soon

10 **jerkins** close-fitting jackets often made of leather

12 **old Utis** fine larks, high jinks (from the now obsolete word *utas*, meaning "festivity")

15 **temperality** Quickly means "temper" (plays on "temporality," i.e., time) **pulsidge** malapropism for "pulse" **extraordinarily** malapropism for "ordinarily"

17 **canaries** wine from the Canary Islands **searching** penetrating, powerful **perfumes** probably a malapropism for "perfuses," i.e., suffuses, permeates

19 **Hem**! probably a hiccup

22 **'When…court'** a line from the popular ballad "Sir Launcelot du Lake"

23 **jordan** chamber pot

25 **calm** i.e., "qualm," a fit of faintness **good sooth** truly

26 **sect** sex/type/profession **If…sick** for a woman or a prostitute to be quiet means she is unwell

28 **rascals** rogues/lean young deer

29 **make** possibly with sexual connotations: "have sex with"

30 **cook** plays on the sense of "pimp" and puns on "cock"

31 **catch of** get diseases (specifically, venereal disease) from (Doll responds to the sense of "steal from")

33 **'Your…ouches'** presumably a line from a ballad, but "broaches, pearls and ouches" are also terms for skin lesions (associated with venereal disease) ouch gem/boil **serve** in military and sexual sense **bravely** courageously/showily **halting** limping (from injury sustained in war/as a result of syphilitic bone erosion; "come off" could mean "dismount sexually")

34 **breach** gap in fortifications/vagina **pike** staff with an iron spike/penis **surgery** treatment (for injury/venereal disease)

35 **charged chambers** loaded barrels of small cannon/infectious vagina

37 **rheumatic** Quickly probably intends “choleric,” i.e., temperamentally hot and dry

38 **confirmities** malapropism for “infirmities” misleadingly suggesting “resemblances” **What…year!** common exclamation of impatience (like “What the devil!”)

39 **bear** be tolerant/bear the weight of a man during sex/bear children

41 **vessel** now takes on vaginal connotations **hogshead** large wine barrel, i.e., Falstaff

42 **venture** i.e., cargo (risked in a sea voyage) **Bordeaux stuff** wine from Bordeaux in France **hulk** big, unwieldy person/large ship

45 **Ancient** ensign, i.e., soldier responsible for carrying military banners

Pistol pronounced “pizzle,” generating a pun on the sense of “penis”

46 **swaggering** blustering, insolent, quarrelsome

49 **I’ll** I’ll have **fame** reputation

56 **Tilly-fally** nonsense

57 **Tisick** i.e., “phthisic” or tuberculosis, a wasting disease of the lungs

deputy one acting in place of a magistrate, before whom Quickly has been summoned for keeping a disorderly tavern

59 **Dumbe** parsons who did not preach or who did so with insufficient vigour were known as “dumb dogs” **by** nearby

60 **receive** i.e., as customers **are…name** have a bad reputation **Now…whereupon** and now I understand why

63 **companions** fellows **bless you** be surprised/consider yourself fortunate

65 **tame** harmless **cheater** crafty card-player (with connotations of “deceiver”)

66 **Barbary hen** guinea fowl/prostitute

69 **am the worse** feel ill

72 **if it** as if I were

75 **charge** load (like a gun)/toast

76 **discharge** fire/toast/ejaculate

77 **two bullets** plays on the idea of “testicles”

78 **Pistol-proof** bulletproof/resistant to your charms, or penis/past child-bearing age **hardly** plays on notion of erectile hardness

79 **Come** possible play on sense of “orgasm” **drink** plays on the sense of “have sex”

81 **Dorothy** Doll is the shortened form of the name

82 **Charge** Doll interprets this in a sexual sense, perhaps “charge at with a (phallic) weapon” or “burden (with pregnancy)” **scurvy** worthless, contemptible

83 **lack-linen mate** poorly dressed fellow **meat…master** i.e., too good for you (meat puns on “mate” and on the sense of “whore”)

85 **know** perhaps with sexual overtones (i.e., “am familiar with you sexually”)

86 **cutpurse** thieving, pickpocket **bung** pickpocket

87 **chaps** cheeks **saucy cuttle** insolent thief (a cuttle was the knife used by thieves to cut the strings securing purses to people’s belts)

88 **bottle-ale** perhaps meaning cheap or frothy **basket-hilt** i.e., swashbuckling, inadequate (literally, sword hilt provided with a defense for the swordsman’s hand, consisting of narrow plates of steel curved into the shape of a basket) **juggler** trickster **Since when** i.e., how long have you claimed to be a soldier/so manly

89 **points** laces for attaching armor **Much!** sarcastic exclamation (i.e., “Much manly prowess you have!”/”Two points certainly is a lot!”

90 **murder** i.e., rip off, tear (i.e., sexually assault; **ruff** was slang for “vagina”) ruff prostitutes were known for wearing large ruffs

91 **Captain** Quickly promotes Pistol (who is an ensign), either inadvertently or in order to flatter him

93 **truncheon** beat **out** i.e., of their ranks, from military service

95 **bawdy-house** brothel

96 **stewed prunes** a dish commonly available in brothels (hence also “whores”) **dried** stale

98 **look to it** beware, look out

99 **down** downstairs

104 **I’ll…first** this and several of Pistol’s subsequent speeches are set in prose in Folio, but consist of fragments and parodies of verse plays, so they should be spoken as verse, though the rhythms and line-breaks are highly irregular

105 **Pluto’s damnèd lake** Pluto was the Roman god of the underworld, which had several rivers; the Romans thought that the Italian lake Avernus was the entrance to the underworld

107 **Erebus** son of Chaos and Night, used to personify the underworld

108 **Hold…line** i.e., don’t let go (angling terminology)

109 **Fates** classical goddesses of destiny

110 **Hiren** perhaps Pistol has affectedly named his sword; Hiren (Irene) may refer to a character in George Peele's lost play *The Turkish Mahomet and Hiren the Fair Greek;* puns on "iron," again suggesting Pistol's sword

111 **Peesel** variant pronunciation of "Pistol," further emphasizing play on "pizzle" (penis) **beseek** i.e., beseech

112 **aggravate** in fact Quickly means the opposite, perhaps "abrogate" (put an end to) **choler** anger, one of the four bodily humors

113 **humours** moods (literally, bodily fluids governing the temperament)

Shall…day closely modeled on lines in Christopher Marlowe's *Tamburlaine Part II*, 4.3.1–2; much of Pistol's speech parodies theatrical rhetoric

114 **jades** worn-out horses/whores

116 **cannibals** Pistol may mean "Hannibal" (i.e., famous Carthaginian general who fought the Romans in the third century BC)

117 **Trojan Greeks** Greeks besieging Troy in the Trojan war, or Pistol confuses the two groups (may play on sense of "jolly, roistering fellows")

118 **King Cerberus** the three-headed dog that guarded the entrance to the underworld; not a king

119 **welkin** sky, heavens **fall…toys** quarrel/be destroyed over trifles

122 **Die men** let men die **Give…pins** give crowns away as though they were worth no more than pins

125 **deny her** deny that she is here (Quickly thinks that Pistol is referring to an actual woman, probably a prostitute)

126 **feed…Calipolis** parodies a line in George Peele's *The Battle of Alcazar*

128 ***Si…contento*** "If fortune torments me, hope contents me" (rather garbled Italian)

129 **broadsides** simultaneous discharge of artillery from one side of a ship

give fire shoot

131 **full points** an end (literally, full stops, periods); plays on the sense of "erect penises" **etceteras nothing** both euphemisms for the vagina

133 **neaf** hand **seven stars** constellation of the Pleiades; Pistol suggests they've enjoyed themselves at night

134 **fustian** cheap/bombastic

135 **Galloway nags** small Scottish horses/prostitutes

136 **Quoit** throw **shove-groat shilling** shilling coin used in shove-groat, a board game that involved moving a coin toward a compartment

139 **incision** i.e., bloodshed **imbrue** stain (with blood)

140 **death…asleep** quotation from a song attributed to Anne Boleyn, written as she awaited execution **abridge** shorten

142 **Untwined** unravel, spin out (like the thread of a person's life, spun by the Fates) **Sisters Three** Fates of classical mythology **Atropos** one of the Fates, who cut the thread of life after her sisters, Clotho and Lachesis, spun and unwound it

143 **toward** coming up, imminent

144 **rapier** lightweight sword

147 **forswear** reject, give up **keeping house** inn-keeping

148 **tirrits** fits of fear, upsets **put…weapons** sheathe, or hold back your swords (plays on the sense of "get an erection with your bare penises")

152 **shrewd** vicious, dangerous

156 **brave** challenge, defy

158 **chops** fat cheeks

159 **Hector of Troy** leader of the Trojan army, known for his valiant and honorable nature **Agamemnon** leader of the Greek army when it opposed the Trojans

160 **Nine Worthies** historical figures embodying the ideals of chivalry: three Jews (Joshua, David, and Judas Maccabaeus), three pagans (Hector of Troy, Alexander the Great, and Julius Caesar), and three Christians (Arthur, Charlemagne, and Godfrey of Bouillon)

161 **toss…blanket** proverbial punishment for cowards

162 **canvass…sheets** i.e., have sex with you canvass toss

166 **quicksilver** mercury, i.e., rapidly

167 **like a church** unclear; perhaps "slowly, in a stately manner/not at all" **tidy** fat, healthy

168 **Bartholomew boar-pig** pig roasts were traditional at London's St. Bartholomew's fair (August 24) **foining** thrusting (with a sword; sexual connotations)

170 **death's head** skull used as a *memento mori*, a reminder of the inevitability of death

172 **humour** disposition

173 **pantler** servant in charge of the pantry

174 **chipped bread** cut away the hard crusts

176 **Tewkesbury mustard** creamy mustard blended with horseradish, produced in the West Country town of Tewkesbury in Gloucestershire

177 **conceit** wit, understanding, imagination

179 **legs…bigness** i.e., they're the same type (vain, fashion-conscious); men were judged by the shapeliness of their legs **of a** the same **quoits** game in which a metal ring was thrown at a peg fixed in the ground

180 **conger and fennel** conger eel seasoned with fennel, difficult to digest

drinks…flap-dragons plays a drinking game in which one must drink liquor with burning objects (in this case candles' ends) floating in it **flap-dragons** raisins that had to be plucked from burning brandy and swallowed **rides the wild-mare** plays a game similar to leapfrog in which players land on rather than jump over others (mare plays on the sense of "whore")

181 **jumps upon joint-stools** i.e., indulges in high spirits **joint-stool** low stool made by a joiner

182 **smooth** close-fitting (to show off his legs) **sign of the leg** sign over a boot maker's shop **breeds no bate** causes no dissent, rouses no disagreement

183 **discreet** cautious, prudent (i.e., dull) **gambol** playful

184 **admits** receives, socializes with

185 **such another** the same type

186 **avoirdupois** weight

187 **nave of a wheel** wheel hub (puns on "knave" and on Falstaff's rotundity)

ears cut off the punishment for slandering royalty

189 **elder** elder tree/old man **poll…parrot** Doll is ruffling his hair poll head (plays on popular name for a parrot)

192 **Saturn and Venus** planets thought to govern old age and love respectively **in conjunction** together in the heavens (plays on the sense of "in sexual union") **almanac** astrological calendar

194 **fiery Trigon** i.e., red-faced Bardolph; signs of the zodiac were divided into four groups of three (trigons), the fiery set consisting of Aries, Leo, and Sagittarius **lisping** whispering/talking in a loving voice

195 **tables…counsel-keeper** i.e., Mistress Quickly tables notebook (for recording secret assignations)

196 **busses** kisses

200 **stuff** material **kirtle** gown

204 **handsome** smartly, respectably **harken the end** judge by the outcome (whether I’m faithful or not), wait and see

206 **Anon** coming, right away

207 **Poins his** Poins’

208 **continents** parts of the world/contents

213 **compound** composition, piece **light** loose, immoral (refers to Doll)

217 **take…heat** do not act now

218 **candle-mine** source of animal fat for making candles

219 **honest** chaste

222 **knew** recognized

225 **wilful abuse** deliberate slander

237 **close** unite, agree **wicked** mocking the language of puritan zealots

239 **burns…nose** another reference to Bardolph’s alcoholically red face

240 **dead elm** rotten old tree; the elm tree was traditionally used to support vines, and to make coffins

241 **pricked** marked

242 **Lucifer’s privy-kitchen** i.e., hell **malt-worms** drunkards

243 **outbids** i.e., is more influential than

245 **hell…burns** i.e., has syphilis, with which she infects others

246 **owe…that** puritans considered money lending sinful

248 **quit** acquitted, forgiven/paid back

249 **suffering** permitting **flesh…eaten** i.e., meat to be eaten during Lent (when it was forbidden)/prostitution to take place

250 **howl** be punished/be damned

251 **victuallers** innkeepers **mutton** sheep/prostitute

255 **says…against** i.e., the polite title gentlewoman is one that the prince (or his sexual impulse) knows instinctively to be misapplied to a loose woman like Doll **grace** title for a prince/honor, virtue

258 **Westminster** location of the royal court in London

259 **posts** messengers

262 **Bare-headed** a sign of haste; it was customary to cover the head

265 **profane** i.e., misuse

266 **commotion** insurrection **south** south wind, thought to carry disease and storms

267 **Borne…vapour** carried along with dark clouds

270 **morsel** part/sexual titbit

271 **unpicked** untasted

272 **presently** at once

273 **stay** wait

277 **post** posthaste, immediately

281 **known** perhaps with sexual connotations

282 **peascod-time** the time when peas ripen in the pod (plays on sense of “testicle time”)

Act 3 Scene 1

3.1 ***Location:*** *the royal court*

9 **cribs** hovels

10 **pallets** straw mattresses

13 **state** splendor

15 **vile** mean, wretched, low-born

17 **watch-case** ticking watch in a case/sentry box **common ’larum-bell** public alarm bell, rung by a night watchman in an emergency

20 **rude imperious surge** rough, overwhelming swell of the sea

21 **visitation** violent, destructive force

22 **ruffian billows** rough waves

24 **slipp’ry** rapidly passing/unable to be grasped

25 **That** so that **hurly** tumult, uproar

26 **partial** unfair, biased/sympathetic

27 **rude** rough, dangerous

29 **to boot** besides

30 **happy low** fortunate humble men

32 **morrows** mornings

39 **foul** diseased, polluted **rank** festering, gross, abundant

41 **distempered** out of sorts

43 **little** a little

44 **cooled** calm down, regain equilibrium

46 **revolution** change, movement

47 **continent** dry land

50 **beachy…ocean** i.e., seashore, imaged as a belt

51 **Neptune** Roman god of the sea **chance’s mocks** mockeries of fortune

53 **divers** various/unfavorable

54 **Richard** Richard II

57 **This Percy** i.e., Northumberland

59 **under my foot** at my service

60 **eyes** i.e., face

62 **Neville** in fact, Warwick’s name is Richard de Beauchamp, although the Earl of Warwick in *3 Henry VI* is Richard Neville

64 **rated** berated

66 **‘Northumberland…throne’** for these and the other lines the king recalls, see *Richard II*, Act 5 Scene 1

72 **head** to a head (of a boil, with play on the sense of “insurrection/army”)

73 **corruption** pus (plays on the sense of “sin, destruction”)

74 **same** current

77 **Figuring** reproducing, depicting **deceased** past, gone by

79 **near aim** accurate guess **main chance** likely outcome

81 **intreasurèd** safely stored

82 **hatch and brood** outcome and offspring

83 **necessary form** inevitable pattern

85 **false** disloyal

91 **cries out on** denounces/calls for attention from

101 **A certain instance** secure evidence **Glendower** leader of the Welsh rebels

103 **unseasoned** late, unseasonable **perforce** of necessity

106 **inward** civil **out of hand** over and done with

107 **would** wish to go

Act 3 Scene 2

3.2 ***Location:*** *Gloucestershire, west England (the home of Shallow—though Falstaff is supposed to be going from London to York and this would not be on his way)* **Shallow and Silence** both Justices of the Peace (magistrates); Silence (from Lincolnshire?) appears to be visiting his kinsman *Mouldy…Bullcalf* army recruits (Folio groups their entrance at the beginning of the scene, but they could come on individually when their names are called from the roll)

2 **rood** (Christ's) cross

4 **bedfellow** i.e., wife

6 **black** of dark hair and/or complexion (considered less attractive than fair hair and skin) **ouzel** blackbird

7 **By…nay** a mild oath

8 **Oxford** Oxford University, sixty miles northwest of London

10 **Inns of Court** in London where young men trained for the legal profession **Clement's Inn** one of the Inns of Chancery, a step below the Inns of Court

12 **lusty** lively/lustful

14 **roundly** to the full **Doit** an appropriate name for a little man; a doit is a small coin of little value

15 **Pickbone** a name suggestive of greed **Squele** suggests an excitable man, or one with a shrill, high-pitched voice **Cotswold** the Cotswolds are a range of hills in Gloucestershire

16 **swinge-bucklers** swashbucklers, swaggerers

17 **bona-robas** attractive whores

21 **Scoggin's** John Scoggin was court jester to Edward IV

22 **court-gate** palace gates **crack** lively lad (picks up on the language of breaking)

23 **Sampson Stockfish** ironic combination of names: Sampson is a biblical hero and stockfish is dried cod (used to suggest physical weakness and an impotent penis) **Gray's Inn** one of the Inns of Court

27 **How** what price is **yoke of bullocks** pair of young bulls **Stamford** town in Lincolnshire famous for horse and cattle fairs; some editors suspect that this scene is in fact located near Stamford, a more logical stopping place for Falstaff as he travels from London to York, but Shakespeare was often careless of geographical realism

31 **drew…bow** was a good archer **John of Gaunt** Henry IV’s father; he dies in *Richard II*

33 **clapped…clout** hit the target clout square of cloth marking the center **twelvescore** i.e., 240 yards (twelve times twenty) **forehand shaft** arrow shot directly, without the usual curved trajectory employed when shooting at distance

34 **fourteen…half** i.e., 280–90 yards

35 **score** twenty **ewes** female sheep

36 **Thereafter…be** depending on their quality

40 **beseech** seek to know

41 **esquire** one ranking just below a knight

42 **justices of the peace** local magistrates

43 **tall** brave

45 **backsword** fencing weapon with a protective basket-work hilt

47 **accommodated** equipped (a fashionable word unfamiliar to the provincial Shallow)

50 ***accommodo*** Shallow considers the word’s Latin origin **phrase** the term could refer to a single word

56 **just** true

59 **Surecard** the name means “one certain of success”

61 **in commission** authorized to act as a magistrate

62 **of the peace** a magistrate/silent

65 **sufficient** competent

73 **friends** family

79 **Prick** mark down on the list

80 **pricked** vexed/sour, mouldy (plays on the sense of “equipped with a penis”)

81 **dame** wife (possibly mother, but the sexual punning makes a wife seem more likely) **undone** at a loss **do her husbandry** undertake agricultural or household work/perform the sexual role of a husband **drudgery** domestic/sexual labor

83 **spent** used up, consumed (plays on the sense of “sexually exhausted after orgasm”)

86 **other** others, rest

87 **cold** cool (like shade)/cowardly

90 **son** puns on “sun”

92 **shadow** reflection, image

93 **not…substance** i.e., potentially the son of another man

96 **serve** do, suffice/perform military service

97 **shadows** names of dead or imaginary men, a ruse to enable the captain of the regiment to claim their pay **muster** military recruitment

103 **ragged** rough/tattered (may pun on “ragwort,” a plant thought to be an aphrodisiac)

105 **apparel…pins** suggesting his clothes are held together by pins, or that his physical frame is poorly put together (pins plays on the sense of “legs”)

111 **tailor** the profession had a reputation for effeminacy as well as for lechery (“tail” plays on the sense of “sexual organs,” thus leading to renewed sexual play on prick in the following lines)

113 **pricked** clothed/stabbed with a pin/penetrated sexually

114 **battle** army

116 **good will** best (will plays on the sense of “penis”)

118 **magnanimous** brave

119 **well…deep** i.e., firmly (with continued sexual play)

122 **go** plays on the sense of “have sex” **put him to** enlist him as

123 **thousands** i.e., vermin/lice

126 **green** i.e., village green

129 **likely** promising **again** in response

134 **ringing…affairs** church bellringing on behalf of the king

135 **coronation day** i.e., anniversary of the coronation

136 **gown** dressing gown/nightgown

137 **take such order** issue instructions, arrange **ring for thee** ring the bells instead of you/for your funeral

138 **two…four** Shallow counts six but we only see five

140 **tarry** stay for

142 **Windmill** probably the name of a brothel, perhaps a tavern

143 **St George’s Field** area between Southwark and Lambeth, south of the River Thames; known for prostitution

145 **Nightwork** her surname suggests her occupation as a prostitute

147 **away with** endure, get on with

149 **bona-roba** whore

158 **watch-word** code word, password/drinking cry

161 **Corporate** malapropism for “Corporal” **stand** act as **Harry ten shillings** shillings from the reign of Henry VII, subsequently worth only half their original value

162 **lief** willingly

164 **friends** family

166 **Go to** i.e., very well, off you go

169 **forty** i.e., shillings

172 **so** so be it

173 **quit** free

184 **service** military/domestic/sexual service **come unto it** reach manhood

186 **likeliest** ablest

189 **thews** physique, strength **assemblance** appearance, frame, composition

191 **charge…you** load and fire **pewterer’s hammer** pewter was hammered out with rapid actions

192 **come off and on** advance and retreat/lower and raise (the gun)/stay still and act **gibbets…bucket** slightly unclear meaning; perhaps hangs on, carries, balances the beam (bucket) from which the brewer’s buckets are suspended

193 **half-faced** thin **mark** target

194 **aim** chance of hitting the target **level** aim

196 **spare** thin/surplus to requirement **caliver** light musket

198 **traverse** march/take aim

199 **manage me** handle skillfully

200 **chopped** chapped, i.e., dried up **shot** marksman (possible play on sense of “animal left over after the best of the herd have been selected”) **said** done

201 **scab** rascal (plays on his name) **tester** sixpence

202 **Mile-End Green** East London drill ground for citizen soldiers; now Stepney Green

203 **Sir…show** refers to a display of archery on Mile-End Green in which participants took the names of King Arthur’s knights of the Round Table; Shallow played Arthur’s fool

204 **quiver** nimble (plays on sense of “case for arrows”) **manage…come** i.e., was quick and skillful at firing, then retreating to the rear rank of musketeers in order to reload before advancing to fire once more; “Ra, ta, ta” is the noise of reloading and “Bounce” that of the shot

210 **must** i.e., must go

212 **Peradventure** perhaps

214 **would** wish

215 **have…word** meant what I said

216 **gentle** noble

217 **fetch off** trick, get the better of

219 **prate** chatter

220 **Turnbull Street** in Clerkenwell, London; known haunt of thieves and prostitutes **duer** more punctually

221 **Turk's tribute** regular tribute money due the sultan; failure to pay was punishable by death **man…cheese-paring** figure of a man carved idly out of the rind of cheese

224 **forlorn** pitiful, meager **thick** dull, weak **invincible** impossible to make out; some editors emend to "invisible"

225 **genius** spirit **rearward** rear

226 **Vice's dagger** thin, insubstantial wooden dagger used by the Vice character in morality plays **squire** of a rank just below that of knight **John of Gaunt** father of King Henry IV

227 **sworn brother** avowed companion in arms, intimate friend

228 **Tilt-yard** area for jousting tournaments near Whitehall, London **burst…men** got his head beaten trying to get past the guards

229 **his own name** i.e., a gaunt, very thin person

230 **him** i.e., Shallow **eel-skin** i.e., because he is so thin **treble hautboy** oboe

231 **beefs** cattle

232 **acquainted** familiar **go…will** be hard luck if I do not

233 **philosopher's two stones** the philosopher's stone supposedly turned base metal into gold; Falstaff intends to make a money out of Shallow (two stones plays on the sense of "testicles") **dace** small freshwater fish **pike** large, voracious freshwater fish (also, appropriately enough, known as a jack)

234 **shape** shape matters

Act 4 Scene 1

4.1 ***Location:*** *Gaultree Forest, north of York*

2 **Gaultree Forest** ancient royal forest to the north of York **an't** if it

3 **discoverers** scouts

9 **New-dated** of recent date

11 **powers** forces

12 **hold sortance with** correspond, agree **quality** rank

13 **levy** raise, muster

14 **retired** withdrawn **ripe** ripen, develop

16 **overlive** survive

17 **opposite** adversary

18 **touch ground** run aground

22 **form** formation

24 **rate** estimate, number

25 **just…out** exact number we estimated

26 **sway on** move forward

27 **well-appointed** well-equipped **fronts** faces, confronts

30 **prince…Lancaster** Prince John, although born at Lancaster was actually Duke of Bedford

32 **doth…coming** does your arrival mean

35 **If that** if

36 **like itself** in its true colors **routs** mobs, gangs

37 **bloody** bloodthirsty **guarded** adorned, trimmed/protected, flanked by

38 **countenanced** approved, supported

39 **commotion** insurrection, rebellion

40 **most proper** own true

41 **reverend** respected

42 **Had not** would not have been **dress** dress up, adorn

44 **honours** noble selves

45 **see** diocese

47 **letters** scholarship

48 **investments** ecclesiastical robes **figure** symbolize

55 **point** musical signal (perhaps plays on the sense of “sword”)

58 **wanton** uncontrolled/idle/self-indulgent/lascivious

60 **bleed** let blood as a medical cure/shed blood in battle

63 **take…me** do not take on the role of

66 **show** appear

67 **rank** coarse, gross/corrupt

70 **justly** exactly/fairly

72 **griefs** sufferings, grievances

74 **most quiet there** former peacefulness in the stream of time

75 **occasion** circumstances

77 **articles** account of charges, list of grievances

79 **suit** supplication/legal petition **gain our audience** be granted a hearing

80 **unfold** disclose, explain

83 **but newly gone** only recently passed

84 **memory…earth** i.e., the land bears scars of battle

85 **yet appearing** still visible

86 **Of…instance** of which every minute gives us evidence/which each moment urges upon us

87 **ill-beseeming** unbecoming

92 **gallèd** vexed, wounded

93 **suborned** bribed **grate on** harass

94 **seal** approve, ratify by affixing a wax seal

96 **commonwealth** state, general good

103 **unequal** unjust

106 **Construe** make sense of/judge **to their necessities** according to what is urgent and immediate

109 **not appears** doesn't appear

113 **signories** estates

116 **breathed** reanimated

117 **the state** circumstances

118 **force perforce** with violent compulsion **banish him** Richard II banished both Mowbray's father and Henry Bullingbrook (Henry IV), rather than allow them to meet in combat, in events dramatized in *Richard II*

120 **rousèd** raised/angry, roused

121 **coursers** horses **daring…spur** i.e., eager to charge

122 **armèd…charge** lances held in position **beavers** visors or face guards of their helmets

123 **sights of steel** slits in their visors

124 **blowing them together** giving them the signal to charge

125 **stayed** kept, prevented

127 **warder** staff held by one presiding over combat

129 **all their lives** the lives of all those

130 **indictment** legal accusation **dint of sword** force of arms

131 **miscarried** come to grief

133 **Earl of Hereford** i.e., Bullingbrook

137 **He…Coventry** he would not have got away in safety from Coventry (Midlands town, the location of the combat)

141 **did** did so, did bless and grace (him)

145 **wherein** on those matters in which

147 **enjoy them** have those requests granted **set off** put aside

148 **think you** make you seem

149 **compel** oblige him to make

150 **policy** strategy, cunning

151 **overween** go too far

153 **ken** range of sight

156 **battle** army **names** noblemen, famed soldiers

157 **perfect** skilled

159 **reason will** it stands to reason

161 **parley** negotiation with the enemy

163 **rotten…handling** something putrid won't stand close examination (rotten case plays on sense of "syphilitic vagina")

165 **very ample virtue** full authority

166 **determine Of** decide on

168 **intended** implied **name** title

169 **muse** marvel

170 **schedule** list

172 **Each several article** provided that each separate charge

173 **hence** elsewhere

174 **insinewed to** an integral part of, bound to

175 **Acquitted** provided that we are cleared **true substantial form** binding legal proceedings

176 **present…confined** immediate carrying out of the demands relating to us and our intentions

178 **awful banks** respectful (awe-full) boundaries

179 **knit** bind, unite

180 **Please you** if you’re content

181 **battles** armies

182 **At either end** on both sides **frame** arrange

189 **absolute** unconditional

190 **consist upon** insist upon/consist of

192 **valuation** estimation in the eyes of the king

193 **false-derivèd** wrongly attributed

194 **nice and wanton** petty and frivolous

196 **were…love** even if we were willing to die for love of the king

197 **winnowed** separated, as is the corn from the worthless husks (chaff) by the action of the wind

198 **That…partition** the king will be unable to distinguish the good from the bad in us

201 **dainty** petty **picking** trifling

202 **doubt** fear

203 **heirs of life** survivors

204 **tables** records

206 **history** record, recount

208 **precisely** completely

209 **misdoubts present occasion** i.e., to the extent that he would like misdoubts suspicions, fears

210 **enrooted** entangled by the roots

214 **enraged him on** provoked him

216 **hangs resolved correction** forestalls the determined punishment

217 **execution** carry out the action

218 **wasted** used up **rods** whipping rods

219 **late** recent/dead

222 **offer** threaten

225 **atonement** reconciliation

231 **just** at an equal

233 **Before** lead on

234 **cousin** form of address between nobles, not necessarily denoting kinship

235 **gentle** noble

237 **better…you** suited you better

241 **iron** armored/unyielding

243 **word** i.e., holy word of scripture

246 **Would he** were he to **countenance** favor, patronage

247 **set abroach** unleash

250 **deep…heaven** learned in Scripture/firmly in God's grace

251 **speaker** intermediary between monarch and parliament; here, between God and the people

253 **opener and intelligencer** one who explains and informs

254 **sanctities** holiness, sacred nature

255 **workings** efforts/perceptions

256 **But you** that you don't **place** position

257 **countenance** favor

258 **false** dishonest, disloyal

259 **taken up** raised

260 **zeal** puns on "seal," i.e., authority

261 **heaven's substitute** the monarch was regarded as God's deputy on earth

263 **upswarmèd** made them rise up like an angry swarm

267 **misordered** confused **in common sense** as all acknowledge

268 **monstrous** unnatural

269 **hold…up** maintain our security

270 **parcels** details

271 **shoved** i.e., dismissed

272 **Hydra** in Greek mythology, a monster that grew two heads for every one that was cut off

273 **dangerous eyes** refers to another monster, Argus, whose hundred eyes kept permanent watch until charmed to sleep by Mercury

280 **supplies** reinforcements **second** support, renew

282 **success** succession

284 **Whiles…generation** for as long as people continue to be born

286 **sound the bottom** gauge the depth, i.e., foretell

288 **How far forth** to what extent **like** approve of, agree to

289 **allow them well** approve of them

291 **mistook** misunderstood

292 **lavishly** freely

296 **powers** forces **several** various, separate

299 **tokens** signs

305 **part** depart

306 **Hie** hurry

308 **pledge** toast

315 **happy season** opportune moment

316 **something** somewhat

317 **Against** in anticipation of

318 **heaviness…event** sadness comes over men before a positive outcome

319 **coz** abbreviation of “cousin”

321 **passing** surpassingly, extremely

323 **rendered** given

324 **had been cheerful** would have been uplifting

330 **trains** retinues, followers

331 **peruse** look over

332 **coped withal** had to fight with

335 **lie** lodge

341 **steers unyoked** calves freed from the yoke

343 **sporting-place** place of entertainment, leisure

347 **Of** for, on the grounds of **attach** arrest

351 **pawned** pledged

356 **Meet** appropriate

357 **shallowly** foolishly, thoughtlessly

358 **Fondly** stupidly

359 **stray** stragglers

363 **condition** rank

368 **Dale** the sense now widens from “valley” to include “pit”

371 **drops** tears **lovers** friends

372 **do observance** show respect

374 **I…name** i.e., I am known by name everywhere on account of my vast stomach **school** crowd

375 **An** if

376 **indifferency** ordinary size **womb** belly

382 **tardy tricks** delaying dodges

383 **break…back** i.e., get you hanged (and your weight will cause the gallows to break)

384 **but…be** if it were not

386 **expedition** speed

387 **with…possibility** as fast as possible **foundered** lamed

388 **nine…posts** over 180 horses

389 **furious** violent, wrathful

391 **hook-nosed…Rome** i.e., Julius Caesar

394 **booked** recorded

395 **particular ballad** special ballad written about me **picture** ballads were commonly illustrated with woodcuts

396 **gilt two-pences** false coins, twopenny pieces gilded and passed off as gold half-crowns **to** compared to

398 **cinders…element** i.e., stars

399 **desert mount** merit be recognized

400 **heavy** fat, weighty/heinous, dreadful

402 **thick** fat/dim

410 **been…me** taken my advice

411 **won them dearer** they would have cost more, i.e., you would have had to fight for them

412 **sold** presented/betrayed/bartered away

414 **left** left off, given up

415 **execution stayed** bloodshed halted

417 **present** immediate

418 **sure** carefully, securely

420 **sore** seriously

423 **sober** moderate, dignified

426 **in my condition** according to my disposition/as military commander

428 **would** wish

431 **come…proof** turn out well

432 **making many fish-meals** they eat such a lot of fish (as opposed to red meat) **green-sickness** anaemia causing a greenish complexion; it often afflicted teenage girls

433 **get wenches** father only daughters

434 **inflammation** roused emotions resulting from drink/swelling weight
sherry-sack sweet Spanish white wine

435 **ascends me** ascends (me is used colloquially for emphasis)

436 **curdy** thick, curdled **vapours** noxious exhalations supposedly produced in the body and rising to the brain **environ** surround
apprehensive intelligent, perceptive

437 **forgetive** apt at forging, inventive

440 **liver** considered the seat of the passions **pusillanimity** lack of courage, timidity

442 **parts extremes** extremities

443 **vital…spirits** the “vital spirits” were thought to be the essence of life

444 **muster me** assemble

446 **a-work** to work

447 **a** is a **commences** initiates, unleashes (puns on “Commencement,” the formal term for the degree award ceremony at Cambridge University)

450 **husbanded** cultivated

453 **potations** liquors

457 **tempering** becoming pliant, softening like wax

458 **seal with him** come to an agreement/shape him to my purposes

Act 4 Scene 2

4.2 ***Location:*** *the Jerusalem Chamber in Westminster Abbey, though here transferred to the royal court*

2	**debate**	strife, conflict		
3	**higher fields**	i.e., to Jerusalem, on a crusade		
4	**sanctified**	consecrated, holy		
5	**addressed**	ready		
6	**substitutes…invested**	deputies installed in office		
7	**level**	equal		
8	**want**	lack		
9	**pause us**	rest, wait		
19	**in presence**	present/in the royal presence		
22	**chance**	does it happen		
26	**offices**	services		
28	**brethren**	brothers		
29	**omit**	neglect		
32	**observed**	treated with respect		
34	**melting**	tender		
35	**flint**	i.e., hard, unyielding		
36	**humorous**	moody, volatile		
37	**flaws congealèd**	icy gusts of wind	**spring**	dawn/gentle warmth
38	**temper**	disposition/mood		
39	**reverently**	respectfully		
41	**line**	range, scope		
42	**on ground**	beached		
43	**confound**	defeat, overthrow	**working**	exertion
47	**suggestion**	suspicion/incitement to evil		
48	**force perforce**	of necessity		
50	**aconitum**	aconite or wolfsbane, a poisonous plant	**rash**	hasty, violent
55	**other his continual**	his other constant		
56	**fattest**	richest, most fertile		
60	**blood…heart**	every sigh was thought to drain a drop of blood from the heart		
64	**curb**	restraint (literally, chain passed under a horse’s jaw)		
66	**lavish**	wild, unrestrained		

68 **fronting** advancing/confronting **opposed** hostile

69 **look…quite** go too far in judging him

76 **perfectness** fullness

78 **measure** guide

79 **mete** measure

81 **’Tis…carrion** i.e., people rarely give up their pleasures despite the corrupt surroundings; drawn from the biblical story of Samson who found a bees’ nest in the carcass of a lion (Judges 14:8)

87 **Bishop Scroop** i.e., the Archbishop of York, Richard Scroop

91 **borne** carried out

93 **course…particular** turn of events set out in detail

95 **haunch** hindquarter, back end

96 **lifting up** rising, breaking

105 **packet** i.e., of letters, dispatch

109 **stomach** appetite

121 **straight** straightaway

122 **pangs** attacks, spasms of pain

124 **wrought the mure** made the wall

126 **fear me** fill me with fear

127 **Unfathered heirs** children supposed to be unnatural, conceived supernaturally **loathly births** deformed infants, regarded as ill omens

128 **change their manners** alter their usual patterns **as** as if

130 **flowed** flooded

131 **doting** weak-minded/foolish/fond, attentive

133 **Edward** Edward III **sicked** sickened

135 **apoplexy** illness causing paralysis

139 **dull** gentle **favourable** kindly

146 **heaviness** sadness

147 **Rain** i.e., tears **abroad** outside

153 **physic** medicine

161 **perturbation** cause of trouble **care** source of anxiety

162 **ports** doors, gates (i.e., eyelids)

163 **watchful** wakeful

165 **homely biggen** plain nightcap

166 **watch** portion of the night/watchful vigil

168 **armour…safety** metal armor that gets hot and burns the wearer at the same time it protects him from attack

169 **gates of breath** i.e., mouth and nose

171 **suspire** breathe out

174 **rigol** circle (i.e., crown)

180 **immediate** direct successor

181 **Derives itself** descends

182 **put…strength** even if all the strength in the world were concentrated

184 **lineal** inherited

185 **mine** i.e., my heir

200 **Chide** drive with rebukes

201 **part** action **conjoins** unites

203 **falls into revolt** betrays itself, is unnatural

208 **engrossed** amassed

209 **cankered** tarnished/corrupt **strange-achievèd** ill-gotten/brought from overseas

210 **thoughtful** careful **invest** endow (plays on financial sense)

211 **arts** scholarship

214 **thighs…wax** beeswax is stored in sacs on the upper parts of bees’ legs

215 **bees…pains** in fact it is not workers, but drones (bees whose sole purpose is to impregnate the queen) who die after mating or are cast out of the hive to die

216 **This…engrossments** these accumulations give a bitter taste

217 **ending** dying

218 **stay** wait

219 **determined** terminated

221 **kindly** filial/ **gentle** gentle noble/tender

223 **tyranny** cruelty **but** anything but

232 **chair** position/throne

236 **cloud of dignity** rank or honor, insubstantial as a cloud

240 **Were** would have been

241 **sealed…expectation** confirmed my fears

242 **manifest** demonstrate

245 **whetted** sharpened

247 **forbear** endure, permit

252 **balm** consecrated oil used in the coronation of the monarch **sanctify** consecrate, render holy

253 **compound** mix

256 **form** established order, custom

260 **apes of idleness** fools prone to all unworthy vices

261 **confines** states, countries

266 **gild** cover with gold (puns on guilt)

267 **office** official position

270 **flesh his tooth** sink his tooth into the flesh

272 **care** anxiety, concerned efforts (sense then shifts to “chief concern”)

278 **had** would have **dear** heartfelt

282 **affect** desire

284 **obedience** i.e., kneeling posture

288 **course** current

292 **have purposèd** intend

295 **as having sense** as though it were alive

296 **on thee depending** attached to you

299 **fine in carat** pure

300 **med’cine potable** i.e., *aurum potabile*, a liquid medicine supposed to contain gold

301 **fine** refined, pure

304 **try** dispute, engage in

310 **affection** tendency to

311 **Give entertainment to** receive, be hospitable to **might** power

313 **vassal** subject

317 **join the more** be further united to

320 **latest** last, final

322 **by-paths** obscure, indirect paths

323 **met** came by

327 **soil** grounds, foundation/stain, dishonor

329 **boist’rous** unruly, violent

330 **many** i.e., of the men who claimed to have assisted him

333 **fears** sources of fear

336 **argument** plot, theme/subject of contention

337 **purchased** bought, acquired not inherited

338 **fairer sort** just manner/favorable lot

339 **garland** i.e., crown **successively** by right of succession
341 **griefs are green** grievances remain fresh, unhealed
342 **make** work to maintain as
344 **fell working** fierce efforts
345 **lodge** harbor
350 **near** closely **state** kingship
351 **giddy** foolish, restless
352 **action** war **hence borne out** undertaken abroad
353 **waste** dispel
354 **I** I say **wasted** worn out
361 **common pain** ordinary effort
367 **trunk** body/tree trunk
368 **a period** an end
372 **lodging** room **swoon** faint
374 **Laud** praise
375 **years** i.e., years ago
376 **but** except
377 **vainly** foolishly/conceitedly

Act 5 Scene 1

5.1 ***Location:*** *at Justice Shallow’s, Gloucestershire* ***Davy*** one of Shallow’s servants

1 **By…pie** a mild oath **cock** form of “God” **pie** Roman Catholic service book

8 **precepts** writs, summons

9 **headland** strip of unplowed land in a field; used for turning the plough it was sown later than the rest of the field

10 **red wheat** a dark-colored late variety

11 **smith’s note** blacksmith’s bill **plough-irons** any iron parts of a plow

12 **cast** calculated (plays on the sense of “form metal into shape”)

13 **link…bucket** rope or chain, most likely for the pail drawing water up from a well

14 **Hinckley Fair** well-known cattle fair held every August at Hinckley, a market town on the Warwickshire/Leicestershire border

15 **answer** repay

16 **kickshaws** fancy dishes

17 **man of war** soldier/large warship (i.e., Falstaff)

18 **use** treat **A…purse** i.e., it’s useful to have friends in high places

19 **arrant knaves** absolute rogues **backbite** tell tales, slander

20 **bitten…linen** i.e., clothes full of lice

21 **Well conceited** very witty

22 **countenance** favor

29 **bear out** support

30 **credit** trust/reputation

33 **Look about** watch out/get busy

37 **tall** valiant, or perhaps ironically addressed to the page

41 **quantities** little bits

42 **staves** i.e., long and thin **semblable coherence** close correspondence

44 **conversing** associating

45 **married in conjunction** intimately connected

46 **suit to** lawsuit for/favor to beg

47 **imputation…near** suggestion that I am friendly with

48 **curry** curry favor, flatter

50 **carriage** behavior, bearing

53 **terms** sessions of the law courts (four in a year) **actions** lawsuits **intervallums** intervals between terms

54 **sad brow** straight face **never…shoulders** i.e., was young and carefree

56 **ill laid up** badly folded, i.e., creased up

Act 5 Scene 2

5.2 ***Location:*** *the royal court*

1 **whither away** where are you going

8 **service…injuries** presumably the Lord Chief Justice is recalling the time he had Prince Henry arrested and is worried about repercussions now that Hal is king **truly** faithfully

14 **fantasy** imagination

15 **heavy issue** sorrowful offspring

16 **temper** disposition

18 **hold their places** retain their positions

19 **strike sail** lower their sails, i.e., submit **vile** base

24 **argument** subject for discussion

29 **borrow not** do not put on

30 **sure** certainly

31 **grace** favor (from Hal)

32 **coldest expectation** the least favorable situation

35 **your…quality** the current of your nature and position

39 **ragged** wretched **forestalled remission** pardon so certain to be refused it is not worth asking

40 **troth** good faith, honesty

49 **Amurah** a Turkish sultan who, upon gaining the throne, had all his brothers killed; his successor did the same thing

62 **number…happiness** i.e., for each tear there shall be an hour of happiness

64 **strangely** in a distant, unfamiliar manner

65 **assured** convinced

69 **hopes** expectations

71 **Rate** berate

72 **easy** insignificant/lenient

73 **Lethe** in Greek mythology, the river in the underworld; immersion in its waters induced forgetfulness

74 **use the person** represent

80 **presented** represented

84 **commit** imprison

85 **Be you** would you be **garland** crown

87 **awful** awe-inspiring, majestic **bench** judge’s seat, i.e., judicial system

90 **spurn** strike/disdain

91 **second body** deputy, substitute

92 **make…yours** put yourself in that situation

93 **propose** imagine

94 **profaned** abused, treated with contempt

95 **dreadful** formidable, awe-inspiring **loosely** carelessly, casually

98 **soft** gently

99 **cold considerance** calm consideration

100 **state** role as king

101 **misbecame** was not appropriate to

103 **weigh** consider, reason

104 **still…sword** i.e., retain your position; balance (scales) and sword are the emblems of justice

110 **proper** own

114 **commit** sense shifts from “imprison” to “entrust”

115 **used** been accustomed

116 **remembrance** reminder

120 **sound** speak out

121 **intents** intentions

122 **well-practised** experienced

125 **affections** wild inclinations, self-indulgent behavior

126 **sadly** solemnly, seriously

127 **mock** defy

128 **raze out** erase, obliterate

129 **Rotten opinion** poor, corrupt reputation

130 **After my seeming** in accordance with the way I appeared to be

131 **vanity** worthlessness, folly

133 **state of floods** majesty of the sea

136 **limbs…counsel** i.e., advisers

142 **accite** summon

143 **remembered** mentioned (pronounced *remembred*)

144 **consigning to** approving, setting its seal to

Act 5 Scene 3

5.3 ***Location:*** *Shallow's garden, Gloucestershire*

1 **orchard** garden

2 **pippin** variety of apple **graffing** grafting, cultivation **caraways** sweets or cakes made with caraway seeds

4 **rich** fertile/well-off one

6 **Spread** lay the cloth for eating **said** done

8 **husband** steward

9 **varlet** servant/rogue

11 **quoth a** said he

14 **flesh** meat/whores **dear** beloved/expensive

15 **lusty** lively/lustful

17 **health** toast

21 **Proface**! a toast or welcoming cry: "May it do you good!" (from old French or Italian) **want in meat** lack in flesh, i.e., size

22 **bear** put up with it **all** i.e., the most important thing

25 **shrews** nags and scolds

26 **in…all** at dinner when men's beards move up and down in lively conversation

27 **Shrovetide** the three feast days before Ash Wednesday and the beginning of Lent

29 **mettle** character/liveliness

30 **twice and once** comic inversion of "once or twice"

31 **leather-coats** russet apples that have tough skins

34 **brisk** dry/sparkling

35 **leman** sweetheart

40 **let it come** pass it round

41 **pledge** toast **a…bottom** the whole cup, even if it were a mile deep

43 **beshrew** a curse on

44 **cavalieros** fashionable young men

47 **crack a quart** empty a quart pot, i.e., two pints of ale

48 **pottle-pot** tankard containing two quarts (four pints), twice what Shallow proposed

49 **stick by thee** keep up with you (in drinking)

50 **out** drop out **true bred** i.e., made of the right stuff

54 **done me right** i.e., by matching me in drinking

55 **Do…Samingo** popular drinking song **Samingo** Sir Mingo (*mingo* is Latin for "I urinate")

60 **somewhat** something

67 **greatest** most influential (Silence takes the sense of "fattest")

68 **but** except for **Goodman** title for those below the rank of gentleman **Puff** name suggestive of swelling (Pistol shifts the sense to "brag, boast")

69 **recreant** cowardly

73 **price** great value

74 **man…world** an ordinary mortal, i.e., in plain language

75 **A *foutre*** i.e., "I don't give a fuck" (from the French)

77 **Assyrian** native of Assyria, ancient Middle Eastern country renowned in the Bible for robbery and pillage, later associated with luxury

78 **King Cophetua** African king who fell in love with a beggar girl; a popular topic for ballads

79 **Robin…John** fragment from the ballad *Robin Hood and the Pinder of Wakefield*

80 **curs** dogs **Helicons** i.e., the Muses who lived on Mount Helicon in Greece—hence "true poets"

81 **baffled** frustrated/treated with contempt

82 **lay…lap** appeal to the Furies, mythological goddesses of revenge

83 **breeding** social status

88 **Besonian** beggar, knave (from Italian *besogno*)

95 **do…me** make the indecent gesture known as the "fig of Spain," which consisted of thrusting the thumb between the index and middle fingers

98 **just** true

99 **Away** let's go

100 **double-charge…dignities** load you, like a firearm, twice over with honors

102 **take** exchange

104 **Carry…bed** presumably Silence has passed out from too much drink

107 **withal** moreover

108 **Boot** get your boots on **sick** i.e., longing, pining for (unconscious play on sense of "sick of")

111 **vultures…also** refers to the punishment inflicted on Prometheus by the Greek gods; for stealing fire from heaven, he had his liver pecked out by vultures each day (it regrew at night)

112 **‘Where…led?’** line from a lost poem or ballad

Act 5 Scene 4

5.4 ***Location:*** *London, but unspecified—almost certainly a street* *Beadles* parish officers with the power to punish petty offenders, perhaps synonymous with Fang and Snare

1 **that** so that

2 **hanged** i.e., as her murderer

3 **over** up (for punishment)

4 **whipping-cheer** feast of whipping, a common punishment for whores

5 **killed about her** murdered on her account; may play on “brought to orgasm” in her company

6 **Nut-hook** beadle or constable; literally a long pole with a hook at the end for gathering nuts

7 **tripe-visaged** with a face like tripe (i.e., sallow, pock-marked) **go** am pregnant

8 **thou…struck** you’d have been better off if you’d struck **paper-faced** i.e., thin, pale

9 **bloody…somebody** he’d fight and make somebody pay for this

10 **I…miscarry** either she hopes Doll will miscarry and the beadle be punished or she’s confused and means the opposite

11 **cushions** implying that Doll is feigning pregnancy by stuffing a cushion under her gown **but** only

14 **man in a censer** vessels in which incense was burnt were embossed with figures

15 **swinged** thrashed **blue-bottled** beadles wore dark-blue uniforms

correctioner one who administers punishment; or more specifically, officer at the Bridewell House of Correction for prostitutes

16 **forswear half-kirtles** give up wearing skirts; a kirtle consisted of a bodice and a skirt

17 **she knight-errant** female knight/prostitute (who commits her misdeeds, or errs by night)

18 **right…might** inversion of the proverb “might overcomes right”

sufferance…ease undergoing suffering/patient forbearance produces relief/comfort

22 **Goodman…bones** insults referring to the beadle’s thinness

23 **anatomy** skeleton

24 **thing** perhaps with phallic connotations **rascal** rogue/underweight young deer

Act 5 Scene 5

5.5 ***Location:*** *a public place in Westminster, near the Abbey* **Grooms** manservants

1 **rushes** with which Elizabethan floors were commonly strewn

5 **leer upon** look sideways at, catch his eye **countenance** look/patronage

9 **liveries** servants’ uniforms **bestowed** laid out, used

10 **infer** imply, demonstrate

17 **shift me** change my shirt

22 ***semper idem***, “ever the same” (Latin) *obsque…est* “apart from this there is nothing” (Latin; *obsque* is a mistake for *absque*) **’Tis…part** Pistol’s rough translation of the Latin

24 **liver** regarded as the seat of the passions

26 **Helen** i.e., Helen of Troy, supposedly the most beautiful woman in the world

27 **durance** imprisonment

28 **Haled** hauled, dragged

29 **mechanical** vulgar, common

30 **ebon** ebony, black **fell** fierce

31 **Alecto** one of the Furies, described by Virgil as being crowned with snakes

32 **in** in prison; possibly plays on “pregnant” (hence Falstaff’s “deliver”)

36 **imp** scion or offspring of a noble house

38 **vain** foolish, worthless

40 **Jove** supreme Roman god **heart** dear old friend

44 **surfeit-swelled** swollen from overindulgence

46 **hence** henceforth

47 **gormandizing** excessive eating

56 **riots** debauched behavior, revelry, disorderly deeds

59 **our** Hal uses the royal plural pronoun

60 **competence of life** a sufficient allowance

61 **That…evil** so that poverty will not make you turn to crime

64 **advancement** promotion, favor **charge** responsibility, orders

65 **tenor** substance

71 **doublet** close-fitting jacket

74 **colour** pretence (of Henry’s)

75 **colour** puns on “collar” (hangman’s noose), **die** puns on “dye”

76 **colours** enemy flags

77 **soon at night** this very evening/early in the evening

78 **Fleet** prison in the City of London

82 ***Si…contento*** “If fortune torments me, hope contents me” (Italian; the same motto Pistol uttered in Act 2 Scene 4, with the Italian differently garbled)

83 **fair proceeding** kindly/just course of action

84 **hath intent** intends **wonted** customary

86 **conversations** behavior

92 **civil swords** used in civil wars

96 **curtsy** bow **your** addressed to the audience

99 **doubt** fear **marring** ruin

100 **venture** attempt/risk

102 **ill venture** unsuccessful commercial voyage

103 **break** break my promise/am bankrupt **creditors** plays on both financial sense and “people who believe my promise”

104 **bate me** let me off

112 **continue…it** i.e., in *Henry V*, although in the end Falstaff did not feature in that play

113 **sweat** a fit of sweating due to either physical exertion, the plague or a type of cure for venereal disease

114 **hard** unfavorable **Oldcastle…martyr** Sir John Oldcastle, the name originally given to Falstaff, was an early fifteenth-century Lollard leader, subsequently regarded as a martyr by the puritans; Shakespeare had to drop the name from the play due to objections from Oldcastle’s descendants

THE LIFE OF HENRY THE FIFTH

Henry the Fifth has become synonymous with English patriotism. A dashing young king achieves a stunning military victory against all odds, stirring his men to impossible valor through sheer rhetorical force. The phrases have become legendary: “Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more”; “Cry ‘God for Harry, England, and Saint George!’ ”; “We few, we happy few, we band of brothers.” Whereas all Shakespeare’s other history plays of the 1590s portray an England riven by faction and anxiety over rightful succession to the throne, here the nation seems united and all-conquering. Perhaps no other Shakespeare play has such a simple plot: King Harry makes his claim for France, thwarts a small conspiracy, sets sail, takes Harfleur, wins the battle of Agincourt, and marries the defeated king’s daughter. The cast consists almost entirely of his loyal army and his French enemies, among whom the dauphin in particular is parodied as a kind of poor man’s Hotspur. Yet, as so often with Shakespeare, a wealth of reservations are held within that “almost.” *2 Henry IV* ended with an epilogue promising a continuation of the story “with Sir John in it”: the fat knight’s absence casts a shadow across the king’s triumphs.

The play does not begin with a ceremonial entrance and a large-scale royal court scene. First the Chorus appears alone on the bare stage. The audience are invited to reflect upon the fact that what they are about to witness is performance, not reality, and that their imaginary forces will be necessary in order to transform stage and playing company into battlefield and army. The play is intended to work upon us as King Harry works upon his followers: the dazzling power of words creates the triumph out of extremely limited resources. Between each act the Chorus returns to remind us that it is all a theatrical trick: we only suppose that we have been transported to France and that the little band of players and extras constitute a great army on the march or fighting to the death in hand-to-hand combat. Players, as Macbeth and Prospero will remind later Shakespearean audiences, are but shadows. After two or three turns of the hourglass, the revels end and the action vanishes like a dream. So too with Harry's triumph: the closing chorus, an artfully turned sonnet, compares the imaginative work of the author ("In little room confining mighty men") with the brevity of the victorious king's reign ("Small time, but in that small most greatly lived / This star of England"). Could it then be that the secret of Harry's success is linguistic might rather than the right of his cause?

The action proper commences with the representatives of the Church confirming the "reformation" of the king, his conversion to piety from the "wildness" of the *Henry IV* plays. He has transformed himself into a master of divinity, political affairs, and the theory of war. The dialogue of the bishops also introduces another theme, familiar from the historical Reformation of the sixteenth century: the sequestration of ecclesiastical assets by the state. This precipitates a political deal: the archbishop will provide legal justification for the king's proposed invasion of France and in return the crown will take the side of the Church in their financial dispute with parliament. The whole apparatus of justification by precedent and lines of descent and debate over the applicability of the Salic law, elaborated in the archbishop's interminable speech in the following scene is a charade acted out for politic ends. The king has a one-line question—"May I with right and conscience make this claim?"— and he gets the answer he wants to hear: yes. He is not interested in the small print.

By starting the action with the scheming bishops, Shakespeare suggests that the motivation for war is a matter more of political pragmatism than high principle. King Harry is anxious about a possible Scottish incursion and he is aware that his own hold on the throne is insecure—hence the need to dispatch the traitors Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey by means of a piece of theater that shows his capacity for both mercy and stern justice, to reveal the iron fist in his velvet glove. For all the talk of ancient rights to France and the need to bounce back the insult of the tennis balls, one cannot help suspecting that Harry's real motivation for going to war is driven by his dying father's strategic advice:

> …Therefore, my Harry,
> Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
> With foreign quarrels, that action, hence borne out,
> May waste the memory of the former days. (2 *Henry IV*, 4.2.350–3)

There is nothing like an overseas military adventure to unite a divided nation.

Prince Hal's riotous behavior in the *Henry IV* plays is now revealed to have been an elaborate game, a piece of playacting. He continues to play games once he is king: his handling of the traitors in the second act and the business of the glove in the cap after Agincourt are theatrical devices designed to demonstrate his quasi-magical power of seeing into his subjects' souls. The manner in which an actor plays the part of King Harry will be largely determined by the extent to which he plays up the character's actorliness. The wooing of Katherine is a crux in this regard: how much of a *performance* is the combination of charm, wit, boyish embarrassment, and delight in power ("in loving me, you should love the friend of France, for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it")? Or is Harry genuinely smitten with Kate?

The king's mastery comes above all from what the archbishop calls "his sweet and honeyed sentences." Rhetorical force is his greatest gift: he can debate, cajole, command, inspire. Shakespeare gives him more than three times as many words as any other character in the play. Only Hamlet can match Harry in the ease with which he moves between highly wrought verse and conversational prose. Many a modern general has reached for the Saint Crispin's day oration in preparing his men to go into battle: Laurence Olivier's 1944 film, dedicated to the British, American, and other Allied troops who were liberating Europe from the Nazis, is only the most renowned of the frequent military appropriations of the play (it was reputedly at Winston Churchill's insistence that Olivier cut the scene with the three traitors—at such a critical historical moment, there had to be unity in the Allied ranks). Even hardened cynics find themselves becoming patriotic when the king addresses his band of brothers, especially in film when the words are further pumped up by sweeping camera action and rousing music.

Harry's rallying speeches reveal a sharp political intelligence at work. For instance, "Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more" is carefully modulated in three parts. The "dear friends" with which it begins are the king's immediate kinsmen and closest followers. They set the lead example. Attention then turns to the aristocracy and gentry, the "noblest English," whose role is to "Be copy now to men of grosser [i.e., less high-class] blood/And teach them how to war.” Then come the “yeomen” and finally “the mean and base.” All will be of “noble lustre” if they surge forward into the breach in Harfleur’s wall. The speech thus enacts the chain of command down the ranks. It offers a textbook image of the officer class leading from the front by example. Even lowly Corporal Bardolph is momentarily inspired. But Nym, Pistol, and Falstaff’s boy are not. They stop in their tracks and have to be physically beaten to the breach by loyal Captain Fluellen. The power of the king’s rhetoric is thus called into question.

Fluellen believes in fighting war by the book. His modern equivalent would be a liberal-minded army officer intent upon fighting according to the rules of the Geneva convention. But his very mode of thinking exposes cracks in the king’s moral armor. King Harry of Monmouth is compared to Alexander the Great of Macedon not only because they are both great warriors (both come from places beginning with “M,” each of which has a river running through it, “and there is salmons in both”), but also because “as Alexander killed his friend Cleitus, being in his ales and his cups, so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgments, turned away the fat knight with the great belly-doublet.” The audience is thus reminded that the price of Harry’s greatness is the killing of Falstaff’s heart.

There is also the matter of the killing of the French prisoners, strikingly omitted not only from Olivier’s wartime film but also from Kenneth Branagh’s generally more hard-edged portrayal of Agincourt in his 1989 movie. For Fluellen, the French army’s killing of the boys and the baggage-handlers is “expressly against the law of arms.” Gower replies that, since the French have broken the rules, the English have been forced to do so as well: “wherefore the king, most worthily, hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner’s throat. O, ’tis a gallant king!” But the text is quite explicit that King Harry gives the order to kill the prisoners before he hears of the attack on the camp followers. The reason for their summary slaughter is that every last soldier is needed to cope with the arrival of French reinforcements. It is a pragmatic decision, not a gallant or a worthy one. So too at Harfleur earlier: though a threat rather than an action, the idea of raping the maidens and massacring the innocents of the city does not immediately conjure up the terms “gallant” or “worthily.”

Most searching of all is the debate between the disguised Harry "le Roi" and Michael Williams on the night before the battle:

> But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in battle, shall join together at the latter day and cry all, "We died at such a place"—some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afeard there are few die well that die in a battle, for how can they charitably dispose of anything, when blood is their argument?

This little touch of Michael in the night pricks Harry's conscience, leading him to soliloquize on the responsibilities of leadership and to pray that God will not choose this moment to punish him for the fault his father made in compassing the crown. After the battle, the king succeeds in embarrassing and, with typical double-handedness, offers to reward Williams. But he never finds a full answer to the point: every subject's duty is the king's while every subject's soul is his own, but the fact remains that bloody battle is not a place for "dying well" in the sense of drawing up one's spiritual accounts and making peace with God.

Where *1 Henry IV* began with rebellion coming from Scotland (the Douglas) and Wales (Owen Glendower), *Henry the Fifth* brings the whole of the British Isles together in the fight against France. Included in King Henry's army is a quartet representing England (Gower), Wales (Fluellen), Scotland (Jamy), and Ireland (MacMorris). But we cannot say for sure that the play is celebrating the unification of the four nations into one, for during the campaign against France, King Harry's army is not without its tensions. The Irish MacMorris, in particular, is an odd man out, not even at peace with the affable Fluellen:

> **FLUELLEN** Captain MacMorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation—
>
> **MACMORRIS** Of my nation? What ish my nation? Ish a villain and a bastard and a knave and a rascal. What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

In the chorus to the fifth act, the Earl of Essex is celebrated because as the audience is watching the play in London in 1599 he is “broaching” (spiking) the Irish on his sword. Yet here in the body of the third act, Shakespeare gives a voice to Ireland. Or rather, he questions England’s—for the Welsh Fluellen in his loyalty to Harry of Monmouth, once Prince of Wales and now King of England, speaks for England—he questions England’s right to speak for Ireland. What Englishman or anglicized Welshman dare talk of MacMorris’ nation? What kind of a nation can Ireland be when the Irish are construed by the English as villains and bastards and knaves and rascals? And that is how the dominant voice of Elizabethan England’s national poet, Edmund Spenser, did construe them in his dialogue of the mid-1590s, *A View of the Present State of Ireland*. But even Spenser had his counter-voices. *A View* is written in the form of a dialogue and it is more sharply critical of the “Old English” settlers in Ireland than the Irish themselves, while in *The Faerie Queene* there is a Savage Nation resembling Ireland, but also a Savage Man who is the noblest man.

As for Shakespeare, he is all countervoice. When MacMorris says “What ish my nation?” Ireland in its anguish is allowed to speak, just as in *The Tempest* Shakespeare’s most beautiful poetry is put into the mouth of a “savage and deformed slave” whose name evokes Carib and Cannibal. Because he was hardly ever narrowly topical in his own age and culture, Shakespeare has remained topical in other ages and cultures. Because he addresses great political issues rather than local political circumstances, his plays speak to such perennial problems as tyranny and aggressive nationalism. Because his own positions are so elusive, because every one of his voices has its countervoice—Fluellen his MacMorris, King Harry his Michael Williams, Prospero his Caliban—he has become the voice of many positions.

Perhaps surprisingly, given the amount of space that is given to the king’s stirring speeches and the archbishop’s convoluted history lesson, *Henry the Fifth* has almost as high a proportion of prose as the two parts of *Henry IV*. And it is the prose scenes that are the most emotionally engaging: Hostess Quickly’s simultaneously comic and moving account of Falstaff’s death, the moment of tenderness as the women say farewell to their men going off to war, the figure of Fluellen (portrayed with great affection for his loyalty and professionalism, yet simultaneously teased for his pedantry in the history and theory of warfare), the utterly authentic combination of fear, common sense, and bloody-mindedness shown by the common soldiers in their debate with the disguised king on the night before the battle.

Falstaff is dead, but his spirit is reanimated in his friends who follow the wars to France. Throughout the *Henry IV/V* trilogy, there is an under-commentary cutting away at Prince Hal's growth into the role of warrior-king and patriot: a confused but vibrant prose voice is counterpointed against the polished verse of law, order, and military glory. It is a voice summed up most concisely in the words of Falstaff's sometime page. In response to the king's cry that battle is the opportunity to achieve immortal fame, the boy says, "Would I were in an ale-house in London: I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety." This is not just the sentiment of a pint-sized Falstaff out from under King Arthur's bosom: it is the voice of the foot soldier in every age. After Agincourt, the king thanks God for the miracle whereby fewer than thirty English have been killed in the battle. In his listing of the dead, he does not mention Falstaff's proxies, yet they are the ones whom the audience mourns most: Bardolph and Nym, hanged; the boy, killed with the luggage; Quickly or Doll,* dead in the spital of a malady of France. They have died not for Harry's but for Falstaff's England; they have fought not for a palace or parliament in Westminster but for an alehouse in Eastcheap.

KEY FACTS

PLOT: Soon after his accession to the throne King Henry V is considering asserting his right to rule France as well as England. Consulting the Archbishop of Canterbury as to the justness of his claim, he receives a gift of tennis balls sent by the dauphin—a scornful jibe at his youth, which spurs him on to the invasion of France. The king's former companions from his days in the Eastcheap tavern hear of the death of Sir John Falstaff from Hostess Quickly. They take their leave of her and set out to join Henry's army. Despite the dauphin's insistence that Henry is an unworthy opponent, the French king receives the English ambassadors but finally rejects Henry's claim to the crown. Henry's forces besiege and then take the town of Harfleur. While her father rouses his nobles to retaliation, Princess Katherine begins to learn English with the help of her companion Alice. Following the victory at Harfleur, the English forces begin a retreat through Normandy on account of the poor condition of the men, who are disheartened by sickness and foul weather. Even so, Henry rejects the French Herald's offer of ransom and the two armies prepare to fight. On the eve of the battle of Agincourt, Henry tours the camp in disguise and, sounding out the opinions of his men, is led to consider the heavy responsibilities of kingship. In the French camp, by contrast, confidence is high. As battle is joined, Henry rallies his troops and places them all in God's hands. An English victory is confirmed, with miraculously small losses. As part of the subsequent treaty, Henry woos and wins Katherine to ensure the linking of the two countries through marriage.

MAJOR PARTS: *(with percentage of lines/number of speeches/scenes on stage)* King Henry V (32%/147/11), Fluellen (9%/68/6), Chorus (7%/6/6), Archbishop of Canterbury (7%/18/2), Pistol (5%/62/7), Duke of Exeter (4%/22/8), Constable of France (4%/40/5), Lewis the Dauphin (4%/31/5), French King (3%/19/3), Boy (2%/16/4), Williams (2%/28/3), Duke of Burgundy (2%/8/1), Gower (2%/5/1), Katherine (2%/33/2), Montjoy (2%/11/3), Nym (1%/ 20/3), Hostess (1%/11/2), Duke of Orléans (1%/29/3).

LINGUISTIC MEDIUM: 60% verse, 40% prose.

DATE: 1599. Must have been written soon after *2 Henry IV;* not mentioned by Meres in 1598; published 1600. It is nearly always assumed that “the general…from Ireland coming” (Act 5 Chorus) refers to the Earl of Essex’s Irish expedition, which lasted from March to September 1599. A small minority of commentators suppose that “the general” is Lord Mountjoy, who was Master-General of the Ordnance and Lord Deputy of Ireland from February 1600 onward, which would date the play, or at least the choruses, rather later, but the allusion implies public fame much more fitting with Essex than Mountjoy. Self-conscious theatrical references (“this wooden O”) suggest that the play may have been written as a showpiece for the newly built Globe theatre, which opened some time between February and September 1599, but it could have opened at the Curtain.

SOURCES: Based primarily on the 1587 edition of Holinshed’s *Chronicles*; some probable use of Holinshed’s main source, Edward Halle’s *Union of the Two Noble and Illustre Families of Lancaster and York* (1548). Like the *Henry IV* plays, also draws on the anonymous play *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth: containing the Honourable Battell of Agin-court* (published 1598, but in the repertoire for up to a decade before this). The old play includes such details as Canterbury’s justification of the claim to France, the tennis balls, and the courtship of Princess Katherine. The rival acting company of Philip Henslowe also had a *Henry V* play, but it is lost, so its influence on Shakespeare cannot be determined. The sequence on the night before Agincourt is influenced by a 1590s dramatic tradition of scenes in which a ruler goes in disguise among his people.

TEXT: A Quarto was published in 1600 *(The Chronicle History of Henry the fift, With his battell fought at Agin Court in France. Together with Auntient Pistoll. As it hath bene sundry times playd by the Right honorable the Lord Chamberlaine his servants)*. Less than half the length of the later Folio text, with many errors and inconsistencies, and some notable differences from the Folio (e.g., no Chorus whatsoever; Bourbon instead of the dauphin on the French side in the Agincourt scenes), it is some kind of reconstruction, perhaps from memory, of a version of the play as performed on stage. This Quarto was reprinted in 1602 and 1619 (the latter with a false date of 1608). The Folio text is much fuller and better printed; it is almost certainly derived from Shakespeare's manuscript or a scribal copy of it. There are, however, some occasions when the Quarto can be used to correct errors. It is possible that the Folio editor occasionally consulted a copy of the Third Quarto. The most awkward speeches for modern editors are those written in French: a combination of Shakespeare's imperfect French, incomprehension on the part of the printers and the differences between sixteenth-century and modern French means that the creation of a usable text requires more than usual editorial licence in correcting and modernizing.

GENEALOGY: See this page.

THE LIFE OF HENRY THE FIFTH

CHORUS

The English side

KING HENRY V
Duke of BEDFORD, his younger brother
Humphrey, Duke of GLOUCESTER, another younger brother
Duke of EXETER, the king’s uncle
Duke of YORK, the king’s cousin
Earl of WESTMORLAND
Earl of WARWICK
Earl of SALISBURY
Archbishop of CANTERBURY
Bishop of ELY

Richard Earl of CAMBRIDGE	conspirators against the king
Henry, Lord SCROOP of Masham	
Sir Thomas GREY	

Corporal NYM
Lieutenant BARDOLPH
Ancient PISTOL
HOSTESS QUICKLY, keeper of a tavern, married to Pistol
BOY, previously page to Falstaff

Sir Thomas ERPINGHAM	officers in the king’s army
Captain GOWER, an Englishman	
Captain FLUELLEN, a Welshman	
Captain JAMY, a Scotsman	
Captain MACMORRIS, an Irishman	

John BATES	English soldiers
Alexander COURT	
Michael WILLIAMS	

HERALD

The French side

FRENCH KING, Charles VI
QUEEN ISABEL, his Wife
Lewis the DAUPHIN, their son and heir
KATHERINE, their daughter
ALICE, Katherine’s lady-in-waiting
CONSTABLE of France
Duke of BURGUNDY
MONTJOY, the French Herald
GOVERNOR of Harfleur
Duke of BOURBON
Duke of ORLEANS
Duke of BERRI
Lord RAMBURES
Lord GRANDPRE
French AMBASSADORS to England
FRENCH LORDS
Soldiers, Messengers, Attendants

Prologue

Enter Prologue

CHORUS O, for a muse[1] of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention,[2]
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act
And monarchs to behold the swelling[4] scene!
Then should the warlike[5] Harry, like himself,
Assume the port[6] of Mars, and at his heels,
Leashed in like hounds, should famine, sword and fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles[8] all,
The flat unraisèd[9] spirits that hath dared
On this unworthy scaffold[10] to bring forth
So great an object. Can this cockpit[11] hold
The vasty[12] fields of France? Or may we cram
Within this wooden O,[13] the very casques
That did affright[14] the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! Since a crooked[15] figure may
Attest in little place a million,
And let us, ciphers[17] to this great accompt,
On your imaginary[18] forces work.
Suppose[19] within the girdle of these walls
Are now confined two mighty monarchies,[20]
Whose high upreared[21] and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean[22] parts asunder.
Piece out[23] our imperfections with your thoughts:
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance.[25]
Think when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i'th'receiving earth,
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck[28] our kings,
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,
Turning th'accomplishment of many years
Into an hourglass: for[31] the which supply,
Admit me chorus to this history;

Who prologue-like your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

Exit

Act 1 Scene 1[1.1]

running scene 1

Enter the two Bishops of Canterbury and Ely

CANTERBURY My lord, I’ll tell you: that self[1] bill is urged,
Which in th’eleventh year of the last king’s[2] reign
Was like,[3] and had indeed against us passed,
But that the scambling[4] and unquiet time
Did push it out of further question.[5]
ELY But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?
CANTERBURY It must be thought on: if it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possession.
For all the temporal[9] lands which men devout
By testament[10] have given to the Church
Would they strip from us; being valued thus:
As much as would maintain,[12] to the king’s honour,
Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires,[14]
And, to relief of lazars[15] and weak age
Of indigent[16] faint souls past corporal toil,
A hundred almshouses right well supplied,
And to the coffers[18] of the king beside,
A thousand pounds by th’year. Thus runs the bill.[19]
ELY This would drink deep.[20]
CANTERBURY ’Twould drink the cup and all.
ELY But what prevention?
CANTERBURY The king is full of grace[23] and fair regard.
ELY And a true lover of the holy church.
CANTERBURY The courses[25] of his youth promised it not.
The breath no sooner left his father’s body,
But that his wildness, mortified[27] in him,
Seemed to die too. Yea, at that very moment
Consideration[29] like an angel came
And whipped th’offending Adam[30] out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise,[31]

T’envelop and contain celestial spirits.[32]
Never was such a sudden scholar made,
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady currance,[35] scouring faults,
Nor never Hydra-headed[36] wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat,[37] and all at once,
As in this king.

ELY We are blessèd in the change.

CANTERBURY Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire the king were made a prelate.
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say it hath been all in all[44] his study.
List[45] his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle rendered[46] you in music.
Turn him to any cause of policy,[47]
The Gordian knot[48] of it he will unloose,
Familiar[49] as his garter, that, when he speaks,
The air, a chartered[50] libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men’s ears
To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences,
So that the art and practic[53] part of life
Must[54] be the mistress to this theoric:
Which is a wonder how his grace should glean[55] it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain,[56]
His companies[57] unlettered, rude and shallow,
His hours filled up with riots,[58] banquets, sports,
And never noted[59] in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration[60]
From open[61] haunts and popularity.

ELY The strawberry grows underneath the nettle
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighboured by fruit of baser quality.
And so the prince obscured[65] his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness, which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,

Unseen, yet crescive[68] in his faculty.
CANTERBURY It must be so, for miracles are ceased.
And therefore we must needs[70] admit the means
How things are perfected.
ELY But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation[73] of this bill
Urged by the commons?[74] Doth his majesty
Incline to[75] it, or no?
CANTERBURY He seems indifferent,
Or rather swaying more upon[77] our part
Than cherishing th’exhibitors against us,[78]
For I have made an offer to his majesty,
Upon[80] our spiritual convocation
And in regard of causes[81] now in hand,
Which I have opened[82] to his grace at large,
As touching[83] France, to give a greater sum
Than[84] ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.
ELY How did this offer seem received, my lord?
CANTERBURY With good acceptance of his majesty,
Save that there was not time enough to hear,
As I perceived his grace would fain[89] have done,
The severals[90] and unhidden passages
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms
And generally to the crown and seat of France,
Derived from Edward,[93] his great-grandfather.
ELY What was th’impediment that broke this off?
CANTERBURY The French ambassador upon that instant
Craved audience; and the hour I think is come
To give him hearing. Is it four o’clock?
ELY It is.
CANTERBURY Then go we in to know his embassy,[99]
Which I could with a ready guess declare,
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.
ELY I’ll wait upon you and I long to hear it.
Exeunt

[Act 1 Scene 2]

running scene 1 continues

Enter the King [Henry V], Humphrey [Duke of Gloucester], Bedford, Clarence, Warwick, Westmorland, Exeter [and Attendants]

KING HENRY V Where is my gracious[1] lord of Canterbury?
EXETER Not here in presence.[2]
KING HENRY V Send for him, good uncle.
WESTMORLAND Shall we call in th'ambassador, my liege?
KING HENRY V Not yet, my cousin:[5] we would be resolved,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight
That task[7] our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter [the] two Bishops

CANTERBURY God and his angels guard your sacred throne
And make you long become[9] it!
KING HENRY V Sure, we thank you.
My learnèd lord, we pray you to proceed
And justly[12] and religiously unfold
Why the law Salic[13] that they have in France
Or[14] should, or should not, bar us in our claim.
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion,[16] wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge[17] your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate,[18] whose right
Suits[19] not in native colours with the truth,
For God doth know how many now in health
Shall drop their blood[21] in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how[23] you impawn our person,
How you awake our sleeping sword of war;
We charge[25] you, in the name of God, take heed,
For never two such kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood, whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint[28]
Gainst him whose wrongs[29] gives edge unto the swords

That make such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration,[31] speak, my lord,
For we will hear, note[32] and believe in heart
That what you speak is in your conscience washed
As pure as sin with baptism.
CANTERBURY Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and you peers,
That owe yourselves, your lives and services
To this imperial throne. There is no bar
To make against your highness’ claim to France
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,[39]
‘*In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant*’,
‘No woman shall succeed in Salic land.’
Which Salic land the French unjustly gloss[42]
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm
That the land Salic is in Germany,
Between the floods[47] of Sala and of Elbe,
Where Charles the Great,[48] having subdued the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certain French,
Who, holding in disdain the German women
For some dishonest manners[51] of their life,
Established then this law; to wit,[52] no female
Should be inheritrix[53] in Salic land —
Which Salic, as I said, ’twixt[54] Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany called Meisen.
Then doth it well appear the Salic law
Was not devisèd for the realm of France,
Nor did the French possess the Salic land
Until four hundred one-and-twenty years
After defunction[60] of King Pharamond —
Idly[61] supposed the founder of this law —
Who died within[62] the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty-six, and Charles the Great
Subdued the Saxons, and did seat[64] the French
Beyond the river Sala, in the year

Eight hundred five. Besides,[66] their writers say,
King Pepin, which deposèd Childeric,
Did, as heir general,[68] being descended
Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair,
Make claim and title to the crown of France.
Hugh Capet also, who usurped the crown
Of Charles the Duke of Lorraine, sole heir male
Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great,[73]
To find[74] his title with some shows of truth,
Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,
Conveyed himself[76] as th'heir to th'Lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemagne,[77] who was the son
To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son
Of Charles the Great. Also King[79] Lewis the Tenth,
Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
Could not keep quiet[81] in his conscience,
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied
That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,
Was lineal[84] of the Lady Ermengare,
Daughter to Charles the foresaid Duke of Lorraine:
By the which marriage the line of Charles the Great
Was reunited to the crown of France.
So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
King Pepin's title and Hugh Capet's claim,
King Lewis his satisfaction,[90] all appear
To hold in[91] right and title of the female:
So do the kings of France unto this day,
Howbeit[93] they would hold up this Salic law
To bar your highness claiming from the female,
And rather choose to hide them in a net[95]
Than amply[96] to imbar their crooked titles
Usurped from you and your progenitors.[97]

KING HENRY V May I with right and conscience make this claim?

CANTERBURY The[99] sin upon my head, dread sovereign!
For in the book[100] of Numbers is it writ,
When the man dies, let the inheritance

Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for[103] your own, unwind your bloody flag,
Look back into your mighty ancestors:
Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's[105] tomb,
From[106] whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,
And your great-uncle's, Edward[107] the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground played a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France,
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp[111]
Forage[112] in blood of French nobility.
O, noble English, that could entertain[113]
With half their forces the full pride of France
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work and cold for[116] action!
ELY Awake remembrance of these valiant dead[117]
And with your puissant[118] arm renew their feats;
You are their heir, you sit upon their throne:
The blood and courage that renownèd[120] them
Runs in your veins, and my thrice-puissant liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.
EXETER Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former[126] lions of your blood.
WESTMORLAND They know your grace hath cause and means and might;
So hath your highness. Never King of England
Had nobles richer and more loyal subjects,
Whose[130] hearts have left their bodies here in England
And lie pavilioned[131] in the fields of France.
CANTERBURY O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
With bloods and sword and fire to win your right.[133]
In aid whereof we of the spiritualty[134]
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

KING HENRY V We must not only arm t'invade the French,
But lay[139] down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road[140] upon us
With all advantages.[141]

CANTERBURY They of those marches,[142] gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.[144]

KING HENRY V We do not mean the coursing snatchers[145] only,
But fear the main intendment[146] of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy[147] neighbour to us.
For you shall read that my great-grandfather
Never went with his forces into France
But that the Scot on his unfurnished[150] kingdom
Came pouring like the tide into a breach,[151]
With ample and brim[152] fullness of his force,
Galling[153] the gleanèd land with hot assays,
Girding[154] with grievous siege castles and towns,
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook and trembled at th'ill neighbourhood.[156]

CANTERBURY She[157] hath been then more feared than harmed, my liege,
For hear[158] her but exampled by herself:
When all her chivalry[159] hath been in France
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended
But taken and impounded as a stray[162]
The king[163] of Scots, whom she did send to France,
To fill King Edward's fame[164] with prisoner kings
And make their[165] chronicle as rich with praise
As is the ooze[166] and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sumless treasuries.[167]

ELY But there's a saying very old and true,
'If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin.'
For once the eagle England being in prey,[171]
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
Comes sneaking and so sucks her princely eggs,

Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
To ’tame[175] and havoc more than she can eat.

EXETER It follows then the cat must stay at home,
Yet that is but a crushed[177] necessity,
Since we have locks to safeguard necessaries
And pretty[179] traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armèd hand doth fight abroad,
Th’advisèd[181] head defends itself at home,
For government, though high[182] and low and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,[183]
Congreeing[184] in a full and natural close,
Like music.

CANTERBURY Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers[187] functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion,
To which is fixèd, as an aim[189] or butt,
Obedience, for so work the honeybees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king[193] and officers of sorts,
Where some, like magistrates, correct[194] at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad:
Others, like soldiers, armèd in their stings,[196]
Make boot upon[197] the summer’s velvet buds,
Which pillage[198] they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor,
Who, busied in his majesty,[200] surveys
The singing masons[201] building roofs of gold,
The civil[202] citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanic[203] porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-eyed justice,[205] with his surly hum,
Delivering o’er to executors[206] pale
The lazy yawning drone.[207] I this infer,
That many things, having[208] full reference
To one consent, may work contrariously.[209]

As many arrows, loosèd several ways,
Come to one mark,[211] as many ways meet in one town,
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea,
As many lines close[213] in the dial’s centre,
So may a thousand actions, once afoot
End in one purpose, and be all well borne[215]
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege.
Divide your happy[217] England into four,
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal[219] shall make all Gallia shake.
If we with thrice such powers left at home
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried[222] and our nation lose
The name of hardiness and policy.[223]

KING HENRY V Call in the messengers sent from the dauphin.[224]

[Exeunt some]

Now are we well resolved,[225] and, by God’s help
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we’ll bend[227] it to our awe,
Or[228] break it all to pieces. Or there we’ll sit,
Ruling in large[229] and ample empery
O’er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms,
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless, with no remembrance over them:
Either our history shall with full mouth[233]
Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute,[235] shall have a tongueless mouth,
Not worshipped with a waxen[236] epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France

Now are we well prepared to know the pleasure[237]
Of our fair cousin dauphin, for we hear
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

FIRST AMBASSADOR May’t please your majesty to give us leave
Freely to render[241] what we have in charge,
Or shall we sparingly[242] show you far off
The dauphin’s meaning and our embassy?

KING HENRY V We are no tyrant, but a Christian king,
Unto[245] whose grace our passion is as subject
As are our wretches fettered[246] in our prisons:
Therefore with frank and with uncurbèd plainness
Tell us the dauphin’s mind.
FIRST AMBASSADOR Thus, then, in few:[249]
Your highness, lately sending into[250] France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, King Edward the Third.
In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says that you savour[254] too much of your youth,
And bids you be advised[255] there’s naught in France
That can be with a nimble galliard[256] won.
You cannot revel into dukedoms there:
He therefore sends you, meeter[258] for your spirit,
This tun[259] of treasure; and in lieu of this, ***Presents a box***
Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. This the dauphin speaks.
KING HENRY V What treasure, uncle?
EXETER Tennis balls, my liege. ***Looks in the box***
KING HENRY V We are glad the dauphin is so pleasant[264] with us.
His present and your pains we thank you for:
When we have matched our rackets[266] to these balls,
We will in France, by God’s grace, play a set
Shall strike his father’s crown[268] into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler[269]
That all the courts[270] of France will be disturbed
With chaces.[271] And we understand him well,
How he comes o’er us[272] with our wilder days,
Not measuring[273] what use we made of them.
We never valued this poor seat[274] of England,
And therefore, living hence,[275] did give ourself
To barbarous licence,[276] as ’tis ever common
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the dauphin I will keep my state,[278]
Be like a king and show my sail of greatness[279]

When I do rouse me[280] in my throne of France.
For that[281] I have laid by my majesty
And plodded like[282] a man for working days,
But I will rise there with so full a glory
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant prince this mock[286] of his
Hath turned his balls[287] to gun-stones, and his soul
Shall stand sore chargèd[288] for the wasteful vengeance
That shall fly with them, for many a thousand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands;
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down,
And some are yet ungotten[292] and unborn
That shall have cause to curse the dauphin’s scorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal, and in whose name
Tell you the dauphin I am coming on
To venge me[297] as I may and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallowed[298] cause.
So get you hence in peace, and tell the dauphin
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.
Convey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.

Exeunt Ambassadors

EXETER This was a merry message.

KING HENRY V We hope to make the sender blush at it:
Therefore, my lords, omit[305] no happy hour
That may give furth’rance[306] to our expedition,
For we have now no thought in us but France,
Save those to[308] God, that run before our business.
Therefore let our proportions[309] for these wars
Be soon collected and all things thought upon
That may with reasonable swiftness add
More feathers to our wings, for, God before,[312]
We’ll chide[313] this dauphin at his father’s door.
Therefore let every man now task[314] his thought,

That this fair[315] action may on foot be brought.
Flourish. Exeunt

[Act 2]

Enter Chorus

CHORUS Now all the youth of England are on fire,[1]
And silken dalliance[2] in the wardrobe lies:
Now thrive the armourers, and honour’s thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man.
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,
Following the mirror[6] of all Christian kings,
With wingèd[7] heels, as English Mercuries.
For now sits expectation in the air,
And hides a sword from hilts[9] unto the point
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,[10]
Promised to Harry and his followers.
The French, advised by good intelligence[12]
Of this most dreadful preparation,[13]
Shake in their fear and with pale[14] policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.
O England! Model to[16] thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What[18] mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children[19] kind and natural?
But see, thy fault France hath in thee found out,
A nest of hollow[21] bosoms, which he fills
With treacherous crowns,[22] and three corrupted men:
One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second,
Henry Lord Scroop of Masham, and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,
Have, for the gilt[26] of France — O guilt indeed! —
Confirmed conspiracy with fearful[27] France,
And by their hands this[28] grace of kings must die,
If hell and treason hold their promises,
Ere[30] he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on, and we’ll digest[31]
Th’abuse of distance;[32] force a play.

The sum is paid, the traitors are agreed,
The king is set from London, and the scene
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton.
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit,
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back, charming[38] the narrow seas
To give you gentle pass,[39] for if we may,
We'll not offend one stomach[40] with our play.
But, till[41] the king come forth, and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene.

Exit

[Act 2 Scene 1][2.1]

running scene 2

Enter Corporal Nym and Lieutenant Bardolph

BARDOLPH Well met, Corporal Nym.

NYM Good morrow,[2] Lieutenant Bardolph.

BARDOLPH What, are Ancient[3] Pistol and you friends yet?

NYM For my part,[4] I care not: I say little, but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles — but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight, but I will wink[5] and hold out mine iron:[6] it is a simple one, but what though? It will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will, and there's an end.[7]

BARDOLPH I will bestow[8] a breakfast to make you friends, and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France. Let't be so, good Corporal Nym.

NYM Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain[10] of it. And when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may. That is my rest,[11] that is the rendezvous of it.

BARDOLPH It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly, and certainly she did you wrong, for you were troth-plight[13] to her.

NYM I cannot tell.[14] Things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time, and some say knives have edges. It must be as it may: though[16] patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter Pistol and [Hostess] Quickly

BARDOLPH Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife. Good corporal, be patient here.— How now, mine host[19] Pistol?

PISTOL Base tike,[20] call'st thou me host? Now, by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term, nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.[21]

HOSTESS QUICKLY No, by my troth,[22] not long, for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen that live honestly by the prick of their needles,[23] but it will be thought we keep a bawdy house[24] straight. O, well-a-day, lady. ***Nym and Pistol draw*** If he be not drawn[25] now, we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed.

BARDOLPH Good lieutenant, good corporal, offer[26] nothing here.

NYM Pish![27]

PISTOL Pish for thee, Iceland dog![28] Thou prick-eared cur of Iceland!

HOSTESS QUICKLY Good Corporal Nym, show thy valour[29] and put up your sword. *They sheathe their swords*

NYM Will you shog off?[30] I would have you solus.

PISTOL ‘Solus’, egregious[31] dog? O viper vile!
The ‘solus’ in thy most marvellous face,
The ‘solus’ in thy teeth and in thy throat
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw,[34] perdy,
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
I do retort[36] the ‘solus’ in thy bowels,
For I can take,[37] and Pistol’s cock is up,
And flashing fire[38] will follow.

NYM I am not Barbason.[39] You cannot conjure me. I have an humour to knock you indifferently[40] well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier,[41] as I may, in fair terms. If you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may, and that’s the humour of it.

PISTOL O braggart[43] vile and damnèd furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near:
Therefore exhale.[45] *They draw again*

BARDOLPH Hear me, hear me what I say: *Draws* he that strikes the first stroke, I’ll run[46] him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier. *They sheathe their swords*

PISTOL An oath of mickle[48] might, and fury shall abate.—
Give me thy fist,[49] thy fore-foot to me give. *To Nym*
Thy spirits are most tall.[50]

NYM I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms: that is the humour of it.

PISTOL ‘Couple a gorge![52]’
That is the word. I defy thee again.
O hound of Crete,[54] think’st thou my spouse to get?
No, to the spital[55] go,
And from the powd’ring tub[56] of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar[57] kite of Cressid’s kind,

Doll Tearsheet[58] she by name, and her espouse:
I have,[59] and I will hold, the quondam Quickly
For the only she;[60] and — *pauca*, there's enough.
Go to.

Enter the Boy

BOY Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master,[62] and you, hostess. He is very sick, and would to bed.— Good Bardolph, put[63] thy face between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan. Faith, he's very ill.

BARDOLPH Away, you rogue!

HOSTESS QUICKLY By my troth, he'll yield[66] the crow a pudding one of these days. The king[67] has killed his heart. Good husband, come home presently.

Exeunt [Hostess and Boy]

BARDOLPH Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together.
Why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

PISTOL Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

NYM You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

PISTOL Base[72] is the slave that pays.

NYM That now I will have: that's the humour of it.

PISTOL As manhood shall compound.[74] Push home.

[They] draw

BARDOLPH By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him. By this sword, I will.

PISTOL Sword[77] is an oath, and oaths must have their course. ***Sheathes his sword***

BARDOLPH Corporal Nym, an[78] thou wilt be friends, be friends: an thou wilt not, why, then, be enemies with me too. Prithee put up.[79]

PISTOL A noble[80] shalt thou have, and present pay,
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood.
I'll live by Nym,[83] and Nym shall live by me.
Is not this just?[84] For I shall sutler be
Unto the camp,[85] and profits will accrue.

Give me thy hand.

NYM I shall have my noble?

PISTOL In cash most justly[88] paid.

NYM Well, then, that's the humour of't.

Enter Hostess [Quickly]

HOSTESS QUICKLY As ever you come of[90] women, come in quickly to Sir John. Ah, poor heart! He is so shaked of a burning quotidian tertian,[91] that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

[Exit]

NYM The king hath run bad humours[93] on the knight, that's the even of it.

PISTOL Nym, thou hast spoke the right. His heart is fracted[95] and corroborate.

NYM The king is a good king, but it must be as it may, he passes[96] some humours and careers.[97]

PISTOL Let us condole[98] the knight, for, lambkins we will live.

[Exeunt]

[Act 2 Scene 2][2.2]

running scene 3

Enter Exeter, Bedford and Westmorland

BEDFORD ’Fore God, his grace is bold[1] to trust these traitors.
EXETER They shall be apprehended[2] by and by.
WESTMORLAND How smooth[3] and even they do bear themselves,
As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crownèd with faith and constant loyalty.
BEDFORD The king hath note[6] of all that they intend,
By interception[7] which they dream not of.
EXETER Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,[8]
Whom he hath dulled[9] and cloyed with gracious favours,
That he should for a foreign purse[10] so sell
His sovereign’s life to death and treachery.

Sound trumpets

Enter the King, Scroop, Cambridge, Grey [and Attendants]

KING HENRY V Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.—
My lord of Cambridge, and my kind lord of Masham,
And you, my gentle[14] knight, give me your thoughts:
Think you not that the powers[15] we bear with us
Will cut their passage through the force of France,
Doing the execution[17] and the act
For which we have in head[18] assembled them?
SCROOP No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.
KING HENRY V I doubt not that, since we are well persuaded
We carry not a heart with us from hence
That grows[22] not in a fair consent with ours,
Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on[24] us.
CAMBRIDGE Never was monarch better feared[25] and loved
Than is your majesty: there’s not, I think, a subject
That sits in heart-grief[27] and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.
GREY True: those that were your father’s enemies

Have steeped[30] their galls in honey and do serve you
With hearts create[31] of duty and of zeal.
KING HENRY V We therefore have great cause of thankfulness,
And[33] shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit
According to the weight and worthiness.[35]
SCROOP So service shall with steelèd[36] sinews toil,
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.
KING HENRY V We judge[39] no less.— Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge[40] the man committed yesterday,
That railed[41] against our person: we consider
It was excess of wine that set him on,
And on his more advice[43] we pardon him.
SCROOP That's mercy, but too much security.[44]
Let him be punished, sovereign, lest example
Breed, by his sufferance,[46] more of such a kind.
KING HENRY V O, let us yet be merciful.
CAMBRIDGE So may your highness, and yet punish too.
GREY Sir,
You show great mercy, if you give him life,
After the taste of much correction.[51]
KING HENRY V Alas, your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons[53] gainst this poor wretch!
If little faults, proceeding on distemper[54]
Shall not be winked at,[55] how shall we stretch our eye
When capital[56] crimes, chewed, swallowed and digested,
Appear before us? — we'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop and Grey, in their dear[58] care
And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punished. — And now to our French causes:
Who are the late commissioners?[61]
CAMBRIDGE I one, my lord.
Your highness bade me ask for it today.
SCROOP So did you me, my liege.
GREY And I, my royal sovereign.

KING HENRY V Then, Richard Earl of Cambridge, there is yours.— ***Gives each a paper***
There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham.— And, sir knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours.
Read them, and know I know your worthiness.—
My lord of Westmorland, and uncle Exeter,
We will aboard tonight.— Why, how now, gentlemen?
What see you in those papers that you lose[72]
So much complexion?— Look ye, how they change:
Their cheeks are paper.[74]— Why, what read you there
That hath so cowarded and chased your blood
Out of appearance?[76]
CAMBRIDGE I do confess my fault,
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.
GREY *and* SCROOP To which we all appeal.
KING HENRY V The mercy that was quick[80] in us but late,
By your own counsel is suppressed and killed.
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy,
For your own reasons[83] turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying[84] you.—
See you, my princes, and my noble peers,
These English monsters. My lord of Cambridge here,
You know how apt our love was to accord[87]
To furnish[88] him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath, for a few light[90] crowns, lightly conspired
And sworn unto the practices[91] of France
To kill us here in Hampton. To the which
This knight,[93] no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn.— But, O,
What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop, thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage and inhuman creature?
Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,[97]
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost mightst have coined[99] me into gold,
Wouldst thou have practised on[100] me for thy use?

May it be possible that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
That might annoy[103] my finger? ’Tis so strange,
That though the truth of it stands off as gross[104]
As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.
Treason and murder, ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils[107] sworn to either’s purpose,
Working so grossly[108] in a natural cause,
That admiration did not whoop[109] at them.
But thou gainst all proportion,[110] didst bring in
Wonder to wait on[111] treason and on murder,
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
That wrought[113] upon thee so preposterously
Hath got the voice[114] in hell for excellence,
All other devils that suggest[115] by treasons
Do botch[116] and bungle up damnation
With patches,[117] colours and with forms being fetched
From glist’ring[118] semblances of piety.
But he that tempered[119] thee, bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance[120] why thou shouldst do treason,
Unless to dub[121] thee with the name of traitor.
If that same demon that hath gulled[122] thee thus
Should with his lion gait[123] walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tartar[124] back,
And tell the legions[125] ‘I can never win
A soul so easy[126] as that Englishman’s.’
O, how hast thou with jealousy[127] infected
The sweetness of affiance![128] Show men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou. Seem they grave and learnèd?
Why, so didst thou. Come they of noble family?
Why, so didst thou. Seem they religious?
Why, so didst thou. Or are they spare[132] in diet,
Free from gross passion[133] or of mirth or anger,
Constant in spirit,[134] not swerving with the blood,
Garnished and decked in modest complement,[135]
Not working[136] with the eye without the ear,

And but in purgèd[137] judgement trusting neither?
Such and so finely bolted[138] didst thou seem:
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught[140] man and best indued
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee,
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another[143] fall of man.— Their faults are open. ***To Exeter***
Arrest them to[144] the answer of the law,
And God acquit them of their practices.[145]

EXETER I arrest thee of high treason, by[146] the name of Richard Earl of Cambridge.— I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry Lord Scroop of Masham.— I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland.

SCROOP Our purposes God justly hath discovered,[150]
And I repent my fault more than my death,
Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

CAMBRIDGE For me, the gold of France did not seduce,
Although I did admit it as a motive
The sooner to effect what I intended.[156]
But God be thankèd for prevention,
Which I in sufferance[158] heartily will rejoice,
Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

GREY Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damnèd enterprise.
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

KING HENRY V God quit[165] you in his mercy! Hear your sentence:
You have conspired against our royal person,
Joined with an enemy proclaimed[167] and from his coffers
Received the golden earnest[168] of our death,
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt
And his whole kingdom into desolation.[172]

Touching our person,[173] seek we no revenge,
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,[174]
Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death:
The taste whereof, God of his mercy give
You patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear[180] offences!— Bear them hence.—
Exeunt [Cambridge, Scroop and Grey, guarded]
Now, lords, for France: the enterprise whereof
Shall be to[182] you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair[183] and lucky war,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason lurking in our way
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now
But every rub[187] is smoothèd on our way.
Then forth, dear countrymen. Let us deliver
Our puissance[189] into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.[190]
Cheerly[191] to sea, the signs of war advance:
No King of England, if not King of France.
Flourish [Exeunt]

[Act 2 Scene 3][2.3]

running scene 4

Enter Pistol, Nym, Bardolph, Boy and Hostess [Quickly]

HOSTESS QUICKLY Prithee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring[1] thee to Staines.

PISTOL No, for my manly heart doth yearn.[2]
Bardolph, be blithe:[3] Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins:
Boy, bristle[4] thy courage up, for Falstaff he is dead,
And we must earn[5] therefore.

BARDOLPH Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell.

HOSTESS QUICKLY Nay, sure, he's not in hell: he's in Arthur's bosom,[7] if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. A[8] made a finer end and went away an it had been any christom[9] child. A parted e'en just between twelve and one, e'en at the turning o'th'tide. For after I saw him fumble with the sheets and play with flowers[10] and smile upon[11] his fingers' end, I knew there was but one way, for his nose was as sharp as a pen[12] on a table of green fields. 'How now, Sir John?' quoth I. 'What, man? Be o'good cheer.' So a cried out, 'God, God, God!' three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him a should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So a bade me lay more clothes[15] on his feet. I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone. Then I felt to his knees, and so up-peered and upward, and all[17] was as cold as any stone.

NYM They say he cried out of[19] sack.

HOSTESS QUICKLY Ay, that a did.

BARDOLPH And of women.

HOSTESS QUICKLY Nay, that a did not.

BOY Yes, that a did, and said they were devils incarnate.[23]

HOSTESS QUICKLY A could never abide carnation,[24] 'twas a colour he never liked.

BOY A said once the devil would have him about[25] women.

HOSTESS QUICKLY A did in some sort, indeed, handle[26] women, but then he was rheumatic,[27] and talked of the whore of Babylon.

BOY Do you not remember, a saw a flea stick upon[28] Bardolph's nose, and a said it was a black soul burning[29] in hell?

BARDOLPH Well, the fuel[30] is gone that maintained that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

NYM Shall we shog?[32] The king will be gone from Southampton.

PISTOL Come, let's away.— My love, give me thy lips. ***Kisses her***
Look to my chattels[34] and my movables.
Let senses rule.[35] The world is 'pitch and pay',
Trust none,
For oaths[37] are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And hold-fast[38] is the only dog. My duck,
Therefore, *Caveto*[39] be thy counsellor.
Go, clear thy crystals.[40] Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to France, like horse-leeches,[41] my boys,
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

BOY And that's but unwholesome food they say.

PISTOL Touch her soft mouth, and march.

BARDOLPH Farewell, hostess. ***Kisses her***

NYM I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it. But, adieu.

PISTOL Let housewifery[47] appear. Keep close, I thee command.

HOSTESS QUICKLY Farewell. Adieu.

Exeunt [separately]

[Act 2 Scene 4]*

running scene 5

Flourish. Enter the French King, the Dauphin, the Dukes of Berri and Brittany, [the Constable and others]

FRENCH KING Thus comes the English with full power upon us,
And more[2] than carefully it us concerns
To answer royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of Berri and of Brittany,
Of Brabant and of Orléans, shall make forth,
And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift dispatch[6]
To line[7] and new repair our towns of war
With men of courage and with means defendant,[8]
For England his approaches[9] makes as fierce
As waters to the sucking of a gulf.[10]
It fits us[11] then to be as provident
As fear may teach us, out of late examples[12]
Left by the fatal and neglected[13] English
Upon our fields.

DAUPHIN My most redoubted[15] father,
It is most meet[16] we arm us gainst the foe,
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
Though[18] war nor no known quarrel were in question,
But that defences, musters,[19] preparations,
Should be maintained, assembled and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
Therefore, I say ’tis meet we all go forth
To view the sick and feeble parts of France,
And let us do it with no show of fear —
No, with no more than if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance,[26]
For, my good liege, she is so idly[27] kinged,
Her sceptre[28] so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous[29] youth,
That fear attends[30] her not.

CONSTABLE O, peace, Prince Dauphin!
You are too much mistaken in this king.
Question your grace the late[33] ambassadors,
With what great state[34] he heard their embassy,
How well supplied with noble counsellors,
How modest[36] in exception, and withal
How terrible[37] in constant resolution,
And you shall find his vanities forespent[38]
Were but the outside of the Roman[39] Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly;
As gardeners do with ordure[41] hide those roots
That shall first spring and be most delicate.
DAUPHIN Well, ’tis not so, my lord high constable.
But though[44] we think it so, it is no matter.
In cases of defence ’tis best to weigh[45]
The enemy more mighty than he seems,
So[47] the proportions of defence are filled,
Which of[48] a weak and niggardly projection
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting[49]
A little cloth.
FRENCH KING Think we[51] King Harry strong,
And, princes, look you[52] strongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been fleshed[53] upon us,
And he is bred out of that bloody strain[54]
That haunted[55] us in our familiar paths.
Witness our too much memorable shame
When Crécy battle fatally was struck,[57]
And all our princes captived by the hand
Of that black name, Edward, Black Prince of Wales,
Whiles that his mountain[60] sire, on mountain standing,
Up in the air, crowned with the golden sun,
Saw his heroical seed,[62] and smiled to see him
Mangle[63] the work of nature and deface
The patterns[64] that by God and by French fathers
Had twenty years been made. This[65] is a stem
Of that victorious stock, and let us fear

The native[67] mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger

MESSENGER Ambassadors from Harry King of England
Do crave admittance to your majesty.

FRENCH KING We’ll give them present[70] audience. Go, and bring them.

[Exeunt Messenger and others]

You see this chase[71] is hotly followed, friends.

DAUPHIN Turn head,[72] and stop pursuit, for coward dogs
Most spend their mouths[73] when what they seem to threaten
Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
Take[75] up the English short, and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head.
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.[78]

Enter Exeter [and others]

FRENCH KING From our brother of England?

EXETER From him, and thus he greets your majesty.
He wills[81] you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest[82] yourself and lay apart
The borrowed glories[83] that by gift of heaven,
By law of nature and of nations, longs[84]
To him and to his heirs, namely, the crown
And all wide-stretchèd[86] honours that pertain
By custom and the ordinance of times[87]
Unto the crown of France. That you may know
’Tis no sinister[89] nor no awkward claim,
Picked from the worm-holes[90] of long-vanished days,
Nor from the dust of old oblivion raked,
He sends you this most memorable line,[92] ***Gives a paper***
In every branch truly demonstrative;
Willing you overlook this pedigree.
And when you find him evenly derived[95]
From his most famed of famous ancestors,
Edward the Third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly[98] held
From him the native[99] and true challenger.

FRENCH KING Or else what follows?
EXETER Bloody constraint.[101] For if you hide the crown
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
In thunder and in earthquake, like a Jove,[104]
That, if requiring[105] fail, he will compel,
And bids you, in the bowels[106] of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy
On the poor souls for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws, and on[109] your head
Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,
For husbands, fathers and betrothèd lovers,
That shall be swallowed in this controversy.
This is his claim, his threatening and my message —
Unless the dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.
FRENCH KING For us, we will consider of this further:
Tomorrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother of England.
DAUPHIN For the dauphin,
I stand here for him. What to him from England?
EXETER Scorn and defiance, slight[122] regard, contempt,
And anything that may not misbecome[123]
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.[124]
Thus says my king: an if[125] your father's highness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,[126]
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
He'll call you to so hot an answer of it,
That caves and womby[129] vaultages of France
Shall chide your trespass and return your mock
In second accent[131] of his ordinance.
DAUPHIN Say, if my father render fair return,[132]
It is against my will, for I desire
Nothing but odds[134] with England. To that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,

I did present him with the Paris balls.
EXETER He'll make your Paris Louvre[137] shake for it,
Were it the mistress-court[138] of mighty Europe.
And be assured, you'll find a diff'rence,
As we his subjects have in wonder found,
Between the promise of his greener days[141]
And these he masters[142] now. Now he weighs time
Even to the utmost grain: that you shall read[143]
In your own losses, if he stay in France.
FRENCH KING Tomorrow shall you know our mind at full.
Flourish
EXETER Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our king
Come here himself to question our delay;
For he is footed[148] in this land already.
FRENCH KING You shall be soon dispatched with fair conditions:
A night is but small breath[150] and little pause
To answer matters of this consequence.
Flourish. Exeunt

[Act 3]

Enter Chorus

CHORUS Thus with imagined wing[1] our swift scene flies
In motion of no less celerity[2]
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed[4] king at Dover pier
Embark his royalty,[5] and his brave fleet
With silken streamers,[6] the young Phoebus fanning.
Play with[7] your fancies, and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle[8] ship-boys climbing;
Hear the shrill whistle[9] which doth order give
To sounds confused. Behold the threaden[10] sails,
Borne with th'invisible and creeping wind,
Draw[12] the huge bottoms through the furrowed sea,
Breasting the lofty surge.[13] O, do but think
You stand upon the rivage[14] and behold
A city on th'inconstant billows[15] dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur.[17] Follow, follow.
Grapple[18] your minds to sternage of this navy,
And leave your England as dead midnight still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies and old women,
Either past or not arrived to pith[21] and puissance,
For who is he, whose[22] chin is but enriched
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These culled[24] and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
Work,[25] work your thoughts, and therein see a siege:
Behold the ordnance[26] on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded[27] Harfleur.
Suppose[28] th'ambassador from the French comes back,
Tells Harry that the king doth offer him
Katherine his daughter, and with her, to dowry,
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
The offer likes not,[32] and the nimble gunner

With linstock[33] now the devilish cannon touches,
Alarum, and chambers go off
And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eke out[35] our performance with your mind.
Exit

Act 3 Scene 1[3.1]

running scene 6

Enter the King, Exeter, Bedford and Gloucester. Alarum. [Enter Soldiers with] scaling-ladders at Harfleur

KING HENRY V Once more unto the breach,[1] dear friends, once more,
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace there’s nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility,
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger:
Stiffen the sinews, conjure up the blood,[7]
Disguise fair nature with hard-favoured[8] rage,
Then lend[9] the eye a terrible aspect:
Let it pry through the portage[10] of the head
Like the brass cannon, let the brow o’erwhelm[11] it
As fearfully[12] as doth a gallèd rock
O’erhang and jutty[13] his confounded base,
Swilled[14] with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth[15] and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath and bend up[16] every spirit
To his full height. On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fet[18] from fathers of war-proof,
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,[19]
Have in these parts from morn till even fought
And sheathed[21] their swords for lack of argument.
Dishonour[22] not your mothers: now attest
That those whom you called fathers did beget[23] you.
Be copy[24] now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war. And you, good yeoman,[25]
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle[27] of your pasture: let us swear
That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not,
For there is none of you so[29] mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.

I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,[31]
Straining upon the start.[32] The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge[33]
Cry 'God for Harry,[34] England, and Saint George!'
[Exeunt]
Alarum, and chambers go off

[Act 3 Scene 2]

running scene 6 continues

Enter Nym, Bardolph, Pistol and Boy

BARDOLPH On, on, on, on, on! To the breach, to the breach!

NYM Pray thee, corporal, stay: the knocks[2] are too hot, and for mine own part, I have not a case[3] of lives. The humour of it is too hot, that is the very plainsong of it.

PISTOL The plainsong is most just, for humours[5] do abound. Knocks go and come, God's vassals[6] drop and die,

And sword and shield, ***Sings***
In bloody field,
Doth win immortal fame.

BOY Would I were in an ale-house in London: I would give all my fame[10] for a pot of ale and safety.

PISTOL And I:
If wishes would prevail[13] with me, ***Sings***
My[14] purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I hie.[15]

BOY As duly, ***Sings***
But not as truly,[17]
As bird doth sing on bough.

Enter Fluellen

FLUELLEN Up to the breach, you dogs! Avaunt,[19] you cullions! ***Drives them on***

PISTOL Be merciful, great duke,[20] to men of mould.
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage,
Abate thy rage, great duke!
Good bawcock,[23] bate thy rage: use lenity, sweet chuck!

NYM These be good humours! Your[24] honour wins bad humours.

Exeunt [all but Boy]

BOY As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers.[25] I am boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man[26] to me; for indeed three such antics[27] do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is white-livered and red-faced; by the means whereof a faces[28] it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof a breaks words,[29] and keeps whole[30] weapons. For Nym, he hath heard that men of few words are the best men, and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest a should be thought a coward. But his few bad words are matched with as few good deeds; for a never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal anything, and call it purchase.[34] Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues,[35] and sold it for three halfpence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers[36] in filching, and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel. I knew by that piece of service[37] the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchiefs, which makes much against my manhood,[39] if I should take from another's pocket to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing[40] up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villainy goes[41] against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up.

Exit

Enter Gower [and Fluellen]

GOWER Captain Fluellen, you must come presently[42] to the mines; the Duke of Gloucester would speak with you.

FLUELLEN To the mines? Tell you the duke, it is not[45] so good to come to the mines, for look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war: the concavities of it is not sufficient, for look you, th'athversary,[46] you may discuss unto the duke, look you, is digt[47] himself, four yard under, the countermines. By Cheshu, I think a will plow up[48] all, if there is not better directions.

GOWER The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the order[49] of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman, a very valiant gentleman, i'faith.

FLUELLEN It is Captain MacMorris, is it not?

GOWER I think it be.

FLUELLEN By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in[53] the world. I will verify as much in his beard. He has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines,[55] than is a puppy dog.

Enter MacMorris and Captain Jamy

GOWER Here a comes, and the Scots captain, Captain Jamy, with him.

FLUELLEN Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous[57] gentleman, that is certain, and of great expedition[58] and knowledge in th'aunchient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions. By Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

JAMY I say gud[62] day, Captain Fluellen.

FLUELLEN God-den[63] to your worship, good Captain James.

GOWER How now, Captain MacMorris? Have you quit the mines? Have the pioneers[64] given o'er?[65]

MACMORRIS By Chrish, la,[66] tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trompet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done, it ish give over.[68] I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la, in an hour. O, tish ill done, tish ill done. By my hand, tish ill done!

FLUELLEN Captain MacMorris, I beseech you now, will you voutsafe[70] me, look you, a few disputations[71] with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication — partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline, that is the point.

JAMY It sall[76] be vary gud, gud feith, gud captains bath, and I sall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion;[77] that sall I, marry.

MACMORRIS It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me. The day is hot and the weather and the wars and the king and the dukes: it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched,[80] and the trumpet call us to the breach, and we talk, and, be Chrish, do nothing. 'Tis shame for us all. So God sa'[81] me, 'tis shame to stand still, it is shame, by my hand. And there is throats to be cut, and works to be done, and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la!

JAMY By the mess,[84] ere these eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, I'll de gud service, or I'll lig[85] i'th'grund for it; ay, or go to death. And I'll pay't as valorously as I may, that sall I suerly[86] do, that is the breff and the long. Marry, I wad full fain heard[87] some question 'tween you tway.

FLUELLEN Captain MacMorris, I think, look you, under your correction,[88] there is not many of your nation—

MACMORRIS Of my nation? What ish[90] my nation? Ish a villain and a bastard and a knave and a rascal. What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

FLUELLEN Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain MacMorris, peradventure[93] I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion[94] you ought to use me, look you, being as good a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of war, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

MACMORRIS I do not know you so good a man as myself. So Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

GOWER Gentlemen both, you will[99] mistake each other.

JAMY Ah, that's a foul fault.

A parley[100]

GOWER The town sounds a parley.

FLUELLEN Captain MacMorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required,[102] look you, I will be so bold as to tell you I know the disciplines of war, and there is an end.

Exeunt

[Act 3 Scene 3][3.3]

running scene 6 continues

Enter the King and all his train before the gates

KING HENRY V How yet resolves[1] the governor of the town?
This is the latest[2] parle we will admit:
Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves,
Or like to men proud of destruction[4]
Defy us to our worst, for as I am a soldier,
A name that in my thoughts becomes[6] me best,
If I begin the batt'ry[7] once again,
I will not leave the half-achieved[8] Harfleur
Till in her ashes she lie burièd.
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up,
And the fleshed[11] soldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty[12] of bloody hand shall range
With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
Your fresh fair virgins and your flow'ring[14] infants.
What is it then to me, if impious[15] war,
Arrayed in flames like to the prince of fiends,[16]
Do with his smirched[17] complexion all fell feats
Enlinked[18] to waste and desolation?
What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot[21] and forcing violation?
What rein[22] can hold licentious wickedness
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?[23]
We may as bootless[24] spend our vain command
Upon th'enragèd soldiers in their spoil[25]
As send precepts[26] to the leviathan
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
Take pity of[28] your town and of your people,
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command,
Whiles yet the cool and temperate[30] wind of grace
O'erblows[31] the filthy and contagious clouds

Of heady[32] murder, spoil and villainy.
If not, why, in a moment look[33] to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile the locks[35] of your shrill-shrieking daughters,
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dashed to the walls,
Your naked infants spitted[38] upon pikes,
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confused[39]
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry[40]
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.[41]
What say you? Will you yield, and this avoid?
Or, guilty in defence,[43] be thus destroyed?

Enter Governor [above, on the walls]

GOVERNOR Our expectation[44] hath this day an end.
The dauphin, whom of succours[45] we entreated,
Returns[46] us that his powers are yet not ready
To raise[47] so great a siege: therefore, great king,
We yield our town and lives to thy soft[48] mercy.
Enter our gates, dispose[49] of us and ours,
For we no longer are defensible.

KING HENRY V Open your gates.— Come, uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,
And fortify it strongly gainst the French.
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
The winter coming on and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais.
Tonight in Harfleur will we be your guest;
Tomorrow for the march are we addressed.[58]

Flourish, and [the King and his train] enter the town

[Act 3 Scene 4][3.4]

running scene 7

Enter Katherine and [Alice,] an old gentlewoman

KATHERINE *Alice,*[1] *tu as été en Angleterre, et tu bien parles le langage*.

ALICE *Un*[2] *peu, madame*.

KATHERINE *Je*[3] *te prie, m’enseignez: il faut que j’apprenne à parler. Comment appelez-vous la main en anglais*?

ALICE *La*[5] *main? Elle est appelée* de hand.

KATHERINE De[6] hand. *Et les doigts?*

ALICE *Les*[7] *doigts? Ma foi, j’oublie les doigts, mais je me souviendrai. Les doigts? Je pense qu’ils sont appelés* de fingres. *Oui*, de fingres.

KATHERINE *La*[9] *main*, de hand, *les doigts*, de fingres. *Je pense que je suis le bon écolier. J’ai gagné deux mots d’anglais vitement. Comment appelez-vous les ongles?*

ALICE *Les*[11] *ongles? Nous les appelons* de nails.

KATHERINE De nails. *Écoutez,*[12] *dites-moi, si je parle bien:* de hand, de fingres, *et* de nails.

ALICE *C’est*[13] *bien dit, madame. Il est fort bon anglais*.

KATHERINE *Dites-moi*[14] *l’anglais pour le bras*.

ALICE De[15] arm, *madame*.

KATHERINE *Et*[16] *le coude?*

ALICE D’elbow.

KATHERINE D’elbow. *Je*[18] *m’en fais la répétition de tous les mots que vous m’avez appris dès à présent*.

ALICE *Il*[20] *est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense*.

KATHERINE *Excusez-moi,*[21] *Alice, écoutez:* de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arma, de bilbow.[22]

ALICE D’elbow, *madame*.

KATHERINE *O Seigneur*[24] *Dieu, je m’en oublie*! D’elbow. *Comment appelez-vous le col?*

ALICE De neck, *madame*.

KATHERINE De nick.[26] *Et le menton?*

ALICE De chin.

KATHERINE De sin.[28] *Le col*, de nick, *le menton*, de sin.

ALICE *Oui.*[29] *Sauf votre honneur, en vérité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droit que les natifs d'Angleterre*.

KATHERINE *Je*[31] *ne doute point d'apprendre, par la grâce de Dieu, et en peu de temps*.

ALICE *N'avez*[32] *vous pas déjà, oublié ce que je vous ai enseigne?*

KATHERINE *Non, je réciterai à vous promptement:*[33] de hand, de fingres, de mails—

ALICE De nails, *madame*.

KATHERINE De nails, de arm, de ilbow.

ALICE *Sauf*[36] *votre honneur*, d'elbow.

KATHERINE *Ainsi*[37] *dis-je*, d'elbow, de nick, et de sin. *Comment appelez-vous le pied et la robe*?

ALICE *Le* foot,[39] *madame, et le* coun.

KATHERINE *Le* foot *et le* coun! *O*[40] *Seigneur Dieu! Ce sont les mots de son mauvais, corruptible, gros, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user. Je ne voudrais prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France pour tout le monde. Foh! Le* foot *et le* coun! *Néanmoins, je réciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble:* de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arm, d'elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun.

ALICE Excellent,[45] madame!

KATHERINE *C'est*[46] *assez pour une fois. Allons-nous à dîner*.

Exeunt

[Act 3 Scene 5]

running scene 7 continues

Enter the King of France, the Dauphin, [the Duke of Brittany,] the Constable of France and others

FRENCH KING ’Tis certain he hath passed the River Somme.[1]
CONSTABLE And if he be not fought withal,[2] my lord,
Let us not live in France, let us quit all
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.
DAUPHIN *O*[5] *Dieu vivant!* Shall a few sprays of us,
The emptying[6] of our fathers’ luxury,
Our scions,[7] put in wild and savage stock,
Spirt[8] up so suddenly into the clouds,
And overlook[9] their grafters?
BRITTANY Normans,[10] but bastard Normans, Norman bastards!
Mort[11] *de ma vie*! If they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom
To buy a slobb’ry[13] and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten[14] isle of Albion.
CONSTABLE *Dieu*[15] *de batailles!* Where have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw and dull,
On whom, as in despite,[17] the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden[18] water,
A drench[19] for sur-reined jades, their barley broth,
Decoct[20] their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping[23] icicles
Upon our houses’ thatch, whiles a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields!
Poor[26] we may call them in their native lords.
DAUPHIN By faith and honour,
Our madams[28] mock at us, and plainly say
Our mettle is bred out[29] and they will give
Their bodies to the lust of English youth

To new-store[31] France with bastard warriors.

BOURBON They bid us to the English dancing-schools,
And teach lavoltas[33] high and swift corantos,
Saying our[34] grace is only in our heels
And that we are most lofty[35] runaways.

FRENCH KING Where is Montjoy the herald?[36] Speed him hence.
Let him greet England[37] with our sharp defiance.
Up, princes, and with spirit of honour edged
More sharper than your swords, hie[39] to the field:
Charles Delabret, High Constable of France,
You Dukes of Orléans, Bourbon, and of Berri,
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
Jaques Chatillion, Rambures, Vaudemont,
Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconbridge,
Foix, Lestrale, Boucicault, and Charolais,
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords and knights,
For your great seats[47] now quit you of great shames.
Bar[48] Harry England, that sweeps through our land
With pennons[49] painted in the blood of Harfleur.
Rush on his host,[50] as doth the melted snow
Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat
The Alps doth spit and void[52] his rheum upon.
Go down upon him, you have power enough,
And in a captive chariot into Rouen[54]
Bring him our prisoner.

CONSTABLE This becomes the great.[56]
Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
His soldiers sick and famished in their march,
For I am sure, when he shall see our army,
He’ll drop his heart[60] into the sink of fear
And for achievement[61] offer us his ransom.

FRENCH KING Therefore, lord constable, haste on[62] Montjoy,
And let him say to England that we send
To know what willing ransom he will give.—
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

DAUPHIN Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

FRENCH KING Be patient, for you shall remain with us.—
Now forth, lord constable and princes all,
And quickly bring us word of England’s fall.
Exeunt

[Act 3 Scene 6][3.6]

running scene 8

Enter Captains, English and Welsh: Gower and Fluellen

GOWER How now, Captain Fluellen? Come you from the bridge?[1]

FLUELLEN I assure you, there is very excellent services[2] committed at the bridge.

GOWER Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

FLUELLEN The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous[4] as Agamemnon, and a man that I love and honour with my soul and my heart and my duty and my life and my living and my uttermost power. He is not — God be praised and blessed! — any hurt in the world, but keeps the bridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an aunchient lieutenant there at the pridge,[8] I think in my very conscience he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony,[9] and he is a man of no estimation in the world, but I did see him do as gallant service.

GOWER What do you call him?

FLUELLEN He is called Aunchient[12] Pistol.

GOWER I know him not.

Enter Pistol

FLUELLEN Here is the man.

PISTOL Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours:
The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

FLUELLEN Ay, I praise God, and I have merited some love at his hands.

PISTOL Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,
And of buxom[19] valour, hath, by cruel fate,
And giddy[20] Fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone[22]—

FLUELLEN By your patience,[23] Aunchient Pistol. Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler[24] afore her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is blind; and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral[28] of it, that she is turning and inconstant, and mutability, and variation. And her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls and rolls and rolls. In good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it. Fortune is an excellent moral.

PISTOL Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him,
For he hath stol'n a pax,[30]
And hangèd must a be — a damnèd death!
Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free
And let not hemp[33] his wind-pipe suffocate.
But Exeter hath given the doom[34] of death
For pax of little price.
Therefore, go speak — the duke will hear thy voice —
And let not Bardolph's vital thread[37] be cut
With edge of penny cord[38] and vile reproach.
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.[39]

FLUELLEN Aunchient Pistol, I do partly[40] understand your meaning.

PISTOL Why then, rejoice therefore.

FLUELLEN Certainly, aunchient, it is not a thing to rejoice at, for if,[42] look you, he were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his good pleasure and put him to execution; for discipline ought to be used.

PISTOL Die and be damned! And *figo*[45] for thy friendship!

FLUELLEN It is well.

PISTOL The fig of Spain!

Exit

FLUELLEN Very good.

GOWER Why, this is an arrant[49] counterfeit rascal. I remember him now: a bawd, a cutpurse.[50]

FLUELLEN I'll assure you, a uttered as prave words at the pridge as you shall see in a summer's day.[51] But it is very well. What he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant[52] you, when time is serve.[53]

GOWER Why, 'tis a gull,[54] a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars to grace himself at his return into London under the form of a soldier; and such fellows are perfect[56] in the great commanders' names, and they will learn you by rote where services were done; at such and such a sconce,[57] at such a breach, at such a convoy,[58] who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on — and this they con[59] perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up[60] with new-tuned oaths. And what a beard of the general's cut and a horrid[61] suit of the camp will do among foaming bottles and ale-washed wits is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such slanders[62] of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.[63]

FLUELLEN I tell you what, Captain Gower, I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the world he is: if I find a hole[65] in his coat, I will tell him my mind. ***Drum heard*** Hark you, the king is coming and I must speak with him from[66] the pridge.

Drum and colours. Enter the King and his poor Soldiers [and Gloucester]

God pless your majesty!

KING HENRY V How now, Fluellen? Cam'st thou from the bridge?

FLUELLEN Ay, so please your majesty. The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge; the French is gone off, look you, and there is gallant and most prave passages.[72] Marry, th'athversary was have possession of the pridge, but he is enforced[73] to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is master of the pridge. I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

KING HENRY V What men have you lost, Fluellen?

FLUELLEN The perdition[76] of th'athversary hath been very great, reasonable great. Marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man,[77] but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles[79] and whelks and knobs and flames o' fire, and his lips blows at his nose and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue and sometimes red. But his nose is executed and his fire's out.

KING HENRY V We would have all such offenders so cut off:[82] and we give express charge,[83] that in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful language; for when lenity[85] and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester[86] is the soonest winner.

Tucket. Enter Montjoy

MONTJOY You know me by my habit.[87]

KING HENRY V Well then, I know thee: what shall I know of[88] thee?

MONTJOY My master’s mind.

KING HENRY V Unfold[90] it.

MONTJOY Thus says my king: ‘Say thou to Harry of England, though we seemed dead, we did but sleep. Advantage[92] is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him we could have rebuked[93] him at Harfleur, but that we thought not good to bruise an injury till it were full ripe. Now we speak upon our cue,[94] and our voice is imperial: England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance.[95] Bid him therefore consider of his ransom, which must proportion[96] the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested;[97] which in weight to re-answer, his pettiness[98] would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for th’effusion of our blood, the muster[99] of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance, and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced.’ So far[102] my king and master; so much my office.

KING HENRY V What is thy name? I know thy quality.[104]

MONTJOY Montjoy.

KING HENRY V Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy king I do not seek him now,
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment.[109] For, to say the sooth,
Though ’tis no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,[111]
My people are with sickness much enfeebled,
My numbers lessened, and those few I have,
Almost no better than so many French;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen.— Yet, forgive me, God,
That I do brag thus. This your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me: I must repent.—

Go therefore, tell thy master here I am;
My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk;[121]
My army but a weak and sickly guard:
Yet, God before,[123] tell him we will come on,
Though France himself and such another neighbour
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy. ***Gives money***
Go bid thy master well advise himself.
If we may pass, we will. If we be hindered,
We shall your tawny[128] ground with your red blood
Discolour. And so Montjoy, fare you well.
The sum of all our answer is but this:
We would not seek a battle, as we are,
Nor, as we are, we say we will not shun it.
So tell your master.

MONTJOY I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness.

[Exit]

GLOUCESTER I hope they will not come upon us now.

KING HENRY V We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.
March to the bridge, it now draws toward night.
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves,
And on tomorrow, bid them[139] march away.

Exeunt

[Act 3 Scene 7][3.7]

running scene 9

Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Rambures, Orléans, Dauphin with others

CONSTABLE Tut, I have the best armour of the world. Would it were day!

ORLÉANS You have an excellent armour, but let my horse have his due.

CONSTABLE It is the best horse of Europe.

ORLÉANS Will it never be morning?

DAUPHIN My lord of Orléans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armour?

ORLÉANS You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world.

DAUPHIN What a long night is this? I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns.[9] Ch'ha! He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs: *le cheval volant,*[10] the Pegasus, *chez les narines de feu!* When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air, the earth sings when he touches it, the basest[11] horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.[12]

ORLÉANS He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

DAUPHIN And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus:[14] he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him. He is indeed a horse, and all other jades[16] you may call beasts.

CONSTABLE Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute[18] and excellent horse.

DAUPHIN It is the prince of palfreys.[19] His neigh is like the bidding of a monarch and his countenance[20] enforces homage.

ORLÉANS No more, cousin.

DAUPHIN Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the rising[22] of the lark to the lodging[23] of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey. It is a theme as fluent as the sea: turn the sands[24] into eloquent tongues and my horse is argument for them all. 'Tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on, and for the world, familiar to us and unknown, to lay[26] apart their particular functions and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise and began thus: ‘Wonder of nature’—

ORLÉANS I have heard a sonnet begin so to one’s mistress.

DAUPHIN Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser,[30] for my horse is my mistress.

ORLÉANS Your mistress bears[32] well.

DAUPHIN Me[33] well, which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular[34] mistress.

CONSTABLE Nay, for methought yesterday your mistress shrewdly[35] shook your back.

DAUPHIN So perhaps did yours.

CONSTABLE Mine[37] was not bridled.

DAUPHIN O, then belike[38] she was old and gentle, and you rode like a kern of Ireland, your French hose[39] off, and in your straight strossers.

CONSTABLE You have good judgement in horsemanship.[40]

DAUPHIN Be warned by me, then: they that ride so and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs.[41] I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

CONSTABLE I had as lief[43] have my mistress a jade.

DAUPHIN I tell thee, constable, my[44] mistress wears his own hair.

CONSTABLE I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to[45] my mistress.

DAUPHIN ‘*Le*[46] *chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au bourbier*.’ Thou makest use of anything.

CONSTABLE Yet do I not use[48] my horse for my mistress, or any such proverb so little kin[49] to the purpose.

RAMBURES My lord constable, the armour that I saw in your tent tonight, are those stars or suns upon it?

CONSTABLE Stars, my lord.

DAUPHIN Some of them will fall[53] tomorrow, I hope.

CONSTABLE And yet my sky shall not want.[54]

DAUPHIN That may be, for you bear a many[55] superfluously and ’twere more honour some were away.

CONSTABLE Ev’n[57] as your horse bears your praises, who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

DAUPHIN Would I were able to load him with his desert![59] Will it never be day? I will trot tomorrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

CONSTABLE I will not say so, for fear I should be faced[61] out of my way. But I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears[62] of the English.

RAMBURES Who will go to hazard[63] with me for twenty prisoners?

CONSTABLE You must first go yourself to hazard,[64] ere you have them.

DAUPHIN 'Tis midnight, I'll go arm myself.

Exit

ORLÉANS The dauphin longs for morning.

RAMBURES He longs to eat the English.

CONSTABLE I think he will eat all he kills.[68]

ORLÉANS By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

CONSTABLE Swear by her foot,[70] that she may tread out the oath.

ORLÉANS He is simply the most active[71] gentleman of France.

CONSTABLE Doing[72] is activity, and he will still be doing.

ORLÉANS He never did harm,[73] that I heard of.

CONSTABLE Nor will do none tomorrow: he will keep that good name still.

ORLÉANS I know him to be valiant.

CONSTABLE I was told that by one that knows him better than you.

ORLÉANS What's[77] he?

CONSTABLE Marry, he[78] told me so himself, and he said he cared not who knew it.

ORLÉANS He needs not, it is no hidden virtue[79] in him.

CONSTABLE By my faith, sir, but it is: never anybody saw it but his lackey.[80] 'Tis a hooded[81] valour, and when it appears, it will bate.

ORLÉANS Ill will never said well.

CONSTABLE I will cap that proverb with 'There is flattery in friendship.'

ORLÉANS And I will take up[84] that with 'Give the devil his due.'

CONSTABLE Well placed: there stands your friend for the devil. Have[85] at the very eye of that proverb with 'A pox of the devil.'

ORLÉANS You are the better at proverbs, by how much 'A fool's bolt[87] is soon shot.'

CONSTABLE You have shot over.[88]

ORLÉANS ’Tis not the first time you were overshot.

Enter a Messenger

MESSENGER My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

CONSTABLE Who hath measured the ground?

MESSENGER The lord Grandpré.

CONSTABLE A valiant and most expert gentleman. Would it were day! Alas, poor Harry of England: he longs not for the dawning as we do.

ORLÉANS What a wretched and peevish fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge!

CONSTABLE If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

ORLÉANS That they lack, for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

RAMBURES That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

ORLÉANS Foolish curs, that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear and have their heads crushed like rotten apples. You may as well say, that’s a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

CONSTABLE Just, just. And the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives, and then give them great meals of beef and iron and steel; they will eat like wolves and fight like devils.

ORLÉANS Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

CONSTABLE Then shall we find tomorrow they have only stomachs to eat and none to fight. Now is it time to arm. Come, shall we about it?

ORLÉANS It is now two o’clock, but let me see, by ten
We shall have each a hundred Englishmen.

Exeunt

[Act 4]

[Enter] Chorus

CHORUS Now entertain conjecture of[1] a time
When creeping murmur[2] and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp through the foul[4] womb of night
The hum of either army stilly[5] sounds,
That the fixed sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other’s watch.
Fire answers fire, and through their paly[8] flames
Each battle sees the other’s umbered[9] face.
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night’s dull ear, and from the tents,
The armourers, accomplishing[12] the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets[13] up,
Give dreadful note[14] of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers and secure[17] in soul,
The confident and over-lusty[18] French
Do the low-rated[19] English play at dice;
And chide[20] the cripple tardy-gaited night,
Who like a foul and ugly witch doth limp
So tediously[22] away. The poor condemnèd English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently and inly[24] ruminate
The morning’s danger, and their gesture sad[25]
Investing[26] lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats
Presented them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who[28] will behold
The royal captain of this ruined band
Walking from watch[30] to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry ‘Praise and glory on his head!’
For forth he goes and visits all his host,[32]

Bids them good morrow with a modest smile
And calls them brothers, friends and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note[35]
How dread an army hath enrounded[36] him;
Nor doth he dedicate[37] one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watchèd[38] night,
But freshly looks and over-bears[39] attaint
With cheerful semblance[40] and sweet majesty,
That every wretch, pining[41] and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
A largess[43] universal like the sun
His liberal[44] eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear, that[45] mean and gentle all,
Behold, as may unworthiness[46] define,
A little touch[47] of Harry in the night.
And so our scene must to the battle fly,
Where — O, for pity! — we shall much disgrace
With four or five most vile and ragged[50] foils,
Right ill-disposed[51] in brawl ridiculous,
The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see,
Minding[53] true things by what their mock’ries be.

Exit

[Act 4 Scene 1][4.1]

running scene 10

Enter the King, Bedford and Gloucester

KING HENRY V Gloucester, ’tis true that we are in great danger,
The greater therefore should our courage be.—
Good morrow, brother Bedford. God Almighty!
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men[5] observingly distil it out.
For our bad[6] neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful and good husbandry.[7]
Besides, they are our outward consciences
And preachers to us all, admonishing
That we should dress us[10] fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather[11] honey from the weed,
And make[12] a moral of the devil himself.—

Enter Erpingham

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham:
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish[15] turf of France.

ERPINGHAM Not so, my liege. This lodging likes[16] me better,
Since I may say ‘Now lie I like a king.’

KING HENRY V ’Tis good for men to love their present pains
Upon example,[19] so the spirit is eased:
And when the mind is quickened,[20] out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up[22] their drowsy grave and newly move
With casted slough[23] and fresh legerity.
Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas. Brothers both,
Commend me[25] to the princes in our camp;
Do my good morrow to them, and anon[26]
Desire them all to my pavilion.[27]

GLOUCESTER We shall, my liege.

ERPINGHAM Shall I attend your grace?

KING HENRY V No, my good knight.

Go with my brothers to my lords of England:
I and my bosom[32] must debate awhile ***Covers himself with Erpingham's cloak***
And then I would no other company.
ERPINGHAM The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!
Exeunt [all but King Henry]
KING HENRY V God-a-mercy, old heart! Thou speak'st cheerfully.
Enter Pistol
PISTOL *Che*[36] *vous là?*
KING HENRY V A friend.
PISTOL Discuss[38] unto me: art thou officer?
Or art thou base, common and popular?[39]
KING HENRY V I am a gentleman[40] of a company.
PISTOL Trail'st[41] thou the puissant pike?
KING HENRY V Even so.[42] What are you?
PISTOL As good a gentleman as the emperor.
KING HENRY V Then you are a better than the king.
PISTOL The king's a bawcock,[45] and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp[46] of fame,
Of parents good, of fist most valiant.
I kiss his dirty shoe and from heartstring
I love the lovely bully.[49] What is thy name?
KING HENRY V Harry le Roy.[50]
PISTOL Le Roy? A Cornish name: art thou of Cornish crew?[51]
KING HENRY V No, I am a Welshman.
PISTOL Know'st thou Fluellen?
KING HENRY V Yes.
PISTOL Tell him I'll knock his leek about his pate[55]
Upon Saint Davy's day.[56]
KING HENRY V Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.
PISTOL Art thou his friend?
KING HENRY V And his kinsman too.
PISTOL The *figo* for thee, then!
KING HENRY V I thank you. God be with you!
PISTOL My name is Pistol called.
Exit. The King remains [and stands aside]

KING HENRY V It sorts[64] well with your fierceness.

Enter Fluellen and Gower

GOWER Captain Fluellen!

FLUELLEN So, in the name of Jesu Christ, speak fewer.[66] It is the greatest admiration in the universal world, when the true and aunchient prerogatifes[67] and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great,[68] you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle[69] taddle nor pibble babble in Pompey's camp. I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies[70] of the wars, and the cares[71] of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty[72] of it, to be otherwise.

GOWER Why, the enemy is loud. You hear him all night.

FLUELLEN If the enemy is an ass and a fool and a prating[74] coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb, in your own conscience, now?

GOWER I will speak lower.

FLUELLEN I pray you and beseech you that you will.

Exeunt [Gower and Fluellen]

KING HENRY V Though it appear a little out of fashion, There is much care[80] and valour in this Welshman.

Enter three soldiers: John Bates, Alexander Court and Michael Williams

COURT Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

BATES I think it be. But we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

WILLIAMS We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we shall never see the end of it.— Who goes there?

KING HENRY V A friend.

WILLIAMS Under what captain serve you?

KING HENRY V Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

WILLIAMS A good old commander and a most kind gentleman. I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?[89]

KING HENRY V Even as men wrecked[90] upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

BATES He hath not told his thought to the king?

KING HENRY V No, nor it is not meet he should. For, though[93] I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him as it doth to me: the element[95] shows to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions, his ceremonies[96] laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections[97] are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing.[98] Therefore, when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish[99] as ours are. Yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he[100], by showing it, should dishearten his army.

BATES He may show what outward courage he will, but I believe, as cold a night as ’tis, he could wish himself in Thames[103] up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures,[104] so we were quit here.

KING HENRY V By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king: I think he would not wish himself anywhere but where he is.

BATES Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men’s lives saved.

KING HENRY V I dare say you love him not so ill to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this to feel[110] other men’s minds. Methinks I could not die anywhere so contented as in the king’s company; his cause being just and his quarrel honourable.

WILLIAMS That’s more than we know.

BATES Ay, or more than we should seek after;[114] for we know enough, if we know we are the king’s subjects. If his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

WILLIAMS But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning[117] to make, when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together[118] at the latter day[119] and cry all, ‘We died at such a place’ — some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon[120] their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly[121] left. I am afeard there are few die well that die in a battle, for how can they charitably[122] dispose of anything, when blood is their argument?[123] Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it — who to disobey were against all proportion[125] of subjection.

KING HENRY V So, if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise[126] do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of[127] his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him. Or if a servant, under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers and die in many irreconciled[130] iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation. But this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose[133] not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords,[135] can try it out with all unspotted soldiers: some peradventure[136] have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling[137] virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark,[138] that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment,[139] though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God. War is his beadle,[141] war is his vengeance, so that here men are punished for before-breach of the king's laws in now[142] the king's quarrel. Where they feared the death, they have borne life away;[143] and where they would be safe, they perish. Then if they die unprovided,[144] no more is the king guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited.[145] Every subject's duty is the king's, but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience, and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly[149] lost wherein such preparation was gained. And in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making[150] God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness and to teach others how they should prepare.[151]

WILLIAMS ’Tis certain, every man that dies ill,[152] the ill upon his own head, the king is not to answer it.[153]

BATES But I do not desire he should answer for me, and yet I determine to fight lustily[155] for him.

KING HENRY V I myself heard the king say he would not be ransomed.

WILLIAMS Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully. But when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne’er the wiser.

KING HENRY V If I live to see it,[159] I will never trust his word after.

WILLIAMS You pay[160] him then. That’s a perilous shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch. You may as well go about[161] to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock’s feather. You’ll never trust his word after! Come, ’tis a foolish saying.

KING HENRY V Your reproof is something too round.[164] I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

WILLIAMS Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

KING HENRY V I embrace[167] it.

WILLIAMS How shall I know thee again?

KING HENRY V Give me any gage[169] of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou darest[170] acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

WILLIAMS Here’s my glove. Give me another of thine.

KING HENRY V There. ***They exchange gloves***

WILLIAMS This will I also wear in my cap. If ever thou come to me and say, after tomorrow, ‘This is my glove’, by this hand, I will take[174] thee a box on the ear.

KING HENRY V If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

WILLIAMS Thou dar’st as well be hanged.

KING HENRY V Well, I will do it, though[177] I take thee in the king’s company.

WILLIAMS Keep thy word. Fare thee well.

BATES Be friends, you English fools, be friends. We have French quarrels enough, if you could tell how to reckon.[180]

Exeunt Soldiers

KING HENRY V Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns[181] to one, they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders. But

it is no English treason to cut French crowns,[183] and tomorrow the king himself will be a clipper.
Upon the king! Let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful[185] wives,
Our children and our sins lay on[186] the king!
We must bear all. O, hard condition,[187]
Twin-born[188] with greatness, subject to the breath
Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel
But his own wringing.[190] What infinite heart’s-ease
Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy?
And what have kings, that privates[192] have not too,
Save[193] ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idle[194] ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer’st more
Of mortal[196] griefs than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? What are thy comings in?[197]
O ceremony, show me but thy worth.
What? Is thy soul of adoration?[199]
Art thou aught[200] else but place, degree and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy being feared
Than they in fearing.
What drink’st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poisoned flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!
Think’st thou the fiery fever will go out
With titles[208] blown from adulation?
Will it give place[209] to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command’st[210] the beggar’s knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play’st so subtly[212] with a king’s repose.
I am a king that find thee,[213] and I know
’Tis not the balm,[214] the sceptre and the ball,
The sword, the mace,[215] the crown imperial,
The intertissued[216] robe of gold and pearl,
The farcèd[217] title running ’fore the king,

The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp[218]
That beats upon the high shore of this world.
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who with a body filled and vacant mind
Gets him to rest, crammed with distressful[224] bread,
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
But like a lackey,[226] from the rise to set,
Sweats in[227] the eye of Phoebus and all night
Sleeps in Elysium:[228] next day after dawn,
Doth rise and help Hyperion[229] to his horse,
And follows so the ever-running year,
With profitable[231] labour, to his grave.
And but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
Had the forehand[234] and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member[235] of the country's peace,
Enjoys it; but in gross[236] brain little wots
What watch[237] the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.[238]

Enter Erpingham

ERPINGHAM My lord, your nobles, jealous of[239] your absence,
Seek through your camp to find you.

KING HENRY V Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent:
I'll be before thee.

ERPINGHAM I shall do't, my lord.

Exit

KING HENRY V O God of battles, steel my soldiers' hearts,
Possess them not with fear. Take from them now
The sense of reck'ning,[247] ere th'opposèd numbers
Pluck their hearts from them. Not today, O lord,
O, not today, think not upon the fault
My[250] father made in compassing the crown!
I Richard's body have interrèd new,[251]

And on it have bestowed more contrite tears
Than from it issued forcèd[253] drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their withered hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood,[256] and I have built
Two chantries,[257] where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still[258] for Richard’s soul. More will I do,
Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Enter Gloucester

GLOUCESTER My liege.

KING HENRY V My brother Gloucester’s voice?— Ay,
I know thy errand. I will go with thee.
The day, my friends, and all things stay[265] for me.

Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 2][4.2]

running scene 11

Enter the Dauphin, Orléans, Rambures and Beaumont

ORLÉANS The sun doth gild our armour. Up, my lords!
DAUPHIN *Monte*[2] *à cheval!* My horse, varlet! *Laquais!* Ha!
ORLÉANS O brave spirit!
DAUPHIN *Via,*[4] *les eaux et la terre.*
ORLÉANS *Rien*[5] *puis? L'air et feu.*
DAUPHIN *Cieux,*[6] cousin Orléans.

Enter Constable

Now, my lord constable?
CONSTABLE Hark, how our steeds for present service[8] neigh.
DAUPHIN Mount them, and make[9] incision in their hides,
That their hot blood may spin[10] in English eyes,
And dout[11] them with superfluous courage. Ha!
RAMBURES What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?
How shall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter Messenger

MESSENGER The English are embattled,[14] you French peers.
CONSTABLE To horse, you gallant princes, straight to horse!
Do but behold yond[16] poor and starvèd band,
And your fair show[17] shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales[18] and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands,
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins
To give each naked curtle-axe[21] a stain,
That our French gallants[22] shall today draw out,
And sheathe for lack of sport. Let us but blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.[24]
'Tis positive gainst all exceptions,[25] lords,
That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants,
Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our squares of battle,[28] were enow
To purge this field of such a hilding[29] foe,

Though we upon this mountain’s basis[30] by
Took stand for idle speculation:
But that our honours[32] must not. What’s to say?
A very little little let us do
And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
The tucket sonance[35] and the note to mount,
For our approach shall so much dare[36] the field
That England shall couch down in fear and yield.

Enter Grandpre

GRANDPRE Why do you stay[38] so long, my lords of France?
Yond[39] island carrions, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favouredly become[40] the morning field:
Their ragged curtains[41] poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing[42] scornfully.
Big Mars[43] seems bankrupt in their beggared host
And faintly through a rusty beaver[44] peeps.
The horsemen sit like fixèd candlesticks,[45]
With torch-staves[46] in their hand, and their poor jades
Lob[47] down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,
The gum[48] down-roping from their pale dead eyes
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmaled[49] bit
Lies foul[50] with chewed grass, still and motionless,
And their executors,[51] the knavish crows,
Fly o’er them all, impatient for their hour.[52]
Description cannot suit[53] itself in words
To demonstrate[54] the life of such a battle
In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

CONSTABLE They have said their prayers and they stay for death.

DAUPHIN Shall we go send them dinners and fresh suits
And give their fasting[58] horses provender,
And after fight with them?

CONSTABLE I stay but for my guidon.[60] To the field!
I will the banner from a trumpet take
And use it for my haste. Come, come, away!
The sun is high and we outwear[63] the day.

Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 3][4.3]

Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham with all his host, Salisbury and Westmorland

GLOUCESTER Where is the king?

BEDFORD The king himself is rode to view their battle.

WESTMORLAND Of fighting men they have full threescore[3] thousand.

EXETER There's five to one. Besides, they all are fresh.

SALISBURY God's arm strike with us! 'Tis a fearful odds.
God buy'[6] you, princes all; I'll to my charge.
If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,
Then joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford,
My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,
And my kind kinsman,[10] warriors all, adieu!

BEDFORD Farewell, good Salisbury, and good luck go with thee!

EXETER Farewell, kind lord. Fight valiantly today.
And yet I do thee wrong to mind[13] thee of it,
For thou art framed[14] of the firm truth of valour.

[Exit Salisbury]

BEDFORD He is as full of valour as of kindness,
Princely in both.

Enter the King

WESTMORLAND O, that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work today!

KING HENRY V What's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmorland? No, my fair cousin,
If we[22] are marked to die, we are enough
To do our country loss, and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will, I pray thee, wish[25] not one man more.
By Jove,[26] I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost,[27]
It yearns[28] me not if men my garments wear;

Such outward things dwell not in my desires.
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my coz,[32] wish not a man from England.
God's peace, I would not lose so great an honour
As one man more, methinks, would share[34] from me
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more.
Rather proclaim it,[36] Westmorland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to[37] this fight,
Let him depart, his passport[38] shall be made
And crowns for convoy[39] put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his[41] fellowship to die with us.—
This day is called the feast of Crispian:[42] ***To all***
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tiptoe[44] when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall see this day, and live old age,
Will yearly on the vigil[47] feast his neighbours,
And say, 'Tomorrow is Saint Crispian.'
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say, 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day.'
Old men forget; yet all[51] shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages[52]
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words —
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester —
Be[57] in their flowing cups freshly rememberèd.
This story shall the good man teach his son,
And Crispin Crispian[59] shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be rememberèd;
We few, we happy[62] few, we band of brothers.
For he today that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother, be he ne'er so vile,[64]

This day shall gentle his condition.[65]
And gentlemen in England now abed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhoods[68] cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin’s day.

Enter Salisbury

SALISBURY My sovereign lord, bestow yourself[70] with speed:
The French are bravely[71] in their battles set,
And will with all expedience[72] charge on us.

KING HENRY V All things are ready, if our minds be so.

WESTMORLAND Perish the man whose mind is backward[74] now!

KING HENRY V Thou dost not wish more help from England, coz?

WESTMORLAND God’s will, my liege, would you and I alone,
Without more help, could fight this royal battle!

KING HENRY V Why, now thou hast unwished five thousand men,
Which likes[79] me better than to wish us one.—
You know your places. God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter Montjoy

MONTJOY Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,[82]
Before thy most assurèd overthrow,
For certainly thou art so near the gulf,[84]
Thou needs must be englutted.[85] Besides, in mercy,
The constable desires thee thou wilt mind[86]
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire[88]
From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor bodies
Must lie and fester.

KING HENRY V Who hath sent thee now?

MONTJOY The Constable of France.

KING HENRY V I pray thee bear my former answer back:
Bid them achieve[94] me and then sell my bones.
Good God, why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The[96] man that once did sell the lion’s skin
While the beast lived, was killed with hunting him.
A many[98] of our bodies shall no doubt

Find native[99] graves, upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass[100] of this day’s work.
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
They shall be famed, for there the sun shall greet them,
And draw their honours reeking[104] up to heaven,
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,[105]
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
Mark[107] then abounding valour in our English,
That being dead, like to the bullet’s crazing,[108]
Break out into a second course of mischief,[109]
Killing in[110] relapse of mortality.
Let me speak proudly: tell the constable
We are but warriors for the working day.[112]
Our gayness[113] and our gilt are all besmirched
With rainy marching in the painful field.[114]
There’s not a piece of feather[115] in our host —
Good argument, I hope, we will not fly[116] —
And time hath worn us into slovenry.[117]
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim,[118]
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night,
They’ll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck[120]
The gay new coats o’er the French soldiers’ heads
And turn them out of service. If they do this —
As, if God please, they shall — my ransom then
Will soon be levied.[124] Herald, save thou thy labour:
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald.
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints,[126]
Which if they have as[127] I will leave ’em them,
Shall yield them little, tell the constable.

MONTJOY I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee well:
Thou never shalt hear herald any more.

Exit

KING HENRY V I fear thou wilt once more come again for a ransom.

Enter York

YORK My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg ***Kneels***

The leading of the vanguard.
KING HENRY V Take it, brave York.— Now, soldiers, march away.
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose[135] the day!
Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 4][4.4]

running scene 13

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Pistol, French Soldier [and] Boy

PISTOL Yield, cur!

FRENCH SOLDIER *Je*[2] *pense que vous êtes le gentilhomme de bon qualité*.

PISTOL *Qualtitie*[3] *calmie custure me*? Art thou a gentleman? What is thy name? Discuss.[4]

FRENCH SOLDIER *O Seigneur Dieu!*[5]

PISTOL O, Signieur Dew should be a gentleman.
Perpend[7] my words, O Signieur Dew, and mark:
O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,[8] ***Draws his sword***
Except,[9] O signieur, thou do give to me
Egregious[10] ransom.

FRENCH SOLDIER *O,*[11] *prenez miséricorde*! *Ayez pitié de moi!*

PISTOL ‘Moy’[12] shall not serve. I will have forty moys,
For I will fetch thy rim[13] out at thy throat
In drops of crimson blood.

FRENCH SOLDIER *Est-il*[15] *impossible d’échapper la force de ton bras?*

PISTOL Brass,[16] cur?
Thou damnèd and luxurious[17] mountain goat,
Offer’st me brass?

FRENCH SOLDIER *O, pardonnez-moi!*[19]

PISTOL Say’st thou me so? Is that a ton of moys?[20]
Come hither, boy. Ask me this slave in French
What is his name.

BOY *Écoutez, comment êtes-vous appelé*?[23]

FRENCH SOLDIER *Monsieur le Fer*[24].

BOY He says his name is Master Fer.

PISTOL Master Fer?[26] I’ll fer him, and firk him, and ferret him. Discuss the same in French unto him.

BOY I do not know the French for fer and ferret and firk.

PISTOL Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

FRENCH SOLDIER *Que dit-il, monsieur?*[30]

BOY *Il*[31] *me commande à vous dire que vous faites vous prêt, car ce soldat ici est disposé*
tout à cette heure de couper votre gorge.

PISTOL *Owy,*[33] *cuppele gorge*, *permafoy,*
Peasant, unless thou give me crowns, brave[34] crowns;
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

FRENCH SOLDIER *O,*[36] *je vous supplie, pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison. Gardez ma vie, et je vous donnerai deux cents écus*.

PISTOL What are his words?

BOY He prays you to save his life: he is a gentleman of a good house, and for his ransom he will give you two hundred crowns.

PISTOL Tell him my fury shall abate, and I the crowns will take.

FRENCH SOLDIER *Petit*[42] *monsieur, que dit-il?*

BOY *Encore*[43] *qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucun prisonnier, néanmoins, pour les écus que vous l'avez promis, il est content à vous donner la liberté*, *le franchisement*.

FRENCH SOLDIER ***Kneels*** *Sur*[46] *mes genoux je vous donne mille remerciements, et je m'estime heureux que j'ai tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, vaillant, et très distingué seigneur d'Angleterre*.

PISTOL Expound[49] unto me, boy.

BOY He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks, and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one, as he thinks, the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy[52] signieur of England.

PISTOL As I suck blood,[53] I will some mercy show. Follow me!

BOY *Suivez-vous le grand capitaine!*[54]

[Exeunt Pistol and French Soldier]

I did never know so full[55] a voice issue from so empty a heart. But the saying is true, 'The empty vessel makes the greatest sound'. Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i'th'old play,[57] that everyone may pare his nails with a wooden dagger,[58] and they are both hanged, and so would this be, if he durst steal anything adventurously.[59] I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp. The French might have a good prey[60] of us, if he knew of it, for there is none to guard it but boys.

Exit

[Act 4 Scene 5]

running scene 13 continues

Enter Constable, Orléans, Bourbon, Dauphin and Rambures

CONSTABLE *O diable!*[1]

ORLÉANS *O*[2] *Seigneur! Le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!*

DAUPHIN *Mort*[3] *de ma vie!* All is confounded, all.
Reproach and everlasting shame
Sits mocking in our plumes.[5] *O méchante fortune!*

A short alarum

Do not run away.

CONSTABLE Why, all our ranks are broke.[7]

DAUPHIN O, perdurable[8] shame! Let's stab ourselves.
Be these the wretches that we played at dice for?

ORLÉANS Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

BOURBON Shame and eternal shame, nothing but shame!
Let us die! In[12] once more, back again.
And he that will not follow Bourbon now,
Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand,
Like a base pander,[15] hold the chamber door
Whilst by a base slave, no gentler[16] than my dog,
His fairest daughter is contaminated.

CONSTABLE Disorder that hath spoiled[18] us, friend us now.
Let us on[19] heaps go offer up our lives.

ORLÉANS We are enough yet living in the field
To smother up the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.[22]

BOURBON The devil take order now! I'll to the throng;
Let life be short, else shame will be too long.

Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 6][4.6]

running scene 13 continues

Alarum. Enter the King and his train [Exeter and others,] with prisoners

KING HENRY V Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen.
But all's not done, yet keep[2] the French the field.

EXETER The Duke of York commends him to your majesty.

KING HENRY V Lives he, good uncle? Thrice within this hour
I saw him down; thrice up again and fighting,
From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

EXETER In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,
Larding[8] the plain, and by his bloody side,
Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing[9] wounds,
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.
Suffolk first died, and York, all haggled over,[11]
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteeped,[12]
And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yawn upon his face,
And cries aloud, 'Tarry,[15] my cousin Suffolk!
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven.
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast,[17]
As in this glorious and well-foughten field[18]
We kept together in our chivalry.[19]'
Upon these words I came and cheered him up.[20]
He smiled me in the face, raught[21] me his hand
And with a feeble grip says, 'Dear my lord,
Commend[23] my service to my sovereign.'
So did he turn and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm and kissed his lips,
And so espoused[26] to death, with blood he sealed
A testament[27] of noble-ending love.
The pretty and sweet manner of it forced
Those waters[29] from me which I would have stopped,
But I had not so much of man in me,
And all my mother[31] came into mine eyes

And gave me up to tears.
KING HENRY V I blame you not,
For hearing this, I must perforce[34] compound
With mixed-full[35] eyes, or they will issue too.
Alarum
But, hark, what new alarum is this same?
The French have reinforced their scattered men.
Then every soldier kill his prisoners.
Give the word through.
Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 7]

running scene 13 continues

Enter Fluellen and Gower

FLUELLEN Kill the poys[1] and the luggage! 'Tis expressly against the law of arms. 'Tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offer't,[2] in your conscience, now, is it not?

GOWER 'Tis certain there's not a boy left alive, and the cowardly rascals that ran from the battle ha' done this slaughter. Besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the king's tent, wherefore[6] the king, most worthily, hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 'tis a gallant king!

FLUELLEN Ay, he was porn at Monmouth,[8] Captain Gower. What call you the town's name where Alexander the Pig[9] was born?

GOWER Alexander the Great.

FLUELLEN Why, I pray you, is not 'pig' great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all[12] one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

GOWER I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon,[14] his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take[15] it.

FLUELLEN I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is porn. I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant you sall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations,[18] look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon, and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye[20] at Monmouth, but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river. But 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both.[22] If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well, for there is figures[23] in all things. Alexander, God knows, and you know, in his rages and his furies and his wraths and his cholers[24] and his moods and his displeasures and his indignations and also being a little intoxicates[25] in his prains, did, in his ales[26] and his angers, look you, kill his best friend, Cleitus.

GOWER Our king is not like him in that: he never killed any of his friends.

FLUELLEN It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: as Alexander killed his friend Cleitus, being in his ales and his cups,[30] so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgements, turned away the fat knight with the great belly-doublet.[32] He was full of jests and gipes and knaveries and mocks[33] — I have forgot his name.

GOWER Sir John Falstaff.

FLUELLEN That is he. I'll tell you there is good men porn at Monmouth.

GOWER Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter King Harry and Bourbon [and others] with prisoners. Flourish

KING HENRY V I was not angry since I came to France
Until this instant.[38] Take a trumpet, herald,
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yond hill:
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field: they do offend our sight.
If they'll do neither, we will come to them
And make them skirr[43] away, as swift as stones
Enforcèd[44] from the old Assyrian slings.
Besides,[45] we'll cut the throats of those we have,
And not a man of them that we shall take[46]
Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter Montjoy

EXETER Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

GLOUCESTER His eyes are humbler than they used to be.

KING HENRY V How now? What means this, herald? Know'st thou not
That I have fined[51] these bones of mine for ransom?
Com'st thou again for ransom?

MONTJOY No, great king:
I come to thee for charitable licence,[54]
That we may wander o'er this bloody field
To book[56] our dead and then to bury them,
To sort our nobles from our common men.

For many of our princes — woe the while! —
Lie drowned and soaked in mercenary[59] blood,
So do our vulgar[60] drench their peasant limbs
In blood of princes, and our wounded steeds
Fret[62] fetlock-deep in gore and with wild rage
Yerk[63] out their armèd heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,
To view the field in safety and dispose
Of their dead bodies!

KING HENRY V I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day[68] be ours or no,
For yet a many of your horsemen peer[69]
And gallop o’er the field.

MONTJOY The day is yours.

KING HENRY V Praised be God, and not our strength, for it!—
What is this castle called that stands hard[73] by?

MONTJOY They call it Agincourt.

KING HENRY V Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

FLUELLEN Your grandfather[77] of famous memory, an’t please your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the Plack Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles,[78] fought a most prave pattle here in France.

KING HENRY V They did, Fluellen.

FLUELLEN Your majesty says very true: if your majesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen did good service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps,[83] which, your majesty know, to this hour is an honourable badge[84] of the service, and I do believe your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy’s[85] day.

KING HENRY V I wear it for a memorable honour,[86] For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

FLUELLEN All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty’s Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that. God pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace,[89] and his majesty too!

KING HENRY V Thanks, good my countryman.

FLUELLEN By Jeshu, I am your majesty’s countryman, I care not who know it. I will confess it to all the ’orld. I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

KING HENRY V God keep me so!

Enter Williams

Our heralds go with him.
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts.—

[Exeunt Heralds with Montjoy]

Call yonder fellow hither. ***Points to Williams***

EXETER Soldier, you must come to the king.

KING HENRY V Soldier, why wear’st thou that glove in thy cap?

WILLIAMS An’t please your majesty, ’tis the gage[102] of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

KING HENRY V An Englishman?

WILLIAMS An’t please your majesty, a rascal that swaggered[105] with me last night, who, if alive and ever dare to challenge[106] this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o’th’ear, or if I can see my glove in his cap, which he swore as he was a soldier he would wear if alive, I will strike it out soundly.

KING HENRY V What think you, Captain Fluellen? Is it fit[109] this soldier keep his oath?

FLUELLEN He is a craven[110] and a villain else, an’t please your majesty, in my conscience.

KING HENRYV It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort,[112] quite from the answer of his degree.

FLUELLEN Though he be as good a gentleman as the devil is, as Lucifer and Beelzebub[114] himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain and a jack-sauce[116] as ever his black[117] shoe trod upon God’s ground and his earth, in my conscience, la!

KING HENRYV Then keep thy vow, sirrah,[118] when thou meet’st the fellow.

WILLIAMS So I will, my liege, as I live.

KING HENRYV Who servest thou under?

WILLIAMS Under Captain Gower, my liege.

FLUELLEN Gower is[122] a good captain, and is good knowledge and literatured in the wars.

KING HENRY V Call him hither to me, soldier.

WILLIAMS I will, my liege.

Exit

KING HENRY V Here, Fluellen, wear thou this favour[126] for me and stick it in thy cap. ***Gives him Williams' glove*** When Alençon[127] and myself were down together, I plucked this glove from his helm:[128] if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend[129] him, an thou dost me love.

FLUELLEN Your grace does me as great honours as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects. I would fain[131] see the man that has but two legs that shall find himself aggriefed at this glove; that is all. But I would fain see it[132] once, an please God of his grace that I might see.

KING HENRY V Know'st thou Gower?

FLUELLEN He is my dear friend, an please you.

KING HENRY V Pray thee go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

FLUELLEN I will fetch him.

Exit

KING HENRY V My lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloucester,
Follow Fluellen closely at the heels.
The glove which I have given him for a favour
May haply[141] purchase him a box o'th'ear.
It is the soldier's, I by bargain should
Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:
If that the soldier strike him, as I judge
By his blunt[145] bearing he will keep his word,
Some sudden mischief[146] may arise of it,
For I do know Fluellen valiant
And, touched[148] with choler, hot as gunpowder,
And quickly will return an injury.
Follow and see there be no harm between them.

Go you with me, uncle of Exeter.
Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 8]

running scene 13 continues

Enter Gower and Williams

WILLIAMS I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter Fluellen

FLUELLEN God's will and his pleasure, captain, I beseech you now, come apace[2] to the king: there is more good toward you peradventure,[3] than is in your knowledge to dream of.

WILLIAMS Sir, know you[5] this glove?

FLUELLEN Know the glove? I know the glove is a glove.

WILLIAMS I know this, and thus I challenge it.

Strikes him

FLUELLEN 'Sblood,[8] an arrant traitor as any's in the universal world, or in France, or in England!

GOWER How now, sir? You villain! ***To Williams***

WILLIAMS Do you think I'll be[11] forsworn?

FLUELLEN Stand away,[12] Captain Gower. I will give treason his payment into ploughs, I warrant you.

WILLIAMS I am no traitor.

FLUELLEN That's a lie[15] in thy throat. I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him. He's a friend of the Duke Alençon's.

Enter Warwick and Gloucester

WARWICK How now, how now? What's the matter?

FLUELLEN My lord of Warwick, here is — praised be God for it! — a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day.[19] Here is his majesty.

Enter King and Exeter

KING HENRY V How now? What's the matter?

FLUELLEN My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out[23] of the helmet of Alençon.

WILLIAMS My liege, this was my glove, here is the fellow of it. ***Shows other glove*** And he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap. I promised to strike him, if he did. I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

FLUELLEN Your majesty hear now, saving your majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is. I hope your majesty is pear[28] me testimony and witness, and will avouchment,[29] that this is the glove of Alençon that your majesty is give[30] me, in your conscience, now.

KING HENRY V Give me thy glove, soldier. Look, here is the fellow of it. ***Shows his glove*** 'Twas I, indeed, thou promisèd'st to strike, And thou hast given me most bitter terms.[33]

FLUELLEN An please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

KING HENRY V How canst thou make me satisfaction?[36]

WILLIAMS All offences, my lord, come from the heart. Never came any from mine that might offend your majesty.

KING HENRY V It was ourself thou didst abuse.[39]

WILLIAMS Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness.[41] And what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you take it for your own fault and not mine, for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence: therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

KING HENRY V Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns, And give it to this fellow.— Keep it, fellow, And wear it for an honour in thy cap Till I do challenge it.— Give him the crowns.— ***Exeter gives*** And captain, you must needs be friends with him. ***Williams money***

FLUELLEN By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle[50] enough in his belly.—Hold, ***Offers Williams money*** there is twelve-pence for you, and I pray you to serve God, and keep you out of prawls and prabbles[52] and quarrels and dissensions and, I warrant you, it is the better for you.

WILLIAMS I will[54] none of your money.

FLUELLEN It is with a good will. I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes. Come, wherefore should you be so pashful? Your shoes is not so good.[56] 'Tis a good silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter Herald

KING HENRY V Now, herald, are the dead numbered?

HERALD Here is the number of the slaughtered French. ***Gives a paper***

KING HENRY V What prisoners of good sort[60] are taken, uncle?

EXETER ‘Charles Duke of Orléans, nephew to the king, ***Reads***
John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt.
Of other lords and barons, knights and squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.’

KING HENRY V This note doth tell me of ten thousand French
That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty six: added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred, of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dubbed knights.
So that in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries:
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,
And gentlemen of blood[75] and quality.
The names of those their nobles that lie dead:
Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France,
Jaques of Chatillion, Admiral[78] of France,
The master of the cross-bows, Lord Rambures,
Great Master[80] of France, the brave Sir Guichard Dolphin,
John Duke of Alençon, Anthony Duke of Brabant,
The brother to the Duke of Burgundy,
And Edward Duke of Bar. Of lusty[83] earls,
Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconbridge and Foix,
Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lestrale.
Here was a royal fellowship of death.—
Where is the number of our English dead?— ***Herald gives him another paper***
‘Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk, ***Reads***
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, Esquire’;
None else of name,[90] and of all other men
But five-and-twenty. O God, thy arm[91] was here.

And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all! When, without stratagem,[93]
But in plain shock[94] and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss
On one part and on th’other? Take it, God,
For it is none but thine.

EXETER ’Tis wonderful.[98]

KING HENRY V Come, go we in procession to the village.
And be it death proclaimèd through our host
To boast of this or take that praise from God
Which is his only.

FLUELLEN Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell how many is killed?

KING HENRY V Yes, captain, but with this acknowledgement:
That God fought for us.

FLUELLEN Yes, my conscience, he did us great good.

KING HENRY V Do we all holy rites.
Let there be sung *Non nobis*[108] and *Te Deum*,
The dead with[109] charity enclosed in clay,
And then to Calais, and to England then,
Where ne’er from France arrived more happy men.

Exeunt

Act 5

Enter Chorus

CHORUS Vouchsafe[4] to those that have not read the story,
That I may prompt[2] them: and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit th'excuse
Of time,[4] of numbers and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge[5] and proper life
Be here presented. Now we bear the king
Toward Calais: grant[7] him there; there seen,
Heave him away upon your wingèd thoughts
Athwart[9] the sea. Behold, the English beach
Pales[10] in the flood with men, wives and boys,
Whose shouts and claps[11] out-voice the deep-mouthed sea,
Which like a mighty whiffler[12] 'fore the king
Seems to prepare his way. So let him land,
And solemnly[14] see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath thought that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath,[16]
Where that[17] his lords desire him to have borne
His bruisèd[18] helmet and his bended sword
Before him through the city. He forbids it,
Being free from vainness[20] and self-glorious pride;
Giving full trophy,[21] signal and ostent
Quite from himself to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house[23] of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens.
The mayor and all his brethren[25] in best sort,
Like to the senators of th'antique[26] Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,
Go forth and fetch their conqu'ring Caesar in:
As by a lower[29] but by loving likelihood,
Were now the general[30] of our gracious empress,
As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broachèd[32] on his sword,

How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him? Much[34] more, and much more cause,
Did they this Harry. Now in London place him,
As yet the lamentation[36] of the French
Invites[37] the King of England’s stay at home:
The emperor’s coming[38] in behalf of France,
To order peace between them.[39] And omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanced,
Till Harry’s back return again to France:
There must we bring him; and myself have played[42]
The interim, by rememb’ring you ’tis past.
Then brook[44] abridgment, and your eyes advance,
After your thoughts, straight back again to France.

Exit

[Act 5 Scene 1][5.1]

running scene 14

Enter Fluellen and Gower

GOWER Nay, that's right. But why wear you your leek today? Saint Davy's day is past.

FLUELLEN There is occasions and causes why and wherefore[3] in all things. I will tell you, asse[4] my friend, Captain Gower: the rascally, scald, beggarly, lousy, pragging knave, Pistol, which you and yourself and all the world know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits, he is come to me and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek. It was in a place where I could not breed no contention[8] with him, but I will be so bold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Enter Pistol

GOWER Why, here he comes, swelling[10] like a turkey-cock.

FLUELLEN 'Tis no matter for his swellings nor his turkey-cocks.— God pless you, aunchient Pistol. You scurvy,[12] lousy knave, God pless you!

PISTOL Ha, art thou bedlam?[13] Dost thou thirst, base Trojan, To have me fold[14] up Parcas fatal web? Hence, I am qualmish[15] at the smell of leek.

FLUELLEN I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lousy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek; because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections and your appetites and your disgestions[18] doo's not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

PISTOL Not for Cadwallader[20] and all his goats.

FLUELLEN There is one goat[21] for you.

Strikes him

Will you be so good, scald[22] knave, as eat it?

PISTOL Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

FLUELLEN You say very true, scald knave, when God's will is:[24] I will desire you to live in the meantime, and eat your victuals.[25] Come, there is sauce for it. ***Strikes him*** You called me yesterday ‘mountain squire’, but I will make you today a squire of low degree. I pray you fall to:[27] if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

GOWER Enough, captain, you have astonished[28] him.

FLUELLEN I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days.— Bite, I pray you, it is good for your green[30] wound and your ploody coxcomb.

PISTOL Must I bite?

FLUELLEN Yes, certainly, and out of doubt and out of question too, and ambiguities.

PISTOL By this leek, I will most horribly revenge.[34] I eat and eat, I swear— ***Eats***

FLUELLEN Eat, I pray you. ***Fluellen threatens him or strikes him*** Will you have some more sauce to your leek? There is not enough leek to swear by.

PISTOL Quiet thy cudgel, thou dost see I eat. ***Eats***

FLUELLEN Much good do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you throw none away, the skin is good for your broken coxcomb. When you take occasions[39] to see leeks hereafter, I pray you mock at ’em, that is all.

PISTOL Good.[41]

FLUELLEN Ay, leeks is good. Hold you, there is a groat[42] to heal your pate. ***Offers a coin***

PISTOL Me a groat?

FLUELLEN Yes, verily and in truth, you shall take it, or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

PISTOL I take thy groat in earnest of[46] revenge.

FLUELLEN If I owe you anything, I will pay[47] you in cudgels. You shall be a woodmonger,[48] and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God buy you, and keep you, and heal your pate.

Exit

PISTOL All hell shall stir for this.

GOWER Go, go, you are a counterfeit[51] cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased[53] valour and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking[54] and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought because he could not speak English in the native garb,[55] he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise, and henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition.[57] Fare ye well.

Exit

PISTOL Doth Fortune play the hussy with me now?
News have I, that my Doll[59] is dead i’th’spital
Of a malady of France,[60]
And there my rendezvous[61] is quite cut off.
Old I do wax,[62] and from my weary limbs
Honour is cudgelled. Well, bawd[63] I’ll turn,
And something[64] lean to cutpurse of quick hand.
To England will I steal,[65] and there I’ll steal,
And patches[66] will I get unto these cudgelled scars,
And swear I got them in the Gallia[67] wars.

Exit

Act 5 [Scene 2]*

running scene 15

Enter, at one door King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwick, [Gloucester, Clarence, Westmorland] and other Lords: at another, Queen Isabel, the [French] King, the Duke of Burgundy and other French [including Katherine and Alice]

KING HENRY V Peace to this meeting, wherefore[1] we are met.
Unto our brother[2] France, and to our sister,
Health and fair[3] time of day, joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely[4] cousin Katherine,
And, as a branch and member of this royalty,[5]
By whom this great assembly is contrived,
We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy,
And princes French and peers, health to you all!

FRENCH KING Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England, fairly met.
So are you, princes English, every one.

QUEEN ISABEL So happy be the issue,[12] brother England,
Of this good day and of this gracious[13] meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes —
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,[16]
The fatal balls[17] of murdering basilisks.
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality,[19] and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

KING HENRY V To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

QUEEN ISABEL You English princes all, I do salute you.

BURGUNDY My duty to you both, on[23] equal love,
Great Kings of France and England! That I have laboured,
With all my wits, my pains[25] and strong endeavours,
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar[27] and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.

Since then my office hath so far prevailed
That,[30] face to face and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted,[31] let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before[32] this royal view,
What rub[33] or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor and mangled Peace,
Dear nurse[35] of arts, plenties and joyful births,
Should not in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up[37] her lovely visage?
Alas, she hath from France too long been chased,
And all her husbandry[39] doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting[40] in it own fertility.
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unprunèd dies: her hedges even-pleached,[42]
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disordered twigs: her fallow leas[44]
The darnel,[45] hemlock and rank fumitory
Doth root upon,[46] while that the coulter rusts
That should deracinate[47] such savagery.
The even mead,[48] that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled[49] cowslip, burnet and green clover,
Wanting[50] the scythe, withal uncorrected, rank,
Conceives[51] by idleness and nothing teems
But hateful docks,[52] rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility;
And all our vineyards, fallows,[54] meads and hedges,
Defective in their natures,[55] grow to wildness.
Even so our houses and ourselves and children
Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,
The sciences[58] that should become our country,
But grow like savages — as soldiers will
That nothing do but meditate on blood —
To swearing and stern looks, diffused[61] attire
And everything that seems unnatural.
Which to reduce[63] into our former favour
You are assembled, and my speech entreats

That I may know the let,[65] why gentle Peace
Should not expel these inconveniences
And bless us with her former qualities.
KING HENRY V If, Duke of Burgundy, you would[68] the peace,
Whose want[69] gives growth to th'imperfections
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
With full accord[71] to all our just demands,
Whose tenors[72] and particular effects
You have enscheduled[73] briefly in your hands.
BURGUNDY The king hath heard them, to the which as yet
There is no answer made.
KING HENRY V Well then, the peace,
Which you before so urged, lies in his answer.
FRENCH KING I have but with a cursitory eye[78]
O'erglanced[79] the articles. Pleaseth your grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed[81]
To re-survey them, we will suddenly[82]
Pass[83] our accept and peremptory answer.
KING HENRY V Brother, we shall.— Go, uncle Exeter,
And brother Clarence, and you, brother Gloucester,
Warwick and Huntingdon, go with the king,
And take with you free power to ratify,[87]
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
Anything in or out of our demands,
And we'll consign[91] thereto.— Will you, fair sister, ***To Queen Isabel***
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?
QUEEN ISABEL Our gracious brother, I will go with them:
Haply[94] a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles too nicely[95] urged be stood on.
KING HENRY V Yet leave our cousin Katherine here with us.
She is our capital[97] demand comprised
Within the fore-rank[98] of our articles.
QUEEN ISABEL She hath good leave.
Exeunt all. Henry, Katherine [and Alice] remain

KING HENRY V Fair Katherine, and most fair,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms[101]
Such as will enter at a lady's ear
And plead his love-suit[103] to her gentle heart?

KATHERINE Your majesty shall mock at me: I cannot speak your England.

KING HENRY V O fair Katherine, if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

KATHERINE *Pardonnez-moi,*[108] I cannot tell vat is 'like me'.

KING HENRY V An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an angel.

KATHERINE *Que*[110] *dit-il? Que je suis semblable à les anges?* ***To Alice***

ALICE *Oui,*[111] *vraiment, sauf votre grâce, ainsi dit-il.*

KING HENRY V I said so, dear Katherine, and I must not blush to affirm it.

KATHERINE *O*[113] *bon Dieu*! *Les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies*.

KING HENRY V What says she, fair one? ***To Alice*** That the tongues of men are full of deceits?

ALICE *Oui*, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de princess.[115]

KING HENRY V The princess is the better Englishwoman.[116] I'faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding. I am glad thou canst speak no better English, for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain[118] king that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince[119] it in love, but directly to say 'I love you.' Then if you urge me further than to say, 'Do you in faith?', I wear out my suit.[121] Give me your answer, i'faith, do, and so clap hands and a bargain. How say you, lady?

KATHERINE *Sauf votre honneur,*[123] me understand veil.

KING HENRY V Marry, if you would put[124] me to verses or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid[125] me, for the one I have neither words nor measure; and for the other, I have no strength in measure,[126] yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under[128] the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet[129] for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on[130] like a butcher and sit like a jackanapes, never off. But, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly[131] nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright[132] oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging.[133] If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sunburning, that never looks in his glass[134] for love of anything he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook.[135] I speak to thee plain soldier: if thou canst love me for this, take me: if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy love, by the lord, no. Yet I love thee too. And while thou liv'st, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined[138] constancy, for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places. For these fellows of infinite tongue,[139] that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours,[140] they do always reason themselves out again. What![141] A speaker is but a prater, a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall, a straight back will stoop, a black beard will turn white, a curled pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full[143] eye will wax hollow: but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon — or rather the sun and not the moon, for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me: and take me, take a soldier: take a soldier, take a king. And what say'st thou then to my love? Speak, my fair, and fairly,[147] I pray thee.

KATHERINE Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France?

KING HENRY V No, it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate; but in loving me, you should love the friend[150] of France, for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine.

KATHERINE I cannot tell vat is dat.

KING HENRY V No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Je*[156] *quand sur le possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moi* — let me see, what then? Saint[157] Denis be my speed! — *donc vôtre* *est France et vous êtes mienne*. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more French. I shall never move[159] thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

KATHERINE *Sauf*[160] *votre honneur, le français que vous parlez, il est meilleur que l'anglais lequel je parle*.

KING HENRY V No, faith, is't not, Kate. But thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly-falsely,[163] must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English, canst thou love me?

KATHERINE I cannot tell.

KING HENRY V Can any of your neighbours[166] tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me. And at night, when you come into your closet,[167] you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise[168] those parts in me that you love with your heart, but, good Kate, mock me mercifully, the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly.[170] If ever thou beest mine, Kate, as I have a saving faith[171] within me tells me thou shalt, I get thee with scambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder. Shall not thou and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George, compound[173] a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople and take[174] the Turk by the beard? Shall we not? What say'st thou, my fair flower-de-luce?[175]

KATHERINE I do not know dat.

KING HENRY V No, 'tis hereafter[177] to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part[178] of such a boy; and for my English moiety[179] take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Katherine du monde, mon très chère et devin déesse?*

KATHERINE Your majestee 'ave[181] *fausse* French enough to deceive de most sage *demoiselle*[182] dat is *en France*.

KING HENRY V Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me, yet my blood[184] begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding[185] the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now, beshrew[186] my father's ambition! He was thinking of civil wars when he got[187] me: therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear. My comfort is that old age, that ill layer-up[189] of beauty, can do no more spoil[190] upon my face. Thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear[191] me, if thou wear me, better and better. And therefore tell me, most fair Katherine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes, avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress, take me by the hand, and say, ‘Harry of England I am thine.’ Which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud, ‘England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet[196] is thine’; who though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with[197] the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music and thy English broken: therefore, queen of all, Katherine, break[199] thy mind to me in broken English; wilt thou have me?

KATHERINE Dat is as it sall please *de*[201] *roi mon père*.

KING HENRY V Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

KATHERINE Den it sall also content me.

KING HENRY V Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

Tries to kiss her hand

KATHERINE *Laissez,*[205] *mon seigneur, laissez, laissez: ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abaissiez votre grandeur en baisant la main d’une, de votre seigneurie, indigne serviteur. Excusez-moi, je vous supplie, mon très-puissant seigneur*.

KING HENRY V Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

KATHERINE *Les*[209] *dames et demoiselles pour être baisées devant leur noces, il n’est pas la coutume de France*.

KING HENRY V Madam my interpreter, what says she?

ALICE Dat it is not be de fashion *pour les* ladies of France — I cannot tell vat is *baiser* en Anglish.

KING HENRY V To kiss.

ALICE Your majesty *entendre*[215] bettre *que moi*.

KING HENRY V It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

ALICE *Oui,*[218] *vraiment.*

KING HENRY V O, Kate, nice[219] customs curtsy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list[220] of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows[221] our places stops the mouth of all find-faults,[222] as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss: ***Kisses her*** therefore, patiently and yielding. You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Enter the French power [King, Queen, Burgundy] and the English Lords

BURGUNDY God save your majesty! My royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

KING HENRY V I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her, and that is good English.

BURGUNDY Is she not apt?[230]

KING HENRY V Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition[231] is not smooth, so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her that he will appear in his true likeness.

BURGUNDY Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure[235] in her, you must make a circle: if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind.[236] Can you blame her then, being a maid yet rosed[237] over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in[238] her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign[239] to.

KING HENRY V Yet they do wink and yield,[240] as love is blind and enforces.

BURGUNDY They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.[241]

KING HENRY V Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.[242]

BURGUNDY I will wink on[243] her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning, for maids, well summered[244] and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide: blind,[245] though they have their eyes, and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

KING HENRY V This moral[247] ties me over to time and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end[248] and she must be blind too.

BURGUNDY As love is, my lord, before it loves.[249]

KING HENRY V It is so: and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

FRENCH KING Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively,[253] the cities turned into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden[254] walls that war hath never entered.

KING HENRY V Shall Kate be my wife?

FRENCH KING So please you.

KING HENRY V I am content, so[257] the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her. So the maid that stood in the way for my wish shall show me the way to my will.[258]

FRENCH KING We have consented to all terms of reason.[259]

KING HENRY V Is't so, my lords of England?

WESTMORLAND The king hath granted every article:
His daughter first, and then in sequel[262] all,
According to their firm proposèd natures.

EXETER Only he hath not yet subscribed[264] this: where your majesty demands, that the King of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant,[265] shall name your highness in this form and with this addition[266] in French, *Notre très cher fils Henri, Roi d'Angleterre, Héritier de France*: and thus in Latin, *Praeclarissimus*[267] *filius noster Henricus, Rex Angliae, et Haeres Franciae*.

FRENCH KING Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,
But your request[270] shall make me let it pass.

KING HENRY V I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,
Let that one article rank with the rest,
And thereupon give me your daughter.
FRENCH KING Take her, fair son, and from her blood raise up
Issue[275] to me, that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale[276]
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred, and this dear[278] conjunction
Plant neighbourhood[279] and Christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms,[280] that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.
LORDS Amen!
KING HENRY V Now, welcome, Kate: and bear me witness all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen. ***Kisses her***
Flourish
QUEEN ISABEL God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,[288]
That never may ill office,[289] or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessèd marriage,
Thrust in between the paction[291] of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate[292] league,
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other. God speak this Amen!
ALL Amen!
KING HENRY V Prepare we for our marriage, on which day,
My lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the peers', for surety[298] of our leagues.
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me,
And may our oaths well kept and prosp'rous be!
Sennet. Exeunt

[Epilogue]

Enter Chorus

CHORUS Thus far, with rough[1] and all-unable pen,
Our bending[2] author hath pursued the story,
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts[4] the full course of their glory.
Small time,[5] but in that small most greatly lived
This star of England. Fortune made his sword;
By which the world's best garden[7] be achieved,
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands[9] crowned King
Of France and England, did this king succeed,
Whose[11] state so many had the managing,
That they lost France and made his England bleed,
Which oft our stage hath shown; and, for their[13] sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take.[14]

[Exit]

Textual Notes

= First Quarto text of 1600

= First Folio text of 1623

2 = a correction introduced in the Second Folio text of 1632

4 = a correction introduced in the Fourth Folio text of 1685

d = a correction introduced by a later editor

D = stage direction

H = speech heading (i.e., speaker's name)

ist of parts = Ed

rologue SH CHORUS = Ed. *Not in* F

.2.40 *succedant* = F2. F = *succedaul* **47, 54 Elbe** = Ed. F = Elue **200 majesty** = Ed. F = Maiesties **215 End** = Q. F = And **224 dauphin** *spelled* Dolphin *throughout* F **246 are** = Q. F = is **315 SD *Flourish*** = *Ed.* F *places after* Exeunt

.0.1 SH CHORUS = Ed. *Not in* F

.1.16 mare = Q. F = name **22 SH HOSTESS QUICKLY** = Ed. F = *Host*. **25 drawn** = Ed. F = hewne **28 Iceland** *spelled* Island *in* F **60 enough**. Go to = Ed. F = enough to go to **62 you**, **hostess** = Ed. F = your Hostesse **89 that’s** = F2. F = that

.2.29 SH GREY = Ed. F = *Kni*. **88 furnish him** = F2. F = furnish **108 a** = F2. F = an **109 whoop** = Ed. F = hoope **115 All** = Ed. F = And **140 mark the** = Ed. F = make thee **147 Henry** = Q. F = *Thomas* **158 Which** I = F2. F = Which **175 you have** = Q. F = you

.3.12 on a table = Ed. F = and a Table **24 SH HOSTESS QUICKLY** = Ed. F = *Woman*.

.4.111 pining = Q. F = priuy **137 Louvre** *spelled* Louer *in* F **151 SD** *Flourish* = Ed. *After act break in* F

.0 Act 3 = Ed. F = *Actus Secundus* **1 SH CHORUS** = Ed. *Not in* F **6 fanning** = Ed. F = fayning **17 Harfleur** *spelled* Harflew in F

.1.7 conjure = Ed. F = commune **17 noblest** = F2. F = Noblish **24 men** = F4. F = me **32 Straining** = Ed. F = Straying

.2.36 Calais *spelled* Callice *in* F **51 SH FLUELLEN** = Ed. F = *Welch*. **62 SH JAMY** = Ed. F = *Scot*. **66 SH MACMORRIS** = Ed. F = Irish.

.3.32 heady = F2. F = headly **35 Defile** = Ed. F = Desire

.4.1 *parles* = F2. F = *parlas. Textual notes for the French-language scenes are selective, since the distinction between modernization and emendation is hard to maintain* **6 Et *les doigts***? *assigned to Alice in* F **7 SH** ALICE = Ed. F = *Kat*. **9 SH KATHERINE** = Ed. F = *Alice* **11 *Nous*** = Ed. *Not in* F **16 *le*** = F2. F = *de* **39 coun** = Q. F = *Count* **40 *Ce*** = F2. F = *il*

.5.7 scions *spelled* Syens *in* F **11 *de*** = F2. F = *du* **43 Vaudemont** = F2. F = *Vandemint* **45 Foix** = Ed. F = *Loys* **46 knights** = Ed. F = Kings

.6.5 life = Q. F = liue **24 her** = Q. F = his **56 perfect** *spelled* perfit in F **85 lenity** = Q. F = Leuitie

.7.9 pasterns = F2. F = postures **43 lief** *spelled* liue *in* F **46 *truie*** = Ed. F = *leuye*

.0 Act 4 = Ed. F = *Actus Tertius* **1 SH CHORUS** = Ed. *Not in* F **16 name** = Ed. F = nam’d **20 cripple** *spelled* creeple *in* F

.1.3 Good *spelled* God in F **87 Thomas** = Ed. F = *Iohn* **199 adoration** = F2. F = Odoration **207 Think’st** *spelled* Thinks in F **229 Hyperion** = F2. F = *Hiperio* **247 ere** = Ed. F = of **265 friends** = Q. F = friend

.2.2 *Monte* à = Ed. F = *Monte* **6 *Cieux*** = Ed. F = *Cein* **25 gainst** = F2. F = against **49 gimmaled** = Ed. F = Iymold **50 chewed** *spelled* chaw’d *in* F **60 guidon** = Ed. F = Guard: on

.3.12 Farewell…**today** *printed after line* **14** *in* F **13 And**…**valour** *assigned to Bedford in* F **50 And**…**day**.’ = Q. *Not in* F **133 vanguard** = F *(spelled* Vaward*)*

.4.11 *miséricorde* = F2. F = *miserecordie pitié* = F2. F = *pitez* **32 *à*** *cette heure* = Ed. F = *asture* **47 *j’ai*** *tombé* = Ed. F = *Ie intombe* **54 *Suivez-vous*** = Ed. F = *Saaue vous*

.5.3 *Mort* *de* = Q. F = *Mor Dieu* **16 by** a = Q. F = a

ct 4 Scene 7 = Ed. F = *Actus Quartus* **61 our** = Ed. F = with **95 God** = Q. F = Good

.8.99 we = Ed. F = me

.0.1 SH CHORUS = Ed. *Not in* F

.1.52 begun = Ed. F = began **58 hussy** = F (huswife) **67 swear** = Q. F = swore

.2.12 England = F2. F = Ireland **21 SH KING HENRY V** = Ed. F = *Eng*. or *England* in lines 21, 68, 76, 84, 96 **45 fumitory** *spelled* Femetary in F **78 cursitory** = Ed. F = curselarie **108 vat** = Ed. F = wat **123 vell** = Ed. F = well **201 sall** = Ed. F = shall **212 *baiser*** = Ed. F = buisse **254 hath** never = Ed. F = hath **262 then** in F2. F = in **291 paction** = Ed. F = Pation

pilogue SH CHORUS = Ed. *Not in* F

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* Pistol is married to Nell Quickly, but says in Act 5 that “my Doll is dead i’th’spital / Of malady of France”: this is one of the numerous cruxes where Shakespeare or the printer may have muddled a name or where there may be purposeful dramatic play. The sense of loss suggests that he is talking about his wife, but death by way of sexually transmitted disease (the French malady) is much likelier for the whore Doll Tearsheet than the hostess Quickly, and has already been prepared for by Pistol’s lines in Act 2 Scene 1 about Doll in “the powdering-tub of infamy.” Either way, the point is to make Pistol into the last survivor of the Eastcheap cronies.

Prologue

1 **muse** source of inspiration (originally, one of nine classical goddesses inspiring learning and the arts)

2 **invention** imagination, creativity/rhetorical term for the discovery of topics

4 **swelling** growing/magnificent

5 **warlike** skilled in warfare/like war (or **Mars**) itself **like himself** in a manner befitting his status as a kingly warrior

6 **port** bearing, stance **Mars** Roman god of war

8 **gentles** ladies and gentlemen

9 **flat unraisèd** dull, lifeless, dormant **spirits** i.e., the actors and playwright (plays on the idea of supernatural spirits that may be raised by incantation)

10 **scaffold** stage

11 **cockpit** circular arena (literally, ring used for cockfighting—much smaller than a theater)

12 **vasty** vast

13 **wooden O** i.e., the circular, timber-built theater (wooden plays on the sense of “dull, lifeless”) **casques** helmets

14 **affright** frighten **Agincourt** English forces defeated the French at the battle of Agincourt (northern France) on October 25, 1415

15 **crooked…million** i.e., a zero added to 100,000 increases the number to 1,000,000 **crooked** rounded; perhaps with connotations of “deceptive, crafty” **figure** may play on the sense of “person, actor”

17 **ciphers** zeros/nonentities/symbols, visual representations **accompt** account, total/story

18 **imaginary** imaginative

19 **Suppose** imagine **girdle** circumference

20 **monarchies** i.e., England and France

21 **uprearèd** raised up, erected, reared up **abutting** neighboring, adjoining (perhaps with a suggestion of fighting animals butting one another) **fronts** cliffs of Dover and Calais/frontiers/foreheads

22 **narrow ocean** i.e., the English Channel

23 **Piece out** supplement

25 **puissance** power

28 **deck** adorn, equip

31 **for…supply** for the purposes of which

Act 1 Scene 1

1.1 ***Location:*** *the royal court, London*

1 **self** same **urged** put forward

2 **last king's** i.e., Henry IV's

3 **like** likely (to have been passed)

4 **scambling** quarrelsome, scuffling

5 **question** consideration

9 **temporal** secular, not belonging to the Church

10 **by testament** in their wills

12 **maintain** stand the cost of

14 **esquires** one ranking just below a knight

15 **lazars** lepers

16 **indigent** needy, poor **corporal toil** physical work

18 **coffers** money chests, i.e., treasury **beside** in addition

19 **bill** (proposed) parliamentary act/total owed

20 **drink deep** i.e., swallow much of their wealth

23 **grace** honor/virtue/divine grace/goodwill **fair regard** consideration, respect/is well respected

25 **courses** actions, behavior

27 **mortified** killed/subdued by self-denial

29 **Consideration** meditation, self-reflection

30 **th'offending Adam** i.e., original sin, the result of the biblical Adam and Eve's disobedience of God

31 **paradise** i.e., place of innocence, like Eden before Adam and Eve sinned

32 **spirits** traits of character (perhaps plays on the sense of "supernatural celestial beings")

35 **heady currance** strong current **scouring** cleaning away

36 **Hydra-headed** in Greek mythology, the Hydra was a monster who grew two new heads for every one that was cut off

37 **seat** throne/position

44 **all in all** entirely, exclusively

45 **List** listen to

46 **rendered…music** i.e., described eloquently

47 **cause of policy** political issue, explanation of statecraft

48 **Gordian knot** proverbially too intricate to undo (a prophecy decreed that whoever could untie the knot would rule Asia; Alexander the Great cut it with his sword)

49 **Familiar…garter** as easily as his garter (band tied around leg to keep up hosiery)

50 **chartered** privileged, licensed **libertine** free spirit

53 **practic** practical

54 **Must…theoric** must have taught him how to theorize

55 **glean** have learned

56 **courses vain** idle, worthless behavior

57 **companies** companions **unlettered** illiterate, ignorant **rude** rough, coarse, uncivilized

58 **riots** debauched, disorderly behavior, revelry

59 **noted** was seen

60 **sequestration** retreat into privacy

61 **open** public **popularity** associating with the public, low company

65 **obscured** disguised, hid **contemplation** meditation, thought

68 **crescive…faculty** growing, in accordance with its natural function

70 **needs** necessarily **means** natural cause

73 **mitigation** reducing (the severity of)

74 **commons** the House of Commons, parliament

75 **Incline to** favor

77 **upon** toward

78 **th'exhibitors against us** i.e., those who are putting forward the bill

80 **Upon** on behalf of **convocation** assembly, gathering

81 **causes** matters, legal issues

82 **opened** disclosed, explained **at large** in full

83 **touching** concerning

84 **Than…withal** than the clergy ever gave to any previous monarch withal with

89 **fain** gladly

90 **severals** particulars **unhidden passages** clear, undisputed lines of inheritance

93 **Edward** i.e., Edward III

99 **embassy** message

Act 1 Scene 2

1	**gracious**	holy, filled with divine grace
2	**presence**	the royal presence
5	**cousin**	term of address used by members of the nobility
	resolved	satisfied, decided about
7	**task**	occupy
9	**become**	grace, honor
12	**justly**	precisely/in a legal sense
	unfold	reveal, explain
13	**law Salic**	a law preventing inheritance through the female line
14	**Or**	either
	bar	prevent, obstruct
16	**fashion…bow**	shape, twist, or bend
	reading	interpretation
17	**nicely charge**	burden through ingenious subtlety
18	**opening titles miscreate**	expounding false claims
19	**Suits…colours**	i.e., does not match
21	**drop their blood**	i.e., be injured or die
	approbation	putting to the test
23	**how…person**	i.e., what you commit me to
25	**charge**	command
28	**complaint**	lament
29	**wrongs**	grievances/wrongdoings
31	**conjuration**	solemn appeal
32	**note**	pay attention
39	**Pharamond**	legendary French king
42	**gloss**	define
47	**floods**	rivers
	Sala and of Elbe	rivers in Germany (Sala is now Saale)
48	**Charles the Great**	Charlemagne, Holy Roman Emperor and eighth-century French king
51	**dishonest manners**	unchaste behavior
52	**to wit**	that is to say
53	**inheritrix**	heiress
54	**’twixt**	between
60	**defunction**	death
61	**Idly**	foolishly
62	**within…redemption**	i.e., AD
64	**seat**	settle, establish
66	**Besides**	in addition

68 **heir general** legitimate heir (claiming through male or female lines)

73 **Charles the Great** Charlemagne

74 **find** supply, refine

76 **Conveyed himself** pretended to be

77 **Charlemagne** Charles II, rather than the Charlemagne mentioned earlier

79 **King…Tenth** an error for Louis IX, thirteenth-century King of France; the slip appears in Holinshed’s *Chronicles*, Shakespeare’s source here

81 **quiet** peace of mind

84 **lineal** a direct descendant

90 **satisfaction** i.e., of his lineage

91 **hold in** rely on, derive from

93 **Howbeit** however **would** wish to

95 **net** i.e., tangle of contradictory legalities/network of lineal justifications (rather than a direct line)/possibly refers to the proverbial “you dance in a net and think nobody sees you”—i.e., try to conceal what is obvious

96 **amply** openly **imbar** bar claim to/make bare, reveal **crooked** false/indirect

97 **progenitors** ancestors

99 **The…head** i.e., if the claim is false, the moral blame will lie with Canterbury **dread** revered

100 **book…daughter** a reference to Numbers 27:8

103 **Stand for** defend/uphold

105 **great-grandsire** i.e., Edward III

106 **From…claim** i.e., as whose ancestor you make this claim; Edward was descended through his mother from the French king Philip IV

107 **Edward…France** the English defeated France at the battle of Crécy, 1346; Edward III had given command of his armies to his eldest son, the Black Prince

111 **lion’s whelp** cub

112 **Forage** plunder/eat greedily

113 **entertain** engage, meet with

116 **for** through lack of

117 **valiant dead** i.e., Henry’s ancestors

118 **puissant** powerful

120 **renownèd** made famous

126 **former…blood** i.e., kingly ancestors; the lion is the symbol of kingship, and appears on the royal coat of arms

130 **Whose…England** i.e., who are already imagining themselves in France

131 **pavilioned** in military tents

133 **right** i.e., rightful claim to the French throne

134 **spiritualty** clergy

139 **lay…proportions** allocate troops

140 **make road** invade

141 **advantages** opportunities

142 **marches** northern border regions

144 **borderers** i.e., the Scottish

145 **coursing snatchers** swift-riding raiders (from hare-coursing with greyhounds; the “snatch” was the act of capture)

146 **intendment** intention

147 **giddy** wild, unstable

150 **unfurnished** unprotected

151 **breach** hole, gap (in this instance in a sea wall)

152 **brim** i.e., total

153 **Galling** vexing, wounding **gleanèd** stripped (of defenders) **hot** fast/hot-tempered **assays** attacks

154 **Girding** surrounding

156 **th’ill neighbourhood** poor neighborliness, hostility

157 **She** i.e., England

158 **hear…herself** i.e., listen to instructive examples from the past

159 **chivalry** knights, protectors

162 **stray** stray dog

163 **King…France** David II of Scotland was captured and imprisoned by English forces in 1346; Edward III was in France at the time but David was not, in fact, sent there

164 **fame** reputation

165 **their** i.e., Edward and England’s **chronicle** historical account

166 **ooze** mud

168 **ELY** spoken by Ely in Folio, but many editors reassign to WESTMORLAND, who speaks the corresponding lines in Shakespeare’s chronicle sources (would the Bishop contradict his superior, the archbishop?)

171 **in prey** out hunting

175 **’tame** attame, i.e., break into **havoc** destroy

177 **crushed** forced, distorted

179 **pretty** clever

181 **Th’advisèd** the sensible, prudent

182 **high…parts** divided into melodies of differing pitches **high…lower** i.e., of three different social groups

183 **consent** harmony

184 **Congreeing** coming together, agreeing **close** cadence

187 **divers** various, different

189 **aim** target **butt** archery target

193 **king** Aristotle’s belief that the queen bee was male remained influential

194 **correct** enforce order

196 **stings** bee stings/staffs used as weapons

197 **Make boot upon** plunder

198 **pillage** spoils, booty

200 **majesty** royal responsibilities

201 **masons** stonemasons, builders

202 **civil** civilized, orderly

203 **mechanic** engaged in manual labor

205 **sad-eyed justice** solemn judge **surly** stern **hum** “hmm”—noise signifying displeasure or deliberation/noise made by a bee

206 **executors** executioners

207 **drone** male bee whose sole function was to impregnate the queen; they died after mating or were cast out of the hive to die

208 **having…consent** working together for an agreed cause

209 **contrariously** in opposed ways

211 **mark** target ways roads

213 **close** converge, meet **dial’s** sundial’s

215 **borne** carried out

217 **happy** fortunate

219 **withal** with it **Gallia** Gaul, i.e., France

222 **worried** anxious, concerned/shaken in the jaws of a dog

223 **policy** statesmanship, strategy

224 **dauphin** title of the heir to the French throne

225 **well resolved** free from doubt/determined

227 **bend…awe** make it revere us

228 **Or** either

229 **large** great/generous/unrestrained **empery** sovereignty

233 **with full mouth** loudly, with mouth wide open

235 **Turkish mute** a Turkish slave, perhaps a castrated harem guard, who has had his tongue cut out to ensure secrecy

236 **waxen** i.e., quickly worn away and forgotten

237 **pleasure** wish, intention

241 **render** deliver **in charge** been ordered (to say)

242 **sparingly** with restraint and delicacy **far off** indirectly, more generally

245 **unto…subject** i.e., his temper is ruled by his Christian goodness

246 **fettered** chained

249 **in few** in brief

250 **sending into** i.e., sending an ambassador with his claims

254 **savour** smell, have a flavor

255 **advised** warned/informed

256 **galliard** lively dance

258 **meeter** more suitable

259 **tun** box, chest

264 **pleasant** merry, jocular

266 **rackets** tennis rackets/noisy assaults of war

268 **crown** royal crown/coin staked on a game of tennis, which gave its name to the final point scored in the game **hazard** danger/opening in the wall of a tennis court; a ball that entered it became unplayable so no point could be scored

269 **wrangler** quarrelsome opponent

270 **courts** tennis courts/royal court

271 **chaces** double bounces of the ball in tennis before it is returned, hence no points/hunts, pursuits

272 **comes o'er us** assumes superiority, taunts us

273 **measuring** judging

274 **seat** throne

275 **hence** i.e., away from the court

276 **licence** wild freedoms

278 **state** throne/dignity, kingship

279 **sail of greatness** fully unfurled power

280 **rouse me** raise or rear up

281 **For that** with that ultimate glory in mind

282 **like…days** i.e., like a common man

286 **mock** act of mockery

287 **balls** tennis balls (may also play on the sense of “testicles”) **gun-stones** cannon balls

288 **chargèd** burdened (plays on the sense of “loaded with ammunition”) **wasteful** damaging

292 **ungotten** not yet conceived

297 **venge me** revenge myself

298 **well-hallowed** holy, much blessed

305 **omit…hour** do not neglect any favorable opportunity

306 **furth’rance** help

308 **to** for

309 **proportions** military resources

312 **God before** with God on our side

313 **chide** rebuke, punish

314 **task** employ

315 **fair** honorable/favored/lawful **on…brought** get underway ***Flourish*** trumpet fanfare accompanying a person in authority

Act 2

1 **on fire** i.e., burning to fight

2 **silken dalliance** fine clothes/idle pastimes

6 **mirror** i.e., model, example

7 **wingèd…Mercuries** i.e., swiftly, like Mercury, messenger of the Roman god Jove; he wore winged sandals

9 **hilts** crosspiece by the handle

10 **coronets** small crowns, worn by some members of the nobility

12 **intelligence** information obtained by spying

13 **preparation** equipped military force

14 **pale** fearful, cowardly, ineffective **policy** stratagems, intrigue

16 **model to** replica of

18 **What** i.e., what great things **would** i.e., would have

19 **thy children** i.e., Englishmen **kind** honorable/full of natural family affection

21 **hollow** empty/false **bosoms** hearts/clothing covering the breast, in which a purse could be concealed

22 **crowns** gold coins

26 **gilt** gold

27 **fearful** frightened

28 **this…kings** i.e., Henry V

30 **Ere** before **Southampton** port on the south coast of England

31 **digest** breakdown/set in order

32 **Th'abuse of distance** i.e., the violation of the theatrical unity of place as the action moves to Southampton **force** cram full

38 **charming** casting a spell over

39 **pass** passage

40 **offend one stomach** offend good taste/make anyone seasick

41 **till…then** i.e., this accounts for the fact that the following scene takes place in London

Act 2 Scene 1

2.1 ***Location:*** *in London, but unspecified, probably a street* *Nym* means “thief” or “to thieve”

2 **morrow** morning

3 **Ancient** ensign, i.e., soldier responsible for carrying military banners

Pistol pronounced “pizzle,” generating a pun on the sense of “penis”

4 **part** possible sexual quibble on the sense of “penis” **time…serve** i.e., opportunity arises

5 **wink** close both eyes

6 **iron** sword (perhaps with phallic connotations) **what though** what of it

7 **there’s an end** i.e., that’s that (end may play on the sense of “penis”)

8 **bestow** give **sworn brothers** avowedly loyal brothers-in-arms

10 **certain** certainty, fact

11 **rest** last resolve (term from card-playing referring to the final, reserved stake) **rendezvous** last resort, refuge

13 **troth-plight** engaged, betrothed (a much more binding contract than it is now)

14 **cannot tell** do not know

16 **though…plod** plod on, wait her turn; Nym may hint at eventual revenge on Pistol

19 **host** innkeeper (Pistol picks up on the sense of “pimp”)

20 **tike** dog, mongrel

21 **keep lodgers** rent out rooms/run a brothel

22 **troth** faith

23 **love…needles** make a respectable living from taking in sewing (but prick plays on the senses of “penis/sexual penetration” and needles on “vaginas”)

24 **bawdy house** brothel **straight** straight away **well-a-day** exclamation of dismay ***draw*** i.e., draw their swords **lady** i.e., by Our Lady (the Virgin Mary)

25 **drawn** refers to his sword being out/his penis being erect

26 **offer** start, attempt

27 **Pish**! exclamation of contempt, disgust

28 **Iceland dog** species of lap dog with an abundance of long, rough hair (being a lap dog may generate sexual connotations: one that burrows into

ladies' laps) **prick-eared** pointy-eared/with an eagerly erect penis/having cuckold's horns (men with unfaithful wives were popularly supposed to grow horns) **cur** dog

29 **valour** honor/courage **put up** sheathe, put away

30 **shog off** go away **solus** alone

31 **egregious** outrageous

34 **maw** throat/stomach **perdy** i.e., par *dieu*, French for "by God"

36 **retort** return **bowels** intestines, guts

37 **take** catch fire/have sex **cock is up** pistol is cocked, ready to fire/penis is erect

38 **fire** the retort of the gun/the burning effects of venereal disease

39 **Barbason** name of a demon **conjure** summon/control **humour** inclination, mood (governed by one of the four "humors," or bodily fluids believed to influence health and disposition)

40 **indifferently** fairly **foul** insulting, foul-mouthed/dirty from firing/syphilitic ("the foul disease") **scour** clean (a gun) with a scouring-rod/stab/have sex

41 **rapier** light sword used for fencing **fair terms** plain language/justly, legitimately/terms that are not foul, like Pistol's **prick** stab (with sexual connotations)

43 **braggart** boaster **wight** person

45 **exhale** i.e., draw your sword

46 **run…hilts** i.e., plunge my sword all the way into him

48 **mickle** much

49 **fist** hand **fore-foot** hand, paw

50 **tall** bold, valiant

52 **'Couple a gorge!'** i.e., *Couper la gorge*!—French for "Cut the throat!"

54 **hound of Crete** hairy dog

55 **spital** hospital

56 **powd'ring tub** sweating tub for the treatment of venereal disease **infamy** bad reputation

57 **lazar** leprous **kite** bird of prey/prostitute **Cressid's** in classical legend, Cressida was the unfaithful lover of Troilus; in Robert Henryson's *Testament of Cressid* she gets leprosy

58 **Doll Tearsheet** Doll was a common name for a prostitute; Tearsheet is similarly suggestive, evoking vigorous sexual activity sufficient to tear the

bedsheets **espouse** marry

59 **have…hold** familiar phrase from the marriage service **quondam** former (her name has changed through marriage)

60 **only she** i.e., unequaled female ***pauca*** “few” (Latin), i.e., few words

62 **my master** i.e., Falstaff, companion of Henry’s wild youth (see *1* and *2 Henry* IV)

63 **put…warming-pan** i.e., because his face is fiery red from drinking warming-pan flat, closed dish used to hold hot coals for warming pan

66 **yield…pudding** i.e., die (proverbial, referring to providing the crow with dead flesh to eat)

67 **king…heart** on coming to the throne, Henry rejected Falstaff and his former wild companions (see *2 Henry IV*, Act 5 Scene 5) **presently** immediately/soon

72 **Base** poor, low (in spirit/in money)

74 **manhood shall compound** i.e., valor will decide (in a fight)

77 **Sword…oath** plays on “ ’s word”—i.e., “by God’s word,” a common oath

78 **an** if

79 **put up** sheathe (your sword)

80 **noble** gold coin worth six shillings and eightpence

83 **Nym** may play on the meaning of the name: “thieving”

84 **just** honorable/true **sutler** seller of provisions

85 **camp** military camp

88 **justly** exactly/fairly

90 **come of** were born of (may play on “come off”—i.e., dismount after sex)

91 **quotidian tertian** types of fever, a quotidian afflicting the patient daily, a tertian every third day; illness that combined fevers was deemed almost certainly fatal

93 **run bad humours** i.e., vented his bad temper/caused Falstaff’s misery and illness **even of it** i.e., the truth of the matter

95 **fracted** broken **corroborate** strengthened; Pistol presumably errs, meaning the opposite

96 **passes** lets pass, indulges in **humours** inclinations, whims

97 **careers** short gallops at full speed—i.e., sudden impulses

98 **condole** comfort, sympathize with **live** i.e., outlive Falstaff

Act 2 Scene 2

2.2 ***Location:*** *Southampton (a port on the south coast of England*)

1 **bold** daring/overconfident

2 **apprehended** arrested

3 **smooth** in a pleasant, plausible manner **even** steadily **bear** present, conduct

6 **hath note** is informed aware

7 **interception** i.e., intercepting their messages

8 **bedfellow** i.e., close companion

9 **dulled** dulled the appetite of cloyed overfilled and sickened

10 **a foreign purse** i.e., French money

14 **gentle** noble

15 **powers** troops

17 **execution** action/killing

18 **in head** as an army

22 **grows…consent** is not in total agreement, sympathy

24 **attend on** wait upon

25 **feared** revered, viewed with awe

27 **heart-grief** discontent, unhappiness

30 **steeped…honey** soaked their bitterness in honey

31 **create** created

33 **And…merit** i.e., I am more likely to forget how to use my own hand than to forget to repay what is due to people **office** use, proper function quittance repayment

35 **weight and worthiness** due proportion and worth (of the deserving deeds)

36 **steelèd** hardened, steely

39 **judge** think

40 **Enlarge** release **committed** imprisoned

41 **railed** ranted, spoke abusively

43 **more advice** thinking better of it (in sobriety)

44 **security** complacency, overconfidence

46 **his sufferance** i.e., your pardoning him

51 **correction** punishment

53 **orisons** pleas, prayers

54 **on distemper** from mental ill-health (in this case, drunkenness)

55 **winked at** i.e., ignored **how…eye** how wide must we open our eyes

56 **capital** punishable by death **chewed…digested** i.e., carefully planned and organized

58 **dear** worthy, tender (puns on the sense of “dire, grievous”)

61 **late commissioners** officials recently appointed to act for the king in his absence

72 **lose…complexion** grow so pale

74 **paper** i.e., white/easily read

76 **Out of appearance** away from sight/out of your faces

80 **quick** alive/prompt

83 **reasons** i.e., the arguments you made about showing no mercy

84 **worrying** biting at

87 **accord** agree

88 **furnish** provide **appertinents…honour** things appropriate for his dignified position

90 **light** of little value/immoral **lightly** readily, easily

91 **practices** plots

93 **This knight** i.e., Grey **bounty** (kingly) generosity

97 **counsels** secrets

99 **coined…gold** i.e., used me to make as much gold as you liked

100 **practised on** worked on, deceived **use** profit

103 **annoy** harm

104 **off as gross** out as plainly

107 **yoke-devils** devils yoked together in evil

108 **grossly** blatantly **natural** i.e., natural to evil creatures

109 **whoop** exclaim

110 **proportion** natural order

111 **wait on** serve

113 **wrought** worked **preposterously** unnaturally

114 **voice** vote

115 **suggest** tempt **treasons** suggesting treasonous acts

116 **botch…up** clumsily patch

117 **patches** pieces of material/fools/rogues **colours** outward appearances/excuses, pretexts/military flags denoting allegiance **forms** outward behavior

118 **glist'ring** shining, glittering

119 **tempered** shaped/made resolved (as a sword is hardened) **stand up** make a stand, rebel

120 **instance** motive, evidence

121 **dub** invest, knight

122 **gulled** tricked

123 **lion gait** alludes to 1 Peter 5:8: "Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour"

124 **vasty Tartar** vast hell (Tartarus is hell in classical mythology)

125 **legions** multitudes of devils

126 **easy** easily

127 **jealousy** suspicion

128 **affiance** trust **Show** appear

132 **spare** frugal, abstemious

133 **gross passion** powerful feeling, coarse emotion

134 **Constant in spirit** steadfast in disposition **blood** passions

135 **complement** qualities, accomplishments/outward appearance

136 **working…ear** i.e., without observing and listening together

137 **purged** purified, refined

138 **bolted** sifted

140 **full-fraught** fully laden (with virtues) **indued** endowed

143 **another…man** i.e., the disobedience of the biblical Adam and Eve **open** obvious/revealed

144 **to…of** i.e., so that they will be answerable to the law

145 **practices** sinful plots, treacheries

146 **by…of** you who go by the name of

150 **discovered** revealed

156 **what I intended** Cambridge's main intention was to make Edmund Mortimer king

158 **sufferance** patience/suffering

165 **quit** acquit, pardon

167 **enemy proclaimed** i.e., France, an officially designated enemy of the state

168 **earnest** advance payment

172 **desolation** ruin, destruction

173 **Touching our person** with regard to myself
174 **tender** hold dear, value
180 **dear** dire/costly
182 **to…glorious** as glorious to you as to me
183 **fair** favored/honorable/just **lucky** successful, fortunate
187 **rub** obstacle (bowling term)
189 **puissance** power
190 **straight in expedition** straight away to speedy action
191 **Cheerly** heartily, cheerfully **advance** move forward/raise banners

Act 2 Scene 3

2.3 ***Location:*** *in London, but unspecified, probably a street*

1 **bring** accompany **Staines** town seventeen miles west of London, on the way to Southampton

2 **yearn** grieve

3 **blithe** merry **rouse…veins** raise your lively spirits/drum up some courage **vaunting** boasting

4 **bristle** arouse, cause to stand on end

5 **earn** make money/grieve

7 **Arthur's bosom** malapropism for "Abraham's bosom," i.e., heaven

8 **A** he **a finer end** as fine a death as there could be **an** as if

9 **christom** innocent, newly christened—literally, a child that died within a month of birth **e'en** just

10 **flowers** used to keep the sickroom sweet-smelling

11 **upon…end** at his own fingers

12 **pen** quill pen (i.e., white, cold, and pointed) **table…fields** perhaps alluding to the fields on a green gaming (backgammon) table; also biblical in tone ("he maketh me to lie down in green pastures," Psalm 23:2); many editors emend to "and a babbled/talked of green fields"

15 **clothes** bedclothes, blankets

17 **all…stone** plays on senses of "penis" ("awl") and "testicle"

19 **of** against **sack** Spanish white wine

23 **incarnate** in human form

24 **carnation** shade of red

25 **about** concerning, because of

26 **handle** discuss/touch, feel

27 **rheumatic** feverish/malapropism for "lunatic" (plays on "Rome-atic," thus anticipating the whore of Babylon) **whore of Babylon** a popular image for the Roman Catholic Church

28 **stick upon** cling to/pierce, bite

29 **burning** i.e., as Bardolph's nose is fiery red from drink

30 **the fuel** i.e., alcohol, supplied by Falstaff

32 **shog** be gone

34 **chattels…movables** movable possessions

35 **Let senses rule** i.e., be sensible, keep your wits about you **world…pay’** i.e., in this world it’s “cash down, no credit” (proverbial)

37 **oaths** promises (to pay) **straws** i.e., worthless **wafer-cakes** thin, lightweight cakes

38 **hold-fast…dog** “Brag is a good dog, but Holdfast is a better” (proverbial); a brag is a large nail, a hold-fast a clamp or bolt and a dog a vice or clamp

39 ***Caveto*** “beware” (Latin)

40 **clear thy crystals** wipe your eyes **Yoke-fellows** comrades

41 **horse-leeches** large leeches

47 **housewifery** careful housekeeping **close** indoors/reticent/chaste

Act 2 Scene 4

2.4 ***Location:*** *the French royal court, at Rouen, northern France* *French King* i.e., Charles VI ***Constable*** title of the commander-in-chief of the French army
2 **more…defences** i.e., it is vitally important that we put up strong defenses
6 **dispatch** haste
7 **line** reinforce
8 **defendant** defensive
9 **approaches** attacks
10 **gulf** whirlpool
11 **fits us** is appropriate **provident** forward-thinking
12 **late examples** i.e., former French defeats, such as Crécy (1346) and Poitiers (1356)
13 **neglected** underestimated by the French
15 **redoubted** revered
16 **meet** right, fit
18 **Though** even if
19 **musters** lists or recruitment of soldiers
26 **Whitsun morris-dance** folk dance, traditionally held at Whitsun (the seventh Sunday after Easter)
27 **idly** frivolously, uselessly **kinged** ruled (by Henry)
28 **sceptre** staff carried as a symbol of sovereignty/baton carried by the fool of a morris troupe, or possibly scepter carried by the mock figure of a king that the troupe used **fantastically** fancifully, bizarrely
29 **humorous** capricious, whimsical
30 **attends** accompanies, waits on
33 **late** recent
34 **state** dignity/ceremony/demeanor
36 **modest** moderate, mild **exception** i.e., taking exception, objecting **withal** in addition
37 **terrible** frightening, inspiring dread
38 **forespent** previous used up
39 **Roman…folly** Lucius Junius Brutus feigned stupidity to dupe and expel Tarquinius Superbus, King of Rome
41 **ordure** manure

44 **though** even if

45 **weigh** judge, estimate

47 **So…filled** so that the defenses will be on an adequate scale

48 **of…projection** if planned in too miserly a fashion

49 **scanting** witholding

51 **Think we** let us think

52 **look you** be prepared, make sure you

53 **fleshed** hunting term referring to feeding hounds raw meat to excite them for the chase

54 **bloody strain** bloodthirsty breed

55 **haunted** pursued **familiar** habitual/familial

57 **struck** fought/stricken

60 **mountain** i.e., ascendant/immovable, sturdy; may also refer to Edward’s birth in mountainous Wales **sire** father

62 **seed** offspring

63 **Mangle** wound, hack at

64 **patterns** exemplary models

65 **This** i.e., Henry

67 **native** inborn **fate** destiny

70 **present** immediate

71 **chase…followed** hunt is urgently pursued

72 **Turn head** turn and face your pursuers (hunting term)

73 **spend their mouths** bark, cry

75 **Take…short** take quick and decisive action toward the English

78 **self-neglecting** a lack of self-respect

81 **wills** urges, demands

82 **divest** undress **apart** aside

83 **borrowed glories** i.e., the glories of kingship that are not rightfully his

84 **longs** appertains

86 **wide-stretchèd** far-reaching

87 **ordinance of times** law established through long tradition

89 **sinister** irregular, unjust, deceitful **awkward** oblique

90 **worm-holes** decay, incomplete remains

92 **line** family tree

95 **evenly derived** directly descended

98 **indirectly** dishonestly, wrongfully

99 **native** natural/rightful by birth

101 **Bloody constraint** violent force, military compulsion

104 **Jove** ruler of the Roman gods, whose weapon was a thunderbolt

105 **requiring** demanding

106 **bowels** inmost mercy

109 **on…Turning** places responsibility with you for

122 **slight** disdainful

123 **misbecome** be unbecoming to

124 **prize you at** consider you worth

125 **an if** if

126 **At large** in full

129 **womby** womblike, hollow **vaultages** vaults, caverns

131 **second accent** echo **ordinance** artillery (ordnance)/decree

132 **fair return** an agreeable reply

134 **odds** conflict

137 **Louvre** palace in Paris/puns on “lover”

138 **mistress-court** principal court/mistress, lover

141 **greener days** i.e., his wild youth

142 **masters** possesses/rules **weighs…grain** i.e., makes careful use of his time

143 **read** see, learn

148 **footed** present, disembarked

150 **breath** breathing space, break

Act 3

1 **with imagined wing** i.e., the wings of imagination

2 **celerity** speed

4 **well-appointed** well-equipped **Dover** port on the south coast of England: Shakespeare seems to have forgotten that he had previously specified Southampton

5 **his royalty** his royal person, himself **brave** bold/impressive, splendid

6 **streamers** banners, pennants **the…fanning** fanning the hot face of the sun (Phoebus, Roman god of the sun)

7 **Play with** indulge, exercise **fancies** imaginations

8 **hempen tackle** rigging made from hemp

9 **whistle** i.e., that of the ship's chief officer **order** command/harmony

10 **threaden** made of linen thread

12 **Draw** move, drag (perhaps with play on the sense of "create, represent") **bottoms** i.e., ships (literally hulls or keels)

13 **lofty surge** high, swelling waves

14 **rivage** shore

15 **inconstant billows** shifting waves

17 **Harfleur** French port at the mouth of the River Seine

18 **Grapple** fasten (nautical term; grappling hooks were used to attach one ship to another) **sternage** the sterns of ships

21 **pith** strength

22 **whose…hair** i.e., who has only just reached the early manhood (when stubble appears)

24 **culled** chosen **choice-drawn** specially selected **cavaliers** military gentlemen

25 **Work** be industrious/create, fashion

26 **ordnance** cannons **carriages** wheeled frames that cannons are mounted on

27 **girded** besieged, surrounded

28 **Suppose** imagine

32 **likes not** displeases

33 **linstock** stick for holding the gunner's lighted match ***Alarum*** a call to arms by trumpets or drums ***chambers*** small cannons

35 **eke out** supplement

Act 3 Scene 1

3.1 ***Location:*** *Harfleur, northern France* *scaling-ladders* used by soldiers to climb defensive fortifications

1 **breach** gap in defensive fortifications

7 **the blood** i.e., heat, courage and ferocity

8 **hard-favoured** ugly

9 **lend** give **terrible** terrifying **aspect** appearance, gaze

10 **portage** porthole

11 **o'erwhelm** overhang, project over

12 **fearfully** frighteningly **gallèd** battered

13 **jutty** jut out over **confounded** ruined

14 **Swilled** washed **wasteful** destructive

15 **set the teeth** i.e., bare/grit your teeth

16 **bend up** strain (from archery: to bring tension to the string of a bow)

18 **fet** derived **of war-proof** tested and proved in war

19 **Alexanders** i.e., Alexander the Great who lamented that he had no more worlds to conquer

21 **sheathed…argument** only stopped fighting because there was no opposition left

22 **Dishonour…mothers** i.e., by suggesting that they were unfaithful to your fathers

23 **beget** conceive

24 **copy** an example **grosser** lesser, coarser

25 **yeoman** man of property who is not a gentleman

27 **mettle** quality **your pasture** the land you were raised on, i.e., your breeding

29 **so…base** of such low social status

31 **slips** leashes designed for quick release

32 **upon the start** in anticipation of release

33 **charge** order/report of the cannon

34 **Harry** i.e., Henry **Saint George** patron saint of England ***chambers*** pieces of artillery, such as cannon

Act 3 Scene 2

2 **knocks** hard blows

3 **case** box/set, pair (of pistols) **plainsong** i.e., truth (literally, simple melody)

5 **humours** dampness, mist/emotions/bodily fluids, especially blood

6 **vassals** servants

10 **fame** reputation, honor

13 **prevail** succeed

14 **My…me** i.e., I would get what I want

15 **hie** hurry

17 **truly** honorably/in tune **Fluellen** anglicized spelling of Llewellyn

19 **Avaunt** begone **cullions** rascals/testicles

20 **duke** captain, leader **mould** clay (perhaps with play on the sense of “decay, rottenness”)

23 **bawcock** fine fellow (from French *beau coq*) **lenity** mildness **chuck** chick

24 **Your…humours** perhaps “you are making everyone unhappy, distempered”; many editors emend “wins” to “runs”

25 **swashers** swashbucklers, boasters **boy** servant/youth

26 **man** manservant/manly

27 **antics** buffoons **white-livered** i.e., cowardly (the liver was thought to be the seat of the passions)

28 **a faces** he brazens, blusters

29 **breaks words** exchanges words/breaks promises/mangles vocabulary (puns on “break swords,” which Pistol fails to do)

30 **whole** i.e., unused

34 **purchase** plunder, booty

35 **twelve leagues** approximately thirty-six miles (a league was about three miles)

36 **sworn brothers** brothers-in-arms **filching** stealing **Calais** port on the northern coast of France, occupied by the English 1347–1558 **fire-shovel** shovel for placing coals on the fire

37 **piece of service** military exploit **carry coals** show cowardice/submit to insults/do degrading work **familiar…pockets** i.e., by picking them

39 **manhood** manliness

40 **pocketing…wrongs** pocketing stolen goods/accepting insults

41 **goes…stomach** makes me sick/goes against my valor **cast it up** give it up/vomit it up

42 **presently** at once **mines** tunnels dug under besieged places and packed with explosives

45 **not** i.e., not constructed **disciplines** proper procedures **concavities** hollowness, depth

46 **th'athversary** the adversary; Shakespeare attempts to render his Welsh accent phonetically **discuss** explain, declare

47 **is digt** has digged **countermines** passages dug by the besieged defenders as a means of trying to intercept enemies **Chesu** Jesus (suggesting Welsh pronunciation)

48 **plow up** blowup **directions** instructions, plans

49 **order** control, organization

53 **in** any in **in his beard** i.e., to his face

55 **Roman disciplines** i.e., traditional military tactics, not so heavily reliant on gunpowder

57 **falorous** i.e., valorous

58 **expedition** quickness of argument; possibly an error for “experience” and “erudition”

62 **gud** i.e., good; Jamy’s Scottish accent is also rendered phonetically

63 **God-den** good day/evening

64 **pioneers** soldiers employed to dig trenches and tunnels

65 **given o’er** finished

66 **la** exclamation used as a substitute for an oath **tish** ’tis, i.e., it is (MacMorris’s Irish pronunciation)

68 **give over** abandoned, given up

70 **voutsafe** vouchsafe, i.e., permit

71 **disputations** conversations

76 **sall** shall **feith** faith **bath** both **quit** requite, answer **good leve** your good leave, i.e., permission

77 **pick occasion** find the opportunity **marry** by the Virgin Mary

80 **beseeched** besieged **be** by

81 **sa’** save

84 **mess** mass (a common oath) **ere** before

85 **lig** lie

86 **suerly** surely **breff…long** i.e., the long and the short of it breff brief **wad** would **full fain** very gladly

87 **heard** have heard **question** discussion, debate **tway** two (Scottish dialect)

88 **under your correction** i.e., with your permission

90 **Ish…rascal** either MacMorris declares that anyone who criticizes the Irish is a villain, etc., or he anticipates the habitual terms of abuse leveled at the Irish

93 **peradventure** perhaps **use** treat

94 **discretion** good judgment

99 **will** are going to/are determined to

100 ***parley*** trumpet call indicating a ceasefire whilst negotiation is to take place between the opposing sides

102 **required** asked for, i.e., available

Act 3 Scene 3

3.3 ***Location:*** *still outside Harfleur* *gates* town gates

1 **resolves** answers, determines

2 **latest** last **parle** ceasefire and negotiation **admit** allow, grant

4 **destruction** their own ruin

6 **becomes** fits, suits

7 **batt'ry** bombardment

8 **half-achieved** half-conquered

11 **fleshed** used to war/eager for bloodshed

12 **liberty…range** shall be allowed total freedom to kill

14 **flow'ring** flourishing

15 **impious** sinful, wicked

16 **prince of fiends** i.e., the devil

17 **smirched** discolored, filthy **fell** cruel, fierce

18 **Enlinked** joined, linked

21 **hot** lustful/eager/aggressive **violation** violence/rape

22 **rein** puns on "reign" **hold** contain, restrain

23 **career** rapid gallop

24 **bootless** uselessly **spend** waste **vain** useless

25 **spoil** act of pillaging/booty

26 **precepts** legal summons/moral instructions **leviathan** biblical sea creature of enormous size

28 **of** on

30 **temperate** moderate, restrained

31 **O'erblows** blows away **contagious** noxious, infectious (clouds were thought to harbor disease)

32 **heady** impulsive, violent **spoil** pillaging

33 **look** expect

35 **locks** hair/guarded chastity

38 **spitted** impaled **pikes** weapons with long wooden handles and pointed metal heads

39 **confused** disordered/mingled together

40 **Jewry** Judaea (region in southern Palestine, now Israel)/the Jewish people

41 **Herod’s bloody-hunting slaughtermen** in an attempt to destroy the infant Jesus, King Herod ordered the slaughter of all boys under the age of two in Bethlehem and surrounding areas (Matthew 2:16–18)

43 **guilty in defence** i.e., guilty of bringing about this slaughter through persisting in trying to defend the town

44 **expectation** hopefulness

45 **succours** help/reinforcements

46 **Returns** replies to **powers** troops

47 **raise** put an end to

48 **soft** compassionate

49 **dispose** control, govern/make arrangements for

58 **addressed** prepared, directed

Act 3 Scene 4

3.4 ***Location:*** *not specified, but presumably the French royal court, at Rouen, northern France*

1 ***Alice…langage*** “Alice, you have been in England, and you speak the language well”

2 ***Un peu*, *madame*** “a little, my lady”

3 ***Je…anglais?*** “I pray you, teach me: I must learn to speak [it]. What do you call the hand in English?”

5 ***La…hand*** “The hand? It is called ‘de hand’ ” **de** mispronunciation of English “the”

6 ***De…doigts?*** “ ‘De hand.’ And the fingers?”

7 ***Les …fingres*** “The fingers? By my faith, I forget the fingers; but I will remember. The fingers? I think that they are called ‘de fingres.’ Yes, ‘de fingres’ ”

9 ***La…ongles?*** “The hand, ‘de hand’; the fingers, ‘de fingres.’ I think that I am a good pupil. I have learned two English words quickly. What do you call the nails?”

11 ***Les*…nails** “The nails? We call them ‘de nails’ ”

12 ***Écoutez…bien*** “Listen, tell me, if I speak well”

13 ***C’est…anglais*** “That’s well said, my lady. It is very good English”

14 ***Dites-moi…bras*** “Tell me the English for the arm”

15 **De arm, *madame*** “ ‘De arm,’ my lady”

16 ***Et le coude?*** “And the elbow?”

18 ***Je…prissent*** “I shall repeat all of the words that you have taught me so far”

20 ***Il…pense*** “It is too difficult, my lady, I think”

21 ***Excusez-moi*, *Alice*, *écoutez*** “Pardon me, Alice, listen”

22 **bilbow** type of sword/manacle for the ankles

24 ***O…col?*** “O Lord God, I am forgetting! ’D’elbow.’ What do you call the neck?”

26 **nick** puns on English slang sense of “vagina” ***Et le menton?*** “And the chin?”

28 **sin** given the slang sense of “nick,” “sin” takes on a sense of “sexual transgression”

29 ***Oui…d'Angleterre*** "Yes. Saving your honor, in truth, you pronounce the words as correctly as the natives of England"

31 ***Je…temps*** "I do not doubt that I shall learn [English], by the grace of God, and in a short space of time"

32 ***N'avez…enseignés?*** "Have you not already forgotten what I have taught you?"

33 ***Non…promptement*** "No, I will recite it to you promptly" mails possible pun on "males"

36 ***Sauf…* d'elbow** "Saving your honor, 'd'elbow' "

37 ***Ainsi…robe?*** "So I said, 'd'elbow, de nick' and 'de sin.' What do you call the foot and the gown?"

39 **foot** puns on French *foutre*, i.e., "fuck" coun "gown," puns on French con, i.e., "cunt"

40 ***O…ensemble*** "O Lord God! These are words with a wicked sound, corrupting, coarse, and lewd, and not for ladies of honor to use: I would not like to utter these words before the gentlemen of France for all the world. Fie! The 'foot' and the 'coun'! Nevertheless, I will recite my whole lesson once again"

45 **Excellent, madame!** "Excellent, my lady!"

46 ***C'est…dinner*** "That's enough for one time. Let us go to dinner."

Act 3 Scene 5

1 **River Somme** just over halfway between Calais and Harfleur

2 **withal** wit

5 ***O Dieu vivant!*** “O living God!” (French) **sprays** offshoots/spurts of semen (refers to the fact that after the Norman Conquest of 1066, many English have some French heritage)

6 **emptying** ejaculate **luxury** lust

7 **scions** shoots used for grafting (when a shoot from one plant is fused to the stem of another) **stock** the plant that receives the graft (here, the English)

8 **Spirt** sprout

9 **overlook** rise above/look down on/ignore/bewitch **grafters** i.e., those who have done the grafting/the trees from which the grafted shoot was taken

10 **Normans** i.e., the English who have French ancestry **bastard** illegitimat

11 ***Mort…viel*** “Death of my life!”

13 **Slobb’ry** slimy, muddy

14 **nook-shotten** crookedly shaped **Albion** the island composed of England, Scotland, and Wale

15 ***Dieu de batailles!*** “God of battles!” **mettle** spirit, temperament, courage

17 **despite** contempt, malice **looks pale** i.e., barely shines

18 **sodden** boiled, stewed

19 **drench** drink/dose of medicine **sur-reined** overridden **jades** worn-out horses **barley-broth** strong ale

20 **Decoct** heat up

23 **roping** hanging like ropes

26 **Poor…lords** i.e., while our fields are **rich** in themselves, they may be called poor if they are owned by such spiritless masters as we are proving to be

28 **madams** ladies/wives

29 **bred out** weakened by generations of breeding

31 **new-store** freshly populate

33 **lavoltas…corantos** dances that involve leaping, turning, and running (implying cowardice)

34 **our…heels** our only accomplishment is in dancing/running away

35 **lofty** highborn/proficient/high leaping

36 **herald** messenger

37 **England** the country/King Henry

39 **hie** hurry

47 **seats** estates/ranks, status **quit** absolve/avenge/rid

48 **Bar** obstruct

49 **pennons** banners, streamers attached to lances

50 **host** army

52 **void** empty, cough up, sneeze **rheum** watery discharge, mucus (here, melted snow)

54 **Rouen** town in northern France, capital of Normandy

56 **becomes the great** befits kingly greatness

60 **heart** courage, spirit **sink** cesspit

61 **for achievement** in exchange for honor/as the only paltry thing to be achieved **his ransom** amount that must be paid on his defeat

62 **haste on** dispatch with speed

Act 3 Scene 6

3.6 ***Location:*** *the English camp, northern France*

1 **bridge** historically, this would have been over the River Ternoise, on the way to Calais

2 **services** military feats

4 **magnanimous** of great and generous spirit, nobly valiant **Agamemnon** leader of the Greeks at the siege of Troy

8 **pridge** bridge (Fluellen's Welsh accent renders "b" as "p")

9 **Mark Antony** famous Roman general **no estimation** reputation/social standing

12 **Aunchient** i.e., Ancient, an ensign or bearer of military banners

19 **buxom** lively, vigorous/pliant

20 **giddy** fickle **Fortune…blind** Fortune was traditionally depicted as a blind woman turning a wheel that raised humans up and cast them down **furious** cruel/violently turning

22 **rolling restless stone** alternative image of Fortune, the possessor of a rolling stone on which humans balanced precariously

23 **By your patience** i.e., forgive me for interrupting

24 **muffler** blindfold

28 **moral** symbolic figure, allegory

30 **pax** disc, usually of gold or silver, bearing an image of the crucifixion, kissed by those taking Communion

33 **hemp** i.e., rope made of hemp

34 **doom** judgment

37 **vital thread** thread of life, supposedly spun and cut by the three Fates

38 **penny cord** cheap rope **reproach** blame, disgrace

39 **requite** repay (with a bribe)

40 **partly** i.e., because it is implied rather than stated/because Pistol's speech is confusing

42 **if** even i

45 ***figo*** a fig (from old Spanish *figo* or Italian fico); exclamation of contempt, often accompanied by an obscene gesture known as the fig of Spain, which consisted of thrusting the thumb between the index and middle fingers or into the mouth

49 **arrant** downright **counterfeit** deceptive, feigning **bawd** pimp

50 **cutpurse** pickpocket
51 **a summer's day** i.e., a long day
52 **warrant** assure
53 **time is serve** there is opportunity
54 **gull** fool, dupe/hoaxer
56 **perfect** word perfect **learn you** teach/learn (you being emphatic)
57 **sconce** small fort
58 **convoy** armed escort **came off** acquitted himself **what…on** i.e., what conditions the enemy insisted on
59 **con** learn, memorize **the…war** military terminology
60 **trick up** adorn, dress up **new-tuned** newly invented, fashionable
general's cut same style as the general's
61 **horrid** fearful, intimidating **suit** outfit, uniform/shout, battle cry **ale-washed** drunken
62 **slanders…age** i.e., people who are a disgrace to current times
63 **mistook** mistaken, misled
65 **hole…coat** i.e., slip in the way he presents himself/chance to expose him
66 **from** i.e., about ***colours*** military banners or flags ***poor*** shabby, tired, unwell
72 **passages** fights **was have** i.e., did have
73 **enforced** compelled
76 **perdition** loss/destruction
77 **never a man** no man **like** likely
79 **bubukles** inflamed swellings **whelks** pimples **knobs** lumps, swellings
flames o' fire i.e., red streaks or patches **blows** i.e., like bellows on a fire
82 **cut off** killed
83 **charge** command **compelled** forcibly taken
85 **lenity** gentleness, mercifulness
86 **gamester** player/gambler ***Tucket*** trumpet call
87 **habit** clothing (French herald's uniform, which would bear his king's coat of arms)
88 **of** from
90 **Unfold** reveal, relate
92 **Advantage** superior position for a military attack/favorable circumstances/greater numbers

93 **rebuked** repressed, checked **bruise an injury** squeeze a boil
94 **upon our cue** at the right time for us
95 **sufferance** patience, endurance
96 **proportion** be proportionate to, compensate for
97 **digested** endured **in…re-answer** to pay back in full measure
98 **pettiness** weakness, inadequacy
99 **muster** roll call, number of soldiers (or total population)
102 **So far** i.e., this concludes the message of
104 **quality** character/rank/occupation
109 **impeachment** hindrance **sooth** truth
111 **craft and vantage** cunning and military advantage
121 **trunk** body
123 **God before** with God on our side
128 **tawny** yellowish-brown
139 **them** i.e., the English soldiers

Act 3 Scene 7

3.7 ***Location:*** *the French camp, near Agincourt*

9 **pasterns** i.e., hoofs (literally, part of the leg between the fetlock and the hoof) **Ch'ha!** exclamation of triumph and pride, or onomatopoeic sound of a horse **entrails were hairs** i.e., as if he weighed nothing entrails intestine

10 ***le cheval volant*** "the flying horse" **Pegasus** winged horse in classical mythology ***chez…feu*** "with fiery nostrils"

11 **basest** horn lowest part (plays on the sense of "musical instrument lowest in pitch")

12 **Hermes** in classical mythology, Hermes played his pipe to charm the hundred-eyed giant Argus asleep

14 **Perseus** in classical mythology, the hero who beheaded the gorgon Medusa; from her blood sprang the horse Pegasus

16 **jades** worn-out horses

18 **absolute** perfect

19 **palfreys** horses for riding (particularly by women) as opposed to warhorses; a word associated with romantic tales of wandering knights bidding command

20 **countenance** appearance/bearing

22 **rising…lamb** i.e., all day long

23 **lodging** going to bed, settling down **vary** express a set **theme** in fresh words (rhetorical term)

24 **the sands** i.e., infinite particles of sand

26 **lay…functions** set aside their business or occupation

30 **courser** swift horse, charger

32 **bears** carries your weight in riding/during sex

33 **Me** i.e., only me **prescript** prescribed, appropriate

34 **particular** personal, private

35 **shrewdly** sharply, severely/shrewishly, bad-temperedly **shook your back** jolted you/had sex with you

37 **Mine…bridled** i.e., my mistress is a woman, not a horse

38 **belike** presumably **rode** as a horseman/sexually **kern of Ireland** Irish foot soldier/peasant

39 **hose** breeches **straight strossers** tight trousers (worn by the Irish)/ bare skin

40 **horsemanship** perhaps with a pun on “whores”

41 **foul bogs** muddy mires/diseased vaginas/dirty anuses

43 **as lief** rather **jade** worn-out horse/prostitute (possibly picking up a pun in the dauphin’s **horse** and rendering it “whores”)

44 **my…hair** implying that the Constable’s bewigged mistress does not, as she is bald from syphilis

45 **to** as

46 ‘***Le…bourbier***’ “The dog is returned to his own vomit, and the washed sow to the mire” (proverbial)

48 **use** utilize/employ sexually

49 **kin…purpose** relevant

53 **fall** i.e., be knocked off

54 **want** lack (stars)

55 **many** great many **honour** honest/noble

57 **Ev’n** just

59 **desert** what he deserves

61 **faced…way** outfaced, shamed and driven away

62 **about the ears** i.e., beating the heads

63 **go to hazard** place a bet

64 **hazard** risk, danger

68 **eat all he kills** implies that he won’t kill anyone

70 **foot** may play on the sense of “vulva” or on French ***foutre*** (“fuck”)

tread out trample on and erase, i.e., prove wrong (with sexual connotations, to tread being also “to have sex”)

71 **active** energetic/sexually vigorous

72 **Doing** having sex **still** constantly

73 **did harm** hurt, injured/upset anyone

77 **What’s** who’s

78 **he** i.e., the dauphin

79 **no hidden virtue** i.e., it is obvious/it does not exist

80 **lackey** servant, who has presumably seen the dauphin’s supposed valor in the form of a beating

81 **hooded** concealed, masked (like a hunting falcon) **bate** flutter its wings/abate, diminish

84 **take up** counter

85 **Have…eye** I’ll strike the very target/tenderest part

87 **bolt** short blunt arrow suitable for use by a fool/penis **soon shot** plays on the notion of premature ejaculation

88 **shot over** overshot the target, i.e., your proverb does not fit the sequence

89 **overshot** outshot, beaten in archery

96 **peevish** foolish/headstrong **mope** wander about aimlessly

97 **fat-brained** thick-witted, stupid **out…knowledge** i.e., out of known territory, familiar affairs

98 **apprehension** understanding

100 **head-pieces** helmets

101 **mastiffs** strong and fierce breed of dog

103 **run…bear** i.e., in bear-baiting with dogs **winking** with eyes closed

105 **eat his breakfast** i.e., suck blood from

106 **robustious** noisy, rough

107 **coming on** advancing **give** if you give

109 **shrewdly** seriously, severely

110 **stomachs** appetites

Act 4

1 **entertain conjecture of** i.e., imagine **conjecture** supposition

2 **murmur** rumor **poring** eye-straining (puns on “pouring”)

4 **foul** loathsome/dark, dirty

5 **stilly** quietly

8 **paly** pale

9 **umbered** shadowed/orange-brown, as though stained with umber (brown pigment made from earth)

12 **accomplishing** equipping

13 **rivets** bolts for fastening armor

14 **note** sound/notice

17 **secure** overconfident

18 **over-lusty** overly lively and cheerful

19 **low-rated** little valued **play** gamble for

20 **chide** scold **tardy-gaited** slow-moving

22 **tediously** laboriously/painfully

24 **inly** inwardly

25 **gesture sad** serious/sorrowful bearing

26 **Investing** enveloping, clothing **lank-lean** gaunt

28 **who** whoever

30 **watch** group of soldiers on guard

32 **host** army

35 **note** sign

36 **enrounded** surrounded

37 **dedicate** give up, sacrifice

38 **all-watchèd** i.e., spent entirely in watchfulness

39 **over-bears** overcomes **attaint** sign of weariness (perhaps plays on the sense of “false color”)

40 **semblance** appearance

41 **pining** wasting away

43 **largess** largesse (generosity, warmth)

44 **liberal** unrestrained, generous

45 **that…all** so that men of low and high ranks

46 **unworthiness** the Chorus refers to his own humble status or inadequate means of expression

47 **touch** glimpse
50 **ragged** shabby **foils** light fencing swords
51 **ill-disposed** poorly handled
53 **Minding** calling to mind **mock'ries** imitations

Act 4 Scene 1

4.1 ***Location:*** *the English camp, near Agincourt*

5 **Would men** if men would **observingly** observantly **distil** extract

6 **bad…stirrers** proverbial: “he that has an ill neighbor has oftentimes an ill morning” (the neighbors here being the French)

7 **husbandry** domestic management (here applies to life rather than a household)

10 **dress us** prepare ourselves

11 **gather…weed** proverbial

12 **make…of** i.e., draw a moral from

15 **churlish** hard, unyielding

16 **likes** pleases

19 **upon example** by taking another’s example

20 **quickened** revived

22 **Break up** break out of

23 **casted slough** cast off skin (like a snake’s) **legerity** lightness

25 **commend me** convey my greetings

26 **anon** shortly

27 **pavilion** ceremonial tent

32 **bosom** i.e., heart

36 ***Che vous là?*** Pistol’s rendering of *Qui va la?*, French for “Who goes there?”

38 **Discuss** declare

39 **popular** of the common people

40 **gentleman…company** gentleman volunteer serving in the ranks

41 **Trail’st…pike?** i.e., are you in the infantry

42 **Even so** just so

45 **bawcock** fine fellow

46 **imp** shoot, scion

49 **bully** fine fellow

50 **le Roy** the king (**roi** is French for “king”)

51 **crew** group/military company

55 **pate** head

56 **Saint Davy’s day** March 1, when Welshmen wore leeks in their caps to commemorate Saint David, the patron saint of Wales

64 **sorts** fits

66 **fewer** less/more quietly **admiration** wonder

67 **prerogatifes** i.e., prerogatives—principles, rights

68 **Pompey the Great** famous Roman general

69 **tiddle…pabble** tittle-tattle, babbling

70 **ceremonies** formalities

71 **cares** duties **forms** due procedures, codes of conduct **sobriety** seriousness

72 **modesty** discipline **otherwise** i.e., other than as things are here

74 **prating** prattling **coxcomb** fool

80 **care** responsibility

89 **estate** situation, circumstances

90 **wrecked** shipwrecked **sand** sandbank

93 **though…it** i.e., though I myself say so (but should not)

95 **element** sky **conditions** qualities, functions, limitations

96 **ceremonies** kingly trappings **laid by** put aside

97 **affections** emotions **higher mounted** more lofty and sophisticated **stoop** swoop, descend (falconry term)

98 **like wing** i.e., in the same way that ours do **of** for

99 **relish** flavor **possess him with** show him/induce in him

100 **he** i.e., the king

103 **Thames** the River Thames, which runs through London

104 **at all adventures** at all events, whatever the outcome **quit** away from, finished

110 **feel** test

114 **seek after** try to find out

117 **reckoning** account of debts (both literal losses and spiritual debts)

118 **join together** remake whole bodies/unite in crying out

119 **latter day** Judgment Day

120 **upon** on account of

121 **rawly** too young/unprovided for **afeard** afraid

122 **charitably** i.e., with Christian charity **dispose of** make arrangements for/bestow (possessions in a will/souls to God)

123 **argument** theme

125 **proportion** natural order **subjection** the condition of being a subject

126 **merchandise** trading, commerce **sinfully miscarry** i.e., die in a state of sin

127 **imputation of** accusation of, responsibility for

130 **irreconciled** unreconciled to God, unabsolved **iniquities** wicked acts, sins **author** person responsible for, creator of

133 **purpose** intend, plan

135 **arbitrement of swords** arbitration, determining of the matter through war **try it out** i.e., put his cause to the test **unspotted** pure, sin-free

136 **peradventure** perhaps

137 **beguiling** deceiving **perjury** oath-breaking

138 **bulwark** (military) fortification/safeguard, means of escape (from punishment for crimes)

139 **native punishment** the punishment due to them at home

141 **beadle** parish officer with the power to punish petty offenders **before-breach** previous breaking

142 **now…quarrel** the war that is now being fought on behalf of the king **death** death penalty

143 **borne life away** i.e., got away with their lives

144 **unprovided** unprepared

145 **visited** punished

149 **blessedly** fortunately, in a holy manner **lost** spent

150 **making…offer** in offering himself to God

151 **prepare** i.e., for death

152 **ill** i.e., unprepared, in sin

153 **to answer it** responsible for it

155 **lustily** heartily

159 **it** i.e., that outcome

160 **pay** punish **perilous** dangerous (said ironically) **elder-gun** toy gun, pellet gun (made from an elder stick) **a…displeasure** the displeasure of a commoner

161 **go about** try

164 **round** blunt, plainspoken

167 **embrace** heartily accept

169 **gage** pledge (usually signifying a commitment to duel; often a glove or gauntlet) **bonnet** hat

170 **darest** dare to

174 **take** give

177 **though** even if take find

180 **reckon** count

181 **crowns** coins/heads

183 **cut French crowns** cut French heads off/shave silver or gold from French coins **clipper** clipper of coins/barber

185 **careful** full of cares or grief

186 **lay on** burden/assault

187 **condition** situation/social rank

188 **twin-born** born at the same birth **breath** i.e., opinion

190 **wringing** aches and pains **heart's-ease** inner peace, contentment

192 **privates** men who do not hold public office

193 **Save** except **general** public

194 **idle** useless

196 **mortal** human

197 **comings in** income

199 **of adoration** made up of insubstantial admiration/of the things that provoke admiration

200 **aught** anything **place…form** i.e., social rank and eminence

208 **titles** puns on "tittles," i.e., trifles **blown** fanned, breathed (as if to cool fever)/corrupted, contaminated

209 **give place** retreat, give way **flexure** kneeling **bending** bowing

210 **command'st…knee** claim it as your right that the beggar kneels before you

212 **subtly** deceptively **repose** rest

213 **find thee** find you out, discover your true nature

214 **balm** consecrated oil (used at a coronation) **ball** monarch's orb

215 **mace** official scepter

216 **intertissued** interwoven

217 **farcèd** stuffed, pompous

218 **pomp** ceremonious trappings, splendor

224 **distressful** earned by labor

226 **lackey** servant, specifically a footman who ran alongside his master's coach (here, Phoebus' chariot) **the…set** sunrise to sunset

227 **in…Phoebus** under the sun (Phoebus, the Roman sun god)

228 **Elysium** i.e., perfect contentment (the heaven of classical mythology)

229 **Hyperion** in classical mythology, father of the sun; sometimes the sun itself

231 **profitable** useful, valuable (not “remunerative”)

234 **forehand…of** advantage over

235 **member** sharer in

236 **gross** dull **wots** knows

237 **watch** sleeplessness/guard

238 **advantages** benefits from

239 **jealous of** anxious about

247 **sense of reck’ning** counting, calculation **th’opposèd numbers** the numbers of enemy soldiers

250 **My…crown!** Henry’s father, Henry IV, deposed Richard II, who was murdered whilst in captivity **compassing** obtaining

251 **interrèd new** newly buried, with proper ceremony

253 **forcèd** violently shed

256 **blood** i.e., murder

257 **chantries** endowed chapels where priests sing masses for the founders or for individuals specified by them (in this case, Richard) **sad** serious, grave

258 **still** to this day/continually

265 **stay** wait

Act 4 Scene 2

4.2 ***Location:*** *the French camp near Agincourt*

2 ***Monte à cheval*** “To horse!” varlet manservant/rascal *Laquais!* “Lackey!”

4 ***Via…terre*** “Go through and over water and earth”

5 ***Rien…feu*** “Nothing else? Air and fire”

6 ***Cieux*** “the heavens”

8 **present service** immediate action

9 **make…hides** i.e., with spurs

10 **spin** spurt

11 **dout** extinguish, douse **superfluous courage** an excess of French courage (shown by the abundance of **blood**)

14 **embattled** arranged in battle formation **peers** companions

16 **yond…band** i.e., the English

17 **fair show** splendid appearance

18 **shales** shells

21 **curtle-axe** cutlass, short sword

22 **gallants** fine, spirited young men

24 **o’erturn them** knock them over

25 **exceptions** objections

28 **squares of battle** square formations of soldiers

29 **hilding** worthless, contemptible

30 **basis** base **by** nearby

32 **honours** noble ranks/sense of honor **What’s** what’s left

35 **tucket sonance** trumpet sound

36 **dare** defy/daze, paralyze with fear

38 **stay** wait

39 **Yond** yonder, those (over there) **island** i.e., English **carrions** carcasses **desperate…bones** without hope of saving their lives

40 **Ill-favouredly become** i.e., ill-befit, disgrace

41 **curtains** banners

42 **passing** surpassingly, extremely

43 **Mars** Roman god of war **beggared host** impoverished army

44 **beaver** helmet’s visor

45 **fixèd candlesticks** i.e., inanimate metal objects

46 **torch-staves** staffs for holding torches

47 **Lob** hang heavily

48 **gum** rheum, gummy discharge **down-roping** hanging in strings

49 **gimmaled** jointed

50 **foul** dirty, stained

51 **executors** those who dispose of what is left after death

52 **hour** i.e., of death

53 **suit** clothe/befit

54 **demonstrate…battle** vividly depict such an army

58 **fasting** starving provender fodder

60 **guidon** pointed flag or pennant

63 **outwear** waste

Act 4 Scene 3

4.3 ***Location:*** *the English camp, near Agincourt*

3 **threescore** thousand sixty thousand

6 **buy’** be with **charge** company

10 **kinsman** i.e., Westmorland, whose son was married to Salisbury’s daughter

13 **mind** remind

14 **framed** composed **truth** principle

22 **we…loss** there are enough of us for England to feel the loss

25 **wish** wish for

26 **Jove** supreme Roman god

27 **upon my cost** at my expense

28 **yearns** grieves

32 **coz** cousin

34 **share** take away as his share

36 **proclaim it** declare, announce

37 **stomach to** appetite/courage for

38 **passport** document of authorization (to pass through France and board a ship)

39 **convoy** i.e., his journey

41 **his** fellowship duty as a companion

42 **feast of Crispian** Saint Crispin’s day, October 25

44 **stand a tiptoe** i.e., feel uplifted, proud, eager

47 **vigil** evening before a feast day

51 **all** all else

52 **advantages** additions

57 **Be…rememberèd** i.e., a toast will be raised to them

59 **Crispin Crispian** Saint Crispin’s day marks the martyring of two brothers, Crispin and Crispianus

62 **happy** fortunate

64 **vile** low-ranking

65 **gentle his condition** ennoble him

68 **manhoods** manliness **any** anyone

70 **bestow yourself** act, move

71 **bravely** showily, with great display **in…set** in military formations

72 **expedience** speed

74 **backward** reluctant/not **ready**

79 **likes** pleases

82 **compound** agree terms

84 **gulf** whirlpool

85 **englutted** swallowed up

86 **mind** remind

88 **retire** retreat

94 **achieve** win, capture

96 **The…him** “to sell the bear’s (lion’s) skin before the beast is caught” (proverbial) is foolish and dangerous

98 **many** great number

99 **native** English, i.e., they will survive the war

100 **in brass** inscribed on brass memorial plaques

104 **reeking** smelling (not necessarily unpleasantly)/blood-smeared

105 **clime** region/climate

107 **Mark** take notice of

108 **crazing** shattering (once lodged in the body); may also suggest “grazing”—i.e., ricocheting

109 **mischief** damage, harm

110 **in…mortality** as their bodies decompose

112 **for the working day** i.e., dressed for work, not requiring finery

113 **gayness** showy appearance, brightness of color **besmirched** discolored, stained

114 **painful field** arduous terrain

115 **feather** i.e., ornamental helmet feathers

116 **fly** flee

117 **slovenry** slovenliness, dirtiness

118 **in the trim** finely dressed/ready for action

120 **pluck…service** on dismissal from service, a servant would have his livery removed (additional play on sense of military service)

124 **levied** raised

126 **joints** limbs

127 **as…them** i.e., dead

135 **dispose** direct, govern

Act 4 Scene 4

4.4 ***Location:*** *the battlefield at Agincourt* *Excursions:* bouts of fighting across the stag

2 ***Je…qualité*** “I think that you are a gentleman of good quality”

3 ***Qualtitie*** uncomprehending repetition of ***qualité*** ***calmie custure me*** apparently a corruption of a fairly popular Irish refrain *cailin og a stor* (“maiden, my treasure”); Pistol seems to have picked up on the the “qu/c” sound of the French

4 **Discuss** declar

5 ***O Seigneur Dieu!*** “O Lord God!”

7 **Perpend** consider **mark** take note

8 **fox** type of sword

9 **Except** unless

10 **Egregious** exceptionally larg

11 ***O…moi!*** “O, have mercy! Have pity on me!”

12 **Moy** mispronunciation of “moi”; Pistol understands this to mean a type of coin, though it could also mean “measurement of corn, approximately a bushel”

13 **rim** stomach linin

15 ***Est-il…bras?*** “Is it impossible to escape the strength of your arm?”

16 **Brass** i.e., inferior metal; Pistol’s misunderstanding of ***bras***

17 **luxurious** lecherous

19 ***O pardonnez-moi!*** “O spare me!”

20 **ton of moys** Pistol’s interpretation of the French

23 ***Écoutez…appelé?*** “Listen, what is your name?”

24 ***le Fer*** iron

26 **fer** a nonce usage of the word, roughly intending “beat”; possible play on “fear,” i.e., frighten **firk** beat (puns on “fuck”) **ferret** worry, tear at (plays on sense of “have sex with”)

30 ***Que…monsieur?*** “What did he say, sir?”

31 ***Il…gorge*** He orders me to tell you that you are to make yourself ready, because this soldier here is disposed, at this very hour, to cut your throat

33 ***Owy…permafoy*** Pistol’s mangled attempt to say *Oui*, *couper la gorge*, *par ma foi*, i.e., “yes, cut the throat, by my faith”

34 **brave** fine/worthy

36 ***O…écus*** “O I beseech you, for the love of God, to spare me. I am a gentleman of a good house [i.e., family]. Save my life and I will give you two hundred crowns”

42 ***Petit…dit-il?*** “Little sir, what does he say?”

43 ***Encore…franchisement*** “Although it is contrary to his vow to spare any prisoner, nevertheless, for the crowns that you have promised him, he is content to give you liberty, freedom”

46 ***Sur…d’Angleterre*** the Boy’s ensuing translation is accurate

49 **Expound** explain, translate

52 **thrice-worthy** most worthy

53 **suck blood** kill/am a leech

54 ***Suivez-vous…capitaine!*** “Follow the great captain!”

55 **full** loud

57 **devil i’th’old play** i.e., one like the character of the devil in an old morality play **pare** trim

58 **wooden dagger** the traditional prop of a morality-play devil **this** this man, Pistol

59 **adventurously** in a manner involving genuine risk

60 **prey** plunder

Act 4 Scene 5

1 ***O diable!*** “O the devil!”

2 ***O…perdu!*** “O Lord! The day is lost, all is lost!”

3 ***Mort…vie!*** “Death of my life!” **confounded** ruined

5 **in our plumes** i.e., over us (in their feathered helmets) ***O méchante fortune!*** “O wicked fortune!”

7 **broke** broken, scattered

8 **perdurable** everlasting

12 **In** i.e., into battle

15 **pander** go-between, pimp **hold…door** guard the bedroom door

16 **gentler** nobler/kinder

18 **spoiled** ruined/plundered **friend** befriend

19 **on** in

22 **upon** of

Act 4 Scene 6

4.6 ***train*** followers

2 **keep** remain (on)

8 **Larding** enriching

9 **honour-owing** i.e., honorable

11 **all haggled over** hacked all over

12 **insteeped** drenched

15 **Tarry** linger, wait

17 **abreast** side by side

18 **well-foughten field** well-fought battle

19 **chivalry** knightly prowess/bravery in war

20 **cheered him up** spoke comfortingly to him

21 **raught** reached

23 **Commend** offer, remember

26 **espoused** married, united

27 **testament** will, bequest

29 **waters** i.e., tears

31 **my mother** i.e., his tender, womanly side

34 **perforce** necessarily **compound** come to terms (may play on the sense of “mix”)

35 **mixed-full** unclear meaning, perhaps “swimming confusedly with tears/fully mixed with tears” (some editors emend to “mistful” or “willful”) **issue** discharge (tears)

Act 4 Scene 7

1 **poys** boys **luggage** perhaps “those guarding the luggage”

2 **offer’t** attempted, dared

6 **wherefore** because of which **worthily** deservedly, justly

8 **Monmouth** town in south Wales, near the English border

9 **Pig** i.e., Big (**Great**)

12 **all** one reckonings all amount to the same thing **phrase…variations** wording is slightly different

14 **Macedon** Macedonia, a region in what is now northern Greece

15 **take** understand 17 ’orld world

18 **situations** geographical layout

20 **Wye** the River Wye, on the Welsh-English border

22 **both** i.e., both rivers **is…it** follows, resembles

23 **figures** comparisons, parallels

24 **cholers** fits of anger (governed by choler, one of the four bodily humors controlling mood)

25 **intoxicates** intoxicated, drunk

26 **in his ales** i.e., while drunk **Cleitus** friend and general to Alexander the Great (killed in a drunken argument by Alexander)

30 **his cups** i.e., drunk

32 **belly-doublet** close-fitting jacket with the lower part padded (in Falstaff’s case, with his fat) **gipes** jibes **knaveries** roguish tricks

33 **mocks** jeers, acts of mockery

38 **this instant** i.e., at the death of the boys **trumpet** trumpeter

43 **skirr** scurry, flee

44 **Enforcèd** forcibly flung

45 **Besides** in addition **those** i.e., those French prisoners

46 **take** capture

51 **fined** undertaken to pay **bones** i.e., and nothing more

54 **licence** permission

56 **book** record

59 **mercenary** belonging to paid soldiers

60 **vulgar** common people

62 **Fret** struggle, chafe **fetlock-deep** up to the fetlock (back of a horse’s leg, above the hoof)

63 **Yerk** lash, jerk **armèd heels** iron-shod hooves

68 **day** i.e., victory

69 **peer** appear/look carefully

73 **hard** close

77 **grandfather…memory** i.e., Edward III **an't** if it

78 **chronicles** historical accounts

83 **Monmouth caps** round brimless caps with tapering crowns, originally made in Monmouth

84 **badge** emblem, insignia

85 **Tavy's** i.e., David's

86 **memorable honour** honor well worth commemorating

89 **his grace** i.e., the king (or possibly "God's grace")

102 **gage** pledge

105 **swaggered** quarreled, blustered

106 **challenge** claim

109 **fit** appropriate

110 **craven** coward else otherwise

112 **sort** rank **quite…degree** of too high a rank to have to answer Williams' challenge

114 **Lucifer and Beelzebub** the devil

116 **jack-sauce** saucy, impudent fellow

117 **black** dirty/wicked, damned

118 **sirrah** sir (used to an inferior)

122 **is** has **literatured** is well-read

126 **favour** token worn as mark of favor

127 **Alençon** a French duke **down** i.e., on the ground

128 **helm** helmet

129 **apprehend** arrest **love** an act of love and loyalty

131 **fain** eagerly **that…legs** i.e., whoever he might be

132 **it** him

141 **haply** perhaps

145 **blunt** forthright

146 **mischief** harm

148 **touched** affected/lit, fired (like gunpowder) choler anger

Act 4 Scene 8

2 **apace** quickly

3 **peradventure** perhaps

5 **know you** do you recognize

8 **’Sblood** God’s blood

11 **be** forsworn break my word

12 **away** aside **into ploughs** in blows (perhaps “in two blows”)

15 **lie…throat** deliberate lie

19 **summer’s day** i.e., long day

23 **is take out** took out

28 **is pear** will bear

29 **avouchment** avouch, affirm

30 **is give** gave

33 **terms** language, words

36 **satisfaction** amends

39 **abuse** insult

41 **lowliness** apparent low rank

50 **mettle** spirit, courage

52 **prawls and prabbles** brawls and brabbles (i.e., petty quarrels)

dissensions quarrels, disputes

54 **will** want

56 **good** genuine, not counterfeit

60 **good sort** high rank

75 **blood** nobility

78 **Admiral** commander-in-chief of the navy

80 **Great Master** chief official of the royal household

83 **lusty** strong, vigorous

90 **name** note, rank

91 **arm** i.e., might, power

93 **stratagem** tricks designed to outwit the enemy

94 **plain shock** direct clash of forces **even play** straightforward contest

98 **wonderful** to be marveled at, extraordinary

108 ***Non nobis*** opening words of Psalm 115 (“Give praise not unto us, O God”) ***Te Deum*** thanksgiving hymn “Te Deum laudamus” (“We praise thee O God”)

109 **with…clay** i.e., given a Christian burial

Act 5

1 **Vouchsafe** grant

2 **prompt** them i.e., remind them what comes next

4 **time** the (five-year) time lapse between the last scene and the next/the limited time in which to perform a play **numbers** limited number of actors and the multitude they are called on to represent **due…things** the nature of historical events

5 **huge…life** i.e., true enormous scale

7 **grant** acknowledge, allow imaginatively

9 **Athwart** across

10 **Pales** fences **flood** sea

11 **claps** applause **deep-mouthed** loud, deep-voiced

12 **whiffler** attendant who clears the way at a procession

14 **solemnly** ceremoniously

16 **Blackheath** a large common, just south of London

17 **Where that** where

18 **bruiséd** dented **bended** bent

20 **vainness** personal vanity, pride

21 **trophy** token of victory **signal** symbol, sign **ostent** display

23 **working-house** workshop

25 **brethren** fellow councillors **best sort** i.e., civic robes

26 **th'antique** ancient

29 **lower…likelihood** i.e., less glorious, but as loving, similar circumstance

30 **general…empress** apparently a reference to the Earl of Essex, for much of 1599 the commander of English troops in **Ireland** on behalf of Elizabeth I

32 **broachèd** pierced, speared

34 **much** many and and with

36 **lamentation** mourning, grievances

37 **Invites** requires

38 **emperor's coming** the Holy Roman Emperor Sigismund came to England in 1416

39 **them** editors have conjectured that there may be a line or so missing at this point in the text **omit** let us pass over, ignore

42 **played The interim** performed, represented the intervening period

44 **brook** tolerate

Act 5 Scene 1

5.1 ***Location:*** *the English camp, France*

3 **wherefore** how, why

4 **asse** as (plays on “ass/arse”) scald vile/scabby

8 **breed no contention** start any argument

10 **swelling…turkey-cock** i.e., puffed up with self-importance (in Fluellen’s response **swellings** and **cock** have potentially phallic resonances)

12 **scurvy** contemptible, worthless

13 **bedlam** mad **thirst** i.e., long **base Trojan** knave

14 **fold…web** i.e., end your life (in classical mythology, the Parcae are the three Fates, who spin, reel out, and cut the thread of each human life)

15 **qualmish** made sick

18 **disgestions** digestions, perhaps implying “hard-earned,” “difficult to digest”

20 **Cadwallader** seventh-century Welsh warrior king **goats** traditionally associated with Wales

21 **goat** possible pun on “goad” (i.e., rod for driving cattle/powerful incitement)

22 **scald** scabby

24 **God’s will is** God decides

25 **victuals** food **sauce** flavoring/a rebuke

27 **fall to** begin eating

28 **astonished** stunned

30 **green** fresh/festering, infected **ploody coxcomb** bloody head

34 **revenge** have my revenge

39 **take occasions** should happen, have the opportunity

41 **Good** very well

42 **groat** small coin worth four old pence

46 **in earnest of** as a down payment for

47 **pay** punish **cudgels** beatings

48 **woodmonger** one who deals in wood **buy** be with

51 **counterfeit** deceitful

53 **predeceased** former, past

54 **gleeking** taunting, insulting **galling** harassing, scoffing

55 **garb** fashion

57 **condition** disposition

59 **Doll** some editors emend to “Nell,” assuming that Pistol refers to his wife, Nell Quickly **i’th’spital** in the hospital

60 **malady of France** syphilis, the “French disease”

61 **rendezvous** refuge, haven, perhaps with play on “sexual encounter”

62 **wax** grow

63 **bawd** pimp

64 **something…hand** am somewhat inclined to become a deft pickpocket

65 **steal** steal away (plays on the sense of “rob”)

66 **patches** bandages (also with suggestion of patches to conceal syphilitic scars)

67 **Gallia** i.e., French

Act 5 Scene 2

5.2 ***Location:*** *the royal court, France*

1 **wherefore** for which

2 **brother** fellow monarch sister i.e., Queen Isabel, wife of the French king

3 **fair…day** i.e., good day

4 **princely** royal

5 **royalty** collection of royal persons

12 **issue** outcome

13 **gracious** happy/prosperous

16 **bent** line of sight/direction of fire

17 **balls** eyeballs/cannonballs **basilisks** large cannon/mythical reptiles whose gaze could kill

19 **quality** i.e., deadly nature

23 **on** based on

25 **pains** efforts

27 **barcourt**, tribunal **interview** meeting

30 **That** in the sense that

31 **congreeted** greeted each other

32 **before…view** in such royal company

33 **rub** obstacle (bowling term)

35 **nurse** nourisher **arts** learning, scholarship

37 **put up** raise **visage** face

39 **husbandry** agricultural cultivation and produce **on heaps** in a mess

40 **Corrupting…fertility** rotting for being overripe/ruining itself by being overgrown it its

42 **even-pleached** regularly interwoven

44 **fallow leas** unplowed arable fields

45 **darnel…fumitory** weeds **rank** overabundant

46 **root upon** take root, grow **coulter** blade on a plow

47 **deracinate** uproot **savagery** wild plants

48 **even mead** level meadow **erst** formerly

49 **freckled…clover** i.e., all useful plants or herbs

50 **Wanting** lacking **withal uncorrected** unchecked by it

51 **Conceives** germinates, breeds **teems** is fertile, flourishes

52 **docks…burs** all types of weed **kecksies** dry hollow stems

54 **fallows** arable lands

55 **natures** proper functions

58 **sciences** knowledge, skills

61 **diffused** disordered

63 **reduce** restore **favour** appearance/approval, good grace

65 **let** hindrance

68 **would** desire

69 **want** lack

71 **accord** agreement **just** exact/legitimate

72 **tenors** substances, contents **effects** purposes/drifts

73 **enscheduled** listed, written down

78 **cursitory eye** cursory glance

79 **O’erglanced** looked over **Pleaseth** if it please

81 **better heed** greater care, attention

82 **suddenly** in a short time

83 **Pass** pronounce **accept** acceptable (to us), agreed **peremptory** final, resolved

87 **ratify** confirm

91 **consign** subscribe, agree

94 **Haply** perhaps

95 **nicely** strictly, fastidiously **stood on** insisted

97 **capital** principal comprised included

98 **fore-rank** front row **articles** conditions

101 **terms** words, expressions (plays on the sense of “conditions of a truce”)

103 **love-suit** courtship

108 ***Pardonnez-moi*** “excuse me”

110 ***Que…anges?*** “What does he say? That I resemble angels?”

111 ***Oui…dit-il*** “Yes, truly, saving your grace, he says so”

113 ***O…tromperies*** “O good God! The tongues of men are full of deceits”

115 **is de princess** i.e., is what the princess said

116 **the better Englishwoman** i.e., like an Englishwoman for mistrusting his flattery **fit** appropriate, suitable

118 **plain** plainspoken/simple

119 **mince** speak in a delicate or pretentious way/behave affectedly

121 **suit** courtship (perhaps with suggestion of worn-out clothing) **clap… bargain** shake hands on a deal

123 ***Sauf votre honneur*** “saving your honor”

124 **put…verses** have me write love poetry

125 **undid** would ruin **measure** poetic meter

126 **strength in measure** i.e., ability in dancing measure slow, stately dance

measure in strength amount of physical strength

128 **under…spoken** at the risk of punishment for boasting, let it be said

leap into gain/have sex with

129 **buffet** box **bound** make jump

130 **lay on** strike vigorously/lie upon during sex **sit** on his horse/on his wife **jackanapes** monkey (or someone acting like one) **off** failing off

131 **look greenly** i.e., as an inexperienced young lover does **cunning in protestation** skill in declarations (of love)

132 **downright** plain **urged** provoked

133 **urging** being persuaded by others **temper** temperament, disposition

not worth sunburning i.e., so ugly that the sun could not make it worse (Elizabethans considered fair skin a particular mark of beauty)

134 **glass** mirror

135 **be thy cook** i.e., dress the dish (his face) to make it appetizing

138 **uncoined** genuine, freshly minted and uncirculated (amongst women)

139 **infinite tongue** clever, unlimited speech

140 **favours** sexual benevolence

141 **What!** exclamation of scorn **prater** chatterbox **ballad** popular, common form of poetry **fall** waste away

143 **full** perfect, lustrous **wax hollow** sunken/insincere

147 **fairly** favorably

150 **friend** also has sense of “lover”

156 ***Je…moi*** “I, when I have possession of France, and when you have the possession of me” (imperfect but generally comprehensible French)

157 **Saint…speed!** **Saint Denis** help me! Saint Denis patron saint of France

donc…mienne “therefore yours is France and you are mine”

159 **move** i.e., stir emotion in

160 ***Sauf…parle*** “Saving your honor, the French that you speak, it is better than the English that I speak”

163 **truly-falsely** sincerely and inaccurately **at one** the same

166 **neighbours** close acquaintances

167 **closet** private room

168 **dispraise** belittle

170 **cruelly** extremely **beest** be

171 **saving faith** faith deep enough for salvation **scambling** struggling, scuffling

173 **compound** compose, create

174 **take…beard** humiliate, drive the Turks out

175 **flower-de-luce** fleur-de-lis (lily), emblem on the French coat of arms

177 **hereafter** in time to come **know** plays on sense of “have sex”

178 **part** behalf (plays on sense of “genitals”)

179 **moiety** half, portion ***la…déesse*** “the most fair Katherine of the world, my most dear and divine goddess”

181 **’ave** have, i.e., has ***fausse*** “false”—i.e., “incorrect/insincere” **sage** prudent, wise

182 ***demoiselle*** “young lady”

184 **blood** passion/sexual desire

185 **notwithstanding** in spite of **untempering** unsoftening, unsettling

186 **beshrew** curse **civil wars** i.e., Richard II’s deposition

187 **got** conceived **aspect** facial appearance

189 **ill layer-up** poor preserver/wrinkler

190 **spoil** damage

191 **wear** use, possess (plays on sense of “exhaust sexually”)

196 **Plantagenet** name of the dynasty to which Henry V belonged

197 **fellow with** equal to

199 **break** open, broach

201 ***de…pere*** “the king my father”

205 ***Laissez…seigneur*** “Desist, my lord, desist, desist: my faith, I do not at all wish you to abase your greatness in kissing the hand of one [who is] your lordship’s unworthy servant. Excuse me, I beg of you, my most mighty lord”

209 ***Les…France*** “In France it is not the custom for ladies and young ladies to be kissed before their marriages”

215 ***entendre…moi*** “understands” better “than me”

218 ***Oui*, *vraiment*** “Yes, truly”

219 **nice** fastidious/coy/trivial

220 **list** boundary (literally, barrier enclosing a jousting or duelling area)

221 **follows** our places goes with our high rank

222 **find-faults** people who seek to criticize

230 **apt** ready, quick to learn

231 **condition** disposition

235 **conjure** i.e., raise up (spirits, but here a penis) **make a circle** magic circle for conjuring/open her vagina

236 **naked and blind** like Cupid (Roman god of love, traditionally depicted thus)/in the form of a penis (with its “blind eye”) **maid** virgin

237 **rosed…modesty** i.e., blushing in modesty/flushed in sexual excitement

238 **in** within (emotionally)/inside (sexually) naked seeing emotionally exposed/aware of her physical nakedness hard plays on the idea of penile hardness

239 **consign** assent

240 **wink and yield** close their eyes and give in **enforces** (love/the penis) pushes his way in

241 **do** plays on the sense of “have sex with”

242 **consent winking** agree to wink and yield

243 **on at know** understand (with sexual connotations)

244 **summered** tended, nurtured **warm** comfortably, well-off/sexually aroused **Bartholomew-tide** Saint Bartholomew’s day, August 24

245 **blind…eyes** sluggish, unaware (from the summer heat) **handling** with sexual connotations

247 **moral** lesson **ties me over** confines me to

248 **latter end** late summer/lower body

249 **before it loves** i.e., until it sees the object of its love/before sexual consummation

253 **perspectively** obliquely, distortedly (through a perspective: either a lens that distorts objects or a painting that only becomes clear when viewed from an angle)

254 **maiden** unbreached by military/sexual force **entered** invaded in war/penetrated sexually

257 **so** so long as **wait on her** follow her (as a dowry)

258 **will** political, military desire/sexual desire/penis

259 **terms of reason** reasonable terms

262 **in sequel** succession

264 **subscribed** signed, agreed to

265 **matter of grant** official conferment of lands or titles

266 **addition** title ***Notre…France*** "Our very dear son Henry, King of England, heir of France"

267 ***Praeclarissimus…Franciae*** "Our very dear son Henry, King of England, heir of France"

270 **request** i.e., to marry Katherine

275 **Issue** descendants

276 **pale** due to the chalk cliffs

278 **dear** tender/costly

279 **neighbourhood** friendly, neighborly

280 **bosoms** hearts **advance** raise

288 **spousal** marriage, union

289 **ill office** disservice, poor dealings **fell** fierce

291 **paction** pact, contract

292 **incorporate** united in one body, indivisible

298 **surety…leagues** security of our alliance ***Sennet*** trumpet signalling a procession

Epilogue

1 **rough** imperfect, coarse **all-unable** inadequate

2 **bending** i.e., over his work/bowing

4 **by starts** in fits and starts, intermittently

5 **Small time** Henry died aged thirty-five, after a nine-year reign

7 **world’s best garden** i.e., France

9 **infant bands** strips of linen babies were wrapped in

11 **Whose** of whose

13 **their** i.e., Shakespeare’s plays concerning Henry VI

14 **this acceptance take** this play find favor

THE THREE PARTS OF HENRY THE SIXTH

Henry V ends with the Chorus speaking an epilogue in sonnet form. It offers a forward look that somewhat deflates the triumph of Agincourt. King Henry, the "star of England," will live but a small time. "The world's best garden," having been brought to order by his charismatic arts, will soon be choked with weeds. His son will be crowned King of France and England whilst still an infant. So many rivals then had the managing of his state "That they lost France and made his England bleed, / Which oft our stage hath shown." Shakespeare thus reminds his audience that his cycle of history plays is complete: the sequence from *Richard II* to *Henry V* at this point joins on to the earlier written tetralogy of the three parts of *Henry the Sixth* and *Richard III*. Sometimes gathered together in modern productions under a title such as *The Wars of the Roses* or *The Plantagenets*, these plays tell the story of England's self-scarring and "dire division."

In *The First Part of Henry the Sixth*, Henry V's miraculous conquest of France goes into reverse, despite the exploits of the noble Talbot; meanwhile civil war brews at home. In *The Second Part*, the war with France is brought to an end by the marriage of King Henry VI to Margaret of Anjou, but the weak king cannot prevent the rise of the Yorkist faction. At the beginning of *The Third Part*, the succession is surrendered to Richard Duke of York, but his ascendancy is halted on a Yorkshire battlefield, where Queen Margaret brings his life to an undignified end; his sons spend the rest of the play avenging him—and of those sons, it is Richard of Gloucester, the future Richard III, who proves most unscrupulous and therefore most to be feared.

The Romantic poet and Shakespearean commentator Samuel Taylor Coleridge did not think well of this bloody triple-header. He said of the opening lines of *The First Part*, "if you do not feel the impossibility of this speech having been written by Shakespeare, all I dare suggest is, that you may have ears—for so has another animal—but an ear you cannot have." To his own finely tuned ear for poetry, the rhythm of the verse was crude and far inferior to that of even Shakespeare’s earliest plays. Coleridge was lecturing on Shakespeare only a few years after the publication of Edmond Malone’s scholarly *Dissertation on the Three Parts of King Henry VI, tending to show that these plays were not written originally by Shakespeare*. Ever since Shakespeare rose in the course of the eighteenth century to his status as supreme cultural icon, there has been a tendency to assume that any less-than-perfect work—*Titus Andronicus,* say, or *Pericles*—must have been the product of some lesser dramatist, or at the very least that Shakespeare was merely patching up a rickety old play for which he was not originally responsible. In the case of the *Henry the Sixth* plays, support for the latter possibility seemed to come from the existence of early editions of versions of the second and third parts under the titles *The First Part of the Contention of the two Famous Houses of York and Lancaster with the Death of the Good Duke Humphrey* (published in 1594) and *The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York and the Death of Good King Henry the Sixth, with the Whole Contention between the two houses Lancaster and York* (1595). Malone and his successors argued that these were the originals, written by another dramatist (probably one of the so-called university wits, Robert Greene or George Peele), and that Shakespeare merely undertook the work of a reviser. As for *The First Part of Henry the Sixth*, Malone regarded it as almost holly un-Shakespearean. Though grounded in textual scholarship, his arguments were driven by critical distaste for the plays’ style of verse, the “stately march” whereby “the sense concludes or pauses uniformly at the end of every line.”

More recently, scholars have suggested that *The First Part of the Contention* and *Richard Duke of York* are in fact texts of works by Shakespeare, albeit poorly transcribed ones. The titles *The First Part* and *The Whole Contention* strongly suggest that the plays that we now call *The Second Part* and *The Third Part of Henry the Sixth* originally constituted a two-part work. They were probably first produced in the early 1590s, when Christopher Marlowe’s mighty *Tamburlaine the Great* had established a vogue for two-part plays filled with battles, processions, and high-sounding verse.

What we now call *The First Part of Henry the Sixth* would then stand slightly apart. Since it appears to have been premiered—to considerable acclaim—in 1592, it was probably written *after* the two Wars of the Roses plays that are now called the second and third parts. Perhaps it was what in modern film parlance is called a “prequel,” designed to cash in on the success of a blockbuster. Its lack of unity and its use of different source materials for different scenes suggest that it may have been a collaborative work. Thomas Nashe, who also wrote in partnership with Marlowe, has been suggested as a prime contributor, but there may have been three or even four hands in the composition. The possibility that Shakespeare was not the principal author of the Talbot/Joan of Arc play would account for some of the inconsistencies in the sequence considered as a trilogy. Among these is the fact that in *The Second Part* Humphrey Duke of Gloucester is a statesmanlike figure, a Lord Protector worthy of his late brother Henry V, whereas in *The First Part* he is more rough-hewn, and the plot discrepancy whereby the surrender of Anjou and Maine, a condition of the marriage between King Henry VI and Margaret of Anjou, is much resented in *The Second Part* yet not challenged in the marriage negotiations in *The First Part*.

There is a long tradition of attempting to establish literary authorship by stylistic tests—preference for feminine endings in verse lines, contractions (*them* versus *’em*), frequency of grammatical function words, and so forth. The availability of large-scale databases of texts and computer programs to crunch them means that such tests are becoming ever more sophisticated and reliable. When several different tests give the same result, one can speak tentatively of the evidence attaining scientific standards of probability. Twenty-first-century stylometric research of this kind suggests that nearly all of *The Second Part* can be confidently attributed to Shakespeare, that there are some doubts about *The Third Part* and that Shakespeare probably wrote only a few scenes of *The First Part*. Perhaps the only thing that makes one hesitate about these results is that they seem too convenient, in that they so neatly mirror the consensus about the relative dramatic quality of the three plays: *The Second Part* has gloriously Shakespearean energy and variety, and it nearly always works superbly in the theater; *The Third Part* has some immensely powerful rhetorical encounters but many *longueurs; The First Part* is generally the least admired—save for the rose-plucking scene in the second act and the moving dialogue of Talbot and his son in the fourth-act battle, the very sequences that the computer tests ascribe to Shakespeare.

It cannot be determined whether the traces of non-Shakespearean language are the vestiges of older plays that Shakespeare was revising or whether they are signs of active collaboration. Nor do we know whether the plays were ever staged as a trilogy in Shakespeare's lifetime. They only came to be labeled as such in the posthumously published 1623 Folio, where all his histories were collected and ordered by the chronology of their subject matter as opposed to their composition. Since the charismatic villain Richard of Gloucester appears in *The Second Part* and *The Third Part*, it becomes very tempting to think of the whole group as a tetralogy capped by *The Tragedy of Richard the Third*. Perhaps the best approach is to try to treat each of the plays both on its own terms—they were, after all, designed to be performed one at a time—and as part of Shakespeare's unfolding panorama of English history.

Richard III, probably first staged between 1592 and 1594, does seem to represent a quantum leap in Shakespeare's dramatic art. Whilst Crookback Richard has been a role that has made the names of great actors from David Garrick in the eighteenth century to Edmund Kean in the nineteenth to Antony Sher in the twentieth, the *Henry the Sixth* plays have not fared well on the English (or any other) stage. The second and third parts were given a few outings in a heavily adapted and compressed form between the Restoration and Regency periods, but almost three hundred years elapsed before there was a full-scale revival of the entire sequence, and even the twentieth century, which restored to favor such previously unpopular early Shakespearean plays as *Love's Labour's Lost* and *Titus Andronicus*, only saw some half-dozen major productions: those of F. R. Benson at the beginning of the century, Sir Barry Jackson shortly after World War II, John Barton and Peter Hall (rewritten and compressed into two plays under the title *The Wars of the Roses*) at Stratford-upon-Avon in the early 1960s, Terry Hands and Adrian Noble in succeeding decades at Stratford (the latter reducing the tetralogy to a trilogy entitled *The Plantagenets*), and Michael Bogdanov as part of a brave attempt to stage all of the history plays in modern dress, with a strong anti-Thatcherite political agenda, for the touring English Shakespeare Company in the 1980s.

The early-twenty-first century, however, witnessed a reversal of fortune: Michael Boyd directed a much-admired version with full texts under the title *This England* in the intimate space of the Swan theater in Stratford-upon-Avon, then on becoming artistic director of the Royal Shakespeare Company revived his productions on a larger stage. Edward Hall, meanwhile, followed his father, Peter, in reducing three to two, with an energetic version set in a slaughterhouse and entitled *Rose Rage*. In a new millennium, at a time of renewed religious war and deep uncertainty about the meaning of nation and national identity, Shakespeare's exploration of the foundations of the fractured Tudor polity seemed powerfully prescient.

The *Henry the Sixth* plays reveal Shakespeare learning his art with great rapidity. Poetic styles and stage business are snapped up from the university men, source material from the prose chronicles of English history. Edward Hall's *Union of the Two Noble and Illustrious Families of Lancaster and York* (1548) is compressed in such a way as to give a pattern to the march of history. The action is concerned less with individual characters than with the roles that individuals play in the drama of the nation's destiny. Shakespeare is quite willing to change someone's age or even their nature in order to subordinate them to his overall scheme. The demonization of Richard of Gloucester is only the most striking example. Whereas we associate the mature Shakespeare with contemplation—King Harry or Prince Hamlet in troubled soliloquy—the driving force of these early plays is action. *The First Part* deploys a set of variations on an underlying structure in which dramatic action precedes explanation, then a scene will end with epigrammatic recapitulation; each scene is presented in such a way that a different character's viewpoint is emphasized or a new aspect of an existing character developed. The scene with Talbot in the Countess of Auvergne's castle, for instance, highlights the courtesy and prudence of a man who has previously been seen as the exemplar of heroic courage. It also provides a contrast against which the later confrontation of Suffolk and Margaret can be measured: Talbot is a relic from the days of Henry V and England's conquest of France, while Suffolk is a harbinger of division and the Wars of the Roses.

In *The Second Part,* Shakespeare used a structural pattern to which he returned in later tragedies such as *King Lear* and *Timon of Athens:* the hero, Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, is progressively isolated as prominence is given to the legalistic conspiracies of his malicious enemies. But since the subject is the nation, not an individual hero, Humphrey is dispatched in the third act, and the remainder of the play turns to the subject of rebellion

(Jack Cade’s proletarian rising in Act 4) and attempted usurpation (the altogether more dangerous Duke of York’s march on London). *The Third Part* begins in chaos, with each of the first two acts ending in a battle (at Wakefield, then Towton), then proceeds in an uneasy equilibrium that sees two kings alive simultaneously and their respective claims only resolved after a bewildering series of encounters, parleys and changes of allegiance.

Balanced scene structure is paralleled by formal rhetorical style. The formality of the world of these plays is also apparent from the use of dramatic tableaux. The civil strife of the Wars of the Roses could have no better epitome than the paired entrances in Act 2 Scene 5 of The *Third Part*, where a son that has killed his father appears at one stage door and a moment later a father that has killed his son emerges through the other. Their entry rudely interrupts King Henry’s meditation on how he only wants a quiet life, how he’d rather be a shepherd than a king. The aspirations of the weak but pious king are formally visualized in the stage direction for his next entry, in Act **3** Scene 1: “Enter King Henry, disguised, carrying a prayer-book.” Only in retreat and disguise can he fulfill his desire to be a holy man. And even then his peace lasts only an instant, for two gamekeepers overhear and apprehend him, taking him to captivity in the hands of usurping King Edward. By contrast, when Richard of Gloucester becomes King Richard in the next play, a prayer-book is itself a form of disguise.

The unifying theme that makes the plays work as a trilogy, whatever the circumstances of their origin, is the pitching of two world-pictures against each other. Opposites cannot coexist in harmony, so chaos ensues. In The *First Part* the opposition takes the form of French against English, Joan against Talbot, magical thinking against rationality, female against male, and implicitly Catholic against Protestant. The historical Talbot was a Catholic, but to an audience in the early 1590s, his plain-speaking Englishness and his heroic deeds on the continental mainland would inevitably have evoked the knightly warriors such as Sir Philip Sidney who fought with Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, in the religious wars of the 1580s in the Spanish Netherlands. Joan, meanwhile, is a figure familiar from anti-Catholic propaganda: a virgin branded whore (“pucelle” means “maiden” but “puzzel” connotes prostitute), a saint and martyr converted into a conjuror of devils, a figure linked to Papist veneration of the Virgin Mary by way of the suggestion of miraculous pregnancy.

The dialectic of *The Second Part* pits honest old Duke Humphrey of Gloucester and pious young King Henry VI against the scheming Plantagenets. Richard Duke of York's brain, "more busy than the labouring spider," "weaves tedious snares to trap" his enemies; his son Richard, future Duke of Gloucester and eventual Richard III, will develop both this kind of language and his father's strategizing to chilling effect. As various characters shift allegiance between the houses of York and Lancaster, so audience sympathies shift as the fast-moving action unfolds: the power-hungry York of *The Second Part* becomes a figure of pathos when he is forced to wear a paper crown in the final moments before he is stabbed to death in *The Third Part*.

Shakespeare does not reveal his own allegiances, but he knows the direction in which history is moving. A key incident in this regard is the fake miracle of Simpcox in *The Second Part:* King Henry is taken in, a mark of his naive faith, whereas Humphrey of Gloucester adopts the sceptical, interrogative voice of a witchfinder—for which the contemporary equivalent would have been a seeker after closet Catholics. Revealingly, the source for this scene was not the pro-Tudor chronicle of Edward Hall but the anti-Catholic martyrology of John Foxe. Other "medieval," and thus implicitly Catholic, elements are also subverted: the Duchess of Gloucester's reliance on conjuration and the trial by combat between the armorer Horner and his man Peter both backfire.

Protestantism, with its rejection of the hierarchies of saints and cardinals, its commitment to the Bible in the language of the people, was associated with a democratization of religious faith. *The Second Part* is the element of the trilogy that toys with the popular voice (hence its significant proportion of prose writing, which is entirely absent from the first and third parts), but it cannot be said to endorse a modern notion of democracy. Jack Cade is a highly attractive figure on stage because he speaks in the same language as the commoners in the audience; his clowning offers welcome respite from the high rhetoric and low cunning of the aristocrats, and such lines as "the first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers" elicit an approving laugh in every age. But Shakespeare, who made his living by the literacy that his father lacked, can hardly be said to approve of a character who orders the hanging of a village clerk for the crime of being able to read and write. And Cade's vision of England is self-contradictory to the core:

CADE Be brave, then, for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops, and I will make it felony to drink small beer. All the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass: and when I am king, as king I will be—

ALL God save your majesty!

This is a double-edged "reformation": cheap bread, unwatered ale and the land held in common sound Utopian, but Cade does not really want representative government. He wants to be king himself. Shakespeare plays the same trick against the "commonwealth" idealism of the courtier Gonzalo twenty years later in The *Tempest:* "No sovereignty— / Yet he would be king on't." If Shakespeare has an Eden, it is not a place anterior to class distinction on the lines of the old rhyme "When Adam delved and Eve span / Who was then the gentleman?" but rather an English gentleman's country estate, a place of peace and retreat where Cade is an intruder: the Kentish garden of Alexander Iden.

There is a primal quality to the three plays of *Henry the Sixth*. The basis of drama is *agon*, the Greek word for "struggle" or "contest." According to Aristotle, the origin of tragedy was the moment when an actor split off from a chorus and began to enter into dialogue with them. Later came a second actor and a further opportunity for confrontation—the term for the first actor was "protagonist" and the second "deuteragonist." Conversation in the theater of historical tragedy is always a form of *agon*, which rapidly escalates into emotional intensity (agony) and thence to physical violence. Shakespeare, with his highly self-conscious theatrical art, is always acutely aware of the several *agons* that coexist in the theater: between the actor and his role (the struggle to master a part), between the players and the audience (the struggle to grab attention, to move a crowd of onlookers to woe and wonder), within each individual character (the play of conflicting desires and duties), as well as between the characters in their dialogue and stage disposition.

War is the logical culmination of an agonistic world: it is the beginning and end of the three parts of *Henry the Sixth*. The process of escalation is such that *The Third Part* in particular portrays the complete breakdown of society. The play has the harrowing, relentless quality of Greek tragedy, where people live and die according to a code of revenge, the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children, and the language moves between rhetorical, proto-operatic arias of anger, anguish, invective, and rapid-fire one-line exchanges in which the brutal conflicts between Lancastrians and Yorkists, men and women, old and young, self-servers and seekers after justice, winners and losers, are stripped to their essentials. In this world, words are weapons, but just occasionally they are harbingers of hope, as when King Henry VI lays his hands on young Henry Richmond's head and says:

> Come hither, England's hope. If secret powers
> Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
> This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
> His looks are full of peaceful majesty,
> His head by nature framed to wear a crown,
> His hand to wield a sceptre, and himself
> Likely in time to bless a regal throne.
> Make much of him, my lords, for this is he
> Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

This anointing looks forward to the establishment of the Tudor dynasty when Richmond becomes Henry VII, Queen Elizabeth's grandfather. But, as always seems to happen at moments of apparent stasis in these plays, a messenger then rushes on with the news that the rival king, Edward, has escaped. The violence continues apace. And before the final victory of Richmond at Bosworth Field, England must endure the darkness and blood of Crookback Richard's reign, to which Shakespeare will turn his attention in his next tragedy.

KEY FACTS: THE FIRST PART OF HENRY THE SIXTH

AUTHORSHIP: Shakespeare clearly wrote at least some of the play, as witnessed by its inclusion in the Folio, but of the three *Henry the Sixth* plays this is the one that is most likely to be collaborative. A wide range of stylometric tests raise very severe doubts over the likelihood of sole Shakespearean authorship. Modern scholarship favors Thomas Nashe (who praised the Talbot scenes in a pamphlet of 1592) as the likeliest collaborator, but one or two other authorial hands may also be present. Robert Greene, Christopher Marlowe, George Peele and whichever dramatist wrote the chronicle play of *Locrine* have all been suggested. The scenes most likely to be Shakespeare's are 2.4 (the roses in the Temple garden) and 4.2–4.7.32 (the battle scenes dominated by Talbot).

PLOT: Following the death of his father, Henry V, the young Henry VI is proclaimed king under the protectorship of his uncles, the Dukes of Gloucester and Exeter. There is conflict between Gloucester and his long-term rival, the Bishop of Winchester, and their respective supporters. Richard Plantagenet, having established a claim to the throne through the Mortimer line of his family, declares his animosity toward the Duke of Somerset. Each adopts a rose as an emblem for his faction: white for York, red for Lancaster. Charles the Dauphin, fortified by his alliance with the mysterious maid Joan la Pucelle (Joan of Arc), dominates the battles in France. The Duke of Bedford, Henry's uncle, is killed. The English captain Talbot—a legendary warrior, much feared by the French—is also killed. His death occurs as a direct result of the continuing enmity between York and Somerset, both of whom failed to supply reinforcements to the English troops. Fortunes turn and Joan is captured and burned. An uneasy peace is concluded between England and France. In light of this, Gloucester engineers a politically astute marriage between Henry and the Earl of Armagnac's daughter. Meanwhile, in France, Suffolk is enchanted by Margaret, the daughter of the Duke of Anjou.

Suffolk woos Margaret to be Henry's queen and in order to gain her father's consent cedes the newly conquered French territories of Anjou and Maine. Suffolk returns to England and persuades Henry, against opposition from the court, to marry Margaret and make her Queen of England.

MAJOR PARTS: *(with percentage of lines/number of speeches/scenes on stage)* Talbot (15%/59/12), Joan la Pucelle (9%/46/10), Richard Plantagenet, later Duke of York (7%/56/7), Duke of Gloucester (7%/48/7), King Henry VI (7%/29/5), Earl of Suffolk (6%/41/3), Charles, King of France (5%/41/8), Winchester (4%/27/6), Edmund Mortimer (3%/9/1), Sir William Lucy (3%/14/3), Duke of Bedford (3%/19/4), Earl of Warwick (3%/24/4), Duke of Somerset (2%/ 27/4), Duke of Exeter (2%/11/5), Reignier (2%/24/6), Duke of Alençon (2%/18/7), John Talbot (2%/11/2), Countess of Auvergne (2%/13/1), Duke of Burgundy (2%/17/6).

LINGUISTIC MEDIUM: 100% verse.

DATE: 1592. Generally assumed to be the "harey the vi" performed at the Rose Theatre in March 1592 (marked as "ne"—new?—by proprietor Philip Henslowe). Nashe's pamphlet *Pierce Penniless* (registered for publication August 1592) refers to the Talbot scenes inspiring "the tears of ten thousand spectators."

SOURCES: Different chronicle sources seem to have been used, perhaps by the play's different authors. So, for example, Edward Hall's *The Union of the Two Noble and Illustre Famelies of Lancastre and Yorke* (1548) is the main source for the civil contention in England, whereas the account of Joan of Arc draws on Holinshed's *Chronicles* (1587 edition). Strikingly, the scenes most likely to be Shakespeare's—the Temple garden and Talbot with his son—seem to be pure dramatic invention, with no source in the chronicles.

TEXT: 1623 Folio is the only text. There is dispute over whether it was set from (multi-?) authorial holograph or scribal copy, and the extent to which it was influenced by the playhouse bookkeeper. Some textual inconsistencies (e.g., whether Winchester is a bishop or a cardinal) may have been the result of different authors making different assumptions. The Folio editors introduced act and scene divisions that are perhaps more literary than theatrical.

TRILOGY?: Modern scholarship leans to the view that the plays the Folio calls the second and third parts of *Henry the Sixth* were originally a two-part "Wars of the Roses" drama *(The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York*) and that this play was a (collaborative) "prequel," written later to cash in on their success. This argument supposes that the three plays only became a "trilogy" when they were renamed and ordered by historical sequence in the 1623 Folio. Some scholars, however, adhere to the minority view that all three parts were written in sequence as a trilogy.

GENEALOGY: See this page.

KEY FACTS: THE SECOND PART OF HENRY THE SIXTH

AUTHORSHIP: Inclusion in the Folio is a presumption in favor of Shakespeare’s authorship, but stylometric tests raise some doubts about his sole authorship. Peele, Greene and Nashe have been suggested as possible contributors. There is no scholarly consensus on the question, which is closely related to the problem of the nature of the Quarto text (see below), but of the three *Henry the Sixth* plays this is the one with the strongest probability of near-exclusive Shakespearean authorship.

PLOT: Despite the recently concluded peace between England and France, dissension is rife within the English court. Suffolk’s influence, both at court and with the new Queen Margaret, intensifies. The fractious English nobles unite in their common aim to get rid of the Duke of Gloucester. His wife, Eleanor, the Duchess of Gloucester, aspires to the crown and is lured by a priest, John Hume, who is in the pay of Suffolk, to consult a witch about her ambitions. She is brought to trial and banished. Gloucester resigns his staff of office, allowing Henry to become king in his own right. Somerset returns from France with the news of the loss of all English territories. York and others seize this opportunity to implicate Gloucester in the loss of France and to accuse him of treason. Suffolk, Margaret, Winchester and York agree that Gloucester should be murdered. Meanwhile, there is a rebellion in Ireland and York is sent by Suffolk to deal with the crisis. York incites Jack Cade, a clothier posing as Mortimer, to promote further dissension by rebelling in Kent. Gloucester is murdered and the king turns against Suffolk, who is subsequently banished and murdered. Cardinal Beaufort (Winchester) outlives his old enemy by only a few hours. Cade’s rebellion is finally quashed but York returns to claim the crown, supported by his sons, Edward, Richard and George, and by Salisbury and Warwick. The two sides take up arms, Henry supported by Margaret, Somerset, Buckingham and the Cliffords. For the first time, Lancastrians face Yorkists at the battle of St Albans. The play ends with the king and queen in flight and the Yorkists contemplating the crown.

MAJOR PARTS: *(with percentage of lines/number of speeches/scenes on stage)* Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York (12%/58/9), King Henry VI (10%/82/11), Duke of Gloucester (10%/69/7), Duke of Suffolk (10%/67/7), Queen Margaret (10%/61/9), Jack Cade (8%/61/6), Earl of Warwick (4%/32/8), Cardinal Beaufort (4%/31/6), Eleanor (4%/21/5), Earl of Salisbury (3%/17/8), Duke of Buckingham (2%/24/9), Lord Clifford (2%/17/4), Captain (2%/ 11/1), Lord Say (2%/13/2), Alexander Iden (2%/9/2), Young Clifford (2%/4/2), Dick (1%/24/4).

LINGUISTIC MEDIUM: 85% verse, 15% prose.

DATE: 1591? Unquestionably precedes the play now known as *The Third Part*, a line of which was parodied in a pamphlet entered for publication in September 1592. Almost certainly played as a two-parter with the following play by Pembroke's Men, who were active in 1592. The possibility of an earlier pre-Shakespearean version and a later Shakespearean revision cannot be ruled out.

SOURCES: The main historical source seems to have been either Edward Hall's *The Union of the Two Noble and Illustre Famelies of Lancastre and Yorke* (1548) or Richard Grafton's abridged and very slightly altered version thereof (1569); Holinshed's *Chronicles* also seems to have been used, but there are fewer signs of its influence than in any of the other English histories. The false miracle of Simpcox was added by Grafton to Hall, but Shakespeare almost certainly read it in John Foxe's hugely influential protestant martyrology *Actes and Monuments* (perhaps read in the enlarged edition of 1583).

TEXT: A short version was published in Quarto form in 1594, entitled *The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous*

Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey: And the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolke, and the Tragicall end of the proud Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion of Iacke Cade: And the Duke of Yorkes first claime vnto the Crowne, reprinted 1600 and, with attribution to Shakespeare and title combined with that of the following play, 1619 *(The Whole Contention betweene the two Famous Houses, Lancaster and Yorke)*. The Quarto text is a reconstruction of a playing version, but there is much dispute over whether it is a short and often poorly remembered version of the play that is preserved in full in the Folio or the text of an early version (not by Shakespeare? partly by Shakespeare?) that Shakespeare then revised into the play that was printed in the Folio. It is equally unclear whether the possible linguistic signs of a non-Shakespearean hand (or hands) in the Folio text are vestiges of an older version or the result of active collaboration/coauthorship. We use the Folio text, which has the authority of Hemings and Condell; it is usually thought to represent a fairly close approximation of Shakespeare's manuscript, though the Third Quarto sometimes seems to have been consulted. The Quarto remains valuable for certain details of staging and the more significant of its variations are recorded in the textual notes.

GENEALOGY: See this page.

KEY FACTS: THE THIRD PART OF HENRY THE SIXTH

AUTHORSHIP: Inclusion in the Folio and Chettle/Greene’s “upstart crow” jibe (see “Date,” below) are presumptions in favor of Shakespeare’s authorship, but stylometric tests raise grave doubts about his sole authorship. Peele, Greene and Nashe have been suggested as possible contributors. There is no scholarly consensus on the question, which is closely related to the problem of the nature of the Octavo text (see below).

PLOT: Having won the battle of St. Albans and with Richard Plantagenet sitting on the throne of England, the Yorkists confront the Lancastrians. King Henry, to his wife’s dismay, agrees to York’s demand that he disinherit his son, Edward, Prince of Wales. Margaret vows to destroy York and his followers. She enlists the support of Clifford and others to raise an army. Margaret’s forces meet with those of York in battle, during which York’s youngest son, Rutland, is killed by Clifford. York is then captured by Clifford and Northumberland, taunted with details of Rutland’s death and brutally murdered. Edward and Richard are informed of their father’s murder and unite with Warwick, who proclaims Edward the new Duke of York. They raise an army and defeat the Lancastrians at Towton. Henry, Margaret and their son are forced to flee north; Clifford is killed. Henry is captured and brought to London, where he is placed in the Tower by the new King Edward. In France, Margaret and Warwick meet at the court of King Lewis. News reaches them that Edward has married Lady Elizabeth Grey, in spite of his earlier betrothal, instigated by Warwick, to King Lewis’ sister, Lady Bona. This insult turns both Warwick and Lewis against Edward. Warwick pledges support to Margaret, releasing Henry from the Tower and reinstating him as King of England. Warwick leaves London to muster his army, during which time Edward returns and recaptures Henry. The forces of Edward and Warwick meet at Barnet, where Warwick is killed. Margaret arrives in England with reinforcements.

Her forces encounter Edward's for the last time at Tewkesbury, where, after much bloodshed, the Wars of the Roses seem finally to be over.

MAJOR PARTS: *(with percentage of lines/number of speeches/scenes on stage)* Edward, Earl of March/King Edward IV (15%/132/18), Earl of Warwick (15%/99/12), Richard/Duke of Gloucester (14%/108/17), King Henry VI (12%/71/7), Queen Margaret (10%/53/7), Richard, Duke of York (6%/37/3), Lord Clifford (5%/35/6), George/Duke of Clarence (4%/39/12), Lady Elizabeth Grey/Queen Elizabeth (3%/31/4), King Lewis XI (2%/21/1), Edward, Prince of Wales (2%/16/6).

LINGUISTIC MEDIUM: 100% verse.

DATE: 1591? York's line "O, tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide!" is parodied in *Greene's Groatsworth of Wit* (a pamphlet prepared for the press—entered for publication September 1592—by Henry Chettle, perhaps based in part on the papers of the late dramatist Robert Greene), where Shakespeare is described as an "upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide*, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you." Pembroke's Men, who played the Octavo version, were active in 1592. The possibility of an earlier pre-Shakespearean version and a later Shakespearean revision cannot be ruled out.

SOURCES: Based primarily on Edward Hall, *The Union of the Two Noble and Illustre Famelies of Lancastre and Yorke* (1548) and the second (1587) edition of Holinshed's *Chronicles*. In some details, the Octavo text seems to follow Hall and the Folio Holinshed, which may support the theory of revision (see below).

TEXT: A short version was published in Octavo form in 1595, entitled *The true Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the death of good King Henrie the Sixt, with the whole contention betweene the* *two Houses Lancaster and Yorke, as it was sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembrooke his seruants*, reprinted in Quarto in 1600 and, with attribution to Shakespeare and title combined with that of the previous play, 1619 *(The Whole Contention betweene the two Famous Houses, Lancaster and Yorke)*. The Octavo text is a reconstruction of a playing version, but there is much dispute over whether it is a short and often poorly remembered version of the play that is preserved in full in the Folio or the text of an early version (not by Shakespeare? partly by Shakespeare?) that Shakespeare then revised into the play that was printed in the Folio. It is equally unclear whether the linguistic signs of a non-Shakespearean hand (or hands) in the Folio text are vestiges of an older version or the result of active collaboration/coauthorship. We use the Folio text, which has the authority of Hemings and Condell, though the nature of the copy from which it was set is disputed. The Octavo remains valuable for certain details of staging.

GENEALOGY: See this page.

THE FIRST PART OF HENRY THE SIXTH

The English side

KING HENRY VI, probably a boy player
Duke of **BEDFORD**, Regent of France
Duke of **GLOUCESTER**, Lord Protector, brother of the late Henry V, uncle of the king
Duke of **EXETER**, uncle of the late Henry V, great-uncle of the king
Bishop of **WINCHESTER**, later a Cardinal, Exeter’s younger brother, family name Beaufort
Duke of **SOMERSET**, Exeter’s nephew
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, later **DUKE OF YORK** and Regent of France
Earl of **WARWICK**
Earl of **SALISBURY**
Earl of **SUFFOLK**, William de la Pole
Lord **TALBOT**, later Earl of Shrewsbury
JOHN Talbot, his son
Edmund **MORTIMER**, Earl of March
Sir Thomas **GARGRAVE**
Sir William **GLASDALE**
Sir John **FALSTAFF** (historically Fastolf, not the same character as in *Henry IV* and The *Merry Wives of Windsor*)
Sir William **LUCY**
WOODVILLE, Lieutenant of the Tower of London
MAYOR of London
OFFICER to the Mayor of London
VERNON
BASSET
A LAWYER
A Papal **LEGATE**
JAILERS
English **CAPTAIN**
FIRST SERVINGMAN
FIRST MESSENGER
SECOND MESSENGER

THIRD MESSENGER

FIRST WARDER

SECOND WARDER

The French side

CHARLES the Dauphin, later King of France

REIGNIER, Duke of Anjou, King of Naples

MARGARET, his daughter

Duke of ALENÇON

BASTARD of Orléans

Duke of BURGUNDY

French GENERAL

Joan la PUCELLE, also called Joan of Arc

SHEPHERD, father of Joan

MASTER GUNNER of Orleans

Master Gunner’s BOY, his son

COUNTESS of Auvergne

Her PORTER

French SERGEANT

FIRST SENTINEL

WATCH

FIRST SOLDIER

French SCOUT

Soldiers, Attendants, Ambassadors, the Governor of Paris, French herald, Servingmen, Messengers, Sentinels, Captains, Fiends, Trumpeters

Act 1 Scene 1[1.1]

running scene 1

Dead march. Enter the funeral of King Henry the Fifth, attended on by the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke of Gloucester, Protector; the Duke of Exeter, [the Earl of] Warwick, the Bishop of Winchester, and the Duke of Somerset, [and Heralds]

BEDFORD Hung[1] be the heavens with black: yield, day, to night!
Comets,[2] importing change of times and states,
Brandish[3] your crystal tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge[4] the bad revolting stars
That have consented unto[5] Henry's death:
King Henry the Fifth, too[6] famous to live long:
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

GLOUCESTER England ne'er had a king until his time:
Virtue[9] he had, deserving to command:
His[10] brandished sword did blind men with his beams:
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings:
His sparkling eyes, replete with[12] wrathful fire,
More dazzlèd and drove back his enemies
Than midday sun, fierce bent against their faces.
What[15] should I say? His deeds exceed all speech:
He[16] ne'er lift up his hand but conquerèd.

EXETER We mourn in black: why mourn we not in blood?[17]
Henry is dead and never shall revive:[18]
Upon a wooden[19] coffin we attend,
And death's dishonourable victory
We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.[22]
What, shall we curse the planets of mishap,[23]
That plotted[24] thus our glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted[25] French
Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
By magic verses[27] have contrived his end?

WINCHESTER He was a king blessed of the King of Kings.[28]

Unto the French the dreadful judgement day
So dreadful[30] will not be as was his sight.
The battles of the Lord of hosts[31] he fought:
The church's prayers made him so prosperous.[32]
GLOUCESTER The church? Where is it? Had not churchmen prayed,[33]
His thread of life[34] had not so soon decayed.
None do you like but an effeminate prince,[35]
Whom like a schoolboy you may overawe.[36]
WINCHESTER Gloucester, whate'er we like, thou art Protector[37]
And lookest[38] to command the Prince and realm.
Thy wife is proud: she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God or religious churchmen may.
GLOUCESTER Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh,[41]
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st
Except it be to pray against thy foes.
BEDFORD Cease, cease these jars,[44] and rest your minds in peace:
Let's to the altar: heralds, wait on us:
[Exeunt funeral procession]
Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms:
Since arms avail not[47] now that Henry's dead:
Posterity, await for[48] wretched years,
When, at[49] their mothers' moistened eyes, babes shall suck,
Our isle be made a nourish[50] of salt tears,
And none but women left to wail the dead.
Henry the Fifth, thy ghost I invocate:[52]
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils,[53]
Combat with adverse planets[54] in the heavens:
A far more glorious star[55] thy soul will make
Than Julius Caesar, or bright—
Enter a Messenger
FIRST MESSENGER My honourable lords, health to you all:
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter and discomfiture:[59]
Guyenne, Champaigne,[60] Rouen, Rheims, Orléans,
Paris, Gisors, Poitiers, are all quite lost.
BEDFORD What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's corpse?

Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead[64] and rise from death.
GLOUCESTER Is Paris lost? Is Rouen yielded up?
If Henry were recalled to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.[67]
EXETER How were they lost? What treachery was used?
FIRST MESSENGER No treachery, but want[69] of men and money.
Amongst the soldiers this is mutterèd:
That here you maintain several[71] factions,
And whilst a field[72] should be dispatched and fought,
You are disputing of[73] your generals.
One would have lingering wars with little cost:
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings:
A third thinks, without expense at all,
By guileful[77] fair words peace may be obtained.
Awake, awake, English nobility!
Let not sloth dim your honours new-begot:[79]
Cropped are the flower-de-luces[80] in your arms:
Of England’s coat,[81] one half is cut away.
[Exit]
EXETER Were our tears wanting to[82] this funeral,
These tidings would call forth her[83] flowing tides.
BEDFORD Me they concern: Regent[84] I am of France:
Give me my steelèd coat:[85] I’ll fight for France.
Away with these disgraceful wailing robes! ***He removes his mourning robes***
Wounds will I lend the French instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive[88] miseries.
Enter to them another Messenger
SECOND MESSENGER Lords, view these letters, full of bad mischance.[89]
France is revolted from the English quite,[90]
Except some petty[91] towns of no import.
The dauphin[92] Charles is crownèd king in Rheims:
The Bastard[93] of Orléans with him is joined:
Reignier, Duke of Anjou, doth take his part:
The Duke of Alençon flieth to his side.
Exit

EXETER The dauphin crownèd king! All fly to him?
O whither shall we fly[97] from this reproach?
GLOUCESTER We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats.
Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.
BEDFORD Gloucester, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?[100]
An army have I mustered in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is overrun.

Enter another Messenger

THIRD MESSENGER My gracious lords, to add to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew[104] King Henry's hearse,
I must inform you of a dismal[105] fight
Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot and the French.
WINCHESTER What? Wherein Talbot overcame — is't so?
THIRD MESSENGER O no: wherein Lord Talbot was o'erthrown:
The circumstance[109] I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August[110] last, this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the siege of Orléans,
Having full scarce[112] six thousand in his troop,
By three and twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassèd[114] and set upon:
No leisure had he to enrank[115] his men.
He wanted[116] pikes to set before his archers:
Instead whereof, sharp stakes plucked out of hedges
They pitchèd in the ground confusedly,[118]
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continuèd,
Where valiant Talbot above human thought[121]
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand[123] him:
Here, there, and everywhere, enraged he slew.
The French exclaimed the devil was in arms:
All the whole army stood agazed on[126] him.
His soldiers spying his undaunted spirit
'A[128] Talbot! A Talbot!' cried out amain
And rushed into the bowels[129] of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been sealed up,[130]

If Sir John Falstaff[131] had not played the coward.
He, being in the vanguard, placed behind
With[133] purpose to relieve and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wrack[135] and massacre;
Enclosèd[136] were they with their enemies.
A base Walloon,[137] to win the dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back,
Whom all France with their chief assembled strength
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

BEDFORD Is Talbot slain then? I will slay myself,
For living idly here in pomp[142] and ease,
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foemen[144] is betrayed.

THIRD MESSENGER O no, he lives, but is took prisoner,
And Lord Scales with him, and Lord Hungerford:
Most of the rest slaughtered, or took likewise.

BEDFORD His ransom there is none but I shall pay.
I'll hale[149] the dauphin headlong from his throne:
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend:
Four of their lords I'll change[151] for one of ours.
Farewell, my masters: to my task will I.
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep[154] our great Saint George's feast withal.
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

THIRD MESSENGER So you had need, for Orléans is besieged.
The English army is grown weak and faint:
The Earl of Salisbury craveth supply,[159]
And hardly[160] keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

[Exit]

EXETER Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn:
Either to quell[163] the dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

BEDFORD I do remember it, and here take my leave,

To go about my preparation.
Exit Bedford
GLOUCESTER I'll to the Tower[167] with all the haste I can,
To view th'artillery and munition,
And then I will proclaim young Henry king.
Exit Gloucester
EXETER To Eltham[170] will I, where the young king is,
Being[171] ordained his special governor,
And for his safety there I'll best devise.
Exit
WINCHESTER Each hath his place and function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remains:
But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office.[175]
The king from Eltham I intend to steal
And sit[177] at chiefest stern of public weal.
Exit

[Act 1 Scene 2][1.2]

running scene 2

Sound a flourish. Enter Charles [the Dauphin, the Duke of] Alençon and Reignier [Duke of Anjou], marching with Drum and Soldiers

CHARLES Mars[1] his true moving, even as in the heavens
So in the earth, to this day is not known.
Late[3] did he shine upon the English side:
Now we are victors: upon us he smiles.
What towns of any moment[5] but we have?
At pleasure here we lie near Orléans;
Otherwhiles[7] the famished English, like pale ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.
ALENÇON They want[9] their porridge and their fat bull-beeves:
Either they must be dieted[10] like mules,
And have their provender[11] tied to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drownèd mice.
REIGNIER Let’s raise[13] the siege: why live we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont[14] to fear:
Remaineth none but mad-brained Salisbury,
And he may well in fretting[16] spend his gall,
Nor men nor money hath he to make war.
CHARLES Sound, sound alarum![18] We will rush on them.
Now for the honour of the forlorn[19] French:
Him I forgive my death that killeth me
When he sees me go back one foot or fly.
Exeunt
Here alarum: they are beaten back by the English with great loss
Enter Charles, Alençon and Reignier
CHARLES Who ever saw the like? What men have I?
Dogs, cowards, dastards![23] I would ne’er have fled,
But that they left me ’midst my enemies.
REIGNIER Salisbury is a desperate homicide;[25]
He fighteth as one weary of his life:
The other lords, like lions wanting food,

Do rush upon us as their hungry[28] prey.
ALENÇON Froissart,[29] a countryman of ours, records
England all[30] Olivers and Rowlands bred,
During the time Edward the Third did reign:
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Samsons and Goliases[33]
It sendeth forth to skirmish:[34] one to ten!
Lean raw-boned[35] rascals, who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity?
CHARLES Let's leave this town, for they are hare-brained slaves,[37]
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:[38]
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down than forsake[40] the siege.
REIGNIER I think by some odd gimmers[41] or device
Their arms are set, like clocks, still[42] to strike on;
Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do:
By my consent,[44] we'll even let them alone.
ALENÇON Be it so.
Enter the Bastard of Orléans
BASTARD Where's the Prince Dauphin? I have news for him.
CHARLES Bastard of Orléans, thrice welcome to us.
BASTARD Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer appalled.[48]
Hath the late overthrow wrought[49] this offence?
Be not dismayed, for succour is at hand:
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which by a vision sent to her from heaven,
Ordainèd[53] is to raise this tedious siege
And drive the English forth[54] the bounds of France:
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine sibyls[56] of old Rome:
What's past and what's to come she can descry.[57]
Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,
For they are certain and unfallible.
CHARLES Go, call her in.
[Exit Bastard of Orléans]
But first, to try[60] her skill,

Reignier, stand thou as dauphin in my place:
Question her proudly:[62] let thy looks be stern:
By this means shall we sound[63] what skill she hath.

Enter [*the Bastard of Orléans, with*] *Joan* [*la*] *Pucelle* [*armed*]

REIGNIER Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wondrous feats? ***As Charles***

PUCELLE Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile[65] me?
Where is the dauphin?— Come, come from behind: ***To Charles***
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amazed, there's nothing hid from me;
In private will I talk with thee apart:
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile. ***Reignier, Alençon and Bastard stand apart***[70]

REIGNIER She takes upon her[71] bravely at first dash.

PUCELLE Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit[73] untrained in any kind of art:
Heaven and our Lady gracious[74] hath it pleased
To shine on my contemptible estate.[75]
Lo,[76] whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat displayed my cheeks,
God's mother deignèd to appear to me,
And in a vision full of majesty,
Willed me to leave my base vocation
And free my country from calamity:
Her aid she promised, and assured success.
In complete[83] glory she revealed herself:
And whereas I was black and swart[84] before,
With those clear rays which she infused on[85] me
That beauty am I blessed with, which you may see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated:[88]
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve on[91] this, thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.[92]

CHARLES Thou hast astonished me with thy high terms:[93]
Only this proof[94] I'll of thy valour make,

In single combat thou shalt buckle[95] with me,
And if thou vanquishest,[96] thy words are true:
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.[97]
PUCELLE I am prepared: here is my keen-edged[98] sword,
Decked[99] with five flower-de-luces on each side,
The which at Touraine,[100] in Saint Katherine’s churchyard,
Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.
CHARLES Then come, a[102] God’s name: I fear no woman.
PUCELLE And while I live, I’ll[103] ne’er fly from a man.
Here they fight, and Joan la Pucelle overcomes
CHARLES Stay, stay thy hands! Thou art an Amazon[104]
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.[105]
PUCELLE Christ’s mother helps me, else[106] I were too weak.
CHARLES Whoe’er helps thee, ’tis thou that must help me:
Impatiently I burn with thy desire:[108]
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued.
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant[111] and not sovereign be:
’Tis the French dauphin sueth to[112] thee thus.
PUCELLE I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession’s[114] sacred from above:
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompense.[116]
CHARLES Meantime, look gracious[117] on thy prostrate thrall.
REIGNIER My lord, methinks, is very long in talk. ***To the others, apart***
ALENÇON Doubtless he shrives[119] this woman to her smock,
Else ne’er could he so long protract[120] his speech.
REIGNIER Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?[121]
ALENÇON He may mean more than we poor men do know.[122]
These women are shrewd[123] tempters with their tongues.
REIGNIER My lord, where are you?[124] What devise you on?
Shall we give o’er[125] Orléans, or no?
PUCELLE Why, no, I say: distrustful recreants,[126]
Fight till the last gasp: I’ll be your guard.
CHARLES What she says, I’ll confirm: we’ll fight it out.
PUCELLE Assigned am I to be the English scourge.[129]

This night the siege assuredly I’ll raise:
Expect Saint Martin’s summer,[131] halcyon’s days,
Since I have entered into these wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself
Till by broad spreading, it disperse to naught.
With Henry’s death, the English circle ends:
Dispersèd are the glories it included:
Now am I like that proud insulting[138] ship
Which Caesar[139] and his fortune bare at once.
CHARLES Was Mahomet[140] inspirèd with a dove?
Thou with[141] an eagle art inspirèd then.
Helen,[142] the mother of great Constantine,
Nor yet Saint Philip’s daughters[143] were like thee.
Bright star of Venus,[144] fall’n down on the earth,
How may I reverently worship thee enough?
ALENÇON Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.
REIGNIER Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours;
Drive them from Orléans, and be immortalized.[148]
CHARLES Presently[149] we’ll try: come, let’s away about it:
No prophet will I trust, if she prove false.
Exeunt

[Act 1 Scene 3][1.3]

running scene 3

Enter Gloucester, with his Servingmen [in blue coats]

GLOUCESTER I am come to survey the Tower this day:
Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance:[2]
Where be these warders,[3] that they wait not here? ***Servingmen knock on gates***
Open the gates; 'tis Gloucester that calls.
FIRST WARDER Who's there that knocks so imperiously? ***Within***
FIRST SERVINGMAN It is the noble Duke of Gloucester.
SECOND WARDER Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in. ***Within***
FIRST SERVINGMAN Villains,[8] answer you so the Lord Protector?
FIRST WARDER The Lord protect him, so we answer him: ***Within***
We do no otherwise than we are willed.[10]
GLOUCESTER Who willèd you? Or whose will stands but mine?
There's none[12] protector of the realm but I.
Break up[13] the gates, I'll be your warrantize: ***To Servingmen***
Shall I be flouted[14] thus by dunghill grooms?

Gloucester's men rush at the Tower Gates, and Woodville the Lieutenant speaks within

WOODVILLE What noise is this? What traitors have we here?
GLOUCESTER Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?
Open the gates: here's Gloucester that would enter.
WOODVILLE Have patience, noble duke: I may not open:
The Cardinal[19] of Winchester forbids:
From him I have express commandment
That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.
GLOUCESTER Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him 'fore[22] me?
Arrogant Winchester, that haughty prelate,
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?[24]
Thou art no friend to God or to the king:
Open the gates, or I'll shut[26] thee out shortly.
SERVINGMEN Open the gates unto the Lord Protector,
Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter to the [Lord] Protector at the Tower Gates, [the Bishop of] Winchester and his men in tawny coats

WINCHESTER How now, ambitious umpire![29] What means this?
GLOUCESTER Peeled[30] priest, dost thou command me to be shut out?
WINCHESTER I do, thou most usurping proditor,[31]
And not 'Protector', of the king or realm.
GLOUCESTER Stand back, thou manifest conspirator,
Thou that contrived'st[34] to murder our dead lord:
Thou that giv'st whores[35] indulgences to sin:
I'll canvass[36] thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.
WINCHESTER Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot:
This be Damascus,[39] be thou cursèd Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.
GLOUCESTER I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back:
Thy scarlet robes as a child's bearing-cloth[42]
I'll use to carry thee out of this place.
WINCHESTER Do what thou dar'st, I beard[44] thee to thy face.
GLOUCESTER What? Am I dared[45] and bearded to my face?
Draw, men, for all this[46] privilegèd place; ***All draw their swords***
Blue coats to tawny coats. Priest, beware your beard,
I mean to tug it and to cuff you soundly.
Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat:
In spite of Pope or dignities[50] of Church,
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.
WINCHESTER Gloucester, thou wilt answer this before the Pope.
GLOUCESTER Winchester[53] goose, I cry, 'A rope, a rope!'—
Now beat them hence: why do you let them stay?— ***To Servingmen***
Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.— ***To Winchester***
Out, tawny coats!— Out, scarlet hypocrite!

Here Gloucester's men beat out the [Bishop of Winchester's] men, and enter in the hurly-burly the Mayor of London and his Officers

MAYOR Fie,[57] lords, that you, being supreme magistrates,
Thus contumeliously[58] should break the peace!
GLOUCESTER Peace, mayor, thou know'st little of my wrongs:
Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,

Hath here distrained[61] the Tower to his use.
WINCHESTER Here's Gloucester — a foe to citizens,
One that still[63] motions war and never peace,
O'ercharging[64] your free purses with large fines—
That seeks to overthrow religion,
Because he is Protector of the realm,
And would have armour here out of the Tower,
To crown himself king and suppress the prince.[68]
GLOUCESTER I will not answer thee with words, but blows.

Here they skirmish again

MAYOR Naught rests[70] for me, in this tumultuous strife,
But to make open proclamation.
Come, officer, as loud as e'er thou canst, cry. ***Handing a paper to the Officer, who reads***

OFFICER All manner of men assembled here in arms this day against God's peace and the king's, we charge and command you, in his highness' name, to repair[74] to your several[75] dwelling-places, and not to wear, handle, or use any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death. ***The skirmish ends***

GLOUCESTER Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law:
But we shall meet, and break[78] our minds at large.
WINCHESTER Gloucester, we'll meet to thy cost, be sure:
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.
MAYOR I'll call for clubs,[81] if you will not away:
This cardinal's more haughty than the devil.
GLOUCESTER Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou mayst.
WINCHESTER Abominable[84] Gloucester, guard thy head,
For I intend to have it ere[85] long.

Exeunt [separately, Gloucester and Bishop of Winchester with their Servingmen]

MAYOR See the coast cleared, and then we will depart.
Good God, these nobles should such stomachs[87] bear!
I myself fight not once in forty year.

Exeunt

[Act 1 Scene 4][1.4]

running scene 4

Enter the Master Gunner of Orléans and his Boy

MASTER GUNNER Sirrah,[1] thou know’st how Orléans is besieged,
And how the English have the suburbs[2] won.

BOY Father, I know, and oft have shot at them,
Howe’er, unfortunate, I missed my aim.

MASTER GUNNER But now thou shalt not. Be thou ruled by me:
Chief Master Gunner am I of this town,
Something I must do to procure me grace:[7]
The prince’s espials[8] have informèd me
How the English, in the suburbs close entrenched,[9]
Wont,[10] through a secret grate of iron bars
In yonder tower, to overpeer the city,
And thence discover how with most advantage
They may vex us with shot or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,[14]
A piece of ordnance[15] gainst it I have placed,
And even these three days have I watched,
If I could see them. Now do thou watch
For I can stay no longer.
If thou spy’st any, run and bring me word,
And thou shalt find me at the governor’s.

BOY Father, I warrant you, take[21] you no care:

Exit [Master Gunner]

I’ll never trouble you, if I may spy them.

Exit

Enter Salisbury and Talbot on the turrets, with others [including Sir Thomas Gargrave and Sir William Glasdale]

SALISBURY Talbot, my life, my joy, again returned?
How wert thou handled, being prisoner?
Or by what means got’st thou to be released?
Discourse, I prithee, on this turret’s top.

TALBOT The Earl of Bedford had a prisoner,

Called the brave Lord Ponton de Santrailles:
For him was I exchanged and ransomèd.
But with a baser[30] man of arms by far
Once in contempt they would have bartered me:
Which I, disdaining, scorned, and cravèd[32] death,
Rather than I would be so pilled[33] esteemed:
In fine,[34] redeemed I was as I desired.
But O, the treacherous Falstaff wounds my heart,
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.
SALISBURY Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertained.[38]
TALBOT With scoffs and scorns and contumelious[39] taunts:
In open market-place produced they me,
To be a public spectacle to all:
'Here', said they, 'is the terror of the French,
The scarecrow that affrights our children so.'
Then broke I from the officers that led me,
And with my nails digged stones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my shame.
My grisly[47] countenance made others fly:
None durst come near for fear of sudden[48] death.
In iron walls they deemed me not secure:
So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread,
That they supposed I could rend bars of steel,
And spurn[52] in pieces posts of adamant.
Wherefore[53] a guard of chosen shot I had,
That walked about me every minute while:[54]
And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy [who passes over the stage and exits] with a linstock [lit and burning]

SALISBURY I grieve to hear what torments you endured,
But we will be revenged sufficiently.
Now it is supper-time in Orléans:
Here, through this grate, I count each one
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify:

Let us look in: the sight will much delight thee:
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glasdale,
Let me have your express[64] opinions
Where is best place to make our batt'ry[65] next. ***They look through the grate***
GARGRAVE I think, at the north gate, for there stands lords.
GLASDALE And I, here, at the bulwark[67] of the bridge.
TALBOT For aught[68] I see, this city must be famished,
Or with light skirmishes enfeeblèd.[69]
Here they shoot [within] and Salisbury [and Gargrave] fall down
SALISBURY O Lord have mercy on us, wretched sinners!
GARGRAVE O Lord have mercy on me, woeful man!
TALBOT What chance[72] is this that suddenly hath crossed us?
Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst, speak:
How far'st thou, mirror[74] of all martial men?
One of thy eyes and thy cheek's side struck off?
Accursèd tower! Accursèd fatal[76] hand
That hath contrived this woeful tragedy.
In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame:
Henry the Fifth he first trained to the wars:
Whilst any trump[80] did sound, or drum struck up,
His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.
Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury? Though thy speech doth fail,
One eye thou hast to look to heaven for grace.
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.
Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
If Salisbury wants[86] mercy at thy hands.
Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?
Speak unto Talbot: nay, look up to him.
Bear hence his body: I will help to bury it.
[Exit one with Gargrave's body]
Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort:
Thou shalt not die whiles—
He beckons with his hand and smiles on me:
As[93] who should say 'When I am dead and gone,
Remember to avenge me on the French.'

Plantagenet,[95] I will; and like thee, Nero,
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
Wretched shall France be only in[97] my name.

Here an alarum, and it thunders and lightens

What stir is this? What tumult's in the heavens?
Whence cometh this alarum and the noise?

Enter a Messenger

MESSENGER My lord, my lord, the French have gathered head.[100]
The dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle joined,
A holy prophetess new risen up,
Is come with a great power[103] to raise the siege.

Here Salisbury lifteth himself up and groans

TALBOT Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth groan!
It irks[105] his heart he cannot be revenged.
Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you.
Puzzel or pucelle,[107] dolphin or dogfish,
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled[109] brains.
Convey[110] me Salisbury into his tent,
And then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.

Alarum. Exeunt

[Act 1 Scene 5]

running scene 4 continues

Here an alarum again, and Talbot pursueth the Dauphin, and driveth him: then enter Joan la Pucelle, driving Englishmen before her, [and exeunt]. Then enter Talbot

TALBOT Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English troops retire, I cannot stay[2] them:
A woman clad in armour chaseth them.

Enter [Joan la] Pucelle

Here, here she comes. I'll have a bout[4] with thee:
Devil or devil's dam,[5] I'll conjure thee:
Blood[6] will I draw on thee — thou art a witch —
And straightway give thy soul to him[7] thou serv'st.

PUCELLE Come, come, 'tis only I that must disgrace thee.

Here they fight

TALBOT Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage[10]
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder.
But I will chastise this high-minded[12] strumpet.

They fight again

PUCELLE Talbot, farewell: thy hour is not yet come:
I must go victual[14] Orléans forthwith.

A short alarum: then [the French] enter the town with soldiers

O'ertake me if thou canst: I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hungry-starvèd men:
Help Salisbury to make his testament:[17]
This day is ours, as many more shall be.

Exit

TALBOT My thoughts are whirlèd like a potter's wheel:
I know not where I am, nor what I do:
A witch by fear, not force, like Hannibal,[21]
Drives back our troops and conquers as she lists:[22]
So bees with smoke and doves with noisome[23] stench
Are from their hives and houses driven away.

They called us, for our fierceness, English dogs:
Now, like to whelps,[26] we crying run away.
A short alarum
Hark, countrymen: either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;[28]
Renounce your soil, give[29] sheep in lions' stead:
Sheep run not half so treacherous[30] from the wolf,
Or horse or oxen from the leopard,
As you fly from your oft-subduèd[32] slaves.
Alarum. Here another skirmish
It[33] will not be: retire into your trenches:
You all consented[34] unto Salisbury's death,
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.[35]
Pucelle is entered into Orléans,
In spite of us or aught that we could do.
O would[38] I were to die with Salisbury!
The shame hereof will make me hide my head.
Exit Talbot
Alarum: retreat: flourish

[Act 1 Scene 6]

running scene 4 continues

Enter on the walls, [Joan la] Pucelle, Charles [the Dauphin], Reignier, Alençon and Soldiers [with colours]*

PUCELLE Advance[1] our waving colours on the walls:
Rescued is Orléans from the English.
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath performed her word.

CHARLES Divinest creature, Astraea's[4] daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success?
Thy promises are like Adonis' garden[6]
That one day bloomed and fruitful were the next.
France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!
Recovered is the town of Orléans:
More blessèd hap[10] did ne'er befall our state.

REIGNIER Why ring not out the bells aloud throughout the town?
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

ALENÇON All France will be replete with mirth and joy,
When they shall hear how we have played the men.[16]

CHARLES 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won:
For which I will divide my crown with her,
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall in procession sing her endless praise.
A statelier pyramid[21] to her I'll rear
Than Rhodope's of Memphis' ever was.
In memory of her, when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewelled[25] coffer of Darius,
Transported shall be at high[26] festivals
Before the kings and queens of France.
No longer on Saint Denis[28] will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in, and let us banquet royally,

After this golden day of victory.
Flourish. Exeunt

Act 2 Scene 1

running scene 5

Enter [above] a [French] Sergeant of a band[*] *with two Sentinels*

SERGEANT Sirs, take your places and be vigilant:
If any noise or soldier you perceive
Near to the walls, by some apparent[3] sign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.[4]

FIRST SENTINEL Sergeant, you shall.

[Exit Sergeant]

Thus are poor servitors,[5]
When others sleep upon their quiet beds,
Constrained[7] to watch in darkness, rain and cold.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundy, [and soldiers], with scaling-ladders, their drums beating a dead march

TALBOT Lord Regent, and redoubted[8] Burgundy,
By whose approach[9] the regions of Artois,
Wallon,[10] and Picardy are friends to us:
This happy[11] night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day caroused and banqueted:
Embrace we then this opportunity,
As fitting best to quittance[14] their deceit,
Contrived by art[15] and baleful sorcery.

BEDFORD Coward of France![16] How much he wrongs his fame,
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,[17]
To join with witches and the help of hell.

BURGUNDY Traitors have never other company.
But what's that Pucelle whom they term so pure?

TALBOT A maid, they say.

BEDFORD A maid? And be so martial?

BURGUNDY Pray God she prove not masculine[23] ere long,
If underneath the standard[24] of the French
She carry armour[25] as she hath begun.

TALBOT Well, let them practise and converse[26] with spirits.
God is our fortress, in whose conquering name

Let us resolve to scale their flinty[28] bulwarks.

BEDFORD Ascend, brave Talbot, we will follow thee.

TALBOT Not all together: better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several[31] ways:
That, if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.

BEDFORD Agreed: I'll to yond[34] corner.

BURGUNDY And I to this.

TALBOT And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.
Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

SENTINELS Arm! Arm! The enemy doth make assault!

[English soldiers, having scaled the walls] cry: 'Saint George,' 'A Talbot.'

The French leap o'er the walls in their shirts. Enter several ways [the] Bastard [of Orléans],

Alençon [and] Reignier, half ready, and half unready

ALENÇON How now, my lords? What, all unready so?

BASTARD Unready? Ay, and glad we scaped so well.

REIGNIER 'Twas time, I trow,[43] to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber doors.

ALENÇON Of all exploits since first I followed arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprise
More venturous[47] or desperate than this.

BASTARD I think this Talbot be a fiend of hell.

REIGNIER If not of hell, the heavens sure favour him.

ALENÇON Here cometh Charles: I marvel[50] how he sped.

Enter Charles and Joan [la Pucelle]

BASTARD Tut, holy[51] Joan was his defensive guard.

CHARLES Is this thy cunning,[52] thou deceitful dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter[53] us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much?

PUCELLE Wherefore is Charles impatient[56] with his friend?
At all times will you have my power alike?[57]

Sleeping or waking must I still prevail,[58]
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
Improvident[60] soldiers, had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief[61] never could have fall’n.

CHARLES Duke of Alençon, this was your default,[62]
That, being captain of the watch tonight,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.[64]

ALENÇON Had all your quarters[65] been as safely kept
As that whereof I had the government,[66]
We had not been thus shamefully surprised.[67]

BASTARD Mine was secure.

REIGNIER And so was mine, my lord.

CHARLES And for myself, most part of all this night,
Within her quarter[71] and mine own precinct
I was employed in passing[72] to and fro,
About[73] relieving of the sentinels.
Then how or which way should they first break in?

PUCELLE Question, my lords, no further of the case,
How or which way: ’tis sure they found some place
But[77] weakly guarded, where the breach was made:
And now there rests[78] no other shift but this:
To gather our soldiers, scattered and dispersed,
And lay new platforms[80] to endamage them.

Alarum. Enter an [English] Soldier, crying ‘A Talbot! A Talbot!’ [The French] fly, leaving their clothes behind

SOLDIER I’ll be so bold to take what they have left:
The cry of ‘Talbot’ serves me for a sword,
For I have loaden me with many spoils,[83]
Using no other weapon but his name.

Exit

[Act 2 Scene 2]

running scene 5 continues

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundy, [a Captain, and others]

BEDFORD The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy[2] mantle over-veiled the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

Retreat [sounded]

TALBOT Bring forth the body of old Salisbury,
And here advance[5] it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this cursèd town.
Now have I paid my vow[7] unto his soul:
For every drop of blood was drawn from him,
There hath at least five Frenchmen died tonight.
And that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin[11] happened in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interred:
Upon the which, that everyone may read,
Shall be engraved the sack of Orléans,
The treacherous manner of his mournful[16] death,
And what a terror he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I muse[19] we met not with the dauphin's grace,
His new-come champion,[20] virtuous Joan of Arc,
Nor any of his false confederates.

BEDFORD 'Tis thought, Lord Talbot, when the fight began,
Roused on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did amongst the troops of armèd men
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

BURGUNDY Myself, as far as I could well discern
For smoke and dusky vapours of the night,
Am sure I scared the dauphin and his trull,[28]
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves[30]

That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the power[33] we have.

Enter a Messenger

MESSENGER All hail, my lords! Which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France?

TALBOT Here is the Talbot: who would speak with him?

MESSENGER The virtuous lady, Countess of Auvergne,
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe[40]
To visit her poor[41] castle where she lies,
That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.[43]

BURGUNDY Is it even so? Nay, then I see our wars
Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,[45]
When ladies crave to be encountered with.[46]
You may not, my lord, despise[47] her gentle suit.

TALBOT Ne'er trust me then: for when a world[48] of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,[49]
Yet hath a woman's kindness overruled:[50]
And therefore tell her I return great thanks,
And in submission will attend on[52] her.
Will not your honours bear me company?

BEDFORD No, truly, 'tis more than manners will:
And I have heard it said, unbidden[55] guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

TALBOT Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,[57]
I mean to prove[58] this lady's courtesy.
Come hither, captain.
You perceive my mind?[60]

Whispers

CAPTAIN I do, my lord, and mean[61] accordingly.

Exeunt

[Act 2 Scene 3][2.3]

running scene 6

Enter [the] Countess [of Auvergne and her Porter]

COUNTESS Porter, remember what I gave[1] in charge,
And when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

PORTER Madam, I will.

Exit

COUNTESS The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit
As Scythian Tomyris[6] by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account:
Fain[9] would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure[10] of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and Talbot

MESSENGER Madam, according as your ladyship desired,
By message craved, so is Lord Talbot come.

COUNTESS And he is welcome. What, is this the man?

MESSENGER Madam, it is.

COUNTESS Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much feared abroad[16]
That with his name the mothers still[17] their babes?
I see report is fabulous[18] and false:
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,[19]
A second Hector,[20] for his grim aspect,
And large proportion[21] of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas, this is a child, a silly[22] dwarf:
It cannot be this weak and writhled[23] shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

TALBOT Madam, I have been bold to trouble you:
But since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort[27] some other time to visit you.

COUNTESS What means he now? Go ask him whither he goes.

MESSENGER Stay, my lord Talbot, for my lady craves

To know the cause of your abrupt departure.
TALBOT Marry,[31] for that she's in a wrong belief,
I[32] go to certify her Talbot's here.
Enter Porter with keys
COUNTESS If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.
TALBOT Prisoner? To whom?
COUNTESS To me, bloodthirsty lord;
And for that cause I trained[36] thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow[37] hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
But now the substance shall endure the like,
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny[41] these many years
Wasted[42] our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captivate.[43]
TALBOT Ha, ha, ha!
COUNTESS Laughest thou, wretch? Thy mirth shall turn to moan.
TALBOT I laugh to see your ladyship so fond[46]
To think that you have aught[47] but Talbot's shadow
Whereon to practise your severity.
COUNTESS Why, art not thou the man?
TALBOT I am indeed.
COUNTESS Then have I substance too.
TALBOT No, no, I am but shadow of myself:
You are deceived, my substance is not here;
For what you see is but the smallest part
And least[55] proportion of humanity:
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame[56] here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,[57]
Your roof were not sufficient to contain't.
COUNTESS This is a riddling merchant[59] for the nonce:
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties[61] agree?
TALBOT That will I show you presently.[62]
Winds his horn, drums strike up, a peal of ordnance. Enter Soldiers
How say you, madam? Are you now persuaded

That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms and strength,
With which he yoketh[66] your rebellious necks,
Razeth[67] your cities and subverts your towns
And in a moment makes them desolate.
COUNTESS Victorious Talbot, pardon my abuse:[69]
I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited,[70]
And more than may be gathered by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath,
For I am sorry that with reverence
I did not entertain[74] thee as thou art.
TALBOT Be not dismayed, fair lady, nor misconster[75]
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done hath not offended me:
Nor other satisfaction do I crave,
But only, with your patience,[80] that we may
Taste of your wine and see what cates[81] you have,
For soldiers' stomachs[82] always serve them well.
COUNTESS With all my heart, and think me honourèd
To feast so great a warrior in my house.
Exeunt

[Act 2 Scene 4][2.4]

running scene 7

A rose briar revealed

Enter Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, Somerset, Suffolk, [Vernon, and a Lawyer]

RICHARD PLANTAGENET Great lords and gentlemen, what means this silence?
Dare no man answer in a case[2] of truth?

SUFFOLK Within the Temple hall we were[3] too loud:
The garden here is more convenient.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET Then say at once if I maintained the truth:
Or else[6] was wrangling Somerset in th'error?

SUFFOLK Faith, I have been a truant[7] in the law,
And never yet could frame[8] my will to it,
And therefore frame the law unto my will.

SOMERSET Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then between us.

WARWICK Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,[11]
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,[12]
Between two blades,[13] which bears the better temper,
Between two horses, which doth bear him[14] best,
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have perhaps some shallow[16] spirit of judgement:
But in these nice[17] sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.[18]

RICHARD PLANTAGENET Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:[19]
The truth appears so naked[20] on my side
That any purblind[21] eye may find it out.

SOMERSET And on my side it is so well apparelled,[22]
So clear, so shining, and so evident
That it will glimmer through a blind[24] man's eye.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET Since you are tongue-tied and so loath to speak,
In dumb significants[26] proclaim your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-born gentleman
And stands[28] upon the honour of his birth,

If he suppose that I have pleaded[29] truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose[30] with me. ***He plucks a white rose***
SOMERSET Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party[32] of the truth,
Pluck a red[33] rose from off this thorn with me. ***He plucks a red rose***
WARWICK I love no colours,[34] and without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.
SUFFOLK I pluck this red rose with young Somerset
And say withal[38] I think he held the right.
VERNON Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more
Till you conclude that he upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropped from the tree
Shall yield[42] the other in the right opinion.
SOMERSET Good Master Vernon, it is well objected:[43]
If I have fewest, I subscribe[44] in silence.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET And I.
VERNON Then for the truth and plainness of the case.
I pluck this pale and maiden[47] blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.
SOMERSET Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Lest bleeding you do paint the white rose red
And fall on my side so against your will.
VERNON If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion[53] shall be surgeon to my hurt
And keep me on the side where still[54] I am.
SOMERSET Well, well, come on, who else?
LAWYER Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held was wrong in law: ***To Somerset***
In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET Now, Somerset, where is your argument?
SOMERSET Here in my scabbard,[60] meditating that
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET Meantime your cheeks do counterfeit[62] our roses:
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

SOMERSET No, Plantagenet,
’Tis not for fear, but anger, that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses,
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET Hath not thy rose a canker,[69] Somerset?
SOMERSET Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?
RICHARD PLANTAGENET Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his[71] truth,
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.
SOMERSET Well, I’ll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,
That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false[75] Plantagenet dare not be seen.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy fashion,[77] peevish boy.
SUFFOLK Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET Proud Pole,[79] I will, and scorn both him and thee.
SUFFOLK I’ll turn[80] my part thereof into thy throat.
SOMERSET Away, away, good William de la Pole:
We grace[82] the yeoman by conversing with him.
WARWICK Now, by God’s will, thou wrong’st him, Somerset:
His grandfather[84] was Lionel Duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward King of England:
Spring crestless[86] yeomen from so deep a root?
RICHARD PLANTAGENET He bears[87] him on the place’s privilege,
Or durst not for his craven[88] heart say thus.
SOMERSET By him that made me, I’ll maintain[89] my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom.
Was not thy father, Richard Earl of Cambridge,
For treason executed in our late king’s days?
And by his treason, stand’st not thou attainted,[93]
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood,
And till thou be restored,[96] thou art a yeoman.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET My father was attachèd, not attainted,[97]
Condemned to die for treason, but no traitor;
And that I’ll prove on better men than Somerset,
Were[100] growing time once ripened to my will.

For your partaker[101] Pole and you yourself,
I’ll note[102] you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension:[103]
Look to it[104] well, and say you are well warned.
SOMERSET Ah, thou shalt find us ready for thee still,
And know us by these colours for thy foes,
For these my friends in spite[107] of thee shall wear.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET And by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance[109] of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever and my faction wear,
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree.[112]
SUFFOLK Go forward and be choked with thy ambition:
And so farewell until I meet thee next.
Exit
SOMERSET Have with thee,[115] Pole.— Farewell, ambitious Richard.
Exit
RICHARD PLANTAGENET How I am braved[116] and must perforce endure it!
WARWICK This blot that they object[117] against your house
Shall be wiped out in the next parliament,
Called for[119] the truce of Winchester and Gloucester:
And if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
Meantime, in[122] signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset and William Pole,
Will I upon thy party[124] wear this rose.
And here I prophesy: this brawl today,
Grown to this faction[126] in the Temple garden,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.
VERNON In your behalf still[131] will I wear the same.
LAWYER And so will I.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET Thanks, gentles.[133]
Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say

This quarrel will drink blood another day.
Exeunt

[Act 2 Scene 5][2.5]

running scene 8

Enter Mortimer, brought in a chair, and Jailers

MORTIMER Kind keepers[1] of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.
Even like a man new haled[3] from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment:
And these grey locks, the pursuivants[5] of death,
Nestor-like[6] agèd in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
Wax[9] dim, as drawing to their exigent:
Weak shoulders, overborne[10] with burdening grief,
And pithless[11] arms, like to a withered vine,
That droops his sapless branches to the ground.
Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,[13]
Unable to support this lump of clay,
Swift-wingèd with desire to get a grave,
As witting[16] I no other comfort have.
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

FIRST JAILER Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:
We sent unto the Temple, unto his chamber,
And answer was returned that he will come.

MORTIMER Enough: my soul shall then be satisfied.
Poor gentleman, his wrong[22] doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth[23] first began to reign,
Before whose glory I was great in arms,
This loathsome sequestration[25] have I had:
And even[26] since then hath Richard been obscured,
Deprived of honour and inheritance.
But now, the arbitrator[28] of despairs,
Just death, kind umpire[29] of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement[30] doth dismiss me hence:
I would his[31] troubles likewise were expired,

That so he might recover what was lost.
Enter Richard [Plantagenet]
FIRST JAILER My lord, your loving nephew now is come.
MORTIMER Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?
RICHARD PLANTAGENET Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly used,[35]
Your nephew, late[36] despisèd Richard, comes.
MORTIMER Direct mine arms I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter[38] gasp.
O tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly[40] give one fainting kiss. ***He embraces Richard***
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,[41]
Why didst thou say of late thou wert despised?
RICHARD PLANTAGENET First, lean thine agèd back against mine arm,
And in that ease I'll tell thee my disease.[44]
This day in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me:
Among which terms he used his lavish[47] tongue
And did upbraid me with my father's death:
Which obloquy[49] set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited[50] him.
Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet,
And for alliance'[53] sake, declare the cause
My father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his head.
MORTIMER That cause, fair nephew, that imprisoned me
And hath detained me all my flowering youth
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was cursèd instrument of his decease.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET Discover[59] more at large what cause that was,
For I am ignorant and cannot guess.
MORTIMER I will, if that my fading breath permit
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,
Deposed his nephew[64] Richard, Edward's son,
The first begotten and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descent,

During whose[67] reign the Percies of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavoured my advancement to the throne.
The reason moved[70] these warlike lords to this
Was for that — young King Richard thus removed,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body —
I was the next by birth and parentage:
For by my mother[74] I derivèd am
From Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third son
To King Edward the Third; whereas the king
From John of Gaunt[77] doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroic line.
But mark:[79] as in this haughty great attempt
They[80] labourèd to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the Fifth,
Succeeding his father Bullingbrook,[83] did reign,
Thy father, Earl of Cambridge then, derived
From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of York,
Marrying my sister that thy mother was,
Again, in pity of my hard[87] distress,
Levied an army, weening[88] to redeem
And have installed me in the diadem:[89]
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppressed.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.
MORTIMER True, and thou see’st that I no issue[94] have,
And that my fainting words do warrant[95] death:
Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather:[96]
But yet be wary in thy studious[97] care.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET Thy grave admonishments[98] prevail with me:
But yet methinks my father’s execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.
MORTIMER With silence, nephew, be thou politic:[101]
Strong-fixèd is the house of Lancaster,

And like a mountain, not to be removed.
But now thy uncle is removing[104] hence,
As princes do their courts, when they are cloyed[105]
With long continuance in a settled place.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET O uncle, would some part of my young years
Might but redeem the passage[108] of your age.
MORTIMER Thou dost then wrong me, as that slaughterer doth
Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.
Mourn not, except[111] thou sorrow for my good,
Only give order[112] for my funeral.
And so farewell, and fair be all thy hopes,
And prosperous be thy life in peace and war.
Dies
RICHARD PLANTAGENET And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul.
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
And like a hermit overpassed[117] thy days.
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast,
And what I do imagine, let that rest.[119]
Keepers, convey him hence, and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life.
Exeunt [Jailers with Mortimer's body]
Here dies the dusky[122] torch of Mortimer,
Choked with ambition of[123] the meaner sort.
And for[124] those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offered to my house,[125]
I doubt not but with honour to redress.
And therefore haste I to the parliament,
Either to be restorèd to my blood,[128]
Or make[129] mine ill the advantage of my good.
Exit

Act 3 Scene 1*

running scene 9

Flourish. Enter King [Henry VI], Exeter, Gloucester, [Bishop of] Winchester, Warwick, Somerset, Suffolk, Richard Plantagenet. Gloucester offers to put up a bill: Winchester snatches it, tears it

WINCHESTER Com’st thou with deep premeditated lines?[1]
With written pamphlets studiously devised?
Humphrey of Gloucester, if thou canst accuse,
Or aught intend’st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention,[5] suddenly,
As I with sudden and extemporal[6] speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.[7]

GLOUCESTER Presumptuous priest, this place commands my patience,[8]
Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonoured me.
Think not, although in writing I preferred[10]
The manner of thy vile[11] outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forged,[12] or am not able
Verbatim[13] to rehearse the method of my pen.
No, prelate, such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd,[15] pestiferous and dissentious pranks,
As very[16] infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious[17] usurer,
Froward[18] by nature, enemy to peace,
Lascivious, wanton,[19] more than well beseems
A man of thy profession and degree.[20]
And for[21] thy treachery, what’s more manifest?
In that thou laid’st a trap to take my life,
As well at London Bridge as at the Tower.
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,[24]
The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious[26] malice of thy swelling heart.

WINCHESTER Gloucester, I do defy thee. Lords, vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were covetous, ambitious or perverse,

As he will have me, how am I so poor?
Or how haps[31] it I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted[32] calling?
And for dissension, who preferreth peace
More than I do? — Except[34] I be provoked.
No, my good lords, it is not that[35] offends:
It is not that that hath incensed the Duke:
It is because no one should sway[37] but he,
No one but he should be about[38] the king:
And that engenders thunder in his breast
And makes him roar these accusations forth.
But he shall know I am as good—
GLOUCESTER As good?
Thou bastard[43] of my grandfather.
WINCHESTER Ay, lordly sir: for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious[45] in another's throne?
GLOUCESTER Am I not Protector, saucy[46] priest?
WINCHESTER And am not I a prelate of the Church?
GLOUCESTER Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps[48]
And useth it to patronage[49] his theft.
WINCHESTER Unreverent Gloucester.
GLOUCESTER Thou art reverent[51]
Touching[52] thy spiritual function, not thy life.
WINCHESTER Rome[53] shall remedy this.
WARWICK Roam thither then.
My lord, it were your duty to forbear.[55] ***To Gloucester***
SOMERSET Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.[56]
Methinks my lord should be religious ***To Winchester***
And know the office[58] that belongs to such.
WARWICK Methinks his lordship[59] should be humbler:
It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.
SOMERSET Yes, when his holy state[61] is touched so near.
WARWICK State holy or unhallowed, what of that?
Is not his grace Protector to the king?
RICHARD PLANTAGENET Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue, ***Aside***
Lest it be said 'Speak, sirrah,[65] when you should:

Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?’
Else would I have a fling[67] at Winchester.
KING HENRY VI Uncles of Gloucester and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal,[69]
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
O what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye should jar![73]
Believe me, lords, my tender years[74] can tell
Civil dissension is a viperous worm[75]
That gnaws the bowels[76] of the commonwealth.
A noise within: ‘Down with the tawny-coats!’
What tumult’s this?
WARWICK An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the Bishop’s men.
A noise again: ‘Stones, stones!’ Enter Mayor [of London]
MAYOR O my good lords, and virtuous Henry,
Pity the city of London, pity us!
The Bishop and the Duke of Gloucester’s men,
Forbidden late[83] to carry any weapon,
Have filled their pockets full of pebble stones
And, banding themselves[85] in contrary parts,
Do pelt so fast at one another’s pate[86]
That many have their giddy[87] brains knocked out:
Our windows are broke down in every street,
And we, for fear, compelled to shut our shops.
Enter [Servingmen] in skirmish with bloody pates
KING HENRY VI We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,
To hold your slaught’ring hands and keep the peace.
Pray, uncle Gloucester, mitigate[92] this strife.
FIRST SERVINGMAN Nay, if we be forbidden stones, we’ll fall to it with our teeth.
SECOND SERVINGMAN Do what ye dare, we are as[94] resolute.
Skirmish again
GLOUCESTER You of my household, leave this peevish[95] broil
And set this unaccustomed fight aside.

THIRD SERVINGMAN My lord, we know your grace to be a man
Just and upright and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none but to his majesty:
And ere that we will suffer[100] such a prince,
So kind a father of the commonweal,
To be disgracèd[102] by an inkhorn mate,
We and our wives and children all will fight
And have our bodies slaughtered by thy foes.
FIRST SERVINGMAN Ay, and the very parings[105] of our nails
Shall pitch a field[106] when we are dead.
Begin again
GLOUCESTER Stay, stay, I say!
And if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear awhile.
KING HENRY VI O how this discord doth afflict my soul!
Can you, my lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears and will not once relent?
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study[114] to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?
WARWICK Yield, my Lord Protector, yield, Winchester:
Except you mean with obstinate repulse[117]
To slay your sovereign and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief[119] and what murder too
Hath been enacted through your enmity:
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.
WINCHESTER He shall submit, or I will never yield.
GLOUCESTER Compassion on the king commands me stoop,
Or I would see his[124] heart out, ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of[125] me.
WARWICK Behold, my lord of Winchester, the duke
Hath banished moody[127] discontented fury,
As by his smoothèd brows it doth appear:
Why look you still so stern and tragical?[129]
GLOUCESTER Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand. ***Winchester turns away***
KING HENRY VI Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach ***To Winchester***

That malice was a great and grievous sin:
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?
WARWICK Sweet king: the bishop hath[135] a kindly gird.
For shame, my lord of Winchester, relent:
What, shall a child instruct you what to do?
WINCHESTER Well, Duke of Gloucester, I will yield to thee
Love for thy love and hand for hand I give.
GLOUCESTER Ay, but I fear me with a hollow[140] heart.— ***Aside***
See here, my friends and loving countrymen, ***To the others***
This token[142] serveth for a flag of truce
Betwixt ourselves and all our followers:
So help me God, as I dissemble[144] not.
WINCHESTER So help me God,— as I intend it not. ***Aside***
KING HENRY VI O loving uncle, kind Duke of Gloucester,
How joyful am I made by this contract.[147]—
Away, my masters,[148] trouble us no more,
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.
FIRST SERVINGMAN Content: I'll to the surgeon's.[150]
SECOND SERVINGMAN And so will I.
THIRD SERVINGMAN And I will see what physic[152] the tavern affords.
Exeunt [the Mayor and Servingmen]
WARWICK Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign,
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet
We do exhibit[155] to your majesty.
GLOUCESTER Well urged, my lord of Warwick — for sweet prince,
And if your grace mark[157] every circumstance,
You have great reason to do Richard right,
Especially for those occasions[159]
At Eltham Place I told your majesty.
KING HENRY VI And those occasions, uncle, were of[161] force:
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is
That Richard be restorèd to his blood.[163]
WARWICK Let Richard be restorèd to his blood;
So shall his father's wrongs[165] be recompensed.
WINCHESTER As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.

KING HENRY VI If Richard will be true, not that alone
But all the whole inheritance I give
That doth belong unto the House of York,
From whence you spring by lineal descent.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET Thy humble servant vows obedience
And humble service till the point of death.
KING HENRY VI Stoop then and set your knee against my foot, ***Richard kneels***
And, in reguerdon[174] of that duty done,
I gird[175] thee with the valiant sword of York:
Rise Richard, like a true Plantagenet,
And rise created princely[177] Duke of York.
RICHARD DUKE OF YORK And so thrive Richard as thy foes may fall:

Plantagenet is henceforth known as Richard Duke of York

And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought[180] against your majesty.
ALL Welcome, high prince, the mighty Duke of York!
SOMERSET Perish, base prince, ignoble Duke of York! ***Aside***
GLOUCESTER Now will it best avail your majesty
To cross the seas and to be crowned in France:
The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends,
As it disanimates[187] his enemies.
KING HENRY VI When Gloucester says the word, King Henry goes,
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.
GLOUCESTER Your ships already are in readiness.

Sennet. Flourish

Exeunt all but Exeter

EXETER Ay, we may march in England or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue:
This late dissension grown betwixt the peers
Burns under feignèd ashes of forged[194] love,
And will at last break out into a flame:
As festered[196] members rot but by degree,
Till bones and flesh and sinews fall away,
So will this base and envious[198] discord breed.
And now I fear that fatal prophecy

Which, in the time of Henry named the Fifth,
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe:
That Henry[202] born at Monmouth should win all
And Henry[203] born at Windsor lose all:
Which is so plain that Exeter doth wish
His days may finish ere that hapless[205] time.

Exit

Act 3 Scene 2[3.2]

running scene 10

Enter [Joan la] Pucelle disguised, with four [French] Soldiers with sacks upon their backs

PUCELLE These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen,
Through which our policy[2] must make a breach.
Take heed, be wary how you place your words:
Talk like the vulgar[4] sort of market men
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance, as I hope we shall,
And that[7] we find the slothful watch but weak,
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter[9] them.

FIRST SOLDIER Our sacks shall be a mean[10] to sack the city,
And we be[11] lords and rulers over Rouen:
Therefore we'll knock.

[They] knock

WATCH *Qui là?*[13] ***Within***

PUCELLE *Paysans, la pauvre gens de France:*[14]
Poor market folks that come to sell their corn.

WATCH Enter, go in: the market bell is rung. ***Opening the gates***

PUCELLE Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground.

Exeunt

Enter Charles, [the] Bastard [of Orléans], Alençon, [Reignier, and forces]

CHARLES Saint Denis bless this happy[18] stratagem,
And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen.

BASTARD Here entered Pucelle and her practisants:[20]
Now she is there, how will she specify
Here is the best and safest passage in?

REIGNIER By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower,
Which, once discerned, shows that her meaning is,
No[25] way to that, for weakness, which she entered.

Enter [Joan la] Pucelle on the top, thrusting out a torch burning

PUCELLE Behold, this is the happy wedding[26] torch
That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen,
But burning fatal to the Talbonites!
BASTARD See, noble Charles, the beacon of our friend:
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.
CHARLES Now shine it[31] like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to[32] the fall of all our foes!
REIGNIER Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends:
Enter and cry, ‘The dauphin!’, presently,[34]
And then do[35] execution on the watch.

Alarum [Exeunt]

An alarum. [Enter] Talbot in an excursion

TALBOT France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,
If Talbot but survive thy treachery.
Pucelle, that witch, that damnèd sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,[39]
That hardly[40] we escaped the pride of France.

Exit

An alarum: excursions. Bedford brought in sick in a chair. Enter Talbot and Burgundy without: within, [Joan la] Pucelle, Charles, Bastard of Orléans, [Alençon] and Reignier on the walls

PUCELLE Good morrow, gallants:[41] want ye corn for bread?
I think the Duke of Burgundy will fast
Before he’ll buy again at such a rate.[43]
’Twas full of darnel:[44] do you like the taste?
BURGUNDY Scoff on, vile fiend and shameless courtesan:
I trust ere long to choke thee with thine own And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.
CHARLES Your grace may starve, perhaps, before that time.
BEDFORD O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason.
PUCELLE What will you do, good grey-beard? Break a lance
And run a-tilt at[51] death within a chair?
TALBOT Foul fiend of France, and hag[52] of all despite,
Encompassed with[53] thy lustful paramours,
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age
And twit[55] with cowardice a man half dead?

Damsel, I'll have a bout[56] with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.
PUCELLE Are ye so hot,[58] sir? Yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace:
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.
[The English] whisper together in counsel
God speed[60] the parliament: who shall be the speaker?
TALBOT Dare ye come forth and meet us in the field?[61]
PUCELLE Belike[62] your lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours or no.
TALBOT I speak not to that railing Hecate,[64]
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest.
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?
ALENÇON Seigneur,[67] no.
TALBOT Seigneur, hang! Base muleteers[68] of France,
Like peasant footboys[69] do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.
PUCELLE Away, captains, let's get us from the walls,
For Talbot means no goodness by his looks.
Goodbye, my lord: we came but to tell you
That we are here.
Exeunt from the walls
TALBOT And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame.
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,
Pricked[78] on by public wrongs sustained in France,
Either to get the town again or die.
And I, as sure as English Henry lives,
And as his[81] father here was conqueror,
As sure as in this late betrayèd town
Great Coeur-de-lion's[83] heart was burièd,
So sure I swear to get the town or die.
BURGUNDY My vows are equal partners with thy vows.
TALBOT But ere we go, regard[86] this dying prince,
The valiant Duke of Bedford.— Come, my lord, ***To Bedford***
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness and for crazy[89] age.

BEDFORD Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me:
Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen
And will be partner of your weal[92] or woe.
BURGUNDY Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.
BEDFORD Not to be gone from hence: for once I read
That stout[95] Pendragon, in his litter sick,
Came to the field and vanquishèd his foes.
Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever[98] found them as myself.
TALBOT Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!
Then be it so: heavens keep old Bedford safe.
And now no more ado,[101] brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand,[102]
And set upon our boasting enemy.
Exit [with Burgundy and forces]
An alarum: excursions. Enter Sir John Falstaff and a Captain
CAPTAIN Whither away, Sir John Falstaff, in such haste?
FALSTAFF Whither away? To save myself by flight:
We are like to have the overthrow[106] again.
CAPTAIN What? Will you fly, and leave Lord Talbot?
FALSTAFF Ay, all the Talbots in the world, to save my life.
Exit
CAPTAIN Cowardly knight, ill fortune follow thee!
Exit
Retreat: excursions. [Joan la] Pucelle, Alençon and Charles fly
BEDFORD Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please,
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They that of late were daring[113] with their scoffs
Are glad[114] and fain by flight to save themselves.
Bedford dies, and is carried in by two in his chair.
An alarum. Enter Talbot, Burgundy and the rest [of the English soldiers]
TALBOT Lost, and recovered in a day again!
This is a double honour, Burgundy:
Yet heavens have glory for this victory.
BURGUNDY Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy

Enshrines thee in his heart, and there erects
Thy noble deeds as valour’s monuments.
TALBOT Thanks, gentle[121] duke. But where is Pucelle now?
I think her old familiar[122] is asleep.
Now where’s the Bastard’s braves,[123] and Charles his gleeks?
What, all amort?[124] Rouen hangs her head for grief
That such a valiant company are fled.
Now will we take some order[126] in the town,
Placing therein some expert[127] officers,
And then depart to Paris, to the king,
For there young Henry with his nobles lie.[129]
BURGUNDY What wills Lord Talbot pleaseth Burgundy.
TALBOT But yet, before we go, let’s not forget
The noble Duke of Bedford late deceased,
But see his exequies[133] fulfilled in Rouen.
A braver soldier never couchèd lance,[134]
A gentler heart did never sway[135] in court.
But kings and mightiest potentates[136] must die,
For that’s the end[137] of human misery.

Exeunt

Act 3 Scene 3[*]

running scene 11

Enter Charles, [the] Bastard [of Orléans], Alençon, [Joan la] Pucelle [and French soldiers]

PUCELLE Dismay not, princes, at this accident,[1]
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recoverèd:[2]
Care[3] is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while
And like a peacock sweep along his tail:
We'll pull his plumes and take away his train,[7]
If Dauphin and the rest will be but ruled.[8]

CHARLES We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning[10] had no diffidence:
One sudden foil[11] shall never breed distrust.

BASTARD Search out thy wit[12] for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

ALENÇON We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenced like a blessèd saint.
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

PUCELLE Then thus it must be: this doth Joan devise:
By fair[18] persuasions, mixed with sugared words,
We will entice the Duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot and to follow us.

CHARLES Ay, marry, sweeting,[21] if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors,
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirpèd[24] from our provinces.

ALENÇON For ever should they be expulsed[25] from France
And not have title of an earldom here.

PUCELLE Your honours shall perceive how I will work
To bring this matter to the wishèd end.

Drum sounds afar off

Hark! By the sound of drum you may perceive

Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.[30]
Here sound an English march
There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread,[31]
And all the troops of English after him.
[Here sound a] French march
Now in the rearward comes the duke and his:
Fortune in[34] favour makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley:[35] we will talk with him.
Trumpets sound a parley
CHARLES A parley with the Duke of Burgundy.
[Enter Burgundy with soldiers]
BURGUNDY Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?
PUCELLE The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.
BURGUNDY What say'st thou, Charles? For I am marching hence.
CHARLES Speak, Pucelle, and enchant[40] him with thy words.
PUCELLE Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France,
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.
BURGUNDY Speak on, but be not over-tedious.[43]
PUCELLE Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defaced
By wasting[46] ruin of the cruel foe,
As looks the mother on her lowly[47] babe
When death doth close his tender-dying[48] eyes.
See, see the pining[49] malady of France:
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural[50] wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woeful breast.
O turn thy edgèd[52] sword another way:
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help:
One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore.
Return thee therefore with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stainèd[57] spots.
BURGUNDY Either she hath bewitched me with her words,
Or nature[59] makes me suddenly relent.
PUCELLE Besides, all French and France exclaims on[60] thee,
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.[61]

Who join’st thou with, but with a lordly nation
That will not trust thee but for profit’s sake?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France
And fashioned thee that instrument of ill,
Who then but English Henry will be lord
And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?
Call we to mind, and mark but[68] this for proof:
Was not the Duke of Orléans thy foe?
And was he not in England prisoner?
But when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free without his ransom paid,
In spite of Burgundy and all his friends.
See, then, thou fight’st against thy countrymen,
And join’st with them[75] will be thy slaughtermen.
Come, come, return; return, thou wandering[76] lord:
Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.
BURGUNDY I am vanquished: these haughty[78] words of hers ***Aside***
Have battered me like roaring cannon-shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees.
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen:
And, lords, accept this hearty[82] kind embrace.
My forces and my power[83] of men are yours.
So farewell, Talbot: I’ll no longer trust thee.
PUCELLE Done like a Frenchman: turn and turn again. ***Aside***
CHARLES Welcome, brave duke: thy friendship makes us fresh.[86]
BASTARD And doth beget[87] new courage in our breasts.
ALENÇON Pucelle hath bravely[88] played her part in this,
And doth deserve a coronet[89] of gold.
CHARLES Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers,
And seek how we may prejudice[91] the foe.
Exeunt

Act 3 Scene 4[3.4]

running scene 12

Enter King [Henry VI], Gloucester, [Bishop of] Winchester, [Richard Plantagenet, now Duke of] York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Exeter, [Vernon, Basset and others]. To them, with his Soldiers, Talbot

TALBOT My gracious prince, and honourable peers,
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have awhile given truce unto my wars,
To do[4] my duty to my sovereign:
In sign whereof, this arm, that hath reclaimed[5]
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities and seven walled towns of strength,
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem,[8]
Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet,
And with submissive loyalty of heart
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got
First to my God and next unto your grace. ***He kneels***

KING HENRY VI Is this the lord Talbot, uncle Gloucester,
That hath so long been resident in France?

GLOUCESTER Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

KING HENRY VI Welcome, brave captain and victorious lord. ***To Talbot***
When I was young, as yet I am not old,
I do remember how my father said
A stouter[19] champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolvèd[20] of your truth,
Your faithful service and your toil in war,
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been reguerdoned[23] with so much as thanks,
Because till now we never saw your face.
Therefore stand up, and for these good deserts[25] ***Talbot rises***
We here create you Earl of Shrewsbury,
And in our coronation take your place.

Sennet. Flourish

Exeunt all but Vernon and Basset

VERNON Now sir, to you that were so hot[28] at sea,
Disgracing[29] of these colours that I wear
In honour of my noble lord of York,
Dar’st thou maintain the former words thou spak’st?
BASSET Yes, sir, as well as you dare patronage[32]
The envious[33] barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord the Duke of Somerset.
VERNON Sirrah,[35] thy lord I honour as he is.
BASSET Why, what is he? As good a man as York.
VERNON Hark ye, not so: in witness, take ye that.
Strikes him
BASSET Villain, thou know’st the law of arms[38] is such
That whoso draws a sword ’tis present[39] death,
Or else this blow should broach[40] thy dearest blood.
But I’ll unto his majesty, and crave[41]
I may have liberty[42] to venge this wrong,
When thou shalt see I’ll meet thee to thy cost.
VERNON Well, miscreant,[44] I’ll be there as soon as you,
And after[45] meet you sooner than you would.
Exeunt

Act 4 Scene 1

running scene 13

Enter King [Henry VI], Gloucester, [Bishop of] Winchester, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Talbot, and [the] Governor [of Paris and] Exeter

GLOUCESTER Lord Bishop, set the crown upon his head.

WINCHESTER God save King Henry, of that name the sixth! ***Crowns King Henry***

GLOUCESTER Now, Governor of Paris, take your oath,
That you elect[4] no other king but him;
Esteem[5] none friends but such as are his friends,
And none your foes but such as shall pretend[6]
Malicious practices against his state:
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God.

Enter Falstaff

FALSTAFF My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais
To haste unto your coronation,
A letter was delivered to my hands, ***He shows the letter***
Writ to your grace from th'Duke of Burgundy.

TALBOT Shame to the Duke of Burgundy and thee!
I vowed, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the Garter[15] from thy craven's leg, ***Plucks it off***
Which I have done, because unworthily
Thou wast installèd in that high degree.
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:
This dastard,[19] at the battle of Patay,
When but in all I was six thousand strong
And that the French were almost ten to one,
Before we met or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire did run away:
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men.
Myself and divers[25] gentlemen beside
Were there surprised and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss:

Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood: yea or no?
GLOUCESTER To say the truth, this fact[30] was infamous
And ill beseeming any common[31] man,
Much more a knight, a captain[32] and a leader.
TALBOT When first this order was ordained, my lords,
Knights of the Garter were of noble birth,
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,[35]
Such as were grown to credit[36] by the wars:
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for[37] distress,
But always resolute in most extremes.
He then that is not furnished[39] in this sort
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honourable order,
And should, if I were worthy to be judge,
Be quite degraded,[43] like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle[44] blood.
KING HENRY VI Stain to thy countrymen, thou hear’st thy doom:[45]
Be packing,[46] therefore, thou that wast a knight:
Henceforth we banish thee on pain of death.
[Exit Falstaff]
And now, my Lord Protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle Duke of Burgundy.
GLOUCESTER What means his grace, that he hath changed his style?[50]
No more but[51] plain and bluntly ‘To the king’?
Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?
Or doth this churlish[53] superscription
Pretend[54] some alteration in good will?
What’s here? — ‘I have upon especial cause, ***Reads***
Moved with compassion of my country’s wrack,[56]
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,
Forsaken your pernicious[59] faction
And joined with Charles, the rightful King of France.’
O monstrous treachery! Can this be so?
That in alliance, amity and oaths,

There should be found such false dissembling guile?
KING HENRY VI What? Doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?[64]
GLOUCESTER He doth, my lord, and is become your foe.
KING HENRY VI Is that the worst this letter doth contain?
GLOUCESTER It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.
KING HENRY VI Why then Lord Talbot there shall talk with him
And give him chastisement[69] for this abuse.
How say you, my lord? Are you not content?
TALBOT Content, my liege? Yes: but[71] that I am prevented,
I should have begged I might have been employed.
KING HENRY VI Then gather strength[73] and march unto him straight:
Let him perceive how ill we brook[74] his treason
And what offence it is to flout[75] his friends.
TALBOT I go, my lord, in heart desiring still[76]
You may behold confusion[77] of your foes.
[Exit]
Enter Vernon and Basset
VERNON Grant me the combat,[78] gracious sovereign.
BASSET And me, my lord, grant me the combat too.
RICHARD DUKE OF YORK This is my servant:[80] hear him, noble prince. ***Pointing to Vernon***
SOMERSET And this is mine, sweet Henry, favour him. ***Pointing to Basset***
KING HENRY VI Be patient, lords, and give them leave to speak.
Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim,[83]
And wherefore crave you combat, or with whom?
VERNON With him, my lord, for he hath done me wrong.
BASSET And I with him, for he hath done me wrong.
KING HENRY VI What is that wrong whereof you both complain?
First let me know, and then I'll answer you.
BASSET Crossing the sea from England into France,
This fellow here with envious[90] carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the rose I wear,
Saying the sanguine[92] colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbornly he did repugn[94] the truth
About a certain question[95] in the law

Argued betwixt the Duke of York and him:
With other vile and ignominious terms:
In confutation[98] of which rude reproach
And in defence of my lord’s worthiness,
I crave the benefit[100] of law of arms.
VERNON And that is my petition,[101] noble lord:
For though he seem with forgèd[102] quaint conceit
To set[103] a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provoked by him,
And he first took exceptions at[105] this badge,
Pronouncing that the paleness of this flower
Bewrayed[107] the faintness of my master’s heart.
RICHARD DUKE OF YORK Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?
SOMERSET Your private grudge, my lord of York, will out,
Though ne’er so cunningly you smother it.
KING HENRY VI Good Lord, what madness rules in brainsick[111] men,
When for so slight and frivolous a cause
Such factious emulations[113] shall arise?
Good cousins[114] both of York and Somerset,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.
RICHARD DUKE OF YORK Let this dissension first be tried by fight,
And then your highness shall command a peace.
SOMERSET The quarrel toucheth[118] none but us alone:
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.
RICHARD DUKE OF YORK There is my pledge:[120] accept it, Somerset.
VERNON Nay, let it rest[121] where it began at first.
BASSET Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.
GLOUCESTER Confirm it so? Confounded[123] be your strife,
And perish ye with your audacious prate:[124]
Presumptuous vassals,[125] are you not ashamed
With this immodest[126] clamorous outrage
To trouble and disturb the king and us?
And you, my lords, methinks you do not well
To bear with their perverse objections:[129]
Much less to take occasion[130] from their mouths
To raise a mutiny[131] betwixt yourselves.

Let me persuade you take a better course.
EXETER It grieves his highness: good my lords, be friends.
KING HENRY VI Come hither, you that would be combatants:
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.
And you, my lords, remember where we are:
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation:
If they perceive dissension in our looks
And that within ourselves[140] we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs[141] be provoked
To wilful disobedience, and rebel![142]
Beside, what infamy will there arise,
When foreign princes shall be certified,[144]
That for a toy,[145] a thing of no regard,
King Henry's peers and chief nobility
Destroyed themselves, and lost the realm of France!
O, think upon the conquest of my father,
My tender years, and let us not forgo[149]
That[150] for a trifle that was bought with blood.
Let me be umpire in this doubtful[151] strife:
I see no reason, if I wear this rose, ***Putting on a red rose***
That any one should therefore be suspicious[153]
I more incline to[154] Somerset than York:
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both.
As[156] well they may upbraid me with my crown,
Because, forsooth,[157] the King of Scots is crowned.
But your discretions[158] better can persuade
Than I am able to instruct or teach:
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us still continue peace and love.
Cousin of York, we institute[162] your grace
To be our regent in these parts[163] of France:
And good my lord of Somerset, unite
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot,[165]
And like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,[166]
Go cheerfully together and digest[167]

Your angry choler[168] on your enemies.
Ourself, my Lord Protector and the rest,
After some respite,[170] will return to Calais;
From thence to England, where I hope ere long
To be presented, by your victories,
With Charles, Alençon and that traitorous rout.[173]

Flourish

Exeunt all but York, Warwick, Exeter [and] Vernon

WARWICK My lord of York, I promise you, the king
Prettily,[175] methought, did play the orator.

RICHARD DUKE OF YORK And so he did: but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

WARWICK Tush, that was but his fancy,[178] blame him not:
I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

RICHARD DUKE OF YORK An[180] if I wist he did—but let it rest:
Other affairs must now be managèd.

Exeunt [all but] Exeter

EXETER Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice:
For had the passions[183] of thy heart burst out,
I fear we should have seen deciphered[184] there
More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagined or supposed:
But howsoe’er, no simple[187] man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This shouldering[189] of each other in the court,
This factious bandying[190] of their favourites,
But that[191] it doth presage some ill event.
’Tis much[192] when sceptres are in children’s hands:
But more, when envy[193] breeds unkind division,
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion.[194]

Exit

[Act 4 Scene 2][4.2]

running scene 14

Enter Talbot, with Trump and Drum before Bordeaux

TALBOT Go to the gates of Bordeaux, trumpeter:
Summon their general unto the wall.

[Trumpet] sounds. Enter General aloft

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry King of England,
And thus he would:[5] open your city gates,
Be humble to us, call my sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects,
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody[8] power.
But if you frown upon this proffered peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering[11] steel, and climbing fire,
Who in a moment even[12] with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving[13] towers,
If you forsake[14] the offer of their love.

GENERAL Thou ominous[15] and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror and their bloody scourge,
The period[17] of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter but by death:
For I protest we are well fortified
And strong enough to issue out[20] and fight.
If thou retire, the dauphin well appointed[21]
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee.
On either hand thee[23] there are squadrons pitched,
To wall[24] thee from the liberty of flight;
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,[25]
But death doth front[26] thee with apparent spoil,
And pale[27] destruction meets thee in the face:
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament[28]
To rive[29] their dangerous artillery
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot:

Lo, there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man
Of an invincible unconquered spirit:
This is the latest[33] glory of thy praise
That I thy enemy due[34] thee withal:
For ere the glass[35] that now begins to run
Finish the process of his sandy hour,
These eyes that see thee now well colourèd[37]
Shall see thee withered, bloody, pale and dead.

Drum afar off

Hark, hark, the dauphin's drum, a warning bell,[39]
Sings heavy[40] music to thy timorous soul,
And mine shall ring thy dire[41] departure out.

Exit

TALBOT He fables[42] not: I hear the enemy:
Out, some light horsemen, and peruse[43] their wings.
O negligent and heedless[44] discipline,
How are we parked[45] and bounded in a pale?
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Mazed[47] with a yelping kennel of French curs.
If we be English deer, be then in blood,[48]
Not rascal-like[49] to fall down with a pinch,
But rather, moody-mad:[50] and desperate stags
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel[51]
And make the cowards stand[52] aloof at bay:
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they shall find dear[54] deer of us, my friends.
God and Saint George, Talbot and England's right,
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight!

Exeunt]

[Act 4 Scene 3][4.3]

running scene 15

Enter a Messenger that meets York. Enter York with Trumpet and many Soldiers

RICHARD DUKE OF YORK Are not the speedy scouts returned again,
That dogged[2] the mighty army of the dauphin?

MESSENGER They are returned, my lord, and give it out[3]
That he is marched to Bordeaux with his power
To fight with Talbot: as he marched along,
By your espials[6] were discoverèd
Two mightier troops than that the dauphin led,
Which joined with him and made their march for Bordeaux.

RICHARD DUKE OF YORK A plague upon that villain Somerset,
That thus delays my promisèd supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege.
Renownèd Talbot doth expect my aid,
And I am louted[13] by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier:
God comfort him in this necessity:[15]
If he miscarry,[16] farewell wars in France.

Enter another messenger [Sir William Lucy]

LUCY Thou princely leader of our English strength,
Never so needful[18] on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot,
Who now is girdled[20] with a waist of iron
And hemmed about with grim destruction:
To Bordeaux, warlike duke, to Bordeaux, York,
Else farewell Talbot, France, and England’s honour.

RICHARD DUKE OF YORK O God, that Somerset, who in proud heart
Doth stop[25] my cornets, were in Talbot’s place,
So should we save a valiant gentleman
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward:
Mad ire and wrathful fury makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss[29] traitors sleep.

LUCY O, send some succour to the distressed[30] lord.
RICHARD DUKE OF YORK He dies, we lose: I break my warlike word:
We mourn, France smiles: we lose, they daily get,
All ’long of[33] this vile traitor Somerset.
LUCY Then God take mercy on brave Talbot’s soul,
And on his son young John, who two hours since
I met in travel toward his warlike father:
This seven years did not Talbot see his son,
And now they meet where both their lives are done.
RICHARD DUKE OF YORK Alas, what joy shall noble Talbot have
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?
Away, vexation[41] almost stops my breath,
That sundered[42] friends greet in the hour of death.
Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can,[43]
But curse the cause[44] I cannot aid the man.
Maine, Blois, Poitiers, and Tours are won away,
’Long all[46] of Somerset and his delay.
Exeunt [all but Lucy]
LUCY Thus, while the vulture of sedition[47]
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglection[49] doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce-cold[50] conqueror,
That ever-living[51] man of memory,
Henry the Fifth: whiles they each other cross,[52]
Lives, honours, lauds,[53] and all hurry to loss.
[Exit]

[Act 4 Scene 4]

running scene 16

Enter Somerset with his army, [a Captain of Talbot's with him]

SOMERSET It is too late, I cannot send them now:
This expedition[2] was by York and Talbot
Too rashly plotted. All our general force
Might with a sally[4] of the very town
Be buckled with:[5] the over-daring Talbot
Hath sullied all his gloss[6] of former honour
By this unheedful,[7] desperate, wild adventure:
York set him on to fight and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

CAPTAIN Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'ermatched[11] forces forth for aid.

[Enter Sir William Lucy]

SOMERSET How now, Sir William, whither were you sent?

LUCY Whither, my lord? From bought and sold[13] Lord Talbot,
Who, ringed about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions:[16]
And whiles the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage ling'ring,[19] looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust[20] of England's honour,
Keep off aloof[21] with worthless emulation:
Let not your private discord[22] keep away
The levied succours[23] that should lend him aid,
While he, renownèd noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of[25] odds.
Orléans the Bastard, Charles, Burgundy,
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,[27]
And Talbot perisheth by your default.[28]

SOMERSET York set him on:[29] York should have sent him aid.

LUCY And York as fast upon your grace exclaims,

Swearing that you withhold his levied host,[31]
Collected for this expedition.

SOMERSET York lies: he might have sent[33] and had the horse:
I owe him little duty, and less love,
And take foul scorn[35] to fawn on him by sending.

LUCY The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now entrapped the noble-minded Talbot:
Never to England shall he bear his life,
But dies betrayed to fortune by your strife.

SOMERSET Come, go: I will dispatch the horsemen straight:
Within six hours they will be at his aid.

LUCY Too late comes rescue: he is ta’en or slain.
For fly he could not, if he would have fled,
And fly would Talbot never, though[44] he might.

SOMERSET If he be dead, brave Talbot, then adieu.

LUCY His fame lives in the world, his shame in you.

Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 5][4.5]

running scene 17

Enter Talbot and his son [John]

TALBOT O young John Talbot, I did send for thee
To tutor thee in stratagems of war,
That Talbot's name might be in thee revived
When sapless age and weak unable limbs
Should bring thy father to his drooping[5] chair.
But — O malignant[6] and ill-boding stars —
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
A terrible and unavoided[8] danger:
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse,
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden[11] flight. Come, dally not, be gone.

JOHN Is my name Talbot? And am I your son?
And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard and a slave of me:
The world will say, he is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled when noble Talbot stood.

TALBOT Fly to revenge my death if I be slain.

JOHN He that flies so will ne'er return again.

TALBOT If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

JOHN Then let me stay and, father, do you fly:
Your[22] loss is great, so your regard should be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won,
But mine[27] it will, that no exploit have done.
You fled for vantage,[28] everyone will swear:
But if I bow,[29] they'll say it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If the first hour I shrink and run away:

Here on my knee I beg mortality,[32]
Rather than life preserved with infamy.
TALBOT Shall all thy mother’s hopes lie in one tomb?
JOHN Ay, rather than I’ll shame my mother’s womb.
TALBOT Upon my blessing I command thee go.
JOHN To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.
TALBOT Part of thy father may be saved in thee.
JOHN No part of him but will be shame in me.
TALBOT Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.
JOHN Yes, your renownèd name: shall flight abuse[41] it?
TALBOT Thy father’s charge[42] shall clear thee from that stain.
JOHN You cannot witness for me, being slain.
If death be so apparent,[44] then both fly.
TALBOT And leave my followers here to fight and die?
My age[46] was never tainted with such shame.
JOHN And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?
No more can I be severed from your side,
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not, if my father die.
TALBOT Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
Born to eclipse[53] thy life this afternoon:
Come, side by side, together live and die,
And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.

Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 6]

running scene 17 continues

Alarum: excursions, wherein Talbot’s son [John] is hemmed about [by French soldiers], and Talbot rescues him

TALBOT Saint George and victory! Fight, soldiers, fight:
The Regent[2] hath with Talbot broke his word
And left us to the rage of France his[3] sword.
Where is John Talbot? Pause, and take thy breath:
I gave thee life and rescued thee from death.

JOHN O, twice my father, twice am I thy son:
The life thou gav’st me first was lost and done,
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determined[9] time thou gav’st new date.

TALBOT When from the dauphin’s crest[10] thy sword struck fire,
It warmed thy father’s heart with proud desire
Of bold-faced victory. Then leaden age,
Quickened[13] with youthful spleen and warlike rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orléans, Burgundy,
And from the pride[15] of Gallia rescued thee.
The ireful[16] bastard Orléans, that drew blood
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood[17]
Of thy first fight, I soon encountered,
And interchanging blows I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood, and in disgrace[20]
Bespoke him thus: ‘Contaminated, base
And misbegotten[22] blood I spill of thine,
Mean[23] and right poor, for that pure blood of mine
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy.’
Here, purposing[25] the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father’s care:
Art thou not weary, John? How dost thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art sealed[29] the son of chivalry?
Fly, to revenge my death when I am dead:

The help of one stands me in little stead.
O, too much folly is it, well I wot,[32]
To hazard all our lives in one small boat.
If I today die not with Frenchmen's rage,
Tomorrow I shall die with mickle[35] age.
By me they nothing gain, and if I stay
'Tis but the short'ning of my life one day.
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame:
All these and more we hazard by thy stay;
All these are saved if thou wilt fly away.

JOHN The sword of Orléans hath not made me smart:[42]
These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart.
On that advantage,[44] bought with such a shame,
To save a paltry life and slay bright fame,
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The[47] coward horse that bears me fall and die:
And like[48] me to the peasant boys of France,
To be shame's scorn[49] and subject of mischance.
Surely, by all the glory you have won,
An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son.
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot:[52]
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

TALBOT Then follow[54] thou thy desp'rate sire of Crete,
Thou Icarus: thy life to me is sweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side,
And commendable proved, let's die in pride.[57]

Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 7]

running scene 17 continues

Alarum. Excursions. Enter old Talbot led [by a Servant]

TALBOT Where is my other life? Mine own is gone.
O, where's young Talbot? Where is valiant John?
Triumphant[3] death, smeared with captivity,
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee.
When he perceived me shrink and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandished over me,
And like a hungry lion did commence
Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience:[8]
But when my angry guardant[9] stood alone,
Tend'ring my ruin[10] and assailed of none,
Dizzy-eyed[11] fury and great rage of heart
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clust'ring[13] battle of the French:
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench[14]
His over-mounting[15] spirit, and there died,
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

SERVANT O my dear lord, lo[17] where your son is borne.

Enter [Soldiers] with [the body of] John Talbot borne

TALBOT Thou antic[18] death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,
Anon,[19] from thy insulting tyranny,
Couplèd in bonds of perpetuity,
Two Talbots, wingèd through the lither[21] sky,
In thy despite[22] shall scape mortality.
O thou whose wounds become hard-favoured[23] death, ***To John***
Speak to thy father ere thou yield thy breath.
Brave[25] death by speaking, whether he will or no:
Imagine him a Frenchman and thy foe.
Poor boy, he smiles, methinks, as who[27] should say,
'Had death been French, then death had died today.'
Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms:
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.

Soldiers, adieu: I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.
Dies
Enter Charles, Alençon, Burgundy, Bastard [of Orléans] and [Joan la] Pucelle
CHARLES Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.
BASTARD How the young whelp[35] of Talbot's, raging wood,
Did flesh[36] his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood.
PUCELLE Once I encountered him, and thus I said:
'Thou maiden[38] youth, be vanquished by a maid.'
But with a proud majestical high scorn,
He answered thus: 'Young Talbot was not born
To be the pillage[41] of a giglot wench':
So rushing in the bowels[42] of the French,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.
BURGUNDY Doubtless he would have made a noble knight:
See where he lies inhearsèd[45] in the arms
Of the most bloody[46] nurser of his harms.
BASTARD Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder
Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.[48]
CHARLES O no, forbear: for that[49] which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.
Enter Lucy [with a French herald]
LUCY Herald, conduct me to the dauphin's tent,
To know who hath obtained the glory of the day.
CHARLES On what submissive message[53] art thou sent?
LUCY Submission, dauphin? 'Tis a mere[54] French word:
We English warriors wot[55] not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en
And to survey[57] the bodies of the dead.
CHARLES For prisoners ask'st thou? Hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st?
LUCY But[60] where's the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury,
Created for his rare[62] success in arms

Great Earl of Washford, Waterford, and Valence,
Lord Talbot of Goodrich and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdun of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of Sheffield,
The thrice victorious lord of Falconbridge,
Knight of the noble order of Saint George,
Worthy[69] Saint Michael and the Golden Fleece,
Great Marshal to Henry the Sixth
Of all his wars within the realm of France?
PUCELLE Here is a silly stately style[72] indeed:
The Turk,[73] that two-and-fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this.
Him that thou magnifi'st with all these titles,
Stinking and fly-blown[76] lies here at our feet.
LUCY Is Talbot slain, the Frenchmen's only scourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?[78]
O were mine eyeballs into bullets turned,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces!
O, that I could but call these dead to life!
It were enough to fright the realm of France.
Were but his picture left amongst you here,
It would amaze[84] the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence
And give them burial as beseems[86] their worth.
PUCELLE I think this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit:
For God's sake let him have them: to keep them here,
They would but stink, and putrefy the air.
CHARLES Go take their bodies hence.
LUCY I'll bear them hence: but from their ashes[92] shall be reared
A phoenix that shall make all France afeard.
CHARLES So[94] we be rid of them, do with them what thou wilt.
And now to Paris in this conquering vein:
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain.

Exeunt

Act 5 Scene 1[5.1]

running scene 18

Sennet. Enter King [Henry VI], Gloucester, and Exeter [attended]

KING HENRY VI Have you perused the letters from the Pope,
The Emperor, and the Earl of Armagnac?
GLOUCESTER I have, my lord, and their intent is this:
They humbly sue unto[4] your excellence
To have a godly peace concluded of[5]
Between the realms of England and of France.
KING HENRY VI How doth your grace affect their motion?[7]
GLOUCESTER Well, my good lord, and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood
And stablish[10] quietness on every side.
KING HENRY VI Ay, marry, uncle, for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural
That such immanity[13] and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.
GLOUCESTER Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect
And surer bind this knot of amity,
The Earl of Armagnac, near knit[17] to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.
KING HENRY VI Marriage, uncle? Alas, my years are young:[21]
And fitter is my study and my books
Than wanton[23] dalliance with a paramour.
Yet call th'ambassadors, and as you please,
So let them have their answers every one:
Exit Attendant
I shall be well content with any choice
Tends[27] to God's glory and my country's weal.
Enter Winchester [in Cardinal's habit], and three Ambassadors [one a Papal legate]
EXETER What, is my lord of Winchester installed, ***Aside***

And called unto a cardinal’s degree?[29]
Then I perceive that will be verified[30]
Henry the Fifth did sometime[31] prophesy:
‘If once he come to be a cardinal,
He’ll make his cap[33] co-equal with the crown.’
KING HENRY VI My lords ambassadors, your several[34] suits
Have been considered and debated on:
Your purpose is both good and reasonable:
And therefore are we certainly resolved
To draw[38] conditions of a friendly peace,
Which by my lord of Winchester we mean
Shall be transported presently[40] to France.
GLOUCESTER And for the proffer of my lord your master, ***To Armagnac ambassador***
I have informed his highness so at large[42]
As[43] liking of the lady’s virtuous gifts,
Her beauty and the value of her dower,
He doth intend she shall be England’s queen.
KING HENRY VI In argument[46] and proof of which contract,
Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.
And so, my Lord Protector, see them guarded
And safely brought to Dover, wherein shipped[49]
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.
Exeunt [all but Winchester and Legate]
WINCHESTER Stay, my lord legate, you shall first receive
The sum of money which I promised
Should be delivered to his holiness
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.[54]
LEGATE I will attend upon your lordship’s leisure.
[Exit]
WINCHESTER Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,[56]
Or be inferior to the proudest peer:
Humphrey of Gloucester, thou shalt well perceive
That neither in birth or for authority,
The bishop will be overborne by thee:
I’ll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee,

Or sack this country with a mutiny.[62]

Exit

Act 5 Scene 2[5.2]

Enter Charles, Burgundy, Alençon, Bastard [of Orléans], Reignier and Joan [la Pucelle]

CHARLES These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits:
’Tis said the stout[2] Parisians do revolt
And turn again unto the warlike French.

ALENÇON Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
And keep not back your powers[5] in dalliance.

PUCELLE Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us,
Else ruin combat with[7] their palaces.

Enter Scout

SCOUT Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices.[9]

CHARLES What tidings send our scouts? I prithee speak.

SCOUT The English army that divided was
Into two parties, is now conjoined in one,
And means to give you battle presently.

CHARLES Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is,
But we will presently provide[15] for them.

BURGUNDY I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there:
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

PUCELLE Of all base passions, fear is most accursed.
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine:
Let Henry fret and all the world repine.[20]

CHARLES Then on, my lords, and France be fortunate!

Exeunt

[Act 5 Scene 3]

running scene 19 continues

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Joan la Pucelle

PUCELLE The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.
Now help, ye charming[2] spells and periapts,
And ye choice[3] spirits that admonish me,
And give me signs of future accidents.[4]

Thunder

You speedy helpers, that are substitutes[5]
Under the lordly[6] monarch of the north,
Appear, and aid me in this enterprise.

Enter Fiends

This speedy and quick[8] appearance argues proof
Of your accustomed diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits[10] that are culled
Out of the powerful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.[12]

They walk, and speak not

O hold me not with silence over-long:
Where[14] I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member[15] off and give it you
In earnest[16] of a further benefit,
So you do condescend to help me now.

They hang their heads

No hope to have redress?[18] My body shall
Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.

They shake their heads

Cannot my body nor blood-sacrifice
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?[21]
Then take my soul — my body, soul and all —
Before that England give the French the foil.[23]

They depart

See, they forsake me! Now the time is come
That France must vail[25] her lofty-plumèd crest

And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient[27] incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle[28] with:
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.

Exit

Excursions. Burgundy and York fight hand to hand. [The] French fly [leaving Joan la Pucelle in York's power]

RICHARD DUKE OF YORK Damsel of France, I think I have you fast:[30]
Unchain your spirits now with spelling[31] charms
And try if they can gain your liberty.
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace![33]
See how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,[34]
As if with[35] Circe she would change my shape!

PUCELLE Changed to a worser shape thou canst not be.

RICHARD DUKE OF YORK O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper[37] man:
No shape but his can please your dainty[38] eye.

PUCELLE A plaguing mischief[39] light on Charles and thee,
And may ye both be suddenly surprised
By bloody hands, in[41] sleeping on your beds!

RICHARD DUKE OF YORK Fell banning hag,[42] enchantress, hold thy tongue.

PUCELLE I prithee, give me leave to curse awhile.

RICHARD DUKE OF YORK Curse, miscreant,[44] when thou com'st to the stake.

Exeunt

Alarum. Enter Suffolk with Margaret in his hand

SUFFOLK Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.

Gazes on her

O fairest beauty, do not fear nor fly:
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands:
I kiss these fingers for[48] eternal peace,
And lay[49] them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou? Say, that I may honour thee.

MARGARET Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,
The King of Naples, whosoe'er thou art.

SUFFOLK An earl I am, and Suffolk am I called.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted[55] to be ta'en by me:

So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,[56]
Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings:
Yet if this servile usage[58] once offend,
Go, and be free again, as Suffolk's friend.
She is going
O stay!— I have no power to let her pass; ***Aside***
My hand would free her, but my heart says no.
As plays the sun upon the glassy[62] streams,
Twinkling[63] another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind:
Fie, de la Pole,[67] disable not thyself!
Hast not a tongue? Is she not here?
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?[69]
Ay, beauty's princely majesty is such
Confounds[71] the tongue and makes the senses rough.
MARGARET Say, Earl of Suffolk — if thy name be so —
What ransom must I pay before I pass?
For I perceive I am thy prisoner.
SUFFOLK How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit, ***Aside***
Before thou make a trial of her love?
MARGARET Why speak'st thou not? What ransom must I pay?
SUFFOLK She's beautiful, and therefore to be wooed: ***Aside***
She is a woman, therefore to be won.
MARGARET Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea or no?
SUFFOLK Fond[81] man, remember that thou hast a wife: ***Aside***
Then how can Margaret be thy paramour?
MARGARET I were best to leave him, for he will not hear. ***Aside***
SUFFOLK There all is marred: there lies a cooling card.[84] ***Aside***
MARGARET He talks at random: sure, the man is mad. ***Aside***
SUFFOLK And yet a dispensation[86] may be had. ***Aside***
MARGARET And yet I would that you would answer me.
SUFFOLK I'll win this Lady Margaret. For whom? ***Aside***
Why, for my king: tush, that's a wooden thing.[89]
MARGARET He talks of wood: it is some carpenter. ***Aside***

SUFFOLK Yet so my fancy[91] may be satisfied, ***Aside***
And peace establishèd between these realms.
But there remains a scruple[93] in that too:
For though her father be the King of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
And our nobility will scorn the match.
MARGARET Hear ye, captain? Are you not at leisure?
SUFFOLK It shall be so, disdain[98] they ne'er so much. ***Aside***
Henry is youthful and will quickly yield.—
Madam, I have a secret to reveal. ***To Margaret***
MARGARET What though I be enthralled,[101] he seems a knight, ***Aside***
And will not any way dishonour me.
SUFFOLK Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.
MARGARET Perhaps I shall be rescued by the French, ***Aside***
And then I need not crave his courtesy.
SUFFOLK Sweet madam, give me a hearing in a cause.
MARGARET Tush, women have been captivate[107] ere now. ***Aside***
SUFFOLK Lady, wherefore talk you so?
MARGARET I cry you mercy,[109] 'tis but *quid* for *quo*.
SUFFOLK Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy[111] to be made a queen?
MARGARET To be a queen in bondage is more vile[112]
Than is a slave in base servility,[113]
For princes should be free.
SUFFOLK And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.
MARGARET Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?
SUFFOLK I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen,
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my—
MARGARET What?
SUFFOLK His love.
MARGARET I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.
SUFFOLK No, gentle madam, I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,

And have no portion[127] in the choice myself.
How say you, madam, are ye so content?
MARGARET An if[129] my father please, I am content.
SUFFOLK Then call our captains and our colours[130] forth,
And, madam, at your father’s castle walls
We’ll crave a parley,[132] to confer with him.
[Enter Captains, Colours and Trumpeters]
Sound [a parley]. Enter Reignier on the walls
See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner.
REIGNIER To whom?
SUFFOLK To me.
REIGNIER Suffolk, what remedy?[136]
I am a soldier, and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on[138] fortune’s fickleness.
SUFFOLK Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:
Consent, and for thy honour give consent,
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king,
Whom[142] I with pain have wooed and won thereto:
And this her easy-held[143] imprisonment
Hath gained thy daughter princely liberty.
REIGNIER Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?
SUFFOLK Fair Margaret knows
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face,[147] or feign.
REIGNIER Upon thy princely warrant,[148] I descend
To give thee answer of thy just[149] demand.
[Exit from the walls]
SUFFOLK And here I will expect[150] thy coming.
Trumpets sound. Enter Reignier [*below*]
REIGNIER Welcome, brave earl, into our territories:
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.
SUFFOLK Thanks, Reignier, happy[154] for so sweet a child,
Fit to be made companion with a king:
What answer makes your grace unto my suit?
REIGNIER Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth[157]
To be the princely bride of such a lord,
Upon condition I may quietly[159]

Enjoy mine own, the country Maine and Anjou,
Free from oppression or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.
SUFFOLK That is her ransom: I deliver her,
And those two counties[164] I will undertake
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.
REIGNIER And I again[166] in Henry's royal name,
As deputy[167] unto that gracious king,
Give thee her hand for sign of plighted[168] faith.
SUFFOLK Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,
Because this is in traffic[170] of a king.—
And yet, methinks, I could be well content ***Aside***
To be mine own attorney[172] in this case.—
I'll over then to England with this news, ***To Reignier***
And make this marriage to be solemnized:[174]
So farewell, Reignier: set this diamond safe
In golden palaces, as it becomes.[176]
REIGNIER I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian prince King Henry, were he here.
MARGARET Farewell, my lord: good wishes, praise and prayers
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret.
She is going
SUFFOLK Farewell, sweet madam: but hark you, Margaret:
No princely[182] commendations to my king?
MARGARET Such commendations as becomes a maid,
A virgin and his servant, say to him.
SUFFOLK Words sweetly placed[185] and modestly directed.
But madam, I must trouble you again;
No loving token to his majesty?
MARGARET Yes, my good lord, a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint[189] with love, I send the king.
SUFFOLK And this withal.[190]
Kisses her
MARGARET That for thyself: I will not so presume
To send such peevish[192] tokens to a king.
[Exeunt Reignier and Margaret]

SUFFOLK O, wert thou for myself! But, Suffolk, stay:[193]
Thou mayst not wander in that labyrinth:[194]
There Minotaurs and ugly treasons lurk.
Solicit[196] Henry with her wondrous praise.
Bethink[197] thee on her virtues that surmount,
Mad natural graces that extinguish[198] art,
Repeat their semblance[199] often on the seas,
That when thou com’st to kneel at Henry’s feet,
Thou mayst bereave[201] him of his wits with wonder.

Exit

[Act 5 Scene 4][5.4]

running scene 20

Enter York, Warwick, [a] Shepherd [and Joan la] Pucelle [guarded]

RICHARD DUKE OF YORK Bring forth that sorceress condemned to burn.
SHEPHERD Ah, Joan, this kills thy father's heart outright.
Have I sought every country[3] far and near,
And now it is my chance[4] to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless[5] cruel death?
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee.
PUCELLE Decrepit miser,[7] base ignoble wretch,
I am descended of a gentler[8] blood.
Thou art no father, nor no friend[9] of mine.
SHEPHERD Out, out![10]— My lords, an't please you, 'tis not so:
I did beget[11] her, all the parish knows:
Her mother liveth yet, can testify
She was the first fruit of my bach'lorship.[13]
WARWICK Graceless, wilt thou deny thy parentage?
RICHARD DUKE OF YORK This argues[15] what her kind of life hath been:
Wicked and vile, and so her death concludes.[16]
SHEPHERD Fie, Joan, that thou wilt be so obstacle:[17]
God knows thou art a collop[18] of my flesh,
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:
Deny me not, I prithee, gentle Joan.
PUCELLE Peasant, avaunt![21]— You have suborned this man, ***To the English***
Of[22] purpose to obscure my noble birth.
SHEPHERD 'Tis true, I gave a noble[23] to the priest
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursèd be the time
Of thy nativity:[27] I would the milk
Thy mother gave thee when thou sucked'st her breast,
Had been a little ratsbane[29] for thy sake.
Or else, when thou didst keep[30] my lambs afield,
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee.

Dost thou deny thy father, cursèd drab?[32]—
O burn her, burn her: hanging is too good.
Exit
RICHARD DUKE OF YORK Take her away; for she hath lived too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.
PUCELLE First let me tell you whom you have condemned:
Not one begotten of a shepherd swain,[37]
But issued from the progeny[38] of kings:
Virtuous and holy, chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding[41] miracles on earth.
I never had to do[42] with wicked spirits:
But you that are polluted with your lusts,
Stained with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices:
Because you want[46] the grace that others have,
You judge it straight[47] a thing impossible
To compass[48] wonders but by help of devils.
No misconceivèd,[49] Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender[50] infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought,
Whose maiden blood thus rigorously[52] effused
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.
RICHARD DUKE OF YORK Ay, ay.— Away with her to execution. ***To Guards***
WARWICK And hark ye, sirs: because she is a maid,
Spare[56] for no faggots: let there be enough:
Place barrels of pitch[57] upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortenèd.
PUCELLE Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?
Then, Joan, discover[60] thine infirmity,
That warranteth[61] by law to be thy privilege.
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale[64] me to a violent death.
RICHARD DUKE OF YORK Now heaven forfend,[65] the holy maid with child?
WARWICK The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought.

Is all your strict preciseness[67] come to this?
RICHARD DUKE OF YORK She and the dauphin have been juggling.[68]
I did imagine what would be her refuge.[69]
WARWICK Well, go to: we’ll have no bastards live,
Especially since Charles must father it.
PUCELLE You are deceived: my child is none of his:
It was Alençon that enjoyed my love.
RICHARD DUKE OF YORK Alencon, that notorious machiavel?[74]
It dies, an[75] if it had a thousand lives.
PUCELLE O give me leave, I have deluded you:
’Twas neither Charles nor yet the duke I named,
But Reignier, King of Naples, that prevailed.[78]
WARWICK A married man: that’s most intolerable!
RICHARD DUKE OF YORK Why, here’s a girl! I think she knows not well,
There were so many, whom she may accuse.
WARWICK It’s sign she hath been liberal and free.[82]
RICHARD DUKE OF YORK And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.—
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee.
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.
PUCELLE Then lead me hence, with whom I leave my curse:
May never glorious sun reflex[87] his beams
Upon the country where you make abode:
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you, till mischief and despair
Drive you to break your necks or hang yourselves!
Exit [guarded]
RICHARD DUKE OF YORK Break thou in pieces and consume[92] to ashes,
Thou foul accursèd minister[93] of hell!
Enter [Bishop of Winchester, now] Cardinal [attended]
WINCHESTER Lord Regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission[95] from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
Moved with remorse[97] of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implored a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring[99] French,
And here at hand the dauphin and his train

Approacheth to confer about some matter.
RICHARD DUKE OF YORK Is all our travail[102] turned to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falsehood and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquerèd?
O Warwick, Warwick, I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.
WARWICK Be patient, York: if we conclude[113] a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants[114]
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter Charles, Alençon, Bastard [of Orléans] and Reignier

CHARLES Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed
That peaceful truce shall be proclaimed in France,
We come to be informèd by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.
RICHARD DUKE OF YORK Speak, Winchester, for boiling choler chokes
The hollow passage of my poisoned voice,
By sight of these our baleful[122] enemies.
WINCHESTER Charles and the rest, it is enacted[123] thus:
That, in regard[124] King Henry gives consent,
Of mere[125] compassion and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful[126] war,
And suffer[127] you to breathe in fruitful peace,
You shall become true liegemen[128] to his crown.
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute,[130] and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be placed as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.
ALENÇON Must he be then as shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet,[134]
And yet in substance and authority

Retain but[136] privilege of a private man?
This proffer[137] is absurd and reasonless.

CHARLES ’Tis known already that I am possessed
With more than half the Gallian[139] territories,
And therein reverenced for[140] their lawful king.
Shall I, for lucre[141] of the rest unvanquished,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be called but viceroy of the whole?
No, lord ambassador, I’ll rather keep
That which I have than, coveting for more,
Be cast[146] from possibility of all.

RICHARD DUKE OF YORK Insulting Charles, hast thou by secret means
Used intercession to obtain a league,
And, now the matter grows to compromise,[149]
Stand’st thou aloof upon comparison?[150]
Either accept the title thou usurp’st,
Of benefit[152] proceeding from our king
And not of any challenge of desert,[153]
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

REIGNIER My lord, you do not well in obstinacy ***Aside to Charles***
To cavil[156] in the course of this contract:
If once it be neglected,[157] ten to one
We shall not find like opportunity.

ALENÇON To say the truth, it is your policy ***Aside to Charles***
To save your subjects from such massacre
And ruthless slaughters as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility:
And therefore take this compact[163] of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

WARWICK How say’st thou, Charles? Shall our condition[165] stand?

CHARLES It shall:
Only reserved[167] you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.[168]

RICHARD DUKE OF YORK Then swear allegiance to his majesty,
As thou art knight, never to disobey
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,

Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.
So, now dismiss your army when ye please:
Hang up your ensigns,[174] let your drums be still,
For here we entertain[175] a solemn peace.

Exeunt

Act 5 [Scene 5]*

running scene 21

Enter Suffolk in conference with King [Henry VI], Gloucester and Exeter

KING HENRY VI Your wondrous rare description, noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonished me:
Her virtues gracèd with external gifts
Do breed love's settled[4] passions in my heart,
And like as rigour[5] of tempestuous gusts
Provokes[6] the mightiest hulk against the tide,
So am I driven by breath of her renown
Either to suffer shipwreck or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

SUFFOLK Tush, my good lord, this superficial tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise:[11]
The chief perfections of that lovely dame,
Had I sufficient skill to utter them,
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit:[15]
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full[17] replete with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowliness[18] of mind
She is content to be at your command:
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord.

KING HENRY VI And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume:
Therefore, my Lord Protector, give consent
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

GLOUCESTER So should I give consent to flatter[25] sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betrothed
Unto another lady of esteem:[27]
How shall we then dispense with that contract,[28]
And not deface your honour with reproach?[29]

SUFFOLK As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths,
Or one that, at a triumph[31] having vowed

To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists[32]
By reason of his adversary's odds.
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke[35] without offence.

GLOUCESTER Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that?
Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.

SUFFOLK Yes, my lord, her father is a king,
The King of Naples and Jerusalem,
And of such great authority in France
As his alliance will confirm[42] our peace
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

GLOUCESTER And so the Earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

EXETER Beside, his wealth doth warrant[46] a liberal dower,
Where[47] Reignier sooner will receive than give.

SUFFOLK A dower, my lords? Disgrace not so your king,
That he should be so abject, base and poor,
To choose for wealth and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich:
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship:[56]
Not whom we will,[57] but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed.
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
Most of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be preferred.[61]
For what is wedlock forcèd but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,
And is a pattern[65] of celestial peace.
Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?

Her peerless feature,[68] joinèd with her birth,
Approves[69] her fit for none but for a king:
Her valiant courage and undaunted spirit,
More than in women commonly is seen,
Will answer our hope in issue[72] of a king.
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve,[75]
As is fair Margaret, he be linked in love.
Then yield, my lords, and here conclude with me
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

KING HENRY VI Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble lord of Suffolk, or for that[80]
My tender youth was never yet attaint[81]
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell: but this I am assured,
I feel such sharp dissension[84] in my breast,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take therefore shipping: post,[87] my lord, to France:
Agree to any covenants, and procure[88]
That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England, and be crowned
King Henry's faithful and anointed[91] queen.
For your expenses and sufficient charge,[92]
Among the people gather up a tenth.[93]
Be gone, I say, for, till you do return,
I rest perplexèd with a thousand cares.
And you, good uncle, banish all offence:[96]
If you do censure[97] me by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.
And so conduct me where from company[100]
I may revolve and ruminate[101] my grief.

Exit

GLOUCESTER Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.

Exit [with Exeter]

SUFFOLK Thus Suffolk hath prevailed, and thus he goes
As did the youthful Paris[104] once to Greece,
With hope to find the like event[105] in love,
But prosper better than the Trojan did:
Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king:
But I will rule both her, the king, and realm.

Exit

Textual Notes

= First Folio text of 1623, the only authority for the play
2 = a correction introduced in the Second Folio text of 1632
d = a correction introduced by a later editor
D = stage direction
H = speech heading (i.e., speaker's name)

ist of parts = Ed

.1.60 Champaigne = F. Ed = Compiègne **Rouen** = Ed. *Not in* F, *but implicit in the text* **92 dauphin** = Ed. F = Dolphin **94 Reignier** = Ed. F = *Reynold* **131 Falstaff** = F. Ed = Fastolf **176 steal** = Ed. F = send

.2.21 fly = F. Ed = flee **30 bred** = Ed. F = breed **47 SH** CHARLES = Ed. F = *Dolph*. **65 SH PUCELLE** = Ed. F = *Puzel* **99 five** = Ed. F = fine

.3.6 SH FIRST SERVINGMAN = Ed. F = *Glost*. I. *Man*. **19 The Cardinal** = F. Ed = My lord **29 umpire** = F2. F = Vmpheir **30 peeled** *spelled* Piel'd *in F* **42 scarlet** = F. Ed = purple **49 cardinal's** hat = F. Ed = bishop's mitre **56 scarlet** = F. Ed = cloakèd **56 SD** [***Bishop of Winchester's***] = Ed. F = *Cardinalls* **73 SH OFFICER** = Ed. *Not in* F **77 Cardinal** = F. Ed = Bishop **82 cardinal's** = F. Ed = bishop is

.4.10 Wont = Ed. F = Went **27 Earl** = F. Ed. = Duke **66 lords** = F. Ed = Lou **69 SD** *shoot* = Ed. F = *shot* SD *fall* = Ed. F = *falls* **89 Bear**…**it** *moved from its position in* F *two lines before, since the body referred to cannot be that of Salisbury, and must be that of Gargrave* **95 Nero** = Ed

.6.21 pyramid = Ed. F = pyramis **22 of** = Ed. F = or

.1.5 SH FIRST SENTINEL = Ed. F = *Sent*. **80 SD** [***The French***] ***fly*** = Ed. F = *they flye (*F *has additional "Exeunt" cue for the French one line above)*

.2.20 Arc = Ed. F = *Acre*

.4.0 SD *Suffolk* = Ed. F = *Poole* **1 SH RICHARD PLANTAGENET** = Ed. F = *Yorke* **41 are**… **tree** = F. Ed = from the tree are cropped **57 law** = Ed. F = you **118 wiped** = F2 (wip't). F = whipt **133 gentles** = Ed. F = gentle. Ed = gentle sirs/gentlemen

.5.33 SH FIRST JAILER = Ed. F = *Keeper* **71 King** = Ed. F2 = K. *Not in* F **75 the** = F2. *Not in* F **76 the king** = Ed. F = hee **129 mine** ill = Ed. F = my will

.1.56 see = F. Ed = so **167 that** = Ed. F = that all

.1.19 Patay = Ed. F = Poictiers. *Probably an authorial error, since the battle of Poitiers took place much earlier* **48 my** = Ed. *Not in* F **SD [*Flourish*]** = Ed. F *places in stage direction eight lines later* **180 wist** = Ed. F = wish

.2.15 SH GENERAL = Ed. F = Cap. **29 rive** = F. Ed = fire

.3.17 SH LUCY = Ed. F = 2. *Mes*. **53 lauds** = F. Ed = lands

.4.16 legions = Ed. F = Regions. *Suggested compositorial confusion between Shakespeare's lower-case "l" and "r," which similarly occurs in other plays* **19 in advantage** = F. Ed = unadvantaged **31 host** = F. Ed = horse

.7.17 SD *Enter…borne* = Ed. F *places one line earlier* **63 Washford** = F. Ed = Wexford **89 them** = Ed. F = him **94 them** = Ed. F = him

ct 5 Scene 1 = Ed. F = *Scena secunda*

.2 Scene 2 = Ed. F = *Scoena Tertia* **SD *Pucelle*** = Ed. F = *Ione* **57 her** = Ed. F = his **160 country** = F. Ed = countries **185 modestly** = F2. F = modestie

.4.10 an't = Ed. F = and **37 one** = Ed. F = me **49 Arc** = Ed. F = *Aire* **93 SD *Enter…Cardinal*** = *Ed*. F *places two lines earlier*

.5.60 Most = F. Ed. = It most *or* That most

Act 1 Scene 1

1.1 ***Location:*** *Westminster Abbey, London* ***Dead march*** solemn piece of music accompanying a funeral; probably played with a muffled drum

1 **Hung…black** some scholars believe that the projecting roof or canopy over the Elizabethan stage (**the heavens**) was conventionally draped with black for the performance of a tragedy

2 **Comets** these were thought to presage **change** and were often deemed to be evil omens **states** circumstances/ruling bodies

3 **Brandish** flourish/shine, flash **crystal tresses** clear, gleaming strands (of hair—i.e., the comets' tails)

4 **scourge** punish, whip revolting rebellious stars thought to influence human destiny

5 **consented unto** conspired in

6 **too…long** Henry died when he was thirty-five, after a nine-year reign

9 **Virtue** merit/grace/power

10 **his** its

12 **replete with** full of

15 **What…say?** i.e., I have not words to express it

16 **He…conquerèd** he never raised his arm (i.e., sword) without conquering the enemy

17 **in blood** i.e., by declaring war against the French

18 **revive** live again

19 **wooden** plays on the sense of "unfeeling, lifeless"

22 **car** chariot (to which **captives** were traditionally **bound**, to be paraded through the streets by the victors)

23 **of mishap** of evil influence, that bring misfortune

24 **plotted** schemed/mapped out

25 **subtle-witted** crafty, clever

27 **verses** spells, incantations **contrived** plotted

28 **King of Kings** name for Christ, used especially during descriptions of **Judgement Day** (Revelations 19:16)

30 **dreadful** awe-inspiring, causing dread and fear

31 **Lord of hosts** frequent biblical name for God

32 **prosperous** successful, fortunate

33 **prayed** i.e., for Henry's downfall; puns on "preyed"

34 **thread of life** in classical mythology, the three Fates spun, measured out and cut the thread of a person’s life

35 **effeminate prince** weak, unmanly ruler

36 **overawe** i.e., repress and control

37 **Protector** surrogate ruler of the realm, while the new king was too young to reign; Henry VI was a baby when Henry V died

38 **lookest** expect

41 **the flesh** worldly, material pleasures/sexual pursuits

44 **jars** discords, conflicts

47 **avail not** are of no use or advantage

48 **await for** expect, anticipate

49 **at…suck** babies are suckled only by their mother’s tears

50 **nourish** nurse

52 **invocate** invoke, summon

53 **broils** turmoil, conflict

54 **adverse planets** planets of unfavorable influences

55 **star…Caesar** according to Roman tradition, the great ruler’s soul was turned into a star

59 **discomfiture** overthrow, utter defeat

60 **Champaigne** Compiègne (not Champagne)

64 **burst his lead** break out of the leaden inner lining of the wooden coffin

67 **yield the ghost** die

69 **want** lack

71 **several** separate, divisive

72 **field** battle **dispatched** prepared, organized

73 **of** about

77 **guileful** deceitful, devious

79 **new-begot** newly created

80 **flower-de-luces** fleur-de-lis, or lily of France; after Edward III claimed his right to the French throne, the flower was incorporated into the English royal coat of **arms** arms coat of arms

81 **coat** coat of arms

82 **wanting to** lacking for

83 **her** i.e., England’s **tides** picks up on **tidings**

84 **Regent** ruler in the king’s absence

85 **steelèd coat** armor

88 **intermissive** coming at intervals

89 **mischance** misfortune

90 **quite** entirely

91 **petty** small, insignificant

92 **dauphin** title of the French king’s eldest son, heir to the throne

93 **Bastard** illegitimate son of Charles, Duke of Orléans

97 **fly** flee (Gloucester shifts the sense to “rush upon in attack”) **reproach** shame, disgrace

100 **forwardness** readiness, preparedness

104 **bedew** i.e., wet with tears

105 **dismal** disastrous, ominous **fight** i.e., the battle of Patay, which, historically, took place after the siege of Orléans that is depicted in the following two scenes

109 **circumstances** details

110 **tenth of August** historically, 18 June (1429) **dreadful** frightening, inspiring dread and awe

112 **full scarce** barely

114 **round encompassèd** completely surrounded

115 **enrank** draw up in battle ranks

116 **wanted** lacked **pikes** stakes bound with iron and sharpened at either end, set in the ground to protect archers from enemy cavalry

118 **confusedly** in a disorderly manner

121 **above human thought** beyond human belief

123 **stand** resist

126 **agazed on** amazed by, gaping at

128 **A** to **amain** forcefully

129 **bowels** innards, intestines

130 **sealed up** finished

131 **Falstaff** historically “Fastolf”; not the character who features in *1* and *2 Henry IV* and is declared dead in *Henry V*

133 **With** on

135 **wrack** wreck, ruin

136 **Enclosèd** surrounded

137 **Walloon** inhabitant of a region that is now part of southern Belgium **grace** favor

142 **pomp** luxury, splendor

144 **dastard foemen** cowardly enemies

149 **hale** haul, drag

151 **change** exchange

154 **keep** celebrate **Saint George's feast** 23 April, feast day of the patron saint of England **withal** with

159 **supply** reinforcements, relief

160 **hardly** with difficulty

163 **quell** crush, overcome

167 **Tower** Tower of London, which housed the royal armory

170 **Eltham** royal palace nine miles southeast of London, on the road to Canterbury

171 **Being** as I am **special governor** guardian

175 **Jack-out-of-office** a knave who has been dismissed from his post

177 **sit…stern** control the ship of state, i.e., assume the government **public weal** the commonwealth, the state

Act 1 Scene 2

1.2 ***Location:*** *the French camp, near Orléans, a town on the River Loire, south of Paris*

flourish trumpet fanfare accompanying a person in authority ***Drum*** drummers

1 **Mars…moving** the exact orbit of the planet Mars (a source of uncertainty to Elizabethan astronomers); Mars was also the Roman god of war

3 **Late** recently

5 **moment** importance

7 **Otherwhiles** at times

9 **want** lack **porridge** vegetable stew **bull-beeves** bull-beef, joints of beef

10 **dieted** fed

11 **provender** animal feed, fodder

13 **raise** put an end to

14 **wont** used, were accustomed

16 **fretting** impatience, bad temper spend his gall wear out his bitterness

18 **alarum** call to arms

19 **forlorn** in imminent danger of death

23 **dastards** cowards

25 **homicide** murderer

28 **hungry** a transferred epithet; the lions are hungry for the prey

29 **Froissart** Jean Froissart, fourteenth-century French author who chronicled contemporary conflicts between France and England

30 **all…Rowlands** like the two knights in the twelfth-century poem *La Chanson de Roland (The Song of Roland)*, who embody Christian virtue, heroism and true friendship

33 **Samsons and Goliases** biblical characters famed for great strength; Samson appears in Judges 14, and Goliath (Golias), the giant killed by David, in 1 Samuel 17

34 **skirmish** do battle, fight **one…ten** one (English) man for every ten (French)

35 **raw-boned** skeleton-like, excessively lean or gaunt **rascals** lean, inferior deer in a herd

37 **hare-brained slaves** reckless villains

38 **eager** fierce, hungry for violence

40 **forsake** give up, leave

41 **gimmers** gimmals, mechanical connecting links, used especially for transmitting motion **device** mechanism

42 **still** continually

44 **consent** agreement (to your suggestion to **leave this town**) **even** completely

48 **cheer appalled** face pale

49 **wrought** worked, brought about **offence** harm

53 **Ordainèd** destined, appointed by God **raise** put an end to **tedious** harrowing, lengthy

54 **forth** out of **bounds** territory

56 **nine sibyls** female prophets from classical times, not exclusively from Rome and usually said to be ten in number

57 **descry** discern, see

60 **try** test

62 **proudly** haughtily, with authority

63 **sound** probe, measure ***Joan*** **[*la*]** ***Pucelle*** i.e., Joan of Arc; *pucelle* is French for “maid, virgin,” with play on “puzzel,” i.e., “whore”

65 **beguile** deceive

70 ***apart*** aside

71 **takes upon her** takes the initiative boldly/plays her part splendidly **at first dash** from the outset, at the first encounter (with sexual connotations)

73 **wit** intellect **art** scholarship, learning

74 **our Lady gracious** the Virgin Mary, God’s (Christ’s) mother

75 **contemptible estate** lowly, humble condition

76 **Lo** look (a general speech marker; may pun on “low”) **tender** young

83 **complete** perfect

84 **black and swart** dark, unattractive, and swarthy

85 **infused on** shed on, poured into

88 **unpremeditated** spontaneously

91 **Resolve on** be assured of

92 **mate** companion, brother-in-arms (with play on the sense of “sexual partner”; warlike may pun on “whorelike”)

93 **high terms** lofty/eloquent words

94 **proof** test

95 **buckle** fight at close quarters, grapple (plays on sense of “have sex”)

96 **vanquishest** overcome me

97 **confidence** trust, belief/intimacy

98 **keen-edged** sharp

99 **Decked** adorned **flower-de-luces** fleurs-de-lis, the lily on French coat of arms

100 **Touraine** region in central France **Saint Katherine** fourth-century saint and virgin martyr who was beheaded for her Christian faith; Joan of Arc claimed to have seen her in a vision

102 **a** in

103 **I'll…man** unwitting sexual innuendo

104 **Amazon** mythical race of female warriors

105 **Deborah** Old Testament prophetess who lead the Israelites in revolt against their Canaanite oppressors (Judges 4 and 5)

106 **else** otherwise

108 **thy desire** the same urge to fight that you feel/sexual desire for you

111 **servant** plays on the notion of sexual service

112 **sueth to** begs, woos

114 **profession** religious calling, profession of faith

116 **recompense** return, repayment

117 **gracious** with divine grace/with favor **prostrate** either figurative ("adoring, submissive") or Charles may literally still be on the floor after the fight **thrall** slave

119 **shrives** hears confession and grants absolution/undresses/has sex with **smock** undergarment

120 **protract** extend (plays on notion of penile erection)

121 **mean** limit, measure

122 **know** perhaps with sexual connotations (to know: to have sex with)

123 **shrewd** cunning, artful **tongues** speech/tongues used sexually

124 **where are you** what are your intentions **devise you on** do you decide upon, are you planning

125 **give o'er** abandon, leave

126 **recreants** cowards, deserters, those who abandon the true cause

129 **scourge** one sent by God to punish

131 **Saint Martin's summer** a late spell of fine weather; Saint Martin's day is November 11 **halcyon's days** a period of calm (from the legend that the kingfisher laid its eggs in a nest on the surface of the water; whilst they incubated the waters remained untroubled)

138 **insulting** exultant, mocking

139 **Caesar…once** in a story related by the ancient writer Plutarch, Caesar tells a sea captain not to fear the rough weather as his ship contains both Caesar and Caesar’s good fortune

140 **Mahomet…dove** Mohammed, the prophet and founder of Islam who received divine revelations from a dove that whispered in his ear; sceptics said that he had merely trained the bird to nibble corn lodged there

141 **with** by **eagle** a Christian symbol

142 **Helen** mother of the emperor **Constantine**; after being led by a vision to the discovery of the true cross, she converted her son to Christianity, which he made the official religion in the Roman Empire

143 **Saint Philip’s daughters** four virgins said to have prophetic powers (Acts 21:9)

144 **Venus** Roman goddess of love; the planet Venus is known as the Morning Star

148 **immortalized** gain immortal fame

149 **Presently** immediately

Act 1 Scene 3

1.3 ***Location:*** *the Tower of London* *blue coats* Gloucester’s livery and the typical color of Elizabethan servants’ uniforms

2 **conveyance** trickery, theft

3 **warders** guards

8 **Villains** scoundrels/base servants

10 **willed** ordered

12 **none** no other

13 **Break up** open **warrantize** guarantee, surety

14 **flouted** mocked, taunted

19 **Cardinal** an error; he has only just been made a Cardinal in Act 5 Scene 1

22 **prizest him ’fore** do you esteem him more than

24 **brook** endure

26 **shut…shortly** have you dismissed immediately ***tawny*** yellowish brown, the color of the uniform worn by summoners or officers of an ecclesiastical court

29 **umpire** one who sets himself up as arbitrator (Second Folio’s emendation of Folio’s “Vmpheir”; some editors emend to “Humphrey,” but there is no reason for the bishop to use his adversary’s Christian name)

30 **Peeled** bald, tonsured

31 **proditor** traitor

34 **contrived’st** plotted **dead lord** i.e., Henry V

35 **whores…sin** the see of the Bishop of Winchester owned and leased land in Southwark, an area south of the Thames notorious for brothels; prostitutes were known as “Winchester geese” **indulgences** official documents, purchasable from the Church, that granted absolution from sin

36 **canvass** entangle in a net/sift, examine, as through a canvas sieve/punish (literally toss in a canvas sheet) **cardinal’s hat** also the name of a long-standing Southwark brothel; the Bishop of Winchester does not actually become a cardinal until later in the play

39 **Damascus…Cain** the city of Damascus, in Syria, was thought to have been built at the place where Adam and Eve’s son Cain murdered his brother Abel

42 **bearing-cloth** christening robe

44 **beard** defy (literally, pull insultingly by the beard)

45 **dared** challenged

46 **for all this** despite this being **privilegèd place** i.e., royal residence, where it was illegal to draw swords

50 **dignities** dignitaries

53 **Winchester** goose syphilitic swelling in the groin/client of prostitutes a rope i.e., for flogging (dominant sense); also “hangman’s noose/penis/parrot’s cry (abusive)” ***hurly-burly*** tumult, uproar

57 **Fie** expression of impatience

58 **contumeliously** disgracefully, insolently

61 **distrained** seized

63 **still** constantly, always motions promotes, urges

64 **O’ercharging…fines** i.e., overburdening with heavy taxation (levied to fund war) **free** generous

68 **prince** ruler, king

70 **rests** remains

74 **repair** return

75 **several** various

78 **break** reveal, broach **at large** in full

81 **call for clubs** give the rallying cry for apprentices armed with clubs (used to suppress a riot)

84 **Abominable** loathsome (often popularly “inhuman, unnatural”)

85 **ere** before

87 **stomachs** tempers, anger

Act 1 Scene 4

1.4 ***Location:*** *Orléans, France*

1 **Sirrah** sir (used to inferiors)

2 **suburbs** outskirts, areas outside the city walls

7 **grace** honor/favor

8 **espials** spies

9 **close entrenched** securely dug-in/fortified nearby

10 **Wont** are accustomed

14 **inconvenience** harm, injury

15 **ordnance** cannon, artillery **gainst** aimed at

21 **take…care** do not worry

30 **baser** of lower birth or rank **man of arms** soldier

32 **cravèd** entreated

33 **pilled** peeled, i.e., reduced, worthless, deprived of honor

34 **In fine** in short, to sum up **redeemed** ransomed

38 **entertained** treated

39 **contumelious** contemptuous, insolent

47 **grisly** grim, terrifying

48 **sudden** immediate

52 **spurn** kick **adamant** a legendary substance of unsurpassed hardness

53 **Wherefore** for which reason **chosen shot** specially selected marksman

54 **every minute while** at one-minute intervals ***linstock*** forked stick for holding the gunner’s lighted match

64 **express** precise, considered

65 **batt’ry** assault, bombardment

67 **bulwark** manned fortification

68 **aught** anything, what

69 **enfeeblèd** weakened

72 **chance** unfortunate event **crossed** thwarted

74 **mirror** i.e., model, image

76 **fatal** deadly/that deals fate

80 **trump** trumpet

86 **wants** lacks

93 **As** as one

95 **Plantagenet** Salisbury (Thomas Montacute) was a descendant of Edward III **Nero…burn** Roman emperor, Nero supposedly played music (popularly “fiddled”) while Rome burned

97 **only in** at the mere sound of ***lightens*** lightning flashes

100 **gathered head** raised an army, drawn their forces together

103 **power** army

105 **irks** distresses

107 **Puzzel or pucelle** though it means the opposite, the word had in England taken on a slang sense of “whore” **dolphin** i.e., Dauphin (pronounced in the same way)

109 **mingled** mixed together/mangled

110 **Convey** me convey (me is emphatic)

Act 1 Scene 5

2 **stay** prevent

4 **bout** of fighting/of sex

5 **dam** mother **conjure** control with incantations, exorcise (perhaps "have sex with")

6 **Blood…witch** superstition held anyone who drew blood from a witch was then protected from her spells

7 **him** the devil/the dauphin

10 **courage** vigor, spirit

12 **high-minded** arrogant

14 **victual** supply with provisions

17 **testament** will

21 **Hannibal** famous third-century Carthaginian general who once outwitted his Roman enemies by tying firebrands to the horns of a vast herd of oxen so that they thought they were outnumbered

22 **lists** pleases

23 **noisome** noxious

26 **whelps** puppies

28 **England's coat** coat of arms, in which three **lions** featured, quartered with the French fleur-de-lis

29 **give** display **stead** place

30 **treacherous** cowardly

32 **subduèd** overcome, subjugated

33 **It…be** i.e., it is useless

34 **consented** unto conspired to bring about

35 **his revenge** revenge of him

38 **would** if only, I wish

Act 1 Scene 6

* ***walls*** city walls

1 **Advance** raise aloft **colours** military banners or flags

4 **Astraea** Greek goddess of justice

6 **Adonis' garden** mythical garden of extraordinary fertility

10 **hap** chance, fortune

16 **played the men** performed our role of soldier, displayed manliness

21 **pyramid…Memphis** Rhodope was a Greek courtesan, who married a king of Memphis and supposedly built the third Egyptian pyramid

25 **rich-jewelled**…Darius King of Persia, conquered by Alexander the Great; the coffer is either Darius' jeweled treasure chest (in which Alexander stored the works of Homer), or his coffin

26 **high** elaborate, important

28 **Saint Denis** patron saint of France

Act 2 Scene 1

* ***band*** company of soldiers guarding the town

3 **apparent** clear, manifest

4 **court of guard** guardhouse

5 **servitors** soldiers, those who perform military service

7 **Constrained** obliged ***scaling-ladders*** used by soldiers to climb defensive fortifications ***dead march*** funeral march or simply march played on muffled drums

8 **redoubted** revered/feared

9 **approach** arrival

10 **Wallon** region that is now part of southern Belgium

11 **happy** fortunate **secure** carefree/overconfident

14 **quittance** requite, repay

15 **art** magic **baleful** malignant, deadly

16 **Coward of France!** i.e., the dauphin **fame** reputation

17 **fortitude** strength

23 **prove not masculine** does not turn out to be a man/turns out to be a woman (by getting pregnant)

24 **standard** military banner/soldier who carries the banner/erect penis

25 **carry armour** wear armor/bear the weight of a man in armor (during sex)

26 **practise and converse** scheme and talk, associate/have sex

28 **flinty** hard, stony

31 **several** separate, various

34 **yond** yonder, that (over there) ***ready*** dressed

43 **I trow** I am sure

47 **venturous** risky **desperate** reckless, hazardous

50 **marvel…sped** wonder how he fared

51 **holy** may pun on “holey” (i.e., “with a vagina,” imaging Joan in her sexual capacity)

52 **cunning** magic/skill/craftiness

53 **flatter** falsely encourage **withal** with it

56 **impatient** angry

57 **alike** in the same way

58 **prevail** be victorious

60 **Improvident** careless, shortsighted

61 **mischief** calamity, harm **fall'n** befallen, happened

62 **default** failure, negligence

64 **weighty charge** important responsibility

65 **quarters** part of an army camp/rooms, apartments **kept** guarded, secured

66 **government** control, management

67 **surprised** ambushed, assaulted

71 **her quarter** Joan's rooms (possibly plays sexually on sense of "hindquarters") **precinct** sector, area of control

72 **passing** moving

73 **About** concerned with **relieving…sentinels** possibly plays on the sense of "sexually relieving my erection"

77 **But** only

78 **rests** remains **shift** strategy

80 **platforms** plans **endamage them** harm the enemy

83 **spoils** plunder, booty

Act 2 Scene 2

2 **pitchy** black (as pitch, a tarlike substance) ***Retreat*** trumpet signal recalling the pursuing force

5 **advance** display/raise

7 **vow** i.e., of vengeance

11 **ruin** death, destruction

16 **mournful** sorrowful, causing grief

19 **muse** wonder

20 **champion** one who fights for another, defendant **virtuous** said with irony

28 **trull** whore

30 **turtle-doves** emblematic of faithful love, they supposedly formed couples for life

33 **power** military force

40 **vouchsafe** grant, deign

41 **poor** humble lies lives

43 **report** plays on the sense of “explosion of a gun or cannon”

45 **comic sport** amusing entertainment (sport plays on the sense of “sexual activity”)

46 **encountered with** met/fought with/had sex with

47 **despise** scorn **gentle** kind/courteous/honorable

48 **world** i.e., great number

49 **oratory** eloquence, rhetorical skill

50 **overruled** prevailed

52 **attend on** visit, wait on

55 **unbidden** uninvited

57 **remedy** alternative

58 **prove** try/test sexually

60 **mind** intention

61 **mean** mean to act

Act 2 Scene 3

2.3 ***Location:*** *the castle of the Countess of Auvergne, near Orléans, France*

1 **gave** in charge ordered

6 **Tomyris…death** in revenge for her son’s death, Queen Tomyris killed his murderer, the Persian king Cyrus, and put his head in a wineskin full of blood

9 **Fain** willingly

10 **censure** opinion (not necessarily negative) **rare** exceptional/splendid

16 **abroad** everywhere, out in the world

17 **still** silence

18 **fabulous** fantastical, fictitious

19 **Hercules** famous Greek hero and demigod, possessed of exceptional strength

20 **Hector** famed Trojan warrior **for** in terms of **grim aspect** stern expression

21 **proportion** size, bulk **strong-knit** powerfully built, well constructed

22 **silly** feeble, weak

23 **writhled** wrinkled

27 **sort** arrange, choose

31 **Marry** by the Virgin Mary **for that** because **in…belief** under a misapprehension

32 **I…here** i.e., by leaving I demonstrate that I am the real Talbot, independent-minded and not inclined to listen to insults/I go as a means of demonstrating my presence

36 **trained** lured

37 **shadow** portrait/(illusory) image built on reputation/insubstantial thing

thrall slave

41 **tyranny** cruelty, oppressive violence

42 **Wasted** ravaged/exhausted

43 **captivate** into captivity

46 **fond** foolish

47 **aught** nothing

55 **least…humanity** smallest part of humankind (here referring to the army)

56 **frame** structure, i.e., the body/the army

57 **pitch** height

59 **merchant** fellow/trader (in riddles) **for the nonce** as the occasion requires
61 **contrarieties** paradoxes, contradictions
62 **presently** immediately ***Winds*** blows ***ordnance*** artillery
66 **yoketh** subjects, imprisons, yokes like an animal
67 **Razeth** wipes out, obliterates **subverts** overthrows
69 **abuse** insulting, aggressive behavior/delusion, misconception
70 **bruited** reported, proclaimed
74 **entertain** receive
75 **misconster** misconstrue
80 **patience** permission
81 **cates** delicacies
82 **stomachs** appetites

Act 2 Scene 4

2.4 ***Location:*** *London, a garden at the Temple (area west of the City that housed the Inns of Court, where young men studied law)*

2 **case** of truth legal term for a case that is to be resolved by considering the facts rather than any ethical implications; given the ensuing dialogue, the dispute may have been one concerning Plantagenet's claim to the throne

3 **were** would have been

6 **Or else** perhaps "or alternatively, to put it another way," but probably Plantagenet simply inquires, "Was I right or was Somerset wrong?," to which he can only receive a favorable answer **wrangling** quarreling/disputing (formally on an academic issue)

7 **a truant** negligent

8 **frame** adapt

11 **pitch** height (falconry term: highest point in the flight of a bird of prey)

12 **mouth** bark

13 **blades** swords' blades **temper** quality, hardness

14 **bear him** carry himself

16 **shallow** naive

17 **nice** precise, fastidious **sharp** subtle, discerning **quillets** fine distinctions

18 **daw** jackdaw, a proverbially stupid bird

19 **mannerly forbearance** courteous reluctance (to be involved)

20 **naked** evident, palpable

21 **purblind** partially blind

22 **apparelled** dressed (as opposed to being naked)

24 **blind** i.e., totally blind as opposed to merely purblind

26 **significants** signs

28 **stands** insists

29 **pleaded** stated (legal sense)

30 **white rose** badge of the Mortimers (from whom Richard is descended) and then the House of York

32 **party** side

33 **red** rose badge of the House of Lancaster

34 **colours** literally, hues/corroborative evidence (legal sense)/military banners **colour** outward appearance

38 **withal** with it

42 **yield** concede in law

43 **objected** urged, brought forward as an argument

44 **subscribe** submit, agree (literally, sign a document)

47 **maiden** unblemished, pure

53 **Opinion** public opinion, reputation (a shift from the usual sense in the previous line)

54 **still** always

60 **scabbard** sheath for a sword **meditating that** thinking on that which

62 **counterfeit** imitate

69 **canker** parasitic grub that destroys plants

71 **his** its

75 **false** dishonest (also continues Somerset's accusation that Richard is counterfeit)

77 **fashion** sort/fashion of wearing a red rose peevish foolish/stubborn

79 **Pole** Suffolk's family name

80 **turn…throat** throw the slanders back down your throat

82 **grace** favor, ennoble **yeoman** man who owns property but is not a gentleman

84 **grandfather** ancestor (actually his great-great-grandfather)

86 **crestless** without heraldic crest/without a top to his family tree (an image picked up on in root)/with lowered (cock's) crest, i.e., cowardly

87 **bears…privilege** relies on the fact that this is a privileged place (where it was forbidden to draw swords)

88 **craven** cowardly

89 **maintain** stand by, defend

93 **attainted** tainted, corrupt/subject to attainder (legal term), i.e., unable to inherit property or title from a relative who received the death penalty

96 **be restored** have title and property returned, be reinstated

97 **attachèd, not attainted** arrested, but not made legally subject to attainder (perhaps having been executed on the king's orders, without being formally indicted by bill of attainder)

100 **Were…will** i.e., given the opportunity

101 **partaker** part-taker, supporter

102 **note** record/brand

103 **apprehension** opinion

104	**Look to it**	beware it, expect it
107	**spite**	contempt
109	**cognizance**	badge, distinguishing mark
112	**degree**	rank
115	**Have with thee**	I will go with you
116	**braved**	defied, insulted
	perforce	of necessity
117	**object**	bring forward as a charge, an accusation
119	**for…of**	to make peace between
122	**in signal**	as a sign
124	**party**	side
126	**faction**	dissent, forming of factions
131	**still**	always
133	**gentles**	gentlemen

Act 2 Scene 5

2.5 ***Location:*** *the Tower of London*

1 **keepers** carers, nurses/jailers

3 **haled** hauled, dragged rack torture instrument that stretched the limbs

5 **pursuivants** messengers (one of whose tasks was to announce the imminent arrival of their master)

6 **Nestor** oldest of the Greek leaders who fought at Troy; famed for his wisdom **care** anxiety, sorrow

9 **Wax** grow **exigent** end

10 **overborne** overburdened

11 **pithless** feeble, lacking “pith” or vital essence

13 **stay is numb** support is paralyzed

16 **witting** knowing

22 **his wrong** the wrong done to him

23 **Henry Monmouth** Henry V, so nicknamed because he was born at Monmouth, a town in southern Wales near the English border

25 **sequestration** imprisonment/loss of income

26 **even** exactly

28 **arbitrator** one who decides and settles a matter between opposed parties

29 **umpire** one brought in to decide a matter when arbitrators cannot agree

30 **enlargement** release

31 **his** i.e., Richard’s

35 **used** treated

36 **late** lately, recently

38 **latter** last

40 **kindly** in kinship

41 **stock** main body of a tree or plant

44 **disease** pronounced “dis-ease”

47 **lavish** unrestrained, excessive

49 **obloquy** disgrace, slander **set…tongue** made me speechless/made me grit my teeth (in rage)

50 **requited** repaid, answered

53 **alliance’** kinship’s, family’s **declare** explain

59 **Discover** reveal **at large** fully

64 **nephew** relative (here, cousin) **Richard, Edward's son** Richard II, son to Edward III; the deposition is dramatized in *Richard II*

67 **whose** i.e., Henry IV's **Percies** Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and his son (nicknamed "Hotspur"); these events are dramatized in *1* and *2 Henry IV*

70 **moved** that moved

74 **mother** actually his grandmother, daughter to the Duke of Clarence; probably this Edmund Mortimer is being confused with his uncle of the same name, although "mother" can mean "female ancestor" derivèd descended

77 **John of Gaunt** Edward III's **fourth** son

79 **mark** pay attention **haughty** proud, aspiring

80 **They** i.e., the Mortimers and the Percies

83 **Bullingbrook** i.e., Henry IV, known by this name before he was king

87 **hard** severe

88 **weening** aiming, thinking

89 **diadem** crown

94 **issue** children

95 **warrant** guarantee

96 **gather** infer/regain (the inheritance)

97 **studious** diligent

98 **admonishments** warnings

101 **politic** prudent

104 **removing** departing (i.e., dying)

105 **cloyed** sickened, satiated

108 **passage** passing

111 **except** unless **sorrow…good** mourn for the good in me/can use your grief for my (posthumous) advantage, i.e., revenge

112 **give order** make arrangements

117 **overpassed** lived out, spent

119 **let that rest** leave that alone

122 **dusky** dim, flickering (perhaps referring to his failing eyesight)

123 **of…sort** belonging to less noble people (i.e., Bullingbrook and his supporters)

124 **for** as for

125 **house** family

128 **blood** i.e., inheritance rights

129 **make…good** turn the wrongs done to me to my advantage, let my injuries fuel my ambition

Act 3 Scene 1

3.1 ***Location:*** *London, parliament* ***offers…bill*** attempts to present a list of accusations

1 **deep premeditated lines** carefully planned statements

5 **invention** stratagem/fabrication/written exposition **suddenly** spontaneously

6 **extemporal** unplanned

7 **object** bring forward in accusation

8 **commands my patience** obliges me to endure this

10 **preferred** put forward

11 **vile** contemptible, shameful

12 **forged** fabricated, invented

13 **Verbatim** word for word/orally **rehearse** relate, repeat **method…pen** order and arrangement of what I have written

15 **lewd** low, wicked **pestiferous** poisonous, deadly **dissentious** quarrelsome, provoking disorder **pranks** wicked deeds, malicious acts

16 **As very** that even

17 **pernicious** destructive **usurer** moneylender who charges (often very high) interest; another reference to the leasing of land in Southwark and sanctioning of brothels there

18 **Froward** demanding, stubborn

19 **wanton** dissolute **beseems** befits, is appropriate to

20 **degree** position, status

21 **for** as for

24 **sifted** closely examined

26 **envious** malicious **swelling** arrogant

31 **haps** happens, chances

32 **wonted** customary, usual

34 **except** unless

35 **that** that which

37 **sway** rule, have influence

38 **about** concerned with

43 **bastard** Winchester was the illegitimate son of John of Gaunt by Catherine Swynford (whom Gaunt later married)

45 **imperious** acting like a king

46 **saucy** insolent

48 **keeps** resides for defense

49 **patronage** protect

51 **reverent** worthy of respect

52 **Touching** concerning **function** role, occupation

53 **Rome** i.e., the Pope

55 **forbear** desist

56 **overborne** overruled, subdued

58 **office** duty, behavior **such** i.e., **religious** persons

59 **his lordship** i.e., Winchester

61 **holy state** ecclesiastical status **touched…near** so closely concerned

65 **sirrah** term of address for social inferiors

67 **fling** verbal attack

69 **weal** commonwealth, state

73 **jar** clash, quarrel

74 **tender years** historically, Henry, a baby when his father died, was five at the time of this dispute

75 **viperous worm** malevolent, poisonous snake

76 **bowels** insides, intestines **tawny-coats** i.e., ecclesiastical officials, supporters of Winchester

83 **late** lately

85 **banding themselves** forming groups **contrary parts** opposing parties

86 **pate** head (s)

87 **giddy** consumed by disorder, mad with fury

92 **mitigate** calm, lessen

94 **as** just as

95 **peevish** foolish/stubborn

100 **suffer** allow

102 **disgracèd** insulted; treated without reverent respect **inkhorn mate** mere scribe (i.e., low status)

105 **parings** trimmings

106 **pitch a field** prepare for battle pitch prepare defensive stakes

114 **study** endeavor, labor **prefer** put forward, favor

117 **repulse** refusal, rejection

119 **mischief** harm, calamity

124 **his** i.e., Winchester’s

125 **privilege of** advantage over

127 **moody** angry, disordered

129 **tragical** foreboding/sorrowful

135 **hath…gird** has been given a suitable rebuke

140 **hollow** empty, insincere, deceptive

142 **token** i.e., the handshake

144 **dissemble** deceive, pretend

147 **contract** accord, agreement

148 **masters** i.e., the servants (a condescending though not offensive form of address)

150 **surgeon** more particularly, physician

152 **physic** medicine

155 **exhibit** show, submit for consideration

157 **mark** note, pay attention to circumstance detail, particular

159 **occasions** reasons, circumstances

161 **of** force convincing, forceful

163 **blood** hereditary rights (to property and titles)

165 **wrongs** i.e., wrongs suffered by him

174 **reguerdon** recompense, reward

175 **gird** invest (with a title; picks up on the sound of reguerdon)

177 **princely** of the royal blood

180 **grudge one thought** have one resentful thought

187 **disanimates** discourages, disheartens ***Sennet*** trumpet call signaling a procession

194 **forged** false (may play on the sense of “moulded in fire”)

196 **festered** rotten, decomposing **members** limbs **by degree** gradually, in stages

198 **envious** malicious

202 **Henry…Monmouth** i.e., Henry V

203 **Henry…Windsor** i.e., Henry VI

205 **hapless** unlucky

Act 3 Scene 2

3.2 ***Location:*** *Rouen, a French town on the River Seine, between Le Havre and Paris*
2 **policy** strategy, cunning
4 **vulgar** common, ordinary
7 **that** if
9 **encounter** assail, confront
10 **mean** means
11 **be** shall be
13 ***Qui là?*** “Who goes there?” (French)
14 ***Paysans…France*** “Peasants, the poor folk of France”
18 **happy** fortunate
20 **practisants** conspirators, plotters
25 **No…entered** no entrance is as weakly guarded as the one she entered
top i.e., gallery, upper staging level
26 **wedding** torch Hymen, the Greek and Roman god of marriage, was traditionally depicted carrying a burning torch
31 **shine it** may it shine
32 **prophet to** portent of (comets were thought to be bad omens)
34 **presently** immediately
35 **do…watch** kill the guards ***excursion*** a bout of fighting across the stage
39 **unawares** unexpectedly
40 **hardly** with difficulty **pride** power and arrogance/the dauphin (and his fellow nobles) ***without*** on the main stage ***within*** probably, but not necessarily on the upper staging level, conventionally used to represent city walls
41 **gallants** fine young gentlemen (sarcastic)
43 **rate** cost
44 **darnel** weeds
51 **run a-tilt at** joust with, charge at **within** whilst seated in
52 **hag** witch **of all despite** full of spite or malice
53 **Encompassed with** surrounded by
55 **twit** taunt
56 **bout** of fighting/of sex
58 **hot** hot-tempered/lustful

60 **speed** aid/hurry up **speaker** spokesperson/chairman (of the parliament)

61 **in the field** for battle

62 **Belike** presumably

64 **Hecate** in classical mythology, the goddess of night and the underworld and the patroness of witches

67 **Seigneur** lord

68 **Base muleteers** lowly mule drivers

69 **footboys** boy servants, often assistants to footmen **keep** stay near

78 **Pricked** spurred

81 **his…conqueror** Henry V besieged and captured Rouen in 1419

83 **Coeur-de-lion** Richard I of England, nicknamed “the Lionheart” after he fought a lion and tore its heart out; he asked that his heart be buried in Rouen

86 **regard** observe/tend to

89 **crazy** infirm, fragile

92 **weal** happiness

95 **stout** brave **Pendragon** Uther Pendragon, father of King Arthur; the story referred to here is related in Geoffrey of Monmouth’s *Historia Regnum Britanniae* **litter** transportable bed for the sick

98 **ever** always

101 **ado** business, fuss

102 **out of hand** at once, immediately

106 **have the overthrow** be defeated

113 **daring** challenging, defiant

114 **glad** here, relieved **fain** willing

121 **gentle** noble/kind

122 **familiar** witch’s attendant spirit, demon

123 **braves** boasts **Charles his gleeks** Charles’ scoffs, jests

124 **amort** downcast, dispirited

126 **take some order** establish order, make arrangements

127 **expert** experienced

129 **lie** dwells

133 **exequies** funeral rites

134 **couchèd lance** leveled his lance in attack

135 **sway** exert influence

136 **potentates** powerful rulers
137 **end** sum, final destination/purpose/ending, death

Act 3 Scene 3

3.3 ***Location:*** *near Rouen*

1 **accident** unforeseen event

2 **recoverèd** regained by the English

3 **Care…cure** sorrow, anxiety

7 **train** peacock’s tail/army

8 **be but ruled** merely follow advice

10 **cunning** skill/magical powers **diffidence** distrust

11 **foil** defeat

12 **wit** intelligence **secret policies** surprise stratagems

18 **fair** plausible, flattering

21 **sweeting** sweetheart, darling

24 **extirpèd** uprooted

25 **expulsed** expelled

30 **unto Paris-ward** toward Paris

31 **colours spread** flags unfurled

34 **in** in our

35 **parley** negotiation between opposing sides (summoned with a particular trumpet call)

40 **enchant** bewitch

43 **tedious** laborious, lengthy

46 **wasting** destructive, ravaging

47 **lowly** laid low, prostrate/tiny

48 **tender-dying** youthful dying

49 **pining** wasting **malady of France** plays on the sense of “syphilis” (“the French disease”)

50 **unnatural** against the natural order/against one’s own country

52 **edgèd** sharp

57 **stainèd** i.e., staining

59 **nature** natural, inherent feeling/a sense of kinship

60 **exclaims on** accuses, condemns loudly

61 **lawful progeny** legitimate lineage

68 **mark but** only note

75 **them** those who

76 **wandering** straying, erring

78 **haughty** high, lofty
82 **hearty** sincere, heartfelt
83 **power** force, army
86 **makes us fresh** invigorates, renews us, makes us eager
87 **beget** breed, create
88 **bravely** courageously/splendidly
89 **coronet** small crown worn by members of the nobility
91 **prejudice** injure, damage

Act 3 Scene 4

3.4 ***Location:*** *Paris, France*

4 **do** my duty pay homage

5 **reclaimed** won back

8 **esteem** high rank

19 **stouter** bolder, more hardy champion one who fights on behalf of another

20 **resolvèd** convinced truth loyalty

23 **reguerdoned** rewarded

25 **deserts** deservings, merits

28 **hot** hot-tempered, angry

29 **Disgracing…colours** insulting the badge (that identifies his loyalty)

32 **patronage** defend, uphold

33 **envious** malicious **saucy** insolent

35 **Sirrah** sir (used to an inferior; here, contemptuous) **as he is** i.e., for what he’s worth (implying not much)

38 **law of arms** law that forbade fighting near a royal residence

39 **present** immediate

40 **broach** set flowing

41 **crave** request earnestly

42 **liberty** permission

44 **miscreant** villain, wretch

45 **after** i.e., after the king’s permission to fight has been obtained

Act 4 Scene 1

4 **elect** acknowledge, accept

5 **Esteem** consider

6 **pretend** intend, plan

15 **Garter** sign of membership of the Order of the Garter, the highest order of English knighthood, consisting of a blue and gold ribbon tied below the left knee **craven's** coward's

19 **dastard** despicable coward

25 **divers** several, various

30 **fact** deed, crime

31 **common** ordinary, without rank

32 **captain** commander of a regiment

35 **haughty courage** high spirit, exalted bravery

36 **grown to credit** risen to honor

37 **for** from **distress** hardship, adversity

39 **furnished…sort** so equipped

43 **degraded** lowered in rank **hedge-born swain** person of very low birth, peasant born out of doors

44 **gentle** noble

45 **doom** sentence, judgment

46 **Be packing** be off, get packing

50 **style** form of address

51 **but** than

53 **churlish** ungracious, blunt **superscription** form of address appearing at the head of the letter

54 **Pretend** imply, intend

56 **wrack** ruin

59 **pernicious** destructive

64 **revolt** rebel; literally, perform a complete turnaround

69 **chastisement** punishment, retribution

71 **but…prevented** were it not for the fact that I have been anticipated (by you)

73 **strength** troops **straight** straightaway

74 **brook** tolerate

75 **flout** mock, abuse

76 **still** (that) always
77 **confusion** destruction, overthrow
78 **the combat** permission to fight a duel
80 **servant** follower
83 **exclaim** outcry, protest
90 **envious** malicious
92 **sanguine** blood-red **leaves** petals
94 **repugn** reject, oppose
95 **question…law** i.e., the question of succession, and the attainder of York’s father (see Act 2 Scene 4)
98 **confutation** refutation (legal term) **rude** ignorant
100 **benefit** (legal) privilege
101 **petition** formal request
102 **forgèd** false, crafted **quaint conceit** cunning invention/ingenious rhetoric
103 **set…upon** give a plausible, attractive appearance to
105 **took exceptions at** objected to
107 **Bewrayed** betrayed, revealed **faintness** cowardice, timidity
111 **brainsick** foolish, demented
113 **factious emulations** divisive rivalries
114 **cousins** kinsmen; also a term used to fellow nobles
118 **toucheth** concerns
120 **pledge** gage, i.e., item (often a glove or gauntlet) that signified the giver’s commitment to a duel
121 **rest** remain
123 **Confounded** destroyed, overcome
124 **prate** prattle, chatter
125 **vassals** servants
126 **immodest** arrogant, outspoken
129 **objections** accusations, allegations
130 **occasion** grounds, opportunity
131 **mutiny** strife, riot
140 **within ourselves** amongst ourselves (plays on the sense of “within our own bodies”)
141 **grudging stomachs** resentful tempers/stomachs exhibiting signs of disease

142 **rebel** rebellion
144 **certified** informed, shown
145 **toy** trifle **regard** value, consequence
149 **forgo** forfeit, lose
150 **That…that** for a trifle that which was
151 **doubtful** precarious, generating fear
153 **suspicious** anxious
154 **incline to** favor
156 **As…may** they might as well
157 **forsooth** in truth
158 **discretions** judgments
162 **institute** appoint
163 **parts** regions
165 **bands of foot** regiments of infantry, foot soldiers
166 **progenitors** forefathers
167 **digest** i.e., break down, assimilate, get rid of
168 **angry choler** anger
170 **respite** interval, delay
173 **rout** rabble
175 **Prettily** charmingly/ingeniously
178 **fancy** whim
180 **An…wist** if I knew
183 **passions** powerful feelings
184 **deciphered** revealed, detected
187 **simple** common, ordinary
189 **shouldering** jostling
190 **bandying** verbal contests **favourites** supporters
191 **that** sees that **event** outcome
192 **much** a weighty business
193 **envy** malice, enmity **unkind** unnatural
194 **confusion** chaos, destruction

Act 4 Scene 2

4.2 ***Location:*** *outside the gates of Bordeaux (a major port on the River Garonne in southwest France)* ***Trump and Drum*** trumpeter and drummer *aloft* gallery, upper staging level, conventionally used to represent city walls

5 **would** wishes

8 **bloody** bloodthirsty, warlike

11 **quartering** dismembering

12 **even** level

13 **air-braving** defying the heavens, lofty

14 **forsake** reject

15 **ominous…death** the owl's cry was thought to portend evil or death

17 **period** end

20 **issue out** come forth

21 **appointed** equipped

23 **hand thee** side of you **pitched** drawn up in battle formation

24 **wall** block, shut off

25 **redress** relief, aid

26 **front** confront, face **apparent spoil** obvious destruction

27 **pale** i.e., deathly

28 **ta'en the sacrament** taken Communion as a means of confirming their oaths

29 **rive** split open (with explosions)

33 **latest** last

34 **due** endow

35 **glass** hourglass

37 **well colourèd** in good health

39 **warning bell** bell rung to warn of fire or invasion

40 **heavy** solemn, sad, burdensome

41 **dire** dreadful **departure** i.e., death

42 **fables** lies, fabricates

43 **peruse** investigate, survey **wings** flanks, forces at the sides of a main body of troops

44 **heedless** careless, slack **discipline** military strategy

45 **parked…pale** fenced in and confined within an enclosure

47 **Mazed** bewildered, confused **kennel** pack **curs** hounds

48 **in blood** full of life, in fine condition (hunting term)

49 **rascal-like** like young, inferior deer **pinch** bite, nip

50 **moody-mad** wild with rage

51 **heads of steel** antlers like swords

52 **stand…bay** back off as we, like the maddened, cornered deer, turn to face our pursuers

54 **dear** costly (with obvious pun)

Act 4 Scene 3

4.3 ***Location:*** *France; six hours' journey from Bordeaux, exact location unspecified*

2 **dogged** tracked, followed

3 **give it out** assert

6 **espials** spies

13 **louted** made a fool of, mocked; or possibly "delayed"

15 **necessity** unavoidable event

16 **miscarry** come to harm

18 **needful** necessary

20 **girdled** belted, surrounded **waist** belt (puns on "waste," i.e., vast expanse)

25 **stop** detain, delay **cornets** cavalry, troops of horsemen

29 **remiss** careless

30 **distressed** undergoing adversity

33 **'long of** because of

41 **vexation** terrible anguish, affliction

42 **sundered** separated **friends** relatives

43 **can** can do

44 **cause** i.e., Somerset

46 **'Long all** all because

47 **sedition** disputes between factions/mutiny, revolt

49 **Sleeping neglection** careless, lazy neglect

50 **scarce-cold** recently dead (historically, however, the events of this scene took place thirty-one years after the death of Henry V)

51 **ever-living…memory** man who will live forever in memory

52 **cross** thwart, obstruct

53 **lauds** praises ***Exit*** some editors have Lucy remaining on stage; he speaks again shortly after the beginning of the following scene

Act 4 Scene 4

2 **expedition** speedy action, military enterprise

4 **sally** sudden attack, sortie **very town** merely the town's garrison, unsupported by further troops

5 **buckled with** encountered, tackled

6 **gloss** luster

7 **unheedful** careless, negligent

11 **o'ermatched** outnumbered

13 **bought and sold** betrayed

16 **legions** troops

19 **in advantage ling'ring** trying to draw out any kind of benefit through delaying tactics/desperately protracting his superior military position for as long as possible

20 **trust** trustee, guardian

21 **Keep off aloof** stand aside **worthless emulation** ignoble ambition, rivalry

22 **private discord** personal disagreement

23 **levied succours** mustered military assistance

25 **world of** immense, overwhelming

27 **compass him about** surround him

28 **default** negligence, failure to act

29 **set him on** incited him

31 **host** army, specifically cavalry

33 **sent** sent for

35 **take foul scorn** think scornfully, find it disgraceful

44 **though** even if

Act 4 Scene 5

4.5 ***Location:*** *a battlefield near Bordeaux, France*

5 **drooping** transferred epithet: decaying, failing

6 **malignant** of evil influence **ill-boding** inauspicious

8 **unavoided** unavoidable

11 **sudden** rapid/immediate

22 **Your…great** the loss of you would have a devastating impact regard self-regard, care of yourself

27 **mine** i.e., my honour exploit warlike deeds

28 **vantage** military advantage

29 **bow** retreat

32 **mortality** death

41 **abuse** dishonor

42 **charge** order, command

44 **apparent** certain, evident

46 **age** whole life

53 **eclipse** extinguish

Act 4 Scene 6

2 **Regent** i.e., York, who was appointed regent in Act 4 Scene 1
3 **France his** France’s
9 **determined** limited, with an appointed ending **date** limit, term
10 **crest** helmet
13 **Quickened** was reanimated, lived **spleen** fiery temper, impetuosity
15 **pride** arrogance/foremost nobility **Gallia** France
16 **ireful** enraged
17 **maidenhood** virginity
20 **in disgrace** with contempt, insultingly
22 **misbegotten** illegitimate, wrongly created
23 **Mean** base
25 **purposing** as I was intending
29 **sealed** confirmed
32 **wot** know
35 **mickle** great
42 **smart** suffer, feel pain
44 **On that advantage** for the sake of that advantage (i.e., safety)
47 **The** may the
48 **like** liken
49 **scorn** object of scorn **subject of mischance** victim of misfortune
52 **boot** use
54 **follow…Icarus** Icarus and his father, Daedalus, tried to escape imprisonment in Crete using wings made out of feathers and wax; Icarus flew too close to the sun and the wax melted so that he fell to his death
57 **pride** honor, glory

Act 4 Scene 7

3 **Triumphant** victorious, celebrating victory **captivity** the blood of injured captives

8 **stern impatience** cruel fury

9 **guardant** protector, guard

10 **Tend’ring my ruin** tending to my injuries, caring for me in my fall of by

11 **Dizzy-eyed** with dazzled, glazed eyes

13 **clust’ring** crowded, swarming

14 **drench** drown

15 **over-mounting** overambitious

17 **lo** look

18 **antic** grinning, grotesque

19 **Anon** soon

21 **lither** yielding, supple

22 **In thy despite** in contempt, in spite of you **scape mortality** escape death (through the immortality of the soul)

23 **become hard-favoured** suit ugly, hideous

25 **Brave** defy, challenge

27 **who** one who

35 **whelp** puppy (plays on the fact that a “talbot” is a type of hunting dog) **wood** mad

36 **flesh** initiate (from the practice of feeding hunting dogs raw meat to excite them) puny inexperienced, novice

38 **maiden** virginal, inexperienced

41 **pillage** plunder **giglot** strumpet, whorish

42 **bowels** depths, core

45 **inhearsèd** laid as in a coffin

46 **bloody** bloodthirsty/covered in blood **nurser…harms** person who taught him to harm his enemies/person who has caused his injuries (by allowing him into battle)/person bent or slumped over him and seemingly tending his wounds

48 **wonder** source of amazement and awe

49 **that…fled** i.e., Talbot

53 **submissive message** message of submission, surrender

54 **a mere** an exclusively

55 **wot** know

57 **survey** examine, take note of

60 **But…France** this epic list of Talbot’s many titles may have been derived from an epitaph on his original tomb in France **Alcides** Hercules, the mythical hero famed for feats of strength

62 **rare** extraordinary/splendid

69 **Worthy** equal to/worthy of **Saint Michael** the Order of Saint Michael, a French chivalric order in fact not established until 1469, after the events of the play occurred **Golden Fleece** another French order of knights, set up in 1429

72 **style** list of titles, mode of expression

73 **The Turk** conventional title for the Turkish sultan

76 **fly-blown** putrefied, rotting (literally, with fly’s eggs laid in his decomposing flesh)

78 **Nemesis** Greek goddess of justice and retribution, who punished pride and arrogance

84 **amaze** terrify, alarm

86 **beseems** befits, is appropriate to

92 **ashes…phoenix** the phoenix, a mythical bird, was said to live for five hundred years, consume itself in fire and then rise again from its own ashes

94 **So** provided

Act 5 Scene 1

5.1	***Location:*** *the royal court, London*
4	**sue unto** entreat
5	**concluded of** resolved, settled
7	**affect their motion** incline to their proposal
10	**stablish** establish
13	**immanity** barbarity, atrocities
17	**near knit** closely related
21	**young** historically Henry was actually twenty-one
23	**wanton** lascivious
27	**Tends** that tends **weal** welfare *legate* representative
29	**degree** rank
30	**verified** come true
31	**sometime** at one time, formerly
33	**cap** i.e., Cardinal’s red hat
34	**several** separate, respective
38	**draw** draw up
40	**presently** immediately
42	**at large** in full
43	**As** that
46	**In argument** as evidence
49	**wherein shipped** where once embarked
54	**grave ornaments** dignified robes of office
56	**trow** am sure
62	**a mutiny** an open revolt, rebellion

Act 5 Scene 2

5.2	***Location:*** *France, exact location unspecified*
2	**stout** brave, resolute
5	**powers** troops dalliance idleness, time wasting
7	**combat with** fight, bring down
9	**accomplices** allies
15	**provide** prepare ourselves
20	**repine** complain

Act 5 Scene 3

2 **charming** magic **periapts** amulets, charms (worn on the body)

3 **choice** excellent, worthy **admonish** forewarn

4 **accidents** events, chance happenings

5 **substitutes** servants, agents

6 **lordly…north** i.e., the devil

8 **quick** lively, in living form/alert, vigorous

10 **familiar spirits** attendant spirits that served a witch, often inhabiting the bodies of animals **culled** selected

12 **get the field** win the battle

14 **Where** whereas **wont** accustomed

15 **member** limb

16 **earnest** advance payment

18 **redress** assistance, relief **body…recompense** with sexual connotations (to pay: to have sex)

21 **wonted furtherance** usual assistance

23 **the foil** defeat

25 **vail** lower (in submission) lofty-**plumèd crest** helmet adorned with tall feathers

27 **ancient** former/very old

28 **buckle** fight (plays on the sense of “have sex”) ***Excursions*** sortie, bouts of fighting (during which Joan reenters)

30 **fast** secure

31 **spelling** conjuring

33 **devil’s grace** favor; also touches on the paradoxical notion of the devil possessing divine grace

34 **bend her brows** scowl

35 **with** like **Circe** in Greek mythology, an island-dwelling sorceress who turned men into pigs with a magic potion

37 **proper** handsome, perfect

38 **dainty** fastidious, scrupulous

39 **plaguing mischief** tormenting calamity

41 **in** while

42 **Fell banning hag** fierce cursing witch

44 **miscreant** heretic ***in his hand*** led by the hand

48 **for** to signify

49 **lay…side** i.e., release her hand so that it hangs by her side

55 **allotted** destined

56 **save** protect

58 **usage** treatment

62 **glassy** mirrorlike

63 **Twinkling** causing to twinkle **counterfeited** mirrored, reflected

67 **de la Pole** Suffolk's family name **disable** devalue, disparage

69 **a woman's sight** the sight of a woman/the gaze of a woman

71 **Confounds** that it destroys the power of **rough** dulls/agitated

81 **Fond** foolish

84 **cooling card** opponent's card that, when played, ruins one's hopes of winning (plays on the idea of "cooling" down hot desire)

86 **dispensation** special permission from the Pope to dissolve a marriage

89 **wooden thing** stupid idea/man (the king) not moved by passion/(Suffolk's) erect penis

91 **fancy** infatuation/love

93 **scruple** difficulty

98 **disdain…much** however disdainful they are

101 **enthralled** taken captive

107 **captivate** taken prisoner, both literally and metaphorically (either in love or servitude)

109 **cry you mercy** beg your pardon ***quid* for *quo*** quid pro quo (Latin), i.e., tit for tat

111 **bondage happy** imprisonment fortunate were you

112 **vile** degraded, low (punned on in **servility**)

113 **servility** slavery

127 **portion** share, part (plays on the sense of "marriage portion, dowry")
choice an act of choice/object chosen

129 **An if** if

130 **colours** ensigns, bearers of military flags

132 **parley** military negotiation between opposing sides

136 **what remedy** i.e., there's no help

138 **exclaim on** accuse

142 **Whom** refers to Margaret

143 **easy-held** easily endured

147 **face** deceive, show a false face

148 **warrant** guarantee

149 **just** honorable, worthy

150 **expect** await ***below*** i.e., the main stage

154 **happy** for fortunate in having

157 **her little worth** her relative poverty, playing on the notion of moral value

159 **quietly** peacefully

164 **counties** i.e., regions, domains

166 **again** in return

167 **deputy** i.e., Suffolk

168 **plighted** pledged, promised

170 **traffic** business, trade

172 **attorney** (legal) representative, advocate

174 **solemnized** celebrated, formalized

176 **it becomes** befits it

182 **princely** commendations royal greetings, compliments

185 **placed** arranged

189 **taint** touched, tainted, stained

190 **withal** in addition

192 **peevish** foolish

193 **stay** stop

194 **labyrinth…Minotaurs** in Greek mythology, the Minotaur was a legendary monster with the head of a bull and the body of a man, living in the labyrinth of King Minos, in Crete

196 **Solicit** urge, move **her wondrous praise** praise of her wondrous qualities

197 **Bethink** thee reflect, remember **surmount** excel

198 **extinguish** art outdo artifice

199 **Repeat their semblance** recall, dwell on the image of them

201 **bereave** deprive, rob

Act 5 Scene 4

5.4 ***Location:*** *France, exact location unspecified*

3 **sought every country** searched every region

4 **chance** fortune

5 **timeless** untimely, premature

7 **miser** miserable creature

8 **gentler** nobler

9 **friend** relative

10 **Out, out!** expression of dismay and denial an't if it

11 **beget** conceive, father

13 **bach'lorship** suggesting, either intentionally or unwittingly for comic purposes, that Joan was illegitimate; the Shepherd may intend "youth," and the word can also mean "period as a novice or apprentice"

15 **argues** demonstrates

16 **concludes** proves/is a fitting end

17 **obstacle** i.e., "obstinate," an error that apparently demonstrates the Shepherd's humble origins

18 **collop** piece, part

21 **avaunt** begone suborned bribed, corrupted

22 **Of** on

23 **noble** gold coin

27 **nativity** birth, with a particular emphasis on astronomy

29 **ratsbane** rat poison

30 **keep** look after **afield** in the field

32 **drab** whore

37 **swain** rustic

38 **progeny** lineage

41 **exceeding** exceptional

42 **to do** plays on the sense of "sexual intercourse"

46 **want** lack

47 **straight** instantly

48 **compass** bring about

49 **No misconceivèd** not wickedly created/illegitimate; some editors emend punctuation, e.g., to "No, misconceivèd!," meaning "No, you have misunderstood"

50 **tender** young/mild, gentle

52 **rigorously** effused savagely spilt

56 **Spare…faggots** do not be miserly with the bundles of kindling (a bigger blaze made it more likely for a victim to lose consciousness from smoke inhalation before their flesh burned)

57 **pitch** black tarlike substance (burning it would increase the amount of asphyxiating smoke produced)

60 **discover** reveal **infirmity** weakness, vulnerability

61 **warranteth…privilege** legally guarantees my exemption (as putting a pregnant woman to death would entail killing the innocent child)

64 **hale** drag, haul

65 **forfend** forbid

67 **preciseness** morality, propriety

68 **juggling** having sex

69 **refuge** last resource, final defense

74 **machiavel** i.e., intriguer/unscrupulous schemer (from Niccolò Machiavelli’s *The Prince*, a sixteenth-century treatise perceived as advocating ruthless political cunning)

75 **an** if even if

78 **prevailed** seduced me

82 **liberal and free** licentious and promiscuous (perhaps with mocking play on the senses of “generous and innocent”)

87 **reflex** reflect, shine

92 **consume** be burned

93 **minister** servant, agent

95 **commission** warrant, authority to act

97 **remorse** pity **outrageous broils** excessively violent turmoil

99 **aspiring** ambitious

102 **travail** labor, effort

113 **conclude** resolve, settle

114 **covenants** terms of agreement

122 **baleful** deadly, poisonous

123 **enacted** decreed

124 **in regard** in so far as

125 **mere** pure, entire **lenity** mildness, mercifulness

126 **distressful** devastating, ruinous

127	**suffer**	permit
128	**liegemen**	loyal followers
130	**tribute**	(usually annual) payment made as an act of homage
134	**coronet**	small crown worn by members of the nobility
136	**but**	only
137	**proffer**	proposal, offer
139	**Gallian**	French
140	**reverenced for**	held in respect as
141	**lucre**	acquisition, gain
	the rest	remaining territories (that are)
146	**cast**	excluded, driven
149	**compromise**	resolution
150	**upon comparison**	by insisting on comparing your current state with the one you are being offered/on comparing our position to yours
152	**Of benefit**	out of generosity/as a benefaction
153	**challenge of desert**	claim based on merit
156	**cavil**	dispute, raise quibbling objections
157	**neglected**	disregarded, underestimated
163	**compact**	agreement, contract
165	**condition**	terms of agreement
167	**reserved**	with the sole reservation that
168	**town of garrison**	fortified towns
174	**ensigns**	military banners
175	**entertain**	accept, receive

Act 5 Scene 5

5.5 ***Location:*** *the royal court, London*
4 **settled** rooted, firmly entrenched
5 **rigour** the harshness
6 **Provokes** impels **hulk** large vessel
11 **her worthy praise** praise of her true worth
15 **conceit** imagination
17 **full** fully
18 **lowliness** meekness
25 **flatter** gloss over, mitigate
27 **lady of esteem** i.e., the daughter of the Earl of Armagnac (see Act 5 scene 1)
28 **contract** betrothal
29 **reproach** disgrace, shame
31 **triumph** jousting tournament
32 **lists** designated combat arena
35 **be broke** broken off with
42 **confirm** strengthen, entrench
46 **warrant** guarantee
47 **Where** whereas
56 **attorneyship** legal practices, negotiations between lawyers
57 **will** want **affects** loves, prefers
61 **preferred** put forward, recommended, promoted
65 **pattern** model
68 **feature** physical appearance
69 **Approves** proves
72 **issue…king** giving a child to the king/giving birth to the future king
75 **resolve** constancy, courage, resolution
80 **for that** because
81 **attaint** touched, affected
84 **dissension** conflict
87 **post** hurry
88 **procure** ensure, contrive
91 **anointed** marked with holy oil, the sign of monarchy
92 **charge** money to spend

93 **tenth** a tax of ten percent on income or property

96 **offence** hostility, opposition

97 **censure** judge (not necessarily negatively) **what you were** i.e., your own youthful impulsiveness

100 **from company** alone

101 **revolve and ruminate** consider, meditate on **grief** anxieties/love melancholy (Gloucester then intensifies the sense)

104 **Paris…Greece** in Greek legend, Paris' abduction of the beautiful Helen, wife of the King of Troy, provoked the devastating Trojan war with the Greeks

105 **like event** same outcome

THE SECOND PART OF HENRY THE SIXTH, WITH THE DEATH OF THE GOOD DUKE HUMPHREY

Lancastrians
KING HENRY VI
QUEEN MARGARET
Duke Humphrey of GLOUCESTER, Lord Protector, the king's uncle
ELEANOR, Duchess of Gloucester
CARDINAL Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, the king's great-uncle
Duke of SOMERSET, the Cardinal's nephew
Duke of BUCKINGHAM, Humphrey Stafford
Marquis, later Duke, of SUFFOLK, William de la Pole
Old Lord CLIFFORD
YOUNG CLIFFORD, his son
Yorkists
Richard Plantagenet, Duke of YORK
EDWARD, Earl of March, his son
RICHARD (who will eventually become King Richard III), another son
Earl of SALISBURY, Richard Neville
Earl of WARWICK, his son
The conjuration
John HUME, a priest
John SOUTHWELL, a priest
MARGARET JORDAN, a witch
Roger BULLINGBROOK, a conjurer
ASNATH, a spirit
The petitions and combat
Thomas HORNER, an armourer
PETER Thump, the Armourer's man
FIRST PETITIONER

SECOND PETITIONER
FIRST NEIGHBOUR
SECOND NEIGHBOUR
THIRD NEIGHBOUR
FIRST PRENTICE
SECOND PRENTICE

The false miracle

Saunder SIMPCOX
Simpcox's WIFE
MAYOR of St. Albans
TOWNSMAN
BEADLE

Eleanor's penance

Gloucester's SERVANT
Sir John STANLEY
A SHERIFF of London
A HERALD

The murder of Gloucester

FIRST MURDERER
SECOND MURDERER

The murder of Suffolk

LIEUTENANT, commander of a ship
MASTER of the same ship
The Master's MATE
Walter WHITMORE

Cade's rebellion

George BEVIS (probably the original actor's name, the character being an anonymous commoner)
John HOLLAND (probably the original actor's name, the character being an anonymous commoner)
Jack CADE, also known as John
DICK the butcher
SMITH the weaver
Emmanuel, a CLERK of Chartham
Sir Humphrey STAFFORD
William, STAFFORD'S BROTHER

MICHAEL

Lord **SAYE**

MESSENGER

SECOND MESSENGER

Lord **SCALES**

FIRST CITIZEN

SOLDIER

Alexander **IDEN**, an esquire of Kent

VAUX, a messenger

Petitioners, Servant, Servingman, Brethren of St. Albans, Townspeople of St. Albans, Gloucester’s Men, Sheriff’s Officers, Attendants, Commons, a Sawyer, Matthew Gough, Iden’s Men, Soldiers

Act 1 Scene 1*

running scene 1

Flourish of trumpets, then hautboys. Enter King [Henry VI], Duke Humphrey [of Gloucester], Salisbury, Warwick and [Cardinal] Beaufort on the one side. The Queen [Margaret], Suffolk, York, Somerset and Buckingham on the other

SUFFOLK As by your high imperial majesty
I had in charge[2] at my depart for France,
As procurator to[3] your excellence,
To marry[4] Princess Margaret for your grace,
So, in the famous ancient city, Tours,[5]
In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil,[6]
The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber,[7] Bretagne and Alençon,
Seven earls, twelve barons and twenty reverend bishops,
I have performed my task and was espoused,[9]
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen
To your most gracious hands, that are the substance
Of that great shadow[14] I did represent:
The happiest[15] gift that ever marquis gave,
The fairest queen that ever king received.

KING HENRY VI Suffolk, arise. Welcome, Queen Margaret:
I can express no kinder[18] sign of love
Than this kind kiss: O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness:
For thou hast given me in this beauteous face
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy[23] of love unite our thoughts.

QUEEN MARGARET Great King of England and my gracious lord,
The mutual conference[25] that my mind hath had,
By day, by night, waking and in my dreams,
In courtly company or at my beads,[27]
With you, mine alderliefest[28] sovereign,

Makes me the bolder to salute[29] my king
With ruder[30] terms, such as my wit affords
And overjoy of heart doth minister.[31]

KING HENRY VI Her sight[32] did ravish, but her grace in speech,
Her words yclad[33] with wisdom’s majesty,
Makes me from wond’ring[34] fall to weeping joys,
Such is the fullness of my heart’s content.
Lords, with one cheerful voice, welcome my love.

ALL Long live Queen Margaret, England’s happiness!

Kneel

QUEEN MARGARET We thank you all. ***They rise***

Flourish

SUFFOLK My Lord Protector,[39] so it please your grace, ***To Gloucester***
Here are the articles[40] of contracted peace
Between our sovereign and the French King Charles,
For eighteen months concluded[42] by consent.

GLOUCESTER *Reads. ‘Imprimis,*[43] it is agreed between the French King Charles, and William de la Pole, Marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry King of England, that the said Henry shall espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier King of Naples, Sicilia and Jerusalem, and crown her Queen of England ere[46] the thirtieth of May next ensuing.

Item:[48] that the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine shall be released and delivered to the king her father’— ***Lets the paper fall***

KING HENRY VI Uncle, how now?

GLOUCESTER Pardon me, gracious lord,
Some sudden qualm[52] hath struck me at the heart
And dimmed mine eyes, that[53] I can read no further.

KING HENRY VI Uncle[54] of Winchester, I pray, read on.

CARDINAL ***Reads*** ‘Item: it is further agreed between them, that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father, and she sent over of[57] the King of England’s own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry.’

KING HENRY VI They please us well.— Lord marquis, kneel down: ***To Suffolk***
We here create thee the first Duke of Suffolk, ***Suffolk kneels***

And gird[61] thee with the sword.— **Suffolk rises**
Cousin[62] of York,
We here discharge your grace from being regent[63]
I'th'parts of France, till term of eighteen months
Be full[65] expired. Thanks, uncle Winchester,
Gloucester, York, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisbury and Warwick.
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment[69] to my princely queen.
Come, let us in, and with all speed provide[70]
To see her coronation be performed.

Exeunt King [Henry VI], Queen [Margaret] and Suffolk. The rest remain

GLOUCESTER Brave[72] peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief:
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What? Did my brother Henry[75] spend his youth,
His valour, coin and people, in the wars?
Did he so often lodge[77] in open field,
In winter's cold and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
To keep by policy[81] what Henry got?
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, Salisbury and victorious Warwick,
Received deep scars in France and Normandy:
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort and myself,
With all the learnèd Council[86] of the realm,
Studied so long, sat in the Council house
Early and late, debating to and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,[89]
And had his highness in his infancy
Crownèd in Paris in despite of foes?
And shall these labours and these honours die?
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war and all our counsel[94] die?

O peers of England, shameful is this league,[95]
Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame,[96]
Blotting your names from books of memory,
Razing[98] the characters of your renown,
Defacing monuments[99] of conquered France,
Undoing all, as[100] all had never been!
CARDINAL Nephew, what means this passionate discourse?
This peroration[102] with such circumstance:
For France, ’tis ours; and we will keep it still.
GLOUCESTER Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can:
But now it is impossible we should.
Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roost,
Hath given the duchy of Anjou and Maine
Unto the poor King Reignier, whose large style[108]
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.
SALISBURY Now by the death of him[110] that died for all,
These counties were the keys of Normandy.—
But wherefore[112] weeps Warwick, my valiant son?
WARWICK For grief that they are past recovery.
For were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and Maine? Myself did win them both:
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer.
And are the cities that I got with wounds
Delivered up again with peaceful words?
Mort Dieu![120]
YORK For[121] Suffolk’s duke, may he be suffocate,
That dims the honour of this warlike isle:
France should have torn and rent[123] my very heart
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read but England’s kings have had
Large sums of gold and dowries with their wives:
And our King Henry gives away his own,
To match[128] with her that brings no vantages.
GLOUCESTER A proper[129] jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth[130]

For costs and charges in transporting her:
She should have stayed in France and starved in France,
Before—

CARDINAL My lord of Gloucester, now ye grow too hot:[134]
It was the pleasure[135] of my lord the king.

GLOUCESTER My lord of Winchester, I know your mind.
’Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,
But ’tis my presence that doth trouble ye.
Rancour will out: proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury: if I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient[141] bickerings.—
Lordings,[142] farewell, and say when I am gone,
I prophesied France will be lost ere long.

Exit Humphrey [Gloucester]

CARDINAL So, there goes our Protector in a rage:
’Tis known to you he is mine enemy:
Nay more, an enemy unto you all,
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king:
Consider, lords, he is the next of blood[148]
And heir apparent to the English crown:
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy[151] kingdoms of the west,
There’s reason he should be displeased at it.
Look to it, lords: let not his smoothing[153] words
Bewitch your hearts: be wise and circumspect.
What though the common people favour him,
Calling him ‘Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloucester’,
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice,
‘Jesu maintain your royal excellence!’
With ‘God preserve the good Duke Humphrey!’
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,[160]
He will be found a dangerous Protector.

BUCKINGHAM Why should he then protect our sovereign,
He[163] being of age to govern of himself?
Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
And all together, with the Duke of Suffolk,

We’ll quickly hoist Duke Humphrey from his seat.
CARDINAL This weighty business will not brook[167] delay:
I’ll to the Duke of Suffolk presently.[168]
Exit Cardinal
SOMERSET Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey’s pride
And greatness of his place be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty[171] cardinal:
His insolence is more intolerable
Than[173] all the princes in the land beside:
If Gloucester be displaced, he’ll be Protector.
BUCKINGHAM Or[175] thou or I, Somerset, will be Protector,
Despite Duke Humphrey or the cardinal. ***Exeunt Buckingham and Somerset***
SALISBURY Pride[177] went before, ambition follows him.
While these do labour for their own preferment,[178]
Behoves it[179] us to labour for the realm.
I[180] never saw but Humphrey Duke of Gloucester
Did bear him[181] like a noble gentleman:
Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal,
More like a soldier than a man o’th’Church,
As stout[184] and proud as he were lord of all,
Swear like a ruffian and demean[185] himself
Unlike the ruler of a commonweal.
Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy plainness[188] and thy housekeeping
Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,
Excepting none but[190] good Duke Humphrey.
And, brother[191] York, thy acts in Ireland
In bringing them to civil discipline,
Thy late[193] exploits done in the heart of France,
When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
Have made thee feared and honoured of the people:
Join we together for the public good,
In what we can, to bridle[197] and suppress
The pride of Suffolk and the cardinal,
With Somerset’s and Buckingham’s ambition:
And, as we may, cherish[200] Duke Humphrey’s deeds,

While they do tend[201] the profit of the land.
WARWICK So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
And common[203] profit of his country.
YORK And so says York,— for he hath greatest cause.[204] ***Aside***
SALISBURY Then let's make haste away, and look[205] unto the main.
WARWICK Unto the main? O, father, Maine[206] is lost,
That Maine which by main[207] force Warwick did win,
And would have kept so long as breath did last:
Main chance, father, you meant, but I meant Maine,
Which I will win from France, or else be slain,
Exeunt Warwick and Salisbury, leaving York
YORK Anjou and Maine are given to the French,
Paris is lost, the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle[213] point now they are gone:
Suffolk concluded[214] on the articles,
The peers agreed, and Henry was well pleased
To change[216] two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all: what is't to them?
'Tis thine[218] they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make[219] cheap pennyworths of their pillage
And purchase friends[220] and give to courtesans,
Still[221] revelling like lords till all be gone,
While as[222] the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless[223] hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling[224] stands aloof,
While all is shared and all is borne away,
Ready[226] to starve and dare not touch his own.
So York must sit and fret and bite his tongue,
While his own lands are bargained for and sold:
Methinks the realms of England, France and Ireland
Bear that proportion[230] to my flesh and blood,
As did the fatal brand Althaea[231] burnt
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.
Anjou and Maine both given unto the French!
Cold news for me: for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.

A day will come when York shall claim his own,
And therefore I will take the Nevilles'[237] parts
And make a show of love to proud Duke Humphrey,
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that's the golden mark[240] I seek to hit:
Nor shall proud Lancaster[241] usurp my right,
Nor hold the sceptre in his childish[242] fist,
Nor wear the diadem[243] upon his head,
Whose church-like humours[244] fits not for a crown.
Then, York, be still[245] awhile, till time do serve:
Watch[246] thou, and wake when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state,
Till Henry, surfeiting[248] in joys of love,
With his new bride and England's dear-bought[249] queen,
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:[250]
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,[251]
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfumed,
And in my standard[253] bear the arms of York,
To grapple[254] with the House of Lancaster:
And force perforce[255] I'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish[256] rule hath pulled fair England down.

Exit York

[Act 1 Scene 2][1.2]

running scene 2

Enter Duke Humphrey [of Gloucester] and his wife Eleanor

ELEANOR Why droops my lord like over-ripened corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres'[2] plenteous load?
Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his brows,
As[4] frowning at the favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fixed to the sullen[5] earth,
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
What see'st thou there? King Henry's diadem,
Enchased[8] with all the honours of the world?
If so, gaze on, and grovel[9] on thy face,
Until thy head be circlèd with the same.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold.
What, is't[12] too short? I'll lengthen it with mine,
And having both together heaved it up,
We'll both together lift our heads to heaven,
And never more abase our sight so low
As to vouchsafe[16] one glance unto the ground.

GLOUCESTER O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,
Banish the canker[18] of ambitious thoughts:
And may that thought, when I imagine ill[19]
Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
Be my last breathing[21] in this mortal world.
My troublous dreams this night[22] doth make me sad.

ELEANOR What dreamed my lord? Tell me, and I'll requite[23] it
With sweet rehearsal[24] of my morning's dream.

GLOUCESTER Methought this staff,[25] mine office-badge in court,
Was broke in twain:[26] by whom I have forgot,
But, as I think, it was by th'cardinal:
And on the pieces of the broken wand
Were placed the heads of Edmund Duke of Somerset,
And William de la Pole, first Duke of Suffolk.
This was my dream: what it doth bode, God knows.

ELEANOR Tut, this was nothing but an argument[32]
That he that breaks[33] a stick of Gloucester's grove
Shall lose his head for his presumption.
But list[35] to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:
Methought I sat in seat of majesty
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair[38] where kings and queens are crowned,
Where Henry and Dame Margaret kneeled to me
And on my head did set the diadem.

GLOUCESTER Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide[41] outright:
Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtured[42] Eleanor,
Art thou not second woman in the realm,
And the Protector's wife, beloved of[44] him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass[46] of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering[47] treachery,
To tumble down thy husband and thyself
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more!

ELEANOR What, what, my lord? Are you so choleric[51]
With Eleanor for telling but[52] her dream?
Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be checked.[54]

GLOUCESTER Nay, be not angry: I am pleased again.

Enter [a] Messenger

MESSENGER My Lord Protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure
You do prepare to ride unto St Albans,[57]
Where as[58] the king and queen do mean to hawk.

GLOUCESTER I go. Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?

ELEANOR Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.[60]

Exit Humphrey [Duke of Gloucester with Messenger]

Follow I must: I cannot go before,
While Gloucester bears this base[62] and humble mind.
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling blocks
And smooth my way upon their headless necks.

And, being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in Fortune's pageant.[67]—
Where are you there? Sir[68] John! Nay, fear not, man, ***Calling***
We are alone: here's none but thee and I.

Enter Hume

HUME Jesus preserve your royal majesty.
ELEANOR What say'st thou? 'Majesty': I am but grace.[71]
HUME But by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,
Your grace's title shall be multiplied.[73]
ELEANOR What say'st thou, man? Hast thou as yet conferred
With Margery Jordan, the cunning[75] witch,
With Roger Bullingbrook, the conjurer?[76]
And will they undertake to do me good?
HUME This they have promised to show your highness:
A spirit raised from depth of underground,
That shall make answer to such questions
As by your grace shall be propounded[81] him.
ELEANOR It is enough: I'll think upon the questions:
When from St Albans we do make return,
We'll see these things effected to the full.
Here, Hume, take this reward: make merry, man, ***Giving him money***
With thy confederates in this weighty cause.

Exit Eleanor

HUME Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold:
Marry,[88] and shall: but how now, Sir John Hume?
Seal up your lips, and give no words but mum:[89]
The business asketh silent secrecy.
Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch:
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
Yet have I gold flies[93] from another coast:
I dare not say from the rich cardinal
And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk,
Yet I do find it so: for to be plain,
They, knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,[97]
Have hired me to undermine the duchess
And buzz[99] these conjurations in her brain.

They say ‘A crafty knave does need no broker[100]’,
Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal’s broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near[102]
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.
Well, so it stands: and thus, I fear, at last
Hume’s knavery will be the duchess’ wrack,[105]
And her attainture[106] will be Humphrey’s fall:
Sort[107] how it will, I shall have gold for all.

Exit

[Act 1 Scene 3][*]

running scene 3

Enter three or four Petitioners, [Peter] the armourer's man being one

FIRST PETITIONER My masters,[1] let's stand close: my Lord Protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.[2]

SECOND PETITIONER Marry, the Lord protect[3] him, for he's a good man, Jesu bless him.

Enter Suffolk and Queen [Margaret]

FIRST PETITIONER Here a[4] comes, methinks, and the queen with him. I'll be the first, sure. ***He goes to meet Suffolk and the Queen***

SECOND PETITIONER Come back, fool: this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my Lord Protector.

SUFFOLK How now, fellow: wouldst[8] anything with me?

FIRST PETITIONER I pray, my lord, pardon me: I took ye for my Lord Protector.

QUEEN MARGARET ***Reading*** 'To my Lord Protector!'— Are your supplications to his lordship?
Let me see them: what is thine?

FIRST PETITIONER Mine is, an't[12] please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man,[13] for keeping my house and lands and wife and all from me.

SUFFOLK Thy wife too? That's some wrong indeed.— ***To Second Petitioner*** What's yours?
What's here?— ***Reading supplication*** 'Against the Duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons[15] of Melford.'— How now, Sir Knave? ***To Second Petitioner***

SECOND PETITIONER Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

PETER ***Offering his petition*** Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying that the Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

QUEEN MARGARET What say'st thou? Did the Duke of York say he was rightful heir to the crown?

PETER That my master was? No, forsooth:[22] my master said that he was, and that the king was an usurper.

SUFFOLK Who is there?

Enter Servant

Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant[25] presently.— We'll hear more of your matter before the king.

Exit [Servant with Peter]

QUEEN MARGARET And as for you that love to be protected
Under the wings of our Protector's grace,
Begin your suits anew, and sue to[29] him.

Tear the supplication

Away, base cullions![30]— Suffolk, let them go.

ALL [PETITIONERS] Come, let's be gone.

Exeunt [Petitioners]

QUEEN MARGARET My lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise?[32]
Is this the fashions[33] in the court of England?
Is this the government of Britain's isle?
And this the royalty of Albion's[35] king?
What, shall King Henry be a pupil still
Under the surly Gloucester's governance?
Am I a queen in title and in style,[38]
And must be made a subject to a duke?
I tell thee, Pole,[40] when in the city Tours
Thou ran'st a-tilt[41] in honour of my love
And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France,
I thought King Henry had resemblèd thee
In courage, courtship and proportion:[44]
But all his mind is bent[45] to holiness,
To number[46] Ave-Maries on his beads:
His champions[47] are the prophets and apostles,
His weapons holy saws[48] of sacred writ,
His study is his tilt-yard,[49] and his loves
Are brazen images[50] of canonizèd saints.
I would the college[51] of the cardinals
Would choose him Pope, and carry him to Rome,
And set the triple crown[53] upon his head:

That were a state[54] fit for his holiness.
SUFFOLK Madam, be patient: as I was cause
Your highness came to England, so will I
In England work[57] your grace's full content.
QUEEN MARGARET Beside the haughty Protector, have we Beaufort
The imperious churchman, Somerset, Buckingham,
And grumbling York: and not[60] the least of these
But can do more in England than the king.
SUFFOLK And he of these that can do most of all
Cannot do more in England than the Nevilles:
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple[64] peers.
QUEEN MARGARET Not all these lords do vex me half so much
As that proud dame, the Lord Protector's wife:
She sweeps it[67] through the court with troops of ladies,
More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's wife:
Strangers[69] in court do take her for the queen:
She bears[70] a duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty:
Shall I not live to be avenged on her?
Contemptuous[73] base-born callet as she is,
She vaunted[74] 'mongst her minions t'other day,
The very train of her worst wearing[75] gown
Was better worth[76] than all my father's lands,
Till[77] Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.
SUFFOLK Madam, myself have limed a bush[78] for her,
And placed a choir of such enticing birds,[79]
That she will light[80] to listen to the lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So let her rest: and, madam, list to me,
For I am bold to counsel you in this:
Although we fancy[84] not the cardinal,
Yet must we join with him and with the lords,
Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.
As for the Duke of York, this late complaint[87]
Will make[88] but little for his benefit:
So one by one we'll weed[89] them all at last,

And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

Sound a sennet. Enter the King [Henry VI with Somerset and] York [whispering on either side of him], Duke Humphrey [of Gloucester], Cardinal, Buckingham, Salisbury, Warwick and the Duchess [Eleanor]

KING HENRY VI For my part, noble lords, I care not which:
Or[92] Somerset or York, all’s one to me.

YORK If York have ill demeaned[93] himself in France,
Then let him be denied the regentship.[94]

SOMERSET If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
Let York be regent: I will yield to him.

WARWICK Whether your grace be worthy, yea or no,
Dispute not that: York is the worthier.

CARDINAL Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

WARWICK The cardinal’s not my better in the field.[100]

BUCKINGHAM ALL in this presence[101] are thy betters, Warwick.

WARWICK Warwick may live to be the best of all.

SALISBURY Peace, son, and show some reason, Buckingham,
Why Somerset should be preferred in this.

QUEEN MARGARET Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.

GLOUCESTER Madam, the king is old enough himself
To give his censure:[107] these are no women’s matters.

QUEEN MARGARET If he be old enough, what needs your grace
To be Protector of his excellence?

GLOUCESTER Madam, I am Protector of the realm,
And at his pleasure will resign my place.

SUFFOLK Resign it then and leave[112] thine insolence.
Since thou wert king — as who is king but thou? —
The commonwealth hath daily run to wrack,
The dauphin[115] hath prevailed beyond the seas,
And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen[117] to thy sovereignty.

CARDINAL The commons hast thou racked:[118] the clergy’s bags
Are lank[119] and lean with thy extortions.

SOMERSET Thy sumptuous buildings and thy wife’s attire
Have cost a mass of public treasury.[121]

BUCKINGHAM Thy cruelty in execution

Upon offenders hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law.
QUEEN MARGARET Thy sale of offices[125] and towns in France,
If they were known, as the suspect[126] is great,
Would make thee quickly hop[127] without thy head.
Exit Gloucester

Queen Margaret drops her fan

Give me my fan: what, minion,[128] can ye not? ***To Eleanor***
She gives the Duchess [Eleanor] a box on the ear
I cry you mercy,[129] madam: was it you?
ELEANOR Was't I? Yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman:
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set[132] my ten commandments in your face.
KING HENRY VI Sweet aunt, be quiet: 'twas against her will.[133]
ELEANOR Against her will, good king? Look to't[134] in time,
She'll hamper[135] thee and dandle thee like a baby:
Though in this place most master[136] wear no breeches,
She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unrevenged.
Exit Eleanor
BUCKINGHAM Lord Cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
And listen after[139] Humphrey, how he proceeds:
She's tickled[140] now, her fury needs no spurs,
She'll gallop far enough to her destruction.
Exit Buckingham
Enter Humphrey [Duke of Gloucester]
GLOUCESTER Now, lords, my choler being overblown
With walking once about the quadrangle,
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
As for your spiteful false objections,[145]
Prove them, and I lie open to the law:
But God in mercy so deal with my soul,
As I in duty love my king and country.
But to the matter that we have in hand:—
I say, my sovereign, York is meetest[150] man
To be your regent in the realm of France.
SUFFOLK Before we make election,[152] give me leave

To show some reason, of no little force,
That York is most unmeet of any man.
YORK I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet:
First, for[156] I cannot flatter thee in pride:
Next, if I be appointed for the place,
My Lord of Somerset will keep me here,
Without discharge,[159] money, or furniture,
Till France be won into the dauphin's hands:
Last time I danced attendance on his will
Till Paris was besieged, famished, and lost.
WARWICK That can I witness, and a fouler fact[163]
Did never traitor in the land commit.
SUFFOLK Peace, headstrong Warwick.
WARWICK Image[166] of pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter [guarded, Horner the] armourer and his man [Peter]

SUFFOLK Because here is a man accused of treason:
Pray God the Duke of York excuse himself!
YORK Doth anyone accuse York for[169] a traitor?
KING HENRY VI What[170] mean'st thou, Suffolk? Tell me, what are these?
SUFFOLK Please it your majesty, this is the man ***Indicating Peter***
That doth accuse his master of high treason:
His words were these: that Richard, Duke of York,
Was rightful heir unto the English crown
And that your majesty was an usurper.
KING HENRY VI Say, man, were these thy words?

HORNER An't[177] shall please your majesty, I never said nor thought any such matter: God is my witness, I am falsely accused by the villain.

PETER ***Raising his hands*** By these ten bones,[179] my lords, he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring[180] my Lord of York's armour.

YORK Base dunghill villain and mechanical,[181]
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech.—
I do beseech your royal majesty,
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

HORNER Alas, my lord, hang me if ever I spake the words: my accuser is my prentice,[186] and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me — I have good witness of this — therefore I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

KING HENRY VI Uncle, what shall we say to this in law? ***To Gloucester***

GLOUCESTER This doom,[190] my lord, if I may judge:
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
Because in York this[192] breeds suspicion:
And let these have a day appointed them ***Indicating Horner and Peter***
For single combat in convenient[194] place,
For he hath witness of his servant's malice: ***Indicating Horner***
This is the law, and this Duke Humphrey's doom.

SOMERSET I humbly thank your royal majesty.

HORNER And I accept the combat willingly.

PETER Alas, my lord, I cannot fight: for God's sake, pity my case: the spite of man prevaileth against me. O Lord, have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a blow. O Lord, my heart!

GLOUCESTER Sirrah,[202] or you must fight, or else be hanged.

KING HENRY VI Away with them to prison, and the day
Of combat shall be the last of the next month.
Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away.

Flourish. Exeunt

[Act 1 Scene 4][1.4]

running scene 4

Enter the Witch [Margaret Jordan], the two priests [Hume and Southwell] and Bullingbrook

HUME Come, my masters, the duchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.

BULLINGBROOK Master Hume, we are therefore provided:[3] will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?[4]

HUME Ay, what else? Fear you not her courage.

BULLINGBROOK I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit: but it shall be convenient, Master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below: and so, I pray you, go in God's name and leave us.

Exit Hume

She lies down upon her face Mother Jordan, be you prostrate and grovel on the earth. John Southwell, read you, and let us to our work.

Enter Eleanor aloft [Hume following]

ELEANOR Well said,[11] my masters, and welcome all. To this gear the sooner the better.

BULLINGBROOK Patience, good lady: wizards know their times:
Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
The time of night when Troy[14] was set on fire,
The time when screech-owls[15] cry and bandogs howl,
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up[16] their graves:
That time best fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, sit you and fear not: whom we raise,
We will make fast[19] within a hallowed verge.

Here [they] do the ceremonies belonging, and make the circle: Bullingbrook or Southwell reads, 'Conjuro te', etc. It thunders and lightens terribly: then the Spirit [Asnath] riseth

ASNATH *Adsum.*[20]

MARGARET JORDAN Asnath,
By the eternal God, whose name and power
Thou tremblest at, answer that[23] I shall ask:

For till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.
ASNATH Ask what thou wilt: that[25] I had said and done.
BULLINGBROOK ‘First of the king: what shall of him become?’ ***Reads***
ASNATH The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose:
But him outlive, and die a violent death. ***As the Spirit speaks, Southwell writes the answer***
BULLINGBROOK ‘What fates await the Duke of Suffolk?’ ***Reads***
ASNATH By water shall he die, and take his end.
BULLINGBROOK ‘What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?’ ***Reads***
ASNATH Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains
Than where castles mounted[34] stand.
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.
BULLINGBROOK Descend to darkness and the burning lake!
False[37] fiend, avoid!
Thunder and lightning. Exit Spirit
Enter the Duke of York and the Duke of Buckingham with their guard [Sir Humphrey Stafford as Captain] and break in
YORK Lay hands upon these traitors and their trash:[38]
Beldam,[39] I think we watched you at an inch. ***To Jordan***
What, madam, are you there? The king and commonweal
Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains:[41]
My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdoned[43] for these good deserts.
ELEANOR Not half so bad as thine to England’s king,
Injurious[45] duke, that threatest where’s no cause.
BUCKINGHAM True, madam, none at all: what call you this? ***Pointing to the papers***
Away with them: let them be clapped up close[47]
And kept asunder.[48]— You, madam, shall with us. ***To Eleanor***
Stafford, take her to[49] thee.
[Exeunt above Eleanor and Hume, guarded]
We’ll see your trinkets[50] here all forthcoming.
All, away!
Exeunt [below guard with Margaret Jordan, Southwell and Bullingbrook]

YORK Lord Buckingham, methinks you watched her well:
A pretty[53] plot, well chosen to build upon.
Now pray, my lord, let’s see the devil’s writ.[54] ***Buckingham gives him the papers***
What have we here?
‘The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose:
Reads
But him outlive, and die a violent death.’
Why, this is just[58]
‘Aio Aeacidam,[59] *Romanos vincere posse.’*
Well, to the rest:
‘Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?’
‘By water shall he die, and take his end.’
‘What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?’
‘Let him shun castles:
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains
Than where castles mounted stand.’
Come, come, my lords,
These oracles are hardly attained,[68]
And hardly[69] understood.
The king is now in progress[70] towards St Albans,
With him the husband of this lovely lady:
Thither goes these news as fast as horse can carry them:
A sorry breakfast for my Lord Protector.

BUCKINGHAM Your grace shall give me leave, my lord of York,
To be the post[75] in hope of his reward.

YORK At your pleasure, my good lord. Who’s within there, ho! ***Calling within***
Enter a Servingman
Invite my lords of Salisbury and Warwick
To sup[78] with me tomorrow night. Away.
Exeunt [severally]

[Act 2 Scene 1][2.1]

running scene 5

Enter the King [Henry VI], Queen [Margaret], Protector [Gloucester], Cardinal and Suffolk, with Falconers hallooing

QUEEN MARGARET Believe me, lords, for flying[1] at the brook,
I saw not better sport these[2] seven years' day:
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high,
And,[4] ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.

KING HENRY VI But what a point,[5] my lord, your falcon made, ***To Gloucester***
And what a pitch[6] she flew above the rest:
To see how God in all his creatures works!
Yea, man and birds are fain of[8] climbing high.

SUFFOLK No marvel, an it like[9] your majesty,
My Lord Protector's hawks do tower[10] so well:
They know their master loves to be aloft,[11]
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

GLOUCESTER My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

CARDINAL I thought as much: he would be above the clouds.

GLOUCESTER Ay, my lord cardinal, how[16] think you by that?
Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven?

KING HENRY VI The treasury of everlasting joy.

CARDINAL Thy heaven is on earth: thine eyes and thoughts
Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart,
Pernicious[21] Protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth'st it[22] so with king and commonweal!

GLOUCESTER What, cardinal?
Is your priesthood grown peremptory?[24]
Tantaene[25] *animis coelestibus irae?*
Churchmen so hot?[26] Good uncle, hide such malice:
With such holiness, can you do it?

SUFFOLK No malice, sir, no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel and so bad a peer.

GLOUCESTER As who, my lord?

SUFFOLK Why, as you, my lord,
An’t like your lordly Lord’s Protectorship.
GLOUCESTER Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.
QUEEN MARGARET And thy ambition, Gloucester.
KING HENRY VI I prithee, peace, good queen,
And whet not on[36] these furious peers,
For blessèd[37] are the peacemakers on earth.
CARDINAL Let me be blessèd for the peace I make
Against this proud Protector, with my sword.
GLOUCESTER Faith, holy uncle, would’t were come to that. ***Gloucester and Cardinal speak aside***
CARDINAL Marry,[41] when thou dar’st.
GLOUCESTER Make[42] up no factious numbers for the matter,
In thine own person answer thy abuse.[43]
CARDINAL Ay, where thou dar’st not peep:[44] an if thou dar’st,
This evening, on the east side of the grove.
KING HENRY VI How now, my lords?
CARDINAL Believe me, cousin Gloucester,
Had not your man[48] put up the fowl so suddenly,
We had had[49] more sport.— Come with thy two-hand sword.
GLOUCESTER True, uncle.—
Are ye advised?[51] The east side of the grove?
CARDINAL I am with you.
KING HENRY VI Why, how now, uncle Gloucester?
GLOUCESTER Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.—
Now, by God’s mother,[55] priest, I’ll shave your crown for this,
Or all my fence[56] shall fail.
CARDINAL *Medice,*[57] *teipsum*—
Protector, see to’t well, protect yourself.
KING HENRY VI The winds grow high: so do your stomachs,[59] lords:
How irksome is this music to my heart!
When such strings jar,[61] what hope of harmony?
I pray, my lords, let me compound[62] this strife.
Enter one [Townsman] crying ‘A miracle!’
GLOUCESTER What means this noise?
Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?

TOWNSMAN A miracle, a miracle!
SUFFOLK Come to the king and tell him what miracle.
TOWNSMAN Forsooth,[67] a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine
Within this half-hour hath received his sight:
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.
KING HENRY VI Now, God be praised, that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair.

Enter the Mayor of St Albans, and his brethren, bearing the man [Simpcox] between two in a chair, [Simpcox's Wife and Townspeople following]

CARDINAL Here comes the townsmen on procession,
To present your highness with the man.
KING HENRY VI Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,[74]
Although by[75] his sight his sin be multiplied.
GLOUCESTER Stand by, my masters, bring him near the king:
His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.
KING HENRY VI Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,[78]
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.
What, hast thou been long blind and now restored?
SIMPCOX Born blind, an't please your grace.
WIFE Ay, indeed, was he.
SUFFOLK What woman is this?
WIFE His wife, an't like your worship.
GLOUCESTER Hadst thou[85] been his mother, thou couldst have better told.
KING HENRY VI Where wert thou born? ***To Simpcox***
SIMPCOX At Berwick[87] in the north, an't like your grace.
KING HENRY VI Poor soul, God's goodness hath been great to thee:
Let never day nor night unhallowed pass,[89]
But still[90] remember what the Lord hath done.
QUEEN MARGARET Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance, ***To Simpcox***
Or of[92] devotion, to this holy shrine?
SIMPCOX God knows, of pure devotion, being called
A hundred times and oft'ner in my sleep,
By good Saint Alban, who said, 'Simon, come:

Come offer[96] at my shrine, and I will help thee.'
WIFE Most true, forsooth: and many time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.
CARDINAL What, art thou lame?
SIMPCOX Ay, God Almighty help me.
SUFFOLK How cam'st thou so?
SIMPCOX A fall[102] off of a tree.
WIFE A plum tree, master.
GLOUCESTER How long hast thou been blind?
SIMPCOX O, born so, master.
GLOUCESTER What, and wouldst climb a tree?
SIMPCOX But that[107] in all my life, when I was a youth.
WIFE Too true, and bought his climbing very dear.
GLOUCESTER Mass,[109] thou lov'dst plums well, that wouldst venture so.
SIMPCOX Alas, good master, my wife desired some damsons,[110]
And made me climb,[111] with danger of my life.
GLOUCESTER A subtle[112] knave, but yet it shall not serve:
Let me see thine eyes: wink[113] now: now open them:
In my opinion, yet[114] thou see'st not well.
SIMPCOX Yes, master, clear as day, I thank God and Saint Alban.
GLOUCESTER Say'st[116] thou me so: what colour is this cloak of?
SIMPCOX Red, master, red as blood.
GLOUCESTER Why, that's well said: what colour is my gown of?
SIMPCOX Black, forsooth, coal-black as jet.
KING HENRY VI Why, then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?
SUFFOLK And yet, I think, jet did he never see.
GLOUCESTER But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a many.[122]
WIFE Never, before this day, in all his life.
GLOUCESTER Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?
SIMPCOX Alas, master, I know not.
GLOUCESTER What's his name?
SIMPCOX I know not.
GLOUCESTER Nor his?
SIMPCOX No, indeed, master.
GLOUCESTER What's thine own name?
SIMPCOX Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.

GLOUCESTER Then, Saunder, sit there, the lying'st knave in Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind, thou might'st as well have known all our names as thus to name the several[134] colours we do wear. Sight may distinguish of colours, but suddenly to nominate[135] them all, it is impossible.— My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle: and would ye not think his cunning[136] to be great, that could restore this cripple to his legs again?

SIMPCOX O master, that you could!

GLOUCESTER My masters of St Albans, have you not beadles[139] in your town, and things called whips?

MAYOR Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

GLOUCESTER Then send for one presently.[142]

MAYOR Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.[143]

Exit [a Townsperson]

GLOUCESTER Now fetch me a stool hither by and by.[144]— Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool and run away.

SIMPCOX Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone:[146] You go about to torture me in vain.

Enter a Beadle with whips

GLOUCESTER Well, sir, we must have you find your legs.— Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

BEADLE I will, my lord.— Come on, sirrah, off with your doublet[150] quickly.

SIMPCOX Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool and runs away: and they follow and cry, 'A miracle!'

KING HENRY VI O God, see'st thou this, and bearest[152] so long?

QUEEN MARGARET It made me laugh to see the villain run.

GLOUCESTER Follow the knave, and take this drab[154] away.

WIFE Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

GLOUCESTER Let them be whipped through every market town
Till they come to Berwick, from whence they came.

Exeunt [Wife, Beadle, Mayor and Townspeople]

CARDINAL Duke Humphrey has done a miracle today.

SUFFOLK True: made the lame to leap and fly away.

GLOUCESTER But you have done more miracles than I:
You made in a day, my lord, whole towns[161] to fly.

Enter Buckingham

KING HENRY VI What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

BUCKINGHAM Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold:
A sort[164] of naughty persons, lewdly bent,
Under[165] the countenance and confederacy
Of Lady Eleanor, the Protector's wife,
The ringleader and head of all this rout,[167]
Have practised[168] dangerously against your state,
Dealing with witches and with conjurers,
Whom we have apprehended[170] in the fact,
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,
Demanding of[172] King Henry's life and death,
And other of your highness' Privy Council,
As more at large[174] your grace shall understand.

CARDINAL And so, my Lord Protector, by this means
Your lady is forthcoming yet[176] at London.
This news, I think, hath turned[177] your weapon's edge:
'Tis like,[178] my lord, you will not keep your hour.

GLOUCESTER Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict[179] my heart:
Sorrow and grief have vanquished all my powers:
And, vanquished as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom.[182]

KING HENRY VI O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones,
Heaping confusion[184] on their own heads thereby!

QUEEN MARGARET Gloucester, see here the tainture[185] of thy nest,
And look[186] thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

GLOUCESTER Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,
How I have loved my king and commonweal:
And for my wife, I know not how it stands:[189]
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard.
Noble she is: but if she have forgot
Honour and virtue and conversed[192] with such
As, like to pitch,[193] defile nobility,
I banish her my bed and company

And give her as a prey to law and shame,
That hath dishonoured Gloucester’s honest name.
KING HENRY VI Well, for this night we will repose us here:
Tomorrow toward London back again,
To look into this business thoroughly
And call these foul offenders to their answers,
And poise[201] the cause in justice’ equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure,[202] whose rightful cause prevails.
Flourish. Exeunt

[Act 2 Scene 2]*

running scene 6

Enter York, Salisbury and Warwick

YORK Now, my good lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
Our simple supper ended, give me leave
In this close[3] walk to satisfy myself
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England's crown.
SALISBURY My lord, I long to hear it at full.
WARWICK Sweet York, begin: and if thy claim be good,
The Nevilles are thy subjects to command.
YORK Then thus:
Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:
The first, Edward the Black Prince, Prince of Wales;
The second, William of Hatfield: and the third,
Lionel Duke of Clarence: next to whom
Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;
The fifth was Edmund Langley, Duke of York;
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester;
William of Windsor was the seventh and last.
Edward the Black Prince died before his father,
And left behind him Richard,[19] his only son,
Who, after Edward the Third's death, reigned as king,
Till Henry Bullingbrook, Duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
Crowned by the name of Henry the Fourth,
Seized on the realm, deposed the rightful king,
Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came,
And him to Pomfret:[26] where, as all you know,
Harmless Richard was murdered traitorously.
WARWICK Father, the duke hath told the truth:
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.
YORK Which now they hold by force and not by right:
For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,

The issue[32] of the next son should have reigned.
SALISBURY But William of Hatfield died without an heir.
YORK The third son, Duke of Clarence, from whose line
I claim the crown, had issue Philippa, a daughter,
Who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March.
Edmund had issue, Roger Earl of March;
Roger had issue, Edmund,[38] Anne and Eleanor.
SALISBURY This Edmund,[39] in the reign of Bullingbrook,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown,
And but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
Who[42] kept him in captivity till he died.
But to the rest.
YORK His eldest sister, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Married Richard Earl of Cambridge, who was son
To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth son.
By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir
To Roger Earl of March, who was the son
Of Edmund Mortimer, who married Philippe,
Sole daughter unto Lionel Duke of Clarence.
So, if the issue of the elder son
Succeed before the younger, I am king.
WARWICK What plain proceedings[54] is more plain than this?
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
The fourth son: York claims it from the third:
Till Lionel's issue[57] fails, his should not reign.
It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee
And in thy sons, fair slips[59] of such a stock.
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together,
And in this private plot[61] be we the first
That shall salute our rightful sovereign
With honour of his birthright to the crown.
BOTH Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!
YORK We[65] thank you, lords: but I am not your king
Till I be crowned and that[66] my sword be stained
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster:

And that’s not suddenly[68] to be performed,
But with advice[69] and silent secrecy.
Do you as I do in these dangerous days:
Wink at[71] the Duke of Suffolk’s insolence,
At Beaufort’s pride, at Somerset’s ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
Till they have snared the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous prince, the good Duke Humphrey:
’Tis that they seek, and they, in seeking that,
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.
SALISBURY My lord, break we off: we know your mind at full.
WARWICK My heart assures me that the Earl of Warwick
Shall one day make the Duke of York a king.
YORK And, Neville,[81] this I do assure myself:
Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England but[83] the king.
Exeunt

[Act 2 Scene 3][2.3]

running scene 7

Sound trumpets. Enter the King [Henry VI] and state [Queen Margaret, Gloucester, Suffolk, Buckingham and Cardinal], with Guard, to banish the Duchess [Eleanor, with Margaret Jordan, Southwell, Hume and Bullingbrook, all guarded. Enter to them York, Salisbury and Warwick]

KING HENRY VI Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloucester’s wife:
In sight of God, and us, your guilt is great:
Receive the sentence of the law for sins
Such as by God’s book[4] are adjudged to death.—
You four, from hence to prison back again:
From thence unto the place of execution:
The witch in Smithfield[7] shall be burned to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled[8] on the gallows.
You, madam, for[9] you are more nobly born,
Despoilèd[10] of your honour in your life,
Shall, after three days’ open[11] penance done,
Live in your country here in banishment,
With[13] Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.

ELEANOR Welcome is banishment, welcome were[14] my death.

GLOUCESTER Eleanor, the law, thou see’st, hath judged thee:
I cannot justify[16] whom the law condemns.—

[Exeunt Eleanor and other prisoners, guarded]

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground.
I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go:
Sorrow would[21] solace and mine age would ease.

KING HENRY VI Stay,[22] Humphrey Duke of Gloucester: ere thou go,
Give up thy staff:[23] Henry will to himself
Protector be, and God[24] shall be my hope,
My stay,[25] my guide, and lantern to my feet:
And go in peace, Humphrey, no less beloved
Than when thou wert Protector to thy king.

QUEEN MARGARET I see no reason why a king of years[28]
Should be to be[29] protected like a child:
God and King Henry govern England's realm:
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his[31] realm.
GLOUCESTER My staff? Here, noble Henry, is my staff:
As willingly do I the same resign
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine:
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it
As others would ambitiously receive it. ***He lays the staff at Henry's feet***
Farewell, good king: when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne!
Exit Gloucester
QUEEN MARGARET Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen,
And Humphrey Duke of Gloucester scarce himself,
That bears[41] so shrewd a maim: two pulls at once:
His lady banished, and a limb lopped off. ***She picks up the staff***
This staff of honour raught,[43] there let it stand
Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand. ***She gives the staff to Henry***
SUFFOLK Thus droops this lofty pine[45] and hangs his sprays:
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.[46]
YORK Lords, let him go.[47]— Please it your majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat,
And ready are the appellant[49] and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,[50]
So please your highness to behold the fight.
QUEEN MARGARET Ay, good my lord: for purposely therefore[52]
Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.
KING HENRY VI A[54] God's name, see the lists and all things fit:
Here let them end it, and God defend the right.
YORK I never saw a fellow worse bestead,[56]
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
The servant of this armourer, my lords.
Enter at one door [Horner] the armourer and his [three] Neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunk: and he enters with a Drum before him and his staff with a sandbag fastened to it: and at the other

door [Peter] his man, with a drum and sandbag, and Prentices drinking to him

FIRST NEIGHBOUR Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack:[59] and fear
not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

SECOND NEIGHBOUR And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.[61]

THIRD NEIGHBOUR And here's a pot of good double[62] beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.

HORNER Let it come, i'faith, and I'll pledge[64] you all, and a fig for Peter! ***Horner drinks with them***

FIRST PRENTICE Here, Peter, I drink to thee, and be not afraid.

SECOND PRENTICE Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master: fight for credit of the prentices. ***Peter rejects their offers of drinks***

PETER I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I pray you, for I think I have taken
my last draught in this world. Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron: and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer: and here, Tom, take all the money that I have. O Lord bless me, I pray God, for I am never able to deal[71] with my master: he hath learnt so much fence[72] already.

SALISBURY Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows. Sirrah, what's thy name?

PETER Peter, forsooth.

SALISBURY Peter! What more?

PETER Thump.

SALISBURY Thump? Then see thou thump thy master well.

HORNER Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave and myself an honest man: and touching[79] the Duke of York, I will take my death[80] I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen: and therefore, Peter, have at thee[81] with a downright blow.

YORK Dispatch:[82] this knave's tongue begins to double.
Sound, trumpets, alarum[83] to the combatants!

[Alarum.] They fight, and Peter strikes him [Horner] down

HORNER Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason. ***Dies***

YORK Take away his weapon.— Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in[85] thy master’s way.

PETER O God, have I overcome mine enemies in this presence?[87] O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right.

KING HENRY VI Go, take hence that traitor from our sight,
For by his death we do perceive his guilt,
And God in justice hath revealed to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he[93] had thought to have murdered wrongfully.
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.

Sound a flourish. Exeunt

[Act 2 Scene 4][2.4]

running scene 8

Enter Duke Humphrey [Gloucester] and his Men in mourning cloaks

GLOUCESTER Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud:
And after summer evermore succeeds[2]
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.[4]
Sirs, what's o'clock?

SERVANT Ten, my lord.

GLOUCESTER Ten is the hour that was appointed me
To watch the coming of my punished duchess:
Uneath[9] may she endure the flinty streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook[11]
The abject[12] people gazing on thy face,
With envious[13] looks laughing at thy shame,
That erst[14] did follow thy proud chariot-wheels
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
But soft, I think she comes: and I'll prepare
My tear-stained eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Duchess [Eleanor barefoot] in a white sheet, [with verses pinned on her back] and a taper burning in her hand, with [Sir John Stanley,] the Sheriff and Officers

SERVANT So please your grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.

GLOUCESTER No, stir not for your lives, let her pass by.

ELEANOR Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou dost penance too. Look how they gaze,
See how the giddy[22] multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw[23] their eyes on thee.
Ah, Gloucester, hide thee from their hateful[24] looks,
And, in thy closet[25] pent up, rue my shame,
And ban[26] thine enemies, both mine and thine.

GLOUCESTER Be patient, gentle Nell: forget this grief.

ELEANOR Ah, Gloucester, teach me to forget myself,

For whilst I think I am thy married wife
And thou a prince, Protector of this land,
Methinks I should not thus be led along,
Mailed up[32] in shame, with papers on my back,
And followed with a rabble that rejoice
To see my tears and hear my deep-fet[34] groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet,
And when I start,[36] the envious people laugh
And bid me be advisèd[37] how I tread.
Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?
Trowest thou[39] that e’er I’ll look upon the world,
Or count them happy that enjoys the sun?
No: dark shall be my light, and night my day.
To think upon my pomp[42] shall be my hell.
Sometime I’ll say, I am Duke Humphrey’s wife,
And he a prince and ruler of the land:
Yet so he ruled and such a prince he was,
As[46] he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn duchess,
Was made a wonder[47] and a pointing-stock
To every idle[48] rascal follower.
But be thou mild[49] and blush not at my shame,
Nor stir at nothing till the axe of death
Hang over thee, as sure it shortly will.
For Suffolk, he that can do all in all
With her[53] that hateth thee and hates us all,
And York and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
Have all limed[55] bushes to betray thy wings,
And fly thou how thou canst,[56] they’ll tangle thee.
But fear not thou, until thy foot be snared,
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

GLOUCESTER Ah, Nell, forbear:[59] thou aimest all awry.
I must offend before I be attainted:[60]
And had I twenty times so many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All these could not procure[63] me any scathe,
So long as I am loyal, true and crimeless.

Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?
Why yet thy scandal were not[66] wiped away
But I in danger for the breach of law.
Thy greatest help is quiet,[68] gentle Nell:
I pray thee sort[69] thy heart to patience,
These few days' wonder[70] will be quickly worn.
Enter a Herald
HERALD I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament,
Holden[72] at Bury the first of this next month.
GLOUCESTER And my consent ne'er asked herein before?
This is close dealing.[74] Well, I will be there.—
[Exit Herald]
My Nell, I take my leave: and, Master Sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.[76]
SHERIFF An't please your grace, here my commission stays,[77]
And Sir John Stanley is appointed now
To take her with him to the Isle of Man.
GLOUCESTER Must you, Sir John, protect[80] my lady here?
STANLEY So am I given in charge, may't please your grace.
GLOUCESTER Entreat[82] her not the worse in that I pray
You use her well: the world may laugh again,
And I may live to do you kindness if
You do it her. And so, Sir John, farewell. ***He begins to leave***
ELEANOR What, gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell?
GLOUCESTER Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.
Exeunt Gloucester [and his Men]
ELEANOR Art thou gone too? All comfort go with thee,
For none abides with me: my joy is death:
Death, at whose name I oft have been afeared,[90]
Because I wished this world's eternity.[91]
Stanley, I prithee go, and take me hence:
I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
Only convey me where thou art commanded.
STANLEY Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man,
There to be used[96] according to your state.
ELEANOR That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:[97]

And shall I then be used reproachfully?
STANLEY Like to a duchess, and Duke Humphrey’s lady:
According to that state you shall be used.
ELEANOR Sheriff, farewell, and better[101] than I fare,
Although thou hast been conduct[102] of my shame.
SHERIFF It is my office;[103] and, madam, pardon me.
ELEANOR Ay, ay, farewell, thy office is discharged:[104]
Come, Stanley, shall we go?
STANLEY Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,
And go we to attire[107] you for our journey.
ELEANOR My shame will not be shifted[108] with my sheet:
No, it will hang upon my richest robes
And show itself, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way: I long to see my prison.

Exeunt

[Act 3 Scene 1][3.1]

running scene 9

Sound a sennet. Enter King [Henry VI], Queen [Margaret], Cardinal, Suffolk, York, Buckingham, Salisbury and Warwick to the parliament [with Attendants]

KING HENRY VI I muse[1] my lord of Gloucester is not come:
’Tis not his wont[2] to be the hindmost man,
Whate’er occasion keeps him from us now.
QUEEN MARGARET Can you not see? Or will ye not observe
The strangeness[5] of his altered countenance?
With what a majesty he bears himself,
How insolent[7] of late he is become,
How proud, how peremptory,[8] and unlike himself?
We know[9] the time since he was mild and affable,
And if we did but glance a far-off[10] look,
Immediately he was upon his knee,
That all the court admired him for[12] submission.
But meet him now, and be it in the morn,
When everyone will give[14] the time of day,
He knits his brow[15] and shows an angry eye,
And passeth by with stiff unbowèd knee,[16]
Disdaining duty[17] that to us belongs.
Small curs[18] are not regarded when they grin,
But great men tremble when the lion roars,
And Humphrey is no little man in England.
First note that he is near you in descent,
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Meseemeth[23] then it is no policy,
Respecting[24] what a rancorous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your decease,
That he should come about[26] your royal person
Or be admitted to your highness’ Council.
By flattery hath he won the commons’ hearts:
And when he please to make commotion,[29]

’Tis to be feared they all will follow him.
Now ’tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted:[31]
Suffer[32] them now, and they’ll o’ergrow the garden
And choke the herbs for want[33] of husbandry.
The reverent care I bear unto my lord
Made me collect[35] these dangers in the duke.
If it be fond,[36] call it a woman’s fear:
Which fear, if better reasons can supplant,[37]
I will subscribe[38] and say I wronged the duke.
My lord of Suffolk, Buckingham and York,
Reprove[40] my allegation, if you can,
Or else conclude my words effectual.[41]

SUFFOLK Well hath your highness seen into this duke:
And had I first been put[43] to speak my mind,
I think I should have told your grace’s tale.
The duchess, by his subornation,[45]
Upon my life, began her devilish practices:[46]
Or if he were not privy to[47] those faults,
Yet by reputing[48] of his high descent,
As next the[49] king he was successive heir,
And such high vaunts[50] of his nobility,
Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick[51] duchess
By wicked means to frame[52] our sovereign’s fall.
Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep:
And in his simple show[54] he harbours treason.
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.—
No, no, my sovereign, Gloucester is a man ***To King Henry***
Unsounded[57] yet and full of deep deceit.

CARDINAL Did he not, contrary to form of law, ***To King Henry***
Devise strange[59] deaths for small offences done?

YORK And did he not, in his Protectorship, ***To King Henry***
Levy[61] great sums of money through the realm
For soldiers’ pay in France, and never sent it,
By means whereof[63] the towns each day revolted?

BUCKINGHAM Tut, these are petty faults to[64] faults unknown,
Which time will bring to light in smooth[65] Duke Humphrey.

KING HENRY VI My lords, at once:[66] the care you have of us
To mow down thorns that would annoy[67] our foot
Is worthy praise: but shall[68] I speak my conscience,
Our kinsman Gloucester is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person
As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove:
The duke is virtuous, mild and too well given[72]
To dream on evil or to work my downfall.
QUEEN MARGARET Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond affiance?[74]
Seems he a dove? His feathers are but borrowed,
For he's disposèd as[76] the hateful raven.
Is he a lamb? His skin is surely lent him,
For he's inclined[78] as is the ravenous wolves.
Who cannot steal a shape[79] that means deceit?
Take heed, my lord, the welfare of us all
Hangs[81] on the cutting short that fraudful man.

Enter Somerset

SOMERSET All health unto my gracious sovereign.
KING HENRY VI Welcome, Lord Somerset. What news from France?
SOMERSET That all your interest[84] in those territories
Is utterly bereft[85] you: all is lost.
KING HENRY VI Cold news, Lord Somerset: but God's will be done.
YORK Cold news for me: for I had hope of France ***Aside***
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my blossoms blasted[89] in the bud
And caterpillars eat my leaves away:
But I will remedy this gear[91] ere long,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

Enter Gloucester

GLOUCESTER All happiness unto my lord the king:
Pardon, my liege, that I have stayed[94] so long.
SUFFOLK Nay, Gloucester, know that thou art come too soon,
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art:
I do arrest thee of high treason here.
GLOUCESTER Well, Suffolk, thou shalt not see me blush
Nor change my countenance for this arrest:

A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
The purest spring is not so free from mud
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign.
Who can accuse me? Wherein am I guilty?
YORK ’Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of[104] France,
And, being Protector, stayed[105] the soldiers’ pay,
By means whereof his highness hath lost France.
GLOUCESTER Is it but thought so? What[107] are they that think it?
I never robbed the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
So help me God, as I have watched the night,[110]
Ay, night by night, in studying[111] good for England,
That[112] doit that e’er I wrested from the king,
Or any groat[113] I hoarded to my use,
Be brought against me at my trial day!
No: many a pound of mine own proper store,[115]
Because I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I disbursèd[117] to the garrisons,
And never asked for restitution.
CARDINAL It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.
GLOUCESTER I say no more than truth, so help me God.
YORK In your Protectorship you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That[123] England was defamed by tyranny.
GLOUCESTER Why, ’tis well known that whiles[124] I was Protector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me:
For I should melt at an offender’s tears,
And lowly[127] words were ransom for their fault:
Unless it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious[129] thief that fleeced poor passengers,
I never gave them condign[130] punishment.
Murder indeed, that bloody sin, I tortured
Above[132] the felon or what trespass else.
SUFFOLK My lord, these faults are easy,[133] quickly answered:
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.

I do arrest you in his highness’ name,
And here commit you to my lord cardinal
To keep[138] until your further time of trial.
KING HENRY VI My lord of Gloucester, ’tis my special hope
That you will clear yourself from all suspense:[140]
My conscience tells me you are innocent.
GLOUCESTER Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous:
Virtue is choked with foul ambition
And charity chased hence by rancour’s hand:
Foul subornation[145] is predominant
And equity[146] exiled your highness’ land.
I know their complot[147] is to have my life:
And if my death might make this island happy,
And prove the period[149] of their tyranny,
I would expend it[150] with all willingness.
But mine[151] is made the prologue to their play:
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
Beaufort’s red sparkling eyes blab[154] his heart’s malice,
And Suffolk’s cloudy brow his stormy hate:
Sharp[156] Buckingham unburdens with his tongue
The envious[157] load that lies upon his heart:
And doggèd[158] York, that reaches at the moon,
Whose overweening[159] arm I have plucked back,
By false accuse[160] doth level at my life.—
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest, ***To Queen Margaret***
Causeless[162] have laid disgraces on my head,
And with your best endeavour have stirred up
My liefest liege[164] to be mine enemy:
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together —
Myself had notice of your conventicles[166] —
And all to make away my guiltless life.
I shall not want[168] false witness to condemn me,
Nor store[169] of treasons to augment my guilt:
The ancient proverb will be well effected:
‘A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.’

CARDINAL My liege, his railing[172] is intolerable.
If those that care to keep your royal person
From treason’s secret knife and traitors’ rage
Be thus upbraided, chid[175] and rated at,
And the offender granted scope[176] of speech,
’Twill make them cool in zeal[177] unto your grace.
SUFFOLK Hath he not twit[178] our sovereign lady here
With ignominious words, though clerkly couched,[179]
As if she had subornèd[180] some to swear
False allegations to o’erthrow his state?[181]
QUEEN MARGARET But I can give the loser leave to chide.
GLOUCESTER Far truer spoke than meant: I lose indeed:
Beshrew[184] the winners, for they played me false,
And well such losers may have leave to speak.
BUCKINGHAM He’ll wrest[186] the sense and hold us here all day.
Lord Cardinal, he is your prisoner.
CARDINAL Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.[188]
GLOUCESTER Ah, thus King Henry throws away his crutch
Before his legs be firm to bear his body.
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are gnarling[192] who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah, that my fear were false: ah, that it were:
For, good King Henry, thy decay[194] I fear.
Exit Gloucester [guarded]
KING HENRY VI My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best,
Do or undo, as if ourself were here.
QUEEN MARGARET What, will your highness leave the parliament?
KING HENRY VI Ay, Margaret: my heart is drowned with grief,
Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes:
My body round engirt[200] with misery:
For what’s more miserable than discontent?—
Ah, uncle Humphrey, in thy face I see
The map[203] of honour, truth and loyalty:
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come
That e’er I proved thee false[205] or feared thy faith.
What louring star now envies thy estate,[206]

That these great lords and Margaret our queen
Do seek subversion[208] of thy harmless life?
Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong:
And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,[211]
Bearing it to the bloody slaughterhouse,
Even so remorseless have they borne him hence:
And as the dam[214] runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do naught but wail her darling’s loss,
Even so myself bewails good Gloucester’s case
With sad unhelpful tears, and with dimmed eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good:
So mighty are his vowèd[220] enemies.
His fortunes I will weep, and ’twixt[221] each groan
Say ‘Who’s a traitor? Gloucester he is none.’

Exit [with Buckingham, Salisbury and Warwick]

QUEEN MARGARET Free[223] lords, cold snow melts with the sun’s hot beams:
Henry my lord is cold[224] in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity: and Gloucester’s show[225]
Beguiles[226] him as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers,
Or as the snake rolled in a flow’ring bank,
With shining chequered slough,[229] doth sting a child
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.
Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I—
And yet herein I judge mine own wit[232] good—
This Gloucester should be quickly rid[233] the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

CARDINAL That he should die is worthy[235] policy:
But yet we want a colour[236] for his death:
’Tis meet[237] he be condemned by course of law.

SUFFOLK But, in my mind, that were[238] no policy:
The king will labour still[239] to save his life,
The commons haply rise,[240] to save his life:

And yet we have but trivial argument,[241]
More than mistrust,[242] that shows him worthy death.
YORK So that, by this,[243] you would not have him die.
SUFFOLK Ah, York, no man alive so fain[244] as I.
YORK ’Tis York that hath more reason for his death.— ***Aside***
But, my lord cardinal, and you my lord of Suffolk, ***Aloud***
Say as you think, and speak it from your souls:
Were’t not all one,[248] an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,[249]
As place Duke Humphrey for the king’s Protector?
QUEEN MARGARET So the poor chicken should be sure of death.
SUFFOLK Madam, ’tis true: and were’t not madness then
To make the fox surveyor[253] of the fold,
Who being accused a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,[255]
Because[256] his purpose is not executed?
No: let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature proved an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps[259] be stained with crimson blood,
As Humphrey, proved[260] by reasons, to my liege.
And do not stand[261] on quillets how to slay him:
Be it by gins, by snares,[262] by subtlety,
Sleeping or waking, ’tis no matter how,
So[264] he be dead: for that is good deceit
Which mates[265] him first that first intends deceit.
QUEEN MARGARET Thrice-noble Suffolk, ’tis resolutely spoke.
SUFFOLK Not resolute, except[267] so much were done:
For things are often spoke and seldom meant:
But that[269] my heart accordeth with my tongue,
Seeing the deed is meritorious,[270]
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,
Say but the word, and I will be his priest.[272]
CARDINAL But I would have him dead, my lord of Suffolk,
Ere[274] you can take due orders for a priest:
Say you consent and censure[275] well the deed,
And I’ll provide his executioner,

I tender so[277] the safety of my liege.
SUFFOLK Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.
QUEEN MARGARET And so say I.
YORK And I: and now we three have spoke it,
It skills[281] not greatly who impugns our doom.
Enter a Post
POST Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain[282]
To signify[283] that rebels there are up
And put the Englishmen unto the sword.
Send succours,[285] lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow uncurable:
For, being green,[287] there is great hope of help.
CARDINAL A breach[288] that craves a quick expedient stop!
What counsel give you in this weighty cause?[289]
YORK That Somerset be sent as regent thither:
’Tis meet[291] that lucky ruler be employed:
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.
SOMERSET If York, with all his far-fet[293] policy,
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have stayed in France so long.
YORK No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done.
I rather would have lost my life betimes[297]
Than bring a burden of dishonour home
By staying there so long till all were lost.
Show me one scar charactered[300] on thy skin:
Men’s flesh[301] preserved so whole do seldom win.
QUEEN MARGARET Nay, then, this spark will prove a raging fire
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with:
No more, good York: sweet Somerset, be still:
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
Might happily[306] have proved far worse than his.
YORK What, worse than naught? Nay, then a shame take all!
SOMERSET And, in the number,[308] thee that wishest shame.
CARDINAL My lord of York, try[309] what your fortune is:
The uncivil[310] kerns of Ireland are in arms
And temper clay[311] with blood of Englishmen.

To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely,[313] from each county some,
And try your hap[314] against the Irishmen?
YORK I will, my lord, so please his majesty.
SUFFOLK Why, our authority is his consent,
And what we do establish he confirms:
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.
YORK I am content: provide me soldiers, lords,
Whiles I take order[320] for mine own affairs.
SUFFOLK A charge, Lord York, that I will see performed.
But now return we to the false Duke Humphrey.
CARDINAL No more of him: for I will deal with him
That henceforth he shall trouble us no more:
And so break off: the day is almost spent.
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.
YORK My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days
At Bristol I expect my soldiers,
For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.
SUFFOLK I'll see it truly done, my lord of York.
Exeunt [leaving] York
YORK Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
And change misdoubt[332] to resolution:
Be that[333] thou hop'st to be, or what thou art
Resign to death: it is not worth th'enjoying:
Let pale-faced fear keep[335] with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour[336] in a royal heart.
Faster than springtime showers comes thought on thought,
And not a thought but thinks on dignity.[338]
My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
Weaves tedious[340] snares to trap mine enemies.
Well, nobles, well: 'tis politicly[341] done,
To send me packing with an host of men:
I fear me[343] you but warm the starvèd snake,
Who, cherished in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'Twas men I lacked and you will give them me:
I take it kindly: yet be well assured

You put sharp weapons in a madman’s hands.
Whiles I in Ireland nourish[348] a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm
Shall[350] blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell:
And this fell[351] tempest shall not cease to rage
Until the golden circuit[352] on my head,
Like to the glorious sun’s transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred[354] flaw.
And for a minister[355] of my intent,
I have seduced a headstrong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,[357]
To make commotion,[358] as full well he can,
Under the title of John Mortimer.[359]
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
Oppose himself against a troop of kerns,
And fought so long, till that[362] his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quilled porcupine:
And in the end, being rescued, I have seen
Him caper[365] upright like a wild Morisco,
Shaking the[366] bloody darts as he his bells.
Full[367] often, like a shag-haired crafty kern,
Hath he conversèd with the enemy,
And, undiscovered, come to me again
And given me notice[370] of their villainies.
This devil here shall be my substitute:
For that John[372] Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gait,[373] in speech, he doth resemble.
By this I shall perceive the commons’[374] mind,
How they affect[375] the house and claim of York.
Say he be taken,[376] racked and torturèd,
I know no pain they can inflict upon him
Will make him say I moved[378] him to those arms.
Say that he thrive, as ’tis great like[379] he will,
Why then from Ireland come I with my strength
And reap the harvest which that rascal[381] sowed.
For Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,

And Henry put apart,[383] the next for me.

Exit

[Act 3 Scene 2]

running scene 10

Enter two or three [Murderers] running over the stage, from the murder of Duke Humphrey [Gloucester]

FIRST MURDERER Run to my lord of Suffolk: let him know
We have dispatched[2] the duke, as he commanded.

SECOND MURDERER O, that it were to do![3] What have we done?
Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

Enter Suffolk

FIRST MURDERER Here comes my lord.

SUFFOLK Now, sirs, have you dispatched this thing?

FIRST MURDERER Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

SUFFOLK Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my house:
I will reward you for this venturous[9] deed:
The king and all the peers are here at hand.
Have you laid fair[11] the bed? Is all things well,
According as I gave directions?

FIRST MURDERER 'Tis, my good lord.

SUFFOLK Away! Be gone.

Exeunt [Murderers]

Sound trumpets. Enter the King [Henry VI], the Queen [Margaret], Cardinal, Somerset, with Attendants

KING HENRY VI Go call our uncle to our presence straight:[15]
Say we intend to try his grace today
If[17] he be guilty, as 'tis publishèd.

SUFFOLK I'll call him presently, my noble lord.

Exit

KING HENRY VI Lords, take your places: and, I pray you all,
Proceed no straiter[20] gainst our uncle Gloucester
Than from true evidence of good esteem[21]
He be approved in[22] practice culpable.

QUEEN MARGARET God forbid any malice should prevail,
That faultless[24] may condemn a noble man:
Pray God he may acquit him[25] of suspicion!

KING HENRY VI I thank thee, Meg: these words content me much.
Enter Suffolk
How now? Why look’st thou pale? Why tremblest thou?
Where is our uncle? What’s the matter, Suffolk?
SUFFOLK Dead in his bed, my lord: Gloucester is dead.
QUEEN MARGARET Marry, God forfend![30]
CARDINAL God’s secret judgement: I did dream tonight[31]
The duke was dumb and could not speak a word.
King [Henry VI] swoons
QUEEN MARGARET How fares my lord?— Help, lords, the king is dead!
SOMERSET Rear up[34] his body: wring him by the nose.
QUEEN MARGARET Run, go, help, help! O Henry, ope thine eyes!
SUFFOLK He doth revive again: madam, be patient.
KING HENRY VI O heavenly God!
QUEEN MARGARET How fares my gracious lord?
SUFFOLK Comfort, my sovereign: gracious Henry, comfort.
KING HENRY VI What, doth my lord of Suffolk comfort me?
Came he right now to sing a raven’s note,[41]
Whose dismal[42] tune bereft my vital powers:
And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow[44] breast,
Can chase away the first-conceivèd[45] sound?
Hide not thy poison with such sugared words:
Lay not thy hands on me: forbear I say,
Their touch affrights[48] me as a serpent’s sting.
Thou baleful[49] messenger, out of my sight:
Upon thy eyeballs murderous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding:
Yet do not go away: come, basilisk,[53]
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:
For in the shade of death I shall find joy:
In life, but double death, now Gloucester’s dead.
QUEEN MARGARET Why do you rate[57] my lord of Suffolk thus?
Although the duke was enemy to him,
Yet he most Christian-like laments his death:

And for myself, foe as he was to me,
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending[61] groans,
Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,
And all to have the noble duke alive.
What know I how the world may deem[66] of me?
For it is known we were but hollow[67] friends:
It may be judged I made the duke away.
So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
And princes' courts be filled with my reproach:[70]
This get I by his death: ay me, unhappy,
To be a queen, and crowned with infamy.

KING HENRY VI Ah, woe is me for Gloucester, wretched man!

QUEEN MARGARET Be woe[74] for me, more wretched than he is.
What, dost thou turn away and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper: look on me.
What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?[77]
Be poisonous too and kill thy forlorn[78] queen.
Is all thy comfort shut in Gloucester's tomb?
Why, then, Dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy.
Erect his statue and worship it,
And make my image but an ale-house sign.
Was I for this nigh[83] wracked upon the sea
And twice by awkward[84] wind from England's bank
Drove back again unto my native clime?[85]
What boded this, but[86] well forewarning wind
Did seem to say 'Seek not a scorpion's nest,
Nor set no footing on this unkind[88] shore'?
What did I then, but cursed the gentle[89] gusts
And he[90] that loosed them forth their brazen caves,
And bid them blow towards England's blessèd shore,
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
Yet Aeolus[93] would not be a murderer,
But left that hateful office unto thee.
The pretty[95] vaulting sea refused to drown me,

Knowing that thou wouldst have me drowned on shore
With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness.
The splitting[98] rocks cowered in the sinking sands,
And would not dash me with their ragged sides,
Because[100] thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy palace perish[101] Margaret.
As far as I could ken[102] thy chalky cliffs,
When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,
I stood upon the hatches[104] in the storm,
And when the dusky sky began to rob
My earnest-gaping[106] sight of thy land's view,
I took a costly jewel from my neck —
A heart it was, bound in with[108] diamonds —
And threw it towards thy land. The sea received it,
And so I wished thy body might my heart:
And even with this, I lost fair England's view,
And bid mine eyes be packing[112] with my heart,
And called them blind and dusky spectacles,
For losing ken of Albion's wishèd[114] coast.
How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue,
The agent[116] of thy foul inconstancy,
To sit and witch[117] me as Ascanius did,
When he to madding[118] Dido would unfold
His father's acts commenced in burning Troy.
Am I not witched like her? Or thou not false[120] like him?
Ay me, I can no more:[121] die, Margaret,
For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. Enter Warwick, [Salisbury] and many Commons

WARWICK It is reported, mighty sovereign,
That good Duke Humphrey traitorously is murdered
By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort's means:
The commons, like an angry hive of bees
That want[127] their leader, scatter up and down
And care not who they sting in his revenge.[128]
Myself have calmed their spleenful[129] mutiny,
Until they hear the order[130] of his death.

KING HENRY VI That he is dead, good Warwick, ’tis too true:
But how he died, God knows, not Henry:
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
And comment then upon[134] his sudden death.
WARWICK That shall I do, my liege.— Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude[136] multitude till I return.
[Exeunt Warwick, Salisbury and Commons]
KING HENRY VI O, thou that judgest all things, stay[137] my thoughts:
My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey’s life:
If my suspect[140] be false, forgive me, God,
For judgement only doth belong to thee:
Fain[142] would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears,
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,[145]
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:
But all in vain are these mean obsequies;[147]
Bed put forth
And to survey his dead and earthy image:
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?
[Enter Warwick to reveal Gloucester’s body in his bed]
WARWICK Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.
KING HENRY VI That is to see how deep my grave is made,
For with his soul fled all my worldly solace:
For seeing him, I see my[153] life in death.
WARWICK As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread[155] king that took our state upon him
To free us from his father’s wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famèd[158] duke.
SUFFOLK A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue:
What instance[160] gives Lord Warwick for his vow?
WARWICK See how the blood is settled[161] in his face.
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,[162]
Of ashy semblance, meagre,[163] pale and bloodless,

Being[164] all descended to the labouring heart,
Who in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance[166] gainst the enemy,
Which[167] with the heart there cools, and ne’er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But see, his face is black and full of blood:
His eyeballs further out than when he lived,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man:
His hair upreared,[172] his nostrils stretched with struggling:
His hands abroad displayed,[173] as one that grasped
And tugged for life and was by strength subdued.
Look, on the sheets his hair, you see, is sticking.
His well-proportioned[176] beard, made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer’s corn by tempest lodged:[177]
It cannot be but he was murdered here:
The least of all these signs were probable.[179]

SUFFOLK Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?
Myself and Beaufort had him in protection,
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

WARWICK But both of you were vowed Duke Humphrey’s foes,
And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:[184]
’Tis like[185] you would not feast him like a friend,
And ’tis well seen[186] he found an enemy.

QUEEN MARGARET Then you, belike,[187] suspect these noblemen
As guilty of Duke Humphrey’s timeless[188] death.

WARWICK Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect ’twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock’s[192] nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

QUEEN MARGARET Are you the butcher, Suffolk? Where’s your knife?
Is Beaufort termed a kite? Where are his talons?

SUFFOLK I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men:
But here’s a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,[199]

That shall be scoured[200] in his rancorous heart
That slanders me with murder’s crimson badge.[201]
Say, if thou dar’st, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty[203] in Duke Humphrey’s death.
[Exeunt Cardinal and Somerset]
WARWICK What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?
QUEEN MARGARET He dares not calm his contumelious[205] spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,[206]
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.
WARWICK Madam, be still: with reverence may I say,
For every word you speak in his behalf
Is slander to your royal dignity.
SUFFOLK Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour,
If ever lady wronged her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutored churl:[214] and noble stock
Was graft[215] with crab-tree slip, whose fruit thou art,
And never of the Nevilles’ noble race.
WARWICK But that the guilt of murder bucklers[217] thee,
And[218] I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
Quitting[219] thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign’s presence makes[220] me mild,
I would, false murd’rous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passèd[222] speech,
And say it was thy mother that thou meant’st,
That thou thyself was born in bastardy:
And after all this fearful[225] homage done,
Give thee thy hire[226] and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious[227] bloodsucker of sleeping men!
SUFFOLK Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence[229] thou dar’st go with me.
WARWICK Away even now, or I will drag thee hence:
Unworthy though thou art, I’ll cope[231] with thee,
And do some service to Duke Humphrey’s ghost.
Exeunt [Suffolk and Warwick]
KING HENRY VI What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?

Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just:[234]
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,[235]
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

A noise within

QUEEN MARGARET What noise is this?

Enter Suffolk and Warwick, with their weapons drawn

KING HENRY VI Why, how now, lords? Your wrathful weapons[238] drawn
Here in our presence? Dare you be so bold?
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

SUFFOLK The trait'rous Warwick with the men of Bury
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Enter Salisbury [from the Commons, within]

SALISBURY Sirs, stand apart: the king shall know your mind.— ***To the Commons***
Dread lord, the commons send you word by me, ***To King Henry***
Unless Lord Suffolk straight be done to death,
Or banishèd fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous ling'ring death.
They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey died:
They say, in him they fear your highness' death:
And mere[251] instinct of love and loyalty,
Free from a stubborn opposite[252] intent,
As[253] being thought to contradict your liking,
Makes them thus forward in[254] his banishment.
They say, in care of your most royal person,
That if your highness should intend to sleep
And charge[257] that no man should disturb your rest
In[258] pain of your dislike, or pain of death,
Yet, notwithstanding such a strait[259] edict,
Were there a serpent seen, with forkèd tongue,
That slyly glided towards your majesty,
It were but necessary you were waked:
Lest, being suffered[263] in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm[264] might make the sleep eternal.
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,

That they will guard you, whe'er[266] you will or no,
From such fell[267] serpents as false Suffolk is,
With whose envenomèd and fatal sting,
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

COMMONS An answer from the king, my lord of Salisbury!

Within

SUFFOLK 'Tis like[272] the commons, rude unpolished hinds,
Could send such message to their sovereign:
But you, my lord, were glad to be employed,
To show how quaint[275] an orator you are.
But all the honour Salisbury hath won
Is that he was the Lord Ambassador
Sent from a sort[278] of tinkers to the king.

COMMONS An answer from the king, or we will all break in.

Within

KING HENRY VI Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me
I thank them for their tender loving care:
And had I not been cited[282] so by them,
Yet did I purpose[283] as they do entreat:
For sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance[285] unto my state by Suffolk's means.
And therefore by his[286] majesty I swear,
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,
He shall not breathe infection in[288] this air
But[289] three days longer, on the pain of death.

[Exit Salisbury]

QUEEN MARGARET O Henry, let me plead for gentle[290] Suffolk.

KING HENRY VI Ungentle[291] queen, to call him gentle Suffolk.
No more, I say: if thou dost plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word:
But when I swear, it is irrevocable:
If after three days' space thou here be'st[296] found
On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.

Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me:
I have great matters to impart to thee.
Exeunt [all but Queen Margaret and Suffolk]
QUEEN MARGARET Mischance and sorrow go along with you!
Heart’s discontent and sour affliction
Be playfellows to keep you company!
There’s two of you, the devil make a third,
And threefold vengeance tend[305] upon your steps.
SUFFOLK Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,[306]
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy[307] leave.
QUEEN MARGARET Fie, coward woman and soft-hearted wretch!
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies?
SUFFOLK A plague upon them! Wherefore should I curse them?
Could curses kill, as doth the mandrake’s[311] groan,
I would invent as bitter-searching[312] terms,
As curst, as harsh and horrible to hear,
Delivered strongly through my fixèd[314] teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-faced envy in her loathsome cave.
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words:
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint:[318]
Mine hair be fixed on end,[319] as one distract:
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban,[320]
And even now my burdened heart would break
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall,[323] worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste:
Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees:[324]
Their chiefest prospect,[325] murd’ring basilisks:
Their softest touch, as smart[326] as lizards’ stings:
Their music, frightful as the serpent’s hiss,
And boding[328] screech-owls make the consort full!
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—
QUEEN MARGARET Enough, sweet Suffolk, thou torment’st thyself,
And these dread curses, like the sun gainst glass,
Or like an overchargèd[332] gun, recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyself.

SUFFOLK You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?[334]
Now by the ground that I am banished from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.[339]
QUEEN MARGARET O, let me entreat thee cease: give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tears:
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woeful monuments.[343] ***She kisses his hand***
O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,
That thou mightst think upon these[345] by the seal,
Through whom a thousand sighs are breathed for thee.
So get thee gone, that I may know[347] my grief:
'Tis but surmised[348] whiles thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits[349] thinking on a want:
I will repeal[350] thee, or, be well assured,
Adventure[351] to be banishèd myself:
And banishèd I am, if but from thee.
Go, speak not to me: even now be gone.
O, go not yet. Even thus two friends[354] condemned
Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather[356] a hundred times to part than die:
Yet now farewell, and farewell life with thee.
SUFFOLK Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banishèd:
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou thence:[360]
A wilderness is populous enough,
So[362] Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several[364] pleasure in the world:
And where thou art not, desolation.
I can no more: live thou to joy[366] thy life:
Myself no joy in naught but that thou liv'st.
Enter Vaux
QUEEN MARGARET Whither goes Vaux so fast? What news, I prithee?

VAUX To signify unto his majesty
That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death:
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the[372] air,
Blaspheming God and cursing men on earth.
Sometimes he talks as if Duke Humphrey’s ghost
Were by his side: sometime he calls the king,
And whispers to his pillow, as[376] to him,
The secrets of his overchargèd[377] soul;
And I am sent to tell his majesty
That even now he cries aloud for him.
QUEEN MARGARET Go tell this heavy[380] message to the king.
Exit [Vaux]
Ay me! What is this world? What news are these?
But wherefore grieve I at an[382] hour’s poor loss,
Omitting[383] Suffolk’s exile, my soul’s treasure?
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
And with the southern clouds[385] contend in tears?
Theirs for the earth’s increase, mine for my sorrows.
Now get thee hence: the king, thou know’st, is coming:
If thou be found by[388] me, thou art but dead.
SUFFOLK If I depart from thee, I cannot live:
And in thy sight to die,[390] what were it else
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?[391]
Here could I breathe[392] my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe
Dying with mother’s dug[394] between its lips.
Where,[395] from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth,
So shouldst thou either turn[398] my flying soul, ***He kisses her***
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it lived[400] in sweet Elysium.
To die by thee were but[401] to die in jest:
From thee to die were torture more than death:
O let me stay, befall what may befall!

QUEEN MARGARET Away: though parting be a fretful[404] corrosive,
It is applièd to a deathful[405] wound.
To France, sweet Suffolk: let me hear from thee:
For wheresoe’er thou art in this world’s globe,
I’ll have an Iris[408] that shall find thee out.
SUFFOLK I go.
QUEEN MARGARET And take my heart with thee. ***She kisses him***
SUFFOLK A jewel, locked into the woefull’st cask[411]
That ever did contain a thing of worth:
Even as a splitted bark,[413] so sunder we:
This way fall I to death.
QUEEN MARGARET This way for me.
Exeunt [severally[415]*]*

[Act 3 Scene 3][3.3]

running scene 11

Enter the King [Henry VI], Salisbury and Warwick, to the Cardinal in bed

KING HENRY VI How fares my lord? Speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.
CARDINAL If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure,
Enough to purchase such another island,
So[4] thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.
KING HENRY VI Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen[6] so terrible.
WARWICK Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.
CARDINAL Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Died he[9] not in his bed? Where should he die?
Can I make men live, whe'er they will or no?
O torture me no more, I will confess.
Alive again? Then show me where he is:
I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.
He hath no eyes, the dust[14] hath blinded them.
Comb down his hair: look, look, it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs[16] set to catch my wingèd soul:
Give me some drink, and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of[18] him.
KING HENRY VI O, thou eternal mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch:
O beat away the busy meddling fiend[21]
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair.
WARWICK See how the pangs of death do make him grin.[24]
SALISBURY Disturb him not: let him pass peaceably.
KING HENRY VI Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be.
Lord Card'nal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope. ***Cardinal dies***
He dies and makes no sign: O God, forgive him.
WARWICK So bad a death argues[30] a monstrous life.

KING HENRY VI Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.
Close up his eyes and draw the curtain close, 32
And let us all to meditation. 33

Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 1][4.1]

running scene 12

Alarum. Fight at sea. Ordnance goes off. Enter [a] Lieutenant, [a Master, a Master's Mate, Walter Whitmore; with] Suffolk [disguised and two Gentlemen as their prisoners] and others

LIEUTENANT The gaudy,[1] blabbing and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea:
And now loud-howling wolves arouse[3] the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night:
Who, with their drowsy, slow and flagging[5] wings
Clip[6] dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air:
Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize,[8]
For whilst our pinnace[9] anchors in the Downs,
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
Or with their blood stain this discoloured[11] shore.
Master, this prisoner freely give I thee, ***Pointing to First Gentleman***
And thou that art his mate, make boot[13] of this: ***Pointing to Second Gentleman***
The other, Walter Whitmore, is thy share. ***Pointing to Suffolk***

FIRST GENTLEMAN What is my ransom, master, let me know? ***To the Master***

MASTER A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

MATE And so much shall you give, or off goes yours. ***To Second Gentleman***

LIEUTENANT What, think you much[18] to pay two thousand crowns, ***To both Gentlemen***
And bear the name and port[19] of gentlemen?

WHITMORE Cut both the villains' throats, for die you shall:
The lives of those which we have lost in fight
Be counterpoised[22] with such a petty sum.

FIRST GENTLEMAN I'll give it, sir, and therefore spare my life. ***To the Master***

SECOND GENTLEMAN And so will I, and write home for it straight. ***To the Mate***

WHITMORE I lost mine eye in laying[25] the prize aboard, ***To Suffolk***
And therefore to revenge it, shalt thou die,

And so should these, if I might have my will.
LIEUTENANT Be not so rash: take ransom: let him live.
SUFFOLK Look on my George:[29] I am a gentleman:
Rate[30] me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.
WHITMORE And so am I: my name is Walter[31] Whitmore.
How now? Why starts thou? What, doth death affright?[32]
SUFFOLK Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death:
A cunning man[34] did calculate my birth
And told me that by water I should die:
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded:[36]
Thy name is Gualtier, being rightly sounded.[37]
WHITMORE Gualtier or Walter, which it is, I care not:
Never yet did base dishonour blur our name,
But with our sword we wiped away the blot.
Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,[41]
Broke be my sword, my arms[42] torn and defaced,
And I proclaimed a coward through the world.
SUFFOLK Stay, Whitmore, for thy prisoner is a prince,
The Duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.
WHITMORE The Duke of Suffolk muffled up in rags?
SUFFOLK Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke:
Jove[48] sometimes went disguised, and why not I?
LIEUTENANT But Jove was never slain as thou shalt be,
Obscure[50] and lousy swain, King Henry's blood!
SUFFOLK The honourable blood of Lancaster
Must not be shed by such a jaded[52] groom:
Hast thou not kissed thy hand[53] and held my stirrup?
Bare-headed[54] plodded by my foot-cloth mule
And thought thee happy[55] when I shook my head?
How often hast thou waited[56] at my cup,
Fed[57] from my trencher, kneeled down at the board,
When I have feasted with Queen Margaret?
Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n,[59]
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride:
How in our voiding lobby[61] hast thou stood
And duly waited for my coming forth?

This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore shall it charm[64] thy riotous tongue.
WHITMORE Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?[65]
LIEUTENANT First let my words stab him, as he hath me.
SUFFOLK Base slave, thy words are blunt[67] and so art thou.
LIEUTENANT Convey him hence and on our longboat's[68] side
Strike off his head.
SUFFOLK Thou dar'st not for thy own.[70]
LIEUTENANT Pole—
SUFFOLK Pole?[72]
LIEUTENANT Ay, kennel,[73] puddle, sink, whose filth and dirt
Troubles[74] the silver spring where England drinks:
Now will I dam up this thy yawning[75] mouth
For swallowing the treasure of the realm.
Thy lips that kissed the queen shall sweep the ground:[77]
And thou that smiled'st at good Duke Humphrey's death,
Against[79] the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,
Who[80] in contempt shall hiss at thee again.
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,[81]
For daring to affy[82] a mighty lord
Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
Having neither subject,[84] wealth, nor diadem:
By devilish policy[85] art thou grown great,
And like ambitious Sylla,[86] overgorged
With gobbets[87] of thy mother's bleeding heart.
By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France,
The false revolting[89] Normans thorough thee
Disdain to call us lord, and Picardy[90]
Hath slain their governors, surprised[91] our forts,
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
The princely Warwick, and the Nevilles all,
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,
As hating[95] thee, are rising up in arms:
And now the House of York, thrust from the crown
By shameful murder[97] of a guiltless king
And lofty proud encroaching[98] tyranny,

Burns with revenging fire, whose[99] hopeful colours
Advance[100] our half-faced sun, striving to shine,
Under the which is writ '*Invitis nubibus*'.[101]
The commons[102] here in Kent are up in arms,
And, to conclude, reproach and beggary
Is crept into the palace of our king,
And all by thee.— Away, convey him hence.
SUFFOLK O, that I were a god,[106] to shoot forth thunder
Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges:[107]
Small things make base men proud. This villain here,
Being captain of a pinnace,[109] threatens more
Than Bargulus[110] the strong Illyrian pirate.
Drones[111] suck not eagles' blood, but rob beehives:
It is impossible that I should die
By such a lowly vassal[113] as thyself.
Thy words move rage and not remorse in me:
I go of[115] message from the queen to France:
I charge thee waft[116] me safely cross the Channel.
LIEUTENANT Walter—
WHITMORE Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.
SUFFOLK *Paene*[119] *gelidus timor occupat artus:* it is thee I fear.
WHITMORE Thou shalt have cause to fear before I leave thee.
What, are ye daunted now? Now will ye stoop?
FIRST GENTLEMAN My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.[122]
SUFFOLK Suffolk's imperial[123] tongue is stern and rough:
Used to command, untaught to plead for favour.
Far be it we[125] should honour such as these
With humble suit:[126] no, rather let my head
Stoop to the block than these knees bow to any,
Save to the God of heaven and to my king:
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole[129]
Than stand uncovered[130] to the vulgar groom.
True nobility is exempt from fear:
More can I bear than you dare execute.
LIEUTENANT Hale[133] him away, and let him talk no more.
SUFFOLK Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,

That this my death may never be forgot.
Great men oft die by vile[136] Besonians:
A Roman sworder[137] and banditto slave
Murdered sweet[138] Tully: Brutus’ bastard hand
Stabbed Julius Caesar: savage islanders
Pompey the Great:[140] and Suffolk dies by pirates.

Exit Walter [Whitmore] with Suffolk

LIEUTENANT And as for these whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure one of them depart:
Therefore come you with us and let him go.

Exit Lieutenant, and the rest [leaving]the First Gentleman

Enter Whitmore with the body [of Suffolk]

WHITMORE There let his head and lifeless body lie,
Until the queen his mistress[145] bury it.

Exit

FIRST GENTLEMAN O, barbarous and bloody spectacle!
His body will I bear unto the king:
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends:
So will the queen, that living held him dear.

[Exit with the body]

[Act 4 Scene 2][4.2]

running scene 13

Enter [George] Bevis and John Holland [with long staves]

BEVIS Come and get thee a sword, though made of a lath:[1] they have been up these two days.

HOLLAND They have the more need to sleep now then.

BEVIS I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier[4] means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it,[5] and set a new nap upon it.

HOLLAND So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well, I say it was never merry world[6] in England since gentlemen came up.[7]

BEVIS O miserable age: virtue is not regarded[8] in handicraftsmen.

HOLLAND The nobility think scorn[9] to go in leather aprons.

BEVIS Nay more, the King's Council are no good workmen.

HOLLAND True: and yet it is said, 'Labour[11] in thy vocation': which is as much to say as, 'Let the magistrates be labouring[12] men', and therefore should we be magistrates.

BEVIS Thou hast hit it:[14] for there's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.

HOLLAND I see them! I see them! There's Best's[16] son, the tanner of Wingham.

BEVIS He shall have the skins of our enemies to make dog's[17] leather of.

HOLLAND And Dick the Butcher.

BEVIS Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

HOLLAND And Smith the weaver.

BEVIS Argo,[21] their thread of life is spun.

HOLLAND Come, come, let's fall in[22] with them.

Drum. Enter Cade, Dick [the] Butcher, Smith the Weaver, and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers [with long staves]

CADE We,[23] John Cade, so termed of our supposed father—

DICK Or rather of[24] stealing a cade of herrings. ***Aside***

CADE For our enemies shall fail[25] before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes.— Command silence.

DICK Silence!

CADE My father was a Mortimer—

DICK *Aside* He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer.[29]

CADE My mother a Plantagenet—

DICK *Aside* I knew her well, she was a midwife.

CADE My wife descended of the Lacys[32]—

DICK *Aside* She was indeed a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces.[33]

SMITH *Aside* But now of late, not able to travel[34] with her furred pack, she washes bucks here at home.

CADE Therefore am I of an honourable house.

DICK *Aside* Ay, by my faith, the field[37] is honourable, and there was he born, under a hedge: for his father had never a house but the cage.[38]

CADE Valiant I am—

SMITH *Aside* A must needs,[40] for beggary is valiant.

CADE I am able to endure much—

DICK No question of that: *Aside* for I have seen him whipped[42] three market days together.

CADE I fear neither sword nor fire—

SMITH *Aside* He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof.[45]

DICK *Aside* But methinks he should stand[46] in fear of fire, being burnt i'th'hand for stealing of sheep.

CADE Be brave, then, for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny: the[49] three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops, and I will make it felony to drink small[50] beer. All the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside[51] shall my palfrey go to grass: and when I am king, as king I will be—

ALL God save your majesty!

CADE I thank you, good people. There shall be no money: all shall eat and drink on my score,[55] and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

DICK The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

CADE Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? That parchment, being scribbled o’er, should undo a man? Some say the bee stings, but I say, ’tis the bee’s wax:[60] for I did but seal[61] once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now? Who’s there?

Enter [some, bringing forward] a Clerk [of Chartham]

SMITH The Clerk of Chartham: he can write and read and cast account.[63]

CADE O, monstrous.[64]

SMITH We took[65] him setting of boys’ copies.

CADE Here’s a villain!

SMITH H’as a book in his pocket with red letters[67] in’t.

CADE Nay, then he is a conjurer.[68]

DICK Nay, he can make obligations,[69] and write court hand.

CADE I am sorry for’t: the man is a proper[70] man, of mine honour: unless I find him guilty, he shall not die. Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: what is thy name?

CLERK Emmanuel.[73]

DICK They use to write it on the top of letters: ’twill go hard with[74] you.

CADE Let me alone.— ***To the Clerk*** Dost[75] thou use to write thy name? Or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing[76] man?

CLERK Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up that I can write my name.

ALL He hath confessed: away with him: he’s a villain and a traitor.

CADE Away with him, I say: hang him with his pen and inkhorn[79] about his neck.

Exit one with the Clerk

Enter Michael

MICHAEL Where’s our general?

CADE Here I am, thou particular[81] fellow.

MICHAEL Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard[82] by, with the king’s forces.

CADE Stand, villain, stand, or I’ll fell thee down: he shall be encountered[84] with a man as good as himself. He is but a knight, is a[85]?

MICHAEL No.[86]

CADE To equal him I will make myself a knight presently.[87] ***Kneels***
Rise up Sir John Mortimer. ***Rises***
Now have at him!

Enter Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother, with Drum, [Herald] and Soldiers

STAFFORD Rebellious hinds,[90] the filth and scum of Kent,
Marked for the gallows: lay your weapons down:
Home to your cottages: forsake this groom.[92]
The king is merciful, if you revolt.[93]

STAFFORD’S BROTHER But angry, wrathful, and inclined to blood,
If you go forward: therefore yield, or die.

CADE As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass[96] not:
It is to you, good people, that I speak,
Over whom, in time to come, I hope to reign:
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

STAFFORD Villain, thy father was a plasterer,
And thou thyself a shearman,[101] art thou not?

CADE And Adam[102] was a gardener.

STAFFORD’S BROTHER And what of that?

CADE Marry, this: Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, married the Duke of Clarence’ daughter, did he not?

STAFFORD Ay, sir.

CADE By her he had two[107] children at one birth.

STAFFORD’S BROTHER That’s false.

CADE Ay, there’s the question:[109] but I say ’tis true:
The elder of them, being put to nurse,[110]
Was by a beggar-woman stol’n away,
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age.
His son am I: deny it if you can.

DICK Nay, ’tis too true: therefore he shall be king.

SMITH Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive[116] at this day to testify it: therefore deny it not.

STAFFORD And will you credit this base drudge's words,
That speaks he knows not what?

ALL Ay, marry, will we: therefore get ye gone.

STAFFORD'S BROTHER Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath taught you this.

CADE He lies, for I invented it myself.— ***Aside***
Aloud Go to,[123] sirrah, tell the king from me, that for his father's sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter[124] for French crowns, I am content he shall reign: but I'll be Protector[125] over him.

DICK And furthermore, we'll have the lord Saye's head for selling the dukedom of Maine.

CADE And good reason: for thereby is England mained,[128] and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance[129] holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you that that Lord Saye hath gelded[130] the commonwealth, and made it an eunuch: and more than that, he can speak French, and therefore he is a traitor.

STAFFORD O gross and miserable[132] ignorance!

CADE Nay, answer if you can: the Frenchmen are our enemies: go to, then, I ask but this: can he that speaks with the tongue[134] of an enemy be a good counsellor, or no?

ALL No, no, and therefore we'll have his head.

STAFFORD'S BROTHER Well, seeing gentle[137] words will not prevail,
Assail them with the army of the king.

STAFFORD Herald, away, and throughout every town
Proclaim them traitors that are up[140] with Cade,
That[141] those which fly before the battle ends
May, even in their wives' and children's sight,
Be hanged up for[143] example at their doors:
And you that be the king's friends, follow me.

Exeunt [Stafford, Stafford's brother and Soldiers]

CADE And you that love the commons, follow me:
Now show yourselves men, 'tis for liberty.
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:
Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon,[148]

For they are thrifty[149] honest men, and such
As would, but that they dare not, take our parts.

DICK They are all in order[151] and march toward us.

CADE But then are we in order when we are most out of order.[152] Come, march forward.

[Exeunt]

[Act 4 Scene 3]

running scene 13 continues

Alarums to the fight, wherein both the Staffords [Stafford and Stafford's brother] are slain. Enter Cade and the rest

CADE Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

DICK Here, sir.

CADE They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behaved'st thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house: therefore thus will I reward thee: the Lent[5] shall be as long again as it is, and thou shalt have a licence to kill for a hundred lacking one.

DICK I desire no more.

CADE And, to speak truth, thou deserv'st no less. This monument[8] of the victory will I bear, ***Putting on Stafford's brigandine***[9] and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse heels till I do come to London, where we will have the Mayor's sword borne before us.

DICK If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the jails and let out the prisoners.

CADE Fear[13] not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London.

Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 4][4.4]

running scene 14

Enter the King [Henry VI] with a supplication, and the Queen [Margaret] with Suffolk's head, the Duke of Buckingham and the Lord Saye

QUEEN MARGARET Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind, ***Aside***
And makes it fearful and degenerate:
Think therefore on revenge and cease to weep.
But who can cease to weep and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast:
But where's the body that I should embrace?

BUCKINGHAM What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication? ***To the King***

KING HENRY VI I'll send some holy bishop to entreat:
For God forbid so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword. And I myself,
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
Will parley[12] with Jack Cade their general.
But stay, I'll read it over once again.

QUEEN MARGARET Ah, barbarous villains! Hath this lovely face ***Aside to Suffolk's head***
Ruled like a wandering[15] planet over me,
And could it not enforce them to relent,
That[17] were unworthy to behold the same?

KING HENRY VI Lord Saye, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.

SAYE Ay, but I hope your highness shall have his.

KING HENRY VI How now, madam?
Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolk's death?
I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldst not have mourned so much for me.

QUEEN MARGARET No, my love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger

KING HENRY VI How now? What news? Why com'st thou in such haste?

MESSENGER The rebels are in Southwark:[26] fly, my lord!

Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,
Descended from the Duke of Clarence’ house,
And calls your grace usurper, openly,
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:
Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother’s death
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed:
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call false caterpillars,[36] and intend their death.

KING HENRY VI O, graceless[37] men: they know not what they do.

BUCKINGHAM My gracious lord, retire to Killingworth,[38]
Until a power[39] be raised to put them down.

QUEEN MARGARET Ah, were the Duke of Suffolk now alive,
These Kentish rebels would be soon appeased.[41]

KING HENRY VI Lord Saye, the traitors hateth thee,
Therefore away with us to Killingworth.

SAYE So[44] might your grace’s person be in danger.
The sight of me is odious in their eyes:
And therefore in this city will I stay
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger

SECOND MESSENGER Jack Cade hath gotten London Bridge.
The citizens fly and forsake their houses:
The rascal people,[50] thirsting after prey,
Join with the traitor, and they jointly swear
To spoil[52] the city and your royal court.

BUCKINGHAM Then linger not, my lord, away, take horse.

KING HENRY VI Come, Margaret: God, our hope, will succour us.

QUEEN MARGARET My hope is gone now Suffolk is deceased. ***Aside***

KING HENRY VI Farewell, my lord: trust not the Kentish rebels. ***To Saye***

BUCKINGHAM Trust nobody, for fear you be betrayed.

SAYE The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute.

Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 5][4.5]

running scene 15

Enter Lord Scales upon the Tower walking. Then enters two or three Citizens below

SCALES How now? Is Jack Cade slain?

FIRST CITIZEN No, my lord, nor likely to be slain: for they have won the bridge,[2] killing all those that withstand them: the Lord Mayor craves[3] aid of your honour from the Tower to defend the city from the rebels.

SCALES Such aid as I can spare you shall command,
But I am troubled here with them myself:
The rebels have assayed to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,[8]
And thither I will send you Matthew Gough.[9]
Fight for your king, your country, and your lives:
And so, farewell, for I must hence again.

Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 6]*

running scene 16

Enter Jack Cade and the rest, and strikes his staff on London Stone

CADE Now is Mortimer lord of this city, and here sitting upon London Stone, I charge and command that, of[2] the city's cost, the Pissing Conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now henceforward it shall be treason for any that calls me other than Lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier running

SOLDIER Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

CADE Knock him down there. *They kill him*

SMITH If this fellow be wise, he'll never call ye Jack Cade more: I think he hath a very fair warning.

DICK My lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

CADE Come then, let's go fight with them: but first, go and set London Bridge on fire, and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away.

Exeunt all

[Act 4 Scene 7][4.7]

running scene 17

Alarums. Matthew Gough is slain, and all the rest [of his followers with him]. Then enter Jack Cade, with his company [including Dick, Smith and Holland]

CADE So, sirs: now go some and pull down the Savoy:[1] others to the Inns of Court: down with them all.

DICK I have a suit unto your lordship.

CADE Be it a lordship,[4] thou shalt have it for that word.

DICK Only that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

HOLLAND Mass, 'twill be sore law, then; ***Aside*** for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole[7] yet.

SMITH ***Aside*** Nay, John, it will be stinking law, for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.

CADE I have thought upon it: it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm: my mouth shall be the Parliament of England.

HOLLAND ***Aside*** Then we are like to have biting[12] statutes, unless his teeth be pulled out.

CADE And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger

MESSENGER My lord, a prize, a prize! Here's the Lord Saye which sold the towns[14] in France. He that made us pay[15] one and twenty fifteens, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.[16]

Enter George [Bevis], with the Lord Saye

CADE Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.— ***To Saye*** Ah, thou say,[17] thou serge, nay, thou buckram[18] lord! Now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty for giving up of Normandy unto Mounsieur Basimecu,[20] the Dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom[21] that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art: thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school: and whereas before, our forefathers had no other books but the score[24] and the tally, thou hast caused printing[25] to be used, and contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually[27] talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison, and because they could not read, thou hast hanged them, when, indeed, only[31] for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride on a foot-cloth,[32] dost thou not?

SAYE What of that?

CADE Marry,[34] thou ought'st not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honester men than thou go in their hose and doublets.[35]

DICK And work in their shirt too, as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

SAYE You men of Kent—

DICK What say you of Kent?

SAYE Nothing but this: 'tis *'bona*[39] *terra, mala gens'*.

CADE Away with him, away with him! He speaks Latin.

SAYE Hear me but speak, and bear[41] me where you will:
Kent, in the commentaries Caesar writ,[42]
Is termed the civil'st place of this isle:
Sweet is the country, because full of riches:
The people liberal,[45] valiant, active, wealthy:
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy,
Yet to recover them would lose my life.
Justice with favour[49] have I always done:
Prayers and tears have moved me, gifts could never.
When have I aught[51] exacted at your hands,
Kent to maintain, the king, the realm and you?
Large gifts have I bestowed on learnèd clerks,[53]
Because my book[54] preferred me to the king.
And seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.

Unless you be possessed with devilish spirits,
You cannot but forbear[58] to murder me:
This tongue hath parleyed unto[59] foreign kings
For your behoof[60]—

CADE Tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the field?[61]

SAYE Great men have reaching[62] hands: oft have I struck
Those that I never saw and struck them dead.

BEVIS O monstrous coward! What, to come behind[64] folks?

SAYE These cheeks are pale for watching[65] for your good.

CADE Give him a box o'th'ear and that will make 'em red again.

SAYE Long sitting[67] to determine poor men's causes
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

CADE Ye shall have a hempen caudle,[69] then, and the help of hatchet.

DICK Why dost thou quiver, man?

SAYE The palsy,[71] and not fear, provokes me.

CADE Nay, he nods at us, as who[72] should say, 'I'll be even with you.' I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no: take him away, and behead him.

SAYE Tell me: wherein have I offended most?
Have I affected[75] wealth or honour? Speak.
Are my chests filled up with extorted gold?
Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injured, that ye seek my death?
These hands are free from guiltless bloodshedding,[79]
This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.
O, let me live!

CADE I feel remorse[82] in myself with his words: ***Aside*** but I'll bridle it: he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life.— ***Aloud*** Away with him: he has a familiar[83] under his tongue: he speaks not a[84] God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently, and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

ALL It shall be done.

SAYE Ah, countrymen, if when you make your prayers,

God should be so obdurate[89] as yourselves,
How would it fare with your departed souls?
And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

CADE Away with him, and do as I command ye.

Exeunt one or two with the Lord Saye

The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute:[94] there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead ere they have it: men shall hold[95] of me *in capite*. And we charge and command that their wives be as free[96] as heart can wish or tongue can tell.

DICK My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside and take[97] up commodities upon our bills?

CADE Marry, presently.

ALL O, brave![100]

Enter one with the heads [of Saye and Cromer on poles]

CADE But is not this braver? ***The heads are made to kiss*** Let them kiss one another, for they loved well when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil[103] of the city until night: for with these borne before us, instead of maces,[104] will we ride through the streets, and at every corner have them kiss. Away!

Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 8][4.8]

running scene 17 continues

Alarum and retreat. Enter again Cade and all his rabblement

CADE Up Fish Street,[1] down St Magnus' Corner, kill and knock down: throw them into Thames!

Sound a parley

What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

Enter Buckingham and old Clifford

BUCKINGHAM Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee:
Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king
Unto the commons whom thou hast misled,
And here pronounce[8] free pardon to them all
That will forsake thee and go home in peace.

CLIFFORD What say ye, countrymen? Will ye relent
And yield to mercy whilst 'tis offered you,
Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?
Who[13] loves the king and will embrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap, and say 'God save his majesty!'
Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake he[17] his weapon at us and pass by. ***The rebels fling up their caps and forsake Cade***

ALL God save the king! God save the king!

CADE What, Buckingham and Clifford, are ye so brave?[19]—

To the rabble And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? Will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart[22] in Southwark? I thought ye would never have given out[23] these arms till you had recovered your ancient freedom. But you are all recreants[24] and dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burdens, take your houses over your heads, ravish[26] your wives and daughters before your faces. For me, I will make shift for one, and so God's curse light upon you all.

ALL We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade! ***They run to Cade again***

CLIFFORD Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth,
That thus you do exclaim you'll go with him?
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest[32] of you earls and dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to:
Nor knows he how to live but by the spoil,[34]
Unless by robbing of your friends and us.
Were't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,[36]
The fearful[37] French, whom you late vanquishèd,
Should make a start[38] o'er seas and vanquish you?
Methinks already in this civil broil[39]
I see them lording it in London streets,
Crying '*Villiago!'*[41] unto all they meet.
Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry[42]
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
To France, to France, and get what you have lost:
Spare England, for it is your native coast:
Henry hath money, you are strong and manly:
God on our side, doubt not of victory.

ALL A[48] Clifford, a Clifford! We'll follow the king and Clifford.

CADE Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro as this multitude? The name of Henry the Fifth hales[50] them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together to surprise[51] me. My sword make way for me, for here is no staying: in despite[52] of the devils and hell, have through the very middest of you: and heavens and honour be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake me[55] to my heels.

Exit

BUCKINGHAM What, is he fled? Go, some, and follow him,
And he that brings his head unto the king
Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.

Exeunt some of them

Follow me, soldiers: we'll devise a mean[59]

To reconcile you all unto the king.

Exeunt all

[Act 4 Scene 9][4.9]

running scene 18

Sound Trumpets. Enter King [Henry VI], Queen [Margaret] and Somerset on the terrace [above]

KING HENRY VI Was ever king that joyed[1] an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle
But I was made a king at nine months old.
Was never subject longed to be a king
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter Buckingham and Clifford

BUCKINGHAM Health and glad tidings to your majesty.

KING HENRY VI Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surprised?[8]
Or is he but retired[9] to make him strong?

Enter [below] Multitudes with halters about their necks

CLIFFORD He is fled, my lord, and all his powers[10] do yield,
And humbly thus with halters on their necks,
Expect[12] your highness' doom of life or death.

KING HENRY VI Then, heaven, set ope[13] thy everlasting gates,
To entertain[14] my vows of thanks and praise.
Soldiers, this day have you redeemed your lives,
And showed how well you love your prince and country:
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be infortunate,[18]
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:
And so, with thanks and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several countries.[21]

ALL God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger

MESSENGER Please it your grace to be advertisèd[23]
The Duke of York is newly[24] come from Ireland,
And with a puissant[25] and a mighty power
Of galloglasses[26] and stout kerns
Is marching hitherward in proud array,[27]

And still[28] proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

KING HENRY VI Thus stands my state,[31] ’twixt Cade and York distressed,
Like to a ship that, having scaped a tempest,
Is straightway calmed[33] and boarded with a pirate.
But now is Cade driven back, his men dispersed,
And now is York in arms to second[35] him.
I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him,
And ask him what’s the reason of[37] these arms:
Tell him I’ll send Duke Edmund[38] to the Tower,
And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be dismissed from him.

SOMERSET My lord,
I’ll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good.

KING HENRY VI In any case, be not too rough in terms,[44]
For he is fierce and cannot brook[45] hard language.

BUCKINGHAM I will, my lord, and doubt not so to deal[46]
As all things shall redound unto[47] your good.

KING HENRY VI Come, wife, let’s in, and learn to govern better,
For yet[49] may England curse my wretched reign.

Flourish. Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 10][4.10]

running scene 19

Enter Cade

CADE Fie[1] on ambitions: fie on myself, that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish.[2] These five days have I hid me in these woods and durst not peep out, for all the country is laid[3] for me: but now am I so hungry that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years I could stay[4] no longer. Wherefore o’er a brick wall have I climbed into this garden, to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet[5] another while,[6] which is not amiss to cool a man’s stomach this hot weather: and I think this word[7] ‘sallet’ was born to do me good: for many a time, but for a sallet, my brain-pan[8] had been cleft with a brown bill: and many a time when I have been dry[9] and bravely marching, it hath served me instead of a quart pot to drink in: and now the word ‘sallet’ must serve me to feed on.

Enter Iden [and his Men]

IDEN Lord, who would live turmoiled[11] in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
This small inheritance my father left me
Contenteth me, and worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax[15] great by others’ waning,
Or gather wealth I[16] care not with what envy:
Sufficeth that[17] I have maintains my state
And sends the poor well pleasèd[18] from my gate.

CADE Here’s the lord[19] of the soil come to seize me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave. Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns of[21] the king by carrying my head to him: but I’ll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin ere thou and I part.

IDEN Why, rude companion,[23] whatsoe’er thou be,
I know thee not: why, then, should I betray thee?
Is’t not enough to break into my garden,
And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,

Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
But thou wilt brave[28] me with these saucy terms?

CADE Brave thee? Ay, by the best blood that ever was broached,[29] and beard thee too. Look on me well: I have eat[30] no meat these five days, yet come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a doornail, I pray God I may never eat grass more.

IDEN Nay, it shall ne’er be said, while England stands,
That Alexander Iden, an esquire[34] of Kent,
Took odds[35] to combat a poor famished man.
Oppose thy steadfast gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canst outface[37] me with thy looks:
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser:
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist,
Thy leg a stick comparèd with this truncheon:[40]
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast,
And if[42] mine arm be heavèd in the air,
Thy grave is digged already in the earth:
As for words, whose[44] greatness answers words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.[45]

CADE By my valour, the most complete[46] champion that ever I heard. Steel, if thou turn the edge,[47] or cut not out the burly-boned clown in chines of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech Jove on my knees thou mayst be turned to hobnails.[48]

Here they fight. [Cade falls]

O, I am slain! Famine and no other hath slain me: let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I’d defy them all. Wither, garden, and be henceforth a burying place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled.

IDEN Is’t Cade that I have slain, that monstrous[53] traitor?
Sword, I will hallow[54] thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o’er my tomb when I am dead.
Ne’er shall this blood be wipèd from thy point,
But thou shalt wear it as a herald’s coat,[57]
To emblaze[58] the honour that thy master got.

CADE Iden, farewell, and be proud of thy victory. Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the world to be cowards: for I that never feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour.

Dies

IDEN How much thou wrong’st me, heaven be my judge:
Die, damnèd wretch, the curse of her that bare[63] thee:
And as I thrust[64] thy body in with my sword,
So wish I I might thrust thy soul to hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
Unto a dunghill which shall be thy grave,
And there cut off thy most ungracious[68] head,
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
Leaving thy trunk[70] for crows to feed upon.

Exeunt [with Cade’s body]

[Act 5 Scene 1][5.1]

running scene 20

Enter York, and his army of Irish, with Drum and Colours

YORK From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right,
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head.
Ring, bells, aloud: burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
To entertain[4] great England's lawful king.
Ah, *sancta majestas!*[5] Who would not buy thee dear?
Let them obey that knows not how to rule.
This hand was made to handle naught but gold.[7]
I cannot give due action to my words,
Except[9] a sword or sceptre balance it.
A sceptre shall it have, have I[10] a soul,
On which I'll toss[11] the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter Buckingham

Whom have we here? Buckingham to disturb me? ***Aside***
The king hath sent him sure: I must dissemble.[13]

BUCKINGHAM York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

YORK Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?[16]

BUCKINGHAM A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,
To know the reason of these arms in peace:
Or why thou, being a subject as I am,
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
Should raise so great a power without his leave,
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

YORK Scarce can I speak, my choler[23] is so great. ***Aside***
O, I could hew up rocks and fight with flint,
I am so angry at these abject[25] terms.
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,[26]
On sheep or oxen could I spend[27] my fury.
I am far better born[28] than is the king:
More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts.
But I must make fair weather[30] yet a while,

Till Henry be more weak and I more strong.—
Buckingham, I prithee pardon me, ***Aloud***
That I have given no answer all this while:
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
The cause why I have brought this army hither
Is to remove proud Somerset from the king,
Seditious to his grace and to the state.
BUCKINGHAM That is too much presumption on thy part:
But if thy arms be to no other end,
The king hath yielded unto thy demand:
The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.
YORK Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?
BUCKINGHAM Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.
YORK Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.
Soldiers, I thank you all: disperse yourselves:
Meet me tomorrow in St George's Field,[46]
You shall have pay and everything you wish.
And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
Command[49] my eldest son, nay, all my sons,
As pledges of my fealty[50] and love,
I'll send them all as willing as I live:
Lands, goods, horse, armour, anything I have,
Is his to use, so[53] Somerset may die.
BUCKINGHAM York, I commend this kind[54] submission:
We twain[55] will go into his highness' tent.
Enter King [Henry VI] and Attendants
KING HENRY VI Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?
YORK In all submission and humility
York doth present himself unto your highness.
KING HENRY VI Then what intends these forces thou dost bring?
YORK To heave the traitor Somerset from hence,
And fight against that monstrous rebel Cade,
Who since I heard to be discomfited.[63]
Enter Iden with Cade's head
IDEN If one so rude[64] and of so mean condition

May pass into the presence of a king,
Lo, I present your grace a traitor’s head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.
KING HENRY VI The head of Cade? Great God, how just art thou!
O, let me view his visage, being dead,
That living wrought[70] me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?
IDEN I was, an’t like[72] your majesty.
KING HENRY VI How art thou called? And what is thy degree?[73]
IDEN Alexander Iden, that’s my name:
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.
BUCKINGHAM So please it you, my lord, ’twere not amiss
He were created knight for his good service.
KING HENRY VI Iden, kneel down. ***Iden kneels and is knighted***
Rise up a knight. ***He rises***
We give thee for reward a thousand marks,[79]
And will[80] that thou henceforth attend on us.
IDEN May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his liege.
[Exit]
Enter Queen [Margaret] and Somerset
KING HENRY VI See, Buckingham, Somerset comes wi’th’queen:
Go bid her hide him quickly from the duke.
QUEEN MARGARET For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand and front[86] him to his face.
YORK How now? Is Somerset at liberty?
Then, York, unloose thy long-imprisoned thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?
False king, why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly[92] I can brook abuse?
King did I call thee? No, thou art not king:
Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Which[95] dar’st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.
That head of thine doth not become[96] a crown:
Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer’s[97] staff,

And not to grace an awful[98] princely sceptre.
That gold must round engirt[99] these brows of mine,
Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,[100]
Is able with the change to kill and cure.
Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,
And with the same to act[103] controlling laws:
Give place: by heaven, thou shalt rule no more
O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler.

SOMERSET O monstrous traitor! I arrest thee, York,
Of capital[107] treason gainst the king and crown:
Obey, audacious traitor, kneel for grace.

YORK Wouldst have me kneel? First let me ask of these,[109]
If they can brook[110] I bow a knee to man.
Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail;

[Exit Attendant]

I know, ere they will have me go to ward,[112]
They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.[113]

QUEEN MARGARET Call hither Clifford: bid him come amain,[114]
To say if that[115] the bastard boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

[Exit Buckingham]

YORK O blood-bespotted[117] Neapolitan,
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge![118]
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail, and bane[120] to those
That for my surety will refuse the boys.

Enter Edward and Richard

See where they come: I'll warrant they'll make it good.

Enter Clifford [and his son Young Clifford]

QUEEN MARGARET And here comes Clifford to deny their bail.

CLIFFORD Health and all happiness to my lord the king. ***Kneeling to Henry, then rising***

YORK I thank thee, Clifford: say, what news with thee?
Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:
We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again:
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

CLIFFORD This is my king, York, I do not mistake:
But thou mistakes me much to think I do:
To Bedlam[131] with him! Is the man grown mad?
KING HENRY VI Ay, Clifford, a bedlam[132] and ambitious humour
Makes him oppose himself against his king.
CLIFFORD He is a traitor: let him to[134] the Tower,
And chop away that factious pate[135] of his.
QUEEN MARGARET He is arrested, but will not obey:
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.
YORK Will you not, sons?
EDWARD Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.
RICHARD And if words will not, then our weapons shall.
CLIFFORD Why, what a brood of traitors have we here?
YORK Look in a glass,[142] and call thy image so.
I am thy king, and thou a false-heart[143] traitor:
Call hither to the stake[144] my two brave bears,
That with the very shaking of their chains
They may astonish[146] these fell-lurking curs:
Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.
Enter the Earls of Warwick and Salisbury
CLIFFORD Are these thy bears? We’ll bait thy bears to death,
And manacle the bearherd[149] in their chains,
If thou dar’st bring them to the baiting place.[150]
RICHARD Oft have I seen a hot o’erweening[151] cur
Run[152] back and bite, because he was withheld:
Who, being suffered[153] with the bear’s fell paw,
Hath clapped his tail between his legs and cried:
And such a piece of service[155] will you do,
If you oppose yourselves[156] to match Lord Warwick.
CLIFFORD Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,[157]
As crooked[158] in thy manners as thy shape!
YORK Nay, we shall heat you[159] thoroughly anon.
CLIFFORD Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.
KING HENRY VI Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?
Old Salisbury, shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad misleader of thy brainsick son!

What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?[165]
O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?
If it be banished from the frosty[167] head,
Where shall it find a harbour[168] in the earth?
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
And shame thine honourable age with blood?
Why art thou old and want'st experience,
Or wherefore dost abuse it if thou hast it?
For shame in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with mickle[174] age.
SALISBURY My lord, I have considered with myself
The title of this most renownèd duke,
And in my conscience do repute[177] his grace
The rightful heir to England's royal seat.
KING HENRY VI Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?
SALISBURY I have.
KING HENRY VI Canst thou dispense with[181] heaven for such an oath?
SALISBURY It is great sin to swear unto a sin:
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath:
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murd'rous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To reave[187] the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring[188] the widow from her customed right,
And have no other reason for this wrong
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?
QUEEN MARGARET A subtle[191] traitor needs no sophister.
KING HENRY VI Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.
YORK Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
I am resolved for death or dignity.[194]
CLIFFORD The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.
WARWICK You were best to go to bed and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.[197]
CLIFFORD I am resolved to bear a greater storm
Than any thou canst conjure up today:

And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,[200]
Might I but know[201] thee by thy household badge.
WARWICK Now by my father's[202] badge, old Neville's crest,
The rampant[203] bear chained to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft[204] my burgonet,
As on a mountain top the cedar shows[205]
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.
CLIFFORD And from thy burgonet I'll rend[208] thy bear
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despite the bearherd that protects the bear.
YOUNG CLIFFORD And so to arms, victorious father,
To quell the rebels and their complices.[212]
RICHARD Fie, charity, for shame! Speak not in spite,
For you shall sup with Jesu Christ tonight.
YOUNG CLIFFORD Foul stigmatic,[215] that's more than thou canst tell.
RICHARD If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell.
Exeunt [severally]

[Act 5 Scene 2]

running scene 21

[Alarums to the battle.] Enter Warwick
WARWICK Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls:
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarum
And dead[4] men's cries do fill the empty air,
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me:
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.
Enter York
How now, my noble lord? What, all afoot?[8]
YORK The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed:
But match to match I have encountered him
And made a prey for carrion kites[11] and crows
Even of the bonny beast he loved so well.
Enter Clifford
WARWICK Of[13] one or both of us the time is come.
YORK Hold, Warwick: seek thee out some other chase,[14]
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.
WARWICK Then, nobly,[16] York: 'tis for a crown thou fight'st:—
As I intend, Clifford, to thrive today,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassailed.
Exit Warwick
CLIFFORD What seest thou in me, York? Why dost thou pause?
YORK With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast[21] mine enemy.
CLIFFORD Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,
But that 'tis shown ignobly and in treason.
YORK So let it help me now against thy sword
As I in justice and true right express it.[25]
CLIFFORD My soul and body on[26] the action both!
YORK A dreadful lay![27] Address thee instantly. ***They fight, and Clifford falls***
CLIFFORD *La[28] fin couronne les oeuvres.* ***Dies***

YORK Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.
Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will.

[Exit]

Enter Young Clifford

YOUNG CLIFFORD Shame and confusion,[31] all is on the rout!
Fear frames[32] disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen[35] bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance. Let no soldier fly.[36]
He that is truly dedicate[37] to war
Hath no self-love:[38] nor he that loves himself
Hath not essentially[39] but by circumstance
The name of valour.— O, let the vile world end, ***Seeing his dead father***
And the premised[41] flames of the last day
Knit[42] earth and heaven together.
Now let the general trumpet[43] blow his blast,
Particularities[44] and petty sounds
To cease. Wast thou ordainèd,[45] dear father,
To lose[46] thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The silver livery[47] of advisèd age,
And in thy reverence and thy chair-days,[48] thus
To die in ruffian battle? Even at this sight
My heart is turned to stone: and while ’tis mine,
It shall be stony. York not our old men spares:
No more will I their babes: tears virginal[52]
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire,[53]
And beauty that the tyrant oft reclaims[54]
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax:[55]
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity.
Meet I an infant of the House of York,
Into as many gobbets[58] will I cut it
As wild Medea young Absyrtus[59] did.
In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford’s house:
As did Aeneas[62] old Anchises bear,

So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders:
But then Aeneas bare[64] a living load,
Nothing so heavy[65] as these woes of mine.
[Exit with Clifford’s body]
Enter Richard and Somerset to fight [Somerset is killed]
RICHARD So lie thou there:
For underneath an ale-house’ paltry sign,
The Castle in St Albans, Somerset
Hath made the wizard[69] famous in his death:
Sword, hold thy temper:[70] heart, be wrathful still:
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill.
[Exit]
Fight. Excursions. Enter King [Henry VI], Queen [Margaret] and others
QUEEN MARGARET Away, my lord, you are slow: for shame, away!
KING HENRY VI Can we outrun the heavens? Good Margaret, stay.[73]
QUEEN MARGARET What are you made of? You’ll nor[74] fight nor fly:
Now is it[75] manhood, wisdom and defence,
To give the enemy way, and to secure us[76]
By what[77] we can, which can no more but fly.
Alarum afar off
If you be ta’en,[78] we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes: but if we haply scape,[79]
As well we may, if not through your neglect,
We shall to London get, where you are loved
And where this breach[82] now in our fortunes made
May readily be stopped.
Enter [Young] Clifford
YOUNG CLIFFORD But that my heart’s on future mischief[84] set,
I would speak blasphemy ere[85] bid you fly:
But fly you must: uncurable discomfit[86]
Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.[87]
Away, for your relief,[88] and we will live
To see their[89] day and them our fortune give.
Away, my lord, away!
Exeunt

[Act 5 Scene 3]

running scene 7

Alarum. Retreat. Enter York, Richard, Warwick and Soldiers, with Drum and Colours

YORK Of Salisbury, who can report of him,
That winter[2] lion, who in rage forgets
Agèd contusions[3] and all brush of time,
And, like a gallant[4] in the brow of youth,
Repairs[5] him with occasion? This happy day
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,[6]
If Salisbury be lost.

RICHARD My noble father:
Three times today I holp[9] him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him:[10] thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any further act:
But still[12] where danger was, still there I met him,
And like rich hangings[13] in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body.
But noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter Salisbury

SALISBURY Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought today:
By th'mass, so did we all. I thank you, Richard.
God knows how long it is I have to live:
And it hath pleased him that three times today
You have defended me from imminent death.
Well, lords, we have not got[21] that which we have:
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being[23] opposites of such repairing nature.

YORK I know our safety[24] is to follow them,
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
To call a present[26] court of parliament:
Let us pursue him ere the writs[27] go forth.
What says Lord Warwick, shall we after them?

WARWICK After them? Nay, before them, if we can:

Now by my hand, lords, ’twas a glorious day.
St Albans battle won by famous York
Shall be eternized[32] in all age to come.
Sound drum and trumpets, and to London all,
And more such days as these to us befall!

Exeunt

Textual Notes

= First Quarto text of 1594
2 = Second Quarto text of 1600
3 = Third Quarto text of 1619
= First Folio text of 1623
2 = a correction introduced in the Second Folio text of 1632
4 = a correction introduced in the Fourth Folio text of 1685
d = a correction introduced by a later editor
D = stage direction
H = speech heading (i.e., speaker’s name)

ist of parts = Ed

HE…HUMPHREY = F. *Printed as* The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of York and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey in Q, Q2 *and* Q3

.1.24–31 Great…minister Q *has the following alternative lines (all alternative Q passages are here edited and modernized):*

Th’excessive love I bear unto your grace
Forbids me to be lavish of my tongue,
Lest I should speak more than beseems a woman:
Let this suffice: my bliss is in your liking,
And nothing can make poor Margaret miserable,
Unless the frown of mighty England’s King.

49 SD *Lets…fall* *derived from Q’s direction:* Duke *Humphrey* lets it fall **90 had** = Ed. F = hath **98 Razing** = Ed. F = Racing **129 SH GLOUCESTER** = Ed. F = *Hum./Glo. (throughout)* **166 hoist** *spelled* hoyse *in* F **175 Protector** = Q. F = Protectors **253 in my** = Ed. F = in in my **254 grapple** = F, Q3. Q = graffle, *although there is no record of it in the* OED

.2.19 thought = F. Ed = hour **22 dreams** = F (dreames). Ed = dream **38 are** = Q. F = wer **75 witch** = F. Q = witch of Ely. Q3 = witch of Rye. Ed = witch of Eye

.3.4 SH FIRST PETITIONER = F4. F = *Peter. In agreement with the Textual Companion that the First Petitioner must have pushed forward to warrant his apology, "Peter" and "Petitioner" being easily confused; other editors defend* F **22 master** = Ed. F = Mistresse **23 usurper** = F. Q = usurer **58 haughty** = F (haughtie). F2 = haught **80 the** = F. Ed = their **90** *At this point* F *has an exit direction for Suffolk, yet he contributes to the following discussion; therefore his exit direction has been removed* **94 denied** = Ed. F = denay'd **115 dauphin** = Ed. F = Dolphin **132 I'd** = Q. F = I could **140 fury** = Ed. F = Fume. *However, the emendation better fits the metre and the mistake can be explained as a minim error* **177 SH HORNER** = Ed. F = *Armorer* **190 judge** = F. Ed = judge by case **203–5 Away**…**away** = F. *The following alternative lines are spoken by Gloucester in* Q, *where the action takes place before Queen Margaret drops her glove (as opposed to* F*'s fan):*

The law my lord is this by case, it rests suspicious
That a day of combat be appointed
And there to try each other's right or wrong
Which shall be on the thirtieth of this month,
With Eben staves and standbags combatting
In Smithfield before your royal majesty.

The reference to "Eben staves" and "standbags" might refer to the remembered performance of the scene

.4.20 SH ASNATH = Ed. F = *Spirit* **21 SH MARGARET JORDAN** = Ed. F = *Witch* **36–7 Descend**…**avoid** = F. Q *has the following longer alternative:*

Then down, I say, unto the damnèd pool,
Where Pluto in his fiery wagon sits
Riding, amidst the singed and parchèd smokes,
The road of Ditis by the River Styx.
There howl and burn for ever in those flames.
Rise, Jordan, rise, and stay thy charming spells.
Zounds, we are betrayed!

6–7 The…death *some editors move the reading aloud of the prophecies to the next scene, following* Q, *which also assigns them to King Henry*

.1.27 such = F. Ed = some **52 SH CARDINAL…you**. = Ed. F = Cardinall, I am with you. F *presents the line as a continuation of Gloucester's speech rather than a response from the cardinal* **65 SH TOWNSMAN** = Ed. F = *One* **136 his** = Q. F = it,

.2.35 Philippa = Ed. F = *Phillip* **46–7 who**…**son** = Ed. F's *lines are considered unmetrical and nonsensical:*

Who was to Edmond Langley,
Edward the thirds fift Sonnes Sonne;

.3.3 sins = Ed. F = sinne **65** *After the First Prentice* Q *inserts a third prentice who speaks the following line:* Here, Peter, here's a pint of claret wine for thee. Q *also adds the following extra line at the beginning of* F's *"Second" Prentice's line:* And here's a quart for me.

.1.0 SD *Enter…parliament* = F. Q *has the following stage direction, which may reflect contemporary performance:*

Enter to the parliament. Enter two heralds before, then the Duke of Buckingham, and the Duke of Suffolk, and then the Duke of York, and the Cardinal of Winchester, and then the King and the Queen, and then the Earl of Salisbury, and the Earl of Warwick.

78 wolves = F. Ed = wolf **117 disbursèd** = Ed. F = dis-pursed *which is now archaic* **264 deceit** = F. Ed = conceit **329 For** = F. Ed = From

.2.0 SD *Enter…Humphrey* = F. Q = Then the curtains being drawn, Duke Humphrey is discovered in his bed, and two men lying on his breast and smothering him in his bed. And then enter the Duke of Suffolk to them. **14 Away…gone** = F. Q = Then draw the curtains again and get you gone. Ed = Then draw the curtains close; away, be gone! **SD *Sound…Attendants*** F’s *original direction includes an entry for Suffolk, who is already onstage, and is therefore omitted here* **26 Meg** = Ed. F = *Nell* **76 leper** = Ed. F = Leaper **80 Dame** = F. Ed = Queen Margaret = Ed. F = *Elianor* **101 Margaret** = Ed. F = *Elianor* **117 witch** = Ed. F = watch **121 Margaret** = Ed. F = *Elinor* **203 SD [*Exeunt…Somerset*]** *the direction “Exit Cardinal” is found in* Q; *editors add an exit direction for Somerset here because he has no further activity in the scene* **232 SD *Exeunt…Warwick*** *based on* Q*’s direction:* Warwick pulls him out. Exit Warwick and Suffolk. F = *Exeunt* Q’s stage direction continues: *and then all the Commons within, cries, “Down with Suffolk, down with Suffolk.”* This presumably represents original performance, and it is on this basis that some editors have decided to insert stage directions and/or spoken lines for Commons

79 SH COMMONS = Ed. *Not in* F **309 enemies** = Q. F = enemy. *Privileging* Q *over* F *results in agreement with “them” in the following line* **311 Could** = Q. F = Would. *Emendation directed by the editorial tradition in response to the repeated use of “would” in the following line* **319 Mine** = F. Q = My on = Ed. F = an **333 turn** = Ed. F = turnes **335 the** = F. Q = this **345 these** = F. Ed = these lips **410 SD [*She kisses him*]** = Q. *Not in* F **415 SD *severally*** = Q. *Not in* F

.3.0 SD *to…bed* = F. Q = *and then the curtains be drawn, and the Cardinal is discovered in his bed, raving and staring as if he were mad*

.1.0 SD *a Master…prisoners* *based on Q’s stage direction:* Alarms within, and the chambers be discharged, like as it were a fight at sea. And then enter the Captain of the ship and the Master, and the Master’s Mate, and the Duke of Suffolk disguised, and others with him, and Walter Whickmore **1 SH LIEUTENANT** = F. Q = *Captain* **6 Clip** = Ed. F = Cleape **20 SH WHITMORE** = Ed. *In* F *these lines continue the Lieutenant’s speech* **32 death** = F. Ed = thee **48 Jove…I** = Q. *Not in* F; *justified by the Lieutenant’s following line* **50 Obscure…blood** = F. *Editors often reassign this line to Suffolk, arguing that he is distinguishing between himself and the Lieutenant. However,* F’s *reading can be supported as a slight on Suffolk by the Lieutenant, and by Whitmore’s subsequent line in response to Suffolk’s speech where he refers directly to Suffolk as “swain”* lousy = F (lowsie). Ed = lowly **72 SH SUFFOLK** = Ed. F = Sir; *presumed compositor misreading of “Suf” or “S” or “Su”* **73 SH LIEUTENANT** = Ed. F = Lord; *presumed compositor misreading of “Lieu” or “L”* **79 shalt** = Q. F = shall **87 mother’s** bleeding = Ed. F = Mother-bleeding **95 are** = Ed. F = and **114 Thy…me** Q *has an extra line at this point attributed to the “Captain,”* F’s *Lieutenant:* Ay, but my deeds shall stay thy fury soon. *Some editions print the following:* But my deeds, Suffolk, soon shall stay thy rage. **134 SH SUFFOLK** = Ed. *In* F *this line is spoken by the Lieutenant, but Suffolk’s “That” appears to refer to it as his own*

.2.0, 22 SD *with long staves* = Q. *Not in* F **24 SH DICK** = Ed. F = *But*. **25 fail** = F. Ed = fall, *on the grounds that Cade is punning on his name, Latin* “cadere” *meaning “to fall”* **34 SH SMITH** = Ed. F = *Weaver* **62 SD *Chartham*** = Ed. Q = *Chattam. Both are places in the southeast of England*

76 an = F2. F = a **79 SD** *Michael* = F. Q = *Tom*. Ed = a messenger **88 Mortimer** *at this point in* Q *Cade also knights Dick the butcher*

.4.21 mourning for = F, Q. Ed = mourning **42 traitors** = F. Ed = trait'rous rabble **48 hath** = F. Q = hath almost **57 be** betrayed = F2. F = **betraid**

.6.7 SH SMITH = Ed. F = *But*.

.7.6 SH HOLLAND = Ed. F = Iohn. *In this edition the character labelled "John" is identified as "John Holland" and therefore assigned the speech heading "Holland," rather than identifying him as a new character, as in other editions* **32 on** = Q. F = in **40 Away**…**Latin** = F. *In place of this* Q *has the following lines:*

CADE 'Bonum terrum'. Zounds, what is that?

DICK He speaks French.

WILL No, 'tis Dutch.

NICK No, 'tis Outalian: I know it well enough.

52 Kent = F. Ed = But **69 caudle** = F4. F = Candle help of = F. Ed = health o'th' **84** *At this point* Q *adds the following detail taken from the* Chronicles: to the Standard in Cheapside **85** Q *again adds the following detail, again present in the* Chronicles: go to Mile End Green **95 men** = F. Q = Married men **96** *At this point* Q *has the following additional lines, thought to be an authorial addition to the promptbook by some editors*:

Enter Robin

ROBIN O captain, London Bridge is afire!

CADE Run to Billingsgate and fetch pitch and flax and squench it.

Enter Dick and a Sergeant

SERGEANT Justice, justice, I pray you, sir, let me have justice of this fellow here.

CADE Why, what has he done?

SERGEANT Alas, sir, he has ravished my wife.

BUTCHER Why, my lord, he would have 'rested me and I went and entered my action in his wife's paper house.

CADE Dick, follow thy suit in her common place. You whoreson villain, you are a sergeant — you'll take any man by the throat for twelvepence, and 'rest a man when he's at dinner, and have him to prison ere the meat be out of his mouth. Go, Dick, take him hence: cut out his tongue for cogging, hough him for running, and, to conclude, brave him with his own mace.

Exit [Butcher] with the Sergeant

99 *Additional lines at this point in Q for Cade:* He that will lustily stand to it shall go with me and take up these commodities following: item, a gown, a kirtle, a petticoat, and a smock.

Act 4 Scene 8] *there is no scene break at this point in* Q. *Some editors explain the apparent scene break in* F *as necessary in order to waste space at the end of the page due to incorrectly cast-off copy*.

.8.12 rabble = F. Ed = rebel **28 SD *They…again*** = Q. *Not in* F

.9.33 calmed = F4. F = calme **34 dispersed** = Ed. F = dispierc'd

.10.4 o'er = Ed. F = on **15 waning** = Ed. F = warning **48 Jove** = F. Q = God

.1.10 soul = F. Ed = sword **30–1 But**…**strong** = F. *In place of these lines* Q *has the following:*

But York dissemble, till thou meet thy sons,
Who now in arms expect their father's sight,
And not far hence I know they cannot be.

70 trouble Q *adds the following lines:*

A visage stern, coal-black his curlèd locks,
Deep trenchèd furrows in his frowning brow,
Presageth warlike humours in his life.

83 wi'th'queen = Ed. F = with th'Queen **109 these** = Ed. F = thee **111 sons** = Q. F = sonne **113 for** = F2. F = of **149 bearherd** = Ed. F = Berard **194 or** = Ed. F = and **201 household** = Q. F = housed. F2 = house's **210 bearherd** = Ed. F = Bearard

.2.0 SD [*Alarums…battle*] = Q. *Not in* F **62 As**…**mine** = F. Q *includes a confrontation between Young Clifford and Richard in place of* F*'s lines:*

[YOUNG CLIFFORD] And thus as old Anchises' son did bear
His agèd father on his manly back,
And fought with him against the bloody Greeks,
Even so will I. But stay, here's one of them,
To whom my soul hath sworn immortal hate.

Enter RICHARD, and then [*YOUNG*] *CLIFFORD lays down his father, fights with him, and Richard flies away again*.

Out, crookback villain, get thee from my sight,
But I will after thee, and once again
When I have borne my father to his tent,
I'll try my fortune better with thee yet.

Exit Young Clifford with his father

.3.1 SH YORK *York has four lines in* Q *which precede his speech in* F:

How now, boys: fortunate this fight hath been,

I hope to us and ours, for England’s good,
And our great honour, that so long we lost
Whilst faint-heart Henry did usurp our rights:

Act 1 Scene 1

1.1 ***Location:*** *the royal court, London* ***Flourish*** trumpet fanfare accompanying a person in authority ***hautboys*** oboe-like instruments

2 **had in charge** was commanded **depart** departure

3 **procurator to** deputy, representative for

4 **marry** i.e., by proxy, on the king’s behalf **for** on behalf of

5 **Tours** a city southwest of Orléans, located at the junction of the Rivers Cher and Loire

6 **Sicil** Sicily

7 **Calaber** Calabria, a region of southern Italy **Bretagne** Brittany

9 **espoused** married

14 **shadow** image, reflection

15 **happiest** most fortunate **marquis** i.e., Suffolk

18 **kinder** more natural, affectionate

23 **sympathy** harmony, mutual feeling

25 **mutual conference** intimate conversation

27 **beads** i.e., prayers, said over a Catholic rosary (beads used as prompts in the reciting of prayers)

28 **alderliefest** most beloved

29 **salute** address/greet

30 **ruder** unaccomplished, unpolished **wit** skill, intellect

31 **minister** supply, provide

32 **Her sight** the sight of her

33 **yclad** decked out, clothed

34 **wond’ring** marveling, admiring

39 **Protector** surrogate ruler of the realm, while the new king was too young to reign (Henry VI had inherited the throne as a baby) **so** if

40 **articles** terms, conditions **contracted** formally agreed

42 **concluded** resolved, settled

43 ***Imprimis*** “in the first place” (Latin)

46 **ere** before

48 ***Item*** “likewise” (Latin)

52 **qualm** sudden feeling of nausea/fit of misgiving

53 **that** so that

54 **Uncle** technically, Henry’s great-uncle

57 **of** at **proper** personal

61 **gird** invest (with the title)

62 **Cousin** a common form of address used among nobles

63 **regent** one who rules in the king’s absence

65 **full** fully

69 **entertainment** hospitality **princely** royal

70 **provide** prepare

72 **Brave** noble, splendid/valiant

75 **Henry** i.e., Henry V

77 **lodge** dwell, sleep

81 **policy** skillful political strategy

86 **Council** i.e., the Privy Council of the king’s ministers and advisers

89 **awe** subjection, dread

94 **counsel** advice, plans

95 **league** union, alliance

96 **fame** honor, reputations

98 **Razing** erasing **characters** written records

99 **monuments** records, memorials

100 **as** as though

102 **peroration** rhetorical speech **circumstance** elaborate details

108 **large style** grand title

110 **him…all** i.e., Christ

112 **wherefore** why

120 ***Mort Dieu!*** “God’s death!” (a French oath)

121 **For** as for **suffocate** suffocated (puns on **Suffolk**)

123 **rent** ripped up

128 **match** marry **vantages** advantages, assets

129 **proper** fine, resounding

130 **fifteenth** tax of one fifteenth of the value of income or property

134 **hot** angry, worked-up

135 **pleasure** will, desire

141 **ancient** former, long-standing

142 **Lordings** my lords

148 **next of blood** next in line (to the throne; Henry VI does not, at this point, have children, and Gloucester is his father’s brother)

151 **wealthy…west** i.e., Spanish possessions in the Americas (an anachronism)

153 **smoothing** flattering, ingratiating, plausible

160 **flattering gloss** deceptively attractive appearance

163 **He** i.e., Henry VI

167 **brook** tolerate

168 **presently** immediately

171 **haughty** proud, aspiring

173 **Than** than that of

175 **Or** either

177 **Pride** i.e., the cardinal **ambition** i.e., Buckingham and Somerset

178 **preferment** advancement

179 **Behoves it** it is appropriate for

180 **I…but** I have always seen that

181 **him** himself

184 **stout** arrogant, haughty **as** as if

185 **demean** behave, conduct

188 **plainness** openness, frankness **housekeeping** hospitality

190 **Excepting none but** with the exception only of that shown to

191 **brother** brother-in-law (York was married to Salisbury’s sister, Cecily Neville)

193 **late** recent

197 **bridle** control, restrain

200 **cherish** encourage, nurture

201 **tend** promote, encourage, tend to

203 **common** communal, general

204 **cause** i.e., as one with a claim to the throne

205 **look…main** see to the most important business at hand (from the dice game of hazard where the “main” was the successful throw)

206 **Maine** French province lost as part of the recent treaty

207 **main** sheer

213 **tickle** precarious

214 **concluded** settled, decided

216 **change** exchange

218 **thine** your inheritance (York addresses himself)

219 **make…pillage** barter their booty for virtually nothing

220 **purchase friends** i.e., through such generosity courtesans prostitutes; plays on the original meaning “one attached to the court of a prince”

221 **Still** continually

222 **While as** while **silly** helpless

223 **hapless** unfortunate

224 **trembling** frightened **aloof** to one side (unable to intervene)

226 **Ready** about

230 **proportion** relation

231 **Althaea…Calydon** in Greek mythology, it was prophesied that Meleager, Prince of Calydon, would only live for as long as a log burned in the fire; his mother, Althaea, snatched the brand out, but cast it back into the flames when, years later, Meleager killed her brothers

237 **Nevilles’** i.e., Salisbury and Warwick’s

240 **mark** target

241 **Lancaster** i.e., Henry VI

242 **childish** Henry was only nine months old when he was crowned

243 **diadem** crown

244 **church-like humours** pious disposition

245 **still** quiet, patient **time do serve** an opportunity arises

246 **Watch** remain awake/be on guard

248 **surfeiting** overindulging

249 **dear-bought** expensive, obtained at too high a price

250 **at jars** into conflict, discord

251 **milk-white rose** emblem of the House of York

253 **standard** military banner, battle flag

254 **grapple** struggle, wrestle

255 **force perforce** through violence, by compulsion

256 **bookish** studious (perhaps with particular reference to religious texts)

Act 1 Scene 2

1.2 ***Location:*** *the residence of the Duke of Gloucester*

2 **Ceres** Roman goddess of agriculture and the harvest

4 **As** as though

5 **sullen** drab, somber, dull in color

8 **Enchased** adorned, decorated as with jewels

9 **grovel** lie facedown, prostrate

12 **is't** is your arm

16 **vouchsafe** allow

18 **canker** infection, ulcer

19 **imagine ill** formulate evil plans

21 **breathing** breath

22 **this night** last night

23 **requite** repay, recompense

24 **rehearsal** recounting **morning's dream** according to popular belief, morning dreams were supposed to tell the truth

25 **staff** formal rod of office **office-badge** badge of office

26 **twain** two

32 **an argument** proof, evidence

33 **breaks…grove** i.e., damages Gloucester in the slightest

35 **list** listen

38 **chair** throne

41 **chide** rebuke

42 **ill-nurtured** ill-mannered, poorly bred

44 **of** by

46 **compass** scope, limit

47 **hammering** thinking insistently on/devising

51 **choleric** angry (choler was one of the four bodily humors thought to govern temperament)

52 **but** only

54 **checked** scolded

57 **St Albans** town about twenty-five miles north of London

58 **Where as** where **hawk** hunt with trained hawks

60 **presently** immediately/shortly

62 **base** unambitious, lowly

67	**pageant**	spectacle, entertainment
68	**Sir**	conventional form of address for clergymen
71	**grace**	the correct term of address for a duchess
73	**multiplied**	amplified, increased
75	**cunning**	skilled in magic
76	**conjurer**	magician, one who conjures spirits
81	**propounded**	asked of, put to
88	**Marry**	by the Virgin Mary
89	**mum**	silence
93	**flies**	that flies, comes
	coast	quarter, source
97	**aspiring humour**	ambitious frame of mind
99	**buzz**	whisper
	conjurations	incantations
100	**broker**	agent, go-between
102	**go near**	come close
105	**wrack**	wreck, ruin
106	**attainture**	conviction for treason
107	**Sort…will**	however it falls out

Act 1 Scene 3

1.3 ***Location:*** *the royal court, London* *Petitioners* those with formal requests to make to those in authority ***armourer's man*** servant or apprentice to a maker of armor

1 **My masters** gentlemen close near one another as a group

2 **in the quill** as a group; possibly “in their written forms”

3 **protect** plays on the title of **Lord Protector**

4 **a** he

8 **wouldst** do you want

12 **an't** if it

13 **man** servant, agent

15 **enclosing the commons** fencing in common land available to all and converting it to private use

22 **forsooth** in truth

25 **pursuivant** state messenger with the power to execute warrants

29 **sue to** entreat

30 **cullions** rogues, wretches

32 **guise** manner, style

33 **fashions** customs, practices

35 **Albion** ancient name for England

38 **style** mode of address, formal title

40 **Pole** de la Pole, Suffolk's family name

41 **ran'st a-tilt** took part in a jousting tournament

44 **proportion** physical form

45 **bent** directed

46 **number** count **Ave-Maries** Hail Marys, prayers frequently recited over a rosary **beads** rosary

47 **champions** most admired combatants/defenders, those who fight on behalf of another

48 **saws** sayings, maxims

49 **tilt-yard** tournament ground

50 **brazen images** bronze statues

51 **college…cardinals** highest council of the Catholic Church, responsible for electing new Popes

53 **triple crown** i.e., the crown worn by the Pope

54 **state** status **his holiness** plays on the Pope’s official title

57 **work** enable, effect

60 **not…But** even the least of them

64 **simple** ordinary, humble

67 **sweeps it** parades, struts

69 **Strangers** foreigners

70 **bears…back** i.e., dresses in a magnificent style **revenues** wealth, income

73 **Contemptuous** contemptible/scornful **callet** whore

74 **vaunted** boasted **minions** favorites

75 **worst wearing** most unfashionable

76 **better worth** worth more

77 **Till…daughter** before Suffolk handed over two dukedoms (Anjou and Maine) as part of the dowry from Henry VI

78 **limed a bush** created a trap (from the process of smearing twigs with birdlime, a sticky substance used to catch birds)

79 **enticing birds** i.e., decoys

80 **light** alight **lays** songs

84 **fancy** favor, incline to

87 **late complaint** i.e., Peter’s allegation that his master said York was the rightful heir to the throne

88 **make…benefit** do him little service

89 **weed** uproot, weed out ***sennet*** trumpet call signaling a procession

92 **Or** either

93 **ill demeaned** badly conducted

94 **regentship** position of ruling in France on the king’s behalf

100 **field** battlefield

101 **presence** royal reception chamber, presence of the king

107 **censure** judgment, opinion

112 **leave** stop, give up

115 **dauphin** title of the French king’s eldest son, heir to the throne (here used to refer to Charles VII as the English considered Henry VI the rightful King of France) prevailed gained in strength and influence

117 **bondmen** slaves

118 **racked** ruined, exhausted (through taxation) **bags** moneybags

119 **lank** shrunken

121 **treasury** money

125 **offices** official functions, positions

126 **suspect** suspicion

127 **hop…head** be beheaded, executed

128 **minion** hussy, servant

129 **cry you mercy** beg your pardon (sarcastic)

132 **set…commandments** i.e., scratch with my fingernails

133 **against her will** unintentional, a mistake

134 **Look to't** beware

135 **hamper** obstruct, fetter **dandle** pamper, pet

136 **most master** the greatest master (i.e., the queen)

139 **listen after** watch out for

140 **tickled** vexed, provoked

145 **objections** accusations

150 **meetest** the most suitable

152 **election** choice **give me leave** permit me

156 **for…pride** because my self-respect will not allow me to flatter you/because I cannot flatter your pride

159 **discharge** payment **furniture** military equipment

163 **fouler fact** more wicked deed, crime

166 **Image** embodiment

169 **for** of being

170 **what** who

177 **An't** if it

179 **ten bones** i.e., fingers **garret** turret, watchtower

180 **scouring** cleaning

181 **mechanical** manual worker, laborer

186 **prentice** apprentice **correct** punish

190 **doom** judgment, sentence

192 **this** i.e., the business involving Peter and Horner

194 **convenient** appropriate, suitable

202 **Sirrah** sir (used to an inferior) **or** either

Act 1 Scene 4

1.4 ***Location:*** *the residence of the Duke of Gloucester*

3 **therefore provided** equipped to that end

4 **exorcisms** conjuring up of spirits ***aloft*** i.e., on the upper staging level or gallery

11 **said** done **gear** business, matter

14 **Troy…fire** under cover of darkness the city of Troy was set on fire and destroyed by the Greeks, who had entered the city concealed in the Trojan horse

15 **screech-owls** barn owls, so-named from their discordant cry and considered birds of ill omen **bandogs** fierce tied-up watchdogs

16 **up** open, out of

19 **make fast** secure, restrain **hallowed verge** magic circle ***belonging*** necessary, appropriate ***'Conjuro te'*** "I conjure you" (Latin; the beginning of an invocation) ***Asnath*** an anagram of "Sathan," i.e., Satan ***riseth*** presumably through a trapdoor

20 ***Adsum*** "I am here" (Latin)

23 **that** that which

25 **that** i.e., would that (I wish that)

34 **mounted** situated on a mount

37 **False** treacherous **avoid** be gone

38 **trash** rubbish, paraphernalia

39 **Beldam** hag, witch **at an inch** very closely

41 **piece of pains** trouble you have taken

43 **guerdoned** rewarded **deserts** deserving deeds

45 **Injurious** insulting **threatest** threatens

47 **clapped up close** securely locked up

48 **asunder** apart

49 **to** with

50 **trinkets** trifles, rubbish (used for conjuring) **all forthcoming** safe and ready to be produced as evidence in court

53 **pretty** artful, cunning **plot** scheme/plot of land

54 **devil's writ** as opposed to "holy writ," i.e., Scripture

58 **just** exactly

59 ***'Aio…posse'*** words spoken by the oracle at Delphi to Pyrrhus when he asked whether he would conquer Rome; they may be interpreted to mean either “I proclaim that you, the descendant of Aeacus, can conquer the Romans” or “I proclaim that the Romans can conquer you, the descendant of Aeacus”

68 **hardly attained** obtained with difficulty

69 **hardly** barely

70 **in progress** on a state journey or procession

75 **post** messenger

78 **sup** take supper ***severally*** separately

Act 2 Scene 1

2.1 ***Location:*** *St. Albans (a town about twenty-five miles north of London)* ***hallooing*** calling out to the dogs

1 **flying…brook** hunting waterfowl by using dogs to drive the birds from the bankside bushes so that trained hawks might swoop upon them

2 **these…day** for the last seven years, i.e., for a long time (proverbial)

4 **And…out** i.e., the odds were against the hawk Joan being able to fly (letting birds out in a high wind risked losing them)

5 **point** advantageous position from which to swoop on the fowl

6 **pitch** height (literally, the highest point in a falcon’s flight)

8 **fain of** inclined to, fond of

9 **an it like** if it please

10 **tower** soar in circling movements to the highest point

11 **aloft** up high, dominant

16 **how…that** what do you mean by that

21 **Pernicious** destructive, wicked

22 **smooth’st it** flatters, speaks plausibly

24 **peremptory** unchallengeable, overbearing

25 ***Tantaene…irae?*** “Is there so much anger in heavenly minds?” (Latin; from Virgil’s *Aeneid*, 1.11)

26 **hot** hot-tempered, angry

36 **whet not on** do not encourage

37 **blessèd…earth** biblical; the king cites Matthew 5:9

41 **Marry** by the Virgin Mary

42 **Make…matter** do not bring any of your supporters into the business

43 **abuse** wrongdoing, insult (to me)

44 **peep** appear, show your face **an if** if

48 **your man** i.e., the falconer **put up** raised, provoked from cover into flight

49 **had had** would have had **two-hand sword** long, heavy sword

51 **Are ye advised?** Do you understand?

55 **God’s mother** i.e., the Virgin Mary **crown** the tonsure, the shaved crown of a priest’s head

56 **fence** fencing skills, swordsmanship

57 ***Medice*, *teipsum*** “Physician, heal thyself” (Latin; from the Bible, Luke 4:23)

59 **stomachs** tempers, angry appetites

61 **jar** sound discordant

62 **compound** settle

67 **Forsooth** in truth **Saint Alban’s shrine** allegedly the first Christian martyr in England, Saint Alban was executed in the early fourth century for sheltering Christian converts ***brethren*** members of the town corporation

74 **earthly vale** i.e., the earth, the mortal world

75 **by…multiplied** i.e., as he will be subject to more temptations

78 **circumstance** details

85 **thou…told** you would have been in a better position to say so (i.e., that he had been blind from birth)

87 **Berwick** Berwick-upon-Tweed, town on the border between Scotland and England

89 **unhallowed pass** i.e., pass without saying your prayers **unhallowed** unholy

90 **still** continually

92 **of** out of, from

96 **offer** make an offering

102 **fall…tree** “climbing a plum tree” could be euphemistic for copulation

107 **But that** only that time, once

109 **Mass** by the (religious) Mass

110 **damsons** plays on sense of “testicles”

111 **climb** play son sense of “mount sexually”

112 **subtle** crafty **shall not serve** will not hold, suffice

113 **wink** close your eyes

114 **yet** still

116 **Say’st…so** do you say so

122 **many** multitude

134 **several** various of between

135 **nominate** name

136 **cunning** skill

139 **beadles** parish constables

142 **presently** immediately

143 **straight** straightaway

144 **by and by** immediately
146 **alone** unsupported
150 **doublet** close-fitting jacket
152 **bearest** (do you) endure it
154 **drab** whore
161 **towns** i.e., the French towns given away as part of Margaret’s dowry
164 **sort** gang **naughty** wicked, villainous **lewdly bent** bent on evil
165 **Under…confederacy** supported by and in collusion with
167 **rout** gang, crowd
168 **practised** plotted
170 **apprehended…fact** caught in the act, arrested as they committed the crime
172 **Demanding of** asking about
174 **at large** at length
176 **forthcoming yet** in custody, awaiting trial
177 **turned** blunted
178 **like** likely **hour** appointed time
179 **leave to afflict** stop tormenting
182 **meanest groom** humblest servingman
184 **confusion** destruction, devastation
185 **tainture** defilement
186 **look** make sure, take care
189 **how it stands** the full circumstances
192 **conversed** kept company, associated
193 **like to pitch** resembling pitch (a black, tarlike substance)
201 **poise** weigh, balance **cause** court case
202 **beam stands sure** scales are evenly balanced

Act 2 Scene 2

2.2 ***Location:*** *York's private garden*

3 **close** secluded, private

19 **Richard** i.e., Richard II

26 **Pomfret** Pontefract, near York

32 **issue** offspring

38 **Edmund** i.e., Edmund Mortimer, fifth Earl of March, declared heir presumptive by Richard II

39 **This Edmund** following an error in the historical sources he used, Shakespeare now confuses Edmund Mortimer with his uncle of the same name, the man who was captured by the Welsh rebel leader **Owen Glendower** but went on to marry Glendower's daughter and fight on the rebel side

42 **Who** i.e., Glendower **captivity…died** another error

54 **proceedings** line of descent

57 **issue** descendants, line of descent **fails** dies out, comes to an end

59 **slips** cuttings **stock** tree

61 **plot** ground

65 **We** York uses the royal pronoun

66 **that** until the time that

68 **suddenly** immediately/impetuously

69 **with advice** advisedly, prudently

71 **Wink at** shut your eyes to, ignore

81 **Neville** Warwick's family name

83 **but** except for

Act 2 Scene 3

2.3 ***Location:*** *London, a place of judgment (exact location unspecified)*

4 **God's book** i.e., the Bible **adjudged to** judged in advance to be worthy of

7 **Smithfield** area in the City of London; the customary place for the execution of heretics

8 **strangled** i.e., hanged

9 **for** because

10 **Despoilèd** stripped, deprived in i.e., for the rest of

11 **open** public

13 **With** i.e., in the custody of **Isle of Man** small island off the northwest coast of England

14 **were** would be

16 **justify** excuse

21 **would** desires, would have

22 **Stay** wait

23 **staff** the official symbol of the Protector's role

24 **God…feet** Henry draws on the words of several Psalms

25 **stay** support

28 **of years** of maturity

29 **be to be** need to be

31 **king his** king's

41 **bears…maim** suffers such a serious injury **pulls** wrenches

43 **raught** seized

45 **pine** possibly alludes to the emblem adopted by Henry IV, Gloucester's father **sprays** branches (offspring)

46 **her youngest days** its prime

47 **let him go** i.e., forget him

49 **appellant** challenger, accuser

50 **lists** designated combat area

52 **purposely therefore** specifically for that reason

54 **A** in **fit** prepared

56 **bestead** prepared ***Drum*** drummer ***staff…it*** a basic but potentially vicious type of weapon

59 **sack** type of Spanish sweet white wine

61 **charneco** sweet Portuguese wine, a kind of port

62 **double** very strong

64 **pledge** toast **fig** from old Spanish *figo;* exclamation of contempt, often accompanied by an obscene gesture that consisted of thrusting the thumb between the index and middle fingers

71 **deal** fight

72 **fence** fencing

79 **touching** concerning

80 **take my death** stake my life on it

81 **have at thee** i.e., here I come (standard utterance at the opening of a fight) **downright** forthright, literally “vertically downward”

82 **Dispatch** get on with it **double** slur (perhaps plays on the sense of “deceive”)

83 **alarum** trumpet call to arms

85 **in…way** in between you and your master/hindering your master

87 **presence** i.e., of the king

93 **he** i.e., Horner

Act 2 Scene 4

2.4 ***Location:*** *a London street*
2 **evermore succeeds** always follows
4 **fleet** pass swiftly away
9 **Uneath** not easily flinty hard, stony
11 **abrook** endure
12 **abject** base, lowly
13 **envious** malicious
14 **erst** formerly **proud** splendid, luxurious **chariot-wheels…triumph** the image is of a glorious military victor returning home in ceremony ***verses…back*** wrongdoers undertaking public penance were required to wear papers listing their crimes ***taper*** candle
22 **giddy** fickle, unstable, heady, excited
23 **throw** turn, cast
24 **hateful** hate-filled
25 **closet** private chamber rue pity, grieve for
26 **ban** curse
32 **Mailed up** enveloped, wrapped up (falconry term referring to the covering of the hawk to quiet it)
34 **deep-fet** fetched up from deep within, profound
36 **start** flinch (in pain)
37 **advisèd** careful
39 **Trowest thou** do you think
42 **pomp** (former) splendor
46 **As** that
47 **wonder** spectacle **pointing-stock** object of ridicule
48 **idle** useless/foolish/trifling **rascal** lowborn
49 **mild** placid, calm
53 **her** i.e., Queen Margaret
55 **limed** smeared with birdlime (sticky substance used to catch birds)
56 **how thou canst** as best you may
59 **forbear** desist **aimest** guess, conjecture **awry** mistakenly
60 **attainted** convicted of treason
63 **procure…scathe** bring about any damage
66 **scandal were not** disgrace would not be

68 **quiet** acceptance, calm

69 **sort** fashion, adapt

70 **few days' wonder** passing spectacle (proverbial: "a wonder lasts but nine days") **worn** worn away, forgotten

72 **Holden** to be held **Bury** Bury St. Edmunds, a town in Suffolk

74 **close dealing** secretive business, plotting

76 **commission** orders, authorization

77 **stays** ends

80 **protect** take custody of

82 **Entreat** treat

90 **afeared** afraid

91 **this world's eternity** eternal enjoyment of this world

96 **used** treated **state** rank (Eleanor develops the sense of "condition of shame")

97 **reproach** disgrace itself

101 **better…fare** may you fare better than I

102 **conduct** conductor, guide

103 **office** job, duty

104 **is discharged** has been carried out

107 **attire** clothe

108 **shifted** moved, altered (puns on the sense of "changed as an undergarment or 'shift' ")

Act 3 Scene 1

3.1 ***Location:*** *Bury St. Edmunds*

1 **muse** wonder

2 **wont** usual practice **hindmost** last (to arrive)

5 **strangeness** aloof, distant nature

7 **insolent** haughty, arrogant

8 **peremptory** overbearing

9 **know** remember **since** when

10 **far-off** distant

12 **admired him for** marveled at his

14 **give…day** greet one another

15 **knits his brow** frowns

16 **stiff unbowèd knee** a respectful bow involved bending the knee

17 **duty** i.e., dutiful gestures of respect

18 **curs** dogs **grin** bare their teeth, snarl

23 **Meseemeth** it seems to me **no policy** not expedient, imprudent

24 **Respecting** considering **rancorous** malicious, bitter

26 **come about** frequent, be in contact with

29 **commotion** rebellion, riot

31 **shallow-rooted** i.e., easily pulled up

32 **Suffer** allow

33 **want** lack **husbandry** cultivation

35 **collect** gather (information about)/conclude, deduce

36 **fond** foolish

37 **supplant** uproot, overthrow, replace

38 **subscribe** give in, concede

40 **Reprove** refute, disprove

41 **effectual** pertinent, valid

43 **put** obliged, called upon

45 **subornation** incitement (to do wrong)

46 **practices** plots

47 **privy to** privately aware of

48 **reputing** boasting/thinking proudly

49 **the** to the

50 **vaunts** boasts

51 **bedlam brain-sick** insane and foolish

52 **frame** organize, devise

54 **simple show** innocent appearance

57 **Unsounded** unfathomed, not probed or measured

59 **strange** i.e., cruel or illegal

61 **Levy** raise

63 **By means whereof** as a result of which

64 **to** compared to

65 **smooth** glib, apparently amiable

66 **at once** in answer to you all/without further ado/once and for all

67 **annoy** injure

68 **shall** I if I

72 **given** disposed, inclined

74 **fond affiance** misguided trust/foolish affinity

76 **disposèd as** of the disposition of **raven** a bird of ill omen

78 **inclined** of the same disposition **wolves** i.e., who proverbially wear sheep’s clothing

79 **steal a shape** adopt a disguise **means** intends

81 **Hangs** depends **cutting short** plays on the idea of beheading **fraudful** treacherous, fraudulent

84 **interest** legal claim

85 **bereft** deprived

89 **blasted** blighted, withered

91 **gear** business

94 **stayed** delayed, been absent

104 **of** from

105 **stayed** withheld

107 **What** who

110 **watched the night** stayed awake

111 **studying** pursuing/meditating on

112 **That** may that **doit** small coin of little value

113 **groat** coin worth four old pence

115 **proper store** personal wealth

117 **disbursèd** paid out

123 **That** so that **was defamed by** became infamous for

124 **whiles** while

127 **lowly…fault** humble words of repentance were payment enough for the crime

129 **felonious** wicked, criminal **fleeced** plundered, robbed **passengers** travelers

130 **condign** fitting, appropriate

132 **Above…else** more severely than other types of offense

133 **easy** slight, small

138 **keep** guard, detain further subsequent

140 **suspense** suspicion

145 **subordination** incitement to wrongdoing, bribery **predominant** in the ascendant (astronomical term)

146 **equity** justice

147 **complot** plot, conspiracy

149 **period** end

150 **expend it** pay the price (of death)

151 **mine** i.e., my death

154 **blab** reveal, betray

156 **Sharp** merciless, severe

157 **envious** malicious

158 **doggèd** doglike, ill-tempered, stubborn

159 **overweening** overreaching, presumptuous

160 **accuse** accusation **level** aim

162 **Causeless** without cause

164 **liefest liege** dearest sovereign

166 **conventicles** secret meetings

168 **want** lack

169 **store** abundance

172 **railing** ranting, complaining

175 **chid** rebuked **rated at** berated

176 **scope** range, opportunity

177 **zeal** loyalty, devotion

178 **twit** taunted, reproached

179 **clerky couched** skillfully expressed

180 **subornèd** bribed

181 **state** authority, high position

184 **Beshrew** curse **played me false** cheated, deceived me

186 **wrest** the sense twist the meaning

188 **sure** securely

192 **gnarling** snarling, growling

194 **decay** ruin, downfall

200 **engirt** encircled

203 **map** image

205 **proved thee false** found you disloyal **feared thy faith** doubted your loyalty

206 **envies thy estate** feels malice toward your position

208 **subversion** the destruction, overthrow

211 **strays** a problematic image as the calf is bound, unless this means loosely leashed about the neck or penned in—possibly and functions more like “or” as Henry lists the things a butcher might do to a calf; many editors emend to “strains”

214 **dam** mother

220 **vowèd** avowed, sworn

221 **’twixt** in between

223 **Free** noble, honorable

224 **cold** indifferent, passive

225 **show** false appearance, deceptive behavior

226 **Beguiles** deceives, distracts **crocodile…passengers** crocodiles were believed to shed tears as a means of enticing victims relenting pitying

229 **chequered slough** patterned, multicolored outer skin

232 **wit** intellect, reasoning

233 **rid** removed from

235 **worthy** sensible, shrewd

236 **colour** pretext, excuse (picks up on **die**/dye to pun on the sense of “hue”; also puns on “collar”—i.e., hangman’s noose)

237 **meet** appropriate, fitting

238 **were** would be **policy** clever strategy

239 **still** continually

240 **haply rise** may perhaps rebel

241 **trivial argument** scant evidence, slight grounds

242 **More than mistrust** except for suspicion

243 **by this** on the strength of this reasoning

244 **fain** willing

248 **all one** the same (if) **empty** hungry

249 **kite** bird of prey

253 **surveyor…fold** keeper of the sheepfold

255 **idly posted over** foolishly ignored

256 **Because…executed** simply because he had yet to kill one of the sheep

259 **chaps** jaws

260 **proved…liege** has been demonstrated through reasoned argument to be a threat to Henry

261 **stand** insist **quillets** fine distinctions, quibbles

262 **gins, by snares** two types of traps for catching game **subtlety** cunning, crafty strategy

264 **So** provided

265 **mates** checkmates, catches out

267 **except** unless

269 **that** to show that **accordeth** is in accordance with

270 **meritorious** worthy, deserving of God's reward

272 **be his priest** preside over his death like a priest administering the last rites (i.e., kill him)

274 **Ere…priest** before you have time to be ordained as a priest/to arrange for a priest to be there

275 **censure** approve

277 **tender so** hold so dear

281 **skills…doom** does not make much difference who questions our judgment ***Post*** messenger

282 **amain** in haste

283 **signify** inform, report **up** up in arms

285 **succours** assistance **betime** rapidly, at an early stage

287 **green** fresh

288 **breach** gash, hole/uprising, rebellion

289 **weighty cause** pressing circumstance, important matter

291 **meet** appropriate **lucky…France** York is being sarcastic and insulting toward Somerset

293 **far-fet** far-fetched, devious

297 **betimes** early

300 **charactered** inscribed, written

301 **Men's flesh** men whose flesh is

306 **happily** perhaps

308 **in the number** among them

309 **try** put to the test

310 **uncivil** uncivilized, rebellious **kerns** lightly armed Irish foot soldiers

311 **temper clay** soften, mix earth

313 **Collected choicely** carefully selected

314 **hap** luck, fortune

320 **take order** make arrangements

332 **misdoubt** mistrust, uncertainty

333 **that** that which

335 **keep** dwell, remain **mean-born** lowborn, humble

336 **harbour** dwelling, shelter

338 **dignity** honor, high rank, kingship

340 **tedious** laborious, painstakingly intricate

341 **politicly** strategically, cunningly

343 **fear me** fear **warm…hearts** refers to the proverbial cautionary tale of the man who warms a frozen snake against his chest, only to have it revive and bite him starvèd stiff from cold

348 **nourish** generate, support

350 **Shall** that shall

351 **fell** fierce, cruel

352 **circuit** i.e., crown

354 **mad-bred** created by madness **flaw** squall, blast

355 **minister…intent** agent of my intentions

357 **Ashford** town in Kent, south of Canterbury

358 **make commotion** rouse rebellion

359 **John Mortimer** like York, a member of the Mortimer family, who were descended from Edward III's third son, Lionel, Duke of Clarence, and could thus claim entitlement to the throne

362 **till that** until **darts** arrows

365 **caper** perform a leaping, nimble dance **Morisco** morris dancer

366 **he** the morris dancer **bells** traditionally tied to the dancer's legs

367 **Full** very **shag-haired** shaggy-haired, wild-haired

370 **notice** information

372 **John…dead** Mortimer was executed in 1424

373 **gait** bearing

374 **commons'** common people's, public's

375 **affect** favor, incline to

376 **taken** arrested **racked** tortured by being strapped upon a frame and having the limbs stretched

378 **moved** persuaded

379 **great like** very likely

381 **rascal** lowborn man/rogue

383 **put apart** ousted, put aside (perhaps with murderous suggestion)

Act 3 Scene 2

2 **dispatched** done away with, killed (Suffolk shifts the sense to “managed, carried out”)

3 **to do** still to be done (i.e., that we had not done it)

9 **venturous** risky

11 **laid fair** tidied, straightened up

15 **straight** straightaway

17 **If** (to determine) whether **publishèd** declared

20 **straiter** more harshly

21 **of good esteem** worthy of belief

22 **approved in** proved guilty of **practice culpable** guilty plotting, wrongful conspiracy

24 **faultless…man** may condemn an innocent and noble man

25 **acquit him** clear himself

30 **forfend** forbid

31 **tonight** last night

34 **Rear up** raise, support **wring** twist, squeeze (to restore circulation)

41 **raven’s note** proverbially ominous and associated with death

42 **dismal** fatal, ominous **bereft** robbed me of

44 **hollow** empty, insincere

45 **first-conceivèd** original, first perceived

48 **affrights** frightens

49 **baleful** deadly

53 **basilisk** mythological reptile whose gaze had the power to kill

57 **rate** berate

61 **heart-offending** heart-wounding (each groan or sigh was thought to deprive the heart of a drop of blood)

66 **deem** judge, think

67 **hollow** shallow, insincere

70 **reproach** censure, disgrace

74 **woe** sorry

77 **adder, waxen deaf** in order to resist snake charmers, the adder supposedly blocked one ear with its tail and placed the other to the ground waxen grown

78 **forlorn** wretched, neglected, outcast

83 **nigh** nearly

84 **awkward** adverse, unfavorable **bank** shore

85 **clime** land, region

86 **but** unless (the)

88 **unkind** hostile, unnatural

89 **gentle** kindly (i.e., in relation to what follows)

90 **he** i.e., **Aeolus forth** forth from **brazen** strong (as brass); in classical mythology, Aeolus' island is described as being surrounded by bronze walls

93 **Aeolus** in Greek mythology, the ruler of the winds

95 **pretty** artful/clever/charming **vaulting** leaping

98 **splitting** vicious, jagged, capable of splitting ships **sinking sands** sands capable of sinking ships

100 **Because** so that

101 **perish** destroy

102 **ken** see, make out

104 **hatches** deck

106 **earnest-gaping** eagerly gazing

108 **bound in with** surrounded by

112 **packing** gone **heart** i.e., the **jewel** (plays on the sense of "affections, desires")

114 **wishèd** longed for, desired

116 **agent** i.e., as Henry's deputy

117 **witch** bewitch **Ascanius** son of Aeneas, in whose form Cupid disguised himself so that he could enchant Dido with tales of Aeneas' bravery in the battle of Troy, and make her fall in love with the boy's father; Aeneas responded to Dido's passion, but eventually deserted her

118 **madding** frantic, maddened by love

120 **false** inconstant, disloyal

121 **can no more** cannot go on ***Commons*** commoners

127 **want** lack

128 **his revenge** payment for his death

129 **spleenful** enraged

130 **order** nature, circumstances

134 **comment then upon** explain

136 **rude** rough, ignorant

137 **stay** stop, restrain

140 **suspect** suspicion

142 **Fain** gladly **chafe** restore warmth to **paly** bloodless, pale

145 **trunk** body

147 **mean obsequies** meager funeral rites ***Enter…bed*** i.e., the curtains are drawn to reveal the discovery space, a sizable alcove at the back of the stage

153 **my…death** an image of my own death

155 **dread** revered, awe-inspiring king i.e., Christ

158 **thrice-famèd** well-renowned, much honored

160 **instance** evidence

161 **settled** congealed, not flowing

162 **timely-parted ghost** corpse of a person who has died naturally, at their right time

163 **meagre** emaciated

164 **Being** (the blood) having

166 **aidance** assistance

167 **Which** i.e., the blood

172 **upreared** standing on end

173 **abroad displayed** spread out widely

176 **well-proportioned** well-shaped **rugged** shaggy, disheveled

177 **lodged** flattened

179 **probable** sufficient evidence

184 **keep** guard, protect

185 **like** likely **feast** entertain

186 **well seen** obvious

187 **belike** perhaps

188 **timeless** untimely

192 **puttock** bird of prey, especially the kite

199 **ease** disuse

200 **scoured** cleaned (often with a thrusting action)

201 **badge** insignia, sign of allegiance

203 **faulty** guilty

205 **contumelious** contemptuous, insolent

206 **controller** critic

214 **stern untutored churl** coarse ignorant peasant **stock** tree trunk/family tree

215 **graft** united (horticultural image from the practice of grafting a cutting of one plant or tree onto the trunk of another, usually a stronger but coarser tree that allowed the superior cutting to flourish) **crab-tree slip** cutting of a wild apple tree (slip plays on the sense of “moral lapse”)

217 **bucklers** shields (a buckler is a small round shield)

218 **And…fee** i.e., by killing you myself rather than you being executed for the murder of Gloucester **deathsman** executioner

219 **Quitting** ridding

220 **makes** me mild makes me restrain myself

222 **passèd** recently uttered

225 **fearful** homage timorous servility

226 **hire** payment (i.e., death)

227 **Pernicious** destructive, wicked

229 **presence** royal presence

231 **cope** fight, encounter

234 **just** justified, with righteousness on his side

235 **steel** i.e., armor

238 **weapons…presence** it was a punishable offense to draw a sword in the presence of the king

251 **mere** pure, absolute

252 **opposite** hostile, opposing

253 **As…liking** that might be thought to be opposed to your wishes

254 **forward in** insistent in demanding

257 **charge** order

258 **In** on

259 **strait** strict

263 **suffered** allowed to remain

264 **mortal worm** fatal snake

266 **whe’er** whether

267 **fell** dangerous, destructive

272 **like** likely (sarcastic) **hinds** peasants

275 **quaint** skillful, cunning

278 **sort** gang **tinkers** menders of metal pots and kettles (also applied to beggars or thieves)

282 **cited** urged, incited

283 **purpose** intend (to do)

285 **Mischance** calamity, misfortune **state** kingly status
286 **his** i.e., God’s
288 **breathe infection in** contaminate
289 **But** any more than
290 **gentle** noble
291 **Ungentle** discourteous, unkind
296 **be’st** be
305 **tend** attend
306 **execrations** curses
307 **heavy** sorrowful
311 **mandrake** plant with forked roots that resembled the human form; it was said to shriek when pulled from the ground, causing madness or death in any who heard it
312 **bitter-searching** sharp, piercing, probing
314 **fixèd** gritted, clenched
318 **beaten flint** this stone gives off sparks when it is struck
319 **fixed on end** standing upright **distract** frenzied, mad
320 **ban** curse
323 **Gall** bile **daintiest** most refined thing
324 **cypress trees** often planted in graveyards, they were associated with death
325 **prospect** view **basilisks** mythical reptiles that could kill with a look
326 **smart** painful, sharp **lizards** these reptiles were often confused with snakes and thought to be poisonous
328 **boding** ominous **consort** group of musicians
332 **overchargèd** overloaded
334 **leave** stop
339 **sport** entertainment, diversion
343 **monuments** memorials, mementoes
345 **these…seal** these lips by the imprint they left on your hand
347 **know** feel, realize the extent of
348 **surmised** guessed at, imagined
349 **surfeits** overindulges and grows sick **want** deprivation
350 **repeal** recall from exile
351 **Adventure** venture, hazard
354 **friends** plays on the sense of “lovers”

356 **Loather** more reluctant

360 **wert thou thence** if you were not in it

362 **So** provided

364 **several** various

366 **joy** enjoy

372 **catch the** gasp for

376 **as** as if

377 **overchargèd** overburdened

380 **heavy** sorrowful

382 **an…loss** i.e., the cardinal’s old age would mean he did not have long to live in any event

383 **Omitting** disregarding

385 **southern clouds** rain was thought to come chiefly from the south

contend in compete for

388 **by** near **but** as good as

390 **die** plays on the sense of “have an orgasm”

391 **lap** plays on the sense of “vagina”

392 **breathe…air** i.e., die

394 **dug** nipple

395 **Where** whereas **from** away from

398 **turn** turn back, return

400 **lived** would live **Elysium** heaven or paradise of Greek mythology

401 **but…jest** not really to die at all/to play at dying (with sexual connotations)

404 **fretful** abrasive, aggravating

405 **deathful** deadly, fatal

408 **Iris** in Greek mythology, goddess of the rainbow and the messenger of Juno, queen of the gods (plays on the sense of “part of the eye”)

411 **cask** casket

413 **bark** ship **sunder we** we are split in two, we separate

415 ***severally*** separately

Act 3 Scene 3

3.3	***Location:***	*the cardinal’s bedchamber*
4	**So**	if
6	**is seen**	appears
9	**he**	i.e., Gloucester
14	**dust**	i.e., to which all bodies return
16	**lime-twigs**	twigs smeared with birdlime, a sticky substance used to catch birds
18	**of**	from
21	**fiend**	the devil
24	**grin**	grimace
30	**argues**	testifies to, suggests
32	**close**	tightly
33	**meditation**	reflection and prayer

Act 4 Scene 1

4.1 ***Location:*** *the coast of Kent* *Ordnance* cannon *Master* officer in charge of sailing a ship

1 **gaudy** bright blabbing revealing, telltale

3 **arouse** awaken **jades** worn-out horses, but here dragons (who drew the chariot of Hecate, Greek goddess of the night)

5 **flagging** drooping

6 **Clip** strike glancingly, skim/embrace, clasp

8 **prize** captured vessel

9 **pinnace** small two-masted boat Downs an anchorage off the coast of Kent

11 **discoloured** i.e., which will be discolored

13 **make boot** take advantage, make profit

18 **much** it too much

19 **port** social position

22 **counterpoised** compensated, offset

25 **laying…aboard** boarding the captured ship

29 **George** badge or emblem of Saint George, patron saint of England; part of the insignia of the knightly Order of the Garter

30 **Rate** value

31 **Walter** pronounced like “water”

32 **affright** frighten you

34 **cunning man** one skilled in magic and fortune-telling **calculate my birth** cast my horoscope

36 **bloody-minded** intent on murder/think on my death

37 **sounded** pronounced

41 **sell revenge** i.e., ransom prisoners

42 **arms** coat of arms

48 **Jove** Roman king of the gods

50 **Obscure** lowly, insignificant **lousy** despicable, louse-infested **swain** rustic, yokel

52 **jaded** contemptible (language in the next line picks up a play on “jades,” i.e., worn-out horses) **groom** servant/servant who tended to horses

53 **kissed thy hand** a gesture of respect

54 **Bare-headed** servants did not wear hats in deference to their masters **foot-cloth mule** mule used to carry (or possibly wearing) the stately ornamental cloth used to drape a nobleman’s horse

55 **happy** fortunate **shook my head** nodded in approval/gave the slightest sign of acknowledgment

56 **waited…cup** served me drink

57 **Fed…trencher** acted as my taster/been supported by my household trencher plate **kneeled…board** bowed, served deferentially at the table (board)

59 **crest-fall’n** humbled

61 **voiding lobby** antechamber or lobby for those leaving the main chamber

64 **charm** i.e., silence (with a spell)

65 **forlorn swain** wretched fellow/neglected lover (of Queen Margaret; or Whitmore mocks the idea of the servant–master relationship Suffolk has just elaborated on)

67 **blunt** forthright/unthreatening, lacking sharpness

68 **longboat** the largest boat belonging to a sailing vessel, presumably used to bring the men ashore

70 **for thy own** for fear of losing your own head

72 **Pole?** Suffolk reacts to the insolent use of his family name by an inferior; in his ensuing speech, the Lieutenant puns on “pool”

73 **kennel** gutter **sink** sewer

74 **Troubles** stirs up, muddies

75 **yawning** gaping

77 **sweep the ground** either as the body kneels with its head bowed for execution or as the decapitated head falls to the ground, its lips against the dirt

79 **Against** exposed to **senseless** unfeeling **grin** grimace

80 **Who** i.e., the **winds again** in response

81 **hags of hell** the three Furies of classical mythology

82 **affy** betroth, engage **mighty…king** i.e., Henry VI to Margaret

84 **subject** subjects

85 **policy** cunning, strategy

86 **Sylla** Sulla (138–78 BC), notoriously cruel Roman dictator who drew up a list of his enemies who were to be killed **overgorged** stuffed, glutted

87 **gobbets** chunks of raw flesh **mother’s** i.e., native country’s

89 **revolting** rebellious **thorough** through, because of

90 **Picardy** region of northern France

91 **surprised** seized

95 **As hating** in hate of

97 **murder…king** i.e., Richard II, who was deposed by Bullingbrook (Henry IV), thus establishing the ascendancy of the House of Lancaster

98 **encroaching** grasping (wrongfully)

99 **whose** i.e., the **House of York** **colours** military banners (of the House of York)

100 **Advance** raise, hold up **half-faced sun** the emblem of Edward III and Richard II consisted of the sun's rays emerging above clouds

101 ***'Invitis nubibus'*** "In spite of clouds" (Latin)

102 **commons** common people

106 **god…thunder** Jove (Jupiter), the Roman king of the gods, was traditionally armed with a thunderbolt

107 **drudges** base servants

109 **pinnace** i.e., relatively small boat, often in attendance on a larger

110 **Bargulus…pirate** a pirate mentioned in Cicero's *De Officiis*, a standard text in Elizabethan schools

111 **Drones…beehives** nonworking male bees (whose sole purpose is to impregnate the queen) were thought to eat the honey other bees had made; equally inaccurate was the belief that beetles sucked eagles' blood

113 **vassal** servant, slave

115 **of** with a

116 **waft** guide, convey

119 ***Paene…artus*** "Cold fear almost entirely seizes my limbs" (Latin)

122 **fair** courteously

123 **imperial** commanding

125 **we** Suffolk uses the royal pronoun

126 **suit** entreaty

129 **bloody pole** the heads of traitors were mounted on spikes and displayed on London Bridge; pole puns on Suffolk's family name

130 **uncovered** hatless (a mark of deference)

133 **Hale** haul, drag

136 **vile** low, contemptible **Besonians** beggars, base men

137 **sworder** assassin **banditto** bandit, lawless

138 **sweet** sweet-voiced, rhetorically masterful **Tully** Cicero, famous Roman orator and statesman of the first century BC; in fact, he was killed by a centurion and a tribune, though Thomas Nashe refers to his murder by “slaves” **Brutus’ bastard** rumor had it that Brutus was **Julius Caesar**’s illegitimate son

140 **Pompey the Great** famous Roman general of the first century BC; he was killed in Egypt, but a play by George Chapman depicted his death on the Greek island of Lesbos

145 **mistress** “female master,” but here predominantly “lover”

Act 4 Scene 2

4.2 ***Location:*** *Kent* [**George**]… ***Holland*** probably the names of the actors Shakespeare had in mind as he wrote this scene; John Holland is known to have been an actor at the time ***staves*** staffs used as weapons

1 **lath** thin strip of wood; a dagger of lath was the conventional weapon of the Vice character in morality plays **up** in rebellion, up in arms

4 **clothier** cloth worker who dealt with cloth after it had been woven **dress** clothe/reform

5 **turn it** turn it inside out (as a means of renewing it and prolonging its use)/turn it upside down socially **set…it** give it a smooth finish **nap** projecting fibers, surface texture

6 **merry world** like the good old days

7 **up** into fashion

8 **regarded** noticed, valued

9 **think scorn** disdain, consider it lowly **leather aprons** the typical clothing of an artisan

11 **‘Labour…vocation’** proverbial, i.e., each man must walk in his own calling

12 **labouring** working (manually)

14 **hit it** got it, hit the nail on the head **brave** fine **hard** hardened, toughened (through manual labor)

16 **Best’s…tanner** the son of Best, the tanner (leather worker) **Wingham** village near Canterbury, in Kent

17 **dog’s-**leather used for glove making

21 **Argo** i.e., *ergo*—“therefore” (Latin) **thread…spun** in classical mythology, the three Fates spun, measured out and cut the thread of a person’s life

22 **fall in** join ***Sawyer*** workman who saws timber *infinite numbers* i.e., a large group of people

23 **We** Cade uses the royal pronoun **termed of** named after

24 **of** for **cade** barrel

25 **fail** some editors emend to “fall,” thus generating a possible play on Cade’s name as ***cadere*** is Latin for “to fall”

29 **bricklayer** puns on Mortimer/mortarer

32 **Lacys** the family name of the earls of Lincoln

33 **laces** puns on Lacys

34 **travel** puns on “travail” (work, labor/have sex, as a roaming whore) **furred pack** pedlar’s pack (made of or trimmed with fur)/vagina covered with pubic hair **washes bucks** washes laundry/has sex with lecherous men

37 **field** may play on the sense of “background of a coat of arms” **under a hedge** proverbial birthplace for the very lowly

38 **cage** prison for petty criminals and vagabonds

40 **A must needs** he must be **valiant** sturdy, capable of work

42 **whipped** the standard punishment for vagabonds

45 **proof** tried resistance (i.e., old, much worn; usually applied to impenetrable armor)

46 **stand** remain **burnt** branded (with a “T” for “Thief”)

49 **the…hoops** wooden drinking vessels had hoops around them as a means of measuring their contents; a **three-hooped pot** contained two pints, so Cade’s suggestion means that a drinker would get considerably more for his money

50 **small** weak **be in common** become common land, available to all

51 **Cheapside** market area of London **palfrey** a horse for riding (as opposed to a warhorse) **grass** graze

55 **score** account, expense **apparel** dress **livery** servants’ uniform **agree** match/get on

60 **wax** sealing wax, used on official documents

61 **seal** agree, put my name (plays on the sense of “have sex”) **thing** i.e., document (plays on the sense of “vagina”) ***Clerk*** parish clerk with secretarial responsibilities as scribe or notary ***Chartham*** a village near Canterbury, in Kent

63 **cast account** do arithmetic, add up accounts

64 **monstrous** unnatural (a lack of literacy and numeracy was very common among country folk)

65 **took** found, encountered/arrested, captured **setting…copies** preparing written exercises for schoolboys

67 **red letters** in almanacs, the saints’ days were printed in red as were the capital letters in school primers

68 **conjurer** magician (using an almanac to make predictions)

69 **make obligations** draw up legal bonds **court hand** the script used in official, legal documents

70 **proper** fine/handsome

73 **Emmanuel** meaning “God with us,” a phrase often found at the heads of letters or deeds

74 **go hard with** be the worse

75 **Dost…to** do you usually **mark to thyself** illiterate people “signed” their name by making a mark such as an “X”

76 **plain-dealing** simple, straightforward

79 **inkhorn** portable inkwell

81 **particular** private (playing on opposite of **general**)

82 **hard** close

84 **encountered** i.e., in combat

85 **a** he

86 **No** i.e., no, nothing but a knight

87 **presently** immediately ***Drum*** drummer

90 **hinds** peasants

92 **groom** servant (i.e., Cade)

93 **revolt** turn back (to your former allegiance)

96 **pass** care

101 **shearman** one who shears excess fiber from woollen cloth as it is made

102 **Adam** in the Bible, the first man; he looked after the Garden of Eden

107 **two…birth** i.e., twins

109 **question** problem

110 **put to nurse** given to a wet nurse to be breastfed (noble women did not generally breastfeed their own babies)

116 **alive** still there

123 **Go to** expression of impatient dismissal

124 **span-counter** game in which a player tried to throw a counter or coin as close to that of his opponent as possible (and within the distance of the span of a hand) **French crowns** coins/syphilitic baldness/monarch’s crowns (refers to the campaigns against the French under Henry V)

125 **Protector** legal and political guardian

128 **mained** maimed (puns on Maine) **fain to go** obliged to walk

129 **puissance** power

130 **gelded** castrated

132 **miserable** contemptible, pitiable

134 **tongue** language

137	**gentle**	peaceable
140	**up**	up in arms
141	**That**	so that
143	**for**	as
148	**clouted shoon**	patched or hobnailed shoes (i.e., workingmen’s footwear)
149	**thrifty**	respectable, worthy
151	**order**	battle formation
152	**out of order**	rebellious

Act 4 Scene 3

5 **Lent…one** during Lent, the forty-day period before Easter when Christians were to eat fish rather than meat, butchers required a special license to slaughter animals; Cade promises to double the length of Lent and grants Dick the right to kill ninety-nine animals/supply ninety-nine customers/hold a license for ninety-nine years

8 **monument** memorial trophy

9 ***brigandine*** body armor

13 **Fear** doubt **warrant** assure

Act 4 Scene 4

4.4 ***Location:*** *the royal court, London* ***supplication*** formal petition

12 **parley** negotiate

15 **wandering** unfixed, having its own motion

17 **That** who

26 **Southwark** area just south of the Thames, on the outskirts of the City

36 **false caterpillars** treacherous parasites

37 **graceless** rough, ignorant/lacking divine grace **they…do** echoes Christ’s words from the cross (Luke 23:34)

38 **Killingworth** Kenilworth Castle, near Coventry in Warwickshire

39 **power** army

41 **appeased** pacified

44 **So** then

50 **rascal people** rabble

52 **spoil** plunder, loot

Act 4 Scene 5

4.5 ***Location:*** *the Tower of London*

2 **the bridge** i.e., London Bridge

3 **craves** requests/begs

8 **gather head** raise an army

9 **Matthew Gough** historically a very experienced soldier

Act 4 Scene 6

4.6 ***Location:*** *Cannon Street, London* **London Stone** central City landmark located in Cannon Street

2 **of** at **Pissing Conduit** the nickname for Little Conduit, a water fountain used by the lower-class Londoners

Act 4 Scene 7

4.7 ***Location:*** *Smithfield, London*

1 **Savoy** the London residence of the Duke of Lancaster **Inns of Court** series of buildings west of the City where young men studied law

4 **lordship** title and estate of a lord

7 **whole** healed, healthy

12 **biting** severe/gnawed, bitten with teeth

14 **towns** i.e., Anjou and Maine

15 **pay…fifteens** a tax of 140 percent on each person's assets

16 **subsidy** levying of taxation to meet a special requirement, e.g., war

17 **say** fine part-silk fabric (puns on Saye) **serge** hard-wearing woollen fabric

18 **buckram** coarse linen **point-blank** direct range

20 **Basimecu** i.e., *baise mon cul*, French for "kiss my arse" **Be…presence** the standard legal phrase used at the beginning of a document (where "these presents" refers to the document) is confused with the royal "presence"

21 **besom** broom (puns on "basimecu")

24 **score…tally** means of keeping accounts where sticks were scored, or notched, with a total, then split into halves (tallies) so that debtor and creditor had one each

25 **printing…paper-mill** an anachronism: the printing press (1476) and the paper mill (1495) were not established in England until the late-fifteenth century

27 **usually** habitually

31 **only…live** if a criminal could prove that he could read Latin he could claim "benefit of clergy" and avoid being hanged

32 **foot-cloth** stately ornamental cloth draped over the back of a horse

34 **Marry** by the Virgin Mary

35 **hose and doublets** breeches and jackets (with no outer garment)

39 **'*bona…gens*'** "a good land, bad people" (Italian catchphrase used of England and the English)

41 **bear** (then) take

42 **commentaries Caesar writ** Julius Caesar's *Commentarii de Bello Gallico* describes his campaigns from 58 to 52 BC; in Golding's 1564 translation the people of Kent are described as the "civillest" in England

45 **liberal** generous

49 **favour** leniency, compassion

51 **aught** anything **exacted** enforced (payment of taxes)

53 **clerks** scholars

54 **book** learning, education **preferred me** gained me preferment, recommended me

58 **forbear** desist, refrain

59 **parleyed unto** negotiated with

60 **behoof** benefit, advantage

61 **field** battlefield

62 **reaching** far-reaching, influential

64 **come behind** a dishonorable way to attack an enemy

65 **watching** remaining awake, on guard

67 **sitting** i.e., as a judge **determine** settle, decide **causes** lawsuits, cases

69 **hempen caudle** i.e., hangman’s rope caudle strengthening medicinal gruel **hatchet** the executioner’s axe

71 **palsy** illness characterized by trembling

72 **who** one who **even** fair, forthright/steady, unwavering

75 **affected** loved, aimed at

79 **guiltless bloodshedding** the shedding of innocent blood

82 **remorse** pity **bridle** restrain **an…but** if only

83 **familiar** attendant spirit, demon

84 **a** in

89 **obdurate** unyielding

94 **tribute** payment made to a monarch as an act of homage **pay…it** alludes to the “droit de seigneur,” the right of a feudal lord to have sex with the bride of a vassal on her wedding night **maidenhead** virginity

95 **hold** hold property ***in capite*** directly from the crown (legal term); puns on Latin *caput*, i.e., “head/maidenhead”

96 **free** sexually available

97 **take…bills** acquire goods on credit or by means of force/spear decapitated heads on our weapons/have sex with whores bills financial accounts/long-handled bladed weapons/penises

100 **brave** marvelous, fine

103 **spoil** looting, plunder

104 **maces** staffs of office

Act 4 Scene 8

4.8 ***Location:*** *near London Bridge, on the north side of the River Thames* ***rabblement*** riotous followers

1 **Fish Street** on the north side of London Bridge, across the river from Southwark **St Magnus' Corner** site of St. Magnus' Church, by London Bridge at the bottom of Fish Street ***parley*** trumpet summons for negotiation between opposing sides, during which fighting was to stop

8 **pronounce** formally declare, proclaim

13 **Who** whoever

17 **Shake he** let him shake (in defiance)

19 **brave** audacious

22 **White Hart** an inn on Borough High Street in **Southwark**, south of the Thames, at which Cade had lodged; its name plays on the sense of "coward"

23 **out** up

24 **recreants** deserters **dastards** cowards

26 **ravish** rape **make…one** look out for myself

32 **meanest** lowliest, most humble

34 **the spoil** looting, plunder

36 **at jar** in discord

37 **fearful** frightened

38 **start** sudden invasion

39 **broil** turmoil, battle

41 **'*Villiago!*'** version of the Italian (here generally "foreign") word for coward, *vigliacco*

42 **miscarry** perish, come to harm

48 **A** to

50 **hales** hauls, drags

51 **surprise** capture

52 **despite** spite **have through** here I come through

55 **betake me** take

59 **mean** way, means

Act 4 Scene 9

4.9 ***Location:*** *unspecified, presumably Kenilworth Castle* ***terrace*** i.e., the upper staging level or gallery

1 **joyed** enjoyed

8 **surprised** seized

9 **retired** retreated ***halters*** nooses

10 **powers** forces, soldiers

12 **Expect** await **doom** judgment, sentence

13 **ope** open

14 **entertain** receive

18 **infortunate** unfortunate

21 **several countries** various regions

23 **advertisèd** warned

24 **newly** recently, just

25 **puissant** powerful

26 **galloglasses** Irish soldiers armed with axes **stout** bold, hardy **kerns** lightly armed Irish foot soldiers

27 **array** readiness for combat

28 **still** continually

31 **state** situation/country/kingship **distressed** afflicted with adversity

33 **calmed** becalmed

35 **second** support, reinforce

37 **of** for

38 **Duke Edmund** i.e., Somerset

44 **rough in terms** harsh in your choice of language

45 **brook** tolerate

46 **deal** negotiate

47 **redound unto** turn out for

49 **yet** so far, up until now

Act 4 Scene 10

4.10 ***Location:*** *Iden’s garden, Kent*

1 **Fie** expression of angry impatience

2 **famish** starve **durst** dared

3 **laid** set with traps

4 **stay** wait, delay

5 **sallet** salad (leaves and vegetables)

6 **while** time **stomach** appetite

7 **word** possible pun on “wort,” i.e., edible herb or vegetable **sallet** light helmet

8 **brain-pan** skull **brown bill** long-handled weapon with an axelike blade, either painted or varnished brown, or stained with dried blood

9 **dry** thirsty

11 **turmoiled** harried, in a state of upheaval

15 **wax** grow **waning** diminishing, loss

16 **I…envy** regardless of others’ envy or malice

17 **Sufficeth that** it is enough that what

18 **well pleasèd** i.e., with plenty of food

19 **lord…soil** i.e., owner of the estate **stray** trespasser **fee-simple** land or property that is owned outright, and may be passed on to heirs in such a condition

21 **of** from **eat…ostrich** it was a popularly thought that ostriches did so; Cade means that he will stab Iden

23 **rude companion** lowly, rough fellow

28 **brave** defy **saucy** insolent

29 **broached** shed **beard** defy (literally, pull insultingly by the beard)

30 **eat** eaten **meat** food

34 **esquire** a gentleman ranking below a knight

35 **Took odds** accepted such an unequal challenge

37 **outface** defy

40 **truncheon** thick staff, i.e., Iden’s leg

42 **if…earth** i.e., if I but raise my arm, you are as good as dead

44 **whose…words** either “whose power is only inflicted upon mere words” or “the power of this (my sword) answers them”

45 **forbears** refrains from, cannot express

46 **complete** consummate, accomplished **champion** defender of a person or cause

47 **turn the edge** fail to cut **chines** joints

48 **turned to hobnails** melted down and turned into the nails used in boots

53 **monstrous** unnatural

54 **hallow** consecrate, bless

57 **herald's coat** heraldic device

58 **emblaze** set forth by means of a heraldic device

63 **bare** bore, gave birth to

64 **thrust…sword** thrust my sword into your body

68 **ungracious** lacking divine grace

70 **trunk** body

Act 5 Scene 1

5.1 ***Location:*** *St. Albans* ***Drum*** drummer ***Colours*** flagbearers

4 **entertain** welcome

5 ***sancta majestas*** “sacred majesty” (Latin)

7 **gold** i.e., the official regalia of kingship

9 **Except** unless

10 **have I** as sure as I have

11 **toss** impale **flower-de-luce** fleur-de-lis, the heraldic lily of the French royal coat of arms

13 **dissemble** deceive, disguise the truth

16 **of pleasure** on your own initiative, to please yourself

23 **choler** anger

25 **abject** lowly, despicable

26 **Ajax Telamonius** a hero of the Trojan War, Ajax, son of Telamon, flew into a mad fit of rage when the armor of Achilles was awarded to Odysseus rather than himself; in his frenzy he slaughtered a flock of **sheep**, thinking they were his enemies

27 **spend** expend

28 **better born** i.e., have a superior claim to the throne

30 **make fair weather** pretend to be agreeable

46 **St George’s Field** area between Southwark and Lambeth on the south side of the Thames

49 **Command** demand, send for

50 **fealty** loyalty

53 **so** provided that

54 **kind** proper, noble

55 **twain** two

63 **discomfited** defeated

64 **rude…condition** ignorant and of such low rank

70 **wrought** created for

72 **an’t like** if it please

73 **degree** rank

79 **marks** a mark was an accounting unit, rather than a coin, worth two thirds of a pound

80 **will** desire

86 **front** confront

92 **how hardly** with what difficulty **brook abuse** tolerate deception, abide insult

95 **Which** who

96 **become** befit

97 **palmer's** pilgrim's; carrying a staff signaled that one had visited the Holy Land

98 **awful** awe-inspiring

99 **engirt** encircle

100 **Achilles' spear** having received a fatal wound from the spear of the Greek hero, Telephus was able to cure it with rust from the same weapon

103 **act** enact, bring about **controlling** i.e., firm, effective

107 **capital** punishable by death

109 **these** may refer to attendants/sons/weapons

110 **brook** permit man any man

112 **ward** custody

113 **enfranchisement** liberty

114 **amain** quickly

115 **if that** whether

117 **blood-bespotted** warmongering, bloodthirsty **Neapolitan** Margaret was the daughter of Reignier, the titular King of Naples

118 **scourge** punishment, whip

120 **bane** destruction, poison

131 **Bedlam** the hospital of Saint Mary of Bethlehem in London, an institution for the insane

132 **bedlam** mad **humour** mood, temperament

134 **to** be sent to

135 **factious pate** rebellious head

142 **glass** mirror

143 **false-heart** treacherous, disloyal

144 **stake…bears** an image from bear-baiting, a popular entertainment at which a bear was chained to a stake and set upon by dogs

146 **astonish** terrify **fell-lurking curs** fierce dogs waiting to attack

149 **bearherd** bear keeper, handler (i.e., York)

150 **baiting place** bear pit

151 **o'erweening** overexcited, presumptuous

152 **Run…bite** i.e., twist round and bite the dog handler

153 **suffered** released/hurt **fell** savage, fierce

155 **piece of service** sort of action

156 **oppose yourselves** set yourselves in opposition **match** fight/equal the strength of

157 **lump** possibly continues bear imagery as newborn cubs were popularly supposed to be licked into shape by their mother

158 **crooked…shape** Richard is famed for a hunched back and various other physical deformities or ailments

159 **heat you** make things hot for you/make you hot from fighting

165 **spectacles** eyes/eyeglasses (suggests the failing eyesight of Salisbury's old age)

167 **frosty** i.e., white-haired

168 **harbour** refuge

174 **mickle** great

177 **repute** consider

181 **dispense with** obtain dispensation from/disregard, do without

187 **reave** rob

188 **wring** force **customed right** legally sanctioned rights of inheritance

191 **subtle** cunning, skillful **sophister** one who makes skillful use of false logic, a specious reasoner

194 **dignity** honor, high rank, kingship

197 **field** battlefield

200 **burgonet** light helmet, often bearing a crest

201 **know** recognize, identify **household badge** family crest

202 **father's** father-in-law's

203 **rampant** rearing, on hind legs **ragged** rough-hewn

204 **aloft** mounted on **burgonet** visored helmet

205 **shows** is visible, shows itself

208 **rend** tear, rip

212 **complices** accomplices

215 **stigmatic** criminal who has been branded, i.e., deformed one

Act 5 Scene 2

4 **dead** dying
8 **afoot** on foot
11 **carrion kites** birds of prey that feed on dead flesh
13 **Of** for
14 **chase** prey
16 **nobly** i.e., may you fight nobly
21 **fast** firmly
25 **it** i.e., my **prowess**
26 **on…both** I lay upon the outcome of the action
27 **lay** wager, bet **Address** prepare
28 ***La…oeuvres*** “The end crowns the works” (French)
31 **confusion** overthrow, ruin **on the rout** in disorderly retreat
32 **frames** creates
35 **frozen** inactive, frozen with fear **part** party, side
36 **fly** flee
37 **dedicate** dedicated
38 **self-love** self-interest, concern for preserving himself
39 **essentially** inherently **circumstance** accident, chance events
41 **premised** preordained **last day** Judgment Day
42 **Knit** unite, join
43 **general trumpet** the trumpet sounding doomsday to all men
44 **Particularities** individual trifles
45 **ordainèd** folio reads “ordain’d”—final syllable may or may not be sounded
46 **lose** spend
47 **livery** i.e., hair **advisèd** cautious/experienced, prudent
48 **chair-days** infirm or inactive old age
52 **tears virginal** virgins’ tears
53 **dew to fire** it was thought that dew encouraged fire to burn more fiercely
54 **reclaims** calms, subdues
55 **oil and flax** both highly flammable
58 **gobbets** chunks of raw flesh

59 **Medea young Absyrtus** daughter of the King of Colchis, **Medea** fell in love with Jason, and ran away with him; to delay her father's pursuit, she killed her brother **Absyrtus** and scattered pieces of his body in her wake

62 **Aeneas…bear** in Virgil's ***Aeneid***, Aeneas carried his elderly father, **Anchises**, on his back as they escaped from burning Troy

64 **bare** bore

65 **heavy** sorrowful/weighty

69 **wizard** Roger Bullingbrook, who raised a spirit that predicted that Somerset would die "where castles mounted stand" (Act 1 Scene 4)

70 **temper** hardness **still** always *Excursions* bouts of fighting across the stage

73 **stay** wait

74 **nor** neither

75 **is it** it is

76 **secure us** save ourselves

77 **what** whatever (means)

78 **ta'en** captured

79 **haply scape** by chance escape

82 **breach** hole (literally, gap in defensive fortifications)

84 **mischief** harm (to the enemy)

85 **ere** before I would, rather than

86 **discomfit** discouragement, defeat

87 **present parts** surviving forces

88 **relief** safety

89 **their…give** a day of victory like theirs and to make them suffer our misfortunes

Act 5 Scene 3

2 **winter** i.e., aged

3 **Agèd contusions** the bruises of old age **brush** hostile encounters, collisions

4 **gallant** fashionable young man **brow** i.e., height, prime

5 **Repairs…occasion** restores himself with opportunity (for action)

6 **foot** i.e., of ground

9 **holp** helped

10 **bestrid him** stood over him to defend him when he was down

12 **still** always

13 **hangings** wall hangings, tapestries **homely** humble

21 **got…have** secured what we in essence possess (refers either to the gains of the battle or to York's kingship)

23 **Being…nature** since they are enemies who can recover swiftly (**repairing** plays on the sense of "returning")

24 **safety** best means of safeguard

26 **a present** an immediate

27 **writs** summons to parliament

32 **eternized** immortalized

THE THIRD PART OF HENRY THE SIXTH, WITH THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF YORK

Lancastrians

KING HENRY VI
QUEEN MARGARET
PRINCE EDWARD, their son
Lord CLIFFORD
Duke of EXETER
Duke of SOMERSET, adherent of both Lancaster and York
Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND
Earl of WESTMORLAND
Earl of OXFORD
Henry, Earl of Richmond, the future King Henry VII
Mayor of Coventry
SOMERVILLE
A FATHER who has killed his son in battle, while fighting for Lancaster
A HUNTSMAN

Yorkists

Richard Plantagenet, Duke of YORK
EDWARD, Earl of March, his eldest son, later KING EDWARD IV
GEORGE, his second son, later Duke of CLARENCE
RICHARD, his third son, later Duke of GLOUCESTER, the future King Richard III
Edmund, his youngest son, Earl of RUTLAND
TUTOR to Rutland
Duke of NORFOLK
Earl of WARWICK
MONTAGUE, brother to Warwick
Earl of PEMBROKE
Lord STAFFORD
Lord HASTINGS
Sir JOHN MORTIMER
Sir Hugh Mortimer
Sir William STANLEY

Sir John MONTGOMERY
Elizabeth, LADY GREY, later QUEEN ELIZABETH
Lord RIVERS, her brother (adherent first of Lancaster, then of York)
Prince Edward, infant son of Edward IV and Lady Grey
MAYOR of York
LIEUTENANT of the Tower of London
A SON who has killed his father in battle, while fighting for York
NURSE of Prince Edward of York
NOBLEMAN
Three WATCHMEN
The French
KING LEWIS XI of France
Lady BONA of Savoy
Lord Bourbon
Others
Two GAMEKEEPERS
MESSENGERS
POSTS
Two Aldermen of York
Soldiers, Drummers, Trumpeters, Colours (military flagbearers), Attendants

Act 1 Scene 1[1.1]

running scene 1

Alarum. Enter Plantagenet, [the Duke of York,] Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Montague, Warwick [with white roses in their hats,] and Soldiers

WARWICK I wonder how the king escaped our hands.

YORK While we pursued the horsemen of the north,
He slyly stole away and left his men:
Whereat the great lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,[5]
Cheered up the drooping[6] army, and himself,
Lord Clifford and Lord Stafford, all abreast,
Charged our main battle's[8] front, and breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

EDWARD Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buckingham,
Is either slain or wounded dangerous.[11]
I cleft[12] his beaver with a downright blow.
That this is true, father, behold his blood.

MONTAGUE And, brother,[14] here's the Earl of Wiltshire's blood,
Whom I encountered[15] as the battles joined.

RICHARD Speak thou[16] for me and tell them what I did. ***Shows Somerset's head***

YORK Richard hath best deserved of all my sons.—
But is your grace dead, my lord of Somerset?

NORFOLK Such[19] hope have all the line of John of Gaunt.

RICHARD Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head.

WARWICK And so do I.— Victorious Prince of York,
Before[22] I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by heaven these eyes shall never close.
This is the palace of the fearful[25] king,
And this the regal seat: possess[26] it, York,
For this is thine and not King Henry's heirs'.

YORK Assist me, then, sweet Warwick, and I will,

For hither we have broken in by force.
NORFOLK We’ll all assist you, he that flies shall die.
YORK Thanks, gentle[31] Norfolk.— Stay by me, my lords,
And soldiers, stay and lodge by me this night. ***They go up [to the throne]***
WARWICK And when the king comes, offer[33] him no violence,
Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce.[34]
YORK The queen this day here holds her parliament,
But little thinks we shall be of her council.
By words or blows here let us win our right.
RICHARD Armed as we are, let’s stay within this house.
WARWICK The bloody parliament shall this be called,
Unless Plantagenet, Duke of York, be king,
And bashful[41] Henry deposed, whose cowardice
Hath made us bywords[42] to our enemies.
YORK Then leave me not, my lords: be resolute.
I mean to take possession of my right.
WARWICK Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up[46] Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.[47]
I’ll plant[48] Plantagenet, root him up who dares.
Resolve thee, Richard: claim the English crown.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Westmorland, Exeter [with red roses in their hats,] and the rest

KING HENRY VI My lords, look where the sturdy[50] rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state:[51] belike he means,
Backed by the power of Warwick, that false peer,[52]
To aspire unto the crown and reign as king.
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father,
And thine, Lord Clifford, and you both have vowed revenge
On him, his sons, his favourites and his friends.
NORTHUMBERLAND If I be not,[57] heavens be revenged on me!
CLIFFORD The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.[58]
WESTMORLAND What, shall we suffer[59] this? Let’s pluck him down.
My heart for anger burns. I cannot brook[60] it.
KING HENRY VI Be patient, gentle Earl of Westmorland.
CLIFFORD Patience is for poltroons,[62] such as he.

He durst not[63] sit there had your father lived.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail[65] the family of York.
NORTHUMBERLAND Well hast thou spoken, cousin:[66] be it so.
KING HENRY VI Ah, know you not the city[67] favours them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?[68]
WESTMORLAND But when the duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.
KING HENRY VI Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,
To make a shambles[71] of the parliament house.—
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words and threats
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.—
Thou factious[74] Duke of York, descend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet.
I am thy sovereign.
YORK I am thine.
EXETER For shame, come down. He[78] made thee Duke of York.
YORK It was my inheritance, as the earldom[79] was.
EXETER Thy father was a traitor[80] to the crown.
WARWICK Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown
In following this usurping Henry.
CLIFFORD Whom should he follow but his natural king?
WARWICK True, Clifford, that's Richard Duke of York.
KING HENRY VI And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?
YORK It must and shall be so. Content thyself.[86]
WARWICK Be Duke of Lancaster, let him be king. ***To King Henry***
WESTMORLAND He is both king and Duke of Lancaster,
And that the Lord of Westmorland shall maintain.[89]
WARWICK And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget
That we are those which chased you from the field[91]
And slew your fathers, and with colours[92] spread
Marched through the city to the palace gates.
NORTHUMBERLAND Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief.
And by his[95] soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.
WESTMORLAND Plantagenet, of thee and these thy sons,
Thy kinsmen and thy friends, I'll have more lives
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

CLIFFORD Urge[99] it no more, lest that instead of words,
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger[100]
As shall revenge his death before I stir.
WARWICK Poor Clifford, how I scorn his worthless threats.
YORK Will you we[103] show our title to the crown?
If not, our swords shall plead[104] it in the field.
KING HENRY VI What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father[106] was, as thou art, Duke of York:
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March:
I am the son of Henry the Fifth,
Who made the dauphin[109] and the French to stoop
And seized upon their towns and provinces.
WARWICK Talk not of France, sith[111] thou hast lost it all.
KING HENRY VI The Lord Protector[112] lost it and not I:
When I was crowned, I was but nine months old.
RICHARD You are old enough now, and yet,[114] methinks, you lose.—
Father, tear the crown from the usurper’s head.
EDWARD Sweet father, do so, set it on your head.
MONTAGUE Good brother, as thou lov’st and honourest arms,
Let’s fight it out and not stand cavilling[118] thus.
RICHARD Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.
YORK Sons, peace!
KING HENRY VI Peace, thou, and give King Henry leave[121] to speak.
WARWICK Plantagenet shall speak first: hear him, lords,
And be you silent and attentive too,
For he that interrupts him shall not live.
KING HENRY VI Think’st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,
Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?
No: first shall war unpeople[127] this my realm;
Ay, and their colours, often borne in France,
And now in England to our heart’s great sorrow,
Shall be my winding-sheet.[130] Why faint you, lords?
My title’s good, and better far than his.
WARWICK Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.
KING HENRY VI Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.
YORK ’Twas by rebellion against his king.[134]

KING HENRY VI I know not what to say, my title's weak.— ***Aside***
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?
YORK What then?
KING HENRY VI An if[138] he may, then am I lawful king,
For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resigned the crown to Henry the Fourth,
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.
YORK He rose against him, being[142] his sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.
WARWICK Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrained,[144]
Think you 'twere[145] prejudicial to his crown?
EXETER No, for he could not so resign his crown,
But that the next heir[147] should succeed and reign.
KING HENRY VI Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?
EXETER His[149] is the right, and therefore pardon me.
YORK Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?
EXETER My conscience tells me he is lawful king.
KING HENRY VI All will revolt from me and turn to him. ***Aside?***
NORTHUMBERLAND Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st, ***To York***
Think not that Henry shall be so deposed.
WARWICK Deposed he shall be, in despite[155] of all.
NORTHUMBERLAND Thou art deceived.[156] 'Tis not thy southern power,
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the duke up[159] in despite of me.
CLIFFORD King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:
May that ground gape and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!
KING HENRY VI O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!
YORK Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown.
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?
WARWICK Do right unto this princely Duke of York,
Or I will fill the house with armèd men,
And over the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.[170]

He stamps with his foot and the Soldiers show themselves
KING HENRY VI My lord of Warwick, hear me but one word:
Let me for this my lifetime reign as king.
YORK Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv’st.
KING HENRY VI I am content. Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.
CLIFFORD What wrong is this unto the prince your son!
WARWICK What good is this to England and himself!
WESTMORLAND Base,[179] fearful and despairing Henry!
CLIFFORD How hast thou injured both thyself and us!
WESTMORLAND I cannot stay to hear these articles.[181]
NORTHUMBERLAND Nor I.
CLIFFORD Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news. ***To Northumberland***
WESTMORLAND Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
In whose cold[185] blood no spark of honour bides.
NORTHUMBERLAND Be thou a prey unto the House of York,
And die in bands[187] for this unmanly deed.
CLIFFORD In dreadful war mayst thou be overcome,
Or live in peace abandoned and despised.
[Exeunt Northumberland, Clifford and Westmorland]
WARWICK Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.
EXETER They seek revenge and therefore will not yield.
KING HENRY VI Ah, Exeter.
WARWICK Why should you sigh, my lord?
KING HENRY VI Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but my son,
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.
But be it as it may.— I here entail[196] ***To York***
The crown to thee and to thine heirs for ever,
Conditionally,[198] that here thou take an oath
To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,
To honour me as thy king and sovereign,
And neither by treason nor hostility
To seek to put me down[202] and reign thyself.
YORK This oath I willingly take and will perform.
WARWICK Long live King Henry!— Plantagenet embrace him.

KING HENRY VI And long live thou and these thy forward[205] sons!
YORK Now York and Lancaster are reconciled.
EXETER Accursed be he that seeks to make them foes.
Sennet. Here they come down
YORK Farewell, my gracious lord, I'll to my castle.
[Exeunt York, his sons and their Soldiers]
WARWICK And I'll keep[209] London with my soldiers.
[Exit]
NORFOLK And I to Norfolk with my followers.
[Exit]
MONTAGUE And I unto the sea[211] from whence I came.
[Exit]
KING HENRY VI And I with grief and sorrow to the court.
Enter the Queen [Margaret, with Prince Edward]
EXETER Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray[213] her anger.
I'll steal away. ***Starts to leave***
KING HENRY VI Exeter, so will I.
QUEEN MARGARET Nay, go not from me, I will follow thee.
KING HENRY VI Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.
QUEEN MARGARET Who can be patient in such extremes?
Ah, wretched man, would[219] I had died a maid
And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
Seeing thou hast proved so unnatural a father.
Hath he deserved to lose his birthright thus?
Hadst thou but loved him half so well as I,
Or felt that pain[224] which I did for him once,
Or nourished him as I did with my blood,[225]
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir
And disinherited thine only son.
PRINCE EDWARD Father, you cannot disinherit me:
If you be king, why should not I succeed?
KING HENRY VI Pardon me, Margaret.— Pardon me, sweet son.
The Earl of Warwick and the duke enforced me.
QUEEN MARGARET Enforced thee? Art thou king, and wilt be forced?
I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch,

Thou hast undone[235] thyself, thy son and me,
And given unto the House of York such head[236]
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.[237]
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
What is it, but to make thy sepulchre[239]
And creep into it far before thy time?
Warwick is chancellor and the lord of Calais,
Stern Falconbridge commands the narrow seas,[242]
The duke[243] is made protector of the realm,
And yet shalt thou be safe? Such safety finds
The trembling lamb environèd[245] with wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly[246] woman,
The soldiers should have tossed[247] me on their pikes
Before I would have granted[248] to that act.
But thou preferr’st thy life before thine honour.
And seeing thou dost, I[250] here divorce myself
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
Until that act of parliament be repealed
Whereby my son is disinherited.
The northern lords that have forsworn[254] thy colours
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:
And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace
And utter ruin of the House of York.
Thus do I leave thee.— Come, son, let’s away.
Our army is ready; come, we’ll after them.

KING HENRY VI Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

QUEEN MARGARET Thou hast spoke too much already. Get thee gone.

KING HENRY VI Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

QUEEN MARGARET Ay, to be murdered by his enemies.

PRINCE EDWARD When I return with victory from the field
I’ll see your grace: till then I’ll follow her.

QUEEN MARGARET Come, son, away. We may not linger thus.

[Exeunt Queen Margaret and Prince Edward]

KING HENRY VI Poor queen, how love to me and to her son
Hath made her break out into terms of rage.
Revenged may she be on that hateful duke,

Whose haughty spirit, wingèd with desire,
Will cost[271] my crown, and like an empty eagle
Tire[272] on the flesh of me and of my son.
The loss of those three lords torments my heart:
I'll write unto them and entreat them fair.[274]
Come, cousin you shall be the messenger.

EXETER And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.

Flourish. Exeunt

[Act 1 Scene 2][1.2]

running scene 2

Enter Richard, Edward and Montague

RICHARD Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.[1]
EDWARD No, I can better play the orator.
MONTAGUE But I have reasons strong and forcible.[3]

Enter the Duke of York

YORK Why, how now, sons and brother, at a strife?
What is your quarrel? How began it first?
EDWARD No quarrel, but a slight contention.
YORK About what?
RICHARD About that which concerns your grace and us:
The crown of England, father, which is yours.
YORK Mine boy? Not till King Henry be dead.
RICHARD Your right depends not on his life or death.
EDWARD Now you are heir: therefore enjoy it now.
By giving the House of Lancaster leave to breathe,[13]
It will outrun[14] you, father, in the end.
YORK I took an oath that he should quietly[15] reign.
EDWARD But for a kingdom any oath may be broken:
I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year.
RICHARD No: God forbid your grace should be forsworn.[18]
YORK I shall be, if I claim by open war.
RICHARD I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.
YORK Thou canst not, son: it is impossible.
RICHARD An oath is of no moment,[22] being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate,
That hath authority over him that swears.
Henry had none, but did usurp the place.
Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,[26]
Your oath, my lord, is vain[27] and frivolous.
Therefore to arms: and, father, do but think
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,
Within whose circuit[30] is Elysium

And all that poets feign[31] of bliss and joy.
Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest
Until the white rose that I wear be dyed[33]
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry’s heart.
YORK Richard, enough: I will be king or die.
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,[36]
And whet on[37] Warwick to this enterprise.
Thou, Richard, shalt to the Duke of Norfolk,
And tell him privily[39] of our intent.
You Edward, shall unto my lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise.[41]
In them I trust, for they are soldiers,
Witty,[43] courteous, liberal, full of spirit.
While you are thus employed, what resteth more,[44]
But that I seek occasion[45] how to rise,
And yet the king not privy[46] to my drift,
Nor any of the House of Lancaster?

Enter a Messenger

But stay.[48] What news? Why com’st thou in such post?
MESSENGER The queen with all the northern earls and lords
Intend here to besiege you in your castle.
She is hard[51] by with twenty thousand men,
And therefore fortify your hold,[52] my lord.

[Exit]

YORK Ay, with my sword. What, think’st thou that we fear them?
Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me,
My brother Montague shall post[55] to London.
Let noble Warwick Cobham and the rest,
Whom we have left protectors of the king,
With powerful policy[58] strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple[59] Henry nor his oaths.
MONTAGUE Brother, I go: I’ll win them, fear it not.
And thus most humbly I do take my leave.

Exit

Enter [John] Mortimer and his brother [Hugh]

YORK Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles,

You are come to Sandal in a happy[63] hour.
The army of the queen mean to besiege us.
JOHN MORTIMER She shall not need:[65] we'll meet her in the field.
YORK What, with five thousand men?
RICHARD Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.[67]
A woman's general: what should we fear?
A march afar off
EDWARD I hear their drums: let's set our men in order,
And issue forth and bid them battle straight.[70]
YORK Five men to twenty: though the odds be great,
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
Many a battle have I won in France,
Whenas[74] the enemy hath been ten to one.
Why should I not now have the like[75] success?
Alarum. Exeunt

[Act 1 Scene 3][1.3]

running scene 3

Enter Rutland and his Tutor

RUTLAND Ah, whither shall I fly to scape[1] their hands?
Ah, tutor, look where bloody[2] Clifford comes.

Enter Clifford [and Soldiers]

CLIFFORD Chaplain, away, thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accursèd duke,[4]
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

TUTOR And I, my lord, will bear him company.

CLIFFORD Soldiers, away with him.

TUTOR Ah, Clifford, murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of[9] God and man.

Exit [dragged off by Soldiers]

CLIFFORD How now? Is he dead already? Or is it fear
That makes him close his eyes? I'll open them.

RUTLAND So[12] looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws:
And so he walks, insulting[14] o'er his prey,
And so he comes, to rend[15] his limbs asunder.
Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threat'ning look.
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die:
I am too mean[19] a subject for thy wrath.
Be thou revenged on men, and let me live.

CLIFFORD In vain thou speak'st, poor boy. My father's blood
Hath stopped the[22] passage where thy words should enter.

RUTLAND Then let my father's blood open it again.
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope[24] with him.

CLIFFORD Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine
Were not revenge sufficient for me.
No, if I digged up thy forefathers' graves
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake[29] mine ire, nor ease my heart.

The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury[31] to torment my soul,
And till I root out their accursèd line
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore— ***Raises his rapier***
RUTLAND O, let me pray before I take my death!
To thee I pray: sweet Clifford, pity me! ***Kneels?***
CLIFFORD Such pity as my rapier's[37] point affords.
RUTLAND I never did thee harm: why wilt thou slay me?
CLIFFORD Thy father hath.
RUTLAND But 'twas ere[40] I was born.
Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me,
Lest in revenge thereof, sith[42] God is just,
He be as miserably slain as I.
Ah, let me live in prison all my days,
And when I give occasion[45] of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.
CLIFFORD No cause?
Thy father slew my father: therefore, die. ***Stabs him***
RUTLAND *Di*[49] *faciant laudis summa sit ista tuae!* ***Dies***
CLIFFORD Plantagenet, I come, Plantagenet!
And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,
Congealed with this, do make me wipe off both.
Exit

[Act 1 Scene 4]

running scene 3 continues

Alarum. Enter Richard, Duke of York
YORK The army of the queen hath got[1] the field.
My uncles[2] both are slain in rescuing me;
And all my followers to[3] the eager foe
Turn back and fly, like ships before the wind,
Or lambs pursued by hunger-starvèd wolves.
My sons, God knows what hath bechancèd[6] them:
But this I know, they have demeaned[7] themselves
Like men born to renown by life or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane[9] to me,
And thrice cried ‘Courage, father, fight it out!’
And full as oft[11] came Edward to my side,
With purple[12] falchion, painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encountered[13] him.
And when the hardiest[14] warriors did retire,
Richard cried ‘Charge, and give no foot of ground!’
And cried ‘A crown, or else a glorious tomb,
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!’
With this we charged again, but, out, alas,[18]
We bodged[19] again, as I have seen a swan
With bootless[20] labour swim against the tide
And spend[21] her strength with overmatching waves.
A short alarum within
Ah, hark, the fatal[22] followers do pursue,
And I am faint and cannot fly their fury.
And were I strong, I would not shun their fury.
The sands[25] are numbered that makes up my life.
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.
Enter the Queen, Clifford, Northumberland, the young Prince and Soldiers
Come, bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland,
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage:

I am your butt,[29] and I abide your shot.
NORTHUMBERLAND Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.
CLIFFORD Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm,
With downright payment,[32] showed unto my father.
Now Phaethon[33] hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide prick.[34]
YORK My ashes, as the phoenix,[35] may bring forth
A bird[36] that will revenge upon you all.
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate’er you can afflict me with.
Why come you not? What, multitudes and fear?[39]
CLIFFORD So cowards fight when they can fly no further,
So doves do peck the falcon’s piercing talons,
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives gainst the officers.
YORK O Clifford, but bethink thee[44] once again,
An in thy thought o’er-run[45] my former time:
An if thou canst for[46] blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue that slanders him with cowardice
Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this!
CLIFFORD I will not bandy[49] with thee word for word,
But buckler[50] with thee blows, twice two for one.
QUEEN MARGARET Hold,[51] valiant Clifford, for a thousand causes
I would prolong awhile the traitor’s life.—
Wrath makes him deaf; speak thou, Northumberland.
NORTHUMBERLAND Hold, Clifford, do not honour him so much
To prick thy finger, though to[55] wound his heart.
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,[56]
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn[58] him with his foot away?
It is war’s prize[59] to take all vantages,
And ten[60] to one is no impeach of valour. *They seize York, who struggles*
CLIFFORD Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock[61] with the gin.
NORTHUMBERLAND So doth the cony[62] struggle in the net.
YORK So triumph thieves upon their conquered booty,
So true[64] men yield, with robbers so o’ermatched.

NORTHUMBERLAND What would your grace have done unto him now?
QUEEN MARGARET Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,
That raught[68] at mountains with outstretchèd arms,
Yet parted[69] but the shadow with his hand.—
What, was it you that would be England’s king? ***To York***
Was’t you that revelled[71] in our parliament,
And made a preachment[72] of your high descent?
Where are your mess[73] of sons to back you now,
The wanton[74] Edward and the lusty George?
And where’s that valiant crook-back prodigy,[75]
Dicky, your boy, that with his grumbling[76] voice
Was wont[77] to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York, I stained this napkin[79] with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier’s point,
Made issue[81] from the bosom of the boy.
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.[83]
Alas poor York, but[84] that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.
I prithee[86] grieve to make me merry, York.
What, hath thy fiery heart so parched[87] thine entrails
That not a tear can fall for Rutland’s death?
Why art thou patient, man? Thou shouldst be mad.
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Stamp, rave and fret,[91] that I may sing and dance.
Thou wouldst be fee’d,[92] I see, to make me sport.
York cannot speak unless he wear a crown.
A crown for York! And, lords, bow low to him.
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on. ***Puts a paper crown on his head***
Ay, marry,[96] sir, now looks he like a king.
Ay, this is he that took King Henry’s chair,[97]
And this is he was his adopted heir.
But how is it that great Plantagenet
Is crowned so soon and broke his solemn oath?

As I bethink me, you should not be king
Till our King Henry had shook hands with death.
And will you pale[103] your head in Henry’s glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem,[104]
Now in his life, against your holy oath?
O, ’tis a fault too too unpardonable!
Off with the crown, and with the crown his head.
And whilst we breathe,[108] take time to do him dead.
CLIFFORD That is my office,[109] for my father’s sake.
QUEEN MARGARET Nay, stay, let’s hear the orisons[110] he makes.
YORK She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder’s tooth!
How ill-beseeming[113] is it in thy sex
To triumph,[114] like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes whom fortune captivates![115]
But that thy face is vizard-like,[116] unchanging,
Made impudent[117] with use of evil deeds,
I would assay,[118] proud queen, to make thee blush.
To tell thee whence[119] thou cam’st, of whom derived,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless.
Thy father bears the type[121] of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils[122] and Jerusalem,
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.[123]
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?[124]
It needs not, nor it boots[125] thee not, proud queen,
Unless the adage[126] must be verified,
That beggars mounted[127] run their horse to death.
’Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud,
But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small.
’Tis virtue that doth make them most admired,
The contrary doth make thee wondered[131] at.
’Tis government[132] that makes them seem divine,
The want[133] thereof makes thee abominable.
Thou art as opposite to every good
As the Antipodes[135] are unto us,
Or as the south to the Septentrion.[136]

O, tiger’s heart wrapt in a woman’s hide!
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,[139]
And yet be seen to bear a woman’s face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful[141] and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate,[142] flinty, rough, remorseless.
Bid’st thou me rage? Why, now thou hast thy wish.
Wouldst have me weep? Why, now thou hast thy will.
For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And when the rage allays, the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet Rutland’s obsequies,[147]
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,
Gainst thee, fell[149] Clifford, and thee, false Frenchwoman.
NORTHUMBERLAND Beshrew[150] me, but his passions moves me so
That hardly can I check[151] my eyes from tears.
YORK That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touched, would not have stained with blood.
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
O, ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania.[155]
See, ruthless queen, a hapless[156] father’s tears.
This cloth thou dipped’st in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this,
And if thou tell’st the heavy[160] story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears.
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say ‘Alas, it was a piteous[163] deed!’
There, take the crown, and with the crown, my curse.
And in thy need such comfort come to thee
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand.
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world:
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads.
NORTHUMBERLAND Had he been slaughterman to all my kin,
I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how inly[171] sorrow gripes his soul.
QUEEN MARGARET What, weeping-ripe,[172] my lord Northumberland?

Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.
CLIFFORD Here’s for my oath, here’s for my father’s death. ***Stabs him twice***
QUEEN MARGARET And here’s to right our gentle-hearted[176] king. ***Stabs him***
YORK Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God.
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee. ***Dies***
QUEEN MARGARET Off with his head and set it on York gates,
So York may overlook the town of York.
Flourish. Exeunt [with the body]

[Act 2 Scene 1]*

running scene 4

A march. Enter Edward, Richard and their power

EDWARD I wonder how our princely father scaped,
Or whether he be scaped away or no
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit?
Had he been ta'en,[4] we should have heard the news:
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news:
Or had he scaped, methinks we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.
How fares my brother? Why is he so sad?
RICHARD I cannot joy, until I be resolved[9]
Where[10] our right valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle range[11] about
And watched him how he singled Clifford forth.[12]
Methought he bore him[13] in the thickest troop
As doth a lion in a herd of neat,[14]
Or as a bear encompassed round with dogs,
Who having pinched[16] a few and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof,[17] and bark at him.
So fared our father with his enemies,
So fled his enemies my warlike father.
Methinks, 'tis prize[20] enough to be his son. ***Three suns appear***
See how the morning opes[21] her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun.
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimmed[24] like a younker prancing to his love.
EDWARD Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?[25]
RICHARD Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun,
Not separated with the racking[27] clouds,
But severed[28] in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see: they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vowed some league inviolable.
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.

In this the heaven figures[32] some event.
EDWARD ’Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.
I think it cites[34] us, brother, to the field,
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,[36]
Should notwithstanding join our lights together
And overshine[38] the earth, as this the world.
Whate’er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target[40] three fair-shining suns.
RICHARD Nay, bear three daughters:[41] by your leave, I speak it,
You love the breeder[42] better than the male.

Enter one [a Messenger] blowing

But what art thou, whose heavy[43] looks foretell
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?
MESSENGER Ah, one that was a woeful looker-on
Whenas[46] the noble Duke of York was slain,
Your princely father and my loving lord!
EDWARD O, speak no more, for I have heard too much.
RICHARD Say how he died, for I will hear it all.
MESSENGER Environèd[50] he was with many foes,
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy[51]
Against the Greeks that would have entered Troy.
But Hercules[53] himself must yield to odds,
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hews down and fells the hardest-timbered oak.
By many hands your father was subdued,
But only slaughtered by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford and the queen,
Who crowned the gracious duke in high despite,[59]
Laughed in his face, and when with grief he wept,
The ruthless queen gave him to dry his cheeks
A napkin steepèd in the harmless[62] blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough[63] Clifford slain.
And after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same, and there it doth remain,

The saddest spectacle that e’er I viewed.
[Exit]
EDWARD Sweet Duke of York, our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay.[69]
O Clifford, boist’rous[70] Clifford, thou hast slain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry,
And treacherously hast thou vanquished him,
For hand to hand he would have vanquished thee.
Now my soul’s palace[74] is become a prison.
Ah, would she[75] break from hence, that this my body
Might in the ground be closèd up in rest,
For never henceforth shall I joy again:
Never, O, never, shall I see more joy![78]
RICHARD I cannot weep, for all my body’s moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart.
Nor can my tongue unload my heart’s great burden,
For selfsame wind[82] that I should speak withal
Is kindling coals that fires all my breast,
And burns me up with flames that tears would quench.
To weep is to make less the depth of grief:
Tears then for babes; blows and revenge for me.
Richard, I bear thy name, I’ll venge[87] thy death,
Or die renownèd by attempting it.
EDWARD His name that valiant duke hath left with thee:
His dukedom and his chair[90] with me is left.
RICHARD Nay, if thou be that princely eagle’s[91] bird,
Show thy descent by gazing gainst the sun.
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say,
Either that[94] is thine, or else thou wert not his.
March. Enter Warwick, Marquis [of] Montague and their army
WARWICK How now, fair lords? What fare?[95] What news abroad?
RICHARD Great Lord of Warwick, if we should recount
Our baleful[97] news, and at each word’s deliverance
Stab poniards[98] in our flesh till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
O, valiant lord, the Duke of York is slain!

EDWARD O Warwick, Warwick, that Plantagenet
Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern[103] Lord Clifford done to death.
WARWICK Ten days ago I drowned these news in tears,
And now, to add more measure[105] to your woes,
I come to tell you things sith[106] then befall'n.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield[107] fought,
Where your brave father breathed his latest[108] gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts[109] could run,
Were brought me of your loss and his depart.[110]
I, then in London, keeper[111] of the king,
Mustered my soldiers, gathered flocks of friends,
Marched toward St Albans[113] to intercept the queen,
Bearing the king in my behalf[114] along.
For by my scouts I was advertisèd[115]
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash[117] our late decree in parliament
Touching[118] King Henry's oath and your succession.
Short tale to make, we at St Albans met
Our battles[120] joined, and both sides fiercely fought.
But whether 'twas the coldness[121] of the king,
Who looked full[122] gently on his warlike queen,
That robbed my soldiers of their heated spleen,[123]
Or whether 'twas report of her success,
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,[125]
Who thunders to his captives blood and death,
I cannot judge: but to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to[128] lightning came and went,
Our soldiers' like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like an idle thresher with a flail,[130]
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
I cheered them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay and great rewards,
But all in vain: they had no heart to fight,
And we in them no hope to win the day,
So that we fled. The king unto the queen,

Lord George your brother, Norfolk and myself,
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you,
For in the marches[139] here we heard you were,
Making another head[140] to fight again.
EDWARD Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?
WARWICK Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers,
And for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt,[145] Duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful[146] war.
RICHARD ’Twas odds, belike,[147] when valiant Warwick fled;
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,[148]
But ne’er till now his scandal of retire.[149]
WARWICK Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear,
For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry’s head,
And wring[153] the awful sceptre from his fist,
Were he as famous and as bold in war
As he is famed for mildness, peace, and prayer.
RICHARD I know it well, Lord Warwick, blame me not.
’Tis love I bear thy glories make me speak.
But in this troublous time, what’s to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numb’ring[161] our Ave Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell[163] our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say ay, and to it, lords.
WARWICK Why, therefore[165] Warwick came to seek you out,
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend[167] me, lords: the proud insulting queen,
With Clifford and the haught[168] Northumberland,
And of their feather many more proud birds,
Have wrought[170] the easy-melting king like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrollèd[172] in the parliament.

And now to London all the crew[173] are gone,
To frustrate[174] both his oath and what beside
May make[175] against the house of Lancaster.
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong.
Now, if the help of Norfolk and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
Will but amount to five-and-twenty thousand,
Why, via,[181] to London will we march,
And once again bestride[182] our foaming steeds,
And once again cry ‘Charge!’ upon our foes,
But never once again turn back and fly.
RICHARD Ay, now methinks I hear great Warwick speak;
Ne’er may he live to see a sunshine day,
That cries ‘Retire!’[187] if Warwick bid him stay.
EDWARD Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean,
And when thou fail’st — as God forbid the hour —
Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forfend![190]
WARWICK No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York:
The next degree[192] is England’s royal throne.
For King of England shalt thou be proclaimed
In every borough as we pass along.
And he that throws not up his cap for joy
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,
Stay we no longer, dreaming of renown,
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.
RICHARD Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,
As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,
I come to pierce it or to give thee mine.
EDWARD Then strike up drums. God and Saint George[203] for us!
Enter a Messenger
WARWICK How now? What news?
MESSENGER The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,
The queen is coming with a puissant host,[206]
And craves[207] your company for speedy counsel.

WARWICK Why then it sorts,[208] brave warriors, let’s away.

Exeunt

[Act 2 Scene 2][2.2]

running scene 5

Flourish. Enter the King, the Queen, Clifford, Northumberland] and young Prince, with Drum and Trumpets ***York's head is set above the city gates***

QUEEN MARGARET Welcome, my lord, to this brave[1] town of York.
Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy
That sought to be encompassed with your crown:
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

KING HENRY VI Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck:[5]
To see this sight, it irks[6] my very soul.
Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infringed my vow.

CLIFFORD My gracious liege, this too much lenity[9]
And harmful pity must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
Not his that spoils[14] her young before her face.
Who scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn being trodden on,
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York doth level[19] at thy crown,
Thou smiling while he knit[20] his angry brows:
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise[22] his issue, like a loving sire;
Thou, being a king, blest with a goodly[23] son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
Which argued thee[25] a most unloving father.
Unreasonable[26] creatures feed their young;
And though man's face be fearful[27] to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender[28] ones,
Who hath not seen them, even with those wings
Which sometime they have used with fearful flight,

Make war with him that climbed unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young’s defence?
For shame, my liege, make them your precedent![33]
Were it not pity[34] that this goodly boy
Should lose his birthright by his father’s fault,
And long hereafter say unto his child,
‘What my great-grandfather and his grandsire got
My careless father fondly[38] gave away’?
Ah, what a shame[39] were this! Look on the boy;
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successful fortune, steel thy melting[41] heart
To hold thine own and leave thine own with him.

KING HENRY VI Full well hath Clifford played the orator,
Inferring[44] arguments of mighty force:
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear
That things ill-got[46] had ever bad success?
And happy[47] always was it for that son
Whose father for his hoarding[48] went to hell?
I’ll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind,
And would my father had left me no more:
For all the rest is held at such a rate[51]
As brings a thousand-fold more care[52] to keep
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.
Ah, cousin York, would thy best friends did know
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

QUEEN MARGARET My lord, cheer up your spirits: our foes are nigh,[56]
And this soft courage makes your followers faint.[57]
You promised knighthood to our forward[58] son:
Unsheathe your sword, and dub[59] him presently.
Edward, kneel down.

KING HENRY VI Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;
And learn this lesson, draw thy sword in right.[62]

PRINCE EDWARD My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I’ll draw it as apparent[64] to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

CLIFFORD Why, that is spoken like a toward[66] prince.

Enter a Messenger

MESSENGER Royal commanders, be in readiness:
For with a band of thirty thousand men
Comes Warwick, backing of[69] the Duke of York;
And in the towns, as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him.
Deraign[72] your battle, for they are at hand.

[Exit]

CLIFFORD I would your highness would depart the field:
The queen hath best success when you are absent.

QUEEN MARGARET Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

KING HENRY VI Why, that's my fortune too: therefore I'll stay.

NORTHUMBERLAND Be it with resolution then to fight.

PRINCE EDWARD My royal father, cheer these noble lords
And hearten those that fight in your defence.
Unsheathe your sword, good father, cry 'Saint George!'

March. Enter Edward, Warwick, Richard, Clarence [George], Norfolk, Montague and Soldiers

EDWARD Now, perjured Henry, wilt thou kneel for grace,
And set thy diadem upon my head,
Or bide[83] the mortal fortune of the field?

QUEEN MARGARET Go, rate[84] thy minions, proud insulting boy.
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms
Before thy sovereign and thy lawful king?

EDWARD I am his king, and he should bow his knee:
I was adopted heir by his consent.
Since when, his oath is broke, for as I hear,
You that are king, though he do wear the crown,
Have caused him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me and put his own son in.

CLIFFORD And reason too:
Who should succeed the father but the son?

RICHARD Are you there, butcher? O, I cannot speak!

CLIFFORD Ay, crookback, here I stand to answer thee,
Or any he,[97] the proudest of thy sort.

RICHARD 'Twas you that killed young Rutland, was it not?

CLIFFORD Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.
RICHARD For God’s sake, lords, give signal to the fight.
WARWICK What say’st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?
QUEEN MARGARET Why, how now, long-tongued[102] Warwick, dare you speak?
When you and I met at St Albans last,
Your legs[104] did better service than your hands.
WARWICK Then ’twas my turn to fly, and now ’tis thine.
CLIFFORD You said so much before and yet you fled.
WARWICK ’Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.
NORTHUMBERLAND No, nor your manhood that durst[108] make you stay.
RICHARD Northumberland, I hold thee reverently.[109]
Break off the parley,[110] for scarce I can refrain
The execution[111] of my big-swol’n heart
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.
CLIFFORD I slew thy father. Call’st thou him a child?
RICHARD Ay, like a dastard[114] and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender[115] brother Rutland.
But ere sunset, I’ll make thee curse the deed.
KING HENRY VI Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.
QUEEN MARGARET Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.
KING HENRY VI I prithee, give no limits to my tongue:
I am a king and privileged to speak.
CLIFFORD My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here
Cannot be cured by words: therefore be still.[122]
RICHARD Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword:
By him[124] that made us all, I am resolved
That Clifford’s manhood lies[125] upon his tongue.
EDWARD Say, Henry, shall I have my right or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts[127] today,
That ne’er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.
WARWICK If thou deny,[129] their blood upon thy head,
For York in justice puts his armour on.
PRINCE EDWARD If that be right which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but everything is right.
RICHARD Whoever got[133] thee, there thy mother stands,

For well I wot,[134] thou hast thy mother’s tongue.
QUEEN MARGARET But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam,[135]
But like a foul misshapen stigmatic,[136]
Marked[137] by the destinies to be avoided,
As venom[138] toads or lizards’ dreadful stings.
RICHARD Iron of Naples[139] hid with English gilt,
Whose father bears the title of a king
As if a channel[141] should be called the sea
Sham’st thou not,[142] knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect[143] thy base-born heart?
EDWARD A wisp of straw[144] were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callet[145] know herself.
Helen[146] of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be Menelaus;
And ne’er was Agamemnon’s brother[148] wronged
By that false woman, as this king by thee.
His father[150] revelled in the heart of France,
And tamed the king, and made the dauphin stoop.
And had he[152] matched according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day.
But when he took a beggar to his bed,
And graced[155] thy poor sire with his bridal-day,
Even then that sunshine brewed a shower for him,
That washed his father’s fortunes forth[157] of France,
And heaped sedition[158] on his crown at home.
For what hath broached[159] this tumult but thy pride?
Hadst thou been meek, our title[160] still had slept,
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slipped[162] our claim until another age.
GEORGE But when we saw our[163] sunshine made thy spring,
And that thy summer bred us no increase,[164]
We set the axe to thy usurping root.
And though the edge hath something[166] hit ourselves,
Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
We’ll never leave till we have hewn thee down,
Or bathed thy growing with our heated bloods.

EDWARD And in this resolution, I defy thee,
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou denied'st[172] the gentle king to speak.
Sound trumpets, let our bloody colours wave,
And either victory or else a grave!
QUEEN MARGARET Stay, Edward.
EDWARD No, wrangling woman, we'll no longer stay.
These words will cost ten thousand lives this day.
Exeunt

[Act 2 Scene 3]*

running scene 5 continues

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Warwick

WARWICK Forspent[1] with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe,[2]
For strokes received, and many blows repaid
Have robbed my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And spite of spite[5] needs must I rest awhile.

Enter Edward running

EDWARD Smile, gentle heaven, or strike, ungentle death,
For this world frowns, and Edward’s sun is clouded.

WARWICK How now, my lord, what hap?[8] What hope of good?

Enter Clarence [George]

GEORGE Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair,
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us.
What counsel give you? Whither shall we fly?

EDWARD Bootless[12] is flight, they follow us with wings,
And weak we are and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter Richard

RICHARD Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?
Thy brother’s[15] blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
Broached with the steely point of Clifford’s lance,
And in the very pangs of death he cried,
Like to[18] a dismal clangour heard from far,
‘Warwick, revenge! Brother, revenge my death!’
So, underneath the belly of their steeds,
That stained their fetlocks[21] in his smoking blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

WARWICK Then let the earth be drunken with our blood.
I’ll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage,
And look upon,[27] as if the tragedy
Were played in jest[28] by counterfeiting actors?

Here on my knee, I vow to God above, ***Kneels***
I’ll never pause again, never stand still,
Till either death hath closed these eyes of mine
Or fortune given me measure[32] of revenge.
EDWARD O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine,
And in this vow do chain my soul to thine.
And, ere my knee rise from the earth’s cold face,
I throw[36] my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou setter-up and plucker-down of kings,
Beseeching thee, if with thy will it stands[38]
That to my foes this body must be prey,
Yet that thy brazen[40] gates of heaven may ope,
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul.
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where’er it be, in heaven or in earth.
RICHARD Brother, give me thy hand, and, gentle Warwick,
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms.
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe
That winter should cut off our springtime so.
WARWICK Away, away! Once more, sweet lords farewell.
GEORGE Yet let us all together to our troops,
And give them leave to fly that will not stay,
And call them pillars that will stand to[51] us.
And, if we thrive,[52] promise them such rewards
As victors wear at the Olympian games.[53]
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts,
For yet is hope of life and victory.
Forslow[56] no longer, make we hence amain.
Exeunt

[Act 2 Scene 4]

running scene 5 continues

Excursions. Enter Richard and Clifford

RICHARD Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone.[1]
Suppose this arm is for the Duke of York,
And this for Rutland, both bound to revenge,
Wert thou[4] environed with a brazen wall.

CLIFFORD Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone.
This is the hand that stabbed thy father York,
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland,
And here’s the heart that triumphs in their death And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother
To execute the like upon thyself.
And so, have at thee![11]

They fight

Warwick comes [and rescues Richard], Clifford flies

RICHARD Nay Warwick, single out some other chase,[12]
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death.

Exeunt

[Act 2 Scene 5]

running scene 5 continues

Alarum. Enter King Henry alone

KING HENRY VI This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light,
What[3] time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect[4] day nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
Forced by the tide to combat with the wind.
Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea
Forced to retire by fury of the wind.
Sometime the flood[9] prevails, and then the wind,
Now one the better, then another best;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror nor conquerèd:
So is the equal poise[13] of this fell war.
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory.
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid[17] me from the battle, swearing both
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead, if God's good will were so;
For what is in this world but grief and woe?
O, God! Methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain,[22]
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials[24] quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
How many makes the hour full complete,
How many hours brings about[27] the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times:
So many hours must I tend my flock,

So many hours must I take my rest,
So many hours must I contemplate,
So many hours must I sport[34] myself,
So many days my ewes have been with young,[35]
So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean,[36]
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece.
So minutes, hours, days, months and years,
Passed over to the end they[39] were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! How sweet! How lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly[43] sheep,
Than doth a rich embroidered canopy[44]
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.
And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,[47]
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted[49] sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure[50] and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,[51]
His viands[52] sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couchèd in a curious[53] bed,
When care,[54] mistrust and treason waits on him.

Alarum. Enter a Son that has killed his father, at one door, and a Father that hath killed his son at another door [with their bodies]

SON Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessèd with[57] some store of crowns,
And I, that haply[58] take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.
Who's this? O, God! It is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unwares[62] have killed.
O heavy[63] times, begetting such events!
From London by the king was I pressed[64] forth.
My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man,[65]

Came on the part[66] of York, pressed by his master.
And I, who at his hands received my life,
Have by my hands of life bereavèd him.
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did.
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee.
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks,
And no more words till they have flowed their fill.

KING HENRY VI O, piteous spectacle! O, bloody times!
Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide[75] their enmity.
Weep, wretched man: I'll aid thee tear for tear,
And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears and break o'ercharged[78] with grief.

[The] Father [steps forward], bearing of his Son

FATHER Thou that so stoutly[79] hath resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold,
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.
But let me see: is this our foeman's face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up[85] thine eye! See, see what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kills mine eye and heart.
O, pity, God, this miserable age!
What stratagems,[89] how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous,[90] mutinous and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!
O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late![93]

KING HENRY VI Woe above woe! Grief more than common grief!
O, that my death would stay[95] these ruthful deeds!
O, pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!
The red rose and the white are on his face,[97]
The fatal colours of our striving houses:
The one his purple[99] blood right well resembles,
The other his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth.[100]

Wither one rose, and let the other flourish.
If you contend,[102] a thousand lives must wither.
SON How will my mother for a father's death
Take on with[104] me and ne'er be satisfied!
FATHER How will my wife for slaughter of my son
Shed seas of tears and ne'er be satisfied!
KING HENRY VI How will the country for these woeful chances[107]
Misthink[108] the king and not be satisfied!
SON Was ever son so rued[109] a father's death?
FATHER Was ever father so bemoaned his son?
KING HENRY VI Was ever king so grieved for subjects' woe?
Much is your sorrow; mine ten times so much.
SON I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.
[Exit with the body]
FATHER These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet,[114]
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
And so obsequious[118] will thy father be,
E'en for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Priam[120] was for all his valiant sons.
I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,
For I have murdered where I should not kill.
Exit [with the body]
KING HENRY VI Sad-hearted men, much overgone[123] with care,
Here sits a king more woeful than you are.
Alarums. Excursions. Enter the Queen, the Prince and Exeter
PRINCE EDWARD Fly, father, fly! For all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafèd[126] bull:
Away, for death doth hold us in pursuit.
QUEEN MARGARET Mount you, my lord, towards Berwick[128] post amain.
Edward and Richard, like a brace[129] of greyhounds
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes sparkling for very[131] wrath,
And bloody steel grasped in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs, and therefore hence amain.[133]

EXETER Away, for vengeance comes along with them.
Nay, stay not to expostulate,[135] make speed,
Or else come after. I’ll away before.
KING HENRY VI Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter:
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the queen intends. Forward, away!

Exeunt

[Act 2 Scene 6]

running scene 5 continues

A loud alarum. Enter Clifford wounded

CLIFFORD Here burns my candle out; ay, here it dies,
Which whiles it lasted gave King Henry light.
O Lancaster, I fear thy overthrow
More than my body's parting with my soul!
My[4] love and fear glued many friends to thee,
And now I fall. Thy tough commixtures[6] melts,
Impairing Henry, strength'ning misproud[7] York,
The common people swarm like summer flies,
And whither fly the gnats but to the sun?[9]
And who shines now but Henry's enemies?
O Phoebus,[11] hadst thou never given consent
That Phaethon[12] should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car never had scorched the earth!
And, Henry, hadst thou swayed[14] as kings should do,
Or as thy father and his father did,
Giving no ground[16] unto the House of York,
They never then had sprung like summer flies;
I and ten thousand in this luckless realm
Had left no mourning widows for our death,
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair[20] in peace.
For what doth cherish[21] weeds but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity?
Bootless are plaints,[23] and cureless are my wounds.
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight.
The foe is merciless, and will not pity,
For at their hands I have deserved no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse[28] of blood doth make me faint.
Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the rest:
I stabbed your fathers' bosoms; split my breast. ***Faints***

Alarum and retreat. Enter Edward, Warwick, Richard and Soldiers, Montague and Clarence
[George]
EDWARD Now breathe[31] we, lords. Good fortune bids us pause,
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
As doth a sail, filled with a fretting[35] gust,
Command[36] an argosy to stem the waves.
But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?
WARWICK No, ’tis impossible he should escape,
For, though before his[39] face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard marked[40] him for the grave,
And wheresoe’er he is, he’s surely dead.
Clifford groans [and dies]
RICHARD Whose soul is that which takes her heavy[42] leave?
A deadly groan, like life and death’s departing.[43]
EDWARD See who it is. And now the battle’s ended,
If friend or foe, let him be gently used.[45]
RICHARD Revoke that doom[46] of mercy, for ’tis Clifford,
Who not contented that he lopped the branch
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murd’ring knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray[50] did sweetly spring,
I mean our princely father, Duke of York.
WARWICK From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father’s head, which Clifford placèd there,
Instead whereof let this[54] supply the room:
Measure[55] for measure must be answered.
EDWARD Bring forth that fatal screech-owl[56] to our house,
That nothing sung[57] but death to us and ours:
Now death shall stop his dismal[58] threat’ning sound,
And his ill-boding[59] tongue no more shall speak.
WARWICK I think his understanding is bereft.[60]
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?
Dark cloudy death o’ershades his beams[62] of life,

And he nor[63] sees nor hears us what we say.
RICHARD O, would he did, and so perhaps he doth.
’Tis but his policy[65] to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our father.
GEORGE If so thou think’st, vex him with eager[68] words.
RICHARD Clifford, ask mercy and obtain no grace.
EDWARD Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.
WARWICK Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.[71]
GEORGE While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.
RICHARD Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.
EDWARD Thou pitied’st Rutland, I will pity thee.
GEORGE Where’s Captain Margaret to fence[75] you now?
WARWICK They mock thee, Clifford: swear as thou wast wont.[76]
RICHARD What, not an oath? Nay, then the world goes hard[77]
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath.
I know by that he’s dead, and, by my soul,
If this right hand would buy two hours’ life,
That I in all despite[81] might rail at him,
This[82] hand should chop it off, and with the issuing blood
Stifle[83] the villain whose unstanchèd thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.
WARWICK Ay, but he’s dead. Off with the traitor’s head,
And rear[86] it in the place your father’s stands.
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crownèd England’s royal king:
From whence shall Warwick cut[89] the sea to France,
And ask[90] the lady Bona for thy queen.
So shalt thou sinew[91] both these lands together,
And having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scattered foe that hopes to rise again,
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buzz[95] to offend thine ears.
First will I see the coronation,
And then to Brittany I’ll cross the sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

EDWARD Even[99] as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be,
For in thy shoulder[100] do I build my seat,
And never will I undertake the thing
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.[102]
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloucester,
And George, of Clarence; Warwick, as ourself,
Shall do and undo as him pleaseth best.

RICHARD Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloucester,
For Gloucester’s dukedom is too ominous.[107]

WARWICK Tut, that’s a foolish observation.
Richard, be Duke of Gloucester. Now to London,
To see these honours in possession.

Exeunt

[Act 3 Scene 1][3.1]

running scene 6

Enter two Keepers with crossbows in their hands

FIRST KEEPER Under this thick-grown brake[1] we’ll shroud ourselves,
For through this laund[2] anon the deer will come,
And in this covert[3] will we make our stand,
Culling the principal[4] of all the deer.

SECOND KEEPER I’ll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

FIRST KEEPER That cannot be. The noise of thy crossbow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot[7] is lost.
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best,
And, for[9] the time shall not seem tedious,
I’ll tell thee what befell me on a day
In this self-place[11] where now we mean to stand.

SECOND KEEPER Here comes a man. Let’s stay till he be past.

Enter the King, [disguised,] with a prayer-book

KING HENRY VI From Scotland am I stol’n, even of[13] pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wishful[14] sight.
No, Harry, Harry, ’tis no land of thine:
Thy place is filled, thy sceptre wrung from thee,
Thy balm[17] washed off wherewith thou wast anointed.
No bending knee will call thee Caesar[18] now,
No humble suitors press to speak for right,[19]
No, not a man comes for redress of[20] thee.
For how can I help them, and not myself?

FIRST KEEPER Ay, here’s a deer whose skin’s a keeper’s fee:[22]
This is the quondam[23] king; let’s seize upon him.

KING HENRY VI Let me embrace the sour adversaries,
For wise men say it is the wisest course.

SECOND KEEPER Why linger we? Let us lay hands upon him.

FIRST KEEPER Forbear[27] awhile, we’ll hear a little more.

KING HENRY VI My queen and son are gone to France for aid,
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
Is thither gone, to crave[30] the French king’s sister

To wife for Edward. If this news be true,
Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost,
For Warwick is a subtle[33] orator,
And Lewis[34] a prince soon won with moving words.
By this account then Margaret may win him,
For she’s a woman to be pitied much:
Her sighs will make a batt’ry[37] in his breast,
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart,
The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn;
And Nero[40] will be tainted with remorse,
To hear and see her plaints,[41] her brinish tears.
Ay, but she’s come to beg, Warwick to give:
She on his left side, craving aid for Henry,
He on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and says her Henry is deposed,
He smiles, and says his Edward is installed;
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more,
Whiles Warwick tells his title,[48] smooths the wrong,
Inferreth[49] arguments of mighty strength,
And in conclusion wins the king from her,
With promise of his sister, and what[51] else,
To strengthen and support King Edward’s place.
O Margaret, thus ’twill be, and thou, poor soul,
Art then forsaken, as thou went’st forlorn.[54]

SECOND KEEPER Say, what art thou that talk’st of kings and queens?

KING HENRY VI More than I seem, and less than I was born to:
A man at least, for less I should not be.
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

SECOND KEEPER Ay, but thou talk’st as if thou wert a king.

KING HENRY VI Why, so I am, in mind, and that’s enough.

SECOND KEEPER But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

KING HENRY VI My crown is in my heart, not on my head,
Not decked with diamonds and Indian stones,[63]
Nor to be seen: my crown is called content.
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

SECOND KEEPER Well, if you be a king crowned with content,

Your crown content and you must be contented
To go along with us, for, as we think,
You are the king King Edward hath deposed,
And we his subjects sworn in all allegiance
Will apprehend[71] you as his enemy.
KING HENRY VI But did you never swear and break an oath?
SECOND KEEPER No, never such an oath, nor will not now.
KING HENRY VI Where did you dwell when I was King of England?
SECOND KEEPER Here in this country,[75] where we now remain.
KING HENRY VI I was anointed king at nine months old.
My father and my grandfather were kings,
And you were sworn true subjects unto me:
And tell me, then, have you not broke your oaths?
FIRST KEEPER No,
For we were subjects but[81] while you were king.
KING HENRY VI Why? Am I dead? Do I not breathe a[82] man?
Ah, simple[83] men, you know not what you swear.
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with[86] my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust,
Such is the lightness[89] of you, common men.
But do not break your oaths, for of that sin
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded,
And be you kings, command, and I'll obey.
FIRST KEEPER We are true subjects to the king, King Edward.
KING HENRY VI So would you be again to Henry,
If he were seated as King Edward is.
FIRST KEEPER We charge[97] you, in God's name and the king's,
To go with us unto the officers.
KING HENRY VI In God's name, lead. Your king's name be obeyed,
And what God will, that let your king perform,
And what he will, I humbly yield unto.
Exeunt

[Act 3 Scene 2][3.2]

running scene 7

Enter King Edward, [Richard, now Duke of] Gloucester, [George, now Duke of] Clarence, Lady Grey ***Richard is henceforth known as Gloucester, George as Clarence***

KING EDWARD IV Brother of Gloucester, at St Alban's field[1]
This lady's husband, Sir Richard[2] Grey, was slain,
His land then seized on by the conqueror.
Her suit[4] is now to repossess those lands,
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of[6] the House of York
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

GLOUCESTER Your highness shall do well to grant her suit:
It were dishonour to deny it her.

KING EDWARD IV It were no less, but yet I'll make a pause. ***Gloucester and Clarence speak aside throughout***

GLOUCESTER Yea, is it so?
I see the lady hath a thing[12] to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.

CLARENCE He knows the game.[14] How true he keeps the wind!

GLOUCESTER Silence!

KING EDWARD IV Widow, we will consider of your suit,
And come some other time to know our mind.

LADY GREY Right gracious lord, I cannot brook[18] delay.
May it please your highness to resolve[19] me now,
And what your pleasure[20] is, shall satisfy me.

GLOUCESTER Ay, widow? Then I'll warrant[21] you all your lands,
An if[22] what pleases him shall pleasure you.
Fight closer,[23] or good faith, you'll catch a blow.

CLARENCE I fear her not,[24] unless she chance to fall.

GLOUCESTER God forbid that, for he'll take vantages.[25]

KING EDWARD IV How many children hast thou, widow? Tell me.

CLARENCE I think he means to beg[27] a child of her.

GLOUCESTER Nay, then, whip me:[28] he'll rather give her two.

LADY GREY Three, my most gracious lord.
GLOUCESTER You shall have four, if you’ll be ruled by him.
KING EDWARD IV ’Twere pity they should lose their father’s lands.
LADY GREY Be pitiful, dread[32] lord, and grant it then.
KING EDWARD IV Lords, give us leave:[33] I’ll try this widow’s wit. ***Gloucester and Clarence step back and continue to speak aside***
GLOUCESTER Ay, good[34] leave have you, for you will have leave,
Till youth take leave and leave you to the[35] crutch.
KING EDWARD IV Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?
LADY GREY Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.
KING EDWARD IV And would you not do much to do them good?
LADY GREY To do them good, I would sustain some harm.
KING EDWARD IV Then get your husband’s lands, to do them good.
LADY GREY Therefore[41] I came unto your majesty.
KING EDWARD IV I’ll tell you how these lands are to be got.
LADY GREY So shall you bind me to your highness’ service.
KING EDWARD IV What service[44] wilt thou do me, if I give them?
LADY GREY What you command, that rests in me[45] to do.
KING EDWARD IV But you will take exceptions to my boon.[46]
LADY GREY No, gracious lord, except[47] I cannot do it.
KING EDWARD IV Ay, but thou canst do[48] what I mean to ask.
LADY GREY Why, then I will do what your grace commands.
GLOUCESTER He plies her hard,[50] and much rain wears the marble.
CLARENCE As red[51] as fire! Nay, then her wax must melt.
LADY GREY Why stops my lord? Shall I not hear my task?
KING EDWARD IV An easy task,[53] ’tis but to love a king.
LADY GREY That’s soon performed, because I am a subject.
KING EDWARD IV Why, then, thy husband’s lands I freely give thee.
LADY GREY I take my leave with many thousand thanks.
GLOUCESTER The match[57] is made: she seals it with a curtsy.
KING EDWARD IV But stay thee, ’tis the fruits of love I mean.
LADY GREY The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.
KING EDWARD IV Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.
What love, think’st thou, I sue so much to get?
LADY GREY My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers,
That love which virtue begs and virtue grants.

KING EDWARD IV No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.
LADY GREY Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.
KING EDWARD IV But now you partly may perceive my mind.
LADY GREY My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.
KING EDWARD IV To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.
LADY GREY To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.
KING EDWARD IV Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband’s lands.
LADY GREY Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower,
For by that loss I will not purchase them.
KING EDWARD IV Therein thou wrong’st thy children mightily.
LADY GREY Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination[76]
Accords not with the sadness[77] of my suit.
Please you dismiss me either with ‘Ay’ or ‘No’.
KING EDWARD IV Ay, if thou wilt say ‘Ay’ to my request;
No if thou dost say ‘No’ to my demand.
LADY GREY Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.
GLOUCESTER The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.[82]
CLARENCE He is the bluntest[83] wooer in Christendom.
KING EDWARD IV Her looks do argue her[84] replete with modesty, ***Aside***
Her words doth show her wit incomparable,
All her perfections challenge[86] sovereignty.
One way or other, she is for a king,
And she shall be my love,[88] or else my queen.—
Say that King Edward take thee for his queen? ***To her***
LADY GREY ’Tis better said than done, my gracious lord:
I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.
KING EDWARD IV Sweet widow, by my state[93] I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends,
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.
LADY GREY And that is more than I will yield unto:
I know I am too mean[97] to be your queen
And yet too good to be your concubine.
KING EDWARD IV You cavil,[99] widow: I did mean, my queen.

LADY GREY ’Twill grieve your grace my sons should call you father.
KING EDWARD IV No more than when my daughters call thee mother.
Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children,
And, by God’s mother, I, being but a bachelor,
Have other some.[104] Why, ’tis a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons.
Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.
GLOUCESTER The ghostly father[107] now hath done his shrift.
CLARENCE When he was made a shriver,[108] ’twas for shift.
KING EDWARD IV Brothers, you muse[109] what chat we two have had.
GLOUCESTER The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad. ***To Edward***
KING EDWARD IV You’ll think it strange if I should marry her.
CLARENCE To who, my lord?
KING EDWARD IV Why, Clarence, to myself.
GLOUCESTER That would be ten[114] days’ wonder at the least.
CLARENCE That’s a day longer than a wonder lasts.
GLOUCESTER By so much is the wonder in[116] extremes.
KING EDWARD IV Well, jest on, brothers. I can tell you both
Her suit is granted for her husband’s lands.
Enter a Nobleman
NOBLEMAN My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,[119]
And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.
KING EDWARD IV See that he be conveyed unto the Tower,
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question[123] of his apprehension.—
Widow, go you along.— Lords, use[124] her honourably.
Exeunt. Richard [of Gloucester] remains
GLOUCESTER Ay, Edward will use women honourably.
Would he were wasted,[126] marrow, bones and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch[127] may spring,
To cross[128] me from the golden time I look for.
And yet, between my soul’s desire and me —
The[130] lustful Edward’s title buried —
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,
And all the unlooked for[132] issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms,[133] ere I can place myself.

A cold premeditation[134] for my purpose.
Why, then, I do but dream on sovereignty,
Like one that stands upon a promontory,[136]
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with[138] his eye,
And chides[139] the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying, he’ll lade[140] it dry to have his way:
So do I wish[141] the crown, being so far off,
And so I chide the means[142] that keeps me from it,
And so I say, I’ll cut[143] the causes off,
Flattering me[144] with impossibilities.
My eye’s too quick, my heart o’erweens[145] too much,
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard:
What other pleasure can the world afford?
I’ll make my heaven in a lady’s lap,
And deck[150] my body in gay ornaments,
And witch[151] sweet ladies with my words and looks.
O, miserable thought, and more unlikely
Than to accomplish[153] twenty golden crowns.
Why, love forswore[154] me in my mother’s womb,
And, for[155] I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe,
To shrink mine arm up like a withered shrub,
To make an envious[158] mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size,
To disproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaos[162] or an unlicked bear-whelp,
That carries no impression[163] like the dam.
And am I then a man to be beloved?
O, monstrous[165] fault, to harbour such a thought.
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check,[167] to o’erbear such
As are of better person[168] than myself,
I’ll make my heaven to dream upon the crown,

And whiles I live, t’account[170] this world but hell,
Until my misshaped trunk[171] that bears this head
Be round impalèd[172] with a glorious crown.
And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives stand between me and home,[174]
And I — like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rents[176] the thorns and is rent with the thorns,
Seeking a way and straying from the way,
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out —
Torment myself to catch[180] the English crown:
And from that torment I will free myself,
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile,
And cry ‘Content’ to that which grieves my heart,
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame[186] my face to all occasions.
I’ll drown more sailors than the mermaid[187] shall,
I’ll slay more gazers than the basilisk,[188]
I’ll play the orator as well as Nestor,[189]
Deceive more slyly than Ulysses[190] could,
And, like a Sinon,[191] take another Troy.
I can add colours to the chameleon,
Change shapes with Proteus[193] for advantages,
And set[194] the murderous Machevil to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut, were it further off, I’ll pluck it down.

Exit

[Act 3 Scene 3][3.3]

running scene 8

Flourish. Enter Lewis the French King, his sister Bona, his Admiral called Bourbon, Prince Edward, Queen Margaret and the Earl of Oxford. Lewis sits and riseth up again

KING LEWIS Fair Queen of England, worthy Margaret,
Sit down with us. It ill befits thy state[2]
And birth, that thou shouldst stand while Lewis doth sit.

QUEEN MARGARET No, mighty King of France: now Margaret
Must strike her sail[5] and learn awhile to serve
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
Great Albion's[7] queen in former golden days,
But now mischance[8] hath trod my title down
And with dishonour laid me on the ground,
Where I must take like seat unto[10] my fortune,
And to my humble seat conform myself.

KING LEWIS Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep despair?

QUEEN MARGARET From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears
And stops my tongue, while heart is drowned in cares.

KING LEWIS Whate'er it be,[15] be thou still like thyself,
And sit thee by our side:

Seats her by him

Yield not thy neck
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief:
It shall be eased, if France[20] can yield relief.

QUEEN MARGARET Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts
And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.
Now therefore be it known to noble Lewis,
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
Is, of[25] a king, become a banished man,
And forced to live in Scotland a forlorn;[26]
While proud ambitious Edward, Duke of York,

Usurps the regal title and the seat
Of England’s true-anointed lawful king.
This is the cause that I, poor Margaret,
With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry’s heir,
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid.
And if thou fail us, all our hope is done.
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help,
Our people and our peers are both misled,
Our treasures seized, our soldiers put to flight,
And, as thou see’st, ourselves in heavy[37] plight.
KING LEWIS Renownèd queen, with patience calm the storm,[38]
While we bethink a means to break it off.
QUEEN MARGARET The more we stay,[40] the stronger grows our foe.
KING LEWIS The more I stay,[41] the more I’ll succour thee.
QUEEN MARGARET O, but impatience waiteth on[42] true sorrow.
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow!
Enter Warwick
KING LEWIS What’s he approacheth boldly to our presence?
QUEEN MARGARET Our Earl of Warwick, Edward’s greatest friend.
KING LEWIS Welcome, brave Warwick, What brings thee to France?
He descends. She ariseth
QUEEN MARGARET Ay, now begins a second storm to rise,
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.
WARWICK From worthy Edward, King of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowèd friend,
I come, in kindness and unfeignèd love,
First, to do greetings to thy royal person,
And then to crave a league of amity,
And lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe[55] to grant
That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England’s king in lawful marriage.
QUEEN MARGARET If that go forward, Henry’s hope is done. ***Aside?***
WARWICK And, gracious madam, in[59] our king’s behalf,
Speaking to Bona
I am commanded, with your leave and favour,

Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;
Where fame,[63] late ent'ring at his heedful ears,
Hath placed thy beauty's image and thy virtue.
QUEEN MARGARET King Lewis and Lady Bona, hear me speak,
Before you answer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
But from deceit bred by necessity.
For how can tyrants[69] safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
To prove him tyrant this reason may suffice,
That Henry liveth still: but were he dead,
Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son.
Look,[74] therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage
Thou draw[75] not on thy danger and dishonour,
For though usurpers sway the rule[76] awhile,
Yet heav'ns are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.
WARWICK Injurious[78] Margaret.
PRINCE EDWARD And why not queen?
WARWICK Because thy father Henry did usurp,
And thou no more art prince than she is queen.
OXFORD Then Warwick disannuls[82] great John of Gaunt,
Which[83] did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror[85] to the wisest,
And after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,
Who by his prowess conquerèd all France:
From these our Henry lineally descends.
WARWICK Oxford, how haps[89] it, in this smooth discourse,
You told not how Henry the Sixth hath lost
All that which Henry Fifth had gotten?
Methinks these peers of France should smile at that.
But for the rest, you tell[93] a pedigree
Of threescore[94] and two years, a silly time
To make prescription[95] for a kingdom's worth.
OXFORD Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,

Whom thou obeyed'st thirty-and-six years,[97]
And not bewray[98] thy treason with a blush?

WARWICK Can Oxford, that did ever fence[99] the right,
Now buckler[100] falsehood with a pedigree?
For shame, leave Henry and call Edward king.

OXFORD Call him my king by whose injurious doom[102]
My elder brother, the lord Aubrey Vere,[103]
Was done to death? And more than so,[104] my father,
Even in the downfall[105] of his mellowed years,
When nature brought him to the door of death?
No, Warwick, no: while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the House of Lancaster.

WARWICK And I the House of York.

KING LEWIS Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford,
Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside,
While I use[112] further conference with Warwick.

They stand aloof

QUEEN MARGARET Heavens grant that Warwick's words bewitch him not.

KING LEWIS Now Warwick, tell me, even[114] upon thy conscience,
Is Edward your true king? For I were loath
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

WARWICK Thereon I pawn[117] my credit and mine honour.

KING LEWIS But is he gracious[118] in the people's eye?

WARWICK The more that[119] Henry was unfortunate.

KING LEWIS Then further, all dissembling[120] set aside,
Tell me for truth[121] the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bona.

WARWICK Such it seems
As may beseem[124] a monarch like himself.
Myself have often heard him say and swear
That this his love was an external[126] plant,
Whereof the root was fixed in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintained with beauty's sun,
Exempt from envy,[129] but not from disdain,
Unless the lady Bona quit[130] his pain.

KING LEWIS Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

BONA Your grant,[132] or your denial, shall be mine.—
Yet I confess that often ere this day,
Speaks to Warwick
When I have heard your king's desert[134] recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgement to desire.
KING LEWIS Then, Warwick, thus: our sister shall be Edward's.
And now forthwith shall articles[137] be drawn
Touching[138] the jointure that your king must make,
Which with her dowry shall be counterpoised.[139]—
Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.
PRINCE EDWARD To Edward, but not to the English king.
QUEEN MARGARET Deceitful Warwick, it was thy device[143]
By this alliance to make void my suit.
Before thy coming Lewis was Henry's friend.
KING LEWIS And still is friend to him and Margaret.
But if your title to the crown be weak,
As may appear by Edward's good success,[148]
Then 'tis but reason that I be released
From giving aid which late[150] I promisèd.
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand
That your estate[152] requires and mine can yield.
WARWICK Henry now lives in Scotland at his ease,
Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.
And as for you yourself, our quondam[155] queen,
You have a father able to maintain you,
And better 'twere you troubled him than France.
QUEEN MARGARET Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick,
Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings.
I will not hence,[160] till with my talk and tears —
Both full of truth — I make King Lewis behold
Thy sly conveyance[162] and thy lord's false love,
Post blowing a horn within
For both of you are birds of selfsame feather.
KING LEWIS Warwick, this is some post to us or thee.
Enter the Post

POST My lord ambassador, these letters are for you,
Speaks to Warwick
Sent from your brother, Marquis Montague.—
These from our king unto your majesty.—
To Lewis
And, madam, these for you, from whom I know not.
To Margaret
They all read their letters
OXFORD I like it well that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.
PRINCE EDWARD Nay, mark how Lewis stamps, as[171] he were nettled.
I hope all's for the best.
KING LEWIS Warwick, what are thy news?— And yours, fair queen?
QUEEN MARGARET Mine, such as fill my heart with unhoped[174] joys.
WARWICK Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.
KING LEWIS What? Has your king married the Lady Grey?
And now, to soothe[177] your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
Is this th'alliance that he seeks with France?
Dare he presume to scorn[180] us in this manner?
QUEEN MARGARET I told your majesty as much before:
This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty.
WARWICK King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of heaven
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,
That I am clear from[185] this misdeed of Edward's,
No more my king, for he dishonours me,
But most himself, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget that by the house of York
My father came untimely[189] to his death?
Did I let pass th'abuse[190] done to my niece?
Did I impale him[191] with the regal crown?
Did I put[192] Henry from his native right?
And am I guerdoned[193] at the last with shame?
Shame on himself, for my desert[194] is honour.
And to repair my honour lost for him,
I here renounce him and return to Henry.—

My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true servitor.[198]
I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.
QUEEN MARGARET Warwick, these words have turned my hate to love,
And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
And joy[203] that thou becom'st King Henry's friend.
WARWICK So much his friend, ay, his unfeignèd[204] friend,
That, if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish[205] us
With some few bands[206] of chosen soldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our coast
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him.
And as for Clarence, as my letters tell me,
He's very likely now to fall from[211] him
For matching[212] more for wanton lust than honour,
Or than for strength and safety of our country.
BONA Dear brother, how shall Bona be revenged
But by thy help to this distressèd queen?
QUEEN MARGARET Renownèd prince, how shall poor Henry live,
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?
BONA My quarrel and this English queen's are one.
WARWICK And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with yours.
KING LEWIS And mine with hers, and thine, and Margaret's.
Therefore at last I firmly am resolved
You shall have aid.
QUEEN MARGARET Let me give humble thanks for all at once.
KING LEWIS Then, England's messenger, return in post[224]
And tell false Edward, thy supposèd king,
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers[226]
To revel it with him and his new bride.
Thou see'st what's passed,[228] go fear thy king withal.
BONA Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland[230] for his sake.
QUEEN MARGARET Tell him, my mourning weeds[231] are laid aside,
And I am ready to put armour on.

WARWICK Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be[234] long.
There's thy reward.[235] Be gone. ***Gives money***
Exit Post
KING LEWIS But, Warwick,
Thou and Oxford, with five thousand men
Shall cross the seas, and bid[238] false Edward battle.
And, as occasion[239] serves, this noble queen
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.[240]
Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt:
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?
WARWICK This shall assure my constant loyalty,
That if our queen and this young prince agree,
I'll join mine eldest daughter[245] and my joy
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.[246]
QUEEN MARGARET Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion.[247]—
Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous:
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick,
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.
PRINCE EDWARD Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it.
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.
He gives his hand to Warwick
KING LEWIS Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levied.—
And thou, Lord Bourbon, our High Admiral,
Shall waft[256] them over with our royal fleet.
I long till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.
Exeunt. Warwick remains
WARWICK I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale[263] but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that raised him to the crown,

And I'll be chief to bring him down again,
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery.

Exit

[Act 4 Scene 1][4.1]

running scene 9

Enter Richard [of Gloucester], Clarence, Somerset and Montague

GLOUCESTER Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
Of this new marriage with the lady Grey?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

CLARENCE Alas, you know, ’tis far from hence to France.
How could he stay[5] till Warwick made return?

SOMERSET My lords, forbear this talk: here comes the king.

GLOUCESTER And his well-chosen bride.

CLARENCE I mind[8] to tell him plainly what I think.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, Lady Grey [now Queen Elizabeth], Pembroke, Stafford,
Hastings: four stand on one side and four on the other

KING EDWARD IV Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,
That you stand pensive, as half malcontent?[10]

CLARENCE As well as Lewis of France, or the Earl of Warwick,
Which[12] are so weak of courage and in judgement
That they’ll take no offence at our abuse.[13]

KING EDWARD IV Suppose they take offence without a cause:
They are but Lewis and Warwick. I am Edward,
Your king and Warwick’s, and must have my will.[16]

GLOUCESTER And shall have your will, because our king.
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

KING EDWARD IV Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?

GLOUCESTER Not I, no:
God forbid that I should wish them severed
Whom God hath joined together. Ay, and ’twere pity
To sunder them that yoke[23] so well together.

KING EDWARD IV Setting your scorns and your mislike[24] aside,
Tell me some reason why the lady Grey
Should not become my wife and England’s queen.—
And you too, Somerset and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.

CLARENCE Then this is mine opinion: that King Lewis
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
About the marriage of the lady Bona.
GLOUCESTER And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,[32]
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.
KING EDWARD IV What if both Lewis and Warwick be appeased
By such invention[35] as I can devise?
MONTAGUE Yet, to have joined with France in such alliance
Would more have strengthened this our commonwealth
Gainst foreign storms than any home-bred marriage.
HASTINGS Why, knows not Montague that of itself
England is safe, if true[40] within itself?
MONTAGUE But the safer when ’tis backed with France.
HASTINGS ’Tis better using France than trusting France.
Let us be backed with God and with the seas
Which he hath given for fence[44] impregnable,
And with their helps only[45] defend ourselves.
In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.
CLARENCE For this one speech, Lord Hastings well deserves
To have[48] the heir of the lord Hungerford.
KING EDWARD IV Ay, what of that? It was my will and grant,
And for this once my will shall stand for law.
GLOUCESTER And yet methinks your grace hath not done well,
To give the heir[52] and daughter of Lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride;
She better would have fitted me or Clarence,
But in your bride you bury[55] brotherhood.
CLARENCE Or else you would not have bestowed the heir
Of the lord Bonville on your new wife’s son,[57]
And leave your brothers to go speed[58] elsewhere.
KING EDWARD IV Alas, poor Clarence, is it for a wife
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.
CLARENCE In choosing for yourself, you showed your judgement,
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker[63] in mine own behalf.
And to that end, I shortly mind[64] to leave you.

KING EDWARD IV Leave me, or tarry,[65] Edward will be king,
And not be tied unto his brother's will.
LADY GREY My lords, before it pleased his majesty
To raise my state to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent,
And meaner[71] than myself have had like fortune.
But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes,[73] to whom I would be pleasing,
Doth cloud my joys with danger[74] and with sorrow.
KING EDWARD IV My love, forbear to fawn[75] upon their frowns.
What danger or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,[77]
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands,
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.
GLOUCESTER I hear, yet say not much, but think the more. ***Aside***
Enter a Post
KING EDWARD IV Now, messenger, what letters or what news From France?
POST My sovereign liege, no letters, and few words,
But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.
KING EDWARD IV Go to,[88] we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess[89] them.
What answer makes King Lewis unto our letters?
POST At my depart, these were his very words:
'Go tell false Edward, thy supposèd king,
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers
To revel it with him and his new bride.'
KING EDWARD IV Is Lewis so brave?[95] Belike he thinks me Henry.
But what said Lady Bona to my marriage?
POST These were her words, uttered with mild disdain:
'Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.'

KING EDWARD IV I blame not her; she could say little less.
She had the wrong.— But what said Henry’s queen?
For I have heard that she was there in place.[102]
POST ‘Tell him’, quoth she, ‘my mourning weeds are done,[103]
And I am ready to put armour on.’
KING EDWARD IV Belike she minds to play the Amazon.[105]
But what said Warwick to these injuries?[106]
POST He, more incensed against your majesty
Than all the rest, discharged[108] me with these words:
‘Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I’ll uncrown him ere’t be long.’
KING EDWARD IV Ha? Durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?
Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarned.
They shall have wars and pay for their presumption.—
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?
POST Ay, gracious sovereign, they are so linked in friendship
That young Prince Edward marries Warwick’s daughter.
CLARENCE Belike[117] the elder; Clarence will have the younger.— ***Aside***
Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,[118]
For I will hence to Warwick’s other daughter,
That, though I want[120] a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourself.
You that love me and Warwick, follow me.
Exit Clarence, and Somerset follows
GLOUCESTER Not I. ***Aside***
My thoughts aim at a further matter:
I stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown.
KING EDWARD IV Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!
Yet am I armed against the worst can happen,
And haste is needful[128] in this desp’rate case.—
Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare[130] for war;
They are already, or quickly will be landed.
Myself in person will straight[132] follow you.
Exeunt Pembroke and Stafford
But, ere I go, Hastings and Montague,

Resolve my doubt. You twain,[134] of all the rest,
Are near to Warwick by blood and by alliance:
Tell me if you love Warwick more than me?
If it be so, then both depart to him.
I rather wish you foes than hollow[138] friends.
But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.[141]
MONTAGUE So God help Montague as he proves true.
HASTINGS And Hastings as he favours Edward’s cause.
KING EDWARD IV Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?
GLOUCESTER Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand[145] you.
KING EDWARD IV Why, so. Then am I sure of victory.
Now therefore let us hence, and lose no hour
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.[148]
Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 2][4.2]

running scene 10

Enter Warwick and Oxford in England, with French Soldiers

WARWICK Trust me, my lord, all hitherto[1] goes well.
The common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter Clarence and Somerset

But see where Somerset and Clarence comes.
Speak suddenly,[4] my lords, are we all friends?

CLARENCE Fear not that, my lord.

WARWICK Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick.—
And welcome, Somerset. I hold it cowardice
To rest[8] mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawned[9] an open hand in sign of love;
Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother,
Were but a feignèd friend to our proceedings.[11]
But welcome, sweet Clarence, my daughter shall be thine.
And now what rests but, in night's coverture,[13]
Thy brother being carelessly[14] encamped,
His soldiers lurking[15] in the towns about,
And but[16] attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise[17] and take him at our pleasure?
Our scouts have found the[18] adventure very easy,
That as Ulysses[19] and stout Diomede
With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds,
So we, well covered with the night's black mantle,
At unawares[23] may beat down Edward's guard
And seize himself. I say not, slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprise him.
You that will follow me to this attempt,
Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.

They all cry, 'Henry!'

Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort,[28]
For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George!

Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 3]*

running scene 11

Enter three Watchmen to guard the King's tent

FIRST WATCHMAN Come on, my[1] masters, each man take his stand.
The king by this[2] is set him down to sleep.
SECOND WATCHMAN What, will he not to bed?
FIRST WATCHMAN Why, no, for he hath made a solemn vow
Never to lie and take his natural rest
Till Warwick or himself be quite suppressed.
SECOND WATCHMAN Tomorrow then belike shall be the day,
If Warwick be so near as men report.
THIRD WATCHMAN But say, I pray, what nobleman is that
That with the king here resteth in his tent?
FIRST WATCHMAN 'Tis the lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.
THIRD WATCHMAN O, is it so? But why commands the king
That his chief followers lodge in towns about[13] him,
While he himself keeps[14] in the cold field?
SECOND WATCHMAN 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous.
THIRD WATCHMAN Ay, but give me worship[16] and quietness.
I like it better than a dangerous honour.
If Warwick knew in what estate[18] he stands,
'Tis to be doubted[19] he would waken him.
FIRST WATCHMAN Unless our halberds[20] did shut up his passage.
SECOND WATCHMAN Ay, wherefore[21] else guard we his royal tent,
But to defend his person from night-foes?

Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset and French Soldiers, silent all

WARWICK This is his tent, and see where stand his guard.
Courage, my masters: honour now or never:
But[25] follow me, and Edward shall be ours.
FIRST WATCHMAN Who goes there?
SECOND WATCHMAN Stay, or thou diest!

Warwick and the rest cry all, 'Warwick! Warwick!' and set upon the guard, who fly, crying, 'Arm! Arm!' Warwick and the rest following *them. The Drum playing and Trumpet sounding, enter Warwick, Somerset and the rest bringing the King [Edward] out in his gown, sitting in a chair. Richard and Hastings fly over the stage*

SOMERSET What[28] are they that fly there?

WARWICK Richard and Hastings. Let them go. Here is
The duke.

KING EDWARD IV The duke? Why, Warwick, when we parted,
Thou called'st me king.

WARWICK Ay, but the case is altered.
When you disgraced me in my embassade,[34]
Then I degraded[35] you from being king,
And come now to create you Duke of York.
Alas, how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors,
Nor how to be contented with one wife,
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,
Nor how to study for the people's welfare,
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?

KING EDWARD IV Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?
Nay, then I see that Edward needs must down.[44]—
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
Of thee thyself and all thy complices,[46]
Edward will always bear himself as king.
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,[48]
My mind exceeds the compass[49] of her wheel.

WARWICK Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king,

Takes off his crown

But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
And be true king indeed, thou but the shadow.—
My lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith Duke Edward be conveyed
Unto my brother, Archbishop of York.
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
I'll follow you, and tell what answer
Lewis and the lady Bona send to him.—
Now, for awhile farewell, good Duke of York.

They lead him out forcibly

KING EDWARD IV What fates impose, that men must needs abide;[60]
It boots not[61] to resist both wind and tide.

Exeunt [all but Oxford and Warwick]

OXFORD What now remains, my lords, for us to do
But march to London with our soldiers?

WARWICK Ay, that’s the first thing that we have to do,
To free King Henry from imprisonment
And see him seated in the regal throne.

Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 4][4.4]

running scene 12

Enter Rivers and Lady Grey [Queen Elizabeth]

RIVERS Madam, what makes[1] you in this sudden change?
LADY GREY Why brother Rivers, are you yet to learn
What late misfortune is befall’n King Edward?
RIVERS What? Loss of some pitched[4] battle against Warwick?
LADY GREY No, but the loss of his own royal person.
RIVERS Then is my sovereign slain?
LADY GREY Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner,
Either betrayed by falsehood[8] of his guard
Or by his foe surprised at[9] unawares.
And as I further have to understand,
Is new committed to[11] the Bishop of York,
Fell[12] Warwick’s brother and by that our foe.
RIVERS These news I must confess are full of grief,
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may,
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.
LADY GREY Till then fair hope must hinder[16] life’s decay.
And I the rather wean me from despair
For love of Edward’s offspring in my womb.
This is it that makes me bridle[19] passion
And bear with mildness my misfortune’s cross.
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,[22]
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast[23] or drown
King Edward’s fruit, true heir to th’English crown.
RIVERS But, madam, where[25] is Warwick then become?
LADY GREY I am informed that he comes towards London,
To set the crown once more on Henry’s head.
Guess thou the rest: King Edward’s friends must down.[28]
But, to prevent the tyrant’s[29] violence —
For trust not him that hath once broken faith —
I’ll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,[31]

To save at least the heir of Edward's right.[32]
There shall I rest secure[33] from force and fraud.
Come, therefore, let us fly while we may fly.
If Warwick take us we are sure to die.

Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 5][4.5]

running scene 13

Enter Richard, Lord Hastings and Sir William Stanley [with Soldiers]

GLOUCESTER Now, my lord Hastings and Sir William Stanley,
Leave[2] off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefest[3] thicket of the park.
Thus stands the case:[4] you know our king, my brother,
Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage[6] and great liberty,
And, often but[7] attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to disport[8] himself.
I have advertised[9] him by secret means
That if about this hour he make this way
Under the colour[11] of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends with horse and men
To set him free from his captivity.

Enter King Edward and a Huntsman with him

HUNTSMAN This way, my lord, for this way lies the game.[14]

KING EDWARD IV Nay, this way, man. See where the huntsmen stand.—
Now, brother of Gloucester, Lord Hastings and the rest,
Stand you thus close,[17] to steal the bishop's deer?

GLOUCESTER Brother, the time and case requireth haste.
Your horse stands ready at the park-corner.

KING EDWARD IV But whither shall we then?

HASTINGS To Lynn,[21] my lord,
And shipped from thence to Flanders.

GLOUCESTER Well guessed, believe me, for that was my meaning.

KING EDWARD IV Stanley, I will requite[24] thy forwardness.

GLOUCESTER But wherefore stay we? 'Tis no time to talk.

KING EDWARD IV Huntsman, what say'st thou? Wilt thou go along?

HUNTSMAN Better do so than tarry and be hanged.

GLOUCESTER Come then, away. Let's ha' no more ado.[28]

KING EDWARD IV Bishop, farewell. Shield thee from Warwick's frown,
And pray that I may repossess the crown.

Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 6]*

running scene 14

Flourish. Enter King Henry the Sixth, Clarence, Warwick, Somerset, young Henry of Richmond], Oxford, Montague and Lieutenant

KING HENRY VI Master lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,
And turned my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,
At our enlargement[5] what are thy due fees?

LIEUTENANT Subjects may challenge[6] nothing of their sov'reigns,
But if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your majesty.

KING HENRY VI For what, lieutenant? For well using me?
Nay, be thou sure I'll well requite thy kindness,
For that[11] it made my imprisonment a pleasure.
Ay, such a pleasure as encagèd birds
Conceive,[13] when after many moody thoughts,
At last, by notes[14] of household harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty.
But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee.
He was the author,[18] thou the instrument.
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite
By living low,[20] where fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this blessèd land
May not be punished with my thwarting stars,[22]
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

WARWICK Your grace hath still[26] been famed for virtuous
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying[28] and avoiding fortune's malice,
For few men rightly temper[29] with the stars:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,

For choosing me when Clarence is in place.[31]
CLARENCE No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,[32]
To whom the heav’ns in thy nativity
Adjudged[34] an olive branch and laurel crown,
As likely to be blest in peace and war.
And therefore I yield[36] thee my free consent.
WARWICK And I choose Clarence only[37] for Protector.
KING HENRY VI Warwick and Clarence give me both your hands.
Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,
That no dissension[40] hinder government.
I make you both protectors of this land,
While I myself will lead a private life
And in devotion[43] spend my latter days,
To sin’s rebuke and my creator’s praise.
WARWICK What answers Clarence to his sovereign’s will?
CLARENCE That he consents, if Warwick yield consent,
For on thy fortune I repose myself.[47]
WARWICK Why, then, though loath, yet must I be content.
We’ll yoke[49] together, like a double shadow
To Henry’s body, and supply[50] his place,
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour and his ease.
And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful
Forthwith that Edward be pronounced a traitor,
And all his lands and goods be confiscate.
CLARENCE What else?[56] And that succession be determinèd.
WARWICK Ay, therein Clarence[57] shall not want his part.
KING HENRY VI But, with the first of all your chief affairs,
Let me entreat, for I command no more,
That Margaret your queen and my son Edward
Be sent for, to return from France with speed.
For till I see them here, by doubtful[62] fear
My joy of liberty is half eclipsed.
CLARENCE It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.
KING HENRY VI My lord of Somerset, what youth is that,
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

SOMERSET My liege, it is young Henry,[67] Earl of Richmond.
KING HENRY VI Come hither, England's hope.
Lays his hand on his head
If secret powers
Suggest but truth to my divining[69] thoughts,
This pretty[70] lad will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty,
His head by nature framed to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre, and himself
Likely in time to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords, for this is he
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.
Enter a Post
WARWICK What news, my friend?
POST That Edward is escapèd from your brother,[78]
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.
WARWICK Unsavoury news! But how made he escape?
POST He was conveyed[81] by Richard, Duke of Gloucester,
And the Lord Hastings, who attended[82] him
In secret ambush on the forest side
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him,
For hunting was his daily exercise.
WARWICK My brother was too careless of his charge.[86]
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
A salve[88] for any sore that may betide.
Exeunt. Somerset, Richmond and Oxford remain
SOMERSET My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's,
For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help,
And we shall have more wars before't be long.
As Henry's late presaging prophecy
Did glad my heart with hope of this young Richmond,
So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
What may befall him, to his harm and ours:
Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we'll send him hence to Brittany,
Till storms be past of civil enmity.

OXFORD Ay, for if Edward repossess the crown,
'Tis like that Richmond with the rest, shall down.
SOMERSET It shall be so. He shall to Brittany.
Come, therefore, let's about it speedily.
Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 7][4.7]

running scene 15

Flourish. Enter Edward, Richard, Hastings and Soldiers

KING EDWARD IV Now, brother Richard, Lord Hastings and the rest,
Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
And says that once more I shall interchange[3]
My wanèd[4] state for Henry's regal crown.
Well have we passed and now repassed the seas
And brought desirèd help from Burgundy.
What then remains, we being thus arrived
From Ravenspurgh[8] haven before the gates of York,
But that we enter, as into our dukedom? ***Hastings knocks***

GLOUCESTER The gates made fast?[10] Brother, I like not this,
For many men that stumble at the threshold
Are well foretold[12] that danger lurks within.

KING EDWARD IV Tush, man, abodements[13] must not now affright us.
By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair[15] to us.

HASTINGS My liege, I'll knock once more to summon them. ***Knocks***

Enter [above], on the walls, the Mayor of York and his brethren

MAYOR My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

KING EDWARD IV But, Master Mayor, if Henry be your king,
Yet Edward, at the least, is Duke of York.

MAYOR True, my good lord, I know you for no less.

KING EDWARD IV Why, and I challenge[23] nothing but my dukedom,
As being well content with that alone.

GLOUCESTER But when the fox hath once got[25] in his nose, ***Aside***
He'll soon find means to make the body follow.

HASTINGS Why, Master Mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the gates, we are King Henry's friends.

MAYOR Ay, say you so? The gates shall then be opened.

He descends [with his brethren]

GLOUCESTER A wise stout[30] captain, and soon persuaded.
HASTINGS The good old man would fain[31] that all were well,
So[32] ’twere not long of him. But being entered,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.
Enter the Mayor and two Aldermen [below]
KING EDWARD IV So, Master Mayor, these gates must not be shut
But[36] in the night or in the time of war.
What! Fear not, man, but yield me up the keys.
Takes his keys
For Edward will defend the town and thee,
And all those friends that deign[39] to follow me.
March. Enter Montgomery, with Drum and Soldiers
GLOUCESTER Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceived.
KING EDWARD IV Welcome, Sir John. But why come you in arms?
MONTGOMERY To help King Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.
KING EDWARD IV Thanks, good Montgomery, but we now forget[45]
Our title to the crown and only claim
Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest.
MONTGOMERY Then fare you well, for I will hence again.
I came to serve a king and not a duke.—
Drummer, strike up and let us march away.
The Drum begins to march
KING EDWARD IV Nay, stay, Sir John, awhile, and we’ll debate
By what safe means the crown may be recovered.
MONTGOMERY What talk you of debating? In few words,
If you’ll not here proclaim yourself our king,
I’ll leave you to your fortune and be gone
To keep them back that come to succour you.
Why shall we fight, if you pretend[57] no title?
GLOUCESTER Why, brother, wherefore stand you[58] on nice points?
KING EDWARD IV When we grow stronger, then we’ll make our claim.
Till then, ’tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.[60]
HASTINGS Away with scrupulous wit,[61] now arms must rule.

GLOUCESTER And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand.[63]
The bruit[64] thereof will bring you many friends.
KING EDWARD IV Then be it as you will, for ’tis my right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem.
MONTGOMERY Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself,
And now will I be Edward’s champion.[68]
HASTINGS Sound trumpet. Edward shall be here proclaimed.
Come, fellow soldier, make thou proclamation.
Flourish. Sound[70]
SOLDIER[71] ***Reads*** ‘Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God, King of England and France, and Lord of Ireland, etc.’
MONTGOMERY And whosoe’er gainsays[73] King Edward’s right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.
Throws down his gauntlet[74]
ALL Long live Edward the Fourth!
KING EDWARD IV Thanks, brave[76] Montgomery, and thanks unto you all.
If fortune serve me, I’ll requite this kindness.
Now, for this night, let’s harbour[78] here in York,
And when the morning sun shall raise his car[79]
Above the border of this horizon,
We’ll forward towards Warwick and his mates;
For well I wot[82] that Henry is no soldier.
Ah, froward[83] Clarence, how evil it beseems thee
To flatter Henry and forsake thy brother!
Yet, as we may, we’ll meet both thee and Warwick.
Come on, brave soldiers, doubt not of the day,[86]
And that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.
Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 8]*

running scene 16

Flourish. Enter the King, Warwick, Montague, Clarence, Oxford and Somerset

WARWICK What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,[1]
With hasty[2] Germans and blunt Hollanders,
Hath passed in safety through the narrow seas,[3]
And with his troops doth march amain[4] to London,
And many giddy[5] people flock to him.

KING HENRY VI Let's levy men and beat him back again.

CLARENCE A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which, being suffered,[8] rivers cannot quench.

WARWICK In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war.
Those will I muster up, and thou, son[11] Clarence,
Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk and in Kent,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee.
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton and in Leicestershire, shalt find
Men well inclined to hear what thou command'st.
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous[17] well beloved,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.
My sovereign, with the loving citizens,
Like to his island girt in with[20] the ocean,
Or modest Dian[21] circled with her nymphs,
Shall rest[22] in London till we come to him.
Fair lords, take leave and stand not[23] to reply.
Farewell, my sovereign.

KING HENRY VI Farewell, my Hector,[25] and my Troy's true hope.

CLARENCE In sign of truth,[26] I kiss your highness' hand.

KING HENRY VI Well-minded[27] Clarence, be thou fortunate.

MONTAGUE Comfort,[28] my lord, and so I take my leave.

OXFORD And thus[29] I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

KING HENRY VI Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,

And all at once,[31] once more a happy farewell.
WARWICK Farewell, sweet lords, let's meet at Coventry.
Exeunt. [King Henry and Exeter remain]
KING HENRY VI Here at the palace will I rest awhile.
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
Methinks the power that Edward hath in field
Should not be able to encounter[36] mine.
EXETER The doubt[37] is that he will seduce the rest.
KING HENRY VI That's not my fear. My meed[38] hath got me fame:
I have not stopped mine ears to their demands,[39]
Nor posted off[40] their suits with slow delays.
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allayed their swelling griefs,
My mercy dried their water-flowing tears.
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppressed them with great subsidies,[45]
Nor forward of[46] revenge, though they much erred.
Then why should they love Edward more than me?
No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace,[48]
And when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.
Shout within, 'A Lancaster! A Lancaster!'
EXETER Hark, hark, my lord, what shouts are these?
Enter Edward and his Soldiers
KING EDWARD IV Seize on the shame-faced[52] Henry. Bear him hence,
And once again proclaim us King of England.—
You are the fount[54] that makes small brooks to flow:
Now stops thy spring, my sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher by their ebb.[56]—
Hence with him to the Tower. Let him not speak.
Exeunt [some] with King Henry
And, lords, towards Coventry bend[58] we our course
Where peremptory[59] Warwick now remains.
The sun shines hot, and if we use delay,
Cold biting winter mars[61] our hoped-for hay.
GLOUCESTER Away betimes,[62] before his forces join,

And take the great-grown traitor unawares.
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.

Exeunt

[Act 5 Scene 1][5.1]

running scene 17

Enter Warwick, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers and others upon the walls

WARWICK Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?
How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

FIRST MESSENGER By this[3] at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

[He may exit]

WARWICK How far off is our brother Montague?
Where is the post that came from Montague?

SECOND MESSENGER By this at Daintry,[6] with a puissant troop.

[He may exit]

Enter Somerville

WARWICK Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?[7]
And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

SOMERVILLE At Southam[9] I did leave him with his forces
And do expect him here some two hours hence. ***Drum heard***

WARWICK Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.

SOMERVILLE It is not his, my lord, here[12] Southam lies.
The drum your honour hears marcheth from Warwick.

WARWICK Who should that be? Belike, unlooked-for friends.

SOMERVILLE They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

[Exit into the city]

March. Flourish. Enter Edward, Richard and Soldiers

KING EDWARD IV Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.[16]

GLOUCESTER See how the surly[17] Warwick mans the wall.

WARWICK O, unbid[18] spite, is sportful Edward come?
Where slept our scouts or how are they seduced,
That we could hear no news of his repair?[20]

KING EDWARD IV Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,
Speak gentle words and humbly bend thy knee?
Call Edward king and at his hands beg mercy,
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

WARWICK Nay, rather, wilt thou draw[25] thy forces hence,

Confess who set thee up and plucked thee down,
Call Warwick patron[27] and be penitent?
And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.
GLOUCESTER I thought, at least, he would have said the king,
Or did he make the jest against his will?
WARWICK Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?
GLOUCESTER Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl[32] to give.
I'll do thee service for so good a gift.
WARWICK 'Twas I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.
KING EDWARD IV Why then 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.
WARWICK Thou art no Atlas[36] for so great a weight,
And weakling, Warwick takes his gift again,
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.
KING EDWARD IV But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner.
And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this:
What is the body when the head is off?
GLOUCESTER Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,[42]
But whiles he thought to steal the single ten,[43]
The king was slyly fingered[44] from the deck.
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,
And ten to one you'll meet him in the Tower.
EDWARD 'Tis even[47] so, yet you are Warwick still.
GLOUCESTER Come, Warwick, take the time,[48] kneel down, kneel down.
Nay, when?[49] Strike now, or else the iron cools.
WARWICK I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail to strike to thee.
KING EDWARD IV Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend,
This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, whiles thy head is warm and new cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,
'Wind-changing[57] Warwick now can change no more.'
Enter Oxford with Drum and Colours
WARWICK O, cheerful colours, see where Oxford comes!
OXFORD Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster! ***He and his forces enter the city***
GLOUCESTER The gates are open, let us enter too.

KING EDWARD IV So other foes may set[61] upon our backs.
Stand we in good array,[62] for they no doubt
Will issue out again and bid[63] us battle;
If not, the city being but of small defence,[64]
We'll quickly rouse[65] the traitors in the same. ***Oxford appears on the walls***
WARWICK O, welcome, Oxford, for we want[66] thy help.

Enter Montague with Drum and Colours

MONTAGUE Montague, Montague, for Lancaster! ***He and his forces enter the city***
GLOUCESTER Thou and thy brother both shall buy[68] this treason
Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.
KING EDWARD IV The harder matched,[70] the greater victory.
My mind presageth[71] happy gain and conquest.

Enter Somerset with Drum and Colours

SOMERSET Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster! ***He and his forces enter the city***
GLOUCESTER Two[73] of thy name, both Dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York,
And thou shalt be the third if this sword hold.

Enter Clarence with Drum and Colours

WARWICK And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle,
With whom an upright zeal to right[78] prevails
More than the nature[79] of a brother's love.
Come, Clarence, come. Thou wilt, if Warwick call.
CLARENCE Father[81] of Warwick, know you what this means? ***Takes red rose out of his hat***
Look here, I throw my infamy at thee. ***Throws it at Warwick***
I will not ruinate[83] my father's house,
Who gave his blood to lime[84] the stones together,
And set up Lancaster. Why, trowest thou,[85] Warwick,
That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt,[86] unnatural,
To bend[87] the fatal instruments of war
Against his brother and his lawful king?
Perhaps thou wilt object[89] my holy oath:
To keep that oath were more impiety
Than Jephthah,[91] when he sacrificed his daughter.
I am so sorry for my trespass[92] made

That, to deserve well at my brother’s hands,
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe,
With resolution, wheresoe’er I meet thee —
As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad[96] —
To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing[99] cheeks.—
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends.—
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.[102]
KING EDWARD IV Now welcome more, and ten times more beloved,
Than if thou never hadst deserved our hate.
GLOUCESTER Welcome, good Clarence, this is brotherlike.
WARWICK O passing[106] traitor, perjured and unjust!
KING EDWARD IV What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town and fight?
Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?
WARWICK Alas, I am not cooped[109] here for defence.
I will away towards Barnet[110] presently,
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar’st.
KING EDWARD IV Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way.—
Lords, to the field. Saint George and victory!
Exeunt [King Edward and his company]. March.
Warwick and his company follows

[Act 5 Scene 2][5.2]

running scene 18

Alarum and excursions. Enter Edward bringing forth Warwick wounded

KING EDWARD IV So, lie thou there. Die thou, and die our fear,
For Warwick was a bug[2] that feared us all.
Now, Montague, sit fast:[3] I seek for thee,
That[4] Warwick's bones may keep thine company.

Exit

WARWICK Ah, who is nigh? Come to me, friend or foe,
And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?
Why ask I that? My mangled body shows,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,
That I must yield my body to the earth
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar[11] to the axe's edge,
Whose arms[12] gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping[13] lion slept,
Whose top-branch overpeered[14] Jove's spreading tree
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
These eyes, that now are dimmed with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the midday sun,
To search[18] the secret treasons of the world.
The wrinkles in my brows, now filled with blood,
Were likened oft to kingly sepulchres,
For who lived king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?[22]
Lo, now my glory smeared in dust and blood.
My parks,[24] my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and of all my lands
Is nothing left me but my body's length.
Why, what is pomp,[27] rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter Oxford and Somerset

SOMERSET Ah, Warwick, Warwick, wert thou as we are,

We might recover all our loss again.
The queen from France hath brought a puissant power.[31]
Even now we heard the news. Ah, couldst thou fly.
WARWICK Why, then I would not fly. Ah, Montague,
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand
And with[35] thy lips keep in my soul awhile.
Thou lov’st me not, for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealèd blood
That glues my lips and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.
SOMERSET Ah, Warwick, Montague hath breathed his last,
And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick
And said ‘Commend me to my valiant brother.’
And more he would have said, and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a cannon in a vault,
That mought[45] not be distinguished, but at last
I well might hear, delivered with a groan,
‘O, farewell, Warwick!’
WARWICK Sweet rest his soul. Fly, lords, and save yourselves,
For Warwick bids you all farewell to meet in heaven. ***Dies***
OXFORD Away, away, to meet the queen’s great power.
Here they bear away his body. Exeunt

[Act 5 Scene 3]

running scene 18 continues

Flourish. Enter King Edward in triumph,[*] *with Richard, Clarence and the rest*

KING EDWARD IV Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are graced with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Ere he attain his easeful western bed.
I mean, my lords, those powers that the queen
Hath raised in Gallia[8] have arrived our coast
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

CLARENCE A little gale will soon disperse that cloud
And blow it to the source from whence it came.
Thy very beams will dry those vapours up,
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

GLOUCESTER The queen is valued[14] thirty thousand strong,
And Somerset with Oxford fled to her:
If she have time to breathe,[16] be well assured
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

KING EDWARD IV We are advertised[18] by our loving friends
That they do hold their course toward Tewkesbury.[19]
We, having now the best at Barnet field,
Will thither straight, for willingness rids way,[21]
And as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along.
Strike up the drum, cry 'Courage!' and away.

Exeunt

[Act 5 Scene 4][5.4]

Flourish. March. Enter the Queen, young Edward, Somerset, Oxford and Soldiers

QUEEN MARGARET Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly[2] seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown overboard,
The cable broke, the holding-anchor[4] lost,
And half our sailors swallowed in the flood?[5]
Yet lives our pilot[6] still. Is't meet that he
Should leave the helm and like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the sea
And give more strength to that which hath too much,
Whiles, in his moan,[10] the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry[11] and courage might have saved?
Ah, what a shame! Ah, what a fault were this!
Say Warwick was our anchor: what of that?
And Montague our topmast: what of him?
Our slaughtered friends the tackles:[15] what of these?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
And Somerset another goodly mast?
The friends of France our shrouds[18] and tacklings?
And, though unskilful, why not Ned[19] and I
For once allowed the skilful pilot's charge?[20]
We will not from[21] the helm to sit and weep,
But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,
From shelves[23] and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
As good to chide the waves as speak them fair.
And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?
And Richard but a ragged[27] fatal rock?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.[28]
Say you can swim, alas, 'tis but a while:
Tread on the sand, why, there you quickly sink,

Bestride[31] the rock, the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish, that’s a three-fold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
If case some one of you would fly from us,
That there’s no hoped-for mercy with the brothers
More than with ruthless waves, with sands and rocks.
Why, courage then: what cannot be avoided
’Twere childish weakness to lament or fear.

PRINCE EDWARD Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
Infuse his breast with magnanimity[41]
And make him, naked,[42] foil a man at arms.
I speak not this as doubting any here,
For did I but suspect a fearful man
He should have leave to go away betimes,[45]
Lest in our need he might infect another
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here — as God forbid —
Let him depart before we need his help.

OXFORD Women and children[50] of so high a courage,
And warriors faint: why, ’twere perpetual shame.
O, brave young prince, thy famous grandfather[52]
Doth live again in thee: long mayst thou live
To bear his image and renew his glories!

SOMERSET And he that will not fight for such a hope,
Go home to bed, and like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mocked and wondered at.

QUEEN MARGARET Thanks, gentle Somerset. Sweet Oxford, thanks.

PRINCE EDWARD And take his[59] thanks that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger

MESSENGER Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand.
Ready to fight: therefore be resolute.

[He may exit]

OXFORD I thought no less: it is his policy[62]
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.[63]

SOMERSET But he’s deceived: we are in readiness.

QUEEN MARGARET This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.[65]
OXFORD Here pitch our battle,[66] hence we will not budge.
Flourish and march. Enter Edward, Richard, Clarence and Soldiers
KING EDWARD IV Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
Which by the heavens’ assistance and your strength,
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
I need not add more fuel to your fire,
For well I wot[71] ye blaze to burn them out.
Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords!
QUEEN MARGARET Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say
My tears gainsay,[74] for every word I speak,
Ye see I drink the water of my eye.
Therefore no more but this: Henry, your sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe, his state[77] usurped,
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancelled and his treasure spent,
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.[80]
You fight in justice. Then, in God’s name, lords,
Be valiant and give signal to the fight.
Alarum, retreat, excursions. Exeunt

[Act 5 Scene 5]

running scene 19 continues

Flourish. Enter Edward, Richard [and] Clarence [with] Queen, Oxford, Somerset,
[prisoners]

KING EDWARD IV Now here a period[1] of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Hames[2] Castle straight.
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.
Go, bear them hence: I will not hear them speak.
OXFORD For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.
SOMERSET Nor I, but stoop[6] with patience to my fortune.
Exeunt [Oxford and Somerset, guarded]
QUEEN MARGARET So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.[8]
KING EDWARD IV Is proclamation made that who[9] finds Edward
Shall have a high reward, and he[10] his life?
GLOUCESTER It is, and lo[11] where youthful Edward comes!
Enter [Soldiers with] the Prince
KING EDWARD IV Bring forth the gallant,[12] let us hear him speak.
What? Can so young a thorn begin to prick?
Edward, what satisfaction[14] canst thou make
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turned me to?
PRINCE EDWARD Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York.
Suppose that I am now my father's mouth.
Resign thy chair,[19] and where I stand kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the selfsame words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.
QUEEN MARGARET Ah, that thy father had been so resolved!
GLOUCESTER That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech[24] from Lancaster.
PRINCE EDWARD Let Aesop[25] fable in a winter's night,
His currish[26] riddles sorts not with this place.
GLOUCESTER By heaven, brat, I'll plague ye for that word.

QUEEN MARGARET Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.
GLOUCESTER For God’s sake, take away this captive scold.[29]
PRINCE EDWARD Nay, take away this scolding crookback rather.
KING EDWARD IV Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm[31] your tongue.
CLARENCE Untutored lad, thou art too malapert.[32]
PRINCE EDWARD I know my duty. You are all undutiful:
Lascivious Edward, and thou perjured George,
And thou misshapen Dick,[35] I tell ye all
I am your better, traitors as ye are,
And thou usurp’st my father’s right and mine.
KING EDWARD IV Take that, the likeness[38] of this railer here.
Stabs him
GLOUCESTER Sprawl’st thou?[39] Take that to end thy agony.
Richard stabs him
CLARENCE And there’s for twitting[40] me with perjury.
Clarence stabs him
QUEEN MARGARET O, kill me too!
GLOUCESTER Marry, and shall.[42]
Offers to kill her
KING EDWARD IV Hold, Richard, hold, for we have done too much.
GLOUCESTER Why should she live to fill the world with words?
KING EDWARD IV What, doth she swoon? Use means for her recovery.
GLOUCESTER Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother.
I’ll hence to London on a serious matter.
Ere ye come there, be sure[48] to hear some news.
CLARENCE What? What?
GLOUCESTER Tower, the Tower.
Exit
QUEEN MARGARET O Ned, sweet Ned! Speak to thy mother, boy.
Canst thou not speak? O, traitors, murderers!
They that stabbed Caesar shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by[55] to equal it.
He was a man; this, in respect,[56] a child,
And men ne’er spend their fury on a child.
What’s worse than murderer, that I may name it?

No, no, my heart will burst, an if I speak —
And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.
Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals!
How sweet a plant have you untimely[62] cropped.
You have no[63] children, butchers! If you had,
The thought of them would have stirred up remorse.[64]
But if you ever chance to have a child,
Look[66] in his youth to have him so cut off
As, deathmen, you have rid[67] this sweet young prince.
KING EDWARD IV Away with her: go, bear her hence perforce.[68]
QUEEN MARGARET Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch[69] me here:
Here[70] sheathe thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death.
What, wilt thou not? Then, Clarence, do it thou.
CLARENCE By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.[72]
QUEEN MARGARET Good Clarence, do, sweet Clarence, do thou do it.
CLARENCE Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?
QUEEN MARGARET Ay, but thou usest[75] to forswear thyself.
'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.
What, wilt thou not? Where is that devil's butcher, Richard?
Hard-favoured[78] Richard? Richard, where art thou?
Thou art not here; murder is thy alms-deed:[79]
Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st back.[80]
KING EDWARD IV Away, I say: I charge ye, bear her hence.
QUEEN MARGARET So come to[82] you and yours, as to this prince.
Exit Queen, [dragged out by Soldiers]
KING EDWARD IV Where's Richard gone?
CLARENCE To London all in post and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.
KING EDWARD IV He's sudden[86] if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence. Discharge the common sort[87]
With pay and thanks, and let's away to London
And see our gentle queen how well she fares:
By this, I hope, she hath a son for me.
Exeunt

[Act 5 Scene 6][5.6]

running scene 20

Enter Henry the Sixth and Richard, with the Lieutenant, on the walls

GLOUCESTER Good day, my lord. What, at your book[1] so hard?

KING HENRY VI Ay, my good lord — my lord, I should say rather.
’Tis sin to flatter. ‘Good’ was little better.[3]
‘Good Gloucester’ and ‘good devil’ were alike,
And both preposterous:[5] therefore, not ‘good lord’.

GLOUCESTER Sirrah,[6] leave us to ourselves: we must confer.

[Exit Lieutenant]

KING HENRY VI So flies the reckless[7] shepherd from the wolf,
So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece
And next his throat unto the butcher’s knife.
What scene of death hath Roscius[10] now to act?

GLOUCESTER Suspicion[11] always haunts the guilty mind,
The thief doth fear each bush an officer

KING HENRY VI The bird that hath been limèd[13] in a bush
With trembling wings misdoubteth[14] every bush;
And I, the hapless male[15] to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal[16] object in my eye
Where[17] my poor young was limed, was caught and killed.

GLOUCESTER Why, what a peevish[18] fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl!
And yet, for all his wings, the fool[20] was drowned.

KING HENRY VI I, Daedalus, my poor boy, Icarus,
Thy father, Minos,[22] that denied our course,
The sun[23] that seared the wings of my sweet boy,
Thy brother Edward, and thyself the sea
Whose envious[25] gulf did swallow up his life.
Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!
My breast can better brook[27] thy dagger’s point
Than can my ears that tragic history.[28]
But wherefore dost thou come? Is’t for my life?

GLOUCESTER Think’st thou I am an executioner?

KING HENRY VI A persecutor I am sure, thou art,
If murdering innocents be executing,
Why then, thou art an executioner.
GLOUCESTER Thy son I killed for his presumption.
KING HENRY VI Hadst thou been killed when first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not lived to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophesy, that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust[38] no parcel of my fear,
And many an old man’s sigh and many a widow’s,
And many an orphan’s water-standing[40] eye —
Men for their sons, wives for their husbands,
Orphans for their parents’ timeless[42] death —
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shrieked at thy birth — an evil sign —
The night-crow[45] cried, aboding luckless time,
Dogs howled, and hideous tempest shook down trees,
The raven rooked her[47] on the chimney’s top,
And chatt’ring pies[48] in dismal discords sung.
Thy mother felt more than a mother’s pain,[49]
And yet brought forth less than a mother’s hope,
To wit,[51] an indigested and deformèd lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth[53] hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,
To signify thou cam’st to bite the world.
And if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam’st—
GLOUCESTER I’ll hear no more: die, prophet, in thy speech,
For this amongst the rest, was I ordained.[58]
Stabs him
KING HENRY VI Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.
O, God forgive my sins and pardon thee!
Dies
GLOUCESTER What? Will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See how my sword weeps[63] for the poor king’s death.
O, may such purple[64] tears be alway shed

From those that wish the downfall of our house.
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither,
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.
Stabs him again
Indeed, 'tis true that[69] Henry told me of,
For I have often heard my mother say
I came[71] into the world with my legs forward.
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their ruin that usurped our right?
The midwife wondered[74] and the women cried
'O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!'
And so I was, which plainly signified
That I should snarl and bite and play the dog.
Then, since the heavens have shaped my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer[79] it.
I have no brother, I am like no brother.
And this word 'love', which greybeards[81] call divine,
Be resident in men like[82] one another
And not in me: I am myself alone.
Clarence, beware, thou keep'st me from the light,[84]
But I will sort[85] a pitchy day for thee,
For I will buzz abroad[86] such prophecies
That Edward shall be fearful of[87] his life,
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
King Henry and the prince his son are gone.
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest,
Counting myself but bad[91] till I be best.
I'll throw thy body in another room
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.[93]
Exit [with the body]

[Act 5 Scene 7][5.7]

running scene 21

Flourish. Enter King, Queen, Clarence, Richard, Hastings, Nurse [with the young Prince] and Attendants

KING EDWARD IV Once more we sit in England's royal throne,
Repurchased with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mowed down in tops[4] of all their pride!
Three Dukes of Somerset, three-fold renowned
For hardy[6] and undoubted champions,
Two Cliffords, as[7] the father and the son,
And two Northumberlands: two braver men
Ne'er spurred their coursers[9] at the trumpet's sound.
With them, the two brave bears,[10] Warwick and Montague,
That in[11] their chains fettered the kingly lion
And made the forest tremble when they roared.
Thus have we swept suspicion[13] from our seat
And made our footstool of security.—
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.—
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself
Have in our armours watched[17] the winter's night,
Went all afoot[18] in summer's scalding heat,
That thou mightst repossess the crown in peace,
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

GLOUCESTER I'll blast[21] his harvest, if your head were laid, ***Aside***
For yet I am not looked on[22] in the world.
This shoulder was ordained so thick[23] to heave,
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back.
Work[25] thou the way, and that shalt execute.

KING EDWARD IV Clarence and Gloucester, love my lovely queen,
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

CLARENCE The duty that I owe unto your majesty
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe. ***Kisses the baby***

QUEEN ELIZABETH Thanks, noble Clarence. Worthy brother,[30] thanks.

GLOUCESTER And that[31] I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.—
To say the truth, so Judas[33] kissed his master ***Aside***
And cried 'All hail!' whenas[34] he meant all harm.
KING EDWARD IV Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace and brothers' loves.
CLARENCE What will your grace have done with Margaret?
Reynard,[38] her father, to the King of France
Hath pawned the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it[40] for her ransom.
KING EDWARD IV Away with her, and waft[41] her hence to France.
And now what rests but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs,[43] mirthful comic shows,
Such as befits the pleasure of the court.
Sound drums and trumpets! Farewell sour[45] annoy,
For here I hope begins our lasting joy.
Exeunt all

Textual Notes

= First Octavo text of 1595
3 = Third Quarto text of 1619
= First Folio text of 1623
2 = a correction introduced in the Second Folio text of 1632
3 = a correction introduced in the Third Folio text of 1663–64
d = a correction introduced by a later editor
D = Stage direction
H = Speech heading (i.e., speaker's names)

ist of parts = Ed

.1.2 SH YORK = O. F = *Pl. or Plat. (throughout)* **106 Thy** = O. F = My **171 hear me** = F3. F = heare **262 with me** = O. F = me **264 from** = O. F = to **276 SD** ***Flourish*** *printed as part of the entrance direction to the next scene in* F **1.2.47 SD** *a Messenger* = O. F = *Gabriel (the name of an actor in Shakespeare's company)* **49 SH MESSENGER** = O. F = *Gabriel* **2.1.96 recount** = F3. F = tecompt **130 an idle** = O. F = a lazie **2.2.89 Since** = F2. F = *Cla*. Since *(assigning lines 89–92 to George of Clarence)* **151 dauphin** *spelled* Dolphin in F **163 SH GEORGE** = O. F = *Cla*.

.5.89 stratagems = F3. F = Stragems **90 Erroneous** = F2. F = Erreoneous **119 E'en** = Ed. F = Men

.6.8 The…flies = O. *Not in* F **44 SH EDWARD See…is**. = O. *Assigned to Richard in* F **60 his** = O. F = is **91 sinew** *spelled* sinow *in* F

.1.0 SD *two Keepers* = O. F = *Sinklo, and Humfrey (the names of actors in Shakespeare's company)* **1 SH FIRST KEEPER** = Ed. F = *Sink. or Sinklo. (throughout)* **5 SH SECOND KEEPER** = Ed. F = *Hum. throughout* **17 wast** = F3. F = was **30 Is** = F2. F = I: **55 that** = O. *Not in* F

.2.8 SH GLOUCESTER F = *Rich*. **18 SH LADY GREY** = Ed. F = Wid. **84 looks do** = F2. F = Looks doth **124 honourably** = O. F = honorable

.3.126 external = F. O = eternall

.1.92 thy = O. F = the

.2.15 towns = Ed. F = Towne

.4.17 wean *spelled* waine *in* F

.5.4 stands = Ed. F = stand **8 Comes** = Ed. F = Come

.1.78 an = F2. F = in

.7.5 renowned = Q3. F = Renowne **30 SH QUEEN ELIZABETH** = O. F = *Cla*. **Thanks** = O. F = Thanke

Act 1 Scene 1

1.1 ***Location:*** *the Parliament House at Westminster, London* ***Alarum*** trumpet call to arms ***white roses*** emblems of the House of York

5 **brook retreat** tolerate the sound of a trumpet call signaling retreat

6 **drooping** flagging, spiritless

8 **battle's** army's, battalion's

11 **dangerous** dangerously, potentially fatally

12 **cleft** split **beaver** face-guard, helmet visor **downright** directed from above, straight down

14 **brother** historically, Montague was Warwick's brother; his father was York's brother-in-law

15 **encountered** fought with

16 **thou** Richard addresses Somerset's head

19 **Such…Gaunt** may all the descendants of Gaunt have such a fate

22 **Before** until

25 **fearful** anxious, frightened

26 **possess** sit in (literally)/seize (metaphorically)

31 **gentle** noble

33 **offer** attempt, start

34 **perforce** by force

41 **bashful** timorous

42 **bywords** proverbial

46 **holds up** supports

47 **shake his bells** i.e., move, make to swoop on (an image from falconry: bells attached to the bird's legs served to terrify its prey)

48 **plant** establish, install (puns on **Plantagenet**) ***Flourish*** trumpet fanfare signaling the arrival of a person of authority ***red roses*** emblems of the House of Lancaster

50 **sturdy** uncompromising, obstinate, defiant

51 **chair of state** throne **belike** presumably, probably

52 **false peer** disloyal lord

57 **be not** i.e., be not avenged

58 **steel** armor (rather than the traditional black cloth; i.e., ready for revenge)

59 **suffer** allow

60 **brook** endure

62 **poltroons** cowards, worthless men

63 **durst not** would not have dared

65 **assail** attack, assault

66 **cousin** kinsman; a common form of address among the nobility

67 **city** i.e., citizens of London

68 **beck** command, call

71 **shambles** slaughterhouse

74 **factious** rebellious, generator of division

78 **He…York** in *1 Henry VI* (Act 3 Scene 1), Henry restores Richard to a noble title (previously denied him because his father had been executed for treason)

79 **earldom** York inherited the earldom of March through his mother, through whom he claimed a right to the throne

80 **traitor…crown** the Earl of Cambridge, York's father, was executed for treason (*Henry V*, Act 2 Scene 2)

86 **Content thyself** accept it

89 **maintain** defend, support

91 **field** battlefield

92 **colours** military flags

95 **his** i.e., Northumberland's father, slain in the battle

99 **Urge** claim, insist on

100 **messenger** perhaps Clifford means an avenging angel

103 **Will you we** do you want me to

104 **plead** make a case for

106 **father…York** historically, York inherited the title from his uncle Edward, his father's elder brother

109 **dauphin** title of the French king's eldest son, heir to the throne **stoop**
submit, bow down

111 **sith** since

112 **Lord Protector** Duke of Gloucester, murdered in 2 *Henry VI;* the Protector ruled on behalf of a monarch who was too young to do so

114 **yet** still

118 **cavilling** disputing over details

121 **leave** permission, opportunity

127 **unpeople** depopulate

130 **winding-sheet** burial shroud **faint you** do you lose heart

134 **his king** i.e., Richard II, whom Henry IV deposed

138 **An if** if

142 **him, being** Richard II, who was

144 **unconstrained** voluntarily

145 **’twere…crown** it would invalidate his right (or that of his descendants) to the throne

147 **heir** i.e., heir who is next in line or has been specifically nominated (by Richard)

149 **His** i.e., York’s

155 **despite** spite

156 **deceived** mistaken **power** army, forces

159 **up** i.e., on the throne

170 **usurping blood** i.e., the blood of Henry VI

179 **Base** dishonorable, unworthy

181 **articles** conditions, terms of agreement

185 **cold** weak, cowardly, unnatural

187 **bands** bonds, chains

196 **entail** bequeath as a legally untransferable possession

198 **Conditionally** on the condition

202 **put me down** depose/murder me

205 **forward** precocious, promising/presumptuous, demanding ***Sennet*** trumpet call signaling a procession ***down*** i.e., from the throne, or a dais on which it sits

209 **keep** remain in/guard

211 **unto the sea** meaning obscure, since Montague did not have any particular connection with the sea; Shakespeare may be confusing him with Falconbridge

213 **bewray** betray, reveal

219 **would** I wish **maid** a virgin, unmarried

224 **pain** i.e., of labor

225 **blood** i.e., breast milk, thought to be converted from blood, and popularly supposed to convey to the child some of the mother’s temperament (another sense of “blood”)

235 **undone** ruined

236 **head** free reign

237 **sufferance** permission, tolerance

239 **sepulchre** tomb

242 **narrow seas** i.e., the English Channel

243 **duke** i.e., of York

245 **environèd** surrounded

246 **silly** helpless, defenseless

247 **tossed** impaled **pikes** spears

248 **granted** agreed

250 **I…bed** legally, a type of divorce known as *mensa et thoro*, in which partners were free from the duty to cohabit, but not permitted to remarry

254 **forsworn** rejected their oaths to serve under

271 **cost** cost me, deprive me of/accost, attack **empty** hungry

272 **Tire** feed voraciously

274 **fair** courteously

Act 1 Scene 2

1.2 ***Location:*** *the Duke of York's castle (historically Sandal Castle in Yorkshire, northern England)*

1 **leave** permission (to speak)
3 **forcible** compelling
13 **breathe** rest, recover itself
14 **outrun** escape, elude
15 **quietly** peacefully
18 **forsworn** guilty of perjury, an oath breaker
22 **moment** significance
26 **depose** take an oath
27 **vain** worthless **frivolous** paltry
30 **circuit** circumference **Elysium** in Greek mythology, a paradise inhabited by the good or distinguished after death
31 **feign** conjure up, imagine (plays on "fain," i.e., to make glad, rejoice in)
33 **dyed** puns on "died"
36 **presently** immediately
37 **whet on** encourage, sharpen the inclination of
39 **privily** privately, secretly
41 **rise** rebel, rise up in arms
43 **Witty** intelligent **liberal** generous-hearted **spirit** courage, vigor
44 **resteth more** else remains
45 **occasion** opportunity
46 **privy…drift** aware of my intentions
48 **stay** wait **post** haste
51 **hard** close
52 **hold** stronghold, fortress
55 **post** ride swiftly
58 **policy** strategy/cunning
59 **simple** foolish
63 **happy** fortunate
65 **need** need to
67 **for a need** if necessary
70 **straight** straightaway

74 **Whenas** when, although

75 **like** same

Act 1 Scene 3

1.3 ***Location:*** *the battlefield, near Sandal Castle, Yorkshire*

1 **scape** escape

2 **bloody** bloodthirsty, warmongering

4 **duke** i.e., York, who killed Clifford’s father in *2 Henry VI* (Act 5 Scene 2)

9 **of** by

12 **So** thus **pent-up** caged (furious and ravenous)

14 **insulting** exulting scornfully

15 **rend** tear **asunder** apart

19 **mean** unworthy, small, young

22 **the…enter** i.e., the route to compassion

24 **cope** fight

29 **slake** reduce, abate

31 **fury** avenging spirit (in classical mythology, the Furies were the goddesses of vengeance)

37 **rapier** light sharp-pointed sword

40 **ere** before

42 **sith** since

45 **occasion** instance/cause

49 ***Di…tuae!*** (Latin) “The gods grant that this may be the height of your glory” (Ovid, *Heroides* 2.66)

Act 1 Scene 4

1 **got** won
2 **uncles** i.e., Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer
3 **to** compared to/faced with **eager** fierce, savage/impatient
6 **bechancèd** happened to
7 **demeaned** behaved
9 **lane** path, passage
11 **full as oft** just as frequently
12 **purple** bloodied, blood-red **falchion** curved sword
13 **encountered** fought with
14 **hardiest** boldest
18 **out, alas** exclamation of dismay
19 **bodged** budged, gave way/botched, bungled
20 **bootless** pointless
21 **spend** expend, use up **overmatching** overwhelming, more powerful
22 **fatal** death-bringing
25 **sands** i.e., grains of sand in an hourglass
29 **butt** target (archery term) **abide** await, will endure
32 **payment** dealing out of death
33 **Phaethon…car** in Greek mythology, Phaethon was the son of the sun god Apollo/Phoebus; he drove his father's sun-chariot (car), but could not control it, burned part of the earth and was killed with a thunderbolt hurled by Zeus
34 **noontide prick** mark of noon on a sundial
35 **phoenix** mythical Arabian bird that was consumed by fire every five hundred years, then resurrected from the ashes; only one existed at a time
36 **bird** i.e., child
39 **fear** still afraid
44 **bethink thee** remind yourself/think
45 **o'er-run** recollect, go over
46 **for** in spite of
49 **bandy** exchange (insults)
50 **buckler** fight at close quarters/ward off (blows)
51 **Hold** wait, desist **causes** reasons
55 **though to** even though it

56 **cur doth grin** dog bears its teeth
58 **spurn** kick
59 **prize** benefit, privilege **vantages** advantages, opportunities
60 **ten…valour** for ten men to attack one is no disgrace
61 **woodcock** a proverbially stupid, and easily captured, bird **gin** trap
62 **cony** rabbit
64 **true** honest **o'ermatched** outnumbered
68 **That raught** he who reached
69 **parted** took as his share/divided (as he reached for something illusory)
71 **revelled** made merry
72 **preachment** sermon
73 **mess** group of four
74 **wanton** wild/lascivious **lusty** vigorous, lively/lustful
75 **prodigy** monster, abnormal child (considered ominous)
76 **grumbling** growling, deep/discontented
77 **wont** accustomed
79 **napkin** handkerchief
81 **issue** flow, spring forth
83 **withal** with
84 **but** were it not
86 **prithee** beg, pray you
87 **parched** dried up, shriveled entrails insides, intestines
91 **fret** rage
92 **fee'd** paid **sport** entertainment
96 **marry** by the Virgin Mary
97 **chair** throne
103 **pale** encircle
104 **diadem** crown
108 **breathe** pause for breath
109 **office** duty, task
110 **orisons** prayers
113 **ill-beseeming** unbecoming
114 **triumph** exult (literally, return home in great ceremony, displaying one's captives) **Amazonian** the Amazons were a mythical race of female warriors **trull** whore
115 **captivates** captures

116 **vizard-like** masklike, expressionless
117 **impudent** shameless **use** habitual practice
118 **assay** attempt
119 **whence** from where **derived** descended
121 **type** title
122 **both the Sicils** i.e., Naples and Sicily
123 **yeoman** man who owns property but is not a gentleman
124 **insult** be insolent, scornful
125 **boots** profits
126 **adage** maxim, saying
127 **mounted** on horseback/socially elevated
131 **wondered** marveled
132 **government** self-control
133 **want** lack **abominable** loathsome (often popularly “inhuman, unnatural”)
135 **Antipodes** the other side of the world
136 **Septentrion** i.e., the north (literally, the seven stars that make up the Plough or Big Dipper constellation)
139 **withal** with it (the handkerchief stained with Rutland’s blood)
141 **pitiful** full of pity, compassionate **flexible** yielding, easily moved
142 **obdurate** stubborn, unmovable **flinty** hard, stony **rough** violent, harsh
147 **obsequies** funeral rites
149 **fell** cruel, savage **false** treacherous
150 **Beshrew** curse
151 **check** restrain
155 **Hyrcania** in ancient times the region south of the Caspian Sea; its **tigers** were proverbially fierce
156 **hapless** unfortunate
160 **heavy** sorrowful, terrible
163 **piteous** worthy of pity
171 **inly** inward **gripes** grips
172 **weeping-ripe** on the verge of tears
176 **gentle-hearted** noble-hearted/tender-hearted

Act 2 Scene 1

2.1 ***Location:*** *the borders of Wales* **power** army

4 **ta'en** taken, captured

9 **resolved** satisfied, informed

10 **Where…become** what has become of our very valiant father

11 **range** move, wander

12 **forth** out

13 **bore him** conducted himself

14 **neat** cattle

16 **pinched** bitten, tormented

17 **aloof** at a distance

20 **prize** privilege, reward

21 **opes** opens

24 **Trimmed** adorned, decked out **younker** fashionable young man **prancing** posturing, nimbly dancing for

25 **suns** the emblem of Edward III and Richard II consisted of the sun's rays emerging above clouds

27 **racking** drifting, scudding

28 **severed** separate

32 **figures** foretells, prefigures

34 **cites** summons

36 **meeds** merits

38 **overshine** illuminate, shine on/outshine, surpass **this** this phenomenon

40 **target** shield

41 **daughters** Richard plays on **suns**/"sons"

42 **breeder** woman ***blowing*** out of breath

43 **heavy** serious, sad

46 **Whenas** when

50 **Environèd** surrounded

51 **hope of Troy** Hector, the mighty warrior who defended the city of Troy against the invasion of the **Greeks**

53 **Hercules** semi-divine hero of classical mythology, famed for his strength

59 **despite** contempt, scorn, mockery

62 **harmless** innocent

63 **rough** cruel, violent
69 **stay** support
70 **boist'rous** brutal
74 **soul's palace** i.e., body
75 **she** i.e., his soul
78 **more joy** joy any more
82 **wind** breath
87 **venge** avenge
90 **chair** seat of authority as duke; also, claim to the throne
91 **eagle's…sun** eagles were thought to be able to gaze unblinkingly at the sun and to test their young by making them do so
94 **that** the sun (i.e., kingship)
95 **What fare?** What is the state of things? **abroad** in the world
97 **baleful** deadly
98 **poniards** daggers
103 **stern** cruel
105 **measure** quantity
106 **sith** since
107 **Wakefield** town in West Yorkshire
108 **latest** last
109 **posts** messengers
110 **depart** death
111 **keeper** guard
113 **St Albans** town about twenty-five miles north of London
114 **in my behalf** for my own interests
115 **advertisèd** notified, warned
117 **dash** overturn **late** recent
118 **Touching** regarding
120 **battles** armies
121 **coldness** indifference, apathy
122 **full** very, extremely
123 **heated spleen** fiery passion
125 **rigour** cruelty, severity
128 **like to** like
130 **flail** instrument used to thresh corn, consisting of a staff from which a shorter pole swings

139 **marches** borders of Wales

140 **Making another head** raising another army

145 **aunt…Burgundy** this granddaughter of John of Gaunt was in fact a distant cousin

146 **needful** needing reinforcements

147 **’Twas odds, belike** the odds were probably very unfavorable

148 **in pursuit** for pursuing the enemy

149 **scandal of retire** notoriety for retreating

153 **wring** wrench **awful** awe-inspiring

161 **Numb’ring** counting **Ave Maries** Hail Marys, prayers frequently recited over a rosary **beads** rosary (beads used as prompts in the reciting of prayers)

163 **Tell** proclaim/count (with sword strokes rather than prayers)

165 **therefore** for that reason

167 **Attend** listen, pay attention to

168 **haught** haughty, arrogant

170 **wrought** worked, molded

172 **enrollèd** officially recorded

173 **crew** body of men, gang

174 **frustrate** annul **what beside** anything else

175 **make** work, be used

181 **via** “onward”(Italian)

182 **bestride** straddle

187 **‘Retire!’** Withdraw!

190 **forfend** forbid

192 **degree** rank/step

203 **Saint George** patron saint of England

206 **puissant host** powerful army

207 **craves** requests

208 **sorts** arranges itself

Act 2 Scene 2

2.2 ***Location:*** *outside the city walls of York* *Drum and Trumpets* drummer and trumpeters

1 **brave** splendid

5 **wreck** shipwreck

6 **irks** distresses, troubles

9 **lenity** mildness

14 **spoils** slaughters, destroys

19 **level** aim

20 **knit** furrows

22 **raise** promote (the rank of; plays on the sense of “conceive, bring into existence”) **issue** offspring **sire** father

23 **goodly** fine, excellent

25 **argued thee** demonstrated, suggested that you were

26 **Unreasonable** brute, not endowed with reason

27 **fearful** frightening

28 **tender** young/vulnerable

33 **precedent** example

34 **pity** a disaster, a shame

38 **fondly** foolishly

39 **shame** disgrace, dishonor

41 **melting** i.e., soft, compassionate

44 **Inferring** offering, adducing

46 **ill-got** wrongfully gained **success** outcome

47 **happy** fortunate (i.e., in his inheritance)

48 **hoarding** i.e., of goods, money

51 **rate** cost

52 **care** troubles, burdensome responsibilities **keep** maintain, defend, protect

56 **nigh** near

57 **faint** lose heart

58 **forward** promising, precocious

59 **dub** create a knight (by touching the shoulders with a sword while the knight kneeled before the monarch) **presently** immediately

62 **right** righteousness, a just cause

64 **apparent** heir

66 **toward** bold, promising

69 **backing of** supporting

72 **Deraign** set in order, prepare **battle** army ***Clarence*** **[*George*]** George is not in fact made Duke of Clarence until Act 2 Scene 6

83 **bide** undergo/await **mortal** fatal

84 **rate** rebuke, berate **minions** favorites/servants

97 **he** man **sort** gang

102 **long-tongued** i.e., prattling

104 **legs…hands** i.e., in fleeing rather than fighting

108 **durst** dared

109 **reverently** in great esteem, in respect

110 **parley** conversation, exchange/negotiation between opposing sides **refrain** hold back

111 **execution** carrying out, enacting (of feelings; plays on sense of “putting to death”) **big-swol’n** i.e., with anger, grief, revenge

114 **dastard** coward

115 **tender** young

122 **still** silent

124 **him…all** i.e., God **resolved** convinced, satisfied

125 **lies** plays on the sense of “deceives” **upon his tongue** i.e., only in his words

127 **broke their fasts** breakfasted, i.e., started the day

129 **deny** refuse

133 **got** begot, conceived, fathered

134 **wot** know

135 **dam** mother

136 **stigmatic** one marked with a physical deformity or blemish

137 **Marked** branded **destinies** i.e., fate (in classical mythology, the three Fates who controlled the birth, life, and death of all)

138 **venom** poisonous

139 **Naples** Margaret was the daughter of Reignier, the titular King of Naples **gilt** gold veneer (i.e., marriage to an Englishman); puns on “guilt”

141 **channel** stream/gutter

142 **Sham’st thou not** are you not ashamed **extraught** descended

143 **detect** reveal

144 **wisp of straw** scolds (verbally abusive women) were traditionally made to wear a straw garland as a means of publicly shaming them

145 **callet** scold/whore

146 **Helen…Menelaus** Helen of Troy was allegedly the most beautiful woman in the world; she betrayed her husband, Menelaus, King of Sparta and Agamemnon’s brother, when Paris carried her off and provoked the Trojan War

148 **Agamemnon’s brother** Menelaus

150 **His father** i.e., Henry V **revelled** made merry, had his will

152 **he** i.e., Henry VI **matched** married **state** social standing, rank

155 **graced…sire** honored your impoverished father **his** i.e., Henry VI’s

157 **forth** out

158 **sedition** turbulence, violence, rebellion

159 **broached** set flowing, initiated

160 **title** claim to the throne **still** always

162 **slipped** passed over, left unasserted

163 **our…spring** i.e., that we were not benefiting from your prosperity/that our favor was making you successful rather than ourselves

164 **increase** harvest, yield

166 **something** somewhat, to some extent

172 **denied’st** forbad, refused to allow

Act 2 Scene 3

2.3 ***Location:*** *the battlefield, near York* **Excursions** bouts of fighting across the stage

1 **Forspent** exhausted

2 **breathe** rest, draw breath

5 **spite of spite** come what may

8 **hap** fortune

12 **Bootless** pointless, useless

15 **brother's** i.e., Warwick's illegitimate half brother, Thomas Neville

18 **Like to** like **dismal** ominous **clangour** ringing, reverberation

21 **fetlocks** the parts of a horse's legs just above the hooves

27 **upon** on

28 **played in jest** pretend, make-believe, performed for entertainment

counterfeiting imitating, pretending

32 **measure** due proportion, full quantity

36 **throw** i.e., give over, dedicate **thee** i.e., God

38 **stands** agrees

40 **brazen** strong (as brass) **ope** open

51 **to** by

52 **thrive** succeed/live

53 **Olympian games** held every four years in honor of the supreme Greek god Zeus; winners were honored with olive garlands

56 **Forslow** delay **amain** speedily

Act 2 Scene 4

1 **singled thee alone** isolated you from the rest (hunting term for separating a deer from the herd)

4 **Wert thou** were you, even if you were

11 **have at thee** i.e., here I come (standard utterance at the opening of a fight)

12 **chase** prey

Act 2 Scene 5

3 **What** that **blowing…nails** i.e., warming his hands by blowing on them/having nothing much to do **of** on

4 **perfect** complete

9 **flood** sea

13 **poise** balance **fell** fierce, cruel

17 **chid** driven with rebukes

22 **homely swain** simple rustic

24 **dials** sundials **quaintly** skillfully, intricately

27 **brings about** conclude

34 **sport** enjoy, entertain

35 **with young** pregnant

36 **ean** give birth

39 **they** for which they

43 **silly** simple/helpless

44 **canopy** i.e., one above a bed, throne, or carried over the king in a procession

47 **curds** cheese-like foodstuff made from coagulated milk

49 **wonted** usual, accustomed

50 **secure** carefree, safe

51 **delicates** luxuries, delicacies

52 **viands** food

53 **curious** finely, skillfully made

54 **care** anxiety, troubles **waits on** attends (like a servant)/lies in wait for

57 **possessèd with** in possession of **crowns** gold coins

58 **haply** by chance/with luck

62 **unwares** unknowingly, unintentionally

63 **heavy** sorrowful

64 **pressed** conscripted, enlisted compulsorily

65 **man** servant

66 **part** side

75 **abide** endure

78 **o'ercharged** overburdened

79 **stoutly** bravely

85 **Throw up** open

89 **stratagems** violent, bloody deeds

90 **Erroneous** wrongful, criminal

93 **late** recently, early

95 **stay** stop, prevent **ruthful** piteous, lamentable

97 **on his face** in his complexion

99 **purple** deep red

100 **presenteth** represents, imitates

102 **contend** compete, fight

104 **Take on with** rage against, cry out on

107 **chances** fortunes, events

108 **Misthink** think badly of

109 **rued** regretted, lamented

114 **winding-sheet** burial shroud

118 **obsequious** dutiful in performing funeral rites

120 **Priam…sons** Priam, King of Troy, had fifty sons, all of whom were killed in the Trojan War

123 **overgone** overcome, worn out

126 **chafèd** provoked, angered

128 **Berwick** Berwick-upon-Tweed, town on the Scotland–England border

post amain ride with extreme haste

129 **brace** pair

131 **very** absolute

133 **hence amain** leave quickly

135 **expostulate** remonstrate, debate (the matter)

Act 2 Scene 6

5 **My…fear** love for and fear of me

6 **commixtures** compounds (produced by love and fear)

7 **misproud** wrongfully proud, treacherously arrogant

9 **sun** i.e., Edward’s emblem

11 **Phoebus** the sun god

12 **Phaethon…earth** Phoebus’ son, who was unable to control (**check**) the horses that drew his father’s sun-chariot (**car**), burned part of the earth and was killed

14 **swayed** ruled

16 **ground** advantage

20 **chair** throne

21 **cherish** nurture

23 **Bootless are plaints** laments are useless

28 **effuse** loss, effusion *retreat* trumpet or drum call signaling retreat

31 **breathe** rest, pause

35 **fretting** sporadic, blustery/impatient, nagging

36 **Command** compel, force **argosy** large merchant ship **stem** cut through

39 **his** may refer to either Clifford or Richard

40 **marked** destined/wounded

42 **heavy** sorrowful

43 **departing** separation, parting

45 **gently used** treated honorably

46 **doom** judgment, sentence

50 **spray** branch, offshoot

54 **this…room** Clifford’s head fill the place

55 **Measure** due proportion/retribution/justice

56 **fatal screech-owl** owl (i.e., Clifford) whose cry foretold death to our family **house** family

57 **nothing sung** has sung nothing

58 **dismal** ominous

59 **ill-boding** evil-predicting, ominous

60 **bereft** gone

62 **beams** eye beams (thought to radiate from the eyes and enable sight)

63 **nor** neither

65 **policy** strategy, cunning

68 **eager** sharp, biting

71 **faults** crimes

75 **fence** protect

76 **wast wont** used to do, were accustomed to

77 **goes hard** is harsh, tough

81 **despite** malice, anger **rail** rant, insult

82 **This** i.e., the other

83 **Stifle** choke **unstanchèd** insatiable

86 **rear** raise

89 **cut** cross

90 **ask** ask for **lady Bona** daughter of the Duke of Savoy; her sister was married to King Louis XI of France

91 **sinew** unite, tie closely

95 **buzz** spread rumors, agitate

99 **Even** just

100 **in thy shoulder** i.e., relying on your support **seat** throne

102 **wanting** lacking

107 **ominous** the three previous Dukes of Gloucester had all met violent deaths

Act 3 Scene 1

3.1 ***Location:*** *a forest in northern England, near the Scottish border* *Keepers* gamekeepers

1 **brake** thicket, bush

2 **laund** clearing, glade **anon** soon

3 **covert** concealed spot **stand** hiding place from which to shoot

4 **principal** superior, best

7 **shoot** shot

9 **for** so

11 **self-place** same place

13 **of** out of

14 **wishful** longing

17 **balm** consecrated oil with which the monarch was anointed at coronation

18 **Caesar** emperor, ruler

19 **speak for right** ask for justice

20 **redress of** aid from

22 **keeper's fee** the horns and skin of a slain deer were customarily given to the park's gamekeeper

23 **quondam** former

27 **Forbear** desist

30 **crave** ask for **sister** sister-in-law

33 **subtle** skillful, cunning

34 **Lewis** Louis XI

37 **batt'ry** assault, bombardment/breach, entry

40 **Nero** notoriously cruel Roman emperor **tainted** tinged, touched (unnaturally in such a cruel man)

41 **plaints** laments, pleas **brinish** salty

48 **tells his title** recounts the rightfulness of Edward's claims to the throne **smooths** glosses over

49 **Inferreth** presents, adduces **arguments** evidence

51 **what** whatever

54 **forlorn** neglected, destitute

63 **stones** jewels

71 **apprehend** arrest

75 **country** region

81 **but** only

82 **a** as a

83 **simple** foolish

86 **Obeying with** obeying, following **wind** breath

89 **lightness** lack of weight/fickleness

97 **charge** order

Act 3 Scene 2

3.2 ***Location:*** *the royal court, London*

1 **field** battlefield

2 **Richard** historically John

4 **suit** petition, entreaty **repossess** regain possession of

6 **of** on behalf of

12 **thing** plays on the sense of “vagina”

14 **game** animal being hunted/woman being pursued sexually **true…wind** determinedly he remains downwind of the prey (so that it cannot scent him)

18 **brook** endure

19 **resolve** answer

20 **pleasure** will (plays on the sense of “sexual desire”) satisfy content (plays on the sense of “satisfy sexually”)

21 **warrant** guarantee, assure

22 **An if** if

23 **closer** closer to the enemy, so as to contain and avoid his thrusts (with sexual suggestion) **blow** hit/sexual thrust

24 **fear her not** do not fear for her **fall** stumble in the fight/succumb sexually/become pregnant

25 **vantages** superior position in fighting/sexual opportunity

27 **beg…her** request legal guardianship of one of her children (this could generate financial profit for the guardian)/get her pregnant

28 **whip me** a mild oath

32 **dread** revered

33 **give us leave** give us privacy **try** test **wit** intellect (probably also “genitals”)

34 **good…leave** enjoy your privacy for you will take liberties

35 **the** crutch i.e., old age (puns on “crotch”)

41 **Therefore** for that reason

44 **service** i.e., as a subject/sexually

45 **rests in me** is in my power

46 **boon** request

47 **except** unless

48 **do** plays on the sense of “perform sexually”

50 **plies her hard** works on her persistently/works on her sexually with an erect penis
51 **red** hot
53 **task** duty, job/sexual action
57 **match** agreement/sexual encounter
76 **inclination** attitude, disposition
77 **sadness** seriousness
82 **knits her brows** frowns
83 **bluntest** most unceremonious, plain-spoken
84 **argue her** demonstrate her to be
86 **challenge** call for, lay claim to
88 **love** lover
93 **state** majesty, royal status
97 **mean** humble
99 **cavil** quibble over details
104 **other some** some others, i.e., illegitimate children
107 **ghostly father** priest ghostly holy, spiritual **done his shrift** heard confession (plays on the sense of “had sex”)
108 **shriver** confessor, priest/sexually active man **for shift** out of strategy, a trick/to get at women’s undergarments (puns on **shrift**)
109 **muse** wonder/speculate
114 **ten…lasts** proverbial: “a wonder lasts but nine days”
116 **in** extremes excessive, much greater
119 **taken** captured
123 **question…apprehension** ask about his arrest
124 **use** treat (Gloucester shifts the sense to “employ sexually”)
126 **wasted** consumed with disease (particularly syphilis, which eats at the bones) **marrow** bone marrow/semen
127 **branch** i.e., offspring, child (also with phallic connotations)
128 **cross** thwart, hinder **golden time** i.e., kingship, the crown
130 **The…burièd** i.e., once Edward is dead
132 **unlooked for** unwanted/unforeseeable **issue** children, offspring
133 **rooms** places, positions
134 **cold premeditation** discouraging prospect
136 **promontory** headland jutting into the sea
138 **were equal with** could reach as far as

139 **chides** chastises **sunders** separates

140 **lade** drain, empty

141 **wish** wish for

142 **means** obstacle

143 **cut…off** murder those in my way

144 **Flattering me** deluding myself

145 **o'erweens** is arrogant, presumptuous

150 **deck** adorn **gay ornaments** bright, ostentatious attire

151 **witch** bewitch, seduce

153 **accomplish** get hold of

154 **forswore** rejected

155 **for** so that **deal in** have dealings with (plays on the sense of "have sex according to")

158 **envious** spiteful, malicious

162 **chaos** shapeless mass **unlicked bear-whelp** bear cubs were thought to be licked into shape by their mothers

163 **impression…dam** shape like that of the mother

165 **monstrous** unnatural, deformed **fault** mistake

167 **check** rebuke **o'erbear** dominate

168 **person** appearance

170 **t'account** to consider

171 **trunk** body

172 **impalèd** surrounded, enclosed

174 **home** my target

176 **rents** tears apart

180 **catch** seize

186 **frame** fashion, adapt

187 **mermaid** the siren of classical mythology was said to sing sweetly in order to draw sailors onto rocks where they would drown

188 **basilisk** mythical reptile whose gaze had the power to kill

189 **Nestor** Greek leader who fought at Troy; famed for his wisdom and eloquence

190 **Ulysses** King of Ithaca and hero of Homer's *Odyssey;* noted for his cunning

191 **Sinon** in Virgil's *Aeneid*, the man who pretended to desert the Greeks and persuaded King Priam of Troy to admit the wooden horse into the city,

as a result of which Troy was destroyed

193 **Proteus** the sea god Neptune’s herdsman who had the ability to change shape at will

194 **set…school** teach Machiavelli a few things **Machevil** an intriguer, an unscrupulous schemer (from Niccolò Machiavelli’s *The Prince*, a sixteenth-century treatise perceived as advocating ruthless political cunning)

Act 3 Scene 3

3.3 ***Location:*** *the royal court, France*

2 **state** rank

5 **strike her sail** humble herself (literally, lower a ship's sail in deference to a vessel of greater importance)

7 **Albion's** England's

8 **mischance** misfortune

10 **like seat unto** a place befitting

15 **be…thyself** always behave in a manner that befits your position

20 **France** i.e., the King of France

25 **of** from

26 **forlorn** destitute, abandoned person

37 **heavy** burdensome/sorrowful

38 **storm** i.e., of grief, passion

40 **stay** wait, delay

41 **stay** plays on the sense of "support" succour help

42 **waiteth on** attends, accompanies ***descends*** i.e., from the throne, or dais on which it sits

55 **vouchsafe** permit, consent

59 **in** on

63 **fame** report **late** recently **heedful** attentive

69 **tyrants** usurpers

74 **Look** beware

75 **draw…thy** do not bring on yourself

76 **sway the rule** wield power

78 **Injurious** slanderous, offensive

82 **disannuls** cancels, ignores **John of Gaunt** father of **Henry the Fourth**, great-grandfather of Henry VI; he features in *Richard II*

83 **Which** who

85 **mirror** i.e., image, model

89 **haps** happens, chances **smooth** plausible, glib

93 **tell** recount

94 **threescore…years** i.e., the sixty-two years between 1399, when Henry IV deposed Richard II, and 1461, when Edward IV deposed Henry VI **silly** meager, trifling

95 **prescription** a claim founded on long use (legal term)

97 **thirty-and-six years** a period that corresponds more fittingly to Warwick’s age (he was born in 1428) rather than his allegiance, as he had joined the Yorkists in 1455

98 **bewray** betray, reveal

99 **fence** protect

100 **buckler** defend

102 **injurious doom** wrongful judgment, sentence

103 **Aubrey Vere** he and his father, the Earl of Oxford, were executed for treason by Edward IV in 1462

104 **more than so** furthermore

105 **downfall** decline **mellowed** ripened

112 **use** engage in **conference** discussion ***aloof*** aside

114 **even** justly, fully

117 **pawn** pledge, stake **credit** reputation

118 **gracious** esteemed, popular

119 **more that** more so because

120 **dissembling** duplicity, pretence

121 **for truth** truly **measure** extent

124 **beseem** befit

126 **external** visible; some editors prefer Octavo’s “eternal”

129 **envy** malice **disdain** (Bona’s possible) loathing, scorn

130 **quit** end

132 **grant** consent **mine** the decision I make—i.e., I will agree with whatever you think fit

134 **desert** merits

137 **articles** terms, conditions **drawn** drawn up

138 **Touching** regarding **jointure** marriage settlement provided for the wife by the husband

139 **counterpoised** matched, equaled

143 **device** plot, strategy

148 **success** fortune/outcome (plays on the sense of “succession to the throne”)

150 **late** recently

152 **estate** status

155 **quondam** former

160 **hence** go from here

162 **conveyance** trickery, cunning **Post** messenger

171 **as** as if

174 **unhoped** unexpected

177 **soothe** smooth over **forgery** deception

180 **scorn** insult

185 **clear from** innocent of

189 **untimely…death** Warwick’s father, the Earl of Salisbury, was executed after being captured fighting for the Yorkists at the battle of Wakefield untimely prematurely

190 **th’abuse…niece** Holinshed’s *Chronicles*, one of Shakespeare’s key sources, reports that Edward tried to “deflower” Warwick’s daughter or niece

191 **impale him** encircle his head

192 **put** force

193 **guerdoned** rewarded

194 **my desert** what I deserve

198 **servitor** servant

203 **joy** rejoice

204 **unfeignèd** sincere, honest

205 **vouchsafe to furnish** will consent to equip

206 **bands** troops

211 **fall from** abandon, turn against

212 **matching** marrying

224 **post** haste

226 **masquers** performers of masques (courtly entertainments involving dancing and elaborate costume; often put on to celebrate aristocratic marriages)

228 **passed** happened **fear** frighten **withal** with it

230 **willow garland** token of a forsaken lover

231 **weeds** garments

234 **ere’t be** before

235 **reward** payment

238 **bid** challenge (to)

239 **occasion** opportunity/events

240 **supply** reinforcements

245 **eldest daughter** historically Warwick’s second daughter, Anne, who was betrothed to Edward, although he died before they married

246 **bands** bonds

247 **motion** suggestion

256 **waft** convey (by water)

263 **stale** fool, mockery (of)

Act 4 Scene 1

4.1 ***Location:*** *the royal court, London*

5 **stay** wait (spoken in irony)

8 **mind** intend

10 **malcontent** dissatisfied, discontented

12 **Which** who

13 **abuse** insult

16 **will** wishes (plays on the sense of “sexual desire”)

23 **yoke** are joined, coupled like oxen under a yoke (plays on the sense of “sexually united”)

24 **mislike** displeasure

32 **gave in charge** ordered

35 **invention** scheme, plan

40 **true** loyal, trustworthy

44 **fence** defence

45 **only** alone

48 **have…Hungerford** marry the rich heiress, Mary, daughter of Lord Hungerford; historically, it was Hastings’ son who married her

52 **heir…bride** the wealthy Lord Scales’ daughter, Elizabeth, was married to Lord Anthony Rivers, the new queen’s brother

55 **bury** forget

57 **new wife’s son** Sir Thomas Grey, married to the heir of Lord Harrington and **Bonville**

58 **speed** get on, fare/succeed

63 **broker** marriage broker, agent

64 **mind** intend

65 **tarry** stay

71 **meaner** humbler people, those of lower rank

73 **dislikes** disapproval **would** wish to

74 **danger** hurt/apprehension

75 **fawn…frowns** i.e., try to ingratiate yourself, win them round

77 **friend** supporter/lover

88 **Go to** expression of impatience

89 **guess** reconstruct from memory

95 **brave** daring, insolent, defiant

102 **in place** present

103 **done** over with, no longer worn

105 **Amazon** member of a legendary race of female warriors

106 **injuries** insults

108 **discharged** dismissed

117 **Belike** probably

118 **sit you fast** sit tight, hold on to your throne

120 **want** lack

128 **needful** necessary

130 **prepare** preparation

132 **straight** straightaway

134 **twain** two

138 **hollow** insincere

141 **in suspect** under suspicion

145 **withstand** resist

148 **power** army

Act 4 Scene 2

4.2 ***Location:*** *England (historically, near Warwick)*

1 **hitherto** thus far

4 **suddenly** immediately

8 **rest** remain

9 **pawned** pledged

11 **proceedings** course of action

13 **in night's coverture** under cover of darkness

14 **carelessly** without concern/without proper military precautions

15 **lurking** idling

16 **but** only

17 **surprise** ambush, seize

18 **the…easy** venturing into Edward's camp is simple/there is little hazard

19 **Ulysses…steeds** in Homer's *Iliad*, Ulysses and Diomede sneak under cover of night into the camp of the Thracian leader, Rhesus, and steal his horses, an oracle having predicted that Troy would not fall to the Greeks as long as the horses of Rhesus grazed on the plains of Troy **stout** bold **sleight** cunning **fatal** fated, part of destiny/causing death

23 **At unawares** suddenly, unexpectedly

28 **sort** manner

Act 4 Scene 3

4.3 ***Location:*** *King Edward's camp (historically, near Warwick)*

1 **my** masters gentlemen **stand** post, position

2 **this** this time **set** sat

13 **about** around

14 **keeps** lodges, sleeps

16 **worship** dignified ease

18 **estate** situation **he** i.e., Edward

19 **doubted** feared

20 **halberds** long-handled weapons with axelike heads **shut up** prevent, bar **passage** progress

21 **wherefore** why

25 **But** only, merely ***gown*** dressing gown or nightgown/loose upper garment for men

28 **What** who

34 **embassade** ambassadorial mission

35 **degraded** lowered in rank

44 **down** fall

46 **complices** accomplices

48 **state** sovereignty **fortune's…wheel** fortune was traditionally depicted as a blind woman turning a wheel that raised humans up and cast them down

49 **compass** range, circumference **for** i.e., in

60 **abide** endure

61 **boots not** is useless

Act 4 Scene 4

4.4 ***Location:*** *London*

1 **makes…change** is the reason for your sudden change in mood

4 **pitched** planned, designated

8 **falsehood** disloyalty, treachery

9 **surprised at** captured

11 **to** i.e., to the custody of **Bishop** i.e., Archbishop

12 **Fell** fierce, cruel **by that** therefore

16 **hinder** delay, prevent

19 **bridle** reign in, restrain **passion** intense feeling, grief

22 **blood-sucking sighs** each sigh was thought to drain a drop of blood from the heart

23 **blast** blight, wither

25 **where…become** what has become of/where is Warwick

28 **down** fall

29 **tyrant's** usurper's

31 **sanctuary** churches and associated Church-owned buildings provided sanctuary from arrest; the historical sources Shakespeare drew on say that Elizabeth went to Westminster

32 **right** title to the throne

33 **secure** protected **fraud** trickery, treachery

Act 4 Scene 5

4.5 ***Location:*** *Yorkshire, at hunting grounds belonging to the Archbishop of York*

2 **Leave** off cease
3 **chiefest** largest, most dense **park** private hunting ground
4 **case** circumstances
6 **hath good usage** is well treated
7 **but** only
8 **disport** entertain, amuse
9 **advertised** informed, alerted
11 **colour** pretext **game** hunting
14 **game** prey, quarry
17 **close** concealed
21 **Lynn** King’s Lynn, a town on the Norfolk coast
24 **requite** reward **forwardness** eagerness, zeal
28 **ado** fuss, time-wasting

Act 4 Scene 6

4.6 ***Location:*** *the Tower of London* **Lieutenant** the second-in-command at the Tower of London

5 **enlargement** release due fees wealthy prisoners could pay for special food or service

6 **challenge** require, ask

11 **For that** because

13 **Conceive** begin to experience **moody** melancholy, somber

14 **notes…harmony** filling the house with song, singing in a manner that is harmonious with their domestic environment

18 **author** creator, originator

20 **low** humbly

22 **thwarting stars** bad fortune

26 **still** always **famed for** renowned as being

28 **spying** spying out/foreseeing

29 **temper…stars** allow themselves to conform to their fate, mold their dispositions to their fate

31 **in place** present

32 **sway** power, influence

34 **Adjudged** awarded **olive branch** a symbol of peace **laurel crown** a symbol of victory

36 **yield** grant **free consent** willing agreement

37 **only** alone **Protector** one who governs in the absence of the monarch

40 **dissension** dissent, disagreement

43 **devotion** prayer, religious commitment **latter** last, remaining

47 **repose myself** depend, rely

49 **yoke** join

50 **supply** fill

56 **What else?** i.e., “yes, of course”

57 **Clarence…part** if the Lancastrian claim were set aside, Edward attainted for treason and his unborn child disregarded, then Clarence would have a significant claim to the throne **want** lack

62 **doubtful** apprehensive

67 **Henry…Richmond** Henry Tudor, the future Henry VII, whose kingship put an end to the Wars of the Roses

69 **divining** foreseeing, prophetic
70 **pretty** fine, handsome
78 **brother** i.e., the Archbishop of York
81 **conveyed** carried away in secrecy
82 **attended** awaited
86 **charge** duty, orders/prisoner
88 **salve** healing ointment **betide** occur

Act 4 Scene 7

4.7 ***Location:*** *outside the city gates of York*

3 **interchange** exchange

4 **wanèd** weakened, diminished

8 **Ravenspurgh** former Yorkshire port on the River Humber **haven** harbor

10 **made fast** tightly secured

12 **well foretold** clearly warned

13 **abodements** omens, premonitions **affright** frighten

15 **repair** make their way, return ***above*** i.e., on the upper staging level or gallery, conventionally used to represent city walls ***brethren*** members of the town corporation

23 **challenge** demand, require

25 **got…nose** got his nose in

30 **stout** valiant

31 **fain** be glad

32 **So…him** so long as he is not held accountable ***Aldermen*** members of the town council

36 **But** except

39 **deign** are willing

45 **forget** disregard

57 **pretend** claim, profess

58 **wherefore stand you** why do you dwell, insist on **nice** overly precise, particular

60 **meaning** intention

61 **scrupulous wit** quibbling reason, cautious intellect

63 **out of hand** immediately

64 **bruit** news, announcement

68 **champion** defender

70 ***Sound*** i.e., trumpets sound

71 **SOLDIER** some editors suppose that this speech heading has been inserted erroneously and that Montgomery should read the proclamation

73 **gainsays** denies

74 ***gauntlet*** armored glove, traditionally thrown down as a means of challenging one’s enemy to single combat; to pick it up was to accept a challenge to a duel

76 **brave** noble
78 **harbour** make our lodging
79 **car** chariot (of the sun god)
82 **wot** know
83 **froward** willful, obstinate, perverse **beseems** suits, befits
86 **the day** victory in battle

Act 4 Scene 8

4.8 ***Location:*** *London, at the Bishop of London's palace*

1 **Belgia** the Netherlands

2 **hasty** rash, quick-tempered blunt harsh, uncivilized, rough

3 **narrow seas** i.e., the English Channel

4 **amain** speedily

5 **giddy** unstable, fickle, excitable

8 **suffered** tolerated, permitted (to burn)

11 **son** son-in-law

17 **wondrous** extraordinarily

20 **girt in with** surrounded by

21 **Dian** Diana, Roman goddess of the moon, hunting, and chastity; often portrayed with her attendant virginal **nymphs**

22 **rest** remain

23 **stand not** do not wait

25 **Hector** the eldest son of Priam, King of Troy, Hector was one of the great warriors of the Trojan War

26 **truth** faith, loyalty

27 **Well-minded** loyal, virtuous, well-intentioned

28 **Comfort** be encouraged

29 **thus** Oxford probably also kisses Henry's hand

31 **at once** together **happy** propitious, fortunate

36 **encounter** fight and defeat

37 **doubt** fear

38 **meed** merit, virtue

39 **their demands** the various requests and appeals of the people

40 **posted off** postponed **suits** pleas, petitions

45 **subsidies** taxes

46 **forward of** eager for

48 **graces challenge grace** virtues claim respect and favor

52 **shame-faced** timid, shy, modest

54 **fount** spring, source

56 **ebb** waning, reducing

58 **bend** direct

59 **peremptory** imperious, overbearing

61 **mars** ruins **hay** i.e., yield, harvest
62 **betimes** quickly

Act 5 Scene 1

5.1 ***Location:*** *the city walls of Coventry*

3 **this** this time, now **Dunsmore** between Coventry and Daventry

6 **Daintry** Daventry **puissant** powerful

7 **son** son-in-law

9 **Southam** town about ten miles southeast of Coventry

12 **here** in this direction

16 **parle** parley, a trumpet summons for negotiation between opposing sides, during which fighting was to stop

17 **surly** imperious, arrogant

18 **unbid** unwelcome **sportful** lecherous

20 **repair** approach

25 **draw** withdraw

27 **patron** protector

32 **earl** lower in rank than a duke

36 **Atlas…weight** in classical mythology, the giant Atlas carried the earth on his shoulders

42 **forecast** forethought, prudence/anticipated

43 **single ten** a mere ten-point card, valuable but less so than a royal card

44 **fingered** stolen

47 **even** exactly **are Warwick still** i.e., will always be yourself, and doubtless will not change your attitude/remain in position, and have the chance to change your attitude

48 **time** opportunity

49 **Nay, when?** expression of impatience **Strike…cools** proverbial: “strike while the iron is hot” (Warwick shifts the sense of **strike** to “lower one’s sail in submission”)

57 **Wind-changing** i.e., changeable, fickle ***Colours*** military flagbearers

61 **set…backs** attack our rearguard forces

62 **array** readiness for combat

63 **bid** challenge

64 **of small defence** poorly fortified

65 **rouse** draw out (from a lair; a hunting term)

66 **want** need

68 **buy** pay for

70 **harder matched** greater the enemy

71 **presageth** foretells **happy** fortunate

73 **Two…name** Edmund, second Duke of Somerset, killed at the 1455 battle of St. Albans (his head appears in Act 1 Scene 1), and his son Henry, third duke, beheaded in 1464 for his Lancastrian sympathies

78 **to right** for justice

79 **nature** natural instinct

81 **Father** father-in-law

83 **ruinate** ruin

84 **lime** stick, join

85 **trowest thou** do you think

86 **blunt** rough, ignorant

87 **bend** aim, direct

89 **object** bring up, urge as an objection

91 **Jephthah…daughter** biblical character who vowed that if the Israelites defeated the Ammonites in battle he would sacrifice the first thing he saw on his return home, little realizing that it would mean having to kill his own daughter (Judges 11)

92 **trespass** wrong, crime

96 **abroad** i.e., outside Coventry

99 **blushing** i.e., in shame

102 **unconstant** changeable, disloyal

106 **passing** surpassing, extreme

109 **cooped** protectively enclosed

110 **Barnet** town about ten miles north of London (seventy-five miles southeast of Coventry, but Shakespeare has compressed various historical events for dramatic purposes; the action between this and the next scene is virtually continuous) **presently** immediately

Act 5 Scene 2

5.2 ***Location:*** *the battlefield, near Barnet, ten miles north of London*

2 **bug** imaginary terror, bogeyman **feared** frightened

3 **sit fast** be on guard, secure yourself

4 **That** so that

11 **cedar** the tallest of evergreen trees was a popular symbol of sovereignty, like the eagle and the lion

12 **arms** branches

13 **ramping** rearing fiercely onto its hind legs

14 **overpeered** peered over/lorded over, outranked **Jove's spreading tree** the oak, the tree associated with the Roman king of the gods

18 **search** seek out, discern/probe

22 **bent his brow** frowned

24 **parks** private hunting grounds **walks** pathways of garden or park

27 **pomp** splendor, luxury

31 **puissant power** powerful army

35 **with…awhile** i.e., kiss me; at death the soul was thought to escape through the mouth

45 **mought** might

Act 5 Scene 3

*	***triumph***	a display of victorious celebration
8	**Gallia**	France
14	**valued**	estimated to be
16	**breathe**	rest, gather her strength
18	**advertised**	informed
19	**Tewkesbury**	town in Gloucestershire
21	**rids way**	makes the journey seem shorter

Act 5 Scene 4

5.4 ***Location:*** *near Tewkesbury, in Gloucestershire*

2 **cheerly** cheerfully, optimistically

4 **holding-anchor** i.e., anchor, used to secure a ship by holding fast to the bottom of the sea

5 **flood** sea

6 **pilot** captain, i.e., Henry **meet** right, fitting

10 **in his moan** as he laments

11 **industry** hard work

15 **tackles** rigging

18 **shrouds** ropes that brace and support the mast

19 **Ned** i.e., Edward, Henry and Margaret's son

20 **charge** responsibility

21 **from** leave

23 **shelves** sandbanks

27 **ragged** jagged, uneven

28 **bark** ship

31 **Bestride** sit upon, straddle

41 **magnanimity** greatness of spirit

42 **naked** unarmed **foil…arms** defeat an armed man in combat

45 **betimes** at once

50 **Women and children** i.e., Margaret and Edward

52 **grandfather** i.e., Henry V

59 **his** i.e., Edward's **that yet** who as yet

62 **policy** stratagem, cunning

63 **unprovided** unprepared

65 **forwardness** eagerness, readiness

66 **pitch our battle** set up, deploy our army

71 **wot** know **blaze** burn with zeal, excitement

74 **gainsay** contradict

77 **state** sovereignty

80 **spoil** destruction, pillage

Act 5 Scene 5

1 **a period** an end **broils** turmoil, confused fighting

2 **Hames** now Ham, a town on the River Somme near Calais straight immediately

6 **stoop** submit

8 **Jerusalem** i.e., heaven

9 **who** whoever

10 **he** i.e., Edward

11 **lo** look

12 **gallant** fine young man (usually applied to a fashionable man about town)

14 **satisfaction** amends, atonement

19 **chair** throne

24 **breech** breeches, trousers

25 **Aesop** the Greek writer of moral fables concerning animals was a slave and reputedly hunchbacked fable tell tales

26 **currish** snarling, contemptible, cynical/about animals **sort not** are not in keeping

29 **scold** verbally abusive woman

31 **charm** subdue, silence with a charm

32 **malapert** impudent

35 **Dick** possibly plays on the sense of “penis”

38 **likeness** image **railer** abusive ranter (i.e., Margaret)

39 **Sprawl’st thou?** Do you thrash, writhe around?

40 **twitting** taunting/rebuking

42 **Marry, and shall** I shall, by the Virgin Mary ***Offers*** attempts

48 **be sure** expect

55 **by…it** there to compare with it

56 **respect** comparison

62 **untimely** prematurely

63 **have no** cannot possibly have

64 **remorse** pity

66 **Look** expect

67 **rid** killed

68 **perforce** forcibly

69 **dispatch** kill
70 **Here** i.e., in my body
72 **ease** comfort, release
75 **usest** are accustomed **forswear thyself** perjure yourself, break your word
78 **Hard-favoured** ugly
79 **alms-deed** act of charity
80 **put'st back** rejected, turned away
82 **So come to** may the same happen to
86 **sudden** swift, impulsive
87 **common sort** ordinary soldiers

Act 5 Scene 6

5.6 ***Location:*** *the Tower of London*

1 **book** probably prayer book or Bible

3 **better** i.e., than flattery

5 **preposterous** an inversion of the natural order

6 **Sirrah** sir (used to an inferior)

7 **reckless** negligent, careless

10 **Roscius** famous first-century Roman actor

11 **Suspicion** apprehension of something evil

13 **limèd** trapped with birdlime, a sticky substance spread on branches to snare birds

14 **misdoubteth** suspects, fears

15 **male** father **bird** offspring

16 **fatal** deadly/fateful **object…eye** sight, scene in my mind's eye/thing, person before me (or, conceivably, Gloucester has already drawn the **weapon** Henry goes on to refer to)

17 **Where** in which/by whom

18 **peevish** foolish, childish **fool…fowl** Icarus and his father, **Daedalus,** tried to escape imprisonment in Crete using wings Daedalus had made out of feathers and wax; **Icarus** flew too close to the sun, the wax melted and he fell to his death **office** function, role

20 **fool** continues the punning on fowl

22 **Minos** the King of Crete, who imprisoned Daedalus and **Icarus course** departure

23 **sun** likened here to **Edward**, the sun alludes to the Yorkist emblem

25 **envious** malicious, evil **gulf** whirlpool/voracious depths

27 **brook** endure, take

28 **history** story

38 **mistrust…fear** apprehend, suspect no part of what I fear (will happen)

40 **water-standing** filled, flooded with tears

42 **timeless** untimely, premature

45 **night-crow** literary name for a bird whose nighttime croak was an evil omen **aboding** forewarning

47 **rooked her** cowered, huddled (perhaps with play on "rook," a type of bird)

48 **pies** magpies (also thought to be bad luck) **dismal** ominous, sinister
49 **pain** labor pains
51 **To wit** that is to say **indigested** shapeless
53 **Teeth…born** this was considered abnormal and ominous
58 **ordained** destined
63 **weeps** i.e., drips blood
64 **purple** blood-colored **alway** always
69 **that…of** what Henry said about me/what Henry said to me
71 **came…forward** i.e., was a breech birth, where the baby is born feet first
74 **wondered** was amazed
79 **answer** correspond to
81 **greybeards** wise old men
82 **like** who resemble
84 **light** the crown (an image drawn from the Yorkist sun)
85 **sort** arrange/set **pitchy** black as pitch (a tarlike substance)
86 **buzz abroad** spread rumors in the world **prophecies** omens, forewarnings
87 **of** for
91 **bad** worthless, contemptible
93 **doom** judgment, i.e., your death

Act 5 Scene 7

5.7 ***Location:*** *the royal court, London*

4 **in tops** at the height

6 **hardy** bold, resolute undoubted unquestionable/fearless champions warriors, men of valor

7 **as** namely

9 **coursers** powerful horses used in war

10 **bears** refers to Warwick's family emblem, a bear chained to a ragged staff

11 **in** with fettered shackled

13 **suspicion** apprehension, anxiety seat throne

17 **watched** kept watch, remained awake throughout

18 **all afoot** on foot, as soldiers/all over the place

21 **blast** blight, wither **head** plays the sense of "head of wheat" **laid** cut off (maintains the crop image)

22 **looked on** held in high regard

23 **thick** sturdy (referring to his hunched back)

25 **Work** devise (addressed to himself) **that** i.e., his shoulder **execute** carry it out (with grim play on the sense of "put to death")

30 **brother** i.e., brother-in-law

31 **that** because **tree** i.e., the family of York, his own stock

33 **Judas…master** Judas famously kissed Christ and betrayed him

34 **whenas** although

38 **Reynard…Jerusalem** Margaret's father, Reignier, was the titular King of Sicily, Naples (**the Sicils**) and Jerusalem; spelling "Reynard" may imply the craft of a fox

40 **it** i.e., the money raised

41 **waft** convey by sea

43 **triumphs** public processions celebrating victory

45 **sour** annoy bitter trouble

THE TRAGEDY OF RICHARD THE THIRD

Shakespeare's first group of historical plays comes to a harmonious conclusion with the defeat of wicked King Richard at the battle of Bosworth Field in 1485. The victorious Henry, Earl of Richmond, belongs to the House of Lancaster. He marries the Princess Elizabeth, of the House of York, thus unifying the nobility and bringing to an end the Wars of the Roses. In the final scene of *Richard the Third*, the Lord Stanley, Earl of Derby, places the crown on Richmond's head and he becomes King Henry VII, inaugurator of the Tudor dynasty. The play closes with a speech in which Henry looks back on the civil strife that has been the subject not just of this play but also of the *Henry VI* sequence, and forward to the golden age over which his wife's namesake, Queen Elizabeth, liked to believe that she reigned. On hearing these lines, Shakespeare's audience would themselves have looked both forward and back: back to a bloody period in the nation's history, with relief at how it was providentially ended by the Tudor dispensation; forward to an uncertain future, in the knowledge that the queen was now too old to sustain the line.

Historians still debate the question of how villainous Richard III really was, and in particular whether he personally ordered the slaying of the princes in the Tower. What is not in doubt is that it was convenient for the Tudors to paint him as a villain, in order to make his opponent, the future Henry VII, into a hero and a saint. Sir Thomas More played a major part in the process with his *History of King Richard III*, written at the court of Richmond's son, Henry VIII. Shakespeare finished the work, immortalizing Richard as the scheming Crookback, in the public theater of Henry VIII's younger daughter. The English are notorious for getting their theology from Milton and their history from Shakespeare, rather than from more orthodox sources. The endurance of the image of a Richard who is "determinèd to prove a villain" is testimony to the power of drama to be more memorable than written history. *Richard the Third* is one of those core Shakespearean plays that everybody has heard of, even if they have never read it. The success of two film versions—first Sir Laurence Olivier's and subsequently Sir Ian McKellen's dazzling update to the fascist 1930s—has assured its continuing life.

As in the *Henry VI* plays, the language is frequently elevated and highly rhetorical. The combination of formal language and a sense of symmetry in the events—action leading to reaction, bloody violence to revenge, a slippery rise followed by a crashing fall as the wheel of fortune turns—places the play in the tradition of the Roman tragedian Seneca. The influence on Shakespeare was probably both direct—Seneca had been published in English translation in the 1580s—and indirect, via the *Mirror for Magistrates*, a highly Senecan collection of "complaint" poems, telling of misfortunes and wickedness, written in the voices of the victims of history, including both King Richard's brother George, Duke of Clarence, and King Edward IV's mistress, Jane Shore.

The Senecan symmetry is taken to an extreme in the role of Queen Margaret, the widow of King Henry VI, who had been such a powerful force throughout the Wars of the Roses plays. In Act 1 Scene 3, she formally curses Rivers, Dorset, Hastings, Buckingham, and Richard himself. All her curses are fulfilled and as each character dies, he realizes that this is the case. Senecan tragedy traditionally began with a Ghost returning from the underworld and demanding revenge for his or her murder. In an elegant variation, Shakespeare withholds the Ghosts for the climax of the play, bringing them on to taunt King Richard in his tent on the eve of the battle that will be his downfall.

Whereas nearly everybody in the *Henry VI* plays appears to be caught up in a maelstrom of historical events that they are not able to control, Richard attempts to take command of his own and his country's destiny. There is little doubt that the part was written for Richard Burbage, just as he was becoming Shakespeare's closest friend in the theater world. *Richard the Third* is the first of the small group of Shakespearean plays that are not ensemble pieces—which the *Henry VI* plays so clearly were—but star vehicles, in which the leading player has three times as many lines as anybody else. This play was the making of both the writer and the star. It accounts for their nicknames in a well-attested theatrical anecdote that has them as rivals in the bed of a theater-crazed citizen's wife: Burbage is "Richard the Third" and Shakespeare "William the Conqueror."

The trick that they seem to have worked out together was to make the leading character into the apparent author of his own script. From the very opening soliloquy, Richard takes the audience into his confidence and shares with them the role he will adopt and the plot of the drama that he intends to act out, which might be titled “an unlovely but clever man plans his ascent to the throne, not letting anybody—even an innocent child—get in his way.” He is master of the wink and the aside; he rejoices in playing the role of Iniquity, the Vice in the old tradition of morality plays. The audience enjoys his performance exactly because they know it is a performance.

The master actor needs a straight man. For Richard, this role is played by Buckingham, who assists him as he stage-manages his public image for his appearance before the Lord Mayor and citizens of London. In the previous play in the sequence, Henry VI’s prayer book was a sign that he did not want to be king; Richard’s is a sign that he is pretending not to want to be king, thus leading the Londoners to beg him to take on the office. “Will you enforce me to a world of cares?” he says, feigning reluctance—and in the next breath he whispers “Call them again,” ensuring that the offer is renewed so that this time it can be accepted. In all this, he is, as always, the consummate actor.

There are two key turning points for Richard. One is when he contrives to lose his right-hand man, Buckingham. The comedian begins to flounder without his stooge. The other is when the lamenting women who serve as a kind of Greek chorus to the action come together and confront him in the enormously long fourth scene of the fourth act. Richard’s bravura seduction of the Lady Anne had revealed his skill with words, but now his verbal power is matched by the combined forces of the Queens Margaret and Elizabeth. If one innovation in the writing of *Richard the Third* was the conversion of the ensemble chronicle play into a star vehicle for a single huge theatrical personality, the other was the feminization of this traditionally masculine form. In Shakespeare’s earlier history plays, in those of other authors, and indeed in the tragedies of Marlowe, women are bit-part players. Here, however, the boy-actors who play Elizabeth, Margaret, and Anne are given larger parts and more richly inflected rhetoric than all of their adult colleagues save the leading three who play Richard, Buckingham, and Clarence. Symbolically, given that Richard explains his own lust for power as a consequence of his inadequacy in the arts of love, it is fitting that he meets his match in the form of women and boys.

It is Richard's theatrical self-consciousness that ultimately sets his play above the three parts of *Henry VI*. In *The First Part*, Talbot is a manly hero and Joan an intriguing semicomic villain; in *The Second Part*, there is splendid energy (Queen Margaret running amok) and variety (Jack Cade and the voice of the discontented commons); in *The Third Part*, we witness a scene of high drama when York is taunted with a paper crown before being stabbed to death. But it is not until Richard of Gloucester gets into his stride that we meet a figure with the compelling theatrical presence of a Falstaff or an Iago. At the climax of his first long soliloquy in Act 3 of *3 Henry VI*—a speech that the theatrical tradition has often imported into *Richard the Third*—he announces that he will "play the orator," "add colours to the chameleon," and "change shapes with Proteus for advantages": each image is of the art of the actor, with his persuasive tongue and power of self-transformation.

Richard adds that he will "set the murderous machiavel to school." In his black farce *The Jew of Malta*, Christopher Marlowe had brought on a representation of Machiavelli, the Renaissance archetype of the scheming politician, to speak the prologue. As soon as the Prologue leaves the stage, Barabas the Jew is revealed, speaking his opening soliloquy. The audience thus makes the equation that Barabas is a machiavellian schemer. In *Richard the Third,* Shakespeare made a bold advance on this device. He dispensed with a prologue and began the action with Richard's riveting soliloquy, "Now is the winter of our discontent." Where Marlowe had cast Barabas in the role of the machiavel by means of a pointed structural device, Shakespeare's Richard casts himself. He announces that since his crookback prevents him from playing the role of a stage-lover, he will self-consciously adopt that of a stage-villain. For good measure, he goes on in the second scene to show that he can in fact play the lover—with such accomplishment that he successfully woos Lady Anne over the very corpse of her father-in-law when she knows that he has been responsible for the murder of her first husband. As promised, he plays the orator to supreme effect. By the third act, he is changing shapes with Proteus and, as we have seen, appearing between two bishops in the color of a holy man. By means of the orator's art of saying the opposite of what he means—"I cannot, nor I will not" accept the crown—he wins over the Mayor and citizens of London.

The character of Richard III is Shakespeare's improvment on the Marlovian antihero. Marlowe's Tamburlaine, Barabas, and Dr. Faustus fashion their identities by assuming roles—scourge of God, machiavel, conjuror. They do not stop to think that such roles are precisely that: flimsy theatrical impersonations. If they did stop, the whole Marlovian house of cards would come tumbling down. But Shakespeare began from a different place. He was an actor himself. This was the one trump card that was unavailable to Marlowe. Richard is quintessentially Shakespearean, supremely charismatic in the theater, because he knows that he is a role-player. He revels, and makes the audience revel, in play-acting. He is the first full embodiment of a Shakespearean obsession that culminates in Macbeth's "poor player" and Prospero's "These our actors." It is Iago in *Othello* who says "I am not what I am." But Richard could have said it too.

Only in his dreams does Richard stop acting. And when that happens, his identity collapses. Since he has forged his identity through acting, Richard denies the possibility of an essential being that is anterior to performance. He cannot sustain a language of being—"I am," "I am not"—because he keeps coming back to particular roles ("villain") and actions (murdering). The moment when an authentic self ought to be asserted, as in a deathbed repentance, becomes that when the self collapses. This is an actor-dramatist's way of looking at the nature of human being. The Ghosts who appear to him in his dream the night before the last battle make him realize that actions have consequences: murder will bring him "to the bar" and a verdict of "guilty" will be pronounced. This final emphasis upon guilt is the pragmatic Shakespeare's correction of the blasphemous Marlowe toward religious and moral orthodoxy. Having been granted his earthly crown, Richard is defeated by Henry of Richmond, who has spent the night before the battle of Bosworth Field in pious prayer to the Christian God: "O thou, whose captain I account myself, / Look on my forces with a gracious eye." The fall of the overreacher is thus yoked to the Tudor myth of that providential scheme of history that combined the houses of York and Lancaster and established the dynasty that brought unity, then Reformation and ambition for imperial glory to the nation.

KEY FACTS

AUTHORSHIP: Though closely related to the *Henry VI* plays, authorship of which is much disputed, *Richard the Third* is almost certainly entirely Shakespeare's.

PLOT: After years of civil unrest between the royal Houses of York and Lancaster, the Yorkist Edward IV is undisputed king. His brother, Richard Duke of Gloucester, plots to seize the throne for himself, removing anybody in his path. Richard decides he needs a wife and sets out to woo Lady Anne, widow of Henry VI's heir. Against all the odds he wins her and celebrates by having his brother Clarence covertly killed in the Tower. On hearing of Clarence's death, Edward IV is taken ill and dies. In his new role as Lord Protector, Richard has Edward's heirs confined in the Tower, supposedly for safekeeping and to await the coronation. Edward IV's widow, Queen Elizabeth, mistrusts Richard and is proved right when he orders the execution of her brother Rivers and son (by her first marriage) Grey. The Duke of Buckingham becomes Richard's chief adviser and together they mastermind and manipulate Richard's accession to the throne. Richard promises Buckingham an earldom for his help but refuses to grant it when Buckingham will not kill the princes held in the Tower. Richard finds other killers. Fearing for his safety, Buckingham flees to join the last Lancastrian heir Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond, who is leading an army from France against Richard. Having willed the death of his wife Anne, Richard plans to marry Edward IV's daughter (also Elizabeth, not seen in the play) in order to prevent Richmond from doing so and thereby strengthening his claim to the throne; Queen Elizabeth tricks him by pretending that she will assist him in this. Richmond and his followers arrive in England and the two armies camp close at Bosworth Field. The night before the battle, the Ghosts of his victims torment Richard in his dreams. The next day Richard is killed in battle and Richmond claims the crown as Henry

VII. He announces he will marry Elizabeth of York and finally unite the two warring factions.

MAJOR PARTS: *(with percentage of lines/number of speeches/scenes on stage)* Richard III/Duke of Gloucester (32%/301/14), Duke of Buckingham (10%/91/11), Queen Elizabeth (7%/98/6), Queen Margaret (6%/33/2), George, Duke of Clarence (5%/33/3), Lady Anne (5%/51/3), Lord Hastings (4%/47/8), Duchess of York (4%/43/4), Henry, Earl of Richmond (4%/14/3), Lord Stanley, Earl of Derby (3%/32/9), King Edward IV (2%/11/1), Sir William Catesby (2%/31/9), Earl Rivers (2%/24/5), Edward, Prince of Wales (1%/19/2), Richard, Duke of York (1%/21/2).

LINGUISTIC MEDIUM: 98% verse, 2% prose.

DATE: 1592? 1594? Must follow the *Henry VI* plays, so perhaps written shortly before the theaters were closed due to plague in June 1592. Alteration of the chronicle sources to flatter Lord Stanley, Earl of Derby, has led some scholars to suppose that the play was written for the acting company of Lord Strange’s Men, active at this time, whose patron was Stanley’s descendant. Alternatively, Shakespeare might have been writing for Pembroke’s Men in 1592: the text also includes brief praise of the Pembroke family name. Some scholars, by contrast, suppose the play to be Shakespeare’s first work for the Lord Chamberlain’s Men, the company formed after the post-plague reopening of the theaters in summer 1594. Support for this view might come from the way in which the play was clearly written as a showcase for Richard Burbage, the Chamberlain’s leading man.

SOURCES: The main source for the representation of Richard as a hunchbacked villain is Sir Thomas More’s *History of King Richard III* (c.1513). Since More was writing at the court of King Henry VIII, son of Henry VII, who defeated Richard at Bosworth Field, he had a vested interest in portraying Richard as unfavorably as possible. He got much of his information from Bishop Morton of Ely, a bitter enemy of Richard. More’s account was incorporated in the major

Tudor chronicles; Shakespeare probably read it via Edward Hall's *Union of the Noble and Illustre Famelies of Lancastre and York* (1548). He may also have consulted Holinshed and one or more other chronicles. The historical poem sequence known as *The Mirror for Magistrates* (1559, expanded 1563) seems to have shaped Shakespeare's treatment of the Clarence plot. The relationship to an anonymous drama *The True Tragedie of Richard the Third* (registered for publication June 1594, poorly printed) is unclear: it seems to have been an older play, belonging to the Queen's Men, that was perhaps published to cash in on the success of Shakespeare's version.

TEXT: Quarto edition, 1597, with title advertising the content of the play: *The Tragedy of King Richard the third. Containing, His treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: the pittiefull murther of his innocent nephewes: his tyrannicall vsurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserued death. As it hath beene lately Acted by the Right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his servants*. Reprinted 1598, with Shakespeare's name on the title page (one of the first printed plays to be so attributed), and again in 1602, 1605, 1612, 1622, 1629, 1634, indicating the play's popularity. Each Quarto was reprinted from the last, with some errors and occasional editorial correction. The 1623 Folio text derives from an independent manuscript that differed substantially from the Quarto tradition, though the Sixth Quarto and to a lesser extent the Third Quarto were consulted in its preparation. There has been much scholarly debate over the sources and relationship of the two texts: their relationship and relative authority has been justifiably described as the most difficult textual problem in all Shakespeare. It appears that the Folio, though printed much later, reflects an earlier version of the play. The Folio text is about 200 lines longer than the Quarto, a difference more probably due to Quarto cutting and streamlining than Folio expansion. The Quarto has just under 40 lines that are not in Folio. There are hundreds of variants of wording. The Folio text is generally more coherent; some of the difficulties of the Quarto have been attributed to "memorial reconstruction" by actors, but current scholarship questions this view. Though Folio has many deficiencies, some imported from the Quarto tradition and others introduced by the compositors, it requires less editorial intervention to render it comprehensible and theatrically workable. It has been the copy text for most, though not all, scholarly editions, as it is for ours, in accordance with our Folio-based policy.

GENEALOGY: See this page.

THE TRAGEDY OF RICHARD THE THIRD: with the Landing of Earl Richmond and the Battle at Bosworth Field*

RICHARD, Duke of Gloucester, later King **RICHARD III**
Duke of **CLARENCE**, his brother
Duke of **BUCKINGHAM**
Lord **HASTINGS**, the Lord Chamberlain
Sir William **CATESBY**
Sir Richard **RATCLIFFE**
Lord **LOVELL**
BRACKENBURY, Lord Lieutenant of the Tower
Lord Stanley, Earl of **DERBY** (sometimes addressed as Derby and sometimes as Stanley, here given speech prefix Derby)
KING EDWARD IV, Gloucester's older brother
QUEEN ELIZABETH, his Wife
PRINCE EDWARD, their older son
Duke of **YORK**, their younger son
Lord **RIVERS**, Elizabeth's brother
Lord **GREY**, Elizabeth's son by her first husband
Marquis of **DORSET**, his brother
Sir Thomas **VAUGHAN**
Lady **ANNE**, widow of Edward, Prince of Wales, later Duchess of Gloucester
QUEEN MARGARET, widow of Henry VI
DUCHESS OF YORK, mother to Gloucester, Clarence, Edward IV
BOY ⎫ Clarence's
DAUGHTER ⎭ children
Earl of **RICHMOND**, later King Henry VII
Earl of **OXFORD**
Sir **JAMES BLUNT**
Sir **WALTER HERBERT**
Sir **WILLIAM BRANDON**

Duke of NORFOLK
Earl of SURREY
CARDINAL, Archbishop of Canterbury
ARCHBISHOP OF YORK
BISHOP OF ELY
SIR CHRISTOPHER, a priest
Sir John, a PRIEST
Lord MAYOR of London
Three CITIZENS
JAMES TYRRELL
Two MURDERERS
MESSENGERS
KEEPER
PURSUIVANT
PAGE
Ghost of KING HENRY VI
Ghost of EDWARD, his son
Two Bishops, Soldiers, Halberdiers, Gentlemen, Lords, Citizens, Attendants

Act 1 Scene 1[1.1]

running scene 1

Enter Richard, Duke of Gloucester, solus

RICHARD Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this son of York:[2]
And all the clouds that loured[3] upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
Our bruisèd arms[6] hung up for monuments,
Our stern alarums[7] changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful[8] marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front,[9]
And now, instead of mounting barbèd[10] steeds
To fright the souls of fearful[11] adversaries,
He capers[12] nimbly in a lady’s chamber
To the lascivious pleasing[13] of a lute.
But I, that am not shaped for sportive[14] tricks,
Nor made to court[15] an amorous looking-glass:
I, that am rudely stamped,[16] and want love’s majesty
To strut before a wanton[17] ambling nymph:
I, that am curtailed[18] of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature[19] by dissembling nature,
Deformed, unfinished, sent[20] before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,[21]
And that so lamely and unfashionable[22]
That dogs bark at me as I halt[23] by them —
Why, I, in this weak piping[24] time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to see my shadow in the sun
And descant[27] on mine own deformity.
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain[29] these fair well-spoken days,
I am determinèd[30] to prove a villain
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.

Plots have I laid, inductions[32] dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the king
In deadly hate the one against the other.
And if King Edward be as true and just
As I am subtle,[37] false and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mewed up,[38]
About[39] a prophecy, which says that ‘G’
Of Edward’s heirs the murderer shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul: here Clarence comes.—

Enter Clarence, guarded, and Brackenbury

Brother, good day. What means this armèd guard
That waits upon[43] your grace?

CLARENCE His majesty,
Tend’ring[45] my person’s safety, hath appointed
This conduct[46] to convey me to th’Tower.

RICHARD Upon what cause?

CLARENCE Because my name is George.

RICHARD Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours.
He should, for that, commit[50] your godfathers.
O, belike[51] his majesty hath some intent
That you should be new-christened[52] in the Tower.
But what’s the matter,[53] Clarence, may I know?

CLARENCE Yea, Richard, when I know, but I protest[54]
As yet I do not. But, as I can learn,
He hearkens after[56] prophecies and dreams,
And from the cross-row[57] plucks the letter G,
And says a wizard told him that by ‘G’
His issue[59] disinherited should be:
And, for[60] my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought that I am he.
These, as I learn, and such like toys[62] as these,
Hath moved his highness to commit me now.

RICHARD Why, this it is when men are ruled by women:
’Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower,
My lady Grey[66] his wife, Clarence, ’tis she

That tempts him to this harsh extremity.
Was it not she and that good man of worship,[68]
Anthony Woodville,[69] her brother there,
That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,
From whence this present day he is delivered?[71]
We are not safe, Clarence, we are not safe.
CLARENCE By heaven, I think there is no man secure
But the queen's kindred and night-walking heralds[74]
That trudge betwixt[75] the king and Mistress Shore.
Heard you not what an humble suppliant[76]
Lord Hastings was to her, for his delivery?[77]
RICHARD Humbly complaining[78] to her deity
Got my Lord Chamberlain[79] his liberty.
I'll tell you what: I think it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the king,
To be her men[82] and wear her livery.
The jealous o'erworn[83] widow and herself,
Since that our brother dubbed them[84] gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips[85] in our monarchy.
How say you sir? Can you deny all this?
BRACKENBURY I beseech your graces both to pardon me:
His majesty hath straitly[87] given in charge
That no man shall have private conference,
Of[89] what degree soever, with your brother.
RICHARD Even so, an[90] please your worship, Brackenbury,
You may partake of anything we say.
We speak no treason, man: we say the king
Is wise and virtuous, and his noble queen
Well[94] struck in years, fair and not jealous.
We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing[96] pleasing tongue,
And that the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks.
How say you sir? Can you deny all this?
BRACKENBURY With this, my lord, myself have nought to do.
RICHARD Naught to do with Mistress Shore? I tell thee, fellow,
He that doth naught[101] with her, excepting one,

Were best to do it secretly, alone.
BRACKENBURY What one, my lord?
RICHARD Her husband, knave. Wouldst thou betray[104] me?
BRACKENBURY I do beseech your grace to pardon me, and withal[105]
Forbear[106] your conference with the noble duke.
CLARENCE We know thy charge,[107] Brackenbury, and will obey.
RICHARD We are the queen's abjects,[108] and must obey.—
Brother, farewell. I will unto the king,
And whatsoe'er you will employ me in,
Were it to call King Edward's widow sister,
I will perform it to enfranchise[112] you.
Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood
Touches[114] me deeper than you can imagine. ***Embraces him***
CLARENCE I know it pleaseth neither of us well.
RICHARD Well, your imprisonment shall not be long.
I will deliver you or else lie for you.[117]
Meantime, have patience.
CLARENCE I must perforce.[119] Farewell.
Exit Clarence [led by Brackenbury and Guards]
RICHARD Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return.
Simple, plain Clarence, I do love thee so
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present[123] at our hands.
But who comes here? The new-delivered[124] Hastings?
Enter Lord Hastings
HASTINGS Good time of day unto my gracious lord.
RICHARD As much unto my good Lord Chamberlain.
Well are you welcome to this open air.
How hath your lordship brooked[128] imprisonment?
HASTINGS With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must.
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks[130]
That were the cause of my imprisonment.
RICHARD No doubt, no doubt. And so shall Clarence too,
For they that were your enemies are his,
And have prevailed as much on him as you.
HASTINGS More pity that the eagles should be mewed,[135]

Whiles kites and buzzards[136] play at liberty.
RICHARD What news abroad?[137]
HASTINGS No news so bad abroad as this at home:
The king is sickly, weak and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him[140] mightily.
RICHARD Now, by Saint John, that news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet[142] long,
And overmuch consumed his royal person.
’Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
Where is he, in his bed?
HASTINGS He is.
RICHARD Go you before, and I will follow you.
Exit Hastings
He cannot live, I hope, and must not die
Till George be packed[149] with post-horse up to heaven.
I’ll in to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steeled[151] with weighty arguments.
And, if I fail not in my deep[152] intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle[155] in.
For then I’ll marry Warwick’s youngest daughter.[156]
What though I killed her husband[157] and her father?
The readiest way to make the wench amends
Is to become her husband and her father:
The which will I, not all so much for love
As for another secret close[161] intent,
By marrying her which I must reach unto.[162]
But yet I run[163] before my horse to market:
Clarence still breathes, Edward still lives and reigns.
When they are gone, then must I count my gains.
Exit

Act 1 Scene 2[1.2]

running scene 1 continues

Enter the corpse of Henry the Sixth with [Gentlemen bearing] halberds to guard it, Lady Anne being the mourner

ANNE Set down, set down your honourable load —
If honour may be shrouded[2] in a hearse —
Whilst I awhile obsequiously[3] lament
Th'untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.[4] ***They set down the coffin***
Poor key-cold[5] figure of a holy king,
Pale ashes[6] of the house of Lancaster,
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood,
Be it[8] lawful that I invocate thy ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughtered son,
Stabbed by the selfsame hand that made these wounds.
Lo,[12] in these windows that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpless balm[13] of my poor eyes.
O, cursèd be the hand that made these holes:
Cursed the heart that had the heart to do it:
Cursed the blood that let this blood from hence!
More direful hap[17] betide that hated wretch
That makes us wretched by the death of thee
Than I can wish to wolves, to spiders, toads,[19]
Or any creeping venomed thing that lives.
If ever he have child, abortive[21] be it,
Prodigious,[22] and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect[23]
May fright the hopeful mother at the view,
And that[25] be heir to his unhappiness.
If ever he have wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him
Than I am made by my young lord and thee.—
Come, now towards Chertsey[29] with your holy load,
Taken from Paul's[30] to be interrèd there. ***They lift the coffin***

And still as[31] you are weary of this weight,
Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry’s corpse.
Enter Richard, Duke of Gloucester
RICHARD Stay, you that bear the corpse, and set it down.
ANNE What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted[35] charitable deeds?
RICHARD Villains, set down the corpse, or, by Saint Paul,
I’ll make a corpse of him that disobeys.
GENTLEMAN My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.
RICHARD Unmannered dog, stand’st thou when I command.
Advance[40] thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by Saint Paul, I’ll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon[42] thee, beggar, for thy boldness *They set down the coffin*
ANNE What, do you tremble? Are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not, for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.—
Avaunt,[46] thou dreadful minister of hell!
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have: therefore be gone.
RICHARD Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.[49]
ANNE Foul devil, for God’s sake, hence,[50] and trouble us not,
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Filled it with cursing cries and deep exclaims.[52]
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern[54] of thy butcheries.— *Uncovers the body*
O, gentlemen, see, see dead Henry’s wounds
Open their congealed mouths and bleed afresh.—
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity,
For ’tis thy[58] presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells.
Thy deeds, inhuman and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.—
O God, which this blood mad’st, revenge his death!
O earth, which this blood drink’st, revenge his death!
Either heav’n with lightning strike the murd’rer dead,
Or earth gape open wide and eat him quick,

As thou dost swallow up this good king’s blood
Which his hell-governed arm hath butcherèd!
RICHARD Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.
ANNE Villain, thou know’st nor law of God nor man:
No beast so[71] fierce but knows some touch of pity.
RICHARD But I know none, and therefore am no beast.
ANNE O, wonderful,[73] when devils tell the truth!
RICHARD More wonderful, when angels are so angry.
Vouchsafe,[75] divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposèd crimes to give me leave,[76]
By circumstance[77] but to acquit myself.
ANNE Vouchsafe, defused[78] infection of man,
Of these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance to curse thy cursèd self.
RICHARD Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure[82] to excuse myself.
ANNE Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make
No excuse current,[84] but to hang thyself.
RICHARD By such despair,[85] I should accuse myself.
ANNE And by despairing shalt thou stand excused
For doing worthy[87] vengeance on thyself,
That didst unworthy[88] slaughter upon others.
RICHARD Say that I slew them not.
ANNE Then say they were not slain.
But dead they are, and devilish slave,[91] by thee.
RICHARD I did not kill your husband.
ANNE Why, then he is alive.
RICHARD Nay, he is dead, and slain by Edward’s hands.
ANNE In[95] thy foul throat thou liest: Queen Margaret saw
Thy murd’rous falchion[96] smoking in his blood,
The which thou once[97] didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.
RICHARD I was provokèd by her sland’rous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.
ANNE Thou wast provokèd by thy bloody mind,

That never dream'st on aught[102] but butcheries.
Didst thou not kill this king?
RICHARD I grant ye.
ANNE Dost grant me, hedgehog?[105] Then, God grant me too
Thou mayst be damnèd for that wicked deed.
O, he was gentle, mild and virtuous!
RICHARD The better for the king of heaven that hath him.
ANNE He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.
RICHARD Let him thank me, that holp[110] to send him thither,
For he was fitter for that place than earth.
ANNE And thou unfit for any place but hell.
RICHARD Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.
ANNE Some dungeon.
RICHARD Your bedchamber.[115]
ANNE Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest.
RICHARD So will it, madam, till I lie with you.
ANNE I hope so.[118]
RICHARD I know so. But, gentle Lady Anne,
To leave this keen[120] encounter of our wits,
And fall something into a slower method:
Is not the causer of the timeless[122] deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?
ANNE Thou wast the cause and most accursed effect.[125]
RICHARD Your beauty was the cause of that effect.
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.
ANNE If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,[130]
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.
RICHARD These eyes could never endure that beauty's wreck.
You should not blemish it, if I stood by:
As all the world is cheerèd by the sun,
So I by that: it is my day, my life.
ANNE Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life.
RICHARD Curse not thyself, fair creature: thou art both.[137]

ANNE I would[138] I were, to be revenged on thee.
RICHARD It is a quarrel most unnatural
To be revenged on him that loveth thee.
ANNE It is a quarrel just and reasonable
To be revenged on him that killed my husband.
RICHARD He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.
ANNE His better doth not breathe upon the earth.
RICHARD He lives[146] that loves thee better than he could.
ANNE Name him.
RICHARD Plantagenet.[148]
ANNE Why, that was he.
RICHARD The selfsame name, but one of better nature.
ANNE Where is he?
RICHARD Here.
Spits at him
Why dost thou spit at me?
ANNE Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake.
RICHARD Never came poison from so sweet a place.
ANNE Never hung poison on a fouler toad.
Out of my sight, thou dost infect mine eyes.
RICHARD Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.[158]
ANNE Would they were basilisks,[159] to strike thee dead.
RICHARD I would they were, that I might die[160] at once,
For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Shamed their aspects[163] with store of childish drops:
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear —
No,[165] when my father York and Edward wept,
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland[166] made
When black-faced[167] Clifford shook his sword at him,
Nor when thy warlike father,[168] like a child,
Told the sad story of my father’s death,
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,
That[171] all the standers-by had wet their cheeks
Like trees bedashed[172] with rain: in that sad time,

My manly eyes did scorn an humble[173] tear.
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,[174]
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never sued[176] to friend nor enemy:
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing[177] word.
But now thy beauty is proposed my fee,[178]
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.
She looks scornfully at him
Teach not thy lip such scorn, for it was made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword, ***Gives her his sword***
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast. ***↓Kneels↓***
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.
He lays his breast open: she offers at [it] with his sword
Nay, do not pause, for I did kill King Henry —
But ’twas thy beauty that provokèd me.
Nay, now dispatch: ’twas I that stabbed young Edward —
But ’twas thy heavenly face that set me on.[191]
She falls the sword
Take up the sword again, or take up me.[192]
ANNE Arise, dissembler.[193] Though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.
RICHARD Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.
Takes his sword back
ANNE I have already.
RICHARD That was in thy rage:
Speak it again, and even with the word,
This hand, which for thy love did kill thy love,
Shall for thy love kill a far truer love.[200]
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessory.
ANNE I would I knew thy heart.
RICHARD ’Tis figured in[203] my tongue.
ANNE I fear me both are false.

RICHARD Then never man was true.
ANNE Well, well, put up your sword.
RICHARD Say, then, my peace is made.
ANNE That shalt thou know hereafter.
RICHARD But shall I live in hope?
ANNE All men, I hope, live so.
RICHARD Vouchsafe to wear this ring. ***Puts a ring on her***
Look how my ring encompasseth thy finger.
Even so[213] thy breast encloseth my poor heart:
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted servant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.
ANNE What is it?
RICHARD That it may please you leave these sad designs
To him that hath most cause to be a mourner,
And presently[221] repair to Crosby House,
Where after I have solemnly interred
At Chertsey monast’ry this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears —
I will with all expedient duty[225] see you.
For divers[226] unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.[227]
ANNE With all my heart, and much it joys me too,
To see you are become so penitent.—
Tressell and Berkeley,[230] go along with me.
RICHARD Bid me farewell.
ANNE ’Tis more than you deserve,
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.
Exeunt two [Tressell and Berkeley] with Anne
GENTLEMEN Towards Chertsey, noble lord?
RICHARD No, to Whitefriars.[236] There attend my coming.
Exit corpse [borne by the other gentlemen]
Was ever woman in this humour[237] wooed?
Was ever woman in this humour won?

I’ll have her, but I will not keep her long.
What? I, that killed her husband and his father,
To take her in her heart’s extremest hate,
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness[243] of my hatred by,
Having God, her conscience, and these bars[244] against me,
And I no friends to back my suit[245] withal,
But the plain devil and dissembling looks?
And yet to win her, all[247] the world to nothing?
Ha!
Hath she forgot already that brave[249] prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabbed in my angry mood[251] at Tewkesbury?
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
Framed[253] in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,[254]
The spacious world cannot again afford.
And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
That cropped the golden prime[257] of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woeful bed?
On me, whose[259] all not equals Edward’s moiety?
On me, that halts[260] and am misshapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier![261]
I do mistake my person all this while.
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marv’llous proper[264] man.
I’ll be[265] at charges for a looking-glass,
And entertain[266] a score or two of tailors
To study fashions to adorn my body.
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But first I’ll turn yon fellow in[270] his grave,
And then return lamenting to my love.
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,[272]
That I may see my shadow[273] as I pass.

Exit

Act 1 Scene 3*

running scene 2

Enter [Elizabeth] the Queen Mother, Lord Rivers and Lord Grey

RIVERS Have patience, madam. There’s no doubt his majesty
Will soon recover his accustomed health.

GREY In that you brook[3] it ill, it makes him worse: ***To Queen Elizabeth***
Therefore, for God’s sake, entertain good comfort,[4]
And cheer his grace with quick and merry eyes.

QUEEN ELIZABETH If he were dead, what would betide on[6] me?

GREY No other harm but loss of such a lord.

QUEEN ELIZABETH The loss of such a lord includes[8] all harms.

GREY The heavens have blessed you with a goodly[9] son
To be your comforter when he is gone.

QUEEN ELIZABETH Ah, he is young, and his minority
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloucester,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

RIVERS Is it concluded[14] he shall be Protector?

QUEEN ELIZABETH It is determined, not concluded yet:
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.[16]

Enter Buckingham and [Stanley, Earl of] Derby

GREY Here come the lords of Buckingham and Derby.

BUCKINGHAM Good time of day unto your royal grace.

DERBY God make your majesty joyful as you have been.

QUEEN ELIZABETH The Countess Richmond,[20] good my lord of Derby,
To your good prayer will scarcely say amen.
Yet, Derby, notwithstanding she’s your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assured
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

DERBY I do beseech you either not believe
The envious[26] slanders of her false accusers,
Or, if she be accused on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which I think proceeds
From wayward[29] sickness and no grounded malice.

QUEEN ELIZABETH Saw you the king today, my lord of Derby?

DERBY But now the Duke of Buckingham and I
Are come from visiting his majesty.
QUEEN ELIZABETH What likelihood of his amendment, lords?
BUCKINGHAM Madam, good hope: his grace speaks cheerfully.
QUEEN ELIZABETH God grant him health. Did you confer with him?
BUCKINGHAM Ay, madam. He desires to make atonement[36]
Between the Duke of Gloucester and your brothers,[37]
And between them and my Lord Chamberlain,
And sent to warn[39] them to his royal presence.
QUEEN ELIZABETH Would all were well! But that will never be.
I fear our happiness[41] is at the height.
Enter Richard [with Hastings and Dorset]
RICHARD They do me wrong, and I will not endure it.
Who is it that complains unto the king
That I, forsooth,[44] am stern and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly[45]
That fill his ears with such dissentious[46] rumours.
Because I cannot flatter and look fair,[47]
Smile in men's faces, smooth,[48] deceive and cog,
Duck[49] with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain[51] man live and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abused
By silken,[53] sly, insinuating jacks?
GREY To who in all this presence[54] speaks your grace?
RICHARD To thee, that hast nor[55] honesty nor grace.
When have I injured thee? When done thee wrong?
Or thee? Or thee? Or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal grace —
Whom God preserve better than you would wish —
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,[60]
But you must trouble him with lewd[61] complaints.
QUEEN ELIZABETH Brother of Gloucester, you mistake the matter.
The king, on his own royal disposition,
And not provoked by any suitor else,
Aiming, belike,[65] at your interior hatred,

That in your outward action shows itself
Against my children, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send,[68] that he may learn the ground.
RICHARD I cannot tell. The world is grown so bad
That wrens[70] make prey where eagles dare not perch.
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a jack.
QUEEN ELIZABETH Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Gloucester:
You envy my advancement and my friends'.[74]
God grant we never may have need of you.
RICHARD Meantime, God grants that I have need of you.
Our brother[77] is imprisoned by your means,
Myself disgraced, and the nobility
Held in contempt, while great promotions
Are daily given to ennoble those
That scarce some two days since were worth a noble.[81]
QUEEN ELIZABETH By him that raised me to this careful[82] height
From that contented hap[83] which I enjoyed,
I never did incense his majesty
Against the Duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me[88] in these vile suspects.
RICHARD You may deny that you were not the mean
Of my lord Hastings' late[90] imprisonment.
RIVERS She may, my lord, for—
RICHARD She may, Lord Rivers? Why, who knows not so?
She may do more, sir, than denying that.
She may help you to many fair preferments,[94]
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high desert.[96]
What may she not? She may, ay, marry,[97] may she—
RIVERS What, marry, may she?
RICHARD What, marry, may she? Marry with a king,
A bachelor and a handsome stripling[100] too.

Iwis[101] your grandam had a worser match.
QUEEN ELIZABETH My lord of Gloucester, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs.
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty
Of those gross[105] taunts that oft I have endured.
I had rather be a country servant-maid
Than a great queen, with this condition,
To be so bated, scorned and stormèd at.
Enter old Queen Margaret [unseen by the others]
Small joy have I in being England’s queen.
QUEEN MARGARET And lessened be that small, God, I beseech him! ***Speaks aside throughout***
Thy honour, state[111] and seat is due to me.
RICHARD What? Threat[112] you me with telling of the king? ***To Queen Elizabeth***
I will avouch’t[113] in presence of the king.
I dare adventure[114] to be sent to th’Tower.
’Tis time to speak, my pains[115] are quite forgot.
QUEEN MARGARET Out,[116] devil! I do remember them too well:
Thou kill’dst my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewkesbury.
RICHARD Ere[119] you were queen, ay, or your husband king, ***To Queen Elizabeth***
I was a packhorse[120] in his great affairs,
A weeder-out of his proud[121] adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends.
To royalize his blood, I spent mine own.
QUEEN MARGARET Ay, and much better blood than his or thine.
RICHARD In all which time you and your husband Grey
Were factious for[126] the House of Lancaster.—
And, Rivers, so were you.— Was not your husband[127]
In Margaret’s battle at St Albans slain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere this,[130] and what you are:
Withal,[131] what I have been, and what I am.
QUEEN MARGARET A murd’rous villain, and so still thou art.

RICHARD Poor Clarence[133] did forsake his father, Warwick,
Ay, and forswore himself[134] — which Jesu pardon! —
QUEEN MARGARET Which God revenge!
RICHARD To fight on Edward's party for the crown.
And for his meed,[137] poor lord, he is mewed up.
I would to God my heart were flint, like Edward's,
Or Edward's soft and pitiful,[139] like mine.
I am too childish-foolish[140] for this world.
QUEEN MARGARET Hie[141] thee to hell for shame, and leave this world,
Thou cacodemon![142] There thy kingdom is.
RIVERS My lord of Gloucester, in those busy days
Which here you urge[144] to prove us enemies,
We followed then our lord, our sovereign king.
So should we you, if you should be our king.
RICHARD If I should be? I had rather be a pedlar.
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof.
QUEEN ELIZABETH As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy were you this country's king,
As little joy you may suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.
QUEEN MARGARET A little joy enjoys the queen thereof,
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient.— ***Comes forward***
Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pilled[157] from me.
Which of you trembles not that looks on me?
If[159] not, that I am queen, you bow like subjects,
Yet that, by you deposed, you quake like rebels.
Ah, gentle[161] villain, do not turn away. ***To Richard***
RICHARD Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou[162] in my sight?
QUEEN MARGARET But repetition of[163] what thou hast marred,
That will I make[164] before I let thee go.
RICHARD Wert thou not banishèd on pain of death?
QUEEN MARGARET I was, but I do find more pain in banishment
Than death can yield me here by my abode.[167]
A husband and a son thou ow'st to me,

And thou[169] a kingdom; all of you allegiance.
The sorrow that I have, by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

RICHARD The curse[172] my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper
And with thy scorns drew’st rivers from his eyes,
And then, to dry them, gav’st the duke a clout[175]
Steeped in the faultless blood of pretty[176] Rutland —
His curses then, from bitterness of soul
Denounced against thee, are all fall’n upon thee,
And God, not we, hath plagued[179] thy bloody deed.

QUEEN ELIZABETH So just is God, to right the innocent.

HASTINGS O, ’twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,[181]
And the most merciless that e’er was heard of!

RIVERS Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

DORSET No[184] man but prophesied revenge for it.

BUCKINGHAM Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

QUEEN MARGARET What? Were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch[187] each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Did York’s dread curse prevail so much with heaven?
That Henry’s death, my lovely Edward’s death,
Their kingdom’s loss, my woeful banishment,
Should all but answer for[192] that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven?
Why then give way, dull[194] clouds, to my quick curses.
Though not by war, by surfeit[195] die your king,
As ours by murder, to make him a king.—
Edward thy son, that now is Prince of Wales, ***To Elizabeth***
For Edward our son, that was Prince of Wales,
Die in his youth by like[199] untimely violence!
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!
Long mayst thou live to wail thy children’s death,
And see another, as I see thee now,
Decked[204] in thy rights, as thou art stalled in mine.

Long die thy happy days before thy death,
And, after many lengthened hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England’s queen.—
Rivers and Dorset, you were standers-by,[208]
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings, when my son
Was stabbed with bloody daggers: God, I pray him,
That none of you may live his natural age,
But by some unlooked[212] accident cut off.

RICHARD Have done thy charm,[213] thou hateful withered hag.

QUEEN MARGARET And leave out thee? Stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.
If heaven have any grievous plague in store
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them[217] keep it till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world’s peace.
The worm of conscience still[220] begnaw thy soul.
Thy friends suspect for[221] traitors while thou liv’st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends.
No sleep close up that deadly[223] eye of thine,
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils.
Thou elvish-marked,[226] abortive, rooting hog,
Thou that wast sealed[227] in thy nativity
The slave of nature[228] and the son of hell.
Thou slander[229] of thy heavy mother’s womb,
Thou loathèd issue[230] of thy father’s loins,
Thou rag[231] of honour, thou detested—

RICHARD Margaret.[232]

QUEEN MARGARET Richard.

RICHARD Ha?

QUEEN MARGARET I call thee not.

RICHARD I cry thee mercy[236] then, for I did think
That thou hadst called me all these bitter names.

QUEEN MARGARET Why, so I did, but looked for[238] no reply.
O, let me make the period[239] to my curse.

RICHARD ’Tis done by me, and ends in ‘Margaret’.

QUEEN ELIZABETH Thus have you breathed your curse against yourself.
QUEEN MARGARET Poor painted[242] queen, vain flourish of my fortune.
Why strew’st thou sugar on that bottled[243] spider,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
Fool, fool, thou whet’st[245] a knife to kill thyself.
The day will come that thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse this poisonous bunch-backed[247] toad.
HASTINGS False-boding[248] woman, end thy frantic curse,
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.
QUEEN MARGARET Foul shame upon you! You have all moved mine.
RIVERS Were you well served,[251] you would be taught your duty.
QUEEN MARGARET To serve me well, you all should do me duty,[252]
Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects.
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.
DORSET Dispute not with her, she is lunatic.
QUEEN MARGARET Peace, Master Marquis,[256] you are malapert:
Your fire-new[257] stamp of honour is scarce current.
O, that your young nobility[258] could judge
What ’twere to lose it, and be miserable.
They that stand high have many blasts to shake them,
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.
RICHARD Good counsel, marry. Learn it, learn it, marquis.
DORSET It touches you, my lord, as much as me.
RICHARD Ay, and much more. But I was born so high,[264]
Our eyrie[265] buildeth in the cedar’s top,
And dallies with[266] the wind and scorns the sun.
QUEEN MARGARET And turns the sun[267] to shade. Alas, alas!
Witness my son, now in the shade of death,
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your eyrie buildeth in our eyrie’s nest.
O God, that see’st it, do not suffer[272] it.
As it is won with blood, lost be it so!
BUCKINGHAM Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.
QUEEN MARGARET Urge neither charity nor shame to me:
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,

And shamefully my hopes by you are butchered.
My charity[278] is outrage, life my shame,
And in that shame still[279] live my sorrow's rage.
BUCKINGHAM Have done, have done.
QUEEN MARGARET O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy hand
In sign of league and amity with thee.
Now fair[283] befall thee and thy noble house.
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass[285] of my curse.
BUCKINGHAM Nor no one here, for curses never pass[286]
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.
QUEEN MARGARET I will not think but[288] they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog:
Look when[291] he fawns, he bites; and when he bites,
His venom[292] tooth will rankle to the death.
Have not to do with him, beware of him.
Sin, death and hell have set their marks[294] on him,
And all their ministers attend on him.
RICHARD What doth she say, my lord of Buckingham?
BUCKINGHAM Nothing that I respect,[297] my gracious lord.
QUEEN MARGARET What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel?
And soothe[299] the devil that I warn thee from?
O, but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,
And say poor Margaret was a prophetess.—
Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's.
Exit
BUCKINGHAM My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.
RIVERS And so doth mine. I muse why she's at liberty.
RICHARD I cannot blame her. By God's holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof that I have done to her.
QUEEN ELIZABETH I never did her any, to my knowledge.
RICHARD Yet you have all the vantage[311] of her wrong.

I was too hot[312] to do somebody good,
That is too cold[313] in thinking of it now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid:
He is franked[315] up to fatting for his pains —
God pardon them that are the cause thereof!
RIVERS A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scathe[318] to us.
RICHARD So do I ever, being well advised.[319]—
For had I cursed now, I had cursed myself.
Speaks to himself
Enter Catesby
CATESBY Madam, his majesty doth call for you,
And for your grace, and yours, my gracious lord.
QUEEN ELIZABETH Catesby, I come. Lords, will you go with me?
RIVERS We wait upon[324] your grace.
Exeunt all but [Richard of] Gloucester
RICHARD I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs[326] that I set abroach
I lay[327] unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence, who I indeed have cast in darkness,[328]
I do beweep[329] to many simple gulls —
Namely, to Derby, Hastings, Buckingham —
And tell them ’tis the queen and her allies[331]
That stir[332] the king against the duke my brother.
Now they believe it, and withal whet[333] me
To be revenged on Rivers, Dorset, Grey.
But then I sigh, and with a piece of scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With odd old ends[338] stol’n forth of holy writ,
And seem a saint when most I play the devil.
Enter two Murderers
But, soft, here come my executioners.—
How now, my hardy,[341] stout-resolvèd mates,
Are you now going to dispatch[342] this thing?
FIRST MURDERER We are, my lord, and come to have the warrant

That we may be admitted where he is.
RICHARD Well thought upon. I have it here about me. ***Gives the warrant***
When you have done, repair[346] to Crosby Place.
But, sirs, be sudden[347] in the execution,
Withal obdurate,[348] do not hear him plead;
For Clarence is well-spoken,[349] and perhaps
May move your hearts to pity if you mark[350] him.
FIRST MURDERER Tut, tut! My lord, we will not stand to prate:[351]
Talkers are no good doers. Be assured
We go to use our hands and not our tongues.
RICHARD Your eyes drop millstones[354] when fools’ eyes fall tears.
I like you, lads. About your business straight.[355]
Go, go, dispatch.
FIRST MURDERER We will, my noble lord.
[*Exeunt*]

Act 1 Scene 4[1.4]

running scene 3

Enter Clarence and Keeper

KEEPER Why looks your grace so heavily[1] today?

CLARENCE O, I have passed a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend[5] another such a night,
Though ’twere[6] to buy a world of happy days,
So full of dismal[7] terror was the time.

KEEPER What was your dream, my lord? I pray you tell me.

CLARENCE Methoughts that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embarked to cross to Burgundy,
And in my company my brother Gloucester,
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches:[13] there we looked toward England,
And cited up[14] a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befall’n us. As we paced along
Upon the giddy[17] footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloucester stumbled, and in falling
Struck me, that thought to stay[19] him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.[20]
O lord, methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears,
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes.
Methoughts I saw a thousand fearful wrecks:
A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon:
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable[27] stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men’s skulls, and in the holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As ’twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,

That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.
KEEPER Had you such leisure in the time of death
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?
CLARENCE Methought I had, and often did I strive
To yield the ghost.[37] But still the envious flood
Stopped in[38] my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast[39] and wand’ring air,
But smothered it within my panting bulk,[40]
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.
KEEPER Awaked you not in this sore[42] agony?
CLARENCE No, no, my dream was lengthened after life.
O, then began the tempest to my soul,
I passed, methought, the melancholy flood,[45]
With that sour ferryman[46] which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom[47] of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger[48] soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renownèd Warwick,
Who spake aloud, ‘What scourge for perjury[50]
Can this dark monarchy[51] afford false Clarence?’
And so he vanished. Then came wand’ring by
A shadow[53] like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood, and he shrieked[54] out aloud,
‘Clarence is come: false, fleeting,[55] perjured Clarence,
That stabbed me in the field[56] by Tewkesbury.
Seize on him, Furies,[57] take him unto torment!’
With that, methought, a legion[58] of foul fiends
Environed[59] me, and howlèd in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I trembling waked, and for a season[61] after
Could not believe but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made the dream.
KEEPER No marvel, lord, though[64] it affrighted you,
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.
CLARENCE Ah, keeper, keeper, I have done these things,
That now give evidence against my soul,

For Edward’s sake, and see how he requites[68] me.
O God! If my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone,
O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children.
Keeper, I prithee[73] sit by me awhile.
My soul is heavy,[74] and I fain would sleep.

KEEPER I will, my lord. God give your grace good rest. *Clarence sleeps*

Enter Brackenbury, the Lieutenant

BRACKENBURY Sorrow breaks[76] seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noontide[77] night.
Princes have but their titles for[78] their glories,
An outward honour for[79] an inward toil,
And, for[80] unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares:[81]
So that between their titles and low name,[82]
There’s nothing differs but the outward fame.[83]

Enter [the] two Murderers

FIRST MURDERER Ho, who’s here?

BRACKENBURY What wouldst thou, fellow? And how cam’st thou hither?

SECOND MURDERER I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

BRACKENBURY What, so brief?

FIRST MURDERER ’Tis better, sir, than to be tedious. *Gives Brackenbury a paper*
Let him see our commission, and talk no more.

BRACKENBURY I am in this commanded to deliver

Reads

The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands.
I will not reason[92] what is meant hereby,
Because I will[93] be guiltless from the meaning.
There lies the duke asleep, and there the keys.
I’ll to the king and signify to[95] him
That thus I have resigned to you my charge.

Exit

FIRST MURDERER You may, sir, ’tis a point of wisdom. Fare you well.

SECOND MURDERER What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

FIRST MURDERER No: he'll say 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

SECOND MURDERER Why he shall never wake until the great judgement day.

FIRST MURDERER Why, then he'll say we stabbed him sleeping.

SECOND MURDERER The urging of[102] that word 'judgement' hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

FIRST MURDERER What? Art thou afraid?

SECOND MURDERER Not to kill him, having a warrant, but to be damned for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

FIRST MURDERER I thought thou hadst been resolute.

SECOND MURDERER So I am, to let him live.

FIRST MURDERER I'll back to the Duke of Gloucester and tell him so.

SECOND MURDERER Nay, I prithee stay[110] a little. I hope this passionate humour of mine will change. It[111] was wont to hold me but while one tells twenty. ***They pause or count to twenty***

FIRST MURDERER How dost thou feel thyself now?

SECOND MURDERER Some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

FIRST MURDERER Remember our reward, when the deed's done.

SECOND MURDERER Come, he dies. I had forgot the reward.

FIRST MURDERER Where's thy conscience now?

SECOND MURDERER O, in the Duke of Gloucester's purse.

FIRST MURDERER When he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

SECOND MURDERER 'Tis no matter, let it go. There's few or none will entertain[120] it.

FIRST MURDERER What if it come to thee again?

SECOND MURDERER I'll not meddle with it: it makes a man a coward. A man cannot steal, but it accuseth him: a man cannot swear, but it checks[123] him: a man cannot lie[124] with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him. 'Tis a blushing shamefaced spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom: it fills a man full of obstacles: it made me once restore[126] a purse of gold that, by chance, I found: it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned out of towns and cities for[127] a dangerous thing: and every man that means to live well[128] endeavours to trust to himself and live without it.

FIRST MURDERER ’Tis even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

SECOND MURDERER Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him[130] not: he would insinuate[131] with thee but to make thee sigh.

FIRST MURDERER I am strong-framed, he cannot prevail with me.

SECOND MURDERER Spoke like a tall[133] man that respects thy reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

FIRST MURDERER Take[135] him on the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt[136] in the next room.

SECOND MURDERER O, excellent device;[137] and make a sop of him.

FIRST MURDERER Soft, he wakes.

SECOND MURDERER Strike!

FIRST MURDERER No, we’ll reason[140] with him.

CLARENCE Where art thou, keeper? Give me a cup of wine.

SECOND MURDERER You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.[142]

CLARENCE In God’s name, what art thou?

FIRST MURDERER A man, as you are.

CLARENCE But not, as I am, royal.

FIRST MURDERER Nor you, as we are, loyal.

CLARENCE Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

FIRST MURDERER My voice is now the king’s, my looks mine own.

CLARENCE How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak!
Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?
Who sent you hither? Wherefore[151] do you come?

SECOND MURDERER To, to, to—

CLARENCE To murder me?

BOTH Ay, ay.

CLARENCE You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

FIRST MURDERER Offended us you have not, but the king.

CLARENCE I shall be reconciled to him again.

SECOND MURDERER Never, my lord: therefore prepare to die.

CLARENCE Are you drawn forth[161] among a world of men
To slay the innocent? What is my offence?
Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?

What lawful quest[164] have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge? Or who pronounced
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence’ death,
Before I be convict[167] by course of law?
To threaten me with death is most unlawful.
I charge[169] you, as you hope for any goodness
That you depart and lay no hands on me.
The deed you undertake is damnable.
FIRST MURDERER What we will do, we do upon command.
SECOND MURDERER And he that hath commanded is our king.
CLARENCE Erroneous[174] vassals, the great king of kings
Hath in the table[175] of his law commanded
That thou shalt do no murder.[176] Will you then
Spurn at[177] his edict and fulfil a man’s?
Take heed, for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.
SECOND MURDERER And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,
For false forswearing[181] and for murder, too.
Thou didst receive the sacrament[182] to fight
In quarrel of[183] the house of Lancaster.
FIRST MURDERER And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow, and with thy treacherous blade
Unripp’dst[186] the bowels of thy sovereign’s son.
SECOND MURDERER Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.
FIRST MURDERER How canst thou urge God’s dreadful[188] law to us,
When thou hast broke it in such dear[189] degree?
CLARENCE Alas, for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake.
He sends you not to murder me for this,
For in that sin he is as deep as I.
If God will be avengèd for the deed,
O, know you yet he doth it publicly.
Take not the quarrel[196] from his powerful arm:
He needs no indirect[197] or lawless course
To cut off[198] those that have offended him.
FIRST MURDERER Who made thee, then, a bloody[199] minister,

When gallant-springing[200] brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice,[201] was struck dead by thee?
CLARENCE My brother’s love,[202] the devil and my rage.
FIRST MURDERER Thy brother’s love, our duty and thy faults,
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.
CLARENCE If you do love my brother, hate not me.
I am his brother and I love him well.
If you are hired for meed,[207] go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Gloucester,
Who shall reward you better for my life
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.
SECOND MURDERER You are deceived, your brother Gloucester hates you.
CLARENCE O no, he loves me, and he holds me dear.
Go you to him from me.
FIRST MURDERER Ay, so we will.
CLARENCE Tell him, when that our princely father York
Blessed his three sons with his victorious arm,
He little thought of this divided friendship.[217]
Bid Gloucester think on this, and he will weep.
FIRST MURDERER Ay, millstones, as he lessoned[219] us to weep.
CLARENCE O, do not slander him, for he is kind.[220]
FIRST MURDERER Right, as snow in harvest.
Come, you deceive yourself:
’Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.
CLARENCE It cannot be, for he bewept my fortune,
And hugged me in his arms, and swore, with sobs
That he would labour my delivery.[226]
FIRST MURDERER Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth’s thraldom[228] to the joys of heaven.
SECOND MURDERER Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.
CLARENCE Have you that holy feeling[230] in your souls
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And are you yet to your own souls so blind
That you will war with God by murd’ring me?
O, sirs, consider, they that set you on
To do this deed will hate you for the deed.

SECOND MURDERER What shall we do? ***To First Murderer***
CLARENCE Relent, and save your souls.
Which of you, if you were a prince’s son,
Being pent[239] from liberty, as I am now,
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,
Would not entreat for life as you would beg,
Were you in my distress?
FIRST MURDERER Relent? No: ’tis cowardly and womanish.
CLARENCE Not to relent is beastly,[244] savage, devilish.
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks. ***To Second Murderer***
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,
A begging prince what beggar pities not?
SECOND MURDERER Look behind you, my lord.
FIRST MURDERER Take that, and that: if all this will not do,
Stabs him
I’ll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.
Exit [with the body]
SECOND MURDERER A bloody deed, and desperately dispatched.[252]
How fain,[253] like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous murder!
Enter First Murderer
FIRST MURDERER How now? What mean’st thou, that thou help’st me not?
By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you have been!
SECOND MURDERER I would he knew that I had saved his brother.
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say,
For I repent me that the duke is slain.
Exit
FIRST MURDERER So do not I. Go, coward as thou art.
Well, I’ll go hide the body in some hole
Till that the duke give order for his burial.
And when I have my meed, I will away,
For this will out,[264] and then I must not stay.
Exit

Act 2 Scene 1[2.1]

running scene 4

Flourish. Enter the King, sick, the Queen, Lord Marquis Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, Catesby, Buckingham, Woodville [and others]

KING EDWARD IV Why, so. Now have I done a good day's work.
You peers, continue this united league.
I every day expect an embassage[3]
From my redeemer to redeem me hence,
And more to peace my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.—
Dorset and Rivers, take each other's hand:
Dissemble not[8] your hatred, swear your love.

RIVERS By heaven, my soul is purged from[9] grudging hate,
And with my hand I seal my true[10] heart's love. ***Gives his hand to Hastings***

HASTINGS So thrive I,[11] as I truly swear the like!

KING EDWARD IV Take heed you dally[12] not before your king,
Lest he that is the supreme king of kings[13]
Confound[14] your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.[15]

HASTINGS So prosper I, as I swear perfect love.

RIVERS And I, as I love Hastings with my heart.

KING EDWARD IV Madam, yourself is not exempt from this,
Nor you, son[19] Dorset, Buckingham, nor you;
You have been factious[20] one against the other.
Wife, love Lord Hastings: let him kiss your hand,
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.[22]

QUEEN ELIZABETH There, Hastings, I will never more remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine.

KING EDWARD IV Dorset, embrace him.— Hastings, love Lord Marquis.

DORSET This interchange of love, I here protest,[26]
Upon my part shall be inviolable.

HASTINGS And so swear I. ***They embrace***

KING EDWARD IV Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league

With thy embracements to my wife’s allies,[30]
And make me happy in your unity.
BUCKINGHAM Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate ***To the Queen***
Upon your grace, but[33] with all duteous love
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love.
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assurèd that he is a friend,
Deep,[38] hollow, treacherous, and full of guile
Be he unto me. This do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in love to you or yours.
Embrace
KING EDWARD IV A pleasing cordial,[41] princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth[43] now our brother Gloucester here,
To make the blessed period[44] of this peace.
BUCKINGHAM And, in good time,[45]
Here comes Sir Richard Ratcliffe and the duke.
Enter Ratcliffe and [Richard of] Gloucester
RICHARD Good morrow[47] to my sovereign king and queen.
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!
KING EDWARD IV Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day.
Gloucester, we have done deeds of charity,
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling[52] wrong-incensed peers.
RICHARD A blessèd labour, my most sovereign lord.
Among this princely heap,[54] if any here,
By false intelligence,[55] or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe, if I unwillingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne[57]
To any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace.
’Tis death to me to be at enmity:
I hate it, and desire all good men’s love.—
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service.—

Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodged between us.—
Of you and you, Lord Rivers, and of Dorset,
That all without desert[67] have frowned on me.—
Of you, Lord Woodville, and, Lord Scales,[68] of you:
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen, indeed, of all.
I do not know that Englishman alive
With whom my soul is any jot at odds
More than the[72] infant that is born tonight.
I thank my God for my humility.
QUEEN ELIZABETH A holy day shall this be kept hereafter.
I would to God all strifes were well compounded.[75]—
My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.[77]
RICHARD Why, madam, have I offered love for this
To be so flouted[79] in this royal presence?
Who knows not that the gentle[80] duke is dead?
They all start
You do him injury to scorn his corpse.
KING EDWARD IV Who knows not he is dead? Who knows he is?
QUEEN ELIZABETH All-seeing heaven, what a world is this?
BUCKINGHAM Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest?
DORSET Ay, my good lord, and no man in the presence
But his red colour hath forsook[86] his cheeks.
KING EDWARD IV Is Clarence dead? The order was reversed.
RICHARD But he, poor man, by your first order died,
And that[89] a wingèd Mercury did bear:
Some tardy[90] cripple bare the countermand,
That came too lag[91] to see him burièd.
God[92] grant that some, less noble and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion.
Enter [Lord Stanley,] Earl of Derby
DERBY A boon,[96] my sovereign, for my service done. ***Kneels***
KING EDWARD IV I prithee peace. My soul is full of sorrow.

DERBY I will not rise, unless your highness hear me.
KING EDWARD IV Then say at once what is it thou requests.
DERBY The forfeit,[100] sovereign, of my servant's life, ***Rises***
Who slew today a riotous gentleman
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.
KING EDWARD IV Have I a tongue to doom[103] my brother's death,
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother killed no man: his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.
Who sued[107] to me for him? Who, in my wrath,
Kneeled at my feet, and bid me be advised?[108]
Who spoke of brotherhood? Who spoke of love?
Who told me how the poor soul did forsake[110]
The mighty Warwick and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field[112] at Tewkesbury
When Oxford had me down,[113] he rescued me,
And said, 'Dear brother, live, and be a king'?
Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap[116] me
Even in his garments, and did give himself,
All thin[118] and naked, to the numb cold night?
All this from my remembrance[119] brutish wrath
Sinfully plucked, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
But when your carters[122] or your waiting vassals
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defaced[123]
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight[125] are on your knees for pardon, pardon,
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you.
But[127] for my brother not a man would speak,
Nor I, ungracious,[128] speak unto myself
For him, poor soul. The proudest[129] of you all
Have been beholding[130] to him in his life,
Yet none of you would once beg for his life.
O God, I fear thy justice will take hold
On[133] me, and you, and mine, and yours for this!—

Come, Hastings, help me to my closet.[134]
Ah, poor Clarence.

Exeunt some with King and Queen

RICHARD This is the fruits of rashness. Marked[136] you not
How that the guilty kindred of the queen
Looked pale when they did hear of Clarence’ death?
O, they did urge it still[139] unto the king!
God will revenge it. Come, lords, will you go
To comfort Edward with our company.

BUCKINGHAM We wait upon your grace.

Exeunt

Act 2 Scene 2

running scene 4 continues

Enter the old Duchess of York with the two children of Clarence

BOY Good grandam,[1] tell us, is our father dead?
DUCHESS OF YORK No, boy.
DAUGHTER Why do you weep so oft, and beat your breast,
And cry ‘O Clarence, my unhappy son’?
BOY Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us orphans, wretches,[6] castaways,
If that our noble father were alive?
DUCHESS OF YORK My pretty cousins,[8] you mistake me both:
I do lament the sickness of the king,
As[10] loath to lose him, not your father’s death.
It were lost[11] sorrow to wail one that’s lost.
BOY Then you conclude, my grandam, he is dead.
The king mine uncle is to blame for it.
God will revenge it, whom I will importune[14]
With earnest prayers all to that effect.
DAUGHTER And so will I.
DUCHESS OF YORK Peace, children, peace. The king doth love you well.
Incapable[18] and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caused your father’s death.
BOY Grandam, we can, for my good uncle Gloucester
Told me the king, provoked to it by the queen,
Devised impeachments[22] to imprison him;
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly[24] kissed my cheek,
Bade me rely on him as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as a child.
DUCHESS OF YORK Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shape,[27]
And with a virtuous visor[28] hide deep vice!
He is my son — ay, and therein my shame.
Yet from my dugs[30] he drew not this deceit.
BOY Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam?

DUCHESS OF YORK Ay, boy.
BOY I cannot think it. Hark, what noise is this? ***Wailing within***

Enter the Queen with her hair about her ears, Rivers and Dorset after her

QUEEN ELIZABETH Ah, who shall hinder me to wail and weep,
To chide[35] my fortune, and torment myself?
I'll join with black[36] despair against my soul,
And to[37] myself become an enemy.
DUCHESS OF YORK What means this scene of rude impatience?[38]
QUEEN ELIZABETH To make an act[39] of tragic violence.
Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead.
Why grow the branches when the root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves that want[42] their sap?
If you will live, lament: if die, be brief,[43]
That our swift-wingèd souls may catch[44] the king's,
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of ne'er-changing night.
DUCHESS OF YORK Ah, so much interest[47] have I in thy sorrow
As I had title in[48] thy noble husband.
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And lived with looking on his images:[50]
But now two mirrors[51] of his princely semblance
Are cracked in pieces by malignant death,
And I for comfort have but one false glass,[53]
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow, yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left.
But death hath snatched my husband from mine arms,
And plucked two crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I,
Thine being but a moiety[60] of my moan,
To overgo[61] thy woes and drown thy cries.
BOY Ah, aunt, you wept not for our father's death: ***To the Queen***
How can we aid you with our kindred[63] tears?
DAUGHTER Our fatherless distress was left unmoaned.[64]
Your widow-dolour[65] likewise be unwept. ***To the Queen***

QUEEN ELIZABETH Give me no help in lamentation,
I am not barren to[67] bring forth complaints.
All springs reduce[68] their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being governed by the watery moon,[69]
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world.
Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!

CHILDREN Ah, for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!

DUCHESS OF YORK Alas for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!

QUEEN ELIZABETH What stay[74] had I but Edward? And he's gone.

CHILDREN What stay had we but Clarence? And he's gone.

DUCHESS OF YORK What stays had I but they? And they are gone.

QUEEN ELIZABETH Was never widow[77] had so dear a loss.

CHILDREN Were never orphans had so dear a loss!

DUCHESS OF YORK Was never mother had so dear a loss.
Alas, I am the mother of these griefs!
Their woes are parcelled,[81] mine is general.
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I:
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:
These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I:
I for an Edward weep, so do not they.
Alas, you three, on me, threefold distressed,
Pour all your tears! I am your sorrow's nurse,[87]
And I will pamper[88] it with lamentation.

DORSET Comfort, dear mother. God is much displeased ***To the Queen***
That you take with unthankfulness, his doing.
In common worldly things, 'tis called ungrateful,
With dull[92] unwillingness to repay a debt
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent,
Much more to be thus opposite[94] with heaven,
For it requires[95] the royal debt it lent you.

RIVERS Madam, bethink you, like a careful[96] mother
Of the young prince your son: send straight for him
Let him be crowned. In him your comfort lives.
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter Richard, Buckingham, [Stanley, Earl of] Derby, Hastings and Ratcliffe

RICHARD Sister, have comfort. All of us have cause ***To the Queen***
To wail the dimming of our shining star,
But none can help our harms by wailing them.—
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy:[104] ***Kneels***
I did not see your grace. Humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.

DUCHESS OF YORK God bless thee, and put meekness[107] in thy breast,
Love, charity, obedience and true duty. ***Richard rises***

RICHARD Amen.— And make me die a good old man. ***Aside***
That is the butt-end[110] of a mother's blessing;
I marvel that her grace[111] did leave it out.

BUCKINGHAM You cloudy[112] princes and heart-sorrowing peers,
That bear this heavy mutual load of moan,[113]
Now cheer each other in each other's love.
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour[117] of your high-swoll'n hates,
But lately splintered,[118] knit, and joined together,
Must gently be preserved, cherished, and kept.[119]
Meseemeth[120] good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith[121] from Ludlow the young prince be fet
Hither to London, to be crowned our king.

RIVERS Why with some little train, my lord of Buckingham?

BUCKINGHAM Marry, my lord, lest by a multitude,[124]
The new-healed wound of malice should break out,
Which would be so much the more dangerous
By how much the estate[127] is green and yet ungoverned.
Where[128] every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As[130] well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

RICHARD I hope the king made peace with[132] all of us,
And the compact[133] is firm and true in me.

RIVERS And so in me, and so, I think, in all.

Yet since it is but green,[135] it should be put
To no apparent[136] likelihood of breach,
Which haply[137] by much company might be urged:
Therefore I say with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet[139] so few should fetch the prince.
HASTINGS And so say I.
RICHARD Then be it so, and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post[142] to Ludlow.
Madam, and you my sister, will you go
To give your censures[144] in this business? *Exeunt. Buckingham and Richard remain*
BUCKINGHAM My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
For God’s sake, let not us two stay at home.
For by[147] the way I’ll sort occasion,
As index[148] to the story we late talked of,
To part the queen’s proud kindred from the prince.
RICHARD My other self, my counsel’s[150] consistory,
My oracle, my prophet, my dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.[152]
Towards Ludlow then, for we’ll not stay behind.
Exeunt

Act 2 Scene 3[2.3]

Enter one Citizen at one door, and another at the other

FIRST CITIZEN Good morrow, neighbour. Whither away so fast?

SECOND CITIZEN I promise you, I scarcely know myself.
Hear you the news abroad?[3]

FIRST CITIZEN Yes, that the king is dead.

SECOND CITIZEN Ill news, by’r lady,[5] seldom comes the better:
I fear, I fear ’twill prove a giddy[6] world.

Enter another Citizen

THIRD CITIZEN Neighbours, God speed.[7]

FIRST CITIZEN Give[8] you good morrow, sir.

THIRD CITIZEN Doth[9] the news hold of good King Edward’s death?

SECOND CITIZEN Ay, sir, it is too true, God[10] help the while.

THIRD CITIZEN Then, masters,[11] look to see a troublous world.

FIRST CITIZEN No, no. By God’s good grace his son shall reign.

THIRD CITIZEN Woe to that land that’s governed by a child.

SECOND CITIZEN In him there is a hope of government,
Which in his nonage,[15] council under him,
And in his full and ripened years, himself,
No doubt shall then, and till then govern well.

FIRST CITIZEN So stood the state when Henry the Sixth
Was crowned in Paris but at nine months old.

THIRD CITIZEN Stood the state so?[20] No, no, good friends, God wot,
For then this land was famously enriched
With politic grave counsel;[22] then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect[23] his grace.

FIRST CITIZEN Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.

THIRD CITIZEN Better it were they all came by his father,
Or by his father there were none at all.
For emulation,[27] who shall now be nearest,
Will touch[28] us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the Duke of Gloucester,
And the queen’s sons and brothers haught[30] and proud:

And were they to be ruled, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace[32] as before.
FIRST CITIZEN Come, come, we fear the worst. All will be well.
THIRD CITIZEN When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks;
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for[36] night?
Untimely storms makes men expect a dearth.[37]
All may be well; but, if God sort[38] it so,
’Tis more than we deserve or I expect.
SECOND CITIZEN Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear.
You cannot reason[41] almost with a man
That looks not heavily[42] and full of dread.
THIRD CITIZEN Before the days of change, still[43] is it so.
By a divine instinct men’s minds mistrust[44]
Pursuing danger. As by proof,[45] we see
The water swell before a boist’rous[46] storm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away?[47]
SECOND CITIZEN Marry, we were sent for to the justices.[48]
THIRD CITIZEN And so was I. I’ll bear you company.
Exeunt

Act 2 Scene 4[2.4]

running scene 6

Enter [the] Archbishop, young York, the Queen and the Duchess

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK Last night, I heard, they lay[1] at Stony Stratford
And at Northampton[2] they do rest tonight.
Tomorrow, or next day, they will be here.
DUCHESS OF YORK I long with all my heart to see the prince.
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.
QUEEN ELIZABETH But I hear, no. They say my son of York
Has almost overta’en him in his growth.
YORK Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.
DUCHESS OF YORK Why, my good cousin,[9] it is good to grow.
YORK Grandam, one night as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talked how I did grow
More than my brother. ‘Ay’, quoth my uncle Gloucester,
‘Small herbs have grace,[13] great weeds do grow apace.’
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow and weeds make haste.
DUCHESS OF YORK Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold[16]
In him that did object the same[17] to thee.
He was the wretched’st thing when he was young,
So long a-growing and so leisurely,
That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.
ARCHBISHOP OF YORK And so no doubt he is, my gracious madam.
DUCHESS OF YORK I hope he is, but yet let mothers doubt.
YORK Now, by my troth,[23] if I had been remembered,
I could have given my uncle’s grace a flout,[24]
To touch[25] his growth nearer than he touched mine.
DUCHESS OF YORK How, my young York? I prithee let me hear it.
YORK Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast
That he could gnaw[28] a crust at two hours old.
’Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting[30] jest.
DUCHESS OF YORK I prithee, pretty York, who told thee this?

YORK Grandam, his nurse.
DUCHESS OF YORK His nurse? Why, she was dead ere thou wast born.
YORK If ’twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.
QUEEN ELIZABETH A parlous[35] boy. Go to, you are too shrewd.
DUCHESS OF YORK Good madam, be not angry with the child.
QUEEN ELIZABETH Pitchers have ears.[37]
Enter a Messenger
ARCHBISHOP OF YORK Here comes a messenger. What news?
MESSENGER Such news, my lord, as grieves me to report.
QUEEN ELIZABETH How doth the prince?
MESSENGER Well, madam, and in health.
DUCHESS OF YORK What is thy news?
MESSENGER Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent to Pomfret,[43]
And with them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.
DUCHESS OF YORK Who hath committed them?
MESSENGER The mighty dukes, Gloucester and Buckingham.
ARCHBISHOP OF YORK For what offence?
MESSENGER The sum of all I can,[48] I have disclosed.
Why or for what the nobles were committed
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lord.
QUEEN ELIZABETH Ay me, I see the ruin of my house.[51]
The tiger now hath seized the gentle hind,[52]
Insulting[53] tyranny begins to jut
Upon the innocent and aweless[54] throne.
Welcome, destruction, blood and massacre.
I see, as in a map,[56] the end of all.
DUCHESS OF YORK Accursed and unquiet wrangling days,
How many of you have mine eyes beheld?
My husband lost his life to get the crown,
And often up and down my sons were tossed,
For me to joy and weep their gain and loss.
And being seated,[62] and domestic broils
Clean overblown,[63] themselves the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves, brother to brother,
Blood to blood, self against self. O, preposterous[65]
And frantic outrage,[66] end thy damnèd spleen,

Or let me die, to look on earth no more!
QUEEN ELIZABETH Come, come, my boy, we will to sanctuary.[68]— ***To young York***
Madam, farewell. ***To the Duchess***
DUCHESS OF YORK Stay, I will go with you.
QUEEN ELIZABETH You have no cause.
ARCHBISHOP OF YORK My gracious lady, go,
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I’ll resign unto your grace
The seal[75] I keep: and so betide to me
As well I tender you and all of yours!
Go, I’ll conduct you to the sanctuary.
Exeunt

Act 3 Scene 1[3.1]

running scene 7

The trumpets sound. Enter young Prince [Edward], the Dukes of Gloucester [Richard] and Buckingham, Lord Cardinal with others

BUCKINGHAM Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.[1]

RICHARD Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign.[2]
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

PRINCE EDWARD No, uncle, but our crosses[4] on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy.[5]
I want[6] more uncles here to welcome me.

RICHARD Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet dived into the world's deceit.
No more can you distinguish of a man
Than of his outward show, which — God he knows —
Seldom or never jumpeth[11] with the heart.
Those uncles which you want were dangerous:
Your grace attended[13] to their sugared words,
But looked not on the poison of their hearts.
God keep you from them, and from such false friends.

PRINCE EDWARD God keep me from false friends, but they were none.

RICHARD My lord, the Mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter Lord Mayor

LORD MAYOR God bless your grace with health and happy days.

PRINCE EDWARD I thank you, good my lord, and thank you all.—
I thought my mother, and my brother York,
Would long ere[21] this have met us on the way.
Fie, what a slug[22] is Hastings, that he comes not
To tell us whether they will come or no.

Enter Lord Hastings

BUCKINGHAM And, in good time, here comes the sweating lord.

PRINCE EDWARD Welcome, my lord. What, will our mother come?

HASTINGS On what occasion,[26] God he knows, not I,
The queen your mother, and your brother York,
Have taken sanctuary. The tender[28] prince

Would fain[29] have come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce[30] withheld.
BUCKINGHAM Fie, what an indirect[31] and peevish course
Is this of hers?— Lord Cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the Duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?[34]—
If she deny, Lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous[36] arms pluck him perforce.
CARDINAL My lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory[37]
Can from his mother win the Duke of York,
Anon[39] expect him here. But if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessèd sanctuary. Not for all this land
Would I be guilty of so great a sin.
BUCKINGHAM You are too senseless[44] obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional.
Weigh[46] it but with the grossness of this age,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit[48] thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings[49] have deserved the place,
And those who have the wit[50] to claim the place:
This prince hath neither claimed it nor deserved it,
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it.
Then, taking him from thence[53] that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter[54] there.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men,
But sanctuary children ne’er till now.
CARDINAL My lord, you shall o’er-rule my mind for once.—
Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me?
HASTINGS I go, my lord.
Exeunt Cardinal and Hastings
PRINCE EDWARD Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may.—
Say, uncle Gloucester, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn[62] till our coronation?
RICHARD Where it think’st best unto your royal self.

If I may counsel you, some day or two
Your highness shall repose you[65] at the Tower:
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.
PRINCE EDWARD I do not like the Tower, of any place.[68]—
Did Julius Caesar build that place, my lord? ***To Buckingham***
BUCKINGHAM He did, my gracious lord, begin that place,
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.[71]
PRINCE EDWARD Is it upon record?[72] Or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?
BUCKINGHAM Upon record, my gracious lord.
PRINCE EDWARD But say, my lord, it were not registered,[75]
Methinks the truth should live from age to age,
As ’twere retailed[77] to all posterity,
Even to the general ending day.[78]
RICHARD So[79] wise so young, they say, do never live long. ***Aside***
PRINCE EDWARD What say you, uncle?
RICHARD I say, without characters,[81] fame lives long.—
Thus, like the formal[82] Vice, Iniquity, ***Aside***
I moralize[83] two meanings in one word.
PRINCE EDWARD That Julius Caesar was a famous man.
With[85] what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live.
Death makes no conquest of his conqueror,[87]
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.
I’ll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham—
BUCKINGHAM What, my gracious lord?
PRINCE EDWARD An if[91] I live until I be a man,
I’ll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I lived a king.
RICHARD Short summers lightly[94] have a forward spring. ***Aside***
Enter young York, Hastings and Cardinal
BUCKINGHAM Now, in good time, here comes the Duke of York.
PRINCE EDWARD Richard of York, how fares our noble brother?
YORK Well, my dear lord, so must I call you now.
PRINCE EDWARD Ay, brother, to our grief,[98] as it is yours:

Too late[99] he died that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.
RICHARD How fares our cousin, noble lord of York?
YORK I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said that idle[103] weeds are fast in growth:
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.
RICHARD He hath, my lord.
YORK And therefore is he idle?
RICHARD O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.
YORK Then he is more beholding[108] to you than I.
RICHARD He may command me as my sovereign,
But you have power in me as in[110] a kinsman.
YORK I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.[111]
RICHARD My dagger, little cousin? With[112] all my heart.
PRINCE EDWARD A beggar, brother?
YORK Of my kind uncle, that I know will give,
And being but a toy,[115] which is no grief to give.
RICHARD A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.
YORK A greater gift? O, that's the sword to it.[117]
RICHARD Ay, gentle cousin, were it light[118] enough.
YORK O, then, I see, you will part but with light gifts.
In weightier things you'll say a beggar nay.[120]
RICHARD It is too weighty for your grace to wear.
YORK I weigh it lightly,[122] were it heavier.
RICHARD What, would you have[123] my weapon, little lord?
YORK I would, that I might thank you as you call me.
RICHARD How?
YORK Little.
PRINCE EDWARD My lord of York will still[127] be cross in talk.
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.
YORK You mean to bear me, not to bear with me.—
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me,
Because that I am little, like[131] an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.
BUCKINGHAM With what a sharp-provided[133] wit he reasons! ***Aside***
To mitigate[134] the scorn he gives his uncle,

He prettily[135] and aptly taunts himself.
So cunning[136] and so young is wonderful.
RICHARD My lord, will’t please you pass along?
Myself and my good cousin Buckingham
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower and welcome you.
YORK What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?
PRINCE EDWARD My Lord Protector will have it so.
YORK I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.
RICHARD Why, what should you fear?
YORK Marry, my uncle Clarence’ angry ghost.
My grandam told me he was murdered there.
PRINCE EDWARD I fear no uncles dead.
RICHARD Nor none that live, I hope.
PRINCE EDWARD An if they live, I hope I need not fear.
But come, my lord and with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

A sennet.

Exeunt Prince, York, Hastings and Dorset. Richard, Buckingham and Catesby remain

BUCKINGHAM Think you, my lord, this little prating[152] York
Was not incensèd[153] by his subtle mother
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?[154]
RICHARD No doubt, no doubt. O, ’tis a perilous[155] boy:
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward,[156] capable.
He is all the mother’s,[157] from the top to toe.
BUCKINGHAM Well, let them rest.[158]— Come hither, Catesby.
Thou art sworn as deeply[159] to effect what we intend
As closely[160] to conceal what we impart.
Thou know’st our reasons urged[161] upon the way,
What think’st thou? Is it not an easy matter
To make William Lord Hastings of[163] our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?
CATESBY He[166] for his father’s sake so loves the prince,
That he will not be won to aught[167] against him.

BUCKINGHAM What think'st thou, then, of Stanley? Will not he?
CATESBY He will do all in all as Hastings doth.
BUCKINGHAM Well, then, no more but this: go, gentle Catesby,
And, as[171] it were far off sound thou Lord Hastings,
How he doth stand affected[172] to our purpose,
And summon him tomorrow to the Tower,
To sit[174] about the coronation.
If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons.
If he be leaden, icy-cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too, and so break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination,
For we tomorrow hold divided[180] councils,
Wherein thyself shalt highly[181] be employed.
RICHARD Commend me to Lord[182] William. Tell him, Catesby,
His ancient[183] knot of dangerous adversaries
Tomorrow are let blood[184] at Pomfret Castle,
And bid my lord, for joy of this good news,
Give Mistress[186] Shore one gentle kiss the more.
BUCKINGHAM Good Catesby, go effect this business soundly.
CATESBY My good lords both, with all the heed[188] I can.
RICHARD Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?
CATESBY You shall, my lord.
RICHARD At Crosby House, there shall you find us both.
Exit Catesby
BUCKINGHAM Now my lord, what shall we do if we perceive
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?[193]
RICHARD Chop off his head: something we will determine:
And look when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and all the movables[196]
Whereof the king my brother was possessed.
BUCKINGHAM I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.
RICHARD And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
Come, let us sup betimes,[200] that afterwards
We may digest[201] our complots in some form.
Exeunt

Act 3 Scene 2[3.2]

running scene 8

Enter a Messenger to the door of Hastings

MESSENGER My lord, my lord!
HASTINGS Who knocks? ***Within***
MESSENGER One from the lord Stanley.
HASTINGS What is't o'clock? ***Within***
MESSENGER Upon the stroke of four.

Enter Lord Hastings

HASTINGS Cannot my lord Stanley sleep these tedious[6] nights?
MESSENGER So it appears by that I have to say.
First, he commends him to your noble self.
HASTINGS What then?
MESSENGER Then certifies your lordship that this night
He dreamt the boar[11] had razèd off his helm.
Besides, he says there are two councils kept,
And that[13] may be determined at the one
Which may make you and him to rue[14] at th'other:
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,[15]
If you will presently[16] take horse with him,
And with all speed post[17] with him toward the north,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.
HASTINGS Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord,
Bid him not fear the separated council:
His honour[21] and myself are at the one,
And at the other is my good friend Catesby,
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth[23] us
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.[24]
Tell him his fears are shallow, without instance.[25]
And for his dreams, I wonder he's so simple
To trust the mock'ry[27] of unquiet slumbers.
To fly[28] the boar before the boar pursues,
Were[29] to incense the boar to follow us
And make pursuit where he did mean[30] no chase.

Go, bid thy master rise and come to me
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where he shall see the boar will use[33] us kindly.

MESSENGER I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say.

Exit

Enter Catesby

CATESBY Many good morrows to my noble lord.

HASTINGS Good morrow, Catesby. You are early stirring.
What news, what news, in this our tott'ring state?

CATESBY It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord,
And I believe will never stand upright
Till Richard wear the garland[40] of the realm.

HASTINGS How? Wear the garland? Dost thou mean the crown?

CATESBY Ay, my good lord.

HASTINGS I'll have this crown[43] of mine cut from my shoulders
Before I'll see the crown so foul[44] misplaced.
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

CATESBY Ay, on my life, and hopes to find you forward[46]
Upon his party for the gain thereof:
And thereupon he sends you this good news,
That this same very day your enemies,
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

HASTINGS Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still my adversaries.
But that I'll give my voice on Richard's side
To bar my master's[54] heirs in true descent,
God knows I will not do it, to the death.

CATESBY God keep your lordship in that gracious mind.

HASTINGS But I shall laugh at this a twelvemonth hence,
That they[58] which brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.
Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing that yet think not on't.

CATESBY 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepared and look not for it.

HASTINGS O, monstrous,[64] monstrous! And so falls it out

With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so ’twill do
With some men else, that think themselves as safe
As thou and I — who, as thou know’st, are dear
To princely Richard and to Buckingham.
CATESBY The princes both make high account[69] of you.—
For they account[70] his head upon the bridge. ***Aside***
HASTINGS I know they do, and I have well deserved it.
Enter Lord Stanley [Earl of Derby]
Come on, come on, where is your boar-spear, man? ***To Derby***
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?[73]
DERBY My lord, good morrow.— Good morrow, Catesby.
You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,[75]
I do not like these several[76] councils, I.
HASTINGS My lord, I hold my life as dear as yours,
And never in my days, I do protest,[78]
Was it so precious to me as ’tis now.
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant[81] as I am?
DERBY The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,
Were jocund[83] and supposed their states were sure,
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust:[84]
But yet you see how soon the day o’ercast.
This[86] sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt:
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward.
What, shall we toward the Tower? The day is spent.[88]
HASTINGS Come, come, have with you.[89] Wot you what, my lord?
Today the lords you talk of are beheaded.
LORD DERBY They, for their truth,[91] might better wear their heads
Than some that have accused them wear their hats.[92]
But come, my lord, let’s away.
Enter a Pursuivant
HASTINGS Go on before:[94] I’ll talk with this good fellow.—
Exeunt Derby and Catesby
How now, sirrah?[95] How goes the world with thee?
PURSUIVANT The better that your lordship please to ask.
HASTINGS I tell thee, man, ’tis better with me now

Than when thou met'st me last where now we meet:
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion[100] of the queen's allies.
But now, I tell thee — keep it to thyself —
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state[103] than e'er I was.
PURSUIVANT God hold[104] it to your honour's good content.
HASTINGS Gramercy,[105] fellow. There, drink that for me.
Throws him his purse
PURSUIVANT I thank your honour.
Exit
Enter a Priest
PRIEST Well met, my lord. I am glad to see your honour.
HASTINGS I thank thee, good Sir[108] John, with all my heart.
I[109] am in your debt for your last exercise:
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content[110] you. ***Whispers in his ear***
PRIEST I'll wait upon your lordship.
Enter Buckingham
BUCKINGHAM What, talking with a priest, Lord Chamberlain?
Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest:
Your honour hath no shriving work[114] in hand.
HASTINGS Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you toward the Tower?
BUCKINGHAM I do, my lord, but long I cannot stay there.
I shall return before your lordship thence.[119]
HASTINGS Nay, like enough, for I stay[120] dinner there.
BUCKINGHAM And supper too, although thou know'st it not.— ***Aside***
Come, will you go?
HASTINGS I'll wait upon your lordship.
Exeunt

Act 3 Scene 3[3.3]

running scene 9

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliffe with Halberds, carrying the nobles [Rivers, Grey and Vaughan] to death at Pomfret

RIVERS Sir Richard Ratcliffe, let me tell thee this:
Today shalt thou behold a subject die
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.
GREY God bless the prince from all the pack of you.
A knot[5] you are of damnèd blood-suckers!
VAUGHAN You live that shall cry woe for this hereafter.
RATCLIFFE Dispatch.[7] The limit of your lives is out.
RIVERS O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison!
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!
Within the guilty closure[10] of thy walls
Richard the Second here was hacked to death.
And, for[12] more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give to thee our guiltless blood to drink.
GREY Now Margaret's curse is fall'n upon our heads,
When she exclaimed on[15] Hastings, you and I,
For standing by when Richard stabbed her son.
RIVERS Then cursed she Richard, then cursed she Buckingham,
Then cursed she Hastings. O, remember, God,
To hear her prayer for them, as now for us:
And for[20] my sister and her princely sons,
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.
RATCLIFFE Make haste: the hour of death is expiate.[23]
RIVERS Come, Grey, come, Vaughan, let us here embrace.
Farewell, until we meet again in heaven.
Exeunt

Act 3 Scene 4*

running scene 10

Enter Buckingham, Derby, Hastings, Bishop of Ely, Norfolk, Ratcliffe, Lovell, with others.

[They take their seats] at a table

HASTINGS Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met
Is to determine of[2] the coronation.
In God's name speak: when is the royal day?
BUCKINGHAM Is all things ready for the royal time?
DERBY It is, and wants but nomination.[5]
BISHOP OF ELY Tomorrow, then, I judge a happy[6] day.
BUCKINGHAM Who knows the Lord Protector's mind herein?
Who is most inward[8] with the noble duke?
BISHOP OF ELY Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.[9]
BUCKINGHAM We know each other's faces: for[10] our hearts,
He knows no more of mine, than I of yours,
Or I of his, my lord, than you of mine.—
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.[13]
HASTINGS I thank his grace, I know he loves me well.
But, for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded[16] him, nor he delivered
His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my honourable lords, may name the time,
And in[19] the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which I presume he'll take[20] in gentle part.

Enter [Richard of] Gloucester

BISHOP OF ELY In happy time, here comes the duke himself.
RICHARD My noble lords and cousins[22] all, good morrow.
I have been long a sleeper: but I trust
My absence doth neglect[24] no great design
Which by my presence might have been concluded.
BUCKINGHAM Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,
William Lord Hastings had pronounced your part[27] —
I mean your voice — for crowning of the king.

RICHARD Than my lord Hastings no man might be bolder:[29]
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.—
My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there:
I do beseech you send for some of them.
BISHOP OF ELY Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.
Exit Bishop
RICHARD Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.
Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business, ***They speak aside***
And finds the testy[37] gentleman so hot
That he will lose his head[38] ere give consent
His master's child, as worshipfully[39] he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.
BUCKINGHAM Withdraw yourself a while. I'll go with you.
Exeunt [Richard and Buckingham]
DERBY We have not yet set[42] down this day of triumph.
Tomorrow, in my judgement, is too sudden,
For I myself am not so well provided[44]
As else I would be, were the day prolonged.[45]
Enter the Bishop of Ely
BISHOP OF ELY Where is my lord, the Duke of Gloucester?
I have sent for these strawberries.
HASTINGS His grace looks cheerfully and smooth[48] this morning:
There's some conceit[49] or other likes him well,
When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.
I think there's never a man in Christendom
Can lesser hide his love or hate than he,
For by his face straight[53] shall you know his heart.
DERBY What of his heart perceive you in his face
By any livelihood[55] he showed today?
HASTINGS Marry, that with no man here he is offended:
For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.
Enter Richard and Buckingham
RICHARD I pray you all, tell me what they deserve
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevailed

Upon my body with their hellish charms.[61]
HASTINGS The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this princely presence
To doom[64] th'offenders, whosoe'er they be:
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.
RICHARD Then be your eyes the witness of their evil.
Look how I am bewitched: behold, mine arm ***Points to his arm***
Is like a blasted[68] sapling, withered up:
And this is[69] Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted[70] with that harlot, strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have markèd me.
HASTINGS If they have done this deed, my noble lord—
RICHARD If? Thou protector of this damnèd strumpet—
Talk'st thou to me of 'ifs'? Thou art a traitor.
Off with his head! Now, by Saint Paul I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.[76] —
Lovell and Ratcliffe, look that it be done.
The rest that love me, rise and follow me.
Exeunt. Lovell and Ratcliffe with the Lord Hastings remain
HASTINGS Woe, woe for England! Not a whit for me,
For I, too fond,[80] might have prevented this.
Stanley did dream the boar did rouse[81] our helms;
And I did scorn it and disdain to fly.
Three times today my foot-cloth horse[83] did stumble,
And started,[84] when he looked upon the Tower,
As[85] loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.
O, now I need the priest that spake to me:
I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As too triumphing[88] how mine enemies
Today at Pomfret bloodily were butchered,
And I myself secure in grace and favour.
O Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head!
RATCLIFFE Come, come, dispatch. The duke would be at dinner.
Make a short shrift:[94] he longs to see your head.
HASTINGS O, momentary grace[95] of mortal men,

Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who[97] builds his hope in air of your good looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.
LOVELL Come, come, dispatch: ’tis bootless[101] to exclaim.
HASTINGS O bloody Richard! Miserable England!
I prophesy the fearful’st time to thee
That ever wretched age hath looked upon.
Come, lead me to the block: bear him my head.
They smile at me who shortly shall be dead.
Exeunt

[Act 3 Scene 5][3.5]

running scene 11

Enter Richard and Buckingham, in rotten armour, marvellous ill-favoured

RICHARD Come, cousin, canst thou quake and change thy colour,[1]
Murder[2] thy breath in middle of a word,
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou were distraught and mad with terror?
BUCKINGHAM Tut, I can counterfeit[5] the deep tragedian,
Speak and look back,[6] and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging[7] of a straw:
Intending[8] deep suspicion, ghastly looks
Are at my service,[9] like enforcèd smiles,
And both are ready in their offices[10]
At any time to grace my stratagems.
But what, is Catesby gone?
RICHARD He is, and see, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the Mayor and Catesby

BUCKINGHAM Lord Mayor—
RICHARD Look to the drawbridge there!
BUCKINGHAM Hark, a drum!
RICHARD Catesby, o'erlook[17] the walls.
BUCKINGHAM Lord Mayor, the reason we have sent—
RICHARD Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.
BUCKINGHAM God and our innocency defend and guard us!

Enter Lovell and Ratcliffe, with Hastings' head

RICHARD Be patient,[21] they are friends: Ratcliffe and Lovell.
LOVELL Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.
RICHARD So dear I loved the man that I must weep.
I took him for the plainest[25] harmless creature
That breathed upon the earth a Christian,
Made him my book,[27] wherein my soul recorded
The history[28] of all her secret thoughts.

So smooth[29] he daubed his vice with show of virtue
That, his[30] apparent open guilt omitted —
I mean, his conversation[31] with Shore’s wife —
He lived from[32] all attainder of suspects.
BUCKINGHAM Well, well, he was the covert’st sheltered[33] traitor
That ever lived.
Would you imagine, or almost[35] believe,
Were’t not that, by great preservation
We live to tell it, that the subtle[37] traitor
This day had plotted, in the council house,
To murder me and my good lord of Gloucester?
MAYOR Had he done so?
RICHARD What? Think you we are Turks[41] or infidels?
Or that we would, against the form[42] of law,
Proceed thus rashly[43] in the villain’s death,
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England and our person’s safety,
Enforced us to this execution?
MAYOR Now fair[47] befall you! He deserved his death,
And your good graces, both have well proceeded[48]
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
BUCKINGHAM I never looked for[50] better at his hands,
After he once fell[51] in with Mistress Shore.
Yet had[52] we not determined he should die
Until your lordship came to see[53] his end,
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Something against our meanings, have prevented;
Because, my lord, I would have had you heard
The traitor speak, and timorously[57] confess
The manner and the purpose of his treasons,
That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who haply[60] may
Misconster[61] us in him and wail his death.
MAYOR But, my good lord, your grace’s words shall serve
As well as[63] I had seen and heard him speak:
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,

But I’ll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case.
RICHARD And to that end we wished your lordship here,
T’avoid the censures of the carping[68] world.
BUCKINGHAM Which since you come too late of[69] our intent,
Yet witness[70] what you hear we did intend.
And so, my good Lord Mayor, we bid farewell.
Exit Mayor
RICHARD Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall[73] hies him in all post:
There, at your meetest vantage[74] of the time,
Infer[75] the bastardy of Edward’s children:
Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen
Only for saying he would make his son
Heir to the crown, meaning indeed his house,[78]
Which, by the sign[79] thereof was termèd so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury[80]
And bestial appetite in change of lust,[81]
Which stretched unto their servants, daughters, wives,
Even where[83] his raging eye or savage heart,
Without control, lusted to make a prey.
Nay, for a need,[85] thus far come near my person:
Tell them, when that my mother went[86] with child
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York
My princely father then had wars in France,
And by true[89] computation of the time,
Found that the issue was not his begot[90] —
Which well[91] appearèd in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father.
Yet touch this sparingly,[93] as ’twere far off,
Because, my lord, you know my mother lives.
BUCKINGHAM Doubt not, my lord, I’ll play the orator
As if the golden fee[96] for which I plead
Were for myself. And so, my lord, adieu.
RICHARD If you thrive well,[98] bring them to Baynard’s Castle,
Where you shall find me well accompanied

With reverend fathers and well-learned bishops.
BUCKINGHAM I go: and towards three or four o'clock
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.
Exit Buckingham
RICHARD Go, Lovell, with all speed to Doctor Shaw.[103]—
Go thou to Friar Penker: bid them both ***To Catesby or Ratcliffe***
Meet me within this hour at Baynard's Castle.
Exeunt [all but Richard]
Now will I go to take[106] some privy order
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight,
And to give order that no manner[108] person
Have any time recourse[109] unto the princes.
Exit

[Act 3 Scene 6][3.6]

running scene 12

Enter a Scrivener

SCRIVENER Here is the indictment[1] of the good Lord Hastings, ***Shows a paper***
Which in a set hand[2] fairly is engrossed,
That it may be today read o'er in Paul's.[3]
And mark how well the sequel[4] hangs together:
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me,
The precedent[7] was full as long a-doing.
And yet within these five hours Hastings lived,
Untainted,[9] unexamined, free, at liberty.
Here's a good world the while![10] Who is so gross
That cannot see this palpable device?[11]
Yet who so bold, but says he sees it not?
Bad is the world, and all will come to nought
When such ill dealing must be seen in thought.[14]

Exit

[Act 3 Scene 7]*

running scene 13

Enter Richard and Buckingham, at several doors

RICHARD How now, how now? What say the citizens?
BUCKINGHAM Now, by the holy mother of our lord,
The citizens are mum,[3] say not a word.
RICHARD Touched you[4] the bastardy of Edward's children?
BUCKINGHAM I did: with his contract[5] with Lady Lucy,
And his contract[6] by deputy in France,
Th'unsatiate greediness of his desire,
And his enforcement[8] of the city wives,
His tyranny for trifles,[9] his own bastardy,
As being got,[10] your father then in France,
And his resemblance, being not like the duke.
Withal I did infer your lineaments,
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind:
Laid open[15] all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline[16] in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty,[17] virtue, fair humility:
Indeed, left nothing fitting for[18] your purpose
Untouched, or slightly[19] handled, in discourse.
And when my oratory drew toward end,
I bid them that did love their country's good
Cry 'God save Richard, England's royal king!'
RICHARD And did they so?
BUCKINGHAM No, so God help me, they spake not a word,
But, like dumb statues or breathing stones,
Stared each on other and looked deadly pale:
Which when I saw, I reprehended them,
And asked the mayor what meant this wilful silence:
His answer was, the people were not used
To be spoke to but by the recorder.[30]
Then he was urged to tell my tale again:

‘Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferred’[32] —
But nothing spoke in[33] warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own,
At lower end of the hall,[35] hurled up their caps,
And some ten voices cried, ‘God save King Richard!’
And thus I took the vantage[37] of those few:
‘Thanks, gentle citizens and friends,’ quoth I,
‘This general[39] applause and cheerful shout
Argues[40] your wisdom and your love to Richard.’
And even here[41] brake off, and came away.
RICHARD What tongueless blocks[42] were they? Would they not speak?
Will not the mayor then and his brethren[43] come?
BUCKINGHAM The mayor is here at hand. Intend[44] some fear:
Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit.[45]
And look[46] you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand between two churchmen, good my lord,
For on that ground[48] I’ll make a holy descant:
And be not easily won[49] to our requests.
Play the maid’s[50] part: still answer nay, and take it.
RICHARD I go. And if you plead as well for them
As I can say nay to thee for myself,[52]
No doubt we bring it to a happy issue.[53]
BUCKINGHAM Go, go, up to the leads.[54] The Lord Mayor knocks.
[Exit Richard]
Enter the Mayor and Citizens
Welcome, my lord. I dance attendance[55] here:
I think the duke will not be spoke withal.
Enter Catesby
Now, Catesby, what says your lord to my request.
CATESBY He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,
To visit him tomorrow or next day:
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent[61] to meditation,
And in no worldly suits[62] would he be moved,
To draw him from his holy exercise.[63]
BUCKINGHAM Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke:

Tell him myself, the Mayor and Alderman,
In deep[66] designs, in matter of great moment,
No less importing[67] than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.
CATESBY I'll signify so much unto him straight.
Exit
BUCKINGHAM Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward!
He is not lulling[71] on a lewd love-bed,
But on his knees at meditation:
Not dallying[73] with a brace of courtesans,
But meditating with two deep[74] divines:
Not sleeping, to engross[75] his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful[76] soul.
Happy[77] were England, would this virtuous prince
Take on his grace[78] the sovereignty thereof:
But sure I fear we shall not win him to it.
MAYOR Marry, God defend[80] his grace should say us nay!
BUCKINGHAM I fear he will. — Here Catesby comes again.
Enter Catesby
Now, Catesby, what says his grace?
CATESBY He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His grace not being warned thereof before.
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.
BUCKINGHAM Sorry I am my noble cousin should
Suspect me that I mean no good to him.
By heaven, we come to him in perfect[89] love,
And so once more return and tell his grace.
Exit [Catesby]
When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads,[92] 'tis hard to draw them thence,
So sweet is zealous[93] contemplation.
Enter Richard aloft, between two Bishops. [Catesby returns]
MAYOR See, where his grace stands 'tween two clergymen.
BUCKINGHAM Two props[95] of virtue for a Christian prince,
To stay[96] him from the fall of vanity:

And, see, a book of prayer in his hand,
True ornaments to know a holy man.—
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requests,
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion and right[102] Christian zeal.
RICHARD My lord, there needs no such apology:
I do beseech your grace to pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Deferred the visitation[106] of my friends.
But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?
BUCKINGHAM Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungoverned isle.
RICHARD I do suspect I have done some offence
That seems disgracious[111] in the city's eye,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.[112]
BUCKINGHAM You have, my lord: would it might please your grace,
On our entreaties, to amend your fault.
RICHARD Else[115] wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?
BUCKINGHAM Know then, it is your fault that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestical,
The sceptred[118] office of your ancestors,
Your state[119] of fortune and your due of birth,
The lineal[120] glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemished[121] stock;
Whiles, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
Which here we waken to our country's good,
The noble isle doth want[124] his proper limbs:
His face defaced with scars of infamy,[125]
His royal stock graft[126] with ignoble plants,
And almost shouldered[127] in the swallowing gulf
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.
Which to recure,[129] we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land —
Not as Protector, steward, substitute,

Or lowly factor[133] for another’s gain;
But as successively[134] from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery,[135] your own.
For this, consorted[136] with the citizens,
Your very worshipful[137] and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just cause come I to move[139] your grace.

RICHARD I cannot tell if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof
Best fitteth my degree[142] or your condition.
If not[143] to answer, you might haply think
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded[144]
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly[146] you would here impose on me.
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So seasoned with your faithful love to me,
Then on the other side I checked[149] my friends.
Therefore, to speak, and to avoid the first,
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,
Definitively thus I answer you:
Your love deserves my thanks, but my desert[153]
Unmeritable shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away,[155]
And that my path were even[156] to the crown,
As the ripe revenue[157] and due of birth,
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty and so many my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness[160] —
Being a bark[161] to brook no mighty sea —
Than in[162] my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour[163] of my glory smothered.
But, God be thanked, there is no need of me,
And much I need[165] to help you, were there need.
The royal tree[166] hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellowed[167] by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become[168] the seat of majesty,

And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay that[170] you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy[171] stars,
Which God defend[172] that I should wring from him!
BUCKINGHAM My lord, this argues[173] conscience in your grace,
But the respects thereof[174] are nice and trivial,
All circumstances well considerèd.
You say that Edward is your brother's son:
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife,
For first was he contract[178] to Lady Lucy —
Your mother lives a witness to his vow —
And afterward by substitute[180] betrothed
To Bona, sister[181] to the King of France.
These both put off, a poor petitioner,[182]
A care-crazed[183] mother to a many sons,
A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase[186] of his wanton eye,
Seduced the pitch[187] and height of his degree
To base declension[188] and loathed bigamy.
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners[190] call the prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,[191]
Save that, for reverence to some alive,[192]
I give a sparing[193] limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffered benefit[195] of dignity:
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing times,
Unto a lineal true-derivèd[199] course.
MAYOR Do, good my lord: your citizens entreat you. ***To Richard***
BUCKINGHAM Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffered love.
CATESBY O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit!
RICHARD Alas, why would you heap this care[203] on me?
I am unfit for state and majesty.

I do beseech you, take it not amiss:
I cannot nor I will not yield to you.
BUCKINGHAM If you refuse it — as,[207] in love and zeal,
Loath to depose the child, your brother's son,
As well we know your tenderness of heart
And gentle, kind, effeminate[210] remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kindred
And equally indeed to all estates[212] —
Yet know, whe'er you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king,
But we will plant some other in the throne
To the disgrace and downfall of your house:
And in this resolution here we leave you.—
Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.
Exeunt [Buckingham with Citizens]
CATESBY Call him again, sweet prince. Accept their suit.
If you deny them all the land will rue it.
RICHARD Will you enforce me to a world of cares?
Call them again. I am not made of stones,
But penetrable to your kind entreaties,
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.
Enter Buckingham and the rest
Cousin of Buckingham, and sage, grave men,
Since you will buckle[226] fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, whe'er I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load:
But if black scandal or foul-faced reproach
Attend the sequel[230] of your imposition,
Your[231] mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
For God doth know, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.
MAYOR God bless your grace! We see it and will say it.
RICHARD In saying so, you shall but say the truth.
BUCKINGHAM Then I salute you with this royal title:
Long live King Richard, England's worthy king!

ALL Amen.
BUCKINGHAM Tomorrow may it please you to be crowned?
RICHARD Even[241] when you please, for you will have it so.
BUCKINGHAM Tomorrow, then, we will attend your grace.
And so most joyfully we take our leave.
RICHARD Come, let us to our holy work again.— ***To the Bishops***
Farewell, my cousins: farewell, gentle friends.

Exeunt

Act 4 Scene 1[4.1]

running scene 14

Enter the Queen, Anne Duchess of Gloucester [leading a girl], the Duchess of York and Marquis Dorset

DUCHESS OF YORK Who meets us here? My niece[1] Plantagenet
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloucester?
Now, for my life, she's wand'ring to the Tower,
On pure heart's love to greet the tender[4] prince.
Daughter, well met.

ANNE God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day.

QUEEN ELIZABETH As much to you, good sister. Whither away?

ANNE No further than the Tower, and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion[10] as yourselves,
To gratulate[11] the gentle princes there.

QUEEN ELIZABETH Kind sister, thanks: we'll enter all together.

Enter the Lieutenant [Brackenbury]

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.
Master Lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

BRACKENBURY Right well, dear madam. By your patience,
I may not suffer[17] you to visit them:
The king hath strictly charged the contrary.

QUEEN ELIZABETH The king? Who's that?

BRACKENBURY I mean the Lord Protector.

QUEEN ELIZABETH The lord protect him from that kingly title!
Hath he set bounds[22] between their love and me?
I am their mother: who shall bar me from them?

DUCHESS OF YORK I am their father's mother: I will see them.

ANNE Their aunt I am in law,[25] in love their mother:
Then bring me to their sights. I'll bear thy blame
And take thy office[27] from thee, on my peril.

BRACKENBURY No, madam, no; I may not leave it so:
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

Exit
Enter Stanley [Earl of Derby]

DERBY Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I’ll salute your grace of York as mother,[31]
And reverend looker-on,[32] of two fair queens.—
Come, madam, you must straight[33] to Westminster, ***To Anne***
There to be crownèd Richard’s royal queen.

QUEEN ELIZABETH Ah, cut my lace[35] asunder,
That my pent[36] heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news!

ANNE Despiteful[38] tidings! O, unpleasing news!

DORSET Be of good cheer. Mother, how fares your grace?

QUEEN ELIZABETH O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee gone!
Death and destruction dogs thee at thy heels:
Thy mother’s name is ominous to children.
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond,[44] from the reach of hell.
Go, hie[45] thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead
And make me die the thrall[47] of Margaret’s curse,
Nor[48] mother, wife, nor England’s counted queen.

DERBY Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam.—
Take all the swift advantage of the hours. ***To Dorset***
You shall have letters[51] from me to my son
In your behalf, to meet you on the way.
Be not ta’en[53] tardy by unwise delay.

DUCHESS OF YORK O ill-dispersing[54] wind of misery!
O my accursèd womb, the bed of death!
A cockatrice[56] hast thou hatched to the world,
Whose unavoided[57] eye is murderous.

DERBY Come, madam, come: I in all haste was sent. ***To Anne***

ANNE And I with all unwillingness will go.
O, would to God that the inclusive[60] verge
Of golden metal that must round my brow
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brains!
Anointed[63] let me be with deadly venom,

And die, ere men can say, ‘God save the queen!’
QUEEN ELIZABETH Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory:
To[66] feed my humour wish thyself no harm.
ANNE No? Why? When he that is my husband now
Came to me, as I followed Henry’s corpse,
When scarce the blood was well washed from his hands
Which issued from my other angel husband[70]
And that dear saint which then I weeping followed —
O, when I say I looked on Richard’s face,
This was my wish: ‘Be thou’, quoth I, ‘accursed
For making me, so young, so old[74] a widow!
And, when thou wed’st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;
And be thy wife — if any be so mad —
More miserable by the life of thee
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord’s death!’
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Within so small a time, my woman’s heart
Grossly[81] grew captive to his honey words
And proved the subject of mine own soul’s curse,
Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest,
For never yet one hour in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his timorous[86] dreams was still awaked.
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick,[87]
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.
QUEEN ELIZABETH Poor heart, adieu! I pity thy complaining.[89]
ANNE No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.
DORSET Farewell, thou woeful welcomer of glory.
ANNE Adieu, poor soul, that tak’st thy leave of it.
DUCHESS OF YORK Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee.— *To Dorset*
Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee.— *To Anne*
Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee.— *To Queen Elizabeth*
I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me.
Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,

And each hour's joy wrecked with a week of teen.[98] ***She starts to leave***
QUEEN ELIZABETH Stay, yet look back with me unto the Tower.
Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes
Whom envy hath immured[101] within your walls,
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones,
Rude[103] ragged nurse, old sullen playfellow
For tender princes: use my babies well.
So[105] foolish sorrows bids your stones farewell.

Exeunt

Act 4 Scene 2[4.2]

running scene 15

Sound a sennet. Enter Richard in pomp, Buckingham, Catesby, Ratcliffe, Lovell, [a Page and others. A throne is brought forth]

RICHARD Stand all apart.[1]— Cousin of Buckingham.
BUCKINGHAM My gracious sovereign?
RICHARD Give me thy hand.

Sound [trumpets]

He ascends the throne

Thus high, by thy advice and thy assistance, ***Richard and Buckingham speak aside***
Is King Richard seated.
But shall we wear these glories for a day?
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?
BUCKINGHAM Still live they and forever let them last!
RICHARD Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,[9]
To try[10] if thou be current gold indeed:
Young Edward lives. Think now what I would speak.
BUCKINGHAM Say on, my loving lord.
RICHARD Why, Buckingham, I say I would be king,
BUCKINGHAM Why, so you are, my thrice-renownèd lord.
RICHARD Ha? Am I king? ’Tis so: but Edward lives.
BUCKINGHAM True, noble prince.
RICHARD O, bitter consequence,[17]
That Edward still should live — true noble prince.[18]
Cousin, thou wast not wont[19] to be so dull.
Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead,
And I would have it suddenly[21] performed.
What say’st thou now? Speak suddenly, be brief.
BUCKINGHAM Your grace may do your pleasure.
RICHARD Tut, tut, thou art all ice: thy kindness freezes.
Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?
BUCKINGHAM Give me some little breath,[26] some pause, dear lord,
Before I positively[27] speak in this:

I will resolve[28] you herein presently.
Exit
CATESBY The king is angry: see, he gnaws his lip. ***Aside***
RICHARD I will converse with iron-witted[30] fools
And unrespective[31] boys: none are for me
That look into me with considerate[32] eyes.
High-reaching[33] Buckingham grows circumspect.—
Boy!
PAGE My lord? ***Comes forward***
RICHARD Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold
Will tempt unto a close[37] exploit of death?
PAGE I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty[39] spirit:
Gold were as good as twenty orators,[40]
And will, no doubt, tempt him to anything.
RICHARD What is his name?
PAGE His name, my lord, is Tyrrell.
RICHARD I partly know the man. Go, call him hither, boy.
Exit [Page]
The deep-revolving[45] witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels.[46]
Hath he so long held out[47] with me untired,
And stops he now for breath? Well, be it so.
Enter Stanley
How now, Lord Stanley, what's the news?
DERBY Know, my loving lord, the marquis Dorset
As I hear, is fled to Richmond,
In the parts where he abides. ***Stands apart***
RICHARD Come hither, Catesby. Rumour it abroad
That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick:
I will take order[55] for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean[56] poor gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter:
The boy[58] is foolish, and I fear not him.
Look, how thou dream'st![59] I say again, give out
That Anne my queen is sick and like to die:

About it,[61] for it stands me much upon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.
[Exit Catesby]
I must be married to my brother's daughter,[63]
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.
Murder her brothers, and then marry her:
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood that sin will pluck on[67] sin:
Tear-falling pity[68] dwells not in this eye.
Enter [Page, with] Tyrrell
Is thy name Tyrrell?
TYRRELL James Tyrrell, and your most obedient subject.
RICHARD Art thou, indeed?
TYRRELL Prove[72] me, my gracious lord. ***King Richard and Tyrrell speak aside***
RICHARD Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend[73] of mine?
TYRRELL Please you:
But I had rather kill two enemies.
RICHARD Why, then thou hast it: two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest and my sweet sleep's disturbers
Are they that I would have thee deal upon[78] —
Tyrrell, I mean those bastards in the Tower.
TYRRELL Let me have open[80] means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.
RICHARD Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither, Tyrrell
Go, by this token:[83] rise, and lend thine ear. ***Gives a token***
There[84] is no more but so: say it is done,
Whispers
And I will love thee, and prefer[85] thee for it.
TYRRELL I will dispatch it straight.
Exit [Tyrrell, with the Page]
Enter Buckingham
BUCKINGHAM My lord, I have considered in my mind
The late[88] request that you did sound me in.
RICHARD Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.
BUCKINGHAM I hear the news, my lord.
RICHARD Stanley, he[91] is your wife's son. Well, look unto it.

BUCKINGHAM My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawned:[93]
Th'earldom of Hereford and the movables[94]
Which you have promisèd I shall possess.

RICHARD Stanley, look to[96] your wife: if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer[97] it.

BUCKINGHAM What says your highness to my just request?

RICHARD I do remember me, Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish[101] boy.
A king, perhaps—

BUCKINGHAM May it please you to resolve[103] me in my suit.

RICHARD Thou troublest me: I am not in the vein.[104]

Exit

BUCKINGHAM And is it thus? Repays he my deep service
With such contempt? Made I him king for this?
O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone
To Brecknock,[108] while my fearful head is on!

Exit

[Act 4 Scene 3]

running scene 15 continues

Enter Tyrrell

TYRRELL The tyrannous and bloody act is done,
The most arch[2] deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, who I did suborn[4]
To do this piece of ruthful[5] butchery,
Albeit they were fleshed[6] villains, bloody dogs,
Melted with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like to children in their[8] deaths' sad story.
'O, thus', quoth Dighton, 'lay the gentle babes.'
'Thus, thus', quoth Forrest, 'girdling[10] one another
Within their alabaster[11] innocent arms.
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
And in their summer beauty kissed each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay,
Which one[15]', quoth Forrest, 'almost changed my mind.
But O! The devil'— there the villain stopped.
When Dighton thus told on: 'We smotherèd
The most replenishèd[18] sweet work of nature,
That from the prime[19] creation e'er she framed.'
Hence both are gone[20] with conscience and remorse:
They could not speak, and so I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody[22] king.

Enter Richard

And here he comes.— All heath, my sovereign lord!

RICHARD Kind Tyrrell, am I happy in thy news?

TYRRELL If to have done the thing you gave in charge[25]
Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.

RICHARD But didst thou see them dead?

TYRRELL I did, my lord.

RICHARD And buried, gentle Tyrrell?

TYRRELL The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them,
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

RICHARD Come to me, Tyrrell, soon and[33] after supper,
When thou shalt tell the process[34] of their death.
Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,
And be[36] inheritor of thy desire.
Farewell till then.

TYRRELL I humbly take my leave.

[Exit]

RICHARD The son of Clarence have I pent up close,[39]
His daughter meanly[40] have I matched in marriage,
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,[41]
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.
Now, for[43] I know the Breton Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And by that knot[45] looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter Ratcliffe

RATCLIFFE My lord!

RICHARD Good or bad news, that thou com'st in so bluntly?[48]

RATCLIFFE Bad news, my lord: Morton[49] is fled to Richmond,
And Buckingham, backed with the hardy[50] Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power[51] increaseth.

RICHARD Ely with Richmond troubles me more near[52]
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied[53] strength.
Come, I have learned that fearful commenting[54]
Is leaden servitor[55] to dull delay:
Delay leads[56] impotent and snail-paced beggary.
Then fiery expedition[57] be my wing,
Jove's Mercury,[58] and herald for a king!
Go, muster men. My[59] counsel is my shield:
We must be brief[60] when traitors brave the field.

Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 4]*

running scene 16

Enter old Queen Margaret

QUEEN MARGARET So, now prosperity begins to mellow[1]
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines[3] slyly have I lurked,
To watch the waning of mine enemies.
A dire induction[5] am I witness to,
And will to France, hoping the consequence[6]
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret. Who comes here?

Enter Duchess [of York] and Queen [Elizabeth]

QUEEN ELIZABETH Ah, my poor princes! Ah, my tender babes!
My unblowed[10] flowers, new-appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air
And be not fixed in doom perpetual,[12]
Hover about me with your airy wings
And hear your mother's lamentation!

QUEEN MARGARET Hover about her: say that right for right[15] ***Aside***
Hath dimmed your infant morn to agèd night.

DUCHESS OF YORK So many miseries have crazed[17] my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.
Edward Plantagenet,[19] why art thou dead?

QUEEN MARGARET Plantagenet doth quit[20] Plantagenet: ***Aside***
Edward for Edward[21] pays a dying debt.

QUEEN ELIZABETH Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails[23] of the wolf?
When didst thou sleep when such a deed was done?

QUEEN MARGARET When holy Harry[25] died, and my sweet son. ***Aside***

DUCHESS OF YORK Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living ghost,
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's[27] due by life usurped,
Brief abstract[28] and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful[29] earth, ***Sits down***
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!

QUEEN ELIZABETH Ah, that thou[31] wouldst as soon afford a grave
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat!
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.
Ah, who hath any cause to mourn but we? *Sits with her*
QUEEN MARGARET If ancient sorrow be most reverend, *Comes forward*
Give mine the benefit of seniory,[36]
And let my griefs frown on[37] the upper hand.
If sorrow can admit society,[38] *Sits with them*
I had an Edward,[39] till a Richard killed him:
I had a husband,[40] till a Richard killed him:
Thou hadst an Edward,[41] till a Richard killed him:
Thou hadst a Richard,[42] till a Richard killed him.
DUCHESS OF YORK I had a Richard[43] too, and thou didst kill him;
I had a Rutland[44] too, thou holp'st to kill him.
QUEEN MARGARET Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard killed him.
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog, that had his teeth[48] before his eyes,
To worry[49] lambs and lap their gentle blood,
That foul defacer[50] of God's handiwork,
That reigns in gallèd[51] eyes of weeping souls,
That excellent[52] grand tyrant of the earth,
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.
O upright,[54] just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur[55]
Preys on the issue[56] of his mother's body,
And makes her pew-fellow[57] with others' moan!
DUCHESS OF YORK O Harry's wife, triumph[58] not in my woes!
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.
QUEEN MARGARET Bear with me: I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me[61] with beholding it.
Thy Edward[62] he is dead, that killed my Edward:
The other Edward[63] dead, to quit my Edward:
Young York[64] he is but boot, because both they
Matched not the high perfection[65] of my loss.
Thy Clarence he is dead that stabbed my Edward,

And the beholders of this frantic[67] play,
Th’adulterate[68] Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely smothered in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell’s black intelligencer,[70]
Only reserved[71] their factor to buy souls
And send them thither. But at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly conveyed from hence.
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live and say, ‘The dog is dead!’
QUEEN ELIZABETH O, thou didst prophesy the time would come
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled[80] spider, that foul bunch-backed toad!
QUEEN MARGARET I called thee then vain flourish[81] of my fortune:
I called thee then poor shadow,[82] painted queen,
The presentation[83] of but what I was,
The flattering index[84] of a direful pageant,
One heaved a-high, to be hurled down below,
A mother only mocked[86] with two fair babes,
A dream[87] of what thou wast, a garish flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous shot;
A sign[89] of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
A queen in jest,[90] only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? Where be thy brothers?
Where be thy two sons? Wherein dost thou joy?
Who sues,[93] and kneels and says, ‘God save the queen’?
Where be the bending[94] peers that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging troops[95] that followed thee?
Decline[96] all this, and see what now thou art:
For[97] happy wife, a most distressèd widow:
For joyful mother, one that wails the name:[98]
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues:
For queen, a very caitiff[100] crowned with care:
For she that scorned at me, now scorned of[101] me:
For she being feared of all, now fearing one:

For she commanding all, obeyed of none.
Thus hath the course[104] of justice whirled about,
And left thee but a very[105] prey to time,
Having no more but thought[106] of what thou wast,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burdened yoke,
From which even here I slip my wearied head,
And leave the burden of it all on thee.
Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mischance:[113]
These English woes shall make me smile in France. ***Starts to leave***
QUEEN ELIZABETH O thou well skilled in curses, stay awhile,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies!
QUEEN MARGARET Forbear[117] to sleep the night, and fast the day:
Compare dead happiness with living woe:
Think that thy babes were sweeter than they were,
And he that slew them fouler than he is.
Bett'ring[121] thy loss makes the bad causer worse:
Revolving[122] this will teach thee how to curse.
QUEEN ELIZABETH My words are dull.[123] O, quicken them with thine!
QUEEN MARGARET Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like mine.
Exit Margaret
DUCHESS OF YORK Why should calamity be full of words?
QUEEN ELIZABETH Windy[126] attorneys to their client's woes,
Airy succeeders of intestine[127] joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries!
Let them have scope:[129] though what they will impart
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.
DUCHESS OF YORK If so, then be not tongue-tied: go with me.
And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My damnèd son, that thy two sweet sons smothered. ***Trumpet***
The trumpet sounds: be copious in exclaims.[134]
Enter King Richard and his train
RICHARD Who intercepts me in my expedition?[135]
DUCHESS OF YORK O, she that might[136] have intercepted thee,

By strangling thee in her accursèd womb,
From[138] all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done!
QUEEN ELIZABETH Hid’st thou that forehead with a golden crown
Where’t should be branded,[140] if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that owed[141] that crown,
And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain[143] slave, where are my children?
DUCHESS OF YORK Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?
QUEEN ELIZABETH Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?
DUCHESS OF YORK Where is kind Hastings?
RICHARD A flourish,[148] trumpets! Strike alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale[149] women
Rail[150] on the lord’s anointed. Strike, I say!
Flourish. Alarums
Either be patient and entreat[151] me fair,
Or with the clamorous report[152] of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.
DUCHESS OF YORK Art thou my son?
RICHARD Ay, I thank God, my father, and yourself.
DUCHESS OF YORK Then patiently hear my impatience.[156]
RICHARD Madam, I have a touch of your condition,[157]
That cannot brook[158] the accent of reproof.
DUCHESS OF YORK O, let me speak!
RICHARD Do then, but I’ll not hear.
DUCHESS OF YORK I will be mild and gentle in my words.
RICHARD And brief, good mother, for I am in haste.
DUCHESS OF YORK Art thou so hasty? I have stayed[163] for thee,
God knows, in torment and in agony.
RICHARD And came I not at last to comfort you?
DUCHESS OF YORK No, by the holy rood,[166] thou know’st it well,
Thou cam’st on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burden was thy birth to me:
Tetchy[169] and wayward was thy infancy:
Thy schooldays frightful,[170] desp’rate, wild, and furious:
Thy prime[171] of manhood daring, bold, and venturous:

Thy age confirmed,[172] proud, subtle, sly and bloody,
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred.[173]
What comfortable[174] hour canst thou name,
That ever graced me with thy company?
RICHARD Faith, none, but Humphrey[176] Hour, that called your grace
To breakfast once forth[177] of my company.
If I be so disgracious in your eye,
Let me march on and not offend you, madam.
Strike up the drum. ***Drums***
DUCHESS OF YORK I prithee hear me speak.
RICHARD You speak too bitterly.
DUCHESS OF YORK Hear me a word,
For I shall never speak to thee again.
RICHARD So.
DUCHESS OF YORK Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance[186]
Ere from this war thou turn[187] a conqueror,
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish
And never more behold thy face again.
Therefore take with thee my most grievous curse,
Which in the day of battle tire[191] thee more
Than all the complete[192] armour that thou wear'st!
My prayers on the adverse party fight,
And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper[195] the spirits of thine enemies
And promise them success and victory.
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end:
Shame serves[198] thy life and doth thy death attend.
Exit
QUEEN ELIZABETH Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse
Abides in me: I say amen to her.
RICHARD Stay, madam, I must talk a word with you.
QUEEN ELIZABETH I have no more sons of the royal blood
For thee to slaughter: for my daughters, Richard,
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens,
And therefore level[205] not to hit their lives.
RICHARD You have a daughter called Elizabeth,

Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.
QUEEN ELIZABETH And must she die for this? O, let her live,
And I’ll corrupt her manners,[209] stain her beauty,
Slander myself as false[210] to Edward’s bed,
Throw over her the veil[211] of infamy:
So[212] she may live unscarred of bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward’s daughter.
RICHARD Wrong not her birth, she is a royal princess.
QUEEN ELIZABETH To save her life, I’ll say she is not so.
RICHARD Her life is safest[216] only in her birth.
QUEEN ELIZABETH And only in that safety died her brothers.
RICHARD Lo, at their birth good stars were opposite.[218]
QUEEN ELIZABETH No, to their lives ill friends[219] were contrary.
RICHARD All unavoided[220] is the doom of destiny.
QUEEN ELIZABETH True, when avoided grace[221] makes destiny.
My babes were destined to a fairer[222] death,
If grace had blessed thee with a fairer life.
RICHARD You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.
QUEEN ELIZABETH Cousins, indeed, and by their uncle cozened[225]
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whose hand soever[227] lanched their tender hearts,
Thy head,[228] all indirectly, gave direction.
No doubt the murd’rous knife was dull and blunt
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.
But[232] that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys
Till that my nails were anchored in thine eyes,
And I, in such a desp’rate bay[235] of death,
Like a poor bark,[236] of sails and tackling reft,
Rush[237] all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.
RICHARD Madam, so thrive I[238] in my enterprise
And dangerous success[239] of bloody wars,
As[240] I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you and yours by me were harmed.
QUEEN ELIZABETH What good is covered[242] with the face of heaven,

To be discovered,[243] that can do me good?
RICHARD Th'advancement[244] of your children, gentle lady.
QUEEN ELIZABETH Up to some scaffold,[245] there to lose their heads?
RICHARD Unto the dignity[246] and height of fortune,
The high imperial type[247] of this earth's glory.
QUEEN ELIZABETH Flatter[248] my sorrow with report of it:
Tell me what state,[249] what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise[250] to any child of mine?
RICHARD Even[251] all I have; ay, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow[252] a child of thine,
So[253] in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance[254] of those wrongs
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.
QUEEN ELIZABETH Be brief, lest that the process[256] of thy kindness
Last longer telling[257] than thy kindness' date.
RICHARD Then know, that from my soul I love thy daughter.
QUEEN ELIZABETH My daughter's mother thinks[259] it with her soul.
RICHARD What do you think?
QUEEN ELIZABETH That thou dost love my daughter from[261] thy soul.
So from thy soul's love didst thou love her brothers,
And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it.
RICHARD Be not so hasty to confound[264] my meaning:
I mean that with my soul I love thy daughter
And do intend to make her Queen of England.
QUEEN ELIZABETH Well then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?
RICHARD Even he that makes her queen. Who else should be?
QUEEN ELIZABETH What, thou?
RICHARD Even so. How[270] think you of it?
QUEEN ELIZABETH How canst thou woo her?
RICHARD That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.[273]
QUEEN ELIZABETH And wilt thou learn of me?
RICHARD Madam, with all my heart.
QUEEN ELIZABETH Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts: thereon engrave[277]
'Edward' and 'York', then haply[278] will she weep:

Therefore present to her — as sometime[279] Margaret
Did to thy father, steeped in Rutland’s blood —
A handkerchief, which, say to her, did drain
The purple[282] sap from her sweet brother’s body,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.[283]
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds:
Tell her thou mad’st away[286] her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers, ay, and, for her sake,
Mad’st quick conveyance[288] with her good aunt Anne.
RICHARD You mock me, madam: this is not the way
To win your daughter.
QUEEN ELIZABETH There is no other way,
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,[292]
And not be Richard that hath done all this.
RICHARD Say that I did all this for love of her.
QUEEN ELIZABETH Nay, then indeed she cannot choose but hate thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.[296]
RICHARD Look what[297] is done cannot be now amended:
Men shall deal[298] unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours[299] give leisure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I’ll give it to your daughter.
If I have killed the issue[302] of your womb,
To quicken[303] your increase, I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon[304] your daughter.
A grandam’s name is little less in love
Than is the doting title of a mother;
They are as children but one step below,
Even of your mettle,[308] of your very blood,
Of all one[309] pain, save for a night of groans
Endured of her,[310] for whom you bid like sorrow.
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss you have is but a son being king,
And by that loss your daughter is made queen.

I cannot make you what amends I would:[315]
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.[316]
Dorset your son, that with a fearful soul
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity.
The king that calls your beauteous daughter wife
Familiarly[322] shall call thy Dorset brother.
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repaired with double riches of content.
What? We have many goodly days to see.
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
Shall come again, transformed to orient[328] pearl,
Advantaging[329] their love with interest
Of ten times double gain of happiness.
Go then, my mother,[331] to thy daughter go:
Make bold[332] her bashful years with your experience,
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale,
Put in her tender heart th'aspiring flame
Of golden sovereignty, acquaint the princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys.
And when this arm of mine hath chastisèd
The petty rebel, dull-brained Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed:
To whom I will retail[341] my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victoress,[342] Caesar's Caesar.
QUEEN ELIZABETH What were I best to say? Her father's brother
Would be her lord?[344] Or shall I say her uncle?
Or he that slew her brothers and her uncles?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour and her love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?
RICHARD Infer[349] fair England's peace by this alliance.
QUEEN ELIZABETH Which she shall purchase[350] with still lasting war.

RICHARD Tell her the king, that may command, entreats.
QUEEN ELIZABETH That[352] at her hands which the king's king forbids.
RICHARD Say she shall be a high and mighty queen.
QUEEN ELIZABETH To vail[354] the title, as her mother doth.
RICHARD Say I will love her everlastingly.
QUEEN ELIZABETH But how long shall that title[356] 'ever' last?
RICHARD Sweetly in force[357] unto her fair life's end.
QUEEN ELIZABETH But how long fairly[358] shall her sweet life last?
RICHARD As long as heaven and nature lengthens it.
QUEEN ELIZABETH As long as hell and Richard likes of it.
RICHARD Say I, her sovereign, am her subject low.
QUEEN ELIZABETH But she, your subject, loathes[362] such sovereignty.
RICHARD Be eloquent in[363] my behalf to her.
QUEEN ELIZABETH An honest tale speeds[364] best being plainly told.
RICHARD Then plainly to her tell my loving tale.
QUEEN ELIZABETH Plain and not honest is too harsh a style.
RICHARD Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.[367]
QUEEN ELIZABETH O no, my reasons are too[368] deep and dead:
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.
RICHARD Harp not on that string, madam: that is past.
QUEEN ELIZABETH Harp on it still shall I till heart-strings[371] break.
RICHARD Now, by my George,[372] my garter and my crown—
QUEEN ELIZABETH Profaned, dishonoured and the third usurped.
RICHARD I swear—
QUEEN ELIZABETH By nothing, for this is no oath:
Thy George, profaned, hath lost his[376] lordly honour;
Thy garter, blemished, pawned his knightly virtue;
Thy crown, usurped, disgraced his kingly glory.
If something thou wouldst swear to be believed,
Swear then by something that thou hast not wronged.
RICHARD Then, by myself—
QUEEN ELIZABETH Thyself is self-misused.[382]
RICHARD Now, by the world—
QUEEN ELIZABETH 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.
RICHARD My father's death—
QUEEN ELIZABETH Thy life hath it dishonoured.

RICHARD Why then, by heaven—
QUEEN ELIZABETH Heaven’s wrong is most of all.
If thou didst fear to break an oath with him,[389]
The unity[390] the king my husband made
Thou hadst[391] not broken, nor my brothers died.
If thou hadst feared to break an oath by him,
Th’imperial metal, circling now thy head,
Had graced the tender temples of my child,
And both the princes had been breathing here,
Which now, two tender bedfellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made the prey for worms.
What canst thou swear by now?
RICHARD The time to come.
QUEEN ELIZABETH That thou hast wrongèd in the time o’erpast,[400]
For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time,[402] for time past wronged by thee.
The children live whose fathers thou hast slaughtered,
Ungoverned[404] youth, to wail it with their age:
The parents live whose children thou hast butchered,
Old barren plants, to wail it with[406] their age.
Swear not by time to come, for that thou hast
Misused ere used, by time’s ill-used repast.
RICHARD As I intend to prosper and repent,
So thrive I[410] in my dangerous affairs
Of hostile arms. Myself myself confound.[411]
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours!
Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy rest.
Be opposite[414] all planets of good luck
To my proceeding[415] if, with dear heart’s love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not[417] thy beauteous princely daughter.
In her consists my happiness and thine:
Without her, follows to myself and thee,
Herself, the land and many a Christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin and decay.
It cannot be avoided but by this:

It will not be avoided but by this.
Therefore, dear mother — I must call you so —
Be the attorney[425] of my love to her:
Plead[426] what I will be, not what I have been:
Not my deserts,[427] but what I will deserve.
Urge the necessity and state of times,[428]
And be not peevish found in great designs.[429]
QUEEN ELIZABETH Shall I be tempted of[430] the devil thus?
RICHARD Ay, if the devil tempt you to do good.
QUEEN ELIZABETH Shall I forget[432] myself to be myself?
RICHARD Ay, if[433] yourself's remembrance wrong yourself.
QUEEN ELIZABETH Yet thou didst kill my children.
RICHARD But in your daughter's womb I bury them,
Where in that nest of spicery[436] they will breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.[437]
QUEEN ELIZABETH Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?
RICHARD And be a happy mother by the deed.
QUEEN ELIZABETH I go. Write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.[441]
RICHARD Bear her my true love's kiss, and so, farewell. ***Kisses her***
Exit [Queen Elizabeth]
Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman!—
How now, what news?
Enter Ratcliffe [with Catesby following]
RATCLIFFE Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant[446] navy: to our shores
Throng many doubtful[447] hollow-hearted friends,
Unarmed, and unresolved to beat them back.
'Tis thought that Richmond is their[449] admiral,
And there they hull,[450] expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.
RICHARD Some light-foot[452] friend post to the Duke of Norfolk:
Ratcliffe, thyself, or Catesby. Where is he?
CATESBY Here, my good lord.
RICHARD Catesby, fly to the duke.
CATESBY I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.

RICHARD Ratcliffe, come hither. Post to Salisbury.
When thou com’st thither— Dull, unmindful[458] villain, ***To Catesby***
Why stay’st thou here, and go’st not to the duke?
CATESBY First, mighty liege, tell me your highness’ pleasure,
What from your grace I shall deliver to him.
RICHARD O, true, good Catesby. Bid him levy straight
The greatest strength and power[463] that he can make,
And meet me suddenly[464] at Salisbury.
CATESBY I go.
Exit
RATCLIFFE What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury?
RICHARD Why, what wouldst thou do there before I go?
RATCLIFFE Your highness told me I should post before.
RICHARD My mind is changed.—
Enter Lord Stanley [Earl of Derby]
Stanley, what news with you?
DERBY None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing,
Nor none so bad, but well[472] may be reported.
RICHARD Hoyday,[473] a riddle: neither good nor bad.
Why need’st thou run so many miles about,
When thou mayst tell thy tale the nearest[475] way?
Once more, what news?
DERBY Richmond is on the seas.
RICHARD There let him sink, and be the seas on him!
White-livered runagate,[479] what doth he there?
DERBY I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.
RICHARD Well, as you guess?
DERBY Stirred up by Dorset, Buckingham and Morton,
He makes for England, here to claim the crown.
RICHARD Is the chair[484] empty? Is the sword unswayed?
Is the king dead? The empire[485] unpossessed?
What heir of York is there alive but we?
And who is England’s king but great York’s heir?
Then tell me, what makes he[488] upon the seas?
DERBY Unless for that,[489] my liege, I cannot guess.
RICHARD Unless for that[490] he comes to be your liege,

You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman[491] comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.
DERBY No, my good lord: therefore mistrust me not.
RICHARD Where is thy power,[494] then, to beat him back?
Where be thy tenants[495] and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?
DERBY No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.
RICHARD Cold[499] friends to me: what do they in the north,
When they should serve their sovereign in the west?
DERBY They have not been commanded, mighty king.
Pleaseth[502] your majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends and meet your grace
Where and what time your majesty shall please.
RICHARD Ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with Richmond.
But I'll not trust thee.
DERBY Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold[508] my friendship doubtful:
I never was nor never will be false.
RICHARD Go then and muster men, but, leave behind
Your son, George Stanley. Look[511] your heart be firm,
Or else his head's assurance[512] is but frail.
DERBY So deal with him as I prove true to you.
Exit Stanley [Earl of Derby]
Enter a Messenger
MESSENGER My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advertisèd,[515]
Sir Edward Courtney and the haughty prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.
Enter another Messenger
SECOND MESSENGER In Kent, my liege, the Guildfords are in arms,
And every hour more competitors[520]
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.
Enter another Messenger
THIRD MESSENGER My lord, the army of great Buckingham—

RICHARD Out on ye, owls![523] Nothing but songs of death?
He striketh him
There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.
THIRD MESSENGER The news I have to tell your majesty
Is that by sudden floods and fall of waters[526]
Buckingham’s army is dispersed and scattered,
And he himself wandered away alone,
No man knows whither.
RICHARD I cry thee mercy:[530]
There is my purse to cure that blow of thine. ***Gives money***
Hath any well-advisèd[532] friend proclaimed
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?
THIRD MESSENGER Such proclamation hath been made, my lord.
Enter another Messenger
FOURTH MESSENGER Sir Thomas Lovell and Lord Marquis Dorset,
’Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.
But this good comfort bring I to your highness:
The Breton navy is dispersed by tempest.
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks
If they were his assistants,[541] yea or no,
Who answered him they came from Buckingham
Upon his party:[543] he, mistrusting them,
Hoised[544] sail and made his course again for Brittany.
RICHARD March on, march on, since we are up in arms.
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.
Enter Catesby
CATESBY My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken:[548]
That is the best news. That the Earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford[550]
Is colder[551] news, but yet they must be told.
RICHARD Away towards Salisbury! While we reason[552] here,
A royal battle might be won and lost.
Someone take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury. The rest march on with me.

Flourish. Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 5][4.5]

running scene 17

Enter [Stanley, Earl of] Derby and Sir Christopher

DERBY Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me:
That in the sty[2] of the most deadly boar
My son George Stanley is franked[3] up in hold.
If I revolt, off goes young George's head:
The fear of that holds off my present aid.
So get thee gone: commend me to thy lord.
Withal say that the queen hath heartily consented
He should espouse[8] Elizabeth her daughter.
But tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

CHRISTOPHER At Pembroke,[10] or at Ha'rfordwest, in Wales.

DERBY What men of name[11] resort to him?

CHRISTOPHER Sir Walter Herbert, a renownèd soldier,
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley,
Oxford, redoubted[14] Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
And Rice[15] ap Thomas with a valiant crew,
And many other of great name and worth:
And towards London do they bend[17] their power,
If by[18] the way they be not fought withal.

DERBY Well, hie thee to thy lord: I kiss his hand,
My letter will resolve[20] him of my mind. Farewell.

Exeunt

Act 5 Scene 1*

running scene 18

Enter Buckingham with [Guards bearing] halberds [and the Sheriff], led to execution

BUCKINGHAM Will not King Richard let me speak with him?

SHERIFF No, my good lord: therefore be patient.

BUCKINGHAM Hastings, and Edward's children, Grey and Rivers,
Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarrièd[5]
By underhand corrupted foul injustice,
If that your moody[7] discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction!—
This is All Souls' day,[10] fellow, is it not?

SHERIFF It is.

BUCKINGHAM Why, then All Souls' day is my body's doomsday.
This[13] is the day which, in King Edward's time,
I wished might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children and his wife's allies:
This is the day wherein I wished to fall
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted:
This, this All Souls' day to my fearful soul
Is the determined respite of[19] my wrongs.
That high all-seer[20] which I dallied with
Hath turned my feignèd[21] prayer on my head
And given in earnest what I begged in jest:[22]
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points in their masters' bosoms.
Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck:
'When he', quoth she, 'shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a prophetess.'
Come lead me, officers, to the block[28] of shame.
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

Exeunt Buckingham with Officers

Act 5 Scene 2[5.2]

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert and others, with Drum and Colours

RICHMOND Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends
Bruised underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels[3] of the land
Have we marched on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father[5] Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar —
That spoiled[8] your summer fields and fruitful vines,
Swills[9] your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough
In your embowelled[10] bosoms — this foul swine
Is now even in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester,[12] as we learn.
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.
In God's name, cheerly[14] on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp[16] war.

OXFORD Every man's conscience is a thousand men,
To fight against this guilty homicide.[18]

HERBERT I doubt not but his friends will turn to us.

BLUNT He hath no friends but what are friends for fear,
Which in his dearest need will fly from him.

RICHMOND All for our vantage.[22] Then, in God's name, march.
True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings:
Kings it makes gods and meaner[24] creatures kings.

Exeunt

[Act 5 Scene 3][5.3]

running scene 20

Enter King Richard in arms, with Norfolk, Ratcliffe and the Earl of Surrey [with Soldiers, who pitch Richard's tent]

RICHARD Here pitch our tent, even here in Bosworth Field.
My lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?[2]
SURREY My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.
RICHARD My lord of Norfolk—
NORFOLK Here, most gracious liege.
RICHARD Norfolk, we must have knocks,[6] ha? Must we not?
NORFOLK We must both give and take, my loving lord.
RICHARD Up with my tent! Here will I lie tonight,
But where tomorrow? Well, all's[9] one for that.
Who hath descried[10] the number of the traitors?
NORFOLK Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.
RICHARD Why, our battalia[12] trebles that account:
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.[14]
Up with the tent! Come, noble gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage[16] of the ground.
Call for some men of sound direction:[17]
Let's lack no discipline, make no delay,
For, lords, tomorrow is a busy day.

Exeunt [into the tent]

Enter Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, [Blunt] and Dorset [with Soldiers, who pitch Richmond's tent]

RICHMOND The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And by the bright tract[21] of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day tomorrow.
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.[23]
Give me some ink and paper in my tent:
I'll draw the form and model[25] of our battle,
Limit[26] each leader to his several charge,
And part[27] in just proportion our small power.

My lord of Oxford, you, Sir William Brandon,
And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me.
The Earl of Pembroke keeps[30] his regiment;
Good Captain Blunt, bear my goodnight to him,
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the earl to see me in my tent.
Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me:
Where is Lord Stanley quartered,[35] do you know?

BLUNT Unless I have mista'en his colours[36] much —
Which well I am assured I have not done —
His regiment lies half a mile at least South from the mighty power of the king.

RICHMOND If without peril it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him,
And give him from me this most needful[42] note.

BLUNT Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it.
And so, God give you quiet rest tonight.

[Exit]

RICHMOND Good night, good Captain Blunt. Come gentlemen,
Let us consult upon tomorrow's business;
Into my tent: the dew is raw and cold.

They withdraw into the tent

Enter Richard, Ratcliffe, Norfolk and Catesby [and other Soldiers]

RICHARD What is't o'clock?

CATESBY It's supper-time, my lord: it's nine o'clock.

RICHARD I will not sup tonight.
Give me some ink and paper.
What, is my beaver[52] easier than it was?
And all my armour laid into[53] my tent?

CATESBY It is, my liege, and all things are in readiness.

RICHARD Good Norfolk, hie[55] thee to thy charge:
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

NORFOLK I go, my lord.

RICHARD Stir with the lark tomorrow, gentle Norfolk.

NORFOLK I warrant[59] you, my lord.

Exit

RICHARD Ratcliffe!
RATCLIFFE My lord?
RICHARD Send out a pursuivant at arms[62]
To Stanley's regiment: bid him bring his power
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.—
Fill me a bowl of wine. Give me a watch.[66] ***To other Soldiers***
Saddle white Surrey[67] for the field tomorrow.
Look that my staves[68] be sound, and not too heavy. ***Exit some Soldiers***
Ratcliffe!
RATCLIFFE My lord?
RICHARD Saw'st the melancholy Lord Northumberland?
RATCLIFFE Thomas the Earl of Surrey and himself,
Much about cockshut[73] time, from troop to troop
Went through the army, cheering up[74] the soldiers. ***Enter a Soldier***
RICHARD So, I am satisfied.— Give me a bowl of wine:—
I have not that alacrity[76] of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont[77] to have.—
Set it[78] down.— Is ink and paper ready?
RATCLIFFE It is, my lord.
RICHARD Bid my guard watch. Leave me.
Ratcliffe, about the mid of night come to my tent
And help to arm me.[82] Leave me, I say.
Exeunt Ratcliffe [and Soldiers] ***Richard withdraws to his tent, writes, and then sleeps***
Enter Derby to Richmond in his tent
DERBY Fortune and victory sit on thy helm![83]
RICHMOND All comfort that the dark night can afford
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law![85]
Tell me, how fares our noble mother?
DERBY I, by attorney,[87] bless thee from thy mother
Who prays continually for Richmond's good.
So much for that. The silent hours steal on,
And flaky[90] darkness breaks within the east.
In brief — for so the season[91] bids us be —
Prepare thy battle early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to th'arbitrement[93]

Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring[94] war.
I, as I may — that[95] which I would I cannot —
With[96] best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock[97] of arms.
But on thy side I may not be too forward[98]
Lest, being seen, thy brother,[99] tender George,
Be executed in his father's sight.
Farewell. The leisure[101] and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love
And ample interchange[103] of sweet discourse
Which so long sundered[104] friends should dwell upon:
God give us leisure for these rites of love!
Once more, adieu. Be valiant, and speed well!

RICHMOND Good lords, conduct him to his regiment:
I'll strive with[108] troubled noise to take a nap,
Lest leaden slumber peise[109] me down tomorrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory.
Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.

Exeunt. Richmond remains

O thou, whose captain I account[112] myself, ***Kneels***
Look on my forces with a gracious[113] eye:
Put in their hands thy bruising irons[114] of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
Th'usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful[119] soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:
Sleeping and waking, O, defend me still!

Sleeps

Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward, son to Henry VI

GHOST OF PRINCE EDWARD Let me sit heavy on thy soul tomorrow!

To Richard

Think how thou stab'st me in my prime of youth
At Tewkesbury: despair[124] therefore, and die!—
Be cheerful, Richmond, for the wrongèd souls

To Richmond

Of butchered princes fight in thy behalf.
King Henry's issue,[127] Richmond, comforts thee.

[Exit?] ***The Ghosts either exit individually or remain onstage***

Enter the Ghost of Henry the Sixth

GHOST OF KING HENRY VI When I was mortal, my anointed[128] body ***To Richard***
By thee was punchèd[129] full of holes;
Think on the Tower[130] and me: despair and die!
Harry the Sixth bids thee despair and die!—
Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror!

To Richmond

Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king,
Doth comfort thee in sleep: live and flourish!

[Exit?]

Enter the Ghost of Clarence

GHOST OF CLARENCE Let me sit heavy in thy soul tomorrow! ***To Richard***
I, that was washed[136] to death with fulsome wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betrayed to death!
Tomorrow in the battle think on me,
And fall[139] thy edgeless sword: despair and die!—
Thou offspring of the House of Lancaster,

To Richmond

The wrongèd heirs of York do pray for thee.
Good angels guard thy battle![142] Live and flourish!

[Exit?]

Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Grey and Vaughan

GHOST OF RIVERS Let me sit heavy in thy soul tomorrow, ***To Richard***
Rivers that died at Pomfret: despair and die!

GHOST OF GREY Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair! ***To Richard***

GHOST OF VAUGHAN Think upon Vaughan, and, with guilty fear, ***To Richard***
Let fall thy lance: despair and die!

ALL Awake, and think our wrongs in Richard's bosom

To Richmond

Will conquer him! Awake, and win the day!

[Exeunt Ghosts?]

Enter the Ghost of Lord Hastings

GHOST OF HASTINGS Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake ***To Richard***
And in a bloody battle end thy days!
Think on Lord Hastings: despair and die!
Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake!
To Richmond
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England’s sake!
[Exit?]
Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes
GHOSTS OF PRINCES Dream on thy cousins smothered in the Tower: ***To Richard***
Let us be laid[156] within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
Thy nephews’ souls bid thee despair and die!—
Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace and wake in joy:
To Richmond
Good angels guard thee from the boar’s annoy![160]
Live and beget a happy race of kings!
Edward’s unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.
[Exit Ghosts?]
Enter the Ghost of Anne, his wife
GHOST OF ANNE Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
To Richard
That never slept a quiet[164] hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations.
Tomorrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword: despair and die!—
Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep:
To Richmond
Dream of success and happy victory!
Thy adversary’s wife doth pray for thee.
[Exit?]
Enter the Ghost of Buckingham
GHOST OF BUCKINGHAM The first was I that helped thee to the crown:
To Richard
The last was I that felt thy tyranny.
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,

And die in terror of thy guiltiness!
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death:
Fainting,[176] despair; despairing, yield thy breath!—
I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid;

To Richmond

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismayed:
God and good angels fight on Richmond’s side,
And Richard[180] fall in height of all his pride.

[Exit?] ***If the Ghosts have not exited individually, they all vanish at this point***

Richard starts out of his dream

RICHARD Give me another horse! Bind up my wounds!
Have mercy, Jesu! — Soft,[182] I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
The lights burn blue.[184] It is not dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops[185] stand on my trembling flesh.
What? Do I fear myself? There’s none else by.
Richard loves Richard: that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No. Yes, I am.
Then fly. What, from myself? Great reason why:
Lest I revenge. What? Myself upon myself?
Alack, I love myself. Wherefore?[191] For any good
That I myself have done unto myself?
O no! Alas, I rather hate myself
For hateful deeds committed by myself!
I am a villain: yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well: fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several[197] tongues,
And every tongue brings[198] in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury in the high’st degree,
Murder, stern murder, in the direst degree,
All several sins, all used[202] in each degree,
Throng all to th’bar,[203] crying all, ‘Guilty! Guilty!’
I shall despair. There is no creature[204] loves me;
And if I die, no soul shall pity me.
Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself

Find in myself no pity to myself?
Methought the souls of all that I had murdered
Came to my tent, and every one did threat[209]
Tomorrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter Ratcliffe

RATCLIFFE My lord?
RICHARD Who's there?
RATCLIFFE Ratcliffe, my lord, 'tis I. The early village cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn.
Your friends are up and buckle on their armour.
RICHARD O Ratcliffe, I fear, I fear—
RATCLIFFE Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.[217]
RICHARD By the apostle Paul, shadows tonight
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers
Armèd in proof,[221] and led by shallow Richmond.
'Tis not yet near day. Come, go with me:
Under our tents I'll play the eavesdropper,
To hear if any mean to shrink from[224] me.

Exeunt Richard and Ratcliffe

Enter the Lords to Richmond, sitting in his tent

LORDS Good morrow, Richmond!
RICHMOND Cry mercy,[226] lords and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en[227] a tardy sluggard here.
LORDS How have you slept, my lord?
RICHMOND The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams
That ever entered in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard murdered,
Came to my tent and cried on[233] victory:
I promise you my heart is very jocund[234]
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?
LORDS Upon the stroke of four.
RICHMOND Why, then 'tis time to arm and give direction.—
More than I have said,[239] loving countrymen,

His oration to his Soldiers
The leisure[240] and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell upon. Yet remember this:
God and our good cause fight upon our side,
The prayers of holy saints and wrongèd souls,
Like high-reared bulwarks,[244] stand before our faces,
Richard except,[245] those whom we fight against
Had rather have us win than him they follow:
For what is he they follow? Truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant and a homicide:
One raised[249] in blood, and one in blood established;
One that made means[250] to come by what he hath,
And slaughtered those that were the means to help him:
A base foul stone,[252] made precious by the foil
Of England's chair,[253] where he is falsely set:
One that hath ever been God's enemy.
Then if you fight against God's enemy,
God will in justice ward[256] you as his soldiers:
If you do swear to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain:
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat[260] shall pay your pains the hire:
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors:
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quits[264] it in your age.
Then, in the name of God and all these rights,
Advance your standards,[266] draw your willing swords.
For me, the[267] ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face:
But if I thrive,[269] the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound drums and trumpets boldly and cheerfully.
God and Saint George,[272] Richmond and victory!
[Exeunt]

Enter King Richard, Ratcliffe and Catesby [with Attendants and Soldiers]

RICHARD What said Northumberland as touching[273] Richmond?
RATCLIFFE That he was never trainèd up in arms.
RICHARD He said the truth: and what said Surrey then?
RATCLIFFE He smiled and said, ‘The better for our purpose.’
RICHARD He was in the right, and so indeed it is.

Clock strikes

Tell[278] the clock there. Give me a calendar.
Who saw the sun today?
RATCLIFFE Not I, my lord.
RICHARD Then he disdains to shine, for by the book[281]
He should have braved the east[282] an hour ago
A black[283] day will it be to somebody. Ratcliffe!
RATCLIFFE My lord?
RICHARD The sun will not be seen today:
The sky doth frown and lour[286] upon our army.
I would these dewy tears were from[287] the ground.
Not shine today? Why, what is that to me
More than to Richmond? For the selfsame heaven
That frowns on me looks sadly[290] upon him.

Enter Norfolk

NORFOLK Arm, arm, my lord: the foe vaunts[291] in the field.
RICHARD Come, bustle, bustle. Caparison[292] my horse. ***He arms***
Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power.
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be orderèd:
My foreward[296] shall be drawn in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot:[297]
Our archers shall be placèd in the midst;
John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of the foot and horse.
They thus directed,[301] we will follow
In the main battle, whose puissance[302] on either side
Shall be well wingèd[303] with our chiefest horse.
This, and Saint George to boot![304] What think’st thou, Norfolk?

NORFOLK A good direction, warlike sovereign.
This found I on my tent this morning: ***Shows a paper***
‘Jockey[307] of Norfolk, be not so bold, ***Reads***
For Dickon[308] thy master is bought and sold.’
RICHARD A thing devisèd by the enemy.
Go, gentleman, every man to his charge
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls:
For conscience is a word that cowards use,
Devised at first to keep the strong in awe.
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
March on, join[315] bravely, let us to’t pell-mell:
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.—
What shall I say more than I have inferred?[317] ***His oration to his army***
Remember whom you are to cope[318] withal:
A sort[319] of vagabonds, rascals and runaways,
A scum of Bretons and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o’er-cloyèd[321] country vomits forth
To desperate adventures and assured destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest:
You having lands, and blest with beauteous wives,
They would restrain[325] the one, distain the other.
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,[326]
Long kept in Bretagne[327] at our mother’s cost?
A milksop,[328] one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over-shoes in snow?[329]
Let’s whip these stragglers[330] o’er the seas again,
Lash[331] hence these overweening rags of France,
These famished beggars, weary of their lives,
Who, but[333] for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want[334] of means, poor rats, had hanged themselves.
If we be conquered, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Bretons, whom our fathers
Have in their own land[337] beaten, bobbed and thumped,
And on[338] record, left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands? Lie[339] with our wives?
Ravish[340] our daughters?

Drum afar off
Hark! I hear their drum.
Fight, gentlemen of England! Fight boldly, yeomen![341]
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud[343] horses hard, and ride in blood:
Amaze[344] the welkin with your broken staves!
Enter a Messenger
What says Lord Stanley? Will he bring his power?
MESSENGER My lord, he doth deny[346] to come.
RICHARD Off with his son George's head!
NORFOLK My lord, the enemy is past the marsh[348]
After the battle let George Stanley die.
RICHARD A thousand hearts are great[350] within my bosom.
Advance our standards, set upon our foes.
Our ancient word of courage,[352] fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen[353] of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms.
[Exeunt]
Alarum, excursions. Enter Catesby
CATESBY Rescue, my lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!
The king enacts more wonders than a[356] man,
Daring an opposite[357] to every danger:
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!
Alarums. Enter Richard
RICHARD A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!
CATESBY Withdraw, my lord: I'll help you to a horse.
RICHARD Slave, I have set[363] my life upon a cast,
And I will stand[364] the hazard of the die.
I think there be six Richmonds[365] in the field:
Five have I slain today instead of him.
A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!
[Exeunt]
Alarum. Enter Richard and Richmond: they fight. Richard is slain.
Retreat and flourish.

Enter Richmond, Derby bearing the crown, with divers other Lords

RICHMOND God and your arms be praised, victorious friends!
The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.
DERBY Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee.[370]
Lo, here, these long-usurpèd royalties[371]
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I plucked off, to grace thy brows withal:
Wear it and make much of it.
RICHMOND Great God of heaven, say ‘Amen’ to all!
But, tell me, is young George Stanley living?
DERBY He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town,
Whither, if you please, we may withdraw us.
RICHMOND What men of name[379] are slain on either side?
DERBY John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferris,
Sir Robert Brackenbury, and Sir William Brandon.
RICHMOND Inter their bodies as become their births:[382]
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled
That in submission will return to us:
And then, as we have ta’en the sacrament,[385]
We will unite[386] the white rose and the red.
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,[387]
That long have frowned upon their enmity!
What traitor hears me and says not ‘Amen’?
England hath long been mad, and scarred herself;
The brother blindly shed the brother’s blood,
The father rashly slaughtered his own son,
The son, compelled, been butcher to the sire:[393]
All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided in their dire division.
O, now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders[397] of each royal house,
By God’s fair ordinance[398] conjoin together.
And let thy heirs — God, if thy will be so —
Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace,
With smiling plenty and fair prosperous days!
Abate[402] the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,

That would reduce[403] these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood;
Let them not live to taste this land's increase[405]
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace.
Now civil wounds are stopped,[407] peace lives again:
That she may long live here, God say 'Amen'!

Exeunt

Quarto passages that do not appear in the Folio

Following 4.2.103:

BUCKINGHAM My lord!
RICHARD How chance the prophet could not at that time
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?
BUCKINGHAM My lord, your promise for the earldom,—
RICHARD Richmond! When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy showed me the castle,
And called it Rougemont: at which name I started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.
BUCKINGHAM My lord!
RICHARD Ay, what’s o’clock?
BUCKINGHAM I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promised me.
RICHARD Well, but what’s o’clock?
BUCKINGHAM Upon the stroke of ten.
RICHARD Well, let it strike.
BUCKINGHAM Why let it strike?
RICHARD Because that, like a Jack, thou keep’st the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein today.

Following 5.3.212:

RICHARD O Ratcliffe, I have dreamed a fearful dream!
What thinkest thou, will our friends prove all true?
RATCLIFFE No doubt, my lord.

Textual Notes

= First Quarto text of 1597
= First Folio text of 1623
2 = a correction introduced in the Second Folio text of 1632
d = a correction introduced by a later editor

D = stage direction

H = speech heading (i.e., speaker’s name)

ist of parts = Ed

.1.1 SH RICHARD = Ed. *Not in* F **77 was**…**his** = Q. F = was, for her

.2.211 SH RICHARD = Q. F *assigns line to Lady Anne*

.3.6 If…**me?** *accidentally printed twice in* F **17 come the lords** = Q. F = comes the Lord **158 of** *spelled* off *in* F **305 on** = Q. F = an **310 SH QUEEN ELIZABETH** = Q. F = *Mar*. **343 SH FIRST MURDERER** = Ed. F = *Vil. (for Villain)*

.1.108 at = Q. F = and

.2.1 SH BOY = Q. F = *Edw*. **3 you** = Q. *Not in* F **47 I** = Q. *Not in* F **83 weep** = Q. F = weepes **84–5 and**…**they** = Q. F = sodo not they *(i.e., one line omitted due to eyeskip)* **87 Pour** *spelled* Power *in* F **142 Ludlow** = Q. F = London **146 God’s** = Q. F = God **153 Ludlow** = Q. F = London

.1.124 as = Q. F = as, as,

.4.26 cue *spelled* Q *in* F

.5.104 Penker = Ed. F = *Pevker*

.1.16 SH BRACKENBURY = Ed. F = *Lieu*.

ct 4 Scene 4 = Ed. F = *Scena Tertia* **36 seniory** = Q. F = signeurie **44 holp’st** *spelled* hop’st *in* F **289 this is not** = Q, F2. F = this not **370 Harp**…**past** *mistakenly printed after the following line in* F **442 SD *Exit*** [***Queen Elizabeth***] = Ed. F = *Exit (directly after her last speech)* **457 Ratcliffe** = Ed. F = *Catesby* **519 SH SECOND** = Ed. *Not in* F **522 SH THIRD** = Ed. *Not in* F **535 SH FOURTH** = Ed. *Not in* F **538 Breton** *spelled* Brittaine *in* F **544 Brittany** *spelled* Brittaine *in* F

ct 4 Scene 5 = Ed. F = *Scena Quarta* **10 Ha’rfordwest** = Ed. F = Hertford West

.2.11 centre = Q. F = Centry

.3.29 you = F2. F = your **122 SH GHOST OF PRINCE EDWARD** = Ed. F = *Gh* **128 SH GHOST OF KING HENRY VI** = Ed. F = *Ghost* **135 SH GHOST OF CLARENCE** = Ed. F = *Ghost* **143 SH GHOST OF RIVERS** = Ed. F = *Riu* **145 SH GHOST OF GREY** = Ed. F = *Grey*. **146 SH GHOST OF VAUGHAN** = Ed. F = *Vaugh*. **150 SH GHOST OF HASTINGS** = Ed. F = *Gho*. **155 SH GHOSTS OF PRINCES** = Ed. F = *Ghosts*. **158 souls bid** = Q. F = soule bids **163 SH GHOST OF ANNE** = Ed. F = *Ghost* **171 SH GHOST OF BUCKINGHAM** = Ed. F = *Ghost* **225 SH LORDS** = Q. F = *Richm*. **317 SD *His…army*** = Q. *Not in* F **341 Fight** = Q. F = Right **354 helms** = Q. F = helpes

Act 1 Scene 1

* *List of parts:* **GREY…DORSET** in the early scenes, these two may be treated as one figure **widow** historically she was betrothed, not married, to Prince Edward (son of King Henry VI), but in the play (following Hall's chronicle) she is described as his wife/widow

1.1 ***Location:*** *near the Tower of London* ***solus*** alone

2 **son of York** i.e., Edward IV, whose father was Richard Duke of York (puns on "sun," the emblem of the House of York)

3 **loured** frowned threateningly **house** family (of York)

6 **arms** armor, weapons **for** as

7 **alarums** calls to arms/sudden attacks

8 **dreadful** fearsome, inspiring dread **measures** stately dances

9 **front** forehead

10 **barbèd** armored

11 **fearful** frightened (or possibly "frightening")

12 **capers** dances with leaping movements/has sex **chamber** plays on the sense of "vagina"

13 **pleasing** attraction, delight

14 **sportive** pleasurable/amorous/sexual **tricks** behavior, skills/sexual acts

15 **court…looking-glass** i.e., gaze lovingly at myself in a mirror, flirt with my own reflection

16 **rudely stamped** crudely formed, roughly printed with an image **want** lack

17 **wanton** flirtatious, lascivious **ambling** sauntering, walking with a sexy rolling gait

18 **curtailed** deprived, cut short (literally refers to the docking of a dog's tail)

19 **feature** a pleasing shape **dissembling** cheating, deceitful

20 **sent…time** i.e., born prematurely

21 **made up** fully formed

22 **unfashionable** odd-looking, inelegant/poorly shaped

23 **halt** limp

24 **piping** characterized by pastoral pipes, rather than warlike instruments/shrill, weak, contemptible

27 **descant** improvise variations on (musical term), i.e., ponder, comment

29 **entertain** pass enjoyably **well-spoken** courteous, harmonious

30 **determinèd** resolved/destined

32 **inductions** initial steps, preparations

37 **subtle** cunning, sly **false** dishonest, disloyal

38 **mewed up** imprisoned, cooped up (like a caged bird of prey)

39 **About** as a result of **'G'** Clarence's first name is George; Richard, however, is the Duke of Gloucester

43 **waits upon** attends

45 **Tend'ring** holding dear, being concerned for (ironic)

46 **conduct** escort **th'Tower** the Tower of London

50 **commit** imprison **godfathers** sometimes responsible for the naming of the child at baptism

51 **belike** probably/perhaps

52 **new-christened** a grim anticipation of Clarence's death by drowning

53 **matter** reason

54 **protest** declare

56 **hearkens after** listens to

57 **cross-row** alphabet (prefixed by a cross in children's primers)

59 **issue** children

60 **for** because

62 **toys** whims, trifles

66 **lady Grey** Elizabeth's title before her marriage to Edward; Richard is being contemptuous

68 **worship** repute, honor

69 **Anthony Woodville** i.e., Earl Rivers

71 **delivered** released

74 **night-walking heralds** secret, nighttime messengers (a night-walker also meant a thief or a prostitute)

75 **trudge betwixt** go to and fro between **Mistress Shore** Jane Shore, wife of a London goldsmith and Edward IV's lover; she later became Hastings'

mistress Mistress usual title for a woman; perhaps here with suggestive play on the sense of "lover" or even "female master"

76 **suppliant** petitioner

77 **delivery** release from prison

78 **complaining** appealing, lamenting, pleading **her deity** a mocking title for Mistress Shore

79 **Lord Chamberlain** i.e., Hastings

82 **men** servants (perhaps with sexual connotations) **livery** uniform indicating whom one served (**wear her livery** may play on a sense of “have sex with her”)

83 **o’erworn** worn out (like old clothing/sexually) **widow** i.e., Queen Elizabeth

84 **dubbed them** conferred on them the rank of

85 **gossips** chatterers/godparents

87 **straitly…charge** strictly ordered

89 **Of…soever** regardless of social rank

90 **an** if it

94 **Well…years** well advanced in age (Richard seems to pretend to mean “mature, wise” or “well-preserved”) **fair** attractive/just

96 **passing** surpassingly, exceptionally

101 **doth naught** Richard shifts the sense to “sexually penetrates her vagina”

104 **betray** me i.e., by making me name the king as Shore’s lover

105 **withal** moreover

106 **Forbear** restrain, cease

107 **charge** duty, instructions

108 **abjects** varies “subjects” to incorporate sense of “contemptible outcasts”

112 **enfranchise** free

114 **Touches** affects

117 **lie for you** take your place in prison (playing on the sense of “lie about you”)

119 **perforce** of necessity (“patience perforce” was proverbial)

123 **present** gift

124 **new-delivered** recently released

128 **brooked** tolerated

130 **give them thanks** i.e., pay them back, have revenge

135 **mewed** caged

136 **kites and buzzards** inferior birds of prey

137 **abroad** in the world

140 **him** for him

142 **diet** lifestyle

149 **packed** packed off, dispatched **post-horse** all possible speed

151 **steeled** strengthened with steel, reinforced

152 **deep** cunning/secret

155 **bustle** busy myself, be active

156 **Warwick’s youngest daughter** i.e., Lady Anne Neville; having changed sides, the Earl of Warwick died fighting against the House of York

157 **her husband** Anne Neville was not in fact married to Prince Edward (Henry VI’s son) although she had been betrothed to him before his death

father father-in-law, i.e., Henry VI

161 **close** concealed

162 **reach unto** strive to carry out

163 **run…market** i.e., get ahead of myself (proverbial)

Act 1 Scene 2

1.2 ***Location:*** *a London street* ***halberds*** long-handled weapons with axe-like heads

2 **shrouded** concealed/wrapped in a shroud **hearse** probably here an open coffin, or litter beneath a frame supporting a funereal cloth

3 **obsequiously** in a manner proper to the dead

4 **Lancaster** i.e., Henry VI, former head of the House of Lancaster

5 **key-cold** cold as a metal key (proverbial)

6 **ashes** i.e., remains, lifeless body

8 **Be it** let it be **invocate** invoke, call upon

12 **Lo** look **windows** vents, i.e., wounds

13 **balm** healing ointment/substance with which the dead are anointed (i.e., tears)

17 **direful hap** dreadful fortune **betide** befall, happen to

19 **spiders, toads** thought to be poisonous

21 **abortive** monstrous, deformed

22 **Prodigious** unnatural/ill-omened

23 **aspect** appearance

25 **that** may that (child) **unhappiness** ill fortune/misery

29 **Chertsey** on the River Thames, in Surrey; site of a famous monastery

30 **Paul's** St. Paul's Cathedral in London

31 **still as** whenever

35 **devoted** holy, devout

40 **Advance** raise

42 **spurn upon** kick

46 **Avaunt** be gone

49 **curst** ill-tempered/cursed, damnable

50 **hence** get hence, go away

52 **exclaims** outcries, exclamations

54 **pattern** example, model

58 **thy…blood** it was popularly believed that the wounds of a murder victim would bleed in the presence of the murderer **exhales** draws forth

71 **so** is so

73 **wonderful** extraordinary, astonishing **devils…truth** Anne interprets Richard's **am no beast** to mean that, as neither man nor beast, he must be a

devil

75 **Vouchsafe** permit, consent

76 **leave** permission

77 **circumstance** detailed explanation

78 **defused** dispersed, spreading

82 **leisure** time, opportunity

84 **current** genuine, valid

85 **despair** spiritual hopelessness (thought to precede suicide)

87 **worthy…thyself** i.e., committing suicide (a highly sinful act)

88 **unworthy** dishonorable, contemptible/causeless, unjustified

91 **slave** villain, wretch

95 **In…liest** i.e., you lie outrageously

96 **falchion** curved sword

97 **once** at once

102 **aught** anything

105 **hedgehog** a contemptuous reference to Richard's crest, which featured a wild boar

110 **holp** helped

115 **bedchamber** like hell, "chamber" could also be euphemistic for the vagina

118 **I hope so** i.e., I certainly hope it will, as I shall never lie with you (in an ironic anticipation of future events, however, the phrase may also be construed as "I hope to lie with you")

120 **keen** sharp/eager **encounter…wits** plays on the sense of "sexual encounter of our genitals"

122 **timeless** untimely, premature

125 **effect** agent, perpetrator (Richard then shifts the sense to "outcome")

130 **homicide** murderer

137 **thou art both** i.e.,day and life

138 **would** wish

146 **He lives** i.e., there is a man

148 **Plantagenet** the name was used by Richard Duke of York, Richard's father

158 **infected mine** both disease and love were thought to enter through the eyes

159 **basilisks** mythical reptiles whose gaze could kill

160 **die** plays on the sense of “achieve sexual orgasm”

163 **aspects** appearance/looks, gazes

165 **No**, when not even when

166 **Rutland** Richard’s younger brother; his death is depicted in *3 Henry IV*, Act 1 Scene 3

167 **black-faced** evil, threatening, devilish

168 **father** i.e., the Earl of Warwick (originally a Yorkist, although he later changed sides)

171 **That** so that

172 **bedashed** splattered

173 **humble** lowly

174 **exhale** draw out

176 **sued** entreated, begged (for favor)

177 **smoothing** flattering

178 **fee** payment, reward ***lays…open*** bears his chest ***offers*** aims, makes to thrust

191 **set me on** this probably has connotations of sexual arousal like provokèd *falls* lets fall

192 **take up me** accept me (perhaps with connotations of “possess me sexually/make my penis erect”; Anne interprets “raise me from my kneeling position”)

193 **dissembler** deceiver

200 **truer love** i.e., Richard himself (supposedly a truer lover than the murdered Edward)

203 **figured in** represented by

213 **Even so** in just such a way

221 **presently** immediately **Crosby House** Richard’s London house, in Bishopsgate Street; later referred to as Crosby Place

225 **expedient duty** dutiful haste

226 **divers** various, several **unknown** private, that cannot be divulged

227 **boon** request, favor

230 **Tressell and Berkeley** minor characters, not mentioned again in the play

236 **Whitefriars** a priory in London

237 **humour** manner, style, way

243 **bleeding witness** i.e., Henry’s body **by** nearby

244 **bars** obstacles

245 **suit** courtship/formal supplication **withal** with

247 **all…nothing** i.e., against huge odds, with everything stacked against me

249 **brave** splendid, noble

251 **mood** fit of fury **Tewkesbury** site of the Gloucestershire battle where the Lancastrians were defeated; Edward’s murder took place after the battle and is dramatized in *3 Henry VI*, Act 5 Scene 5

253 **Framed…nature** created when nature was most generous, lavish

254 **royal** majestic, noble

257 **prime** youthful manhood/springtime

259 **whose…moiety** the entirety of whom is not worth half of Edward

260 **halt** limps **unshapen** deformed

261 **denier** small coin worth one tenth of a penny

264 **proper** handsome, fine

265 **be…for** buy, spend money on

266 **entertain** employ **score…of** twenty or forty

270 **in** into

272 **glass** mirror, looking glass

273 **shadow** also means “reflection”; the shadow cast by the sun will substitute for the mirror’s image

Act 1 Scene 3

1.3 ***Location:*** *the royal court, London*

3 **brook** it ill endure it with difficulty, take it badly

4 **entertain good comfort** take comfort, be cheerful

6 **betide on** happen to, befall

8 **includes** incorporates, is the sum of

9 **goodly** splendid, fine

14 **concluded** legally finalized **Protector** guardian, who ruled on behalf of a king who was too young to do so

16 **miscarry** die

20 **Countess Richmond** Margaret Beaufort, Derby’s wife; by her first husband, Edmund Tudor, she was mother to Henry, Earl of Richmond (later Henry VII) **good my** my good

26 **envious** malicious

29 **wayward** obstinate, wilful

36 **atonement** reconciliation

37 **brothers** only one brother, Anthony Woodville (Earl Rivers), appears in the play, but Shakespeare may have thought of him as two characters: Rivers and Woodville are listed separately in the opening stage directions at Act 2 Scene 1, and are addressed separately later in that scene

39 **warn** summon

41 **happiness** good fortune

44 **forsooth** indeed, in truth **stern** harsh, unfriendly

45 **lightly** little

46 **dissentious** inflammatory, quarrelsome

47 **fair** pleasing, charming

48 **smooth** flatter **cog** fawn, flatter, deceive

49 **Duck…nods** i.e., bow in an affected, courtly manner **apish** idiotic/imitative

51 **plain** unaffected, simple, honest

53 **silken** smooth-tongued, ingratiating/elaborately dressed **jacks** knaves, low-born men; plays on **Jack**, a common name

54 **presence** company/royal presence

55 **nor** neither **grace** virtue/propriety/nobility (picking up on **grace** as a form of address in the previous line)

60 **breathing-while** time to draw breath

61 **lewd** wicked/ignorant/lowly

65 **belike** probably/perhaps

68 **to send** summon (you)

70 **wrens** small, gentle birds (unlike large, predatory **eagles**)

74 **friends** relatives

77 **brother** i.e., George, Duke of Clarence

81 **noble** gold coin worth about a third of a pound (puns on **ennoble**)

82 **careful** full of cares

83 **hap** fortune

88 **draw me** implicate me/represent me **suspects** suspicions

90 **late** recent

94 **preferments** promotions, advancements

96 **desert** deserving, merit

97 **marry** by the Virgin Mary (Richard goes on to shift the sense to “wed”)

100 **stripling** young man

101 **Iwis** indeed, certainly **grandam** grandmother

105 **gross** base/wicked/excessive ***Queen Margaret*** historically, the widow of Henry VI was imprisoned after the battle of Tewkesbury, and later exiled to her native France

111 **state** rank **seat** throne

112 **Threat** threaten

113 **avouch’t** affirm, declare it

114 **adventure** risk

115 **pains** efforts (made on behalf of the king)

116 **Out** exclamation of outrage and impatience

119 **Ere** before

120 **packhorse** workhorse

121 **proud** ambitious, arrogant

126 **factious for** on the side of, promoting dissent in the interests of

127 **husband…slain** historically, Elizabeth’s first husband, Sir John Grey, was killed fighting for the Lancastrians, although in *3 Henry VI* (Act 3 Scene 2) he is depicted as having fought for the Yorkists **battle** army

130 **ere this** before now

131 **Withal** moreover

133 **Clarence…Warwick** Clarence and the Earl of Warwick deserted the Yorkists; Clarence married Warwick’s daughter, but later returned to the Yorkist cause, events that are depicted in *3 Henry VI* **father** father-in-law

134 **forswore himself** broke his oath (of loyalty)

137 **meed** reward

139 **pitiful** full of pity, compassionate

140 **childish-foolish** innocent, inexperienced

141 **Hie** hurry

142 **cacodemon** evil spirit

144 **urge** bring forward, offer as evidence

157 **pilled** pillaged, robbed

159 **If…rebels** Even if you do not bow to me as your queen, then you tremble like the rebels who deposed me

161 **gentle** noble, high-born/kind **villain** low-born, rustic/scoundrel; the phrase is oxymoronic

162 **mak’st thou** are you doing

163 **But repetition of** merely recounting **marred** destroyed

164 **make** do

167 **abode** remaining

169 **thou** i.e., Elizabeth

172 **curse…paper** before his death, Richard Duke of York curses Margaret after she mockingly places a paper crown on his head (see *3 Henry VI*, Act 1 Scene 4)

175 **clout** cloth

176 **pretty** youthful, fine-looking Rutland York’s young son; the episode with the cloth also appears in *3 Henry VI*, Act 1 Scene 4

179 **plagued** punished ceaselessly

181 **that babe** i.e., Rutland

184 **No…prophesied** there was no man who did not prophesy

187 **catch** seize

192 **but answer for** merely equal **peevish** foolish, childish/obstinate

194 **dull** thick, dark, sluggish **quick** vigorous, lively, sharp

195 **surfeit** sickness resulting from overindulgence

199 **like** the same

204 **Decked** adorned, dressed **stalled** installed

208 **standers-by** bystanders, lookers-on

212 **unlooked** unforeseen, unexpected

213 **charm** magic spell, curse **hag** witch

217 **them** i.e., the heavens

220 **still** constantly **begnaw** eat away at, gnaw

221 **for** tobe

223 **deadly** murderous

226 **elvish-marked** physically marked by evil elves at birth **abortive** monstrous, deformed **rooting hog** i.e., hunched and greedy; alludes to the boar on Richard’s crest

227 **sealed…nativity** branded at birth

228 **slave of nature** slave to bestial natural impulses/one irredeemably marked out by nature

229 **slander** disgrace, shame **heavy** pregnant, weighty/sorrowful

230 **issue** offspring

231 **rag** discarded scrap

232 **Margaret** Richard makes Margaret the subject of her insults to him

236 **cry thee mercy** beg your pardon

238 **looked for** expected

239 **period** end

242 **painted** artificial/made-up with cosmetics **vain flourish** meaningless, frivolous adornment **fortune** (rightful) position

243 **bottled** swollen (with venom), rounded, bottle-shaped

245 **thou whet’st** you are sharpening

247 **bunch-backed** hunchbacked

248 **False-boding** falsely prophesying **frantic** deranged, mad

251 **well served** treated as befits you (Margaret maintains the sense of “treated” and adds the sense of “obeyed, paid respect to”)

252 **duty** respect, deference

256 **Master Marquis** Margaret contemptuously prefaces the aristocratic “marquis” with the form of address for an untitled man **malapert** impertinent

257 **fire-new** brand new, newly minted **current** valid, legitimate

258 **nobility** continues the coining imagery with a quibble on “noble” (a gold coin)

264 **so high** this high (i.e., noble)

265 **eyrie** nest/brood of young birds of prey (especially eagles, king of birds)/noble stock of children

266 **dallies with** teases, plays with **scorns the sun** eagles were thought to be able to gaze unblinkingly into the sun

267 **sun** puns on son

272 **suffer** endure, permit

278 **My charity** the charity I feel/the charity I am shown **outrage** violence, hostility **life my shame** the only life I am allowed is a dishonorable one/I am ashamed to live

279 **still** perpetually

283 **fair** good fortune

285 **compass** bounds

286 **pass** go any further than

288 **but** anything other than that

291 **Look when** whenever

292 **venom** poisonous **rankle** inflict a festering wound

294 **marks** blemishes/identifying insignia/aims, sights

297 **respect** deem worthy of listening to

299 **soothe** flatter, humor

311 **vantage** advantages, benefits (i.e., being queen) **her wrong** the wrong done to her

312 **hot** eager **do somebody good** i.e., help Edward to the crown

313 **cold** ungrateful, indifferent

315 **franked…fatting** penned in to be fattened up (for slaughter)

318 **scathe** harm

319 **well advised** cautious

324 **wait upon** attend

326 **mischiefs** wicked, evil deeds **abroach** in motion

327 **lay…of** impose as a serious accusation against (i.e., blame on)

328 **cast in darkness** caused to be imprisoned (with connotations of death)

329 **beweep** cry over **gulls** idiots, gullible people

331 **allies** supporters, relatives

332 **stir** incite, stir up

333 **whet** encourage, incite

338 **ends** scraps

341 **hardy** bold

342 **dispatch** carry out (plays on the sense of “kill”)

346 **repair** make your way

347 **sudden** swift

348 **obdurate** inflexible, determined

349 **well-spoken** articulate, persuasive

350 **mark** pay attention to, listen to

351 **prate** chat

354 **eyes drop millstones** proverbial image of hard-heartedness **fall** let fall, drop

355 **straight** straightaway

Act 1 Scene 4

1.4 ***Location:*** *the Tower of London* ***Keeper*** guard (this role could be conflated with Brackenbury)

1 **heavily** sadly

5 **spend** pass/expend (like money)

6 **Though ’twere** even if it were

7 **dismal** ominous, sinister

13 **hatches** deck

14 **cited up** recalled

17 **giddy** swaying, unstable

19 **stay** steady, restrain

20 **main** sea

27 **Inestimable** impossible to count or value **unvalued** priceless

37 **yield the ghost** die **envious flood** malicious sea

38 **Stopped in** shut up, blocked in

39 **vast** boundless/empty

40 **bulk** body

42 **sore** serious, extreme

45 **melancholy flood** the River Styx, which had to be crossed to get to Hades, the classical underworld

46 **sour ferryman** Charon, who ferried souls to Hades

47 **kingdom…night** Hades, the underworld

48 **stranger** foreign, newly arrived

50 **perjury** oath-breaking; Clarence broke his oath of allegiance to Warwick by returning to fight for the Yorkists after he and Warwick had changed sides to support the Lancastrians

51 **monarchy** kingdom (the underworld) **afford** offer, give to

53 **shadow** ghost (of Prince Edward, Henry VI’s son)

54 **shrieked** ghosts were traditionally supposed to speak in shrill voices

55 **fleeting** fickle, capricious

56 **field** battlefield

57 **Furies** in classical mythology, three female spirits of vengeance

58 **legion** army

59 **Environed** surrounded

61 **season** while, time

64 **though** if
68 **requites** rewards, repays
73 **prithee** beg you (literally “I pray thee”)
74 **heavy** oppressed, burdened, sorrowful
76 **breaks** cracks, disrupts seasons natural rhythms of time **reposing hours** time for rest
77 **noontide** midday
78 **for** as
79 **for** at the cost of, as the result of
80 **for** in exchange for **unfelt imaginations** abstract concepts that cannot actually be experienced, illusory glories
81 **cares** anxieties
82 **low name** those of ordinary humble status
83 **fame** reputation, name
92 **reason** deduce, workout
93 **will** want to
95 **signify to** inform
102 **urging of** bringing forth/emphasis on
110 **stay** wait **passionate humour** emotional mood
111 **It…me** it usually lasts **tells twenty** counts to twenty
120 **entertain** receive, be hospitable to
123 **checks** rebukes
124 **lie** have sex
126 **restore** return **keeps** retains/maintains, supports
127 **for** as
128 **well** prosperously/virtuously
130 **him** i.e., conscience
131 **insinuate** ingratiate himself
133 **tall** brave
135 **Take** strike **costard** head (literally, a type of large apple)
136 **malmsey-butt** barrel of strong, sweet wine from Greece
137 **device** plan **sop** piece of bread soaked in wine
140 **reason** converse, talk
142 **anon** soon
151 **Wherefore** why
161 **drawn forth** selected

164 **quest** inquest, those holding a judicial inquiry

167 **convict** convicted

169 **charge** command

174 **Erroneous** misguided, erring **vassals** servants, slaves **king of kings** i.e., God

175 **table…law** i.e., the Ten Commandments

176 **do no murder** the Sixth Commandment (Exodus 20:13)

177 **Spurn at** reject, scorn

181 **false forswearing** breaking your oath (forbidden by the Ninth Commandment)

182 **receive the sacrament** take Communion as a means of affirming your oath

183 **In quarrel of** in the cause of

186 **Unripp’dst** tore open **bowels** intestines, **entrails sovereign’s son** i.e., Prince Edward, son of Henry VI

188 **dreadful** inspiring dread and awe

189 **dear** extreme, grievous (a)

196 **quarrel** (settling of the) dispute

197 **indirect** devious, oblique

198 **cut off** kill

199 **bloody** violent, bloodthirsty

200 **gallant-springing** gallant and youthful, growing promisingly

201 **novice** youth, beginner

202 **My brother’s love** love for my brother

207 **meed** money, reward

217 **friendship** also kinship

219 **lessoned** taught

220 **is kind** is gentle, well-meaning/has feelings of natural kinship

226 **labour my delivery** strive to obtain my release

228 **thraldom** servitude, enslavement

230 **feeling** sensibility, awareness

239 **pent** shut up

244 **beastly** not human, lacking in reason

252 **desperately dispatched** carried out in desperation, executed recklessly (**desperately** has connotations of spiritual hopelessness)

253 **fain** willingly **Pilate…murder** Pontius Pilate, the Roman governor of Judaea involved in the crucifixion of Christ, washed his hands before the discontented crowd as a means of exonerating himself from blame

264 **out** get out, be known ("murder will out" was proverbial)

Act 2 Scene 1

2.1 ***Location:*** *the royal court, London* ***Flourish*** trumpet fanfare signaling the arrival of a person in authority

3 **embassage** message

8 **Dissemble not** (in shaking hands) do not conceal, disguise

9 **from** of

10 **true** honest, faithful

11 **thrive I** may I thrive

12 **dally** trifle, feign, mock

13 **king of kings** i.e., God

14 **confound** overthrow, catch out **award** sentence, appoint

15 **end** (cause of) death

19 **son** i.e., stepson

20 **factious** divisive, generators of factions

22 **unfeignedly** sincerely, without deception

26 **protest** declare

30 **allies** relatives

33 **but…Doth** i.e., and does not, with all duteous love

38 **Deep** cunning **hollow** insincere **guile** cunning, deceit

41 **cordial** heart-restoring medicine

43 **wanteth** only lacks

44 **period** end, completion

45 **in good time** right on time, at the perfect moment

47 **morrow** morning

52 **swelling** proud, arrogant/incensed, angry **wrong-incensèd** full of wrongly directed anger/enraged by perceived wrongs

54 **heap** gathering, group (casual and demeaning term in this context)

55 **intelligence** information **surmise** assumption, conjecture

57 **is hardly borne** has caused offense, is resented

67 **desert** deserving, justification

68 **Lord Scales** actually another title of Lord Rivers; Shakespeare erroneously supposes another character; some editors omit the line

72 **the…tonight** a newborn baby

75 **well compounded** settled as effectively

77 **to your grace** into your favor

79 **flouted** mocked

80 **gentle** kind, mild/noble

86 **forsook** abandoned

89 **that** i.e., that first order **Mercury** swift messenger of the Roman gods, usually depicted with wings on his cap and sandals

90 **tardy** slow **bare the countermand** brought the order revoking the first

91 **lag** late, slowly

92 **God…suspicion** I pray God there are none, less noble and loyal than Clarence, more involved in treachery yet less closely related to the king, who deserve worse than Clarence’s fate yet go free from suspicion (a pointed remark aimed at Elizabeth and her relatives) **go current** pass as legitimate coin

96 **boon** request for a favor

100 **forfeit…life** revocation of the death penalty that his servant has incurred

103 **doom…death** sentence (doom) my brother to death

107 **sued** pleaded

108 **be advised** to reconsider, reflect/to be cautious

110 **forsake** abandon, renounce

112 **field** battlefield

113 **down** on the ground, unhorsed/at his mercy

116 **lap** enfold, swathe

118 **thin** thinly dressed **numb** numbing

119 **remembrance** memory

122 **carters** cart drivers **waiting vassals** attendant servants

123 **defaced…Redeemer** i.e., committed murder (since man is made in God’s image)

125 **straight** straightaway

127 **But** yet

128 **ungracious** wickedly, lacking divine grace

129 **proudest** most splendid, eminent/most self-esteeming

130 **beholding** beholden, indebted

133 **On** of **you** i.e., the assembled company

134 **closet** private room/bedchamber

136 **Marked** observed, noticed

139 **still** constantly

Act 2 Scene 2

1 **grandam** grandmother

6 **wretches** exiles/miserable people **castaways** rejected ones

8 **cousins** a general term for relatives

10 **As** being

11 **lost** wasted, pointless (sense then shifts to “gone”)

14 **importune** urge, entreat persistently

18 **Incapable** inexperienced, unknowing **shallow** naïve

22 **impeachments** accusations, charges

24 **kindly** gently, benevolently/as a family member

27 **gentle shape** an appearance of nobility, a benevolent guise

28 **visor** mask

30 **dugs** breasts (breast milk was popularly thought to convey some of the qualities of the mother) ***hair…ears*** disheveled and loose hair was a theatrical convention signifying distress

35 **chide** berate, chastise

36 **black** profound, dark, hellish

37 **to…enemy** i.e., commit suicide

38 **rude impatience** uncontrolled outburst, violent want of endurance

39 **act** deed/division of a play (continuing the theatrical image begun with scene)

42 **want** lack

43 **brief** quick

44 **catch** catch up with

47 **interest** right, entitlement

48 **title in** claim on (as Edward’s mother)

50 **his images** i.e., his sons

51 **mirrors** i.e., images, reflections **semblance** likeness

53 **false glass** i.e., Richard, a distorted, false image of his father

60 **moiety** small portion

61 **overgo** exceed

63 **kindred** similar, belonging to relatives

64 **unmoaned** unlamented, not grieved for

65 **widow-dolour** widow’s grief **be** shall be

67 **barren to** so infertile that I cannot **complaints** grief, lamentations

68 **reduce** return, bring together

69 **watery moon** i.e., the moon, which controls the tides

74 **stay** support

77 **Was never widow** there was never a widow who **dear** grievous/costly

81 **parcelled** in specific parts, divided between them **general** all-encompassing

87 **nurse** nourisher, feeder

88 **pamper** cram, feed luxuriously

92 **dull** sluggish, reluctant

94 **opposite** antagonistic, adversarial

95 **For it requires** because it reclaims

96 **careful** caring

104 **cry you mercy** beg your pardon

107 **meekness** humility

110 **butt-end** concluding part

111 **grace** quibbling on the duchess' title and on the sense of "religious virtue"

112 **cloudy** gloomy

113 **moan** sorrow, grief

117 **broken rancour** divisive animosity (broken begins an image of an injured limb) high-swoll'n very inflamed/proud

118 **But lately splintered** only recently splinted, reset (though at the same time continuing the imagery of fragmentation)

119 **kept** looked after

120 **Meseemeth** it seems to me **little train** small retinue of attendants and accompanying nobles

121 **Forthwith** immediately **Ludlow** Ludlow Castle, in Shropshire, near the Welsh border **fet** fetched

124 **multitude** large group

127 **estate** state, kingdom **green** new, vulnerable (with suggestions of the prince's youth)

128 **Where…himself** when each horse is in control of his own reins and may go where he pleases (i.e., in the absence of a strong rider to govern)

130 **As…apparent** both the fear of possible harm as well as actual harm

132 **with** between

133 **compact** agreement, contract

135 **green** new, not tested

136 **apparent** evident, real **breach** breakage, rupture

137 **haply** perhaps/probably **urged** encouraged

139 **meet** appropriate, suitable

142 **post** hasten

144 **censures** opinions

147 **by** on **sort occasion** arrange an opportunity

148 **index** preface **story** plan, business **late** recently

150 **counsel's** innermost thoughts' (puns on advisory "council") **consistory** council chamber, meeting place

152 **direction** instruction, guidance

Act 2 Scene 3

2.3 ***Location:*** *a London street*

3 **abroad** at large, in the outside world

5 **by’r lady** by Our Lady (the Virgin Mary) **seldom…better** is rarely followed by better things

6 **giddy** inconstant, unstable

7 **God speed** God be with you; a standard greeting

8 **Give…morrow** God give you good day; a standard greeting

9 **Doth…hold** is the news true

10 **God…while** i.e., God help us **while** age, times

11 **masters** sirs **look** expect

15 **nonage** minority, youth **council under him** the Privy Council, a group of the king’s ministers, governing for him

20 **so** in the same condition **wot** knows

22 **politic grave counsel** wise and reverend guidance

23 **protect** act as formal guardians for

27 **emulation** rivalry **nearest** most closely related to the king/most influential over the king

28 **touch…near** affect us all too closely

30 **haught** haughty, aspiring

32 **solace** take comfort, be happy

36 **look for** expect

37 **dearth** famine, shortage

38 **sort** ordain, arrange

41 **cannot reason** almost can scarcely reason

42 **heavily** gravely, anxiously

43 **still** always

44 **mistrust** suspect

45 **proof** experience

46 **boist’rous** violent

47 **Whither away?** Where are you going?

48 **justices** justices of the peace; the reason for this is never stated

Act 2 Scene 4

2.4 ***Location:*** *the royal court, London*

1 **lay** spent the night **Stony Stratford** small town in Buckinghamshire

2 **Northampton** Northamptonshire town twelve miles further from London than Stony Stratford, an apparent confusion explained by Shakespeare’s sources: Richard and Buckingham met the Prince at Stony Stratford, then (Rivers, Vaughan and Grey having been arrested) took him back to Northampton before resuming the journey to London

9 **cousin** general term for a relative

13 **grace** virtuous qualities; possibly Richard quibbles on “herb of grace” or rue, a herb with medicinal qualities whose name means “sorrow” **apace** quickly

16 **hold** apply, prove true

17 **object the same** suggest it, apply it

23 **troth** faith **been remembered** remembered

24 **flout** taunt, mocking insult

25 **touch…mine** mock his growth more pointedly than he mocked mine

28 **gnaw…old** various historical accounts claim that Richard was born with teeth, something considered abnormal and ominous

30 **biting** sharp/to do with teeth

35 **parlous** mischievous, wily **Go to** expression of dismissive impatience **shrewd** sharp-tongued, cheeky

37 **Pitchers have ears** proverbial; pitchers were jugs with large handles (“ears”)—Elizabeth means that the boy has been eavesdropping on adult conversation

43 **Pomfret** Pontefract castle, in Yorkshire

48 **can** know, can say

51 **house** family

52 **hind** female deer

53 **Insulting** threatening, harmful/exulting scornfully **jut** thrust, shove/project, encroach

54 **aweless** inspiring no awe or dread **throne** i.e., Prince Edward

56 **map** chart of the world/diagram/summary, epitome

62 **seated** in power, having gained the throne **broils** turmoil

63 **overblown** blown over

65 **preposterous** unnatural (literally, in reverse order)

66 **frantic outrage** insane violence **spleen** fury (the spleen was thought to be the seat of extreme emotion)

68 **sanctuary** churches and their precincts provided sanctuary from arrest; Elizabeth went to Westminster Abbey

75 **seal** great seal of England, used by the king to authenticate documents; the Archbishop was its official keeper **so…you** may my fortunes depend on the care I show you

Act 3 Scene 1

3.1 ***Location:*** *London; exact location unspecified, possibly a street*

1 **chamber** London was known as the *camera regis*, Latin for the “king’s chamber”

2 **my thoughts’ sovereign** my chief concern/head of my thoughts

4 **crosses** troubles (i.e., the arrests of Rivers, Vaughan and Grey)

5 **heavy** laborious, burdensome, sorrowful

6 **want** lack/desire

11 **jumpeth** accords, agrees

13 **attended** paid attention, listened

21 **ere** before

22 **slug** sluggard, lazy fellow

26 **On what occasion** for what reason

28 **tender** young **prince** i.e., Edward’s younger brother, Richard

29 **fain** willingly

30 **perforce** forcibly

31 **indirect** devious/oblique, lengthy/erroneous **peevish** obstinate/perverse

34 **presently** immediately

36 **jealous** suspicious, mistrustful, overprotective

37 **oratory** rhetorical skill

39 **Anon** shortly **obdurate** inflexible, determined

44 **senseless** unreasonably, foolishly

46 **Weigh…with** if you only judge it by **grossness** low standards, coarseness

48 **benefit** protection

49 **dealings** actions, conduct

50 **wit** intelligence, mature judgment

53 **thence…there** a place that cannot really be considered as sanctuary in his case

54 **charter** privilege, legal right

62 **sojourn** stay, reside

65 **repose you** settle yourself, rest **Tower** a royal residence as well as a much-feared prison

68 **any place** all places

71 **re-edified** rebuilt, developed

72 **upon record** written down
75 **registered** recorded
77 **retailed** recounted, retold
78 **general ending day** universal doomsday, the end of the world
79 **So…long** proverbial: “too soon wise to live long”
81 **characters** written records
82 **formal** Vice conventional Vice figure of morality plays, an allegorical character named after a particular sin and known for wordplay and grim humor **Iniquity** sinfulness; a stock name for a Vice figure
83 **moralize** interpret (perhaps playing on the idea of expounding God’s word for the purpose of moral teaching)
85 **With…live** i.e., he used his intellect to write down the courageous military exploits that had enriched it, in order to ensure that his reputation lived on
87 **his conqueror** the one who conquers death
91 **An if** if
94 **lightly** usually **forward** early
98 **grief** Edward refers to the death of his father
99 **late** recently
103 **idle** useless
108 **beholding** beholden, indebted
110 **as in** in that I am
111 **dagger** perhaps maintaining the link between Richard and the medieval Vice figure, who traditionally carried a dagger
112 **With…heart** very willingly (but also implying that he would gladly stab York with it)
115 **toy** trifle grief hardship
117 **to it** that goes with it
118 **light** not heavy (York shifts the sense to “trifling, cheap”)
120 **a beggar nay** no to a beggar
122 **weigh it lightly** consider it a trifle/do not think it weighs very much
were it even if it were
123 **have** continues the grim play on “receive as a gift/receive in death”
127 **still** always **cross** contrary, perverse
131 **like…shoulders** professional fools or tame bears carried apes on their backs at fairs; attention is drawn here to Richard’s hunched back bear puns

on the name of the animal

133 **sharp-provided** quick and ready

134 **mitigate** moderate, lessen

135 **prettily** cleverly, charmingly

136 **cunning** crafty, clever ***sennet*** trumpet call signaling the continuation of a procession

152 **prating** chattering, prattling

153 **incensèd** urged on, incited **subtle** cunning

154 **opprobriously** scornfully, insultingly

155 **perilous** wily, dangerous, mischievous

156 **forward** spirited, ready **capable** responsive, receptive

157 **all the mother's** exactly like his mother

158 **let them rest** enough of them, leave them for the moment; or perhaps literally "let them take their rest"

159 **deeply** profoundly, solemnly

160 **closely** secretly

161 **urged** proposed, discussed way i.e., the journey from Ludlow to London

163 **of…For** share our opinion and intention regarding

166 **He…father's** Hastings for Edward IV's

167 **won to aught** persuaded to do anything

171 **as…off** in a roundabout way, indirectly **sound** sound out, probe

172 **affected** to disposed toward

174 **sit** confer, sit in council

180 **divided** councils two separate meetings

181 **highly** crucially

182 **Lord** William i.e., Hastings

183 **ancient** knot long-standing group (knot may play on the sense of "tumor")

184 **are let blood** i.e., will be executed; literally, refers to surgical bloodletting

186 **Mistress** Shore Hastings' mistress Jane Shore (formerly mistress ofEdward IV)

188 **heed** care

193 **complots** conspiracies, schemes

196 **movables** portable property

200 **sup betimes** have supper early

201 **digest** arrange (plays on the sense of literal digestion) **form** good order

Act 3 Scene 2

3.2 ***Location:*** *outside Hastings' house*

6 **tedious** weary, long

11 **boar** Richard's heraldic emblem **razèd** pulled, torn helm helmet

13 **that…determined** decisions may be taken

14 **to rue** grieve

15 **pleasure** will, inclination

16 **presently** immediately

17 **post** ride swiftly

21 **His honour** Lord Stanley

23 **toucheth** affects, relates to

24 **have intelligence** be informed

25 **without instance** lacking evidence

27 **mock'ry** foolish delusions, false images

28 **fly** flee

29 **Were** would be

30 **mean** (originally) intend

33 **use** treat **kindly** gently, courteously (plays on the sense of "according to his [boarlike] nature")

40 **garland** i.e., crown (with connotations of a victor's garland)

43 **crown** head

44 **foul** wickedly, wrongfully/in an ugly manner (perhaps recalling Richard's appearance)

46 **forward…party** ready to support him, eagerly on his side

54 **master's** i.e., Edward IV's

58 **they** i.e., the queen's relatives **in** into

64 **monstrous** unnatural **falls it out** it has happened

69 **make high account** hold you in high estimation (in the context of the following line, **high** plays on the sense of "high up, aloft")

70 **account** consider, expect **the bridge** London Bridge, on which traitors' heads were displayed on poles

73 **unprovided** unprepared, ill-equipped

75 **rood** (Christ's) cross

76 **several** separate

78 **protest** declare

81 **triumphant** cheerful/exultant (over my enemies' deaths)

83 **jocund** merry, cheerful **states were sure** positions were secure

84 **mistrust** doubt, suspect

86 **This…misdoubt** i.e., this sudden hostile attack has made me fearful, mistrustful

88 **spent** coming to an end (although the scene begins at 4 a.m.; perhaps Stanley refers figuratively to his own "time," i.e., life)

89 **have with you** literally "I'll join you" or as a reprimand "come along now" Wot know

91 **truth** loyalty, honesty

92 **hats** i.e., official positions (Stanley has Richard's role as royal Protector in mind) ***Pursuivant*** state messenger with the power to execute warrants

94 **before** ahead

95 **sirrah** sir (used to inferiors)

100 **suggestion** instigation, prompting

103 **state** prosperity, position, circumstances

104 **hold** keep, maintain

105 **Gramercy** great thanks

108 **Sir** conventional title for a clergyman

109 **I…exercise** Hastings apologizes for not attending the last church service (during which he was in prison) exercise religious service

110 **content** recompense

114 **shriving work** business of saying confession and receiving absolution

119 **thence** from there

120 **stay** stay for

Act 3 Scene 3

3.3 ***Location:*** *Pomfret (Pontefract) castle, Yorkshire*

5 **knot** tight group

7 **Dispatch** get on with it

10 **closure** enclosure

12 **for…seat** to add to the disgrace associated with this place **dismal seat** ominous position

15 **exclaimed on** cried out against, condemned **Hastings…I** in fact, Margaret does not mention Grey (see Act 1 Scene 3)

20 **for** instead of

23 **expiate** reached, fully come

Act 3 Scene 4

3.4 ***Location:*** *council chamber, the Tower of London*

2 **of** about

5 **wants but nomination** requires only the appointing of the date

6 **happy** auspicious, favorable

8 **inward** intimate

9 **mind** temperament/opinion on the coronation/intentions in general

10 **for** as for

13 **near in love** close, intimate

16 **sounded** questioned, sounded out

19 **in** on **voice** vote

20 **take…part** accept in a gracious manner

22 **cousins** term of address between nobles

24 **neglect** cause the neglect of

27 **part** role (continues the theatrical language begun with cue)

29 **bolder** more confident

37 **testy** headstrong, short-tempered hot angry/impetuous

38 **head** plays on the etymology of testy, i.e., *teste*, Old French for “head”

39 **worshipfully** respectfully

42 **set** down confirmed

44 **provided** prepared

45 **prolonged** postponed, delayed

48 **smooth** seemingly amiable or friendly

49 **conceit** idea, fancy **likes** pleases

53 **straight** instantly

55 **livelihood** liveliness

61 **charms** magic spells

64 **doom** sentence

68 **blasted** shriveled, blighted by supernatural means

69 **is** i.e., is the doing of monstrous unnatural

70 **Consorted** associated, in conjunction **Shore** Jane Shore, Hastings’ mistress and formerly Edward IV’s

76 **the same** i.e., Hastings’ beheading accomplished

80 **fond** foolish

81 **rouse** move violently, pull from our heads

83 **foot-cloth horse** horse with a long ornate cloth draped over its back

84 **started** shied, moved suddenly

85 **As** as if **loath** reluctant, unwilling

88 **triumphing** exulting victoriously

94 **shrift** confession (to a priest)

95 **grace** fortune, favor (in the next line, the sense shifts to “divine grace, mercy”)

97 **Who** he who **in air** on the insubstantial foundation, in the emptiness **good** favoring, approving

101 **bootless** useless **exclaim** protest, cry out

Act 3 Scene 5

3.5 ***Location:*** *within the walls of the Tower of London* ***rotten*** rusty/old, decaying *marvellous ill-favoured* (looking) extremely unsightly

1 **change thy colour** i.e., make yourself look pale with fear

2 **Murder** i.e., cut off, catch

5 **counterfeit** imitate **deep** artful, cunning **tragedian** tragic actor

6 **back** behind me, over my shoulder (presumably in alarm or distrust) **pry** peer (nervously or suspiciously)

7 **at wagging** at the mere stirring, shaking

8 **Intending** expressing, pretending **ghastly** full of fear

9 **service** command enforcèd false, deliberate

10 **offices** roles, tasks

17 **o'erlook** look over (seems to suggest that the scene takes place on the battlements)

21 **patient** calm

25 **plainest** most honest

27 **book** i.e., diary, personal notebook

28 **history** narrative, record

29 **smooth** plausibly

30 **his…omitted** apart from his manifest guilt

31 **conversation** sexual relationship

32 **from** free from **attainder of suspects** stain of suspicion

33 **covert'st sheltered** most secretly concealed

35 **almost** even

37 **subtle** cunning

41 **Turks** i.e., barbarians, non-Christians

42 **form** order, code

43 **rashly** hastily

47 **fair** good fortune

48 **proceeded** acted (perhaps with connotations of "taken legal proceedings")

50 **looked for** expected

51 **fell** in plays on the sense of "penetrated sexually"

52 **had…die** we had determined that he should not die

53 **see** attend to, manage

57 **timorously** with fear, tremblingly

60 **haply** perhaps

61 **Misconster** misconstrue **us in him** our role in or motives for his death

63 **as** as if

68 **carping** faultfinding, dissatisfied

69 **of** regarding

70 **witness** testify to

73 **Guildhall** central building in which civic affairs were conducted **hies…post** hurries as quickly as possible

74 **meetest vantage** best opportunity

75 **Infer** allege

78 **house** both home and either shop or inn

79 **sign** i.e., sign bearing the name (The Crown) of the shop or inn

80 **luxury** lechery, lust

81 **change of lust** constantly requiring new sexual partners

83 **Even where** wherever

85 **for a need** if necessary **come…person** i.e., tell a tale that will affect me too

86 **went…Of** was pregnant with

89 **true** exact, accurate

90 **his begot** conceived by him

91 **well…lineaments** was obvious in Edward’s features, appearance

93 **sparingly** carefully, discreetly, with restraint

96 **golden fee** i.e., the crown (**fee** perhaps plays on the legal sense of “inherited estate”; the sense of “payment” anticipates the reward Buckingham expects for his services)

98 **thrive well** are successful Baynard’s Castle London residence owned by the Duchess of York, situated by the River Thames near Blackfriars

103 **Shaw…Penker** both clergymen who supported Richard

106 **take…order** make some secret arrangements

108 **manner** manner of

109 **recourse** means of access

Act 3 Scene 6

3.6 ***Location:*** *London* ***Scrivener*** professional scribe, particularly of legal documents

1 **indictment** formal statement of charges

2 **a set hand** formal handwriting **fairly** elegantly **engrossed** written in large characters appropriate for legal documents ("gross" in its sense of "wicked, reprehensible" may pick up on its moral opposite, "fair")

3 **Paul's** St. Paul's Cathedral (where public proclamations were often made)

4 **the sequel** the following/the sequence of events/subsequent scribal copy he produced

7 **precedent** preceding document, first draft (from which the final copy has been made)

9 **Untainted** unstained by accusation **unexamined** not questioned, interrogated **free** at liberty/innocent/untroubled

10 **the while** these days **gross** stupid

11 **palpable device** obvious contrivance

14 **seen in thought** i.e., not acknowledged openly

Act 3 Scene 7

3.7 ***Location:*** *Baynard's Castle, London* ***several*** separate

3 **mum** silent

4 **Touched you** did you mention

5 **contract** betrothal

6 **contract…France** in *3 Henry VI* (Act 3 Scene 3) the Earl of Warwick goes to France as Edward's deputy to secure a betrothal with the King of France's sister-in-law; he and the French king are furious and humiliated when word comes that Edward has abruptly married Elizabeth instead

8 **enforcement** coercion/rape

9 **tyranny for trifles** severe punishment of minor crimes/oppressive behavior even with regard to trivialities

10 **got** begot, conceived

15 **Laid open** revealed/described/elaborated on

16 **discipline** strategic skill

17 **bounty** generosity **fair** honorable

18 **fitting for** relevant to

19 **slightly** neglectfully

30 **recorder** civic official in the City of London

32 **inferred** alleged

33 **in…himself** on his own authority

35 **hall** i.e., the Guildhall

37 **the vantage** advantage

39 **general** public/widespread

40 **Argues** demonstrates

41 **even here** at this point **brake** broke

42 **blocks** blockheads, idiots

43 **brethren** members of the town corporation

44 **Intend** pretend, feign fear an intimidating manner/religious veneration/fearfulness

45 **suit** request, entreaty

46 **look** make sure

48 **ground** base melody **descant** accompaniment to or improvised variation on the **ground**, or underlying melody

49 **won** persuaded

50 **maid's** young woman's/virgin's **still** constantly, repeatedly **and take** it yet have sex all the same
52 **for myself** on my own behalf/for my own advantage
53 **issue** outcome
54 **leads** lead-covered flat roof
55 **dance attendance** am being kept waiting, am eager to be seen
61 **bent** occupied, concerned/bent over (in prayer)
62 **suits** affairs, petitions (especially legal)
63 **exercise** prayers
66 **deep** very important, profound **moment** significance
67 **No less importing** concerning no less a matter
71 **lulling** lolling, reclining
73 **dallying** toying sexually, having sex **brace** pair
74 **deep** learned, profoundly wise **divines** priests
75 **engross** fatten
76 **watchful** alert/awake
77 **Happy** fortunate
78 **his grace** plays on the ducal title and on the sense of "divine grace" (suggesting a God-given right to the crown)
80 **defend** forbid
89 **perfect** complete
92 **beads** rosary beads
93 **zealous** pious, devout ***aloft*** i.e., on the upper staging level, or gallery
95 **props** supports
96 **stay** keep **fall of** moral fall caused by
102 **right** rightful/genuine, true/extremely
106 **visitation** visit (especially by an ecclesiastical body); Richard is deliberately employing language with religious connotations
111 **disgracious** disliked
112 **reprehend my ignorance** rebuke me for the fault I am unaware of
115 **Else…land?** Why else do I live as a Christian (if not to amend my faults)?
118 **sceptred** involving the bearing of a royal scepter
119 **state** position, rank/kingship **of fortune** to which fortune entitles you
120 **lineal** hereditary

121 **blemished** morally tainted (through illegitimacy) stock family tree (sense subsequently shifts to “tree trunk”)
124 **want** lack **proper** rightful, own
125 **infamy** bad reputation, disgrace
126 **graft** grafted, i.e., united (as in horticulture) **plants** may pun on “Plantagenet”
127 **shouldered** shoved (possibly “immersed up to the shoulders”) gulf abyss/whirlpool
129 **recure** redress, cure
133 **factor** agent
134 **successively** by right of succession
135 **empery** sovereign dominions
136 **consorted** united, in league
137 **worshipful** honorable/respectful
139 **move** persuade
142 **degree** rank or perhaps “spiritual **condition**” condition social status
143 **not** to I do not **haply** perhaps
144 **yielded** consented
146 **fondly** foolishly
149 **checked** (would have) rebuked
153 **desert Unmeritable** unworthiness
155 **cut away** with sinister connotations of “cut off, killed”
156 **even** direct, smooth
157 **revenue** possession/yield, income
160 **greatness** i.e., kingship
161 **bark** ship brook endure, withstand
162 **in…hid** desire to be enveloped by greatness
163 **vapour** mist/spray
165 **much I need** I would need a great deal (i.e., I am inadequate)
166 **royal tree** i.e., King Edward IV
167 **mellowed** matured **stealing** creeping (forward)
168 **become** suit, befit seat throne
170 **that** what
171 **happy** auspicious, favorable
172 **defend** forbid wring wrench
173 **argues** shows, is evidence of

174 **respects thereof** factors in your argument nice unimportant, trifling

178 **contract…vow** the verbal contract entered into at betrothal was considered binding

180 **substitute** deputy, delegate

181 **sister** sister-in-law

182 **petitioner** Elizabeth Grey catches Edward's eye when she entreats him for the return of her dead husband's lands (see *3 Henry VI*, Act 3 Scene 2)

183 **care-crazed** fraught, worn out with anxiety

186 **purchase** booty, plunder wanton lustful

187 **pitch** height (literally, the highest point in a falcon's flight)

188 **base declension** descent to baseness **bigamy** i.e., because Edward had been engaged to two other women previously

190 **our manners** courtesy

191 **expostulate** expound on, argue about

192 **some alive** i.e., Richard and Edward's mother, the Duchess of York

193 **sparing** considerate, forbearing

195 **benefit** benevolent bestowal dignity honor, high rank, kingship

199 **true-derivèd** legitimate, directly descended

203 **care** duty, trouble, source of anxiety

207 **as** being, because (you are) zeal devotion

210 **effeminate** tender, gentle

212 **estates** social ranks

226 **buckle** i.e., like armor; my back draws attention to Richard's hunched back

230 **sequel** consequences

231 **Your…me** the fact that you forced me shall acquit me mere absolute

241 **Even** just, exactly

Act 4 Scene 1

4.1 ***Location:*** *outside the Tower of London* ***Anne…Gloucester*** i.e., Lady Anne, who has married Richard at some point since his wooing of her in Act 1 Scene 2 ***leading a girl*** probably Clarence's daughter

1 **niece** granddaughter

4 **tender** young

10 **like devotion** same devoted purpose

11 **gratulate** greet, welcome

17 **suffer** allow

22 **bounds** boundaries

25 **in law** i.e., by marriage

27 **office** responsibility, official duty

31 **mother** mother-in-law (of Elizabeth and Anne)

32 **looker-on** beholder **two fair queens** i.e., Elizabeth and Anne (as wife of Richard, who is shortly to be crowned)

33 **straight** (go) straightaway

35 **lace** cords that fastened the tightly laced bodice (often cut when a woman became faint)

36 **pent** confined, penned in

38 **Despiteful** cruel, malicious

44 **Richmond** i.e., Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond (later Henry VII), who had sought refuge in Brittany **from** away from

45 **hie** hurry

47 **thrall** slave

48 **Nor** neither counted accounted, acknowledged

51 **letters…way** i.e., the letters will be sent to Dorset while en route/the letters will ask George Stanley to meet Dorset on the way and assist his journey/the letters will enable Dorset to be introduced to and assisted by Richmond when he reaches Brittany son stepson (Richmond), or possibly Stanley's own son George

53 **ta'en** tardy caught by surprise

54 **ill-dispersing** evil-spreading

56 **cockatrice** basilisk, a mythical reptile that could kill with its gaze

57 **unavoided** unavoidable

60 **inclusive** enclosing verge band, rim

63 **Anointed** anointing with holy oil was a key part of the coronation

66 **To…harm** Do not wish yourself harm just to satisfy my mood

70 **other angel husband** my other (first) husband, who was an angel/my first husband, who was a different (i.e., good) type of angel (implying that Richard is the fallen angel Lucifer)

74 **old** experienced/worn-out

81 **Grossly** stupidly/excessively/coarsely

86 **timorous** full or fear

87 **Warwick** with Clarence, the Earl of Warwick deserted the Yorkist cause

89 **complaining** lamentations

98 **teen** grief, suffering

101 **immured** imprisoned, closed in

103 **Rude** harsh, rough **ragged** rugged, eroded **sullen** dismal, melancholy

105 **So** such/thus **foolish** fond, doting

Act 4 Scene 2

4.2 ***Location:*** *the royal court, London* **pomp** ceremony, splendor, celebration

1 **apart** aside

9 **play the touch** act the touchstone (used to test the validity of gold)

10 **try** test **current** genuine

17 **consequence** outcome

18 **true noble prince** Richard adapts Buckingham's phrase so that it applies to Edward

19 **wont…dull** accustomed to be so stupid

21 **suddenly** immediately

26 **breath** breathing space

27 **positively** definitively, directly

28 **resolve** answer

30 **iron-witted** dull-witted, stupid, obtuse

31 **unrespective** inattentive, disrespectful

32 **considerate** thoughtful

33 **High-reaching** ambitious

37 **close** secret

39 **haughty** proud, aspiring

40 **orators** persuasive speakers

45 **deep-revolving** deeply thoughtful, musing **witty** sharp, clever

46 **counsels** secrets, confidences

47 **held out** kept up

55 **take order** make arrangements **close** shut away

56 **mean** humble, low-ranking

58 **The boy** i.e., Clarence's son

59 **how thou dream'st** i.e., pay attention (perhaps Catesby is shocked) **give out** make it known

61 **it…upon** it is very important for me

63 **brother's daughter** i.e., Edward IV's daughter Elizabeth

67 **pluck on** draw on

68 **Tear-falling pity** mercy, compassion that induces weeping

72 **Prove** test, try

73 **friend** plays on the sense of "relative"

78 **deal upon** deal with, act against

80 **open** unrestricted

83 **token** some symbol of authority, perhaps a ring

84 **There…so** that is all there is to it

85 **prefer** advance, promote

88 **late** recent **sound me in** ask me about

91 **he** i.e., Richmond

93 **pawned** pledged

94 **movables** portable property

96 **look to** beware, watch

97 **answer** be answerable for

101 **peevish** foolish, childish

103 **resolve** answer, satisfy

104 **vein** mood

108 **Brecknock** Brecon in Wales, Buckingham’s family seat

Act 4 Scene 3

2 **arch** extreme, foremost

4 **suborn** bribe

5 **ruthful** lamentable, sad

6 **fleshed** experienced (hunting term referring to feeding hounds raw meat to excite them for the chase)

8 **their…story** in telling the sad story of their deaths

10 **girdling** hugging, encircling

11 **alabaster** i.e., white (the substance was often used for human figures that formed part of funeral monuments)

15 **Which one** which, which thing

18 **replenishèd** complete, perfect

19 **prime** first **framed** created

20 **gone** overcome

22 **bloody** bloodthirsty

25 **gave in charge** ordered

33 **soon and** i.e., soon

34 **process** account, story

36 **be…desire** you shall get what you wish

39 **close** securely, privately

40 **meanly…marriage** I have married to a low-ranking man

41 **Abraham's bosom** i.e., heaven

43 **for** because **Breton** from Brittany (where Richmond is taking refuge)

45 **by that knot** through that marriage

48 **bluntly** unceremoniously, abruptly

49 **Morton** John Morton, Bishop of Ely (whom Richard asks for strawberries in Act 3 scene 4)

50 **hardy** bold, resolute

51 **power** army

52 **near** deeply

53 **rash-levied** rapidly mustered

54 **fearful commenting** nervous talk

55 **leaden servitor** the slow servant

56 **leads** precedes, generates **beggary** ruin

57 **expedition** speed, quick action

58 **Jove's Mercury** swift messenger of Jove, king of the Roman gods

59 **My…shield** the best advice is to arm myself/arms shall be my advisers (i.e., let us not waste time discussing matters)

60 **brief** swift **brave the field** challenge us on the battlefield

Act 4 Scene 4

4.4 ***Location:*** *unspecified; probably somewhere near the royal court*

1 **mellow** ripen

3 **confines** regions, territories (of England)

5 **induction** introduction, opening scene

6 **consequence** unfolding events and their conclusion

10 **unblowed** young and unopened, not yet in bloom **sweets** flowers/dear ones

12 **in doom perpetual** eternally in the place appointed for you

15 **right for right** even-handed justice

17 **crazed** cracked

19 **Edward Plantagenet** could refer to Edward IV or his son

20 **quit** requite, repay

21 **Edward for Edward** probably refers to Elizabeth's son and Margaret's (with Henry VI)

23 **entrails** insides, intestines

25 **Harry** Henry VI (Margaret's husband)

27 **grave's…usurped** i.e., one who should have died but remains living

28 **abstract** summary/epitome

29 **lawful** own proper, that is rightfully England's

31 **thou** i.e., the earth afford offer

36 **seniory** seniority

37 **on…hand** from the superior position

38 **admit society** permit company

39 **Edward** Margaret's son with Henry VI (murdered by Richard, Edward IV and Clarence; see *3 Henry VI*, Act 5 Scene 5)

40 **husband** Henry VI (murdered by Richard; see 3 Henry VI, Act 5 Scene 6)

41 **Edward** Elizabeth's eldest son with Edward IV

42 **Richard** Elizabeth's second son, the young Duke of York

43 **Richard** the Duke of York, the Duchess' husband (killed by Margaret and Clifford; see *3 Henry VI*, Act 1 Scene 4)

44 **Rutland** the Duchess' youngest son (murdered by Clifford; see *3 Henry IV*, Act 1 Scene 3) **holp'st** helped

48 **teeth…eyes** i.e., could bite before he could see properly; Richard was born with teeth

49 **worry** seize by the throat

50 **defacer…handiwork** i.e., murderer (perhaps also alludes to Richard's own deformed physique)

51 **gallèd** irritated, swollen (from weeping)

52 **excellent** supreme

54 **upright** righteous, just **true-disposing** arranging all justly

55 **carnal cur** flesh-eating dog

56 **issue** offspring, children

57 **pew-fellow** fellow mourner **moan** lamentations, grief

58 **triumph** glory, exult

61 **cloy me** gorge myself

62 **Thy Edward** Edward IV **my Edward** Margaret's son with Henry VI

63 **other Edward** Elizabeth's eldest son with Edward IV

64 **Young York** Elizabeth's second son, the young Duke of York **but boot** merely added to make up the total **both they** Edward IV and his eldest son

65 **perfection…loss** completeness, extent of the loss I experience/excellence of the people I have lost

67 **frantic** mad, frenzied

68 **Th'adulterate** the adulterous (Hastings; refers to his affair with Jane Shore)

70 **intelligencer** spy, secret agent

71 **Only reserved** solely kept alive (to be)/exclusively selected (as) **factor** agent, representative

80 **bottled** swollen (with venom), rounded, bottle-shaped **bunch-backed** hunchbacked

81 **vain flourish** meaningless, frivolous adornment

82 **shadow** illusory, fragile image/actor **painted** artificial/made-up with cosmetics

83 **presentation** imitation

84 **flattering index** deceptively attractive prologue **pageant** play

86 **mocked** taunted/imitated, playacted

87 **dream** mere image flag army's identifying banner, highly visible in battle/type of flower belonging to the iris family

89 **sign** mere symbol/military banner **dignity** monarchy

90 **in jest** for entertainment/pretend **fill the** fulfill the requirements of/make up numbers in

93 **sues** pays court, entreats

94 **bending** bowing/yielding

95 **troops** retinues

96 **Decline** go through in order (grammatical term)

97 **For** instead of

98 **name** i.e., of mother

100 **caitiff** wretch **care** troubles, grief

101 **of** by

104 **course…about** an image that recalls the popular conception of **fortune** as a wheel that raised humans up and cast them down as it came full circle

105 **very** absolute

106 **thought** i.e., memory

113 **mischance** misfortune

117 **Forbear** refrain, refuse

121 **Bett'ring** amplifying **bad causer** person responsible for the evil

122 **Revolving** considering, reflecting on

123 **dull** lifeless, sluggish/blunt **quicken** enliven/sharpen

126 **Windy…woes** (words are) empty, wind-blown representatives of the grief of the speakers

127 **intestine** internal (both in the sense of “experienced within” and in the sense of “digestive,” the latter making words into farts)

129 **scope** range, room

134 **exclaims** outcries, exclamations

135 **expedition** military enterprise/haste

136 **might** i.e., should

138 **From** i.e., to prevent

140 **branded** i.e., branded with

141 **owed** owned

143 **villain** wicked one/servant

148 **flourish** trumpet fanfare (usually signaling the arrival or departure of a person in authority) **alarum** call to arms

149 **tell-tale** prattling

150 **Rail** rant **lord's anointed** i.e., the king, supposedly chosen by God and anointed with holy oil at the coronation to signify this

151 **entreat** me fair plead with me courteously

152 **report** loud noise, specifically the explosion of a gun or cannon

156 **impatience** anger

157 **condition** temperament

158 **brook…reproof** bear the language of rebuke

163 **stayed** waited

166 **rood** cross

169 **Tetchy** fretful wayward willful, obstinate

170 **frightful** frightening desp'rate reckless

171 **prime** early years

172 **age confirmed** maturity

173 **kind in hatred** concealing hatred in kindness (kind may play on the sense of “natural”)

174 **comfortable** cheerful, comforting

176 **Humphrey** Hour unclear; possibly a reference to “dining with Duke Humphrey,” which meant going hungry, or perhaps an actual person is meant grace puns on graced

177 **forth** out

186 **ordinance** law (plays on the sense of “artillery”)

187 **turn** return

191 **tire** may it weigh heavy on, exhaust

192 **complete** full, well-equipped

195 **Whisper** whisper to

198 **serves** supplies/accompanies **doth** i.e., will

205 **level** aim, set your target sights

209 **manners** morals/courteous habits

210 **false** unfaithful

211 **veil** shroud (usually associated with either modesty or mourning)

212 **So** provided of by

216 **safest…birth** only safeguarded by her high birth

218 **opposite** hostile, antagonistic

219 **friends** also “relatives” contrary opposed

220 **unavoided** unavoidable **doom** decree/destined judgment/condemnation

221 **avoided grace** an absence of God's grace (i.e., Richard)

222 **fairer** better/nobler/more just

225 **cozened** cheated

227 **Whose hand soever** whoever’s hand **lanched** pierced

228 **head** brain/instigation/command **all indirectly** through indirect means (plays on the sense of “wrongly”)

232 **But…use** did not the constant experience

235 **bay** cove, inlet/point at which the cornered deer turns to face the hounds pursuing it

236 **poor bark** shabby, ill-equipped ship **tackling** rigging **reft** deprived

237 **Rush** am dashed

238 **thrive I** may I thrive **enterprise** military undertaking

239 **dangerous success** risky outcome

240 **As** only as far as

242 **covered…heaven** i.e., concealed by God

243 **discovered** revealed

244 **Th’advancement** the promotion, favoring (Elizabeth responds to the literal sense)

245 **scaffold** raised platform on which executions took place

246 **dignity** honor, high rank

247 **type** symbol, emblem

248 **Flatter** increase, pander to/alleviate, mollify

249 **state** high rank

250 **demise** convey, transfer (legal term)

251 **Even** exactly

252 **endow** bestow upon/give as a dowry

253 **So** if **Lethe** in Greek mythology, the river in the underworld that induced forgetfulness in any who drank from or were immersed in it

254 **remembrance** memory

256 **process** story, narrative

257 **telling** in the telling date duration, end

259 **thinks** i.e., believes

261 **from** Elizabeth now shifts the sense to “away from, at variance with”

264 **confound** overturn, destroy

270 **How** what

273 **humour** temperament

277 **engrave** inscribe (plays on the sense of “place in the grave”)

278 **haply** probably/perhaps

279 **sometime** once, formerly

282 **purple** blood-red

283 **withal** with it

286 **mad'st away** disposed of, killed

288 **conveyance** removal, dispatch (playing on the senses of "stealing" and "deceit, trickery")

292 **shape** appearance/role/disguise

296 **spoil** booty gained from plunder

297 **Look what** whatever

298 **deal** act, behave (plays on the sense of "kill")

299 **after-hours** later moments

302 **issue** offspring, children

303 **quicken** give life to **increase** descendants, children **beget** conceive

304 **upon** by

308 **mettle** substance, spirit, temperament

309 **Of all one** causing the same amount of

310 **of her** by the younger Elizabeth (Queen Elizabeth's daughter) **bid like sorrow** endured similar pain

315 **would** would like to

316 **can** am able (to offer)

322 **Familiarly** as a family member

328 **orient** shining

329 **Advantaging** adding to the value of **their love** the love that caused the tears to be shed

331 **mother** mother-in-law

332 **bold** confident, prepared (with connotations of "sexually ready")

341 **retail** relate, retell

342 **victoress** female victor **Caesar's Caesar** i.e., the conqueror of the victor

344 **lord** husband

349 **Infer** allege, give as a reason

350 **purchase…war** pay for with everlasting (personal) strife

352 **That** i.e., a relationship (uncle/niece) considered by the Church as incestuous **king's** king i.e., God

354 **vail** lower (in submission), yield

356 **title** claim (plays on the sense of "queen's title")

357 **in force** in place, active (perhaps with sinister play on "enforce")

358 **fairly** justly/in safety

362 **loathes** puns on low

363 **in** on

364 **speeds** succeeds **plainly** honestly/in simple terms, without adornment

367 **quick** hasty (Elizabeth plays on the sense of “alive” when she responds with its opposite: dead)

368 **too** puns on “two” deep profound, learned (sense then shifts to “deep down, buried”)

371 **heart-strings** tendons or nerves supposed to brace the heart, hence intense feelings (puns on “harp strings”)

372 **my George** the image of Saint George, patron saint of England, that formed part of the insignia of the Order of the Garter, the highest order of knighthood in England garter band tied around the leg to keep up hosiery; Knights of the Garter wore a blue and gold one below the left knee

376 **his** its

382 **self-misused** disgraced, abused by yourself

389 **him** i.e., God

390 **unity** i.e., reconciliation between court factions in Act 2 Scene 1

391 **hadst** would have

400 **o’erpast** past

402 **Hereafter time** the future

404 **Ungoverned** parentless, without a father’s control **wail…age** lament it in their maturity/throughout their lifetime

406 **with** along with

410 **So thrive I** to the same extent may I thrive

411 **Myself myself confound** may I destroy myself

414 **opposite** hostile, adversarial

415 **proceeding** course of action

417 **tender not** do not love, hold dear princely royal

425 **attorney** representative, pleader of a cause

426 **Plead** offer as a plea in court

427 **my deserts** what I deserve

428 **times** affairs/the present time

429 **great designs** important affairs, the business of state (plays on the sense of “schemes aimed at attaining power”)

430 **of** by

432 **forget…myself** forget my anguish and the wrongs done to me in order to be mother of a monarch

433 **if…yourself** if remembering yourself (i.e., collecting your wits/remembering your wrongs) compromises your future

436 **spicery** spices

437 **recomforture** new comfort

441 **mind** opinion, intention

446 **puissant** mighty, powerful

447 **doubtful** fearful/unreliable hollow-hearted false, insincere

449 **their** i.e., the attacking navy’s

450 **hull** float with sails furled

452 **light-foot** swift-footed post hurry

458 **unmindful** inattentive

463 **strength and power** army

464 **suddenly** immediately Salisbury town in Wiltshire, southwest England

472 **well** easily, readily

473 **Hoyday** exclamation of contemptuous impatience

475 **nearest** most direct

479 **White-livered runagate** cowardly renegade, runaway

484 **chair** throne **sword** official sword of office **unswayed** not wielded

485 **empire** kingdom **unpossessed** not inherited/not ruled

488 **makes he** is he doing

489 **that** i.e., the crown

490 **for that** because

491 **the Welshman** i.e., Richmond, grandson of the Welsh Owen Tudor and Katherine of Valois (widow of Henry V)

494 **power** army

495 **tenants** who would have been required to undertake military service for their lord

499 **Cold** unfriendly, distant (plays on the fact that the north of England often undergoes cold weather)

502 **Pleaseth** if it please

508 **hold** consider, deem

511 **Look** make sure

512 **assurance** safety

515 **advertisèd** informed

520 **competitors** associates, allies
523 **owls** thought to be birds of ill omen, whose cry portended death
526 **fall of waters** i.e. heavy rain, storms
530 **cry thee mercy** beg your pardon
532 **well-advisèd** prudent
541 **assistants** supporters
543 **his party** Richmond’s faction
544 **Hoised** hoisted
548 **taken** captured
550 **Milford** Milford Haven, on the coast of southwest Wales
551 **colder** less welcome
552 **reason** talk

Act 4 Scene 5

4.5 ***Location:*** *unspecified; possibly Stanley's home in the north of England, to which Richard sent him to muster troops, or his London residence*

2 **sty** pen **boar** i.e., Richard

3 **franked** penned **hold** custody

8 **espouse** marry

10 **Pembroke** town in southwest Wales, just south of Milford Haven

Ha'rfordwest Haverfordwest, a town north of Milford Haven

11 **name** rank/reputation **resort** gather

14 **redoubted** revered/feared **Pembroke** Earl of Pembroke (Richmond's uncle)

15 **Rice** i.e., Rhys

17 **bend** direct

18 **by** on

20 **resolve…mind** explain my intentions

Act 5 Scene 1

5.1 ***Location:*** *Salisbury*

5 **miscarrièd** come to harm, died

7 **moody** angry

10 **All Souls' day** November 2, the day in the Church calendar devoted to prayer for the souls of the dead

13 **This…allies** Buckingham refers to his speech in Act 2 Scene 1, in which, following the formal reconciliation of court factions, he wished to be punished with treacherous friends if he was ever disloyal to Elizabeth and her allies

19 **determined respite of** ordained end to the postponement in punishing

20 **all-seer** i.e., God **dallied with** trifled with, mocked

21 **feignèd** insincere, pretend

22 **in jest** in pretense

28 **block** execution block

Act 5 Scene 2

5.2 ***Location:*** *Tamworth, in the East Midlands*

3 **bowels** center, inmost part

5 **father** stepfather

8 **spoiled** stripped, despoiled

9 **Swills** gulps **wash** pig food

10 **emboweled** disemboweled

12 **Leicester** chief town of Leicestershire, east of Tamworth

14 **cheerly** cheerfully, hopefully

16 **sharp** harsh, merciless

18 **homicide** murderer

22 **vantage** advantage

24 **meaner** humbler

Act 5 Scene 3

5.3 ***Location:*** *Bosworth Field, to the east of Leicester*

2 **sad** solemn, grave

6 **knocks** hard blows

9 **all's…that** it doesn't matter, it makes no difference

10 **descried** discovered, seen

12 **battalia** army **account** number

14 **want** lack

16 **vantage…ground** best position for military action

17 **sound direction** good tactical judgment

21 **tract** traces, streaks **car** chariot (which in classical mythology was driven by the sun god)

23 **standard** flag, military banner

25 **form and model** arrangement and ground plan

26 **Limit** appoint, designate **several** separate, respective **charge** duty

27 **part…proportion** distribute evenly

30 **keeps** stays with

35 **quartered** encamped

36 **colours** identifying battle flags

42 **needful** urgent

52 **beaver** helmet's visor **easier** looser, moving more efficiently

53 **into** in

55 **hie** hasten **charge** duty/post

59 **warrant** assure, guarantee

62 **pursuivant at arms** officer attendant on a herald, i.e., messenger

66 **watch** watch light, a slow-burning candle or one marked at regular divisions to measure the passing of time/guard, watchman

67 **Surrey** the name of a horse

68 **staves** staffs used as weapons sound in good condition

73 **cockshut** time dusk, twilight (when poultry are cooped up)

74 **cheering up** encouraging, rallying

76 **alacrity** readiness, sharpness

77 **wont** used, accustomed

78 **it** presumably the wine

82 **arm me** put on my armor

83 **helm** helmet

85 **father-in-law** stepfather

87 **attorney** proxy

90 **flaky** streaked with light

91 **season** time of day

93 **th'arbitrement** the decision, final judgment

94 **mortal-staring** deathly faced, with fatal gaze

95 **that…would** what I would like to do (i.e., fight openly on your side)

96 **With…time** with every opportunity I get, I will be strategically duplicitous (toward Richard)

97 **doubtful shock** clash of forces, the outcome of which is uncertain/frightening military encounter

98 **forward** eager

99 **brother** stepbrother **tender** young

101 **leisure** time available

103 **ample interchange** full exchange **sweet discourse** pleasant conversation

104 **sundered** separated

108 **with** against

109 **peise** weigh

112 **account** consider

113 **gracious** filled with divine grace/favorable

114 **irons** swords

119 **watchful** wakeful ***Prince Edward*** son of Margaret and Henry VI

124 **despair** experience spiritual hopelessness (thought to precede suicide)

127 **issue** child, offspring

128 **anointed** marked with holy oil, the sign of monarchy

129 **punchèd** punctured, pierced

130 **Tower** of London, where Henry was murdered (see *3 Henry VI*, Act 5 Scene 6)

136 **washed** i.e., drowned (in a cask of malmsey, a strong sweet wine)

fulsome nauseating/an abundant quantity of

139 **fall** drop, let fall **edgeless** blunt, useless

142 **battle** army

156 **laid** buried

160 **annoy** injury, harm

164 **quiet** peaceful

176 **Fainting** staggering, losing consciousness/losing heart **yield** give up

180 **Richard** may Richard

182 **Soft** wait

184 **lights burn blue** thought to be a sign of the presence of ghosts

185 **drops** i.e., of sweat

191 **Wherefore**? Why?

197 **several** different, separate

198 **brings** in introduces (as evidence)

202 **used…degree** committed at every degree of severity

203 **th'bar** i.e., of the court

204 **creature** person/minion created through favor, i.e., not a genuine supporter

209 **threat** threaten

217 **shadows** something insubstantial (Richard shifts the sense to "ghosts")

221 **proof** impenetrable armor

224 **shrink from** i.e., desert

226 **Cry mercy** forgive me **watchful** alert/protective, guarding

227 **ta'en** caught

233 **cried on** invoked, called out to

234 **jocund** lively, joyful

239 **said** already said, said before

240 **leisure** time available **enforcement** constraints

244 **bulwarks** fortifications

245 **except** excepted

249 **raised** promoted (to the throne) **established** confirmed in power

250 **made means** contrived, grasped opportunities, used any resource

252 **stone** jewel **foil** setting for a jewel (designed to highlight the jewel's beauty)

253 **chair** throne **falsely** wrongfully, treacherously/artificially

256 **ward** protect

260 **fat** wealth, prosperous growth **hire** recompense

264 **quits** requites, repays **age** old age

266 **Advance your standards** raise your battle flags

267 **the…face** i.e., if I fail the only ransom to be paid for me shall be my death (noblemen captured in war were often released on payment of a ransom)

269 **thrive** succeed/live

272 **Saint George** patron saint of England

273 **touching** regarding

278 **Tell** count (the chimes of) **calendar** almanac, containing astrological predictions that dealt with meteorology

281 **book** almanac

282 **braved the east** i.e., risen **braved** made splendid/challenged

283 **black** dark, gloomy/evil, disastrous

286 **lour** glower, threaten darkly

287 **from** not on

290 **sadly** solemnly

291 **vaunts** flaunts itself proudly

292 **Caparison** harness, equip

296 **foreward** vanguard, front line of troops drawn extended

297 **horse and foot** cavalry and infantry, horsemen and foot soldiers

301 **directed** positioned, deployed

302 **puissance** power

303 **wingèd** flanked **chiefest horse** best cavalry

304 **to boot** (to support us) as well

307 **Jockey** contraction of “John-kin,” a nickname for “John” (Norfolk’s first name)

308 **Dickon** diminutive of Dick, i.e., Richard **bought and sold** betrayed for a bribe

315 **join** join battle **pell-mell** with headlong haste/at close quarters, with hand-to-hand combat

317 **inferred** stated

318 **cope** fight, grapple

319 **sort** gang

321 **o’er-cloyèd** overfull and sickened

325 **restrain** deprive you of **distain** defile, soil, rape

326 **fellow** with lower-class connotations

327 **Bretagne** Brittany **mother’s** an error (for “brother’s”) that appears in the second edition of Shakespeare’s major source, Holinshed’s *Chronicles;* just conceivably “mother” might refer to “mother England”

328 **milksop** weak, cowardly person/infant still on a milk diet

329 **over-shoes in snow** when snow is above the level of one’s shoes

330 **whip these stragglers** i.e., as vagabonds were whipped out of the parish by a local official

331 **Lash** hence whip away from here **overweening** ambitious, overreaching **rags** vagrants/old scraps

333 **but** were it not for **fond exploit** foolish military undertaking

334 **want** lack

337 **land** with connotations of “sexual territory,” i.e., wives and daughters **bobbed and thumped** beaten, pounded/had sex with, raped (their women)

338 **on** record as is officially recorded **the…shame** in disgrace/illegitimate children

339 **Lie** have sex with

340 **Ravish** rape

341 **yeomen** property-owning men below the level of gentlemen

343 **proud** splendid/rearing blood i.e., the **blood** drawn from spurring the horses so hard

344 **Amaze** terrify, alarm, bewilder **welkin** sky **broken** i.e., shattered from energetic use

346 **deny** refuse

348 **past the marsh** i.e., advancing

350 **great** full of emotion

352 **word of courage** i.e., battle cry

353 **spleen** fury **dragons** Saint George was famed for the legendary killing of a dragon ***Alarum*, *excursions*** trumpet call to arms and bouts of fighting across the stage

356 **a** man is humanly possible

357 **Daring an opposite** defying an enemy

363 **set…cast** gambled my life on the throw of a die

364 **stand** await, endure **hazard** chance **die** singular of dice (with connotations of death)

365 **six Richmonds** probably refers to the military precaution of disguising other soldiers as their commander

370 **acquit thee** acquitted yourself

371 **royalties** emblems of sovereignty, i.e., the crown

379 **name** rank

382 **become their births** befits their social standing

385 **ta’en the sacrament** confirmed an oath by taking Holy Communion

386 **unite…red** i.e., unite the Houses of Lancaster (symbolized by a red rose) and York (a white rose) by marrying Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV

387 **conjunction** union (literally, proximity of planets)

393 **sire** father

397 **succeeders** inheritors, heirs

398 **ordinance** decree

402 **Abate** blunt edge sword edge

403 **reduce** bring back

405 **increase** growth, harvest, prosperity

407 **stopped** staunched, stopped from bleeding/no longer inflicted

THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF KING HENRY THE EIGHTH

Henry the Eighth, coauthored with John Fletcher, is the only English history play of the second half of Shakespeare's career, when his men were under the patronage of King James I. Written at a time of nostalgia for the age of Queen Elizabeth, the action comes to a climax when a doll representing the newborn future queen is brought on stage, her reign as a "maiden phoenix" is predicted, and her chosen successor, King James, is praised. "A pattern to all princes," she is later described as one who "shall make it Holy-day": such language suggests how the English Protestant cult of the Virgin Queen derived some of its power from the way in which it reworked the Roman Catholic cult of the Virgin Mary.

The speech is spoken by the princess' godfather, Thomas Cranmer, famous as the architect of the English Reformation and a martyr burned to death in the reign of bloody Queen Mary: the linking of the infant Elizabeth to Protestant ideology could not be more strongly expressed. Though the final scene was written by Fletcher, Cranmer's subsequent image of a "cedar" tree as a representation of the royal genealogical line replicates a prophecy spoken by the god Jupiter in Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*. Events in *Henry the Eighth* do not, however, seem to have been driven by that sense of destiny, of a providential design leading to the establishment of a new dynasty, which shaped Shakespeare's earlier chronicle plays. The emphasis is rather on the vicissitudes of court life. The play's structure is built on an apparently arbitrary pattern of rises and falls: Buckingham falls, Anne Bullen rises, Wolsey rises, Katherine falls, Wolsey falls, Cranmer rises. Again, as Wolsey goes down, Thomas Cromwell comes up: Anne Bullen is "the weight" on this pulley of fortune. There is some skilled compression of history for the sake of dramatic effect: in the play, the fall of Cardinal Wolsey and the triple elevation of Thomas More, Thomas Cranmer, and Anne Bullen effectively work as a single event, whereas in reality these three came to eminence in, respectively, 1529, 1532, and 1533. Wolsey actually died in 1530, three years before the coronation of Anne as Henry's second queen.

Though grounded in history, the pattern of ascent and descent is analogous to that of romance, with its highs and lows, its voyages and reunions, things lost and found. The play was originally staged under the title *All is True*, a wittily ironic pointer to its fantastical moments, such as Queen Katherine's divine vision, which can hardly be literally true. Shakespeare and Fletcher may have chosen to infuse their play with the spirit of romance, so far from the tough world of the Richard and the other Henry plays, in order to create a safety zone that was necessary because *Henry the Eighth* dramatizes the still contentious issue over which England broke from the Church of Rome, the replacement of Queen Katherine with Anne Bullen. The crux of the action is the fall of Wolsey, mediator between the king and the pope. It becomes the occasion not to pass judgment on the rights and wrongs of the Reformation, but for a generalized reflection on the fickleness of fortune and the fruitlessness of hanging "on princes' favors." *Henry the Eighth* was a great favorite on the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century stage. That was partly because of the opportunity for spectacle provided by the coronation and the play's other scenes of procession and court business. But it was also because of the opportunity given to actors by Wolsey's great set-piece, "Farewell? A long farewell to all my greatness…"

Shakespeare's Elizabethan history plays were dominated by wars, either civil or on French soil, and battles for succession to the crown. They were written in times of war when the question of the succession to Elizabeth was deeply troubling to the nation. *Henry the Eighth*, by contrast, was written after several years of peace. Indeed, King James regarded himself as an international peacemaker. Furthermore, he was a married king, so there was no anxiety about the succession, despite the nation's sorrow at the premature death of his eldest son, Prince Henry, in November 1612. The wedding of the king's daughter, Princess Elizabeth, to Frederick the Elector Palatine, the most prominent Protestant ruler in continental Europe, was postponed until February 1613 so as not to be overshadowed by the funeral. *Henry the Eighth*, a play with both a royal death and a royal wedding, was written in the next few months.

Despite the Protestant match for the princess, there were anxieties about a possible revival of Roman Catholicism: the religious allegiance of James' queen was a matter of public interest about which rumors circulated. And there was considerable concern over court favorites, as different factions jostled for power. Ever since the spectacular entrance procession of King James into London at the beginning of his reign, the new court had displayed its power through pageantry. The theater played a key role here. The king, his family and his courtiers participated actively in masques, and, in their new capacity as the King's Men, Shakespeare and his fellows were frequently called upon to play at court. All these concerns are woven into the fabric of *Henry the Eighth*, making it a distinctively Jacobean drama.

Kingly authority is asserted by pageantry, but also by the ruthless axing of counselors who have served their purpose. Buckingham says of York that "no man's pie is freed / From his ambitious finger," a sentiment that could apply to any one of the play's thrusting courtiers as they jostle for the top seat at the table of power. A stage direction in the third act is typical both of the world of the drama and the environment that Shakespeare would have experienced when he took his men to play at court: "*Exit King, frowning upon the Cardinal; the nobles throng after him, smiling and whispering.*"

The question inevitably raised is whether or not the personal authority of the monarch is absolute. In order to please the courtly audience it was necessary for Shakespeare and Fletcher to follow a broadly pro-Henry line, but there do seem to be moments when a critique of the conscience of the king is built into the action. Specifically, a series of puns on words such as "prick" and "rule" imply that his policy is being determined by his sex drive as much as his desire to serve and shape his nation. The king clearly suffers a failure of "temperance," a key Protestant virtue, in relation to Anne. And at the most elementary structural level, there is a tension between the representation of the two queens and the state ideology of Protestantism. Katherine of Aragon is the Catholic queen who becomes a near-saint granted a divine vision, while Anne, the trigger for the Reformation, is given a very small part and serves primarily as an object of sexual desire. Equally, although the chancellorship of Sir Thomas More only figures briefly in the play, there is a clear allusion to his subsequent martyrdom for the Catholic cause:

But he's a learnèd man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience, that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on him.

Shakespeare's late plays share a fascination with the very different directions in which poetic language may lead. Elaborate rhetoric and honeyed words reveal how the verbal arts are tools for preferment and power. Words are both baits for advancement and means of getting off the hook: "may it like your grace / To let my tongue excuse all." On other occasions, there is a plangent poetry of withdrawal, of retirement from the courtly fray. How is one to achieve inner peace in this world of political turmoil? The courtiers have varying degrees of success in their attempts to learn the Senecan art of patience, of using soliloquy and self-examination as a means of coming to terms with the buffets of political fortune. For Queen Katherine, uniquely, there is a moment of transcendence and divine vision. But it is only a moment, ending with a dissolution analogous to that of Prospero's masque in *The Tempest:* "Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone? / And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?"

The voice that is absent from *Henry the Eighth* is the one that was so forceful in *Henry IV* and *Henry V:* the commoners, whose plain prose pricks the bubble of pretentious courtly language. As in *The Winter's Tale*, gentlemen are brought on stage in the role of witnesses. But there are no equivalents to *The Winter's Tale's* lower-class characters of Shepherd and Clown. The only prose intervention belongs to a porter in the final act, who hears the hubbub of young gallants outside the closed door of the council chambers. "These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitter apples," he remarks, perhaps implying that of the three audiences for whom Shakespeare and Fletcher were writing—the court, the select company of the indoor Blackfriars theater and the mass public who paid a penny to stand in the yard of the Globe—it is the first two who now interest them more. Insofar as the play does explore the consciousness of the low born, it is when commoners such as Cromwell and above all Wolsey—son of a provincial butcher—become "great" men, provoking the enmity of the dukes and earls born to ermine. At some level, Shakespeare—son of a provincial glover who had close links with butcher's business—is reflecting upon his own extraordinary rise. Fletcher, by contrast, was born into a higher social echelon; he and Beaumont did write for the public stage, but always with a particular eye to the court audience.

There was, perhaps, a particular frisson when the play was performed at the Blackfriars, since this was the very location of the trial of Queen Katherine. But there is no doubt that *Henry the Eighth* was also played at the Globe soon after it was written. At a performance in June 1613, when "chambers" (small cannon) were discharged in the fourth scene, the theater burned down. One of the several surviving accounts of the fire, by the diplomat Sir Henry Wotton, combines reportage with a perceptive reading of the play:

> Now, to let matters of state sleep, I will entertain you at the present with what has happened this week at the Bank's side. The King's players had a new play, called *All is True*, representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry VIII, which was set forth with many extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty, even to the matting of the stage; the Knights of the Order with their Georges and garters, the Guards with their embroidered coats, and the like: sufficient in truth within a while to make greatness very familiar, if not ridiculous. Now, King Henry making a masque at the Cardinal Wolsey's house, and certain chambers being shot off at his entry, some of the paper, or other stuff, wherewith one of them was stopped, did light on the thatch, where being thought at first but an idle smoke, and their eyes more attentive to the show, it kindled inwardly, and ran round like a train, consuming within less than an hour the whole house to the very grounds. This was the fatal period of that virtuous fabric, wherein yet nothing did perish but wood and straw, and a few forsaken cloaks; only one man had his breeches set on fire, that would perhaps have broiled him, if he had not by the benefit of a provident wit put it out with bottle ale.

Wotton's account reveals how much care the King's Men took in their efforts to represent "pomp and majesty" on stage: from the matting on the floor to the garters and crosses of Saint George on the costumes, everything is contrived "to make greatness very familiar." Intriguingly, though, the effect of transforming royal processions through Whitehall and Westminster into passages of a play on the matted stage of a thatched theater in the margins of Southwark is also to make greatness seem just a little ridiculous. The representation of the intrinsic theatricality of state power hints at its flimsiness, its reliance on the same mechanisms of show as those of the theater. Wotton's insight serves as an epilogue not just on *Henry the Eighth* but on Shakespeare's whole sequence of English history plays: on his stage, the people of England became intimately familiar for the first time with the story of their great ones, and at the same time they learned—through laughter and through debate—to respect the structures of greatness just a little less. Having witnessed the fall of lords and even monarchs on the boards of the Globe, they were ready some forty years later to erect a scaffold in Whitehall and witness the fall of an axe on the head of a real king, Charles I.

KEY FACTS

AUTHORSHIP: A collaboration between Shakespeare and John Fletcher. Neither the First Folio nor any contemporary reference mentions **joint authorship**, but many stylistic studies, the first of them published in 1850, have decisively revealed two hands in the composition. Alfred Lord Tennyson was apparently the first to realize that the coauthor was Fletcher. The different tests of verbal preferences (e.g., *you* versus *ye*, *them* versus ’em) and poetic techniques (e.g., pause patterns, feminine endings, extra monosyllables in pentameter lines) have shown remarkable unanimity in dividing the scenes in the following clear pattern of alternation:

1.1, 1.2	Shakespeare
1.3, 1.4, 2.1, 2.2	Fletcher
2.3, 2.4	Shakespeare
3.1	Fletcher
3.2.1–250	Shakespeare
3.2.251–533, 4.1, 4.2	Fletcher
5.1	Shakespeare
5.2, 5.3, 5.4	Fletcher

Prologue and Epilogue: probably Fletcher, but too short for statistically reliable analysis.

Some scholars have argued that 2.1, 2.2, the second half of 3.2, 4.1 and 4.2 were originally by Shakespeare, but touched up by Fletcher.

TITLE: Three contemporary accounts of the early performance when the Globe caught fire (see “Date,” below) refer to the play as *All is True;* another calls it “the play of Hen: 8.” This suggests that it was originally advertised along the lines of “All is True: The Famous

History of King Henry the Eighth,” but the Folio editors opted for simply *The Famous History of the Life of King HENRY the Eight*.

PLOT: The Duke of Norfolk tells Buckingham of the meeting between Henry VIII and Francis I of France at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. On the instigation of Cardinal Wolsey, Buckingham is arrested for high treason. The Queen interrupts the indictment of Buckingham to demand that the king rescind a tax imposed by Wolsey to finance the French war. At a party held by Wolsey, Henry meets Anne Bullen and falls in love with her. Buckingham is tried and executed. The Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk fail to turn the king against Wolsey. Henry, questioning the legality of his marriage to Katherine, sets up a tribunal, presided over by Wolsey and the papal representative Cardinal Campeius. Anne Bullen is made Marchioness of Pembroke. Katherine walks out of the tribunal, and demands that the case be decided in Rome. Wolsey and Campeius fail to convince the queen to throw herself on the king’s mercy. Anne secretly marries Henry. A conspiracy by the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk to disgrace Wolsey is successful, and Wolsey falls. Cranmer is appointed Archbishop of Canterbury. Katherine is divorced, Anne is crowned queen. Katherine is told of Wolsey’s death, and she herself dies. Anne gives birth to a girl, who will grow up to become Queen Elizabeth. Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, attempts to indict Cranmer for heresy. He fails through Henry’s intervention. Elizabeth is christened and Cranmer predicts the glory of her reign.

MAJOR PARTS: *(with percentage of lines/number of speeches/scenes on stage)* Henry VIII (14%/ 81/9), Cardinal Wolsey (14%/79/7), Queen Katherine (12%/50/4), Duke of Norfolk (7%/48/5), Duke of Buckingham (6%/26/2), Lord Chamberlain (5%/38/7), Thomas Cranmer (4%/21/4), Duke of Suffolk (3%/30/4), Gardiner (3%/22/3), Earl of Surrey (3%/24/2), Sir Thomas Lovell (2%/21/4), Old Lady (2%/14/2), Surveyor (2%/9/1), Griffith (2%/13/2), Anne Bullen (2%/18/2), Cardinal Campeius (2%/14/3), Thomas Cromwell (2%/21/2), Lord Sands (2%/17/2).

LINGUISTIC MEDIUM: 98% verse, 2% prose.

DATE: 1613. The first Globe theater burned down in a fire that started during a performance of the play on June 29, 1613. A letter by Sir Henry Wotton describes it as “a new play” at this time.

SOURCES: Principally based on the third volume of Holinshed’s *Chronicles*, probably in the 1587 edition; the Stephen Gardiner sequence in Act 5 draws on John Foxe’s virulently anti-Catholic *Actes and Monuments* (perhaps in 1583 edition); John Stow’s *Annals* (1592) and John Speed’s *Theatre of the Empire of Great Britain* (1611) also seem to have been consulted and there may be some influence from an earlier play in celebration of the birth of one of Henry VIII’s children, Samuel Rowley’s *When you see me, You know me. Or the famous Chronicle Historie of king Henrie the eighth, with the birth and vertuous life of Edward Prince of Wales* (1605).

TEXT: First Folio is only early text. Good quality of printing, probably set from a scribal transcript of the authorial manuscript.

GENEALOGY: See this page.

THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF KING HENRY THE EIGHTH

PROLOGUE/EPILOGUE
KING HENRY VIII
QUEEN KATHERINE (of Aragon), Henry’s first wife, later Princess Dowager
CARDINAL WOLSEY, Lord Chancellor and Archbishop of York
ANNE Bullen, later Queen, Henry’s second wife
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS, legate from the Pope
Thomas CRANMER, later Archbishop of Canterbury
Stephen GARDINER, the king’s secretary, later Bishop of Winchester
Bishop of LINCOLN
Lord CHAMBERLAIN
Lord CHANCELLOR,* after Wolsey’s fall
Thomas CROMWELL, Wolsey’s servant and later secretary to the King’s Council
Duke of BUCKINGHAM
Duke of NORFOLK
Duke of SUFFOLK
Earl of SURREY, Buckingham’s son-in-law
Lord ABERGAVENNY, Buckingham’s son-in-law
Lord SANDS
Sir Thomas LOVELL
Sir Henry (Harry) GUILDFORD
Sir Nicholas VAUX
Sir Anthony DENNY
GRIFFITH, Gentleman-usher to Katherine
WOMAN (who sings), attendant on Katherine
PATIENCE, attendant on Katherine
OLD LADY, friend to Anne
SECRETARY to Wolsey
BRANDON
SERGEANT-at-Arms
SURVEYOR to the Duke of Buckingham
THREE GENTLEMEN

SCRIBE to the court
CRIER to the court
KEEPER of the door of the Council Chamber
MESSENGER at Kimbolton
PAGE to Gardiner
DR. BUTTS, the king's physician
PORTER and his MAN
GARTER King-at-Arms
Lord Mayor of London
Marquis of Dorset
Marchioness of Dorset
Old Duchess of Norfolk
Guards, Tipstaves, Halberds, Secretaries, Scribes, Bishops, Priests, Gentlemen, Vergers, Aldermen, Lords, Ladies, Women, Spirits, Attendants

The Prologue

[Enter Prologue]

I come no more to make you laugh: things now
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad,[3] high, and working, full of state and woe:
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow
We now present. Those that can pity here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear:
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those that come to see
Only a show[10] or two, and so agree
The play may pass,[11] if they be still, and willing,
I'll undertake may see away their shilling[12]
Richly in two short hours.[13] Only they
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
A noise of targets,[15] or to see a fellow
In a long[16] motley coat guarded with yellow,
Will be deceived.[17] For, gentle hearers, know
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting[19]
Our own brains, and the opinion[20] that we bring
To make that only true we now intend,
Will leave us never an understanding[22] friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known
The first and happiest[24] hearers of the town,
Be sad,[25] as we would make ye. Think ye see
The very persons of our noble story
As[27] they were living: think you see them great,
And followed with the general throng and sweat
Of thousand friends: then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery:
And if you can be merry then, I'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding day.

[Exit]

Act 1 Scene 1[1.1]

running scene 1

Enter the Duke of Norfolk at one door. At the other, the Duke of Buckingham and the Lord Abergavenny

BUCKINGHAM Good morrow, and well met. How have ye done
Since last we saw[2] in France?
NORFOLK I thank your grace:
Healthful, and ever since a fresh[4] admirer
Of what[5] I saw there.
BUCKINGHAM An untimely ague[6]
Stayed[7] me a prisoner in my chamber when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Andres.
NORFOLK ’Twixt[10] Guînes and Ardres:
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback,
Beheld them when they lighted,[12] how they clung
In their embracement as[13] they grew together,
Which had they,[14] what four throned ones could have weighed
Such a compounded one?
BUCKINGHAM All the whole time
I was my chamber’s prisoner.
NORFOLK Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: men might say
Till this time pomp[20] was single, but now married
To one above itself. Each[21] following day
Became the next day’s master, till the last
Made former wonders its.[23] Today the French,
All clinquant,[24] all in gold, like heathen gods
Shone down[25] the English; and tomorrow they
Made Britain India:[26] every man that stood
Showed[27] like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins,[28] all gilt: the madams too,
Not used to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride[30] upon them, that their very labour

Was to them as a painting. Now this masque[31]
Was cried[32] incomparable, and th’ensuing night
Made[33] it a fool and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were[34] now best, now worst,
As presence did present them: him[35] in eye,
Still him in praise, and being[36] present both,
’Twas said they saw but one, and no discerner[37]
Durst[38] wag his tongue in censure. When these suns —
For so they phrase[39] ’em — by their heralds challenged
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform[40]
Beyond thought’s compass, that[41] former fabulous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Bevis[43] was believed.
BUCKINGHAM O, you go[44] far.
NORFOLK As I belong to worship,[45] and affect
In honour honesty, the tract[46] of ev’rything
Would by a good discourser[47] lose some life,
Which action’s self was tongue to. All was royal:
To[49] the disposing of it nought rebelled:
Order[50] gave each thing view. The office did
Distinctly his full function.
BUCKINGHAM Who did guide —
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport[54] together, as you guess?
NORFOLK One, certes,[55] that promises no element
In such a business.
BUCKINGHAM I pray you who, my lord?
NORFOLK All this was ordered[58] by the good discretion
Of the right reverend Cardinal of York.[59]
BUCKINGHAM The devil speed[60] him! No man’s pie is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce[62] vanities? I wonder
That such a keech[63] can with his very bulk
Take[64] up the rays o’th’beneficial sun
And keep it from the earth.
NORFOLK Surely, sir,

There’s in him stuff[67] that puts him to these ends:
For being not propped by ancestry,[68] whose grace
Chalks[69] successors their way, nor called upon
For high[70] feats done to th’crown, neither allied
To eminent assistants,[71] but spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing[72] web, a gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next[75] to the king.

ABERGAVENNY I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him — let some graver[77] eye
Pierce into that — but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: whence has he that,
If not from hell? The devil is a niggard,[80]
Or has given all before, and he[81] begins
A new hell in himself.

BUCKINGHAM Why the devil,
Upon this French going out,[84] took he upon him,
Without the privity[85] o’th’king, t’appoint
Who should attend on him?[86] He makes up the file
Of all the gentry: for the most part such[87]
To whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,[89]
The honourable board of council[90] out,
Must fetch[91] him in, he papers.

ABERGAVENNY I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sickened[94] their estates, that never
They shall abound[95] as formerly.

BUCKINGHAM O, many
Have broke their backs with laying[97] manors on ’em
For this great journey. What did this vanity[98]
But minister[99] communication of
A most poor issue?

NORFOLK Grievingly[101] I think
The peace between the French and us not[102] values

The cost that did conclude it.
BUCKINGHAM Every man,
After the hideous storm that followed, was
A thing inspired,[106] and, not consulting, broke
Into a general[107] prophecy: that this tempest,
Dashing[108] the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on't.[109]
NORFOLK Which is budded out,[110]
For France hath flawed[111] the league, and hath attached
Our merchants' goods at Bordeaux.
ABERGAVENNY Is it therefore[113]
Th'ambassador is silenced?[114]
NORFOLK Marry,[115] is't.
ABERGAVENNY A proper title of[116] a peace, and purchased
At a superfluous rate.[117]
BUCKINGHAM Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.[119]
NORFOLK Like it[120] your grace,
The state[121] takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you —
And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety — that you read[124]
The cardinal's malice and his potency[125]
Together: to consider further that
What his high hatred would[127] effect wants not
A minister[128] in his power. You know his nature,
That he's revengeful: and I know his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it's long and't may be said,
It reaches far, and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts[132] it. Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome.[133] Lo, where comes that rock
That I advise your shunning.

Enter Cardinal Wolsey, the purse borne before him, certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with papers. The Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of disdain

CARDINAL WOLSEY The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor,[135] ha?

Where’s his examination?[136]

SECRETARY Here, so please you.

CARDINAL WOLSEY Is he in person ready?

SECRETARY Ay, please your grace.

CARDINAL WOLSEY Well, we shall then know more, and Buckingham
Shall lessen this big[141] look.

Exeunt Cardinal and his train

BUCKINGHAM This butcher’s cur[142] is venom-mouthed, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him: therefore best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar’s[144] book
Outworths a noble’s blood.

NORFOLK What, are you chafed?[146]
Ask God for temp’rance:[147] that’s th’appliance only
Which your disease requires.

BUCKINGHAM I read in’s looks
Matter[150] against me, and his eye reviled
Me as his abject object:[151] at this instant
He bores[152] me with some trick: he’s gone to th’king:
I’ll follow, and outstare him.

NORFOLK Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler[155] question
What ’tis you go about: to climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like
A full hot[158] horse, who being allowed his way,
Self-mettle[159] tires him: not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself
As you would to your friend.

BUCKINGHAM I’ll to the king,
And from a mouth of honour[163] quite cry down
This Ipswich[164] fellow’s insolence, or proclaim
There’s difference[165] in no persons.

NORFOLK Be advised:[166]
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself. We may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by overrunning:[170] know you not

The fire that mounts[171] the liquor till't run o'er,
In seeming to augment it wastes it? Be advised:
I say again there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of reason you would quench
Or but allay[176] the fire of passion.
BUCKINGHAM Sir,
I am thankful to you, and I'll go along
By your prescription:[179] but this top-proud fellow —
Whom from the flow of gall[180] I name not, but
From sincere motions[181] — by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts[182] in July when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.
NORFOLK Say not 'treasonous'.
BUCKINGHAM To th'king I'll say't, and make my vouch[186] as strong
As shore of rock: attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both — for he is equal[188] rav'nous
As he is subtle,[189] and as prone to mischief
As able to perform't, his mind and place[190]
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally —
Only to show his pomp[192] as well in France
As here at home, suggests[193] the king our master
To this last[194] costly treaty, th'interview
That swallowed so much treasure,[195] and like a glass
Did break i'th'wrenching.[196]
NORFOLK Faith, and so it did.
BUCKINGHAM Pray give me favour,[198] sir: this cunning cardinal
The articles[199] o'th'combination drew
As himself pleased: and they were ratified
As he cried 'Thus let be', to as much end[201]
As give a crutch to th'dead. But our count-cardinal[202]
Has done this, and 'tis well: for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows —
Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To th'old dam[206] treason — Charles the Emperor,

Under pretence to see the queen his aunt —
For 'twas indeed his colour,[208] but he came
To whisper[209] Wolsey — here makes visitation:
His fears were that the interview betwixt
England and France might through their amity
Breed him some prejudice, for from this league
Peeped harms that menaced him. He privily[213]
Deals with our cardinal, and as I trow[214] —
Which I do well, for I am sure the emperor
Paid ere[216] he promised, whereby his suit was granted
Ere it was asked — but[217] when the way was made
And paved with gold, the emperor thus desired
That he[219] would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,
As soon he shall by me, that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his[222] honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

NORFOLK I am sorry
To hear this of him, and could wish he were
Something[226] mistaken in't.

BUCKINGHAM No, not a syllable:
I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.[229]

Enter Brandon, a Sergeant-at-Arms before him, and two or three of the Guard

BRANDON Your office,[230] sergeant: execute it.

SERGEANT Sir, ***To Buckingham***
My lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl
Of Hertford,[233] Stafford and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.

BUCKINGHAM Lo you, my lord,
The net has fall'n upon me: I shall perish
Under device and practice.[238]

BRANDON I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on[240]

The business present. ’Tis his highness’ pleasure[241]
You shall to th’Tower.[242]
BUCKINGHAM It will help me nothing[243]
To plead mine innocence, for that dye is on me
Which makes my whit’st part black. The will of heav’n
Be done in this and all things: I obey.
O my Lord Aberga’nny, fare you well.
BRANDON Nay, he must bear you company.— The king ***To Abergavenny***
Is pleased you shall to th’Tower, till you know
How he determines further.
ABERGAVENNY As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king’s pleasure
By me obeyed.
BRANDON Here is a warrant from
The king t’attach[255] Lord Montague and the bodies
Of the duke’s confessor, John de la Car,
One Gilbert Perk, his chancellor—
BUCKINGHAM So, so;
These are the limbs o’th’plot: no more, I hope.
BRANDON A monk o’th’Chartreux.[260]
BUCKINGHAM O, Nicholas Hopkins?
BRANDON He.
BUCKINGHAM My surveyor is false:[263] the o’er-great cardinal
Hath showed him gold:[264] my life is spanned already:
I am the shadow[265] of poor Buckingham,
Whose[266] figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By dark’ning my clear sun. My lord, farewell.
Exeunt

Act 1 Scene 2

Running scene 2

Cornets. * *Enter King Henry [VIII], leaning on the Cardinal [Wolsey]'s shoulder, the Nobles, [Wolsey's Secretary] and Sir Thomas Lovell: the Cardinal places himself under the King's feet on his right side*

KING HENRY VIII My life itself, and the best[1] heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i'th'level[2]
Of a full-charged[3] confederacy, and give thanks
To you that choked it. Let be called before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify,[6]
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

A noise within crying 'Room for the Queen, ushered by the Duke of Norfolk'. Enter the Queen [Katherine], Norfolk and Suffolk: she kneels. [The] King riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses and placeth her by him

QUEEN KATHERINE Nay, we[9] must longer kneel: I am a suitor.
KING HENRY VIII Arise, and take place[10] by us: half your suit ***The Queen moves to his side***
Never name to us: you have half our power:
The other moiety[12] ere you ask is given:
Repeat your will[13] and take it.
QUEEN KATHERINE Thank[14] your majesty.
That you would love yourself, and in that love
Not unconsidered leave your honour, nor
The dignity[17] of your office, is the point
Of my petition.
KING HENRY VIII Lady mine, proceed.
QUEEN KATHERINE I am solicited,[20] not by a few,
And those of true condition,[21] that your subjects
Are in great grievance:[22] there have been commissions
Sent down among 'em which hath flawed[23] the heart
Of all their loyalties: wherein, although,

My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on[26]
Of these exactions,[27] yet the king our master —
Whose honour heaven shield from soil[28] — even he escapes not
Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.
NORFOLK Not ‘almost appears’,
It doth appear: for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers[34] all, not able to maintain
The many to them longing,[35] have put off
The spinsters,[36] carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life,[37] compelled by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring[39] th’event to th’teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger[40] serves among them.
KING HENRY VIII Taxation?
Wherein, and what taxation? My lord cardinal,
You that are blamed for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?
CARDINAL WOLSEY Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part[46] in aught
Pertains to th’state, and front[47] but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.
QUEEN KATHERINE No, my lord?
You[50] know no more than others? But you frame
Things that are known alike, which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note,[54] they are
Most pestilent to th’hearing, and to bear[55] ’em
The back is[56] sacrifice to th’load. They say
They are devised by you, or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.[58]
KING HENRY VIII Still ’exaction’:
The nature of it? In what kind,[60] let’s know,

Is this exaction?
QUEEN KATHERINE I am much too venturous[62]
In tempting of[63] your patience, but am boldened
Under your promised pardon. The subjects’ grief[64]
Comes through commissions, which compels from each
The sixth part of his substance,[66] to be levied
Without delay, and the pretence[67] for this
Is named your wars in France: this makes bold mouths:
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them: their curses now
Live where their prayers[71] did: and it’s come to pass
This tractable[72] obedience is a slave
To each incensèd will. I would[73] your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer baseness.[75]
KING HENRY VIII By my life,
This is against our pleasure.[77]
CARDINAL WOLSEY And for me,
I have no further gone in this than by
A single voice,[80] and that not passed me but
By learnèd approbation[81] of the judges: if I am
Traduced[82] by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties[83] nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing, let me say
’Tis but the fate of place,[85] and the rough brake
That virtue must go through: we must not stint[86]
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope[88] malicious censurers, which ever,
As rav’nous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimmed,[90] but benefit no further
Than vainly longing.[91] What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allowed: what[93] worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act: if we shall stand still,
In[96] fear our motion will be mocked or carped at,

We should take root here where we sit,
Or sit state-statues[98] only.

KING HENRY VIII Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear:
Things done without example,[101] in their issue
Are to be feared. Have you a precedent
Of[103] this commission? I believe not any.
We must not rend[104] our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling[106] contribution; why, we take
From every tree lop,[107] bark, and part o'th'timber:
And though we leave it with a root, thus hacked
The[109] air will drink the sap. To every county
Where this is questioned[110] send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied
The force of this commission: pray, look to't;
I put it to your care.

CARDINAL WOLSEY A word with you. ***To the Secretary***
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace[116] and pardon.— The grievèd commons ***Aside to Secretary***
Hardly conceive[117] of me. Let it be noised
That through our[118] intercession this revokement
And pardon comes: I shall anon[119] advise you
Further in the proceeding.

Exit Secretary

Enter Surveyor

QUEEN KATHERINE I am sorry that the Duke of Buckingham ***To the King***
Is run in[122] your displeasure.

KING HENRY VIII It grieves many:
The gentleman is learnèd, and a most rare[124] speaker,
To[125] nature none more bound: his training such
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of[127] himself: yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well disposed,[129] the mind growing once corrupt,

They turn to vicious[130] forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,[131]
Who was enrolled ’mongst wonders — and when we,
Almost with ravished[133] listening, could not find
His hour of speech a minute — he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous[135] habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmeared in hell. Sit by us: you shall hear —
This was his gentleman in trust[138] — of him
Things to strike honour sad.— Bid him recount ***To Wolsey***
The fore-recited practices,[140] whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.[141]
CARDINAL WOLSEY Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate what you ***To the Surveyor***
Most like a careful[143] subject have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.
KING HENRY VIII Speak freely.
SURVEYOR First, it was usual with him — every day
It would infect his speech — that if the king
Should without issue[148] die, he’ll carry it so
To make the sceptre[149] his. These very words
I’ve heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Aberga’nny, to whom by oath he menaced[151]
Revenge upon the cardinal.
CARDINAL WOLSEY Please your highness note
His dangerous conception[154] in this point,
Not[155] friended by his wish to your high person:
His will is most malignant, and it stretches
Beyond you to your friends.[157]
QUEEN KATHERINE My learnèd lord cardinal,
Deliver[159] all with charity.
KING HENRY VIII Speak on: ***To the Surveyor***
How[161] grounded he his title to the crown
Upon our fail? To this point[162] hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?
SURVEYOR He was brought to this

By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.
KING HENRY VIII What was that Hopkins?
SURVEYOR Sir, a Chartreux[167] friar,
His confessor, who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.
KING HENRY VIII How know’st thou this?
SURVEYOR Not long before your highness sped to France,
The Duke being at the Rose,[172] within the parish
St Lawrence Poultney,[173] did of me demand
What was the speech[174] among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey. I replied
Men feared the French would prove perfidious[176]
To[177] the king’s danger: presently the duke
Said ’twas the fear indeed and that he doubted[178]
’Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk that oft, says he,
‘Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice[182] hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:[183]
Whom after under the confession’s seal
He solemnly had sworn that what he spoke
My chaplain to no creature living but
To me should utter, with demure confidence[187]
This pausingly ensued: “Neither the king nor’s heirs,
Tell you the duke, shall prosper: bid him strive
To gain the love o’th’commonalty:[190] the duke
Shall govern England.’ ”
QUEEN KATHERINE If I know you well,
You were the duke’s surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o’th’tenants: take good heed
You charge not in your spleen[195] a noble person
And spoil your nobler[196] soul: I say, take heed:
Yes, heartily beseech you.
KING HENRY VIII Let him on:[198]
Go forward. ***To the Surveyor***
SURVEYOR On my soul, I’ll speak but[200] truth.

I told my lord the duke, by th’devil’s illusions
The monk might be deceived, and that ’twas dangerous
For him to ruminate on this so far, until
It forged[204] him some design, which being believed,
It was much[205] like to do: he answered, ‘Tush,
It can do me no damage’, adding further,
That had the king in his last sickness failed,[207]
The cardinal’s and Sir Thomas Lovell’s heads
Should have gone off.
KING HENRY VIII Ha? What, so rank?[210] Ah, ha!
There’s mischief in this man: canst thou say further?
SURVEYOR I can, my liege.
KING HENRY VIII Proceed.
SURVEYOR Being at Greenwich,[214]
After your highness had reproved the duke
About Sir William Bulmer—
KING HENRY VIII I remember
Of such a time: being my sworn servant,
The duke retained him his.[219] But on: what hence?
SURVEYOR ‘If’, quoth he, ‘I for this had been committed’[220] —
As to the Tower, I thought, — ‘I would have played
The part my father meant to act upon
Th’usurper Richard,[223] who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit[224] to come in’s presence: which if granted,
As he made[225] semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife to him.’
KING HENRY VIII A giant traitor.
CARDINAL WOLSEY Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison?
QUEEN KATHERINE God mend all.[230]
KING HENRY VIII There’s something more would out of thee: what say’st?
SURVEYOR After ‘the duke his father’, with ‘the knife’,
He stretched him,[233] and with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on’s breast, mounting[234] his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath, whose tenor
Was, were he evil used,[236] he would outgo

His father by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute[238] purpose.
KING HENRY VIII There's his period:[239]
To sheathe his knife in us: he is attached:[240]
Call him to present[241] trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his: if none,
Let him not seek't of us: by day and night,
He's traitor to th'height.[244]

Exeunt

Act 1 Scene 3

running scene 2 continues

Enter [the] Lord Chamberlain and Lord Sands

CHAMBERLAIN Is't possible the spells[1] of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?[2]
SANDS New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be[5] unmanly, yet are followed.
CHAMBERLAIN As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late[7] voyage is but merely
A fit[8] or two o'th'face: but they are shrewd ones,
For when they hold 'em,[9] you would swear directly
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin or Clotharius,[11] they keep state so.
SANDS They have all new legs,[12] and lame ones: one would take it,
That never see 'em pace before, the spavin[13]
Or springhalt[14] reigned among 'em.
CHAMBERLAIN Death,[15] my lord,
Their clothes are after[16] such a pagan cut to't
That sure they've worn out[17] Christendom.
Enter Sir Thomas Lovell
How now?
What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?
LOVELL Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapped[21] upon the court gate.
CHAMBERLAIN What is't for?
LOVELL The reformation of our travelled gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk and tailors.
CHAMBERLAIN I'm glad 'tis there: now I would pray our monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.[27]
LOVELL They must either,
For so run the conditions, leave those remnants

Of fool and feather[30] that they got in France,
With all their honourable[31] points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto — as[32] fights and fireworks,
Abusing[33] better men than they can be
Out[34] of a foreign wisdom, renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis and tall[35] stockings,
Short blistered breeches, and those types[36] of travel —
And understand[37] again like honest men,
Or pack[38] to their old playfellows: there, I take it,
They may *cum privilegio*[39] *‘oui’* away
The lag end[40] of their lewdness and be laughed at.
SANDS ’Tis time to give ’em physic,[41] their diseases
Are grown so catching.
CHAMBERLAIN What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities![44]
LOVELL Ay, marry,[45]
There will be woe indeed, lords: the sly whoresons[46]
Have got a speeding[47] trick to lay down ladies:
A French song and a fiddle[48] has no fellow.
SANDS The devil fiddle[49] ’em! I am glad they are going,
For sure there’s no converting of ’em:[50] now
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play,[52] may bring his plainsong
And have an hour of hearing,[53] and, by’r lady,
Held[54] current music too.
CHAMBERLAIN Well said, Lord Sands:
Your colt’s tooth[56] is not cast yet?
SANDS No, my lord,
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.[58]
CHAMBERLAIN Sir Thomas, ***To Lovell***
Whither were you a-going?
LOVELL To the cardinal’s:
Your lordship is a guest too.
CHAMBERLAIN O, ’tis true:
This night he makes[64] a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies: there will be

The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.
LOVELL That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful[68] as the land that feeds us:
His dews[69] fall everywhere.
CHAMBERLAIN No doubt he's noble:
He had a black[71] mouth that said other of him.
SANDS He may, my lord, he's wherewithal[72] in him:
Sparing[73] would show a worse sin than ill doctrine:
Men of his way[74] should be most liberal:
They are set here for examples.
CHAMBERLAIN True, they are so:
But few now give so great ones.[77] My barge stays:
Your lordship shall along.[78] Come, good Sir Thomas, ***To Lovell***
We shall be late else, which I would not be,
For I was spoke to,[80] with Sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.[81]
SANDS I am your[82] lordship's.
Exeunt

Act 1 Scene 4[1.4]

running scene 3

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the guests. Then enter Anne Bullen, and divers other Ladies and Gentlemen, as guests at one door; at another door enter Sir Henry Guildford

GUILDFORD Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all: this night he dedicates
To fair content and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy,[4] has brought with her
One care abroad:[5] he would have all as merry
As, first, good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lords Sands and Lovell

O, my lord, you're tardy:[7] ***To Chamberlain***
The very thought of this fair company
Clapped[9] wings to me.

CHAMBERLAIN You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.

SANDS Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal
But half my lay[12] thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet[13] ere they rested
I think would better please 'em: by my life,
They are a sweet society[15] of fair ones.

LOVELL O, that your lordship were but now confessor[16]
To one or two of these.

SANDS I would I were:
They should find easy[19] penance.

LOVELL Faith, how easy?

SANDS As easy as a down[21] bed would afford it.

CHAMBERLAIN Sweet ladies, will it please you sit?— Sir Harry, ***To Guildford***
Place you[23] that side, I'll take the charge of this:
His grace is ent'ring. Nay, you must not freeze:
Two women placed together makes cold[25] weather:
My lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking:[26]

Pray sit between these ladies.
SANDS By my faith,
And thank[29] your lordship.— ***He sits between Anne and another lady***
By your leave, sweet ladies,
If I chance to talk a little wild,[30] forgive me:
I had it from my father.
ANNE Was he mad,[32] sir?
SANDS O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too:
But he would bite[34] none: just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty[35] with a breath. ***He kisses her***
CHAMBERLAIN Well said,[36] my lord.
So now you're fairly[37] seated: gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away[39] frowning.
SANDS For[40] my little cure,
Let me alone.[41]

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, and takes his state

CARDINAL WOLSEY You're welcome, my fair guests: that noble lady
Or gentleman that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend. This, to confirm my welcome,
And to you all, good health. ***He drinks***
SANDS Your grace is noble:
Let me have such a bowl[47] may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.
CARDINAL WOLSEY My lord Sands,
I am beholding[50] to you: cheer your neighbours:
Ladies, you are not merry: gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?
SANDS The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord, then we shall have 'em
Talk us to silence.
ANNE You are a merry gamester,[56]
My lord Sands.
SANDS Yes, if I make my play:[58]
Here's to your ladyship: and pledge it,[59] madam,
For 'tis to such a thing[60]—

ANNE You cannot show me.
SANDS I told your grace they would talk anon.[62]
Drum and Trumpet: chambers discharged
CARDINAL WOLSEY What's that?
CHAMBERLAIN Look out there, some of ye. ***To Servants***
CARDINAL WOLSEY What warlike voice,[65]
Exit Servants
And to what end is this? Nay, ladies, fear not:
By all the laws of war you're privileged.[67]
Enter a Servant
CHAMBERLAIN How now, what is't?
SERVANT A noble troop of strangers,[69]
For so they seem: they've left their barge and landed,
And hither make,[71] as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.
CARDINAL WOLSEY Good Lord Chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome: you can speak the French tongue:
And pray receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty[76]
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him.
[Exit Chamberlain, attended]
All rise, and tables removed
You have now a broken[78] banquet, but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all: and once more
I shower a welcome on ye: welcome all.
Hautboys. Enter King [Henry] and others as Masquers, habited like shepherds, ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him
A noble company: what are their pleasures?[81]
CHAMBERLAIN Because they speak no English, thus they prayed
To tell your grace: that having heard by fame[83]
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks, and under your fair conduct,[87]
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat

An hour of revels[89] with ’em.
CARDINAL WOLSEY Say, Lord Chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay ’em
A thousand thanks, and pray ’em take their pleasures.
[The Masquers] choose Ladies [for the dance]. [The] King [chooses] Anne Bullen
KING HENRY VIII The fairest hand I ever touched. O beauty,
Till now I never knew thee!
Music. [They] dance
CARDINAL WOLSEY My lord.
CHAMBERLAIN Your grace?
CARDINAL WOLSEY Pray, tell ’em thus much from me:
There should be one amongst ’em, by his person,
More worthy this[99] place than myself, to whom,
If I but[100] knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.
CHAMBERLAIN I will, my lord.
[*He talks in a*] *whisper* [*to the Masquers*]
CARDINAL WOLSEY What say they?
CHAMBERLAIN Such a one, they all confess,
There is indeed, which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.[106]
CARDINAL WOLSEY Let me see, then.
By all your good leaves, gentlemen, here I’ll make
My royal choice.
KING HENRY VIII Ye have found him, cardinal: ***He unmasks***
You hold a fair[111] assembly: you do well, lord.
You[112] are a churchman, or I’ll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.
CARDINAL WOLSEY I am glad
Your grace is grown so pleasant.[115]
KING HENRY VIII My Lord Chamberlain,
Prithee[117] come hither: what fair lady’s that?
CHAMBERLAIN An’t[118] please your grace, Sir Thomas Bullen’s daughter —
The Viscount Rochford — one of her highness’ women.[119]

KING HENRY VIII By heaven, she is a dainty[120] one.— Sweetheart, ***To Anne***
I were unmannerly to take you out[121]
And not to kiss you. A health,[122] gentlemen: ***He drinks***
Let it go round.
CARDINAL WOLSEY Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet[124] ready
I'th'privy chamber?[125]
LOVELL Yes, my lord.
CARDINAL WOLSEY Your grace, ***To the King***
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.[128]
KING HENRY VIII I fear too much.
CARDINAL WOLSEY There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.
KING HENRY VIII Lead in your ladies, ev'ry one: sweet partner, ***To Anne***
I must not yet forsake[133] you:— let's be merry, ***To Cardinal Wolsey***
Good my lord cardinal: I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure[135]
To lead 'em once again, and then let's dream[136]
Who's best in favour.[137] Let the music knock it.
Exeunt with Trumpets

Act 2 Scene 1[2.1]

running scene 4

Enter two Gentlemen at several doors

FIRST GENTLEMAN Whither away so fast?

SECOND GENTLEMAN O, God save ye:
Ev'n to the hall,[3] to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

FIRST GENTLEMAN I'll save you
That labour, sir. All's now done but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.

SECOND GENTLEMAN Were you there?

FIRST GENTLEMAN Yes, indeed was I.

SECOND GENTLEMAN Pray speak what has happened.

FIRST GENTLEMAN You may guess quickly what.

SECOND GENTLEMAN Is he found guilty?

FIRST GENTLEMAN Yes, truly is he, and condemned upon't.

SECOND GENTLEMAN I am sorry for't.

FIRST GENTLEMAN So are a number more.

SECOND GENTLEMAN But pray, how passed it?[16]

FIRST GENTLEMAN I'll tell you in a[17] little. The great duke
Came to the bar, where to his accusations[18]
He pleaded still[19] not guilty, and alleged
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.[20]
The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urged on the examinations,[22] proofs, confessions
Of divers[23] witnesses, which the duke desired
To him brought[24] *viva voce* to his face:
At which appeared against him his surveyor,
Sir Gilbert Perk his chancellor, and John Car,
Confessor to him, with that devil monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

SECOND GENTLEMAN That was he
That fed him with his prophecies.

FIRST GENTLEMAN The same:

All these accused him strongly, which he fain[32]
Would have flung from him, but indeed he could not:
And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life, but all
Was either pitied in him[37] or forgotten.
SECOND GENTLEMAN After all this, how did he bear himself?
FIRST GENTLEMAN When he was brought again to th'bar, to hear
His knell[40] rung out, his judgement, he was stirred
With such an agony, he sweat[41] extremely,
And something spoke in choler,[42] ill and hasty:
But he fell[43] to himself again, and sweetly
In all the rest showed a most noble patience.
SECOND GENTLEMAN I do not think he fears death.
FIRST GENTLEMAN Sure he does not:
He never was so womanish: the cause
He may a little grieve at.
SECOND GENTLEMAN Certainly
The cardinal is the end[50] of this.
FIRST GENTLEMAN 'Tis likely
By all conjectures: first, Kildare's attainder,[52]
Then deputy[53] of Ireland, who, removed,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.[55]
SECOND GENTLEMAN That trick of state[56]
Was a deep envious[57] one.
FIRST GENTLEMAN At his[58] return
No doubt he will requite[59] it: this is noted,
And generally,[60] whoever the king favours,
The card'nal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.
SECOND GENTLEMAN All the commons
Hate him perniciously[64] and, o'my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much
They love and dote on, call him 'bounteous Buckingham,
The mirror[67] of all courtesy'—

Enter Buckingham from his arraignment, Tipstaves before him, the axe with the edge towards him, Halberds on each side, accompanied with Sir Thomas Lovell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir William Sands, and Common People etc.

FIRST GENTLEMAN Stay there, sir,
And see the noble ruined man you speak of.
SECOND GENTLEMAN Let’s stand close[70] and behold him.
BUCKINGHAM All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me:
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose[73] me.
I have this day received a traitor’s judgement,[74]
And by that name must die: yet heaven bear witness,
And if I have a conscience, let it sink[76] me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful.
The law I bear no malice for my death,
’T has done upon the premises,[79] but justice:
But those that sought it I could wish more[80] Christians:
Be what they will, I heartily forgive ’em:
Yet let ’em look[82] they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils[83] on the graves of great men,
For then my guiltless blood must cry against ’em.
For further life in this world I ne’er hope,
Nor will I sue,[86] although the king have mercies
More[87] than I dare make faults. You few that loved me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only[90] bitter to him, only dying:
Go with me like good angels to my end,
And as the long divorce[92] of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,[93]
And lift my soul to heaven.— Lead on, i’God’s name. ***To Lovell***
LOVELL I do beseech your grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.
BUCKINGHAM Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all.

There cannot be those numberless offences
Gainst me that I cannot take[101] peace with: no black envy
Shall make my grave. Commend me to his grace:
And if he speak of Buckingham, pray tell him
You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers
Yet[105] are the king's, and, till my soul forsake,
Shall cry for blessings on him. May he live
Longer than I have time to tell[107] his years:
Ever beloved and loving may his rule be:
And when old[109] time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument.[110]
LOVELL To th'water-side I must conduct your grace,
Then give my charge[112] up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes[113] you to your end.
VAUX Prepare there,
The duke is coming: see the barge be ready,
And fit it with such furniture[116] as suits
The greatness of his person.
BUCKINGHAM Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone: my state[119] now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was Lord High Constable
And Duke of Buckingham: now, poor Edward Bohun:
Yet I am richer than my base[122] accusers,
That never knew what truth[123] meant. I now seal it,
And with that blood will make 'em one day groan for't.
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first raised head[126] against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distressed, was by that wretch betrayed,
And without trial fell: God's peace be with him.
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restored me to my honours, and out of ruins
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name and all
That made me happy, at one stroke[135] has taken

For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And must needs say a noble one, which makes me
A little happier[138] than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes: both
Fell by our servants, by those men we loved most:
A most unnatural and faithless service.
Heaven has an end[142] in all: yet, you that hear me,
This from[143] a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of[144] your loves and counsels,
Be sure you be not loose:[145] for those you make friends
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub[147] in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But[149] where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me. I must now forsake ye: the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me. Farewell:
And when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell. I have done, and God forgive me.

Exeunt Duke and train

FIRST GENTLEMAN O, this is full of pity. Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the authors.[156]

SECOND GENTLEMAN If the duke be guiltless,
’Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,[159]
Greater than this.

FIRST GENTLEMAN Good angels keep it from us.
What may it be? You do not doubt my faith,[162] sir?

SECOND GENTLEMAN This secret is so weighty, ’twill require
A strong faith to conceal it.

FIRST GENTLEMAN Let me have it:
I do not talk much.

SECOND GENTLEMAN I am confident:[167]
You shall,[168] sir: did you not of late days hear
A buzzing[169] of a separation
Between the king and Katherine?

FIRST GENTLEMAN Yes, but it held not:[171]
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the Lord Mayor straight[173]
To stop the rumour, and allay[174] those tongues
That durst disperse it.
SECOND GENTLEMAN But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now: for it grows again
Fresher than e’er it was, and held for[178] certain
The king will venture at it.[179] Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near,[180] have, out of malice
To the good queen, possessed[181] him with a scruple
That will undo her: to confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius[183] is arrived, and lately,
As all think, for this business.
FIRST GENTLEMAN ’Tis the cardinal:
And merely to revenge him on the emperor[186]
For not bestowing on him at his asking
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purposed.[188]
SECOND GENTLEMAN I think you have[189] hit the mark: but is’t not cruel
That she should feel the smart[190] of this? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.
FIRST GENTLEMAN ’Tis woeful.
We are too open[193] here to argue this:
Let’s think in private more.
Exeunt

Act 2 Scene 2[2.2]

running scene 5

Enter Lord Chamberlain, reading this letter

CHAMBERLAIN ‘My lord, the horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden[2] and furnished. They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal’s, by commission[4] and main power, took ’em from me, with this reason: his master would be served before a subject, if not before the king, which stopped our mouths, sir.’ I fear he will indeed: well, let him have them: he will have all, I think.

Enter to the Lord Chamberlain the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk

NORFOLK Well met, my Lord Chamberlain.

CHAMBERLAIN Good day to both your graces.

SUFFOLK How is the king employed?

CHAMBERLAIN I left him private,[11]
Full of sad[12] thoughts and troubles.

NORFOLK What’s the cause?

CHAMBERLAIN It seems the marriage with his brother’s wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

SUFFOLK No, his conscience[16]
Has crept too near another lady.

NORFOLK ’Tis so:
This is the cardinal’s doing: the king-cardinal,
That blind[20] priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he list.[21] The king will know him one day.

SUFFOLK Pray God he do: he’ll never know himself else.

NORFOLK How holily he[23] works in all his business,
And with what zeal! For now he has cracked the league
Between us and the emperor, the queen’s great-nephew,
He dives into the king’s soul, and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs, and all these for his marriage.

And out of all these, to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce, a loss of her
That like a jewel has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre:
Of her that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with: even of her
That when the greatest stroke of fortune falls
Will bless the king: and is not this course pious?
CHAMBERLAIN Heaven keep me from such counsel: ’tis most true
These news are everywhere, every tongue speaks ’em,
And every true heart weeps for’t. All that dare
Look into these affairs see this main end:[40]
The French king’s sister.[41] Heaven will one day open
The king’s eyes, that so long have slept upon[42]
This bold[43] bad man.
SUFFOLK And free us from his slavery.
NORFOLK We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance,
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages: all men’s honours
Lie like one lump[49] before him, to be fashioned
Into what pitch[50] he please.
SUFFOLK For[51] me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him: there’s my creed:
As I am made[53] without him, so I’ll stand,
If the king please: his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike: they’re breath[55] I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him: so I leave him
To him that made him proud: the Pope.
NORFOLK Let’s in,
And with some other business put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him:
My lord, you’ll bear us company?
CHAMBERLAIN Excuse me,
The king has sent me otherwhere:[63] besides,
You’ll find a most unfit time to disturb him:

Health to your lordships.
NORFOLK Thanks, my good Lord Chamberlain.
Exit Lord Chamberlain, and the King [Henry] draws the curtain and sits reading pensively
SUFFOLK How sad he looks: sure, he is much afflicted.
KING HENRY VIII Who’s there? Ha?
NORFOLK Pray God he be not angry.
KING HENRY VIII Who’s there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves
Into my private meditations?
Who am I? Ha?
NORFOLK A gracious king that pardons all offences
Malice ne’er meant: our breach of duty this way[74]
Is business of estate,[75] in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.
KING HENRY VIII Ye are too bold:
Go to:[78] I’ll make ye know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal[79] affairs? Ha?
Enter [Cardinal] Wolsey and [Cardinal] Campeius with a commission
Who’s there? My good lord cardinal? O my Wolsey,
The quiet[81] of my wounded conscience:
Thou art a cure[82] fit for a king.— You’re welcome, ***To Cardinal Campeius***
Most learnèd reverend sir, into our kingdom:
Use us and it.— My good lord, have great care ***To Cardinal Wolsey***
I be not found a talker.[85]
CARDINAL WOLSEY Sir, you cannot:
I would your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.
KING HENRY VIII We are busy: go. ***To Norfolk and Suffolk***
NORFOLK This priest[90] has no pride in him? ***Norfolk and Suffolk speak aside***
SUFFOLK Not to speak of:
I would not be so sick[92] though for his place:
But this cannot continue.
NORFOLK If it do,
I’ll venture one have-at-him.[95]
SUFFOLK I another.

Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk

CARDINAL WOLSEY Your grace has given a precedent[97] of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple[99] to the voice of Christendom:
Who can be angry now? What envy[100] reach you?
The Spaniard,[101] tied by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess,[102] if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,[103]
I mean the learnèd ones in Christian kingdoms,
Have[105] their free voices. Rome, the nurse of judgement,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue[107] unto us: this good man,
This just and learnèd priest, Card'nal Campeius,
Whom once more I present unto your highness.

KING HENRY VIII And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave[111] for their loves:
They have sent me such a man I would have wished for.

CARDINAL CAMPEIUS Your grace must needs deserve all strangers'[113] loves,
You are so noble: to your highness' hand
I tender[115] my commission, by whose virtue,
The court of Rome commanding, you my lord
Cardinal of York, are joined with me their servant
In the unpartial[118] judging of this business.

KING HENRY VIII Two equal men: the queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith for what you come. Where's Gardiner?

CARDINAL WOLSEY I know your majesty has always loved her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that[122]
A woman of less place[123] might ask by law:
Scholars allowed freely to argue for her.

KING HENRY VIII Ay, and the best she shall have, and my favour
To him that does best, God forbid else. Cardinal,
Prithee call Gardiner to me, my new secretary.
I find him a fit[128] fellow. ***Cardinal Wolsey calls Gardiner***

Enter Gardiner

CARDINAL WOLSEY Give me your hand: much joy and favour to you;
You are the king's now. ***Aside to Gardiner***

GARDINER But to be commanded ***Aside to Wolsey***
For ever by your grace, whose hand has raised me.
KING HENRY VIII Come hither, Gardiner.
[The King] walks and whispers [with Gardiner]
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS My lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace
In this man’s place before him?
CARDINAL WOLSEY Yes, he was.
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS Was he not held a learnèd man?
CARDINAL WOLSEY Yes, surely.
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS Believe me, there’s an ill opinion spread then,
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.
CARDINAL WOLSEY How? Of me?
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS They will not stick[142] to say you envied him,
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept[144] him a foreign man still, which so grieved him,
That he ran mad and died.
CARDINAL WOLSEY Heav’n’s peace be with him:
That’s Christian care enough: for living murmurers[147]
There’s places of rebuke. He was a fool,
For he would needs be virtuous. That good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment:[150]
I will have none[151] so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be griped[152] by meaner persons.
KING HENRY VIII Deliver[153] this with modesty to th’queen. ***To Gardiner***
Exit Gardiner
The most convenient place that I can think of
For[155] such receipt of learning is Blackfriars:
There ye shall meet about this weighty business.
My Wolsey, see it furnished.[157] O, my lord,
Would it not grieve an able[158] man to leave
So sweet a bedfellow?[159] But, conscience, conscience:
O, ’tis a tender place, and I must leave her.
Exeunt

Act 2 Scene 3

running scene 6

Enter Anne Bullen and an Old Lady

ANNE Not[1] for that neither: here’s the pang that pinches:
His highness having lived so long with her, and she
So good a lady that no tongue could ever
Pronounce[4] dishonour of her — by my life,
She never knew harm-doing — O, now, after
So many courses[6] of the sun enthroned,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the which
To leave a thousandfold more bitter than
’Tis sweet at first to acquire — after this process,[9]
To give her the avaunt,[10] it is a pity
Would move a monster.

OLD LADY Hearts of most hard temper[12]
Melt and lament for her.

ANNE O, God’s will! Much better
She ne’er had known pomp: though’t be temporal,[15]
Yet, if that quarrel,[16] fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, ’tis a sufferance panging[17]
As soul and body’s severing.

OLD LADY Alas, poor lady,
She’s a stranger[20] now again.

ANNE So much the more
Must pity drop upon her: verily,
I swear, ’tis better to be lowly born,
And range[24] with humble livers in content,
Than to be perked up[25] in a glist’ring grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

OLD LADY Our content
Is our best having.[28]

ANNE By my troth[29] and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.

OLD LADY Beshrew[31] me, I would,

And venture maidenhead for’t, and so would you,
For all this spice[33] of your hypocrisy:
You, that have so fair parts[34] of woman on you,
Have, too, a woman’s heart, which ever yet
Affected[36] eminence, wealth, sovereignty:
Which, to say sooth,[37] are blessings: and which gifts,
Saving[38] your mincing, the capacity
Of your soft cheverel[39] conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

ANNE Nay, good troth.[41]

OLD LADY Yes, troth and troth: you would not be a queen?

ANNE No, not for all the riches under heaven.

OLD LADY ’Tis strange: a three-pence bowed[44] would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it:[45] but, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess? Have you limbs
To bear[47] that load of title?

ANNE No, in truth.

OLD LADY Then you are weakly made: pluck off[49] a little:
I would not be a young count[50] in your way,
For[51] more than blushing comes to: if your back
Cannot vouchsafe[52] this burden, ’tis too weak
Ever to get[53] a boy.

ANNE How you do talk!
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.

OLD LADY In faith, for little England[57]
You’d venture an emballing:[58] I myself
Would for Caernarvonshire,[59] although there longed
No more to th’crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

Enter Lord Chamberlain

CHAMBERLAIN Good morrow, ladies: what were’t worth to know
The secret of your conference?[62]

ANNE My good lord,
Not your demand: it values not[64] your asking:
Our mistress’ sorrows we were pitying.

CHAMBERLAIN It was a gentle[66] business, and becoming

The action of good women: there is hope
All will be well.
ANNE Now I pray God, amen.
CHAMBERLAIN You bear a gentle mind, and heav'nly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues: the king's majesty
Commends[74] his good opinion of you, and
Does purpose[75] honour to you no less flowing
Than Marchioness of Pembroke: to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace[78] he adds.
ANNE I do not know
What kind[80] of my obedience I should tender:
More[81] than my all is nothing: nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallowed,[82] nor my wishes
More[83] worth than empty vanities: yet prayers and wishes
Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe[85] to speak my thanks and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid to his highness,
Whose health and royalty I pray for.
CHAMBERLAIN Lady,
I shall not fail t'approve[89] the fair conceit
The king hath of you.— I have perused[90] her well: ***Aside***
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled
That they have caught the king: and who knows yet
But from this lady may proceed a gem[93]
To lighten[94] all this isle.— I'll to the king ***To Anne***
And say I spoke with you.
ANNE My honoured lord.
Exit Lord Chamberlain
OLD LADY Why, this it is: see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court,
Am yet a courtier beggarly,[99] nor could
Come[100] pat betwixt too early and too late
For any suit of pounds,[101] and you — O fate! —

A very fresh[102] fish here — fie, fie, fie upon
This compelled[103] fortune! — have your mouth filled up
Before you open it.
ANNE This is strange[105] to me.
OLD LADY How tastes[106] it? Is it bitter? Forty pence, no:
There was a lady once, ’tis an old story,
That would not be a queen,[108] that would she not
For all the mud[109] in Egypt: have you heard it?
ANNE Come, you are pleasant.[110]
OLD LADY With your theme,[111] I could
O’ermount[112] the lark. The Marchioness of Pembroke?
A thousand pounds a year for pure respect?
No other obligation? By my life,
That promises more thousands: honour’s[115] train
Is longer than his foreskirt: by this time
I know your[117] back will bear a duchess. Say,
Are you not stronger than you were?
ANNE Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,[120]
And leave me out on’t.[121] Would I had no being
If this salute[122] my blood a jot: it faints me,
To think what follows.
The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: pray, do not deliver[125]
What here you’ve heard to her.
OLD LADY What do you think me?
Exeunt

Act 2 Scene 4[2.4]

Trumpets, sennet and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them two Scribes in the habit of doctors [and a Crier]: after them, the [Arch]bishop of Canterbury alone: after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester and St Asaph: next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat: then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross: then a Gentleman-usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Sergeant-at-arms, bearing a silver mace: then two Gentlemen bearing two great silver pillars: after them, side by side, the two Cardinals [Wolsey and Campeius], two Noblemen, with the sword and mace. The King [Henry] takes place under the cloth of state. The two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The Queen [Katherine, attended by Griffith] takes place some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court in manner of a consistory: below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage

CARDINAL WOLSEY Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

KING HENRY VIII What's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides th'authority allowed:[5]
You may then spare that time.

CARDINAL WOLSEY Be't so. Proceed.

SCRIBE Say, 'Henry, King of England, come into the court.'

CRIER Henry, King of England, come into the court.

KING HENRY VIII Here.

SCRIBE Say, 'Katherine, Queen of England, come into the court.'

CRIER Katherine, Queen of England, come into the court.

The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet: then speaks

QUEEN KATHERINE Sir, I desire you do me right and justice,
And to bestow your pity on me, for

I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,[15]
Born out of your dominions, having here
No judge indifferent,[17] nor no more assurance
Of equal[18] friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? What cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed[21] to put me off,
And take your good grace[22] from me? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable,[24]
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,[25]
Yea, subject to your countenance,[26] glad or sorry,
As I saw it inclined. When was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? What friend of mine,
That had to him derived[32] your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? Nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharged? Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blessed
With many children[37] by you. If, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour[39] aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty
Against[41] your sacred person, in God’s name,
Turn me away, and let the foul’st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharp’st kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king your father was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatched wit[47] and judgement. Ferdinand
My father, King of Spain, was reckoned one
The wisest[48] prince that there had reigned by many
A year before. It is not to be questioned

That they had gathered a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deemed our marriage lawful. Wherefore[53] I humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advised, whose counsel
I will implore. If not, i'th'name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfilled.
CARDINAL WOLSEY You have here, lady,
And of your choice, these reverend fathers,[59] men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect[61] o'th'land, who are assembled
To plead your cause. It shall be therefore bootless[62]
That longer[63] you desire the court, as well
For your own quiet,[64] as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS His grace
Hath spoken well and justly: therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session[68] do proceed,
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produced and heard.
QUEEN KATHERINE Lord cardinal,
To you I speak.
CARDINAL WOLSEY Your pleasure, madam?
QUEEN KATHERINE Sir,
I am about to weep: but, thinking that
We are a queen, or long have dreamed so, certain[76]
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.
CARDINAL WOLSEY Be patient yet.
QUEEN KATHERINE I will, when you are humble: nay, before,[80]
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induced by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge[83]
You shall not be my judge. For it is you
Have blown this coal[85] betwixt my lord and me,
Which God's dew quench. Therefore, I say again,

I utterly abhor,[87] yea, from my soul,
Refuse you for my judge, whom yet once more
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

CARDINAL WOLSEY I do profess
You speak not like yourself, who ever yet
Have stood to[93] charity, and displayed th'effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong:
I have no spleen[96] against you, nor injustice
For you or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
The king is present: if it be known to him
That I gainsay[103] my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily,[104] my falsehood: yea, as much
As you have done my truth. If he know
That I am free[106] of your report, he knows
I am not of your wrong.[107] Therefore in him
It lies to cure me, and the cure is to
Remove these thoughts from you: the which before
His highness shall speak in,[110] I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking
And to say so no more.

QUEEN KATHERINE My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
T'oppose your cunning. You're meek and humble-mouthed:
You sign[116] your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility: but your heart
Is crammed with arrogancy, spleen and pride.
You have by fortune and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly[120] o'er low steps, and now are mounted
Where powers[121] are your retainers, and your words,
Domestics[122] to you, serve your will as't please

Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender[124] more your person’s honour than
Your high profession spiritual, that[125] again
I do refuse you for my judge, and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the Pope,
To bring my whole cause[128] ’fore his holiness,
And to be judged by him.

She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart

CARDINAL CAMPEIUS The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn[131] to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be tried by’t: ’tis not well.
She’s going away.

KING HENRY VIII Call her again. ***To the Crier***

CRIER Katherine, Queen of England, come into the court.

GRIFFITH Madam, you are called back. ***To Queen Katherine***

QUEEN KATHERINE What need you note it? Pray you keep your way:[137]
When you are called, return. Now the Lord help:
They vex me past my patience. Pray you, pass on:
I will not tarry:[140] no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their courts.

Exeunt Queen and her Attendants

KING HENRY VIII Go thy ways, Kate.
That man i’th’world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in naught be trusted
For speaking false in that: thou art alone —
If thy rare[147] qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,[148]
Obeying in commanding,[149] and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out[150] —
The queen of earthly queens: she’s noble born:
And like her true nobility, she has
Carried[153] herself towards me.

CARDINAL WOLSEY Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require[155] your highness,
That it shall please you to declare in hearing

Of all these ears — for where I am robbed and bound,
There must I be unloosed, although not there
At once and fully satisfied[159] — whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness, or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on’t, or ever
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady, spake one the least word that might
Be to the prejudice[165] of her present state,
Or touch[166] of her good person?

KING HENRY VIII My lord cardinal,
I do excuse[168] you: yea, upon mine honour,
I free you[169] from’t: you are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but like to village curs,[171]
Bark when their fellows do. By some of these
The queen is put in anger. You’re excused:
But will you be more justified? You ever
Have wished the sleeping of this business, never desired
It to be stirred, but oft have hindered, oft,
The passages[177] made toward it: on my honour,
I speak[178] my good lord card’nal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what moved me to’t,
I will be bold with time and your attention:
Then mark th’inducement.[181] Thus it came: give heed to’t:
My conscience first received a tenderness,[182]
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches uttered
By th’Bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador,
Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage ’twixt[186] the Duke of Orléans and
Our daughter Mary: i’th’progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution,[188] he,
I mean the bishop, did require a respite,
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise[190]
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,[192]

Sometimes[193] our brother's wife. This respite shook
The bosom of my conscience, entered me,
Yea, with a spitting[195] power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast, which forced such way,
That many mazed considerings[197] did throng
And pressed in with this caution. First, methought
I stood not in the smile[199] of heaven, who had
Commanded nature that my lady's womb,
If it conceived a male child by me, should
Do no more offices[202] of life to't than
The grave does to th'dead: for her male issue
Or[204] died where they were made, or shortly after
This[205] world had aired them. Hence I took a thought,
This was a judgement on me, that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o'th'world, should not
Be gladded[208] in't by me. Then follows that
I weighed the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's[210] fail, and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe:[211] thus hulling in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together: that's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience, which
I then did feel full[216] sick, and yet not well,
By all the reverend fathers of the land
And doctors[218] learned. First I began in private
With you, my lord of Lincoln: you remember
How under my oppression[220] I did reek
When I first moved[221] you.

LINCOLN Very well, my liege.

KING HENRY VIII I have spoke long: be pleased yourself to say
How far you satisfied[224] me.

LINCOLN So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,
Bearing[227] a state of mighty moment in't
And consequence of dread, that I committed[228]

The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt,
And did entreat your highness to this course
Which you are running here.

KING HENRY VIII I then moved you, ***To Canterbury***
My lord of Canterbury, and got your leave
To make this present summons: unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court,
But by particular[236] consent proceeded
Under[237] your hands and seals: therefore, go on:
For no dislike i'th'world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons, drives this forward:
Prove but[241] our marriage lawful, by my life
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear[243] our mortal state to come with her,
Katherine our queen, before the primest[244] creature
That's paragoned[245] o'th'world.

CARDINAL CAMPEIUS So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness[247]
That we adjourn this court till further[248] day:
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion[249]
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness.[251]

KING HENRY VIII I may perceive ***Aside***
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory[254] sloth and tricks of Rome.
My learned and well-belovèd servant, Cranmer,
Prithee return:[256] with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along.— Break up the court: ***Aloud***
I say, set[258] on.

Exeunt in manner as they entered

Act 3 Scene 1[3.1]

running scene 8

Enter Queen [Katherine] and her Women, as at work **One with a lute**

QUEEN KATHERINE Take thy lute,[1] wench: my soul grows sad with troubles:
Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst: leave[2] working.

WOMAN Orpheus[3] with his lute made trees, ***Sings***
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing.
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung, as[7] sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.
Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows[10] of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay[11] by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing[13] care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

Enter [Griffith] a Gentleman

QUEEN KATHERINE How now?

GRIFFITH An't please your grace, the two great cardinals
Wait in the presence.[17]

QUEEN KATHERINE Would they speak with me?

GRIFFITH They willed[19] me say so, madam.

QUEEN KATHERINE Pray[20] their graces
To come near.

[Exit Griffith]

What can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour?
I do not like their coming: now I think on't,
They should be good men, their affairs as righteous:[24]
But all hoods make not monks.

Enter the two Cardinals, Wolsey and Campeius

CARDINAL WOLSEY Peace to your highness.

QUEEN KATHERINE Your graces find me here part[27] of a housewife:
I would be all,[28] against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?
CARDINAL WOLSEY May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber: we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.
QUEEN KATHERINE Speak it here.
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner:[35] would all other women
Could speak this with as free[36] a soul as I do.
My lords, I care not, so much I am happy[37]
Above a number,[38] if my actions
Were tried by ev'ry tongue, ev'ry eye saw 'em,
Envy[40] and base opinion set against 'em,
I know my life so even.[41] If your business
Seek me out, and that[42] way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.
CARDINAL WOLSEY *Tanta*[44] *est erga te mentis integritas, Regina serenissima*—
QUEEN KATHERINE O, good my lord, no Latin:
I am not such a truant[46] since my coming,
As not to know the language I have lived in:
A strange[48] tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious:
Pray, speak in English: here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake:
Believe me, she has had much wrong. Lord cardinal,
The willing'st[52] sin I ever yet committed
May be absolved in English.
CARDINAL WOLSEY Noble lady,
I am sorry my integrity should breed,
And service to his majesty and you,
So deep suspicion, where all[57] faith was meant:
We come not by the way[58] of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses,
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow:
You have too much, good lady: but to know

How you stand minded[62] in the weighty difference
Between the king and you, and to deliver,
Like free[64] and honest men, our just opinions
And comforts to your cause.
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS Most honoured madam,
My lord of York, out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace,
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, which was too far,
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.
QUEEN KATHERINE To betray me. ***Aside***
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills: ***Aloud***
Ye speak like honest men:— pray God ye prove so. ***Aside?***
But how to make ye suddenly[76] an answer
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour —
More near my life, I fear — with my weak wit,[78]
And to such men of gravity and learning:
In truth I know not. I was set[80] at work
Among my maids, full little, God knows, looking[81]
Either for such men or such business:
For her[83] sake that I have been — for I feel
The last fit[84] of my greatness — good your graces,
Let me have time and counsel for my cause:
Alas, I am a woman friendless, hopeless.
CARDINAL WOLSEY Madam, you wrong the king's love with these fears.
Your hopes and friends are infinite.
QUEEN KATHERINE In England
But little for my profit:[90] can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend gainst his highness' pleasure,
Though he be grown so desperate[93] to be honest,
And live[94] a subject? Nay forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out[95] my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here:
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence

In mine own country, lords.
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS I would your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.
QUEEN KATHERINE How, sir?
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS Put your main cause into the king’s protection:
He’s loving and most gracious. ’Twill be much
Both for your honour better and your cause:
For if the trial of the law o’ertake ye,
You’ll part away[106] disgraced.
CARDINAL WOLSEY He tells you rightly.
QUEEN KATHERINE Ye tell me what ye wish for both — my ruin:
Is this your Christian counsel? Out upon ye.[109]
Heaven is above all yet: there sits a judge
That no king can corrupt.
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS Your rage mistakes[112] us.
QUEEN KATHERINE The more shame for ye: holy men I thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues:[114]
But cardinal[115] sins and hollow hearts I fear ye:
Mend ’em for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?
The cordial[117] that ye bring a wretched lady?
A woman lost among ye, laughed at, scorned?
I will not wish ye half my miseries:
I have more charity. But say I warned ye:
Take heed, for heaven’s sake, take heed, lest at[121] once
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.
CARDINAL WOLSEY Madam, this is a mere distraction:[123]
You turn the good we offer into envy.[124]
QUEEN KATHERINE Ye turn me into nothing. Woe upon ye
And all such false professors.[126] Would you have me —
If you have any justice, any pity,
If ye be anything but churchmen’s habits[128] —
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas, he’s banished me his[130] bed already,
His love, too long ago. I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship[132] I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen

To me above[134] this wretchedness? All your studies
Make me a curse like this.
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS Your fears are worse.
QUEEN KATHERINE Have I lived thus long — let me speak[137] myself,
Since virtue finds no friends — a wife, a true one?
A woman, I dare say without vainglory,[139]
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full[141] affections
Still[142] met the king? Loved him next heaven? Obeyed him?
Been, out of fondness,[143] superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? ’Tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne’er dreamed a joy beyond his pleasure,
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour, a great patience.
CARDINAL WOLSEY Madam, you wander from[150] the good we aim at.
QUEEN KATHERINE My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e’er divorce my dignities.[154]
CARDINAL WOLSEY Pray, hear me.
QUEEN KATHERINE Would I[156] had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it:
Ye have angels’ faces, but heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady?
I am the most unhappy woman living.
Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?
Shipwrecked upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope, no kindred weep for me?
Almost no grave allowed me? Like the lily
That once was mistress of the field and flourished,
I’ll hang my head and perish.
CARDINAL WOLSEY If your grace
Could but be brought to know our ends[168] are honest,
You’d feel more comfort. Why should we, good lady,

Upon what cause, wrong you? Alas, our places,[170]
The way of our profession is against it:
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow ’em.
For goodness’ sake, consider what you do,
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king’s acquaintance, by this carriage.[175]
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it, but to stubborn spirits
They swell and grow as terrible as storms.
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,[179]
A soul as even[180] as a calm: pray think us
Those we profess: peacemakers, friends and servants.

CARDINAL CAMPEIUS Madam, you’ll find it so: you wrong your virtues
With these weak women’s fears. A noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts[184]
Such doubts as false coin from it. The king loves you:
Beware you lose it not: for us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies[188] in your service.

QUEEN KATHERINE Do what ye will, my lords: and pray forgive me
If I have used[190] myself unmannerly.
You know I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray do my service[193] to his majesty:
He has my heart yet, and shall have my prayers
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me. She now begs,
That[197] little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.

Exeunt

Act 3 Scene 2

running scene 9

Enter the Duke of Norfolk, Duke of Suffolk, Lord Surrey and Lord Chamberlain

NORFOLK If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force[2] them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them. If you omit[3]
The offer of this time, I cannot promise
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

SURREY I am joyful
To meet the least occasion that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law the duke,[9]
To be revenged on him.[10]

SUFFOLK Which of the peers
Have uncontemned[12] gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected?[13] When did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person
Out[15] of himself?

CHAMBERLAIN My lords, you speak your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me I know:
What we can do to him, though now the time
Gives way[19] to us, I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to th'king, never attempt
Anything on him: for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in's[22] tongue.

NORFOLK O, fear him not:
His spell in that is out:[24] the king hath found
Matter against him that forever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's[26] settled,
Not to come off,[27] in his displeasure.

SURREY Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

NORFOLK Believe it, this is true.
In the divorce his contrary[32] proceedings
Are all unfolded,[33] wherein he appears
As I would wish mine enemy.
SURREY How came
His practices[36] to light?
SUFFOLK Most strangely.
SURREY O, how, how?
SUFFOLK The cardinal’s letters to the Pope miscarried,[39]
And came to th’eye o’th’king, wherein was read
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay[42] the judgment o’th’divorce, for if
It did take place, ‘I do’, quoth he, ‘perceive
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature[45] of the queen’s, Lady Anne Bullen.’
SURREY Has the king this?
SUFFOLK Believe it.
SURREY Will this work?
CHAMBERLAIN The king in this perceives him[49] how he coasts
And hedges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic[51]
After his patient’s death: the king already
Hath married the fair lady.
SURREY Would he had.
SUFFOLK May you be happy in your wish, my lord,
For I profess you have it.
SURREY Now, all my joy
Trace the conjunction.[58]
SUFFOLK My amen to’t.
NORFOLK All men’s.[60]
SUFFOLK There’s order given for her coronation:
Marry,[62] this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted. But, my lords,
She is a gallant[64] creature, and complete
In mind and feature. I persuade me,[65] from her
Will fall[66] some blessing to this land, which shall

In it be memorized.[67]
SURREY But will the king
Digest[69] this letter of the cardinal's?
The Lord forbid!
NORFOLK Marry, amen.
SUFFOLK No, no:
There be more wasps that buzz about his nose
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stol'n away to Rome: hath ta'en no leave:
Has left the cause[76] o'th'king unhandled, and
Is posted[77] as the agent of our cardinal
To second all his plot. I do assure you
The king cried 'Ha!' at this.
CHAMBERLAIN Now, God incense him,
And let him cry 'Ha!' louder.
NORFOLK But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?
SUFFOLK He[84] is returned in his opinions, which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom: shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be published,[88] and
Her coronation. Katherine no more
Shall be called 'Queen', but 'Princess Dowager'
And 'widow to Prince Arthur'.
NORFOLK This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.
SUFFOLK He has, and we shall see him
For it an archbishop.
NORFOLK So I hear.
SUFFOLK 'Tis so.
Enter [Cardinal] Wolsey and Cromwell
The cardinal.
NORFOLK Observe, observe, he's moody.[100]
CARDINAL WOLSEY The packet,[101] Cromwell: gave't you the king?

CROMWELL To his own hand, in's bedchamber.
CARDINAL WOLSEY Looked[103] he
O'th'inside of the paper?
CROMWELL Presently[105]
He did unseal them, and the first he viewed,
He did it with a serious mind: a heed[107]
Was in his countenance. You he bade
Attend him here this morning.
CARDINAL WOLSEY Is he ready
To come abroad?[111]
CROMWELL I think by this[112] he is.
CARDINAL WOLSEY Leave me awhile.—
Exit Cromwell
It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon, ***Aside***
The French king's sister: he shall marry her.
Anne Bullen? No, I'll no Anne Bullens for him:
There's more in't than fair visage.[117] Bullen?
No, we'll no Bullens. Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome. The Marchioness of Pembroke?
NORFOLK He's discontented.
SUFFOLK Maybe he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.
SURREY Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice.
CARDINAL WOLSEY The late[125] queen's gentlewoman? A knight's daughter,
Aside
To be her mistress' mistress? The queen's queen?
This candle burns not clear:[127] 'tis I must snuff it,
Then out it goes. What though I know her virtuous
And well deserving? Yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran,[130] and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i'th'bosom of[131]
Our hard-ruled[132] king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch-one:[133] Cranmer, one
Hath[134] crawled into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.

NORFOLK He is vexed at something.

Enter King [Henry], reading of a schedule [and Lovell]

SURREY I would ’twere something that would fret[137] the string,
The master-cord[138] on’s heart!

SUFFOLK The king, the king!

KING HENRY VIII What piles of wealth hath he accumulated ***Aside***
To his own portion?[141] And what expense by th’hour
Seems to flow from him? How i’th’name of thrift
Does he rake this together?— Now, my lords, ***Aloud***
Saw you the cardinal?

NORFOLK My lord, we have
Stood here observing him. Some strange commotion[146]
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts,
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple, straight[149]
Springs out into fast gait, then stops again,
Strikes his breast hard, and anon he casts
His eye against[152] the moon: in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.

KING HENRY VIII It may well be,
There is a mutiny in’s mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I required: and wot[157] you what I found
There, on my conscience put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing[159]
The several parcels[160] of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs[161] and ornaments of household, which
I find at such proud rate,[162] that it outspeaks
Possession of a subject.

NORFOLK It’s heaven’s will:
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.[166]

KING HENRY VIII If we did think
His contemplation[168] were above the earth,
And fixed on spiritual object, he should[169] still
Dwell in his musings: but I am afraid

His thinkings are below[171] the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

King takes his seat; [and] whispers [with] Lovell, who goes to the Cardinal

CARDINAL WOLSEY Heaven forgive me!—
Ever God bless your highness. ***To the King***

KING HENRY VIII Good, my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff,[176] and bear the inventory
Of your best graces[177] in your mind, the which
You were now running o'er: you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure[179] a brief span
To keep[180] your earthly audit: sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband,[181] and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

CARDINAL WOLSEY Sir,
For holy offices I have a time: a time
To think upon the part of business which
I bear i'th'state: and nature does require
Her times of preservation,[187] which perforce
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance[189] to.

KING HENRY VIII You have said well.

CARDINAL WOLSEY And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying.

KING HENRY VIII 'Tis well said again,
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father loved you:
He said he did, and with his deed did crown[197]
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart, have not alone[199]
Employed you where high profits might come home,
But pared[201] my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

CARDINAL WOLSEY What should this mean? ***Aside***

SURREY The Lord increase this business! ***Aside***

KING HENRY VIII Have I not made you,
The prime[206] man of the state? I pray you tell me
If what I now pronounce[207] you have found true:
And if you may confess it, say withal[208]
If you are bound to us or no. What say you?
CARDINAL WOLSEY My sovereign, I confess your royal graces,[210]
Showered on me daily, have been more than could[211]
My studied purposes requite, which went
Beyond all man's endeavours. My endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet filed[215] with my abilities: mine own ends
Have been mine so[216] that evermore they pointed
To th'good of your most sacred person and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heaped upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant[220] thanks,
My prayers to heaven for you, my loyalty,
Which ever has and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.
KING HENRY VIII Fairly answered:
A loyal and obedient subject is
The rein illustrated: the[226] honour of it
Does pay the act of it, as i'th'contrary
The foulness[228] is the punishment. I presume
That as my hand has opened bounty to you,
My heart dropped love, my power rained honour, more
On you than any: so your hand and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,[232]
Should, notwithstanding[233] that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular,[234] be more
To me, your friend, than any.
CARDINAL WOLSEY I do profess
That for your highness' good I ever laboured
More than mine own: that[238] am, have and will be —
Though all the world should crack[239] their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul: though perils did

Abound, as thick as thought could make ’em, and
Appear in forms more horrid[242] — yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding[243] flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,[244]
And stand unshaken yours.

KING HENRY VIII ’Tis nobly spoken:
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open’t. Read o’er this, ***Gives Wolsey a paper***
And after, this, and then to breakfast with ***Gives him another paper***
What appetite you have.

Exit King, frowning upon the Cardinal, the Nobles throng after him, smiling and whispering

CARDINAL WOLSEY What should this mean?
What sudden anger’s this? How have I reaped it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leaped from his eyes. So looks the chafèd[254] lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has galled[255] him:
Then makes him nothing.[256] I must read this paper:
I fear the story[257] of his anger.— ’Tis so: ***He reads one of the papers***
This paper has undone[258] me: ’tis the account
Of all that world[259] of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends — indeed, to gain the popedom,
And fee[261] my friends in Rome. O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross[262] devil
Made me put this main[263] secret in the packet
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device[265] to beat this from his brains?
I know ’twill stir[266] him strongly. Yet I know
A way, if it take right,[267] in spite of fortune
Will bring me off[268] again. What’s this? ‘To th’Pope’?
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to’s holiness. Nay then, farewell:
I have touched the highest point of all my greatness,
And from that full meridian[272] of my glory,
I haste now to my setting.[273] I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation[274] in the evening,

And no man see me more.

Enter to Wolsey, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey and the Lord Chamberlain

NORFOLK Hear the king’s pleasure, cardinal, who commands you
To render up the great seal presently[277]
Into our hands, and to confine yourself
To Asher[279] House, my lord of Winchester’s,
Till you hear further from his highness.

CARDINAL WOLSEY Stay:
Where’s your commission,[282] lords? Words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.

SUFFOLK Who dare cross[284] ’em,
Bearing the king’s will from his mouth expressly?

CARDINAL WOLSEY Till I find more than will or words to do it[286] —
I mean your malice — know, officious lords,
I dare and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal[289] ye are moulded: envy.
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye, and how sleek[291] and wanton
Ye appear in everything may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice:
You have Christian warrant for ’em, and no doubt
In time will find their fit rewards.[295] That seal
You ask with such a violence, the king,
Mine and your master, with his own hand gave me:
Bade me enjoy[298] it, with the place and honours,
During my life: and to confirm his goodness,
Tied[300] it by letters patents. Now, who’ll take it?

SURREY The king, that gave it.

CARDINAL WOLSEY It must be himself, then.

SURREY Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

CARDINAL WOLSEY Proud lord, thou liest:
Within these forty hours[305] Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue than said so.

SURREY Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin,[308] robbed this bewailing land

Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
With thee, and all thy best parts[311] bound together,
Weighed[312] not a hair of his. Plague of your policy,
You sent me deputy for Ireland,
Far from his succour,[314] from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault[315] thou gav’st him:
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolved him with an axe.

CARDINAL WOLSEY This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,[319]
I answer is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts. How innocent I was
From[322] any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause[323] can witness.
If I loved many words, lord, I should tell you
You have as little honesty as honour,
That[326] in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate[328] a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

SURREY By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you: thou shouldst feel
My sword i’th’life-blood of thee else. My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow?[334] If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded[335] by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility: let his grace go forward,
And dare[337] us with his cap, like larks.

CARDINAL WOLSEY All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

SURREY Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land’s wealth into one,
Into your own hands, Card’nal, by extortion:
The goodness of your intercepted packets
You writ to th’Pope against the king: your goodness,

Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.
My lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despised nobility, our issues,[348]
Whom if he[349] live will scarce be gentlemen,
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles[350]
Collected from his life. I'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell,[352] when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.
CARDINAL WOLSEY How much, methinks, I could despise this man, ***Aside***
But that I am bound in charity against it.
NORFOLK Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand:[356]
But thus much:[357] they are foul ones.
CARDINAL WOLSEY So much fairer
And spotless shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.
SURREY This cannot save you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles, and out[363] they shall.
Now, if you can blush and cry 'Guilty', cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.
CARDINAL WOLSEY Speak on, sir:
I dare[367] your worst objections: if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want[368] manners.
SURREY I had rather want those than my head. Have at you![369]
First, that without the king's assent or knowledge,
You wrought[371] to be a legate, by which power
You maimed the jurisdiction of all bishops.
NORFOLK Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, '*Ego*[374] *et Rex meus*'
Was still[375] inscribed, in which you brought the king
To be your servant.
SUFFOLK Then, that without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador[379] to the emperor, you made bold
To carry[380] into Flanders the great seal.

SURREY *Item,*[381] you sent a large commission
To Gregory[382] de Cassado, to conclude
Without the king’s will or the state’s allowance,[383]
A league between his highness and Ferrara.[384]
SUFFOLK That out of mere[385] ambition, you have caused
Your holy hat to be stamped on the king’s coin.
SURREY Then, that you have sent innumerable substance[387] —
By what means got, I leave to your own conscience —
To furnish[389] Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities, to[390] the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more[391] there are,
Which since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.
CHAMBERLAIN O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far. ’Tis virtue:[395]
His faults lie open[396] to the laws, let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.
SURREY I forgive him.
SUFFOLK Lord cardinal, the king’s further pleasure is,
Because all those things you have done of late
By your power legative[402] within this kingdom,
Fall into th’compass of a praemunire,[403]
That therefore such a writ be sued[404] against you,
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,[405]
Castles,[406] and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king’s protection. This is my charge.[407]
NORFOLK And so we’ll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For[409] your stubborn answer
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.
Exeunt all but Wolsey
CARDINAL WOLSEY So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell? A long farewell to all my greatness.
This is the state of man: today he puts forth

The tender[416] leaves of hopes: tomorrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing[417] honours thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And when he thinks, good easy[419] man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton[422] boys that swim on bladders,
This[423] many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown[424] pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream,[427] that must for ever hide me.
Vain[428] pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours?
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect[432] of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs[433] and fears than wars or women have:
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,[434]
Never to hope again.

Enter Cromwell, standing amazed

Why, how now, Cromwell?

CROMWELL I have no power to speak, sir.

CARDINAL WOLSEY What, amazed
At my misfortunes? Can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline?[439] Nay, an you weep
I am fall'n indeed.

CROMWELL How does your grace?

CARDINAL WOLSEY Why, well:
Never so truly happy,[443] my good Cromwell.
I know myself now, and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me,
I humbly thank his grace, and from these shoulders,
These ruined pillars,[448] out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy: too much honour.

O, ’tis a burden, Cromwell, ’tis a burden
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.
CROMWELL I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.[452]
CARDINAL WOLSEY I hope I have: I am able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
To endure more miseries and greater far
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?
CROMWELL The heaviest[458] and the worst
Is your displeasure[459] with the king.
CARDINAL WOLSEY God bless him.
CROMWELL The next is that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.
CARDINAL WOLSEY That’s somewhat sudden,
But he’s a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness’ favour, and do justice
For truth’s sake and his conscience, that[466] his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans’[468] tears wept on him.
What more?
CROMWELL That Cranmer is returned with welcome,
Installed Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.
CARDINAL WOLSEY That’s news indeed.
CROMWELL Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was viewed in open[475] as his queen,
Going to chapel, and the voice[476] is now
Only about her coronation.
CARDINAL WOLSEY There was the weight that pulled me down.
O Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond[480] me: all my glories
In[481] that one woman I have lost for ever.
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops[483] that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell:
I am a poor fall’n man, unworthy now

To be thy lord and master. Seek the king —
That sun I pray may never set — I have told him
What and how true thou art: he will advance thee:
Some little memory of me will stir him —
I know his noble nature — not to let
Thy hopeful[491] service perish too. Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not: make use[492] now, and provide
For thine own future safety.
CROMWELL O my lord,
Must I then leave you? Must I needs forgo[495]
So good, so noble and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The king shall have my service: but my prayers
For ever and for ever shall be yours.
CARDINAL WOLSEY Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear ***He weeps***
In all my miseries: but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth,[503] to play the woman.
Let’s dry our eyes: and thus far hear me Cromwell,
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull[506] cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say I taught thee:
Say Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded[509] all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck,[510] to rise in:
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark[512] but my fall, and that that ruined me:
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels: how can man then,
The image of his maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee:
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still[518] in thy right hand carry gentle peace
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim’st at be thy country’s,
Thy God’s, and truth’s. Then if thou fall’st, O Cromwell,

Thou fall’st a blessèd martyr.
Serve the king: and prithee lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have:
To the last penny ’tis the king’s. My robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked[530] to mine enemies.

CROMWELL Good sir, have patience.

CARDINAL WOLSEY So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court: my hopes in heaven do dwell.

Exeunt

Act 4 Scene 1[4.1]

running scene 10

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another [the First holding a paper]

FIRST GENTLEMAN You’re well met once again.

SECOND GENTLEMAN So are you.

FIRST GENTLEMAN You come to take your stand here, and behold
The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?

SECOND GENTLEMAN ’Tis all my business.[5] At our last encounter,
The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

FIRST GENTLEMAN ’Tis very true. But that time offered sorrow,
This, general[8] joy.

SECOND GENTLEMAN ’Tis well: the citizens,
I am sure, have shown at full their royal[10] minds —
As, let[11] ’em have their rights, they are ever forward —
In celebration of this day with shows,
Pageants and sights of honour.

FIRST GENTLEMAN Never greater,
Nor, I’ll assure you, better taken,[15] sir.

SECOND GENTLEMAN May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?

FIRST GENTLEMAN Yes, ’tis the list
Of those that claim their offices this day
By custom of the coronation.
The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be High Steward:[22] next, the Duke of Norfolk,
He to be Earl Marshal:[23] you may read the rest.

SECOND GENTLEMAN I thank you, sir: had I not known those customs,
I should have been beholding[25] to your paper:
But I beseech you, what’s become of Katherine,
The Princess Dowager? How goes her business?

FIRST GENTLEMAN That I can tell you too. The Archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learnèd and reverend fathers of his order,[30]
Held a late[31] court at Dunstable, six miles off

From Ampthill,[32] where the princess lay: to which
She was often cited[33] by them, but appeared not:
And, to be short,[34] for not appearance and
The king's late scruple,[35] by the main assent
Of all these learnèd men she was divorced,
And the late marriage made of none effect,[37]
Since which she was removed to Kimbolton,[38]
Where she remains now sick.

SECOND GENTLEMAN Alas, good lady. ***Trumpets***
The trumpets sound: stand close,[41] the queen is coming. *Hautboys*

The Order of the Coronation

1. *A lively flourish of Trumpets.*
2. *Then,* [*enter*] *two Judges.*
3. *Lord Chancellor, with purse and mace before him.*
4. *Choristers, singing. Music* [*being played by musicians*].
5. *Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat of arms, and on his head he wore a gilt copper crown.*
6. *Marquis Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of esses.*
7. *Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as High Steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of esses.*
8. *A canopy, borne by four* [*Barons*] *of the Cinque Ports, under it the Queen* [*Anne*] *in her robe, in her hair, richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.*
9. *The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*
10. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

Exeunt, first passing over the stage in order and state [*while being discussed by the Gentlemen*]

SECOND GENTLEMAN A royal train,[42] believe me: these I know.
Who's that that bears the sceptre?

FIRST GENTLEMAN Marquis Dorset,
And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.

SECOND GENTLEMAN A bold brave gentleman. That should[46] be
The Duke of Suffolk?

FIRST GENTLEMAN 'Tis the same: High Steward.

SECOND GENTLEMAN And that my lord of Norfolk?

FIRST GENTLEMAN Yes.

SECOND GENTLEMAN Heaven bless thee! ***He sees Anne***
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever looked on.—
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel:
Our king has all the Indies[54] in his arms,
And more, and richer, when he strains[55] that lady:
I cannot blame his conscience.[56]

FIRST GENTLEMAN They that bear
The cloth of honour[58] over her, are four barons
Of the Cinque Ports.[59]

SECOND GENTLEMAN Those men are happy,
And so are all are near her.
I take it she that carries up the train
Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk.

FIRST GENTLEMAN It is, and all the rest are countesses.

SECOND GENTLEMAN Their coronets say so. These are stars indeed,
And sometimes falling[66] ones.

FIRST GENTLEMAN No more of that.

[Exit the end of the procession,] and then a great flourish of Trumpets
Enter a Third Gentleman

FIRST GENTLEMAN God save you, sir. Where have you been broiling?[68]

THIRD GENTLEMAN Among the crowd i'th'Abbey,[69] where a finger
Could not be wedged in more: I am stifled
With the mere[71] rankness of their joy.

SECOND GENTLEMAN You saw

The ceremony?
THIRD GENTLEMAN That I did.
FIRST GENTLEMAN How was it?
THIRD GENTLEMAN Well worth the seeing.
SECOND GENTLEMAN Good sir, speak[77] it to us.
THIRD GENTLEMAN As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepared place in the choir, fell off[80]
A distance from her, while her grace sat down
To rest a while, some half an hour or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing[83] freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest[85] woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose[87]
As the shrouds[88] make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes. Hats, cloaks —
Doublets,[90] I think — flew up, and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-bellied[92] women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams[93]
In the old time of war, would shake the press[94]
And make ’em reel before ’em. No man living
Could say ‘This is my wife’ there, all were woven
So strangely in one piece.
SECOND GENTLEMAN But, what followed?
THIRD GENTLEMAN At length her grace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the altar, where she kneeled, and saint-like
Cast her fair eyes to heaven and prayed devoutly.
Then rose again and bowed her to the people:
When by the Archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings[104] of a queen,
As[105] holy oil, Edward Confessor’s crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Laid nobly on her: which performed, the choir,
With all the choicest music[108] of the kingdom,

Together sung *Te Deum*.[109] So she parted,
And with the same full state[110] paced back again
To York Place, where the feast is held.

FIRST GENTLEMAN Sir,
You must no more call it York Place, that's past:
For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost:
'Tis now the king's, and called Whitehall.

THIRD GENTLEMAN I know it;
But 'tis so lately[117] altered, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

SECOND GENTLEMAN What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen?

THIRD GENTLEMAN Stokesley and Gardiner, the one[121] of Winchester,
Newly preferred[122] from the king's secretary:
The other, London.

SECOND GENTLEMAN He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.

THIRD GENTLEMAN All the land knows that:
However, yet there is no great breach: when it comes,
Cranmer will[129] find a friend will not shrink from him.

SECOND GENTLEMAN Who may that be, I pray you?

THIRD GENTLEMAN Thomas Cromwell;
A man in much esteem with th'king, and truly
A worthy friend. The king has made him
Master o'th'Jewel House,[134]
And one already of the Privy Council.

SECOND GENTLEMAN He will deserve more.

THIRD GENTLEMAN Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way,
Which is to th'court, and there ye shall be my guests:
Something[140] I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.

FIRST *and* SECOND GENTLEMEN You may command us, sir.

Exeunt

Act 4 Scene 2*

running scene 11

Enter Katherine Dowager, sick, led between Griffith, her Gentleman-usher, and Patience, her Woman

GRIFFITH How does your grace?
KATHERINE O Griffith, sick to death:
My legs like loaden[3] branches, bow to th'earth,
Willing to leave their burden. Reach a chair: ***She sits***
So now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey, was dead?
GRIFFITH Yes, madam, but I think your grace,
Out of the pain you suffered, gave no ear to't.
KATHERINE Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he died.
If well, he stepped before me happily[11]
For my example.
GRIFFITH Well, the voice[13] goes, madam:
For after the stout[14] Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward,[15]
As a man sorely tainted,[16] to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit[18] his mule.
KATHERINE Alas, poor man.
GRIFFITH At last, with easy roads,[20] he came to Leicester,
Lodged in the abbey, where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent,[22] honourably received him,
To whom he gave these words: 'O father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye:
Give him a little earth[26] for charity.'
So went to bed, where eagerly[27] his sickness
Pursued him still: and three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, which he himself
Foretold should be his last, full of repentance,

Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessèd part[33] to heaven, and slept in peace.
KATHERINE So may he rest: his faults lie gently on him.
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak[35] him,
And yet with charity. He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach,[37] ever ranking
Himself with princes: one that by suggestion[38]
Tied[39] all the kingdom. Simony was fair play:
His own opinion was his law. I'th'presence[40]
He would say untruths, and be ever double[41]
Both in his words and meaning. He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful.[43]
His promises were, as he then was, mighty:
But his performance, as he is now, nothing:
Of his own body[46] he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.
GRIFFITH Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass, their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good[51] now?
KATHERINE Yes, good Griffith,
I were malicious else.
GRIFFITH This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashioned to[56] much honour. From his cradle
He was a scholar, and a ripe[57] and good one:
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading:
Lofty[59] and sour to them that loved him not:
But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,[61]
Which was a sin, yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely: ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he raised in you,[64]
Ipswich and Oxford:[65] one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did[66] it:

The other, though unfinished, yet so famous,
So excellent in art,[68] and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heaped happiness upon him:
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little.[72]
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

KATHERINE After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom[79] I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious[80] truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour: peace be with him.
Patience, be near me still, and set me lower:[82] ***To Patience***
I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note[84]
I named my knell,[85] whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony[86] I go to. ***She sleeps***

Sad and solemn music

GRIFFITH She is asleep: good wench, let's sit down quiet
For fear we wake her. Softly, gentle Patience.

The Vision

Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces, branches of bays or palm in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance: and at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head, at which the other four make reverent curtsies. Then the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head. Which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order. At which, as it were by inspiration, she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven. And so, in their dancing vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues

KATHERINE Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone,
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?
GRIFFITH Madam, we are here.
KATHERINE It is not you I call for:
Saw ye none enter since I slept?
GRIFFITH None, madam.
KATHERINE No? Saw you not even now a blessèd troop
Invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promised me eternal happiness,
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall, assuredly.
GRIFFITH I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.[102]
KATHERINE Bid the music leave,[103]
They are harsh and heavy[104] to me.
Music ceases
PATIENCE Do you note ***Patience and Griffith speak aside***
How much her grace is altered on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? How pale she looks,
And of an earthy cold? Mark her eyes!
GRIFFITH She is going, wench: pray, pray.
PATIENCE Heaven comfort her.
Enter a Messenger
MESSENGER An't[111] like your grace—
KATHERINE You are a saucy[112] fellow:
Deserve we no more reverence?
GRIFFITH You are to blame, ***To the Messenger***
Knowing she will not lose[115] her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour. Go to, kneel.
MESSENGER I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon:
My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying[118]
A gentleman sent from the king to see you.
KATHERINE Admit him entrance, Griffith. But this fellow
Let me ne'er see again.
Exit Messenger

Enter Lord Caputius [ushered by Griffith]

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,[122]
My royal nephew, and your name Caputius.
CAPUTIUS Madam, the same. Your servant.
KATHERINE O my lord,
The times and titles now are altered strangely
With me since first you knew me. But I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?
CAPUTIUS Noble lady,
First mine own service to your grace: the next,
The king's request that I would visit you,
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.
KATHERINE O my good lord, that comfort comes too late,
'Tis like a pardon after execution:
That gentle physic[137] given in time had cured me,
But now I am past all comforts here but prayers.
How does his highness?
CAPUTIUS Madam, in good health.
KATHERINE So may he ever do, and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banished the kingdom. Patience, is that letter
I caused you write yet sent away?
PATIENCE No, madam. ***Gives it to Katherine***
KATHERINE Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king. ***Gives the letter to Caputius***
CAPUTIUS Most willing,[148] madam.
KATHERINE In which I have commended to his goodness
The model[150] of our chaste loves, his young daughter —
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her —
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding.[152]
She is young, and of a noble modest nature:
I hope she will deserve well — and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that loved him,

Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have followed both my fortunes[159] faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
And now I should not lie, but will deserve
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty[163] and decent carriage,
A right good husband — let him be a noble —
And sure those men are happy[165] that shall have ’em.
The last is for my men — they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw ’em from me —
That they may have their wages duly paid ’em,
And something over[169] to remember me by.
If heaven had pleased to have given me longer life
And able[171] means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents, and, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people’s friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.

CAPUTIUS By heaven, I will,
Or let me lose the fashion[178] of a man.

KATHERINE I thank you, honest[179] lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness:
Say his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world. Tell him in death I blessed him,
For so I will. Mine eyes grow dim. Farewell,
My lord. Griffith, farewell. Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed:
Call in more women. When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be used[187] with honour: strew me over
With maiden flowers,[188] that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth:[190] although unqueened, yet like
A queen and daughter to a king inter me.

I can[192] no more.

Exeunt leading Katherine

Act 5 Scene 1[5.1]

running scene 12

Enter Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovell

GARDINER It’s one o’clock, boy, is’t not?
PAGE It hath struck.
GARDINER These should be hours for necessities,[3]
Not for delights: times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times. Good hour of night, Sir Thomas:
Whither[7] so late?
LOVELL Came you from the king, my lord?
GARDINER I did, Sir Thomas, and left him at primero[9]
With the Duke of Suffolk.
LOVELL I must[11] to him too,
Before he go to bed. I’ll take my leave.
GARDINER Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What’s the matter?
It seems you are in haste: an if[14] there be
No great offence[15] belongs to’t, give your friend
Some touch[16] of your late business: affairs that walk,
As they say spirits do, at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature than the business
That seeks dispatch by day.
LOVELL My lord, I love you,
And durst commend[21] a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work.[22] The queen’s in labour —
They say in great extremity — and feared[23]
She’ll with the labour end.
GARDINER The fruit[25] she goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may find
Good time,[27] and live: but for the stock, Sir Thomas,
I wish it grubbed up[28] now.
LOVELL Methinks I could
Cry the amen,[30] and yet my conscience says
She’s a good creature and, sweet lady, does

Deserve our better wishes.
GARDINER But, sir, sir,
Hear me, Sir Thomas: you’re a gentleman
Of mine own way.[35] I know you wise, religious,
And let me tell you, it will ne’er be well —
’Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take’t of me —
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands,[38] and she
Sleep in their graves.
LOVELL Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remarked[41] i’th’kingdom. As for Cromwell,
Beside that of the Jewel House, is made Master
O’th’Rolls[42] and the king’s secretary. Further, sir,
Stands in the gap and trade[44] of more preferments,
With which the time[45] will load him. Th’archbishop
Is the king’s hand and tongue, and who dare speak
One syllable against him?
GARDINER Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
There are[49] that dare, and I myself have ventured
To speak my mind of him: and indeed this day,
Sir, I may tell it you, I think I have
Incensed[52] the lords o’th’council, that he is —
For so I know he is, they know he is —
A most arch-heretic,[54] a pestilence
That does infect the land: with which they, moved,[55]
Have broken[56] with the king, who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, of his great grace
And princely care, foreseeing those fell[58] mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him, hath commanded
Tomorrow morning to the council board
He be convented.[61] He’s a rank weed, Sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long. Goodnight, Sir Thomas.
LOVELL Many good nights, my lord: I rest[64] your servant.
Exeunt Gardiner and Page
Enter King [Henry] and Suffolk
KING HENRY VIII Charles, I will play no more tonight: ***To Suffolk***

My mind's not on't: you are too hard[66] for me.
SUFFOLK Sir, I did never win of you before.
KING HENRY VIII But little, Charles,
Nor shall not when my fancy's[69] on my play.
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?
LOVELL I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message, who returned her thanks
In the great'st humbleness, and desired your highness
Most heartily to pray for her.
KING HENRY VIII What say'st thou? Ha?
To pray for her? What, is she crying out?
LOVELL So said her woman, and that her suff'rance[78] made
Almost each pang a death.
KING HENRY VIII Alas, good lady.
SUFFOLK God[81] safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travail,[82] to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir!
KING HENRY VIII 'Tis midnight, Charles.
Prithee to bed, and in thy prayers remember
Th'estate[86] of my poor queen. Leave me alone,
For I must think of that which company
Would not be friendly to.
SUFFOLK I wish your highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.
KING HENRY VIII Charles, goodnight.
Exit Suffolk
Enter Sir Anthony Denny
Well, sir, what follows?
DENNY Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me.
KING HENRY VIII Ha? Canterbury?
DENNY Ay, my good lord.
KING HENRY VIII 'Tis true: where is he, Denny?
DENNY He attends[99] your highness' pleasure.

KING HENRY VIII Bring him to us.

[Exit Denny]

LOVELL This is about that which the bishop[101] spake. ***Aside***
I am happily[102] come hither.

Enter Cranmer and Denny

KING HENRY VIII Avoid[103] the gallery.

Lovell seems to stay

Ha? I have said. Be gone.

Exeunt Lovell and Denny

What?

CRANMER I am fearful: wherefore frowns he thus? ***Aside***
’Tis his aspect of terror.[106] All’s not well.

KING HENRY VIII How now, my lord? You desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

CRANMER It is my duty ***He kneels***
T’attend your highness’ pleasure.

KING HENRY VIII Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together:
I have news to tell you. Come, come, give me your hand. ***Cranmer stands. They walk***
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows.
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous[118] — I do say, my lord,
Grievous — complaints of you, which, being considered,
Have moved[120] us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us, where I know
You cannot with such freedom[122] purge yourself,
But that, till further trial in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take[124]
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower.[126] You a brother of us,
It fits[127] we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

CRANMER I humbly thank your highness, ***He kneels***

And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most throughly[131] to be winnowed, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder. For I know
There's none stands under[133] more calumnious tongues
Than I myself, poor man.
KING HENRY VIII Stand up, good Canterbury:
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand, stand up:
Prithee, let's walk. Now, by my halidom,[138] ***Cranmer stands. They walk***
What manner of man are you? My lord, I looked[139]
You would have given[140] me your petition that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers, and to have heard you
Without endurance further.[143]
CRANMER Most dread[144] liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty:
If they shall fail, I with mine enemies
Will triumph[147] o'er my person, which I weigh not,
Being[148] of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.
KING HENRY VIII Know you not
How your state stands i'th'world, with the whole world?
Your enemies are many, and not small:[152] their practices
Must bear[153] the same proportion, and not ever
The justice and the truth o'th'question carries
The dew o'th'verdict[155] with it: at what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear[157] against you? Such things have been done.
You are potently opposed, and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of[159] better luck —
I mean in perjured witness[160] — than your master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he lived
Upon this naughty[162] earth? Go to, go to:
You take[163] a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo[164] your own destruction.
CRANMER God and your majesty

Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is[167] laid for me.

KING HENRY VIII Be of good cheer:
They shall no more prevail than we give way[169] to.
Keep comfort to you, and this morning see
You do appear before them. If they shall chance,[171]
In charging you with matters, to commit[172] you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
Th’occasion shall instruct you. If entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them. Look, the good man weeps: ***Cranmer weeps***
He’s honest, on mine honour. God’s blest mother,
I swear he is true-hearted, and a soul
None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you.

Exit Cranmer

He has strangled
His language in his tears.

Enter Old Lady

LOVELL Come back: what mean you? ***Within***

OLD LADY I’ll not come back: the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners.— Now[186] good angels ***To the King***
Fly o’er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessèd wings.

KING HENRY VIII Now by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is[190] the queen delivered?
Say, ‘Ay, and of a boy.’

OLD LADY Ay, ay, my liege,
And of a lovely boy: the God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her. ’Tis a girl[194]
Promises[195] boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and[196] to be
Acquainted with this stranger: ’tis as like you
As cherry is to cherry.

KING HENRY VIII Lovell.
LOVELL Sir?
KING HENRY VIII Give her an hundred marks.[201] I’ll to the queen.
Exit King
OLD LADY An hundred marks? By this light, I’ll ha’ more.
An ordinary groom[203] is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like to him? I’ll
Have more, or else unsay’t: and now, while ’tis hot,[206]
I’ll put[207] it to the issue.
Exit [Old] Lady [with Lovell]

Act 5 Scene 2

running scene 13

Enter Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury

CRANMER I hope I am not too late, and yet the gentleman
That was sent to me from the council prayed me
To make great haste. All fast?[3] What means this? Ho!
Who waits there?

Enter [Door] Keeper

Sure[4] you know me?

KEEPER Yes, my lord,
But yet I cannot help you.

CRANMER Why?

KEEPER Your grace must wait till you be called for.

Enter Doctor Butts [passing over the stage]

CRANMER So.[9]

DOCTOR BUTTS This is a piece of malice. I am glad ***Aside***
I came this way so happily.[11] The king
Shall understand it presently.[12]

Exit [Doctor] Butts

CRANMER ’Tis Butts, ***Aside***
The king’s physician: as he passed along
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me:
Pray heaven he sound[16] not my disgrace: for certain
This is of purpose laid[17] by some that hate me —
God turn[18] their hearts, I never sought their malice —
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me
Wait else at door, a fellow councillor,
’Mong boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfilled, and I attend[22] with patience.

Enter the King [Henry] and [Doctor] Butts at a window above

DOCTOR BUTTS I’ll show your grace the strangest sight—

KING HENRY VIII What’s that, Butts?

DOCTOR BUTTS I think your highness saw this many a day.

KING HENRY VIII Body o’me,[26] where is it?

DOCTOR BUTTS There, my lord:
The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury,
Who[29] holds his state at door, ’mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and footboys.[30]

KING HENRY VIII Ha? ’Tis he, indeed.
Is this the honour they do one another?
’Tis well there’s one above ’em[33] yet: I had thought
They had parted[34] so much honesty among ’em —
At least good manners — as not thus to suffer[35]
A man of his place,[36] and so near our favour,
To dance attendance[37] on their lordships’ pleasures —
And at the door, too, like a post[38] with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there’s knavery:
Let ’em alone, and draw the curtain close:[40]
We shall hear more anon.

[Exeunt above]

A council table brought in with chairs and stools, and placed under the state. Enter Lord Chancellor, places himself at the upper end of the table, on the left hand: a seat being left void above him, as for Canterbury’s seat. Duke of Suffolk, Duke of Norfolk, Surrey, Lord Chamberlain, Gardiner, seat themselves in order on each side. Cromwell at lower end, as secretary

CHANCELLOR Speak to the business, master secretary: ***To Cromwell***
Why are we met in council?

CROMWELL Please your honours,
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

GARDINER Has he had knowledge of it?

CROMWELL Yes.

NORFOLK Who waits there?

KEEPER Without,[49] my noble lords?

GARDINER Yes.

KEEPER My lord archbishop:
And has done half an hour to know your pleasures.

CHANCELLOR Let him come in.

KEEPER Your grace may enter now.

Cranmer [enters below and] approaches the council table

CHANCELLOR My good lord archbishop, I’m very sorry
To sit here at this present,[56] and behold
That chair[57] stand empty: but we all are men,
In our own natures frail, and capable[58]
Of our flesh:[59] few are angels: out of which frailty
And want[60] of wisdom, you that best should teach us,
Have misdemeaned yourself,[61] and not a little:
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains —
For so we are informed — with new opinions,
Divers[65] and dangerous, which are heresies,
And, not reformed, may prove pernicious.[66]
GARDINER Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords, for those that tame wild horses
Pace[69] ’em not in their hands to make ’em gentle,
But stop their mouths with stubborn[70] bits and spur ’em
Till they obey the manage.[71] If we suffer,
Out of our easiness[72] and childish pity
To one man’s honour, this contagious sickness,
Farewell all physic:[74] and what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint[75]
Of the whole state, as of late days our neighbours,
The upper[77] Germany, can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.
CRANMER My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have laboured,
And with no little study, that my teaching
And the strong course[82] of my authority
Might go one way, and safely: and the end
Was ever to do well: nor is there living —
I speak it with a single[85] heart, my lords —
A man that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience and his place,[87]
Defacers of a public peace than I do:
Pray heaven the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it. Men that make

Envy and crooked malice nourishment
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships
That in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge[95] against me.
SUFFOLK Nay, my lord,
That cannot be: you are a councillor,
And by that virtue[98] no man dare accuse you.
GARDINER My lord, because we have business of more moment,[99]
We will be short[100] with you. ’Tis his highness’ pleasure
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower,
Where being but a private[103] man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided[105] for.
CRANMER Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I thank you:
You are always my good friend: if your will pass,[107]
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful. I see your end:[109]
’Tis my undoing. Love and meekness, lord,
Become[111] a churchman better than ambition:
Win straying souls with modesty again:
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt[115] as you do conscience
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.
GARDINER My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,[118]
That’s the plain truth: your painted[119] gloss discovers
To men that understand you words[120] and weakness.
CROMWELL My lord of Winchester, you’re a little,
By[122] your good favour, too sharp: men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: ’tis a cruelty
To load a falling man.
GARDINER Good Master Secretary,

I cry[127] your honour mercy: you may worst
Of all this table say so.
CROMWELL Why, my lord?
GARDINER Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? Ye are not sound.[131]
CROMWELL Not sound?
GARDINER Not sound, I say.
CROMWELL Would you were half so honest:
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.
GARDINER I shall remember this bold[136] language.
CROMWELL Do.
Remember your bold life, too.
CHANCELLOR This is too much:
Forbear[140] for shame, my lords.
GARDINER I have done.
CROMWELL And I.
CHANCELLOR Then thus for you, my lord: it stands agreed, ***To Cranmer***
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be conveyed to th'Tower a prisoner,
There to remain till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us: are you all agreed, lords?
ALL We are.
CRANMER Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to th'Tower, my lords?
GARDINER What other
Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome:
Let some o'th'guard be ready there.
Enter the Guard
CRANMER For me?
Must I go like a traitor thither?
GARDINER Receive[156] him, ***To the Guard***
And see him safe[157] i'th'Tower.
CRANMER Stay, good my lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords, ***He shows the King's ring***
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes[161] of cruel men, and give it

To a most noble judge, the king my master.
CHAMBERLAIN[163] This is the king's ring.
SURREY 'Tis no counterfeit.
SUFFOLK 'Tis the right ring, by heaven: I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a-rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.
NORFOLK Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vexed?
CHAMBERLAIN 'Tis now too certain:
How much more is his life in value with him?[172]
Would I were fairly out on't.[173]
CROMWELL My mind gave[174] me,
In seeking tales and informations[175]
Against this man, whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,
Ye blew the fire that burns ye: now have at ye!
Enter King [Henry] frowning on them: takes his seat
GARDINER Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince,
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that, in all obedience, makes the Church
The chief aim[183] of his honour and, to strengthen
That holy duty out of dear respect,[184]
His royal self in judgement comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.
KING HENRY VIII You were ever good at sudden[187] commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence
They[190] are too thin and base to hide offences:
To me you cannot reach. You play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me:
But whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I'm sure
Thou hast a cruel nature and a bloody.[194]—
Good man, sit down.— Now let me see the proudest

He,[196] that dares most, but wag his finger at thee. *To Cranmer, who sits in vacant seat at head of table*
By all that's holy, he had better starve[197]
Than but once think his place becomes thee not.
SURREY May it please your grace—
KING HENRY VIII No, sir, it does not please me.
I had thought I had had men of some understanding
And wisdom of my council, but I find none.
Was it discretion,[203] lords, to let this man,
This good man — few of you deserve that title —
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber door? And one as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this? Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power as he was a councillor to try[209] him,
Not as a groom. There's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean,[212]
Which ye shall never have while I live.
CHANCELLOR Thus far,
My most dread sovereign, may it like[215] your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purposed[216]
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather —
If there be faith in men — meant for his trial,
And fair purgation[219] to the world than malice,
I'm sure, in me.
KING HENRY VIII Well, well, my lords, respect him:
Take him, and use[222] him well: he's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him: if a prince
May be beholding to a subject, I
Am for his love and service so to him.
Make me no more ado,[226] but all embrace him:
Be friends, for shame, my lords.— My lord of Canterbury, *To Cranmer*
I have a suit which you must not deny me:
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants[229] baptism:

You must be godfather, and answer for her.
CRANMER The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour: how may I deserve it
That am a poor and humble subject to you?
KING HENRY VIII Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons:[234] you shall have two
noble partners with you: the old Duchess of Norfolk, and Lady Marquess Dorset:
will these please you?
Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you ***To Gardiner***
Embrace and love this man.
GARDINER With a true heart ***He embraces Cranmer***
And brother-love I do it.
CRANMER And let heaven ***He weeps***
Witness how dear I hold this confirmation.
KING HENRY VIII Good man, those joyful tears show thy true heart:
The common voice,[244] I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus: 'Do my lord of Canterbury
A shrewd[246] turn, and he's your friend for ever.'
Come, lords, we trifle time away: I long
To have this young one made a Christian.
As I have made ye one,[249] lords, one remain:
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.
Exeunt

Act 5 Scene 3[5.3]

running scene 14

Noise and tumult within: enter Porter [with a broken cudgel] and his Man

PORTER You'll leave[1] your noise anon, ye rascals: ***To those within*** do you take the court for Paris Garden? Ye rude[2] slaves, leave your gaping.

[VOICE] WITHIN Good master porter, I belong to[3] th'larder.

PORTER Belong to th'gallows, and be hanged, ye rogue! Is this a place to roar in?—

Fetch me a dozen crab-tree[5] staves, and strong ones: ***To his Man*** these are but switches to 'em.— ***To those within*** I'll scratch[6] your heads: you must be seeing christenings? Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

MAN Pray, sir, be patient: 'tis as much impossible,
Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons,
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep
On May-day morning,[11] which will never be:
We may as well push against Paul's,[12] as stir 'em.

PORTER How got they in, and be hanged?[13]

MAN Alas, I know not: how gets the tide in?
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot —
You see the poor remainder — could distribute, ***Holds up the cudgel***
I made no spare,[17] sir.

PORTER You did nothing, sir.

MAN I am not Samson,[19] nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand,
To mow 'em down before me: but if I spared any
That had a head to hit, either young or old,
He or she, cuckold[22] or cuckold-maker,
Let me ne'er hope to see a chine[23] again,
And that I would not for a cow,[24] God save her!

[VOICE] WITHIN Do you hear, master porter?

PORTER I shall be with you presently,[26] good master puppy.—
Keep the door close,[27] sirrah. ***To his Man***

MAN What would you have me do?

PORTER What should you do, but knock 'em down by th'dozens? Is this Moorfields[29] to muster[30] in? Or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry[31] of fornication is at door! On my Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand: here will be father, godfather, and all together.

MAN The spoons[34] will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier[35] by his face, for, o'my conscience twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose:[36] all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: that fire-drake[37] did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged[38] against me: he stands there like a mortar-piece, to blow[39] us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pinked[40] porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I missed the meteor[41] once, and hit that woman, who cried out 'Clubs!', when I might see from far some forty truncheoners[42] draw to her succour, which were the hope o'th'Strand,[43] where she was quartered. They fell on: I made good my place: at length they came[44] to th'broomstaff to me: I defied 'em still, when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot,[45] delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain[46] to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work: the devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

PORTER These are the youths[48] that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples, that no audience but the tribulation[49] of Tower Hill, or the limbs of Limehouse,[50] their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in *limbo patrum*, and there they are like[51] to dance these three days, besides the running banquet of two beadles[52] that is to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlain

CHAMBERLAIN Mercy o'me: what a multitude are here!
They grow still, too: from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters,
These lazy knaves?— You've made[56] a fine hand, fellows: ***To the Porter and his Man***

There's a trim[57] rabble let in: are all these
Your faithful friends[58] o'th'suburbs? We shall have
Great[59] store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening!
PORTER An't[61] please your honour,
We are but men, and what so many may do,
Not being torn a-pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule[64] 'em.
CHAMBERLAIN As I live,
If the king blame me for't, I'll lay[66] ye all
By th'heels, and suddenly,[67] and on your heads
Clap round[68] fines for neglect: you're lazy knaves,
And here ye lie baiting of bombards,[69] when
Ye should do service.[70] Hark, the trumpets sound: ***Trumpet***
They're come already from the christening:
Go break among[72] the press, and find a way out
To let the troop[73] pass fairly, or I'll find
A Marshalsea[74] shall hold ye play these two months.
PORTER Make way there for the princess.
MAN You great fellow,
Stand close up,[77] or I'll make your head ache.
PORTER You i'th'camlet,[78] get up o'th'rail:
I'll peck[79] you o'er the pales else.
Exeunt

Act 5 Scene 4

running scene 15

Enter Trumpets[*] *sounding: then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk with his Marshal's staff, Duke of Suffolk, two Noblemen bearing great standing bowls for the christening gifts: then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of Norfolk, godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, etc., train borne by a Lady: then follows the Marchioness Dorset, the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks*

GARTER Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever
happy, to the high and mighty Princess of England, Elizabeth.

Flourish. Enter King [Henry] and Guard

CRANMER And to your royal grace, and the good queen, ***He kneels***
My noble partners[4] and myself thus pray
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid[6] up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye.

KING HENRY VIII Thank you, good lord archbishop:
What is her name?

CRANMER Elizabeth.

KING HENRY VIII Stand up, lord.
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee, ***He kisses the child***
Into whose hand I give thy life.

CRANMER Amen.

KING HENRY VIII My noble gossips,[15] you've been too prodigal:
I thank ye heartily: so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

CRANMER Let me speak, sir,
For heaven now bids me: and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant — heaven[21] still move about her —
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,

Which time shall bring to ripeness: she shall be —
But few now living can behold that goodness —
A pattern[26] to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Saba[27] was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue
Than this pure soul shall be. All princely graces
That mould up[30] such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still[32] be doubled on her. Truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be loved and feared. Her own[34] shall bless her:
Her foes shake like a field of beaten[35] corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow: good grows with her.
In her days, every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine what he plants, and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.
God[40] shall be truly known, and those about her
From her shall read[41] the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness,[42] not by blood.
Nor shall this peace sleep[43] with her: but as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,[44]
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration[46] as herself.
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,[47]
When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,[48]
Who from the sacred ashes of her honour
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fixed.[51] Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him:
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations. He shall flourish,
And like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him: our children’s children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

KING HENRY VIII Thou speakest wonders.

CRANMER She shall be to the happiness of England
An agèd princess: many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed[63] to crown it.
Would[64] I had known no more: but she must die,
She must, the saints must have her: yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To th'ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

KING HENRY VIII O lord archbishop,
Thou hast made me now a man. Never before
This happy child did I get[70] anything.
This oracle of comfort has so pleased me,
That when I am in heaven I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my maker.
I thank ye all. To you, my good Lord Mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholding:[75]
I have received much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords:
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye:
She will be sick[79] else. This day, no man think
H'as[80] business at his house, for all shall stay:
This little one shall make it holiday.[81]

Exeunt

The Epilogue

[Enter Epilogue]
’Tis ten to one this play can never please
All that are here: some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two: but those, we fear,
We’ve frighted with our trumpets: so ’tis clear,
They’ll say ’tis naught.[5] Others to hear the city
Abused extremely, and to cry ‘That’s witty!’
Which we have not done neither: that,[7] I fear
All the expected good we’re like to hear.
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction[10] of good women,
For such a one[11] we showed ’em. If they smile,
And say ’twill do, I know within a while
All the best men are ours, for ’tis ill hap[13]
If they hold[14] when their ladies bid ’em clap.
[Exit]

Textual Notes

F = First Folio text of 1623, the only authority for the play
F2 = a correction introduced in the Second Folio text of 1632
F3 = a correction introduced in the Third Folio text of 1663–64
F4 = a correction introduced in the Fourth Folio text of 1685
Ed = a correction introduced by a later editor
SD = stage direction
SH = speech heading (i.e., speaker’s name)

List of parts = Ed

HE…EIGHTH *Various contemporary references suggest the play was performed as “All is True”*

1.9 Andres = Ed. F = Andren. Ed = Ardres **10 Guînes** = Ed. F = Guynes **Ardres** = Ed. F = Arde **28 cherubins** = F. Ed = cherubim/cherubims **madams** = F. Ed = mesdames **48–51 All**…**function** F *assigns these lines to Buckingham who states he wasn’t present. This* *edition follows editorial tradition in reassigning them to Norfolk* **54 as you guess** *this edition follows* F4*'s assignation of these words to Buckingham, whereas* F *places them at the beginning of Norfolk's reply* **72 a** = Ed. F = O **142 venom-mouthed** = Ed. F = venom'd-mouth'd **196 wrenching** = F. Ed = rinsing **213 He privily** = F2. F = Priuily. **255 Montague** *spelled Mountacute in* F **257 Perk** = Ed. F = *Pecke. Emendation is based on Holinshed and Hall's accounts* **chancellor** = Ed. F = **Councellour**. *The emendation is made in accordance with Holinshed's account* **261 Nicholas** = Ed. F = *Michaell. The emendation is made in accordance with Holinshed's account* **267 lord** = Ed. F = Lords

.2.75 baseness = F. Ed = business **154 His** = Ed. F = This 165, **166 Hopkins** = Ed. F = *Henton. Henton* was *the name of Hopkins' monastery* **176 feared** = Ed. F = feare **184 confession's** = Ed. F = Commissions **190 gain** = F4. *Not in* F; *other suggestions are* win *and* purchase **203 him** = Ed. F = this **216 Bulmer** = Ed. F = *Blumer*

.3.0 SD *Sands spelled Sandys in* F **13 see** = F. Ed = saw **14 Or** = Ed. F = A **17 SD** ***Enter…Lovell*** = Ed. *Two lines down in* F 39 ***oui*** = Ed. F = wee. F2 = weare **72 he's** = Ed. F = Ha's. Ed = 'has

.4.6 first = F. Ed = feast

.1.26 Perk = Ed. F = *Pecke* **67 SD *William*** = Ed. F = *Walter. Emendation in accordance with Holinshed* **102 make** = F. Ed = mark

.2.1 SH CHAMBERLAIN = Ed. *Not in* F **95 one have-at-him** = Ed. F = one; haue at him

.3.74 you = Ed. F = you, to you. *Omitted by editors because thought to be a compositorial error, copied prematurely from the following line* **102 fie, fie, fie** = F. Ed = fie, fie

.4.136 SH GRIFFITH = Ed. F = *Gent. Ush*.

.1.3 SH WOMAN = Ed. F *reads "SONG" instead of using a speech heading, but the song must be sung by one of the Queen's women* **25 SD *Campeius*** = F4. F = *Campian* **55 should** = Ed. F = shoul **65 your** = F2. F = our **130 he's** = Ed.F = ha's **135 acurse** = F. Ed = accursed

.2.215 filed = Ed. F = fill'd **402 legative** = F. Ed = legatine, legantine **406 Castles** = F. Ed = chattels

.1.24 SH SECOND GENTLEMAN = F4. F = I, *i.e.*, *First Gentleman* **38 Kimbolton** = F3. F = Kymmalton **66 And…ones** *some editors ascribe this line to the First Gentleman, allocating his line to the Second Gentleman* **67 SH FIRST GENTLEMAN** = Ed. F = 2 **SD *and … Trumpets*** *moved from its original position at the end of "The Order of the Coronation"* **121 Stokesley** = F4. F = *Stokely* **142 SH FIRST…GENTLEMEN** = Ed. F = *Both*

.2.8 think = F2. F = thanke **22 convent** = Ed. F = Couent **108 cold** = F. Ed = color **114 to** = Ed. F = too. *Some editors retain* F *arguing it means "too blameworthy"*

.1.2 SH PAGE = Ed. F = *Boy* **45 time** = F4. F = Lime **138 halidom** *spelled* Holydame *in* F **145 good** = F. Ed = ground **163 precipice** = F2. F = Precepit 164 **woo** = Ed. F = woe **184 SH LOVELL** = Ed. F = *Gent*.

.2.10 piece = F2. F = Peere **16 sound** = F. Ed = found **21 'Mong…lackeys** *some editors direct the pursuivants, pages, footboys and grooms referred to in the text to enter with Cranmer at the beginning of this scene. However, it seems perfectly possible that these figures could also be imagined, hence the need for them to be "pointed out" by Cranmer and Butts* **123 faulty** = F2. F = faultly **139, 143 SH CHANCELLOR** = Ed. F = *Cham* **190 base** = F. Ed = bare **198 his** = F. F4 = this **243 heart** = F2. F = hearts

.3.1 Paris = F4. F = Parish

.4.41 ways = F4. F = way **75 your** = Ed. F = you

The Prologue

* **CHANCELLOR…fall** in Act 3 Scene 2, it is announced that Sir Thomas More has been made Chancellor in Wolsey’s place; historically, More resigned before the coronation of Queen Anne, so the character who marches in the procession in Act 4 Scene 1 and speaks in Act 5 Scene 2 would have been Sir Thomas Audley, but he is unnamed in the text

3 **Sad** serious, solemn **high** lofty/important **working** emotive, moving **state** stateliness, dignity

10 **show** spectacle

11 **pass** be approved, pass muster **still, and willing** attentive and well-inclined

12 **shilling** the cost of some of the most expensive seats in the theater

13 **two short hours** i.e., the length of the play

15 **targets** shields

16 **long…yellow** a fool’s customary costume **motley** parti- or multicolored **guarded** trimmed

17 **deceived** disappointed **know** understand (that)

19 **forfeiting…brains** abandoning our intelligence

20 **opinion…intend** reputation we have for presenting truthfully what we intend to perform

22 **understanding** comprehending (plays on the sense of audience members “standing under” the stage, in the yard)

24 **happiest** most favored

25 **sad** serious

27 **As** as if **great** influential, of high rank

Act 1 Scene 1

1.1 ***Location:*** *the royal court, London*

2 **saw** saw one another

4 **fresh** untired, eager

5 **what…there** Norfolk refers to the meeting of Henry VIII and the French King François I at the Field of the Cloth of Gold

6 **untimely ague** badly-timed fever

7 **Stayed** detained

10 **’Twixt** between **Guînes and Ardres** towns near Calais in northern France

12 **lighted** alighted, dismounted

13 **as** as if

14 **Which had they** i.e., had they grown together **throned ones** i.e., kings **weighed** balanced, equaled

20 **pomp** splendor, ceremony

21 **Each…master** i.e., each day learned something from the one before it **following** succeeding **master** teacher

23 **its** i.e., it sown

24 **clinquant** glittering

25 **Shone down** outshone **tomorrow** i.e., the next day **they** i.e., the English

26 **India** i.e., seem as wealthy as the Indies (whose mines were thought to be sources of immeasurable riches)

27 **Showed** appeared

28 **cherubins** (statues of) angels **madams** high-ranking ladies

30 **pride** magnificent finery, rich clothing, and accessories **that** so that **labour…painting** efforts caused them to flush, so that they looked as if they were wearing rouge

31 **masque** courtly entertainment involving elaborate costume

32 **cried** proclaimed night i.e., night’s entertainments

33 **Made…beggar** i.e., seemed trivial and cheap in comparison

34 **were…them** were deemed more or less splendid depending on which one was on view at the time

35 **him…praise** the king on view always being the one praised

36 **being…one** when both kings were present they appeared indistinguishable in their splendor

37 **discerner** observer/one who perceives a difference

38 **Durst** dared **censure** judgment (in favor of one rather than the other)

39 **phrase** call, term

40 **perform…compass** enact unimaginable feats compass bounds, limit

41 **that…credit** so that tales formerly thought to be mythical and far-fetched gained such credibility

43 **Bevis** the tale of Bevis of Hampton; the hero of an early English romance, he carried out legendary feats of chivalry and skill

44 **go** far are making very great claims/exaggerate

45 **belong to worship** hold high rank, am a nobleman **affect…honesty** respect integrity in matters of honor

46 **tract** narrative, course of events

47 **discourser** narrator **lose…to** fall short in describing the actual vivid events

49 **To…rebelled** i.e., nothing interfered with the arrangement and handling of events

50 **Order…view** good preparations meant that everything was visible **The…function** officials carried out their respective duties properly

54 **sport** entertainment

55 **certes** certainly **promises no element** is not in his usual role

58 **ordered** organized discretion judgment

59 **Cardinal of York** i.e., Wolsey

60 **speed** prosper, i.e., dispatch, hasten to his death

62 **fierce** high-spirited/warlike vanities entertainments/extravagances

63 **keech** lump of animal fat (probably alludes to Wolsey’s origins as a butcher’s son as well as to his size)

64 **Take** up absorb, occupy **o’th’beneficial** plays on the sense of “granting benefices” (ecclesiastical positions) **sun** i.e., King Henry VIII

67 **stuff** substance, personal traits (plays on the sense of “meat for stuffing a pie”) **puts** encourages, provokes

68 **ancestry** i.e., high birth **grace** honor, renown, virtue

69 **Chalks** shows

70 **high** feats important services

71 **eminent assistants** noble patrons/influential helpers

72 **self-drawing** self-made **a…note** he lets us know **a** he

75 **next** to intimately close to/next in status to

77 **graver** more reverend, wiser

80 **niggard** miser

81 **he** i.e., Wolsey

84 **going out** expedition

85 **privity** private knowledge and consent

86 **attend on him** i.e., accompany the king to France (a costly enterprise) **file** register, list

87 **such…upon** i.e., those listed will have to pay a disproportionately large amount for the small honor bestowed on them

89 **own letter** personal summons (to **attend**)

90 **board of council** i.e., Privy Council, the king’s advisers **out** disregarded, not consulted

91 **fetch…papers** summon whoever is listed **papers** sets down on paper

94 **sickened** weakened, depleted

95 **abound** prosper, be wealthy

97 **laying…’em** selling property to pay for fine clothes

98 **vanity** foolish extravagance (i.e., the lavish meeting of the two kings)

99 **minister…issue** provide the opportunity for a useless discussion (**communication** may possibly play on the sense of “sexual procreation,” and **poor issue** does play on the sense of “impoverished children”; the sale of assets will affect the noblemen’s heirs)

101 **Grievingly** sadly

102 **not values** is not worth

106 **inspired** i.e., with divine, prophetic power **not consulting** without consulting one another, independently

107 **general** universal

108 **Dashing** destroying **aboded** predicted, foretold

109 **on’t** of it

110 **is budded out** has developed, come to pass

111 **flawed** broken, contravened **attached** seized

113 **therefore** for that reason

114 **silenced** placed under house arrest

115 **Marry** by the Virgin Mary

116 **proper title of** fine name for

117 **superfluous rate** very high cost

119 **carried** managed

120 **Like it** may it please

121 **state** Privy Council/the king **difference** dispute, discord

124 **read** consider/interpret

125 **potency** power

127 **would** wishes to **wants** lacks

128 **minister** agent

132 **darts** thrusts **Bosom up** keep secret/take to heart

133 **wholesome** healthy, beneficial **Lo** look ***purse*** containing the great seal of England, used by the king to authenticate documents; the Lord Chancellor (Wolsey) was its official keeper

135 **surveyor** estate manager

136 **examination** deposition, statement

141 **big** proud, haughty ***train*** retinue, attendants

142 **butcher's cur** another reference to Wolsey's origins as a butcher's son **cur** dog

144 **beggar's…blood** a poor man's (i.e., Wolsey's) learning is more highly valued than a nobleman's lineage

146 **chafed** irritated, angry

147 **temp'rance** self-control, moderation **th'appliance only** the only remedy

150 **Matter** substance, something significant (plays on the sense of "rheum, infected ocular discharge")

151 **abject object** despicable view

152 **bores** cheats

155 **choler** anger

158 **full hot** very headstrong, overly hasty

159 **Self-mettle** his own vigorous spirit

163 **mouth of honour** i.e., gentleman's mouth **quite** completely

164 **Ipswich** Wolsey's birthplace, a town in Suffolk in eastern England

165 **difference** distinction of rank

166 **advised** warned

170 **overrunning** running past it

171 **mounts** causes to rise up, i.e., boils

176 **allay** diminish, moderate/mix, alloy

179 **prescription** direction, advice **top-proud** proud to the highest degree

180 **gall** bile, bitterness

181 **motions** motives **intelligence** secret information

182 **founts** springs

186 **vouch** affirmation, allegation

188 **equal** just as

189 **subtle** cunning

190 **place** official position (as Lord Chancellor)

192 **pomp** greatness, splendor

193 **suggests** persuades, encourages, tempts

194 **last** recent **th'interview** the meeting (between the French and English kings)

195 **treasure** money, wealth

196 **i'th'wrenching** in the rinsing/distortion of meaning

198 **give me favour** i.e., permit me to continue

199 **articles** clauses, terms **o'th'combination** of the treaty **drew** drafted, drew up

201 **end** effect, use

202 **count-cardinal** i.e., cardinal behaving like an aristocrat (contemptuous); often emended to "court-cardinal"

206 **dam** mother **Charles the Emperor** Holy Roman Emperor, Charles V, Katherine of Aragon's nephew

208 **colour** pretext

209 **whisper** whisper to

213 **privily** privately, secretly

214 **trow** believe

216 **ere** before

217 **but** only

219 **he** i.e., Wolsey

222 **his** i.e., the king's **he** i.e., Wolsey

226 **Something** somewhat **mistaken** misunderstood, misrepresented

229 **in proof** when put to the test/in fact, according to evidence

230 **office** duty, task

233 **Hertford** historically Hereford, to which some editors emend

238 **device and practice** plots and stratagems

240 **look on** witness

241 **pleasure** will

242 **th'Tower** the Tower of London

243 **nothing** in no way

255 **t'attach** to arrest **bodies** persons

260 **o'th'Chartreux** of the Carthusian order—a monastical order noted for its severity

263 **false** disloyal

264 **showed him gold** bribed him (to betray Buckingham; whether the surveyor lies or reveals an actual plot is unclear) **spanned** measured out

265 **shadow…Buckingham** the shadowy likeness of my former self

266 **Whose…sun** my form being now obscured by cloud and its former innocent brightness (**clear sun**) dimmed/my form being shrouded by a sudden cloud that darkens my king's favor (**sun**)

Act 1 Scene 2

* ***Cornets*** hornlike wind instruments (here announcing the king's arrival) ***under…feet*** standing at the foot of the king's throne or dais on which it sits

1 **best** heart very essence

2 **level** aim, target sights

3 **full-charged** fully loaded confederacy conspiracy, plot

6 **justify** prove, confirm ***state*** throne

9 **we** the royal plural **suitor** person with a request to make, favor to ask

10 **place** your official place as queen

12 **moiety** half

13 **Repeat your will** utter your desire

14 **Thank** i.e., I thank

17 **dignity** honor, kingly status

20 **solicited** urged, entreated

21 **true condition** loyal disposition

22 **grievance** distress **commissions** official authorization (to collect taxes)

23 **flawed** cracked, damaged

26 **putter-on** instigator

27 **exactions** extortionate charges

28 **soil** dishonorable stain

34 **clothiers** cloth workers, who dealt with woolen fabric

35 **longing** belonging, i.e., dependent on them for employment **put off** dismissed

36 **spinsters** spinners of wool into thread for weaving into cloth **carders** those who prepared wool for spinning by combing out impurities and aligning the fibers **fullers** those who beat cloth to clean and thicken it

37 **life** i.e., ways of making a living

39 **Daring…th'teeth** pushing the situation to the extreme, challenging matters to the limit

40 **danger** i.e., the potential for outright revolt **serves** has joined ranks

46 **single part** individual role, i.e., only my share **aught** anything

47 **front…me** merely march in the front rank along with others who keep the same pace tell count

50 **you…acquaintance** you devise matters that are known to everyone, which are damaging to those who would rather not know of them but who

are obliged to endure them nevertheless

54 **have note** be informed

55 **bear** carry

56 **is…th'load** i.e., is bowed down painfully by the burden

58 **exclamation** outcry, reproach

60 **In what kind** of what nature

62 **venturous** adventurous, daring

63 **tempting of** testing **boldened Under** made bold by

64 **grief** grievance, complaint

66 **substance** wealth

67 **pretence** alleged reason/pretext

71 **prayers** i.e., for the king

72 **tractable** compliant **slave…will** i.e., now governed by wrath

73 **would** wish

75 **primer baseness** greater manifestation of low, dishonorable behavior

77 **pleasure** wishes

80 **single voice** (his) individual vote/unanimous vote (of the Privy Council) **passed** ratified, approved by

81 **approbation** consent

82 **Traduced** slandered, dishonored

83 **faculties** capabilities/qualities

85 **place** high office **brake** thicket

86 **stint** restrain, withhold

88 **To cope** of encountering **censurers** critics

90 **new trimmed** newly fitted out

91 **vainly longing** i.e., hoping in vain for the refurbished and seaworthy boat to sink and provide food **What…allowed** malicious or essentially foolish interpreters often refuse to believe in or give us credit for our best actions

93 **what…act** our worst actions, which often appeal to baser people, are declared the best we ever did

96 **In** for **motion** action/proposal **carped at** complained of

98 **state-statues** images of statesmen

101 **example** precedent **issue** outcome

103 **Of** for

104 **rend…will** i.e., force the subjects to obey the changing will of the monarch rather than the law

106 **trembling** fearful

107 **lop** lopped-off branch

109 **The…sap** i.e., the tree will die

110 **questioned** challenged, resisted

116 **grace** good will/mercy **commons** common people

117 **Hardly conceive** think harshly **noised** rumored, reported

118 **our** Wolsey uses the royal plural **revokement** repeal

119 **anon** shortly

122 **Is run in** has incurred, come into

124 **rare** splendid/exceptional

125 **To…bound** no one is more indebted to nature for such qualities

127 **out of** beyond

129 **disposed** applied, directed

130 **vicious** wicked, immoral

131 **complete** accomplished, perfect

133 **ravished** entranced

135 **monstrous** unnatural **habits** clothing/behavior, practices

138 **gentleman in trust** trusted servant

140 **practices** plots

141 **hear too much** i.e., for our own protection

143 **careful** dutiful, full of care (for the king) collected picked up, gathered (as evidence)

148 **issue** children carry manage

149 **sceptre** staff carried as a symbol of sovereignty

151 **menaced** threatened

154 **conception** intention, plan

155 **Not…person** not being gratified in his wish regarding you (i.e., that the king should die childless)

157 **friends** i.e., Wolsey

159 **Deliver** speak

161 **How…fail?** On what did he base his claim to the throne in the event of my death without an heir?

162 **To this point** on this subject

167 **Chartreux** Carthusian, i.e., one of a strict monastic order from Chartreux near Grenoble in France

172 **the Rose** the name of a manor house belonging to Buckingham

173	**St Lawrence Poultney** a church on Candlewick Street in London
174	**speech** talk, gossip, prevailing opinion
176	**perfidious** treacherous
177	**To…danger** resulting in danger for the king **presently** instantly
178	**doubted** feared/suspected
182	**choice** chosen, appointed
183	**moment** importance
187	**demure confidence** grave assurance, solemn certainty
190	**o’th’commonalty** of the common people
195	**spleen** anger, malice
196	**nobler** i.e., as the immortal soul is more important than worldly rank
198	**on** go on
200	**but** only
204	**forged** formed, created (in)
205	**much…do** very likely to be carried out
207	**failed** died
210	**rank** foul, corrupt, gross
214	**Greenwich** a royal palace south of the River Thames
219	**his** as his own (instead of the king’s)
220	**committed** imprisoned
223	**Richard** i.e., Richard III **Salisbury** town in Wiltshire, southwest England
224	**suit** a formal request
225	**made…duty** i.e., by kneeling before Richard in feigned respect
230	**God mend all** may God put everything right
233	**stretched him** stood fully upright
234	**mounting** raising
236	**evil used** badly treated outgo surpass
238	**irresolute** shaky, undecided/not accomplished
239	**period** end, purpose
240	**attached** arrested
241	**present** immediate
244	**to th’height** in the highest degree

Act 1 Scene 3

1 **spells** magic charms **juggle** trick, deceive, conjure

2 **mysteries** enigmatic behavior (i.e., the imitation of French courtly fashions)

5 **let ’em be** even if they are

7 **late** recent

8 **fit…o’th’face** one or two grimaces, contrived facial expressions **shrewd** cunning, artful/sharp, clever

9 **hold ’em** assume such facial expressions

11 **Pepin or Clotharius** eighth- and sixth-century Kings of the Franks **keep state so** maintain such affected dignity (presumably those referred to are walking around with their noses in the air)

12 **legs** i.e., ways of walking/bowing **take it** think, assume/affirm, swear

13 **spavin** tumor on a horse’s leg caused by inflammation of cartilage

14 **springhalt** stringhalt, a disease of a horse’s hind legs, causing spasmodic muscle contractions

15 **Death** contracted form of the oath “by God’s death”

16 **after…to’t** fashioned in such a pagan manner

17 **worn out** exhausted (all the styles available in)

21 **clapped** placed

27 **Louvre** French royal palace in Paris

30 **fool and feather** foolishness and elaborate dress (such as feathers worn on hats)

31 **honourable…ignorance** foolish trivia they consider worthy (**points** plays on the sense of “laces used for fastening clothing”)

32 **as** such as **fights** i.e., duels **fireworks** fighting/whoring (perhaps also with associations of “elaborate pyrotechnic displays”)

33 **Abusing** dishonoring, mocking

34 **Out…wisdom** using the so-called “wisdom” they have gained abroad **renouncing clean** they must now renounce totally

35 **tall…breeches** i.e., French fashions, playing on notion of venereal disease **blistered** short and puffed/covered in blisters, symptomatic of venereal disease

36 **types** marks, indications **travel** plays on sense of sexual travail, exertion

37 **understand** comprehend/stand up properly (with sexual connotations) **honest** honorable/true

38 **pack** depart playfellows (sexual) partners

39 ***cum privilegio*** “with immunity” (Latin; an abbreviated form of the phrase announcing the exclusive right of a printer to publish a book) ***oui*** “yes” (French)

40 **lag end** latter part, tail end (with phallic connotations) **lewdness** foolishness/wickedness/lechery

41 **physic** medicine, specifically perhaps a cure for venereal disease

44 **trim vanities** smart dandies/worthless fripperies/handsome playthings

45 **marry** by the Virgin Mary

46 **whoresons** bastards, wretches (a coarse term of abuse)

47 **speeding** successful/speedy **lay down** seduce/have sex with

48 **fiddle** musical instrument/penis/mirth-maker, jester fellow equal

49 **fiddle** play with/cheat

50 **converting of ’em** i.e., reforming their behavior

52 **play** performing music/sexual play **plainsong** simple melody, i.e., straightforward manner of wooing

53 **hearing** i.e., audience (with a woman) **by’r lady** by Our Lady (the Virgin Mary)

54 **Held** be considered **current** fashionable

56 **colt’s tooth** youthful lust **cast** discarded

58 **stump** remains of a tooth/penis

64 **makes** gives

68 **fruitful** generous

69 **dews** i.e., favors, benevolence (puns on “dues” or taxes)

71 **black** slanderous/sinful **other** otherwise

72 **he’s wherewithal** he has the necessary means

73 **Sparing** frugality, economy

74 **way** way of life, i.e., as a cardinal

77 **ones** i.e., **examples stays** waits

78 **along** i.e., come along

80 **spoke to** asked

81 **comptrollers** stewards, masters of ceremonies

82 **your** lordship’s i.e., entirely at your disposal

Act 1 Scene 4

1.4 ***Location:*** *York Place (now Whitehall)*—*Wolsey's residence* **Hautboys** oboelike instruments ***state*** canopy ***divers*** various, several

4 **bevy** company

5 **abroad** out with her, from home

7 **tardy** slow, late

9 **Clapped** fixed

12 **lay** secular/sexual

13 **running banquet** hasty meal/rewarding sexual pursuit or sex itself

15 **society** group

16 **confessor** plays on the sense of "sexual partner"

19 **easy** penance with sexual connotations

21 **down** feather

23 **Place you** you arrange the seating

25 **cold** plays on the sense of "sexually unresponsive"

26 **waking** awake, lively (with suggestion of sexual activity)

29 **thank** I thank

30 **wild** erratically, madly/recklessly, excitably/lustfully

32 **mad** insane/uncontrollable, high-spirited

34 **bite** biting was thought to be a common trait of madmen

35 **twenty** i.e., twenty ladies **with a breath** in one breath, in a very short space of time

36 **said** done

37 **fairly** properly/favorably/fully

39 **Pass away** leave

40 **For** as for **cure** spiritual duty/remedy (for frowning)/sexual remedy

41 **Let me alone** leave it to me

47 **bowl** i.e., full of wine **may** as may

50 **beholding** beholden, indebted cheer entertain/encourage/cheer up

56 **gamester** sporting, fun-loving person/gambler/one fond of sex

58 **make my play** score (in cards/in love)

59 **pledge it** drink to my toast

60 **thing** plays on the sense of "penis"

62 **anon** soon ***chambers*** small cannon

65 **voice** i.e., noise

67 **privileged** protected

69 **strangers** foreigners

71 **make** make their way

76 **heaven of beauty** i.e., gathering of beautiful ladies

78 **broken** disrupted ***Masquers*** costumed nobles taking part in a courtly entertainment involving dancing ***habited*** dressed

81 **pleasures** wills, desires

83 **fame** report, rumor

87 **conduct** guidance, permission

89 **revels** merriment/courtly entertainment

99 **this** place i.e., the chair of state

100 **but** only

106 **it** i.e., the chair of state

111 **fair** fine/virtuous/beautiful

112 **You…unhappily** i.e., if you were not a rightfully minded clergyman, I should look unfavorably upon this gathering of beautiful women

115 **pleasant** merry

117 **Prithee** please (literally "I pray thee")

118 **An't** if it

119 **her highness' women** i.e., lady-in-waiting to Queen Katherine

120 **dainty** delicately pretty

121 **take you out** i.e., to dance

122 **health** toast

124 **banquet** separate course of sweetmeats after the main feast, served in a different room

125 **I'th'privy chamber** i.e., in a private inner room

128 **heated** hot, but in his reply Henry plays on the sense of "lustful, hot-blooded"

133 **forsake** leave, give up

135 **measure** slow stately dance

136 **dream** focus on/conjecture

137 **best in favour** best-looking/most popular with the ladies **knock it** strike up

Act 2 Scene 1

2.1 ***Location:*** *a street in Westminster, London* ***several*** separate

3 **hall** i.e., Westminster Hall

16 **passed it** did the trial proceed

17 **a** little brief

18 **to his accusations** in response to the accusations brought against him

19 **still** consistently **alleged** brought forward

20 **law** i.e., case against him

22 **examinations** testimonies, statements **proofs** evidence

23 **divers** various, several

24 **him brought** i.e., have brought to him ***viva voce*** "in person, in live speech" (Latin)

32 **fain** gladly

37 **pitied in him** i.e., prompted useless pity **forgotten** i.e., was ineffectual

40 **knell** funeral bell, i.e., death sentence

41 **sweat** sweated

42 **choler** anger **ill** unfavorable/wicked/bitter

43 **fell** to recovered

50 **end** root, bottom

52 **Kildare's attainder** the accusation and disgrace of the Earl of Kildare; he was imprisoned on a number of charges and his role as Lord Deputy in Ireland was given to the **Earl of Surrey**, Buckingham's son-in-law

53 **deputy** governor

55 **father** father-in-law

56 **trick of state** political contrivance

57 **envious** malicious

58 **his** i.e., Surrey's

59 **requite** avenge, repay

60 **generally** universally, by all

64 **perniciously** deeply, desiring his death or ruin

67 **mirror** image, model ***Tipstaves*** court officers, named after their badge of office, a metal-tipped staff ***axe…him*** signifying that the prisoner had been condemned to death ***Halberds*** i.e., halberdiers, carrying long-handled weapons topped with a combination of spearhead and axe blade

70 **close** out of sight/quietly

73 **lose** forget
74 **judgement** sentence
76 **sink** ruin/damn
79 **premises** evidence (submitted in court)
80 **more** better
82 **look** beware, watch out
83 **evils** wrongdoings, evil careers/hovels or privies
86 **sue** plead
87 **More…faults** i.e., much greater than the magnitude of offense I would dare to commit
90 **only…dying** the only thing that is bitter to him, the only real death he experiences
92 **divorce** of steel i.e., separation of body and soul by the axe
93 **sacrifice** offering
101 **take** make **envy** malice
105 **Yet** still **forsake** leaves (my body)
107 **tell** count
109 **old** time perhaps a personification here
110 **monument** tomb
112 **charge** duty, role
113 **undertakes** takes responsibility for
116 **furniture** furnishings, equipment
119 **state** rank
122 **base** dishonorable, unworthy/lowborn
123 **truth** loyalty/honesty **seal** confirm, ratify
126 **head** an army **Richard** i.e., Richard III
135 **stroke** action/executioner’s blow
138 **happier** more fortunate
142 **end** purpose
143 **from…certain** the words of a dying man were considered especially wise or prophetic
144 **liberal of** generous with
145 **loose** careless
147 **rub** obstacle (bowling term)
149 **But** except
156 **authors** originators, causes

159 **fall** happens

162 **faith** reliability, trustworthiness

167 **am confident** i.e., trust you

168 **shall** i.e., shall **have** it **late** recent

169 **buzzing** rumor

171 **held not** did not stand firm, did not last

173 **straight** straightaway

174 **allay** subdue, silence

178 **held for** it is thought

179 **venture at it** risk acting on it

180 **about him near** who are close to him

181 **possessed…scruple** put a doubt into his mind (perhaps with connotations of demonic possession; the doubt is that Henry’s marriage is invalid because Katherine had originally been married to his older brother Arthur; marrying one’s brother’s widow is prohibited in Leviticus 20:21)

183 **Cardinal Campeius** the Pope’s legate sent from Rome to determine the legality of the king’s marriage

186 **emperor** Holy Roman Emperor, Charles V, Queen Katherine’s nephew

188 **purposed** intended, planned

189 **have…mark** i.e., are accurate **mark** target (in archery)

190 **smart** pain

193 **open** exposed, public

Act 2 Scene 2

2.2 ***Location:*** *the royal court*, *London*

2 **ridden** broken in **furnished** equipped

4 **commission** warrant **main** considerable

11 **private** on his own

12 **sad** serious

16 **conscience** Suffolk plays on the sexual sense of “genital expansiveness”

20 **blind** without regard for others; **fortune** was commonly depicted as a blind woman who **turns** the wheel of people’s fortunes

21 **list** pleases **know** understand, recognize

23 **he** i.e., Wolsey

40 **end** purpose/outcome

41 **French king’s sister** the Duchess of Alençon, suggested by Wolsey as a second wife for Henry

42 **slept upon** failed to notice, not perceived truly

43 **bold** daring, overconfident

49 **lump** probably lump of clay

50 **pitch** height, i.e., stature

51 **For** as for

53 **made** i.e., successful, of noble rank **stand** remain, stand firm

55 **breath** i.e., mere words

63 **otherwhere** elsewhere ***curtain*** separating the main stage from the discovery space or recess at the back of the stage

74 **this way** in this respect

75 **estate** state

78 **Go to** expression of impatient dismissal

79 **temporal** worldly, secular ***commission*** warrant (from the Pope)

81 **quiet** calm

82 **cure** physical remedy (but with connotations of spiritual care)

85 **talker** i.e., man of words rather than action

90 **priest** i.e., Wolsey

92 **sick** envious

95 **have-at-him** thrust, attack (fencing term)

97 **precedent** example

99 **scruple** doubt **voice of Christendom** i.e., the Pope and the various clergymen who were consulted over Henry’s problem of conscience

100 **envy** malice

101 **Spaniard** i.e., Charles V (Katherine’s nephew), or the Spanish in general **her** i.e., Queen Katherine

102 **confess** admit, allow

103 **clerks** scholars

105 **Have…voices** may vote as they please

107 **general tongue** i.e., representative spokesperson

111 **conclave** body of cardinals (in Rome)

113 **strangers** foreigners

115 **tender** submit **virtue** power

118 **unpartial** impartial

122 **that** that which

123 **place** rank

128 **fit** suitable, able

142 **stick** hesitate

144 **Kept…still** i.e., always had him traveling abroad (on diplomatic missions)

147 **murmurers** gossips, rumormongers/troublemakers

150 **appointment** order

151 **none…else** i.e., no one else so close to the king

152 **griped** seized, clutched at **meaner** lower ranking

153 **Deliver** tell, report **modesty** propriety/consideration

155 **For…learning** to receive, play host to such a learned discussion

Blackfriars Dominican monastery in London

157 **furnished** equipped

158 **able** (sexually) vigorous

159 **bedfellow** i.e., Katherine **conscience** perhaps playing on “con-science” meaning “knowledge of the vagina” (i.e., Anne Bullen’s)

Act 2 Scene 3

1 **Not…neither** Anne and the Old Lady enter mid-conversation **pinches** torments

4 **Pronounce** declare/utter

6 **courses…sun** i.e., years

9 **process** course (of events)

10 **avaunt** order to be gone **pity** pity-provoking situation

12 **temper** substance, hardness/disposition

15 **temporal** worldly (rather than heavenly)

16 **quarrel** quarreler

17 **sufferance panging** hardship as tormenting

20 **stranger** outsider/foreigner

24 **range** roam/live/be ranked **humble livers** those of low rank

25 **perked up** decked out **glist'ring** glittering, sparkling

28 **having** possession

29 **troth** faith maidenhead virginity

31 **Beshrew** curse

33 **spice** dash, touch

34 **so fair parts** such beauty/such good qualities

36 **Affected** likes, is drawn to

37 **sooth** truth

38 **Saving** despite **mincing** pretentious manner, affectations

39 **cheverel** kid leather (noted for its softness)

41 **troth** truth, faith

44 **bowed** bent, i.e., worthless (puns on "bawd")

45 **queen it** play the queen; puns on "quean" meaning "prostitute"

47 **bear** endure/support during sex/give birth to **load of title** title of duchess/duke himself/duke's child

49 **pluck off** come down (in aspiration; literally "undress")

50 **count** i.e., rank lower than a duke; puns on "cunt" **way** path/condition (of being a virgin)

51 **For…to** i.e., on account of sexual modesty

52 **vouchsafe** permit, accept **burden** i.e., of a man's body during sex

53 **get** beget, conceive

57 **little England** affectionate term for England itself/Pembrokeshire, south Wales, where most people spoke English rather than Welsh/Westminster Hall

58 **emballing** to be invested with the orb of sovereignty (as queen)/sexual intercourse

59 **Caernarvonshire** a poor rural county in north Wales **longed** belonged

62 **conference** conversation

64 **values not** is not worth

66 **gentle** noble/kind

74 **Commends** declares, offers

75 **purpose** intend

78 **grace** favor

80 **kind** manifestation **tender** offer (in return)

81 **More…nothing** more than all I am able to offer is still insufficient (**nothing** may pick up on the sense of “vagina,” which is of course what Anne is required to supply)

82 **hallowed** blessed, sanctified

83 **More** of more

85 **Vouchsafe** agree

89 **t’approve** to corroborate, confirm **conceit** opinion, notion

90 **perused** observed, examined

93 **gem** i.e., an heir (anticipating Elizabeth’s birth)

94 **lighten** illuminate (some jewels were thought to emit light)

99 **beggarly** still poor

100 **Come…late** i.e., ask at the appropriate time **pat** neatly

101 **suit of pounds** request for money **pound** plays on the sense of rags/(fish) ponds

102 **fresh** young/blooming **fish** woman/whore **fie** expression of reproach

103 **compelled** enforced/unsought **have…it** i.e., to get plenty without even needing to ask (probably also refers to oral sex)

105 **strange** odd, incomprehensible/new, unfamiliar

106 **tastes** probably continues to play on the idea of oral sex **Forty pence** i.e., I’ll bet a small amount

108 **queen** continues to pun of “quean” (i.e., prostitute)

109 **mud** i.e., wealth, since **Egypt** was known for its rich soil

110 **pleasant** merry, joking

111 **your theme** your subject (i.e., the same advancement as you)

112 **O’ermount** rise higher than

115 **honour’s…foreskirt** i.e., more rewards will follow, just as the train of a dress is longer than the front of the skirt (perhaps with some sexual suggestion of lifting one’s skirt)

117 **your…duchess** i.e., you will marry a duke and bear his children

120 **particular fancy** personal imaginings

121 **on’t** of it

122 **salute** affects, excites blood passions, spirits (perhaps with play on “sexual desires”) **faints me** makes me faint

125 **deliver** report

Act 2 Scene 4

2.4 ***Location:*** *Blackfriars* (*a Dominican monastery in London*) ***sennet*** trumpet fanfare signaling a procession ***Vergers*** officials carrying rods of office who process in front of Church dignitaries ***habit of doctors*** academic robes worn by Doctors of Law, i.e., black gowns and flat hats ***St Asaph*** Llanelwy, an ancient bishopric in north Wales ***purse*** it contained the ***great seal*** of England, used by the king to authenticate documents; the Lord Chancellor (Wolsey) was its official keeper ***two…pillars*** like the **mace**, emblems of Wolsey's role as cardinal ***cloth of state*** canopy over a throne ***consistory*** ecclesiastical court

5 **th'authority allowed** its authority recognized

15 **stranger** foreigner

17 **indifferent** impartial

18 **equal** fair **proceeding** course of action/legal proceedings

21 **proceed…off** go about to dismiss me/take legal action to discard me

22 **grace** favor/royal person

24 **conformable** compliant, obedient

25 **dislike** displeasure

26 **countenance** facial expression/favor/disposition

32 **to him derived** drawn upon himself

37 **many children** Katherine had six children by Henry, of whom only one (Mary) survived infancy

39 **honour** good name **aught** anything

41 **Against** toward

47 **wit** wisdom

48 **one The wisest** the very wisest

53 **Wherefore** for which reason

59 **reverend fathers** clergymen

61 **elect** best, most choice men

62 **bootless** useless

63 **longer** any longer **desire** request (i.e., the trial's postponement)

64 **quiet** peace of mind

68 **session** court, judicial gathering

76 **certain** certainly

80 **before** i.e., before you are humble (which you'll never be)

83 **challenge** formal objection (legal term)

85 **blown this coal** i.e., stirred up trouble (proverbial)
87 **abhor** reject
93 **stood to** upheld
96 **spleen** malice
103 **gainsay** deny
104 **worthily** justly
106 **free** innocent **report** condemnation, allegation
107 **your wrong** the wrong you do me in making such statements
110 **in** about, with regard to
116 **sign** display **in full seeming** to all appearances
120 **slightly** with ease
121 **powers** officials in power/power of position **retainers** servants
122 **Domestics** servants **as't…office** in whatever manner you wish, as soon as you utter their tasks
124 **tender** regard, are concerned with
125 **that** so that
128 **cause** legal case ***offers*** attempts, makes to
131 **Stubborn** resistant **apt** quick, ready
137 **keep your way** keep going
140 **tarry** stay, linger
147 **rare** excellent/exceptional
148 **government** control (of self and others)
149 **Obeying in commanding** behaving with restraint even when issuing orders/behaving both like a queen and a dutiful wife **parts…else** other superior and pious qualities **Sovereign** excellent/royal
150 **speak thee out** declare themselves as being in you
153 **Carried** conducted
155 **require** request
159 **satisfied** compensated
165 **prejudice** detriment **state** situation/rank
166 **touch** taint, stain
168 **excuse** exonerate
169 **you…taught** i.e., you know full well
171 **curs** dogs
177 **passages** proceedings
178 **speak** support

181 **mark th'inducement** note what persuaded me

182 **tenderness** sensitivity

186 **'twixt** between

188 **determinate resolution** conclusive outcome

190 **advertise** notify, discuss with

192 **dowager** i.e., Katherine, the widow of Henry's brother Arthur

193 **Sometimes** formerly

195 **spitting** piercing, stabbing

197 **mazed considerings** bewildered thoughts, confused wonderings

199 **smile** i.e., favor

202 **offices** duties, services

204 **Or** either

205 **This…them** i.e., birth

208 **gladded** made glad

210 **issue's** offspring's

211 **throe** pain (a word often used of labor pains) **hulling** drifting (with sails furled)

216 **full** very **yet** still (now)

218 **doctors** scholars

220 **oppression** burdensome distress **reek** sweat

221 **moved** put the matter to, appealed to

224 **satisfied** reassured

227 **Bearing…dread** given that it concerned a matter of great importance and potentially alarming consequences

228 **committed…doubt** questioned the most extreme, audacious advice I was inclined to give (i.e., to pursue divorce)

236 **particular** individual

237 **Under…seals** i.e., with your formal written agreement **hands** signatures

241 **Prove but** if you can only prove

243 **wear…come** spend our remaining life (or perhaps "our earthly sovereignty")

244 **primest** most supreme (perhaps plays on the sense of "youngest, freshest")

245 **paragoned** put forth as an ideal model

247 **a needful fitness** necessarily appropriate behavior

248 **further** another

249 **motion** request

251 **his holiness** i.e., the Pope

254 **dilatory** delaying (with specifically legal sense of entering a dilatory plea to delay proceedings)

256 **return** the clergyman Thomas Cranmer was at this point in Europe, gathering support for Henry’s divorce

258 **set** on advance, proceed

Act 3 Scene 1

3.1 ***Location:*** *the royal court*, *London*

1 **lute** stringed musical instrument played like a guitar

2 **leave** stop

3 **Orpheus** legendary Greek poet, whose music had the power to charm trees, animals, and stones made i.e., made them bow

7 **as** as if

10 **billows** swelling waves

11 **lay** by subsided, became calm

13 **Killing** fatal, deadly

17 **presence** royal reception chamber

19 **willed** ordered

20 **Pray** ask (politely)

24 **as righteous** i.e., as their goodness

27 **part** of partly

28 **all** i.e., wholly a housewife **against** in anticipation of **worst** i.e., divorce from Henry (which would necessitate careful domestic and economic management for a woman living alone)

35 **corner** i.e., secrecy

36 **free** innocent

37 **happy** fortunate

38 **a number** many others

40 **Envy** malice

41 **even** straightforward, constant

42 **that…in** it concerns my wifely status

44 ***Tanta…serenissima*** “So great is my integrity toward you, most serene queen” (Latin)

46 **truant** negligent student **coming** i.e., to England from Spain

48 **strange** foreign

52 **willing’st** most deliberate

57 **all** only **faith** loyalty, integrity, honesty

58 **by the way** for the purpose of

62 **minded** inclined **difference** disagreement

64 **free** honorable, upright

76 **suddenly** immediately, spontaneously

78 **wit** intelligence
80 **set** seated
81 **looking** prepared
83 **her…been** i.e., my sake as the queen I was till now
84 **fit** brief period
90 **profit** benefit
93 **desperate** reckless
94 **live** a subject i.e., continue to be treated as a loyal subject to Henry (despite supporting the queen) **forsooth** in truth
95 **weigh out** counterbalance, compensate for/outweigh/assess fully
106 **part away** depart
109 **Out upon ye** dismissive exclamation, “Away with you”
112 **mistakes** causes you to misunderstand
114 **cardinal virtues** there were four of these: justice, prudence, temperance, and fortitude
115 **cardinal** sins the seven deadly sins: pride, covetousness, envy, wrath, gluttony, sloth, and lechery (**cardinal**, as well as playing on the men’s ecclesiastical titles, may pun on “carnal”)
117 **cordial** heart-restoring remedy
121 **at** once suddenly/all at once
123 **mere distraction** complete frenzy
124 **envy** hatred, ill will
126 **professors** those who profess to be Christians
128 **habits** garments, i.e., the mere outer appearance
130 **his** from his
132 **fellowship** partnership/sexual intimacy
134 **above** more than **studies** efforts
137 **speak** speak for, defend
139 **vainglory** boasting
141 **full** affections complete love
142 **Still** always, with constancy next next to
143 **fondness** affection/foolishness **superstitious** excessively devoted, idolatrous
150 **wander from** stray from/mistake
154 **dignities** nobleness, high rank
156 **Would I** wish

168 **ends** intentions
170 **places** (Church) positions
175 **carriage** behavior
179 **temper** temperament
180 **even** level **calm** calm sea
184 **casts** rejects (plays on sense of melting metal to form coins)
188 **studies** efforts
190 **used** conducted
193 **do my service** pay my respects
197 **That** who **set footing here** arrived in England

Act 3 Scene 2

2 **force** urge, press **a constancy** persistence

3 **omit…time** neglect this current opportunity

9 **duke** i.e., of Buckingham

10 **him** i.e., Wolsey

12 **uncontemned** unscorned, not treated contemptuously

13 **neglected** disregarded/slighted

15 **Out** of beyond

19 **Gives way** favors fear doubt

22 **in's** in his

24 **out** ended, lost

26 **he's** may apply to Wolsey or to Henry

27 **come off** escape (if Wolsey)/desist (if Henry) **his** i.e., Henry's

32 **contrary** oppositional/contradictory

33 **unfolded** exposed

36 **practices** schemes

39 **miscarried** went astray/were intercepted

42 **stay** delay

45 **creature** dependant, servant

49 **perceives him** perceives **coasts And hedges** is indirect and devious (as if traveling in a roundabout manner along a coastline or by hedgerows)

51 **physic** remedy

58 **Trace the conjunction** follow the marriage

60 **All men's** puns on **amen**

62 **Marry** by the Virgin Mary (picks up on the notion of marriage) **young** i.e., recent news **may…unrecounted** perhaps not everyone will have heard it/not everyone needs to hear it

64 **gallant** fine, splendid complete perfect

65 **persuade me** am convinced

66 **fall** befall/be born

67 **memorized** made memorable

69 **Digest** endure, stomach

76 **cause** i.e., the divorce **unhandled** unresolved, without management

77 **Is posted** has gone in haste

84 **He…opinions** i.e., letters from him have been received ahead of his arrival; the opinions may be Cranmer’s own or, more likely, those that he was sent to gather on the divorce

88 **published** announced publicly

100 **moody** sullen, angry

101 **packet** dispatch, packet of letters

103 **Looked…paper?** i.e., Did he open it?

105 **Presently** immediately

107 **heed** care, attention

111 **abroad** out of his **bedchamber**

112 **this** this time

117 **visage** face

125 **late** former

127 **clear** bright **snuff it** trim its wick

130 **spleeny Lutheran** hot-headed Protestant **wholesome** beneficial, healthy

131 **lie i’th’bosom of** i.e., have sex with/share the secrets of

132 **hard-ruled** difficult to manage; possible erectile connotations

133 **arch-one** major, principal one (plays on “archbishop”)

134 **Hath** who has ***schedule*** document

137 **fret** gnaw, fray/add frets or ridges (to aid tuning on a stringed instrument)

138 **master-cord** main sinew, chief string **on’s** of his

141 **portion** share

146 **commotion** agitation

149 **straight** straightaway

152 **against** toward

157 **wot** know

159 **importing** concerning

160 **several parcels** various pieces **plate** gold or silver tableware

161 **stuffs** material, cloth **ornaments of household** furnishings

162 **proud rate** great cost/vast quantity **outspeaks…subject** far exceeds what a subject ought to own

166 **withal** with

168 **contemplation** thoughts/religious musing

169 **should** would be allowed (to)

171 **below** the moon i.e., worldly

176 **stuff** matter (plays on the sense of “(rich) fabric”; the king’s loaded language continues with **inventory, steal, audit**)

177 **graces** virtues

179 **leisure** time for contemplation

180 **keep…audit** see to your worldly accounts (as opposed to the spiritual reckoning at Judgment Day)

181 **ill husband** poor domestic manager **glad** i.e., because Wolsey is so unconcerned with self-seeking material matters (ironic)

187 **times of preservation** life-sustaining activities (i.e., eating, sleeping) **perforce** of necessity

189 **tendance** attention

197 **crown…you** i.e., by investing Wolsey with Church promotions

199 **alone** only

201 **pared** trimmed, reduced **havings** fortune

206 **prime** foremost, most powerful (under the king)

207 **pronounce** declare

208 **withal** moreover, in addition

210 **graces** favors

211 **could…requite** my most deliberate efforts could repay

215 **filed** kept pace

216 **so** only to the extent

220 **allegiant** loyal

226 **the…it** “honor is the reward of virtue” was proverbial

228 **foulness** dishonor, public shame

232 **power** faculties

233 **notwithstanding…duty** despite your duty to the Church/beyond the debt of allegiance of any subject to his king **that your** i.e., that

234 **in love’s particular** on account of the intimacy of close friendship

238 **that…be** I who am, have been and will be (after digressing, Wolsey never in fact finishes this sentence)

239 **crack** violate, destroy

242 **horrid** frightening

243 **chiding** tumultuous, angry

244 **break** interrupt/stem

254 **chafèd** enraged

255 **galled** wounded/angered

256 **makes him nothing** destroys him (the **huntsman**)
257 **story** cause/narrative
258 **undone** ruined **account** may play on the sense of “**story**, narrative”
259 **world** vast quantity
261 **fee** pay/bribe
262 **cross** perverse, thwarting
263 **main** chief, significant
265 **device** strategy, trick
266 **stir** anger
267 **take right** works properly, succeeds
268 **bring me off** rescue me
272 **meridian** highest point (of the sun)
273 **setting** decline, sunset
274 **exhalation** shooting star, meteor
277 **presently** immediately
279 **Asher** House Esher House, Surrey, which belonged to Wolsey as Bishop of Winchester
282 **commission** warrant, authority
284 **cross** challenge
286 **it** i.e., obey their orders
289 **metal** material/mettle (i.e., disposition, spirit) **envy** malice
291 **sleek** fawning, oily **wanton** unprincipled, lawless, merciless
295 **rewards** i.e., punishments
298 **enjoy** use, benefit from
300 **Tied** authorized, confirmed **letters patents** documents signed by the king conferring land, title, or official position
305 **forty hours** used indefinitely to convey a broad period of time
308 **scarlet sin** refers to the color of a cardinal’s robes; also to Isaiah 1:18, which describes sins as “red like scarlet”
311 **parts** qualities
312 **Weighed** equaled in weight **of** on **policy** political strategy, cunning
314 **his succour** being able to help him (Buckingham)
315 **fault** offense **gav’st** assigned to
319 **credit** reputation
322 **From** of
323 **cause** case (tried in court)

326 **That** I who

328 **mate** be a match for, contend with

334 **fellow** common man/servant/good-for-nothing (a contemptuous term for one of Wolsey’s status)

335 **jaded** deceived, made fools of (plays on the sense of “made green”)

337 **dare…larks** birds could be caught by being distracted with a piece of scarlet cloth while nets were dropped on them; there may be an implicit reference to Joan Larke, Wolsey’s mistress dare daze

348 **issues** children, i.e., sons

349 **he** i.e., Wolsey

350 **articles** items in a list of formal charges

352 **sacring bell** small bell rung at the consecration of the host, the holiest part of the Mass (after the Reformation it signified the bell rung to announce morning prayers) **brown** brunette/dark-complexioned (or sunburned; another dig at Wolsey, suggesting this particular lover is a common peasant) **wench** girl of the rustic or working class/mistress

356 **hand** possession/handwriting

357 **thus much** I can say this much **foul** plays on the sense of “illegible, blotted”

363 **out** be revealed

367 **dare** challenge, defy **objections** accusations

368 **want** lack

369 **Have at you!** i.e., here I come (standard utterance at the opening of a fight)

371 **wrought** planned, connived, worked **legate** one of the Pope’s representatives

374 ***‘Ego…meus’*** “My king and I” (Latin); literally “I and my king,” which leads Norfolk to claim that Wolsey places himself before the king; however, this is the required Latin word order and Wolsey’s real offence is to equate himself with the monarch

375 **still** always

379 **Ambassador** i.e., as Henry’s ambassador **emperor** the Holy Roman Emperor, Charles V **made bold** dared

380 **carry…seal** taking the great seal of England out of the country was forbidden **Flanders** part of the Netherlands

381 ***Item*** next (on the list; Latin) commission delegation with specific instructions

382 **Gregory** de Cassado English ambassador to the Pope

383 **allowance** permission

384 **Ferrara** the Duke of Ferrara (one of the Italian city-states)

385 **mere** absolute, utter

387 **innumerable substance** incalculable wealth

389 **furnish…dignities** bribe Rome as a means of paving your way to personal titles and offices

390 **to…kingdom** i.e., at England’s expense

391 **Many more** i.e., accusations, offenses

395 **virtue** i.e., virtuous not to list the offenses

396 **lie open** are exposed, i.e., are at the mercy (of)

402 **legative** as a papal legate

403 **praemunire** the offense of recognizing papal legal authority over that of the English monarch

404 **sued** instituted, legally enforced

405 **tenements** houses/leased land or property

406 **Castles** some editors emend to “chattels” on the basis of the equivalent passage in Holinshed, but the Folio reading is a suitable climax to the list

407 **charge** order, instruction

409 **For** as for

416 **tender** young, fresh

417 **blushing** glowing, vibrant (perhaps with reference to the red robes of a cardinal)

419 **easy** comfortable, complacent

422 **wanton** playful, wild, careless **bladders** inflated animal bladders used as floats

423 **This** (for) these

424 **high-blown** over-inflated (like the **bladders**; also a suggestion of “fully blooming,” recalling the vegetation imagery of a few lines earlier)

427 **rude stream** rough current

428 **Vain** proud/empty, meaningless/foolish, frivolous

432 **aspect** facial appearance/gaze (with astrological connotations of “influential position of a planet”) **their ruin** the ruin they can cause

433 **pangs** pains (often applied to labor pains)

434 **Lucifer** the brightest angel in heaven, who rebelled, was cast into hell and became the devil ***amazed*** stunned

439 **decline** fall **an** if

443 **happy** fortunate

448 **pillars** may recall the silver pillars that were emblems of Wolsey’s role as cardinal

452 **it** i.e., self-knowledge

458 **heaviest** saddest/most weighty

459 **displeasure** disgrace

466 **that** so that

468 **orphans** the Lord Chancellor was the legal guardian of all orphans under the age of twenty-one

475 **open** public

476 **voice** talk

480 **gone beyond** overreached

481 **In** i.e., because of

483 **troops** retinues, groups of followers

491 **hopeful** promising

492 **make use** take advantage, profit

495 **forgo** forsake

503 **truth** loyalty **play the woman** i.e., weep

506 **dull** lifeless

509 **sounded** fathomed, probed the depth of **shoals** shallows

510 **wreck** shipwreck/ruin

512 **Mark** note, heed

518 **Still** always

530 **naked** defenseless

Act 4 Scene 1

4.1 ***Location:*** *a street in Westminster, London*

5 **all my business** what I'm here for

8 **general** public, universal

10 **royal** generous/supportive of the monarchy

11 **let…rights** to give them their due **forward** eager, ready

15 **taken** received

22 **High Steward** the officer presiding over the coronation

23 **Earl Marshal** a high-ranking state office

25 **beholding** beholden, indebted

30 **order** rank, status (i.e., other bishops)

31 **late** recent **Dunstable** Bedfordshire town, about thirty-five miles north of London

32 **Ampthill** Ampthill Castle, in fact closer to ten miles north of Dunstable lay lodged

33 **cited** summoned

34 **short** brief

35 **late scruple** recent doubt (over the validity of his marriage to Katherine) main assent general agreement

37 **of none effect** null and void

38 **Kimbolton** a castle in Cambridgeshire, not far from Huntingdon

41 **close** quiet/to one side ***flourish*** fanfare ***Garter*** Garter King-at-Arms, chief herald of the College of Arms and a key official in the management of royal ceremonies ***demi-coronal*** small coronet ***dove*** emblematic of peace ***Collars of esses*** ornamental gold chains composed of S-shaped links ***estate*** state ***Cinque Ports*** five ports on the southeast coast of England, originally Dover, Hastings, Sandwich, Hythe, and Romney; their barons had the right to hold the canopy over the king during processions ***in her hair*** with her hair loose, as was customary for brides ***coronal*** coronet ***train*** excess material at the back of a dress

42 **train** retinue

46 **should** must

54 **Indies** i.e., great wealth

55 **strains** embraces, with suggestion of sexual exertion

56 **conscience** plays on the sense of "genitals"

58 **cloth of honour** royal canopy

59 **Cinque Ports** five (later seven) ports on the southeast coast of England that provided the navy and were granted privileges in return

66 **falling** plays on the sense of “sexually receptive”

68 **broiling** becoming heated, sweating (from struggling for a good view among a crowd of onlookers)

69 **i’th’Abbey** in Westminster Abbey, venue for coronations **finger…more** perhaps with sexual connotations (especially if rankness is given its sexual sense)

71 **mere** absolute, utter **rankness** exuberance/foul (sweaty) smell/lustfulness

77 **speak** describe

80 **fell off** withdrew

83 **opposing** displaying

85 **goodliest** finest, most good-looking

87 **arose** perhaps with connotations of penile erection

88 **shrouds** ropes attached to the mast, standard part of a ship’s rigging (perhaps with phallic connotations; a rope was a slang image for a penis) **stiff** strong; again with connotations of penile erection

90 **Doublets** men’s close-fitting jackets

92 **Great-bellied** i.e., pregnant

93 **rams** battering rams

94 **press** crowd, throng

104 **royal makings** trappings of royalty bestowed during a coronation

105 **As** such as

108 **music** musicians

109 ***Te Deum*** thanksgiving hymn *“Te Deum laudamus”* (Latin; “We praise thee O God”) **parted** departed

110 **state** procession/pomp/dignity

117 **lately** recently

121 **the one** i.e., Gardiner

122 **preferred** promoted

129 **will** who will

134 **Master o’th’Jewel House** i.e., responsible for the Crown Jewels in the Tower of London

140 **Something…command** i.e., I have some degree of influence

Act 4 Scene 2

4.2 ***Location:*** *Kimbolton Castle, Cambridgeshire*

3 **loaden** laden, overburdened

11 **happily** fittingly/fortunately/perhaps

13 **voice** word, rumor

14 **stout** brave, resolute

15 **brought him forward** escorted him

16 **tainted** disgraced/corrupted **answer** trial

18 **sit** sit on

20 **roads** stages (of the journey) **Leicester** chief town of Leicestershire, in central England

22 **convent** members of the monastery

26 **little earth** i.e., grave

27 **eagerly** keenly/fiercely

33 **blessèd part** i.e., soul

35 **speak** speak of/describe

37 **stomach** pride/ambitious appetite

38 **suggestion** incitement, prompting (to wrongdoing)

39 **Tied** subjected, tied up **Simony** buying and selling ecclesiastical posts

40 **I'th'presence** in the royal reception chamber/presence of the king

41 **double** duplicitous/ambiguous

43 **pitiful** merciful, compassionate

46 **body** i.e., sexual appetites, love of worldly pleasures ill immoral

51 **good** goodness, virtues

56 **to** for

57 **ripe** mature, sophisticated

59 **Lofty** haughty

61 **unsatisfied in getting** never satisfied with what he had acquired

64 **you** Griffith addresses Ipswich and Oxford

65 **Ipswich and Oxford** Wolsey founded colleges in both towns, though only the one at Oxford survived him; originally intended to be Cardinal's College, it was renamed Christ Church

66 **did** made, founded

68 **art** scholarship **rising** growing (in reputation and excellence; plays on the idea of physical completion)

72 **little** humble

79 **Whom** he whom (i.e., Wolsey)

80 **religious** conscientious **modesty** moderation, restraint

82 **set me lower** i.e., help me to lie back or sit lower in the chair

84 **note** tune

85 **knell** funeral bell

86 **celestial harmony** i.e., heaven ***tripping*** moving nimbly and lightly ***bays*** bay-tree leaves, a symbol of triumph ***vizards*** masks ***congee*** make a formal bow ***changes*** turns or stages of the dance ***in their*** i.e., still

102 **fancy** imagination

103 **music leave** musicians cease

104 **heavy** oppressive/sorrowful

111 **An't like** if it please

112 **saucy** insolent

115 **lose** give up **wonted** accustomed

118 **staying** waiting

122 **emperor** Holy Roman Emperor Charles V, Katherine's **nephew**

137 **physic** medicine **had** would have

148 **willing** willingly

150 **model** image **daughter** i.e., Mary

152 **breeding** upbringing

159 **both my fortunes** i.e., good and bad, as queen and subsequently

163 **honesty** chastity/virtue **carriage** behavior

165 **happy** fortunate

169 **over extra**

171 **able** sufficient

178 **fashion** form, nature, character

179 **honest** honorable

187 **used** treated

188 **maiden flowers** i.e., those flowers befitting chastity

190 **forth** i.e., out for burial

192 **can** i.e., say or do

Act 5 Scene 1

5.1 ***Location:*** *the royal court*, *London*

3 **necessities** essential activities, i.e., sleep

7 **Whither** where are you going

9 **primero** gambling card game

11 **must** must go

14 **an if** if

15 **offence** harm

16 **touch** sense, hint **late** recent/late night

21 **durst commend** dare entrust

22 **this work** i.e., what he has been engaged in

23 **feared** it is feared

25 **fruit** i.e., child goes with carries/is in the throes of labor with

27 **time** delivery, outcome **stock** tree that bore the fruit, i.e., Anne

28 **grubbed up** uprooted

30 **Cry the amen** i.e., agree

35 **way** of thinking, i.e., Catholic religious views

38 **hands** i.e., assistants, supporters

41 **remarked** notable/conspicuous

42 **Master O'th'Rolls** a high-ranking legal position

44 **gap and trade** opening and path

45 **time** age, state of affairs/time to come/opportunity

49 **are** are those

52 **Incensed** angered

54 **arch-heretic** major, principal holder of unorthodox religious views (puns on "archbishop")

55 **moved** angered, stirred

56 **broken** broached (the matter)

58 **fell** fierce, terrible **mischiefs** evils, misfortunes

61 **convented** summoned to appear **rank** rapidly growing, abundant

64 **rest** remain

66 **hard** strong (a player)

69 **fancy** mind, inclination

78 **suff'rance** suffering

81 **God** may God **quit** release, relieve

82 **travail** labor **gladding** delighting
86 **estate** state, situation
99 **attends** awaits
101 **bishop** i.e., Gardiner
102 **happily** fortunately, opportunely
103 **Avoid** leave **gallery** long room used for walking in
106 **aspect of terror** angry expression
118 **grievous** serious
120 **moved** prompted, decided
122 **with such freedom** so freely, easily **purge** clear, exonerate
124 **take…you** be patient
126 **Tower** Tower of London **brother of us** being a fellow member of the council
127 **fits** is fitting
131 **throughly** thoroughly **winnowed** i.e., cleared of impurity, as corn is exposed to wind in order to separate it from worthless husks (**chaff**)
133 **stands under** endures/is subject to **calumnious** slanderous
138 **my halidom** all I consider holy
139 **looked** anticipated
140 **given…petition** requested
143 **endurance further** further hardship/forthcoming imprisonment
144 **dread** revered
147 **triumph** exult (at the downfall of) **weigh** value
148 **Being** should it be **nothing** not at all
152 **small** insignificant **practices** plots
153 **bear…proportion** be correspondingly powerful **ever** always
155 **The dew o'th'verdict** i.e., a successful outcome at with
157 **swear** testify
159 **Ween you of** do you expect
160 **perjured witness** false testimony **your master** i.e., Christ
162 **naughty** wicked
163 **take…danger** behave as though jumping off a cliff were not dangerous
164 **woo** invite, court
167 **is** that is
169 **give way** to i.e., allow
171 **chance** happen

172 **commit** imprison

186 **Now** now may

190 **Is…delivered?** Has the queen given birth?

194 **girl** may apply either to Anne or to the newly born Elizabeth

195 **Promises** i.e., who promises to give birth to

196 **and** and for you

201 **marks** a mark was a monetary unit (rather than a coin) worth two thirds of a pound

203 **groom** servingman **for** suitable for

206 **hot** “to strike while the iron is hot” was proverbial

207 **put…issue** undertake it, insist on it (**issue** may play on the sense of “child”)

Act 5 Scene 2

3 **fast** locked up

4 **Sure** surely

9 **So** so be it/I see

11 **happily** fortunately/by chance

12 **understand it presently** be informed of it at once

16 **sound** perceive/proclaim

17 **laid** arranged (like a trap)

18 **turn** alter

22 **attend** wait ***above*** i.e., on the upper staging level or gallery

26 **Body o'me** upon my body (i.e., life)

29 **Who…state** who maintains his dignity/is detained according to his status (ironic) **pursuivants** state messengers

30 **footboys** boy servants, often assistants to footmen

33 **one above 'em** i.e., the king/God

34 **parted** divided **honesty** integrity/decorum

35 **suffer** permit

36 **place** status

37 **dance attendance** be kept waiting

38 **post** courier **packets** i.e., of letters

40 **close** shut ***state*** throne ***above*** next to, at the upper end of the table; the seating arrangements reflect the men's positions

49 **Without** outside

56 **present** present time

57 **chair** i.e., Cranmer's vacant chair next to the Lord Chancellor

58 **capable Of** susceptible to

59 **flesh** bodily urges, mortal weakness

60 **want** lack

61 **misdemeaned yourself** behaved improperly

65 **Divers** various/different/perverse, cruel **heresies** views contrary to orthodox religious opinion

66 **pernicious** destructive

69 **Pace…hands** do not train them gently, by hand

70 **stubborn** unyielding

71 **obey the manage** perform the specific movements correctly (from French *manège*, “horsemanship”) **suffer** permit

72 **easiness** indulgence, leniency

74 **physic** medicine

75 **taint** corruption/infection

77 **upper…witness** a reference either to the Saxony peasants’ revolt of 1524 or to the rising of the Anabaptists in Münster in 1535 **upper** higher/inland

82 **course** current/series of undertakings

85 **single** united, honest

87 **place** official public position

95 **urge** make allegations

98 **by that virtue** by virtue of that

99 **moment** importance

100 **short** brief

103 **private** i.e., not exercising public office

105 **provided** prepared

107 **pass** be approved, prevail

109 **end** aim, purpose

111 **Become** befit, suit

115 **doubt** i.e., of my innocence **conscience** i.e., trouble your conscience

118 **sectary** follower of a heretical sect

119 **painted** counterfeit/superficial **discovers** reveals

120 **words** i.e., mere words

122 **By…favour** if you will permit me (to say so)

127 **cry…mercy** beg your honor’s pardon **worst** least

131 **sound** orthodox, honest

136 **bold** audacious, impertinent

140 **Forbear** stop, desist

156 **Receive** take into custody

157 **safe** securely confined

161 **gripes** grips, clutches

163 **CHAMBERLAIN** some editors reassign this line to the Chancellor

172 **in…him** of value to the king

173 **on’t** of it (the present business)

174 **gave** misgave, prompted fearful doubts (in)

175 **informations** pieces of intelligence/accusations/tales ***seat*** throne

183 **aim** i.e., beneficiary

184 **dear respect** earnest regard (for the Church)

187 **sudden** hasty/spontaneous

190 **They** i.e., the **commendations**

194 **bloody** bloodthirsty, destructive

196 **He** i.e., man

197 **starve** die

203 **discretion** prudence, wisdom

209 **try** put on trial (sense then shifts to “afflict, torment”)

212 **mean** the means

215 **like** please

216 **purposed** intended

219 **purgation** clearing of his name

222 **use** treat

226 **ado** fuss

229 **wants** lacks

234 **spoons** a set of spoons was a common christening gift

244 **voice** opinion

246 **shrewd** injurious, vicious

249 **one** united

Act 5 Scene 3

5.3 ***Location:*** *by a gate of the royal court*, *London cudgel* club **Man** servant

1 **leave** cease **Paris Garden** bear-baiting arena on London’s Bankside, near the Globe theater

2 **rude** rough, uncivilized **gaping** shouting

3 **belong to** i.e., work in

5 **crab-tree** i.e., made from the tough wood of a crab-apple tree **these** i.e., these cudgels **switches** slim, flexible shoots cut from a tree

6 **scratch** i.e., beat

11 **May-day morning** traditional day of early rising for dawn festivities

12 **Paul’s** St. Paul’s Cathedral

13 **and be hanged** an oath

17 **made no spare** didn’t hold back (when beating the crowd)

19 **Samson** biblical character possessed of legendary strength **Sir…Colbrand** Colbrand was a Danish giant killed by Sir Guy of Warwick

22 **cuckold** man with an unfaithful wife

23 **chine** cut of meat from the backbone of an animal (possibly quibbles on the sense of “chink, fissure,” i.e., “vagina”)

24 **for a cow** a slightly obscure phrase, apparently meaning “for anything,” though cow may play on the sense of “prostitute”

26 **presently** shortly **puppy** impertinent young man

27 **close** closed tightly **sirrah** sir (used to an inferior)

29 **Moorfields** an area of open ground just outside London’s city walls, at one point used for training militia

30 **muster** assemble (soldiers) **strange** foreign **Indian** native Americans had been known to be exhibited to London’s paying public (although “Indian” could also signify a person from the East or West Indies, or the Far East) **great tool** large penis

31 **fry** seething brood

34 **spoons** spoons given as christening presents/penises

35 **brazier** brass-worker (working in high temperatures) **dog-days** hottest days of the year, associated with the dog Dog Star Sirius

36 **in’s nose** i.e., his nose is red as if from heat (presumably from drinking) **under the line** at the Equator

37 **fire-drake** dragon/fiery meteor

38 **discharged** fired off (like a gun) **mortar-piece** small cannon

39 **blow** us blow us up/blow his nose all over us **haberdasher** seller of small items relating to clothing, such as thread and ribbon **railed upon** ranted at

40 **pinked** ornamented with small holes or slits **porringer** hat shaped like a soup dish **kindling…combustion** provoking such a tumult/lighting such a fire

41 **meteor** i.e., the red-nosed brazier **‘Clubs!’** rallying cry to summon apprentices to a fight

42 **truncheoners** cudgel-carriers **succour** aid, assistance

43 **hope o’th’Strand** strapping apprentices from workshops on the Strand, a London street near the Thames **was quartered** lodged/lived **fell on** attacked **made good** secured, defended

44 **came…me** fought at close quarters with me (literally, close enough to use broomsticks)

45 **loose shot** marksmen not attached to a company

46 **fain** obliged **work** earthwork, i.e., fort

48 **youths** i.e., apprentices

49 **tribulation** troublemakers, rabble **Tower Hill** site of public executions and a rough residential area **limbs** members, residents/fighters, fists

50 **Limehouse** rough dockyard area in London’s East End (puns on **limb**) ***limbo patrum*** i.e., prison (literally, the name of the dwelling place for the souls of the unbaptized and of those who had died before Christ’s coming; continues the pun on **limb**)

51 **like** likely **running banquet** i.e., a whipping through the streets (literally, hasty meal)

52 **beadles** parish constables

56 **made…hand** done a fine job (sarcastic)

57 **trim** fine/smartly dressed (sarcastic)

58 **friends** plays on the sense of “lovers” (i.e., whores) **o’th’suburbs** in the areas outside the City walls and its jurisdiction, known for lawlessness and prostitution

59 **Great…room** plenty of space

61 **An’t** if it

64 **rule** control

66 **lay…th’heels** put you in the stocks or shackles

67 **suddenly** straightaway

68 **round** heavy

69 **baiting of bombards** drinking from leather jugs/harassing drunkards/giving drinks to drunkards

70 **service** your job

72 **break among** push through **press** crowd

73 **troop** christening procession **fairly** easily

74 **Marshalsea** prison in Southwark **hold ye play** keep you from amusement

77 **close up** i.e., back

78 **camlet** fabric made from silk and goat hair **o'th'rail** off the railing (possibly the rail around the stage, suggesting that the groundlings in the yard took the part of the crowd)

79 **peck** fling **pales** railings

Act 5 Scene 4

5.4 ***Trumpets*** trumpeters ***Garter*** i.e., Garter King-at-Arms, an important ceremonial post ***Marshal's staff*** the rod of office belonging to the Earl Marshal, a high-ranking state official ***standing bowls*** bowls supported by legs or a base ***habited*** clothed

4 **partners** fellow godparents

6 **laid** stored

15 **gossips** godparents **prodigal** lavish (with christening gifts)

21 **heaven…her** may God always be at her side

26 **pattern** exemplary model

27 **Saba** the Queen of Sheba, who tested Solomon's wisdom with difficult questions (1 Kings 10:1–10)

30 **mould up** form, make up **piece** masterpiece, work of art

32 **still** always

34 **own** own people

35 **beaten** (presumably) wind-beaten

40 **God** i.e., religion

41 **read** learn

42 **greatness** power/honor/nobility **blood** inheritance

43 **sleep** i.e., die

44 **maiden phoenix** mythical Arabian bird that was consumed by fire every five hundred years, then resurrected from the **ashes**; only one existed at a time

46 **admiration** the inspiring of wonder

47 **one** i.e., James I, who succeeded Elizabeth in 1603

48 **cloud of darkness** i.e., earthly life

51 **fixed** constant/established/unswayed by varying fortune **terror** the power to inspire awe

63 **deed** beneficial action

64 **Would** I wish

70 **get** beget, conceive/gain, achieve

75 **beholding** indebted

79 **sick** unhappy, hurt

80 **H'as** he has **stay** remain/cease (work)

81 **holiday** derived from “Holy-day” (as originally spelled in the Folio), emphasizing the word’s origins as a spiritual as well as celebratory time

The Epilogue

5 **naught** worthless **city** London and its citizens

7 **that** so that

10 **construction** interpretation, judgment, appraisal

11 **such a one** could refer to either Katherine, Anne, or Elizabeth

13 **ill hap** bad luck

14 **hold** refrain, refuse

THE TRAGEDY OF TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

Troilus and Cressida perhaps reveals more of Shakespeare’s mature mind at work than any of the other plays. It is highly intelligent, rich in rhetorical complexity and linguistic invention, mentally rigorous, morally skeptical, sexually charged, full of dangerous intellectual and political energy, markedly unpleasant. Most characteristically of all, it is impossible to characterize generically.

It was written towards the end of Shakespeare’s great run of comedies. The cynicism of parts of the near-contemporaneous *Measure for Measure* and *All’s Well that Ends Well*, together with the concern in those dark comedies with the rough edges of human sexuality, led early twentieth-century critics to group them together with *Troilus* under the rubric “problem plays.” The First Folio prints it between the histories and the tragedies, which is a fitting place: it is a tragedy in that the Trojan war, the subject of Homer’s *Iliad*, was western tragedy’s foundational theme, but it had been published independently in Quarto format in 1609 as *The Famous History of Troilus and Cresseid*, a title emphasizing a medieval romance accretion to the classical epic tale. A prefatory epistle in some copies of the Quarto performs a delicate balancing act, acknowledging that the play is “passing full of the palm comical,” but emphasizing its serious literary content and praising Shakespeare’s works for being “so framed to the life that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives.”

Despairing of whether to call it history, comedy, or tragedy, many modern critics, with some justification, regard *Troilus and Cressida* as a satire. The military plot concerning Achilles, Agamemnon, Ajax, Hector, and the rest is derived primarily from Homer and his descendants, most notably George Chapman’s 1598 translation of seven books of *The Iliad* into elevated English verse. The love plot concerning Troilus and Cressida, the efforts of Pandarus to bring them together, and the infidelity of Cressida in the Greek camp, is derived primarily from Chaucer’s *Troilus and*

Criseyde. The handling of each plot is equally cynical. In its love plot the play is an anti-romance, while in its martial plot it is an anti-epic. In his anti-heroic representation of the exemplary heroes of the Trojan war, Shakespeare undermines both the style and the attitudes of Chapman's recent translation of Homer. The prologue speaks in high Chapmanesque style of "princes orgulous," "crownets regal," "strong immures," and "warlike freightage," but the action begins with Troilus saying, "I'll unarm again" and going on to describe himself as "weaker than a woman's tear… Less valiant than the virgin in the night." The admission of a "feminine" language strips all glamour from the male code of war. But then the code of love is submitted to a similar pummeling: Pandarus compares the art of love to bread-making, with its progression from grinding to bolting to kneading to leavening to cooling. Troilus idealizes his love in courtly language, but at the same time compares his desire to a wound, speaking of "the open ulcer of my heart."

Scabs, pus, and running sores ooze through the play, while the foul-mouthed Thersites proves to be the truest commentator on the war. In the second scene we are given a first account of Hector, traditionally the most noble of heroes. Here, however, he is reported to be wrathful, chiding his devoted wife Andromache and striking his armorer. An honorable man should respect his wife and servants: the honor of Hector is thus questioned from the start. There is a clear progression from the reported striking of the armorer to Hector's ignominious end, in which he is killed because of an act of vanity: he has unarmed himself in order to put on the alluring golden armor of a slain warrior. Our first image of Ajax, another magnificent hero in Homer, is yet one more debunking. "They say he is a very man *per se*, and stands alone," says Alexander: this sounds like the glorious self-sufficiency of the epic hero. "So do all men, unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs," replies Cressida: "stands alone" is taken literally and thus reduced to ignobility. And, sure enough, Ajax does prove to be a singularly unheroic blockhead. As for the great Achilles, he has withdrawn from the battle and is camping around in his tent with his gay lover, Patroclus, acting out parodies of the inflated mannerisms of the other Greek generals. Again and again, *Troilus and Cressida* reveals the discrepancy between the polished surface that is projected by a value system, whether the heroic code or courtly love, and the tawdry reality beneath. At a philosophical level, the effect of this is deeply troubling: it is to question whether there can be such a thing as an absolute moral value.

In a purposeful anachronism during the debate about whether or not the war is worth fighting, Trojan man of action Hector appeals to the Greek thinker who was regarded in Shakespeare's time as the father of moral philosophy: having begun by commending the argumentative powers of his brothers Troilus and Paris, Hector adds that they have reasoned "superficially, not much / Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought / Unfit to hear moral philosophy." To the modern ear, the language is typically dense and frustrating. Why can't Hector say "like young men," we wonder, instead of "not much" / brief pause for the end of the verse line / "Unlike young men"? Trust Shakespeare to prefer "not unlike" to mere "like." The flow of argument through the play is like a serpentine river, twisting and turning with double negatives, retractions, qualifications, hypothetical cases, generalizations exploded by particular instances. The modern equivalent is the tortured language of legal opinions and government regulations, which is perhaps why the play is sometimes considered to have been a showpiece for lawyers. But we need to remember that rhetoric—the construction of elaborate edifices of argument that are expounded *pro* and *contra* with both words and sentence structures arranged in highly complex ways—was the absolute staple of each long day's work in the Elizabethan grammar school classroom. Anyone in Shakespeare's original audience with a few years' formal education would have had their ears tuned to the mode of speaking that characterizes the formal debates in the respective council scenes of the Trojans and Greeks. And for some in the audience who lacked a formal education—women among them—the theater was an alternative classroom, a place to learn the art of manipulating words without the burden of having to do so in Latin.

Motivating the expansion of the grammar school network in sixteenth-century England was the educational revolution known to scholars as "humanism." The purpose of study was not only to achieve a command of the linguistic arts, but also to be inspired to virtue by the example of the ancient heroes: to learn integrity from Hector, fortitude from Andromache, courage from Achilles, leadership from Agamemnon, strength from Ajax, wisdom from Ulysses, and so forth. It is this moral dimension that the play systematically strips away. The mythic heroes are resolutely anti-heroic.

The idea that manliness can be proved in battle is subverted by the voice of Thersites. Thus when Menelaus and Paris, great rivals in Helen’s love, meet in single combat: “The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it. Now, bull! Now, dog!” Here *at it* suggests sexual congress as well as fighting, while “bull” and “dog” reduce the grandeur of the plain of Troy to the baying confines of the baiting ring (on London’s Bankside, theater and bear-baiting shared the same arenas). As Thersites lances the martial values, so the leering Pandarus reduces love to sex: coming to Troilus and Cressida after they have spent the night together for the first time, he addresses his niece as if she were synonymous with her sexual parts, battered and chafed by the repeated assaults of Troilus’ member (“How go maidenheads?…Ah, poor *chipochia!* Hast not slept tonight? Would he not—a naughty man—let it sleep?”). Hector quotes Aristotle as saying that “young men” are shallow in the art of moral philosophy. The play seems to reply that young men will be young men: they will squabble and sulk, they will argue for the sake of it and swear till the air is blue, they thrive on anger and violence. And old men are no better: they are petulant and manipulative, prurient and self-interested. As for women, Andromache makes but a fleeting appearance, Cassandra is no more than the voice of doom, Helen is not so much the most beautiful woman in the world as one half of a comic double act with Pandarus, and Cressida knows that her only means of survival is to use her sexuality.

Moral philosophy is not a fixed point of reference. It is itself interrogated and found wanting. Hector attempts to distinguish between the dangers of actions based on emotion (“the hot passion of distempered blood”) and the propriety of those based on reason (“a free determination / ’Twixt right and wrong”). But in the case of the Trojan war, right and wrong cannot be judged objectively: “What’s aught but as ’tis valued?” asks Troilus. Hector tries to maintain the case that value exists above “particular will,” but the play as a whole—with its constant counterpointing of Trojan and Greek, battlefield and bedroom, high rhetoric and low bawdy—proposes that all moral judgments are relative. It is Ulysses who makes this point most eloquently: a man or an action can only be judged “by reflection, / As when his virtues shining upon others / Heat them and they retort that heat again / To the first giver.” This argument is articulated as part of a cunning scheme to persuade Achilles to switch back from the role of Patroclus’ effeminate lover to the Greek army's most masculine warrior: the image of the bullish Ajax being presented as top soldier will retort on Achilles and make him strive to regain his military preeminence.

Ulysses' speech about the need for society to maintain a strict hierarchical order or "degree" is part of the same strategy. He argues that one of the causes of the untuning of degree in the Greek camp is the fact that their exemplary warrior Achilles is sulking in his tent when he should be in the appropriate place for an exemplary warrior, namely on the battlefield. But the method he proposes by which Achilles is to be restored to his proper place is itself a disruption of degree. Hector has issued a challenge to single combat. Degree should dictate that Hector's equal on the Greek side, Achilles, is put forward, but Ulysses proposes Ajax instead, thus snubbing Achilles and provoking him into rejoining the army. Ulysses then achieves his end by rigging an election. Even in the midst of a rhetorically powerful vision of the chaos that ensues when the moral and social order are not upheld, he lets slip his knowledge of the relativity of value. In the very act of warning that "right and wrong" will "lose their names" if "degree" is not observed, Ulysses adds parenthetically that justice resides not inherently on the side of right, as one would expect it to, but rather in the "endless jar" between right and wrong. The play as a whole is a demonstration that order, moral and social, is not a predetermined value system answerable to a harmonious cosmic design, but rather a process, an endless debate and negotiation of terms, in which reason and judgment cannot be separated from appetite and will.

So it is that two kinds of absolute statement are juxtaposed against each other. On the one hand, aspirations to truth and fixity: "True swains in love shall in the world to come / Approve their truths by Troilus…As truth's authentic author to be cited, / 'As true as Troilus' shall crown up the verse." And on the other, cynical reductions to the lowest common denominator of the body: "Here is such patchery, such juggling and such knavery! All the argument is a cuckold and a whore, a good quarrel to draw emulations, factions and bleed to death upon. Now, the dry serpigo on the subject, and war and lechery confound all!" "Hector is dead, there is no more to say": that is how a tragedy ought to end. But having said that line, Troilus says "Stay yet." Shakespeare just won't stop arguing with himself. If there is a victor in these endless jars, it is the voice of the cynical commentators, Thersites and Pandarus. The latter gets the last word, addressing the theater audience in a broken sonnet that is a symptom of this play’s fragmented world.

Troilus disintegrates because of the incompatibility between his mental image of Cressida and what he sees of her in the Greek camp when she has become Diomedes’ mistress: “This is and is not Cressid.” The sight causes him to believe that the whole rationality of the world has collapsed and “The bonds of heaven are slipped, dissolved and loosed.” He has not, however, seen Cressida brutally manhandled and kissed, treated like a piece of meat, on her arrival in the camp. Shakespeare’s point in bringing Troilus to “madness of discourse” is not to make a moral judgment about Cressida—you can’t help feeling that he admires her improvisational skills and the way in which she maintains linguistic dignity even as her body is taken by another man—but rather to strip away the illusion that bodily beauty and strength are signs of inner grace and greatness. The symbolic figure that comes closest to the rotten core of the play is that knight in sumptuous armor who is pursued by Hector. He is so fair without, but what does Hector find within? A “Most putrified core,” a decaying human body.

KEY FACTS

PLOT: For seven years the Greeks and Trojans have been at war following the Trojan prince Paris' abduction of Helen, the most beautiful woman in the world, from her Greek husband Menelaus. The besieging Greek army is encamped under the walls of Troy and, at the point at which the play begins, the war has reached stalemate. The Greeks are quarreling among themselves. Achilles, their greatest champion, refuses to fight and has withdrawn to his tent with his lover, Patroclus. Ulysses tries to entice Achilles back to the field by arousing his jealously against Ajax, a rival warrior, whom he acclaims as their new hero and elects to meet Hector, the Trojan champion, in single combat. Equally at odds with themselves, the Trojans are debating the value of continuing the war merely for the sake of keeping Helen. Hector declares her not worth the lives she costs but when his brother Troilus contends that honor demands they continue to fight for her, Hector is brought around to his point of view. Although the single combat between Ajax and Hector ends in a show of amity, hostilities are resumed the following day. Troilus, however, is much distracted from these military concerns by his love for Cressida, the daughter of Calchas, a Trojan who has defected to the Greek camp while leaving his daughter in Troy. The young lovers are eagerly abetted by Cressida's uncle Pandarus, who acts as their go-between. However, after only one night together they are parted when, in exchange for the captured general Antenor, Cressida is sent to join her father in the Greek camp. Almost immediately she betrays Troilus with the Greek Diomedes and, discovering this, Troilus is plunged into despair. Despite his sister Cassandra's prophecies of doom, Hector goes into battle and is treacherously murdered by Achilles, who has finally been roused into action by the death of Patroclus. With the fall of Troy certain, Troilus, disillusioned as a lover, assumes Hector's role as the Trojan champion and vows revenge on Achilles. The dying, disease-ridden Pandarus is left to end the play.

MAJOR PARTS: (*with percentage of lines/number of speeches/scenes on stage*) Troilus (15%/131/ 13), Ulysses (14%/80/7), Pandarus (11%/153/8), Cressida (8%/152/6), Thersites (8%/90/7), Achilles (6%/74/9), Hector (6%/57/7), Agamemnon (6%/52/7), Nestor (5%/38/6), Aeneas (4%/44/8), Diomedes (3%/54/11), Paris (3%/27/5), Ajax (2%/55/8), Patroclus (2%/37/5).

LINGUISTIC MEDIUM: 70% verse, 30% prose.

DATE: 1601–02. Registered for publication February 7, 1603 ("as yt is acted by my lo: Chamberlens Men"). Not mentioned by Meres in 1598; influenced by Chapman's Homer translation of the same year. The armed prologue (Folio only) seems to parody that of Ben Jonson's *Poetaster* (performed summer 1601). There are apparent allusions to the play in *Thomas Lord Cromwell* (Chamberlain's Men, registered for publication in August 1602) and Thomas Middleton's *The Family of Love* (?1602–03).

SOURCES: Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde* (perhaps in Speght's 1598 edition) for the love plot; George Chapman's translation of seven books of Homer's *Iliad* (1598) and William Caxton's *Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye* (1474, the first printed book in English) for the war. Perhaps also John Lydgate's *Troy Book* (1513) and Robert Henryson's *The Testament of Cresseid* (1532).

TEXT:: Quarto, 1609, in two separate states: one with title page *The Historie of Troylus and Cresseida. As it was acted by the Kings Maiesties seruants at the Globe. Written by William Shakespeare*, the other with title page omitting reference to the stage (*The Famous Historie of Troylus and Cresseid. Excellently expressing the beginning of their loues, with the conceited wooing of Pandarus Prince of Licia. Written by William Shakespeare*) and a prefatory epistle that makes claims for the readerly as opposed to the theatrical text. The nature of the printer's copy for both the Quarto and Folio's *The Tragedie of Troylus and Cressida* is fiercely debated by scholars, as is the relationship between the texts. The original intention of the

Folio editors was to print *Troilus* after *Romeo and Juliet*, using the Quarto as copy text (a few early copies of the Folio survive with a canceled last page of *Romeo* and first page of *Troilus*). But printing was broken off after three pages, perhaps due to a copyright dispute, and *Troilus* was eventually squeezed in between the Histories and Tragedies (after the setting of the “Catalogue” of plays in the Folio’s preliminary matter). When printing was resumed, a manuscript that had many differences from the Quarto text was used, though the influence of Quarto can still be strongly detected. Some scholars suppose that Folio was printed from an annotated Quarto, but this does not square with the superiority of many individual Quarto readings: why annotate a sound reading in a printed text with an alteration that makes less good sense? It is therefore probable that an independent scribal copy, perhaps based on the theater promptbook, and perhaps reflecting playhouse revision, also lies behind the Folio. In accordance with our editorial policy, we follow Folio where it is viable, but, in the light of the demonstrable presence of Quarto in the editing or printing of the Folio, we adopt Quarto readings where Folio cannot be defended.

On two occasions the text includes passages that seem to be authorial “first thoughts” intended for deletion. Most modern editors relegate such lines to an appendix. Our fidelity to Folio means that we have not done so, though we have indicated the lines in question by enclosing them within double solidi (// //): they should almost certainly be cut in performance, but are of great interest in apparently revealing Shakespeare in the process of composition.

THE TRAGEDY OF TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

PROLOGUE, in armor

Trojans

PRIAM, King of Troy

HECTOR		his sons
DEIPHOBUS		
HELENUS,	a priest	
PARIS		
TROILUS		
MARGARELON,	a bastard	

CASSANDRA, Priam’s daughter, a prophetess

ANDROMACHE, wife of Hector

HELEN, wife of Paris, previously wife of Menelaus

PANDARUS, a lord

CRESSIDA, his niece

CALCHAS, her father who has joined the Greeks

ALEXANDER, her servant

AENEAS	military commanders
ANTENOR	

BOY,servant to Troilus

Greeks

AGAMEMNON, Commander-in-Chief

MENELAUS, his brother

ULYSSES

NESTOR

ACHILLES

PATROCLUS, his friend

AJAX

DIOMEDES

THERSITES

MYRMIDONS, Achilles’ soldiers Servants, Attendants

The Prologue

[Enter the Prologue, in armour]

In Troy there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgulous,[2] their high blood chafed,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships
Fraught[4] with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war: sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets[6] regal, from th’Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia,[7] and their vow is made
To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures[8]
The ravished[9] Helen, Menelaus’ queen,
With wanton[10] Paris sleeps, and that’s the quarrel.
To Tenedos[11] they come,
And the deep-drawing barks[12] do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage:[13] now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruisèd Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions:[15] Priam’s six-gated city,
Dardan,[16] and Tymbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenorides, with massy[17] staples
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
Stir up the sons of Troy.
Now expectation, tickling[20] skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard.[22] And hither am I come,
A prologue armed,[23] but not in confidence
Of author’s pen or actor’s voice, but suited[24]
In like conditions as our argument,
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o’er the vaunt and firstlings[27] of those broils,
Beginning in the middle,[28] starting thence away
To what may be digested[29] in a play.
Like or find fault, do as your pleasures are:
Now good or bad, ’tis but the chance of war.

[Exit]

Act 1 Scene 1[1.1]

running scene 1

Enter Pandarus and Troilus

TROILUS Call here my varlet,[1] I’ll unarm again:
Why should I war without[2] the walls of Troy
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan that is master of his heart,
Let him to field:[5] Troilus, alas, hath none.
PANDARUS Will this gear[6] ne’er be mended?
TROILUS The Greeks are strong and skilful to[7] their strength,
Fierce to their skill and to their fierceness valiant,
But I am weaker than a woman’s tear,
Tamer[10] than sleep, fonder than ignorance,
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skilless[12] as unpractised infancy.
PANDARUS Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I’ll not meddle nor make.[13] no further. He that will have a cake out of the wheat must needs tarry[14] the grinding[15]
TROILUS Have I not tarried?
PANDARUS Ay, the grinding, but you must tarry the bolting.[17]
TROILUS Have I not tarried?
PANDARUS Ay, the bolting, but you must tarry the leav’ning.[19]
TROILUS Still have I tarried.
PANDARUS Ay, to the leavening, but here’s yet in the word ‘hereafter’ the kneading, the making of[22] the cake, the heating of the oven and the baking; nay, you must stay[23] the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.
TROILUS Patience herself, what goddess e’er she be,
Doth[25] lesser blench at suff’rance than I do.
At Priam’s royal table do I sit;
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts —
So, traitor,[28] when she comes? When is she thence?
PANDARUS Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

TROILUS I was about to tell thee — when my heart,
As wedgèd[32] with a sigh, would rive in twain,
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me —
I have, as when the sun doth light a-scorn,[34]
Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:
But sorrow, that is couched[36] in seeming gladness
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

PANDARUS An[38] her hair were[39] not somewhat darker than Helen's — well, go to — there were no more comparison between the women. But, for my part, she is my kinswoman: I would[40] not, as they term it, praise her, but I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise[41] your sister Cassandra's wit, but—

TROILUS O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus —
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drowned,
Reply not in how many fathoms[45] deep
They lie indrenched.[46] I tell thee I am mad
In Cressid's love.[47] Thou answer'st she is fair,
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice,
Handlest[50] in thy discourse, O, that her hand
In whose comparison[51] all whites are ink
Writing their own reproach, to[52] whose soft seizure
The cygnet's[53] down is harsh and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman: this thou tell'st me —
As true thou tell'st me — when I say I love her,
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,[56]
Thou lay'st in every gash[57] that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

PANDARUS I speak no more than truth.

TROILUS Thou dost not speak so much.

PANDARUS Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her: an she be not, she has the mends[62] in her own hands.

TROILUS Good Pandarus, how now, Pandarus?

PANDARUS I[64] have had my labour for my travail: ill-thought on of her and ill-thought on of you: gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

TROILUS What, art thou angry, Pandarus? What, with me?

PANDARUS Because she's kin to me, therefore she's not so fair as Helen: an[67] she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not an she were a blackamoor:[69] 'tis all one to me.

TROILUS Say I she is not fair?[70]

PANDARUS I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind her father:[71] let her[72] to the Greeks, and so I'll tell her the next time I see her. For my part, I'll meddle nor make no more i'th'matter.

TROILUS Pandarus—

PANDARUS Not I.

TROILUS Sweet Pandarus—

PANDARUS Pray you speak no more to me: I will leave all as I found it, and there an end.

Exit Pandarus

Sound alarum

TROILUS Peace, you ungracious[79] clamours, peace, rude sounds!
Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair
When with your blood you daily paint[81] her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument:[82]
It is too starved[83] a subject for my sword.
But Pandarus — O gods, how do you plague me!
I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar,
And he's as tetchy[86] to be wooed to woo
As she is stubborn, chaste, against all suit.[87]
Tell me, Apollo,[88] for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?[89]
Her bed is India:[90] there she lies, a pearl.
Between our Ilium[91] and where she resides,
Let it be called the wild and wand'ring flood,[92]
Ourself the merchant,[93] and this sailing Pandar
Our doubtful hope, our convoy[94] and our bark.

Alarum. Enter Aeneas
AENEAS How now, Prince Troilus? Wherefore not afield?[95]
TROILUS Because not there:[96] this woman's answer sorts,
For womanish it is to be from thence.
What news, Aeneas, from the field today?
AENEAS That Paris is returnèd home and hurt.
TROILUS By whom, Aeneas?
AENEAS Troilus, by Menelaus.
TROILUS Let Paris bleed, 'tis but a scar[102] to scorn:
Paris is gored with Menelaus' horn.[103]
Alarum
AENEAS Hark, what good sport[104] is out of town today!
TROILUS Better at home, if 'would I might' were 'may'.
But to the sport abroad:[106] are you bound thither?
AENEAS In all swift haste.
TROILUS Come, go we then together.
Exeunt

[Act 1 Scene 2]

running scene 2

Enter Cressida and her Man [Alexander]

CRESSIDA Who were those went by?
ALEXANDER Queen Hecuba and Helen.
CRESSIDA And whither go they?
ALEXANDER Up to the eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject[5] all the vale,
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is as a virtue fixed,[7] today was moved:
He chides Andromache and struck his armourer,
And, like[9] as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose he was harnessed light,[10]
And to the field goes he, where every flower
Did as a prophet weep what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.
CRESSIDA What was his cause of anger?
ALEXANDER The noise[15] goes, this: there is among the Greeks
A lord of Trojan blood, nephew[16] to Hector:
They call him Ajax.
CRESSIDA Good,[18] and what of him?
ALEXANDER They say he is a very man *per se*,[19] and stands alone.
CRESSIDA So do all men, unless they are drunk,[20] sick, or have no legs.

ALEXANDER This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of their particular additions:[21] he is as valiant as the lion, churlish[22] as the bear, slow as the elephant: a man into whom nature hath so crowded humours[23] that his valour is crushed into folly, his folly sauced with discretion. There is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse[25] of, nor any man an attaint but he carries some stain of it: he is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair:[26] he hath the joints of everything, but everything so out of joint that he is a gouty[27] Briareus, many hands and no use, or purblinded[28] Argus, all eyes and no sight.

CRESSIDA But how should this man, that makes me smile make Hector angry?

ALEXANDER They say he yesterday coped[30] Hector in the battle and struck him down, the disdain[31] and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Enter Pandarus

CRESSIDA Who comes here?

ALEXANDER Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

CRESSIDA Hector's a gallant man.

ALEXANDER As may be in the world, lady.

PANDARUS What's that? What's that?

CRESSIDA Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

PANDARUS Good morrow, cousin Cressid. What do you talk of?— Good morrow, Alexander.— How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?

CRESSIDA This morning, uncle.

PANDARUS What were you talking of when I came? Was Hector armed and gone ere[41] ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

CRESSIDA Hector was gone, but Helen was not up.

PANDARUS E'en so; Hector was stirring early.

CRESSIDA That were we talking of, and of his anger.

PANDARUS Was he angry?

CRESSIDA So he says here.

PANDARUS True, he was so; I know the cause too: he'll lay about him[48] today, I can tell them that, and there's Troilus will not come far behind him: let them take heed of Troilus, I can tell them that too.

CRESSIDA What, is he angry too?

PANDARUS Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

CRESSIDA O Jupiter,[53] there's no comparison.

PANDARUS What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man[54] if you see him?

CRESSIDA Ay, if I ever saw him before and knew him.

PANDARUS Well, I say Troilus is Troilus.

CRESSIDA Then you say as I say, for I am sure he is not Hector.

PANDARUS No, nor Hector is not Troilus in some degrees.[59]

CRESSIDA 'Tis just[60] to each of them: he is himself.

PANDARUS Himself? Alas, poor Troilus, I would he were.

CRESSIDA So he is.

PANDARUS Condition,[63] I had gone barefoot to India.

CRESSIDA He is not Hector.

PANDARUS Himself? No, he's not himself: would a[65] were himself! Well, the gods are above, time[66] must friend or end. Well, Troilus, well. I would my heart were in her body. No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

CRESSIDA Excuse me.[68]

PANDARUS He is elder.

CRESSIDA Pardon me, pardon me.

PANDARUS Th'other's[71] not come to't; you shall tell me another tale, when th'other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit[72] this year.

CRESSIDA He shall not need it if he have his own.

PANDARUS Nor his qualities.

CRESSIDA No matter.

PANDARUS Nor his beauty.

CRESSIDA 'Twould not become[77] him: his own's better.

PANDARUS You have no judgement, niece; Helen herself swore th'other day that Troilus for a brown favour[79] — for so 'tis, I must confess — not brown neither—

CRESSIDA No, but brown.[80]

PANDARUS 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

CRESSIDA To say the truth, true and not true.

PANDARUS She praised his complexion above Paris.

CRESSIDA Why, Paris hath colour enough.

PANDARUS So he has.

CRESSIDA Then Troilus should[86] have too much: if she praised him above, his complexion is higher than his: he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming[88] a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper[89] nose.

PANDARUS I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

CRESSIDA Then she's a merry Greek[91] indeed.

PANDARUS Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him th’other day into the compassed[93] window — and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin—

CRESSIDA Indeed, a tapster’s arithmetic[95] may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

PANDARUS Why, he is very young, and yet will he within three pound lift as much as his brother Hector.

CRESSIDA Is he so young a man and so old[99] a lifter?

PANDARUS But to prove to you that Helen loves him, she came and puts me her white hand to his cloven[101] chin—

CRESSIDA Juno[102] have mercy! How came it cloven?

PANDARUS Why, you know ’tis dimpled. I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

CRESSIDA O, he smiles valiantly.

PANDARUS Does he not?

CRESSIDA O yes, an[107] ’twere a cloud in autumn.

PANDARUS Why, go to, then. But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus—

CRESSIDA Troilus will stand[109] to the proof, if you’ll prove it so.

PANDARUS Troilus? Why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle[110] egg.

CRESSIDA If[111] you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i’th’shell.

PANDARUS I cannot choose but laugh to think how she tickled his chin. Indeed, she has a marvellous[114] white hand, I must needs confess—

CRESSIDA Without the rack.[115]

PANDARUS And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

CRESSIDA Alas, poor chin. Many a wart is richer.[117]

PANDARUS But there was such laughing! Queen Hecuba laughed that[118] her eyes ran o’er.

CRESSIDA With millstones.[120]

PANDARUS And Cassandra laughed.

CRESSIDA But there was more temperate fire under the pot[122] of her eyes: did her eyes run o’er too?

PANDARUS And Hector laughed.

CRESSIDA At what was all this laughing?

PANDARUS Marry,[126] at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

CRESSIDA An't had been a green[127] hair, I should have laughed too.

PANDARUS They laughed not so much at the hair as at his pretty[128] answer.

CRESSIDA What was his answer?

PANDARUS Quoth she, 'Here's but two and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.'

CRESSIDA This is her question.

PANDARUS That's true, make no question of that. 'Two and fifty hairs,[133]' quoth he, 'and one white: that white hair is my father, and all,[134] the rest are his sons.' 'Jupiter!' quoth she, 'Which of these hairs is Paris, my husband?' 'The forked[135] one,' quoth he, 'pluck't out, and give it him.' But there was such laughing, and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed[137] and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.

CRESSIDA So[138] let it now, for it has been a great while going by.

PANDARUS Well, cousin. I told you a thing yesterday: think on't.

CRESSIDA So I do.

PANDARUS I'll be sworn 'tis true, he will weep[141] you, an 'twere a man born in April.

Sound a retreat

CRESSIDA And I'll spring[142] up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May.

PANDARUS Hark, they are coming from the field: shall we stand up here and see them as they pass toward Ilium? Good niece, do, sweet niece Cressida.

CRESSIDA At your pleasure.

PANDARUS Here, here, here's an excellent place, here we may see most bravely.[146] I'll tell you them all by their names as they pass by, but mark[147] Troilus above the rest.

Enter Aeneas [and passes over the stage]

CRESSIDA Speak not so loud.

PANDARUS That's Aeneas. Is not that a brave.[149] man? He's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you. But mark Troilus: you shall see anon[150]

CRESSIDA Who’s that?

Enter Antenor [and passes over the stage]

PANDARUS That’s Antenor. He has a shrewd[152] wit, I can tell you, and he’s a man good enough: he’s one o’th’soundest judgement[153] in Troy whosoever, and a proper man of person. When comes Troilus? I’ll show you Troilus anon: if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

CRESSIDA Will he give[156] you the nod?

PANDARUS You shall see.

CRESSIDA If he do, the[158] rich shall have more.

Enter Hector [and passes over the stage]

PANDARUS That’s Hector, that, that, look you, that there’s a fellow! Go thy way,.[159] Hector! There’s a brave man, niece. O brave Hector! Look how he looks! There’s a countenance[161] Is’t not a brave man?

CRESSIDA O brave man!

PANDARUS Is a,[163] not? It does a man’s heart good. Look you what hacks are on his helmet. Look you yonder, do you see? Look you there? There’s no jesting[164] there’s laying on,[165] take’t off who will, as they say. There be hacks!

CRESSIDA Be those with swords?[166]

Enter Paris [and passes over the stage]

PANDARUS Swords, anything, he cares not: an the devil come to him, it’s all one. By God’s lid,[168] it does one’s heart good. Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris. Look ye yonder, niece. Is’t not a gallant man too, is’t not? Why, this is brave now. Who said he came hurt home today? He’s not hurt. Why, this will do Helen’s heart good now, ha? Would I could see Troilus now. You shall see Troilus anon.

CRESSIDA Who’s that?

Enter Helenas [and passes over the stage]

PANDARUS That’s Helenus. I marvel[173] where Troilus is. That’s Helenus, I think he went not forth[174] today: that’s Helenus.

CRESSIDA Can Helenus fight, uncle?

PANDARUS Helenus? No. Yes, he’ll fight indifferent[176] well. I marvel where Troilus is. Hark, do you not hear the people cry ‘Troilus’?

Helenus is a priest.

CRESSIDA What sneaking[178] fellow comes yonder?

Enter Troilus [and passes over the stage]

PANDARUS Where? Yonder? That’s Deiphobus. ’Tis Troilus! There’s a man, niece!— Hem![180] Brave Troilus, the prince of chivalry!

CRESSIDA Peace, for shame, peace!

PANDARUS Mark him, note him. O brave Troilus! Look well upon him, niece. Look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm,.[183] more hacked than Hector’s, and how he looks, and how he goes[184] O admirable youth! He ne’er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way! Had I a sister were a grace[185] or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris? Paris is dirt to[186] him, and I warrant[187] Helen, to change, would give money to boot.

Enter Common Soldiers [and pass over the stage]

CRESSIDA Here come more.

PANDARUS Asses, fools, dolts. Chaff and bran,[189] chaff and bran; porridge after meat. I could live and die i’th’eyes of Troilus. Ne’er look, ne’er look. The eagles are gone: crows and daws,[191] crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus than Agamemnon and all Greece.

CRESSIDA There is among the Greeks Achilles, a better man than Troilus.

PANDARUS Achilles? A drayman,[194] a porter, a very camel.

CRESSIDA Well, well.

PANDARUS ‘Well, well’? Why, have you any discretion?,[196] Have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth[197] beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness,[198] virtue, youth, liberality, and so forth, the spice and salt that seasons a man?

CRESSIDA Ay, a minced[200] man, and then to be baked with no date in the[201] pie, for then the man’s date’s out.

PANDARUS You[202] are such another woman! One knows not at what ward you lie.

CRESSIDA Upon my back, to defend my belly;,[203] upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy[204] to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty, and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards[205] I lie at, at a thousand watches.

PANDARUS Say one of your watches.[206]

CRESSIDA Nay, I'll watch[207] you for that, and that's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward[208] what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow, unless it swell[209] past hiding, and then it's past watching.

Enter [Troilus'] Boy

PANDARUS You[210] are such another!

BOY Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

PANDARUS Where?

BOY At your own house.

PANDARUS Good boy, tell him I come.

[Exit Boy]

I doubt[215] he be hurt. Fare ye well, good niece.

CRESSIDA Adieu, uncle.

PANDARUS I'll be with you, niece, by and by.[217]

CRESSIDA To bring,[218] uncle?

PANDARUS Ay, a token[219] from Troilus.

CRESSIDA By[220] the same token, you are a bawd.

Exit Pandarus

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in[222] another's enterprise,
But more in Troilus thousand-fold I see
Than in the glass[224] of Pandar's praise may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:[225]
Things won are done,[226] joy's soul lies in the doing.
That she[227] beloved knows nought that knows not this:
Men[228] prize the thing ungained more than it is:
That[229] she was never yet that ever knew
Love got so sweet as when desire did sue.
Therefore this maxim out of[231] love I teach:
'Achievement[232] is command; ungained, beseech.'
That[233] though my heart's contents firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.

Exit [with Alexander]

[Act 1 Scene 3]*

running scene 3

Sennet. Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses, Diomedes, Menelaus, with others

AGAMEMNON Princes,
What grief[2] hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition[3] that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below
Fails in[5] the promised largeness: checks and disasters
Grow in the veins[6] of actions highest reared,
As knots, by[7] the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine[8] and diverts his grain
Tortive and errant[9] from his course of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us
That we come short of our suppose[11] so far
That after seven years' siege yet Troy walls stand,
Sith[13] every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not[15] answering the aim
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave't surmisèd shape. Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abashed behold our works[18]
And think them shame, which are indeed nought else
But the protractive[20] trials of great Jove
To find persistive[21] constancy in men,
The fineness of which metal[22] is not found
In fortune's love?[23] For then the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist[24] and unread,
The hard and soft seem all affined[25] and kin.
But in the wind and tempest of her[26] frown,
Distinction[27] with a loud and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows[28] the light away;
And what hath mass or matter[29] by itself
Lies rich in virtue[30] and unminglèd.

NESTOR With due observance[31] of thy godly seat,
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply[32]
Thy latest words. In the reproof[33] of chance
Lies the true proof[34] of men: the sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble[35] boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk!
But let the ruffian Boreas[38] once enrage
The gentle Thetis,[39] and anon behold
The strong-ribbed bark[40] through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,[41]
Like Perseus’ horse:[42] where’s then the saucy boat
Whose weak untimbered[43] sides but even now
Co-rivalled greatness? Either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast[45] for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour’s show[46] and valour’s worth divide
In storms of fortune; for in her[47] ray and brightness
The herd hath more annoyance by the breeze[48]
Than by the tiger, but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under shade,[51] why, then the thing of courage,
As roused with rage with rage doth sympathize,[52]
And with an accent tuned in selfsame key
Retires[54] to chiding fortune.
ULYSSES Agamemnon,
Thou great commander, nerve[56] and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers,[57] soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers[58] and the minds of all
Should be shut up,[59] hear what Ulysses speaks:
Besides the applause and approbation
The which[61]— most mighty for thy place and sway,— ***To Agamemnon***
And thou most reverend[62] for thy stretched-out life,— ***To Nestor***
I give to both your speeches, which were such
As Agamemnon and[64] the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass,[65] and such again
As venerable Nestor, hatched in silver,[66]

Should with a bond of air,[67] strong as the axle-tree
In which the heavens ride, knit[68] all the Greeks' ears
To his experienced tongue: yet let it please both,
Thou great, and wise,[70] to hear Ulysses speak.
AGAMEMNON Speak, prince of Ithaca,[71] and be't of less expect
That matter needless, of importless burden,[72]
Divide thy lips than we are confident,
When rank[74] Thersites opes his mastic jaws,
We shall hear music, wit and oracle.
ULYSSES Troy, yet[76] upon his basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lacked a master,
But for these instances.[78]
The specialty of rule[79] hath been neglected;
And look how[80] many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow[81] upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
When that the general[82] is not like the hive
To whom the foragers shall all repair,[83]
What honey is expected? Degree[84] being vizarded,
Th'unworthiest shows as fairly[85] in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets and this centre[86]
Observe degree, priority and place,
Insisture,[88] course, proportion, season, form,
Office[89] and custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol[90]
In noble eminence enthroned and sphered[91]
Amidst the other,[92] whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill[93] aspects of planets evil,
And posts,[94] like the commandment of a king,
Sans check,[95] to good and bad. But when the planets
In evil mixture[96] to disorder wander,
What plagues and what portents, what mutiny,
What raging of the sea, shaking of earth,
Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate[100]
The unity and married[101] calm of states
Quite[102] from their fixure? O, when degree is shaked,

Which is the ladder to all high[103] designs,
The enterprise is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools[105] and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,[106]
The primogenitive[107] and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But[109] by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows. Each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy.[112] The bounded waters
Should[113] lift their bosoms higher than the shores
And make[114] a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,[115]
And the rude[116] son should strike his father dead:
Force should be right, or rather, right and wrong,
Between whose endless jar[118] justice resides,
Should lose their names,[119] and so should justice too.
Then everything includes[120] itself in power,
Power into will,[121] will into appetite,
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded[123] with will and power,
Must make[124] perforce an universal prey,
And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,[126]
Follows the choking.[127]
And this neglection of degree is it
That by a pace[129] goes backward, in a purpose
It hath to climb. The general’s disdained
By him one step below, he by the next,
That next by him beneath, so every step
Exampled[133] by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation:[135]
And ’tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,[136]
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness lives, not in her strength.

NESTOR Most wisely hath Ulysses here discovered[139]
The fever whereof all our power[140] is sick.
AGAMEMNON The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
What is the remedy?
ULYSSES The great Achilles, whom opinion[143] crowns
The sinew and the forehand[144] of our host,
Having his ear full of his airy[145] fame,
Grows dainty of[146] his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs: with him Patroclus
Upon[148] a lazy bed the livelong day
Breaks[149] scurril jests,
And with ridiculous[150] and awkward action —
Which, slanderer, he imitation calls —
He pageants[152] us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless deputation[153] he puts on,
And, like a strutting player, whose conceit[154]
Lies in his hamstring,[155] and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden[156] dialogue and sound
’Twixt his stretched footing and the scaffoldage,
Such to-be-pitied[158] and o’er-wrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
’Tis like a chime a-mending,[160] with terms unsquared,
Which from the tongue of roaring Typhon[161] dropped
Would seems hyperboles. At this fusty[162] stuff
The large[163] Achilles, on his pressed bed lolling,
From his deep[164] chest laughs out a loud applause,
Cries ‘Excellent! ’Tis Agamemnon just.[165]
Now play me[166] Nestor: hum and stroke thy beard,
As he being dressed to[167] some oration.’
That’s done, as[168] near as the extremest ends
Of parallels, as[169] like as Vulcan and his wife,
Yet god[170] Achilles still cries, ‘Excellent!
’Tis Nestor right. Now play him me,[171] Patroclus,
Arming to answer[172] in a night alarm.’
And then, forsooth,[173] the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth: to cough and spit,

And, with a palsy-fumbling[175] on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet:[176] and at this sport
Sir Valour[177] dies; cries ‘O, enough, Patroclus,
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen.[179]’ And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals[181] and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,[182]
Excitements[183] to the field, or speech for truce,
Success or loss, what is or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.[185]
NESTOR And in the imitation of these twain[186] —
Who, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice[188] — many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-willed, and bears[189] his head
In such a rein, in[190] full as proud a place
As broad[191] Achilles, and keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious[192] feasts, rails on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle, and sets Thersites,
A slave[194] whose gall coins slanders like a mint,
To match us in comparisons with dirt,
To weaken and discredit our exposure,[196]
How[197] rank soever rounded in with danger.
ULYSSES They tax our policy,[198] and call it cowardice,
Count wisdom as no member of the war,
Forestall prescience,[200] and esteem no act
But that of hand:[201] the still and mental parts,
That do contrive[202] how many hands shall strike
When fitness[203] calls them on, and know by measure
Of their observant toil the enemies’ weight —
Why, this hath[205] not a finger’s dignity.
They call this bed-work,[206] mapp’ry, closet-war,
So that the ram[207] that batters down the wall,
For[208] the great swing and rudeness of his poise,
They place[209] before his hand that made the engine,
Or those that with the fineness[210] of their souls

By reason guide his execution.[211]
NESTOR Let[212] this be granted, and Achilles’ horse
Makes many Thetis’ sons.
Tucket[213]
AGAMEMNON What trumpet?[216] Look, Menelaus.
MENELAUS From Troy.
Enter Aeneas
AGAMEMNON What would you ’fore our tent?
AENEAS Is this great Agamemnon’s tent, I pray you?
AGAMEMNON Even this.
AENEAS May one that is a herald and a prince
Do a fair[220] message to his kingly ears?
AGAMEMNON With surety[221] stronger than Achilles’ arm
’Fore[222] all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.
AENEAS Fair leave[224] and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?
AGAMEMNON How?
AENEAS Ay,
I ask that I might waken reverence,[229]
And on the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly[231] eyes
The youthful Phoebus.[232]
Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?
AGAMEMNON This Trojan scorns us, or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.
AENEAS Courtiers as free,[237] as debonair, unarmed,
As bending[238] angels: that’s their fame in peace.
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,[239]
Good arms, strong joints, true swords, and,
Jove’s accord,[241]
Nothing[242] so full of heart. But peace, Aeneas,
Peace, Trojan, lay thy finger on thy lips.
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,[244]

If[245] that the praised himself bring the praise forth.
But what the repining[246] enemy commends,
That[247] breath fame blows, that praise, sole pure, transcends.
AGAMEMNON Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Aeneas?
AENEAS Ay, Greek, that is my name.
AGAMEMNON What's your affair I pray you?
AENEAS Sir, pardon, 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.
AGAMEMNON He hears nought privately that comes from Troy.
AENEAS Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him:
I bring a trumpet[254] to awake his ear,
To set his sense[255] on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.
AGAMEMNON Speak frankly[257] as the wind:
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour,
That thou shalt know. Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.
AENEAS Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents,
And every Greek of mettle,[263] let him know
What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud.
The trumpets sound
We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince called Hector — Priam is his father —
Who in this dull[267] and long-continued truce
Is rusty grown. He bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak: kings, princes, lords,
If there be one amongst the fair'st[270] of Greece
That holds his honour higher than his ease,[271]
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril,
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear,
That[274] loves his mistress more than in confession,
With truant vows to her own lips he loves,
And dare avow her beauty and her worth
In[277] other arms than hers — to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it.

He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass[281] in his arms,
And will[282] tomorrow with his trumpet call
Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse[284] a Grecian that is true in love:
If any come, Hector shall honour him:
If none, he'll say in Troy when he retires,[286]
The Grecian dames are sunburnt[287] and not worth
The splinter[288] of a lance. Even so much.

AGAMEMNON This shall be told our lovers, Lord Aeneas:
If none of them have soul[290] in such a kind,
We left them all at home. But we are soldiers,
And may that soldier a mere[292] recreant prove,
That means not,[293] hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector: if none else, I'll be he.

NESTOR Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire[297] sucked. He is old now,
But if there be not in our Grecian mould
One noble man that hath one spark of fire,
To answer for his love, tell him from me
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver[301]
And in my vantbrace[302] put this withered brawn,
And meeting him will tell him that my lady
Was fairer than his grandam[304] and as chaste
As may be in the world. His youth in flood,[305]
I'll pawn[306] this truth with my three drops of blood.

AENEAS Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

ULYSSES Amen.

AGAMEMNON Fair Lord Aeneas, let me touch your hand:
To our pavilion[310] shall I lead you first.
Achilles shall have word of this intent,
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent.
Yourself shall feast with us before you go
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

Exeunt. Ulysses and Nestor remain

ULYSSES Nestor.
NESTOR What says Ulysses?
ULYSSES I have a young conception[317] in my brain,
Be[318] you my time to bring it to some shape.
NESTOR What is’t?
ULYSSES This ’tis:
Blunt[321] wedges rive hard knots: the seeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up[322]
In rank[323] Achilles must or now be cropped
Or, shedding,[324] breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk[325] us all.
NESTOR Well, and how?
ULYSSES This challenge that the gallant[327] Hector sends,
However it is spread[328] in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.
NESTOR The purpose is perspicuous[330] even as substance
Whose grossness little characters sum up:
And, in[332] the publication, make no strain
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks[334] of Libya — though, Apollo knows,
’Tis dry[335] enough — will, with great speed of judgement,
Ay, with celerity,[336] find Hector’s purpose
Pointing on[337] him.
ULYSSES And wake[338] him to the answer, think you?
NESTOR Yes, ’tis most meet;[339] who may you else oppose
That can from[340] Hector bring his honour off,
If not Achilles? Though’t be a sportful[341] combat,
Yet in this trial[342] much opinion dwells,
For here the Trojans taste[343] our dear’st repute
With their fin’st[344] palate: and trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation[345] shall be oddly poised
In this wild[346] action. For the success,
Although particular,[347] shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general,[348]
And in such indexes,[349] although small pricks
To[350] their subsequent volumes, there is seen

The baby figure[351] of the giant mass
Of things to come at[352] large. It is supposed
He that meets Hector issues[353] from our choice;
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election,[355] and doth boil,
As ’twere from forth us all, a man distilled[356]
Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,[357]
What heart[358] from hence receives the conqu’ring part
To steel[359] a strong opinion to themselves,
Which[360] entertained, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.
ULYSSES Give pardon to my speech:
Therefore ’tis meet[364] Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest[365] wares,
And think perchance[366] they’ll sell: if not,
The lustre of the better yet to show,
Shall show the better. Do not consent
That ever Hector and Achilles meet,
For both our honour and our shame in this
Are dogged with two strange followers.[371]
NESTOR I see them not with my old eyes: what are they?
ULYSSES What glory our Achilles shares[373] from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should wear with him:
But he already is too insolent,[375]
And we were[376] better parch in Afric sun
Than in the pride and salt[377] scorn of his eyes,
Should he scape[378] Hector fair. If he were foiled,
Why then, we did[379] our main opinion crush
In taint[380] of our best man. No, make a lott’ry,
And by device[381] let blockish Ajax draw
The sort[382] to fight with Hector: among ourselves
Give him allowance[383] as the worthier man,
For that will physic[384] the great Myrmidon
Who broils[385] in loud applause, and make him fall
His crest[386] that prouder than blue Iris bends.

If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,[387]
We'll dress[388] him up in voices: if he fail,
Yet[389] go we under our opinion still
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our[391] project's life this shape of sense assumes:
Ajax employed[392] plucks down Achilles' plumes.

NESTOR Now, Ulysses,
I begin to relish[394] thy advice;
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon. Go we to him straight.[396]
Two curs[397] shall tame each other: pride alone
Must tarre[398] the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone.

Exeunt

[Act 2 Scene 1]

running scene 3 continues

Enter Ajax and Thersites

AJAX Thersites!

THERSITES Agamemnon, how[2] if he had boils, full, all over, generally?

AJAX Thersites!

THERSITES And those boils did run?[4] Say so: did not the general run? Were not that a botchy core?[5]

AJAX Dog!

THERSITES Then there would come some matter[7] from him: I see none now.

AJAX Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel, then.

Strikes him

THERSITES The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel[9] beef-witted lord!

AJAX Speak then, you whinid'st.[10] leaven, speak. I will beat thee into handsomeness.[11]

THERSITES I shall sooner rail[12] thee into wit and holiness: but I think thy horse will sooner con[13] an oration than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? A red murrain[14] o'thy jade's tricks!

AJAX Toadstool,[15] learn me the proclamation.

THERSITES Dost thou think I have no sense,[16] thou strik'st me thus?

AJAX The proclamation!

THERSITES Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

AJAX Do not, porcupine,[19] do not; my fingers itch.

THERSITES I would thou didst itch from head to foot and I had the scratching of thee: I would make thee the loathsom'st scab[21] in Greece.

AJAX I say, the proclamation!

THERSITES Thou grumblest and railest every hour on[23] Achilles, and thou art as full of envy at his greatness as Cerberus[24] is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou bark'st at him.

AJAX Mistress Thersites!

THERSITES Thou shouldst strike him.

AJAX Cobloaf![28]

THERSITES He would pun[29] thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

AJAX You whoreson cur![30] ***Beats him***

THERSITES Do, do.

AJAX Thou stool[32] for a witch!

THERSITES Ay, do, do, thou sodden-witted,[33] lord! Thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows: an asinico[34] may tutor thee. Thou scurvy-valiant ass, thou art here but to thrash Trojans, and thou art bought and sold[35] among those of any wit, like a barbarian[36] slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels[37] thou!

AJAX You dog!

THERSITES You scurvy[39] lord!

AJAX You cur! ***Beats him***

THERSITES Mars his[41] idiot! Do, rudeness, do, camel: do, do.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus

ACHILLES Why, how now, Ajax? Wherefore[42] do you this? How now, Thersites? What's the matter, man?

THERSITES You see him there, do you?

ACHILLES Ay, what's the matter?

THERSITES Nay, look upon him.

ACHILLES So I do: what's the matter?

THERSITES Nay, but regard him well.

ACHILLES Well,[49] why, I do so.

THERSITES But yet you look not well.[50] upon him, for whosomever you take him to be, he is Ajax[51]

ACHILLES I know that, fool.

THERSITES Ay, but that[53] fool knows not himself.

AJAX Therefore[54] I beat thee.

THERSITES Lo,[55] lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! His evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed[56] his brain more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows[57] for a penny, and his pia mater is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles

— Ajax, who wears his wit in his belly and his guts in his head — I’ll tell you what I say of him.

ACHILLES What?

THERSITES I say, this Ajax— ***Ajax attempts to beat him***

ACHILLES Nay, good Ajax. ***Intervenes***

THERSITES Has not so much wit—

ACHILLES Nay, I must hold you. ***To Ajax***

THERSITES As will stop[65] the eye of Helen’s needle, for whom he comes to fight.

ACHILLES Peace, fool!

THERSITES I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there, that he,[67] look you there.

AJAX O thou damned cur, I shall—

ACHILLES Will you set your wit to[70] a fool’s?

THERSITES No, I warrant[71] you, for a fool’s will shame it.

PATROCLUS Good words,[72] Thersites.

ACHILLES What’s the quarrel?

AJAX I bade the vile owl[74] go learn me the tenor of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

THERSITES I serve thee not.

AJAX Well, go to, go to.

THERSITES I serve here voluntary.

ACHILLES Your last service,[79] was sufferance, ’twas not voluntary: no man is beaten voluntary. Ajax was here the voluntary[80] and you as under an impress.

THERSITES E’en so.[81] A great deal of your wit, too, lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch if he knock out either of your brains: he were as good[83] crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

ACHILLES What, with[84] me too, Thersites?

THERSITES There’s Ulysses and old Nestor, whose wit was mouldy ere[85] your grandsires had nails on their toes, yoke[86] you like draught-oxen and make you plough up the war.

ACHILLES What? What?

THERSITES Yes, good sooth.[89] To, Achilles! To, Ajax! To—

AJAX I shall cut out your tongue.

THERSITES ’Tis no matter, I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.

PATROCLUS No more words, Thersites, peace!

THERSITES I will hold my peace[93] when Achilles’ brach bids me, shall I?

ACHILLES There’s[94] for you, Patroclus.

THERSITES I will see you hanged like clodpolls[95] ere I come any more to your tents: I will keep[96] where there is wit stirring and leave the faction of fools.

Exit

PATROCLUS A good riddance.

ACHILLES Marry, this, sir, is proclaimed through all our host:[98]
That Hector, by the fifth[99] hour of the sun,
Will with a trumpet ’twixt[100] our tents and Troy
Tomorrow morning call some knight to arms
That hath a stomach,[102] and such a one that dare
Maintain— I know not what: ’tis trash. Farewell.

AJAX Farewell? Who shall answer him?[104]

ACHILLES I know not: ’tis put to lott’ry, otherwise
He knew[106] his man.

AJAX O, meaning you? I will go learn more of it.

Exeunt

[Act 2 Scene 2][2.2]

running scene 4

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris and Helenus

PRIAM After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:
'Deliver[3] Helen, and all damage else —
As[4] honour, loss of time, travail, expense,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear[5] that is consumed
In hot digestion of this cormorant[6] war —
Shall be struck off.[7]' Hector, what say you to't?

HECTOR Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,
As far as touches my particular,[9]
Yet, dread[10] Priam,
There is no lady of more softer bowels,[11]
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out 'Who knows what follows?'
Than Hector is. The wound of peace is surety,[14]
Surety secure,[15] but modest doubt is called
The beacon of the wise, the tent[16] that searches
To th'bottom of the worst.[17] Let Helen go:
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,[18]
Every tithe[19] soul 'mongst many thousand dimes,
Hath been as dear as Helen — I mean, of ours.
If we have lost so many tenths of ours
To guard a thing not ours nor worth to us,
Had[23] it our name, the value of one ten,
What merit's in that reason[24] which denies
The yielding of her up?

TROILUS Fie,[26] fie, my brother!
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king
So great as our dread father in a scale[28]
Of common ounces? Will you with counters[29] sum
The[30] past proportion of his infinite,
And buckle in a waist most fathomless[31]

With spans[32] and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? Fie, for godly shame!
HELENUS No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,[34]
You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear[36] the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your[37] speech hath none that tells him so?
TROILUS You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest.
You fur[39] your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons:
You know an enemy intends you harm,
You know a sword employed is perilous,
And reason flies[42] the object of all harm.
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels
And fly like chidden[46] Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star disorbed?[47] Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let's shut our gates and sleep: manhood and honour
Should have hard[49] hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this crammed[50] reason. Reason and respect
Makes livers[51] pale and lustihood deject.
HECTOR Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.[53]
TROILUS What's aught[54] but as 'tis valued?
HECTOR But value dwells not in particular will:[55]
It holds his[56] estimate and dignity
As well[57] wherein 'tis precious of itself
As[58] in the prizer. 'Tis mad idolatry
To make the service[59] greater than the god,
And the will dotes[60] that is inclinable
To what[61] infectiously itself affects,
Without some image[62] of th'affected merit.
TROILUS I[63] take today a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct[64] of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded[66] pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgement. How may I avoid,[67]

Although my will distaste[68] what it elected,
The wife I chose? There can be no evasion[69]
To blench[70] from this and to stand firm by honour:
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant
When we have spoiled them; nor the remainder[72] viands
We do not throw in unrespective[73] sieve,
Because we now are full. It was thought meet[74]
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks;
Your breath of full consent bellied[76] his sails,
The seas and winds, old wranglers,[77] took a truce
And did him service; he touched[78] the ports desired,
And for[79] an old aunt whom the Greeks held captive,
He brought a Grecian queen,[80] whose youth and freshness
Wrinkles[81] Apollo's and makes stale the morning.
Why keep we her? The Grecians keep our aunt:
Is she worth keeping? Why, she is a pearl
Whose price[84] hath launched above a thousand ships,
And turned crowned kings to merchants.
If you'll avouch[86] 'twas wisdom Paris went —
As you must needs,[87] for you all cried 'Go, go' —
If you'll confess he brought home noble prize —
As you must needs, for you all clapped your hands
And cried 'Inestimable!' — why do you now
The issue[91] of your proper wisdoms rate,
And do[92] a deed that fortune never did,
Beggar the estimation[93] which you prized
Richer than sea and land? O, theft most base,
That we have stol'n what we do fear to keep!
But[96] thieves unworthy of a thing so stol'n,
That[97] in their country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Enter Cassandra [at a distance] with her hair about her ears

CASSANDRA Cry, Trojans, cry!

PRIAM What noise? What shriek is this?

TROILUS 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

CASSANDRA Cry, Trojans! ***Coming forward***

HECTOR It is Cassandra.
CASSANDRA Cry, Trojans, cry! Lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.
HECTOR Peace, sister, peace!
CASSANDRA Virgins and boys, mid-age[107] and wrinkled old,
Soft[108] infancy, that nothing can but cry,
Add to my clamour! Let us pay betimes[109]
A moiety[110] of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! Practise[111] your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilium stand:
Our firebrand[113] brother, Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry! A Helen and a woe;
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go.

Exit

HECTOR Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains[116]
Of divination in our sister work[117]
Some touches of remorse?[118] Or is your blood
So madly hot that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success[120] in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?[121]
TROILUS Why, brother Hector,
We may not think[123] the justness of each act
Such[124] and no other than event doth form it,
Nor once deject[125] the courage of our minds
Because Cassandra's mad: her brainsick raptures[126]
Cannot distaste[127] the goodness of a quarrel
Which hath our several[128] honours all engaged
To make it gracious.[129] For my private part,
I am no more touched[130] than all Priam's sons:
And Jove forbid there should be done amongst us
Such[132] things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain.
PARIS Else[134] might the world convince of levity
As well[135] my undertakings as your counsels:
But I attest[136] the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension[137] and cut off

All fears attending on so dire[138] a project.
For what, alas, can[139] these my single arms?
What propugnation[140] is in one man’s valour
To stand the push[141] and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
Were I alone to pass[143] the difficulties
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne’er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint[146] in the pursuit.

PRIAM Paris, you speak
Like one besotted[148] on your sweet delights:
You have the honey still, but these[149] the gall,
So[150] to be valiant is no praise at all.

PARIS Sir, I propose[151] not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it,
But I would have the soil[153] of her fair rape
Wiped off in honourable keeping her.[154]
What treason were it[155] to the ransacked queen,
Disgrace to your great worths and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession[157] up
On terms of base compulsion! Can it be
That so degenerate a strain[159] as this
Should once set footing in your generous[160] bosoms?
There’s not the meanest spirit[161] on our party
Without[162] a heart to dare or sword to draw
When Helen is defended, nor none so noble
Whose life were ill bestowed[164] or death unfamed
Where Helen is the subject. Then, I say,
Well may we fight for her whom, we know well,
The world’s large spaces cannot parallel.

HECTOR Paris and Troilus, you have both said well,
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have glozed,[170] but superficially, not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle[171] thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy:
The reasons you allege[173] do more conduce

To the hot passion of distempered[174] blood
Than to make up a free determination[175]
’Twixt right and wrong, for pleasure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders[177] to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves
All dues[179] be rendered to their owners: now,
What nearer[180] debt in all humanity
Than wife is to the husband? If this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection,[182]
And that[183] great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbèd[184] wills, resist the same,
There is a law in each well-ordered nation
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.[187]
If Helen then be wife to Sparta’s king,
As it is known she is, these moral laws
Of nature and of nation speak aloud
To have her back returned: thus to persist
In doing wrong extenuates not[192] wrong,
But makes it much more heavy.[193] Hector’s opinion
Is this in way of[194] truth, yet ne’ertheless,
My spritely[195] brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still,[196]
For ’tis a cause that hath[197] no mean dependence
Upon our joint[198] and several dignities.

TROILUS Why, there you touched[199] the life of our design:
Were it not glory that we more affected[200]
Than the performance[201] of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme[204] of honour and renown,
A spur to valiant and magnanimous[205] deeds,
Whose present courage[206] may beat down our foes,
And fame in time to come canonize[207] us,
For I presume brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promised glory

As smiles[210] upon the forehead of this action
For[211] the wide world’s revenue.

HECTOR I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.
I have a roisting[214] challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks
Will[216] strike amazement to their drowsy spirits.
I was advertised[217] their great general slept
Whilst emulation[218] in the army crept:
This, I presume, will wake him.

Exeunt

[Act 2 Scene 3][2.3]

running scene 5

Enter Thersites, solus

THERSITES How now, Thersites? What, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant,[2] Ajax carry it thus? He beats me, and I rail at him. O, worthy satisfaction! Would[3] it were otherwise: that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me. ’Sfoot, I’ll learn to conjure[4] and raise devils, but I’ll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there’s Achilles, a rare[5] engineer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine[6] it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter[7] of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove, the king of gods and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft[8] of thy caduceus, if thou take not that little, little, less than little wit from them that they have, which short-armed[9] ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention[10] deliver a fly from a spider without drawing the massy[11] irons and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! Or, rather, the bone-ache,[12] for that, methinks, is the curse dependent on[13] those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers and devil Envy say ‘Amen’.— What ho? My lord Achilles?

Enter Patroclus [from the tent]

PATROCLUS Who’s there? Thersites? Good Thersites, come in and rail.

Patroclus returns to the tent

THERSITES If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit,[16] thou wouldst not have slipped[17] out of my contemplation. But it is no matter: thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue![18] Heaven bless[19] thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction[20] till thy death! Then if she that lays thee out says thou art a fair corpse, I’ll be sworn and sworn upon’t she never shrouded[21] any but lazars. Amen.— Where’s Achilles? ***Patroclus reemerges from the tent***

PATROCLUS What, art thou devout? Wast thou in a prayer?

THERSITES Ay, the heavens hear me!

Enter Achilles [from the tent]

ACHILLES Who's there?

PATROCLUS Thersites, my lord.

ACHILLES Where, where? Art thou come? Why, my cheese,[27] my digestion, why hast thou not served[28] thyself in to my table so many meals? Come, what's Agamemnon?

THERSITES Thy commander, Achilles. Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

PATROCLUS Thy lord, Thersites: then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

THERSITES Thy knower,[32] Patroclus: then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

PATROCLUS Thou mayst tell that know'st.

ACHILLES O, tell, tell.

THERSITES I'll decline[35] the whole question: Agamemnon commands Achilles, Achilles is my lord, I am Patroclus' knower, and Patroclus is a fool.

PATROCLUS You rascal!

THERSITES Peace, fool, I have not done.[38]

ACHILLES He is a privileged man.[39] Proceed, Thersites.

THERSITES Agamemnon is a fool, Achilles is a fool, Thersites is a fool, and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

ACHILLES Derive[42] this: come.

THERSITES Agamemnon is a fool to offer.[43] to command Achilles, Achilles is a fool to be commanded of[44] Agamemnon, Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool, and Patroclus is a fool positive[45]

PATROCLUS Why am I a fool?

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Diomedes, Ajax and Calchas [at a distance]

THERSITES Make[47] that demand to the creator: it suffices me thou art. Look you, who comes here?

ACHILLES Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody. Come in with me, Thersites.

Exit

THERSITES Here is such patchery,[50] such juggling and such knavery! All the argument is a cuckold[51] and a whore, a good quarrel to draw emulations, factions and bleed to death upon. Now, the dry serpigo[52] on the subject, and war and lechery confound[53] all!

[Exit]

AGAMEMNON Where is Achilles? ***Comes forward***

PATROCLUS Within his tent, but ill disposed,[55] my lord.

AGAMEMNON Let it be known to him that we are here.
He shent[57] our messengers, and we lay by
Our appertainments,[58] visiting of him:
Let him be told of,[59] so perchance he think
We dare not move[60] the question of our place,
Or know not what we are.

PATROCLUS I shall so say to him.

[Exit]

ULYSSES We saw him at the opening of his tent:
He is not sick.

AJAX Yes, lion-sick,[65] sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy if you will favour the man, but, by my head, it is pride. But why, why? Let him show us the cause.— A word, my lord. ***Ajax and Agamemnon speak aside***

NESTOR What moves Ajax thus to bay[68] at him?

ULYSSES Achilles hath inveigled[69] his fool from him.

NESTOR Who, Thersites?

ULYSSES He.

NESTOR Then will Ajax lack matter,[72] if he have lost his argument.

ULYSSES No, you see, he[73] is his argument that has his argument — Achilles.

NESTOR All the better: their fraction[74] is more our wish than their faction, but it was a strong council that a fool could disunite.

ULYSSES The amity[76] that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie.

Enter Patroclus

Here comes Patroclus.

NESTOR No Achilles with him?

ULYSSES The elephant[79] hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flight.

PATROCLUS Achilles bids me say, he is much sorry
If anything more than your sport[82] and pleasure

Did move your greatness and this noble state[83]
To call upon him; he hopes it[84] is no other
But for your health and your digestion’ sake,
An after-dinner’s breath.[86]
AGAMEMNON Hear you, Patroclus:
We are too well acquainted with these answers,
But his evasion, winged thus swift with scorn,
Cannot outfly our apprehensions.[90]
Much attribute[91] he hath, and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him, yet all his virtues,
Not virtuously of[93] his own part beheld,
Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss,
Yea, and like fair[95] fruit in an unwholesome dish,
Are like[96] to rot untasted. Go and tell him,
We came to speak with him; and you shall not sin[97]
If you do say we think him over-proud
And under-honest,[99] in self-assumption greater
Than in the note of judgement, and worthier[100] than himself
Here tends the savage strangeness he puts on,
Disguise the holy strength of their command,[102]
And underwrite[103] in an observing kind
His humorous[104] predominance. Yea, watch
His pettish lunes,[105] his ebbs, his flows, as if
The passage[106] and whole carriage of this action
Rode[107] on his tide. Go tell him this, and add
That if he overhold[108] his price so much,
We’ll none[109] of him; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under[110] this report:
‘Bring action hither, this[111] cannot go to war:
A stirring[112] dwarf we do allowance give
Before[113] a sleeping giant.’ Tell him so.
PATROCLUS I shall, and bring his answer presently.[114]
AGAMEMNON In second voice[115] we’ll not be satisfied:
We come to speak with him.— Ulysses, enter you.
Exit Ulysses [following Patroclus]
AJAX What is he more than another?

AGAMEMNON No more than what he thinks he is.

AJAX Is he so much? Do you not think he thinks himself a better man than I am?

AGAMEMNON No question.

AJAX Will you subscribe[121] his thought, and say he is?

AGAMEMNON No, noble Ajax: you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle,[123] and altogether more tractable.

AJAX Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what it is.

AGAMEMNON Your mind is the clearer,[125] Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud eats up himself: pride is his own glass,[126] his own trumpet, his own chronicle, and whatever praises itself but[127] in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

Enter Ulysses

AJAX I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering[128] of toads.

NESTOR Yet he loves himself: is't not strange? ***Aside***

ULYSSES Achilles will not to the field[130] tomorrow.

AGAMEMNON What's his excuse?

ULYSSES He doth rely on none,
But carries on the stream[133] of his dispose
Without observance[134] or respect of any,
In will peculiar[135] and in self-admission.

AGAMEMNON Why will he not upon our fair[136] request
Untent his person[137] and share the air with us?

ULYSSES Things small as nothing, for[138] request's sake only,
He makes important: possessed he is with greatness,[139]
And speaks[140] not to himself but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath: imagined worth
Holds in his blood such swoll'n and hot[142] discourse
That 'twixt his mental and his active parts
Kingdomed Achilles[144] in commotion rages
And batters gainst itself. What should I say?
He is so plaguy[146] proud that the death-tokens of it
Cry 'No recovery.'

AGAMEMNON Let Ajax go to him.—
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent;

’Tis said he holds[150] you well, and will be led
At your request a little from himself.[151]
ULYSSES O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
We’ll consecrate[153] the steps that Ajax makes
When they go from[154] Achilles. Shall the proud lord
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam[155]
And never suffers[156] matter of the world
Enter his thoughts, save such as do revolve[157]
And ruminate himself: shall he be worshipped
Of[159] that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice-worthy and right valiant lord
Must not so stale[161] his palm, nobly acquired,
Nor by my will assubjugate[162] his merit,
As[163] amply titled as Achilles is, by going to Achilles:
That were[164] to enlard his fat-already pride
And add[165] more coals to Cancer when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.
This lord go to him? Jupiter forbid,
And say in thunder ‘Achilles go to him.’
NESTOR O, this is well: he rubs[169] the vein of him. ***Aside***
DIOMEDES And how his silence drinks up this applause! ***Aside***
AJAX If I go to him, with my armèd[171] fist
I’ll pash[172] him o’er the face.
AGAMEMNON O, no, you shall not go.
AJAX An a[174] be proud with me, I’ll pheeze his pride.
Let me go to him.
ULYSSES Not for the worth[176] that hangs upon our quarrel.
AJAX A paltry, insolent fellow!
NESTOR How he describes himself! ***Aside***
AJAX Can he not be sociable?
ULYSSES The[180] raven chides blackness. ***Aside***
AJAX I’ll let[181] his humours blood.
AGAMEMNON He will be the physician that should be the patient. ***Aside***
AJAX An[183] all men were o’my mind—
ULYSSES Wit would be out of fashion. ***Aside***

AJAX A[185] should not bear it so, a should eat swords first: shall pride carry it?

NESTOR An ’twould,[186] you’d carry half. ***Aside***

ULYSSES A would have ten shares.[187] ***Aside***

AJAX I will knead[188] him: I’ll make him supple.

NESTOR He’s not yet through[189] warm. Force him with praises: pour in, pour in, his ***Aside***
ambition is dry.[190]

ULYSSES My lord, you feed[191] too much on this dislike. ***To Agamemnon***

NESTOR Our noble general, do not do so.

DIOMEDES You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

ULYSSES Why, ’tis this naming of him[194] doth him harm.
Here is a man[195] — but ’tis before his face:
I will be silent.

NESTOR Wherefore should you so?
He is not emulous,[198] as Achilles is.

ULYSSES Know[199] the whole world, he is as valiant.

AJAX A whoreson dog, that shall palter[200] thus with us!
Would he were a Trojan!

NESTOR What a vice were it in Ajax now—

ULYSSES If he were proud—

DIOMEDES Or covetous of praise—

ULYSSES Ay, or surly borne[205]—

DIOMEDES Or strange,[206] or self-affected!

ULYSSES Thank the heavens, lord,[207] thou art of sweet composure:
Praise him that got[208] thee, she that gave thee suck:
Fame[209] be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice famed beyond, beyond all erudition:
But he that disciplined[211] thy arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity[212] in twain,
And give him half, and for thy vigour,
Bull-bearing Milo[214] his addition yield
To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,
Which, like a bourn,[216] a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts.[217] Here’s Nestor —
Instructed by the antiquary[218] times —

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise:
Put pardon, father Nestor, were your days
As green[221] as Ajax’ and your brain so tempered,
You should not have[222] the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.
AJAX Shall I call you father?
ULYSSES Ay, my good son.
DIOMEDES Be ruled[226] by him, Lord Ajax.
ULYSSES There is no tarrying[227] here: the hart Achilles
Keeps[228] thicket. Please it our general
To call together all his state[229] of war.
Fresh kings are come to Troy; tomorrow
We must with all our main of power[231] stand fast.
And here’s a lord— come knights from east to west,
And cull their flower,[233] Ajax shall cope the best.
AGAMEMNON Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:
Light boats may sail swift, though greater bulks draw deep.[235]
Exeunt

[Act 3 Scene 1]*

running scene 6

Music sounds within. Enter Pandarus and a Servant

PANDARUS Friend, you! Pray you, a word: do not you follow[1] the young lord Paris?

SERVANT Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

PANDARUS You depend upon[3] him, I mean?

SERVANT Sir, I do depend uon the lord.[4]

PANDARUS You depend upon a noble gentleman: I must needs[5] praise him.

SERVANT The lord be praised!

PANDARUS You know me, do you not?

SERVANT Faith, sir, superficially.[8]

PANDARUS Friend, know me better: I am the Lord Pandarus.

SERVANT I hope I shall know[10] your honour better.

PANDARUS I do desire it.

SERVANT You[12] are in the state of grace?

PANDARUS Grace? Not so,[13] friend: honour and lordship are my title. What music is this?

SERVANT I do but partly know, sir: it is music in parts.

PANDARUS Know you the musicians?

SERVANT Wholly, sir.

PANDARUS Who play they to?

SERVANT To the hearers, sir.

PANDARUS At whose pleasure,[20] friend?

SERVANT At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.

PANDARUS Command, I mean, friend.

SERVANT Who[23] shall I command, sir?

PANDARUS Friend, we understand not one another: I am too courtly[24] and thou art too cunning. At whose request do these men play?

SERVANT That's to't,[26] indeed, sir. Marry, sir, at the request of Paris, my lord, who's there in person; with him, the mortal Venus[27] the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul—

PANDARUS Who? My cousin Cressida?

SERVANT No, sir, Helen: could you not find out that[30] by her attributes?

PANDARUS It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the Prince Troilus: I will make a complimental.[32] assault upon him, for my business seethes[33]

SERVANT Sodden[34] business. There's a stewed phrase indeed!

Enter Paris and Helen [with Attendants]

PANDARUS Fair[35] be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company. Fair desires in all fair measure fairly[36] guide them, especially to you, fair queen. Fair thoughts be your fair pillow.

HELEN Dear lord, you are full of fair[38] words.

PANDARUS You speak your fair pleasure,[39] sweet queen. Fair prince, here is good broken[40] music.

PARIS You have broke[41] it, cousin, and, by my life, you shall make it whole again: you shall piece it out[42] with a piece of your performance. Nell, he is full of harmony.

PANDARUS Truly, lady, no.

HELEN O, sir—

PANDARUS Rude,[45] in sooth, in good sooth, very rude.

PARIS Well said, my lord. Well, you say so in fits.[46]

PANDARUS I have business to[47] my lord, dear queen. My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

HELEN Nay, this shall not hedge us out:[49] we'll hear you sing, certainly.

PANDARUS Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant[50] with me. But, marry, thus, my lord: my dear lord and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

HELEN My lord Pandarus, honey-sweet lord—

PANDARUS Go to, sweet queen,[53] go to.—***To Paris*** Commends himself most affectionately to you—

HELEN You shall not bob[55] us out of our melody: if you do, our melancholy upon your head!

PANDARUS Sweet queen, sweet queen: that's a sweet queen, i'faith.

HELEN And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour[58] offence.

PANDARUS Nay, that shall not serve your turn,[59] that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words, no, no. And, my lord, he desires you, that if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

HELEN My lord Pandarus—

PANDARUS What says my sweet queen, my very very sweet queen?

PARIS What exploit's in hand? Where sups he tonight?

HELEN Nay, but, my lord—

PANDARUS What says my sweet queen? My cousin will fall out with you.

HELEN You must not know where he sups. ***To Paris***

PARIS With my disposer Cressida?

PANDARUS No, no; no such matter, you are wide. Come, your disposer is sick.

PARIS Well, I'll make excuse.

PANDARUS Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida? No, your poor disposer's sick.

PARIS I spy.

PANDARUS You spy? What do you spy?— Come, give me an instrument. —***He is handed a musical instrument*** Now, sweet queen.

HELEN Why, this is kindly done.

PANDARUS My niece is horrible in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

HELEN She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

PANDARUS He? No, she'll none of him: they two are twain.

HELEN Falling in after falling out may make them three.

PANDARUS Come, come, I'll hear no more of this. I'll sing you a song now.

HELEN Ay, ay, prithee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

PANDARUS Ay, you may, you may.

HELEN Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

PANDARUS Love? Ay, that it shall, i'faith.

PARIS Ay, good now, 'Love, love, nothing but love'.

PANDARUS In good troth, it begins so.

Love, love, nothing but love, still more! ***Sings***
For, O, love's bow

Shoots[90] buck and doe:
The shaft[91] confounds,
Not that it wounds,
But tickles[93] still the sore.
These lovers cry, O ho,[94] they die!
Yet that which seems the wound to kill,[95]
Doth turn O ho, to ha, ha, he![96]
So dying love lives still:
O ho, awhile, but ha, ha, ha!
O[99] ho, groans out for ha, ha, ha!—
Hey-ho!

HELEN In love,[101] i'faith, to the very tip of the nose.

PARIS He eats nothing but doves,[102] love, and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets[103] hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

PANDARUS Is this the generation of love?[104] Hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? Why, they are vipers:[105] is love a generation of vipers?— Sweet lord, who's afield today?

PARIS Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry[107] of Troy: I would fain[108] have armed today, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

HELEN He[110] hangs the lip at something; you know all, Lord Pandarus.

PANDARUS Not I, honey-sweet queen. I long to hear how they sped[111] today.— You'll remember your brother's excuse?

PARIS To a hair.[113]

PANDARUS Farewell, sweet queen.

HELEN Commend me to your niece.

PANDARUS I will, sweet queen.

[Exit]

Sound a retreat

PARIS They're come from field: let us to Priam's hall
To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo[118] you
To help unarm[119] our Hector: his stubborn buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers touched,
Shall more obey[121] than to the edge of steel

Or force of Greekish sinews. You shall do more
Than all the island kings:[123] disarm great Hector.
HELEN ’Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris.
Yea, what he shall receive of us[125] in duty
Gives us more palm[126] in beauty than we have,
Yea, overshines ourself.
PARIS Sweet, above thought[128] I love thee.
Exeunt

[Act 3 Scene 2][3.2]

running scene 7

Enter Pandarus and Troilus' Man

PANDARUS How now? Where's thy master? At my cousin Cressida's?

MAN No, sir, he stays[2] for you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troilus

PANDARUS O, here he comes.—How now, how now?

TROILUS Sirrah,[4] walk off.

[Exit Troilus' Man]

PANDARUS Have you seen my cousin?[5]

TROILUS No, Pandarus: I stalk[6] about her door,
Like a strange[7] soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage.[8] O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields[9]
Where I may wallow in the lily-beds[10]
Proposed[11] for the deserver. O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted[12] wings
And fly with me to Cressid!

PANDARUS Walk here i'th'orchard,[14] I'll bring her straight.

Exit Pandarus

TROILUS I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
Th'imaginary relish[16] is so sweet
That it enchants my sense:[17] what will it be,
When that the wat'ry[18] palates taste indeed
Love's thrice-repurèd[19] nectar? Death, I fear me,
Swooning destruction, or some joy too fine,[20]
Too subtle-potent,[21] tuned too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity[22] of my ruder powers;
I fear it much, and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose[24] distinction in my joys,
As doth a battle,[25] when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.[26]

Enter Pandarus

PANDARUS She's making her.[27] ready, she'll come straight. You must be witty now: she does so blush, and fetches[28] her wind so short, as if she were fraid with a sprite. I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest[29] villain: she fetches her breath so short as a new-ta'en sparrow[30]

Exit Pandarus

TROILUS Even[31] such a passion doth embrace my bosom:
My heart beats thicker[32] than a feverous pulse,
And all my powers do their bestowing[33] lose,
Like vassalage[34] at unawares encount'ring
The eye of majesty.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida [veiled]

PANDARUS Come, come, what need you blush? Shame's a baby. Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her that you have sworn to me.— What, are you gone again? You must be watched,[38] ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways, an you draw backward[39] we'll put you i'th'fills.— Why do you not speak to her? Come, draw this curtain,[40] and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loath you are to offend daylight! An 'twere dark, you'd close[41] sooner. So, so, rub[42] on, and kiss the mistress. How now, a kiss in fee-farm? Build there, carpenter, the air[43] is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The falcon[44] as the tercel, for all the ducks i'th'river. Go to, go to.

TROILUS You have bereft[45] me of all words, lady.

PANDARUS Words pay no debts,.[46] give her deeds. But she'll bereave you o'th'deeds too, if she call your activity[47] in question. What, billing again? Here's 'In witness whereof the parties interchangeably.' Come in, come in: I'll go get a fire[48]

[Exit]

CRESSIDA Will you walk in, my lord?

TROILUS O Cressida, how often have I wished me thus!

CRESSIDA Wished, my lord? The gods grant— O my lord!

TROILUS What should they grant? What makes this pretty[52] abruption? What too curious[53] dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

CRESSIDA More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

TROILUS Fears make devils of cherubims: they never see truly.

CRESSIDA Blind fear, that seeing reason leads,[56] finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: to fear the worst oft cures the worse.

TROILUS O, let my lady apprehend[58] no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

CRESSIDA Nor nothing monstrous[60] neither?

TROILUS Nothing, but our undertakings,[61] when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough[62] than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstruosity in[63] love, lady, that the will[64] is infinite and the execution confined, that the desire is boundless and the act[65] a slave to limit.

CRESSIDA They say all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve[67] an ability that they never perform, vowing more than the perfection of ten and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

TROILUS Are there such?,[70] Such are not we: praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove[71] our head shall go bare till merit crown it. No perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert[72] before his birth, and, being born, his addition[73] shall be humble. Few words to fair faith. Troilus shall be such to Cressid as[74] what envy can say worst shall be a mock for his truth, and what truth can speak truest not truer than Troilus.

CRESSIDA Will you walk in, my lord?

Enter Pandarus

PANDARUS What, blushing still? Have you not done talking yet?

CRESSIDA Well, uncle, what folly[78] I commit, I dedicate to you.

PANDARUS I thank you for that: if my lord get,[79] a boy of you, you'll give him me. Be true to my lord: if he flinch[80] chide me for it.

TROILUS You know now your hostages: your uncle's word and my firm faith.

PANDARUS Nay, I'll give my word for her too: our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant being won. They are burrs,.[83] I can tell you: they'll stick where they are thrown[84]

CRESSIDA Boldness[85] comes to me now, and brings me heart.
Prince Troilus, I have loved you night and day
For many weary months.
TROILUS Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?
CRESSIDA Hard to seem won: but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever — pardon me —
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.[91]
I love you now, but not, till now, so much
But[93] I might master it; in faith, I lie:
My thoughts were like unbridled[94] children grown
Too headstrong for their mother. See, we fools!
Why have I blabbed? Who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
But, though I loved you well, I wooed you not,
And yet, good faith, I wished myself a man,
Or that we women had men's privilege[100]
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,
For in this rapture I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning[104] in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My soul of counsel[105] from me. Stop my mouth.
TROILUS And shall,[106] albeit sweet music issues thence. ***Kisses her***
PANDARUS Pretty, i'faith.
CRESSIDA My lord, I do beseech you pardon me:
'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss.
I am ashamed. O heavens, what have I done?
For this time[111] will I take my leave, my lord.
TROILUS Your leave, sweet Cressid?
PANDARUS Leave? An you take leave till tomorrow morning—
CRESSIDA Pray you content you.[114]
TROILUS What offends you, lady?
CRESSIDA Sir, mine own company.
TROILUS You cannot shun yourself.
CRESSIDA Let me go and try:
I have a kind of self resides with you,
But an unkind[120] self, that itself will leave

To be another's fool.[121] Where is my wit?
I would be gone: I speak I know not what.
TROILUS Well[123] know they what they speak that speaks so wisely.
CRESSIDA Perchance,[124] my lord, I show more craft than love,
And fell so roundly[125] to a large confession
To angle for your thoughts: but you are wise,[126]
Or else you love not, for to be wise and love
Exceeds man's might: that[128] dwells with gods above.
TROILUS O, that I thought it could be in a woman —
As, if it can, I will presume[130] in you —
To feed for aye[131] her lamp and flames of love,
To keep her constancy in plight[132] and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward,[133] with a mind
That doth renew swifter[134] than blood decays!
Or that persuasion could but thus convince me
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted[137] with the match and weight
Of such a winnowed[138] purity in love,
How were I[139] then uplifted! But, alas,
I am as true as truth's simplicity[140]
And simpler[141] than the infancy of truth.
CRESSIDA In that I'll war with you.
TROILUS O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right!
True swains[145] in love shall in the world to come
Approve[146] their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of protest,[147] of oath and big compare,
Wants[148] similes, truth tired with iteration,
As true as steel, as plantage[149] to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle[150] to her mate,
As iron to adamant,[151] as earth to th'centre,
Yet, after all comparisons[152] of truth,
As truth's authentic[153] author to be cited,
'As true as Troilus' shall crown up[154] the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.[155]
CRESSIDA Prophet may you be!

If I be false,[157] or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallowed cities up,
And mighty states characterless[161] are grated
To dusty nothing, yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! When they've said 'As false
As air, as water, as wind, as sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard[167] to the hind, or stepdame to her son',
'Yea', let them say, to stick the heart[168] of falsehood,
'As false as Cressid.'

PANDARUS Go to, a bargain made: seal it,[170] seal it, I'll be the witness. Here I hold your hand, here my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name: call them all panders; let all constant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between panders! Say, 'Amen.'

TROILUS Amen.

CRESSIDA Amen.

PANDARUS Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber with a bed, which bed, because[178] it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death. Away! And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens[179] here Bed, chamber and pander to provide this gear![180]

Exeunt

[Act 3 Scene 3][3.3]

running scene 8

Enter Ulysses, Diomedes, Nestor, Agamemnon, Menelaus and Calchas. Flourish

CALCHAS Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
Th'advantage[2] of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense. Appear it[3] to your mind
That through the sight[4] I bear in things to come,
I have abandoned Troy, left my possession,[5]
Incurred a traitor's name, exposed myself,
From[7] certain and possessed conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes, sequest'ring[8] from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom and condition[9]
Made tame[10] and most familiar to my nature,
And here, to do you service, am become
As[12] new into the world, strange, unacquainted.
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,[13]
To give me now a little benefit
Out of those many registered in promise,[15]
Which, you say, live to come[16] in my behalf.

AGAMEMNON What wouldst thou of us, Trojan? Make demand.

CALCHAS You have a Trojan prisoner, called Antenor,
Yesterday took:[19] Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you — often[20] have you thanks therefore —
Desired my Cressid in[21] right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still denied. But this Antenor,
I know is such a wrest[23] in their affairs
That their negotiations all must slack,[24]
Wanting his manage,[25] and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood,[26] a son of Priam,
In change of[27] him: let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter, and her presence
Shall quite strike off[29] all service I have done,
In[30] most accepted pain.

AGAMEMNON Let Diomedes bear him,[31]
And bring us Cressid hither: Calchas shall have
What he requests of us. Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly[34] for this interchange.
Withal[35] bring word if Hector will tomorrow
Be answered in[36] his challenge: Ajax is ready.
DIOMEDES This shall I undertake, and ’tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear.
Exit [Diomedes with Calchas]
Enter Achilles and Patroclus in their tent
ULYSSES Achilles stands i’th’entrance of his tent;
Please it[40] our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot, and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose[42] regard upon him;
I will come last. ’Tis like[43] he’ll question me
Why such unplausive[44] eyes are bent, why turned on him.
If so, I have derision medicinable[45]
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink;
It may do good: pride hath no other glass[48]
To show itself but pride, for supple[49] knees
Feed arrogance and are the proud man’s fees.
AGAMEMNON We’ll execute your purpose,[51] and put on
A form[52] of strangeness as we pass along:
So do each lord, and either greet him not
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake[54] him more
Than if not looked on. I will lead the way.
ACHILLES What, comes the general to speak with me?
You know my mind: I’ll fight no more gainst Troy.
AGAMEMNON What says Achilles? Would he aught[58] with us?
NESTOR Would you, my lord, aught with the general?
ACHILLES No.
NESTOR Nothing, my lord.
AGAMEMNON The better.[62]
[Exeunt Agamemnon and Nestor]
ACHILLES Good day, good day. ***To Menelaus***

MENELAUS How do you? How do you?
[Exit]
ACHILLES What, does the cuckold scorn me?
AJAX How now, Patroclus?
ACHILLES Good morrow, Ajax.
AJAX Ha?
ACHILLES Good morrow.
AJAX Ay, and good next day too.
Exit
ACHILLES What mean these fellows? Know[71] they not Achilles?
PATROCLUS They pass by strangely: they were used[72] to bend
To send their smiles before them to Achilles,
To come as humbly as they used to creep
To holy altars.
ACHILLES What, am I poor[76] of late?
’Tis certain, greatness, once fall’n out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: what the declined[78] is
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others
As feel in his own fall, for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy[81] wings but to the summer,
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour, but[83] honoured for those honours
That are without him, as[84] place, riches and favour,
Prizes of accident[85] as oft as merit,
Which when they[86] fall, as being slippery standers,
The love[87] that leaned on them as slippery too,
Doth one pluck down another and together
Die in the fall. But ’tis not so with me;
Fortune and I are friends: I do enjoy
At ample point[91] all that I did possess,
Save[92] these men’s looks, who do, methinks, find out
Something not worth in me such rich beholding[93]
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses:
I’ll interrupt his reading.— How now Ulysses?
ULYSSES Now, great Thetis’ son!
ACHILLES What are you reading?

ULYSSES A strange fellow here
Writes me[99] that man, how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or[100] without or in,
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes,[102] but by reflection,
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them and they retort[104] that heat again
To the first giver.
ACHILLES This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but[108] commends itself
Not[109] going from itself, but eye to eye opposed
Salutes each other with each other's form.
For speculation[111] turns not to itself
Till it hath travelled[112] and is mirrored there
Where it may see itself. This is not strange[113] at all.
ULYSSES I do not strain[114] it at the position —
It is familiar — but at the author's drift,[115]
Who in his circumstance[116] expressly proves
That no man is the lord of anything —
Though in[118] and of him there is much consisting —
Till he communicate his parts[119] to others,
Nor doth he of himself know[120] them for aught
Till he behold them formed in th'applause[121]
Where they are extended, who,[122] like an arch, reverb'rate
The voice[123] again, or, like a gate of steel
Fronting[124] the sun, receives and renders back
His figure[125] and his heat. I was much wrapt in this,
And apprehended[126] here immediately
The unknown[127] Ajax.
Heavens, what a man is there! A very horse,[128]
That[129] has he knows not what. Nature, what things there are
Most[130] abject in regard and dear in use!
What things again[131] most dear in the esteem
And poor in worth! Now shall we see tomorrow —
An act that very chance doth throw upon him —

Ajax renowned! O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do![135]
How some men creep[136] in skittish fortune’s hall,
Whiles others play the idiots[137] in her eyes!
How one man eats into another’s pride,[138]
While pride is[139] fasting in his wantonness!
To see these Grecian lords! Why, even already
They clap the lubber[141] Ajax on the shoulder,
As if his foot were on brave Hector’s breast
And great Troy shrinking.[143]
ACHILLES I do believe it, for they passed by me
As misers do by beggars, neither gave to me
Good word nor look. What, are my deeds forgot?
ULYSSES Time hath, my lord, a wallet[147] at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,[148]
A great-sized monster of ingratitudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devoured
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: to have done[153] is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail[154]
In monumental mock’ry.[155] Take the instant way,
For honour travels in a strait[156] so narrow
Where one[157] but goes abreast. Keep then the path,
For emulation[158] hath a thousand sons
That one by one pursue: if you give way,
Or hedge[160] aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an entered[161] tide they all rush by
And leave you hindmost,[162]
Or like a gallant horse fall’n in first rank,[163]
Lie there for[164] pavement to the abject rear,
O’er-run and trampled on: then what they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o’ertop yours,
For time is like a fashionable host
That slightly[168] shakes his parting guest by th’hand,
And with his arms outstretched as[169] he would fly,

Grasps[170] in the comer. The welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration[172] for the thing it was.
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone,[174] desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating[176] time.
One touch of nature[177] makes the whole world kin,
That all with one consent[178] praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past,
And give to dust[180] that is a little gilt
More laud[181] than gilt o’er-dusted.
The present eye praises the present object.[182]
Then marvel not, thou great and complete[183] man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion begin to catch the eye
Than what not stirs. The cry[186] went out on thee,
And still it might, and yet it may again,
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive
And case[189] thy reputation in thy tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but[190] in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions[191] ’mongst the gods themselves
And drave[192] great Mars to faction.
ACHILLES Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons.
ULYSSES But gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroical:
’Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one[198] of Priam’s daughters.
ACHILLES Ha? Known?
ULYSSES Is that a wonder?
The providence[201] that’s in a watchful state
Knows almost every grain of Pluto’s[202] gold,
Finds bottom in th’uncomprehensive deeps,[203]
Keeps place[204] with thought, and almost, like the gods,
Do thoughts[205] unveil in their dumb cradles.

There is a mystery[206] — with whom relation
Durst never meddle — in the soul of state;[207]
Which hath an operation[208] more divine
Than breath or pen can give expressure[209] to:
All the commerce[210] that you have had with Troy
As perfectly[211] is ours as yours, my lord,
And better would it fit[212] Achilles much
To throw[213] down Hector than Polyxena.
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus[214] now at home,
When fame shall in our island sound her trump,[215]
And all the Greekish girls[216] shall tripping sing,
‘Great Hector’s sister did Achilles win,
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.[218]’
Farewell, my lord: I as your lover[219] speak;
The[220] fool slides o’er the ice that you should break.

[Exit]

PATROCLUS To this effect, Achilles, have I moved[221] you:
A woman impudent[222] and mannish grown
Is not more loathed than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemned for this;
They think my little stomach to[225] the war
And your great love to me restrains you thus:
Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton[227] Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,[228]
And, like a dew-drop from the lion’s mane,
Be shook to airy air.

ACHILLES Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

PATROCLUS Ay, and perhaps receive much honour by him.[232]

ACHILLES I see my reputation is at stake,
My fame[234] is shrewdly gored.

PATROCLUS O, then, beware:
Those wounds heal ill[236] that men do give themselves.
Omission to do what is necessary
Seals[238] a commission to a blank of danger,
And danger, like an ague,[239] subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

ACHILLES Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus:
I'll send the fool to Ajax and desire him
T'invite the Trojan lords after the combat
To see us here unarmed. I have a woman's longing,[244]
An appetite that I am sick withal,[245]
To see great Hector in his weeds[246] of peace,

Enter Thersites

To talk with him and to behold his visage,
Even[248] to my full of view.— A labour saved! ***Sees Thersites***

THERSITES A wonder!

ACHILLES What?

THERSITES Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.[251]

ACHILLES How so?

THERSITES He must fight singly tomorrow with Hector, and is so prophetically proud[253] of an heroical cudgelling that he raves[254] in saying nothing.

ACHILLES How can that be?

THERSITES Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock,.[256] a stride and a stand: ruminates like an hostess,[257] that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politic regard[258] as who should say 'There were wit in this head, an 'twould out,[259]'; and so there is, but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking[260] The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i'th'combat, he'll break't himself in vainglory. He knows.[262] not me: I said, 'Good morrow, Ajax'; and he replies, 'Thanks, Agamemnon.' What think you of this man that takes me for the general? He's grown a very land-fish[264] language-less, a monster. A plague of opinion! A man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin[265]

ACHILLES Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

THERSITES Who, I? Why, he'll answer nobody. He professes not[267] answering: speaking is for beggars, he wears[268] his tongue in's arms. I will put on his presence; let Patroclus make his demands[269] to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

ACHILLES To him,[270] Patroclus; tell him I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent, and to procure safe conduct for his person of the magnanimous and most illustrious six-or-seven-times-honoured captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon, et cetera. Do this.

PATROCLUS Jove bless great Ajax!

THERSITES Hum![275]

PATROCLUS I come from the worthy Achilles—

THERSITES Ha!

PATROCLUS Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent—

THERSITES Hum!

PATROCLUS And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

THERSITES Agamemnon?

PATROCLUS Ay, my lord.

THERSITES Ha?

PATROCLUS What say you to’t?

THERSITES God buy you,[285] with all my heart.

PATROCLUS Your answer, sir.

THERSITES If tomorrow be a fair day, by eleven o’clock it will go one way or other: howsoever,[288] he shall pay for me ere he has me.

PATROCLUS Your answer, sir.

THERSITES Fare you well, with all my heart.

ACHILLES Why, but he is not in this tune,[291] is he?

THERSITES No, but he’s out o’tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not, but I am sure none, unless the fiddler[293] Apollo get his sinews to make catlings[294] on.

ACHILLES Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

THERSITES Let me carry another to his horse; for that’s the more capable[296] creature.

ACHILLES My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirred,[297]
And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus]

THERSITES Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep than such a valiant[300] ignorance.

[Exit]

[Act 4 Scene 1][4.1]

running scene 9

Enter at one door Aeneas with a torch, at another Paris, Deiphobus, Antenor, Diomedes the Grecian, with torches

PARIS See, ho! Who is that there?
DEIPHOBUS It is the lord Aeneas.
AENEAS Is the prince there in person?
Had I so good occasion[4] to lie long
As you, Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business[5]
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.
DIOMEDES That's my mind[7] too. Good morrow, Lord Aeneas.
PARIS A valiant Greek, Aeneas: take his hand.
Witness[9] the process of your speech, within
You told how Diomed, in a whole week by days,[10]
Did haunt[11] you in the field.
AENEAS Health to you, valiant sir,
During all question of[13] the gentle truce,
But when I meet you armed, as black defiance
As heart can think[15] or courage execute.
DIOMEDES The[16] one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods[17] are now in calm, and, so long, health!
But when contention[18] and occasion meets,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life
With all my force, pursuit and policy.[20]
AENEAS And thou shalt hunt a lion that will fly
With his face backward.[22] In humane gentleness,
Welcome to Troy. Now, by Anchises'[23] life,
Welcome indeed! By Venus'[24] hand I swear,
No[25] man alive can love in such a sort
The thing he means to kill more excellently.
DIOMEDES We sympathize.[27] Jove, let Aeneas live —
If[28] to my sword his fate be not the glory —
A thousand complete[29] courses of the sun!
But, in mine[30] emulous honour, let him die

With every joint a wound, and that tomorrow!
AENEAS We know[32] each other well.
DIOMEDES We do, and long to know[33] each other worse.
PARIS This is the most despiteful'st gentle[34]
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.
What business, lord, so early?
AENEAS I was sent for to the king; but why, I know not.
PARIS His purpose meets you: it was to bring this Greek
To Calchas' house, and there to render[39] him,
For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid.
Let's have your company, or, if you please,
Haste there before us.—
I constantly[42] do think — ***Aside to Aeneas***
Or rather, call my thought[43] a certain knowledge —
My brother Troilus lodges there tonight:
Rouse him and give him note[45] of our approach,
With the whole quality whereof.[46] I fear
We shall be much unwelcome.
AENEAS That I assure you:
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece
Than Cressid borne from Troy.
PARIS There is no help:
The bitter disposition[52] of the time
Will have it so. On, lord, we'll follow you.
AENEAS Good morrow,[54] all.
Exit Aeneas
PARIS And tell me, noble Diomed, faith, tell me true,
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen most,
Myself or Menelaus?
DIOMEDES Both alike:
He[60] merits well to have her that doth seek her,
Not making[61] any scruple of her soilure,
With[62] such a hell of pain and world of charge.
And you as well to keep her that defend her,
Not palating[64] the taste of her dishonour,

With such a costly loss of wealth and friends.
He, like a puling[66] cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs[67] of a flat tamèd piece:
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins[68]
Are pleased to breed out[69] your inheritors.
Both merits poised,[70] each weighs no less nor more,
But he as he,[71] the heavier for a whore.
PARIS You are too bitter to your countrywoman.
DIOMEDES She’s bitter to her country. Hear me, Paris:
For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian’s life hath sunk,[75] for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion[76] weight,
A Trojan hath been slain. Since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath[78]
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffered death.
PARIS Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen[80] do,
Dispraise[81] the thing that you desire to buy:
But[82] we in silence hold this virtue well:
We’ll not commend what we intend to sell.
Here lies our way.[84]

Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 2]

running scene 10

Enter Troilus and Cressida

TROILUS Dear, trouble not yourself: the morn is cold.
CRESSIDA Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down;
He shall unbolt the gates.
TROILUS Trouble him not.
To bed, to bed: sleep kill[5] those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment[6] to thy senses
As[7] infants empty of all thought!
CRESSIDA Good morrow, then.
TROILUS I prithee now, to bed.
CRESSIDA Are you aweary of me?
TROILUS O Cressida! But[11] that the busy day,
Waked by the lark, hath roused the ribald[12] crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from[14] thee.
CRESSIDA Night hath been too brief.
TROILUS Beshrew[16] the witch! With venomous wights she stays
As hideously as hell, but flies the grasps[17] of love
With wings more momentary-swift[18] than thought.
You will catch cold and curse me.
CRESSIDA Prithee, tarry:[20] you men will never tarry.
O foolish Cressid! I might have still held[21] off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark, there's one up.
PANDARUS What's[23] all the doors open here?
Within
TROILUS It is your uncle.
Enter Pandarus
CRESSIDA A pestilence[25] on him! Now will he be mocking:
I shall have such a life![26]
PANDARUS How[27] now, how now? How go maidenheads?
Hear,[28] you maid! Where's my cousin Cressid?
CRESSIDA Go hang yourself, you naughty[29] mocking uncle!

You bring me to do – – – –[30] and then you flout me too.

PANDARUS To do[31] what? To do what? Let her say what: what have I brought you to do?

CRESSIDA Come, come, beshrew your heart! You'll ne'er be good,
Nor suffer[34] others.

PANDARUS Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! Ah, poor *chipochia*![35] Hast not slept tonight?
Would he not — a naughty man — let it sleep? A bugbear[36] take him!

One knocks

CRESSIDA Did not I tell you? Would he were knocked i'th'head![37]
Who's that at door? Good uncle, go and see.—
My lord, come you again into my chamber.
You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.[40]

TROILUS Ha, ha!

CRESSIDA Come, you are deceived, I think of no such thing.[42]
How earnestly they knock! Pray you, come in:

Knock

I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

Exeunt [Troilus and Cressida]

PANDARUS Who's there? What's the matter? Will you beat down the door? How now, what's the matter?

[Enter Aeneas]

AENEAS Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

PANDARUS Who's there? My lord Aeneas? By my troth,
I knew[49] you not: what news with you so early?

AENEAS Is not Prince Troilus here?

PANDARUS Here? What should he do here?

AENEAS Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him:
It doth import[53] him much to speak with me.

PANDARUS Is he here, say you? 'Tis more than I know, I'll be sworn.
For my own part, I came in late. What should he do here?

AENEAS Who,[56] nay then! Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you're ware: you'll be so true to him, to be false to him. Do[57] not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither. Go.

Enter Troilus

TROILUS How now? What’s the matter?

AENEAS My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash:[61] there is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Delivered to us, and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice,[65] within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes’ hand
The lady Cressida.

TROILUS Is it concluded[68] so?

AENEAS By Priam and the general state[69] of Troy:
They are at hand and ready to effect it.

TROILUS How my achievements[71] mock me!
I will go meet them. And, my lord Aeneas,
We met by chance; you did not find me here.

AENEAS Good, good, my lord, the secrets of nature
Have[75] not more gift in taciturnity.

Exeunt [Troilus and Aeneas]

Enter Cressida

PANDARUS Is’t possible? No sooner got but lost? The devil take Antenor! The young prince will go mad. A plague upon Antenor! I would they had broke’s[77] neck!

CRESSIDA How now? What’s the matter? Who was here?

PANDARUS Ah, ha!

CRESSIDA Why sigh you so profoundly? Where’s my lord? Gone!
Tell me, sweet uncle, what’s the matter?

PANDARUS Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

CRESSIDA O the gods! What’s the matter?

PANDARUS Prithee, get thee in: would thou hadst ne’er been born! I knew thou wouldst be his death. O, poor gentleman! A plague upon Antenor!

CRESSIDA Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees I beseech you, what’s the matter?

PANDARUS Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art changed[87] for Antenor. Thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus: ’twill be his death, ’twill be his bane:[89] he cannot bear it.

CRESSIDA O you immortal gods! I will not go.
PANDARUS Thou must.
CRESSIDA I will not, uncle. I have forgot my father:
I know no touch[93] of consanguinity:
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me
As the sweet Troilus. O you gods divine!
Make Cressid’s name the very crown of falsehood,
If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force[97] and death,
Do to this body what extremity you can;
But the strong base[99] and building of my love
Is as the very centre[100] of the earth,
Drawing all things to it. I will go in and weep.
PANDARUS Do, do.
CRESSIDA Tear my bright hair and scratch my praisèd cheeks,
Crack my clear voice with sobs and break my heart
With sounding[105] Troilus. I will not go from Troy.
Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 3][4.3]

running scene 11

Enter Paris, Troilus, Aeneas, Deiphobus, Antenor and Diomedes

PARIS It is great morning, and the hour prefixed
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon. Good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste[5] her to the purpose.

TROILUS Walk into her house:
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently;[7]
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar, and thy brother Troilus
A priest there off'ring to it his heart.

PARIS I know what 'tis to love,
And would,[12] as I shall pity, I could help!
Please you walk in, my lords.

Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 4]

running scene 12

Enter Pandarus and Cressida

PANDARUS Be moderate, be moderate.

CRESSIDA Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine,[3] full, perfect, that I taste,
And no less in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it. How can I moderate it?
If I could temporize[6] with my affection,
Or brew[7] it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment[8] could I give my grief.
My love admits no qualifying dross.[9]

Enter Troilus

No more[10] my grief, in such a precious loss.

PANDARUS Here, here, here he comes, a sweet duck.[11]

CRESSIDA O Troilus! Troilus! ***Embraces him***

PANDARUS What a pair[13] of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too. ‘O heart’ as the goodly saying is,

‘O heart, heavy heart,
Why sigh’st thou without breaking?’

Where he[17] answers again,

‘Because thou canst not ease thy smart[18]
By friendship nor by speaking.’

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse: we see it,[21] we see it. How now, Iambs?

TROILUS Cressid, I love thee in so strange[22] a purity,
That the blest gods, as[23] angry with my fancy,
More bright[24] in zeal than the devotion which
Cold[25] lips blow to their deities, take thee from me.

CRESSIDA Have the gods envy?[26]

PANDARUS Ay, ay, ay, ay: ’tis too plain a case.

CRESSIDA And is it true that I must go from Troy?

TROILUS A hateful truth.

CRESSIDA What, and from Troilus too?
TROILUS From Troy and Troilus.
CRESSIDA Is't possible?
TROILUS And suddenly, where[33] injury of chance
Puts back[34] leave-taking, jostles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely[35] beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure,[36] forcibly prevents
Our locked embrasures,[37] strangles our dear vows
Even in[38] the birth of our own labouring breath.
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge[41] of one.
Injurious[42] time now with a robber's haste
Crams his rich thiev'ry[43] up, he knows not how:
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct[45] breath and consigned kisses to them,
He fumbles up[46] into a loose adieu,
And scants[47] us with a single famished kiss,
Distasting[48] with the salt of broken tears.
AENEAS My lord, is the lady ready?
Within
TROILUS Hark! You are called. Some say the genius[50] so
Cries 'Come' to him that instantly[51] must die.
Bid them have patience.— She shall come anon.
PANDARUS Where are my tears? Rain,[53] to lay this wind, or my heart will be blown up by the root.
[Exit]
CRESSIDA I must then to the Grecians?
TROILUS No remedy.
CRESSIDA A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks![57]
When shall we see[58] again?
TROILUS Hear me, my love: be thou but true of heart—
CRESSIDA I true? How now? What wicked deem[60] is this?
TROILUS Nay, we must use expostulation[61] kindly,
For it[62] is parting from us.
I speak not 'Be thou true' as fearing thee,[63]

For I will throw my glove[64] to Death himself,
That there's no maculation[65] in thy heart:
But 'Be thou true', say I, to fashion in[66]
My sequent protestation:[67] be thou true,
And I will see thee.
CRESSIDA O, you shall be exposed, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent! But I'll be true.
TROILUS And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.[71]
CRESSIDA And you this glove. When shall I see you? ***They exchange tokens***
TROILUS I will corrupt[73] the Grecian sentinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet be true.
CRESSIDA O heavens! 'Be true' again!
TROILUS Hear why I speak it, love:
The Grecian youths are full of quality,[78]
Their loving,[79] well composed with gifts of nature,
Flowing and swelling o'er with arts and exercise.[80]
How novelties may move,[81] and parts with person,
Alas, a kind of godly[82] jealousy —
Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin —
Makes me afraid.
CRESSIDA O heavens, you love me not!
TROILUS Die I a villain, then!
In this I do not call your faith in question
So mainly[88] as my merit: I cannot sing,
Nor heel[89] the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle[90] games — fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant.[91]
But I can tell that in each grace of these
There lurks a still[93] and dumb-discoursive devil
That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.
CRESSIDA Do you think I will?
TROILUS No.
But something may be done that we will[97] not:
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,

Presuming[100] on their changeful potency.
AENEAS Nay, good my lord—
Within
TROILUS Come, kiss, and let us part.
PARIS Brother Troilus!
Within
TROILUS Good brother, come you hither,
And bring Aeneas and the Grecian with you.
CRESSIDA My lord, will you be true?
TROILUS Who, I? Alas, it is my vice, my fault:
Whiles others fish with craft[108] for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity:[109]
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,[110]
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.[111]
Enter the Greeks [Aeneas, Paris, Antenor, Deiphobus and Diomedes]
Fear not my truth: the moral of my wit[112]
Is ‘plain and true’; there’s all the reach[113] of it.—
Welcome, Sir Diomed! Here is the lady
Which for Antenor we deliver you.
At the port,[116] lord, I’ll give her to thy hand,
And by[117] the way possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair;[118] and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e’er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilium.
DIOMEDES Fair Lady Cressid,
So please you, save[123] the thanks this prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads[125] your fair usage, and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.
TROILUS Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the seal of my petition towards[128]
I’praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o’er thy praises
As thou[131] unworthy to be called her servant.
I charge[132] thee use her well, even for my charge,

For, by the dreadful[133] Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.
DIOMEDES O, be not moved,[136] Prince Troilus.
Let me be privileged by my place[137] and message,
To be a speaker free: when I am hence[138]
I'll answer[139] to my lust. And know, my lord,
I'll nothing do on charge.[140] To her own worth
She shall be prized, but that[141] you say 'Be't so',
I'll speak it[142] in my spirit and honour, 'No.'
TROILUS Come, to the port. I'll tell thee, Diomed,
This brave[144] shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
Lady, give me your hand, and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we[146] our needful talk.
[Exeunt Troilus, Cressida and Diomedes]
Sound trumpet
PARIS Hark! Hector's trumpet.
AENEAS How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy[149] and remiss,
That swore to ride before him in the field.
PARIS 'Tis Troilus' fault: come, come, to field with him.
DEIPHOBUS Let us make ready straight.
AENEAS Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh[153] alacrity,
Let us address[154] to tend on Hector's heels:
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie[155]
On his fair worth and single chivalry.[156]
Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 5][4.5]

running scene 13

Enter Ajax, armed, Achilles, Patroclus, Agamemnon, Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, Calchas and others

AGAMEMNON Here art thou in appointment[1] fresh and fair,
Anticipating[2] time. With starting courage,
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax, that the appallèd[4] air
May pierce the head of the great combatant
And hale[6] him hither.

AJAX Thou, trumpet,[7] there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen[8] pipe:
Blow, villain,[9] till thy spherèd bias cheek
Outswell the colic[10] of puffed Aquilon.
Come, stretch thy chest and let thy eyes spout blood.[11]
Thou blowest for[12] Hector. ***Trumpet sounds***

ULYSSES No trumpet answers.

ACHILLES 'Tis but early days.[14]

AGAMEMNON Is not yond[15] Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?

ULYSSES 'Tis he, I ken[16] the manner of his gait,
He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration[18] lifts him from the earth.

[Enter Diomedes and Cressida]

AGAMEMNON Is this the lady Cressid?

DIOMEDES Even she.

AGAMEMNON Most dearly[21] welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady. ***Kisses her***

NESTOR Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

ULYSSES Yet[23] is the kindness but particular;
'Twere better she were kissed in general.[24]

NESTOR And very courtly[25] counsel: I'll begin. ***Kisses her***
So much for Nestor.

ACHILLES I'll take that winter[27] from your lips, fair lady:
Achilles bids you weicome. ***Kisses her***

MENELAUS I had good argument[29] for kissing once.

PATROCLUS But that’s no argument[30] for kissing now;
For thus popped[31] Paris in his hardiment. ***Kisses her***
ULYSSES O, deadly gall, and theme[32] of all our scorns,
For which we lose our heads[33] to gild his horns.
PATROCLUS The first was Menelaus’ kiss, this, mine:
Patroclus kisses you. ***Kisses her again***
MENELAUS O, this is trim![36]
PATROCLUS Paris and I kiss evermore for[37] him.
MENELAUS I’ll have my kiss, sir.— Lady, by your leave.[38]
CRESSIDA In kissing, do you render[39] or receive?
PATROCLUS Both take and give.
CRESSIDA I’ll[41] make my match to live,
The kiss you take[42] is better than you give:
Therefore no kiss.
MENELAUS I’ll give you boot,[44] I’ll give you three for one.
CRESSIDA You are an odd[45] man: give even or give none.
MENELAUS An odd[46] man, lady? Every man is odd.
CRESSIDA No, Paris is not; for you know ’tis true
That you are odd[48] and he is even with you.
MENELAUS You fillip me o’th’head.[49]
CRESSIDA No, I’ll be sworn.
ULYSSES It were no match,[51] your nail against his horn.
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?
CRESSIDA You may.
ULYSSES I do desire[54] it.
CRESSIDA Why, beg then.
ULYSSES Why then for Venus’ sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid[57] again, and his—
CRESSIDA I am your debtor, claim it when ’tis due.[58]
ULYSSES Never’s my day, and then a kiss[59] of you.
DIOMEDES Lady, a word: I’ll bring you to your father.
NESTOR A woman of quick sense.[61]
ULYSSES Fie,[62] fie upon her!
There’s a language in her eye, her cheek, her lip;
Nay, her foot speaks, her wanton[64] spirits look out
At every joint and motive[65] of her body.

O, these encounterers,[66] so glib of tongue,
That give[67] a coasting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp[68] the tables of their thoughts
To every tickling[69] reader! Set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity[70]
And daughters[71] of the game.

Exeunt [Diomedes and Cressida]

Enter all of Troy: Hector, Paris, Aeneas, Helenus and Attendants.

Flourish

ALL The Trojans' trumpet.

AGAMEMNON Yonder comes the troop.

AENEAS Hail, all you state[74] of Greece. What shall be done
To him that victory commands?[75] Or do you purpose
A victor shall be known?[76] Will you the knights
Shall to the edge[77] of all extremity
Pursue each other, or shall be[78] divided
By any voice or order of the field?
Hector bade[80] ask.

AGAMEMNON Which way would Hector have it?

AENEAS He cares not: he'll obey conditions.[82]

ACHILLES 'Tis done like Hector, but securely[83] done,
A little proudly, and great deal disprizing[84]
The knight opposed.

AENEAS If not Achilles, sir, what is your name?

ACHILLES If not Achilles, nothing.

AENEAS Therefore Achilles. But whate'er know this:
In[89] the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;
The[91] one almost as infinite as all,
The other[92] blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that which looks like pride is courtesy.
This Ajax is half[94] made of Hector's blood,
In love whereof, half Hector stays at home:
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan and half Greek.

ACHILLES A maiden[98] battle, then? O, I perceive you.

[Enter Diomedes]

AGAMEMNON Here is Sir Diomed. Go, gentle[99] knight,
Stand by our Ajax: as you and Lord Aeneas
Consent upon the order[101] of their fight,
So be it, either to the uttermost,[102]
Or else a breath.[103] The combatants being kin
Half stints[104] their strife before their strokes begin. ***Ajax and Hector enter the lists***

ULYSSES They are opposed already.

AGAMEMNON What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?[106]

ULYSSES The youngest son of Priam, a true knight,
// They call him Troilus: //
Not yet mature, yet matchless,[109] firm of word,
Speaking in deeds and deedless[110] in his tongue;
Not soon provoked nor being provoked soon calmed;
His heart and hand both open and both free,[112]
For what he has he gives, what thinks he shows;
Yet gives he not till judgement guide his bounty,[114]
Nor dignifies an impare[115] thought with breath:
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous,
For Hector in his blaze of wrath subscribes[117]
To tender objects,[118] but he in heat of action
Is more vindicative[119] than jealous love.
They call him Troilus, and on him erect[120]
A second hope as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says Aeneas, one that knows the youth
Even[123] to his inches, and with private soul
Did in great Ilium thus translate[124] him to me.

Alarum

AGAMEMNON They are in action.[125] ***Hector and Ajax fight***

NESTOR Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

TROILUS Hector, thou sleep’st: awake thee!

AGAMEMNON His blows are well disposed.[128] There, Ajax!

DIOMEDES You must no more.[129]

Trumpets cease

AENEAS Princes, enough, so[130] please you.

AJAX I am not warm[131] yet: let us fight again.
DIOMEDES As Hector pleases.
HECTOR Why, then will I no more:
Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
A cousin-german[135] to great Priam's seed.
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation[137] 'twixt us twain:
Were thy commixtion[138] Greek and Trojan so
That thou couldst say 'This hand is Grecian all,
And this is Trojan: the sinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy: my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter[142] cheek, and this sinister
Bounds in[143] my father's', by Jove multipotent,
Thou shouldst not bear[144] from me a Greekish member
Wherein my sword had not impressure[145] made
Of our rank[146] feud. But the just gods gainsay
That any drop thou borrowed'st from thy mother,
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
Be drained! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:
By him that thunders,[150] thou hast lusty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus.
Cousin, all honour to thee! ***Embraces him***
AJAX I thank thee, Hector.
Thou art too gentle[154] and too free a man:
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
A great addition[156] earnèd in thy death.
HECTOR Not Neoptolemus[157] so mirable,
On whose bright crest[158] Fame with her loud'st 'Oyez'
Cries 'This is he', couldst promise[159] to himself
A thought of added honour torn from Hector.
AENEAS There is expectance[161] here from both the sides,
What further you will do.
HECTOR We'll answer it:
The issue[164] is embracement. Ajax, farewell. ***Embraces Ajax***
AJAX If I might in entreaties find success —
As seld[166] I have the chance — I would desire

My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.
DIOMEDES ’Tis Agamemnon’s wish, and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarmed the valiant Hector.
HECTOR Aeneas, call my brother Troilus to me,
And signify[171] this loving interview
To the[172] expecters of our Trojan part:
Desire them[173] home.— Give me thy hand, my cousin, ***To Ajax***
I will go eat with thee and see your knights.
Agamemnon and the rest [come forward]
AJAX Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.
HECTOR The worthiest of them tell me name by name: ***To Aeneas***
But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly[178] size.
AGAMEMNON Worthy of arms,[179] as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy —
But that’s no welcome:[181] understand more clear,
What’s past and what’s to come is strewed with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion,
But in this extant[184] moment, faith and troth,
Strained purely[185] from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
From heart[187] of very heart, great Hector, welcome.
HECTOR I thank thee, most imperious[188] Agamemnon.
AGAMEMNON My well-famed lord of Troy, no less to you. ***To Troilus***
MENELAUS Let me confirm my princely brother’s greeting:
You brace[191] of warlike brothers, welcome hither.
HECTOR Who[192] must we answer?
AENEAS The noble Menelaus.
HECTOR O, you, my lord? By Mars his gauntlet,[194] thanks!
Mock not, that I affect[195] th’untraded oath:
Your quondam[196] wife swears still by Venus’ glove.
She’s well, but bade me not[197] commend her to you.
MENELAUS Name her not now, sir: she’s a deadly theme.[198]
HECTOR O, pardon: I offend.
NESTOR I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny,[201] make cruel way

Through ranks of Greekish youth, and I have seen thee,
As hot[203] as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
And seen thee scorning forfeits and subduements,[204]
When thou hast hung[205] thy advancèd sword i’th’air,
Not letting it decline[206] on the declined,
That[207] I have said unto my standers-by,
‘Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!’
And I have seen thee pause and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemmed thee in,
Like an Olympian[211] wrestling. This have I seen,
But this thy countenance, still[212] locked in steel,
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,
And once fought with him: he was a soldier good,
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee,
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.
AENEAS ’Tis the old Nestor.
HECTOR Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,[219]
That hast so long walked hand in hand with time:
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp[221] thee.
NESTOR I would my arms[222] could match thee in contention,
As they contend[223] with thee in courtesy.
HECTOR I would they could.
NESTOR Ha?
By this white beard, I’d fight with thee tomorrow.
Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time.[227]
ULYSSES I wonder now how yonder city stands
When we have here her base[229] and pillar by us.
HECTOR I know your favour,[230] Lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, sir, there’s many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilium, on your Greekish embassy.[233]
ULYSSES Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:
My prophecy is but half[235] his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly[236] front your town,
Yond towers, whose wanton[237] tops do buss the clouds,

Must kiss their own feet.
HECTOR I must not believe you:
There they stand yet, and modestly[240] I think,
The fall of every Phrygian[241] stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: the[242] end crowns all,
And that old common arbitrator,[243] Time,
Will one day end it.
ULYSSES So to him[245] we leave it.
Most gentle and most valiant Hector, welcome:
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me and see me at my tent.
ACHILLES I shall forestall[249] thee, Lord Ulysses, thou!
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee,
I have with exact[251] view perused thee, Hector,
And quoted[252] joint by joint.
HECTOR Is this Achilles?
ACHILLES I am Achilles.
HECTOR Stand fair,[255] I prithee: let me look on thee.
ACHILLES Behold thy fill.
HECTOR Nay, I have done already.
ACHILLES Thou art too brief: I will the second time,
As[259] I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.
HECTOR O, like a book of sport[260] thou'lt read me o'er:
But there's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress[262] me with thine eye?
ACHILLES Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him? Whether there, or there, or there. ***Points***
That I may give the local[265] wound a name
And make distinct[266] the very breach whereout
Hector's great spirit[267] flew. Answer me, heavens!
HECTOR It would discredit the blest gods, proud man,
To answer such a question. Stand again;[269]
Think'st thou to catch[270] my life so pleasantly
As to prenominate[271] in nice conjecture
Where thou wilt hit me dead?
ACHILLES I tell thee, yea.

HECTOR Wert thou the oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well,
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there,
But, by the forge that stithied[277] Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee everywhere, yea, o'er and o'er.
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag:
His insolence draws folly from my lips,
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never—

AJAX Do not chafe thee,[283] cousin:
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident[285] or purpose bring you to't.
You may every day enough of Hector
If you have stomach.[287] The general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat[288] you to be odd with him.

HECTOR I pray you let us see you in the field:
We have had pelting[290] wars, since you refused
The Grecians' cause.

ACHILLES Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
Tomorrow do I meet thee, fell[293] as death:
Tonight all friends.

HECTOR Thy hand upon that match.[295]

AGAMEMNON First, all you peers[296] of Greece, go to my tent:
There in[297] the full convive you. Afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties[298] shall
Concur together, severally[299] entreat him.
Beat loud the taborins,[300] let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.

Exeunt. [Troilus and Ulysses remain]

TROILUS My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?[303]

ULYSSES At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:
There Diomed doth feast with him tonight,
Who neither looks on heaven nor on earth,
But gives all gaze and bent[307] of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.

TROILUS Shall I, sweet lord, be bound[309] to thee so much,
After we part from Agamemnon’s tent,
To bring me thither?
ULYSSES You shall command me, sir.
As gentle[313] tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there
That wails her absence?
TROILUS O, sir, to such as[316] boasting show their scars
A mock[317] is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was beloved, she loved; she is, and doth:[318]
But still[319] sweet love is food for fortune’s tooth.

Exeunt

[Act 5 Scene 1][5.1]

running scene 14

Enter Achilles and Patroclus

ACHILLES I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine tonight,
Which with my scimitar[2] I'll cool tomorrow.
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

PATROCLUS Here comes Thersites.

Enter Thersites

ACHILLES How now, thou core[5] of envy!
Thou crusty[6] batch of nature, what's the news?

THERSITES Why, thou picture[7] of what thou seem'st, and idol of idiot worshippers, here's a letter for thee. ***Gives a letter***

ACHILLES From whence, fragment?[9]

THERSITES Why, thou full dish of fool,[10] from Troy.

PATROCLUS Who keeps the tent[11] now?

THERSITES The surgeon's box[12] or the patient's wound.

PATROCLUS Well said, adversity,[13] and what need these tricks?

THERSITES Prithee be silent, boy: I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.[15]

PATROCLUS Male varlet, you rogue? What's that?

THERSITES Why, his masculine whore. Now, the rotten diseases,[17] of the south, guts-griping[18] ruptures, catarrhs, loads o'gravel i'th'back, lethargies, cold palsies[19] and the like, take and take again such preposterous discoveries.

PATROCLUS Why thou damnable box[20] of envy, thou, what mean'st thou to curse thus?

THERSITES Do I curse thee?

PATROCLUS Why no, you ruinous[23] butt, you whoreson indistinguishable cur.

THERSITES No? Why art thou then exasperate,[24] thou idle immaterial skein of sleaved silk, thou green sarcenet[25] flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered[26] with such waterflies, diminutives of nature!

PATROCLUS Out,[28] gall!

THERSITES Finch-egg![29]

ACHILLES My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in tomorrow’s battle.
Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba,
A token from her daughter,[33] my fair love,
Both taxing[34] me and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:
Fall Greeks,[36] fail fame, honour or go or stay,
My major vow lies here, this I’ll obey.
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim[38] my tent:
This night in banqueting must all be spent.
Away, Patroclus!

Exeunt [Achilles and Patroclus]

THERSITES With too much blood,[41] and too little brain, these two may run mad: but if with too much brain and too little blood they do, I’ll be a curer of madmen. Here’s Agamemnon, an honest fellow[43] enough and one that loves quails, but he has not so much brain as earwax; and the goodly transformation of Jupiter[44] there, his brother, the bull — the primitive statue[45] and oblique memorial of cuckolds, a thrifty shoeing-horn[46] in a chain, hanging at his brother’s leg — to what form but that he is should wit[47] larded with malice and malice forced with wit turn him to? To an ass, were nothing: he is both ass and ox. To an ox, were nothing: he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew[49] a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be,[50] Menelaus, I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be if I were not Thersites, for I care[51] not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus. Hoy-day[52] spirits and fires!

Enter Hector, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Diomedes, [Troilus and Menelaus,] with lights

AGAMEMNON We go wrong, we go wrong.

AJAX No, yonder ’tis: there, where we see the light.

HECTOR I trouble you.

AJAX No, not a whit.

Enter Achilles

ULYSSES Here comes himself to guide you.
ACHILLES Welcome, brave Hector. Welcome, princes all.
AGAMEMNON So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid goodnight.
Ajax commands the guard to tend on[60] you.
HECTOR Thanks and goodnight to the Greeks' general.
MENELAUS Goodnight, my lord.
HECTOR Goodnight, sweet lord Menelaus.
THERSITES Sweet draught.[64] 'Sweet' quoth a? Sweet sink, sweet sewer.

Aside

ACHILLES Goodnight and welcome, both at once, to those
That go or tarry.
AGAMEMNON Goodnight.

[Exeunt Agamemnon and Menelaus]

ACHILLES Old Nestor tarries, and you too, Diomed,
Keep Hector company an hour or two.
DIOMEDES I cannot, lord. I have important business,
The tide whereof[71] is now.— Goodnight, great Hector.
HECTOR Give me your hand.
ULYSSES Follow his torch; he goes to Calchas' tent: ***Aside to Troilus***
I'll keep you company.
TROILUS Sweet sir, you honour me.
HECTOR And so, goodnight.

[Exit Diomedes, with Ulysses and Troilus following]

ACHILLES Come, come, enter my tent.

Exeunt [Achilles, Hector, Ajax and Nestor]

THERSITES That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust.[78] knave; I will no more trust him when he leers[79] than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth and promise like Brabbler[80] the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretell it:[81] that it is prodigious, there will come some change. The sun borrows of[82] the moon when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector than not to dog him[83] They say he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas his tent. I'll after. Nothing but lechery! All incontinent[84] varlets!

Exit

[Act 5 Scene 2][5.2]

running scene 15

Enter Diomedes

DIOMEDES What, are you up here, ho? Speak.

CALCHAS Who calls? ***Within***

DIOMEDES Diomed. Calchas, I think. Where's your daughter?

CALCHAS She comes to you. ***Within***

Enter Troilus and Ulysses [at a distance, with Thersites following]

Troilus and Ulysses speak aside throughout the scene

ULYSSES Stand where the torch may not discover[5] us.

Enter Cressida

TROILUS Cressid comes forth to him.

DIOMEDES How now, my charge?[7]

CRESSIDA Now, my sweet guardian! Hark, a word with you. ***They whisper***

TROILUS Yea, so familiar?

ULYSSES She will sing[10] any man at first sight.

THERSITES And any man may sing her, if he can take her clef:[11] she's noted. ***Aside***

DIOMEDES Will you remember?

CRESSIDA Remember? Yes.

DIOMEDES Nay, but do, then;
And let your mind be coupled with your words.

TROILUS What should she remember?

ULYSSES List![17]

CRESSIDA Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.[18]

THERSITES Roguery!

DIOMEDES Nay, then—

CRESSIDA I'll tell you what—

DIOMEDES Foh, foh! Come, tell a pin:[22] you are a forsworn – – – –.

CRESSIDA In faith, I cannot. What would you have me do?

THERSITES A juggling trick[24] — to be secretly open. ***Aside***

DIOMEDES What did you swear you would bestow on me?

CRESSIDA I prithee do not hold me to mine oath:
Bid me do anything but that, sweet Greek.

DIOMEDES Goodnight.
TROILUS Hold, patience!
ULYSSES How now, Trojan?
CRESSIDA Diomed—
DIOMEDES No, no, goodnight: I'll be your fool[32] no more.
TROILUS Thy better[33] must.
CRESSIDA Hark, one word in your ear.
TROILUS O, plague and madness!
ULYSSES You are moved,[36] prince. Let us depart, I pray you,
Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms:[38] this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly. I beseech you go.
TROILUS Behold, I pray you!
ULYSSES Nay, good my lord, go off:[41]
You flow[42] to great distraction. Come, my lord!
TROILUS I pray thee, stay.
ULYSSES You have not patience. Come.
TROILUS I pray you, stay. By hell and hell-torments
I will not speak a word!
DIOMEDES And so, goodnight.
CRESSIDA Nay, but you part in anger.
TROILUS Doth that grieve[49] thee? O withered truth!
ULYSSES Why, how now, lord?
TROILUS By Jove, I will be patient.
CRESSIDA Guardian! Why, Greek!
DIOMEDES Foh, foh! Adieu: you palter.[53]
CRESSIDA In faith, I do not: come hither once again.
ULYSSES You shake, my lord, at something; will you go?
You will break out.[56]
TROILUS She strokes his cheek!
ULYSSES Come, come.
TROILUS Nay, stay. By Jove, I will not speak a word:
There is between my will[60] and all offences
A guard of patience; stay a little while.
THERSITES ***Aside*** How the devil Luxury,[62] with his fat rump and potato-finger, tickles these together! Fry,[63] lechery, fry!

DIOMEDES But will you, then?
CRESSIDA In faith, I will, lo![65] Never trust me else.
DIOMEDES Give me some token[66] for the surety of it.
CRESSIDA I'll fetch you one.
Exit
ULYSSES You have sworn patience.
TROILUS Fear me not, sweet lord.
I will not be myself,[70] nor have cognition
Of what I feel: I am all patience.
Enter Cressida [with Troilus' sleeve]
THERSITES Now the pledge: now, now, now!
CRESSIDA Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve. ***She may give him the sleeve***
TROILUS O beauty! Where is thy faith?
ULYSSES My lord—
TROILUS I will be patient: outwardly I will.
CRESSIDA You look upon that sleeve? Behold it well.
He loved me — O false wench! — Give't me again.
DIOMEDES Whose was't? ***She may take back the sleeve***
CRESSIDA It is no matter, now I have't again.
I will not meet with you tomorrow night:
I prithee, Diomed, visit me no more.
THERSITES Now she sharpens:[83] well said, whetstone! ***Aside***
DIOMEDES I shall have it.
CRESSIDA What, this?
DIOMEDES Ay, that. ***He may take the sleeve***
CRESSIDA O, all you gods! O pretty, pretty pledge!
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee and me, and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial[90] dainty kisses to it,
As I kiss thee.[91] ***She may attempt to take back the sleeve***
DIOMEDES Nay, do not snatch it from me.
CRESSIDA He that takes that takes my heart withal.[93]
DIOMEDES I had your heart before, this follows it.
TROILUS I did swear patience.
CRESSIDA You shall not have it, Diomed — faith, you shall not:
I'll give you something else.

DIOMEDES I will have this. Whose was it?
CRESSIDA It is no matter.
DIOMEDES Come, tell me whose it was.
CRESSIDA ’Twas one that loved me better than you will.
But, now you have it, take it.
DIOMEDES Whose was it?
CRESSIDA By all Diana’s waiting-women[104] yond,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.
DIOMEDES Tomorrow will I wear it on my helm,
And grieve[107] his spirit that dares not challenge it.
TROILUS Wert thou the devil, and wor’st[108] it on thy horn,
It should be challenged.
CRESSIDA Well, well, ’tis done, ’tis past. And yet it is not:
I will not keep my word.
DIOMEDES Why then, farewell:
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.
CRESSIDA You shall not go: one cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.[115]
DIOMEDES I do not like this fooling.
THERSITES Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes[117] not me pleases me best.

Aside

DIOMEDES What, shall I come? The hour?
CRESSIDA Ay, come — O Jove! — do come — I shall be plagued.[119]
DIOMEDES Farewell till then.

Exit

CRESSIDA Goodnight: I prithee come.
Troilus, farewell! One eye yet looks on thee,
But with[123] my heart the other eye doth see.
Ah, poor our[124] sex! This fault in us I find,
The error[125] of our eye directs our mind:
What[126] error leads must err. O, then conclude
Minds swayed[127] by eyes are full of turpitude.

Exit

THERSITES A proof[128] of strength she could not publish more,
Unless she say ‘My mind is now turned whore.’
ULYSSES All’s done,[130] my lord.

TROILUS It is.
ULYSSES Why stay we then?
TROILUS To make a recordation[133] to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.
But if I tell how these two did co-act,[135]
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
Sith[137] yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance[138] so obstinately strong,
That doth invert that test[139] of eyes and ears,
As if those organs had deceptious[140] functions,
Created only to calumniate.[141]
Was Cressid here?
ULYSSES I cannot conjure,[143] Trojan.
TROILUS She was not, sure.
ULYSSES Most sure she was.
TROILUS Why, my negation[146] hath no taste of madness.
ULYSSES Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but[147] now.
TROILUS Let it not be believed for[148] womanhood!
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage[149]
To stubborn critics, apt, without a[150] theme
For depravation, to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.
ULYSSES What hath she done, prince, that can soil[153] our mothers?
TROILUS Nothing at all, unless that this were she.
THERSITES Will he swagger[155] himself out on's own eyes? ***Aside***
TROILUS This she? No, this is Diomed's Cressida.
If beauty have a soul, this is not she:
If souls guide vows, if vows are sanctimony,[158]
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there[160] be rule in unity itself,
This is not she: O madness of discourse,[161]
That[162] cause sets up with and against thyself
By[163] foul authority, where reason can revolt
Without perdition,[164] and loss assume all reason
Without revolt![165] This is and is not Cressid.
Within my soul there doth conduce[166] a fight

Of this strange nature, that a thing[167] inseparate
Divides more wider[168] than the sky and earth,
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits[170] no orifex for a point as subtle
As Ariachne's[171] broken woof to enter.
Instance,[172] O instance, strong as Pluto's gates,
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
Instance, O instance, strong as heaven itself,
The bonds of heaven are slipped,[175] dissolved and loosed,
And with another knot, five-finger-tied,[176]
The fractions[177] of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits and greasy relics
Of her o'er-eaten[179] faith, are bound to Diomed.
ULYSSES May[180] worthy Troilus be half attached
With that which here his passion doth express?
TROILUS Ay, Greek, and that shall be divulgèd well
In characters as red[183] as Mars his heart
Inflamed with Venus. Never did young man fancy[184]
With so eternal and so fixed a soul.
Hark, Greek: as much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight[187] hate I her Diomed.
That sleeve is mine that he'll bear in his helm:
Were it a casque[189] composed by Vulcan's skill
My sword should bite it. Not the dreadful spout[190]
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
Constringed[192] in mass by the almighty Fenne,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his[194] descent than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed.
THERSITES He'll[196] tickle it for his concupy. ***Aside***
TROILUS O Cressid! O false Cressid! False, false, false!
Let all untruths stand by[198] thy stainèd name,
And they'll seem glorious.
ULYSSES O, contain yourself:
Your passion draws ears hither.
Enter Aeneas

AENEAS I have been seeking you this hour, my lord.
Hector, by this,[203] is arming him in Troy.
Ajax, your guard, stays[204] to conduct you home.

TROILUS Have with you,[205] prince.— My courteous lord, adieu.
Farewell, revolted fair![206] And, Diomed,
Stand fast,[207] and wear a castle on thy head!

ULYSSES I'll bring you to the gates.

TROILUS Accept distracted[209] thanks.

Exeunt Troilus, Aeneas and Ulysses

THERSITES Would I could meet that rogue Diomed! I would croak like a raven:,[210] I would bode[211] I would bode. Patroclus will give me anything for the intelligence of this whore. The parrot[212] will not do more for an almond than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery, still wars and lechery: nothing else holds fashion. A burning devil take them!

[Exit]

[Act 5 Scene 3][5.3]

running scene 16

Enter Hector and Andromache

ANDROMACHE When was my lord so much ungently tempered,[1]
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight today.

HECTOR You train[4] me to offend you: get you gone.
By all the everlasting gods, I'll go!

ANDROMACHE My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to[6] the day.

HECTOR No more, I say.

Enter Cassandra

CASSANDRA Where is my brother Hector?

ANDROMACHE Here, sister, armed and bloody[9] in intent.
Consort[10] with me in loud and dear petition,
Pursue we him on knees: for I have dreamt
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

CASSANDRA O, 'tis true.

HECTOR Ho! Bid my trumpet[15] sound!

CASSANDRA No notes of sally,[16] for the heavens, sweet brother.

HECTOR Be gone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.

CASSANDRA The gods are deaf to hot and peevish[18] vows:
They are polluted off'rings, more abhorred
Than spotted[20] livers in the sacrifice.

ANDROMACHE O, be persuaded! Do not count it holy
To hurt by being just:[22] it is as lawful,
For[23] we would give much, to use violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

CASSANDRA It is the purpose[25] that makes strong the vow;
But vows to every purpose[26] must not hold:
Unarm, sweet Hector.

HECTOR Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps[29] the weather of my fate:
Life[30] every man holds dear, but the dear man

Holds honour far more precious, dear,[31] than life.—
Enter Troilus
How now, young man? Mean’st thou to fight today?
ANDROMACHE Cassandra, call my father[33] to persuade.
Exit Cassandra
HECTOR No, faith, young Troilus; doff[34] thy harness, youth:
I am today i’th’vein of[35] chivalry.
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt[37] not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go, and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I’ll stand today for thee and me and Troy.
TROILUS Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion[41] than a man.
HECTOR What vice is that? Good Troilus, chide me for it.
TROILUS When many times the captive[43] Grecian falls,
Even in the fan and wind[44] of your fair sword,
You bid them rise and live.
HECTOR O, ’tis fair play.
TROILUS Fool’s play,[47] by heaven, Hector.
HECTOR How now? How now?
TROILUS For th’love of all the gods,
Let’s leave the hermit pity with our mothers,
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venomed vengeance ride upon our swords,
Spur them to ruthful[53] work, rein them from ruth.
HECTOR Fie, savage, fie!
TROILUS Hector, then ’tis wars.[55]
HECTOR Troilus, I would not have you fight today.
TROILUS Who should withhold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beck’ning with fiery truncheon[59] my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o’ergallèd[61] with recourse of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Opposed to hinder me, should stop my way,
But[64] by my ruin.

Enter Priam and Cassandra

CASSANDRA Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now if thou loose thy stay,[66]
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

PRIAM Come, Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dreamt, thy mother hath had visions,
Cassandra doth foresee, and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt[72]
To tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore come back.

HECTOR Aeneas is afield,[75]
And I do stand engaged[76] to many Greeks,
Even in the[77] faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

PRIAM Ay, but thou shalt not go.

HECTOR I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful: therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect;[82] but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

CASSANDRA O Priam, yield not to him!

ANDROMACHE Do not, dear father.

HECTOR Andromache, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

Exit Andromache

TROILUS This[89] foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.[90]

CASSANDRA O, farewell, dear Hector!
Look, how thou diest! Look, how thy eye turns pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how Troy roars, how Hecuba cries out,
How poor Andromache shrills[95] her dolour forth!
Behold, distraction,[96] frenzy and amazement,
Like witless antics,[97] one another meet,
And ail cry, ‘Hector! Hector’s dead! O Hector!’

TROILUS Away! Away!
CASSANDRA Farewell. Yes, soft:[100] Hector, I take my leave;
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive.[101]
Exit
HECTOR You are amazed,[102] my liege, at her exclaim.
Go in and cheer[103] the town: we'll forth and fight,
Do deeds of praise and tell you them at night.
PRIAM Farewell. The gods with[105] safety stand about thee!
[Exeunt Priam and Hector, separately.] Alarum
TROILUS They are at it, hark! Proud Diomed, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.
Enter Pandarus
PANDARUS Do you hear, my lord? Do you hear?
TROILUS What now?
PANDARUS Here's a letter come from yond poor girl. ***Gives a letter***
TROILUS Let me read.
PANDARUS A whoreson tisick,.[112] a whoreson rascally tisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl, and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o'th's[114] days: and I have a rheum in mine eyes too, and such an ache in my bones that, unless a man were cursed, I cannot tell what to think on't[115] What says she there?
TROILUS Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart;
Th'effect[118] doth operate another way. ***Tears the letter***
Go, wind[119] to wind, there turn and change together.
My love with words and errors[120] still she feeds;
But edifies[121] another with her deeds.
// PANDARUS Why, but hear you? //
// TROILUS Hence,[123] brother lackey! Ignomy and shame //
// Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name! //
Alarum.
Exeunt

[Act 5 Scene 4][5.4]

running scene 17

Enter Thersites in [the midst of an] excursion

THERSITES Now they are clapper-clawing,[1] one another, I'll go look on. That dissembling[2] abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy, doting, foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there in his helm. I would fain[3] see them meet, that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whoremasterly[5] villain with the sleeve back to the dissembling luxurious drab[6] of a sleeveless errand. O'th't'other side, the policy of those crafty swearing,[7] rascals — that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fox[8] Ulysses — is not proved worth a blackberry. They set me up in policy that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles. And now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm today, whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism,[11] and policy grows into an ill opinion.

Enter Diomedes and Troilus

Soft! Here comes sleeve, and th'other.

TROILUS Fly not, for shouldst thou take[13] the river Styx,
I would swim after.

DIOMEDES Thou dost miscall retire:[15]
I do not fly, but advantageous care[16]
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude.[17]
Have at thee![18]

THERSITES Hold[19] thy whore, Grecian! Now for thy whore,
Trojan! Now the sleeve, now the sleeve!

[Exeunt Troilus and Diomedes, fighting]

Enter Hector

HECTOR What art thou, Greek? Art thou for Hector's match?[21]
Art thou of blood[22] and honour?

THERSITES No, no. I am a rascal, a scurvy railing knave, a very filthy[23] rogue.

HECTOR I do believe thee: live.

[Exit]

THERSITES God-a-mercy,.[25] that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck for frighting me! What’s become of the wenching,[26] rogues? I think they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle — yet, in a sort[27] lechery eats itself[28] I’ll seek them.

Exit

[Act 5 Scene 5]

running scene 17 continues

Enter Diomedes and Servants

DIOMEDES Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse;
Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid.
Fellow, commend[3] my service to her beauty;
Tell her I have chastised the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.[5]

SERVANT I go, my lord.

[Exit]

Enter Agamemnon

AGAMEMNON Renew,[7] renew! The fierce Polydamas
Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon[8]
Hath Doreus prisoner,
And stands colossus-wise,[10] waving his beam,
Upon the pashèd[11] corpses of the kings
Epistrophus and Cedius: Polyxenes is slain,
Amphimachus and Thoas deadly hurt,
Patroclus ta'en[14] or slain, and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruisèd. The dreadful[15] sagittary
Appals[16] our numbers: haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement,[17] or we perish all.

Enter Nestor [and Soldiers]

NESTOR Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles,
And bid the snail-paced Ajax arm for shame.
There is a thousand Hectors in the field:
Now here he fights on Galathe his horse,
And there lacks work: anon[22] he's there afoot,
And there they fly or die, like scalèd sculls[23]
Before the belching[24] whale; then is he yonder,
And there the straying Greeks, ripe for his edge,[25]
Fall down before him, like the mower's[26] swathe.
Here, there, and everywhere, he leaves and takes,[27]
Dexterity so obeying appetite[28]

That what he will he does, and does so much
That proof[30] is called impossibility.

Enter Ulysses

ULYSSES O, courage, courage, princes! Great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:
Patroclus' wounds have roused his drowsy blood,
Together with his manglèd Myrmidons,[34]
That noseless, handless, hacked and chipped, come to him,
Crying on[36] Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend
And foams at mouth, and he is armed and at it,
Roaring for Troilus, who hath done today
Mad[39] and fantastic execution,
Engaging[40] and redeeming of himself
With such a careless[41] force and forceless care
As if that luck,[42] in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter Ajax

AJAX Troilus, thou coward Troilus!

Exit

DIOMEDES Ay, there, there.

NESTOR So, so, we draw together.[46]

Exit

Enter Achilles

ACHILLES Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-queller,[48] show thy face:
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.
Hector? Where's Hector? I will none[50] but Hector.

Exit

[Act 5 Scene 6]

running scene 17 continues

Enter Ajax

AJAX Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

Enter Diomedes

DIOMEDES Troilus, I say! Where's Troilus?

AJAX What wouldst thou?

DIOMEDES I would correct[4] him.

AJAX Were I the general, thou shouldst have my office[5]
Ere that correction.[6]— Troilus, I say! What, Troilus!

Enter Troilus

TROILUS O traitor Diomed! Turn thy false face, thou traitor,
And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse!

DIOMEDES Ha, art thou there?

AJAX I'll fight with him alone: stand,[10] Diomed.

DIOMEDES He is my prize:[11] I will not look upon.

TROILUS Come, both you cogging[12] Greeks, have at you both!

Exeunt Troilus [fighting Diomedes and Ajax]

Enter Hector

HECTOR Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother!

Enter Achilles ***Pursuing Hector***

ACHILLES Now do I see thee! Have at thee, Hector! ***They fight***

HECTOR Pause, if thou wilt.[15]

ACHILLES I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan;
Be happy that my arms[17] are out of use:
My rest and negligence[18] befriends thee now,
But thou anon[19] shalt hear of me again:
Till when, go seek thy fortune.

Exit

HECTOR Fare thee well:
I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee.— How now, my brother!

Enter Troilus

TROILUS Ajax hath ta'en Aeneas. Shall it be?

No, by the flame[25] of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry[26] him: I’ll be ta’en too,
Or bring him off.[27] Fate, hear me what I say:
I reck[28] not though thou end my life today.

Exit

Enter one in armour

HECTOR Stand, stand, thou Greek: thou art a goodly mark.[29]
No? Wilt thou not? I like thy armour well:
I’ll frush[31] it and unlock the rivets all,
But I’ll be master of it. Wilt thou not, beast, abide?
Why then fly on, I’ll hunt thee for thy hide.[33]

Exeunt

[Act 5 Scene 7]

running scene 17 continues

Enter Achilles with Myrmidons

ACHILLES Come here about me, you my Myrmidons.
Mark what I say: attend[2] me where I wheel,
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath,[3]
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale[5] him with your weapons round about,
In fellest[6] manner execute your arm.
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings[7] eye:
It is decreed Hector the great must die.

Exeunt

[Act 5 Scene 8]

running scene 17 continues

Enter Thersites [at a distance], Menelaus and Paris, [fighting]

THERSITES The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it. Now, bull![1] Now, dog! ’Loo, Paris, ’loo! Now my double-henned sparrow![2] ’Loo, Paris, ’loo! The bull has the game: ’ware[3] horns, ho!

Exeunt Paris and Menelaus

Enter Bastard [Margarelon]

MARGARELON Turn, slave,[4] and fight.

THERSITES What[5] art thou?

MARGARELON A bastard son of Priam’s.

THERSITES I am a bastard too: I love bastards. I am a bastard begot,.[7] bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in everything illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore[9] should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel’s most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgement[10] Farewell, bastard.

[Exit]

MARGARELON The devil take thee, coward!

Exit

[Act 5 Scene 9]

running scene 17 continues

Enter Hector

HECTOR Most putrefied core,[1] so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath.
Rest, sword, thou hast thy fill of blood and death. ***Takes off his helmet and hangs his shield behind him***

Enter Achilles and his Myrmidons

ACHILLES Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Even with the vail[7] and darking of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

HECTOR I am unarmed: forgo this vantage,[9] Greek.

ACHILLES Strike, fellows, strike: this is the man I seek. ***They attack and Hector falls***
So, Ilium, fall thou! Now, Troy, sink down!
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews and thy bone.
On, Myrmidons, cry you all amain,[13]
'Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.'

Retreat [sounded]

Hark! A retreat upon our Grecian part.

A MYRMIDON The Trojan trumpet sounds the like, my lord.

ACHILLES The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,
And, stickler-like,[18] the armies separates.
My half-supped sword, that frankly[19] would have fed,
Pleased with this dainty bait,[20] thus goes to bed. ***Sheathes his sword***
Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;
Along the field I will the Trojan trail.

Exeunt

[Act 5 Scene 10]

running scene 17 continues

Sound retreat. Shout. Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor, Diomedes and the rest, marching

AGAMEMNON Hark, hark! What shout is that?

NESTOR Peace, drums!

SOLDIER Achilles! Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles! ***Within?***

DIOMEDES The bruit[4] is, Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

AJAX If it be so, yet bragless[5] let it be:
Great Hector was a man as good as he.

AGAMEMNON March patiently[7] along. Let one be sent
To pray Achilles see us at our tent.
If in his[9] death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp[10] wars are ended.

Exeunt

[Act 5 Scene 11]

running scene 17 continues

Enter Aeneas, Paris, Antenor and Deiphobus

AENEAS Stand, ho! Yet[1] are we masters of the field:
Never go home; here starve we out[2] the night.

Enter Troilus

TROILUS Hector is slain.
ALL Hector? The gods forbid!
TROILUS He's dead, and at the murderer's horse's tail,
In beastly sort,[6] dragged through the shameful field.
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at[8] Troy!
I say, at[9] once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on!
AENEAS My lord, you do discomfort[11] all the host!
TROILUS You understand me not that tell me so:
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death,
But dare[14] all imminence that gods and men
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone:
Who shall tell Priam so? Or Hecuba?
Let him that will a screech-owl[17] aye be called
Go in to Troy and say there 'Hector's dead.'
There is a word will Priam turn[19] to stone;
Make wells and Niobes[20] of the maids and wives,
Cool statues[21] of the youth, and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itself. But, march away:
Hector is dead, there is no more to say.
Stay yet. You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight[25] upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titan[26] rise as early as he dare,
I'll through and through[27] you! And, thou great-sized coward,
No space of earth shall sunder[28] our two hates:
I'll haunt[29] thee like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins[30] swift as frenzy's thoughts.

Strike a free[31] march to Troy! With comfort go:
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarus

PANDARUS But hear you, hear you!

TROILUS Hence, broker-lackey![34] Ignomy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!

Exeunt. [Pandarus remains]

PANDARUS A goodly med'cine for mine aching bones![36] O world, world, world! Thus is the poor agent despised! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a-work, and how ill requited![38] Why should our endeavour be so desired and the performance[39] so loathed? What verse for it? What instance for it? Let me see:

Full merrily the humble-bee[40] doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey[41] and his sting.
And being once subdued[42] in armèd tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.

Good traders[44] in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths:

As many as be here of panders' hall,[45]
Your eyes, half out,[46] weep out at Pandar's fall;
Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.[48]
Brethren and sisters of the hold-door[49] trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made:
It should be now, but that my fear is this,
Some gallèd[52] goose of Winchester would hiss.
Till then I'll sweat[53] and seek about for eases,
And at that time bequeath you my diseases.

Exit

Quarto passages that do not appear in the Folio

Following 3.3.108:

To others' eyes; nor doth the eye itself,
That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,

Following 4.5.31:

And parted thus you and your argument.

Following 5.1.19 (after "cold palsies"):

raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs,
bladders full of impostume, sciaticas, limekilns
i'the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivelled
fee-simple of the tetter,

Textual Notes

Q = First Quarto text of 1609
F = First Folio text of 1623
F2 = a correction introduced in the Second Folio text of 1632
F3 = a correction introduced in the Third Folio text of 1663/64
F4 = a correction introduced in the Fourth Folio text of 1685
Ed = a correction introduced by a later editor
SD = stage direction
SH = speech heading (i.e., speaker's name)

Some copies of the 1609 Quarto have the following prefatory epistle:

A neuer writer, to an euer reader. Newes.

E*Ternall reader, you haue heere a new play, neuer stal'd with the Stage, neuer clapper-clawd with the palmes of the vulger, and yet passing full of the palme comicall; for it is a birth of your braine, that neuer vnder-tooke any thing commicall, vainely: And were but the vaine names of commedies changed for the titles of Commodities, or of Playes for Pleas; you should see all those grand censors, that now stile them such vanities, flock to them for the maine grace of their grauities: especially this authors Commedies, that are so fram'd to the life, that they serue for the most common Commentaries, of all the actions of our liues, shewing such a dexteritie, and power of witte, that the most displeased with Playes, are pleasd with his Commedies. And all such dull and heauy-witted worldlings, as were neuer capable of the witte of a Commedie, comming by report of them to his representations, haue found that witte there, that they neuer found in them-selues, and haue parted better wittied then they came: feeling an edge of witte set vpon them, more then euer they dreamd they had braine to grinde it on. So much and such sauored salt of witte is in his Commedies, that they seeme (for their height of pleasure) to be borne in that sea that brought forth Venus. Amongst all there is none more witty then this: And had I time I would comment vpon it, though I know it needs not, (for so much as will make you thinke your testerne well bestowd) but for so much worth, as euen poore I know to be stuft in it. It deserues such a labour, as well as the best Commedy in Terence or Plautus. And beleeue this, that when hee is gone, and his Commedies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set vp a new English Inquisition. Take this for a warning, and at the perrill of your pleasures losse, and Iudgements, refuse not, nor like this the lesse, for not being sullied, with the smoaky breath of the multitude; but thanke fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you. Since by the grand possessors wills I beleeue you should haue prayd for them rather then beene prayd. And so I leaue all such to bee prayd for (for the states of their wits healths) that will not praise it*. Vale.

List of parts = Ed

Prologue 12 barks = F2. F = *Barke* **17 Antenorides** = Ed. F = Antenonidus

1.1.28 when…**thence** = Ed. F = then she comes, when she is thence **40 her** = Q. F = it **71 SH PANDARUS** = F *(uncorrected)*. F *(corrected) = Troy*.

1.2.2 SH ALEXANDER = Ed. F = *Man*. **31 disdain** = Q. F = disdaind **59 nor** = Q. F = not **72 wit** = Ed. F = will **99 he**so = Q. F = he is so **114 marvellous** *spelled* maruel's *in* F **138 for**it = Q. F = for is **140 do** = Q. F = does **150 tell** = Q. *Not in* F **164 there's** = Q. *Not in* F **165 will** = Q. F = ill **171 shall** see = Q. F = shall **182 note** = Q. F = not

1.3.2 jaundice *spelled* Iaundies *in* F **119 their** = Q. F = her **157 scaffoldage** *spelled* Scaffolage *in* F **203 calls** = Q. F = call **243 Trojan** *spelled* Troyan *throughout* F **245 the** praised = Q. F = he prais'd

2.1.2 boils *spelled* Biles *and* Byles *in* F **14 o'thy** = F3. F = o'th thy **19 porcupine** *spelled* Porpentine *in* F **74 bade**the = Q. F = bade thee tenor = Q. F = tenure **85 your** = Ed. F = their **92 peace** = Q. *Not in* F **93 brach** = Ed. F = Brooch

2.2.46 And…**reason** = Q. *Line 47 printed after line 48 in* F **58 mad** = Q (madde). F = made **73 sieve** = Q. F = same **112 Ilium** = Ed. F = Illion *(throughout)*

2.3.5 engineer *spelled* Enginer *in* F **52 serpigo** *spelled* Suppeago *in* F **57 shent** = Ed. F = sent **65 if** you = Q. F = if **76 knits** not, = Q. F = knits, not **79 his** legs = Q. F = his legge **105 lunes** = Ed. F = lines **141 worth** = Q. F = wroth **189 SH** NESTOR = Ed. *Printed after* 'warm' *in* F

3.1.128 SH PARIS = Q. *Not in* F

3.2.19 repurèd = Q. F = reputed **20 Swooning** *spelled* Sounding *in* F **21 tuned** = Q. F = and **54 fears** = Ed.F = teares **56 safer** = Q. F = safe **60 Nor** = Q. F = Not **94 grown** = Q. F = grow **104 Cunning** = Ed. F = Comming **177 with** a bed = Ed. *Not in* F *or* Q

3.3.4 come = F4. F = loue **117 man** = Q. F = may **139 fasting** = Q. F = feasting **164 rear** = Ed. F = neere **171 farewell** = Q. F = farewels **180 give** = Ed. F = goe **215 our** = Q. F = her **259 this** = Q. F = his

4.1.71 the = Q. F = which

4.2.13 joys = Ed. F = eyes **75 SD*Enter Cressida*** = Ed. F = *Enter Pandarus and Cressid* **97 force** = Q. F = orce

4.4.9 dross = Q. F = crosse **41 one** = Q. F = our **49 SD*Within*** F *also prints "Enter AEneas" here, possibly reflecting alternative stagings* **79 gifts** = Ed. F = guift **80 Flowing** = Ed. F = Flawing **106 true?** F *mistakenly prints an Exit for Cressida here* **125 usage** = Q. F = visage **156 SD *Exeunt*** *placed at line 151 in* F

4.5.15 yond = Q. F = yong **103 breath** = Q. F = breach 158 ‘Oyez’ = Ed. F = (O yes)

5.1.24 sleaved *spelled* Sleyd *in* F **64 sewer** = Ed. F = sure

5.2.11 sing = Q. F = finde clef = Q *(*Cliff*)*. F = life **27 do** = Q. F = do not **93 takes** = Ed.F = rakes **186 much**as = F2. F = much

5.3.5 By all the = Q. F = By the **23 give**…**use** = Ed. F = count giue much to as **93 do** = Q. F = doth

5.4.6 errand *spelled* errant *in* F **7 stale** = Q. F = stole

5.8.1 ‘Loo = F4. F = lowe *(throughout speech)* **4 SH MARGARELON** = Ed. F = *Bast*.

5.9.16 SH A MYRMIDON = Ed. F = *Gree*. trumpet = Q. F = **Trumpets 20 bait** = Q. F = bed

The Prologue

2 **orgulous** proud, haughty **high** noble/proud **chafed** heated, roused

4 **Fraught** laden **ministers** agents, i.e., soldiers **instruments** weapons

6 **crownets** coronets, small crowns

7 **Phrygia** region of Asia Minor (now Turkey), location of Troy

8 **immures** walls

9 **ravished** abducted/ raped

10 **wanton** lustful/willful, uncontrolled

11 **Tenedos** island near Troy

12 **deep-drawing barks** heavily laden ships lying low in the water **disgorge** empty out (literally “vomit up”)

13 **fraughtage** cargo **Dardan** Trojan (from Dardanus, son of Zeus and the great ancestor of the Trojan rulers)

15 **brave pavilions** splendid tents (**brave** plays on the sense of “boastful, insolent”)

16 **Dardan…Antenorides** the names of the six gates of Troy

17 **massy…bolts** massive metal hoops and the correspondingly sized bolts that fit into them

20 **tickling** toying with/vexing, provoking **skittish** lively, readily roused

22 **on hazard** at risk

23 **armed** equipped with weapons/wearing armor/prepared **in confidence Of** overconfident about

24 **suited…argument** costumed to suit the theme **argument** plot/quarrel

27 **vaunt and firstlings** beginnings (vaunt plays on sense of “boast”) **broils** battles, turmoil

28 **in the middle** a translation of the Latin *in medias res;* the Roman writer Horace advised the aspiring epic poet to go straight to the heart of a story

29 **digested** understood/condensed within

Act 1 Scene 1

1.1 ***Location:*** *Troy* **Pandarus** his name came to signify the function of a “pander” or go-between

1 **varlet** personal servant **unarm** disarm, remove armor

2 **without** outside

5 **field** the battlefield **none** i.e., no heart to be master of, no urge to fight

6 **gear** business (perhaps with connotations of “sexual organs”)

7 **to** in addition to/in proportion to

10 **Tamer** more docile/more dull, spiritless **fonder** more foolish

12 **skilless** ignorant, unaware **unpractised** inexperienced/guileless

13 **meddle nor make** interfere, get involved (perhaps suggestive; both words could mean “have sex”)

14 **tarry** await

15 **grinding** plays on the sense of “sexual intercourse”

17 **bolting** sifting of flour (plays on the slang sense of “bolt,” i.e., “penis”)

19 **leav’ning** fermenting of the dough with leaven

22 **making of** plays on the sense of “having sex with” **heating…oven** plays on the sense of “sexual arousal of the woman” (oven was a slang term for “vagina”)

23 **stay** wait for **cooling** of the cake/of lust **burn your lips** also suggestive of the effects of venereal disease

25 **Doth…suff’rance** flinches less at suffering **suff’rance** suffering/patient endurance

28 **traitor** i.e., to love (Troilus berates himself for suggesting that he might sometimes forget Cressida) **thence** out of my thoughts

32 **wedgèd** split with a wedge (possibly plays on the slang sense of “wedge,” i.e., penis) **would** seemed about to/wanted to **rive in twain** split in two

34 **a-scorn** in scorn, mockingly (Troilus compares his feigned jollity to the falsely cheerful glare of the sun)

36 **couched** concealed/expressed

38 **An** if **go to** expression of dismissive impatience

39 **were** would be

40 **would** wish

41 **dispraise** disparage **wit** intelligence

45 **fathoms** a measure of depth; a fathom is about six feet

46 **indrenched** drowned, submerged

47 **In Cressid's love** for love of Cressida

50 **Handlest** you handle (anticipates hand) **that her hand** that hand of hers

51 **In whose comparison** in comparison to which

52 **to** compared to **soft seizure** gentle grasp

53 **cygnet** baby swan **spirit of sense** i.e., the most delicate touch (literally, the invisible essence thought to transmit sensation to the mind)

56 **oil and balm** soothing, healing ointments (both words may play on the sense of "semen"; i.e., only sexual climax will heal Troilus's lovesickness)

57 **gash** wound (may play on the sense of "vagina")

62 **mends** remedy (i.e., she can use cosmetics; possibly also suggestive of masturbation)

64 **I…travail** nothing but effort has been the reward for my pains (travail plays on the sense of "travel," alluding to Pandarus' role as a go-between) **on of** of by

67 **an…Sunday** i.e., if she were not my relative, I would say that she is as beautiful in the plain clothes appropriate to a fasting day as Helen is in her Sunday best

69 **blackamoor** black African

70 **fair** beautiful/fair-complexioned

71 **behind her father** since her father's departure

72 **let her** let her go/rent her out ***alarum*** call to battle (usually trumpets or drums)

79 **ungracious** inconsiderate, unmannerly rude harsh/uncivilized

81 **paint** i.e., as if with cosmetics, rouge

82 **upon this argument** for this cause

83 **starved** meager, insubstantial

86 **tetchy** irritable, peevish **wooed to woo** entreated to court (Cressida)

87 **suit** courtship

88 **Apollo** Greek sun god **Daphne** wood nymph pursued by Apollo; she evaded him by praying to the river god Peneus for deliverance and was thereupon turned into a laurel tree

89 **we** I

90 **India** East/West Indies (thought of as regions of great wealth)

91 **Ilium** Troy/the royal palace of Troy

92 **flood** sea

93 **merchant** trader/merchant ship **sailing** possible pun on “selling”

94 **convoy** escort **bark** small vessel (used to escort a larger merchant ship)

95 **Wherefore not afield**? Why are you not on the battlefield?

96 **Because not there** i.e., “just because” **woman’s answer** alludes to the proverb “because is woman’s reason” **sorts** is fitting

102 **scar** to scorn wound so slight it deserves nothing but scorn/wound given in return for Paris’ scornful behavior to Menelaus

103 **horn** imagined growth on the head of a cuckold (man with an unfaithful wife; Paris has stolen Menelaus’ wife, Helen)

104 **sport** action, entertainment (in his reply, Troilus shifts the sense to “sexual amusement”) **out of town** i.e., outside Troy’s walls

106 **abroad** in the outside world

Act 1 Scene 2

5 **commands as subject** dominates, overlooks

7 **fixed** steadfast **moved** roused, angry (plays on the literal sense to provide antithesis with fixed)

9 **like** as **as** if **husbandry** careful management (rising early for work); plays on being a “husband”

10 **harnessed light** dressed in light armor/armored quickly

15 **noise** rumor, report

16 **nephew** cousin

18 **Good** very well

19 ***per se*** in himself/in a class of his own (Latin) stands alone is peerless (Cressida’s response plays on the literal sense, and on the sexual sense of “is erect”)

20 **drunk…legs** i.e., cannot stand up/are impotent

21 **particular additions** distinctive characteristics, essential attributes

22 **churlish** violent/ungracious **slow** ponderous, slow-moving

23 **humours** contradictory moods, temperamental characteristics

25 **glimpse** trace, small part **attaint** fault, stain

26 **against the hair** contrary to the prevailing mood, perversely **joints** parts, components

27 **gouty** diseased, with swollen deformed joints **Briareus** legendary monster with a hundred hands and fifty heads

28 **purblinded** blind **Argus** legendary monster with a hundred eyes

30 **coped** grappled, fought with

31 **disdain** anger, wounded pride **whereof** of which **waking** sleepless

41 **ere** before

48 **lay about him** strike out/fight hard

53 **Jupiter** Roman supreme god

54 **know a man** recognize a proper man (Cressida affects to understand merely “recognize a person”; know may play on the sense of “have sex with”)

59 **in some degrees** in some respects/by a long distance

60 **just** fair/accurate

63 **Condition…India** i.e., Troilus is as likely to recover his true self as I am to walk barefoot to India **Condition** on the condition that

65 **a** he

66 **time…end** i.e., time will tell **friend** befriend

68 **Excuse me** expression of polite disbelief or disagreement, like Pardon me

71 **Th’other’s…to’t** i.e., Troilus is not as fully mature (come to’t may have connotations of being sexually active) **tell…tale** i.e., change your tune (tale may pun on “tail,” i.e., “penis”)

72 **have his wit** be able to compete with Troilus’ intelligence

77 **become** suit

79 **a brown favour** someone with a dark complexion (considered less attractive)

80 **No, but brown** Cressida mocks Pandarus’ quibbling distinctions

86 **should** i.e., must therefore **his…his** i.e., Troilus’…Paris’

88 **flaming** extravagant, high-flown/brightly colored, flushed **as lief** rather, just as soon

89 **copper** red (from drinking; conceivably suggests the metal noses occasionally worn by those who had lost their real noses to syphilis)

91 **merry Greek** jolly person/one of loose morals

93 **compassed** curved, rounded

95 **tapster’s arithmetic** i.e., simple calculation **tapster** barman, tavern keeper **particulars** individual details, particular features

99 **old** experienced **lifter** weightlifter/thief (possibly also plays on the sense of “one who has sex”)

101 **cloven** dimpled (Cressida plays on the literal sense of “split apart”)

102 **Juno** queen of the Roman gods, wife of Jupiter

107 **an…autumn** i.e., as if he were a dark cloud or a cloud through which the sun is vainly trying to shine

109 **stand…proof** stand up to the test (plays on the sense of “be erect for sex”)

110 **addle** rotten/partly hatched (the sense Cressida picks up on in her reply)

111 **If…i’th’shell** perhaps alludes to the proverb “as good be an addled egg as an idle bird” (addle puns on idle)

114 **marvellous** marvelously **confess** admit (Cressida plays on the idea of confession after torture)

115 **rack** torture instrument that stretched the limbs

117 **richer** i.e., has more hairs than Troilus’ youthful chin

118 **that** so much that **ran o'er** watered

120 **millstones** proverbially the hard-hearted weep millstones

122 **pot** cooking pot

126 **Marry** by the Virgin Mary

127 **green** plays on the sense of “youthful, inexperienced”

128 **pretty** artful, clever

133 **hairs** puns on “heirs”

134 **all…sons** traditionally, Priam had fifty sons; perhaps the forked hair counts as two

135 **forked** split (alludes to the cuckold’s horns that supposedly grew from the head of a man with an unfaithful wife)

137 **so chafed** was so irritated **it passed** the occasion surpassed all description

138 **So…now** i.e., let it pass, be forgotten **going by** i.e., in the telling

141 **weep…April** i.e., weep like one born in the month of showers

142 **spring** grow (plays on the sense of the season itself) **an…May** as if I were a nettle anticipating the arrival of May (plays on the notion of “nettling,” i.e., irritating Troilus)

146 **bravely** splendidly

147 **mark** note, observe

149 **brave** splendid/bold

150 **anon** shortly

152 **shrewd** sharp

153 **one o'th'soundest** judgement one of those with the greatest wisdom, discretion **whosoever** out of anyone **proper…person** fine example of a man

156 **give…nod** acknowledge you with a nod of the head/call you a fool (**nod**)

158 **the…more** i.e., your foolishness will increase further

159 **Go thy way** expression of well-wishing

161 **countenance** (fine) face/demeanor/appearance

163 **a** he **hacks** dents, gashes

164 **jesting** make-believe/playing

165 **laying on** (evidence of) vigorous attack **take't…will** whatever anyone says to the contrary (plays on the antithesis between “lay on” and “take off”)

166 **with swords** dents made with swords

168 **God’s lid** God’s eyelid (a common oath)

173 **marvel** wonder he i.e., Troilus

174 **forth** out (to fight)

176 **indifferent** moderately

178 **sneaking** creeping/shifty

180 **Hem!** Pandarus either tries to catch Troilus's attention, coughs awkwardly to cover his error, or tries to prompt Cressida's agreement

183 **helm** helmet

184 **goes** walks, bears himself **ne'er…twenty** is not yet twenty-three

185 **grace** in Greek mythology, one of the three goddesses of grace and beauty

186 **to** compared to

187 **warrant** am sure **change** exchange (one man for the other) **to boot** in addition

189 **Chaff and bran** husks, i.e., useless things **porridge after meat** a vegetable soup after the main course (both terms could also refer to sexual organs or their possessors)

191 **daws** jackdaws (proverbially foolish birds)

194 **drayman** cart-driver **camel** i.e., misshapen, lumbering

196 **discretion** good judgment

197 **birth** noble ancestry **discourse** conversational skill/sound understanding

198 **gentleness** good breeding, courtesy **liberality** generosity

200 **minced** cut into small pieces for cooking/dainty, effeminate, pretentious **no…pie** i.e., with a crucial ingredient lacking/with an impotent penis (no use to the vaginal pie)

201 **the…out** he is out of date, no good

202 **You…woman!** What a woman you are! **at…lie** which defensive position you assume (fencing term; plays on the notion of sexual positions, which Cressida picks up on in her reply)

203 **belly** stomach/womb/vagina **wit** may play on a sense of "genitals" **wiles** tricks

204 **secrecy** ability to keep secrets (such as a love affair or pregnancy)/sexual organs **honesty** integrity/virtue/chastity **mask** worn to shield the complexion from the sun and retain a fashionable pallor

205 **wards** defensive positions/designated guard stations **watches** vigilant observances/periods of the night during which a guard was kept (plays on "watch and ward," i.e., to keep guard)

206 **watches** wakeful periods of the night (also suggestive of secretive sexual activity, perhaps with more than one man)

207 **watch** be wary of them i.e., things I have to guard against

208 **ward** defend **hit** struck/penetrated sexually **watch…telling** be on guard to prevent you revealing

209 **swell** become infected/swell with pregnancy **past watching** too late to safeguard against ***Boy*** servant

210 **You…another**! What a woman you are!

215 **doubt** fear

217 **by and by** soon

218 **To bring** i.e., are you going to bring something

219 **token** lover's gift, keepsake

220 **By…token** on that basis **bawd** procurer, pimp

222 **in…enterprise** on behalf of another

224 **glass** mirror, reflection

225 **wooing** while being wooed

226 **done** finished with (plays on the sense of "sexually conquered")

227 **she** woman who is

228 **Men…is** men value what they have not got more than its worth

229 **That…sue** never was there a woman for whom love was as sweet after she had been won as when she was still being wooed

231 **out of** drawn from

232 **'Achievement…beseech'** "Winning a woman's love gives a man control; if she has not been won, he must continue entreating her"

233 **That** so that **though…bear** i.e., although my heart loves surely, steadily

Act 1 Scene 3

1.3 ***Location:*** *the Greek camp, not far from Troy* **Sennet** trumpet call signaling a procession

2 **grief** grievance, displeasure **jaundice** i.e., yellowness (suggestive of jealousy and disease)

3 **proposition** offer, proposal **makes…below** gives to all enterprises begun here on earth

5 **in…largeness** to fulfill its promise **checks** obstacles

6 **veins** i.e., vessels in a plant for carrying **sap actions highest reared** the most ambitious military endeavors

7 **by…sap** at the point where flowing streams of sap meet

8 **sound pine** healthy pine tree **grain** i.e., the grain of the wood

9 **Tortive and errant** twisted and straying

11 **suppose** expectation/intention

13 **Sith…thwart** since every previous recorded military action went wrong

15 **not…shape** not falling out in accordance with the original plan

18 **works** deeds, endeavors

20 **protractive** protracted, drawn-out **Jove** Jupiter, Roman king of the gods

21 **persistive** persistent, enduring

22 **metal** strong substance (plays on “mettle,” i.e., courage, character)

23 **In fortune’s love** during the good times

24 **artist** scholar

25 **affined** related (continues aural play on find, fineness)

26 **her** i.e., fortune’s

27 **Distinction** the practice of distinguishing between things

28 **winnows** separates and blows away (as the lighter chaff is separated from the wheat by the wind)

29 **matter** substance, worth

30 **virtue** worth, value

31 **observance** of respect for seat throne, i.e., authority

32 **apply** interpret

33 **reproof** rebuffing, rebuking, defiance

34 **proof** test (puns on reproof)

35 **bauble** toylike

38 **Boreas** Greek god of the north wind

39 **Thetis** sea nymph, mother of Achilles (here represents the sea)

40 **bark** ship **liquid mountains** i.e., waves

41 **two moist elements** i.e., air and water

42 **Perseus' horse** Pegasus, the winged horse of Greek mythology that sprang from Medusa's blood when Perseus beheaded her; technically, he belonged to Bellerophon **saucy** insolent

43 **untimbered** unsound, lacking a strong wooden frame **even…greatness** only a moment ago accompanied and competed with greater ships

45 **toast** sop, piece of bread soaked in wine **Neptune** Roman god of the seas **Even so** in just such a way

46 **show** outward appearance

47 **her** i.e., fortune's

48 **breeze** gadfly (which bites animals)/light wind

51 **shade** shelter

52 **sympathize** respond, be in accordance

54 **Retires** returns, reverts

56 **nerve** sinew, muscle

57 **numbers** i.e., army only sole/preeminent, exceptional **spirit** vital power, essence of life

58 **tempers** temperaments

59 **shut up** incorporated, absorbed

61 **The which** which **place and sway** position and authority

62 **reverend** worthy, respected **stretched-out** long-lasting

64 **and** i.e., who is

65 **in brass** engraved in brass, i.e., as a model of eloquence

66 **hatched in silver** i.e., white-haired **hatched** streaked, inlaid/engraved

67 **air** i.e., his speech **axle-tree…ride** axis on which the universe revolves (the heavens were thought to revolve around the earth)

68 **knit** unite, tie

70 **great, and wise** i.e., Agamemnon, and Nestor

71 **Ithaca** island west of Greece, home of Ulysses **of less expect** less likely

72 **importless burden** insignificant content

74 **rank** stinking/diseased/lustful/coarse **opes** opens **mastic** gummy/rotten (possibly also relates to "mastix," a scourge)

76 **yet…basis** still standing on its foundations **had** would have

78 **instances** factors, reasons

79 **specialty of rule** rights and obligations of effective authority

80 **how** however

81 **Hollow** empty **so…factions** there are just as many deceptive factions

82 **general** military leader **hive** beehive (i.e., the focal point, center of command)

83 **repair** return

84 **Degree** rank, hierarchy **vizarded** masked, concealed

85 **shows as fairly** appears just as attractive, as worthy

86 **this centre** i.e., the earth (which, according to the Ptolemaic model, was the center of the universe)

88 **Insisture** regularity, constancy, steady continuance

89 **Office** particular function

90 **Sol** the sun (thought to be a planet)

91 **sphered** contained within its sphere (each planet was thought to orbit within a hollow crystalline sphere)

92 **other** i.e., other planets **med'cinable** healing

93 **ill** sick, unwell/ominous, causing misfortune **aspects** planetary positions, directions of alignment

94 **posts** speeds

95 **Sans check** without pause

96 **mixture** conjunction **to disorder wander** move into unfavorable alignment

100 **deracinate** uproot

101 **married** harmonious, united

102 **Quite** completely fixure fixed position degree rank, hierarchy (plays on the sense of "ladder's rung")

103 **high** designs noble undertakings (high plays on its literal sense)

105 **Degrees in schools** academic ranks **brotherhoods** guilds

106 **dividable shores** countries separated by sea

107 **primogenitive** primogeniture, the inheritance rights of an eldest son

109 **But** except, other than **stand…place** remain in their legitimate positions

112 **mere oppugnancy** total conflict **bounded** enclosed, contained (by their shores)

113 **Should** would

114 **make…globe** i.e., drown the world **sop** piece of bread soaked in wine

115 **imbecility** physical weakness

116 **rude** violent, uncivilized

118 **jar** conflict, clash

119 **names** individual identities

120 **includes** subsumes, absorbs/concludes, terminates

121 **will** willfulness **appetite** desire, greed

123 **seconded** supported, assisted

124 **make…prey** inevitably prey upon everything

126 **suffocate** suffocated

127 **choking** act of suffocating

129 **by a pace** step by step **in…climb** when the intention had been to climb upwards

133 **Exampled** given the example, shown a precedent **the…superior** the morally corrupt step taken previously by his superior

135 **emulation** rivalry/grudging envy

136 **on foot** upstanding

139 **discovered** revealed

140 **power** army/strength/authority

143 **opinion** public opinion/reputation

144 **forehand** foremost part, mainstay **host** army

145 **airy** widely acknowledged/insubstantial

146 **dainty of** particular, fastidious about

148 **Upon…bed** lazily upon a bed (transferred epithet)

149 **Breaks** cracks, makes **scurril** scurrilous, vulgar

150 **ridiculous** comically derisory **awkward** unfavorable, perverse (also possibly “turned the wrong way, back foremost,” suggesting a joke about anal sex)

152 **pageants** impersonates, parodies

153 **topless deputation** supreme role **puts on** imitates

154 **conceit** intellect, wits

155 **hamstring** i.e., legs

156 **wooden** dull, lifeless, stupid/resounding on a wooden surface **dialogue…scaffoldage** echoing noise of his long strides over the stage platform

158 **to-be-pitied…seeming** pitiable and overstrained appearance

160 **a-mending** in need of tuning **terms unsquared** ill-fitting words, clumsy expressions

161 **Typhon** giant monster of Greek mythology who made war upon the gods and was associated with winds, earthquakes, and volcanoes

162 **fusty** moldy, stale (glances perhaps at “fustian,” i.e., inflated, hyperbolic language)

163 **large** powerfully built (also suggesting self-importance and licentiousness) **pressed** weighed down (with his body)

164 **deep** large and resounding

165 **just** exactly

166 **me** for me hum murmur in displeasure or in thought/make a throat-clearing sound

167 **dressed to** prepared for, ready to begin

168 **as…parallels** i.e., unconvincingly (parallel lines never meet)

169 **as…wife** Vulcan differs completely from his wife Venus: he is the deformed Roman god of fire, she the beautiful goddess of love

170 **god** sarcastic (perhaps nods to Achilles’ near-immortal status in mythology; his mother was the sea nymph Thetis who made him invulnerable, apart from his heel)

171 **me** for me

172 **answer** in respond to

173 **forsooth** in truth **faint** frail, feeble

175 **palsy-fumbling** fumbling because his hand is shaking **palsy** shaking fit, tremor, paralysis **gorget** piece of armor protecting the throat

176 **rivet** bolt for fastening armor **sport** amusement

177 **Sir Valour** sarcastic title for Achilles dies i.e., **dies** laughing

179 **spleen** thought to be the seat of laughter and strong emotion

181 **Severals…exact** accomplished virtues, both individual and universal

182 **preventions** defensive measures

183 **Excitements** exhortations, encouragement

185 **paradoxes** absurdities, statements contrary to received belief

186 **twain** two

188 **an imperial voice** absolute approval, a ruling vote infect infected

189 **bears…rein** (like a horse) resists the reins, is skittish and willful (rein puns on “reign”)

190 **in…place** just as proudly/with just such a proud sense of his own status

191 **broad** physically large/outspoken, unrestrained keeps **keeps** to

192 **factious** divisive, faction-forming **rails on** denounces, rants about

194 **slave** rogue, wretch/lackey **gall** bitterness **coins…mint** invents insults as fast as a mint coins money

196 **exposure** vulnerable situation

197 **How…danger** however abundantly we are surrounded by dangers

198 **tax our policy** criticize our strategy/condemn our diplomacy

200 **Forestall prescience** obstruct forward planning

201 **that of hand** physical combat/immediate action

202 **contrive** plan

203 **fitness** the right moment/a proper state of readiness **know…weight** by careful observation judge the enemy’s strength

205 **hath…dignity** is not deemed worth a finger (in relation to the whole body)

206 **bed-work** armchair strategy, dreaming up of plans **mapp’ry** mapmaking **closet-war** i.e., war conducted from the study

207 **ram** battering ram

208 **For** due to **rudeness…poise** brute force of its impact

209 **place…engine** value more highly than the man who designed it

210 **fineness…souls** subtlety of their intelligence

211 **his execution** the operation of the battering ram

212 **Let…sons** if this is the case then Achilles’ horse is worth many an Achilles (son of **Thetis**)

213 ***Tucket*** personal trumpet call

216 **’fore** before

220 **fair** courteous

221 **surety** security **arm** might, power

222 **’Fore…heads** foremost among or leading the Greek army

224 **leave** permission **large** comprehensive/generous

229 **waken reverence** summon a respectful demeanor (in myself)

231 **coldly** with the chill of dawn/chastely, modestly

232 **Phoebus** Roman name for the sun god

237 **free** honorable, generous **debonair** gracious **unarmed** i.e., during peacetime

238 **bending** bowing, reverential **fame** reputation

239 **galls** spirit to resent insult

241 **Jove’s accord** with Jove’s favor

242 **Nothing…heart** no one is so courageous

244 **distains his worth** sullies its value

245 **If…forth** if the subject of praise does the praising himself

246 **repining** begrudging, discontented **commends** compliments

247 **That…blows** fame broadcasts that praise **sole** entirely/incomparably

254 **trumpet** trumpeter

255 **sense…bent** hearing in an attentive direction

257 **frankly** freely

263 **mettle** spirit (picks up on **brass** to play on the sense of “metal”)

267 **dull** lifeless, inactive

270 **fair’st** noblest, most honorable

271 **ease** personal comfort

274 **That…loves** who loves his lady more than can be demonstrated by mere words and potentially untrustworthy vows

277 **In…hers** by taking up weapons rather than remaining in her embraces

281 **compass** embrace

282 **will** will come

284 **rouse** challenge, stir up (with sexual connotations)

286 **retires** returns

287 **sunburnt** dark or tanned complexions were considered unattractive

288 **splinter…lance** breaking a lance in combat (lance plays on the sense of “penis”) Even so much i.e., that is the sum of my message

290 **soul** inner conviction, spirit kind matter, business

292 **mere** recreant complete coward

293 **not** not to be not not been

297 **grandsire** grandfather sucked i.e., was a baby

301 **beaver** helmet’s visor

302 **vantbrace** armor for the forearm brawn muscle, arm

304 **grandam** grandmother

305 **flood** full flow, vigorous health

306 **pawn** pledge **three…blood** i.e., what little blood I have left

310 **pavilion** ceremonial tent

317 **conception** plan/notion (with connotations of pregnancy)

318 **Be…shape** i.e., help me to develop and give birth to this idea

321 **Blunt…knots** blunt tools are needed to split tough knotty wood, i.e., Achilles must be stopped by decisive action **seeded** planted/matured, overgrown

322 **blown up** become swollen/bloomed/become infected

323 **rank** puffed up/overabundantly growing/diseased or either

324 **shedding** spilling/scattering seed nursery training ground/collection of young plants like similar

325 **overbulk** outgrow, dominate

327 **gallant** fine, splendid/brave

328 **spread…name** issued to everyone

330 **perspicuous…up** as obvious as wealth, whose enormity is revealed in little digits

332 **in…strain** when it is announced publicly, have no doubt

334 **banks** of Libya shores of the Libyan desert

335 **dry** barren, dull

336 **celerity** swiftness

337 **on** at

338 **wake…answer** will it rouse him to respond

339 **meet** fitting oppose put forward as an opponent

340 **from…off** acquit himself honorably against Hector

341 **sportful** recreational, not pursued to the death

342 **trial** contest, test of skill opinion reputation

343 **taste…repute** sample our most precious reputation

344 **fin'st** refined, most discerning

345 **imputation** reputation oddly poised unbalanced, i.e., at great risk

346 **wild** reckless success result, outcome

347 **particular** specific to the individual fighter scantling guideline, measure

348 **the general** everyone

349 **indexes** tables of contents/prefaces pricks marks, indicators (plays on the sense of "penis")

350 **To** compared to subsequent volumes the following main portion of the book (with erectile connotations)

351 **baby figure** i.e., microcosm (plays on the idea of conception)

352 **at** large in full (plays on the idea of pregnancy)

353 **issues** results (plays on the sense of "is born")

355 **election** basis for choice boil distill by boiling

356 **distilled** extracted, refined

357 **miscarrying** should he fail

358 **heart** spirit, encouragement hence this (failure) part side, i.e., the Trojans

359 **steel…themselves** strengthen their good opinion of themselves (steel plays on “steal”)

360 **Which…limbs** which opinion being held, limbs become weapons no less effective than the swords and bows controlled by those limbs

364 **meet** fitting meet encounter in combat

365 **foulest** most unattractive

366 **perchance** perhaps

371 **strange followers** i.e., undesirable outcomes (regardless of whether Achilles wins or loses)

373 **shares** takes

375 **insolent** arrogant

376 **were…sun** would be better off shriveling up under the African sun

377 **salt** bitter, stinging (perhaps, picking up on parch, with connotations of “thirst-provoking, drying out”)

378 **scape** escape fair successfully

379 **did…crush** would destroy the chief part of our reputation

380 **taint** the dishonoring

381 **device** strategy, trick blockish stupid

382 **sort** lot

383 **allowance** acknowledgment

384 **physic** dose with medicine, cure Myrmidon i.e., Achilles (who led a band of Myrmidon warriors from Thessaly)

385 **broils** basks, glows fall lower, let fall

386 **crest** feathers on his helmet (with connotations of the strutting cock’s crest) Iris i.e., the rainbow (of which Iris, the messenger of the Greek gods, was goddess) bends arches

387 **come safe off** emerges successfully from the combat

388 **dress…voices** cover him with praise/we can retain the general conviction

389 **Yet…opinion** we can maintain our reputation

391 **Our…assumes** the outcome of our plan comes down to this

392 **employed** used in this way

394 **relish** taste, appreciate

396 **straight** straightaway

397 **curs** dogs
398 **tarre** incite, provoke

Act 2 Scene 1

2 **how** what **full** everywhere/big, swollen generally everywhere (puns on Agamemnon’s rank as general)

4 **run** seep (sense then shifts to “run away”) **Say so** say it were so **did** would

5 **botchy core** boil-covered body/flawed (i.e., cowardly) heart (core may pun on “corps,” i.e., “soldiers stationed on guard”; it can also mean “hardened mass in the centre of a boil”)

7 **matter** pus/significant subject matter, reason

9 **mongrel** alludes to Ajax’s Greek/Trojan ancestry; his mother Hesione was sister to King Priam, his father was the Greek Telamon **beef-witted** thickheaded, brainless

10 **whinid’st** moldiest **leaven** agent used to ferment dough **beat** plays on the idea of kneading dough

11 **handsomeness** graciousness, courtesy (playing on the antithetical idea of a beating making Thersites more physically handsome)

12 **rail** berate, rant **wit** intelligence **holiness** respectful piety

13 **con** memorize

14 **red murrain** bloody plague (literally, disease affecting cattle and sheep)

jade’s tricks worthless horse’s bad habits/whore’s acts (picks up on **strike** as “copulate”)

15 **Toadstool** poisonous mushroom (plays on the sense of “toad’s excrement”) **learn me** inform me of

16 **sense** feeling

19 **porcupine** suggesting Thersites’ prickly nature **itch** i.e., to beat you

21 **scab** crust covering a wound/rascal

23 **on** at

24 **Cerberus** three-headed guard dog of the classical underworld

Proserpina Roman goddess of the classical underworld

28 **Cobloaf** a small loaf of bread with a round head

29 **pun** pound **shivers** splinters, pieces **sailor…biscuit** ships’ biscuits were proverbially dry and brittle

30 **whoreson cur** bastard dog **whoreson** son of a whore (a common term of abuse)

32 **stool** stool/seat containing a toilet/ducking stool

33 **sodden-witted** stupid/drunken

34 **asinico** little ass (from Spanish *asnico*) **scurvy-valiant** supremely worthless

35 **bought and sold** betrayed for a bribe

36 **barbarian** uncivilized or savage foreigner **use** continue, make it a habit **tell** reveal/count

37 **bowels** depths, sensitivity (given Ajax's size, plays ironically on the sense of "substance, internal organs")

39 **scurvy** contemptible, worthless

41 **Mars his** Mars' (Roman god of war) **rudeness** rough, ill-mannered one **camel** i.e., ungainly, misshapen one

42 **Wherefore** why

49 **Well** all right, very well/closely, properly (Thersites' sense in the previous line)

50 **well** approvingly

51 **Ajax** perhaps puns on "a jakes," i.e., a toilet

53 **that** fool i.e., Ajax

54 **Therefore…thee** i.e., it is because I forgot myself that I beat you (though Ajax unwittingly agrees that he is a fool)

55 **Lo** look **modicums** tiny amounts **evasions** verbal shuffling, dodges **ears thus long** i.e., long ass's ears

56 **bobbed** cheated/pummeled

57 **sparrows** i.e., creatures of little value **pia mater** brain (literally the membrane covering the brain)

65 **stop** fill up **eye** probably plays on the sense of "vagina"

67 **that he** him

70 **to** against; wit may have genital connotations and fool's penises were proverbially supposed to be large

71 **warrant** assure

72 **Good words** i.e., speak more appropriately, be courteous

74 **owl** i.e., dullard **tenor** substance, nature

79 **service** performance of duty/military service/beating **sufferance** compulsory/suffering

80 **the voluntary** voluntarily **as…impress** conscripted/marked with beatings

81 **E'en so** exactly **there be liars** i.e., reports are untrue

83 **were as good** might as well **fusty** old, moldy

84 **with** i.e., will you argue with

85 **ere** before **grandsires** grandfathers

86 **yoke…war** i.e., they make you do the work

89 **good sooth** in good truth **To** the call of a plowman urging on his oxen

93 **peace** puns on “piece,” i.e., genitals **brach** bitch, i.e., (homosexual) whore

94 **There’s** i.e., there’s an insult

95 **clodpolls** idiots, blockheads

96 **keep** lodge, dwell

98 **host** army

99 **fifth…sun** i.e., eleven a.m.

100 **’twixt** between

102 **stomach** appetite for fighting, courage

104 **answer him** respond to the challenge/oppose him

106 **knew** would know

Act 2 Scene 2

2.2 ***Location:*** *Troy*

3 **Deliver** release

4 **As** suchas travail labor, exertion

5 **dear** revered, valued

6 **cormorant** greedy, voracious (from the large seabird of that name)

7 **struck off** canceled

9 **touches my particular** I am concerned

10 **dread** deeply honored, revered

11 **bowels** sensitivity, compassion

14 **surety** confidence, security

15 **secure** overconfident modest doubt reasonable caution

16 **tent** surgical probe

17 **worst** i.e., worst wound

18 **question** issue, dispute

19 **tithe** soul tenth life/life taken as war’s tithe tithe the tenth of one’s annual income due to the Church dimes tenths

23 **Had…name** even if it (Helen) were Trojan one ten i.e., one Trojan life

24 **reason** argument, reasoning

26 **Fie** expression of disgust or reproach

28 **scale…ounces** i.e., one designed to weigh light, inconsequential things

29 **counters** worthless tokens used to represent coins in calculation sum add up, total

30 **The…infinite** the immeasurable value of his infinite worth

31 **fathomless** too large to measure

32 **spans** measures of nine inches (roughly equivalent to a handspan)

34 **reasons** may pun on “raisins”

36 **Bear…affairs** rule over matters of state

37 **your…so** you urge him to act unreasonably

39 **fur…reason** i.e., live in comfort, prefer appeasement for an easy life

42 **flies** flees **object** sight

46 **chidden** scolded **Mercury** Jove’s messenger, usually depicted with wings on his sandals

47 **disorbed** out of its orbit

49 **hard** dishonorably callous, cruel/lean, deprived (many editors prefer Quarto's "hare," i.e., timid) fat fatten, feed up

50 **crammed** force-fed/overfed/fat

51 **livers** considered the seat of the passions, including courage lustihood vigor

53 **The holding** to keep hold of

54 **aught** anything (worth) **valued** i.e., by others, externally

55 **particular will** individual preference

56 **his** its **estimate and dignity** value and worth

57 **As well** both **of itself** intrinsically

58 **As** and prizer one who values it

59 **the service** performance (of worship)

60 **dotes** is mad/is infatuated **is inclinable To** inclines towards

61 **what…affects** something it loves in a diseased manner/whatever infectious object it loves

62 **image…merit** appearance of worth in that object

63 **I** if I were to **election** choice

64 **in the conduct** under the guidance **will** wish, desire/intention, determination/carnal appetite/genitals, usually "penis"

66 **traded** experienced

67 **avoid** reject, get rid of

68 **distaste** (now) dislikes

69 **evasion** evasive argument, subterfuge

70 **blench** turn away, shrink **stand firm by** i.e., retain, plays on "erection"

72 **remainder** viands leftover food

73 **unrespective** sieve undiscriminating basket (for scraps)

74 **meet** fitting (puns on "meat," i.e., food)

76 **bellied** filled, swelled

77 **wranglers** quarrelsome opponents

78 **touched** reached, landed at

79 **for** in retaliation for **aunt** i.e., Hesione, Ajax's mother and sister of Priam; she was rescued from a sea monster by Hercules and given to the Greek Telamon; plays on slang sense of "prostitute," "bawd"

80 **Grecian queen** i.e., Helen

81 **Wrinkles** Apollo's makes the sun god Apollo seem wrinkled

84 **price…ships** echoes Faustus' line to Helen in Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus* ("Was this the face that launched a thousand ships") **above** more than

86 **avouch** affirm

87 **must needs** must necessarily do

91 **issue** outcome **proper** own **rate** berate, condemn

92 **do…did** i.e., behave even more inconsistently than fortune

93 **Beggar the estimation** render worthless the valued object

96 **But** but we are/we are merely

97 **That…place** who insulted them in their own land and are afraid to justify the deed in ours ***hair…ears*** a conventional sign of distress or madness

107 **mid-age** the middle-aged

108 **Soft** tender, vulnerable

109 **betimes** early, in advance

110 **moiety** part/half **moan** grief, lamentation

111 **Practise** employ, make use of

113 **firebrand** when pregnant, Paris' mother, Hecuba, dreamed that she would give birth to a firebrand that would burn down Troy

116 **high strains** exalted lyrical outpourings

117 **work** bring about, activate

118 **remorse** pity, regret **blood** passion/temper (suggests sexual passion)

120 **success** outcome

121 **qualify the same** moderate, pacify it

123 **think** believe, deem

124 **Such…it** to be shaped solely by the way that things turn out

125 **deject** lessen

126 **raptures** fits

127 **distaste** make distasteful **goodness** virtue, rightfulness

128 **several** various/individual

129 **gracious** righteous, honorable **For…part** in my personal case

130 **touched** affected

132 **Such…maintain** anything that might offend even the least courageous among us and make him unwilling to fight in its defense

134 **Else** otherwise **convince** convict **levity** wantonness, immorality

135 **As well** both **as** and **counsels** advice, opinion

136 **attest** call to witness

137 **propension** inclination

138 **dire** dangerous

139 **can…arms** can my arms achieve alone **arms** limbs/weapons

140 **propugnation** defense, justification

141 **stand the push** withstand the attack

143 **pass** undergo

146 **faint** slacken

148 **besotted** intoxicated, drunk

149 **these** i.e., these other Trojans **gall** bitterness (i.e., the hostilities resulting from Paris' abduction of Helen)

150 **So** therefore/in this manner **praise** virtue

151 **propose** bring up for consideration

153 **soil** stain, dishonor **her fair rape** the abduction of one so beautiful/the honorable abduction of her (rape's more sinister connotations are picked up in ransacked)

154 **honourable keeping her** the honorable keeping of her

155 **were it** would it be **ransacked** violated/carried off as plunder

157 **her possession** our holding of her

159 **strain** trait, tendency

160 **generous** noble

161 **meanest spirit** most low-born soul/most small-minded character **party** side

162 **Without** who has not

164 **were ill bestowed** would be unworthily given **death unfamed** whose death would go uncelebrated

170 **glozed** expounded, explained

171 **Aristotle** famous Greek philosopher; in fact, he lived several centuries after the Trojan war

173 **allege** put forward **conduce** lead, tend

174 **distempered** imbalanced (in which the four bodily fluids believed to govern individual temperament are disordered)

175 **free determination** unbiased judgment

177 **adders** in order to resist snake charmers, the adder supposedly blocked one ear with its tail and placed the other to the ground

179 **dues** debts **rendered** given up, returned

180 **nearer** more pressing/more intimate

182 **affection** passion, desire

183 **that** if **of partial** out of self-interested

184 **benumbèd** paralyzed, powerless **the same** i.e., nature’s law

187 **refractory** rebellious, stubborn

192 **extenuates not** does not lessen

193 **heavy** serious

194 **in way of** as a point of, in terms of

195 **spritely** animated, full of spirit **propend** incline, yield

196 **still** nevertheless/always

197 **hath…dependence** i.e., depends in no small measure

198 **joint** collective **several** individual **dignities** honors

199 **touched…design** hit on the essence of our undertaking

200 **affected** were concerned with, cultivated

201 **performance…spleens** working out of our impassioned anger

204 **theme** subject, cause (for action)

205 **magnanimous** heroic, courageous

206 **Whose present courage** the ready courage of which

207 **canonize** memorialize, revere

210 **smiles…forehead** looks favorably in the face

211 **For** in exchange for **revenue** wealth

214 **roisting** rousing, swaggering

216 **Will** that will

217 **advertised** informed **general** i.e., Agamemnon

218 **emulation** ignoble ambition, divisive rivalry

Act 2 Scene 3

2.3 ***Location:*** *the Greek camp* **solus** “alone” (Latin)

2 **elephant** i.e., large, clumsy, thick-skinned **carry it** win the day **rail** rant, verbally abuse **satisfaction** recompense, compensation (sarcastic)

3 **Would** I wish **’Sfoot** by God’s foot

4 **conjure** invoke **but I’ll see** if it takes that to see **issue** result **execrations** curses

5 **rare** fine, splendid **engineer** constructor of military works/contriver, plotter

6 **undermine** lay mines underneath **of themselves** by their own accord

7 **thunder-darter** thrower of thunderbolts (Jove’s personal weapon)

8 **craft** cunning/skill **caduceus** Mercury’s wand, which featured two serpents entwined about it

9 **short-armed** inadequate, lacking in reach

10 **circumvention** craft, power to outwit **deliver** release

11 **massy** heavy, massive **irons** swords **After** following, as a result of

12 **bone-ache** i.e., syphilis, which weakens the bones

13 **dependent on** hanging over/attendant upon **placket** the slit at the front of a skirt or petticoat, hence “woman/vagina”

16 **gilt counterfeit** false coin

17 **slipped** plays on “slip,” another term for a counterfeit coin

contemplation mind, thoughts (Thersites has forgotten to curse Patroclus along with Ajax and Achilles) **thyself upon thyself** i.e., may you be cursed by being yourself

18 **revenue** abundance

19 **bless** save, protect **discipline** learning, instruction **blood** impulses, passions (rather than reason)

20 **direction** guide **lays thee out** prepares you for burial **fair** virtuous/attractive/undiseased

21 **shrouded** wrapped in a shroud, prepared for burial **lazars** lepers (sometimes confused with syphilitics)

27 **cheese** thought to aid digestion

28 **served…meals** i.e., come to see me for such a long time

32 **Thy knower** one who knows you

35 **decline** go through in order (grammatical term)

38 **done** finished

39 **privileged man** i.e., professional fool allowed to speak without restraint

42 **Derive** explain, trace the source of (grammatical term)

43 **offer** dare, presume/attempt

44 **of** by

45 **fool positive** absolute fool

47 **Make…to** ask that question of **suffices** is enough for

50 **patchery** trickery **juggling** cheating, deceiving **All the argument** the entire subject (of the war)

51 **cuckold…whore** i.e., Menelaus and Helen **cuckold** man with an unfaithful wife **draw** bring about, generate

52 **serpigo** skin disease/venereal disease **subject** whole business/the cause, Helen

53 **confound** destroy, overcome

55 **ill disposed** indisposed, unwell

57 **shent** abused, insulted **lay by** put aside

58 **appertainments** prerogatives of rank **visiting of** in visiting

59 **of** of this **so** i.e., in case

60 **move…place** insist on the issue of our authority

65 **lion-sick** i.e., sick with pride

68 **bay** bark, howl

69 **inveigled** lured away

72 **matter** subject matter/material for arguing **his argument** subject matter/subject of his complaints, i.e., Thersites

73 **he…Achilles** Achilles is his new cause for complaint as he has taken away his old one, Thersites

74 **fraction…faction** we prefer them quarreling to forming a faction against us **it…disunite** it must have been a strong faction if a fool could divide it (sarcastic)

76 **amity** friendship, unity

79 **elephant…courtesy** elephants were thought to lack leg joints that would enable them to kneel

82 **sport** recreation/exercise

83 **noble state** group of nobles

84 **it…other** i.e., it is for no other reason

86 **breath** i.e., of fresh air

90 **apprehensions** understanding (plays on the sense “arrest”)

91 **attribute** reputation, honor

93 **of…beheld** upheld by him

95 **fair** fresh, attractive **unwholesome** unsightly, contaminated

96 **like** likely

97 **sin** i.e., lie, do wrong

99 **under-honest** less than honorable **self-assumption…judgement** more arrogant than of good judgment/greater in his own estimation than those of good judgment know him to be

100 **worthier…on** worthier men than he wait here on account of the uncivil aloofness he affects

102 **command** authority

103 **underwrite…predominance** submit in a deferential manner to his prevailing mood

104 **humorous** relating to the four bodily humors thought to govern mood

105 **pettish lunes** petulant fits

106 **passage** progress **carriage** conduct **action** enterprise, i.e., the war

107 **Rode…tide** i.e., relied on him

108 **overhold** overestimate

109 **none** of have nothing to do with engine piece of military equipment

110 **lie under** be subject to

111 **this** i.e., this engine (Achilles)

112 **stirring** active **allowance** approval, praise

113 **Before** over, rather than

114 **presently** immediately

115 **In second voice** i.e., with a reply conveyed through a messenger

121 **subscribe** confirm, endorse

123 **gentle** courteous, honorable

125 **the clearer** more innocent

126 **glass** mirror **trumpet** announcer chronicle record

127 **but…deed** other than in performing worthy deeds **devours** consumes the value of

128 **engendering** mating/offspring, spawn

130 **field** battlefield

133 **stream…dispose** course of his inclination

134 **observance** notice/consideration/respect **respect** notice/regard for

135 **will peculiar** personal inclination, independent will **self-admission** self-approbation, self-centeredness

136 **fair** courteous/legitimate

137 **Untent his person** emerge from his tent

138 **for…only** simply because they are requested

139 **greatness** self-worth

140 **speaks…self-breath** i.e., he is almost too proud to speak

142 **hot** fired-up/passionate/angry

144 **Kingdomed Achilles** Achilles, as if he were a kingdom **commotion** rebellion/agitation

146 **plaguy** insufferably, damnably **death-tokens** fatal symptoms

150 **holds** regards

151 **from himself** i.e., away from his arrogant, self-absorbed behavior

153 **We'll consecrate** we would rather bless

154 **from** away from

155 **seam** fat, grease

156 **suffers** allows

157 **revolve…himself** involve contemplating and meditating on himself

159 **Of…he?** by one whom we consider more worthy of worship (i.e., Ajax)

161 **stale** cheapen, lower the dignity of **palm** honor (literally, palm leaf, a symbol of victory or prowess)

162 **assubjugate** demean, debase

163 **As…is** granted that Achilles is well-reputed

164 **were** would be **enlard** fatten, smear with grease **fat-already** already bloated

165 **add…Hyperion** increase summer's heat (the sun, Hyperion, enters the zodiacal sign of Cancer at the beginning of summer)

169 **rubs…him** stirs up his temperament, plays on his disposition

171 **armèd** armored/ready

172 **pash** smash, strike

174 **An a** if he **proud** haughty **pheeze** fix, do for

176 **worth…quarrel** all the cost attendant on our war with the Trojans

180 **The…blackness** i.e., Ajax condemns Achilles for faults he himself possesses (ravens are black)

181 **let…blood** draw his blood to balance his bodily humors (as doctors bled their patients)

183 **An** if

185 **A** he **bear it** behave **eat swords** i.e., be stabbed (possibly puns on “eat his words”) **carry it** prevail

186 **An ’twould** if it did **carry half** i.e., bear half the load of pride

187 **ten shares** ten tenths, all of it

188 **knead** mould (like dough), i.e., strike

189 **through** thoroughly **Force** stuff, cram

190 **dry** shriveled/thirsty

191 **feed…dislike** brood too much on Achilles’ dissension

194 **naming of him** repeated reference to Achilles, constant citing of his heroism

195 **a man** i.e., Ajax

198 **emulous** greedy for praise, filled with ambitious rivalry

199 **Know…world** let the whole world know

200 **palter** equivocate, be evasive

205 **surly borne** bore himself in an arrogant manner

206 **strange** aloof, distant **self-affected** egotistical, self-loving

207 **lord** i.e., Ajax **composure** temperament

208 **got** begot, conceived **gave thee suck** suckled you

209 **Fame** renown, honor **thy…erudition** may your natural qualities exceed three-fold anything learned

211 **disciplined** trained

212 **eternity** i.e., eternal fame **twain** two

214 **Milo** Greek athlete of the sixth century BC, famed for carrying a bull on his shoulders **addition** title, claim to fame

216 **bourn** boundary **pale** fenced area, enclosure **shore** border, shoreline **confines** encloses, contains

217 **dilated parts** extensive qualities (sarcastically plays on Ajax’s large physical size)

218 **antiquary** ancient

221 **green** youthful **tempered** molded, composed

222 **have…of** be superior to

226 **ruled** guided, directed

227 **tarrying** (point in) delaying **hart** male deer

228 **Keeps** stays hidden in the

229 **state** council

231 **main of power** full force

233 **cull their flower** select their very best **cope** match/encounter (in combat)

235 **draw deep** require deeper water (due to their weight)

Act 3 Scene 1

3.1 ***Location:*** *Troy*

1 **follow** serve, attend (the servant plays on the literal sense)

3 **depend upon** serve, wait on

4 **the lord** i.e., Paris, but plays on the sense of “God”

5 **must needs** must

8 **superficially** slightly/by sight

10 **know…better** get to know your lordship better/see you become a better man

12 **You…grace?** Are you in receipt of the divine favor necessary for salvation? (but Pandarus understands “Are you a duke eligible to be addressed as ‘your grace’?”)

13 **Grace? Not so** here Pandarus declares such a title inappropriate for his rank

20 **pleasure** command (the servant deliberately understands “enjoyment”)

23 **Who…sir?** the servant willfully misunderstands Pandarus to be giving him an instruction

24 **courtly** refined, possessed of the manners and language of the court

too cunning clever, skillful/devious

26 **to’t** to the point

27 **Venus** Roman goddess of love **heart-blood** i.e., life blood, essence

30 **find out that** work that out

32 **complimental** courteous

33 **seethes** boils with urgency (with sodden and stewed the servant picks up on connotations of the “boiling” effects of syphilis and of the sweating treatments used to try and cure it)

34 **Sodden** boiled/limp, flaccid (phallic connotations) **business** may play on the sense of “sexual activity”; conceivably plays on a sense of “penis” **stewed** saturated (puns on a “stew” or brothel)

35 **Fair** i.e., fair wishes (sense shifts to “elegant” and then “pleasing”) **fair measure** just proportion

36 **fairly** favorably

38 **fair** charming, flattering

39 **pleasure** thoughts, wishes

40 **broken** arranged in parts, for different instruments or voices

41 **broke** interrupted **cousin** friendly form of address among social equals

42 **piece it out** put it back together **piece** part of a song **Nell** nickname for Helen **harmony** tuneful singing/agreeable sentiments

45 **Rude** (I am) unaccomplished, unpolished

46 **fits** spurts, fits and starts (plays on the sense of “section of a poem or song”)

47 **to** with **vouchsafe** permit, grant

49 **hedge us out** exclude, get rid of me

50 **pleasant** merry, jocular

53 **queen** plays on “quean” meaning “prostitute”

55 **bob** cheat, swindle **melancholy** ill temper, sullenness

58 **sour** i.e., the antithesis of sweet

59 **serve your turn** meet your purpose, i.e., win the argument **la** exclamation used for emphasis

60 **desires** requests

64 **in hand** underway **sups** dines

66 **My…you** my friend Paris will get cross with you (for your repeated interruptions)

68 **disposer** unclear meaning; perhaps “one who controls arrangements” hence possibly “courtly mistress” or, similarly, “one who may dispose of me as she wishes” (said playfully)

69 **wide** i.e., of the mark

70 **make excuse** i.e., on behalf of Troilus

73 **I spy** i.e., I see what’s going on here

77 **horrible** horribly, extremely **thing** plays on the sense of “penis”

79 **twain** at odds, have nothing in common (Helen plays on the literal sense of “two”)

80 **Falling…out** making up after arguing (falling in plays on the notion of sexual penetration) **make them three** i.e., result in childbirth

82 **fine forehead** commanding countenance

83 **you may** i.e., you may have your joke, so you say

84 **be** be about **undo** ruin

86 **good now** please, be so good

89 **love’s** i.e., Cupid’s **bow** plays on the sense of “penis”

90 **Shoots** plays on the sense of “ejaculates (in)” **buck and doe** male and female (deer)

91 **shaft** arrow of love/penis **confounds Not that** does not damage what

93 **tickles** sexually excites **still** continually **the sore** wound/vagina (sore plays on the sense of “four-year-old male deer”)

94 **O, ho** i.e., groans of pain/cries of sexual pleasure **die** plays on the sense of “orgasm”

95 **to kill** that will prove fatal

96 **ha, ha, he** i.e., laughter/increasingly excited sexual cries

99 **O…out** possibly also suggestive of the subsequent pains of childbirth

101 **In love** you’re in love **tip...nose** i.e., completely (nose plays on the sense of “penis”)

102 **doves** birds associated with love; they pulled Venus’ chariot **hot blood** sexual desire

103 **begets** conceives

104 **generation of love** how love is created

105 **vipers** proverbially vicious offspring **afield** on the battlefield

107 **gallantry** gallant warriors

108 **fain** gladly **chance** comes it

110 **He...lip** Pandarus pouts, looks vexed/Troilus is sulking

111 **sped** fared/succeeded

113 **To a hair** i.e., down to the last detail

118 **woo** entreat

119 **unarm** remove armor from

121 **more obey** be more obedient **edge** sword edge

123 **island kings** kings from the Greek islands

125 **of us** from me

126 **palm** honor **in...have** than I have from my beauty

128 **above thought** beyond thought itself (perhaps suggests the rashness of Paris’ actions in obtaining Helen)

Act 3 Scene 2

3.2 ***Man*** manservant

2 **stays** waits **conduct** escort

4 **Sirrah** sir (used to a social inferior)

5 **cousin** i.e., niece (the term could designate any close relative)

6 **stalk** move stealthily (hunting term, used of an approach to the prey)

7 **strange** foreign, newly arrived **Stygian banks** banks of the Styx, the river that the souls of the dead had to cross to reach the underworld

8 **waftage** conveyance by water **Charon** the ferryman who transported departed souls to the underworld

9 **fields** the Elysian fields, the dwelling place of blessed souls in the underworld

10 **lily-beds** with connotations of the sexual bed/vagina

11 **Proposed** promised

12 **painted** brightly colored/artificial/as depicted in paintings

14 **i'th'orchard** in the garden **straight** straightaway

16 **imaginary relish** imagined taste

17 **sense** senses/power of reason **be** be like

18 **wat'ry** tasteless/watering in anticipation **indeed** in reality

19 **thrice-repurèd** thrice-refined, purified **nectar** with connotations of sexual juices **Death** with connotations of orgasm

20 **fine** refined, pure

21 **subtle-potent** powerfully refined **sharp** high-pitched (plays on the sense of "pungent-tasting, acidic" to provide antithesis with sweetness)

22 **capacity** capability, understanding **ruder** coarser, more uncultivated **powers** faculties

24 **lose…joys** be unable to distinguish one pleasure from another

25 **battle** battalion **on heaps** in a mass, all together

26 **flying** retreating

27 **her** herself **witty** sharp, clever, amusing

28 **fetches…short** is so breathless **fraid with** frightened by **sprite** ghost

29 **prettiest** most delightful, charming **villain** here a playful term **new-ta'en** newly captured

30 **sparrow** proverbially lecherous birds, sacred to Venus

31 **Even** exactly

32 **thicker** faster

33 **bestowing** use, function

34 **vassalage** subordination, a servant **at unawares** unexpectedly

38 **watched** kept awake (a method used to tame and train hawks) **Come your ways** come along

39 **draw backward** retreat, shy away **i'th'fills** in the shafts of a cart (like a horse)

40 **draw this curtain** i.e., draw back your veil (paintings are sometimes kept behind curtains to protect them from the light) **picture** i.e., face

41 **close** come close/embrace intimately/bring matters to a close

42 **rub…mistress** a bowling metaphor; to rub is to negotiate obstacles in the way of the ball (playing on the idea of sexual friction), and to kiss the mistress to touch the target ball (with obvious sexual suggestion) **kiss in fee-farm** i.e., a prolonged kiss **fee-farm** the absolute possession of land subject to a fixed rent

43 **air** i.e., Cressida's breath **fight…out** compete to outdo one another in love (fighting plays on the notion of sexual grappling)

44 **falcon…tercel** i.e., female is as vigorous as the male **tercel** a male hawk **for…river** I'll bet you all the ducks on the river

45 **bereft** deprived

46 **pay no debts** i.e., count for little (to pay one's debt also means to have sex) **deeds** actions/sexual acts/legal documents

47 **activity** sexual performance **billing** kissing, caressing (like doves)/drawing up a legal document/entering items in a financial account **'In…interchangeably'** phrase used in indentures (legal contract that was halved along a zigzag line to form two documents that, when placed together, were a unique match—in this context, may suggest sexual coupling)

48 **fire** suggestive of sexual passion

52 **pretty** artful/charming **abruption** breaking off

53 **curious** subtle, well-hidden **dreg** impurity, sediment

56 **seeing reason leads** is guided by clear-sighted reason

58 **apprehend** conceive of, perceive/fear **in…pageant** spectacle, show, entertainment

60 **nothing monstrous** nothing unnatural (possibly plays on phallic connotations of monstrous and "thing" to suggest "no huge penis")

61 **undertakings** (lover's) responsibilities, vows (plays on the sense of "copulations")

62 **imposition enough** sufficiently difficult tasks

63 **monstruosity in** extraordinary nature of (variant form of "monstrosity")

64 **will** desire/sexual appetite/penis **execution confined** acting on it limited

65 **the act** human endeavor/the sexual act

67 **reserve** keep back **the…ten** the ability of ten other lovers/the maximum, 100 percent

70 **such** such men **Such…we** I am not one **tasted** tested/sampled sexually **allow** praise/accept, approve

71 **prove** plays on the sense of "perform sexually" **head** may play on the sense of "head of the penis" (which will be "crowned" vaginally) **crown it** i.e., with a victor's wreaths **perfection in reversion** promise of future achievement

72 **desert** deserving, merit

73 **addition** title, name **Few…faith** truth needs few words (proverbial)

74 **as…truth** that the worst malice can do is mock Troilus' faith and constancy

78 **folly** foolishness/lechery **I…you** bestow as a gift to you/hold you responsible for

79 **get** begets, conceives **give him me** i.e., name him after me

80 **flinch** fall short, recoil (also suggests detumescence or sexual reluctance)

83 **burrs** prickly seed-heads that stick easily to clothing

84 **thrown** plays on the sense of "thrown down sexually, seduced")

85 **Boldness** courage/sexual immodesty

91 **play the tyrant** i.e., have mastery over me/behave in a cruel manner

93 **But…it** that I could not control it

94 **unbridled** uncontrolled, not reigned in

100 **privilege** advantage/license

104 **Cunning** skilled, clever

105 **soul of counsel** innermost secret thoughts

106 **shall** I shall

111 **this time** the time being

114 **content you** be contented, be quiet

120 **unkind** unnatural

121 **fool** plaything

123 **Well…wisely** those who speak so wisely must know what they are saying

124 **Perchance** perhaps (you think) **craft** skill/cunning

125 **roundly** openly, frankly **large** unrestrained, outspoken/full

126 **wise** i.e., as you didn’t take the bait

128 **that** that ability (to be wise and in love)

130 **presume** presume that it is

131 **aye** ever

132 **plight** youthful good health

133 **outward** outward appearance

134 **renew swifter** renew itself more quickly **blood decays** passion wanes/aging occurs

137 **affronted** matched, set face to face

138 **winnowed** refined (like wheat separated from chaff)

139 **were I** would I be

140 **truth’s simplicity** simple truth

141 **simpler…truth** more sincere than truth at its purest

145 **swains** lovers

146 **Approve** attest, confirm **their…Troilus** with reference to Troilus

147 **protest** declarations of love **big compare** extravagant comparisons

148 **Want** lack **tired** having been exhausted, rendered cliche´d **iteration** repetition

149 **plantage** plant life, vegetation (which supposedly grew more effectively under moonlight)

150 **turtle** turtledove (a proverbially faithful bird)

151 **adamant** legendary magnetic rock **th’center** its center (thought to be the point to which everything was drawn)

152 **comparisons** i.e., similes

153 **authentic** most authoritative, legitimate

154 **crown up** add the final touches to/dignify

155 **numbers** poetic meter

157 **false** untrue, unfaithful **a hair** i.e., even a very tiny amount

161 **characterless** featureless/leaving no trace, no written records **grated** eroded

167 **Pard** leopard **hind** female deer **stepdame** stepmother

168 **stick the heart** pierce the center

170 **seal it** plays on the sense of “have sex”

178 **because** so that **encounters** sexual activities **press…death** punish it severely (alludes to a punishment that involved pressing a suspect with heavy weights until he pleaded innocent or guilty, or died; plays on the sense of “have sex until you orgasm”)

179 **maidens** virgins/young women **here** generally/in the audience

180 **gear** necessary equipment/genitals

Act 3 Scene 3

3.3 ***Location:*** *the Greek camp*

2 **advantage** opportunity, right moment

3 **Appear it** let it appear

4 **sight** foresight, visionary power

5 **possession** property, belongings

7 **From** by turning from **conveniences** advantages

8 **sequest'ring** separating, removing

9 **condition** social position and circumstances

10 **tame** familiar, customary

12 **As** as though **strange** foreign, unfamiliar **unacquainted** unfamiliar/without acquaintances

13 **taste** foretaste, i.e., advance payment

15 **registered in promise** recorded as pledges

16 **live to come** await fulfillment

19 **took** captured

20 **often…therefore** you have often been thanked for doing so

21 **in…exchange** in exchange for a Trojan of rank

23 **wrest** tuning implement (i.e., Antenor is essential to the harmonious operation of Trojan affairs)

24 **slack** slow down, become less effective (like slack strings on an untuned instrument)

25 **Wanting his manage** lacking his guidance

26 **blood** royal lineage

27 **change of** exchange for

29 **strike off** cancel out, pay for

30 **In…pain** with most willing effort

31 **bear him** i.e., take Antenor back

34 **Furnish you fairly** equip yourself fully **interchange** exchange

35 **Withal** in addition

36 **Be answered in** meet the man who will answer

40 **Please it** if it please **strangely** distantly, as if he were a stranger

42 **loose** casual, careless **regard** looks

43 **like** likely

44 **unplausive** disapproving, disdainful

45 **derision medicinable** i.e., a way to use scorn to cure him

48 **glass** mirror

49 **supple…fees** i.e., submissive behavior such as kneeling only encourages arrogance and is the reward the proud man expects

51 **purpose** plan

52 **form** appearance

54 **shake** affect, unsettle

58 **aught** have anything to do

62 **The better** so much the better

71 **Know** recognize

72 **used** accustomed

76 **poor** devalued, insignificant

78 **the declined** man whose fortune has declined, one brought low

81 **mealy** powdery (as if covered with meal or flour) **but** except

83 **but…him** except the honor bestowed by external recognition

84 **as** such as **place** position, rank

85 **of accident** gained by chance, fate

86 **they** i.e., such men **as…standers** like those standing on slippery ground (may play on the sense of “lecherous erections,” in which case **Die…fall** plays on the sense of “orgasm and lose the erection,” enjoy and possess resonate sexually and ample point plays on the sense of “fully erect penis”)

87 **love** i.e., adulation of others **slippery** sense now also includes “fickle”

91 **At ample point** to the full (possibly puns on sexual sense point as penis)

92 **Save** except

93 **such rich beholding** of such high regard

99 **Writes me** writes (me is emphatic) **how…parted** however richly endowed with personal qualities

100 **or…in** either externally or internally

102 **owes** owns, possesses **but by reflection** except in how his qualities are reflected in others’ responses to him

104 **retort** reflect, cast back

108 **but** unless it/but instead it

109 **Not…form** not in leaving and looking back at itself, but through facing another person, which enables the gazers to see themselves mirrored in each other’s eyes

111 **speculation** the power of sight/contemplation, thought

112 **travelled** plays on the sense of “travailed,” i.e., labored/become learned through study

113 **strange** odd/unfamiliar

114 **strain…position** have difficulty accepting the hypothesis

115 **drift** application (of the argument)

116 **his circumstance** the surrounding details of his argument

118 **in…consisting** he is composed of many fine qualities

119 **parts** personal qualities

120 **know…aught** recognize them as anything significant

121 **th’applause…extended** the praise of those who have seen them displayed

122 **who** refers to those applauding or to the applause itself an arch i.e., of a city gate or bridge

123 **voice** praise/vote of approval gate door

124 **Fronting** facing renders returns

125 **His figure** the sun’s shape **wrapt in** involved in, engaged by

126 **apprehended** thought of, recognized

127 **unknown** little known, unacknowledged

128 **horse** i.e., strong (perhaps slyly alludes to Ajax being large and stupid)

129 **That…what** i.e., who knows not what strength he possesses (perhaps also a dig at Ajax’s ignorance)

130 **Most…use** that are considered contemptible but are of immense practical value

131 **again** also/conversely

135 **leave to do** give up/neglect (a reference to Achilles)

136 **creep…hall** creep furtively into fickle fortune’s domain

137 **idiots** jesters, clowns, fools

138 **pride** glory

139 **is…wantonness** starves on account of his willful behavior

141 **lubber** clumsy lout

143 **shrinking** recoiling in fear

147 **wallet** bag, knapsack

148 **alms for oblivion** i.e., admirable deeds destined to be forgotten **alms** charitable offerings

153 **to have done** i.e., to have done a good deed in the past

154 **mail** piece of armor made of chain-mail links

155 **in monumental mock'ry** as a mocking trophy to forgotten glory **instant** immediate, direct

156 **strait** narrow passage, confined path

157 **one…abreast** i.e., one must go in single file **Keep…path** i.e., stick to the path/keep moving along the path

158 **emulation** ambitious rivalry

160 **hedge** aside deviate, shift forthright straight path

161 **entered** inrushing, broken through

162 **hindmost** last

163 **rank** line of attacking troops

164 **for…rear** as a paved thoroughfare for the contemptible troops in the back ranks

168 **slightly** casually, inattentively

169 **as…fly** as if he was about to fly

170 **Grasps** in embraces **ever** always

172 **Remuneration** payment, reward

174 **vigour of bone** bodily strength **desert in service** worthy deeds in war

176 **calumniating** slandering, defaming

177 **touch of nature** natural trait/human weakness **makes…kin** unites all people

178 **with one consent** in mutual agreement, with one voice **new-born gawds** trifling novelties, fashionable trinkets (gawds puns on "gods")

180 **dust…gilt** i.e., worthless objects that are covered with a thin veneer of gold

181 **laud** praise, honor **gilt o'er-dusted** true gold covered with dust (here **gilt** as gold)

182 **present object** item immediately within its view

183 **complete** accomplished

186 **cry…thee** you were once acclaimed

189 **case** enclose, conceal

190 **but…late** even lately on the battlefield

191 **Made emulous missions** caused forays into the battle provoked by envy/rivalry

192 **drave** drove **to faction** to take sides

198 **one…daughters** i.e., Polyxena

201 **providence** foresight, forethought

202 **Pluto** the wealthy Greek god of the underworld

203 **th'uncomprehensive deeps** the fathomless seas

204 **Keeps place** keeps up

205 **thoughts…cradles** i.e., discerns thoughts even before they can be fully formulated or uttered

206 **mystery** inexplicable essence/art, skill/trade secret **with…meddle** that is never discussed **relation** report, narration

207 **state** affairs of state, government, statecraft

208 **operation** effect, function, power

209 **expressure** expression

210 **commerce** dealings, transactions

211 **perfectly…yours** is as well known to us as to you

212 **fit** befit, suit

213 **throw…Polyxena** defeat Hector in battle than to seduce Polyxena

214 **Pyrrhus** Achilles' son

215 **trump** trumpet

216 **Greekish girls** women of Greece (suggests also wanton women) **tripping** skipping, with dancing steps

218 **him** i.e., Hector (also suggestive of Ajax bettering Achilles; while Ajax defeats Hector, Achilles will **beat**—i.e., have sex with—Polyxena)

219 **lover** friend, supporter

220 **The…break** i.e., Ajax deals incompetently with matters you would deal with properly/Ajax is such an idiot that he escapes dangers that would prove fatal to a man of your stature

221 **moved** encouraged, urged

222 **impudent** shameless

225 **stomach to** appetite for

227 **wanton** willful/lustful (may act as noun or verb)

228 **fold** embrace

232 **by him** i.e., by defeating him

234 **fame** reputation, renown **shrewdly gored** severely wounded

236 **ill** badly

238 **Seals…danger** gives danger full license, gives it a blank warrant which it may fill in as it wishes

239 **ague** fever characterized by shaking **taints** infects

244 **woman's longing** i.e., cravings like those experienced in pregnancy

245 **withal** with

246 **weeds** clothes

248 **Even…view** until my gaze is entirely satisfied

251 **himself** i.e., Ajax, perhaps punning on “a jakes”

253 **prophetically proud** proud in anticipation

254 **raves…nothing** rants incoherently

256 **peacock** proverbially proud bird **a…stand** stopping and starting

257 **hostess** tavern landlady **arithmetic** ability to calculate **her reckoning** the bill

258 **politic regard** calculated expression, wise look **as** as one

259 **an ’twould out** if only it would emerge

260 **knocking** being struck (refers to the flint and to beating Ajax) **undone** ruined, destroyed, brought down

262 **knows** recognizes

264 **land-fish** fish living on land, i.e., an unnatural creature **of opinion** on reputation/self-regard

265 **leather jerkin** close-fitting leather jacket (here presumably reversible)

267 **professes not** does not engage in

268 **wears…arms** gives his answer with his weapons **put on** imitate **presence** bearing, demeanor, appearance

269 **demands** requests, questions

270 **To him** set to it, tackle him

275 **Hum**! i.e., hmm

285 **God buy you** God be with you, i.e., goodbye

288 **howsoever** in either case **pay for me** i.e., receive a beating **has** defeats

291 **tune** i.e., mood

293 **fiddler** fiddle-player **Apollo** Greek god of music

294 **catlings** catgut, used to make strings for musical instruments **on** out of

296 **capable** receptive, intelligent

297 **stirred** i.e., disturbed with sediment

300 **valiant** hearty, utter **ignorance** ignorant fool

Act 4 Scene 1

4.1 ***Location:*** *Troy* **torch** torch (held by Aeneas)/torchbearer

4 **occasion** opportunity/reason **lie** i.e., in bed

5 **heavenly business** i.e., worship or deeds for the gods

7 **mind** opinion

9 **Witness…speech** bear witness to the drift of your own remarks (regarding Diomedes' worth)

10 **by days** daily

11 **haunt** pursue

13 **question of** discussions permitted during **gentle** noble/peaceful

15 **think** conceive of/intend **execute** carry out (plays on the sense of "kill")

16 **The…other** i.e., both sentiments (health and defiance)

17 **bloods** tempers **so long** i.e., while the truce lasts

18 **contention** dispute, conflict **occasion** opportunity

20 **policy** cunning/strategy

22 **backward** i.e., courageously facing the pursuer

23 **Anchises** Aeneas' father

24 **Venus** the goddess was Aeneas' mother

25 **No…excellently** no man alive can love in such a manner, so excellently the thing he means to kill

27 **sympathize** agree, are in accord

28 **If…glory** if I am not to have the glory of killing him

29 **complete…sun** i.e., years

30 **in mine** for, in the cause of **emulous** ambitious, rivalrous

32 **know** understand

33 **know…worse** see the other one in a worse state/meet as enemies

34 **despiteful'st gentle** maliciously courteous

39 **render** give

42 **constantly** assuredly, firmly

43 **call my thought** let my thought be called

45 **note** notice, news

46 **quality whereof** reason for it

52 **disposition** nature/arrangements

54 **morrow** morning

60 **He** i.e., Menelaus

61 **making…of** worrying about, entertaining moral doubts about **soilure** defilement, sexual dishonoring

62 **With…charge** and the pain and cost of war

64 **palating** tasting, affected by

66 **puling** whimpering, whining

67 **lees and dregs** remains, sediment **flat tame’d piece** wine cask that has been left open (tame’d) and the contents of which have become stale; plays on the sense of “sexually conquered woman” (piece), with flat suggesting unresponsive submission

68 **whorish loins** i.e., Helen’s

69 **breed out** conceive, create/taint and dilute the lineage of

70 **poised** balanced

71 **he as he** i.e., both men are equal **the heavier** both are more sorrowful **whore** plays on the antithesis of “light” (i.e., sexually immoral), a common descriptor for whores

75 **sunk** i.e., been lost **scruple** tiny amount

76 **carrion** putrefied, rotten (also a term for a whore)

78 **breath** utterance

80 **chapmen** traders, merchants

81 **Dispraise** disparage, belittle

82 **But…sell** i.e., we won’t play the tradesman **hold** uphold **commend** praise/hand over

84 **way** path, route

Act 4 Scene 2

5 **kill** subdue, overpower

6 **soft attachment** gentle confinement

7 **As** as have/as to those of

11 **But** were it not **busy** active/interfering

12 **ribald** raucously abusive, irreverent

14 **from** go from

16 **Beshrew** curse **venomous wights** malignant people stays lingers

17 **grasps** clutches/embraces

18 **momentary-swift** fleeting

20 **tarry** linger, delay

21 **held** off i.e., from intercourse

23 **What's** i.e., why are

25 **pestilence** plague

26 **life** i.e., hard time of it

27 **how** go how is it with/what is the current price for maidenheads virginities

28 **Hear…Cressid?** Pandarus pretends not to recognize Cressida now that she is no longer a virgin

29 **naughty** wicked (perhaps also "licentious")

30 **– – – –** the original text has this sequence of dashes to suggest an obscenity **flout** insult, mock, taunt

31 **do** plays on the sense of "have sex with"

34 **suffer** others allow others to be

35 ***chipochia*** vulva, vagina (from Italian *poccia dell'amore*, woman's genitalia); most editors incorrectly emend to *capocchia*, "foreskin," which would require the line to be addressed to Troilus

36 **bugbear** hobgoblin, bogeyman (used to frighten children; Pandarus continues teasingly speaking in a manner appropriate to small children)

37 **knocked i'th'head** bashed over the head (perhaps Cressida unconsciously employs sexual language: "to knock" could mean to have sex and **head** could refer to the head of a penis)

40 **meant naughtily** had wicked intentions, i.e., was inviting you in for sex (in addition, to come could mean "to orgasm" and chamber could mean "vagina")

42 **thing** perhaps plays on the sense of “penis”

49 **knew** recognized

53 **import** concern

56 **Who** a form of “ho” or “whoa” (expressions of impatience) **ere you’re ware** unintentionally, before you know it **you’ll…him** i.e., in trying to be loyal you will end up doing him a disservice

57 **Do…him** i.e., very well, so you don’t know where he is (Aeneas will play along with Pandarus’ lie) **yet** nevertheless

61 **rash** urgent

65 **sacrifice** religious observance, offering to the gods (made at regular intervals throughout the day)

68 **concluded** decided, settled

69 **state** council

71 **achievements** accomplishments, success/sexual conquest

75 **Have…taciturnity** are not more gifted than in keeping silent

77 **broke’s** broken his

87 **changed** exchanged

89 **bane** poison/destruction/murder

93 **touch** feeling, hint **consanguinity** kinship, blood relationship

97 **force** violence

99 **base** foundation

100 **centre…it** refers to the Elizabethan idea that all things were drawn toward the earth’s core; plays on architectural sense of centre as a “temporary framework supporting any superstructure”

105 **sounding** crying out resoundingly

Act 4 Scene 3

1 **great morning** broad daylight **prefixed Of** prearranged for

5 **haste…purpose** hurry her along, get her ready for it

7 **presently** immediately/soon

12 **would** I wish **as…pity** as much as I pity

Act 4 Scene 4

3 **fine** refined, pure

6 **temporize** negotiate, effect a compromise

7 **brew** dilute, water down

8 **like allayment** same moderation, lessening

9 **qualifying dross** diluting impurity

10 **No more** no more does, neither can **such…loss** the loss of something so precious

11 **duck** term of endearment for a lover

13 **pair…here** sight the pair of you make (possibly pair of spectacles plays on the sense of “eyeglasses”)

17 **he** i.e., the heart

18 **smart** pain

21 **we see it** i.e., we have seen how such words can console

22 **strange** rare, exceptional

23 **as** as if they are **fancy** love

24 **More bright** which fancy is more bright

25 **Cold** chaste **blow** breathe out (as they make their vows)

26 **envy** malice/jealousy

33 **where…chance** so that the cruelty of fate

34 **Puts back** prevents **by** aside

35 **rudely** roughly, harshly, unkindly **beguiles** cheats

36 **rejoindure** reunion (i.e., a kiss; also suggestive of “rejoinder,” i.e., reply)

37 **embrasures** embraces **dear** precious/heartfelt

38 **in…breath** as we struggle to give them voice (a grim image of infanticide)

41 **discharge** exhalation/payment **one** i.e., one sigh

42 **Injurious** wounding, wrongful

43 **thiev’ry** booty, stolen valuables

45 **distinct…kisses** individual words and ratifying kisses to accompany each one

46 **fumbles up** gathers clumsily together

47 **scants** restricts, supplies inadequately

48 **Distasting** its sweetness destroyed **broken** interrupted (by sobs)

50 **genius** attendant spirit thought to accompany and influence a person throughout life

51 **instantly** at that moment, imminently

53 **Rain…wind** i.e., I must cry to stop myself sighing **lay** allay, calm **blown…root** uprooted (like a tree)

57 **merry Greeks** a “merry Greek” was a popular phrase for a jolly fellow

58 **see** see each other

60 **deem** thought, notion, suspicion

61 **use expostulation** kindly remonstrate gently with one another

62 **it** i.e., the opportunity to even talk

63 **as fearing thee** as if I doubted you

64 **throw my glove** issue a challenge (to a duel)

65 **maculation** stain

66 **fashion in** introduce

67 **sequent protestation** following declaration

71 **sleeve** detachable sleeve, ornamented cuff (given as a love token)

73 **corrupt** bribe

78 **quality** accomplishments/personal qualities

79 **Their loving** i.e., as lovers, in wooing **composed** made up, put together

80 **arts and exercise** well-practiced skills (arts)

81 **move** incite to love/arouse (sexually suggestive) parts with person natural gifts together with the handsome man they belong to (possibly parts plays on the sense of “genitals”)

82 **godly** i.e., righteous

88 **mainly** much

89 **heel** dance **high lavolt** a lively dance that involved leaping movements (from Italian la *volta*, “the turn”)

90 **subtle** cunning, involving strategy

91 **prompt and pregnant** readily disposed and receptive

93 **still** continual/silent **dumb-discoursive** silently persuasive, eloquent in silence

97 **will** desire, wish

100 **Presuming…potency** relying too readily on a power that may in fact prove changeable

108 **craft** cunning **for great opinion** to secure great reputations

109 **simplicity** sincerity

110 **crowns** royal headgear (in the next line Troilus picks up on the sense of “heads”)

111 **wear mine bare** in its natural copper/go bareheaded

112 **wit** thinking

113 **all the reach** the full extent

116 **port** city gate

117 **by** on **possess** inform

118 **Entreat her fair** treat her courteously **fair** noble

123 **save** keep, withhold

125 **Pleads** makes the case for **usage** treatment

128 **petition towards** request to you

131 **thou** you are **servant** devotee, lover (like **mistress,** a term of courtly love)

132 **charge** command **even…charge** simply because I command it

133 **dreadful** inspiring dread, fear-inducing **Pluto** Greek god of the underworld

136 **moved** provoked, angered

137 **place** i.e., as a diplomat, negotiator **message** mission

138 **hence** gone from here

139 **answer…lust** do as I please (e.g., respond to you in battle/seduce Cressida) lust will/sexual desire

140 **on charge** because it was commanded **To** according to

141 **that** insofar as, just because

142 **speak it** say

144 **brave** boast/defiance

146 **bend we** let us direct

149 **tardy** reluctant, slow

153 **fresh** eager

154 **address** prepare **tend** attend, follow

155 **lie** depend

156 **single chivalry** individual valor/valor in single combat

Act 4 Scene 5

4.5 ***Location:*** *near the Greek camp*

1 **in appointment** armed, equipped

2 **Anticipating** i.e., ahead of **starting** energetic, eager

4 **appalle'd** terrified, made pale

6 **hale** haul, drag

7 **trumpet** trumpeter

8 **brazen** brass/audacious

9 **villain** wretch/servant **sphere'd** puffed out, rounded **bias** i.e., puffed out on one side, as if with a bias in it (i.e., the weight in a bowling ball that enabled it to be rolled in a curve)

10 **colic** griping abdominal pain (here, attributed to excess wind) **Aquilon** the north wind (often depicted with swollen cheeks)

11 **spout blood** i.e., due to burst blood vessels from blowing so hard

12 **for** to summon

14 **early days** early on in the day

15 **yond** yonder, over there

16 **ken** know **gait** walk, bearing

18 **aspiration** longing for something above one

21 **dearly** heartily (with suggestion of the expense incurred by the war that has brought her there)

23 **Yet** as yet/however **particular** individual/a single event

24 **in general** by everyone/indiscriminately

25 **courtly** befitting court affairs and fashionable, elegant behavior/befitting courtly love

27 **winter** i.e., Nestor's old age

29 **argument** subject (Menelaus refers to Helen; may play on a sense of "vagina")

30 **argument** basis, reason

31 **popped** arrived unexpectedly/moved in suddenly **hardiment** boldness/erect penis

32 **theme…scorns** reason for our being mocked/grounds of our contempt/cause for the indignities of war

33 **lose our heads** lose our judgment/risk our lives **gild his horns** add false shine to Menelaus' cuckoldry (men with unfaithful wives were popularly

supposed to grow horns)

36 **trim** fine (sarcastic)

37 **for** instead of/in his place

38 **by your leave** with your permission

39 **render** give

41 **I'll…live** I'll stake my life on it, I'll bet

42 **take** i.e., receive from Cressida

44 **boot** something extra, an advantage, odds

45 **odd** peculiar/unique/single, i.e., wifeless (also plays on the notion of odd numbers and of odds in a betting game) even an even number/equally/straightforwardly

46 **odd** individual, unique

48 **odd** alone, wifeless is even has settled his score (playing on the idea of being part of a couple)

49 **fillip me o'th'head** touch a sensitive spot, i.e., his cuckold's horns fillip tap, strike smartly

51 **match** equal contest **nail** fingernail **horn** tough cuckold's horns

54 **desire** request (Cressida's response either points out a difference between this more formal request and begging, or picks up desire's sense of "want, long for")

57 **maid** unmarried/a virgin (i.e., never) **his** i.e., returned to Menelaus; alternatively, Ulysses breaks off without finishing

58 **when 'tis due** i.e., when that has happened

59 **a kiss** I'll claim a kiss

61 **quick sense** quick wit/lively sensibility/a ready sensuality

62 **Fie** expression of disgust or reproach

64 **wanton** lustful **spirits** sentiments, character traits

65 **motive** moving limb, motion

66 **encounterers** flirts, forward women

67 **give…comes** behave in a forward, overly welcoming manner before even being approached (coasting, i.e., accosting; may pun on "costing," i.e., costly to the man involved)

68 **wide unclasp** open wide **tables** writing tablets, notebooks (often hinged; plays on the sense of "vaginas")

69 **tickling** lecherous/engaged in sexual stimulation with the fingers **Set them down** record, note them (plays on the sexual sense of "put them on their

backs”)

70 **spoils of opportunity** women who are sexually available on any occasion **spoils** sexual plunder; plays on the idea of women sexually spoiled from over-use

71 **daughters…game** prostitutes

74 **state** men of rank **What** i.e., what honor, reward

75 **that victory commands** who wins **purpose** intend that

76 **known** acknowledged, declared **Will you** do you wish that

77 **edge…extremity** point of death (without any interruption)

78 **be…field** they be separated by a marshal or by set rules in the field of combat

80 **bade** ordered me to

82 **conditions** agreed procedure

83 **securely** overconfidently, carelessly

84 **disprizing** undervaluing, disdaining

89 **In…Hector** i.e., Hector’s courage is as great as his vanity is non-existent

91 **The** one i.e., valor all the sum of everything

92 **The other** i.e., pride **blank** i.e., absent **Weigh** judge, assess the value of

94 **half…blood** Ajax’s mother Hesione was Priam’s sister, so he and Hector are cousins

98 **maiden** virginal, i.e., without bloodshed (with derogatory connotations of weakness) perceive understand

99 **gentle** noble

101 **order** procedure, direction

102 **uttermost** point of death

103 **a breath** i.e., a series of more sporting bouts with pauses for breath

104 **stints** restrains **strife** endeavors, strong exertions **opposed** facing one another ***lists*** designated combat area (literally, the barriers enclosing it)

106 **heavy** sad

109 **matchless** without equal **firm of word** resolute in speech

110 **deedless…tongue** i.e., never boasting of his achievements

112 **free** generous

114 **bounty** generosity

115 **impare** uneven, unconsidered, unworthy

117 **subscribes** yields, grants mercy

118 **tender objects** pitiful sights, i.e., the defeated and defenseless

119 **vindicative** vindictive, revengeful

120 **erect…Hector** i.e., he is expected to prove as worthy as Hector

123 **Even…inches** in every detail, from top to toe **with private soul** confidentially, privately and from the heart

124 **translate** interpret, explain, i.e., describe ***Alarum*** call to battle (usually trumpets or drums)

125 **in action** engaged in combat

128 **disposed** placed, distributed

129 **no more** stop

130 **so** if it

131 **warm** warmed up

135 **cousin-german** first cousin

137 **emulation** rivalry

138 **commixtion…Trojan** Trojan-Greek mixture

142 **dexter** right **sinister** left

143 **Bounds in** encloses **multipotent** massively powerful

144 **bear** carry away **member** body part

145 **impressure** imprint

146 **rank** large/grievous/violent **feud** i.e., the Trojan-Greek war **gainsay** forbid

150 **him that thunders** i.e., Jupiter/Jove, whose weapon was the thunderbolt **lusty** strong, vigorous

154 **gentle** noble **free** generous

156 **addition** title (i.e., honor, enhanced reputation)

157 **Neoptolemus** i.e., Achilles; in fact the name of his son, Pyrrhus Neoptolemus **mirable** admirable, marvelous

158 **crest** heraldic device on a coat of arms/helmet, i.e., head **‘Oyez’** cries of “oyez,” the shout a town crier used to summon attention

159 **promise…Hector** assure himself of additional honor gained by defeating Hector

161 **expectance** watchful anticipation, expectation

164 **issue** outcome

166 **seld** seldom **chance** i.e., to issue such an invitation **desire** ask, invite

171 **signify** make known, report

172 **the…part** those Trojans who are awaiting news

173 **Desire them** ask them to go

178 **portly** stately, dignified

179 **Worthy of arms** you who are so worthy to bear arms/receive embraces **as…one** you are as welcome as you possibly can be to one such as myself

181 **welcome** i.e., true, proper welcome

184 **extant** present, existing **troth** truth

185 **Strained purely** entirely purified **hollow** false, insincere **bias-drawing** deviation, crooked dealing (bowling metaphor: the bias causes swerving)

187 **heart…heart** the center of the heart

188 **imperious** majestic

191 **brace** pair

192 **Who…answer?** a polite way of asking Menelaus' name

194 **Mars his gauntlet** Mars' armored glove

195 **affect** favor, assume, use **th'untraded** the unconventional, unfamiliar

196 **quondam** former **Venus' glove** as Mars' lover Venus was unfaithful to her husband, Vulcan; the phrase plays on the sense of "vagina" (Latin for "sheath," "scabbard")

197 **bade me not** did not ask me to/asked me not to

198 **deadly theme** subject for mortal conflict/dire subject for discussion

201 **Labouring for destiny** doing the work of, employed by fate (in putting people to death)

203 **hot** hot-tempered/keen **Perseus** killer of the snake-haired gorgon Medusa **Phrygian steed** i.e., the winged horse Pegasus

204 **forfeits and subduements** the defeated, those near death (i.e., easy victims)

205 **hung** suspended, checked the swing of **advance'd** outstretched, raised

206 **decline…declined** descend on the vanquished

207 **That** so that

211 **Olympian** god of Mount Olympus/wrestler at the Olympic games

212 **still** always **locked in steel** i.e., covered by your helmet

219 **chronicle** historical record (Nestor's age makes him a storehouse of memories; perhaps suggests a penchant for lengthy stories)

221 **clasp** embrace

222 **arms** limbs/weapons **contention** battle, strife

223 **contend** engage

227 **I…time** i.e., I can remember the time when I could have fought you

229 **base** and pillar foundation and support

230 **favour** appearance, face

233 **embassy** ambassadorial mission (i.e., an earlier negotiation regarding reparations for the loss of Helen)

235 **half…yet** half-fulfilled

236 **pertly** audaciously, boldly

237 **wanton** insolent/playful/lascivious **buss** kiss

240 **modestly** demurely, chastely (applies to the walls)/without exaggeration

241 **Phrygian** i.e., Trojan; Phrygia, a region in Asia Minor (now Turkey), was the location of Troy

242 **the…all** i.e., the eventual outcome is all that matters, time decides all things (proverbial)

243 **arbitrator** one who decides and settles a matter between opposed parties (legal term)

245 **him** i.e., Time

249 **forestall** prevent

251 **exact** detailed, precise **perused** inspected, examined

252 **quoted** scrutinized **joint** limb, body part (probably, picking up on fed and continued in fill, with connotations of a butcher’s joint of meat)

255 **fair** in full view

259 **As** as if

260 **book of sport** hunting manual

262 **oppress** (seek to) dominate

265 **local** individual, specific

266 **make distinct** mark out/differentiate

267 **spirit** soul/life-giving essence (thought to be carried in the blood) **flew** took flight/flowed

269 **Stand again** stand up (implying Achilles has knelt to the gods)/stand still/stand forward

270 **catch** capture, seize **pleasantly** easily/mockingly

271 **prenominate** specify in advance **nice** precise, detailed **conjecture** prediction

277 **stithied…helm** forged Mars’ helmet

283 **chafe thee** anger yourself

285 **accident** chance event **to’t** i.e., to fight Hector

287 **stomach** appetite **general state** Greek generals, council/whole Greek cause

288 **entreat** prevail upon, persuade **odd** at odds, at variance

290 **pelting** paltry, petty **refused** spurned, cast off

293 **fell** fierce, cruel

295 **match** agreement, contract (plays on the sense of “contest”)

296 **peers** nobles/companions

297 **in** to convive you feast, be convivial

298 **bounties** generosity, kindness

299 **severally** individually **entreat** invite

300 **taborins** drums

303 **keep** lodge, dwell

307 **bent** direction

309 **bound** obliged, indebted

313 **As gentle** i.e., be so courteous as to **honour** reputation, good name

316 **such as** those who **scars** i.e., wounds of love

317 **A mock** mockery (i.e., for boasting, but the further implication is that Diomedes’ flirtation with Cressida would make her former lover the object of ridicule)

318 **is, and doth** is still beloved and still loves

319 **still** always **food…tooth** subject to being preyed on by fortune (playing on the idea of fortune having a sweet tooth)

Act 5 Scene 1

5.1 ***Location:*** *the Greek camp*

2 **scimitar** short curved sword **cool** i.e., by exposing it to the air (with connotations of chilling with fear)

5 **core** essence/center (as in the hard center of a boil)

6 **crusty** scabby/ill-tempered (plays on the sense of “with a baked crust”) **batch** product/baker’s batch (plays on “botch,” i.e., boil) **nature** conceivably plays on the sense of “semen”

7 **picture** mere image

9 **fragment** insignificant or incomplete being/leftover, scrap of food

10 **fool** idiocy (plays on the sense of “cream and stewed fruit pudding”)

11 **keeps the tent** is looking after Achilles’ tent/is guilty of keeping to their tent

12 **surgeon’s box** surgeon’s instrument case (Thersites responds to tent’s meaning of “surgical implement for cleaning a wound”)

13 **adversity** perversity (because Thersites deliberately misunderstands words) **need** is the point of

15 **varlet** knave, rogue/attendant, servant (hence ‘prostitute’)

17 **diseases…south** i.e., venereal disease, popularly perceived as coming from Italy, especially the southern city of Naples, which had high rates of syphilis; also suggests the south wind, thought to convey disease, and perhaps the lower half of the body

18 **guts-griping** colic or similar illness causing intestinal spasms **ruptures** hernias **catarrhs** colds, phlegm-producing illnesses **loads o’gravel i’th’back** kidney stones

19 **palsies** fever characterized by trembling; the Quarto text has a longer list at this point (see appended list of “Quarto passages that do not appear in the Folio,” on this page) **take** strike, infect **preposterous discoveries** revelations of perversity (preposterous literally means “back to front,” suggesting anal sex)

20 **box** plays on the sense of “vagina”

23 **ruinous** ruined, i.e., rotten (also suggesting “diseased”) **butt** cask (plays on the sense of “buttocks”) **indistinguishable** shapeless, misshapen

24 **exasperate** exasperated, enraged **immaterial** insubstantial, flimsy **skein… silk** reel of fine silk thread **sleaved** separated into filaments, plays on

“sleeved”

25 **sarcenet** fine silken cloth; green suggests immaturity or girlish weakness **flap** patch **tassel** dangling fringed decoration (possible phallic connotations) **prodigal** lavish, wasteful spender (perhaps suggestive of sexual exhaustion) **purse** may play on the sense of “scrotum”

26 **pestered** infested/irritated **waterflies** i.e., buzzing insects

28 **Out** expression of dismissive irritation **gall** bitterness/poison/irritating sore or painful pustule

29 **Finch-egg!** i.e., small/ insignificant thing

33 **daughter…love** i.e., Polyxena

34 **taxing** imposing duty on/calling to account/reproving **gaging** binding, committing

36 **Fall Greeks** should the Greeks be defeated **or** either

38 **trim** tidy, deck out

41 **blood** temper, hot-headedness/passion/sexual desire

43 **fellow** usually used for servants, lower-class or worthless men, so a dismissive term for Agamemnon **quails** birds eaten as delicacies/prostitutes

44 **Jupiter…bull** i.e., Menelaus, the horned cuckold, here compared to Jupiter who transformed himself into a bull in order to abduct Europa

45 **primitive statue** original, archetypal image **oblique memorial** indirect reminder **thrifty** useful/ordinary, not elaborate

46 **shoeing-horn** again alluding to the cuckold’s horns; plays on the sexual senses of “shoe” (vagina) and “horn” (penis) **in** on **hanging…leg** i.e., Menelaus is a hanger-on, dependent on Agamemnon **that he is** his current one

47 **wit** i.e., Thersites’ wit **larded** mixed, saturated/stuffed (culinary term for the insertion of bacon strips into chicken) **forced** strengthened/stuffed (in a culinary sense) **To** i.e., to transform him into **ass and ox** suggesting fool and cuckold

49 **fitchew** polecat/prostitute **puttock** scavenging bird of prey, buzzard

50 **but to be** faced with the prospect of being/were I to be

51 **care…be** wouldn’t mind being lazar leper so so long as

52 **Hoy-day** expression of surprise

60 **tend on** escort, protect

64 **draught** cesspool, sewer **quoth a** did he say **sink** cesspool, sewer

71 **tide whereof** time for which

78 **unjust** dishonest, untrustworthy

79 **leers** looks sideways/smiles disarmingly/glances seductively **spend his mouth** bay, bark loudly (hunting term)

80 **Brabbler** a boastful liar, a brawler **performs** keeps his word, follows his words with deeds

81 **astronomers fortell it** i.e., like a rare and significant event in the heavens **prodigious** ominous

82 **borrows of** i.e., dims, reflects the light of (an unnatural event) **leave to see** abandon seeing

83 **dog him** follow Diomedes drab whore uses regularly visits

84 **incontinent** sexually unrestrained

Act 5 Scene 2

5.2 ***Location:*** *the Greek camp (outside Calchas' tent)*

5 **discover** reveal

7 **charge** responsibility, one entrusted to my care

10 **sing…sight** sing to/get to know instantly, as if sight-reading music/have sex with any man quickly as if he were music to be sight-read (possible allusion to the sirens' song)

11 **take her clef** find the right musical key (clef)/possess her sexually (punning on cleft, i.e., "vagina") **noted** marked, observed/notorious/set down in musical notation

17 **List!** Listen!

18 **folly** foolishness/lechery

22 **tell a pin** i.e., don't talk to me of trifles (pin may play on the sense of "(small) penis," a derogatory reference to Troilus) **forsworn** – – – – perjured, oath-breaking…(dashes in original text indicate an omitted obscenity)

24 **juggling trick** magic trick/deceitful ruse/sexual intercourse **secretly open** frank in private/sexually available in secret/modest and bold simultaneously/sexually accessible (playing on sense of secret meaning genitals)

32 **fool** plaything/dupe

33 **Thy better** i.e., Troilus himself

36 **moved** agitated, upset, angry

38 **wrathful terms** i.e., a fight

41 **go off** leave

42 **flow…distraction** are becoming increasingly agitated, frenzied (alludes to a swelling river)

49 **grieve** distress, upset **truth** fidelity

53 **palter** equivocate/haggle/trifle/mumble

56 **break out** explode in anger/leap out from concealment

60 **will** i.e., desire to confront Cressida and Diomedes **all offences** the actions Troilus might take/Cressida's wrongdoing to him

62 **Luxury** lechery **potato-finger** large penis/fat finger (also sexually suggestive as a digit that **tickles** sexually)

63 **Fry** burn with lust (with connotations of the burning symptoms of venereal disease)/burn in hell

65 **lo** used to add emphasis **else** otherwise

66 **token** item used as a pledge **surety** assurance

70 **be myself** i.e., allow myself to act on my feelings **cognition** recognition, knowledge

83 **sharpens** toughens her resistance/sharpens Diomedes' desire (with erectile connotations) **whetstone** stone used for sharpening swords (plays on the senses of vagina/woman/whore)

90 **memorial** bestowed in remembrance

91 **thee** refers to the sleeve; various stagings are possible in this sequence, and some editors have suggested that the ensuing line ("do not snatch it") should be spoken by Cressida, not Diomedes

93 **withal** with it, as well

104 **Diana's waiting-women** i.e., the stars (Diana was the Roman goddess of chastity and the moon) **yond** up there

107 **grieve** hurt, distress **his spirit** i.e., the spirit of whoever owns the sleeve

108 **wor'st** wore

115 **starts you** provokes a sudden reaction in you, makes you swerve off in another direction

117 **likes** pleases

119 **be plagued** suffer, be tormented/be afflicted with divine punishment

123 **with…see** i.e., my other eye, representative of my true feelings, focuses on Diomedes (eye puns on "I")

124 **poor our** our poor

125 **error** mistake/deception/wandering, straying

126 **What** whatever

127 **swayed** ruled, directed **turpitude** wickedness, depravity

128 **proof…more** she could not state a stronger proof (i.e., tried and tested truth)

130 **All's done** i.e., it's over, there is no more to see

133 **recordation** record, commemorative account

135 **co-act** behave together

137 **Sith** since **credence** faith, belief, trust

138 **esperance** hope

139 **test** evidence, testimony (most editors prefer Quarto's "th'attest")

140 **deceptious** deceptive, misleading

141 **calumniate** slander

143 **conjure** i.e., magically produce a vision of Cressida

146 **negation** denial **hath...of** does not seem like

147 **but** now only a moment ago

148 **for** for the sake of

149 **advantage** opportunity

150 **a...depravation** grounds on which to base all women’s depravity/grounds for vilification

153 **soil** stain, dishonor

155 **swagger...eyes** blusteringly talk himself out of believing the evidence of his own eyes

158 **sanctimony** holy, holiness

160 **there...itself** unity cannot be divided

161 **discourse** rationality

162 **That...thyself** that sets up arguments (**cause**) for and against itself

163 **By** abiding by, employing **foul** false/corrupt, flawed/illegible, incomprehensible **revolt** i.e., against itself

164 **perdition** destroying itself **loss** loss of reason, i.e., madness (also recalls loss of Cressida) **reason** appearance of reason

165 **revolt** contradiction

166 **conduce** take place

167 **a thing** i.e., Cressida **inseparate** indivisible

168 **Divides more wider** is more widely divided

170 **Admits** allows **orifex** orifice, opening **subtle** finely spun

171 **Ariachne** i.e., Arachne, a weaver turned into a spider by Minerva; alternatively a conflation of Arachne and Ariadne, who gave Theseus thread to use in finding his way out of the labyrinth of the Minotaur woof cross-threads in weaving (hence the strand of a spider’s web)

172 **Instance** evidence **Pluto’s gates** the gates of the underworld

175 **slipped** unloosed, let go (with connotations of moral failure)

176 **five-finger-tied** i.e., bound by human hands

177 **fractions** fragments, shreds **orts** scraps, leftovers (culinary term)

179 **o’er-eaten** gnawed at all over, eaten away (the sense of “surfeited” is possible but less likely)

180 **May…express?** Can worthy Troilus be half as seized by the emotion of events as his passionate words suggest?

183 **red** passionate/bloody (captures sense of sexual desire and the consequences of warfare) **Mars his heart** Mars' heart

184 **fancy** love

187 **by weight** in equal proportion

189 **casque** helmet

190 **spout** waterspout, or the hurricane that produces it/heavy downpour

192 **Constringed** compressed, drawn together **Fenne** dragon of classical myth

194 **his** i.e., the spout's **prompted** ready/provoked

196 **He'll…concupy** Troilus will be provoked to violence on account of his own (or Diomedes') lust/ Diomedes will receive blows (or fight it out) for his (or Troilus') lust **tickle** beat, chastise (or Thersites may mockingly employ the milder sense of "titillate, assault gently"; sexual connotations are probable) **concupy** concupiscence, lust/concubine, mistress

198 **by** next to

203 **this** this time

204 **stays** waits

205 **Have with you** I'll come with you, let's go **lord** i.e., Ulysses

206 **revolted fair** faithless beauty

207 **Stand fast** be prepared **castle** type of close helmet

209 **distracted** agitated, troubled, confused

210 **raven** a bird of ill omen, often associated with death

211 **bode** prophesy **the intelligence of** information about

212 **parrot** proverbially fond of almonds **commodious drab** accommodating whore

Act 5 Scene 3

5.3 ***Location:*** *Troy*

1 **ungently tempered** unkindly, roughly disposed

4 **train** induce **offend** pain, hurt/sin against, wrong

6 **to** with regard to

9 **bloody** bloodthirsty

10 **Consort** join **dear** heartfelt, earnest

15 **trumpet** trumpeter

16 **sally** sudden attack

18 **peevish** foolish/headstrong, obstinate

20 **spotted** tainted, discolored, diseased

22 **just** faithful to an oath is i.e., would be

23 **For…much** because we wish to be generous **use** engage in/make a habit of

25 **purpose** intention (i.e., cause for which the vow was taken)

26 **every purpose** any intention (i.e., unworthy, spurious reasons) **hold** be binding

29 **keeps…of** maintains the advantage over (literally, keeps to the windward side of)

30 **Life…man** every man considers life precious, but the honorable man

31 **dear** addressed to Cassandra? alternatively “precious-dear”

33 **father** father-in-law, i.e., Priam

34 **doff** take off **harness** armor

35 **i’th’vein of** in the mood for

37 **tempt** risk **brushes** collisions, hostile encounters

41 **lion** as the noblest of beasts, the lion was proverbially said to spare the defenseless

43 **captive** defeated, with no escape

44 **fan and wind** i.e., as he brandishes it, without even needing to strike **fair** noble, fine/even-handed, just

47 **Fool’s play** perhaps puns on “foul play” (to oppose **fair play**)

53 **ruthful** piteous, lamentable, causing woe **ruth** pity, compassion

55 **then ’tis wars** that (the abandonment of pity) is true war

59 **truncheon** thick staff (such as that used by a marshal to control procedure in an official duel) retire retreat

61 **o'ergallèd** heavily inflamed **recourse** repeated flowing

64 **But…ruin** except by killing me

66 **loose thy stay** release your support, prop; loose plays on “lose”—the two words were not always distinguished

72 **enrapt** carried away by prophetic inspiration

75 **afield** on the battlefield

76 **engaged** pledged

77 **the…valour** a warrior's honorable pledge

82 **shame respect** i.e., violate my duty to respect your wishes

89 **This…girl** i.e., Cassandra

90 **bodements** prophecies, forebodings

95 **shrills…her** shrieks out her grief

96 **distraction** madness **amazement** alarm, bewilderment

97 **antics** grotesque buffoons

100 **soft** wait a moment

101 **deceive** delude/betray

102 **amazed** stunned/confused/dismayed **exclaim** outcry

103 **cheer** encourage, urge on

105 **with…about** i.e., protect

112 **tisick** consumptive cough, infection of lungs and throat

114 **o'th's** of these **rheum** watery discharge (the eyes are affected by syphilis) **ache…bones** suggestive of syphilis, which causes bone decay

115 **on't** of it

118 **Th'effect…way** i.e., the effect of the letter goes quite against its aim/her actions contradict her words

119 **wind** empty, insubstantial words (sense then shifts to “gusts of air”) **turn and change** flutter, intermingle (turn plays on the senses of “deceive/alter/desert” and change on the sense of “alter, change loyalty”)

120 **errors** lies, deceit **still** yet/constantly

121 **edifies** builds up (plays on the idea of causing penile erection) **deeds** actions/sexual acts

123 **Hence** get away **Ignomy** ignominy, shame, dishonor

Act 5 Scene 4

5.4 ***Location:*** *the battlefield, between Troy and the Greek camp* **excursion** bout of fighting (moving across the stage)

1 **clapper-clawing** beating up, thrashing

2 **dissembling** deceitful

3 **fain** gladly

5 **whore-masterly** lecherous, whore-using

6 **luxurious drab** lustful whore **of** on **sleeveless** fruitless, futile (plays on the literal sense of “without Troilus’ sleeve”) **policy** strategy/cunning

7 **swearing** i.e., uttering (grand or false) pledges and claims

8 **dog-fox** male fox (proverbially cunning) **set me** set (me is used for emphasis)

11 **proclaim barbarism** declare a preference for lawlessness, ignorance (as opposed to policy, i.e., authoritative strategy) **grows…opinion** becomes poorly regarded

13 **take** take to **Styx** river that departed souls had to cross in order to reach the classical underworld (i.e., Troilus would pursue Diomedes beyond death itself)

15 **miscall retire** wrongly term this withdrawal a retreat

16 **advantageous care** concern for my advantage

17 **of multitude** i.e., that were stacked against me

18 **Have at thee!** i.e., here I come (standard utterance at the opening of a fight)

19 **Hold** hold onto/defend **for** i.e., fight for

21 **for Hector’s match** a match for Hector

22 **blood** noble blood/spirit, passion

23 **filthy** low, scurvy, contemptible

25 **God-a-mercy** God have mercy on you **plague** blow/affliction

26 **wenching** whoring

27 **sort** way, manner

28 **eats itself** is self-destructive; perhaps alludes to the corrosive effects of syphilis, which decays the bones

Act 5 Scene 5

3 **commend** convey, present

5 **proof** trial in combat/evidence/the result

7 **Renew** i.e., renew the assault

8 **bastard Margarelon** illegitimate son of Priam (Margareton in the sources)

10 **colossus-wise** like the Colossus of Rhodes, a gigantic statue of Apollo that supposedly stood astride the entrance to the harbor **beam** staff/lance

11 **pashèd** smashed, battered

14 **ta’en** captured

15 **dreadful** fear-inducing **sagittary** centaur (half-man, half-horse) who supposedly fought for the Trojans; famed for his archery

16 **Appals** terrifies, make pale

17 **To reinforcement** i.e., to reinforce our struggling troops/to renew our attack

22 **anon** shortly/at another time **afoot** on foot

23 **scale’d sculls** schools of scaly fish

24 **belching** spouting

25 **edge** sword edge

26 **mower** reaper **swathe** row of scythed crops

27 **leaves and takes** leaves one dead as he cuts down another/spares one man and kills another

28 **appetite** desire, will

30 **proof…impossibility** the deeds he carries out seem impossible

34 **Myrmidons** band of warriors from Thessaly, led by Achilles

36 **Crying on** crying out in complaint/calling for vengeance against

39 **Mad** furious **fantastic** extraordinary **execution** actions/slaughter

40 **Engaging…himself** entering into combat and emerging alive (financial language; to engage was to mortgage, to redeem to buy back)

41 **careless…care** casual attacking strength and effortless self-defense

42 **luck** fortune **in…cunning** i.e., in defiance of his enemy’s skills

46 **draw together** grow united, pull together (in contrast to the previous factional state)

48 **boy-queller** boy-killer (referring to the death of Patroclus)

50 **none** have nobody

Act 5 Scene 6

4 **correct** punish, deliver retribution

5 **office** position, role

6 **Ere that correction** i.e., before I’d let you (rather than me) punish Troilus

10 **stand** stay put

11 **prize** reward, trophy/captive of war/booty seized in war **look upon** be an onlooker

12 **cogging** deceitful, cheating **Greeks** plays on the sense of “cunning people”

15 **wilt** would like to, need to (an honorable offer of pause to the presumably battle-weary Achilles)

17 **arms** limbs/weapons out of use not working, out of action (due to exhaustion)

18 **rest and negligence** i.e., need for rest and abandonment of the fight

19 **anon** shortly

25 **flame** i.e., sun

26 **carry** capture/prevail over

27 **bring him off** rescue him

28 **reck** care

29 **mark** target/notable sight

31 **frush** smash, bruise

33 **hide** (animal) skin, i.e., armor

Act 5 Scene 7

2 **attend** follow/pay attention **wheel** range around/turn around, change direction (military term applying to the movement of troops)

3 **in breath** i.e., fit and ready

5 **Empale** enclose, fence (may pun on “impale” and possibly plays on the sense of “make pale”)

6 **fellest** cruellest, fiercest **execute your arm** use your weapons

7 **proceedings** actions

Act 5 Scene 8

1 **bull** i.e., Menelaus (who has a cuckold’s horns) **dog** i.e., Paris; dogs were used in bull-baiting, a popular pastime; as an insult, “dog” implies base qualities ’Loo a call of encouragement to a dog

2 **double-henned sparrow** i.e., Paris, as he has two women (Helen and his first wife, Oenone); the sparrow was associated with lechery and a “hen” is a derogatory term for a woman/whore **has the game** is winning (ironically playing on the sense of game as “sexual quarry”)

3 **’ware** beware of

4 **slave** villain, wretch

5 **What** who

7 **begot** conceived

9 **wherefore** why quarrel cause of the war

10 **judgement** divine retribution

Act 5 Scene 9

1 **core** body **without** on the outside (refers to the armor Hector admired in Act 5 scene 6)

7 **vail** going down (literally, lowering a flag or weapons in submission; puns on “veil”) **darking** darkening

9 **vantage** advantage **Greek** again recalls the proverbial association between Greeks and cheats

13 **amain** loudly, with might

18 **stickler-like** like a tournament umpire

19 **frankly** freely, without restraint (perhaps with connotations of porcine greed; a “frank” was a sty, as well as a term for the process of fattening pigs)

20 **dainty bait** tasty morsel, fine snack

Act 5 Scene 10

4 **bruit** news

5 **bragless** without boasting

7 **patiently** calmly, with quiet expectation

9 **his** i.e., Hector’s

10 **sharp** harsh, vicious, merciless

Act 5 Scene 11

1 **Yet** still

2 **starve we out** let us endure

6 **sort** manner

8 **smile at** smile in mocking scorn at/be kind to (i.e., by meting out swift destruction)

9 **at…mercy** be merciful by making our afflictions immediate and brief

11 **discomfort** discourage **host** army

14 **dare…in** dare to face all impending evils that gods and men can prepare to endanger me

17 **screech-owl** thought to be birds of ill omen, their cry believed to herald death **aye** forever

19 **will Priam turn** that will turn Priam

20 **Niobes** Niobe boasted that having numerous children made her superior to Latona/Leto, mother to Apollo and Diana; as a punishment for her blasphemy, Niobe's children were killed and she turned into a rock that forever shed tears

21 **Cool statues** i.e., struck dumb and frozen in grief

25 **pight** pitched

26 **Titan** Roman sun god

27 **through and through** i.e., rampage through wreaking havoc (perhaps with suggestion of running through with a sword) **great-sized coward** i.e., Achilles

28 **sunder** divide, part **two hates** mutual hatred

29 **haunt** frequent, hang around/pursue, molest in the manner of troubling thoughts/visit in the manner of a spirit **still** constantly

30 **goblins** demons **frenzied thoughts** the frenzied thoughts of madness

31 **free** unregimented, in no formal marching order (i.e., hasty)/unimpeded, direct **comfort** courage

34 **broker-lackey** pander, lowly go-between **ignomy** ignominy, dishonor

36 **aching bones** suggestive of syphilis, which decays the bones

38 **requited** rewarded **endeavour** efforts

39 **performance** fulfillment, achievement **verse** rhyme, song/biblical text **instance** illustrative example

40 **humble-bee** bumblebee

41 **honey** plays on the senses of "sexual joy/semen" **sting** plays on the sense of "erect penis"

42 **subdued…tail** having lost his sting/having lost his erection/having been infected by a diseased vagina

44 **traders…flesh** pimps/whores/fornicators **painted cloths** wall-hangings decorated with morally instructive scenes or mottos

45 **hall** guild, profession

46 **out** blind from either weeping or syphilis

48 **aching bones** symptom of syphilis

49 **hold-door** brothel-keeping

52 **gallèd** vexed, angered/inflamed and sore with venereal disease **goose of Winchester** prostitute, so called because of the many brothels of Southwark, which was under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Winchester

53 **sweat** the conventional treatment for syphilis involved inducing sweating **eases** treatments, means of easing symptoms

THE TRAGEDY OF CORIOLANUS

Where did Shakespeare learn the Roman history that he so memorably dramatized in *Julius Caesar, Antony and Cleopatra,* and *Coriolanus?* Minor variants and improvisations apart, the answer is simple. While most of his plays involved him in the cutting and pasting of a whole range of literary and theatrical sources, in the Roman tragedies he kept his eye focused on the pages of a single great book.

That book was Plutarch's *Lives of the Most Noble Grecians and Romanes*. Plutarch was a Greek, born in Boeotia in the first century AD. His book included forty-six biographies of the great figures of ancient history, arranged in pairs, half Greek and half Roman, with a brief "comparison" between each pair. The purpose of the "parallel" was to ask such questions as "Who was the greater general, the Greek Alexander or the Roman Julius Caesar?" Shakespeare affectionately mocks the device of parallelism in *Henry the Fifth*, when Fluellen argues that Harry of Monmouth is like Alexander of Macedon because their respective birthplaces begin with an "M" and there's a river in each and "there is salmons in both." But the comedy here is at Fluellen's expense, not Plutarch's—and, like all Shakespeare's richest jokes, it has a serious point. As Alexander the Great killed his bosom-friend Cleitus in a drunken brawl, so King Harry in all sobriety caused his old chum Falstaff to die of a broken heart.

For Shakespeare, the historical parallel was a device of great power. The censorship of the stage exercised by court officialdom meant that it was exceedingly risky to dramatize contemporary affairs, so the best way of writing political drama was to take subjects from the past and leave it to the audience to see the parallel in the present. The uncertainty over the succession to the Virgin Queen meant that there were frequent whispers of conspiracy in the final years of Elizabeth's reign. It would hardly have been appropriate to write a play about a group of highly placed courtiers (the Earl of Essex and his circle, say) plotting to overthrow the monarchy. But a play about a group of highly placed Roman patricians (Brutus, Cassius, and company) plotting to assassinate Julius Caesar had the capacity to raise some awkward questions by means of the implicit parallel.

Plutarch's greatest importance for Shakespeare was his way of writing history through biography. He taught the playwright that the little human touch often says more than the large impersonal historical force. Plutarch explained his method in the *Life of Alexander:* "My intent is not to write histories, but only lives. For the noblest deeds do not always show men's virtues and vices; but oftentimes a light occasion, a word, or some sport, makes men's natural dispositions and manners appear more plain than the famous battles won wherein are slain ten thousand men, or the great armies, or cities won by siege or assault." So too in Shakespeare's Roman plays. It is the particular occasion—the single word, the moment of tenderness or jest—that humanizes the superpower politicians: Brutus and Cassius making up after their quarrel, the defeated Cleopatra remembering it is her birthday, Caius Martius exhausted from battle forgetting the name of the man who helped him in Corioles.

In his "Life of Caius Martius" Plutarch gives a brief character sketch of the Roman general who, by virtue of his heroic endeavor behind the closed gates of Corioles, gained the surname Coriolanus: "For this Martius' natural wit and great heart did marvelously stir up his courage to do and attempt noble acts. But on the other side, for lack of education he was so choleric and impatient that he would yield to no living creature, which made him churlish, uncivil, and altogether unfit for any man's conversation." As the name "Martius" suggests, Coriolanus has all the martial virtues. His tragedy is that he has none of the civil ones. He devotes himself wholly to the code of valor (Latin *virtus*). Where Mark Antony is led astray from Roman values by his lover Cleopatra, Coriolanus is trained up in *virtus* by his mother Volumnia. He has a suitably austere Roman wife, who usually appears in company with a chaste companion (Valeria, the very opposite of Cleopatra's companion Charmian). And when his son Young Martius, a chip off the old block, is praised for tearing the wings off a butterfly with his teeth, we gain a glimpse into the kind of upbringing that Coriolanus may be imagined to have had. "Anger's my meat," says Volumnia: perhaps in compensation for the premature disappearance of her husband, she has bred up an angry young man, ready to serve Rome on the battlefield where one senses she wishes she could go herself—as she does at the end of the play. If *Antony and Cleopatra* is about the tragic consequences of the dissolution of Romanness, *Coriolanus* is about the equally tragic result of an unyielding adherence to it. “It is held,” says Cominius,

> That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
> Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
> The man I speak of cannot in the world
> Be singly counterpoised…

“If it be”: Coriolanus’ own mode of speaking, by contrast, is what he calls the “absolute shall.” To leave room for an “if” would be to call his whole world-picture into question.

The play brings the absolute embodiment of *virtus* into hostile dialogue with other voices. As in *Julius Caesar*, the action begins not with the hero but with the people, to whom Plutarch (a believer in the theory that history is shaped by the deeds of great men alone) never gives a voice. In the very early period of the Roman republic, around the fifth century BC, Rome faced two threats: an external danger from neighboring territories (the Volscians, based in Antium and Corioles) and the internal danger of division between the patricians and the plebeians. The martial hero is supremely successful in dealing with the external threat through force, but his attempt to handle internal affairs in the same way leads to his banishment and eventual death. The opening scene reveals that the people do have a case: the first citizen argues cogently against inequality, speaking “in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.” Diplomacy is the skill needed here; Coriolanus, who is always “himself alone” and who trusts in the deeds of the sword rather than the blandishments of the word, will have no truck with compromise. His pride and his desire to stand alone are only allayed when he faces his mother, wife, and son pleading for him to have mercy on the city. Volumnia appeals to the bond of family; after her eloquent entreaty, Coriolanus hovers for a moment in one of the most powerful silences in Shakespeare. He sets aside his code of manly strength, accepts the familial tie, and in so doing effectively signs his own death warrant. He has for the first time fully recognized the claims of other people, escaped the bond of absolute self. The knowledge of what he has done brings a kind of peace: “But let it come,” he says of his inevitable end. He is speaking here in the voice of Stoic resignation.

The nineteenth-century critic William Hazlitt said that anyone who was familiar with *Coriolanus* could save themselves the trouble of reading Edmund Burke’s attack on the French Revolution and Tom Paine’s defense of it, because Shakespeare gives you both sides of the question. The play anatomizes the strengths and the weaknesses of both absolutism and republicanism, interrogates both the principle of aristocracy and that of democracy. The plebeians and their elected representatives, the tribunes, have arguments as good as those of the patricians who, at the beginning of the play, have been hoarding grain for no good reason.

But ultimately, Hazlitt contended, Shakespeare had a leaning toward the side of arbitrary power, that of Coriolanus himself. Perhaps in contempt of his own lowly origins, or out of politic fear of the consequences of “confusion” in the state, Shakespeare gives charisma to aristocratic swagger. Stage directions such as *“Citizens slink away”* and *“Enter a rabble of plebeians”* suggest where authorial sympathies do not lie. “The language of poetry,” Hazlitt said, “naturally falls in with the language of power.” All the memorable poetry belongs to Coriolanus, none to the tribunes. Whatever the force of the arguments on either side, the audience is swept away by the energy of the play’s warrior hero. In particular, there is something irresistible about his solitary intensity. “*Alone* I did it,” he vaunts, remembering the deed that gave him his name: the conquest of Corioles, achieved when the plebeian soldiers ran away and the gates of the enemy city clanged shut behind him. In its way, his arrogance is as magnificent as his courage. Accused of being an enemy to the people, he is banished from the city for which he has been prepared to lay down his life on the battlefield. His reply turns the sentence on its head:

> You common cry of curs, whose breath I hate
> As reek o’th’rotten fens: whose loves I prize
> As the dead carcasses of unburied men
> That do corrupt my air: I banish you,
> And here remain with your uncertainty.

The brilliance of the writing is in the detail: not only the glorious turn in the verb from passive “banished” to active “I banish you,” but also the first person pronoun “my” applied to the very “air,” thus showing how Coriolanus’ world revolves around himself, and the riposte “here [may you] remain with your uncertainty,” which reveals the gulf between the solitary martial hero’s firmness of vision and the messy vicissitudes of communal life.

Coriolanus walks proudly away from Rome, soon to face the humiliation of being ordered around by mere servingmen. The very qualities that made him a great warrior—his singleness of purpose and lack of compromise—are those that make him a poor politician. The play is a tragedy because the man of war cannot keep the peace. It is also a work of deep irony. Coriolanus is the walking embodiment of masculinity. He feels a peculiarly intense bond with Aufidius, his opponent on the battlefield. The single erotic speech in the play is spoken by Aufidius when he welcomes the exiled Coriolanus to his home, an arrival that excites him more than his wife crossing his threshold on their wedding night. His nightly dream has been to wrestle with Coriolanus’ body in hand-to-hand combat:

> We have been down together in my sleep,
> Unbuckling helms, fisting each other’s throat,
> And waked half dead with nothing…

Though Coriolanus does not respond to this extraordinary advance in verbal kind, he is manifestly a man who is at his most fulfilled when among other men. And yet the march of this supremely manly man comes to an abrupt halt in the face of his mother, Volumnia. “The ladies have prevailed”: by a lovely irony, Rome is saved by the words of an old woman, not the deeds of a young man. No wonder Caius Martius is so angry when Aufidius calls him “boy”: Coriolanus is Peter Pan in full body armor, a boy who refuses to grow up.

KEY FACTS

PLOT: Famine in Rome is kindling unrest between the common people and the patricians. The people particularly resent the arrogant Caius Martius, son of Volumnia, who makes no secret of the fact that he despises them. The citizens rise up against the patricians, whom they suspect of hoarding corn for themselves. They are rewarded with the creation of two people's representatives, or tribunes, who are given new powers to sit in the Senate. War with the neighboring Volscians halts the rioting, however, and, in the battle for the town of Corioli, Caius Martius leads the Roman army with such spectacular bravery that he is honored with the title "Coriolanus." Back in Rome, the patricians urge Coriolanus to seek the consulship. Reluctantly, he agrees to submit himself to the necessary public display of humility in order to win the assent of the citizens, but once again his inability to mask his contempt turns them against him. Not only do they refuse their assent but, incited by their tribunes, they banish Coriolanus from Rome. In revenge, he joins the Volscians and his former enemy Tullus Aufidius. Together they march on Rome. Coriolanus refuses all attempts at conciliation by his former comrades and only through the intercession of his mother, wife, and son is he finally persuaded to spare the city. He establishes a peace, but is killed by the resentful Volscians.

MAJOR PARTS: (*with percentage of lines/number of speeches/scenes on stage*) Caius Martius/Coriolanus (23%/189/18), Menenius Agrippa (15%/162/13), Volumnia (8%/57/6), Sicinius Velutus (8%/117/10), Cominius (8%/67/11), Tullus Aufidius (7%/45/8), Junius Brutus (7%/ 91/9), Titus Lartius (2%/23/6), First Citizen (2%/33/4), Third Servingman (1%/20/1), Third Citizen (1%/18/3), and Valeria (1%/14/2).

LINGUISTIC MEDIUM: 80% verse, 20% prose.

DATE: 1608? Probably uses Camden's *Remaines* (1605); a phrase is parodied in Ben Jonson's *Epicoene* (late 1609). Allusion to "coal of fire upon the ice" in Act 1 scene 1 sometimes taken to refer to the great frost of winter 1607/08, when the Thames was frozen and people with "pans of coals to warm your fingers" were stationed on the middle of the river; the issue of grain shortage and hoarding with which the action begins has been related to an insurrection in the English midlands in 1607–08. Theaters were closed because of the plague for the majority of the time in these years, so the play may belong to the open period of April–July 1608.

SOURCES: Closely based on "The Life of Caius Martius Coriolanus" in Sir Thomas North's English translation of Plutarch's *Lives of the Most Noble Grecians and Romanes* (Shakespeare probably used the 1595 edition). Menenius' fable of the belly in the first scene is the only occasion on which an additional source seems to have been used: the wording suggests the influence of both Livy's *Romane Historie* (trans. Philemon Holland, 1600) and William Camden's *Remaines of a greater worke concerning Britaine* (1605).

TEXT: 1623 Folio, apparently set from Shakespeare's manuscript or a scribal transcript of it, is the only early edition; irregular lineation is the main problem in the printing.

THE TRAGEDY OF CORIOLANUS

Caius MARTIUS, later CORIOLANUS
VOLUMNIA, Coriolanus’ mother
VIRGILIA, his wife
YOUNG MARTIUS, his son
VALERIA, friend of Virgilia
GENTLEWOMAN, attending on Virgilia
MENENIUSAgrippa, Coriolanus’ elderly friend

Titus LARTIUS	Roman generals
COMINIUS	

SICINIUS Velutus	Roman tribunes
JUNIUS BRUTUS	

NICANOR, a Roman traitor
Two MESSENGERS
LIEUTENANT
Two SOLDIERS
Two OFFICERS
Five CITIZENS
Three ROMANS
A HERALD
An AEDILE
A PATRICIAN
Two SENATORS
Tullus AUFIDIUS, Volscian general
LIEUTENANTto Aufidius
ADRIAN, a Volscian
Three SERVINGMEN
Three CONSPIRATORS
Two WATCHMEN
Three LORDS
Usher, Valeria’s Gentlewoman, Captains, Soldiers,
Drummer, Trumpeter, Scout, Nobles, Attendants

Act 1 Scene 1[1.1]

running scene 1

Enter a company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs and other weapons

FIRST CITIZEN Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

ALL Speak, speak.

FIRST CITIZEN You are all resolved rather to die than to famish?[3]

ALL Resolved, resolved.

FIRST CITIZEN First, you know Caius Martius is chief enemy to the people.

ALL We know't, we know't.

FIRST CITIZEN Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?[7]

ALL No more talking on't:[8] let it be done: away, away.

SECOND CITIZEN One word, good citizens.

FIRST CITIZEN We are accounted poor,[10] citizens, the patricians good: what authority surfeits on[11] would relieve us. If they would yield us but the superfluity while it were wholesome[12] we might guess they relieved us humanely: but they think we are too dear:,[13] the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory[14] to particularize their abundance: our sufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our pikes[15] ere we become rakes. For the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

SECOND CITIZEN Would you proceed especially against Caius Martius?

ALL Against him first: he's a very dog[18] to the commonalty.

SECOND CITIZEN Consider you what services he has done for his country?

FIRST CITIZEN Very well, and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

ALL Nay, but speak not maliciously.

FIRST CITIZEN I say unto you, what he hath done famously,[23] he did it to that end: though soft-conscienced[24] men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to[25] please his mother and to be partly proud, which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

SECOND CITIZEN What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous.

FIRST CITIZEN If.[29] I must not, I need not be barren of accusations: he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition[30]

Shouts within

What shouts are these? The other side o'th'city is risen:[31] why stay we prating here? To th'Capitol![32]

ALL Come, come.

FIRST CITIZEN Soft,[34] who comes here?

Enter Menenius Agrippa

SECOND CITIZEN Worthy Menenius Agrippa, one that hath always loved the people.

FIRST CITIZEN He's one honest enough: would all the rest were so!

MENENIUS What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you With bats[38] and clubs? The matter, speak, I pray you.

SECOND CITIZEN Our business is not unknown to th'senate: they have had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say poor suitors[41] have strong breaths: they shall know we have strong arms too.

MENENIUS Why, masters,[42] my good friends, mine honest neighbours, Will you undo[43] yourselves?

SECOND CITIZEN We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

MENENIUS I tell you, friends, most charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For[46] your wants,
Your suffering in this dearth,[47] you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your staves[48] as lift them
Against the Roman state, whose course will on[49]
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs[50]
Of more strong link asunder than can ever
Appear in your[52] impediment. For the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it, and
Your knees[54] to them, not arms, must help. Alack,
You are transported[55] by calamity
Thither where more attends[56] you, and you slander
The helms[57] o'th'state, who care for you like fathers,
When you curse them as enemies.

SECOND CITIZEN Care for us? True,[59] indeed, they ne’er cared for[60] us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-houses crammed with grain: make edicts for usury, to support usurers: repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich, and provide more piercing[62] statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will: and there’s all the love they bear us.

MENENIUS Either you must
Confess yourselves wondrous[65] malicious,
Or be accused of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty[67] tale: it may be you have heard it,
But since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To stale’t[69] a little more.

SECOND CITIZEN Well, I’ll hear it, sir: yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace[70] with a tale: but, an’t[71] please you, deliver.

MENENIUS There was a time when all the body’s members
Rebelled against the belly, thus accused it:
That only like a gulf it did remain
I’th’midst o’th’body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding[76] the viand, never bearing
Like[77] labour with the rest, where th’other instruments
Did see and hear, devise,[78] instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate,[79] did minister
Unto the appetite and affection[80] common
Of the whole body. The belly answered—

SECOND CITIZEN Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

MENENIUS Sir, I shall tell you: with a kind of smile,
Which ne’er[84] came from the lungs, but even thus —
For look you, I may make the belly smile
As well as speak — it tauntingly replied
To th’discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his[88] receipt: even so most fitly
As you malign our senators for that[89]
They are not such as you.

SECOND CITIZEN Your belly’s answer: what?
The kingly crownèd head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,

Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments[95] and petty helps
In this our fabric,[96] if that they—
MENENIUS What then? Fore me,[97] this fellow speaks! What then? What then?
SECOND CITIZEN Should by the cormorant[98] belly be restrained,
Who is the sink[99] o'th'body—
MENENIUS Well, what then?
SECOND CITIZEN The former[101] agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?
MENENIUS I will tell you,
If you'll bestow a small[104] — of what you have little —
Patience awhile, you'st[105] hear the belly's answer.
SECOND CITIZEN You're long about it.
MENENIUS Note me this, good friend:
Your[108] most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answered:
'True is it, my incorporate[110] friends,' quoth he,
'That I receive the general[111] food at first
Which you do live upon: and fit it is,
Because I am the storehouse and the shop
Of the whole body. But, if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood
Even to the court,[116] the heart, to th'seat o'th'brain,
And through the cranks[117] and offices of man,
The strongest nerves[118] and small inferior veins
From me receive that natural competency[119]
Whereby they live. And though that all at once' —
You, my good friends, this says the belly, mark[121] me—
SECOND CITIZEN Ay, sir, well, well.
MENENIUS 'Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make[125] my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flour[126] of all,
And leave me but the bran.[127]' What say you to't?
SECOND CITIZEN It was an answer: how apply you this?

MENENIUS The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members: for examine
Their counsels and their cares, digest[131] things rightly
Touching the weal o'th'common,[132] you shall find
No public benefit which you receive
But it proceeds or comes from them to you
And no way from yourselves. What do you think,
You, the great toe of this assembly?

SECOND CITIZEN I the great toe? Why the great toe?

MENENIUS For that, being one o'th'lowest, basest, poorest
Of this most wise rebellion, thou goest foremost:
Thou rascal,[140] that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage.[141]
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs:
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle:
The one side[144] must have bale.

Enter Caius Martius

Hail, noble Martius.

MARTIUS Thanks. What's the matter, you dissentious[145] rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?[147]

SECOND CITIZEN We have ever[148] your good word.

MARTIUS He that will give good words to thee will flatter
Beneath abhorring.[150] What would you have, you curs,
That like nor[151] peace nor war? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud.[152] He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares:[153]
Where foxes,[154] geese: you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue[156] is
To make[157] him worthy whose offence subdues him
And curse that justice did it. Who[158] deserves greatness
Deserves[159] your hate, and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil.[161] He that depends
Upon your favours swims with fins of lead,

And hews down oaks with rushes.[163] Hang ye! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble that was now[165] your hate,
Him vile that was your garland.[166] What's the matter,
That in these several[167] places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else[169]
Would feed on one another?—What's their seeking?[170] ***To Menenius***
MENENIUS For corn at their own rates, whereof they say
The city is well stored.
MARTIUS Hang 'em! They say?
They'll sit by th'fire, and presume to know
What's done i'th'Capitol: who's like to rise,
Who thrives and who declines: side[176] factions and give out
Conjectural marriages,[177] making parties strong
And feebling[178] such as stand not in their liking
Below their cobbled[179] shoes. They say there's grain enough?
Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,[180]
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry[181]
With thousands of these quartered[182] slaves, as high
As I could pick[183] my lance.
MENENIUS Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded:
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing[186] cowardly. But I beseech you,
What says the other troop?
MARTIUS They are dissolved: hang 'em:
They said they were an-hungry,[189] sighed forth proverbs
That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs[190] must eat,
That meat[191] was made for mouths, that the gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only: with these shreds[192]
They vented their complainings, which being answered,
And a petition granted them, a strange one —
To break the heart of generosity,[195]
And make bold power look pale — they threw their caps
As[197] they would hang them on the horns o'th'moon,
Shouting their emulation.[198]

MENENIUS What is granted them?
MARTIUS Five tribunes[200] to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice. One’s Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not. ’Sdeath,[202]
The rabble should have first unroofed the city,
Ere so prevailed with me: it will in time
Win upon power[205] and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection’s arguing.[206]
MENENIUS This is strange.
MARTIUS Go get you home, you fragments.[208] ***To the Citizens***

Enter a Messenger hastily

MESSENGER Where’s Caius Martius?
MARTIUS Here: what’s the matter?
MESSENGER The news is, sir, the Volsces are in arms.
MARTIUS I am glad on’t: then we shall ha’ means to vent[212]
Our musty superfluity.[213] See, our best elders.

Enter Sicinius Velutus, Junius Brutus, Cominius, Titus Lartius, with other Senators

FIRST SENATOR Martius, ’tis true that[214] you have lately told us:
The Volsces are in arms.
MARTIUS They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to’t:[217]
I sin in envying his nobility,
And were I anything but what I am,
I would wish me only he.
COMINIUS You have fought together![221]
MARTIUS Were half to half the world by th’ears[222] and he
Upon my party,[223] I’d revolt to make
Only my wars with[224] him. He is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.
FIRST SENATOR Then, worthy Martius,
Attend upon[227] Cominius to these wars.
COMINIUS It is your former promise. ***To Martius***
MARTIUS Sir, it is,
And I am constant:[230] Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus’ face.

What, art thou stiff?[232] Stand'st out?
LARTIUS No, Caius Martius,
I'll lean upon one crutch and fight with t'other,
Ere[235] stay behind this business.
MENENIUS O, true-bred!
FIRST SENATOR Your[237] company to th'Capitol, where I know
Our greatest friends attend[238] us.
LARTIUS Lead you on.— *To Cominius*
Follow Cominius, we must follow you, *To Martius*
Right[241] worthy your priority.
COMINIUS Noble Martius.
FIRST SENATOR Hence to your homes, be gone. *To the Citizens*
MARTIUS Nay, let them follow:
The Volsces have much corn: take these rats thither
To gnaw their garners.[246] Worshipful mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth:[247] pray follow.
Exeunt
Citizens steal away. Sicinius and Brutus remain
SICINIUS Was ever man so proud as is this Martius?
BRUTUS He has no equal.
SICINIUS When we were chosen tribunes for the people—
BRUTUS Marked you his lip and eyes?
SICINIUS Nay, but his taunts.
BRUTUS Being moved,[253] he will not spare to gird the gods.
SICINIUS Bemock the modest[254] moon.
BRUTUS The[255] present wars devour him: he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.
SICINIUS Such a nature,
Tickled with[258] good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon:[259] but I do wonder
His insolence[260] can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.
BRUTUS Fame, at the which he aims,
In whom already he's well graced, cannot
Better be held nor more attained than by
A place below the first: for what miscarries[265]

Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To th'utmost of a man, and giddy censure[267]
Will then cry out of Martius 'O, if he
Had borne the business!'

SICINIUS Besides, if things go well,
Opinion[271] that so sticks on Martius shall
Of his demerits[272] rob Cominius.

BRUTUS Come:
Half all Cominius' honours are[274] to Martius,
Though Martius earned them not: and all his faults
To Martius shall be honours, though indeed
In aught[277] he merit not.

SICINIUS Let's hence, and hear
How the dispatch[279] is made, and in what fashion,
More[280] than his singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.[281]

BRUTUS Let's along.[282]

Exeunt

[Act 1 Scene 2][1.2]

running scene 2

Enter Tullus Aufidius with Senators of Corioles

FIRST SENATOR So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are entered[2] in our counsels
And know how we proceed.

AUFIDIUS Is it not yours?
Whatever have been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere[6] Rome
Had circumvention?[7] ’Tis not four days gone
Since I heard thence: these are the words: I think
I have the letter here: yes, here it is. ***He reads the letter1***
‘They have pressed a power,[10] but it is not known
Whether for east or west: the dearth is great,
The people mutinous: and it is rumoured,
Cominius, Martius your old enemy,
Who is of[14] Rome worse hated than of you,
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation[16]
Whither[17] ’tis bent: most likely ’tis for you:
Consider of it.’

FIRST SENATOR Our army’s in the field:[19]
We never yet made doubt but[20] Rome was ready
To answer us.

AUFIDIUS Nor did you think it folly
To keep your great pretences[23] veiled, till when
They needs[24] must show themselves, which in the hatching,
It seemed, appeared to Rome. By the discovery,
We shall be shortened[26] in our aim, which was
To take in[27] many towns ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.

SECOND SENATOR Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission, hie[30] you to your bands:
Let us alone to guard Corioles.

If they set down before's,[32] for the remove
Bring up your army: but, I think, you'll find
They've not prepared for us.

AUFIDIUS O, doubt not that:
I speak from certainties. Nay, more,
Some parcels[37] of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward.[38] I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Martius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us we shall ever[40] strike
Till one can do no more.

ALL The gods assist you!

AUFIDIUS And keep your honours safe

FIRST SENATOR Farewell.

SECOND SENATOR Farewell.

ALL Farewell.

Exeunt

Act 1 Scene 3[1.3]

running scene 3

Enter Volumnia and Virgilia, mother and wife to Martius: they set them down on two low stools and sew

VOLUMNIA I pray you, daughter, sing, or express yourself in a more comfortable,.[1] sort: if my son were my husband, I should freelier[2] rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour than in the embracements of his bed where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied[4] and the only son of my womb, when youth with comeliness[5] plucked all gaze his way, when for a day of kings' entreaties a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding, I, considering how honour would become[7] such a person, that it was no better than, picture-like[8] to hang by th'wall if renown made it not stir, was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like[9] to find fame: to a cruel war I sent him, from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak[10] I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child than now[11] in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

VIRGILIA But had he died in the business, madam, how then?

VOLUMNIA Then his good report should have been my son: I therein would have found issue.[15] Hear me profess sincerely: had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Martius, I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit[17] out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman

GENTLEWOMAN Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you. ***To Volumnia***

VIRGILIA Beseech you give[19] me leave to retire myself. ***To Volumnia***

VOLUMNIA Indeed, you shall not.
Methinks I hear hither[21]
See[22] him pluck Aufidius down by th'hair,
As children from a bear, the Volsces shunning him:
Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus,
'Come on, you cowards, you were got[25] in fear,
Though you were born in Rome'; his bloody brow

With his mailed[27] hand then wiping, forth he goes,
Like to a harvest-man that's tasked[28] to mow
Or all or lose his hire.[29]

VIRGILIA His bloody brow? O Jupiter,[30] no blood!

VOLUMNIA Away, you fool! It more becomes a man
Than gilt his trophy.[32] The breasts of Hecuba
When she did suckle Hector looked not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead when it spit forth blood
At Grecian sword, contemning.[35]— Tell Valeria, ***To the Gentlewoman***
We are fit[36] to bid her welcome.

Exit Gentlewoman

VIRGILIA Heavens bless[37] my lord from fell Aufidius!

VOLUMNIA He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee
And tread upon his neck

Enter Valeria with an Usher and a Gentlewoman

VALERIA My ladies both, good day to you.

VOLUMNIA Sweet madam

VIRGILIA I am glad to see your ladyship

VALERIA How do you both? You are manifest housekeepers,.[43] What are you sewing here? A fine spot[44] in good faith. How does your little son?

VIRGILIA I thank your ladyship: well, good madam

VOLUMNIA He had rather see the swords and hear a drum than look upon his schoolmaster

VALERIA O'my[48] word, the father's son: I'll swear 'tis a very pretty boy. O'my troth, I looked upon him o'Wednesday half[49] an hour together: he's such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after[51] a gilded butterfly, and when he caught it, he let it go again, and after it again, and over and over he comes, and up again, catched it again: or whether[52] his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth and tear it. O, I warrant[53] how he mammocked it!

VOLUMNIA One on's[54] father's moods

VALERIA Indeed, la,[55] 'tis a noble child.

VIRGILIA A crack,[56] madam

VALERIA Come, lay aside your stitchery, I must have you play the idle housewife[57] with me this afternoon.

VIRGILIA No, good madam, I will not out[59] of doors

VALERIA Not out of doors?

VOLUMNIA She shall, she shall

VIRGILIA Indeed, no, by your patience: I’ll not over the threshold till my lord return from the wars

VALERIA Fie,.[64] you confine yourself most unreasonably: come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in[65]

VIRGILIA I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers: but I cannot go thither

VOLUMNIA Why, I pray you?

VIRGILIA ’Tis not to save labour, nor that I want[69] love

VALERIA You would be another Penelope:[70] yet they say all the yarn she spun in Ulysses’ absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come, I would[71] your cambric were sensible[72] as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

VIRGILIA No, good madam, pardon me, indeed I will not forth

VALERIA In truth, la, go with me, and I’ll tell you excellent news of your husband.

VIRGILIA O, good madam, there can be none yet

VALERIA Verily[77] I do not jest with you: there came news from him last night.

VIRGILIA Indeed, madam?

VALERIA In earnest, it’s true: I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is: the Volsces have an army forth, against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power. Your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioles: they nothing doubt prevailing[82] and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour: and so, I pray, go with us.

VIRGILIA Give me excuse,[84] good madam: I will obey you in everything hereafter.

VOLUMNIA Let her alone, lady: as she is now, she will but disease[85] our better mirth.

VALERIA In troth,[86] I think she would. Fare you well, then. Come, good sweet lady. Prithee, Virgilia, turn thy solemness out o’door, and go along with us.

VIRGILIA No, at a word,[88] madam: indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

VALERIA Well then, farewell.

Exeunt Ladies

[Act 1 Scene 4][1.4]

running scene 4

Enter Martius, Titus Lartius, with Drum [, Trumpeter] and Colours, with Captains and
Soldiers [with scaling ladders], as before the city Corioles: to them a Messenger

MARTIUS Yonder comes news: a wager they have met.[1]
LARTIUS My[2] horse to yours, no.
MARTIUS ’Tis done.
LARTIUS Agreed.
MARTIUS Say, has our general met the enemy? ***To the Messenger***
MESSENGER They lie in view, but have not spoke[6] as yet.
LARTIUS So, the good horse is mine.
MARTIUS I’ll buy him of you.
LARTIUS No, I’ll nor[9] sell nor give him: lend you him I will
For half a hundred years.— Summon the town. ***To Trumpeter***
MARTIUS How far off lie these armies?
MESSENGER Within this mile and half.
MARTIUS Then shall we hear their ’Iarum,[13] and they ours.
Now, Mars,[14] I prithee make us quick in work,
That we with smoking[15] swords may march from hence
To help our fielded[16] friends.— Come, blow thy blast. ***To Trumpeter***

They sound a parley: enter two Senators with others on the walls of Corioles

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?
FIRST SENATOR No, nor[18] a man that fears you less than he,
That’s lesser than a little.!
Hark, our drums

Drum afar off

Are bringing forth our youth: we’ll break our walls
Rather than they shall pound us up:[21] our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinned with rushes:[22]
They’ll open of themselves.
Hark you, far off

Alarum far off

There is Aufidius. List[24] what work he makes
Amongst your cloven[25] army.

MARTIUS O, they are at it!

LARTIUS Their[27] noise be our instruction. Ladders, ho! ***They prepare their ladders to assault the walls***

Enter the army of the Volsces

MARTIUS They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof[30] than shields. Advance, brave Titus:
They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,[31]
Which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on, my fellows:
He that retires, I'll take him for a Volsce,
And he shall feel mine edge.[34]

Alarum: the Romans are beat back to their trenches [and exeunt, followed by the Volsces].

Enter Martius cursing

MARTIUS all the contagion of the south[35] light on you,
You shames of Rome! You herd of— boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er, that you may be abhorred
Further than seen,[38] and one infect another
Against[39] the wind a mile: you souls of geese
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto[41] and hell:
All hurt behind,[42] backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued[43] fear! Mend and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe
And make my wars on you: look to't. Come on:
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat[46] them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed.

Another alarum, and Martius follows [the Volsces] to [the] gates

So, now the gates are open:[48] now prove good seconds:
'Tis for the followers[49] fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers:[50] mark me, and do the like.

[He] enter[s] the gates

FIRST SOLDIER Foolhardiness: not I.

SECOND SOLDIER Nor I.
[The gates close and Martius] is shut in
FIRST SOLDIER See, they have shut him in.
Alarum continues
ALL To th'pot,[54] I warrant him.
Enter Titus Lartius
LARTIUS What is become of Martius?
ALL Slain, sir, doubtless.
FIRST SOLDIER Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters, who upon the sudden
Clapped to[59] their gates: he is himself alone,
To answer[60] all the city.
LARTIUS O noble fellow!
Who sensibly[62] outdares his senseless sword,
And when it bows,[63] stand'st up. Thou art left, Martius:
A carbuncle entire,[64] as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's[66] wish, not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes: but with thy grim looks, and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous and did tremble.
Enter Martius, bleeding, assaulted by the enemy
FIRST SOLDIER look, sir.
LARTIUS O, 'tis martius!
Let's fetch him off,[73] or make remain alike.
They fight, and all enter the city

[Act 1 Scene 5]

running scene 4 continues

Enter certain Romans with spoils

FIRST ROMAN This will I carry to Rome.

SECOND ROMAN And I this.

THIRD ROMAN A murrain[3] on't, I took this for silver.

Exeunt

Alarum continues still afar off

Enter Martius and Titus [Lartius] with a Trumpet

MARTIUS See here these movers that do prize[4] their honours
At a cracked drachma:[5] cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons[6] of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up: down with them!
And hark, what noise the general[9] makes: to him.
There is the man of my soul's hate, aufidius,
Piercing our romans: then, valiant titus, take
Convenient[12] numbers to make good the city,
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.

LARTIUS Worthy sir, thou bleed'st:
Thy exercise hath been too violent
For a second course of fight.

MARTIUS Sir, praise me not:
My work hath yet not warmed me. fare you well:
The blood i drop is rather physical[20]
Than dangerous to me: to Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

LARTIUS Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee, and her great charms[24]
Misguide thy opposers'[25] swords! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity[26] be thy page.

MARTIUS Thy[27] friend no less
Than those she placeth highest. So farewell.

LARTIUS Thou worthiest Martius!

[Exit Martius]

Go sound thy trumpet in the market-place:
Call thither all the officers o'th'town,
Where they shall know our mind. Away.

Exeunt

Act 1 Scene 6

running scene 4 continues

Enter Cominius, as it were in retire[*], *with Soldiers*

COMINIUS Breathe you,[1] my friends: well fought: we are come off
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,[2]
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,
We shall be charged again. Whiles we have struck,[4]
By[5] interims and conveying gusts we have heard!
The[6] charges of our friends. The Roman gods
Lead their successes as we wish our own,
That both our powers, with smiling fronts[8] encount'ring,
May give you thankful sacrifice.

Enter a Messenger

Thy news?

MESSENGER The citizens of Corioles have issued,[10]
And given to Lartius and to Martius battle:
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

COMINIUS Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?

MESSENGER Above an hour, my lord

COMINIUS 'Tis not a mile: briefly[17] we heard their drums.
How couldst thou in a mile confound[18] an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

MESSENGER Spies of the Volsces
Held me in chase, that[21] I was forced to wheel
Three or four miles about, else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter Martius [bleeding]

COMINIUS Who's yonder,
That does appear as[25] he were flayed? O gods,
He has the stamp[26] of Martius, and I have
Before-time[27] seen him thus.

MARTIUS Come I too late?

COMINIUS The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor[29]
More than I know the sound of Martius' tongue
From every meaner[31] man.

MARTIUS Come I too late?

COMINIUS Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

MARTIUS O, let me clip[35] ye
In arms as sound as when I wooed in heart,
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers[38] burned to bedward. ***He embraces Cominius***

COMINIUS Flower of warriors, how is't with Titus Lartius?

MARTIUS As with a man busied about decrees:[40]
Condemning some to death, and some to exile,
Ransoming him, or pitying, threat'ning th'other;
Holding Corioles in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip[45] at will.

COMINIUS Where is that slave
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.

MARTIUS Let him alone:
He did inform the truth: but for our gentlemen,
The common file[51] — a plague — tribunes for them! —
The mouse ne'er shunned the cat as they did budge[52]
From rascals worse than they.

COMINIUS But how prevailed you?

MARTIUS Will the time serve to tell? I do not think.[55]
Where is the enemy? Are you lords o'th'field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

COMINIUS Martius, we have at disadvantage fought
And did retire to[59] win our purpose.

MARTIUS How lies their battle?[60] Know you on which side
They have placed their men of trust?

COMINIUS As I guess, Martius,
Their bands i'th'vanguard[63] are the Antiates,
Of[64] their best trust: o'er them Aufidius,

Their very heart of hope.

MARTIUS I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By th'blood we have shed together, by th'vows
We have made to endure[69] friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius and his Antiates,
And that you not delay the present, but,
Filling the air with swords advanced[72] and darts,
We prove[73] this very hour.

COMINIUS Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath
And balms[76] applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking: take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

MARTIUS Those are they
That most are willing: if any such be here,
As it were sin to doubt, that love this painting[81]
Wherein you see me smeared, if any fear
Lesser[83] his person than an ill report:
If any think brave[84] death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself,
Let him alone,[86] or so many so minded,
Wave thus to express his disposition,
And follow Martius.

They all shout and wave their swords, take him up in their arms, and cast up their caps

O, me[89] alone, make you a sword of me?
If these shows be not outward,[90] which of you
But is[91] four Volsces? None of you but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select from all.
The rest shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause[96] will be obeyed. Please you to march,
And I shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclined.

COMINIUS March on, my fellows:
Make[100] good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all[101] with us.

Exeunt

Act 1 Scene 7

running scene 4 continues

Titus Lartius, having set a guard upon Corioles, going with Drum and Trumpet toward
Cominius and Caius Martius, enters with a Lieutenant, other Soldiers and a Scout

LARTIUS So, let the ports[1] be guarded: keep your duties ***To the Lieutenant***
As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch
Those centuries[3] to our aid: the rest will serve
For a short holding:[4] if we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

LIEUTENANT Fear not[6] our care, sir.

LARTIUS Hence, and shut your gates upon's:
Our guider, come; to th'Roman camp conduct us.

Exeunt

[Act 1 Scene 8]

running scene 4 continues

Alarum, as in battle. Enter Martius and Aufidius at several[*] *doors*

MARTIUS I'll fight with none but thee, for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.

AUFIDIUS We hate alike:
Not Afric owns[4] a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame and envy.[5] Fix thy foot.

MARTIUS Let the first budger[6] die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after.

AUFIDIUS If I fly, Martius, holla[8] me like a hare.

MARTIUS Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioles' walls,
And made what work I pleased: 'tis not my blood
Wherein thou see'st me masked: for thy revenge
Wrench up[13] thy power to th'highest.

AUFIDIUS Wert thou the Hector
That was the whip of your bragged progeny,[15]
Thou shouldst not scape[16] me here.

Here they fight, and certain Volsces come in the aid of Aufidius. Martius fights till they be driven in breathless

Officious, and not valiant, you have shamed me
In[18] your condemnèd seconds.

[Exit]

[Act 1 Scene 9]

running scene 4 continues

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*Alarum. Flourish**. *A retreat is sounded. Enter at one door Cominius with the Romans: at another door Martius, with his arm in a scarf*

COMINIUS If I should tell thee o'er[1] this thy day's work,
Thou't not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles,
Where great patricians shall attend[4] and shrug,
I'th'end admire:[5] where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quaked,[6] hear more: where the dull tribunes,
That with the fusty[7] plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say against their hearts,[8] 'We thank the gods
Our Rome hath such a soldier.'
Yet cam'st[10] thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully dined before.

Enter Titus [Lartius] with his power, from the pursuit

LARTIUS O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison:[13]
Hadst thou beheld—

MARTIUS Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter[16] to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me. I have done
As you have done: that's what I can, induced[18]
As you have been, that's for my country:
He that has but effected[20] his good will
Hath overta'en[21] mine act.

COMINIUS You shall not be[22] the grave of your deserving:
Rome must know the value of her own:
'Twere a concealment worse than a theft,
No less than a traducement,[25]
To hide your doings, and to silence that
Which, to[27] the spire and top of praises vouched,
Would seem but modest: therefore, I beseech you
In sign[29] of what you are, not to reward

What you have done, before our army hear me.
MARTIUS I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remembered.
COMINIUS Should they not,[33]
Well might they fester gainst[34] ingratitude,
And tent[35] themselves with death. Of all the horses,
Whereof we have ta’en good[36] and good store, of all
The treasure in[37] this field achieved and city,
We render you the[38] tenth, to be ta’en forth,
Before the common distribution,
At[40] your only choice.
MARTIUS I thank you, general:
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it,
And stand[44] upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.[45]

A long flourish. They all cry ‘Martius, Martius!’ cast up their caps and lances: Cominius and Lartius stand bare

May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more: when drums and trumpets shall
I’th’field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-faced soothing:[49] when steel grows
Soft as the parasite’s[50] silk, let him be made
An overture[51] for th’wars: no more, I say,
For that[52] I have not washed my nose that bled,
Or foiled some debile[53] wretch, which, without note,
Here’s many else have done, you shout me forth[54]
In acclamations hyperbolical,
As if I loved my little[56] should be dieted
In praises sauced[57] with lies.
COMINIUS Too modest are you:
More cruel to your good report than grateful
To us that give[60] you truly: by your patience,
If gainst yourself you be incensed, we’ll put you,
Like one that means[62] his proper harm, in manacles,
Then reason safely with you: therefore be it known,

As to us, to all the world, that Caius Martius
Wears this war's garland:[65] in token of the which,
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging:[67] and from this time,
For what he did before Corioles, call him,
With all th'applause and clamour of the host,[69]
Martius Caius Coriolanus. Bear th'addition[70] nobly ever!

Flourish. Trumpets sound, and Drums

ALL Martius Caius Coriolanus!

CORIOLANUS I will go wash: ***To Cominius***
And when my face is fair,[73] you shall perceive
Whether I blush or no: howbeit,[74] I thank you:
I mean to stride[75] your steed, and at all times
To undercrest[76] your good addition
To th'fairness[77] of my power.

COMINIUS So, to our tent,
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success. You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioles back: send us to Rome
The best,[82] with whom we may articulate,
For their own good and ours.

LARTIUS I shall, my lord.

CORIOLANUS The gods begin to mock me: I, that now
Refused most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

COMINIUS Take't, 'tis yours: what is't?

CORIOLANUS I sometime[89] lay here in Corioles
At a poor man's house: he used[90] me kindly:
He cried[91] to me: I saw him prisoner:
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelmed my pity: I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

COMINIUS O, well begged!
Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind. Deliver[97] him, Titus.

LARTIUS Martius, his name?

CORIOLANUS By Jupiter, forgot:
I am weary: yea, my memory is tired:
Have we no wine here?
COMINIUS Go we to our tent:
The blood upon your visage[103] dries: ’tis time
It should be looked to: come.
Exeunt

[Act 1 Scene 10]

running scene 4 continues

A flourish. Cornets. Enter Tullus Aufidius, bloody, with two or three Soldiers

AUFIDIUS The town is ta'en.[1]

FIRST SOLDIER 'Twill be delivered back on good condition.[2]

AUFIDIUS Condition?
I would I were a Roman, for I cannot,
Being a Volsce, be that[5] I am. Condition?
What good condition[6] can a treaty find
I'th'part[7] that is at mercy? Five times, Martius,
I have fought with thee: so often hast thou beat me,
And wouldst do so, I think, should we encounter[9]
As often as we eat. By th'elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He's mine, or I am his: mine emulation[12]
Hath not that honour in't it had: for where[13]
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
True sword to sword, I'll potch[15] at him some way
Or[16] wrath or craft may get him.

FIRST SOLDIER He's the devil.

AUFIDIUS Bolder, though not so subtle:[18] my valour's poisoned
With only suff'ring stain[19] by him: for him
Shall[20] fly out of itself: nor sleep nor sanctuary,
Being naked,[21] sick, nor fane nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements[23] all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten[24] privilege and custom gainst
My hate to Martius. Where I find him, were it
At home, upon[26] my brother's guard, even there,
Against the hospitable canon,[27] would I
Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to th'city:
Learn how 'tis held, and what[29] they are that must
Be hostages for Rome.

FIRST SOLDIER Will not you go?
AUFIDIUS I am attended[32] at the cypress grove. I pray you —
’Tis south[33] the city mills — bring me word thither
How the world goes, that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.
FIRST SOLDIER I shall, sir.
[Exeunt]

Act 2 [Scene 1][2.1]

running scene 5

Enter Menenius with the two Tribunes of the people, Sicinius and Brutus

MENENIUS The augurer[1] tells me we shall have news tonight.

BRUTUS Good or bad?

MENENIUS Not[3] according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Martius.

SICINIUS Nature teaches beasts[4] to know their friends.

MENENIUS Pray you, who does the wolf love?

SICINIUS The lamb.

MENENIUS Ay, to devour him, as the hungry plebeians would the noble Martius.

BRUTUS He's a Iamb indeed that baas[8] like a bear

MENENIUS He's a bear indeed that lives like a Iamb. You two are old men: tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS Well, sir.

MENENIUS In what enormity[12] is Martius poor in that you two have not in abundance?

BRUTUS He's poor in no one fault, but stored[13] with all

SICINIUS Especially in pride.

BRUTUS And topping all others in boasting

MENENIUS This is strange now: do you two know how you are censured[16] here in the city, I mean of us o'th'right-hand file?[17] Do you?

SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS Why? How are we censured?

MENENIUS Because you talk of pride now: will you not be angry?

SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS Well, well, sir, well.

MENENIUS Why, 'tis,[21] no great matter: for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures[22] at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you in being so: you blame Martius for being proud.

BRUTUS We do it not alone, sir

MENENIUS I know you can do very little alone, for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single:[27] your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O, that you could turn your eyes toward[28] the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

BRUTUS What then, sir?

MENENIUS Why, then you should discover a brace[32] of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, alias fools, as any in Rome

SICINIUS Menenius, you are known well enough too.

MENENIUS I am known to be a humorous,[35] patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying[36] Tiber in't: said to be something imperfect in favouring the first complaint[37] hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion: one that converses,[38] more with the buttock of the night than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter, and spend[39] my malice in my breath. Meeting two such wealsmen[40] as you are — I cannot call you Lycurguses — if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I[41] make a crooked face at it. I can say your worships have delivered[42] the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the[43] major part of your syllables. And though I must be content to bear with thosethat say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly[44] that tell you have good faces: if you see this[45] in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough too? What harm can your bisson[46] conspectuities glean out of this character[47] if I be known well enough too?

BRUTUS Come, sir, come, we know you well enough

MENENIUS You know neither me, yourselves nor anything: you are ambitious for poor knaves' caps,[50] and legs: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife[51] and a faucet-seller, and then rejourn the controversy[52] of threepence to a second day of audience. When you are hearing a matter between party and party[53] if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like mummers,[54] set up the bloody flag against all patience, and in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding,[55] the more entangledby your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause is calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

BRUTUS Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber[58] for the table than a necessary bencher[59] in the Capitol.

MENENIUS Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects,[61] as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards, and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher's[63] cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle: yet you must be saying, 'Martius is proud', who, in a cheap[64] estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion[65] though peradventure some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. Good e'en[66] to your worships: more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians. I will be bold to take my leave of you.

Brutus and Sicinius [stand] aside

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia and Valeria

How now, my as fair as noble ladies: and the moon,[69] were she earthly, no nobler:
whither do you follow your eyes[70] so fast?

VOLUMNIA Honourable Menenius, my boy Martius approaches: for the love of Juno,[71] let's go.

MENENIUS Ha? Martius coming home?

VOLUMNIA Ay, worthy Menenius, and with most prosperous approbation.[74]

MENENIUS Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee. ***He throws up his cap*** Hoo, Martius coming home?

VIRGILIA *and* VALERIA Nay, 'tis true.

VOLUMNIA Look, here's a letter from him: the state hath another, his wife another, and, I think, there's one at home for you.

MENENIUS I will make my very house reel tonight: a letter for me?

VIRGILIA Yes, certain, there's a letter for you: I saw't.

MENENIUS A letter for me? It gives me an estate,[81] of seven years' health, in which time I will make[82] a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricutic[83] and to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? He was wont[84] to come home wounded.

VIRGILIA O, no, no, no.

VOLUMNIA O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for’t.

MENENIUS So do I too, if it be not too much: brings a[87] victory in his pocket? The wounds become him.

VOLUMNIA On’s brows:[89] Menenius, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

MENENIUS Has he disciplined[91] Aufidius soundly?

VOLUMNIA Titus Lartius writes they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

MENENIUS And ’twas time for him too, I’ll warrant him that: an[93] he had stayed by him, I would not have been so ’fidiussed[94] for all the chests in Corioles, and the gold that’s in them. Is the senate possessed[95] of this?

VOLUMNIA Good ladies, let’s go. Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of[97] the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

VALERIA In troth, there’s wondrous things spoke of him.

MENENIUS Wondrous: ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.[100]

VIRGILIA The gods grant them true.

VOLUMNIA True? Pow waw![102]

MENENIUS True? I’ll be sworn they are true. Where is he wounded?— God save your good worships! Martius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.— Where is he wounded? ***To the Tribunes***

VOLUMNIA I’th’shoulder, and i’th’left arm: there will be large cicatrices[106] to show the people, when he shall stand for his place:[107] he received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i’th’body.

MENENIUS One[109] i’th’neck, and two i’th’thigh: there’s nine that I know.

VOLUMNIA He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

MENENIUS Now it’s twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy’s grave.

A shout and flourish

Hark, the trumpets.

VOLUMNIA These are the ushers of Martius: before him he carries noise,
and behind him he leaves tears:
Death, that dark spirit, in’s nervy[115] arm doth lie,
Which being advanced,[116] declines, and then men die.

A sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter Cominius the general, and Titus Lartius: between them
Coriolanus, crowned with an oaken garland with Captains and Soldiers, and a Herald

HERALD Know, Rome, that all alone Martius did fight
Within Corioles’ gates: where he hath won,
With fame, a name to[119] ‘Martius Caius’:
These[120] in honour follows ‘Coriolanus’.
Welcome to Rome, renownèd Coriolanus!

Sound [a] flourish

ALL Welcome to Rome, renownèd Coriolanus!

CORIOLANUS No more of this, it does offend my heart:
Pray now, no more.

COMINIUS Look, sir, your mother.

CORIOLANUS O, you have, I know, petitioned all the gods
For my prosperity.[127]

Kneels

VOLUMNIA Nay, my good soldier, up: ***He rises***
My gentle[129] Martius, worthy Caius,
And by deed-achieving honour[130] newly named:
What is it? ‘Coriolanus’ must I call thee?
But O, thy wife!

CORIOLANUS My gracious[133] silence, hail. ***To Virgilia***
Wouldst thou have laughed had I come coffined home,
That weep’st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioles wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

MENENIUS Now the gods crown thee!

CORIOLANUS And live you yet? O my sweet lady, pardon. ***To Valeria***

VOLUMNIA I know not where to turn. O, welcome home:
And welcome, general, and you’re welcome all.

MENENIUS A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep

And I could laugh, I am light[143] and heavy: welcome:
A curse begin at very root on’s[144] heart
That is not glad to see thee. You are three
That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith of men,
We have some old crab-trees[147] here at home that will not
Be grafted[148] to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors:
We[149] call a nettle but a nettle and
The faults of fools but folly.

COMINIUS Ever right!

CORIOLANUS Menenius, ever, ever.

HERALD Give[153] way there, and go on

CORIOLANUS Your hand, and yours. ***To Volumnia and Virgilia***
Ere in our own house I do shade[155] my head,
The good patricians must be visited,
From whom I have received not only greetings,
But with them change of honours.[158]

VOLUMNIA I have lived
To see inherited[160] my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy:[161] only
There’s one thing wanting,[162] which I doubt not but
Our Rome will cast[163] upon thee.

CORIOLANUS Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway[166] with them in theirs.

COMINIUS On, to the Capitol

Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before

Enter Brutus and Sicinius

BRUTUS All tongues speak of him, and the blearèd[168] sights
Are spectacled[169] to see him. Your prattling nurse
Into a rapture[170] lets her baby cry
While she chats[171] him: the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram[172] ’bout her reechy neck,
Clamb’ring the walls to eye him: stalls,[173] bulks, windows
Are smothered up, leads[174] filled, and ridges horsed
With variable complexions,[175] all agreeing
In earnestness to see him: seld-shown[176] flamens

Do press among the popular[177] throngs and puff
To win a vulgar station:[178] our veiled dames
Commit[179] the war of white and damask in
Their nicely gauded cheeks to th'wanton spoil
Of Phoebus' burning kisses: such a pother[181]
As if that[182] whatsoever god who leads him
Were slily crept into his human powers,[183]
And gave him graceful posture.[184]
SICINIUS On the sudden,[185] I warrant him consul
BRUTUS Then our office[186] may, during his power, go sleep
SICINIUS He[187] cannot temp'rately transport his honours
From where he should begin and end, but will
Lose those he hath won.
BRUTUS In that there's comfort
SICINIUS Doubt not
The commoners, for[192] whom we stand, but they
Upon[193] their ancient malice will forget
With the least cause these his new honours, which[194]
That he will give them make I as little question
As[196] he is proud to do't.
BRUTUS I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i'th'market-place nor on him put
The napless vesture[200] of humility,
Nor, showing, as the manner is, his wounds
To th'people, beg their stinking breaths.[202]
SICINIUS 'Tis right.
BRUTUS It was his word: O, he would miss it[204] rather
Than carry it but[205] by the suit of the gentry to him,
And the desire of the nobles.
SICINIUS I wish no better
Than have him hold that purpose and to put it
In execution.
BRUTUS 'Tis most like[210] he will
SICINIUS It shall be to him then, as our good wills:[211]
A sure destruction.

BRUTUS So[213] it must fall out
To him or our authorities for an end.
We must suggest[215] the people in what hatred
He still[216] hath held them: that to’s power he would
Have made them mules,[217] silenced their pleaders,
And dispropertied[218] their freedoms, holding them,
In human action and capacity,[219]
Of no more soul nor fitness for the world
Than camels in their war, who have their provand[221]
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

SICINIUS This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall teach the people — which time shall not want,[226]
If he be put upon’t,[227] and that’s as easy
As to set dogs on sheep — will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble, and their blaze
Shall darken[230] him for ever.

Enter a Messenger

BRUTUS What’s the matter?

MESSENGER You are sent for to the Capitol: ’tis thought
That Martius shall be consul: I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him and the blind
To hear him speak: matrons[235] flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarves and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he passed: the nobles bended[237]
As to Jove’s[238] statue, and the commons made
A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts:
I never saw the like.

BRUTUS Let’s to the Capitol,
And carry[242] with us ears and eyes for th’time,
But hearts[243] for the event.

SICINIUS Have with you.[244]

Exeunt

[Act 2 Scene 2][2.2]

running scene 6

Enter two Officers,to lay cushions,as it were,in the Capitol

FIRST OFFICER Come, come, they are almost here: how many stand for consulships?

SECOND OFFICER Three, they say: but 'tis thought of[2] everyone Coriolanus will carry it.

FIRST OFFICER That's a brave[3] fellow: but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

SECOND OFFICER Faith, there hath been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them:[6] and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore:[7] so that if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground. Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him manifests the true knowledge he has in[9] their disposition, and out of his noble carelessness lets them plainly see't.

FIRST OFFICER If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he waved[11] indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good nor harm: but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him, and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him[14] their opposite. Now to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

SECOND OFFICER He hath deserved worthily of his country, and his ascent is not by such easy degrees,[18] as those who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonneted[19] without any further deed to have them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes and his actions in their hearts that for their tongues to be silent and not confess so much were a kind of ingrateful injury: to report otherwise were a malice that, giving[22] itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

FIRST OFFICER No more of him: he’s a worthy man: make way, they are coming.

A sennet. Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the people [Sicinius and Brutus], Lictors before them: Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius the consul. Sicinius and Brutus take their places by themselves: Coriolanus stands

MENENIUS Having determined of[25] the Volsces and
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains
As the main point of this our after-meeting,[27]
To gratify[28] his noble service that
Hath thus stood for[29] his country. Therefore please you,
Most reverend and grave[30] elders, to desire
The present consul and last general
In our well-found[32] successes to report
A little of that worthy work performed
By Martius Caius Coriolanus, whom
We met here both to thank and to remember
With honours like himself.[36]

FIRST SENATOR Speak, good Cominius:
Leave nothing out for length,[38] and make us think
Rather our state’s defective for requital[39]
Than we to stretch it out.— Masters o’th’people, ***To the Tribunes***
We do request your kindest ears: and after[41]
Your loving motion[42] toward the common body,
To yield[43] what passes here.

SICINIUS We are convented[44] upon a pleasing treaty, and have hearts inclinable to honour and advance the theme[45] of our assembly.

BRUTUS Which the rather we shall be blest[46] to do if he remember a kinder value of the people than he hath hereto[47] prized them at.

MENENIUS That’s off,[48] that’s off. I would you rather had been silent: please you to hear Cominius speak?

BRUTUS Most willingly: but yet my caution was more pertinent than the rebuke you give it.

MENENIUS He loves your people, but tie him not to be their bedfellow. Worthy Cominius, speak.

Coriolanus rises, and offers to go away

Nay, keep your place.***To Coriolanus***
FIRST SENATOR Sit, Coriolanus: never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.
CORIOLANUS Your honour’s pardon:
I had rather have my wounds to heal again
Than hear say how I got them.
BRUTUS Sir, I hope my words disbenched[60] you not?
CORIOLANUS No, sir: yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You soothed[63] not, therefore hurt not: but your people,
I love them as they weigh[64]—
MENENIUS Pray now, sit down.
CORIOLANUS I had rather have[66] one scratch my head i’th’sun
When the alarum were struck than idly sit
To hear my nothings monstered.[68]
Exit Coriolanus
MENENIUS Masters of the people,
Your multiplying spawn[70] how can he flatter —
That’s[71] thousand to one good one — when you now see
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour
Than one on’s[73] ears to hear it? Proceed, Cominius.
COMINIUS I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be uttered feebly: it is held
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpoised.[79] At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made[80] a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark[81] of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at,[82] saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian[83] chin he drove
1The bristled lips before him: he bestrid[84]
An o’erpressed[85] Roman, and i’th’consul’s view
Slew three opposers: Tarquin’s self he met,
And struck him on[87] his knee: in that day’s feats,
When he might[88] act the woman in the scene,

He proved best man i’th’fleld and for his meed[89]
Was brow-bound[90] with the oak. His pupil age
Man-entered thus, he waxèd[91] like a sea,
And in the brunt[92] of seventeen battles since
He lurched[93] all swords of the garland: for this last,
Before and in Corioles, let me say
I cannot speak him home:[95] he stopped the fliers,
And by his rare[96] example made the coward
Turn terror into sport: as weeds before
A vessel under sail, so men obeyed
And fell below his stem:[99] his sword, death’s stamp,
Where it did mark, it took:[100] from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was timed[102] with dying cries: alone he entered
The mortal[103] gate of th’city, which he, painted
With shunless destiny, aidless came off,[104]
And with a sudden reinforcement[105] struck
Corioles like a planet: now all’s his:
When by and by the din of war gan[107] pierce
His ready sense:[108] then straight his doubled spirit
Requickened[109] what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he, where he did
Run reeking[111] o’er the lives of men, as if
’Twere a perpetual spoil:[112] and till we called
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

MENENIUS Worthy man.

FIRST SENATOR He cannot but with measure[116] fit the honours which we devise him.

COMINIUS Our spoils he kicked[117] at,
And looked upon things precious as[118] they were
The common muck of the world: he covets less
Than misery[120] itself would give, rewards
His deeds with doing them,[121] and is content
To[122] spend the time to end it.

MENENIUS He’s right noble: let him be called for.

FIRST SENATOR Call Coriolanus.
OFFICER He doth appear.
Enter Coriolanus
MENENIUS The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleased to make thee consul.
CORIOLANUS I do owe them still[127] my life and services.
MENENIUS It then remains that you do speak to the people.
CORIOLANUS I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom, for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked,[131] and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their sufferage:[132]
Please you that I may pass[133] this doing.
SICINIUS Sir, the people must have their voices:[134]
Neither will they bate[135] one jot of ceremony.
MENENIUS Put[136] them not to't:
Pray you, go fit you to the custom and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.[139]
CORIOLANUS It is a part that I shall blush in acting,
And might well be taken from the people.
BRUTUS Mark you that?***To Sicinius***
CORIOLANUS To brag unto them, 'Thus I did, and thus':
Show them th'unaching scars which I should hide,
As if I had received them for the hire[145]
Of their breath only!
MENENIUS Do not stand upon't:[147]
We recommend[148] to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them,[149] and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.
SENATORS To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!
Flourish [of] cornets. Then exeunt [all but]Sicinius and Brutus
BRUTUS You see how he intends to use[152] the people.
SICINIUS May they perceive's intent! He will require[153] them
As if he did contemn[154] what he requested
Should be in them to give.
BRUTUS Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on th'market-place

I know they do attend[158] us.
[Exeunt]

[Act 2 Scene 3][2.3]

running scene 7

Enter seven or eight Citizens

FIRST CITIZEN Once,[1] if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

SECOND CITIZEN We may, sir, if we will.

THIRD CITIZEN We have power,[4] in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do: for, if he show us his wounds and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds and speak for them: so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous[6] and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude: of the which we, being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

FIRST CITIZEN And to make us no better thought of, a[9] little help will serve: for once we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck[10] not to call us the many-headed multitude.

THIRD CITIZEN We have been called so of,[12] many, not that our heads are some brown, some black, some abram[13] some bald, but that our wits are so diversely coloured: and truly I think if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south, and their consent of[15] one direct way should be at once to all the points o’th’compass.

SECOND CITIZEN Think you so? Which way do you judge my wit would fly?

THIRD CITIZEN Nay, your wit will not so soon out.[18] as another man’s will: ’tis strongly wedged up in a blockhead: but if it were at liberty, ’twould sure southward[19]

SECOND CITIZEN Why that way?

THIRD CITIZEN To lose itself in a fog, where being three parts melted away with rotten[21] dews, the fourth would return for conscience’ sake, to help to get thee a wife.

SECOND CITIZEN You are never without your tricks: you may,[23] you may.

THIRD CITIZEN Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part[25] carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus in a gown of humility, with Menenius

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility: mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars,[29] wherein every one of us has a single honour,[30] in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

ALL Content, content.

[Exeunt Citizens]

MENENIUS O sir, you are not right: have you not known
The worthiest men have done't?

CORIOLANUS What must I say?
'I pray, sir'? Plague upon't, I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace:[37] 'Look, sir, my wounds:
I got them in my country's service when
Some certain of your brethren roared and ran
From th'noise of our own drums.'

MENENIUS O me, the gods! You must not speak of that:
You must desire them to think upon you.

CORIOLANUS Think upon me? Hang 'em:
I would[44] they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines[45] lose by 'em.

MENENIUS You'll mar all:
I'll leave you: pray you, speak to 'em, I pray you,
In wholesome[48] manner.

Exit

CORIOLANUS Bid them wash their faces
And keep their teeth clean.

Enter three of the Citizens

So, here comes a brace.[50]
You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

THIRD CITIZEN We do, sir: tell us what hath brought you to't.

CORIOLANUS Mine own desert.

SECOND CITIZEN Your own desert?

CORIOLANUS Ay, but not mine own desire.

THIRD CITIZEN How not your own desire?

CORIOLANUS No, sir, ’twas never my desire yet to trouble the poor with begging.

THIRD CITIZEN You must think, if we give you anything, we hope to gain by you.

CORIOLANUS Well then, I pray, your price o’th’consulship?

FIRST CITIZEN The price is to ask it kindly.[60]

CORIOLANUS Kindly, sir, I pray let me ha’t: I have wounds to show you, which shall be yours[62] in private: your good voice, sir: what say you?

SECOND CITIZEN You shall ha’t, worthy sir.

CORIOLANUS A match,[64] sir. There’s in all two worthy voices begged: I have your alms: adieu.

THIRD CITIZEN But this is something[66] odd.

SECOND CITIZEN An ’twere[67] to give again — but ’tis no matter.

Exeunt [Citizens]

Enter two other Citizens

CORIOLANUS Pray you now, if it may stand[68] with the tune of your voices that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

FOURTH CITIZEN You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

CORIOLANUS Your enigma?[72]

FOURTH CITIZEN You have been a scourge[73] to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends: you have not indeed loved the common people.

CORIOLANUS You should account me the more virtuous that I have not been common[76] in my love: I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother the people to earn a dearer estimation of them: ’tis a condition[77] they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat[78] than my heart, I will practise the insinuating[79] nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly: that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment[80] of some popular man and give it bountiful to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

FIFTH CITIZEN We hope to find you our friend, and therefore give you our voices heartily.

FOURTH CITIZEN You have received many wounds for your country.

CORIOLANUS I will not seal[85] your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

BOTH CITIZENS The gods give you joy, sir, heartily.

[Exeunt Citizens]

CORIOLANUS Most sweet voices:
Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave[90] the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in[91] this wolvish tongue should I stand here,
To beg of Hob[92] and Dick that does appear
Their needless[93] vouches? Custom calls me to't.
What custom wills, in all things should we do't?
The dust on antique time[95] would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heaped
For truth to o'erpeer.[97] Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus.[99] I am half through:
The one part suffered, the other will I do.

Enter three Citizens more

Here come more voices.[101]
Your voices! For your voices I have fought,
Watched[103] for your voices: for your voices bear
Of wounds two dozen odd: battles thrice six
I have seen and heard of:[105] for your voices have
Done many things, some less, some more: your voices!
Indeed I would be consul.

SIXTH CITIZEN He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

SEVENTH CITIZEN Therefore let him be consul: the gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people.

ALL CITIZENS Amen, amen. God save thee, noble consul.

CORIOLANUS Worthy voices!

[Exeunt Citizens]

Enter Menenius, with Brutus and Sicinius

MENENIUS You have stood your limitation,[113] and the tribunes
Endue[114] you with the people's voice: remains
That in th'official marks[115] invested, you
Anon[116] do meet the senate.
CORIOLANUS Is this done?
SICINIUS The custom of request[118] you have discharged:
The people do admit you, and are summoned
To meet anon, upon your approbation.[120]
CORIOLANUS Where? At the senate house?
SICINIUS There, Coriolanus.
CORIOLANUS May I change these garments?
SICINIUS You may, sir.
CORIOLANUS That I'll straight do, and, knowing myself again,
Repair[126] to th'senate house.
MENENIUS I'll keep you company.— Will you along? ***To the Tribunes***
BRUTUS We stay here for the people.
SICINIUS Fare you well.
Exeunt Coriolanus and Menenius
He has it now, and by his looks methinks
'Tis warm at's heart.
BRUTUS With a proud heart he wore his humble weeds.[132]
Will you dismiss the people?
Enter the Plebeians [Citizens]
SICINIUS How now, my masters,[134] have you chose this man?
FIRST CITIZEN He has our voices, sir.
BRUTUS We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.
SECOND CITIZEN Amen, sir: to my poor unworthy notice,[137]
He mocked us when he begged our voices.
THIRD CITIZEN Certainly: he flouted[139] us downright.
FIRST CITIZEN No, 'tis his kind of speech:[140] he did not mock us.
SECOND CITIZEN Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says
He used us scornfully: he should have showed us
His marks of merit, wounds received for's country.
SICINIUS Why, so he did, I am sure.
ALL CITIZENS No, no: no man saw 'em.
THIRD CITIZEN He said he had wounds, which he could show in private;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,
‘I would be consul’, says he: ‘Agèd custom,
But by your voices, will not so permit me.
Your voices therefore.’ When we granted that,
Here was ‘I thank you for your voices: thank you:
Your most sweet voices: now you have left your voices,
I have no further with[153] you.’ Was not this mockery?
SICINIUS Why either were you ignorant[154] to see’t,
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?
BRUTUS Could you not have told him ***To the Citizens***
As you were lessoned:[158] when he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy, ever[160] spake against
Your liberties and the charters[161] that you bear
I’th’body of the weal: and now arriving[162]
A place of potency and sway o’th’state,[163]
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to th’plebeii,[165] your voices might
Be curses to yourselves. You should have said
That as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what[168] he stood for, so his gracious nature
Would think upon[169] you for your voices, and
Translate[170] his malice towards you into love,
Standing[171] your friendly lord.
SICINIUS Thus to have said, ***To the Citizens***
As you were fore-advised, had touched[173] his spirit
And tried his inclination: from him plucked
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause[176] had called you up, have held him to:
Or else it would have galled[177] his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article[178]
Tying him to aught:[179] so putting him to rage,
You should have ta’en th’advantage of his choler[180]
And passed him unelected.
BRUTUS Did you perceive ***To the Citizens***

He did solicit you in free[183] contempt
When he did need your loves? And do you think
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
No heart[187] among you? Or had you tongues to cry
Against the rectorship[188] of judgement?
SICINIUS Have you, ere[189] now, denied the asker, ***To the Citizens***
And now again, of him that did not ask but mock,
Bestow your sued-for[191] tongues?
THIRD CITIZEN He's not confirmed: we may deny him yet.
SECOND CITIZEN And will deny him:
I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.
FIRST CITIZEN I twice five hundred and their friends to piece[195] 'em.
BRUTUS Get you hence instantly, and tell those friends
They have chose a consul that will from them take
Their liberties: make them of no more voice
Than dogs that are as often beat for barking
As therefor[200] kept to do so.
SICINIUS Let them assemble, and on a safer[201] judgement ***To the Citizens***
All revoke your ignorant election: enforce[202] his pride,
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed,
How in his suit[205] he scorned you: but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
Th'apprehension[207] of his present portance,
Which most gibingly,[208] ungravely, he did fashion
After[209] the inveterate hate he bears you.
BRUTUS Lay[210] a fault on us, your tribunes, ***To the Citizens***
That we laboured, no impediment between,[211]
But that you must cast your election on him.
SICINIUS Say you chose him more after our commandment ***To the Citizens***
Than as guided by your own true affections,[214] and that
Your minds, preoccupied with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the grain[216]
To voice[217] him consul. Lay the fault on us.
BRUTUS Ay, spare us not: say we read lectures to[218] you, ***To the Citizens***

How youngly[219] he began to serve his country,
How long continued, and what stock he springs of,
The noble house o'th'Martians, from whence came
That Ancus Martius,[222] Numa's daughter's son,
Who after great Hostilius[223] here was king:
Of the same house Publius[224] and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits[225] hither:
And Censorinus[226] that was so surnamed,
And nobly named so, twice being censor,[227]
Was his great ancestor.

SICINIUS One thus descended,
That[230] hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you have found,
Scaling[233] his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden[235] approbation.

BRUTUS Say, you ne'er had done't —
Harp on that still — but by our putting[237] on:
And presently,[238] when you have drawn your number,
Repair[239] to th'Capitol.

ALL We will so: almost all repent in their election.

Exeunt Plebeians [Citizens]

BRUTUS Let them go on:
This mutiny were better put in hazard,[242]
Than[243] stay, past doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer[245]
The vantage of his anger.

SICINIUS To th'Capitol, come:
We will be there before the stream o'th'people,
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,[249]
Which we have goaded onward.

Exeunt

Act 3 [Scene 1][3.1]

running scene 8

Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, all the gentry, Cominius, Titus Lartius, and other Senators

CORIOLANUS Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?[1]
LARTIUS He had, my lord, and that it was which caused
Our swifter composition.[3]
CORIOLANUS So then the Volsces stand but as at first,
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road[5]
Upon's again.
COMINIUS They are worn,[7] lord consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages[8] see
Their banners wave again.
CORIOLANUS Saw you Aufidius? ***To Lartius***
LARTIUS On safeguard[11] he came to me, and did curse
Against the Volsces, for[12] they had so vilely
Yielded the town: he is retired[13] to Antium.
CORIOLANUS Spoke he of me?
LARTIUS He did, my lord.
CORIOLANUS How? What?
LARTIUS How often he had met you sword to sword:
That of all things upon the earth, he hated
Your person most: that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution,[20] so he might
Be called your vanquisher.
CORIOLANUS At Antium lives he?
LARTIUS At Antium.
CORIOLANUS I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus

Behold, these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o'th'common mouth. I do despise them,
For they do prank them[28] in authority,
Against[29] all noble sufferance.

SICINIUS Pass no further.
CORIOLANUS Ha? What is that?
BRUTUS It will be dangerous to go on. No further.
CORIOLANUS What makes this change?
MENENIUS The matter?
COMINIUS Hath he not passed[35] the noble and the common?
BRUTUS Cominius, no.
CORIOLANUS Have I had children's voices?
FIRST SENATOR Tribunes, give way: he shall to th'market-place.
BRUTUS The people are incensed against him.
SICINIUS Stop, or all will fall in broil.[40]
CORIOLANUS Are these your herd?
Must these have voices,[42] that can yield them now
And straight[43] disclaim their tongues? What are your offices?
You being their mouths, why rule[44] you not their teeth?
Have you not set them on?[45]
MENENIUS Be calm, be calm.
CORIOLANUS It is a purposed[47] thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:
Suffer't, and live[49] with such as cannot rule
Nor ever will be ruled.
BRUTUS Call't not a plot:
The people cry you mocked them, and of late,[52]
When corn was given them gratis,[53] you repined,
Scandalled[54] the suppliants for the people, called them
Time-pleasers,[55] flatterers, foes to nobleness.
CORIOLANUS Why, this was known before.
BRUTUS Not to them all.
CORIOLANUS Have you informed them sithence?[58]
BRUTUS How? I inform them?
CORIOLANUS You are like[60] to do such business.
BRUTUS Not[61] unlike each way to better yours.
CORIOLANUS Why then should I be consul? By yond[62] clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.
SICINIUS You show too much of that[65]

For which the people stir: if you will pass
To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,
Which you are out of,[68] with a gentler spirit,
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke[70] with him for tribune.
MENENIUS Let’s be calm.
COMINIUS The people are abused:[72] set on. This palt’ring
Becomes not Rome: nor has Coriolanus
Deserved this so dishonoured[74] rub, laid falsely
I’th’plain[75] way of his merit.
CORIOLANUS Tell me of corn?
This was my speech, and I will speak’t again—
MENENIUS Not now, not now.
FIRST SENATOR Not in this heat, sir, now.
CORIOLANUS Now, as I live, I will.
My nobler friends, I crave their pardons:
For[82] the mutable, rank-scented meinie,
Let them regard[83] me, as I do not flatter,
And therein behold themselves:[84] I say again,
In soothing[85] them, we nourish gainst our senate
The cockle[86] of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have ploughed for, sowed and scattered,
By mingling them with us, the honoured[88] number,
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.
MENENIUS Well, no more.
FIRST SENATOR No more words, we beseech you.
CORIOLANUS How? No more?
As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force: so shall my lungs
Coin[96] words till their decay against those measles
Which we disdain should tetter[97] us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.
BRUTUS You speak o’th’people as if you were a god
To punish, not a man of their infirmity.[100]
SICINIUS ’Twere well we let the people know’t.

MENENIUS What, what, his choler?[102]
CORIOLANUS Choler? Were I as patient[103] as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, ’twould be my mind.[104]
SICINIUS It is a mind that shall remain a poison
Where it is, not poison any further.
CORIOLANUS Shall remain?
Hear you this Triton[108] of the minnows? Mark you
His absolute ‘shall’?
COMINIUS ’Twas from the canon.[110]
CORIOLANUS ‘Shall’? O good but most unwise patricians: why,
You grave but reckless senators, have you thus
Given[113] Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory[114] ‘shall’, being but
The horn and noise[115] o’th’monster’s, wants not spirit
To say he’ll turn[116] your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power
Then vail your ignorance:[118] if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,
Be not as common fools: if you are not,
Let them have cushions[121] by you. You are plebeians,
If they be senators: and they are no less,
When, both your voices[123] blended, the great’st taste
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate,
And such a one as he, who puts his ‘shall’,
His popular[126] ‘shall’, against a graver bench
Than ever frowned in Greece. By Jove himself,
It makes the consuls base: and my soul aches
To know, when two authorities are up,[129]
Neither supreme, how soon confusion[130]
May enter ’twixt the gap of both,[131] and take
The one by[132] th’other.
COMINIUS Well, on to th’market-place.
CORIOLANUS Whoever gave that counsel to give forth
The corn o’th’storehouse gratis, as ’twas used[135]
Sometime in Greece—
MENENIUS Well, well, no more of that.

CORIOLANUS Though there the people had more absolute power,
I say, they nourished disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.
BRUTUS Why shall the people give[141]
One that speaks thus their voice?
CORIOLANUS I'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know the corn
Was not our recompense,[145] resting well assured
They ne'er did service for't: being pressed[146] to th'war,
Even when the navel[147] of the state was touched,
They would not thread[148] the gates: this kind of service
Did not deserve corn gratis. Being i'th'war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they showed
Most valour, spoke not for[151] them. Th'accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn,[153] could never be the native
Of our so frank[154] donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bosom multiplied[155] digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What's like[157] to be their words: 'We did request it,
We are the greater poll,[158] and in true fear
They gave us our demands.' Thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares[161] fears, which will in time
Break ope the locks o'th'senate, and bring in
The crows[163] to peck the eagles.
MENENIUS Come, enough.
BRUTUS Enough with over-measure.[165]
CORIOLANUS No, take more.
What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal[168] what I end withal. This double worship,
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult[170] without all reason: where gentry, title, wisdom,
Cannot conclude[171] but by the yea and no
Of general[172] ignorance, it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while[173]

To unstable slightness.[174] Purpose so barred, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose.[175] Therefore, beseech you —
You that will be less fearful[176] than discreet,
That love[177] the fundamental part of state
More than you doubt the change on’t, that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump[180] a body with a dangerous physic
That’s sure of death without it — at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue:[182] let them not lick
The sweet[183] which is their poison. Your dishonour
Mangles true judgement, and bereaves[184] the state
Of that integrity[185] which should become’t,
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For th’ill[187] which doth control’t.

BRUTUS He’s said enough.

SICINIUS He’s spoken like a traitor, and shall answer[189]
As traitors do.

CORIOLANUS Thou wretch, despite[191] o’erwhelm thee!
What should the people do with these bald[192] tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To th’greater bench?[194] In a rebellion,
When what’s[195] not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen: in a better hour,
Let what[197] is meet be said it must be meet,
And throw their power i’th’dust.

BRUTUS Manifest treason.

SICINIUS This a consul? No.

BRUTUS The aediles,[201] ho!

Enter an Aedile

Let him be apprehended.[202]

SICINIUS Go, call the people:—

[Exit Aedile]

in whose name myself ***To Coriolanus***
Attach[204] thee as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to th’public weal.[205] Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.[206]

CORIOLANUS Hence, old goat!

ALL PATRICIANS we'll surety[208] him.

COMINIUS Agèd sir, hands off. ***To Sicinius***

CORIOLANUS Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones ***To Sicinius***
Out of thy garments.

SICINIUS Help, ye citizens!

Enter a rabble of Plebeians [Citizens] with the Aediles

MENENIUS On both sides more respect.

SICINIUS Here's he that would take from you all your power.

BRUTUS Seize him, aediles!

ALL CITIZENS Down with him, down with him!

SECOND SENATOR Weapons, weapons, weapons!

They all bustle about Coriolanus

Tribunes! Patricians! Citizens! What, ho!
Sicinius! Brutus! Coriolanus! Citizens!

ALL Peace, peace, peace! Stay, hold, peace!

MENENIUS What is about to be? I am out of breath:
Confusion's[222] near: I cannot speak. You, tribunes
To th'people, Coriolanus, patience!
Speak, good Sicinius.

SICINIUS Hear me, people, peace.

ALL CITIZENS Let's hear our tribune: peace! Speak, speak, speak!

SICINIUS You are at[227] point to lose your liberties:
Martius would have all from you: Martius,
Whom late you have named for consul.

MENENIUS Fie, fie, fie, this is the way to kindle, not to quench.

FIRST SENATOR To unbuild the city and to lay all flat.

SICINIUS What is the city but the people?

ALL CITIZENS True, the people are the city.

BRUTUS By the consent of all, we were established the people's magistrates.

ALL CITIZENS You so remain.

MENENIUS And so are like to do.

CORIOLANUS That is the way to lay the city flat,
To bring the roof to the foundation,
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,[239]

In heaps and piles of ruin.
SICINIUS This deserves death.
BRUTUS Or[242] let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it: we do here pronounce,
Upon the part[244] o'th'people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Martius is worthy
Of present[246] death.
SICINIUS Therefore lay hold of him:
Bear him to th'rock Tarpeian,[248] and from thence
Into destruction cast him.
BRUTUS Aediles, seize him.
ALL CITIZENS Yield, Martius, yield.
MENENIUS Hear me one word: beseech you, tribunes,
Hear me but a word.
AEDILES Peace, peace!
MENENIUS Be that[255] you seem, truly your country's friend,
And temp'rately[256] proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.
BRUTUS Sir, those cold[258] ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent. Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.

Coriolanus draws his sword

CORIOLANUS No, I'll die here:
There's some among you have beheld me fighting:
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.[264]
MENENIUS Down with that sword: tribunes, withdraw a while.
BRUTUS Lay hands upon him.
COMINIUS Help Martius, help! You that be noble, help him, young and old.
ALL CITIZENS Down with him, down with him.

Exeunt

In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Aediles and the people are beat in

MENENIUS Go, get you to your house: be gone, away!
All will be naught[270] else.
SECOND SENATOR Get you gone.

CORIOLANUS Stand fast: we have as many friends as enemies.
MENENIUS Shall it be put to that?
FIRST SENATOR The gods forbid!
I prithee, noble friend, home to thy house:
Leave us to cure this cause.[276]
MENENIUS For 'tis a sore upon us,
You cannot tent[278] yourself: be gone, beseech you.
COMINIUS Come, sir, along with us.
CORIOLANUS I would they were barbarians, as they are,
Though in Rome littered:[281] not Romans, as they are not,
Though calved i'th'porch o'th'Capitol.
MENENIUS Be gone:
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue:
One[285] time will owe another.
CORIOLANUS On fair ground I could beat forty of them.
MENENIUS I could myself take up[287] a brace o'th'best of them, yea, the two tribunes.
COMINIUS But now 'tis[288] odds beyond arithmetic,
And manhood[289] is called foolery when it stands
Against a falling fabric.[290] Will you hence,
Before the tag[291] return, whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted[292] waters and o'erbear
What they are used to bear?
MENENIUS Pray you be gone: ***To Coriolanus***
I'll try whether my old wit be in request[295]
With those that have but little: this must be patched[296]
With cloth of any colour.
COMINIUS Nay, come away.
Exeunt Coriolanus and Cominius
A PATRICIAN This man has marred his fortune.
MENENIUS His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune[301] for his trident,
Or Jove for's power to thunder:[302] his heart's his mouth:
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent,
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death.

A noise within

Here's goodly work.

A PATRICIAN I would they were abed.

MENENIUS I would they were in Tiber.[307] What the vengeance!
Could he not speak 'em fair?[308]

Enter Brutus and Sicinius with the rabble again

SICINIUS Where is this viper
That would depopulate the city and
Be every man himself?

MENENIUS You worthy tribunes—

SICINIUS He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous[314] hands: he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn[315] him further trial
Than the severity of the public power
Which he so sets[317] at naught.

FIRST CITIZEN He shall well know the noble tribunes are
The people's mouths, and we their hands.

ALL CITIZENS He shall, sure on't.[320]

MENENIUS Sir, sir—

SICINIUS Peace!

MENENIUS Do not cry havoc[323] where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.[324]

SICINIUS Sir, how com'st that you have holp[325]
To make this rescue?[326]

MENENIUS Hear me speak: as I do know
The consul's worthiness, so can I name his faults.

SICINIUS Consul? What consul?

MENENIUS The consul Coriolanus.

BRUTUS He consul?

ALL CITIZENS No, no, no, no, no.

MENENIUS If, by the tribunes' leave,[333] and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I would crave a word or two,
The which shall turn you to no further harm
Than so much loss of time.

SICINIUS Speak briefly then,
For we are peremptory[338] to dispatch

This viperous traitor: to eject him hence[339]
Were but our danger, and to keep him here
Our certain death: therefore it is decreed
He dies tonight.
MENENIUS Now the good gods forbid
That our renownèd Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deservèd[345] children is enrolled
In Jove’s own book, like an unnatural dam[346]
Should now eat up her own!
SICINIUS He’s a disease that must be cut away.
MENENIUS O, he’s a limb that has but a disease:
Mortal[350] to cut it off: to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome that’s worthy death?
Killing our enemies, the blood he hath lost —
Which I dare vouch is more than that he hath
By many an ounce — he dropped it for his country:
And what is left, to lose it by[355] his country,
Were to us all that do’t and suffer[356] it,
A brand[357] to th’end o’th’world.
SICINIUS This is clean cam.[358]
BRUTUS Merely[359] awry:
When he did love his country, it honoured him.
MENENIUS The service of the foot,
Being once gangrened, is not then respected
For what before it was.
BRUTUS We’ll hear no more:
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence,
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.
MENENIUS One word more, one word:
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscanned[370] swiftness, will too late
Tie leaden pounds to’s[371] heels. Proceed by process,
Lest parties,[372] as he is beloved, break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.
BRUTUS If it were so?

SICINIUS What[375] do ye talk? ***To Menenius***
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
Our aediles smote,[377] ourselves resisted? Come.
MENENIUS Consider this: he has been bred i’th’wars
Since a[379] could draw a sword, and is ill-schooled
In bolted[380] language: meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I’ll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where[383] he shall answer by a lawful form,
In peace, to his utmost peril.
FIRST SENATOR Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody, and the end of it
Unknown[388] to the beginning.
SICINIUS Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people’s officer:
Masters, lay down your weapons.
BRUTUS Go not home.
SICINIUS Meet on the market-place: we’ll attend[393] you there,
Where, if you bring not Martius, we’ll proceed
In our first way.
MENENIUS I’ll bring him to you.
Let me desire your company: he must come, ***To the Senators***
Or what is worst will follow.
FIRST SENATOR Pray you, let’s to him.
Exeunt

[Act 3 Scene 2]*

running scene 9

Enter Coriolanus with Nobles

CORIOLANUS Let them pull[1] all about mine ears, present me
Death on the wheel,[2] or at wild horses' heels,
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation[4] might down stretch
Below the beam[5] of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter Volumnia

A PATRICIAN You do the nobler.

CORIOLANUS I muse[8] my mother
Does not approve[9] me further, who was wont
To call them woollen[10] vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats,[11] to show bare heads
In congregations,[12] to yawn, be still and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance[13] stood up
To speak of peace or war.— I talk of you: ***To Volumnia***
Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me
False to my nature? Rather say I play
The man I am.

VOLUMNIA O, sir, sir, sir,
I would have had you put[19] your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

CORIOLANUS Let go.[21]

VOLUMNIA You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so: lesser[23] had been
The things of your dispositions, if
You had not showed them how ye were disposed
Ere[26] they lacked power to cross you.

CORIOLANUS Let them hang.

VOLUMNIA Ay, and burn too.

Enter Menenius with the Senators

MENENIUS Come, come, you have been too rough, something[29] too rough:
You must return and mend it.
FIRST SENATOR There's no remedy:
Unless by not so doing, our good city
Cleave[33] in the midst and perish.
VOLUMNIA Pray, be counselled: ***To Coriolanus***
I have a heart as little apt[35] as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.[37]
MENENIUS Well said, noble woman:
Before he should thus stoop to th'herd, but[39] that
The violent fit[40] o'th'time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.
CORIOLANUS What must I do?
MENENIUS Return to th'tribunes.
CORIOLANUS Well, what then? What then?
MENENIUS Repent what you have spoke.
CORIOLANUS For them? I cannot do it to the gods:
Must I then do't to them?
VOLUMNIA You are too absolute,[49]
Though therein[50] you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,
Honour and policy,[52] like unsevered friends,
I'th'war do grow together: grant that, and tell me
In peace what each of them by th'other lose,
That they combine not there.
CORIOLANUS Tush, tush!
MENENIUS A good demand.[57]
VOLUMNIA If it be honour in your wars to seem[58]
The same you are not, which for your best ends
You adopt[60] your policy, how is it less or worse
That[61] it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war, since that to both
It stands in like request?

CORIOLANUS Why force[64] you this?
VOLUMNIA Because that now it lies you on[65] to speak to th'people,
Not by your own instruction,[66] nor by th'matter
Which your heart prompts you, but with such words
That are but roted[68] in your tongue, though but
Bastards[69] and syllables of no allowance
To your bosom's truth. Now this no more
Dishonours you at all than to take in[71]
A town with gentle[72] words, which else would put you
To your fortune and the hazard of much blood.
I would dissemble with[74] my nature where
My fortunes and my friends at stake required
I[76] should do so in honour. I am in this
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles:
And you will rather show our general[78] louts
How you can frown than spend a fawn[79] upon 'em,
For the inheritance[80] of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want[81] might ruin.
MENENIUS Noble lady!—
Come, go with us: speak fair: you may salve[83] so, ***To Corioianus***
Not[84] what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.
VOLUMNIA I prithee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet[87] in thy hand,
And thus far having stretched[88] it — here be with them —
Thy knee bussing[89] the stones: for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th'ignorant
More learnèd[91] than the ears — waving thy head,
With often thus correcting thy stout[92] heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry
That will not hold[94] the handling: or say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils[95]
Hast not the soft[96] way which, thou dost confess,
Were fit[97] for thee to use as they to claim,
In asking[98] their good loves, but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth,[99] hereafter theirs so far

As thou hast power and person.[100]
MENENIUS This but done,
Even[102] as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours:
For they have pardons, being asked, as free[103]
As words to little purpose.
VOLUMNIA Prithee now,
Go, and be ruled: although I know thou hadst rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf
Than flatter him in a bower.[108]
Enter Cominius
Here is Cominius.
COMINIUS I have been i'th'market-place: and, sir, 'tis fit
You make[111] strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness or by absence: all's in anger.
MENENIUS Only fair speech.
COMINIUS I think 'twill serve, if he can thereto frame his spirit.
VOLUMNIA He must, and will:
Prithee now, say you will, and go about it.
CORIOLANUS Must I go show them my unbarbèd sconce?[117]
Must I with my base tongue give to my noble heart
A lie that it must bear? Well, I will do't:
Yet were there but this single plot[120] to lose,
This mould[121] of Martius, they to dust should grind it
And throw't against the wind. To th'market-place:
You have put me now to such a part which never
I shall discharge to th'life.[124]
COMINIUS Come, come, we'll prompt you.
VOLUMNIA I prithee now, sweet son, as thou hast said
My praises made thee first a soldier, so
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.
CORIOLANUS Well, I must do't:
Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's[132] spirit: my throat of war be turned,
Which choirèd[133] with my drum, into a pipe
Small[134] as an eunuch, or the virgin voice

That babies lull[135] asleep: the smiles of knaves
Tent[136] in my cheeks, and schoolboys' tears take up
The[137] glasses of my sight: a beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips, and my armed knees,
Who bowed but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath received an alms.[140] I will not do't,
Lest I surcease[141] to honour mine own truth
And by my body's action teach my mind
A most inherent[143] baseness.
VOLUMNIA At thy choice, then:
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin: let
Thy mother rather feel[147] thy pride than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness:[148] for I mock at death
With as big heart[149] as thou. Do as thou list:
Thy valiantness was mine, thou sucked'st it from me,
But owe[151] thy pride thyself.
CORIOLANUS Pray, be content:
Mother, I am going to the market-place:
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank[154] their loves,
Cog[155] their hearts from them, and come home beloved
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul,
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I'th'way of flattery further.
VOLUMNIA Do your will.
Exit
COMINIUS Away, the tribunes do attend you: arm[161] yourself
To answer mildly: for they are prepared
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.
CORIOLANUS The word[165] is 'mildly'. Pray you, let us go:
Let them accuse me by invention:[166] I
Will answer in mine honour.
MENENIUS Ay, but mildly.
CORIOLANUS Well, mildly be it then: mildly.

Exeunt

[Act 3 Scene 3][3.3]

running scene 10

Enter Sicinius and Brutus

BRUTUS In this point charge him home,[1] that he affects
Tyrannical power: if he evade us there,
Enforce[3] him with his envy to the people,
And that the spoil got on[4] the Antiates
Was ne’er distributed.

Enter an Aedile

What, will he come?

AEDILE He’s coming.

BRUTUS How accompanied?

AEDILE With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favoured him.

SICINIUS Have you a catalogue[10]
Of all the voices that we have procured
Set down by th’poll?[12]

AEDILE I have: ’tis ready.

SICINIUS Have you collected them by tribes?[14]

AEDILE I have.

SICINIUS Assemble presently[16] the people hither:
And when they hear me say ‘It shall be so,
I’th’right and strength o’th’commons’, be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them
If I say ‘Fine’, cry ‘Fine!’, if ‘Death’, cry ‘Death!’,
Insisting on the old prerogative[21]
And power i’th’truth o’th’cause.[22]

AEDILE I shall inform them.

BRUTUS And when such time they have begun to cry,[24]
Let them not cease, but with a din confused
Enforce the present execution[26]
Of what we chance to sentence.

AEDILE Very well.

SICINIUS Make them be strong and ready for this hint

When we shall hap[30] to give’t them.
BRUTUS Go about it.
[Exit Aedile]
Put[32] him to choler straight: he hath been used
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth[33]
Of contradiction. Being once chafed,[34] he cannot
Be reined again to temperance: then he speaks
What’s in his heart, and that is there which looks[36]
With us[37] to break his neck.
Enter Coriolanus, Menenius and Cominius, with others [Senators and Patricians]
SICINIUS Well, here he comes.
MENENIUS Calmly, I do beseech you. ***To Coriolanus***
CORIOLANUS Ay, as an ostler,[40] that for th’poorest piece
Will bear[41] the knave by th’volume. Th’honoured gods
Keep Rome in safety and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men: plant love among’s,[43]
Throng our large temples with the shows[44] of peace,
And not our streets with war!
FIRST SENATOR Amen, amen.
MENENIUS A noble wish.
Enter the Aedile with the Plebians [Citizens]
SICINIUS Draw near, ye people.
AEDILE List[49] to your tribunes. Audience: peace, I say.
CORIOLANUS First, hear me speak.
SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS Well, say.— Peace, ho!
CORIOLANUS Shall I be charged no further than this present?[52]
Must all determine[53] here?
SICINIUS I do demand[54]
If you submit you to the people’s voices,
Allow[56] their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure[57] for such faults
As shall be proved upon you.
CORIOLANUS I am content.
MENENIUS Lo, citizens, he says he is content.
The warlike service he has done, consider: think

Upon the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i'th'holy churchyard.
CORIOLANUS Scratches with briers, scars to move laughter only.
MENENIUS Consider further
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier: do not take
His rougher accents[68] for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy you.[70]
COMINIUS Well, well, no more.
CORIOLANUS What is the matter
That being passed for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonoured that the very[74] hour
You take it off again?
SICINIUS Answer to us.[76]
CORIOLANUS Say, then: 'tis true, I ought so.[77]
SICINIUS We charge you that you have contrived[78] to take
From Rome all seasoned[79] office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical,
For which you are a traitor to the people.
CORIOLANUS How?[82] Traitor?
MENENIUS Nay, temperately: your promise.
CORIOLANUS The fires i'th'lowest hell fold in[84] the people!
Call me their traitor,[85] thou injurious tribune?
Within[86] thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutched as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say '
Thou liest' unto thee with a voice as free[89]
As I[90] do pray the gods.
SICINIUS Mark you this, people?
ALL CITIZENS To th'rock, to th'rock with him!
SICINIUS Peace!
We need not put[94] new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes,[97] and here defying

Those whose great power must try him.
Even this, so criminal, and in such capital[99] kind,
Deserves th'extremest death.
BRUTUS But since he hath served well for Rome—
CORIOLANUS What do you prate[102] of service?
BRUTUS I talk of that, that know it.
CORIOLANUS You?
MENENIUS Is this the promise that you made your mother?
COMINIUS Know, I pray you—
CORIOLANUS I'll know no further:
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying, pent[109] to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word,
Nor check[112] my courage for what they can give,
To have't[113] with saying 'Good morrow.'
SICINIUS For[114] that he has,
As much as in him lies,[115] from time to time
Envied against[116] the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power, as[117] now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not[118] in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That doth distribute it. In the name o'th'people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city,
In peril of precipitation[123]
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates. I'th'people's name,
I say it shall be so.
ALL CITIZENS It shall be so, it shall be so: let him away:
He's banished, and it shall be so.
COMINIUS Hear me, my masters, and my common friends—
SICINIUS He's sentenced: no more hearing.
COMINIUS Let me speak:
I have been consul, and can show for Rome
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love

My country's good with a respect more tender,
More holy and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate,[136] her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins: then if I would
Speak that—

SICINIUS We know your drift. Speak what?

BRUTUS There's no more to be said, but he is banished,
As enemy to the people and his country.
It shall be so.

ALL CITIZENS It shall be so, it shall be so.

CORIOLANUS You common cry[144] of curs, whose breath I hate
As reek[145] o'th'rotten fens: whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air: I banish you,
And here remain[148] with your uncertainty.
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts:
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,[150]
Fan you into despair: have[151] the power still
To banish your defenders, till at length
Your ignorance, which finds[153] not till it feels,
Making[154] but reservation of yourselves,
Still[155] your own foes, deliver you
As most abated[156] captives to some nation
That won you without blows, despising,
For[158] you, the city. Thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.

Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, [Menenius, Senators and Patricians. The Citizens] all shout, and throw up their caps

AEDILE The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

ALL CITIZENS Our enemy is banished, he is gone. Hoo-oo!

SICINIUS Go see him out at gates, and follow him
As he hath followed you, with all despite:[163]
Give him deserved vexation.[164] Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

ALL CITIZENS Come, come, let's see him out at gates: come.
The gods preserve our noble tribunes! Come.

Exeunt

Act 4 [Scene 1][4.1]

running scene 11

Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, with the young nobility of Rome

CORIOLANUS Come, leave[1] your tears: a brief farewell: the beast
With many heads butts me away. Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient[3] courage? You were used
To say extremities[4] was the trier of spirits,
That common chances[5] common men could bear:
That when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Showed mastership in floating. Fortune's[7] blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning. You were used to load me
With precepts that would make invincible
The heart that conned[11] them.

VIRGILIA O heavens! O heavens!

CORIOLANUS Nay, I prithee, woman—

VOLUMNIA Now the red pestilence[14] strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations[15] perish!

CORIOLANUS What, what, what?
I shall be loved when I am lacked.[17] Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont[18] to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,[19]
Six of his labours you'd have done, and saved
Your husband so much sweat. Cominius,
Droop[22] not: adieu. Farewell, my wife, my mother:
I'll do well yet. Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
And venomous[25] to thine eyes. My sometime general,
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hardening spectacles. Tell these sad women
'Tis fond[28] to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at 'em. My mother, you wot[29] well
My hazards still[30] have been your solace, and

Believe't not lightly:[31] though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen[32]
Makes feared and talked of more than seen: your son
Will or[34] exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous[35] baits and practice.
VOLUMNIA My first son,
Whither will thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee awhile: determine on some course
More than a wild exposture[39] to each chance
That starts[40] i'th'way before thee.
VIRGILIA O the gods!
COMINIUS I'll follow[42] thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou mayst hear of us
And we of thee. So if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal,[45] we shall not send
O'er the vast world to seek a single man,
And lose advantage,[47] which doth ever cool
I'th'absence of the needer.
CORIOLANUS Fare ye well:
Thou hast years upon thee, and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits[51] to go rove with one
That's yet unbruised: bring[52] me but out at gate.
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch:[54] when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come:
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still, and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.
MENENIUS That's worthily
As any ear can hear. Come, let's not weep:
If I could shake off but one seven[61] years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee, every foot.[63]
CORIOLANUS Give me thy hand: come.

Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 2][4.2]

running scene 12

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius and Brutus, with the Aedile
SICINIUS Bid them all home:[1] he’s gone, and we’ll no further.
The nobility are vexed, whom we see have sided
In his behalf.
BRUTUS Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done
Than when it was a-doing.
SICINIUS Bid them home: say their great enemy is gone,
And they stand in their ancient[8] strength.
BRUTUS Dismiss them home.
[Exit Aedile]
Enter Volumnia, Virgilia and Menenius
Here comes his mother.
SICINIUS Let’s not meet her.
BRUTUS Why?
SICINIUS They say she’s mad.[13]
BRUTUS They have ta’en note of us: keep on your way.
VOLUMNIA O, you’re well met:
Th’hoarded[16] plague o’th’gods requite your love!
MENENIUS Peace, peace: be not so loud.
VOLUMNIA If that I could for weeping, you should hear—
Nay, and you shall hear some. Will you be gone?
VIRGILIA You shall stay too: I would I had the power ***To the Tribunes***
To say so to my husband.
SICINIUS Are you mankind?[22] ***To Volumnia***
VOLUMNIA Ay, fool: is that a shame? Note but this, fool:
Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship[24]
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome
Than thou hast spoken words?
SICINIUS O blessèd heavens!
VOLUMNIA More noble blows than ever thou wise words,
And for Rome’s good. I’ll tell thee what: yet go:

Nay, but thou shalt stay too: I would[30] my son
Were in Arabia,[31] and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.
SICINIUS What then?
VIRGILIA What then? He'd make an end of thy posterity.[34]
VOLUMNIA Bastards and all.
Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!
MENENIUS Come, come, peace.
SICINIUS I would he had continued to his country
As he began, and not unknit[39] himself
The noble knot[40] he made.
BRUTUS I would he had.
VOLUMNIA 'I would he had'? 'Twas you incensed the rabble:
Cats,[43] that can judge as fitly of his worth
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.
BRUTUS Pray, let's go.
VOLUMNIA Now pray, sir, get you gone.
You have done a brave[48] deed: ere you go, hear this:
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest[50] house in Rome, so far my son —
This lady's husband here, this, do you see? —
Whom you have banished, does exceed you all.
BRUTUS Well, well, we'll leave you.
SICINIUS Why stay we to be baited[54]
With one that wants her wits?
Exeunt Tribunes
VOLUMNIA Take my prayers with you.
I would the gods had nothing else to do
But to confirm my curses. Could I meet 'em[58]
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.[60]
MENENIUS You have told[61] them home,
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup[62] with me?
VOLUMNIA Anger's my meat:[63] I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding.[64] Come, let's go:

Leave this faint puling[65] and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like.[66] Come, come, come.

Exeunt [Volumnia and Virgilia]

MENENIUS Fie, fie, fie!

Exit

[Act 4 Scene 3][4.3]

running scene 13

Enter [Nicanor], a Roman, and [Adrian] a Volsce

NICANOR I know you well, sir, and you know me: your name, I think, is Adrian.

ADRIAN It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

NICANOR I am a Roman, and my services are, as you are, against 'em.[3] Know you me yet?

ADRIAN Nicanor? No?

NICANOR The same, sir.

ADRIAN You had more beard when I last saw you, but your favour[7] is well appeared by your tongue. What's the news in Rome? I have a note[8] from the Volscian state to find you out there. You have well saved me a day's journey.

NICANOR There hath been in Rome strange insurrections: the people against the senators, patricians and nobles.

ADRIAN Hath been? Is it ended then? Our state thinks not so: they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

NICANOR The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe,[16] aptness to take all power from the people and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing[17] I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

ADRIAN Coriolanus banished?

NICANOR Banished, sir.

ADRIAN You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

NICANOR The day serves well for them[22] now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer Coriolanus being now in no request of[25] his country.

ADRIAN He cannot choose.[26] I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you. You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

NICANOR I shall between this[28] and supper tell you most strange things from Rome, all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

ADRIAN A most royal one: the centurions,[30] and their charges, distinctly billeted already in th'entertainment[31] and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

NICANOR I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present[33] action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

ADRIAN You take my part[34] from me, sir: I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

NICANOR Well, let us go together.

Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 4][4.4]

running scene 14

Enter Coriolanus in mean apparel, disguised and muffled

CORIOLANUS A goodly city is this Antium. City,
’Tis I that made thy widows: many an heir
Of these fair edifices ’fore my wars[3]
Have I heard groan and drop: then know me not,
Lest that thy wives with spits and boys with stones
In puny[6] battle slay me.

Enter a Citizen

Save you, sir.

CITIZEN And you.

CORIOLANUS Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies:[9] is he in Antium?

CITIZEN He is, and feasts the nobles of the state
At his house this night.

CORIOLANUS Which is his house, beseech you?

CITIZEN This here before you.

CORIOLANUS Thank you, sir: farewell.

Exit Citizen

O world, thy slippery turns![15] Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double[16] bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal and exercise
Are still[18] together: who twin, as ’twere, in love,
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension[20] of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity: so fellest[21] foes,
Whose passions and whose plots[22] have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick[24] not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends
And interjoin their issues.[25] So with me:
My birthplace hate I, and my love’s upon
This enemy town. I’ll enter: if he slay me,
He does fair justice: if he give me way,[28]

I’ll do his country service.
Exit

[Act 4 Scene 5][4.5]

running scene 15

Music plays. Enter a Servingman

FIRST SERVINGMAN Wine, wine, wine! What service is here? I think our fellows[1] are asleep.

[Exit]

Enter another Servingman

SECOND SERVINGMAN Where's Cotus? My master calls for him. Cotus!

Exit

Enter Coriolanus

CORIOLANUS A goodly house: the feast smells well; but I Appear not like a guest.

Enter the First Servingman

FIRST SERVINGMAN What would you have, friend? Whence[6] are you? Here's no place for you: pray, go[7] to the door. *Exit*

CORIOLANUS I have deserved no better entertainment,[8] In being Coriolanus.

Enter Second Servingman

SECOND SERVINGMAN Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions?[11] Pray, get you out.

CORIOLANUS Away.

SECOND SERVINGMAN Away? Get you away

CORIOLANUS Now thou'rt troublesome.

SECOND SERVINGMAN Are you so brave?[15] I'll have you talked with anon

Enter Third Servingman: the first meets him

THIRD SERVINGMAN What fellow's this?

FIRST SERVINGMAN A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get him out o'th'house: prithee, call my master to him.

THIRD SERVINGMAN What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid[19] the house

CORIOLANUS Let me but stand: I will not hurt your hearth.

THIRD SERVINGMAN What are you?

CORIOLANUS A gentleman.

THIRD SERVINGMAN A marvellous poor one

CORIOLANUS True, so I am.

THIRD SERVINGMAN Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station:[25] here's no place for you: pray you, avoid: come

CORIOLANUS Follow[27] your function: go and batten on cold bits.

Pushes him away from him

THIRD SERVINGMAN What, you will not? Prithee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here

SECOND SERVINGMAN And I shall.

Exit Second Servingman

THIRD SERVINGMAN Where dwell'st thou?

CORIOLANUS Under the canopy.[32]

THIRD SERVINGMAN Under the canopy?

CORIOLANUS Ay.

THIRD SERVINGMAN Where's that?

CORIOLANUS I'th'city of kites and crows.[36]

THIRD SERVINGMAN I'th'city of kites and crows? What an ass it is: then thou dwell'st with daws[38] too?

CORIOLANUS No, I serve not thy master.

THIRD SERVINGMAN How, sir! Do you meddle[40] with my master?

CORIOLANUS Ay, 'tis an honester service than to meddle with thy mistress. Thou prat'st,[42] and prat'st: serve with thy trencher, hence!

Beats him away

Enter Aufidius with the [Second] Servingman

AUFIDIUS Where is this fellow?

SECOND SERVINGMAN Here, sir: I'd have beaten him like a dog, but[44] for disturbing the
lords within. ***Servingmen stand aside***

AUFIDIUS Whence com'st thou? What wouldst thou? Thy name?
Why speak'st not? Speak, man: what's thy name?

CORIOLANUS If, Tullus, ***Unmuffling***
Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me dost not
Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.

AUFIDIUS What is thy name?

CORIOLANUS A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.
AUFIDIUS Say, what's thy name?
Thou hast a grim[56] appearance, and thy face
Bears a command[57] in't: though thy tackle's torn,
Thou show'st[58] a noble vessel: what's thy name?
CORIOLANUS Prepare thy brow to frown: know'st thou me yet?
AUFIDIUS I know thee not: thy name?
CORIOLANUS My name is Caius Martius, who hath done
To thee particularly,[62] and to all the Volsces,
Great hurt and mischief:[63] thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus. The painful[64] service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname: a good memory[67]
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou shouldst bear me: only that name remains.
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard[71] nobles, who
Have all forsook[72] me, hath devoured the rest,
And suffered me by th'voice of slaves to be
Whooped[74] out of Rome. Now this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth, not out of hope —
Mistake me not — to save my life: for if
I had feared death, of all the men i'th'world
I would have 'voided thee. But in[78] mere spite
To be[79] full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak[81] in thee, that wilt revenge
Thine own particular wrongs and stop those maims[82]
Of shame seen through[83] thy country, speed thee straight,
And make my misery serve thy turn: so use it
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee, for I will fight
Against my cankered[87] country with the spleen
Of all the under-fiends.[88] But if so be

Thou dar’st not this, and that to prove more fortunes[89]
Thou’rt tired, then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee and to thy ancient[92] malice,
Which not to cut would show thee but a fool,
Since I have ever followed thee with hate,
Drawn tuns[95] of blood out of thy country’s breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

AUFIDIUS O Martius, Martius!
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yond cloud speak divine things,
And say ‘’Tis true’, I’d not believe them more
Than thee, all noble Martius. Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against[104]
My grainèd ash[105] an hundred times hath broke,
And scarred the moon with splinters: here I clip[106] ***He embraces Corioianus***
The anvil[107] of my sword, and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
I loved the maid I married: never man
Sighed truer breath. But that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing, more dances[113] my rapt heart
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride[115] my threshold. Why, thou Mars, I tell thee,
We have a[116] power on foot, and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target[117] from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for’t: thou hast beat me out[118]
Twelve several[119] times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters ’twixt thyself and me:
We have been down together[121] in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms,[122] fisting each other’s throat,
And waked[123] half dead with nothing. Worthy Martius,

Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence banished, we would muster all[125]
From twelve to seventy, and pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'erbear't.[128] O, come, go in,
And take our friendly senators by th'hands
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepared[131] against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

CORIOLANUS You bless me, gods.

AUFIDIUS Therefore, most absolute[134] sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
Th'one half of my commission,[136] and set down —
As best thou art experienced, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness — thine own ways:
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely[140] visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy.[141] But come in:
Let me commend[142] thee first to those that shall
Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than ere an enemy:
Yet, Martius, that was much. Your hand: most welcome!

Exeunt [Coriolanus and Aufidius]

The two Servingmen come forward

FIRST SERVINGMAN Here's a strange alteration!

SECOND SERVINGMAN By my hand, I had thought to have strucken him with a cudgel, and yet my mind gave[148] me his clothes made a false report of him.

FIRST SERVINGMAN What an arm he has! He turned me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up[150] a top.

SECOND SERVINGMAN Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him. He had, sir, a kind of face, methought…I cannot tell how to term it.

FIRST SERVINGMAN He had so, looking, as it were — would I were hanged, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

SECOND SERVINGMAN So did I, I'll be sworn: he is simply the rarest[155] man i'th'world.

FIRST SERVINGMAN I think he[156] is: but a greater soldier than he you wot on.

SECOND SERVINGMAN Who, my master?

FIRST SERVINGMAN Nay, it's[158] no matter for that.

SECOND SERVINGMAN Worth six on[159] him.

FIRST SERVINGMAN Nay, not so neither: but I take him to be the greater soldier.

SECOND SERVINGMAN Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

FIRST SERVINGMAN Ay, and for an assault too.

Enter the Third Servingman

THIRD SERVINGMAN O slaves,[164] I can tell you news: news, you rascals!

FIRST and SECOND SERVINGMAN What, what, what? Let's partake.

THIRD SERVINGMAN I would not be a Roman of all nations: I had as lief[166] be a condemned man.

FIRST and SECOND SERVINGMAN Wherefore?[168] Wherefore?

THIRD SERVINGMAN Why, here's he that was wont[169] to thwack our general, Caius Martius.

FIRST SERVINGMAN Why do you say 'thwack our general'?

THIRD SERVINGMAN I do not say 'thwack our general', but he was always good enough for him.

SECOND SERVINGMAN Come, we are fellows and friends: he was ever too hard for him: I have heard him say so himself.

FIRST SERVINGMAN He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth on't:[176] before Corioles he scotched[177] him and notched him like a carbonado.

SECOND SERVINGMAN An[178] he had been cannibally given, he might have boiled and eaten him too.

FIRST SERVINGMAN But more of thy news!

THIRD SERVINGMAN Why, he is so made on.[181] here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars: set at upper end o'th'table:[182] no question asked him by any of the senators, but[183] they stand bald before him. Our general himself makes a mistress of him: sanctifies[184] himself with's hand and turns up the white o'th'eye to his discourse. But the bottom[185] of the news is, our general is cut i'th'middle and but one half of what he was yesterday: for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowl[187] the porter of Rome gates by th'ears. He will mow all down before him, and leave his passage polled[188]

SECOND SERVINGMAN And he's as like to do't as any man I can imagine.

THIRD SERVINGMAN Do't? He will do't: for look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies: which friends, sir, as it were, durst not, look you, sir, show themselves, as we term it, his friends whilst he's in directitude.[192]

FIRST SERVINGMAN Directitude? What's that?

THIRD SERVINGMAN But when they shall see, sir, his crest[194] up again, and the man in blood, they will[195] out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

FIRST SERVINGMAN But when goes this forward?

THIRD SERVINGMAN Tomorrow, today, presently:[197] you shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis as it were a parcel[198] of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

SECOND SERVINGMAN Why, then we shall have a stirring[200] world again. This peace i nothing but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

FIRST SERVINGMAN Let me have war, say I: it exceeds peace as far as day does night: it's sprightly walking, audible,[203] and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy, mulled,[204] deaf, sleepy, insensible: a getter of more bastard children than war's a destroyer of men.

SECOND SERVINGMAN 'Tis so: and as wars in some sort may be said to be a ravisher,[206] so it cannot be denied but peace is a great maker of cuckolds[207]

FIRST SERVINGMAN Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

THIRD SERVINGMAN Reason: because they then less need one another. The wars for my money: I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians. They are rising,[210] they are rising.

FIRST and SECOND SERVINGMAN In, in, in, in.

Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 6][4.6]

running scene 16

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius and Brutus

SICINIUS We hear not of him, neither need we fear him:
His[2] remedies are tame: the present peace
And quietness of the people, which before
Were in wild hurry.[4] Here do we make his friends
Blush that the world goes well, who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by’t, behold
Dissentious numbers pest’ring[7] streets than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops and going
About their functions[9] friendly.

Enter Menenius

BRUTUS We stood[10] to’t in good time. Is this Menenius?
SICINIUS ’Tis he, ’tis he: O, he is grown most kind of late.—
Hail, sir
MENENIUS Hail to you both.
SICINIUS Your Coriolanus is not much missed
But[15] with his friends: the commonwealth doth stand,
And so would do, were[16] he more angry at it.
MENENIUS All’s well, and might have been much better if
He could have temporized.[18]
SICINIUS Where is he, hear you?
MENENIUS Nay, I hear nothing:
His mother and his wife hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens

ALL CITIZENS The gods preserve you both. ***To the Tribunes***
SICINIUS Good e’en,[23] our neighbours.
BRUTUS Good e’en to you all, good e’en to you all.
FIRST CITIZEN Ourselves, our wives and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.
SICINIUS Live and thrive.
BRUTUS Farewell, kind neighbours.
We wished Coriolanus had loved you as we did.

ALL CITIZENS Now the gods keep you!
SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS Farewell, farewell.
Exeunt Citizens
SICINIUS This is a happier and more comely[32] time
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying confusion.
BRUTUS Caius Martius was
A worthy officer i'th'war, but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving—
SICINIUS And affecting[39] one sole throne, without assistance.
MENENIUS I think not so.
SICINIUS We should by this,[41] to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.
BRUTUS The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.
Enter an Aedile
AEDILE Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports the Volsces with two several powers[47]
Are entered in the Roman territories,
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before 'em.
MENENIUS 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Martius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns[53] again into the world
Which were inshelled[54] when Martius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.
SICINIUS Come, what[56] talk you of Martius?
BRUTUS Go see this rumourer whipped.— It cannot be ***To the Aedile***
The Volsces dare break[58] with us.
MENENIUS Cannot be?
We have record that very well it can,
And three examples of the like hath been
Within my age.[62] But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this,

Lest you shall chance to whip your information[64]
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

SICINIUS Tell not me: I know this cannot be.

BRUTUS Not possible

Enter a Messenger

MESSENGER The nobles in great earnestness are going
All to the senate house: some news is come
That turns[71] their countenances.

SICINIUS ’Tis this slave:—
Go whip him, fore the people’s eyes.— His[73] raising, ***To the Aedile***
Nothing but his report.

MESSENGER Yes, worthy sir,
The slave’s report is seconded[76] and more,
More fearful, is delivered.

SICINIUS What more fearful?

MESSENGER It is spoke freely out of many mouths —
How probable I do not know — that Martius,
Joined with Aufidius, leads a power gainst Rome,
And vows revenge as[82] spacious as between
The young’st and oldest thing.

SICINIUS This is most likely!

BRUTUS Raised[85] only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Martius home again.

SICINIUS The very trick on’t.[87]

MENENIUS This is unlikely:
He and Aufidius can no more atone[89]
Than violent’st contrariety.[90]

Enter [another] Messenger

SECOND MESSENGER You are sent for to the senate:
A fearful army, led by Caius Martius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories, and have already
O’erborne[95] their way, consumed with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius

COMINIUS O, you have made good work!
MENENIUS What news? What news?
COMINIUS You have holp[99] to ravish your own daughters and
To melt the city leads[100] upon your pates,
To see your wives dishonoured to your noses.[101]
MENENIUS What's the news? What's the news?
COMINIUS Your temples burnèd in their cement,[103] and
Your franchises,[104] whereon you stood, confined
Into an auger's bore.[105]
MENENIUS Pray now, your news?
You have made fair work, I fear me.— ***To the Tribunes***
Pray, your news.— ***To Cominius***
If Martius should be joined with Volscians.
COMINIUS If? He is their god: he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better, and they follow him
Against us brats,[112] with no less confidence
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.
MENENIUS You have made good work, ***To the Tribunes***
You and your apron-men:[116] you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation[117] and
The breath of garlic-eaters![118]
COMINIUS He'll shake your Rome about your ears. ***To the Tribunes***
MENENIUS As Hercules[120] did shake down mellow fruit.
You have made fair work.
BRUTUS But is this true, sir?
COMINIUS Ay, and you'll look pale
Before you find it other.[124] All the regions
Do smilingly[125] revolt, and who resists
Are mocked for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant[127] fools. Who is't can blame him?
Your enemies and his find something[128] in him.
MENENIUS We are all undone,[129] unless
The noble man have mercy.
COMINIUS Who shall ask it?

The tribunes cannot do’t for shame: the people
Deserve such pity of him as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for[134] his best friends, if they
Should say ‘Be good to Rome’, they charged[135] him even
As those should do that had deserved his hate,
And therein showed[137] like enemies.
MENENIUS ’Tis true: if he were putting to my house the brand[138]
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say ‘Beseech you, cease.’— You have made fair hands,[140] ***To the Tribunes***
You and your crafts:[141] you have crafted fair!
COMINIUS You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
S’incapable of help.[144]
SICINIUS and BRUTUS Say not we brought it.
MENENIUS How? Was’t we? We loved him,
But, like beasts and cowardly nobles,
Gave way unto your clusters,[148] who did hoot
Him out o’th’city.
COMINIUS But I fear
They’ll roar[151] him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name[152] of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer: desperation
Is all the policy, strength and defence
That Rome can make against them.
Enter a troop of Citizens
MENENIUS Here come the clusters.
And is Aufidius with him? You are they
That made the air unwholesome when you cast
Your stinking greasy caps in hooting at
Coriolanus’ exile. Now he’s coming,
And not a hair upon a soldier’s head
Which will not prove a whip: as many coxcombs[162]
As you threw caps up will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. ’Tis no matter:
If he could burn us all into one coal,[165]

We have deserved it.

ALL CITIZENS Faith, we hear fearful news.

FIRST CITIZEN For mine own part,
When I said ‘Banish him’ I said ’twas pity.

SECOND CITIZEN And so did I.

THIRD CITIZEN And so did I: and to say the truth, so did very many of us: that we did, we did for the best, and though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will.

COMINIUS You’re goodly things, you voices.

MENENIUS You have made good work,
You and your cry.[176] Shall’s to the Capitol?

COMINIUS O, ay, what else?

Exeunt [Cominius and Menenius]

SICINIUS Go, masters, get you home: be not dismayed:
These are a side[179] that would be glad to have
This true which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And show no sign of fear.

FIRST CITIZEN The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let’s home. I ever said we were i’th’wrong when we banished him.

SECOND CITIZEN So did we all. But, come, let’s home.

Exeunt Citizens

BRUTUS I do not like this news.

SICINIUS Nor I.

BRUTUS Let’s to the Capitol. Would[187] half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie.

SICINIUS Pray, let’s go.

Exeunt Tribunes

[Act 4 Scene 7][4.7]

running scene 17

Enter Aufidius with his Lieutenant

AUFIDIUS Do they still fly to th'Roman?
LIEUTENANT I do not know what witchcraft's in him, but
Your soldiers use him as the grace fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darkened[5] in this action, sir,
Even by your own.[6]
AUFIDIUS I cannot help it now,
Unless by using means[8] I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier,
Even to my person, than I thought he would
When first I did embrace him. Yet his nature
In that's no changeling,[12] and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.
LIEUTENANT Yet I wish, sir —
I mean for your particular[15] — you had not
Joined in commission[16] with him, but either
Have[17] borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.
AUFIDIUS I understand thee well, and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account,[20] he knows not
What I can urge[21] against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To th'vulgar[23] eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shows good husbandry for[24] the Volscian state,
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve[25] as soon
As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone
That which shall break his neck or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.
LIEUTENANT Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry[29] Rome?
AUFIDIUS All places yields to him ere he sits down,[30]
And the nobility of Rome are his:

The senators and patricians love him too:
The tribunes are no soldiers, and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal,[34] as hasty
To expel him thence. I think he'll be to Rome
As is the osprey[36] to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them, but he could not
Carry his honours even:[39] whether 'twas pride,
Which out[40] of daily fortune ever taints
The happy[41] man: whether defect of judgement,
To fail in the disposing[42] of those chances
Which he was lord of: or whether nature,[43]
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From th'casque[45] to th'cushion, but commanding peace
Even with the same austerity and garb[46]
As he controlled the war. But one of these —
As he hath spices[48] of them all — not all,
For I dare so far free[49] him — made him feared,
So[50] hated, and so banished: but he has a merit,
To choke it in the utt'rance. So our virtues
Lie in th'interpretation of the time,[52]
And power,[53] unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
T'extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire: one nail, one nail:
Rights[57] by rights foulder, strengths by strengths do fail.
Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all: then shortly art thou mine.

Exeunt

Act 5 [Scene 1][5.1]

running scene 18

Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus, the two Tribunes, with others

MENENIUS No, I'll not go: you hear what he[1] hath said
Which[2] was sometime his general: who loved him
In[3] a most dear particular. He called me 'father':
But what o'that?— Go, you that banished him: ***To the Tribunes***
A mile before his tent fall down, and knee[5]
The way into his mercy: nay, if he coyed[6]
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.
COMINIUS He would[8] not seem to know me.
MENENIUS Do you hear?
COMINIUS Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urged our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. 'Coriolanus'
He would not answer to: forbad all names:
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forged himself a name o'th'fire
Of burning Rome.
MENENIUS Why, so! You have made good work: ***the Tribunes***
A pair of tribunes that have wracked[18] for Rome,
To make coals[19] cheap: a noble memory!
COMINIUS I minded[20] him how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was less expected. He replied
It was a bare[22] petition of a state
To one whom they had punished.
MENENIUS Very well: could he say less?
COMINIUS I offered[25] to awaken his regard
For's private[26] friends. His answer to me was
He could not stay[27] to pick them in a pile
Of noisome[28] musty chaff. He said 'twas folly
For one poor grain or two to leave unburnt,
And still to nose th'offence.[30]

MENENIUS For one poor grain or two?
I am one of those: his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave[33] fellow too: we are the grains.
You are the musty chaff, and you are smelt
Above the moon. We must be burnt for you.
SICINIUS Nay, pray, be patient: if you refuse your aid
In this so never-needed help,[37] yet do not
Upbraid's with our distress.[38] But sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant[40] army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.
MENENIUS No, I'll not meddle.
SICINIUS Pray you, go to him.
MENENIUS What should I do?
BRUTUS Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Martius.
MENENIUS Well, and say that Martius return me,
As Cominius is returned, unheard: what then?
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot[49]
With his unkindness? Say't be so?
SICINIUS Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after[52] the measure
As you intended well.
MENENIUS I'll undertake't:
I think he'll hear me. Yet to bite[55] his lip
And hum at good Cominius much unhearts[56] me.
He was not taken well,[57] he had not dined:
The veins unfilled, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon[59] the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive: but when we have stuffed
These pipes and these conveyances[61] of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler[62] souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll watch him
Till he be dieted to[64] my request,
And then I'll set upon him.
BRUTUS You know the very road into his kindness,

And cannot lose your way.
MENENIUS Good faith, I'll prove[68] him,
Speed[69] how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success.[70]

Exit

COMINIUS He'll never hear him.
SICINIUS Not?
COMINIUS I tell you, he does sit in gold,[73] his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome, and his injury[74]
The jailer to his pity. I kneeled before him:
'Twas very faintly[76] he said 'Rise': dismissed me
Thus with his speechless hand. What[77] he would do
He sent in writing after me: what he would not,
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:
So that all hope is vain, unless his noble mother
And his wife, who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on.

Exeunt

[Act 5 Scene 2][5.2]

running scene 19

Enter Menenius to the Watch or Guard

FIRST WATCHMAN Stay: whence are you?

SECOND WATCHMAN Stand, and go back.

MENENIUS You guard like men: ’tis well.
But, by your leave, I am an officer
Of state, and come to speak with Coriolanus.

FIRST WATCHMAN From whence?

MENENIUS From Rome.

FIRST WATCHMAN You may not pass, you must return: our general will no more hear from thence.

SECOND WATCHMAN You’ll see your Rome embraced with fire before you’ll speak with Coriolanus.

MENENIUS Good my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,[14]
My name hath touched your ears: it is Menenius.

FIRST WATCHMAN Be it so: go back: the virtue[16] of your name is not here passable.

MENENIUS I tell thee, fellow,
The general is my lover:[18] I have been
The book[19] of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparalleled, happily[20] amplified:
For I have ever verified[21] my friends,
Of whom he’s chief, with all the size[22] that verity
Would without lapsing suffer:[23] nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl[24] upon a subtle ground,
I have tumbled[25] past the throw: and in his praise
Have almost stamped the leasing.[26] Therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

FIRST WATCHMAN Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf as you have uttered words in your own, you should not pass here:

no, though it were as virtuous to lie as to live chastely.[30] Therefore, go back.

MENENIUS Prithee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary[31] on the party of your general.

SECOND WATCHMAN Howsoever you have been his liar, as you say you have, I am one that, telling true under[34] him, must say you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

MENENIUS Has he dined, canst thou tell? For I would not speak with him till after dinner.

FIRST WATCHMAN You are a Roman, are you?

MENENIUS I am as thy general is.

FIRST WATCHMAN Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them, and in a violent popular ignorance,[40] given your enemy your shield,[41] think to front his revenges with the easy[42] groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied[43] intercession of such a decayed dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived: therefore back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemned, our general has sworn you out of[46] reprieve and pardon.

MENENIUS Sirrah,[48] if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

FIRST WATCHMAN Come, my captain knows you not.

MENENIUS I mean, thy general.

FIRST WATCHMAN My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go: lest I let forth your half-pint of blood. Back: that's the utmost[52] of your having: back.

MENENIUS Nay, but fellow, fellow—

Enter Coriolanus with Aufidius

CORIOLANUS What's the matter?

MENENIUS *To First Watchman* Now, you companion,[55] I'll say an errand for you: you shall know now that I am in estimation: you shall perceive that a jack guardant,[56] cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess but my entertainment[57] with him: if thou stand’st not i’th’state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship[58] and crueller in suffering, behold now presently, and swoon for what’s to come upon thee.—***To Coriolanus*** The glorious gods sit in hourly synod[60] about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O my son, my son! Thou art preparing fire for us: look thee, here’s water to quench it. ***He weeps*** I was hardly moved[62] to come to thee, but being assured none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of our gates with sighs, and conjure[64] thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet[66] here: this, who like a block hath denied my access to thee.

CORIOLANUS Away!

MENENIUS How? Away?

CORIOLANUS Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are servanted[70] to others: though I owe
My revenge properly,[71] my remission lies
In Volscian breasts. That[72] we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather
Than pity note how much. Therefore, be gone.
Mine ears against your suits are stronger than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for[76] I loved thee,
Take this along: I writ it for thy sake, ***He gives him a letter***
And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee speak. This man, Aufidius,
Was my beloved in Rome: yet thou behold’st.

AUFIDIUS You keep a constant temper.[81]

Exeunt [Coriolanus and Aufidius]

The Guard and Menenius [remain]

FIRST WATCHMAN Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

SECOND WATCHMAN ’Tis a spell, you see, of much power: you know the way home again.

FIRST WATCHMAN Do you hear how we are shent[85] for keeping your greatness back?

SECOND WATCHMAN What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

MENENIUS I neither care for.[87] th'world nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, you're so slight[88] He that hath a will to die by himself fears it not from another: let your general do his worst. For you, be[89] that you are long, and your misery increase with your age. I say to you, as I was said to, 'Away!'

Exit

FIRST WATCHMAN A noble fellow, I warrant him.

SECOND WATCHMAN The worthy fellow is our general. He's the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken.

Exeunt

[Act 5 Scene 3]

running scene 19 continues

Enter Coriolanus and Aufidius

CORIOLANUS We will before the walls of Rome tomorrow
Set down[2] our host. My partner in this action,
You must report to th'Volscian lords, how plainly[3]
I have borne this business.

AUFIDIUS Only their ends[5] you have respected,
Stopped your ears against the general suit of Rome:
Never admitted a private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.

CORIOLANUS This last old man,
Whom with a cracked heart I have sent to Rome,
Loved me above the measure of a father,
Nay, godded me,[12] indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him, for whose old love I have,
Though I showed[14] sourly to him, once more offered
The first conditions, which they did refuse
And cannot now accept, to grace[16] him only
That thought he could do more. A very little
I have yielded to. Fresh embassies and suits,
Nor[19] from the state nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to.— Ha? What shout is this?

Shout within

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.

Enter Virgilia, Volumnia, Valeria, young Martius, with Attendants

My wife comes foremost, then the honoured mould[23]
Wherein this trunk[24] was framed, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But out, affection![25]
All bond and privilege of nature break:
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.[27] ***Virgilia curtsies***
What is that curtsy worth? Or those dove's eyes,[28]
Which can make gods forsworn?[29] I melt, and am not

Of stronger earth than others. My mother bows, ***Volumnia bows***
As if Olympus[31] to a molehill should
In supplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aspect[33] of intercession, which
Great nature cries 'Deny not'. Let the Volsces
Plough Rome and harrow Italy: I'll never
Be such a gosling[36] to obey instinct, but stand,
As if a man were author[37] of himself
And knew no other kin.
VIRGILIA My lord and husband.
CORIOLANUS These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.
VIRGILIA The sorrow that delivers[41] us thus changed
Makes you think so.
CORIOLANUS Like a dull[43] actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,[44]
Even to a full disgrace. Best[45] of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny,[46] but do not say
For that 'Forgive our Romans'. O, a kiss ***Virgilia kisses him***
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous[49] queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear, and my true lip
Hath virgined it[51] e'er since. You gods, I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: sink, my knee, i'th'earth: *Kneels*
Of thy deep duty more impression[54] show
Than that of common sons.
VOLUMNIA O, stand up blest! ***Coriolanus rises***
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee, and unproperly[58]
Show[59] duty as mistaken all this while
Between the child and parent. ***She kneels***
CORIOLANUS What's this? Your knees to me?
To your corrected[62] son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry[63] beach ***He raises her***
Fillip[64] the stars: then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars gainst the fiery sun,

Murd’ring impossibility,[66] to make
What cannot be, slight[67] work.
VOLUMNIA Thou art my warrior: I holp[68] to frame thee.
Do you know this lady?
CORIOLANUS The noble sister of Publicola,[70]
The moon[71] of Rome, chaste as the icicle
That’s curdied[72] by the frost from purest snow
And hangs on Dian’s[73] temple: dear Valeria!
VOLUMNIA This is a poor epitome[74] of yours, ***Indicating Young Martius***
Which by th’interpretation[75] of full time
May show like all[76] yourself.
CORIOLANUS The[77] god of soldiers, ***To Young Martius***
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform[78]
Thy thoughts with nobleness, that thou mayst prove
To shame[80] unvulnerable, and stick i’th’wars
Like a great sea-mark[81] standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye[82] thee!
VOLUMNIA Your knee, sirrah. ***To Young Martius, who then kneels***
CORIOLANUS That’s my brave boy.
VOLUMNIA Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.
CORIOLANUS I beseech you, peace:
Or if you’d ask, remember this before:
The[89] thing I have forsworn to grant may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate[91]
Again with Rome’s mechanics.[92] Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: desire not t’allay[93]
My rages and revenges with your colder[94] reasons.
VOLUMNIA O, no more, no more!
You have said you will not grant us anything:
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already: yet we will ask
That, if you fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness: therefore hear us.
CORIOLANUS Aufidius, and you Volsces, mark: for we’ll

Hear nought from Rome in private. Your request? ***He sits***
VOLUMNIA Should we[103] be silent and not speak, our raiment
And state of bodies would bewray[104] what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself[105]
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Constrains them[109] weep and shake with fear and sorrow,
Making the mother, wife and child to see
The son, the husband and the father tearing
His country's bowels out: and to poor we
Thine enmity's most capital:[113] thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy. For how can we,
Alas, how can we for our country pray?
Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound? Alack, or[118] we must lose
The country, our dear nurse, or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident[121] calamity, though we had
Our wish, which[122] side should win. For either thou
Must as a foreign recreant[123] be led
With manacles through our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm[126] for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose[128] not to wait on fortune till
These wars determine:[129] if I cannot persuade thee
Rather to show a noble grace[130] to both parts
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country than to tread —
Trust to't, thou shalt not — on thy mother's womb
That brought thee to this world.
VIRGILIA Ay, and mine, that brought you forth this boy,
To keep your name living to time.
YOUNG MARTIUS A[137] shall not tread on me:

I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.
CORIOLANUS Not[139] of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see:
I have sat[141] too long. ***He rises and turns to leave***
VOLUMNIA Nay, go not from us thus:
If it were so that our request did tend[143]
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volsces whom you serve, you might condemn us
As poisonous of your honour. No, our suit
Is that you reconcile them: while[147] the Volsces
May say 'This mercy we have showed', the Romans,
'This we received', and each in either side
Give the all-hail[150] to thee, and cry 'Be blest
For making up this peace!' Thou know'st, great son,
The end of war's uncertain: but this[152] certain,
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name
Whose repetition will be dogged with curses:
Whose chronicle thus writ: 'The man was noble,
But with his last attempt he wiped it[157] out,
Destroyed his country, and his name remains
To th'ensuing age abhorred.' Speak to me, son:
Thou hast affected[160] the fine strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods,[161]
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o'th'air,
And yet to charge[163] thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but[164] rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still[166] to remember wrongs? Daughter, speak you:
He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, boy:
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons. There's no man in the world
More bound to's mother, yet here he lets me prate
Like one i'th'stocks.[171] Thou hast never in thy life
Showed thy dear mother any courtesy,
When she, poor hen, fond[173] of no second brood,

Has clucked thee to the wars and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say my request's unjust,
And spurn me back: but if it be not so,
Thou art not honest,[177] and the gods will plague thee
That thou restrain'st[178] from me the duty which
To a mother's part belongs. He turns away:
Down, ladies: let us shame him with our knees.
To his surname 'Coriolanus' 'longs[181] more pride
Than pity to our prayers. Down: an end:
This is the last. So we will home to Rome, ***The Ladies and Young Martius kneel***
And die among our neighbours. Nay, behold's:
This boy, that cannot[185] tell what he would have,
But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,
Does reason[187] our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny't. Come, let us go:
This fellow had a Volscian to[189] his mother:
His wife is in Corioles, and his child
Like him by chance. Yet give us our dispatch:[191]
I am hushed until our city be afire,
And then I'll speak a little.

[Coriolanus] holds her by the hand, silent

CORIOLANUS O mother, mother!
What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother, O!
You have won a happy victory to Rome.
But for your son, believe it, O believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevailed,
If not most mortal[201] to him. But let it come. ***The Ladies and Young Martius rise***
Aufidius, though I cannot make true[202] wars,
I'll frame convenient[203] peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, would you have heard
A mother less? Or granted less, Aufidius?

AUFIDIUS I was moved withal.[206]

CORIOLANUS I dare be sworn you were:
And, sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat[209] compassion. But, good sir,
What peace you'll make, advise me. For my part,
I'll not to Rome: I'll back[211] with you, and pray you
Stand to[212] me in this cause.— O mother! Wife!
AUFIDIUS I am glad thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour ***Aside***
At difference in thee: out of that I'll work
Myself a former fortune.[215]
CORIOLANUS Ay, by and by: ***To the Ladies***
But we will drink together, and you shall bear
A better witness[218] back than words, which we,
On[219] like conditions, will have counter-sealed.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,[222]
Could not have made this peace.
Exeunt

[Act 5 Scene 4]*

running scene 20

Enter Menenius and Sicinius

MENENIUS See you yond coign[1] o'th'Capitol, yond corner-stone?

SICINIUS Why, what of that?

MENENIUS If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I say there is no hope in't: our throats are sentenced and stay upon[5] execution.

SICINIUS Is't possible that so short a time can alter the condition[6] of a man?

MENENIUS There is differency[7] between a grub and a butterfly, yet your butterfly was a grub. This Martius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings: he's more than a creeping thing.

SICINIUS He loved his mother dearly

MENENIUS So did he me, and he no more remembers his mother now than an eight-year-old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine,[13] and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corslet,[14] with his eye, talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state[15] as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done is finished with his bidding. He wants[16] nothing of a god but eternity and a heaven to throne in.

SICINIUS Yes, mercy, if you report him truly

MENENIUS I paint him in the character.[18] Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him. There is no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male tiger: that shall our poor city find: and all this is long of[20] you.

SICINIUS The gods be good unto us!

MENENIUS No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him, we respected not them, and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger

MESSENGER Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house: ***To Sicinius***

The plebeians have got your fellow tribune
And hale[27] him up and down, all swearing if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll give him death by inches.[29]
Enter another Messenger
SICINIUS What's the news?
SECOND MESSENGER Good news, good news: the ladies have prevailed,
The Volscians are dislodged,[32] and Martius gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not th'expulsion of the Tarquins.[34]
SICINIUS Friend, art thou certain this is true?
Is't most certain?
SECOND MESSENGER As certain as I know the sun is fire:
Where have you lurked that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown[39] tide
As the recomforted[40] through th'gates.
Trumpets, hautboys, drums beat all together
Why, hark you:
The trumpets, sackbuts,[41] psalteries and fifes,
Tabors[42] and cymbals and the shouting Romans
Make the sun dance. *A shout within*
Hark you!
MENENIUS This is good news:
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full of tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land full. You have prayed well today:
This morning for ten thousand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit.[50] Hark, how they joy!
[Music] sound still with the shouts
SICINIUS First, the gods bless you for your tidings: next, ***To the Messenger***
Accept my thankfulness.
SECOND MESSENGER Sir, we have all great cause to give great thanks.
SICINIUS They are near the city?
SECOND MESSENGER Almost at point[55] to enter.
SICINIUS We'll meet them, and help the joy.

Exeunt

[Act 5 Scene 5]

running scene 20 continues

Enter two Senators with Ladies [Volumnia, Virgilia and Valeria] passing over the stage, with other Lords

A SENATOR Behold our patroness, the life of Rome!
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires: strew flowers before them:
Unshout the noise that banished Martius:
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother:
Cry 'Welcome, ladies, welcome!'

ALL Welcome, ladies, welcome!

A flourish with Drums and Trumpets

[Exeunt]

[Act 5 Scene 6][5.6]

running scene 21

Enter Tullus Aufidius with Attendants

AUFIDIUS Go tell the lords o'th'city I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair[3] to th'market-place, where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him[5] I accuse
The city ports[6] by this hath entered, and
Intends t'appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words. Dispatch.

[Exeunt Attendants]

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius' faction

Most welcome.

FIRST CONSPIRATOR How is it with our general?

AUFIDIUS Even so as with a man by his own
Alms impoisoned, and with his[12] charity slain.

SECOND CONSPIRATOR Most noble sir, if you do hold the same intent
Wherein you wished us parties,[14] we'll deliver you
Of[15] your great danger.

AUFIDIUS Sir, I cannot tell:
We must proceed as we do find the people.

THIRD CONSPIRATOR The people will remain uncertain whilst
'Twixt you there's difference:[19] but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.

AUFIDIUS I know it,
And my pretext to strike at him admits[22]
A good construction.[23] I raised him, and I pawned
Mine honour for his truth:[24] who being so heightened,
He watered his new plants[25] with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends: and to this end
He bowed his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.[28]

THIRD CONSPIRATOR Sir, his stoutness[29]

When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping—

AUFIDIUS That[32] I would have spoke of:
Being banished for't, he came unto my hearth,
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him,
Made him joint-servant[35] with me, gave him way
In all his own desires, nay, let him choose
Out of my files,[37] his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men: served his designments[38]
In mine own person: holp[39] to reap the fame
Which he did end[40] all his, and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: till at the last
I seemed his follower, not partner, and
He waged[43] me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.[44]

FIRST CONSPIRATOR So he did, my lord:
The army marvelled at it, and in[46] the last,
When he had carried[47] Rome and that we looked
For no less spoil than glory—

AUFIDIUS There was it,[49]
For which my sinews[50] shall be stretched upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum,[51] which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action: therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall.

Drums and Trumpets sound, with great shouts of the people

But hark.

FIRST CONSPIRATOR Your native town you entered like a post,[55]
And had no welcomes home: but he returns
Splitting the air with noise.

SECOND CONSPIRATOR And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear
With giving him glory.

THIRD CONSPIRATOR Therefore, at your vantage,[61]
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,

Which we will second. When he lies along,[64]
After[65] your way his tale pronounced shall bury
His reasons[66] with his body.

Enter the Lords of the city

AUFIDIUS Say no more: here come the lords.

ALL THE LORDS You are most welcome home.

AUFIDIUS I have not deserved it.
But, worthy lords, have you with heed[70] perused
What I have written to you?

ALL THE LORDS We have.

FIRST LORD And grieve to hear't.
What faults he made before the last, I think
Might have found easy fines:[75] but there to end
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our levies,[77] answering us
With our own charge,[78] making a treaty where
There was a yielding[79] — this admits no excuse.

AUFIDIUS He approaches: you shall hear him.

Enter Coriolanus marching with Drum and Colours, the Commoners being with him

CORIOLANUS Hail, lords! I am returned your soldier,
No more infected with my country's love
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know
That prosperously[85] I have attempted and
With bloody passage led your wars even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home
Doth more[88] than counterpoise a full third part
The charges[89] of the action. We have made peace
With no less honour to the Antiates[90]
Than shame to th'Romans. And we here deliver,
Subscribed[92] by th'consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o'th'senate, what
We have compounded[94] on. ***He gives the Lords a paper***

AUFIDIUS Read it not, noble lords,
But tell the traitor in the highest degree

He hath abused your powers.
CORIOLANUS Traitor? How now?
AUFIDIUS Ay, traitor, Martius.
CORIOLANUS Martius?
AUFIDIUS Ay, Martius, Caius Martius: dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name,
'Coriolanus' in Corioles?
You lords and heads o'th'state, perfidiously[104]
He has betrayed your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt,[106] your city Rome:
I say 'your city' to his wife and mother,
Breaking his oath and resolution like
A twist[109] of rotten silk, never admitting
Counsel o'th'war: but at his nurse's tears
He whined and roared away your victory,
That pages blushed at him and men of heart[112]
Looked wond'ring each at others.
CORIOLANUS Hear'st thou, Mars?
AUFIDIUS Name not the god, thou boy of tears.
CORIOLANUS Ha?
AUFIDIUS No more.
CORIOLANUS Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy? O slave!—
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forced to scold.[121] Your judgements, my grave lords,
Must give[122] this cur the lie: and his own notion —
Who wears my stripes[123] impressed upon him, that
Must bear my beating to his grave — shall join
To thrust the lie unto him.
FIRST LORD Peace, both, and hear me speak.
CORIOLANUS Cut me to pieces, Volsces: men and lads,
Stain all your edges[128] on me. 'Boy'! False hound,
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dovecote, I
Fluttered[131] your Volscians in Corioles.
Alone I did it. 'Boy'!

AUFIDIUS Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,[134]
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
’Fore your own eyes and ears?
ALL CONSPIRATORS Let him die for’t.
ALL [THE] PEOPLE Tear him to pieces! Do it presently![138] ***Shouting individually***
He killed my son! My daughter! He killed my cousin
Marcus! He killed my father!
SECOND LORD Peace, ho! No outrage:[141] peace!
The man is noble, and his fame folds in[142]
This orb o’th’earth. His last offences to us
Shall have judicious hearing.[144] Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.
CORIOLANUS O that I had him, with six Aufidiuses, ***Drawing his sword***
Or more, his tribe, to use my lawful sword!
AUFIDIUS Insolent villain! ***Drawing his sword***
ALL CONSPIRATORS Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!

Draw both the Conspirators, and kill Martius, who falls: Aufidius stands on him

LORDS Hold, hold, hold, hold!
AUFIDIUS My noble masters, hear me speak.
FIRST LORD O Tullus!
SECOND LORD Thou hast done a deed whereat[153] ***To Aufidius***
Valour will weep.
THIRD LORD Tread not upon him, masters: ***To Aufidius and the Conspirators***
All be quiet: put up your swords.
AUFIDIUS My lords,
When you shall know — as in this rage,
Provoked by him, you cannot — the great danger
Which this man’s life did owe[160] you, you’ll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it[161] your honours
To call me to your senate, I’ll deliver[162]
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.[164]
FIRST LORD Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him. Let him be regarded

As the most noble corpse that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

SECOND LORD His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.

AUFIDIUS My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow. Take him up:
Help three o'th'chiefest soldiers: I'll be one.[174]
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully:
Trail[176] your steel pikes. Though in this city he
Hath widowed and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.[179] Assist.

Exeunt bearing the body of Martius. A dead march sounded

Textual Notes

F = First Folio text of 1623, the only authority for the play
F2 = a correction introduced in the Second Folio text of 1632
F3 = a correction introduced in the Third Folio text of 1663–64
F4 = a correction introduced in the Fourth Folio text of 1685
Ed = a correction introduced by a later editor
SD = stage direction
SH = speech heading (i.e., speaker's name)

List of parts = Ed

1.1.11 on = Ed. F = one **46 you. For** = Ed. F = you for **69 stale't** = Ed. F = scale't **86 tauntingly** = Ed. F = tauntingly **154 geese: you are** = Ed. F = Geese you are: **183 pick** = F. Ed = pitch **198 Shouting** = Ed.F = Shooting **203 unroofed** = Ed. F = vnroo'st **213 SD***Junius* = F4 *(Iunius)*. F = *Annius* **230 Lartius** = Ed. F = *Lucius* **241 your** = F4. F = you **247 SD***remain* = Ed. F = *Manet* **268 of** = F. Ed = on

1.2.5 on = Ed. F = one **17 Whither** = Ed. F = Whether

1.3.28 that's = F2. F = that **35 sword, contemning.** = Ed. F = sword. *Contenning*, **70 yarn** = Ed. F = yearne **71 Ithaca** = Ed. F = *Athica*

1.4.36 boils = Ed. F = Byles **47 followed** = F2. F = followes. Ed = Follow/Follow me **50 SD** *gates* = F2. F = *Gati* **52 SD** *is shut in this direction is transferred from the end of the stage direction five lines previously. It has been repositioned because Martius has lines to speak after this direction in* F; *furthermore, the gates do not shut until the soldier remarks upon it* **63 left** = F. Ed = lost **66 Cato's** = Ed. F = *Calues*

1.5.4 honours = Ed. F = hours **7 them**, = F3. F = them. **9 him**. = F3. F = him

1.6.6 The = F. Ed = Ye **63 Antiates** = Ed. F = Antients. F *could make sense as "ancients" is a common spelling of "ensigns"; however, six lines later reference is made to the "Antiats," suggesting an earlier error* **83 Lesser** = F3. F = Lessen **97 I** = Ed. F = foure

1.9.0 SD *Flourish moved from before "Alarum" since it should herald the entry of the Romans* **45 beheld** = F. Ed = upheld **51 An overture** = F. Ed = a coverture/an ovator. *If the* **coverture** *reading is preferred, it would mean a "covering," possibly signifying a special garment*. **Ovator** *means "one who receives a public ovation"* **54 shout** = Ed. F = shoot, **71 Martius** = Ed. F = *Marcus* **72 SH CORIOLANUS** = Ed. F = *Martius (*F *speech heading changes to Cor., Corio., Coriol. with effect from return to Rome in Act 2)*

1.10.23 Embarquements = F. Ed = Embargements

2.1.11 SH SICINIUS *and* **BRUTUS** = Ed. F = *Both. This emendation, for the purposes of clarification, also occurs at lines 18 and 20* **13 with all** = F3. F = withall **18 How are** = F2. F = ho ware **41 can** = F. Ed = cannot. *The Folio reading can be defended if one agrees that Menenius is being sarcastic* **44 tell you** = F. Ed = tell you, you **46 bisson** = Ed. F = beesome **51 faucet** = Ed. F = Forset **61 are. When…purpose it** = F4. F = are, when…purpose. It **66 Good e'en** = Ed. F = Godden **76 SH VIRGILIA** *and* **VALERIA** = Ed. F = *2. Ladies*. **111 SD** *A…flourish moved from* F'*s original positioning after "Hark, the trumpets"* **120 'Coriolanus'** = Ed. F = *Martius Caius Coriolanus* **136 wear** = F2. F = were **139 SH CORIOLANUS** = Ed. F = *Com*. **180 gauded** = F (gawded). Ed = guarded **214 authorities**…**end**. = F (Authorities,…end.). Ed = authorities. For an end, **226 teach** = F. Ed = touch

2.2.55 SH FIRST SENATOR = Ed.F = *Senat*. **73 one on's** = Ed.F = on ones **83 chin** = F (Shinne) **100 took:…foot** = Ed.F = tooke…foot: Ed = took.… foot **143 thus‘:** = F3 (thus,). F = thus **151 SH SENATORS** = Ed. F = *Senat*.

2.3.19 wedged = F (wadg'd) **25 it. I say,** = Ed. F = it, I say. **28 all together** = F (altogether) **50 SD** *three* = F. Ed = *two*. *The speech headings were also altered by Rowe, in keeping with the emendation* **55 but not** = Ed. F = but **70 SH FOURTH CITIZEN** = Ed. F = I. *This is to distinguish between these two other citizens and the three who have just exited* **82 SH FIFTH CITIZEN** = Ed. F = 2. **89 starve** = Ed. F = sterue **90 hire** = F2 (hier). F = higher **91 tongue** = F. Ed = toge **108 SH SIXTH CITIZEN** = Ed. F = I.*Cit*. **109 SH SEVENTH CITIZEN** = Ed.F = *2.Cit*. **226 And**…**surnamed** = Ed. *Delius suggests inserting a line derived from North's "Plutarch," possibly missed by the compositor's eyeskip from* **And** *to* **And.**

3.1.5 road = F (roade). Ed = raid **38 SH FIRST SENATOR** = Ed. F = *Senat. (throughout scene)* **54 suppliants** = F4. F = Suppliants: **60 SH CORIOLANUS** = Ed. F = *Com*. **72 on**. = Ed. F = on, **111 good** = Ed. F = God! **117 he** = F. Ed = they **118 ignorance** = F. Ed = impotence **153 native** = F. Ed = motive **155 bosom multiplied** = F. Ed = bison multitude **169 Where** one = Ed. F = Whereon, **189 He's** = F (Ha's) **194 bench?** = Ed. F = Bench, **208 SH ALL PATRICIANS** = Ed.F = *All*. **216 SH ALL CITIZENS** = Ed.F = *All. (throughout scene)* **237 SH CORIOLANUS** = Ed. F = *Com*. **259 poisonous** = F. Ed = poisons **269 your** = Ed. F = our **272 SH CORIOLANUS** = Ed. F = *Com*. **279 SH COMINIUS** = F2. F = *Corio*. **280 SH CORIOLANUS** = Ed. F = *Mene*. **283 SH** MENENIUS = Ed. *The speech heading has been moved from three lines above* **299 SH A PATRICIAN** = F *(Patri.)* **340 our** = Ed. F = one **382 him** = Ed. F = bring him in peace *(thought to be an error by the compositor, anticipating two lines later)* **399 SH FIRST SENATOR** = F *(Sena.)*

3.2.7 SH A PATRICIAN = Ed. F = *Noble*. **31 SH FIRST SENATOR** = F *(Sen.)* **39 herd** = Ed. F = heart **65 you on** = F. Ed = on you **92 With** = Ed. F = Which **119 bear?** Well, = Ed. F = beare well? **120 plot to lose** = Ed. F = Plot, to loose

3.3.12 poll = F (Pole) **40 for th'** = F2 (forth). F = fourth **44 Throng** = Ed.F = Through **51 SH SICINIUS** *and* **BRUTUS** = F *(Both Tri.)* **68 accents** = Ed. F = Actions **84 hell fold** = Ed. F = hell. Fould **87 clutched** = Ed. F = clutcht: **92 SH ALL CITIZENS** = Ed. F = *All. (throughout scene)* **132 for** = Ed. F = from **159 SD** *Menenius…Patricians* = Ed. F = *with Cumalijs. It seems that the compositor misunderstood a direction for Coriolanus and Cominius to exit "with the others" and set it as a proper name*

4.1.5 chances = F2. F = chances. **26 thee** = F (the) **37 will thou** = F. F2 = will you. Ed = wilt thou **41 SH VIRGILIA** = Ed. F = *Corio*.

4.2.28 words, = Ed. F = words.

4.3.1 SH NICANOR = Ed. F = *Rom. The speech heading "Roman" has been altered to the character's proper name throughout the scene* **2 SH ADRIAN** = Ed. F = *Volce. The speech heading "Volsce" has been altered to the character's proper name throughout the scene* **7 appeared** = F. Ed = approved **24 will** = F2. F = well

4.4.16 seem = F4 (seeme). F = seemes **26 hate** = Ed. F = haue. Ed = leave

4.5.9 SD *Servingman* = Ed.F = *Seruant*. **74 Whooped** = Ed.F = Hoop'd **124 no other** = F.F3 = no **128 o'erbear't** = Ed.F = o're-beate. Ed = o'er-bear **145 SD***The…forward* = Ed. F = *Enter two of the Seruingmen. The Servingmen have clearly overheard the dialogue between Aufidius and Coriolanus, so it is necessary for them to remain onstage, rather than exit and re-enter* **156 on** = F (one) **165 SH FIRST***and* **SECOND SERVINGMAN** = Ed. F = *Both. (throughout scene)* **166 lief** = F (liue) **178 boiled** = F (boyld). Ed = broiled **203 sprightly walking** = F. Ed = sprightly, walking **204 sleepy** = F3 (sleepie). F = sleepe

4.6.22 SH ALL CITIZENS = F *(All.) (throughout scene)* **70 come** = Ed. F = comming **91 SH SECOND MESSENGER** = Ed. F = *Mes*. **145 SH SICINIUS** *and* **BRUTUS** = F *(Tri.)* **167 SH ALL CITIZENS** = Ed. F = *Omnes*.

4.7.39 'twas = F3. F = 'was **41 defect** = F2. F = detect **51 virtues** = F2. F = Vertue **57 foulder** = Ed. F = fouler.

5.1.18 for = F. Ed = fair **79 yield to his** = F. Ed = hold to his/yield no new/yield to no

5.2.55 errand = Ed. F = arrant **59 swoon** = Ed. F = swoond **64 our** = F4. F = your **74 pity** = Ed. F = pitty: **86 swoon** = Ed. F = swoond

5.3.51 prate = Ed. F = pray **68 holp** = Ed. F = hope **72 curdied** = F. Ed = candied **89 thing** = F. Ed = things **124 through** = F. Ed = thorough **137 SH YOUNG MARTIUS** = Ed. F = *Boy*. **160 fine** = Ed.F = fiue **163 charge** = Ed.F = change **165 noble man** = F2. F = Nobleman **174 clucked** = Ed. F = clock'd **180 him with** = F2. F = him with him with **190 his** = F. Ed = this

5.5.4 Unshout = F (Vnshoot)

5.6.37 projects to accomplish, = F3. F = projects, to accomplish **64–5 second…. way** = Ed. F = second,…way. **131 Fluttered** = F3. F = Flatter'd **149 SD***kill* = F4. F = *kils*

Act 1 Scene 1

1.1 ***Location:*** *Rome (a public place)*

3 **famish** starve

7 **verdict** agreed decision

8 **on't** i.e., about it

10 **poor** impoverished (playing on the sense of "bad, unworthy") **patricians** members of the noble families of Rome from whom senators and consuls were chosen **good** wealthy, well-to-do (playing on the sense of "worthy") **authority** those in power, i.e., the patricians

11 **surfeits on** is overfed on, overindulges in **but the superfluity** merely the excess

12 **wholesome** nutritious, good, restorative **guess** believe, judge

13 **dear** costly **object** sight

14 **inventory…abundance** detailed account that enables them to itemize their own wealth through contrast **sufferance** suffering

15 **pikes** long-handled weapon topped with a spearhead **ere** before **rakes** i.e., very thin

18 **dog** i.e., cruel, pitiless **commonalty** common people

23 **famously** gloriously, in a manner that gained him fame **to that end** i.e., in order to achieve fame

24 **soft-conscienced** weak-minded

25 **to…proud** i.e., partly out of pride **even…virtue** i.e., he is just as proud as he is courageous

29 **If** even if

30 **tire in repetition** exhaust the speaker in recounting them

31 **risen** in revolt **prating** chattering

32 **th'Capitol** Capitoline Hill, site of the temple of Jupiter; used in the play as the location of the senate house

34 **Soft** wait a moment

38 **bats** cudgels **matter** matter in hand/reason

41 **suitors** petitioners **strong** strong-smelling (sense then shifts to "powerful")

42 **masters** sirs

43 **undo** ruin

46 **For** as for

47 **dearth** scarcity, famine

48 **staves** staffs used as weapons

49 **on** continue on

50 **curbs** restraints (literally, chain passed under a horse's jaw)

52 **your** impediment any obstacle you can present

54 **knees** i.e., in prayer **arms** weapons (playing on the sense of "limbs")

55 **transported** carried away

56 **attends** awaits

57 **helms** helmsmen, i.e., guides (possibly plays on the sense of "protective helmets")

59 **True**, indeed either spoken ironically or "indeed, as a matter of fact" **Suffer** allow (plays on the sense of "inflict pain on")

60 **for** i.e., allowing usury money lending (often at very high rates of interest) **usurers** moneylenders

62 **piercing** oppressive, severe

65 **wondrous** extraordinarily

67 **pretty** apt

69 **stale't** make it stale, wear it out

70 **disgrace** misfortune/injury

71 **an't** if it **deliver** tell (the tale)

76 **cupboarding** hoarding **viand** food

77 **Like** equal **instruments** functioning body parts, organs

78 **devise** think

79 **participate** participating

80 **affection** desires, inclination

84 **ne'er…lungs** i.e., was not hearty and genuine **thus** Menenius imitates the smile, either with his mouth or with his belly (perhaps by belching)

88 **his** receipt what he received **even…fitly** just as aptly, fittingly (said in irony)

89 **for that** because

95 **muniments** provisions/defenses, fortifications

96 **fabric** building, structure (i.e., body)

97 **Fore me** before me (oath) **speaks** i.e., talks a lot

98 **cormorant** greedy (like the seabird)

99 **sink** sewer

101 **former** previously named

104 **small** i.e., small quantity

105 **you'st** you shall

108 **Your** i.e., this **grave** serious, dignified

110 **incorporate** united in one body

111 **general** belonging to everyone

116 **court** plays on the Latin *cor* ("heart") and on "core" ("inmost part")

117 **cranks** winding passages **offices** parts of the house used by servants (kitchen, etc.)

118 **nerves** sinews

119 **competency** means of life

121 **mark** pay attention, listen to

125 **make…up** compile my account, balance my records

126 **flour** i.e., finest quality meal of wheat or other grain, plays on "flower" (the best part)

127 **bran** husks (separated from flour after grinding), i.e., inedible part

131 **digest** interpret, understand (plays on the bodily sense)

132 **weal o'th'common** public welfare

140 **rascal** rogue/one of low birth/(hunting) dog **worst in blood** least lively, in poorest condition (hunting term)/most ill-bred

141 **vantage** (individual) advantage

144 **The one side** one side or the other **bale** misfortune

145 **dissentious** quarrelsome, rebellious

147 **scabs** sores/contemptible rogues

148 **ever** always

150 **abhorring** contempt **curs** dogs

151 **nor** neither **The one** i.e., war

152 **proud** arrogant, self-important

153 **hares** i.e., timid

154 **foxes** i.e., clever, cunning **geese** i.e., foolish **surer** more reliable

156 **virtue** particular ability

157 **make…it** honor a man whose wrongdoing is punished, and curse the justice that did so

158 **Who** whoever

159 **Deserves** earns, acquires **affections** desires, inclinations

161 **evil** sickness

163 **rushes** flimsy reeds

165 **now** just now, recently

166 **garland** hero (deserving of a wreath of victory)

167 **several** various

169 **which else** who otherwise

170 **seeking** request/demand

176 **side** takes sides in **give out** report

177 **marriages** political alliances

178 **feebling** weakening

179 **cobbled** patched, roughly mended

180 **ruth** compassion, pity

181 **quarry** pile of dead bodies (hunting term)

182 **quartered** mutilated, cut into quarters

183 **pick** pitch, throw

186 **passing** surpassingly, excessively

189 **an-hungry** hungry (Martius mocks the people's unsophisticated speech)

190 **dogs** even dogs

191 **meat** food

192 **shreds** scraps (of reasoning)

195 **generosity** the nobles

197 **As** as if

198 **Shouting their emulation** each competing to shout the loudest/shouting in ambitious triumph

200 **tribunes** officials appointed to protect the interests and rights of the people **vulgar** common, public, plebeian

202 **'Sdeath** by God's death (common oath)

205 **Win upon power** gain the advantage over those in power **themes** subjects/arguments

206 **For insurrection's arguing** to justify rebellion

208 **fragments** insignificant beings (literally, scraps of food)

212 **vent** get rid of/excrete or urinate

213 **musty superfluity** moldy excess, i.e., the troublesome citizens (imaged as stale goods or as bodily waste matter)

214 **that** what

217 **to't** i.e., to the test

221 **together** i.e., against each other

222 **by th'ears** fighting

223 **party** side

224 **with** i.e., against

227 **Attend upon** serve under, follow

230 **constant** unchanging, true to my word

232 **stiff** reluctant/stiff with age/rendered incapable by injury **Stand'st out?** Will you not fight?

235 **Ere** in preference to

237 **Your** i.e., may I have your

238 **attend** await

241 **Right…priority** you deserve to go first

246 **garners** granaries, storehouses **Worshipful** esteemed (sarcastic)

247 **puts well forth** develops well, is promising (mocking)

253 **moved** roused, angered **spare to gird** refrain from mocking

254 **modest** chaste (the moon was associated with Diana, Roman goddess of chastity)

255 **The** may the

258 **Tickled with** pleased by/excited by/provoked, urged on by

259 **noon** suggestive of the height of success, when shadows are smallest (but later grow)

260 **insolence** haughty pride **brook** bear

265 **miscarries** fails

267 **giddy censure** fickle (public) opinion

271 **Opinion** the reputation/public opinion

272 **demerits** deserts

274 **are** belong

277 **aught** anything

279 **dispatch** settlement of affairs

280 **More…singularity** his individual qualities aside/with even greater self-importance

281 **action** military enterprise

282 **along** go

Act 1 Scene 2

1.2 ***Location:*** *Corioli (also known as Corioles)*

2 **entered** in acquainted with **counsels** opinions/plans/secrets

6 **ere** before

7 **circumvention** a chance to outwit (the plan)

10 **pressed a power** raised an army

14 **of** by

16 **preparation** equipped military force

17 **Whither** wherever **bent** directed

19 **field** battlefield

20 **made doubt but** doubted that

23 **pretences** plans

24 **needs** necessarily

26 **shortened** curtailed

27 **take in** capture

30 **hie** hurry **bands** troops

32 **set down before's** besiege us **remove** removal, lifting (of the siege)

37 **parcels** parts, sections **power** army **forth** out, on the move

38 **only hitherward** march only in our direction

40 **ever** ceaselessly, constantly

Act 1 Scene 3

1.3 ***Location:*** *Martius' house*, *Rome*

1 **comfortable** cheerful **sort** manner

2 **freelier** more freely

4 **tender-bodied** young

5 **comeliness** good looks

7 **become** befit, suit **person** character/physical appearance

8 **picture-like…th'wall** i.e., purely ornamental **renown** (desire for) honor

9 **like** likely

10 **oak** a garland of oak leaves, signifying that he had saved the life of a fellow Roman citizen

11 **now** i.e., at that time

15 **issue** offspring

17 **voluptuously surfeit** live in luxurious, sensual excess

19 **give…myself** permit me to withdraw

21 **hither** from here/coming this way

22 **See** i.e., I imagine I see

25 **got** begot, conceived

27 **mailed** armored

28 **tasked** employed **mow Or** either mow

29 **hire** fee

30 **Jupiter** Roman supreme god

32 **gilt his trophy** than a covering of gold befits the monument to his victory **Hecuba** Queen of Troy and mother of **Hector**, who led the Trojan army

35 **contemning** in scorn

36 **fit** ready, in a proper state

37 **bless** i.e., protect **fell** fierce, cruel ***Usher*** male attendant who walked before a person of rank

43 **manifest housekeepers** clearly engaged in domestic affairs

44 **spot** piece of embroidery

48 **O'my** on my **troth** faith

49 **half…together** for a full half hour **he's** he has **confirmed** determined

51 **after** i.e., ran after

52 **or whether** whether **set** clench

53 **warrant** assure you **mammocked** tore to pieces

54 **on's** of his

55 **la** exclamation used for emphasis

56 **crack** little rascal

57 **housewife** may play on the sense of "hussy, worthless woman"

59 **out** go out

64 **Fie** expression of reproach

65 **lies in** is due to have a baby soon

69 **want** lack

70 **Penelope** faithful wife of **Ulysses**, King of **Ithaca**; while he was away fighting in the Trojan wars, she deterred her suitors by insisting that she had to finish weaving her father-in-law's shroud, which she then unpicked every night

71 **would** wish **cambric** fine linen (originally from Cambray in Flanders)

72 **sensible** capable of feeling, sensitive **leave** cease

77 **Verily** truly

82 **nothing doubt prevailing** have no doubt they will succeed

84 **Give me excuse** excuse me, i.e., permit me to stay

85 **disease…mirth** spoil our good cheer

86 **troth** truth

88 **at a word** once and for all, in a word

Act 1 Scene 4

1.4 ***Location:*** *outside Corioles; the rest of the scenes in Act 1 take place at varying distances from the city* **Drum** a drummer **Colours** ensigns, bearers of military banners or flags ***to them*** i.e., to them comes

1 **met** i.e., in battle

2 **My…no** i.e., I bet my horse against yours that they haven't

6 **spoke** encountered one another, fought

9 **nor** neither

13 **'larum** alarum, i.e., call to arms

14 **Mars** Roman god of war

15 **smoking** i.e., steaming (after immersion in hot blood)

16 **fielded** engaged on the battlefield ***parley*** trumpet summons to negotiation between enemy forces ***on the walls*** i.e., the upper staging level or gallery, conventionally used to represent city walls

18 **nor…he** i.e., there are no men within the walls who fear you

21 **pound us up** confine us (like animals)

22 **pinned with rushes** i.e., bolted weakly, as if with mere reeds

24 **List** listen (to)

25 **cloven** split in two, divided

27 **Their** let their **our instruction** our example, a lesson to us

30 **proof** impenetrable

31 **beyond our thoughts** more than we had imagined

34 **edge** sword edge

35 **south** south wind, thought to carry disease

38 **Further than seen** even before you are seen (because of your diseased stench)

39 **Against…mile** so contagiously that the infection will carry a whole mile against a contrary wind **souls of geese** i.e., cowards and fools

41 **Pluto** Roman god of the underworld

42 **behind** in the back, i.e., as they fled in cowardice

43 **agued** trembling (an ague was a fever characterized by shaking) **Mend** improve **home** toward the target, i.e., the enemy

46 **beat** drive with blows

48 **ope** open **seconds** supporters

49 **followers** pursuers **them** i.e., the **gates**

50 **fliers** those who retreat

54 **th'pot** the cooking pot, i.e., death

59 **Clapped to** shut

60 **answer** face/encounter in a fight

62 **sensibly** capable of feeling pain **outdares** dares more than

63 **bows** bends **stand'st** he stands **left** i.e., alone in the city

64 **carbuncle entire** flawless red precious stone

66 **Cato** Marcus Cato, known as the "Censor," an advocate of Rome's military virtues (an anachronism: Cato lived 234–149 BC)

73 **fetch him off** rescue him **make remain** stay (with him)

Act 1 Scene 5

3 **murrain** plague (literally, disease affecting cattle and sheep) ***Trumpet*** trumpeter

4 **prize** value

5 **drachma** silver coin (here deemed of little value)

6 **Irons** iron weapons, swords **of a doit** i.e., worth very little **doit** Dutch coin worth only half an English farthing **doublet** close-fitting jacket **hangmen** hangmen were entitled to keep the clothing of those they put to death

9 **the general** i.e., Cominius

12 **Convenient** appropriate **make good** secure

20 **physical** medicinal, restorative (a reference to the common medical treatment of bloodletting)

24 **charms** magic spells

25 **opposers'** opponents'

26 **Prosperity…page** i.e., may success attend on you

27 **Thy…highest** i.e., may prosperity be no less a friend to you

Act 1 Scene 6

* ***retire*** retreat
1 **Breathe you** catch your breath, rest
2 **stands** resistance/holding of a military position
4 **struck** been fighting, given blows
5 **By…gusts** at intervals and blown in on the wind
6 **The** may the
8 **fronts** faces/front ranks (of the army)
10 **issued** come forth
17 **briefly** not long ago
18 **confound** waste
21 **that** so that
25 **as** as if
26 **stamp** imprint, i.e., form, bearing
27 **Before-time** formerly
29 **tabor** small drum used for reveling
31 **meaner** humbler, lower-ranking/less worthy
35 **clip** clasp, embrace
38 **tapers** candles **to bedward** to indicate bedtime, to show the way to bed
40 **busied about decrees** busy with legal judgments
45 **slip** be unleashed
51 **common file** ordinary soldiers
52 **budge** flinch
55 **think** think so
59 **to…purpose** i.e., draw breath, regroup (in order to win)
60 **lies their battle** are their troops drawn up
63 **bands i'th'vanguard** troops in the foremost part of the army (spelled "vaward" in Shakespearean English) **Antiates** people from Antium, now Anzio, in southern Italy
64 **Of…trust** their most reliable men
69 **endure** remain
72 **advanced** upraised **darts** small spears/arrows
73 **prove** test
76 **balms** healing ointments
81 **painting** i.e., blood

83 **Lesser…report** less for his personal safety than for his reputation

84 **brave** noble, splendid/courageous

86 **him alone** only that man

89 **O…me?** Do you choose me as your sword? (where **O, me alone** is an exclamation of surprise)/Do you select only me as your weapon? (perhaps referring to the fact that the soldiers have raised him aloft like a sword)

90 **outward** superficial, for the sake of appearance

91 **But is** is not worth

96 **cause…obeyed** circumstance dictates

100 **Make…ostentation** i.e., match this impressive display with action

101 **Divide in all** have a portion of all (the booty)

Act 1 Scene 7

1 **ports** gates

3 **centuries** companies of one hundred soldiers

4 **holding** i.e., of the city

6 **Fear not** do not doubt/do not worry about **care** diligence/responsibility

Act 1 Scene 8

* ***several*** separate

4 **Not Afric owns** Africa does not possess

5 **fame and envy** great reputation and personal malice/envied reputation/hated reputation **Fix thy foot** stand firm (in preparation for hand-to-hand combat)

6 **budger** one who flinches

8 **holla** shout at (as, while hunting, one would cry out after a fleeing **hare**)

13 **Wrench up** strain, summon

15 **bragged progeny** the (Trojan) ancestry you boast of

16 **scape** escape from

18 **In…seconds** with your damned supporters

Act 1 Scene 9

* ***Flourish*** trumpet fanfare (usually signaling the arrival or departure of a person in authority) ***retreat*** trumpet call instructing soldiers to retreat ***scarf*** sling/bandage

1 **tell thee o'er** recount to you

4 **attend** listen **shrug** i.e., in disbelief

5 **I'th'end admire** and eventually marvel

6 **gladly quaked** willingly frightened, eager and trembling **dull** sluggish/stupid

7 **fusty** stale, mouldy

8 **hearts** wills, inclinations

10 **cam'st…before** i.e., this was a trifling challenge for you, in comparison with the battle you fought at Corioles

13 **caparison** mere trappings

16 **charter…blood** right to praise her offspring

18 **induced** prevailed upon

20 **effected** carried out

21 **overta'en** outdone

22 **be…deserving** i.e., bury your worthiness

25 **a traducement** slander

27 **to…vouched** i.e., affirmed in the highest possible terms

29 **In sign** as a token

33 **not** i.e., not hear themselves remembered

34 **gainst** in the face of

35 **tent** probe, clean surgically (i.e., cure)

36 **good…store** fine ones and plenty of them

37 **in…city** gained in the field and in the city

38 **the** i.e., one

40 **At…choice** entirely as you choose

44 **stand** insist **common part** ordinary share

45 **beheld the doing** seen the action ***bare*** bareheaded, a sign of respect

49 **soothing** flattery

50 **parasite** sycophantic, sponging courtier (playing on the sense of "silkworm") **him** i.e., the **parasite** (though functioning as "it," **him** could refer to **steel** or **silk**)

51 **overture** announcer, a herald/leader, opener of the attack (some editors emend to “ovator,” i.e., one who receives an ovation or a processional entrance into Rome for a military commander)

52 **For that** because

53 **debile** feeble **note** attention, notice being taken

54 **shout me forth** proclaim my virtues/hail me

56 **little** small achievements **dieted In** fed on

57 **sauced** seasoned, flavored

60 **give** portray, report **by your patience** with your permission

62 **means** intends **proper** own

65 **garland** wreath of victory

67 **his trim belonging** the equipment (**trim**) that goes with him

69 **host** army

70 **th’addition** the title/mark of distinction

73 **fair** clean

74 **howbeit** nevertheless

75 **stride** sit astride

76 **undercrest** bear (as if on a crest)

77 **th’fairness…power** the best of my ability

82 **best** leading citizens, most high-ranking men (of Corioles) **articulate** negotiate a treaty

89 **sometime** at one time, formerly **lay** lodged

90 **used** treated

91 **cried** called out

97 **Deliver** release

103 **visage** face

Act 1 Scene 10

1 **ta'en** captured
2 **good condition** favorable terms
5 **that** what
6 **condition** quality
7 **I'th'part…mercy** for the side that is at the mercy of the victors
9 **encounter** meet in combat
12 **emulation** rivalry
13 **where** whereas
15 **potch** poke, thrust
16 **Or** either **craft** skill/cunning
18 **subtle** cunning, treacherous
19 **stain** disgrace/eclipse
20 **Shall…itself** shall my valor fly from its own nature
21 **naked** defenseless **fane** temple
23 **Embarquements** prohibitions
24 **rotten** corrupt, decayed
26 **upon** under **guard** protection
27 **hospitable canon** law of hospitality
29 **what** who
32 **attended** awaited
33 **south** south of

Act 2 Scene 1

2.1 ***Location:*** *Rome*

1 **augurer** Roman religious official who foretold the future through studying celestial phenomena, the behavior and entrails of birds and other sacrificial creatures

3 **Not…people** not what the people wish for

4 **beasts** i.e., even beasts

8 **baas** bleats

12 **enormity** vice, wickedness

13 **stored** well supplied

16 **censured** judged, thought of

17 **o'th'right-hand file** by honorable and noble men (who were, in battle, traditionally placed on the right-hand side of a troop formation)

21 **'tis…matter** i.e., if you do get angry **a…occasion** i.e., the slightest opportunity, serving as a thief

22 **at your pleasures** as you choose

27 **single** solitary/feeble

28 **toward…necks** i.e., inward

32 **brace** pair **testy** irritable

35 **humorous** temperamental (governed by the four bodily humors thought to control disposition and mood) **hot** spiced/warm

36 **allaying** moderating, cooling **Tiber** Rome's river, i.e., water **imperfect** faulty (in character)

37 **complaint** i.e., complainant in a legal case **tinder-like** hot-tempered, easily incensed **motion** cause

38 **converses** associates, is familiar **buttock…night** i.e., late nights

39 **spend** expend, use up breath utterance, words (i.e., he does not bear grudges)

40 **wealsmen** public servants **Lycurguses** i.e., wise men; Lycurgus was a legendary Spartan legislator, noted for his wisdom

41 **I…it** i.e., my grimace will reveal what I think

42 **delivered** expressed, reported

43 **the…syllables** i.e., foolishness in most of what you say **compound** union, association

44 **deadly** excessively **tell** say/report **good** honest/handsome

45 **this** i.e., all that I have just admitted about myself **the…microcosm** i.e., my face (which charts the nature of the body, often viewed as a “little world”)

46 **bisson** bleary-eyed **conspectuities** faculties of sight/insights

47 **character** personality sketch/physical appearance

50 **caps** i.e., doffing of caps in deference **legs** i.e., bows **wholesome forenoon** potentially profitable morning

51 **orange-wife** woman who sells oranges; perhaps suggesting a dispute between a prostitute and her client; prostitutes often posed as orange-sellers in the public theaters **faucet-seller** seller of taps for wine or beer barrels **rejourn** postpone, adjourn

52 **controversy** dispute **audience** hearing

53 **party and party** i.e., two sides ina legal dispute **pinched** tormented

54 **mummers** actors in a mime **set…flag** i.e., declare war

55 **bleeding** unhealed, unresolved

58 **giber** joker **table** dinner table

59 **bencher** magistrate

61 **subjects** citizens/topics **When** even when

63 **botcher** one who mends old clothes

64 **in a cheap** even at the lowest

65 **Deucalion** in Greek mythology, the son of Prometheus; he and his wife were the only survivors of Zeus’ great flood **peradventure** perhaps/probably

66 **e’en** evening, i.e., farewell

69 **the moon** governed by Diana, Roman goddess of chastity

70 **follow your eyes** i.e., go eagerly

71 **Juno** supreme Roman goddess and wife of Jupiter

74 **most prosperous approbation** great proof of success/great success and acclaim

81 **estate** endowment

82 **make…at** mock dismissively **sovereign** efficacious, excellent **Galen** famous Greek physician (an anachronism; Galen lived in the second century)

83 **empiricutic** empirical/fraudulent **to** compared with **report** reputation **horse-drench** dose of horse medicine

84 **wont** accustomed

87 **a** he

89 **brows** i.e., in the form of a victor’s garland

91 **disciplined** beaten, punished

93 **an** if

94 **’fidiussed** i.e., treated as Aufidius was; Menenius playfully coins a word from Aufidius’ name

95 **possessed** aware, informed

97 **name of** honor, credit for **action** military enterprise

100 **purchasing** deserving, winning

102 **Pow waw!** expression of dismissive scorn (i.e., “Of course they’re true!”)

106 **cicatrices** scars

107 **place** i.e., as a consul **repulse** driving back/defeat **Tarquin** the last king of Rome, defeated in about 496 BC

109 **One…nine** either an error arising from the desire to outdo Volumnia, or Menenius begins adding up aloud, then does not bother to enumerate the other six wounds as he makes a mental leap to the total

115 **nervy** sinewy, muscular

116 **advanced** raised up **declines** descends ***sennet*** trumpet call signaling a procession

119 **to** in addition to

120 **These…follows** these names, as a mark of honor, are to be followed by

127 **prosperity** good fortune, success

129 **gentle** noble, honorable

130 **deed-achieving honour** honor won by actions

133 **gracious** delightful/virtuous/full of divine grace

143 **light** joyful (playing on the sense of “not weighty” to provide antithesis with the literal sense of **heavy** here signifying “sad”)

144 **on’s** of his

147 **crab-trees** crab apple trees, i.e., the bitter tribunes

148 **grafted** altered, made to grow (literally, grafted to a superior tree) **relish** taste

149 **We…folly** i.e., some painful or foolish things must be accepted for what they are and cannot be called otherwise

153 **Give** make

155 **shade** conceal

158 **change of honours** new honors (i.e., his new name)

160 **inherited** realized, acquired

161 **fancy** imagination

162 **wanting** lacking

163 **cast** bestow

166 **sway** rule ***state*** ceremony, formal procession

168 **blearèd** dim, bleary

169 **spectacled** made clear, given glasses prattling gossiping, chattering

170 **rapture** fit

171 **chats** chats about **malkin** girl, wench

172 **lockram** linen **reechy** dirty (picks up aurally on **richest**)

173 **stalls** display tables in front of shops **bulks** frameworks projecting from the fronts of shops, used to display goods

174 **leads** lead-covered flat roofs **ridges** roof ridges **horsed** straddled

175 **variable complexions** various types of person agreeing in agreement/alike, equal

176 **seld-shown** seldom-seen **flamens** priests

177 **popular** plebeian **puff** become out of breath

178 **vulgar station** place amongst the crowd

179 **Commit…kisses** i.e., they raise their veils and risk getting sunburn **damask** pink **nicely gauded** skillfully made-up **th'wanton spoil** the unrestrained destruction/lascivious plundering **Phoebus** the sun god

181 **pother** fuss, commotion

182 **that…him** whichever god it is that leads Coriolanus

183 **his human powers** i.e., Coriolanus' body **powers** faculties

184 **graceful posture** divine bearing

185 **On the sudden** suddenly/immediately **warrant** guarantee/predict

186 **office** task, function **power** authority, i.e., term of office

187 **He…end** he cannot carry his honors steadily from their beginning to their proper conclusion, i.e., he cannot long maintain his new honors

192 **for…stand** whom we represent

193 **Upon** because of **ancient** long-standing

194 **which** i.e., which cause

196 **As** as that

200 **napless vesture** threadbare garment

202 **breaths** i.e., voices of support

204 **miss it** i.e., not be appointed consul

205 **carry it but** i.e., obtain it other than

210 **like** likely

211 **good wills** interest wishes

213 **So…end** matters shall end either with his destruction or that of us and our authority (many editors emend **authorities** to “authority’s”)

215 **suggest** hint, insinuate to

216 **still** always

217 **mules** i.e., subservient beasts of burden **pleaders** i.e., the tribunes

218 **dispropertied** deprived, dispossessed (them of)

219 **capacity** capability, understanding

221 **provand** provender, food

226 **want** be lacking

227 **put upon’t** encouraged, incited to it

230 **darken** obscure/taint

235 **matrons** married women

237 **bended** i.e., bowed

238 **Jove** Roman supreme god (also known as Jupiter)

242 **carry…th’time** i.e., let us be vigilant for the present

243 **hearts** i.e., valor/commitment/hidden desires **event** future outcome

244 **Have with you** I’ll join you/let’s go

Act 2 Scene 2

2.2 ***Location:*** *Rome (the Capitol)*

2 **of** by

3 **brave** splendid **vengeance** exceedingly

6 **them** refers either to the **people** or to the **great men they** i.e., the people

7 **wherefore** why

9 **in** of

11 **waved** would waver

14 **discover him** reveal him to be **opposite** enemy **affect** seek out/like, enjoy

18 **degrees** steps **supple** compliant, obsequious

19 **bonneted** removed their hats (a mark of respect) **without…report** and gained others' esteem and a good reputation without doing anything else

22 **giving…lie** being manifestly untrue ***Lictors*** officers attending magistrates

25 **determined of** made a decision about

27 **after-meeting** follow-up meeting

28 **gratify** reward

29 **stood for** defended

30 **grave** dignified, respected

32 **well-found** commendable/found to be good

36 **like himself** appropriate to him, as worthy as he is

38 **length** fear of taking too long

39 **for requital** in its ability to recompense (such deeds)

41 **after** afterwards, then

42 **motion** encouragement, prompting **body** i.e., people

43 **yield** consent to

44 **convented** assembled **upon** i.e., to consider **treaty** proposition

45 **theme** subject

46 **blest** happy **kinder value** more generous estimation

47 **hereto** previously

48 **off** beside the point ***offers*** attempts

60 **disbenched** unseated

63 **soothed** flattered

64 **as they weigh** according to their worth

66 **have…struck** i.e., remain idle when the call to battle goes out

68 **monstered** made into unnatural marvels

70 **multiplying spawn** rapidly breeding commoners

71 **That's…one** i.e., for one good Coriolanus there are a thousand inadequate commoners/for every worthy commoner there are a thousand bad ones

73 **one on's** for one of his

79 **singly counterpoised** matched by any other individual

80 **made…for** raised troops to attack

81 **mark** range, capacity **dictator** leader

82 **point at** allude to

83 **Amazonian** beardless, like the Amazons, a race of female warriors

84 **bestrid** stood over to defend

85 **o'erpressed** overpowered **view** sight

87 **on** onto

88 **might…scene** i.e., might have wept or been afraid (**act** and **scene** set up the image of a boy player)

89 **meed** reward

90 **brow-bound...oak** given a wreath of oak leaves to wear on his head (signifying that he had saved the life of a fellow Roman) **pupil...thus** his youth being thus initiated into manhood/his apprenticeship thus begun in the manner of a fully grown man

91 **waxèd** grew

92 **brunt** shock, violence

93 **lurched…garland** robbed all fellow soldiers of the victory garland **for** as for

95 **speak him home** find words to describe him adequately **fliers** those fleeing

96 **rare** marvelous/exceptional

99 **stem** prow **stamp** tool with which to imprint a design

100 **took** made a lasting impression (i.e., killed)

102 **timed** accompanied regularly

103 **mortal** fatal (either threatening death to Coriolanus or bringing death to the city) **which** from which **painted...destiny** i.e., stained with the blood of the dead **shunless** inescapable

104 **came off** came away, emerged

105 **reinforcement** fresh attack **struck** astrological term referring to the power of a **planet** to emit a deadly influence

107 **gan** began to

108 **ready sense** alert sense of hearing **straight** straightaway **doubled** redoubled in strength

109 **requickened** revived, reanimated **fatigate** weary, fatigued

111 **reeking** steaming (with the fresh blood of enemies)

112 **spoil** slaughter, destruction

116 **with measure** fittingly, with due proportion

117 **kicked** at rejected, spurned

118 **as** as if

120 **misery** complete poverty

121 **with doing them** i.e., by taking satisfaction from performing them

122 **To…it** that time well spent is an end in itself/in seeking death

127 **still** always

131 **naked** exposed (to the view of the people)/ vulnerable/wearing nothing beneath the **gown** (to permit a better view of war wounds)

132 **sufferage** vote, approval

133 **pass** avoid, bypass

134 **voices** votes

135 **bate** omit

136 **Put** force

139 **your form** the formality that befits your status

145 **hire** payment

147 **stand upon't** make an issue of it

148 **recommend** commit, entrust

149 **purpose to them** intentions regarding the people

152 **use** treat

153 **require** ask

154 **contemn…give** despise the fact that what he requested should be in their power to give

158 **attend** await

Act 2 Scene 3

2.3 ***Location:*** *Rome (marketplace)*

1 **Once** once and for all

4 **power…do** a legal prerogative that we have no moral right to exercise

6 **monstrous** unnatural

9 **a…serve** will require little effort **once** once when

10 **stuck** hesitated

12 **of** by **that** because

13 **abram** auburn, here meaning “blond”

15 **consent of** agreement on

18 **out** emerge, come out **wit…will** perhaps playing on sexual connotations of both words to signify “penis”

19 **southward** the south wind was thought to carry disease and storms/the lower regions, i.e., genitals

21 **rotten** corrupting, unwholesome—playing on “affected by venereal disease”; **conscience** and **tricks** also have potential sexual meanings

23 **you may** i.e., go on, say what you like

25 **greater part** majority **incline** be well-disposed

29 **by particulars** to individuals, one by one

30 **single honour** individual privilege, right

37 **pace** obedient, measured movement

44 **would** wish **virtues** i.e., exhortations to virtue

45 **divines** priests **lose by** waste on

48 **wholesome** profitable/beneficial

50 **brace** pair (originally used of dogs); an inconsistency, as ***three*** citizens have entered; similarly, the subsequent acknowledgment of **two worthy voices** seems to neglect the third citizen

60 **kindly** pleasantly

62 **yours** i.e., yours to view

64 **A match** agreed

66 **something** somewhat

67 **An ’twere** if it were

68 **stand** agree

72 **enigma** riddle

73 **scourge** punishing whip **rod** punishment cane

76 **common** promiscuous, indiscriminate **sworn brother** loyal friend bound by oath **a…them** a more valuable place in their esteem

77 **condition** attribute, habit **gentle** noble

78 **have my hat** i.e., have me remove my hat as a mark of respect and deference

79 **insinuating** ingratiating **be off** remove my hat **counterfeitly** falsely, insincerely

80 **counterfeit the bewitchment** copy the bewitching charm **popular man** man who curries favor with the people/man of the people **bountiful** bountifully

85 **seal** confirm

90 **crave** beg **hire** payment, reward

91 **in…tongue** i.e., uttering such deceptions (many editors emend to “toge,” i.e., “toga,” the gown of humility Coriolanus wears)

92 **Hob…appear** any fellow who turns up (**Hob and Dick** were typical names for common men or rustics)

93 **needless** unnecessary **vouches** formal confirmations

95 **antique time** ancient customs

97 **o’erpeer** peer over, rise above

99 **do thus** behave in such a foolish manner

101 **voices** votes

103 **Watched** kept guard

105 **heard of** heard, i.e., experienced firsthand

113 **limitation** allotted time

114 **Endue** endow **remains** it only remains

115 **marks** insignia of office

116 **Anon** shortly

118 **request** i.e., asking for the people’s approval

120 **upon your approbation** to confirm their approval of you

126 **Repair** make my way

132 **weeds** clothes

134 **my masters** sirs

137 **notice** observation

139 **flouted** insulted, mocked

140 **kind of speech** way of speaking

153 **further with** further need of

154 **ignorant** too dull

158 **lessoned** instructed

160 **ever** always

161 **charters…weal** privileges that you hold in the commonwealth

162 **arriving** reaching

163 **sway o'th'state** state authority

165 **th'plebeii** the plebeians

168 **what…for** i.e., the position of consul

169 **think upon** esteem

170 **Translate** transform

171 **Standing…lord** supporting you as a patron, acting on your behalf

173 **had touched** would have tested (as the quality of gold was tested by rubbing it on a touchstone)

176 **cause** occasion **called you up** prompted you

177 **galled** irritated, inflamed

178 **article** condition, stipulation

179 **aught** anything

180 **choler** anger

183 **free** frank, undisguised

187 **heart** courage, spirit **cry** protest, rebel

188 **rectorship** rule

189 **ere…asker** on previous occasions refused to vote for one who asked you

191 **sued-for** begged for/formally entreated

195 **piece** add to, augment

200 **therefor** for that purpose, i.e., barking

201 **safer** more sensible

202 **enforce** emphasize

205 **suit** petition (may play on the sense of "clothing")

207 **Th'apprehension** the understanding **portance** behavior, demeanor

208 **gibingly** tauntingly **ungravely** derisively, disrespectfully

209 **After** according to **inveterate** long-standing

210 **Lay…on** blame

211 **no impediment between** allowing nothing to stand in the way

214 **affections** wishes, preferences

216 **against the grain** perversely, against your true inclinations

217 **voice** vote

218 **read lectures to** instructed

219 **youngly** early in life

222 **Ancus Martius** traditionally, the fourth king of Rome **Numa** Numa Pompilius, second king of Rome

223 **Hostilius** Tullus Hostilius, third King of Rome

224 **Publius** unknown ancestor of Coriolanus **Quintus…conduits** an anachronism: Quintus Martius Rex was involved in building the Aqua Martia aqueduct in Rome in the second century BC

225 **conduits** aqueducts

226 **Censorinus** another anachronism: Caius Martius Rutilus was given the title "Censorinus" in the third century BC

227 **censor** magistrate in charge of the census of citizens

230 **That…wrought** who has, in addition, well deserved through his own actions

233 **Scaling** weighing up

235 **sudden** hasty

237 **putting** on encouragement, urging

238 **presently…number** as soon as you have gathered your crowd of supporters

239 **Repair** make your way

242 **put in hazard** risked

243 **Than…greater** than to await the greater revolt that would doubtless occur

245 **answer…of** respond to the advantages offered by

249 **own** i.e., own doing

Act 3 Scene 1

3.1 ***Location:*** *Rome (a street—the procession is on its way to the market-place)*

1 **made new head** raised a new army

3 **composition** coming to terms

5 **road** inroads, incursions

7 **worn** weakened, exhausted

8 **ages** lifetimes

11 **On safeguard** under safe conduct

12 **for** because **vilely** contemptibly, shamefully

13 **retired** withdrawn **Antium** town situated on the coast, about thirty-five miles south of Rome; now Anzio

20 **To hopeless restitution** beyond hope of recovery **so** provided that

28 **prank them** dress themselves up

29 **Against…sufferance** beyond what the nobility can endure

35 **passed…common** been approved by the nobility and the common people

40 **broil** turmoil, fighting

42 **voices** votes

43 **straight** immediately (afterward) **offices** roles, responsibilities

44 **rule…teeth** i.e., can you not control their vicious snapping

45 **set them on** encouraged them (suggesting the incitement of dogs in bear-baiting)

47 **purposed** planned

49 **Suffer’t, and live** if you put up with it, you will have to live

52 **of late** recently

53 **gratis** free **repined** complained

54 **Scandalled** scorned, slandered

55 **Time-pleasers** followers of fashion/opportunists

58 **sithence** since

60 **like** likely

61 **Not…yours** i.e., I am likely to better you in any case

62 **yond** yonder, those

65 **that** that quality

68 **are out of** have strayed from

70 **yoke** associate yourself

72 **abused** deceived **palt'ring** evasiveness, trickery

74 **dishonoured** dishonorable **rub** obstacle (bowling term) **laid falsely** placed treacherously

75 **I'th'plain** in the level, smooth

82 **For** as for **meinie** common people, rabble (pronounced "many" or "meeny")

83 **regard** take note of, observe

84 **behold themselves** i.e., reflected in the unflattering truths Coriolanus will utter

85 **soothing** flattering

86 **cockle** weed **sedition** revolt

88 **honoured** honorable

96 **Coin** create **their** i.e., the lungs' **measles** red spots of disease; possibly also "lepers"

97 **tetter** cover with pustules **yet sought** although we have sought

100 **infirmity** (human) weakness

102 **choler** bile, i.e., anger; one of the four humors of early physiology, causing irascibility of temper

103 **patient** calm

104 **mind** opinion

108 **Triton** minor Greek sea god **minnows** small fish, i.e., common people

110 **from the canon** out of order, exceeding a tribune's authority

113 **Given** allowed **Hydra** in Greek mythology, a monster that grew two heads for every one that was cut off

114 **peremptory** imperious

115 **horn and noise** noisy horn **wants** lacks

116 **turn** divert **current** flow of water

118 **vail your ignorance** yield in ignorant submission **vail** to lower a flag or weapon in submission **awake…lenity** rouse yourselves from this dangerous mildness

121 **cushions** i.e., seats in the senate **by** with, next to/courtesy of

123 **both your voices** i.e., those of senators and plebeians **the…theirs** the blend of voices tastes most strongly of the plebeians/the plebeians most enjoy the prevalent taste (i.e., their own)

126 **popular** i.e., on behalf of the people **graver** more revered **bench** governing body/judicial court

129 **up** active, exerting power

130 **confusion** destruction/chaos

131 **of both** between the two **take** conquer/destroy

132 **by** by using

135 **used Sometime** formerly customary

141 **give…voice** give their vote to one who speaks thus

145 **our recompense** reward from us

146 **pressed** impressed, conscripted

147 **navel** i.e., very center **touched** threatened, affected

148 **thread** pass through

151 **spoke not for** didn't recommend

153 **All cause unborn** without any justification **native** origin

154 **frank** generous, free

155 **bosom multiplied** (creature of) many stomachs **digest** comprehend/digest bodily

157 **like** likely

158 **greater poll** majority **poll** number of people (literally, heads)

161 **cares** concerns (for state welfare)

163 **crows** plays on the sense of "crowbars" (with which to **break** the **locks o'th'senate**) **eagles** i.e., superior birds; a symbol of Roman power

165 **over-measure** excess

168 **Seal** (may it) confirm **withal** with **double worship** divided authority

170 **Insult** behave insolently **without all** without any/beyond all **gentry** social rank, being a gentleman

171 **conclude** come to a decision

172 **general** common, popular **omit** neglect

173 **the while** in the meantime

174 **slightness** triviality **Purpose so barred** proper planning being thus prevented

175 **to purpose** effectively

176 **fearful** timid, cowardly **discreet** discerning, prudent

177 **love…on't** love the foundations of sound government more than you fear making the changes that are necessary to preserve it (i.e., getting rid of the tribunes)

180 **jump** risk (treating) **physic** medicine

182 **multitudinous tongue** voice of the multitude, i.e., the tribunes

183 **sweet** i.e., power **dishonour** current shameful situation

184 **bereaves** deprives

185 **integrity** unity

187 **For th'ill** because of the evil (i.e., the tribunes and the people they represent)

189 **answer** pay for it

191 **despite** contempt

192 **bald** lacking both hair and wisdom

194 **th'greater bench** the more important governing body, i.e., the senate

195 **what's…law** when force and circumstance, rather than what was right, prevailed

197 **what…meet** what is right and proper be openly acknowledged as the correct thing to do

201 **aediles** public officers, assistants to the tribunes

202 **apprehended** arrested

204 **Attach** arrest **innovator** revolutionary

205 **th'public weal** the commonwealth

206 **answer** interrogation, trial/punishment

208 **surety** stand bail for

222 **Confusion** destruction/disorder/overthrow

227 **at…lose** on the point of losing

239 **distinctly ranges** is laid out in a clear and orderly manner

242 **Or** either stand to uphold

244 **part** behalf

246 **present** immediate

248 **th'rock Tarpeian** the precipice on the Capitoline Hill, from which criminals were thrown to their deaths

255 **that** what

256 **temp'rately** calmly

258 **cold** calm, unimpassioned ***beat in*** beaten offstage

264 **seen me** seen me do

270 **naught** lost, brought to nothing **else** otherwise

276 **cause** disease

278 **tent** probe and clean (a wound) surgically, i.e., cure

281 **littered** born (like **calved**, used of animals)

285 **One…another** another time will compensate for this one

287 **up** on **brace** pair

288 **’tis…arithmetic** i.e., we are incalculably outnumbered

289 **manhood** manliness/valor **foolery** folly

290 **fabric** building

291 **tag** rabble **rend** tear apart, lay waste

292 **interrupted** obstructed **o’erbear…bear** overwhelm what usually contains them (i.e., riverbanks)

295 **in request With** required by

296 **patched…colour** i.e., mended by any means possible

301 **Neptune** Roman god of the sea, who traditionally carried a **trident** (three-pronged spear)

302 **thunder** Jove’s weapon was the thunderbolt **his…mouth** i.e., he speaks what he feels

307 **Tiber** Rome’s river **What the vengeance!** intensifying phrase, similar to “What the hell!”

308 **’em fair** to them courteously

314 **rigorous** harsh, severe

315 **scorn** disdain to offer

317 **sets** values

320 **sure on’t** be sure of it

323 **cry havoc** call for slaughter and general devastation

324 **modest warrant** limited license

325 **holp** helped

326 **rescue** forcible removal of a prisoner from custody (legal term)

333 **leave** permission

338 **peremptory** resolved

339 **eject him hence** exile him

345 **deservèd** deserving **enrolled** recorded

346 **dam** mother

350 **Mortal** fatal

355 **by** at the hands of

356 **suffer** permit

357 **brand** mark of disgrace

358 **clean cam** utterly misleading **cam** crooked, awry

359 **Merely** totally

370 **unscanned** thoughtless

371 **to's** to its **process** proper legal procedure

372 **parties** sides, factions

375 **What** why

377 **smote** struck

379 **a** he

380 **bolted** sifted (i.e., refined, considered) **meal and bran** flour and worthless husks

383 **Where…peril** where he, his life at stake, shall answer for his behavior through the calm process of a trial

388 **Unknown…beginning** unpredictable

393 **attend** await

Act 3 Scene 2

3.2 ***Location:*** *Rome (Coriolanus' house)*

1 **pull…ears** i.e., destroy everything, crush me **present me** put me forward for

2 **wheel** torture wheel to which the victim was tied and their bones broken before they died **at…heels** a form of death in which the victim's limbs were tied to horses that then ran in different directions

4 **precipitation** steep drop

5 **beam** the eyes were thought to emit beams that enabled vision

8 **muse** wonder (that)

9 **approve** support, praise **wont** accustomed

10 **woollen** i.e., coarsely clothed **vassals** servants/slaves

11 **groats** coins worth four old pence (suggesting the people are mere petty traders) **show bare heads** i.e., remove their hats as a mark of deference

12 **congregations** gatherings **yawn** gape

13 **ordinance** rank, standing

19 **put…on** i.e., fully gained and exercised your new authority

21 **Let go** enough

23 **lesser…dispositions** the people would have understood less of your plans/moods (sense is awkward, so many editors emend "things," e.g., to "thwartings")

26 **Ere…you** i.e., before they could prevent you actually becoming consul **cross** thwart

29 **something** somewhat

33 **Cleave…midst** split down the middle

35 **apt** compliant, submissive

37 **vantage** advantage, benefit

39 **but** were it not

40 **fit** attack of illness/seizure **physic** medicine

49 **absolute** inflexible

50 **therein…speak** i.e., being uncompromising is a noble stance, except in cases of extreme urgency

52 **policy** strategy/cunning **unsevered** inseparable, united

57 **demand** question

58 **seem…not** dissimulate, pretend to be what you are not

60 **adopt** adopt as **less** i.e., less honorable

61 **That…request** for policy to be honorable in peacetime as well in as war, given that both situations require it equally

64 **force** urge

65 **lies you on** is incumbent upon you

66 **instruction** conviction, prompting

68 **but roted** merely learned by heart

69 **Bastards** i.e., illegitimate, not genuine **of…To** unacknowledged by

71 **take in** capture

72 **gentle** honorable/soft, kind **else** otherwise **put…blood** put your chances to the test and risk much bloodshed

74 **dissemble with** disguise **where…honour** in a case where, my fortunes and friends being at risk, honor required me to do so

76 **I…this** i.e., my views represent those of

78 **general** common

79 **a fawn** flattery

80 **inheritance** acquisition

81 **want** lack (i.e., of their loves/of flattery)

83 **salve** heal, remedy

84 **Not** not only

87 **bonnet** hat

88 **stretched** it held it out to them **here…them** go this far in humoring them/on this point, give them what they want

89 **bussing** kissing

91 **learnèd** i.e., responsive **waving** shaking or bowing (in repentance and humility)

92 **stout** proud

94 **hold** withstand

95 **broils** turmoil, battles

96 **soft** sociable/gentle

97 **fit** as fit

98 **asking** asking for **frame** adapt, make

99 **forsooth** in truth

100 **person** personal authority, influential presence

102 **Even…speaks** exactly as she describes

103 **free** freely granted

108 **bower** arbor/boudoir
111 **make** gather **party** faction, side
117 **unbarbèd sconce** unarmed head
120 **plot** piece of earth, i.e., body
121 **mould** earth/frame
124 **discharge to th'life** perform convincingly
132 **harlot's** beggar's/whore's **throat of war** i.e., soldier's voice
133 **choirèd** sang in harmony
134 **Small** high-pitched
135 **babies lull** lulls, soothes babies
136 **Tent** encamp **take up** occupy
137 **The…sight** my eyeballs
140 **alms** charitable gift
141 **surcease** cease
143 **inherent** permanent, abiding
147 **feel** experience, undergo the effects of
148 **stoutness** obstinacy
149 **heart** i.e., courage **list** please
151 **owe** own
154 **mountebank** use trickery to win
155 **Cog** cheat
161 **arm** prepare
165 **word** watchword, password
166 **by invention** with invented charges

Act 3 Scene 3

3.3 ***Location:*** *Rome (the market-place)*

1 **charge him home** press home your accusations **affects** seeks out/is drawn to

3 **Enforce** urge against/attack/constrain **envy** malice

4 **spoil got on** booty won from

10 **catalogue** list

12 **by th'poll** by head, individually

14 **tribes** divisions of the populace of Rome

16 **presently** immediately

21 **old prerogative** traditional rights (of the people)

22 **i'th'truth o'th'cause** in the justice of the case

24 **cry** cry out, shout

26 **present execution** immediate carrying out

30 **hap** happen

32 **Put…straight** rouse him to anger him straightaway

33 **worth Of contradiction** full share of answering back, pennyworth of defiance

34 **chafed** roused, angered

36 **looks** looks likely, promises

37 **us** i.e., our assistance

40 **ostler** stable groom **piece** coin

41 **bear…th'volume** put up with being called knave any number of times/endure any degree of ill treatment from a knave **Th'honoured** may the honored

43 **among's** among us

44 **shows** ceremonies

49 **List** listen **Audience** listen, pay attention

52 **this present** with this present allegation

53 **determine** be settled

54 **demand** ask

56 **Allow** acknowledge

57 **censure** judgment

68 **accents** ways of speaking/words

70 **envy you** display malice toward you

74 **very** very same
76 **Answer to us** i.e., you have no right to ask the questions
77 **so** to do so, i.e., answer to you
78 **contrived** plotted
79 **seasoned** established (or perhaps “qualified, moderate” as opposed to **tyrannical**) **wind** insinuate
82 **How?** What?
84 **fold in** enfold, encircle
85 **their traitor** traitor to them **injurious** insulting, wrongful
86 **Within** Even if within, i.e., whatever you might do to me
89 **free** frank/honest/unrestrained
90 **I…the** that with which I pray to the
94 **put** add
97 **strokes** blows, assaults
99 **capital** i.e., worthy of the death penalty
102 **prate** chatter, babble
109 **pent** imprisoned **linger** barely survive, linger on
112 **check** restrain, curb
113 **have’t** have it (i.e., the people’s **mercy**)
114 **For** that because
115 **in him lies** he possibly could
116 **Envied against** shown malice toward
117 **as** inasmuch as (he has)
118 **not** not only
123 **precipitation** being thrown
136 **estimate** reputation, honor **womb’s…loins** i.e., children
144 **cry** pack
145 **reek** stench/foggy vapor
148 **remain** may you remain
150 **plumes** feathers on a helmet
151 **have** may you have **still** always
153 **finds…feels** only learns through experience
154 **Making…yourselves** trying only to protect yourselves/having banished everyone except yourselves
155 **Still…foes** always your own worst enemies
156 **abated** humbled, beaten down

158 **For** because of
163 **despite** disdain, contempt
164 **vexation** torment, mortification

Act 4 Scene 1

4.1 ***Location:*** *Rome (near the city gates)*

1 **leave** cease

3 **ancient** former **used** accustomed

4 **extremities** extreme circumstances, crisis

5 **common chances** ordinary events

7 **Fortune's…cunning** when fortune strikes hardest, it takes noble skill to bear one's wounds like a gentleman

11 **conned** learned, memorized

14 **red pestilence** red sores were characteristic of the plague

15 **occupations** trades

17 **lacked** absent/missed

18 **wont** accustomed

19 **Hercules** legendary Greek hero who achieved twelve seemingly impossible **labours**

22 **Droop** look downcast, despair

25 **venomous** i.e., stinging, causing inflammation sometime former

28 **fond** foolish **strokes** blows, afflictions

29 **wot** know

30 **still** always

31 **Believe't not lightly** do not doubt this

32 **fen** swamp

34 **or** either **exceed the common** outdo ordinary men, exceed ordinary expectations

35 **cautelous…practice** deceitful snares and plotting

39 **exposture** exposure

40 **starts** leaps up

42 **follow** accompany

45 **repeal** recall from exile

47 **advantage** the advantageous opportunity

51 **wars' surfeits** excesses of military service

52 **bring** accompany

54 **noble touch** noble qualities/proven nobility (as the quality of gold is proved with a touchstone)

61 **one seven** i.e., seven

63 **foot** step of the way

Act 4 Scene 2

4.2 ***Location:*** *Rome (a street)*

1 **home** go home

8 **ancient** former

13 **mad** furious/wild, high-spirited/mentally disturbed

16 **Th'hoarded** the stored-up **requite** repay

22 **mankind** masculine/furious (Volumnia replies to the sense of "human")

24 **foxship** sly cunning

30 **would** wish

31 **Arabia** i.e., the desert (a suitably lawless place for death, and one with nowhere for the enemy to hide) **tribe** supporters/family **before** in front of, facing

34 **posterity** descendants

39 **unknit** untied for

40 **knot** bond between him and Rome

43 **Cats** i.e., wretched creatures (contemptuous)

48 **brave** splendid/courageous (sarcastic)

50 **meanest** poorest, humblest

54 **baited With** harassed by

58 **'em** i.e., the tribunes

60 **to't** on it

61 **told** chastised **home** thoroughly

62 **sup** dine

63 **meat** food

64 **starve with feeding** i.e., consume myself/starve from not eating actual food

65 **faint puling** feeble whining

66 **Juno-like** like the supreme Roman goddess, Juno; her merciless fury is described in Virgil's *Aeneid*

Act 4 Scene 3

4.3 ***Location:*** *on the road, between Rome and Antium*

3 **’em** i.e., the Romans

7 **favour…tongue** identity is confirmed by your voice **favour** appearance/face

8 **note** i.e., of instruction

16 **ripe** ready

17 **glowing** smoldering **mature** ready

22 **them** i.e., the Volscians

25 **of** from

26 **choose** do otherwise (than **appear well**)

28 **this** this time, now

30 **centurions** officers, each in charge of one hundred men **charges** i.e., troops **distinctly billeted** individually enrolled

31 **in th’entertainment** on the payroll, employed

33 **present** immediate

34 **part** role, words

Act 4 Scene 4

4.4 ***Location:*** *Antium (outside Aufidius' house)* ***mean*** humble, poor
3 **'fore my wars** in the face of my attacks
6 **puny** inexperienced **Save** God save
9 **lies** lives
15 **slippery turns** fickle, treacherous changes **fast** firmly
16 **double** two (plays on the sense of "deceitful")
18 **still** always
20 **dissension…doit** dispute over something trivial **doit** Dutch coin of small value
21 **fellest** fiercest, most cruel
22 **plots…other** plots to capture one another have kept them awake
24 **trick** trifle
25 **interjoin their issues** unite their fortunes/join their children in marriage
28 **give me way** allow me to go freely/grant my request

Act 4 Scene 5

4.5 ***Location:*** *Antium (inside Aufidius’ house)*

1 **fellows** fellow servants

6 **Whence** from what place

7 **go…door** i.e., leave

8 **entertainment** hospitality, reception

11 **companions** rogues

15 **brave** defiant **anon** in a moment

19 **avoid** leave

25 **station** place to stand

27 **Follow** your function get on with your job **batten** grow fat **cold bits** i.e., left overs

32 **canopy** i.e., the sky

36 **kites and crows** birds of prey, scavengers

38 **daws** jackdaws, proverbially foolish birds

40 **meddle** concern yourself, interfere (Coriolanus then shifts the sense to “have sex with”)

42 **prat’st** speak insolently/to little purpose **trencher** wooden serving dish

44 **but** were it not

56 **grim** fierce, cruel/forbidding, severe

57 **command** authority **tackle** gear, equipment—i.e., clothing (plays on sense of “ship’s rigging”)

58 **show’st** seem to be

62 **particularly** in person, individually

63 **mischief** injury **thereto…Coriolanus** which is attested by my honorary surname, “Coriolanus”

64 **painful** arduous, diligent

67 **memory** memorial/reminder

71 **dastard** cowardly

72 **forsook** rejected, abandoned

74 **Whooped** jeered, hooted

78 **in** mere out of pure

79 **be…of** fully pay back

81 **wreak** vengeance

82 **maims Of shame** shameful wounds

83 **through** throughout

87 **cankered** corrupted, diseased

88 **under-fiends** hell’s devils

89 **prove more fortunes** try your fortunes further

92 **ancient** long-standing

95 **tuns** barrels

104 **where against** against which

105 **grainèd ash** strong spear (made of straight-grained ash)

106 **clip** embrace

107 **anvil** i.e., Coriolanus, who has been struck by Aufidius’ **sword** as an anvil is hit with a hammer

113 **dances** sets dancing, excites **rapt** enraptured

115 **Bestride** step across **Mars** Roman god of war; may pun on “Martius”

116 **a…foot** an army mobilized

117 **target** shield **brawn** muscular arm

118 **out** outright, fully

119 **several** separate

121 **down together** fighting with each other on the ground; the speech betrays a perhaps unconscious homoeroticism, with many of its terms having sexual connotations (**hotly, encounters, half dead**)

122 **helms** helmets **fisting** clutching, throttling; also slang for “breaking wind,” so anal connotations are not impossible

123 **waked** I have waked

125 **muster all** recruit all men

128 **o’erbear’t** overwhelm it (Rome)

131 **am prepared** have forces drawn up

134 **absolute** incomparable, perfect

136 **commission** authority/those in my command **set down** determine

140 **rudely** violently

141 **ere destroy** before destroying them

142 **commend** introduce (favorably)

148 **gave** told

150 **set up** set spinning

155 **rarest** most exceptional/most splendid

156 **he…on** you know who (i.e., Aufidius)

158 **it’s…for** never mind about

159 **on** of **him** like him in the following line, this may refer either to Coriolanus or to Aufidius

164 **slaves** rogues/servants

166 **as lief** rather

168 **Wherefore?** Why?

169 **was wont** used

176 **on't** of it

177 **scotched** slashed **carbonado** meat scored for cooking

178 **An** if **given** inclined

181 **on** much of

182 **upper end o'th'table** i.e., in the place of honor

183 **but…bald** without them standing hatless (a mark of respect)

184 **sanctifies…hand** touches Coriolanus' hand as if it were holy

185 **bottom** essence, bottom line

187 **sowl** roughly seize

188 **polled** stripped bare (literally, with the branches lopped away)

192 **directitude** a nonsense word; perhaps the Third Servingman means "discredit"

194 **crest** cockerel's crest/feathers on a helmet **in blood** in good condition, full of life (hunting term)

195 **will** will come **conies** rabbits

197 **presently** immediately

198 **parcel** part

200 **stirring** lively, active

203 **audible** noisy/keen of hearing (like a hunting dog) **full of vent** full of shouts and noise/has picked up the scent of a hunted animal **apoplexy** paralysis

204 **mulled** numbed, stupefied **getter** begetter, conceiver

206 **ravisher** rapist

207 **cuckolds** men with unfaithful wives

210 **rising** i.e., from the table

Act 4 Scene 6

4.6 ***Location:*** *Rome*
2 **His…tame** the remedies needed to get rid of Coriolanus (i.e., the protesting **people**) are quiet
4 **hurry** commotion, urgent activity
7 **pest’ring** obstructing
9 **functions** tasks, occupations
10 **stood** to’t made a stand against it
15 **But** except
16 **were** even were
18 **temporized** compromised, been moderate
23 **e ’en** evening (i.e., any time after noon)
32 **comely** decent, pleasing
39 **affecting** aiming for/desiring **assistance** partners
41 **this** this time, now
47 **several powers** separate armies
53 **horns** i.e., like those of a snail
54 **inshelled** within his (snail’s) shell, withdrawn **stood** fought
56 **what** why
58 **break** with us i.e., break the terms of our treaty
62 **age** lifetime **reason with** converse with, question
64 **information** source of information
71 **turns** transforms
73 **His** raising this is his rumormongering
76 **seconded** corroborated
82 **as…between** wide enough to include
85 **Raised** stirred up, rumored
87 **trick on’t** nature, aim of it
89 **atone** be reconciled
90 **violent’st contrariety** most extreme opposites
95 **O’erborne** overcome (everything in) **took** captured
99 **holp** helped **ravish** rape
100 **leads** lead roofs **pates** heads
101 **to your noses** in front of you, in your faces
103 **in their cement** i.e., to their foundations

104 **franchises** rights, freedom

105 **auger’s bore** small hole made with a carpenter’s tool (**auger**)

112 **brats** children

116 **apron-men** tradesmen

117 **voice of occupation** workingmen’s votes

118 **garlic-eaters** i.e., the lower classes

120 **Hercules…fruit** the eleventh labor of Hercules was to pluck the golden apples of the Hesperides (the three sisters who guarded them)

124 **other** otherwise

125 **smilingly** willingly **who** whoever

127 **constant** steadfast, loyal

128 **something** some admirable quality

129 **undone** ruined

134 **for** as for

135 **charged** would be entreating

137 **showed** would appear

138 **brand** flaming torch

140 **hands** i.e., work (sarcastic)

141 **crafts** skills/craftsmen/guiles **crafted** worked skillfully/been cunning

144 **S’incapable of help** so incapable of being helped

148 **clusters** crowd, mobs

151 **roar** i.e., with fear

152 **name** greatest (after Coriolanus) **his points** Coriolanus’ instructions

162 **coxcombs** i.e., fool’s heads (literally, headgear with a crest like a cock’s comb)

165 **coal** smoldering piece of charcoal

176 **cry** pack (of dogs)/shouting, noise **Shall’s** shall we go

179 **side** faction

187 **Would…lie** i.e., I would give half my wealth to have this be untrue

Act 4 Scene 7

4.7 ***Location:*** *the Volscian camp, near Rome*

5 **darkened** obscured, eclipsed

6 **own** own men, followers

8 **using means** taking action **lame…design** cripple our plans (for Rome)

12 **changeling** fickle thing

15 **for your particular** as far as you personally are concerned

16 **Joined in commission** decided to share power

17 **Have…yourself** had orchestrated the campaign by yourself

20 **account** reckoning, judgment

21 **urge** bring forward

23 **th'vulgar** the common **bears** manages

24 **husbandry for** management on behalf of

25 **achieve** succeed in his aims

29 **carry** overcome, capture

30 **sits down** begins a siege

34 **repeal** recall from exile

36 **osprey** fish hawk, thought to be so kingly that **fish** turned belly-up in surrender to it

39 **even** steadily, evenly

40 **out…fortune** due to repeated success

41 **happy** fortunate

42 **disposal** management

43 **nature** his character

45 **casque** helmet **cushion** i.e., senator's seat/comfort of peacetime

46 **austerity and garb** severe manner

48 **spices** traces, a flavor

49 **free** absolve

50 **So** therefore **he…utt'rance** his merit stifles itself even as it is being praised/his merit is sufficient to stifle any talk of whatever fault was responsible

52 **time** current age, contemporary opinion

53 **power…done** while power may be inherently worthy of praise it never entombs itself more surely than when it is publicly proclaimed **chair** public rostrum **T'extol** to raise up with praise

57 **Rights…fail** i.e., other, more dominant rights or strengths overcome the original ones; **foulder**, which could mean either “fire out” or “crumble,” is the most satisfactory emendation of Folio’s senseless “fouler,” though some editors prefer “falter”

Act 5 Scene 1

5.1 ***Location:*** *Rome*
1 **he** i.e., Cominius
2 **Which** who **sometime** formerly
3 **In…particular** with heartfelt personal affection **He** i.e., Coriolanus
5 **knee** crawl
6 **coyed** was reluctant
8 **would…to** acted as if he did not
18 **wracked** ruined (puns on “racked,” i.e., strained, worked)
19 **coals** charcoal (because Rome will be burned down) **memory** memorial
20 **minded** reminded
22 **bare** worthless/threadbare
25 **offered** attempted
26 **private** personal
27 **stay** delay, make time **in** from
28 **noisome** foul-smelling
30 **nose th’offence** smell the offensive matter (the **musty chaff**)
33 **brave** fine
37 **so never-needed help** matter in which help is needed more than ever before
38 **distress** hardship, affliction
40 **instant** quickly mobilized
49 **grief-shot** grief-stricken
52 **after…well** in proportion to your good intentions
55 **bite…hum** signs of anger
56 **unhearts** discourages
57 **taken well** tackled at the right moment
59 **pout upon** look moodily on
61 **conveyances** channels (i.e., veins)
62 **suppler** more yielding, receptive
64 **dieted to** sufficiently well-fed to hear
68 **prove** test
69 **Speed** prosper, fare
70 **success** outcome
73 **gold** i.e., splendor, a chair of state

74 **injury** sense of having been wronged

76 **faintly** indifferently, disinterestedly

77 **What…conditions** i.e., he listed the concessions that he would and would not make, provided that the Romans swore to comply with his conditions/he stated exactly what he would and would not do to Rome, swearing that he would abide by his intentions/he stated his wishes, and swore to stick to them

Act 5 Scene 2

5.2 ***Location:*** *the Volscian camp*

14 **lots to blanks** a certainty (literally, prize-winning tickets in a lottery compared to worthless ones)

16 **virtue** power/worth **passable** valid

18 **lover** good friend

19 **book** record

20 **happily** favorably

21 **verified** supported, guaranteed the worth of

22 **size** magnitude **verity** truth

23 **without lapsing suffer** permit without collapsing

24 **bowl** bowling ball **subtle** deceptive

25 **tumbled…throw** overshot the mark

26 **stamped the leasing** given the stamp of truth to falsehood

30 **chastely** honestly (**lie…chastely** plays on the sense of “have sex as to be sexually chaste”)

31 **factionary** active as a partisan

34 **under** while serving under

40 **violent popular ignorance** surge of ignorant public violence

41 **shield** i.e., Coriolanus **front** confront, meet

42 **easy** ready **palms** outstretched hands

43 **palsied** trembling **dotant** dotard, i.e., imbecile/in senile decay

46 **out of** beyond

48 **Sirrah** sir (used to address an inferior) **use** treat **estimation** respect

52 **utmost…having** all you’re going to get/the furthest you’re going to go

55 **companion** fellow, rogue **say…for** deliver the report for you

56 **jack guardant** knavish guardsman **office** officiously keep

57 **entertainment** (favorable) reception **stand’st…of** are not already condemned to

58 **spectatorship** watching

60 **synod** council, assembly

62 **hardly moved** persuaded with great difficulty

64 **conjure** solemnly ask **petitionary** entreating

66 **varlet** knave **block** idiot/impediment

70 **servanted** in service **owe** own

71 **properly** personally, as my own **remission** inclination to forgive

72 **That…much** our friendship shall be poisoned by Rome's ungrateful forgetfulness rather than recalled through compassion

76 **for** because

81 **constant temper** steadfast state of mind

85 **shent** rebuked/blamed

87 **for** as for

88 **slight** worthless **die by himself** kill himself

89 **be…long** may you live a long life

Act 5 Scene 3

2 **Set down** encamp **host** army

3 **plainly** openly, straightforwardly

5 **their ends** Volscian aims

12 **godded me** treated me like a god **latest refuge** last resort

14 **showed** appeared

16 **grace** do honor to

19 **Nor** neither

23 **mould** i.e., form of his mother, Volumnia

24 **this trunk** my body **framed** formed, created

25 **affection** emotion/love

27 **obstinate** unyielding, hard-hearted

28 **dove's eyes** i.e., (Virgilia's) beautiful eyes; the dove symbolized peace and fidelity in love

29 **forsworn** perjured, oath-breakers

31 **Olympus** the mountain home of the Greek gods

33 **aspect** look

36 **gosling** young goose, i.e., fool **to** as to **stand** resist

37 **author** creator, originator

41 **delivers** presents

43 **dull** stupid/inactive

44 **am out** have forgotten my lines

45 **Best…flesh** i.e., Virgilia (refers to the idea that husband and wife are one flesh)

46 **tyranny** cruelty

49 **jealous…heaven** i.e., Juno, Roman goddess of marriage

51 **virgined it** kept it chaste **prate** talk idly

54 **more impression** a deeper indentation

58 **unproperly** unfittingly, against propriety

59 **Show…parent** show that all this time duty has been wrongly supposed to be owed by a child to its parent

62 **corrected** reprimanded

63 **hungry** sterile, barren

64 **Fillip** strike smartly

66 **Murd’ring impossibility** destroying the laws by which some things are impossible

67 **slight** easy

68 **holp** helped

70 **Publicola** one of Rome’s first consuls

71 **moon** i.e., chaste one

72 **curdied** congealed

73 **Dian** Diana, Roman goddess of the moon and chastity

74 **epitome** miniature, summary

75 **th’interpretation** the expounding, unfolding

76 **show like all** resemble in full

77 **The…soldiers** i.e., Mars

78 **inform** infuse, invest

80 **shame** being shamed/shameful deeds **stick** stand out

81 **sea-mark** sailor’s guide, either a beacon or landmark **standing** withstanding **flaw** gust of wind

82 **eye** see, i.e., follow

89 **The…denials** i.e., I have already sworn not to and therefore can never grant certain requests; therefore you must not consider me to be denying you personally

91 **capitulate** negotiate, come to terms

92 **mechanics** laborers

93 **t’allay** to lessen/temper/dilute

94 **colder** calmer, less impassioned

103 **Should we** were we to **raiment** clothing

104 **bewray** betray, reveal

105 **Think with thyself** reflect

109 **Constrains them** compels them to

113 **capital** fatal

118 **or** either

121 **evident** certain, unavoidable

122 **which** whichever

123 **foreign recreant** deserter to a foreign power

126 **palm** palm leaf, symbol of victory

128 **purpose** intend

129 **determine** decide the matter

130 **grace** favor/mercy **parts** sides

137 **A** he

139 **Not…see** to avoid womanly tenderness one must not look at the faces of women or children

141 **sat** i.e., stayed

143 **tend** aim

147 **while** so that while

150 **Give the all-hail** i.e., welcome, praise

152 **but this** only this is

157 **it** i.e., his nobility

160 **affected** been drawn to/sought

161 **gods** specifically Jupiter/Jove, whose weapon was the thunderbolt

163 **charge** load **sulphur** lightning **bolt** thunderbolt

164 **but…oak** i.e., do no harm to mankind **rive** split

166 **Still** constantly

171 **i'th'stocks** the stocks were a public instrument of punishment in which the arms and/or legs were confined

173 **fond…brood** i.e., with no other children **fond of** doting on/desirous of

177 **honest** honorable/truthful

178 **restrain'st** withhold

181 **'longs** belongs

185 **cannot…have** does not know what he asks

187 **reason** argue for

189 **to** for

191 **dispatch** dismissal

201 **mortal** fatally

202 **true** i.e., true to my word

203 **convenient** appropriate, suitable

206 **withal** by it

209 **sweat** i.e., weep

211 **back** go back

212 **Stand to** support

215 **former fortune** fortune like my former one

218 **A better witness** i.e., an official treaty

219 **On…counter-sealed** having agreed to the same terms, will have countersigned

222 **her confederate arms** the weapons of her allies

Act 5 Scene 4

5.4 ***Location:*** *Rome*

1 **coign** corner (of a building)

5 **stay upon** await

6 **condition** disposition

7 **differency** difference

13 **engine** instrument of war

14 **corslet** armor protecting the torso **knell** the tolling of a funeral bell **hum** sound of displeasure or impatience **battery** assault

15 **state** chair of state **as…Alexander** like a statue of Alexander the Great **with his bidding** as soon as he asks

16 **wants** lacks **throne** be enthroned

18 **in the character** to the life, accurately

20 **long of** on account of

27 **hale** haul, drag

29 **death by inches** i.e., a slow death

32 **are dislodged** i.e., have withdrawn

34 **Tarquins** last kings of Rome (before it became a republic)

39 **blown** swollen/roused by the wind

40 **recomforted** relieved/refreshed ***hautboys*** oboelike instruments

41 **sackbuts** type of trumpet **psalteries** type of stringed instrument **fifes** flutelike instrument, often used for military music

42 **Tabors** small drums

50 **doit** small Dutch coin, worth half an English farthing

55 **at point** about

Act 5 Scene 6

5.6 ***Location:*** *Corioli*

3 **repair** go

5 **Him** he whom

6 **ports** gates **this** this time, now

12 **his** his own

14 **parties** supporters

15 **Of** from

19 **difference** disagreement, opposition

22 **admits** allows

23 **construction** interpretation **pawned** pledged

24 **truth** allegiance **heightened** raised to a position of importance

25 **plants** i.e., followers

28 **free** frank, honorable

29 **stoutness** stubbornness, firmness

32 **That…of** I was about to mention that

35 **joint-servant** i.e., equal partner **gave him way** let him have his way/gave him opportunity

37 **files** troops

38 **designments** enterprises

39 **holp** helped

40 **end** gather in as (harvesting term)

43 **waged** paid, rewarded **countenance** patronage, approval

44 **mercenary** a hired soldier

46 **in** at

47 **had carried** was about to overcome

49 **There was it** i.e., that was the thing

50 **sinews…stretched** strength will be exerted to the utmost against

51 **rheum** i.e., tears

55 **post** messenger (sent in advance of the main arrival); Aufidius' native town is Antium, where this scene is set in Plutarch, but for the dramatic effect of Coriolanus' downfall, Shakespeare locates it in Corioli

61 **your vantage** this opportune moment for you

64 **along** stretched out

65 **After…pronounced** his story told in your words

66 **reasons** explanations, justifications

70 **heed** care

75 **easy fines** lenient penalties

77 **levies** expenses incurred in raising troops **answering** rewarding

78 **charge** expenses

79 **yielding** surrender

85 **prosperously**…attempted my endeavors have been prosperous

88 **more…part** outweigh by a full third

89 **charges** costs

90 **Antiates** citizens of Antium

92 **Subscribed** signed

94 **compounded** agreed

104 **perfidiously** treacherously

106 **drops of salt** i.e., tears

109 **twist** twined thread **admitting Counsel o'th'war** taking advice from fellow soldiers

112 **heart** courage

121 **scold** speak violently

122 **give…lie** accuse this dog of lying **notion** understanding

123 **stripes** lashes

128 **edges** swords' edges

131 **Fluttered** threw into agitation, caused to flutter in panic

134 **blind fortune** random good luck (fortune was traditionally depicted as a blind woman)

138 **presently** immediately

141 **outrage** violence

142 **folds in** enfolds

144 **judicious hearing** i.e., lawful trial **Stand** stop

153 **whereat** at which

160 **owe** have in store for

161 **Please it** if it please

162 **deliver** prove, demonstrate

164 **censure** criticism/judgment

174 **one** i.e., the fourth bearer of the body

176 **Trail** i.e., turn the pikes upside down and carry them so that the metal heads trail along the ground; a customary practice at military funerals

179 **memory** memorial/posthumous reputation ***dead march*** solemn piece of music accompanying a funeral; probably played with a muffled drum

THE LAMENTABLE TRAGEDY OF TITUS ANDRONICUS

From the 1700s to the Second World War *Titus Andronicus* was considered so shocking and such a subversion of the noble Roman ideal of decorum that it was hardly ever staged and was frequently said to be by someone other than Shakespeare. High-minded critics and scholars could not imagine the National Poet soiling himself with a barbaric feast of rape, dismemberment, and cannibalism. Yet *Titus* was one of the most popular plays of the Elizabethan age.

A glorious mishmash of history and invention, it creates an imaginary Rome that is simultaneously democratic and imperial. The play is not so much an historical work as a meditation on history. We might call it a "meta-history." The political structures of the early Roman republic and the decadence of the late Roman Empire are deliberately overlaid upon each other. They are also mingled with the preoccupations of late Elizabethan England: the opening political dispute between Saturninus and Bassianus is over the question of the succession to the recently deceased emperor, a matter of considerable concern at the time Shakespeare was writing, when the old Virgin Queen was nearing the end of her life and there were several rival candidates to succeed her.

We are asked to imagine that this could be any time in the Roman era and no time. The spiral of revenge begins with an act of human sacrifice, the slaying of Tamora's son Alarbus to appease the spirits of those of Titus' sons who have been killed in the wars against the Goths. Historically, human sacrifice was never practiced in ancient Rome, but all cultures have their foundational myths of sacrifice. For Shakespeare and his audience, Rome was evocative of the Roman Catholic Church as well as the pagan empire of the past. So it is that the action is peppered with allusions to the ultimate sacrifice, the crucifixion of God's own Son, and to the doctrinal differences consequent upon it. The word *martyred*, which was deeply significant to both Catholics and Protestants, is applied to Lavinia, and when she assists her father in the butchery of Chiron and Demetrius, she is asked to “receive the blood,” a phrase that darkly parodies the language of the Eucharist, in which we are redeemed by the blood of Christ—though whether the wine of the feast was real or symbolic blood was a matter for fierce debate.

The play sealed Shakespeare’s reputation as the authentic successor to the original angry young man of English drama, Christopher Marlowe. Aaron’s delight in his own villainy is shamelessly pillaged from Barabas’ and Ithamore’s boasting in the same vein in Marlowe’s *Jew of Malta*. Shakespeare was a contrarian. He took the commonplaces of his age and stood them on their heads—or perhaps sliced off their heads and baked them in a pastry. Rome was synonymous with civilization and the Goths with barbarism: so Shakespeare considers the possibility that Rome was just as barbarous as the Gothic forest. Roman Stoicism proposed that it was healthy to keep your emotions under tight restraint: so Shakespeare voices the need to give your feelings vent (“Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopped, / Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is”). The law prescribed that punishment should be left to the justice system: so Shakespeare dramatized the primal—though ultimately self-destructive—attraction of acting out revenge for oneself. A daughter has been raped and mutilated. The law is not there to help; even the poor Clown goes from quest for imperial justice to arbitrary execution. Titus accordingly raises the stakes and thinks of a revenge so hideous that it outdoes the original crime. This is but an extreme version of an instinct that is still with us: the police do nothing about the burglaries, so out comes the homeowner’s shotgun.

Structurally, the violence in *Titus* is always artistically purposeful, never gratuitous. There is a harsh but elegant symmetry to the action. Alarbus’ limbs are lopped, and so then are Lavinia’s: since Tamora, Queen of the Goths, loses her son, so Titus, General of the Romans, must lose his daughter. Ever since the time of ancient Greek tragedy, western culture has been haunted by the figure of the revenger. He or she stands on a whole series of borderlines: between civilization and barbarity, between an individual’s accountability to his or her own conscience and the community’s need for the rule of law, between the conflicting demands of justice and mercy. Do we have a right—a duty even—to exact revenge against those who have destroyed our loved ones? Or should we leave vengeance to the law or the gods? And if we do take action into our own hands, are we not reducing ourselves to the same moral level as the original perpetrator of murderous deeds? In the Elizabethan public theater, Thomas Kyd began to explore these questions in *The Spanish Tragedy*. Shakespeare developed them further in *Titus Andronicus* and then refined them to their highest level in *Hamlet*.

Revenge drama can deal as powerfully with emotional trauma as with ethical dilemma. Hieronimo in *The Spanish Tragedy* is driven mad by the death of his son. In the end his grief becomes so intense that it is literally inexpressible, causing him to bite out his own tongue. Shakespeare nods towards Hieronomo when Titus says “Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows / Pass the remainder of our hateful days?”

Is it possible to relieve emotional anguish through language? The attempt to do so is the traditional cathartic function of poetic tragedy. In *Titus*, Marcus—the play’s chief “spectator” figure—confronts the appalling mutilation of his niece, Lavinia, and finds himself searching for a language of mourning that will “ease [her] misery.” Her father, Titus, later tries to share her pain by holding her closely to him and comparing her to the weeping wind, himself to first the sea, and then the earth. But even this elemental language is insufficient. Lavinia’s woes are literally *unspeakable*. Throughout *Titus*, Shakespeare pushes at the boundaries between true expression and false, sanity and madness, speech and silence.

In particular, he is fascinated by the ways in which the human body itself can be made to speak. The actor on the Elizabethan stage communicated with his audience in two ways: through words and through gestures. Shakespeare began his career as an actor, learning the elaborate rhetorical speeches and highly formalized physical gestures that characterized the relatively crude dramatic repertory of the time. The top box-office star of this period, the early 1590s, was Edward Alleyn. The first Hieronimo, Alleyn was renowned for his grand style. Shakespeare, though, quickly saw the dangers of going “over the top” on stage. Working closely with his leading actor, Richard Burbage, he sought to develop a much subtler style, in which poetic language became a medium less for showy display and more for a flexible, inquiring exploration of the inner life. *Titus* has its share of windy rhetorical grandiloquence—that was necessary in order to bring in the crowds. But its unique brilliance occurs in those passages where

Shakespeare deliberately deprives himself of the dramatist’s usual resources of word and gesture. Kyd’s Hieronimo only bites himself into silence in the final scene before his death, whereas Shakespeare’s Lavinia has her tongue cut out before the halfway mark in the action. For the remainder of the time, she can speak only in dumb show. Nor can she express herself with gestures, for her hands have been cut off. She has become a visual icon of man’s inhumanity to woman. So it is that her father, Titus, has to “wrest an alphabet” from the “martyred signs” of her mutilated body.

Titus’ own body has been battered by years of war, and yet he survives. Shakespeare reminds us that real human beings are not supermen or action heroes, but vulnerable creatures. Titus is scarred, muddy, physically made to stoop low, yet he remains high and indomitable in spirit, despite all the wrongs he has to endure in a cruel world devoid of divine justice:

> Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,
> No big-boned men framed of the Cyclops’ size,
> But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back,
> Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can bear.

Aaron, meanwhile, is the first great Shakespearean villain, the forerunner of Richard III, Iago in *Othello*, and Edmund in *King Lear*. But he is also the first great black role in English drama. Motivated throughout by his status as an outsider, at first he seems to be the devil incarnate. But toward the end, there is an astonishing turnaround. “Is black so base a hue?” he asks the nurse who has handed him his first-born son with an insult. Black pride and paternal affection undo the ancient racist equation of darkness with evil.

Titus Andronicus plays like the work of a very clever, very naughty schoolboy. In the classroom of the Stratford-upon-Avon grammar school, young Will would have learned that the purpose of studying the classics was to be inspired by their heroic actions and moral virtues. This was the message of books such as Plutarch’s *Lives of the Most Noble Grecians and Romans*, out of which he would later create his *Julius Caesar* and *Antony and Cleopatra*. But what he also found in classical literature were glorious tales of blood and gore, not to mention every sex crime imaginable. The brilliance of *Titus* is that it is suffused with the language of the Elizabethan classroom—words like “tutor,” “instruct,” “lesson”—yet it uses classical literature as “pattern and precedent” not for virtue but for high crime and misdemeanor. The story of the rape of Philomel by Tereus and her sister Progne's juicy act of revenge, as told in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, is explicitly invoked first by Demetrius and Chiron as the pattern for what they do to Lavinia and then by Titus as the precedent for what he will do to them. And it is by way of reference to the actual book of Ovid that the silenced Lavinia contrives to reveal what has happened.

Again, the lesson of classical literature was that tragedy should be kept apart from comedy, high art from low. Shakespeare was perfectly capable of following this precept when he wanted: *Julius Caesar* probably has fewer laughs than any other play in the canon. But in *Titus*, he wantonly flouts the classical rules. He recognizes that there is actually a very narrow borderline between tragedy and farce. Four hundred years before the *enfants terribles* of modern Hollywood, he saw that audiences love the shock of the rollercoaster ride from violence to humor. Jokes are always at someone's expense and it is one of the obligations of the serious artist to push at the barrier of good taste so that we can discover when the expense is so great that we feel sick.

If the play has a fault, it is that the formality of both language and action in the opening scenes create a sense of stiffness that suggests classicism at its most tedious. This is probably not Shakespeare's fault: modern scholarship has persuasively demonstrated by means of close stylistic analysis that *Titus Andronicus* was begun by another dramatist, George Peele, who had a high-level classical education and a taste for large-scale symmetrical stage encounters spoken in high-flown rhetoric. It is almost certainly Peele who deserves credit for the play's ingenious syncretism, its sweep across the diversity of Roman history. We do not know whether the play was written as a purposeful collaboration or whether Shakespeare came in to do a rewrite or to complete an unfinished work. Nor do we know at precisely what point the writing became his alone—though there is no doubt that he is the author of all the most dramatic scenes, from the rape through the hand-chopping to the fly-killing banquet (which was his later addition, not included in the earliest printed text) to the feast at the climax.

Perhaps the most profoundly Shakespearean moment—a dramatic move far beyond the capacity of Peele—comes when Titus is confronted with the dismembered ruins of his family and his brother Marcus tells him that it is time to "storm," to rend his hair and explode into a great tirade of words, to rant in the style of a ham actor. But he does not cry or curse. He laughs. In times of extremity, you have to throw away the rulebook. In real life, tragedy and comedy don’t live in different boxes. William Wordsworth once wrote of thoughts that lie too deep for tears. Only William Shakespeare could have dramatized the astonishing but profoundly human idea that the place you get to when you go beyond tears is not silence but laughter.

KEY FACTS

AUTHORSHIP: Mostly by Shakespeare, but the first act and possibly the beginning of the second and fourth acts have the stylistic marks of **George Peele**. It is not known whether this was an active collaboration or whether Shakespeare took over an older play by Peele and revised the later acts much more thoroughly than the first one. Francis Meres in 1598 and the 1623 Folio editors had no hesitation in attributing the play to Shakespeare.

PLOT: The brothers Saturninus and Bassianus are in contention for the Roman emperorship. Titus Andronicus, Rome’s most honored general, returns from wars against the Goths with their queen, Tamora, her sons, and her lover, Aaron the Moor, as captives. Her eldest son is sacrificed by Titus; she vows revenge. Titus is nominated emperor by his brother Marcus, one of Rome’s tribunes. This Titus declines, instead nominating Saturninus. To seal the bond of friendship, the new emperor offers to marry Titus’ daughter Lavinia. She, however, is already pledged to Bassianus. Saturninus, by now infatuated with Tamora, makes her empress. Manipulated by Aaron, Tamora’s sons, Chiron and Demetrius, avenge their mother by raping and mutilating Lavinia, and killing Bassianus. Aaron falsely implicates two of Titus’ sons in this murder. In his turn Titus vows revenge and sends his surviving son Lucius to the Goths to raise an army. Titus achieves his revenge by killing Tamora’s sons and serving them up to her at a banquet, and then killing her. He himself is killed by Saturninus and his death avenged by Lucius, who is made emperor.

MAJOR PARTS: (*with percentage of lines/number of speeches/scenes on stage*) Titus Andronicus (28%/117/9), Aaron the Moor (14%/57/6), Marcus Andronicus (12%/63/9), Tamora (10%/49/5), Saturninus (8%/49/5), Lucius (7%/51/4), Demetrius

(4%/39/7), Bassianus (3%/14/3), Lavinia (2%/15/3), Chiron (2%/30/6), and Young Lucius (2%/11/4).

LINGUISTIC MEDIUM: 98% verse, 2% prose.

DATE: 1591/92, perhaps revised 1594? Performed at the Rose in January 1594 and marked by the theater manager as “ne,” possibly meaning “new.” Title page of first published edition, also 1594, seems to imply performance by three successive companies (see “Text,” below), suggesting staging before theaters were closed due to the plague for the second half of 1592 and nearly all of 1593. Perhaps the first two companies performed an old version by Peele and the 1594 performance and text were newly revised by Shakespeare

SOURCES: The story is not historical. An anonymous chapbook narrative, once thought to be the source, is almost certain to be a derivative text rather than a source, so it must be assumed either that there is a lost source or that the plot is freely invented, while drawing on a range of Roman materials, both historical and poetic—most notably the tragedies of Seneca and Ovid’s story of Progne’s revenge on the tyrant Tereus for the rape of her sister Philomel (*Metamorphoses* book 6, used as a prop and plot device in Act 4 Scene 1). There is also a strong influence from other tragedies of the period, notably Thomas Kyd’s *Spanish Tragedy* (c.1589, especially for the revenger as a self-consciously theatrical performer) and Christopher Marlowe’s *The Jew of Malta* (c.1591, for Aaron’s delight in his own villainy).

TEXT: Published in Quarto as *The Most Lamentable Romaine Tragedie of Titus Andronicus*: *As it was Plaide by the Right Honourable the Earle of Darbie, Earle of Pembrooke, and Earle of Sussex their Seruants* (1594, reprinted 1600 and 1611). A good-quality text, perhaps printed from Shakespeare’s manuscript, though with one or two signs of revision in the process of composition (some false starts and the possibility that the killing of both Alarbus and Mutius in the first act were late additions—could these be

Shakespearean revisions to Peele’s original?). The Second Quarto, which included some good corrections, was printed from a damaged copy of the First Quarto, resulting in some changes to the wording of the final scene and the addition of four new lines at the very end of the play. The Folio text was printed from a copy of the Third Quarto, incorporating both corrections and errors from the Second and Third Quartos; it introduced many new errors of its own, because it was mostly typeset by “Compositor E,” the one genuinely incompetent agent in the creation of the First Folio. The principal value of the Folio text is that it introduces stage directions, presumably derived from the theatrical promptbook, and adds one complete new scene (Act 3 Scene 2, the fly-killing banquet). Most modern editions are based on the First Quarto, but with the banquet inserted from Folio. In accordance with our practice of beginning from Folio and avoiding the conflation of discrete texts, we depart from this tradition and edit the Folio text, though with frequent emendation in places where the text is erroneous, principally as a result of the shoddy work of “Compositor E.” Since they appear in the Folio, the Second Quarto’s extra four lines at the end are included, but they are marked with curly brackets to indicate that they are an addition that seems to derive from the printing shop rather than the playhouse.

THE LAMENTABLE TRAGEDY OF TITUS ANDRONICUS

Romans
SATURNINUS the deceased Emperor’s eldest son, who succeeds as Emperor
BASSIANUS, his brother
TITUS Andronicus, a noble general
LAVINIA his daughter

LUCIUS	his sons
QUINTUS	
MARTIUS	
MUTIUS	

MARCUS, his brother, a Tribune of the people
BOY/YOUNG LUCIUS, son of Lucius
PUBLIUS, son of Marcus Andronicus

SEMPRONIUS	Kinsmen of Titus
CAIUS	
VALENTINE	

EMILLIUS
A **CAPTAIN**
A **MESSENGER**
A **NURSE**
A **CLOWN**
A **LORD**
Senators, Tribunes, Soldiers and Attendants *Goths*
TAMORA, Queen of the Goths, later Empress of Rome, married to Saturninus

ALARBUS	her sons
DEMETRIUS	
CHIRON	

AARON, a Moor, Tamora’s lover

Soldiers

Act 1 Scene 1[1.1]

running scene 1

Flourish. Enter the Tribunes and Senators, aloft. And then enter Saturninus and his followers at one door [below], and Bassianus and his followers at the other, with Drum and Colours

SATURNINUS Noble patricians,[1] patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms.
And countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive[4] title with your swords.
I was the first-born son that[5] was the last
That wore the imperial diadem[6] of Rome:
Then let my father's honours[7] live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

BASSIANUS Romans, friends, followers, favourers of my right,
If ever Bassianus, Caesar's son,
Were gracious[11] in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep[12] then this passage to the Capitol,
And suffer not[13] dishonour to approach
Th'imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,[14]
To justice, continence[15] and nobility:
But let desert[16] in pure election shine,
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus, aloft, with the crown

MARCUS Princes, that strive by factions and by friends
Ambitiously for rule and empery,[19]
Know that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party,[21] have by common voice
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamèd[23] Pius
For many good and great deserts[24] to Rome:
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls.
He by the senate is accited[27] home
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths,

That[29] with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yoked[30] a nation strong, trained up in arms.
Ten years are spent since first he undertook
This cause of Rome and chastisèd with arms
Our enemies' pride: five times he hath returned
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field,
And now at last, laden with horror's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renownèd Titus, flourishing[38] in arms.
Let us entreat, by honour[39] of his name,
Whom worthily you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend[42] to honour and adore,
That you withdraw you and abate your strength,
Dismiss your followers and, as suitors[44] should,
Plead your deserts[45] in peace and humbleness.

SATURNINUS How fair[46] the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!

BASSIANUS Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy[47]
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy noble brother Titus and his sons,
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,[51]
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends,
And to my fortunes and the people's favour
Commit my cause in balance to be weighed.

Exeunt [his] Soldiers

SATURNINUS Friends, that have been thus forward in[56] my right,
I thank you all and here dismiss you all,
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person and the cause.

[Exeunt his Soldiers]

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me
As I am confident and kind[61] to thee.
Open the gates and let me in.

BASSIANUS Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.[63]

Flourish. They [Saturninus and Bassianus] go up into the senate house. Enter a Captain

CAPTAIN Romans, make way: the good Andronicus,
Patron[65] of virtue, Rome’s best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is returned
From whence he circumscribèd[68] with his sword
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

Sound drums and trumpets, and then enter two of Titus’ sons [Martius and Mutius]. After them, two men bearing a coffin covered with black, then two other sons [Lucius and Quintus]. After them, Titus Andronicus [in a chariot], and then Tamora, Queen of Goths, and her two sons Chiron and Demetrius, with Aaron the Moor and others, as many as can be. They set down the coffin and Titus speaks

TITUS Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds![70]
Lo, as the bark[71] that hath discharged his freight
Returns with precious lading[72] to the bay
From whence at first she weighed her anchorage,[73]
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To resalute his country with his tears,
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.
Thou[77] great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to[78] the rites that we intend.
Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that King Priam[80] had,
Behold the poor remains, alive and dead!
These that survive, let Rome reward with love:
These that I bring unto their latest[83] home,
With[84] burial amongst their ancestors.
Here Goths have given me leave[85] to sheathe my sword.
Titus, unkind[86] and careless of thine own,
Why suffer’st thou thy sons unburied yet
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?[88]
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

They open the tomb

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,[90]
And sleep in peace, slain in your country’s wars.
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell[93] of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more![95]
LUCIUS Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew[97] his limbs, and on a pile
Ad manus fratrum[98] sacrifice his flesh
Before this earthly prison of their bones,
That so[100] the shadows be not unappeased,
Nor we disturbed with prodigies[101] on earth.
TITUS I give him you, the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressèd queen.
TAMORA Stay, Roman brethren, gracious[104] conqueror, ***↓Kneels↓***
Victorious Titus, rue[105] the tears I shed,
A mother’s tears in passion[106] for her son:
And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my sons to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not[109] that we are brought to Rome
To beautify thy triumphs[110] and return,
Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke?
But must my sons be slaughtered in the streets
For valiant doings in their country’s cause?
O, if to fight for king and commonweal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood.
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility’s true badge.
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.
TITUS Patient[121] yourself, madam, and pardon me.
These are the brethren whom you Goths beheld
Alive and dead, and for their brethren slain
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:
To this your son is marked, and die he must,

To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.
LUCIUS Away with him, and make a fire straight,[127]
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs till they be clean[129] consumed.
Exeunt Sons [Lucius, Quintus, Martius and Mutius] with Alarbus
TAMORA O cruel, irreligious piety! ***Rises***
CHIRON Was ever Scythia[131] half so barbarous?
DEMETRIUS Oppose[132] not Scythia to ambitious Rome.
Alarbus goes to rest and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threat'ning looks.
Then, madam, stand resolved, but hope withal[135]
The self-same gods that armed the Queen[136] of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent
May favour Tamora, the Queen of Goths —
When Goths were Goths and Tamora was queen —
To quit[141] the bloody wrongs upon her foes.
Enter the Sons of Andronicus again
LUCIUS See, lord and father, how we have performed
Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopped,
And entrails[144] feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke like incense doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought but to inter our brethren
And with loud 'larums[147] welcome them to Rome.
TITUS Let it be so, and let Andronicus
Make this his latest[149] farewell to their souls.
Flourish. Then sound trumpets, and lay the coffins in the tomb
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons:
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps.
Here lurks no treason, here no envy[153] swells,
Here grow no damnèd grudges, here are no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons.
Enter Lavinia
LAVINIA In peace and honour live Lord Titus long:

My noble lord and father, live in fame![158]
Lo, at this tomb my tributary[159] tears
I render for my brethren's obsequies,[160]
And at thy feet I kneel with tears of joy ***Kneels***
Shed on the earth for thy return to Rome.
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortune Rome's best citizens applaud.
TITUS Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserved
The cordial[166] of mine age to glad my heart.
Lavinia, live, outlive thy father's days
And[168] fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise. ***Lavinia rises***
[Enter Marcus, below]
MARCUS Long live Lord Titus, my belovèd brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!
TITUS Thanks, gentle[171] tribune, noble brother Marcus.
MARCUS And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive and you that sleep in fame.
Fair lords, your[174] fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords:
But safer triumph[176] is this funeral pomp
That hath aspired[177] to Solon's happiness
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.[178]
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune[181] and their trust,
This palliament[182] of white and spotless hue,
And name thee in election for the empire
With these our late-deceasèd emperor's sons:
Be *candidatus*[185] then and put it on, ***Offers a robe***
And help to set a head on headless Rome.
TITUS A better head her glorious body fits[187]
Than his that shakes for age and feebleness.
What, should I don this robe and trouble you?
Be chosen with proclamations today,
Tomorrow yield up rule, resign my life
And set abroad[192] new business for you all?

Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country’s strength successfully,
And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms
In right and service[197] of their noble country:
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to control the world.
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.
MARCUS Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask[201] the empery.
SATURNINUS Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?
TITUS Patience, Prince Saturninus—
SATURNINUS Romans, do me right.
Patricians, draw your swords and sheathe them not
Till Saturninus be Rome’s emperor.
Andronicus, would[206] thou wert shipped to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people’s hearts.
LUCIUS Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee.
TITUS Content thee, prince, I will restore to thee
The people’s hearts, and wean[211] them from themselves.
BASSIANUS Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die:
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be, and thanks to men
Of noble minds is honourable meed.[216]
TITUS People of Rome, and noble tribunes here,
I ask your voices[218] and your suffrages,
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?
TRIBUNES To gratify the good Andronicus
And gratulate[221] his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.[222]
TITUS Tribunes, I thank you, and this suit[223] I make,
That you create[224] our emperor’s eldest son,
Lord Saturnine, whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Titan’s[226] rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this commonweal:

Then if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him and say, ‘Long live our emperor!’
MARCUS With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus Rome’s great emperor,
And say, ‘Long live our Emperor Saturnine!’
A long flourish till they come down
SATURNINUS Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in[236] part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:[237]
And, for an onset,[238] Titus, to advance
Thy name and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my emperess,
Rome’s royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon[242] her espouse:
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion[243] please thee?
TITUS It doth, my worthy lord, and in this match
I hold me[245] highly honoured of your grace,
And here in sight of Rome to Saturnine,
King and commander of our commonweal,
The wide world’s emperor, do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot and my prisoners,
Presents well worthy Rome’s imperial lord:
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe, ***Titus’ sword chariot and prisoners are given to Saturninus***
Mine honour’s ensigns[252] humbled at thy feet.
SATURNINUS Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life.
How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record, and when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable[256] deserts,
Romans forget your fealty[257] to me.
TITUS Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor, ***To Tamora***
To him that for[259] your honour and your state,
Will use[260] you nobly and your followers.
SATURNINUS A goodly lady, trust me, of the hue[261] ***Aside?***

That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance: ***To Tamora***
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,[264]
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest[267] on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: madam, he comforts[268] you
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths.—
Lavinia, you are not displeased with this?
LAVINIA Not I, my lord, sith[271] true nobility
Warrants[272] these words in princely courtesy.
SATURNINUS Thanks, sweet Lavinia.— Romans, let us go.
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free:
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum. ***Sound music; prisoners released***
BASSIANUS Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine. ***Seizes Lavinia***
TITUS How, sir? Are you in earnest then, my lord?
BASSIANUS Ay, noble Titus, and resolved withal[278]
To do myself this reason[279] and this right.
MARCUS '*Suum cuique*'[280] is our Roman justice:
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.
LUCIUS And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.
TITUS Traitors, avaunt![283] Where is the emperor's guard?—
Treason, my lord: Lavinia is surprised![284]
SATURNINUS Surprised? By whom?
BASSIANUS By him that justly may
Bear his betrothed from all the world away.
MUTIUS Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.
[Exeunt Bassianus, Lavinia, Marcus, Martius, Quintus]
TITUS Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.
[Exeunt Saturninus and Goths]
MUTIUS My lord, you pass not here.
TITUS What, villain boy, barr'st me my way in Rome?
He kills him
MUTIUS Help, Lucius, help![293]

LUCIUS My lord, you are unjust, and, more than so:
In wrongful quarrel[295] you have slain your son.
TITUS Nor[296] thou, nor he, are any sons of mine:
My sons would never so dishonour me.
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.
LUCIUS Dead, if you will, but not to be his wife
That is another’s lawful promised love.
[Exit]
Enter aloft the Emperor with Tamora and her two sons, and Aaron the Moor
SATURNINUS No, Titus, no, the emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock.
I’ll trust by leisure[303] him that mocks me once,
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.
Was none[306] in Rome to make a stale
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That said’st I begged the empire at thy hands.
TITUS O, monstrous! What reproachful words are these?
SATURNINUS But go thy ways, go give that changing piece[311]
To him that flourished[312] for her with his sword.
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy,
One fit to bandy[314] with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle[315] in the commonwealth of Rome.
TITUS These words are razors to my wounded heart.
SATURNINUS And therefore, lovely Tamora, Queen of Goths,
That like the stately Phoebe[318] ’mongst her nymphs
Dost overshine[319] the gallant’st dames of Rome,
If thou be pleased with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee emperess of Rome,
Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the Roman gods,
Sith priest and holy water are so near
And tapers[326] burn so bright and everything

In readiness for Hymenaeus[327] stand,
I will not resalute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espoused my bride along with me.
TAMORA And here in sight of heaven to Rome I swear,
If Saturnine advance the Queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.
SATURNINUS Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon.[335] Lords, accompany
Your noble emperor and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine,
Whose[338] wisdom hath her fortune conquerèd:
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.
Exeunt all. [Titus remains]
TITUS I am not bid[340] to wait upon this bride.
Titus, when wert thou wont[341] to walk alone,
Dishonoured thus, and challengèd[342] of wrongs?
Enter Marcus and Titus' sons [Lucius, Quintus and Martius]
MARCUS O Titus, see! O, see what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.
TITUS No, foolish tribune, no. No son of mine,
Nor thou, nor these, confed'rates in the deed
That hath dishonoured all our family:
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons.
LUCIUS But let us give him burial as becomes:[349]
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.
TITUS Traitors, away! He rests not in this tomb.
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:[353]
Here none but soldiers and Rome's servitors[354]
Repose in fame — none basely slain in brawls.
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.
MARCUS My lord, this is impiety in you:
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him,
He must be buried with his bretheren.[359]
TITUS' TWO SONS[360] 'And shall, or him we will accompany.

TITUS ‘And shall’? What villain was it that spake that word?
TITUS’ SON ‘ He that would vouch[362] it in any place but here.
TITUS What, would you bury him in my despite?[363]
MARCUS No, noble Titus, but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius and to bury him.
TITUS Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,[366]
And with these boys mine honour thou hast wounded.
My foes I do repute[368] you every one,
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.
FIRST SON He is not himself, let us withdraw.
SECOND SON Not I, till Mutius’ bones be buried.
The brother [Marcus] and the sons kneel
MARCUS Brother, for in that name doth nature plead—
SECOND SON Father, and in that name doth nature speak—
TITUS Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.[374]
MARCUS Renownèd Titus, more than half my soul—
LUCIUS Dear father, soul and substance of us all—
MARCUS Suffer[377] thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue’s nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia’s cause.
Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.
The[381] Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax
That slew himself, and wise Laertes’ son
Did graciously plead for his funerals:
Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,
Be barred his entrance here.
TITUS Rise, Marcus, rise.
The dismall’st[387] day is this that e’er I saw:
To be dishonoured by my sons in Rome!
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.
They put him in the tomb
LUCIUS There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,
Till we with trophies[391] do adorn thy tomb.
MARCUS and TITUS’ SONS No man shed tears for noble Mutius:
He lives in fame that died in virtue’s cause.
Exeunt. [Titus and Marcus remain]

MARCUS My lord, to step out of these sudden dumps,[394]
How comes it that the subtle[395] Queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanced in Rome?
TITUS I know not, Marcus, but I know it is[397] —
Whether by device[398] or no — the heavens can tell.
Is she not then beholding[399] to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far?
MARCUS Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. Enter the Emperor, Tamora and her two sons with the Moor at one door. Enter at the other door Bassianus and Lavinia with others [Titus' three sons]

SATURNINUS So, Bassianus, you have played your prize:[402]
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.
BASSIANUS And you of yours, my lord. I say no more,
Nor wish no less, and so I take my leave.
SATURNINUS Traitor, if Rome have law or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.[407]
BASSIANUS 'Rape' call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true-betrothèd love and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all:
Meanwhile I am possessed of that[411] is mine.
SATURNINUS 'Tis good,[412] sir: you are very short with us.
But if we live we'll be as sharp[413] with you.
BASSIANUS My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer[415] I must, and shall do with my life.
Only thus much I give your grace to know:
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here,
Is in opinion[419] and in honour wronged,
That in the rescue of Lavinia
With his own hand did slay his youngest son
In zeal to you, and highly moved to wrath
To be controlled[423] in that he frankly gave:
Receive him then to favour, Saturnine,
That hath expressed himself in all his deeds
A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

TITUS Prince Bassianus, leave to plead[427] my deeds:
’Tis thou and those[428] that have dishonoured me.
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge *Kneels*
How I have loved and honoured Saturnine!
TAMORA My worthy lord, if ever Tamora *To Saturninus*
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently[433] for all,
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.
SATURNINUS What, madam, be dishonoured openly,
And basely put it up[436] without revenge?
TAMORA Not so, my lord. The gods of Rome forfend[437]
I should be author to dishonour[438] you.
But on mine honour dare I undertake[439]
For good Lord Titus’ innocence in all,
Whose fury[441] not dissembled speaks his griefs:
Then at my suit look graciously on him.
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,[443]
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.—
My lord, be ruled by me, be won at last, *Aside to Saturninus*
Dissemble[446] all your griefs and discontents.
You are but newly planted in your throne:
Lest then the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey[449] take Titus’ part,
And so supplant you for ingratitude,
Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,
Yield at entreats[452] — and then let me alone:
I’ll find a day to massacre them all,
And raze[454] their faction and their family,
The cruel father and his traitorous sons
To whom I suèd[456] for my dear son’s life,
And make them know what ’tis to let a queen
Kneel in the streets and beg for grace in vain.—
Come, come, sweet emperor.— Come, Andronicus — *Aloud*
Take up[460] this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.
SATURNINUS Rise, Titus, rise: my empress hath prevailed.

TITUS I thank your majesty and her, my lord: ***Rises***
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.
TAMORA Titus, I am incorporate in[465] Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,[466]
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus:
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconciled your friends and you.—
For[471] you, Prince Bassianus, I have passed
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.—
And fear not, lords, and you, Lavinia:
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty. ***Titus' sons kneel***
LUCIUS We do, and vow to heaven and to his highness
That what we did was mildly as we might,
Tend'ring[479] our sister's honour and our own.
MARCUS That on mine honour here I do protest.[480] ***Kneels***
SATURNINUS Away, and talk not: trouble us no more.
TAMORA Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends:
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace,
I will not be denied: sweet heart, look back.
SATURNINUS Marcus, for thy sake and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.—
[Marcus and Titus' sons] stand up
Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,[488]
I found a friend,[489] and sure as death I swore
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.
This day shall be a love-day,[493] Tamora.
TITUS Tomorrow, an[494] it please your majesty
To hunt the panther and the hart[495] with me,
With horn and hound we'll give your grace *bonjour*.[496]
SATURNINUS Be it so, Titus, and *gramercy*[497] too. *Flourish. Exeunt*

Act 2 [Scene 1]

running scene 1 continues

Enter Aaron alone

AARON Now climbeth Tamora Olympus'[1] top,
Safe out of fortune's shot, and sits aloft,
Secure of[3] thunder's crack or lightning flash,
Advanced above pale envy's threat'ning reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt[6] the ocean with his beams,
Gallops[7] the zodiac in his glistering coach
And overlooks[8] the highest-peering hills,
So Tamora.
Upon her wit[10] doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart and fit thy thoughts
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch[14] whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fettered in amorous chains
And faster bound to Aaron's charming[16] eyes
Than is Prometheus[17] tied to Caucasus.
Away with slavish weeds[18] and idle thoughts:
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold
To wait upon this new-made emperess.
To wait, said I? — To wanton[21] with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis,[22] this nymph,
This siren[23] that will charm Rome's Saturnine
And see his shipwreck and his commonweal's.
Hallo! What storm is this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius, braving

DEMETRIUS Chiron, thy years want[26] wit, thy wit wants edge
And manners to intrude where I am graced[27]
And may, for aught[28] thou know'st, affected be

CHIRON Demetrius, thou dost overween[29] in all,
And so in this, to bear me down[30] with braves.

’Tis not the difference of a year or two
Makes me less gracious or thee more fortunate:
I am as able and as fit as thou
To serve,[34] and to deserve my mistress’ grace,
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,[35]
And plead my passions for Lavinia’s love.
AARON Clubs, clubs![37] These lovers will not keep the peace. ***Aside***
DEMETRIUS Why, boy, although our mother, unadvised,[38]
Gave you a dancing-rapier[39] by your side,
Are you so desperate grown to threat your friends?[40]
Go to:[41] have your lath glued within your sheath
Till you know better how to handle it.
CHIRON Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare
DEMETRIUS Ay, boy, grow ye so brave?[45]
They draw
AARON Why, how now, lords? ***Comes forward***
So near[47] the emperor’s palace dare you draw
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot[49] the ground of all this grudge:
I would not for a million of gold
The cause were known to them it most concerns,
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonoured in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.[54]
DEMETRIUS Not I, till I have sheathed
My rapier in his bosom and withal
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat
That he hath breathed in my dishonour here.
CHIRON For that I am prepared and full resolved,
Foul-spoken coward, that thund’rest with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar’st perform!
AARON Away, I say.
Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble[64] will undo us all.
Why, lords, and think you not how dangerous

It is to jet[66] upon a prince's right?
What, is Lavinia then become so loose,[67]
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broached
Without controlment,[70] justice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware! And should the empress know
This discord's ground,[72] the music would not please.
CHIRON I care not, I, knew she[73] and all the world:
I love Lavinia more than all the world.
DEMETRIUS Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner[75] choice:
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.
AARON Why, are ye mad? Or know ye not in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook[79] competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.[81]
CHIRON Aaron, a thousand deaths[82] would I propose
T'achieve her whom I do love.
AARON T'achieve her how?
DEMETRIUS Why mak'st[85] thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be wooed:
She is a woman, therefore may be won:
She is Lavinia, therefore must be loved.
What, man, more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of, and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive,[91] we know:
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.[93]
AARON Ay, and as good as Saturninus may. ***Aside***
DEMETRIUS Then why should he despair that knows to court it[95]
With words, fair looks and liberality?
What, hast not thou full often struck[97] a doe
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?
AARON Why then, it seems some certain snatch[99] or so
Would serve your turns.[100]
CHIRON Ay, so the turn were served.

DEMETRIUS Aaron, thou hast hit it.[102]
AARON Would you had hit it too,
Then should not we be tired with this ado.[104]
Why, hark ye, hark ye, and are you such fools
To square for[106] this? Would it offend you then
That both should speed?
CHIRON Faith, not me.
DEMETRIUS Nor me, so[109] I were one.
AARON For shame, be friends, and join[110] for that you jar:
’Tis policy[111] and stratagem must do
That you affect,[112] and so must you resolve
That what you cannot as[113] you would achieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may.
Take this of me: Lucrece[115] was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus’ love.
A speedier course than ling’ring languishment[117]
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn[119] hunting is in hand:
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:[120]
The forest walks are wide and spacious,
And many unfrequented plots[122] there are
Fitted by kind[123] for rape and villainy.
Single[124] you thither then this dainty doe,
And strike her home[125] by force, if not by words:
This way or not at all stand[126] you in hope.
Come, come, our empress, with her sacred[127] wit
To villainy and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend,
And she shall file our engines[130] with advice
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,[131]
But to your wishes’ height advance you both.
The emperor’s court is like the house of Fame,[133]
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears.
The woods are ruthless, dreadful,[135] deaf and dull:
There speak and strike,[136] brave boys, and take your turns:
There serve your lusts, shadowed from heaven’s eye,

And revel in Lavinia's treasury.[138]
CHIRON Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.
DEMETRIUS *Sit*[140] *fas aut nefas*, till I find the streams
To cool this heat, a charm to calm their fits,
Per Stygia, *per manes vehor.*[142]
Exeunt

[Act 2 Scene 2][2.2]

running scene 2

Enter Titus Andronicus and his three sons, making a noise with hounds and horns, and Marcus

TITUS The hunt is up,[1] the morn is bright and grey,
The fields are fragrant and the woods are green:
Uncouple[3] here, and let us make a bay
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince, and ring a hunter's peal,[5]
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge,[7] as it is ours,
To attend the emperor's person carefully:
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspired.

Wind horns. Here a cry of hounds and wind horns in a peal, then enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lavinia, Chiron, Demetrius and their Attendants

Many good morrows to your majesty:
Madam, to you as many and as good.
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

SATURNINUS And you have rung it lustily,[14] my lords,
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

BASSIANUS Lavinia, how[16] say you?

LAVINIA I say, no:
I have been broad awake two hours and more.

SATURNINUS Come on then, horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport.— Madam, now shall ye see ***To Tamora***
Our Roman hunting.

MARCUS I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase[23]
And climb the highest promontory[24] top.

TITUS And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way and runs like swallows o'er the plain.

DEMETRIUS Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound, But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground.

Exeunt

[Act 2 Scene 3][2.3]

running scene 3

Enter Aaron alone ***With a bag of gold***

AARON He that had wit would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree
And never after to inherit[3] it.
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly
Know that this gold must coin[5] a stratagem
Which, cunningly effected, will beget[6]
A very excellent piece of villainy:
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest ***Hides the gold***
That have their alms[9] out of the empress' chest.

Enter Tamora to the Moor

TAMORA My lovely Aaron, wherefore[10] look'st thou sad
When everything doth make a gleeful boast?[11]
The birds chant melody on every bush,
The snake lies rollèd in the cheerful sun,
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind
And make a chequered shadow on the ground:
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tuned horns
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us sit down and mark their yelping noise,
And after conflict[21] such as was supposed
The wand'ring[22] prince and Dido once enjoyed,
When with a happy[23] storm they were surprised
And curtained with a counsel-keeping[24] cave,
We may, each wreathèd in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber,
Whiles hounds and horns and sweet melodious birds
Be unto us as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep.

AARON Madam, though Venus[30] govern your desires,

Saturn[31] is dominator over mine:
What signifies my deadly-standing[32] eye,
My silence and my cloudy melancholy,
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls
Even as an adder when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution?
No, madam, these are no venereal[37] signs:
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark Tamora, the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes[41] more heaven than rests in thee,
This is the day of doom for Bassianus:
His Philomel[43] must lose her tongue today,
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
See'st thou this letter? Take it up,[46] I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.
Now question me no more: we are espied.
Here comes a parcel[49] of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Enter Bassianus and Lavinia ***At a distance***

TAMORA Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!

AARON No more, great empress: Bassianus comes.
Be cross[53] with him, and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be.

[Exit]

BASSIANUS Whom have we here? Rome's royal emperess,
Unfurnished[56] of her well-beseeming troop?
Or is it Dian,[57] habited like her,
Who hath abandonèd her holy groves
To see the general[59] hunting in this forest?

TAMORA Saucy[60] controller of our private steps,
Had I the power that some say Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently[62]
With horns, as was Actaeon's,[63] and the hounds
Should drive[64] upon thy new-transformèd limbs,

Unmannerly intruder as thou art.
LAVINIA Under your patience,[66] gentle emperess,
’Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning,[67]
And to be doubted[68] that your Moor and you
Are singled forth[69] to try experiments:
Jove[70] shield your husband from his hounds today —
’Tis pity they should take him for a stag.
BASSIANUS Believe me, queen, your swarth[72] Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body’s hue,
Spotted, detested and abominable.
Why are you sequestered[75] from all your train,
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wandered hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?
LAVINIA And being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason[81] that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness.— I pray you let us hence, ***To Bassianus***
And let her joy[83] her raven-coloured love:
This valley fits the purpose passing[84] well.
BASSIANUS The king my brother shall have note of this.
LAVINIA Ay, for these slips[86] have made him noted long:
Good king, to be so mightily abused.
TAMORA Why, I have patience to endure all this.
Enter Chiron and Demetrius
DEMETRIUS How now, dear sovereign and our gracious mother,
Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?
TAMORA Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have ’ticed[92] me hither to this place:
A barren detested vale you see it is.
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O’ercome[95] with moss and baleful mistletoe:
Here never shines the sun, here nothing breeds
Unless the nightly owl or fatal[97] raven.
And when they showed me this abhorrèd pit,
They told me here at dead time of the night,

A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads,[101] as many urchins,
Would make such fearful and confusèd cries
As any mortal body hearing it
Should straight[104] fall mad, or else die suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But straight they told me they would bind me here
Unto the body of a dismal[107] yew
And leave me to this miserable death.
And then they called me foul adulteress,
Lascivious Goth,[110] and all the bitterest terms
That ever ear did hear to such effect:
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed.
Revenge it as you love your mother’s life,
Or be ye not henceforth called my children.
DEMETRIUS This is a witness that I am thy son.
Stab him
CHIRON And this for me, struck home to show my strength. ***He also stabs Bassianus***
LAVINIA Ay, come, Semiramis,[118] nay, barbarous Tamora,
For no name fits thy nature but thy own.
TAMORA Give me thy poniard:[120] you shall know, my boys
Your mother’s hand shall right your mother’s wrong.
DEMETRIUS Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her:
First thrash[123] the corn, then after burn the straw.
This minion[124] stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted[126] hope braves your mightiness.
And shall she carry this unto her grave?
CHIRON An if[128] she do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.
TAMORA But when ye have the honey[131] we desire,
Let not this wasp outlive,[132] us both to sting.
CHIRON I warrant[133] you, madam, we will make that sure.—

Come, mistress, now perforce[134] we will enjoy
That nice-preservèd honesty[135] of yours.
LAVINIA O Tamora, thou bear’st a woman’s face—
TAMORA I will not hear her speak, away with her!
LAVINIA Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.
DEMETRIUS Listen, fair madam: let it be your glory ***To Tamora***
To see her tears, but be your heart to them
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.
LAVINIA When did the tiger’s young ones teach the dam?[142]
O, do not learn[143] her wrath: she taught it thee.
The milk thou suck’st from her did turn to marble:
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.[145]
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike:[146]—
Do thou entreat her show a woman pity. ***To Chiron***
CHIRON What, wouldst thou have me prove myself a bastard?
LAVINIA ’Tis true, the raven[149] doth not hatch a lark
Yet have I heard — O, could I find it[150] now! —
The lion moved with pity did endure
To have his princely paws[152] pared all away.
Some say that ravens foster forlorn[153] children
The whilst their own birds[154] famish in their nests:
O, be to me though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing[156] so kind, but something pitiful!
TAMORA I know not what it[157] means.— Away with her!
LAVINIA O, let me teach thee for my father’s sake,
That gave thee life when well he might have slain thee.
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.
TAMORA Hadst thou in person ne’er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless.
Remember, boys, I poured forth tears in vain
To save your brother from the sacrifice,
But fierce Andronicus would not relent.
Therefore away with her and use[166] her as you will:
The worse to her, the better loved of me.
LAVINIA O Tamora, be called a gentle queen, ***Clings to Tamora***
And with thine own hands kill me in this place,

For ’tis not life that I have begged so long:
Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

TAMORA What begg’st thou, then? Fond[172] woman, let me go.

LAVINIA ’Tis present[173] death I beg, and one thing more
That womanhood[174] denies my tongue to tell:
O, keep me from their worse-than-killing lust,
And tumble[176] me into some loathsome pit
Where never man’s eye may behold my body.
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

TAMORA So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee.[179]
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

DEMETRIUS Away, for thou hast stayed[181] us here too long. ***To Lavinia***

LAVINIA No grace? No womanhood? Ah, beastly creature,
The blot and enemy to our general name,[183]
Confusion[184] fall—

CHIRON Nay, then I’ll stop your mouth.— ***Grabs her***
Bring thou her husband: ***To Demetrius***
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[Demetrius throws Bassianus’ body into the pit, he and Chiron then exeunt, dragging off Lavinia]

TAMORA Farewell, my sons: see that you make her sure.[187]
Ne’er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the Andronici[189] be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful[191] sons this trull deflower.

Exit

Enter Aaron with two of Titus’ sons [Quintus and Martius]

AARON Come on, my lords, the better foot before:[192]
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

QUINTUS My sight is very dull,[195] whate’er it bodes.

MARTIUS And mine, I promise you. Were it not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile. ***Falls into the pit***

QUINTUS What art thou fallen? What subtle[198] hole is this,
Whose mouth is covered with rude-growing[199] briers
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood

As fresh as morning's dew distilled on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me.
Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?
MARTIUS O brother, with the dismall'st object[204] hurt ***Martius speaks from below***
That ever eye with sight made heart lament!
AARON Now will I fetch the king to find them here, ***Aside***
That he thereby may have a likely guess
How these were they that made away his brother.
Exit Aaron
MARTIUS Why dost not comfort me and help me out
From this unhallowed[210] and blood-stainèd hole?
QUINTUS I am surprisèd[211] with an uncouth fear,
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints:
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.
MARTIUS To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.
QUINTUS Aaron is gone and my compassionate[217] heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise.[219]
O, tell me how it is, for ne'er till now
Was I a child to fear I know not what.
MARTIUS Lord Bassianus lies embrewèd[222] here
All on a heap,[223] like to the slaughtered Iamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.
QUINTUS If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?
MARTIUS Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring,[227] that lightens all the hole,
Which like a taper in some monument[228]
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthly[229] cheeks
And shows the ragged entrails of the pit:
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus[231]
When he by night lay bathed in maiden blood.[232]
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand —
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath —

Out of this fell[235] devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus'[236] misty mouth.
QUINTUS Reach me thy hand that I may help thee out ***Reaches into the pit***
Or, wanting[238] strength to do thee so much good,
I may be plucked into the swallowing womb[239]
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.
MARTIUS Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.
QUINTUS Thy hand once more: I will not loose again
Till thou art here aloft or I below.
Thou canst not come to me: I come to thee.
Both fall in
Enter the Emperor, Aaron the Moor [and Attendants]
SATURNINUS Along with me: I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leapt into it.—
Say who art thou that lately didst descend ***Speaks into the pit***
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?
MARTIUS The unhappy son of old Andronicus,
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.
SATURNINUS My brother dead? I know thou dost but jest:
He and his lady both are at the lodge
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase.
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.
MARTIUS We know not where you left him all alive,
But, out alas,[258] here have we found him dead.
Enter Tamora [with Attendants,] Andronicus and Lucius
TAMORA Where is my lord the king?
SATURNINUS Here, Tamora, though gride[260] with killing grief.
TAMORA Where is thy brother Bassianus?
SATURNINUS Now to the bottom dost thou search[262] my wound:
Poor Bassianus here lies murderèd.
TAMORA Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,[264]
The complot[265] of this timeless tragedy,
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold[266]
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

She giveth Saturnine a letter
SATURNINUS ‘An if we miss to meet him handsomely[268]
Saturninus reads the letter
Sweet huntsman — Bassianus ’tis we mean —
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him:
Thou know’st our meaning. Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder tree[272]
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit
Where we decreed[274] to bury Bassianus.
Do this, and purchase[275] us thy lasting friends.’
O Tamora, was ever heard the like?
This is the pit and this the elder tree.—
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out
That should[279] have murdered Bassianus here.
AARON My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold. ***Finds the bag***
SATURNINUS Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,[281] ***To Titus***
Have here bereft my brother of his life.—
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison:
There let them bide until we have devised
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.
TAMORA What, are they in this pit? O wondrous[286] thing! ***↓Attendants may pull Quintus and Martius from the pit↓***
How easily murder is discoverèd.
TITUS High emperor, upon my feeble knee ***Kneels***
I beg this boon with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursèd sons,
Accursèd if the faults be proved in them—
SATURNINUS If it be proved? You see it is apparent.[292]
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?
TAMORA Andronicus himself did take it up.
TITUS I did, my lord. Yet let me be their bail,
For by my father’s reverend tomb I vow
They shall be ready at your highness’ will
To answer their suspicion[298] with their lives.
SATURNINUS Thou shalt not bail them: see thou follow me.— ***↓Titus rises↓***
Some bring the murdered body, some the murderers:

Let them not speak a word: the guilt is plain,
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

TAMORA Andronicus, I will entreat the king:
Fear not[305] thy sons, they shall do well enough.

TITUS Come, Lucius, come. Stay not to talk with them.

Exeunt

[Act 2 Scene 4]

running scene 3 continues

Enter the Empress' sons [Demetrius and Chiron] with Lavinia, her hands cut off and her tongue cut out, and ravished[*]

DEMETRIUS So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue and ravished thee.
CHIRON Write down thy mind, bewray[3] thy meaning so,
An if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.
DEMETRIUS See how with signs and tokens she can scrawl.[5]
CHIRON Go home, call for sweet water,[6] wash thy hands.
DEMETRIUS She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash,
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.
CHIRON An 'twere my cause,[9] I should go hang myself.
DEMETRIUS If thou hadst hands to help thee knit[10] the cord.

Exeunt [Chiron and Demetrius]

Wind horns. Enter Marcus from hunting to Lavinia ***Lavinia runs away***

MARCUS Who is this? My niece that flies away so fast!
Cousin,[12] a word: where is your husband? ***Lavinia turns back***
If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me;
If I do wake, some planet strike[14] me down
That I may slumber in eternal sleep.
Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands
Have lopped and hewed and made thy body bare
Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows[19] kings have sought to sleep in,
And might not gain so great a happiness
As half thy love? Why dost not speak to me?
Alas, a crimson river of warm blood, ***Lavinia opens her mouth***
Like to a bubbling fountain stirred with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosèd lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But sure some Tereus[26] hath deflowered thee
And, lest thou shouldst detect[27] him, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame,

And notwithstanding all this loss of blood,
As from a conduit[30] with three issuing spouts,
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan’s[31] face
Blushing to be encountered with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee? Shall I say ’tis so?
O, that I knew thy heart, and knew the beast,
That I might rail at[35] him, to ease my mind.
Sorrow concealèd, like an oven stopped,[36]
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious[39] sampler sewed her mind.
But, lovely niece, that mean[40] is cut from thee:
A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sewed than Philomel.
O, had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble like aspen-leaves upon a lute
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
He would not then have touched them for his life.
Or had he heard the heavenly harmony
Which that sweet tongue hath made,
He would have dropped his knife and fell asleep,
As Cerberus[51] at the Thracian poet’s feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind,
For such a sight will blind a father’s eye.
One hour’s storm will drown the fragrant meads:[54]
What will whole months of tears thy father’s eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee.
O, could our mourning ease thy misery!

Exeunt

Act 3 [Scene 1][3.1]

running scene 4

Enter the Judges and Senators with Titus' two sons [Martius and Quintus] bound, passing on the stage to the place of execution, and Titus going before, pleading

TITUS Hear me, grave fathers![1] Noble tribunes, stay!
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars whilst you securely slept,
For all my blood[4] in Rome's great quarrel shed,
For all the frosty nights that I have watched,[5]
And for these bitter tears which now you see
Filling the agèd wrinkles in my cheeks,
Be pitiful to my condemnèd sons,
Whose souls is not corrupted as 'tis thought.
For two and twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honour's lofty bed.

Andronicus lieth down and the Judges pass by him

For these, two tribunes, in the dust I write
My heart's deep languor[13] and my soul's sad tears:
Let my tears stanch[14] the earth's dry appetite,
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame[15] and blush.

Exeunt. [Titus remains]

O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain
That shall distil[17] from these two ancient ruins
Than youthful April shall with all his showers.
In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still:[19]
In winter with warm tears I'll melt the snow
And keep eternal springtime on thy face,
So[22] thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter Lucius, with his weapon drawn

O reverend tribunes, O gentle, agèd men,
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom[24] of death,
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.[26]

LUCIUS O noble father, you lament in vain:
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.
TITUS Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead.
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you—
LUCIUS My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.
TITUS Why, tis no matter, man: if they did hear,
They would not mark[34] me, or if they did mark,
They would not pity me.
Therefore I tell my sorrows bootless[36] to the stones,
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they are better than the tribunes
For that they will not intercept[39] my tale:
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears and seem to weep with me,
And were they but attirèd[42] in grave weeds,
Rome could afford[43] no tribune like to these.
A stone is as soft wax, tribunes more hard than stones:
A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn? ***Rises***
LUCIUS To rescue my two brothers from their death,
For which attempt the judges have pronounced
My everlasting doom of banishment.
TITUS O happy[51] man, they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
Tigers must prey, and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine: how happy art thou, then,
From these devourers to be banishèd!
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?
Enter Marcus and Lavinia
MARCUS Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep,
Or if not so, thy noble heart to break:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.
TITUS Will it consume me? Let me see it then.

MARCUS This was thy daughter.
TITUS Why, Marcus, so she is.
LUCIUS Ay me, this object[64] kills me. ***Falls to his knees***
TITUS Faint-hearted boy, arise and look upon her.— ***Lucius rises***
Speak, Lavinia, what accursèd hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father’s sight?
What fool hath added water to the sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?
My grief was at the height before thou cam’st,
And now like Nilus[71] it disdaineth bounds.
Give me a sword, I’ll chop off my hands too,
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain:
And they have nursed[74] this woe, in feeding life:
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have served me to effectless[76] use:
Now all the service I require of them
Is that the one will help to cut the other.
’Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands,
For hands to do Rome service is but vain.
LUCIUS Speak, gentle sister: who hath martyred[81] thee?
MARCUS O, that delightful engine[82] of her thoughts
That blabbed[83] them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear!
LUCIUS O, say thou for her: who hath done this deed?
MARCUS O, thus I found her, straying in the park,[88]
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer
That hath received some unrecuring[90] wound.
TITUS It was my dear,[91] and he that wounded her
Hath hurt me more than had he killed me dead,
For now I stand as one upon a rock
Environed[94] with a wilderness of sea,
Who marks the waxing[95] tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever[96] when some envious surge
Will in his brinish[97] bowels swallow him.

This way to death my wretched sons are gone:
Here stands my other son, a banished man,
And here my brother, weeping at my woes.
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn[101]
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have madded me. What shall I do
Now I behold thy lively[105] body so?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyred thee:
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemned, and dead by this.[109]—
Look, Marcus, ah, son Lucius, look on her!
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew[112]
Upon a gathered lily almost withered.

MARCUS Perchance she weeps because they killed her husband,
Perchance because she knows them innocent.

TITUS If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed:
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips
Or make some signs how I may do thee ease:[121]
Shall thy good uncle and thy brother Lucius,
And thou and I sit round about some fountain,
Looking all downwards to behold our cheeks,
How they are stained like meadows yet not dry,
With miry[126] slime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,[128]
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
Or shall we cut away our hands like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues and in dumb shows[131]
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
What shall we do? Let us that have our tongues

Plot some device[134] of further miseries
To make us wondered at in time to come.
LUCIUS Sweet father, cease your tears, for at your grief
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.
MARCUS Patience, dear niece.— Good Titus, dry thine eyes. ***Gives a handkerchief***
TITUS Ah, Marcus, Marcus, brother, well I wot[139]
Thy napkin[140] cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drowned it with thine own.
LUCIUS Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.
TITUS Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs:
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee.
His napkin with his true tears all bewet
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O, what a sympathy[148] of woe is this:
As far from help as Limbo[149] is from bliss!
Enter Aaron the Moor alone
AARON Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word: that if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand
And send it to the king: he for the same
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive —
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.
TITUS O gracious emperor, O gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark
That gives sweet tidings of the sun’s uprise?
With all my heart, I’ll send the emperor my hand.
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?
LUCIUS Stay, father, for that noble hand of thine
That hath thrown down so many enemies
Shall not be sent. My hand will serve the turn:
My youth can better spare my blood than you,
And therefore mine shall save my brothers’ lives.
MARCUS Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,

And reared aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?[169]
O, none of both[170] but are of high desert.
My hand hath been but idle: let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death,
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.
AARON Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.
MARCUS My hand shall go.
LUCIUS By heaven, it shall not go!
TITUS Sirs, strive no more: such withered herbs as these
Are meet[179] for plucking up, and therefore mine.
LUCIUS Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.
MARCUS And for our father's sake and mother's care,
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.
TITUS Agree between you: I will spare[184] my hand.
LUCIUS Then I'll go fetch an axe.
MARCUS But I will use the axe.
Exeunt [Lucius and Marcus]
TITUS Come hither, Aaron, I'll deceive them both:
Lend me thy hand and I will give thee mine.
AARON If that be called deceit, I will be honest ***Aside***
And never whilst I live deceive men so.
But I'll deceive you in another sort,
And that you'll say,[192] ere half an hour pass.
He cuts off Titus' hand
Enter Lucius and Marcus again
TITUS Now stay your strife:[193] what shall be is dispatched.
Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:
Tell him it was a hand that warded[195] him
From thousand dangers: bid him bury it:
More hath it merited: that[197] let it have.
As for my sons, say I account of[198] them
As jewels purchased at an easy price,
And yet dear[200] too, because I bought mine own.

AARON I go, Andronicus, and for thy hand
Look[202] by and by to have thy sons with thee.—
Their heads I mean. O, how this villainy ***Aside***
Doth fat[204] me with the very thoughts of it!
Let fools do good and fair[205] men call for grace.
Aaron will have his soul black like his face.

Exit

TITUS O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven
And bow this feeble ruin[208] to the earth. ***Kneels***
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call!— What, wilt thou kneel with me? ***Lavinia kneels***
Do then, dear heart, for heaven shall hear our prayers,
Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin[212] dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

MARCUS O brother, speak with possibilities,[215]
And do not break into these deep extremes.

TITUS Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions[218] bottomless with them.

MARCUS But yet let reason govern thy lament.

TITUS If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes:
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?[222]
If the winds rage doth not the sea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoll'n face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?[225]
I am the sea. Hark how her[226] sighs do blow!
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be movèd[228] with her sighs,
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge overflowed and drowned,
For why[231] my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave, for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs[234] with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger with two heads and a hand ***Titus and Lavinia may rise here***

MESSENGER Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons,
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back: ***Sets down the heads and hand***
Thy griefs their sports,[239] thy resolution mocked,
That[240] woe is me to think upon thy woes
More than remembrance of my father's death.

Exit

MARCUS Now let hot Aetna[242] cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
These miseries are more than may be borne.
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,[245]
But sorrow flouted[246] at is double death.

LUCIUS Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrink[248] thereat!
That ever death should let life bear his name,[249]
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe! ***Lavinia kisses the heads***

MARCUS Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless
As frozen water to a starvèd[252] snake.

TITUS When will this fearful slumber have an end?

MARCUS Now farewell flattery,[254] die Andronicus:
Thou dost not slumber. See thy two sons' heads,
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here,
Thy other banished son with this dear[257] sight
Struck pale and bloodless, and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
Ah, now no more will I control[260] thy griefs:
Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes.
Now is a time to storm. Why art thou still?

TITUS Ha, ha, ha!

MARCUS Why dost thou laugh? It fits not with this hour.

TITUS Why? I have not another tear to shed:
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy

And would usurp upon my wat’ry eyes
And make them blind with tributary[270] tears.
Then which way shall I find Revenge’s cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me
And threat[273] me I shall never come to bliss
Till all these mischiefs[274] be returned again
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do.
You heavy[277] people, circle me about,
That I may turn me to each one of you
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs. ***They make a vow***
The vow is made. Come, brother, take a head,
And in this hand the other I will bear.
And Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things:
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.
As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight:
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:
Hie to the Goths and raise an army there,
And if you love me, as I think you do,
Let’s kiss and part, for we have much to do.

Exeunt. Lucius remains

LUCIUS Farewell Andronicus, my noble father,
The woefull’st man that ever lived in Rome.
Farewell, proud Rome, till Lucius come again.
He loves his pledges[292] dearer than his life.
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister,
O, would thou wert as thou tofore[294] hast been!
But now nor[295] Lucius nor Lavinia lives
But[296] in oblivion and hateful griefs.
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs
And make proud Saturnine and his empress
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin[299] and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths and raise a power,[300]
To be revenged on Rome and Saturnine.

Exit Lucius

[Act 3 Scene 2][3.2]

running scene 5

A banquet

Enter [Titus] Andronicus, Marcus, Lavinia and the Boy [Young Lucius]

TITUS So, so, now sit, and look you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot:[4]
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want[5] our hands
And cannot passionate[6] our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize[8] upon my breast,
Who,[9] when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.—
Thou map[12] of woe, that thus dost talk in signs, ***To Lavinia***
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous[13] beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing,[15] girl, kill it with groans,
Or get some little knife between thy teeth
And just against thy heart make thou a hole,
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
May run into that sink,[19] and soaking in
Drown the lamenting fool[20] in sea-salt tears.

MARCUS Fie, brother, fie! Teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender[22] life.

TITUS How now? Has sorrow made thee dote[23] already?
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands
To bid Aeneas[27] tell the tale twice o’er
How Troy was burnt and he made miserable?
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands,
Lest we remember still[30] that we have none.

Fie, fie, how franticly[31] I square my talk,
As if we should forget we had no hands
If Marcus did not name the word of hands.
Come, let’s fall to,[34] and, gentle girl, eat this.
Here is no drink! Hark, Marcus, what she says:
I can interpret all her martyred signs —
She says she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brewed with her sorrow, meshed[38] upon her cheeks.—
Speechless complainer,[39] I will learn thy thought.
In thy dumb action[40] will I be as perfect
As begging hermits in their holy prayers:
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
Nor wink,[43] nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I of these will wrest an alphabet
And by still[45] practice learn to know thy meaning.
BOY Good grandsire,[46] leave these bitter deep laments:
Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.
MARCUS Alas, the tender[48] boy in passion moved
Doth weep to see his grandsire’s heaviness.[49]
TITUS Peace, tender sapling, thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.
Marcus strikes the dish with a knife
What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?
MARCUS At that that I have killed, my lord: a fly.
TITUS Out on thee,[54] murderer! Thou kill’st my heart:
Mine eyes are cloyed with view of tyranny:
A deed of death done on the innocent
Becomes not Titus’ brother. Get thee gone:
I see thou art not for my company.
MARCUS Alas, my lord, I have but killed a fly.
TITUS ‘But’? How if that fly had a father and mother?
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buzz lamenting doings[62] in the air!
Poor harmless fly,
That with his pretty buzzing melody
Came here to make us merry, and thou hast killed him.

MARCUS Pardon me, sir, it was a black ill-favoured[66] fly,
Like to the empress' Moor: therefore I killed him.
TITUS O, O, O!
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will insult on[71] him,
Flattering[72] myself as if it were the Moor
Come hither purposely to poison me.—
There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora. ***Takes the knife and strikes***
Ah, sirrah![75]
Yet, I think, we are not brought so low
But that between us we can kill a fly
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.
MARCUS Alas, poor man! Grief has so wrought on[79] him
He takes false shadows for true substances.
TITUS Come, take away.[81] Lavinia, go with me:
I'll to thy closet,[82] and go read with thee
Sad stories chancèd[83] in the times of old.
Come, boy, and go with me: thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read when mine begin to dazzle.[85]
Exeunt

Act 4 [Scene 1]*

running scene 6

Enter Young Lucius and Lavinia running after him, and the Boy flies
from her, with his books under his arm ***He drops the books***
Enter Titus and Marcus

BOY Help, grandsire, help! My aunt Lavinia
Follows me everywhere, I know not why.
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes.
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.
MARCUS Stand by me, Lucius: do not fear thy aunt.
TITUS She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.
BOY Ay, when my father was in Rome she did.
MARCUS What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?
TITUS Fear her not, Lucius — somewhat[9] doth she mean:
See, Lucius, see how much she makes of thee:
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.
Ah, boy, Cornelia[12] never with more care
Read to her sons than she hath read to thee
Sweet poetry and Tully's[14] *Orator*.
Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies[15] thee thus?
BOY My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her,
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft
Extremity of griefs would make men mad,
And I[20] have read that Hecuba of Troy
Ran mad through sorrow: that made me to fear,
Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury,[24] fright my youth,
Which made me down to throw my books and fly,
Causeless perhaps. But pardon me, sweet aunt:
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,[27]
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.
MARCUS Lucius, I will. ***Lavinia turns over the books with her stumps***

TITUS How now, Lavinia?— Marcus, what means this?
Some book there is that she desires to see.
Which is it, girl, of these?— Open them, boy.—
But thou art deeper[33] read, and better skilled: ***To Lavinia***
Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile[35] thy sorrow till the heavens
Reveal the damned contriver of this deed.
What book?
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence[38] thus?
MARCUS I think she means that there was more than one
Confederate in the fact.[40] Ay, more there was,
Or else to heaven she heaves[41] them for revenge.
TITUS Lucius, what book is that she tosseth[42] so?
BOY Grandsire, ’tis Ovid’s *Metamorphosis:*
My mother gave it me.
MARCUS For love of her that’s gone,
Perhaps she culled[46] it from among the rest.
TITUS Soft,[47] so busily she turns the leaves!
Helps her
What would she find? Lavinia, shall I read?
This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus’ treason and his rape —
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.[51]
MARCUS See, brother, see: note how she quotes[52] the leaves.
TITUS Lavinia, wert thou thus surprised,[53] sweet girl,
Ravished and wronged as Philomela was,
Forced in the ruthless, vast[55] and gloomy woods? ***Lavinia nods***
See, see!
Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt —
O, had we never, never hunted there! —
Patterned by that[59] the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders and for rapes.
MARCUS O, why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies?[62]
TITUS Give signs, sweet girl — for here are none but friends —
What Roman lord it was durst do the deed.

Or[65] slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?
MARCUS Sit down, sweet niece: brother, sit down by me.
Apollo,[68] Pallas, Jove or Mercury
Inspire me, that I may this treason find.
My lord, look here: look here, Lavinia.
He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with feet and mouth
This sandy plot is plain:[71] guide, if thou canst,
This after me.[72] I here have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all.
Cursed be that heart that forced us to that shift.[74]
Write thou, good niece, and here display at last
What God will have discovered[76] for revenge.
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors and the truth!
She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps, and writes
TITUS O, do ye read, my lord, what she hath writ?
'*Stuprum*,[80] Chiron, Demetrius.'
MARCUS What, what? The lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?
TITUS *Magni*[83] *dominator poli,*
Tam lentus audis scelera, tam lentus vides?
MARCUS O, calm thee, gentle lord, although I know
There is enough written upon this earth
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.[88]
My lord, kneel down with me: Lavinia, kneel:
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope,[90] ***They kneel***
And swear with me — as, with the woeful fere[91]
And father of that chaste dishonoured dame,
Lord Junius Brutus swore for Lucrece' rape —
That we will prosecute[94] by good advice
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.[96] ***They rise***
TITUS 'Tis sure enough, an[97] you knew how.

But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware:
The dam[99] will wake, and, if she wind you once
She's with the lion[100] deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth[101] on her back,
And when he sleeps will she do[102] what she list.
You are a young[103] huntsman, Marcus: let it alone,
And come. I will go get a leaf[104] of brass
And with a gad[105] of steel will write these words,
And lay it by. The angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like Sibyl's leaves[107] abroad,
And where's your lesson, then? Boy, what say you?
BOY I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bedchamber should not be safe
For these bad bondmen[111] to the yoke of Rome.
MARCUS Ay, that's my boy. Thy father hath full oft
For his ungrateful country done the like.
BOY And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.
TITUS Come, go with me into mine armoury:
Lucius, I'll fit[116] thee, and withal my boy
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents that I intend to send them both.
Come, come, thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?
BOY Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire.
TITUS No, boy, not so: I'll teach thee another course.
Lavinia, come: Marcus, look to my house:
Lucius and I'll go brave it[123] at the court.
Ay, marry,[124] will we, sir, and we'll be waited on.
Exeunt. [Marcus remains]
MARCUS O heavens, can you hear a good man groan
And not relent or not compassion[126] him?
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy[127]
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart
Than foemen's marks upon his battered shield,
But yet so just that he will not revenge.
Revenge, the heavens, for old Andronicus!
Exit

[Act 4 Scene 2][4.2]

running scene 7

Enter Aaron, Chiron and Demetrius at one door, and at another door Young Lucius and another [Attendant], with a bundle of weapons and verses writ upon them

CHIRON Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius:
He hath some message to deliver us.
AARON Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.
BOY My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus.—
And pray the Roman gods confound[6] you both. ***Aside***
DEMETRIUS Gramercy,[7] lovely Lucius. What's the news?
BOY That you are both deciphered,[8] that's the news, ***Aside***
For villains marked with rape.— May it please you, ***To them***
My grandsire, well advised,[10] hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armoury
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome, for so he bade me say,
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that, whenever you have need,
You may be armèd and appointed[16] well. ***Attendant presents the weapons***
And so I leave you both— like bloody villains. ***Aside***

Exeunt [Young Lucius and Attendant]

DEMETRIUS What's here? A scroll, and written round about?
Let's see:
'Integer vitae,[20] *scelerisque purus,* ***Reads***
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.'
CHIRON O, 'tis a verse in Horace, I know it well:
I read it in the grammar[23] long ago.
AARON Ay, just:[24] a verse in Horace, right, you have it.—
Now, what a thing it is to be an ass! ***Aside***
Here's no sound jest![26] The old man hath found their guilt,
And sends them weapons wrapped about with lines
That[28] wound beyond their feeling to the quick.

But were our witty[29] empress well afoot
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit:[30]
But let her rest in her unrest[31] awhile.—
And now, young lords, was't not a happy[32] star ***To Chiron and Demetrius***
Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
Captives, to be advancèd to this height?
It did me good before the palace gate
To brave[36] the tribune in his brother's hearing.

DEMETRIUS But me more good to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate[38] and send us gifts.

AARON Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?[40]

DEMETRIUS I would we had a thousand Roman dames
At[42] such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

CHIRON A charitable wish and full of love.

AARON Here lacks but your mother for to say 'Amen'.

CHIRON And that would she for twenty thousand more.[45]

DEMETRIUS Come, let us go; and pray to all the gods
For our belovèd mother in her pains.

AARON Pray to the devils: the gods have given us over. ***Aside?***

Flourish

DEMETRIUS Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?

CHIRON Belike[50] for joy the emperor hath a son.

DEMETRIUS Soft, who comes here?

Enter Nurse with a blackamoor child ***The child hidden in her arms***

NURSE Good morrow, lords.
O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?

AARON Well, more[54] or less, or ne'er a whit at all:
Here Aaron is, and what[55] with Aaron now?

NURSE O gentle Aaron, we are all undone.[56]
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

AARON Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

NURSE O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our empress' shame and stately Rome's disgrace!
She is delivered, lords, she is delivered.

AARON To whom?
NURSE I mean, she is brought abed.
AARON Well, God give her good rest! What hath he sent her?
NURSE A devil.
AARON Why, then she is the devil's dam: a joyful issue.[67]
NURSE A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue:
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fair-faced breeders[70] of our clime.
The empress sends it thee, thy[71] stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.
AARON Out, you whore! Is black so base a hue?—
Sweet blowse,[74] you are a beauteous blossom, sure. ***To the child***
DEMETRIUS Villain, what hast thou done?
AARON That which thou canst not undo.
CHIRON Thou hast undone our mother.
AARON Villain, I have done[78] thy mother.
DEMETRIUS And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.
Woe to her chance,[80] and damned her loathèd choice,
Accursed the offspring of so foul a fiend.
CHIRON It shall not live.
AARON It shall not die.
NURSE Aaron, it must: the mother wills it so.
AARON What, must it, nurse? Then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.
DEMETRIUS I'll broach[87] the tadpole on my rapier's point.
Nurse, give it me: my sword shall soon dispatch it.
AARON Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up. ***Draws his sword and takes the child***
Stay, murderous villains! Will you kill your brother?
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,[92]
He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point
That touches this my first-born son and heir.
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus[95]
With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's[96] brood,
Nor great Alcides,[97] nor the god of war,

Shall seize this prey out of his father’s hands.
What, what, ye sanguine,[99] shallow-hearted boys!
Ye white-limed[100] walls, ye ale-house painted signs!
Coal-black is better than another hue
In that it scorns to bear another hue,
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swan’s black legs to white,
Although she lave[105] them hourly in the flood.
Tell the empress from me, I am of age
To keep mine own, excuse it how she can.
DEMETRIUS Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?
AARON My mistress is my mistress, this[109] myself,
The vigour and the picture of my youth:
This before all the world do I prefer,
This maugre[112] all the world will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smoke[113] for it in Rome.
DEMETRIUS By this our mother is forever shamed.
CHIRON Rome will despise her for this foul escape.[115]
NURSE The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.
CHIRON I blush to think upon this ignomy.[117]
AARON Why, there’s the privilege your beauty bears:
Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing
The close enacts[120] and counsels of the heart.
Here’s a young lad framed[121] of another leer:
Look how the black slave[122] smiles upon the father,
As[123] who should say ‘Old lad, I am thine own.’
He is your brother, lords, sensibly[124] fed
Of that self-blood[125] that first gave life to you,
And from that womb where you imprisoned were
He is enfranchisèd[127] and come to light.
Nay, he is your brother by the surer[128] side,
Although my seal be stampèd in his face.
NURSE Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?
DEMETRIUS Advise thee,[131] Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice.
Save thou the child, so[133] we may all be safe.

AARON Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
My son and I will have[135] the wind of you.
Keep there: now talk at pleasure of your safety. ***They sit***
DEMETRIUS How many women saw this child of his? ***To the Nurse***
AARON Why, so, brave lords, when we join in league
I am a lamb: but if you brave the Moor,
The chafèd[140] boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—
But say again, how many saw the child? ***To the Nurse***
NURSE Cornelia the midwife and myself,
And none else but the delivered empress.
AARON The empress, the midwife, and yourself:
Two may keep counsel when the third's away.
Go to the empress, tell her this I said.
He kills her
Weke, weke![148] So cries a pig preparèd to th'spit. ***They all stand up***
DEMETRIUS What mean'st thou, Aaron? Wherefore didst thou this?
AARON O Lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy:[150]
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours,
A long-tongued[152] babbling gossip? No, lords, no:
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one Muly lives, my countryman:
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed:
His child is like to her,[156] fair as you are.
Go pack[157] with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance[158] of all,
And how by this their child shall be advanced,
And be receivèd for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court,
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, lords, ye see I have given her physic,[164]
And you must needs bestow[165] her funeral:
The fields are near and you are gallant grooms.[166]
This done, see that you take no longer days,[167]
But send the midwife presently[168] to me.

The midwife and the nurse well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.
CHIRON Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air With secrets.
DEMETRIUS For this care of Tamora,
Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.
Exeunt [Demetrius and Chiron with the body]
AARON Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies,
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
And secretly to greet the empress' friends.
Come on, you thick-lipped slave, I'll bear you hence,
For it is you that puts us to our shifts:[179]
I'll make you feed on berries and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey,[181] and suck the goat,
And cabin[182] in a cave, and bring you up
To be a warrior and command a camp.
Exit

[Act 4 Scene 3][4.3]

running scene 8

Enter Titus, Old Marcus, Young Lucius and other Gentlemen [Publius, Sempronius, Caius] with bows and Titus bears the arrows with letters on the end of them

TITUS Come, Marcus, come, kinsmen: this is the way.
Sir Boy, let me see your archery.
Look ye draw home[3] enough, and 'tis there straight.
Terras Astraea reliquit[4]*:* be you remembered,
Marcus, she's gone, she's fled.— Sirs, take you to your tools.
You, cousins,[6] shall go sound the ocean,
And cast your nets:
Haply[8] you may find her in the sea,
Yet there's[9] as little justice as at land.
No, Publius and Sempronius, you must do it,
'Tis you must dig with mattock[11] and with spade,
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth.
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,[13]
I pray you deliver him this petition.
Tell him, it is for justice and for aid,
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—
Ah, Rome! Well, well, I made thee miserable
What time[19] I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—
Go, get you gone, and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man-of-war[22] unsearched:
This wicked emperor may have shipped her[23] hence,
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for[24] justice.

MARCUS O Publius, is not this a heavy case,[25]
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?[26]

PUBLIUS Therefore, my lords, it highly us concerns
By day and night t'attend him carefully[28]
And feed his humour[29] kindly as we may,

Till time beget some careful[30] remedy.
MARCUS Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join[32] with the Goths and with revengeful war
Take wreak[33] on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.
TITUS Publius, how now? How now, my masters?
What, have you met with her?[36]
PUBLIUS No, my good lord, but Pluto sends you word
If you will have Revenge from hell, you shall.
Marry, for[39] Justice, she is so employed,
He thinks with Jove in heaven or somewhere else,
So that perforce[41] you must needs stay a time.
TITUS He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake[43] below
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,
No big-boned men framed of the Cyclops'[46] size,
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back,
Yet wrung[48] with wrongs more than our backs can bear.
And sith[49] there's no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven and move[50] the gods
To send down Justice for to[51] wreak our wrongs.
Come, to this gear.[52] You are a good archer, Marcus:
He gives them the arrows
'Ad Jovem', that's for you: here, *'Ad Apollinem':*
'Ad Martem',[54] that's for myself:
Here, boy, to Pallas: here, to Mercury:
To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine.
You[57] were as good to shoot against the wind.
To it, boy! Marcus, loose[58] when I bid.
Of[59] my word, I have written to effect:
There's not a god left unsolicited.
MARCUS Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court:
We will afflict the emperor in his pride.
TITUS Now, masters, draw. ***They draw and shoot***
O, well said,[64] Lucius.

Good boy, in Virgo's[65] lap. Give it Pallas.
MARCUS My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon:
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.
TITUS Ha, ha!
Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus'[70] horns.
MARCUS This was the sport, my lord: when Publius shot,
The bull, being galled,[72] gave Aries such a knock
That down fell both the ram's horns[73] in the court,
And who should find them but the empress' villain![74]
She laughed and told the Moor he should not choose
But give them to his master for a present.
TITUS Why, there it goes:[77] God give his lordship joy!

Enter the Clown with a basket and two pigeons in it

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post[78] is come.—
Sirrah, what tidings? Have you any letters?
Shall I have justice? What says Jupiter?

CLOWN Ho, the gibbet-maker![81] He says that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hanged till the next week.

TITUS But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

CLOWN Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter: I never drank with him in all my life.

TITUS Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?[85]

CLOWN Ay, of my pigeons, sir, nothing else.

TITUS Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

CLOWN From heaven? Alas, sir, I never came there: God forbid I should be so bold to press[89] to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs[90] to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the emperial's[91] men.

MARCUS ***To Titus*** Why, sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for your oration,[92] and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

TITUS Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?[94]

CLOWN Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

TITUS Sirrah, come hither: make no more ado,[96]
But give your pigeons to the emperor.
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold,[99] hold — meanwhile here's money for thy charges.
Give me pen and ink. ***Writes***
Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?[101]

CLOWN Ay, sir.

TITUS ***Gives the letter*** Then here is a supplication for you, and when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel, then kiss his foot, then deliver up your pigeons, and
then look for[105] your reward. I'll be at hand, sir: see you do it bravely.

CLOWN I warrant you, sir, let me alone.[106]

TITUS Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it.—
Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration—
For thou must take it like an humble suppliant. ***To the Clown***
And when thou hast given it the emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

CLOWN God be with you, sir. I will.

Exit

TITUS Come, Marcus, let us go.— Publius, follow me.

Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 4]*

running scene 8 continues

Enter Emperor and Empress and her two sons [and Attendants]. The Emperor brings the arrows in his hand that Titus shot at him

SATURNINUS Why, lords, what wrongs are these? Was ever seen
An emperor in Rome thus overborne,[2]
Troubled, confronted thus, and for the extent[3]
Of equal justice, used in such contempt?
My lords, you know, as know the mightful[5] gods,
However these disturbers of our peace
Buzz in the people's ears, there nought hath passed[7]
But even[8] with law against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelmed his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks,[11]
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heaven for his redress.
See, here's 'To Jove', and this 'To Mercury',
This 'To Apollo', this 'To the god of war':
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
What's this but libelling against the senate
And blazoning[18] our injustice everywhere?
A goodly humour,[19] is it not, my lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
But if I live, his feignèd ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages,
But he and his shall know that justice lives
In Saturninus' health, whom, if she[24] sleep,
He'll so awake as she in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

TAMORA My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee and bear the faults of Titus' age,
Th'effects of sorrow for his valiant sons

Whose loss hath pierced him deep and scarred his heart;
And rather comfort his distressèd plight
Than prosecute the meanest[33] or the best
For these contempts.— Why, thus it shall become

Aside

High-witted[35] Tamora to gloze withal.
But, Titus, I have touched thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.—

Enter Clown

How now, good fellow, wouldst thou speak with us?

CLOWN Yea, forsooth,[40] an your mistership be emperial.

TAMORA Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

CLOWN 'Tis he. God and Saint Stephen give you good e'en.[42] I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here.

Saturninus reads the letter

SATURNINUS Go, take him away and hang him presently.

CLOWN How much money must I[45] have?

TAMORA Come, sirrah, you must be hanged.

CLOWN Hanged? By'r lady,[47] then I have brought up a neck to a fair end.

Exit [guarded]

SATURNINUS Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!
Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?
I know from whence this same device[50] proceeds.
May this be borne as if his traitorous sons,
That died by law for murder of our brother,
Have by my means been butchered wrongfully?
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair:
Nor age nor honour shall shape privilege.[55]
For this proud mock I'll be thy slaughterman,[56]
Sly frantic[57] wretch that holp'st to make me great
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter a Messenger, Emillius

What news with thee, Emillius?

EMILLIUS Arm, my lords! Rome never had more cause:

The Goths have gathered head,[61] and with a power
Of high-resolvèd men bent[62] to the spoil
They hither march amain,[63] under conduct
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus,
Who threats in course of this revenge to do
As much as ever Coriolanus[66] did.
SATURNINUS Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
These tidings nip me[68] and I hang the head
As flowers with frost or grass beat down with storms.
Ay, now begins our sorrows to approach:
’Tis he the common people love so much.
Myself hath often heard them say,
When I have walkèd[73] like a private man,
That Lucius’ banishment was wrongfully,[74]
And they have wished that Lucius were their emperor.
TAMORA Why should you fear? Is not our city strong?
SATURNINUS Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,
And will revolt from me to succour him.
TAMORA King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.[79]
Is the sun dimmed, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers[81] little birds to sing,
And is not careful[82] what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings
He can at pleasure stint[84] their melody:
Even so mayst thou the giddy[85] men of Rome.
Then cheer thy spirit, for know thou, emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus
With words more sweet and yet more dangerous
Than baits to fish or honey-stalks[89] to sheep,
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted[91] with delicious food.
SATURNINUS But he will not entreat his son for us.
TAMORA If Tamora entreat him, then he will,
For I can smooth[94] and fill his agèd ear
With golden promises that, were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,

Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.
Go thou before to be our ambassador: ***To Emillius***
Say that the emperor requests a parley[99]
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint[100] the meeting
Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.
SATURNINUS Emillius, do this message honourably:
And if he stand in[103] hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.
EMILLIUS Your bidding shall I do effectually.[105]
Exit
TAMORA Now will I to that old Andronicus,
And temper[107] him with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.
SATURNINUS Then go successantly,[111] and plead to him.
Exeunt

Act 5 [Scene 1][5.1]

running scene 9

Flourish. Enter Lucius with an army of Goths with Drum and Soldiers

LUCIUS Approvèd[1] warriors and my faithful friends,
I have receivèd letters from great Rome
Which signifies what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as[5] your titles witness,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs,
And wherein Rome hath done you any scathe[7]
Let him make treble satisfaction.

FIRST GOTH Brave slip[9] sprung from the great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort,
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold[13] in us. we'll follow where thou lead'st,
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day
Led by their master[15] to the flowered fields,
And be avenged on cursèd Tamora.

ALL THE GOTHS And as he saith, so say we all with him.

LUCIUS I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty[19] Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading of Aaron with his child in his arms

SECOND GOTH Renownèd Lucius, from our troops I strayed
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery,
And as I earnestly[22] did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall.
I made unto the noise, when soon I heard
The crying babe controlled[26] with this discourse:
'Peace, tawny[27] slave, half me and half thy dam!
Did not thy hue bewray[28] whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor.

But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace!’ — even thus he rates[33] the babe —
‘For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth
Who, when he knows thou art the empress’ babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother’s sake.’
With this, my weapon drawn, I rushed upon him,
Surprised him suddenly, and brought him hither
To use[39] as you think needful of the man.
LUCIUS O worthy Goth, this is the incarnate devil
That robbed Andronicus of his good hand,
This is the pearl[42] that pleased your empress’ eye,
And here’s the base fruit[43] of his burning lust.—
Say, wall-eyed[44] slave, whither wouldst thou convey *To Aaron*
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speak? What, deaf? Not a word?
A halter, soldiers! Hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.
AARON Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.
LUCIUS Too like the sire[50] for ever being good.
First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl:[51]
A sight to vex the father’s soul withal.[52]
Get me a ladder. *A ladder is brought which Aaron is made to climb*
AARON Lucius, save the child, *A Goth takes the child*
And bear it from me to the emperess.
If thou do this, I’ll show thee wondrous things
That highly may advantage thee to hear.
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I’ll speak no more but ‘Vengeance rot you all!’
LUCIUS Say on, an if it please me which thou speak’st,
Thy child shall live and I will see it nourished.
AARON An if it please thee? Why, assure thee, Lucius,
’Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak,
For I must talk of murders, rapes and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots[66] of mischief, treason, villainies

Ruthful[67] to hear yet piteously performed:
And this shall all be buried by my death
Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.
LUCIUS Tell on thy mind, I say thy child shall live.
AARON Swear that he shall and then I will begin.
LUCIUS Who should I swear by? Thou believest no god:
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?
AARON What if I do not? — As indeed I do not —
Yet for[75] I know thou art religious
And hast a thing within thee called conscience,
With twenty popish[77] tricks and ceremonies
Which I have seen thee careful to observe:
Therefore I urge thy oath, for that I know
An idiot holds his bauble[80] for a god
And keeps the oath which by that god he swears,
To that I'll urge him: therefore thou shalt vow
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,
To save my boy, to nourish and bring him up,
Or else I will discover[86] nought to thee.
LUCIUS Even by my god I swear to thee I will.
AARON First know thou I begot him on the empress.
LUCIUS O most insatiate, luxurious[89] woman!
AARON Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity
To[91] that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
'Twas her two sons that murdered Bassianus,
They cut thy sister's tongue and ravished her
And cut her hands off and trimmed[94] her as thou saw'st.
LUCIUS O detestable villain! Call'st thou that trimming?
AARON Why, she was washed[96] and cut and trimmed, and 'twas
Trim[97] sport for them that had the doing of it.
LUCIUS O barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!
AARON Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them.
That codding[100] spirit had they from their mother,
As[101] sure a card as ever won the set:
That bloody[102] mind, I think, they learned of me,

As true a dog[103] as ever fought at head.
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
I trained[105] thy brethren to that guileful hole
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay:
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mentioned,
Confederate[109] with the queen and her two sons:
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?
I played the cheater[112] for thy father's hand,
And when I had it, drew myself apart
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter:
I pried me[115] through the crevice of a wall
When for his hand he had his two sons' heads,
Beheld his tears and laughed so heartily
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his.
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She swoonèd almost at my pleasing tale
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.
A GOTH What, canst thou say all this and never blush?
AARON Ay, like a black dog, as[123] the saying is.
LUCIUS Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?
AARON Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.
Even now I curse the day — and yet I think
Few come within the compass of my curse —
Wherein I did not some notorious ill,
As kill a man or else devise his death,
Ravish a maid or plot the way to do it,
Accuse some innocent and forswear myself,[131]
Set deadly enmity between two friends,
Make poor men's cattle break their necks,
Set fire on barns and haystacks in the night
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
Oft have I digged up dead men from their graves
And set them upright at their dear friends' door,
Even when their sorrows almost was forgot,

And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
'Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.'
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things
As willingly as one would kill a fly,
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.
LUCIUS Bring down the devil, for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging presently.[147] ***Aaron is made to climb down***
AARON If there be devils, would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue.
LUCIUS Sirs, stop his mouth and let him speak no more. ***Aaron is gagged***
Enter Emillius
A GOTH My lord, there is a messenger from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence.
LUCIUS Let him come near.
Welcome, Emillius what's the news from Rome?
EMILLIUS Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman emperor greets you all by me,
And for[159] he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages,[161]
And they shall be immediately delivered.
A GOTH What says our general?
LUCIUS Emillius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come. March away.
Flourish. Exeunt

[Act 5 Scene 2][5.2]

running scene 10

Enter Tamora and her two sons [Demetrius and Chiron,] disguised

TAMORA Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,[1]
I will encounter with Andronicus
And say I am Revenge, sent from below
To join with him and right his heinous wrongs:
Knock at his study, where they say he keeps,[5]
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge:
Tell[7] him Revenge is come to join with him
And work confusion[8] on his enemies.

They knock and Titus opens his study door **Aloft or within, holding papers**

TITUS Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me ope[10] the door,
That so my sad decrees[11] may fly away
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceived, for what I mean to do
See here in bloody lines[14] I have set down,
And what is written shall be executed.[15]

TAMORA Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

TITUS No, not a word. How can I grace[17] my talk,
Wanting[18] a hand to give it action?
Thou hast the odds of[19] me, therefore no more.

TAMORA If thou didst know me, thou would'st talk with me.

TITUS I am not mad, I know thee well enough:
Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson lines,
Witness these trenches[23] made by grief and care,
Witness the tiring day and heavy[24] night,
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora.
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

TAMORA Know, thou sad man, I am not Tamora:
She is thy enemy and I thy friend.
I am Revenge, sent from th'infernal kingdom

To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind
By working wreakful[32] vengeance on thy foes.
Come down and welcome me to this world’s light,
Confer with me of murder and of death:
There’s not a hollow cave or lurking place,
No vast obscurity or misty vale
Where bloody murder or detested rape
Can couch[38] for fear, but I will find them out,
And in their ears tell them my dreadful[39] name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offenders quake.
TITUS Art thou Revenge? And art thou sent to me
To be a torment to mine enemies?
TAMORA I am: therefore come down and welcome me.
TITUS Do me some service ere I come to thee.
Lo by thy side where Rape and Murder stands:
Now give some surance[46] that thou art Revenge:
Stab them or tear them on thy chariot-wheels,
And then I’ll come and be thy wagoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes,[49]
Provide thee two proper palfreys,[50] as black as jet,
To hale[51] thy vengeful wagon swift away,
And find out murder[52] in their guilty caves.
And when thy car[53] is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount and by the wagon wheel
Trot like a servile footman all day long,
Even from Hyperion’s[56] rising in the east
Until his very downfall[57] in the sea.
And day by day I’ll do this heavy task,
So[59] thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.
TAMORA These are my ministers, and come with me.
TITUS Are these thy ministers? What are they called?
TAMORA Rape and Murder, therefore callèd so,
Cause they take vengeance of[63] such kind of men.
TITUS Good Lord, how like the empress’ sons they are,
And you the empress! But we worldly[65] men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.

O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee,
And if one arm’s embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by.
[Exit aloft or within]
TAMORA This closing[70] with him fits his lunacy:
Whate’er I forge[71] to feed his brainsick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches,
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge,
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I’ll make him send for Lucius his son,
And whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,[76]
I’ll find some cunning practice[77] out of hand
To scatter and disperse the giddy[78] Goths,
Or at the least make them his enemies.
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.[80]
[Enter Titus, on main stage]
TITUS Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee.
Welcome, dread Fury,[82] to my woeful house:
Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too.
How like the empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted,[85] had you but a Moor:
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?
For well I wot the empress never wags[87]
But in her company there is a Moor,
And, would you represent our queen aright
It were convenient[90] you had such a devil.
But welcome as you are. What shall we do?
TAMORA What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?
DEMETRIUS Show me a murderer, I’ll deal with[93] him.
CHIRON Show me a villain that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be revenged on him.
TAMORA Show me a thousand that have done thee wrong,
And I’ll be revengèd on them all.
TITUS Look round about the wicked streets of Rome, ***To Demetrius***
And when thou find’st a man that’s like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him: he’s a murderer.—

Go thou with him, and when it is thy hap[101] ***To Chiron***
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him: he is a ravisher.—
Go thou with them, and in the emperor's court ***To Tamora***
There is a queen, attended by a Moor —
Well mayst thou know her by thy own proportion,[106]
For up and down[107] she doth resemble thee —
I pray thee do on them some violent death:
They have been violent to me and mine.
TAMORA Well hast thou lessoned us: this shall we do.
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice-valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house?
When he is here, even at thy solemn[115] feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself and all thy foes,
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device?
Enter Marcus
TITUS Marcus, my brother! 'Tis sad Titus calls.
Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius —
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths —
Bid him repair[124] to me and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths.
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are:
Tell him the emperor and the empress too
Feasts at my house, and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love, and so let him,
As he regards his agèd father's life.
MARCUS This will I do, and soon return again.
[Exit]
TAMORA Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.
TITUS Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me,

Or else I’ll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but[136] Lucius.
TAMORA What say you, boys? Will you bide with him ***Aside to her sons***
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor
How I have governed[139] our determined jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth[140] and speak him fair,
And tarry with him till I turn[141] again.
TITUS I know them all, though they suppose me mad, ***Aside***
And will o’erreach them in their own devices:
A pair of cursèd hell-hounds and their dam!
DEMETRIUS Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.
TAMORA Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.
TITUS I know thou dost, and, sweet Revenge, farewell.
[Exit Tamora]
CHIRON Tell us, old man, how shall we be employed?
TITUS Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—
Publius, come hither.— Caius and Valentine!
[Enter Publius, Caius and Valentine]
PUBLIUS What is your will?
TITUS Know you these two?
PUBLIUS The empress’ sons, I take them: Chiron, Demetrius.
TITUS Fie, Publius, fie, thou art too much deceived:
The one is Murder, Rape is the other’s name,
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius.
Caius and Valentine, lay hands on them.
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it: therefore bind them sure, ***They seize Chiron***
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.[161]
[Exit] ***and Demetrius***
CHIRON Villains, forbear![162] We are the empress’ sons.
PUBLIUS And therefore[163] do we what we are commanded.
Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word.
Is he sure bound? Look that you bind them fast.
Enter Titus Andronicus with a knife, and Lavinia with a basin
TITUS Come, come, Lavinia: look, thy foes are bound.

Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me,
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius,
Here stands the spring[170] whom you have stained with mud,
This goodly summer with your winter mixed.
You killed her husband, and for that vile fault
Two of her brothers were condemned to death,
My hand cut off and made a merry jest,
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrained and forced.
What would you say if I should let you speak?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr[180] you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
Whilst that Lavinia ’tween her stumps doth hold
The basin that receives your guilty blood.
You know your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself Revenge and thinks me mad:
Hark, villains, I will grind your bones to dust
And with your blood and it I’ll make a paste,[187]
And of the paste a coffin[188] I will rear
And make two pasties[189] of your shameful heads,
And bid that strumpet,[190] your unhallowed dam,
Like to the earth swallow her own increase.[191]
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit[193] on:
For worse than Philomel you used my daughter,
And worse than Progne[195] I will be revenged.
And now prepare your throats. Lavinia, come,
Receive the blood, and when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small
And with this hateful liquor temper[199] it,
And in that paste let their vile heads be baked.
Come, come, be everyone officious[201]
To make this banquet, which I wish might prove

More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.[203]
He cuts their throats
So, now bring them in, for I'll play the cook,
And see them ready gainst[205] their mother comes.
Exeunt [with the bodies]

[Act 5 Scene 3][5.3]

running scene 10 continues

Enter Lucius, Marcus and the Goths [with Aaron prisoner and one carrying the child]

LUCIUS Uncle Marcus, since ’tis my father’s mind
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

A GOTH And ours with thine,[3] befall what fortune will.

LUCIUS Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tiger, this accursèd devil:
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him
Till he be brought unto the empress’ face
For testimony of her foul proceedings.
And see the ambush[9] of our friends be strong:
I fear the emperor means no good to us.

AARON Some devil whisper curses in my ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart.

LUCIUS Away, inhuman dog, unhallowed slave!—
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in. *Flourish*.

[Exeunt some Goths with Aaron]

The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

Sound trumpets. Enter Emperor and Empress, with Tribunes and others [including Emillius]

SATURNINUS What, hath the firmament[17] more suns than one?

LUCIUS What boots[18] it thee to call thyself a sun?

MARCUS Rome’s emperor, and nephew, break the parle:[19]
These quarrels must be quietly debated.
The feast is ready which the careful[21] Titus
Hath ordainèd to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league and good to Rome:
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

SATURNINUS Marcus, we will.

Hautboys. A table brought in

Enter Titus like a cook, placing the meat on the table, and Lavinia with a veil over her face
[and Young Lucius]

TITUS Welcome, my gracious lord.— Welcome, dread queen.—
Welcome, ye warlike Goths.— Welcome, Lucius.—
And welcome, all. Although the cheer[28] be poor,
’Twill fill your stomachs. Please you eat of it.
SATURNINUS Why art thou thus attired, Andronicus?
TITUS Because I would be sure to have all well
To entertain your highness and your empress.
TAMORA We are beholding[33] to you, good Andronicus.
TITUS An if your highness knew my heart, you were.
My lord the emperor, resolve me this:
Was it well done of rash Virginius[36]
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforced, stained and deflowered?
SATURNINUS It was, Andronicus.
TITUS Your reason, mighty lord?
SATURNINUS Because[41] the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still[42] renew his sorrows.
TITUS A reason mighty, strong and effectual:
A pattern, precedent and lively[44] warrant
For me, most wretched, to perform the like. ***Unveils Lavinia***
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee,
And with thy shame thy father’s sorrow die!
He kills her
SATURNINUS What hast done? Unnatural and unkind![48]
TITUS Killed her for whom my tears have made me blind.
I am as woeful as Virginius was,
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage:[52] and it now is done.
SATURNINUS What, was she ravished? Tell who did the deed.
TITUS Will’t please you eat? Will’t please your highness feed?
TAMORA Why hast thou slain thine only daughter?
TITUS Not I, ’twas Chiron and Demetrius:
They ravished her and cut away her tongue,

And they, ’twas they, that did her all this wrong.
SATURNINUS Go fetch them hither to us presently.
TITUS Why, there they are both, bakèd in that pie,
Whereof their mother daintily[61] hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
’Tis true, ’tis true, witness my knife’s sharp point.
He stabs the Empress
SATURNINUS Die, frantic wretch, for this accursèd deed! ***Kills Titus***
LUCIUS Can the son’s eye behold his father bleed?
There’s meed for meed,[66] death for a deadly deed. ***Kills Saturninus. An uproar, during which Lucius and Marcus may go aloft***
MARCUS You sad-faced men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproars severed, like a flight of fowl
Scattered by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again
This scattered corn into one mutual[71] sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body.
A GOTH Let Rome herself be bane[73] unto herself,
And she whom mighty kingdoms curtsy to,
Like a forlorn[75] and desperate castaway,
Do shameful execution on herself.
MARCUS But if my frosty signs[77] and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,
Speak, Rome’s dear friend, as erst[80] our ancestor, ***To Lucius***
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
To lovesick Dido’s sad attending ear
The story of that baleful[83] burning night
When subtle[84] Greeks surprised King Priam’s Troy.
Tell us what Sinon[85] hath bewitched our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine[86] in
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.
My heart is not compact[88] of flint nor steel,
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory
And break my very utterance, even in the time

When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind hand commiseration.
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale:
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

LUCIUS This, noble auditory,[96] be it known to you,
That cursèd Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murderèd our emperor's brother,
And they it were that ravishèd our sister.
For their fell[100] faults our brothers were beheaded,
Our father's tears despised and basely cozened[101]
Of that true hand that fought[102] Rome's quarrel out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave.
Lastly, myself unkindly[104] banishèd,
The gates shut on me, and turned weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies,
Who drowned their enmity in my true tears
And oped their arms to embrace me as a friend.
And I am turned forth, be it known to you,
That have preserved her welfare in my blood,
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous[112] body.
Alas, you know I am no vaunter,[113] I:
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just and full of truth.
But soft, methinks I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise: O, pardon me,
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

MARCUS Now is my turn to speak. Behold this child: ***Points to the baby***
Of this was Tamora deliverèd,
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes.
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
And as he is to witness this is true,
Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge
These wrongs unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.

Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans?
Have we done aught[129] amiss? Show us wherein,
And from the place where you behold us now,
The poor[131] remainder of Andronici
Will hand in hand all headlong cast us down
And on the ragged[133] stones beat forth our brains
And make a mutual closure of our house.
Speak, Romans, speak: and if you say we shall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

EMILLIUS Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius, our emperor, for well I know
The common voice do cry it shall be so.

MARCUS Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal emperor!—
Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house, ***To Goths***
And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudged some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life. [*Exeunt Goths*]

[Lucius and Marcus may descend]

ALL ROMANS Lucius, all hail, to Rome's gracious governor!

LUCIUS Thanks, gentle Romans. May I govern so
To heal Rome's harms and wipe away her woe!
But, gentle people, give me aim[149] awhile,
For nature puts me to a heavy task:
Stand all aloof,[151] but, uncle, draw you near
To shed obsequious[152] tears upon this trunk.—
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale, cold lips, ***Kisses Titus***
These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stained face,
The last true duties of thy noble son!

MARCUS Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss, ***Kisses Titus***
Thy brother Marcus tenders[157] on thy lips.
O were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them.

LUCIUS Come hither, boy, come, come, and learn of us ***To his son***
To melt in showers. Thy grandsire loved thee well:
Many a time he danced thee on his knee,

Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow:
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet[165] and agreeing with thine infancy:
In that respect, then, like a loving child
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring
Because kind nature doth require it so.
Friends should associate[169] friends in grief and woe:
Bid him farewell, commit him to the grave,
Do him that kindness and take leave of him.

BOY O grandsire, grandsire, even with all my heart ***Kisses Titus***
Would I were dead, so you did live again.
O Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping,
My tears will choke me if I ope my mouth.

[Enter Aaron guarded by Goths]

A ROMAN You sad Andronici, have done with woes,
Give sentence on this execrable wretch
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

LUCIUS Set him breast-deep in earth and famish[179] him:
There let him stand and rave and cry for food.
If anyone relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom:[182]
Some stay to see him fastened in the earth.

AARON O, why should wrath be mute and fury dumb?
I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evils I have done:
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
Would I perform, if I might have my will.
If one good deed in all my life I did
I do repent it from my very soul.

LUCIUS Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father’s grave:
My father and Lavinia shall forthwith
Be closèd in our household’s monument.
As for that heinous[195] tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mourning weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial,

But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey:
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity,
And being so, shall have like want of pity.
{See justice done on Aaron, that damned Moor,}
{From whom our heavy haps[202] had their beginning:}
{Then afterwards, to order well the state,}
{That like events may ne’er it ruinate.}

Exeunt all [with the bodies]

Textual Notes

Q = First Quarto text of 1594
Q2 = Second Quarto text of 1600
F = First Folio text of 1623
F2 = a correction introduced in the Second Folio text of 1632
F3 = a correction introduced in the Third Folio text of 1663
F4 = a correction introduced in the Fourth Folio text of 1685
Ed = a correction introduced by a later editor
SD = stage direction
SH = speech heading (i.e., speaker’s name)

List of parts = Ed

1.1.18 SH MARCUS = Ed. *Not in* F **23 Pius** = Q. F = *Pious* **71 freight** *spelled* fraught *in* F **132 not** = Q. F = me **174 are** = Q. F = are all **214 friends** = Q. F = Friend? **223 suit** = Ed. F = sure. Q = sute **224 our** = Q. F = your **242 Pantheon** = F2. F = *Pathan* **252 thy** = Q. F = my **258 you** = Q. F = your **259 your honour** = Q. F = you Honor **269 you** = Q. F = your 280 *cuique* = F2. F = *cuiquam* **318 Phoebe** = F2. F = *Thebe* **352 hundred** *spelled* hundreth in F **362 vouch** = Q. F = vouch’d **366 struck** *spelled* stroke *in* F **382 wise** = Q. *Not in* F **392 SH MARCUS…SONS** = Ed. F = *They all kneele and say* **401 SH MARCUS** = Ed. *Not in* F *(the line is only in* F, *not* Q1–3*)* **450 you** = Q. F = vs **454 raze** *spelled* race in F **462 SH SATURNINUS** = Q. F = *King*. **477 SH LUCIUS** = Ed. F = *Son* **487 SD *stand up*** *printed as part of the dialogue in* F (“haynous faults. / Stand vp:”) **489 swore** = Q. F = sware **497 SD *Flourish*** *placed at the beginning of the next scene in* F

2.1.4 above = Q. F = about **22 nymph** = Q. F = Queene **26 want** = F2. F = wants **64 petty** = Q. F = pretty **66 jet** = Q. F = set **72 discord’s** = Q. F = discord **107 That…speed** = Q. *Not in* F **117 than** = Ed. F = this

2.2.18 broad = Q. *Not in* F **26 like** = Q. F = likes

2.3.54 quarrels = Q. F = quarrell **56 her** = Q. F = our **64 thy** = Q. F = his **85 note** = Ed. F = notice **136 woman’s** = Q. F = woman **204 hurt** = Q. *Not in* F **236 Cocytus’** = F2. F = *Ocitus* **245 SD *Both*** = Ed. F = *Boths* **260 SH SATURNINUS** = Q.F = *King*. **gride** = Ed. F = grieu’d **268 SH SATURNINUS** = Ed. *Not in* F

2.4.5 scrawl = Q (scrowle). F = scowle **11 SH MARCUS** = Ed. *Not in* F *(but implied in previous SD)* **27 him** = Ed. F = them **30 three** = Ed. F = their

3.1.12 two = Ed. *Not in* F **28 you** = Q. *Not in* F **34 or** = Q2. F = oh **did mark** = Q. F = did heare **115 them** = Q. F = him **125 like** = Q. F = in **146 his true** = F4. F = hertrue 150, 174, **189 SH AARON** = Ed. F = *Moore* **193 your** = Q. F = you **194 my** = Q. F = me **198 for** = Q. F = for for **226 blow** = F2. F = flow **256 hand** = Q. F = hands **257 son** = Q. F = sonnes **260 thy** = Q. F = my **261 Rend** *spelled* Rent in F **299 like** = Q. F = likes

3.2.13 with outrageous = F2. F = without ragious **39 complainer** = Ed. F = complaynet **52 thy knife** = F2. F = knife **53 fly** = Ed. F = Flys **54 thee** = F3. F = the **55 are** = F2. *Not in* F **72 myself** = F2. F = my selfes

4.1.9 her not= Q. F = not **41 for** = Q. F = to **47 SD *Helps her*** *printed as part of the dialogue in* F (“Helpe her, what would she finde”) **65 erst** = Q. F = ersts **72 here** = Ed. *Not in* F **79 writ** = Q. F = writs **93 swore** = F3. F = sweare

4.2.8 SH BOY…news, = Q. *Not in* F **15 that** = Ed. *Not in* F **27 them** = Q. F = the **44 your** = Q. F = you **70 fair-faced** = Q. F = fairest **78 SH AARON…mother** = Q. *Not in* F **141 as** = Q. F = at **154 Muly lives** = Ed. F = *Muliteus*

4.3.48 backs = Q. F = backe **56 Saturn, Caius** = Ed. F = *Saturnine,* to *Caius* **77 his** = Q. F = your **109 must take** = Ed.F = hast made

4.4.5 know, as know= Q. F = know **24–5 she**…**she** = Ed. F = he…he **34 SD** *Aside printed at line 35 in* F **43 SD *Saturninus*** = Ed. F = *He* **58 SD *a Messenger*** = Ed. F = *Nuntius (Latin for “messenger”)* **98 to be** = Q. F = to **101 Even**…**Andronicus** = Q. *Not in* F **111 to** = Q. F = for

5.1.9 SH FIRST GOTH = Ed.F = *Goth*. **13 Be bold** = Q. F = behold **17 SH ALL THE GOTHS** = F2. *Not in* F **20 SH SECOND** = Ed. *Not in* F **53 Get**…**ladder** *assigned to Aaron in* F **87 to** = Q. F = to to **120 swoonèd** *spelled* sounded *in* F **127 the** = Q. F = few **156 what’s** = Q. F = what

5.2.31 thy = Q. F = the **32 thy** = Q. F = my **52 caves** = F2. F = cares **56 Hyperion’s** = F2. F = *Eptons* **61 these** = Ed. F = them **80 ply** = Q. F = play **161 And**…**cry** = Q. *Not in* F 165 F *mistakenly prints “Exeunt” here* **191 own** = Q. *Not in* F

5.3.7 empress’ = Q. F = Emperous **10 I fear** = Q. F = If ere **52 To**…**done** = Q. *Not in* F **73 SH A GOTH** = F *(Goth)*. Q = *Romane Lord* **74 curtsy** *spelled* cursie *in* F **77 SH MARCUS** = Ed. F *continues with Goth as speaker*, Q *with Romane Lord* **93–7 Lending**…**Demetrius** = F. Q = And force you to commiseration, / Her’s Romes young Captaine let him tell the tale, / While I stand by and weepe to heare him speake. / *Lucius*. Then gratious auditorie be it knowne to you, / That *Chiron* and the damn’d *Demetrius* **125 cause** = F4. F = course **130 now** = F. Q = pleading **132 cast us down** = F. Q = hurle our selues **133 brains** = F. Q = soules **146 SH ALL ROMANS** = Ed. *Not in* F **154 blood-stained** = F3. F = bloud-slaine **164 matter** = F. Q = storie 165–**9 Meet**…**woe** = F. Q = And bid thee bare his prettie tales in minde, / And talke of them when he was dead and gone. / *Marcus*. How manie thousand times hath these poore lips, / When they were liuing warmd themselues on thine, / Oh now sweete boy giue them their latest kisse **176 SH A ROMAN** = Q. F = *Romans*. **196 mourning** = Q. F = mournfull

Act 1 Scene 1

1.1 ***Location:*** *Rome (outside the senate house or Capitol)* ***Flourish*** trumpet fanfare accompanying the arrival or departure of a person or people of rank ***Tribunes*** officials appointed to protect the interests and rights of the people ***aloft*** i.e., on the upper staging level or gallery ***Saturninus*** a name suggestive of a saturnine temperament, i.e., gloomy, sullen, sluggish ***Drum and Colours*** drummers and flagbearers

1 **patricians** Roman noblemen **patrons** protectors, supporters

4 **successive** hereditary

5 **that** of he who

6 **diadem** crown

7 **honours** respect due to rank/reputation/dignity

11 **gracious** popular/worthy of favor

12 **Keep** guard **Capitol** hill on which the temple of Jupiter stood; used in the play as the location of the senate house (the seat of government)

13 **suffer not** do not permit

14 **virtue consecrate** worth consecrated

15 **continence** self-restraint

16 **desert** merit, worth **pure election** free choice (as opposed to automatic inheritance by the eldest son)

19 **empery** status of emperor/absolute dominion

21 **A special party** i.e., elected representative (a tribune) **voice** vote/consensus

23 **surnamèd** given the honorary name **Pius** i.e., dutiful, patriotic, just (embodying the virtues of Rome’s legendary founder, Pius Aeneas)

24 **deserts** worthy deeds, actions deserving reward

27 **accited** summoned

29 **That** he who

30 **yoked** conquered

38 **flourishing** vigorous, thriving, eminent

39 **honour…succeed** the honorable name of the candidate you wish to succeed worthily to the empery (i.e., “your own honor” as the speech is addressed to Saturninus and Bassianus, each of whom wants the empery)

42 **pretend** claim

44 **suitors** petitioners

45 **deserts** deservings, rights

46 **fair** courteously, in a balanced manner

47 **affy** trust

51 **all** entirely

56 **forward in** active in supporting

61 **confident and kind** trustful and well-disposed

63 **competitor** fellow candidate

65 **Patron** protector/pattern **champion** defender

68 **circumscribèd** confined ***Tamora*** her name may be an allusion to Tomyris, Queen of the Massagetae, who carried out a bloody revenge on Cyrus of Persia after he had attacked her lands and killed her son; it perhaps suggests "amor" (Latin for "love") and the object of her desire, the "Moor" ***Aaron*** "aron," which is how the name is spelled in the earliest (Quarto) text, is the name of a bitter herb ***Moor*** person of either African or Middle Eastern origin; a term often used to refer to someone from Barbary, in north Africa

70 **weeds** garments

71 **bark** small ship

72 **lading** cargo (i.e., fresh goods picked up after the discharge of the original load)

73 **anchorage** anchors

77 **Thou** i.e., Jupiter Capitolinus, guardian of the city

78 **Stand gracious to** look favorably on

80 **King Priam** King of Troy and father of fifty sons, nearly all of whom were slain in the Trojan War

83 **latest** last

84 **With** i.e., let Rome reward with

85 **given me leave** allowed me (i.e., as they have been defeated)

86 **unkind** lacking in natural family feeling **careless** negligent, having no care

88 **Styx** river forming the boundary to the classical underworld, which could only be crossed by souls whose bodies had been properly buried

90 **wont** accustomed

93 **cell** storehouse

95 **more** again

97 **hew** hack

98 ***Ad manus fratrum*** "to the hands of our brothers" (Latin)

100 **That so** so that **shadows** ghosts

101 **prodigies** ill omens/unnatural events

104 **gracious** favored/merciful

105 **rue** feel pity for

106 **passion** grief

109 **Sufficeth not** is it not enough

110 **triumphs** victorious processions into Rome

121 **Patient** calm

127 **straight** straightaway

129 **clean** totally

131 **Scythia** ancient region extending over much of eastern Europe and Asiatic Russia, notorious for its barbarous inhabitants

132 **Oppose** compare

135 **withal** as well

136 **Queen…tent** Hecuba, the wife of King Priam of Troy, took revenge for the death of her son Polydorus by blinding his murderer, the **Thracian** King Polymestor **sharp** severe/merciless

141 **quit** requite, repay

144 **entrails** bowels, intestines

147 **’larums** trumpet calls

149 **latest** final

153 **envy** malice

158 **fame** honor/renown

159 **tributary** paid as a tribute/like tributary rivers

160 **obsequies** commemorative rites

166 **cordial** medicine which invigorates the heart

168 **And…praise** i.e., may you outlive even eternal fame, on account of your virtue

171 **gentle** kind/noble

174 **your…all** i.e., the living and the dead share the same honor

176 **triumph** ceremonial victory celebration

177 **aspired** risen **Solon’s happiness** the ancient Greek philosopher and lawgiver Solon observed that man is only securely happy when dead

178 **bed** i.e., the grave

181 **tribune…trust** trusted representative

182 **palliament** candidate’s gown (George Peele is the only writer in English to use this word, evidence strongly suggesting his authorship of this scene)

185 ***candidatus*** “candidate” (literally “one clad in a white robe”)

187 **fits** befits, suits

192 **set abroad** generate

197 **right and service** defending the just cause

201 **obtain and ask** obtain if you ask

206 **would** I wish

211 **wean…themselves** reconcile them to not getting their own way

216 **meed** reward

218 **voices…suffrages** votes

221 **gratulate** express joy at, salute

222 **admits** acknowledges (as lawful successor)

223 **suit** formal request

224 **create** appoint

226 **Titan** Roman sun god

236 **in…deserts** as part-payment of the reward you deserve

237 **gentleness** kindness/nobility

238 **an onset** a start

242 **Pantheon** circular temple dedicated to all the gods

243 **motion** proposal

245 **hold me** consider myself **of** by

252 **ensigns** symbols, tokens

256 **unspeakable** inexpressible

257 **fealty** obligation of allegiance

259 **for** because of **state** high rank

260 **use** treat (with possible anticipatory play on the sense of “have sex with”)

261 **hue** appearance/complexion

264 **cheer** facial expression

267 **Rest** rely

268 **he comforts** he who comforts

271 **sith** since

272 **Warrants** justifies/acts as a pledge for/authenticates

278 **withal** moreover

279 **reason** justified course of action

280 **‘*Suum cuique*’** “to each his own” (Latin)

283 **avaunt** be gone

284 **surprised** ambushed, captured unexpectedly

293 **Lucius, help** Lucius may reenter or may have remained at the rear of Bassianus’ party

295 **quarrel** (hostile) cause

296 **Nor** neither

303 **by leisure** barely (i.e., I will not be quick to)

306 **Was none** was there no one **stale** laughingstock (especially a ridiculed lover)/person used as a tool for a sinister purpose

311 **changing piece** fickle woman (**piece** is derogatory)

312 **flourished** brandished

314 **bandy** brawl

315 **ruffle** fight

318 **Phoebe** or Diana, Roman goddess of the moon, chastity, and hunting

319 **overshine** outshine **gallant’st** finest looking

326 **tapers** candles

327 **Hymenaeus** god of marriage

335 **Pantheon** to the Pantheon

338 **Whose…conquerèd** i.e., who has wisely overcome her misfortune by accepting Saturninus

340 **bid** invited

341 **wont** accustomed

342 **challengèd** accused

349 **becomes** is fitting

353 **re-edified** rebuilt, restored

354 **servitors** servants/soldiers

359 **bretheren** brothers

360 **TITUS’ TWO SONS** i.e., Quintus and Martius, though the theater audience never hears their names

362 **vouch** maintain, assert

363 **in my despite** in contemptuous disregard of me/as an act of malice toward me

366 **crest** helmet (perhaps, anachronistically, with heraldic connotations)

368 **repute** consider

374 **speed** succeed/be satisfied

377 **Suffer** allow

381 **The…funerals** the Greek warrior Ajax, in a frenzy of rage because the dead Achilles’ armor had been awarded to Odysseus rather than himself, killed a flock of sheep in the maddened belief that they were Greek generals; he committed suicide in shame, but received a proper burial after Odysseus (**Laertes’ son**) persuaded the Greeks that he deserved one **advice** deliberation

387 **dismall’st** most ominous

391 **trophies** memorials to a military victory

394 **dumps** melancholy mood, dejection

395 **subtle** cunning, wily

397 **is** is so

398 **device** scheming

399 **beholding** beholden, indebted

402 **played your prize** won your bout (fencing term)

407 **rape** seizure (of Lavinia)

411 **that** that which

412 **’Tis good** very well

413 **sharp** curt, short, dismissive (but with sinister play on the sense of “violent”)

415 **Answer** be answerable for (it)

419 **opinion** reputation

423 **controlled** checked, thwarted **frankly** freely, unconditionally

427 **leave to plead** i.e., leave off pleading on behalf of

428 **those** i.e., Titus’ sons and brother

433 **indifferently** impartially

436 **put it up** submit to it

437 **forfend** forbid

438 **author to dishonour** responsible for dishonoring

439 **undertake** vouch

441 **fury…griefs** genuine fury attests to the truth of his grief

443 **vain suppose** needless supposition

446 **Dissemble** disguise

449 **survey** consideration, examination

452 **at entreats** to entreaty **let me alone** leave it to me

454 **raze** erase, obliterate

456 **suèd** pleaded

460 **Take up** bid to rise

465 **incorporate in** formally admitted to by legal procedure/part of the body of

466 **happily** fortunately, opportunely

471 **For** as for

479 **Tend’ring** while having regard for

480 **protest** declare, affirm

488 **churl** ungenerous person

489 **friend** (generous) patron/lover

493 **love-day** day for amicable reconciliation/day for lovemaking

494 **an** if

495 **hart** male deer

496 ***bonjour*** “good day” (French)

497 ***gramercy*** “great thanks” (from the French *grand merci*)

Act 2 Scene 1

1 **Olympus** the mountain home of the Greek gods

3 **of** from

6 **gilt** covered with gold, i.e., shone over

7 **Gallops** gallops through **glistering** glittering

8 **overlooks** looks down on

10 **wit** intelligence/ingenuity; it also has sexual connotations of “genitals” in certain contexts

14 **mount her pitch** rise to the highest point of her flight (falconry term; **mount** has sexual connotations) **in triumph** as a victorious conqueror (who would return to Rome leading his chained prisoners behind his chariot)

16 **charming** spell-casting

17 **Prometheus…Caucasus** in punishment for stealing fire from the gods, Prometheus was chained to a rock in the Caucasus mountains where he had his liver perpetually gnawed by an eagle

18 **weeds** garments **idle** worthless/weary

21 **wanton** frolic lasciviously **queen** puns on “quean” (i.e., prostitute)

22 **Semiramis** Assyrian queen famed for beauty, cruelty, and lust

23 **siren** bewitching creature (part-woman, part-bird, though often confused with the mermaid); her enchanting singing lured sailors to shipwreck ***braving*** challenging one another, behaving with bravado

26 **want** lack **edge** sharpness; there seems to be a sexual play around “wit” here

27 **graced** favored

28 **aught** anything **affected** loved

29 **overween** presume

30 **bear me down** subdue me **braves** bravado, boasts

34 **serve** plays on the sense of “have sex”

35 **approve** prove

37 **Clubs, clubs!** rallying cry to summon apprentices armed with clubs to suppress a riot

38 **unadvised** ill-advisedly

39 **dancing-rapier** sword worn only for ornament when dancing

40 **friends** relatives

41 **Go to** expression of impatient dismissal **lath** stage sword made of wood

45 **brave** defiant, insolent

47 **near…draw** in Elizabethan England, it was illegal to draw weapons near a royal residence

49 **wot** know

54 **put up** sheathe your swords

64 **brabble** brawl, quarrel **undo** ruin

66 **jet** encroach

67 **loose** unchaste, promiscuous

70 **controlment** restraint

72 **ground** basis (puns on the musical sense of “base melody, on which variations are developed”)

73 **knew she** if she knew

75 **meaner** humbler, lower-ranking

79 **brook** tolerate

81 **device** scheme, intention

82 **deaths** perhaps plays on secondary meaning of death as “sexual orgasm” **propose** be ready to meet

85 **mak’st…strange** do you find it so odd

91 **shive** slice

93 **Vulcan’s badge** i.e., the cuckold’s horns traditionally supposed to be worn by a man with an unfaithful wife (Vulcan’s wife Venus slept with Mars)

95 **court it** play the courtier/woo

97 **struck…nose** killed a deer and smuggled it away without the gamekeeper noticing (**struck a doe** plays on the sense of “had sex with a woman or whore”; **doe** female fallow deer)

99 **snatch** seizure of the prey/hasty sexual act (the modern “quickie”)

100 **serve your turns** serve your purposes/render sexual service (Chiron plays on this sense in his reply)

102 **hit it** hit the point exactly/shot the prey (in his reply, Aaron shifts the sense to “penetrated the vagina”)

104 **ado** fuss/copulating

106 **square for** quarrel over

109 **so** provided that

110 **join…jar** join forces to obtain what you quarrel over

111 **policy** cunning/strategy

112 **affect** aim at

113 **as…may** achieve in the way you would like you must accomplish any way you can

115 **Lucrece** virtuous Roman wife who killed herself after being raped by Tarquin

117 **ling’ring languishment** protracted love-sorrow

119 **solemn** ceremonial

120 **troop** gather, assemble

122 **plots** spots (perhaps suggestive of the sense of “schemes”)

123 **kind** nature

124 **Single** select, isolate (an animal from the herd) **dainty** choice/pleasing to the palate/delicately pretty

125 **strike her home** fatally wound the deer/penetrate the vaginal target

126 **stand** perhaps with connotations of penile erection

127 **sacred** devoted (to villainy)/accursed

130 **file our engines** sharpen our stratagems

131 **square yourselves** thwart yourselves with quarreling

133 **house of Fame** house of whispering, gossip and rumor (described in Ovid’s *Metamorphoses* and Chaucer’s *House of Fame*)

135 **dreadful** inspiring awe and fear

136 **strike** take action/attack/penetrate sexually **turns** plays on the sense of “sexual acts”

138 **treasury** with the slang sense of “vagina”

140 ***Sit…nefas*** “be it right or wrong” (Latin)

142 ***Per…vehor*** “I am carried through the Stygian regions, through the realm of the shades”—i.e., “I am in hell” (Latin, adapted from Seneca’s *Hippolytus*)

Act 2 Scene 2

2.2 ***Location:*** *Rome (outside the emperor’s palace). Hitherto*, *the style of the play has been mainly that of Peele; henceforth*, *it is mainly that of Shakespeare*

1 **up** afoot

3 **Uncouple** release the hounds (who were fastened in couples) **bay** deep prolonged barking of hunting hounds

5 **hunter’s peal** horn-blowing to rouse the hounds

7 **charge** responsibility ***Wind*** blow a blast on

14 **lustily** heartily

16 **how** what

23 **chase** royal hunting grounds

24 **promontory** mountain ridge

Act 2 Scene 3

2.3 ***Location:*** *a forest near Rome*

3 **inherit** possess

5 **coin** create (literally, stamp metal to form a coin)

6 **beget** conceive, create

9 **alms…chest** i.e., this gold from Tamora’s treasury

10 **wherefore** why

11 **boast** show

21 **conflict** sex

22 **wand’ring…Dido** while on his sea-wanderings after the fall of Troy, Aeneas landed in Carthage and fell in love with Queen Dido; when out hunting they were caught in a storm and took refuge in a **cave** where they made love (celebrated in Virgil’s *Aeneid*)

23 **happy** fortuitous

24 **counsel-keeping** secret-keeping

30 **Venus** Roman goddess of love

31 **Saturn** the planet’s influence was supposed to make men sullen and melancholy **dominator** dominant planet

32 **deadly-standing** death-dealing

37 **venereal** erotic, lustful (from Venus)

41 **hopes** hopes for

43 **Philomel** Tereus raped Philomel and cut her **tongue** out to prevent her naming him as the perpetrator; she revealed his identity by weaving an account of what had happened

46 **Take it up** take it

49 **parcel** part **hopeful** hoped-for/promising

53 **cross** antagonistic, quarrelsome

56 **Unfurnished…troop** not equipped with a suitable escort

57 **Dian** Diana, Roman goddess of hunting, and chastity **habited** dressed

59 **general** participated in by all

60 **Saucy** insolent **controller** critic/official responsible for household finances (i.e., one of lower status)

62 **presently** immediately

63 **Actaeon** having seen Diana bathing naked, Actaeon was punished by being turned into a stag and hunted by his own **hounds**

64 **drive** rush

66 **Under your patience** if I may say so **gentle** noble

67 **horning** giving cuckold’s horns (i.e., being unfaithful to one’s husband)

68 **doubted** suspected

69 **Are singled forth** have deliberately separated yourselves (as an animal is from the herd) **experiments** i.e., sexual exploration

70 **Jove** supreme Roman god

72 **swarth** swarthy (i.e., black) **Cimmerian** one of a people who were supposed to live in darkness (i.e., the dark-skinned Aaron)

75 **sequestered** separated **train** retinue

81 **Great reason** i.e., no wonder **rated** berated, chastised

83 **joy** enjoy

84 **passing** surpassingly

86 **slips** moral errors/sexual lapses **noted** notorious, branded with disgrace/the subject of talk

92 **’ticed** enticed

95 **O’ercome** overgrown **baleful** deadly, poisonous

97 **fatal** ominous **raven** like the **owl**, a bird whose call was associated with death

101 **toads** thought to be poisonous **urchins** goblins, elves

104 **straight** straightaway **suddenly** immediately

107 **dismal** ominous

110 **Goth** probably pronounced “goat,” a proverbially lascivious animal

118 **Semiramis** Assyrian queen noted for beauty, cruelty, and lust

120 **poniard** dagger

123 **thrash** plays on the sense of “have sex”

124 **minion** hussy **stood upon** insisted upon, made much of

126 **painted** i.e., false

128 **An if** if

131 **honey** sexual sweets

132 **outlive** live longer

133 **warrant** assure, guarantee

134 **perforce** by force

135 **nice-preservèd honesty** fastidiously maintained chastity

142 **dam** mother

143 **learn** teach

145 **tyranny** violence, cruelty, villainy

146 **sons alike** identical sons

149 **raven** a bird of ill omen, associated with (moral) blackness and with “ravening” (ravishing/devoring) **lark** associated with the brightness of morning and, because of its high flight, heaven

150 **it** it to be so

152 **paws** claws

153 **forlorn** abandoned, destitute

154 **birds** chicks

156 **Nothing…pitiful** if not as kind (as the fostering raven), then at least somewhat pitiful

157 **it** i.e., pity

166 **use** treat/employ sexually

172 **Fond** foolish

173 **present** immediate

174 **womanhood** female modesty **denies** forbids

176 **tumble** ironically to “tumble” can also mean “to have sex with”

179 **fee** payment, i.e., sexual entitlement

181 **stayed** delayed

183 **our general name** the reputation of womankind

184 **Confusion** ruin, disorder/shame/mental disturbance

187 **make her sure** secure her, i.e., ensure she is no threat to us

189 **Andronici** Latin plural of “Andronicus,” i.e., the whole family **made away** killed

191 **spleenful** violent, lustful (the spleen was regarded as the seat of strong passions) **trull** whore

192 **better foot before** best foot forward

195 **dull** lacking keenness of perception (associated with a melancholy and foreboding)

198 **subtle** treacherous, crafty, disguised

199 **rude-growing** wild, uncultivated

204 **object** sight

210 **unhallowed** unholy, wicked

211 **surprisèd** bewildered, overcome **uncouth** unfamiliar

217 **compassionate** afflicted with sorrow

219 **by surmise** even to imagine

222 **embrewèd** soaked

223 **on a heap** prostrate

227 **ring…hole** presumably the ring is set with a carbuncle, a gem supposed to emit light

228 **monument** tomb

229 **earthly** pale, lifeless

231 **Pyramus** in the mistaken belief that his lover Thisbe had been killed by a lion, Pyramus committed suicide; discovering this, Thisbe did the same

232 **maiden blood** his own blood, that of a male virgin/Thisbe's blood (after she had killed herself over his body)

235 **fell** fierce, cruel

236 **Cocytus** a river in hell, used here for hell generally

238 **wanting** lacking

239 **womb** stomach/uterus

258 **out alas** alas (**out** is an intensifier)

260 **gride** pierced

262 **search** probe

264 **writ** document

265 **complot** plan, plot (with suggestions of "outline of a play" picked up in **tragedy**) **timeless** untimely

266 **fold** hide

268 **handsomely** conveniently

272 **elder tree** an ill-omened tree associated with betrayal

274 **decreed** decided

275 **purchase** win

279 **should** was to

281 **kind** nature

286 **wondrous** strange/incredible

292 **apparent** obvious

298 **their suspicion** the suspicion they are under

305 **Fear not** fear not for

Act 2 Scene 4

* ***ravished*** raped

3 **bewray** divulge

5 **scrawl** gesticulate awkwardly/write untidily

6 **sweet water** a perfumed preparation similar to rose water

9 **cause** case, situation

10 **knit** knot

12 **Cousin** a term used for any relative

14 **strike** astrological term referring to the power of a **planet** to emit a deadly influence

19 **circling shadows** protective encircling shade

26 **Tereus** her brother-in-law who raped Philomel

27 **detect** expose/accuse

30 **conduit** fountain

31 **Titan** the sun god

35 **rail at** berate, rant at

36 **stopped** shut up

39 **tedious** laboriously executed **sampler** piece of embroidery

40 **mean** method, course of action

51 **Cerberus…feet** Orpheus (**the Thracian poet**) played his lute so sweetly that **Cerberus**, the three-headed dog guarding the entrance to the underworld, fell asleep at his feet

54 **meads** meadows

Act 3 Scene 1

3.1 ***Location:*** *Rome (public place)*
1 **grave fathers** dignified and venerable old men
4 **my blood** i.e., the blood of my sons **quarrel** cause
5 **watched** remained awake, on guard
13 **languor** sorrow, affliction
14 **stanch** satisfy, quench
15 **shame** feel shame
17 **distil** trickle down **these…ruins** i.e., his eyes
19 **still** continually
22 **So** provided that
24 **doom** sentence
26 **prevailing orators** successful in their entreaty
34 **mark** pay attention to
36 **bootless** in vain, pointlessly
39 **intercept** interrupt
42 **attirèd** clothed/covered **grave** somber/deathly **weeds** garments/wild plants
43 **afford** offer/supply
51 **happy** fortunate
64 **object** sight
71 **Nilus** the river Nile, known for its annual flooding **disdaineth** scorns, treats with contempt (i.e., overflows)
74 **nursed…life** i.e., in helping to uphold Rome, my hands have contributed to my own grief
76 **effectless** fruitless
81 **martyred** mutilated
82 **engine** instrument
83 **blabbed** uttered/told what was better kept secret
88 **park** enclosed hunting ground
90 **unrecuring** incurable
91 **dear** puns on **deer**
94 **Environed** surrounded
95 **waxing** swelling
96 **Expecting ever** always awaiting the time **envious** malicious

97 **brinish** briny, salty

101 **spurn** kick, blow

105 **lively** living

109 **this** this time, now

112 **honey-dew** sweet sticky substance found on the leaves and stems of plants, excreted by aphids but formerly believed to be akin to dew

121 **do thee ease** comfort you, bring you some relief

126 **miry** muddy

128 **clearness** i.e., the pure water of the **fountain**

131 **dumb shows** mimes; frequently included in early drama

134 **device** scheme, plan/dramatic performance

139 **wot** know

140 **napkin** handkerchief

148 **sympathy** agreement, union

149 **Limbo** dwelling place of the unbaptized, on the borders of hell

169 **castle** helmet, i.e., head/fortress

170 **none of both** neither of you

179 **meet** fit

184 **spare** save, leave unharmed (but Titus privately intends the sense of “do without”)

192 **that you’ll say** i.e., you will realize that I have deceived you

193 **stay your strife** stop arguing

195 **warded** protected

197 **that** i.e., burial

198 **account of** consider/value

200 **dear** costly/precious **mine own** what already belonged to me by right

202 **Look** expect

204 **fat** nourish/delight

205 **fair** pale-faced/virtuous

208 **ruin** i.e., his mutilated body

212 **welkin** sky

215 **with possibilities** realistically

218 **passions** outbursts of feeling

222 **o’erflow** become flooded

225 **coil** turmoil

226 **her** i.e., Lavinia’s

228 **be movèd** become choppy/be emotionally affected

231 **For why** because **bowels** core, interior

234 **stomachs** bellies/resentments

239 **sports** entertainments

240 **That** so that

242 **Aetna** volcano in **Sicily**

245 **some deal** somewhat

246 **flouted** mocked

248 **shrink** wither through blood loss

249 **bear his name** continue to be called life

252 **starvèd** benumbed with cold

254 **flattery** self-delusion

257 **dear** grievous

260 **control** try to restrain

270 **tributary** paid asa tribute/like tributary rivers

273 **threat** warn, give ominous indication

274 **mischiefs** misfortunes/injuries

277 **heavy** sorrowful

292 **pledges** those left behind as bail (i.e., his family)

294 **tofore** formerly

295 **nor** neither

296 **But** except

299 **Tarquin…queen** the last King of Rome, Tarquinius Superbus, was expelled after his son Sextus Tarquinius raped Lucrece; Lucius Junius Brutus led the people in an uprising that saw the establishment of a republic

300 **power** army

Act 3 Scene 2

3.2 ***Location:*** *Rome (Titus' house)* ***banquet*** light meal

4 **sorrow-wreathen knot** Marcus' arms are folded in a gesture denoting grief

5 **want** lack

6 **passionate** express with passion

8 **tyrannize** i.e., thump violently

9 **Who** which (referring to **hand**)

12 **map** image/epitome

13 **outrageous** violent/excessive

15 **sighing** each sigh was thought to drain a drop of blood from the heart

19 **sink** pool or pit for waste water/receptacle

20 **fool** term of endearment

22 **tender** young

23 **dote** foolish/deranged

27 **Aeneas** in Virgil's *Aeneid*, Dido asks Aeneas to tell the story of the fall of **Troy**, to which he responds that to repeat it would renew his grief

30 **still** continually

31 **franticly** frenziedly/foolishly square shape

34 **fall to** begin eating

38 **meshed** mashed (i.e., brewed)

39 **complainer** one who laments

40 **action** performance/oratorical gesture **perfect** perfectly acquainted

43 **wink** close the eyes

45 **still** constant

46 **grandsire** grandfather

48 **tender** young/tender-hearted/sensitive

49 **heaviness** sorrow

54 **Out on thee** expression of reproachful indignation

62 **buzz lamenting doings** tell of sorrowful deeds

66 **ill-favoured** ugly

71 **insult on** triumph scornfully over

72 **Flattering…if** deluding myself into believing

75 **sirrah** sir (used to an inferior)

79 **wrought on** worked on, affected

81 **take away** clear the table
82 **closet** private room
83 **chancèd** that occurred
85 **dazzle** grow blurred

Act 4 Scene 1

4.1 ***Location:*** *Rome (outside Titus' house)*

9 **somewhat** something

12 **Cornelia** Roman mother, exemplary for educating her sons, the Gracchi, who became notable political reformers

14 **Tully's *Orator*** Cicero's *De Oratore*, a widely studied treatise on rhetoric

15 **plies** importunes, behaves insistently toward

20 **I…Troy** in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Hecuba became frenzied with grief and eventually turned into a dog

24 **fury** a fit of madness

27 **go** accompany us

33 **deeper…skilled** i.e., prepared for more advanced reading than Young Lucius' schoolroom texts

35 **beguile** while away

38 **in sequence** one after the other

40 **fact** crime

41 **heaves** lifts

42 **tosseth** turns the leaves of

46 **culled** selected

47 **Soft** wait a moment/hush

51 **annoy** mental anguish

52 **quotes** observes, examines

53 **surprised** seized, ambushed

55 **vast** desolate

59 **Patterned by that** on the pattern of that which

62 **tragedies** dire events (with a play on the idea of theatrical tragedies)

65 **Or…erst** or was it not **Saturnine** who slunk as **Tarquin** once did

68 **Apollo…Mercury** Apollo was associated with the discovery of the truth, Pallas Athene with the law, Jove with the punishment of crime and the messenger-god Mercury with carrying forward the will of Jove

71 **plain** flat, smooth

72 **after me** following my example

74 **shift** means, expedient

76 **discovered** revealed

80 ***Stuprum*** "rape" (Latin)

83 ***Magni…vides?*** “Ruler of the great heavens, are you so slow to hear crimes, so slow to see?” (Latin; from Seneca’s *Hippolytus*)

88 **exclaims** outcries, protests

90 **Roman Hector’s hope** Hector was the greatest of the Trojan warriors, so Lucius is claimed as a Roman equivalent; his son Young Lucius is his **hope** for the future

91 **fere** spouse

94 **prosecute…advice** pursue by well-considered means

96 **reproach** shame, disgrace

97 **an** if

99 **dam** mother **wind** get wind of

100 **lion** i.e., Saturnine

101 **playeth…back** rolls playfully/has sex with him

102 **do** plays on the sense of “have sex (with)” **list** pleases

103 **young** inexperienced

104 **leaf** sheet

105 **gad** sharp spike, applied to a stylus or pen

107 **Sibyl’s leaves** the Sibyl (female prophet) of Cumae wrote her prophecies on leaves which were sometimes blown away before there was time to read them

111 **bondmen** slaves

116 **fit** equip (with arms) **withal** in addition

123 **brave it** swagger defiantly, make a show

124 **marry** by the Virgin Mary **be waited on** i.e., not ignored as we have been formerly

126 **compassion** pity

127 **ecstasy** fit of madness

Act 4 Scene 2

4.2 ***Location:*** *Rome (exact location unspecified)*

6 **confound** destroy

7 **Gramercy** great thanks

8 **deciphered** discovered/interpreted, read (referring to Lavinia’s writing of their names)

10 **well advised** after careful consideration, in his right mind

16 **appointed** equipped

20 ***‘Integer…arcu’*** “The man of upright life and free from crime does not need the javelins or bows of the Moor” (Latin; from Horace’s Odes)

23 **grammar** school textbook (the quotation appears in William Lily’s Latin grammar, widely used in schools from 1540 onward)

24 **just** just so, precisely

26 **no sound jest** said in irony; the jest could not be sounder

28 **That…quick** i.e., the message touches the matter to its very heart, but the boys are so stupid that they don’t sense it

29 **witty** clever **afoot** up and about

30 **conceit** ingenious conception

31 **her unrest** Tamora is in labor

32 **happy** fortunate

36 **brave** defy, be insolent toward

38 **insinuate** Demetrius has misinterpreted Titus’ message as a strategy for gaining entrance at court

40 **friendly** kindly (ironic; also plays on the sense of “like a lover”)

42 **At…bay** cornered thus (hunting metaphor referring to the cornered animal turning to face its pursuers) **by turn** one after the other (plays on the sense of “with copulation”) **serve** gratify sexually

45 **more** i.e., more **Roman dames**

50 **Belike** probably

54 **more** puns on **Moor ne’er a whit** not a bit (perhaps plays on “white”)

55 **what** what do you want

56 **undone** ruined

67 **issue** outcome/offspring

70 **fair-faced breeders** light-skinned mothers **clime** climate/region, realm

71 **thy…seal** i.e., with your mark upon it

74 **blowse** ruddy fat-faced wench (here applied to the baby as a reaction to the nurse’s condemnation of his blackness)

78 **done** had sex with

80 **chance** luck

87 **broach** stick, as on a spit

92 **got** conceived

95 **Enceladus** one of the giants who fought the Olympian gods

96 **Typhon** another giant (and father of monsters) who fought against the gods

97 **Alcides** Hercules, the Greek hero famed for feats of great strength **god of war** Mars

99 **sanguine** red-faced

100 **white-limed** whitewashed (puns on “white-limbed”) **ale-house painted** crudely painted

105 **lave** wash **flood** sea/river

109 **this** i.e., the baby

112 **maugre** in spite of

113 **smoke** i.e., suffer (an image drawn from burning at the stake)

115 **escape** sexual transgression

117 **ignomy** ignominy, disgrace

120 **close enacts** secret actions

121 **framed** made **leer** complexion/sly sideways glance

122 **slave** villain

123 **As…say** as if saying

124 **sensibly** perceptibly/made capable of sensation

125 **self-blood** selfsame blood

127 **enfranchisèd** freed

128 **the surer** i.e., the mother’s

131 **Advise thee** consider

133 **so** provided that

135 **have…of** watch as a hunter does from the security of a downwind position

140 **chafèd** angry/provoked

148 **Weke, weke!** Aaron imitates the Nurse’s dying cry

150 **policy** expedience, strategy

152 **long-tongued** chattering

156 **like to her** i.e., pale-skinned
157 **pack** make an arrangement/conspire
158 **circumstance** details
164 **physic** medicine (ironic)
165 **bestow** give
166 **grooms** fellows/herdsmen/court officials responsible for organizing special events like funerals
167 **days** time
168 **presently** immediately
179 **shifts** expedients/stratagems
181 **curds and whey** coagulated milk, similar to yogurt **suck** drink the milk of
182 **cabin** lodge

Act 4 Scene 3

4.3 ***Location:*** *Rome (outside the emperor's palace)*

3 **draw home** draw the bow to its fullest extent **'tis there straight** it will reach its target straightaway

4 ***Terras Astraea reliquit:*** "Astraea [goddess of justice] has left the earth" (Latin; from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*) **be you remembered** remember

6 **cousins** kinsmen **sound** measure the depth of

8 **Haply** perhaps/hopefully

9 **there's** i.e., in the sea there is

11 **mattock** agricultural tool similar to a pick, used to break up hard ground

13 **Pluto's region** the classical underworld, over which Pluto ruled

19 **What time** when **suffrages** votes

22 **man-of-war** warship

23 **her** i.e., Astraea, Greek goddess of justice

24 **pipe for** look in vain for, whistle for

25 **heavy case** sad state of affairs

26 **distract** deranged, mad

28 **carefully** attentively/with solicitude

29 **feed his humour** indulge, humor him

30 **careful** comforting/costing trouble

32 **Join…Goths** a line is missing before this in the early texts; it was probably something like "But let us live in hope that Lucius will"

33 **wreak** vengeance

36 **her** i.e., Astraea

39 **for** as for

41 **perforce** of necessity **stay** wait

43 **burning lake** both **Acheron** and the fiery Phlegethon were rivers in the classical underworld

46 **Cyclops** one-eyed giant

48 **wrung** racked/wrenched/pressed down upon

49 **sith** since

50 **move** provoke/rouse/appeal to

51 **for to** to

52 **gear** business

54 ***'Ad…Martem'*** "To Jove," "To Apollo" and "To Mars" (Latin)

57 **You…wind** i.e., you might as well shoot against the wind as appeal to Saturninus

58 **loose** let fly

59 **Of** on

64 **said** done

65 **Virgo** the constellation of the virgin, associated with Astraea; shooting an arrow into her **lap** is sexually suggestive **Give it Pallas** shoot the arrow labeled "Pallas" (i.e., Pallas Athene, also associated with virginity)

70 **Taurus** constellation of the **bull**

72 **galled** grazed **Arles** constellation of the **ram**

73 **horns** the signs of cuckoldry (i.e., having an unfaithful wife); Marcus imagines Aaron giving them to Saturninus

74 **villain** servant/doer of wicked deeds

77 **there it goes** a hunter's cry of encouragement ***Clown*** a rustic/the actor who played low-comic parts

78 **post** messenger

81 **gibbet-maker** the Clown has misheard or misunderstood the word **Jupiter** **taken them down** i.e., taken down the gallows (because the execution has been postponed)

85 **carrier** messenger (the Clown responds to the literal sense of "bearer")

89 **press** aspire

90 **tribunal plebs** malapropism for "tribuni plebis"—the tribunes in their capacity as magistrates protecting the plebeians in law **take up** amicably settle (a legal dispute; the pigeons are to serve as a peace offering)

91 **emperial's** malapropism for "emperor's"

92 **oration** petition

94 **with a grace** courteously, pleasingly, with propriety (the Clown understands "along with a prayer before meals")

96 **ado** fuss

99 **Hold** stop, wait **charges** expenses

101 **supplication** written request

105 **look for** expect **bravely** in good style

106 **let me alone** leave it to me

Act 4 Scene 4

4.4 ***Location:** action continues, but shifting to interior of palace*

2 **overborne** oppressed

3 **for the extent** in return for his exercising

5 **mightful** mighty

7 **passed** happened/been legally determined

8 **even** in accordance

11 **wreaks** acts of vengeance

18 **blazoning** proclaiming/displaying

19 **humour** whim, caprice

24 **she** i.e., justice

33 **meanest** lowest

35 **High-witted** clever, sharp **gloze** use fair, false words **withal** along with the rest

40 **forsooth** in truth

42 **good e'en** good evening (i.e., any time after noon)

45 **must I** am I to

47 **By'r lady** by Our Lady (i.e., the Virgin Mary) **brought up** raised (plays on the sense of "given utterance to a report or legal claim") **neck** plays on the sense of "the laying of a charge at law" **end** i.e., death (plays on the sense of "completion of a legal case")

50 **device** trick/plot

55 **shape privilege** create immunity from prosecution

56 **slaughterman** executioner

57 **frantic** mad **holp'st** helped

61 **gathered head** raised an army **power** army

62 **bent…spoil** determined on destruction

63 **amain** in full force/at full speed **conduct** leadership

66 **Coriolanus** Roman war hero who, having been exiled from Rome, joined forces with his former enemy to march against the city, events that are dramatized in Shakespeare's *Coriolanus*

68 **nip me** cut off my growth/blight me with frost

73 **walkèd…man** i.e., gone among his citizens in disguise

74 **wrongfully** wrongfully done

79 **thy name** i.e., Saturninus, with its suggestion of Saturn, supposedly King of Rome in the golden age

81 **suffers** allows

82 **is not careful** does not care

84 **stint** stop

85 **giddy** fickle in allegiance/intoxicated with the thought of revolt

89 **honey-stalks** clover flowers, the overeating of which causes sheep to become bloated and die

91 **rotted** destroyed/corrupted by the rot, a disease that affects sheep

94 **smooth** flatter

99 **parley** peace negotiations during which hostilities are suspended

100 **appoint** arrange

103 **stand in** insist upon

105 **effectually** adequately, to the purpose

107 **temper** work on

111 **successantly** at once/one after the other

Act 5 Scene 1

5.1 ***Location:*** *somewhere near Rome* **Drum** drummer
1 **Approvèd** tried and tested
5 **as…witness** as noble as your titles proclaim you to be
7 **scathe** harm
9 **slip** offspring (literally, a cutting from a plant)
13 **bold** confident
15 **master** in Shakespeare’s time, queen bees were assumed to be masculine
19 **lusty** vigorous
22 **earnestly** with sincere feeling
26 **controlled** calmed
27 **tawny** brown-skinned
28 **bewray** betray **brat** not necessarily contemptuous
33 **rates** berates, scolds
39 **use…man** deal with the man as you think necessary
42 **pearl…eye** proverbial: “a black man is a pearl in a fair woman’s eye”
43 **fruit** i.e., the baby
44 **wall-eyed** with glaring eyes
50 **sire** father
51 **sprawl** convulse in the throes of death
52 **withal** with, moreover
66 **Complots** conspiracies **mischief** wickedness
67 **Ruthful…performed** lamentable to hear about, yet done in order to excite pity
75 **for** because
77 **popish** i.e., deceptive, superstitious (Protestant term; anachronistic in this context)
80 **bauble** professional fool’s baton with a carved head at one end
86 **discover** reveal
89 **luxurious** lecherous, lascivious
91 **To** compared to
94 **trimmed** plays on the sense of “had sex with”
96 **washed…trimmed** i.e., like dead meat
97 **Trim** fine

100 **codding** lecherous (from “cod,” i.e., “testicle”)

101 **As…set** i.e., their mother’s lecherousness guaranteed theirs, as certain cards are guaranteed to win a game

102 **bloody** bloodthirsty

103 **dog…head** in bull- or bear-baiting, dogs were admired for attacking head-on

105 **trained** lured, as to a snare

109 **Confederate** in a conspiracy

112 **cheater** person who cheats/escheator (i.e., officer who looks after property forfeited to the crown)

115 **pried me** peered, spied

123 **as…is** “to blush like a black dog” was proverbial for having a brazen face

131 **forswear myself** swear falsely/break my word

147 **presently** instantly

159 **for** since

161 **your hostages** i.e., such hostages as you may require

Act 5 Scene 2

5.2 ***Location:*** *Rome (outside Titus' house)*

1 **sad habiliment** somber clothing

5 **keeps** dwells, remains (possibly playing on the sense of “watches/lies in wait”)

7 **Tell** I will tell

8 **confusion** ruin, overthrow ***Aloft or within*** he is either on the upper-stage or in the “discovery space”

10 **ope** open

11 **sad decrees** grave resolutions

14 **bloody lines** writing describing bloody deeds (but with the suggestion that the lines have been, metaphorically, written in his own blood)

15 **executed** plays on the sense of “killed”

17 **grace** adorn, augment/give plausibility to

18 **Wanting…action** lacking a hand to accompany my words with gestures

19 **odds of** advantage over

23 **trenches** i.e., wrinkles

24 **heavy** sorrowful/burdensome

32 **wreakful** vengeful

38 **couch** lie hidden

39 **dreadful** inspiring fear and dread

46 **surance** assurance, guarantee

49 **globes** planets (or a printer’s error for “globe”)

50 **proper palfreys** handsome horses

51 **hale** haul

52 **murder** i.e., murderers

53 **car** chariot

56 **Hyperion** the Greek sun god

57 **downfall** descent; perhaps an additional allusion to the story of Hyperion’s son Phaethon, who, attempting to drive the chariot of the sun, was unable to control the horses and crashed into the sea

59 **So** provided that **Rapine** Rape

63 **of** on

65 **worldly** mortal

70 **closing** agreeing (may play on the sense of “embracing”)

71 **forge** invent
76 **sure** securely
77 **practice** plot **out of hand** immediately/spontaneously
78 **giddy** unstable, excitable, inconstant
80 **ply my theme** work at my exercise
82 **Fury** avenging goddess
85 **fitted** fitted out
87 **wags** makes the slightest movement/goes anywhere (plays on the sense of sexual motion)
90 **convenient** fitting, suitable
93 **deal with** set to work upon (i.e., kill)
101 **hap** chance
106 **proportion** physical shape, appearance
107 **up and down** in every respect
115 **solemn** stately, ceremonial
124 **repair** make his way
136 **but** Lucius i.e., but that revenge which Lucius shall enact
139 **governed…jest** managed the exploit we planned
140 **smooth…fair** flatter and humor him
141 **turn** return
161 **cry** cry out
162 **forbear** stop
163 **therefore** precisely for that reason
170 **spring** i.e., Lavinia
180 **martyr** kill with great violence
187 **paste** usually, a mixture of flour and water
188 **coffin** pie crust (puns on the usual sense of the word)
189 **pasties** meat pies (baked without a dish)
190 **strumpet** whore, harlot **unhallowed** unholy, wicked
191 **increase** offspring
193 **surfeit** feed to excess/become sick from overeating
195 **Progne** Progne (or Procne), wife of Tereus, revenged his rape of her sister, Philomel, by killing her son Itys and serving him to his father in a pie
199 **temper** moisten
201 **officious** diligent in duties

203 **Centaurs' feast** the wedding feast of Pirithous the Lapith and Hippodamia ended in a bloody battle between the Lapithae and the Centaurs (half-men, half-horses) when one of the Centaurs launched an attack on the women present by attempting to violate the bride

205 **gainst** before/in anticipation of the time when

Act 5 Scene 3

5.3 ***Location:*** *action continues; the scene then moves into the house*

3 **ours with thine** i.e., our minds accord with yours

9 **ambush** men lying in wait to attack

17 **firmament** sky

18 **boots** profits, avails

19 **break the parle** open the negotiations

21 **careful** afflicted with care/considerate ***Hautboys*** oboelike instruments

28 **cheer** food/hospitality

33 **beholding** indebted

36 **Virginius** the centurion Virginius killed his daughter Virginia to prevent her being raped by Appius Claudius; in some versions of the story he killed her because she had been raped

41 **Because** so that

42 **still** continually

44 **lively** striking/living, active **warrant** authoritative witness/conclusive proof/sanction/document licensing execution

48 **unkind** cruel

52 **outrage** violent action

61 **daintily** with delicate attention to the palate

66 **meed for meed** measure for measure

71 **mutual** unified, mutually supporting

73 **bane** murderer/poison

75 **forlorn** outcast

77 **frosty signs** i.e., white hair **chaps** wrinkles/cracked skin

80 **erst** formerly/once **ancestor** i.e., Aeneas did

83 **baleful** deadly

84 **subtle** cunning **Greeks…Troy** i.e., by gaining entry through hiding in the wooden horse

85 **Sinon** the man who tricked the Trojans into accepting the horse

86 **engine** instrument of warfare (i.e., the Trojan horse)

88 **compact** composed

96 **auditory** assembly of listeners, audience

100 **fell** fierce, cruel

101 **cozened** cheated

102 **fought…out** fought to the end for Rome’s cause

104 **unkindly** unnaturally

112 **advent’rous** willing to incur risk

113 **vaunter** boaster

129 **aught** anything

131 **poor…Andronici** the few remaining members of the Andronicus family

133 **ragged** rough

149 **give me aim** stand by and observe (archery metaphor: the person who “gave aim” stood by the target and reported the results of the shots)

151 **aloof** aside

152 **obsequious** pertaining to obsequies, i.e., funeral rites **trunk** body, corpse

157 **tenders** offers (as one would discharge a financial obligation; also with connotations of tenderness)

165 **Meet** fitting

169 **associate** accompany

179 **famish** starve

182 **doom** sentence

195 **heinous** wicked

202 **heavy haps** sorrowful fortunes

THE TRAGEDY OF ROMEO AND JULIET

Romeo and Juliet contains some of Shakespeare's most beautiful poetry, including such well-loved lines as "a rose / By any other word would smell as sweet" and "But, soft, what light through yonder window breaks? / It is the east, and Juliet is the sun." It also contains some of his most raucous bawdy. Seconds before Romeo identifies Juliet with the rising sun, Mercutio makes a baser comparison: "O, that she were / An open arse and thou a pop'rin pear!" The image depends on the resemblance of the fruit known as a medlar to the female genitals and the Poperinghe species of pear to the male. Mercutio's ribbing of Romeo also puns on "to meddle" and "pop it in," both meaning to have sex, and on "O" as a sign of the vagina. The juxtaposition of such matter to Romeo's glorious aria on the transformative effect of love at first sight is typical of Shakespeare's unsentimental robustness. Youthful as the lovers are, Juliet especially, this is a very grown-up play, which recognizes that love and sex are inseparable.

Shakespeare often thought in pairs. Give him an idea and he is equally interested in its opposite. Sometimes he will handle similar material in successive works, trying it out as comedy in one case and tragedy in the other. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* turns on comedy's ancient plot of young people finding true love in the face of parental opposition. In the final act, the opposite ending of the same story is invoked: Bottom and his friends perform the Roman poet Ovid's story of Pyramus and Thisbe, a pair of lovers from rival households who lose their lives in a tragedy of bad timing and misapprehension. Though played in the style of parody, the "very tragical mirth" of Pyramus and Thisbe is a reminder that in the matter of love all does not necessarily end well. *Romeo and Juliet* is the companion piece. As *Dream* is a comedy darkened by something of the night, so *Romeo* is a tragedy that keeps surprising us with flashes of comedy. The shock of Juliet's apparent death is heightened by proximity to the cheerful bustle of the wedding preparations and the comic dialogue of clown and musicians. Equally, Shakespeare takes character types from the comic tradition—the tyrannical father, the bawdy servant, the meddling friar, the witty and cynical friend—and transforms them into such complex, many-layered beings as Old Capulet, the Nurse, and Mercutio.

The spirit of the play is fundamentally Ovidian, although the story is closely based on a different source, an Italian Renaissance novella that was mediated to Shakespeare via a drearily written poem called *The Tragicall Historye of Romeus and Juliet*. As in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, "violent delights have violent ends": intense passions lead to dramatic transformations, the bright flame of young love is swiftly and cruelly snuffed out, but something of constancy endures at the close. Ovid's Pyramus and Thisbe meet by an ancient tomb outside the city. They fall to earth in death, but their love is symbolically remembered in the ripening of the blood-dark mulberry. A couplet of Friar Laurence's neatly sums up the structure of feeling that underlies this and so many other of Ovid's transformations: "The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb: / What is her burying grave, that is her womb." Taken as a whole, the friar's soliloquy cuts to the quick of Shakespeare's double vision. It is structured around the rhetorical figure of oxymoron, the paradox whereby opposites are held together. Not only womb and tomb, but also day and night, herbs and flowers that are simultaneously poisonous and medicinal, virtue and vice, God's grace and our own desires: "such opposèd kings encamp them still / In man as well as herbs."

In Peter Quince's staging of Pyramus and Thisbe, Snout memorably plays the part of the Wall that divides the households of the two lovers. *Romeo and Juliet* begins with Samson, a servant of the house of Capulet, bragging of how he will thrust the Montague maids up against a wall. That is to say, having beaten up the rival men, he will have their women: sex is a matter of taking not giving. Samson boasts the biblical name of a man capable of bringing walls tumbling down, but what actually happens is that Romeo lightly o'erleaps the orchard wall—like Ovid's Hercules entering the fabulous gardens of the Hesperides—and moves the action into a new key. The lovers give themselves to each other and, though they are then taken in death, the wall of division crumbles away. The memory of Romeo and Juliet binds together the houses of Montague and Capulet, bringing their ancient grudge to an end.

Romeo himself has some rapid growing up to do along the way. At the beginning of the play, he is in love with Rosaline. Or rather, he is in love with the idea of being in love. We never actually see Rosaline: she exists solely as the idealized love-object of Romeo. She is nothing more than a literary type, the beautiful but unavailable mistress of the sonnet tradition that goes back to the Italian Renaissance poet Petrarch. The Petrarchan lover thrives on artifice and paradox. The fire in Romeo’s heart is dependent on his lady’s icy maidenhood—“Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health, / Still-waking sleep that is not what it is!” As the Friar recognizes, this is mere “doting,” not true loving. And so long as Mercutio is around, the bubble of poetic language keeps on being pricked—is it not just a matter of rhyming “love” with “dove”?

Romeo still poeticizes on seeing Juliet, though he speaks in richly textured imagery instead of the banal oxymorons inspired by Rosaline: “It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night / As a rich jewel in an Ethiope’s ear.” When the lovers meet at the Capulet ball, they weave a verbal dance that answers to the motions of their bodies and hands: their initial dialogue is wrapped into the form of a sonnet. But over the next few scenes their language evolves into something more fluid and more natural. You can hear Shakespeare growing as a poet even as you see the love between Juliet and Romeo growing from infatuation at first sight to the conviction that each has found the other’s soul mate. Love is a chemistry that begins from a physiological transformation—Romeo is “bewitched by the charm of looks”—but it becomes a discovery of the very core of human being: “Can I go forward when my heart is here? / Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.”

The great Romantic critic and essayist William Hazlitt read Shakespeare as profoundly as he meditated upon love. “Romeo is Hamlet in love,” he said. For Hazlitt, falling in love is like coming home to your dreams. But what also haunts the lover—remember the teasing paradoxes of *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*—is the suspicion that it might all be a dream. Mercutio spins a tale of how love is but the mischief of Queen Mab, midwife of illusion. Romeo blesses the night, but then acknowledges his fear that “Being in night, all this is but a dream, / Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.”

Juliet has to deal with another fear. For a girl in Shakespeare's time, chastity was a priceless commodity. To lose her virtue without the prospect of marriage would be to lose herself. In the speech that begins "Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face," Juliet reveals quite remarkable self-understanding. She is acutely aware that in love the stakes for a woman are far higher than they are for a man. Here Shakespeare's poetic language becomes the vehicle of both argument and emotion. The artifice of rhyme is replaced by blank verse that moves with the suppleness of thought itself.

In the original production, the lines would have been spoken by a young male actor of perhaps around the same thirteen years as the character of Juliet. By highlighting extreme youthfulness (in the source, Juliet is sixteen), Shakespeare makes a bold implicit claim for his poetic drama. Both actor and character are speaking with maturity far beyond their years: such, the dramatist implies, is the metamorphic potency of the mingled fire and powder of love and art. Though younger than Romeo, Juliet is more knowing. She senses the danger in his talk of idolatry. In the soaring love-duet that is their final scene together before Romeo's exile, she wills the song to be that of the nightingale rather than the lark because she knows that the break of day will mean the end of their night of love and the dawn of a harsh reality in which she will be reduced to the status of a bargaining chip in the negotiations between Verona's powerful families.

According to the social code of the time, it is the duty of the young to obey the old. Marriage is a matter not of love, but of the consolidation and perpetuation of wealth and status. Arthur Brooke, author of the *Tragicall Historye of Romeus and Juliet* which Shakespeare had before him as he wrote, told his readers that the moral of the story was that young lovers who submit to erotic desire, neglecting the authority and advice of parents and listening instead to drunken gossips and superstitious friars, will come to a deservedly sticky end. Shakespeare's play, by contrast, glories in the energy of youth. It does not seek to advance a moral or to condemn what Juliet calls the "disobedient opposition" of child to parent. The drama offers instead the tragic paradox that the heat in the blood that animates the star-crossed lovers is the same ardor that leads young men to scrap in the street and to kill out of loyalty to their friends. The kinship of love and revenge, the perpetual war between the generations: Shakespeare will return to this territory in later plays such as *Hamlet* and *King Lear*.

It is sometimes said that *Romeo and Juliet* is a lesser work than these “mature” tragedies because its catastrophe is provoked by fate rather than the actions of the characters themselves. Shakespeare does impose an artistic shape upon the plot through the device of the Chorus, with its emphasis on events being written in the stars. But the misadventure that provokes the disastrous ending is not merely a piece of bad luck: the reason Romeo does not get Friar Laurence’s crucial letter is that Friar John is detained for fear that he might have been infected with plague. Plague was an everyday reality in Shakespeare’s London. Puritan preachers may have proclaimed it as a judgment sent by an angry God, but that is not how it would have seemed to Shakespeare’s original audience. Everybody in the theater would have known families whose future had been blighted by plague.

Parents are supposed to die before their children, the old before the young. With plague, it is not always like that. The tragic irony of *Romeo and Juliet* is that the houses of both Capulet and Montague escape the plague, yet still the children die first. The final scene takes place in an ancestral tomb, but those who lie dead are the flower of a city’s youth—Mercutio, Tybalt, Paris, Juliet, and her Romeo.

KEY FACTS

PLOT: A long-standing feud between the Montagues and the Capulets flares up in a brawl on the streets of Verona, halted only by the arrival of Prince Escalus. Romeo, only son of the Montagues, is hopelessly in love with the unattainable Rosaline. Attempting to shake him out of his melancholy, his friends Mercutio and Benvolio persuade him to go to a party at the Capulets' house. There he meets and falls instantly in love with Juliet, the Capulets' only daughter, and she with him. With the help of Juliet's Nurse, they are secretly married the next day by Friar Laurence. Juliet's cousin Tybalt quarrels with Romeo and in the fight which ensues Mercutio is killed. Romeo avenges his friend's death and kills Tybalt, for which he is banished from Verona on pain of death. After spending a single night with his bride, he escapes to Mantua. Juliet learns that her parents plan to marry her to Count Paris. Distraught, she turns to Friar Laurence, who devises a plan. He gives her a drug which will make her appear to be dead. The intention is that her parents will place her in the family tomb and when she awakes from her drugged sleep, Romeo will be waiting to escape with her to Mantua. When Romeo returns to Verona, he believes her really to be dead and kills himself. Waking to find Romeo dead beside her, Juliet kills herself. The two families, united in grief, vow to end their feud.

MAJOR PARTS: (*with percentage of lines/number of speeches/scenes on stage*) Romeo (20%/163/14), Juliet (18%/118/11), Friar Laurence (11%/55/7), Nurse (9%/90/11), Capulet (9%/51/9), Mercutio (8%/62/4), Benvolio (5%/64/7), Lady Capulet (4%/45/10), Escalus (3%/16/3), Paris (2%/23/5), Montague (1%/10/3).

LINGUISTIC MEDIUM: 90% verse, 10% prose.

DATE: 1595–96. Includes part for Will Kemp, who joined the Lord Chamberlain's Men in 1594; published 1597, with assignment to

“Lord Hunsdon’s Men” (the name of Shakespeare’s company from July 1596 to April 1597); astrological allusions and earthquake reference may suggest composition in 1595–96; close links with *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*.

SOURCES: Based on Arthur Brooke’s long narrative poem *The Tragicall Historye of Romeus and Juliet* (1562), which was itself based on an Italian novella by Matteo Bandello (1554, possibly known to Shakespeare via William Painter’s English translation in his 1567 *Palace of Pleasure*). Shakespeare’s alterations to Brooke include considerable expansion of the roles of the Nurse and Mercutio.

TEXT: The First Quarto (1597) is poorly printed, so has traditionally been assumed to be an orally reconstructed or “reported” text, though this assumption was challenged in the late twentieth century; it seems to have had a playhouse origin. The Second Quarto (1599) is longer and better printed, justifying its title-page claim “Newly corrected, augmented, and amended”; it is generally thought to have been derived from Shakespeare’s manuscript. A Third Quarto (1609) reprinted the Second, and a fourth (1622) reprinted the Third, but with intelligent corrections, some of them deriving from consultation of the First Quarto. The 1623 First Folio text was printed from the Third Quarto, though introducing its own intelligent corrections and additional stage directions, but also many new errors as a result of its being printed almost entirely by “Compositor E,” by far the least competent of the workmen who set the Folio into print. Modern editions are traditionally based on the Second Quarto, but we respect the intentions of the Folio, seeking to retain the innovations of its original editor while eliminating what we judge to be its compositorial errors by means of emendation from the Second Quarto (and occasionally the other Quartos). The Folio lacks the Prologue, an omission we highlight by enclosing the lines within asterisks. Folio follows the Second Quarto in including a number of repeated lines (e.g., the description of dawn at the end of Act 2 Scene 1 and the beginning of Act 2 Scene 2); the likeliest explanation on each of the three occasions when this occurs is that the first of the duplicated passages represents authorial “first thoughts” intended for deletion: these lines are retained in our text but are indicated by enclosure within double solidi (// //).

THE TRAGEDY OF ROMEO AND JULIET

CHORUS
ROMEO
MONTAGUE, Romeo’s father
LADY MONTAGUE, Romeo’s mother
BENVOLIO, Montague’s nephew
ABRAHAM, Montague’s servingman
BALTHASAR, Romeo’s man
JULIET
CAPULET, Juliet’s father
LADY CAPULET, Juliet’s mother
NURSE, to Juliet
TYBALT, Capulet’s nephew
SECOND CAPULET
Petruchio
PETER
SAMPSON
GREGORY
servingmen to the Capulets
MUSICIANS
SERVINGMEN
PRINCE, Escalus of Verona
MERCUTIO
PARIS
his kinsmen
PAGE to Paris
Mercutio’s Page
FRIAR LAURENCE
FRIAR JOHN
APOTHECARY
OFFICER
CITIZENS
CONSTABLE
WATCHMEN

Prologue

[Enter Chorus]

CHORUS[1] Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona,[2] where we lay our scene,
From ancient[3] grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil[4] blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal[5] loins of these two foes
A pair of star-crossed[6] lovers take their life,
Whose misadventured[7] piteous overthrows;
Doth with their death bury their parents' strife.
The fearful[9] passage of their death-marked love,;
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but[11] their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic[12] of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss,[14] our toil shall strive to mend.

[Exit]

Act 1 Scene 1[1.1]

running scene 1

Enter Sampson and Gregory with swords and bucklers, of the House of Capulet

SAMPSON Gregory, o'my word, we'll not carry coals.[1]

GREGORY No, for then we should be colliers.[2]

SAMPSON I mean, if we be in choler,[3] we'll draw.

GREGORY Ay, while you live, draw[4] your neck out o'th'collar.

SAMPSON I strike[5] quickly, being moved.

GREGORY But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

SAMPSON A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

GREGORY To move[8] is to stir; and to be valiant is to stand: therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.

SAMPSON A dog of that house shall move me to stand. I will take the wall[10] of any man or maid of Montague's.

GREGORY That shows thee a weak slave,[12] for the weakest goes to the wall.

SAMPSON True, and therefore women being the weaker vessels are ever thrust[13] to the wall: therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

GREGORY The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.[16]

SAMPSON 'Tis all one,[17] I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be civil with the maids, and cut off their heads.

GREGORY The heads of the maids?

SAMPSON Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads,[20] take it in what sense thou wilt.

GREGORY They must take[22] it in sense that feel it.

SAMPSON Me they shall feel while I am able to stand,[23] and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

GREGORY 'Tis well thou art not fish:[25] if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool,[26] here comes of the house of the Montagues.

Enter two other Servingmen [Abraham and Balthasar] ***Sampson draws***

SAMPSON My naked weapon[27] is out. Quarrel, I will back thee.

GREGORY How,[28] turn thy back and run?

SAMPSON Fear[29] me not.

GREGORY No, marry,[30] I fear thee!

SAMPSON Let us take the law of[31] our sides: let them begin.

GREGORY I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.[32] ***Frowns***

SAMPSON Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb[33] at them, which is a disgrace to them if they bear it. ***Bites his thumb***

ABRAHAM Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON I do bite my thumb, sir.

ABRAHAM Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAMPSON Is the law of our side, if I say ay? ***Aside***

GREGORY No.

SAMPSON No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir, but I bite my thumb, sir.

GREGORY Do you quarrel, sir?

ABRAHAM Quarrel sir? No, sir.

SAMPSON If you do, sir, I am for you. I serve as good a man as you.

ABRAHAM No better?

SAMPSON Well, sir.

Enter Benvolio

GREGORY Say ‘better’— here comes one of my master’s kinsmen. ***Aside***

SAMPSON Yes, better.

ABRAHAM You lie.

SAMPSON Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing[49] blow. *They fight*

BENVOLIO Part, fools! ***Draws and parts them*** Put up your swords, you know not what you do.

Enter Tybalt

TYBALT What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?[51] Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death. ***Draws***

BENVOLIO I do but keep the peace. Put up thy sword, Or manage[54] it to part these men with me.

TYBALT What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word, As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee. Have at thee, coward!

Fight
Enter three or four Citizens with clubs

OFFICER Clubs,[58] bills and partisans! Strike! Beat them down! Down with the Capulets!
Down with the Montagues!

Enter Old Capulet in his gown, and his Wife

CAPULET What noise is this? Give me my long sword,[60] ho!

LADY CAPULET A crutch, a crutch! Why call you for a sword?

CAPULET My sword, I say! Old Montague is come,
And flourishes his blade in spite of[63] me.

Enter Old Montague and his Wife

MONTAGUE Thou villain Capulet!— Hold me not, let me go.

LADY MONTAGUE Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince Escalus with his train

PRINCE Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners[67] of this neighbour-stainèd steel—
Will they not hear?— What, ho! You men, you beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious[69] rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins:
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistempered[72] weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your movèd[73] prince.
Three civil broils, bred of an airy word,
By thee, Old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturbed the quiet of our streets,
And made Verona's ancient[77] citizens
Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments[78]
To wield Old partisans, in hands as old,
Cankered[80] with peace, to part your cankered hate:
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay[82] the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away:
You Capulet, shall go along with me,
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure[86] in this case,
To old Freetown, our common judgement-place.

Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

Exeunt. [Montague, Lady Montague and Benvolio remain]

MONTAGUE Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?[89]
Speak, nephew, were you by[90] when it began?

BENVOLIO Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere[92] I did approach:
I drew to part them: in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared,[94]
Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head and cut the winds,
Who nothing hurt withal[97] hissed him in scorn:
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,[99]
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

LADY MONTAGUE O, where is Romeo? Saw you him today?
Right glad am I he was not at this fray.

BENVOLIO Madam, an hour before the worshipped sun
Peered forth[104] the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave[105] me to walk abroad,
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore
That westward[107] rooteth from the city side,
So early walking did I see your son:
Towards him I made, but he was ware[109] of me
And stole into the covert[110] of the wood:
I, measuring his affections[111] by my own,
Which then[112] most sought where most might not be found,
Being one too many by my weary self,
Pursued my humour,[114] not pursuing his,
And gladly shunned who[115] gladly fled from me.

MONTAGUE Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs,
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the farthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's[121] bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy[122] son,

And private in his chamber pens himself,
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out
And makes himself an artificial night:
Black[126] and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.
BENVOLIO My noble uncle, do you know the cause?
MONTAGUE I neither know it nor can learn of[129] him.
BENVOLIO Have you importuned[130] him by any means?
MONTAGUE Both by myself and many other friends,
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself — I will not say how true[133] —
But to himself so secret and so close,[134]
So far from sounding[135] and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious[136] worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the same.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure as know.
Enter Romeo
BENVOLIO See, where he comes. So please you, step aside,
I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.
MONTAGUE I[143] would thou wert so happy by thy stay
To hear true shrift.[144]— Come, madam, let's away.
Exeunt [Montague and Lady Montague]
BENVOLIO Good morrow, cousin.[145]
ROMEO Is the day so young?
BENVOLIO But new struck nine.
ROMEO Ay me, sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast?
BENVOLIO It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?
ROMEO Not having that, which, having, makes them short.
BENVOLIO In love?
ROMEO Out—
BENVOLIO Of love?
ROMEO Out of her favour where I am in love.
BENVOLIO Alas that love, so gentle in his view,[156]

Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof![157]
ROMEO Alas that love, whose view is muffled[158] still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!
Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here’s much to do with hate, but more with love:
Why, then, O brawling love, O loving hate,
O anything of nothing first create![164]
O heavy lightness, serious vanity,[165]
Misshapen chaos of well-seeming[166] forms,
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health,
Still-waking[168] sleep that is not what it is!
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?
BENVOLIO No, coz, I rather weep.
ROMEO Good heart, at what?
BENVOLIO At thy good heart’s oppression.
ROMEO Why, such is love’s transgression.
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,
Which thou wilt propagate,[176] to have it pressed
With more of thine: this love[177] that thou hast shown
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs,
Being purged,[180] a fire sparkling in lovers’ eyes,
Being vexed,[181] a sea nourished with loving tears.
What is it else? A madness most discreet,[182]
A choking gall[183] and a preserving sweet.
Farewell, my coz.[184]
BENVOLIO Soft,[185] I will go along,
An if[186] you leave me so, you do me wrong.
ROMEO Tut, I have lost myself, I am not here:
This is not Romeo, he’s some other where.
BENVOLIO Tell me in sadness,[189] who is that you love.
ROMEO What, shall I groan and tell thee?
BENVOLIO Groan? Why, no. But sadly tell me who.
ROMEO A sick man in sadness makes his will:

A word ill-urged to one that is so ill.
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.
BENVOLIO I aimed so near,[195] when I supposed you loved.
ROMEO A right good mark-man![196] And she's fair I love.
BENVOLIO A right fair mark,[197] fair coz, is soonest hit.
ROMEO Well, in that hit you miss: she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow,[199] she hath Dian's wit,
And in strong proof[200] of chastity well armed,
From love's[201] weak childish bow she lives uncharmed.
She will not stay[202] the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide[203] th'encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope[204] her lap to saint-seducing gold:
O, she is rich in beauty, only poor
That[206] when she dies with beauty dies her store.
BENVOLIO Then she hath sworn that she will still[207] live chaste?
ROMEO She hath, and in that sparing[208] makes huge waste,
For beauty starved[209] with her severity
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair,[211] too wise, wisely too fair,
To merit[212] bliss by making me despair.
She hath forsworn to[213] love, and in that vow
Do I live dead that live to tell it now.
BENVOLIO Be ruled by me, forget to think of her.
ROMEO O, teach me how I should forget to think.
BENVOLIO By giving liberty unto thine eyes:
Examine other beauties.
ROMEO 'Tis[219] the way
To call hers exquisite, in question more:
These happy[221] masks that kiss fair ladies' brows
Being black puts us in mind they hide the fair.
He that is strucken[223] blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:
Show me a mistress that is passing[225] fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note[226]
Where I may read who passed[227] that passing fair?
Farewell, thou canst not teach me to forget.

BENVOLIO I’ll pay that doctrine,[229] or else die in debt.

Exeunt

[Act 1 Scene 2][1.2]

running scene 2

Enter Capulet, County Paris and the Clown [a Servingman]

CAPULET Montague is bound[1] as well as I,
In penalty alike, and ’tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.
PARIS Of honourable reckoning[4] are you both,
And pity ’tis you lived at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?[6]
CAPULET But saying o’er[7] what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change[9] of fourteen years,
Let two more summers wither in their pride,[10]
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.
PARIS Younger than she are happy mothers made.
CAPULET And too soon marred[13] are those so early made.
Earth[14] hath swallowed all my hopes but she:
She’s the hopeful[15] lady of my earth.
But woo her, gentle[16] Paris, get her heart:
My will to her consent is but a part;
An[18] she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according[19] voice.
This night I hold an old accustomed[20] feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love, and you among the store,[22]
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light.
Such comfort[26] as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparelled[27] April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh fennel[29] buds shall you this night
Inherit[30] at my house: hear all, all see,
And like her most whose merit most shall be,

Which[32] one more view, of many mine being one,
May stand in number, though in reck'ning[33] none.
Come, go with me.— Go, sirrah,[34] trudge about ***To Servingman***
Through fair Verona, find those persons out ***Gives a list***
Whose names are written there and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.[37]

Exeunt [Capulet and Paris]

SERVINGMAN Find them out whose names are written. Here it[38] is written that the shoemaker should meddle[39] with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil,[40] and the painter with his nets. But I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ — I must to the learnèd — in good time.[42]

Enter Benvolio and Romeo

BENVOLIO Tut, man, one fire burns out another's[43] burning,
One pain is lessened by another's anguish:
Turn giddy, and be holp[45] by backward turning:
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:[46]
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

ROMEO Your plaintain[49] leaf is excellent for that.

BENVOLIO For what, I pray thee?

ROMEO For your broken[51] shin.

BENVOLIO Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

ROMEO Not mad, but bound[53] more than a madman is:
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipped and tormented and— Good e'en,[55] good fellow.

SERVINGMAN God gi'[56] good e'en. I pray, sir, can you read?

ROMEO Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

SERVINGMAN Perhaps you have learned it without book:[58] but, I pray, can you read anything you see?

ROMEO Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

SERVINGMAN Ye say honestly, rest you merry![61]

ROMEO Stay, fellow, I can read.

He reads the letter

‘Signior Martino and his wife and daughters, County Anselme and his beauteous sisters, the lady widow of Utruvio, Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces, Mercutio and his brother Valentine, mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters, my fair niece Rosaline, Livia, Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt, Lucio and the lively Helena.’ A fair assembly: whither[67] should they come?

SERVINGMAN Up.

ROMEO Whither? To supper?

SERVINGMAN To our house.

ROMEO Whose house?

SERVINGMAN My master’s.

ROMEO Indeed, I should have asked you that before.

SERVINGMAN Now I’ll tell you without asking: my master is the great rich Capulet,
and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray come and crush[75] a cup of wine. Rest you merry.

Exit

BENVOLIO At this same ancient[77] feast of Capulet’s
Sups the fair Rosaline whom thou so loves,
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither, and with unattainted[80] eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

ROMEO When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains[84] such falsehood, then turn tears to fire,
And these,[85] who often drowned could never die,
Transparent[86] heretics, be burnt for liars.
One fairer than my love! The all-seeing sun
Ne’er saw her match since first the world begun.

BENVOLIO Tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself poised[90] with herself in either eye:
But in that crystal scales let there be weighed
Your lady’s love[92] against some other maid
That I will show you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant[94] show well that now seems best.

ROMEO I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour[96] of mine own.

[Exeunt]

[Act 1 Scene 3]*

running scene 3

Enter Capulet's Wife and Nurse

LADY CAPULET Nurse, where's my daughter? Call her forth to me.

NURSE Now by[2] my maidenhead at twelve year old,
I bade her come. What,[3] lamb! What, ladybird!
God forbid,[4] where's this girl? What, Juliet!

Enter Juliet

JULIET How now? Who calls?

NURSE Your mother.

JULIET Madam, I am here. What is your will?

LADY CAPULET This is the matter.— Nurse, give leave[8] awhile,
We must talk in secret.— Nurse, come back again,
I have remembered me, thou's[10] hear our counsel.
Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty[11] age.

NURSE Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

LADY CAPULET She's not fourteen.

NURSE I'll lay fourteen[14] of my teeth — and yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four — she's not fourteen. How long is it now to Lammas-tide?[15]

LADY CAPULET A fortnight and odd days.

NURSE Even[17] or odd, of all days in the year, come Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen. Susan[18] and she — God rest all Christian souls! — were of an age. Well, Susan is with God: she was too good for me. But as I said, on Lammas Eve at night shall she be fourteen, that shall she, marry, I remember it well. 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years, and she was weaned — I never shall forget it — of all the days of the year, upon that day, for I had then laid[22] wormwood to my dug, sitting in the sun under the dovehouse wall. My lord and you were then at Mantua[24] — nay, I do bear a brain — but, as I said, when it did taste the wormwood on the nipple of my dug and felt it bitter, pretty fool,[25] to see it tetchy and fall out with the dug! 'Shake',[26] quoth the dovehouse: 'twas no need, I trow, to bid me trudge.[27]

And since that time it is eleven years, for then she could stand alone, nay, by th’rood,[28] she could have run and waddled all about, for even the day before, she broke[29] her brow, and then my husband — God be with his soul, a was a merry man — took up the child, ‘Yea,’ quoth he, ‘dost thou fall upon thy face? Thou wilt fall backward[31] when thou hast more wit, wilt thou not, Jule?’ And by my holidam,[32] the pretty wretch left crying and said ‘Ay’. To see now how a jest shall come about![33] I warrant, an I should live a thousand years, I never should forget it: ‘Wilt thou not, Jule?’ quoth he, and, pretty fool, it stinted[34] and said ‘Ay’.

LADY CAPULET Enough of this, I pray thee, hold thy peace.

NURSE Yes, madam, yet I cannot choose but laugh, to think it[37] should leave crying and say ‘Ay’. And yet I warrant it had upon it brow a bump as big as a young cock’rel’s stone,[38] a perilous knock, and it cried bitterly. ‘Yea,’ quoth my husband, ‘fall’st upon thy face? Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age, wilt thou not, Jule?’ It stinted and said ‘Ay’.

JULIET And stint thou too, I pray thee, Nurse, say I.[41]

NURSE Peace, I have done. God mark[42] thee to his grace! Thou wast the prettiest babe that e’er I nursed. An I might live to see thee married once,[43] I have my wish.

LADY CAPULET Marry, that ‘marry’ is the very theme
I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition[46] to be married?

JULIET It is an honour that I dream not of.

NURSE An honour! Were not I thine only nurse, I would say thou hadst sucked
wisdom from thy teat.[49]

LADY CAPULET Well, think of marriage now: younger than you,
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers. By my count,
I was your mother much[53] upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief:
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

NURSE A man, young lady! Lady, such a man as all the world — why, he’s a man of wax.[56]

LADY CAPULET Verona's summer hath not such a flower.
NURSE Nay, he's a flower, in faith, a very flower.
LADY CAPULET What say you? Can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast:
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen,
Examine every several[64] lineament,
And see how one another lends content[65]
And what obscured in this fair volume lies
Find written in the margent[67] of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound[68] lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover.[69]
The fish lives in the sea, and 'tis much pride
For fair without the[71] fair within to hide.
That book[72] in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps[73] locks in the golden story:
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.
NURSE No less? Nay, bigger: women[76] grow by men.
LADY CAPULET Speak briefly, can you like of[77] Paris' love?
JULIET I'll look[78] to like, if looking liking move:
But no more deep will I endart mine eye[79]
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servingman

SERVINGMAN Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and everything in extremity. I must hence to wait: I beseech you, follow straight.[83]

Exit

LADY CAPULET We follow thee.— Juliet, the county[84] stays.
NURSE Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

Exeunt

[Act 1 Scene 4]*

running scene 4

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or six other Masquers, Torchbearers

ROMEO What, shall this speech[1] be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without apology?
BENVOLIO The[3] date is out of such prolixity:
We’ll have no Cupid[4] hoodwinked with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar’s[5] painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper.[6]
But let them measure[7] us by what they will,
We’ll measure[8] them a measure, and be gone.
ROMEO Give me a torch, I am not for this ambling.[9]
Being but heavy,[10] I will bear the light.
MERCUTIO Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.
ROMEO Not I, believe me. You have dancing shoes
With nimble soles, I have a soul of lead
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.
MERCUTIO You are a lover, borrow Cupid’s wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.[16]
ROMEO I am too sore enpiercèd[17] with his shaft
To soar with his light feathers and so bound,[18]
I cannot bound a pitch[19] above dull woe:
Under love’s heavy burden do I sink.
MERCUTIO And[21] to sink in it should you burden love,
Too great oppression[22] for a tender thing.
ROMEO Is love a tender thing? It is too rough,
Too rude,[24] too boist’rous, and it pricks like thorn.
MERCUTIO If love be rough with you, be rough with love:
Prick[26] love for pricking, and you beat love down.
Give me a case[27] to put my visage in,
A visor[28] for a visor! What care I ***Puts on a mask***
What curious eye doth quote[29] deformities?
Here are the beetle brows[30] shall blush for me.

BENVOLIO Come, knock and enter, and no sooner in,
But every man betake[32] him to his legs.
ROMEO A torch for me: let wantons[33] light of heart
Tickle[34] the senseless rushes with their heels,
For I am proverbed[35] with a grandsire phrase,
I'll[36] be a candle-holder, and look on.
The[37] game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.
MERCUTIO Tut, dun's[38] the mouse, the constable's own word:
If thou art dun, we'll draw[39] thee from the mire
Or — save your reverence[40] — love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight,[41] ho!
ROMEO Nay, that's not so.
MERCUTIO I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, light lights by day.
Take[45] our good meaning, for our judgement sits
Five times in that ere once in our five wits.
ROMEO And we mean[47] well in going to this masque,
But 'tis no wit[48] to go.
MERCUTIO Why, may one ask?
ROMEO I dreamt a dream tonight.[50]
MERCUTIO And so did I.
ROMEO Well, what was yours?
MERCUTIO That dreamers often lie.
ROMEO In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.
MERCUTIO O, then I see Queen Mab[55] hath been with you:
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone[57]
On the forefinger of an alderman,[58]
Drawn with a team of little atomies[59]
Over men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners'[61] legs,
The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,
Her traces[63] of the smallest spider's web,
Her collars of the moonshine's wat'ry beams,
Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash[65] of film,
Her wagoner[66] a small grey-coated gnat,

Not half so big as a round little worm[67]
Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid,
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut
Made by the joiner[70] squirrel or old grub,
Time out o'mind the fairies' coachmakers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love,
On courtiers' knees, that dream on curtsies[74] straight,
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees,
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breath with sweetmeats[78] tainted are:
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling[80] out a suit:
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's[81] tail
Tickling a parson's nose as a lies asleep,
Then he dreams of another benefice.[83]
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches,[86] ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five-fathom deep,[87] and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
And being thus frighted swears a prayer or two
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plaits the manes of horses in the night,
And bakes[92] the elflocks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag,[94] when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them and learns[95] them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage:[96]
This is she—

ROMEO Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!
Thou talk'st of nothing.[99]

MERCUTIO True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot[102] of nothing but vain fantasy,

Which is as thin of substance as the air
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And being angered puffs away from thence,
Turning his side[107] to the dew-dropping south.

BENVOLIO This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

ROMEO I fear too early, for my mind misgives[110]
Some consequence yet hanging in the stars
Shall bitterly begin his fearful[112] date
With this night's revels and expire[113] the term
Of a despisèd life closed in my breast
By some vile forfeit[115] of untimely death.
But he that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my suit. On, lusty gentlemen!

BENVOLIO Strike, drum.[118]

They march about the stage and Servingmen come forth with their napkins

Enter [Chief] Servant

CHIEF SERVINGMAN Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away?[119] He shift a trencher?[120] He scrape a trencher?

FIRST SERVINGMAN When good manners[121] shall lie in one or two men's hands and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul[122] thing.

CHIEF SERVINGMAN Away with the joint-stools,[123] remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate.[124] Good thou, save me a piece of marchpane, and as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone[125] and Nell.— Antony, and Potpan!

SECOND SERVINGMAN Ay, boy, ready.

CHIEF SERVINGMAN You are looked for and called for, asked for and sought for, in the great chamber.

FIRST SERVINGMAN We cannot be here and there too. Cheerly,[129] boys, be brisk awhile, and the[130] longer liver take all.

Exeunt [some Servingmen]

Enter all the Guests and Gentlewomen to the Masquers

CAPULET Welcome, gentlemen! Ladies that have their toes
Unplagued with corns will walk a bout[132] with you.

Ah, my mistresses, which of you all
Will now deny[134] to dance? She that makes dainty,
She I’ll swear hath corns. Am[135] I come near ye now?
Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day
That I have worn a visor and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady’s ear,
Such as would please: ’tis gone, ’tis gone, ’tis gone.
You are welcome, gentlemen! Come, musicians, play.
Music plays, and they dance
A hall,[141] hall, give room! And foot it, girls.
More light, you knaves, and turn[142] the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.
Ah, sirrah,[144] this unlooked-for sport comes well.
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet,
For you and I are past our dancing days:
How long is’t now since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?
SECOND CAPULET By’r lady,[149] thirty years.
CAPULET What, man? ’Tis not so much, ’tis not so much:
’Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come Pentecost[152] as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years, and then we masked.
SECOND CAPULET ’Tis more, ’tis more, his son is elder, sir:
His son is thirty.
CAPULET Will you tell me that?
His son was but a ward[157] two years ago.
ROMEO What lady is that, which doth enrich the hand ***To a Servingman***
Of yonder knight?
SERVINGMAN I know not, sir.
ROMEO O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
As a rich jewel in an Ethiope’s[163] ear:
Beauty[164] too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o’er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I’ll watch her[167] place of stand,

And touching hers, make blessèd my rude[168] hand.
Did my heart love till now? Forswear it,[169] sight,
For I ne’er saw true beauty till this night.
TYBALT This, by his voice, should be a Montague.
Fetch me my rapier,[172] boy.— What dares the slave
[Exit a Servingman]
Come hither, covered with an antic[173] face,
To fleer[174] and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock[175] and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.
CAPULET Why, how now, kinsman?
Wherefore storm you so?
TYBALT Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe,
A villain that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.
CAPULET Young Romeo is it?
TYBALT ’Tis he, that villain Romeo.
CAPULET Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone:
A bears him like a portly[184] gentleman,
And to say truth, Verona brags of him
To be a virtuous and well-governed youth.
I would not for the wealth of all this town
Here in my house do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him.
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance[192] for a feast.
TYBALT It fits when such a villain is a guest:
I’ll not endure him.
CAPULET He shall be endured.
What, goodman boy?[196] I say, he shall: go to.
Am I the master here or you? Go to.
You’ll not endure him? God[198] shall mend my soul,
You’ll make a mutiny among my guests?
You will set cock-a-hoop?[200] You’ll be the man?
TYBALT Why, uncle, ’tis a shame.

CAPULET Go to, go to.
You are a saucy[203] boy. Is't so, indeed?
This trick may chance to scathe[204] you, I know what.
You must contrary[205] me? Marry, 'tis time.—
Well said,[206] my hearts!— You are a princox. Go, ***To Dancers/To Tybalt***
Be quiet, or— More light, more light!— for shame, ***To Servants/To Tybalt***
I'll make you quiet.— What, cheerly, my hearts! ***To Dancers***
TYBALT Patience perforce[209] with wilful choler meeting
Makes my flesh tremble in their different[210] greeting.
I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall
Now seeming sweet convert to bitter gall.
Exit
ROMEO If I profane[213] with my unworthiest hand ***To Juliet***
This holy shrine,[214] the gentle sin is this:
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.
JULIET Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly[218] devotion shows in this,
For saints[219] have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers'[220] kiss.
ROMEO Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?
JULIET Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.
ROMEO O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do:
They pray, grant thou,[224] lest faith turn to despair.
JULIET Saints do not move,[225] though grant for prayers' sake.
ROMEO Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purged. ***Kisses her***
JULIET Then have my lips the sin that they have took.
ROMEO Sin from my lips? O, trespass sweetly urged![229]
Give me my sin again. ***Kisses her again***
JULIET You kiss by th'book.[231]
NURSE Madam, your mother craves a word with you. ***Juliet stands aside***
ROMEO What[233] is her mother?
NURSE Marry, bachelor,[234]
Her mother is the lady of the house,

And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous.
I nursed her daughter, that you talked withal.[237]
I tell you, he that can lay hold of[238] her
Shall have the chinks.[239]
ROMEO Is she a Capulet? ***Aside?***
O, dear account![241] My life is my foe’s debt.
BENVOLIO Away, begone, the[242] sport is at the best. ***Comes forward***
ROMEO Ay, so I fear, the more is my unrest.
CAPULET Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone, ***The guests indicate that they have to leave***
We have a trifling foolish banquet[245] towards.
Is it e’en so? Why then I thank you all.
I thank you, honest[247] gentlemen, goodnight.—
More torches here!— Come on, then let’s to bed. ***To Servingmen***
Ah, sirrah, by my fay,[249] it waxes late:
I’ll to my rest.
[Exeunt all but Juliet and Nurse]
JULIET Come hither, nurse. What is yond[251] gentleman?
NURSE The son and heir of old Tiberio.
JULIET What’s he that now is going out of door?
NURSE Marry, that I think be young Petruchio.
JULIET What’s he that follows here, that would not dance?
NURSE I know not.
JULIET Go ask his name.— If he be marrièd, ***The Nurse goes***
My grave is like[258] to be my wedding bed.
NURSE His name is Romeo, and a Montague, ***Returning***
The only son of your great enemy.
JULIET My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious[263] birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathèd enemy.
NURSE What’s this? What’s this?
JULIET A rhyme I learned even now
Of one I danced withal.
One calls within ‘Juliet!’
NURSE Anon,[268] anon!

Come, let’s away: the strangers all are gone.
Exeunt

[Act 2]

[Enter] Chorus

CHORUS Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes[2] to be his heir:
That fair[3] for which love groaned for and would die,
With tender Juliet matched,[4] is now not fair.
Now Romeo is beloved and loves again,[5]
Alike[6] bewitchèd by the charm of looks,
But to his foe supposed[7] he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful[8] hooks.
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use[10] to swear,
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-belovèd anywhere:
But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,
Temp'ring extremities[14] with extreme sweet.

[Exit]

[Act 2 Scene 1][2.1]

running scene 5

Enter Romeo alone
ROMEO Can I go forward[1] when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth,[2] and find thy centre out. ***Stands aside***
Enter Benvolio with Mercutio
BENVOLIO Romeo! My cousin Romeo, Romeo!
MERCUTIO He is wise,
And on my life hath stol’n him home to bed.
BENVOLIO He ran this way and leapt this orchard[6] wall.
Call, good Mercutio.
MERCUTIO Nay, I’ll conjure[8] too.
Romeo! Humours![9] Madman! Passion! Lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,
Speak but one rhyme,[11] and I am satisfied:
Cry but ‘Ay me’, pronounce but ‘love’ and ‘dove’,
Speak to my gossip[13] Venus one fair word,
One nickname for her purblind[14] son and heir,
Young Abraham Cupid,[15] he that shot so true,
When King[16] Cophetua loved the beggar-maid!—
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not, ***Aside***
The[18] ape is dead, and I must conjure him.—
I conjure thee by Rosaline’s bright eyes,
By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg and quiv’ring thigh,
And the demesnes[22] that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.
BENVOLIO An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.
MERCUTIO This cannot anger him: ’twould anger him
To raise a spirit[26] in his mistress’ circle
Of some strange[27] nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid[28] it and conjured it down:
That were some spite.[29] My invocation
Is fair and honest,[30] and in his mistress’ name

I conjure only but to raise up him.
BENVOLIO Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
To be consorted with[33] the humorous night:
Blind is his love and best befits the dark.
MERCUTIO If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.[35]
Now will he sit under a medlar[36] tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.—
O[39] Romeo, that she were, O, that she were
An open arse[40] and thou a pop'rin pear!
Romeo, goodnight: I'll to my truckle-bed,[41]
This field-bed[42] is too cold for me to sleep.—
Come, shall we go?
BENVOLIO Go, then, for 'tis in vain
To seek him here that means not to be found.
Exeunt [Benvolio and Mercutio]
ROMEO He jests at scars that never felt a wound. ***Comes forward***
[Enter Juliet above]
But, soft, what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid[51] art far more fair than she:
Be not her maid, since she is envious:
Her vestal livery[53] is but sick and green
And none but fools do wear it, cast it off.
It is my lady, O, it is my love!
O, that she knew she were!
She speaks yet she says nothing: what of that?
Her eye discourses: I will answer it.
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres[62] till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,

As daylight doth a lamp, her eye in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night.
See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!
JULIET Ay me!
ROMEO She speaks: ***Aside***
O, speak again, bright angel, for thou art
As glorious[74] to this night, being o’er my head
As is a wingèd messenger of heaven
Unto the white upturnèd[76] wond’ring eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides the lazy puffing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.
JULIET O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore[80] art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name,
Or if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I’ll no longer be a Capulet.
ROMEO Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this? ***Aside***
JULIET ’Tis but thy name that is my enemy,
Thou art thyself, though[86] not a Montague.
What’s Montague? It is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name.
What’s in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other word would smell as sweet,
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes[93]
Without that title. Romeo, doff[94] thy name,
And for[95] thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.
ROMEO I take thee at thy word: ***To her***
Call me but love, and I’ll be new baptized,
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.
JULIET What man art thou that thus bescreened[100] in night

So stumblest on my counsel?[101]
ROMEO By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee.
Had I it written, I would tear the word.
JULIET My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound:
Art thou not Romeo and a Montague?
ROMEO Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.
JULIET How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.
ROMEO With love's light wings did I o'er-perch[115] these walls,
For stony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do that dares love attempt:
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.
JULIET If they do see thee, they will murder thee.
ROMEO Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,
And I am proof[122] against their enmity.
JULIET I would not for the world they saw thee here.
ROMEO I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes,
And but[125] thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death proroguèd,[127] wanting of thy love.
JULIET By whose direction found'st thou out this place?
ROMEO By love, that first did prompt me to inquire:
He lent me counsel[130] and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot,[131] yet wert thou as far
As that vast shore washed with the farthest sea,
I should adventure for such merchandise.
JULIET Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak tonight

Fain[137] would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke: but farewell compliment![138]
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say ‘Ay’,
And I will take thy word. Yet if thou swear’st,
Thou mayst prove false: at lovers’ perjuries
They say Jove[142] laughs. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce[143] it faithfully:
Or if thou think’st I am too quickly won,
I’ll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,
So[146] thou wilt woo, but else not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,[147]
And therefore thou mayst think my behaviour light:[148]
But trust me, gentleman, I’ll prove more true
Than those that have more coying[150] to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard’st, ere I was ware,[152]
My true love’s passion: therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which[155] the dark night hath so discoverèd.
ROMEO Lady, by yonder blessèd moon I vow
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—
JULIET O, swear not by the moon, th’inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circlèd orb,[159]
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.
ROMEO What shall I swear by?
JULIET Do not swear at all:
Or if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious[163] self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I’ll believe thee.
ROMEO If my heart’s dear love—
JULIET Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract[168] tonight:
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say ‘It lightens’. Sweet, goodnight!
This bud of love, by summer’s ripening breath,

May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Goodnight, goodnight, as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart as that within my breast!
ROMEO O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?
JULIET What satisfaction[177] canst thou have tonight?
ROMEO Th’exchange of thy love’s faithful vow for mine.
JULIET I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were[180] to give again.
ROMEO Wouldst thou withdraw it? For what purpose, love?
JULIET But to be frank[182] and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have.
My bounty[184] is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep: the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear some noise within. Dear love, adieu!—
[Nurse] calls within
Anon, good nurse!— Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit, above*]
ROMEO O blessèd, blessèd night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.
[Enter Juliet, above]
JULIET Three words, dear Romeo, and goodnight indeed.
If that thy bent[194] of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word tomorrow,
By one that I’ll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite,
And all my fortunes at thy foot I’ll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.
[Nurse calls] within ‘Madam!’
I come, anon.— But if thou mean’st not well,
I do beseech thee—
[Nurse calls] within ‘Madam!’
By and by, I come.—
To cease thy strife,[203] and leave me to my grief.
Tomorrow will I send.

ROMEO So thrive my soul—
JULIET A thousand times goodnight!
Exit, [above]
ROMEO A thousand times the worse, to want[207] thy light.
Love goes toward love as schoolboys from their books,
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks. ***Romeo starts to go***
Enter Juliet again, [above]
JULIET Hist,[210] Romeo, hist! O, for a falc'ner's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle[211] back again!
Bondage is hoarse,[212] and may not speak aloud,
Else would I tear the cave where Echo[213] lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my 'Romeo'.
ROMEO It is my soul that calls upon my name.
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!
JULIET Romeo!
ROMEO My nyas?[220]
JULIET What o'clock tomorrow shall I send to thee?
ROMEO By the hour of nine.
JULIET I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.
ROMEO Let me stand here till thou remember it.
JULIET I shall forget, to[226] have thee still stand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.
ROMEO And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
JULIET 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone:
And yet no further than a wanton's[231] bird,
That lets it hop a little from his hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,[233]
And with a silken thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.
ROMEO I would I were thy bird.
JULIET Sweet, so would I:

Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Goodnight, goodnight! Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say goodnight till it be morrow.

Exit, [above]

ROMEO Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
// The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night, //
// Check’ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light, //
// And darkness fleckled[245] like a drunkard reels //
// From forth[246] day’s pathway, made by Titan’s wheels. //
Hence will I to my ghostly[247] friar’s close cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap[248] to tell.

Exit

[Act 2 Scene 2][2.2]

running scene 6

Enter Friar Laurence alone with a basket

FRIAR LAURENCE The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Check’ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light,
And fleckled[3] darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth[4] day’s path and Titan’s burning wheels:
Now, ere the sun advance[5] his burning eye,
The day to cheer and night’s dank dew to dry,
I must upfill this osier cage[7] of ours
With baleful[8] weeds and precious-juicèd flowers.
The earth that’s nature’s mother is her tomb:
What is her burying grave, that is her womb,
And from her womb children of divers[11] kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find:
Many for many virtues excellent,
None[14] but for some and yet all different.
O, mickle[15] is the powerful grace that lies
In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give,
Nor aught[19] so good but strained from that fair use
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometime by action dignified.

Enter Romeo

Within the infant rind of this weak flower
Poison hath residence and medicine power:
For this, being smelt, with that part[25] cheers each part,
Being tasted, slays[26] all senses with the heart.
Two such opposèd kings encamp them still[27]
In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will:
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker[30] death eats up that plant.

ROMEO Good morrow, father.
FRIAR LAURENCE *Benedicite!*[32]
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Young son, it argues[34] a distempered head
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care[36] keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie,
But where unbruisèd youth with unstuffed brain
Doth couch[39] his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
Thou art uproused with some distemp'rature,
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our Romeo hath not been in bed tonight.
ROMEO That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.
FRIAR LAURENCE God pardon sin! Wast thou with Rosaline?
ROMEO With Rosaline, my ghostly father? No,
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.
FRIAR LAURENCE That's my good son: but where hast thou been, then?
ROMEO I'll tell thee ere thou ask it me again:
I have been feasting with mine enemy,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded: both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic[53] lies.
I bear no hatred, blessèd man, for lo,[54]
My intercession[55] likewise steads my foe.
FRIAR LAURENCE Be plain, good son, rest homely[56] in thy drift,
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.[57]
ROMEO Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combined, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage. When and where and how
We met, we wooed and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass, but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us today.
FRIAR LAURENCE Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!

Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? Young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine
Hath washed thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old[75] groans yet ringing in my ancient ears:
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not washed off yet.
If e'er thou wast thyself and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline.
And art thou changed? Pronounce this sentence[80] then:
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.
ROMEO Thou chid'st[82] me oft for loving Rosaline.
FRIAR LAURENCE For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.
ROMEO And bad'st[84] me bury love.
FRIAR LAURENCE Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.
ROMEO I pray thee, chide me not. Her I love now
Doth grace[88] for grace and love for love allow:
The other did not so.
FRIAR LAURENCE O, she knew well
Thy love did read by rote[91] that could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,
In one respect[93] I'll thy assistant be:
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.
ROMEO O, let us hence! I stand[96] on sudden haste.
FRIAR LAURENCE Wisely and slow: they stumble that run fast.
Exeunt

[Act 2 Scene 3][2.3]

running scene 7

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio

MERCUTIO Where the devil should this Romeo be?
Came he not home tonight?[2]

BENVOLIO Not to his father's: I spoke with his man.[3]

MERCUTIO Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

BENVOLIO Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

MERCUTIO A challenge, on my life.

BENVOLIO Romeo will answer it.[9]

MERCUTIO Any man that can write may answer a letter.

BENVOLIO Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.[11]

MERCUTIO Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead, stabbed with a white wench's black eye,[13] run through the ear with a love-song, the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's[14] butt-shaft: and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

BENVOLIO Why, what is Tybalt?

MERCUTIO More than prince of cats,[16] O, he's the courageous captain of compliments: he fights as you sing prick-song,[17] keeps time, distance and proportion: he rests his minim rests, one, two, and the third[18] in your bosom — the very butcher of a silk button — a duellist, a duellist, a gentleman of the very first house,[19] of the first and second cause. Ah, the immortal *passado*,[20] the *punto reverso*, the *hay!*

BENVOLIO The what?

MERCUTIO The pox of[22] such antic, lisping, affecting phantasimes, these new tuners of accent! 'Jesu, a very good blade,[23] a very tall man, a very good whore!' Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire,[24] that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies,[25] these fashion-mongers, these 'pardon-me's', who stand so much on the new form,[26] that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their bones, their bones!

Enter Romeo

BENVOLIO Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

MERCUTIO Without his roe,[29] like a dried herring: O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the numbers[30] that Petrarch flowed in: Laura to his lady was a kitchen-wench — marry, she had a better love[31] to berhyme her — Dido a dowdy, Cleopatra[32] a gypsy, Helen and Hero hildings and harlots, Thisbe a grey eye or so, but not[33] to the purpose.— Signior Romeo, *bon jour:* there's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit[34] fairly last night.

ROMEO Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

MERCUTIO The slip, sir, the slip — can you not conceive?[36]

ROMEO Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great, and in such a case[37] as mine a man may strain courtesy.

MERCUTIO That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow[39] in the hams.

ROMEO Meaning, to curtsy.[41]

MERCUTIO Thou hast most kindly hit it.[42]

ROMEO A most courteous exposition.

MERCUTIO Nay, I am the very pink[44] of courtesy.

ROMEO Pink for flower.

MERCUTIO Right.

ROMEO Why, then is my pump[47] well flowered.

MERCUTIO Sure[48] wit, follow me this jest now till thou hast worn out thy pump, that when the single[49] sole of it is worn, the jest may remain after the wearing sole singular.

ROMEO O single-soled[51] jest, solely singular for the singleness.

MERCUTIO Come between us, good Benvolio, my wits faints.

ROMEO Switch and spurs,[53] switch and spurs, or I'll cry a match.

MERCUTIO Nay, if our wits run the wild-goose chase,[54] I am done, for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits than I am sure I have in my whole five. Was[55] I with you there for the goose?

ROMEO Thou wast never with me for anything when thou wast not there for the[57] goose.

MERCUTIO I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

ROMEO Nay, good goose, bite not.

MERCUTIO Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting:[61] it is a most sharp sauce.

ROMEO And[62] is it not then well served into a sweet goose?

MERCUTIO O, here's a wit[63] of cheverel, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

ROMEO I stretch it out for that word 'broad[66]', which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

MERCUTIO Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? Now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo, now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling[69] love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble[70] in a hole.

BENVOLIO Stop there,[71] stop there.

MERCUTIO Thou desirest me to stop in[72] my tale against the hair.

BENVOLIO Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.[73]

MERCUTIO O, thou art deceived: I would have made it short,[74] for I was come to the
whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupy[75] the argument no longer.

Enter Nurse and her man [Peter]

ROMEO Here's goodly gear.[76] A sail, a sail!

MERCUTIO Two, two: a shirt[77] and a smock.

NURSE Peter?

PETER Anon.

NURSE My fan, Peter.

MERCUTIO Good Peter, to hide her face, for her fan's the fairer face.

NURSE God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

MERCUTIO God ye good e'en, fair gentlewoman.

NURSE Is it good e'en?

MERCUTIO 'Tis no less, I tell you, for the bawdy hand[85] of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

NURSE Out upon you![87] What a man are you?

ROMEO One, gentlewoman, that[88] God hath made himself to mar.

NURSE By my troth,[89] it is well said: 'for himself to mar', quoth a? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young

Romeo?

ROMEO I can tell you, but young Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault[92] of a worse.

NURSE You say well.

MERCUTIO Yea, is the worst well? Very well took,[95] i'faith, wisely, wisely.

NURSE If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence[96] with you.

BENVOLIO She will indite[97] him to some supper.

MERCUTIO A bawd,[98] a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

ROMEO What hast thou found?

MERCUTIO No hare,[100] sir, unless a hare, sir, in a Lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar[101] ere it be spent.

An old hare hoar, ***Sings***
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat[104] in Lent.
But a hare that is hoar[105]
Is too[106] much for a score,
When it hoars[107] ere it be spent.

Romeo, will you come to your father's?
We'll to dinner, thither.

ROMEO I will follow you.

MERCUTIO Farewell, ancient lady, farewell, 'lady, lady, lady'. ***Sings***

Exeunt Mercutio, Benvolio

NURSE I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant[111] was this that was so full of his ropery?

ROMEO A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to[113] in a month.

NURSE An a[114] speak anything against me, I'll take him down, an a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks,[115] and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave, I am none of his flirt-gills,[116] I am none of his skains-mates.— And thou ***To Peter*** must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use[117] me at his pleasure?

PETER I saw no man use you at his pleasure: if I had, my weapon[118] should quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

NURSE Now, afore God, I am so vexed that every part[121] about me quivers. Scurvy knave!— ***To Romeo*** Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bid me inquire you out: what she bid me say, I will keep to myself. But first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her in a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say, for the gentlewoman is young, and therefore, if you should deal double with[126] her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak[127] dealing.

ROMEO Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest[128] unto thee—

NURSE Good heart, and i'faith I will tell her as much. Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.

ROMEO What wilt thou tell her, nurse? Thou dost not mark[131] me.

NURSE I will tell her, sir, that you do protest, which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

ROMEO Bid her devise
Some means to come to shrift[135] this afternoon,
And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell
Be shrived[137] and married. Here is for thy pains. ***Attempts to give money***

NURSE No truly, sir, not a penny.

ROMEO Go to, I say you shall.

NURSE This afternoon, sir? Well, she shall be there.

ROMEO And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey wall:
Within this hour my man shall be with thee
And bring thee cords[143] made like a tackled stair,
Which to the high top-gallant[144] of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell, be trusty and I'll quit[146] thy pains.
Farewell, commend me to thy mistress.

NURSE Now God in heaven bless thee! Hark you, sir.

ROMEO What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

NURSE Is your man secret?[150] Did you ne'er hear say,
'Two[151] may keep counsel, putting one away'?

ROMEO Warrant thee,[152] my man's as true as steel.

NURSE Well, sir, my mistress is the sweetest lady — Lord, Lord! When 'twas a little prating[154] thing — O, there is a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard, but she, good soul, had as lief[155] see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes and tell her that Paris is the properer[156] man, but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout[157] in the versal world. Doth not rosemary[158] and Romeo begin both with a letter?

ROMEO Ay, nurse, what of that? Both with an R.

NURSE A mocker! That's the dog's name:[160] R is for the— no, I know it begins with some other letter — and she hath the prettiest sententious[161] of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

ROMEO Commend me to thy lady.

[Exit Romeo]

NURSE Ay, a thousand times.— Peter?

PETER Anon.

NURSE Before and apace.[166]

Exeunt Nurse and Peter

[Act 2 Scene 4][*]

running scene 8

Enter Juliet

JULIET The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse:
In half an hour she promised to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him: that's not so.
O, she is lame![4] Love's herald should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glides than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over louring[6] hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinioned[7] doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours, yet she is not come.
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball:
My words would bandy[14] her to my sweet love,
And his to me.
But old folks, many feign as they were dead,
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse [and Peter]

O God, she comes! O honey nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

NURSE Peter, stay at the gate.

[Exit Peter]

JULIET Now, good sweet nurse — O Lord, why look'st thou sad?
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily:
If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

NURSE I am aweary, give me leave awhile.
Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt[26] have I had!

JULIET I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:
Nay, come, I pray thee speak, good, good nurse, speak.

NURSE Jesu, what haste? Can you not stay awhile?

Do you not see that I am out of breath?

JULIET How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good or bad? Answer to that.
Say either, and I’ll stay the circumstance:[36]
Let me be satisfied, is’t good or bad?

NURSE Well, you have made a simple[38] choice, you know not how to choose a man: Romeo? No, not he, though his face be better than any man’s, yet his leg excels all men’s, and for a hand and a foot and a body, though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower of courtesy, but, I’ll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench, serve God. What, have you dined at home?

JULIET No, no. But all this did I know before.
What says he of our marriage? What of that?

NURSE Lord, how my head aches! What a head have I!
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o’t’other side — O, my back, my back!
Beshrew[49] your heart for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

JULIET I’faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

NURSE Your love says, like an honest[53] gentleman, and a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and, I warrant, a virtuous— Where is your mother?

JULIET Where is my mother? Why, she is within,
Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest:
‘Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
Where is your mother?’

NURSE O God’s lady[59] dear!
Are you so hot?[60] Marry, come up, I trow.
Is this the poultice[61] for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

JULIET Here’s such a coil![63] Come, what says Romeo?

NURSE Have you got leave to go to shrift today?
JULIET I have.
NURSE Then hie[66] you hence to Friar Laurence’ cell,
There stays a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton[68] blood up in your cheeks,
They’ll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church, I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird’s nest[72] soon when it is dark:
I am the drudge and toil in your delight,
But you shall bear the burden[74] soon at night.
Go, I’ll to dinner: hie you to the cell.
JULIET Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell.
Exeunt

[Act 2 Scene 5][2.5]

running scene 9

Enter Friar and Romeo

FRIAR LAURENCE So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not.
ROMEO Amen, amen. But come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail[4] the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close[6] our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.
FRIAR LAURENCE These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,[10]
Which as they kiss consume.[11] The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds[13] the appetite:
Therefore love moderately, long love doth so:
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.
Enter Juliet ***Running***
Here comes the lady. O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:[17]
A lover may bestride the gossamers[18]
That idles in the wanton[19] summer air,
And yet not fall, so light[20] is vanity.
JULIET Good even to my ghostly confessor.
FRIAR LAURENCE Romeo shall thank thee,[22] daughter, for us both.
JULIET As[23] much to him, else is his thanks too much.
ROMEO Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heaped like mine, and that[25] thy skill be more
To blazon[26] it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue[27]
Unfold the imagined[28] happiness that both
Receive in either[29] by this dear encounter.
JULIET Conceit,[30] more rich in matter than in words,

Brags of his substance, not of ornament:[31]
They are but beggars that can count their worth,
But my true love is grown to such excess
I cannot sum up sum[34] of half my wealth.

FRIAR LAURENCE Come, come with me, and we will make short work,
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone
Till holy church incorporate two in one.

[Exeunt]

[Act 3 Scene 1][*]

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio and Men

BENVOLIO I pray thee, good Mercutio, let’s retire:
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And if we meet, we shall not scape[3] a brawl,
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

MERCUTIO Thou art like one of these fellows that when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me[6] his sword upon the table and says ‘God send me no need of thee!’ and by[7] the operation of the second cup draws him on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

BENVOLIO Am I like such a fellow?

MERCUTIO Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack[10] in thy mood as any in Italy, and as soon moved[11] to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

BENVOLIO And what to?

MERCUTIO Nay, an there were two[13] such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou? Why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more or a hair less in his beard than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes: what eye but such an eye would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat,[18] and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling: thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun: didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet[21] before Easter? With another for tying his new shoes with old ribbon. And yet thou wilt tutor me from[22] quarrelling?

BENVOLIO An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple[23] of my life for[24] an hour and a quarter.

MERCUTIO The fee-simple? O, simple[25]!

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio and others

BENVOLIO By my head, here comes the Capulets.

MERCUTIO By my heel, I care not.

TYBALT Follow me close, for I will speak to them.— ***To his companions***
Gentlemen, good e’en, a word with one of you.

MERCUTIO And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something, make it a word and a blow.

TYBALT You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you will give me occasion.

MERCUTIO Could you not take some occasion without giving?

TYBALT Mercutio, thou consort’st[34] with Romeo—

MERCUTIO Consort? What, dost thou make us minstrels?[35] An thou make minstrels of us, look[36] to hear nothing but discords. ***Points to his sword*** Here’s my fiddlestick, here’s that shall make you dance. Come, consort!

BENVOLIO We talk here in the public haunt of men:
Either withdraw unto some private place,
Or reason coldly[40] of your grievances,
Or else depart: here all eyes gaze on us.

MERCUTIO Men’s eyes were made to look, and let them gaze:
I will not budge for no man’s pleasure, I.

Enter Romeo

TYBALT Well, peace be with you, sir, here comes my man.

MERCUTIO But I’ll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery.[45]
Marry, go[46] before to field, he’ll be your follower:
Your worship in that sense may call him ‘man’.

TYBALT Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford
No better term than this: thou art a villain.

ROMEO Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse[51] the appertaining rage
To such a greeting: villain am I none;
Therefore farewell, I see thou know’st me not.

TYBALT Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me: therefore turn and draw.

ROMEO I do protest I never injured thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise,[57]
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:

And so, good Capulet — which name I tender[59]
As dearly as my own — be satisfied.
MERCUTIO O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
Alla stoccado[62] carries it away.
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?[63] ***Draws his sword***
TYBALT What wouldst thou have with me?
MERCUTIO Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives that I mean to make bold withal,[65] and as[66] you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher[67] by the ears? Make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.
TYBALT I am for you. ***Draws***
ROMEO Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.
MERCUTIO Come, sir, your *passado*[71]. ***They fight***
ROMEO Draw, Benvolio, beat down their weapons.—
Gentlemen, for shame, forbear[73] this outrage!
Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath ***Tries to part them***
Forbidden bandying[75] in Verona streets:
Hold,[76] Tybalt! Good Mercutio! ***Tybalt stabs Mercutio***
Exit Tybalt
MERCUTIO I am hurt.
A plague o'both the houses! I am sped.[78]
Is he gone and hath nothing?
BENVOLIO What, art thou hurt?
MERCUTIO Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch, marry, 'tis enough.
Where is my page? Go, villain,[82] fetch a surgeon.
[Exit Page]
ROMEO Courage, man, the hurt cannot be much.
MERCUTIO No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me tomorrow, and you shall find me a grave[85] man. I am peppered,[86] I warrant, for this world. A plague o'both your houses! What? A dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! A braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by[88] the book of arithmetic!— ***To Romeo*** Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.
ROMEO I thought all for the best.

MERCUTIO Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint. A plague o'both your houses!
They have made worms' meat of me. I have it,
And soundly too. Your houses! ***Benvolio helping***
Exeunt
ROMEO This gentleman, the prince's near ally,[95] ***Mercutio***
My very[96] friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf: my reputation stained
With Tybalt's slander — Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my cousin. O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper[101] softened valour's steel!
Enter Benvolio
BENVOLIO O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio is dead!
That gallant spirit hath aspired[103] the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.
ROMEO This day's black fate on more[105] days doth depend,
This but begins the woe others[106] must end.
Enter Tybalt
BENVOLIO Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.
ROMEO He gone in triumph and Mercutio slain?
Away to heaven, respective lenity,[109]
And fire and fury be my conduct[110] now!
Now, Tybalt, take the 'villain' back again,
That late thou gav'st me, for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company:
Either thou or I, or both, must go with him.
TYBALT Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort[116] him here,
Shalt with him hence.
ROMEO This[118] shall determine that.
They fight. Tybalt falls
BENVOLIO Romeo, away, begone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.
Stand not amazed:[121] the prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken. Hence, begone, away!

ROMEO O, I am fortune’s fool![123]
BENVOLIO Why dost thou stay? *Exit Romeo*
Enter Citizens
CITIZEN Which way ran he that killed Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?
BENVOLIO There lies that Tybalt.
CITIZEN Up, sir, go with me:
I charge[129] thee in the prince’s name, obey.
Enter Prince, Old Montague, Capulet, their Wives and all
PRINCE Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
BENVOLIO O, noble prince, I can discover[131] all
The unlucky[132] manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.
LADY CAPULET Tybalt, my cousin?[135] O my brother’s child!
O prince! O cousin! Husband! O, the blood is spilled
Of my dear kinsman! Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.
O cousin, cousin!
PRINCE Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?
BENVOLIO Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo’s hand did slay.
Romeo that spoke him fair, bid him bethink
How nice[143] the quarrel was, and urged withal
Your high displeasure: all this utterèd
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bowed,
Could not take truce[146] with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he tilts[147]
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio’s breast,
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And with[150] a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts[153] it. Romeo he cries aloud,
‘Hold, friends! Friends, part!’ and swifter than his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And ’twixt them rushes, underneath whose arm

An envious[157] thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout[158] Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled.
But by and by[159] comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertained revenge,
And to't they go like lightning, for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain.
And as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.
LADY CAPULET He is a kinsman to the Montague,
Affection[166] makes him false, he speaks not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give:
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.
PRINCE Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio:
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?
MONTAGUE Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend:
His fault concludes but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.
PRINCE And for that offence
Immediately we do exile him hence.
I have an interest[178] in your hearts' proceeding,
My blood[179] for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding:
But I'll amerce[180] you with so strong a fine
That you shall all repent the loss of mine.
It will be deaf to pleading and excuses,
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses:[183]
Therefore use none. Let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he is found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body and attend our will:
Mercy[187] but murders, pardoning those that kill.
Exeunt

[Act 3 Scene 2][*]

running scene 11

Enter Juliet alone

JULIET Gallop apace,[1] you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phoebus'[2] lodging: such a wagoner
As Phaethon[3] would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close[5] curtain, love-performing night,
That runaway's[6] eyes may wink and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalked of and unseen.
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties, or if love be blind,
It best agrees with night. Come, civil[10] night,
Thou sober-suited matron all in black,
And learn[12] me how to lose a winning match,
Played for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:[13]
Hood[14] my unmanned blood, bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle, till strange[15] love grow bold,
Think true love acted simple modesty.
Come night, come Romeo, come thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back.
Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-browed night,
Give me my Romeo, and when I shall die,[21]
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night
And pay no worship to the garish sun.
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possessed[27] it, and though I am sold,
Not yet enjoyed. So tedious is this day
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,

Enter Nurse, with cords
And she brings news, and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.—
Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? The cords
That Romeo bid thee fetch?
NURSE Ay, ay, the cords. ***Drops the cords***
JULIET Ay me, what news? Why dost thou wring thy hands?
NURSE Ah, welladay![38] He's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone,[39] lady, we are undone.
Alack the day, he's gone, he's killed, he's dead!
JULIET Can heaven be so envious?[41]
NURSE Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot: O Romeo, Romeo!
Whoever would have thought it? Romeo!
JULIET What devil art thou that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roared in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? Say thou but 'Ay',
And that bare vowel 'I' shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:[49]
I am not I, if there be such an ay,
Or those eyes shut,[51] that makes thee answer 'Ay'.
If he be slain, say 'Ay', or if not, 'No':
Brief sounds determine of my weal[53] or woe.
NURSE I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes —
God[55] save the mark! — here on his manly breast: ***Points***
A piteous corpse, a bloody piteous corpse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaubed in blood,
All in gore-blood:[58] I swoonèd at the sight.
JULIET O, break,[59] my heart, poor bankrupt, break at once!
To prison, eyes, ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth,[61] to earth resign, end motion here,
And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier![62]
NURSE O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
O courteous Tybalt, honest gentleman,
That ever I should live to see thee dead!
JULIET What storm is this that blows so contrary?

Is Romeo slaughtered, and is Tybalt dead,
My dearest cousin, and my dearer lord?[68]
Then, dreadful trumpet,[69] sound the general doom,
For who is living, if those two are gone?
NURSE Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banishèd,
Romeo that killed him, he is banishèd.
JULIET O, God! Did Romeo’s hand shed Tybalt’s blood?
NURSE It did, it did, alas the day, it did!
JULIET O serpent heart, hid with a flow’ring face!
Did ever dragon keep[76] so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant, fiend angelical,
Dove-feathered raven, wolvish-ravening lamb,
Despisèd substance of divinest show!
Just[80] opposite to what thou justly seem’st,
A damnèd saint, an honourable villain!
O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower[83] the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?
Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!
NURSE There’s no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men: all perjured,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.[90]
Ah, where’s my man? Give me some aqua vitae:[91]
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo!
JULIET Blistered be thy tongue
For such a wish! He was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;
For ’tis a throne where honour may be crowned
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!
NURSE Will you speak well of him that killed your cousin?
JULIET Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord,[102] what tongue shall smooth thy name,

When I, thy three-hours’ wife, have mangled it?
But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?—
That villain cousin would have killed my husband.
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring,
Your tributary[107] drops belong to woe,
Which you mistaking offer up to joy.
My husband lives that Tybalt would have slain,
And Tybalt dead that would have slain my husband:
All this is comfort, wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt’s death,
That murdered me. I would forget it fain,
But, O, it presses to my memory,
Like damnèd guilty deeds to sinners’ minds:
‘Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banishèd.’
That ‘banishèd’, that one word ‘banishèd’,
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt’s death
Was woe enough if it had ended there:
Or if sour woe delights in fellowship
And needly[121] will be ranked with other griefs,
Why followed not, when she said ‘Tybalt’s dead’,
Thy[123] father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern[124] lamentation might have moved?
But with a rearward[125] following Tybalt’s death,
‘Romeo is banishèd’: to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead. ‘Romeo is banishèd’!
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word’s death:[130] no words can that woe sound.
Where is my father and my mother, nurse?

NURSE Weeping and wailing over Tybalt’s corpse.
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

JULIET Wash they his wounds with tears: mine shall be spent,
When theirs are dry, for Romeo’s banishment.
Take up those cords.— Poor ropes, you are beguiled,[136]
Both you and I, for Romeo is exiled:
He made you for a highway to my bed,

But I, a maid, die maiden-widowèd.
Come cord, come nurse, I'll to my wedding-bed,
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

NURSE Hie to your chamber, I'll find Romeo
To comfort you: I wot[143] well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night.
I'll to him, he is hid at Laurence' cell.

JULIET O, find him! Give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

Exeunt

[Act 3 Scene 3][*]

running scene 12

Enter Friar and Romeo ***Romeo hesitating***

FRIAR LAURENCE Romeo, come forth, come forth, thou fearful[1] man:
Affliction is enamoured of thy parts,[2]
And thou art wedded to calamity.
ROMEO Father, what news? What is the prince's doom?[4]
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
FRIAR LAURENCE Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company:
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.
ROMEO What less than doomsday[10] is the prince's doom?
FRIAR LAURENCE A gentler judgement vanished[11] from his lips:
Not body's death, but body's banishment.
ROMEO Ha, banishment? Be merciful, say 'death',
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death. Do not say 'banishment'.
FRIAR LAURENCE Here from Verona art thou banishèd.
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
ROMEO There is no world without[18] Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence banishèd[20] is banished from the world,
And world's exile[21] is death: then banishèd,
Is death mistermed. Calling death banishèd,
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.
FRIAR LAURENCE O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy[26] fault our law calls death, but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rushed[27] aside the law,
And turned that black word 'death' to 'banishment'.
This is dear mercy, and thou see'st it not.
ROMEO 'Tis torture and not mercy. Heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives, and every cat and dog

And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her,
But Romeo may not. More validity,[34]
More honourable state, more courtship[35] lives
In carrion-flies[36] than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet’s hand
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
Who even in pure and vestal[39] modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses[40] sin.
This may flies do, when I from this must fly —
And say’st thou yet that exile is not death? —
But Romeo may not: he is banishèd.
Hadst thou no poison mixed, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean[45] of death, though ne’er so mean,
But[46] ‘banishèd’ to kill me? ‘Banishèd’?
O friar, the damnèd use that word in hell,
Howling attends it: how hast thou the heart,
Being a divine,[49] a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend professed,
To mangle me with that word ‘banishèd’?
FRIAR LAURENCE Then, fond[52] mad man, hear me a little speak.
ROMEO O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.
FRIAR LAURENCE I’ll give thee armour to keep off that word:
Adversity’s sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banishèd.
ROMEO Yet[57] ‘banishèd’? Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant[59] a town, reverse a prince’s doom,
It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more.
FRIAR LAURENCE O, then I see that madmen have no ears.
ROMEO How should they, when wise men have no eyes?
FRIAR LAURENCE Let me dispute[63] with thee of thy estate.
ROMEO Thou canst not speak of that[64] thou dost not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murderèd,
Doting[67] like me and like me banishèd,

Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.
Enter Nurse and knocks ***From the other side of a door***
FRIAR LAURENCE Arise, one knocks. Good Romeo, hide thyself.
ROMEO Not I, unless the breath of heartsick groans,
Mist-like, enfold me from the search of eyes.
Knock ***Romeo remains on the floor***
FRIAR LAURENCE Hark, how they knock!— Who's there?— Romeo, arise,
Thou wilt be taken.[75]— Stay awhile!— Stand up,
Knock
Run to my study.— By and by!— God's will, ***Romeo does not move***
What simpleness[77] is this?— I come, I come!
Knock
Who knocks so hard? Whence come you? What's your will?
NURSE Let me come in, and you shall know my errand: ***From the other side of the door***
I come from Lady Juliet.
FRIAR LAURENCE Welcome, then.
NURSE O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where's my lady's lord? Where's Romeo?
FRIAR LAURENCE There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.
NURSE O, he is even[85] in my mistress' case,
Just in her case. O, woeful sympathy![86]
Piteous predicament! Even so lies she,
Blubb'ring and weeping, weeping and blubb'ring.
Stand[89] up, stand up, stand, an you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand.
Why should you fall into so deep an O?[91]
ROMEO Nurse!
NURSE Ah sir, ah sir! Death's[93] the end of all.
ROMEO Speak'st thou of Juliet? How is it with her?
Doth not she think me an old[95] murderer,
Now I have stained the childhood of our joy
With blood removed but little from her own?
Where is she? And how doth she? And what says

My concealed lady to our cancelled[99] love?
NURSE O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps,
And now falls on her bed, and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls, and then on Romeo cries,[102]
And then down falls again.
ROMEO As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level[105] of a gun,
Did murder her, as that name’s cursèd hand
Murdered her kinsman. O, tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may sack[109]
The hateful mansion. ***Draws his sword***
FRIAR LAURENCE Hold thy desperate hand.
Art thou a man? Thy form cries out thou art:
Thy tears are womanish, thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast.
Unseemly woman in a seeming man,
And ill-beseeming beast in seeming both,
Thou hast amazed me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better tempered.[118]
Hast thou slain Tybalt? Wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady that in thy life lives,
By doing damnèd hate upon thyself?
Why rail’st thou on thy birth, the heaven and earth?
Since birth, and heaven, and earth,[123] all three do meet
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose.
Fie,[125] fie, thou sham’st thy shape, thy love, thy wit,
Which[126] like a usurer abound’st in all,
And usest none in[127] that true use indeed
Which should bedeck[128] thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing[130] from the valour of a man:
Thy dear love sworn but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vowed to cherish:
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Misshapen[134] in the conduct of them both,

Like powder[135] in a skilless soldier’s flask,
Is set afire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismembered[137] with thine own defence.
What, rouse thee, man! Thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead:[139]
There art thou happy.[140] Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew’st Tybalt: there art thou happy.
The law that threatened death became thy friend
And turned it to exile: there art thou happy.
A pack of blessings light upon thy back,
Happiness courts thee in her best array,[145]
But like a mishavèd[146] and sullen wench,
Thou pouts upon thy fortune and thy love:
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love as was decreed,[149]
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,[151]
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua,
Where thou shalt live till we can find a time
To blaze[154] your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of thy prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went’st forth in lamentation.—
Go before, nurse, commend me to thy lady,
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:[160]
Romeo is coming.
NURSE O Lord, I could have stayed here all night
To hear good counsel. O, what learning is!—
My lord, I’ll tell my lady you will come.
ROMEO Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.
NURSE Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir:
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.
[Exit]
ROMEO How well my comfort is revived by this!
FRIAR LAURENCE Go hence, goodnight, and here[169] stands all your state:

Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguised from hence.
Sojourn in Mantua: I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify[173] from time to time
Every good hap[174] to you that chances here.
Give me thy hand, 'tis late. Farewell, goodnight.

ROMEO But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief[177] to part with thee. Farewell.

Exeunt

[Act 3 Scene 4][*]

running scene 13

Enter Old Capulet, his Wife and Paris

CAPULET Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily
That we have had no time to move[2] our daughter:
Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I.— Well, we were born to die.
'Tis very late, she'll not come down tonight.
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been abed an hour ago.

PARIS These times of woe afford no times to woo.
Madam, goodnight, commend me to your daughter.

LADY CAPULET I will, and know her mind early tomorrow:
Tonight she is mewed[11] up to her heaviness.

CAPULET Sir Paris, I will make a desperate[12] tender
Of my child's love: I think she will be ruled
In all respects by me, nay, more, I doubt it not.—
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed,
Acquaint her here of my son[16] Paris' love,
And bid her, mark you me,[17] on Wednesday next —
But, soft, what day is this?

PARIS Monday, my lord,

CAPULET Monday? Ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon,
O'Thursday let it be: o'Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl.
Will you be ready? Do you like this haste?
We'll keep no great ado[24] — a friend or two,
For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,[25]
It may be thought we held him carelessly,[26]
Being our kinsman, if we revel much:
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

PARIS My lord, I would that Thursday were tomorrow.

CAPULET Well get you gone: o'Thursday be it, then.—

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed, ***To Lady Capulet***
Prepare her, wife, against[33] this wedding day.—
Farewell, my lord. Light to my chamber, ho!
Afore me![35] It is so very late,
That we may call it early by and by.
Goodnight.

Exeunt

[Act 3 Scene 5]

running scene 14

Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft

JULIET Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day.
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pom’granate tree.
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

ROMEO It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious[7] streaks
Do lace the severing[8] clouds in yonder east:
Night’s candles are burnt out, and jocund[9] day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountains tops.
I must be gone and live or stay and die.

JULIET Yon light is not daylight, I know it, I:
It is some meteor[13] that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torchbearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua.
Therefore stay yet: thou need’st not to be gone.

ROMEO Let me be ta’en,[17] let me be put to death,
I am content, so[18] thou wilt have it so.
I’ll say yon grey is not the morning’s eye,
’Tis but the pale reflex[20] of Cynthia’s brow,
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty[22] heaven so high above our heads.
I have more care[23] to stay than will to go:
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.
How is’t, my soul? Let’s talk, it is not day.

JULIET It is, it is: hie[26] hence, begone, away!
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining[28] harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
Some say the lark makes sweet division;[29]
This doth not so, for she divideth us:
Some say the lark and loathèd toad change[31] eyes,

O, now I would they had changed voices too,
Since arm from arm[33] that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up[34] to the day.
O, now begone, more light and light it grows.
ROMEO More light and light, more dark and dark our woes!
Enter Nurse
NURSE Madam!
JULIET Nurse?
NURSE Your lady mother is coming to your chamber:
The day is broke, be wary, look about.
[Exit]
JULIET Then, window, let day in, and let life out.
ROMEO Farewell, farewell! One kiss, and I'll descend.
JULIET Art thou gone so? Love, lord, ay, husband, friend,[43]
I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
For in a minute there are many days.
O, by this count I shall be much in years[46]
Ere I again behold my Romeo!
ROMEO Farewell!
I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.
JULIET O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?
ROMEO I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.
JULIET O God, I have an ill-divining[54] soul!
Methinks I see thee, now thou art so low,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eyesight fails or thou look'st pale.
ROMEO And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry[59] sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu!
Exit
JULIET O fortune, fortune, all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him.
That is renowned for faith? Be fickle, fortune,
For then I hope thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

Enter Mother ***Below***
LADY CAPULET Ho, daughter, are you up?
JULIET Who is't that calls? It is my lady mother.
Is she not[67] down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustomed cause procures[68] her hither? ***Juliet could exit aloft and enter below***
LADY CAPULET Why, how now, Juliet!
JULIET Madam, I am not well.
LADY CAPULET Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
An if[73] thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live:
Therefore, have done. Some grief shows much of love,
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.
JULIET Yet let me weep for such a feeling[76] loss.
LADY CAPULET So shall you feel[77] the loss, but not the friend
Which you weep for.
JULIET Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.
LADY CAPULET Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the villain lives which slaughtered him.
JULIET What villain, madam?
LADY CAPULET That same villain, Romeo.
JULIET Villain and he be many miles asunder.— ***Aside?***
God pardon him! I do with all my heart:
And yet no man like[87] he doth grieve my heart.
LADY CAPULET That is because the traitor lives.
JULIET Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands:
Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!
LADY CAPULET We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,
Where that same banished runagate[93] doth live,
Shall give him such an unaccustomed dram,[94]
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company,
And then I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.
JULIET Indeed, I never shall be satisfied[97]
With Romeo, till I behold him — dead[98] —

Is my poor heart so for a kinsman[99] vexed.
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper[101] it,
That Romeo should upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet.[103] O, how my heart abhors
To hear him named and cannot come to him,
To wreak[105] the love I bore my cousin
Upon his body that hath slaughtered him!
LADY CAPULET Find thou the means, and I’ll find such a man.
But now I’ll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.
JULIET And joy comes well in such a needy[109] time:
What are they, beseech your ladyship?
LADY CAPULET Well, well, thou hast a careful[111] father, child,
One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out[113] a sudden day of joy,
That thou expects not, nor I looked not for.[114]
JULIET Madam, in happy time,[115] what day is that?
LADY CAPULET Marry,[116] my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young and noble gentleman,
The County Paris, at St Peter’s Church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.
JULIET Now, by St Peter’s Church and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste, that I must wed
Ere he that should be husband comes to woo.
I pray you tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet, and, when I do, I swear
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris. These are news indeed!
LADY CAPULET Here comes your father: tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.
Enter Capulet and Nurse
CAPULET When the sun sets, the earth doth drizzle dew,
But for the sunset of my brother’s son
It rains downright.
How now? A conduit,[133] girl? What, still in tears?

Evermore show’ring? In one little body
Thou counterfeits[135] a bark, a sea, a wind,
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears: the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood:[138] the winds, thy sighs,
Who, raging with thy tears and they with them,
Without a sudden calm, will overset[140]
Thy tempest-tossèd body. How now, wife?
Have you delivered to her our decree?
LADY CAPULET Ay, sir, but she will none, she gives you thanks.
I would[144] the fool were married to her grave.
CAPULET Soft, take[145] me with you, take me with you, wife.
How,[146] will she none? Doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? Doth she not count her[147] blest,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought[148]
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?
JULIET Not proud you have, but thankful that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I hate,
But thankful even for hate,[152] that is meant love.
CAPULET How now? How now? Chopped-logic?[153] What is this?
‘Proud’ and ‘I thank you’ and ‘I thank you not’,
And yet ‘not proud’, mistress minion you?
Thank me no thankings nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle[157] your fine joints gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to St Peter’s Church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle[159] thither.
Out,[160] you green-sickness carrion, out, you baggage,
You tallow-face![161]
LADY CAPULET Fie, fie, what, are you mad?
JULIET Good father, I beseech you on my knees, ***Kneels***
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.
CAPULET Hang thee, young baggage, disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what: get thee to church o’Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face.
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me:
My fingers itch.[169] Wife, we scarce thought us blest

That God had lent us but this only child,
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her.
Out on her, hilding![173]
NURSE God in heaven bless her!
You are to blame, my lord, to rate[175] her so.
CAPULET And why, my lady wisdom? Hold your tongue, ***To Nurse***
Good prudence, smatter[177] with your gossips, go.
NURSE I speak no treason.
CAPULET O, God[179] gi' good e'en.
NURSE May not one speak?
CAPULET Peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity[182] o'er a gossip's bowl,
For here we need it not.
LADY CAPULET You are too hot.
CAPULET God's bread,[185] it makes me mad!
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still[187] my care hath been
To have her matched: and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes,[190] youthful, and nobly allied,
Stuffed, as they say, with honourable parts,[191]
Proportioned as one's thought would wish a man,
And then to have a wretched puling[193] fool,
A whining mammet,[194] in her fortune's tender,
To answer 'I'll not wed, I cannot love,
I am too young, I pray you pardon me.'
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon[197] you:
Graze where you will you shall not house with me.
Look to't, think on't, I do[199] not use to jest.
Thursday is near, lay hand on heart, advise:[200]
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend,
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.
Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn.[205]

Exit

JULIET Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week,
Or if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument[211] where Tybalt lies.

LADY CAPULET Talk not to me, for I’ll not speak a word:
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

Exit

JULIET O God!— O nurse, how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith[215] in heaven:
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth? Comfort me, counsel me.
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise[219] stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself!
What say’st thou? Hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.

NURSE Faith, here it is:
Romeo is banished, and all[224] the world to nothing,
That he dares ne’er come back to challenge[225] you,
Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.
O, he’s a lovely gentleman!
Romeo’s a dishclout[230] to him. An eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick,[231] so fair an eye
As Paris hath. Beshrew[232] my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead, or ’twere as good he were,
As living here and you no use[236] of him.

JULIET Speakest thou from thy heart?

NURSE And from my soul too,
Or else beshrew them both.

JULIET Amen.[240]

NURSE What?

JULIET Well, thou hast comforted me marv’llous much.
Go in and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeased my father, to Laurence’ cell,
To make confession and to be absolved.

NURSE Marry, I will, and this is wisely done.

[Exit]

JULIET Ancient damnation![247] O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,[248]
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath praised him with above compare
So many thousand times? Go, counsellor,
Thou and my bosom[252] henceforth shall be twain.
I’ll to the friar, to know his remedy:
If all else fail, myself have power to die.

Exit

[Act 4 Scene 1][*]

running scene 15

Enter Friar and County Paris

FRIAR LAURENCE On Thursday, sir? The time is very short.
PARIS My father Capulet will have it so,
And I am nothing slow[3] to slack his haste.
FRIAR LAURENCE You say you do not know the lady's mind?[4]
Uneven is the course, I like it not.
PARIS Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk of love,
For Venus[8] smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway,[10]
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears,
Which too much minded[13] by herself alone
May be put from her by society:[14]
Now do you know the reason of this haste.
FRIAR LAURENCE I would I knew not why it should be slowed.— ***Aside***
Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter Juliet

PARIS Happily[18] met, my lady and my wife!
JULIET That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.
PARIS That 'may be' must be, love, on Thursday next.
JULIET What must be shall be.
FRIAR LAURENCE That's a certain text.[22]
PARIS Come you to make confession to this father?
JULIET To answer that, I should confess to you.
PARIS Do not deny to him that you love me.
JULIET I will confess to you that I love him.
PARIS So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.
JULIET If I do so, it will be of more price,[28]
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.
PARIS Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears.

JULIET The tears have got small victory by that,
For it was bad enough before their spite.
PARIS Thou wrong’st it more than tears with that report.
JULIET That is no slander, sir, which is a truth,
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.[35]
PARIS Thy face is mine, and thou hast slandered it.
JULIET It may be so, for it is not mine own.[37]—
Are you at leisure, holy father, now,
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?
FRIAR LAURENCE My leisure serves me, pensive[40] daughter, now.—
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.
PARIS God shield[42] I should disturb devotion!
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye:
Till then, adieu, and keep this holy kiss. ***Kisses Juliet on forehead or hand or cheek***
Exit Paris
JULIET O, shut the door, and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me, past hope, past care, past help!
FRIAR LAURENCE O, Juliet, I already know thy grief,
It strains me past the compass[48] of my wits:
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue[49] it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.
JULIET Tell me not, friar, that thou hearest of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I’ll help it presently.[55] ***Shows a dagger***
God joined my heart and Romeo’s, thou our hands,
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo sealed,
Shall be the label[58] to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both:[60]
Therefore, out of thy long-experienced time,[61]
Give me some present counsel, or, behold,
’Twixt my extremes[63] and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire,[64] arbitrating that

Which the commission[65] of thy years and art
Could to no issue[66] of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak, I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

FRIAR LAURENCE Hold, daughter: I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desp'rate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry County Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop'st[76] with death himself to scape from it:
And if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

JULIET O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of any tower,
Or walk in thievish ways,[80] or bid me lurk
Where serpents are, chain me with roaring bears,
Or hide me nightly in a charnel-house,[82]
O'er-covered quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks[84] and yellow chapless skulls,
Or bid me go into a new-made grave
And hide me with a dead man in his tomb —
Things that to hear them told have made me tremble —
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstained wife to my sweet love.

FRIAR LAURENCE Hold, then. Go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris. Wednesday is tomorrow:
Tomorrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this vial, being then in bed, ***Shows a vial***
And this distilling[95] liquor drink thou off,
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour,[97] for no pulse
Shall keep his native[98] progress, but surcease.
No warmth, no breath shall testify thou liv'st:
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade

To wanny[101] ashes, thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death when he shuts up the day of life.
Each part, deprived of supple government,[103]
Shall stiff and stark and cold appear like death:
And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two-and-forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes uncovered on the bier,
// Be borne to burial in thy kindred's grave //
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, against[115] thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,[116]
And hither shall he come, and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no inconstant toy,[121] nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

JULIET Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear! ***Takes the vial***

FRIAR LAURENCE Hold, get you gone, be strong and prosperous[124]
In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

JULIET Love give me strength, and strength shall help afford.[127]
Farewell, dear father!

Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 2][*]

running scene 16

Enter Father Capulet, Mother, Nurse and Servingmen, two or three

CAPULET So many guests invite as here are writ.— [*Exit a Servingman*]
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning[2] cooks.

SERVINGMAN You shall have none ill,[3] sir, for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

CAPULET How canst thou try them so?

SERVINGMAN Marry, sir, 'tis[5] an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

CAPULET Go, begone.

[Exit the Servingman]

We shall be much unfurnished[8] for this time.
What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

NURSE Ay, forsooth.[10]

CAPULET Well, he may chance to do some good on her.
A peevish[12] self-willed harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet

NURSE See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

CAPULET How now, my headstrong? Where have you been gadding?[14]

JULIET Where I have learned me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you and your behests,[17] and am enjoined ↓***Falls prostrate or kneels***↓
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
To beg your pardon. Pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

CAPULET Send for the county, go tell him of this:
I'll have this knot knit up tomorrow morning.

JULIET I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell,
And gave him what becomèd[24] love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

CAPULET Why, I am glad on't, this is well — stand up — ***She rises***
This is as't should be. Let me see the county.
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.

Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

JULIET Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,[31]
To help me sort such needful ornaments[32]
As you think fit to furnish me tomorrow?

LADY CAPULET No, not till Thursday: there's time enough.

CAPULET Go, nurse, go with her: we'll to church tomorrow. *Exeunt Juliet and Nurse*

LADY CAPULET We shall be short[36] in our provision,
'Tis now near night.

CAPULET Tush, I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her:[40]
I'll not to bed tonight, let me alone.
I'll play the housewife for this once. What, ho!
They[43] are all forth. Well, I will walk myself
To County Paris, to prepare him up
Against tomorrow. My heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaimed.

Exeunt Father and Mother

[Act 4 Scene 3][*]

running scene 17

Enter Juliet and Nurse ***A curtained bed is provided onstage***

JULIET Ay, those attires are best, but, gentle nurse,
I pray thee leave me to myself tonight,
For I have need of many orisons[3]
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know’st, is cross[5] and full of sin.

Enter Mother

LADY CAPULET What, are you busy, ho? Need you my help?

JULIET No, madam, we have culled[7] such necessaries
As are behoveful[8] for our state tomorrow.
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you,
For I am sure you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

LADY CAPULET Goodnight.
Get thee to bed, and rest, for thou hast need.

Exeunt [Lady Capulet and Nurse]

JULIET Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills[16] through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life.
I’ll call them back again to comfort me.—
Nurse!— What should she do here?
My dismal[20] scene I needs must act alone.
Come, vial.
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married then tomorrow morning?
No, no, this shall forbid it.— Lie thou there.— ***Lays down a dagger***
What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly[26] hath ministered to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonoured,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is, and yet methinks it should not,

For he hath still[30] been tried a holy man.
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? There’s a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere[36] my Romeo comes?
Or if I live, is it not very like,[37]
The horrible conceit[38] of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place —
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where for these many hundred years the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are packed:
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,[43]
Lies fest’ring in his shroud, where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort —
Alack, alack, is it not like that I,
So early waking what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like mandrakes[48] torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad —
O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,[50]
Environèd[51] with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefather’s joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And in this rage,[54] with some great kinsman’s bone,
As with a club, dash out my desp’rate brains?
O, look! Methinks I see my cousin’s ghost
Seeking out Romeo that did spit[57] his body
Upon a rapier’s point. Stay,[58] Tybalt, stay!
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo! Here’s drink: I drink to thee.

She drinks and falls onto the bed within the curtains

[Act 4 Scene 4]

running scene 17 continues

Enter Lady of the house and Nurse

LADY CAPULET Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.

NURSE They call for dates and quinces[2] in the pastry.

Enter Old Capulet

CAPULET Come, stir, stir, stir! The second cock hath crowed,
The curfew-bell[4] hath rung, ’tis three o’clock.
Look to the baked meats,[5] good Angelica:
Spare not for cost.

NURSE Go, you cotquean,[7] go, ***To Capulet***
Get you to bed. Faith, you’ll be sick tomorrow
For this night’s watching.[9]

CAPULET No, not a whit. What, I have watched ere now
All night for less cause, and ne’er been sick.

LADY CAPULET Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt[12] in your time,
But I will watch[13] you from such watching now. *Exeunt Lady and Nurse*

CAPULET A jealous hood,[14] a jealous hood!—
Now fellow, what is there? ***Calls***

Enter three or four with spits, and logs and baskets

SERVINGMAN Things for the cook, sir, but I know not what.

CAPULET Make haste, make haste.—

[Exit Servingman]

Sirrah, fetch drier logs:
Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

ANOTHER SERVINGMAN I[14] have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter.

[Exit]

CAPULET Mass,[22] and well said, a merry whoreson, ha! Thou shalt be logger-head.[23] Good Father, ’tis day:

Play music

The county will be here with music straight,[24]
For so he said he would. I hear him near.—

Nurse! Wife! What, ho! What, Nurse, I say!
Enter Nurse
Go waken Juliet, go and trim her up,[27]
I'll go and chat with Paris. Hie, make haste,
Make haste: the bridegroom he is come already.
Make haste, I say.
[Exit]

NURSE Mistress, what, mistress? Juliet?—
Fast,[32] I warrant her, she.— ***Approaches the bed***
Why, lamb, why, lady! Fie, you slug-a-bed!
Why, love, I say, madam, sweetheart, why, bride!
What, not a word? You take your pennyworths[35] now,
Sleep for a week, for the next night, I warrant,
The County Paris hath set[37] up his rest,
That you shall rest but little. God forgive me,
Marry and amen.— How sound is she asleep!
I must needs wake her. Madam, madam, madam!
Ay, let the county take[41] you in your bed,
He'll fright[42] you up, i'faith. Will it not be? ***Draws the curtains***
What, dressed, and in your clothes, and down[43] again?
I must needs wake you: lady, lady, lady!—
Alas, alas! Help, help! My lady's dead!
O, welladay, that ever I was born!
Some aqua vitae, ho! My lord! My lady!
Enter Mother

LADY CAPULET What noise is here?

NURSE O lamentable day!

LADY CAPULET What is the matter?

NURSE Look, look! O heavy day!

LADY CAPULET O me, O me! My child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!
Help, help! Call help.
Enter Father

CAPULET For shame, bring Juliet forth, her lord is come.

NURSE She's dead, deceased, she's dead, alack the day!

LADY CAPULET Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead, she's dead!

CAPULET Ha? Let me see her. Out, alas,[58] she’s cold:
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff.
Life and these lips have long been separated:
Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
NURSE O lamentable day!
LADY CAPULET O woeful time!
CAPULET Death, that hath ta’en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.
Enter Friar and the County ***Musicians may enter here***
FRIAR LAURENCE Come, is the bride ready to go to church?
CAPULET Ready to go, but never to return.—
O son, the night before thy wedding-day ***To Paris***
Hath Death lain with thy wife. There she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir:
My daughter he hath wedded. I will die,
And leave him all: life, living,[74] all is Death’s.
PARIS Have I thought long[75] to see this morning’s face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?
LADY CAPULET Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour that e’er time saw
In lasting[79] labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catched[82] it from my sight!
NURSE O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!
Most lamentable day, most woeful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day, O day, O day, O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
O woeful day, O woeful day!
PARIS Beguiled,[89] divorcèd, wrongèd, spited, slain!
Most detestable death, by thee beguiled,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!
O love, O life! Not life, but love in death!

CAPULET Despised, distressèd, hated, martyred, killed!
Uncomfortable[94] time, why cam’st thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity?[95]
O child, O child! My soul, and not my child!
Dead art thou! Alack, my child is dead,
And with my child my joys are burièd.
FRIAR LAURENCE Peace, ho, for shame! Confusion’s[99] care lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid, now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death,
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was her promotion,[105]
For ’twas your heaven[106] she should be advanced:
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O, in this love, you love your child so ill
That you run mad, seeing that she is well.
She’s not well married that lives married long,
But she’s best married that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick[113] your rosemary
On this fair corpse, and as the custom is,
And in her best array bear her to church:
For though some nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature’s tears are reason’s merriment.[117]
CAPULET All things that we ordainèd festival,[118]
Turn from their office[119] to black funeral:
Our instruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding cheer[121] to a sad burial feast,
Our solemn[122] hymns to sullen dirges change,
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corpse,
And all things change them to the contrary.
FRIAR LAURENCE Sir, go you in, and madam, go with him,
And go, Sir Paris: everyone prepare
To follow this fair corpse unto her grave.
The heavens do lour[128] upon you for some ill,

Move[129] them no more by crossing their high will.

Exeunt [all but Nurse]

Musicians may enter here

FIRST MUSICIAN Faith, we may put up[130] our pipes, and be gone.

NURSE Honest goodfellows, ah, put up, put up,
For well you know this is a pitiful case.[132]

[Exit]

FIRST MUSICIAN Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.[133]

Enter Peter

PETER Musicians, O, musicians, ‘Heart’s ease’,[134] ‘Heart’s ease’. O, an you will haveme live, play ‘Heart’s ease’.

FIRST MUSICIAN Why ‘Heart’s ease’?

PETER O, musicians, because my heart itself plays ‘My[134] heart is full of woe’. O, play me some merry dump[138] to comfort me.

FIRST MUSICIAN Not a dump we, ’tis no time to play now.

PETER You will not, then?

FIRST MUSICIAN No.

PETER I will then give it you soundly.[142]

FIRST MUSICIAN What will you give us?

PETER No money, on my faith, but the gleek:[144] I will give you the minstrel.

FIRST MUSICIAN Then will I give you the serving-creature.[145]

PETER Then will I lay the serving-creature’s dagger on your pate.[146] I will carry no crotchets: I’ll re[147] you, I’ll fa you. Do you note me?

FIRST MUSICIAN An you re us and fa us, you note us.

SECOND MUSICIAN Pray you put up your dagger, and put out[149] your wit. Then have at you with my wit!

PETER I will dry-beat[151] you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger. Answer me like men:

When[153] griping griefs the heart doth wound,
Then music with her silver sound—

Why ‘silver sound’? Why ‘music with her silver sound’? What say you, Simon Catling?[156]

FIRST MUSICIAN Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

PETER Prates.[158] What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

SECOND MUSICIAN I say ‘silver sound’, because musicians sound for silver.[159]

PETER Prates too. What say you, James Soundpost?[160]

THIRD MUSICIAN Faith, I know not what to say.

PETER O, I cry you mercy,[162] you are the singer: I will say for you. It is ‘music with her silver sound’ because musicians have no gold for sounding:[163]

Then music with her silver sound
With speedy help doth lend redress.

Exit

FIRST MUSICIAN What a pestilent knave is this same!

SECOND MUSICIAN Hang him, Jack![167] Come, we’ll in here, tarry for the mourners, and stay[168] dinner.

Exeunt

[Act 5 Scene 1][5.1]

running scene 18

Enter Romeo

ROMEO If I may trust the flattering[1] truth of sleep,
My dreams presage[2] some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord[3] sits lightly in his throne,
And all this day an unaccustomed spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead —
Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think! —
And breathed such life with kisses in my lips,
That I revived, and was an emperor.
Ah me, how sweet is love itself possessed,[10]
When but love's shadows[11] are so rich in joy!

Enter Romeo's Man ***Wearing riding boots***

News from Verona!— How now, Balthasar!
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How doth my lady Juliet? That I ask again,
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

BALTHASAR Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:
Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post[21] to tell it you.
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office,[23] sir.

ROMEO Is it even so? Then I deny[24] you, stars!—
Thou know'st my lodging, get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses:[26] I will hence tonight.

BALTHASAR I do beseech you, sir, have patience:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import[28]
Some misadventure.[29]

ROMEO Tush, thou art deceived:

Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?
BALTHASAR No, my good lord.
ROMEO No matter: get thee gone,
And hire those horses, I'll be with thee straight.—
Exit Man
Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee tonight.
Let's see for[37] means. O mischief, thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,[39]
And hereabouts a[40] dwells, which late I noted
In tattered weeds,[41] with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples:[42] meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones,
And in his needy[44] shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuffed, and other skins
Of ill-shaped fishes, and about his shelves
A beggarly account[47] of empty boxes,
Green earthen[48] pots, bladders and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread[49] and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scattered, to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said
'An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose[53] sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff[54] wretch would sell it him.'
O, this same thought did but forerun my need,
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house.
Being holy-day, the beggar's shop is shut.
What, ho, apothecary!
Enter Apothecary
APOTHECARY Who calls so loud?
ROMEO Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor.
Hold, there is forty ducats:[62] let me have ***Shows gold***
A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear[63]
As will disperse itself through all the veins

That[65] the life-weary taker may fall dead
And that the trunk[66] may be discharged of breath
As violently as hasty powder fired
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon’s womb.
APOTHECARY Such mortal[69] drugs I have, but Mantua’s law
Is death to any he[70] that utters them.
ROMEO Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear’st to die? Famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back:
The world is not thy friend nor the world’s law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich,
Then be not poor, but break it[77] and take this.
APOTHECARY My poverty, but not my will, consents.
ROMEO I pray[79] thy poverty, and not thy will.
APOTHECARY Put this in any liquid thing you will
And drink it off, and if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.
ROMEO There’s thy gold, worse poison to men’s souls, ***Gives gold***
Doing more murder in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds[85] that thou mayst not sell.
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell, buy food, and get[87] thyself in flesh.—
Come, cordial[88] and not poison, go with me
To Juliet’s grave, for there must I use thee.
Exeunt [separately]

[Act 5 Scene 2][5.2]

running scene 19

Enter Friar John to Friar Laurence

FRIAR JOHN Holy Franciscan friar, brother, ho!

Enter Friar Laurence

FRIAR LAURENCE This same should be the voice of Friar John.—
Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo?
Or if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

FRIAR JOHN Going to find a barefoot brother[5] out,
One of our order, to associate[6] me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers[8] of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence[10] did reign,
Sealed up the doors, and would not let us forth,
So that my speed[12] to Mantua there was stayed.

FRIAR LAURENCE Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

FRIAR JOHN I could not send it — here it is again — ***Shows the letter***
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

FRIAR LAURENCE Unhappy fortune! By my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice[18] but full of charge,
Of dear import,[19] and the neglecting it
May do much danger.[20] Friar John, go hence,
Get me an iron crow,[21] and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

FRIAR JOHN Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.

Exit

FRIAR LAURENCE Now must I to the monument alone,
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake:
She will beshrew me much that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents,[27]
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come.

Poor living corpse, closed in a dead man's tomb!
Exit

[Act 5 Scene 3][5.3]

running scene 20

Enter Paris and his Page ***Carrying flowers and a torch***

PARIS Give me thy torch, boy. Hence, and stand aloof.[1]
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yon yew trees lay[3] thee all along,
Holding thy ear close to the hollow ground,
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
Being[6] loose, unfirm with digging up of graves,
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

PAGE I am almost afraid to stand[10] alone ***Aside***
Here in the churchyard, yet I will adventure.[11] ***Stands back***

PARIS Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew — ***Strews flowers and sprinkles perfumed water***
O woe, thy canopy[13] is dust and stones —
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or wanting that, with tears distilled by moans;
The obsequies[16] that I for thee will keep
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.

Whistle Boy

The boy gives warning something doth approach.
What cursèd foot wanders this way tonight,
To cross[20] my obsequies and true love's rite?
What, with a torch? Muffle me, night, awhile. ***Stands back***

Enter Romeo and Balthasar ***Carrying a mattock and wrenching iron***

ROMEO Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter: early in the morning ***Gives a letter***
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light. Upon thy life, I charge thee, ***Takes a torch***
Whate'er thou hear'st or see'st, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death

Is partly to behold my lady’s face,
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring, a ring that I must use
In dear employment:[32] therefore hence, begone.
But if thou, jealous,[33] dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs:
The time and my intents are savage-wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.
BALTHASAR I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.
ROMEO So shalt thou show me friendship. Take thou that. ***Gives money***
Live and be prosperous, and farewell, good fellow.
BALTHASAR For[43] all this same, I’ll hide me hereabout: ***Aside***
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.[44] ***Stands aside***
ROMEO Thou detestable maw,[45] thou womb of death, ***Romeo begins to open the tomb***
Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth:
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
And in despite[48] I’ll cram thee with more food.
PARIS This is that banished haughty Montague, ***Aside***
That murdered my love’s cousin, with which grief
It is supposèd the fair creature died,
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies. I will apprehend him.—
Stop thy unhallowed[54] toil, vile Montague! ***Comes forward***
Can vengeance be pursued further than death?
Condemnèd villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey and go with me, for thou must die.
ROMEO I must indeed, and therefore came I hither.
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desp’rate man,
Fly hence, and leave me: think upon these gone,[60]
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
Put not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury: O, begone!

By heaven, I love thee better than myself,
For I come hither armed against myself.
Stay not, begone, live, and hereafter say,
A madman's mercy bid thee run away.

PARIS I do defy thy commiseration,[68]
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

ROMEO Wilt thou provoke me? Then have at thee, boy! ***They fight***

PAGE O Lord, they fight! I will go call the watch.

[Exit]

PARIS O, I am slain! If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. ***Dies***

ROMEO In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face.
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!
What said my man, when my betossèd soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think He told me
Paris should have[78] married Juliet:
Said he not so? Or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him[80] talk of Juliet,
To think it was so? O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant[83] grave. ***Opens the tomb, revealing Juliet***
A grave? O no, a lantern,[84] slaughtered youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence[86] full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interred.
How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry, which their keepers[89] call
A light'ning before death. O, how may I
Call this a light'ning? O my love, my wife!
Death that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquered, beauty's ensign[94] yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advancèd[96] there.—
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee

Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
To sunder his[100] that was thy enemy?
Forgive me, cousin.— Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
That unsubstantial[103] death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorrèd monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I still[106] will stay with thee,
And never from this palace of dim night
// Depart again. Come lie thou in my arms. //
// Here's to thy health, where'er thou tumblest in. //
// O true[110] apothecary, //
// Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.//
Depart again. Here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chambermaids: O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! And, lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain[119] to engrossing death! ***Kisses Juliet***
Come, bitter conduct,[120] come, unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing[122] rocks thy seasick weary bark!
Here's to my love. O true apothecary, ***Drinks***
Thy drugs are quick.[124] Thus with a kiss I die. ***Dies***

Enter Friar Laurence with lantern, crow and spade

FRIAR LAURENCE Saint Francis be my speed![125] How oft tonight
Have my old feet stumbled at graves! Who's there?

BALTHASAR Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

FRIAR LAURENCE Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yon that vainly[129] lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls? As I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.

BALTHASAR It doth so, holy sir, and there's my master,
One that you love.

FRIAR LAURENCE Who is it?
BALTHASAR Romeo.
FRIAR LAURENCE How long hath he been there?
BALTHASAR Full half an hour.
FRIAR LAURENCE Go with me to the vault.
BALTHASAR I dare not, sir.
My master knows not but I am gone hence,
And fearfully did menace me with death
If I did stay to look on his intents.
FRIAR LAURENCE Stay then, I'll go alone. Fear comes upon me:
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.
BALTHASAR As I did sleep under this yew tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.
FRIAR LAURENCE Romeo!
Alack, alack, what blood is this which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discoloured by this place of peace?
Romeo! O, pale! Who else? What, Paris too?
And steeped in blood? Ah, what an unkind[154] hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!
The lady stirs.
JULIET O, comfortable[157] friar, where's my lord? ***Waking***
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am. Where is my Romeo?
FRIAR LAURENCE I hear some noise. Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion and unnatural sleep:
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents. Come, come away.
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead,
And Paris too. Come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns.
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming.
Come, go, good Juliet, I dare no longer stay.

Exit

JULIET Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.
What's here? A cup closed in my true love's hand?
Poison I see hath been his timeless[171] end.
O churl,[172] drink all and left no friendly drop
To help me after? I will kiss thy lips,
Haply[174] some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. ***Kisses him***
Thy lips are warm.

Enter Boy and Watch [Constable and other Watchmen] ***At a distance***

CONSTABLE Lead, boy, which way?

JULIET Yea, noise? Then I'll be brief. O happy[178] dagger,
This is thy sheath: there rust, and let me die.

Kills herself

PAGE This is the place, there where the torch doth burn.

CONSTABLE The ground is bloody, search about the churchyard:
Go, some of you, whoe'er you find attach.[182]

[Exeunt some Watchmen]

Pitiful sight! Here lies the county slain,
And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days burièd.
Go, tell the prince, run to the Capulets,
Raise up the Montagues, some others search.

[Exeunt other Watchmen]

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie,
But the true ground[189] of all these piteous woes
We cannot without circumstance[190] descry.

Enter Romeo's man [Balthasar with Watchman]

SECOND WATCHMAN Here's Romeo's man: we found him in the churchyard.

CONSTABLE Hold him in safety, till the prince come hither.

Enter Friar and another Watchman

THIRD WATCHMAN Here is a friar that trembles, sighs and weeps:
We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this churchyard side.

CONSTABLE A great suspicion: stay[196] the friar too.

Enter the Prince [and Attendants]

PRINCE What misadventure is so early up,

That calls our person from our morning rest?
Enter Capulet and his Wife [and others]
CAPULET What should it be that they so shriek abroad?
LADY CAPULET O, the people in the street cry ‘Romeo’,
Some ‘Juliet’, and some ‘Paris’, and all run
With open outcry toward our monument.
PRINCE What fear is this which startles in your ears?
CONSTABLE Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain,
And Romeo dead, and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new killed.
PRINCE Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.
CONSTABLE Here is a friar, and slaughtered Romeo’s man,
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men’s tombs.
CAPULET O heaven! O wife, look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath mista’en[212] — for lo his house
Is empty on the back of Montague —
And is mis-sheathèd in my daughter’s bosom!
LADY CAPULET O me, this sight of death is as a bell
That warns[216] my old age to a sepulchre.
Enter Montague
PRINCE Come, Montague, for thou art early up
To see thy son and heir now early down.
MONTAGUE Alas, my liege, my wife is dead tonight:[219]
Grief of my son’s exile hath stopped her breath.
What further woe conspires against my age?
PRINCE Look and thou shalt see.
MONTAGUE O, thou untaught,[223] what manners is in this?
To press before thy father to a grave?
PRINCE Seal up the mouth of outrage[225] for awhile,
Till we can clear these ambiguities, ***↓The tomb may be closed↓***
And know their spring, their head,[227] their true descent,
And then will I be general[228] of your woes,
And lead you even to death.[229] Meantime forbear,
And let mischance be slave to[230] patience.—
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

FRIAR LAURENCE I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against[234] me of this direful murder:
And here I stand both to impeach and purge
Myself condemnèd and myself excused.[235]
PRINCE Then say at once what thou dost know in this.
FRIAR LAURENCE I will be brief, for my short date of breath[238]
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet,
And she, there dead, that’s Romeo’s faithful wife:
I married them and their stol’n marriage day
Was Tybalt’s doomsday, whose untimely death
Banished the new-made bridegroom from this city,
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betrothed and would have married her perforce[247]
To County Paris. Then comes she to me,
And with wild looks bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her — so tutored by my art[252]—
A sleeping potion, which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought[254] on her
The form of death. Meantime I writ to Romeo
That he should hither come as[256] this dire night
To help to take her from her borrowed grave,
Being the time the potion’s force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
Was stayed[260] by accident, and yesternight
Returned my letter back. Then all alone,
At the prefixèd hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred’s vault,
Meaning to keep her closely[264] at my cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo.
But when I came — some minute ere the time
Of her awaking — here untimely lay

The noble Paris and true[268] Romeo dead.
She wakes, and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience:
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But, as it seems, did violence on herself.
All this I know, and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy:[275] and if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrificed, some hour before the time,[277]
Unto the rigour of severest law.
PRINCE We still[279] have known thee for a holy man.—
Where's Romeo's man? What can he say to this?
BALTHASAR I brought my master news of Juliet's death,
And then in post[282] he came from Mantua
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father, ***Shows letter***
And threatened me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not and left him there.
PRINCE Give me the letter, I will look on it.
Where is the county's page, that raised the watch?—
Sirrah, what made[289] your master in this place?
PAGE He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave,
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb,
And by and by[293] my master drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the watch.
PRINCE This letter doth make good[295] the friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal[298]
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.
Where be these enemies? Capulet, Montague?
See, what a scourge[301] is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys[302] with love.
And I for winking at[303] your discords too

Have lost a brace[304] of kinsmen: all are punished.
CAPULET O brother Montague, give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure,[306] for no more
Can I demand.
MONTAGUE But I can give thee more,
For I will raise[309] her statue in pure gold,
That whiles Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure[311] at such rate be set
As that of true and faithful Juliet.
CAPULET As rich shall Romeo[313] by his lady lie,
Poor sacrifices of[314] our enmity!
PRINCE A glooming[315] peace this morning with it brings,
The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head.
Go hence to have more talk of these sad things:
Some shall be pardoned, and some punishèd,
For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

Exeunt

Textual Notes

Q1 = First Quarto text of 1597 (of uncertain authority)
Q2 = Second Quarto text of 1599
Q1/Q2 = a reading in which the First Quarto and Second Quarto agree
Q3 = Third Quarto text of 1609
Q4 = Fourth Quarto text of 1622
F = First Folio text of 1623
F2 = a correction introduced in the Second Folio text of 1632
Ed = a correction introduced by a later editor
SD = stage direction
SH = speech heading (i.e., speaker's name)

List of parts = Ed

Prologue…mend = Q2. *Not in* F
1.1.22 in = Q1. Not in F **49 swashing** = Q4. F = washing **61 SH LADY CAPULET** = Ed. F = *Wife (or Mo. or Old La. throughout)* **65 SH LADY MONTAGUE** = Ed. F = *2. Wife* **86 further** = Q1/Q2. F = Fathers **114 humour** = Q2. F = Honor **131 other** = Q2. F = others **164 create**

= Q1. F = created **166 well-seeming** = Q4. F = welseeing **203 bide** = Q2. F = bid **204 ope** = Q2. F = open

1.2.41 are here = Q2. F = are **47 thy** = Q2. F = the **56 God**…**e'en** *spelled* Godgigoden in F **63 daughters** = Q2. F = *daughter* **94 she**…**show** = Q1/Q2. F *(uncorrected)* = she shew scant shell. F *(corrected)* = she shall scant shell **seems** = Q2. F = shewes

1.3.27 eleven = Q2. F = a eleuen **33 should** = Q1/Q2. F = shall **34 Jule** = Q2. F = Iulet. Q1 = Juliet **35 SH LADY CAPULET** = Ed. F = *Old La*. **47, 48 honour** = Q1. F = houre **80 it** = Q1. *Not in* F **84 SH LADY CAPULET** = Ed. F = *Mo*.

1.4.18 so = Q2. F = to **43 in** = Q2. F = I **44 light lights** = Ed. F = lights lights **46 five** = Ed. F = fine **55–93** O…**bodes** = *prose in* Q2/F, *verse in* Q **57 an** = Q1/Q2. *Not in* F **65 film** = F2. F = Philome **68 maid** = Q1. F = man **74 curtsies** *spelled* Cursies *in* F **75 dream** = Q2. F = dreamed **81** a = Q1/Q2. *Not in* F **88 ear** = Q2. F = eares **92 elflocks** = Q1. F = Elk-locks **119 SH CHIEF SERVINGMAN** = Ed. F = *Ser*. **131 SH CAPULET** = Ed. F = 1. *Capu*. **132 a bout** = Ed. F = about **140 SD *they*** = Q2. F = *the* **156 SH CAPULET** = Q2 *(1. Capu.)*. F = 3. *Cap*. **187 this** = Q2. F = the **199 my** = Q2. F = the **215 ready** = Q1. F = did ready **258 wedding** = Q1/Q2. F = wedded **266 learned** = Q1/Q2. F = learne

2.0.1 SH CHORUS = Ed. *Not in* F

2.1.8 SH MERCUTIO Nay…too = Q1. *Line assigned to Benvolio in* F **12 but** = Q2. F = me but **pronounce** = Q1. F = Prouant **dove** = Q1. F = day **14 heir** = Q1. F = her **18 and I** = Q2. F = I **27 it there** = Q2. F = it **40 open arse and** = Ed. F = open, or. Q1 = open *Et caetera* **65 eye** = F. Q1 = eyes **88 nor any other part** = Q1. *Not in* F **89 Belonging**…**name** = Ed. F = O be some other name / Belonging to a man **90 What's**…**name?** = Q1. F = What? in a names **139 love me** = Q2. F = Loue **142 laughs** = Q2. F = laught **150 more** = Q1. *Not in* F **156 blessèd moon** = Q2. F = Moone **209 toward** = Q2. F = toward **214 mine** = Q1. *Not in* F **220 nyas** = Ed. F = Neece 239–**40 Parting**…**morrow** *assigned to Juliet as in* Q1. F *assigns to Romeo* **241 SH ROMEO Sleep…breast!** = Q1. F *assigns to Juliet*

2.2.95 households' = Q2. F = houshould

2.3.18 minim rests = Q2. F = minum **22 phantasimes** = Ed. F = phantacies **34 the** = Q2. F = the the **37 good Mercutio** = Q2. F = *Mercutio* **41 curtsy** *spelled* cursie *in* F **53 Switch** *spelled* Swits *in* F **62 then well** = Q2. F = well **74 for** = Q1/Q2. F = or 83, **84 good e'en** *spelled* gooden *in* F **89 well said** = Q2. F = said **128 SH ROMEO** = Q1/Q2. F = *Nur*. **141 stay** = Q2. F = stay thou **152 man's** = Q2. F = man **155 see a toad** = Q2. F = a see Toade

2.4.11 Is = Q2. F = I **39 leg** = Q2. F = legs **42 gentle as** = Q2. F = gentle **44 this** = Q2. F = this this **51 that** = Q2. F = that that **not** = Q2. F = so

2.5.23 is his = Q2. F = in his **33 such** = Q2. F = such such **34 sum** up sum *spelled* sum vp some *in* F

3.1.22 ribbon *spelled* Riband in F **57 love** = Q2. F = lou'd **62 *stoccado*** *spelled stucatho in* F **102 Mercutio is** = Q1/Q2. F = *Mercutio's* is **105 more** *spelled* mo *in* F **129 prince's name** = Q2. F = Princes names **140 bloody fray** = Q2. F = Fray **147 Tybalt** = Q2. F = *Tybalts* **155 agile** = Q1. F = aged **173 SH MONTAGUE** = Q4. F = *Cap*. **183 out** = Q2. F = our **187 but** = Q1/Q2. F = not

3.2.9 By = Q4. F = And by **38 welladay** *spelled* welady *in* F **he's dead** = Q2. F *omits third repetition* **51 shut** *spelled* shot *in* F **56 corpse** *spelled* Coarse *in* F *throughout* **58 swoonèd** *spelled* sounded *in* F **62 one** *spelled* on *in* F **74 SH NURSE** = Q1. *Assigned to Juliet in* F **75 SH JULIET** = Q1. *Assigned to the Nurse in* F **78 Dove-feathered** = Ed. F = Rauenous Doue-feather'd **81 damnèd** = Q4. F = dimne **99 chide at** = Q2. F = chide **112 word** = Q2. F = words **125 with** = Q2. F = which

3.3.48 Howling = Q2. F = Howlings **52 a little speak** = Q2. F = speake **63 dispute** = Q1/Q2. F = dispaire **65 I, Juliet thy** = Q2. F = *Iuliet* my **78 will?** F *here prints a redundant entry direction for the Nurse* **99 cancelled** = Q1/Q2. F = conceal'd **105 deadly** = Q2. F = dead **120 lives** = F2. F = lies **144 of** = Q1/Q2. F = or **blessings** = Q1/Q2. F = blessing **146 mishavèd** = Q2. F = mishaped **147 pouts upon** = Q4. F = puttest vp

3.4.35 very late = Q2. F = late

3.5.21 the = Q1. *Not in* F **35 light it** = Q1/Q2. F = itli ght **36 SD *Enter Nurse*** = Ed. F = *Enter Madam and Nurse* **66 It is** = Q2. F = Is it **86 him** = Q4. *Not in* F **115 that** = Q2. F = this **119 thee there** = Q2. F = thee **123 woo** = Q2. F = woe **139 thy** = Q2. F = the **151 hate** = Q1/Q2. F = haue **155 And**…**you?** = Q2. *Line omitted in* F, *probably due to compositorial eyeskip* **177 gossips** = Q2. F = gossip **179 SH CAPULET** = Q1. F = Father *(printed as part of the dialogue)* **180 SH NURSE** = Q4. *Not in* F **182 bowl** = Q2. F = bowles **186 tide** = Q2. F = ride **219 Alack** = Q2. F = Hlacke **248 Is it** = Q1/Q2. F = It is

4.1.35 my face = Q2. F = thy face **41 we** = Q1/Q2. F = you **48 strains** = Q2. F = streames **55 with this** = Q2. F = with' his **76 from** = Q1/Q2. F = fro **79 off** *spelled* of *in* F **84 chapless** = Q1. F = chappels **86 tomb** = Ed (Q1 = Or lay me in tombe with one new dead). F = graue **101 wanny** = Ed. F = many **thy** = Q2. F = the **102 shuts** = Q2. F = shut 117–**18 and**…**waking** = Q3. *Not in* F, *due to compositorial eyeskip* **123 fear** = Q2. F = care

4.3.17 life = Q2. F = fire **50 wake** = Q4. F = walke **58 a** = Q2. F = my

4.4.15 what is = Q2. F = what **16 SH SERVINGMAN** = Q1. F = *Fel*. **20 SH ANOTHER SERVINGMAN** = Q1 *(Ser:)*. F = *Fel*. **106 should** = Q2. F = shouldst **116 us all** = Q2. F = all us **130 SH FIRST MUSICIAN** = Ed. F = *Mu*. **137 of woe** = Q4. *Not in* F 137–**8** O…**me** = Q2. *Not in* F, *probably due to compositorial eyeskip* 158, **160 Prates** = Q2. F = Pratest

5.1.3 lord *abbreviated* L. *in* F **4 this day** = Q2. F = thisan day **17 SH BALTHASAR** = Q1. F = *Man. (throughout scene)* **19 lives** = Q2. F = live **34 No** = Q2. F = Mo **35 SD *Exit Man*** = *positioned here in* Q1, *two lines earlier in* F **40 a dwells** = Q2. F = dwells

5.3.1 aloof = Q2. F = aloft **3 yew** = Q1. F = young **19 way** = Q2. F = wayes **20 rite** *spelled* right in F **21 SD *Balthasar*** = Q1. F = *Peter* **40 SH BALTHASAR** = Q1. F = *Pet. (throughout scene)* **60 these** = Q2. F = those **71 SH PAGE** = Q4. F = *Pet*. **94 art** = Q2. F = are **102–3 Shall**…**That** = Ed. F = I will beleeue, / Shall I beleeue, that **143 Fear** = Q2. F = feares **145 yew** = Ed. F = young **169 not away** = Q2. F = notuaway **172 left** = Q2. F = lest **177 SH CONSTABLE** = Ed. F = *Match. (for Watch., but has Con. at 192 and 196)* **179 This is** = Q2. F = 'Tis in **180 SH PAGE** = Ed. F = *Boy*. **191 SH SECOND WATCHMAN** = Ed. F = *Watch* **198 morning** = Q2. F = mornings **202 our** = Q2. F = out **223 is in** = Q1/Q2. F = in is **281 SH BALTHASAR** = Q2. F = *Boy*. **311 such** = Q2. F = that

Prologue

1 **CHORUS** this speech, which did not appear in the First Folio, is from the Quarto editions of the play; it is written in the form of a sonnet **dignity** social status/worth

2 **Verona** city in northern Italy

3 **ancient** long-standing **mutiny** discord

4 **civil** of citizens (plays on the sense of “civilized”)

5 **fatal** fateful/deadly

6 **star-crossed** thwarted by fate (the malign influence of a star or planet)

take their life derive life (with sinister play on the sense of “commit suicide”)

7 **misadventured** unfortunate

9 **fearful** frightened/fearsome **passage** progress/passing (playing on the sense of “death”)

11 **but** but for

12 **traffic** business

14 **miss** be found wanting, be unsuccessful

Act 1 Scene 1

1.1 ***Location:*** *a public place in Verona* ***bucklers*** small round shields

1 **carry coals** submit to indignity or insult

2 **colliers** those who carry coal for sale (a dirty profession and one often associated with cheating)

3 **in choler** angry (puns on “collier”) **draw** i.e., our swords (puns on the sense of “carry, haul”)

4 **draw…o’th’collar** withdraw your neck from the hangman’s noose (**collar** puns on **colliers** and **choler**)

5 **strike** attack (plays on the sense of “have sex”) **moved** provoked (plays on the sense of “sexually aroused”)

8 **move…stir** in addition to “be provoked/become sexually aroused,” both verbs also now signify “move physically, displace oneself” **valiant** courageous/firm physically **stand** stand firm/get an erection

10 **take the wall** take the side of the road nearest the wall (forcing anyone else to walk in the gutter that ran down the center of an Elizabethan street)

12 **slave** rogue **goes…wall** are always forced to submit (a proverbial expression)

13 **thrust…wall** i.e., for sex

16 **men** male servants, i.e., not women

17 **one** the same thing

20 **maidenheads** virginities

22 **take** understand/receive sexually **sense** meaning/physical feeling

23 **stand** remain upright/have an erection **pretty…flesh** fine fellow/man with a fine penis

25 **fish** i.e., the opposite of **flesh** (meat)/a woman or a vagina **poor John** salted hake, a poor type of food/sexually inadequate, the possessor of a shriveled penis

26 **tool** sword/penis

27 **naked weapon** continues the phallic wordplay

28 **How** what

29 **Fear** doubt (possibly, Gregory then shifts the sense to an incredulous “be afraid of”)

30 **marry** by the Virgin Mary

31 **of** on

32 **list** please

33 **bite my thumb** an offensive gesture signifying threat or defiance

49 **swashing** a particular stroke in fencing/slashing with great force

51 **heartless hinds** cowardly menials, with a pun on “hartless hinds”—i.e., female deer (**hinds**) without males (harts)

54 **manage** use

58 **Clubs…partisans** rallying cry used to summon armed apprentices **bills and partisans** long-handled weapons with blades at the end ***gown*** dressing gown

60 **long sword** heavy, old-fashioned sword with a long blade

63 **in spite of** out of spite/malice for ***train*** retinue

67 **Profaners…steel** you who defile your swords by staining them with your fellow citizens’ blood

69 **pernicious** destructive

72 **mistempered** disordered/created for wrongful purposes/wrongly tempered (i.e., made hard) with blood instead of water

73 **movèd** angry

77 **ancient** aged/venerable

78 **grave beseeming ornaments** dignified and seemly accessories/the trappings appropriate to dignified old age

80 **Cankered** corroded, rusted (with disuse) **cankered** malignant, infected with evil

82 **pay…peace** be the price for breaching the peace

86 **pleasure** intentions, resolution

89 **new abroach** newly in motion

90 **by** nearby, present

92 **ere** before

94 **prepared** i.e., drawn

97 **withal** thereby

99 **part and part** one side and the other

104 **forth** from forth

105 **drave** drove **abroad** out, away from home

107 **westward…side** grows on the west side of the city

109 **ware** aware/wary

110 **covert** shelter/hiding place

111 **affections** emotions/inclinations

112 **then…found** were chiefly concerned to find a place of solitude

114 **humour** mood

115 **who** he who

121 **Aurora** goddess of the dawn

122 **heavy** sorrowful (plays on the sense of “weighty,” generating a play on **light**—i.e., “bright/not weighty”) **son** puns on **sun**

126 **Black** black/gloomy/deadly **humour** includes the sense of “bodily fluid thought to affect mood,” in this case the **black** bile that caused melancholy

129 **of** it of

130 **importuned…means** urged him to tell you by every means possible

133 **true** honest/constant/dependable

134 **close** secretive, shut up from view

135 **sounding** having his thoughts fathomed

136 **envious** malicious **worm** cankerworm, the plant-destroying grub

143 **I…stay** I hope that by remaining here you will be fortunate enough

144 **shrift** confession

145 **cousin** a general term for a relative or close friend

156 **view** appearance (Romeo’s reply shifts the sense to “sight”)

157 **proof** practice, experience

158 **muffled** Cupid, the Roman god of love, was traditionally depicted as being blind or blindfolded **still** always

164 **create** created

165 **vanity** trifles, foolishness

166 **well-seeming** apparently orderly

168 **Still-waking** ever wakeful

176 **propagate** increase, multiply (perhaps with connotations of sexual reproduction, picked up in **pressed** which can refer to the pressing of one body on another during sex)

177 **love** i.e., concern for me

180 **purged** purified, rid of **smoke**

181 **vexed** tormented, afflicted

182 **discreet** discerning, prudent

183 **gall** bitterness/poison

184 **coz** cousin

185 **Soft** wait a moment

186 **An if** if

189 **sadness** seriousness (Romeo’s response plays on the sense of “sorrow”) **is that** is it that

195 **aimed so near** i.e., guessed as much

196 **mark-man** marksman

197 **fair mark** unobstructed target/attractive vagina **hit** plays on the sense of “copulated with”

199 **Cupid’s arrow** playing on phallic connotations **Dian’s wit** the wisdom and ingenuity of Diana, huntress and Roman goddess of chastity (**wit** may play on a sense of “genitals”)

200 **proof** proven impenetrability/armor

201 **love’s** i.e., Cupid’s, who was traditionally depicted as a young boy **uncharmed** resistant to Cupid’s spells/unsubdued (some editors emend to the First Quarto’s “unharmed”)

202 **stay** endure

203 **bide** undergo, suffer **encounter** assault/sexual engagement

204 **ope…gold** a reference to Danae, whom Jove, Roman king of the gods, seduced in the form of a shower of gold **lap** vagina

206 **That…store** i.e., when she dies unmarried, her beauty will die forever as she has had no children **store** wealth/stock/potential to reproduce

207 **still** always

208 **sparing** thrift, economy **waste** puns on “waist,” generating the paradoxical image of a pregnant belly resulting from chastity

209 **starved** killed off

211 **fair** beautiful/just

212 **merit…despair** deserve heaven (through her chastity) by casting me into despair (with its attendant risks of damnation) **despair** spiritual hopelessness (thought to precede suicide)

213 **forsworn to** abandoned, repudiated

219 **’Tis…more** that would only lead me to reflect on her exquisite beauty even more (to “call in question” means “to consider or examine”)

221 **happy** fortunate **masks** worn by ladies to protect their fashionably pale complexions from the sun

223 **strucken** struck

225 **passing** surpassingly, exceedingly

226 **note** marginal note/sign/reminder

227 **passed** surpassed

229 **pay that doctrine** i.e., give you that lesson

Act 1 Scene 2

1.2 ***Location:*** *a public place in Verona* ***County*** Count ***Clown*** a rustic, comic character

1 **bound** formally required (to **keep the peace**)

4 **reckoning** estimation, reputation

6 **suit** request/courtship

7 **saying o'er** repeating

9 **change** passage

10 **pride** prime, fullest flowering (may play on the sense of "sexual desire/tumescence")

13 **marred** damaged (puns on "married") **made** puns on "maid"

14 **Earth…she** i.e., his other children are dead and buried

15 **hopeful** promising/expectant **earth** world/body, from which she has sprung/land, which she will inherit

16 **gentle** noble

18 **An** if

19 **according** agreeing

20 **old accustomed** traditional

22 **store** plentiful company

26 **comfort** enjoyment, pleasure **lusty** lively/lustful

27 **well-apparelled** finely dressed

29 **fennel** a fragrant herb with yellow flowers, sometimes associated with love

30 **Inherit** possess

32 **Which…none** which being the case, you may find that when you have viewed the ladies more thoroughly, my daughter, being but one among a number of them, may make up part of the group, but be found to be worthy of no real consideration; some editors emend "one more view" to the Fourth Quarto's "on more view"

33 **reck'ning** estimation/consideration/counting up

34 **sirrah** sir, often used to address a social inferior

37 **stay** wait

38 **it…nets** in assigning the wrong tools to each tradesman, the Servingman, who cannot read, suggests that it is pointless for him to have

been given the task of identifying those who appear on a written list; his words parody a passage from John Lyly's *Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit*

39 **meddle** concern himself/interfere/have sex **yard** measuring rod used by a **tailor**/penis **last** wooden model of the foot, used by a **shoemaker** to mold shoes upon/penis

40 **pencil** paintbrush/penis

42 **in good time** I must do this promptly/here comes help just at the right moment

43 **another's** i.e., another fire's

45 **holp** helped **backward turning** turning in the reverse direction

46 **another's languish** i.e., the languishing caused by another's **grief**

49 **plaintain** herb used to ease minor cuts or bruises

51 **broken** grazed

53 **bound…madman** conventional treatments for madness included tying up the sufferer and confining him in darkness

55 **e'en** evening (used for any time after noon)

56 **gi'** give you

58 **without book** by heart

61 **rest you merry** i.e., goodbye (the Servingman understands Romeo to imply that he cannot read)

67 **whither** where

75 **crush** drink

77 **ancient** long-established

80 **unattainted** unbiased/uninfected

84 **Maintains** upholds **falsehood** untruth/faithlessness/deception

85 **these** i.e., my eyes (which cannot drown however often they are flooded with tears)

86 **Transparent** clear (like eyes)/obvious and easily detected (like heretics) **heretics** holders of unorthodox religious beliefs; those suspected of heresy or witchcraft were tested by being thrown into water, if they floated they were considered guilty and might be burnt at the stake

90 **poised** balanced, weighed

92 **Your lady's love** the love you bear your lady/the negligible amount of love your lady may bear you

94 **scant** scarcely

96 **splendour** the brilliant light **mine own** i.e., the sight of my own Rosaline

Act 1 Scene 3

1.3 ***Location:*** *the Capulets' house, Verona*

2 **by…old** the Nurse cannot swear to having been a virgin at thirteen

3 **What** an expression of impatience

4 **God forbid** either an apologetic exclamation for the fact that **ladybird**, as well as being a term of endearment, could also mean "lewd woman," or an expression of concern for Juliet's well-being

8 **give leave** give us leave (i.e., leave us alone)

10 **thou's** thou shalt

11 **pretty** fair/proper

14 **teen** sorrow (punning on the suffix of **fourteen**)

15 **Lammas-tide** August, 1 the harvest festival

17 **Even…'Ay'** all the early texts print this speech as prose, though it has some verse rhythms within it, which have led many editors to set it as verse; the same goes for the Nurse's remaining speeches in the scene **Even or odd** the Nurse has misunderstood Lady Capulet's sense of **odd** (i.e., a few) **Lammas…night** the evening of July 31

18 **Susan** the Nurse's dead daughter

22 **laid…dug** applied the bitter-tasting plant **wormwood** to my breast (as a means of weaning the baby)

24 **Mantua** city in northern Italy **bear a brain** i.e., have a good memory

25 **fool** a term of endearment

26 **'Shake'…dovehouse** i.e., the dovehouse shook as a result of the **earthquake**/the shaking of the dovehouse instructed the Nurse tostir herself **quoth** said **trow** am sure

27 **trudge** depart, walk off

28 **th'rood** Christ's cross

29 **broke** banged, grazed **A** he

31 **fall backward** i.e., for sex **wit** understanding

32 **holidam** holiness/what I consider holy

33 **come about** come true **warrant** assure you

34 **stinted** stopped (crying)

37 **it** its

38 **stone** testicle

41 **say I** puns on **said 'Ay'**

42 **mark…grace** single you out for mercy

43 **once** one day

46 **disposition** inclination

49 **thy teat** the breast that fed you

53 **much…years** at much the same age

56 **man of wax** i.e., perfect, as if modeled from wax

64 **several** individual, separate (an apparently purposeful Folio emendation of Quarto’s “married lineament”) **lineament** facial feature (playing on the sense of “line or sketch”)

65 **content** happiness, satisfaction (plays on the sense of “contents of a **volume**“)

67 **margent** margin (which might contain additional commentary)

68 **unbound** unmarried/without a book’s binding

69 **cover** plays on the notion of “embracing wife” and puns on the phrase “feme covert” (a wife)

71 **the…hide** the fish is in his element within the confines of the sea, and it is an excellent thing for a beautiful exterior to cover and compliment the beauty that lies within

72 **book** binding

73 **clasps** fastenings on a book/embraces

76 **women…men** i.e., in pregnancy

77 **like of** be pleased by

78 **look** expect/use my eyes **liking move** may generate liking

79 **endart mine eye** gaze piercingly as if firing one of Cupid’s arrows

83 **straight** straightaway

84 **county** count (i.e., Paris) **stays** awaits

Act 1 Scene 4

1.4 ***Location:*** *near the Capulets' house; the action then shifts indoors* **Masquers** masked performers

1 **speech…excuse** traditionally one of the masquers would make a speech excusing the group's intrusion and complimenting the company

3 **The…prolixity** such long-windedness is out of fashion

4 **Cupid** i.e., boy dressed as Cupid who would deliver the speech for the masquers **hoodwinked** blindfolded

5 **Tartar's…lath** imitation bow made out of a narrow strip of wood and painted to look like the powerful lip-shaped bow of a Tartar (person from central Asia)

6 **crow-keeper** scarecrow

7 **measure** judge

8 **measure…measure** mete out a dance to them/pace out a dance

9 **ambling** affected way of walking or dancing

10 **heavy** melancholy (plays on the sense of "weighty," enabling Romeo to pun on **light**)

16 **common bound** ordinary limit (**bound** puns on the senses of "leap in a dance" and "state of being shackled")

17 **enpiercèd** pierced through **shaft** arrow

18 **bound** fastened down/imprisoned

19 **pitch** degree/height (literally, highest point of a falcon's flight) **dull** heavy/dim/gloomy

21 **And…love** plays on the senses of "and if you penetrated your lover sexually you would weigh her down with your body/and if you lost your erection during sex you would disappoint your lover"

22 **oppression** misfortune/physical pressure **thing** plays on sense of "vagina" (Romeo then shifts the punning sense to "penis")

24 **rude** harsh/turbulent/vulgar/large and coarse **boist'rous** painful to the feelings/turbulent/stiff (with sexual connotations) **pricks** plays on sense of "penetrates, thrusts like a penis"

26 **Prick** wound, stab/penetrate sexually/stimulate sexually (i.e.,, masturbate) **for** in return for **beat love down** get the better of love/get rid of your erection

27 **case** mask

28 **visor…visor** mask for a face/mask for a face so ugly it resembles a grotesque mask

29 **quote** take note of

30 **beetle brows** bushy or overhanging eyebrows (on the mask)

32 **betake…legs** i.e., dance

33 **wantons** lively/promiscuous people **light of heart** carefree/promiscuous

34 **Tickle** plays on sense of “stimulate sexually” **senseless** lacking feeling **rushes** commonly used to cover floors **heels** often associated with sexual license

35 **proverbed…phrase** furnished with an old proverb

36 **I’ll…on** may refer to the proverb “a good candle-holder proves a good gamester” (i.e., one is better off as a spectator)

37 **The…done** refers to the proverb “when play is at the best, it is time to leave”

38 **dun’s…word** a reference to the quiet and hidden nature of a dun mouse, hence “be still,” the sort of cautionary phrase a **constable** might utter **dun** gray-brown; puns on done

39 **draw…mire** refers to the game “Dun is in the mire” in which players heave a horse called Dun, represented by a heavy log, out of imaginary mud

40 **save your reverence** if you’ll excuse my language

41 **burn daylight** waste time (Romeo interprets this literally and disagrees on the grounds that it is nighttime)

45 **Take…wits** understand my true meaning, for good sense is five times more likely tobe found there (through the use of reason) than in the exercise of the senses

47 **mean** intend (playing on Mercutio’s sense of “signify”)

48 **wit** wisdom

50 **tonight** last night

55 **Queen Mab** possibly from the Celtic fairy queen “Mabh,” but **queen** puns on “quean” (i.e., prostitute) and **mab** could also mean “promiscuous woman”

57 **agate-stone** precious stone often set in a ring and carved with tiny figures

58 **alderman** influential member of a local council

59 **atomies** creatures as tiny as atoms

61 **spinners** spiders

63 **traces** straps linking the **collar** round an animal’s neck to the crossbar of the **chariot**

65 **lash** flexible cord of the whip **film** fine gossamer-like thread

66 **wagoner** driver

67 **worm…maid** worms were said to breed in the fingers of lazy maids

70 **joiner** skilled craftsman who works in wood **grub** insect larva or worm that bores holes

74 **curtsies** bows **straight** straightaway

78 **sweetmeats** candied fruit/confectionary

80 **smelling…suit** finding someone with a petition to present at court from whom he may claim a fee for his assistance

81 **tithe-pig** pig given to the **parson** as part of the tithe (the tenth of one’s goods due to the Church annually)

83 **another benefice** additional Church position (with property and income)

86 **breaches** gaps in fortifications inflicted by artillery **ambuscadoes** ambushes **Spanish blades** Spanish swords, especially those made in Toledo, were famed for being of superior quality

87 **healths five-fathom deep** toasts drunk from extremely deep glasses **anon** shortly

92 **bakes** stiffens/forms into a mass **elflocks** tangles (which superstition held to be the work of elves)

94 **hag** evil spirit in female form (here the incubus that **presses** on sleepers and causes nightmares or erotic dreams)

95 **learns** teaches **bear** bear the weight of a man/bear children

96 **carriage** deportment/ability to carry a burden (i.e., a man or a baby)

99 **nothing** plays on the sense of “vagina”

102 **Begot** conceived, created **vain** worthless, empty, idle

107 **Turning his side** changing direction/changing allegiance

110 **misgives** fears/is full of foreboding about

112 **fearful** fear-inspiring **date** appointed time

113 **expire** cause to expire **term** duration/agreed period for repayment (Romeo has mortgaged his life)

115 **forfeit** penalty/loss

118 **drum** drummer

119 **take away** i.e., clear the table

120 **trencher** wooden plate

121 **manners** may quibble on the Latin *manuarius* to suggest “belonging to the hand”

122 **foul** bad/dirty

123 **joint-stools** stools made of parts fitted together by a joiner **court-cupboard** sideboard

124 **plate** silver or gold tableware **marchpane** marzipan

125 **Grindstone** like **Potpan**, a name that suggests the character has a domestic function, though Grindstone, used to sharpen knives, may additionally be sexually suggestive (“to grind” had a slang sense of “to have sex,” a “stone” could also mean a “testicle”)

129 **Cheerly** cheerily

130 **the…all** a proverb equivalent to “the winner takes all”

132 **walk a bout** dance a round

134 **deny** refuse **makes dainty** is coyly reluctant

135 **Am…now?** Have I touched a sensitive spot/hit home with this?

141 **A hall** i.e., clear the hall

142 **turn…up** clear the tables to one side, probably by removing the boards from trestle tables

144 **sirrah** sir (used to a social inferior, here either a servant, younger male guest, Capulet himself or, affectionately, the **cousin**) **unlooked-for** unexpected

149 **By’r lady** by Our Lady (the Virgin Mary)

152 **Pentecost** Whit Sunday (the seventh Sunday after Easter)

157 **ward** minor under the control of a guardian (i.e., under twenty-one)

163 **Ethiope’s** Ethiopian’s

164 **Beauty** possibly puns on “booty” **use** plays on sense of “financial interest” **earth** life on earth/death and burial **dear** beloved/costly

167 **her…stand** where she stands

168 **rude** rough/uncivilized

169 **Forswear it** deny it/renounce my former vows of love (to Rosaline)

172 **rapier** lightweight sword

173 **antic** grotesque (refers to Romeo’s mask)

174 **fleer** mock, laugh scornfully **solemnity** celebration

175 **stock** ancestry

184 **portly** of good bearing/dignified

192 **semblance** appearance

196 **goodman boy** a contemptuous and belittling expression **goodman** a man below the rank of gentleman **go to** an expression of impatience and reproof

198 **God…soul** an oath

200 **set cock-a-hoop** behave recklessly/provoke disorder **be the man** play the big man

203 **saucy** insolent

204 **scathe** injure **I know what** I assure you/I know how much

205 **contrary** contradict, defy **time** i.e., time you complied/time you were taught a lesson/time I concerned myself with my guests

206 **said** done **hearts** fine friends (i.e., the guests) **princox** conceited, impertinent youth

209 **perforce** enforced **choler** anger

210 **different** antagonistic, clashing

213 **profane** desecrate, defile

214 **shrine** i.e., Juliet's hand

218 **mannerly…this** shows proper devotion in this action

219 **saints** i.e., images of saints

220 **palmers** pilgrims who have traveled to the Holy Land and returned with a palm leaf as a symbol of their visit (playing on **palm** of the hand)

224 **grant thou** you must concede/grant their prayers

225 **move** entreat, pray (Romeo shifts the sense to "change position")

229 **urged** argued/provoked

231 **by th'book** expertly, by the rules/religiously, in accordance with the Bible

233 **What** who

234 **bachelor** young man

237 **withal** with

238 **lay hold of** with sexual connotations

239 **the chinks** lots of money (plays on sense of "vagina")

241 **dear account** costly debt, heavy reckoning (**dear** puns on sense of "beloved") **my foe's debt** a debt I owe to my foe

242 **the…best** another allusion to the proverb "when play is at the best, it is time to leave"

245 **banquet** light meal/course of sweetmeats, fruit, and wine **towards** ready, imminent

247 **honest** honorable

249 **fay** faith

251 **yond** yonder, that

258 **like** likely

263 **Prodigious** abnormal (used to describe a deformed baby)/ill-omened

268 **Anon** coming, just a minute

Act 2

2 **gapes** waits eagerly

3 **fair** beauty (i.e., Rosaline) **groaned…die** perhaps with sexual connotations (“to die” can mean “to orgasm”)

4 **matched** compared

5 **again** in return

6 **Alike** both equally **looks** physical appearance/gazes

7 **foe supposed** i.e., Juliet **complain** make a lover’s laments

8 **fearful** frightening

10 **use** are accustomed

14 **Temp’ring extremities** modifying severe hardships

Act 2 Scene 1

2.1 ***Location:*** *outside the Capulets' walled orchard; the action then shifts to the orchard itself*

1 **go forward** move on, leave

2 **earth** i.e., his body **centre** i.e., heart/Juliet

6 **orchard** garden/land devoted to herbs and fruit trees

8 **conjure** summon him with an incantation as one would a spirit

9 **Humours** (creature of) moods

11 **rhyme** i.e., verse of love poetry

13 **gossip** old friend **Venus** Roman goddess of love

14 **purblind** blind

15 **Abraham Cupid** i.e., one who is both young and old, and a patriarch like the biblical Abraham

16 **King…beggar-maid** the tale of the African King Cophetua, who fell in love with a beggar, was popularized in a ballad

18 **The…dead** probably refers to performing apes who played dead as part of an act (**ape** is also an affectionate term)

22 **demesnes** lands (i.e., the vaginal area)

26 **raise a spirit** summon a supernatural spirit/get an erect penis **circle** magic circle/vagina

27 **strange** supernatural/belonging to someone other than Romeo **stand** continues to play on the idea of having an erection

28 **laid…down** subdued the spirit/provided sex and caused the erection to subside

29 **spite** vexation

30 **honest** honorable (plays on the sense of "chaste")

33 **consorted with** associated with/part of (plays on the sense of "sexually intimate with") **humorous** damp/subject to varying moods

35 **hit the mark** strike the target/penetrate the vagina

36 **medlar** fruit with a deep hollow at the top, hence a slang term for the vagina (also puns on "meddler"—i.e., "fornicator")

39 **O** another vaginal pun

40 **open arse** medlar fruit, with obvious sexual sense **pop'rin pear** pear from Poperinghe in Flanders and a slang term for the penis; puns on "pop her in" (where "her" signifies "it")

41 **truckle-bed** small wheeled bed stored under a larger bed
42 **field-bed** bed on the ground ***above*** i.e., on the upper staging level or gallery; the entry, or the sight of Juliet, might be delayed until “It is my lady”
51 **maid** votary (of Diana, Roman goddess of the moon and chastity)
53 **vestal livery** virginal clothing
62 **spheres** orbits; stars and planets were thought to be contained within transparent concentric spheres that rotated around the earth
74 **glorious** magnificent/illustrious/shining
76 **white upturnèd** looking upwards, so that the whites of the eyes are visible
80 **wherefore** why
86 **though** even if you were
93 **owes** owns
94 **doff** cast off
95 **for** in exchange for
100 **bescreened** concealed
101 **counsel** private thoughts
115 **o’er-perch** flyover
122 **proof** impervious/armored
125 **but** unless
127 **proroguèd** postponed **wanting of** lacking
130 **counsel** advice, guidance
131 **pilot** navigator, one who directs the course of a ship
137 **Fain** willingly **form** formality, decorum
138 **compliment** etiquette
142 **Jove** Jupiter, Roman king of the gods
143 **pronounce** declare
146 **So** so long as **else** otherwise
147 **fond** loving/infatuated/foolish
148 **light** frivolous/forward/unchaste
150 **coying** coyness, affected reluctance **strange** aloof, reserved
152 **ware** aware (of you)
155 **Which** which **yielding discoverèd** revealed
159 **circlèd orb** i.e., celestial sphere
163 **gracious** full of divine grace

168 **contract** i.e., mutual declarations of love

177 **satisfaction** may pick up on the sense of “sexual satisfaction”

180 **were** were mine

182 **frank** generous/candid

184 **bounty** generosity

194 **bent** intention, inclination

203 **strife** antagonism/strivings, efforts

207 **want** lack

210 **Hist** a whispered call for attention

211 **tassel-gentle** tiercel gentle, a male falcon

212 **Bondage is hoarse** i.e., one who is confined can only whisper

213 **Echo** in Greek mythology, Echo, rejected by Narcissus, pined away in caves until only her voice was left

220 **nyas** young hawk (which has yet to fly)

226 **to** in order to **still** yet/always (Romeo plays with these meanings and with the sense of “motionless”)

231 **wanton’s** spoiled child’s

233 **gyves** fetters

245 **fleckled** dappled

246 **From forth** away from, out of **Titan** Roman sun god, who drove the sun across the heavens in a chariot

247 **ghostly** holy, spiritual **close cell** humble dwelling, especially that of a monk

248 **dear hap** good fortune (though **dear** may quibble ominously on “dire, grievous”)

Act 2 Scene 2

2.2 ***Location:*** *near Friar Laurence's cell, Verona*

3 **fleckled** dappled

4 **From forth** away from, out of **Titan** Roman sun god, who drove the sun across the heavens in a chariot

5 **advance** raise

7 **osier cage** willow basket

8 **baleful** deadly

11 **divers** various

14 **None…some** there are none that do not have some useful properties

15 **mickle** great **grace** beneficent virtue

19 **aught** anything **strained** forced

25 **that part** i.e., its smell

26 **slays** some editors prefer the Second Quarto's "stays" **with** along with

27 **them still** themselves always

30 **canker** worm that destroys plants

32 ***Benedicite!*** Bless you!

34 **argues** suggests **distempered** disordered, unhappy

36 **Care** worry

39 **couch** lay, rest

53 **physic** medicine, healing

54 **lo** look (a common speech marker)

55 **intercession** petition, entreaty **steads** helps

56 **rest homely** remain simple **drift** meaning/aim

57 **shrift** absolution

75 **old** former/abundant

80 **sentence** maxim, saying

82 **chid'st** rebuked

84 **bad'st** bade, instructed

88 **grace** favor

91 **read by rote** recite by memory, without understanding

93 **In one respect** for one reason

96 **stand** insist/depend

Act 2 Scene 3

2.3 ***Location:*** *a public place in Verona*

2 **tonight** last night

3 **man** servant

9 **answer it** accept the challenge (in the following line Mercutio plays on the literal meaning)

11 **dared** challenged

13 **eye** plays on sense of “vagina” **pin** wooden peg at the center of a target (plays on sense of “penis”)

14 **blind bow-boy’s** i.e., Cupid’s **butt-shaft** strong unbarbed arrow (in archery used for shooting at the butt, a mound on which the target stood)

16 **prince of cats** an allusion to Tybert, the cat in the moral tale *Reynard the Fox* **captain of compliments** master of the fastidious etiquette of dueling

17 **prick-song** written music **rests…rests** pauses very briefly (between feinting thrusts), like a musician pausing momentarily between very short notes

18 **third** i.e., third thrust (the genuine one) **butcher…button** i.e., so precise he can pierce his opponent’s button

19 **first house** best fencing school **first…cause** in the rules of fencing, the two valid reasons for undertaking a duel

20 ***passado*** forward thrust with one foot advanced ***punto reverso*** backhanded thrust ***hay*** penetrating thrust

22 **The pox of** a plague upon **affecting** affected, pretentious **phantasimes** fanciful, extravagant men **these…accent** those whose speech is peppered with fashionable foreign phrases/those who pronounce words in an affected manner or with a foreign inflection

23 **blade** sword/fine fellow **tall** brave/fine

24 **grandsire** Mercutio addresses an imaginary old man or grandfather

25 **strange flies** bizarre or foreign parasites **stand** insist (plays on the literal sense)

26 **form** code of behavior, etiquette (plays on sense of **bench**) **old bench** i.e., traditional behavior and customs **their bones** i.e., their bones are so tender they cannot sit on a hard bench/their bones are corrupted from venereal disease (plays on the way such men fill their speech with foreign words, here the French *bon*, i.e., “good”)

29 **roe** female deer/semen—i.e., he is sexually exhausted (plays on the first syllable of Romeo's name, leaving "me, o," the lament of a lover) **dried herring** withered penis (**roe** was removed from the herring during the curing process) **flesh** plays on sense of "penis/erection" **fishified** made fishlike, i.e., coldblooded/dried out (impotent)/obsessed with your mistress' vagina

30 **numbers**…in the Italian poet **Petrarch** wrote passionate verse (**numbers**) to his love **Laura flowed in** wrote fluently/overflowed in/swam in **to** compared to

31 **better love** i.e., Petrarch **Dido** the legendary Queen of Carthage who committed suicide after her lover Aeneas deserted her **dowdy** shabbily dressed woman

32 **Cleopatra** Egyptian queen of the first century BC who committed suicide after the loss of her kingdom and the death of her lover Antony **Helen and Hero** the famously beautiful Helen of Troy, and Hero, lover of Leander, who committed suicide when he drowned swimming the **Hellespont** to see her **hildings** good-for-nothings/whores **Thisbe** the lover of Pyramus committed suicide after his death **grey** considered a particularly beautiful eye color

33 **not** nothing ***bon jour*** "good day" (French) **to…slop** to match your French-style loose breeches

34 **the counterfeit** i.e., the slip (a counterfeit coin was known as a **slip**)

36 **conceive** understand, work it out

37 **case** situation (Mercutio then shifts the sense to "vagina")

39 **bow…hams** bow from the waist (playing on courtesy, a form of curtsy)/ hunch over after a heavy bout of sexual activity or with the pain of venereal disease **hams** thighs and buttocks

41 **curtsy** bow

42 **kindly hit it** readily got it/naturally had sex

44 **very pink** most excellent example (Romeo plays on the fact that a pink is a type of flower and on the verb "to pink" (i.e., to ornament a pump or garment by punching small holes or designs into it)

47 **pump** light shoe **flowered** decorated with flowers/pinked

48 **Sure** sure-footed, secure **follow me** follow (me is emphatic)

49 **single** only/thin **sole singular** uniquely individual/alone

51 **single-soled…singleness** slight, poor jest, only noteworthy for the fact that there is only one of it/that it is simple

53 **Switch and spurs** i.e., urge your wits on **switch** whip **cry a match** declare the contest is over/declare my victory

54 **wild-goose chase** horse race in which the leading rider chose the course and the others were obliged to follow him anywhere/a pointless pursuit **of the wild-goose** i.e., foolishness (geese were proverbially stupid)

55 **Was…goose?** Have I evened the score with my jest about the goose?

57 **for the goose** as a stupid person/in search of a prostitute

61 **sweeting** sweet apple **sharp sauce** biting riposte/stinging impudence/bitter sauce for food

62 **And…goose?** Romeo may allude to the proverb “sweet meat must have sour sauce”; he may also shift the sense of **sauce** to “semen,” so that **served** plays on the sense of sexual service, and **goose** continues to play on the sense of “prostitute”

63 **wit** plays on sense of “penis” **cheverel** easily stretched kid leather **ell** forty-five inches/penis

66 **broad** large/obvious/outspoken/indecent (may pun on “brood-goose” and on “abroad,” i.e., out and about)

69 **drivelling** tedious/dribbling **natural** idiot, fool **lolling** with tongue (or **bauble**) hanging out

70 **bauble** baton with a carved head on one end traditionally carried by a fool/penis (fools were supposed to be particularly well-endowed) **hole** plays on the sense of “vagina”

71 **there** i.e., now, at this point in your jesting (but Mercutio plays on the sense of “in the hole”)

72 **stop in** cease telling/stuff in **tale** puns on “tail,” i.e., penis **against the hair** against my wish/up against the pubic hair

73 **large** long/vulgar/erect

74 **short** plays on the sense of “flaccid, no longer erect” **was…depth** had reached the conclusion/had achieved orgasm (**whole** puns on **hole**)

75 **occupy** continue/have sex with **argument** topic (almost certainly plays on a sense of “vagina”)

76 **goodly gear** applies either to the joke (“good stuff” quibbling on the sense of “fine genitals”) or to the nurse (“fine clothing/good new matter for a joke”) **A sail** the cry given when a ship is sighted (here a reference to the Nurse’s appearance or manner of approach)

77 **shirt…smock** i.e., man and a woman

85 **hand** of the clock (plays on the sense of “human hand”) **prick** mark on the clock face indicating the hour/penis

87 **Out upon you!** expression of indignant reproach **What** what kind of

88 **that…mar** i.e., though made in God’s image, such a man will ruin it through sin

89 **troth** faith **quoth a** said he

92 **fault** lack

95 **took** taken, interpreted

96 **confidence** malapropism for “conference”/private conversation

97 **indite** intentional malapropism for “invite” **supper** also euphemistic for sex

98 **bawd** hare/procurer, pimp **So ho!** a hunting cry given when game is sighted

100 **hare** plays on the sense of “prostitute” **Lenten pie** pie consumed during Lent when meat-eating was prohibited (in theory such a pie should be meatless so this hare pie may be a leftover or one made of old meat that has been obtained illicitly; **pie** was also a slang term for the vagina) **stale** plays on the sense of “prostitute”

101 **hoar** moldy, old (puns on “whore”) **be spent** used up, eaten/employed sexually

104 **meat** plays on sense of “sexual goods/vagina”

105 **hoar** the word now takes on sense of “syphilitic”

106 **too…score** not worth paying for/not worth having sex with

107 **hoars** becomes moldy/is diseased/infects with venereal disease

111 **merchant** fellow **ropery** roguery/trickery/lewdness

113 **stand to** uphold, abide by (plays on the idea of sustaining an erection)

114 **An a** if he **take him down** humble him, take him down a peg or two (plays on sense of “quell his erection”) **lustier** livelier/more lustful

115 **Jacks** knaves (and possibly “penises”)

116 **flirt-gills** loose women, whores **skains-mates** a “skene” is a dagger, hence “knife-wielding companions/whores” (literally, the sheath for his phallic dagger)

117 **use…pleasure** treat me as he wishes (Peter plays on the sense of “have sex with me”)

118 **weapon** sword/penis

121 **part** with vaginal connotations

126 **deal double with** deceive/betray sexually (“to deal” was to have sex)

127 **weak** poor, contemptible

128 **protest** declare/vow

131 **mark** listen to

135 **shrift** confession

137 **shrived** absolved

143 **cords…stair** a rope ladder

144 **top-gallant** highest point (literally the platform at the top of the tallest mast on a ship)

146 **quit** requite, reward

150 **secret** trustworthy

151 **‘Two…away’** proverbial saying meaning that two may keep a secret in the absence of a third party

152 **Warrant thee** be assured

154 **prating** chattering, babbling **fain…aboard** willingly lay a claim to her (from the practice of bringing one’s own knife to the dinner table, or “board,” and using it to mark one’s place); to “lay aboard” could also refer to boarding a vessel, and plays on the sense of sexual boarding (**knife** has phallic connotations)

155 **as lief** rather, as soon

156 **properer** finer/better-looking

157 **clout** piece of cloth/sail **versal** whole (from “universal”)

158 **rosemary** the herb symbolized fidelity and remembrance, and was used at weddings and funerals

160 **dog’s name** because “r” sounds like a dog’s growl **R is for the**—the Nurse may be about to say “arse”

161 **sententious** malapropism for “sentences,” i.e., maxims

166 **apace** quickly

Act 2 Scene 4

2.4 ***Location:*** *either the Capulets' house or their garden*

4 **lame** slow/unsatisfactory **herald** messenger

6 **louring** frowning, darkened

7 **nimble-pinioned…love** Venus, the Roman goddess of love, had a chariot drawn by swift-winged doves

14 **bandy** toss (to and fro, like a **ball** in tennis)

26 **jaunt** tiring, troublesome journey

36 **stay the circumstance** wait for the details

38 **simple** foolish

49 **Beshrew** curse

53 **honest** honorable

59 **God's lady** the Virgin Mary

60 **hot** eager/fervent/impatient (with a play on the sense of "lustful") **come up** expression of indignant surprise and reproof

61 **poultice** hot preparation applied to the skin to soothe aches

63 **coil** fuss

66 **hie** hurry

68 **wanton** unrestrained/lively/sexually passionate

72 **bird's nest** i.e., Juliet's room (**bird** plays on the sense of "young woman" and **nest** on the sense of "vagina")

74 **bear the burden** do the work/bear the weight of Romeo's body

Act 2 Scene 5

2.5 ***Location:*** *Friar Laurence's cell*

4 **countervail** counterbalance

6 **close** join

10 **powder** gunpowder

11 **consume** are destroyed (with a play on sexual consummation)

13 **confounds** ruins

17 **flint** i.e., stone floor

18 **gossamers** fine cobwebs

19 **wanton** playful

20 **light** not heavy/worthless **vanity** transitory worldly joy

22 **thank thee** i.e., with a kiss

23 **As...much** i.e., I must kiss him in return or I shall have been overpaid

25 **that** if

26 **blazon** describe/proclaim

27 **music's tongue** i.e., Juliet's voice and words

28 **imagined** i.e., not yet expressed

29 **in either** from one another

30 **Conceit** imagination/idea/understanding **matter** genuine substance

31 **ornament** i.e., descriptive words

34 **sum up sum** calculate the total

Act 3 Scene 1

3.1 ***Location:*** *a public place in Verona*

3 **scape** escape

6 **claps me** claps (**me** is emphatic)

7 **by…cup** by the time his second drink has taken effect **draws…drawer** draws his sword on the innkeeper

10 **Jack** knave **mood** anger

11 **moved** provoked **tobe** at being

13 **two** puns on **to**

18 **meat** edible matter **addle** rotten/muddled, confused

21 **doublet** close-fitting jacket with a flared base **Easter** i.e., the time after Lent when new clothes were worn

22 **from** to avoid

23 **fee-simple** absolute possession (term relating to property)

24 **for…quarter** i.e., were he so quarrelsome, his life would be over very soon

25 **simple** foolish

34 **consort'st** associate with (Mercutio deliberately interprets this as “play in a musical group, or consort”)

35 **minstrels** musicians

36 **look** expect

40 **coldly** calmly

45 **your livery** the uniform of your servant (Mercutio has deliberately interpreted **man** as “manservant”)

46 **go…field** should you go to the dueling field **follower** manservant/pursuer

51 **excuse…greeting** excuse me from displaying the rage that is the appropriate response to such a greeting

57 **devise** conceive

59 **tender** value/cherish

62 ***Alla stoccado*** Italian fencing term meaning “at the thrust” (here a reference to Tybalt) **carries it away** wins the day

63 **will you walk** are you leaving/will you walk aside with me (for a duel)

65 **make bold withal** take liberties with

66 **as…hereafter** depending on how you treat me subsequently **dry-beat** beat severely (without using a sword)

67 **pilcher** scabbard

71 ***passado*** forward thrust with one foot advanced

73 **forbear** stop

75 **bandying** exchanging blows

76 **Hold** desist

78 **sped** gone, dispatched

82 **villain** rogue/servant

85 **grave** serious, dignified/dead and buried

86 **peppered** done for, ruined

88 **by…arithmetic** by the fencing manual/precisely

95 **ally** relative

96 **very** true

101 **temper** disposition (plays on the sense of “hardness of a sword after it has been tempered, i.e., heated and immersed in water”)

103 **aspired** ascended to

105 **more** i.e., future **depend** hang over

106 **others** i.e., other days

109 **respective lenity** considerate mercy, discriminating mildness

110 **conduct** guide

116 **consort** associate with

118 **This** i.e., his sword

121 **amazed** overwhelmed/stunned/bewildered **doom** sentence

123 **fool** dupe/plaything/jester

129 **charge** order

131 **discover** reveal

132 **unlucky** unfortunate/ill-omened **manage** conduct **fatal** deadly/fateful

135 **cousin** a general term for a relative

143 **nice** trivial **withal** moreover

146 **take truce** make peace **spleen** fiery temper

147 **tilts** thrusts

150 **with…** other Mercutio is fighting with a dagger in one hand, with which he deflects blows, and a sword in the other, with which he attacks

153 **Retorts** returns

157 **envious** malicious

158 **stout** brave

159 **by and by** immediately

166 **Affection** partiality/love

178 **interest** plays on the sense of “legal claim” **proceeding** plays on the sense of “legal action”

179 **My blood** Mercutio was the prince’s relative

180 **amerce** punish

183 **purchase out abuses** redeem these wrongs

187 **Mercy…kill** i.e., leniency merely encourages murder

Act 3 Scene 2

3.2 ***Location:*** *the Capulets' house*

1 **apace** swiftly

2 **Phoebus** Greek god of the sun, whose chariot was drawn by fiery horses **lodging** i.e., the west, where the sun sets

3 **Phaethon** Phoebus' son, who, unable to control his father's chariot, was felled by one of Zeus' thunderbolts when he burned part of the earth

5 **close** private/secretive/enclosing

6 **runaway's** i.e., Phaethon's/any roaming fugitive's/a night wanderer's **wink** close

10 **civil** soberly dressed/grave/seemly

12 **learn** teach **lose…match** Juliet will win Romeo by surrendering to him

13 **maidenhoods** virginities (those of Juliet and Romeo)

14 **Hood** cover up, blindfold (as a hawk was when it was not pursuing game) **unmanned** untrained (another term from falconry; plays on the sense of "without a husband") **bating** fluttering impatiently (used of a hawk; puns on "beating")

15 **strange** new, unfamiliar/reserved, shy

21 **die** may play on the sense of "orgasm"

27 **possessed** with sexual connotations (like **enjoyed**) ***cords*** i.e., the rope ladder

38 **welladay** expression of sorrow

39 **undone** ruined

41 **envious** malicious/full of ill will at Juliet's happiness

49 **cockatrice** basilisk, a mythical reptile with a gaze that could kill

51 **those eyes shut** i.e., Romeo's eyes, shut in death

53 **weal** well-being

55 **God…mark** an apologetic exclamation excusing the mention of unpleasant matters

58 **gore-blood** congealing blood

59 **break** plays on the sense of "become financially ruined"

61 **earth** i.e., her body **resign** surrender (yourself) **motion** movement, i.e., life (plays on sense of "strong emotion")

62 **bier** stretcher-like structure on which a corpse is carried to the grave

68 **lord** husband

69 **trumpet** i.e., the last trumpet, the sound of which, according to the Bible, would announce the end of the world

76 **keep** live in

80 **Just** exact (**justly** shifts the sense to “truly, rightfully”)

83 **bower** shelter/lodge

90 **dissemblers** deceivers

91 **aqua vitae** strong alcoholic drink (literally “water of life”)

102 **poor my lord** my poor lord

107 **tributary** serving as an offering or tribute (playing on the sense of “streamlike”)

121 **needly** of necessity **ranked** accompanied/drawn up in rows (like soldiers)

123 **Thy…mother** i.e., news of one of their deaths

124 **modern…moved** might have provoked ordinary sorrow

125 **rearward** rearguard action (“ward” puns on “word”)

130 **word’s death** word’s fatal nature (or possibly “word is death”) **sound** give voice to/measure the depth of

136 **beguiled** deceived, foiled

143 **wot** know

Act 3 Scene 3

3.3 ***Location:*** *Friar Laurence's cell*

1 **fearful** full of fear

2 **parts** personal or physical qualities

4 **doom** judgment

10 **doomsday** Judgment Day, the end of the world (i.e., death)

11 **vanished** was expelled, issued into thin air

18 **without** outside of

20 **Hence banishèd** banished from here

21 **world's exile** exile from the world

26 **Thy…death** legally, the crime that you have committed requires the death penalty

27 **rushed** forced

34 **validity** worth

35 **courtship** courtliness/wooing

36 **carrion-flies** flies that feed on rotting flesh

39 **vestal** virginal

40 **their own kisses** the fact that they naturally touch one another

45 **mean** method **mean** lowly, base

46 **But…Banishèd** the sequence of clauses is confusing here, suggesting some textual error, perhaps due to undeleted authorial first thoughts; Folio omits a Second Quarto line, "They are freemen, but I am banishèd," whereas it should perhaps have deleted this line instead

49 **divine** clergyman

52 **fond** foolish (plays on sense of "loving")

57 **Yet** still **Hang up** hang

59 **Displant** uproot

63 **dispute** reason, talk **estate** situation

64 **that** that which

67 **Doting** loving madly

75 **taken** arrested

77 **simpleness** foolishness

85 **even** exactly **case** state (the nurse unintentionally plays on the sense of "vagina")

86 **sympathy** unity, affinity

89 **stand** unconscious play on “get an erection” (**rise** has the same connotations) **an** if

91 **O** groan (plays on sense of “vagina”)

93 **Death** plays on sense of “orgasm”

95 **old** practiced, experienced

99 **cancelled** invalidated, nullified (puns on **concealed**)

102 **on Romeo cries** calls upon Romeo/cries out against Romeo

105 **level** aim

109 **sack** plunder, destroy

118 **tempered** balanced (plays on “temper,” i.e., **disposition**)

123 **heaven, and earth** i.e., soul and body

125 **Fie** expression of reproach or disgust **wit** intelligence, reason

126 **Which** (you) who **usurer** moneylender (notorious for charging high interest)

127 **in…use** for its proper purpose (**use** plays on the sense of “financial interest”)

128 **bedeck** adorn **shape** physical appearance

130 **Digressing** deviating **valour** honor/courage

134 **Misshapen** deformed/ill-directed **conduct** guidance/management

135 **powder** gunpowder **flask** container for gunpowder

137 **dismembered…defence** blown to bits by the weapon that should have been used to protect you (i.e., **wit**/ **powder**)

139 **dead** i.e., suicidal

140 **happy** fortunate

145 **array** clothing

146 **mishavèd** misbehaved

149 **decreed** decided (earlier)

151 **watch be set** night watchmen take up their posts at the city gates

154 **blaze** proclaim, make public **friends** relatives

160 **apt unto** ready for

169 **here…state** your fortunes depend on what happens now

173 **signify** inform you

174 **good hap** favorable event

177 **brief** hurriedly

Act 3 Scene 4

3.4 ***Location:*** *the Capulets' house*

2 **move** persuade/encourage

11 **mewed…heaviness** confined with her sorrow (a "mew" was a cage for a molting hawk)

12 **desperate** reckless/bold **tender** offer

16 **son** (future) son-in-law

17 **mark you me** listen to me, pay attention

24 **ado** fuss

25 **late** recently

26 **held him carelessly** did not regard him highly

33 **against** in anticipation of

35 **Afore me!** either an instruction to a servant bearing a light or a mild oath

Act 3 Scene 5

7 **envious** malicious/jealous

8 **severing** separating (the **clouds** drift apart, and in doing so will separate Romeo and Juliet)

9 **jocund** merry, sprightly

13 **meteor…exhales** ill-omened meteors were believed to be formed of vapors drawn up (“exhaled”) from the earth by the sun

17 **ta’en** arrested

18 **so** provided

20 **reflex** reflection **Cynthia** another name for the goddess of the moon

22 **vaulty** vaulted, arched

23 **care** concern/inclination

26 **hie** hurry

28 **Straining** singing (plays on the sense of “forcing, making an unnatural effort”)

29 **division** rapid melodic music

31 **change** exchange

33 **arm from arm** from one another’s arms **affray** frighten

34 **hunt’s-up** song used to rouse hunters in the morning and sometimes played to the bride the morning after her wedding

43 **friend** lover

46 **much in years** very old

54 **ill-divining** foreseeing evil

59 **Dry** thirsty (each sigh was thought to drain the heart of a drop of blood)

67 **not…late** not yet in bed

68 **procures** brings

73 **An if** even if

76 **feeling** powerfully felt

77 **feel** experience (the **loss**)/touch (the living friend) **friend** relative (in her response Juliet privately intends “lover”)

87 **like** so much as **grieve** make sorrowful/anger, vex

93 **runagate** fugitive

94 **dram** measure (of poisoned drink)

97 **be satisfied** be content/be revenged (on)/have enough (of)/be sexually satisfied

98 **dead** can apply to either **him** or to **heart**

99 **kinsman** cousin (Tybalt)/husband (Romeo)

101 **temper** mix/modify and make safe

103 **sleep in quiet** die/fall into a harmless sleep

105 **wreak** avenge/bestow

109 **needy** destitute

111 **careful** caring, solicitous

113 **sorted out** chosen

114 **looked not for** did not expect

115 **in happy time** this is opportune

116 **Marry** plays on the marital sense of the word

133 **conduit** fountain

135 **counterfeits** imitates **bark** small ship

138 **flood** sea/torrent

140 **overset** overwhelm/capsize

144 **would** wish

145 **take…you** let me understand you properly

146 **How** what

147 **her** herself

148 **wrought** arranged (for)/ persuaded

152 **hate…love** something hateful that was nevertheless arranged for me out of love

153 **Chopped-logic** specious, false logic or one who argues in such a manner

157 **fettle** prepare; literally, “groom (a horse)”

159 **hurdle** frame on which traitors were dragged to execution

160 **Out** expression of indignation and scorn **green-sickness** anemic illness affecting pubescent girls, hence “pale” **carrion** corpse/worthless wretch

161 **tallow-face** person with a pale, waxen face **tallow** animal fat used for making candles and soap

169 **itch** i.e., to beat you

173 **hilding** hussy, good-for-nothing

175 **rate** berate, scold

177 **smatter** chatter, talk ignorantly **gossips** women friends

179 **God…e’en** i.e., for God’s sake/go away (literally, good evening)

182 **gravity** words of wisdom **bowl** drinking vessel

185 **God's bread** an oath referring to the bread used in the Christian sacrament of Communion

187 **still** always

190 **demesnes** lands

191 **parts** qualities

193 **puling** whining

194 **mammet** doll/contemptible weakling **in…tender** when fortune makes her an offer

197 **pardon** the sense now shifts from "excuse, forgive" to "give permission to leave"

199 **do…jest** am not in the habit of joking

200 **advise** consider

205 **be forsworn** break my word

211 **monument** tomb

215 **faith** i.e., marriage vows

219 **practise** plot

224 **all…nothing** the odds are overwhelming

225 **challenge** lay claim to

230 **dishclout** dishcloth

231 **quick** lively/keen

232 **Beshrew** curse

236 **use** plays on the sense of "sexual employment"

240 **Amen** expression of agreement (to the Nurse's advice/to **beshrew them both**)

247 **Ancient damnation!** Damned old woman!

248 **forsworn** perjured (by breaking marriage vows)

252 **bosom** i.e., private thoughts **twain** separated

Act 4 Scene 1

4.1 ***Location:*** *Friar Laurence's cell*
3 **nothing slow** in no way reluctant
4 **mind** opinion
8 **Venus** the goddess/the planet **house** plays on the astrological senses of "one of the twelve parts of the heavens" and "sign of the zodiac in which a particular planet has influence"
10 **sway** rule, influence
13 **minded** dwelt on, attended to
14 **society** companionship
18 **Happily** gladly/fortunately
22 **text** saying, proverb
28 **price** value
35 **my face** openly/about my face
37 **not mine own** Juliet privately means "as my face belongs to Romeo"
40 **pensive** sorrowful, full of melancholy musing
42 **shield** forbid
48 **compass** bounds
49 **prorogue** defer
55 **presently** immediately
58 **label** seal (technically the strip of paper to which the seal was affixed) **deed** action/legal document
60 **both** i.e., hand and heart
61 **time** age
63 **extremes** desperate hardships
64 **umpire** technically, one brought in to decide a legal matter when arbitrators cannot agree
65 **commission** authority/authority to perform judicial functions **art** skill, knowledge
66 **issue** outcome
76 **That cop'st** you who would embrace
80 **thievish ways** streets frequented by thieves
82 **charnel-house** vault containing dead bodies
84 **reeky shanks** stinking shinbones **chapless** jawless
95 **distilling** distilled/infusing **liquor** liquid **off** i.e., entirely

97 **humour** fluid

98 **native** natural **surcease** cease

101 **wanny** wan, pale **eyes' windows** i.e., eyelids

103 **supple government** power of movement

115 **against** in anticipation of the time when

116 **drift** scheme/intention

121 **toy** aversion/whim

124 **prosperous** successful/fortunate

127 **help afford** supply help

Act 4 Scene 2

4.2	***Location:*** *the Capulets' house*
2	**cunning** skillful
3	**none ill** no bad ones **try** test
5	**'tis…fingers** proverbial phrase for one who has no faith in his abilities
8	**unfurnished** unprovided, unprepared
10	**forsooth** indeed, in truth
12	**peevish** foolish/obstinate/headstrong **harlotry** harlot/wretch
14	**gadding** wandering, roving idly
17	**behests** commands
24	**becomèd** befitting, seemly
31	**closet** private room
32	**ornaments** clothing/accessories
36	**short** lacking
40	**deck up her** adorn her, prepare her
43	**They** i.e., the servants **forth** out of the house (on errands)

Act 4 Scene 3

4.3 ***Location:*** *Juliet's bedroom in the Capulets' house*

3 **orisons** prayers

5 **cross** perverse/unfavorable

7 **culled** selected

8 **behoveful** useful, necessary **state** ceremony

16 **thrills** pierces/passes with a shudder of emotion

20 **dismal** ominous/disastrous

26 **Subtly** craftily

30 **still** always **tried** proved

36 **strangled ere** suffocated before

37 **like** likely

38 **conceit** conception, idea

43 **green in earth** newly buried (**green** also suggests putrefying flesh)

48 **mandrakes** plants with forked roots that resembled the human form and were said to shriek when pulled from the ground, causing madness or death in any who heard them

50 **distraught** driven to madness

51 **Environèd** surrounded

54 **rage** madness

57 **spit** impale

58 **Stay** stop

Act 4 Scene 4

2 **quinces** pear-shaped fruits **pastry** room in which pastry dishes were made

4 **curfew-bell** bell that rang at a fixed hour in the morning

5 **baked meats** meat pies **Angelica** either the Nurse or Lady Capulet (plays on the herb of the same name)

7 **cotquean** man who interferes with the housework

9 **watching** wakefulness

12 **mouse-hunt** hunter of mice (i.e., women, hence “fornicator”)

13 **watch…watching** keep an eye on you to prevent such wakeful (sexual) behavior

14 **A jealous hood** jealousy/a jealous woman/a jealous spy (wearing a hood as a disguise)

20 **I…logs** I have a good head for finding things/having a wooden (i.e., stupid) head I can easily find logs

22 **Mass** by the Mass (a common oath) **whoreson** bastard, whore’s son (spoken jovially)

23 **logger-head** in charge of fetching logs/a blockhead

24 **straight** straightaway

27 **trim her up** adorn her, deck her out

32 **Fast** fast asleep

35 **take your pennyworths** take what little sleep you can/sleep soundly

37 **set…rest** determined (literally a card-playing term meaning “to stake all” and playing on the sense of “got an erection in preparation for the assault”)

41 **take** find/have sex with

42 **fright** puns on “freight” (i.e., to load, burden)

43 **down** in bed

58 **Out, alas** expression of sorrow

74 **living** being alive/possessions and property

75 **thought long** longed/been impatient

79 **lasting** endless/unceasing

82 **catched** seized

89 **Beguiled** deceived, cheated

94 **Uncomfortable** comfortless/disquieting

95 **solemnity** celebration, marriage ceremony

99 **Confusion** disorder/destruction/disaster **care** management, control

105 **promotion** social advancement (through marriage to Paris)

106 **heaven** idea of bliss, of the utmost good

113 **stick** fasten/place/attach as an adornment **rosemary** the herb symbolized fidelity and remembrance, and was used at weddings and funerals

117 **reason's merriment** i.e., laughably irrational/a cause of joy to reason

118 **ordainèd festival** intended to be festive

119 **office** function, appointed role

121 **cheer** food and drink, provisions

122 **solemn** ceremonious **sullen** somber, melancholy

128 **lour** frown, look threateningly **ill** wrongdoing

129 **Move** provoke

130 **put up** put away, pack up

132 **case** situation (the First Musician then plays on the sense of "case for a musical instrument")

133 **amended** repaired

134 **'Heart's ease'** a popular song

137 **'My…woe'** another popular song, possibly the "Ballad of Two Lovers"

138 **dump** melody/mournful tune

142 **soundly** thoroughly/with force (plays in the sense of "audibly, with sound")

144 **gleek** gibe, jest (to "give the gleek" meant to mock someone) **give… minstrel** call you a minstrel (i.e., a vagrant or worthless wanderer)

145 **serving-creature** derogatory term for a servingman

146 **pate** head **carry no crotchets** put up with no whims/sing none of these notes

147 **re…you** re and fa are musical notes, used here as if they were verbs meaning "to beat" **note** pay attention to (plays on the sense of "record in musical notation"; in his response the First Musician widens the pun to include "beat us so that we are marked like a musical score")

149 **put out** extinguish/display

151 **dry-beat** beat severely (without using a dagger)

153 **When…sound** the opening lines of Richard Edwards' song "In Commendation of Music," published in *The Paradise of Dainty Devices* (1576) **griping** painful/grasping

156 **Catling** a small lutestring made from catgut

158 **Prates** mere chatter **Rebeck** a rebec was a medieval three-stringed fiddle

159 **sound for silver** play for money

160 **Soundpost** a supporting wooden peg on a violin or similar instrument

162 **cry you mercy** beg your pardon

163 **for sounding** as payment for playing/with which to make a jingling sound

167 **Jack** the rogue

168 **stay** await

Act 5 Scene 1

5.1 ***Location:*** *Mantua*

1 **flattering** pleasing/deceptive

2 **presage** foretell

3 **bosom’s lord** i.e., heart

10 **possessed** actually experienced, enjoyed

11 **shadows** images, dreams

21 **presently took post** immediately set off with a post-horse (i.e., horse kept standing by for the speedy delivery of messages)

23 **for my office** as my responsibility

24 **deny** repudiate, renounce (some editors emend to the First Quarto’s “defy”)

26 **post-horses** horses kept at inns for the use of messengers or for hire by travelers

28 **import** suggest, portend

29 **misadventure** fatal misfortune

37 **see for** seek out, think about **mischief** calamity, harm, wicked deeds

39 **apothecary** person who prepared and sold drugs

40 **a** he **which** whom

41 **weeds** clothing **overwhelming brows** overhanging or bushy eyebrows

42 **Culling of simples** gathering medicinal herbs

44 **needy** impoverished

47 **account** number

48 **earthen** earthenware **bladders** animal bladders were used for storing liquid

49 **packthread** twine used for tying up packages **cakes of roses** preparation of rose petals compressed into a cake for use as perfume

53 **Whose…death** the sale of which is punishable by instant death

54 **caitiff** miserable/base

62 **ducats** gold coins used in most European countries

63 **soon-speeding gear** rapidly working stuff/stuff that kills quickly

65 **That** so that

66 **trunk** body/cylindrical case that discharges explosives in a weapon

69 **mortal** fatal

70 **he** man **utters** sells

77 **it** i.e., the law

79 **pray** entreat (some editors emend to the First Quarto’s “pay”)

85 **compounds** mixtures

87 **get…flesh** fatten yourself up

88 **cordial** medicine that invigorates the heart

Act 5 Scene 2

5.2 ***Location:*** *Friar Laurence's cell*

5 **barefoot brother** i.e., a fellow Franciscan friar

6 **associate** accompany

8 **searchers** officials whose job was to view dead bodies and ascertain the cause of death

10 **pestilence** plague

12 **speed** successful journey, rapid progress **stayed** prevented

18 **nice** trivial **charge** importance

19 **dear import** major significance/costly consequence

20 **danger** harm

21 **crow** crowbar

27 **accidents** events

Act 5 Scene 3

5.3 ***Location:*** *the churchyard containing the Capulet family tomb, Verona; the action moves into the tomb itself*

1 **aloof** at a distance

3 **lay…along** lie stretched out

6 **Being** i.e., the soil being

10 **stand** remain

11 **adventure** risk it, take my chances

13 **canopy** covering or hangings of a bed

16 **obsequies** rites of remembrance

20 **cross** thwart ***mattock*** pickaxe ***wrenching iron*** crowbar

32 **dear employment** important business/costly purpose

33 **jealous** suspicious

43 **For…same** all the same, nonetheless

44 **doubt** suspect/fear

45 **maw** throat/stomach **womb** belly

48 **in despite** in angry defiance/to spite you

54 **unhallowed** unholy, wicked

60 **gone** dead

68 **commiseration** compassion

78 **should have** was to have

80 **him** i.e., Paris

83 **triumphant** splendid

84 **lantern** many-windowed turretlike structure often found at the top of a church

86 **presence** reception room in a palace or great house

89 **keepers** nurses/jailers

94 **ensign** military banner

96 **advancèd** raised

100 **his…enemy** i.e., Romeo’s own

103 **unsubstantial** bodiless

106 **still** always

110 **true** honest/true to his trade

119 **dateless bargain** eternal contract **engrossing** monopolizing/all-consuming (with legal connotations: “to engross” is “to write in a manner

appropriate to legal documents”)

120 **conduct** guide (i.e., the poison)

122 **dashing** destructive

124 **quick** speedy/active (with a play on “invigorating/life-giving”)

125 **speed** protector, aid

129 **vainly** pointlessly

154 **unkind** unnatural/cruel

157 **comfortable** comforting

171 **timeless** untimely/eternal

172 **churl** miser/villain

174 **Haply** perhaps/with luck

178 **happy** fortunate/opportune

182 **attach** arrest

189 **ground** cause (quibbles on the literal meaning in the previous line)

190 **circumstance** details (perhaps with a play on sense of “physical surroundings”)

196 **stay** detain

212 **mista’en** mistaken its rightful **house** (i.e., sheath)

216 **warns** summons **sepulchre** tomb

219 **is dead tonight** died last night

223 **untaught** ignorant, unmannerly person (referring to Romeo, whose body he has seen)

225 **mouth of outrage** may refer to the tomb or to the characters who are reacting to events (or both) **outrage** violence/disorder/passionate outcry

227 **spring, their head** source

228 **general** leader

229 **to death** to the utmost/to death from grief/to securing death as the penalty for the wrongdoers

230 **slave to** governed by

234 **make against** conspire against, accuse

235 **impeach…excused** accuse myself of what I should be condemned for and exonerate myself where I deserve to be excused

238 **date of breath** amount of remaining life

247 **perforce** by compulsion

252 **art** skill, knowledge

254 **wrought** brought about/fashioned

256 **as** on

260 **stayed** detained

264 **closely** secretly, concealed

268 **true** faithful, constant

275 **privy** aware, in on the secret **aught** anything

277 **the time** its natural limit

279 **still** always

282 **post** haste

289 **made** did

293 **by and by** immediately

295 **make good** confirm

298 **therewithal** that being accomplished/with the poison

301 **scourge** punishment of divine origin

302 **joys** happiness/children

303 **winking at** shutting my eyes to

304 **brace** pair (i.e., Mercutio and Paris)

306 **jointure** marriage portion given by the bridegroom’s family

309 **raise** have constructed **statue** almost certainly a reclining figure that would be set on Juliet’s tomb

311 **figure** statue (plays on the sense of “number”) **rate be set** worth be valued

313 **Romeo** i.e., Romeo’s statue

314 **Poor sacrifices of** pitiful victims of/inadequate atonements for

315 **glooming** gloomy/darkened/frowning/melancholy

THE LIFE OF TIMON OF ATHENS

In thirty-seven of Shakespeare's thirty-eight plays, there are representations of family and sexual relationships—parents and children, siblings, lovers, married couples, usually in multiple combinations. The bonds of family and desire are the very DNA of his dramatic world. *Timon of Athens* is the unique exception that proves the rule. Nobody in the play has a blood relationship to anyone else. The central character has no family and no lover.

The play seems to have been written around the time when Shakespeare was creating his most demanding female roles—Lady Macbeth and Cleopatra—and yet it almost entirely banishes women. Two whores have walk-on parts in one scene, delivering forty words between them. Some Amazons dance in a masque, though they may be intended as cross-dressed men, like the masquers in *Love's Labour's Lost* and *Henry VIII*. There are no children either: the boy actors in Shakespeare's company can seldom have been so underemployed.

Cupid, the mischievous god of love, presides invisibly over all Shakespeare's comedies and several of his tragedies: *Timon* is the one play in which he actually puts in an appearance, speaking the prologue to the masque. But ironically, he has no part in the action. No character in the play is struck by the dart of love. Cupidity, however—the desire for money—is the heart of the matter.

"In Timon of Athens," wrote Karl Marx of his favourite play, "Shakespeare attributes two qualities to money. It is the visible deity, the transformation of all human and natural qualities into their opposites, the universal confusion and inversion of things; it brings incompatibles into fraternity. And it is the universal whore, the universal pander between men and nations." In simpler language: we worship money, it distorts our view of what is important in life and it turns all relationships into commercial exchanges. As Lucius' servant puts it, "Ay, and I think one business does command us all, / For mine is money." No other Shakespearean play gives so much attention to servants: by focusing on the master–servant relationship, as opposed to parent–child or man–woman, Shakespeare and his co-author Thomas Middleton (a master in both the comedy and the tragedy of commercial exchange) bring home the Marxist point. Money as the universal whore: that is the symbolic significance of having prostitutes as the only female roles. It is also why the play begins with a selection of unnamed characters selling their wares: jewels, silks for fine clothing, poems, and a painting.

The presence of a poet is especially interesting, in that it gives a glimpse of Shakespeare's conception of his own art. He knew from his experience of dedicating his early poems to the Earl of Southampton what was involved in the pursuit of patronage, and as a leading member of the King's Men he was a firsthand witness of the rush for favors in the febrile atmosphere of the Jacobean court. The painter at the beginning of *Timon* assumes that the poet is assiduously preparing "some work, some dedication / To the great lord," but the poet's reply suggests that Shakespeare conceived of his own art in terms of *sprezzatura*, the air of seeming artlessness. It takes effort to strike fire from a flint, whereas poetry may slip out "idly" and "as a gum, which oozes / From whence 'tis nourished."

The opening scenes of the play offer a superb presentation of how culture, both in classical times and Shakespeare's, operates through an elaborate system of ceremonies and rituals in which hospitality and respect are key elements. The granting of favors and the lavishing of gifts are equally essential to the system. Gift giving was not a spontaneous act of generosity (is it ever?): the custom was integral to the network of social obligations and transactions in the early modern period.

In order to maintain the position in which he commands respect, Timon has to spend vast amounts of money throwing parties. As only the wise steward Flavius perceives, the continuance of the show has exhausted his master's financial resources. On a smaller scale, Shakespeare himself had probably witnessed a similar process in his youth when his father reached a position of eminence in the community, but then overstretched himself, borrowed money, and ran into trouble because he could not pay his debts. It is a familiar enough story, though in *Timon of Athens* the scale of the wealth is inflated to an extreme and the spiral into poverty is accompanied by a philosophical commentary.

Generally speaking, Shakespeare is skeptical of the claims of philosophy. He is more interested in how people behave in extreme situations than in what they profess to believe. He only used the word “philosopher” ten times in his complete works. Four of these usages are in wry contexts in the comedies, while the other six are confined to two tragedies, written in close proximity to each other early in the reign of King James I. They are two tragedies that follow a similar pattern of a man going from high to low estate, out from city or court to forest or stormy place where there’s “scarce a bush.” In this “outside” space, the protagonist is filled with fury at his fellow humans. One of those two plays is *King Lear*, the other is *Timon of Athens*. The resemblances have often been observed.

VARRO’S SERVANT What is a whoremaster, fool?

FOOL A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. ’Tis a spirit: sometime’t appears like a lord, sometime like a lawyer, sometime like a philosopher with two stones more than’s artificial one. He is very often like a knight; and generally in all shapes that man goes up and down in from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

VARRO’S SERVANT Thou art not altogether a fool.

A snatch of dialogue such as this could easily “change places and handy-dandy” with the voices of Lear and his Fool.

Jaques in *As You Like It* may fancy himself as a philosopher, but it is in the cast of *Timon of Athens* that we meet the only professional philosopher in Shakespeare: Apemantus. “I come to observe,” he says during Timon’s first banquet, and he will remain to offer his tart observations throughout the play. He is an extreme embodiment of the philosophy embraced by Jaques: Cynicism. A Cynic takes Stoic rejection of worldliness to an extreme; a Cynic, the saying had it, was a Stoic without a tunic. The paradigm was the outspoken and shameless Diogenes, who rejected “civilization” and returned to the “natural” life by becoming a vagabond. Apemantus is “the philosopher” in Shakespeare. Yet for Apemantus, as for Jaques, Cynicism is a pose. They both actually rather enjoy company and food. It is Timon who becomes the real thing.

In Act 2, the Fool goes off with Apemantus, saying “I do not always follow lover, elder brother and woman: sometime the philosopher.” As on many occasions in *King Lear*, a line spoken by the Fool is at a deeper level applicable to the main character. Timon is the one who follows the way of the philosopher instead of lover, brother, or woman. “I am Misanthropos, and hate mankind,” he will later announce. He becomes a Diogenes, rejecting all possessions and all worldliness, dying in his cave by the seashore.

The first half of the action is closed with a second banquet, in which with studied irony Timon offers his guests nothing instead of everything. Disgusted with mankind, he retreats to the woods. The general Alcibiades goes into exile at the same time: the point seems to be that both the military hero and the civic benefactor are victims of the system’s ingratitude, scapegoats of Athenian political arrogance. Like the exiled Coriolanus in another classical play written a couple of years later, Alcibiades marches against the city that has mistreated him. The Athenian senators respond by calling on Timon to perform the role of the reconciler that Volumnia plays in *Coriolanus;* he does so indirectly by committing suicide, symbolically removing hatred from the city and allowing Alcibiades to make peace with the state. The parallel plot is, however, sketched briefly in rather than worked fully out.

The core of the play is the massive third scene of the fourth act in which a succession of visitors comes to Timon in the forest, giving him the opportunity to vent his misanthropy. There is an elegant symmetry between the series of suitors seeking favors in the first half of the play and the series of visitors gawping at Timon’s misfortunes in the second. Among them is Apemantus, the professional philosopher. He has dealt Timon a few home truths in the opening scene, along the lines of “He that loves to be flattered is worthy o’th’flatterer.” Now he says, “The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends. When thou wast in thy gilt and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much curiosity: in thy rags thou know’st none, but art despised for the contrary.” Athenian moral philosophy, embodied for the Renaissance in the figure of Aristotle, extolled the virtues of the middle way, the golden mean. Tragic drama is about people who will not follow that way, who go instead to the extreme. Considered thus, Timon is the exemplary tragic figure.

With its paucity of female characters and absence of familial bonds, this will always remain one of Shakespeare’s least known, least loved, and least performed plays. Its exposure of our enslavement to money is too close to the bone. Why would large numbers of people who have the financial comfort that allows them to benefit from the public art form of theater want to spend an evening being beaten up on the subject? The harsh beauty of Timon's angry arias in the second half of the play, the exemplary loyalty of the steward Flavius, the incisive wit of Apemantus and the Fool: none of these are quite enough to compensate for the absence of an amorous or heroic counter-voice. Perhaps it would have been a different story if the character of Alcibiades had been more fully developed. It is small wonder that critics have persistently speculated—without any direct evidence—that the play was unfinished or unperformed.

Yet for intellectual muscle, the second half of the play is as powerful as anything in Shakespeare. It directly addresses one of the great questions in both his time and ours: the relationship between culture and nature. The home that Timon leaves and excoriates is the city of Athens, the birthplace of democracy, philosophy, and theater, the epitome of culture. When he goes into the woods, he is returning from culture to nature, reversing the process by which human cultural evolution has led to ever-greater alienation from our environmental origins. Initially, the angry exile believes that the order of nature is no different from that of the city he has left. He perceives natural forces to be in the same kind of relationship of exchange and deception as those of human society:

The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From gen'ral excrement: each thing's a thief.

And he blames the earth for yielding up the precious metal, which is the origin of that commodity that is the root of all evil.

But in his downward spiral, Timon also makes a kind of spiritual ascent. His trajectory is not after all so very different from that of Antony and Cleopatra in the subsequent play that Shakespeare based on the same source in classical literature. Throwing away the gold, he finds peace in the imminence of death: “My long sickness / Of health and living now begins to mend, / And nothing brings me all things.” He makes “his everlasting mansion / Upon the beachèd verge of the salt flood.” His road from fickle worldly prosperity to the nothingness of death goes via the wood and peters out at the edge of the sea. The nineteenth-century critic William Hazlitt suggested that Timon ends by “seeking in the everlasting solemnities of nature oblivion from the transitory splendour of his lifetime.”

Though the play is couched in the ancient ascetic language of *contemptus mundi*, there was for Hazlitt, and there should be for us, something profoundly enduring about the image of a human soul contemplating the vastness of the ocean and being brought to the realization that money is not everything and indeed that nothing may bring all things. Like King Lear and his godson Edgar, Timon is one of a tiny handful of tragic characters who are brought to a place that we might call ground zero. The difference between the two plays is that in *Lear* the meaning of love is discovered amid the apocalypse, whereas in Timon a man dies alone, without any community save that of the elements of earth, sea, and sky.

KEY FACTS

AUTHORSHIP: Long considered to be an incomplete Shakespearean work, *Timon of Athens* has been shown by modern scholarship to be, in all probability, a collaboration between Shakespeare and **Thomas Middleton**, with the following likely distribution of scenes:

1.1	Shakespeare, perhaps with some brief additions by Middleton
1.2	Middleton
2.1	Shakespeare
2.2	mixed authorship
3.1–3.6	Middleton
3.7	mixed (beginning and end by Middleton, middle by Shakespeare?)
4.1	Shakespeare
4.2	mixed authorship?
4.3–5.1	Shakespeare, with some Middleton additions (especially to the encounter between Timon and Flavius)
5.2–5.4	Shakespeare

PLOT: Timon, a rich Athenian, is famous for his liberality. As the play opens a group of people is gathering outside Timon’s house, waiting to offer him flattering gifts or beg favors. There is much talk of his generosity and openheartedness, which is immediately borne out when he appears, paying a friend’s debts to free him from prison and giving money to a servant to allow him to marry. Only the cynical philosopher Apemantus has doubts about the sincerity of Timon’s friends. The young general Alcibiades is warmly welcomed by Timon, who invites him and other friends to a banquet, at which there is more lavish distribution of gifts. However, Timon’s steward Flavius realizes what his master doesn’t—that Timon’s extravagant lifestyle has emptied his coffers. Timon’s creditors start to ask for payment and one after another he asks his friends for help, only to be refused by all. He invites them all to a second banquet, where he turns the tables on them. Alcibiades pleads in vain with the senate for the life of one of his soldiers who has committed a murder; in anger they banish him from Athens. The disillusioned Timon goes to live as a recluse outside Athens, railing bitterly against mankind. One day, digging for roots to eat, he discovers gold. He gives it away, first to Alcibiades, to pay the army he has raised against Athens, and his two whores, Timandra and Phrynia, then to some bandits. He finally offers some to his steward Flavius. Hearing of this, more false friends come out to flatter Timon but he drives them away, along with the senators from Athens who come to beg for his help against Alcibiades. Alcibiades wins his war against the Athenian senators, at which point news reaches the city that Timon is dead.

MAJOR PARTS: (*with percentage of lines/number of speeches/scenes on stage*) Timon (34%/210/8), Apemantus (10%/100/4), Flavius (8%/41/6), Alcibiades (7%/39/5), Poet (4%/30/2), First Senator (4%/27/4), Painter (3%/30/2), Second Senator (3%/14/4), Lucilius (2%/13/2).

LINGUISTIC MEDIUM: 75% verse, 25% prose.

DATE: 1604–06? No firm evidence for date, but stylistic similarity suggests proximity to *King Lear* and Middleton’s *A Trick to Catch the Old One* (1605); this was the period when Middleton was writing for the King’s Men, so is likeliest for a collaboration. The shared source with *Antony and Cleopatra* (see below) supports such a date. The masque and the concern with flatterers are more Jacobean than Elizabethan (i.e., after the death of Queen Elizabeth in 1603); the absence of a clear five-act structure implies composition before the King’s Men began playing the indoor Blackfriars Theatre (i.e., before 1608).

SOURCES: There is a general outline of the Timon story in Plutarch’s “Life of Marcus Antonius,” which was Shakespeare’s main source for *Antony and Cleopatra*; Plutarch’s *Lives of the Most Noble Grecians and Romanes* also included a biography of Alcibiades, providing material for the subplot. The other major source is a dialogue on Timon by the second-century Greek satirist Lucian of Samosata (probably in the 1528 Latin translation by Erasmus). There are close resemblances, especially in the second banquet scene, to an anonymous university or Inns of Court comedy of *Timon*, which may be a source. It is possible that Shakespeare worked from Plutarch while Middleton brought knowledge of the academic play and Lucian. The character of Apemantus may also be indebted to the misanthropic philosopher Diogenes in John Lyly’s comedy *Campaspe* (1581).

TEXT: The relative brevity of the play and a plethora of internal inconsistencies, such as the interview between Flavius and Ventidius that is arranged at the end of Act 2 Scene 2 but never materializes, led to the hypothesis that *Timon* was an incomplete work. Co-authorship is now considered a much likelier explanation for the textual problems. Most scholars believe that the copy was set from the dramatists’ rough draft; though this is not known for certain, most of the difficulties are attributable to problems with the copy rather than the quality of the printers’ work.

THE LIFE OF TIMON OF ATHENS

TIMON OF ATHENS
FLAVIUS, steward to Timon
ALCIBIADES, an Athenian captain*
APEMANTUS, a churlish philosopher

LUCILIUS **FLAMINIUS** **SERVILIUS**	Timon's servants

A **POET**
A **PAINTER**
A **JEWELLER**
A **MERCHANT** who trades in silks
A **FOOL**
AN OLD ATHENIAN MAN
A **PAGE**

LUCIUS **LUCULLUS** **SEMPRONIUS**	flattering lords

VENTIDIUS, one of Timon's false friends

CAPHIS **VARRO** **PHILOTUS** **TITUS** **LUCIUS' SERVANT** **HORTENSIUS**	Servants to usurers

SENATORS
CUPID and **MASQUERS**
BANDITTI

PHRYNIA } whores with Alcibiades
TIMANDRA }
Three STRANGERS, the second called Hostilius
Two MESSENGERS
Other LORDS
Servants, Attendants

Act 1 Scene 1[1.1]

running scene 1

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant (a Mercer) at several doors

POET Good day, sir.
PAINTER I am glad you’re well.
POET I have not seen you long.[3] How goes the world?
PAINTER It wears,[4] sir, as it grows.
POET Ay, that’s well known.
But what particular rarity?[6] What strange,
Which manifold record[7] not matches? See,
Magic of bounty,[8] all these spirits thy power
Hath conjured[9] to attend. I know the merchant.
PAINTER I know them both: th’other’s a jeweller.
MERCHANT O, ’tis a worthy lord. ***To Jeweller***
JEWELLER Nay, that’s most fixed.[12]
MERCHANT A most incomparable man, breathed,[13] as it were,
To an untirable and continuate[14] goodness:
He passes.[15]
JEWELLER I have a jewel here—
MERCHANT O, pray let’s see’t. For the lord Timon, sir?
JEWELLER If he will touch the estimate.[18] But for that—
POET ‘When we[19] for recompense have praised the vile, ***Recites***
It stains the glory in that happy[20] verse
Which aptly[21] sings the good.’
MERCHANT ’Tis a good form.[22] ***Looks at the jewel***
JEWELLER And rich:[23] here is a water, look ye.
PAINTER You are rapt,[24] sir, in some work, some dedication ***To Poet***
To the great lord.
POET A thing slipped idly[26] from me.
Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence ’tis nourished. The fire i’th’flint
Shows not till it be struck: our gentle flame
Provokes itself[30] and like the current flies
Each bound[31] it chafes. What have you there?

PAINTER A picture, sir. When comes your book forth?
POET Upon[33] the heels of my presentment, sir.
Let’s see your piece.
PAINTER ’Tis a good piece. ***Shows the painting***
POET So ’tis: this comes off[36] well and excellent.
PAINTER Indifferent.[37]
POET Admirable. How this[38] grace
Speaks his own standing! What a mental power
This eye shoots forth! How big[40] imagination
Moves[41] in this lip! To th’dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.
PAINTER It is a pretty[43] mocking of the life.
Here is a touch:[44] is’t good?
POET I will say of it,
It tutors nature:[46] artificial strife
Lives in these touches livelier[47] than life.
Enter certain Senators ***They pass over the stage***
PAINTER How this lord is followed.[48]
POET The senators of Athens, happy men.
PAINTER Look, more.
POET You see this confluence,[51] this great flood of visitors.
I have in this rough work shaped out a man ***Shows the poem***
Whom this beneath world[53] doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment:[54] my free drift
Halts not particularly,[55] but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax[56] — no levelled malice
Infects one comma[57] in the course I hold —
But flies an eagle flight, bold and forth on,
Leaving no tract[59] behind.
PAINTER How[60] shall I understand you?
POET I will unbolt[61] to you.
You see how all conditions,[62] how all minds,
As well of glib[63] and slipp’ry creatures as
Of grave[64] and austere quality, tender down
Their services to Lord Timon: his large fortune
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging[66]

Subdues[67] and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-faced[68] flatterer
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor[70] himself — even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns[71] in peace
Most rich in Timon’s nod.[72]
PAINTER I saw them speak together.
POET Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feigned[75] Fortune to be throned: the base o’th’mount
Is ranked[76] with all deserts, all kind of natures
That labour on the bosom of this sphere[77]
To propagate[78] their states, amongst them all
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady[79] fixed
One do I personate[80] of Lord Timon’s frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts[81] to her,
Whose[82] present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.
PAINTER ’Tis conceived to scope.[84]
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckoned from the rest below,
Bowing his head against[87] the sleepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well expressed
In our condition.[89]
POET Nay, sir, but hear me on.[90]
All those which were his fellows[91] but of late,
Some better than his value,[92] on the moment
Follow his[93] strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial[94] whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup,[95] and through him
Drink the free air.
PAINTER Ay, marry,[97] what of these?
POET When Fortune in her shift and change of mood
Spurns down[99] her late belovèd, all his dependants,
Which laboured after him to the mountain’s top
Even on their knees and hands, let him fly down,
Not one accompanying his declining[102] foot.

PAINTER ’Tis common:
A thousand moral paintings I can show
That shall demonstrate these quick[105] blows of Fortune’s
More pregnantly[106] than words. Yet you do well
To show Lord Timon that mean[107] eyes have seen
The[108] foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter Lord Timon [with Lucilius and other servants following], addressing himself courteously to every suitor [and then speaking with a Messenger]

TIMON Imprisoned is he, say you?
MESSENGER Ay, my good lord: five talents[110] is his debt,
His means[111] most short, his creditors most strait.
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up, which failing,
Periods[114] his comfort.
TIMON Noble Ventidius! Well,
I am not of that feather[116] to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have: I’ll pay the debt and free him.
MESSENGER Your lordship ever binds him.[120]
TIMON Commend me[121] to him. I will send his ransom,
And being enfranchised,[122] bid him come to me:
’Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after. Fare you well.
MESSENGER All happiness to your honour.

Exit

Enter an old Athenian

OLD MAN Lord Timon, hear me speak.
TIMON Freely, good father.[127]
OLD MAN Thou hast a servant named Lucilius.
TIMON I have so: what of him?
OLD MAN Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.
TIMON Attends he here or no? Lucilius! ***Calls***
LUCILIUS Here, at your lordship’s service. ***Comes forward***
OLD MAN This fellow here, Lord Timon, this thy creature,[133]

By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first[135] have been inclined to thrift,
And my estate deserves an heir more raised[136]
Than one[137] which holds a trencher.
TIMON Well, what further?
OLD MAN One only daughter have I, no kin else
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o'th'youngest[141] for a bride,
And I have bred[142] her at my dearest cost
In qualities[143] of the best. This man of thine
Attempts[144] her love: I prithee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort,[145]
Myself have spoke in vain.
TIMON The man is honest.[147]
OLD MAN Therefore[148] he will be, Timon:
His honesty rewards him in itself,
It must not bear[150] my daughter.
TIMON Does she love him?
OLD MAN She is young and apt:[152]
Our own precedent[153] passions do instruct us
What levity's[154] in youth.
TIMON Love you the maid? ***To Lucilius***
LUCILIUS Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.
OLD MAN If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.[160]
TIMON How[161] shall she be endowed
If she be mated with an equal husband?
OLD MAN Three talents on the present; in future, all.
TIMON This gentleman[164] of mine hath served me long:
To build his fortune I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond[166] in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,[167]
And make him weigh with[168] her.
OLD MAN Most noble lord,

Pawn[170] me to this your honour, she is his.
TIMON My hand to thee: mine honour on my promise.
LUCILIUS Humbly I thank your lordship: never may
That state[173] or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you!
Exeunt [Lucilius and Old Man]
POET Vouchsafe[175] my labour, and long live your lordship! ***Presents the poem***
TIMON I thank you. You shall hear from me anon:[176]
Go not away.— What have you there, my friend? ***To the Painter***
PAINTER A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept. ***Presents the painting***
TIMON Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man,[181]
For since dishonour traffics[182] with man's nature,
He[183] is but outside: these pencilled figures are
Even[184] such as they give out. I like your work,
And you shall[185] find I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.
PAINTER The gods preserve ye!
TIMON Well fare you, gentleman: give me your hand,
We must needs[189] dine together.— Sir, your jewel ***To the Jeweller***
Hath[190] suffered under praise.
JEWELLER What, my lord, dispraise?
TIMON A mere satiety[192] of commendations.
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extolled[193]
It would unclew[194] me quite.
JEWELLER My lord, 'tis rated[195]
As those[196] which sell would give: but you well know
Things of like[197] value differing in the owners
Are prized[198] by their masters. Believe't, dear lord,
You mend[199] the jewel by the wearing it. ***Presents the jewel***
TIMON Well mocked.[200]
Enter Apemantus
MERCHANT No, my good lord, he speaks the common tongue[201]
Which all men speak with him.

TIMON Look, who comes here. Will[203] you be chid?

JEWELLER we'll bear with your lordship.

MERCHANT He'll spare none.

TIMON Good morrow[206] to thee, gentle Apemantus!

APEMANTUS Till I be gentle,[207] stay thou for thy good morrow — When[208] thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.

TIMON Why dost thou call them knaves? Thou know'st them not.

APEMANTUS Are they not Athenians?

TIMON Yes.

APEMANTUS Then I repent not.

JEWELLER You know me, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS Thou know'st I do: I called thee by thy name.[214]

TIMON Thou art proud,[215] Apemantus!

APEMANTUS Of nothing so much as that I am not like Timon.

TIMON Whither art going?

APEMANTUS To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

TIMON That's a deed thou'lt die for.

APEMANTUS Right, if doing nothing[220] be death by th'law.

TIMON How lik'st thou this picture, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS The best, for the innocence.[222]

TIMON Wrought[223] he not well that painted it?

APEMANTUS He[224] wrought better that made the painter, and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

PAINTER You're a dog.[226]

APEMANTUS Thy mother's of my generation:[227] what's she, if I be a dog?

TIMON Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS No, I eat not lords.[229]

TIMON An[230] thou shouldst, thou'dst anger ladies.

APEMANTUS O, they eat[231] lords: so they come by great bellies.

TIMON That's a lascivious apprehension.[232]

APEMANTUS So[233] thou apprehend'st it, take it for thy labour.

TIMON How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS Not[235] so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.

TIMON What dost thou think 'tis worth?

APEMANTUS Not worth my thinking.— How now,[237] poet?

POET How now, philosopher?

APEMANTUS Thou liest.

POET Art not one?

APEMANTUS Yes.

POET Then I lie not.

APEMANTUS Art not a poet?[243]

POET Yes.

APEMANTUS Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feigned him[245] a worthy fellow.

POET That's not feigned, he is so.

APEMANTUS Yes, he is worthy of[248] thee, and to pay thee for thy labour. He that loves to be flattered is worthy o'th'flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

TIMON What wouldst do then, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS E'en[251] as Apemantus does now: hate a lord with my heart.

TIMON What, thyself?

APEMANTUS Ay.

TIMON Wherefore?[254]

APEMANTUS That I had no angry wit[255] to be a lord.— Art not thou a merchant?

MERCHANT Ay, Apemantus.

APEMANTUS Traffic[257] confound thee, if the gods will not!

MERCHANT If traffic do it, the gods do it.

APEMANTUS Traffic's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger

TIMON What[260] trumpet's that?

MESSENGER 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse[261] All of companionship.[262]

TIMON Pray entertain[263] them, give them guide to us.

[Exeunt some Attendants]

You must needs dine with me.— Go not you hence
Till I have thanked you.— When dinner's done, ***To Painter***
Show me this piece.— I am joyful of your sights.[266] ***To all***

Enter Alcibiades, with the rest

Most welcome, sir!

APEMANTUS So, so, there![268]

Aches contract and starve[269] your supple joints!
That there should be small[270] love amongst these sweet knaves,
And all this courtesy! The strain[271] of man’s bred out
Into baboon and monkey.

ALCIBIADES Sir, you have saved my longing,[273] and I feed ***To Timon***
Most hungerly[274] on your sight.

TIMON Right welcome, sir!
Ere[276] we depart, we’ll share a bounteous time
In different[277] pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

Exeunt [all except Apemantus]

Enter two Lords

FIRST LORD What time o’day is’t, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS Time to be honest.

FIRST LORD That[280] time serves still.

APEMANTUS The most accursèd thou, that still omitt’st[281] it.

SECOND LORD Thou art going to Lord Timon’s feast?

APEMANTUS Ay, to see meat[283] fill knaves and wine heat fools.

SECOND LORD Fare thee well, fare thee well.

APEMANTUS Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

SECOND LORD Why, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

FIRST LORD Hang thyself!

APEMANTUS No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requests to thy friend.

SECOND LORD Away, unpeaceable[290] dog, or I’ll spurn thee hence!

APEMANTUS I will fly,[291] like a dog, the heels o’th’ass.

[Exit]

FIRST LORD He’s opposite to[292] humanity. Come, shall we in,
And taste Lord Timon’s bounty? He outgoes[293]
The very heart of kindness.

SECOND LORD He pours it out. Plutus,[295] the god of gold,
Is but his steward:[296] no meed, but he repays
Sevenfold above itself: no gift to him
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All[299] use of quittance.

FIRST LORD The noblest mind he carries
That ever governed man.
SECOND LORD Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?
I’ll keep you company.
Exeunt

[Act 1 Scene 2][1.2]

running scene 2

Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in: and then enter Lord Timon, the States, the Athenian Lords, [Alcibiades and] Ventidius, which Timon redeemed from prison. Then comes, dropping, after all, Apemantus, discontentedly, like himself

VENTIDIUS Most honoured Timon,
It hath pleased the gods to remember my father's age,
And call him to long peace.[3]
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free[6] heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled with thanks and service,[7] from whose help
I derived liberty. ***Offers money***

TIMON O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius. You mistake my love:
I gave it freely ever,[11] and there's none
Can truly say he[12] gives if he receives.
If our betters play at that game,[13] we must not dare
To imitate them: faults[14] that are rich are fair.

VENTIDIUS A noble spirit! ***The Lords stand ceremoniously***

TIMON Nay, my lords,
Ceremony[17] was but devised at first
To set[18] a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting[19] goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown,
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.[20]
Pray, sit: more welcome are ye to my fortunes
Than my fortunes to me. ***They sit***

FIRST LORD My lord, we always have confessed[23] it.

APEMANTUS Ho, ho, confessed it? Hanged[24] it, have you not?

TIMON O, Apemantus, you are welcome.

APEMANTUS No, you shall not make me welcome:
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

TIMON Fie,[28] thou'rt a churl: ye've got a humour there

Does not become[29] a man: ’tis much to blame.
They say, my lords, *Ira*[241] *furor brevis est*,
But yond[31] man is ever angry.
Go, let him have a table by himself,
For he does neither affect[33] company,
Nor is he fit for’t, indeed.

APEMANTUS Let me stay at thine apperil,[35] Timon:
I come to observe,[36] I give thee warning on’t.

TIMON I take no heed[37] of thee; thou’rt an Athenian, therefore welcome. I myself would[38] have no power: prithee let my meat make thee silent.

APEMANTUS I scorn thy meat: ’twould[39] choke me, for I should ne’er flatter thee. O you gods, what a number of men eats[40] Timon, and he sees ’em not! It grieves me to see so many dip[41] their meat in one man’s blood, and all the madness is, he cheers them up too.
I wonder men dare trust themselves with men.
Methinks they should invite them without knives:[44]
Good[45] for their meat, and safer for their lives.

There’s much example[46] for’t: the fellow that sits next him, now parts bread with him, pledges[47] the breath of him in a divided draught, is the readiest man to kill him: ’t’as been proved. If I were a huge[48] man, I should fear to drink at meals, Lest they should spy[49] my windpipe’s dangerous notes: Great men should drink with harness[50] on their throats.

TIMON My lord, in heart,[51] and let the health go round.

SECOND LORD Let it flow this way, my good lord.

APEMANTUS ‘Flow this way’? A brave[53] fellow: he keeps his tides well.
Those healths will make thee and thy state look ill, Timon.
Here’s that which is too weak to be a sinner[55] —
Honest water — which ne’er left man i’th’mire.[56]
This and my food are equals, there’s no odds.[57]
Feasts are too proud[58] to give thanks to the gods.

Apemantus’ grace

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf.[59]
I pray for no man but myself:
Grant I may never prove so fond,[61]

To trust man on his oath or bond,
Or a harlot[63] for her weeping
Or a dog that seems a-sleeping,
Or a keeper[65] with my freedom,
Or my friends if I should need ’em.
Amen. So fall to’t.[67]
Rich men sin, and I eat root.[68]
Much good dich[69] thy good heart, Apemantus! ***Eats***

TIMON Captain Alcibiades, your heart’s in the field[70] now.

ALCIBIADES My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

TIMON You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies[72] than a dinner of friends.

ALCIBIADES So[73] they were bleeding new, my lord, there’s no meat like ’em: I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

APEMANTUS Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then, that then thou mightst kill ’em and bid[76] me to ’em!

FIRST LORD Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts[77] whereby we might express some part of our zeals,[78] we should think ourselves for ever perfect.[79]

TIMON O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: how had you been my friends else?[81] Why have you that charitable[82] title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told[83] more of you to myself than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf, and thus far I confirm[84] you. O you gods, think I, what need we have any friends if we should ne’er have need of ’em? They were the most needless[85] creatures living, should we ne’er have use for ’em, and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases that keeps their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits:[89] and what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort ’tis to have so many like brothers commanding[91] one another’s fortunes! O joy’s e’en made away ere’t can be born: mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks. To forget their faults,[92] I drink to you. ***Weeps, and drinks a toast***

APEMANTUS Thou[93] weep’st to make them drink, Timon.

SECOND LORD Joy had the like[94] conception in our eyes ***To Timon***
And at that instant like a babe sprung up.[95]

APEMANTUS Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.[96]

THIRD LORD I promise you, my lord, you moved me much. ***To Timon***

APEMANTUS Much![98]

Sound tucket

TIMON What means that trump?[99] How now?

Enter Servant

SERVANT Please[100] you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

TIMON Ladies? What are their wills?

SERVANT There comes with them a forerunner,[102] my lord, which bears that office to signify their pleasures.

TIMON I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid with the masque of Ladies ***The Masquers stay back***

CUPID Hail to thee, worthy Timon, and to all that
Of his bounties taste! The five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron, and come freely
To gratulate[108] thy plenteous bosom:
There[109] taste, touch, all, pleased from thy table rise.
They only[110] now come but to feast thine eyes.

TIMON They’re welcome all, let ’em have kind[111] admittance:
Music, make their welcome! ***Cupid brings forward the Masquers***

FIRST LORD You see, my lord, how ample[113] you’re beloved.

Enter the Masquers of Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing

APEMANTUS Hoyday,[114] what a sweep of vanity comes this way!
They dance? They are madwomen.
Like[116] madness is the glory of this life
As[117] this pomp shows to a little oil and root.
We make ourselves fools to disport[118] ourselves,
And spend[119] our flatteries, to drink those men
Upon whose age[120] we void it up again
With poisonous spite and envy.[121]
Who lives that’s not depravèd[122] or depraves?

Who dies that bears not one spurn[123] to their graves
Of[124] their friends' gift?
I should fear those that dance before me now
Would one day stamp upon me. 'T'as been done:
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of Timon, and to show their loves each single out an Amazon and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease

TIMON You have done[128] our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,
Set[129] a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind:[130]
You have added worth unto't and lustre,
And entertained me with mine own device.[132]
I am to thank you for't.

FIRST LADY My lord, you take[134] us even at the best.

APEMANTUS Faith, for[135] the worst is filthy, and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

TIMON Ladies, there is an idle[136] banquet attends you:
Please you to dispose yourselves.[137]

ALL LADIES Most thankfully, my lord.

Exeunt [Cupid and Ladies]

TIMON Flavius.

FLAVIUS My lord.

TIMON The little casket bring me hither.

FLAVIUS Yes, my lord.— More jewels yet! ***Aside***
There is no crossing[143] him in's humour,
Else I should tell him well[144] — i' faith I should —
When all's spent, he'd be crossed[145] then, an he could.
'Tis pity bounty had[146] not eyes behind,
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.[147]

Exit

FIRST LORD Where be our men?

SERVANT Here, my lord, in readiness.

SECOND LORD Our horses.

Enter Flavius ***Carrying the casket***

TIMON O, my friends,

I have one word to say to you: look you, my good lord,
I must entreat you honour me so much ***Gives a jewel from the casket***
As to advance[154] this jewel. Accept it and wear it,
Kind my lord.

FIRST LORD I am so[156] far already in your gifts—

ALL So are we all. ***Timon gives jewels to all***

Enter a Servant

SERVANT My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate Newly alighted and come to visit you.

TIMON They are fairly[160] welcome.

[Exit Servant]

FLAVIUS I beseech your honour,
Vouchsafe[162] me a word: it does concern you near.

TIMON Near? Why then, another time I’ll hear thee.
I prithee, let’s be provided[164] to show them entertainment.

FLAVIUS I scarce know how. ***Aside***

Enter another Servant

SECOND SERVANT May it please your honour, Lord Lucius —
Out of his free[168] love — hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses trapped[169] in silver.

TIMON I shall accept them fairly. Let the presents
Be worthily entertained.[170] [*Exit Second Servant*]

Enter a Third Servant

How now? What news?

THIRD SERVANT Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, Lord Lucullus, entreats your company tomorrow to hunt with him, and has sent your honour two brace[174] of greyhounds.

TIMON I’ll hunt with him, and let them be received
Not without fair[176] reward.

[Exit Third Servant]

FLAVIUS What will this come to? ***Aside***
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer:[179]
Nor will he know his purse,[180] or yield me this,
To show him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make[182] his wishes good.

His promises fly so beyond his state[183]
That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes
For ev’ry word: he is so kind that he now
Pays interest for’t; his land’s put[186] to their books.
Well, would[187] I were gently put out of office
Before I were forced out.
Happier is he that has no friend to feed
Than[190] such that do e’en enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord.

Exit

TIMON You do yourselves ***To the Lords***
Much wrong, you bate[193] too much of your own merits.
Here, my lord, a trifle of our love. ***Gives a gift to Second Lord***

SECOND LORD With more than common thanks I will receive it.

THIRD LORD O, he’s the very soul of bounty!

TIMON And now I remember, my lord, you gave ***To First Lord***
Good words[197] the other day of a bay courser[198] I rode on.
’Tis yours, because you liked it.

FIRST LORD O, I beseech you pardon me, my lord, in that.[200]

TIMON You may take my word, my lord: I know, no man
Can justly praise but what he does affect.[202]
I weigh[203] my friend’s affection with mine own,
I’ll tell you true. I’ll call to[204] you.

ALL LORDS O, none so welcome.

TIMON I take all and your several visitations[206]
So kind to heart, ’tis not enough to give:
Methinks I could deal[208] kingdoms to my friends,
And ne’er be weary.— Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich.
It comes in charity to thee, for all thy living[211] ***Gives a gift?***
Is ’mongst the dead, and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitched[213] field.

ALCIBIADES Ay, defiled[214] land, my lord.

FIRST LORD We are so virtuously bound[215]—

TIMON And so am I to you.

SECOND LORD So infinitely endeared[217]—

TIMON All to you.[218]— Lights, more lights! ***Calls***

FIRST LORD The best of happiness,
Honour and fortunes keep with you, Lord Timon!

TIMON Ready for[221] his friends.

Exeunt Lords. [Apemantus and Timon remain]

APEMANTUS What a coil's[222] here,
Serving[223] of becks and jutting-out of bums!
I doubt whether their legs[224] be worth the sums
That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs:[225]
Methinks false[226] hearts should never have sound legs,
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on curtsies.

TIMON Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen I would be good to thee.

APEMANTUS No, I'll[229] nothing; for if I should be bribed too, there would be none left to rail upon[230] thee, and then thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me[231] thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly. What needs these feasts, pomps and vainglories?[232]

TIMON Nay, an[233] you begin to rail on society once, I am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell, and come[234] with better music.

Exit

APEMANTUS So:[235]
Thou[236] wilt not hear me now, thou shalt not then.
I'll lock thy heaven[237] from thee.
O, that men's ears should be
To counsel[239] deaf, but not to flattery!

Exit

[Act 2 Scene 1][2.1]

running scene 3

Enter a Senator **With bonds in his hand**

SENATOR And late,[1] five thousand: to Varro and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand, besides my former sum,
Which makes it five-and-twenty. Still in motion[3]
Of raging waste? It cannot hold,[4] it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar’s dog
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold.
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals[9] me straight
And able horses. No porter[10] at his gate,
But rather one that smiles and still[11] invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold: no reason
Can sound[13] his state in safety. Caphis, ho!
Caphis, I say!

Enter Caphis

CAPHIS Here, sir. What is your pleasure?

SENATOR Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord Timon.
Importune[17] him for my moneys. Be not ceased
With slight[18] denial, nor then silenced when
‘Commend me to your master’, and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus: but tell him
My uses[21] cry to me, I must serve my turn
Out of mine own,[22] his days and times are past
And my reliances on his fracted[23] dates
Have smit[24] my credit. I love and honour him,
But must not break my back to heal his finger.
Immediate are my needs, and my relief[26]
Must not be tossed and turned[27] to me in words,
But find supply[28] immediate. Get you gone.
Put on a most importunate[29] aspect,
A visage of demand, for I do fear

When every feather[31] sticks in his own wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,[32]
Which flashes[33] now a phoenix. Get you gone.

CAPHIS I go, sir.

SENATOR 'I go, sir'? Take the bonds along with you, ***Gives the bonds***
And have[36] the dates in. Come.

CAPHIS I will, sir.

SENATOR Go.

Exeunt

[Act 2 Scene 2][2.2]

running scene 4

Enter Steward [Flavius], with many bills in his hand

FLAVIUS No care, no stop: so senseless of expense
That he will neither know[2] how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot,[3] takes no account
How things go from him, nor resume[4] no care
Of what[5] is to continue. Never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
What shall be done? He will not hear, till feel.[7]
I must be round[8] with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fie, fie, fie, fie!

Enter Caphis, [meeting Servants of] Isidore and Varro

CAPHIS Good even, Varro. What, you come for money?

VARRO'S SERVANT Is't not your business too?

CAPHIS It is: and yours too, Isidore?

ISIDORE'S SERVANT It is so.

CAPHIS Would we were all discharged![14]

VARRO'S SERVANT I fear it.[15]

CAPHIS Here comes the lord.

Enter Timon and his train [including Alcibiades]

TIMON So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth[17] again,
My Alcibiades.— With me? What is your will? ***To Caphis***

CAPHIS My lord, here is a note of certain dues.[19] ***Gives a bill***

TIMON Dues? Whence are you?[20]

CAPHIS Of Athens here, my lord.

TIMON Go to my steward.

CAPHIS Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To[24] the succession of new days this month:
My master is awaked[25] by great occasion
To call[26] upon his own, and humbly prays you
That with[27] your other noble parts you'll suit
In giving him his right.

TIMON Mine honest friend,

I prithee but repair[30] to me next morning.
CAPHIS Nay, good my lord—
TIMON Contain thyself, good friend.
VARRO’S SERVANT One Varro’s servant, my good lord—
ISIDORE’S SERVANT From Isidore:
He humbly prays your speedy payment.
CAPHIS If you did know, my lord, my master’s wants[36]—
VARRO’S SERVANT ’Twas due on forfeiture,[37] my lord, six weeks and past.
ISIDORE’S SERVANT Your steward puts me off, my lord, and I
Am sent expressly to your lordship.
TIMON Give me breath.[40]—
I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on:[41] ***To his train***
I’ll wait upon[42] you instantly.—
[Exeunt Alcibiades and Lords]
Come hither. Pray you, ***To Flavius***
How goes[44] the world that I am thus encountered
With clamorous demands[45] of broken bonds
And the detention[46] of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?[47]
FLAVIUS Please you, gentlemen, ***To Servants***
The time is unagreeable to[49] this business:
Your importunacy cease till after dinner,
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.
TIMON Do so, my friends.— ***To Servants***
See them well entertained. ***To Flavius***
[Exit]
FLAVIUS Pray, draw near.[54] ***The Servants start to follow***
Exit
Enter Apemantus and Fool

CAPHIS Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus: let’s ha’ some sport with ’em.

VARRO’S SERVANT Hang him, he’ll abuse us.
ISIDORE’S SERVANT A plague upon him, dog!
VARRO’S SERVANT How dost,[59] fool?
APEMANTUS Dost[60] dialogue with thy shadow?

VARRO'S SERVANT I speak not to thee.

APEMANTUS No,'tis to thyself.— Come away. *To Fool*

ISIDORE'S SERVANT There's[63] the fool hangs on your back already.

APEMANTUS No,[64] thou stand'st single: thou'rt not on him yet.

CAPHIS Where's the fool now?

APEMANTUS He[66] last asked the question. Poor rogues and usurers' men, bawds between gold and want.[67]

ALL SERVANTS What are we, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS Asses.

ALL SERVANTS Why?

APEMANTUS That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves. Speak to 'em, fool.

FOOL How do you, gentlemen?

ALL SERVANTS Gramercies,[74] good fool. How does your mistress?

FOOL She's e'en[75] setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth![76]

APEMANTUS Good, gramercy.

Enter Page

FOOL Look you, here comes my master's page.

PAGE Why, how now, captain? *To the Fool* What do you in this wise company?— How dost thou, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS Would I had a rod[81] in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

PAGE Prithee, Apemantus, read me the superscription[82] of these letters: *Gives letters* I know not which is which.

APEMANTUS Canst not read?

PAGE No.

APEMANTUS There will little learning die then, that day thou art hanged. This is to Lord Timon, this to Alcibiades. Go, thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

PAGE Thou wast whelped[89] a dog, and thou shalt famish a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone.

Exit

APEMANTUS E'en so thou outrunn'st grace.[91]—
Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's.

FOOL Will you leave me there?

APEMANTUS If[94] Timon stay at home.— ***To Servants*** You three serve three usurers?

ALL SERVANTS Ay: would[95] they served us!

APEMANTUS So would I: as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.

FOOL Are you three usurers' men?

ALL SERVANTS Ay, fool.

FOOL I think no usurer but has a fool to[99] his servant: my mistress is one, and I am her fool[100]. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly[101] and go away merry, but they enter my master's house merrily and go away sadly: the reason of this?

VARRO'S SERVANT I could render[103] one.

APEMANTUS Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaster[104] and a knave, which[105] notwithstanding thou shalt be no less esteemed.

VARRO'S SERVANT What is a whoremaster, fool?

FOOL A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime't appears like a lord, sometime like a lawyer, sometime like a philosopher with two stones[109] more than's artificial one. He is very often like a knight; and generally in all shapes that man goes[110] up and down in from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

VARRO'S SERVANT Thou art not altogether a fool.

FOOL Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

APEMANTUS That answer might have become[115] Apemantus.

ALL SERVANTS Aside, aside, here comes Lord Timon.

Enter Timon and Steward

APEMANTUS Come with me, fool, come.

FOOL I do not always follow lover,[118] elder brother and woman: sometime the philosopher.

[Exeunt Apemantus and Fool]

FLAVIUS Pray you walk near:[120] I'll speak with you anon.

Exeunt [Servants]

TIMON You make me marvel[121] wherefore ere this time
Had you not fully laid my state before me,
That I might so have rated[123] my expense
As I had leave of means?

FLAVIUS You would not hear me:
At many leisures[126] I proposed.
TIMON Go to:[127]
Perchance[128] some single vantages you took
When my indisposition[129] put you back,
And that[130] unaptness made your minister
Thus to excuse yourself.
FLAVIUS O my good lord,
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you: you would throw them off,
And say, you found[135] them in mine honesty.
When for some trifling present you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head and wept:
Yea, gainst[138] th'authority of manners prayed you
To hold your hand more close.[139] I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks[140] when I have
Prompted you in[141] the ebb of your estate
And your great flow of debts. My loved lord,
Though you hear now too late, yet now's a time:[143]
The greatest[144] of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.
TIMON Let all my land be sold.
FLAVIUS 'Tis all engaged,[147] some forfeited and gone,
And what remains will hardly stop[148] the mouth
Of present dues.[149] The future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim,[150] and at length
How goes our reck'ning?[151]
TIMON To Lacedaemon[152] did my land extend.
FLAVIUS O, my good lord, the world is but a word:
Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone!
TIMON You tell me true.
FLAVIUS If you suspect my husbandry[157] or falsehood,
Call me before th'exactest auditors[158]
And set me on the proof.[159] So the gods bless me,
When all our offices[160] have been oppressed

With riotous feeders,[161] when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth[162] of wine, when every room
Hath blazed with lights and brayed with minstrelsy,[163]
I have retired me to a wasteful cock,[164]
And set[165] mine eyes at flow.

TIMON Prithee, no more.

FLAVIUS Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits[168] have slaves and peasants
This night englutted![169] Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is
Lord Timon's?
Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!
Ah, when the means are gone that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost;[175] one cloud of winter show'rs,
These flies are couched.[176]

TIMON Come, sermon[177] me no further:
No villainous[178] bounty yet hath passed my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience[180] lack,
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart:
If I would broach[182] the vessels of my love
And try[183] the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men and men's fortunes could I frankly[184] use
As I can bid thee speak.

FLAVIUS Assurance[186] bless your thoughts!

TIMON And in some sort[187] these wants of mine are crowned
That I account[188] them blessings, for by these
Shall I try friends: you shall perceive how you
Mistake my fortunes. I am wealthy in my friends.—
Within there, Flaminius, Servilius! ***Calls***

Enter three Servants

SERVANTS My lord, my lord.

TIMON I will dispatch you severally:[193] you to Lord Lucius,— ***To Servilius***

to Lord Lucullus you — I hunted with his honour today— ***To Flaminius*** you to Sempronius. ***To Third Servant*** Commend me to their loves, and I am proud, say, that my occasions[196] have found time to use ’em toward a supply of money: let the request be fifty talents.

FLAMINIUS As you have said, my lord.

[Exeunt the Servants]

FLAVIUS Lord Lucius and Lucullus? Hum![199] ***Aside***

TIMON Go you, sir, to the senators —
Of whom, even to the state’s best health,[201] I have
Deserved this hearing — bid ’em send o’th’instant
A thousand talents to me.

FLAVIUS I have been bold —
For that[205] I knew it the most general way —
To them to use your signet[206] and your name,
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

TIMON Is’t true? Can’t be?

FLAVIUS They answer in a joint and corporate[210] voice
That now they are at fall,[211] want treasure, cannot
Do what they would, are sorry, you are honourable,
But yet they could have wished — they know not —
Something hath been amiss, a noble nature
May catch a wrench[215] — would all were well — ’tis pity.
And so, intending[216] other serious matters,
After distasteful looks and these hard fractions,[217]
With certain half-caps[218] and cold-moving nods
They froze me into silence.

TIMON You gods reward them!
Prithee, man, look cheerly.[221] These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:[222]
Their blood is caked,[223] ’tis cold, it seldom flows:
’Tis[224] lack of kindly warmth they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows[225] again toward earth,
Is fashioned for the journey, dull[226] and heavy.—
Go to Ventidius.— Prithee be not sad: ***To a Servant/To Flavius***

Thou art true and honest; ingeniously[228] I speak.
No blame belongs to thee.— Ventidius lately ***To Servant***
Buried his father, by whose death he’s stepped[230]
Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprisoned and in scarcity of friends,
I cleared him with five talents. Greet him from me,
Bid him suppose some good necessity[234]
Touches his friend, which craves to be remembered
With those five talents.—

[Exit Servant]

That had, give’t these fellows ***To Flavius***
To whom ’tis instant due. Ne’er speak or think
That Timon’s fortunes ’mong his friends can sink.

FLAVIUS I would I could not think it: that[239] thought is bounty’s foe;
Being free[240] itself, it thinks all others so.

Exeunt

[Act 3 Scene 1][3.1]

[Enter] Flaminius waiting to speak with a Lord from his master, enters a Servant to him

SERVANT I have told my lord of you: he is coming down to you.

FLAMINIUS I thank you, sir.

Enter Lucullus

SERVANT Here's my lord.

LUCULLUS One of Lord Timon's men? A gift, I warrant.[4] Why, this hits right: ***Aside*** I dreamt of a silver basin and ewer[5] tonight.—Flaminius, honest Flaminius, you are very respectively[6] welcome, sir.— ***To Servant*** Fill me some wine.—

And how does that honourable, complete,[7] free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

[Exit Servant]

FLAMINIUS His health is well sir.

LUCULLUS I am right glad that his health is well, sir. And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty[11] Flaminius?

FLAMINIUS Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir, which in[12] my lord's behalf I come to entreat your honour to supply,[13] who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish[14] him, nothing doubting your present[15] assistance therein.

LUCULLUS La,[16] la, la, la! 'Nothing doubting' says he? Alas, good lord! A noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so[17] good a house. Many a time and often I ha' dined with him, and told him on't,[18] and come again to supper to him of purpose to have him[19] spend less, and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty[20] is his: I ha' told him on't, but I could ne'er get him from't.

Enter Servant with wine

SERVANT Please your lordship, here is the wine.

LUCULLUS Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee. ***Toasts***

FLAMINIUS Your lordship speaks your pleasure.[24]

LUCULLUS I have observed thee always for a towardly[25] prompt spirit, give thee thy due, and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use[27] thee well. Good parts in thee.— ***To Servant*** Get you gone, sirrah.—

[Exit Servant]

Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman, but thou art wise, and thou know'st well enough — although thou com'st to me — that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare[30] friendship without security. ***Gives money*** Here's three solidares[31] for thee. Good boy, wink at me and say thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

FLAMINIUS Is't possible the world should so much differ,[33]
And we alive that lived? Fly, damnèd baseness,
To him that worships thee. ***Throws back the money***

LUCULLUS Ha? Now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master.

Exit

FLAMINIUS May these[37] add to the number that may scald thee!
Let molten[38] coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself![39]
Has friendship such a faint and milky[40] heart,
It turns[41] in less than two nights? O you gods,
I feel my master's passion![42] This slave
Unto his honour has my[43] lord's meat in him:
Why should it thrive and turn to nutriment,[44]
When he is turned to poison?
O, may diseases only work upon't!
And when he's sick to death, let not that part of nature
Which my lord paid for be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour.[49]

Exit

[Act 3 Scene 2][3.2]

running scene 6

Enter Lucius with three Strangers

LUCIUS Who, the Lord Timon? He is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

FIRST STRANGER We know him for[3] no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours: now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

LUCIUS Fie, no, do not believe it: he cannot want for money.

SECOND STRANGER But believe you this, my lord, that not long ago, one of his men was with the lord Lucullus to borrow so many talents — nay, urged extremely for't and showed what necessity[9] belonged to't, and yet was denied.

LUCIUS How?[10]

SECOND STRANGER I tell you, denied, my lord.

LUCIUS What a strange case was that? Now before the gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied that honourable man? There was very little honour showed in't. For my own part, I must needs confess I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels and such-like trifles — nothing comparing to his:[15] yet, had he mistook him[16] and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter Servilius

SERVILIUS See, by good hap,[18] yonder's my lord: ***Aside***
I have sweat[19] to see his honour.— My honoured lord.— ***To Lucius***

LUCIUS Servilius! You are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well: commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquisite[21] friend.

SERVILIUS May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

LUCIUS Ha? What has he sent? I am so much endeared[23] to that lord; he's ever sending: how shall I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

SERVILIUS Has only sent his present occasion[25] now, my lord, requesting your lordship to supply his instant use[26] with so many talents.

Presents a note

LUCIUS I know his lordship is but merry[27] with me:
He cannot want fifty— five hundred talents! *Reads the note*

SERVILIUS But in the meantime he wants less, my lord.
If his occasion were not virtuous,[30]
I should not urge it half so faithfully.

LUCIUS Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

SERVILIUS Upon my soul, ’tis true, sir.

LUCIUS What a wicked beast was I to disfurnish myself against[34] such a good time, when I might ha’ shown myself honourable! How unluckily it happened that I should purchase[36] the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour. Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do — the more beast, I say — I was sending to use[38] Lord Timon myself — these gentlemen can witness — but I would[39] not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done’t now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship, and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest[40] of me because I have no power to be kind:[41] and tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure[42] such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend[43] me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

SERVILIUS Yes, sir, I shall.

Exit Servilius

LUCIUS I’ll look[45] you out a good turn, Servilius.— *Calls after him*
True as you said, Timon is shrunk[46] indeed:
And he that’s once denied will hardly speed.[47]

Exit

FIRST STRANGER Do you observe this, Hostilius?

SECOND STRANGER Ay, too well.

FIRST STRANGER Why, this is the world’s soul,[50] and just of the same piece
Is every flatterer’s sport. Who can call him his friend
That dips[52] in the same dish? For, in my knowing,
Timon has been[53] this lord’s father,
And kept his[54] credit with his purse,
Supported his estate: nay, Timon’s money

Has paid his men their wages. He ne’er drinks,
But Timon’s silver treads[57] upon his lip,
And yet — O, see the monstrousness[58] of man
When he looks out[59] in an ungrateful shape! —
He does deny him, in[60] respect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.

THIRD STRANGER Religion groans at it.

FIRST STRANGER For mine own part,
I never tasted[64] Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over[65] me
To mark me for his friend: yet I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue
And honourable carriage,[68]
Had his necessity made use of me
I would have put[70] my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have returned to him,
So much I love his heart. But I perceive
Men must learn now with[73] pity to dispense,
For policy[74] sits above conscience.

Exeunt

[Act 3 Scene 3][*]

running scene 7

Enter a third Servant with Sempronius, another of Timon's friends

SEMPRONIUS Must he needs trouble me in't. Hum! 'Bove all others?
He might have tried Lord Lucius or Lucullus,
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeemed from prison: all these
Owes their estates unto him.

SERVANT My lord,
They have all been touched[7] and found base metal,
For they have all denied him.

SEMPRONIUS How? Have they denied him?
Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him,
And does he send to me? Three? Hum!
It shows but little love or judgement in him.
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,
Thrive,[14] give him over: must I take th'cure upon me?
He's much disgraced me in't: I'm angry at him,
That[16] might have known my place. I see no sense for't,
But his occasions might have wooed me first,
For, in my conscience,[18] I was the first man
That e'er receivèd gift from him:
And does he think so backwardly[20] of me now
That I'll requite[21] it last? No:
So it may prove an argument[22] of laughter
To th'rest, and 'mongst lords be thought a fool.
I'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
Had[25] sent to me first, but for my mind's sake:
I'd such a courage[26] to do him good. But now return,
And with their faint[27] reply this answer join:
Who bates[28] mine honour shall not know my coin.

Exit

SERVANT Excellent. Your lordship's a goodly[29] villain. The devil knew not what he did when he made man politic;[30] he crossed himself by't, and I cannot think but in the end the villainies of man will set him clear.[31] How fairly this lord strives to appear foul![32] Takes virtuous copies to be wicked, like those that under hot ardent zeal would set[33] whole realms on fire: of such a nature is his politic love.

This was my lord's best hope. Now all are fled,
Save only the gods. Now his friends are dead.[35]
Doors that were ne'er acquainted with their wards[36]
Many[37] a bounteous year must be employed
Now to guard sure[38] their master.
And this is all a liberal[39] course allows:
Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house.[40]

Exit

[Act 3 Scene 4][3.4]

running scene 8

Enter Varro's man meeting others: all Timon's creditors to wait for his coming out. Then Enter [a Servant of] Lucius, [Titus] and Hortensius

VARRO'S FIRST SERVANT Well met: good morrow, Titus and Hortensius.
TITUS The like to you, kind Varro.
HORTENSIUS Lucius, what, do we meet together?
LUCIUS' SERVANT Ay, and I think one business does command us all,
For mine is money.
TITUS So is theirs and ours.

Enter Philotus

LUCIUS' SERVANT And Sir Philotus too!
PHILOTUS Good day at once.[8]
LUCIUS' SERVANT Welcome, good brother.
What do you think the hour?[10]
PHILOTUS Labouring for[11] nine.
LUCIUS' SERVANT So much?[12]
PHILOTUS Is not my lord seen yet?
LUCIUS' SERVANT Not yet.
PHILOTUS I wonder on't:[15] he was wont to shine at seven.
LUCIUS' SERVANT Ay, but the days are waxed[16] shorter with him:
You must consider that a prodigal[17] course
Is like the sun's,[18]
But not, like his, recoverable. I fear
'Tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse: that is,
One may reach deep enough, and yet find little.
PHILOTUS I am of[22] your fear for that.
TITUS I'll show you how t'observe[23] a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money?
HORTENSIUS Most true, he does.
TITUS And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For[27] which I wait for money.
HORTENSIUS It is against my heart.[28]
LUCIUS' SERVANT Mark[29] how strange it shows:

Timon in this should pay more than he owes,
And e'en[31] as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

HORTENSIUS I'm weary of this charge,[33] the gods can witness:
I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.[35]

VARRO'S FIRST SERVANT Yes, mine's three thousand crowns: what's yours?

LUCIUS' SERVANT Five thousand mine.

VARRO'S FIRST SERVANT 'Tis much deep,[38] and it should seem by th'sum,
Your master's confidence[39] was above mine,
Else surely his had equalled.[40]

Enter Flaminius

TITUS One of Lord Timon's men.

LUCIUS' SERVANT Flaminius! Sir, a word: pray, is my lord ready to come forth?

FLAMINIUS No, indeed, he is not.

TITUS We attend[44] his lordship: pray signify so much.

FLAMINIUS I need not tell him that: he knows you are too diligent.[45]

[Exit]

Enter Steward [Flavius] in a cloak, muffled

LUCIUS' SERVANT Ha? Is not that his steward muffled so? He goes away in a cloud.[47] Call him, call him.

TITUS Do you hear, sir?

VARRO'S SECOND SERVANT By your leave, sir—

FLAVIUS What do ye ask of me, my friend?

TITUS We wait for certain[51] money here, sir.

FLAVIUS Ay,
If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough.
Why then preferred[55] you not your sums and bills
When your false[56] masters eat of my lord's meat?
Then they could smile and fawn[57] upon his debts
And take down[58] th'interest into their glutt'nous maws.
You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up:[59]
Let me pass quietly.
Believe't, my lord and I have made an end:[61]

I have no more to reckon,[62] he to spend.

LUCIUS’ SERVANT Ay, but this answer will not serve.[63]

FLAVIUS If ’twill not serve, ’tis not so base[64] as you,
For you serve knaves.

[Exit]

VARRO’S FIRST SERVANT How? What does his cashiered[66] worship mutter?

VARRO’S SECOND SERVANT No matter what: he’s poor, and that’s revenge enough. Who can speak broader[68] than he that has no house to put his head in? Such may rail[69] against great buildings.

Enter Servilius

TITUS O, here’s Servilius: now we shall know some answer.

SERVILIUS If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair[71] some other hour, I should derive much from’t, for, take’t[72] of my soul, my lord leans wondrously to discontent: his comfortable[73] temper has forsook him; he’s much out of health, and keeps[74] his chamber.

LUCIUS’ SERVANT Many do keep their chambers are not sick,
And if[76] it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts
And make[78] a clear way to the gods.

SERVILIUS Good gods!

TITUS We cannot take this for answer, sir.

FLAMINIUS Servilius, help! My lord, my lord!

Within

Enter Timon, in a rage

TIMON What, are my doors opposed against my passage?[82]
Have I been ever free,[83] and must my house
Be my retentive[84] enemy, my jail?
The place which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

LUCIUS’ SERVANT Put in[87] now, Titus.

TITUS My lord, here is my bill.

LUCIUS’ SERVANT Here’s mine.

HORTENSIUS And mine, my lord.

VARRO’S FIRST and SECOND SERVANTS And ours, my lord.

PHILOTUS All our bills.

TIMON Knock[93] me down with ’em: cleave me to the girdle.

LUCIUS' SERVANT Alas, my lord.

TIMON Cut my heart in sums.[95]

TITUS Mine, fifty talents.

TIMON Tell[97] out my blood

LUCIUS' SERVANT Five thousand crowns, my lord.

TIMON Five thousand drops pays that. What yours? And yours?

VARRO'S FIRST SERVANT My lord—

VARRO'S SECOND SERVANT My lord—

TIMON Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon[102] you!

Exit Timon

HORTENSIUS 'Faith, I perceive our masters may throw[103] their caps at their money: these debts may well be called desperate[104] ones, for a madman owes 'em.

Exeunt

Act 3 Scene 5[3.5]

running scene 8 continues

Enter Timon [and Flavius]

TIMON They have e'en put[1] my breath from me, the slaves.
Creditors? Devils!

FLAVIUS My dear lord—

TIMON What[4] if it should be so?

FLAVIUS My lord—

TIMON I'll have it so. My steward!

FLAVIUS Here, my lord.

TIMON So fitly?[8] Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius — all luxurs,[9] all.
I'll once more feast the rascals.

FLAVIUS O my lord,
You only speak from your distracted[12] soul;
There's not so much left to furnish out
A moderate table.

TIMON Be[15] it not in thy care: go,
I charge thee, invite them all. Let in the tide
Of knaves once more: my cook and I'll provide.

Exeunt

[Act 3 Scene 6][3.6]

running scene 9

Enter three Senators at one door, Alcibiades meeting them, with Attendants

FIRST SENATOR My lord, you have my voice[1] to it. The fault's
Bloody:[2] 'tis necessary he should die.
Nothing emboldens[3] sin so much as mercy.
SECOND SENATOR Most true; the law shall bruise[4] 'em.
ALCIBIADES Honour, health, and compassion to the senate! ***Comes forward***
FIRST SENATOR Now, captain.
ALCIBIADES I am an humble suitor to your virtues;[7]
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who in hot blood[11]
Hath stepped into[12] the law, which is past depth
To those that, without heed,[13] do plunge into't.
He is a man, setting his fate[14] aside,
Of comely[15] virtues:
Nor did he soil[16] the fact with cowardice —
And honour in him which buys out[17] his fault —
But with a noble fury and fair[18] spirit,
Seeing his reputation touched to death,[19]
He did oppose his foe,
And with such sober[21] and unnoted passion
He did behave[22] his anger, ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but[23] proved an argument.
FIRST SENATOR You undergo[24] too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took such pains as if they laboured
To bring manslaughter into form[27] and set quarrelling
Upon the head[28] of valour; which indeed
Is valour misbegot[29] and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born.

He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer[31]
The worst that man can breathe,[32]
And make his wrongs[33] his outsides,
To wear them like his raiment,[34] carelessly,
And ne'er prefer[35] his injuries to his heart
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs[37] be evils and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill![38]
ALCIBIADES My lord—
FIRST SENATOR You cannot make gross[40] sins look clear:
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.[41]
ALCIBIADES My lords, then, under favour,[42] pardon me
If I speak like a captain.[43]
Why do fond[44] men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats? Sleep upon't,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats
Without repugnancy?[47] If there be
Such valour in the bearing, what[48] make we
Abroad? Why then, women are more valiant
That stay at home, if bearing[50] carry it.
And the ass more captain than the lion, the fellow
Loaden with irons[52] wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good.
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust,[56]
But in defence, by mercy,[57] 'tis most just.
To be in anger is impiety,
But who is man that is not angry?
Weigh[60] but the crime with this.
SECOND SENATOR You breathe[61] in vain.
ALCIBIADES In vain? His service done
At Lacedaemon[63] and Byzantium
Were a sufficient briber[64] for his life.
FIRST SENATOR What's that?
ALCIBIADES Why, I say, my lords, he's done fair service,

And slain in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds!
SECOND SENATOR He has made[70] too much plenty with ’em.
He’s a sworn rioter: he has a sin[71]
That often drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner:
If there were no foes, that were enough
To overcome him. In[74] that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages
And cherish factions:[76] ’tis inferred to us,
His days are foul and his drink dangerous.
FIRST SENATOR He dies.
ALCIBIADES Hard fate! He might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts[80] in him —
Though his right[81] arm might purchase his own time
And be in debt to none — yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts[83] to his and join ’em both.
And for[84] I know
Your reverend ages love security,[85]
I’ll pawn[86] my victories, all my honour to you,
Upon[87] his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive’t in valiant gore,[89]
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.
FIRST SENATOR We are for law: he dies: urge it no more
On[92] height of our displeasure. Friend or brother,
He forfeits his own blood that spills another.
ALCIBIADES Must it be so? It must not be.
My lords, I do beseech you know[95] me.
SECOND SENATOR How?
ALCIBIADES Call me to your remembrances.
THIRD SENATOR What?
ALCIBIADES I cannot think but your age has forgot me:
It could not else be, I should prove so base
To sue[101] and be denied such common grace.
My wounds ache at you.

FIRST SENATOR Do you dare our anger?
’Tis in few words, but spacious in effect:[104]
We banish thee for ever.
ALCIBIADES Banish me?
Banish your dotage,[107] banish usury
That makes the senate ugly.
FIRST SENATOR If after two days’ shine[109] Athens contain thee,
Attend[110] our weightier judgement. And, not to swell our spirit,
He shall be executed presently.[111]
Exeunt [Senators]
ALCIBIADES Now the gods keep you old enough that you may live
Only in bone,[113] that none may look on you!
I’m worse than mad: I have kept back their foes
While they have told[115] their money and let out
Their coin upon large interest, I myself
Rich only in large hurts. All those for this?
Is this the balsam[118] that the usuring senate
Pours into captains’ wounds? Banishment!
It comes not ill:[120] I hate not to be banished.
It is a cause worthy[121] my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I’ll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for[123] hearts.
’Tis honour with most lands to be at odds.[124]
Soldiers should brook[125] as little wrongs as gods.
Exit

[Act 3 Scene 7][3.7]

running scene 10

Enter divers friends [Lords and Senators] at several doors

FIRST LORD The good time of day to you, sir.

SECOND LORD I also wish it to you. I think this honourable lord did but try[2] us this other day.

FIRST LORD Upon that were my thoughts tiring[4] when we encountered. I hope it is not so low[5] with him as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

SECOND LORD It should not be, by the persuasion[6] of his new feasting.

FIRST LORD I should think so: he hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many[7] my near occasions did urge me to put off, but he hath conjured[8] me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

SECOND LORD In like manner was I in debt[10] to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry when he sent to borrow of me that my provision[11] was out.

FIRST LORD I am sick of[13] that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

SECOND LORD Every man here's so.[14] What would he have borrowed of you?

FIRST LORD A thousand pieces.[15]

SECOND LORD A thousand pieces?

FIRST LORD What of you?

SECOND LORD He sent to me, sir — here he comes.

Enter Timon and Attendants

TIMON With[19] all my heart, gentlemen both; and how fare you?

FIRST LORD Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

SECOND LORD The swallow follows not summer more willing than we your lordship.

TIMON Nor[22] more willingly leaves winter, such summer birds are men.— ***Aside***

Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay.[23] Feast your ears with the music awhile, if[24] they will fare so harshly o'th'trumpet's sound: we shall to't presently.[25]

FIRST LORD I hope it[26] remains not unkindly with your lordship that I returned you an empty messenger.

TIMON O, sir, let it not trouble you.

SECOND LORD My noble lord—

TIMON Ah, my good friend, what cheer?[30]

The banquet brought in

SECOND LORD My most honourable lord, I am e’en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so[32] unfortunate a beggar.

TIMON Think not on’t, sir.

SECOND LORD If you had sent but two hours before,—

TIMON Let it not cumber[35] your better remembrance.—
Come, bring in all together. ***To Servants, who bring in covered dishes***

SECOND LORD All covered dishes![37]

FIRST LORD Royal cheer,[38] I warrant you.

THIRD LORD Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.

FIRST LORD How do you? What’s the news?

THIRD LORD Alcibiades is banished: hear you of it?

FIRST and SECOND LORDS Alcibiades banished?

THIRD LORD ’Tis so, be sure of it.

FIRST LORD How? How?

SECOND LORD I pray you upon what?[45]

TIMON My worthy friends, will you draw near?

THIRD LORD I’ll tell you more anon. Here’s a noble feast toward.[47]

SECOND LORD This is the old man[48] still.

THIRD LORD Will’t hold?[49] Will’t hold?

SECOND LORD It does: but time will[50]— and so—

THIRD LORD I do conceive.[51]

TIMON Each man to his stool with that spur[52] as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet[53] shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place. Sit, sit. ***They sit*** The gods require[54] our thanks.— You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised: but reserve still[56] to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough that one need not lend to another, for were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a[59] score of villains: if there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be as they are.[60] The rest of your foes, O gods — the senators of Athens, together with the common tag[62] of people — what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.— Uncover, dogs, and lap! ***The dishes are uncovered and seen to be full of warm water and stones***

SOME LORDS What does his lordship mean?

OTHER LORDS I know not.

TIMON May you a better feast never behold,
You knot[68] of mouth-friends. Smoke and lukewarm water
Is your perfection.[69] This is Timon's last,
Who, stuck and spangled[70] with your flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
Your reeking[72] villainy. Live loathed and long, ***Throws water at them***
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends,[75] time's flies,
Cap[76] and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!
Of man and beast the infinite[77] malady
Crust you quite o'er!— ***A Lord gets up to leave***
What, dost thou go?
Soft,[79] take thy physic first.— Thou too, and thou. ***Throws the stones at them***
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none. ***Leaving their caps and gowns***

[Exeunt the Lords]

What, all in motion? Henceforth be[81] no feast,
Whereat[82] a villain's not a welcome guest.
Burn, house! Sink, Athens! Henceforth hated be
Of[84] Timon, man and all humanity!

Exit

Enter the Senators with other Lords

FIRST LORD How now, my lords?

SECOND LORD Know you the quality[86] of Lord Timon's fury?

THIRD LORD Push![87] Did you see my cap?

FOURTH LORD I have lost my gown.

FIRST LORD He's but a mad lord, and nought but humours[89] sways him. He gave me a jewel th'other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat. Did you see my jewel? ***They search***

THIRD LORD Did you see my cap?

SECOND LORD Here 'tis.

FOURTH LORD Here lies my gown.

FIRST LORD Let's make no stay.

SECOND LORD Lord Timon's mad.

THIRD LORD I feel't upon my bones.[96]

FOURTH LORD One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.

Exeunt the Senators [and Lords]

[Act 4 Scene 1][4.1]

running scene 11

Enter Timon

TIMON Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall
That girdles in[2] those wolves, dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons,[3] turn incontinent,
Obedience fail in children! Slaves and fools,
Pluck the grave[5] wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister[6] in their steads! To general filths
Convert o'th'instant, green[7] virginity:
Do't[8] in your parents' eyes! Bankrupts, hold fast
Rather than render back; out with your knives,
And cut your trusters'[10] throats! Bound servants, steal!
Large-handed[11] robbers your grave masters are,
And pill[12] by law. Maid, to thy master's bed,
Thy mistress is o'th'brothel![13] Son of sixteen,
Pluck the lined[14] crutch from thy old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! Piety and fear,
Religion[16] to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe,[17] night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction,[18] manners, mysteries and trades,
Degrees,[19] observances, customs and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,[20]
And yet confusion live! Plagues incident[21] to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke![23] Thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators that their limbs may halt[24]
As lamely as their manners. Lust and liberty[25]
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
That gainst the stream of virtue they may strive[27]
And drown themselves in riot![28] Itches, blains,
Sow all th'Athenian bosoms,[29] and their crop
Be general leprosy! Breath infect breath,
That their society, as their friendship, may

Be merely[32] poison! Nothing I’ll bear from thee
But nakedness, thou detestable town. ***Tears off his clothes***
Take thou that too, with multiplying bans![34]
Timon will to the woods, where he shall find
Th’unkindest beast more kinder[36] than mankind.
The gods confound[37] — hear me, you good gods all —
Th’Athenians both within and out that wall,
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high and low! Amen.

Exit

[Act 4 Scene 2][4.2]

running scene 12

Enter Steward [Flavius] with two or three Servants

FIRST SERVANT Hear you, master steward, where's our master?
Are we undone,[2] cast off, nothing remaining?

FLAVIUS Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let[4] me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.

FIRST SERVANT Such a house[6] broke?
So noble a master fall'n? All gone, and not
One friend to take[8] his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him?

SECOND SERVANT As we do turn our backs
From our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiars[12] to his buried fortunes
Slink all away, leave their false vows with him
Like empty purses picked;[14] and his poor self,
A dedicated[15] beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunned[16] poverty,
Walks like contempt alone. More of our fellows.[17]

Enter other Servants

FLAVIUS All broken implements[18] of a ruined house.

THIRD SERVANT Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery:[19]
That see I by our faces. We are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow. Leaked is our bark,[21]
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying[22] deck
Hearing the surges[23] threat: we must all part
Into this sea of air.

FLAVIUS Good fellows all,
The latest[26] of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let's yet be fellows: let's shake our heads and say,
As 'twere a knell[29] unto our master's fortunes,
'We have seen better days.' Let each take some: ***Offers money***

Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more.
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.
Embrace, and [the Servants] part several ways
O, the fierce wretchedness that glory[33] brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who would be so mocked with glory, or to live
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp[38] and all what state compounds
But only painted,[39] like his varnished friends?
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart,
Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,[41]
When man's worst sin is he does too much good!
Who then dares to be half so kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar[44] men.
My dearest lord, blessed to be most accursed,
Rich only to be wretched,[46] thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He's flung[48] in rage from this ingrateful seat
Of monstrous[49] friends:
Nor has he with him to[50] supply his life,
Or that which can command[51] it.
I'll follow and inquire[52] him out:
I'll ever serve his mind with my best will.
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still.
Exit

[Act 4 Scene 3][4.3]

running scene 13

Enter Timon in the woods **With a spade**

TIMON O blessèd breeding[1] sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity: below thy sister's orb[2]
Infect the air. Twinned brothers of one womb,
Whose procreation, residence,[4] and birth,
Scarce is dividant,[5] touch them with several fortunes,
The greater scorns the lesser. Not[6] nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune
But by contempt of nature.
Raise me[9] this beggar, and deny't that lord,
The senators shall bear contempt hereditary,[10]
The beggar native honour.[11]
It is the pasture[12] lards the beggar's sides,
The want[13] that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares
In purity of manhood[14] stand upright
And say 'This man's a flatterer'? If one be,
So are they all, for every grece[16] of fortune
Is smoothed[17] by that below. The learnèd pate
Ducks[18] to the golden fool. All's oblique:
There's nothing level[19] in our cursèd natures
But direct[20] villainy. Therefore be abhorred
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
His semblable,[22] yea, himself, Timon disdains.
Destruction fang[23] mankind. Earth, yield me roots. ***Digs***
Who seeks for better of[24] thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant[25] poison! What is here? ***Discovers gold***
Gold? Yellow, glittering, precious gold?
No, gods, I am no idle votarist:[27]
Roots, you clear[28] heavens. Thus much of this will make
Black white, foul fair, wrong right,
Base noble, old young, coward valiant.
Ha, you gods! Why this? What this, you gods? Why, this

Will lug[32] your priests and servants from your sides,
Pluck stout men’s pillows from below their heads:
This yellow slave
Will knit[35] and break religions, bless th’accursed,
Make the hoar[36] leprosy adored, place thieves
And give them title, knee[37] and approbation
With senators on the bench. This is it
That makes the wappened[39] widow wed again;
She whom the spittle house[40] and ulcerous sores
Would cast[41] the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To th’April day[42] again. Come, damnèd earth,
Thou common whore[43] of mankind, that puts odds
Among the rout[44] of nations, I will make thee
Do[45] thy right nature.

March afar off

Ha? A drum? Thou’rt quick,
But yet I’ll bury thee: thou’lt go,[46] strong thief, ***Buries the gold***
When gouty keepers[47] of thee cannot stand.
Nay, stay thou out for earnest.[48] ***Keeps some of the gold***

Enter Alcibiades with Drum and Fife in warlike manner, and Phrynia and Timandra

ALCIBIADES What art thou there? Speak.

TIMON A beast, as thou art. The canker[50] gnaw thy heart
For showing me again the eyes of man!

ALCIBIADES What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee
That art thyself a man?

TIMON I am Misanthropos,[54] and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.[56]

ALCIBIADES I know thee well,
But in thy fortunes am unlearned and strange.[58]

TIMON I know thee too, and more than that I know thee
I not desire to know. Follow thy drum,
With man’s blood paint the ground gules,[61] gules.
Religious canons,[62] civil laws are cruel:
Then what should war be? This fell[63] whore of thine

Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.[65]
PHRYNIA Thy lips rot off![66]
TIMON I will not kiss thee, then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.
ALCIBIADES How came the noble Timon to this change?
TIMON As the moon does, by wanting[70] light to give.
But then renew[71] I could not like the moon:
There were no suns to borrow of.
ALCIBIADES Noble Timon, what friendship may I do thee?
TIMON None, but to maintain my opinion.
ALCIBIADES What is it, Timon?
TIMON Promise me friendship, but perform none: if thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for thou art a man. If thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou art a man.
ALCIBIADES I have heard in some sort[79] of thy miseries.
TIMON Thou saw'st them when I had prosperity.
ALCIBIADES I see them now: then was a blessèd time.
TIMON As thine is now, held with a brace[82] of harlots.
TIMANDRA Is this th'Athenian minion[83] whom the world
Voiced so regardfully?[84]
TIMON Art thou Timandra?
TIMANDRA Yes.
TIMON Be a whore still. They love thee not that use[87] thee:
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt[89] hours: season the slaves
For tubs and baths,[90] bring down rose-cheeked youth
To the tub-fast[91] and the diet.
TIMANDRA Hang thee, monster!
ALCIBIADES Pardon him, sweet Timandra, for his wits
Are drowned and lost in his calamities.
I have but little gold of late,[95] brave Timon,
The want whereof[96] doth daily make revolt
In my penurious[97] band. I have heard and grieved
How cursèd Athens, mindless[98] of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,

But[100] for thy sword and fortune trod upon them—
TIMON I prithee beat thy drum and get thee gone.
ALCIBIADES I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.
TIMON How dost thou pity him whom thou dost trouble?
I had rather be alone.
ALCIBIADES Why, fare thee well:
Here is some gold for thee.
TIMON Keep it, I cannot eat it.
ALCIBIADES When I have laid proud Athens on a heap[108]—
TIMON Warr'st thou gainst Athens?
ALCIBIADES Ay, Timon, and have cause.
TIMON The gods confound them all in thy conquest,
And thee after, when thou hast conquered!
ALCIBIADES Why me, Timon?
TIMON That by killing of villains
Thou wast born to conquer my country.
Put up[116] thy gold. Go on, here's gold, go on.
Be as a planetary plague[117] when Jove
Will[118] o'er some high-viced city hang his poison
In the sick[119] air. Let not thy sword skip one.
Pity not honoured age for his white beard:
He is an usurer. Strike me[121] the counterfeit matron:
It is her habit[122] only that is honest,
Herself's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant[124] sword, for those milk-paps
That through the window-bars[125] bore at men's eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity[126] writ,
But set[127] them down horrible traitors. Spare not the babe
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust[128] their mercy;
Think it a bastard whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully[130] pronounced the throat shall cut,
And mince[131] it *sans* remorse. Swear against objects,
Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes
Whose proof[133] nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers: ***Offers gold***

Make large confusion,[136] and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself. Speak not, be gone.
ALCIBIADES Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou givest me, ***Takes gold***
Not all thy counsel.[139]
TIMON Dost[140] thou or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon thee!
PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA Give us some gold, good Timon. Hast thou more?
TIMON Enough to make a whore forswear[142] her trade,
And to make[143] whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,
Your aprons mountant.[144] ***Throws gold into their aprons***
You are not oathable,
Although I know you'll swear, terribly swear
Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues[146]
Th'immortal gods that hear you. Spare your oaths:
I'll trust to your conditions.[148] Be whores still,
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
Be strong in whore,[150] allure him, burn him up:
Let your close fire[151] predominate his smoke,
And be no turncoats.[152] Yet may your pains six months
Be quite contrary, and thatch your poor thin roofs[153]
With burdens of[154] the dead — some that were hanged,
No matter. Wear them, betray with them, whore still,
Paint[156] till a horse may mire upon your face.
A pox[157] of wrinkles!
PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA Well, more gold: what then?
Believe't that we'll do[159] anything for gold.
TIMON Consumptions[160] sow
In hollow bones of man, strike their sharp[161] shins,
And mar[162] men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title[163] plead,
Nor sound his quillets[164] shrilly. Hoar the flamen
That scolds[165] against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself. Down[166] with the nose,
Down with it flat: take the bridge quite away
Of him that, his[168] particular to foresee,
Smells[169] from the general weal. Make curled-pate ruffians bald,
And let the unscarred braggarts[170] of the war

Derive some pain from you. Plague all,
That your activity[172] may defeat and quell
The source of all erection.[173] There's more gold.
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave[175] you all!
PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA More counsel with more money, bounteous Timon.
TIMON More whore, more mischief first: I have given you earnest.[177]
ALCIBIADES Strike up the drum towards Athens!— Farewell, Timon:
If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.
TIMON If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.
ALCIBIADES I never did thee harm.
TIMON Yes, thou spok'st well of me.
ALCIBIADES Call'st thou that harm?
TIMON Men daily find it.[184] Get thee away, and take
Thy beagles[185] with thee.
ALCIBIADES We but offend him. Strike![186] ***Drums beat***
Exeunt [all but Timon]
TIMON That nature, being sick of[187] man's unkindness, ***Digs***
Should yet be hungry! Common mother,[188] thou
Whose womb unmeasurable and infinite breast
Teems[190] and feeds all, whose selfsame mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puffed,[191]
Engenders[192] the black toad and adder blue,
The gilded[193] newt and eyeless venomed worm,
With all th'abhorrèd births below crisp[194] heaven
Whereon[195] Hyperion's quick'ning fire doth shine —
Yield him, who all thy human sons do hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom one poor root.
Ensear[198] thy fertile and conceptious womb:
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man.
Go great[200] with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears,
Teem with new monsters whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled[202] mansion all above
Never presented! O, a root. Dear thanks! ***Finds a root***
Dry up thy marrows,[204] vines, and plough-torn leas,
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish[205] draughts

And morsels unctuous[206] greases his pure mind,
That[207] from it all consideration slips!

Enter Apemantus

More man? Plague, plague!

APEMANTUS I was directed hither. Men report
Thou dost affect[210] my manners, and dost use them.

TIMON ’Tis then because thou dost not keep a dog,
Whom I would[212] imitate. Consumption catch thee!

APEMANTUS This is in thee a nature but infected,[213]
A poor unmanly melancholy sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade? This place?
This slave-like habit?[216] And these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet[217] wear silk, drink wine, lie soft,
Hug their diseased perfumes,[218] and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods
By putting on[220] the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee; hinge thy knee[222]
And let his very breath whom thou’lt observe[223]
Blow off thy cap: praise his most vicious strain,[224]
And call it excellent. Thou[225] wast told thus:
Thou gav’st thine ears,[226] like tapsters that bade welcome,
To knaves and all approachers. ’Tis most just
That thou turn rascal:[228] hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have’t. Do not assume my likeness.

TIMON Were I like thee, I’d throw away myself.

APEMANTUS Thou hast cast away thyself being like thyself:
A madman so long, now a fool. What, think’st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous[233] chamberlain,
Will put[234] thy shirt on warm? Will these moist trees
That have outlived the eagle page thy heels[235]
And skip[236] when thou point’st out? Will the cold brook,
Candied[237] with ice, caudle thy morning taste
To cure thy o’ernight’s[238] surfeit? Call the creatures
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful[240] heaven, whose bare unhousèd trunks

To the conflicting elements exposed
Answer[242] mere nature: bid them flatter thee.
O, thou shalt find—
TIMON —a fool of thee. Depart.
APEMANTUS I love thee better now than e’er I did.
TIMON I hate thee worse.
APEMANTUS Why?
TIMON Thou flatter’st misery.
APEMANTUS I flatter not, but say thou art a caitiff.[248]
TIMON Why dost thou seek me out?
APEMANTUS To vex[250] thee.
TIMON Always a villain’s office[251] or a fool’s.
Dost[252] please thyself in’t?
APEMANTUS Ay.
TIMON What, a knave too?
APEMANTUS If thou didst put this sour cold habit[255] on
To castigate thy pride, ’twere well:[256] but thou
Dost it enforcèdly.[257] Thou’dst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery[258]
Outlives incertain[259] pomp, is crowned before:
The one[260] is filling still, never complete,
The other, at high wish.[261] Best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.
Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.
TIMON Not by his breath[265] that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave whom Fortune’s tender arm
With favour never clasped, but bred a dog.
Hadst thou like us from our first swath[268] proceeded
The sweet degrees[269] that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs[270] of it
Freely command, thou wouldst have plunged thyself
In general riot,[272] melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust, and never learned
The icy precepts of respect,[274] but followed
The sugared game[275] before thee. But myself,

Who had the world as my confectionary,
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes and hearts of men
At duty,[278] more than I could frame employment,
That numberless upon me stuck as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush[280]
Fell[281] from their boughs and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows: I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden.
Thy nature did commence in sufferance,[284] time
Hath made thee hard in't.[285] Why shouldst thou hate men?
They never flattered thee. What hast thou given?
If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,[287]
Must be thy subject, who in spite put[288] stuff
To some she beggar and compounded[289] thee
Poor rogue hereditary.[290] Hence, be gone.
If thou hadst not been born the worst[291] of men,
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.
APEMANTUS Art thou proud yet?[293]
TIMON Ay, that I am not thee.
APEMANTUS I, that I was no prodigal.[295]
TIMON I, that I am one now.
Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee
I'd give thee leave[298] to hang it. Get thee gone.
That[299] the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it. ***Eats a root***
APEMANTUS Here, I will mend[301] thy feast. ***Offers food***
TIMON First mend my company: take away thyself.
APEMANTUS So I shall mend mine own, by th'lack of thine.
TIMON 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botched;[304]
If not, I would it were.[305]
APEMANTUS What wouldst thou have to[306] Athens?
TIMON Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold. Look, so I have. ***Shows gold***
APEMANTUS Here is no use for gold.
TIMON The best and truest,[310]
For here it sleeps, and does[311] no hirèd harm.

APEMANTUS Where liest a-nights,[312] Timon?

TIMON Under that's[313] above me.
Where feed'st thou a-days, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS Where my stomach finds meat, or rather, where I eat it.

TIMON Would poison were obedient and knew my mind!

APEMANTUS Where wouldst thou send it?

TIMON To sauce thy dishes.

APEMANTUS The middle of humanity[319] thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends. When thou wast in thy gilt[320] and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much curiosity:[321] in thy rags thou know'st none, but art despised for the contrary. There's a medlar[322] for thee, eat it.

TIMON On what I hate I feed not.

APEMANTUS Dost hate a medlar?

TIMON Ay, though it look like thee.

APEMANTUS An[326] th'hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift[327] that was beloved after his means?

TIMON Who, without those means thou talk'st of, didst thou ever know beloved?

APEMANTUS Myself.

TIMON I understand thee: thou[331] hadst some means to keep a dog.

APEMANTUS What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

TIMON Women nearest, but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

APEMANTUS Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

TIMON Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion[336] of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

APEMANTUS Ay, Timon.

TIMON A beastly[339] ambition, which the gods grant thee t'attain to. If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile[340] thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee when peradventure[341] thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dullness[342] would torment thee, and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf. If thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert thou the unicorn,[345] pride and wrath would confound thee and make thine own self the conquest[346] of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the horse: wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert german[348] to the lion and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy[349] safety were remotion and thy defence absence. What beast couldst thou be that were not subject to a beast? And what a beast art thou already, that see'st not thy[351] loss in transformation!

APEMANTUS If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou mightst have hit[352] upon it here: the commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

TIMON How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

APEMANTUS Yonder[355] comes a poet and a painter. The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it and give way.[356] When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

TIMON When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome.
I had rather be a beggar's dog than Apemantus.

APEMANTUS Thou art the cap[360] of all the fools alive.

TIMON Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

APEMANTUS A plague on thee! Thou art too bad to curse.

TIMON All villains that do stand by[363] thee are pure.

APEMANTUS There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

TIMON If I name thee.
I'll[366] beat thee, but I should infect my hands.

APEMANTUS I would my tongue[367] could rot them off!

TIMON Away, thou issue[368] of a mangy dog!
Choler[369] does kill me that thou art alive.
I swoon to see thee.

APEMANTUS Would thou wouldst burst!

TIMON Away, thou tedious rogue! ***Throws a stone at him***
I am sorry I shall lose a stone by thee.

APEMANTUS Beast!

TIMON Slave!

APEMANTUS Toad!
TIMON Rogue, rogue, rogue!
I am sick of this false world, and will love nought
But even[379] the mere necessities upon't.
Then, Timon, presently[380] prepare thy grave:
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy gravestone daily. Make thine epitaph,
That[383] death in me at others' lives may laugh.—
O thou sweet king-killer, and dear[384] divorce ***To the gold***
'Twixt natural[385] son and sire: thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's[386] purest bed, thou valiant Mars,
Thou ever young, fresh, loved and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's[389] lap: thou visible god,
That sold'rest[390] close impossibilities
And mak'st them kiss; that speak'st with every tongue,[391]
To every purpose! O thou touch[392] of hearts:
Think[393] thy slave man rebels, and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds,[394] that beasts
May have the world in empire.
APEMANTUS Would 'twere so!
But not till I am dead. I'll say th'hast gold:
Thou wilt be thronged to shortly.
TIMON Thronged to?
APEMANTUS Ay.
TIMON Thy back,[401] I prithee.
APEMANTUS Live, and love thy misery. ***Begins to leave***
TIMON Long live so, and so die.— I am quit.[403]
APEMANTUS More things like men! Eat, Timon, and abhor them.
Exit Apemantus
Enter the Banditti ***At a distance***

FIRST BANDIT Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort[406] of his remainder: the mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

SECOND BANDIT It is noised[408] he hath a mass of treasure.

THIRD BANDIT Let us make the assay[409] upon him: if he care not for't, he will supply us easily: if he covetously reserve[410] it, how shall's get it?

SECOND BANDIT True, for he bears it not about him: 'tis hid.

FIRST BANDIT Is not this he?

OTHER BANDITTI Where?

SECOND BANDIT 'Tis his description.

THIRD BANDIT He, I know him.

ALL BANDITTI Save thee,[416] Timon. ***They come forward***

TIMON Now, thieves.

BANDITTI Soldiers, not thieves.

TIMON Both too,[419] and women's sons.

BANDITTI We are not thieves, but men that much do want.[420]

TIMON Your greatest want[421] is, you want much of meat.
Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots:
Within this mile break forth a hundred springs:
The oaks bear mast,[424] the briers scarlet hips.
The bounteous housewife nature on each bush
Lays her full mess[426] before you. Want? Why want?

FIRST BANDIT We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
As beasts and birds and fishes.

TIMON Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes:
You must eat[430] men. Yet thanks I must you con
That you are thieves professed,[431] that you work not
In holier shapes,[432] for there is boundless theft
In limited[433] professions. Rascal thieves,
Here's gold. Go, suck[434] the subtle blood o'th'grape
Till the high fever seethe[435] your blood to froth,
And so scape hanging.[436] Trust not the physician,
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
More than you rob. Take wealth and lives together:
Do, villains, do, since you protest[439] to do't,
Like workmen. I'll example you[440] with thievery.
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction[441]
Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant[442] thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:

The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves[444]
The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture[446] stolen
From gen'ral excrement: each thing's a thief.
The laws, your[448] curb and whip, in their rough power
Has unchecked theft.[449] Love not yourselves, away,
Rob one another: there's more gold. Cut throats:
All that you meet are thieves. To Athens go,
Break open shops: nothing can you steal
But thieves do lose it. Steal[453] less for this I give you,
And gold confound you howsoe'er. Amen.

THIRD BANDIT Has[455] almost charmed me from my profession by persuading me to it.

FIRST BANDIT 'Tis in[456] the malice of mankind that he thus advises us, not to have us thrive in our mystery.[457]

SECOND BANDIT I'll believe him as[458] an enemy, and give over my trade.

FIRST BANDIT Let us first see peace in Athens: there is no time so miserable but a man may be true.[460]

Exeunt Thieves

Enter the Steward to Timon

FLAVIUS O you gods!
Is yond[462] despised and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? O monument[463]
And wonder[464] of good deeds evilly bestowed!
What an alteration of honour
Has desp'rate want made!
What viler thing upon the earth than friends
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!
How rarely[469] does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wished to love his enemies!
Grant I may ever love and rather woo
Those that[472] would mischief me than those that do!
Has[473] caught me in his eye: I will present
My honest grief unto him; and as my lord
Still[475] serve him with my life.— My dearest master!

TIMON Away! What art thou?

FLAVIUS Have you forgot me, sir?
TIMON Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men:
Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt a man, I have forgot thee.
FLAVIUS An honest poor servant of yours.
TIMON Then I know thee not.
I never had honest man about me: ay, all
I kept were knaves[483] to serve in meat to villains.
FLAVIUS The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone[486] lord than mine eyes for you. ***Weeps***
TIMON What, dost thou weep? Come nearer. Then I love thee
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st[488]
Flinty[489] mankind whose eyes do never give
But thorough[490] lust and laughter. Pity's sleeping:
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!
FLAVIUS I beg of you to know[492] me, good my lord,
T'accept my grief and whilst this poor wealth lasts
To entertain[494] me as your steward still.
TIMON Had I a steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?[496]
It almost turns my dangerous nature wild.
Let me behold thy face. Surely, this man
Was born of woman.
Forgive my general and exceptless[500] rashness,
You perpetual sober[501] gods! I do proclaim
One honest man — mistake me not, but[502] one,
No more, I pray — and he's a steward.
How fain[504] would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself. But all save thee
I fell[506] with curses.
Methinks thou art more honest now than wise,
For by oppressing[508] and betraying me
Thou mightst have sooner got another service:[509]
For many so arrive at second masters
Upon[511] their first lord's neck. But tell me true —
For I must ever doubt, though[512] ne'er so sure —

Is not thy kindness subtle,[513] covetous,
If not a usuring[514] kindness, and, as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?
FLAVIUS No, my most worthy master, in whose breast
Doubt and suspect,[517] alas, are placed too late.
You should have feared false times when you did feast:
Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely[520] love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatchèd[521] mind,
Care of your food and living, and, believe it,
My most honoured lord,
For[524] any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope[525] or present, I'd exchange
For this one wish: that you had power and wealth
To requite[527] me by making rich yourself.
TIMON Look thee, 'tis so! Thou singly[528] honest man,
Here, take: the gods out of my misery ***Gives gold***
Has sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and happy,
But thus conditioned:[531] thou shalt build from men,
Hate all, curse all, show charity to none,
But let the famished flesh slide from the bone
Ere thou relieve the beggar. Give to dogs
What thou deniest to men: let prisons swallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing, be men like blasted[536] woods,
And may diseases lick up their false bloods.
And so farewell and thrive.
FLAVIUS O, let me stay,
And comfort you, my master.
TIMON If thou hat'st curses,
Stay not: fly, whilst thou art blessed and free.
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.
Exit [Flavius] ***Timon retires into his cave***

[Act 5 Scene 1]

running scene 13 continues

Enter Poet and Painter

PAINTER As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

POET What's to be thought of him? Does the rumour hold for true that he's so full of gold?

PAINTER Certain. Alcibiades reports it: Phrynia and Timandra had gold of[4] him. He likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity. 'Tis said he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

POET Then this breaking[7] of his has been but a try for his friends?

PAINTER Nothing else: you shall see him a palm[8] in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore 'tis not amiss we tender[9] our loves to him, in this supposed distress of his: it will show[10] honestly in us, and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travail[11] for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

POET What have you now to present unto him?

PAINTER Nothing at this time but my visitation:[13] only I will promise him an excellent piece.

POET I must serve him so too, tell him of an intent[15] that's coming toward him.

PAINTER Good[16] as the best. Promising is the very air o'th'time: it opens the eyes of expectation. Performance is ever the duller for his act,[17] and but in the plainer and simpler kind of people the[18] deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance[19] is a kind of will or testament which argues a great sickness in his judgement that makes it.

Enter Timon from his cave ***Unobserved by the others***

TIMON Excellent workman, ***Aside*** thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

POET I am thinking what I shall say I have provided for him: it must be a personating of himself,[23] a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.[24]

TIMON Must thou needs stand for[25] a villain in thine own work? ***Aside***
Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold
for thee.
POET Nay, let’s seek him:
Then[28] do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet and come too late.
PAINTER True:
When the day serves,[31] before black-cornered night,
Find what thou want’st by free and offered light. Come.
TIMON I’ll meet[33] you at the turn. What a god’s gold, ***Aside***
That he is worshipped in a baser temple
Than where swine feed!
’Tis thou[36] that rigg’st the bark and plough’st the foam,
Settlest[37] admirèd reverence in a slave:
To thee be worship, and thy saints[38] for aye
Be crowned with plagues that thee alone obey.
Fit[40] I meet them. ***Comes forward***
POET Hail, worthy Timon!
PAINTER Our late[42] noble master!
TIMON Have I once[43] lived to see two honest men?
POET Sir,
Having often of your open[45] bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retired,[46] your friends fall’n off,
Whose thankless natures — O abhorrèd spirits! —
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough:
What, to you,
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence[50]
To their whole being? I am rapt[51] and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size[53] of words.
TIMON Let it go naked, men may see’t the better:
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them[56] best seen and known.
PAINTER He and myself
Have travelled in the great shower[58] of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

TIMON Ay, you are honest men.
PAINTER We are hither come to offer you our service.
TIMON Most honest men. Why, how shall I requite you?
Can you eat roots and drink cold water? No.
BOTH What we can do we'll do to do you service.
TIMON You're honest men. You've heard that I have gold,
I am sure you have. Speak truth: you're honest men.
PAINTER So it is said, my noble lord, but therefore[67]
Came not my friend nor I.
TIMON Good honest men.— Thou draw'st a counterfeit[69] ***To Painter***
Best in all Athens. Thou'rt, indeed, the best:
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.[71]
PAINTER So, so,[72] my lord.
TIMON E'en so,[73] sir, as I say.— And for thy fiction, ***To Poet***
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth[74]
That thou[75] art even natural in thine art.
But, for all this, my honest-natured friends,
I must needs say you have a little fault:
Marry, 'tis not monstrous[78] in you, neither wish I
You take much pains to mend.
BOTH Beseech your honour
To make it known to us.
TIMON You'll take it ill.[82]
BOTH Most thankfully, my lord.
TIMON Will you indeed?
BOTH Doubt it not, worthy lord.
TIMON There's never[86] a one of you but trusts a knave
That mightily deceives you.
BOTH Do we, my lord?
TIMON Ay, and you hear him cog,[89] see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery,[90] love him, feed him,
Keep[91] in your bosom: yet remain assured
That he's a made-up[92] villain.
PAINTER I know none such, my lord.
POET Nor I.
TIMON Look you, I love you well. I'll give you gold,

Rid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them or stab them, drown them in a draught,[97]
Confound[98] them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.
BOTH Name them, my lord, let's know them.
TIMON You[101] that way— and you this— but two in company:
Each man apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.
If where thou[104] art two villains shall not be,
Come not near him. If thou wouldst not reside
But where one villain is, then him abandon. ***Throws stones at them***
Hence, pack![107] There's gold: you came for gold, ye slaves.
You have work for me; there's payment. Hence! ***To Painter***
You are an alchemist,[109] make gold of that. ***To Poet***
Out, rascal dogs! ***Timon retires to his cave***

Exeunt [Poet and Painter]

Enter Steward and two Senators

FLAVIUS It is in vain that you would speak with Timon,
For he is set[112] so only to himself
That nothing but himself which looks like man
Is friendly with him.
FIRST SENATOR Bring us to his cave:
It is our part[116] and promise to th'Athenians
To speak with Timon.
SECOND SENATOR At all times alike
Men are not still[119] the same: 'twas time and griefs
That framed[120] him thus: time with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The[122] former man may make him. Bring us to him,
And chance[123] it as it may.
FLAVIUS Here is his cave.—
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon, Timon,
Look out and speak to friends: th'Athenians
By two of their most reverend senate greet thee.
Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter Timon out of his cave

TIMON Thou sun that comforts burn! Speak and be hanged,
For each true word a blister, and each false
Be as a cantherizing[131] to the root o’th’tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!
FIRST SENATOR Worthy Timon—
TIMON Of[134] none but such as you, and you of Timon.
FIRST SENATOR The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.
TIMON I thank them, and would send them back the plague
Could I but catch it for them.
FIRST SENATOR O, forget
What[139] we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators with one consent[140] of love
Entreat thee back to Athens, who have thought
On special dignities[142] which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.[143]
SECOND SENATOR They confess
Toward thee forgetfulness too general gross;[145]
Which now the public body, which doth seldom
Play the recanter,[147] feeling in itself
A lack of Timon’s aid, hath sense withal[148]
Of it own fall, restraining[149] aid to Timon,
And send forth us to make their sorrowed[150] render,
Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh[152] down by the dram:
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs
And write in thee[155] the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.
TIMON You witch[157] me in it,
Surprise[158] me to the very brink of tears;
Lend me a fool’s heart and a woman’s eyes,
And I’ll beweep[160] these comforts, worthy senators.
FIRST SENATOR Therefore so please thee to return with us
And of our Athens, thine and ours, to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allowed[164] with absolute power and thy good name

Live with authority: so soon we shall drive back
Of[166] Alcibiades th'approaches wild,
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.
SECOND SENATOR And shakes his threat'ning sword
Against the walls of Athens.
FIRST SENATOR Therefore, Timon—
TIMON Well, sir, I will: therefore, I will, sir, thus.
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon:
That Timon cares not. But if he sack[175] fair Athens,
And take our goodly agèd men by th'beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain[177]
Of contumelious,[178] beastly, mad-brained war,
Then let him know, and tell him Timon speaks it,
In pity of our agèd and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him that I care not.
And let him take't at worst,[182] for their knives care not
While you have throats to answer.[183] For myself,
There's not a whittle[184] in th'unruly camp
But I do prize[185] it at my love before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.[188]
FLAVIUS Stay not, all's in vain.
TIMON Why, I was writing of my epitaph:
It will be seen tomorrow. My long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend,
And nothing[193] brings me all things. Go, live still,
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last[195] so long enough.
FIRST SENATOR We speak in vain.
TIMON But yet I love my country, and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck
As common bruit[199] doth put it.
FIRST SENATOR That's well spoke.

TIMON Commend me to my loving countrymen—
FIRST SENATOR These words become[202] your lips as they pass through them.
SECOND SENATOR And enter in our ears like great triumphers[203]
In their applauding gates.
TIMON Commend me to them,
And tell them that to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes[208]
That nature's fragile vessel[209] doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them:
I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.
FIRST SENATOR I like this well: he will return again. ***Aside?***
TIMON I have a tree, which grows here in my close[213]
That mine own use[214] invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it. Tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree[216]
From high to low throughout, that whoso please[217]
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,[218]
Come hither ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself. I pray you do my greeting.
FLAVIUS Trouble him no further: thus you still[221] shall find him.
TIMON Come not to me again, but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion[223]
Upon the beachèd verge[224] of the salt flood,
Who[225] once a day with his embossèd froth
The turbulent surge shall cover: thither come,
And let my gravestone be your oracle.[227]
Lips, let four words go by and language end.
What is amiss, plague and infection mend.
Graves only be men's works, and death their gain.
Sun, hide thy beams. Timon hath done his reign. ***Into his cave***
Exit Timon
FIRST SENATOR His discontents are unremovably
Coupled to nature.[233]
SECOND SENATOR Our hope in him is dead: let us return,

And strain[235] what other means is left unto us
In our dear[236] peril.
FIRST SENATOR It requires swift foot.
Exeunt

[Act 5 Scene 2][5.2]

running scene 14

Enter two other Senators with a Messenger

THIRD SENATOR Thou hast painfully discovered.[1] Are his files
As full as thy report?

MESSENGER I have spoke the least.[3]
Besides, his[4] expedition promises
Present approach.

FOURTH SENATOR We stand much hazard[6] if they bring not Timon.

MESSENGER I met a courier, one[7] mine ancient friend,
Whom, though in[8] general part we were opposed,
Yet our old love made a particular[9] force
And made us speak like friends. This man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave
With letters of entreaty which imported[12]
His fellowship[13] i'th'cause against your city,
In[14] part for his sake moved.

Enter the other Senators

THIRD SENATOR Here come our brothers.[15]

FIRST SENATOR No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.
The enemy's drum is heard, and fearful[17] scouring
Doth choke the air with dust. In, and prepare:
Ours is the fall,[19] I fear, our foes the snare.

Exeunt

[Act 5 Scene 3][5.3]

Enter a Soldier in the woods, seeking Timon

SOLDIER By all description this should be the place.
Who's here? Speak, ho! No answer? What is this? ***Discovers tomb***
'Timon is dead, who hath outstretched his span.[3] ***Reads?***
Some beast read this; there[4] does not live a man.'
Dead, sure, and this his grave. What's on this tomb
I cannot read: the character[6] I'll take with wax.
Our captain hath in every figure[7] skill,
An aged[8] interpreter, though young in days.
Before proud Athens he's set down[9] by this,
Whose[10] fall the mark of his ambition is.

Exit

[Act 5 Scene 4][5.4]

running scene 16

Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades with his powers before Athens

ALCIBIADES Sound[1] to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible[2] approach.

Sounds a parley

The Senators appear upon the walls [above]

Till now you have gone on and filled the time
With all licentious measure,[4] making your wills
The scope[5] of justice. Till now myself and such
As slept[6] within the shadow of your power
Have wandered with our traversed arms,[7] and breathed
Our sufferance vainly.[8] Now the time is flush
When crouching marrow[9] in the bearer strong
Cries of itself[10] 'No more.' Now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease,
And pursy[12] insolence shall break his wind
With fear and horrid flight.

FIRST SENATOR Noble and young,
When thy first griefs[15] were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power or we had cause of fear,
We sent[17] to thee to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.[19]

SECOND SENATOR So[20] did we woo
Transformèd Timon to our city's love
By humble message and by promised means:[22]
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common[24] stroke of war.

FIRST SENATOR These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands from whom
You have received your grief, nor are they[27] such
That these great tow'rs, trophies and schools[28] should fall
For private[29] faults in them.

SECOND SENATOR Nor are they living
Who were the motives[31] that you first went out:
Shame[32] that they wanted cunning, in excess,
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread:
By decimation[35] and a tithèd death —
If thy revenges hunger for that food[36]
Which nature loathes — take thou the destined tenth,
And by the hazard[38] of the spotted die
Let die the spotted.[39]
FIRST SENATOR All have not offended.
For those that were,[41] it is not square to take
On those that are,[42] revenge: crimes like lands
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without[44] thy rage.
Spare thy Athenian cradle and those kin
Which in the bluster[46] of thy wrath must fall
With those that have offended: like a shepherd,
Approach the fold[48] and cull th'infected forth,
But kill not all together.
SECOND SENATOR What thou wilt,[50]
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile
Than hew to't with thy sword.
FIRST SENATOR Set but thy foot
Against our rampired[54] gates, and they shall ope,
So[55] thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say thou'lt enter friendly.
SECOND SENATOR Throw[57] thy glove,
Or any token[58] of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress
And not as our confusion:[60] all thy powers
Shall make their harbour[61] in our town till we
Have sealed[62] thy full desire.
ALCIBIADES Then there's my glove. ***Throws his glove***
Descend, and open your unchargèd ports:[64]
Those enemies of Timon's and mine own

Whom you yourselves shall set[66] out for reproof
Fall and no more; and to atone[67] your fears
With[68] my more noble meaning, not a man
Shall pass[69] his quarter or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds
But[71] shall be remedied to your public laws
At heaviest answer.[72]

BOTH 'Tis most nobly spoken.

ALCIBIADES Descend, and keep your words. ***Exeunt Senators, above, and enter below Soldier from previous scene, carrying a tablet of wax***

Enter a Messenger

MESSENGER My noble general, Timon is dead:
Entombed upon the very hem o'th'sea.
And on his gravestone this insculpture,[77] which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprets[79] for my poor ignorance.

ALCIBIADES

Reads the epitaph

'Here lies a wretched corpse, of wretched soul bereft.
Seek not my name. A plague consume you wicked caitiffs[81] left!
Here lie I, Timon, who alive all living men did hate:
Pass by and curse thy fill, but pass and stay[83] not here thy gait.'
These[84] well express in thee thy latter spirits.
Though thou abhorred'st in us our human griefs,
Scornedst our brains' flow[86] and those our droplets which
From niggard[87] nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune[88] weep for aye
On thy low[89] grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon, of whose memory[90]
Hereafter more. Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive[92] with my sword,
Make war breed peace, make peace stint[93] war, make each
Prescribe to other as each other's leech.[94]
Let our drums strike. ***Drums***

Exeunt

Textual Notes

= First Folio text of 1623
2 = a correction introduced in the Second Folio text of 1632
3 = a correction introduced in the Third Folio text of 1663–64
4 = a correction introduced in the Fourth Folio text of 1685
d = a correction introduced by a later editor
D = stage direction
H = speech heading (i.e., speaker’s name)

ist of parts *adapted from* “THE ACTORS NAMES” *at end of* F text

.1.27 gum, which oozes = Ed. F = Gowne, which vses **101 hands** = F2. F = hand **fly** = Ed. F = sit **200 SD *Apemantus*** *often spelled Apermantus in* F **235 cost** = F3. F = cast **303 I’ll**… **company**. *Later editors have assigned this line to* FIRST LORD

.2.0 SD *Ventidius* *spelled Ventigius in* F **28 ye’ve** *spelled* ye’haue *in* F **31 ever** = Ed. F = verie **37 thou’rt** *spelled* Th’art *in* F **109 There** = F. *Sometimes emended to* “Th’ear” **111 welcome** = F2. F = wecome **113 SD *Enter…playing*** *placed sixteen lines earlier in* F **134 SH LADY** = Ed. F = *Lord*. **150 SD** *Enter Flavius placed ten lines later in* F **166 SH SECOND** = Ed. *Not in* F

.1.7 more *spelled* moe *in* F

.2.1 SH FLAVIUS = Ed. F = *Stew. (throughout rest of* F*)* **11 SH VARRO’S SERVANT** = Ed. F = *Var*. **13 SH ISIDORE’S SERVANT** = Ed. F = *Isid*. **45 broken** = Ed. F = debt, broken **68 SH ALL SERVANTS** = Ed. F = *Al*. **82 SH PAGE** = F4. F = *Boy*. **107 sometime’t** *spelled* sometime t’ *in* F **120 walk** near *spelled* walk en eere *in* F **126 proposed** = F2. F = propose **133 accounts** *spelled* accompts *in* F **135 found** = F2. F = sound. *Some editors emend to* summed **191 Flaminius** = Ed. F = *Flavius*

.2.3 SH FIRST STRANGER = Ed. F = 1 *(throughout scene)* **7 SH SECOND STRANGER** = Ed. F = 2 *(throughout scene)* **20 SH LUCIUS** = F2. F = *Lucil*. **51 sport** = F. *Sometimes emended to* spirit **62 SH THIRD STRANGER** = Ed. F = 3

.4.1 SH FIRST SERVANT = Ed. F = *man* **4 SH LUCIUS’ SERVANT** = Ed. F = *Luci*. **49 SH VARRO’S SECOND SERVANT** = Ed. F = *2. Varro* **90 SH HORTENSIUS** = Ed. F = **1 *Var*. 91 VARRO’S FIRST** *and* **SECOND SERVANTS** = Ed. F = 2 *Var*.

.5.9 all luxurs = Ed. F = *Vllorxa*

.6.22 behave = Ed. F = behooue **51 fellow** = F. *Sometimes emended to* felon **66 Why**, I = F2. F = Why **70 ’em** = F2. F = him

.7.1 SH FIRST LORD = Ed. F = 1 *(*F *provides only numerals for the Lords’ speech headings throughout this scene)* **42 SH FIRST** *and* **SECOND LORDS** = Ed. F = *Both* **61 foes** = Ed. F = *Fees* **62 tag** = Ed. F = *legge* **65 SH SOME LORDS** = Ed. F = *Some speake* **66 SH OTHER LORDS** = Ed. F = *Some other* **70 with your** = Ed. F = you with **91 SH THIRD LORD** = Ed. F = 2 **92 SH SECOND LORD** = Ed. F = 3

.**1.13 Son** = F2. F = Some **21 yet** = F. *Sometimes emended to* let

.**2.44 does** = F4. F = do

.**3.12 beggar's** = Ed. F = Brothers **13 lean** = F3. F = leaue **15 say** = F2. F = fay **16 grece** *spelled* grize *in* F **91 tub-fast** = Ed. F = Fubfast **125 window-bars** = Ed. F = window Barne **141 SH PHRYNIA** *and* **TIMANDRA** = Ed. F = *Both* **165 scolds** = Ed. F = scold'st **196 thy** = Ed. F = the **215 fortune** = Ed. F = future **271 command** = Ed. F = command'st **302 my** = Ed. F = thy **370 swoon** *spelled* swoond *in* F **385 son and sire** = Ed. F = Sunne and fire **404 them** = Ed. F = then **405 SH FIRST BANDIT** = Ed. F = 1 *(F provides only numerals for the Bandits' speech headings throughout this scene)* **413 SH OTHER BANDITTI** = Ed. F = *All*. **439 villains** = Ed. F = Villaine **479 grant'st** = Ed. F. = grunt'st **497 wild** = F. *Sometimes emended to* mild

.**1.4 Phrynia** = Ed. F = *Phrinica* **Timandra** = F2. F = *Timandylo* **38 worship** = Ed. F = worshipt **54 go naked, men** = Ed. F = go, Naked men **111 in** = F3. *Not in* F **123 chance** = F3. F = chanc'd **148 sense** = Ed. F = since **186 reverend'st** *spelled* reuerends *in* F

.**2.1 SH THIRD SENATOR** = Ed. F = 1 *(*F *numbers afresh in this scene: thus the senator at line 6 is* "2" *and that at line 16 is* "3"*)*

.**3.4 read** = F. *Sometimes emended to* reared

.**4.80 corpse** *spelled Coarse in* F

Act 1 Scene 1

* ***List of parts:*** **captain** military leader, general

1.1 ***Location:*** *outside Timon's house*, *Athens* ***Mercer*** dealer in silk, whose occupation could be indicated by costume; Folio stage direction is *"and Mercer"* but "both" at line 10 suggests he is synonymous with the Merchant who speaks with the Jeweller ***several*** different

3 **long** for a long time **How…world?** i.e., how are things with you (the Painter responds to a more literal sense)

4 **wears** wears away, decays **grows** gets older

6 **rarity** exceptional, striking event **strange** strange occurrence

7 **record** memory/recorded history **not matches** cannot equal

8 **bounty** liberality, generosity, goodness **spirits** i.e., the other people on stage

9 **conjured** summoned with an incantation **attend** be present (in response to a summons)/serve, wait upon

12 **fixed** certain

13 **breathed** accustomed (through exercise)

14 **continuate** continual

15 **passes** surpasses, excels

18 **touch the estimate** meet the designated price

19 **we** i.e., poets **recompense** payment

20 **happy** fortunate (in having a worthwhile subject)

21 **aptly** readily/rightfully, fittingly/with appropriate language

22 **form** shape, appearance

23 **rich** valuable **water** transparency, luster

24 **rapt** engrossed/emotionally carried away **dedication** in the hope of securing patronage poets often dedicated their work to noblemen

26 **idly** casually, effortlessly

30 **Provokes itself** occurs spontaneously (unlike flint, which has to be struck to create a spark) **current** i.e., of water **flies** flees from, rushes past

31 **bound** bank **chafes** moves against/seethes at/erodes

33 **Upon…presentment** immediately after its presentation (to Timon)

36 **comes off** turns out

37 **Indifferent** average

38 **this…standing** the grace of the painted figure conveys the dignity of the man himself

40 **How big** how powerfully/what a great

41 **Moves** comes alive **To…interpret** one might readily imagine the words of this silent facial expression

43 **pretty** clever, artful **mocking** imitation

44 **touch** brushstroke/artistic detail

46 **tutors nature** i.e., teaches nature what it should be like **artificial strife** i.e., the efforts of art to outdo nature

47 **livelier** more lifelike/more energetic

48 **followed** sought after

51 **confluence** meeting point of rivers

53 **beneath world** earth (below heaven)

54 **entertainment** welcome/treatment **drift** i.e., poetic flow

55 **particularly** i.e., on specific individuals or details

56 **wax** i.e., a malleable substance (used to coat writing tablets)/growth **levelled** specifically aimed

57 **comma** punctuation mark/phrase

59 **tract** trace

60 **How…you?** What do you mean?/How shall I interpret your poem?

61 **unbolt** reveal, explain

62 **conditions** social ranks/dispositions

63 **glib** smooth, oily **slipp'ry** fickle, treacherous

64 **grave** wise/dignified **austere** stern **quality** rank/character **tender down** offer (plays on the sense of “lay down in payment”)

66 **hanging** i.e., like clothing

67 **Subdues** makes subservient **properties** appropriates **his…tendance** loving and attending on him

68 **glass-faced** mirror-faced (i.e., flattering)

70 **abhor** loathe **drops…knee** i.e., bows

71 **returns** goes home

72 **nod** i.e., acknowledging nod

75 **Feigned** imagined, depicted poetically

76 **ranked…deserts** filled with rows of people of all types of worth

77 **sphere** i.e., the earth

78 **propagate** multiply, increase **states** fortunes/circumstances/status

79 **lady** i.e., Fortune

80 **personate** represent **frame** disposition/form, appearance

81 **wafts** beckons

82 **Whose** refers to Fortune **present…rivals** current favor immediately turns all his rivals into slaves and servants

84 **conceived to scope** devised to the purpose

87 **against** in the face of

89 **our condition** i.e., in paint

90 **hear me on** listen further

91 **fellows** equals **of late** recently

92 **value** merit/status

93 **his…tendance** fill his halls with their attentive presence

94 **sacrificial** worshipping/self-sacrificing

95 **stirrup** i.e., as they help him onto his horse **through…air** i.e., make themselves dependent on him even for the air they breathe

97 **marry** by the Virgin Mary

99 **Spurns down** rejects, kicks down the mountain

102 **declining** falling

105 **quick** sudden/sharp (plays on the sense of “living”; to be “quick with child” was to be pregnant)

106 **pregnantly** compellingly

107 **mean** low, inferior, ignorant

108 **The…head** i.e., Fortune’s foot, ready to kick one down the mountain/the great man tumbling head over heels ***suitor*** petitioner, one with a formal request to make

110 **five talents** a very large sum of money; the exact value of a talent in the early seventeenth century is unclear, but seems to have been somewhere between £150 and £200

111 **means** wealth **strait** exacting, severe

114 **Periods** puts an end to **comfort** hope, encouragement

116 **feather** i.e., disposition, type

120 **ever binds him** makes him obliged to you for ever

121 **Commend me** convey my greetings

122 **enfranchised** set free

127 **father** respectful form of address to an old man

133 **creature** dependant

135 **first** i.e., early life **thrift** economy/profit making
136 **more raised** i.e., of higher status
137 **one…trencher** i.e., a domestic servant **trencher** wooden plate
141 **o'th'youngest…bride** i.e., just old enough to marry
142 **bred** brought up
143 **qualities** accomplishments
144 **Attempts** tries to obtain
145 **her resort** to visit her
147 **honest** honorable, worthy
148 **Therefore…be** i.e., he will continue to be so if he does not pursue her
150 **bear** carry off as a prize
152 **apt** impressionable/sexually inclined
153 **precedent** earlier, youthful
154 **levity** frivolity/licentiousness, immorality
160 **all** completely/of everything
161 **How…endowed** what will her dowry be
164 **gentleman** a man of good birth attending a man of high rank
166 **bond** obligation
167 **counterpoise** match, counterbalance
168 **with** i.e., as much as
170 **Pawn…honour** if you will pledge your honor to do this
173 **state** wealth
175 **Vouchsafe** deign to accept
176 **anon** soon
181 **the natural man** man as he really is
182 **traffics** has dealings
183 **He…outside** i.e., human nature is defined by mere (unreliable) outward appearance **pencilled** painted
184 **Even…out** exactly what they appear to be
185 **shall…it** i.e., will be rewarded for it
189 **must needs** must
190 **Hath…praise** i.e., cannot hope to financially match the praise it has received (the Jeweller thinks that Timon means that the jewel has been "underpraised")
192 **A mere satiety** an absolute excess
193 **extolled** praised

194 **unclew** unwind, undo, ruin

195 **rated** valued

196 **those…give** i.e., at the price the seller would pay

197 **like** the same

198 **prized…masters** differently valued by different owners/valued according to the respect men have for the owner

199 **mend** improve, add value to

200 **mocked** acted

201 **common tongue** general opinion

203 **Will…chid?** Do you want to be scolded?

206 **morrow** morning

207 **gentle** noble/courteous **stay** wait

208 **When** and that impossibility will only occur when

214 **name** i.e., knave

215 **proud** arrogant, presumptuous (Apemantus shifts the sense to “honored, glad”)

220 **doing nothing** i.e., because there are no honest Athenians

222 **innocence** inability of the painted character to do harm/foolishness

223 **Wrought** worked

224 **He** i.e., God

226 **dog** plays on the fact that “cynic” is derived from the Greek for “dog”

227 **generation** species (implying that the Painter’s mother is a “bitch,” i.e., female dog/lewd woman)

229 **eat not lords** do not consume the wealth (or flesh) of lords

230 **An** if

231 **eat** have sex with **come by** acquire (perhaps with orgasmic connotations) **great bellies** i.e., through overeating/in pregnancy

232 **apprehension** interpretation/sexual grasping

233 **So…labour** if you understand it in that way, keep it as a reward for your efforts (**labour** plays on the sense of “pains of childbirth”)

235 **Not…doit** “plain-dealing is a jewel, but they that use it die beggars” (proverbial) **plain-dealing** honest behavior/forthright lechery **doit** coin of little value

237 **How now** greeting that implies inquiry about well-being

243 **poet…liest** the idea of the creative artist as a liar was conventional

245 **him** i.e., Timon

248 **worthy of** plays on the idea of “of financial value to”

251 **E’en** even, i.e., exactly

254 **Wherefore?** Why?

255 **no angry wit** not enough anger in my wit

257 **Traffic** trade, business **confound** ruin

260 **What** whose

261 **horse** horsemen

262 **of companionship** one party, together

263 **entertain** welcome **give them guide** show them

266 **of your sights** to see you

268 **So, so, there!** a comment on the greetings that are underway (“Well, look at that”) exclamation of observation/commentary on the greetings

269 **contract and starve** shrink and wither

270 **small** hardly any **sweet** smooth, falsely pleasant

271 **strain** race **bred out** degenerated

273 **saved my longing** i.e., satisfied my desire to see you

274 **hungerly** hungrily **your sight** the sight of you

276 **Ere** before **depart** part **bounteous** abundant

277 **different** various **in** go in

280 **That…still** it is always that time

281 **omitt’st** neglect

283 **meat** food

290 **unpeaceable** quarrelsome **spurn** kick

291 **fly** flee, run away from **o’th’ass** of the donkey/idiot

292 **opposite to** antagonistic toward/the reverse of

293 **outgoes** exceeds

295 **Plutus** the wealthy Greek god of the underworld

296 **steward** servant in charge of all domestic affairs **meed** gift

299 **All…quittance** repayment with interest

Act 1 Scene 2

1.2 ***Location:*** *the banqueting room in Timon's house* ***Hautboys*** oboelike instruments ***States*** senators ***dropping*** moodily, unenthusiastically/casually

3 **long peace** i.e., death

6 **free** generous

7 **service** respect, homage

11 **ever** always

12 **he…receives** biblical: "if ye lend to them of whom ye hope to receive, what thank have ye?" (Luke 6:34), "It is more blessed to give than to receive" (Acts 20:35)

13 **that game** i.e., appearing freely generous yet permitting repayment

14 **faults…fair** "rich men have no faults" (proverbial)

17 **Ceremony** respectful courtesy, formal conduct

18 **set…on** give a fair appearance to, smooth over **faint** half-hearted/trivial **hollow** insincere

19 **Recanting** goodness goodness that will be withdrawn ere before

20 **none** i.e., no ceremony

23 **confessed** acknowledged, granted (Apemantus shifts the sense to "heard the confession of a criminal")

24 **Hanged** "confess and be hanged" (proverbial)

28 **Fie** exclamation of disgust or reproach **churl** peasant/villain (i.e., ungracious, contemptible) **humour** mood, temperament (the four humors were bodily fluids thought to govern health and disposition)

29 **become** befit, suit

30 ***Ira…est*** "Anger is a brief madness" (Latin)

31 **yond** yonder, that

33 **affect** like/seek out

35 **apperil** peril, risk

36 **observe** scrutinize people and make comments on them **on't** of it

37 **heed** notice

38 **would** wish to **power** i.e., to silence you **meat…silent** i.e., as you eat

39 **'twould…thee** i.e., the food is a benefit to be enjoyed by Timon's flatterers; not being one, Apemantus would choke on it

40 **eats** i.e., prey upon, consume the wealth of

41 **dip…blood** may allude to the Last Supper of Christ and his disciples: “he that dippeth his hand with me in the dish, he shall betray me” (Matthew 26:23) **all…up** the maddest thing of all is that he encourages them

44 **without knives** in Shakespeare’s day guests brought their own knives to dinner

45 **Good…meat** i.e., because less would be eaten

46 **example** precedent, previous evidence

47 **pledges…him** i.e., drinks a toast to his life **divided draught** shared cup (**divided** may also suggest deception)

48 **huge** powerful, high-ranking

49 **spy…notes** i.e., see his **windpipe** dangerously exposed as his head tilts back **notes** distinctive signs (plays on the sense of “musical notes,” with the **windpipe** as an instrument)

50 **harness** armor

51 **in heart** heartily, in friendship **health** toast/shared cup

53 **brave** fine **keeps…well** i.e., does not miss an opportunity **tides** time/movement of the sea **Those…ill** “to drink health is to drink sickness” (proverbial) **health** toast/physical healthiness **state** estate, wealth/physical condition

55 **sinner** i.e., cause of sin

56 **i’th’mire** stuck in the mud, i.e., in trouble

57 **odds** difference

58 **proud** lavish/arrogant ***grace*** prayer said before a meal

59 **pelf** wealth/spoils, booty

61 **fond** foolish

63 **harlot** prostitute

65 **keeper** jailer

67 **fall to’t** start eating

68 **root** i.e., vegetables

69 **dich** do it

70 **field** battlefield

72 **breakfast of enemies** i.e., cutting enemies up on the battlefield

73 **So** provided that **new** freshly

76 **bid…’em** invite me to eat them

77 **use our hearts** make use of the affection that we have for you

78 **zeals** loyalties, devotion

79 **perfect** satisfied, complete

81 **else** otherwise

82 **charitable** loving **from** from among, out of

83 **told…you** described you more expansively/estimated you more highly

84 **confirm** corroborate, approve

85 **needless** pointless, not needed

89 **do benefits** give gifts/help **properer** more fittingly/more our own

riches…friends wealth of friendship/wealth belonging to our friends

91 **commanding** having at one's disposal **made…born** destroyed before birth, i.e., expressed in tears, which seem sorrowful

92 **faults** errors; plays on the sense of "cracks (to let in water)"

93 **Thou…drink** Apemantus wryly implies that Timon's weakness enables his flatterers to take advantage of him

94 **like** same

95 **sprung up** welled up, like a spring/grew

96 **a bastard** illegitimate, i.e., insincere

98 **Much!** exclamation of disbelief or sarcasm ***tucket*** trumpet call

99 **trump** trumpet

100 **Please** if it please **most…admittance** who wish to enter; may possibly play on sense of "who are desirous to be received sexually"; **wills** sexual desires, **office** duty/sexual role, **pleasures** also resonate sexually

102 **forerunner** herald **which…pleasures** whose job it is to announce their wishes ***Cupid*** Roman god of love, usually depicted as a winged, blindfolded boy ***masque*** courtly entertainment involving dancing and elaborate costumes

108 **gratulate** greet **plenteous bosom** generous heart

109 **There** refers to Timon's generosity (**plenteous bosom**), and the banqueting **table** it has provided **all** i.e., and the other three senses

110 **only…but** come solely

111 **kind** friendly/gracious

113 **ample** amply ***Amazons*** legendary race of female warriors

114 **Hoyday** exclamation of surprise **sweep** magnificent dancing motion

116 **Like** similar, comparable **glory** vainglory, empty pride

117 **As…root** as can be seen by comparing this splendor (of banquet and masque) with a simple diet **pomp** ceremony, splendor

118 **disport** amuse

119 **spend** express/use up/waste **drink** toast/swallow, consume

120 **Upon whose age** old age/decline in fortune **void** vomit

121 **envy** malice

122 **depravèd** defamed, slandered/morally corrupt

123 **spurn** insult, rejection

124 **Of…gift** (that has been) given by their friends ***adoring of*** revering of, expressing respect toward ***lofty strain*** elevated, grand tune

128 **done…grace** added charm to our enjoyments, honored our revels

129 **Set…on** i.e., lent elegance to

130 **kind** gracious

132 **mine own device** a masque commissioned and invented by me/a masque designed for me

134 **take…best** evaluate us as highly as it is possible (Apemantus plays on the sexual sense of “take,” i.e., “have sex with”)

135 **for** because **worst** plays on the sense of “worst part,” i.e., vagina **filthy** disgusting/infected with venereal disease **hold taking** stand up to evaluation/withstand sex (because it is diseased) **doubt me** fear, suspect

136 **idle** light, trifling **banquet** light meal, or fruit and sweetmeats served after the main meal **attends** awaits

137 **dispose yourselves** take your places

143 **crossing** opposing, thwarting **humour** mood

144 **well** plainly, bluntly

145 **crossed** have his debts crossed out/paid **an** if only

146 **had…behind** i.e., was not wary

147 **for his mind** as a result of his (generous) disposition

154 **advance** enhance in value (by wearing)

156 **so…gifts** already so obliged to you for other gifts

160 **fairly** kindly/courteously, graciously

162 **Vouchsafe** permit **near** closely, seriously

164 **provided** prepared

168 **free** generous, open

169 **trapped** harnessed

170 **worthily entertained** received in a manner appropriate to their worth

174 **brace** pairs

176 **fair** courteous/generous/just

179 **coffer** money chest

180 **know his purse** i.e., pay attention to his finances **yield me this** allow me, give me the opportunity

182 **make…good** put his wishes into effect

183 **state** estate, wealth

186 **put…books** mortgaged to them

187 **would** I wish

190 **Than…exceed** than to feed such friends as are worse than enemies

193 **bate** diminish

197 **gave good words** praised

198 **bay courser** reddish-brown horse

200 **in that** for liking it, and thus implying that I wanted it

202 **affect** desire, like

203 **weigh…own** consider my friend’s desires to be the same as my own

204 **call to** visit

206 **several visitations** your collective and individual visits

208 **deal** give

211 **living** income/existence

213 **pitched** field battle field with armies drawn up for action

214 **defiled** plays on **pitched** as “covered with pitch (a black tarlike substance)”; “file” picks up on the sense of “troop formation”

215 **virtuously bound** powerfully bound/bound by your virtue

217 **endeared** indebted/bound by affection/increased in value

218 **All to you** i.e., the obligation is all mine

221 **Ready for** at the service of

222 **coil** confusion, fuss

223 **Serving** delivering **becks** bows

224 **legs** limbs/bows

225 **dregs** impurities, corruption

226 **false** insincere, dishonest

229 **I’ll** I’ll have

230 **rail upon** abuse, rant at, insult

231 **fear me** fear **paper** i.e., promissory notes, written securities

232 **vainglories** showy events

233 **an…once** if you begin to abuse good company

234 **come…music** i.e., change your tune, speak more positively

235 **So** so be it

236 **thou…then** you will not have the opportunity later
237 **heaven** salvation (achieved by listening to good advice)
239 **counsel** advice

Act 2 Scene 1

2.1 ***Location:*** *a senator’s house, Athens*

1 **late** recently

3 **motion…waste** in the process of reckless extravagance

4 **hold** last, be sustained

9 **foals** brings forth more horses (gifts from Timon) **straight** immediately/strong

10 **porter** i.e., gatekeeper who keeps out visitors

11 **still** always

13 **sound…safety** probe his finances and find them to be secure/declare his financial situation to be secure **ho!** exclamation to attract attention

17 **Importune** urge, ask persistently **ceased** stopped

18 **slight** dismissive, casual **when…hand** i.e., with courteous words and gestures

21 **uses** needs (perhaps with a suggestion of “financial interest owed”)

serve my turn provide for myself/meet the financial claims on me

22 **own** own money **days and times** i.e., the deadlines for payment

23 **fracted** broken

24 **smit** impacted on, damaged

26 **relief** i.e., request for repayment

27 **tossed and turned** hit back (a tennis metaphor)

28 **supply** financial provision

29 **importunate** persistent, urgent **aspect** facial expression

31 **feather…wing** i.e., when every creditor is paid what they are due/when everything is back in its rightful place

32 **gull** unfledged bird/dupe, fool

33 **flashes** shines brightly/temporarily displays **phoenix** mythical Arabian bird that was consumed by fire every five hundred years, then resurrected from the ashes; only one existed at a time

36 **have…in** i.e., make sure the (missed) repayment dates are included

Act 2 Scene 2

2.2 ***Location:*** *outside Timon's house, Athens*

2 **know** learn, be told **maintain** afford, stand the cost

3 **riot** revelling, extravagance

4 **resumes** assumes

5 **what…continue** how the future will be provided for/what the consequences will be **Never…kind** never was there a mind so unwise in order to be so kind

7 **till feel** i.e., until he experiences the consequences

8 **round** plain-spoken, severe

14 **discharged** paid

15 **fear it** doubt that that will happen ***train*** retinue

17 **forth** go out (hunting)

19 **dues** debts

20 **Whence are you?** Where are you from?

24 **To…month** i.e., from day to day for a month

25 **awaked…occasion** prompted by urgent circumstances

26 **call…own** call in what is owed to him

27 **with…suit** you will act in accordance with your other noble qualities

30 **repair** return

36 **wants** needs/shortages

37 **forfeiture** penalty of forfeiting the security for the loan (e.g., land and property)

40 **breath** breathing space

41 **keep on** go on ahead

42 **wait upon** follow

44 **How goes** what is going on in **encountered** confronted/assaulted

45 **demands legal** claims

46 **detention** withholding

47 **Against my honour** contrary to my reputation, damaging my honor

49 **unagreeable to** unsuitable for

54 **draw near** i.e., follow me ***Fool*** professional jester

59 **dost** do, i.e., are you

60 **Dost…shadow?** Are you talking to yourself? **dialogue with** speak to **shadow** mirror image

63 **There's…back** (to Varro's servant) you have been labeled "fool"/(to Apemantus) the fool is behind you, follows you (perhaps with homosexual connotations, picked up in Apemantus' reply with **stand'st**—"have an erection"—and **on him**)

64 **No…single** that cannot be as you, a fool, are standing alone

66 **He** (it is) he who **usurers** moneylenders **bawds** pimps, go-betweens

67 **want** financial need/sexual desire

74 **Gramercies** great thanks

75 **e'en** even now **setting on** putting on to the fire to boil (possibly plays on the sense of "sexually arousing") **scald** remove the feathers of/infect with venereal disease/treat for venereal disease (by inducing sweating)

76 **Corinth** i.e., a brothel (the Greek port of Corinth was notorious for prostitution)

81 **rod** punishment cane **answer** reply to/punish

82 **superscription** address

89 **whelped** born as a puppy **famish** die by starvation

91 **outrunn'st grace** i.e., run away from the advice that might save you (Apemantus shifts the sense of **gone** to "damned")

94 **If…home** i.e., if Timon is at home, there is a fool at his house

95 **would** if only, we wish **served** provided for, advantaged (Apemantus plays on the phrase "to serve a trick")

99 **to** as **one** i.e., a usurer (plays on the sense of "pimp, procuress/one who regularly 'uses' "men, i.e., has sex with them)

100 **fool** perhaps with a suggestion of "sexual plaything" (fools were proverbially well-endowed)

101 **sadly** i.e., because they have spent their money or contracted venereal disease (the Fool continues to joke that the house is a brothel)

103 **render** give

104 **whoremaster** user of prostitutes

105 **which…esteemed** despite which you shall be no less well regarded (i.e., he is poorly regarded already)

109 **stones** testicles **artificial one** philosopher's stone, which could supposedly turn base metals into gold (mythological)

110 **goes…down** walks about/gains and loses an erection/has sex **fourscore** eighty

115 **become** done credit to

118 **lover…woman** i.e., people who are traditionally foolish
120 **walk near** remain nearby
121 **marvel** wonder
123 **rated…means** estimated my expenditure according to what my resources would allow
126 **leisures** unoccupied moments **proposed** brought it up for consideration
127 **Go to** exclamation of dismissive impatience
128 **Perchance** perhaps **single** isolated/slight, trivial **vantages** opportunities
129 **indisposition** unwillingness **back** off
130 **that…minister** my disinclination became your reason
135 **found…honesty** i.e., trusted me to calculate them
138 **gainst…manners** contrary to what good manners require
139 **close** closed/close to your chest
140 **checks** rebukes
141 **in** i.e., about
143 **now's a time** at least you can listen now/you must listen now
144 **greatest…half** the highest estimate of your wealth is not even half enough
147 **engaged** mortgaged
148 **stop** feed/silence
149 **present dues** immediate debts **apace** quickly
150 **interim** the short-term, immediate future **at length** in the long run
151 **reck'ning** settlement of accounts
152 **Lacedaemon** Sparta (city in southern Greece)
157 **husbandry** household economy **falsehood** dishonesty
158 **auditors** checkers of accounts
159 **proof** test
160 **offices** parts of the house used by servants (kitchen, etc.) **oppressed** overstretched/overcrowded
161 **feeders** guests/servants to guests (who must also be fed) **vaults** wine cellars
162 **spilth** spillage
163 **minstrelsy** music and singing
164 **wasteful cock** wastefully flowing tap of a wine barrel
165 **set…flow** i.e., cried

168 **bits** excessive tidbits, wasteful morsels **slaves** servants/rogues
169 **englutted** swallowed **Timon's** Timon's friend, kept at Timon's expense
175 **fast-lost** lost quickly/lost due to the absence of food
176 **couched** hidden
177 **sermon** preach at
178 **villainous** proceeding from unworthy motives/extended to villains
180 **conscience** understanding
182 **broach** tap (a barrel)
183 **try** test **argument of hearts** protestations of love
184 **frankly** as freely
186 **Assurance…thoughts** may your thoughts be blessed by proving true
187 **sort** way, sense **crowned** given dignity/made wealthy
188 **account** consider (may play on the financial sense)
193 **severally** separately
196 **occasions** needs **time** occasion, opportunity **toward** for/to contribute toward
199 **Hum!** exclamation of doubt or displeasure
201 **even…health** for my services to the welfare of the state
205 **For that** because **general** usual
206 **signet** ring used as a seal, proof of authority
210 **corporate** collective
211 **fall** a low ebb (financially) **want** lack
215 **catch a wrench** be accidentally twisted from its natural course
216 **intending** pretending/occupying themselves with
217 **hard fractions** harsh fragmentary sentences
218 **half-caps** semi-courteous greetings, half-doffed hats **cold-moving** stiff/indicative of cold feelings
221 **cheerly** cheerful
222 **hereditary** i.e., inherited with old age
223 **caked** congealed
224 **'Tis** it is due to **kindly** natural
225 **grows…earth** approaches the grave
226 **dull** unresponsive, sluggish
228 **ingeniously** honestly
230 **stepped Into** has inherited
234 **good necessity** genuine need

239 **that…foe** i.e., the belief that friends will remain loyal during times of hardship is the undoing of the generous person

240 **free** generous (plays on the notion that “thought is free”)

Act 3 Scene 1

3.1 ***Location:*** *Lucullus' house, Athens*

4 **warrant** am sure **hits right** fits in perfectly

5 **ewer** pitcher used to contain water for handwashing **tonight** i.e., last night

6 **respectively** respectfully

7 **complete** accomplished **free-hearted** generous

11 **pretty** excellent, fine

12 **in** on

13 **supply** fill

14 **furnish** provide **nothing** in no way

15 **present** immediate

16 **La…la!** either an exclamation of disdain or equivalent to "Indeed!"

17 **so…house** i.e., one in which hospitality is so lavish

18 **on't** of it

19 **have him** persuade him to **embrace** accept

20 **honesty** generosity

24 **speaks your pleasure** is kind to say so

25 **towardly** promising/helpful, friendly **prompt** ready and willing give to give

27 **use…well** i.e., make the most of opportunities that arise **parts** qualities

sirrah sir (used to a social inferior)

30 **bare** mere **security** deposit or pledge that guarantees a loan

31 **solidares** invented term for a coin of low value, perhaps from the Roman *solidus* or Italian *soldo* **wink** close your eyes

33 **differ…lived** change in the course of a single lifetime

37 **these** i.e., the coins **scald** burn (in hell)

38 **molten…damnation** being boiled in molten metal was the traditional punishment of usurers in hell

39 **himself** i.e., a true friend

40 **milky** i.e., weak, cowardly

41 **turns** curdles

42 **passion** suffering/extreme emotion

43 **my…him** been fed by Timon

44 **nutriment** nourishment

49 **hour** suffering as he dies

Act 3 Scene 2

3.2 ***Location:*** *a public place in Athens*

3 **for** to be

9 **necessity** belonged to’t how urgent it was

10 **How?** What?

15 **his** i.e., the gifts Lucullus received from Timon

16 **mistook him** made a mistake **occasion** need

18 **hap** chance

19 **sweat** sweated (through hurrying)

21 **exquisite** excellent/accomplished

23 **endeared** obliged/affectionate

25 **present occasion** urgent needs (**present** plays ironically on the sense of “gift”)

26 **use** need

27 **merry** joking

30 **virtuous** i.e., incurred through virtuous generosity

34 **disfurnish myself against** leave myself unprepared for

36 **purchase…part** yesterday have spent a sum of money/made a small investment **undo…honour** i.e., ruin my chance of helping Timon

38 **use** borrow from

39 **would** wish

40 **conceive the fairest** think the best

41 **kind** generous, helpful

42 **pleasure** oblige

43 **befriend…far** i.e., be so kind

45 **look…turn** find something to do for you in return

46 **shrunk** i.e., diminished in fortune

47 **hardly speed** prosper with great difficulty

50 **world’s soul** i.e., the essence of the world **piece** kind, type (cut from the same cloth)

52 **dips…dish** “he that dippeth his hand with me in the dish, he shall betray me” (Matthew 26:23) **in my knowing** to my knowledge

53 **been…father** i.e., behaved as a father to him

54 **kept his** maintained Lucius’ **credit** finances/reputation **his** i.e., Timon’s

57 **treads** presses

58 **monstrousness** unnatural behavior (from proverbial “ingratitude is monstrous”)

59 **looks out** shows himself

60 **in…his** considering, relative to Lucius’ entire fortune

64 **tasted** Timon had experience of Timon’s generosity

65 **over** upon

68 **carriage** conduct

70 **put…donation** made a gift of my wealth/considered all my wealth a gift from Timon

73 **with…dispense** to do away with compassion

74 **policy** strategy, self-interested calculation

Act 3 Scene 3

3.3 ***Location:*** *Sempronius' house, Athens*

7 **touched** tested (for quality—a touchstone is used to tell pure metals from base ones)

14 **Thrive…over** prosper on his money but give up on him

16 **That** he who my place i.e., at the top of his list of friends sense…first no reason why, in his need, he should not have turned to me first

18 **in my conscience** to my mind

20 **backwardly** poorly/slowly/in reverse order of priority

21 **requite** repay

22 **argument** of topic for

25 **Had** he had but…sake on account of my good will toward him

26 **courage** desire

27 **faint** weak

28 **bates** diminishes

29 **goodly** fine

30 **politic** cunning **crossed** thwarted

31 **set him clear** make even the devil seem innocent **fairly** virtuously/cleanly

32 **foul** wicked/dirty **Takes…wicked** imitates virtuous behavior in order to be wicked **zeal** religious devotion

33 **set…fire** i.e., begin wars in the name of religion

35 **dead** i.e., to him

36 **wards** locks

37 **Many** for many

38 **sure** securely (from arrest for debt)

39 **liberal** over-generous

40 **keep his house** stay indoors

Act 3 Scene 4

3.4 ***Location:*** *Timon's house, Athens*

8 **at once** to all of you

10 **the hour** is the time

11 **Labouring for** getting on for, approaching

12 **much** i.e., late

15 **on't** at it **wont** accustomed **shine** rise (like the sun)

16 **waxed** grown

17 **prodigal** wasteful

18 **like the sun's** i.e., reaching a peak, and then declining

22 **am of** share your

23 **t'observe** to note and interpret

27 **For…money** i.e., the money he owes me was spent on the jewels

28 **heart** feelings/wish

29 **Mark** note, listen to **shows** appears

31 **e'en…'em** it is as if your lord demands money to pay for the jewels that were a gift to him

33 **charge** employment

35 **stealth** stealing

38 **much deep** very great (amount)

39 **confidence** intimacy, trusted friendship **mine** i.e., my master's

40 **his had equalled** his loan would have been as great as that of your master

44 **attend** wait for **signify so much** make this known

45 **diligent** dutiful/officious

47 **in a cloud** troubled/muffled up

51 **certain** certain sums of (in his reply Flavius plays on the sense of "secure, assured")

55 **preferred** brought forward, presented

56 **false** disloyal

57 **fawn** show delight/grovel

58 **take down** swallow **maws** throats/stomachs

59 **stir me up** provoke me

61 **made an end** parted company

62 **reckon** add up

63 **serve** do, suffice (Flavius plays on the sense of “do a servant’s duty”)
64 **base** dishonorable/lowborn
66 **cashiered** dismissed (from service) **worship** used ironically
68 **broader** more plainly
69 **rail** rant
71 **repair** return
72 **take’t…soul** believe me **wondrously** extraordinarily
73 **comfortable** cheerful **forsook** abandoned
74 **keeps** remains in
76 **if…health** if he is so ill
78 **make…gods** i.e., not risk punishment after death for leaving debts behind him **clear** unhindered/innocent
82 **passage** passing through/moving
83 **free** unrestrained/generous
84 **retentive** confining
87 **Put in** present your bill
93 **Knock…’em** Timon plays on the fact that **bill** also means “long-handled weapon” **cleave** split **girdle** belt
95 **sums** amounts of money
97 **Tell** count
102 **fall upon** attack, punish
103 **throw…at** i.e., give up on
104 **desperate** irrecoverable/mad, reckless

Act 3 Scene 5

3.5 ***Location:*** *inside Timon's house (though the action is continuous from the previous scene)*

1 **put…me** taken my breath away

4 **What…so?** Timon begins to plan the mock banquet

8 **fitly** conveniently **bid** invite, summon

9 **luxurs** lechers, debauched men

12 **distracted** agitated/confused, maddened

15 **Be…care** do not worry about it

Act 3 Scene 6

3.6 ***Location:*** *the senate house, Athens*

1 **voice** vote **fault's** crime's

2 **Bloody** bloodthirsty, vicious

3 **emboldens** encourages

4 **bruise** crush

7 **virtues** i.e., your virtuous selves

11 **hot blood** anger

12 **stepped into** i.e., incurred the penalties of (the image is of entering water) **past depth** too deep, out of their depth

13 **heed** care, thought

14 **fate** his ill-fated deed

15 **comely** decent, becoming

16 **soil** tarnish **fact** crime

17 **which buys out** redeems

18 **fair** noble/just

19 **touched to death** fatally damaged **touched** hit, wounded/infected, defiled

21 **sober** serious/reasonable, controlled **unnoted** hardly noticeable

22 **behave** control, manage

23 **but…argument** carried a point in a debate

24 **undergo** undertake **strict** forced

27 **form** acceptable practice/lawful procedure

28 **Upon the head** into the category **which** i.e., quarrelling

29 **misbegot** illegitimately conceived

31 **suffer** endure

32 **breathe** utter/take in

33 **his wrongs** the wrongs done to him **his outsides** i.e., external to him, not essential

34 **raiment** clothing **carelessly** casually

35 **prefer** promote, present

37 **wrongs** wrongs done to us **kill** to kill

38 **for ill** an evil cause

40 **gross** obvious/wicked **clear** innocent

41 **bear** tolerate, endure

42 **under favour** with your kind permission

43 **captain** soldier

44 **fond** foolish

47 **repugnancy** resistance

48 **what…Abroad?** i.e., why do soldiers go and fight

50 **bearing** plays on the senses of “childbearing” and “bearing the weight of a man during sex” **carry it** win the day (continues to play on senses relating to pregnancy and sex)

52 **irons** fetters, shackles

56 **gust** outburst, battering blast

57 **by mercy** if seen mercifully

60 **Weigh** consider, judge

61 **breathe** speak

63 **Lacedaemon** Sparta (city in southern Greece) **Byzantium** Istanbul (city in Turkey)

64 **briber** giver of bribes

70 **made…’em** dealt wounds out rather too plentifully

71 **sin…him** i.e., drunkenness

74 **In…fury** i.e., when drunk

76 **cherish factions** encourage dissent **inferred** alleged/implied

80 **parts** good qualities

81 **right…time** military feats should have bought him the right to live out his natural life

83 **deserts** merits **to** in addition to

84 **for** because

85 **security** safety/guaranteed return on a loan

86 **pawn** pledge, mortgage

87 **Upon…returns** as a means of guaranteeing his repayment of your mercy

89 **in valiant gore** i.e., by dying in battle

92 **On…our** at the risk of our highest

95 **know** recognize, acknowledge

101 **sue** plead **grace** favor

104 **spacious in effect** has considerable implications/leads to exile in the wide world

107 **dotage** foolishness

109 **shine** sunshine

110 **Attend…judgement** expect a more severe punishment **not…spirit** so as not to make us more angry

111 **presently** immediately

113 **Only in bone** as living skeletons

115 **told** counted **let out** lent

118 **balsam** healing ointment **usuring** practicing usury, inflicting cost for one's own profit

120 **ill** unwelcome

121 **worthy** worthy of, befitting **spleen** rage (the spleen was thought tobe the seat of extreme emotion)

123 **lay for** waylay/endeavor to get (plays on sense of "wager, bet") **hearts** affections, followers (plays on sense of "suit of cards")

124 **at odds** in a state of conflict (sustains the gambling image)

125 **brook** tolerate

Act 3 Scene 7

3.7 ***Location:*** *Timon's house*, *Athens divers* various

2 **try** test

4 **tiring** exhausting themselves/feeding (as a bird of prey tugs at flesh)

encountered met

5 **low** financially dire **several** various

6 **persuasion** suggestion, evidence

7 **many my near** my many pressing obligations

8 **conjured** summoned, entreated

10 **in debt** obliged, committed to **importunate** urgent

11 **provision was out** financial means were exhausted

13 **of** on account of **how…go** how things stand now

14 **so** in the same situation

15 **pieces** gold coins

19 **With…heart** welcome with all my heart

22 **Nor…men** "swallows, like false friends, fly away upon the approach of winter" (proverbial)

23 **stay** delay

24 **if…sound** i.e., if your ears can feed on rough music

25 **presently** imminently

26 **it…lordship** that you do not resent the fact/that you do not view it to have been harsh and unfriendly

30 **what cheer** how are you *banquet* i.e., table, place settings, etc., since dishes are still forthcoming

32 **so…beggar** i.e., too poor to help you

35 **cumber** encumber, burden

37 **covered dishes** suggesting lavish hot food

38 **cheer** food

45 **upon what** for what reason

47 **toward** forthcoming

48 **old man** i.e., the old Timon

49 **hold** last/prove to be true

50 **will** i.e., will tell

51 **conceive** understand

52 **spur** eagerness

53 **diet** food **city feast** formal banquet, where people sit according to rank

54 **require** demand/deserve

56 **reserve still** always keep something back

59 **a score** twenty

60 **as they are** i.e., no better than women really are/not wearing make-up/not falsely representing themselves

62 **tag** rabble

68 **knot** group **mouth-friends** men whose friendship is all talk/men who can be won with feasts **Smoke** steam/dishonesty, swindling

69 **Is your perfection** sums you up perfectly/is your consummate skill/is your foremost virtue

70 **stuck and spangled** pinned with jewels and sparkling

72 **reeking** steaming

75 **trencher-friends** friends won with feasts **trencher** wooden plate **flies** i.e., parasites

76 **Cap…slaves** i.e., always doffing their caps or bowing in a sycophantic manner **vapours** i.e., insubstantial, worthless men **minute-jacks** i.e., overly punctilious in their attentions **jack** figure of a man that strikes the bell on a clock, usually every quarter of an hour

77 **infinite** endless/worst possible

79 **Soft** wait a moment **physic** medicine

81 **be** let there be

82 **Whereat** at which

84 **Of** by

86 **quality** nature

87 **Push!** exclamation of impatience

89 **humours** moods **sways** control

96 **upon my bones** intuitively/because of the bruises incurred by the stones

Act 4 Scene 1

4.1 ***Location:*** *outside the walls of Athens*

2 **girdles in** encircles

3 **Matrons** married women **incontinent** sexually unrestrained

5 **grave** wise/dignified

6 **minister** govern **steads** places **general filths** common whores

7 **green** young/innocent

8 **Do't** change/have sex **eyes** i.e., sight **hold fast** i.e., hold on to money

10 **trusters** those who trust you/creditors **Bound** under contract to serve for a specified time

11 **Large-handed** grasping

12 **pill** plunder

13 **o'th'brothel** i.e., a whore

14 **lined** padded

16 **Religion** devotion

17 **Domestic awe** respect given to home and parents **neighbourhood** neighborliness

18 **Instruction** teaching/knowledge **mysteries** crafts, trades

19 **Degrees** social ranks **observances** ritual, ceremony

20 **confounding contraries** ruinous opposites

21 **incident** liable to afflict

23 **for stroke** tobe struck **cold** stiffening/caused by a chill

24 **halt** limp

25 **liberty** licentiousness

27 **strive** contend, wage war

28 **riot** debauchery **blains** sores, blisters (perhaps venereal)

29 **bosoms** i.e., bodies (the image is of sowing seed in the bosom of the earth)

32 **merely** absolute **bear** carry away

34 **bans** curses

36 **kinder** more caring/more natural, showing more kinship

37 **confound** destroy

Act 4 Scene 2

4.2 ***Location:*** *Timon's house*, *Athens*

2 **undone** ruined

4 **Let…gods** may the gods hear me/as the gods are my witness

6 **house** household **broke** bankrupt/broken up

8 **take…arm** i.e., support him in his misfortune

12 **familiars…fortunes** those who were his close friends when he was rich

14 **picked** robbed, emptied

15 **dedicated…air** beggar dedicated to life in the open air

16 **all-shunned** avoided by everyone

17 **fellows** fellow servants

18 **implements** furniture, utensils

19 **livery** servant's uniform

21 **bark** ship

22 **dying** i.e., sinking, doomed

23 **surges** waves

26 **latest** last

29 **knell** funeral bell

33 **glory** magnificence/vainglory

38 **pomp** ceremony, splendor **what state compounds** that constitutes magnificence

39 **painted** i.e., superficial, false

41 **blood** disposition

44 **still mar** always ruin

46 **wretched** poor/miserable

48 **flung** thrown himself **seat** center/place of residence

49 **monstrous** unnatural

50 **to…life** any of life's necessities

51 **command** purchase

52 **inquire** find

Act 4 Scene 3

4.3 ***Location:** woods near Athens*

1 **breeding** i.e., breeding infection **draw…humidity** the sun was thought to draw putrid vapors from the earth

2 **sister's orb** i.e., the moon (the earthly region **below**, which was thought to be corruptible, unlike the heavens above)

4 **residence** gestation, time spent in the womb

5 **dividant** separable **touch** test/afflict **several** different

6 **Not…nature** i.e., not even human nature, which is subject to all afflictions, can experience good fortune without feeling contempt for others' misfortune

9 **Raise me** promote, elevate

10 **bear contempt hereditary** endure contempt as though it came with their position (or birth)

11 **native honour** treated as if he was born with honor

12 **pasture** i.e., fortune, sustenance, what one gets in life **lards** fattens

13 **want** lack of

14 **purity of manhood** human integrity

16 **grece** step, stair

17 **smoothed** made easy/smoothed by flattery **pate** head

18 **Ducks** bows **golden** i.e., wealthy **oblique** indirect

19 **level** direct

20 **direct** straightforward

22 **semblable** likeness

23 **fang** seize, maul

24 **of** from **sauce** flavor

25 **operant** potent, effective

27 **votarist** one bound by a vow

28 **clear** innocent, pure **this** i.e., the gold

32 **lug** haul away

35 **knit** bind

36 **hoar** whitish-gray (the color of the scaly skin characteristic of **leprosy**)/puns on "whore" (leprosy was often confused with syphilis)
place appoint to positions of high status

37 **knee** homage, the right to be knelt to

39 **wappened** sexually exhausted

40 **spittle house** hospital

41 **cast…at** vomit at the sight of **this** i.e., the gold **embalms and spices** preserves and perfumes (as one might a corpse)

42 **th'April day** i.e., youthful freshness

43 **common whore** i.e., because frequently trodden upon or plowed (both euphemisms for sex) **odds** discord, conflict

44 **rout** company, gathering; plays on sense of “defeat, overthrow”

45 **Do…nature** act in accordance with your true nature **quick** fast/alive

46 **go** keep going, be able to walk **thief** i.e., the gold

47 **keepers** owners/jailers

48 **for earnest** as a deposit, a pledge *Drum and Fife* a drummer and a player of the fife (a flutelike instrument, often used for military music)

50 **canker** cancer/cankerworm (which eats plants and flowers)

54 **Misanthropos** “man-hater” (Greek)

56 **something** somewhat, a little

58 **strange** unacquainted, ignorant

61 **gules** red (heraldic term)

62 **canons** rules, edicts; plays on “cannons” (large guns)

63 **fell** fierce, cruel

65 **cherubin look** angelic appearance

66 **lips rot off** suggestive of the rotting effects of syphilis

70 **wanting** lacking

71 **renew** grow again (may play on a sense of “extend the repayment period for a loan”)

79 **in some sort** to some extent

82 **brace** pair

83 **minion** favorite, darling

84 **Voiced so regardfully** praised so highly, spoke of with such regard

87 **use** employ sexually

89 **salt** lecherous (**season** picks up on the culinary sense) **season** prepare/spice, salt

90 **tubs and baths** sweating tubs and hot baths used to treat venereal disease

91 **tub-fast** sexual abstinence during the treatment

95 **of late** lately

96 **whereof** of which

97 **penurious** poverty-stricken **band** i.e., of soldiers

98 **mindless** heedless, neglectful

100 **But** had it not been for **trod** would have trodden

108 **on a heap** in ruins

116 **up** away

117 **planetary plague** i.e., a disaster caused by malign planetary influence

Jove supreme Roman god

118 **Will** resolves to **high-viced** very wicked, full of vice

119 **sick** infected/infectious **skip** omit, spare

121 **Strike me** strike (**me** is emphatic) **counterfeit matron** married woman who feigns respectability

122 **habit** clothing/bearing

124 **trenchant** sharp, cutting **milk-paps** nipples

125 **window-bars** open-work squares of a bodice/latticework of a window

126 **leaf of pity** list of those to be shown pity

127 **set** write

128 **exhaust** draw forth

130 **doubtfully** ambiguously **the…cut** will have its throat cut/will be a cutthroat

131 **mince** chop it up ***sans*** **remorse** without pity **objects** objections

133 **proof** tested strength

136 **confusion** ruin, destruction

139 **counsel** advice

140 **Dost…not** whether you do or not

142 **forswear** renounce

143 **make…bawd** make pimps give up making women into prostitutes

144 **mountant** raised (to catch the gold in, with a suggestion of skirts lifted for sex) **oathable** able to keep an oath

146 **agues** fevers characterized by shaking

148 **conditions** characters/occupations

150 **whore** (your) whoring **burn him up** i.e., with lust/with venereal disease

151 **close fire** hidden infection/enclosed heat/hot vaginas **predominate** prevail over, dominate **smoke** i.e., pious (and insincere or insubstantial) words

152 **be no turncoats** i.e., don't turn against your true profession (prostitution) **your…contrary** your efforts be thwarted **six months** later/you suffer harmful venereal pains **six months** later/you suffer for six months; **six months** may refer to the maximum gestation period for secondary syphilis or to the period of imprisonment for prostitutes

153 **thin roofs** balding heads (a symptom of syphilis)

154 **burdens of** i.e., wigs made with hair from

156 **Paint** apply makeup **mire upon** sink, get stuck in/defecate on

157 **pox** (syphilitic) plague

159 **do** plays on sense of "have sex with"

160 **Consumptions** wasting diseases (specifically syphilis, which decays the **bones**)

161 **sharp** starved, wasted

162 **mar** ruin **spurring** ability to use spurs/ability to have sex

163 **title** claim to possession

164 **quillets** fine distinctions, quibbles **Hoar** decay/whiten (as well as rotting the bones, syphilis causes silvery ulcerations) **flamen** priest

165 **scolds…flesh** preaches against sexual desire

166 **down…nose** syphilis causes the collapse of the nasal bridge

168 **his…foresee** to safeguard his personal advantage

169 **Smells…weal** loses the scent of the common good (hunting imagery) **curled-pate** curly haired

170 **braggarts** boastful cowards

172 **activity** sexual activity

173 **erection** personal advancement/penile erection

175 **grave** bury, serve as a grave for

177 **earnest** advance payment, a deposit

184 **it** i.e., to be so

185 **beagles** hunting dogs/whores

186 **Strike!** Sound the drum!

187 **sick of** made ill by

188 **Common mother** i.e., the earth

190 **Teems** gives birth to/is fertile, flourishes **mettle** spirit, essence (given the buried gold, probably puns on "metal")

191 **puffed** inflated (with pride)

192 **Engenders** produces, breeds **toad** thought to be poisonous

193 **gilded** gold-colored **eyeless venomed worm** blindworm (legless lizard)/adder

194 **crisp** shining, clear (just possibly “marbled with clouds”)

195 **Whereon** on which **Hyperion’s** belonging to the father of the sun, sometimes the sun god himself in Greek mythology **quickening** life-giving

198 **Ensear** dry up **conceptious** fertile

200 **Go great** be pregnant

202 **marbled…above** i.e., the heavens

204 **marrows** vitality, nourishing richness, figurative bone marrow **leas** fields

205 **liquorish** sweet, tempting (plays on “lickerous,” i.e., lecherous) **draughts** drinks/potions

206 **unctuous** oily

207 **That** so that **consideration** reflection, reason

210 **affect** favor/imitate

212 **would** would rather **catch** seize

213 **but infected** i.e., temporary, not inherent

216 **slave-like habit** lowly, servile clothing **care** anxiety

217 **yet** still **soft** in comfort

218 **perfumes** i.e., perfumed mistresses

220 **putting on** assuming/exhibiting **cunning** skill, practices **carper** cynic, fault finder

222 **hinge thy knee** i.e., kneel

223 **observe** follow, pay homage to

224 **vicious strain** immoral characteristic

225 **Thou…thus** this is how you were spoken to (i.e., flattered) previously

226 **gav’st thine ears** i.e., listened **tapsters** barmen (who would greet all customers indiscriminately)

228 **rascal** a lowly commoner/a camp follower (in the following line the sense shifts to “rogues”)

233 **boisterous** rough **chamberlain** servant responsible for the bedroom

234 **put…warm** i.e., warm your clothes by the fire

235 **page thy heels** wait on you like your page

236 **skip…out** i.e., jump to do your bidding

237 **Candied** encrusted, as if with sugar **caudle…taste** i.e., revive you in the morning with a caudle (a warm, strengthening drink)

238 **o'ernight's** previous night's **surfeit** excess, overindulgence
240 **wreakful** vengeful **trunks** bodies
242 **Answer** face **mere** absolute, unmitigated
248 **caitiff** wretch
250 **vex** torment
251 **office** task, role
252 **Dost…in't?** Are you enjoying it?
255 **habit** outfit, i.e., manner
256 **well** good, well done
257 **enforcèdly** out of necessity **Thou'dst** you would like (to be)
258 **Willing misery** voluntary poverty
259 **incertain** changeable, unreliable **crowned before** sooner satisfied
260 **The one** i.e., **pomp filling still** i.e., never satisfied, always seeking more
261 **high wish** the height of its wishes **Best…content** it is more miserable to be at the height of prosperity without contentment than to be contented and at the bottom of one's fortunes **distracted** agitated, mentally disturbed
265 **breath** i.e., advice
268 **swath** swaddling clothes, i.e., infancy **proceeded** climbed/attained/graduated to
269 **degrees** steps/social ranks/university degrees
270 **drugs** drudges (menial servants; or possibly "medicinal drugs" that a qualified doctor might dispense)
272 **riot** debauchery **melted down** wasted/exhausted sexually (with connotations of detumescence)
274 **precepts of respect** commands of those in authority/principles of respect/rules a respected person must live by
275 **sugared game** sweet (sexual) prey/delicious amusements
278 **at duty** at my command, available for service **frame** devise
280 **brush** violent gust of wind
281 **Fell** fallen
284 **sufferance** hardship
285 **hard in't** hardened to it
287 **rag** worthless scrap
288 **put stuff To** sexually penetrated/ejaculated in **stuff** penis/semen (picks up on rag to play on the sense of "fabric")
289 **compounded** conceived

290 **hereditary** by inheritance

291 **worst** socially lowest

293 **yet** still

295 **prodigal** spendthrift, wasteful person

298 **leave** permission

299 **That** I wish that, if only

301 **mend** improve

304 **botched** poorly repaired, patched up (as you will remain in your own company)

305 **would it were** wish it were botched (i.e., I wish you would continue to be discontent on your own/I wish you would leave me alone)

306 **to** sent to, conveyed

310 **truest** most honest

311 **does…harm** i.e., is not used to bribe and corrupt

312 **a-nights** at night

313 **that's** that which is

319 **humanity** i.e., human experience

320 **gilt** gold, money/lavish adornments

321 **curiosity** fastidiousness, delicate refinement

322 **medlar** applelike fruit eaten when rotten/meddler, one who interferes/slang term for the vagina, hence also "whore"/person who has lots of sex ("to meddle" also meant "to copulate")

326 **An th'hadst** if you had

327 **unthrift** wasteful **after his means** for what he had/after he had spent everything

331 **thou…dog** i.e., only a dog would love you

336 **confusion** destruction, overthrow

339 **beastly** beast-like/irrational/low, disgusting **t'attain to** gain, achieve

340 **beguile** deceive, outwit

341 **peradventure** as chance would probably have it

342 **dullness** slowness/stupidity **still thou livedst** you would always live

345 **unicorn…thee** supposedly the fierce unicorn could be goaded into charging at a tree, where it would become trapped by embedding its horn in the trunk

346 **conquest** i.e., victim

348 **german** closely related **spots…life** i.e., you would be blamed for the crimes of your relations **spots** markings/crimes

349 **thy…remotion** your safety would rely on removing yourself elsewhere

351 **thy…transformation** what you would lose if you became an animal

352 **hit upon it** done so, pleased me

355 **Yonder…painter** in fact they do not appear until the beginning of Act 5; either Shakespeare did not correct his former intention to have the characters enter here, or Apemantus is speaking generally and simply means that the men are on their way

356 **give way** leave

360 **cap** top, foremost (playing on the literal sense of “fool’s headgear”)

363 **stand by** i.e., are compared to

366 **I’ll** I would

367 **tongue** i.e., speech

368 **issue** offspring

369 **Choler…alive** the fact that you are alive kills me with anger

379 **But even** except **mere necessities** absolute fundamentals (basic means to survive, but the dominant sense here is “inevitabilities such as death”)

380 **presently** immediately

383 **That** so that **in** through

384 **dear** costly/beloved

385 **natural** blood-related **sire** father

386 **Hymen** Greek and Roman god of marriage **Mars** Roman god of war

389 **Dian** i.e., Diana, Roman goddess of hunting and chastity

390 **sold’rest** unites **impossibilities** incompatible things

391 **with every tongue** in every language/with the tongue of every person

392 **touch** touchstone

393 **Think** believe that

394 **confounding odds** ruinous conflict **beasts…empire** animals will rule

401 **Thy back** i.e., turn around and go away

403 **quit** finished with, rid of him ***Banditti*** outlaws, bandits

406 **ort** scrap, leftover **remainder** remaining wealth **mere want** utter lack **falling-from** falling away, abandonment

408 **noised** rumored

409 **assay** test/attack

410 **reserve** withhold **shall’s** shall we

416 **Save thee** God save thee (a standard greeting)

419 **Both too** you are both of these

420 **want** lack

421 **want…meat** lack much food/desire elaborate food

424 **mast** acorns **hips** rose hips

426 **mess** serving of food

430 **eat** i.e., prey upon the wealth of **con** offer

431 **professed** by trade/declared

432 **shapes** guises

433 **limited** officially regulated (the sense of "restricted" contrasts with **boundless**)

434 **suck…o'th'grape** i.e., drink wine **subtle** cunning

435 **seethe** boil/dissipate

436 **scape hanging** i.e., by dying of drink-induced **fever** instead

439 **protest** profess

440 **example you** give you precedent through examples

441 **attraction** power to draw up

442 **arrant** absolute

444 **resolves** melts

446 **composture** compost

448 **your…whip** i.e., that restrain and punish you

449 **Has unchecked theft** possess limitless power to steal (or possibly "have filed to limit theft")

453 **Steal…howsoe'er** if you steal less because I give you this gold, may gold destroy you in any case

455 **Has** he has

456 **in…of** out of hatred for

457 **mystery** profession

458 **as** as I would

460 **true** honest

462 **yond** yonder, that **ruinous** ruined

463 **monument** memorial

464 **wonder** extraordinary example **evilly bestowed** bestowed upon evil people/badly bestowed

469 **rarely** splendidly **guise** fashion, custom

472 **that…do** who make it plain that they intend me harm, rather than those who do harm and pretend friendship

473 **Has…eye** he has seen me

475 **Still** always

483 **knaves** servants/rogues

486 **undone** ruined

488 **disclaim'st** renounce

489 **Flinty** hard-hearted, stony **give** weep

490 **thorough** through

492 **know** recognize, acknowledge

494 **entertain** receive/employ

496 **comfortable** comforting

500 **exceptless** universal, making no exceptions

501 **perpetual sober** eternally grave, moderate

502 **but** only

504 **fain** willingly

506 **fell** cut down

508 **oppressing** distressing/persecuting/overwhelming

509 **service** servant's post

511 **Upon…neck** i.e., by standing on and oppressing their previous master

512 **though…sure** however sure I am

513 **subtle** devious

514 **usuring** charging interest

517 **suspect** suspicion

520 **merely** purely, only

521 **unmatchèd** unequaled

524 **For** as for

525 **hope** i.e., the future

527 **requite** repay

528 **singly** uniquely

531 **thus conditioned** on this condition **from** away from

536 **blasted** withered

Act 5 Scene 1

4 **of** from

7 **breaking** bankruptcy **try** test

8 **palm…highest** “the righteous shall flourish like the palm tree” (Psalms 92:12)

9 **tender** offer

10 **show…us** show us to be honest **load** reward

11 **travail** labor/travel **having** possessions, wealth

13 **visitation** visit

15 **intent** planned work, project

16 **Good…best** perfect, excellent **air** style, fashion

17 **for his act** when put into practice **but** except

18 **the…saying** carrying out a promise **use** custom

19 **performance…it** acting on a promise is as sure a sign of unhealthy judgment as writing a will is a sign of bodily illness

23 **personating of himself** representation of him (in his current circumstances) **discovery** revealing

24 **opulency** affluence

25 **stand for** model as whip punish

28 **Then…late** we damage our own fortunes if we arrive too late to benefit from Timon’s wealth

31 **serves** is available

33 **meet…turn** play you at your own game/meet you at the turning (Timon may have been concealed by a stage pillar and is about to emerge as if from around a corner)

36 **thou** i.e., gold **rigg’st the bark** sets the rigging on a ship

37 **Settlest** establishes

38 **thy saints** may your devotees **aye** ever

40 **Fit** aptly, at the right time

42 **late** former

43 **once** really

45 **open** generous

46 **retired** withdrawn

50 **influence** astrological influence over human destiny (the invisible substance thought to stream from stars and planets supposedly governed

one’s fate)

51 **rapt** absorbed by emotion

53 **size** quantity/glue applied to canvas before painting

56 **them** ungrateful men

58 **shower** heavenly downfall (continues astrological imagery)

67 **therefore** for that reason

69 **counterfeit** image, likeness (plays on the senses of “forgery/deception”)

71 **lively** lifelike

72 **So, so** passably

73 **E’en so** exactly, just **fiction** literary creation/lies

74 **smooth** elegantly flowing/flattering, deceitful

75 **thou…art** your imitations of nature seem like the real thing/you show your true self in your deceit (**natural** may also have the sense of “foolish”)

78 **monstrous** overly large/unnatural

82 **ill** badly

86 **never…but** i.e., both of you

89 **cog** cheat **dissemble** disguise the truth

90 **patchery** trickery

91 **Keep** keep him **bosom** heart

92 **made-up** complete

97 **draught** sewer, cesspool

98 **Confound** destroy **course** method, course of action

101 **You…company** even if you part company, neither of you is alone (as each man has a dual identity: honest man and villain)

104 **thou…thou** Timon addresses first one man, then the other **him** i.e., the other man

107 **pack** be off

109 **alchemist** i.e., poet who transforms his subjects into something more splendid than they are in reality (and whose creations elicit payment); an alchemist seeks to turn base metals into gold

112 **set…himself** so self-absorbed

116 **part** role

119 **still** always

120 **framed** made **fairer** kinder/more favorable

122 **The…him** may restore Timon to his former self

123 **chance…may** let things fall out as they will

131 **cantherizing** blistering and burning

134 **Of…Timon** i.e., we are worthy of nothing better than one another

139 **What…thee** the wrongs that we regret having done to you

140 **one consent** unanimous agreement

142 **dignities** high offices

143 **wearing** possession, employment

145 **general gross** publicly obvious

147 **recanter** one who retracts

148 **withal** moreover, with it

149 **restraining** in withholding

150 **sorrowed** sorrowful **render** acknowledgment, apology (literally “payment of account”)

152 **weigh…dram** outweigh when measured with great accuracy **dram** one eighth of an ounce

155 **write in thee** i.e., as if in an account book

157 **witch** bewitch

158 **Surprise** overpower (emotionally)

160 **beweep** weep at

164 **Allowed** endowed

166 **Of…wild** Alcibiades’ fierce attacks

175 **sack** plunder, pillage

177 **stain** i.e., pollution of rape

178 **contumelious** insolent, contemptuous

182 **take’t at worst** put the worst interpretation on it

183 **answer** i.e., be cut (plays on the sense of “utter a reply”)

184 **whittle** knife

185 **prize…before** love and value it more than

188 **keepers** jailers

193 **nothing** i.e., the oblivion of death

195 **last…enough** remain in that suffering state for a long time

199 **bruit** report, rumor

202 **become** befit

203 **triumphers** victorious warriors returning to the city in triumph

208 **throes** naturally occurring pains

209 **nature’s fragile vessel** i.e., the body

213 **close** enclosure

214 **use** need

216 **sequence of degree** order of social rank

217 **whoso please** whoever wishes

218 **take his haste** hurry

221 **still** always

223 **everlasting mansion** eternal dwelling, i.e., grave

224 **beachèd verge** beach at the edge **salt flood** the sea

225 **Who** refers either to Timon or to his grave **embossèd** foaming

227 **be your oracle** i.e., impart wisdom to you

233 **Coupled to nature** part of his character

235 **strain** stretch to their limits

236 **dear** extreme

Act 5 Scene 2

5.2 ***Location:*** *Athens, seemingly just outside the city walls*

1 **painfully discovered** revealed painful news **files** ranks of troops

3 **least** lowest estimate

4 **his…approach** the speed of his march suggests that he will arrive imminently

6 **stand much hazard** are at great risk

7 **one** one who is **ancient** long-established

8 **in…opposed** i.e., we were on opposite sides in this conflict

9 **particular** personal

12 **imported** concerned/communicated

13 **fellowship** partnership

14 **In…moved** undertaken, in part, for Timon’s sake

15 **brothers** fellow senators

17 **fearful** inducing fear **scouring** swift movement of troops/cleaning of guns with scouring rods

19 **fall** defeat/capture **the snare** are the trap we will be caught by

Act 5 Scene 3

5.3 ***Location:*** *woods near Athens*

3 **outstretched his span** i.e., lived beyond his desired time

4 **there…man** i.e., all men are beasts

6 **character** lettering **take with wax** take a wax impression of it/copy it onto a wax tablet

7 **figure** kind of writing

8 **aged** i.e., experienced

9 **set down** encamped **this** this time, now

10 **Whose** fall the fall of which **mark** goal, target

Act 5 Scene 4

5.4 ***Location:*** *outside the walls of Athens* ***powers*** troops

1 **Sound** proclaim by trumpet

2 **terrible** terrifying ***parley*** trumpet summons to negotiation, during which a cease-fire was observed ***above*** i.e., on the upper staging level, or gallery

4 **all licentious measure** every kind of licentiousness/extremes of licentiousness **wills** desires

5 **scope** measure

6 **slept** dwelt/remained passive

7 **traversed arms** folded arms/weapons held crossed (as in a military drill—i.e., not being used in active warfare) **breathed** expressed, uttered

8 **vainly** in vain **flush** in full flood

9 **crouching marrow** previously inactive vitality

10 **of itself** of its own accord **breathless wrong** i.e., wrongdoers who are out of breath from fear or through running away

12 **pursy** fat/short of breath **break his wind** gasp for breath/fart

15 **griefs** grievances **conceit** idea, thought

17 **sent** i.e., sent messages **balm** soothing relief

19 **Above their quantity** greater than your **rages** (or **griefs**)

20 **So** in the same manner **woo** entreat

22 **means** terms of peace/wealth

24 **common** indiscriminate

27 **they** i.e., those that have caused you grief

28 **trophies and schools** monuments and public buildings

29 **private** individual, personal

31 **motives…out** instigators behind your banishment

32 **Shame…excess** excessive shame for their lack of skill and effective policy

35 **decimation…death** the death of every tenth person

36 **food…loathes** i.e., death

38 **hazard…die** throw of a die (the singular of “dice” puns on the verb “to die”)

39 **spotted** tainted, guilty (shifting the sense away from “marked with dots”)

41 **were** were alive at the time (and did offend) **square** just, fair

42 **are** are alive now

44 **without** outside (the city walls)

46 **bluster** violent storm

48 **fold** sheep pen **cull** select

50 **wilt** will, want

54 **rampired** reinforced/blocked **ope** open

55 **So** provided **gentle** peaceful/honorable

57 **Throw** if you throw

58 **token** pledge

60 **confusion** ruin **powers** troops

61 **make their harbour** have safe lodging

62 **sealed** completed, satisfied, ratified

64 **unchargèd ports** unassailed gates

66 **set…reproof** pick out for punishment and disgrace

67 **atone** appease

68 **With…meaning** by telling you of my nobler intentions

69 **pass** leave **quarter** designated military lodgings

71 **But…to** without being dealt with by

72 **heaviest answer** strictest penalty

77 **insculpture** inscription

79 **Interprets** serves as an interpreter

81 **caitiffs** wretches

83 **stay…gait** do not pause as you walk by

84 **These** i.e., these words **latter** recent

86 **brain’s flow** tears

87 **niggard** miserly **conceit** imagination

88 **Neptune** Roman god of the sea **aye** ever

89 **low** near to the edge of the sea/humble **faults forgiven** either the wrongs done to Timon (forgiven by Alcibiades as he agrees peace with the senators) or Timon’s own loathing and abuse of humanity

90 **memory** memorial

92 **olive** olive branch, an emblem of peace

93 **stint** stop

94 **leech** doctor/cure, literally the parasitic worm used to treat various ailments, hence also possibly “bloodsucker”

THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CAESAR

Sir Francis Walsingham, Queen Elizabeth’s Secretary of State, recommended the study of history with an eye to its contemporary applications: “in the reading of histories as you have principally to mark how matters have passed in government in those days, so have you to apply them to these our times and states and see how they may be made serviceable to our age.” It was in this spirit that Sir Thomas North produced his translation of Plutarch’s *Lives of the Most Noble Grecians and Romanes*, the main source for Shakespeare’s dramatizations of the events leading to the deaths of Julius Caesar, Brutus and Cassius, Marcus Antonius and his beloved Cleopatra, and Caius Martius Coriolanus. *Julius Caesar*, performed at the Globe Theatre in 1599, was the first of the three plays in which Shakespeare followed Plutarch closely in exploring key moments of transition in the history of Rome.

Unlike Plutarch, though, Shakespeare begins with the people rather than the politicians. The common tradesmen are taking a day’s unofficial holiday in celebration of the return of the conquering Caesar. But the victory in question is not an imperial one: Julius Caesar has defeated another Roman general, Pompey the Great, in a civil war. The play will end with renewed civil war. Elizabethan political culture was much exercised by the dangers of, on the one hand, the civil strife concomitant upon uncertainty over the transmission of power and, on the other hand, the potential for tyranny if too much power were invested in an individual. In the opening scene the Tribunes—official spokesmen for the popular will—are worried that the military supremo is proving too popular. They demand the removal of the tokens honoring Caesar that have been draped over the statues in the Capitol. We learn a little later that for their pains in doing so they have been “put to silence.” This kind of detail lends support to Orson Welles’ influential 1930s production of the play with its jackbooted Caesar and its handling of Antony’s funeral oration as something out of a Nuremberg Rally.

We should, however, be cautious in fully endorsing such a reading. The conspirators are not disinterested idealists. Brutus, the most thoughtful of them, does not initially focus his fears on Caesar's ambitions; such a prospect is conjured into him by Cassius' cunning rhetoric. "The quarrel," remarks Brutus in soliloquy, "will bear no colour for the thing he is." He only persuades himself to join the conspirators by "fashioning" the argument that the act of crowning Caesar might itself be the egg that, when hatched, would unleash tyranny upon the state. The historical irony for Rome, and the personal tragedy for Brutus, is that the conspiracy itself proves to be the thing that divides the city and lets slip the dogs of a civil war that only ceases at the end of *Antony and Cleopatra*, when Octavius becomes Augustus and ushers in the imperial phase of Rome's history.

For over a thousand years, Rome was the city of the world. The Romans ruled the greatest empire that had ever been seen. Even after its decline and fall, the name of Rome lived on for centuries by providing the western world with models of excellence in every dimension of human life from military technology to political sophistication to theory of moral character to cultural glories such as architecture and epic poetry.

Shakespeare's England was a small, vulnerable, upstart nation near the northwestern edge of the known world. When Queen Elizabeth came to the throne, the country was in a state of near psychotic self-division as a result of her father's break from that latter-day Roman empire, the universal Catholic Church. But in the course of her reign, aristocrats, intellectuals, seamen, poets, and theater people forged an amazingly bold new vision: that one day, their tiny island-nation might become a second Rome. They laid out the building blocks for the future. Naval power overcame the might of Spain and planted the name of the Virgin Queen on distant shores. Politicians honed a system of checks and balances between the two houses of parliament and the monarchy—a system based on the Roman model of senators, tribunes, and emperor, but with a more flexible legal system, based on common law "precedent" rather than a fixed code of rules. Educators opened grammar schools for the middle classes, steeping the future administrators of nation and empire in both the Latin language and the Roman character of firm backbone and stiff upper lip (known technically as stoicism). And Shakespeare's actors staged epic dramas in which they told the heroic history both of their own nation and of the

Romans who were their ideal. So it was that when Britannia came to rule the waves in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* was central to the education and character-formation of aristocrat, politician, and imperial civil servant alike. Mark Antony's great speech that sways the popular will—"Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears"—was learned by rote in school and analyzed as the exemplary piece of persuasive oratory (not least because of its witty trope of denying its own force—"I am no orator").

The year 1599, when the play was written and performed, was a time of intense political debate. The second Spanish Armada had been broken up by bad weather two years before, so superpower rivalry was no longer the most pressing issue of the day. The problem now was how to deal with a country that was apparently harboring rebels and terrorists who were a threat to the new world order. That country was Ireland. Was the answer negotiation or brute force?

The argument that prevailed might be described as the neoconservative position. It went something like this: England stood on the threshold of greatness. Having stood up to Spain, it had the potential to become the greatest empire in the modern world. And so to the classic conservative move: look to the past in order to understand the present. The greatest empire in history was that of the ancient Romans. But Rome hadn't been built in a day. It had only achieved its power by building a mighty army and developing military technology of unprecedented sophistication. Above all, it needed a military genius, an all-conquering general who could hold whole continents in the palm of his hand. His name, of course, was Julius Caesar.

The leading exponent of this position was the Earl of Essex. He sponsored the authorship of historical works and translations of classical texts that supported his ideals of Roman virtue and fortitude. He offered himself to Queen Elizabeth as a modern Julius Caesar. In March 1599 he set off for Ireland at the head of a mighty army. In the autumn he skulked back to the queen's court in London, having ignominiously failed to defeat the Irish rebels. Superior firepower could not cope with the guerrilla tactics of the insurgents. Shakespeare's play was written in the fearful interim between the first motion against the insurrection and the realization of the hideous dream of failure.

Essex’s image of himself as Julius Caesar went to his head. His Rubicon moment came eighteen months later, when “assisted by sundry Noblemen and Gentlemen” (Shakespeare’s patron, the Earl of Southampton, among them), he marched against the queen herself, vainly imagining that the people of London would flood into the streets and offer him the crown. He was executed for his pains.

Shakespeare had a very different take on his material from that of Essex. He was fascinated by the assassination of Julius Caesar and its aftermath because this was the period in Roman history that asked the most fundamental questions about politics: does authority belong to the people, to an individual ruler, or to an abstraction called “the state”? What is the most effective form of government—a monarchy, an empire, an oligarchy, a republic?

At the beginning of the play, the long-established Roman republic, with its system of checks and balances (senators representing the patricians and tribunes the plebeians), is in crisis. If Caesar is not stopped, democracy will be destroyed. But are the men who try to stop him acting out of duty to the state or personal ambition? And what happens once the knife has gone in? Chaos, civil war, and then the events of the play’s sequel, *Antony and Cleopatra*, in which there is a failed attempt to divide rule between three men and then the rise to power of a new Caesar, Octavius, who would later be called Augustus, the inaugurator of the imperium.

Despite the fact that he was writing under Elizabeth, a queen-emperor who saw herself as another Augustus, and despite the apparent approval of Essex’s Irish expedition that he worked into the prologue of *Henry V* at exactly the time he was writing *Julius Caesar*, Shakespeare seems to have been genuinely skeptical about the imperial project associated with the name of Caesar. At the same time, he was horrified by the idea of mob rule, as witnessed in the scene when Cinna the poet is lynched because he happens to share a name with one of the conspirators.

The character who invites particular sympathy is Brutus, guardian of republican values, as he wrestles with the question of whether to be or not to be a conspirator. Cassius espouses the philosophy of Epicurus, who believed that the gods do not intervene in human affairs: what will be will be, and so there is no need to pay attention to omens and auguries. From this philosophy it is only a short step to that of Machiavelli—might is right and there is no such thing as a moral order. Brutus, by contrast, is portrayed as a stoic, a philosophy associated with the idea of duty and the cultivation of mental fortitude as a shield against the vicissitudes of fortune. The austere moralist Cato had killed himself rather than submit to Caesar's rule, whereas Brutus follows those stoics who said that however bad life became it had to be endured by putting on the armor of "patience." But in the last resort neither Cassius nor Brutus can maintain their position: Cassius has to accept the power of prophecy and Brutus commits suicide in the manner of Cato. Shakespeare is always interested in how words are confounded by deeds, how philosophical positions collapse under the pressure of action and circumstance.

Shakespeare must have had the heavy folio of North's English translation of Plutarch open on his desk as he wrote. Read the "Life of Marcus Brutus" therein and you see the raw materials on which the dramatist's imagination set to work. The glory of the theater is that it can bring the interior character to life. In Act 1, we see the public face of an apparently untroubled Brutus, but at the beginning of Act 2 Shakespeare conjures up the atmosphere of night, takes Brutus from his bed and places him alone on the bare boards of the Globe. The art of soliloquy then allows us to enter into that troubled mind, to weigh the greatness of the danger, to share the deep thoughts of the enterprise:

It must be by his death: and for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him
But for the general. He would be crowned:
How that might change his nature, there's the question.

There's the question. Anton Chekhov, perhaps the greatest dramatist since Shakespeare, said that the business of the dramatist is not to provide solutions but to pose problems in the correct way. *Julius Caesar* doesn't give us easy answers about the relationship of public duty to private will. Shakespeare was content to dramatize the problem and leave the rest to his audience.

A clock strikes, men wear doublets rather than togas, night-watchmen patrol and there are references to handkerchiefs: such purposeful anachronisms reveal that Shakespeare was a "modern-dress" dramatist, making the past speak to the present. To what degree should political power be concentrated in a single leader? Is the democratic process strong enough to withstand a potential tyrant or are there times when direct action on the street is the only possible course of action? Can we trust politicians to serve the people rather than their own interests? In addressing such questions, the play remains alive and full of troubling force in the twenty-first century.

KEY FACTS

PLOT: Julius Caesar has returned to Rome triumphant from the war against Pompey. The Roman republic is prepared to heap him with new honors, causing concern and dismay among some senators who fear that too much power is held by one man. Caius Cassius plots a conspiracy to murder Caesar, enlisting the support of the well-respected Marcus Brutus. Brutus has misgivings but is persuaded that Caesar's death is necessary for the good of the republic. However, he rejects Cassius' proposal that Mark Antony, close friend of Caesar, should also be killed. Brutus, Cassius, and their coconspirators stab Caesar to death at the senate house on the Ides of March. At Caesar's funeral Brutus addresses the people and successfully explains the conspirators' motives. However, Mark Antony speaks next and turns the mob against the conspirators, who are forced to flee from Rome. Mark Antony and Caesar's nephew, Octavius, take command of Rome and lead an army against the conspirators. Brutus and Cassius are defeated at Philippi where they kill themselves rather than be captured.

MAJOR PARTS: (*with percentage of lines/number of speeches/scenes on stage*) Marcus Brutus (28%/194/12), Caius Cassius (20%/140/8), Mark Antony (13%/51/8), Julius Caesar (5%/42/4), Casca (5%/39/4), Portia (4%/16/2), Octavius Caesar (2%/19/3), Decius Brutus (2%/ 12/3).

LINGUISTIC MEDIUM: 95% verse, 5% prose.

DATE: 1599. Not mentioned by Meres in 1598, seen at the Globe by Swiss visitor Thomas Platter in September 1599. Alluded to in several plays and poems by other writers in the period 1599–1601.

SOURCES: Based on the biographies of Julius Caesar and Marcus Brutus, with brief reference to the life of Cicero, in Sir Thomas

North's English translation of Plutarch's *Lives of the Most Noble Grecians and Romanes* (1579).

TEXT: 1623 Folio is the only early printed text. Exceptionally good quality of printing, perhaps set from the theater promptbook or a transcription of it. Some editors have detected signs of revision in the fact that Brutus is told twice of Portia's suicide, and proposed that one or other account should be deleted, but in the theater this double testing of his stoic response is highly effective.

THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CAESAR

Julius CAESAR
CALPURNIA, his wife
Marcus BRUTUS, sometime friend of Caesar, then conspirator against him
PORTIA, his wife

Caius CASSIUS
CASCA
DECIUS Brutus
CINNA
METELLUS Cimber
TREBONIUS
Caius LIGARIUS
other conspirators against Caesar

Mark ANTONY
OCTAVIUS Caesar
LEPIDUS
triumvirs of Rome after Caesar's death

A SOOTHSAYER
ARTEMIDORUS, a teacher of rhetoric
CINNA, a poet
Another POET

CICERO
PUBLIUS
POPILIUS
senators

MURELLUS
FLAVIUS
tribunes of the people

A CARPENTER
A COBBLER
FIRST, SECOND, THIRD, FOURTH and FIFTH PLEBEIANS
LUCIUS, Brutus' young servant
PINDARUS, Cassius' bondman

LUCILIUS
TITINIUS
MESSALA
CATO
STRATO
CLAUDIO
VARRUS
CLITUS
DARDANIUS
VOLUMNIUS

supporters of Brutus and Cassius

SERVANT, to Caesar
SERVANT, to Antony
SERVANT, to Octavius
A MESSENGER
FIRST, SECOND and THIRD SOLDIERS, members of Brutus and Cassius’ army
FIRST and SECOND SOLDIERS, members of Antony’s army
GHOST, Caesar’s ghost
Other Commoners, Senators and Soldiers

Act 1 Scene 1[1.1]

running scene 1

Enter Flavius, Murellus and certain Commoners over the stage

FLAVIUS Hence![1] Home, you idle creatures, get you home:
Is this a holiday? What, know you not,
Being mechanical,[3] you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day, without the sign[4]
Of your profession?— Speak, what trade art thou?

CARPENTER Why, sir, a carpenter.

MURELLUS Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?[7]
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
You, sir, what trade are you?

COBBLER Truly, sir, in respect of[10] a fine workman, I am but as you would say, a cobbler.[11]

MURELLUS But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.[12]

COBBLER A trade, sir, that I hope, I may use with a safe conscience, which is indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.[14]

FLAVIUS What trade, thou knave? Thou naughty[15] knave, what trade?

COBBLER Nay I beseech you, sir, be not out[16] with me: yet if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

MURELLUS What mean'st thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

COBBLER Why sir, cobble[19] you.

FLAVIUS Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

COBBLER Truly sir, all that I live by is with the awl.[21] I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters;[22] but withal I am indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes: when they are in great danger, I recover[23] them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather[24] have gone upon my handiwork.

FLAVIUS But wherefore[25] art not in thy shop today?
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

COBBLER Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But
indeed, sir, we make holiday to see Caesar and to rejoice in his triumph.[28]

MURELLUS Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries[30] follow him to Rome
To grace[31] in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things:
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey?[34] Many a time and oft
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows? Yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The livelong[38] day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That[42] Tiber trembled underneath her banks
To hear the replication[43] of your sounds
Made in her concave[44] shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out[46] a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?[48]
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit[51] the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.
FLAVIUS Go, go, good countrymen, and for this fault
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel till[56] the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.—
Exeunt all the Commoners
See where their basest mettle[58] be not moved:
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol,[60]
This way will I: disrobe the images[61]
If you do find them decked with ceremonies.[62]
MURELLUS May we do so?

You know it is the feast of Lupercal.[64]
FLAVIUS It is no matter. Let no images
Be hung with Caesar’s trophies.[66] I’ll about
And drive away the vulgar[67] from the streets;
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.[68]
These growing feathers plucked from Caesar’s wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,[70]
Who else[71] would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

Exeunt

[Act 1 Scene 2][1.2]

running scene 1 continues

Enter Caesar, Antony for the course, Calpurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, a Soothsayer, after them Murellus and Flavius

CAESAR Calpurnia.
CASCA Peace, ho![2] Caesar speaks.
CAESAR Calpurnia.
CALPURNIA Here, my lord.
CAESAR Stand[5] you directly in Antonio's way
When he doth run his course. Antonio!
ANTONY Caesar, my lord.
CAESAR Forget not in your speed, Antonio,
To touch Calpurnia, for our elders say,
The barren touchèd in this holy chase
Shake off their sterile curse.
ANTONY I shall remember.
When Caesar says 'Do this' it is performed.
CAESAR Set on, and leave no ceremony out. ***Music***
SOOTHSAYER Caesar!
CAESAR Ha? Who calls?
CASCA Bid every noise be still: peace yet again! ***Music stops***
CAESAR Who is it in the press[18] that calls on me?
I hear a tongue shriller than all the music,
Cry 'Caesar!' Speak, Caesar is turned to hear.
SOOTHSAYER Beware the Ides of March.[21]
CAESAR What man is that?
BRUTUS A soothsayer bids you beware the Ides of March.
CAESAR Set him before me: let me see his face.
CASSIUS Fellow, come from the throng: look upon Caesar. ***Soothsayer comes forward***
CAESAR What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.
SOOTHSAYER Beware the Ides of March.
CAESAR He is a dreamer. Let us leave him: pass.

Sennet. Exeunt. Brutus and Cassius remain

CASSIUS Will you go see the order[29] of the course?
BRUTUS Not I.
CASSIUS I pray you do.
BRUTUS I am not gamesome:[32] I do lack some part
Of that quick[33] spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.
CASSIUS Brutus, I do observe you now of late:[36]
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont[38] to have:
You bear[39] too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend, that loves you.
BRUTUS Cassius,
Be not deceived: if[42] I have veiled my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely[44] upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions[45] of some difference,
Conceptions[46] only proper to myself
Which give some soil,[47] perhaps, to my behaviours.
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved —
Among which number, Cassius, be you one —
Nor construe[50] any further my neglect
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows[52] of love to other men.
CASSIUS Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion,
By means whereof[54] this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.[55]
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?
BRUTUS No, Cassius, for the eye sees not itself
But[58] by reflection, by some other things.
CASSIUS 'Tis just,[59]
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn[61]
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow:[63] I have heard,
Where many of[64] the best respect in Rome —

Except immortal Caesar — speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,[66]
Have wished that noble Brutus had his eyes.[67]

BRUTUS Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

CASSIUS Therefore,[71] good Brutus, be prepared to hear:
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I your glass[73]
Will modestly[74] discover to yourself
That[75] of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on[76] me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laughter,[77] or did use
To stale[78] with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester,[79] if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal[81] them, or if you know
That I profess[82] myself in banqueting
To all the rout,[83] then hold me dangerous.

Flourish, and shout

BRUTUS What means this shouting? I do fear the people
Choose Caesar for their king.

CASSIUS Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

BRUTUS I would not, Cassius, yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught[91] toward the general good,
Set[92] honour in one eye, and death i'th'other,
And I will look on both indifferently.[93]
For let the gods so speed[94] me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

CASSIUS I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.[97]
Well, honour is the subject of my story:
I cannot tell what you and other men

Think of this life, but for my single self,
I had as lief[101] not be as live to be
In awe of such[102] a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Caesar, so were you:
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter’s cold as well as he,
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing[107] with her shores,
Caesar said to me, ‘Dar’st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood[109]
And swim to yonder point?’ Upon the word,
Accoutrèd[111] as I was, I plungèd in
And bade[112] him follow: so indeed he did.
The torrent roared, and we did buffet[113] it
With lusty[114] sinews, throwing it aside,
And stemming[115] it with hearts of controversy.
But ere[116] we could arrive the point proposed,
Caesar cried, ‘Help me, Cassius, or I sink!’
I — as Aeneas,[118] our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear — so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Caesar: and this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend[123] his body
If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him I did mark[126]
How he did shake: ’tis true, this god did shake,
His coward lips did from[128] their colour fly,
And that same eye, whose bend[129] doth awe the world,
Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade[131] the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
‘Alas’, it cried, ‘Give me some drink, Titinius’,
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should

So get the start of[136] the majestic world
And bear the palm[137] alone.

Shout. Flourish

BRUTUS Another general shout?
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heaped on Caesar.

CASSIUS Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus,[142] and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time[145] are masters of their fates.
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars[146]
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Caesar: what should be in that ‘Caesar’?
Why should that name be sounded[149] more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name:
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well:
Weigh them, it is as heavy: conjure[152] with ’em,
Brutus will start[153] a spirit as soon as Caesar.
Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat[155] doth this our Caesar feed
That he is grown so great?[156] — Age, thou art shamed! —
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of[157] noble bloods! —
When went there by an age, since the great flood,[158]
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talked of Rome,
That her wide walks encompassed but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room[162] enough
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say
There was a Brutus once[165] that would have brooked
Th’eternal devil to keep his state[166] in Rome
As easily as a king.

BRUTUS That you do love me, I am nothing jealous:[168]
What you would work[169] me to, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this and of these times

I shall recount hereafter. For this present,
I would not — so[172] with love I might entreat you —
Be any further moved.[173] What you have said
I will consider, what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet[176] to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute[179] himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like[181] to lay upon us.
CASSIUS I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.
Enter Caesar and his train
BRUTUS The games are done, and Caesar is returning.
CASSIUS As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve,
And he will, after[186] his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy[187] note today.
BRUTUS I will do so: but look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Caesar’s brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden[190] train:
Calpurnia’s cheek is pale, and Cicero
Looks with such ferret[192] and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol
Being crossed[194] in conference by some senators.
CASSIUS Casca will tell us what the matter is.
CAESAR Antonio.
ANTONY Caesar?
CAESAR Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed[199] men, and such as sleep a-nights.
Yond[200] Cassius has a lean and hungry look:
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.
ANTONY Fear him not, Caesar, he’s not dangerous.
He is a noble Roman, and well given.[203]
CAESAR Would[204] he were fatter! But I fear him not:
Yet if my name[205] were liable to fear,

I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare[207] Cassius. He reads much,
He is a great observer, and he looks[208]
Quite through the deeds of men. He loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony: he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort[211]
As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit
That could be moved to smile at anything.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater[215] than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be feared
Than what I fear, for always I am Caesar.[218]
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

Sennet. Exeunt Caesar and his train

CASCA You pulled me by the cloak: would you speak with me?

BRUTUS Ay, Casca, tell us what hath chanced[222] today
That Caesar looks so sad.[223]

CASCA Why, you were with him, were you not?

BRUTUS I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.

CASCA Why, there was a crown[226] offered him; and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus, and then the people fell a-shouting.

BRUTUS What was the second noise for?

CASCA Why, for that too.

CASSIUS They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

CASCA Why, for that too.

BRUTUS Was the crown offered him thrice?

CASCA Ay, marry,[233] was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting-by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

CASSIUS Who offered him the crown?

CASCA Why, Antony.

BRUTUS Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

CASCA I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it: it was mere[238] foolery, I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown — yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets[240] — and as I told you, he put it by once: but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain[241] have had it. Then he offered it to him again, then he put it by again: but to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by, and still as[243] he refused it, the rabblement[244] hooted, and clapped their chopped hands, and threw up their sweaty nightcaps,[245] and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Caesar refused the crown that it had almost choked Caesar, for he swooned and fell down at it. And for mine own part, I durst[247] not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

CASSIUS But soft,[249] I pray you: what, did Caesar swoon?

CASCA He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

BRUTUS 'Tis very like[252] — he hath the falling sickness.

CASSIUS No, Caesar hath it not: but you, and I,
And honest Casca, we[254] have the falling sickness.

CASCA I know not what you mean by that, but I am sure Caesar fell down. If the tag-rag[256] people did not clap him and hiss him according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use[257] to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

BRUTUS What said he when he came unto himself?

CASCA Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me[260] ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut: an[261] I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would[262] I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said if he had done or said anything amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches where I stood cried 'Alas, good soul!' and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if Caesar had stabbed[266] their mothers, they would have done no less.

BRUTUS And after that he came thus sad away.

CASCA Ay.

CASSIUS Did Cicero say anything?

CASCA Ay, he spoke Greek.

CASSIUS To what effect?

CASCA Nay, and I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i'th'face again. But those that understood him smiled at one another, and shook their heads: but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me.[274] I could tell you more news too: Murellus and Flavius, for pulling scarves off Caesar's images, are put to silence.[275] Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

CASSIUS Will you sup with me tonight, Casca?

CASCA No, I am promised forth.[278]

CASSIUS Will you dine with me tomorrow?

CASCA Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold,[280] and your dinner worth the eating.

CASSIUS Good, I will expect you.

CASCA Do so. Farewell, both.

Exit

BRUTUS What a blunt[283] fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick mettle[284] when he went to school.

CASSIUS So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy[287] form.
This rudeness[288] is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach[289] to digest his words
With better appetite.

BRUTUS And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
Tomorrow if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you:[293] or if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

CASSIUS I will do so. Till then, think of the world.[295]

Exit Brutus

Well, Brutus, thou art noble:[296] yet I see
Thy honourable mettle[297] may be wrought
From that[298] it is disposed: therefore it is meet

That noble minds keep ever with their likes[299]
For who[300] so firm that cannot be seduced?
Caesar doth bear me hard,[301] but he loves Brutus.
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He[303] should not humour me. I will this night
In several hands[304] in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings all tending to[306] the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name — wherein obscurely[307]
Caesar’s ambition shall be glanced[308] at.
And after this let Caesar seat him sure,[309]
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

Exit

[Act 1 Scene 3]

running scene 1 continues

Thunder and lightning. Enter Casca and Cicero

CICERO Good even,[1] Casca. Brought you Caesar home?
Why are you breathless, and why stare you so?

CASCA Are not you moved,[3] when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding[5] winds
Have rived[6] the knotty oaks, and I have seen
Th'ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with[8] the threatening clouds:
But never till tonight, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy[12] with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

CICERO Why, saw you anything more wonderful?[14]

CASCA A common slave — you know him well by sight —
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches joined; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of[18] fire, remained unscorched.
Besides — I ha' not since put up[19] my sword —
Against[20] the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glazed[21] upon me and went surly by
Without annoying[22] me. And there were drawn
Upon[23] a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformèd with their fear, who swore they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night[26] did sit
Even at noonday upon the market-place
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies[28]
Do so conjointly meet,[29] let not men say
'These are their reasons, they are natural',
For I believe they are portentous things

Unto the climate[32] that they point upon.
CICERO Indeed, it is a strange-disposèd time:
But men may construe things after their fashion[34]
Clean[35] from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Caesar to the Capitol tomorrow?
CASCA He doth, for he did bid Antonio
Send word to you he would be there tomorrow.
CICERO Goodnight then, Casca: this disturbèd sky
Is not to walk in.
CASCA Farewell, Cicero.
Exit Cicero
Enter Cassius
CASSIUS Who’s there?
CASCA A Roman.
CASSIUS Casca, by your voice.
CASCA Your ear is good. Cassius, what[45] night is this?
CASSIUS A very pleasing night to honest men.
CASCA Whoever knew the heavens menace so?
CASSIUS Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walked about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night,
And thus unbracèd,[51] Casca, as you see,
Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone:[52]
And when the cross[53] blue lightning seemed to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.
CASCA But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble
When the most mighty gods by tokens[58] send
Such dreadful[59] heralds to astonish us.
CASSIUS You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,[61]
Or else you use not.[62] You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder
To see the strange impatience[64] of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause

Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts, from[67] quality and kind,
Why old men, fools, and children calculate,[68]
Why all these things change from their ordinance[69]
Their natures and preformèd[70] faculties
To monstrous[71] quality, why, you shall find
That heaven hath infused them with these spirits
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.[74]
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night
That thunders, lightens,[77] opens graves and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol:
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action, yet prodigious[80] grown
And fearful,[81] as these strange eruptions are.

CASCA ’Tis Caesar that you mean, is it not, Cassius?

CASSIUS Let it be who it is, for Romans now
Have thews[84] and limbs like to their ancestors;
But woe the while, our fathers’[85] minds are dead,
And we are governed with our mothers’ spirits:
Our yoke and sufferance[87] show us womanish.

CASCA Indeed, they say the senators tomorrow
Mean to establish Caesar as a king,
And he shall wear his crown by[90] sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

CASSIUS I know where I will wear this dagger then:
Cassius from[93] bondage will deliver Cassius.—
Therein,[94] ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat.—
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to[98] the strength of spirit:
But life being weary of these worldly bars[99]
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know[101] this, know all the world besides,

That part of tyranny that I do bear[102]
I can shake off at pleasure.[103]
Thunder still
CASCA So can I:
So every bondman[105] in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.
CASSIUS And why should Caesar be a tyrant then?
Poor man, I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.[110]
Those that with haste will make[111] a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws.[112] What trash is Rome?
What rubbish,[113] and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile[115] a thing as Caesar?— But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman: then I know
My[118] answer must be made. But I am armed,
And dangers are to me indifferent.
CASCA You speak to Casca, and to such a man
That is no fleering[121] tell-tale. Hold, my hand:
Be factious[122] for redress of all these griefs
And I will set[123] this foot of mine as far
As who[124] goes farthest. ***They shake hands***
CASSIUS There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable dangerous consequence;
And I do know by this,[130] they stay for me
In Pompey's porch,[131] for now this fearful night
There is no stir or walking in the streets;
And the complexion[133] of the element
In favour's[134] like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery and most terrible.
Enter Cinna

CASCA Stand close[136] awhile, for here comes one in haste.
CASSIUS ’Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait.
He is a friend.— Cinna, where haste you so?
CINNA To find out you. Who’s that? Metellus Cimber?
CASSIUS No, it is Casca, one incorporate[140]
To our attempts. Am I not stayed[141] for, Cinna?
CINNA I am glad on’t.[142] What a fearful night is this?
There’s two or three of us have seen strange sights.
CASSIUS Am I not stayed for? Tell me.
CINNA Yes, you are.
O Cassius, if you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party—
CASSIUS Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper ***Gives paper***
And look you lay it in the praetor’s[149] chair
Where Brutus may[150] but find it. And throw this
In at his window; set this up[151] with wax
Upon old Brutus’ statue. All this done,
Repair[153] to Pompey’s porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?
CINNA All but Metellus Cimber, and he’s gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,[156]
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.
CASSIUS That done, repair to Pompey’s theatre.—
Exit Cinna
Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.
CASCA O, he sits high in all the people’s hearts:
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance,[165] like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.
CASSIUS Him, and his worth, and our great need of him
You have right well conceited.[168] Let us go,
For it is after midnight, and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him.

Exeunt

[Act 2 Scene 1][2.1]

running scene 2

Enter Brutus in his orchard

BRUTUS What, Lucius, ho?— ***Calls***
I cannot by the progress of the stars
Give guess how near to day.— Lucius, I say!—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When,[5] Lucius, when? Awake, I say: what, Lucius!

Enter Lucius

LUCIUS Called you, my lord?

BRUTUS Get me a taper[7] in my study, Lucius,
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

LUCIUS I will, my lord.

Exit

BRUTUS It must be by his[10] death: and for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn[11] at him
But for the general.[12] He would be crowned:
How that might change his nature, there’s the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,
And that craves[15] wary walking: crown him that,
And then I grant we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
Th’abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse[19] from power: and to speak truth of Caesar,
I have not known when his affections[20] swayed
More than his reason. But ’tis a common proof[21]
That lowliness[22] is young ambition’s ladder
Whereto the climber upward turns his face.
But when he once attains the upmost round,[24]
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees[26]
By which he did ascend: so Caesar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And since the[28] quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,

Fashion[30] it thus: that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg
Which hatched, would as his kind[33] grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Enter Lucius

LUCIUS The taper burneth in your closet,[35] sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus sealed up, and I am sure
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

Gives him the letter

BRUTUS Get you to bed again, it is not day.
Is not tomorrow, boy, the first of March?

LUCIUS I know not, sir.

BRUTUS Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

LUCIUS I will, sir.

Exit

BRUTUS The exhalations[44] whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them.

Opens the letter and reads

'Brutus thou sleep'st. Awake, and see thyself.
Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress.' —
'Brutus, thou sleep'st. Awake!'
Such instigations have been often dropped
Where I have took them up.
'Shall Rome, etc.' Thus must I piece it out:[51]
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What Rome?
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin[54] drive when he was called a king.
'Speak, strike, redress.' Am I entreated
To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition[58] at the hand of Brutus.

Enter Lucius

LUCIUS Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.

Knock within

BRUTUS ’Tis good. Go to the gate: somebody knocks.—
[Exit Lucius]
Since Cassius first did whet[61] me against Caesar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion,[64] all the interim is
Like a phantasma,[65] or a hideous dream:
The genius[66] and the mortal instruments
Are then in council,[67] and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.[69]
Enter Lucius
LUCIUS Sir, ’tis your brother[70] Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.
BRUTUS Is he alone?
LUCIUS No, sir, there are more with him.
BRUTUS Do you know them?
LUCIUS No, sir, their hats are plucked about[75] their ears
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover[77] them
By any mark of favour.[78]
BRUTUS Let ’em enter:—
[Exit Lucius]
They are the faction. O conspiracy,
Sham’st thou to show thy dang’rous brow by night,
When evils are most free?[82] O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage?[84] Seek none, conspiracy,
Hide it in smiles and affability
For if thou[86] path thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus[87] itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.[88]
Enter the conspirators: Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus and Trebonius
CASSIUS I think we are too bold[89] upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus, do we trouble you?

BRUTUS I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?
CASSIUS Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honours you, and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.
BRUTUS He is welcome hither.
CASSIUS This, Decius Brutus.
BRUTUS He is welcome too.
CASSIUS This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.
BRUTUS They are all welcome.
What watchful cares[103] do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?[104]
CASSIUS Shall I entreat a word?
They whisper
DECIUS Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?
CASCA No.
CINNA O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon[108] grey lines
That fret[109] the clouds are messengers of day.
CASCA You shall confess that you are both deceived:[110]
Here, as[111] I point my sword, the sun arises,
Which is a great way growing on[112] the south,
Weighing[113] the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire, and the high east
Stands as the Capitol, directly here.
BRUTUS Give me your hands all over,[117] one by one. ***Comes forward with Cassius***
CASSIUS And let us swear our resolution.
BRUTUS No, not an oath: if not the face of men,[119]
The sufferance[120] of our souls, the time's abuse;
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,[121]
And every man hence to his idle[122] bed.
So let high-sighted[123] tyranny range on
Till each man drop by lottery.[124] But if these —

As I am sure they do — bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel[126] with valour
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress? What other bond
Than[130] secret Romans that have spoke the word
And will not palter?[131] And what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engaged,[132]
That this shall be, or we will fall[133] for it?
Swear[134] priests and cowards, and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions,[135] and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs: unto bad causes swear
Such[137] creatures as men doubt. But do not stain
The even[138] virtue of our enterprise,
Nor th’insuppressive[139] mettle of our spirits,
To think that or[140] our cause or our performance
Did need an oath, when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several[143] bastardy
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath passed from him.

CASSIUS But what of Cicero? Shall we sound[146] him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

CASCA Let us not leave him out.

CINNA No, by no means.

METELLUS O, let us have him, for his silver hairs[150]
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men’s voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said his judgement ruled our hands.
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.[155]

BRUTUS O, name him not: let us not break[156] with him,
For he will never follow anything
That other men begin.

CASSIUS Then leave him out.

CASCA Indeed, he is not fit.

DECIUS Shall no man else be touched,[161] but only Caesar?
CASSIUS Decius, well urged.— I think it is not meet[162]
Mark Antony, so well beloved of Caesar,
Should outlive Caesar. We shall find of him
A shrewd contriver.[165] And you know his means
If he improve[166] them may well stretch so far
As to annoy[167] us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony and Caesar fall together.
BRUTUS Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs —
Like wrath in death and envy[171] afterwards —
For Antony is but a limb of Caesar.
Let’s be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit[174] of Caesar,
And in the spirit[175] of men there is no blood.
O, that we then could come by Caesar’s spirit
And not dismember Caesar! But, alas,
Caesar must bleed for it. And, gentle friends,
Let’s kill him boldly, but not wrathfully:
Let’s carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds.
And let our hearts, as subtle[182] masters do,
Stir up[183] their servants to an act of rage
And after seem to chide[184] ’em. This shall make
Our purpose[185] necessary, and not envious,
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be called purgers,[187] not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him,
For he can do no more than Caesar’s arm
When Caesar’s head is off.
CASSIUS Yet I fear him,
For in the ingrafted[192] love he bears to Caesar —
BRUTUS Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Caesar, all that he can do
Is to himself; take thought[195] and die for Caesar.
And that[196] were much he should, for he is given

To sports, to wildness and much company.
TREBONIUS There is no fear[198] in him; let him not die,
For he will live and laugh at this hereafter.
Clock strikes
BRUTUS Peace! Count the clock.
CASSIUS The clock hath stricken three.
TREBONIUS ’Tis time to part.
CASSIUS But it is doubtful yet
Whether Caesar will come forth today or no,
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main[206] opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies.[207]
It may be these apparent[208] prodigies,
The unaccustomed terror of this night
And the persuasion of his augurers,[210]
May hold him from the Capitol today.
DECIUS Never fear that. If he be so resolved,
I can o’ersway him,[213] for he loves to hear
That unicorns[214] may be betrayed with trees,
And bears with glasses,[215] elephants with holes,
Lions with toils[216] and men with flatterers.
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered.
Let me work,
For I can give his humour[220] the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.
CASSIUS Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.
BRUTUS By the eighth hour. Is that the uttermost?[223]
CINNA Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.
METELLUS Caius Ligarius doth bear Caesar hard,[225]
Who rated[226] him for speaking well of Pompey.
I wonder none of you have thought of him.
BRUTUS Now, good Metellus, go along by[228] him:
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons.[229]
Send him but hither and I’ll fashion him.[230]
CASSIUS The morning comes upon’s:[231] we’ll leave you, Brutus.—

And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.
BRUTUS Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily.
Let not our looks put on[235] our purposes,
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untired[237] spirits and formal constancy.
And so good morrow to you every one.—
Exeunt. Brutus remains
Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? It is no matter. ***Calls***
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures,[241] nor no fantasies
Which busy[242] care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep’st so sound.
Enter Portia
PORTIA Brutus, my lord.
BRUTUS Portia, what mean you?[245] Wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.
PORTIA Nor for yours neither. You’ve ungently,[248] Brutus,
Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walked about,
Musing, and sighing, with your arms a-cross:[251]
And when I asked you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks.
I urged you further, then you scratched your head,
And too impatiently stamped with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answered not,
But with an angry wafture[257] of your hand
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seemed too much enkindled, and withal[260]
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,[261]
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And could it work so much upon your shape[264]
As it hath much prevailed on your condition,[265]

I should not know[266] you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.
BRUTUS I am not well in health, and that is all.
PORTIA Brutus is wise, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.
BRUTUS Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.
PORTIA Is Brutus sick? And is it physical
To walk unbracèd,[273] and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick?
And will he steal out of his wholesome[275] bed
To dare[276] the vile contagion of the night?
And tempt the rheumy[277] and unpurgèd air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus,
You have some sick offence[279] within your mind
Which by the right and virtue of my place[280]
I ought to know of: and upon my knees ***Kneels***
I charm[282] you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love and that great vow[283]
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold[285] to me, your self, your half,
Why you are heavy,[286] and what men tonight
Have had to resort to[287] you, for here have been
Some six or seven who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.
BRUTUS Kneel not, gentle Portia. ***Raises her?***
PORTIA I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus. ***Rises***
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted[293] I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I your self
But as it were in[295] sort or limitation?
To keep[296] with you at meals, comfort your bed
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs[297]
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot,[299] not his wife.
BRUTUS You are my true and honourable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops[301]

That visit my sad heart.
PORTIA If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman well-reputed, Cato's[307] daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex
Being so fathered and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels,[310] I will not disclose 'em.
I have made strong proof of my constancy,[311]
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here in the thigh: can I bear that with patience
And not my husband's secrets?
BRUTUS O ye gods!
Render me worthy of this noble wife!
Knock
Hark, hark one knocks. Portia, go in awhile,
And by and by[318] thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe[320] to thee,
All the charactery[321] of my sad brows:
Leave me with haste.—
Exit Portia
Lucius, who's that knocks? ***Calls***
Enter Lucius and Ligarius ***Ligarius wears a kerchief***
LUCIUS Here is a sick man that would speak with you.
BRUTUS Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—
Boy, stand aside.— Caius Ligarius, how?
LIGARIUS Vouchsafe[327] good morrow from a feeble tongue.
BRUTUS O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief? Would you were not sick!
LIGARIUS I am not sick if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.
BRUTUS Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.
LIGARIUS By all the gods that Romans bow before,

I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome, ***Takes off the kerchief***
Brave son, derived from honourable loins,
Thou like an exorcist[337] hast conjured up
My mortified[338] spirit. Now bid me run
And I will strive[339] with things impossible,
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?
BRUTUS A piece of work that will make sick men whole.[341]
LIGARIUS But are not some whole that we must make sick?
BRUTUS That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee as we are going
To whom[345] it must be done.
LIGARIUS Set[346] on your foot,
And with a heart new-fired I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.
Thunder
BRUTUS Follow me, then.
Exeunt

[Act 2 Scene 2][2.2]

running scene 3

Thunder and lightning. Enter Julius Caesar in his nightgown

CAESAR Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace tonight:
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
‘Help, ho! They murder Caesar!’ Who’s within?

Enter a Servant

SERVANT My lord?

CAESAR Go bid the priests do present[5] sacrifice
And bring me their opinions[6] of success.

SERVANT I will, my lord.

Exit

Enter Calpurnia

CALPURNIA What mean you, Caesar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house today.

CAESAR Caesar shall forth. The things that threatened me
Ne’er looked but on my back: when they shall see
The face of Caesar, they are vanishèd.

CALPURNIA Caesar, I never stood on[13] ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.[16]
A lioness hath whelpèd[17] in the streets,
And graves have yawned,[18] and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors[19] fight upon the clouds
In ranks and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled[22] in the air,
Horses do neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts[24] did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Caesar, these things are beyond all use,[25]
And I do fear them.

CAESAR What can be avoided
Whose end[28] is purposed by the mighty gods?

Yet Caesar shall go forth, for these predictions
Are to[30] the world in general as to Caesar.
CALPURNIA When beggars die there are no comets seen:
The heavens themselves blaze forth[32] the death of princes.
CAESAR Cowards die many times before their deaths,
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear,
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.
Enter a Servant
What say the augurers?
SERVANT They would not have you to stir forth today.
Plucking the entrails of[41] an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.
CAESAR The gods do this in shame of[43] cowardice:
Caesar should be a beast without a heart
If he should stay at home today for fear.
No, Caesar shall not. Danger knows full well
That Caesar is more dangerous than he.
We are two lions littered[48] in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible,
And Caesar shall go forth.
CALPURNIA Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in[52] confidence.
Do not go forth today: call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate house,
And he shall say you are not well today.
Let me upon my knee prevail in this. ***Kneels***
CAESAR Mark Antony shall say I am not well,
And for thy humour[59] I will stay at home. ***Raises her?***
Enter Decius
Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.
DECIUS Caesar, all hail. Good morrow, worthy Caesar,
I come to fetch you to the senate house.

CAESAR And you are come in very happy[63] time
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them that I will not come today:
Cannot is false, and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come today. Tell them so, Decius.
CALPURNIA Say he is sick.
CAESAR Shall Caesar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretched mine arm so far
To be afeared to tell greybeards[71] the truth?
Decius, go tell them Caesar will not come.
DECIUS Most mighty Caesar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laughed at when I tell them so.
CAESAR The cause is in my will, I will not come,
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays[79] me at home:
She dreamt tonight she saw my statue,
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood, and many lusty[82] Romans
Came smiling and did bathe their hands in it.
And these does she apply for[84] warnings and portents
And evils imminent, and on her knee
Hath begged that I will stay at home today.
DECIUS This dream is all amiss[87] interpreted.
It was a vision, fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press[92]
For tinctures, stains, relics[93] and cognizance.
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.
CAESAR And this way have you well expounded it.
DECIUS I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now, the senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Caesar.

If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were[100] a mock
Apt to be rendered, for someone to say,
‘Break up the senate till another time
When Caesar’s wife shall meet with better dreams.’
If Caesar hide himself, shall they not whisper
‘Lo, Caesar is afraid’?
Pardon me, Caesar, for my dear, dear love
To our proceeding bids me tell you this,
And reason[108] to my love is liable.

CAESAR How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia?
I am ashamèd I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go.

Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius, Cinna and Publius

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

PUBLIUS Good morrow, Caesar.

CAESAR Welcome, Publius.—
What, Brutus, are you stirred so early too?—
Good morrow, Casca.— Caius Ligarius,
Caesar was ne’er so much your enemy
As that same ague[118] which hath made you lean.—
What is’t o’clock?

BRUTUS Caesar, ’tis strucken eight.

CAESAR I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter Antony

See, Antony, that revels long o’nights,
Is notwithstanding up.[123]— Good morrow, Antony.

ANTONY So to most noble Caesar.

CAESAR Bid them prepare within: ***To Calpurnia or to a Servant***
I am to blame to be thus waited for.— [*Exit Calpurnia or a Servant*]
Now, Cinna, now, Metellus, what, Trebonius,
I have an hour’s talk in store for you.
Remember that you call on me today:
Be near me, that I may remember[130] you.

TREBONIUS Caesar, I will:— and so near will I be ***Aside***

That your best friends shall wish I had been further.
CAESAR Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me,
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.
BRUTUS That[135] every like is not the same, O Caesar, ***Aside***
The heart of Brutus earns[136] to think upon. *Exeunt*

[Act 2 Scene 3][2.3]

running scene 4

Enter Artemidorus ***Reading a paper***

ARTEMIDORUS ‘Caesar, beware of Brutus, take heed of Cassius, come not near Casca, have an eye to Cinna, trust not Trebonius, mark well Metellus Cimber, Decius Brutus loves thee not, thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent[4] against Caesar. If thou be’st not immortal, look about you: security[5] gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee. Thy lover, Artemidorus.’

Here will I stand till Caesar pass along,
And as a suitor[8] will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of[10] the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Caesar, thou mayst live;
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.[12]

Exit

[Act 2 Scene 4][2.4]

running scene 5

Enter Portia and Lucius

PORTIA I prithee, boy, run to the senate house.
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay?

LUCIUS To know my errand, madam.

PORTIA I would have had thee there and here again
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.—
O constancy,[7] be strong upon my side, ***Aside***
Set a huge mountain ’tween my heart and tongue:
I have a man’s[9] mind, but a woman’s might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel.[10]—
Art thou here yet?

LUCIUS Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

PORTIA Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note[16]
What Caesar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy, what noise is that?

LUCIUS I hear none, madam.

PORTIA Prithee listen well:
I heard a bustling rumour[21] like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

LUCIUS Sooth,[23] madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer

PORTIA Come hither, fellow. Which way hast thou been?

SOOTHSAYER At mine own house, good lady.

PORTIA What is’t o’clock?

SOOTHSAYER About the ninth hour, lady.

PORTIA Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitol?

SOOTHSAYER Madam, not yet. I go to take my stand
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

PORTIA Thou hast some suit[31] to Caesar, hast thou not?
SOOTHSAYER That I have, lady, if it will please Caesar
To be so good to Caesar as to hear me:
I shall beseech him to befriend[34] himself.
PORTIA Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?
SOOTHSAYER None that I know will be
Much that I fear may chance.
Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Caesar at the heels,
Of senators, of praetors,[40] common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void,[42] and there
Speak to great Caesar as he comes along.
Exit
PORTIA I must go in. Ay me! How weak a thing
The heart of woman is.— O Brutus,
The heavens speed[46] thee in thine enterprise.—
Sure, the boy heard me. Brutus hath a suit
That Caesar will not grant. O, I grow faint.—
Run, Lucius, and commend me[49] to my lord,
Say I am merry. Come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.
Exeunt [separately]

Act 3 [Scene 1][3.1]

running scene 6

Flourish. Enter Caesar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Artemidorus, Publius [Popilius Lena] and the Soothsayer

CAESAR The Ides of March are come. ***To the Soothsayer***
SOOTHSAYER Ay, Caesar, but not gone.
ARTEMIDORUS Hail, Caesar. Read this schedule.[3]
DECIUS Trebonius doth desire you to o'erread[4] —
At your best leisure — this his humble suit.
ARTEMIDORUS O Caesar, read mine first, for mine's a suit
That touches Caesar nearer.[7] Read it, great Caesar.
CAESAR What touches us ourself shall be last served.[8]
ARTEMIDORUS Delay not, Caesar, read it instantly.
CAESAR What, is the fellow mad?
PUBLIUS Sirrah,[11] give place. ***To Artemidorus***
CASSIUS What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol. ***Caesar and his train move on***
POPILIUS I wish your enterprise today may thrive. ***To Cassius***
CASSIUS What enterprise, Popilius?
POPILIUS Fare you well. ***Moves toward Caesar***
BRUTUS What said Popilius Lena?
CASSIUS He wished today our enterprise might thrive:
I fear our purpose is discoverèd.
BRUTUS Look how he makes to[20] Caesar: mark him.
CASSIUS Casca, be sudden,[21] for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Caesar never shall turn back,[23]
For I will slay myself.
BRUTUS Cassius, be constant:[25]
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes,
For look, he smiles, and Caesar[27] doth not change.
CASSIUS Trebonius knows his time: for look you, Brutus.
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[Exeunt Antony and Trebonius]
DECIUS Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go ***Caesar sits?***
And presently prefer[31] his suit to Caesar.
BRUTUS He is addressed:[32] press near and second him.
CINNA Casca, you are the first that rears[33] your hand.
CAESAR Are we all ready? What is now amiss
That Caesar and his senate must redress?
METELLUS Most high, most mighty and most puissant[36] Caesar, ***Comes forward***
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat[37] ***Kneels***
An humble heart—
CAESAR I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings[40] and these lowly courtesies
Might fire[41] the blood of ordinary men,
And turn[42] pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the lane of children. Be not fond[43]
To think that Caesar bears such rebel blood[44]
That will be thawed from the true quality[45]
With that which melteth fools — I mean sweet[46] words,
Low-crookèd[47] curtsies and base spaniel-fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banishèd:
If thou dost bend and pray[49] and fawn for him,
I spurn[50] thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause[51]
Will he be satisfied.[52]
METELLUS Is there no voice more worthy than my own
To sound more sweetly in great Caesar's ear
For the repealing[55] of my banished brother?
BRUTUS I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Caesar, ***Kneels***
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.[58]
CAESAR What, Brutus?
CASSIUS Pardon, Caesar: Caesar, pardon.
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall, ***Kneels***
To beg enfranchisement[62] for Publius Cimber.
CAESAR I could be well moved if I were as you:

If I could pray to move,[64] prayers would move me.
But I am constant as the northern star,[65]
Of whose true-fixed and resting[66] quality
There is no fellow[67] in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks,[68]
They are all fire and every one doth shine:
But there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So in the world: 'tis furnished well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;[72]
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds[74] on his rank,
Unshaked of motion.[75] And that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this:
That I was constant Cimber should be banished,
And constant do remain to keep him so.
CINNA O Caesar— ***Kneels***
CAESAR Hence.[80] Wilt thou lift up Olympus?
DECIUS Great Caesar— ***About to kneel***
CAESAR Doth not Brutus bootless[82] kneel?
CASCA Speak hands[83] for me!
They stab Caesar ***Casca first, Brutus last***
CAESAR *Et tu, Bruté?*[84]— Then fall, Caesar. *Dies*
CINNA Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.
CASSIUS Some to the common pulpits[87] and cry out ***In the ensuing tumult, exeunt all but the conspirators***
'Liberty, freedom and enfranchisement!' ***and Publius***
BRUTUS People and senators, be not affrighted.[89]
Fly not, stand still: ambition's[90] debt is paid.
CASCA Go to the pulpit, Brutus.
DECIUS And Cassius too.
BRUTUS Where's Publius?
CINNA Here, quite confounded with[94] this mutiny.
METELLUS Stand fast[95] together, lest some friend of Caesar's
Should chance—
BRUTUS Talk not of standing.[97] Publius, good cheer:

There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.
CASSIUS And leave us, Publius, lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age[101] some mischief.
BRUTUS Do so, and let no man abide[102] this deed
But we the doers.
[Exit Publius]
Enter Trebonius
CASSIUS Where is Antony?
TREBONIUS Fled to his house amazed.[105]
Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run
As[107] it were doomsday.
BRUTUS Fates, we will know your pleasures.[108]
That we shall die we know: ’tis but the time[109]
And drawing days out[110] that men stand upon.
CASCA Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.
BRUTUS Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Caesar’s friends that have abridged
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Caesar’s blood
Up to the elbows and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,[118] ***They smear their hands and weapons with Caesar’s blood***
And waving our red weapons o’er our heads,
Let’s all cry ‘Peace, freedom and liberty!’
CASSIUS Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,[122]
In states unborn and accents[123] yet unknown?
BRUTUS How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport
That now on Pompey’s basis[125] lies along
No worthier than the dust?
CASSIUS So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot[128] of us be called
The men that gave their country liberty.
DECIUS What, shall we forth?

CASSIUS Ay, every man away.
Brutus shall lead, and we will grace[132] his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant

BRUTUS Soft,[134] who comes here? A friend of Antony's.
SERVANT Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel, ***Kneels***
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down,
And being prostrate thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant and honest;[138]
Caesar was mighty, bold, royal and loving.
Say I love Brutus and I honour him,
Say I feared[141] Caesar, honoured him and loved him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe[142] that Antony
May safely come to him and be resolved[143]
How Caesar hath deserved to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Caesar dead
So well as Brutus living, but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough[148] the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith.[149] So says my master Antony.
BRUTUS Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman:
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied,[153] and by my honour
Depart untouched.[154]
SERVANT I'll fetch him presently.[155]

Exit Servant

BRUTUS I know that we shall have him well to[156] friend.
CASSIUS I wish[157] we may: but yet have I a mind
That fears[158] him much, and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Enter Antony

BRUTUS But here comes Antony.— Welcome, Mark Antony.
ANTONY O mighty Caesar! Dost thou lie so low? ***To the body***
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,[162]
Shrunk to this little measure?[163] Fare thee well.—

I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood,[165] who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Caesar's death's hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled[171] hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live[172] a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt[173] to die.
No place will please me so, no mean[174] of death,
As here by Caesar, and by you cut off,[175]
The choice[176] and master spirits of this age.

BRUTUS O Antony! Beg not your death of us:
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As by our hands and this our present act
You see we do, yet see you but[180] our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not: they are pitiful,[182]
And pity to the general wrong of Rome —
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity[184] —
Hath done this deed on Caesar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden[186] points, Mark Antony:
Our arms in[187] strength of malice, and our hearts
Of brothers' temper,[188] do receive you in
With all kind[189] love, good thoughts and reverence.

CASSIUS Your voice[190] shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing[191] of new dignities.

BRUTUS Only be patient till we have appeased
The multitude,[193] beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you[194] the cause
Why I, that did love Caesar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.[196]

ANTONY I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render[198] me his bloody hand.— ***Shakes hands with each of them in turn***

First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;—
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;—
Now, Decius Brutus, yours;— now yours, Metellus;—
Yours, Cinna;— and my valiant Casca, yours;—
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.—
Gentlemen all: alas, what shall I say?
My credit[205] now stands on such slipp’ry ground
That one of two bad ways you must conceit[206] me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.—
That I did love thee, Caesar, O, ’tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer[210] than thy death
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes?
Most noble[213] in the presence of thy corpse,
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become[216] me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bayed,[218] brave hart,
Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand
Signed in[220] thy spoil and crimsoned in thy Lethe.—
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart,
And this[222] indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—
How like a deer, strucken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie?
CASSIUS Mark Antony—
ANTONY Pardon me, Caius Cassius.
The enemies[227] of Caesar shall say this:
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.[228]
CASSIUS I blame you not for praising Caesar so,
But what compact[230] mean you to have with us?
Will you be pricked[231] in number of our friends,
Or shall we on,[232] and not depend on you?
ANTONY Therefore[233] I took your hands, but was indeed
Swayed from the point by looking down on Caesar.

Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Caesar was dangerous.
BRUTUS Or else[238] were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard[239]
That were you, Antony, the son of Caesar,
You should be satisfied.
ANTONY That's all I seek,
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce[244] his body to the market-place,
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order[246] of his funeral.
BRUTUS You shall, Mark Antony.
CASSIUS Brutus, a word with you.
You know not what you do. Do not consent ***Aside to Brutus***
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be moved
By that which he will utter.
BRUTUS By your pardon: ***Aside to Cassius***
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Caesar's death.
What Antony shall speak, I will protest[256]
He speaks by leave[257] and by permission,
And that we are contented Caesar shall
Have all true rites[259] and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.
CASSIUS I know not what may fall.[261] I like it not. ***Aside to Brutus***
BRUTUS Mark Antony, here take you Caesar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Caesar,
And say you do't by our permission:
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About[267] his funeral. And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.
ANTONY Be it so:

I do desire no more.
BRUTUS Prepare the body then, and follow us.
Exeunt. Antony remains
ANTONY O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth, ***To Caesar's body***
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers.
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever livèd in the tide of times.[276]
Woe to the hand that shed this costly[277] blood.
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy —
Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue —
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men:
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber[283] all the parts of Italy:
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,[284]
And dreadful objects[285] so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quartered[287] with the hands of war:
All pity choked with custom of[288] fell deeds,
And Caesar's spirit ranging[289] for revenge,
With Ate[290] by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines,[291] with a monarch's voice
Cry havoc[292] and let slip the dogs of war,
That[293] this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With[294] carrion men, groaning for burial.—
Enter Octavius' Servant
You serve Octavius Caesar, do you not?
SERVANT I do, Mark Antony.
ANTONY Caesar did write for him to come to Rome.
SERVANT He did receive his letters and is coming,
And bid me say to you by word of mouth—
O Caesar! ***Sees the body***
ANTONY Thy heart is big:[301] get thee apart and weep.
Passion,[302] I see, is catching, for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

SERVANT He lies tonight within seven leagues[305] of Rome.
ANTONY Post[306] back with speed and tell him what hath chanced:
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet.
Hie hence,[309] and tell him so. Yet stay awhile.
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corpse
Into the market-place: there shall I try[311]
In my oration how the people take
The cruel issue[313] of these bloody men,
According to the which[314] thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.

Exeunt ***With the body***

[Act 3 Scene 2][3.2]

running scene 7

Enter Brutus and goes into the pulpit, and Cassius with the Plebeians

PLEBEIANS We will be satisfied: let us be satisfied.

BRUTUS Then follow me, and give me audience,[2] friends.
Cassius, go you into the other street
And part the numbers:[4]
Those that will hear me speak, let ’em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him
And public[7] reasons shall be renderèd
Of Caesar’s death.

FIRST PLEBEIAN I will hear Brutus speak.

SECOND PLEBEIAN I will hear Cassius, and compare their reasons
When severally[11] we hear them renderèd.

[Exit Cassius, with some of the Plebeians]

THIRD PLEBEIAN The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

BRUTUS Be patient till the last.[13] Romans, countrymen, and lovers,[14] hear me for my cause and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for[15] mine honour and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe. Censure[16] me in your wisdom and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar’s, to him I say that Brutus’ love to Caesar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer: not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living, and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men? As Caesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears, for his love: joy, for his fortune: honour, for his valour: and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so rude,[26] that would not be a Roman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so vile,[27] that will not love his country? If any, speak, for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

ALL None, Brutus, none.

BRUTUS Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Caesar, than you shall do to Brutus. The question of[31] his death is enrolled in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated,[32] wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter Mark Antony with Caesar's body

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place[35] in the commonwealth, as which of you shall not? With this I depart, that as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death. ***Comes down from the pulpit***

ALL Live Brutus, live, live!

FIRST PLEBEIAN Bring him with triumph[40] home unto his house.

SECOND PLEBEIAN[41] Give him a statue with his ancestors.

THIRD PLEBEIAN Let him be Caesar.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN Caesar's better parts[43]
Shall be crowned[44] in Brutus.

FIRST PLEBEIAN We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

BRUTUS My countrymen—

SECOND PLEBEIAN Peace, silence, Brutus speaks.

FIRST PLEBEIAN Peace, ho.

BRUTUS Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to[51] Caesar's corpse and grace his speech
Tending[52] to Caesar's glories, which Mark Antony —
By our permission — is allowed to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

Exit

FIRST PLEBEIAN Stay, ho, and let us hear Mark Antony.

THIRD PLEBEIAN Let him go up into the public chair.[57]
We'll hear him.— Noble Antony, go up.
ANTONY For Brutus' sake I am beholding[59] to you. ***Goes into the pulpit***
FOURTH PLEBEIAN What does he say of Brutus?
THIRD PLEBEIAN He says, for Brutus' sake
He finds himself beholding to us all.
FOURTH PLEBEIAN 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.
FIRST PLEBEIAN This Caesar was a tyrant.
THIRD PLEBEIAN Nay, that's certain:
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.
SECOND PLEBEIAN Peace, let us hear what Antony can say.
ANTONY You gentle Romans.
ALL Peace, ho, let us hear him.
ANTONY Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears:
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them:
The good is oft interrèd[73] with their bones.
So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Caesar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Caesar answered[77] it.
Here, under leave[78] of Brutus and the rest —
For Brutus is an honourable man:
So are they all, all honourable men —
Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says, he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers[86] fill:
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see, that on the Lupercal,

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious,
And sure he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am, to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him?—
O judgement! Thou art fled to brutish beasts
And men have lost their reason.— Bear with me:
My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

FIRST PLEBEIAN Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

SECOND PLEBEIAN If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Caesar has had great wrong.

THIRD PLEBEIAN Has he, masters?[108]
I fear there will a worse[109] come in his place.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN Marked ye his words? He would not take the crown:
Therefore ’tis certain he was not ambitious.

FIRST PLEBEIAN If it be found so, some will dear abide it.[112]

SECOND PLEBEIAN Poor soul, his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

THIRD PLEBEIAN There’s not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

ANTONY But[116] yesterday the word of Caesar might
Have stood against[117] the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor[118] to do him reverence.
O masters! If I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who — you all know — are honourable men.
I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here’s a parchment, with the seal of Caesar. ***Shows the will***
I found it in his closet:[127] ’tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament —

Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read —
And they would go and kiss dead Caesar’s wounds,
And dip[131] their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.[135]
FOURTH PLEBEIAN We’ll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony.
ALL The will, the will! We will hear Caesar’s will.
ANTONY Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it.
It is not meet[139] you know how Caesar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men:
And being men, hearing the will of Caesar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad;
’Tis good you know not that you are his heirs,
For if you should, O, what would come of it!
FOURTH PLEBEIAN Read the will. We’ll hear it, Antony.
You shall read us the will, Caesar’s will.
ANTONY Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?
I have o’ershot myself[148] to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabbed Caesar: I do fear it.
FOURTH PLEBEIAN They were traitors: honourable men?
ALL The will, the testament!
SECOND PLEBEIAN They were villains, murderers. The will, read the will.
ANTONY You will compel me then to read the will:
Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?
ALL Come down.
SECOND PLEBEIAN Descend.
THIRD PLEBEIAN You shall have leave. ***Antony comes down***
FOURTH PLEBEIAN A ring. Stand round.
FIRST PLEBEIAN Stand from[162] the hearse, stand from the body.
SECOND PLEBEIAN Room for Antony, most noble Antony.
ANTONY Nay, press not so upon me. Stand far[164] off.

ALL Stand back: room, bear back.
ANTONY If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle.[167] I remember
The first time ever Caesar put it on.
’Twas on a summer’s evening in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.[170]
Look, in this place ran Cassius’ dagger through:
See what a rent[172] the envious Casca made:
Through this, the well-belovèd Brutus stabbed,
And as he plucked his cursèd steel away,
Mark how the blood of Caesar followed it,
As[176] rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly[177] knocked or no,
For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar’s angel.[178]—
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved him.—
This was the most unkindest cut of all.
For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors’ arms,
Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart,
And in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey’s statue —
Which all the while ran blood — great Caesar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished[189] over us.
O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint[191] of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what weep you when you but behold
Our Caesar’s vesture[193] wounded? Look you here, ***Uncovers the body***
Here is himself, marred[194] as you see with traitors.
FIRST PLEBEIAN O, piteous spectacle!
SECOND PLEBEIAN O noble Caesar!
THIRD PLEBEIAN O, woeful day!
FOURTH PLEBEIAN O, traitors, villains!
FIRST PLEBEIAN O, most bloody sight!
SECOND PLEBEIAN We will be revenged.

ALL Revenge! About![201] Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay!
Let not a traitor live!
ANTONY Stay, countrymen.
FIRST PLEBEIAN Peace there, hear the noble Antony.
SECOND PLEBEIAN We’ll hear him, we’ll follow him, we’ll die with him.
ANTONY Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny:
They that have done this deed are honourable.
What private griefs[209] they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honourable
And will no doubt with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator,[213] as Brutus is;
But as you know me all a plain blunt[214] man
That love my friend, and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him,
For I have neither wit,[217] nor words, nor worth,
Action,[218] nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men’s blood. I only speak right on:[219]
I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
Show you sweet Caesar’s wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,[222]
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up[224] your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Caesar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.
ALL We’ll mutiny.
FIRST PLEBEIAN We’ll burn the house of Brutus.
THIRD PLEBEIAN Away, then, come, seek the conspirators.
ANTONY Yet hear me, countrymen, yet hear me speak.
ALL Peace ho, hear Antony, most noble Antony.
ANTONY Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein[233] hath Caesar thus deserved your loves?
Alas, you know not. I must tell you then:
You have forgot the will I told you of.
ALL Most true. The will: let’s stay and hear the will.

ANTONY Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several[239] man, seventy-five drachmas.
SECOND PLEBEIAN Most noble Caesar, we'll revenge his death.
THIRD PLEBEIAN O royal Caesar.
ANTONY Hear me with patience.
ALL Peace ho.
ANTONY Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours and new-planted orchards,[245]
On this side Tiber. He hath left them you
And to your heirs for ever: common pleasures[247]
To walk abroad and recreate[248] yourselves.
Here was a Caesar: when comes such another?
FIRST PLEBEIAN Never, never. Come, away, away:
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands[252] fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.
SECOND PLEBEIAN Go fetch fire.
THIRD PLEBEIAN Pluck down benches.
FOURTH PLEBEIAN Pluck down forms,[256] windows, anything.
Exeunt Plebeians ***With the body***
ANTONY Now let it work. Mischief,[257] thou art afoot:
Take thou what course thou wilt.—
Enter Servant
How now, fellow?
SERVANT Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.
ANTONY Where is he?
SERVANT He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.
ANTONY And thither will I straight,[262] to visit him:
He comes upon a wish.[263] Fortune is merry
And in this mood will give us anything.
SERVANT I heard him say Brutus and Cassius
Are rid[266] like madmen through the gates of Rome.
ANTONY Belike[267] they had some notice of the people
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.
Exeunt

[Act 3 Scene 3][3.3]

running scene 7 continues

Enter Cinna the poet, and after him the Plebeians

CINNA I dreamt tonight[1] that I did feast with Caesar,
And things unluckily[2] charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth[3] of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

FIRST PLEBEIAN What is your name?

SECOND PLEBEIAN Whither are you going?

THIRD PLEBEIAN Where do you dwell?

FOURTH PLEBEIAN Are you a married man or a bachelor?

SECOND PLEBEIAN Answer every man directly.[9]

FIRST PLEBEIAN Ay, and briefly.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN Ay, and wisely.

THIRD PLEBEIAN Ay, and truly, you were best.

CINNA What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say I am a bachelor.

SECOND PLEBEIAN That's as much as to say they are fools that marry: you'll bear[16] me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed, directly.

CINNA Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral.

FIRST PLEBEIAN As a friend or an enemy?

CINNA As a friend.

SECOND PLEBEIAN That matter is answered directly.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN For your dwelling, briefly.

CINNA Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

THIRD PLEBEIAN Your name, sir, truly.

CINNA Truly, my name is Cinna.

FIRST PLEBEIAN Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.[26]

CINNA I am Cinna the Poet, I am Cinna the Poet.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

CINNA I am not Cinna the conspirator.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN It is no matter, his name's Cinna. Pluck[30] but his name out of his heart and turn him going.[31]

THIRD PLEBEIAN Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! Fire-brands! To Brutus', to ***They attack Cinna***
Cassius', burn all! Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius'! Away, go!

Exeunt all the Plebeians [dragging Cinna]

[Act 4 Scene 1][4.1]

running scene 8

Enter Antony, Octavius and Lepidus

ANTONY These many, then, shall die: their names are pricked.[1] ***Shows a list***
OCTAVIUS Your brother[2] too must die: consent you, Lepidus?
LEPIDUS I do consent.
OCTAVIUS Prick him down, Antony.
LEPIDUS Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.
ANTONY He shall not live; look, with a spot[7] I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Caesar's house:
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut[10] off some charge in legacies.
LEPIDUS What, shall I find you here?
OCTAVIUS Or[12] here, or at the Capitol.

Exit Lepidus

ANTONY This is a slight[13] unmeritable man,
Meet[14] to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The[15] three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?
OCTAVIUS So you thought him,
And took his voice[18] who should be pricked to die
In our black sentence[19] and proscription.
ANTONY Octavius, I have[20] seen more days than you,
And though we lay these honours on this man
To ease ourselves of divers sland'rous loads,[22]
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,[24]
Either led or driven, as we point the way:
And having brought our treasure where we will,[26]
Then take we down his load, and turn him off[27] —
Like to the empty[28] ass — to shake his ears
And graze in commons.[29]

OCTAVIUS You may do your will:
But he’s a tried[31] and valiant soldier.
ANTONY So is my horse, Octavius, and for that
I do appoint[33] him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind,[35] to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal[36] motion governed by my spirit,
And, in some taste,[37] is Lepidus but so:
He must be taught, and trained, and bid go forth —
A barren-spirited[39] fellow; one that feeds
On objects,[40] arts and imitations
Which, out of use and staled[41] by other men,
Begin his fashion.[42] Do not talk of him
But as a property.[43] And now, Octavius,
Listen[44] great things. Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers.[45] We must straight make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combined,[46]
Our best friends made,[47] our means stretched,
And let us presently[48] go sit in counsel,
How covert[49] matters may be best disclosed,
And open[50] perils surest answerèd.
OCTAVIUS Let us do so, for we are at the stake[51]
And bayed about[52] with many enemies,
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs.[54]
Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 2][4.2]

running scene 9

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius and the army. Titinius and Pindarus meet them

BRUTUS Stand ho.[1]
LUCILIUS Give[2] the word, ho, and stand.
BRUTUS What now, Lucilius, is Cassius near?
LUCILIUS He is at hand, and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.[5]
BRUTUS He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change,[7] or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy[8] cause to wish
Things done, undone: but if he be at hand
I shall be satisfied.[10]
PINDARUS I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard[13] and honour.
BRUTUS He is not doubted.— A word, Lucilius. ***Brutus and Lucilius speak apart***
How he[15] received you: let me be resolved.
LUCILIUS With courtesy and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar instances,[17]
Nor with such free and friendly conference[18]
As he hath used of old.
BRUTUS Thou hast described
A hot[21] friend, cooling: ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay
It useth[23] an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow[25] men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant[26] show, and promise of their mettle:
Low march within
But when they should endure the bloody[27] spur,
They fall[28] their crests, and like deceitful jades
Sink[29] in the trial. Comes his army on?

LUCILIUS They mean this night in Sardis to be quartered:[30]
The greater part, the horse in general,[31]
Are come with Cassius.

Enter Cassius and his powers

BRUTUS Hark, he is arrived:
March gently[34] on to meet him.

CASSIUS Stand ho.

BRUTUS Stand ho. Speak the word along.

FIRST SOLDIER Stand.

SECOND SOLDIER Stand.

THIRD SOLDIER Stand.

CASSIUS Most noble brother,[40] you have done me wrong.

BRUTUS Judge me, you gods; wrong I mine enemies?
And if not so, how should[42] I wrong a brother?

CASSIUS Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs,
And when you do them—

BRUTUS Cassius, be content.
Speak your griefs[46] softly. I do know you well:
Before the eyes of both our armies here —
Which should perceive nothing but love from us —
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away:
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge[50] your griefs,
And I will give you audience.[51]

CASSIUS Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges[53] off
A little from this ground.

BRUTUS Lucilius, do you the like, and let no man
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.

Exeunt. Brutus and Cassius remain

CASSIUS That you have wronged me doth appear in this: ***They enter the tent***
You have condemned and noted[59] Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying[61] on his side
Because I knew the man, was slighted off.[62]

BRUTUS You wronged yourself to write in such a case.

CASSIUS In such a time as this it is not meet[64]
That every nice[65] offence should bear his comment.
BRUTUS Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned[67] to have an itching palm,
To sell and mart[68] your offices for gold
To undeservers.
CASSIUS I, an itching palm?
You[71] know that you are Brutus that speaks this,
Or by the gods, this speech were else your last.
BRUTUS The name of Cassius honours[73] this corruption,
And chastisement[74] doth therefore hide his head.
CASSIUS Chastisement?
BRUTUS Remember March, the Ides of March remember:
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But[81] for supporting robbers: shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honours[83]
For so much trash[84] as may be graspèd thus?
I had rather be a dog and bay[85] the moon,
Than such a Roman.
CASSIUS Brutus, bait not me,
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself
To hedge me in.[89] I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.[91]
BRUTUS Go to,[92] you are not Cassius.
CASSIUS I am.
BRUTUS I say you are not.
CASSIUS Urge me no more, I shall forget myself.[95]
Have mind upon[96] your health: tempt me no further.
BRUTUS Away, slight[97] man!
CASSIUS Is't possible?
BRUTUS Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room[100] to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
CASSIUS O ye gods, ye gods, must I endure all this?
BRUTUS All this? Ay, more: fret till your proud heart break.
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?[105]
Must I observe[106] you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour?[107] By the gods,
You shall digest[108] the venom of your spleen
Though it do split you. For, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
CASSIUS Is it come to this?
BRUTUS You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting[114] true
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of[116] noble men.
CASSIUS You wrong me every way: you wrong me, Brutus.
I said, an elder soldier, not a better.
Did I say 'better'?
BRUTUS If you did, I care not.
CASSIUS When Caesar lived, he durst[121] not thus have moved me.
BRUTUS Peace, peace, you durst not so have tempted him.
CASSIUS I durst not?
BRUTUS No.
CASSIUS What? Durst not tempt him?
BRUTUS For your life you durst not.
CASSIUS Do not presume[127] too much upon my love:
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
BRUTUS You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,
For I am armed so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle[132] wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me,
For I can raise no money by vile means:[135]

By heaven, I had rather coin[136] my heart
And drop[137] my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard[138] hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection.[139] I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters[144] from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!
CASSIUS I denied you not.
BRUTUS You did.
CASSIUS I did not. He was but a fool that brought
My answer back. Brutus hath rived[150] my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities;[151]
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
BRUTUS I do not, till you practise them on me.
CASSIUS You love me not.
BRUTUS I do not like your faults.
CASSIUS A friendly eye could never see such faults.
BRUTUS A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
CASSIUS Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world:
Hated by one he loves, braved[162] by his brother,
Checked[163] like a bondman, all his faults observed,
Set in a notebook, learned and conned by rote[164]
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast: within, a heart
Dearer[168] than Pluto's mine, richer than gold.
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth.[169]
I that denied thee gold will give my heart:
Strike as thou didst at Caesar, for I know,

When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov’dst him better
Than ever thou lov’dst Cassius.
BRUTUS Sheathe your dagger.
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope:
Do what you will, dishonour[176] shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yokèd with a lamb[177]
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Who, much enforcèd,[179] shows a hasty spark
And straight is cold again.
CASSIUS Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-tempered[183] vexeth him?
BRUTUS When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.
CASSIUS Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
BRUTUS And my heart too. ***They embrace***
CASSIUS O Brutus!
BRUTUS What’s the matter?
CASSIUS Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour[190] which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?[191]
BRUTUS Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He’ll think your mother chides, and leave you so.[194]
Enter a Poet [with Lucilius and Titinius]
POET Let me go in to see the generals.
There is some grudge between ’em, ’tis not meet
They be alone.
LUCILIUS You shall not come to them.
POET Nothing but death shall stay me.
CASSIUS How now? What’s the matter?
POET For shame, you generals; what do you mean?[201]
Love and be friends, as two such men should be,
For I have seen more years, I’m sure, than ye.
CASSIUS Ha, ha, how vilely doth this cynic[204] rhyme!
BRUTUS Get you hence, sirrah. Saucy[205] fellow, hence.
CASSIUS Bear with him, Brutus, ’tis his fashion.[206]

BRUTUS I’ll[207] know his humour when he knows his time:
What should the wars do with these jigging[208] fools?
Companion,[209] hence.
CASSIUS Away, away, be gone.
Exit Poet
BRUTUS Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders Prepare to lodge their companies tonight.
CASSIUS And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us.
[Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius]
BRUTUS Lucius, a bowl of wine. ***Calls***
CASSIUS I did not think you could have been so angry.
BRUTUS O Cassius, I am sick of[217] many griefs.
CASSIUS Of your philosophy[218] you make no use,
If you give place[219] to accidental evils.
BRUTUS No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.
CASSIUS Ha? Portia?
BRUTUS She is dead.
CASSIUS How scaped[223] I killing when I crossed you so?
O, insupportable and touching[224] loss!
Upon[225] what sickness?
BRUTUS Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong — for with her[228] death
That tidings[229] came — with this she fell distract,
And — her attendants absent — swallowed fire.[230]
CASSIUS And died so?
BRUTUS Even so.
CASSIUS O ye immortal gods!
Enter Boy [Lucius] with wine and tapers
BRUTUS Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.
Drinks
CASSIUS My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o’erswell[237] the cup: ***Drinks***
I cannot drink too much of Brutus’ love.

[Exit Lucius]
Enter Titinius and Messala

BRUTUS Come in, Titinius. Welcome, good Messala.
Now sit we close about this taper here
And call in question[241] our necessities. ***They sit***

CASSIUS Portia, art thou gone?

BRUTUS No more, I pray you.—
Messala, I have here receivèd letters, ***Shows letters***
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending[247] their expedition toward Philippi.

MESSALA Myself have letters of the selfsame tenor.[248]

BRUTUS With what addition?

MESSALA That by proscription[250] and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony and Lepidus
Have put to death an hundred senators.

BRUTUS Therein our letters do not well agree:
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

CASSIUS Cicero one?

MESSALA Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

BRUTUS No, Messala.

MESSALA Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

BRUTUS Nothing, Messala.

MESSALA That, methinks, is strange.

BRUTUS Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?

MESSALA No, my lord.

BRUTUS Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

MESSALA Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell,
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

BRUTUS Why, farewell, Portia: we must die, Messala:
With meditating that she must die once,[270]
I have the patience to endure it now.

MESSALA Even so[272] great men great losses should endure.

CASSIUS I have as much of this in art[273] as you,
But yet my nature[274] could not bear it so.
BRUTUS Well, to our work alive.[275] What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?
CASSIUS I do not think it good.
BRUTUS Your reason?
CASSIUS This it is:
’Tis better that the enemy seek us,
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence,[282] whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence and nimbleness.
BRUTUS Good reasons must of force[284] give place to better:
The people ’twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forced affection,[286]
For they have grudged us contribution.[287]
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make[289] a fuller number up,
Come on refreshed, new-added[290] and encouraged,
From which advantage shall we cut him off
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These[293] people at our back.
CASSIUS Hear me, good brother.
BRUTUS Under your pardon.[295] You must note beside
That we have tried[296] the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe.
The enemy increaseth every day:
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken[301] at the flood, leads on to fortune:
Omitted,[302] all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows[303] and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.[306]
CASSIUS Then with your will go on:
We’ll along[308] ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

BRUTUS The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity,
Which we will niggard[311] with a little rest.
There is no more to say.
CASSIUS No more. Goodnight.
Early tomorrow will we rise, and hence.
Enter Lucius
BRUTUS Lucius. My gown.[315]—
[Exit Lucius]
Farewell, good Messala.—
Goodnight, Titinius.— Noble, noble Cassius,
Goodnight, and good repose.
CASSIUS O my dear brother,
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division ’tween our souls.
Let it not, Brutus.
Enter Lucius with the gown
BRUTUS Everything is well.
CASSIUS Goodnight, my lord.
BRUTUS Goodnight, good brother.
TITINIUS and MESSALA Goodnight, Lord Brutus.
BRUTUS Farewell, every one.
Exeunt [Cassius, Titinius and Messala]
Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?[327]
LUCIUS Here in the tent.
BRUTUS What, thou speak’st drowsily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not: thou art o’er-watched.[330]
Call Claudio and some other of my men.
I’ll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.
LUCIUS Varrus and Claudio! ***Calls***
Enter Varrus and Claudio
VARRUS Calls my lord?
BRUTUS I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep.
It may be I shall raise[336] you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.
VARRUS So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.[338]

BRUTUS I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs,
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.[340] *They lie down*
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so:
I put it in the pocket of my gown.
LUCIUS I was sure your lordship did not give it me.
BRUTUS Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile
And touch[346] thy instrument a strain or two?
LUCIUS Ay, my lord, an't[347] please you.
BRUTUS It does, my boy.
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
LUCIUS It is my duty, sir.
BRUTUS I should not urge thy duty past thy might.[351]
I know young bloods look for[352] a time of rest.
LUCIUS I have slept, my lord, already.
BRUTUS It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again.
I will not hold[355] thee long. If I do live,
I will be good to thee.
Music, and a song ***Lucius falls asleep***
This is a sleepy tune:— O murderous[357] slumber!
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace[358] upon my boy,
That plays thee music?— Gentle knave, goodnight.
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument,
I'll take it from thee. And, good boy, goodnight. ***Takes away the instrument and reads***
Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turned down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.
Enter the Ghost of Caesar
How ill this taper burns. Ha? Who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes[367] this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me: art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?[370]
Speak to me what thou art.

GHOST Thy evil spirit, Brutus.
BRUTUS Why comest thou?
GHOST To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.
BRUTUS Well: then I shall see thee again?
GHOST Ay, at Philippi.
BRUTUS Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.
[Exit Ghost]
Now I have taken heart,[378] thou vanishest.
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—
Boy, Lucius, Varrus, Claudio! Sirs, awake! Claudio!
LUCIUS The strings, my lord, are false.[381]
BRUTUS He thinks he still is at his instrument.—
Lucius, awake!
LUCIUS My lord?
BRUTUS Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so cried'st out?
LUCIUS My lord, I do not know that I did cry.
BRUTUS Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see anything?
LUCIUS Nothing, my lord.
BRUTUS Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudio,
Fellow thou,[390] awake! ***To Varrus***
VARRUS My lord?
CLAUDIO My lord?
BRUTUS Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?
BOTH Did we, my lord? ***They get up***
BRUTUS Ay: saw you anything?
VARRUS No, my lord, I saw nothing.
CLAUDIO Nor I, my lord.
BRUTUS Go and commend me[398] to my brother Cassius:
Bid him set[399] on his powers betimes before
And we will follow.
BOTH It shall be done, my lord.
Exeunt

Act 5 [Scene 1][5.1]

running scene 10

Enter Octavius, Antony and their army
OCTAVIUS Now, Antony, our hopes are answerèd.
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep[3] the hills and upper regions:
It proves not so: their battles[4] are at hand.
They mean to warn[5] us at Philippi here,
Answering[6] before we do demand of them.
ANTONY Tut, I am[7] in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content[8]
To visit other places,[9] and come down
With fearful bravery,[10] thinking by this face
To fasten[11] in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.[12]
Enter a Messenger
MESSENGER Prepare you, generals.
The enemy comes on in gallant[14] show:
Their bloody[15] sign of battle is hung out,
And something to[16] be done immediately.
ANTONY Octavius, lead your battle softly[17] on,
Upon the left hand of the even[18] field.
OCTAVIUS Upon the right hand I: keep thou the left.
ANTONY Why do you cross me in this exigent?[20]
OCTAVIUS I do not cross you: but I will do so.
March
Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius and their army [Lucilius, Titinius, Messala and others]
BRUTUS They stand, and would have parley.[22]
CASSIUS Stand fast, Titinius, we must out and talk.
OCTAVIUS Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?
ANTONY No, Caesar, we will answer[25] on their charge.
Make forth,[26] the generals would have some words.
OCTAVIUS Stir not until the signal. ***To his officers***

BRUTUS Words before blows: is it so, countrymen? ***The armies advance toward each other***
OCTAVIUS Not that we love words better, as you do.
BRUTUS Good words are better than bad strokes,[30] Octavius.
ANTONY In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:
Witness the hole you made in Caesar’s heart,
Crying ‘Long live! Hail, Caesar!’
CASSIUS Antony,
The[35] posture of your blows are yet unknown
But for[36] your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.
ANTONY Not stingless too?
BRUTUS O yes, and soundless too,
For you have stol’n their buzzing,[40] Antony,
And very wisely threat[41] before you sting.
ANTONY Villains, you did not so,[42] when your vile daggers
Hacked one another in the sides of Caesar:
You showed your teeth[44] like apes, and fawned like hounds,
And bowed like bondmen, kissing Caesar’s feet;
Whilst damnèd Casca, like a cur,[46] behind
Struck Caesar on the neck. O you flatterers!
CASSIUS Flatterers? Now, Brutus, thank yourself.
This[49] tongue had not offended so today
If Cassius might have ruled.
OCTAVIUS Come, come, the cause.[51] If arguing make us sweat,
The proof[52] of it will turn to redder drops:
Look, I draw a sword against conspirators. ***Draws***
When think you that the sword goes up[54] again?
Never, till Caesar’s three and thirty wounds
Be well avenged, or till another Caesar[56]
Have added slaughter to[57] the sword of traitors.
BRUTUS Caesar, thou canst not die by traitors’ hands
Unless thou[59] bring’st them with thee.
OCTAVIUS So I hope:
I was not born to die on Brutus’ sword.
BRUTUS O, if[62] thou wert the noblest of thy strain,

Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.[63]
CASSIUS A peevish[64] schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Joined with a masquer[65] and a reveller.
ANTONY Old Cassius still.
OCTAVIUS Come, Antony, away.
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.
If you dare fight today, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.[70]

Exeunt Octavius, Antony and army

CASSIUS Why now, blow wind, swell billow[71] and swim bark:
The storm is up and all is on the hazard.[72]
BRUTUS Ho, Lucilius, hark, a word with you.

Lucilius and Messala stand forth

LUCILIUS My lord. ***Brutus and Lucilius speak apart***
CASSIUS Messala.
MESSALA What says my general?
CASSIUS Messala,
This is my birthday: as this[78] very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness that against my will —
As Pompey was[81] — am I compelled to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know that I held Epicurus[83] strong
And his opinion: now I change my mind
And partly credit[85] things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign[86]
Two mighty eagles fell,[87] and there they perched,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands,
Who to Philippi here consorted[89] us:
This morning are they fled away and gone,
And in their steads[91] do ravens, crows and kites
Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us
As[93] we were sickly prey; their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal,[94] under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.
MESSALA Believe not so.

CASSIUS I but believe it partly,
For I am fresh of spirit and resolved
To meet all perils very constantly.[99]
BRUTUS Even so, Lucilius.[100] ***To Cassius***
CASSIUS Now, most noble Brutus,
The[102] gods today stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers[103] in peace, lead on our days to age.
But since the affairs of men rests still[104] incertain,
Let’s reason with[105] the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determinèd to do?
BRUTUS Even by the rule of that philosophy[109]
By which I did blame Cato[110] for the death
Which he did give himself — I know not how,[111]
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall,[113] so to prevent
The time of life — arming myself with patience
To stay[115] the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.
CASSIUS Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph[118]
Through the streets of Rome?
BRUTUS No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome.
He bears too great[122] a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the Ides of March begun.
And whether we shall meet again I know not:
Therefore our everlasting farewell take.
For ever and for ever farewell, Cassius.
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then, this parting was well made.
CASSIUS For ever and for ever farewell, Brutus:
If we do meet again, we’ll smile indeed;
If not, ’tis true this parting was well made.
BRUTUS Why, then, lead on. O, that a man might know

The end of this day's business ere it come:
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known. Come ho, away!

Exeunt

[Act 5 Scene 2][5.2]

running scene 10 continues

Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messala

BRUTUS Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills[1] ***Gives orders***
Unto the legions on the other side.[2]

Loud alarum

Let them set on[3] at once, for I perceive
But cold[4] demeanour in Octavio's wing,
And sudden push[5] gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down.[6]

Exeunt

[Act 5 Scene 3]

running scene 10 continues

Alarums. Enter Cassius and Titinius

CASSIUS O, look, Titinius, look, the villains[1] fly:
Myself have to mine own[2] turned enemy:
This ensign[3] here of mine was turning back.
I slew the coward, and did take it[4] from him.

TITINIUS O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early,
Who having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,[7]
Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.[8]

Enter Pindarus

PINDARUS Fly further off, my lord, fly further off.
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

CASSIUS This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius:
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

TITINIUS They are, my lord.

CASSIUS Titinius, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide[16] thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops
And here[18] again, that I may rest assured
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

TITINIUS I will be here again, even with[20] a thought.

Exit

CASSIUS Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill:
My sight was ever thick.[22] Regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not’st about the field. ***Pindarus goes aloft***[23]
This[24] day I breathèd first. Time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end.
My life is[26] run his compass.— Sirrah, what news?

PINDARUS O, my lord!

Above

CASSIUS What news?

PINDARUS Titinius is enclosèd round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur,[30]
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him:
Now, Titinius. Now some light:[32] O, he lights too.
He's ta'en.[33] And, hark, they shout for joy.
Shout
CASSIUS Come down, behold no more. ***Pindarus comes down***
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face.
Enter Pindarus
Come hither, sirrah.
In Parthia[38] did I take thee prisoner,
And then I swore thee,[39] saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath:
Now be a freeman, and with this good sword
That ran through Caesar's bowels,[43] search this bosom.
Stand[44] not to answer: here, take thou the hilts, ***Pindarus takes the sword***
And when my face is covered, as 'tis now, ***Covers his face***
Guide thou the sword.— Caesar, thou art revenged,
Even with the sword that killed thee. ***Pindarus kills him***
PINDARUS So, I am free, yet would[48] not so have been
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius,
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of[51] him.
[Exit]
Enter Titinius and Messala ***Titinius wears a laurel wreath***
MESSALA It is but change,[52] Titinius, for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.
TITINIUS These tidings will well comfort[55] Cassius.
MESSALA Where did you leave him?
TITINIUS All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.
MESSALA Is not that he that lies upon the ground?
TITINIUS He lies not like the living. O my heart!

MESSALA Is not that he?
TITINIUS No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.— O setting sun:
As in thy red rays thou dost sink tonight,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set.—
The sun of Rome is set. Our day is gone:
Clouds, dews[67] and dangers come: our deeds are done.
Mistrust[68] of my success hath done this deed.
MESSALA Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.—
O hateful error, melancholy's child,
Why dost thou show to the apt[71] thoughts of men
The[72] things that are not? O error soon conceived,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth
But kill'st the mother[74] that engendered thee.
TITINIUS What, Pindarus? Where art thou, Pindarus?
MESSALA Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears. I may say, thrusting it:
For piercing steel and darts[79] envenomèd
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.
TITINIUS Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.—
[Exit Messala]
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? And did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory[86]
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas, thou hast misconstrued everything.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow: ***Puts wreath on him***
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.— Brutus, come apace,[91]
And see how I regarded[92] Caius Cassius.—
By your leave, gods: this is a Roman's part.[93]—
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. ***Stabs himself***
Dies

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Messala, Young Cato, Strato, Volumnius and Lucilius

BRUTUS Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?
MESSALA Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.
BRUTUS Titinius' face is upward.
CATO He is slain.
BRUTUS O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet,
Thy spirit walks abroad and turns our swords
In our own proper[101] entrails.

Low alarums

CATO Brave Titinius,
Look whe'er[103] he have not crowned dead Cassius.
BRUTUS Are yet two Romans living such as these?—
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well:
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow.[107]— Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.—
I shall find time, Cassius: I shall find time.—
Come therefore, and to Thasos[110] send his body.
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort[112] us.— Lucilius, come,
And come, young Cato: let us to the field.
Labio and Flavius set our battles[114] on:
'Tis three o'clock, and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try[116] fortune in a second fight. ***With the bodies***

Exeunt

[Act 5 Scene 4][5.4]

running scene 10 continues

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Messala, [Young] Cato, Lucilius and Flavius
BRUTUS Yet, countrymen: O yet, hold up your heads!
[Exit, fighting, followed by Messala and Flavius]
CATO What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field.
I am the son of Marcus Cato,[4] ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend.
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
Enter soldiers and fight
LUCILIUS And I am Brutus,[7] Marcus Brutus, I!
Brutus, my country's friend: know me for Brutus! ***Young Cato falls***
O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius,
And mayst be honoured, being Cato's son.
FIRST SOLDIER Yield, or thou diest. ***To Lucilius***
LUCILIUS Only[13] I yield to die:
There is so much[14] that thou wilt kill me straight: ***Offers money?***
Kill Brutus, and be honoured in his death.
FIRST SOLDIER We must not: a noble prisoner!
Enter Antony
SECOND SOLDIER Room, ho:[17] tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.
FIRST SOLDIER I'll tell the news. Here comes the general.
Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.
ANTONY Where is he?
LUCILIUS Safe, Antony, Brutus is safe enough:
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or[25] alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.
ANTONY This is not Brutus, friend, but, I assure you, ***To First Soldier***
A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe,

Give him all kindness. I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see whe’er Brutus be alive or dead,
And bring us word unto Octavius’ tent
How everything is chanced.[33]

Exeunt

[Act 5 Scene 5]

running scene 10 continues

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato and Volumnius

BRUTUS Come, poor remains[1] of friends, rest on this rock. ***Sits***
CLITUS Statilius showed the torch-light,[2] but, my lord,
He came not back: he is or ta’en or slain.
BRUTUS Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word.
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus. ***Whispers***
CLITUS What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.
BRUTUS Peace then, no words.
CLITUS I’ll rather kill myself.
BRUTUS Hark thee, Dardanius. ***Whispers***
DARDANIUS Shall I do such a deed?
CLITUS O Dardanius!
DARDANIUS O Clitus!
CLITUS What ill request did Brutus make to thee?
DARDANIUS To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.
CLITUS Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.
BRUTUS Come hither, good Volumnius, list[17] a word.
VOLUMNIUS What says my lord?
BRUTUS Why this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Caesar hath appeared to me
Two several[21] times by night: at Sardis once,
And this last night, here in Philippi fields:
I know my hour is come.
VOLUMNIUS Not so, my lord.
BRUTUS Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes.
Our enemies have beat[27] us to the pit:
Low alarums
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves
Than tarry[29] till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know’st that we two went to school together:

Even for that[31] our love of old, I prithee
Hold thou my sword-hilts,[32] whilst I run on it.
VOLUMNIUS That's not an office[33] for a friend, my lord.
Alarum still
CLITUS Fly, fly, my lord, there is no tarrying here.
BRUTUS Farewell to you, and you, and you, Volumnius.—
Addressing Clitus, Dardanius, Volumnius, and Strato in turn
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep:
Farewell to thee too, Strato.— Countrymen,
My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile[42] conquest shall attain unto.
So fare you well at once, for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history:
Night hangs upon mine eyes, my bones would rest,
That have but[46] laboured to attain this hour.
Alarum. Cry within: 'Fly fly fly!'
CLITUS Fly, my lord, fly!
BRUTUS Hence: I will follow.
[Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius and Volumnius]
I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord.
Thou art a fellow of a good respect:[50]
Thy life hath had some smatch[51] of honour in it.
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?
STRATO Give me your hand first. Fare you well, my lord.
BRUTUS Farewell, good Strato.—
Runs on his sword
Caesar, now be still:[55]
I killed not thee with half so good a will.
Dies
Alarum. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octavius, Messala, Lucilius and the army
OCTAVIUS What man is that?

MESSALA My master's man.[58] Strato, where is thy master?
STRATO Free from the bondage you are in, Messala,
The conquerors can but make[60] a fire of him:
For Brutus only[61] overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.
LUCILIUS So[63] Brutus should be found. I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.
OCTAVIUS All that served Brutus, I will entertain[65] them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?
STRATO Ay, if Messala will prefer[67] me to you.
OCTAVIUS Do so, good Messala.
MESSALA How died my master, Strato?
STRATO I held the sword and he did run on it.
MESSALA Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest[72] service to my master.
ANTONY This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators save only he
Did that[75] they did in envy of great Caesar.
He[76] only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle,[78] and the elements
So mixed[79] in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world 'This was a man!'
OCTAVIUS According to his virtue let us use[81] him
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones tonight shall lie,
Most like a soldier, ordered[84] honourably.
So call the field[85] to rest, and let's away,
To part[86] the glories of this happy day.

Exeunt

Textual Notes

= First Folio text of 1623

2 = a correction introduced in the Second Folio text of 1632
3 = a correction introduced in the Third Folio text of 1663–64
d = a correction introduced by a later editor
H = speech heading (i.e., speaker’s name)

ist of parts = Ed

.2.249 swoon *spelled* swound *in* F **289 digest** = Ed. F = disgest

.3.21 glazed = F. *Sometimes emended to* glared **134 In favour’s like** = Ed. F = Is Fauors, like

.1.257 wafture = Ed. F = wafter **278 his** = Ed. F = hit **292 the** = Ed. F = tho **327 SH LIGARIUS** = Ed. F = *Cai. (throughout scene)*

.2.48 are = Ed. F = heare

.3.1 SH ARTEMIDORUS = Ed. *Not in* F

.1.123 states = F2. F = State **125 lies** = F2. F = lye **273 SH ANTONY** = Ed. *Not in* F **294 SD** *Octavius’* = Ed. F = *Octavio’s* **302 for** = F2. F = from

.2.201 SH ALL = Ed. *Lines assigned to the* Second Plebeian in F **217 wit** = F2. F = writ

.2.37 SH FIRST SOLDIER = Ed. *Not in* F **38 SH SECOND SOLDIER** = Ed. *Not in* F **39 SH THIRD SOLDIER** = Ed. *Not in* F **105 budge** *spelled* bouge *in* F **248 tenor** *spelled* Tenure *in* F **339 will** = F2. F = will it **385 Lucius** *spelled Lucus in* F

.1.44 teeth = F3. F = teethes **91 steads** *spelled* steeds *in* F

.3.103 whe’er = Ed. F = where **105 fare** = Ed. F = far **107 more** = Ed. F = mo **110 Thasos** = Ed *(after Plutarch)*. F = *Tharsus* **114 Flavius** = F2. F = *Flavio*

.4.7 SH LUCILIUS = Ed. *Not in* F **12 SH FIRST SOLDIER** = Ed. F = *Sold*. **18 tell the** = Ed. F = tell thee **31 whe’er** = Ed. F = where

Act 1 Scene 1

1.1 ***Location:*** *a public place in Rome*

1 **Hence!** Getaway!

3 **mechanical** working men, artisans **walk** be out and about

4 **sign** i.e., clothing, tools

7 **rule** measuring stick (plays on the sense of “decorum, discipline”)

10 **in respect of** compared with **fine workman** skilled craftsman **but** merely

11 **cobbler** shoe mender/one who mends clumsily

12 **directly** plainly/immediately

14 **soles** puns on “souls”

15 **naughty** wicked

16 **be not out** do not be angry/do not have holes in your shoes **mend you** repair your shoes/improve your temper

19 **cobble** fix; plays on the sense of “have sex with”

21 **awl** shoe-mending tool used to prick leather/penis **meddle** get involved/have sex **tradesman’s matters** professional issues/sex/prostitution

22 **women’s matters** the concerns of women/sex or perhaps “vaginas” **withal** nevertheless (puns on **with all**/**awl**) **Shoes** plays on sense of “vaginas”

23 **recover** patch/restore to health (may play on sense of “cover with my body during sex”) **proper** fine/handsome **trod upon** plays on sense of “had sex with”

24 **neat’s leather** cowhide, i.e., shoes; **leather** could also be slang for “vagina” **gone upon** walked on/had sex with **handiwork** possible connotations of masturbation

25 **wherefore** why

28 **triumph** victory/ceremonious procession in which the victors rode in chariots with their captives chained

30 **tributaries** prisoners of war (for whom a ransom would be demanded)

31 **grace** adorn

34 **Pompey** great Roman general defeated by Caesar at the battle of Pharsalus in 48 BC; he fled to Egypt where he was murdered

38 **livelong** entire

42 **That** so that **Tiber** Rome’s river

43 **replication** reverberation, echo

44 **concave** hollowed out/curved

46 **cull out** choose for yourself

48 **blood** life-blood/relatives (specifically, his sons, who were also defeated by Caesar)

51 **intermit** stop

56 **till…all** i.e., until the water level rises from its very lowest to reach the highest banks

58 **basest mettle** lowly dispositions/base metal (an image from alchemy, the pseudoscience that sought to turn base metals into gold) **moved** stirred, persuaded/changed (into gold)

60 **Capitol** Capitoline Hill, site of the temple of supreme Roman god Jupiter; used in the play as the location of the senate house

61 **images** statues of Caesar

62 **ceremonies** ornamental trappings of state/worshipful tokens

64 **feast of Lupercal** Roman festival held on February in honor of Lupercus, the god of shepherds; festivities centered around the Lupercal, a cave in which a wolf was believed to have suckled Rome’s founders, Romulus and Remus

66 **trophies** tokens of victory **about** walk about (the city)

67 **vulgar** common people

68 **thick** numerous, thronging

70 **pitch** height (achieved by bird of prey before swooping)

71 **else** otherwise

Act 1 Scene 2

1.2 ***for*** ready for ***course*** wearing nothing but goatskins, youths celebrating the festival of Lupercal ran round Palatine Hill striking women with strips of goat hide to promote fertility ***Soothsayer*** prophet

2 **ho** a call for attention

5 **Stand…course** in order that Calpurnia should be touched by Antony, as an aid to fertility

18 **press** crowd

21 **Ides of March** March ***Sennet*** trumpet call signaling a procession

29 **order** arrangement/proceedings

32 **gamesome** fond of sport/lively/merry

33 **quick** lively

36 **now of late** lately

38 **wont** accustomed

39 **bear…Over** are too unyielding and unfamiliar toward

42 **if…myself** i.e., if I have seemed distant, it is because I have directed all my anxieties inward

44 **Merely** entirely

45 **passions…difference** conflicting emotions/powerful feelings that have come between myself and my friends

46 **Conceptions** thoughts **only proper** belonging only/only appropriate

47 **soil** stain/explanation

50 **construe** interpret, understand

52 **shows** outward manifestations

54 **By means whereof** as a result of which **buried** kept to itself/suppressed/put to rest

55 **cogitations** thoughts, ideas

58 **But** except

59 **just** true

61 **turn** return/reflect

63 **shadow** reflection

64 **of…respect** most highly regarded men

66 **yoke** apparatus worn on the neck, used to restrict the movement of a captive or conquered enemy

67 **had his eyes** i.e., saw things for himself/saw things as the speaker did

71 **Therefore** hence/as for that

73 **glass** mirror

74 **modestly** without exaggeration **discover** reveal

75 **That…of** i.e., your potential

76 **jealous on** mistrustful of **gentle** noble/kind

77 **common laughter** subject of public ridicule **did use** were I accustomed

78 **stale** make stale/depreciate/make into a laughingstock **ordinary** common, banal

79 **protester** declarer of friendship

81 **scandal** scorn/slander

82 **profess** myself declare friendship

83 **rout** rabble/assembled company *Flourish* trumpet fanfare accompanying a person in authority

91 **aught** anything

92 **Set…i'th'other** i.e., present me with both

93 **indifferently** impartially

94 **speed** prosper

97 **favour** appearance/face

101 **as lief** as soon, rather be exist

102 **such…myself** i.e., a fellow man

107 **chafing** with fretting at/raging against

109 **flood** river

111 **Accoutrèd** dressed

112 **bade** invited/told

113 **buffet** it beat it back

114 **lusty** sinews vigorous muscles, strong arms

115 **stemming** cutting through hearts of controversy competitive hearts, contentious spirits

116 **ere** before

118 **Aeneas** legendary founder of Rome; Virgil's *Aeneid* relates how he carried his old father, **Anchises**, on his back as they escaped from the burning city of Troy

123 **bend** his body i.e., bow

126 **mark** note, observe

128 **from…fly** i.e., became pale (**colour** plays on the sense of "military flag," the **lips** being cowardly deserters)

129 **bend** gaze

131 **bade** ordered

136 **start of** advantage over

137 **palm** palm leaf, symbol of victory

142 **Colossus** giant; the Colossus of Rhodes, a gigantic statue of the sun god Apollo, supposedly stood astride the entrance to the harbor

145 **at some time** at times

146 **our stars** i.e., fate

149 **be sounded** be spoken/resound/be celebrated

152 **conjure** invoke spirits

153 **start** raise, awake

155 **meat** food

156 **great** powerful (plays on the sense of “fat”) **Age** i.e., the present time

157 **breed of** ability to produce/supply of

158 **the great flood** feature of both the Bible and Greek mythology; in the classical flood, Zeus drowns all mankind except for Deucalion and his wife Pyrrha

162 **room** puns on Rome (the words were pronounced in a similar way)

165 **a Brutus once** i.e., Lucius Junius Brutus, who expelled the last King of Rome and founded the Roman republic **brooked** tolerated, endured

166 **state** throne/kingship

168 **nothing jealous** in no doubt

169 **work** persuade **aim** idea, understanding

172 **so…you** if I may entreat you in friendship

173 **moved** urged, persuaded

176 **meet** fitting **high** important

179 **repute** consider

181 **like** likely ***train*** retinue

186 **after** according to

187 **worthy** that is worthy of

190 **chidden** scolded, rebuked

192 **ferret** ferret-like, i.e., small and red

194 **crossed** challenged **conference** debate

199 **Sleek-headed** well-groomed, smooth-haired

200 **yond** i.e., yonder, over there

203 **given** disposed

204 **Would** I wish

205 **my name** i.e., I

207 **spare** lean, gaunt

208 **looks…deeds** i.e., sees right through to the motives behind men’s actions

211 **sort** way

215 **greater** i.e., greater man

218 **Caesar** i.e., not **liable to fear**

222 **chanced** happened

223 **sad** serious/downcast

226 **crown** laurel crown, symbol of kingship **put it by** waved it away, declined it

233 **marry** indeed (literally, “by the Virgin Mary”) **gentler** more courteously/with less insistence

238 **mere** complete

240 **coronets** smaller crowns, inferior to that worn by a king

241 **fain** willingly

243 **still as** whenever

244 **rabblement** crowd, rabble **chopped** chapped, roughened

245 **nightcaps** a slighting reference to their headgear, not to caps worn in bed

247 **durst** dared

249 **soft** wait a moment

252 **like** likely **the falling sickness** epilepsy

254 **we…sickness** i.e., our fortunes are falling, we are neglected

256 **tag-rag** ragged

257 **use** are accustomed **true** honest

260 **plucked me** plucked (**me** is an intensifier) **ope** open **doublet** close-fitting Elizabethan man’s jacket

261 **an** if **a…occupation** i.e., a working man, one of the crowd (plays on sense of “a man of action”) **taken…word** taken him at his word (**taken** plays on sense of “struck”)

262 **would** wish

266 **stabbed** plays on sense of “penetrated sexually”

274 **Greek to me** i.e., unintelligible

275 **put to silence** i.e., removed from office (or possibly “put to death”)

278 **promised forth** engaged to dine elsewhere

280 **mind hold** inclination doesn’t change

283 **blunt** forthright/dull

284 **quick mettle** lively spirited, quick-witted

287 **tardy** sluggish, reluctant

288 **rudeness** rough, uncouth manner **wit** intelligence

289 **stomach** appetite, inclination

293 **home to you** to your house

295 **the world** i.e., the state of Rome/your civic duty

296 **noble** begins an alchemical metaphor: “noble” metals (gold and silver) cannot be transmuted into base substances (though despite this, Cassius thinks he can alter Brutus)

297 **mettle** spirit, disposition (puns on “metal”) **wrought** manipulated/transmuted

298 **that…disposed** its usual inclination/its natural disposition **meet** right, fitting

299 **their likes** those like them

300 **who** i.e., who is

301 **bear me hard** tolerate me grudgingly, dislike me

303 **He…me** i.e., Brutus would not be able to sway my views (as I do his)/Caesar would still not be able to entice me

304 **several hands** different styles of handwriting

306 **tending to** concerning

307 **obscurely** covertly, subtly

308 **glanced** hinted

309 **seat him sure** seat himself most securely (in the chair of power), i.e., “take great care”

Act 1 Scene 3

1 **even** evening **Brought** accompanied

3 **moved** upset, affected **sway** order, rule, authority (plays on sense of “swinging movement”)

5 **scolding** clamoring/rebuking

6 **rived** split

8 **exalted with** raised up to

12 **saucy** insolent, defiant

14 **wonderful** astonishing, extraordinary

18 **sensible of** feeling

19 **put up** sheathed

20 **Against** close to/in front of

21 **glazed** stared

22 **annoying** harming

23 **Upon** into **heap** crowd **ghastly** terrified

26 **bird of night** the owl, considered a bird of ill omen; its cry was thought to herald death

28 **prodigies** unnatural things/bad omens

29 **conjointly meet** happen in unison, coincide

32 **climate** region **point upon** are directed at, happen in

34 **after their fashion** in their own way

35 **Clean** utterly

45 **what** what kind of

51 **unbracèd** with doublet unbuttoned

52 **thunder-stone** thunderbolt

53 **cross** forked/hostile

58 **tokens** signs, omens

59 **dreadful** inspiring dread and fear **heralds** messengers

61 **want** lack

62 **use not** ignore them

64 **impatience** anger

67 **from…kind** against their natures

68 **calculate** (are able to) interpret events

69 **ordinance** appointed function

70 **preformèd** established, innate

71 **monstrous** unnatural
74 **state** condition, state of affairs/commonwealth (i.e., Rome)
77 **lightens** flashes lightning
80 **prodigious** ominous/unnatural
81 **fearful** frightening **eruptions** disturbances
84 **thews** sinews, muscles
85 **fathers** (noble) forefathers, ancestors
87 **yoke and sufferance** patience in servitude
90 **by…land** i.e., in all dominions
93 **from…Cassius** i.e., will commit suicide
94 **Therein** i.e., through suicide
98 **be retentive to** confine, restrict
99 **bars** prison bars/obstacles
101 **know…besides** let it be known by all the world
102 **bear** endure
103 **pleasure** will
105 **bondman** slave
110 **hinds** female deer/servants
111 **make…fire** i.e., achieve fame, power
112 **weak straws** i.e., the Roman people **trash** twigs, hedge cuttings (i.e., paltry but flammable)
113 **rubbish** debris from decayed buildings **offal** rubbish/wood shavings
115 **vile** base, corrupt
118 **My…made** I must answer for it (i.e., be punished/fight you)
121 **fleering** sneering **Hold, my** enough, take my
122 **factious** prepared to form a faction
123 **set…mine** i.e., commit myself, proceed
124 **who** whoever
130 **this** this time, now **stay** wait
131 **Pompey's porch** colonnade built by Pompey in 55 BC to provide shelter for spectators attending the Theatrum Pompei (Pompey's theater) that was constructed at the same time
133 **complexion** appearance/disposition **element** sky, heavens
134 **favour** appearance/face
136 **close** concealed
140 **incorporate To** united to, part of

141 **stayed** waited

142 **on't** of it

149 **praetor** high-ranking magistrate, i.e., Brutus

150 **may…it** i.e., cannot avoid finding it

151 **set this up** attach this

153 **Repair** make your way

156 **hie** hurry

165 **countenance** approval/face, appearance **alchemy** pseudoscience that sought to turn base metals into gold

168 **conceited** conceived of, understood/expressed with an elaborate image

Act 2 Scene 1

2.1 ***Location:*** *Brutus' garden, Rome* ***orchard*** garden

5 **When** exclamation of impatience

7 **taper** candle

10 **his** i.e., Caesar's; Brutus is in mid-thought

11 **spurn** strike, kick

12 **general** general cause, public good

15 **craves** requires **crown him that** i.e., crown him

19 **Remorse** pity, compassion

20 **affections** emotions **swayed** influenced, ruled (him)

21 **proof** experience

22 **lowliness** humility/pretended humbleness **ladder** i.e., means of rising to power

24 **upmost round** highest rung

26 **base degrees** lower rungs/those of lower social status

28 **the…is** our cause for complaint cannot be justified on the grounds of his current behavior **colour** good reason/pretext

30 **Fashion** contrive/fabricate, pervert **augmented** i.e., once he has been given more power

33 **as his kind** like the rest of its species **mischievous** harmful, dangerous

35 **closet** private room

44 **exhalations** meteors (considered bad omens, these were thought to consist of noxious vapors that had been drawn up, or "exhaled," from the earth by the sun)

51 **piece it out** add to it, fill it out

54 **Tarquin** Tarquinius Superbus, the last King of Rome, who was expelled by Lucius Junius Brutus

58 **petition** request

61 **whet** incite (literally refers to sharpening of a knife)

64 **motion** suggestion/impulse

65 **phantasma** illusion, hallucination

66 **genius** attendant guardian spirit thought to influence a man throughout his life **mortal instruments** human functions (mental and physical; these should obey the genius)

67 **council** intense debate, dispute **state** condition/commonwealth

69 **insurrection** rebellion

70 **brother** brother-in-law; Cassius was married to Brutus’ sister

75 **plucked about** pulled down over

77 **discover** identify

78 **mark of favour** facial feature

82 **free** unconfined

84 **visage** face

86 **thou…on** pursue (i.e., maintain) your natural appearance

87 **Erebus** in classical mythology, the dark place through which the dead must pass before they reach the underworld, Hades

88 **prevention** being (recognized and) forestalled

89 **are too bold** intrude too boldly

103 **watchful cares** sleep-preventing anxieties

104 **night** i.e., sleep

108 **yon** yonder, those

109 **fret** adorn, lace

110 **deceived** mistaken

111 **as** i.e., where

112 **growing on** advancing toward

113 **Weighing** considering, taking into account

117 **all over** all of you

119 **face of men** i.e., troubled look of the people

120 **sufferance** suffering

121 **betimes** quickly

122 **idle** unoccupied/lazy

123 **high-sighted** ambitious, with the sight directed upward/soaring beyond view (image from falconry) **range** move freely

124 **lottery** chance

126 **steel** make firm

130 **Than** than that of **secret** trustworthy/concealed

131 **palter** equivocate, use trickery

132 **engaged** pledged, committed

133 **fall** i.e., die

134 **Swear** i.e., those who take oaths are **cautelous** cautious

135 **carrions** corpses (used here of sick old men)

137 **Such…doubt** the sort of wretches one can have little faith in

138 **even** true, steady

139 **th'insuppressive** the indomitable, not suppressible

140 **or** either

143 **several** individual **bastardy** i.e., act that shows he is no true, legitimate Roman

146 **sound** sound out, question

150 **silver hairs** i.e., old age/wisdom (**silver** also suggests money, an image picked up in **purchase** and **buy**)

155 **gravity** sober authority/wisdom

156 **break** speak, broach the matter

161 **touched** affected, i.e., killed

162 **meet** fitting

165 **shrewd contriver** cunning schemer/astute strategist **means** resources/power

166 **improve** exploit, make good use of

167 **annoy** injure

171 **envy** malice

174 **spirit** influence/essence/disposition

175 **spirit** soul

182 **subtle** cunning

183 **Stir up** provoke **their servants** i.e., our hands

184 **chide** rebuke

185 **purpose** purpose seem

187 **purgers** cleansers, healers (of the state)

192 **ingrafted** firmly implanted (gardening term referring to the practice of grafting a shoot from one plant onto the stem of another)

195 **take thought** become depressed, sunk in grief

196 **that…should** it would be extreme if he did

198 **no fear** nothing to fear

206 **from the main** contrary to the solid

207 **ceremonies** ritual divination of omens

208 **apparent** conspicuous, plainly visible

210 **augurers** Roman religious officials who predicted the future by interpreting a variety of signs and portents

213 **o'ersway him** influence him, change his mind

214 **unicorns…trees** supposedly the fierce unicorn could be goaded into charging at a tree, where it would become trapped when its horn got embedded in the trunk

215 **glasses** mirrors (into which the bear would gaze, distracted) **holes** holes in the ground, booby traps

216 **toils** nets, snares

220 **humour** mood/disposition **true bent** right inclination, proper direction

223 **uttermost** latest time

225 **bear Caesar hard** bear a grudge toward Caesar, dislike him

226 **rated** reproached, rebuked

228 **by** i.e., to

229 **reasons** i.e., reasons to love me

230 **fashion him** work on him, shape him to our purposes

231 **upon's** upon us

235 **put on** show, reflect

237 **untired** inexhaustible (may play on the sense of "uncostumed" although this is not historically accurate) **formal constancy** outward integrity, fidelity to one's role

241 **figures…fantasies** imaginings

242 **busy** constantly active/interfering

245 **mean you** are you doing

248 **ungently** unkindly, rudely

251 **arms a-cross** conventional gesture of melancholy or introspection

257 **wafture** (dismissive) wave

260 **withal** in addition

261 **humour** (a bad) mood, (a disordered) temperament

264 **shape** physical appearance

265 **condition** state of mind

266 **know** recognize

273 **unbracèd** with clothing unbuttoned **humours** dampness, noxious vapors

275 **wholesome** healthful

276 **dare** risk/defy

277 **rheumy** moist **unpurgèd** impure (the sun having yet to purge its moisture)

279 **sick offence** harmful disorder

280 **place** position (as your wife)

282 **charm** conjure, entreat

283 **that great vow** i.e., the marriage vow

285 **unfold** reveal **half** other half

286 **heavy** sad

287 **resort to** visit

293 **excepted** made an exception (that)

295 **in…limitation** within certain limits (legal phrase)

296 **keep** remain **comfort** make comfortable, bring pleasure to

297 **suburbs** outskirts, the less tightly regulated parts of a city well-known for prostitution

299 **harlot** prostitute

301 **ruddy drops** i.e., blood

307 **Cato** Marcus Porcius Cato was known for his rigid moral integrity; as an ally of Pompey, he committed suicide rather than give in to Caesar

310 **counsels** plans/secrets

311 **constancy** fortitude

318 **by and by** imminently **bosom** i.e., heart

320 **construe** explain

321 **charactery** writing, i.e., meaning ***kerchief*** scarf generally worn about the head (especially by invalids)

327 **Vouchsafe** deign to accept

337 **exorcist** one who calls up spirits by magical rites

338 **mortified** deadened (by illness/by Caesar)

339 **strive** contend

341 **whole** healthy, well

345 **To whom** i.e., to meet the man to whom

346 **Set…foot** advance, lead on

Act 2 Scene 2

2.2 ***Location:*** *Caesar's house, Rome*

5 **present** immediate

6 **opinions** predictions (based on study of the entrails of sacrificed animals)

13 **stood on** insisted on, gave weight to **ceremonies** omens, portents

16 **watch** night watchmen

17 **whelpèd** given birth

18 **yawned** gaped open

19 **fiery warriors** i.e., comets, considered to be bad omens

22 **hurtled** clashed noisily

24 **ghosts…squeal** ghosts were traditionally supposed to have thin, high-pitched voices

25 **use** customary experience

28 **end** outcome **purposed** determined, intended

30 **to** directed just as much to

32 **blaze forth** i.e., proclaim with meteors, fire

41 **of…forth** out of one of the sacrificial animal corpses

43 **in shame of** to shame

48 **littered** born

52 **consumed in** devoured by

59 **humour** whim, fancy

63 **happy** opportune

71 **greybeards** old men (often derogatory)

79 **stays** detains

82 **lusty** vigorous, lively, eager

84 **apply for** interpret as

87 **amiss** wrongly

92 **press** appeal/crowd forward

93 **tinctures, stains, relics** i.e., tokens marked with a martyr's blood (**tinctures** also includes the sense "colors on a coat of arms") **cognizance** tokens/heraldic badge worn by a nobleman's servant

100 **were…rendered** would be a likely joke

108 **reason…liable** decorum is overruled by my love

118 **ague** fever, sickness

123 **notwithstanding up** nevertheless out of bed

130 **remember** acknowledge, reward

135 **That…same** i.e., the fact that those who behave **like friends** may not actually be so

136 **earns** grieves

Act 2 Scene 3

2.3 ***Location:*** *a street near the Capitol, Rome*

4 **bent** resolved/directed

5 **security** overconfidence, complacency **way** opportunity/access **lover** dear and loyal friend

8 **suitor** petitioner

10 **Out of** free from **teeth** i.e., bite **emulation** ambitious rivalry

12 **contrive** plot, conspire

Act 2 Scene 4

2.4 ***Location:*** *outside Brutus' house*, *Rome*

7 **constancy** resolution, fortitude

9 **man's** i.e., strong, virtuous

10 **counsel** secrets

16 **take good note** observe closely

21 **bustling rumour** agitated commotion **fray** fight, noisy brawl/din, stir

23 **Sooth** in truth

31 **suit** petition, formal request

34 **befriend** i.e., help, protect

40 **praetors** magistrates (of whom Brutus is one)

42 **void** empty

46 **speed** prosper

49 **commend me** convey my greetings

Act 3 Scene 1

3.1 ***Location:*** *on the way to and then within the Capitol*, *Rome*

3 **schedule** document

4 **o'erread** read over

7 **touches Caesar nearer** affects Caesar more directly

8 **served** seen to, addressed/formally delivered (legal term)

11 **Sirrah** sir (term of address used to a social inferior) **place** way

20 **makes to** approaches

21 **sudden** swift **prevention** interruption, intervention

23 **turn back** return (alive)

25 **constant** steady, controlled

27 **Caesar** i.e., Caesar's expression

31 **prefer** advance, promote

32 **addressed** prepared **second** support

33 **rears** raises up

36 **puissant** powerful

37 **seat** chair of state/high status

40 **These couchings** this bowing, stooping **lowly courtesies** humble (or "low") bows

41 **fire** excite/incite to action

42 **turn…lane** cast…into the path/return (or transform)…to the narrow understanding; **lane** may be a variant of "line" (i.e., "rule") though many editors emend to "law" **pre-ordinance…decree** previously established and fundamental laws

43 **fond** (so) foolish

44 **rebel blood** i.e., blood that will revolt against reason

45 **quality** nature, property/excellence

46 **sweet** flattering, sugary

47 **Low-crookèd** with body and knee bent low (both "low" and "crooked" have connotations of dishonesty) **spaniel-fawning** doglike fawning (spaniels were proverbially submissive)

49 **pray** beg

50 **spurn** kick **cur** dog

51 **cause** good reason

52 **satisfied** convinced (to grant a pardon)

55 **repealing** recalling (from exile)
58 **freedom of repeal** permission to be recalled/freedom resulting from being recalled
62 **enfranchisement** liberation
64 **pray to move** plead with others to act
65 **northern star** the only star in the sky that does not appear to move when viewed from earth
66 **resting** unchanging, stable
67 **fellow** counterpart, equal **firmament** sky
68 **sparks** i.e., stars
72 **apprehensive** capable of perception and understanding
74 **holds…rank** maintains his position
75 **of motion** by movement of his own/by the persuasions of others
80 **Hence** be gone **Olympus** in Greek mythology, the mountain home of the gods
82 **bootless** pointlessly, uselessly
83 **hands** i.e., his own hands; perhaps also those of the other conspirators
84 ***Et tu, Bruté?*** "And you (too), Brutus?" (Latin)
87 **common pulpits** public speaking platforms
89 **affrighted** frightened
90 **ambition's…paid** i.e., the price for Caesar's ambition has been paid with his death (and no one else will be harmed)
94 **confounded with** dumbfounded, confused by **mutiny** chaos/revolt
95 **fast** firm
97 **standing** making a stand **good cheer** cheer up, be heartened
101 **age** elderly personage **mischief** injury, harm
102 **abide** pay the penalty for/remain with
105 **amazed** stunned/dismayed/alarmed
107 **As** as if
108 **pleasures** wills
109 **time** i.e., time of death
110 **drawing days out** prolonging of life **stand upon** are uncertain about/attach importance to/demand to know
118 **market-place** i.e., the Forum, center of public life
122 **acted over** acted out/acted over again
123 **accents** languages

125 **Pompey’s basis** the pedestal of Pompey’s statue **along** stretched out

128 **knot** group

132 **grace** honor (by following)

134 **Soft** wait a moment

138 **honest** honorable

141 **feared** felt reverence and awe for

142 **vouchsafe** permit, grant

143 **be resolved** learn

148 **Thorough** through **untrod state** unprecedented state of affairs

149 **faith** loyalty, constancy

153 **satisfied** informed, reassured, convinced

154 **untouched** unharmed

155 **presently** immediately

156 **well to** as a good

157 **wish** hope **mind** feeling, presentiment

158 **fears** doubts, mistrusts **still…purpose** always proves horribly accurate **shrewdly** astutely/seriously/dangerously

162 **spoils** plunder of war

163 **measure** extent, quantity

165 **be let blood** i.e., killed (literally, “bled” as a doctor’s patient was) **rank** diseased/swollen

171 **purpled** blood-red **reek** steam (with hot blood)

172 **Live** were I to live

173 **apt** ready, prepared

174 **mean** manner

175 **cut off** killed

176 **choice** best, most worthy **master** leading

180 **see you but** you only see

182 **pitiful** full of pity, merciful

184 **pity pity** i.e., our pity for Rome drove out pity for Caesar

186 **leaden** dull, blunt, i.e., benign

187 **in…malice** though strongly hostile to Caesar/though strong with the power to harm

188 **Of brothers’ temper** with brotherly temperament **receive** admit, embrace

189 **kind** gentle, well-meaning/brotherly, natural

190 **voice** vote

191 **disposing** distribution **dignities** offices of state, formal roles

193 **multitude** common people

194 **deliver you** inform you of **Cause** reason (plays on the sense of “grounds for legal action”)

196 **proceeded** taken action (plays on the sense of “taken legal action”)

198 **render** give

205 **credit** credibility/reputation **slipp’ry** perhaps also literally, due to Caesar’s blood

206 **conceit** think of

210 **dearer** more acutely

213 **Most noble** addressed to Caesar’s spirit

216 **become** befit, suit **close** come to an agreement, unite

218 **bayed** hunted by dogs until cornered **hart** male deer; puns on “heart”

220 **Signed in** marked with **spoil** slaughter, (blood of your) mangled body

Lethe the river of Hades, the classical underworld, which induced forgetfulness; here refers to Caesar’s death/oblivion

222 **this** i.e., this hart, Caesar

227 **The enemies** even the enemies

228 **cold modesty** sober moderation

230 **compact** agreement

231 **pricked** marked down

232 **on** proceed

233 **Therefore** for that reason (i.e., to be counted as a friend)

238 **Or else** otherwise

239 **good regard** just consideration

244 **Produce** bring forth

246 **order** ceremony

256 **protest** declare

257 **leave** permission, consent

259 **true rites** proper funeral rites

261 **fall** befall, happen

267 **About** i.e., in

276 **tide of times** course of history

277 **costly** dear, precious

283 **cumber** overwhelm, destroy/trouble, burden

284 **in use** commonplace, customary

285 **objects** sights

287 **quartered in** cut to pieces by

288 **custom of** constant exposure to **fell** cruel, fierce

289 **ranging** roving, roaming

290 **Ate** Greek goddess of discord and vengeance

291 **confines** regions

292 **havoc** war cry signaling merciless slaughter **let slip** unleash

293 **That** so that **foul** wicked/stinking

294 **With** i.e., along with **carrion men** rotting carcasses/corrupt men **groaning** crying out

301 **big** swollen (with grief)

302 **Passion** grief, strong emotion

305 **seven leagues** twenty-one miles

306 **Post** ride quickly

309 **Hie hence** hurry away

311 **try** test

313 **issue** outcome (of the deed)

314 **which** results of which **discourse** relate

Act 3 Scene 2

3.2 ***Location:*** *the Roman Forum*

2 **give me audience** listen to me

4 **part the numbers** divide the crowd

7 **public** given in public/concerning the public **renderèd** given

11 **severally** separately

13 **last** end (of my speech)

14 **lovers** friends **cause** grounds for action/explanation/subject of concern

15 **for** because of

16 **Censure** judge **senses** minds, wits

26 **rude** uncivilized

27 **vile** lowly, contemptible

31 **question of** considerations behind **enrolled** officially recorded

32 **extenuated** lessened, minimized **enforced** exaggerated, emphasized

35 **place…commonwealth** i.e., his rights as a free man in the Roman republic

40 **triumph** pomp, ceremony

41 **SECOND PLEBEIAN** not the same man who left earlier to hear Cassius

43 **parts** qualities

44 **crowned** literally crowned/rewarded/surpassed

51 **Do grace to** honor, respect **grace** listen courteously to

52 **Tending** relating

57 **public chair** pulpit, platform for public orations

59 **beholding** obliged, indebted

73 **interrèd** buried

77 **answered** paid for

78 **leave** permission

86 **general coffers** public treasury

108 **masters** sirs

109 **worse** i.e., worse tyrant

112 **dear abide it** suffer grievously for it

116 **But** only

117 **stood against** resisted, fought against

118 **poor** humble

127 **closet** cabinet

131 **dip…blood** i.e., as if Caesar were a martyr **napkins** handkerchiefs
135 **issue** children
139 **meet** fit
148 **o'ershot myself** gone further than I intended
162 **from** back from **hearse** coffin or stand on which the body rests
164 **far** further
167 **mantle** cloak
170 **Nervii** Belgian tribe of warriors defeated by Caesar
172 **rent** tear, slash
176 **As** as if it were
177 **unkindly** cruelly/unnaturally
178 **angel** favorite, dearest friend/protective spirit
189 **flourished** triumphed/prospered/brandished (its sword)
191 **dint** impression, mark **gracious** virtuous/blessed
193 **vesture** clothing
194 **marred** spoiled, stained **with** by
201 **About!** Get moving!
209 **private griefs** personal grievances
213 **orator** eloquent speaker, master of rhetoric
214 **plain blunt** plain-speaking and forthright
217 **wit** intelligence
218 **Action** gestures (used by a skilled orator to reinforce his words)
219 **right on** directly, truthfully
222 **Brutus** i.e., a skilled orator
224 **ruffle up** incite, enrage
233 **Wherein** for what
239 **several** individual **drachmas** silver coins; **seventy-five** would be a generous sum
245 **orchards** gardens
247 **common pleasures** public parks, pleasure gardens
248 **recreate** enjoy
252 **brands** burning logs **fire** set fire to
256 **forms** benches **windows** shutters
257 **Mischief** evil, harm
262 **straight** (go) straightaway

263 **upon a wish** just as I would have wished **merry** in good spirits, inclined toward us

266 **Are rid** have ridden

267 **Belike** probably notice of news about

Act 3 Scene 3

3.3 ***Location:*** *a street in Rome*

1 **tonight** last night

2 **unluckily…fantasy** ominously burden my imagination

3 **forth** out

9 **directly** without evasion/immediately

16 **bear…bang** get a beating

26 **he's a conspirator** the First Plebeian confuses Cinna with the conspirator of the same name

30 **pluck** tear, wrench

31 **turn him going** set him on his way

Act 4 Scene 1

4.1 ***Location:*** *a private place*, *Rome*

1 **pricked** marked down

2 **Your brother** Lucius Aemilius Paulus, a supporter of Brutus

7 **spot** mark (against his name); may play on the sense of “moral stain,” which would cause damn to resonate with its religious sense **damn** condemn (legally)

10 **cut…legacies** reduce some of the cost entailed by Caesar’s legacies (to the people; the suggestion is that the will is to be altered)

12 **Or** either

13 **slight** worthless, insignificant

14 **Meet** fit

15 **The…divided** after Caesar’s fall, the Roman empire was divided into three parts, each ruled by one of the triumvirs (Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus)

18 **voice** vote (regarding)

19 **black sentence** sentencing of men to death **proscription** branding of men as outlaws (which meant their property was confiscated)

20 **have…days** i.e., am older

22 **divers sland’rous loads** various burdensome accusations

24 **business** task/load

26 **will** want it

27 **off** away

28 **empty** unburdened, idle

29 **commons** public fields

31 **tried** experienced

33 **appoint…provender** provide him with plenty of food

35 **wind** turn sharply

36 **corporeal** bodily

37 **taste** degree, sense

39 **barren-spirited** dull-minded, lacking initiative

40 **objects…imitations** i.e., trivialities, curiosities, things of fashion

41 **staled** worn out, made stale

42 **Begin his fashion** i.e., he takes as fashionable

43 **property** means to an end

44 **Listen** hear
45 **levying powers** raising armies **make head** muster troops
46 **combined** united, of one mind
47 **made** decided (upon), secured **stretched** extended as far as possible
48 **presently** immediately **sit in counsel** i.e., discuss, be advised
49 **covert…disclosed** hidden affairs may best be revealed
50 **open** visible, apparent **surest** most securely and decisively
51 **at the stake** tied to a stake, like a bear being baited with dogs
52 **bayed about** surrounded
54 **mischiefs** evils, harms

Act 4 Scene 2

4.2 ***Location:*** *a camp near Sardis (the capital of the ancient kingdom of Lydia, Asia Minor); outside Brutus' tent, into which the action then moves*

1 **Stand ho** halt

2 **Give…ho** pass on the command (to halt)

5 **his master** i.e., Cassius

7 **change** i.e., changed behavior, altered attitude **ill officers** unruly, poor subordinates

8 **worthy** justifiable/substantial

10 **be satisfied** be resolved, have an explanation

13 **regard** respect

15 **he** i.e., Cassius **resolved** informed

17 **familiar instances** signs of friendship

18 **conference** conversation

21 **hot** eager, devoted **ever** always

23 **useth…ceremony** manifests itself with forced courtesy

25 **hollow** insincere **hot at hand** eager at the outset

26 **gallant** fine, splendid **mettle** vigor, spirit ***march*** i.e., march played on drums

27 **bloody** i.e., spattered with blood from the horse's sides

28 **fall** let fall **crests** necks **jades** worn-out horses

29 **Sink…trial** fail when put to the test

30 **quartered** billeted, lodged

31 **horse in general** entire cavalry

powers troops

34 **gently** nobly/in an unthreatening manner

40 **brother** brother-in-law

42 **should** i.e., could I possibly

46 **griefs** grievances

50 **enlarge** give free voice to

51 **give you audience** listen to you

53 **charges** troops **off** away

59 **noted** disgraced, discredited

61 **praying** entreating

62 **slighted off** slightingly dismissed

64 **meet** appropriate

65 **nice** petty **bear his comment** be subject to such criticism

67 **condemned…palm** to blame for your greed

68 **mart** trade, barter **offices** positions of responsibility

71 **You…last** i.e., if you weren't my friend Brutus, I'd kill you for saying this

73 **honours** gives honor to

74 **chastisement** punishment **hide his head** i.e., is not enforced (with the suggestion of a head hung in shame)

81 **But** merely **supporting robbers** i.e., permitting corruption

83 **large honours** great reputations/powerful positions

84 **trash** money

85 **bay** howl at

89 **hedge me in** restrict me, challenge my authority

91 **make conditions** manage affairs

92 **Go to** expression of dismissive contempt

95 **forget myself** i.e., lose my temper

96 **Have mind upon** remember, be concerned for

97 **slight** worthless, insignificant/thin, lean

100 **way and room** scope **choler** rage

105 **budge** flinch/give way

106 **observe** honor, wait upon **crouch** cringe

107 **testy humour** irritable mood

108 **digest** i.e., be obliged to swallow **spleen** bad temper, anger (the spleen was thought to be the seat of strong emotions)

114 **vaunting** boasting

116 **of** from/about

121 **durst…me** would not have dared provoke me is such a manner

127 **presume** rely

132 **idle** useless/frivolous/inactive

135 **vile means** shameful methods (i.e., corruption, extortion)

136 **coin** turn into money

137 **drop** shed **drachmas** silver coins

138 **hard** toughened with work/ungenerous **vile** worthless, lowly, contemptible

139 **indirection** deceit, dishonesty

144 **rascal counters** worthless coins

150 **rived** split

151 **infirmities** flaws, weaknesses

162 **braved** challenged, defied

163 **Checked** rebuked/restrained

164 **conned by rote** memorized through repetition

168 **Dearer** more valuable **Pluto** fabulously rich Greek god of the underworld **mine** silver and gold mines

169 **take it forth** i.e., tear this heart out

176 **dishonour…humour** i.e., your dishonorable behavior shall be attributed to a bad mood

177 **lamb** i.e., the supposedly gentle Brutus

179 **enforcèd** acted upon by force (i.e., struck to create a spark) **hasty** quick, brief

183 **blood ill-tempered** a disordered temperament (physical and mental health was thought to be governed by the four bodily fluids or “humors”; the excess of one would lead to illness or an imbalanced mood)

190 **rash humour** i.e., choler, the humor responsible for impetuous anger

191 **forgetful** irrational, badly behaved

194 **leave you so** i.e., leave it at that

201 **mean** i.e., think you are doing

204 **cynic** i.e., faultfinder (literally, a follower of Cynic philosophy, which disdained pleasure and enjoyment)

205 **Saucy** insolent

206 **fashion** manner

207 **I’ll…time** I’ll acknowledge his manner when he recognizes the proper occasion for it (**time** plays on the sense of “musical time, rhythm”)

208 **jigging** rhyming in a jerking and metrically unsophisticated manner

209 **Companion** rogue, rascal

217 **of** with

218 **philosophy** usually identified as stoicism, which valued endurance in the face of hardship, but according to Plutarch, Brutus was a Platonist

219 **place** room/precedence **accidental evils** chance misfortunes

223 **scaped** escaped **crossed** challenged, opposed

224 **touching** deeply felt

225 **Upon** as a result of

228 **her** i.e., news of her

229 **That tidings** i.e., news of Octavius and Antony’s power **distract** mad, deranged

230 **fire** specifically, burning coals

237 **o’erswell** overflow

241 **call in question** discuss

247 **Bending** directing **expedition** speedy setting forth/military enterprise **Philippi** city in Macedonia

248 **tenor** drift, substance

250 **proscription…outlawry** i.e., legislation declaring some people to be outlaws punishable by death

270 **must die once** had to die some day

272 **Even so** in just such a manner

273 **art** practiced fortitude, learned behavior

274 **nature** natural feelings **bear it** carry it off, maintain it

275 **alive** concerning those who are living/of present importance

282 **offence** damage/attack (the opposite of defence)

284 **force** necessity **place** way

286 **affection** allegiance

287 **contribution** resources, supplies (including soldiers)

289 **make…up** increase its numbers

290 **new-added** reinforced, with augmented numbers

293 **These…back** behind us (supporting us/cut off from our enemy)

295 **Under your pardon** i.e., allow me to continue

296 **tried** put (successfully) to the test

301 **taken…flood** i.e., set sail on when it is in

302 **Omitted** neglected

303 **bound in shallows** confined to shallow waters

306 **ventures** investments at sea/enterprises

308 **along** go along

311 **niggard** fob off, stint

315 **gown** dressing gown

327 **instrument** musical instrument, perhaps a lute

330 **art o’er-watched** have been awake (perhaps on guard) for too long

336 **raise** rouse, wake

338 **watch your pleasure** remain awake and ready to respond to your needs

340 **otherwise bethink me** i.e., change my mind
346 **touch** i.e., play on
347 **an't** if it
351 **might** capabilities, strength
352 **look for** need, expect
355 **hold** detain
357 **murderous** i.e., that gives the appearance of death
358 **leaden mace** heavy staff of office (used by a sergeant to arrest offenders by touching them with his mace)
367 **shapes** creates, forms **monstrous** unnatural
370 **stare** stand on end
378 **taken heart** gathered my courage
381 **false** out of tune
390 **Fellow thou** thou, fellow
398 **commend me** convey my greetings
399 **set…before** set off with his troops early in the morning

Act 5 Scene 1

5.1 ***Location:*** *near Philippi*

3 **keep** keep to

4 **battles** battalions

5 **warn** challenge

6 **Answering** responding to/encountering for a fight **demand of** ask

7 **am…bosoms** know their secrets

8 **could be content** would like

9 **visit other places** be elsewhere, take up different positions **come down** attack (by surprise)

10 **fearful bravery** alarming bravery/a false show of bravery to hide their fear **face** show

11 **fasten** fix the impression

12 **’tis not so** they are unable to do so/they have no courage

14 **gallant** splendid, smart

15 **bloody…battle** red flag, a signal for battle

16 **to** is to, must

17 **softly** slowly, warily

18 **even** level, flat

20 **exigent** critical moment

22 **have parley** negotiation, during which hostilities were suspended

25 **answer…charge** respond when they attack

26 **Make forth** go forward

30 **strokes** blows

35 **The…blows** the nature of your blows, how you will strike

36 **for** as for **your words** refers to Antony’s deceptively friendly words to the conspirators after Caesar’s murder, or perhaps to his flattering words to the people regarding Caesar’s love for them **Hybla** town in Sicily, famed for its honey

40 **buzzing** plays on the sense of “rumor-mongering”

41 **threat** threaten

42 **so** i.e., give warning

44 **showed your teeth** grinned **apes** i.e., fools

46 **cur** dog

49 **This…ruled** i.e., if Cassius had had his way, Antony would have been killed along with Caesar

51 **cause** grounds for hostility, central issue

52 **proof** trial (on the battlefield)

54 **goes up** is sheathed

56 **another Caesar** i.e., myself, Octavius Caesar

57 **added slaughter to** i.e., been killed by

59 **thou…thee** i.e., those hands are your own

62 **if** even if **strain** family line

63 **more honourable** more honorably (than being killed by Brutus)

64 **peevish** foolish/obstinate/ill-tempered

65 **masquer** one who participates in masques (theatrical entertainments involving elaborate costumes and dancing)

70 **stomachs** courage, appetites (for battle)

71 **billow** wave **bark** ship

72 **on the hazard** at stake

78 **as this** this

81 **Pompey was** Pompey was reluctantly persuaded into a disastrous final battle with Caesar at Pharsalus in 48 BC **set** stake

83 **Epicurus** Greek philosopher who believed that the gods were indifferent to human affairs, and thus that omens did not influence the course of events

85 **credit** give credit to, believe **presage** foretell events

86 **former ensign** foremost military banner

87 **fell** swooped

89 **consorted** accompanied

91 **steads** places **ravens…kites** scavenging birds considered to be bad omens

93 **As** as if

94 **fatal** ominous, boding death

99 **constantly** resolutely

100 **Even so, Lucilius** Brutus finishes his private conversation with Lucilius

102 **The** may the

103 **Lovers** dear friends

104 **rests still** remain always

105 **reason with** consider

109 **philosophy** the antisuicide sentiment Brutus expresses is stoic

110 **Cato** Portia’s father, an ally of Pompey who committed suicide rather than surrender to Caesar

111 **how** i.e., why

113 **fall** happen **prevent…life** cut short one’s natural lifespan

115 **stay** await

118 **in triumph** chained to the victor’s chariot during the triumphal return to Rome

122 **great** noble

Act 5 Scene 2

5.2 ***Location:*** *the battlefield near Philippi* ***Alarum*** call to arms, usually with trumpet or drum

1 **bills** written commands

2 **other side** i.e., Cassius' division of the army, located in another part of the battlefield

3 **set on** advance

4 **cold** unenthusiastic/miserable **Octavio's** i.e., Octavius' **wing** division of the army

5 **push** attack

6 **come down** attack (by surprise)

Act 5 Scene 3

1 **the villains** i.e., Cassius’ own troops
2 **mine own** i.e., my own men
3 **ensign** military flag bearer
4 **it** i.e., the flag or banner
7 **fell to spoil** were slaughtered
8 **enclosed** surrounded
16 **hide** i.e., dig hard
18 **here** back here
20 **even with** i.e., as quick as
22 **thick** dim, poor **Regard** watch
23 ***goes aloft*** i.e., exits and mounts to the upper staging level or gallery
24 **This…first** i.e., it is my birthday
26 **is…compass** has come full circle
30 **on the spur** rapidly
32 **light** alight, dismount
33 **ta’en** captured
38 **Parthia** now northern Iran
39 **swore thee** made you swear
43 **bowels** guts, intestines **search** probe, i.e., stab
44 **Stand** wait **hilts** sword handle
48 **would…will** had I been able to act as I wished, I would not have gained freedom in such a manner
51 **take note of** i.e., find
52 **change** exchange of advantages
55 **comfort** hearten, encourage
67 **dews** disease-ridden dampness
68 **Mistrust** Cassius’ doubt
71 **apt** readily believing
72 **The…not?** i.e., the apparent capture of Titinius
74 **the mother** i.e., the melancholy mind
79 **darts** arrows/spears **envenomèd** poisoned
86 **wreath of victory** i.e., laurel wreath
91 **apace** quickly
92 **regarded** respected, esteemed

93	**part**	role, duty/proper conduct
101	**own proper**	very own
	Low	muted, quiet
103	**whe’er**	whether
107	**fellow**	equal
110	**Thasos**	island in the north of the Aegean Sea, not far from Philippi
112	**discomfort**	dishearten
114	**battles**	battalions
116	**try**	test

Act 5 Scene 4

2 **bastard** i.e., base person, one who is no legitimate Roman

4 **Marcus Cato** also Portia’s father

7 **I am Brutus** Lucilius lies in order to confuse the enemy and protect Brutus

13 **Only…die** I yield only to die

14 **so much** either Lucilius offers the soldier money or he refers to the abundance of honor to be gained from killing Brutus **straight** straightaway

17 **Room, ho** make room

25 **or** either

33 **is chanced** has fallen out, come to pass

Act 5 Scene 5

1 **remains** remnants, survivors

2 **showed the torch-light** i.e., signaled to show that he had completed his reconnaissance mission

17 **list** hear

21 **several** separate

27 **beat** driven **pit** trap for animals/grave

29 **tarry** wait

31 **that…old** that old friendship of ours

32 **sword-hilts** sword handle

33 **office** task ***still*** continuing

42 **vile** ignoble, morally reprehensible

46 **but…hour** toiled with the sole aim of finding death/done nothing other than toil to arrive at this point

50 **respect** reputation

51 **smatch** smack, taste

55 **still** at peace ***Retreat*** signal for the pursuing troops to cease

58 **man** servant

60 **make…him** i.e., cremate his body

61 **only** alone **overcame** conquered

63 **So** in just such a way

65 **entertain** employ

67 **prefer** recommend

72 **latest** last

75 **that** what **envy of** malice toward/jealousy of

76 **He…them** he alone joined the conspiracy out of honorable concern for the common good **honest** honorable/genuine

78 **gentle** noble **elements** i.e., of the universe (air, earth, fire, and water)/of “bodily humors”

79 **mixed** (harmoniously) combined

81 **use** treat

84 **ordered** treated

85 **field** battlefield

86 **part** share out

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

Macbeth is Shakespeare’s shortest, quickest tragedy. Its colors are black and red. It summons up dusk and midnight and at last a poor player who struts and frets with empty sound and fury, his life a candle that is snuffed out, signifying nothing. But along the way we witness high passion, vaulting ambition, alliances made and broken. Macbeth himself is great in action but not in judgment. Give him a task on the battlefield and he will carry it through with aplomb. But give him words and he will be first easily led, then hesitant. His wife chides him for this, but ironically as the two of them wade deeper into blood he becomes more purposeful, she a nightmare-beset shadow of her former self.

In Shakespearean tragedy, the time is out of joint and the lead character is out of his accustomed role. Hamlet the scholar is happy to be presented with an intellectual puzzle, but unsure how to proceed when presented with a demand to kill. Macbeth the soldier, by contrast, relishes violent action but is restless when it comes to waiting for his reward. Hamlet meditates on the nature of providence, while Macbeth is prompted to take his fate into his own hands. Imagine Macbeth in Hamlet’s situation. He would have needed no second prompting. On hearing the ghost’s story, he would have gone straight down from the battlements and unseamed King Claudius “from the nave to th’chops.” His courage and his capacity to act are without question.

Macbeth is, however, more like Hamlet than appears at first glance. He has a conscience. When his ambition is stirred by the weyard sisters’ prophecies, he tries to slap it down (“Stars, hide your fires: / Let not light see my black and deep desires”), and when he returns to his castle he soliloquizes on the afterlife every bit in the manner of the Danish prince. But where Hamlet is profoundly alone, unable to bring himself to confide in Ophelia because Gertrude has destroyed his faith in womankind, Macbeth has a wife to take charge of him. She enters as he is concluding his conscience-ridden soliloquy and with a few brisk exchanges and put-downs

(“When you durst do it, then you were a man”) she changes his mind and settles him to the terrible feat.

His conscience is still working after the regicide, as he is haunted by the sound of the voice crying “Sleep no more.” His wife, on the other hand, is cool and practical (“A little water clears us of this deed”). But as the play progresses, in one of Shakespeare’s finest structural movements, a reversal takes place. It is Lady Macbeth who sleeps no more, whose mind is emptied of everything save the night of the murder, who cannot wash away the blood (“All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand”). Macbeth, by contrast, steeps himself so far in blood that it becomes easier to carry on than to turn back. He does not tell his wife about the plan to murder Banquo and Fleance, and by the fourth act, when he massacres Macduff’s innocent family, she has temporarily disappeared from the action. By the fifth, he is willing on the final encounter: “Blow wind, come wrack, / At least we’ll die with harness on our back.” The final thoughts inspired by his wife are fatalistic: she began by spurring him to take his destiny into his own hands, she ends as the provocation to his meditation on the meaninglessness of life.

Macbeth is a play about how dreams may become nightmares, how a castle that by day seems the pleasant seat of nesting birds is transformed by night into hell itself (with a grimly witty Porter at the gate). And how the world may be turned upside down: the sun refuses to rise the morning after Duncan has been killed and other strange phenomena are interpreted as disruptions of the natural order. The English court, in contrast, is represented as a haven, a place of grace and “healing benediction.” Malcolm’s stay in England serves as an education into virtue. His conquest of Scotland, with the worthy English Siward in support, is made to seem like a restoration of nature, the moving trees of Birnam symbolic of spring and rebirth. The play was written in the first few years after James I united the thrones of Scotland and England: Macduff’s final entrance with the tyrant’s head and his announcement that the time is free express hope for an end to the uncertainty about the nation’s future, which had attended the final years of the Virgin Queen’s reign.

Within weeks of James VI of Scotland becoming James I of England in 1603, Shakespeare’s acting company was given the title “The King’s Men.” In return for this honor, they were expected to play at court whenever required. They duly gave more command performances at royal events than any of their rivals: between ten and twenty shows per year for the rest of Shakespeare's career. *Macbeth* is steeped in the preoccupations of the new king: the rights of royal succession, the relationship between England and Scotland, the reality of witchcraft, the sacred powers of the monarch (James revived the ancient custom of "touching" his subjects in order to cure them of scrofula, "the king's evil"). And there was one enduring concern inherited from his predecessor's reign: anxiety about high treason and Roman Catholic plots. The Porter's reference to "equivocation" has often been seen as an allusion to the verbal cunning shown by Father Garnet, one of the Gunpowder Plot conspirators, during his trial in the early months of 1606.

Whether or not there were such things as witches was a fiercely debated subject in the period. In his treatise *Of Demonology,* King James affirmed that there were. He believed that nine times out of ten, witches were women, but women with unnaturally masculine features such as facial hair; that they were in league with the devil, that they had familiar spirits in the shape of cats and toads, that their most dangerous work consisted of conjuring up images of people and cursing them, that they sent succubi to remove the sexual lifeblood from men, that they caused disease in animals. One could establish whether or not a woman was devilishly possessed by a "witch mark" on her body, which would not bleed when pricked (when Shylock in The *Merchant of Venice* says "If you prick us, do we not bleed?" he means that Jews are not devilish in the way that witches are). The *Macbeth* witches answer to most of these characteristics: they are women with beards, summoning Grey Malkin the cat and Paddock the toad, while lines such as "I'll drain him dry as hay" and "killing swine" suggest succubi and diseased livestock.

Yet no one in the play calls them "witches." They are always the "weyard sisters." The adjective denotes both their prophetic power and their waywardness, the sense that they exist in an untamed space beyond the margins of society. What is more, the earliest eyewitness account of *Macbeth* on stage, written by Dr. Simon Forman after he saw a performance in 1611, refers to them as "fairies or nymphs." *Macbeth's* source, Holinshed's "Chronicle of Scotland," variously calls them "weird sisters," "fairies," and "women in strange and wild apparel, resembling creatures of the elder world.” A woodcut in Holinshed shows them as rather grumpy but elegantly dressed ladies, certainly not bearded hags. A further complication is that the only surviving printed text of *Macbeth* seems to represent the play not as it was written by Shakespeare, but as it was revised for later performance, probably by the younger dramatist Thomas Middleton, who had written a play of his own called *The Witch*. There is a genuine possibility that Shakespeare intended the women to be “weyard sisters,” prophets akin to the classical sibyl, and that it was only with Middleton that they were converted into full-blown witches with double-trouble cauldron (Forman’s recollection of seeing the play in 1611 makes no mention of Macbeth’s return visit in the fourth act).

Why was King James so interested in witches? The main reason was that his ideology of kingship was closely bound to a cosmology of good and evil. He believed passionately in the idea that the monarch was God’s representative on earth, the embodiment of virtue, blessed with the power to heal his people and restore cosmic harmony. The idea that the devil was active in the world through the dark agency of witchcraft was the necessary antithesis of this vision. The imagery of Shakespeare’s play creates a pervasive sense of connection between the state and the cosmos: witness those signs of disruption in the order of nature reported by Lennox and Ross on the night of Duncan’s murder.

Another consequence of James’ theory of kingship was the idea that royal succession was divinely ordained rather than achieved arbitrarily through a struggle between rival candidates or a popular vote. It is therefore extremely significant that in Holinshed’s *Chronicles* Duncan’s anointing of his son Malcolm as Prince of Cumberland is a turning point in Scottish history: this is the moment when the principle of primogeniture is established in Scotland. In Holinshed, Macbeth is Duncan’s cousin and until this moment he has the right to the succession in the event of Duncan dying before Malcolm comes of age.

In the mid-twentieth century there was a tendency among critics to mock the Victorian scholar A. C. Bradley for treating Shakespeare’s characters as if they were real people, with a past and a life beyond that which is seen on stage. The shorthand term for this mockery was Bradley’s question “How many children had Lady Macbeth?” But Bradley has outlasted his critics: to a greater degree than any other writer prior to the flowering of the realist novel, Shakespeare *did* use language to create the illusion that his characters have an interior life and that there is a “back story” to his plots. The language of *Macbeth* is steeped in images of children, of birth, of inheritance, and future generations. The sons of Duncan, Banquo, and Macduff are all crucial to the action, and there is even a telling bit-part for the son of the English soldier Siward. No other Shakespearean tragedy has so many significant male children in the cast. Only Macbeth is without a son. Hence his appalled realization that he has a barren scepter in his hand, that his bloody deeds have been done only “to make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings.”

Shakespeare doesn’t usually portray married couples working together as partners. There are moments of exceptional tenderness between the Macbeths. Yet there is an emptiness at the core of their relationship. The play is scarred by images of sterility and harrowed by glimpses of dead babies. Is power in the end a substitute for love, ambition nothing but compensation for the sorrow of childlessness? It has to be assumed that Lady Macbeth means what she says when she speaks of giving suck and knowing how tender it is to love the babe that milks her: we can only assume that the Macbeths have had a child and lost it. Perhaps that is why they channel the energies of their marriage into the lust for power instead.

Shakespeare is the least autobiographical of great writers, but can it be entirely a coincidence that, a decade before, he too had lost a child, his only son Hamnet, and that in the years since then he had channeled all his creative powers not into a family, but into his work, his theater company, and the thrill of those extraordinary occasions when he found himself—a grammar boy from the provinces with no university education—witnessing the King of England and Scotland, with all his court, listening in rapt attention as his words were spoken from the platform of the banqueting hall in the royal palace?

KEY FACTS

AUTHORSHIP: There is no doubt about Shakespeare's authorship of the bulk of the play, but it is probable that the printed text bears the marks of some theatrical revision, possibly by **Thomas Middleton**. In particular, the scenes involving Hecate seem to be additions by Middleton.

PLOT: Macbeth and Banquo, generals in the service of King Duncan of Scotland, are returning victorious from battle when they are hailed by three witches or "weyard sisters" who prophesy that Macbeth will become Thane of Cawdor and then King of Scotland, whereas Banquo's descendants will be kings. The first part of the prophesy is soon fulfilled when Duncan rewards Macbeth's loyal service: encouraged by this, and playing on her husband's ambition, Lady Macbeth persuades him to murder Duncan while he is a guest at their castle. Malcolm and Donalbain, Duncan's sons, flee to England for safety. Macbeth, now king, has Banquo murdered in an attempt to secure his own position, but Banquo's ghost appears to him at a banquet. Macbeth visits the witches again. They warn him to beware of Macduff, a noble who has also fled to England, but assure him that he cannot be harmed by any man born of woman. Macbeth orders the murder of Macduff's wife and children. In England, Malcolm tests Macduff's loyalty and they then raise an army to march against Macbeth, but he, armed with the witches' prophecy, believes himself invincible. As his enemies draw nearer, Macbeth learns that his wife is dead. He faces Macduff in combat but when he learns Macduff was born by cesarean section he realizes that he must face death. Malcolm is crowned King of Scotland.

MAJOR PARTS: (*with percentage of lines/number of speeches/scenes on stage*) Macbeth (29%/ 146/15), Lady Macbeth (11%/59/9), Malcolm (9%/40/8), Macduff (7%/59/7), Ross (6%/39/ 7), Banquo (5%/33/7), First Witch (3%/23/4), Lennox (3%/21/6), Duncan (3%/18/3), Second Witch (2%/15/3), Third Witch (2%/13/3), Porter (2%/4/1), Wife of Macduff (2%/19/1), Scottish Doctor (2%/19/2).

LINGUISTIC MEDIUM: 95% verse, 5% prose.

DATE: 1606? Certainly Jacobean rather than Elizabethan, to judge from its several compliments to King James. Performed at the Globe in April 1611 and perhaps at court in August or December 1606. References to “equivocation” and other allusions suggest written soon after trial of Gunpowder Plot conspirators (January–March 1606). The ship *Tiger*, mentioned in Act 1 Scene 3, sailed for the east in 1604 and returned after a terrible voyage in the summer of 1606.

SOURCES: Based on account of reigns of Duncan and Makbeth in “The Chronicles of Scotland,” from vol. **2 of** Raphael Holinshed’s *Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland* (1587 edition), with some use of material elsewhere in the Scottish chronicles. Shows awareness of the Stuart dynasty’s claim to lineage from Banquo. Some of the imagery is influenced by the language of Seneca’s tragedies. Hecate scenes incorporate material from Thomas Middleton’s play *The Witch*.

TEXT: 1623 Folio is the only early printed text. Its brevity suggests possible theatrical cutting. Good quality of printing, though with severe problems of lineation.

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

KING DUNCAN of Scotland
MALCOLM }
DONALBAIN } his sons
A **CAPTAIN** in Duncan’s army
MACBETH, Thane of Glamis, later Thane of Cawdor, then King of Scotland
LADY MACBETH, his wife
A **PORTER** at Macbeth’s castle
SEYTON, servant to Macbeth
A **DOCTOR**
A **GENTLEWOMAN**, attendant upon Lady Macbeth
THREE MURDERERS
BANQUO, a thane
FLEANCE, his son
MACDUFF, Thane of Fife
LADY MACDUFF, his wife
MACDUFF’S SON
LENNOX }
ROSS }
ANGUS } Thanes
CAITHNESS }
MENTEITH }
AN OLD MAN
SIWARD, Earl of Northumberland
YOUNG SIWARD, his son
DOCTOR at the English court
THREE WITCHES, known as Weyard Sisters
HECATE, Queen of Witches
Lords, Thanes, Attendants, Servants, Torchbearers, Soldiers, Drummers, a Messenger, Apparitions (including an armed head, a bloody child, a child crowned, a show of eight kings)

Act 1 Scene 1[1.1]

running scene 1

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches

FIRST WITCH When shall we three meet again?
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
SECOND WITCH When the hurly-burly's[3] done,
When the battle's lost and won.
THIRD WITCH That will be ere[5] the set of sun.
FIRST WITCH Where the place?
SECOND WITCH Upon the heath.
THIRD WITCH There to meet with Macbeth.
FIRST WITCH I come, Grey Malkin.[9]
SECOND WITCH Paddock[10] calls.
THIRD WITCH Anon.[11]
ALL Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

Exeunt

Act 1 Scene 2[1.2]

running scene 2

Alarum within. Enter King [Duncan], Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain

DUNCAN What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight,[2] of the revolt
The newest state.[3]
MALCOLM This is the sergeant
Who like a good and hardy[5] soldier fought
Gainst my captivity.[6]— Hail, brave friend; ***To the Captain***
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil[7]
As thou didst leave it.
CAPTAIN Doubtful it stood,
As two spent[10] swimmers that do cling together
And choke their art.[11] The merciless Macdonald —
Worthy to be a rebel, for to that[12]
The multiplying[13] villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him — from the Western Isles[14]
Of kerns[15] and gallowglasses is supplied,
And Fortune on his damnèd quarrel[16] smiling,
Showed[17] like a rebel's whore. But all's too weak,
For brave Macbeth — well he deserves that name —
Disdaining Fortune, with his brandished[19] steel
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion[21] carved out his passage
Till he faced the slave,[22]
Which[23] ne'er shook hands nor bade farewell to him
Till he unseamed him[24] from the nave to th'chops
And fixed his head upon our battlements.
DUNCAN O valiant cousin, worthy gentleman!
CAPTAIN As[27] whence the sun 'gins his reflection,
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders,
So from that spring[29] whence comfort seemed to come,
Discomfort swells.[30] Mark, King of Scotland, mark:

No sooner justice had, with valour armed,
Compelled these skipping[32] kerns to trust their heels,
But the Norwegian lord,[33] surveying vantage,
With furbished[34] arms and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

DUNCAN Dismayed not this our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

CAPTAIN Yes,[37] as sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth,[38] I must report they were
As cannons overcharged with double cracks,[39]
So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe.
Except[41] they meant to bathe in reeking wounds
Or memorize[42] another Golgotha,
I cannot tell.
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

DUNCAN So well thy words become[45] thee as thy wounds:
They smack[46] of honour both.— Go get him surgeons.

[Exit Captain,
attended]

Enter Ross and Angus

Who comes here?

MALCOLM The worthy Thane[48] of Ross.

LENNOX What a haste looks through[49] his eyes!
So should he look that seems to[50] speak things strange.

ROSS God save the king.

DUNCAN Whence cam’st thou, worthy thane?

ROSS From Fife,[53] great king,
Where the Norwegian banners flout[54] the sky
And fan our people cold.
Norway himself,[56] with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,
The Thane of Cawdor, began a dismal[58] conflict
Till that Bellona’s bridegroom,[59] lapped in proof,
Confronted[60] him with self-comparisons,
Point[61] against point, rebellious arm gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish[62] spirit: and to conclude,
The victory fell on us—

DUNCAN Great happiness.
ROSS That now Sweno, the Norways'[64] king,
Craves composition:[65]
Nor would we deign[66] him burial of his men
Till he disbursèd[67] at Saint Colme's inch
Ten thousand dollars[68] to our general use.
DUNCAN No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest:[70] go pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.
ROSS I'll see it done.
DUNCAN What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.
Exeunt

Act 1 Scene 3[1.3]

running scene 3

Thunder. Enter the three Witches

FIRST WITCH Where hast thou been, sister?
SECOND WITCH Killing swine.
THIRD WITCH Sister, where thou?
FIRST WITCH A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And munched and munched and munched.
'Give me', quoth[6] I.
'Aroint thee,[7] witch!' the rump-fed runnion cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo[8] gone, master o'th'Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And like[10] a rat without a tail,
I'll do,[11] I'll do and I'll do.
SECOND WITCH I'll give thee a wind.
FIRST WITCH Thou'rt kind.
THIRD WITCH And I another.
FIRST WITCH I myself have all the other,[15]
And the very ports they blow,[16]
All the quarters[17] that they know
I'th'shipman's card.[18]
I'll drain[19] him dry as hay:
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his penthouse lid:[21]
He shall live a man forbid:[22]
Weary sennights[23] nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine.[24]
Though his bark[25] cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tossed.[26]
Look what I have.
SECOND WITCH Show me, show me.
FIRST WITCH Here I have a pilot's[29] thumb,
Wrecked as homeward he did come.

Drum within

THIRD WITCH A drum, a drum:
Macbeth doth come.
ALL The weyard[33] sisters, hand in hand,
They dance in a circle
Posters[34] of the sea and land,
Thus[35] do go about, about,
Thrice to thine and thrice to mine
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace,[38] the charm's wound up.
Enter Macbeth and Banquo
MACBETH So foul and fair[39] a day I have not seen.
BANQUO How far is't called[40] to Forres?— What are these,
So withered and so wild in their attire,
That look not like th'inhabitants o'th'earth
And yet are on't?[43]— Live you, or are you aught ***To Witches***
That man may question? You seem to understand me
By each at once her choppy[45] finger laying
Upon her skinny lips. You should be[46] women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.
MACBETH Speak if you can: what are you?
FIRST WITCH All hail, Macbeth: hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!
SECOND WITCH All hail, Macbeth: hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!
THIRD WITCH All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter!
BANQUO Good sir, why do you start[53] and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?— I'th'name of truth, ***To Witches***
Are ye fantastical[55] or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show?[56] My noble partner
You greet with present grace[57] and great prediction
Of noble having[58] and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal:[59] to me you speak not.
If you can look into the seeds of time
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither[62] beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.
FIRST WITCH Hail!

SECOND WITCH Hail!
THIRD WITCH Hail!
FIRST WITCH Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.
SECOND WITCH Not so happy,[68] yet much happier.
THIRD WITCH Thou shalt get[69] kings, though thou be none:
So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!
FIRST WITCH Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!
MACBETH Stay, you imperfect[72] speakers: tell me more.
By Sinel's[73] death I know I am Thane of Glamis,
But how of Cawdor? The Thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman: and to be king
Stands not within the prospect[76] of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence[77]
You owe this strange intelligence or why
Upon this blasted[79] heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge[80] you.

Witches vanish

BANQUO The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them. Whither are they vanished?
MACBETH Into the air: and what seemed corporal[83]
Melted as breath into the wind. Would[84] they had stayed.
BANQUO Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on[86] the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?
MACBETH Your children shall be kings.
BANQUO You shall be king.
MACBETH And Thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?
BANQUO To th'selfsame[91] tune and words. Who's here?

Enter Ross and Angus

ROSS The king hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success, and when he reads[93]
Thy personal venture[94] in the rebels' fight,
His[95] wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his: silenced with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o'th'selfsame day,
He finds thee in the stout[98] Norwegian ranks,

Nothing afeard[99] of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As[100] thick as tale
Can post with post, and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And poured them down before him.
ANGUS We are sent
To give thee from our royal master thanks,
Only[106] to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.
ROSS And for an earnest[108] of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor:
In which addition,[110] hail, most worthy thane,
For it is thine.
BANQUO What, can the devil speak true?
MACBETH The Thane of Cawdor lives:
Why do you dress me in borrowed robes?
ANGUS Who[115] was the thane lives yet,
But under heavy judgement[116] bears that life
Which he deserves to lose.
Whether he was combined[118] with those of Norway,
Or did line[119] the rebel with hidden help
And vantage, or that with both he laboured
In his country's wreck, I know not:
But treasons capital,[122] confessed and proved,
Have overthrown him.
MACBETH Glamis and Thane of Cawdor: ***Aside***
The greatest is behind.[125]— Thanks for your pains.— ***To Ross and Angus***
Do you not hope your children shall be kings ***Aside to Banquo***
When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me
Promised no less to them?
BANQUO That, trusted home,[129] ***Aside to Macbeth***
Might yet enkindle[130] you unto the crown,
Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness[133] tell us truths,

Win us with honest trifles,[134] to betray's
In deepest consequence.[135]—
Cousins, a word, I pray you. ***To Ross and Angus; they converse apart***
MACBETH Two truths are told, ***Aside***
As happy[138] prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.[139]—
I thank you, gentlemen.— ***To Ross and Angus***
This supernatural soliciting[140] ***Aside***
Cannot be ill, cannot be good: if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest[142] of success
Commencing in a truth? I am Thane of Cawdor.
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion[144]
Whose horrid[145] image doth unfix my hair
And make my seated[146] heart knock at my ribs
Against the use[147] of nature? Present fears
Are less[148] than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder[149] yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state[150] of man
That function[151] is smothered in surmise,
And nothing[152] is, but what is not.
BANQUO Look how our partner's rapt.
MACBETH If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me ***Aside***
Without my stir.[155]
BANQUO New honours come upon him,
Like our strange[157] garments, cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of use.
MACBETH Come what come may, ***Aside***
Time[160] and the hour runs through the roughest day.
BANQUO Worthy Macbeth, we stay[161] upon your leisure.
MACBETH Give me your favour:[162]
My dull brain was wrought[163] with things forgotten.
Kind gentlemen, your pains are registered[164]
Where[165] every day I turn the leaf to read them.
Let us toward the king.—
Think upon what hath chanced,[167] and at more time, ***Aside to Banquo***
The[168] interim having weighed it, let us speak

Our free[169] hearts each to other.
BANQUO Very gladly.
MACBETH Till then, enough.— Come, friends.
Exeunt

Act 1 Scene 4[1.4]

running scene 4

Flourish. Enter King [Duncan], Lennox, Malcolm, Donalbain and Attendants

DUNCAN Is execution done on Cawdor, or not[1]
Those in commission[2] yet returned?

MALCOLM My liege,[3]
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die, who did report
That very frankly he confessed his treasons,
Implored your highness' pardon and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became[9] him like the leaving it. He died
As one that had been studied[10] in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he owed[11]
As 'twere a careless[12] trifle.

DUNCAN There's no art[13]
To find the mind's construction[14] in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.—

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross and Angus

O worthiest cousin,
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before[18]
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would[20] thou hadst less deserved,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine. Only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all[23] can pay.

MACBETH The service and the loyalty I owe,
In[25] doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties, and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children and servants;
Which do but what they should by doing everything

Safe toward[29] your love and honour.
DUNCAN Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee and will labour
To make thee full of growing.— Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserved, nor[33] must be known
No less to have done so, let me enfold[34] thee ***Embraces him***
And hold thee to my heart.
BANQUO There if I grow, the harvest is your own.
DUNCAN My plenteous joys,
Wanton[38] in fullness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.[39]— Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest,[40] know
We will establish our estate[41] upon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland,[43] which honour must
Not unaccompanied invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.— From hence to Inverness,[46] ***To Macbeth***
And bind[47] us further to you.
MACBETH The[48] rest is labour which is not used for you:
I'll be myself the harbinger[49] and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach:
So humbly take my leave.
DUNCAN My worthy Cawdor.
MACBETH The Prince of Cumberland: that is a step ***Aside***
On which I must fall down or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires:
Let not light see my black and deep desires.
The eye wink[57] at the hand; yet let that be
Which the eye fears when it is done to see.
Exit
DUNCAN True, worthy Banquo, he[59] is full so valiant,
And in his commendations[60] I am fed:
It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care[62] is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless[63] kinsman.

Flourish. Exeunt.

Act 1 Scene 5[1.5]

running scene 5

Enter Macbeth's Wife, alone with a letter

LADY MACBETH ***Reads*** 'They met me in the day of success: and I have learned by the perfect'st report,[2] they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives[4] from the king, who all-hailed me "Thane of Cawdor", by which title before, these weyard sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time with "Hail, king that shalt be!" This have I thought good to deliver thee[7] — my dearest partner of greatness — that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay[9] it to thy heart, and farewell.'

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature:
It is too full o'th'milk[12] of human kindness
To catch[13] the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great,
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness[15] should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily:[16] wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win. Thou'dst have,[17] great Glamis,
That which cries 'Thus thou must do' if thou have[18] it,
And[19] that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone. Hie[20] thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear
And chastise[22] with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes[23] thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical[24] aid doth seem
To have thee crowned withal.[25]—

Enter Messenger

What is your tidings?

MESSENGER The king comes here tonight.

LADY MACBETH Thou'rt mad to say it.
Is not thy master with him? Who, were't so,
Would have informed for preparation?[29]
MESSENGER So please you, it is true: our thane is coming.
One of my fellows had[31] the speed of him,
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.
LADY MACBETH Give him tending:[34]
He brings great news.
Exit Messenger
The raven[36] himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on[39] mortal thoughts, unsex me here
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty. Make thick my blood,
Stop up th'access and passage to remorse,[42]
That no compunctious[43] visitings of nature
Shake my fell[44] purpose, nor keep peace between
Th'effect and it.[45] Come to my woman's breasts
And take[46] my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,
Wherever in your sightless[47] substances
You wait on[48] nature's mischief. Come, thick night,
And pall[49] thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen[50] knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry 'Hold,[52] hold!'—
Enter Macbeth
Great Glamis, worthy Cawdor,
Greater than both by the all-hail hereafter![53]
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant[55] present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.[56]
MACBETH My dearest love,
Duncan comes here tonight.
LADY MACBETH And when goes hence?

MACBETH Tomorrow, as he purposes.[60]
LADY MACBETH O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange[64] matters. To beguile the time,
Look[65] like the time: bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like th'innocent flower,
But be the serpent under't. He that's coming
Must be provided for,[68] and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch,[69]
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely[71] sovereign sway and masterdom.
MACBETH We will speak further.
LADY MACBETH Only look up clear:[73]
To alter favour[74] ever is to fear.
Leave all the rest to me.
Exeunt

Act 1 Scene 6[1.6]

running scene 6

Hautboys and Torches. Enter King [Duncan], Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lennox, Macduff, Ross, Angus and Attendants

DUNCAN This castle hath a pleasant seat:[1] the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle[3] senses.

BANQUO This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting[5] martlet, does approve
By his loved mansionry[6] that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly[7] here: no jutty, frieze,
Buttress,[8] nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent[9] bed and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed
The air is delicate.[11]

Enter Lady [Macbeth]

DUNCAN See, see, our honoured hostess.—
The[13] love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein[14] I teach you
How you shall bid God yield us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

LADY MACBETH All our service
In every point[18] twice done, and then done double
Were poor and single[19] business to contend
Against those honours deep and broad wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,[21]
And the late[22] dignities heaped up to them,
We rest your hermits.[23]

DUNCAN Where's the Thane of Cawdor?
We coursed[25] him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor:[26] but he rides well,
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp[27] him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest tonight.

LADY MACBETH Your servants ever
Have theirs,[31] themselves and what is theirs, in compt
To make their audit[32] at your highness' pleasure,
Still[33] to return your own.
DUNCAN Give me your hand,
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces[36] towards him.
By your leave,[37] hostess.

Exeunt

Act 1 Scene 7[1.7]

Hautboys. Torches. Enter a Sewer and divers Servants with dishes and service over the stage. Then enter Macbeth

MACBETH If[1] it were done when ’tis done, then ’twere well
It were done quickly: if th’assassination
Could trammel up[3] the consequence and catch
With his surcease[4] success: that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all — here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal[6] of time,
We’d jump[7] the life to come. But in these cases
We still[8] have judgement here, that we but teach
Bloody instructions,[9] which, being taught, return
To plague th’inventor:[10] this even-handed justice
Commends[11] th’ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips. He’s here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both[14] against the deed: then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties[17] so meek, hath been
So clear[18] in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off:[20]
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding[22] the blast, or heaven’s cherubin, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers[23] of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That[25] tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting[27] ambition, which o’erleaps itself
And falls on th’other.—

Enter Lady [Macbeth]

How now? What news?

LADY MACBETH He has almost supped. Why have you left the chamber?
MACBETH Hath he asked for me?
LADY MACBETH Know you not he has?
MACBETH We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honoured me of late, and I have bought[33]
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would[35] be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.
LADY MACBETH Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dressed yourself? Hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such[41] I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st[44] the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon[46] 'I would',
Like the poor cat i'th'adage?[47]
MACBETH Prithee, peace.
I dare do[49] all that may become a man:
Who dares do more is none.[50]
LADY MACBETH What beast was't, then,
That made you break[52] this enterprise to me?
When you durst[53] do it, then you were a man:
And to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere,[56] and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness[57] now
Does unmake[58] you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.
MACBETH If we should fail?

LADY MACBETH We fail?
But[66] screw your courage to the sticking-place
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep —
Whereto the rather[68] shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him — his two chamberlains[69]
Will I with wine and wassail[70] so convince,
That memory, the warder[71] of the brain,
Shall be a fume,[72] and the receipt of reason
A limbeck[73] only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenchèd natures lies as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
Th'unguarded Duncan? What not put upon[76]
His spongy[77] officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?[78]
MACBETH Bring forth men-children only,
For thy undaunted mettle[80] should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,[81]
When we have marked with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber and used their very daggers,
That they have done't?
LADY MACBETH Who dares receive it other,[85]
As[86] we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?
MACBETH I am settled,[88] and bend up
Each corporal agent[89] to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock[90] the time with fairest show:
False[91] face must hide what the false heart doth know.
Exeunt

Act 2 Scene 1[2.1]

running scene 8

Enter Banquo and Fleance, with a Torch [bearer] before him

BANQUO How[1] goes the night, boy?

FLEANCE The moon is down: I have not heard the clock.

BANQUO And she goes down at twelve.

FLEANCE I take't 'tis later, sir.

BANQUO Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry[5] in heaven: ***Gives his sword***
Their[6] candles are all out. Take thee that too. ***Gives cloak? Diamond?***
A heavy summons[7] lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers,
Restrain in me the cursèd thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose.

Enter Macbeth and a Servant with a torch

Give me my sword.— Who's there? ***Takes sword***

MACBETH A friend.

BANQUO What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's abed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure,
And sent forth great largess[15] to your offices.
This diamond he greets your wife withal, ***Presents a diamond***
By the name of most kind hostess, and shut up[17]
In measureless content.

MACBETH Being[19] unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect,
Which else should free have wrought.

BANQUO All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weyard sisters:
To you they have showed some truth.

MACBETH I think not of them.
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

BANQUO At your kind'st leisure.

MACBETH If you shall cleave[30] to my consent when ’tis,
It shall make honour for you.
BANQUO So[32] I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised[34] and allegiance clear,
I shall be counselled.[35]
MACBETH Good repose the while.[36]
BANQUO Thanks, sir: the like to you.
Exeunt Banquo [with Fleance and Torchbearer]
MACBETH Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.—
Exit [Servant]
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible[43]
To feeling as to sight? Or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressèd[46] brain?
I see thee yet,[47] in form as palpable
As this which now I draw. ***Draws his dagger***
Thou marshall’st[49] me the way that I was going,
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o’th’other senses,
Or else worth[52] all the rest. I see thee still,
And on thy blade and dudgeon[53] gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There’s no such thing:
It is the bloody business which informs[55]
Thus to mine eyes. Now o’er the one halfworld[56]
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained[58] sleep: witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate’s off’rings:[59] and withered murder,
Alarumed[60] by his sentinel the wolf,
Whose howl’s his watch,[61] thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin’s[62] ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost.— Thou sure[63] and firm-set earth,

Hear not my steps which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate[65] of my whereabout
And take[66] the present horror from the time
Which now suits with it.— Whiles I threat,[67] he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
A bell rings
I go, and it is done: the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell[70]
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.
Exit

Act 2 Scene 2[2.2]

running scene 8 continues

Enter Lady [Macbeth]

LADY MACBETH That which hath made them[1] drunk hath made me bold:
What hath quenched[2] them hath given me fire.— Hark! Peace!—
It was the owl[3] that shrieked, the fatal bellman
Which gives the stern'st[4] goodnight. He is about it.
The doors are open, and the surfeited[5] grooms
Do mock[6] their charge with snores: I have drugged their possets,
That[7] death and nature do contend about them
Whether they live or die.

Enter Macbeth ***Initially within or above or unseen by his wife; with bloody daggers***

MACBETH Who's there? What ho?

LADY MACBETH Alack, I am afraid they have awaked,
And 'tis not done: th'attempt and not the deed
Confounds[12] us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready:
He could not miss 'em. Had he[13] not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't.— ***Sees Macbeth***
My husband?

MACBETH I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?

LADY MACBETH I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

MACBETH When?

LADY MACBETH Now.

MACBETH As I descended?

LADY MACBETH Ay.

MACBETH Hark!
Who lies i'th'second chamber?

LADY MACBETH Donalbain.

MACBETH This is a sorry sight. ***Looks at his hands***

LADY MACBETH A foolish thought, to say 'a sorry sight'.

MACBETH There's one[27] did laugh in's sleep, and one cried 'Murder!'
That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them.
But they did say their prayers, and addressed them[29]

Again to sleep.
LADY MACBETH There are two lodged together.
MACBETH One cried ‘God bless us’ and ‘Amen’ the other,
As[33] they had seen me with these hangman’s hands.
List’ning their fear, I could not say ‘Amen’,
When they did say ‘God bless us.’
LADY MACBETH Consider it not so deeply.
MACBETH But wherefore[37] could not I pronounce ‘Amen’?
I had most need of blessing, and ‘Amen’
Stuck in my throat.
LADY MACBETH These deeds must not be thought[40]
After these ways: so,[41] it will make us mad.
MACBETH Methought I heard a voice cry ‘Sleep no more,
Macbeth does murder sleep: the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravelled[44] sleeve of care,
The death of each day’s life, sore labour’s bath,[45]
Balm[46] of hurt minds, great nature’s second course,
Chief nourisher in life’s feast’—
LADY MACBETH What do you mean?
MACBETH Still it cried ‘Sleep no more’ to all the house:
‘Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more.’
LADY MACBETH Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend[53] your noble strength to think
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water
And wash this filthy witness[55] from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie[57] there: go carry them and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.
MACBETH I’ll go no more.
I am afraid to think what I have done:
Look on’t again I dare not.
LADY MACBETH Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead ***Takes the daggers***
Are but as pictures: ’tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted[65] devil. If he do bleed,

I'll gild[66] the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

Exit

Knock within

MACBETH Whence[68] is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?[69]
What hands are here? Ha? They pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great Neptune's[71] ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous[73] seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.[74]

Enter Lady [Macbeth]

LADY MACBETH My hands are of your colour, but I shame[75]
To wear a heart so white.[76]— I hear a knocking

Knock

At the south entry:[77] retire we to our chamber.
A little water clears[78] us of this deed:
How easy is it, then! Your constancy[79]
Hath left you unattended.— Hark! More knocking.

Knock

Get on your nightgown,[81] lest occasion call us
And show us to be watchers.[82] Be not lost
So poorly[83] in your thoughts.

MACBETH To[84] know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.

Knock

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!

Exeunt

Act 2 Scene 3

running scene 8 continues

Knocking within. Enter a Porter

PORTER Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell gate, he should have old[2] turning the key.

Knock

Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i'th'name of Beelzebub?[3] Here's a farmer that hanged himself on th'expectation of plenty:[4] come in time, have napkins enough about you: here you'll sweat for't.

Knock

Knock, knock! Who's there, in th'other devil's[6] name? Faith, here's an equivocator that could swear in both the scales[7] against either scale, who committed treason enough for God's sake,[8] yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator.

Knock

Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither for stealing[11] out of a French hose: come in, tailor: here you may roast your goose.

Knock

Knock, knock, never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions that go the primrose[14] way to th'everlasting bonfire.

Knock

Anon, anon! I pray you remember[15] the porter. ***Opens the gate***

Enter Macduff and Lennox

MACDUFF Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, That you do lie so late?

PORTER Faith, sir, we were carousing[18] till the second cock: and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

MACDUFF What three things does drink especially provoke?

PORTER Marry,[21] sir, nose-painting, sleep and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes and unprovokes: it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him and it mars[24] him; it sets him on and it takes him off; it persuades him and disheartens him; makes him stand[25] to and not stand to: in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving[26] him the lie, leaves him.

MACDUFF I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

PORTER That it did, sir, i'the[28] very throat on me: but I requited him for his lie, and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took[29] up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.[30]

Enter Macbeth

MACDUFF Is thy master stirring? Our knocking has awaked him: here he comes. ***Porter may exit***

LENNOX Good morrow, noble sir.

MACBETH Good morrow, both.

MACDUFF Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

MACBETH Not yet.

MACDUFF He did command me to call timely[37] on him: I have almost slipped the hour.[38]

MACBETH I'll bring you to him.

MACDUFF I know this is a joyful trouble to you, But yet 'tis one.[41]

MACBETH The[42] labour we delight in physics pain. This is the door.

MACDUFF I'll make so bold to call, For 'tis my limited[45] service.

Exit Macduff

LENNOX Goes the king hence today?

MACBETH He does: he did appoint[47] so.

LENNOX The night has been unruly.[48] Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down, and, as they say,
Lamentings[50] heard i'th'air, strange screams of death,
And prophesying[51] with accents terrible
Of dire combustion[52] and confused events
New hatched to[53] th'woeful time: the obscure bird
Clamoured the livelong[54] night. Some say the earth
Was feverous and did shake.

MACBETH 'Twas a rough night.

LENNOX My[57] young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff

MACDUFF O, horror, horror, horror!
Tongue nor heart cannot conceive[60] nor name thee!
MACBETH and LENNOX What's the matter?
MACDUFF Confusion[62] now hath made his masterpiece.
Most sacrilegious[63] murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple,[64] and stole thence
The life o'th'building.
MACBETH What is't you say? The life?
LENNOX Mean you his majesty?
MACDUFF Approach the chamber and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon.[69] Do not bid me speak:
See, and then speak yourselves.—
Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox
Awake, awake!
Ring the alarum bell. Murder and treason!
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm, awake!
Shake off this downy[74] sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! Up, up, and see
The great doom's image![76] Malcolm, Banquo,
As from your graves rise up and walk like sprites[77]
To countenance[78] this horror! Ring the bell.
Bell rings. Enter Lady [Macbeth]
LADY MACBETH What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet[80] calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? Speak, speak!
MACDUFF O, gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition[84] in a woman's ear
Would murder as it fell.—
Enter Banquo
O, Banquo, Banquo,
Our royal master's murdered!
LADY MACBETH Woe, alas!
What, in our house?
BANQUO Too cruel anywhere.
Dear Duff, I prithee contradict thyself

And say it is not so.
Enter Macbeth, Lennox and Ross ***Perhaps with Attendants***
MACBETH Had I but died an hour before this chance,[92]
I had lived a blessèd time, for from this instant
There's nothing serious in mortality:[94]
All is but toys:[95] renown and grace is dead.
The wine of life is drawn,[96] and the mere lees
Is left[97] this vault to brag of.
Enter Malcolm and Donalbain
DONALBAIN What is amiss?
MACBETH You are, and do not know't:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopped,[101] the very source of it is stopped.
MACDUFF Your royal father's murdered.
MALCOLM O, by whom?
LENNOX Those of his chamber, as it seemed, had done't:
Their hands and faces were all badged[105] with blood,
So were their daggers, which unwiped we found
Upon their pillows. They stared[107] and were distracted:
No man's life was to be trusted with them.
MACBETH O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.
MACDUFF Wherefore did you so?
MACBETH Who can be wise, amazed,[112] temp'rate and furious,
Loyal and neutral in a moment? No man.
Th'expedition[114] of my violent love
Outrun the pauser,[115] reason. Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood,
And his gashed stabs looked like a breach[117] in nature
For ruin's wasteful[118] entrance: there the murderers,
Steeped[119] in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly[120] breeched with gore. Who could refrain
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make's[122] love known?
LADY MACBETH Help me hence, ho! ***Faints or feigns to do so***
MACDUFF Look to the lady.

MALCOLM Why[125] do we hold our tongues, ***Aside to Donalbain***
That most may claim this argument for ours?
DONALBAIN What should be spoken here, where our fate, ***Aside to Malcolm***
Hid in an auger hole,[128] may rush and seize us?
Let's away: our tears are not yet brewed.[129]
MALCOLM Nor our strong sorrow ***Aside to Donalbain***
Upon[131] the foot of motion.
BANQUO Look to the lady.— ***Lady Macbeth may be helped off***
And when we have our[133] naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet
And question[135] this most bloody piece of work
To know it further. Fears and scruples[136] shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand, and thence[137]
Against[138] the undivulged pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.
MACDUFF And so do I.
ALL So all.
MACBETH Let's briefly[142] put on manly readiness
And meet i'th'hall together.
ALL Well contented.
Exeunt [all but Malcolm and Donalbain]
MALCOLM What will you do? Let's not consort[145] with them:
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office[146]
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.
DONALBAIN To Ireland, I. Our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles; the[150] nea'er in blood,
The nearer bloody.
MALCOLM This murderous shaft[152] that's shot
Hath not yet lighted,[153] and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to horse,
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,[155]
But shift away:[156] there's warrant in that theft
Which steals[157] itself when there's no mercy left.
Exeunt

Act 2 Scene 4[2.4]

running scene 9

Enter Ross with an Old Man
OLD MAN Threescore and ten[1] I can remember well,
Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful[3] and things strange: but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.[4]
ROSS Ha, good father,[5]
Thou see'st the heavens,[6] as troubled with man's act,
Threatens his bloody stage: by th'clock 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp.[8]
Is't night's predominance[9] or the day's shame
That darkness does the face of earth entomb
When living light should kiss it?
OLD MAN 'Tis unnatural,
Even[13] like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, tow'ring[14] in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl[15] hawked at and killed.
ROSS And Duncan's horses — a thing most strange and certain —
Beauteous and swift, the minions[17] of their race,
Turned wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending gainst obedience, as[19] they would
Make war with mankind.
OLD MAN 'Tis said they ate each other.
ROSS They did so, to th'amazement of mine eyes
That looked upon't.
Enter Macduff
Here comes the good Macduff.—
How goes the world, sir, now?
MACDUFF Why, see you not?
ROSS Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?
MACDUFF Those that Macbeth hath slain.
ROSS Alas, the day,
What good could they pretend?[29]

MACDUFF They were suborned:[30]
Malcolm and Donalbain, the king’s two sons,
Are stol’n away and fled, which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.
ROSS Gainst nature still:
Thriftless[35] ambition, that will ravin up
Thine own life’s means![36] Then ’tis most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.
MACDUFF He is already named[38] and gone to Scone
To be invested.[39]
ROSS Where is Duncan’s body?
MACDUFF Carried to Colmekill,[41]
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors
And guardian of their bones.
ROSS Will you to Scone?
MACDUFF No, cousin, I’ll to Fife.
ROSS Well, I will thither.[46]
MACDUFF Well, may you see things well done there. Adieu,
Lest[48] our old robes sit easier than our new!
ROSS Farewell, father.
OLD MAN God’s benison[50] go with you, and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!

Exeunt

Act 3 Scene 1[3.1]

running scene 10

Enter Banquo

BANQUO Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all
As the weyard women promised, and I fear
Thou played'st most foully[3] for't. Yet it was said
It[4] should not stand in thy posterity,
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them —
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine[7] —
Why, by the verities[8] on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But hush, no more.

Sennet sounded. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady [Macbeth as Queen], Lennox, Ross, Lords and Attendants

MACBETH Here's our chief guest.
LADY MACBETH If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast
And all-thing unbecoming.[14]
MACBETH Tonight we hold a solemn[15] supper, sir, ***To Banquo***
And I'll request your presence.
BANQUO Let your highness
Command upon[18] me, to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
Forever knit.[20]
MACBETH Ride you this afternoon?
BANQUO Ay, my good lord.
MACBETH We should have else[23] desired your good advice —
Which still[24] hath been both grave and prosperous —
In this day's council:[25] but we'll take tomorrow.
Is't far you ride?
BANQUO As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this[28] and supper: go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night

For a dark hour or twain.[30]
MACBETH Fail not our feast.
BANQUO My lord, I will not.
MACBETH We hear our bloody cousins[33] are bestowed
In England and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel parricide,[35] filling their hearers
With strange invention:[36] but of that tomorrow,
When therewithal[37] we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse. Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?
BANQUO Ay, my good lord. Our time does call upon's.
MACBETH I wish your horses swift and sure of foot,
And so I do commend[42] you to their backs. Farewell.
Exit Banquo
Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night. To[44] make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while[46] then, God be with you!
Exeunt Lords.
[Macbeth and a Servant remain]
Sirrah,[47] a word with you. Attend those men
Our pleasure?
SERVANT They are, my lord, without[49] the palace gate.
MACBETH Bring them before us.
Exit Servant
To be thus[51] is nothing, but to be safely thus:
Our fears in Banquo stick[52] deep,
And in his royalty of nature reigns that
Which would be feared. 'Tis much he dares,
And to[55] that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being[58] I do fear: and under him
My genius[59] is rebuked, as it is said
Mark[60] Antony's was by Caesar. He chid the sisters
When first they put the name of king upon me,

And bade them speak to him: then prophet-like
They hailed him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they placed a fruitless[64] crown,
And put a barren[65] sceptre in my grip,
Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal[66] hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If’t be so,
For Banquo’s issue[68] have I filed my mind:
For them the gracious[69] Duncan have I murdered:
Put rancours[70] in the vessel of my peace
Only for them, and mine eternal jewel[71]
Given to the common[72] enemy of man
To make them kings: the seeds of Banquo kings.
Rather than so, come fate into the list,[74]
And champion me[75] to th’utterance!— Who’s there?

Enter Servant and two Murderers

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.— ***To Servant***

Exit Servant

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

MURDERERS It was, so please your highness.

MACBETH Well[79] then, now have you considered of my speeches? Know that it was he in the times past which held[80] you so under fortune, which you thought had been our innocent self: this I made good[81] to you in our last conference, passed in probation with you how you were borne in hand,[82] how crossed, the instruments, who wrought[83] with them, and all things else that might to half a soul and to a notion[84] crazed say ‘Thus did Banquo.’

FIRST MURDERER You made it known to us.

MACBETH I did so, and went further, which is now our point of second meeting. Do you find your patience so predominant in your nature that you can let this go?

Are you so gospelled[88] to pray for this good man and for his issue, whose heavy hand hath bowed you to the grave and beggared yours[89] for ever?

FIRST MURDERER We are men, my liege.

MACBETH Ay, in the catalogue[91] ye go for men,

As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,[92]
Shoughs,[93] water-rugs and demi-wolves are clept
All by the name of dogs: the valued file[94]
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,[95]
The housekeeper,[96] the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous[97] nature
Hath in him closed,[98] whereby he does receive
Particular[99] addition from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you have a station[101] in the file,
Not i'th'worst rank[102] of manhood, say't,
And I will put that business in your bosoms
Whose execution[104] takes your enemy off,
Grapples[105] you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,[106]
Which in his death were perfect.[107]

SECOND MURDERER I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets[109] of the world
Hath so incensed that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.

FIRST MURDERER And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugged with[113] fortune,
That I would set[114] my life on any chance
To mend[115] it or be rid on't.

MACBETH Both of you know Banquo was your enemy.

MURDERERS True, my lord.

MACBETH So is he mine, and in such bloody distance[118]
That every minute of his being thrusts[119]
Against my near'st of life:[120] and though I could
With barefaced power sweep him from my sight
And bid[122] my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For[123] certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail[124] his fall
Who I myself struck down. And thence it is
That I to[126] your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye

For sundry[128] weighty reasons.
SECOND MURDERER We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.
FIRST MURDERER Though our lives[131]—
MACBETH Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at most
I will advise[133] you where to plant yourselves,
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o'th'time,[134]
The moment on't, for't must be done tonight,
And something[136] from the palace, always thought
That I require a clearness. And with him —
To leave no rubs nor botches[138] in the work —
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material[140] to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart:[142]
I'll come to you anon.
MURDERERS We are resolved, my lord.
MACBETH I'll call upon you straight:[145] abide within.—
[Murderers may exit]
It is concluded. Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out tonight.
Exeunt

Act 3 Scene 2

running scene 10 continues

Enter Macbeth's Lady and a Servant
LADY MACBETH Is Banquo gone from court?
SERVANT Ay, madam, but returns again tonight.
LADY MACBETH Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.
SERVANT Madam, I will.
Exit
LADY MACBETH Naught's had, all's spent,[6]
Where our desire is got without content:[7]
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful[9] joy.
Enter Macbeth
How now, my lord? Why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies[11] your companions making,
Using[12] those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them[13] they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard:[14] what's done is done.
MACBETH We have scorched[15] the snake, not killed it:
She'll close[16] and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.[17]
But let[18] the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake[21] us nightly. Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to[22] gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on[23] the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy.[24] Duncan is in his grave:
After life's fitful[25] fever he sleeps well.
Treason has done his worst: nor[26] steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic,[27] foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further.
LADY MACBETH Come on,

Gentle my lord,[30] sleek o'er your rugged looks:
Be bright and jovial among your guests tonight.

MACBETH So shall I, love, and so I pray be you.
Let your remembrance[33] apply to Banquo:
Present him eminence,[34] both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe[35] the while, that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams
And make our faces vizards[37] to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

LADY MACBETH You must leave this.

MACBETH O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance lives.

LADY MACBETH But in them nature's copy's[42] not eterne.

MACBETH There's comfort yet: they are assailable:
Then be thou jocund.[44] Ere the bat hath flown
His cloistered[45] flight, ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-born[46] beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning[47] peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.[48]

LADY MACBETH What's to be done?

MACBETH Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,[50]
Till thou applaud the deed.— Come, seeling[51] night,
Scarf up[52] the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond[54]
Which keeps me pale.[55] Light thickens,
And the crow makes wing[56] to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.[58]—
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still.[59]
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.
So prithee go with me.

Exeunt

Act 3 Scene 3[3.3]

running scene 11

Enter three Murderers

FIRST MURDERER But who did bid thee join with us? ***To Third Murderer***

THIRD MURDERER Macbeth.

SECOND MURDERER He[3] needs not our mistrust, since he delivers
Our offices and what we have to do
To[5] the direction just.

FIRST MURDERER Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day.
Now spurs the lated[8] traveller apace
To gain[9] the timely inn, and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

THIRD MURDERER Hark, I hear horses.

BANQUO Give us a light there, ho!

Within

SECOND MURDERER Then ’tis he: the rest
That are within[14] the note of expectation
Already are i’th’court.

FIRST MURDERER His horses go about.[16]

THIRD MURDERER Almost a mile: but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to th’palace gate
Make it their walk.

Enter Banquo and Fleance, with a torch

SECOND MURDERER A light, a light!

THIRD MURDERER ’Tis he.

FIRST MURDERER Stand to’t.[22]

BANQUO It will be rain tonight.

FIRST MURDERER Let it come down.[24] ***He puts out the torch***

BANQUO O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly! ***They attack Banquo***
Thou mayst revenge.— O slave! ***He dies. Fleance flees***

THIRD MURDERER Who did strike out the light?

FIRST MURDERER Was’t not the way?[28]

THIRD MURDERER There’s but one down: the son is fled.

SECOND MURDERER We have lost best half of our affair.
FIRST MURDERER Well, let’s away, and say how much is done.
Exeunt

Act 3 Scene 4[3.4]

running scene 12

Banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, Lady [Macbeth], Ross, Lennox, Lords and Attendants

MACBETH You know your own degrees,[1] sit down: at first
And last the hearty welcome. ***They sit***

LORDS Thanks to your majesty.

MACBETH Ourself will mingle with society[4]
And play the humble host:
Our hostess keeps her state,[6] but in best time
We will require her welcome.[7]

LADY MACBETH Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends,
For my heart speaks they are welcome.

Enter First Murderer [at the door]

MACBETH See, they encounter[10] thee with their hearts' thanks.
Both[11] sides are even: here I'll sit i'th'midst.
Be large in mirth,[12] anon we'll drink a measure
The table round.— ***Moves to the door***
There's blood upon thy face. ***To First Murderer***

FIRST MURDERER 'Tis Banquo's then.

MACBETH 'Tis better thee[15] without than he within.
Is he dispatched?[16]

FIRST MURDERER My lord, his throat is cut: that I did for him.

MACBETH Thou art the best o'th'cut-throats.
Yet he's good that did the like for Fleance:
If thou didst it, thou art the nonpareil.[20]

FIRST MURDERER Most royal sir, Fleance is scaped.[21]

MACBETH Then comes my fit[22] again. I had else been perfect,
Whole as the marble, founded[23] as the rock,
As broad and general[24] as the casing air:
But now I am cabined,[25] cribbed, confined, bound in
To saucy[26] doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

FIRST MURDERER Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,[27]
With twenty trenchèd[28] gashes on his head,

The least[29] a death to nature.
MACBETH Thanks for that.—
There the grown serpent lies: the worm[31] that's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for th'present.— Get thee gone: tomorrow
We'll hear ourselves[34] again.
Exit Murderer
LADY MACBETH My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer:[36] the feast is sold
That is not often vouched, while 'tis a-making,
'Tis given with welcome. To[38] feed were best at home:
From thence,[39] the sauce to meat is ceremony:
Meeting[40] were bare without it.
Enter the Ghost of Banquo, and sits in Macbeth's place
MACBETH Sweet remembrancer.[41]
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!
LENNOX May't please your highness sit.
MACBETH Here had we[45] now our country's honour roofed,
Were the graced[46] person of our Banquo present,
Who may I rather challenge[47] for unkindness
Than pity for mischance.[48]
ROSS His absence, sir,
Lays[50] blame upon his promise. Please't your highness
To grace us with your royal company?
MACBETH The table's full.
LENNOX Here is a place reserved, sir.
MACBETH Where?
LENNOX Here, my good lord. What is't that moves[55] your highness?
MACBETH Which of you have done this?
LORDS What, my good lord?
MACBETH Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks[59] at me.
ROSS Gentlemen, rise: his highness is not well. ***The Lords begin to rise***
LADY MACBETH Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth. Pray you keep seat,

The fit is momentary: upon a thought[63]
He will again be well. If much you note him,[64]
You shall offend him and extend his passion:[65]
Feed, and regard[66] him not.—
Are you a man? ***Lady Macbeth and Macbeth speak aside***
MACBETH Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.
LADY MACBETH O, proper stuff![70]
This is the very painting[71] of your fear:
This is the air-drawn[72] dagger which you said
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws[73] and starts —
Impostors to[74] true fear — would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authorized[76] by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.
MACBETH Prithee see there! Behold, look, lo![79]— How say you?
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.
If charnel houses[81] and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments[82]
Shall be the maws of kites.
[Exit Ghosi]
LADY MACBETH What, quite unmanned[84] in folly?
MACBETH If I stand here, I saw him.
LADY MACBETH Fie,[86] for shame!
MACBETH Blood hath been shed ere now, i'th'olden time,
Ere[88] human statute purged the gentle weal:
Ay, and since too, murders have been performed
Too terrible for the ear. The time has been
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end: but now they rise again
With twenty mortal murders[93] on their crowns,
And push us from our stools:[94] this is more strange
Than such a murder is.
LADY MACBETH My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack[97] you.

MACBETH I do forget.—
Do not muse[99] at me, my most worthy friends, ***Aloud***
I have a strange infirmity[100] which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love[101] and health to all,
Then I'll sit down.— Give me some wine: fill full.— ***A servant fills his goblet***
Enter Ghost
I drink to th'general joy o'th'whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss:
Would he were here! To all, and him, we thirst,[105]
And all to all.[106]
LORDS Our duties[107] and the pledge. ***They drink***
MACBETH Avaunt,[108] and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee! ***Sees the Ghost***
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold:
Thou hast no speculation[110] in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.
LADY MACBETH Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other,
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.
MACBETH What man dare, I dare.
Approach thou like the rugged[116] Russian bear,
The armed[117] rhinoceros, or th'Hyrcan tiger:
Take any shape but that,[118] and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or be alive again
And dare[120] me to the desert with thy sword.
If trembling I inhabit[121] then, protest me
The[122] baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mock'ry,[123] hence!— Why, so: being gone,
[Exit Ghost]
I am a man again.— Pray you sit still. ***To the Lords***
LADY MACBETH You have displaced the mirth,[125] broke the good meeting
With most admired[126] disorder.
MACBETH Can such things be,
And overcome[128] us like a summer's cloud,

Without our special[129] wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks
When mine is blanched[133] with fear.
ROSS What sights, my lord?
LADY MACBETH I pray you speak not: he grows worse and worse:
Question enrages him. At once,[136] goodnight.
Stand[137] not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.
LENNOX Goodnight, and better health
Attend his majesty.
LADY MACBETH A kind goodnight to all.
Exeunt Lords.
[Macbeth and Lady Macbeth remain]
MACBETH It will have blood, they say: blood will have blood.
Stones have been known to move and trees to speak,
Augurs[144] and understood relations have
By magot-pies[145] and choughs and rooks brought forth
The secret'st[146] man of blood. What is the night?
LADY MACBETH Almost at odds[147] with morning, which is which.
MACBETH How say'st thou,[148] that Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding?
LADY MACBETH Did you send[150] to him, sir?
MACBETH I hear it by the way,[151] but I will send.
There's not a one of them[152] but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd.[153] I will tomorrow —
And betimes[154] I will — to the weyard sisters:
More shall they speak, for now I am bent[155] to know
By the worst means,[156] the worst. For mine own good,
All[157] causes shall give way. I am in blood
Stepped in so far, that, should I[158] wade no more,
Returning were[159] as tedious as go o'er.
Strange things I have in head,[160] that will to hand,
Which must be acted ere they may be scanned.[161]
LADY MACBETH You lack the season[162] of all natures, sleep.

MACBETH Come, we’ll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse[163]
Is the initiate[164] fear that wants hard use:
We are yet but young in deed.[165]

Exeunt

Act 3 Scene 5[3.5]

running scene 13

Thunder. Enter the three Witches meeting Hecate

FIRST WITCH Why, how now, Hecate? You look angerly.[1]

HECATE Have I not reason, beldams[2] as you are,
Saucy[3] and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic[4] with Macbeth
In riddles and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close[7] contriver of all harms,
Was never called to bear[8] my part
Or show the glory of our art?[9]
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward[11] son,
Spiteful and wrathful, who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron[15]
Meet me i'th'morning: thither he
Will come to know his destiny:
Your vessels[18] and your spells provide,
Your charms and everything beside.
I am for th'air. This night I'll spend[20]
Unto a dismal[21] and a fatal end:
Great business must be wrought[22] ere noon.
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vap'rous drop[24] profound:
I'll catch it ere it come to ground,
And that distilled by magic sleights,[26]
Shall raise such artificial[27] sprites
As by the strength of their illusion[28]
Shall draw him on to his confusion.[29]
He shall spurn[30] fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove[31] wisdom, grace and fear.

And you all know, security[32]
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

Music and a song

Hark, I am called: my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud and stays[35] for me.

[Exit]

Sing within: 'Come away, come away' etc.

FIRST WITCH Come, let's make haste: she'll soon be back again.

Exeunt

Act 3 Scene 6[3.6]

running scene 14

Enter Lennox and another Lord

LENNOX My former speeches have but hit[1] your thoughts,
Which[2] can interpret further: only I say
Things have been strangely borne.[3] The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of[4] Macbeth, marry, he was dead:
And the right-valiant Banquo walked too late,[5]
Whom you may say — if’t please you — Fleance killed,
For Fleance fled: men must not walk too late.
Who cannot[8] want the thought how monstrous
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
To kill their gracious father? Damnèd fact![10]
How it did grieve Macbeth! Did he not straight[11]
In pious[12] rage the two delinquents tear
That were the slaves of drink and thralls[13] of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too,
For ’twould have angered any heart alive
To hear the men deny’t. So that I say
He has borne all things well,[17] and I do think
That had he Duncan’s sons under his key[18] —
As, an’t[19] please heaven, he shall not — they should find
What ’twere to kill a father: so should Fleance.[20]
But, peace! For from[21] broad words and cause he failed
His presence at the tyrant’s feast, I hear
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?[24]

LORD The son of Duncan[25] —
From whom this tyrant holds[26] the due of birth —
Lives in the English court, and is received
Of[28] the most pious Edward with such grace
That the malevolence of fortune[29] nothing
Takes[30] from his high respect. Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray[31] the holy king, upon his aid

To wake[32] Northumberland and warlike Siward,
That by the help of these — with him above
To ratify[34] the work — we may again
Give to our tables meat,[35] sleep to our nights,
Free[36] from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,
Do faithful homage,[37] and receive free honours,
All which we pine for now: and this report[38]
Hath so exasperate[39] their king that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

LENNOX Sent he[41] to Macduff?

LORD He did: and with an absolute[42] ‘Sir, not I’,
The cloudy[43] messenger turns me his back
And hums,[44] as who should say, ‘You’ll rue the time
That clogs[45] me with this answer.’

LENNOX And that well might
Advise[47] him to a caution, t’hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England and unfold
His message ere he come, that[50] a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering[51] country
Under a hand accursed.

LORD I’ll send my prayers with him.

Exeunt

Act 4 Scene 1[4.1]

running scene 15

Thunder. Enter the three Witches

FIRST WITCH Thrice the brinded[1] cat hath mewed.
SECOND WITCH Thrice and once the hedge-pig[2] whined.
THIRD WITCH Harpier[3] cries: ’tis time, ’tis time!
FIRST WITCH Round about the cauldron go:
In the poisoned entrails[5] throw.
Toad, that under cold stone
Days[7] and nights has thirty-one
Sweltered venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i’th’charmèd pot. ***They dance around the cauldron***
ALL Double, double, toil[10] and trouble:
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
SECOND WITCH Fillet[12] of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake:
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool[15] of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder’s fork[16] and blindworm’s sting,
Lizard’s leg and howlet’s[17] wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
ALL Double, double, toil and trouble:
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
THIRD WITCH Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches’ mummy,[23] maw and gulf
Of the ravined[24] salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock[25] digged i’th’dark,
Liver of blaspheming[26] Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips[27] of yew
Slivered[28] in the moon’s eclipse,
Nose of Turk and Tartar’s[29] lips,
Finger of birth-strangled[30] babe
Ditch-delivered[31] by a drab,

Make the gruel thick and slab:[32]
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,[33]
For th'ingredients of our cauldron.
ALL Double, double, toil and trouble:
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
SECOND WITCH Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.
Enter Hecate and the other three Witches
HECATE O, well done: I commend your pains,
And everyone shall share i'th'gains.
And now about the cauldron sing
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.
Music and a song: 'Black spirits', etc.
[Exit Hecate and the other three Witches?]
SECOND WITCH By the pricking[44] of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes. ***Knock***
Open, locks, whoever knocks.
Enter Macbeth
MACBETH How now, you secret, black[47] and midnight hags?
What is't you do?
ALL A deed without a name.
MACBETH I conjure[50] you, by that which you profess —
Howe'er you come to know it — answer me:
Though[52] you untie the winds and let them fight
Against the churches, though the yeasty[53] waves
Confound[54] and swallow navigation up,
Though bladed corn[55] be lodged and trees blown down,
Though castles topple on their warders'[56] heads,
Though palaces and pyramids do slope[57]
Their heads to their foundations, though the treasure
Of nature's germens[59] tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken,[60] answer me
To what I ask you.
FIRST WITCH Speak.
SECOND WITCH Demand.

THIRD WITCH We’ll answer.
FIRST WITCH Say, if thou’dst rather hear it from our mouths
FIRST WITCH Or from our masters?
MACBETH Call ’em: let me see ’em.
FIRST WITCH Pour in sow’s blood, that hath eaten
FIRST WITCH Her nine farrow:[69] grease that’s sweaten
From the murderer’s gibbet[70] throw
Into the flame.
ALL Come high or low,
Thyself and office[73] deftly show!
Thunder. First Apparition, an armed head
MACBETH Tell me, thou unknown power—
FIRST WITCH He knows thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.
FIRST APPARITION Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth: beware Macduff,
Beware the Thane of Fife. Dismiss me. Enough.
He descends[78]
MACBETH Whate’er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks:
Thou hast harped[80] my fear aright. But one word more—
FIRST WITCH He will not be commanded. Here’s another,
More potent than the first.
Thunder. Second Apparition, a bloody child
SECOND APPARITION Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth!
MACBETH Had I three ears, I’d hear thee.
SECOND APPARITION Be bloody, bold and resolute: laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth.
Descends
MACBETH Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?
But yet I’ll make assurance[89] double sure,
And take a bond[90] of fate: thou shalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.
Thunder. Third Apparition, a child crowned, with a tree in his hand
What is this
That rises like the issue of a king

And wears upon his baby-brow the round[94]
And top of sovereignty?

ALL Listen, but speak not to’t.

THIRD APPARITION Be lion-mettled,[97] proud, and take no care
Who chafes, who frets,[98] or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquished be until
Great Birnam[100] Wood to high Dunsinane Hill
Shall come against him.

Descend

MACBETH That will never be:
Who can impress[103] the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements,[104] good!
Rebellious dead,[105] rise never till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature,[107] pay his breath
To time and mortal custom.[108] Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art
Can tell so much: shall Banquo’s issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

ALL Seek to know no more.

MACBETH I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know.
Why sinks that cauldron? And what noise is this?

Hautboys ***Cauldron sinks***

FIRST WITCH Show.

SECOND WITCH Show.

THIRD WITCH Show.

ALL Show his eyes, and grieve his heart:
Come like shadows, so[120] depart!

A show of eight kings and Banquo last: [the eighth king] with a glass in his hand

MACBETH Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo: down!
Thy crown does sear[122] mine eyeballs: and thy hair,
Thou other[123] gold-bound brow, is like the first:
A third is like the former.— Filthy hags,
Why do you show me this?— A fourth? Start,[125] eyes!

What, will the line stretch out to th'crack of doom?[126]
Another yet? A seventh? I'll see no more:
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more: and some I see
That two-fold[130] balls and treble sceptres carry.
Horrible sight! Now I see 'tis true,
For the blood-boltered[132] Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.[133]

[Exeunt kings and Banquo]

What, is this so?

FIRST WITCH Ay, sir, all this is so: but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?[135]—
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites[136]
And show the best of our delights.
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round,[139]
That this great king may kindly[140] say,
Our[141] duties did his welcome pay.

Music

The Witches dance and vanish

MACBETH Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious[142] hour
Stand aye[143] accursèd in the calendar!—
Come in, without[144] there!

Enter Lennox

LENNOX What's your grace's will?

MACBETH Saw you the weyard sisters?

LENNOX No, my lord.

MACBETH Came they not by you?

LENNOX No, indeed, my lord.

MACBETH Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damned all those that trust them! I did hear
The galloping of horse:[152] who was't came by?

LENNOX 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word
Macduff is fled to England.

MACBETH Fled to England?

LENNOX Ay, my good lord.

MACBETH Time, thou anticipat'st[157] my dread exploits: ***Aside***
The flighty[158] purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the[159] deed go with it. From this moment
The[160] very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise,[163]
Seize upon Fife,[164] give to th'edge o'th'sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace[166] him in his line. No boasting like a fool,
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.
But no more sights![168]— Where are these gentlemen? ***To Lennox***
Come, bring me where they are.

Exeunt

Act 4 Scene 2[4.2]

running scene 16

Enter Macduff's Wife, her Son and Ross

LADY MACDUFF What had he done to make him fly the land?
ROSS You must have patience, madam.
LADY MACDUFF He had none:
His flight was madness: when[4] our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.
ROSS You know not
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.
LADY MACDUFF Wisdom? To leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion and his titles[9] in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not:
He wants[11] the natural touch, for the poor wren —
The most diminutive of birds — will fight,
Her young ones in[13] her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.
ROSS My dearest coz,[17]
I pray you school[18] yourself: but, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious,[19] and best knows
The fits o'th'season.[20] I dare not speak much further,
But cruel are the times when we[21] are traitors
And do not know ourselves, when we hold[22] rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each[25] way and none. I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I'll be here again.
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward[27]
To what they were before. My pretty cousin,[28]
Blessing upon you!
LADY MACDUFF Fathered he is, and yet he's fatherless.
ROSS I am so much a fool, should I stay longer

It[32] would be my disgrace and your discomfort.
I take my leave at once.

Exit Ross

LADY MACDUFF Sirrah, your father's dead, and what will you do now?
How will you live?

SON As birds do, mother.

LADY MACDUFF What, with worms and flies?

SON With what I get, I mean, and so do they.

LADY MACDUFF Poor[39] bird, thou'dst never fear the net nor lime, the pitfall nor the gin.

SON Why should I, mother? Poor[40] birds they are not set for. My father is not dead, for all your saying.

LADY MACDUFF Yes, he is dead. How wilt thou do for a father?

SON Nay, how will you do for a husband?

LADY MACDUFF Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

SON Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

LADY MACDUFF Thou speak'st with all thy wit, and yet, i'faith, with wit enough for thee.

SON Was my father a traitor, Mother?

LADY MACDUFF Ay, that he was.

SON What is a traitor?

LADY MACDUFF Why, one that swears and lies.[51]

SON And be all traitors that do so?

LADY MACDUFF Everyone that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.

SON And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

LADY MACDUFF Every one.

SON Who must hang them?

LADY MACDUFF Why, the honest men.

SON Then the liars and swearers are fools, for there are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men and hang up[59] them.

LADY MACDUFF Now, God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

SON If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

LADY MACDUFF Poor prattler,[63] how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger

MESSENGER Bless you, fair dame. I am not to you known,
Though in[65] your state of honour I am perfect.
I doubt[66] some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely[67] man’s advice,
Be not found here: hence with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage:
To do[70] worse to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person.[71] Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer.
Exit Messenger
LADY MACDUFF Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world, where to do harm
Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then, alas,
Do I put up that womanly defence
To say I have done no harm?—
What are these faces?
Enter Murderers
FIRST MURDERER Where is your husband?
LADY MACDUFF I hope in no place so unsanctified[82]
Where such as thou mayst find him.
FIRST MURDERER He’s a traitor.
SON Thou liest, thou shag-eared[85] villain!
FIRST MURDERER What, you egg?[86] Young fry of treachery! ***Stabs him***
SON He has killed me, mother. Run away, I pray you! Dies
Exit [Lady Macduff,] crying ‘Murder!’ [pursued by the Murderers]

Act 4 Scene 3[4.3]

running scene 17

Enter Malcolm and Macduff

MALCOLM Let us seek out some desolate[1] shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.
MACDUFF Let us rather
Hold fast[4] the mortal sword, and like good men
Bestride[5] our downfall birthdom. Each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that[7] it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland and yelled out
Like[9] syllable of dolour.
MALCOLM What I believe I'll wail;[10]
What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend,[12] I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.[13]
This tyrant, whose sole name[14] blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest.[15] You have loved him well:
He hath not touched[16] you yet. I am young, but something
You may discern of him through me, and wisdom[17]
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb
T'appease an angry god.[19]
MACDUFF I am not treacherous.
MALCOLM But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil[22]
In an imperial charge.[23] But I shall crave your pardon:
That[24] which you are my thoughts cannot transpose;
Angels are bright still, though the brightest[25] fell:
Though all things foul[26] would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look[27] so.
MACDUFF I have lost my hopes.
MALCOLM Perchance even there[29] where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness[30] left you wife and child,
Those precious motives,[31] those strong knots of love,

Without leave-taking?[32] I pray you,
Let[33] not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.
MACDUFF Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,[37]
For goodness dare not check[38] thee: wear thou thy wrongs,
The title is affeered![39]— Fare thee well, lord.
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich east to boot.[42]
MALCOLM Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke:[45]
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds. I think withal[47]
There would be hands uplifted in my right,[48]
And here from gracious England[49] have I offer
Of goodly thousands:[50] but, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer, and more sundry[54] ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.[55]
MACDUFF What[56] should he be?
MALCOLM It is myself I mean, in whom I know
All the particulars[58] of vice so grafted
That, when they shall be opened,[59] black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
Esteem[61] him as a lamb, being compared
With my confineless[62] harms.
MACDUFF Not in the legions[63]
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damned
In evils to top[65] Macbeth.
MALCOLM I grant him bloody,
Luxurious,[67] avaricious, false, deceitful,

Sudden,[68] malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name, but there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness:[70] your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons[71] and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern[72] of my lust, and my desire
All continent[73] impediments would o'erbear
That did oppose my will.[74] Better Macbeth
Than such an one to reign.

MACDUFF Boundless[76] intemperance
In nature is a tyranny: it hath been
Th'untimely emptying of the happy throne
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours:[80] you may
Convey[81] your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold.[82] The time you may so hoodwink.
We have willing dames enough: there cannot be
That vulture in you to devour so[84] many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclined.

MALCOLM With this there grows
In my most ill-composed affection[88] such
A stanchless[89] avarice that, were I king,
I should cut off[90] the nobles for their lands,
Desire his[91] jewels and this other's house:
And my more-having[92] would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge[93]
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

MACDUFF This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming[98] lust, and it hath been
The sword[99] of our slain kings. Yet do not fear:
Scotland hath foisons[100] to fill up your will
Of[101] your mere own. All these are portable,
With other graces weighed.[102]

MALCOLM But I have none. The king-becoming[103] graces,

As justice, verity,[104] temp’rance, stableness,
Bounty,[105] perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish[107] of them, but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord[110] into hell,
Uproar[111] the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

MACDUFF O Scotland, Scotland!

MALCOLM If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

MACDUFF Fit to govern?
No, not to live. O nation miserable,
With an untitled[118] tyrant bloody-sceptred,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome[119] days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction[121] stands accused
And does blaspheme[122] his breed?— Thy royal father
Was a most sainted[123] king: the queen that bore thee,
Oft’ner upon her knees[124] than on her feet,
Died[125] every day she lived. Fare thee well.
These evils thou repeat’st upon[126] thyself
Hath[127] banished me from Scotland.— O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

MALCOLM Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wiped the black scruples,[131] reconciled my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains[133] hath sought to win me
Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks[134] me
From over-credulous[135] haste: but God above
Deal between thee and me! For even now
I put myself to thy direction[137] and
Unspeak[138] mine own detraction: here abjure
The taints[139] and blames I laid upon myself

For[140] strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman,[141] never was forsworn,
Scarcely[142] have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth than life. My first false speaking[145]
Was this upon myself.[146] What I am truly
Is thine and my poor country's to command:
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,[148]
Old Siward with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point,[150] was setting forth.
Now we'll[151] together, and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel. Why are you silent?

MACDUFF Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor

MALCOLM Well, more anon.— Comes the king forth, I pray you?

DOCTOR Ay, sir, there are a crew of wretched souls
That stay[157] his cure: their malady convinces
The great assay of art,[158] but at his touch —
Such sanctity[159] hath heaven given his hand —
They presently amend.[160]

Exit

MALCOLM I thank you, doctor.

MACDUFF What's the disease he means?

MALCOLM 'Tis called the[163] evil:
A most miraculous work in this good king,
Which often, since my here-remain[165] in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits[166] heaven
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited[167] people,
All swoll'n and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere[169] despair of surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden stamp[170] about their necks
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,[171]
To the succeeding royalty[172] he leaves
The healing benediction.[173] With this strange virtue

He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
And sundry blessings hang about his throne
That speak him[176] full of grace.
Enter Ross
MACDUFF See who comes here.
MALCOLM My countryman,[178] but yet I know him not.
MACDUFF My ever-gentle[179] cousin, welcome hither.
MALCOLM I know him now. Good God betimes[180] remove
The means[181] that makes us strangers!
ROSS Sir, amen.
MACDUFF Stands Scotland where it did?
ROSS Alas, poor country,
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be called our mother, but our grave; where nothing[186]
But who knows nothing is once seen to smile:
Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend the air
Are made, not marked:[189] where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy.[190] The dead man's knell
Is there scarce asked for who, and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or[193] ere they sicken.
MACDUFF O, relation[194] too nice, and yet too true!
MALCOLM What's the newest grief?
ROSS That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker:[196]
Each minute teems[197] a new one.
MACDUFF How does my wife?
ROSS Why, well.
MACDUFF And all my children?
ROSS Well, too.
MACDUFF The tyrant has not battered at their peace?
ROSS No, they were well at peace[203] when I did leave 'em.
MACDUFF Be not a niggard of[204] your speech: how goes't?
ROSS When I came hither to transport the tidings
Which I have heavily[206] borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out,[207]
Which was to my belief witnessed the rather,[208]

For that I saw the tyrant's power[209] afoot.
Now is the time of help.— Your eye[210] in Scotland ***To Malcolm***
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff[212] their dire distresses.
MALCOLM Be't[213] their comfort
We are coming thither. Gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men:
An[216] older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.
ROSS Would I could answer
This comfort with the like.[219] But I have words
That would[220] be howled out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch[221] them.
MACDUFF What concern they?
The general cause?[223] Or is it a fee-grief
Due to some single breast?
ROSS No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe, though the main part
Pertains to you alone.
MACDUFF If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.
ROSS Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with[231] the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.
MACDUFF Hum! I guess at it.
ROSS Your castle is surprised,[234] your wife and babes
Savagely slaughtered: to relate the manner[235]
Were, on the quarry[236] of these murdered deer,
To add the death of you.
MALCOLM Merciful heaven!
What, man, ne'er pull[239] your hat upon your brows:
Give sorrow words. The grief that does not speak
Whispers[241] the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.
MACDUFF My children too?
ROSS Wife, children, servants, all that could be found.
MACDUFF And I must[244] be from thence! My wife killed too?

ROSS I have said.
MALCOLM Be comforted:
Let’s make us med’cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
MACDUFF He[249] has no children.— All my pretty ones?
Did you say all? O hell-kite![250] All?
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam[251]
At one fell swoop?[252]
MALCOLM Dispute[253] it like a man.
MACDUFF I shall do so,
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were
That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck[259] for thee! Naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits,[260] but for mine,
Fell[261] slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!
MALCOLM Be this the whetstone[262] of your sword. Let grief
Convert to anger: blunt not the heart, enrage it.
MACDUFF O, I could play[264] the woman with mine eyes
And braggart[265] with my tongue! But, gentle heavens,
Cut short all intermission.[266] Front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself:
Within my sword’s length set him. If he scape,[268]
Heaven forgive him too!
MALCOLM This tune[270] goes manly.
Come, go we to the king. Our power[271] is ready:
Our[272] lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking,[273] and the powers above
Put[274] on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may:
The night is long that never finds the day.

Exeunt

Act 5 Scene 1[5.1]

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman

DOCTOR I have two nights watched[1] with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?[2]

GENTLEWOMAN Since his majesty went into the field,[3] I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet,[4] take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

DOCTOR A great perturbation[7] in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of watching.[8] In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what — at any time — have you heard her say?

GENTLEWOMAN That, sir, which I will not report after her.

DOCTOR You may to me, and 'tis most meet[11] you should.

GENTLEWOMAN Neither to you nor anyone, having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady [Macbeth], with a taper

Lo you, here she comes. This is her very guise,[13] and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her: stand close.[14] ***They stand aside***

DOCTOR How came she by that light?

GENTLEWOMAN Why, it stood by her. She has light by her continually: 'tis her command.

DOCTOR You see her eyes are open.

GENTLEWOMAN Ay, but their sense are shut.

DOCTOR What is it she does now? Look how she rubs her hands.

GENTLEWOMAN It is an accustomed action with her to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

LADY MACBETH Yet here's a spot.

DOCTOR Hark, she speaks. I will set down[24] what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance[25] the more strongly.

LADY MACBETH Out, damned spot! Out, I say!— One: two:[26] why then, ’tis time to do’t.— Hell is murky.— Fie, my lord, fie, a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none[28] can call our power to account?— Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

DOCTOR Do you mark that?

LADY MACBETH The Thane of Fife[31] had a wife: where is she now?— What, will these hands ne’er be clean?— No more o’that, my lord, no more o’that: you mar[32] all with this starting.[33]

DOCTOR Go to,[34] go to: you have known what you should not.

GENTLEWOMAN She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.

LADY MACBETH Here’s the smell of the blood still. All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. O, O, O!

DOCTOR What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.[39]

GENTLEWOMAN I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity[40] of the whole body.

DOCTOR Well, well, well.

GENTLEWOMAN Pray God it be,[43] sir.

DOCTOR This disease is beyond my practice.[44] Yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

LADY MACBETH Wash your hands, put on your nightgown, look not so pale. I tell you yet again, Banquo’s buried; he cannot come out on’s[47] grave.

DOCTOR Even so?[48]

LADY MACBETH To bed, to bed. There’s knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What’s done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

Exit Lady [Macbeth]

DOCTOR Will she go now to bed?

GENTLEWOMAN Directly.

DOCTOR Foul whisp’rings are abroad. Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine[56] than the physician.

God, God forgive us all! Look after her:
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,[58]
And still[59] keep eyes upon her. So, goodnight.
My mind she has mated,[60] and amazed my sight.
I think, but dare not speak.

GENTLEWOMAN Goodnight, good doctor.

Exeunt

Act 5 Scene 2[5.2]

running scene 19

Drum and Colours. Enter Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox [and] Soldiers

MENTEITH The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward and the good Macduff.
Revenges burn in them, for their dear[3] causes
Would to the bleeding[4] and the grim alarm
Excite[5] the mortified man.

ANGUS Near Birnam Wood
Shall we well meet them: that way are they coming.

CAITHNESS Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

LENNOX For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file[9]
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,
And many unrough[11] youths that even now
Protest[12] their first of manhood.

MENTEITH What does the tyrant?

CAITHNESS Great Dunsinane[14] he strongly fortifies.
Some say he's mad, others that lesser hate him
Do call it valiant fury: but for certain
He cannot buckle[17] his distempered cause
Within the belt of rule.

ANGUS Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking[20] on his hands,
Now minutely[21] revolts upbraid his faith-breach.
Those he commands move[22] only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

MENTEITH Who then shall blame
His pestered[27] senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there?

CAITHNESS Well, march we on

To give obedience where ’tis truly owed:
Meet we the med’cine[32] of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we in our country’s purge[33]
Each drop[34] of us.

LENNOX Or so much as it needs
To dew[36] the sovereign flower and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam.

Exeunt, marching

Act 5 Scene 3[5.3]

running scene 20

Enter Macbeth, Doctor and Attendants

MACBETH Bring me no more reports. Let them[1] fly all:
Till Birnam Wood remove[2] to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint[3] with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences[5] have pronounced me thus:
'Fear not, Macbeth: no man that's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee.' Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures.[8]
The mind I sway by[9] and the heart I bear
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

Enter Servant

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced[11] loon!
Where got'st thou that goose[12] look?

SERVANT There is ten thousand—

MACBETH Geese, villain?

SERVANT Soldiers, sir.

MACBETH Go prick thy face and over-red[16] thy fear,
Thou lily-livered[17] boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of[18] thy soul! Those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to[19] fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

SERVANT The English force, so please you.

MACBETH Take thy face hence.—

[Exit Servant]

Seyton![21]— I am sick at heart,
When I behold— Seyton, I say!— This push[22]
Will cheer[23] me ever, or disseat me now.
I have lived long enough: my way[24] of life
Is fall'n into the sear,[25] the yellow leaf,
And that which should accompany old age,
As[27] honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have, but in their stead[28]

Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour,[29] breath,
Which the poor heart would fain[30] deny and dare not.— Seyton!

Enter Seyton

SEYTON What's your gracious pleasure?
MACBETH What news more?
SEYTON All is confirmed, my lord, which was reported.
MACBETH I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hacked.
Give me my armour.
SEYTON 'Tis not needed yet.
MACBETH I'll put it on.
Send out more horses: skirr[38] the country round:
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.— ***Seyton gets the armor***
How does your patient, doctor?
DOCTOR Not so sick,[41] my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming[42] fancies
That keep her from her rest.
MACBETH Cure her of that.
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out[47] the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious[48] antidote
Cleanse the stuffed[49] bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?
DOCTOR Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
MACBETH Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.—
Come, put mine armour on: give me my staff.[54]— ***To Attendants, who arm him***
Seyton, send out.[55] Doctor, the thanes fly from me.—
Come, sir, dispatch.[56]— If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine[58] health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.— Pull't off,[60] I say.— ***To Attendants***
What rhubarb,[61] cyme, or what purgative drug ***To Doctor***

Would scour[62] these English hence? Hear’st thou of them?
DOCTOR Ay, my good lord: your royal preparation[63]
Makes us hear something.
MACBETH Bring it[65] after me.— ***To Seyton or Attendants***
I will not be afraid of death and bane,[66]
Till Birnam Forest come to Dunsinane.
DOCTOR Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,[68] ***Aside***
Profit again should hardly[69] draw me here.

Exeunt

Act 5 Scene 4[5.4]

running scene 21

Drum and Colours. Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, Siward's Son, Menteith, Caithness, Angus and Soldiers, marching

MALCOLM Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers[2] will be safe.
MENTEITH We doubt it nothing.[3]
SIWARD What wood is this before us?
MENTEITH The wood of Birnam.
MALCOLM Let every soldier hew him down a bough
And bear't before him: thereby shall we shadow[7]
The numbers of our host[8] and make discovery
Err[9] in report of us.
A SOLDIER It shall be done.
SIWARD We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps[12] still in Dunsinane and will endure
Our setting down[13] before't.
MALCOLM 'Tis his main hope:
For where[15] there is advantage to be given,
Both more[16] and less have given him the revolt,
And none serve with him but constrainèd things
Whose hearts are absent too.
MACDUFF Let[19] our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.
SIWARD The time approaches
That will with due[23] decision make us know
What we shall say we have and what we owe.[24]
Thoughts[25] speculative their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:
Towards which advance the war.

Exeunt, marching

Act 5 Scene 5[5.5]

running scene 22

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers with Drum and Colours

MACBETH Hang out our banners on the outward walls:
The cry is still ‘They come.’ Our castle’s strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie
Till famine and the ague[4] eat them up.
Were they not forced[5] with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful,[6] beard to beard,
And beat them backward home.

A cry within of women

What is that noise?

SEYTON It is the cry of women, my good lord. ***Exit or goes to the door***

MACBETH I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been my senses would have cooled
To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair[11]
Would at a dismal treatise[12] rouse and stir
As[13] life were in’t. I have supped full with horrors:
Direness,[14] familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.[15]— ***Seyton reenters or comes forward***
Wherefore was that cry? ***To Seyton***

SEYTON The queen, my lord, is dead.

MACBETH She[17] should have died hereafter:
There would have been a time for such a word.[18]
Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
Creeps in this petty[20] pace from day to day
To the last syllable[21] of recorded time:
And all our yesterdays have lighted[22] fools
The way to dusty[23] death. Out, out, brief candle.
Life’s but a walking shadow,[24] a poor player
That struts and frets[25] his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,[27]
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger

Thou com'st to use thy tongue: thy story quickly.[29]
MESSENGER Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do't.
MACBETH Well, say, sir.
MESSENGER As I did[34] stand my watch upon the hill,
I looked toward Birnam, and anon methought
The wood began to move.
MACBETH Liar and slave!
MESSENGER Let me endure your wrath if't be not so.
Within this three mile may you see it coming:
I say, a moving grove.
MACBETH If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shall thou hang alive
Till famine cling[43] thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost[44] for me as much.—
I pull in resolution,[45] and begin
To doubt th'equivocation of the fiend[46]
That lies like truth. 'Fear not, till Birnam Wood
Do come to Dunsinane', and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane.— Arm, arm, and out!
If this which he avouches[50] does appear,
There is nor[51] flying hence nor tarrying here.—
I 'gin[52] to be aweary of the sun,
And wish th'estate[52] o'th'world were now undone.—
Ring the alarum bell! Blow wind, come wrack,[54]
At least we'll die with harness[55] on our back.

Exeunt

Act 5 Scene 6[5.6]

Drum and Colours. Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff and their army, with boughs

MALCOLM Now near enough. Your leafy screens throw down,
And show[2] like those you are. You, worthy uncle,
Shall with my cousin, your right noble son,
Lead our first battle.[4] Worthy Macduff and we
Shall take upon's what else remains to do,
According to our order.[6]

SIWARD Fare you well.
Do[8] we but find the tyrant's power tonight,
Let us be beaten if we cannot fight.

MACDUFF Make all our trumpets speak: give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers[11] of blood and death.

Exeunt. Alarums continued

Act 5 Scene 7

running scene 23 continues

Enter Macbeth

MACBETH They have tied me to a stake: I cannot fly,
But bear-like[2] I must fight the course. What's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter Young Siward

YOUNG SIWARD What is thy name?

MACBETH Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

YOUNG SIWARD No, though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is[8] in hell.

MACBETH My name's Macbeth.

YOUNG SIWARD The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

MACBETH No, nor more fearful.

YOUNG SIWARD Thou liest, abhorrèd tyrant: with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

Fight and Young Siward slain

MACBETH Thou wast born of woman.
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandished by man that's of a woman born.

Exit

Alarums. Enter Macduff

MACDUFF That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face.
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns,[21] whose arms
Are hired to bear their staves:[22] either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword with an unbattered edge
I sheathe again undeeded.[24] There thou shouldst be:
By this great clatter, one of greatest note[25]
Seems bruited.[26] Let me find him, Fortune,
And more I beg not.

Exit. Alarums
Enter Malcolm and Siward

SIWARD This way, my lord. The castle's gently rendered:[28]
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight,
The noble thanes do bravely in the war,
The[31] day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

MALCOLM We have met with foes that strike beside us.[33]

SIWARD Enter, sir, the castle.

Exeunt. Alarum
Enter Macbeth

MACBETH Why should I play[35] the Roman fool and die
On mine own sword? Whiles I see lives,[36] the gashes
Do better upon them.

Enter Macduff

MACDUFF Turn, hell-hound, turn.

MACBETH Of all men else[39] I have avoided thee.
But get thee back: my soul is too much charged[40]
With blood of thine already.

MACDUFF I have no words:
My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier villain
Than terms[44] can give thee out.

Fight. Alarum

MACBETH Thou losest labour.[45]
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant[46] air
With thy keen[47] sword impress as make me bleed.
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests:[48]
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

MACDUFF Despair thy charm,
And let the angel[52] whom thou still hast served
Tell thee: Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely[54] ripped.

MACBETH Accursèd be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cowed[56] my better part of man.
And be these juggling[57] fiends no more believed

That palter[58] with us in a double sense,
That keep[59] the word of promise to our ear
And break it to our hope. I’ll not fight with thee.
MACDUFF Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show[62] and gaze o’th’time:
We’ll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole,[64] and underwrit,
‘Here may you see the tyrant.’
MACBETH I will not yield
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm’s feet
And to be baited with the rabble’s[68] curse.
Though Birnam Wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou opposed,[70] being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last.[71] Before my body
I throw my warlike shield. Lay on,[72] Macduff,
And damned be him that first cries, ‘Hold, enough!’

Exeunt fighting. Alarums

Enter fighting, and Macbeth slain

[Exit Macduff with Macbeth’s body]

Retreat and flourish. Enter, with Drum and Colours, Malcolm, Siward, Ross, Thanes and Soldiers

MALCOLM I would[74] the friends we miss were safe arrived.
SIWARD Some must go off:[75] and yet, by these I see
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
MALCOLM Macduff is missing, and your noble son.
ROSS Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier’s debt:[78]

To Siward

He only lived but till he was a man,
The which no sooner had his prowess[80] confirmed
In the unshrinking station[81] where he fought,
But like a man he died.
SIWARD Then he is dead?
ROSS Ay, and brought off the field. Your cause of sorrow
Must not be measured by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
SIWARD Had he his hurts before?[87]

ROSS Ay, on the front.
SIWARD Why then, God’s soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs[90]
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knolled.[92]
MALCOLM He’s worth more sorrow,
And that I’ll spend[94] for him.
SIWARD He’s worth no more.
They say he parted well and paid his score,[96]
And so God be with him! Here comes newer comfort.

Enter Macduff with Macbeth’s head

MACDUFF Hail, king, for so thou art. Behold where stands[98]
Th’usurper’s cursèd head. The time is free:[99]
I see thee compassed[100] with thy kingdom’s pearl,
That speak my salutation[101] in their minds,
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine:
Hail, King of Scotland!
ALL Hail, King of Scotland!

Flourish

MALCOLM We shall not spend[105] a large expense of time
Before we reckon[106] with your several loves
And make[107] us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour named. What’s more to do
Which would be planted[110] newly with the time,
As calling home our exiled friends abroad
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny,
Producing forth the cruel ministers[113]
Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,
Who — as ’tis thought — by[115] self and violent hands
Took off her life: this, and what needful else[116]
That calls upon us, by the grace of grace[117]
We will perform in measure,[118] time and place.
So thanks to all at once and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crowned at Scone.

Flourish. Exeunt

The Songs (apparently by Thomas Middleton, used in stagings after Shakespeare’s retirement)

Song 1: at end of 3.5:

UNSEEN SPIRITS Come away, come away, ***Above***
Hecate, Hecate, O come away!
HECATE I come, I come, I come, I come,
With all the speed I may,
With all the speed I may.
Where’s Stadlin?
UNSEEN SPIRIT Here.
HECATE Where’s Puckle?
UNSEEN SPIRIT Here.
UNSEEN SPIRITS And Hoppo too, and Hellway too,
We lack but you, we lack but you.
Come away, make up the count.[10]
HECATE I will but ’noint,[11] and then I mount.
I will but ’noint, and then I mount.
Malkin, a spirit like a cat, descends
UNSEEN SPIRITS Here comes one down to fetch his dues,[13]
A kiss, a cull,[14] a sip of blood,
And why thou stay’st so long I muse,[15] I muse,
Since the air’s so fresh and good.
HECATE O, art thou come? What news, what news?
MALKIN All goes well to our delight:
Either come or else
Refuse, refuse.
HECATE Now I am furnished[21] for the flight. ***Going up***
Now I go, O now I fly,
Malkin my sweet spirit and I.
O what a dainty pleasure is this
To ride in the air
When the moon shines fair,
And feast and sing and toy and kiss!
Over woods, high rocks and mountains,

Over seas, our crystal[29] fountains,
Over steeples, towers, turrets,
We fly by night ’mongst troops of spirits:
No ring of bells to our ears sound,[32]
No howls of wolves, nor yelps of hounds,
No, nor the noise of water’s breach,[34]
Nor cannon’s throat our height can reach.
UNSEEN SPIRITS No ring of bells to our ears sound,
No howls of wolves, nor yelps of hounds,
No, nor the noise of water’s breach,
Nor cannon’s throat our height can reach.

[Exeunt]

Song 2: in 4.1, before Macbeth’s entrance:

HECATE Black spirits and white, red spirits and grey,
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may.
FOURTH WITCH Titty, Tiffin, keep[3] it stiff in,
Firedrake, Puckey, make it lucky,
Liard, Robin, you must bob in.
ALL Round, around, around, about, about,
All ill come running in, all good keep out.
FOURTH WITCH Here’s the blood of a bat.
HECATE Put in that, O put in that!
FIFTH WITCH Here’s leopard’s bane.[10]
HECATE Put in a grain.
FOURTH WITCH The juice of toad, the oil[12] of adder.
FIFTH WITCH Those will make the charm grow madder.[13]
HECATE Put in, there’s all, and rid[14] the stench.
SIXTH WITCH Nay, here’s three ounces of a red-haired wench.[15]
ALL Round, around, around, about, about,
All ill come running in, all good keep out.

[Exit Hecate and the other three Witches]

Textual Notes

= First Folio text of 1623, the only authority for the play
2 = a correction introduced in the Second Folio text of 1632
3 = a correction introduced in the Third Folio text of 1663–64
d = a correction introduced by a later editor
D = stage direction
H = speech heading (i.e., speaker’s name)

ist of parts = Ed

.1.1 SH FIRST WITCH = Ed. F = 1. *(throughout)* **3 SH SECOND WITCH** = Ed. F = 2. *(throughout)* **5 SH THIRD WITCH** = Ed. F = 3. *(throughout)* **10 SH SECOND WITCH** = Ed. *Line assigned to All in* F **11 SH THIRD WITCH** = Ed. *Line assigned to All in* F **12 SH ALL** = Ed. *At line* ***10 in*** F

.2.1 SH DUNCAN = Ed. F = *King (throughout)* **11 Macdonald** = Ed. F = *Macdonwald* **15 gallowglasses** = Ed. F = Gallowgrosses **16 quarrel** = Ed. F = Quarry **23 ne’er** = Ed. F = neu’r

.3.33 weyard *always spelled* weyard *or* weyward *in* F, *never* weird **40 Forres** = Ed. F = Soris **59 rapt** = Ed. F = wrapt **117 lose** = Ed. F = loose **145 hair** = Ed. F = Heire

.4.49 harbinger *spelled* Herbenger *in* F

.5.1 SH LADY MACBETH = Ed. F = Lady. *(throughout)* **8 lose** = Ed. F = *loose* **12 human** *spelled* humane *in* F **45 it** = Ed. F = hit

.6.0 SD *Hautboys spelled Hoboyes in* F *(throughout)* **5 martlet** = Ed. F = Barlet **6 mansionry** = Ed. F = Mansonry **10 most** = Ed. F = must **23 hermits** *spelled* Ermites *in* F

.7.6 shoal = Ed. F = Schoole **11 th’ingredients** *spelled* th’Ingredience *in* F **50 do** = Ed. F = no

.1.62 strides = Ed. F = sides **63 sure** = Ed. F = sowre **64 way they** = Ed. F = they may

.3.150 nea’er = Ed. F = neere

.4.8 travelling *spelled* trauailing *in* F **21 ate** *spelled* eate *in* F **36 life’s** = Ed. F = liues **51 SD *Exeunt*** = Ed. F = *Exeunt omnes*

.1.78 SH MURDERERS = Ed. F = *Murth. (throughout the scene)* **93 clept** *spelled* clipt *in* F

.3.1 SH FIRST MURDERER = Ed. F = 1. *(throughout the scene)* **2 SH THIRD MURDERER** = Ed. F = 3. *(throughout the scene)* **3 SH SECOND MURDERER** = Ed. F = 2. *(throughout the scene)* **9 and** = F2. F = end

.4.14 SH FIRST MURDERER = Ed. F = *Mur*. **88 human** *spelled* humane *in* F **90 time** = F2. F = times **165 in deed** = Ed. F = indeed

.5.26 sleights = Ed. F = slights

.6.25 son = Ed. F = Sonnes

.1.59 germens = Ed. F = Germaine **73 SD *First Apparition*** = Ed. F = *1. Apparation* **82 SD *Second Apparition*** = Ed. F = *2 Apparition* **92 SD *Third Apparition*** = Ed. F = ***3 Apparation*** **100 Birnam** *spelled* Byrnam, Byrnan, Birnan, Byrnane, *and* Birnane *in* F **Dunsinane** = Ed. F = Dunsmane **128 eighth** = F3. F = eight

.2.1 SH LADY MACDUFF = Ed. F = *Wife*. **25 none** = Ed. F = moue **81 SH FIRST MURDERER** = Ed. F = *Mur*.

.3.39 Fare = Ed. F = Far **121 accused** *spelled* accust in F **148 thy** = F2. F = they **188 rend** = Ed. F = rent **270 tune** = Ed. F = time

.1.27–8 fear who = Ed. F = feare?who

.3.23 disseat *spelled* dis-eate *in* F **38 more** *spelled* moe *in* F **44 Cure her** = Ed. F = Cure **58 pristine** = Ed. F = pristiue

.4.4 SH SIWARD = Ed. F = *Syew. (throughout the scene; also Syw*., *at line 11 and Sey. at line 22)*

.5.41 false = Ed. F = fhlse **45 pull** = F. *Sometimes emended to* pall

.7.120 SD *Exeunt* = Ed. F = *Exeunt Omnes*

Act 1 Scene 1

1.1 ***Location:*** *an open place*

3 **hurly-burly** turmoil, uproar, strife

5 **ere** before

9 **Grey Malkin** a cat, the First Witch’s familiar (a spirit in animal form that carried out evil deeds for a witch)

10 **Paddock** the Second Witch’s familiar, a toad

11 **Anon** soon, in a moment

Act 1 Scene 2

1.2 ***Location:*** *Scotland, outdoors, exact location unspecified* **Alarum** a trumpet call to arms

2 **plight** condition, appearance

3 **newest state** latest state of affairs

5 **hardy** bold/vigorous

6 **captivity** capture by the enemy

7 **broil** battle, tumult

10 **spent** exhausted

11 **choke their art** destroy their skill (i.e., weigh each other down and drown)

12 **to that** to that end, for that reason

13 **multiplying…nature** increasing numbers of evils within nature/growing numbers of unnatural rebel soldiers

14 **Western Isles** the Hebrides (islands west of Scotland) and possibly Ireland

15 **Of kerns** with lightly armed foot soldiers **gallowglasses** soldiers armed with axes **supplied** reinforced

16 **quarrel** dispute/hostile cause (“her damnèd quarry” would be an alternative reading)

17 **Showed** appeared/sexually displayed herself

19 **brandished** shining/flourished

21 **minion** favorite one, darling **carved…passage** hacked his way through

22 **slave** villain (i.e., the rebel Macdonald)

23 **Which** who (i.e., Macbeth)

24 **unseamed him** ripped him in two (clothing metaphor) **nave to th’chops** navel to the jaws

27 **As…thunders** just as destructive storms and dreadful thunder originate (like the Norwegian invaders) in the east, where the warming sun rises/just as when the sun begins to return at the spring equinox, it is accompanied by storms; ’gins begins **reflection** shining/return

29 **spring** source (of water)/springtime **comfort** encouraging news

30 **swells** wells up/becomes swollen **Mark** note, pay attention

32 **skipping** lightly armed/nervously bounding/absconding **trust their heels** run away

33 **Norwegian lord** i.e., Sweno (original pronunciation: “Norweyan”)

surveying vantage perceiving an advantage

34 **furbished** gleaming/revived

37 **Yes…lion** i.e., only as much as a weak creature would dismay a powerful predator

38 **sooth** truth **report** tell (plays on the sense of “noise of a cannon firing”)

39 **cracks** charges of gunpowder

41 **Except** unless **reeking** bloody/steaming (as the hot blood meets the air)

42 **memorize** make memorable **Golgotha** “place of skulls” where Christ was crucified

45 **become** befit/honor

46 **smack** savor (plays on the sense of “the noise lips make in tasting” and so continues the idea of gashes as mouths)

48 **Thane** title of a member of the Scottish nobility (broadly equivalent to an English earl)

49 **looks through** appears in

50 **seems to** seems to be about to

53 **Fife** region on the east coast of Scotland

54 **flout** defy/mock

56 **Norway himself** i.e., Sweno, King of Norway **terrible numbers** terrifying quantities of soldiers

58 **dismal** devastating/ominous

59 **Bellona’s bridegroom** i.e., Macbeth **Bellona** Roman goddess of war

lapped in proof wrapped in armor of tried and tested strength

60 **Confronted…self-comparisons** i.e., matched him in every respect

61 **Point** sword’s point **arm** weapon

62 **lavish** unrestrained, wild

64 **Norways’** Norwegians’

65 **Craves composition** requests a peace treaty

66 **deign** condescend to permit

67 **disbursèd** paid out **Saint Colme’s inch** Inchcolm, an island in the Firth of Forth (estuary on the east coast of Scotland)

68 **dollars** English name for the German thaler, as well as for silver coins from various northern countries

70 **bosom interest** closest, most intimate concerns **present** immediate

Act 1 Scene 3

1.3 ***Location:** a heath*

6 **quoth** said

7 **Aroint thee** be off with you **rump-fed** fed on rump (a generous cut of meat), hence greedy/with a well-fed vagina, hence lecherous **runnion** abusive term for a woman (possibly plays on the abusive slang sense of “penis”)

8 **Aleppo** trading city in northern Syria **master** captain *Tiger* the ship’s name

10 **like** in the guise of

11 **do** act/have sex (it was thought that witches often seduced their male victims)

15 **other** other winds

16 **ports they blow** a wind blowing from land would make a port inaccessible to a ship at sea

17 **quarters** directions/compass points

18 **I’th’shipman’s card** sailor’s chart/card showing the compass points

19 **drain** exhaust/drain sexually

21 **penthouse lid** eyelid (that projects like a top-heavy upper floor of a building)

22 **forbid** cursed

23 **sennights** weeks (seven nights)

24 **peak and pine** waste away and starve (perhaps with connotations of phallic detumescence)

25 **bark** ship

26 **tempest-tossed** tossed on the sea by storms

29 **pilot** steersman of a ship

33 **weyard** wayward; with the power to control or foresee destiny; the fact that there are three witches invites a comparison with the classical Fates (always spelled “weyard” or “weyward” in Folio; never “weird,” the spelling in the play’s source, Holinshed’s “Chronicle of Scotland”)

34 **Posters** swift travelers

35 **Thus…nine** the witches perform a ritualized dance or series of movements

38 **Peace** be still/be silent **charm** magic spell **wound up** prepared, ready

39 **foul and fair** darkly stormy yet bright in terms of military success (the phrase also resonates with the sense of “morally wicked and virtuous”)

40 **is’t called** is it said to be **Forres** town in the northeast of Scotland, east of Inverness

43 **on’t** on it (the earth) **aught** anything

45 **choppy** chapped

46 **should be** would appear to be

53 **start** flinch/react nervously/recoil

55 **fantastical** imaginary **indeed** in truth/in deed

56 **show** appear to be

57 **present grace** immediate honor

58 **having** gain

59 **rapt withal** entranced, absorbed by it

62 **neither…hate** neither begs your favor nor fears your hate

68 **happy** favored by fortune/content

69 **get** beget, conceive

72 **imperfect** unclear/cryptic/incomplete

73 **Sinel** Macbeth’s father

76 **prospect** field of view/anticipation of the future

77 **whence…intelligence** where you got this strange information

79 **blasted** blighted/accursed

80 **charge** command

83 **corporal** physical, bodily

84 **Would** I wish

86 **on** of **insane root** root of plant (probably henbane) that was reputed to cause madness if eaten

91 **th’selfsame** the very same

93 **reads** perceives, comprehends

94 **venture** risky involvement

95 **His…his** i.e., his personal feelings of awe and praises for you are both so great as to compete with one another (the result being that he finds himself silenced)

98 **stout** brave

99 **Nothing afeard** not at all afraid **what…make** i.e., slaughter on the battlefield (strange images of death)

100 **As…post** messengers arrived as thick and fast as the tales they had to tell (though some editors emend “tale” to “hail,” which fits better with the subsequent poured down)

106 **Only…thee** only in order to usher you into his presence, not as a means of rewarding you

108 **earnest** pledge, foretaste

110 **addition** title

115 **Who** he who

116 **judgement** sentence

118 **combined** in league

119 **line** reinforce (metaphorically, “line the rebel’s garment”) **rebel** i.e., Macdonald

122 **capital** deserving of the death penalty

125 **behind** yet to come

129 **home** fully

130 **enkindle** inflame, provoke

133 **darkness** i.e., the devil

134 **trifles** insignificant things

135 **deepest consequence** the profoundly serious outcome

138 **happy** fortunate **prologue** preliminary actions/lines spoken by an actor before the beginning of a play **swelling** growing/exalted **act** division of a play (plays on the sense of “deed, action”)

139 **imperial theme** royal subject matter (theme plays on the sense of “subject that causes action”)

140 **soliciting** incitement

142 **earnest** pledge, foretaste

144 **suggestion** temptation, incitement

145 **horrid** frightful/bristling (like Macbeth’s hair) **unfix my hair** make my hair stand on end

146 **seated** fixed, stable

147 **use** usual practice

148 **less** i.e., not as ghastly and terrifying

149 **whose murder** the enactment of which (this unusual use of murder reveals only too clearly what Macbeth’s thought is of)

150 **single state** unified existence/weak condition (state introduces a human body/body politic metaphor)

151 **function…surmise** usual powers of action are overwhelmed by speculation and imaginings

152 **nothing…not** only imaginings have any reality for me

155 **stir** stirring, taking action

157 **strange** unfamiliar **cleave…use** do not cling snugly to the body’s contours until they have been worn many times

160 **Time…day** i.e., time is unstoppable and even the worst day has an end

161 **stay** wait

162 **favour** pardon

163 **wrought** preoccupied/stirred/worked on

164 **registered** recorded

165 **Where…them** i.e., in his memory

167 **chanced** happened **at more time** when we have more time/at a later time

168 **The…it** i.e., having had time to consider it thoroughly

169 **free** frank, unrestrained

Act 1 Scene 4

1.4 ***Location:*** *Scotland, exact location unspecified* **Flourish** trumpet fanfare signaling the arrival of a person of authority

1 **or not** or are not

2 **in commission** given a warrant to see the execution carried out

3 **liege** lord

9 **Became** befitted/honored

10 **studied** practiced/skilled

11 **owed** owned

12 **careless** uncared for

13 **art** craft, skill

14 **construction** interpretation, explanation/way of building itself

18 **before** ahead (in terms of merit)

20 **Would…mine** I wish that you were less deserving so that I might have had sufficient thanks and payment with which to reward you

23 **all** everything, all my thanks and payment

25 **In…itself** i.e., being a loyal servant is sufficient reward

29 **Safe toward** to safeguard

33 **nor…so** i.e., your equal worth must be recognized

34 **enfold** embrace

38 **Wanton** unrestrained/abundant

39 **drops of sorrow** i.e., tears

40 **nearest** closest to Duncan (i.e., relatives and favored nobles)

41 **establish our estate** settle the succession of the state

43 **Prince of Cumberland** the title given to the heir to the Scottish throne **which…only** an honor that must not be the only one to be bestowed (i.e., other nobles will be favored too) **invest** adorn, clothe

46 **Inverness** town in the north of Scotland, location of Macbeth’s castle

47 **bind…you** make me more indebted to you (as your guest)

48 **The…you** a period of rest that is not used to serve you seems like hard work/anything that is not done on your behalf is tedious

49 **harbinger** royal messenger

57 **wink…hand** shut itself to the deeds carried out by the hand **be** come to pass

59 **he…valiant** Macbeth is just as brave (as you say); Duncan and Banquo have been conversing during Macbeth’s aside

60 **his commendations** praises given to him

62 **care** considerate solicitude

63 **peerless** without equal

Act 1 Scene 5

1.5 ***Location:*** *Macbeth's castle, Inverness*
2 **perfect'st report** most accurate testimony
4 **missives** messengers
7 **deliver thee** report to you
9 **Lay…heart** reflect seriously on it/keep it secret
12 **milk…kindness** compassion/natural humanity
13 **catch** seize **nearest** most obvious, most direct **wouldst** want to
15 **illness…it** wickedness that must go with it **highly** greatly/ambitiously
16 **holily** virtuously **play false** be deceptive, treacherous
17 **thou'dst have** thou wouldst have, i.e., you want
18 **have** are to have
19 **And…undone** i.e., you fear carrying out the deed (murder) rather than its consequences (the crown)
20 **Hie** hasten
22 **chastise** rebuke
23 **impedes** hinders **golden round** crown
24 **metaphysical** supernatural
25 **withal** with
29 **informed for preparation** sent news so that preparations might be made
31 **had…of** overtook
34 **tending** attention, care
36 **raven** considered a bird of ill omen
39 **tend on** attend **mortal** deadly/human
42 **remorse** pity
43 **compunctious** remorseful, filled with conscience
44 **fell** fierce, cruel **keep** maintain, preserve
45 **Th'effect and it** the outcome and my intention (**purpose**)
46 **take** exchange/consider, treat (as)/feed on **gall** bile, bitterness
ministers agents/attendants
47 **sightless** invisible
48 **wait on** wait upon/lie in wait for **nature's mischief** human evil
49 **pall** envelop, wrap (as if with a pall or cloth used to cover a coffin)
dunnest darkest/murkiest
50 **keen** sharp (plays on the sense of "eager, fervent")

52 **Hold** stop, desist

53 **all-hail hereafter** the future prophesied by the witches/the salutation of “king” that followed Glamis and Cawdor

55 **ignorant** unknowing

56 **instant** present moment

60 **purposes** intends

64 **strange** mysterious/unnatural/unfamiliar **beguile** deceive

65 **Look…time** look ordinary, appear to be like everyone else

68 **provided for** prepared for, taken care of (relates to hospitality and to murder)

69 **dispatch** management

71 **solely** entirely, exclusively **sway** rule

73 **look up clear** appear to be untroubled and innocent

74 **alter favour** change your accustomed facial expression

Act 1 Scene 6

1.6 ***Location:*** *outside Macbeth's castle* **Hautboys** players of oboe-like instruments *Torches* torchbearers

1 **seat** setting

3 **gentle** noble/made gentle by the air

5 **temple-haunting** nesting in or frequenting places of worship **martlet** swift (type of bird) **approve** prove, demonstrate

6 **mansionry** mansions, i.e., nests

7 **wooingly** enticingly **jutty** projecting part of a building **frieze** decorative section underneath the cornice of a building

8 **Buttress** support built against a main wall **coign of vantage** advantageous corner

9 **pendent** hanging **procreant** fertile

11 **delicate** pleasant, delightful

13 **The…love** while I am always appreciative of the love behind it, such devoted service can be troublesome (to me/to you)

14 **Herein…pains** by saying this I am encouraging you to ask God to reward me for your efforts (said in a light-hearted or self-deprecating manner) **yield** reward

18 **point** aspect, detail

19 **single** weak **business** affair/effort **contend Against** compete with

21 **those of old** honors previously bestowed

22 **late** recent

23 **rest your hermits** remain your beadsmen (i.e., those who pray on behalf of others)

25 **coursed** chased

26 **purveyor** official sent ahead to make arrangements for his master's food, lodging, etc.

27 **holp** helped

31 **theirs** i.e., their own servants **in compt** held in trust (from the king)

32 **audit** account

33 **Still…own** always ready to return to you what is yours

36 **graces** favors

37 **By your leave** with your permission

Act 1 Scene 7

1.7 ***Location:*** *within Macbeth's castle* ***Sewer*** butler-like official in charge of serving meals ***divers*** various ***service*** portions of food

1 **If…done** if it were truly over and finished with when the action itself has been completed

3 **trammel up** entangle, trap (as in a net; may play on sense of "bind up a corpse") **catch** seize/ensnare

4 **surcease** ending, death **success** a final outcome/good fortune (plays on sense of "succession of heirs") **that but** if only

6 **bank and shoal** river bank and shallow (though Folio's "Banke and Schoole" could alternatively mean "bench and school," pointing forward to the court and schoolroom imagery that follows, whereas "shoal," an alternative spelling of "school," emerges from the preceding fishing nets of "trammel" and "catch")

7 **jump** risk/overleap

8 **still** always **here** i.e., in this life **that** in that

9 **instructions** lessons

10 **th'inventor** the teacher, he who composed the instructions

11 **Commends** presents, offers **chalice** goblet (perhaps recalling the cup used in Holy Communion; Macbeth's is poisoned because of the unholy nature of murdering a king)

14 **Strong both** i.e., both strong reasons

17 **faculties** kingly powers

18 **clear** faultless

20 **taking-off** murder

22 **Striding** sitting astride (as on a horse)/standing over to defend **blast** storm/gale **cherubin** cherubs (angels traditionally associated with the winds) **horsed** on horseback

23 **sightless couriers** invisible messengers (i.e., the winds)

25 **That** so that **tears…wind** tears (of sorrow but also a reaction to having the **deed** blown into the **eye**) will be so plentiful that they will calm the wind

27 **Vaulting…th'other** like arider attempting to vault into his saddle, ambition leaps too far and crashes to the ground on the other side of the horse/ambition spurs the horse over an obstacle and horse and rider fall

33 **bought** won

35 **would** should **newest gloss** freshest luster

41 **Such** i.e., you are like the drunkard, bold only when inebriated

account deem, consider **Art…desire?** Are you now afraid to be as brave and active as you would like to be (and claimed to be)?; **act** and **desire** suggest a reference to sexual potency

44 **esteem'st** value as **ornament of life** i.e., the crown **ornament** distinction/adornment

46 **wait upon** follow

47 **cat i'th'adage** "the cat would eat fish but she will not wet her feet"

adage proverb

49 **do** the verb can also mean "to have sex"

50 **none** i.e., no man (because killing the king would be dishonorable and unnatural; in the following line, however, Lady Macbeth understands "beast-like, irrational")

52 **break** broach, reveal

53 **durst** dared

56 **adhere** agree, fit **make both** i.e., make time and place adhere, create an opportunity

57 **that their fitness** their very suitability

58 **unmake** make incapable/destroy **given suck** i.e., breast-fed a baby

66 **But** only **screw…sticking-place** wind up your courage to the limit

sticking-place the point at which something is made tightly secure (here the metaphor may refer to the groove on a crossbow into which its cord is fitted, or to the peg on a musical instrument around which string is tightened)

68 **Whereto the rather** to which all the more readily

69 **chamberlains** servants who attended the royal bedchamber

70 **wassail** liquor/revelry **convince** overcome

71 **warder** keeper, guard

72 **fume** vapor **receipt** receptacle

73 **limbeck** apparatus for distilling (i.e., extracting the essence of a liquid)

swinish pig-like/coarse/drunken

76 **put upon** blame on/impose on

77 **spongy** i.e., absorbent, saturated with drink **officers** servants

78 **quell** murder

80 **undaunted mettle** fearless/intrepid temperament (**mettle** was undistinguished from “metal” that may lead to a pun on **males**/(chain) mails in the next line)

81 **received** understood, thought

85 **other** otherwise

86 **As** seeing as, given that

88 **settled** committed/determined/steady **bend up** tighten

89 **corporal agent** bodily faculty/muscle

90 **mock** deceive/imitate

91 **False** deceptive/treacherous/artificial

Act 2 Scene 1

2.1 ***Location:*** *Macbeth's castle (probably an open-air courtyard within the building)*

1 **How…night** how much of the night has passed, what time is it

5 **husbandry** thrift, economy

6 **Their…out** i.e., the stars are not visible

7 **summons** urge to sleep

15 **largess** gifts **offices** servants' quarters

17 **shut up** concluded his speech/went to bed/was wrapped up

19 **Being…wrought** i.e., being unprepared for Duncan's visit my desire to entertain the king nobly and generously was hampered by a lack of provisions

30 **cleave…consent** agree with me, support me **when 'tis** when the time comes

32 **So** provided that

34 **bosom franchised** heart free (of guilt)

35 **counselled** guided/open to your opinions

36 **the while** in the meantime

43 **sensible** perceptible (to the senses)

46 **heat-oppressèd** overwhelmed by heat/feverish

47 **yet** still **palpable** tangible, capable of being touched

49 **marshall'st** guide **the…going** i.e., toward my intention/to Duncan's chamber

52 **worth…rest** more reliable than the other senses

53 **dudgeon** hilt **gouts** drops

55 **informs** takes on a shape

56 **the one halfworld** one half of the world

58 **curtained** screened by the eyelids/veiled by bed curtains

59 **Hecate's off'rings** sacrifices to Hecate, Greek goddess of witchcraft and night, associated with the moon (hence **pale**)

60 **Alarumed** moved to action **sentinel** guard, watchman

61 **watch** signal, watchman's call

62 **Tarquin** Roman who raped Lucrece; he was the king's son and this deed led to the overthrow of the Roman monarchy **ravishing** intent on rape **design** undertaking/scheme

63 **sure** stable

65 **prate…whereabout** betray my location **prate** speak

66 **take…it** (in breaking the silence) take on (or “remove”) the acute horror of this moment that is so suitable for it **present** immediate/pressing

67 **threat** threaten (to act)

70 **knell** toll of a bell rung at funerals or after a death

Act 2 Scene 2

2.2 ***Location:*** *within Macbeth’s castle*

1 **them** i.e., Duncan’s servants

2 **quenched** extinguished (fire)

3 **owl** considered a bird of ill omen whose cry heralded death **bellman** one who rang a bell to announce a death/night watchman who rang a bell every hour

4 **stern’st good night** harshest and final good night (death)

5 **surfeited** sated, drunk **grooms** male servants

6 **mock** make a mockery of/defy/imitate **possets** hot spiced drinks often consumed before bed

7 **That** so that **contend about** compete for, fight over

12 **Confounds** ruins, defeats

13 **he** i.e., Duncan

27 **one…one** Malcolm and Donalbain (although possibly the grooms)

29 **addressed them** prepared themselves

33 **As** as if **hangman’s hands** perhaps a general reference to any executioner, though a hangman might have had bloody hands as he sometimes disemboweled the bodies of hanged men

37 **wherefore** why

40 **thought…ways** dwelt on in this manner

41 **so** to do so

44 **ravelled** unraveled, frayed **sleeve** part of the arm of a piece of clothing/silk filament produced by untwisting a thicker thread

45 **bath** soothing bath/healing liquid

46 **Balm** healing ointment **second course** main, most nourishing dish in a feast

53 **unbend** slacken, weaken

55 **filthy witness** i.e., Duncan’s blood

57 **lie** remain (plays on sense of “deceive”)

65 **painted** pictured/smeared (with blood) **do bleed** is still bleeding/begins to bleed afresh (murdered corpses were thought to bleed in the presence of the murderer)

66 **gild** paint, as with gold-leaf (puns on **guilt**)

68 **Whence** from where

69 **Appals me** makes me pale/terrifies me

71 **Neptune** Roman god of the sea

73 **multitudinous** numerous/containing many waves **incarnadine** make red, stain with blood

74 **green one red** green sea entirely red/the green one (i.e., the sea) red

75 **shame** would be ashamed

76 **white** i.e., cowardly

77 **south entry** southern entrance to the castle

78 **clears** cleans/frees from accusation

79 **constancy…unattended** your firmness has abandoned you

81 **nightgown** dressing gown **occasion** events/chance

82 **watchers** those who remain awake

83 **poorly** miserably/feebly, inadequately

84 **To…myself** i.e., being mentally **lost** is preferable to acknowledging what I have done/if consciousness of what I have done is to be endured, I must abandon my former self

Act 2 Scene 3

2 **old** plenty of

3 **Beelzebub** common name of a devil **Here's** the Porter begins to imagine those arriving in hell

4 **th'expectation of plenty** presumably the farmer anticipated making a profit by hoarding his grain, only to be confounded by an abundant harvest and low prices; alternatively, he staked everything on a plentiful harvest that did not materialize **come in time** you have come at a good time **napkins** handkerchiefs (to wipe the **sweat** resulting from the heat of hell)

6 **other devil** another devil whose name escapes the Porter (though also suggestive of Macbeth) **Faith** by my faith (a common oath) **equivocator** one who uses words ambiguously, so that more than one meaning may apply

7 **scales** here specifically the scales of justice

8 **for God's sake** a common oath, but also a reference to Catholics who used equivocation in court as a way of escaping prosecution

11 **stealing…hose** scrimping on the material used to make a pair of breeches/being too lecherous and dying of syphilis (tailors were popularly viewed as lustful and this one has let his penis steal out too often from his breeches; **tail** was slang for "penis") **roast your goose** heat up your tailor's iron/have sex with your prostitute/contract venereal disease

14 **primrose…bonfire** seemingly attractive but sinful path to eternal damnation

15 **remember** give a tip to

18 **carousing** reveling/drinking toasts **second cock** second crowing of the cockerel (3 a.m. or later)

21 **Marry** by the Virgin Mary **nose-painting** i.e., reddening of the nose

24 **mars** spoils **sets…off** creates a sexual urge but renders him impotent

25 **stand…to** get an erection and lose it **equivocates…sleep** gives him erotic pleasure in a dream only

26 **giving…lie** deceiving him (as he cannot actually perform sexually)/laying him flat (as in wrestling)/leaving him without an erection/calling him a liar/making him urinate

28 **i'the…me** literally, in my throat/(deceiving) deliberately, outrageously **requited** repaid (with violence)

29 **took…legs** made me incapable of walking, pulled my legs out from under me (as a wrestler would) **made a shift** contrived

30 **cast him** throw him down/vomit

37 **timely** early/promptly

38 **slipped the hour** missed the designated time

41 **yet ’tis one** nevertheless it still is a trouble

42 **The…pain** tasks we take pleasure in cure any hardship they entail

45 **limited** appointed

47 **appoint** intend/determine

48 **unruly** disordered, turbulent

50 **Lamentings** cries of grief

51 **prophesying** foretelling/preaching/uttering solemnly **accents terrible** terrifying utterances

52 **dire combustion** dreadful confusion/dangerous tumult **events** outcomes

53 **New hatched to** newly born as offspring to/newly born into **obscure bird** i.e., the owl, bird of darkness **obscure** of darkness/hidden

54 **livelong** long-lasting

57 **My…to it** my youthful memory cannot remember one like it/I cannot remember one like it even during my youth

60 **conceive** imagine/comprehend, take in

62 **Confusion** disorder/destruction/disaster

63 **sacrilegious** unholy, profane (literally “sacrilege” is “stealing what is God’s”) **ope** open

64 **Lord’s anointed temple** God’s consecrated house of worship/Duncan’s head or body (**anointed** with holy oil at his coronation)

69 **Gorgon** in Greek mythology, a female monster; anyone who looked at her was turned to stone

74 **downy** soft, comfortable **counterfeit** imitator/likeness

76 **great doom’s image** image of Judgment Day, the end of the world when the dead were supposed to **rise** from their graves

77 **sprites** spirits, ghosts

78 **countenance** face/be in keeping with

80 **trumpet** i.e., noise, clamor (a trumpet was also supposed to sound at Judgment Day) **parley** conversation/negotiationbetween enemy forces (announced with a trumpet call)

84 **repetition** recital, report

92 **chance** moment/event/misfortune

94 **mortality** life

95 **toys** trifles, insignificant things **renown and grace** honor

96 **drawn** drained (from a barrel) **lees** dregs

97 **left** left in **vault** wine cellar/world beneath the arched sky **brag** boast, be proud

101 **stopped** ended/stopped-up

105 **badged** marked as if with a badge worn by liveried servants

107 **stared** looked stunned, horror-struck/gazed fixedly **distracted** agitated/confused

112 **amazed** stunned/confused/dismayed **temp'rate** calm, composed, restrained

114 **Th'expedition** the haste **violent** passionate/impetuous (plays on the sense of “destructive, bloody”)

115 **pauser** provoker of hesitation and self-restraint (the faculty of **reason**)

117 **breach** flaw/gap in fortifications made by an onslaught of heavy blows

118 **wasteful** destructive

119 **Steeped** dyed/soaked

120 **Unmannerly** improperly **breeched** covered, as if wearing breeches (puns on **breach**)

122 **make's** make his

125 **Why…ours?** Why do we remain silent when this subject has most to do with us?

128 **auger hole** small hole drilled with a carpenter's tool (**auger**), i.e., undetectable hiding place **rush…us** Donalbain fears that his father's murderer may now seek to harm him and his brother **seize** ambush

129 **brewed** i.e., ready to be shown

131 **Upon…motion** ready to move

133 **our…hid** i.e., temporarily put aside our horror and distress/got dressed

135 **question** discuss/inquire into

136 **scruples** doubts

137 **thence** i.e., with God's help

138 **Against…malice** I shall fight against the unknown purpose that lies behind this treasonous and hostile act

142 **briefly** quickly **manly readiness** i.e., clothes/manly resolve

145 **consort** associate, accompany

146 **office** task/role

150 **the…bloody** i.e., the more closely one is related to Duncan the more likely one is to be murdered

152 **shaft** i.e., of an arrow

153 **lighted** alighted, landed

155 **dainty of leave-taking** scrupulous about formal goodbyes

156 **shift away** leave secretly **warrant** justification

157 **steals** purloins/slips away

Act 2 Scene 4

2.4 ***Location:*** *somewhere near Macbeth's castle, Inverness*

1 **Threescore and ten** seventy (years); a score is twenty

3 **dreadful** frightening **sore** harsh, grievous

4 **trifled former knowings** made previous experiences insignificant

5 **father** respectful term of address for an old man

6 **heavens** sky/heavenly powers/roof over a **stage act** deed/theatrical performance/division of a play

8 **travelling lamp** i.e., the sun

9 **predominance** greater power/ascendancy (as of a planet or star) **shame** i.e., at the murder of Duncan

13 **Even** exactly

14 **tow'ring** mounting in order to swoop down on her prey (falconry term) **pride of place** the highest point in her flight

15 **mousing owl** i.e., inferior bird that usually feeds on mice **hawked at** attacked in flight

17 **minions** darlings, favorites

19 **as** as if

29 **pretend** intend

30 **suborned** bribed

35 **Thriftless** wasteful, unprofitable **ravin up** devour greedily

36 **life's means** resources necessary for survival/source of life (i.e., father) **like** likely

38 **named** selected **Scone** ancient city north of Perth, traditional location for Scottish coronations

39 **invested** formally given authority/dressed in the royal garments

41 **Colmekill** the western Hebridean island of Iona, the ancient burial place for Scottish kings

46 **thither** go there (to Scone)

48 **Lest…new** i.e., in case our former situation proves preferable to what is to come

50 **benison** blessing

Act 3 Scene 1

3.1 ***Location:*** *the Scottish royal palace; exact location unspecified*

3 **foully** wickedly, sinfully

4 **It…posterity** the kingship would not remain in your line of descendants

7 **shine** illuminate/look upon favorably

8 **verities** truths **made good** fulfilled *Sennet* trumpet fanfare signaling a procession

14 **all-thing unbecoming** inappropriate in every way

15 **solemn** formal, ceremonious

18 **Command upon** lay your commands on

20 **knit** united, bound

23 **else** otherwise

24 **still** always **grave and prosperous** wise and profitable

25 **council** i.e., of state officials who advised the king

28 **this** now **go…better** if my horse does not go sufficiently quickly

30 **twain** two

33 **cousins** i.e., Malcolm and Donalbain **bestowed** lodged

35 **parricide** murder of one’s father

36 **invention** fabrications, lies

37 **therewithal** with it, in addition **cause…jointly** affairs of state claiming equal attention

42 **commend** entrust

44 **To…welcome** in order to make socializing more delightful

46 **while** until

47 **Sirrah** sir (term of address to a social inferior) **Attend…pleasure?** Are those men waiting for me?

49 **without** outside

51 **thus** in this position, i.e., king

52 **stick** are fixed/pierce, stab

55 **to** in addition to **dauntless temper** fearless temperament

58 **being** personage/existence

59 **genius** personal governing spirit **rebuked** forcibly retrained/reproached

60 **Mark…Caesar** the Roman general Mark Antony was defeated by Octavius Caesar **chid** upbraided, rebuked

64 **fruitless** useless/childless

65 **barren** infertile **sceptre** ornamental rod held by a monarch (possible phallic connotations here)

66 **unlineal** not descended directly (from Macbeth)

68 **issue** offspring **filed** defiled, corrupted

69 **gracious** generous/virtuous/possessed of divine grace

70 **rancours** bitter hatred/poison **vessel** cup (perhaps recalling the Holy Communion cup)

71 **eternal jewel** i.e., soul

72 **common…man** i.e., the devil

74 **list** designated combat area at a tournament

75 **champion me** support/challenge, i.e., in combat **th'utterance** the limit (death)

79 **Well…ever** these two speeches are lineated as verse in Folio, but so irregularly that they are likely to be mistakenly set as prose **he** i.e., Banquo

80 **held…fortune** i.e., prevented you from improving your fortunes

81 **made good** demonstrated **conference** conversation **passed in probation** proved

82 **borne in hand** deceived **crossed** thwarted **instruments** means/agents

83 **wrought** worked

84 **notion** mind

88 **gospelled** filled with the teachings of the Gospel (the New Testament)

89 **yours** i.e., your issue, children

91 **catalogue** official list **go for** pass for

92 **curs** dogs, especially watchdogs or sheepdogs

93 **Shoughs** lap-dogs **water-rugs** long-haired water dogs (trained to retrieve waterfowl) **demi-wolves** dogs that are half wolf **clept** called

94 **valued file** list classified according to value

95 **subtle** wily

96 **housekeeper** watchdog

97 **bounteous** generous

98 **closed** enclosed

99 **Particular…alike** special distinction unlike the general list in which they all sound the same

101 **station** position/place to stand **file** list/row (of soldiers)

102 **rank** quality/row (of soldiers)

104 **execution** enactment (plays on the sense of "murder")

105 **Grapples** attaches tightly

106 **in his life** while he (Banquo) lives

107 **perfect** complete/entirely healthy

109 **buffets** blows/beatings

113 **tugged with** knocked about by

114 **set** stake, gamble

115 **mend** improve **on’t** of it

118 **distance** hostility, discord

119 **thrusts** stabs

120 **near’st of life** vital parts

122 **bid…it** justify it on the grounds that it is my wish

123 **For** on account of

124 **wail** I must lament

126 **to…love** do wooingly entreat your help

128 **sundry** various

131 **Though our lives**— the First Murderer is interrupted as he declares that he and his companion will carry out the deed even if their lives depend upon it

133 **advise** inform

134 **perfect spy o’th’time** perhaps “exact awareness of the time (to do the deed),” though some editors suppose the line may be a reference to the Third Murderer

136 **something** some distance **always…clearness** it being always remembered that I must be considered guiltless

138 **rubs nor botches** impediments or flaws

140 **material** of consequence

142 **Resolve yourselves apart** determine matters (or work up your resolution) in private

145 **straight** straightaway **abide** remain

Act 3 Scene 2

6 **spent** wasted

7 **content** contentedness, peace of mind

9 **doubtful** uncertain, fearful

11 **sorriest fancies** wretched imaginings

12 **Using** entertaining

13 **them…on** i.e., past events/Duncan

14 **regard** thought, consideration

15 **scorched** slashed

16 **close** heal up **poor malice** feeble animosity

17 **her former tooth** the snake's original fang

18 **let…suffer** let the ordered universe collapse, heaven and earth perish

21 **shake** afflict/make tremble

22 **to…peace** have sent to death as a means of fulfilling our desires

23 **on…lie** Macbeth is thinking of the rack, a bedlike torture instrument that stretched the limbs

24 **ecstasy** frenzy

25 **fitful** restless/full of fits brought on by a high temperature

26 **nor** neither

27 **Malice domestic** civil war **foreign levy** the raising of enemy armies by foreign countries

30 **Gentle my lord** my gentle (i.e., noble) lord **sleek** smooth **rugged** rough, troubled

33 **remembrance** attention, regard

34 **Present him eminence** show him respect, honor him

35 **Unsafe…streams** (our position) being unsafe at the moment, we must cleanse our reputation in streams of flattery/as long as we have to flatter in this way, we remain unsafe **lave** wash

37 **vizards** masks

42 **copy** abundance/pattern from which copies (i.e., descendants) are made/lease (of life), i.e., legal "copyhold" is **eterne** everlasting

44 **jocund** cheerful

45 **cloistered** in or around cloisters (covered walkways adjoining buildings)

46 **shard-born** born in dung

47	**yawning** sleepy (with connotations of “yawning open,” like the mouth of a bell that **peals** to announce the arrival of night)
48	**note** noteworthiness/notoriety (puns on the sense of “musical note, chime”)
50	**chuck** chick (term of endearment)
51	**seeling** blinding (falconry term referring to the sewing together of a young bird’s eyelids for training purposes)
52	**Scarf up** blindfold **tender** gentle/young **pitiful** compassionate, merciful
54	**bond** bond of (Banquo’s) life/moral law that prohibits murder (the image is of a legal contract)
55	**pale** white with fear or cowardice (puns on “paled” meaning “fenced in”)
56	**makes wing** flies **rooky** filled with rooks (often undistinguished from the **crow**; both regarded as birds of ill omen)
58	**rouse** rouse themselves
59	**hold thee still** remain calm

Act 3 Scene 3

3.3 ***Location:*** *about a mile from the Scottish royal palace*

3 **He…mistrust** we need not suspect him **delivers Our offices** brings details of our duties

5 **To…just** exactly in keeping with the in structions we received

8 **lated** belated **apace** speedily

9 **gain…inn** reach the inn in good time

14 **within…expectation** on the guest list

16 **go about** are walked to the stables/are walked to cool them down

22 **Stand to't** get ready/stand firm

24 **come down** i.e., the rain/the attack

28 **way** plan, thing to do

Act 3 Scene 4

3.4 ***Location:*** *a banqueting hall in the Scottish royal palace*

1 **degrees** ranks (according to which the guests would be seated) **at…last** to everyone

4 **with society** among the guests

6 **keeps her state** remains in her throne **in best time** at the appropriate moment

7 **require her welcome** ask her to welcome you

10 **encounter** respond to

11 **Both…even** there is an equal number of people sitting on each side of the table

12 **large in mirth** unrestrained in merry-making **drink…round** drink a toast with every guest/all join in a collective toast

15 **thee…within** on your outside rather than within his body

16 **dispatched** killed

20 **the nonpareil** without equal

21 **is scaped** has escaped

22 **fit** paroxysm of fear **perfect** complete/flawless/entirely sane

23 **founded** grounded, secure

24 **broad and general** widely ranging and universal **casing** surrounding (but also, paradoxically, “enclosing”)

25 **cabined** confined (as in a cabin or hut) **cribbed** shut up (as in a crib or cattle stall)

26 **saucy** insolent **safe** taken care of, i.e., dead

27 **bides** remains

28 **trenched** trenchlike, deeply cut

29 **least…nature** very least of which would be fatal

31 **worm** baby snake

34 **hear ourselves** converse

36 **give the cheer** welcome your guests/participate in the merriment **the…welcome** the feast that is not affirmed throughout to be one that is given warmly and freely seems like an event the guests are having to pay for **vouched** avouched, guaranteed

38 **To…home** if it is only mere eating that is involved, one is better off at home

39 **From thence** away from home **ceremony** courtesy

40 **Meeting** socializing (puns on **meat**) **bare** basic/worthless

41 **remembrancer** one who reminds

45 **had we** we would have **country’s honour** i.e., the nobility, the glory of Scotland **roofed** under one roof

46 **graced** honored

47 **challenge** take to task, rebuke

48 **mischance** some mishap (preventing him from attending the feast)

50 **Lays…promise** brings his promise (to attend) into disrepute

55 **moves** stirs, affects/angers

59 **gory locks** hair matted with blood

63 **upon a thought** in a moment (the time it takes to have a thought)

64 **note him** pay attention to him

65 **passion** overwhelming emotion/fit of rage/seizure/outburst of madness

66 **regard** heed/look at

70 **proper stuff** absolute rubbish

71 **painting…fear** image of your fear itself/image created by your fear

72 **air-drawn** drawn like a picture in the air/drawn, as from a sheath, out of the air

73 **flaws** bursts of emotion (plays on the sense of “defects”) **starts** nervous movements, fits, outbursts

74 **Impostors to** false versions, imitators of **become** suit

76 **Authorized** originally told and affirmed as true by **grandam** grandmother

79 **lo** look **How** what

81 **charnel houses** buildings containing bones of the dead

82 **monuments…kites** only tombs shall be the stomachs of birds of prey

84 **unmanned** made feeble, unmanly **folly** foolishness, mental weakness/sin

86 **Fie** an expression of disgust or indignation

88 **Ere…weal** before civil law cleansed and made peaceful the commonwealth **human** of people/humane

93 **mortal murders** fatal injuries **crowns** heads

94 **stools** seats (at the feast)/ thrones

97 **lack** miss/need

99 **muse** wonder

100 **infirmity** illness, weakness (physical or mental)

101 **love…all** Macbeth proposes a toast

105 **thirst** wish to drink/long to see

106 **all to all** may everyone drink to everyone else

107 **duties** loyalty and respect **pledge** toast

108 **Avaunt** begone

110 **speculation** power of sight

116 **rugged** rough, shaggy, wild

117 **armed** armored (i.e., with a tough skin) **th'Hyrcan** from Hyrcania, in classical times the region south of the Caspian Sea

118 **that** i.e., that of Banquo

120 **dare…desert** challenge me to a fight in a desolate place

121 **trembling I inhabit** trembling possesses me/if I remain indoors out of fear

protest declare

122 **The…girl** a baby girl/a girl's doll **shadow** ghost, illusion, dark thing

123 **mock'ry** imitation/impudent counterfeit

125 **displaced the mirth** put an end to the merriment

126 **admired** wondered at

128 **overcome** cover, overwhelm

129 **special** particular **make…owe** cause me to feel (or view me as being) a stranger to my own nature

133 **blanched** whitened

136 **At once** all of you/immediately

137 **Stand…once** do not observe the protocol of leaving in order of rank

144 **Augurs** prophecies made by interpreting the behavior of birds

understood relations interpreted accounts/connections between things

145 **magot-pies** magpies (thought to be birds of ill omen, like **choughs** and **rooks**) **choughs** crows

146 **secret'st…blood** most hidden murderer **What…night?** What is the time of night?

147 **at odds** contending, striving

148 **How say'st thou** what do you say (to the fact) **denies his person** refuses to come

150 **send** i.e., send a messenger

151 **by the way** indirectly

152 **them** i.e., the nobles

153 **fee'd** paid (to spy) **will** will go
154 **betimes** speedily/early
155 **bent** determined
156 **means** methods
157 **All…way** all other affairs shall be put aside
158 **should I** even if I were to
159 **were** would be **tedious** wearisome/time-consuming **go o'er** going on
160 **head** (my) mind **to hand** be carried out
161 **scanned** examined, scrutinized
162 **season** food preservative such as salt/period of time assigned to an event/time during which a plant ripens
163 **strange and self-abuse** strange self-abuse **strange** extraordinary/alienating **self-abuse** violation of myself/self-deception
164 **initiate** new, inexperienced **wants** lacks/needs **hard use** toughening, persistent experience
165 **young in deed** inexperienced in action (**in deed** puns on **indeed**)

Act 3 Scene 5

3.5 ***Location:*** *unspecified. This scene is probably by Thomas Middleton, apparently added for performances after Shakespeare's retirement*

1 **angerly** angry
2 **beldams** hags
3 **saucy** impudent
4 **trade and traffic** have dealings with
7 **close** secret
8 **bear** carryout
9 **art** magic
11 **wayward** perverse, willful
15 **pit of Acheron** hell **Acheron** a river in Hades, the classical underworld
18 **vessels** receptacles (presumably cauldrons) **provide** prepare/be equipped with
20 **spend** use
21 **dismal** devastating/ominous **fatal** deadly/destined
22 **wrought** brought about/performed
24 **vap'rous drop** in response to powerful enchantments the moon was supposed to release a foam that transformed the things it fell upon
profound deep, complex/hanging heavily
26 **sleights** tricks, cunning
27 **artificial** false/produced by artifice or magic
28 **illusion** illusory nature/power to deceive
29 **confusion** destruction/mental disorder, irrationality
30 **spurn** reject
31 **'bove** above, beyond reach of **grace** virtue/fortune/divine salvation
32 **security** confidence in one's safety
35 **stays** waits **Come…etc.** for text of song, see this page

Act 3 Scene 6

3.6 ***Location:*** *Scotland, exact location unspecified*

1 **hit** coincided with

2 **Which…further** i.e., there is no need for Lennox to elaborate **only** I I only

3 **borne** tolerated/managed

4 **pitied of** lamented by **he was dead** i.e., Macbeth only pitied Duncan after he was dead

5 **walked too late** was alive only too recently/was out too late at night (there are reverberations of death in the words: **walked** often referred to the appearances of a ghost and **late** could mean dead)

8 **cannot…thought** does not think **want** lack **monstrous** unnatural

10 **fact** crime/truth

11 **straight** straightaway

12 **pious** loyal, dutiful

13 **thralls** captives, slaves

17 **well** i.e., for himself

18 **under his key** locked up

19 **an't** if it

20 **so should Fleance** i.e., were Fleance to be imprisoned he too would be punished for killing his father

21 **from** as a result of **broad** frank, unrestrained **cause…presence** because he failed to attend

24 **bestows himself** is lodging

25 **son of Duncan** i.e., Malcolm

26 **holds…birth** withholds his birthright (the crown)

28 **Of** by **pious** devout, holy **Edward** Edward the Confessor, who ruled England from 1042 to 1066 **grace** honor/favor/divine virtue

29 **malevolence of fortune** i.e., Malcolm's misfortunes

30 **Takes** detracts **respect** courtesy/regard (for Malcolm)

31 **pray** ask, entreat (but surrounding references to Edward's holiness add a religious sense) **upon his aid** in aid of Malcolm

32 **wake** rouse, stir **Northumberland** Earl (or possibly, people) of Northumberland, a county in the north of England **Siward** son of the Earl of Northumberland

34 **ratify** sanction, approve

35 **meat** food

36 **Free…banquets** free our feasts and banquets from

37 **homage** acts of allegiance **free** freely given/noble/unpolluted

38 **report** account (of the situation in Scotland)

39 **exasperate** exasperated (i.e., incensed) **their king** i.e., Edward

41 **he** i.e., Macbeth

42 **absolute** resolved/blunt **'Sir, not I'** Macduff's words to the messenger

43 **cloudy** frowning/gloomy **turns me** i.e., turns (**me** is emphatic; the lord was not present)

44 **hums** i.e., makes a noise of displeasure **who should** if to **rue** regret

45 **clogs** burdens, hampers

47 **Advise…caution** serve to warn him **distance** i.e., from Macbeth

50 **that** so that

51 **suffering…accursed** country suffering under an accursed hand

Act 4 Scene 1

4.1 ***Location:*** *unspecified; an interior space, perhaps a cavern*

1 **brinded** having fur marked with darker streaks (probably tabby)

2 **hedge-pig** hedgehog

3 **Harpier** the Third Witch's familiar

5 **entrails** intestines or bodily insides generally/contents of the cauldron

7 **Days…got** for thirty-one days and nights has exuded poison produced while sleeping **Sweltered** sweated, exuded

10 **toil** labor/dissent, turmoil **trouble** effort/disorder/distress

12 **fillet** slice (of meat) **fenny** muddy/from the fens (swamps)

15 **Wool** downy hair

16 **fork** forked tongue **blindworm** adder/slow-worm (legless lizard)

17 **howlet** owlet, young owl

23 **mummy** substance used for embalming/dead flesh itself/substance made from dead bodies and used in magic (properly called "mummia")

maw throat/stomach **gulf** throat/stomach

24 **ravined** ravaged by hunger/glutted with its prey

25 **hemlock** poisonous plant

26 **blaspheming** i.e., denying Christian beliefs

27 **slips** sprigs/cuttings **yew** yew tree (often planted in graveyards and associated with death)

28 **Slivered** cut off

29 **Tartar** person from Central Asia (like the **Turk**, a Muslim)

30 **birth-strangled** strangled at birth, probably by the mother (and thus unbaptized)

31 **Ditch-delivered** born in a ditch **drab** prostitute

32 **slab** viscous, glutinous

33 **chaudron** intestines/insides in general *Enter…Witches* the following sequence (Hecate's speech and the song) is probably by Thomas Middleton, apparently added for performances after Shakespeare's retirement; there are six witches in the song (see this page) **'Black spirits', etc.** for text of song, see this page

44 **pricking** tingling

47 **black** deadly/evil/associated with the black arts

50 **conjure** call upon solemnly (plays on sense of “magically invoke”)
profess claim to know about/practice as a trade

52 **Though** even if

53 **yeasty** frothy

54 **Confound** destroy, overthrow **navigation** shipping

55 **bladed corn** i.e., where the blade (leaf) is still folded around the seed-containing ear **lodged** beaten flat

56 **warders** guards

57 **slope** bend down

59 **germens** seeds/essential parts **tumble all together** collapse into whirling chaos/all fall at once

60 **sicken** grows nauseously sated/begins to be destroyed itself

69 **farrow** piglets **sweaten** sweated

70 **gibbet** gallows

73 **office** function **armed** armored, i.e., wearing a helmet

78 ***descends*** i.e., through the trapdoor

80 **harped** hit upon, guessed **aright** rightly

89 **assurance** the Second Apparition’s promise/sense of personal security

90 **bond** contract, legal guarantee thou i.e., Macduff

94 **round And top** crown

97 **lion-mettled** of a lion’s temperament (fierce, regal, courageous)

98 **chafes, who frets** is roused and angry/enrages and vexes you

100 **Birnam…him** Birnam Wood moves itself to attack Macbeth at Dunsinane Hill (about ten miles north of Perth; Birnam Wood is about fifteen miles further northwest)

103 **impress** conscript, enlist into an army

104 **bodements** predictions

105 **Rebellious dead** i.e., Banquo, who will not stay in his grave

107 **lease of nature** natural lifespan

108 **mortal custom** death, the customary way of humanity/the usual length of human life/life’s rent (custom)

120 **so** in the same manner ***eight kings*** supposedly descended from Banquo; James VI of Scotland and I of England, king when Shakespeare wrote the play, claimed descent from Banquo ***glass*** magic mirror or crystal that could show the future

122 **sear** burn/dazzle

123 **Thou other** Macbeth now addresses the second king **gold-bound brow** i.e., crowned head

125 **Start** gape/burst from your sockets

126 **th'crack of doom** peal of thunder at Judgment Day

130 **two-fold…scepters** two orbs and three scepters; probably refers to King James, the actual monarch of England and Scotland (two orbs), and titular king of Britain, France, and Ireland (three scepters)

132 **blood-boltered** clogged with blood/with hair matted with blood

133 **his** i.e., his descendants

135 **amazedly** stunned, bewildered

136 **sprites** spirits, mood

139 **antic round** bizarre, grotesque dance

140 **kindly** graciously, courteously

141 **Our…pay** our respectful behavior was an appropriate display of hospitality and reverence

142 **pernicious** ruinous

143 **aye** for ever

144 **without** you who are outside

152 **horse** horses

157 **anticipat'st** forestall, hinder **dread exploits** fearsome enterprises (i.e., the intended murder of Macduff)

158 **flighty** fleeting, swift **o'ertook** overtaken

159 **the…it** the action accompanies the intention promptly

160 **The…hand** i.e., the moment I decide to do something I will act upon that thought **firstlings** first-born things

163 **surprise** ambush, attack, and seize

164 **Fife** the region of which Macduff is thane **give…o'th'sword** i.e., slaughter

166 **trace…line** follow him in his lineage, are descended from him

168 **sights** visions

Act 4 Scene 2

4.2 ***Location:*** *Macduff's castle*, *Fife*

4 **when…traitors** even when we have committed no treasonous act, fearful behavior makes us appear guilty

9 **titles** all to which he is entitled (lands, his thaneship)

11 **wants…touch** lacks natural instincts/family feeling

13 **in** being in

17 **coz** cousin (used for any relative, or as an affectionate term of address to a friend)

18 **school** control **for** as for

19 **judicious** prudent, of good judgment

20 **fits o'th'season** violent and unpredictable disturbances of the current time

21 **we…ourselves** we are declared traitors though we do not recognize ourselves as such/when loyalties become confused and we do not know whom to trust

22 **hold…fear** make rumors out of the things we are afraid of

25 **Each…none** (being tossed) in every direction and thus never making progress

27 **climb upward** improve

28 **pretty cousin** i.e., Lady Macduff's son

32 **It…discomfort** i.e., because I would weep/because I might be discovered by Macbeth's spies

39 **Poor** pitiful/impoverished **lime** sticky substance spread on branches as a means of catching birds **pitfall** trap in which a cover falls over a hole **gin** snare

40 **Poor…for** i.e., they are only set for superior birds

51 **swears and lies** vows and then breaks his word

59 **hang up** hang

63 **prattler** chatterer

65 **in…perfect** I am fully acquainted with your honorable status and reputation

66 **doubt** fear **nearly** imminently/closely

67 **homely** plain, simple

70 **do…you** i.e., to harm you physically/not to warn you at all **fell** fierce

71 **nigh your person** close to you

82 **unsanctified** unconsecrated, unholy

85 **shag-eared** with cropped ears (a punishment for criminals; the mutilated ear might have an uneven appearance); some editors prefer “shag-haired,” shaggy hair being a traditional attribute of stage villains

86 **egg** i.e., very young thing **fry** spawn, offspring

Act 4 Scene 3

4.3 ***Location:*** *the English royal court*
1 **desolate** barren/lonely/miserable **shade** shadowy or reclusive place
4 **fast** firmly **mortal** deadly
5 **Bestride…birthdom** protect our fallen birthright (as one would stand astride and defend a fallen soldier on the battlefield)
7 **that** so that
9 **Like…dolour** the same cry of sorrow
10 **wail** lament
12 **to friend** favorable, on my side
13 **perchance** perhaps
14 **sole name** name alone
15 **honest** honorable
16 **touched** harmed **something…me** you may detect something of him in me
17 **wisdom** you may deem it wisdom
19 **angry god** i.e., Macbeth
22 **recoil** degenerate, give way (plays on sense of “rebound like a firearm that has been shot”)
23 **imperial charge** royal command (**charge** plays on sense of “quantity of gunpowder in a firearm”)
24 **That…transpose** my (suspicious) thoughts cannot change you from what you really are
25 **the brightest** i.e., Lucifer, or Satan, the brightest angel who was cast out of heaven for defying God
26 **foul** sinful/dirty, tarnished **wear…grace** assume the appearance of goodness (thus casting suspicion on true goodness)
27 **look so look** like itself
29 **there** i.e., Scotland **doubts** suspicions
30 **rawness** vulnerability/incompleteness (without **leave-taking**)
31 **motives** incentives (to loving, protective behavior)
32 **leave-taking** formal farewell/permission to depart
33 **Let…safeties** do not think that my suspicions are intended to shame and insult you, but that they arise from concern for my own security
37 **basis sure** foundation firmly

38 **check** restrain/rebuke

39 **title is affeered** (Macbeth’s) title is confirmed; plays on sense of “affeared,” i.e., Malcolm is frightened to claim his title

42 **to boot** in addition

45 **yoke** wooden apparatus worn on the neck of a captive or conquered enemy used to subdue and prevent escape

47 **withal** moreover

48 **right** rightful cause

49 **England** the King of England

50 **thousands** i.e., of soldiers

54 **more sundry** in more diverse

55 **succeed** follow (Macbeth; with a play on sense of “inherit the throne”)

56 **What** who

58 **particulars** individual features/detailed aspects **so grafted** are so merged (as in horticulture: a shoot from one plant is grafted onto the stem of another)

59 **opened** revealed/unfurled (like a bud)

61 **Esteem** regard, value

62 **confineless** boundless

63 **legions** multitudes/armies

65 **top** surpass

67 **Luxurious** lustful **avaricious** greedy for wealth

68 **Sudden** impetuous, violently hasty, unpredictable

70 **voluptuousness** lust for pleasure

71 **matrons** married women **maids** virgins

72 **cistern** large water tank

73 **continent** restrictive/chaste/containing (perhaps with vaginal connotations) **o’erbear** overflow/crush (with my body weight during rape)

74 **will** sexual desire/penis

76 **Boundless…tyranny** in human nature, excessive lack of control is a form of tyranny over the self

80 **what is yours** i.e., the Scottish throne

81 **Convey** manage, carry out (secretly)

82 **cold** chaste/lacking in sexual passion **hoodwink** blindfold, i.e., deceive

84 **so…inclined** the amount of women who will offer themselves to a man in your royal position once they realize you desire them

88 **ill-composed affection** character constituted of evil/poorly constituted disposition

89 **stanchless** unstoppable

90 **cut off** kill

91 **his** i.e., one man’s

92 **more-having** greater wealth/greed for more

93 **forge** fabricate, invent

98 **summer-seeming** befitting summer, i.e., youth (lust may wane with age)

99 **sword…kings** i.e., means by which they died (e.g., in wars motivated by greed)

100 **foisons** plentiful resources

101 **Of…own** of your very own, belonging entirely to you (as king) **these** i.e., these vices you mention **portable** bearable, endurable

102 **weighed** counterbalanced

103 **king-becoming** befitting a king (plays on the idea of one who is about to gain kingship)

104 **verity** truthfulness **temp’rance** moderation, self-restraint

105 **Bounty** kindness, generosity **lowliness** humility

107 **relish** trace/taste for **abound…crime** i.e., I am full of all possible aspects of vice **division** category/variation **several** individual

110 **concord** harmony, peace

111 **Uproar** bring into a state of uproar

118 **untitled** without rightful title

119 **wholesome** healthy

121 **interdiction** prohibition

122 **blaspheme** slanders/commits sacrilege (to the sainted Duncan) **breed** his family line

123 **sainted** saintly, holy

124 **upon her knees** i.e., in prayer

125 **Died…lived** spent every day of her life in a state of holy readiness for death

126 **repeat’st upon** utter against/recount about

127 **Hath…Scotland** have destroyed any hope I had of returning to Scotland/are exactly those, which, in Macbeth, caused me to flee Scotland

131 **scruples** doubts

133 **trains** tricks, stratagems (i.e., sending an apparently sympathetic nobleman to try and lure Malcolm back to Scotland)

134 **plucks** withholds

135 **over-credulous** too readily believing

137 **direction** guidance

138 **Unspeak…detraction** take back the harmful things I said about myself
abjure renounce

139 **taints** (moral) stains

140 **For** as being

141 **Unknown to woman** i.e., a virgin **forsworn** perjured, a breaker of oaths

142 **Scarcely…own** have hardly ever desired even what I myself owned

145 **false speaking** lie

146 **this upon myself** i.e., the false statements he made about his character

148 **here-approach** arrival here

150 **at a point** prepared, ready

151 **Now we'll** set forth **the…quarrel** may our success match the degree to which our cause is justified

157 **stay** await **cure** kings were believed to possess a healing touch
convinces defeats

158 **assay of art** efforts of medical practitioners

159 **sanctity** holiness

160 **presently amend** immediately recover

163 **the evil** "the king's evil," i.e., scrofula, an inflammation of the lymph nodes, which the monarch's touch was believed to cure

165 **here-remain** stay

166 **solicits** entreats (through prayer)

167 **strangely-visited** severely afflicted

169 **mere** absolute

170 **stamp** coin

171 **'tis spoken** it is said

172 **succeeding royalty** king's successors

173 **benediction** grace, blessing **strange** inexplicable

176 **speak him** declare him to be

178 **countryman** i.e., fellow Scot **know** recognize (presumably Ross's clothing identifies him as Malcolm's countryman, or perhaps Malcolm means that sorrow has so altered Ross that he seems like a different man)

179 **ever-gentle** ever noble

180 **betimes** hastily

181 **means** circumstances (more specifically, Macbeth)

186 **nothing…nothing** no one other than a fool

189 **marked** paid attention to

190 **modern ecstasy** commonplace frenzy **The…who** i.e., no one bothers to inquire about who has died when they hear the funeral bell toll as death has become so common

193 **or…sicken** before becoming ill

194 **relation** report, account **nice** detailed/accurate/extraordinary, strange

196 **hiss the speaker** mock the speaker (as the news is already out of date)

197 **teems** gives rise to, breeds

203 **at peace** i.e., dead (though Macduff continues to understand the sense of “untroubled”)

204 **niggard of** miser in

206 **heavily** sorrowfully/as a burden

207 **out** i.e., preparing for war/committed to rebellion

208 **witnessed the rather** further confirmed

209 **power** army **afoot** on the march

210 **eye** i.e., you, your presence

212 **doff** cast off (as one would a garment)

213 **Be’t** let it be

216 **An…out** i.e., there is not an older or better soldier in all Christendom

gives out reports, proclaims

219 **the like** i.e., similarly encouraging news

220 **would** should **desert** lonely, desolate

221 **latch** take hold of, receive

223 **general cause** i.e., the woes of Scotland **fee-grief** grief owned by one person only (a term derived from legal language relating to property)

231 **possess them with** put them in possession of/cause them to become (demonically) possessed by **heaviest** most sorrowful, grievous

234 **surprised** ambushed

235 **manner** way in which they were killed, details

236 **quarry** heap of deer killed at a hunt **deer** puns on “dear”

239 **pull…brows** a conventional gesture of grief

241 **Whispers** whispers to **o’er-fraught** overburdened

244 **must…thence** had to be away from home
249 **He** refers either to Macbeth or to Malcolm
250 **hell-kite** bird of prey from hell
251 **dam** mother
252 **fell swoop** cruel swooping down of the **hell-kite**
253 **Dispute** fight against
259 **struck** killed violently and suddenly **Naught** wicked, sinful person
260 **demerits** faults
261 **Fell** quibbles on the adjectival sense of “cruel”
262 **whetstone** stone on which swords are sharpened
264 **play…eyes** i.e., weep
265 **braggart** play on one who brags, i.e., gives out a braying cry/talks emptily and ceaselessly
266 **intermission** pause in action **Front to front** face to face
268 **scape** escape
270 **tune** style (of speech)/tone/frame of mind
271 **power** army
272 **Our…leave** it remains only to obtain formal permission to depart (from the English king)
273 **ripe for shaking** i.e., ready to fall (like ripe fruit from a tree) **powers above** heavenly powers
274 **Put…instruments** urge on their agents (us)/put on their weapons

Act 5 Scene 1

5.1 ***Location:*** *Macbeth’s castle at Dunsinane Physic* medicine

1 **watched** remained awake

2 **walked** sleepwalked

3 **field** battlefield (i.e., prepared for war)

4 **closet** cabinet

7 **perturbation** disturbance

8 **effects of watching** appearance and actions of waking **agitation** disturbed state of mind/nervous activity

11 **meet** suitable ***taper*** candle

13 **guise** custom/manner

14 **close** concealed

24 **set down** write down **satisfy** meets the needs of, confirm

25 **remembrance** memory

26 **One: two** Lady Macbeth imagines she hears the striking of a clock or perhaps the bell she was to strike as a signal to Macbeth

28 **none…account** no one can hold us responsible as we are now so powerful

31 **Thane of Fife** Macduff

32 **mar** spoil

33 **starting** nervousness/fits, outbursts

34 **Go to** expression of reproof similar to “come, come” (probably directed at Lady Macbeth)

39 **sorely charged** grievously burdened

40 **dignity** worth, high status

43 **be** i.e., be well

44 **practice** medical skill

47 **on’s** of his

48 **Even so?** i.e., is that how it is

56 **divine** priest

58 **annoyance** injury (here self-harm)

59 **still** continually

60 **mated** bewildered

Act 5 Scene 2

5.2 ***Location:*** *near Dunsinane Drum and Colours* drummer and bearer of military flags

3 **dear** heartfelt/noble/grievous **causes** motives for revenge, grounds for action

4 **bleeding** shedding of blood/bloody (**alarm**) **alarm** call to arms

5 **Excite…man** rouse even a dead or insensible man

9 **file** list

11 **unrough** beardless, i.e., young

12 **Protest** declare, assert

14 **Dunsinane** i.e., the castle

17 **buckle…rule** i.e., legally (or morally) justify his grounds for fighting; the image is of a diseased and bloated belly one cannot buckle a belt around **distempered** disordered/diseased **cause** grounds for action/illness

20 **sticking** i.e., with blood

21 **minutely** every minute **upbraid** reproach, censure **faith-breach** breaking of (secular and spiritual) loyalty

22 **move…love** only obey because they are following orders, not out of love for their king

27 **pestered** diseased/troubled

32 **med'cine** cure/physician (i.e., Malcolm) **weal** commonwealth, state

33 **purge** purgative medicine, used to cleanse the body

34 **drop** of blood/medicine

36 **dew** cover with dew **sovereign** royal/excelling/healing

Act 5 Scene 3

5.3 ***Location:*** *Macbeth’s castle at Dunsinane*

1 **them** i.e., the thanes who have deserted him

2 **remove** move

3 **taint** lose courage/become stained

5 **mortal consequences** outcomes of human affairs **pronounced me** proclaimed/pronounced judgment on me

8 **epicures** lovers of luxury

9 **sway by** rule with/govern myself by

11 **cream-faced** i.e., pale with fear **loon** rogue/idiot/lowly youth

12 **goose** white, fearful/idiotic

16 **over-red** cover over with red

17 **lily-livered** with a liver as pale as a lily, i.e., cowardly (the liver was thought to be the seat of strong passions) **patch** fool/rogue

18 **of** fall on **linen** i.e., white

19 **counsellors to** i.e., teach, encourage others to **whey-face** face the color of whey (white)

21 **Seyton** may be pronounced “Satan”

22 **push** attack/crisis

23 **cheer** comfort, encourage; puns on “chair,” i.e., (en)throne **disseat** dethrone

24 **way** path/course/manner

25 **sear** withered condition (if associated with **way of life**)/withered (if applied to **leaf**) **yellow** i.e., autumnal/decaying

27 **As** such as

28 **stead** place

29 **mouth-honour** insincere verbal expressions of respect

30 **fain** gladly

38 **skirr** scour, pass speedily through

41 **Not so sick** not so much physically ill

42 **thick-coming** thronging **fancies** imaginings, delusions

47 **Raze out** erase, wipe out

48 **oblivious** inducing oblivion, forgetfulness

49 **stuffed** overfull/oppressed

54 **staff** rod of office/spear or clublike weapon

55 **send out** i.e., send out **more horses**

56 **dispatch** hurry up **cast The water** make a diagnosis by examining the urine

58 **pristine** original, former

60 **Pull’t off** either an instruction to remove a piece of armor that is proving difficult to put on or has been put on incorrectly, or Macbeth has changed his mind about wearing his armor at all

61 **rhubarb** plant used to make purgative drugs **cyme** senna, a plant used to make purgative drugs and sometimes mixed with rhubarb for this purpose

62 **scour** cleanse, purge

63 **preparation** mobilized army/military proceedings

65 **it** probably the armor removed a few lines earlier

66 **bane** murder/destruction

68 **clear** safe/free/untroubled

69 **hardly** with great difficulty

Act 5 Scene 4

5.4 ***Location:*** *near Birnam Wood*

2 **chambers** private rooms (like the bedchamber in which Duncan was murdered)

3 **nothing** not at all

7 **shadow** conceal

8 **host** army **discovery** military reconnaissance

9 **Err** be mistaken

12 **Keeps** remains (with connotations of defensive preservation)

13 **setting down** encampment for a siege

15 **where…given** while they could have advantaged Macbeth (through loyalty)/wherever it is possible to advantage the English forces/where military advantage must be conceded to the English (who are about to besiege the castle)/when they had the opportunity (i.e., were not confined to the castle during a siege)

16 **more…revolt** people of both high and low social status have deserted Macbeth

19 **Let…event** let an exact assessment be made only after the outcome of the actual battle

23 **due** appropriate, necessary (plays on the sense of “owing”)

24 **owe** own/are required to repay

25 **Thoughts…arbitrate** speculation deals with uncertain hopes; for a definitive outcome, combat must be the deciding factor

Act 5 Scene 5

5.5 ***Location:*** *Macbeth's castle at Dunsinane*

4 **ague** fever

5 **forced** reinforced

6 **dareful** defiantly/boldly

11 **fell of hair** entire head of hair

12 **treatise** tale

13 **As** as if **supped full** had my fill of horror/dined in the company of horrors (i.e., Banquo's ghost)

14 **Direness** dreadfulness, horror

15 **start me** make me start

17 **She…hereafter** she should have died at a future time/she would have died at some point anyway

18 **such a word** i.e., news of her death

20 **petty** slow/insignificant

21 **syllable** most minute portion/basic element of a word **recorded** written/narrated/remembered

22 **lighted** lit the way for (with a **candle**)

23 **dusty** i.e., characterized by the dust to which all mortals return

24 **shadow** insubstantial thing/illusion/ghost/actor (the theatrical sense is picked up in **fool** and **player**) **poor** wretched/unskilled

25 **frets** wears out/worries his way through/rants and rages (in the manner of a bad actor)

27 **Fury** fierce passion/frenzy, madness/wild anger/violence

29 **thy story quickly** relate your news at once

34 **did…watch** was on guard

43 **cling** shrivel **sooth** truth

44 **dost…much** do the same for me

45 **pull in resolution** (am forced to) rein in my firmness of purpose; some editors emend to "pall"

46 **fiend** i.e., the Third Apparition

50 **avouches** affirms

51 **nor…here** no point either fleeing from here or remaining

52 **'gin** begin

53 **th'estate** the kingdom/condition/settled order

54 **wrack** ruin, destruction

55 **harness** armor

Act 5 Scene 6

5.6 ***Location:*** *outside Macbeth’s castle at Dunsinane*

2 **show** appear **uncle** i.e., Siward

4 **battle** battalion

6 **order** arrangement, battle plan

8 **Do** i.e., if **power** army

11 **harbingers** forerunners, messengers

Act 5 Scene 7

2 **bear-like** like a bear tied to a **stake** and baited with dogs, a popular form of entertainment **course** designated bout, during which the bear was attacked by dogs

8 **is** that is

21 **kerns** lightly armed foot soldiers

22 **staves** staffs used as weapons

24 **undeeded** without it having carried out any action

25 **note** reputation/notoriety (plays on the sense of “musical note”)

26 **bruited** loudly announced

28 **gently rendered** calmly (or easily) surrendered

31 **The…yours** i.e., you have almost won

33 **strike beside us** fight alongside us/deliberately miss when they strike at us

35 **play…sword** i.e., do as the Romans did and commit suicide when defeated

36 **lives** anyone living

39 **men else** other men

40 **charged** burdened; plays on the senses of “blamed/accused (of a crime)”

44 **terms…out** words can proclaim you to be

45 **losest labour** waste time

46 **intrenchant** unable to be cut

47 **keen** sharp (plays on the sense of “eager, fervent”) **impress** make a physical impression, mark

48 **crests** helmets, heads

52 **angel** personal governing spirit/Lucifer

54 **Untimely** prematurely (Macduff was born by Cesarean section)

56 **cowed** overawed, intimidated **better…man** i.e., courage, manly spirit

57 **juggling** deceiving/equivocating

58 **palter** equivocate

59 **keep…hope** only fulfill their promises verbally rather than in the manner we expected

62 **show…o’th’time** sideshow or public spectacle of the age

64 **Painted…pole** (your picture) painted on a sign, as an advertisement for the attraction **underwrit** written underneath

68 **rabble** mob of commoners

70 **opposed** facing me/hostile to me

71 **try the last** attempt the extreme/undergo the utmost

72 **Lay on** set to, go about it

74 **would** wish

75 **go off** die **these** i.e., those present

78 **soldier's debt** i.e., death

80 **prowess** bravery

81 **unshrinking station** brave stand

87 **before** on the front of his body (which would show that he had died fighting honorably, not running away)

90 **hairs** puns on "heirs"

92 **knolled** tolled

94 **spend** expend (in tears)

96 **score** bill, amount owed

98 **stands** i.e., on a pole or lance

99 **free** liberated from tyranny

100 **compassed…pearl** i.e., surrounded by the finest nobles of Scotland (plays on the idea of being crowned)

101 **salutation** greeting

105 **spend** waste/pay out

106 **reckon** settle accounts

107 **make…you** i.e., by rewarding the thanes' loyalty

110 **planted…time** performed now as befits the beginning of a new age

113 **ministers** agents

115 **by…life** i.e., committed suicide **self and violent** her own violent

116 **needful else** other necessary things

117 **grace of grace** i.e., grace of God (the essence of grace itself)

118 **measure** due proportion

Song 1

10 **the count** the full number
11 **’noint** anoint (apply an oil, perhaps in ritual manner)
13 **dues** what is owed to him
14 **cull** embrace
15 **muse** wonder
21 **furnished** prepared/equipped
29 **crystal** an alternative reading in the early musical sources is **mistress’**
32 **sound** make noise/can be heard
34 **breach** breaking (waves)

Song 2

3 **keep…in** keep the gruel in the cauldron viscous

10 **bane** poison

12 **oil** venom

13 **madder** more potent, liable to provoke frenzy/red-colored (from the plant “madder” used in dyeing)

14 **rid** get rid of

15 **wench** girl/lass (**red-haired** people were sometimes associated with evil)

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK

The mood of *Hamlet* is set by its opening exchange: “Who’s there?” “Nay, answer me.” The play creates the illusion of asking as many questions of its audience and interpreters as we may ask of it. Shakespeare won’t tell us who he is or where he stands. Instead, he makes us—and our culture—reveal ourselves. That is the source of his endurance and one of the reasons why *Hamlet* has long been regarded as his greatest, or at least his most characteristic, play.

The Prince of Denmark himself is the most famously interrogative of all dramatic characters. He is Shakespeare’s ultimate man of words. The actor who plays him has to learn over 340 speeches; the role has a higher proportion of its play’s words (nearly 40 percent) than any other in Shakespeare. Hamlet’s favorite intellectual move is to make an action that he witnesses—a player weeping, a skull tossed from an old grave—into the occasion for speculation: “What’s Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba, / That he should weep for her?” “Where be your gibes now, your gambols, your songs, your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar?” In watching or reading the play, we are moved, like Hamlet, to ask the big questions: What should we believe? How should we act? What happens after death? Whose version of the truth should we have faith in?

Horatio, the commentator who comes closest to being the voice of the audience, says that he “in part” believes stories about ghosts and portents. His qualifier is a watchword for the whole play. Humankind is *in part* a god-like creature, full of mental and verbal powers, “The beauty of the world, the paragon of animals.” But, to take the other part, we are also “quintessence of dust”—the politician, the lawyer, the heroic man of action (Alexander the Great), and the humble clown (Yorick) all end up in the same place.

Like the wood in *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*, but with tragic as opposed to comic consequences, Elsinore is a place where “everything seems double.” Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are a double act engaged to spy on Hamlet, with the result that he has “at each ear a hearer.” Hardly anyone in the play seems able to speak without producing a double epithet: “the sensible and true avouch / Of mine own eyes,” “the gross and scope of my opinion,” “post-haste and rummage in the land,” “the grace and blush of modesty,” and so on. Stage props also come in pairs: two contrasting portraits of two brothers, a pair of rapiers (one of which is sharpened and anointed for the kill), two skulls. Entrances seem to repeat themselves: the appearances of the ghost; Hamlet overheard in meditation, first with a book, later with his reflections on being and not being; the king and Gertrude in their respective private rooms after the trauma of the *Mousetrap* play; Ophelia’s two mad scenes.

The story of a son seeking vengeance for his father’s death is doubled after Hamlet kills Polonius: “by the image of my cause I see / The portraiture of his,” remarks Hamlet of Laertes. The motif is redoubled in the figure of Young Fortinbras out to avenge the defeat of Old Fortinbras. A further commentary is provided by the Player’s speech about Pyrrhus, son of Achilles, furiously seeking atonement for his father’s loss by slaughtering old King Priam. But this might be construed as a negative example: Priam himself is an “unnervèd father” and his slaughter moves a wife and mother, Hecuba, to distraction. If Hamlet were to become a killing machine like Pyrrhus, he would be diminishing himself to the inhumanity of his adversary, besides emotionally destroying his mother: that is his dilemma bounded in a nutshell.

Hamlet is a student, a model for the perpetual students and idealists who people later literature, especially in Germany and Russia. Like Shakespeare’s other highly intellectual drama, *Troilus and Cressida*, this is a play that debates the great questions of epistemology, ethics, and metaphysics. “Humanism,” the dominant educational theory of the sixteenth century, proposed that wisdom was to be derived from book learning. The student developed the arts of language through his rhetorical training, while collecting the wisdom of the ancients in the form of citations and *sententiae* copied into a commonplace book. Polonius’ maxims on how Laertes should behave when away from home, climaxing in the cliché; “to thine own self be true,” are classic examples. The art of “reason” was refined through the study of “common themes,” one of which was “death of fathers.” Reason and judgment were supposed to prevail over will and passion. The Stoicism of Seneca provided a model for the use of “philosophy” as protection against the fickleness of fortune and the vicissitudes of court politics.

Hamlet’s uncle must once have been a good student. He is a master of balanced rhetoric, the measure and decorum of his verse belying his crime against the order of nature and state. He thinks he knows, and that everyone in the court will accept, what is the appropriate length of time to mourn the death of a brother, husband, father. Hamlet despises such propriety. He is not interested in the “common” way of behaving. He speaks for the “particular,” the individual. “Mourning duties,” maintained for a set period, are to him mere outward show, the signs of a “seeming” with which he refuses to play along. He has “that within which passeth show”: the solitary self is set against social custom. He has returned from the university determined to “wipe away” all the customary wisdom of Stoic decorum, all that “discourse of reason,” which humanist theorists regarded as the gift that set men above the beasts. He will have nothing to do with “saws of books” or the codes of behavior that “youth and observation” are supposed to copy from their humanist texts. After encountering the ghost, he vows to fill his commonplace book (“my tables”) from experience instead of books. This new way of seeing is initially regarded by his fellow students Horatio and Marcellus as no more than “wild and whirling words,” madness brought on by an encounter with an evil spirit. But Hamlet knows what he is doing. He tries on his “antic disposition” as a way of testing the limits of the rational “philosophy” embodied by Horatio. Ophelia tells of how she witnessed Hamlet utter a sigh that seemed to “end his being.” That end is also a beginning: the birth of a new man dedicated to the proposition that the opposite of reason is not madness, but true feeling. Later, when Ophelia is mad, she is described as “Divided from herself and her fair judgement, / Without the which we are pictures or mere beasts.” When Hamlet feigns madness, by contrast, he speaks with true judgment, as even Polonius half-recognizes: “A happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of.”

Hamlet is a political drama as well as a play about the journey of an individual self. It begins with portents betokening “some strange eruption to our state.” It holds up a mirror to a world of royalty, courtiers, politicians, and ambassadors, but also ordinary people: students, actors, gravediggers, even (on the margins) an underclass of “lawless resolutes” following Fortinbras and a “rabble” who wants Laertes to be king. “Denmark’s a prison”: Hamlet is cabined, cribbed and confined by his princely birth, by the machinations of statecraft, and by the limitations of the material world. In his melancholy, when he complains that he has lost interest in all gentlemanly pursuits (“custom of exercise”), he points to the “canopy” over the stage. The self-conscious allusion to the architecture of the Globe Theatre hints at how he finds his freedom: in play, first by pretending to be mad, then through theater. It is the arrival of the actors that reinvigorates him. Hamlet loves plays and the players because he recognizes the power of acting to expose the feigning of public life, the fact that courtiership and rhetorical decorum are themselves but performances. He comes to the truth through “a fiction” and “a dream of passion.” In this he can only be regarded as an apologist for the art of his creator.

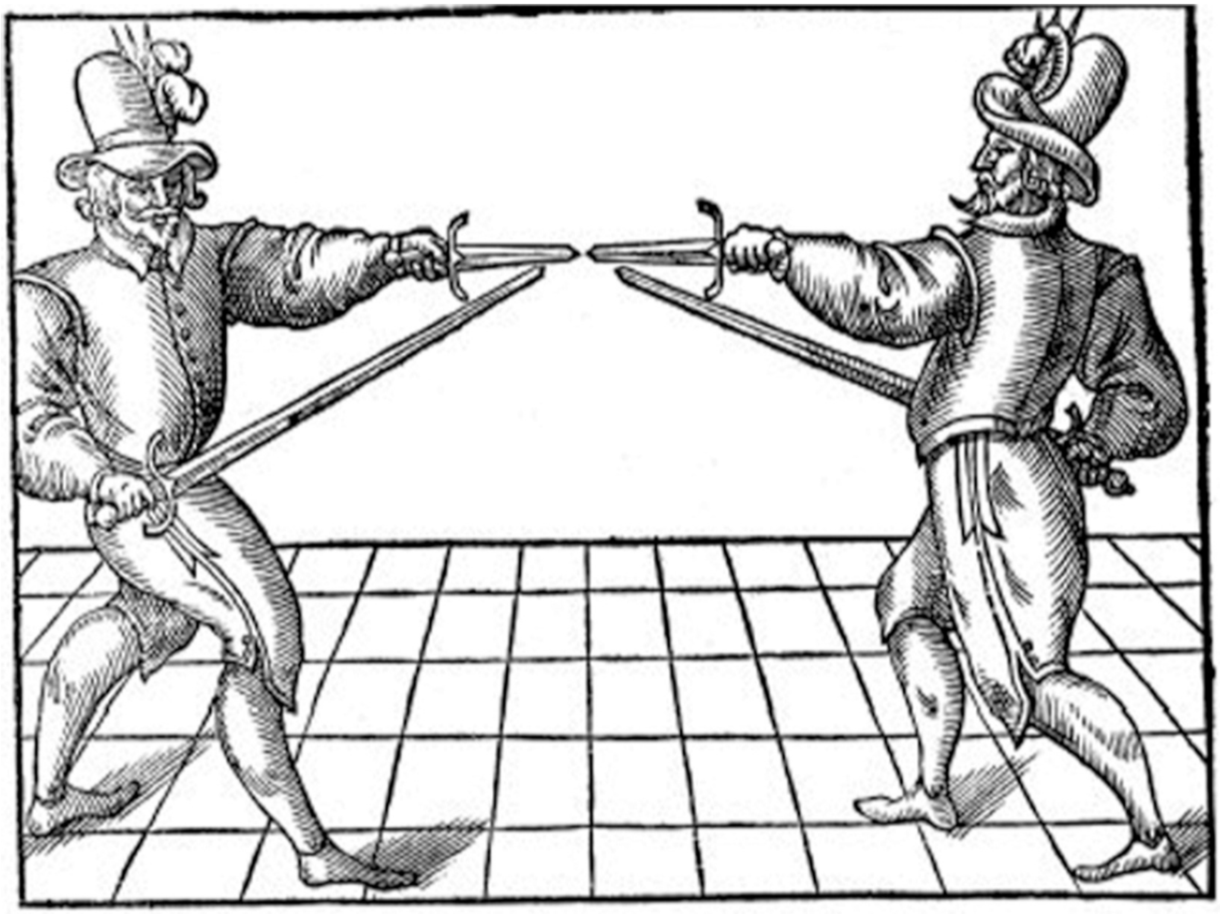
Hamlet’s shortest soliloquy, after he has been fired up by the play-within-the-play, is very much in the style of the traditional stage revenger, such as Hieronimo in Thomas Kyd’s *Spanish Tragedy*: “Now could I drink hot blood / And do such bitter business as the day / Would quake to look on.” Hamlet is as capable of violent action as any other revenger—witness his cruel rejection of Ophelia and his casual lugging of Polonius’ guts into the neighboring room. Nor does he delay nearly so much as he tells us he is delaying. He has to establish the authenticity of the ghost, to ensure that it is not a devil sent to tempt him into evil action, and as soon as he has done this by watching Claudius’ reaction to the play he goes off to kill him; he doesn’t kill him at prayer because that would be “hire and salary, not revenge,” would send him to heaven not to hell; he then thinks that he has killed him in Gertrude’s closet; it turns out that he has killed Polonius instead and as a result he is packed off to England. As soon as he has tricked and dispatched Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, effected his daring escape via the pirate ship, and returned to Denmark, he is in a state of “readiness” and the revenge takes place during the duel.

But the style of the “hot blood” soliloquy is completely unlike that of the other solo speeches, which are all much longer and more introspective. It is from them that we derive our image of the character of Hamlet: in the first act, so disgusted by his mother’s hasty remarriage that he wishes he were dead; in the second, moved to self-disgust by the way in which the player can work himself into a frenzy for the fictional sorrows of Hecuba, while he himself has not yet done anything about his father's murder; in the third, meditating on the pros and cons of suicide; and in the Quarto text of the fourth, still chiding himself when he compares his own inaction with the military activity of Fortinbras and his army ("How all occasions do inform against me / And spur my dull revenge!"). Hamlet's self-analysis has led some commentators to wonder whether his failure to kill the praying usurper might be the result of procrastination, not calculation about whether he would be sending him to heaven or hell. The soliloquies present such a convincing picture of irresolution and inaction that even when it comes to the final scene it may occur to us that the killing of the king seems to be not so much the climax of Hamlet's plans as an incidental consequence of Laertes' quest for revenge for the deaths of his father and sister.

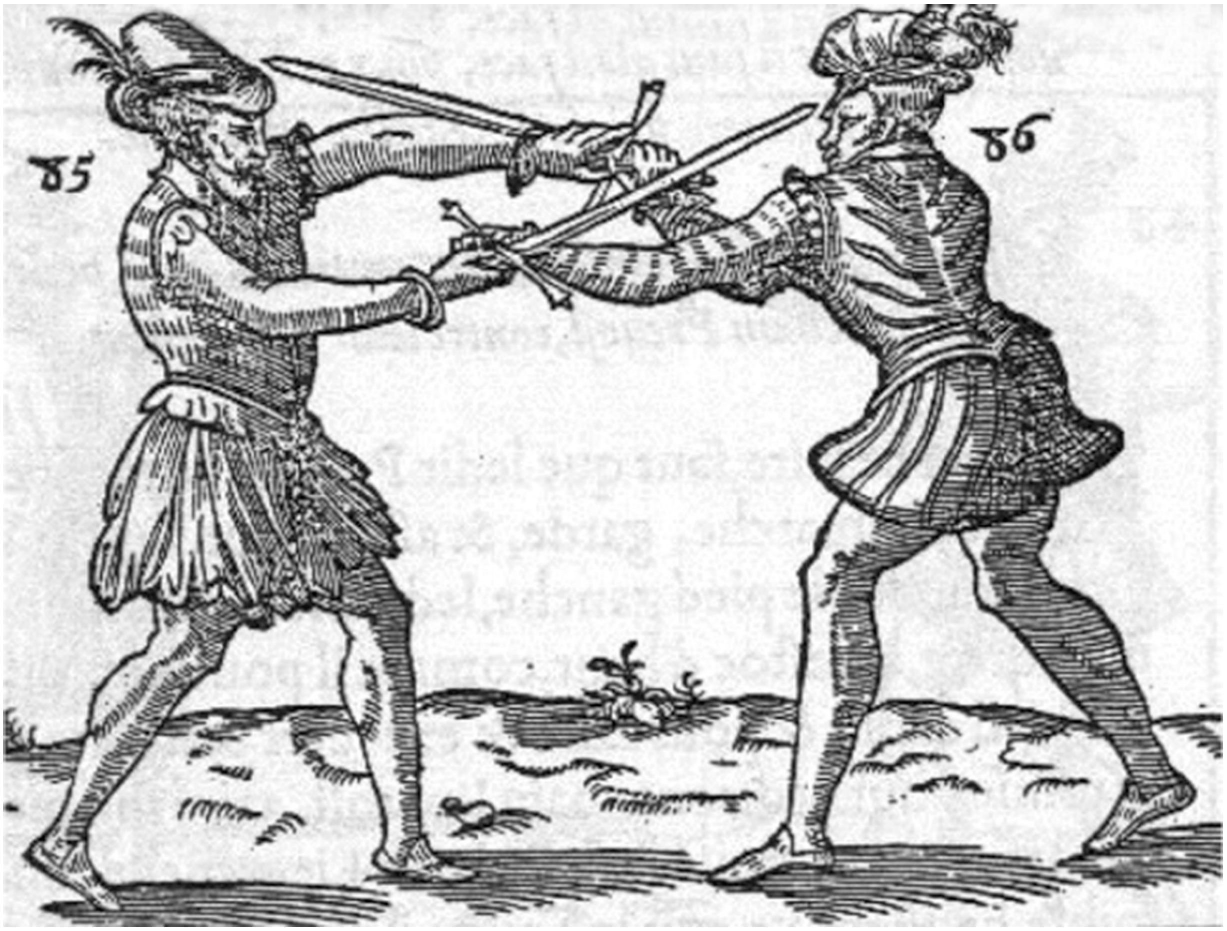
For the Romantics such as Goethe and Coleridge, Hamlet was the archetype of the sensitive man paralyzed into inaction by his sheer capacity for thought—which is to say an image of themselves as poets uneasily inhabiting the public sphere. Debatable as this reading is, there can be little doubt that Shakespeare's innovation in *Hamlet* was to take the figure of the revenger from the old play and turn him into an intellectual, so making revenge into a moral dilemma as opposed to a practical task to be carried out through effective plotting. Hamlet's problem is that his intelligence makes him see both sides of every question, whereas there is no place for debate and half-measure in the drama of revenge. The lesson from both the Old Testament and Greek tragedy, which was mediated to Shakespeare via Seneca's Latin versions, was that action requires reactions: a crime in one generation demands the meting out of punishment in the next, an eye for an eye. Requital must be exact and complete. Hamlet does not kill the king while he is praying because that would send him straight to heaven, which does not correspond to the fate of Old Hamlet, who was murdered "grossly, full of bread, / With all his crimes broad blown." It is one of the play's many ironies that, immediately on Hamlet's departure, the king acknowledges that his prayer for forgiveness is not working—if Hamlet had struck, he would have damned his enemy.

One of the paradoxes of the play is that the ghost of Old Hamlet comes from Purgatory, where he is confined in fire "Till the foul crimes done in his days of nature / Are burnt and purged away," while Hamlet's speech giving his reasons for not plunging his sword into his praying uncle implies that the act of penitence can instantly purge sin away and allow even a man who has committed the most terrible crime immediate access to heaven on his death. Purgatory is a Roman Catholic doctrine, the leap to grace supposed by Hamlet a Protestant one. At several points, the play engages with the great doctrinal disputes of the Reformation and Counter-Reformation. Hamlet, after all, longs to be back at Wittenberg, Martin Luther's university, intellectual home of the Protestant revolution, in which authenticity of feeling is paramount and the key term is "conscience." As Hamlet says at the end of "To be, or not to be," "conscience does make cowards of us all." In Elizabethan English, "conscience" means not only moral scruple but also "consciousness." A polyglot dictionary of the period glosses the word as "witness of one's own mind, knowledge, remorse." It is Hamlet's extreme self-consciousness that sets him apart from the traditional revenger. When alone on stage, reflecting on his own situation, he seems to embody the very nature of human *being;* it is "conscience" in its multiple senses that forms his self-image, his "character," and in so doing makes it agonizingly difficult for him to perform the action that is demanded of him. Yet when he does come to act, he is decisive and ruthless. He reaches the point of "readiness" when he accepts—never easy for an intellectual—that what will be will be. Thereafter, he considers it "perfect conscience" to kill the king and has no compunction about his treatment of the former schoolfellows who have betrayed not only him but the precious virtue of friendship: Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, he says, "are not near my conscience."

It is sometimes said that chance, not Hamlet, brings the plot to a resolution. Hamlet certainly believes that Providence is operating on his behalf, as witnessed by the good fortune of his having the means to seal Rosencrantz and Guildenstern's fate. But the exchange of rapiers during the fencing match with Laertes is not a matter of chance, as is sometimes suggested. Many modern productions use the épée that had not been invented in Shakespeare's time—a flexible foil that may be knocked from the hand, leading to the possibility of an accidental exchange of weapons. But Hamlet and Laertes duel with "rapier and dagger," the commonest weapons for such an encounter, as illustrated in Vincentio Saviolo's treatise on fencing skills, *The Art of Practice* (1595).



“Rapier and dagger”: on-guard position, as illustrated in Vincentio Saviolo’s English fencing treatise of 1595



“They change rapiers”: disarm and exchange by left-hand seizure, as illustrated in Henri de Saint-Didier’s French fencing treatise of 1573

The grip used for the rapier meant that it was very hard to remove from the opponent’s hand save by an advanced maneuver known as the “left-hand seizure”: Hamlet would have dropped his dagger to the ground and grabbed the hilt of Laertes’ rapier with his left hand, twisting it out of his grip; Laertes would have responded with the same action, resulting in the switch of weapons.

The move, which is illustrated in continental fencing handbooks of the period, is so skillful that Hamlet’s action must have been purposeful. He would not initially have seen that Laertes’ rapier was “unbated” (not blunted in the way that was customary to prevent the injury of gentlemen participating in sporting fights), but on receiving a “hit” his skin would have been pierced by the point. Realizing that Laertes is in earnest, not play, he instantly responds with the maneuver that makes the switch. Now he is in deadly earnest himself. Deeds take over from words, revenge is performed without further compunctious visitings of nature, and “the rest is silence.”

KEY FACTS

PLOT: Old Hamlet, King of Denmark, is dead and has been succeeded by his brother. The new king has also married Gertrude, the widowed queen. Hamlet, Gertrude’s son, is already distressed by his father’s death and the hasty remarriage; when his father’s ghost appears to tell him that he was murdered by his own brother, Hamlet vows revenge. To cover his intentions, he feigns madness. Polonius, councilor to the court, whose daughter Ophelia is all but betrothed to Hamlet, believes that his madness is caused by love. Spied on by Polonius and the king, Hamlet encounters Ophelia and violently rejects her. A company of actors arrives and Hamlet asks them to perform a play, hoping that its similarity to the murder of his own father will force the king to reveal his guilt. Hamlet’s suspicions are confirmed. He visits his mother, reviling her for her hasty marriage, and accidentally kills Polonius, who is hiding in the chamber. The king sends Hamlet to England, planning to have him murdered. Laertes, Polonius’ son, demands revenge for his father’s death. His sister, Ophelia, maddened by grief, has drowned. Hamlet returns and confronts Laertes at her funeral. The king, meanwhile, has plotted with Laertes to kill Hamlet in a fencing match in which Laertes will have a poisoned sword. The plot miscarries and Laertes dies. Gertrude drinks from a poisoned cup intended for Hamlet, and also dies. Hamlet, wounded by the poisoned sword, kills the king before he, too, dies. Young Fortinbras of Norway arrives and lays claim to the throne of Denmark.

MAJOR PARTS: (*with percentage of lines/number of speeches/scenes on stage*) Hamlet (37%/341/12), King (14%/100/11), Polonius (9%/86/8), Horatio (7%/105/9), Laertes (5%/60/6), Ophelia (4%/58/5), Gertrude (4%/70/10), Rosencrantz (2%/44/6), First Player (2%/8/2), Ghost (2%/15/2), First Clown (2%/34/1), Marcellus (2%/34/4), Guildenstern (1%/29/5), Osric (1%/19/1).

LINGUISTIC MEDIUM: 75% verse, 25% prose.

DATE: 1600? Not mentioned by Meres in 1598; registered for publication in summer 1602. Allusions to *Julius Caesar* (1599) in the dialogue suggest that it was performed after that play; a reference to Shakespeare's *Hamlet* by the Cambridge academic Gabriel Harvey seems to date from before February 1601. The exchange concerning boy actors alludes to rivalries in the London theaters during **1600 and** 1601, but it may have been inserted in the play some time after its original composition (the passage is absent from the Second Quarto text). An old *Hamlet* play, of unknown authorship and now lost, was extant in the late 1580s to mid-1590s; it is not known whether Shakespeare had any direct involvement with it.

SOURCES: Given the frequency with which Shakespeare reworked old plays, it may be assumed that the old *Hamlet* play was his chief source. The Danish prince Amleth is a revenger in the twelfth-century *Historiae Danicae* of Saxo Grammaticus, familiar to Elizabethan readers via a retelling in François de Belleforest's *Histoires tragiques* (1570). In Belleferest, the Gertrude figure definitely begins her affair with her husband's brother before the murder, in which she is suspected of complicity. The Player's speech on the fall of Troy is influenced by the language of Christopher Marlowe's *Dido Queen of Carthage;* Hamlet's philosophizing sometimes resembles the tone of Michel de Montaigne's *Essais*, but a direct link has not been proved.

TEXT: The First Quarto was published in 1603 under the title *The Tragicall Historie of HAMLET Prince of Denmarke by William Shakespeare. As it hath beene diuerse times acted by his Highnesse seruants in the Cittie of London: as also in the two Vniuersities of Cambridge and Oxford, and elsewhere*. Much shorter than the later texts, and with many garbled lines, it seems to be a reconstruction of an acting version. There are some notable differences from the later texts (e.g., Polonius called Corambis, "To be or not to be," and the "nunnery" dialogue positioned with the "fishmonger" exchange, not after the arrival of the players), but some of the stage directions are valuable (e.g., “*Enter Ofelia playing on a Lute, and her haire downe singing*” for the mad scene). The Second Quarto, published in 1604/05, was clearly an “authorized” text, intended to displace the First Quarto, as may be seen from its title-page claim, “Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppie.” Most scholars believe that the text derives from Shakespeare’s manuscript; over 4,000 lines long, it is unlikely to have been staged in full. The text in the 1623 Folio seems to have been set from the theater promptbook or a transcript of it. It has much fuller stage directions than the Second Quarto, and considerable textual variations: about seventy new lines are present, while about 230 Quarto lines are absent, including the whole of Hamlet’s last major soliloquy, “How all occasions do inform against me”—in Folio, he is not there to witness Fortinbras’ army. Hundreds of individual readings differ, strongly suggesting that the Second Quarto and Folio represent different stages in the play’s life. Some scholars regard the revision as systematic (e.g., making subtle changes to Hamlet’s relationship with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern), but it may have been more incremental and haphazard. Given the major differences, the editorial practice of conflation, which began with Nicholas Rowe’s insertion of the Second Quarto’s final soliloquy in his Folio-based text of 1709, has recently fallen into disrepute. We edit the Folio text, but include the Quarto-only passages (edited and annotated) independently at the end. Though Folio seems to have been set from a theatrical manuscript, it was also influenced by the Quarto tradition; so too, a modern edition of Folio can benefit from Quarto readings when the Folio text is manifestly erroneous, as it is on numerous occasions.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK*

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark
KING of Denmark, Hamlet’s uncle
GHOST of old Hamlet, former King of Denmark, Hamlet’s father
GERTRUDE, queen of Denmark, Hamlet’s mother
POLONIUS, councillor to the state of Denmark
LAERTES, Polonius’ son
OPHELIA, Polonius’ daughter
REYNALDO, Polonius’ servant
HORATIO, Hamlet’s friend and fellow student
ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN } two courtiers, former schoolfellows of Hamlet
VOLTEMAND *and* CORNELIUS } ambassadors to Norway
MARCELLUS BARNARDO } sentinels of the king’s guard, seemingly also friends and fellow students of Hamlet and Horatio
FRANCISCO, another sentinel of the king’s guard
OSRIC, a courtier
PLAYERS, who take the roles of prologue, player KING, BAPTISTA and LUCIANUS
FORTINBRAS, Prince of Norway
A CAPTAIN in his army
Two CLOWNS, a gravedigger and his companion
Two MESSENGERS
A SAILOR
A PRIEST
AMBASSADOR from England
Lords, Soldiers, Attendants, Servants, Followers of Laertes

Act 1 Scene 1[1.1]

running scene 1

Enter Barnardo and Francisco, two sentinels ***Meeting***
BARNARDO Who’s there?
FRANCISCO Nay, answer me:[2] stand and unfold yourself.
BARNARDO Long live the king!
FRANCISCO Barnardo?
BARNARDO He.
FRANCISCO You come most carefully[6] upon your hour.
BARNARDO ’Tis now struck twelve: get thee to bed, Francisco.
FRANCISCO For this relief much thanks: ’tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.
BARNARDO Have you had quiet guard?
FRANCISCO Not a mouse stirring.
BARNARDO Well, goodnight.
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals[14] of my watch, bid them make haste.
Enter Horatio and Marcellus
FRANCISCO I think I hear them.— Stand! Who’s there?
HORATIO Friends to this ground.[16]
MARCELLUS And liegemen[17] to the Dane.
FRANCISCO Give[18] you goodnight.
MARCELLUS O, farewell, honest soldier. Who hath relieved you?
FRANCISCO Barnardo has my place. Give you goodnight.
Exit Francisco
MARCELLUS Holla! Barnardo!
BARNARDO Say, what, is Horatio there?
HORATIO A piece of him.
BARNARDO Welcome, Horatio: welcome, good Marcellus.
MARCELLUS What, has this thing appeared again tonight?
BARNARDO I have seen nothing.
MARCELLUS Horatio says ’tis but our fantasy,[27]
And will not let belief take hold of him
Touching[29] this dreaded sight twice seen of us:

Therefore I have entreated him along[30]
With us to watch[31] the minutes of this night,
That if again this apparition come,
He may approve[33] our eyes and speak to it.
HORATIO Tush, tush, ’twill not appear.
BARNARDO Sit down awhile,
And let us once again assail[36] your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.
HORATIO Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Barnardo speak of this.
BARNARDO Last[41] night of all,
When yond[42] same star that’s westward from the pole
Had made his course t’illume[43] that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one—
MARCELLUS Peace, break thee off.

Enter the Ghost

Look where it comes again.
BARNARDO In the same figure[47] like the king that’s dead.
MARCELLUS Thou art a scholar;[48] speak to it, Horatio.
BARNARDO Looks it not like the king? Mark it,[49] Horatio.
HORATIO Most like: it harrows[50] me with fear and wonder.
BARNARDO It would[51] be spoke to.
MARCELLUS Question it, Horatio.
HORATIO What art thou that usurp’st[53] this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark[55]
Did sometimes[56] march? By heaven I charge thee speak!
MARCELLUS It is offended.
BARNARDO See, it stalks away.
HORATIO Stay! Speak, speak! I charge thee, speak!

Exit the Ghost

MARCELLUS ’Tis gone and will not answer.
BARNARDO How now, Horatio? You tremble and look pale.
Is not this something more than fantasy?

What think you on't?[63]
HORATIO Before my God, I might not this believe
Without the sensible[65] and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.
MARCELLUS Is it not like the king?
HORATIO As thou art to thyself.
Such was the very armour he had on
When he th'ambitious Norway[70] combated:
So frowned he once when, in an angry parle,[71]
He smote the steelèd pole-axe[72] on the ice.
'Tis strange.
MARCELLUS Thus twice before, and just at this dead hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.
HORATIO In[76] what particular thought to work I know not,
But in the gross and scope[77] of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption[78] to our state.
MARCELLUS Good now,[79] sit down and tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils[81] the subject of the land,
And why such daily cast[82] of brazen cannon
And foreign mart[83] for implements of war:
Why such impress[84] of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does[85] not divide the Sunday from the week:
What might be toward,[86] that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day:
Who is't that can inform me?
HORATIO That can I,
At least, the whisper[90] goes so: our last king,
Whose image even but now appeared to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto[93] pricked on by a most emulate pride,
Dared to the combat, in which our valiant Hamlet —
For so this side of our known world esteemed him —
Did slay this Fortinbras, who by a sealed compact,[96]
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands

Which he stood seized on[99] to the conqueror:
Against the which, a moiety competent[100]
Was gagèd[101] by our king, which had returned
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher, as, by the same cov’nant,[103]
And carriage[104] of the article designed,
His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimprovèd[106] mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts[107] of Norway here and there
Sharked up[108] a list of landless resolutes
For[109] food and diet to some enterprise
That hath a stomach[110] in’t, which is no other —
And it doth well appear unto our state[111] —
But to recover of us, by strong hand
And terms compulsative,[113] those foresaid lands
So by his father lost: and this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The source of this our watch and the chief head[116]
Of this post-haste[117] and rummage in the land.

Enter Ghost again

But soft,[118] behold! Lo, where it comes again!
I’ll cross it,[119] though it blast me. Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound or use of voice,
Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done
That may to thee do ease and grace to me,
Speak to me:
If thou art privy to thy country’s fate —
Which, haply,[126] foreknowing may avoid — O, speak!
Or if thou hast uphoarded[127] in thy life
Extorted[128] treasure in the womb of earth — ***↓A cock crows↓***
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death —
Speak of it: stay and speak!— Stop it, Marcellus.

MARCELLUS Shall I strike at it with my partisan?[131]

HORATIO Do, if it will not stand.[132] ***They attempt to strike it***

BARNARDO ’Tis here!

HORATIO ’Tis here!
MARCELLUS ’Tis gone!
Exit Ghost
We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence,
For it is as the air invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.
BARNARDO It was about to speak when the cock crew.
HORATIO And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard
The cock, that is the trumpet to the day,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day, and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
Th’extravagant and erring[147] spirit hies
To his confine:[148] and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.[149]
MARCELLUS It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say that ever gainst[151] that season comes
Wherein our Saviour’s[152] birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning[153] singeth all night long,
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad:
The nights are wholesome,[155] then no planets strike,
No fairy talks,[156] nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed[157] and so gracious is the time.
HORATIO So have I heard and do in part believe it.
But, look, the morn in russet[159] mantle clad,
Walks o’er the dew of yon high eastern hill.
Break we our watch up, and by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen tonight
Unto young Hamlet, for upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?
MARCELLUS Let’s do’t, I pray, and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most conveniently.

Exeunt

Act 1 Scene 2[1.2]

running scene 2

Enter Claudius King of Denmark, Gertrude the Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes and his sister Ophelia, Lords Attendant

KING Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green,[2] and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief and our whole kingdom
To be contracted[4] in one brow of woe,
Yet so far hath discretion[5] fought with nature
That we with wisest sorrow think on him
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our sometime[8] sister, now our queen,
Th'imperial jointress[9] of this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,
With one[11] auspicious and one dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,[13]
Taken to wife; nor have we herein barred[14]
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along. For all, our thanks.
Now follows that you know[17] young Fortinbras,
Holding a weak supposal[18] of our worth,
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
Colleaguèd[21] with the dream of his advantage,
He hath not failed to pester us with message
Importing[23] the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bonds of law,
To our most valiant brother. So much for him.

Enter Voltemand and Cornelius

Now for ourself and for this time of meeting,
Thus much the business is: we have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras —
Who, impotent[29] and bedrid, scarcely hears

Of this his nephew’s purpose — to suppress
His[31] further gait herein, in that the levies,
The lists and full proportions, are all made
Out of his subject. And we here dispatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltemand,
For bearing of this greeting to old Norway,
Giving to you no further personal power
To[37] business with the king, more than the scope
Of these dilated articles[38] allow. ***Gives a paper***
Farewell, and let your haste[39] commend your duty.
VOLTEMAND In that, and all things, will we show our duty.
KING We doubt it nothing:[41] heartily farewell.—
Exeunt Voltemand and Cornelius
And now, Laertes, what’s the news with you?
You told us of some suit:[43] what is’t, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane[44]
And lose your voice:[45] what wouldst thou beg, Laertes,
That[46] shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native[47] to the heart,
The hand more instrumental[48] to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What wouldst thou have, Laertes?
LAERTES Dread my lord,[51]
Your leave and favour[52] to return to France,
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark
To show my duty in your coronation,
Yet now I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again towards France
And bow them[57] to your gracious leave and pardon.
KING Have you your father’s leave? What says Polonius?
POLONIUS He hath, my lord:
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.
KING Take thy fair hour, Laertes: time be thine,
And thy best graces[62] spend it at thy will.—
But now, my cousin[63] Hamlet, and my son—
HAMLET A[64] little more than kin and less than kind.

KING How is it that the clouds still hang on you?
HAMLET Not so, my lord:— I am too much i’th’sun. ***Aside?***
GERTRUDE Good Hamlet, cast thy nightly colour[67] off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not forever with thy veilèd lids[69]
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know’st ’tis common,[71] all that lives must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.
HAMLET Ay, madam, it is common.
GERTRUDE If it be,
Why seems it so particular[75] with thee?
HAMLET ‘Seems’, madam? Nay it is: I know not ‘seems’.
’Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary[78] suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration[79] of forced breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected ’haviour[81] of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods,[82] shows of grief,
That can denote[83] me truly: these indeed seem,
For they are actions that a man might play,
But I have that within which passeth[85] show;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.
KING ’Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But you must know your father lost a father,
That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound
In filial obligation for some term
To do obsequious[92] sorrow. But to persever
In obstinate condolement[93] is a course
Of impious stubbornness: ’tis unmanly grief:
It shows a will most incorrect[95] to heaven,
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,[96]
An understanding simple and unschooled.
For what we know must be and is as common
As any[99] the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we in our peevish[100] opposition

Take it to heart? Fie,[101] ’tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still[104] hath cried,
From the first corpse till he that died today,
‘This must be so.’ We pray you throw to earth
This unprevailing[107] woe, and think of us
As of a father; for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate[109] to our throne,
And with no less nobility of love
Than that which dearest father bears his son,
Do I impart towards you. For[112] your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,[113]
It is most retrograde[114] to our desire,
And we beseech you bend you[115] to remain
Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.
GERTRUDE Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet:
I prithee stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.
HAMLET I shall in all my best obey you, madam.
KING Why, ’tis a loving and a fair reply.
Be as ourself in Denmark.— Madam, come:
This gentle[123] and unforced accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart, in grace whereof,[124]
No jocund health[125] that Denmark drinks today
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,[126]
And the king’s rouse[127] the heavens shall bruit again,
Re-speaking[128] earthly thunder. Come away.
Exeunt. Hamlet remains
HAMLET O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve[130] itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting[131] had not fixed
His canon[132] gainst self-slaughter! O God, O God!
How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses[134] of this world!
Fie on’t! O, fie, fie! ’Tis an unweeded garden

That grows to seed: things rank and gross[136] in nature
Possess it merely.[137] That it should come to this!
But two months dead: nay, not so much, not two.
So excellent a king, that was to[139] this
Hyperion[140] to a satyr, so loving to my mother
That he might not beteem[141] the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth,
Must I remember? Why, she would hang on him
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on, and yet within a month —
Let me not think on’t: frailty, thy name is woman! —
A little month, or ere[147] those shoes were old
With which she followed my poor father’s body,
Like Niobe,[149] all tears: why she, even she —
O, heaven! A beast that wants[150] discourse of reason
Would have mourned longer — married with mine uncle,
My father’s brother but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules.[153] Within a month?
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous[154] tears
Had left the flushing[155] of her gallèd eyes,
She married. O, most wicked speed, to post[156]
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not nor it cannot come to good:
But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Barnardo and Marcellus

HORATIO Hail to your lordship!

HAMLET I am glad to see you well:
Horatio — or I do forget myself. ***Recognizes him***

HORATIO The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

HAMLET Sir, my good friend, I’ll change[164] that name with you.
And what make you from[165] Wittenberg, Horatio?— Marcellus.

MARCELLUS My good lord.

HAMLET I am very glad to see you.— Good even,[167] sir.— ***To Barnardo***
But what in faith make you from Wittenberg? ***To Horatio***

HORATIO A truant[169] disposition, good my lord.

HAMLET I would not have your enemy say so,

Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself: I know you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinore?
We'll teach you to drink deep ere[175] you depart.
HORATIO My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.
HAMLET I pray thee do not mock me, fellow student:
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.
HORATIO Indeed, my lord, it followed hard[179] upon.
HAMLET Thrift,[180] thrift, Horatio! The funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest[182] foe in heaven
Ere I had ever seen that day, Horatio.
My father, methinks I see my father.
HORATIO O, where, my lord?
HAMLET In my mind's eye, Horatio.
HORATIO I saw him once; he was a goodly king.
HAMLET He was a man, take him for all in all:
I shall not look upon his like again.
HORATIO My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.[190]
HAMLET Saw who?
HORATIO My lord, the king your father.
HAMLET The king my father?
HORATIO Season your admiration[194] for a while
With an attent[195] ear till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.
HAMLET For heaven's love, let me hear.
HORATIO Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Barnardo, on their watch,
In the dead waste[201] and middle of the night,
Been thus encountered. A figure like your father,
Armed at all points[203] exactly, cap-à-pie,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes[205] slow and stately: by them thrice he walked,
By their oppressed and fear-surprisèd[206] eyes

Within his truncheon’s[207] length, whilst they, distilled
Almost to jelly with the act[208] of fear
Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful[210] secrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Where, as they had delivered, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes. I knew your father:
These[215] hands are not more like.
HAMLET But where was this?
MARCELLUS My lord, upon the platform[217] where we watched.
HAMLET Did you not speak to it?
HORATIO My lord, I did;
But answer made it none. Yet once methought
It lifted up its head and did address[221]
Itself to motion, like as it would speak:
But even then the morning cock crew loud,
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away
And vanished from our sight.
HAMLET ’Tis very strange.
HORATIO As I do live, my honoured lord, ’tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.
HAMLET Indeed, indeed, sirs; but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch tonight?
MARCELLUS We do, my lord.
HAMLET Armed, say you?
MARCELLUS Armed, my lord.
HAMLET From top to toe?
MARCELLUS My lord, from head to foot.
HAMLET Then saw you not his face?
HORATIO O, yes, my lord, he wore his beaver[238] up.
HAMLET What, looked he frowningly?
HORATIO A countenance[240] more in sorrow than in anger.
HAMLET Pale or red?
HORATIO Nay, very pale.

HAMLET And fixed his eyes upon you?
HORATIO Most constantly.
HAMLET I would I had been there.
HORATIO It would have much amazed you.
HAMLET Very like, very like. Stayed it long?
HORATIO While one with moderate haste might tell[248] a hundred.
MARCELLUS *and* BARNARDO Longer, longer.
HORATIO Not when I saw't.
HAMLET His beard was grizzly,[251] no?
HORATIO It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silvered.[253]
HAMLET I'll watch tonight; perchance 'twill walk again.
HORATIO I warrant[255] you it will.
HAMLET If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it though hell itself should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto concealed this sight,
Let it be tenable[260] in your silence still,
And whatsoever else shall hap tonight,
Give it an understanding but no tongue.
I will requite[263] your loves. So, fare ye well:
Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve
I'll visit you.
ALL Our duty to your honour.
Exeunt [all but Hamlet]
HAMLET Your love, as mine to you: farewell.—
My father's spirit in arms? All is not well:
I doubt[269] some foul play. Would the night were come.
Till then, sit still my soul: foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.
Exit

Act 1 Scene 3[1.3]

running scene 3

Enter Laertes and Ophelia

LAERTES My necessaries are embarked, farewell:
And, sister, as[2] the winds give benefit
And convoy is assistant,[3] do not sleep
But let me hear from you.
OPHELIA Do you doubt that?
LAERTES For Hamlet and the trifling of his favours,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood,[7]
A violet in the youth of primy[8] nature,
Froward,[9] not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The suppliance[10] of a minute, no more.
OPHELIA No more but so?[11]
LAERTES Think it no more,
For nature crescent[13] does not grow alone
In thews[14] and bulk, but as his temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal.[16] Perhaps he loves you now,
And now no soil nor cautel[17] doth besmirch
The virtue of his will:[18] but you must fear,
His greatness weighed,[19] his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth:
He may not, as unvalued[21] persons do,
Carve[22] for himself, for on his choice depends
The sanctity[23] and health of the whole state,
And therefore must his choice be circumscribed
Unto the voice and yielding[25] of that body
Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it
As he in his peculiar[28] sect and force
May give his saying deed, which is no further
Than the main voice[30] of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain

If with too credent[32] ear you list his songs,
Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure[33] open
To his unmastered importunity.[34]
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister,
And keep[36] within the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot[37] and danger of desire.
The chariest[38] maid is prodigal enough
If she[39] unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itself scapes[40] not calumnious strokes:
The canker[41] galls the infants of the spring
Too oft before the buttons be disclosed,[42]
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments[44] are most imminent.
Be wary then: best safety lies in fear.
Youth to[46] itself rebels, though none else near.

OPHELIA I shall th’effect of this good lesson keep
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious[49] pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Whilst, like a puffed[51] and reckless libertine
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks[53] not his own rede.

LAERTES O, fear me not.[54]

Enter Polonius

I stay[55] too long. But here my father comes.
A double blessing[56] is a double grace;
Occasion[57] smiles upon a second leave.

POLONIUS Yet here, Laertes? Aboard, aboard, for shame!
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stayed[60] for there. My blessing with you!
And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou character.[62] Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned[63] thought his act.
Be thou familiar,[64] but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,[65]
Grapple[66] them to thy soul with hoops of steel,

But do not dull thy palm[67] with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged[68] comrade: beware
Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,
Bear’t that th’opposèd[70] may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man’s censure,[72] but reserve thy judgement:
Costly thy habit[73] as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy;[74] rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are[77] of a most select and generous chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.[80]
This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false[83] to any man.
Farewell: my blessing season[84] this in thee!
LAERTES Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.
POLONIUS The time invites you. Go, your servants tend.[86]
LAERTES Farewell, Ophelia, and remember well
What I have said to you.
OPHELIA ’Tis in my memory locked,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.
LAERTES Farewell.
Exit Laertes
POLONIUS What is’t, Ophelia, he hath said to you?
OPHELIA So please you, something touching[93] the lord Hamlet.
POLONIUS Marry,[94] well bethought.
’Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you yourself
Have of your audience[97] been most free and bounteous:
If it be so, as so ’tis put on[98] me,
And that in way of caution, I must tell you
You do not understand yourself so clearly
As it behoves[101] my daughter and your honour.

What is between you? Give me up the truth.
OPHELIA He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders[103]
Of his affection to me.
POLONIUS Affection? Puh! You speak like a green[105] girl,
Unsifted[106] in such perilous circumstance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?
OPHELIA I do not know, my lord, what I should think.
POLONIUS Marry, I’ll teach you: think yourself a baby
That you have ta’en his tenders for true pay
Which are not sterling.[111] Tender yourself more dearly;
Or — not to crack[112] the wind of the poor phrase,
Running[113] it thus — you’ll tender me a fool.
OPHELIA My lord, he hath importuned[114] me with love
In honourable fashion.
POLONIUS Ay, fashion[116] you may call it. Go to, go to.
OPHELIA And hath given countenance[117] to his speech,
My lord, with all the vows of heaven.
POLONIUS Ay, springes[119] to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal[120] the soul
Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat, extinct[122] in both
Even in their promise, as it is a-making,
You must not take for fire. For this time,[124] daughter,
Be somewhat scanter[125] of your maiden presence;
Set your entreatments[126] at a higher rate
Than a command to parley.[127] For Lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him that he is young
And with a larger tether may he walk
Than may be given you: in few,[130] Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows, for they are brokers,[131]
Not of the dye which their investments[132] show,
But mere implorators[133] of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds,[134]
The better to beguile.[135] This is for all:
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment[137] leisure,

As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.
Look to't, I charge you. Come your ways.

OPHELIA I shall obey, my lord.

Exeunt

[Act 1 Scene 4][1.4]

running scene 4

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, Marcellus

HAMLET The air bites shrewdly:[1] is it very cold?
HORATIO It is a nipping and an eager[2] air.
HAMLET What hour now?
HORATIO I think it lacks of[4] twelve.
HAMLET No, it is struck.
HORATIO Indeed? I heard it not: then it draws near the season
Wherein the spirit held his wont[7] to walk. ***A flourish of trumpets and drums, perhaps also cannon***
What does this mean, my lord?
HAMLET The king doth wake[9] tonight and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassail,[10] and the swaggering upspring reels:
And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish[11] down,
The kettledrum[12] and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
HORATIO Is it a custom?
HAMLET Ay, marry, is’t:
And to my mind, though I am native here
And to the manner[17] born, it is a custom
More[18] honoured in the breach than the observance.

Enter Ghost

HORATIO Look, my lord, it comes!
HAMLET Angels and ministers of grace[20] defend us!
Be thou[21] a spirit of health or goblin damned,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com’st in such a questionable shape[24]
That I will speak to thee: I’ll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane. O, O, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell
Why thy canonized[28] bones, hearsèd in death,
Have burst their cerements,[29] why the sepulchre

Wherein we saw thee quietly inurned,[30]
Hath oped his ponderous[31] and marble jaws
To cast[32] thee up again. What may this mean,
That thou, dead corpse, again in complete steel[33]
Revisits thus the glimpses[34] of the moon,
Making night hideous,[35] and we fools of nature
So horridly[36] to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? Wherefore?[38] What should we do?

Ghost beckons Hamlet

HORATIO It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment[40] did desire
To you alone.

MARCELLUS Look, with what courteous action
It wafts[43] you to a more removèd ground:
But do not go with it.

HORATIO No, by no means.

HAMLET It will not speak; then will I follow it.

HORATIO Do not, my lord.

HAMLET Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;[49]
And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again: I'll follow it.

HORATIO What if it tempt you toward the flood,[53] my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o'er[55] his base into the sea,
And there assumes some other horrible form
Which might deprive[57] your sovereignty of reason
And draw you into madness? Think of it.

HAMLET It wafts me still.— Go on, I'll follow thee.

MARCELLUS You shall not go, my lord. ***Holds him back***

HAMLET Hold off your hand.

HORATIO Be ruled: you shall not go.

HAMLET My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery[64] in this body

As hardy as the Nemean lion's[65] nerve.—
Still am I called?— Unhand me, gentlemen.
By heav'n, I'll make a ghost of him that lets[67] me!
I say, away!— Go on, I'll follow thee.

Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet

HORATIO He waxes[69] desperate with imagination.

MARCELLUS Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

HORATIO Have after.[71] To what issue will this come?

MARCELLUS Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

HORATIO Heaven will direct it.[73]

MARCELLUS Nay, let's follow him.

Exeunt

[Act 1 Scene 5]

running scene 4 continues

Enter Ghost and Hamlet

HAMLET Where wilt thou lead me? Speak; I'll go no further.

GHOST Mark[2] me.

HAMLET I will.

GHOST My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

HAMLET Alas, poor ghost!

GHOST Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.[9]

HAMLET Speak: I am bound[10] to hear.

GHOST So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

HAMLET What?

GHOST I am thy father's spirit,
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away. But[17] that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up[20] thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like[21] stars start from their spheres,
Thy knotty[22] and combinèd locks to part
And each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine.[24]
But this eternal blazon[25] must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. List,[26] Hamlet, O, list!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love—

HAMLET O heaven!

GHOST Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

HAMLET Murder?

GHOST Murder most foul, as in the best[31] it is,

But this most foul, strange and unnatural.
HAMLET Haste, haste me to know it, that I with wings as swift
As meditation[34] or the thoughts of love
May sweep[35] to my revenge.
GHOST I find thee apt,[36]
And duller[37] shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,[38]
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
It’s given out that, sleeping in mine orchard,[40]
A serpent stung me, so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forgèd process[42] of my death
Rankly[43] abused. But know thou, noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father’s life
Now wears his crown.
HAMLET O, my prophetic soul! Mine uncle!
GHOST Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate[47] beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts[48] —
O, wicked wit and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce! — won to his shameful lust
The will[51] of my most seeming-virtuous queen.
O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity[53]
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage, and to decline[55]
Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!
But virtue, as it[58] never will be moved,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
So lust, though to a radiant angel linked,
Will sate itself[61] in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.[62]
But, soft, methinks I scent the morning’s air;
Brief let me be. Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always in the afternoon,
Upon my secure[66] hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursèd hebenon[67] in a vial,

And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment,[69] whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man
That swift as quicksilver[71] it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body,
And with a sudden vigour it doth posset[73]
And curd, like eager[74] droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine,
And a most instant tetter[76] barked about,
Most lazar-like,[77] with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother’s hand
Of life, of crown and queen, at once dispatched:[80]
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhouseled, disappointed, unaneled,[82]
No reckoning[83] made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.
O horrible, O horrible, most horrible!
If thou hast nature[86] in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury[88] and damnèd incest.
But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint[90] not thy mind nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught;[91] leave her to heaven
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once;
The glow-worm shows the matin[94] to be near,
And ’gins[95] to pale his uneffectual fire.
Adieu, adieu, Hamlet: remember me.

Exit

HAMLET O all you host[97] of heaven! O earth! What else?
And shall I couple[98] hell? O, fie! Hold, my heart;
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted[102] globe. Remember thee?

Yea, from the table[103] of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond[104] records,
All saws[105] of books, all forms, all pressures past
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmixed with baser matter: yes, yes, by heaven!
O most pernicious[110] woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damnèd villain!
My tables,
My tables: meet[113] it is I set it down
That one may smile and smile and be a villain;
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark. ***Writes***
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word:[116]
It is 'Adieu, adieu, remember me.'
I have sworn't.

HORATIO and MARCELLUS My lord, my lord!

Within

Enter Horatio and Marcellus

MARCELLUS Lord Hamlet!

HORATIO Heaven secure him.

HAMLET So be it.

HORATIO Hillo, ho, ho, my lord!

HAMLET Hillo,[124] ho, ho, boy! Come, bird, come.

MARCELLUS How is't,[125] my noble lord?

HORATIO What news, my lord?

HAMLET O, wonderful![127]

HORATIO Good my lord, tell it.

HAMLET No, you'll reveal it.

HORATIO Not I, my lord, by heaven.

MARCELLUS Nor I, my lord.

HAMLET How say you, then, would heart of man once[132] think it?
But you'll be secret?

BOTH Ay, by heaven, my lord.

HAMLET There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark
But he's an arrant[136] knave.

HORATIO There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave
To tell us this.
HAMLET Why, right, you are i’th’right;
And so, without more circumstance[140] at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part:
You, as[142] your business and desires shall point you,
For every man has business and desire,
Such as it is: and for mine own poor part,
Look you, I’ll go pray.
HORATIO These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.
HAMLET I’m sorry they offend you, heartily:
Yes, faith, heartily.
HORATIO There’s no offence, my lord.
HAMLET Yes, by Saint Patrick,[150] but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,
It is an honest[152] ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is between us,
O’ermaster’t[154] as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.
HORATIO What is’t, my lord? We will.
HAMLET Never make known what you have seen tonight.
BOTH My lord, we will not.
HAMLET Nay, but swear’t.
HORATIO In faith, my lord, not I.[161]
MARCELLUS Nor I, my lord, in faith.
HAMLET Upon my sword.[163] ***Holds out his sword***
MARCELLUS We have sworn, my lord, already.
HAMLET Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.
GHOST Swear.
Ghost cries under the stage[166]
HAMLET Ah ha, boy, say’st thou so? Art thou there, truepenny?[167]—
Come on, you hear this fellow in the cellarage:[168]
Consent to swear.
HORATIO Propose the oath, my lord.
HAMLET Never to speak of this that you have seen,

Swear by my sword.

GHOST Swear.

They swear

HAMLET *Hic et ubique*?[174] Then we'll shift our ground. ***Moves***
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword:
Never to speak of this that you have heard,
Swear by my sword.

GHOST Swear.

They swear

HAMLET Well said, old mole. Canst work i'th'ground so fast?
A worthy pioneer![181] Once more remove, good friends.

HORATIO O, day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

HAMLET And therefore as a stranger[183] give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, ***Aside to Horatio?***
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.— But come,
Here, as before, never,[186] so help you mercy,
How[187] strange or odd soe'er I bear myself —
As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic[189] disposition on —
That you, at such time seeing me, never shall,
With arms encumbered[191] thus, or thus headshake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful[192] phrase,
As 'Well, we know' or 'We could, an if[193] we would'
Or 'If we list[194] to speak' or 'There be, an if they might'
Or such ambiguous giving out,[195] to note
That you know aught of me: this not to do,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you. Swear.

GHOST Swear.

They swear

HAMLET Rest, rest, perturbèd spirit!— So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me[200] to you:
And what[201] so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do t'express his love and friending[202] to you,
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together:
And still[204] your fingers on your lips, I pray.

The time[205] is out of joint: O, cursèd spite
That ever I was born to set it right!
Nay, come, let’s go together.

Exeunt

Act 2 Scene 1[2.1]

running scene 5

Enter Polonius and Reynaldo

POLONIUS Give him this money and these notes, Reynaldo. ***Gives money and papers***

REYNALDO I will, my lord.

POLONIUS You shall do marvellous[3] wisely, good Reynaldo,
Before you[4] visit him, you make inquiry
Of his behaviour.

REYNALDO My lord, I did intend it.

POLONIUS Marry, well said; very well said. Look you, sir,
Inquire me[8] first what Danskers are in Paris,
And how, and who, what means and where they keep,[9]
What company, at what expense, and finding
By this encompassment[11] and drift of question
That they do know my son, come[12] you more nearer
Than your particular demands will touch it:
Take you,[14] as ’twere, some distant knowledge of him,
As thus, ‘I know his father and his friends
And in part him.’ Do you mark this, Reynaldo?

REYNALDO Ay, very well, my lord.

POLONIUS ‘And in part him, but’, you may say, ‘not well,
But if’t be he I mean, he’s very wild;
Addicted[20] so and so’, and there put on him
What forgeries[21] you please: marry, none so rank
As may dishonour him — take heed of that —
But, sir, such wanton,[23] wild and usual slips
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

REYNALDO As gaming,[26] my lord.

POLONIUS Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling,
Drabbing:[28] you may go so far.

REYNALDO My lord, that would dishonour him.

POLONIUS Faith, no, as you may season[30] it in the charge.

You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency;[32]
That's not my meaning: but breathe his faults so quaintly[33]
That they may seem the taints of liberty,[34]
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,
A savageness[36] in unreclaimèd blood,
Of general assault.[37]

REYNALDO But, my good lord—

POLONIUS Wherefore should you do this?

REYNALDO Ay, my lord, I would know that.

POLONIUS Marry, sir, here's my drift,[41]
And I believe, it is a fetch of warrant:[42]
You laying these slight sullies on my son,
As 'twere[44] a thing a little soiled i'th'working,
Mark you, your party in converse,[45] him you would sound,
Having ever[46] seen in the prenominate crimes
The youth you breathe of[47] guilty, be assured
He closes[48] with you in this consequence:
'Good sir' or so, or 'friend' or 'gentleman',
According to the phrase and the addition[50]
Of man and country.

REYNALDO Very good, my lord.

POLONIUS And then, sir, does he this — he does — what was I about to say? I was about to say something: where did I leave?

REYNALDO At 'closes in the consequence' at 'friend or so' and 'gentleman'.

POLONIUS At 'closes in the consequence', ay, marry.[56]
He closes with you thus: 'I know the gentleman,
I saw him yesterday, or t'other day',
Or then, or then, with such and such; and, as you say,
There was he gaming, there o'ertook in's rouse,[60]
There falling out at tennis, or perchance,
'I saw him enter such a house of sale',
Videlicet,[63] a brothel, or so forth.
See you now;
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp[65] of truth:

And thus do we[66] of wisdom and of reach,
With windlasses[67] and with assays of bias,
By indirections[68] find directions out:
So by my former lecture[69] and advice,
Shall you my son. You have[70] me, have you not?
REYNALDO My lord, I have.
POLONIUS God buy[72] you; fare you well.
REYNALDO Good my lord.
POLONIUS Observe[74] his inclination in yourself.
REYNALDO I shall, my lord.
POLONIUS And let him ply his music.[76]
REYNALDO Well,[77] my lord.
Exit
Enter Ophelia
POLONIUS Farewell.— How now, Ophelia, what's the matter?
OPHELIA Alas, my lord, I have been so affrighted!
POLONIUS With what, in the name of heaven?
OPHELIA My lord, as I was sewing in my chamber,
Lord Hamlet, with his doublet[82] all unbraced,
No hat[83] upon his head, his stockings fouled,
Ungartered,[84] and down-gyvèd to his ankle,
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a look so piteous in purport[86]
As if he had been loosèd out of hell
To speak of horrors — he comes before me.
POLONIUS Mad for thy love?
OPHELIA My lord, I do not know, but truly I do fear it.
POLONIUS What said he?
OPHELIA He took me by the wrist and held me hard;
Then goes[93] he to the length of all his arm,
And with his other hand thus o'er his brow
He falls to such perusal of my face
As[96] he would draw it. Long stayed he so.
At last, a little shaking of mine arm
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He raised a sigh so piteous and profound

That it did seem to shatter all his bulk
And end his being: that done, he lets me go,
And, with his head over his shoulders turned,
He seemed to find his way without his eyes,
For out o'doors he went without their help,
And to the last, bended their light[105] on me.

POLONIUS Go with me: I will go seek the king.
This is the very ecstasy[107] of love,
Whose[108] violent property fordoes itself
And leads the will to desperate undertakings
As oft as any passion under heaven
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry.
What, have you given him any hard words of late?

OPHELIA No, my good lord, but as you did command,
I did repel his letters and denied
His access to me.

POLONIUS That hath made him mad.
I am sorry that with better speed[117] and judgement
I had not quoted[118] him: I feared he did but trifle,
And meant to wreck[119] thee. But beshrew my jealousy!
It seems it is as proper[120] to our age
To cast beyond ourselves[121] in our opinions
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king:
This must be known, which, being kept close,[124] might move
More grief to hide than hate to utter love.

Exeunt

Act 2 Scene 2

running scene 6

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, with others

KING Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.
Moreover that[2] we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation, so I call it,
Since not th'exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from th'understanding of himself,
I cannot deem[10] of. I entreat you both,
That, being of so young days brought up with him,
And since so neighboured[12] to his youth and humour,
That you vouchsafe your rest[13] here in our court
Some little time, so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
So much as from occasions[16] you may glean,
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That, opened,[18] lies within our remedy.

GERTRUDE Good gentlemen, he hath much talked of you,
And sure I am two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres.[21] If it will please you
To show us so much gentry[22] and good will
As to expend your time with us awhile,
For the supply and profit[24] of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

ROSENCRANTZ Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of[28] us,
Put your dread pleasures[29] more into command
Than to entreaty.

GUILDENSTERN We both obey,

And here give up ourselves in[32] the full bent
To lay our services freely at your feet,
To be commanded.
KING Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.
GERTRUDE Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz.
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changèd son.— Go, some of ye,
And bring the gentlemen where Hamlet is.
GUILDENSTERN Heavens make our presence and our practices[40]
Pleasant and helpful to him.
Exeunt [Ros. and Guild. with some Attendants]
GERTRUDE Amen.
Enter Polonius
POLONIUS Th'ambassadors from Norway, my good lord, Are joyfully returned.
KING Thou still[45] hast been the father of good news.
POLONIUS Have I, my lord? I assure you, my good liege,
I hold[47] my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God and to my gracious king:
And I do think, or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy[50] so sure
As I have used to do, that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.
KING O, speak of that: that I do long to hear.
POLONIUS Give first admittance to th'ambassadors:
My news shall be the fruit[55] to that great feast.
KING Thyself do grace[56] to them and bring them in.—
[Exit Polonius]
He tells me, my sweet queen, that he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.[58]
GERTRUDE I doubt[59] it is no other but the main:
His father's death and our o'erhasty marriage.
Enter Polonius, Voltemand and Cornelius
KING Well, we shall sift him.[61]— Welcome, good friends.
Say, Voltemand, what from our brother Norway?
VOLTEMAND Most fair return of greetings and desires.[63]

Upon our first,[64] he sent out to suppress
His nephew’s levies, which to him appeared
To be a preparation gainst the Polack,[66]
But, better looked into, he truly found
It was against your highness: whereat grieved
That so his sickness, age and impotence[69]
Was falsely borne in hand,[70] sends out arrests
On Fortinbras, which he, in brief, obeys,
Receives rebuke from Norway, and in fine[72]
Makes vow before his uncle never more
To give[74] th’assay of arms against your majesty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns[76] in annual fee
And his commission[77] to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack,
With an entreaty, herein further shown, ***Gives a paper***
That it might please you to give quiet pass[80]
Through your dominions for his enterprise
On[82] such regards of safety and allowance
As therein are set down.

KING It likes[84] us well,
And at[85] our more considered time we’ll read,
Answer and think upon this business.
Meantime we thank you for your well-took labour.
Go to your rest: at night we’ll feast together.
Most welcome home!

Exeunt Ambassadors

POLONIUS This business is very well ended.
My liege, and madam, to expostulate[91]
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day and time.
Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,[95]
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief: your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it, for,[98] to define true madness,

What is't but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go—

GERTRUDE More matter, with less art.

POLONIUS Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity,
And pity it is true: a foolish figure,[104]
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him, then, and now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this[108] defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause.
Thus[110] it remains, and the remainder thus. Perpend:
I have a daughter — have whilst she is mine —
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: now gather, and surmise.[113] ***Shows a letter***

The letter

'To the celestial and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia'—
That's an ill ***Reads***
phrase, a vile phrase: 'beautified' is a vile phrase. But you shall hear these,[115] 'in her excellent white bosom', these—

GERTRUDE Came this from Hamlet to her?

POLONIUS Good madam, stay awhile: I will be faithful.[118]
'Doubt thou the stars are fire, ***Reads***
Doubt that the sun doth move,
Doubt[121] truth to be a liar,
But never doubt I love.
O dear Ophelia, I am ill[123] at these numbers: I have not art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee best, O, most best, believe it. Adieu. Thine evermore, most dear
lady, whilst this machine is to[125] him, Hamlet.'
This in obedience hath my daughter showed me,
And more above,[127] hath his solicitings,
As they fell out[128] by time, by means and place,
All given to mine ear.

KING But how hath she received his love?

POLONIUS What do you think of me?

KING As of a man faithful and honourable.
POLONIUS I would fain[133] prove so. But what might you think,
When I had seen this hot love on the wing —
As I perceived it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me — what might you,
Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,
If I had played[138] the desk or table-book,
Or given[139] my heart a winking, mute and dumb,
Or looked upon this love with idle sight?[140]
What might you think? No, I went round[141] to work,
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak:[142]
‘Lord Hamlet is a prince, out[143] of thy star:
This must not be.’ And then I precepts[144] gave her
That she should lock herself from his resort,[145]
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens:
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice,
And he, repulsèd — a short tale to make —
Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,
Thence to a watch,[150] thence into a weakness,
Thence to a lightness,[151] and, by this declension
Into the madness whereon now he raves,
And all we wail for.
KING Do you think ’tis this? ***To Gertrude***
GERTRUDE It may be, very likely.
POLONIUS Hath there been such a time — I’d fain know that —
That I have positively said “Tis so’
When it proved otherwise?
KING Not that I know.
POLONIUS Take this from this, if this be otherwise: ***Points to his head and shoulders?***
If circumstances[161] lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.[163]
KING How may we try[164] it further?
POLONIUS You know sometimes he walks four hours together
Here in the lobby.

GERTRUDE So he does indeed.

POLONIUS At such a time I'll loose[168] my daughter to him:
Be you and I behind an arras[169] then: ***To the King***
Mark the encounter: if he love her not
And be not from his reason fall'n thereon,[171]
Let me be no assistant[172] for a state,
But keep a farm and carters.[173]

KING We will try it.

Enter Hamlet reading on a book

GERTRUDE But look where sadly[175] the poor wretch comes reading.

POLONIUS Away, I do beseech you both away:
I'll board[177] him presently. O, give me leave.—

Exeunt King and Queen

How does my good lord Hamlet?

HAMLET Well, God-a-mercy.[179]

POLONIUS Do you know me, my lord?

HAMLET Excellent, excellent well: you're a fishmonger.[181]

POLONIUS Not I, my lord.

HAMLET Then I would you were so honest a man.

POLONIUS Honest, my lord?

HAMLET Ay, sir: to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of two thousand.

POLONIUS That's very true, my lord.

HAMLET For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a good kissing carrion[188]— Have you a daughter?

POLONIUS I have, my lord.

HAMLET Let her not walk i'th'sun:[191] conception is a blessing, but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend, look to't.

POLONIUS How say you by that? ***Aside*** Still harping on my daughter: yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger. He is far gone, far gone: and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love, very near this. I'll speak to him again.— What do you read, my lord?

HAMLET Words, words, words.

POLONIUS What is the matter,[198] my lord?

HAMLET Between who?

POLONIUS I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

HAMLET Slanders, sir, for the satirical slave says here that old men have grey beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging[202] thick amber or plum-tree gum and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with weak hams:[203] all which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty[205] to have it thus set down, for you yourself, sir, should be old as I am, if like a crab you could go backward.

POLONIUS Though this be madness, yet there is method in't.— Will you walk out of the air, my lord? ***Aside***

HAMLET Into my grave?

POLONIUS Indeed, that is out o'th'air.— ***Aside*** How pregnant[210] sometimes his replies are! A happiness[211] that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him and suddenly[212] contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.— My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

HAMLET You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal:[216] except my life, my life.

POLONIUS Fare you well, my lord.

HAMLET These tedious old fools.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

POLONIUS You go to seek my lord Hamlet; there he is.

ROSENCRANTZ God save you, sir! ***To Polonius***

GUILDENSTERN Mine honoured lord!

[Exit Polonius]

ROSENCRANTZ My most dear lord!

HAMLET My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? O, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

ROSENCRANTZ As the indifferent[225] children of the earth.

GUILDENSTERN Happy,[226] in that we are not over-happy: On fortune's cap we are not the very button.[227]

HAMLET Nor the soles of her shoe?

ROSENCRANTZ Neither, my lord.

HAMLET Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?[230]

GUILDENSTERN Faith, her privates[231] we.

HAMLET In the secret parts of fortune? O, most true: she is a strumpet.[232] What's the news?

ROSENCRANTZ None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.

HAMLET Then is doomsday near. But your news is not true. Let me question more in particular:[236] what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune that she sends you to prison hither?

GUILDENSTERN Prison, my lord?

HAMLET Denmark's a prison.

ROSENCRANTZ Then is the world one.

HAMLET A goodly one, in which there are many confines,[241] wards and dungeons, Denmark being one o'th'worst.

ROSENCRANTZ We think not so, my lord.

HAMLET Why, then, 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

ROSENCRANTZ Why then, your ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your mind.

HAMLET O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

GUILDENSTERN Which dreams indeed are ambition, for the very substance[249] of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

HAMLET A dream itself is but a shadow.

ROSENCRANTZ Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow.

HAMLET Then[254] are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows. Shall we to th'court? For, by my fay,[255] I cannot reason.

BOTH we'll wait upon[256] you.

HAMLET No such matter:[257] I will not sort you with the rest of my servants, for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended.[258] But, in the beaten way[259] of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

ROSENCRANTZ To visit you, my lord, no other occasion.

HAMLET Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you, and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too[262] dear a halfpenny.

Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

GUILDENSTERN What should we say, my lord?

HAMLET Why, anything,[266] but to the purpose. You were sent for, and there is a kind of confession in your looks which your modesties[267] have not craft enough to colour: I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

ROSENCRANTZ To what end, my lord?

HAMLET That you must teach me. But let me conjure[270] you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy[271] of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear[272] a better proposer could charge you withal, be even[273] and direct with me whether you were sent for or no?

ROSENCRANTZ What say you? ***Aside to Guildenstern?***

HAMLET Nay, then, I have an eye of[275] you.— ***Aside?*** If you love me, hold not off.

GUILDENSTERN My lord, we were sent for.

HAMLET I will tell you why; so shall my[277] anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather.[278] I have of late — but wherefore I know not — lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercise;[279] and indeed it goes so heavily[280] with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory,[281] this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave[282] o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason, how infinite in faculty, in form and moving how express[285] and admirable, in action how like an angel, in apprehension[286] how like a god! The beauty of the world, the paragon of animals — and yet, to me, what is this quintessence[287] of dust? Man delights not me — no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

ROSENCRANTZ My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

HAMLET Why did you laugh when I said 'Man delights not me'?

ROSENCRANTZ To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what Lenten[291] entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted[292] them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you service.

HAMLET He that plays the king shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute[294] of me: the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target:[295] the lover shall not sigh *gratis*:[296] the humorous man shall end his part in peace: the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled o'th'sear:[297] and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt[298] for't. What players are they?

ROSENCRANTZ Even those you were wont[299] to take delight in, the tragedians of the city.

HAMLET How chances it they travel? Their residence,[300] both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

ROSENCRANTZ I think their inhibition[302] comes by the means of the late innovation.

HAMLET Do they hold the same estimation[303] they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

ROSENCRANTZ No, indeed, they are not.

HAMLET How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

ROSENCRANTZ Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace. But there is, sir, an eyrie[308] of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question and are most tyrannically[309] clapped for't: these are now the fashion, and so berattle the common stages — so they call them — that many[310] wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills and dare scarce come thither.

HAMLET What, are they children? Who maintains 'em? How are they escoted?[312] Will they pursue the quality[313] no longer than they can sing? Will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common[314] players — as it is most like,[315] if their means are no better — their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?[316]

ROSENCRANTZ Faith, there has been much to-do on both sides, and the nation holds it no sin to tar[318] them to controversy. There was for a while no money bid for argument unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

HAMLET Is't possible?

GUILDENSTERN O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

HAMLET Do the boys carry it away?[322]

ROSENCRANTZ Ay, that they do, my lord: Hercules and his load[323] too.

HAMLET It is not strange, for mine uncle is King of Denmark, and those that would make mows[325] at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, an hundred ducats a-piece for his picture in little.[326] There is something in this more than natural, if philosophy[327] could find it out.

Flourish for the Players

GUILDENSTERN ***There are the players.***

HAMLET Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands, come: the appurtenance[330] of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in the garb,[331] lest my extent to the players — which, I tell you, must show fairly outward — should more appear like entertainment[332] than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

GUILDENSTERN In what, my dear lord?

HAMLET I am but mad north-north-west:[335] when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.[336]

Enter Polonius

POLONIUS Well be with you, gentlemen.

HAMLET Hark you, Guildenstern, and you too — at each ear a hearer: that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swathing-clouts.[339]

ROSENCRANTZ Happily[340] he's the second time come to them, for they say an old man is twice a child.

HAMLET I will prophesy: he comes to tell me of the players, mark it.— You[342] say right, sir: for a Monday morning, 'twas so indeed.

POLONIUS My lord, I have news to tell you.

HAMLET My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius,[346] an actor in Rome—

POLONIUS The actors are come hither, my lord.

HAMLET Buzz, buzz![348]

POLONIUS Upon mine honour—

HAMLET Then came each actor on his ass—[350]

POLONIUS The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastorical-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable,[353] or poem unlimited. Seneca cannot be too heavy,[354] nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men.

HAMLET O[356] Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!

POLONIUS What a treasure had he, my lord?

HAMLET Why,

‘One[359] fair daughter and no more,
The which he loved passing well.’

POLONIUS Still on my daughter. ***Aside***

HAMLET Am I not i’th’right, old Jephthah?

POLONIUS If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing

POLONIUS well.

HAMLET Nay, that follows not.[365]

POLONIUS What follows, then, my lord?

HAMLET Why,

‘As by lot,[368] God wot’,

and then, you know,

‘It came to pass, as most like[370] it was’ —

the first row[371] of the pious chanson will show you more, for look where my abridgements[372] come.—

Enter four or five Players

You’re welcome, masters, welcome all.— I am glad to see thee well.— Welcome, good friends.— O, my old friend! Thy face is valanced[374] since I saw thee last: com’st thou to beard[375] me in Denmark?— What, my young lady and mistress! By’r lady, your ladyship[376] is nearer heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine.[377] Pray God your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome. We’ll e’en to’t[378] like French falconers, fly at anything we see. We’ll have a speech straight:[379] come, give us a taste of your quality:[380] come, a passionate speech.

FIRST PLAYER What speech, my lord?

HAMLET I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never acted, or if it was, not above once, for the play, I remember, pleased not the million: ’twas caviar[383] to the general. But it was — as I received it, and others, whose judgement in such matters cried[385] in the top of mine — an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty[386] as cunning. I remember one said there was no sallets[387] in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indict[388] the author of affectation, but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine.[389] One speech in it I chiefly loved: ’twas Aeneas’[390] tale to Dido, and thereabout of it especially where he speaks of Priam’s[391] slaughter: if it live in your memory, begin at this line — let me see, let me see —
‘The rugged[393] Pyrrhus, like th’Hyrcanian beast’—
It is not so: it begins with Pyrrhus:
‘The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable[395] arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couchèd[397] in the ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complexion smeared
With heraldry more dismal:[399] head to foot
Now is he total gules,[400] horridly tricked
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
Baked and impasted[402] with the parching streets
That lend a tyrannous[403] and damnèd light
To their vile murders: roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o’er-sizèd[405] with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles,[406] the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire[407] Priam seeks.’
So, proceed you.

POLONIUS Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with good accent and good discretion.[409]

FIRST PLAYER ‘Anon[410] he finds him
Striking too short[411] at Greeks: his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant[413] to command. Unequal matched,

Pyrrhus at Priam drives, in rage strikes wide,
But with the whiff and wind[415] of his fell sword
Th’unnervèd[416] father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash
Takes[419] prisoner Pyrrhus’ ear, for, lo, his sword,
Which was declining[420] on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seemed i’th’air to stick:
So as a painted[422] tyrant Pyrrhus stood,
And, like[423] a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.
But as we often see against[425] some storm
A silence in the heavens, the rack[426] stand still,
The bold winds speechless and the orb[427] below
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region,[429] so, after Pyrrhus’ pause,
Arousèd vengeance sets him new a-work,
And never did the Cyclops’[431] hammers fall
On Mars his[432] armours forged for proof eterne
With less remorse[433] than Pyrrhus’ bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.
Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune! All you gods
In general synod[436] take away her power,
Break all the spokes and fellies[437] from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave[438] down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends!’

POLONIUS This is too long.

HAMLET It shall to th’barber’s, with your beard.— Prithee, say on: he’s for a jig[441] or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps: say on; come to Hecuba.[442]

FIRST PLAYER ‘But who,[443] O, who had seen the mobled queen—’

HAMLET ‘The mobled queen.’

POLONIUS That’s good: ‘mobled queen’ is good.

FIRST PLAYER ‘Run barefoot up and down, threat’ning the flame
With bisson rheum,[447] a clout about that head
Where late[448] the diadem stood, and for a robe,

About her lank[449] and all o'er-teemèd loins
A blanket, in th'alarm of fear caught up.
Who[451] this had seen, with tongue in venom steeped,
Gainst Fortune's state[452] would treason have pronounced:
But if the gods themselves did see her then
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,
The instant burst of clamour that she made —
Unless things mortal move them not at all —
Would have made milch[458] the burning eyes of heaven,
And passion[459] in the gods.'

POLONIUS Look, whe'er[460] he has not turned his colour and has tears in's eyes. Pray you no more.

HAMLET 'Tis well: I'll have thee speak out the rest soon.— Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed?[463] Do ye hear, let them be well used, for they are the abstracts[464] and brief chronicles of the time: after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you lived.

POLONIUS My lord, I will use them according to their desert.[466]

HAMLET God's bodikins,[467] man, better: use every man after his desert, and who should scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty.[469] Take them in.

POLONIUS Come, sirs.

Exit Polonius

HAMLET Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play tomorrow.—
Dost thou hear me, old friend? ***To a Player*** Can you play *The Murder of Gonzago?*

A PLAYER Ay, my lord.

HAMLET We'll ha't[474] tomorrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines which I would set down and insert in't, could ye not?

A PLAYER Ay, my lord.

HAMLET Very well. Follow that lord, and look you mock him not.—

[Exeunt Players]

My good friends, I'll leave you till night. You are welcome to Elsinore.

ROSENCRANTZ *Good my lord*.

Exeunt [Rosencrantz and Guildenstern], Hamlet remains

HAMLET Ay, so, God buy ye.— Now I am alone.
O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But[483] in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his whole conceit[484]
That from her[485] working all his visage wanned,
Tears in his eyes, distraction[486] in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his[487] whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do
Had he the motive[492] and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears
And cleave the general ear with horrid[494] speech,
Make mad the guilty and appal[495] the free,
Confound[496] the ignorant and amaze indeed
The very faculty of eyes and ears. Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled[498] rascal, peak
Like John-a-dreams,[499] unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing: no, not for a king
Upon whose property[501] and most dear life
A damned defeat[502] was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? Breaks my pate[503] across?
Plucks off[504] my beard and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by th'nose? Gives[505] me the lie i'th'throat,
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?[506]
Ha!
Why, I should take it, for it cannot be
But I am pigeon-livered[509] and lack gall
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should have fatted all the region kites[511]

With this slave’s offal:[512] bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless,[513] treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
O, vengeance!
Why, what an ass am I! Ay, sure, this is most brave,[515]
That I, the son of the dear murderèd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must like a whore unpack my heart with words
And fall a-cursing, like a very drab,[519] a scullion!
Fie upon’t, foh! About,[520] my brain! I have heard
That guilty creatures sitting at a play
Have by the very cunning[522] of the scene
Been struck so to the soul that presently[523]
They have proclaimed their malefactions:[524]
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I’ll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle: I’ll observe his looks,
I’ll tent[529] him to the quick: if he but blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil, and the devil hath power
T’assume a pleasing shape, yea, and perhaps,
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,[534]
Abuses me to damn me. I’ll have grounds
More relative[536] than this: the play’s the thing
Wherein I’ll catch the conscience of the king.

Exit

[Act 3 Scene 1]

running scene 7

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern and Lords

KING And can you by no drift[1] of circumstance
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating[3] so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?
ROSENCRANTZ He does confess he feels himself distracted,
But from what cause he will by no means speak.
GUILDENSTERN Nor do we find him forward[7] to be sounded,
But with a crafty madness keeps aloof
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.
GERTRUDE Did he receive you well?
ROSENCRANTZ Most like a gentleman.
GUILDENSTERN But with much forcing of his disposition.[13]
ROSENCRANTZ Niggard of question,[14] but of our demands
Most free in his reply.
GERTRUDE Did you assay[16] him to any pastime?
ROSENCRANTZ Madam, it so fell out that certain players
We o’erraught[18] on the way: of these we told him,
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: they are about the court,
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.
POLONIUS ’Tis most true:
And he beseeched me to entreat your majesties
To hear and see the matter.
KING With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclined.
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge[28]
And drive his purpose on to these delights.
ROSENCRANTZ We shall, my lord.

Exeunt [Rosencrantz and Guildenstern]

KING Sweet Gertrude, leave us too.

↓***Exit Lords***↓

For we have closely[32] sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as ’twere by accident, may here
Affront[34] Ophelia:
Her father and myself, lawful espials,[35]
Will so bestow ourselves that, seeing unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him, as he is behaved,
If’t be th’affliction of his love or no
That thus he suffers for.

GERTRUDE I shall obey you.—
And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet’s wildness: so shall I hope your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

OPHELIA Madam, I wish it may.

[Exit Gertrude]

POLONIUS Ophelia, walk you here.— Gracious,[48] so please you,
We will bestow ourselves.— Read on this book, ***To Ophelia***
That show of such an exercise[50] may colour ***Gives a book***
Your loneliness. We are oft to blame in this —
’Tis too much proved — that with devotion’s visage[52]
And pious action we do sugar o’er
The devil himself.

KING O, ’tis true! ***Aside***
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!
The harlot’s cheek, beautied with plast’ring art,[57]
Is not more ugly to[58] the thing that helps it
Than is my deed to my most painted word.
O, heavy burden!

POLONIUS I hear him coming: let’s withdraw, my lord.

Exeunt [King and Polonius]

To a place from where they eavesdrop, while Ophelia pretends to read

Enter Hamlet

HAMLET To be, or not to be, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings[64] and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die, to sleep —
No more — and by a sleep to say we end
The heartache and the thousand natural shocks[68]
That flesh is heir to: 'tis a consummation[69]
Devoutly to be wished. To die, to sleep:
To sleep, perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub,[71]
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off[73] this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect[74]
That makes calamity of[75] so long life,
For who would bear the whips and scorns[76] of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,[77]
The pangs of disprized[78] love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office[79] and the spurns
That patient merit of[80] the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus[81] make
With a bare[82] bodkin? Who would these fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered country from whose bourn[85]
No traveller returns, puzzles[86] the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience[89] does make cowards of us all:
And thus the native hue[90] of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast[91] of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment[92]
With this regard their currents turn away,
And lose the name of action. Soft you[94] now,
The fair Ophelia.— Nymph, in thy orisons[95]
Be all my sins remembered.

OPHELIA Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

HAMLET I humbly thank you: well, well, well.

OPHELIA My lord, I have remembrances[100] of yours,
That I have longèd long to re-deliver:
I pray you now receive them. ***Offers love tokens***

HAMLET No, no: I never gave you aught.

OPHELIA My honoured lord, I know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath composed
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these again, for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord. ***Tries to hand over tokens***

HAMLET Ha, ha! Are you honest?[110]

OPHELIA My lord?

HAMLET Are you fair?[112]

OPHELIA What means your lordship?

HAMLET That if you be honest and fair, your[114] honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.

OPHELIA Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce[116] than with honesty?

HAMLET Ay, truly, for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his[118] likeness: this was sometime[119] a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

OPHELIA Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

HAMLET You should not have believed me, for virtue[122] cannot so inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

OPHELIA I was the more deceived.

HAMLET Get thee to a nunnery.[125] Why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest,[126] but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offences at my beck[128] than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between heaven and earth? We are arrant knaves all:

believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

OPHELIA At home, my lord.

HAMLET Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool nowhere but in's own house. Farewell.

OPHELIA O, help him, you sweet heavens!

HAMLET If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny.[137] Get thee to a nunnery: go, farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool, for wise men know well enough what monsters[139] you make of them. To a nunnery, go, and quickly too. Farewell.

OPHELIA O heavenly powers, restore him!

HAMLET I have heard of your paintings[142] too, well enough. God has given you one face and you make yourself another: you jig, you amble[143] and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make[144] your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't:[145] it hath made me mad. I say we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one shall live: the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go.

Exit Hamlet

OPHELIA O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword,
Th'expectancy[150] and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion[151] and the mould of form,
Th'observed of all observers, quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That sucked the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason
Like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh,
That unmatched form and feature of blown[157] youth
Blasted with ecstasy.[158] O, woe is me,
T'have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Enter King and Polonius ***From their hiding place***

KING Love? His affections[160] do not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, though it lacked form a little,

Was not like madness. There’s something in his soul
O’er which his melancholy sits on brood,[163]
And I do doubt[164] the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger, which to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus set it down:[167] he shall with speed to England
For the demand of our neglected tribute.[168]
Haply[169] the seas and countries different
With variable objects[170] shall expel
This something-settled matter[171] in his heart,
Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus
From fashion of himself.[173] What think you on’t?

POLONIUS It shall do well. But yet do I believe
The origin and commencement of this grief
Sprung from neglected love.— How now, Ophelia?
You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said:
We heard it all. My lord, do as you please,
But, if you hold it fit, after the play
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his griefs: let her be round[181] with him,
And I’ll be placed, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference. If she find him not,[183]
To England send him, or confine him where
Your wisdom best shall think.

KING It shall be so:
Madness in great ones must not unwatched go.

Exeunt

[Act 3 Scene 2]

running scene 8

Enter Hamlet and two or three of the Players

HAMLET Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly[1] on the tongue: but if you mouth[2] it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier had spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to see a robustious[6] periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings,[7] who for the most part are capable of[8] nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise: I could have such a fellow whipped for o’erdoing Termagant:[9] it out-Herods Herod. Pray you avoid it.

A PLAYER I warrant[11] your honour.

HAMLET Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion[12] be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance: that you o’erstep not the modesty[14] of nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is to hold as ’twere the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure.[17] Now this overdone or come tardy off,[18] though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure[19] of the which one must in your allowance o’erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly — not to speak it profanely — that, neither having the accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor no man, have so strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of nature’s journeymen[23] had made men and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.[24]

A PLAYER I hope we have reformed that indifferently[25] with us, sir.

HAMLET O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them, for there be of[27] them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren[28] spectators to laugh too, though in the meantime some necessary question[29] of the play be then to be considered: that’s villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses[30] it. Go, make you ready.—

Exeunt Players

Enter Polonius, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

How now, my lord, will the king hear this piece of work?

POLONIUS And the queen too, and that presently.[32]

HAMLET Bid the players make haste.—

Exit Polonius

Will you two help to hasten them?

BOTH *We will, my lord.*

Exeunt [Rosencrantz and Guildenstern]

Enter Horatio

HAMLET What ho, Horatio!

HORATIO Here, sweet lord, at your service.

HAMLET Horatio, thou art e’en as just a man
As[39] e’er my conversation coped withal.

HORATIO O, my dear lord—

HAMLET Nay, do not think I flatter,
For what advancement may I hope from thee
That no revenue hast but thy good spirits
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flattered?
No, let the candied[45] tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook[46] the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift[47] may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice
And could of men distinguish, her election[49]
Hath sealed[50] thee for herself, for thou hast been
As[51] one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing,
A man that fortune’s buffets[52] and rewards
Hath ta’en with equal thanks: and blest are those
Whose blood[54] and judgement are so well commingled

That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop[56] she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core,[58] ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this.
There is a play tonight before the king:
One scene of it comes near the circumstance
Which I have told thee of my father's death:
I prithee, when thou see'st that act afoot,
Even with the[64] very comment of thy soul
Observe mine uncle: if his occulted[65] guilt
Do not itself unkennel[66] in one speech,
It is a damnèd[67] ghost that we have seen,
And my imaginations are as foul[68]
As Vulcan's stithy.[69] Give him heedful note,
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,
And after we will both our judgements join
In censure[72] of his seeming.

HORATIO Well, my lord.
If he steal aught[74] the whilst this play is playing
And scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern and other Lords Attendant with his Guard carrying torches. Danish march. Sound a flourish

HAMLET They are coming to the play: I must be idle.[76]
Get you a place.

KING How fares[78] our cousin Hamlet?

HAMLET Excellent, i'faith, of the chameleon's dish:[79] I eat the air, promise-crammed: you cannot feed capons[80] so.

KING I have nothing with[81] this answer, Hamlet: these words are not mine.

HAMLET No, nor mine now.— ***To Polonius*** My lord, you played once i'th'university, you say?

POLONIUS That I did, my lord, and was accounted a good actor.

HAMLET And what did you enact?

POLONIUS I did enact Julius Caesar: I was killed i'th'Capitol:[86] Brutus killed me.

HAMLET It was a brute[87] part of him to kill so capital a calf there.— Be the players ready?

ROSENCRANTZ Ay, my lord: they stay[89] upon your patience.

GERTRUDE Come hither, my good Hamlet, sit by me.

HAMLET No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.[91]

POLONIUS O, ho! ***To King*** Do you mark that?

HAMLET Lady, shall I lie[93] in your lap?

OPHELIA No, my lord.

HAMLET I mean, my head upon your lap?

OPHELIA Ay, my lord.

HAMLET Do you think I meant country matters?[97]

OPHELIA I think nothing, my lord.

HAMLET That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.

OPHELIA What is, my lord?

HAMLET Nothing.[101]

OPHELIA You are merry, my lord.

HAMLET Who, I?

OPHELIA Ay, my lord.

HAMLET O, God, your only jig-maker.[105] What should a man do but be merry? For look you how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within's two hours.

OPHELIA Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

HAMLET So long? Nay then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables.[108] O heavens! Die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year: but, by'r lady, he must build churches, then, or else shall he suffer not[111] thinking on, with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is 'For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot.'

Hautboys play. The dumb show enters

Enter a King and Queen very lovingly, the Queen embracing him. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers: she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exits. The

Queen returns, finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The Poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The Poisoner woos the Queen with gifts: she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his love.

Exeunt

OPHELIA What means this, my lord?

HAMLET Marry, this is miching malicho:[114] that means mischief.

OPHELIA Belike[115] this show imports the argument of the play.

HAMLET We shall know by these fellows: the players cannot keep counsel,[116] they'll tell all.

OPHELIA Will they tell us what this show meant?

HAMLET Ay, or any show[119] that you'll show him: be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

OPHELIA You are naught,[121] you are naught: I'll mark the play.

Enter Prologue

PROLOGUE For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

[Exit]

HAMLET Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?[125]

OPHELIA 'Tis brief, my lord.

HAMLET As woman's love.

Enter [two Players as] King and his Queen [Baptista]

PLAYER KING Full thirty times hath Phoebus' cart[128] gone round
Neptune's salt wash[129] and Tellus' orbèd ground,
And thirty dozen moons with borrowed sheen[130]
About the world have times twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts and Hymen[132] did our hands
Unite commutuai in most sacred bands.[133]

BAPTISTA So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er ere love be done!
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former state,
That I distrust[138] you: yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort[139] you, my lord, it nothing must,

For women's fear and love holds quantity,[140]
In[141] neither aught, or in extremity.
Now, what my love is, proof[142] hath made you know,
And as[143] my love is sized, my fear is so.
PLAYER KING Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too:
My operant[145] powers my functions leave to do.
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honoured, beloved: and haply one as kind
For husband shalt thou—
BAPTISTA O, confound[148] the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accurst!
None[151] wed the second but who killed the first.
HAMLET Wormwood,[152] wormwood. ***Aside?***
BAPTISTA The instances[153] that second marriage move
Are base respects of thrift,[154] but none of love:
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.
PLAYER KING I do believe you think what now you speak,
But what we do determine oft we break.
Purpose[159] is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poor validity,
Which[161] now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree,
But fall unshaken when they mellow be.
Most[163] necessary 'tis that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures[168] with themselves destroy:
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;
Grief[170] joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
This world is not for aye,[171] nor 'tis not strange
That even our loves should with our fortunes change,
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.

The great man down,[175] you mark his favourites flies:
The poor advanced[176] makes friends of enemies.
And hitherto[177] doth love on fortune tend,
For who not needs[178] shall never lack a friend,
And who in want[179] a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him[180] his enemy.
But, orderly to end where I begun,
Our wills and fates do so contrary run
That our devices[183] still are overthrown:
Our thoughts are ours, their ends[184] none of our own.
So think thou wilt no second husband wed,
But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.

BAPTISTA Nor[187] earth to me give food, nor heaven light,
Sport[188] and repose lock from me day and night,
Each opposite[189] that blanks the face of joy
Meet[190] what I would have well and it destroy!
Both here and hence[191] pursue me lasting strife,
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

HAMLET If she should break it now!

PLAYER KING ’Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here awhile:
My spirits grow dull, and fain[195] I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep.

BAPTISTA Sleep rock thy brain,

[He] sleeps

And never come mischance between us twain.

Exit

HAMLET Madam, how like you this play?

GERTRUDE The lady protests[200] too much, methinks.

HAMLET O, but she’ll keep her word.

KING Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence[202] in’t?

HAMLET No, no, they do but jest,[203] poison in jest: no offence i’th’world.

KING What do you call the play?

HAMLET *The Mousetrap*. Marry, how? Tropically.[205] This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke’s[206] name, his wife, Baptista. You shall see anon: ’tis a knavish piece of work, but what o'that? Your majesty and we that have free souls, it touches us not: let the galled jade[208] wince, our withers are unwrung.[209]

Enter Lucianus

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

OPHELIA You are a good chorus,[211] my lord.

HAMLET I could interpret[212] between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.[213]

OPHELIA You are keen,[214] my lord, you are keen.

HAMLET It would cost you a groaning[215] to take off my edge.

OPHELIA Still better, and worse.[216]

HAMLET So[217] you mis-take your husbands.— Begin, murderer: pox, leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come, the[218] croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

LUCIANUS Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit and time agreeing,
Confederate[220] season, else no creature seeing,
Thou mixture rank,[221] of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecate's ban[222] thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic and dire property,[223]
On wholesome[224] life usurp immediately.

Pours the poison in his ears

HAMLET He poisons him i'th'garden for's[225] estate. His name's Gonzago: the story is extant and writ in choice Italian. You shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife. ***King stands***

OPHELIA The king rises.

HAMLET What, frighted with false fire?[229]

GERTRUDE How fares my lord?

POLONIUS Give o'er the play.

KING Give me some light. Away!

ALL Lights, lights, lights!

Exeunt. Hamlet and Horatio remain

HAMLET Why, let the strucken[234] deer go weep,
The hart ungallèd[235] play,
For some must watch,[236] while some must sleep:
So runs the world away.

Would not this,[238] sir, and a forest of feathers — if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me — with two Provincial roses[239] on my razed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?

HORATIO Half a share.[241]

HAMLET A whole one, I.
For thou dost know, O Damon[243] dear,
This realm dismantled[244] was
Of Jove[245] himself, and now reigns here
A very, very — pajock.[246]

HORATIO You might have rhymed.[247]

HAMLET O, good Horatio, I’ll take the ghost’s word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

HORATIO Very well, my lord.

HAMLET Upon the talk of the poisoning?

HORATIO I did very well note him.

HAMLET O, ha! Come, some music. Come, the recorders.
For if the king like not the comedy,
Why then, belike, he likes it not, perdy.[255]
Come, some music!

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

GUILDENSTERN Good my lord, vouchsafe[257] me a word with you.

HAMLET Sir, a whole history.

GUILDENSTERN The king, sir—

HAMLET Ay, sir, what of him?

GUILDENSTERN Is in his retirement[261] marvellous distempered.

HAMLET With drink, sir?

GUILDENSTERN No, my lord, rather with choler.[263]

HAMLET Your wisdom should show itself more richer to signify[264] this to his doctor, for for me to put him to his purgation[265] would perhaps plunge him into far more choler.

GUILDENSTERN Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame[267] and start not so wildly from my affair.

HAMLET I am tame, sir: pronounce.

GUILDENSTERN The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

HAMLET You are welcome.

GUILDENSTERN Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed.[273] If it shall please you to make me a wholesome[274] answer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon[275] and my return shall be the end of my business.

HAMLET Sir, I cannot.

GUILDENSTERN What, my lord?

HAMLET Make you a wholesome answer: my wit's diseased. But, sir, such answers as I can make, you shall command, or rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter: my mother, you say—

ROSENCRANTZ Then thus she says: your behaviour hath struck her into amazement[282] and admiration.[283]

HAMLET O, wonderful[284] son, that can so astonish a mother! But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration?

ROSENCRANTZ She desires to speak with you in her closet[286] ere you go to bed.

HAMLET We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade[287] with us?

ROSENCRANTZ My lord, you once did love me.

HAMLET So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.[290]

ROSENCRANTZ Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? You do freely bar the door of your own liberty,[292] if you deny your griefs to your friend.

HAMLET Sir, I lack advancement.

ROSENCRANTZ How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

HAMLET Ay, but 'While[296] the grass grows' — the proverb is something musty.

Enter one with a recorder

O, the recorder! Let me see. *Takes the recorder*

To withdraw[298] with you: *To Rosencrantz and Guildenstern* why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

GUILDENSTERN O, my lord, if[300] my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

HAMLET I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

GUILDENSTERN My lord, I cannot.

HAMLET I pray you.

GUILDENSTERN Believe me, I cannot.

HAMLET I do beseech you.

GUILDENSTERN I know no touch of it, my lord.

HAMLET ’Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages[307] with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth and it will discourse most excellent music. Look you, these are the stops.

GUILDENSTERN But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony: I have not the skill.

HAMLET Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops, you would pluck out the heart of my mystery,[314] you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass,[315] and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak. Why, do you think that I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret[317] me, you cannot play upon me.— ***To the entering Polonius*** God bless you, sir!

Enter Polonius

POLONIUS My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.[319]

HAMLET Do you see that cloud that’s almost in shape like a camel?

POLONIUS By th’mass,[321] and it’s like a camel indeed.

HAMLET Methinks it is like a weasel.

POLONIUS It is backed like a weasel.

HAMLET Or like a whale?

POLONIUS Very like a whale.

HAMLET Then will I will come to my mother by and by.— ***Aside*** They fool[326] me to the top of my bent.— I will come by and by.

POLONIUS I will say so.

Exit

HAMLET ‘By and by’ is easily said.
Leave me, friends.

[Exeunt all but Hamlet]

’Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn and hell itself breathes out

Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft, now to my mother.
O heart, lose not thy nature;[336] let not ever
The soul of Nero[337] enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural.
I will speak daggers to her, but use none.
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites:
How[341] in my words somever she be shent,
To give them seals[342] never my soul consent!
[Exit]

[Act 3 Scene 3]

running scene 9

Enter King, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

KING I like him[1] not, nor stands it safe with us
To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you:
I your commission will forthwith dispatch,[3]
And he to England shall along with you.
The terms[5] of our estate may not endure
Hazard so dangerous as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunacies.

GUILDENSTERN We will ourselves provide:[8]
Most holy and religious fear[9] it is
To keep those many many bodies safe
That live and feed upon your majesty.

ROSENCRANTZ The single and peculiar[12] life is bound
With all the strength and armour of the mind
To keep itself from noyance,[14] but much more
That spirit upon whose weal[15] depends and rests
The lives of many. The cease[16] of majesty
Dies not alone, but like a gulf[17] doth draw
What's near it with it: it is a massy[18] wheel
Fixed on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortised[21] and adjoined, which, when it falls,
Each small annexment,[22] petty consequence,
Attends[23] the boist'rous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

KING Arm you,[25] I pray you, to this speedy voyage,
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

BOTH We will haste us.

Exeunt Gentlemen [Rosencrantz and Guildenstern]

Enter Polonius

POLONIUS My lord, he's going to his mother's closet:

Behind the arras I’ll convey myself
To hear the process.[31] I’ll warrant she’ll tax him home,
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
’Tis meet[33] that some more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o’erhear
The speech, of vantage.[35] Fare you well, my liege:
I’ll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

KING Thanks, dear my lord.—

[Exit Polonius]

O, my offence is rank,[39] it smells to heaven:
It hath the primal eldest curse[40] upon’t,
A brother’s murder. Pray can I not,
Though inclination[42] be as sharp as will:
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
And like a man to double business bound,[44]
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursèd hand
Were thicker than itself with brother’s blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto[49] serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what’s in prayer but this two-fold force,
To be forestallèd[52] ere we come to fall,
Or pardoned being down? Then I’ll look up:
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn?[55] ‘Forgive me my foul murder’?
That cannot be, since I am still possessed
Of those effects[57] for which I did the murder:
My crown, mine own ambition and my queen.
May one be pardoned and retain th’offence?[59]
In the corrupted currents[60] of this world
Offence’s gilded[61] hand may shove by justice,
And oft ’tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law. But ’tis not so above:
There[64] is no shuffling, there the action lies

In his true nature, and we ourselves compelled,
Even to[66] the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in[67] evidence. What then? What rests?
Try what repentance can. What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O, wretched state! O, bosom black as death!
O, limèd[71] soul that, struggling to be free,
Art more engaged! Help, angels, make assay![72]
Bow, stubborn knees, and heart with strings of steel, ***Kneels***
Be soft as sinews of the newborn babe!
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet

HAMLET Now might I do it pat,[76] now he is praying: ***Draws***
And now I’ll do’t. And so he goes to heaven,
And so am I revenged. That would be scanned:[78]
A villain kills my father, and for that,
I, his foul[80] son, do this same villain send
To heaven.
O, this is hire and salary,[82] not revenge.
He took my father grossly,[83] full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blown,[84] as fresh as May,
And how his audit[85] stands who knows save heaven?
But in our circumstance[86] and course of thought
’Tis heavy[87] with him: and am I then revenged,
To take him[88] in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and seasoned[89] for his passage?
No. ***Puts up his sword***
Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid hent:[91]
When he is drunk asleep,[92] or in his rage,
Or in th’incestuous pleasure of his bed,
At gaming, swearing, or about some act
That has no relish[95] of salvation in’t,
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,
And that his soul may be as damned and black
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays.[98]
This physic[99] but prolongs thy sickly days.

Exit

KING My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words without thoughts never to heaven go.

Exit

[Act 3 Scene 4]

running scene 10

Enter Queen and Polonius

POLONIUS He will come straight.[1] Look you lay home to him:
Tell him his pranks have been too broad[2] to bear with,
And that your grace hath screened and stood between
Much heat[4] and him. I'll silence me e'en here.
Pray you, be round[5] with him.

HAMLET Mother, mother, mother! ***Within***

GERTRUDE I'll warrant you,
Fear me not: withdraw, I hear him coming.

Enter Hamlet ***Polonius hides behind the arras***

HAMLET Now, mother, what's the matter?

GERTRUDE Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

HAMLET Mother, you have my father much offended.

GERTRUDE Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

HAMLET Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

GERTRUDE Why, how now, Hamlet?

HAMLET What's the matter now?

GERTRUDE Have you forgot me?

HAMLET No, by the rood,[17] not so:
You are the queen,[18] your husband's brother's wife,
But — would you were not so — you are my mother.

GERTRUDE Nay, then, I'll set those to you that can speak.

HAMLET Come, come, and sit you down, you shall not budge:
You go not till I set you up a glass[22]
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

GERTRUDE What wilt thou do? Thou wilt not murder me?
Help, help, ho!

POLONIUS What, ho? Help, help, help! ***Behind the arras***

HAMLET How now? A rat? Dead,[27] for a ducat, dead! ***Draws***

POLONIUS O, I am slain!

[Hamlet] kills Polonius

GERTRUDE O me, what hast thou done?

HAMLET Nay, I know not: is it the king?
GERTRUDE O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!
HAMLET A bloody deed: almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king and marry with his brother.
GERTRUDE As kill a king?
HAMLET Ay, lady, ’twas my word.— ***Discovers Polonius***
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell.
I took thee for thy better: take thy fortune;
Thou find’st to be too busy[38] is some danger.—
Leave wringing of your hands. Peace. Sit you down,
And let me wring your heart, for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff,
If damnèd custom have not brazed[42] it so
That it is proof[43] and bulwark against sense.
GERTRUDE What have I done, that thou dar’st wag thy tongue
In noise so rude[45] against me?
HAMLET Such an act
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,
Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love
And sets a blister there, makes marriage vows
As false as dicers’ oaths: O, such a deed
As from the body of contraction[52] plucks
The very soul, and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody[54] of words. Heaven’s face doth glow:
Yea, this[55] solidity and compound mass
With tristful[56] visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.
GERTRUDE Ay me, what act,
That roars so loud and thunders in the index?[59]
HAMLET Look here, upon this picture, and on this, ***Shows her two pictures***
The counterfeit presentment[61] of two brothers.
See what a grace was seated on his brow:
Hyperion’s[63] curls, the front of Jove himself,
An eye like Mars[64] to threaten or command,
A station[65] like the herald Mercury

New-lighted[66] on a heaven-kissing hill,
A combination and a form indeed
Where every god did seem to set his seal[68]
To give the world assurance of a man:
This was your husband. Look you now, what follows:
Here is your husband, like a mildewed ear,[71]
Blasting[72] his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave[73] to feed
And batten[74] on this moor? Ha! Have you eyes?
You cannot call it love, for at your age
The heyday[76] in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgement: and what judgement
Would step from this to this? What devil was't
That thus hath cozened[79] you at hoodman-blind?
O, shame, where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine[81] in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax
And melt in her own fire. Proclaim no shame
When the compulsive[84] ardour gives the charge,
Since frost[85] itself as actively doth burn
And reason panders[86] will.

GERTRUDE O Hamlet, speak no more:
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul,
And there I see such black and grainèd[89] spots
As will not leave their tinct.[90]

HAMLET Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamèd[92] bed,
Stewed[93] in corruption, honeying and making love
Over the nasty[94] sty—

GERTRUDE O, speak to me no more:
These words like daggers enter in mine ears.
No more, sweet Hamlet!

HAMLET A murderer and a villain,
A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe[99]
Of your precedent lord,[100] a vice of kings,
A cutpurse[101] of the empire and the rule,

That from a shelf the precious diadem[102] stole,
And put it in his pocket!
GERTRUDE No more!
Enter Ghost
HAMLET A king of shreds and patches[105]—
Save me, and hover o’er me with your wings, ***Sees the Ghost***
You heavenly guards!— What would you, gracious figure?
GERTRUDE Alas, he’s mad!
HAMLET Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by
Th’important[111] acting of your dread command? O, say!
GHOST Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But look, amazement on thy mother sits.
O, step between her and her fighting soul:
Conceit[116] in weakest bodies strongest works:
Speak to her, Hamlet.
HAMLET How is it with you, lady?
GERTRUDE Alas, how is’t with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy
And with th’incorporal[121] air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits[122] wildly peep,
And, as[123] the sleeping soldiers in th’alarm,
Your bedded hair, like[124] life in excrements,
Start up and stand on end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?
HAMLET On him, on him! Look you how pale he glares!
His[129] form and cause conjoined, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable.[130]— Do not look upon me, ***To the Ghost***
Lest with this piteous[131] action you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want[133] true colour; tears perchance for blood.
GERTRUDE To who do you speak this?
HAMLET Do you see nothing there?
GERTRUDE Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.

HAMLET Nor did you nothing hear?
GERTRUDE No, nothing but ourselves.
HAMLET Why, look you there: look, how it steals away.
My father, in his habit[140] as he lived!
Look where he goes even now out at the portal.
Exit [Ghost]
GERTRUDE This is the very coinage[142] of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy is very cunning[143] in.
HAMLET Ecstasy?
My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: it is not madness
That I have uttered. Bring me to the test,
And I the matter will reword,[148] which madness
Would gambol[149] from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not a flattering unction[150] to your soul
That not your trespass,[151] but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and film[152] the ulcerous place,
Whilst rank corruption, mining[153] all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven,
Repent what's past, avoid what is to come,
And do not spread the compost o'er the weeds
To make them ranker.[157] Forgive me this my virtue,
For in the fatness of these pursy[158] times
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
Yea, curb and woo[160] for leave to do him good.
GERTRUDE O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.
HAMLET O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Goodnight. But go not to mine uncle's bed:
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
Refrain tonight,
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence. Once more, goodnight:
And when you are desirous to be blessed,
I'll blessing beg of you. For this same lord, ***Points to the body***
I do repent, but heaven hath pleased it so

To punish me with this, and this with me,
That[173] I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow[174] him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, goodnight.
I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins and worse remains behind.[177]
GERTRUDE What shall I do?
HAMLET Not this by no means that I bid you do:
Let the bloat[180] king tempt you again to bed,
Pinch wanton[181] on your cheek, call you his mouse,
And let him, for a pair of reechy[182] kisses,
Or paddling in your neck with his damned fingers,
Make you to ravel[184] all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft.[186] ’Twere good you let him know,
For who that’s but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock,[188] from a bat, a gib,
Such dear concernings[189] hide? Who would do so?
No, in despite of sense and secrecy,
Unpeg[191] the basket on the house’s top,
Let the birds fly, and like the famous[192] ape,
To try conclusions, in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down.
GERTRUDE Be thou assured, if words be made of breath
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.
HAMLET I must to England: you know that?
GERTRUDE Alack,
I had forgot: ’tis so concluded on.
HAMLET This man shall set me packing:[201]
I’ll lug the guts into the neighbour room.
Mother, goodnight. Indeed this counsellor
Is now most still,[204] most secret and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating[205] knave.—
Come, sir, to draw[206] toward an end with you.—
Goodnight, mother.

Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius
Enter King

KING There’s matter[208] in these sighs, these profound heaves,
You must translate: ’tis fit we understand them.
Where is your son?

GERTRUDE Ah, my good lord, what have I seen tonight!

KING What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

GERTRUDE Mad as the seas and wind when both contend
Which is the mightier: in his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
He whips his rapier out and cries, ‘A rat, a rat!’
And in his brainish apprehension[217] kills
The unseen good old man.

KING O, heavy[219] deed!
It had been so with us, had we been there.
His liberty is full of threats to all:
To you yourself, to us, to everyone.
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answered?[223]
It will be laid to us, whose providence[224]
Should have kept short,[225] restrained and out of haunt
This mad young man: but so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit,
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging,[229] lets it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

GERTRUDE To draw apart[231] the body he hath killed,
O’er whom his very madness, like some ore[232]
Among a mineral[233] of metals base,
Shows itself pure: he weeps for what is done.

KING O Gertrude, come away!
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence, and this vile deed
We must with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance[239] and excuse.—

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

Ho, Guildenstern!

Friends both, go join you with some further aid.
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother’s closet hath he dragged him:
Go seek him out, speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you haste in this.
Exeunt Gentlemen [Ros. and Guild.]
Come, Gertrude, we’ll call up our wisest friends
To let them know, both what we mean to do
And what’s untimely done.[247] O, come away!
My soul is full of discord and dismay.
Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 1]

running scene 11

Enter Hamlet

HAMLET Safely stowed.[1]

GENTLEMEN[2] Hamlet, Lord Hamlet! ***Within***

HAMLET What noise? Who calls on Hamlet? O, here they come.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern ***With Attendants?***

ROSENCRANTZ What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

HAMLET Compounded[5] it with dust, whereto ’tis kin.

ROSENCRANTZ Tell us where ’tis, that we may take it thence And bear it to the chapel.

HAMLET Do not believe it.

ROSENCRANTZ Believe what?

HAMLET That I can keep[10] your counsel and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge, what replication[11] should be made by the son of a king?

ROSENCRANTZ Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

HAMLET Ay, sir, that soaks up the king’s countenance,[13] his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end: he keeps them, like an ape an apple, in the corner of his jaw, first mouthed[15] to be last swallowed: when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

ROSENCRANTZ I understand you not, my lord.

HAMLET I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in[19] a foolish ear.

ROSENCRANTZ My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

HAMLET The[22] body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing—

GUILDENSTERN A thing, my lord?

HAMLET Of nothing. Bring me to him. Hide[25] fox, and all after. ***Running***

Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 2]

running scene 11 continues

Enter King

KING I have sent to seek him and to find the body.
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose!
Yet must not we put the strong law on him:
He's loved of[4] the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgement, but their eyes,
And where 'tis so, th'offender's scourge[6] is weighed,
But ne'er the offence. To bear[7] all smooth and even,
This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause.[9] Diseases desperate grown
By desperate appliance[10] are relieved,
Or not at all.

Enter Rosencrantz

How now? What hath befall'n?

ROSENCRANTZ Where the dead body is bestowed, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

KING But where is he?

ROSENCRANTZ Without,[15] my lord, guarded, to know your pleasure.

KING Bring him before us.

ROSENCRANTZ Ho, Guildenstern! Bring in my lord. ***Calls***

Enter Hamlet and Guildenstern
With Attendants?

KING Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

HAMLET At supper.

KING At supper? Where?

HAMLET Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation[21] of worms are e'en[22] at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots: your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service,[24] two dishes, but to one table. That's the end.

KING Alas, alas!

HAMLET A man may fish with the worm that hath eat[26] of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

KING What dost thou mean by this?

HAMLET Nothing but to show you how a king may go a progress[29] through the guts of a beggar.

KING Where is Polonius?

HAMLET In heaven, send thither to see. If your messenger find him not there, seek him i'th'other place yourself. But indeed, if you find him not this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

KING Go seek him there. ***To Rosencrantz or Attendants***

HAMLET He will stay till ye come.

[Exit Rosencrantz or Attendants]

KING Hamlet, this deed of thine, for thine especial safety —
Which we do tender,[38] as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done — must send thee hence
With fiery quickness: therefore prepare thyself.
The bark[41] is ready and the wind at help,
Th'associates tend[42] and everything at bent
For England.

HAMLET For England?

KING Ay, Hamlet.

HAMLET Good.

KING So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

HAMLET I see a cherub[48] that sees them. But come, for England! Farewell, dear mother.

KING Thy loving father, Hamlet.

HAMLET My mother. Father and mother is man and wife: man and wife is one flesh, and so, my mother. Come, for England!

Exit

KING Follow him at foot,[53] tempt him with speed aboard:
Delay it not, I'll have him hence tonight.
Away! For everything is sealed and done
That else leans on[56] th'affair: pray you make haste.

[Exit Guildenstern and perhaps Rosencrantz]

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught[57] —

As my great power thereof[58] may give thee sense,
Since yet thy cicatrice[59] looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe[60]
Pays homage to us — thou mayst not coldly set[61]
Our sovereign process,[62] which imports at full,
By letters conjuring[63] to that effect,
The present[64] death of Hamlet. Do it, England,
For like the hectic[65] in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me. Till I know ’tis done,
Howe’er my haps,[67] my joys were ne’er begun.

Exit

[Act 4 Scene 3][4.3]

running scene 12

Enter Fortinbras with an army

FORTINBRAS Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king:
Tell him that by his licence[2] Fortinbras
Claims the conveyance of[3] a promised march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty[6] in his eye,
And let him know so.

CAPTAIN I will do’t, my lord.

FORTINBRAS Go softly[9] on.

Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 4][4.4]

running scene 13

Enter Queen and Horatio

GERTRUDE I will not speak with her.

HORATIO She is importunate,[2] indeed distract:
Her mood will needs be pitied.

GERTRUDE What would she have?

HORATIO She speaks much of her father; says she hears
There's tricks i'th'world, and hems,[6] and beats her heart,
Spurns[7] enviously at straws, speaks things in doubt
That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshapèd use[9] of it doth move
The hearers to collection;[10] they aim at it,
And botch[11] the words up fit to their own thoughts,
Which,[12] as her winks and nods and gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think there might be thought,[13]
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.[14]

GERTRUDE 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding[16] minds.
Let her come in. ***Horatio goes to the door or may exit***
To my sick soul — as sin's true nature is — ***Aside***
Each toy[19] seems prologue to some great amiss:
So full of artless jealousy[20] is guilt,
It[21] spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

Enter Ophelia, distracted ***With Horatio?***

OPHELIA Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

GERTRUDE How now, Ophelia!

OPHELIA How should I your true love know ***Sings***
From another one?
By his cockle hat[26] and staff,
And his sandal shoon.[27]

GERTRUDE Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

OPHELIA Say you? Nay, pray you, mark.
He is dead and gone, lady, ***Sings***

He is dead and gone.
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

Enter King

GERTRUDE Nay, but, Ophelia—

OPHELIA Pray you, mark.
White his shroud as the mountain snow— ***Sings***

GERTRUDE Alas, look here, my lord.

OPHELIA Larded[38] with sweet flowers ***Sings***
Which bewept to the grave did not go
With true-love showers.[40]

KING How do ye, pretty lady?

OPHELIA Well, God yield[42] you! They say the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

KING Conceit upon[44] her father.

OPHELIA Pray you let's have no words of this, but when they ask you what it means, say you this:

Tomorrow is Saint Valentine's day, ***Sings***
All in the morning betime,[48]
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.[50]
Then up he rose,[51] and donned his clothes,
And dupped[52] the chamber door:
Let in the maid,[53] that out a maid
Never departed more.

KING Pretty Ophelia.

OPHELIA Indeed, la, without an oath, I'll make an end on't:

By Gis[57] and by Saint Charity, ***Sings***
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do't,[59] if they come to't,
By cock,[60] they are to blame.
Quoth she, 'Before you tumbled[61] me,
You promised me to wed.'
'So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An[64] thou hadst not come to my bed.'

KING How long hath she been thus?

OPHELIA I hope all will be well. We must be patient, but I cannot choose but weep to think they should lay him i'th'cold ground. My brother shall know of it: and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Goodnight, ladies, goodnight, sweet ladies, goodnight, goodnight.

Exit

KING Follow her close: give her good watch, I pray you. ***To Horatio***

[Exit Horatio]

O, this is the poison of deep grief: it springs
All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrows come, they come not single spies[73]
But in battalions. First, her father slain:
Next, your son gone, and he most violent author
Of his own just remove:[76] the people muddied,
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers
For good Polonius' death, and we have done but greenly[78]
In hugger-mugger[79] to inter him: poor Ophelia
Divided from herself and her fair judgement,
Without the which we are pictures or mere beasts:
Last, and as much containing[82] as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France,
Feeds on his wonder,[84] keeps himself in clouds,
And wants[85] not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death,
Wherein necessity, of matter beggared,[87]
Will nothing[88] stick our persons to arraign
In ear and ear. O, my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering-piece,[90] in many places
Gives[91] me superfluous death.

A noise within

Enter a Messenger

GERTRUDE Alack, what noise is this?

KING Where are my Switzers?[93] Let them guard the door.—
What is the matter?

MESSENGER Save yourself, my lord.

The ocean, overpeering[96] of his list,
Eats not the flats[97] with more impiteous haste
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,[98]
O’erbears your officers. The rabble call him lord,
And, as[100] the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity[101] forgot, custom not known,
The[102] ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry ‘Choose we! Laertes shall be king.’
Caps,[104] hands and tongues, applaud it to the clouds:
‘Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!’
GERTRUDE How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!
O, this is counter,[107] you false Danish dogs!
Noise within
Enter Laertes ***His followers remain at the door***
KING The doors are broke.
LAERTES Where is the king?— Sirs, stand you all without.[109]
ALL FOLLOWERS No, let’s come in. ***At the door***
LAERTES I pray you give me leave.
ALL We will, we will.
LAERTES I thank you: keep[113] the door.— O thou vile king,
Give me my father!
GERTRUDE Calmly, good Laertes. ***Restrains him or blocks his way***
LAERTES That drop of blood that’s calm proclaims me bastard,
Cries cuckold[117] to my father, brands the harlot
Even here, between[118] the chaste unsmirched brow
Of my true[119] mother.
KING What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?—
Let him go, Gertrude: do not fear[122] our person:
There’s such divinity doth hedge[123] a king
That treason can but[124] peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.— Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incensed.— Let him go, Gertrude.—
Speak, man.
LAERTES Where’s my father?
KING Dead.

GERTRUDE But not by him.
KING Let him demand his fill.
LAERTES How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:[132]
To hell, allegiance! Vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation. To[135] this point I stand,
That both[136] the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes, only I'll be revenged
Most throughly[138] for my father.
KING Who shall stay[139] you?
LAERTES My[140] will, not all the world:
And for my means, I'll husband[141] them so well,
They shall go far with little.
KING Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge,
That, sweepstake,[146] you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?
LAERTES None but his enemies.
KING Will you know them then?
LAERTES To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms,
And like the kind life-rend'ring pelican,[151]
Repast[152] them with my blood.
KING Why, now you speak
Like a good child and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensible[156] in grief for it,
It shall as level[157] to your judgement pierce
As day does to your eye.
A noise within
ALL FOLLOWERS Let her come in!
Enter Ophelia
LAERTES How now? What noise is that?
O, heat dry up my brains, tears seven times salt ***Sees Ophelia***
Burn out the sense and virtue[162] of mine eye!
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight,

Till our scale turns[164] the beam. O rose of May,
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!
O heavens, is't possible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature[168] is fine in love, and where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance[169] of itself
After[170] the thing it loves.

OPHELIA They bore him barefaced on the bier,[171] ***Sings***
Hey[172] non nonny, nonny, hey nonny,
And on his grave rains many a tear—
Fare you well, my dove.

LAERTES Hadst thou thy wits and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move[176] thus.

OPHELIA You[177] must sing 'a-down a-down', and you call him 'a-down-a'. O, how the wheel[178] becomes it! It is the false steward that stole his master's daughter.

LAERTES This[179] nothing's more than matter.

OPHELIA There's rosemary,[180] that's for remembrance: pray, love, remember: and there is pansies,[181] that's for thoughts. ***Gives real or imaginary flowers***

LAERTES A document[182] in madness, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

OPHELIA There's fennel[183] for you, and columbines: there's rue for you, and here's some for me: we may call it herb-grace o'Sundays:[184] O, you must wear your rue with a difference.[185] There's a daisy: I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died: they say he made a good end—
For[187] bonny sweet Robin is all my joy. ***Sings***

LAERTES Thought[188] and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour[189] and to prettiness.

OPHELIA And will he not come again? ***Sings***
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead:
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.
His beard as white as snow,
All flaxen[196] was his poll:

He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan.[198]
Gramercy[199] on his soul!
And of all Christian souls, I pray God. God buy ye.[200]
Exeunt Ophelia [and Gertrude?]
LAERTES Do you see this, you gods?
KING Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom[204] your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge ’twixt[205] you and me:
If by direct or by collateral[206] hand
They find us touched,[207] we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours
To you in satisfaction. But if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.
LAERTES Let this be so:
His means of death, his obscure burial —
No trophy,[215] sword, nor hatchment o’er his bones,
No noble rite nor formal ostentation[216] —
Cry to be heard, as ’twere from heaven to earth,
That[218] I must call in question.
KING So you shall,
And where th’offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you go with me.
Exeunt

Act 4 Scene 5

running scene 14

Enter Horatio with an Attendant

HORATIO What are they that would speak with me?

SERVANT Sailors, sir: they say they have letters for you.

HORATIO Let them come in. [*Exit Servant*]
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailor

SAILOR God bless you, sir.

HORATIO Let him bless thee too.

SAILOR He shall, sir, an't[8] please him. ***Gives a letter*** There's a letter for you, sir: it comes from th'ambassador that was bound for England, if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

HORATIO ***Reads the letter*** 'Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked[11] this, give these fellows some means[12] to the king: they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment[13] gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled[14] valour, in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our ship, so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy,[16] but they knew what they did: I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent, and repair[17] thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in your ear will make thee dumb, yet are they much too[19] light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell. He that thou knowest thine, Hamlet.'—

Come, I will give you way[23] for these your letters,
And do't the speedier that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them.

Exeunt

Act 4 Scene 6

running scene 15

Enter King and Laertes

KING Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,[1]
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith[3] you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he which hath your noble father slain
Pursued my life.

LAERTES It well appears. But tell me
Why you proceeded not[7] against these feats
So crimeful and so capital[8] in nature,
As[9] by your safety, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirred up.

KING O, for two special reasons,
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinewed,[12]
And yet to me they are strong. The queen his mother
Lives almost by his looks, and for myself —
My virtue or my plague, be it either which —
She's so conjunctive[16] to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,[17]
I could not but[18] by her. The other motive,
Why to a public count[19] I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender[20] bear him,
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would like the spring[22] that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves[23] to graces, so that my arrows,
Too slightly timbered[24] for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again
And not where I had aimed them.

LAERTES And so have I a noble father lost,
A sister driven into desperate terms,[28]
Who has — if praises may go back again[29] —
Stood challenger on mount[30] of all the age
For her perfections: but my revenge will come.

KING Break not your sleeps for that: you must not think
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull
That we can let our beard be shook with[34] danger
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:
I loved your father, and we love ourself,
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine—

Enter a Messenger

How now? What news?

MESSENGER Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:
This to your majesty, this to the queen.

Gives letters

KING From Hamlet? Who brought them?

MESSENGER Sailors, my lord, they say: I saw them not.
They were given me by Claudio:[43] he received them.

KING Laertes, you shall hear them.— Leave us.

Exit Messenger

‘High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked[45] on your kingdom. Tomorrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes, when I shall, first asking your pardon[46] thereunto, recount th’occasions of my sudden and more strange return. Hamlet.’
What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse?[49] Or no such thing?

LAERTES Know you the hand?

KING ’Tis Hamlet’s character.[51] ‘Naked’ —
And in a postscript here, he says ‘alone’.
Can you advise me?

LAERTES I’m lost in it, my lord. But let him come:
It warms the very sickness in my heart
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
‘Thus diest thou.’

KING If it be so, Laertes —
As how should it be so? How otherwise? —
Will you be ruled by me?

LAERTES If so[61] you’ll not o’errule me to a peace.

KING To thine own peace. If he be now returned,
As checking at[63] his voyage, and that he means

No more to undertake it, I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,[65]
Under the which he shall not choose but fall;
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice[68]
And call it accident. Some two months since,
Here was a gentleman of Normandy.
I've seen myself, and served against, the French,
And they can well[72] on horseback; but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't; he grew into his seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse
As[75] had he been incorpsed and demi-natured
With the brave[76] beast: so far he passed my thought,
That I in forgery[77] of shapes and tricks
Come short of what he did.
LAERTES A Norman was't?
KING A Norman.
LAERTES Upon my life, Lamond.[81]
KING The very same.
LAERTES I know him well: he is the brooch[83] indeed
And gem of all our nation.
KING He made[85] confession of you,
And gave you such a masterly report
For[87] art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especially,
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed
If one could match you. Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom[91] with his envy
That he could nothing do but wish and beg
Your sudden[93] coming o'er, to play with him.
Now, out of this—
LAERTES What out of this, my lord?
KING Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?
LAERTES Why ask you this?

KING Not that I think you did not love your father,
But that I know love is begun by time,[101]
And that I see, in passages of proof,[102]
Time qualifies[103] the spark and fire of it.
Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake
To show yourself your father’s son in deed
More than in words?
LAERTES To cut his throat i’th’church.
KING No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize;[108]
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
Will you[110] do this, keep close within your chamber.
Hamlet returned shall know you are come home:
We’ll put on[112] those shall praise your excellence
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you, bring you in fine[114] together
And wager on your heads: he, being remiss,[115]
Most generous[116] and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse[117] the foils, so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated,[119] and in a pass of practice
Requite[120] him for your father.
LAERTES I will do’t,
And for that purpose I’ll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction[123] of a mountebank
So mortal I[124] but dipped a knife in it,
Where it draws blood no cataplasm[125] so rare,
Collected from all simples[126] that have virtue
Under the moon,[127] can save the thing from death
That is but scratched withal:[128] I’ll touch my point
With this contagion,[129] that if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.
KING Let’s further think of this,
Weigh what convenience both of time and means
May fit[133] us to our shape: if this should fail,
And that our drift[134] look through our bad performance,
’Twere better not assayed: therefore this project

Should have a back or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof.[137] Soft, let me see:
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings.[138]
I ha't:[139]
When in your motion you are hot and dry —
As[141] make your bouts more violent to the end —
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepared him
A chalice for the nonce,[143] whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venomed stuck,[144]
Our purpose may hold there.—

Enter Queen

How now, sweet queen?

GERTRUDE One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they'll follow: your sister's drowned, Laertes.

LAERTES Drowned? O, where?

GERTRUDE There is a willow[149] grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar[150] leaves in the glassy stream:
There with fantastic[151] garlands did she come
Of crow-flowers,[152] nettles, daisies and long purples
That liberal[153] shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold[154] maids do dead men's fingers call them:
There on the pendent[155] boughs her coronet weeds
Clamb'ring to hang, an envious sliver[156] broke,
When down the weedy[157] trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,
And mermaid-like awhile they bore her up,
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable[161] of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued[162]
Unto that element: but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pulled the poor wretch from her melodious lay[165]
To muddy death.

LAERTES Alas, then, is she drowned?

GERTRUDE Drowned, drowned.

LAERTES Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,

And therefore I forbid my tears. But yet
It is our trick:[171] nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will: when these[172] are gone,***Weeps***
The woman[173] will be out.— Adieu, my lord:
I have a speech of fire that fain would blaze,
But that this folly[175] douts it.

Exit

KING Let’s follow, Gertrude:
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I this will give it start again;
Therefore let’s follow.

Exeunt

Act 5 Scene 1[5.1]

running scene 16

Enter two Clowns ***With a spade and a pickax***

FIRST CLOWN Is she to be buried in Christian burial[1] that wilfully seeks her own salvation?[2]

SECOND CLOWN I tell thee she is: and therefore make her grave straight:[3] the crowner hath sat[4] on her, and finds it Christian burial.

FIRST CLOWN How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

SECOND CLOWN Why, 'tis found so.

FIRST CLOWN It must be *se offendendo,*[7] it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act, and an act hath three branches: it is to act, to do and to perform: argal,[9] she drowned herself wittingly.

SECOND CLOWN Nay, but hear you, goodman[10] delver—

FIRST CLOWN Give me leave: here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will[12] he, nill he, he goes — mark you that. But if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

SECOND CLOWN But is this law?

FIRST CLOWN Ay, marry, is't: crowner's quest[16] law.

SECOND CLOWN Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of Christian burial.

FIRST CLOWN Why, there thou say'st:[19] and the more pity that great folk should have countenance[20] in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers[21] and grave-makers: they hold up Adam's profession.[22]

SECOND CLOWN Was he a gentleman?

FIRST CLOWN He was the first that ever bore arms.[24]

SECOND CLOWN Why, he had none.

FIRST CLOWN What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says ‘Adam digged’. Could he dig without arms? I’ll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself[28]—

SECOND CLOWN Go to.

FIRST CLOWN What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

SECOND CLOWN The gallows-maker, for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

FIRST CLOWN I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows does well;[33] but how does it well? It does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To’t again, come.

SECOND CLOWN Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

FIRST CLOWN Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.[38]

SECOND CLOWN Marry, now I can tell.

FIRST CLOWN To’t.

SECOND CLOWN Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio afar off ***Hamlet cloaked?***

FIRST CLOWN Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend[42] his pace with beating; and when you are asked this question next, say ‘A grave-maker: the houses that he makes lasts till doomsday.’ Go, get thee to Yaughan:[44] fetch me a stoup[45] of liquor.

[Exit Second Clown]

In[46] youth, when I did love, did love,

Sings

Methought it was very sweet,
To contract-O-the[48] time, for-a-my behove,
O, methought there was nothing meet.[49]

HAMLET Has this fellow no feeling of his business that he sings at grave-making?

HORATIO Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.[51]

HAMLET ’Tis e’en so: the hand of little employment hath[52] the daintier sense.

FIRST CLOWN But age with his stealing steps
Sings
Hath caught me in his clutch,
And hath shipped[55] me until the land,
As if I had never been such.[56] ***Throws up a skull***

HAMLET That skull had a tongue in it and could sing once: how the knave jowls[57] it to th'ground, as if it were Cain's[58] jaw-bone, that did the first murder. It might be the pate of a politician,[59] which this ass o'er-offices, one that could circumvent God, might it not?

HORATIO It might, my lord.

HAMLET Or of a courtier, which could say 'Good morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?' This might be my lord Such-a-one, that praised my lord Such-a-one's horse when he meant to beg it, might it not?

HORATIO Ay, my lord.

HAMLET Why, e'en so, and now my lady Worm's, chapless,[66] and knocked about the mazzard[67] with a sexton's spade: here's fine revolution, if we had the trick to see't. Did[68] these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with 'em? Mine ache to think on't.

FIRST CLOWN A pickaxe and a spade, a spade,
Sings
For and[71] a shrouding sheet:
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet. ***Throws up another skull***

HAMLET There's another: why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddities[75] now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? Why does he suffer this rude[76] knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery?[77] Hum. This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes,[78] his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: is this the fine[79] of his fines and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? Will his vouchers vouch[80] him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the[81] length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances[82] of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor[83] himself have no more, ha?

HORATIO Not a jot more, my lord.

HAMLET Is not parchment made of sheepskins?

HORATIO Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too.

HAMLET They are sheep and calves that seek out assurance in that.[87] I will speak to this fellow.— Whose grave's this, sirrah?[88]

FIRST CLOWN Mine, sir.

O, a pit of clay for to be made ***Sings***
For such a guest is meet.

HAMLET I think it be thine, indeed, for thou liest in't.

FIRST CLOWN You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not[93] yours. For my part, I do not lie in't, and yet it is mine.

HAMLET Thou dost lie in't, to be in't and say 'tis thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick:[96] therefore thou liest.

FIRST CLOWN 'Tis a quick lie, sir: 'twill away again, from me to you.

HAMLET What man dost thou dig it for?

FIRST CLOWN For no man, sir.

HAMLET What woman, then?

FIRST CLOWN For none, neither.

HAMLET Who is to be buried in't?

FIRST CLOWN One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

HAMLET How absolute[104] the knave is! We must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it: the age is grown so picked[106] that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heels of our courtier, he galls his kibe.[107]— How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

FIRST CLOWN Of all the days i'th'year, I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet o'ercame Fortinbras.

HAMLET How long is that since?

FIRST CLOWN Cannot you tell that? Every fool can tell that: it was the very day that young Hamlet was born — he that was mad and sent into England.

HAMLET Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

FIRST CLOWN Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there, or if he do not, it's no great matter there.

HAMLET Why?

FIRST CLOWN 'Twill not be seen in him: there the men are as mad as he.

HAMLET How came he mad?

FIRST CLOWN Very strangely, they say.

HAMLET How strangely?

FIRST CLOWN Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

HAMLET Upon what ground?[122]

FIRST CLOWN Why, here in Denmark: I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

HAMLET How long will a man lie i'th'earth ere he rot?

FIRST CLOWN I'faith, if he be not rotten before he die — as we have many pocky[126] corpses now-a-days, that will scarce hold[127] the laying in — he will last you some eight year or nine year: a tanner[128] will last you nine year.

HAMLET Why he more than another?

FIRST CLOWN Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade that he will keep out water a great while, and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson[131] dead body. Here's a skull[132] now: this skull has lain in the earth three-and-twenty years.

HAMLET Whose was it?

FIRST CLOWN A whoreson mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?

HAMLET Nay, I know not.

FIRST CLOWN A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! A[136] poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, this same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

HAMLET This?

FIRST CLOWN E'en that.

HAMLET Let me see.— ***Takes the skull*** Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy.[142] He hath borne me on his back a thousand times — and how abhorred[143] my imagination is! My gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft.— Where be your gibes now, your gambols, your songs, your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar? No[146] one now to mock your own jeering? Quite chop-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour[147] she must come. Make her laugh at that.— Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

HORATIO What's that, my lord?

HAMLET Dost thou think Alexander[150] looked o'this fashion i'th'earth?

HORATIO E'en so.

HAMLET And smelt so? Puh! ***Places the skull on the ground or throws it down***

HORATIO E'en so, my lord.

HAMLET To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till he find it stopping a bung-hole?[155]

HORATIO 'Twere to consider too curiously[156] to consider so.

HAMLET No, faith, not a jot, but to follow him thither with modesty[157] enough, and likelihood to lead it, as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam,[159] and why of that loam whereto he was converted might they not stop a beer-barrel?
Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.
O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall t'expel the winter's flaw![164]
But soft, but soft, aside: here comes the king.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, [a Priest] and a coffin with Lords Attendant

The queen, the courtiers — who is that they follow?
And with such maimèd[167] rites? This doth betoken
The corpse they follow did with desperate[168] hand
Fordo[169] it own life: 'twas of some estate.
Couch[170] we awhile and mark. ***They hide***

LAERTES What ceremony else?

HAMLET That is Laertes, a very noble youth. Mark. ***Aside to Horatio***

LAERTES What ceremony else?

PRIEST Her obsequies[174] have been as far enlarged

As we have warrantise:[175] her death was doubtful,
And but that great command o'ersways[176] the order
She should in ground unsanctified[177] have lodged
Till the last trumpet.[178] For charitable prayer,
Shards,[179] flints and pebbles should be thrown on her.
Yet here she is allowed her virgin rites,
Her maiden strewments[181] and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.
LAERTES Must there no more be done?
PRIEST No more be done:
We should profane the service of the dead
To sing sage requiem[186] and such rest to her
As to peace-parted[187] souls.
LAERTES Lay her i'th'earth:
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets[190] spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
A minist'ring angel shall my sister be
When thou liest howling.[192]
HAMLET What, the fair Ophelia! ***Aside to Horatio***
GERTRUDE Sweets to the sweet. Farewell! ***Scatters flowers***
I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife:
I thought thy bride-bed to have decked, sweet maid,
And not t'have strewed thy grave.
LAERTES O, treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursèd head
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense[200]
Deprived thee of!— Hold off the earth awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:
Leaps in the grave
Now pile your dust upon the quick[203] and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To o'ertop old Pelion[205] or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.
HAMLET What is he whose grief ***Comes forward***
Bears such an emphasis?[208] Whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures[209] the wand'ring stars, and makes them stand

Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I, ***Removes cloak***
Hamlet the Dane. ***Leaps into the grave***
LAERTES The devil take thy soul! ***They fight***
HAMLET Thou pray'st not well.
I prithee take thy fingers from my throat,
Sir: though I am not splenitive[215] and rash,
Yet have I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wiseness fear: away thy hand!
KING Pluck them asunder.
GERTRUDE Hamlet, Hamlet!
HORATIO Good my lord, be quiet.[220] ***Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave***
HAMLET Why I will fight with him upon this theme
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.[222]
GERTRUDE O my son, what theme?
HAMLET I loved Ophelia: forty thousand brothers
Could not — with all their quantity of love —
Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?
KING O, he is mad, Laertes.
GERTRUDE For love of God, forbear him.[228]
HAMLET Come, show me what thou'lt do:
Woo't[230] weep? Woo't fight? Woo't fast? Woo't tear thyself?
Woo't drink up eisel?[231] Eat a crocodile?
I'll do't. Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface[233] me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,[236]
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,[237]
Make Ossa[238] like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.
KING This is mere[240] madness,
And thus awhile the fit will work on him:
Anon, as patient as the female dove
When that her golden couplets[243] are disclosed,
His silence will sit drooping.

HAMLET Hear you, sir: ***To Laertes***
What is the reason that you use[246] me thus?
I loved you ever: but it is no matter.
Let[248] Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew and dog will have his day.
Exit
KING I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon him.—
[Exit Horatio]
Strengthen your patience in[251] our last night’s speech: ***To Laertes***
We’ll put the matter to the present push.[252]—
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—
This grave shall have a living[254] monument:
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be.
Exeunt

Act 5 Scene 2[5.2]

running scene 17

Enter Hamlet and Horatio

HAMLET So much for this,[1] sir; now let me see the other:
You do remember all the circumstance?[2]
HORATIO Remember it, my lord?
HAMLET Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleep: methought I lay
Worse than the mutines[6] in the bilboes. Rashly —
And praise be rashness for it — let us know[7]
Our indiscretion[8] sometimes serves us well,
When our dear[9] plots do pall, and that should teach us
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew[11] them how we will—
HORATIO That is most certain.
HAMLET Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown[14] scarfed about me, in the dark
Groped I to find out them,[15] had my desire,
Fingered[16] their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine own room again, making so bold —
My fears forgetting manners — to unseal
Their grand commission, where I found, Horatio —
O, royal knavery! — an exact command,
Larded[21] with many several sorts of reason
Importing[22] Denmark's health and England's too,
With, ho, such bugs[23] and goblins in my life,
That on the supervise,[24] no leisure bated,
No, not to stay[25] the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.
HORATIO Is't possible?
HAMLET Here's the commission: read it at more leisure. ***Gives a paper***
But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed?
HORATIO I beseech you.
HAMLET Being thus benetted round[31] with villainies —

Ere[32] I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play — I sat me down,
Devised a new commission, wrote it fair:[34]
I once did hold it, as our statists[35] do,
A baseness to write fair and laboured much
How to forget that learning, but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's[38] service. Wilt thou know
The effect[39] of what I wrote?
HORATIO Ay, good my lord.
HAMLET An earnest conjuration[41] from the king,
As England was his faithful tributary,[42]
As love between them as the palm should flourish,
As peace should still[44] her wheaten garland wear
And stand a comma[45] 'tween their amities,
And many such-like 'As'es[46] of great charge,
That on the view and know of these contents,
Without debatement further, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving-time[50] allowed.
HORATIO How was this sealed?
HAMLET Why, even in that was heaven ordinant.[52]
I had my father's signet[53] in my purse,
Which was the model[54] of that Danish seal:
Folded the writ[55] up in form of the other,
Subscribed[56] it, gave't th'impression, placed it safely,
The changeling[57] never known. Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight, and what to[58] this was sequent
Thou know'st already.
HORATIO So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.
HAMLET Why, man, they did make love to[61] this employment:
They are not near my conscience; their defeat[62]
Doth by their own insinuation[63] grow.
'Tis dangerous when the baser[64] nature comes
Between the pass[65] and fell incensèd points
Of mighty opposites.[66]
HORATIO Why, what a king is this!

HAMLET Does[68] it not, think'st thee, stand me now upon —
He that hath killed my king and whored my mother,
Popped in between th'election[70] and my hopes,
Thrown out his angle[71] for my proper life,
And with such cozenage[72] — is't not perfect conscience
To quit[73] him with this arm? And is't not to be damned,
To let this canker[74] of our nature come
In further evil?

HORATIO It must be shortly known to him from England
What is the issue[77] of the business there.

HAMLET It will be short: the interim is mine,
And a man's life's no[79] more than to say 'one'.
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For by[82] the image of my cause I see
The portraiture of his. I'll count his favours.
But, sure, the bravery[84] of his grief did put me
Into a tow'ring passion.

HORATIO Peace, who comes here?

Enter young Osric ***Takes off his hat***

OSRIC Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

HAMLET I humbly thank you, sir.— Dost know this water-fly?[88]

HORATIO No, my good lord.

HAMLET Thy state is the more gracious,[90] for 'tis a vice to know him. He hath much land, and fertile: let[91] a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess; 'tis a chough,[92] but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

OSRIC Sweet lord, if[93] your friendship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

HAMLET I will receive it with all diligence of spirit. Put your bonnet[95] to his right use: 'tis for the head.

OSRIC I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

HAMLET No, believe me, 'tis very cold: the wind is northerly.

OSRIC It is indifferent[99] cold, my lord, indeed.

HAMLET Methinks it is very sultry and hot for my complexion.[100]

OSRIC Exceedingly, my lord: it is very sultry, as ’twere, I cannot tell how. But, my lord, his majesty bade me signify to you that he has laid a great wager on your head: sir, this is the matter—

HAMLET I beseech you remember[104]—***Gestures toward hat***

OSRIC Nay, in good faith, for mine ease,[105] in good faith. Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is at his weapon.

HAMLET What’s his weapon?

OSRIC Rapier[108] and dagger.

HAMLET That’s two of his weapons; but, well.[109]

OSRIC The king, sir, has waged with him six Barbary horses,[110] against the which he imponed,[111] as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers[112] or so. Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive[113] to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

HAMLET What call you[114] the carriages?

OSRIC The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

HAMLET The phrase would be more germane[116] to the matter, if we could carry cannon[117] by our sides: I would it might be hangers till then. But, on: six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages: that’s the French bet against the Danish. Why is this ‘imponed’ as you call it?

OSRIC The king, sir, hath laid,[121] that in a dozen passes between you and him, he shall not exceed you three hits: he hath laid on twelve for nine, and that would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.[123]

HAMLET How if I answer ‘no’?

OSRIC I mean, my lord, the opposition[125] of your person in trial.

HAMLET Sir, I will walk here in the hall: if it please his majesty, ’tis the breathing[126] time of day with me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him if I can: if not, I’ll gain nothing but my shame and the odd[129] hits.

OSRIC Shall I redeliver you[130] e’en so?

HAMLET To this effect, sir, after what flourish[131] your nature will.

OSRIC I commend[132] my duty to your lordship.

HAMLET Yours, yours.—

[Exit Osric]

He does well to commend it himself, there are no tongues else for's turn.[134]

HORATIO This lapwing[135] runs away with the shell on his head.

HAMLET He did comply[136] with his dug, before he sucked it. Thus has he — and many more of the same bevy[137] that I know the drossy age dotes on — only got the tune of the time and outward habit of encounter,[138] a kind of yeasty collection, which carries them through[139] and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trials, the bubbles are out.

HORATIO You will lose this wager, my lord.

HAMLET I do not think so: since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds.[143] But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart, but it is no matter.

HORATIO Nay, good my lord—

HAMLET It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving[146] as would perhaps trouble a woman.

HORATIO If your mind dislike anything, obey it: I will forestall their repair[148] hither, and say you are not fit.

HAMLET Not a whit, we defy augury:[150] there's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it[151] be now, 'tis not to come: if it be not to come, it will be now: if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness[152] is all. Since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?[153]

Enter King, Queen, Laertes and Lords, with [Osric and] other Attendants with foils and gauntlets, a table and flagons of wine on it

KING Come, Hamlet, come and take this hand from me. ***Puts Laertes' hand into Hamlet's***

HAMLET Give me your pardon, sir: I've done you wrong,
But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.
This presence[157] knows,
And you must needs have heard, how I am punished
With sore distraction. What I have done
That might your nature,[160] honour and exception

Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was't Hamlet wronged Laertes? Never Hamlet:
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.
Who does it, then? His madness. If't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction[167] that is wronged,
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
Sir, in this audience,
Let my disclaiming from[170] a purposed evil
Free me so far in your most generous[171] thoughts
That I have[172] shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

LAERTES I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive in this case should stir me most
To my[176] revenge: but in my terms of honour
I stand aloof, and will[177] no reconcilement
Till by some elder masters, of known honour
I have a voice[179] and precedent of peace,
To keep my name ungored.[180] But till that time,
I do receive your offered love like love,
And will not wrong it.

HAMLET I do embrace it freely,
And will this brother's wager frankly[184] play.—
Give us the foils. Come on.

LAERTES Come, one for me.

HAMLET I'll be your foil,[187] Laertes: in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star i'th'darkest night,
Stick fiery off[189] indeed.

LAERTES You mock me, sir.

HAMLET No, by this hand.

KING Give them the foils, young Osric. Cousin Hamlet,
You know the wager?

HAMLET Very well, my lord:
Your grace hath laid the odds[195] o'th'weaker side.

KING I do not fear it: I have seen you both:

But since he is bettered,[197] we have therefore odds.
LAERTES This is too heavy, let me see another.***Looks over the foils***
HAMLET This likes[199] me well. These foils have all a length?
Prepare to play
OSRIC Ay, my good lord.
KING Set me the stoups[201] of wine upon that table:
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit[203] in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance[204] fire:
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath,[205]
And in the cup an union[206] shall he throw
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups,
And let the kettle[209] to the trumpets speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth,
'Now the king drinks to Hamlet.' Come, begin:
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.
HAMLET Come on, sir.
LAERTES Come on, sir.
They play
HAMLET One.
LAERTES No.
HAMLET Judgement.
OSRIC A hit, a very palpable hit.
LAERTES Well, again.
KING Stay, give me drink.— Hamlet, this pearl is thine: ***Drinks, then puts the pearl in the cup?***
Here's to thy health.— Give him the cup.
Trumpets sound and shot goes off
HAMLET I'll play this bout first: set by awhile.— Come.***They play***
Another hit; what say you?
LAERTES A touch, a touch, I do confess.
KING Our son shall win.
GERTRUDE He's fat,[227] and scant of breath.—
Here's a napkin,[228] rub thy brows: ***To Hamlet***

The queen carouses to[229] thy fortune, Hamlet.
HAMLET Good madam.
KING Gertrude, do not drink!
GERTRUDE I will, my lord; I pray you, pardon me. ***Drinks***
KING It is the poisoned cup: it is too late. ***Aside***
HAMLET I dare not drink yet, madam: by and by.
GERTRUDE Come, let me wipe thy face.
LAERTES My lord, I'll hit him now. ***To the King***
KING I do not think't.
LAERTES And yet 'tis almost gainst my conscience. ***Aside***
HAMLET Come, for the third: Laertes, you but dally.
I pray you pass[240] with your best violence:
I am afeard you make[241] a wanton of me.
LAERTES Say you so? Come on.
Play
OSRIC Nothing, neither way.
LAERTES *Have at you now!*
In scuffling[244] they change rapiers
KING Part them: they are incensed.
HAMLET Nay, come, again.***Gertrude falls?***
OSRIC Look to the queen there, ho!
HORATIO They bleed on both sides.— How is it, my lord? ***To Hamlet***
OSRIC How is't, Laertes?
LAERTES Why, as a woodcock[250] to mine own springe, Osric:
I am justly killed with mine own treachery.
HAMLET How does the queen?
KING She swoons to see them bleed.
GERTRUDE No, no, the drink, the drink — O my dear Hamlet —
The drink, the drink! I am poisoned.***Dies***
HAMLET O, villainy! Ho! Let the door be locked:
Treachery! Seek it out.
LAERTES It is here, Hamlet. Hamlet, thou art slain:
No medicine in the world can do thee good,
In thee there is not half an hour of life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenomed. The foul practice[262]

Hath turned itself on me: lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again. Thy mother's poisoned.
I can no more. The king, the king's to blame.

HAMLET The point envenomed too!
Then, venom, to thy work.

Hurts the King

ALL Treason! Treason!

KING O, yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.

HAMLET Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damnèd Dane,
Drink off[271] this potion. Is thy union here?
Follow my mother.

King dies

LAERTES He is justly served:
It is a poison tempered[274] by himself.
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me.

Dies

HAMLET Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.—
I am dead, Horatio.— Wretched queen, adieu!—
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,[280]
That are but mutes[281] or audience to this act,
Had I but time — as this fell[282] sergeant, death,
Is strict[283] in his arrest — O, I could tell you.
But let it be.— Horatio, I am dead:
Thou liv'st: report me and my causes[285] right
To the unsatisfied.[286]

HORATIO Never believe it.
I am more an antique Roman[288] than a Dane:
Here's yet some liquor left.

HAMLET As thou'rt a man,
Give me the cup: let go, by heaven, I'll have't.
O, good Horatio, what a wounded name —
Things standing thus unknown — shall live behind me!
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity[295] awhile,

And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.

March afar off and shot within

What warlike noise is this?

Enter Osric

OSRIC Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,
To th'ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.

HAMLET O, I die, Horatio:
The potent poison quite o'er-crows[302] my spirit.
I cannot live to hear the news from England,
But I do prophesy th'election[304] lights
On Fortinbras: he has my dying voice,[305]
So tell him, with the occurrents[306] more and less
Which have solicited.[307] The rest is silence. O, o, o, o! ***Dies***

HORATIO Now cracks a noble heart. Goodnight, sweet prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!—
Why does the drum come hither?

Enter Fortinbras and English Ambassador, with Drum, Colours and Attendants

FORTINBRAS *Where is this sight?*

HORATIO *What is it ye would*[312] *see?*
If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.

FORTINBRAS This quarry[314] cries on havoc. O proud death,
What feast is toward[315] in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck?

AMBASSADOR The sight is dismal,[318]
And our affairs from England come too late:
The ears[320] are senseless that should give us hearing,
To tell him his commandment is fulfilled,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead.
Where should we have our thanks?

HORATIO Not from his mouth,
Had it th'ability of life to thank you:
He never gave commandment for their death.

But since, so jump[327] upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
Are here arrived, give order that these bodies
High on a stage[330] be placed to the view,
And let me speak to th'yet unknowing world
How these things came about: so shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgements,[334] casual slaughters,
Of deaths put on[335] by cunning and forced cause,
And, in this upshot,[336] purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.[338]

FORTINBRAS Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune:
I have some rights of memory[342] in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage[343] doth invite me.

HORATIO Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice[345] will draw on more:
But let this same[346] be presently performed,
Even while men's minds are wild,[347] lest more mischance
On[348] plots and errors happen.

FORTINBRAS Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage,
For he was likely, had he been put on,[351]
To have proved most royally: and for his passage,[352]
The soldiers' music and the rites of war
Speak[354] loudly for him.
Take up the body: such a sight as this
Becomes the field,[356] but here shows much amiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

Exeunt marching. After the which a peal of ordnance are shot off

Textual Notes

1 = First Quarto text of 1603 (of uncertain authority)

2 = Second Quarto text of 1604–05

1/Q2 = a reading in which the First Quarto and Second Quarto texts agree

= First Folio text of 1623

2 = a correction introduced in the Second Folio text of 1632

d = a correction introduced by a later editor

D = stage direction

H = speech heading (i.e., speaker’s name)

ist of parts = Ed

.1.70 he = Q1/Q2. *Not in* F **72 steelèd** = Ed. Q1/Q2 = sleaded. F = sledded **pole-axe** = F *(*Pollax*)*. *Sometimes emended to* Polacks **104 designed** = F2. F = designe **126 haply** *spelled* happily *in* F **151 say** = Q1/Q2. F = sayes **167 Let’s** = Q1/Q2. F = Let

.2.8 sometime = Q2. F = sometimes **67 SH GERTRUDE** = Ed. F = *Queen*. **129 solid** = F. Q2 = sallied, *sometimes emended to* sullied **134 Seem** = Q2. F = Seemes **141 beteem** = Q2. F = beteene **207 distilled** = Q1/Q2. F = bestil’d **212 Where, as** = Ed. F = Whereas **221 its** = Q4. F = it **232 SH MARCELLUS *and* BARNARDO** = Ed. F = *Both*. **249 SH MARCELLUS *and* BARNARDO** = Ed. F = *All*. **254 walk** = Q1/Q2. F = wake **260 tenable** = Q1/Q2. F = treble

.3.18 will = Q2. F = feare **23 sanctity** = F. Q2 = safety. Ed = sanity **whole** = Q2. F = weole **48 watchman** Q2. F = watchmen **68 new-hatched** = Q2. F = vnhatch’t **77 chief** *spelled* cheff *in* F **113 Running** = Ed. F = Roaming **121 Lends** = Q1/Q2. F = Giues **132 dye** = Q2. F = eye **134 bawds** = Ed. F = bonds

.4.10 wassail = Q1/Q2. F = wassels **23 intents** = Q1/Q2. F = euents **37 the** = Q1/Q2. F = thee; **54 summit** = Ed. F = Sonnet **64 artery** = Ed. F = Artire

.5.23 on *spelled* an *in* F **33 I** = Q2. *Not in* F **38 roots** = Q1/Q2. F = rots **48 wit** = Ed. F = wits **with** = Q1/Q2. F = hath **50 to his** = Q1/Q2. F = to to this **74 eager** *spelled* Aygre *in* F **76 barked** = Q1/Q2. F = bak’d **112–13 My tables, My tables** = F *(in one line)*. Q1/Q2 *does not repeat* **122 SH HAMLET** = Q2. F = *Mar*. **123 Hillo** *spelled* Ilio *in* F **146 whirling** *spelled* hurling *in* F **150 Horatio** = Q2. F = my Lord **174 our** = Q1/Q2. F = for **194 they** = Q1/Q2. F = there

.1.1 this = Q1/Q2. F = his **3 marvellous** *spelled* maruels *in* F **15 As** = Q2. F = And **65 carp** = Q2. F = Cape **118 feared** = Q2. F = feare

.2.0 SD *with others* F *has the Latin “Cum alijs”* **17 Whether…thus** = Q2. *Not in* F *(compositor’s eyeskip?)* **46 lord? I** = Q2. F = lord? **48 and** = Q1/Q2. F = one **55 fruit** = Q2. F = Newes **127 solicitings** = Q2. F = soliciting **167 does** = Q2. F = ha’s **200 that you read** = Q2. F = you meane **203 lack** = Q2. F = locke **218 SD *Enter … Guildenstern*** *placed one line later in* F **230 favours** = Q2. F = fauour **267 of** = Q1/Q2. *Not in* F **277 discovery, and** = Q2. F = discouery of **280 heavily** = Q2. F = heauenly **282 firmament** = Q2. *Not in* F **309 berattle** = F2. F = be-ratled **314–15 most like** = Ed. F = like most **346 Roscius**, **an** = F *(Rossius* an*)*. Q1/Q2 = *Rossius* was an **350 came** = Q2. F = can **353 individable** = Q2. F = indiuible **371 pious** = Q2. F = *Pons* **374 valanced** = Q2. F = valiant **383 caviar** *spelled Caviarie in* F **388–9 as…fine** = Q2. *Not in* F **389 One** = Q2. F = One cheefe **400 total** = Q1/Q2. F = to take **408 So, proceed you**. = Q2. *Not in* F **413 matched** = Q2. F = match **417 this** = Q2. F = his **437 fellies** *spelled* Fallies *in* F **443 mobled** = Q1/Q2. F = inobled *(throughout)* **485 wanned** = Q2. F = warm’d **512 bawdy** = Q2. F = a Bawdy **515 Why** = Q2. F = Who

.1.33 here = Q2. F = there **48 please** you = Q2. F = please ye **53 sugar** = Q2. F = surge **77 proud** = Q2. F = poore **82 would these** = F. Q2 = would **93 away** = F. Q2 = awry **104 I know** = F. Q2 = you know **106 their perfume lost** = Q2. F = then perfume left **116 with** = Q1/Q2. F = your **133 nowhere** = Q2. F = no way **142 paintings** = Q1/Q2. F = pratlings **143 face** = Q1/Q2. F = pace **jig** *spelled* gidge *in* F **153 And** = Q2. F = Haue **175 this** = F. Q2 = his

.2.3 with = Q2. *Not in* F **14 o'erstep** = Q2. F = ore-stop **22 nor no man** = Ed. F = or Norman **45 lick** = Q2. F = like **47 fawning** = Q2. F = faining **48 her** = Q2. F = my **64 thy** = Q2. F = my **69 stithy** *spelled* Stythe *in* F heedful = Q2. F = needfull **82 mine now**. = Ed. F = mine. Now **122 SH PROLOGUE** = Ed. *Not in* F **128 SH PLAYER KING** = Ed. F = *King*. **137 former** = Q2. F = forme **157 you think** = Q2. F = you. Think **167 either** = Q2. F = other **168 enactures** = Q2. F = ennactors **208 wince** *spelled* winch *in* F **217 mis-take** = Ed. F = mistake your = Q1/Q2. *Not in* F **256 SD** ***Enter … Guildenstern*** *occurs four lines earlier in* F **280 as you** = Q2. F = you **316 speak** = Q2. *Not in* F **321 mass** = Q2. F = Misse

.3.15 weal = Q2. F = spirit **19 summit** = Ed. F = Somnet

.4.4 silence = F. *Sometimes emended to sconce* = conceal **13 a wicked** = Q2. F = an idle *(probably picked up by compositor from previous line)* **37 better** = Q2. F = Betters **50 sets** = Q2. F = makes **72 brother** = Q2. F = breath **86 And** = Q2. F = As **120 do** = Q2. *Not in* F **121 th'incorporal** = Q2. F = their corporall **125 on** = Ed. F = an **150 a** = F. Q2 = that **157 ranker** = Q2. F = ranke **158 these** = Q2. F = this **180 bloat** = Ed. F = blunt. Q2 = blowt **242 mother's closet** = Q2. F = Mother Clossets

.1.14–15 ape an apple = Ed. F = Ape. Q = an apple

.2.7 ne'er *spelled* neerer *in* F **23 ourselves** = Q2. F = our selfe **25 SH KING Alas…worm** = Q2. *Not in* F *(probably due to printer's error)* **48 them** = Q2. F = him

.4.13 might = Q2. F = would **42 yield** *spelled* dil'd *in* F **73 sorrows come** = Q2. F = sorrows comes **74 battalions** = Q2. F = Battaliaes **84 Feeds** = Q2. F = Keepes **110 SH ALL FOLLOWERS** = Ed. F = *All*. **116 that's calm** = Q2. F = that calmes **145 is't** = Q2. F = if **146 sweepstake** *spelled* Soop-stake *in* F **151 pelican** = Q2. F = Politician **159 SH ALL FOLLOWERS** = Ed. *Not in* F **177 sing a-down** = Q2. F = sing downe **181 pansies** = Q2. F = Paconcies **202 commune** = Q2. F = common

.5.9 ambassador = Q2. F = Ambassadours **11 SH HORATIO** = Ed. *Not in* F

.6.26 aimed = Q2. F = arm'd **29 has** = Ed. F = was **57 diest** = Ed. F = diddest **69 since** = Q2. F = hence **72 can** = Q2. F = ran **95 What** = Q2. F = Why **138 cunnings** = Q2. F = commings **145 How now** = F2. F = how **164 their** = Q1/Q2. F = her **165 lay** = Q2. F = buy

.1.1 SH FIRST CLOWN = Ed. F = *Clown* **3 SH SECOND CLOWN** = Ed. F = *Other* **8 to** = Q2. F = an **74 of** = Q2. F = of of **75 quiddities** = Q2. F = Quiddits **88 sirrah** = Q2. F = Sir **123 sexton** = Q2. F = sixeteene **169 of** = Q2. *Not in* F **198 treble** woe = Q2. F = terrible woer **207 grief** = Q2. F = griefes **209 Conjures** = Q2. F = Coniure **220 SH HORATIO** = Q2. F = *Gen*. **230 Woo't fast?** = Q2. *Not in* F **243 couplets** = Q2. F = Cuplet **251 your** = Q2. F = you

.2.31 villainies = Ed. F = Villaines **39 effect** = Q2. F = effects **52 ordinant** = Q2. F = ordinate **58 sequent** = Q2. F = sement **62 defeat** = Q2. F = debate **78 interim** is = Q2. F = *interim's* **92 say** = Q2. F = saw **110 king, sir** = Q2. F = sir King **119 bet** = Q2. F = but **122 laid on** = Q2. F = one nine = Q2. F = mine **134 turn** = Q2. F = tongue **136 has** = Q2. F = had many = Q2. F = mine **143 ill all's** = Q2. F = all **148 it** = Q2. *Not in* F **173 brother** = Q2. F = Mother **180 ungored** = Q2. F = vngorg'd **250 own** = Q2. *Not in* F **253 swoons** *spelled* sounds in F **256 Ho!** *spelled* How! *in* F **297 SD** ***shot*** = Ed. F = *shout* **308 cracks** = Q2. F = cracke **314 This** = Q2. F = His **316 shot** = Q2. F = shoote **343 now** = Q1/Q2. F = are **344 also** = Q2. F = alwayes **347 while** = Q2. F = whiles

Second Quarto passages that do not appear in the Folio

Lines are numbered continuously, for ease of reference.

Following 1.1.117:

BARNARDO I think it be no other but e'en so:
Well may it sort that this portentous figure
Comes armèd through our watch, so like the king
That was and is the question of these wars.
HORATIO A mote[5] it is to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:
As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun, and the moist star
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse:
And even the like precurse of feared[14] events,
As harbingers preceding still the fates
And prologue to the omen coming on,
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen.—

Following 1.2.59:

wrung from me my slow leave
By laboursome petition, and at last
Upon his will I sealed my hard consent.

Following 1.4.18:

This heavy-headed revel east and west
Makes us traduced and taxed of other nations:
They clepe[24] us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition: and indeed it takes
From our achievements, though performed at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,

As in their birth — wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin —
By their o’ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason,
Or by some habit that too much o’erleavens
The form of plausive manners, that these men,
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being nature’s livery, or fortune’s star,
His virtues else — be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo —
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of eale
Doth all the noble substance often douse,[42]
To his own scandal.
Following 1.4.58:
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain
That looks so many fathoms to the sea
And hears it roar beneath.
Following 3.2.143:
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear:
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.
Following 3.2.188:
To desperation turn my trust and hope!
An anchor’s[51] cheer in prison be my scope,
Following 3.4.78 (before “What devil was’t”):
Sense sure, you have,
Else could you not have motion: but sure that sense
Is apoplexed, for madness would not err
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne’er so thralled
But it reserved some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference.
Following 3.4.79:
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling *sans* all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense

Could not so mope.

Following 3.4.165:

That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock or livery,
That aptly is put on.

Following 3.4.168 (before “Once more, goodnight”):

the next more easy,
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either [] the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency.

Following 3.4.177:

One word more, good lady.

Following 3.4.200:

HAMLET There’s letters sealed: and my two schoolfellows,
Whom I will trust as I will adders fanged,
They bear the mandate, they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery. Let it work:
For ’tis the sport to have the enginer
Hoist with his own petard: and’t shall go hard
But I will delve one yard below their mines
And blow them at the moon. O, ’tis most sweet
When in one line two crafts directly meet.

Following 4.3.9:

Exeunt all [but the Captain]

Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz and others

HAMLET *Good sir, whose powers are these?*
CAPTAIN *They are of Norway, sir*.
HAMLET How purposed, sir, I pray you?
CAPTAIN Against some part of Poland.
HAMLET Who commands them, sir?
CAPTAIN The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.
HAMLET Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
Or for some frontier?
CAPTAIN Truly to speak, and with no addition,

We go to gain a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it:
Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.
HAMLET Why, then the Polack never will defend it.
CAPTAIN Yes, it is already garrisoned.
HAMLET Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats
Will not debate the question of this straw!
This is th'imposthume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, sir.
CAPTAIN God buy you, sir.
[Exit]
ROSENCRANTZ Will't please you go, my lord?
HAMLET I'll be with you straight: go a little before.
[Exeunt all but Hamlet]
How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge. What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more.
Sure he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust in us unused. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on th'event —
A thought which, quartered, hath but one part wisdom
And ever three parts coward — I do not know
Why yet I live to say this thing's to do,
Sith I have cause and will and strength and means
To do't. Examples gross as earth exhort me:
Witness this army of such mass and charge
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit with divine ambition puffed
Makes mouths at the invisible event,

Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that fortune, death and danger dare,
Even for an eggshell. Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father killed, a mother stained,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep, while to my shame I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men
That, for a fantasy and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the slain? O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

Exit

Following 4.6.43:

Of him that brought them.

Following 4.6.69 (before "Some two months since"):

LAERTES My lord, I will be ruled,
The rather, if you could devise it so
That I might be the organ.

KING It falls right.
You have been talked of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein they say you shine: your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him
As did that one, and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege.

LAERTES What part is that, my lord?

KING A very ribbon in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too, for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears
Than settled age his sables and his weeds
Importing health and graveness.

Following 4.6.90 (before "Sir, this report"):

The scrimers of their nation,
He swore had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you opposed them.

Following 4.6.103:

There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it:
And nothing is at a like goodness still,
For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,
Dies in his own too much. That we would do,
We should do when we would, for this 'would' changes
And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents,
And then this 'should' is like a spendthrift[168] sigh
That hurts by easing. But, to the quick of th'ulcer:

Following 5.2.105 (before "Sir, you are not ignorant of"):

Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes — believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society and great showing: indeed, to speak feelingly[173] of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

HAMLET Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you, though I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy[178] th'arithmetic of memory, and yet but yaw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article and his infusion of such dearth and rareness as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror and who else would trace him his umbrage, nothing more.

OSRIC[185] Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

HAMLET The concernancy, sir? Why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

OSRIC Sir?

HORATIO Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do't, sir, really.

HAMLET What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

OSRIC Of Laertes?

HORATIO His purse is empty already: all’s golden words are spent.

HAMLET Of him, sir.

OSRIC I know you are not ignorant—

HAMLET I would you did, sir. Yet in faith if you did, it would not much approve me. Well, sir?

OSRIC You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

HAMLET I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence: but to know a man well were to know himself.

OSRIC I mean, sir, for his weapon: but in the imputation laid on him, by them in his meed, he’s unfellowed.

Following 5.2.114:

HORATIO I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had done.

Following 5.2.140:

Enter a Lord

LORD My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him that you attend him in the hall: he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes or that you will take longer time.

HAMLET I am constant to my purposes, they follow the king’s pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready. Now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

LORD The king and queen and all are coming down.

HAMLET In happy time.

LORD The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.

HAMLET She well instructs me.

[Exit Lord]

Textual Notes

2 = Second Quarto text of 1604/05

3 = a correction introduced in the Third Quarto text of 1611

d = a correction introduced by a later editor

Act 1 Scene 1

* ***List of parts:*** **KING** called Claudius in his first entry direction, but never named in the dialogue, so a theater audience would not know what he is called

1.1 ***Location:*** *the gun terrace of the royal castle at Elsinore*, *Denmark*

2 **me** Francisco asserts that, as the sentry on guard, he is the one who should be making the challenge **unfold** reveal/identify

6 **carefully…hour** responsibly at your appointed time

14 **rivals** partners

16 **ground** country

17 **liegemen…Dane** sworn servants of the Danish king

18 **Give** God give

27 **fantasy** imagination

29 **Touching** concerning **of** by

30 **along** to come along

31 **watch** remain awake during/keep guard through

33 **approve** corroborate the reliability of

36 **assail** attack

41 **Last…all** this very night past

42 **yond** yonder, that **pole** Pole Star (i.e., North Star)

43 **t'illume** to illuminate

47 **figure** appearance/likeness

48 **scholar** i.e., one knowledgeable enough to know how to address a ghost; a ghost was thought to be unable to speak until spoken to

49 **Mark it** observe it closely

50 **harrows** wounds/distresses

51 **would** wants to

53 **usurp'st** wrongfully occupies (both the night and the form of the dead king)

55 **Denmark** the King of Denmark

56 **sometimes** formerly **charge** order

63 **on't** of it

65 **sensible** perceptible to the senses **avouch** assurance

70 **Norway** King of Norway

71 **parle** negotiation

72 **steelèd pole-axe** halberd or similar long-handled weapon (tempered with steel) carried by the bodyguard of a king
76 **In…not** i.e., I don’t know exactly what to think **work** occupy myself, engage
77 **gross and scope** general drift
78 **eruption** disturbance, turmoil
79 **Good now** a polite entreaty for attention
81 **toils** causes to toil **subject** subjects
82 **cast** casting, manufacturing **brazen** brass
83 **mart** trading
84 **impress** conscription
85 **Does…week** i.e., they work seven days a week including Sundays
86 **toward** impending/afoot
90 **whisper** rumor
93 **Thereto…pride** refers to Fortinbras, not Hamlet, the Danish king
pricked spurred **emulate** ambitious, rivalrous
96 **sealed compact** formally certified agreement
99 **seized on** legally possessed of
100 **moiety competent** sufficient portion
101 **gagèd** pledged **had returned** would have gone
103 **cov’nant** i.e., the **sealed compact**
104 **carriage…designed** carrying out of the clause that had been drawn up in it
106 **unimprovéd** untested/undisciplined/uncensured **mettle** temperament, spirit
107 **skirts** outlying parts
108 **sharked up** gathered up indiscriminately, as a shark does fish/seized upon like a predator **list** troop **resolutes** resolved people/desperadoes
109 **For…enterprise** i.e., men who will serve in return for food/men who will serve to feed the enterprise
110 **a stomach** courage/an appetite
111 **state** governing powers
113 **compulsative** compulsory
116 **head** origin
117 **post-haste** great speed **rummage** turmoil, bustle
118 **soft** wait a moment **Lo** look

119 **cross it** challenge it/make the sign of the cross at it/cross its path (believed to expose one to evil influence) **blast** wither/destroy

126 **haply** perhaps

127 **uphoarded** hoarded up

128 **Extorted** wrongfully obtained

131 **partisan** long-handled spear

132 **stand** stop, remain

147 **Th'extravagant and erring** the wandering and straying (out of bounds) **hies** hastens

148 **confine** specific region/place of confinement

149 **probation** proof

151 **gainst** in anticipation of/just before

152 **our Saviour** i.e., Jesus Christ

153 **bird of dawning** i.e., the cock

155 **wholesome** healthy (damp night air was usually viewed as noxious) **strike** destroy with evil influence

156 **talks** whispers spells (some editors prefer Quarto's "takes," enchants/steals) **charm** cast spells

157 **hallowed** holy **gracious** full of divine grace

159 **russet** reddish-brown (from the coarse cloth of that color)

Act 1 Scene 2

1.2 ***Location:*** *the royal castle at Elsinore*

2 **green** fresh

4 **contracted** knit together

5 **discretion** good judgment, reason

8 **sometime** former

9 **jointress** widow with rights to property that she formerly owned with her husband

11 **one…eye** one eye looking cheerfully to the future and the other downcast and tearful

13 **dole** sorrow

14 **barred** ignored/excluded

17 **that you know** what you should know, that/what you already know

18 **supposal** estimate

21 **Colleaguèd** joined, allied **dream…advantage** illusion of his superior position/dream of what he might gain

23 **Importing** concerning

29 **impotent** powerless, frail **bedrid** bedridden

31 **His** i.e., Fortinbras' **gait** proceeding **in…subject** since the full number of troops mustered is drawn from his (the king's) subjects

37 **To** for

38 **dilated articles** detailed, fully expressed terms

39 **haste…duty** speedy departure, rather than words, convey your dutifulness

41 **nothing** not at all

43 **suit** formal request

44 **Dane** Danish king

45 **lose your voice** waste your words

46 **That…asking** that I shall not give you rather than have you ask for it

47 **native** closely related

48 **instrumental** serviceable

51 **Dread my lord** my revered lord

52 **leave and favour** kind permission

57 **bow them** submit themselves **leave and pardon** indulgent permission

62 **graces** qualities/virtues

63 **cousin** a general term for a relative
64 **A…kind** i.e., after his marriage to Gertrude, Claudius has become more closely (too closely) related to Hamlet, but the relationship is lacking in natural feeling **kind** natural/familial/affectionate
67 **nightly colour** dark mourning clothes/gloomy demeanor
69 **veilèd lids** lowered eyes
71 **common** universal; in his reply, Hamlet engineers a dig at Gertrude by playing on the senses of “vulgar/whorish”
75 **particular** specific, personal
78 **customary** habitual to me/socially conventional
79 **suspiration** sighing
81 **’haviour…visage** facial expression
82 **moods** outward expressions of mood
83 **denote** depict
85 **passeth** surpasses, exceeds
92 **obsequious** relating to obsequies (commemorative rites for the dead)
persever persevere
93 **condolement** grieving
95 **incorrect** disobedient
96 **impatient** unwilling to endure (suffering)
99 **any…sense** the most ordinary thing we may experience
100 **peevish** stubborn, willful
101 **Fie** expression of disgust or indignation
104 **still** always
107 **unprevailing** unavailing, pointless
109 **most immediate** i.e., heir
112 **For** as for
113 **Wittenberg** city in Germany, home to a well-known Protestant university
114 **retrograde** contrary
115 **bend you** incline yourself
123 **gentle** kind/noble **accord** consent
124 **grace whereof** thanksgiving for which
125 **jocund health** merry toast **Denmark** i.e., himself, king of Denmark
126 **tell** report/count out (i.e., a celebratory cannon shot will be fired for each toast)

127 **rouse** (drinking of a) full draught of liquor **bruit** proclaim/celebrate

128 **Re-speaking** echoing, repeating

130 **resolve** dissolve

131 **Everlasting** i.e., God

132 **canon** law, decree

134 **uses** habits, customary practices

136 **rank and gross** coarsely profuse in growth

137 **merely** completely

139 **to** compared to

140 **Hyperion** Greek god of the sun, and one of the Titans **satyr** mythological creature, part-man and part-goat (often associated with lechery)

141 **beteem** permit

147 **or ere** before

149 **Niobe** for boasting that she had more children than the goddess Leto, Niobe's offspring were killed; she grieved until she was turned into a stone, from which tears continued to stream

150 **wants…reason** lacks the faculty of reason

153 **Hercules** famously strong Greek hero who completed twelve arduous labors

154 **unrighteous** wicked/insincere

155 **flushing** redness **gallèd** sore, irritated

156 **post** rush (literally, ride swiftly)

164 **change…you** exchange the name of **servant** for that of **friend**/exchange the name of servant with you (and become yours)/mutually exchange the name of friend with you

165 **make you from** are you doing away from

167 **even** evening (also used in the afternoon)

169 **truant** lazy, negligent

175 **ere** before

179 **hard** close

180 **Thrift** economy **baked meats** meat pies, pastries

182 **dearest** closest, greatest

190 **yesternight** last night

194 **Season your admiration** control your astonishment

195 **attent** attentive **deliver** report

201 **waste** desolate expanse (puns on “waist”)

203 **at all points** in every respect **cap-à-pie** from head to foot

205 **Goes** walks/passes along

206 **oppressed and fear-surprisèd** overcome and taken prisoner by fear

207 **truncheon** staff carried as a symbol of military authority **distilled** dissolved

208 **act** action/influence

210 **dreadful** full of dread and fear

215 **These…like** my two hands are not more alike than the ghost was like your father

217 **platform** terrace on which guns were mounted

221 **address…speak** prepare itself for action as if it were about to speak

238 **beaver** visor of a helmet

240 **countenance** facial expression

248 **tell** count

251 **grizzly** gray

253 **sable silvered** black mixed with silver hairs

255 **warrant** assure

260 **tenable** capable of being held **still** plays on the sense of “silent”

263 **requite** reward

269 **doubt** suspect/fear

Act 1 Scene 3

1.3 ***Location:*** *within the castle*

2 **as** whenever

3 **convoy is assistant** transport (for letters) is available

7 **toy in blood** amorous whim

8 **primy** in its prime/early/wonderful/sexually excited

9 **Froward** perverse/obstinate/willful/ungovernable

10 **suppliance** fulfillment/pastime

11 **but so** than that

13 **crescent** growing

14 **thews** bodily proportions, muscles **temple** i.e., body (the temple of the soul)

16 **withal** with it

17 **soil nor cautel** stain nor deceit

18 **will** intent/(sexual) desire

19 **weighed** being considered

21 **unvalued** i.e., without rank

22 **Carve** choose (from the image of serving oneself meat; with sexual connotations)

23 **sanctity** inviolability/worthiness of religious respect

25 **yielding** consent

28 **peculiar…force** particular circumstances of rank and power

30 **main voice** general agreement **withal** along with

32 **credent** credulous, trusting **list** listen to

33 **chaste treasure** i.e., virginity (**treasure** was slang for “vagina”)

34 **unmastered importunity** unrestrained persistence

36 **keep…affection** i.e., do not advance headlong into the dangerous territory your affection might lead you into **rear** back portion of an army, which moves last

37 **shot** maintains the military image, with suggestions of phallic attack

38 **chariest** most modest/cautious/frugal

39 **If she** i.e., if she does no more than **moon** symbol of chastity

40 **scapes** escapes **calumnious strokes** slanderous blows

41 **canker** cankerworm, a grub that destroys plants **galls** wounds, destroys **infants…spring** i.e., young plants

42 **buttons be disclosed** buds be open

44 **blastments** blights/withering

46 **to** against

49 **ungracious** ungodly

51 **puffed** swollen with pride and vanity

53 **recks** heeds **rede** advice

54 **fear me not** do not worry about me

55 **stay** delay

56 **double blessing** i.e., a second chance to say goodbye to and receive the blessing of Polonius

57 **Occasion** opportunity **leave** leave-taking, farewell

60 **stayed** waited

62 **See thou character** make sure that you inscribe

63 **unproportioned** immoderate/unruly **his** its

64 **familiar** friendly, sociable

65 **adoption tried** worthiness to be adopted as friends having been tested

66 **Grapple** fasten firmly

67 **dull thy palm** i.e., by shaking hands too often

68 **unfledged** still unfeathered (i.e., new, untried)

70 **Bear’t that th’opposèd** manage it so that your opponent

72 **censure** judgment/opinion

73 **habit** clothing

74 **fancy** elaborate, fanciful style

77 **Are…that** are of a most distinguished and noble pre-eminence in their choice garments

80 **husbandry** economy

83 **false** dishonest, disloyal

84 **season** ripen **this** i.e., his advice

86 **tend** await

93 **touching** concerning

94 **Marry** by the Virgin Mary **bethought** thought of

97 **audience** hearing, reception

98 **put on** conveyed to/impressed upon

101 **behoves** befits, is appropriate for

103 **tenders** offers (Polonius subsequently shifts the sense to “offers of money”)

105 **green** inexperienced/gullible

106 **Unsifted** untested

111 **sterling** true currency **Tender…dearly** take greater care of yourself/value yourself more highly/offer yourself at a higher rate

112 **crack…of** make broken-winded, i.e., wear out

113 **Running** the image is of urging a horse **tender…fool** show yourself up to be a fool/show me to be a fool/present me with an illegitimate baby

114 **importuned** entreated persistently

116 **fashion** shifts the sense from Ophelia’s “manner” to “mere form/passing fancy” **Go to** expression of dismissive impatience

117 **countenance** authority/confirmation

119 **springes** snares **woodcocks** birds that were easily caught, hence regarded as stupid, gullible

120 **prodigal** prodigally, liberally

122 **extinct…a-making** i.e., both **light** and **heat** are extinguished in such passionate declarations even as they are being uttered

124 **For this time** for the time being

125 **scanter** more sparing

126 **entreatments** discussions/military negotiations

127 **command to parley** call from the enemy for the negotiation of terms (i.e., Ophelia is not obliged to meet with and possibly discuss surrender to Hamlet simply because he requests it)

130 **in few** in short

131 **brokers** negotiators/go-betweens/pimps

132 **investments** clothes

133 **mere implorators** out-and-out pleaders **suits** requests/courtship (plays on the sense of “clothing”)

134 **bawds** procurers, pimps

135 **beguile** deceive **for all** once for all/in sum

137 **moment** moment of

139 **Come your ways** come along

Act 1 Scene 4

1.4 ***Location:*** *the gun terrace of the royal castle at Elsinore*

1 **shrewdly** sharply, keenly

2 **eager** biting

4 **lacks of** is just before

7 **held his wont** has been accustomed ***flourish*** trumpet fanfare accompanying a person in authority

9 **wake** stay up/revel **takes his rouse** carouses

10 **Keeps wassail** revels/drinks heartily **the…reels** drunkenly dances the upspring, a German dance

11 **Rhenish** German wine from area around the River Rhine

12 **kettledrum** type of drum often associated with the Danes **bray…pledge** i.e., raucously celebrate the king's fulfillment of his earlier promise to drain a full draught of liquor

17 **manner** custom

18 **More…observance** better being broken than observed

20 **ministers of grace** God's messengers, angels

21 **Be thou** whether you are **health** benevolence/salvation **goblin** demon

24 **questionable shape** form that invites question

28 **canonized** consecrated, buried according to Christian rite (three syllables, stress on second) **hearsèd** entombed

29 **cerements** grave clothes **sepulchre** tomb

30 **inurned** enclosed/buried

31 **ponderous** weighty

32 **cast** vomit

33 **complete steel** full armor

34 **glimpses…moon** earth by moonlight, literally "flashes of moonlight"

35 **hideous** frightening, full of horror **fools of nature** ignorant mortals/playthings of nature

36 **horridly** dreadfully/with horror **disposition** ordinary temperaments/mental composure

38 **Wherefore?** Why?

40 **impartment** communication

43 **wafts** waves, beckons

49 **a pin's fee** the (tiny) worth of a pin

53 **flood** sea

55 **beetles o'er** overhangs (like frowning eyebrows)

57 **deprive…reason** remove your reason from its position of control

64 **artery** thought not to convey blood, but the ethereal fluid known as "vital spirits"

65 **Nemean lion** supposedly invincible beast strangled by Hercules as one of his twelve labors **nerve** sinew, tendon

67 **lets** hinders

69 **waxes** grows

71 **Have after** let's follow **issue** outcome

73 **it** i.e., the **issue**

Act 1 Scene 5

2 **Mark** listen, pay attention to
9 **unfold** reveal
10 **bound** ready/under obligation
17 **But** were it not
20 **harrow up** distress/tear up
21 **like…spheres** individual stars and planets were thought to be contained within concentric hollow spheres that revolved around the earth
22 **knotty…locks** neat and carefully styled hair
24 **porpentine** porcupine
25 **eternal blazon** revelation of the secrets of the eternal world
26 **List** listen
31 **in the best** even at best
34 **meditation** thought
35 **sweep** swoop in sudden attack
36 **apt** fit/ready/responsive
37 **duller…be** you would be more sluggish
38 **Lethe wharf** the banks of the Lethe, the river of forgetfulness in the classical underworld
40 **orchard** garden
42 **forgèd process** fabricated account
43 **Rankly** excessively/foully
47 **adulterate** adulterous
48 **gifts** natural talents/presents
51 **will** sexual desire
53 **dignity** worth, excellence
55 **decline Upon** sink to
58 **virtue, as it** as virtue
61 **sate itself** become satiated/grow weary
62 **garbage** filth/animal entrails
66 **secure** carefree, unsuspecting
67 **hebenon** a poisonous substance—possibly “henbane” or “yew” (*hebenus*)
69 **leperous distilment** distillation causing leprosy-like symptoms (i.e., corrosion of the skin)

71 **quicksilver** liquid mercury

73 **posset And curd** clot, curdle

74 **eager** sour/acid

76 **tetter** eruption of the skin **barked about** covered with a barklike crust

77 **lazar-like** leperlike

80 **dispatched** deprived through death

82 **Unhouseled, disappointed, unaneled** without having received Holy Communion (the “housel”), unprepared, and without having received extreme unction (being anointed with holy oil before death)

83 **reckoning** settling of debts **account** i.e., judgment

86 **nature** natural feeling

88 **luxury** lust

90 **Taint** pollute

91 **aught** anything

94 **matin** morning

95 **’gins** begins **uneffectual** i.e., no longer providing light

97 **host** angels

98 **couple** add (to **heaven** and **earth**)

102 **distracted** distressed, agitated **globe** world/head (plays on the name of the Globe Theatre)

103 **table** writing tablet, slate

104 **fond** foolish **records** memories/written accounts

105 **saws** sayings, maxims **pressures** impressions, stamps

110 **pernicious** destructive/wicked

113 **meet** fitting

116 **word** watchword/motto

124 **Hillo…come** Hamlet mockingly responds as if Horatio’s call were that of a falconer summoning his bird to return

125 **How is’t** how is it with you, how are you

127 **wonderful** astonishing, extraordinary

132 **once** ever

136 **arrant** downright/notorious

140 **circumstance** roundabout talk/details

142 **as** i.e., in the direction that

150 **Saint Patrick** the keeper of Purgatory

152 **honest** genuine (i.e., not an evil spirit)

154 **O’ermaster’t** repress it

161 **not I** i.e., I will not tell (not “I will not swear”)

163 **sword** i.e., the hilt of the sword (the shape of a cross)

166 ***under the stage*** accessed through the trapdoor, this region was often associated with hell

167 **truepenny** honest fellow

168 **cellarage** cellars

174 ***Hic et ubique?*** “Here and everywhere?” (Latin)

181 **pioneer** soldier whose responsibility it was to dig trenches **remove** move

183 **stranger** i.e., one in need of hospitality

186 **never…mercy** never, as you hope for God’s mercy (Hamlet begins the oath)

187 **How…soe’er** however strangely or oddly

189 **antic** grotesque/fantastic/bizarre

191 **encumbered** entangled (i.e., folded) **headshake** shaking the head

192 **doubtful** ambiguous

193 **an if** if

194 **list** wished **‘There…might’** there are those who might tell, if they could

195 **giving out** utterance/suggestion note indicate

200 **commend me** entrust myself

201 **what** whatever

202 **friending** friendship

204 **still** always

205 **The time** things generally, the age **out of joint** dislocated, disordered

Act 2 Scene 1

2.1 ***Location:*** *within the royal castle at Elsinore; this remains the location for all scenes until Act 4 Scene 3*

3 **marvellous** marvelosly, extremely

4 **you** i.e., if you

8 **Inquire me** inquire (**me** is emphatic) **Danskers** Danes

9 **keep** lodge

11 **encompassment** roundabout manner of talking **drift** general aim

12 **come**…it you will come closer to the truth than you would were you to ask specific, pointed questions

14 **Take you** assume, affect

20 **Addicted** devoted or inclined to

21 **forgeries** fabrications **rank** excessive/coarse

23 **wanton** boisterous/wild/lustful **slips** flaws, foibles

26 **gaming** gambling

28 **Drabbing** using prostitutes

30 **season…charge** moderate the accusation

32 **incontinency** excessive sexual license

33 **quaintly** artfully, skillfully

34 **taints of liberty** faults resulting from too much freedom

36 **savageness** wildness **unreclaimèd** untamed

37 **Of general assault** by which all men are affected

41 **drift** intention/plan

42 **fetch of warrant** legitimate stratagem

44 **As 'twere** as if he were **i'th'working** in the handling, the manufacture

45 **party in converse** the person with whom you are conversing **sound** question, probe

46 **Having ever** if he has ever **prenominate** aforementioned

47 **breathe of** speak about (i.e., Laertes)

48 **closes…consequence** agrees with you in the following way

50 **addition** form of address

56 **ay, marry** yes, by the Virgin Mary, i.e., yes, of course

60 **o'ertook in's rouse** overcome in his carousals (i.e., drunk)

63 ***Videlicet*** “that is to say” (Latin)

65 **carp** type of fish

66 **we…reach** we who are wise and widely perceptive

67 **windlasses** roundabout routes **assays of bias** indirect ventures

68 **directions** the way things are really going

69 **lecture** lesson

70 **have** understand

72 **buy** i.e., be with

74 **Observe…yourself** observe his behavior in person/go along with his inclinations

76 **ply his music** (literally) practice his musical skills/(metaphorically) go his own way

77 **Well** very well

82 **doublet** close-fitting jacket with buttons down the front **unbraced** undone

83 **No hat** Elizabethans usually wore hats indoors when in company

84 **Ungartered** falling down, untied (garters were bands that held the stockings in place) **down-gyvèd** fallen down and resembling fetters (gyves)

86 **purport** meaning

93 **goes…arm** he backs away until he stands at arm’s length

96 **As** as if

105 **bended their light** i.e., directed their gaze

107 **ecstasy** frenzy, madness

108 **Whose…itself** the violent nature of which causes self-destruction

117 **speed** profit/promptness

118 **quoted** observed

119 **wreck** dishonor, ruin sexually **beshrew my jealousy** curse my suspicion

120 **proper…age** i.e., typical of old men

121 **cast beyond ourselves** miscalculate/miss the mark (another angling metaphor)

124 **close** secret **move…love** cause more unhappiness by concealment than unpleasantness by coming forward

Act 2 Scene 2

2 **Moreover that** in addition to the fact that

10 **deem** think, discern/judge

12 **neighboured** to familiar with **humour** temperament

13 **vouchsafe your rest** consent to stay

16 **occasions** opportunities

18 **opened** revealed

21 **more adheres** is more attached

22 **gentry** courtesy

24 **supply and profit** fulfillment and advancement

28 **of** over

29 **dread pleasures** revered wishes

32 **in…bent** to the utmost

40 **practices** actions (perhaps playing on the sense of “schemes”)

45 **still** always

47 **hold** regard/uphold

50 **policy** shrewdness/statecraft

55 **fruit** i.e., dessert

56 **grace** honor (plays on sense of “prayer before a meal”)

58 **distemper** illness, derangement

59 **doubt** suspect **main** chief concern

61 **sift him** question him (Polonius) closely

63 **desires** good wishes

64 **Upon our first** as soon as we raised the matter

66 **Polack** Polish/King of Poland

69 **impotence** frailty, helplessness

70 **borne in hand** deluded, taken advantage of **arrests** orders to cease military activity

72 **fine** conclusion

74 **give…arms** attempt to use force

76 **crowns** gold coins (of varying values according to the countries they were used in)

77 **commission** authority

80 **quiet pass** safe passage

82 **On…allowance** i.e., according to conditions regarding the safety of Denmark and your permission for such an enterprise

84 **likes** pleases

85 **at…time** when we have the time for proper consideration

91 **expostulate** discuss/ask

95 **wit** intellect/good sense

98 **for…mad** Polonius means that it would be mad to attempt to define madness, but ends up implying, rather nonsensically, that the definition of madness is “being mad”

104 **figure** figure of speech

108 **this…cause** this defective behavior (Hamlet’s madness) has a cause

110 **Thus…thus** this is the current state of affairs, and now for the rest
Perpend consider

113 **gather, and surmise** collect your thoughts, draw your conclusions (or **gather** maybe a request to Claudius and Gertrude to draw closer and look at the letter)

115 **these** i.e., this letter/these phrases

118 **faithful** i.e., to the letter/in reading the letter fully

121 **Doubt** in this third line the sense shifts to “suspect”

123 **ill…numbers** poor at writing verse **reckon my groans** count my groans/make my groans scan poetically

125 **machine is to** bodily structure belongs to

127 **more above** moreover

128 **fell out** occurred

133 **fain** willingly

138 **played…table-book** remained silent and withheld the information/assisted in conveying messages between them

139 **given…winking** closed the eyes of my heart

140 **with idle sight** complacently/without recognizing its significance

141 **round** roundly, in a forthright manner

142 **bespeak** address/speak angrily to

143 **out…star** beyond your reach/outside your destiny

144 **precepts** instructions

145 **resort** visits

150 **a watch** sleeplessness

151 **lightness** light-headedness **declension** decline (plays on the grammatical sense)

161 **circumstances** circumstantial evidence

163 **centre** i.e., of the earth

164 **try** test

168 **loose** set loose (often used of an animal; sometimes with the sense of releasing the female to the male for sex, which would lend sexual connotations to **encounter**)

169 **arras** large tapestry wall hanging

171 **thereon** on that account

172 **assistant…state** policy adviser

173 **carters** cart drivers

175 **sadly** solemnly

177 **board** accost **presently** immediately **give me leave** a polite way of asking to be left alone

179 **God-a-mercy** God have mercy (i.e., thank you)

181 **fishmonger** plays on slang senses of “lecher” and “pimp”

188 **good kissing carrion** good piece of rotting flesh to kiss (**carrion** also suggests “whore”)

191 **i’th’sun** in public/in the sun (or “son”) that causes breeding **conception** understanding/becoming pregnant

198 **matter** content (Hamlet plays on sense of “cause of a dispute”)

202 **purging** discharging **amber…gum** tree resin

203 **hams** legs

205 **honesty** decent/honorable **old** as old

210 **pregnant** meaningful/quick-witted (with childbearing connotations, continued in **delivered of**)

211 **happiness** fortuitousness

212 **suddenly** immediately

216 **withal** with

225 **indifferent** ordinary, average

226 **Happy** fortunate

227 **button** i.e., point at the very top of the cap

230 **favours** sexual favors (**middle** has vaginal connotations)

231 **privates** ordinary citizens/genitals

232 **strumpet** prostitute

236 **particular** detail

241 **confines** places of confinement **wards** prison cells

249 **substance…ambitious** material that fuels ambition/stuff ambitious men are made of

254 **Then…shadows** i.e., if ambition is nothing but shadow, then only unambitious beggars have bodily substance; their shadows must then be made up of ambitious people such as **monarchs** and **heroes outstretched** reaching out ambitiously/elongated like shadows

255 **fay** faith

256 **wait upon** accompany (Hamlet emphasizes the sense of “serve”)

257 **No such matter** i.e., I’ll have no such thing **sort** class

258 **dreadfully attended** poorly waited upon (with possible play on sense of “haunted by dire visions”)

259 **beaten way** well-trodden path

262 **too…halfpenny** too expensive at a halfpenny (i.e., worthless)/too expensive by a halfpenny (if the visitors are not being honest about the reason for their visit)

266 **anything…purpose** anything irrelevant, any lie you wish

267 **modesties** decency/sense of shame **colour** disguise, excuse

270 **conjure** entreat, appeal to

271 **consonancy** harmony, friendship

272 **what more dear** whatever more precious thing **proposer** questioner **charge** urge, entreat

273 **even** level/honest

275 **of** on

277 **my…discovery** my saying it first means that you are not forced to reveal anything

278 **moult no feather** remain undiminished

279 **custom of exercise** usual pursuits/gentlemanly activities

280 **heavily** dejectedly **frame** framework, structure (like canopy, may also evoke the physical structure of the theater building)

281 **sterile promontory** barren point of land jutting out into the sea

282 **brave** splendid **firmament** sky **fretted** adorned

285 **express** well-designed/expressive/exact

286 **apprehension** understanding

287 **quintessence** essence/purest form (literally the “fifth essence,” of which heavenly bodies were composed and supposedly present in all matter)

291 **Lenten entertainment** poor reception/meager employment, i.e., appropriate to Lent

292 **coted** overtook

294 **tribute** homage/payment

295 **foil and target** sword and shield

296 ***gratis*** for nothing **humorous** moody or ill-tempered (with an imbalance of the four bodily “humors,” fluids thought to control mood)

297 **tickled o’th’sear** easily triggered (to laughter) **sear** part of the mechanism involved in firing a gun

298 **halt** limp (if the actor playing the **lady** is interrupted by heckling from the audience the rhythm of his speech will be lost)

299 **wont** accustomed

300 **residence** remaining in their usual home

302 **inhibition** (city) ban on performing plays **late innovation** recent political insurrection/new fashion for boy actors

303 **estimation** reputation

308 **eyrie** nest/brood **eyases** young hawks **cry…question** shrilly dominate the debate (i.e., the rivalry between child and adult acting companies)

309 **tyrannically** outrageously/vehemently **berattle…stages** clamor against the public theaters (where the adult acting companies perform)

310 **many…thither** many fashionable young men hardly dare attend the public theaters as they are so afraid of being mocked by the playwrights working for the boy actors

312 **escoted** supported

313 **quality** (acting) profession **no…sing** i.e., only until their voices break

314 **common** i.e., adult

315 **like** likely **means** financial resources

316 **succession** future professions

318 **tar** incite **no…question** the acting companies paid for the plots of no new plays unless they featured the quarrel between the children’s dramatists and the adult actors (or “without the playwright and the adult acting company coming to blows over the controversy”)

322 **carry it away** win the day

323 **his load** i.e., the world, carried on Hercules' shoulders (possibly a reference to the emblem of the Globe Theatre)

325 **mows** mouths, grimaces **ducats** gold coins

326 **picture in little** miniature portrait **more than natural** i.e., unnatural

327 **philosophy** science ***Flourish*** trumpet fanfare

330 **appurtenance** appropriate accompaniment **comply** observe proper courtesies

331 **garb** appropriate manner **extent** the behavior I extend **fairly** courteously

332 **entertainment** welcome

335 **but mad north-north-west** only mad when the wind is in the north-northwest/only slightly mad (like a faulty compass that points north-northwest rather than north)

336 **handsaw** handheld saw (some editors emend to "hernshaw," a type of heron)

339 **swathing-clouts** swaddling clothes in which a newborn baby was wrapped

340 **Happily** perhaps

342 **You…indeed** Hamlet pretends to Polonius that he is mid-conversation with his friends

346 **Roscius** a famous Roman actor

348 **Buzz, buzz!** dismissive exclamation made in response to idle gossip or old news

350 **ass** may pun on "arse"

353 **scene individable** a play observing the unities of time, place and action/a play whose genre is unclassifiable **poem unlimited** dramatic verse (a play) that does not observe the unities of time, place, and action/a play whose genre is all-inclusive/a play that explores a general rather than a specific question (a rhetorical application of **unlimited**) **Seneca** Roman writer of tragedies

354 **heavy** sorrowful/weighty **Plautus** Roman writer of comedies **For… liberty** for plays written according to the rules and for those that disregard all prescriptions

356 **O…thou?** In the Bible, Jephthah vowed to God that if he was successful in war he would sacrifice the first creature he met on his return home; he encountered his daughter but kept his word

359 **'One…well'** lines from a well-known ballad **passing** surpassingly, exceedingly

365 **follows not** is not logical/is not the next line

368 **lot** chance **wot** knows

370 **like** likely

371 **row** line **chanson** song

372 **my abridgements** things that cut me short/entertainment (in either case, the arrival of the players)

374 **valenced** fringed (with a beard)

375 **beard** defy, affront (plays on the usual sense) **By'r lady** by Our Lady (the Virgin Mary)

376 **your ladyship** addressed to a teenage apprentice actor who plays women's parts

377 **chopine** high woman's shoe with a very thick platform sole **uncurrent** not legal tender **cracked…ring** i.e., broken, and therefore unfit for women's roles, with play on the sense of "deflowered" (coins featured the monarch's head within a ring; if the coin was damaged within the ring it was no longer valid)

378 **e'en to't** go straight to it

379 **straight** straight away

380 **quality** skill

383 **caviar…general** i.e., wasted on the unappreciative multitude

385 **cried…of** was superior to **digested** arranged

386 **modesty** restraint/propriety **cunning** skill, artistry

387 **sallets** salads or their components (i.e., spicy parts, vulgar phrases) **savoury** highly flavored

388 **indict** accuse **as…fine** this line is missing from the Folio text, probably due to printer's error (the same goes for the short line at the end of Hamlet's speech)

389 **handsome than fine** seemly and graceful rather than showy

390 **Aeneas'…Dido** after the Trojan War Aeneas landed at Carthage, where Dido was queen; he told of his experiences and she fell in love with him

391 **Priam** king of Troy, killed by Pyrrhus during the attack on his city

393 **rugged** harsh, severe **Pyrrhus** Achilles' son; after the death of his father in the Trojan War, he took part in the conflict and was noted for his

vengeful savagery **th'Hyrcanian beast** the tiger of Hyrcania (land bordering the Caspian sea), known for its ferocity

395 **sable** black

397 **couchèd** hidden **ominous horse** fateful wooden horse by which the Greeks gained access to Troy

399 **heraldry more dismal** i.e., blood, imaged as heraldic markings **dismal** ominous, fatal

400 **total gules** entirely red (**gules** is a heraldic term) **tricked** adorned/delineated (heraldic term for the sketching of a coat of arms)

402 **impasted** dried into a crust **parching** scorching (because burning)

403 **tyrannous** harsh

405 **o'er-sizèd** covered, as if with size (a sticky substance used to treat paper)/rendered larger (through a thick covering of blood) **coagulate** coagulated, congealed

406 **carbuncles** red gems supposed to emit light in the dark

407 **grandsire** grandfather (Priam had fifty sons and numerous grandchildren)

409 **discretion** judgment

410 **Anon** shortly

411 **too short** inadequately (presumably because of his old age) **antique** old

413 **Repugnant** resistant

415 **whiff and wind** i.e., mere slicing through the air **fell** fierce

416 **Th'unnervèd** the weakened **senseless** incapable of feeling **Ilium** Troy/the royal palace at Troy

419 **Takes…ear** i.e., the noise arrests him in mid-action

420 **declining** descending **milky** white with age

422 **painted** motionless as if in a painting/blood-covered

423 **like…matter** suspended between his will and its effect

425 **against** in anticipation of/before

426 **rack** clouds

427 **orb** i.e., earth

429 **region** sky

431 **Cyclops** one-eyed giants who worked for the blacksmith god Vulcan making armor for the gods

432 **Mars his** Mars' (Roman god of war) **proof eterne** eternal impenetrability

433 **remorse** pity

436 **synod** assembly

437 **fellies** pieces of wood that form the rim of a wheel **wheel** the wheel of fortune, according to the turns of which men rose or fell

438 **nave** central part of the wheel, the hub

441 **jig** a light, often bawdy, entertainment that took place after the main play and involved singing and dancing

442 **Hecuba** wife of King Priam

443 **who** whoever **mobled** muffled/veiled

447 **bisson rheum** blinding tears **clout** cloth

448 **late** recently **diadem** crown

449 **lank** shrunken, empty **o'er-teemèd** exhausted with childbearing

451 **Who…seen** whoever had seen this

452 **state** rule, government **pronounced** spoken

458 **milch** milk-producing, i.e., tearful

459 **passion** (produced) grief

460 **whe'er** whether

463 **bestowed** lodged **used** treated

464 **abstracts** summaries, epitomes

466 **desert** merit, worth

467 **God's bodikins** by God's little body **after** according to

469 **bounty** generosity

474 **ha't** have it **for a need** if necessary **study** memorize

483 **But** merely

484 **conceit** imagination

485 **her** i.e., conceit's, imagination's **wanned** paled

486 **distraction** distress, agitation **aspect** expression/glance

487 **his…conceit** all of his natural powers furnishing actions to match his imaginings

492 **motive** provocation (modern sense of "motivation" of a dramatic character did not yet exist, though **cue** is clearly an actor's term)

494 **horrid** terrifying, horrifying

495 **appal** make pale/shock **free** innocent

496 **Confound** stun/confuse **the ignorant** those who know nothing of the crime **amaze** bewilder/terrify/stun

498 **muddy-mettled** dull-spirited **peak** mope, languish

499 **John-a-dreams** general name for a dreamy person **unpregnant of** sluggish toward, not prompted by
501 **property** regal identity/kingdom
502 **defeat** destruction
503 **pate** head
504 **Pluck off** pulls a tuft from
505 **Gives…lungs?** Calls me an outrageous liar?
506 **me this** this to me
509 **pigeon-livered** pigeons were proverbially gentle birds, supposed to lack **gall** (bitterness/anger)
511 **region kites** sky's birds of prey
512 **offal** intestines/remains
513 **Remorseless** pitiless **kindless** unnatural
515 **brave** fine/bold
519 **drab** prostitute/slut **scullion** lowest domestic servant
520 **About** about it, to work
522 **cunning** skill
523 **presently** immediately
524 **malefactions** wrongdoings, crimes
529 **tent** probe (as one would a wound) **blench** flinch/turn pale
534 **spirits** i.e., **melancholy**
536 **relative** relevant/cogent/substantial

Act 3 Scene 1

1 **drift of circumstance** course of roundabout talk
3 **Grating** fretting/harping, dwelling querulously upon/wearing away
7 **forward** ready, inclined **sounded** questioned, probed
13 **disposition** inclination
14 **Niggard of question** sparing in his questions/reluctant to initiate
conversation **demands** questions
16 **assay** try to tempt
18 **o'erraught** overtook
28 **edge** sharpness of inclination/incitement
32 **closely** secretly/privately
34 **Affront** come face to face with
35 **espials** spies
48 **Gracious** your grace (addressed to the king)
50 **exercise** devout practice (the book is presumably of a religious nature)
colour…loneliness account for the fact that you are alone
52 **visage** face, appearance
57 **plastering art** i.e., cosmetics
58 **to…it** compared to the cosmetics that improve it
64 **slings** catapults, ballista, cannons, or the missiles hurled by them
outrageous excessively wicked/violent, cruel
68 **shocks** violent blows/clashes with the enemy
69 **consummation** ending
71 **rub** obstacle (a bowling term)
73 **shuffled off** cast off/evaded/got rid of in a perfunctory or unsatisfactory
manner **mortal coil** bustle or turmoil of this mortal life
74 **respect** consideration
75 **of…life** continue for so long
76 **scorns** insults, mockeries
77 **contumely** insolence, contempt, insulting language or behavior
78 **disprized** undervalued/dishonored
79 **office** officeholders **spurns** kicks
80 **of…takes** receives from those who are unworthy
81 **quietus** discharge of debts (i.e., death)

82 **bare** mere/unsheathed **bodkin** dagger/awl/pointed instrument **fardels** burdens
85 **bourn** boundary
86 **puzzles** bewilders, confounds
89 **conscience** consciousness/introspection/awareness of right and wrong
90 **native hue** natural color
91 **cast** tinge, shade
92 **pith and moment** substance and importance
94 **Soft you** wait a moment
95 **orisons** prayers
100 **remembrances** keepsakes, love tokens
110 **honest** chaste
112 **fair** beautiful
114 **your…beauty** your chastity should hold no dealings with your beauty/your chastity should not permit anyone to converse with your beauty
116 **commerce** interaction (Hamlet picks up on the sense of “sexual dealings”)
118 **his** its (i.e., honesty’s)
119 **sometime** once **paradox** seemingly absurd statement/observation that contradicts commonly held beliefs
122 **virtue…it** virtue cannot be so successfully grafted onto an old sinful tree without some flavor of sin being retained
125 **nunnery** convent, playing on slang sense of “brothel”
126 **indifferent honest** moderately virtuous
128 **beck** command
137 **calumny** slander
139 **monsters** men with unfaithful wives were traditionally supposed to grow horns
142 **paintings** use of cosmetics
143 **amble** walk with an easy (or an exaggerated) motion **lisp** speak in an affected manner
144 **make…ignorance** use innocence as an excuse for behavior that is willful/affected/promiscuous
145 **on’t** of it
150 **expectancy** hope

151 **glass of fashion** mirror on whose image men model themselves **form** etiquette/ideal pattern

157 **blown** blooming

158 **Blasted with ecstasy** destroyed by madness

160 **affections** emotions

163 **on brood** brooding, like a bird sitting on eggs

164 **doubt** fear **disclose** disclosure/hatching

167 **set it down** decided

168 **tribute** regular amount paid by one state to another, usually in return for peace

169 **Haply** perhaps/with luck

170 **objects** sights

171 **something-settled matter** somewhat fixed preoccupation (perhaps with medical sense “festering pus” or, sinisterly, “stagnant blood”)

173 **fashion of himself** his usual behavior, his old self

181 **round** blunt/severe

183 **find him not** fails to find the cause of his unhappiness

Act 3 Scene 2

1 **trippingly** nimbly

2 **mouth** declaim, speak pompously **as lief** as soon, rather

6 **robustious** boisterous/unruly **periwig-pated** wig-wearing

7 **groundlings** members of the audience standing in the yard in front of the stage, the cheapest place from which to watch

8 **are capable of** can understand **dumb shows** mimes/unsophisticated spectacles

9 **Termagant** imaginary deity believed to have been worshipped by Muslims and represented in the old mystery plays as a violent, overbearing person **Herod** biblical king who featured in the mystery plays as a raging tyrant

11 **warrant** assure

12 **discretion** judgment

14 **modesty** restraints **from** i.e., far from

17 **pressure** stamp, impression

18 **come tardy off** performed inadequately **unskilful** ignorant, unsophisticated

19 **censure** judgment/criticism **the which one** one of whom **allowance** admission, acknowledgment

23 **journeymen** laborers

24 **abominably** plays on the popular misconception that the word was derived from Latin *ab homine*, i.e., “away from man, unnatural” (previously spelled “abhominably”)

25 **indifferently** moderately well

27 **of some** among

28 **barren** apathetic/dull-witted

29 **necessary question** important aspect

30 **uses** does, practices

32 **presently** imminently

39 **As…withal** as ever my dealings with people brought me into contact with

45 **candied** sugared (i.e., flattering)

46 **crook** bend **pregnant** ready

47 **thrift** profit

49 **election** choice

50 **sealed** designated (literally, placed a legally binding seal upon)

51 **As…nothing** like one who endures everything with fortitude and is not wounded by any of it **suffering** undergoing/enduring (the sense then shifts to “is hurt by”)

52 **buffets** blows

54 **blood** passion

56 **stop** note produced by placing the finger over a hole in a wind instrument

58 **core** puns on the Latin *cor* meaning “heart”

64 **the…soul** your most insightful, penetrating consideration

65 **occulted** hidden

66 **unkennel** reveal (as a fox is driven out of its hole)

67 **damnèd** i.e., evil, devilish

68 **foul** black, grimy

69 **Vulcan’s stithy** the forge of Vulcan, Roman god of fire and blacksmiths

heedful note careful attention

72 **censure…seeming** forming an opinion of his appearance

74 **steal aught** gets away with anything ***march*** i.e., march played on drums

76 **idle** unoccupied/mad

78 **fares** is (but Hamlet responds to the sense of “feeds”)

79 **chameleon’s dish** supposedly these reptiles fed on air

80 **capons** castrated cockerels fattened to make their meat more flavorsome

81 **have nothing with** gain nothing from **not mine** nothing to do with my question (Hamlet responds to the sense of “do not belong to me”)

86 **i’th’Capitol** at Capitoline Hill, site of the temple of supreme Roman god Jupiter

87 **brute** brutal/stupid/animal (with obvious pun on **Brutus**) **part** deed/role **calf** fool

89 **stay…patience** await your permission (to start)

91 **metal more attractive** more magnetic metal (**metal** puns on “mettle” for an additional sense of “one of a more pleasing disposition”)

93 **lie…lap** recline upon your lap/have sex with you

97 **country matters** sex (country puns on “cunt”)

101 **Nothing** i.e., “no thing” (vagina)

105 **your only jig-maker** I’m your unrivaled composer of jigs (bawdy playlets)

108 **suit of sables** luxurious suit trimmed with dark-colored sable fur

111 **suffer…on** be forgotten **hobby-horse** artificial horse fastened around the waist of one of the participants in a morris dance; the hobby-horse is forgot was a popular phrase ***Hautboys*** oboelike instruments ***protestation*** solemn declaration (of love) ***passionate action*** gestures of extreme grief ***Mutes*** i.e., other actors

114 **miching malicho** lurking iniquity, skulking mischief

115 **Belike** presumably **argument** plot

116 **counsel** a secret

119 **show** sexual display **be not you** if you are not

121 **naught** indecent/offensive

125 **posy of a ring** short (usually clichéd) verse motto engraved on a ring

128 **Phoebus’ cart** the sun god’s chariot

129 **Neptune’s salt wash** i.e., the sea (of which Neptune was god) **Tellus’ orbèd ground** i.e., the earth (of which Tellus was goddess)

130 **borrowed sheen** reflected radiance

132 **Hymen** god of marriage

133 **bands** bonds

138 **distrust** fear for

139 **Discomfort** dismay, discourage

140 **holds quantity** are to be found in the same proportions

141 **In…extremity** they are either nonexistent or excessive

142 **proof** tried and tested experience

143 **as…so** my fear is just as great as my love

145 **operant** vital/active **leave to do** cease to perform

148 **confound** destroy (i.e., do not say)

151 **None** no woman

152 **Wormwood** i.e., that’s bitter (the sharp-tasting plant was also used to purge the digestive tract of worms, so there may also be a suggestion of bringing forth gnawing guilt)

153 **instances** motives **move** prompt

154 **respects of thrift** considerations of personal profit

159 **Purpose…validity** our intentions are subject to the weakness of memory, being passionate at the outset, but lacking in endurance

161 **Which** i.e., **purpose**

163 **Most…debt** it is inevitable that we should forget to fulfill our obligations to ourselves

168 **enactures** fulfillments, performances

170 **Grief…accident** i.e., one extreme of emotion turns to its opposite at the slightest event

171 **aye** ever

175 **down** fallen in fortune

176 **poor advanced** poor man who improves his station in life

177 **hitherto** up to this point (in the argument) **tend** attend/serve

178 **who not needs** he who does not lack fortune

179 **who in want** he who, being in need **try** test

180 **seasons him** ripens him into

183 **devices** plans **still** continually

184 **ends** outcomes

187 **Nor** let neither

188 **Sport…night** let me be barred from recreation during the day and rest at night

189 **opposite** opposing force **blanks** makes pale

190 **Meet…destroy** (may it) encounter and destroy everything that I would like to see prosper

191 **here and hence** in this and in the next world

195 **fain** willingly **beguile** while away

200 **protests** makes declarations, vows

202 **offence** offensive matter (Hamlet shifts the sense to “actual injury/real crime”)

203 **jest** pretend, act

205 **Tropically** figuratively

206 **duke’s** i.e., king’s

208 **galled jade** saddle-sore old horse **wince** kick out from pain **withers** part of the horse’s back between the shoulder blades

209 **unwrung** not pinched or chafed

211 **chorus** actor who narrated or interpreted parts of a play

212 **interpret** provide dialogue as an actor does in a puppet show/act as a go-between **puppets** possibly plays on a sense of "breasts/genitals"

213 **dallying** spending idle time together/flirting/having sex

214 **keen** quick/cutting

215 **groaning** the moans of a woman losing her virginity (or possibly subsequently, in labor) **take…edge** deter my sharp wit/blunt my sexual appetite/cause me to lose my erection

216 **better, and worse** i.e., wittier, yet more insulting

217 **So** in just such a manner **mis-take…husbands** swear insincerely to love and be faithful to your husbands (according to the marriage vow "for better or for worse"); plays on the idea of "mistaking" another man for one's true husband, as Hamlet deems Gertrude to have done **pox** i.e., a plague on it

218 **the…revenge** refers to lines from the anonymous *True Tragedy of Richard III* **raven** considered a bird of ill omen whose cry heralded death

220 **Confederate…seeing** the occasion itself an ally, there being no one else to see me

221 **rank** virulent/pungent/foul

222 **Hecate's ban** the curse of Hecate, goddess of witchcraft

223 **dire property** dreadful nature

224 **wholesome** healthy

225 **for's** for his **His** i.e., the king's

229 **false fire** the discharge of blank cartridges from a firearm

234 **strucken** wounded

235 **hart ungallèd** uninjured male deer

236 **watch** remain awake

238 **this** the play/the verse just uttered **feathers** i.e., elaborate plumes on a hat **turn Turk with** abandon (like one renouncing Christianity to become a Muslim)

239 **Provincial roses** French roses from Provence (here rosettes, worn to hide the shoe fastenings and, like the **feathers**, a feature of the actor's garb) **razed shoes** shoes with ornamental cuts in the leather **fellowship…cry** partnership in a pack

241 **share** the major players in the Chamberlain's Men had shares in the company's assets

243 **Damon** either an allusion to the Greek tale of Damon and Pythias, famous for their great friendship, or used as a traditional pastoral name

244 **dismantled** stripped/deprived

245 **Jove** supreme Roman god

246 **pajock** either “patchock” (i.e., base, ragged fellow) or “peacock”

247 **rhymed** the word that might be expected to rhyme with **was** is “ass”

255 **perdy** corruption of the French *par dieu* (“by God”)

257 **vouchsafe** permit

261 **retirement** withdrawal to his rooms **distempered** out of humor (Hamlet chooses to understand the sense of “drunk”)

263 **choler** anger (provoked by an excess of bile, one of the four bodily humors)

264 **signify** communicate

265 **purgation** cleansing the body through bloodletting or the use of emetics or laxatives (Hamlet plays on the idea of eliciting confession; the senses of legal and spiritual purging are also relevant)

267 **frame** order **start** swerve/recoil

273 **breed** kind/courtly breeding

274 **wholesome** healthy, sane

275 **pardon** permission (to leave)

282 **amazement** bewilderment/alarm

283 **admiration** astonishment, wonder

284 **wonderful** astonishing/excellent

286 **closet** private room

287 **trade** dealings (a deliberately derogatory term here)

290 **pickers and stealers** hands

292 **liberty** freedom from mental anguish (but a suggestive image of literal imprisonment) **deny** refuse to tell

296 **‘While…grows’** the rest of the proverb is “the horse starves”

298 **withdraw** speak privately **recover…toil** a hunting metaphor: the hunter would get to the windward side of the prey (recover the wind), allowing it to scent him and thus driving the animal in the opposite direction and into a net (**toil**)

300 **if…unmannerly** i.e., if I am overly bold in my behavior it is my love for you that is to blame

307 **ventages** holes (or stops)

314 **mystery** secret/craft, skill (playing an instrument) **sound** question/produce music from

315 **compass** range

317 **fret** irritate/provide with frets (ridges for fingering on a lute)

319 **presently** straightaway

321 **By th'mass** by the Mass (a common oath)

326 **fool…bent** indulge me in my foolishness to the limit/force me to play the fool to the limit of my ability (or endurance)

336 **nature** natural feelings

337 **Nero** Roman emperor who murdered his mother

341 **How…shent** however much I rebuke and punish her verbally **somever** to whatever extent

342 **give them seals** i.e., by acting upon them

Act 3 Scene 3

1 **him** i.e., his behavior

3 **dispatch** make ready/deal with promptly

5 **terms…estate** conditions or responsibilities of my position as king

8 **provide** prepare, equip ourselves

9 **fear** concern, responsibility

12 **single and peculiar** individual and private

14 **noyance** vexation/harm

15 **weal** welfare

16 **cease** cessation/decease

17 **gulf** whirlpool

18 **massy** massive/weighty

21 **mortised** fastened securely

22 **annexment** adjunct, hanger-on **petty consequence** trivial attachment

23 **attends** accompanies **boist'rous** massive/turbulent

25 **Arm you** prepare yourselves

31 **process** proceedings **tax him home** reprove him thoroughly

33 **meet** fitting

35 **of vantage** in addition/from an advantageous position

39 **rank** foul-smelling/rotten

40 **primal eldest curse** God's curse on Cain, the first murderer, who killed his brother Abel (biblical)

42 **inclination…will** my urge and determination to pray are equally strong

44 **bound** directed/tied/sworn

49 **Whereto…offence?** What is the point of mercy if not to confront sin face to face?

52 **forestallèd** prevented

55 **turn** need, purpose

57 **effects** benefits, acquisitions

59 **th'offence** i.e., the profits gained from committing the offense

60 **currents** courses, practices

61 **gilded** golden/bearing bribes **by** to one side

64 **There** i.e., **above**, in heaven **shuffling** evasion, deceit **the action lies** the sin is laid bare/the case is admissible (legal metaphor, continued with **evidence**)

66 **to…forehead** in the very face

67 **give in** give, submit **rests** remains

71 **limèd** caught as a bird is trapped by birdlime (sticky substance spread on branches)

72 **assay** a great effort/an attempt

76 **pat** opportunely, conveniently

78 **would be scanned** needs to be examined/would be interpreted as follows

80 **foul** sinful/treacherous/shameful; most editor’s prefer Quarto’s “sole”

82 **hire and salary** i.e., as if Hamlet had hired Claudius to do the murder and was now giving him his wages

83 **grossly…bread** i.e., in the grips of worldly pleasures, with no spiritual preparation (such as fasting)

84 **broad blown** in full bloom

85 **audit** account

86 **circumstance…thought** situation and way of thinking/limited condition and way of thinking/indirect way of thinking

87 **heavy** grave/gloomy

88 **take him** kill Claudius

89 **seasoned** prepared **passage** journey into the next world

91 **hent** time to be seized at/opportunity

92 **drunk asleep** in a drunken stupor

95 **relish** trace, flavor

98 **stays** awaits

99 **physic** medicine (either Claudius’ prayer or Hamlet’s postponement of the murder)

Act 3 Scene 4

1 **straight** straightaway **lay home** speak plainly, take to task
2 **broad** unrestrained
4 **heat** i.e., Claudius’ anger
5 **round** blunt/severe
17 **rood** Christian cross
18 **queen** perhaps this puns on “quean” (i.e., whore)
22 **glass** mirror
27 **Dead…ducat** i.e., I’ll bet a ducat (gold coin) he’ll soon be dead/I’ll kill him for a mere ducat
38 **busy** interfering, prying
42 **brazed** covered with brass, hardened
43 **proof…sense** fortified against feeling **proof** armor
45 **rude** violent/harsh/offensive
52 **contraction** binding agreement (specifically the marriage contract)
54 **rhapsody** confused mass **glow** i.e., blush for shame
55 **this…mass** i.e., the earth
56 **tristful** sorrowful **as…doom** as if in anticipation of doomsday
59 **index** table of contents that prefaces the body of a book
61 **counterfeit presentment** painted representation
63 **Hyperion** Greek god of the sun, and one of the Titans **front** forehead/face
64 **Mars** Roman god of war
65 **station** manner of standing **Mercury** winged messenger of the Roman gods
66 **New-lighted** newly alighted
68 **seal** i.e., mark of approval
71 **ear** i.e., of corn
72 **Blasting** withering
73 **leave** cease
74 **batten** feed greedily **moor** marshland/waste ground (may play on the sense of “dark-skinned person” to contrast with the **fair mountain**)
76 **heyday…blood** (youthful) period of sexual excitement
79 **cozened** cheated **hoodman-blind** blindman’s buff (Hamlet imagines a blindfolded Gertrude being tricked into picking the wrong man)

81 **mutine** mutiny **matron** mature married woman

84 **compulsive…charge** compelling sexual passion (of youth) attacks

85 **frost** i.e., age

86 **panders** acts as a go-between for/ministers to the gratification of **will** sexual desire

89 **grainèd** engrained, indelible

90 **leave their tinct** abandon their color

92 **enseamèd** saturated with grease or pig's fat, i.e., soiled from sexual activity

93 **Stewed** soaked/slowly boiled (puns on "stew"—i.e., brothel) **honeying** exchanging endearments **making love** talking amorously/having sex

94 **nasty** filthy/lewd/repellent **sty** pigsty/place inhabited by whores and lustful people

99 **tithe** tenth part

100 **precedent lord** previous husband (**precedent** may have connotations of "exemplary/higher ranking") **vice** epitome of wickedness/buffoon or trickster from morality plays

101 **cutpurse** pickpocket

102 **diadem** crown

105 **shreds and patches** paltry bits and pieces/the multicolored clothing of a fool or clown

111 **important** urgent, pressing

116 **Conceit** imagination

121 **th'incorporal** the insubstantial

122 **spirits** vital spirits, a bodily fluid thought to be vital for life

123 **as…th'alarm** like soldiers awoken abruptly by a call to arms

124 **like…excrements** as if growths of hair had lives of their own

129 **His…conjoined** the combination of his appearance and his reason (for wanting revenge)

130 **capable** responsive

131 **piteous** pity-inspiring **convert…effects** divert me from the grim deeds I intend to carry out

133 **want** lack **colour** character, quality/motive, grounds/hue (colorless **tears** rather than red **blood**)

140 **habit** clothing/demeanor **as** as when/as if

142 **coinage** invention

143 **cunning** skillful/crafty

148 **reword** repeat

149 **gambol** spring away

150 **unction** ointment

151 **trespass** sin

152 **skin and film** form a thin skin over

153 **mining** corroding/undermining/sapping

157 **ranker** more abundant **virtue** i.e., virtuous talk and rebukes

158 **pursy** short-winded/fat

160 **curb and woo** bow and entreat

173 **That** so that **scourge and minister** agent of retribution

174 **bestow** dispose of/stow away **answer well** justify/pay for

177 **behind** yet to come

180 **bloat** bloated/flabby/swollen with self-indulgence

181 **Pinch wanton** in pinching your cheeks leave marks that proclaim you a wanton (lewd woman) **mouse** common term of endearment

182 **reechy** filthy, squalid (literally “smoky”)

184 **ravel…out** unravel (i.e., reveal) all this business

186 **in craft** through cunning, by design

188 **paddock…gib** toad, bat, tomcat (creatures popularly supposed to be the familiars of witches)

189 **dear concernings** important matters

191 **Unpeg** unfasten (thus letting the birds out)

192 **famous…down** a reference to a lost story; presumably the ape attempted to imitate the birds who had been released from the basket by climbing in, then leaping out in the hope of flying, only to succeed in breaking his neck **try conclusions** experiment

201 **set me packing** cause me to be sent away at once/make me begin plotting

204 **still…grave** quiet, trustworthy, and dignified/dead

205 **prating** prattling, chattering

206 **draw…you** finish my dealings with you/haul you to your grave

208 **matter** significance

217 **brainish apprehension** headstrong conviction/deluded understanding

219 **heavy** sorrowful

223 **answered** accounted for

224 **providence** foresight/arrangements

225 **short** on a tight leash **haunt** company

229 **divulging** becoming apparent

231 **apart** away

232 **ore** precious metal

233 **mineral** mine or its products

239 **countenance** confront/bear out

247 **what's untimely done** i.e., Polonius' premature death

Act 4 Scene 1

1 **Stowed** lodged (refers to Polonius' body) plays on slang sense of "kept quiet"/"shut up"

2 **GENTLEMEN** i.e., Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

5 **Compounded** united, mingled

10 **keep…own** keep your secrets and not my own/follow your advice (and tell you where the body is) and yet keep my own secret **demanded of** questioned by

11 **replication** response

13 **countenance** favor **authorities** power, influence

15 **mouthed** taken into the mouth

19 **sleeps in** i.e., is wasted on

22 **The…body** Claudius has a physical body, but he does not possess true kingship/the body is here in the castle, like Claudius; however, he, not being dead, is not with Polonius/Polonius is with the true king, dead Hamlet senior, not with the usurping Claudius/Polonius is with God, rather than Claudius

25 **Hide…after** refers to a children's game in which one person (the **fox**) hides and the others pursue him

Act 4 Scene 2
4 **of** by **distracted** deranged/confused/foolish
6 **scourge** punishment **weighed** considered
7 **bear…even** manage matters smoothly and evenly
9 **Deliberate pause** i.e., the result of careful consideration
10 **appliance** remedy
15 **Without** outside
21 **convocation** political assembly
22 **e'en** even now **diet** a punning allusion to the Diet (i.e., assembly) of the German city of Worms
24 **variable service** different dishes in the same meal
26 **eat** eaten
29 **progress** official journey of state undertaken by the monarch
38 **tender** hold dear
41 **bark** ship
42 **tend** await **bent** ready
48 **cherub** angel possessed of insight and knowledge
53 **at foot** closely
56 **leans on** appertains to
57 **aught** any worth
58 **thereof…sense** may give you an awareness of the value of my love
59 **cicatrice** scar
60 **free awe** voluntary submission, uncompelled deference
61 **coldly set** disregard/regard coolly
62 **process** command **imports at full** is fully concerned with/conveys detailed instructions for
63 **conjuring** solemnly charging/conspiring
64 **present** immediate
65 **hectic** fever
67 **Howe'er my haps** whatever my fortunes

Act 4 Scene 3

4.3 ***Location:*** the Danish border (see “Second Quarto passages that do not appear in the Folio,” lines 81–139 on this page, for a longer version of this scene, in which Hamlet witnesses the army’s march and speaks his soliloquy “How all occasions do inform against me, / And spur my dull revenge”)

2 **licence** permission

3 **conveyance of** granting of/Danish escort for

6 **duty** respect ***eye*** presence

9 **softly** slowly, carefully

Act 4 Scene 4

4.4 ***Location:*** within the royal castle at Elsinore

2 **importunate** insistent, pressing **distract** agitated/deranged

6 **hems** makes “hmm” noises

7 **Spurns…straws** strikes out spitefully at trifles **in doubt** of unclear meaning

9 **use** manner/utterance

10 **collection** a gathering of meaning **aim** guess

11 **botch** patch, stitch clumsily together

12 **Which** which words **yield** convey, deliver

13 **thought** intended

14 **unhappily** ominously near the truth/maliciously

16 **ill-breeding** mischief-making

19 **toy** trifle **amiss** wrong, calamity

20 **artless jealousy** unskilled suspicion

21 **It…spilt** its excessive fear of being revealed ends up betraying it (“to spill” means both to destroy and to reveal)

26 **cockle hat** hat with a cockleshell on it, showing that the wearer had visited the Spanish shrine of Santiago (Saint James) of Compostela; a **staff** and sandals were also typical of such a pilgrim

27 **shoon** shoes

38 **Larded** strewn, covered

40 **showers** i.e., of tears

42 **yield** reward; a common way to express thanks **owl…daughter** refers to the tale of a baker’s daughter who was turned into an owl after she had been ungenerous to Jesus when he begged for bread

44 **Conceit upon** fanciful thinking about/brooding on

48 **betime** early

50 **Valentine** sweetheart, supposedly the first person of the opposite sex one saw on Valentine’s Day

51 **rose** the sexual innuendo of Ophelia’s language suggests possible erectile connotations

52 **dupped** opened (perhaps punning on “tupped,” i.e., “had sex with”)
chamber door playing on vaginal connotations

53 **maid** virgin

57 **Gis** Jesus

59 **do't** have sex

60 **cock** euphemism for God, plays on sense of "penis"

61 **tumbled** had sex with

64 **An** if

73 **spies** scouts sent ahead of the main army

76 **remove** removal **muddied** stirred up

78 **greenly** foolishly

79 **hugger-mugger** secrecy

82 **as much containing** of as much significance

84 **wonder** bewilderment/doubt (about his father's death) **in clouds** in a state of confusion (or suspicion)/aloof and inscrutable

85 **wants** lacks **buzzers** gossips, rumor-mongers

87 **of matter beggared** deprived of facts and solid evidence

88 **nothing…ear** not hesitate to accuse me to one listener after another

90 **murdering-piece** small cannon, which scattered its shot and so could kill more people

91 **Gives…death** kills me over and over

93 **Switzers** Swiss guards (mercenaries commonly employed in royal households)

96 **overpeering…list** rising over its boundary

97 **flats** flat or low-lying land near the shore

98 **head** insurrection

100 **as** as if

101 **Antiquity** ancient tradition

102 **The…word** (antiquity and custom are) the things that confirm and support every utterance

104 **Caps** thrown into the air in support

107 **counter** following the scent in the wrong direction (hunting term) **false** disloyal/erring

109 **without** outside

113 **keep** guard

117 **cuckold** man with an unfaithful wife

118 **between** in the middle of **unsmirched** unstained

119 **true** faithful

122 **fear** fear for

123 **hedge** protect

124 **but…will** only peep through at what it desires, and carry out little of its intention

132 **juggled with** tricked, deceived

135 **To…stand** I am fixed in this resolve

136 **both…negligence** I disregard both this world and the next

138 **throughly** thoroughly, completely

139 **stay** prevent

140 **My…world** by my will, not all the world shall stop me

141 **husband** manage

146 **sweepstake** indiscriminately (from gambling, where one person sweeps up all the stakes on the table) **draw** gather

151 **pelican** supposedly this bird fed its young with its own blood

152 **Repast** feed

156 **sensible** feeling

157 **level** directly

162 **virtue** power, efficacy

164 **turn the beam** tilts the crossbar of the scales (i.e., tips in our favor)

168 **Nature** human nature **fine in** refined by

169 **instance** sign, token

170 **After…loves** i.e., after Polonius, to the grave

171 **bier** movable stand on which a corpse is carried to the grave

172 **Hey…nonny** a refrain more usually associated with merry love songs

176 **move** affect (me)/persuade **move thus** move me as powerfully as this does

177 **You** Ophelia assigns parts to the individuals in the room **‘a-down…a-down-a’** well-known refrains

178 **wheel** refrain **false…daughter** refers to a story or ballad that remains unidentified

179 **This…matter** this nonsense is actually more meaningful than sane talk/this nonsense contains significance that is beyond the reach of sense

180 **rosemary** herb symbolizing remembrance

181 **pansies** flowers symbolic of love, named from French *pensées* (**thoughts**)

182 **document** lesson **fitted** put together

183 **fennel** herb said to symbolize flattery **columbines** flowers symbolic of infidelity **rue** herb symbolizing repentance

184 **o'Sundays** on Sundays

185 **difference** variation on a coat of arms to distinguish different members or branches of a family (or Ophelia may simply mean "differently") **daisy** possibly symbolic of deception; alternatively, a springtime flower associated with love **violets** flowers symbolic of faithfulness and of chastity

187 **For…joy** a line from a well-known song

188 **Thought** melancholy **passion** extreme grief

189 **favour** charm, attractiveness

196 **flaxen** white **poll** head, i.e., hair

198 **cast away moan** waste our laments

199 **Gramercy** great mercy

200 **God buy ye** goodbye (literally, "God be with you")

204 **whom** whichever of

205 **'twixt** between

206 **collateral** indirect

207 **touched** implicated

215 **trophy** memorial **hatchment** tablet bearing the coat of arms of the dead person, placed over the tomb

216 **ostentation** ceremony

218 **That** so that **call in question** demand an explanation

Act 4 Scene 5

8 **an't** if it

11 **overlooked** looked over, read

12 **means** means of access

13 **appointment** equipment

14 **compelled** necessary **grapple** forcible seizing of a ship for the purpose of boarding

16 **thieves of mercy** merciful thieves

17 **repair** come

19 **too…matter** i.e., inadequate to convey the importance of the issue **bore** caliber of a gun (Hamlet's words are bullets that are too small to fit)

23 **way** access

Act 4 Scene 6

1 **my acquittance seal** confirm my innocence

3 **Sith** since **knowing** understanding/knowledgeable

7 **proceeded not** did not take legal proceedings **feats** deeds/crimes

8 **capital** punishable by death

9 **As…up** i.e., given that it was greatly in the interests of safety and prudence to do so

12 **unsinewed** weak

16 **conjunctive** closely united (an astronomical term referring to proximity between planets)

17 **sphere** orbit; individual stars and planets were thought to be contained within concentric hollow spheres that revolved around the earth

18 **but** except, unless I were

19 **count** account, reckoning, indictment

20 **general gender** common people **gender** kind/sort

22 **spring…stone** a spring with high levels of lime in its water would petrify a piece of wood placed in it

23 **gyves** fetters

24 **Too slightly timbered** i.e., too light

28 **terms** circumstances

29 **go back again** i.e., recall her as she was

30 **on mount** on high

34 **shook with** tugged (contemptuously) by

43 **Claudio** a bluff, an intermediary, or Shakespeare's slip when he meant "Horatio"

45 **naked** destitute

46 **pardon** permission

49 **abuse** deceit **no such thing** not what it seems, a trick

51 **character** handwriting

61 **If so** so long as

63 **As checking at** as a result of deviating from or aborting (a falconry term referring to the hawk turning away from its pursuit in mid-flight)

65 **device** devising

68 **uncharge the practice** acquit the plot from blame

72 **can well** are skilled **gallant** fine young man

75 **As** as if **incorpsed** of one body **demi-natured** half of the same nature

76 **brave** splendid **passed my thought** surpassed anything I could have imagined

77 **forgery…tricks** imagining feats of horsemanship

81 **Lamond** some editors prefer Quarto's *Lamord*, with its hint of death (*la mort*, French for "death")

83 **brooch** jewel/ornament

85 **made…you** testified to your skill

87 **For…defence** with regard to your skill and performance in self-defense

91 **envenom** embitter/poison

93 **sudden** immediate **play** compete

101 **begun by time** generated by particular circumstances

102 **passages of proof** events that have proved it

103 **qualifies** weakens, diminishes

108 **sanctuarize** give sanctuary to, protect

110 **Will you** if you are to **close** secluded

112 **put on** encourage/organize

114 **in fine** in conclusion, finally

115 **remiss** negligent, not vigilant

116 **generous** noble-minded

117 **peruse** examine carefully **foils** light swords, blunted for use in fencing

119 **unbated** not blunted **pass of practice** treacherous thrust/deliberately planned thrust

120 **Requite** repay, have revenge on

123 **unction** ointment **mountebank** quack doctor who traveled around selling various remedies

124 **I…it** Laertes leaves unfinished the account of what happened when he did this; or perhaps he means "one need but dip a knife in it"; some editors prefer Quarto's "so mortal that, but dip"

125 **cataplasm** medicated plaster, poultice **rare** excellent

126 **simples** medicinal herbs

127 **Under the moon** i.e., anywhere, though gathering herbs by moonlight was thought to lend them extra potency

128 **withal** with it

129 **contagion** poison **gall** graze

133 **fit…shape** suit our plan/fit us for the roles we are going to play

134 **drift** scheme, intention **look** becomes visible

137 **blast in proof** explode when put to the test

138 **cunnings** skills (i.e., Laertes’ and Hamlet’s)

139 **ha’t** have it

141 **As** i.e., you should **bouts** rounds in a fight

143 **nonce** purpose

144 **stuck** thrust

149 **willow** a tree associated with sadness and forsaken love

150 **hoar** grayish-white

151 **fantastic** elaborate/fanciful

152 **crow-flowers** buttercups/ragged robins (both types of wild flower) **long purples** a type of purple orchid; the roots resemble testicles, hence the **grosser** names

153 **liberal** freely spoken/licentious **grosser** coarser/more vulgar

154 **cold** chaste

155 **pendent** drooping, overhanging

156 **envious sliver** malicious part of a branch

157 **weedy** made of wild flowers

161 **incapable** uncomprehending/insensible **distress** affliction, calamity

162 **indued** adapted

165 **lay** song

171 **trick** way, habit

172 **these** i.e., his tears

173 **woman…out** the woman in me will be finished

175 **folly** i.e., his weeping **douts** extinguishes

Act 5 Scene 1

5.1 ***Location:*** *a graveyard near the royal castle at Elsinore* **Clowns** rustics

1 **Christian burial** suicides were not allowed Christian burial rites

2 **salvation** probably a malapropism for “damnation,” though perhaps the Clown suggests Ophelia was trying to get to heaven early

3 **straight** straightaway (plays on the sense of “not crooked”) **crowner** coroner

4 **sat** held an inquest (with a play on the literal sense)

7 ***se offendendo*** perversion of *se defendendo* (Latin for “in self-defence,” a legal term); literally “in self-offence”

9 **argal** perversion of *ergo* (Latin for “therefore”)

10 **goodman** title for a person below the rank of gentleman and often followed by the individual’s occupation (here a **delver** or digger)

12 **will…he** whether he will or no

16 **quest** inquest

19 **there thou say’st** i.e., how right you are

20 **countenance** authority, permission **even Christian** fellow Christians

21 **ditchers** ditch makers

22 **Adam’s profession** in the Bible, Adam’s job was to look after the Garden of Eden

24 **bore arms** had a coat of arms (the sign of a gentleman); with obvious play on sense of “limbs”

28 **confess thyself** the saying continues “and be hanged”

33 **does well** i.e., as an answer (the sense then shifts to “serves well”)

38 **unyoke** give up, stop laboring (literally, unyoke the oxen)

42 **mend** improve

44 **Yaughan** variant spelling of Vaughan, presumably the name of the local innkeeper, perhaps based on one near the Globe

45 **stoup** tankard

46 **In…love** this and the following stanza are loose versions of parts of Thomas Vaux’s poem “The Aged Lover Renounceth Love,” printed in 1557; **O** and a may be the gravedigger’s grunts as he goes about his work

48 **contract…behove** pass away the time to my own advantage

49 **meet** (more) fitting

51 **property of easiness** something he can undertake with indifference

52 **hath…sense** is more sensitive/fastidious

55 **shipped…land** dispatched me into the earth (i.e., my grave/dust) **intil** into

56 **been such** been a young man in love

57 **jowls** strikes, dashes (puns on “jowl”—i.e., jawbone)

58 **Cain** in the Bible, the first murderer; he killed his brother Abel

59 **politician** crafty schemer **o’er-offices** lords it over (on account of his office as gravedigger) **circumvent** cheat, outwit

66 **chapless** jawless

67 **mazzard** head (from the term for a drinking bowl) **revolution** change/turn of the wheel of fortune **trick** knack

68 **Did…’em?** Did these people cost so little to bring up that we may play games with their bones? **loggats** a game where pieces of wood shaped like bowling pins were thrown at a stake fixed in the ground

71 **For and** and furthermore **shrouding sheet** sheet in which the corpse was wrapped

75 **quiddities…quillets** subtleties, verbal distinctions, quibbling arguments

tenures (documents or cases relating to) conditions on which property is held

76 **rude** ignorant/rough **sconce** head

77 **action of battery** litigation concerning physical assault

78 **statutes** legal documents that secured a debt on land and property (similar to a mortgage) **recognizances** legal documents that formally acknowledged a debt **fines…recoveries** legal processes concerned with securing the outright ownership of land; **double vouchers** refers to the practice of having two people vouch for a claimant’s ownership of the land

79 **fine…fines** end of his fines (the sense of **fine** then shifts to “elegant, handsome” and then to “finely powdered”)

80 **vouch** guarantee

81 **the…indentures** land (i.e., his grave) only as long and wide as a legal document **pair of indentures** two copies of an agreement drawn up on the same sheet of paper, which was then halved along a zigzag line to form documents that, when placed together, were a unique match

82 **conveyances** deeds relating to the transfer of land and property (plays on the sense of “light-fingered theft/sleight of hand”) **box** deed box/coffin

83 **inheritor** i.e., owner

87 **assurance in that** security in legal documents

88 **sirrah** sir (used to a social inferior)

93 **not lie** the First Clown begins a series of puns on the senses of “dwell/fib”

96 **quick** living (in his reply, the First Clown plays on the senses of “quick-witted/speedy”)

104 **absolute** strictly accurate **by the card** precisely (literally, according to either the sailor’s map or compass) **equivocation** verbal ambiguity

106 **picked** over-refined/fastidious

107 **galls his kibe** chafes his chilblain

122 **ground** cause (but the First Clown responds to the literal sense of the word)

126 **pocky** diseased especially with the pox, i.e., syphilis

127 **hold…in** hold together long enough to be buried

128 **tanner** one who converts animal hides into leather by tanning (infusing with an astringent liquid)

131 **whoreson** wretched (an abusive intensifier used in a jocular manner)

132 **Here’s a skull** presumably one of the two thrown up earlier, but conceivably a third if he is still digging

136 **A** he **Rhenish** German wine from the area around the River Rhine

142 **fancy** imagination

143 **abhorred** filled with horror **my gorge rises** i.e., I feel like vomiting
gorge stomach contents

146 **No…jeering?** there’s no one left to laugh at the way you mocked and made fun of people **chop-fallen** downcast/lacking the lower jaw

147 **favour** facial appearance

150 **Alexander** Alexander the Great, fourth-century King of Macedonia and one of the world’s most successful military leaders

155 **bung-hole** hole in a barrel stoppered with a bung

156 **too curiously** too closely/overly ingeniously

157 **modesty** moderation

159 **loam** mortar made of clay, sand, and straw

164 **flaw** squall, violent gust of wind

167 **maimèd** truncated, insufficient

168 **desperate** filled with spiritual despair, suicidal

169 **Fordo** destroy **estate** status

170 **Couch** hide

174 **obsequies** commemorative rites for the dead

175 **warrantise** authorization **doubtful** suspicious

176 **o'ersways** overrules

177 **unsanctified** not consecrated by the Church

178 **last trumpet** i.e., Doomsday, which would, according to the Bible, be heralded by the sound of a trumpet **For** instead of

179 **Shards** fragments of broken pottery

181 **strewments** flowers strewn on the coffin or grave **bringing…burial** bringing her to her final resting place accompanied by the funeral bell and burial rites

186 **sage requiem** solemn funeral chant **such rest** pray for the same rest

187 **peace-parted** peacefully departed

190 **violets** the flower was associated with chastity

192 **howling** i.e., in hell

200 **ingenious sense** quick, intelligent mind

203 **quick** living (i.e., Laertes)

205 **Pelion** the mountain in Thessaly that, in Greek mythology, the warring giants piled on top of Mount Ossa in their attempt to scale **Olympus**, the mountain home of the gods

208 **emphasis** strength of expression (a rhetorical term)

209 **Conjures…stars** casts a spell on the planets

215 **splenitive** hot-tempered (the spleen was thought to be the seat of the passions)

220 **quiet** calm

222 **wag** open and shut

228 **forbear him** leave him alone

230 **Woo't** wilt thou **tear** tear violently at (hair, clothing)/injure/destroy

231 **eisel** vinegar **crocodile** i.e., something tough and dangerous, the creature that was supposed to shed copious hypocritical tears

233 **outface** defy/defeat

236 **our ground** the piled-up earth above us

237 **burning zone** sun's orbit between the tropics

238 **Ossa** in Greek mythology, the mountain on which the giants piled Pelion in their attempt to reach Olympus **an** if **mouth** grimace/rant

240 **mere** complete

243 **golden couplets** baby birds covered in golden down **disclosed** hatched

246 **use** treat

248 **Let…day** i.e., even Hercules could not stop Laertes from his tiresome rant/my turn will come and even Hercules (or the ranting Laertes) cannot stop me

251 **in** i.e., by remembering

252 **present push** immediate test (**push** may also be suggestive of the thrust of a weapon)

254 **living** lasting (but also implies that murdering Hamlet will serve as a memorial)

Act 5 Scene 2

5.2 ***Location:*** *within the royal castle at Elsinore*

1 **this** the pair enter mid-conversation; **this** refers to what Hamlet has just been telling Horatio **see the other** hear the other news

2 **circumstance** details

6 **mutines…bilboes** mutineers in shackles **Rashly** on impulse (Hamlet then digresses before returning to his tale in line 13)

7 **know** acknowledge

8 **indiscretion** lack of forethought and prudence

9 **dear** important **pall** weaken/become flat and stale

11 **Rough-hew** carve roughly

14 **sea-gown** short-sleeved, calf-length sailor's gown made of coarse material **scarfed** wrapped loosely

15 **them** i.e., Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

16 **Fingered** stole **in fine** finally, in conclusion

21 **Larded** garnished, interspersed **several** various

22 **Importing** concerning

23 **bugs…life** terrors to be feared were I to be allowed to continue living **bug** hobgoblin, bogeyman

24 **supervise** reading (of the commission) **leisure bated** time wasted

25 **stay** await

31 **benetted round** snared, surrounded as if in a net

32 **Ere…play** i.e., before my brain could begin to consider the issue, I had already taken action

34 **fair** in elegant handwriting

35 **statists** statesmen

38 **yeoman's** i.e., efficient, loyal (a yeoman was an attendant in a royal household)

39 **effect** nature

41 **conjuration** entreaty

42 **tributary** country owing him a tribute (a regular payment after defeat in war)

44 **still** always (i.e., continue) **wheaten garland** symbolic of peace

45 **comma** the mark of punctuation that indicated only a slight break between words, thus a symbol of closeness and connection between the two

countries **amities** friendship

46 **‘As’es** phrases beginning with “as” (puns on “asses”) **charge** importance/burden (continuing the play on “asses”)

50 **shriving-time** time for confession and absolution from sin

52 **ordinant** in control

53 **signet** signet ring, which acted as a seal

54 **model…seal** exactly the same as the seal used to secure the commission

55 **writ** letter/written command

56 **Subscribed** signed (in Claudius’ name) **th’impression** the seal

57 **changeling** substitution, i.e., false letter (literally a fairy child substituted for a human one)

58 **to…sequent** followed this

61 **make love to** court, entreat

62 **defeat** destruction

63 **insinuation** ingratiating behavior/intrusive involvement

64 **baser** of lower social status/inferior

65 **pass** sword thrust **fell** fierce **points** swords

66 **opposites** opponents, enemies

68 **Does…upon** do you not think that it is now incumbent upon me

70 **th’election** i.e., the designation as king

71 **angle** fishing hook and line **proper** own

72 **cozenage** deception (puns on “cousinage”—i.e., kinship)

73 **quit** requite, repay

74 **canker** spreading ulcer **come In** spread to, generate

77 **issue** outcome

79 **no…‘one’** is only as brief as the time it takes to say “one”

82 **by…his** i.e., in my situation (having a murdered father) I recognize his also

84 **bravery** extravagance, ostentatious display

88 **water-fly** i.e., buzzing insect

90 **gracious** blessed, fortunate

91 **let…mess** even if you are an animal yourself, provided that you own a lot of livestock you shall eat at the king’s table (**mess**) **crib** animal’s food receptacle

92 **chough** jackdaw (i.e., chatterer)/chuff (i.e., rustic, churl)

93 **if…leisure** i.e., if the two of you have finished talking

95 **bonnet** hat (usually worn indoors when in company)

99 **indifferent** moderately

100 **complexion** constitution

104 **remember** probably “remember your courtesy,” a way of asking someone to put on their hat

105 **for mine ease** a polite way of resisting Hamlet’s request

108 **rapier** long, pointed, double-edged sword (the flexible épée of modern fencing had not yet been invented)

109 **well** very well, never mind

110 **Barbary horses** valued North African horses, noted for their speed

111 **imponed** wagered (impawned; or an affected coinage from the Latin *imponere*, meaning “to pile or lay on”) **poniards** daggers **assigns** accessories **as** such as **girdle** sword belt

112 **hangers** loops on sword belts, from which the sword was hung; often richly ornamented **carriages** an affected word for **hangers** **dear to fancy** pleasing to the fancy/delightfully tasteful

113 **responsive…hilts** well-matched to the sword handle **delicate** finely made **liberal conceit** elaborate design

114 **call you** do you mean by

116 **germane** relevant

117 **cannon…sides** “carriage” is the word for the wheeled support on which a cannon is mounted

121 **laid** wagered **in…nine** famously incomprehensible and much-debated wager; Claudius bets that, in a series of twelve rounds, Laertes’ total number of hits will not exceed Hamlet’s by three or more, but it is unclear what is meant by “twelve for nine,” where “he” may be Claudius or Laertes **passes** rounds **him** i.e., Laertes

123 **vouchsafe the answer** be pleased to accept the challenge (Hamlet interprets **answer** more literally as “reply”)

125 **opposition…trial** presenting of yourself as an opponent in a contest

126 **breathing time** time for exercise

129 **odd** occasional/extra three

130 **re-deliver you** report back what you say

131 **after what flourish** according to whatever lavish gesture or manner of speaking you choose

132 **commend** entrust (part of a standard phrase, but Hamlet responds to the sense of “recommend, praise”)

134 **for’s turn** to do it for him

135 **lapwing** bird proverbial for youthful precocity as it left the nest soon after being hatched **shell…head** may suggest that Osric has just put his hat on

136 **comply…dug** pay courteous compliments to his mother’s (or nurse’s) nipple

137 **bevy** company/group of birds **drossy** worthless, impure **tune** i.e., fashionable speech/general style

138 **habit of encounter** custom of social interaction/fashionable dress **yeasty** frothy **collection** i.e., of fashionable words and manners

139 **carries them through** enables them to successfully pass off/enables them to hold their own among **fond** foolish **winnowed** selective (literally refers to the blowing away of chaff from grain) **and…out** yet test them by blowing on them and the bubbles will burst/test their opinions and they are lost for words

143 **at the odds** given the odds that have been laid

146 **gain-giving** misgiving, foreboding

148 **repair** coming

150 **augury** prophecy (literally, making predictions based on an interpretation of the behavior of birds) **there’s…sparrow** i.e., God’s hand is in every slightest thing—alluding to Matthew 10:29

151 **it** i.e., his own death

152 **readiness** i.e., to meet death **has aught of** really owns, can take with him

153 **betimes** early ***gauntlets*** protective gloves used for fencing

157 **presence** assembly/royal company

160 **nature** natural feeling/filial loyalty **exception** disapproval, objection

167 **faction** party

170 **disclaiming from** disavowal, denial of **purposed** intentional

171 **generous** noble-minded/magnanimous

172 **That I have** as to think that I have

176 **my…honour** where my honor is concerned

177 **will** want, will have

179 **voice** (authoritative) endorsement **peace** reconciliation

180 **name ungored** reputation uninjured

184 **frankly** freely, with no ill will

187 **foil** background material used to set off the luster of a jewel (shifting the sense away from “sword”)

189 **Stick fiery off** stand out and sparkle brilliantly

195 **laid the odds** backed

197 **he is bettered** Laertes is considered to be better **odds** the advantage (Laertes is handicapped by having to score three hits over Hamlet)

199 **likes** pleases **have…length** are all of the same length

201 **stoups** cups

203 **quit…exchange** repays Laertes (for winning the first two bouts) by scoring a hit in the third bout

204 **ordnance** cannon

205 **better breath** increased energy and vigor

206 **union** valuable pearl

209 **kettle** kettledrum

227 **fat** may suggest greasy/sweaty, but primary sense is corpulent, overweight

228 **napkin** handkerchief

229 **carouses to** toasts

240 **pass** thrust

241 **make…me** toy with me/indulge me **wanton** spoilt child

244 ***scuffling*** fighting at close quarters ***change*** exchange, probably via the maneuver known as “left-hand seizure” (see Introduction, on this page)

250 **woodcock** proverbially stupid, easily caught birds **springe** snare

262 **practice** plot

271 **Drink off** drink up, drain **union** pearl (plays on the sense of “marriage”)

274 **tempered** mixed

280 **chance** mischance/event

281 **mutes** silent onlookers/actors without speaking parts **act** event/theatrical performance

282 **fell** cruel

283 **strict** rigorously just/unrelenting, stern **arrest** taking into custody/halting (of my words)

285 **causes** grievances, grounds for revenge

286 **unsatisfied** uninformed/those who wish to know

288 **antique Roman** one of the ancient Romans, who viewed suicide as a noble alternative to an unworthy life

295 **felicity** happiness, bliss

302 **o'er-crows** triumphs over (an image from cockfighting)

304 **th'election** i.e., the selection of the next King of Denmark

305 **voice** vote/support

306 **occurrents** events

307 **solicited** prompted this **O…o!** a dying groan is represented thus in several plays of the period ***colours*** battle flags

312 ***would*** wish to

314 **quarry…havoc** mound of bodies proclaims total slaughter and destruction **quarry** pile of dead game after a hunt

315 **toward** imminent/being prepared **cell** small dwelling

318 **dismal** ominous/calamitous/depressing

320 **The ears** i.e., Claudius' ears

327 **jump** precisely **question** dispute/affair

330 **stage** platform **view** general view

334 **accidental judgements** punishments happening by chance **casual** occurring by chance

335 **put on** instigated/arranged **forced cause** deliberate contrivance/false grounds

336 **upshot** conclusion, outcome

338 **deliver** report

342 **of memory** old/traditional/unforgotten

343 **vantage** advantage, favorable opportunity

345 **voice** speaking voice/vote **draw on** encourage, rally the support of

346 **this same** i.e., the displaying of the bodies and explanation of events

presently immediately

347 **wild** bewildered/agitated

348 **On** on top of/as a result of

351 **put on** put to the test (as king)

352 **passage** journey into death

354 **Speak** i.e., let them speak

356 **Becomes the field** suits the battlefield **shows much amiss** is very out of place

Second Quarto passages that do not appear in the Folio

5 **mote** *spelled* moth *in* Q2
14 **feared** = Ed. Q2 = feare
24 **clepe** *spelled* clip *in* Q2
42 **often douse** = Ed. Q2 = of a doubt
51 **An anchor’s** = Ed. Q2 = And Anchors
168 **spendthrift** = Ed. Q2 = spend thirfts
173 **feelingly** = Q3. Q2 = fellingly *(in some copies)* sellingly *(in other copies)*
178 **dizzy** = Q3. Q2 = dosie *(in some copies)* dazzie *(in other copies)*
185 **SH OSRIC** = F. Q2 = *Cour. (for courtier)*

THE TRAGEDY OF KING LEAR

Written soon after King James united the thrones of England and Scotland, and performed in his royal presence at Whitehall, *King Lear* reveals the dire consequences of dividing a united kingdom. In principle, the aged Lear's decision to take voluntary retirement does not seem a bad thing: he is losing his grip on matters of state, his daughters and sons-in-law are "younger strengths" with more energy for government, and, most importantly, the division is intended to prevent a future civil war between rival claimants, which would have been a definite possibility in the absence of a son who would automatically inherit the whole kingdom. But can an anointed king abnegate his role at will? If he does, he certainly should not expect to retain the trappings of power. Goneril and Regan have a case for stripping him of his rowdy, extravagant retinue of one hundred knights.

Lear's mistake is to link the division of the kingdom to a public show of affection. The two older sisters, well versed in the "glib and oily art" of courtly flattery, tell him what he wants to hear, but Cordelia cannot. She is one of the play's truth tellers and simply lacks the capacity or the experience to dress her love in fine rhetoric. Lear knows that she loves him best, but we may assume that until this moment her love has always been expressed privately. As the youngest and unmarried daughter, Cordelia has probably never spoken publicly before the court. Lear's intention for the opening scene is that it will be Cordelia's coming out: she is supposed to give public expression to her great love and in return she will be rewarded with the richest portion of the kingdom and the most-prized husband. He does not bargain on her inability to play the role in which he has cast her. Kings and earls do not necessarily have to be blind to true virtue—witness the examples of Kent and France—but Lear, too long used to having his own way and hearing only the words of flatterers, has blinded himself. Only when he has been stripped of the fine clothes and fine words of the court, and has heard truth in the mouths of a fool and a (supposed) Bedlam beggar, does he find out what it really means to be human.

Where *Macbeth* and *Othello* are focused tightly upon a single plot line, the action of *Lear* greatly extends the technique of parallel plotting with which Shakespeare had experimented in *Hamlet*, where Laertes and Fortinbras serve as foils to the hero. In *Lear*, the Gloucester family plot is a sustained presence. Gloucester is another father who is blind to the true nature of his children; that blindness leads, in Shakespeare's cruelest literalization of metaphor, to the plucking out of his eyes. Edmund corresponds to the wicked daughters; several of the play's many letters pass between them. It is wholly appropriate that he should end up promised to them both. Like the king's favorite daughter Cordelia, Edgar (who is the king's godson) is unjustly exiled from home and excluded from parental care. It is fitting to the parallel structure of the twin plots that the play ends in the Folio version with him returning to take the reins of power, just as there is a certain, though very different, logic to Nahum Tate's infamous Restoration-period rewrite with a happy ending, in which Edgar is married off to Cordelia.

Shakespeare never takes one side of a question. In the very opening lines of the play we discover that it is Edmund who has previously been unjustly exiled from home and excluded from parental care. Kent, the play's best judge of character, initially describes Edmund as “proper”: he has the bearing of a gentleman, but his illegitimacy has deprived him of the benefits of society. Edmund's first soliloquy makes a good case for the unfairness of a social order that practices primogeniture and stigmatizes bastardy; his discovery near the moment of death that “Edmund was beloved” is curiously touching. He is not, then, an uncomplicated stage “machiavel,” an embodiment of pure, unmotivated evil.

Astrology and astronomy were synonymous in the Elizabethan age: the signs of the times were read in the signs of the skies. *King Lear* is a play about bad times. The state drifts rudderless, child turns against parent, the clouds of war gather, the king and all around him totter on the brink of the abyss. So it is that Gloucester blames it all on the stars: “These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us.” Edmund, however, disputes this: “an admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition on the charge of a star!” He argues that things often regarded as the product of the “natural order” are actually shaped by “custom”—for him, primogeniture and legitimacy would come into this category. The position articulated here is close to that of the sixteenth-century French essayist Michel de Montaigne in the closing section of his *Apology of Raymond Sebond:* any custom abhorred or outlawed by one nation is sure to be praised or practiced by another. But if you have nothing save custom, no divinely sanctioned hierarchy, then where does your value system come from? Montaigne's answer is blind faith in God, whereas Edmund, like an apologist before his time for the political philosophy of Thomas Hobbes, commits himself to "nature" as a principle of survival and self-seeking.

Gloucester's philosophical orientation, meanwhile, turns toward the stoic idea of finding the right timing for death. After his mock suicide he says, "henceforth I'll bear / Affliction till it do cry out itself / 'Enough, enough' and die." But he cannot sustain this position: when Lear and Cordelia lose the battle, he is found in "ill thoughts again," wanting to rot. Edgar responds with more stoic advice: "Men must endure / Their going hence, even as their coming hither: / Ripeness is all." But this idea of ripe timing doesn't work out: by mistiming the revelation of his own identity to Gloucester, Edgar precipitates his father's death.

The play's pattern, then, is of stoic comfort not working. At the beginning of the fourth act Edgar reflects on his own condition and cheers himself up with thoughts about the worst, but then his father comes on blinded and he is instantly confounded—things are worse than before. If the case of Edgar reveals the deficiency of stoic comfort, that of Albany demonstrates the inadequacy of belief in divine justice. His credo is that the good shall taste "the wages of their virtue" and the bad drink from the poisoned "cup of their deservings." This scheme works for the bad, but not for the good. In the closing scene, Albany tries to orchestrate events, to make order out of chaos, but each of his resolutions is followed by new disaster: he greets the restored Edgar, then immediately hears the news of Gloucester's death, then the news of the two queens' deaths; then Kent comes on, dying; then in response to the news that Cordelia is to be hanged, Albany says "The gods defend her!," only for Lear to enter with her in his arms already hanged. The gods have not defended her. Then Albany tries to give power back to Lear—and he promptly dies. Then he tries to persuade Kent and Edgar to divide the kingdom, and Kent promptly goes off to die.

The final lines of the play—given to different speakers in the Quarto and Folio versions of the text—suggest that the lesson has been learnt that stoic comfort will not do, that it is better to “speak what we feel” than “what we ought to say.” The Folio’s ascription of this speech to Edgar makes more dramatic sense than the Quarto’s to Albany, since Edgar’s stripping down in Act 3 is an exposure to feeling, occurring in conjunction with Lear’s feeling with and for the poor, which makes him the character better prepared to voice this sentiment.

The stoic philosopher tries to be ruled by reason rather than passion. But for the great sixteenth-century humanist Desiderius Erasmus in his *Praise of Folly*, there is inhumanity in the notion that to be wise you must suppress the emotions. The most important thing is to “feel”—as Gloucester has to learn, to see the world not rationally but “feelingly.” Erasmus’ Folly points out that friendship is among the highest human values, and it depends on emotion. The people who show friendship to Lear (Fool, Kent disguised as Caius, Edgar disguised as Poor Tom and then as Peasant) and to Gloucester (Servants, Old Man) are not the wise or the rich.

We are ruled by our passions and our bodies; we go through life performing a series of different roles of which we are by no means in control. “All this life of mortal men, what is it else but a certain kind of stage play?” asks Erasmus’ Folly. Lear echoes the sentiment: “When we are born, we cry that we are come / To this great stage of fools.” In the great theater of the world, with the gods as audience, we are the fools on stage. Under the aspect of Folly, we see that a king is no different from any other man. The trappings of monarchy are but a costume: this is both Folly’s and Lear’s discovery.

The play ends on a note of apocalypse, millennial doom. A trumpet sounds three times to announce the final showdown. Then when Lear enters with his beloved daughter dead in his arms, loyal Kent asks “Is this the promised end?” He is thinking of Doomsday, but the line is also a sly allusion on Shakespeare’s part: in all previous versions of the Lear story, several of which would have been familiar to members of his audience, Cordelia survives and Lear is restored to the throne. The death of Cordelia is all the more painful because it is not the end “promised” by previous literary and theatrical tradition.

King Lear is a play full of questions. The big ones go unanswered. The biggest of all is Lear’s “Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life, / And thou no breath at all?” In this world, there is no rhyme nor reason, no pattern of divine justice. Here again, Shakespeare departs strikingly from his source, the old anonymous play of *King Leir*, in which Christian providence prevails. Shakespeare reimagines his material in a bleak pagan world. In this, he not only looks back to the past, but also anticipates a future that is ours—a time when the old religious hierarchies and moral certainties have been stripped away.

But in a strange way an answer is to be found in Edgar's reply to Kent's line about the promised end. A question is answered with a question: "Or image of that horror?" It's not really the end of the world; it's an image of the end. Hamlet said that the player holds up a mirror to nature, but in *King Lear* we are reminded again and again that what you see in a mirror is an image, not the thing itself. Gloucester doesn't really jump off the cliff: it's all an elaborate game, designed by Edgar to teach his father a lesson. In uncertain times, we need images, games, and experiments as ways of trying to make sense of our world. We need plays. That is why, four centuries on, we keep going back to Shakespeare and his dazzling mirror-world in which everyone is a player.

Looked at in one way, the world of *King Lear*, with its images of doom, its mad king, its scheming ugly sisters, its fool, and its (pretend) mad Bedlam beggar, could not be further from ordinary life. But looked at another way, it is an image of ordinary things, but seen in extremity. It is a play that has more time for a language of ordinary things—garden water pots, wrens, and toasted cheese—than for the glib and oily art of courtly speech.

So is the whole play, like the "Dover cliff" scene, an elaborate game designed by Shakespeare to teach us a lesson? Only if we think of it as a lesson in feeling, not high-minded judgment. To be truly responsive to the play we must, as the final speech has it, "Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say." To be human is to see *feelingly*, not to fall back on easy moralizing, the "ought to say" that characterizes people like Albany. And seeing feelingly has to do with our sympathetic response to the images that confront us, both on the stage and in the great theater of the world. Lear becomes human when he stops caring about one kind of image (the glorious trappings of monarchy) and instead confronts another: the image of raw human being, of a fool, and a Bedlam beggar, of poor naked wretches. Come the last trump, the play tells us, we will be judged by our fellow feeling for the dispossessed, not our status in society. In this, as in so much else, Shakespeare speaks not only for his own age, but for ours.

KEY FACTS

PLOT: Lear, King of Britain, decides to abdicate and divide his kingdom among his three daughters. When his beloved youngest, Cordelia, refuses to make a public declaration of love for her father she is disinherited and married to the King of France without a dowry. The Earl of Kent is banished by Lear for daring to defend her. The two elder daughters, Goneril and Regan, and their husbands inherit the kingdom. Gloucester, deceived by his bastard son Edmund, disinherits his legitimate son, Edgar, who is forced to go on the run to save his life. Lear, now stripped of his power, quarrels with Goneril and Regan about the conditions of his lodging in their households. In a rage he goes out into the stormy night, accompanied by his Fool and by Kent, now disguised as a servant. They encounter Edgar, disguised as a mad beggar called “Poor Tom.” Gloucester is betrayed by Edmund and captured by Regan and Cornwall, who put out his eyes. King Lear is taken secretly to Dover, where Cordelia has landed with a French army. The blind Gloucester meets but does not recognize Edgar, who leads him to Dover. Lear and Cordelia are reconciled, but in the ensuing battle are captured by the sisters’ forces. Goneril and Regan are both in love with Edmund, who encourages them both. Discovering this, Goneril’s husband Albany forces Edmund to defend himself against the charge of treachery. A knight appears to challenge Edmund and, after fatally wounding him, reveals himself to be Edgar. News comes that Goneril has poisoned Regan and then committed suicide. Before dying, Edmund reveals that he has ordered the deaths of Lear and Cordelia.

MAJOR PARTS: *(with percentage of lines/number of speeches/scenes on stage)* Lear (22%/188/10), Edgar (11%/98/10), Earl of Kent (11%/127/12), Earl of Gloucester (10%/118/12), Edmund (9%/79/9), Fool (7%/58/6), Goneril (6%/53/8), Regan (5%/73/8), Duke of Albany (5%/58/5), Cordelia (3%/31/4), Duke of Cornwall (3%/63/5), Oswald (2%/38/7).

LINGUISTIC MEDIUM: 75% verse, 25% prose.

DATE: 1605–06. Performed at court December 1606; draws on old *Leir* play (published 1605); seems to refer to eclipses of September and October 1605; borrows from books by Samuel Harsnett and John Florio that were published in 1603.

SOURCES: Based on *The True Chronicle Historie of King Leir and his Three Daughters*, an old play of unknown authorship that was in the London theatrical repertoire in the early 1590s, but makes many changes, including alteration of providential Christian to pagan language and the introduction of a tragic ending. The Lear story also appeared in other sources familiar to Shakespeare: *The Mirrour for Magistrates* (edition of 1574), Holinshed’s *Chronicles* (1587), and book 2 canto 10 of Edmund Spenser’s epic poem *The Faerie Queene* (1590). In all versions of the story before Shakespeare’s, there is a “romance” ending whereby the old king is restored to his daughter Cordelia and to the throne. The Gloucester subplot is derived from the story of the Paphlagonian king in book 2 chapter 10 of *The Countess of Pembroke’s Arcadia* by Sir Philip Sidney (1590): a blind old man is led to the top of a cliff from where he contemplates suicide because he has been deceived by his bastard son; the good son returns and encounters the bad one in a chivalric duel. The story was intended to exemplify both “true natural goodness” and “wretched ungratefulness”; a few chapters later (2.15), Sidney tells of a different credulous king who is tricked into mistrusting his virtuous son. The characters of “Poor Tom” and the Fool are entirely Shakespearean creations, though some of the language of demonic possession feigned by Edgar is borrowed from Samuel Harsnett’s *Declaration of Egregious Popish Impostures* (1603), a work of propaganda about Catholic plots and faked exorcisms that Shakespeare probably read because of the Stratford origins of one of the exorcizing priests, Robert Debdale. The language of the play and some of its philosophical ideas reveal that Shakespeare had also been reading *The Essayes of Montaigne* in John Florio’s English translation (1603).

TEXT: Published in Quarto in 1608 under the title *M. William Shakspeare: HIS True Chronicle Historie of the life and death of King LEAR and his three Daughters. With the vnfortunate life of Edgar, sonne and heire to the Earle of Gloster, and his sullen and assumed humor of TOM of Bedlam: As it was played before the Kings Maiestie at Whitehall vpon S. Stephans night in Christmas Hollidayes. By his Maiesties seruants playing vsually at the Gloabe on the Bancke-side*. This text was very poorly printed, partly because its printer (Nicholas Okes) was unaccustomed to setting plays and also because it seems to derive from Shakespeare's own working manuscript, which would have been difficult to read. Quarto includes about 300 lines that are not in the 1623 Folio text, which was entitled "The Tragedy of King Lear" and has clear signs of derivation from the theatrical playbook (though, to complicate matters, the Folio printing was also influenced by a reprint of the Quarto that appeared in 1619 as one of the ten plays published by Thomas Pavier in an attempt to produce a collected Shakespeare). The Folio in turn has about 100 lines that are not in the Quarto, and nearly 1,000 lines have variations of word or phrase. The two early texts thus represent two different stages in the life of the play, with extensive revision having been carried out, either systematically or incrementally. Revisions include diminution of the prominence given to the invading French army (perhaps for political reasons), clarification of Lear's motives for dividing his kingdom, and weakening of the role of Albany (including reassignment from him to Edgar of the play's closing speech, and thus by implication—since it was a convention of Shakespearean tragedy that the new man in power always has the last word—of the right to rule Britain). Among the more striking cuts are the mock trial of Goneril in the hovel and the moment of compassion when loyal servants apply a palliative to Gloucester's bleeding eyes. For centuries, editors have conflated the Quarto and Folio texts, creating a play that Shakespeare never wrote. We endorse the body of scholarship since the 1980s and the new editorial tradition in which Folio and Quarto are regarded as discrete entities. We have edited the more theatrical Folio text, but have corrected its errors (which are plentiful, since much of it was set in type by "Compositor E," the apprentice who was by far the worst printer in Isaac Jaggard’s shop). The influence of Quarto copy on the Folio is of great assistance in making these corrections. Textual notes are perforce more numerous than for any other work by Shakespeare; several hundred Quarto variants are listed. All the most significant Quarto-only passages are printed at the end of the play.

THE TRAGEDY OF KING LEAR

LEAR, King of Britain
GONERIL, Lear's eldest daughter
REGAN, Lear's middle daughter
CORDELIA, Lear's youngest daughter
Duke of ALBANY, Goneril's husband
Duke of CORNWALL, Regan's husband
King of FRANCE, suitor and later husband to Cordelia
Duke of BURGUNDY, suitor to Cordelia
Earl of KENT, later disguised as Caius
Earl of GLOUCESTER
EDGAR, Gloucester's son, later disguised as Poor Tom
EDMUND, Gloucester's illegitimate son
OLD MAN, Gloucester's tenant
CURAN, Gloucester's retainer
Lear's FOOL
OSWALD, Goneril's steward
GENTLEMAN, a Knight serving Lear
GENTLEMAN, attendant on Cordelia
SERVANT of Cornwall
HERALD
CAPTAIN
Knights attendant upon Lear, other Attendants, Messengers, Soldiers, Servants and Trumpeters

Act 1 Scene 1[1.1]

running scene 1

Enter Kent, Gloucester and Edmund

KENT I thought the king had more affected[1] the Duke of Albany than Cornwall.

GLOUCESTER It did always seem so to us: but now in the division of the kingdom it appears not which of the dukes he values most, for qualities[3] are so weighed that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

KENT Is not this your son, my lord?

GLOUCESTER His breeding,[6] sir, hath been at my charge. I have so often blushed to acknowledge him that now I am brazed[7] to't.

KENT I cannot conceive[8] you.

GLOUCESTER Sir, this young fellow's mother could; whereupon she grew round-wombed and had indeed, sir, a son for her cradle ere[10] she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?[11]

KENT I cannot wish the fault undone,[12] the issue of it being so proper.

GLOUCESTER But I have a son, sir, by[13] order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer[14] in my account, though this knave came something saucily to the world before he was sent for: yet was his mother fair, there was good sport at his making and the whoreson[16] must be acknowledged.— Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

EDMUND No, my lord.

GLOUCESTER My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

EDMUND My services to your lordship.

KENT I must love you, and sue[21] to know you better.

EDMUND Sir, I shall study deserving.[22]

GLOUCESTER He hath been out[23] nine years, and away he shall again. The king is coming.

Sennet. Enter [one bearing a coronet, then] King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Goneril, Regan, Cordelia and Attendants

LEAR Attend[25] the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloucester.
GLOUCESTER I shall, my lord.
Exit
LEAR Meantime we shall express our darker[27] purpose.
Give me the map there. ***Kent or an Attendant gives Lear a map***
Know that we have divided
In three our kingdom, and ’tis our fast intent[29]
To shake all cares and business[30] from our age,
Conferring them on younger strengths while we
Unburdened crawl toward death. Our son[32] of Cornwall,
And you our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will[34] to publish
Our daughters’ several dowers,[35] that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,
Great rivals in our youngest daughter’s love,
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn[38]
And here are to be answered. Tell me, my daughters —
Since now we will divest us both of rule,
Interest[41] of territory, cares of state —
Which of you shall we say doth love us most,
That we our largest bounty[43] may extend
Where nature[44] doth with merit challenge? Goneril,
Our eldest born, speak first.
GONERIL Sir, I love you more than word can wield[46] the matter,
Dearer than eyesight, space and liberty,
Beyond what can be valued rich or rare,
No less than life, with grace,[49] health, beauty, honour:
As much as child e’er loved or father found:
A love that makes breath poor[51] and speech unable:
Beyond all[52] manner of so much I love you.
CORDELIA What shall Cordelia speak? Love and be silent. ***Aside***
LEAR Of all these bounds,[54] even from this line to this, ***Points to the map***
With shadowy[55] forests and with champaigns riched,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,[56]
We make thee lady. To thine and Albany’s issues
Be this perpetual.— What says our second daughter?

Our dearest Regan, wife of Cornwall?
REGAN I am made of that self-mettle[60] as my sister,
And prize[61] me at her worth. In my true heart,
I find she names my very deed[62] of love:
Only she comes too short, that[63] I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys
Which the most precious square of sense[65] professes,
And find I am alone felicitate[66]
In your dear highness' love.
CORDELIA Then poor Cordelia: ***Aside***
And yet not so, since I am sure my love's
More ponderous[70] than my tongue.
LEAR To thee and thine hereditary[71] ever
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom,
No less in space, validity[73] and pleasure
Than that conferred on Goneril.— Now, our joy, ***To Cordelia***
Although our last and least, to whose young love
The vines[76] of France and milk of Burgundy
Strive to be interessed,[77] what can you say to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters'? Speak.
CORDELIA Nothing, my lord.
LEAR Nothing?
CORDELIA Nothing.
LEAR Nothing will come of nothing: speak again.
CORDELIA Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty
According to my bond,[85] no more nor less.
LEAR How, how, Cordelia? Mend[86] your speech a little,
Lest you may mar[87] your fortunes.
CORDELIA Good my lord,
You have begot[89] me, bred me, loved me:
I return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands if they say
They love you all? Happily when I shall wed,
That lord whose hand must take my plight[94] shall carry

Half my love with him, half my care and duty:
Sure I shall never marry like my sisters.
LEAR But goes thy heart with this?
CORDELIA Ay, my good lord.
LEAR So young and so untender?[99]
CORDELIA So young, my lord, and true.
LEAR Let it be so: thy truth then be thy dower,
For by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate[103] and the night,
By all the operation[104] of the orbs
From whom we do exist and cease to be,
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity[107] and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee from this[109] for ever. The barbarous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation[110] messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighboured,[112] pitied and relieved
As thou my sometime[113] daughter.
KENT Good my liege[114]—
LEAR Peace, Kent:
Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
I loved her most, and thought to set my rest[117]
On her kind[118] nursery.— Hence, and avoid my sight!— ***To Cordelia***
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father’s heart from her. Call France. Who stirs?[120]
Call Burgundy.— Cornwall and Albany,
[Exit Attendant]
With my two daughters’ dowers digest[122] the third.
Let pride, which she calls plainness,[123] marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects[125]
That troop with[126] majesty. Ourself by monthly course,
With reservation of[127] an hundred knights
By you to be sustained,[128] shall our abode
Make with you by due turn: only we shall retain

The name and all th’addition to[130] a king: the sway,
Revenue, execution of the rest,
Belovèd sons, be yours, which to confirm,
This coronet part between you. ***Gives them coronet to break in half***
KENT Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honoured as my king,
Loved as my father, as my master followed,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers—
LEAR The bow is bent and drawn, make[138] from the shaft.
KENT Let it fall rather, though the fork[139] invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly
When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou[141] do, old man?
Think’st thou that duty shall have dread to speak
When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour’s bound
When majesty falls to folly. Reserve thy state,[144]
And in[145] thy best consideration check
This hideous rashness. Answer[146] my life my judgement:
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least,
Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sounds
Reverb no hollowness.[149]
LEAR Kent, on thy life, no more.
KENT My life I never held[151] but as pawn
To wage[152] against thine enemies, ne’er fear to lose it,
Thy safety being motive.
LEAR Out of my sight!
KENT See better, Lear, and let me still remain
The true blank[156] of thine eye.
LEAR Now, by Apollo[157]—
KENT Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear’st thy gods in vain.
LEAR O, vassal![160] Miscreant! ***Puts his hand on his sword or attacks Kent***
ALBANY and CORDELIA Dear sir, forbear.[161]
KENT Kill[162] thy physician, and thy fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift,
Or whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I’ll tell thee thou dost evil.

LEAR Hear me, recreant,[166] on thine allegiance hear me!
That[167] thou hast sought to make us break our vows,
Which we durst[168] never yet, and with strained pride
To come betwixt our sentences[169] and our power,
Which nor[170] our nature nor our place can bear,
Our potency[171] made good, take thy reward:
Five days we do allot thee for provision
To shield thee from disasters[173] of the world,
And on the sixth to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if on the next day following
Thy banished trunk[176] be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death. Away! By Jupiter,[177]
This shall not be revoked.

KENT Fare thee well, king: sith[179] thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence and banishment is here.—
The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid, ***To Cordelia***
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said.—
And your[183] large speeches may your deeds approve, ***To Goneril and Regan***
That good effects may spring from words of love.
Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu.
He'll shape[186] his old course in a country new.

Exit

Flourish. Enter Gloucester with France and Burgundy, Attendants

CORDELIA Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

LEAR My lord of Burgundy,
We first address toward you, who with this king
Hath rivalled[190] for our daughter: what in the least
Will you require in present dower[191] with her,
Or cease your quest of love?

BURGUNDY Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness offered,
Nor will you tender[195] less.

LEAR Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so,[197]
But now her price is fallen. Sir, there she stands:

If aught[199] within that little seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure pieced,[200]
And nothing more, may fitly like[201] your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.
BURGUNDY I know no answer.
LEAR Will you, with those infirmities[204] she owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dowered with[206] our curse and strangered with our oath,
Take her or leave her?
BURGUNDY Pardon me, royal sir:
Election[209] makes not up in such conditions.
LEAR Then leave her, sir, for by the power that made me,
I tell you[211] all her wealth.— For you, great king, ***To France***
I would not from[212] your love make such a stray
To match you where I hate, therefore beseech you
T'avert your liking a more worthier way
Than on a wretch whom nature is ashamed
Almost t'acknowledge hers.
FRANCE This is most strange,
That she whom even but now was your object,[218]
The argument[219] of your praise, balm of your age,
The best, the dearest, should in this trice[220] of time
Commit a thing so monstrous[221] to dismantle
So many folds of favour. Sure her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree
That monsters it,[224] or your fore-vouched affection
Fall into taint,[225] which to believe of her
Must be a faith that reason without miracle
Should never plant in me.
CORDELIA I yet beseech your majesty —
If for[229] I want that glib and oily art
To speak and purpose not,[230] since what I will intend
I'll do't before I speak — that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,[232]
No unchaste action or dishonoured step
That hath deprived me of your grace and favour,

But even for want of that for which[235] I am richer:
A still-soliciting[236] eye and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it
Hath lost me in your liking.
LEAR Better thou hadst
Not been born than not t'have pleased me better.
FRANCE Is it but this? A tardiness in nature,[241]
Which often leaves the history[242] unspoke
That it intends to do? My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love's not love
When it is mingled with regards[245] that stands
Aloof from th'entire point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.
BURGUNDY Royal king, ***To Lear***
Give but that portion which yourself proposed,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.
LEAR Nothing: I have sworn: I am firm.
BURGUNDY I am sorry, then, you have so lost a father ***To Cordelia***
That you must lose a husband.
CORDELIA Peace be with Burgundy.
Since that respect and fortunes[256] are his love,
I shall not be his wife.
FRANCE Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich being poor,
Most choice forsaken,[259] and most loved despised,
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:[260]
Be it lawful,[261] I take up what's cast away. ***Takes her hand***
Gods, gods! 'Tis strange that from their[262] cold'st neglect
My love should kindle to inflamed[263] respect.—
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown[264] to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours and our fair France:
Not all the dukes of wat'rish[266] Burgundy
Can buy this unprized[267] precious maid of me.—
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind.[268]
Thou losest here, a better where[269] to find.
LEAR Thou hast her, France: let her be thine, for we

Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again. Therefore be gone
Without our grace,[273] our love, our benison.
Come, noble Burgundy.

Flourish. Exeunt. [France and the sisters remain]

FRANCE Bid farewell to your sisters.

CORDELIA The jewels of our father, with washèd[276] eyes
Cordelia leaves you. I know you what you are,
And like a sister am most loath to call
Your faults as[279] they are named. Love well our father:
To your professèd bosoms[280] I commit him,
But yet, alas, stood I within his grace,
I would prefer[282] him to a better place.
So farewell to you both.

REGAN Prescribe not us our duty.

GONERIL Let your study[285]
Be to content your lord who hath received you
At fortune’s alms.[287] You have obedience scanted,
And well are[288] worth the want that you have wanted.

CORDELIA Time shall unfold what plighted cunning[289] hides:
Who[289] covers faults, at last with shame derides.
Well may you prosper.

FRANCE Come, my fair Cordelia.

Exit France and Cordelia

GONERIL Sister, it is not little I have to say of what most nearly[293] appertains to us both. I think our father will hence tonight.

REGAN That’s most certain, and with you: next month with us.

GONERIL You see how full of changes his age is: the observation we have made of it hath not been little. He always loved our sister most, and with what poor judgement he hath now cast her off appears too grossly.[298]

REGAN ’Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath ever[299] but slenderly known himself.

GONERIL The[300] best and soundest of his time hath been but rash. Then must we look from his age to receive not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition,[301] but therewithal[302] the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

REGAN Such unconstant starts[304] are we like to have from him as this of Kent's banishment.

GONERIL There is further compliment[306] of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you let us sit together:[307] if our father carry authority with such disposition as he bears, this last surrender[308] of his will but offend us.

REGAN We shall further think of it.

GONERIL We must do something, and i'th'heat.[310]

Exeunt

Act 1 Scene 2[1.2]

running scene 2

Enter Bastard [Edmund] ***With a letter***

EDMUND Thou, nature, art my goddess: to thy law
My services are bound. Wherefore[2] should I
Stand in[3] the plague of custom and permit
The curiosity[4] of nations to deprive me
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines[5]
Lag of[6] a brother? Why bastard? Wherefore base?
When my dimensions[7] are as well compact,
My mind as generous,[8] and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue?[9] Why brand they us
With base? With baseness? Bastardy? Base, base?
Who[11] in the lusty stealth of nature take
More[12] composition and fierce quality
Than doth within a dull, stale, tirèd bed,
Go to th'creating a whole tribe of fops[14]
Got[15] 'tween a sleep and wake? Well then,
Legitimate Edgar, I[18] must have your land:
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund
As to th'legitimate — fine word, 'legitimate' —
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed[19]
And my invention[20] thrive, Edmund the base
Shall to th'legitimate.[21] I grow, I prosper:
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter Gloucester

GLOUCESTER Kent banished thus? And France in choler[23] parted?
And the king gone tonight? Prescribed[24] his power,
Confined to exhibition?[25] All this done
Upon the gad?[26] Edmund, how now? What news?

EDMUND So please your lordship, none. ***Hides the letter***

GLOUCESTER Why so earnestly seek you to put up[28] that letter?

EDMUND I know no news, my lord.

GLOUCESTER What paper were you reading?

EDMUND Nothing, my lord.

GLOUCESTER No? What needed, then, that terrible dispatch[32] of it into your pocket? The quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let’s see: come, if it be nothing I shall not need spectacles.

EDMUND I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother that I have not all o’er-read; and for[36] so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your o’erlooking.[37]

GLOUCESTER Give me the letter, sir.

EDMUND I shall offend either to detain or give it: the contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

GLOUCESTER Let’s see, let’s see. ***Edmund gives the letter***

EDMUND I hope for my brother’s justification he wrote this but as an essay or taste[42] of my virtue.

GLOUCESTER *Reads* ‘This policy[44] and reverence of age makes the world bitter to the best of our times, keeps our fortunes[45] from us till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle[46] and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny, who sways,[47] not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever and live the beloved of your brother, Edgar.’

Hum! Conspiracy! ‘Sleep till I wake him, you should enjoy half his revenue.’ My son Edgar? Had he a hand to write this? A heart and brain to breed it in? When came you to this? Who brought it?

EDMUND It was not brought me, my lord; there’s the cunning of it: I found it thrown in at the casement[54] of my closet.

GLOUCESTER You know the character[55] to be your brother’s?

EDMUND If the matter[56] were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his, but in respect of that I would fain[57] think it were not.

GLOUCESTER It is his.

EDMUND It is his hand, my lord, but I hope his heart is not in the contents.

GLOUCESTER Has he never before sounded you in this business?

EDMUND Never, my lord: but I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit that, sons at perfect age[61] and fathers declined,[62] the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

GLOUCESTER O villain, villain! His very opinion in the letter! Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! Worse than brutish! Go, sirrah,[65] seek him: I'll apprehend[66] him. Abominable villain, where is he?

EDMUND I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you should run[69] a certain course, where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down[71] my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel[72] my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

GLOUCESTER Think you so?

EDMUND If your honour judge it meet,[75] I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance[76] have your satisfaction, and that without any further delay than this very evening.

GLOUCESTER He cannot be such a monster. Edmund, seek him out: wind[78] me into him, I pray you: frame[79] the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself to be in a due resolution.

EDMUND I will seek him, sir, presently:[81] convey the business as I shall find means and acquaint you withal.[82]

GLOUCESTER These late[83] eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: though the wisdom of nature[84] can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects:[85] love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked 'twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction: there's son against father. The king falls from bias of nature:[88] there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders follow us disquietly to our graves. Find out this villain, Edmund: it[91] shall lose thee nothing. Do it carefully.— And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! His offence, honesty! 'Tis strange.

Exit

EDMUND This is the excellent foppery[93] of the world, that when we are sick in fortune — often the surfeits[94] of our own behaviour — we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon[95] and stars, as if we were villains on necessity, fools by heavenly compulsion, knaves, thieves and treachers[96] by spherical predominance, drunkards, liars and adulterers by an enforced obedience of planetary influence, and all that we are evil in, by a divine[98] thrusting on: an admirable evasion[99] of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition on the charge of a star! My father compounded[100] with my mother under the dragon's tail and my nativity was under Ursa Major,[101] so that it follows I am rough and lecherous. I should have been that I am had the maidenliest[102] star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing.[103]

Enter Edgar

Pat[104] he comes like the catastrophe of the old comedy: my cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o'Bedlam.[105]— O, these eclipses do portend these divisions![106] Fa, sol, la, mi.

EDGAR How now, brother Edmund, what serious contemplation are you in?

EDMUND I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this[108] other day, what should follow these eclipses.

EDGAR Do you busy yourself with that?

EDMUND I promise you, the effects he writes of succeed[111] unhappily. When saw you my father last?

EDGAR The night gone by.

EDMUND Spake you with him?

EDGAR Ay, two hours together.

EDMUND Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him by word nor countenance?[117]

EDGAR None at all.

EDMUND Bethink yourself wherein you may have offended him, and at my entreaty forbear[120] his presence until some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant so rageth in him that with the mischief[121] of your person it would scarcely allay.[122]

EDGAR Some villain hath done me wrong.

EDMUND That's my fear. I pray you have[124] a continent forbearance till the speed of his rage goes slower: and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly[126] bring you to hear my lord speak. Pray ye go. There's my key: ***Gives a key*** if you do stir abroad,[127] go armed.

EDGAR Armed, brother?

EDMUND Brother, I advise you to the best: I am no honest man if there be any good meaning[130] toward you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly, nothing like the image and horror[131] of it. Pray you away.

EDGAR Shall I hear from you anon?[132]

Exit

EDMUND I do serve[133] you in this business.—
A credulous father and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms
That he suspects none: on whose foolish honesty
My practices[137] ride easy. I see the business.
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:[138]
All with me's meet[139] that I can fashion fit. *Exit*

Act 1 Scene 3[1.3]

running scene 3

Enter Goneril and Steward [Oswald]

GONERIL Did my father strike my gentleman[1] for chiding of his fool?

OSWALD Ay, madam.

GONERIL By day and night he wrongs me: every hour
He flashes[4] into one gross crime or other
That sets us all at odds. I'll not endure it.
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle. When he returns from hunting
I will not speak with him: say I am sick.
If you come slack[9] of former services
You shall do well: the fault of it I'll answer.[10]

OSWALD He's coming, madam: I hear him. ***Horns within***

GONERIL Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows:[13] I'd have it come to question:
If he distaste[14] it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one.
Remember what I have said.

OSWALD Well, madam.

GONERIL And let his knights have colder looks among you: what grows of it, no matter: advise your fellows so. I'll write straight[19] to my sister, to hold my course. Prepare for dinner.

Exeunt

Act 1 Scene 4

running scene 3 continues

Enter Kent ***Disguised***

KENT If but as will I[1] other accents borrow,
That can my speech defuse,[2] my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue[3]
For which I razed my likeness.[4] Now, banished Kent,
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemned,
So may it come thy master whom thou lov’st,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter Lear and Attendants [his Knights]

LEAR Let me not stay[8] a jot for dinner: go get it ready.—

[Exit a Knight]

How now, what[11] art thou? ***To Kent***

KENT A man, sir.

LEAR What dost thou profess? What wouldst thou with us?

KENT I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly that will put me in trust, to love him that is honest, to converse with him that is wise and says little, to fear judgement,[14] to fight when I cannot choose and to eat no fish.

LEAR What art thou?

KENT A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

LEAR If thou be’st as poor for a subject as he’s for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?

KENT Service.

LEAR Who wouldst thou serve?

KENT You.

LEAR Dost thou know me, fellow?

KENT No, sir, but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master.

LEAR What’s that?

KENT Authority.

LEAR What services canst thou do?

KENT I can keep honest counsel,[28] ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the best of me is diligence.

LEAR How old art thou?

KENT Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for anything:[33] I have years on my back forty-eight.

LEAR Follow me, thou shalt serve me: if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.— Dinner, ho, dinner! Where's my knave?[35] My fool? Go you and call my fool hither.

[Exit another Knight]

Enter Steward [Oswald]

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

OSWALD So[38] please you—

Exit

LEAR What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll[39] back.—

[Exit another Knight]

Where's my fool? Ho, I think the world's asleep.—

[Enter a Knight]

How now? Where's that mongrel?

KNIGHT He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

LEAR Why came not the slave[43] back to me when I called him?

KNIGHT Sir, he answered me in the roundest[44] manner, he would not.

LEAR He would not?

KNIGHT My lord, I know not what the matter is, but to my judgement your highness is not entertained[47] with that ceremonious affection as you were wont: there's a great abatement of kindness appears as well in the general dependants[48] as in the duke himself also and your daughter.

LEAR Ha? Say'st thou so?

KNIGHT I beseech you pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken, for my duty cannot be silent when I think your highness wronged.

LEAR Thou but rememb'rest[53] me of mine own conception: I have perceived a most faint[54] neglect of late, which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity than as a very pretence[55] and purpose of unkindness. I will look further into't. But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

KNIGHT Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

LEAR No more of that, I have noted it well.— Go you and tell my daughter I would speak with her.—

[Exit a Knight]

Go you, call hither my fool.—

[Exit another Knight]

Enter Steward [Oswald]

O, you sir, you, come you hither, sir. Who am I, sir?

OSWALD My lady's father.

LEAR My lady's father'? My lord's knave: you whoreson dog, you slave, you cur![64]

OSWALD I am none of these, my lord, I beseech your pardon.

LEAR Do you bandy[66] looks with me, you rascal? ***Strikes him***

OSWALD I'll not be strucken,[67] my lord.

KENT Nor tripped neither, you base football[68] player. ***Trips him***

LEAR I thank thee, fellow: thou serv'st me and I'll love thee.

KENT Come, sir, arise, away! I'll teach you differences:[70] away, away! If you will measure[71] your lubber's length again, tarry: but away, go to. Have you wisdom? So. ***Pushes Oswald out***

LEAR Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee. There's earnest[73] of thy service. ***Gives money***

Enter Fool

FOOL Let me hire him too: here's my coxcomb.[74] ***Offers Kent his cap***

LEAR How now, my pretty[75] knave, how dost thou?

FOOL Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb. ***To Kent***

LEAR Why, my boy?

FOOL Why? For taking one's part that's out of favour: nay, an[78] thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly. There, take my coxcomb. Why, this fellow has banished two on's[80] daughters and did the third a blessing against his will: if thou follow him, thou must needs[81] wear my coxcomb.— How now, nuncle?[82] Would I had two coxcombs and two daughters.

LEAR Why, my boy?

FOOL If I gave them all my living,[84] I'd keep my coxcombs myself. There's mine: beg another of thy daughters.

LEAR Take heed, sirrah: the whip.

FOOL Truth's a dog must to kennel: he must be whipped out when the Lady Brach[88] may stand by th'fire and stink.

LEAR A pestilent gall[89] to me!

FOOL Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

LEAR Do.

FOOL Mark[92] it, nuncle:

Have more than thou showest,[95]
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,[96]
Learn more than thou trowest,[97]
Set[98] less than thou throwest;
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou shalt have[101] more
Than two tens to a score.

KENT This is nothing, fool.

FOOL Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd[104] lawyer: ***To Lear*** you gave me nothing for't.— Can you make no use[105] of nothing, nuncle?

LEAR Why, no, boy: nothing can be made out of nothing.

FOOL Prithee tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to: ***To Kent*** he will not believe a fool.

LEAR A bitter fool!

FOOL Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet one?

LEAR No, lad, teach me.

FOOL Nuncle, give me an egg and I'll give thee two crowns.[113]

LEAR What two crowns shall they be?

FOOL Why, after I have cut the egg i'th'middle and eat up the meat,[115] the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest[116] thy crowns i'th'middle and gav'st away both parts, thou bor'st thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt: thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown when thou gav'st thy golden one away. If I speak like myself[118] in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so:

Fools had ne’er less grace[120] in a year, ***Sings***
For wise men are grown foppish[121]
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.[123]

LEAR When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

FOOL I have used it,[125] nuncle, e’er since thou mad’st thy daughters thy mothers: for when thou gav’st them the rod[126] and put’st down thine own breeches,

Then they for sudden joy did weep, ***Sings***
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep[129]
And go the fool among.[130]

Prithee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie: I would fain[131] learn to lie.

LEAR An[133] you lie, sirrah, we’ll have you whipped.

FOOL I marvel[134] what kin thou and thy daughters are: they’ll have me whipped for speaking true, thou’lt have me whipped for lying, and sometimes I am whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o’thing than a fool. And yet I would not be thee, nuncle: thou hast pared[137] thy wit o’both sides and left nothing i’th’middle. Here comes one o’the parings.

Enter Goneril

LEAR How now, daughter? What makes that frontlet[139] on? You are too much of late i’th’frown.

FOOL Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning: now thou art an O without a figure.[142] I am better than thou art now: I am a fool, thou art nothing.— ***To Goneril*** Yes, forsooth,[143] I will hold my tongue, so your face bids me, though you say nothing.

Mum, mum, ***Sings***
He that keeps nor[146] crust nor crumb,
Weary of all, shall want some.[147]

That’s a shelled peascod.[148] ***Points to Lear***

GONERIL Not only, sir, this your all-licensed[149] fool,
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp[151] and quarrel, breaking forth

In rank[152] and not-to-be endured riots, sir.
I had thought by making this well known unto you
To have found a safe[154] redress, but now grow fearful,
By what yourself too late[155] have spoke and done.
That you protect this course[156] and put it on
By your allowance, which if you should, the fault
Would not scape[158] censure, nor the redresses sleep
Which in[159] the tender of a wholesome weal
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.
FOOL For you know, nuncle,
The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo[164] so long,
That it’s had it[165] head bit off by it young.
So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.[166]
LEAR Are you our daughter? ***To Goneril***
GONERIL I would you would make use of your good wisdom —
Whereof I know you are fraught[169] — and put away
These dispositions[170] which of late transport you
From what you rightly are.
FOOL May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse?
Whoop, Jug![173] I love thee.
LEAR Does any here know me? This is not Lear.
Does Lear walk thus? Speak thus? Where are his eyes?
Either his notion[176] weakens, his discernings
Are lethargied — Ha! Waking?[177] ’Tis not so?
Who is it that can tell me who I am?
FOOL Lear’s shadow.[179]
LEAR Your name, fair gentlewoman?
GONERIL This admiration,[181] sir, is much o’th’savour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright:
As you are old and reverend, should[184] be wise.
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires,
Men so disordered, so debauched and bold,[186]
That this our court, infected with their manners,

Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism[188] and lust
Makes it more like a tavern or a brothel
Than a graced[190] palace. The shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy. Be then desired[191]
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train,[193]
And the remainders, that shall still depend[194]
To be such men as may besort[195] your age,
Which know[196] themselves and you.

LEAR Darkness and devils!—
Saddle my horses, call my train together.— ***To a Servant***
Degenerate[199] bastard! I'll not trouble thee. ***To Goneril***
Yet have I left a daughter.

GONERIL You strike my people, and your disordered rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter Albany

LEAR Woe that[203] too late repents!— Is it your will? ***To Albany***
Speak, sir.— Prepare my horses. ***To a Servant***
Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous when thou show'st thee in a child
Than the sea-monster!

ALBANY Pray, sir, be patient.

LEAR Detested kite,[209] thou liest. ***To Goneril***
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,[210]
That all particulars of duty know
And in[212] the most exact regard support
The worships of their name. O, most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!
Which, like an engine,[215] wrenched my frame of nature
From the fixed place, drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall.[217] O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in, ***Hits his head***
And thy dear judgement out!— Go, go, my people.

ALBANY My lord, I am guiltless as I am ignorant
Of what hath moved[221] you.

LEAR It may be so, my lord.—

Hear, nature, hear, dear goddess, hear!
Suspend thy purpose if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful:
Into her womb convey sterility,
Dry up in her the organs of increase,[227]
And from her derogate[228] body never spring
A babe to honour her: if she must teem,[229]
Create her child of spleen,[230] that it may live
And be a thwart[231] disnatured torment to her:
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,
With cadent[233] tears fret channels in her cheeks,
Turn all her mother's pains[234] and benefits
To laughter and contempt, that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!— Away, away! ***Perhaps with Kent and Knights***
Exit
ALBANY Now, gods that we adore, whereof comes this?
GONERIL Never afflict yourself to know more of it,
But let his disposition have that scope
As dotage[241] gives it.
Enter Lear
LEAR What, fifty of my followers at a clap?[242]
Within a fortnight?
ALBANY What's the matter, sir?
LEAR I'll tell thee:— Life and death! I am ashamed ***To Goneril***
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus,
That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,[247]
Should make thee worth them. Blasts[248] and fogs upon thee!
Th'untented[249] woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee! Old fond[250] eyes,
Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck ye out
And cast you, with the waters[252] that you loose,
To temper[253] clay. Ha? Let it be so.
I have another daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind[255] and comfortable:
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails

She'll flay thy wolvish visage.[257] Thou shalt find
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever.
Exeunt [Lear, perhaps with Kent and Knights]
GONERIL Do you mark that?
ALBANY I cannot be so partial,[261] Goneril,
To the great love I bear you—
GONERIL Pray you, content.[263]— What, Oswald, ho!—
You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master. ***To Fool***
FOOL Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, take the fool with thee.
A fox, when one has caught her, ***Sings***
And such a daughter
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter:[269]
So the fool follows after.
Exit
GONERIL This man hath had good counsel. A hundred knights?
'Tis politic[272] and safe to let him keep
At point[273] a hundred knights: yes, that on every dream,
Each buzz,[274] each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard[275] his dotage with their powers
And hold our lives in[276] mercy.— Oswald, I say!
ALBANY Well, you may fear too far.
GONERIL Safer than trust too far:
Let me still[279] take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken.[280] I know his heart.
What he hath uttered I have writ my sister:
If she sustain him and his hundred knights
When I have showed th'unfitness—
Enter Steward [Oswald]
How now, Oswald?
What, have you writ that letter to my sister?
OSWALD Ay, madam.
GONERIL Take you some company and away to horse:
Inform her full of my particular fear,
And thereto add such reasons of your own

As may compact[289] it more. Get you gone,
And hasten your return.—
[Exit Oswald]
No, no, my lord,
This milky gentleness and course of yours
Though I condemn not, yet, under pardon,[292]
You are much more at task[293] for want of wisdom
Than praised for harmful mildness.

ALBANY How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell:
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

GONERIL Nay, then—

ALBANY Well, well, th'event.[298]

Exeunt

Act 1 Scene 5

running scene 3 continues

Enter Lear, Kent, Gentleman and Fool **Kent disguised as Caius**

LEAR Go you before[1] to Gloucester with these letters. ***To Kent*** Acquaint my daughter no further with anything you know than comes from her demand out of[2] the letter. If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore you.

KENT I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter.

Exit

FOOL If a man's brains were in's heels, were't not in danger of kibes?[5]

LEAR Ay, boy.

FOOL Then, I prithee be merry: thy wit[7] shall not go slip-shod.

LEAR Ha, ha, ha!

FOOL Shalt[9] see thy other daughter will use thee kindly, for though she's as like this as a crab's[10] like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

LEAR What canst tell, boy?

FOOL She will taste as like this as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands i'th'middle on's[13] face?

LEAR No.

FOOL Why, to keep one's eyes of either side's[15] nose, that what a man cannot smell out he may spy into.

LEAR I did her[17] wrong—

FOOL Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

LEAR No.

FOOL Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

LEAR Why?

FOOL Why, to put's head in, not to give it away to his daughters and leave his horns without a case.

LEAR I will forget my nature. So kind a father!— Be my horses ready?

FOOL Thy asses[25] are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty[26] reason.

LEAR Because they are not eight.

FOOL Yes, indeed: thou wouldst make a good fool.

LEAR To take't again[29] perforce. Monster ingratitude!

FOOL If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

LEAR How's that?

FOOL Thou shouldst not have been old till thou hadst been wise.

LEAR O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven!
Keep me in temper:[35] I would not be mad!—
How now, are the horses ready? ***To Gentleman***

GENTLEMAN Ready, my lord.

LEAR Come, boy.

FOOL She that's a maid[39] now, and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a maid long, unless things[40] be cut shorter.

Exeunt

Act 2 Scene 1[2.1]

running scene 4

Enter Bastard [Edmund] and Curan, severally

EDMUND Save thee,[1] Curan.

CURAN And you, sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the Duke of Cornwall and Regan his duchess will be here with him this night.

EDMUND How comes that?

CURAN Nay, I know not. You have heard of the news abroad:[5] I mean the whispered ones,[6] for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?

EDMUND Not I: pray you, what are they?

CURAN Have you heard of no likely wars toward[8] ’twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

EDMUND Not a word.

CURAN You may do then in time. Fare you well, sir.

Exit

EDMUND The duke be here tonight? The better — best!
This weaves itself perforce[13] into my business.
My father hath set guard to take[14] my brother,
And I have one thing, of a queasy question,[15]
Which I must act. Briefness and fortune, work!—

Enter Edgar ***Appears above and then enters below***

Brother, a word: descend, brother, I say!
My father watches:[18] O sir, fly this place.
Intelligence[19] is given where you are hid;
You have now the good advantage of the night.
Have you not spoken gainst the Duke of Cornwall?
He’s coming hither, now, i’th’night, i’th’haste,[22]
And Regan with him: have[23] you nothing said
Upon his party gainst the Duke of Albany?
Advise yourself.[25]

EDGAR I am sure on’t, not a word.

EDMUND I hear my father coming, pardon me:
In cunning[28] I must draw my sword upon you: ***Draws***

Draw, seem to defend yourself. Now quit you[29] well. ***Edgar draws***
Yield: come before my father.— Light, ho, here!—
Fly, brother.— Torches, torches!— So, farewell.

Exit Edgar

Some blood drawn on me would beget[32] opinion ***Wounds his arm***
Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards
Do more than this in sport.— Father, father!
Stop, stop! No help?

Enter Gloucester and Servants with torches

GLOUCESTER Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

EDMUND Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring[38] the moon
To stand auspicious mistress[39]—

GLOUCESTER But where is he?

EDMUND Look, sir, I bleed.

GLOUCESTER Where is the villain, Edmund?

EDMUND Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could—

GLOUCESTER Pursue him, ho! Go after.

[Exeunt Servants]

By no means what?

EDMUND Persuade me to the murder of your lordship,
But that I told him the revenging gods
Gainst parricides did all the thunder bend,[48]
Spoke with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to th'father; sir, in fine,[50]
Seeing how loathly opposite[51] I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell[52] motion
With his preparèd[53] sword, he charges home
My unprovided[54] body, latched mine arm;
And when he saw my best alarumed[55] spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right,[56] roused to th'encounter,
Or whether ghasted[57] by the noise I made,
Full[58] suddenly he fled.

GLOUCESTER Let him fly far:
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught,
And found — dispatch.[61] The noble duke my master,

My worthy arch and patron,[62] comes tonight:
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he which finds him shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake:[65]
He that conceals him, death.

EDMUND When I dissuaded him from his intent
And found him pight[68] to do it, with curst speech
I threatened to discover[69] him: he replied,
‘Thou unpossessing[70] bastard, dost thou think,
If I would stand against[71] thee, would the reposal
Of any trust, virtue, or worth in thee
Make thy words faithed?[73] No: what should I deny —
As this I would, though thou didst produce
My very character[75] — I’d turn it all
To thy suggestion,[76] plot, and damnèd practice,
And thou must make[77] a dullard of the world,
If they not thought[78] the profits of my death
Were very pregnant[79] and potential spirits
To make thee seek it.’

Tucket[80] *within*

GLOUCESTER O, strange[81] and fastened villain!
Would he deny his letter, said he?
Hark, the duke’s trumpets! I know not where[83] he comes.
All ports[84] I’ll bar: the villain shall not scape:
The duke must grant me that. Besides, his picture[85]
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him, and of my land,
Loyal and natural[88] boy, I’ll work the means
To make thee capable.[89]

Enter Cornwall, Regan and Attendants

CORNWALL How now, my noble friend? Since I came hither —
Which I can call but now — I have heard strangeness.

REGAN If it be true, all vengeance comes too short
Which can pursue th’offender. How dost, my lord?

GLOUCESTER O, madam, my old heart is cracked, it’s cracked!

REGAN What, did my father’s godson seek your life?

He whom my father named? Your Edgar?
GLOUCESTER O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid!
REGAN Was he not companion with the riotous knights
That tended upon[99] my father?
GLOUCESTER I know not, madam: ’tis too bad, too bad.
EDMUND Yes, madam, he was of that consort.[101]
REGAN No marvel, then, though[102] he were ill affected:
’Tis they have put him on[103] the old man’s death,
To have th’expense[104] and waste of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well informed of them, and with such cautions
That if they come to sojourn at my house,
I’ll not be there.
CORNWALL Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—
Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
A child-like[111] office.
EDMUND It was my duty, sir.
GLOUCESTER He did bewray[113] his practice and received *To Cornwall*
This hurt you see striving to apprehend him.
CORNWALL Is he pursued?
GLOUCESTER Ay, my good lord.
CORNWALL If he be taken, he shall never more
Be feared of doing harm: make[118] your own purpose,
How in my strength you please. For[119] you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours:[121]
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need:
You we first seize on.[123]
EDMUND I shall serve you, sir, truly, however else.
GLOUCESTER For him I thank your grace.
CORNWALL You know not why we came to visit you?
REGAN Thus out of season,[127] threading dark-eyed night:
Occasions,[128] noble Gloucester, of some prize,
Wherein we must have use of your advice:
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences,[131] which I best thought it fit

To answer from[132] our home: the several messengers
From hence attend dispatch.[133] Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom, and bestow
Your needful counsel to our businesses,
Which craves[136] the instant use.

GLOUCESTER I serve you, madam:
Your graces are right welcome.

Exeunt. Flourish

Act 2 Scene 2[2.2]

Enter Kent and Steward [Oswald], severally ***Kent disguised as Caius***

OSWALD Good dawning[1] to thee, friend: art of this house?

KENT Ay.[2]

OSWALD Where may we set[3] our horses?

KENT I'th'mire.[4]

OSWALD Prithee, if[5] thou lov'st me, tell me.

KENT I love thee not.

OSWALD Why then, I care not for thee.

KENT If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold,[8] I would make thee care for me.

OSWALD Why dost thou use[9] me thus? I know thee not.

KENT Fellow, I know thee.

OSWALD What dost thou know me for?[11]

KENT A knave,[12] a rascal, an eater of broken meats, a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited,[13] hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave, a lily-livered, action-taking,[14] whoreson, glass-gazing, super-serviceable finical rogue: one-trunk-inheriting[15] slave: one that wouldst be a bawd in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition[16] of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining if thou deny'st the least syllable of thy addition.[18]

OSWALD Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou thus to rail[19] on one that is neither known of thee nor knows thee!

KENT What a brazen-faced varlet[21] art thou to deny thou knowest me! Is it two days since I tripped up thy heels and beat thee before the king? Draw,[22] you rogue, for though it be night, yet the moon shines: I'll make a sop o'th'moonshine[23] of you, you whoreson cullionly[24] barber-monger. Draw. ***Draws his sword***

OSWALD Away! I have nothing to do with thee.

KENT Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king, and take vanity the puppet's[26] part against the royalty of her father:

draw, you rogue, or I’ll so carbonado[28] your shanks: draw, you rascal, come your ways.

OSWALD Help, ho! Murder! Help!

KENT Strike, you slave! Stand, rogue, stand, you neat[30] slave, strike! ***Beats him***

OSWALD Help, ho! Murder! Murder!

Enter Bastard [Edmund], Cornwall, Regan, Gloucester, Servants

EDMUND How now, what’s the matter? Part!

KENT With you,[33] Goodman boy, if you please: come, I’ll flesh ye: come on, young master.

GLOUCESTER Weapons? Arms? What’s the matter here?

CORNWALL Keep peace, upon your lives: he dies that strikes again. What is the matter?

REGAN The messengers from our sister and the king.

CORNWALL What is your difference?[39] Speak.

OSWALD I am scarce in breath, my lord.

KENT No marvel, you have so bestirred your valour.[41] You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in[42] thee: a tailor made thee.

CORNWALL Thou art a strange fellow — a tailor make a man?

KENT A tailor, sir: a stone-cutter or a painter could not have made him so ill,[44] though they had been but two years o’th’trade.

CORNWALL Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

OSWALD This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spared at suit[47] of his grey beard—

KENT Thou whoreson zed,[48] thou unnecessary letter!— My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted[49] villain into mortar and daub the wall of a jakes with him.— Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?[50]

CORNWALL Peace, sirrah!
You beastly[52] knave, know you no reverence?

KENT Yes, sir, but anger hath a privilege.[53]

CORNWALL Why art thou angry?

KENT That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty.[56] Such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords[57] a-twain
Which are too intrinse t’unloose,[58] smooth every passion

That in the natures of their lords rebel,[59]
Being[60] oil to fire, snow to the colder moods,
Revenge, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks[61]
With every gall[62] and vary of their masters,
Knowing nought, like dogs, but following.—
A plague upon your epileptic visage![64] ***To Oswald***
Smile you my[65] speeches, as I were a fool?
Goose,[66] if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.
CORNWALL What, art thou mad, old fellow?
GLOUCESTER How fell you out? Say that.
KENT No contraries hold more antipathy
Than I and such a knave.
CORNWALL Why dost thou call him knave? What is his fault?
KENT His countenance likes[73] me not.
CORNWALL No more, perchance, does mine, nor his, nor hers—
KENT Sir, 'tis my occupation[75] to be plain:
I have seen better faces in my time
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.
CORNWALL This is some fellow
Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy[81] roughness, and constrains the garb
Quite from his nature. He cannot flatter, he:
An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth!
An[84] they will take it, so: if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbour more craft[86] and more corrupter ends
Than twenty silly ducking[87] observants
That stretch[88] their duties nicely.
KENT Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,[89]
Under th'allowance[90] of your great aspect,
Whose influence,[91] like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phoebus'[92] front—
CORNWALL What mean'st by this?

KENT To go out of my dialect,[94] which you discommend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer: he that beguiled[95] you in a plain accent was a plain knave, which for my part I will not be, though[96] I should win your displeasure to entreat me to't.

CORNWALL What was th'offence you gave him? ***To Oswald***

OSWALD I never gave him any.
It pleased the king his master very late
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction:[100]
When he, compact[101] and flattering his displeasure,
Tripped me behind, being[102] down, insulted, railed,
And put upon him such a deal of man[103]
That worthied him,[104] got praises of the king
For him attempting[105] who was self-subdued:
And, in the fleshment[106] of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

KENT None[108] of these rogues and cowards
But Ajax is their fool.

CORNWALL Fetch forth the stocks![110]—
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverent[111] braggart,
We'll teach you.

KENT Sir, I am too old to learn.
Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king,
On whose employment I was sent to you:
You shall do small respects, show too bold malice[116]
Against the grace[117] and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

CORNWALL Fetch forth the stocks! As I have life and honour,
There shall he sit till noon.

REGAN Till noon? Till night, my lord, and all night too.

KENT Why, madam, if I were your father's dog
You should not use[123] me so.

REGAN Sir, being his knave, I will.

Stocks brought out

CORNWALL This is a fellow of the self-same colour[125]
Our sister[126] speaks of. Come, bring away the stocks!

GLOUCESTER Let me beseech your grace not to do so:

The king his master needs must take it ill
That he so slightly valued in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrained.

CORNWALL I'll answer[131] that.

REGAN My sister may receive it much more worse
To have her gentleman abused, assaulted. ***Kent put in the stocks***

CORNWALL Come, my lord, away.

Exeunt. [Gloucester and Kent remain]

GLOUCESTER I am sorry for thee, friend: 'tis the duke's pleasure,[135]
Whose disposition all the world well knows
Will not be rubbed[137] nor stopped. I'll entreat for thee.

KENT Pray do not, sir. I have watched[138] and travelled hard:
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels.[140]
Give[141] you good morrow.

GLOUCESTER The duke's to blame in this: 'twill be ill taken.

Exit

KENT Good king, that must approve[143] the common saw,
Thou out[144] of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm sun. ***Pulls out a letter***
Approach, thou beacon[146] to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable[147] beams I may
Peruse this letter. Nothing[148] almost sees miracles
But misery. I know 'tis from Cordelia,
Who hath most fortunately been informed
Of my obscurèd course,[151] and shall find time
From[152] this enormous state, seeking to give
Losses their remedies. All weary and o'erwatched,[153]
Take vantage,[154] heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging.
Fortune,[156] goodnight: smile once more, turn thy wheel! ***Sleeps***

Enter Edgar ***Appears above and then enters below***

EDGAR I heard myself proclaimed,[157]
And by the happy[158] hollow of a tree
Escaped the hunt. No port is free, no place
That guard and most unusual vigilance

Does not attend my taking.[161] Whiles I may scape,
I will preserve myself, and am bethought[162]
To take the basest and most poorest shape
That ever penury in[164] contempt of man
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth,
Blanket my loins, elf[166] all my hairs in knots,
And with presented[167] nakedness outface
The winds and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam[170] beggars, who with roaring voices
Strike in their numbed and mortifièd[171] arms
Pins, wooden pricks,[172] nails, sprigs of rosemary,
And with this horrible object,[173] from low farms,
Poor pelting[174] villages, sheepcotes, and mills,
Sometimes with lunatic bans,[175] sometime with prayers,
Enforce their charity. Poor[176] Turlygod, poor Tom!
That's something yet:[177] Edgar I nothing am.

Exit

Enter Lear, Fool and Gentleman

LEAR 'Tis strange that they[178] should so depart from home
And not send back my messengers.

GENTLEMAN As I learned,
The night before there was no purpose in them Of this remove.

KENT Hail to thee, noble master! ***Wakes***

LEAR Ha? Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

KENT No, my lord.

FOOL Ha, ha, he wears cruel[186] garters. Horses are tied by the heads, dogs and bears by th'neck, monkeys by th'loins, and men by th'legs: when a man's over-lusty at legs,[187] then he wears wooden nether-stocks.[188]

LEAR What's he that hath so much thy place[189] mistook
To[190] set thee here?

KENT It is both he and she:
Your son[192] and daughter.

LEAR No.

KENT Yes.

LEAR No, I say.
KENT I say, yea.
LEAR By Jupiter, I swear, no.
KENT By Juno,[198] I swear, ay.
LEAR They durst not do’t:
They could not, would not do’t: ’tis worse than murder
To do upon respect[201] such violent outrage.
Resolve[202] me with all modest haste which way
Thou might’st deserve or they impose this usage,[203]
Coming from us.[204]
KENT My lord, when at their home
I did commend[206] your highness’ letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that showed
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking[208] post,
Stewed[209] in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From Goneril his mistress salutations,
Delivered letters, spite of intermission,[211]
Which presently[212] they read: on those contents
They summoned up their meiny,[213] straight took horse,
Commanded me to follow and attend[214]
The leisure of their answer, gave me cold looks:
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome I perceived had poisoned mine —
Being the very fellow which of late
Displayed[219] so saucily against your highness —
Having more man than wit[220] about me, drew.
He raised the house with loud and coward cries:
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.
FOOL Winter’s[224] not gone yet if the wild geese fly that way.
Fathers that wear rags ***Sings***
Do make their children blind,[226]
But fathers that bear bags[227]
Shall see their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant[229] whore,
Ne’er turns the key[230] to th’poor.

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours[231] for thy daughters as thou canst tell[232] in a year.

LEAR O, how this mother[233] swells up toward my heart!
Hysterica passio,[234] down, thou climbing sorrow:
Thy element's[235] below!— Where is this daughter?

KENT With the earl, sir, here within.

LEAR Follow me not: stay here.

Exit

GENTLEMAN Made you no more offence but what you speak of?

KENT None. How chance the king comes with so small a number?

FOOL An thou had'st been set i'th'stocks for that question, thou'dst well deserved it.

KENT Why, fool?

FOOL We'll set thee to school to[243] an ant to teach thee there's no labouring i'th'winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes but blind men, and there's not a nose among twenty but can smell him that's stinking.[245] Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill lest it break thy neck with following: but the great one that goes upward, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again:[248] I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That sir[250] which serves and seeks for gain, ***Sings***
And follows but for form,[251]
Will pack[252] when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.
But I will tarry, the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly:
The knave turns fool that runs away,
The fool no knave, perdy.[257]

Enter Lear and Gloucester

KENT Where learned you this, fool?

FOOL Not i'th'stocks, fool.

LEAR Deny[260] to speak with me? They are sick, they are weary,
They have travelled all the night? Mere fetches,[261]
The images of revolt and flying off.[262]
Fetch me a better answer.

GLOUCESTER My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the duke,
How unremovable and fixed he is
In his own course.

LEAR Vengeance, plague, death, confusion![268]
Fiery? What quality? Why, Gloucester, Gloucester,
I'd speak with the Duke of Cornwall and his wife.

GLOUCESTER Well, my good lord, I have informed them so.

LEAR Informed them? Dost thou understand me, man?

GLOUCESTER Ay, my good lord.

LEAR The king would speak with Cornwall: the dear father
Would with his daughter speak, commands, tends,[275] service.
Are they informed of this? My breath and blood!
Fiery? The fiery duke? Tell the hot duke that —
No, but not yet: maybe he is not well.
Infirmity[279] doth still neglect all office
Whereto our health is bound: we are not ourselves
When nature, being oppressed,[281] commands the mind
To suffer with the body. I'll forbear,
And am fallen[283] out with my more headier will,
To take the indisposed and sickly fit
For the sound[285] man. Death on my state! Wherefore ***Sees Kent***
Should he sit here? This act persuades me
That this remotion[287] of the duke and her
Is practice[288] only. Give me my servant forth.
Go tell the duke and's[289] wife I'd speak with them,
Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber-door I'll beat the drum
Till it cry sleep to death.

GLOUCESTER I would have all well betwixt you.

Exit

LEAR O me, my heart, my rising heart! But, down!

FOOL Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney[295] did to the eels when she put 'em i'th'paste alive: she knapped[296] 'em o'th'coxcombs with a stick and cried 'Down, wantons, down!' 'Twas her brother that, in pure kindness to his horse, buttered his hay.[297]

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloucester, Servants

LEAR Good morrow to you both.

CORNWALL Hail to your grace!

Kent here set at liberty

REGAN I am glad to see your highness.

LEAR Regan, I think you are. I know what reason
I have to think so: if thou shouldst not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulch'ring[304] an adult'ress.— O, are you free? ***To Kent***
Some other time for that.— Belovèd Regan,
Thy sister's naught:[306] O Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-toothed unkindness, like a vulture,[307] here. ***Points to his heart***
I can scarce speak to thee. Thou'lt not believe
With how depraved a quality — O Regan!

REGAN I pray you, sir, take patience: I have hope
You[311] less know how to value her desert
Than she to scant her duty.

LEAR Say? How is that?

REGAN I cannot think my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation: if, sir, perchance
She have restrained the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground and to such wholesome end
As clears her from all blame.

LEAR My curses on her!

REGAN O, sir, you are old:
Nature in you stands on the very verge[321]
Of her confine: you should be ruled and led
By some discretion[323] that discerns your state
Better than you yourself. Therefore, I pray you,
That to our sister you do make return:
Say you have wronged her.

LEAR Ask her forgiveness?
Do you but mark how this becomes the house:[328]
Dear daughter, I confess that I am old; ***Kneels***
Age is unnecessary.[330] On my knees I beg
That you'll vouchsafe[331] me raiment, bed and food.

REGAN Good sir, no more: these are unsightly tricks:
Return you to my sister.
LEAR Never, Regan: ***Rises***
She hath abated[335] me of half my train,
Looked black upon me, struck me with her tongue
Most serpent-like upon the very heart.
All the stored vengeances of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top![339] Strike her young bones,
You taking[340] airs, with lameness—
CORNWALL Fie, sir, fie!
LEAR You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-sucked[344] fogs drawn by the powerful sun
To fall and blister!
REGAN O the blest gods! So will you wish on me
When the rash mood is on.
LEAR No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse:
Thy tender-hafted[349] nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness. Her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,[353]
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt[354]
Against my coming in: thou better know'st
The offices of nature,[356] bond of childhood,
Effects[357] of courtesy, dues of gratitude:
Thy half o'th'kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endowed.
REGAN Good sir, to th'purpose.[360]
Tucket within
LEAR Who put my man i'th'stocks?
Enter Steward [Oswald]
CORNWALL What trumpet's that?
REGAN I know't my sister's: this approves[363] her letter,
That she would soon be here.— Is your lady come? ***To Oswald***
LEAR This is a slave, whose easy-borrowed[365] pride

Dwells in the sickly[366] grace of her he follows.—
Out, varlet, from my sight!
CORNWALL What means your grace?
Enter Goneril
LEAR Who stocked my servant? Regan, I have good hope
Thou didst not know on't.[370] Who comes here? O heavens,
If you do love old men, if your sweet sway[371]
Allow[372] obedience, if you yourselves are old,
Make it your cause, send down, and take my part!—
Art not ashamed to look upon this beard?[374]— ***To Goneril***
O Regan, will you take her by the hand? ***Regan and Goneril join hands***
GONERIL Why not by th'hand, sir? How have I offended?
All's not offence that indiscretion[377] finds
And dotage terms so.
LEAR O sides,[379] you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?— How came my man i'th'stocks?
CORNWALL I set him there, sir: but his own disorders[381]
Deserved much less advancement.[382]
LEAR You? Did you?
REGAN I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me:
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.[389]
LEAR Return to her? And fifty men dismissed?
No, rather I abjure[391] all roofs, and choose
To wage[392] against the enmity o'th'air,
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,
Necessity's[394] sharp pinch! Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee[397] his throne and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life afoot.[398] Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter[399]
To this detested groom.[400] ***Points at Oswald***

GONERIL At your choice, sir.
LEAR I prithee, daughter, do not make me mad.
I will not trouble thee, my child, farewell:
We’ll no more meet, no more see one another.
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter —
Or rather a disease that’s in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, or embossèd carbuncle,[408]
In my corrupted blood.[409] But I’ll not chide thee:
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.
Mend[413] when thou canst, be better at thy leisure:
I can be patient, I can stay with Regan,
I and my hundred knights.
REGAN Not altogether so:
I looked not for[417] you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister,
For those that mingle[419] reason with your passion
Must be content to think you old, and so —
But she knows what she does.
LEAR Is this well spoken?
REGAN I dare avouch[423] it, sir: what, fifty followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many, sith that[425] both charge and danger
Speak gainst so great a number? How in one house
Should many people under two commands
Hold amity? ’Tis hard, almost impossible.
GONERIL Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From those that she calls servants, or from mine?
REGAN Why not, my lord? If then they chanced to slack ye,[431]
We could control[432] them. If you will come to me —
For now I spy a danger — I entreat you
To bring but five-and-twenty: to no more
Will I give place or notice.[435]
LEAR I gave you all—

REGAN And in[437] good time you gave it.
LEAR Made you my guardians, my depositaries,[438]
But kept a reservation[439] to be followed
With such a number. What, must I come to you
With five-and-twenty? Regan, said you so?
REGAN And speak't again, my lord: no more with me.
LEAR Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favoured[443]
When others are more wicked: not being the worst
Stands[445] in some rank of praise.— I'll go with thee: ***To Goneril***
Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,
And thou art twice her love.
GONERIL Hear me, my lord:
What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?
REGAN What need one?
LEAR O, reason not the need! Our[453] basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not[455] nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's. Thou art a lady;
If[457] only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what[458] thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But for true need —
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age, wretched in both.
If it be you that stirs these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool[464] me not so much
To bear it tamely: touch me with noble anger,
And let not women's weapons, water drops,
Stain my man's cheeks! No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall — I will do such things —
What they are yet I know not, but they shall be
The terrors of the earth! You think I'll weep:
No, I'll not weep: I have full cause of weeping,

Storm and tempest
But this heart shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,[473]
Or ere[474] I'll weep. O fool, I shall go mad! *Exeunt* [*Lear*,
Gloucester, *Kent and Fool*]
CORNWALL Let us withdraw: 'twill be a storm.
REGAN This house is little: the old man and's[476] people
Cannot be well bestowed.[477]
GONERIL 'Tis his own blame[478] hath put himself from rest
And must needs taste his folly.
REGAN For his particular,[480] I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.
GONERIL So am I purposed.
Where is my lord of Gloucester?
Enter Gloucester
CORNWALL Followed the old man forth: he is returned.
GLOUCESTER The king is in high rage.
CORNWALL Whither is he going?
GLOUCESTER He calls to horse, but will[487] I know not whither.
CORNWALL 'Tis best to give him way:[488] he leads himself.
GONERIL My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.
GLOUCESTER Alack, the night comes on, and the high winds
Do sorely ruffle,[491] for many miles about
There's scarce a bush.
REGAN O, sir, to wilful men
The injuries that they themselves procure[494]
Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your doors:
He is attended with a desperate train,[496]
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have[498] his ear abused, wisdom bids fear.
CORNWALL Shut up your doors, my lord, 'tis a wild night.
My Regan counsels well: come out o'th'storm.
Exeunt

Act 3 Scene 1[3.1]

running scene 6

Storm still. Enter Kent and a Gentleman, severally

KENT Who's there, besides foul weather?

GENTLEMAN One minded[2] like the weather, most unquietly.

KENT I know you. Where's the king?

GENTLEMAN Contending[4] with the fretful elements;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea
Or swell the curlèd waters 'bove the main,[6]
That things might change or cease.

KENT But who is with him?

GENTLEMAN None but the fool, who labours to out-jest[9]
His heart-struck injuries.[10]

KENT Sir, I do know you,
And dare, upon the warrant[12] of my note
Commend[13] a dear thing to you. There is division —
Although as yet the face of it is covered
With mutual cunning — 'twixt Albany and Cornwall,
Who have — as[16] who have not, that their great stars
Throned and set high? — servants, who seem no less,[17]
Which are to France[18] the spies and speculations
Intelligent of[19] our state. What hath been seen,
Either in snuffs[20] and packings of the dukes,
Or the hard rein[21] which both of them hath borne
Against the old kind king, or something deeper,
Whereof perchance these are but furnishings.[23]

GENTLEMAN I will talk further with you.

KENT No, do not.
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out-wall,[27] open this purse and take ***Gives a purse***
What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia —
As fear not but you shall — show her this ring, ***Gives a ring***
And she will tell you who that fellow[30] is
That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!

I will go seek the king.
GENTLEMAN Give me your hand. Have you no more to say?
KENT Few words, but, to effect,[34] more than all yet:
That when we have found the king — in[35] which your pain
That way, I’ll this — he that first lights on him
Holla[37] the other.
Exeunt [separately]

Act 3 Scene 2

running scene 6 continues

Storm still. Enter Lear and Fool

LEAR Blow winds and crack your cheeks! Rage, blow,
You cataracts[2] and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drenched our steeples, drown the cocks![3]
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,[4]
Vaunt-couriers[5] of oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o'th'world!
Crack nature's moulds,[8] all germens spill at once
That makes ingrateful man!

FOOL O, nuncle, court holy-water[10] in a dry house is better than this rain-water out o'door. Good nuncle, in, ask thy daughters' blessing: here's a night pities neither wise men nor fools.

LEAR Rumble thy bellyful! Spit fire! Spout rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters.
I tax[15] not you, you elements, with unkindness:
I never gave you kingdom, called you children;
You owe me no subscription.[17] Then let fall
Your horrible pleasure: here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak and despised old man:
But yet I call you servile ministers,[20]
That will with two pernicious[21] daughters join
Your high-engendered battles[22] gainst a head
So old and white as this. O, ho, 'tis foul![23]

FOOL He that has a house to put's[24] head in has a good head-piece:
The codpiece[25] that will house ***Sings***
Before the head has any,[26]
The head and he shall louse,[27]
So[28] beggars marry many.
The man that makes[29] his toe
What he his heart should make
Shall of a corn[31] cry woe,

And turn his sleep to wake.
For there was never yet fair woman, but she made[33] mouths in a glass.

Enter Kent ***Disguised as Caius***

LEAR No, I will be the pattern of all patience:
I will say nothing.

KENT Who's there?

FOOL Marry, here's grace[37] and a codpiece: that's a wise man and a fool.

KENT Alas, sir, are you here? Things that love night
Love not such nights as these: the wrathful skies
Gallow[40] the very wanderers of the dark
And make them keep their caves. Since I was man,
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry
Th'affliction nor the fear.

LEAR Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pudder[47] o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulgèd crimes
Unwhipped of[50] justice: hide thee, thou bloody hand,
Thou perjured, and thou simular[51] of virtue
That art incestuous: caitiff,[52] to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming[53]
Has practised on[54] man's life: close pent-up guilts,
Rive[55] your concealing continents and cry
These dreadful summoners grace. I am a man
More sinned against than sinning.

KENT Alack, bare-headed?
Gracious my lord, hard[59] by here is a hovel:
Some friendship will it lend you gainst the tempest.
Repose you there while I to this hard house[61] —
More harder than the stones whereof 'tis raised,
Which even but now, demanding[63] after you,
Denied me to come in — return and force

Their scanted[65] courtesy.

LEAR My wits begin to turn.
Come on, my boy: how dost, my boy? Art cold?
I am cold myself.— Where is this straw, my fellow?[68]
The[69] art of our necessities is strange,
And can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel.—
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.

FOOL He[73] that has and a little tiny wit, ***Sings***
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
Though the rain it raineth every day.

LEAR True, boy.— Come, bring us to this hovel.

Exeunt [Lear and Kent]

FOOL This is a brave[78] night to cool a courtesan.
I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:
When priests are more in[80] word than matter;
When brewers mar[81] their malt with water;
When nobles are[82] their tailors' tutors;
No heretics[83] burned, but wenches' suitors;
When every case in law is right;[84]
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
When slanders do not live in tongues;
Nor cutpurses[87] come not to throngs;
When usurers[88] tell their gold i'th'field,
And bawds[89] and whores do churches build,
Then shall the realm of Albion[90]
Come to great confusion:[91]
Then comes the time, who[92] lives to see't,
That going[93] shall be used with feet.
This prophecy Merlin[94] shall make, for I live before his time.

Exit

Act 3 Scene 3[3.3]

running scene 7

Enter Gloucester and Edmund ***Carrying torches***

GLOUCESTER Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave[2] that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house, charged me on pain of perpetual displeasure neither to speak of him, entreat for him, or any way sustain him.

EDMUND Most savage and unnatural.

GLOUCESTER Go to;[6] say you nothing. There is division between the dukes, and a worse matter than that. I have received a letter this night — ’tis dangerous to be spoken — I have locked the letter in my closet.[8] These injuries the king now bears will be revenged home;[9] there is part of a power already footed. We must incline to the king: I will look[10] him and privily relieve him. Go you and maintain talk with the duke, that[11] my charity be not of him perceived: if he ask for me, I am ill and gone to bed: if I die for it — as no less is threatened me — the king my old master must be relieved. There is strange things toward,[13] Edmund: pray you be careful.

Exit

EDMUND This courtesy forbid thee[14] shall the duke
Instantly know, and of that letter too:
This[16] seems a fair deserving and must draw me
That which my father loses: no less than all.
The younger rises when the old doth fall.

Exit

Act 3 Scene 4[3.4]

running scene 8

Enter Lear, Kent and Fool ***Kent disguised as Caius***

KENT Here is the place, my lord. Good my lord, enter:
The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature[3] to endure.

Storm still

LEAR Let me alone.

KENT Good my lord, enter here.

LEAR Will't break my heart?

KENT I had rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter.

LEAR Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin so: 'tis to thee,
But where the greater malady[10] is fixed
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear,
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea
Thou'dst meet the bear i'th'mouth.[13] When the mind's free,
The body's delicate:[14] the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else
Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as[17] this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to't? But I will punish home.[18]
No, I will weep no more. In such a night
To shut me out? Pour on, I will endure.
In such a night as this? O Regan, Goneril,
Your old kind father, whose frank[22] heart gave all —
O, that way madness lies: let me shun that:
No more of that.

KENT Good my lord, enter here.

LEAR Prithee go in thyself: seek thine own ease:
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more. But I'll go in.—
In, boy, go first.— ***To the Fool***
You houseless poverty—

Nay, get thee in.— I’ll pray, and then I’ll sleep.

Exit [Fool]

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe’er you are, ***Kneels***
That bide[32] the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,[33]
Your lopped and windowed[34] raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta’en
Too little care of this! Take physic,[36] pomp,
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayst shake the superflux[38] to them
And show the heavens more just.

Enter Edgar and Fool ***Within the hovel***

EDGAR Fathom and half,[40] fathom and half! Poor Tom!

FOOL Come not in here, nuncle, here’s a spirit.[41] Help me, help me!

KENT Give me thy hand. Who’s there?

FOOL A spirit, a spirit: he says his name’s poor Tom.

KENT What art thou that dost grumble[44] there i’th’straw? Come forth.

Edgar comes out, disguised as a mad beggar

EDGAR Away! The foul[48] fiend follows me! Through the sharp hawthorn blow the winds. Hum! Go to thy bed and warm thee.

LEAR Did’st thou give all to thy daughters? And art thou come to this?

EDGAR Who gives anything to poor Tom? Whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, o’er bog and quagmire, that hath laid knives[50] under his pillow, and halters in his pew, set ratsbane by his porridge,[51] made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inched bridges, to course[52] his own shadow for a traitor. Bless thy five wits! Tom’s a-cold. O, do[53] de, do de, do de. Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes:[54] there could I have him now — and there — and there again, and there.

Storm still

LEAR Has his daughters brought him to this pass?[56]
Couldst thou save nothing? Wouldst thou give ’em all?

FOOL Nay, he reserved a blanket,[58] else we had been all shamed.

LEAR Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous[59] air
Hang fated[60] o'er men's faults light on thy daughters!

KENT He hath no daughters, sir.

LEAR Death, traitor! Nothing could have subdued nature[62]
To such a lowness but his unkind daughters.
Is it the fashion that discarded fathers
Should have thus[65] little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 'Twas this flesh begot
Those pelican[67] daughters.

EDGAR Pillicock[68] sat on Pillicock-hill: alow, alow, loo, loo!

FOOL This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

EDGAR Take heed o'th'foul fiend: obey[70] thy parents, keep thy word's justice, swear not, commit not[71] with man's sworn spouse, set not thy sweetheart on proud array. Tom's a-cold.

LEAR What hast thou been?

EDGAR A servingman, proud in heart and mind, that curled my hair, wore gloves[74] in my cap, served the lust of my mistress' heart, and did the act of darkness with her: swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one that slept in[77] the contriving of lust, and waked to do it: wine loved I dearly, dice[78] dearly, and in woman out-paramoured the Turk: false of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand: hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking[80] of shoes nor the rustling of silks betray thy poor heart to woman: keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets,[81] thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend. Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind, says suum, mun,[83] nonny, Dolphin my boy, boy sessa! Let him trot by.

Storm still

LEAR Thou wert better in a grave than to answer[85] with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou ow'st the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume.[87] Ha? Here's three on's[88] are sophisticated. Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings![90] ***Tears off his clothes*** Come, unbutton here.

Enter Gloucester with a torch

FOOL Prithee, nuncle, be contented: ’tis a naughty[91] night to swim in. Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher’s heart, a small spark, all the rest on’s body cold. Look, here comes a walking fire.[93]

EDGAR This is the foul Flibbertigibbet:[94] he begins at curfew and walks till the first cock:[95] he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye and makes the hare-lip, mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

Swithold[97] footed thrice the old, ***Chants?***
He met the nightmare[98] and her nine-fold;
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,[100]
And, aroint[101] thee, witch, aroint thee!

KENT How fares your grace?

LEAR What’s[103] he?

KENT Who’s there? What is’t you seek?

GLOUCESTER What are you there? Your names?

EDGAR Poor Tom, that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt[106] and the water,[107] that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for salads, swallows the old rat and the ditch-dog,[108] drinks the green mantle of the standing[109] pool, who is whipped from tithing to tithing, and stocked, punished and imprisoned, who hath had three[110] suits to his back, six shirts to his body:

Horse to ride, and weapon to wear,
But mice and rats and such small deer[113]
Have been Tom’s food for seven long year.

Beware my follower. Peace, Smulkin,[115] peace, thou fiend!

GLOUCESTER What, hath your grace no better company?

EDGAR The[117] prince of darkness is a gentleman:
Modo[118] he’s called, and Mahu.

GLOUCESTER Our flesh and blood,[119] my lord, is grown so vile, ***To Lear***
That it doth hate what gets[120] it.

EDGAR Poor Tom's a-cold.
GLOUCESTER Go in with me: my duty cannot suffer
T'obey in all your daughters' hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,
Yet have I ventured to come seek you out
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.
LEAR First let me talk with this philosopher.—
What is the cause of thunder? ***To Edgar***
KENT Good my lord, take his offer: go into th'house.
LEAR I'll talk a word with this same learnèd Theban.[131]—
What is your study? ***To Edgar***
EDGAR How to prevent[133] the fiend and to kill vermin.
LEAR Let me ask you one word in private. ***They talk apart***
KENT Importune[135] him once more to go, my lord: ***To Gloucester***
His wits begin t'unsettle.[136]
GLOUCESTER Canst thou blame him?
Storm still
His daughters seek his death. Ah, that good Kent!
He said it would be thus, poor banished man!
Thou sayest the king grows mad: I'll tell thee, friend,
I am almost mad myself. I had a son,
Now outlawed from my blood:[142] he sought my life
But lately, very late. I loved him, friend:
No father his son dearer. True to tell thee,
The grief hath crazed my wits. What a night's this!—
I do beseech your grace— ***To Lear***
LEAR O, cry you mercy,[147] sir.—
Noble philosopher, your company. ***To Edgar***
EDGAR Tom's a-cold.
GLOUCESTER In, fellow, there, into th'hovel: keep thee warm. ***To Edgar***
LEAR Come let's in all.
KENT This way, my lord.
LEAR With him;
I will keep still[154] with my philosopher.

KENT Good my lord, soothe[155] him: let him take the fellow. ***To Gloucester***
GLOUCESTER Take him you on.[156] ***To Kent***
KENT Sirrah, come on: go along with us. ***To Edgar***
LEAR Come, good Athenian.[158]
GLOUCESTER No words, no words: hush.
EDGAR Child[160] Rowland to the dark tower came,
His word[161] was still: fie, foh and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man.

Exeunt

Act 3 Scene 5[3.5]

running scene 9

Enter Cornwall and Edmund

CORNWALL I will have my revenge ere I depart his[1] house.

EDMUND How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature[2] thus gives way to loyalty, something fears[3] me to think of.

CORNWALL I now perceive it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his[5] death, but a provoking merit set a-work by a reprovable badness in himself.

EDMUND How malicious is my fortune — that I must repent to be[7] just! ***Shows a letter*** This is the letter which he spoke of which approves[8] him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! That this treason were not, or not I the detector!

CORNWALL Go with me to the duchess.

EDMUND If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

CORNWALL True or false, it hath made thee Earl of Gloucester. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.[14]

EDMUND If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion[15] more fully.— I ***Aside*** will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

CORNWALL I will lay trust upon thee, and thou shalt find a dear father in my love.

Exeunt

Act 3 Scene 6[3.6]

running scene 10

Enter Kent and Gloucester

GLOUCESTER Here is better than the open air, take it thankfully. I will piece out[1] the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

Exit

KENT All the power of his wits have given way to his impatience:[3] the gods reward your kindness!

Enter Lear, Edgar and Fool ***Edgar disguised as Poor Tom***

EDGAR Frateretto[5] calls me, and tells me Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

FOOL Prithee, nuncle, tell me whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman?[7]

LEAR A king, a king!

FOOL No, he's a yeoman that has a gentleman to[9] his son, for he's a mad yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him.

LEAR To have a thousand[11] with red burning spits
Come hizzing[12] in upon 'em—

EDGAR Bless thy five wits!

KENT O pity! Sir, where is the patience now
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

EDGAR My tears begin to take his part so much ***Aside***
They mar my counterfeiting.[17]

LEAR The little dogs and all,
Trey,[19] Blanch and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me.

EDGAR Tom will throw his head[20] at them. Avaunt, you curs!
Be thy mouth or black or[21] white,
Tooth that poisons[22] if it bite,
Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,[23]
Hound or spaniel, brach[24] or him,
Or bobtail tyke[25] or trundle-tail,
Tom will make him weep and wail:
For, with throwing thus my head,

Dogs leapt the hatch,[28] and all are fled.
Do[29] de, de, de. Sessa! Come, march to wakes and fairs and market towns. Poor Tom, thy horn[30] is dry.

LEAR Then let them anatomize[31] Regan: see what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature that make these hard hearts?— You, sir, I entertain[33] for one of my hundred; ***To Edgar*** only I do not like the fashion of your garments: you will say they are Persian;[34] but let them be changed.

Enter Gloucester ***At a distance***

KENT Now, good my lord, lie here and rest awhile.

LEAR Make no noise, make no noise: draw the curtains.[36]
So, so, we'll go to supper i'th'morning. ***Sleeps***

FOOL And I'll go to bed at noon.

GLOUCESTER Come hither, friend: where is the king my master? ***To Kent***

KENT Here, sir, but trouble him not: his wits are gone.

GLOUCESTER Good friend, I prithee take him in thy arms;
I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him:
There is a litter[43] ready, lay him in't
And drive toward Dover,[44] friend, where thou shalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master:
If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life,
With thine and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assurèd loss. Take up, take up,
And follow me, that will to[49] some provision ***They carry Lear***
Give thee quick conduct. Come, come, away.

Exeunt

Act 3 Scene 7[3.7]

running scene 11

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Goneril, Bastard [Edmund] and Servants

CORNWALL Post[1] speedily to my lord your husband; ***To Goneril*** show him this letter: the army of France is landed.— ***Gives a letter*** Seek out the traitor Gloucester.

[Exeunt some Servants]

REGAN Hang him instantly.

GONERIL Pluck out his eyes.

CORNWALL Leave him to my displeasure. Edmund, keep you our sister[5] company: the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father are not fit for your beholding. Advise[7] the duke where you are going, to a most festinate preparation: we are bound to the like. Our posts[8] shall be swift and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister: farewell, my lord of Gloucester.[9]

Enter Oswald

How now? Where's the king?

OSWALD My lord of Gloucester hath conveyed him hence:
Some five- or six-and-thirty of his knights,
Hot questrists[13] after him, met him at gate,
Who, with some other of the lord's[14] dependants,
Are gone with him toward Dover, where they boast
To have well-armèd friends.

CORNWALL Get horses for your mistress.

GONERIL Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

Exeunt [Goneril, Edmund and Oswald]

CORNWALL Edmund, farewell.—
Go seek the traitor Gloucester,
Pinion him[21] like a thief, bring him before us.

[Exeunt other Servants]

Though well we may not pass[22] upon his life
Without the form of justice, yet our power
Shall do a court'sy[24] to our wrath, which men
May blame but not control.

Enter Gloucester and Servants

Who’s there? The traitor?

REGAN Ingrateful fox! ’Tis he.

CORNWALL Bind fast his corky[27] arms.

GLOUCESTER What means your graces?
Good my friends, consider you are my guests:
Do me no foul play, friends.

CORNWALL Bind him, I say. ***Servants bind him***

REGAN Hard, hard. O, filthy traitor!

GLOUCESTER Unmerciful lady as you are, I’m none.

CORNWALL To this chair bind him.— Villain, thou shalt find— ***Regan plucks his beard***[34]

GLOUCESTER By the kind gods, ’tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

REGAN So white,[37] and such a traitor?

GLOUCESTER Naughty[38] lady,
These hairs which thou dost ravish[39] from my chin
Will quicken[40] and accuse thee. I am your host:
With robbers’ hands my hospitable favours[41]
You should not ruffle[42] thus. What will you do?

CORNWALL Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?

REGAN Be simple answered,[44] for we know the truth.

CORNWALL And what confederacy have you with the traitors
Late footed[46] in the kingdom?

REGAN To whose hands you have sent the lunatic king? Speak.

GLOUCESTER I have a letter guessingly[48] set down,
Which came from one that’s of a neutral heart,
And not from one opposed.[50]

CORNWALL Cunning.

REGAN And false.

CORNWALL Where hast thou sent the king?

GLOUCESTER To Dover.

REGAN Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not charged at peril[55]—

CORNWALL Wherefore to Dover? Let him answer that.

GLOUCESTER I am tied to th’stake[57] and I must stand the course.

REGAN Wherefore to Dover?

GLOUCESTER Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes, nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed[61] flesh stick boarish fangs.
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endured, would have buoyed[63] up
And quenched the stellèd[64] fires:
Yet, poor old heart, he holp[65] the heavens to rain.
If wolves had at thy gate howled that stern[66] time,
Thou shouldst have said ‘Good porter, turn the key.[67]’
All[68] cruels else subscribe: but I shall see
The wingèd vengeance[69] overtake such children.
CORNWALL See’t shalt thou never. Fellows,[70] hold the chair.—
Upon these eyes of thine I’ll set my foot.
GLOUCESTER He that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help! O cruel! O you gods! ***Cornwall grinds out his eye***
REGAN One side will mock another: th’other too.
CORNWALL If you see vengeance—
SERVANT Hold your hand, my lord:
I have served you ever since I was a child,
But better service have I never done you
Than now to bid you hold.
REGAN How now, you dog?
SERVANT If you did wear a beard upon your chin, ***To Regan***
I’d shake[82] it on this quarrel.— What do you mean?
CORNWALL My villain?[83] ***They draw and fight***
SERVANT Nay, then, come on, and take the chance of anger.[84]
REGAN Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up thus? ***To a Servant***
Kills him
SERVANT O, I am slain! My lord, you have one eye left
To see some mischief on him.[87] O! ***Dies***
CORNWALL Lest it see more, prevent it. Out, vile jelly! ***Puts out Gloucester’s other eye***
Where is thy lustre now?
GLOUCESTER All dark and comfortless. Where’s my son Edmund?
Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature[91]
To quit[92] this horrid act.

REGAN Out,[93] treacherous villain!
Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he
That made the overture[95] of thy treasons to us,
Who is too good to pity thee.

GLOUCESTER O, my follies! Then Edgar was abused.[97]
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

REGAN Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover.

Exit [a Servant] with Gloucester

How is't, my lord? How look you?[101]

CORNWALL I have received a hurt: follow me, lady.—
Turn out that eyeless villain: throw this slave
Upon the dunghill.— Regan, I bleed apace:[104]
Untimely[105] comes this hurt. Give me your arm.

Exeunt

Act 4 Scene 1[4.1]

running scene 12

Enter Edgar ***Disguised as Poor Tom***

EDGAR Yet better thus,[1] and known to be contemned,
Than still contemned and flattered.[2] To be worst,
The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance,[4] lives not in fear:
The[5] lamentable change is from the best,
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then,
Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace!
The wretch that thou hast blown unto the worst
Owes nothing to thy blasts.

Enter Gloucester and an Old Man

But who comes here? My father, poorly led?[10]
World, world, O world!
But[12] that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life[13] would not yield to age.

OLD MAN O, my good lord, I have been your tenant and your father's tenant these fourscore[15] years.

GLOUCESTER Away, get thee away! Good friend, be gone:
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee[18] they may hurt.

OLD MAN You cannot see your way.

GLOUCESTER I have no way and therefore want no eyes:
I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seen
Our means secure us,[22] and our mere defects
Prove our commodities.[23] O dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abusèd[24] father's wrath!
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say I had eyes again!

OLD MAN How now? Who's there?

EDGAR O gods! Who is't can say, 'I am at the worst'? ***Aside***
I am worse than e'er I was.

OLD MAN 'Tis poor mad Tom.

EDGAR And worse I may be yet: the worst is not[31] ***Aside***
So long as we can say ‘This is the worst.’
OLD MAN Fellow, where goest?
GLOUCESTER Is it a beggar-man?
OLD MAN Madman and beggar too.
GLOUCESTER He has some reason,[36] else he could not beg.
I’th’last night’s storm I such a fellow saw,
Which made me think a man a worm: my son
Came then into my mind and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him. I have heard more since.
As flies to wanton[41] boys are we to th’gods:
They kill us for their sport.
EDGAR How should this be? ***Aside***
Bad is the trade[44] that must play fool to sorrow,
Ang’ring itself and others.— Bless thee, master!
GLOUCESTER Is that the naked fellow?
OLD MAN Ay, my lord.
GLOUCESTER Get thee away: if for my sake
Thou wilt o’ertake us hence a mile or twain
I’th’way toward Dover, do it for ancient love,[50]
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Which I’ll entreat to lead me.
OLD MAN Alack, sir, he is mad.
GLOUCESTER ’Tis the time’s plague,[54] when madmen lead the blind.
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure:
Above the rest,[56] be gone.
OLD MAN I’ll bring him the best ’pparel[57] that I have,
Come[58] on’t what will.
Exit
GLOUCESTER Sirrah, naked fellow—
EDGAR Poor Tom’s a-cold.— I cannot daub it[60] further. ***Aside***
GLOUCESTER Come hither, fellow.
EDGAR And yet I must.— Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed. ***Aside***
GLOUCESTER Know’st thou the way to Dover?
EDGAR Both stile and gate, horseway and footpath. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits: bless thee, good man’s son,

from the foul fiend!
GLOUCESTER Here, take this purse, thou whom the heav’ns’ plagues ***Gives a purse***
Have humbled to all strokes:[67] that I am wretched
Makes thee the happier:[68] heavens, deal so still.
Let the superfluous[69] and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance,[70] that will not see
Because he does not feel,[71] feel your pow’r quickly,
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough. Dost thou know Dover?
EDGAR Ay, master.
GLOUCESTER There is a cliff, whose high and bending[75] head
Looks fearfully in the confinèd[76] deep:
Bring me but to the very brim[77] of it
And I’ll repair the misery thou dost bear
With something rich about me:[79] from that place
I shall no leading need.
EDGAR Give me thy arm:
Poor Tom shall lead thee.
Exeunt

Act 4 Scene 2[4.2]

running scene 13

Enter Goneril, Bastard [Edmund] and Steward [Oswald]

GONERIL Welcome, my lord:[1] I marvel our mild husband
Not met us on the way.— Now, where's your master?

OSWALD Madam, within, but never man so changed.
I told him of the army[4] that was landed,
He smiled at it: I told him you were coming,
His answer was 'The worse': of Gloucester's treachery
And of the loyal service of his son
When I informed him, then he called me 'sot'[8]
And told me I had turned[9] the wrong side out.
What most he should dislike seems pleasant to him;
What like, offensive.

GONERIL Then shall you go no further. ***To Edmund***
It is the cowish[13] terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake:[14] he'll not feel wrongs
Which tie[15] him to an answer. Our wishes on the way
May prove effects.[16] Back, Edmund, to my brother:
Hasten his musters[17] and conduct his powers.
I must change[18] names at home and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us: ere long you are like[20] to hear —
If you dare venture in your own behalf —
A mistress's[22] command. Wear this; spare speech. ***Gives a favor***
Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak, ***Kisses him***
Would stretch thy[24] spirits up into the air.
Conceive,[25] and fare thee well.

EDMUND Yours in the ranks of death.[26]

Exit

GONERIL My most dear Gloucester!
O, the difference of man and man!
To thee a woman's services[29] are due:
My fool[30] usurps my body.

OSWALD Madam, here comes my lord.
Exit
Enter Albany
GONERIL I have been worth the whistle.[32]
ALBANY O Goneril,[33]
You are not worth the dust which the rude[34] wind
Blows in your face.
GONERIL Milk-livered[36] man,
That bear’st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs,
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning[38]
Thine honour from thy suffering.
ALBANY See thyself, devil!
Proper[41] deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman.
GONERIL O vain[43] fool!
Enter a Messenger
MESSENGER O, my good lord, the Duke of Cornwall’s dead,
Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloucester.
ALBANY Gloucester’s eyes?
MESSENGER A servant that he bred,[48] thrilled with remorse,
Opposed[49] against the act, bending his sword
To his great master, who, threat-enraged,[50]
Flew on him and amongst them felled him dead,
But not without that harmful stroke which since
Hath plucked him after.[53]
ALBANY This shows you are above,
You justices,[55] that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge.[56] But, O, poor Gloucester!
Lost he his other eye?
MESSENGER Both, both, my lord.—
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer: ***Gives a letter***
’Tis from your sister.
GONERIL One way I like this well: ***Aside***
But being widow, and my Gloucester with her,
May all[63] the building in my fancy pluck

Upon my hateful life: another way,
The news is not so tart.[65]— I'll read, and answer.
[Exit]
ALBANY Where was his son when they did take his eyes?
MESSENGER Come with my lady hither.
ALBANY He is not here.
MESSENGER No, my good lord, I met him back[69] again.
ALBANY Knows he the wickedness?
MESSENGER Ay, my good lord: 'twas he informed against him,
And quit the house on purpose that their punishment
Might have the freer course.
ALBANY Gloucester, I live
To thank thee for the love thou showed'st the king
And to revenge thine eyes.— Come hither, friend:
Tell me what more thou know'st.
Exeunt

Act 4 Scene 3[4.3]

running scene 14

Enter with Drum and Colours Cordelia, Gentleman and Soldiers

CORDELIA Alack, ’tis he: why, he was met even now
As mad as the vexed[2] sea, singing aloud,
Crowned with rank fumiter[3] and furrow weeds,
With burdocks,[4] hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel,[5] and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn. A sentry send forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field
And bring him to our eye.—

[Exit a Soldier]

What[8] can man’s wisdom
In the restoring his bereavèd[9] sense?
He that helps him take all my outward worth.[10]

GENTLEMAN There is means, madam:
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,[12]
The which he lacks: that[13] to provoke in him
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

CORDELIA All blest secrets,
All you unpublished virtues[17] of the earth,
Spring with my tears! Be aidant[18] and remediate
In the good man’s distress! Seek, seek for him,
Lest his ungoverned rage[20] dissolve the life
That wants the means[21] to lead it.

Enter Messenger

MESSENGER News, madam:
The British powers are marching hitherward.

CORDELIA ’Tis known before: our preparation[24] stands
In expectation of them. O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about:
Therefore great France[27]
My mourning and importuned[28] tears hath pitied.

No blown[29] ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our aged father’s right:
Soon may I hear and see him!

Exeunt

Act 4 Scene 4[4.4]

running scene 15

Enter Regan and Steward [Oswald]

REGAN But are my brother’s powers set forth?

OSWALD Ay, madam.

REGAN Himself in person there?

OSWALD Madam, with much ado:[4]
Your sister is the better soldier.

REGAN Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home?

OSWALD No, madam.

REGAN What might import[8] my sister’s letter to him?

OSWALD I know not, lady.

REGAN Faith, he is posted[10] hence on serious matter.
It was great ignorance,[11] Gloucester’s eyes being out,
To let him live: where he arrives he moves
All hearts against us. Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to dispatch
His nighted[15] life: moreover, to descry
The strength o’th’enemy.

OSWALD I must needs after[17] him, madam, with my letter.

REGAN Our troops set forth tomorrow. Stay with us:
The ways[19] are dangerous.

OSWALD I may not, madam:
My lady charged my duty[21] in this business.

REGAN Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you
Transport her purposes by word? Belike,[23]
Some things I know not what. I’ll love thee[24] much,
Let me unseal the letter.

OSWALD Madam, I had rather—

REGAN I know your lady does not love her husband,
I am sure of that: and at her late being here
She gave strange oeillades[29] and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund. I know you are of her bosom.[30]

OSWALD I, madam?

REGAN I speak in understanding. Y’are,[32] I know’t.
Therefore I do advise you, take this note.[33]
My lord is dead: Edmund and I have talked,
And more convenient[35] is he for my hand
Than for your lady’s: you may gather more.[36]
If you do find him, pray you give him this, ***Gives a token or a letter***
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray desire her call[39] her wisdom to her.
So, fare you well.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

OSWALD Would I could meet,[43] madam, I should show
What party I do follow.

REGAN Fare thee well.

Exeunt

Act 4 Scene 5[4.5]

running scene 16

Enter Gloucester and Edgar **Edgar dressed like a peasant**

GLOUCESTER When shall I come to th'top of that same hill?[1]

EDGAR You do climb up it now: look how we labour.

GLOUCESTER Methinks the ground is even.

EDGAR Horrible steep.
Hark, do you hear the sea?

GLOUCESTER No, truly.

EDGAR Why, then, your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.

GLOUCESTER So may it be, indeed:
Methinks thy voice is altered and thou speak'st
In better phrase and matter[11] than thou didst.

EDGAR You're much deceived: in nothing am I changed
But in my garments.

GLOUCESTER Methinks you're better spoken.

EDGAR Come on, sir, here's the place: stand still. How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs[17] that wing the midway air
Show scarce so gross[18] as beetles: halfway down
Hangs one that gathers samphire,[19] dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice, and yond[22] tall anchoring bark
Diminished to her cock,[23] her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,
That on th'unnumbered idle pebble[25] chafes,
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn and the deficient[27] sight
Topple[28] down headlong.

GLOUCESTER Set me where you stand.

EDGAR Give me your hand: you are now within a foot
Of th'extreme verge: for all beneath the moon

Would I not leap upright.[32]
GLOUCESTER Let go my hand.
Here, friend's[34] another purse: in it a jewel ***Gives a purse***
Well worth a poor man's taking: fairies and gods
Prosper it[36] with thee! Go thou further off:
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.
EDGAR Now fare ye well, good sir.
GLOUCESTER With all my heart.
EDGAR Why I do trifle[40] thus with his despair ***Aside***
Is done to cure it.
GLOUCESTER O you mighty gods! ***Kneels***
This world I do renounce, and in your sights
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless[46] wills,
My[47] snuff and loathèd part of nature should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!—
Now, fellow, fare thee well. ***He falls forward***
EDGAR Gone, sir: farewell.—
And yet I know not how conceit[51] may rob ***Aside***
The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields[53] to the theft: had he been where he thought,
By this[54] had thought been past. Alive or dead?—
Ho, you sir! Friend! Hear you, sir! Speak!—
Thus might he pass[56] indeed: yet he revives.—
What[57] are you, sir?
GLOUCESTER Away, and let me die.
EDGAR Hadst thou been aught[59] but gossamer, feathers, air —
So many fathom down precipitating[60] —
Thou'dst shivered[61] like an egg: but thou dost breathe,
Hast heavy substance, bleed'st not, speak'st, art sound.
Ten masts at each[63] make not the altitude
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell:
Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.
GLOUCESTER But have I fall'n or no?
EDGAR From the dread summit of this chalky bourn.[67]

Look up a-height[68] the shrill-gorged lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.
GLOUCESTER Alack, I have no eyes.
Is wretchedness deprived that benefit,
To end itself by death? ’Twas yet some comfort
When misery could beguile[73] the tyrant’s rage
And frustrate his proud will.
EDGAR Give me your arm. ***Helps him up***
Up, so. How is’t? Feel you your legs? You stand.
GLOUCESTER Too well, too well.
EDGAR This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o’th’cliff what thing was that
Which parted from you?
GLOUCESTER A poor unfortunate beggar.
EDGAR As I stood here below, methought his eyes
Were two full moons: he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelked[84] and waved like the enragèd sea.
It was some fiend:[85] therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest[86] gods, who make them honours
Of men’s impossibilities, have preserved thee.
GLOUCESTER I do remember now: henceforth I’ll bear
Affliction till it do cry out itself
‘Enough, enough’ and die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man: often ’twould say
‘The fiend, the fiend’: he led me to that place.
EDGAR Bear free[93] and patient thoughts.
Enter Lear ***Dressed with weeds***
But who comes here?
The[94] safer sense will ne’er accommodate
His master thus.
LEAR No, they cannot touch[96] me for crying: I am the king himself.
EDGAR O thou side-piercing sight!
LEAR Nature’s above art in that respect. There’s your press-money.[98] That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper.[99] Draw me a clothier’s yard. Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace, this piece of toasted cheese will do’t. There’s my gauntlet:[100] I’ll

prove it on[101] a giant. Bring up the brown bills. O, well flown, bird! I'th'clout, i'th'clout: hewgh![102] Give the word.

EDGAR Sweet marjoram.[103]

LEAR Pass.

GLOUCESTER I know that voice.

LEAR Ha? Goneril with a white beard? They flattered me like a dog[106] and told me I had[107] the white hairs in my beard ere the black ones were there. To say 'Ay' and 'No' to everything that I said 'Ay' and 'No' to was no good divinity.[108] When the rain came to wet me[109] once and the wind to make me chatter, when the thunder would not peace[110] at my bidding, there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o'their words: they told me I was everything: 'tis a lie, I am not ague-proof.[111]

GLOUCESTER The trick[113] of that voice I do well remember:
Is't not the king?

LEAR Ay, every inch a king.
When I do stare, see how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life. What was thy cause?[117]
Adultery?
Thou shalt not die: die for adultery? No.
The wren goes to't[120] and the small gilded fly
Does lecher[121] in my sight. Let copulation thrive,
For Gloucester's bastard son was kinder to his father
Than were my daughters got[123] 'tween the lawful sheets.
To't, luxury,[124] pell-mell, for I lack soldiers.
Behold yond simp'ring dame,
Whose face between[126] her forks presages snow,
That minces virtue[127] and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name:
The fitchew[129] nor the soilèd horse goes to't
With a more riotous[130] appetite. Down from the waist
They are centaurs,[131] though women all above:
But[132] to the girdle do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiends':
There's hell,[134] there's darkness, there is the sulphurous pit: burning, scalding, stench, consumption. Fie, fie, fie! Pah, pah!

Give me an ounce of civet,[135] good apothecary,[136] sweeten my imagination: there’s money for thee.

GLOUCESTER O, let me kiss that hand!

LEAR Let me wipe it first: it smells of mortality.[138]

GLOUCESTER O, ruined piece of nature! This great world
Shall so[140] wear out to nought. Dost thou know me?

LEAR I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou squinny[141] at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid:[142] I’ll not love. Read thou this challenge, mark but the penning of it.

GLOUCESTER Were all thy letters suns, I could not see.

EDGAR I would not take[145] this from report: it is, ***Aside***
And my heart breaks at it.

LEAR Read.

GLOUCESTER What, with the case[148] of eyes?

LEAR O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case,[150] your purse in a light, yet you see how this world goes.

GLOUCESTER I see it feelingly.[152]

LEAR What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yond justice[154] rails upon yond simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: change places, and handy-dandy,[155] which is the justice, which is the thief? Thou hast seen a farmer’s dog bark at a beggar?

GLOUCESTER Ay, sir.

LEAR And the creature run from the cur? There thou mightst behold
the great image of authority: a[159] dog’s obeyed in office.
Thou rascal beadle,[160] hold thy bloody hand!
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thy own back:
Thou hotly lusts to use[162] her in that kind
For which thou whip’st her. The usurer[163] hangs the cozener.
Through tattered clothes great vices do appear:
Robes and furred gowns hide all. Place[165] sins with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless[166] breaks:
Arm it[167] in rags, a pigmy’s straw does pierce it.
None does offend, none, I say, none: I’ll able ’em.[168]
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power

To seal th'accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes,
And like a scurvy politician[171] seem
To see the things thou dost not. Now,[172] now, now, now.
Pull off my boots: harder, harder: so.
EDGAR O, matter and impertinency[174] mixed! Reason in madness!
Aside
LEAR If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough: thy name is Gloucester.
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither.[177]
Thou know'st the first time that we smell the air
We wail and cry. I will preach to thee: mark.
GLOUCESTER Alack, alack the day!
LEAR When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools. This a good block:[182]
It were a delicate[183] stratagem to shoe
A troop of horse with felt: I'll put't in proof,[184]
And when I have stol'n upon these son-in-laws,
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill!
Enter a Gentleman [with Attendants]
GENTLEMAN O, here he is: lay hand upon him.— Sir,
Your most dear daughter—
LEAR No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even
The natural fool[190] of fortune. Use me well,
You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons:
I am cut to th'brains.
GENTLEMAN You shall have anything.
LEAR No seconds?[194] All myself?
Why, this would make a man a man of salt[195]
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
I will die[197] bravely, like a smug bridegroom. What?
I will be jovial.[198] Come, come, I am a king,
Masters,[199] know you that?
GENTLEMAN You are a royal one, and we obey you.
LEAR Then there's life in't. Come, an you get it, you shall get it by
running. Sa,[201] sa, sa, sa. ***Running, Attendants***
Exit

GENTLEMAN A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch, ***follow***
Past speaking of in a king! Thou hast a daughter
Who redeems nature[205] from the general curse
Which twain[206] have brought her to.
EDGAR Hail, gentle[207] sir.
GENTLEMAN Sir, speed you:[208] what's your will?
EDGAR Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?[209]
GENTLEMAN Most sure and vulgar:[210] everyone hears that
Which can distinguish sound.
EDGAR But, by your favour,[212]
How near's the other army?
GENTLEMAN Near and on speedy foot: the main[214] descry
Stands on the hourly thought.
EDGAR I thank you, sir: that's all.
GENTLEMAN Though that[217] the queen on special cause is here,
Her army is moved on.
Exit
EDGAR I thank you, sir.
GLOUCESTER You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me:
Let not my worser spirit[221] tempt me again
To die before you please!
EDGAR Well pray you, father.
GLOUCESTER Now, good sir, what are you?
EDGAR A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows,
Who, by the art of known[226] and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant[227] to good pity. Give me your hand:
I'll lead you to some biding.[228] ***Takes his arm***
GLOUCESTER Hearty thanks:
The bounty and the benison[230] of heaven
To[231] boot, and boot.
Enter Steward [Oswald]
OSWALD A proclaimed prize![232] Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first framed flesh[233]
To raise my fortunes. Thou old unhappy traitor, ***Draws***
Briefly thyself remember:[235] the sword is out
That must destroy thee.

GLOUCESTER Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to't. ***Edgar interposes***

OSWALD Wherefore, bold peasant,
Darest thou support a published[240] traitor? Hence,
Lest that th'infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

EDGAR 'Chill[243] not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.

OSWALD Let go, slave, or thou diest!

EDGAR Good gentleman, go your gait,[245] and let poor volk pass. An 'chud ha' bin zwaggered out of my life, 'twould not ha' bin zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not near th'old man: keep out, che vor ye,[247] or I'se try whether your costard or my ballow[248] be the harder. 'Chill be plain with you.

OSWALD Out, dunghill!

EDGAR 'Chill pick[250] your teeth, zir: come, no matter vor your foins.

They fight

OSWALD Slave, thou hast slain me. Villain, take my purse:
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body
And give the letters which thou find'st about me
To Edmund, Earl of Gloucester: seek him out
Upon the English party.[255] O, untimely death! Death! ***He dies***

EDGAR I know thee well: a serviceable[256] villain,
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress
As badness would desire.

GLOUCESTER What, is he dead?

EDGAR Sit you down, father: rest you.
Let's see these pockets: the letters that he speaks of
May be my friends. He's dead: I am only sorry
He had no other deathsman.[263] Let us see. ***Opens the letter***
Leave,[264] gentle wax, and manners, blame us not:
To know our enemies' minds we rip their hearts:
Their papers is more lawful.

Reads the letter

'Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will[268] want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done[269] if he return the conqueror: then am I the prisoner, and his bed my jail, from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.[270]

Your — wife, so I would say — affectionate servant,[271] Goneril.'
O, undistinguished space[272] of woman's will!
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life,
And the exchange my brother! Here in the sands
Thee[275] I'll rake up, the post unsanctified
Of murderous lechers: and in[276] the mature time
With this ungracious[277] paper strike the sight
Of the death-practised[278] duke: for him 'tis well
That of thy death and business I can tell.

GLOUCESTER The king is mad: how stiff[280] is my vile sense,
That I stand up and have ingenious[281] feeling
Of my huge sorrows. Better I were distract,[282]
So should my thoughts be severed from my griefs, ***Drum afar off***
And woes by wrong imaginations[284] lose
The knowledge of themselves.

EDGAR Give me your hand:
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend.

Exeunt

Act 4 Scene 6[4.6]

running scene 17

Enter Cordelia, Kent and Gentleman ***Kent still disguised***

CORDELIA O thou good Kent, how shall I live and work
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every[3] measure fail me.
KENT To be acknowledged, madam, is o’erpaid.[4]
All[5] my reports go with the modest truth,
Nor[6] more nor clipped, but so.
CORDELIA Be better suited:[7]
These weeds[8] are memories of those worser hours,
I prithee put them off.
KENT Pardon, dear madam,
Yet[11] to be known shortens my made intent:
My[12] boon I make it, that you know me not
Till time and I think meet.[13]
CORDELIA Then be’t so, my good lord.— How does the king?
GENTLEMAN Madam, sleeps still.
CORDELIA O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abusèd nature!
Th’untuned and jarring senses, O, wind up[18]
Of this child-changèd[19] father!
GENTLEMAN So please your majesty
That we may wake the king: he hath slept long.
CORDELIA Be governed by your knowledge, and proceed
I’th’sway[23] of your own will. Is he arrayed?
Enter Lear in a chair carried by Servants
GENTLEMAN Ay, madam: in the heaviness of sleep
We put fresh garments on him.
Be by, good madam, when we do awake him:
I doubt of[27] his temperance.
CORDELIA O my dear father! Restoration hang ***Kisses him***
Thy medicine on my lips and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters

Have in thy reverence[31] made!
KENT Kind and dear princess!
CORDELIA Had you[33] not been their father, these white flakes
Did challenge[34] pity of them. Was this a face
To be opposed against the jarring winds?
Mine enemy’s dog though he had bit me
Should have stood that night against my fire,
And wast thou fain,[38] poor father,
To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn[39]
In short[40] and musty straw? Alack, alack!
’Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once[41]
Had not concluded all.[42]— He wakes: speak to him.
GENTLEMAN Madam, do you: ’tis fittest.
CORDELIA How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?
LEAR You do me wrong to take me out o’th’grave:
Thou art a soul in bliss,[46] but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire,[47] that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.
CORDELIA Sir, do you know me?
LEAR You are a spirit, I know: where did you die?
CORDELIA Still, still, far wide![51]
GENTLEMAN He’s scarce awake: let him alone awhile.
LEAR Where have I been? Where am I? Fair daylight?
I am mightily abused.[54] I should ev’n die with pity
To see another thus. I know not what to say.
I will not swear these are my hands. Let’s see:
I feel this pinprick. Would[57] I were assured
Of my condition!
CORDELIA O, look upon me, sir, ***Kneels?***
And hold your hand in benediction o’er me:
You must not kneel. ***Stops him from kneeling?***
LEAR Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond[63] old man,
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less,
And to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.

Methinks I should know you and know this man,
Yet I am doubtful, for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is, and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments, nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me,
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.
CORDELIA And so I am, I am. ***Weeps***
LEAR Be your tears wet? Yes, faith. I pray, weep not:
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me, for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.
CORDELIA No cause, no cause.
LEAR Am I in France?
KENT In your own kingdom, sir.
LEAR Do not abuse me.
GENTLEMAN Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,[84]
You see, is killed in him. Desire him to go in:
Trouble him no more till further settling.[86]
CORDELIA Will’t please your highness walk?
LEAR You must bear with me. Pray you now, forget and forgive:
I am old and foolish.
Exeunt

Act 5 Scene 1[5.1]

running scene 18

Enter with Drum and Colours Edmund, Regan, Gentlemen and Soldiers
EDMUND Know of[1] the duke if his last purpose hold, ***To a Gentleman***
Or whether since[2] he is advised by aught
To change the course: he's full of alteration
And self-reproving:[4] bring his constant pleasure.
[Exit Gentleman]
REGAN Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.[5]
EDMUND 'Tis to be doubted,[6] madam.
REGAN Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you:
Tell me but truly — but then speak the truth —
Do you not love my sister?
EDMUND In honoured[11] love.
REGAN But have you never found my brother's way
To the forfended place?[13]
EDMUND No, by mine honour, madam.
REGAN I[15] never shall endure her: dear my lord,
Be not familiar[16] with her.
EDMUND Fear not. She and the duke her husband!
Enter with Drum and Colours Albany, Goneril, Soldiers
ALBANY Our very loving sister, well be-met.
Sir, this I heard: the king is come to his daughter,
With others whom the rigour[20] of our state
Forced to cry out.[21]
REGAN Why[22] is this reasoned?
GONERIL Combine together[23] gainst the enemy,
For these domestic[24] and particular broils
Are not the question here.
ALBANY Let's then determine
With th'ancient of war[27] on our proceeding.
REGAN Sister, you'll go with us?
GONERIL No.

REGAN ’Tis most convenient:[30] pray, go with us.
GONERIL O, ho, I know the riddle.[31]— I will go. ***Aside***
Exeunt both the armies. [Albany remains]
Enter Edgar ***Disguised***
EDGAR If e’er your grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.
ALBANY I’ll overtake you.[34]— Speak.
EDGAR Before you fight the battle, ope[35] this letter: ***Gives a letter***
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound[36]
For him that brought it. Wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion[38] that will prove
What is avouchèd[39] there. If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination[41] ceases. Fortune loves you.
ALBANY Stay till I have read the letter.
EDGAR I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry[44]
And I’ll appear again.
Exit
ALBANY Why, fare thee well: I will o’erlook[46] thy paper.
Enter Edmund
EDMUND The enemy’s in view: draw up your powers.[47]
Here is the guess of their true strength and forces ***Offers a paper***
By diligent discovery,[49] but your haste
Is now urged on you.
ALBANY We will greet the time.[51]
Exit
EDMUND To both these sisters have I sworn my love,
Each jealous[53] of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? One? Or neither? Neither can be enjoyed
If both remain alive. To take the widow
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril,
And hardly[58] shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being alive. Now then, we’ll use
His countenance[60] for the battle, which being done,

Let her who would be rid of him devise
His speedy taking off.[62] As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,
The battle done and they within our power,
Shall[65] never see his pardon, for my[66] state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.

Exit

Act 5 Scene 2[5.2]

running scene 19

Alarum within. Enter, with Drum and Colours, Lear, Cordelia and Soldiers over the stage and exeunt. Enter Edgar and Gloucester

EDGAR Here, father,[1] take the shadow of this tree
For your good host.[2] Pray that the right may thrive.
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

GLOUCESTER Grace go with you, sir!

Exit [Edgar]

Alarum and retreat within

Enter Edgar

EDGAR Away, old man! Give me thy hand, away!
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en:[7]
Give me thy hand, come on.

GLOUCESTER No further, sir: a man may rot even here.

EDGAR What, in ill thoughts again? Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness[12] is all: come on.

GLOUCESTER And that's true too.

Exeunt

Act 5 Scene 3[5.3]

running scene 20

Enter in conquest, with Drum and Colours, Edmund, Lear and Cordelia as prisoners, Soldiers, Captain

EDMUND Some officers take them away: good guard,[1]
Until their greater pleasures[2] first be known
That are to censure[3] them.
CORDELIA We are not the first ***To Lear***
Who with best meaning[5] have incurred the worst.
For thee, oppressèd king, I am cast down:[6]
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.
Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?
LEAR No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison.
We two alone will sing like birds i'th'cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down
And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies,[14] and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news, and we'll talk with them too —
Who loses and who wins, who's in, who's out —
And take[17] upon's the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies:[18] and we'll wear out
In a walled prison packs and sects[19] of great ones
That[20] ebb and flow by th'moon.
EDMUND Take them away.
LEAR Upon such sacrifices,[22] my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense.[23] Have I caught thee?
He that parts us shall bring a brand[24] from heaven
And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eyes:
The good years shall devour them, flesh and fell,[26]
Ere they shall make us weep: We'll see 'em starved[27] first. Come.
Exeunt [Lear and Cordelia, guarded]
EDMUND Come hither, captain, hark.
Take thou this note, go follow them to prison. ***Gives a paper***

One step I have advanced thee: if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes. Know thou this: that men
Are as the time is; to be tender-minded[33]
Does not become[34] a sword. Thy great employment
Will not bear question:[35] either say thou'lt do't
Or thrive by other means.
CAPTAIN I'll do't, my lord.
EDMUND About it, and write happy[38] when th'hast done.
Mark, I say, instantly, and carry[39] it so
As I have set it down.
Exit Captain
Flourish. Enter Albany, Goneril, Regan, Soldiers
ALBANY Sir, you have showed today your valiant strain,[41]
And fortune led you well. You have the captives
Who were the opposites[43] of this day's strife:
I do require them of you, so to use[44] them
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.
EDMUND Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king to some retention[48]
Whose[49] age had charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck[50] the common bosom on his side
And turn[51] our impressed lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the queen,[52]
My reason all the same, and they are ready
Tomorrow, or at further space, t'appear
Where you shall hold your session.[55]
ALBANY Sir, by your patience,[56]
I hold you but a subject of[57] this war,
Not as a brother.
REGAN That's as we list[59] to grace him.
Methinks our pleasure[60] might have been demanded
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers,
Bore the commission[62] of my place and person,
The which immediacy[63] may well stand up

And call itself your brother.
GONERIL Not so hot:
In his own grace[66] he doth exalt himself
More than in your addition.[67]
REGAN In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers[69] the best.
ALBANY That[70] were the most if he should husband you.
REGAN Jesters do oft prove prophets.
GONERIL Holla,[72] holla!
That eye that told you so looked but asquint.[73]
REGAN Lady, I am not well, else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach.[75]— General, ***To Edmund***
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony:[76]
Dispose of[77] them, of me: the walls is thine:
Witness the world[78] that I create thee here
My lord and master.
GONERIL Mean you to enjoy[80] him?
ALBANY The let-alone[81] lies not in your good will.
EDMUND Nor in thine, lord.
ALBANY Half-blooded[83] fellow, yes.
REGAN Let the drum strike and prove my title thine. ***To Edmund***
ALBANY Stay yet, hear reason. Edmund, I arrest thee
On capital treason, and, in[86] thy arrest,
This gilded serpent.[87] For your claim, fair sister,
I bar it[88] in the interest of my wife:
’Tis she is subcontracted[89] to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your banns.[90]
If you will marry, make[91] your loves to me,
My lady is bespoke.[92]
GONERIL An interlude![93]
ALBANY Thou art armed, Gloucester: let the trumpet sound:
If none appear to prove upon thy person
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge:[97] I’ll make it on thy heart, ***Throws down a glove***
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing[98] less
Than I have here proclaimed thee.

REGAN Sick, O, sick!
GONERIL If not, I'll ne'er trust medicine.[101] ***Aside***
EDMUND There's my exchange: what[102] in the world he's
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies. ***Throws down a glove***
Call by the trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you — who not? — I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Enter a Herald

ALBANY A herald, ho!
Trust to thy single virtue,[108] for thy soldiers, ***To Edmund***
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.
REGAN My sickness grows upon me.
ALBANY She is not well: convey her to my tent.—

[Exit Regan, led]

Come hither, herald. Let the trumpet sound
And read out this.

A trumpet sounds

HERALD *Reads* 'If any man of quality or degree[115] within the lists of the army will maintain upon Edmund, supposed Earl of Gloucester, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear by the third sound of the trumpet: he is bold in his defence.'

First trumpet

HERALD Again!

Second trumpet

HERALD Again!

Third trumpet

Trumpet answers within

Enter Edgar armed ***His helmet visor down***

ALBANY Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o'th'trumpet.
HERALD What are you?
Your name, your quality, and why you answer
This present summons?
EDGAR Know, my name is lost
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn and canker-bit:[126]

Yet am I noble as the adversary
I come to cope.[128]
ALBANY Which is that adversary?
EDGAR What’s he that speaks for Edmund Earl of Gloucester?
EDMUND Himself: what say’st thou to him?
EDGAR Draw thy sword,
That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine. ***Draws***
Behold, it is my privilege —
The privilege of mine honours[136] —
My oath and my profession. I protest,[137]
Maugre[138] thy strength, place, youth and eminence,
Despise thy victor sword and fire-new[139] fortune,
Thy valour and thy heart, thou art a traitor:
False to thy gods, thy brother and thy father,
Conspirant[142] gainst this high illustrious prince,
And from th’extremest upward[143] of thy head
To the descent[144] and dust below thy foot
A most toad-spotted[145] traitor. Say thou no,
This sword, this arm and my best spirits are bent[146]
To prove upon thy heart whereto I speak,
Thou liest.
EDMUND In wisdom I should ask thy name,
But since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some say[151] of breeding breathes,
What safe and nicely[152] I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn.
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head,
With the hell-hated lie[155] o’erwhelm thy heart,
Which, for they[156] yet glance by and scarcely bruise,
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,[157]
Where they shall rest forever. Trumpets, speak! ***Draws***
Alarums. Fights ***Edmund falls***
ALBANY Save him,[159] save him!
GONERIL This is practice,[160] Gloucester:
By th’law of war thou wast not bound to answer

An unknown opposite: thou art not vanquished,
But cozened and beguiled.[163]
ALBANY Shut your mouth, dame,[164]
Or with this paper shall I stop it.— Hold, sir.—
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil. ***To Goneril***
No tearing, lady: I perceive you know[167] it. ***Shows her the letter***
GONERIL Say, if I do, the laws are mine, not thine:
Who can arraign[169] me for't.
Exit
ALBANY Most monstrous! O, know'st thou this paper?
EDMUND Ask me not what I know.
ALBANY Go after her: she's desperate: govern[172] her.
[Exit a soldier]
EDMUND What you have charged me with, that have I done,
And more, much more: the time will bring it out:
'Tis past and so am I.— But what art thou ***To Edgar***
That hast this fortune on[176] me? If thou'rt noble,
I do forgive thee.
EDGAR Let's exchange charity.[178]
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund:
If more, the more th'hast[180] wronged me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son. ***Removes his helmet***
The gods are just, and of our pleasant[182] vices
Make instruments to plague us:
The dark[184] and vicious place where thee he got
Cost him his eyes.
EDMUND Th'hast spoken right: 'tis true,
The wheel[187] is come full circle: I am here.
ALBANY Methought thy very gait did prophesy[188] ***To Edgar***
A royal nobleness: I must embrace thee.
Let sorrow split my heart if ever I
Did hate thee or thy father!
EDGAR Worthy prince, I know't.
ALBANY Where have you hid yourself?
How have you known the miseries of your father?
EDGAR By nursing them, my lord. List[195] a brief tale,

And when ’tis told, O, that my heart would burst!
The bloody proclamation[197] to escape
That followed me so near — O, our lives’ sweetness!
That we the[199] pain of death would hourly die
Rather than die at once! — taught me to shift
Into a madman’s rags, t’assume a semblance[201]
That very dogs disdained: and in this habit[202]
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,[203]
Their precious stones new lost, became his guide,
Led him, begged for him, saved him from despair,[205]
Never — O, fault! — revealed myself unto him
Until some half-hour past, when I was armed.
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,[208]
I asked his blessing, and from first to last
Told him our pilgrimage:[210] but his flawed heart —
Alack, too weak the conflict to support —
’Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.
EDMUND This speech of yours hath moved me,
And shall perchance do good: but speak you on:
You look as you had something more to say.
ALBANY If there be more, more woeful, hold it in,
For I am almost ready to dissolve,[218]
Hearing of this.

Enter a Gentleman ***With a bloody knife***

GENTLEMAN Help, help, O, help!
EDGAR What kind of help?
ALBANY Speak, man.
EDGAR What means this bloody knife?
GENTLEMAN ’Tis hot, it smokes:[224]
It came even from the heart of — O, she’s dead!
ALBANY Who dead? Speak, man.
GENTLEMAN Your lady, sir, your lady; and her sister
By her is poisoned: she confesses it.
EDMUND I was contracted to them both: all three
Now marry in an instant.

EDGAR Here comes Kent.
Enter Kent
ALBANY Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead:
Goneril and Regan's bodies brought out
This judgement of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity.— O, is this he?— ***Sees Kent***
The time will not allow the compliment[235] ***To Kent***
Which very manners urges.
KENT I am come
To bid my king and master aye[238] goodnight:
Is he not here?
ALBANY Great thing[240] of us forgot!
Speak, Edmund, where's the king? And where's Cordelia?—
See'st thou this object,[242] Kent? ***Points to the bodies***
KENT Alack, why thus?
EDMUND Yet Edmund was beloved:
The one the other poisoned for my sake
And after slew herself.
ALBANY Even[247] so. Cover their faces.
EDMUND I pant for life: some good I mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send —
Be brief in it — to th'castle, for my writ[250]
Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia:
Nay, send in time.
ALBANY Run, run, O, run!
EDGAR To who, my lord? Who has the office?[254]
Send thy token of reprieve. ***To Edmund***
EDMUND Well thought on: take my sword,
Give it the captain.
EDGAR Haste thee, for thy life. ***To a Gentleman***
[Exit Gentleman]
EDMUND He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid[262] herself.
ALBANY The gods defend her! Bear him hence awhile. ***Edmund is borne off***

Enter Lear with Cordelia in his arms ***Gentleman and others following***

LEAR Howl, howl, howl! O, you are men of stones:
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack. She's gone for ever!
I know when one is dead and when one lives:
She's dead as earth. Lend me a looking-glass:
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,[269]
Why, then she lives.
KENT Is this the promised end?[271]
EDGAR Or image of that horror?
ALBANY Fall and cease![273]
LEAR This feather stirs: she lives! If it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.
KENT O my good master! ***Kneels***
LEAR Prithee, away.
EDGAR 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.
LEAR A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have saved her: now she's gone for ever!—
Cordelia, Cordelia! Stay a little. Ha?
What is't thou say'st?— Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman.—
I killed the slave[285] that was a-hanging thee.
GENTLEMAN 'Tis true, my lords, he did.
LEAR Did I not, fellow?
I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion[288]
I would have made him skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses[290] spoil me.— Who are you?
Mine[291] eyes are not o'th'best: I'll tell you straight.
KENT If fortune brag of two[292] she loved and hated,
One of them we behold.
LEAR This is a dull sight.[294] Are you not Kent?
KENT The same,
Your servant Kent: where is your servant Caius?[296]
LEAR He's a good fellow, I can tell you that:
He'll strike, and quickly too. He's dead and rotten.

KENT No, my good lord, I am the very man—
LEAR I'll[300] see that straight.
KENT That from your[301] first of difference and decay
Have followed your sad steps.
LEAR You are welcome hither.
KENT Nor[304] no man else: all's cheerless, dark and deadly.
Your eldest daughters have fordone[305] themselves,
And desperately[306] are dead.
LEAR Ay, so I think.
ALBANY He knows not what he says, and vain[308] is it
That we present us to him.
Enter a Messenger
EDGAR Very bootless.[310]
MESSENGER Edmund is dead, my lord.
ALBANY That's but a trifle here.
You lords and noble friends, know our intent:
What comfort to this great decay[314] may come
Shall be applied. For[315] us, we will resign,
During the life of this old majesty,
To him our absolute power:— you, to your rights *To Edgar and Kent*
With boot[318] and such addition as your honours
Have more than merited. All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup[321] of their deservings.— O, see, see!
LEAR And my poor fool[322] is hanged! No, no, no life?
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never!
Pray you undo this button:[326] thank you, sir.
Do you see this? Look on her, look, her lips,
Look there, look there! *He dies*
EDGAR He faints! My lord, my lord!
KENT Break, heart, I prithee, break.
EDGAR Look up, my lord.
KENT Vex not his ghost:[332] O, let him pass! He hates him
That would upon the rack[333] of this tough world

Stretch him out longer.[334]
EDGAR He is gone, indeed.
KENT The wonder is he hath endured so long:
He but usurped[337] his life.
ALBANY Bear them from hence. Our present business
Is general woe.—
Friends of my soul, you twain ***To Kent and Edgar***
Rule in this realm, and the gored[341] state sustain.
KENT I have a journey,[342] sir, shortly to go:
My master calls me, I must not say no.
EDGAR The weight of this sad time we must obey:
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most: we that are young
Shall never see so much nor live so long.
Exeunt with a dead march

Textual Notes

= First Quarto text of 1608

= First Folio text of 1623

2 = a correction introduced in the Second Folio text of 1632

d = a correction introduced by a later editor

D = stage direction

H = speech heading (i.e., speaker’s name)

ist of parts = Ed

DMUND *sometimes spelled* Edmond, *often referred to in directions and speech headings as* Bastard

.1.24 SD ***one***…***then*** = Q. *Not in* F **26 lord** = F. Q = Liege **29 fast** = F. Q = first **30 age** = F. Q = state **31 Conferring** = F. Q = Confirming **strengths** = F. Q = yeares **31–6 while…now** = F. *Not in* Q **40–1 Since…state** = F. *Not in* Q **50 found** = F. Q = friend **55–6 and…rivers** = F. *Not in* Q **59 of Cornwall** = F. Q = to *Cornwell*, speake **70 ponderous** = F. Q = richer **74 conferred** = F. Q = confirm’d **75 our…love** = F. Q = the last, not least in our deere loue **77 interessed** = Ed. F = interest **draw** = F. Q = win **80 SH LEAR Nothing?**…**Nothing.** = F. *Not in* Q **96 sisters** = F. Q = sisters, to loue my father all. **103 mysteries** = F2. F = miseries. Q = mistresse **night** = F. Q = might **111 shall…bosom** = F. Q = Shall **129 shall** = F. Q = still **144 falls** = F. Q = stoops **Reserve thy state** = F. Q = Reuerse thy doome **151 pawn** = F. Q = a pawne **152 ne’er** = F. Q = nor **157 SHLEAR** = Q. F = *Kear*. **158 SHKENT** = Q. F = *Lent*. **160 Miscreant** = F. Q = recreant **161 SHALBANY…forbear.** = F. *Not in* Q **SH CORDELIA** *some editors expand* F’*s Cor. to Cornwall* **163 gift** = F. Q = doome **168 strained** = F. Q = straied **169 sentences** = F *(corrected)*. F *(uncorrected),* Q = sentence **172 Five** = F. Q =

Foure **173 disasters** = F. Q = diseases **174 sixth** = F. Q = fift **175 next** = Ed. F, Q = tenth **180 Freedom** = F. Q = Friendship **187 SH CORDELIA** = F *(corrected). Some editors expand to Cornwall*. Q = *Glost*. **206 Dowered** = F. Q = Couered **218 object** = F. Q = best object **227 Should** = F. Q = Could **230 will** = F. Q = well **231 make known** = F. Q = may know **241 but** = F. Q = no more but **245 regards** = F. Q = respects **248 king** = F. Q = *Leir* **256 respect and fortunes** = F. Q = respects / Of fourtune **264 my** = F. Q = thy **279 Love** = F. Q = vse **284 SH REGAN** = F *(Regn)*. Q = *Gonorill* **285 SHGONERIL** = F. Q = *Regan* **288 want** = F. Q = worth **289 plighted** = F. Q = pleated **290 with shame derides** = F. Q = shame them derides **297 not been** = Q. F = beene **307 sit** = F. Q = hit

.2.1 SH EDMUND = Ed. F, Q = *Bast. (throughout)* **13 tirèd** = F. Q = lyed **18 fine word, 'legitimate'** = F. *Not in* Q **21 to th'legitimate** = F. *Sometimes emended to* top the legitimate **24 Prescribed** = F. Q = subscribd **37 o'erlooking** = F. Q = liking **50 wake** = F. Q = wakt **52 you to this** = F. Q = this to you **62 declined** = F. Q = declining **72 that…writ** = F. Q = he hath wrote **other** = F. Q = further **87–90 This…graves** = F. *Not in* Q **92 honesty! 'Tis strange** = F. Q = honest, strange strange **95 stars** = F. Q = the starres **96 spherical** = F. Q = spirituall **99 a star** = F. Q = Starres **101 I should** = F. Q = Fut, I should. **102 maidenliest** *spelled* maidenlest *in* F *and* Q **103 bastardizing** = F. Q = bastardy **104 Pat** = F. Q = *Edgar;* and out **105 sigh…o'Bedlam** = F. Q = sith like them of Bedlam **106 Fa…mi.** = F. *Not in* Q **111 writes** = F. Q = writ **125–8 I…brother?** = F. *Not in* Q **129 I am** = F. Q = go arm'd, I am

.3.0 SD ***Steward*** = F. Q = *Gentleman* **2 SH OSWALD** = Ed. F = *Ste*. Q = *Gent. (throughout)* **13 I'd** = F. *Sometimes emended to* I'll **14 distaste** = F. Q = dislike **16 have said** = F. Q = tell you **19 so.** = F. Q = so. I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall, That I may speak: **19 course. Prepare** = F. Q = very course, goe prepare

1.4.1 will = F. Q = well **6 So…thy** = F. Q = thy **7 SD** ***Horns…Attendants*** = F. Q = *Enter Lear* **36 SD** ***Enter Steward*** *appears one line later in* F **42 SH KNIGHT** = F *(spelled* Knigh *here and on two other occasions in Act 1 scene 4)*. Q = *Kent* **daughter** = Q. F = Daughters **44 SH KNIGHT** = F. Q = *seruant (throughout)* **48 of kindness appears** = F. Q = apeer's **55 purpose** = F. Q = purport **61 SD** ***Enter Steward*** *placed one line later in* F **65 these** = F. Q = this **your pardon** = F. Q = you pardon me **67 strucken** = F. Q = struck **71–2 Have…So** = F. Q = you haue wisedome **77 SH LEAR Why, my boy?** = F. Q = *Kent*. Why Fool? **84 all my** = F. Q = any **87 the Lady Brach** = F. Q = Ladie oth'e brach **89 gall** = F. Q = gull **92 nuncle** = F. Q = vncle **103 SH KENT** = F. Q = *Lear* **111 one** = F. Q = foole **120 grace** = F. Q = wit **122 And** = F. Q = They **to** = F. Q = doe **130 fool** = F. Q = fooles **139 You** = F. Q = Methinks you **142 frowning** = F. Q = frowne **146 nor crust** = F. Q = neither crust **nor crumb** = Q. F = not crum **148 shelled** *spelled sheal'd in* F, *sheald in* Q **163 know** = F. Q = trow **168 I** = F. Q = Come sir, I **your** = F. Q = that **170 transport** = F. Q = transforme **174 This** = F. Q = why this **176 weakens, his** = F. Q = weaknes, or his **177 Ha! Waking?** = F. Q = sleeping or wakeing; ha! sure **179 SH FOOL Lear's**

shadow. = F. *Assigned to Lear in* Q **181 This admiration, sir** = F. Q = Come sir, this admiration **190 graced** = F. Q = great **202 SD** *Albany* = F. Q = *Duke (throughout)* **203 Woe** = F. Q = We **204 Speak…my** = F. Q = that wee prepare any **208 SH ALBANY Pray…patient.** = F. *Not in* Q **209 liest** = F. Q = list **210 My** = F. Q = list my **are** = F. Q = and **221 Of…you.** = F. *Not in* Q **233 cadent** = F. Q = accent **237 Away, away!** = F. Q = goe, goe, my people? **239 more of it** = F. Q = the cause **248 thee worth them** = F. Q = the worst **249 Th'untented** = F. Q *(uncorrected)* = the vntender **250 Pierce** = F. Q *(uncorrected)* = peruse **250 thee! Old** = F. Q = the old **252 loose** = F. Q = make **253–4 Ha?…daughter** = F. Q = yea, i'st come to this? yet haue I left a daughter **257 flay** *spelled* flea *in* F *and* Q **260 that** = F. Q = that my Lord **263–4 Pray…sir** = F. Q = Come sir no more, you **271–83 SH GONERIL This…SD** *Enter Steward* = F. Q = *Gon*. What *Oswald*, ho. **283 How now, Oswald?** = F. Q = Oswald. Here Madam. **284 What** = F. Q = *Gon*. What **292 condemn** = F. Q = dislike **293 at task** = F. Q *(uncorrected)* = alapt. Q *(corrected)* = attaskt **296 better, oft** = F. Q = better ought

.5.0 SD *Enter…Fool* = F. Q = *Enter Lear*. **12 tell** = F. Q = not tell **35–6 Keep…now,** = F. Q = I would not be mad, keepe me in temper, I would not be mad, **37 SH GENTLEMAN** = F. Q = *Seruant*.

.1.2 you = Q. F = your **6 ear-kissing** = F. Q = eare-bussing **16 act…work** = F. Q = aske breefnes… helpe **27–8 pardon…I** = F. Q = pardon me in crauing, I **35 SD** ***Enter … torches*** = F. Q = *Enter Glost*. **38 Mumbling** = F. Q = warbling **39 stand** = F. Q = stand's **47 revenging** = F. Q = reuengiue **48 the thunder** = F. Q = their thunders **54 latched** = F. Q = lancht **55 And** = F. Q = but **58 Full** = F. Q = but **65 coward** = F. Q = caytife **71 would the reposal** = F. Q = could the reposure **73 should I** = F. Q = I should **76 practice** = F. Q = pretence **79 spirits** = F. Q = spurres **81 O, strange** = F. Q = Strong **82 said he?** = F. Q = I neuer got him, **83 where** = F. Q = why **89 SD** ***Enter … Attendants*** = F. Q = *Enter the Duke of Cornwall* **91 strangeness** = F. Q = strange newes **99 tended** = F. Q = tends **104 th'expense…of** = F. Q *(uncorrected)* = these—and wast of this. Q *(corrected)* = the wast and spoyle of **113 bewray** = F. Q = betray **127 threading** = F. Q = threatning **128 prize** = F. Q *(corrected)* = poyse **131 differences** = F. Q *(uncorrected)* = defences **best** = F. Q *(corrected)* = lest **thought** = Q. F = though **132 home** = F. Q *(uncorrected)* = hand **135 businesses** = F. Q = busines

.2.1 dawning = F. Q *(corrected)* = euen. Q *(uncorrected)* = deuen **13 worsted-stocking** = Q *(corrected)*. F = woosted-stocking. Q *(uncorrected)* = wosted stocken **14 whoreson** = F. Q = knaue, a whorson **super-serviceable finical** = F. Q = supersinicall **17 clamorous** *spelled* clamours *in* F **22 since** = F. Q = ago since **24 you** = F. Q = draw, you **33 if** = F. Q = and **45 they** = F. Q = hee **years o'th'trade** = F. Q = houres at the trade **46 SH CORNWALL** = F. Q = *Glost*. **52 know you** = F. Q = you haue **57 the holy** = F. Q = those **58 too intrinse** = Ed. F = t'intrince **60 fire** = F. Q = stir **the** = F. Q = their **61 Revenge** = F. Ed = Reneage **62 gall** = F. Q = gale **63 dogs** = F. Q = dayes **65 Smile** *spelled* Smoile *in* F, *smoyle in* Q **68 What** = F. Ed = Why **72 fault** = F. Q = offence **83 An…plain** = F. Q = he must be plaine **89 faith, in** = F. Q = sooth, or in **92 flickering** = Q (flitkering). F = flicking **101 compact** = F. Q = coniunct **106 fleshment** = F. Q = flechuent **dread** = Q. F = dead **111 ancient** = F. Q *(corrected)* = miscreant. Q *(uncorrected)* = ausrent **118 Stocking** = F. Q *(corrected)* = stopping. Q *(uncorrected)* = stobing. **129 he** = F. Q = hee's **135 duke's** = Q. F = Duke **138 travelled** *spelled* trauail'd *in* F *and* Q **143 saw** = F. Q *(uncorrected)* = say **148 miracles** = F. Q *(corrected)* = my wracke. Q *(uncorrected)* = my rackles **150 most** = F. Q *(uncorrected)* = not **154 Take** = F. Q *(uncorrected)* = Late heavy *spelled* heanie *in* F **160 unusual** *spelled* vnusall *in* F **166 hairs** = F. Q = haire **171 arms** = F. Q = bare arms **172 Pins** = F. Q *(uncorrected)* = Pies **173 farms** = F. Q = seruice **175 Sometimes** = F. Q = Sometime **177 SD *Enter…Gentleman*** = F. Q = *Enter King* **180 SH GENTLEMAN** = F. Q = *Knight (throughout)* **182 this** = F. Q = his **184 thy** = Q. F = ahy **186 heads** = F. Q = heeles **187 man's** = Q. F = man **197–8 By…ay** = F. Q = No no, they would not./ *Kent*. Yes they haue **203 impose** = F. Q = purpose **209 panting** = Q. F = painting **212 those** = F. Q = whose **213 meiny** = F. Q = men **224–32 SH FOOL Winter's…a year**. = F. *Not in* Q **234 *Hysterica*** *spelled Historica in* F *and* Q **239 the** = Q. F = the the **number** = F. Q = traine **245 twenty** = F. Q = a 100 **247 upward** = F. Q = vp the hill **248 have** = Q. F = hause **250 serues and seeks** = F. Q = serues **261 have…the** = F. Q = traueled hard to; travelled *spelled* travail'd *in* F **261 fetches** = F. Q = Iustice **271–2 SH GLOUCESTER Well…man?** = F. *Not in* Q **274 father** = F. Q *(uncorrected)* = fate **275 commands,** tends, = F. Q *(corrected)* = commands her. Q *(uncorrected)* = come and tends **276–7 Are…Fiery?** = F. *Not in* Q **296 knapped** = F. Q = rapt **301 you** = Q. F = your **303 mother's tomb** = Q *(corrected)*. F = Mother Tombe. Q *(uncorrected)* = mothers fruit **313–19 SH LEAR Say?… blame**. = F. *Not in* Q **322 her** = Q. F = his **345 blister** = F. Q = blast her pride **369 SH LEAR** = F. Q = *Gon*. **stocked** = F. Q = struck **395 hot-blooded** = F *(uncorrected)*. F *(corrected)* = hot-bloodied. Q = hot bloud in **407 boil** *spelled* Byle *in* F **453 need** = F. Q = deed **456 is** = F. Q = as. *Sometimes emended to* is as **465 tamely** = F. Q = lamely **473 flaws** = F. Q = flowes **482 SH GONERIL** = F. Q = *Duke* **484 SH CORNWALL** = F. Q = *Reg*. **486–7 SH CORNWALL Wither…horse** = F. *Not in* Q **488 SH CORNWALL** = F. Q = *Re*. **490 high** = F. Q = bleak

.1.1 Who's there, besides = F. Q = Whats here beside **12 note** = F. Q = Arte **16–23 Who… furnishings** = F. *See "Quarto passages that do not appear in the Folio," p. 2077, for alternative lines in* Q **30 that** = F. Q = your **35–6 in…this** = F. Q = Ile this way, you that

.2.8 all = F. Ed = an germens *spelled* germaines *in* F **12 wise…fools** = F. Q = wise man nor foole **15 tax** = F. Q = taske **21 will…join** = F. Q = haue…ioin'd **38 are** = F. Q = sit **45 fear** = F. Q = force **51 of** = F. Q = man of **55 concealing continents** = F. Q = concealed centers **63 you** = F. Q = me **72 That's sorry** = F. Q = That sorrowes **73 little tiny** = Ed. F = little-tyne. Q = little tine **76 Though** = F. Q = for **77 True, boy** = F. Q = True my good boy **78–94 SH FOOL This…time**. = F. *Not in Q*

.3.0 SD *Edmund* = F. Q = *the Bastard with lights*. **3 perpetual** = F. Q = their **9 footed** = F. Q = landed **12 if** = F. Q = though **13 strange things** = F. Q = some strange thing

.4.8 contentious = F. Q *(corrected)* = tempestious. Q *(uncorrected)* = crulentious **9 skin** so: = F *(corrected)*. F *(uncorrected)* = skin: so: **12 thy** = Q. F = they **roaring** = F. Q *(uncorrected)* = raging **18 home** = F. Q = sure **19–20 In…endure** = F. *Not in* Q **22 all** = F. Q = you all **29–30 In…sleep** = F. *Not in* Q **32 storm** = F. Q = night **34 lopped** = F. Q = loopt **40 SH EDGAR Fathom…Tom!** = F. *Not in* Q **45–6 blow the winds** = F. Q = blowes the cold wind **46 Hum!…bed** = F. Q = goe to thy cold bed **47 Did'st…thy** = F. Q = Hast thou giuen all to thy two **48–9 through fire** = Q. F = though Fire **49 and through flame** = F. *Not in* Q **ford** = Q. F = Sword **52 Bless** = Q. F = Blisse **53 O…de**. = F. *Not in* Q **Bless** = Q. F = blisse **56 Has** = F. Q = What. Ed = What, have **57 Wouldst** = F. Q = didst **60 light** = F. Q = fall **70 word's justice** = F. Q = words justly **77–8 I dearly** = F. Q = I deeply **83 says… nonny** = F. Q = hay no on ny **boy, boy** = F. Q = boy, my boy, **sessa** = Ed. F = *Sesey*. Q = cease **85 a** = F. Q = thy **90 lendings!…here** = F. Q *(corrected)* = lendings, come on. Q *(uncorrected)* = leadings, come on bee true **92 on's** = F. Q = in **94 foul** = F. Q = foul fiend **till the** = Q. F = at **95 squints** = F. Q *(corrected)* = squemes. Q *(uncorrected)* = queues **99 alight** = F. Q = O light **109–10 stocked, punished** = F. Q = stock-punisht **110 hath had three** = Q. F = hath three **115 Smulkin** = F. Q =

snulbug **119 my…vile** = F. Q = is growne so vild my Lord **131 same** = F. Q = most **147 you** = F. Ed = your **160 tower came** = F. Q = towne come

.5.9 were not = F. Q = were

.6.9–**10 SH FOOL No…him**. = F. *Not in* Q **17 They** = F. Q = Theile **23–4 mongrel grim, Hound** = Ed. F = Mongrill, Grim, / Hound. Q = mungril, grim-hound **24 him** = F *(*Hym*). Sometimes emended to* lym **25 tyke** = Q (tike). F = tight **29 Do…Sessa!** = F. Q = loudla doodla **32 these hard hearts** = F. Q = this hardnes **34 Persian** = F. Q = Persian attire **35 and rest awhile** = F. Q = awhile **37 So, so, we'll** = F. Q = so, so, so, / Weele **i'th'morning** = F. Q = i'th'morning so, so, so **38 SH FOOL And…noon** = F. *Not in* Q **48 Take up, take up** = F. Q *(corrected)* = Take vp the King. Q *(uncorrected)* = Take vp to keepe

.7.2 traitor = F. Q = vilaine **7 Advise** = Q. F = Aduice festinate *spelled* festiuate *in* F *and* festuant *in* Q **33 none** = F. Q = true **44 answered** = F. Q = answerer **56 answer** = F. Q = first answere **58 Dover?** = F. Q = Dover, sir? **61 stick** = F. Q = rash **62 as his bare** = F. Q *(corrected)* = on his lowd. Q *(uncorrected)* = of his lou'd **63 buoyed** = F. Q *(corrected)* = bod. Q *(uncorrected)* = layd **65 rain** = F. Q = rage **66 howled that stern** = F. Q = heard that dearne **91 enkindle** = F. Q = vnbridle

.1.6–**10 Welcome…comes** = F. Q = Who's **10 poorly led** = F. Q *(corrected)* = parti, eyd **14–15 these fourscore years** = F. Q = this forescore **19 You** = F. Q = Alack sir, you **42 kill** = F. Q = bitt **48 Get thee away** = F. Q = Then, prethee, get thee gon **49 hence** = F. Q = here **60 daub** = F. Q = dance **62 And…Bless** = F. Q = Blesse **65 thee…son** = F. Q = the good man **70 slaves** = F. Q = stands **72 undo** = F. Q = under **76 fearfully** = F. Q = firmely

.2.10 most…dislike = F. Q = hee should most desire **13 terror** = F. Q *(uncorrected)* = curre **16 Edmund** = F. Q = *Edgar* **18 names** = F. Q = armes **28 O…man!** = F. *Not in* Q **30 My fool** = F. Q *(corrected)* = A Foole. Q *(uncorrected)* = My foote **body** = F. Q *(corrected)* = bed **32 whistle** = F. Q *(corrected)* = whistling **41 seems** = F. Q *(corrected)* = shewes **44 SH MESSENGER** = F. Q = *Gent*. **48 thrilled** = F. Q = thrald **50 threat-enraged** = F. Q = thereat inraged **55 justices** = F. Q *(corrected)* = Iustisers. Q *(uncorrected)* = your Iustices **65 tart** = F. Q = tooke

.3.0 SD *Gentleman* = Ed. F = *Gentlemen*. Q = *Doctor* **2 vexed** = F. Q = vent **3 fumiter** = Ed. F = Fenitar. Q = femiter **4 burdocks** = Ed. F = Hardokes. Q = hor-docks **6 sentry** *spelled* Centery *in* F, centurie *in* Q **send** = F. Q = sent **10 helps** = F. Q = can help **19 distress** = Q. F = desires **28 importuned** = F. Q = important **29 incite** = F. Q = in sight

.4.6 lord = F. Q = lady **13 Edmund** = F. Q = and now **16 o'th'enemy** = F. Q = at'h army **17 madam…letter** = F. Q = with my letters **18 troops set** = F. Q = troope sets **24 Some things** = F. Q = Some thing **29 oeillades** *spelled* Eliads *in* F, aliads *in* Q **43 meet** = F. Q = meet him **should** = F. Q = would

.5.0 SD *Edgar* = F. Q = *Edmund* **1 I** = F. Q = we **21 walk** = Q. F = walk'd **48 bless him** = F. Q = blesse **67 summit** = F. Q = summons **76 How is't? Feel** = F. Q = how feele **84 whelked** *spelled* wealk'd *in* F **enragèd** = F. Q = enridged **86 make them** = F. Q = made their **96 crying** = F. Q = coyning **100 piece of toasted** = F. Q = tosted **101–2 I'th'clout, i'th'clout: hewgh** = F. Q = in the ayre, hagh **106 Goneril…beard?** = F. Q = *Gonorill*, ha *Regan*, **111–12 ague-proof** = F. Q = argue-proofe **123 were** = Ed. *Not in* F, Q **135 consumption** = F. Q = consumation **135–6 civet…sweeten** = F. Q = Ciuet, good Apothocarie, to sweeten **138 Let me** = F. Q = Here **142 this** = F. Q = that **144 thy** = F. Q = the **see** = F. Q = see one **155 change places, and** = F. *Not in* Q **159 dog's obeyed** = F. Q = dogge, so bade **164 tattered clothes great** = F. Q = tottered raggs, smal **165–70 Place…lips** = F. *Not in* Q; **Place sins** = F. Ed. = Plate sin **172 Now…now.** = F. Q = no now **179 wail** *spelled* wawle in F, wayl in Q **183 shoe** = F. Q = shoot **184 felt** = F. Q = fell **I'll…proof** = F. *Not in* Q **187 hand…Sir** = F. Q = hands upon him sirs **191 surgeons** = F. Q = a churgion **196 water-pots** = F. Q = water-pots, Ay, and laying autumn's dust. / Gent. Good sir— / *Lear*. **197 smug bridegroom** = F. Q = bridegroome **199 Masters** = F. Q = my maisters **201 Come** = F. Q = nay **202 Sa…sa.** = F. Not in Q **204 a daughter** = F. Q = one daughter **211 sound** = F. Q = sence **214 speedy foot** = F. Q = speed fort **225 tame to** = F. Q = lame by **230 bounty…benison** = F. Q *(uncorrected)* = bornet and beniz **231 To…boot** = F. Q *(corrected)* = to boot, to boot. Q *(uncorrected)* = to saue thee **234 old** = F. Q = most **247 I'se** *spelled* ice *in* F **248 ballow** = F. Q *(corrected)* = bat. Q *(uncorrected)* = battero **255 English** = F. Q = *British* **261 these** = F. Q = his **the** = F. Q = These **262 sorry** = F. Q = sorrow **271 affectionate servant, Goneril** = F. Q = your affectionate seruant and for your own *Venter*, *Gonorill* **272 will** = F. Q = wit **283 severed** = F. Q = fenced

ct 4 Scene 6 = Ed. F = *Scæna Septima*

.6.0 SD ***Gentleman*** = F. Q = *Doctor* **18 jarring** = F. Q = hurrying **24 SH GENTLEMAN** = F. Q *assigns this and the next line to the Doctor*, *and the following two lines to a Gentleman* **27 of** = F. Q = not of temperance. = F. Q = temperance. / *Cord*. Very well. / *Doct*. Please you draw neere, louder the musicke there, **35 opposed** = F. Q = exposd **jarring** = F. Q = warring **36 enemy's** = F. Q = iniurious **49 do…me?** = F. Q = know me. **64 not…less** = F. *Not in* Q **85 killed** = F. Q = cured him. = F. Q = him and yet it is danger to make him euen ore the time hee has lost

.1.3 alteration = F. Q *(uncorrected)* = abdication **11 In** = F. Q = I, **17 not** = F. Q = me not **19 Sir… heard** = F. Q = For…heare **24 and particular broils** = F. Q = dore particulars **27 proceeding.** = F. Q = proceeding. / *Bast*. I shall attend you presently at your tent. **41 And machination ceases** = F. *Not in* Q **loves** = F. Q = loue **48 Here** = F. Q = Hard **guess** = F. Q = quesse **true** = F. Q = great

.2.1 tree = F. Q = bush **13 SH GLOUCESTER And…too**. = F. *Not in Q*.

.3.2 first = F. Q = best **26 good years** = F. Q = goode **40 down**. = F. Q = down. / *Cap*. I cannot draw a cart, nor eate dride oats, / If it bee mans worke ile do't. **48 send** = F. Q *(uncorrected)* = saue **retention** = F. Q *(uncorrected)* = retention and appointed guard **49 had** = F. Q = has **60 might** = F. Q = should **63 immediacy** = F. Q = imediate **67 addition** = F. Q = aduancement **70 SH** ALBANY = F. Q = *Gon*. **77 Dispose…thine:** = F. *Not in* Q **84 SH REGAN** = F. Q = *Bast*. **thine** = F. Q = good **86 thy arrest** = F. Q = thine attaint **87 sister** = Q. F = sister **88 bar** = Ed. F = bare **91 loves** = F. Q = loue **94 let…sound:** = F. *Not in* Q **95 person** = F. Q = head **97 make** = F. Q = proue **101 medicine** = F. Q = poyson **115 lists** = F. Q = hoast **117 by** = F. Q = at **118 SH HERALD** = F. Q = *Edmund* **127–8 Yet…cope** = F. Q = yet are I mou't / Where is the aduersarie I come to cope with all **135–6 my… honours** — = F. Q = the priuiledge of my tongue, **139 Despise** = F. Q = Despite **142 Conspirant** = F. Q = Conspicuate **144 below thy foot** = F. Q = beneath thy feet **146 are** = F. Q = As **151 tongue** = F. Q = being **152 What…delay** = F. *Not in* Q **153 rule** = F. Q = right **154 Back** = F. Q = Heere **155 hell-hated lie o'erwhelm** = F. Q = hell hatedly, oreturnd **156 scarcely** = Q. F = scarely **161 war** = F. Q = armes **wast** = F. Q = art **165 stop…sir** = F. Q = stople it **166 name** = F. Q = thing **171 SH EDMUND** = F. Q = *Gon*. **182 vices** = F. Q = vertues **183 plague** = F. Q = scourge **199 we** = F. Q = with **206 fault** = F. Q = Father **210 our** = F. Q = my **221 SH EDGAR** = F. Q = *Alb*. **222 SH ALBANY Speak, man.** = F. *Not in* Q **223 SH EDGAR** = F. Q *assigns line to Albany* **225 O,** she's dead! = F. *Not in* Q **226 Who…man.** = F. Q = Who man, speake? **228 confesses** = F. Q = hath confest **233 judgement** = F. Q = Iustice **234 is this** = F. Q = tis **264 you** = Q. F = your **280 you, murderers, traitors** = F. Q = your murderous traytors **286 SH GENTLEMAN** = F. Q = *Cap*. **289 him** = F. Q = them **294 This…sight.** = F. *Not in* Q **297 you that** = F. Q = that **301 first** = F. Q = life **308 says** = F. Q = sees **326 sir**. = F. Q = sir, O, o, o, o. **327–8 Do…there!** = F. *Not in* Q **330 SH KENT** = F. Q = *Lear* **341 realm** = F. Q = kingdome **344 SH EDGAR** = F. Q = *Duke*

Quarto passages that do not appear in the Folio

Lines are numbered continuously, for ease of reference.

Following 1.2.78:

EDMUND[1] Nor is not, sure.

GLOUCESTER To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him. Heaven and earth!

Following 1.2.111:

as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent, death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities, divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles, needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

EDGAR How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

EDMUND Come, come,

Following 1.3.15:

Not to be overruled. Idle old man, That still would manage those authorities That he hath given away! Now by my life Old fools are babes again, and must be used With checks as flatteries, when they are seen abused.

Following 1.4.112:

FOOL That lord that counselled thee to give away thy land,
Come place him here by me, do thou for him stand,
The sweet and bitter fool will presently appear:
The one in motley here, the other found out there.

LEAR Dost thou call me fool, boy?

FOOL All thy other titles thou hast given away, that thou wast born with.

KENT This is not altogether fool my lord.

FOOL No, faith, lords and great men will not let me, if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't: and ladies[28] too, they will not let me have all the fool to myself, they'll be snatching.

Following 1.4.179:

I would learn that, for by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters.

FOOL Which they will make an obedient father.

Following 2.2.127:

His fault is much, and the good king, his master,
Will check him for't: your purposed low correction
Is such as basest and 'temnest[36] wretches
For pilf'rings and most common trespasses
Are punished with.

Following 3.1.7:

tears his white hair,
Which the impetuous blasts with eyeless rage
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of,
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn,
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain:
This night wherein the cubdrawn bear would couch,
The lion and the belly-pinchèd wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Replaces 3.1.16–23:

But true it is, from France there comes a power
Into this scattered kingdom, who already
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
In some of our best ports, and are at point
To show their open banner.
Now to you:
If on my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
Some that will thank you, making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The king hath cause to 'plain.
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding,
And from some knowledge and assurance,
Offer this office to you.

Following 3.6.12:

EDGAR The foul fiend bites my back.

FOOL He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

LEAR It shall be done, I will arraign them straight,
Come sit thou here most ***To Edgar***
learnèd justice.—
Thou, sapient sir sit here. ***To the Fool***
No, you she foxes—
EDGAR Look where he stands and glares. Want'st thou eyes at trial, madam?
Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me—
FOOL Her boat hath a leak, ***Sings***
And she must not speak
Why she dares not come over to thee.
EDGAR The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale,
Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herring,
Croak not black angel, I have no food for thee.
KENT How do you sir? Stand you not so amazed,
Will you lie down and rest upon the cushings?
LEAR I'll see their trial first, bring in their evidence.—
Thou robèd man of justice, take ***To Edgar*** thy place—
And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, ***To the Fool***
Bench by his side:— you are ***To Kent*** o'th'commission,
Sit you too.
EDGAR Let us deal justly.
Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?
Thy sheep be in the corn,
And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
Thy sheep shall take no harm.
Purr, the cat is grey.
LEAR Arraign her first, 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.
FOOL Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril?
LEAR She cannot deny it.
FOOL Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.
LEAR And here's another whose warped looks proclaim
What store her heart is made on: stop her there!
Arms, arms, sword, fire! Corruption in the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her scape?

Following 3.6.50:

KENT Oppressed nature sleeps:
This rest might yet have balmed thy broken sinews,
Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure.—
Come help ***To Fool***
to bear thy master:
Thou must not stay behind.

Exeunt. [Edgar remains]

EDGAR When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers, suffers most i'th'mind,
Leaving free things and happy shows behind,
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship:
How light and portable my pain seems now,
When that which makes me bend, makes the king bow:
He childed as I fathered. Tom away!
Mark the high noises and thyself bewray
When false opinion, whose wrong thoughts defile thee,
In thy just proof repeals and reconciles thee.
What will hap more tonight, safe scape the king:
Lurk, lurk.

Exit

Following 3.7.105:

SERVANT I'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man come to good.

SECOND SERVANT If she live long,
And in the end meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.

FIRST SERVANT Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam
To lead him where he would: his madness[128]
Allows itself to anything.

SECOND SERVANT Go thou: I'll fetch some flax and whites of eggs
To apply to his bleeding face. Now heaven help him!

Following 4.1.65:

Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once: of lust, as Obidicut, Hobbididence, prince of dumbness, Mahu of stealing, Modo of murder, Flibbertigibbet[135] of mopping and mowing, who since possesses chambermaids and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master

Following 4.2.35:

I fear your disposition:
That nature, which contemns i'th'origin
Cannot be bordered certain in itself.
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap perforce must wither
And come to deadly use.
GONERIL No more, the text is foolish.
ALBANY Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile:
Filths savour but themselves. What have you done?
Tigers, not daughters, what have you performed?
A father, and a gracious agèd man,
Whose reverence even the head-lugged bear would lick,
Most barbarous, most degenerate, have you madded.
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
A man, a prince, by him so benefited!
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame the vile offences, it will come,
Humanity[155] must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.

Following 4.2.39:

that not know'st
Fools do those villains pity who are punished
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum?
France spreads his banners in our noiseless land,
With plumèd helm, thy state[161] begins threat,
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sits still and cries
'Alack, why does he so?'

Following 4.2.43:

ALBANY Thou changèd and self-covered thing, for shame
Bemonster not thy feature. Were't my fitness

To let these hands obey my blood,
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones: howe’er thou art a fiend,
A woman’s shape doth shield thee.

GONERIL Marry, your manhood mew[170]—

Enter a Gentleman

ALBANY What news?

Following 4.2.77:

Enter Kent and a Gentleman

KENT Why the King of France is so suddenly gone back, know you no reason?

GENTLEMAN Something he left imperfect in the state, which since his coming forth is thought of, which imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger that his personal return was most required and necessary.

KENT Who hath he left behind him general?

GENTLEMAN The Marshal of France, Monsieur La Far.

KENT Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief?

GENTLEMAN Ay, sir,[184] she took them, read them in my presence,
And now and then an ample tear trilled down
Her delicate cheek: it seemed she was a queen over
Her passion, who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o’er her.

KENT O, then it moved her.

GENTLEMAN Not to a rage: patience and sorrow strove[190]
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were like a better way: those happy smilets,
That played on her ripe lip seem not to know
What guests were in her eyes, which, parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropped. In brief,
Sorrow would be a rarity most beloved,
If all could so become it.

KENT Made she no verbal question?

GENTLEMAN Faith, once or twice she heaved the name of ‘father’

Pantingly forth, as if it pressed her heart:
Cried ‘Sisters, sisters! Shame of ladies, sisters!
Kent, father, sisters! What, i’th’storm, i’th’night?
Let pity not be believed!’ There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moistened her: then away she started
To deal with grief alone.

KENT It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions,
Else one self mate and make could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with her since?

GENTLEMAN No.

KENT Was this before the king returned?

GENTLEMAN No, since.

KENT Well, sir, the poor distressèd Lear’s i’th’town;
Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.

GENTLEMAN Why, good sir?

KENT A sovereign shame so elbows him: his own unkindness,
That stripped her from his benediction, turned her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters: these things sting
His mind so venomously, that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.

GENTLEMAN Alack, poor gentleman!

KENT Of Albany’s and Cornwall’s powers you heard not?

GENTLEMAN ’Tis so, they are afoot.

KENT Well, sir, I’ll bring you to our master Lear,
And leave you to attend him: some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile.
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you go
Along with me.

Exeunt

Following 4.6.27:

CORDELIA Very well.
DOCTOR Please you, draw near.— Louder the music there!

Following 4.6.35:

To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder,
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick cross lightning? To watch — poor *perdu*! —
With this thin helm?

Following 4.6.89:

GENTLEMAN Holds it true, sir, that the Duke of Cornwall was so slain?

KENT Most certain, sir.

GENTLEMAN Who is conductor of his people?

KENT As ’tis said, the bastard son of Gloucester.

GENTLEMAN They say Edgar, his banished son, is with the Earl of Kent in Germany.

KENT Report is changeable. ’Tis time to look about: the powers of the kingdom approach apace.

GENTLEMAN The arbitrament is like to be bloody. Fare you well, sir.

KENT My point and period will be throughly wrought,
Or well or ill, as this day’s battle’s fought.

Exit

Following 5.1.13:

EDMUND That thought abuses you.

REGAN I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And bosomed with her, as far as we call hers.

Following 5.1.17:

GONERIL I had rather lose the battle than that sister
Should loosen him and me.

Following 5.1.21:

Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant. For this business,
It touches us as France invades our land,
Not bolds the king, with others whom I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

EDMUND Sir, you speak nobly.

Following 5.3.55:

At this time

We sweat and bleed: the friend hath lost his friend;
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are cursed
By those that feel their sharpness:
The question of Cordelia and her father
Requires a fitter place.

Following 5.3.219:

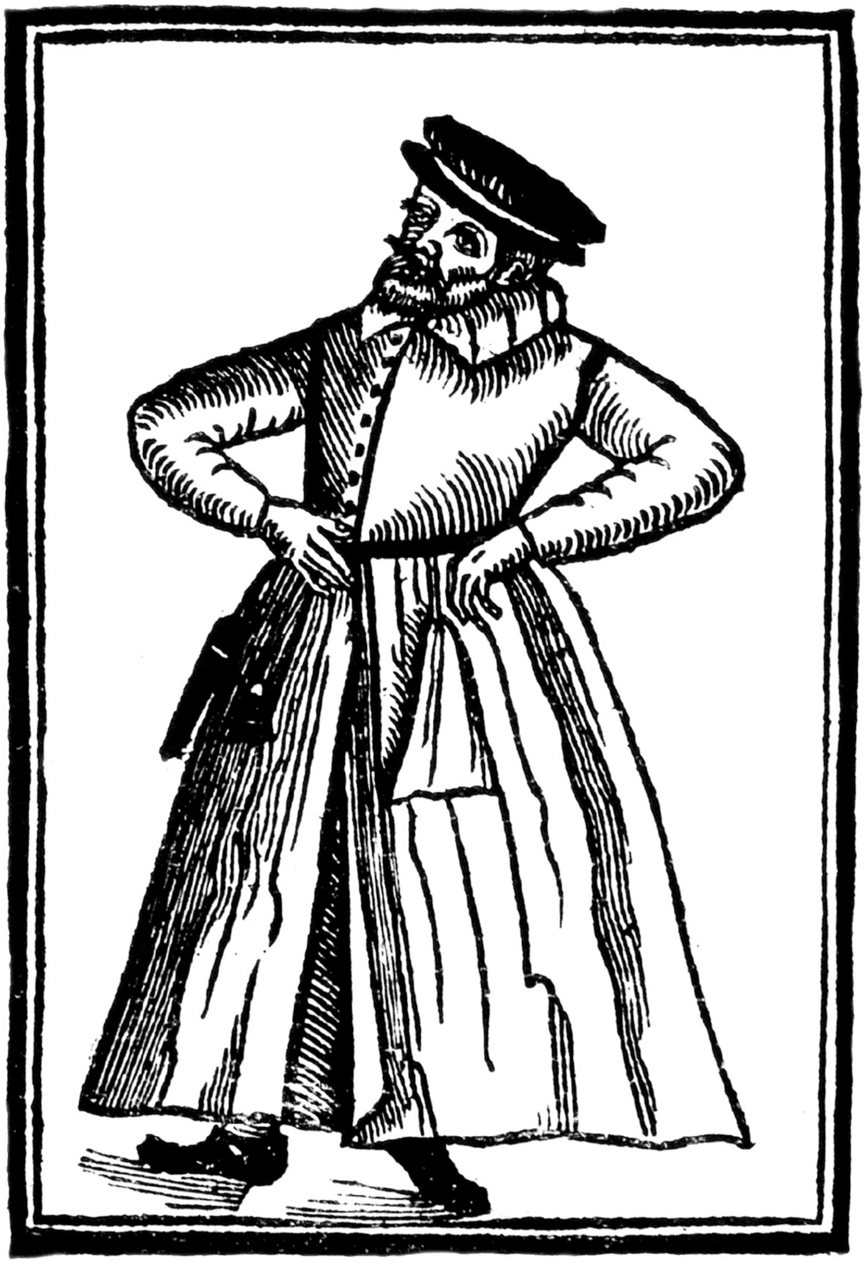
EDGAR This would have seemed a period
To such as love not sorrow, but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity.
Whilst I was big in clamour, came there in a man,
Who, having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunned my abhorred society, but then finding
Who ‘twas that so endured, with his strong arms
He fastened on my neck and bellowed out
As he’d burst heaven, threw me on my father,
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him
That ever ear received, which in recounting
His grief grew puissant and the strings of life
Began to crack: twice then the trumpets sounded,
And there I left him ‘tranced.

ALBANY But who was this?

EDGAR Kent, sir, the banished Kent, who in disguise
Followed his enemy king and did him service
Improper for a slave.

Textual Notes

Q = First Quarto text of 1608
Q2 = a correction introduced in the Second Quarto text of 1619
Ed = a correction introduced by a later editor
SH = Speech heading (i.e., speaker’s name)



Robert Armin took over as company clown after Will Kempe left the Chamberlain’s Men in 1599. A playwright as well as the author of joke-books, he practiced a more intellectual form of comedy than Kempe, full of witty verbal pyrotechnics: his style is given full rein in such parts as Lear’s Fool, Feste in Twelfth Night, and the sour Lavatch in All’s Well That Ends Well.

Act 1 Scene 1

1.1 ***Location:*** *the royal court, Britain*

1 **affected** favored

3 **qualities…moiety** their qualities are so evenly balanced that the most careful scrutiny cannot distinguish between either man’s share

6 **breeding** upbringing (plays on the sense of “conception”) **charge** cost (plays on the sense of “accusation, blame”)

7 **brazed** made brazen, hardened

8 **conceive** understand (Gloucester then plays on sense of “become pregnant”)

10 **ere** before

11 **fault** transgression/loss of scent during a hunt/vagina

12 **undone** plays on the sense of “not copulated with” **issue** outcome/child **proper** handsome/worthy/rightful

13 **by…law** legitimate **some year** about a year

14 **dearer** more beloved (plays on the sense of “more expensive”)

account estimation (plays on the financial sense)

16 **whoreson** i.e., bastard (here used affectionately)

21 **sue** entreat, seek

22 **deserving** to be worthy of (your esteem)

23 **out** away (perhaps abroad or in the house of another nobleman; it was common for a nobleman’s son to be educated in the house of another important family) ***Sennet*** trumpet call signaling a procession ***bearing a coronet*** carring a small crown (denoting inferior rank)/wearing a wreath or garland about the head (must be of material that can be broken in half)

25 **Attend** wait on, look after

27 **darker** secret (with sinister connotations)

29 **fast intent** firm intention

30 **business** official duties/exertion/anxiety

32 **son** i.e., son-in-law (like Albany)

34 **constant will** unshakeable intention **publish** proclaim, make public

35 **several dowers** individual dowries **that** so that

38 **sojourn** stay

41 **Interest** possession

43 **bounty** generosity/gift

44 **nature…challenge** natural affection, combined with merit, makes a claim

46 **wield** express

49 **grace** virtue

51 **makes breath poor** makes words insufficient/renders one breathless (in the attempt to express it) **unable** inadequate

52 **all…much** i.e., all possible expressions of the amount of love

54 **bounds** territories

55 **shadowy** shady **champaigns riched** rich open countryside

56 **wide-skirted meads** extensive meadows

60 **self-mettle** same temperament/same substance (“metal”)

61 **prize…worth** value myself in equal terms

62 **deed** action, performance/bond, legal document

63 **that** in that

65 **square of sense** guiding principle governing the senses/(physical or mental) region of the senses

66 **alone felicitate** only happy

70 **ponderous** weighty

71 **hereditary** by inheritance

73 **validity** value

76 **vines…Burgundy** Lear characterizes France and Burgundy by their assets: vineyards and cattle pastures

77 **interessed** admitted, given a share **draw** attract/receive, collect/pull forth (as one “draws lots”)

85 **bond** duty (with connotations both of a binding legal agreement and of restrictive shackles)

86 **Mend** improve

87 **mar** spoil

89 **begot** conceived, fathered **bred** raised, brought up

94 **plight** pledge, promise

99 **untender** hard/cruel (plays on the sense of “not young”)

103 **Hecate** Greek goddess of witchcraft and the moon

104 **operation** movement and astrological influence **orbs** planets

107 **Propinquity…blood** close ties of kinship

109 **this** this time (or Lear gestures toward himself) **Scythian** person from Scythia, an ancient region extending over much of eastern Europe and Asiatic Russia, notorious for its **barbarous** inhabitants

110 **generation** children/own people **messes** small groups of people who eat together/portions of food, meals/disgusting concoctions/troubled, confused conditions

112 **neighboured** treated with hospitable kindness

113 **sometime** former

114 **liege** lord, one to whom feudal duty and service was owed

117 **set my rest** stake everything (card-playing term)/repose, be at ease

118 **kind** affectionate (in the manner of a family member) **nursery** care **avoid** leave

120 **Who stirs?** Get on with it!/Why don't you move?

122 **digest** absorb, incorporate

123 **plainness** frankness, plain speaking **marry her** be her dowry/get her a husband

125 **large effects** extensive trappings

126 **troop with** accompany

127 **With reservation of** reserving the right to have (legal language)

128 **sustained** maintained, supported

130 **th'addition to** the title and honors of **sway** authority, rule

138 **make…shaft** avoid the arrow (of my anger)

139 **fork** barbed arrowhead

141 **thou** kings are almost always addressed, respectfully, as "you"; Kent is **unmannerly** in his use of the familiar "thou"

144 **Reserve thy state** retain your sovereignty

145 **In…consideration** with wise and careful reflection

146 **Answer…judgement** I'll stake my life on my opinion

149 **Reverb no hollowness** do not reverberate hollowly (i.e., emptily/insincerely)

151 **held** regarded, valued **pawn** a pledge, surety

152 **wage** deposit as security

156 **blank** center of a target/line of sight (Kent asks to be the means to help Lear see better)

157 **Apollo** Greek and Roman sun god

160 **vassal** servant/wretch **Miscreant** villain (literally, "infidel, unbeliever")

161 **forbear** stop, desist

162 **Kill…disease** i.e., Lear has got things the wrong way around **foul disease** loathsome, festering disease/syphilis

166 **recreant** traitor
167 **That** in that, since
168 **durst** dared **strained** excessive/unnatural
169 **sentences** pronouncements, decisions
170 **nor… nor** neither…nor **place** status, rank
171 **potency** power **made good** being carried into effect/shown to be valid/secured, defended
173 **disasters** misfortunes
176 **trunk** body
177 **Jupiter** supreme Roman god
179 **sith** since
183 **your… approve** may your actions prove the truth of your grand statements
186 **shape… course** behave in his usual manner ***Flourish*** trumpet fanfare signaling the arrival of an important person
190 **rivalled** competed **in the least** at the lowest
191 **present dower** immediately available dowry
195 **tender** offer
197 **hold her so** consider her to be **dear** (i.e., beloved/worth a great deal)
199 **aught** anything **little seeming substance** insignificant (or physically small) thing/one who totally refuses to play a part
200 **pieced** augmented, increased
201 **fitly like** justly please
204 **infirmities** deficiencies **owes** owns
206 **Dowered with** given as a dowry **strangered** made a stranger, disowned
209 **Election…up** choice is impossible
211 **tell you** inform you of/enumerate
212 **from…stray** stray so far from your love as
218 **your object** your focus, the object of your sight (the apple of your eye)
219 **argument** theme **balm** soothing ointment
220 **trice** mere moment
221 **monstrous** unnatural **dismantle** strip off (the **folds** of the metaphorical cloth of favor)
224 **monsters it** it becomes monstrous **fore-vouched** previously sworn
225 **Fall into taint** (must) come under suspicion **which…me** i.e., and to believe in all reason that she had committed such a monstrous offense

would require a miracle

229 **for** (your anger is) because **want** lack

230 **purpose not** not intend to do what I say

232 **foulness** wickedness/moral impurity

235 **for which** i.e., for lack of which

236 **still-soliciting** constantly entreating, self-seeking

241 **tardiness in nature** natural slowness

242 **history** account (of an action)

245 **regards…point** irrelevant concerns

256 **respect and fortunes** status and wealth

259 **Most choice forsaken** most desirable when rejected

260 **seize upon** take possession of (legal term)

261 **be it lawful** provided it is lawful

262 **their** may refer to either the gods or to Lear and Burgundy

263 **inflamed** glowing, ardent

264 **thrown…chance** cast to my luck (gambling metaphor)

266 **wat'rish** well watered (with rivers)/wet, feeble

267 **unprized** unvalued (may play on a sense of “priceless”)

268 **though unkind** though they are cruel (or “lacking in natural familial affection”)

269 **where** somewhere, place

273 **grace** favor (with connotations of “divinely sanctioned mercy”)

benison blessing

276 **washèd** i.e., wet with tears

279 **as…named** by their true names

280 **your professèd bosoms** i.e., the love you claim to have for him **commit** entrust; perhaps with connotations of “confine (to prison)”

282 **prefer** advance, promote

285 **study** concern, endeavor

287 **At fortune's alms** as a charitable gift from fortune **scanted** stinted, withheld/slighted, neglected

288 **are…wanted** deserve to be deprived of the love you have failed to show (to others)

289 **plighted cunning** secret cunning/deceitful promises

290 **Who…derides** those who hide their faults will in the end be shamed and mocked

293 **nearly** closely

298 **grossly** obviously

299 **ever** always **slenderly** slightly

300 **The…rash** even at his best and healthiest he was impulsive **look** expect

301 **long-engrafted condition** long-implanted tendencies

302 **therewithal** in addition to that **choleric** irascible, hot-tempered, impulsive/bilious; one of the four “humors” or temperaments thought to be related to an excess of bile in the constitution

304 **unconstant starts** unpredictable fits

306 **compliment** etiquette, ceremony

307 **sit together** i.e., get together, confer **carry** maintain, manage
disposition frame of mind

308 **last surrender** recent yielding (of authority) **offend** harm

310 **i’th’heat** immediately

Act 1 Scene 2

1.2 ***Location:*** *the Earl of Gloucester’s residence*

2 **Wherefore** why

3 **Stand in** endure/stand still under

4 **curiosity** scruples, fussiness **nations** i.e., society

5 **moonshines** months

6 **Lag of** behind (i.e., younger than) **base** illegitimate (also low/unworthy/dishonorable)

7 **dimensions** physical proportions **compact** composed

8 **generous** noble **true** well-proportioned/authentic, true to his father’s likeness

9 **honest madam’s issue** a legitimate child

11 **Who** i.e., we bastards who **take** require/receive

12 **More…quality** a more complex creation and more vigorous disposition

14 **fops** weak fools

15 **Got** conceived

18 **As** the same as

19 **speed** succeed

20 **invention** scheme

21 **to th’legitimate** advance to (or “take over”) the place of the legitimate son; editors sometimes emend this to “top the legitimate”

23 **choler** anger **parted** departed

24 **Prescribed** restricted, limited

25 **exhibition** an allowance, maintenance

26 **gad** spur of the moment

28 **up** away

32 **terrible dispatch** fearful and hasty stowing away

36 **for** as for

37 **o’erlooking** reading

42 **essay or taste** test

44 **policy…age** policy of revering the old (policy also suggests the “strategic cunning” of the elderly) **the…times** i.e., our youth, our prime

45 **fortunes** inheritance **relish** savor, enjoy

46 **idle** useless **fond** foolish

47 **sways** rules **as…suffered** only insofar as it is allowed to do so

54 **casement** window **closet** private room

55 **character** handwriting

56 **matter** subject matter **in…that** given the contents

57 **fain** willingly

61 **at perfect age** being mature

62 **declined** old/ill

65 **sirrah** sir (used to social inferiors and children)

66 **apprehend** arrest **Abominable** often, popularly, “inhuman, unnatural” (from the incorrect belief that the word was derived from the Latin *ab homine*, i.e., “away from man”)

69 **run…course** proceed securely **where** whereas **proceed** perhaps with legal connotations (in keeping with apprehend and testimony)

71 **pawn down** pledge

72 **feel** test, feel out **pretence** intention, purpose

75 **meet** suitable

76 **auricular assurance** i.e., by hearing for yourself **have your satisfaction** resolve yourself of any doubt

78 **wind…him** insinuate yourself into his confidence for me

79 **frame** devise, arrange **unstate…resolution** give up my rank and wealth to be resolved on this matter

81 **presently** immediately **convey** manage, undertake

82 **withal** therewith

83 **late** recent

84 **wisdom of nature** human reason/natural science **scourged** punished

85 **sequent effects** subsequent events

88 **bias of nature** natural inclination (a bowling image; the bias refers to the curving path taken by a weighted ball)

91 **it…nothing** i.e., it will advantage you

93 **excellent foppery** supreme foolishness

94 **surfeits** excesses **disasters** misfortunes

95 **on** i.e., by

96 **treachers** traitors **spherical predominance** the dominant influence of a particular planet at one’s birth

98 **divine** celestial, supernatural

99 **evasion** shuffling excuse **whoremaster** i.e., lecherous, whore-using
goatish lustful **charge** responsibility

100 **compounded** had sex **the dragon's tail** the constellation Draco

101 **Ursa Major** (constellation of) the Great Bear (or Plough) **rough** cruel, violent

102 **maidenliest** most virginal **firmament** sky, heavens

103 **bastardizing** conception out of wedlock

104 **Pat** on cue **catastrophe** conclusion **comedy** play **my cue** could also mean “designated role”

105 **Tom o'Bedlam** i.e., a madman (from the Saint Mary of Bethlehem hospital in London, an institution for the insane)

106 **divisions** conflicts, discords (plays on the sense of “musical variations”) **Fa…mi** Edmund hums a musical scale to himself

108 **this** the

111 **succeed** follow **unhappily** unluckily, by misfortune

117 **countenance** bearing, demeanor/facial expression

120 **forbear** avoid **qualified** cooled, lessened

121 **mischief…person** harm caused by your presence

122 **allay** abate, calm

124 **have…forbearance** i.e., restrain yourself and stay away from him

126 **fitly** at an appropriate time

127 **abroad** out of the house

130 **meaning** intention

131 **image and horror** horrific true picture

132 **anon** soon

133 **serve** help/trick, deceive

137 **practices** plots

138 **wit** intelligence, ingenuity

139 **meet** fitting **fashion fit** shape to my purposes

Act 1 Scene 3

1.3 ***Location:*** *Goneril and the Duke of Albany’s residence*

1 **gentleman** man of gentle (i.e., noble) birth attached to a royal household **chiding** rebuking

4 **flashes** breaks out

9 **come slack** fall short

10 **answer** be answerable for

13 **fellows** fellow servants **question** conflict, a dispute

14 **distaste** dislike

19 **straight** straightaway **to** i.e., and tell her to

Act 1 Scene 4

1 **as will I** perhaps “as I intend” (but most editors opt for the Quarto “well”—i.e., “as well as being disguised”)

2 **defuse** confuse, disorder

3 **full issue** complete outcome

4 **razed my likeness** erased my true appearance

8 **stay** wait

11 **What…profess?** What is your occupation? (Kent shifts the sense of **profess** to “claim, declare”) **wouldst thou** do you want **us** Lear continues to use the royal plural pronoun

14 **judgement** i.e., God’s judgment/the judgment of fellow men **cannot choose** have no other option **to…fish** i.e., only to eat a hearty diet of meat/not to eat fish on Fridays like a Roman Catholic/not to have sex with prostitutes

28 **keep honest counsel** keep secrets like an honorable man/keep secrets that are honorable **mar…tale** spoil an elaborate story

33 **anything** “thing” plays on the sense of “vagina”

35 **knave** rogue/servant

38 **So** if it

39 **clotpoll** idiot

43 **slave** servant/villain

44 **roundest** bluntest

47 **entertained** received, treated hospitably **wont** accustomed (to receive)

48 **general dependants** servants as a whole

53 **rememb’rest** remind **conception** notion, thought

54 **faint** slight/lazy, halfhearted **jealous curiosity** mistrustful fastidiousness

55 **very pretence** real intention

64 **cur** dog

66 **bandy** exchange looks as an equal (literally, “bat to and fro” as in tennis)

67 **strucken** struck, beaten

68 **football** played by the lower classes (unlike tennis)

70 **differences** class distinctions

71 **measure…length** be knocked flat to the floor **lubber** clumsy lout **tarry** stay **go to** an expression of impatient dismissal

73 **earnest** part-payment in advance

74 **coxcomb** fool’s headgear with a crest like a cock’s comb

75 **pretty** fine-looking/clever

78 **an…sits** i.e., if you cannot please those in power

80 **on’s** of his

81 **needs** necessarily

82 **nuncle** contraction of “mine uncle” **Would** I wish

84 **living** property, possessions

88 **Brach** bitch

89 **pestilent gall** troublesome irritation

92 **Mark** pay attention to

95 **owest** own

96 **goest** walk

97 **trowest** believe

98 **Set…throwest** don’t stake everything on the throw of the dice

101 **have…score** i.e., make a profit **score** twenty

104 **unfee’d** unpaid

105 **use** employment/profit

113 **crowns** coins (the sense then shifts to “eggshells,” “royal headgear,” and “head”)

115 **meat** edible contents

116 **clovest** split

118 **like myself** i.e., foolishly

120 **grace** favor, patronage

121 **foppish** foolish

123 **apish** silly

125 **used it** made it my custom

126 **rod** punishment cane

129 **bo-peep** a child’s game (in which an adult alternately conceals and reveals his or her face)

130 **the fool among** among fools

131 **fain** gladly

133 **An** if

134 **marvel** wonder

137 **pared** trimmed

139 **frontlet** ornamental headband/band worn around the forehead at night to smooth wrinkles

142 **figure** accompanying digit (to make it a number higher than zero)

143 **forsooth** in truth

146 **nor…crumb** i.e., no part of the loaf

147 **want some** need something/experience need

148 **peascod** pea pod

149 **all-licensed** licensed to speak entirely freely

151 **carp** complain

152 **rank** excessive, uncontrolled

154 **safe** certain

155 **too late** all too recently

156 **course** behavior **put it on** encourage it

158 **scape** escape **redresses sleep** punishments be neglected

159 **in…proceeding** might offend and shame you but which, in the interests of maintaining a healthy state, must be deemed a prudent course of action

164 **cuckoo** young cuckoo, hatched from an egg its mother had laid in another bird’s nest

165 **it’s had it** it had its **it young** the young cuckoo

166 **darkling** in darkness

169 **fraught** equipped (literally “freighted”)

170 **dispositions** moods

173 **Jug** a form of “Joan,” often used as a generic name for a prostitute

176 **notion** understanding **discernings Are lethargied** power of discernment is asleep

177 **Waking?** Am I awake?

179 **shadow** reflection/ghost/shadow cast by the sun/imitator, actor

181 **admiration** air of wonder **o’th’savour** of the flavor

184 **should** i.e., you should

186 **bold** presumptuous, audacious

188 **epicurism** gluttony/pleasure seeking

190 **graced** honorable **speak** call

191 **desired** requested, entreated

193 **disquantity your train** reduce your retinue

194 **depend** be your dependants, serve you

195 **besort** befit, suit

196 **know…you** i.e., know their place, and yours

199 **Degenerate** having lost the qualities proper to a family member

203 **that** to he who

209 **kite** bird of prey, scavenger

210 **rarest parts** splendid qualities

212 **in…name** uphold the honor of their names with the most careful consideration (or "…in every respect")

215 **engine** piece of machinery

217 **gall** bitterness

221 **moved** provoked, angered

227 **increase** procreation

228 **derogate** degenerate, debased

229 **teem** be fertile, have children

230 **spleen** malice

231 **thwart** perverse, obstinate **disnatured** unnatural

233 **cadent** falling **fret** erode, wear

234 **pains** efforts (also suggests labor pains) **benefits** kindnesses

241 **dotage** foolish old age

242 **at a clap** with one blow

247 **perforce** by force, uncontrollably

248 **Blasts** violent gusts of wind

249 **untented** festering (literally, not probed and cleaned surgically)

250 **fond** foolish/doting

252 **waters**… **loose** i.e., tears

253 **temper** moisten **clay** i.e., earth, the ground

255 **kind** benevolent/possessed of natural familial love **comfortable** comforting

257 **visage** face

261 **partial** biased

263 **content** content yourself, i.e., be quiet

269 **halter** hangman's noose

272 **politic** prudent, shrewd

273 **At point** armed and ready **that** so that

274 **buzz** rumor **fancy** whim

275 **enguard** protect, defend

276 **in** at (his)

279 **still** always
280 **taken** defeated, captured
289 **compact** confirm, consolidate
292 **under pardon** if you’ll pardon my saying so
293 **at task** taken to task, blamed
298 **th’event** the outcome (will tell)

Act 1 Scene 5

1 **before** ahead

2 **demand out of** questions prompted by

5 **kibes** chilblains

7 **wit** intellect **slip-shod** in slippers (worn for chilblains)

9 **Shalt** i.e., thou shalt

10 **crab** sour-tasting crab apple

13 **on's** of his

15 **side's** side of his

17 **her** i.e., Cordelia (though Goneril is just possible)

25 **asses** idiots/donkeys (i.e., Lear's servants) **the seven stars** the Pleiades

26 **pretty** ingenious

29 **again** back again (refers either to an intention to reclaim sovereignty, or to Goneril's withdrawal of Lear's privileges)

35 **temper** my right state of mind

39 **maid** virgin

40 **things** penises

Act 2 Scene 1

2.1 ***Location:*** *the Earl of Gloucester's residence* **severally** separately

1 **Save thee** God save thee (a common greeting)

5 **abroad** out there, in circulation

6 **ones** i.e., the news, regarded as plural **ear-kissing arguments** rumored, whispered topics, not established truths

8 **toward** impending

13 **perforce** of necessity

14 **take** arrest

15 **queasy question** dangerous, uncertain nature

18 **watches** is on guard, on the lookout

19 **intelligence** information

22 **i'th'haste** in haste

23 **have…Albany** i.e., have you spoken in support of Cornwall and against Albany/have you spoken critically about Cornwall's hostility to Albany

25 **Advise yourself** consider

28 **in cunning** to deceive (Gloucester; though playing on the fact that it is Edgar who is being tricked)

29 **quit you** acquit yourself

32 **beget…endeavour** give the impression that I fought more fiercely **fierce** violent/brave/zealous

38 **conjuring** invoking **the moon** i.e., Hecate, goddess of the moon and of witchcraft

39 **stand auspicious mistress** favor him as his patroness

48 **bend** direct

50 **fine** conclusion

51 **loathly opposite** deeply opposed, horrified

52 **fell** savage, ruthless

53 **preparèd** unsheathed **charges home** makes a direct attack on

54 **unprovided** unprotected **latched** caught

55 **alarumed** stirred, roused

56 **quarrel's right** rightfulness of my cause **encounter** fight

57 **ghasted** frightened

58 **Full** very

61 **found—dispatch** once found, he shall be killed

62 **arch and patron** chief patron

65 **stake** i.e., place of execution

68 **pight** determined **curst** angry

69 **discover** reveal his plans

70 **unpossessing** unable to take possession of land and property (illegitimate children could not legally inherit)

71 **would stand against** stood against, contradicted **reposal** placing

73 **faithed** believed

75 **character** handwriting

76 **suggestion** incitement to evil **practice** scheme

77 **make…world** think the world very stupid

78 **not thought** did not think **profits** i.e., benefits to Edmund

79 **pregnant…spirits** fertile and powerful temptations (literally, evil spirits)

80 ***Tucket*** personal trumpet call, here signaling the arrival of Cornwall

81 **strange** unnatural **fastened** confirmed, determined

83 **where** why

84 **ports** seaports/gates of walled towns

85 **picture** could also mean “description”

88 **natural** naturally loyal and loving to one’s family (plays on the sense of “illegitimate”) **work the means** find a way

89 **capable** able to inherit

99 **tended upon** attended, waited on

101 **consort** company (often pejorative)

102 **though…affected** if he is ill-disposed

103 **put him on** incited him to

104 **th’expense** the spending

111 **child-like** i.e., obedient, loving **office** duty/service

113 **bewray** inform on, expose **his practice** Edgar’s plot

118 **make…please** to achieve your ends, use my means and authority in any way you wish

119 **For** as for

121 **be ours** i.e., work for us, join our household

123 **seize on** take possession of (legal term)

127 **out of season** inconveniently, unconventionally **threading** finding a way through (sewing image) **dark-eyed** quibbling on the idea of a needle’s eye

128 **Occasions** events/circumstances **prize** importance

131 **differences** disputes

132 **from** away from

133 **attend dispatch** wait to be dispatched

136 **craves…use** requires immediate action

Act 2 Scene 2

2.2 ***Location:*** *outside the Earl of Gloucester's residence* *severally* separately

1 **dawning** it is actually before dawn; we later learn that the moon shines

2 **Ay** in fact, Kent is not a servant at this house; perhaps Kent opens up an opportunity to abuse Oswald

3 **set** put, lodge (Kent plays on the sense of "fix, make stuck")

4 **mire** mud

5 **if…me** i.e., if you would be so kind (Kent pretends to take the expression literally)

8 **Lipsbury pinfold** the pound for stray animals in Lips-town (i.e., "between my teeth")

9 **use** treat

11 **for** as

12 **knave** rogue (two lines later the sense shifts to "servant") **broken meats** scraps of food

13 **three-suited** servingmen were permitted to have three outfits a year

hundred-pound far more than a servingman's income; possibly a contemptuous reference to those who bought knighthoods from James I for £100 **worsted-stocking** i.e., servant/unable to afford silk stockings (worsted is a woollen fabric) **lily-livered** cowardly, with a bloodless liver (the organ thought to be the seat of strong emotions)

14 **action-taking** litigious **whoreson** bastard **glass-gazing** vain **glass** mirror **super-serviceable** ready to do any kind of service **finical** fussy

15 **one-trunk-inheriting** owner of (or heir to) no more than would fit in a single trunk **bawd** pimp **service** plays on the sense of "sex"

16 **composition** combination **pander** go-between/pimp

18 **addition** attributes/title/mark of honor added to a coat of arms (ironic)

19 **rail** rant, heap abuse

21 **varlet** rogue

22 **Draw** draw your sword

23 **sop o'th'moonshine** i.e., beat you to a pulp (so that you resemble either a soggy piece of bread lying under the moon's light, or the blancmange pudding called moonshine)

24 **cullionly** rascally **barber-monger** frequenter of barbers (i.e., vain fop)

26 **vanity the puppet** i.e., Goneril, imagined as a puppet (or dressed-up woman) who is the personification of vanity

28 **carbonado** slash diagonally, like meat prepared for broiling or grilling **come your ways** come on then

30 **neat** trim, foppish

33 **With you** i.e., I'll fight with you **Goodman boy** a contemptuous and belittling form of address (used to Edmund) **Goodman** a man below the rank of gentleman **flesh ye** initiate you (into fighting; from the practice of feeding dogs bits of freshly killed meat in order to excite them for prey)

39 **difference** argument

41 **bestirred your valour** worked up your courage (ironic)

42 **disclaims in** disowns **tailor made thee** i.e., his only worth lies in his fancy clothes

44 **ill** badly

47 **suit…beard** his own request, because his old age required it

48 **zed…letter** "z" was regarded as **unnecessary** because "s" could be used instead and there was no "z" in the Latin alphabet

49 **unbolted** unsifted (plays on the sense of "unmanly/impotent"— a "bolt" was a term for the penis) **jakes** privy, toilet

50 **wagtail** tail-wagger, obsequious person/womanizer

52 **beastly** brutish

53 **a privilege** license to express itself

56 **honesty** honor, integrity

57 **holy cords** sacred bonds (family or matrimonial ties) **a-twain** in two

58 **too intrinse t'unloose** too intertwined to be disentangled **smooth** flatter, indulge

59 **rebel** i.e., against reason

60 **Bring…fire** i.e., feed the fire of their masters' passions

61 **halcyon beaks** the kingfisher (**halcyon**) was thought to act as a weather vane if dried and hung up

62 **gall** irritation **vary** change

64 **epileptic visage** seeing Oswald smiling away his insults, Kent compares his expression to that of an epileptic, grimacing involuntarily

65 **my** at my **as** as if

66 **Goose** proverbially stupid bird; **cackling** suggests that Oswald may be laughing **if…Camelot** i.e., if I had you at my mercy, I'd send you running

home in fright; the exact nature of this reference is unclear, though, as Camelot was sometimes identified with Winchester, some suspect a jibe about a “Winchester goose” (i.e., a prostitute/venereal disease) **Sarum** Salisbury, in Wiltshire **Camelot** legendary city that was home to King Arthur

73 **likes** pleases

75 **occupation** habit, business

81 **saucy** insolent **constrains…nature** forces the style (of speaking) away from its true purpose

84 **An** if **so** so be it **plain** honest (his excuse for his rudeness)

86 **craft** cunning **corrupter** corrupt

87 **ducking observants** bowing attendants

88 **stretch…nicely** strain to perform their duties to the last detail

89 **verity** truth

90 **allowance** approval **aspect** face/planetary position (in comparing Cornwall to a powerful planet, Kent mocks a courtier’s flattery)

91 **influence** astrological influence

92 **Phoebus** the Greek and Roman sun god **front** forehead

94 **dialect** usual manner of speaking

95 **beguiled** deceived

96 **though…to’t** even if I should incur your displeasure by refusing (to be a **knave**) when asked

100 **misconstruction** misinterpretation

101 **compact** colluding (with the king)

102 **being** and I being

103 **deal of man** great show of manliness

104 **worthied him** earned him honor/made him a hero

105 **attempting…self-subdued** attacking one who offered no resistance

106 **fleshment** excitement of a first success **dread exploit** fearsome military enterprise (sarcastic)

108 **None…fool** there is not one of these rogues and cowards who cannot make a fool of a man like Ajax (the great Greek warrior was famously stupid; Cornwall is the subject of this dig)

110 **stocks** instrument of public punishment in which the offender sat with his ankles and sometimes wrists confined

111 **reverent** old and revered (sarcastic) **braggart** boaster

116 **bold malice** impudent hostility

117 **grace** sovereignty

123 **use** treat

125 **colour** type

126 **sister** sister-in-law, i.e., Goneril **away** here/there (Cornwall directs where the stocks are to be placed)

131 **answer** be responsible for

135 **pleasure** will

137 **rubbed** deflected (from bowling where the “rub” is the obstacle that disrupts the path of the ball)

138 **watched** gone without sleep

140 **out at heels** worn out (literally, coming through one’s stockings or shoes; an appropriate phrase for one whose feet are poking out of the stocks)

141 **Give…morrow** Goodbye

143 **approve** prove **saw** saying

144 **out…sun** proverbial for going from good to bad; Kent means that Regan will prove worse than Goneril

146 **beacon** i.e., the sun **this under globe** i.e., the earth

147 **comfortable** comforting, encouraging

148 **Nothing…misery** the miserable are almost the only people to see miracles

151 **obscurèd course** secret (and “disguised”) course of action/dimmed fortunes

152 **From** away from (i.e., in France) **enormous state** disordered situation (or country)

153 **o’erwatched** worn out by lack of sleep

154 **vantage** advantage

156 **Fortune…wheel!** Fortune was traditionally depicted as a woman turning a wheel that raised humans up and cast them down

157 **proclaimed** publicly declared an outlaw

158 **happy** opportune, fortunate

161 **attend my taking** wait to catch me

162 **am bethought** have decided

164 **in…man** despising mankind (in particular, man’s claim to be superior to beasts)

166 **elf** tangle (into “elflocks” or messy knots of hair)

167 **presented** openly displayed

170 **Bedlam** the Saint Mary of Bethlehem hospital in London; a number of those who were released became **beggars**

171 **mortifièd** deadened

172 **pricks** spikes

173 **object** sight **low** humble, lowly

174 **pelting** paltry, insignificant

175 **bans** curses

176 **Poor…Tom!** the sorts of cries the beggars would utter; several sixteenth-century accounts refer to beggars calling themselves “poor Tom” **Turlygod** unexplained; perhaps a deliberately nonsensical name

177 **That’s something yet** i.e., at least as Poor Tom I have some form of existence **Edgar…am** as Edgar I do not exist/I renounce my identity as Edgar ***Gentleman*** presumably one of Lear’s reduced retinue of knights

178 **they** i.e., Regan and Cornwall

186 **cruel** puns on “crewel” (i.e., wool used for stockings)

187 **over-lusty at legs** as a servant, too ready to run away (perhaps plays on the sense of “too eager for sex”)

188 **nether-stocks** stockings

189 **place** position (as Lear’s messenger)

190 **To** as to

192 **son** son-in-law

198 **Juno** wife of **Jupiter**, the supreme Roman god

201 **upon respect** upon consideration/against the respect due to a king and his representatives

202 **Resolve** make clear to, inform **modest** moderate, reasonable **which way** why, how

203 **usage** treatment

204 **Coming from us** when you were sent by me

206 **commend** deliver

208 **reeking** steaming (with sweat) **post** messenger

209 **Stewed** hot and drenched in sweat

211 **spite of intermission** in spite of interrupting me/in spite of his halting breath

212 **presently** immediately

213 **meiny** retinue **straight** straightaway

214 **attend…answer** wait until they had time to answer

219 **Displayed…against** openly behaved so impudently toward

220 **man than wit** courage than sense **drew** drew my sword

224 **Winter's…way** i.e., there is more stormy weather (trouble) on the way

226 **blind** i.e., to their father's needs

227 **bags** money bags

229 **arrant** downright/notorious

230 **turns the key** opens the door/provides sexual favors

231 **dolours** griefs (puns on "dollar," a silver coin)

232 **tell** relate/count

233 **mother** i.e., hysteria (frequently a female affliction thought to arise from the womb or, in men, the abdomen; characterized by breathlessness and agitation)

234 ***Hysterica passio*** the Latin term for hysteria

235 **element** rightful environment **below** i.e., in the womb

243 **to school to** i.e., to learn from **ant…i'th' winter** i.e., the ant gathers food only in the summer when it is abundant; similarly, men work only when there is profit to be gained from a patron who is at the height of his fortunes

245 **stinking** i.e., with the stench of decaying fortunes

248 **again** back again

250 **sir** man

251 **form** appearances, outward show

252 **pack** pack up, be off

257 **perdy** by God (from the French *par dieu*)

260 **Deny** refuse

261 **fetches** tricks, stratagems (Lear goes on to employ the sense of "bring")

262 **flying off** desertion

268 **confusion** destruction, overthrow

275 **tends** attends, awaits

279 **Infirmity…bound** illness always makes us neglect the duties that, when healthy, we are bound to carry out

281 **oppressed** overwhelmed/afflicted

283 **fallen…will** angry with my more headstrong impulse

285 **sound** healthy **my state** royal state

287 **remotion** removal

288 **practice** deceit, cunning **Give…forth** release my servant

289 **and’s** and his

295 **cockney** squeamish or affected woman/town dweller not used to hardier country ways **i’th’paste alive** alive into the pie (being too squeamish to kill them first)

296 **knapped** hit **o’th’coxcombs** on the heads **wantons** frisky creatures

297 **buttered his hay** another example of misguided kindness (horses dislike grease)

304 **Sepulch’ring** entombing **adult’ress** i.e., as you could not possibly be my daughter if you were not glad to see me

306 **naught** wicked/worthless

307 **vulture** recalls the Greek legend of Prometheus, who was punished for stealing fire from the gods by having his liver perpetually gnawed by vultures

311 **You…duty** you are more likely to undervalue her worth than she is to neglect her duty

321 **verge…confine** limit of her domain (i.e., you are near death)

323 **discretion** (person of) good judgment **state** personal condition (imaged as a country; ironic glance at the sense of “kingship”)

328 **becomes the house** befits the royal line or family

330 **unnecessary** superfluous, useless

331 **vouchsafe** permit **raiment** clothing

335 **abated** deprived

339 **top** head

340 **taking** infectious

344 **fen-sucked…blister** noxious vapors produced by sunshine on swampy ground were considered to be infectious and so to cause blistering

349 **tender-hafted** delicately framed, gently disposed

353 **scant my sizes** reduce my allowances (of food and drink, etc.)

354 **oppose the bolt** lock the door

356 **offices of nature** natural filial duties

357 **Effects** outward marks

360 **to th’purpose** get to the point

363 **approves** confirms, bears out

365 **easy-borrowed** easily assumed

366 **sickly** diseased, corrupt **grace** favor/royalty
370 **on't** of it
371 **sway** authority, rule
372 **Allow** sanctions, approves
374 **beard** gray beard, symbol of his age
377 **indiscretion** poor judgment
379 **sides** bodily frame, ribcage
381 **disorders** misconduct
382 **much less advancement** less favorable treatment
389 **entertainment** hospitable reception
391 **abjure** renounce
392 **wage…o'th'air** battle against the hostility of the open air
394 **Necessity's** need's, deprivation's
397 **knee** kneel before **squire-like** like a servant or follower **pension** financial allowance
398 **afoot** going
399 **sumpter** packhorse, beast of burden
400 **groom** manservant
408 **embossèd carbuncle** swollen tumor
409 **corrupted blood** diseased lineage
413 **Mend** improve
417 **looked not for** did not expect
419 **mingle…passion** apply rational judgment to your impulsive behavior
423 **avouch** declare, affirm
425 **sith that** since **charge and danger** expense and the risk of riotous behavior
431 **slack ye** treat you negligently
432 **control** discipline
435 **place or notice** room or acknowledgment
437 **in…it** it was about time you did so
438 **guardians, my depositaries** trustees
439 **kept a reservation** reserved the right
443 **well-favoured** good-looking
445 **Stands…praise** is, in relative terms, worthy of some praise
453 **Our…superfluous** even our most wretched beggars have something, however poor, that is more than they absolutely need

455 **Allow not** if you do not allow

457 **If…gorgeous** if being sumptuously dressed simply entailed wearing sufficiently warm clothes

458 **what…wear'st** your magnificent clothes

464 **fool…much** don't make me such a fool as

473 **flaws** fragments

474 **Or ere** before

476 **and's** and his

477 **bestowed** lodged, accommodated

478 **blame** fault (that he) **put…rest** turned himself away from repose/deprived himself of peace of mind

480 **his particular** him individually

487 **will** will go

488 **give him way** let him go, give him scope

491 **ruffle** rage, bluster

494 **themselves procure** bring on themselves

496 **desperate train** retinue of dangerous men

498 **have…abused** be misled by what he is told

Act 3 Scene 1

3.1 ***Location:*** *somewhere out in the open*, *not far from the Earl of Gloucester's residence*

severally separately

2 **minded…unquietly** in the same restless and disturbed mood as the storm

4 **Contending** battling against/competing with

6 **main** mainland

9 **out-jest** drive out with jokes

10 **heart-struck injuries** in juries that strike to the heart

12 **warrant…note** basis of what I have observed (about you)

13 **Commend…you** entrust you with an important matter

16 **as…high** i.e., like anyone to whom fortune has given power and royal authority

17 **seem no less** seem to be only servants (but are really spies)

18 **France** the King of France **speculations** observers

19 **Intelligent of** bearing information about

20 **snuffs** resentments **packings** plots

21 **hard rein** harsh curbing (equestrian metaphor; puns on "reign") **borne** maintained

23 **furnishings** superficial trappings

27 **out-wall** outward appearance

30 **that fellow** i.e., Kent

34 **to effect** in importance

35 **in…this** to which end you employ your efforts that way while I go this way

37 **Holla** shout to

Act 3 Scene 2

2 **cataracts** floods/waterspouts **hurricanoes** waterspouts

3 **cocks** weathercocks

4 **thought-executing fires** i.e., lightning (as swift as thought/thought-destroying)

5 **Vaunt-couriers** forerunners

8 **nature's moulds** the molds in which nature makes living creatures

germens seeds

10 **court holy-water** courtly flattery

15 **tax…with** accuse…of

17 **subscription** allegiance

20 **ministers** agents

21 **pernicious** destructive/wicked

22 **high-engendered battles** battalions created in the heavens **head** plays on the sense of "army"

23 **foul** wicked/bad (weather)

24 **put's** put his **head-piece** helmet/brain

25 **codpiece** penis (literally, appendage worn on the front of a man's breeches to cover and emphasize the genitals) **house** find a house for itself, i.e., have sex

26 **any** i.e., any shelter

27 **louse** get lice (in pubic and head hair)

28 **So…many** in this way beggars end up with a string of mistresses (or "end up not only with a woman but a quantity of lice")

29 **makes…make** values most what he should value least/considers his penis (sex) more important than his heart (love/moral integrity)

31 **corn** may suggest a syphilitic sore

33 **made…glass** practiced smiling or pouting in a mirror

37 **grace…codpiece** royalty and a fool (fools sometimes wore exaggerated codpieces and were proverbially well-endowed)

40 **Gallow** gally, i.e., frighten **wanderers…dark** nocturnal animals

47 **pudder** pother, tumult

50 **Unwhipped of** unpunished by

51 **simular** faker, pretender

52 **caitiff** villain, wretch

53 **seeming** false appearances, deception

54 **practised on** plotted against

55 **Rive** split open **continents** containers **cry…grace** beg for mercy from these terrifying **summoners** (officers who summoned the accused to court)

59 **hard** near

61 **hard house** pitiless household (Gloucester's house, under the authority of Cornwall and Regan)

63 **demanding** (when I was) asking urgently

65 **scanted** withheld

68 **fellow** servant (but with connotations of "companion")

69 **The…strange** necessity has a strange skill

73 **He…day** adapted from Feste's song at the end of *Twelfth Night* **and a** a very **wit** possibly plays on the sense of "penis" **make…fit** make his happiness fit his fortunes/be content with the fortune that he deserves

78 **brave** fine **cool** i.e., cool the lust of **courtesan** courtier's mistress, high-class prostitute

80 **in…matter** more concerned with words than substance (i.e., do not practice what they preach)

81 **mar** spoil (i.e., water down for their own profit)

82 **are…tutors** i.e., teach their tailors about fashion

83 **heretics** religious dissenters, conventionally punished with burning at the stake **wenches' suitors** i.e., who are afflicted with the burning effects of syphilis

84 **right** just

87 **cutpurses** thieves who cut the strings of money bags hanging at their victims' waists **throngs** crowds

88 **usurers** moneylenders, notorious for charging excessively high interest **tell…i'th'field** count their money openly

89 **bawds** pimps

90 **Albion** ancient name for Britain

91 **confusion** destruction, overthrow

92 **who** whoever

93 **going…feet** walking will be done on foot (perhaps simply meaning "things will return to normal")

94 **Merlin** in the legendary history of Britain, the reign of Lear precedes that of Arthur by centuries

Act 3 Scene 3

3.3 ***Location:*** *the Earl of Gloucester’s residence*

2 **leave…pity** permission to help, take pity on

6 **Go to** expression of impatient dismissal

8 **closet** private room/cabinet

9 **home** thoroughly **power** army **footed** ashore **incline to** support, side with

10 **look** look for **privily relieve** secretly help

11 **that** so that **of** by

13 **toward** imminent

14 **courtesy forbid thee** forbidden kindness (to Lear)

16 **This…deserving** i.e., my action should be worth a good reward

Act 3 Scene 4

3.4 ***Location:*** *Location outside a hovel somewhere out in the open, not far from the Earl of Gloucester's residence*

3 **nature** human nature

10 **greater malady** i.e., mental suffering

13 **i'th'mouth** face to face **free** free of worry, untroubled

14 **delicate** sensitive

17 **as** as if

18 **home** soundly

22 **frank** generous

32 **bide** endure

33 **sides** bodies (with visible ribs)

34 **lopped and windowed** full of holes

36 **physic** medicine (often a purgative) **pomp** splendor, ostentatious display (i.e., rich and powerful people)

38 **superflux** superfluity, excess (**flux** was used for a discharge of excrement from the bowels, the result of a purgative)

40 **Fathom and half** Edgar calls as though he is measuring the depth of the water in the hovel, as a sailor might in a leaking ship **Fathom** about six feet

41 **spirit** evil spirit, demon

44 **grumble** mutter, mumble

48 **foul** wicked

50 **knives…pew** the devil was believed to tempt men to damnation by leaving them the means of committing suicide (even in church) **ratsbane** rat poison

51 **porridge** vegetable or meat soup **bay** reddish-brown **four-inched** four inches wide (the devil gives one the arrogance to try and perform extremely difficult feats)

52 **course** hunt **for** as **five wits** five mental faculties (common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, and memory)

53 **do…de** the sound of chattering teeth? **star-blasting** being afflicted by the malign influence of the stars **taking** being infected with disease/malign influence of the stars

54 **vexes** torments **there…there** perhaps Edgar snatches at parts of his body as he tries to catch lice or the devil; or he may grab or point at the air

around him

56 **pass** state, predicament

58 **reserved a blanket** kept a blanket (to cover himself)

59 **pendulous** overhanging

60 **fated…faults** destined to punish men’s faults

62 **subdued nature** reduced human nature

65 **thus…flesh** refers to Edgar’s self-mutilation

67 **pelican** young pelicans supposedly fed on their mother’s blood; they were proverbial for filial cruelty

68 **Pillicock…Pillicock-hill** possibly part of an old nursery rhyme, but **Pillicock** is slang for penis and **Pillycock-hill** the female genitals **alow…loo** possibly from “halloo” (cry to incite dogs in a hunt), perhaps an imitation of a cock’s crow, or simply a nonsensical sound

70 **obey** Edgar begins a paraphrased version of five of the Ten Commandments

71 **commit not** i.e., do not commit adultery **on proud array** in overly fine clothes

74 **gloves** i.e., a mistress’ gift, displayed by being worn in one’s **cap**

77 **slept in** i.e., dreamed of

78 **dice** i.e., gambling **out-paramoured the Turk** had more lovers than the Turkish Sultan, famous for his harem **light of ear** eager to listen to gossip

80 **creaking…silks** i.e., the sounds of a fashionable woman walking

81 **plackets** openings in skirts/vaginas **keep…books** i.e., do not sign a loan agreement

83 **suum, mun** presumably Edgar imitates the sounds of the wind **nonny** often used as part of a refrain in popular songs **Dolphin…by** perhaps Edgar addresses an imaginary horse; **sessa** is a cry of encouragement used in hunting or may derive from the French *cessez* (“stop”)

85 **answer** face, encounter

87 **cat no perfume** the secretions of the anal glands of the civet cat are used to make perfume

88 **on’s** of us **sophisticated** not simple or natural **unaccommodated** unprovided for (i.e., not wearing clothes)

90 **lendings** clothes that are “lent” only, not part of him

91 **naughty** nasty, wicked

93 **walking fire** i.e., Gloucester and his torch

94 **Flibbertigibbet** the name of a devil (all of the devils Edgar mentions are to be found in Samuel Harsnett’s 1603 *Declaration of Egregious Popish Impostures*) **curfew** i.e., nightfall

95 **cock** cockcrow **web…pin** cataract of the eye **squints** causes to squint

97 **Swithold** probably Saint Withold, apparently a protector from harm
footed thrice walked three times **old** wold, downs

98 **nightmare** evil female spirit supposed to settle upon a sleeper’s chest, inducing bad dreams and feelings of suffocation **nine-fold** perhaps the imps who attend her

100 **her troth plight** give a solemn promise (to do no more harm)

101 **aroint** begone (used to witches and demons)

103 **What’s** who’s

106 **wall-newt** i.e., lizard on the wall

107 **water** i.e., water newt

108 **ditch-dog** i.e., dead dog in a ditch **mantle** scum

109 **standing** stagnant **whipped** the standard punishment for vagabonds
tithing parish

110 **three…shirts** the clothing allowance of a servant

113 **deer** animals

115 **Smulkin** the name of a devil (that, according to Harsnett, took the form of a mouse)

117 **The…darkness** the devil

118 **Modo…Mahu** the names of two devils

119 **flesh and blood** i.e., children (Gloucester is thinking of Edgar, Goneril, and Regan) **vile** debased, corrupted

120 **gets** begets, conceives

131 **Theban** i.e., Greek philosopher (from Thebes)

133 **prevent** forestall, thwart

135 **Importune** urge

136 **t’unsettle** to be disturbed

142 **blood** lineage, family

147 **cry you mercy** excuse me

154 **keep still** remain

155 **soothe** indulge, humor

156 **him you on** him along with you

158 **Athenian** i.e., Greek philosopher (from Athens)

160 **Child…came** perhaps a line from a lost ballad about the legendary French hero Roland (**Child** was the title for a young man seeking knighthood)

161 **word** password/customary saying **still** always **fie…man** the cry of the giant in the children's tale of Jack the giant killer

Act 3 Scene 5

3.5 ***Location:*** *the Earl of Gloucester's residence*

1 **his** i.e., Gloucester's

2 **nature** natural familial affection

3 **something fears** somewhat frightens

5 **his** i.e., Gloucester's **provoking…himself** Edgar's sense of his own worth, provoked into action by Gloucester's reprehensible badness/a provoking quality in Gloucester, which incited Edgar's reprehensible wickedness

7 **to be** of being

8 **approves** proves **an intelligent party** a spy, an informer

14 **apprehension** arrest

15 **his suspicion** suspicion of Gloucester

Act 3 Scene 6

3.6 ***Location:*** *unspecified; presumably an outbuilding on the Earl of Gloucester's estate*

1 **piece out** supplement

3 **impatience** anger/inability to bear suffering

5 **Frateretto** the name of a devil; in Harsnett he is associated with a "fiddler," which perhaps suggests **Nero**, the first-century Roman emperor who famously played the fiddle while Rome burned **lake of darkness** presumably the Stygian lake of the classical underworld, but a phallic fishing rod and vaginal dark lake may also be implied; perhaps Nero's murder of his own mother is glanced at—she reportedly asked to be stabbed in the womb as this was where her son had grown **angler** fisherman/thief

7 **yeoman** land owner below the rank of gentleman

9 **to** as **mad** sense now shifts to "angry"

11 **a thousand** i.e., a thousand devils

12 **hizzing** hissing **'em** them i.e., Goneril and Regan; the Quarto text continues at this point with an imaginary "arraignment" of Goneril (see "Quarto passages that do not appear in the Folio," on this page)

17 **mar my counterfeiting** spoil my pretence

19 **Trey…Sweetheart** names for bitches—even his female dogs, he imagines, have turned against him; their names may suggest Lear's daughters ("tray" can mean "pain, affliction," "blanch" can mean "to deceive," "to flatter")

20 **throw his head** unclear; presumably a threatening gesture of some sort **Avaunt** begone

21 **or black or** either black or

22 **poisons** i.e., with rabies

23 **grim** fierce

24 **brach** bitch **him** male

25 **bobtail tyke** small dog with a tail that has been bobbed (cut short) **trundle-tail** dog with a long, curling tail

28 **hatch** lower half of a divided door

29 **Do…de** apparently the sound of chattering teeth again **Sessa!** cry of encouragement used in hunting or may derive from the French *cessez* ("stop") **wakes** annual parish fairs (frequented by beggars)

30 **horn** beggars carried drinking horns on strings round their necks

31 **anatomize** dissect

33 **entertain** employ

34 **Persian** i.e., gorgeous, luxurious

36 **curtains** Lear imagines that he is in a curtained bed

43 **litter** vehicle containing a bed, here apparently drawn by horses

44 **Dover** port on the south coast

49 **to…conduct** i.e., hastily guide you to the necessary supplies for your journey

Act 3 Scene 7

3.7 ***Location:*** *the Earl of Gloucester's residence*

1 **Post**

5 **sister** sister-in-law, i.e., Goneril

7 **Advise** counsel, urge **duke** i.e., the Duke of Albany **festinate preparation** hasty preparation of troops

8 **posts** messengers **intelligent** possessed of information

9 **lord of Gloucester** Edmund's new title (though when Oswald uses it, he refers to Edmund's father)

13 **questrists** seekers

14 **the lord's** i.e., Gloucester's

21 **Pinion him** bind his arms

22 **pass…justice** issue a death sentence without a formal trial

24 **do a court'sy** bow, yield

27 **corky** withered, dry

34 ***plucks his beard*** a highly insulting gesture

37 **white** i.e., old, dignified

38 **Naughty** wicked

39 **ravish** seize forcibly, pluck

40 **quicken** come to life

41 **hospitable favours** welcoming (facial) features

42 **ruffle** treat roughly/snatch

44 **Be simple answered** answer straightforwardly

46 **late footed** recently landed

48 **guessingly** without certain knowledge

50 **opposed** i.e., to the dukes

55 **charged at peril** commanded on peril of your life

57 **tied to th'stake** like a bear in the popular sport of bearbaiting **stand** endure **course** designated bout, during which the bear was attacked by dogs

61 **anointed** i.e., holy (having been anointed with holy oil at the coronation)

63 **buoyed** swelled, risen

64 **stellèd** starry

65 **holp…rain** i.e., by weeping **holp** helped

66 **stern** cruel, unyielding

67 **turn the key** i.e., to let them in

68 **All…subscribe** i.e., in such circumstances, all other cruel people would sanction a kind action

69 **wingèd vengeance** i.e., vengeance of the gods

70 **Fellows** servants

82 **shake…quarrel** i.e., defy you (or “challenge you to a fight”) over this cause **What…mean?** What do you think you are doing?

83 **villain** servant

84 **chance of anger** risk of what anger may bring (in a fight)

87 **mischief on him** injury done to him

91 **sparks of nature** warmth of natural filial affection

92 **quit** requite, avenge

93 **Out** expression of impatience and disgust

95 **overture** disclosure

97 **abused** wronged, maligned

101 **How look you?** How are you?

104 **apace** rapidly

105 **Untimely** at the wrong time (with war imminent) ***Exeunt*** here the Quarto text has an additional sequence in which loyal servants apply a palliative to Gloucester’s eye sockets (see “Quarto passages that do not appear in the Folio,” on this page)

Act 4 Scene 1

4.1 ***Location:*** *somewhere out in the open, not far from the Earl of Gloucester's residence*

1 **thus** i.e., a beggar **contemned** despised

2 **contemned and flattered** despised secretly though flattered to your face

4 **esperance** hope

5 **The…laughter** the most miserable kind of change is a decline in fortunes; when things are at their worst they can only get better

10 **poorly led** led by a poor man/led in a way unsuitable to his status

12 **But** were it not **mutations** changes/fickleness

13 **Life…age** we would not accept old age

15 **fourscore** eighty

18 **Thee…hurt** i.e., you may be punished for helping me

22 **means secure us** wealth gives us false security, overconfidence **mere defects** sheer deficiencies

23 **Prove our commodities** turn out to be benefits

24 **abusèd** deceived

31 **is not** has not yet arrived

36 **reason** rationality, sanity

41 **wanton** unruly/cruelly mischievous

44 **trade** course of action/practice

50 **ancient love** old affection

54 **plague** affliction

56 **the rest** all

57 **'pparel** apparel, clothing

58 **Come…will** whatever may come of it

60 **daub it** put on a false face, pretend

67 **strokes** blows, afflictions

68 **happier** more fortunate

69 **superfluous** immoderate, extravagant, overindulgent **lust-dieted** fed solely by pleasure

70 **slaves your ordinance** subjects your laws to his desires

71 **feel** empathize, feel compassion (sense then shifts to "experience") **quickly** soon/while he is alive/sharply

75 **bending** overhanging

76 **confinèd** channeled (between England and France)

77 **brim** edge

79 **about me** that I have on my person

Act 4 Scene 2

4.2 ***Location:*** *outside Goneril and the Duke of Albany's residence*

1 **my lord** i.e., Edmund

4 **army** i.e., French army

8 **'sot'** fool

9 **turned…out** turned inside out, got things the wrong way round (clothing metaphor)

13 **cowish** cowardly

14 **undertake** take action

15 **tie…answer** oblige him to respond **on the way** i.e., that we expressed during the journey here

16 **prove effects** be fulfilled **brother** brother-in-law, i.e., Cornwall

17 **musters** gathering of troops **conduct his powers** escort his forces

18 **change** exchange **distaff** spindle for weaving, common symbol of womanhood or wifeliness

20 **like** likely

22 **mistress** ruler/lover ***favor*** love token

24 **thy** Goneril starts to use the more intimate pronoun to Edmund **spirits** plays on sense of "penis"

25 **conceive** understand/imagine (with procreative connotations)

26 **death** plays on sense of "orgasm"

29 **services** sexual services

30 **fool** i.e., Albany **usurps** wrongfully possesses

32 **worth the whistle** worth looking for (from the proverb "it is a poor dog that is not worth the whistling")

33 **Goneril…face** the Quarto text has a longer dialogue in which Albany berates Goneril (see "Quarto passages that do not appear in the Folio," on this page)

34 **rude** rough

36 **Milk-livered** pale-livered, cowardly (cowardice was associated with lack of blood in the liver and milk with women)

38 **discerning…suffering** that can distinguish between what may be honorably tolerated from what must not be endured

41 **Proper…woman** deformity does not seem as abhorrent in a devil (to whom it is appropriate) as it does in a woman

43 **vain** stupid/worthless

48 **bred** brought up in his household **thrilled** pierced, moved **remorse** pity (for Gloucester)

49 **Opposed** opposed himself **bending** aiming, directing

50 **threat-enraged** enraged by the threat

53 **after** i.e., to death

55 **justices** (divine) judges **nether** earthly

56 **venge** avenge, punish

63 **all…life** demolish the dream (of having Edmund) that I have constructed, leaving me with the life I hate

65 **tart** sour

69 **back** going back

Act 4 Scene 3

4.3 ***Location:*** *the French camp, near Dover. The Quarto text precedes this scene with another one in which Kent and a Gentleman discuss the French king's return to France and Cordelia's concern for her father (see "Quarto passages that do not appear in the Folio," on this page)* ***Colours*** military banners ***Gentleman*** perhaps the same man that Kent gave instructions to in Act 3 Scene 1

2 **vexed** angry, turbulent

3 **rank fumiter** abundant fumitory (a vigorously growing weed) **furrow weeds** weeds that grow in the furrows of ploughed fields

4 **burdocks** weeds with prickly flower heads or burs **hemlock** plant producing a potentially lethal sedative **cuckoo-flowers** name given to various wild flowers growing when the cuckoo calls (i.e., May/June)

5 **Darnel** type of grass that grows as a weed among corn **idle** useless

8 **What…wisdom** what can human knowledge do

9 **bereavèd** stolen, lost

10 **outward worth** worldly goods

12 **repose** rest, sleep

13 **that…operative** there are many effective medicinal herbs that can induce that in him

17 **unpublished virtues** secret powers (of herbs)

18 **aidant** helpful **remediate** remedial, healing

20 **rage** frenzy

21 **wants the means** i.e., lacks the sanity

24 **preparation** equipped military force

27 **France** i.e., the King of France

28 **importuned** importunate, pressing

29 **blown** swollen with pride/corrupt

Act 4 Scene 4

4.4 ***Location:*** *the Earl of Gloucester's residence*

4 **ado** fuss

8 **import** mean, contain

10 **posted** hurried

11 **ignorance** folly

15 **nighted** darkened (literally, and in terms of his fortunes) **descry** discover

17 **after** go after

19 **ways** roads

21 **charged my duty** swore me to obedience

23 **Belike** perhaps/probably

24 **I'll love thee** Regan switches to the familiar **thee** to cajole him— **love** implies the promise of favors, sexual or otherwise

29 **oeillades** amorous glances **speaking** eloquent

30 **of her bosom** in her confidence/sexually intimate

32 **Y'are** ye (you) are

33 **take this note** note this well

35 **convenient** fitting

36 **gather more** infer the rest

39 **call…her** have more sense

43 **meet** i.e., meet him

Act 4 Scene 5

4.5 ***Location:*** *somewhere out in the open, near Dover*

1 **that same hill** the hill I mentioned (i.e., the cliff Gloucester described at the end of Act 4 Scene 1)

11 **phrase and matter** style and sense

17 **choughs** jackdaws or other birds of the crow family **wing** fly across **midway** i.e., middle regions of

18 **gross** large

19 **samphire** aromatic plant used in pickling; it was picked from cliffs by men suspended on ropes

22 **yond** yonder, that **bark** small ship

23 **her cock** (the size of) her cockboat, a small boat towed behind a ship

25 **th'unnumbered idle pebble** countless insignificant pebbles

27 **the deficient** my defective

28 **Topple** topple me

32 **leap upright** jump up in the air

34 **Here, friend's** here, friend, is

36 **Prosper it** cause it to prosper

40 **trifle** play

46 **opposeless** irresistible

47 **My…nature** the smoldering wick and hated remains of my life

51 **conceit** imagination

53 **Yields** submits willingly

54 **this** this time, now

56 **pass** die

57 **What** who (Edgar adopts another persona)

59 **aught** anything

60 **precipitating** falling headlong

61 **shivered** shattered

63 **at each** end to end

67 **bourn** boundary (between land and sea)

68 **a-height** on high **shrill-gorged** shrill-throated

73 **beguile** cheat

84 **whelked** twisted

85 **fiend** i.e., tempting him to the sin of suicide **happy father** fortunate old man (**father** was a form of address for an elderly man, though Edgar plays with the literal sense)

86 **clearest** brightest, purest **make…impossibilities** acquire honor for themselves by performing things that are impossible in the human world

93 **free** untroubled

94 **The…thus** were he (Lear) in his right mind, he would never permit himself to dress like this (or possibly "Gloucester's senses will not be able to withstand seeing his master like this")

96 **touch** accuse, blame/lay hands on

98 **press-money** money paid to military recruits when they were conscripted (Lear seems to imagine he is recruiting an army)

99 **crow-keeper** scarecrow/person employed to scare crows from the crops **Draw…yard** draw your bow to its fullest extent (the length of a longbow's arrow, which, at about thirty-six inches, was the same as the length of a cloth seller's measuring rod)

100 **gauntlet** armored glove thrown down as a challenge to a duel

101 **prove it on** make good my cause against **brown bills** long-handled weapons, painted or varnished brown and topped with ax-like blades; or soldiers carrying such weapons **well flown, bird** the language of falconry, here used to describe an arrow's flight **I'th'clout** cloth at the center of an archer's target

102 **hewgh** perhaps Lear imitates the sound of the arrow as it flies through the air or hits the target **word** password (continues Lear's military fantasy)

103 **Sweet marjoram** Edgar invents a password that relates to Lear's headgear and to the plant's alleged medicinal properties in treating brain disorders

106 **like a dog** i.e., as if they were fawning dogs

107 **had…there** i.e., was wise even while I was still a child

108 **divinity** theology

109 **me** i.e., my teeth

110 **peace** be still

111 **ague-proof** immune to fever and shivering

113 **trick** characteristic, individual quality

117 **cause** charge, offense

120 **goes to't** does it, has sex

121 **lecher** fornicate

123 **got** begot, conceived

124 **luxury** lechery, lust **for…soldiers** i.e., more sex means more children to man his army

126 **between…snow** forecasts frigidity between her legs

127 **minces virtue** affects chastity **shake the head** i.e., in disapproval

129 **fitchew** polecat/prostitute **soilèd** fed with green fodder, so lively, skittish

130 **riotous** unrestrained, lustful

131 **centaurs** mythical creatures that were human above the waist and horse below; reputed to be lustful

132 **But…girdle** only as far as the waist **inherit** possess, have power over

134 **hell** slang term for the vagina **sulphurous** suggests both hell and syphilis **burning…consumption** alludes to painful syphilitic burning, odor and decay (**consumption**)

135 **civet** perfume

136 **apothecary** person who prepared and sold drugs, spices, perfumes, etc.

138 **mortality** being human/death

140 **so** similarly

141 **squinny** squint

142 **Cupid** Roman god of **love**, traditionally depicted as **blind** or blindfolded **challenge** written challenge to a duel **penning** style/handwriting

145 **take…report** believe it if I heard it reported

148 **case** sockets

150 **heavy case** sorrowful predicament

152 **feelingly** literally, through touch/with great emotion

154 **justice** judge **simple** humble

155 **handy-dandy** take your pick (from the child's game of guessing which clenched hand contains something)

159 **a…office** given authority, even a dog will be obeyed

160 **beadle** parish officer, responsible for punishing thieves, prostitutes, and vagabonds

162 **use** employ sexually **kind** manner

163 **usurer** moneylender, notorious for charging excessively high interest **cozener** cheat

165 **Place…gold** i.e., when sins are committed by the rich
166 **hurtless** harmlessly
167 **it** i.e., sin
168 **able ’em** authorize them
171 **scurvy politician** despicable schemer
172 **Now…now** perhaps comforting Gloucester, perhaps distracted by his boots
174 **matter and impertinency** sense and nonsense
177 **hither** i.e., into this world
182 **block** style of hat or mold for hats (perhaps Lear removes his headgear)/ block from which to mount a horse/tree stump (**stage** may even give rise to a sense of “scaffold and executioner’s block”)
183 **delicate** ingenious
184 **put’t in proof** try it out
190 **natural fool** born fool (as opposed to a professional jester)
194 **seconds** supporters (as for a duel)
195 **salt** i.e., tears
197 **die** plays on the sense of “orgasm” **bravely** handsomely
198 **jovial** cheerful/majestic (like Jove, king of the gods)
199 **Masters** sirs
201 **Sa…sa** hunting cry, from French *ça* (“that’s it,” “it’s there”)
205 **nature** i.e., human nature **general curse** curse of original sin
206 **twain** Adam and Eve (but also suggests Goneril and Regan)
207 **gentle** noble
208 **speed you** (may God) prosper you
209 **toward** impending
210 **vulgar** widely known
212 **by your favour** if you would be so good
214 **main…thought** sight of the main army is expected hourly
217 **Though that** though **on special cause** for a special reason (i.e., to find Lear)
221 **worser spirit** evil angel/bad side of my nature
226 **known…sorrows** deeply felt sorrows I have experienced
227 **pregnant…pity** disposed to compassion
228 **biding** dwelling
230 **benison** blessing

231 **To…boot** in addition, and may it benefit you

232 **proclaimed prize** i.e., a man with a price on his head **happy** fortunate

233 **framed flesh** conceived and born

235 **thyself remember** recall your sins (i.e., prepare to die)

240 **published** proclaimed

243 **’Chill…’casion** I shall not let go, sir, without further occasion (cause); for his new persona, Edgar adopts a West Country accent in which he substitutes “v” for “f” and “z” for “s”; **’Chill** I shall

245 **your gait** on your way **An…vortnight** if I could have been killed by boasting, I would not have lasted a fortnight (or “it would have been shorter by a fortnight”)

247 **che vor ye** I warrant you, I promise you **I’se** I shall **costard** head (literally, a large apple)

248 **ballow** cudgel

250 **pick** knock out with the cudgel **foins** sword thrusts

255 **party** side

256 **serviceable** eager to serve, ready to do anything

263 **deathsman** executioner

264 **Leave** give me leave, permit me

268 **will** desire/lust **want not** is not lacking

269 **done** achieved

270 **for your labour** as a reward for your efforts/as a place for sexual activity

271 **servant** lover

272 **undistinguished space** limitless scope **will** lust

275 **Thee…up** I will bury you (Oswald) **post unsanctified** unholy messenger

276 **in…time** when the time is ripe

277 **ungracious** wicked, sinful **strike** blast/afflict

278 **death-practised** whose death is plotted

280 **stiff** stubborn

281 **ingenious** sensitive, intelligent

282 **distract** mad

284 **wrong imaginations** illusions

Act 4 Scene 6

4.6 ***Location:*** *the French camp, near Dover*

3 **every…me** all my efforts will be inadequate

4 **o'erpaid** i.e., already more than enough

5 **All…truth** everything I have told you is the simple truth (or possibly "may all reports of me be unexaggerated and accurate")

6 **No…clipped** neither overstated nor abbreviated

7 **suited** dressed

8 **weeds** clothes

11 **Yet…intent** to have my identity known now would spoil the plan I have devised

12 **My…it** the favor I ask is **know me not** do not acknowledge me

13 **meet** suitable

18 **wind up** put in tune (by tightening the pegs on a stringed instrument)

19 **child-changèd** changed by his children

23 **I'th'sway…will** as you see fit, under your own authority **arrayed** dressed (appropriately)

27 **doubt of** fear for **temperance** self-control

31 **reverence** i.e., position deserving respect, venerable state

33 **Had you** even if you had **flakes** locks of hair

34 **Did challenge** would have demanded **of** from

38 **fain** obliged

39 **rogues forlorn** destitute vagabonds

40 **short** i.e., broken up (and hence less comfortable)

41 **at once** at the same time

42 **concluded all** come entirely to an end

46 **bliss** i.e., heaven

47 **wheel of fire** i.e., one of hell's tortures of the damned; recalls Ixion, who, in Greek mythology, was bound to a wheel of fire for attempting to seduce the queen of the gods **that** so that

51 **wide** wide of the mark, confused

54 **abused** wronged, ill-treated/deluded

57 **Would…condition!** I wish I could be sure of what state I am in!

63 **fond** silly

84 **rage** frenzy

86 **further settling** his mind is more settled

Act 5 Scene 1

5.1 ***Location:*** *the British camp, near Dover* *Drum and Colours* soldiers with military flags and a drum beating

1 **Know of** find out from **last purpose** most recent intention

2 **since** subsequently **advised** persuaded/warned **aught** anything, i.e., any news

4 **self-reproving** self-reproach **constant pleasure** fixed wishes

5 **miscarried** come to harm

6 **doubted** feared

11 **honoured** honorable

13 **forfended place** forbidden place, i.e., Goneril's vagina

15 **I…her** I cannot stand her

16 **familiar** too friendly/sexually intimate

20 **rigour…state** harshness of our government

21 **cry out** i.e., protest in pain

22 **Why…reasoned?** Why are we discussing this?

23 **Combine together** i.e., let us combine our two armies

24 **domestic…broils** private internal squabbles

27 **th'ancient of war** experienced senior officers

30 **convenient** suitable, seemly

31 **know the riddle** understand your enigmatic request, see your trick (Regan wants to keep a suspicious eye on Goneril)

34 **I'll overtake you** presumably Albany calls after those who have or are in the process of departing

35 **ope** open **letter** i.e., the letter Oswald was carrying from Goneril to Edmund

36 **sound** i.e., sound a summons

38 **champion** one who fights in single combat

39 **avouchèd** declared, affirmed **miscarry** lose the battle and die

41 **machination** plotting

44 **cry** make the proclamation

46 **o'erlook** read over

47 **powers** troops

49 **discovery** intelligence gathering, reconnaissance

51 **greet the time** be ready when the time comes

53 **jealous** suspicious, mistrustful

58 **hardly** with difficulty **carry…side** fulfill my side of the agreement (with Goneril)/achieve my own (power-seeking) ends

60 **countenance** authority

62 **taking off** murder

65 **Shall** i.e., they shall

66 **my…debate** my position relies on action not discussion

Act 5 Scene 2

5.2 ***Location:*** *not far from the battlefield, near Dover* ***Alarum*** trumpet call to arms

1 **father** form of address for an old man

2 **host** i.e., shelter ***retreat*** trumpet call signaling retreat

7 **ta'en** (are) captured

12 **Ripeness** readiness/the right time

Act 5 Scene 3

5.3 ***Location:*** *the British camp, near Dover*
1 **good guard** guard them carefully
2 **greater pleasures** the wishes of more important people (i.e., Goneril, Regan, Albany)
3 **censure** judge, sentence
5 **meaning** intentions
6 **cast down** humbled by fortune/defeated in battle/dejected
14 **gilded butterflies** actual butterflies/lavishly dressed courtiers **poor rogues** wretched fellows
17 **take…things** understand the secret inner workings of the world
18 **God's spies** spying on the world on God's behalf/looking at the world from a lofty vantage point, like God **wear out** outlive
19 **packs and sects** cliques and factions
20 **That…th'moon** i.e., whose fortunes ebb and flow like the tides
22 **sacrifices** refers to either Cordelia's sacrifice for Lear or their joint loss of freedom
23 **throw incense** i.e., like priests performing the sacrifice
24 **brand…foxes** alludes to the practice of smoking foxes out of their holes
26 **flesh and fell** flesh and skin (i.e., entirely)
27 **starved** dead
33 **tender-minded** sensitive, soft-hearted
34 **become** befit, suit
35 **bear question** permit discussion
38 **write happy** count yourself fortunate
39 **carry** manage
41 **strain** lineage
43 **opposites** opponents
44 **use** treat
48 **retention** detention, confinement
49 **Whose** refers to the king **charms** bewitching spells **title** name of king/legal entitlement (to land and power)
50 **pluck…bosom** draw the sympathies of the common people
51 **turn…them** i.e., turn our conscripted soldiers' weapons against ourselves

52 **queen** i.e., Cordelia

55 **session** hearing in a court of justice

56 **by your patience** if you’ll excuse me

57 **subject of** subordinate in

59 **list** please

60 **pleasure…demanded** wishes might have been asked

62 **commission** authority

63 **immediacy** closeness, connection

66 **grace** merit

67 **your addition** the honors or titles you bestow on him

69 **compeers** equals

70 **That…most** i.e., he would be most fully invested with your rights

72 **Holla** whoa, stop

73 **asquint** crookedly, distortedly

75 **full-flowing stomach** a stomach full of anger (where stomach is used like “heart” for the seat of the passions)

76 **patrimony** inheritance

77 **Dispose of** use, deal with **walls** Regan images herself as a fortress surrendering

78 **Witness the world** let the world witness

80 **enjoy** i.e., have sex with him as your husband

81 **let-alone** permission or refusal to give it

83 **Half-blooded** illegitimate (**fellow** is contemptuous)

86 **in** i.e., along with

87 **gilded serpent** i.e., Goneril **For** as for

88 **bar it** prevent its advancement (legal term)

89 **subcontracted** engaged for a second time, entered into a contract that is subsidiary to her marriage contract with Albany

90 **banns** proclamation of marriage (spelled “banes” in Folio, perhaps playing on “evildoings”)

91 **make…to** woo, make advances to

92 **bespoke** spoken for

93 **interlude** brief comic play (i.e., “What a farce!”)

97 **pledge** challenge/pledge to fight **make it** i.e., make it good

98 **nothing** no way

101 **medicine** drugs (i.e., poison)

102 **what** whoever

108 **single virtue** unaided courage or strength

115 **quality or degree** noble birth or high rank **lists** catalogue of soldiers

126 **canker-bit** eaten away by cankerworms (grubs that feed on plants)

128 **cope** encounter, fight with

136 **honours…profession** i.e., as a knight

137 **protest** declare

138 **Maugre** despite **place** position, rank

139 **fire-new** i.e., brand new, freshly minted

142 **Conspirant** a conspirator

143 **upward** top, crown

144 **descent** lowest part, sole

145 **toad-spotted** toads' spots were believed to contain venom

146 **bent** resolved/tensed for action

151 **say** assay, evidence

152 **nicely** in strict keeping with the rules

155 **hell-hated lie** the lie I hate as much as hell

156 **for they** since they (the **treasons**) **by** off

157 **instant way** an immediate passage (to your heart)

159 **him** probably a call to Edgar to spare Edmund's life so that a confession can be obtained from him

160 **practice** trickery

163 **cozened and beguiled** cheated and deceived

164 **dame** woman

167 **know** recognize

169 **arraign** indict, bring to trial

172 **govern** restrain

176 **fortune on** good fortune to defeat

178 **charity** forgiveness

180 **th'hast** thou hast (i.e., you have)

182 **pleasant** pleasurable (sexually so in this case)

184 **dark** literally and metaphorically **vicious** immoral **got** begot, conceived

187 **wheel** wheel of fortune

188 **prophesy** suggest, foretell

195 **List** listen (to)

197 **bloody proclamation** i.e., the sentence of death pronounced on him

199 **the…die** would repeatedly suffer pain as bad as death

201 **semblance** outward appearance

202 **habit** clothing/guise, appearance

203 **rings** i.e., eye sockets

205 **despair** the spiritual hopelessness that precedes suicide

208 **success** outcome (in the duel with Edmund)

210 **pilgrimage** course of events/period of exile/spiritual journey **flawed** cracked

218 **dissolve** i.e., in tears

224 **smokes** i.e., steams with hot blood

235 **compliment** etiquette (of greeting)

238 **aye** forever (Kent is aware he is dying)

240 **Great thing** vital matter

242 **object** sight

247 **Even** exactly

250 **writ** written order (for execution; a legal term)

254 **office** task, responsibility

262 **fordid** killed

269 **stone** specular stone, a crystalline substance used to make mirrors

271 **promised end** the death Lear expected (when he divided the kingdom)/Judgment Day, the end of the world (the sense that Edgar understands)

273 **Fall and cease!** either Albany calls for the end of the world, or he wishes for Lear to die and be put out of his anguish

285 **slave** villain/wretched servant

288 **falchion** curved sword

290 **crosses** troubles, frustrations

291 **Mine…o'th'best** failing sight was believed to be a sign of approaching death **straight** in a moment

292 **two…hated** perhaps "two people she first loved and then hated"; it is not entirely clear who the **one** Kent refers to is

294 **dull sight** refers either to Lear's dim eyesight or to the motionless Cordelia

296 **Caius** the only mention of the name Kent assumed when he was in disguise

300 **I'll…straight** I'll attend to that in a moment

301 **your…decay** the beginning of the change and decline in your fortunes (may also suggest mental decay)

304 **Nor…else** completes Kent's previous, unfinished sentence with "and no one else" as well as beginning his current one with "neither I nor anyone else (is welcome)"

305 **fordone** killed

306 **desperately** as a result of the spiritual despair that precedes suicide

308 **vain…him** it is useless for us to tell him who we are

310 **bootless** pointless

314 **this great decay** noble ruin, i.e., Lear

315 **For** as for **resign** handover

318 **boot** advantage, additions **addition** titles, honors

321 **cup** painful experience (plays on the related sense of "drinking vessel") **see, see** something attracts Albany's attention, presumably to Lear

322 **fool** i.e., Cordelia (**fool** was a term of endearment), but recalls Lear's Fool as well

326 **this button** may refer to Cordelia's (hoping to help her breathe) or Lear's own (if he is once again afflicted by "the mother," the hysteria that causes one to struggle for breath) **sir** it is unclear whom Lear addresses here

332 **ghost** spirit

333 **rack** torture instrument that stretched the limbs

334 **longer** for a longer period of time/to longer physical dimensions

337 **usurped** stole, made illegal use of (beyond its rightful length)

341 **gored** wounded, bleeding **sustain** support/keep alive

342 **journey** i.e., to death

Quarto passages that do not appear in the Folio

1 **SH EDMUND** = Ed. Q = *Bast. (throughout)*
28 **ladies** = Q *(corrected)*. Q *(uncorrected)* = lodes
36 **basest and ’temnest** = Q *(corrected)*. Q *(uncorrected)*= belest and contaned
70 **Want’st** = Q2. Q = wanst
72 **bourn** = Ed. Q = broome
94 **she** kicked = Ed. Q = kickt
98 **joint-stool** = Q2. Q = ioyne stoole
100 **on** = Ed. Q = an
128 **madness** = Q *(corrected)*. Q *(uncorrected)*= rogish madnes
135 **Flibbertigibbet** *spelled Stiberdigebit* in Q **mopping and mowing** = Ed. Q = Mobing, & *Mohing*
155 **Humanity** = Q *(corrected)*. Q *(uncorrected)* = Humanly
161 **state** begins threat = Q *(corrected)* (threat *spelled* thereat). Q *(uncorrected)* = slayer begin threats
170 **mew** = Q *(corrected)*. Q *(uncorrected)*= now
184 **Ay, sir,** = Ed. Q = I say
190 **strove** = Ed. Q = streme

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE

For Shakespeare's original audience, "the Moor of Venice" would have instantly suggested a meeting of the familiar and the strange, of east and west. "Venice" was synonymous with European sophistication, "Moor" with the atmosphere of the Orient, of North Africa and the Middle East. Yet the short Italian novel on which the play is based makes little of the Moor's status as an outsider. Written by Giraldi Cinthio, it was one of a series of exemplary stories concerning marital infidelity. Its purpose was to show how "it sometimes happens that without any fault at all, a faithful and loving lady, through the insidious plots of a villainous mind, and the frailty of one who believes more than he need, is murdered by her faithful husband." In Venice, a Moor, dear to the senate because he has served the interests of the republic in battle, marries a virtuous lady called Disdemona. The Venetian lords decide to change the guard in Cyprus and the Moor is chosen as commandant. Disdemona insists on going with him; they arrive safely in Cyprus (no storm, no Turks). The Moor's ensign or standard-bearer falls in love with Disdemona, who does not reciprocate. The ensign assumes that this is because she is in love with his superior, the corporal. His love for Disdemona turns to hate and he decides that if he cannot have her, nor should the Moor. He accordingly plots to make the Moor jealous of the corporal, thus destroying them both.

Venice was notorious for the number and openness of its courtesans, and the laxness of its wives. It was the pleasure capital of Europe, a city of sexual tourism. Cinthio's Disdemona, however, is "impelled not by female appetite but by the Moor's good qualities": she is an atypical Venetian woman. Shakespeare intends his Desdemona to be regarded in the same way, even as the men in the play exploit the stereotypical image of Venetian women. Iago pumps up Rodorigo's desire on the quayside with talk of female lechery and he plays on Othello's fear that his wife might revert to type, reminding the Moor that Venetian women are habitual sexual deceivers:

> I know our country disposition well:
> In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
> They dare not show their husbands: their best conscience
> Is not to leave't undone, but kept unknown.

Visiting Venice in the 1590s, Sir Henry Wotton remarked on the difficulty of distinguishing between whores and virtuous wives on the streets—the presence in the play of Bianca the courtesan is telling here. In the overhearing scene, Othello fails to make exactly this distinction as to which woman, wife or courtesan, Iago and Cassio are talking about. Iago's seemingly casual references to Desdemona's "appetite" and "will," his view of Venetian women as sexual beasts, soon cause Othello to be convinced that his wife's hand is hot and moist, traditional signs of sexual license. The division between wife and whore is horribly dissolved in the fourth act, where home is turned into brothel, and Desdemona twice called strumpet and thrice whore, culminating in the savage lines "I took you for that cunning whore of Venice / That married with Othello." Only when he has killed her does Othello rediscover the true coldness of her chastity—though in speaking of Desdemona thus, we should not regard her as the icy maiden of Petrarchan poetic tradition, for in the scene before Othello's arrival in Cyprus she proves herself adept in feisty and sexually knowing banter with her male interlocutors.

Othello is ill at ease with the language of double entendre because he is an "extravagant and wheeling stranger" who works within a very different poetic register. His verbal sphere is rich in allusion to an exotic other world filled with Arabian trees and turbaned Turks in Aleppo, not to mention "The Anthropophagi and men whose heads / Grew beneath their shoulders." "Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you / Against the general enemy Ottoman," says the Duke of Venice early in the play. The audience hears a consonance between the names of the captain-general "Othello" and the general enemy "Ottoman." This would have been especially apparent if, as is likely, the original pronunciation of the hero's name was Italianized as "Otello." Othman was the name of the founder of the mighty Ottoman or

Turkish Empire, the great rival civilization to Christianity. Othello's name suggests his origin in the Ottoman territories, against which he is now fighting. The clash of Christian against Turk was one of Shakespeare's major additions to his source.

To Shakespeare and his contemporaries, Turk, Arab and Moor all represented the Islamic "other," but they were not necessarily homogenized into a single image of generic "barbarianism." Arabic culture was frequently associated with learning and civilization, in contrast to the prevailing images of Turk and Saracen. A Barbar could be "brave" rather than "barbarous": George Peele's *Battle of Alcazar in Barbary*, a play based on real recent historical events, has both "a barbarous Moor, / The negro Muly Hamet" and a "brave Barbarian Lord Muly Molocco." A Moor could help you out in your war against the Turk—or, for that matter, the Spaniard. How you judged the Islamic "other" depended not only on ideological stereotype but also on the particularities of diplomatic liaison and changing allegiance in a world of superpower rivalry. At the end of *Alcazar*, the evil Moor Muly Mahamet is defeated. The throne of Barbary goes to Abdelmelec's virtuous brother, who is also called Muly Mahamet and who was a real historical figure. His ambassador Abd-el-Oahed ben Massaood visited the Elizabethan court in 1600 in order to explore the possibility of forming an alliance to conquer Spain with a mixture of the English navy and African troops. Shakespeare's company played at court that Christmas, so he may have seen the Barbarian delegation in the flesh. The surviving portrait of the ambassador is perhaps the best image we have of what Shakespeare intended Othello to look like (see plate section).

Peele's play mingled historical matter with a more general sense of the barbarian, the other, the devilish—bad Muly Mahamet surrounds himself with demonic and underworld associations. Audiences would have come to *The Moor of Venice* with the expectation of something similar, but witnessed a remarkable inversion whereby a sophisticated Venetian is the one who comes to be associated with the devil and damnable actions.

The primary usage of the term "Moor" in early modern English was as a religious, not a racial, identification: Moor meant "Mohamedan," that is to say Muslim. The word was frequently used as a general term for "not one of us," non-Christian. To the play's original audience, one of the most striking things about the figure of Othello would have been that he is a committed

Christian. The ground of the play is laid out in the first scene, when Iago trumpets his own military virtues, in contrast to Cassio's "theoretical" knowledge of the art of war (Cassio comes from Florence, home of such experts in the theory of war as Machiavelli):

> And I—of whom his eyes had seen the proof
> At Rhodes, at Cyprus and on others' grounds,
> Christened and heathen…

These lines give an immediate sense of confrontation between Christian and heathen dominions, with Rhodes and Cyprus as pressure points. Startlingly, though, the Moor is fighting for the Christians, not the heathens.

Again, consider Othello's response to the drunken brawl in Cyprus:

> Are we turned Turks, and to ourselves do that
> Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?
> For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl!

Such Christian language in the mouth of a Moor, a Muslim, is inherently a paradox. It suggests that Othello would have been assumed to be a convert. The "baptism" that Iago says he will cause Othello to renounce would have taken place not at birth but at conversion. The action of the play re-converts Othello from Christianity, through the machinations of Iago. In this sense, it is fitting that Iago appeals to a "Divinity of hell" and that Othello acknowledges at the end of the play that he is bound for damnation.

The notion of conversion was crucial in the Elizabethan perception of the relationship between European Christianity and the Ottoman Empire. The phrase to "turn Turk" entered the common lexicon. Islam was as powerful an alien force to Europeans in the sixteenth century as Communism was to Americans in the twentieth. To turn Turk was to go over to the other side. It could happen in a number of different ways: some travelers converted by a process of cultural assimilation, others who had been captured and enslaved did so in the belief that they would then be released. It is easy to forget how many English privateers became Ottoman slaves—on one occasion, two thousand wives petitioned King James and parliament for help in ransoming their husbands from Muslim captivity.

Othello dies on a kiss, an embrace of black and white, perhaps a symbolic reconciliation of the virtues of west and east, Europe and Orient, but the public image he wants to be remembered by in the letter back to Venice is of confrontation between Christian and Turk, with himself as the defender of Christianity in Aleppo, a point of eastern extremity in Syria. In smiting himself, Othello recognizes that he has now become the Turk. By killing Desdemona he has renounced his Christian civility and damned himself. He symbolically takes back upon himself the insignia of Islam—turban, circumcision—that he had renounced when he turned Christian. He has beaten a Venetian wife and traduced the state. He has been turned Turk. Not, however, by the general Ottoman but by the "supersubtle" Venetian, the "honest" Iago.

As Shakespeare adds the Turkish context to the story that was his source, so he takes away the simple motivation of being in love with Disdemona that Cinthio gave the ensign. Iago has sometimes been considered motiveless, utterly devilish. It was a convention of Renaissance drama that what a character says in soliloquy is to be believed, yet it is barely possible to credit Iago's paranoid claim that both Othello and Cassio have been in his bed. Emilia is one of Shakespeare's strongest-minded female characters: she robustly condemns the sexual double standard whereby men are allowed their extramarital affairs and women are not. One cannot rule out the possibility that she has been unfaithful to Iago (Gregory Doran's Royal Shakespeare Company production hinted at an affair with Lodovico), but the idea of Othello making love to her is absurd.

Jealousy over the matter of promotion is sufficient explanation for the first part of Iago's plot, whereby Cassio's weakness for the bottle leads to his being cashiered. But why does Iago then go so much further, utterly destroying the general on whose patronage he depends? Othello asks the question at the end of the play: "Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil / Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body?" But Iago refuses to answer: "Demand me nothing: what you know, you know: / From this time forth I never will speak word." It sounds like a deliberate challenge to the audience to work it out for themselves. No one has risen to that challenge better than the Romantic critic William Hazlitt, who regarded the love of play-acting as the key to Iago's procedure:

> He is an amateur of tragedy in real life; and instead of employing his invention on imaginary characters, or long-forgotten incidents, he takes the bolder and more desperate course of getting up his plot at home, casts the principal parts among his nearest friends and connections, and rehearses it in downright earnest, with steady nerves and unabated resolution.

Exactly because he is scriptwriter, director and stage-villain rolled into one, Iago is a compelling presence in the theater. And he is given the largest part. It would have been easy for him to dwarf the other characters, as Edmund can dwarf Edgar in *King Lear*. Shakespeare’s challenge was to make Othello rise far above Iago’s other dupe, Rodorigo. To be reduced to a gibbering idiot over the matter of a misplaced handkerchief is to be duped indeed. But the mesmerizing effect of the poetic writing is such that we never think of Othello as foolish or laughable, not even in the temptation scene of the third act in which Iago twists every word, every detail, to the advantage of his plot. Instead, we turn the Moor’s own phrase back on to him: “But yet the pity of it, Iago! O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!”

Desdemona inspires our pity not because she is pitiful, but because her courage in going against her father’s will, in following her husband to the far frontier of the Venetian empire in Cyprus, and in generously speaking out for Cassio, becomes the cause of her death. Othello inspires our pity because he also inspires our awe, above all through his soaring language. For the Renaissance, the twin powers of rational thought and persuasive language, *oratio* and *ratio*, were what raised humankind above the level of the beasts. The tragedy of *Othello* is that Iago’s persuasive but specious reasoning (you’re black, you’re getting on in years, Venetian women are notoriously fickle …) transforms Othello from great orator (“Rude am I in my speech,” he says with deftly rhetorical modesty as he proceeds to bewitch his listeners with an anything-but-rude narrative “Of moving accidents by flood and field, / Of hair-breadth scapes i’th’imminent deadly breach”) to savage beast. And yet in the dignity of his two last speeches, first poised and public, then tender and intimate, there is a linguistic fortitude that turns Othello back into something human, something magnificent.

KEY FACTS

PLOT: Othello the Moor, a general employed by the Venetian state, has secretly married Desdemona, a daughter of the senator Brabantio. Iago, an ensign nursing resentment against Othello, enlists the help of Rodorigo, a disappointed suitor of Desdemona. They wake Brabantio in the middle of the night with the news of his daughter's elopement. Brabantio takes the case to the senate where, learning that she has married Othello of her own accord, he disowns his daughter. Othello is immediately ordered to the Venetian colony of Cyprus to repel a threatened Turkish invasion. Desdemona sails with her husband, taking with them her companion Emilia, who is also Iago's wife, and Othello's lieutenant Michael Cassio, newly promoted over Iago's head. Once in Cyprus, Iago plants the suspicion in Othello's mind that Desdemona has been unfaithful to him with Cassio. He engineers a drunken brawl for which Cassio is blamed and dismissed by Othello. Desdemona intercedes on Cassio's behalf but her constant pleas to Othello for his reinstatement only serve to convince Othello that Cassio is her lover. Iago acquires a treasured handkerchief that belonged to Desdemona and uses it as "proof" of the affair. Increasingly maddened by jealousy, Othello orders Iago to kill Cassio and strangles Desdemona himself. Emilia discloses her husband's plot and Othello, tormented by grief and remorse, kills himself. Iago, after murdering his own wife, is left to the justice of the Venetian state.

MAJOR PARTS: *(with percentage of lines/number of speeches/scenes on stage)* Iago (31%/272/12), Othello (25%/274/12), Desdemona (11%/165/9), Cassio (8%/110/9), Emilia (7%/103/8), Brabantio (4%/30/3), Rodorigo (3%/59/7), Lodovico (2%/33/4), Duke of Venice (2%/25/1), Montano (2%/24/3).

LINGUISTIC MEDIUM: 80% verse, 20% prose.

DATE: 1604. Performed at court, November 1604; apparently uses Knolles' *Historie of the Turkes*, published late 1603; probably postdates the period when theaters were closed due to the plague from May 1603 to April 1604. The Turkish wars in the eastern Mediterranean were of interest to King James, who had written a poem about the 1571 naval battle of Lepanto, which was reprinted in 1603, the year of his accession to the English throne. Some scholars, however, argue for a slightly earlier date.

SOURCES: Based on a novella in Giovanni Battista Giraldi Cinthio's *Gli Hecatommithi* (1565), perhaps read in a 1584 French translation by Gabriel Chappuys. Context probably provided by Richard Knolles, *The Generall Historie of the Turkes* (1603), Sir Lewis Lewkenor's translation of Gasparo Contarini's *The Commonwealth and Government of Venice* (1599) and John Pory's translation of Leo Africanus' *Geographical Historie of Africa* (1600).

TEXT: There are two early texts, markedly different from each other: a Quarto published in 1622 and the First Folio of 1623. The Folio contains over 150 lines that are not in the Quarto. The Quarto has fuller stage directions, a handful of lines that are absent from the Folio, and a large number of oaths that were watered down or omitted in the Folio, as a result of the prohibition on stage swearing. In all, there are about a thousand verbal variants. The two texts seem to derive from different theatrical manuscripts, the Folio possibly having being set from a transcript by Ralph Crane, scribe to the King's Men. Scholars are divided as to whether the Folio-only passages, which include Othello's "Pontic sea" speech and Desdemona's willow song, are theatrically purposeful additions or theatrically pragmatic cuts. We respect the integrity of the Folio text, but in correcting its manifest errors—which are many, largely due to the presence of "Compositor E," the apprentice who was the poorest of the Folio's typesetters—we have been greatly helped by the existence of the Quarto.

THE TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE

OTHELLO, the Moor (a general in the military service of Venice)
BRABANTIO (a senator) father to Desdemona
CASSIO, an honorable lieutenant
IAGO, a villain (Othello’s flagbearer)
RODORIGO, a gulled gentleman
DUKE of Venice
SENATORS
MONTANO, Governor of Cyprus
GENTLEMEN of Cyprus
LODOVICO } two noble Venetians
GRATIANO } (kinsmen of Brabantio)
SAILORS
CLOWN (servant to Othello)
DESDEMONA (daughter of Brabantio) wife to Othello
EMILIA, wife to Iago
BIANCA, a courtesan
(Officers, Messenger, Herald, Musicians and Attendants)

Act 1 Scene 1[1.1]

running scene 1

Enter Rodorigo and Iago

RODORIGO Never tell me![1] I take it much unkindly
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this.[3]

IAGO But you'll not hear me: if ever I did dream
Of such a matter, abhor me.

RODORIGO Thou told'st me
Thou didst hold him[7] in thy hate.

IAGO Despise me
If I do not. Three great ones[9] of the city,
In personal suit[10] to make me his lieutenant,
Off-capped[11] to him, and by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place:
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them with a bombast circumstance[14]
Horribly stuffed with epithets of war,[15]
Nonsuits my mediators.[16] For 'Certes', says he,
'I have already chose my officer.'
And what was he?
Forsooth,[19] a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine[20] —
A fellow almost[21] damned in a fair wife —
That never set a squadron[22] in the field
Nor the division[23] of a battle knows
More than a spinster,[24] unless the bookish theoric,
Wherein the toga'd consuls[25] can propose
As masterly as he. Mere prattle[26] without practice
Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had th'election;[27]
And I — of whom his[28] eyes had seen the proof
At Rhodes,[29] at Cyprus and on others' grounds,
Christened[30] and heathen — must be beleed and calmed
By debitor and creditor:[31] this counter-caster,

He — in good time[32] — must his lieutenant be,
And I — bless the mark![33] — his Moorship's ancient.
RODORIGO By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.
IAGO Why, there's no remedy: 'tis the curse of service;[35]
Preferment[36] goes by letter and affection,
And not by old gradation,[37] where each second
Stood heir to th'first. Now, sir, be judge yourself
Whether I in any just term[39] am affined
To love the Moor.
RODORIGO I would not follow[41] him then.
IAGO O, sir, content you:
I follow him to serve my turn[43] upon him.
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly[45] followed. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking[46] knave
That — doting on his own obsequious bondage —
Wears out his time,[48] much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender,[49] and when he's old, cashiered:
Whip me[50] such honest knaves. Others there are
Who, trimmed[51] in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on[52] themselves,
And throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them,
And when they have lined their coats[55]
Do themselves homage:[56] these fellows have some soul,
And such a one do I profess myself. For, sir,
It is as sure as you are Rodorigo,
Were[59] I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
In following him, I follow but myself.
Heaven is my judge, not I for[61] love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar[62] end,
For when my outward action doth demonstrate[63]
The native[64] act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern,[65] 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws[67] to peck at: I am not what I am.

RODORIGO What a full[68] fortune does the thick-lips owe
If he can carry't[69] thus!
IAGO Call up her father:
Rouse him, make after[71] him, poison his delight,
Proclaim[72] him in the streets, incense her kinsmen,
And though[73] he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies: though that[74] his joy be joy,
Yet throw such chances[75] of vexation on't
As it may[76] lose some colour.
RODORIGO Here is her father's house, I'll call aloud.
IAGO Do, with like timorous accent[78] and dire yell
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.
RODORIGO What, ho, Brabantio! Signior Brabantio, ho!
IAGO Awake! What, ho! Brabantio, thieves, thieves!
Look to your house, your daughter and your bags![83]
Thieves, thieves!
BRABANTIO What is the reason of this terrible summons? ***At a window***[85]
Above
What is the matter there?
RODORIGO Signior, is all your family within?
IAGO Are your doors locked?
BRABANTIO Why? Wherefore[89] ask you this?
IAGO Sir, you're robbed. For shame, put on your gown![90]
Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul:
Even now, now, very now, an old black ram[92]
Is tupping[93] your white ewe. Arise, arise!
Awake the snorting[94] citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil[95] will make a grandsire of you.
Arise, I say!
BRABANTIO What, have you lost your wits?
RODORIGO Most reverend[98] signior, do you know my voice?
BRABANTIO Not I: what are you?
RODORIGO My name is Rodorigo.
BRABANTIO The worser welcome.
I have charged[102] thee not to haunt about my doors:

In honest plainness thou hast heard me say
My daughter is not for thee: and now in madness —
Being full of supper and distemp’ring draughts[105] —
Upon malicious knavery dost thou come
To start[107] my quiet.

RODORIGO Sir, sir, sir—

BRABANTIO But thou must needs be sure
My spirits[110] and my place have in their power
To make this bitter to thee.

RODORIGO Patience, good sir.

BRABANTIO What tell’st thou me of robbing?
This is Venice: my house is not a grange.[114]

RODORIGO Most grave[115] Brabantio,
In simple[116] and pure soul I come to you.

IAGO Sir, you are one of those that will not serve God if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service and you think we are ruffians, you’ll have your daughter covered[119] with a Barbary horse: you’ll have your nephews neigh to you: you’ll have coursers[120] for cousins and jennets for germans.

BRABANTIO What profane[121] wretch art thou?

IAGO I am one, sir, that comes to tell you your daughter and the Moor are making[123] the beast with two backs.

BRABANTIO Thou art a villain.

IAGO You are a senator.

BRABANTIO This thou shalt answer.[126] I know thee, Rodorigo.

RODORIGO Sir, I will answer anything. But I beseech you
If’t be your pleasure[128] and most wise consent —
As partly I find it is — that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even[130] and dull watch o’th’night,
Transported with[131] no worse nor better guard
But with[132] a knave of common hire, a gondolier,
To the gross[133] clasps of a lascivious Moor:
If this be known to you and your allowance[134]
We then have done you bold and saucy[135] wrongs:
But if you know not this, my manners tell me
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe

That, from[138] the sense of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence.[139]
Your daughter — if you have not given her leave[140] —
I say again, hath made a gross[141] revolt,
Tying her duty, beauty, wit[142] and fortunes
In[143] an extravagant and wheeling stranger
Of here and everywhere. Straight[144] satisfy yourself:
If she be in her chamber or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.

BRABANTIO Strike[148] on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper![149] Call up all my people!
This accident[150] is not unlike my dream:
Belief of it oppresses me already.
Light, I say, light!

Exit [above]

IAGO Farewell, for I must leave you:
It seems not meet[154] nor wholesome to my place
To be producted[155] — as, if I stay, I shall —
Against the Moor, for I do know the state,
However this may gall[157] him with some check,
Cannot with safety cast[158] him, for he's embarked
With such loud reason[159] to the Cyprus wars,
Which even now stands in act,[160] that, for their souls,
Another of his fathom[161] they have none,
To lead their business: in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell-pains.
Yet for necessity of present life[164]
I must show out a flag and sign[165] of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That[166] you shall surely find him,
Lead to the Sagittary[167] the raisèd search,
And there will I be with him. So farewell.

Exit

Enter Brabantio with Servants and torches

BRABANTIO It is too true an evil: gone she is,
And what's to come of my despised time[170]

Is nought but bitterness. Now, Rodorigo,
Where didst thou see her?— O, unhappy[172] girl!—
With the Moor, say’st thou?— Who would be a father?—
How didst thou know ’twas she?— O, she deceives me
Past thought![175]— What said she to you?— Get more tapers:
Raise all my kindred.— Are they married, think you?

RODORIGO Truly, I think they are.

BRABANTIO O heaven! How got she out? O treason[178] of the blood!
Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters’ minds
By what you see them act. Is there not charms[180]
By which the property[181] of youth and maidhood
May be abused? Have you not read, Rodorigo,
Of some such thing?

RODORIGO Yes, sir, I have indeed.

BRABANTIO Call up my brother.— O, would you had had her!—
Some one way, some another.— Do you know ***To Rodorigo***
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

RODORIGO I think I can discover[188] him, if you please
To get good guard and go along with me.

BRABANTIO Pray you lead on. At every house I’ll call:
I may command[191] at most.— Get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of might.—
On, good Rodorigo: I will deserve your pains.[193]

Exeunt

Act 1 Scene 2[1.2]

running scene 2

Enter Othello, Iago, Attendants with torches

IAGO Though in the trade[1] of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff[2] o'th'conscience
To do no contrived[3] murder: I lack iniquity
Sometime to do me service. Nine or ten times
I had thought t'have yerked[5] him here under the ribs.

OTHELLO 'Tis better as it is.

IAGO Nay, but he prated[7]
And spoke such scurvy[8] and provoking terms
Against your honour
That with the little godliness I have
I did full hard forbear him. But I[11] pray you, sir,
Are you fast[12] married? Be assured of this,
That the magnifico[13] is much beloved,
And hath in his effect[14] a voice potential
As double as the duke's: he will divorce you,
Or put upon you what[16] restraint or grievance
The law — with all his might to enforce it on —
Will give him cable.[18]

OTHELLO Let him do his spite;
My services which I have done the signiory[20]
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis[21] yet to know —
Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate[23] — I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege,[24] and my demerits
May speak, unbonneted,[25] to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reached. For know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhousèd[28] free condition
Put into circumscription and confine[29]
For the sea's worth.[30] But look, what lights come yond?

Enter Cassio [and Officers] with torches

IAGO Those are the raisèd[31] father and his friends:
You were best go in.
OTHELLO Not I: I must be found.
My parts,[34] my title and my perfect soul
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?
IAGO By Janus,[36] I think no.
OTHELLO The servants of the duke’s? And my lieutenant?—
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?
CASSIO The duke does greet you, general,
And he requires your haste-post-haste[41] appearance
Even on the instant.
OTHELLO What is the matter,[43] think you?
CASSIO Something from Cyprus, as I may divine.[44]
It is a business of some heat:[45] the galleys
Have sent a dozen sequent[46] messengers
This very night at one another’s heels,
And many of the consuls, raised and met,
Are at the duke’s already. You have been hotly called for:
When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate hath sent about three several quests[51]
To search you out.
OTHELLO ’Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house
And go with you.
[Exit]
CASSIO Ancient, what makes he[56] here?
IAGO Faith,[57] he tonight hath boarded a land caract:
If it prove lawful prize, he’s made for ever.
CASSIO I do not understand.
IAGO He’s married.
CASSIO To who?
IAGO Marry,[62] to—
[Enter Othello]
Come, captain, will you go?
OTHELLO Have with you.[63]

CASSIO Here comes another troop to seek for you.
Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo, with Officers and torches ***And weapons***
IAGO It is Brabantio. General, be advised:[65]
He comes to[66] bad intent.
OTHELLO Holla,[67] stand there!
RODORIGO Signior, it is the Moor.
BRABANTIO Down with him, thief! ***They draw***
IAGO You, Rodorigo? Come, sir, I am for you.
OTHELLO Keep up[71] your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.
Good signior, you shall more command with years
Than with your weapons.
BRABANTIO O thou foul[74] thief,
Where hast thou stowed[75] my daughter?
Damned as thou art, thou hast enchanted her,
For I'll refer me to[77] all things of sense —
If she in chains of magic were not bound —
Whether a maid so tender,[79] fair and happy,
So opposite[80] to marriage that she shunned
The wealthy curlèd[81] dearling of our nation,
Would ever have — t'incur a general mock[82] —
Run from her guardage[83] to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou: to fear, not to delight.
Judge[85] me the world if 'tis not gross in sense
That thou hast practised on[86] her with foul charms,
Abused her delicate youth with drugs or minerals[87]
That weakens motion:[88] I'll have't disputed on:
'Tis probable and palpable to thinking.
I therefore apprehend and do attach[90] thee
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of arts[92] inhibited and out of warrant.—
Lay hold upon him: if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.
OTHELLO Hold[95] your hands,
Both you of my inclining[96] and the rest:
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter.— Whither[98] will you that I go

To answer this your charge?
BRABANTIO To prison, till fit time
Of law and course[101] of direct session
Call thee to answer.
OTHELLO What if I do obey?
How may the duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose messengers are here about my side
Upon some present[106] business of the state
To bring me to him?
OFFICER ’Tis true, most worthy signior:
The duke’s in council and your noble self,
I am sure, is sent for.
BRABANTIO How? The duke in council?
In this time of the night? Bring him away;
Mine’s not an idle cause: the duke himself,
Or any of my brothers[114] of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong as ’twere their own:
For if such actions may have passage free,[116]
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.
Exeunt

Act 1 Scene 3[1.3]

running scene 3

Enter Duke, Senators and Officers ***With torches***
DUKE There's no composition[1] in this news ***They sit at a table***
That gives them[2] credit.
FIRST SENATOR Indeed, they are disproportioned;[3]
My letters say a hundred and seven galleys.
DUKE And mine a hundred forty.
SECOND SENATOR And mine two hundred:
But though they jump[7] not on a just account —
As in these cases where the aim reports,
'Tis oft with difference — yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.
DUKE Nay, it is possible enough to judgement:
I[12] do not so secure me in the error
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.
SAILOR What ho, what ho, what ho!
Within
Enter Sailor
OFFICER A messenger from the galleys.
DUKE Now? What's the business?
SAILOR The Turkish preparation[18] makes for Rhodes:
So was I bid report here to the state
By Signior Angelo.
[Exit Sailor]
DUKE How[21] say you by this change?
FIRST SENATOR This cannot be
By no assay[23] of reason: 'tis a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze.[24] When we consider
Th'importancy[25] of Cyprus to the Turk,
And let ourselves again but understand
That as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So[28] may he with more facile question bear it,

For that[29] it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks th'abilities[30]
That Rhodes is dressed in:[31] if we make thought of this,
We must not think the Turk is so unskilful
To leave that latest[33] which concerns him first,
Neglecting an attempt[34] of ease and gain
To wake and wage[35] a danger profitless.
DUKE Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.
OFFICER Here is more news.
Enter a Messenger
MESSENGER The Ottomites,[38] reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injointed them[40] with an after fleet.
FIRST SENATOR Ay, so I thought. How many, as you guess?
MESSENGER Of thirty sail: and now they do restem[42]
Their backward course, bearing with frank[43] appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,[45]
With his free[46] duty recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.
[Exit Messenger]
DUKE 'Tis certain then for Cyprus.
Marcus Luccicos, is not he in town?
FIRST SENATOR He's now in Florence.
DUKE Write from us to him: post-post-haste,[51] dispatch!
FIRST SENATOR Here comes Brabantio and the valiant Moor.
Enter Brabantio, Othello, Cassio, Iago, Rodorigo and Officers
DUKE Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.[54]—
I did not see you: welcome, gentle[55] signior, ***To Brabantio***
We lacked your counsel and your help tonight.
BRABANTIO So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me:
Neither my place[58] nor aught I heard of business
Hath raised me from my bed, nor doth the general care[59]
Take hold on me, for my particular[60] grief
Is of so floodgate[61] and o'erbearing nature

That it engluts[62] and swallows other sorrows
And it is still itself.[63]
DUKE Why? What’s the matter?
BRABANTIO My daughter! O, my daughter!
SENATORS Dead?
BRABANTIO Ay, to me:
She is abused,[68] stol’n from me and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks;[69]
For nature so prepost’rously[70] to err —
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense[71] —
Sans[72] witchcraft could not.
DUKE Whoe’er he be that in this foul proceeding[73]
Hath thus beguiled[74] your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody[75] book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter
After[77] your own sense: yea, though our proper son
Stood[78] in your action.
BRABANTIO Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man: this Moor, whom now it seems
Your special mandate for the state affairs
Hath hither brought.
ALL We are very sorry for’t.
DUKE What, in your own part, can you say to this? ***To Othello***
BRABANTIO Nothing, but[85] this is so.
OTHELLO Most potent, grave[86] and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved[87] good masters:
That I have ta’en away this old man’s daughter,
It is most true: true I have married her;
The very head and front[90] of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude[91] am I in my speech,
And little blessed with the soft phrase of peace;
For since[93] these arms of mine had seven years’ pith,
Till[94] now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest[95] action in the tented field,
And little of this great world can I speak
More than pertains to feats of broils[97] and battle,

And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round[100] unvarnished tale deliver
Of my whole course of love: what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration[102] and what mighty magic —
For such proceeding I am charged withal[103] —
I won his daughter.
BRABANTIO A maiden never bold,
Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion[106]
Blushed at herself: and she, in spite of nature,
Of years,[108] of country, credit, everything,
To fall in love with what she feared to look on!
It is a judgement maimèd and most imperfect
That will confess perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature, and must be driven
To find out practices[113] of cunning hell
Why this should be. I therefore vouch[114] again
That with some mixtures[115] pow’rful o’er the blood,
Or with some dram,[116] conjured to this effect,
He wrought[117] upon her.
DUKE To vouch this is no proof,
Without more wider and more overt test[119]
Than these thin habits[120] and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming[121] do prefer against him.
FIRST SENATOR But, Othello, speak:
Did you by indirect[123] and forcèd courses
Subdue and poison this young maid’s affections?
Or came it by request and such fair question[125]
As soul to soul affordeth?[126]
OTHELLO I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary
And let her speak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office[131] I do hold of you
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

DUKE Fetch Desdemona hither.
OTHELLO Ancient, conduct them: you best know the place.— ***To Iago***
[Exeunt Iago and Attendants]
And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,[137]
So justly[138] to your grave ears I’ll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady’s love,
And she in mine.
DUKE Say it, Othello.
OTHELLO Her father loved me, oft invited me,
Still[143] questioned me the story of my life
From year to year: the battle, sieges, fortune,
That I have passed.[145]
I ran it through, even from my boyish days
To th’very moment that he bade me tell it,
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous[148] chances,
Of moving[149] accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth scapes[150] i’th’imminent deadly breach,
Of being taken by the insolent[151] foe
And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence,
And portance[153] in my traveller’s history,
Wherein of antres[154] vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, hills whose head touch heaven,
It was my hint[156] to speak: such was my process.
And of the cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi[158] and men whose heads
Grew beneath their shoulders: these[159] things to hear
Would Desdemona seriously[160] incline,
But still the house-affairs would draw her thence,
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She’d come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
Took once a pliant[165] hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage[167] dilate,
Whereof by parcels[168] she had something heard,

But not intentively.[169] I did consent,
And often did beguile her of[170] her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke[171]
That my youth suffered. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of kisses:[173]
She swore, ‘In faith ’twas strange, ’twas passing[174] strange,
’Twas pitiful, ’twas wondrous pitiful!’
She wished she had not heard it, yet she wished
That heaven had made her[177] such a man. She thanked me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint[180] I spake:
She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used.
Here comes the lady: let her witness[184] it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Attendants

DUKE I think this tale would win my daughter too.
Good Brabantio,
Take[187] up this mangled matter at the best:
Men do their broken weapons rather use
Than their bare hands.

BRABANTIO I pray you hear her speak:
If she confess that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head if my bad[192] blame
Light on the man!— Come hither, gentle mistress. ***To Desdemona***
Do you perceive in all this noble company
Where most you owe obedience?

DESDEMONA My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty.
To you I am bound for life and education:[198]
My life and education both do learn[199] me
How to respect you. You are the lord of duty,
I am hitherto[201] your daughter. But here’s my husband,
And so much duty as my mother showed
To you, preferring[203] you before her father,

So much I challenge[204] that I may profess
Due to the Moor my lord.

BRABANTIO God be with you! I have done.
Please it[207] your grace, on to the state affairs.
I had rather to adopt a child than get[208] it.
Come hither, Moor:
I here do give thee that with all my heart
Which but[211] thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee.— For your sake,[212] jewel, ***To Desdemona***
I am glad at soul I have no other child,
For thy escape[214] would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs[215] on them.— I have done, my lord. ***To the Duke***

DUKE Let me speak like yourself,[216] and lay a sentence
Which, as a grise[217] or step, may help these lovers.
When remedies are past,[218] the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late[219] on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief[220] that is past and gone
Is the next[221] way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserved when fortune takes,[222]
Patience[223] her injury a mock'ry makes.
The robbed that smiles steals something from the thief:
He robs himself that spends[225] a bootless grief.

BRABANTIO So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile,[226]
We lose it not, so long as we can smile.
He[228] bears the sentence well that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears:
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow
That, to[231] pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
These[232] sentences, to sugar or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal.
But words are words: I never yet did hear
That the bruisèd[235] heart was pierced through the ears.
I humbly beseech you proceed to th'affairs of state.

DUKE The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for Cyprus. Othello, the fortitude[238] of the place is best known to you, and though we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency,[239] yet opinion, a more sovereign mistress of effects, throws[240] a more safer voice on you: you must therefore be content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn[241] and boisterous expedition.

OTHELLO The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty[243] and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven[244] bed of down: I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity[245]
I find in hardness,[246] and do undertake
This present wars against the Ottomites.
Most humbly therefore bending[248] to your state,
I crave fit disposition[249] for my wife,
Due reference[250] of place and exhibition,
With such accommodation[251] and besort
As levels with[252] her breeding.

DUKE Why, at her fathers.

BRABANTIO I will not have it so.

OTHELLO Nor I.

DESDEMONA Nor would I there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye.[258] Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding[259] lend your prosperous ear,
And let me find a charter[260] in your voice
T’assist my simpleness.[261]

DUKE What would you, Desdemona?

DESDEMONA That I love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence[264] and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world. My heart’s subdued[265]
Even to the very quality[266] of my lord.
I saw Othello’s visage in his mind,
And to his honours and his valiant parts[268]
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate:[269]
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind
A moth[271] of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites[272] for why I love him are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support

By his dear[274] absence. Let me go with him.
OTHELLO Let her have your voice.[275]
Vouch[276] with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not
To please the palate of my appetite,
Nor to comply with heat[278] — the young affects
In my defunct[279] and proper satisfaction —
But to be free[280] and bounteous to her mind:
And heaven[281] defend your good souls that you think
I will your serious and great business scant[282]
When she is with me. No, when light-winged toys[283]
Of feathered[284] Cupid seel with wanton dullness
My speculative[285] and officed instrument,
That[286] my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet[287] of my helm,
And all indign[288] and base adversities
Make head[289] against my estimation!
DUKE Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay or going: th'affair cries[291] haste,
And speed must answer it.
A SENATOR You must away tonight.
OTHELLO With all my heart.
DUKE At nine i'th'morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you,
And such things else of quality and respect[298]
As doth import[299] you.
OTHELLO So please your grace, my ancient:
A man he is of honesty and trust:
To his conveyance[302] I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.
DUKE Let it be so.
Goodnight to everyone.— And, noble signior, ***To Brabantio***
If virtue no delighted[307] beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair[308] than black.
A SENATOR Adieu, brave Moor: use Desdemona well.

BRABANTIO Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see:
She has deceived her father, and may thee.

Exeunt [Duke, Senators and Officers]

OTHELLO My life upon her faith! Honest[312] Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee:
I prithee let thy wife attend on her,
And bring them after in[315] the best advantage.
Come, Desdemona, I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matter and direction[317]
To spend with thee: we must obey the time.[318]

Exeunt [Othello and Desdemona]

RODORIGO Iago—

IAGO What say'st thou, noble heart?[320]

RODORIGO What will I do, think'st thou?

IAGO Why, go to bed and sleep.

RODORIGO I will incontinently[323] drown myself.

IAGO If thou dost, I shall never love thee after. Why, thou silly gentleman?

RODORIGO It is silliness to live when to live is torment: and then have we a prescription[326] to die when death is our physician.

IAGO O villainous! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years, and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himself. Ere[329] I would say I would drown myself for the love of a guinea-hen,[330] I would change my humanity with a baboon.

RODORIGO What should I do? I confess it is my shame to be so fond,[331] but it is not in my virtue[332] to amend it.

IAGO Virtue? A fig![333] 'Tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners: so that if we will plant nettles or sow lettuce, set[335] hyssop and weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs or distract[336] it with many, either to have it sterile with idleness or manured with industry, why, the power and corrigible authority[337] of this lies in our wills. If the beam[338] of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood[339] and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions:[340]

but we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted[341] lusts, whereof I take this that you call love to be a sect or scion.

RODORIGO It cannot be.

IAGO It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will.[343] Come, be a man. Drown thyself? Drown cats and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend and I confess me knit[345] to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness: I could never better stead[346] thee than now. Put money in thy purse: follow thou the wars: defeat[347] thy favour with an usurped beard: I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be long that Desdemona should continue her love to the Moor. Put money in thy purse. Nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration.[350] Put but money in thy purse. These Moors are changeable in their wills. Fill thy purse with money. The food that to him now is as luscious as locusts[352] shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth:[353] when she is sated with his body, she will find the errors of her choice: therefore put money in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate[355] way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony and a frail vow betwixt an erring[356] barbarian and supersubtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her. Therefore make money. A pox of[358] drowning thyself! It is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged in[359] compassing thy joy than to be drowned and go without her.

RODORIGO Wilt thou be fast[360] to my hopes if I depend on the issue?

IAGO Thou art[361] sure of me. Go, make money. I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: my cause is hearted;[362] thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive[363] in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time which will be delivered. Traverse,[365] go, provide thy money. We will have more of this tomorrow. Adieu.

RODORIGO Where shall we meet i'th'morning?

IAGO At my lodging.
RODORIGO I’ll be with thee betimes.[369]
IAGO Go to,[370] farewell. Do you hear, Rodorigo? ***As Rodorigo leaves***
RODORIGO I’ll sell all my land.
Exit
IAGO Thus do I ever make my fool my purse,
For I mine own gained knowledge should profane,[373]
If I would time expend with such a snipe[374]
But[375] for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor:
And it is thought abroad[376] that ’twixt my sheets
He has done my office:[377] I know not if’t be true,
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,[378]
Will do[379] as if for surety. He holds me well,
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio’s a proper[381] man. Let me see now:
To get his place and to plume up[382] my will
In double knavery. How, how? Let’s see:
After some time, to abuse Othello’s ears
That he[385] is too familiar with his wife.
He hath a person[386] and a smooth dispose
To be suspected, framed[387] to make women false.
The Moor is of a free[388] and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so,
And will as tenderly[390] be led by th’nose
As asses are.
I have’t: it is engend’red:[392] hell and night
Must bring this monstrous[393] birth to the world’s light.
[Exit]

Act 2 Scene 1[2.1]

running scene 4

Enter Montano and two Gentlemen

MONTANO What from the cape[1] can you discern at sea?

FIRST GENTLEMAN Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood:[2]
I cannot, ’twixt the heaven and the main,[3]
Descry[4] a sail.

MONTANO Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land:
A fuller blast ne’er shook our battlements.
If it hath ruffianed[7] so upon the sea,
What ribs[8] of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise?[9] What shall we hear of this?

SECOND GENTLEMAN A segregation[10] of the Turkish fleet:
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chidden[12] billow seems to pelt the clouds:
The wind-shaked surge, with high and monstrous mane,[13]
Seems to cast water on the burning bear[14]
And quench the guards[15] of th’ever-fixèd pole.
I never did like molestation[16] view
On the enchafèd[17] flood.

MONTANO If that the Turkish fleet
Be not ensheltered and embayed,[19] they are drowned:
It is impossible to bear it out.

Enter a [Third] Gentleman

THIRD GENTLEMAN News, lads! Our wars are done:
The desperate tempest hath so banged the Turks
That their designment[23] halts. A noble ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance[24]
On most part of their fleet.

MONTANO How? Is this true?

THIRD GENTLEMAN The ship is here put in,
A Veronesa.[28] Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor Othello,
Is come on shore: the Moor himself at sea,

And is in[31] full commission here for Cyprus.
MONTANO I am glad on't: 'tis a worthy governor.
THIRD GENTLEMAN But this same Cassio, though he speak of comfort
Touching[34] the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly
And pray[35] the Moor be safe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.
MONTANO Pray heavens he be,
For I have served him, and the man commands
Like a full[39] soldier. Let's to the seaside, ho!
As well to see the vessel that's come in
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
Even till we make the[42] main and th'aerial blue
An indistinct regard.
THIRD GENTLEMAN Come, let's do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivancy.[46]
Enter Cassio
CASSIO Thanks, you the valiant of the warlike isle,
That so approve[48] the Moor. O, let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.
MONTANO Is he well shipped?
CASSIO His bark[52] is stoutly timbered, and his pilot
Of[53] very expert and approved allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not[54] surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.
[VOICES] A sail, a sail, a sail!
Within
CASSIO What noise?
[VOICES] The town is empty: on the brow o'th'sea[58]
Stand ranks of people, and they cry 'A sail!'
CASSIO My hopes do shape him for[60] the governor. ***A shot is heard***
GENTLEMAN They do discharge their shot of courtesy:[61]
Our friends at least.
CASSIO I pray you, sir, go forth
And give us truth who 'tis that is arrived.

GENTLEMAN I shall. *Exit*
MONTANO But, good lieutenant, is your general wived?
CASSIO Most fortunately: he hath achieved[67] a maid
That paragons[68] description and wild fame,
One that excels the quirks[69] of blazoning pens,
And in th'essential[70] vesture of creation
Does tire the engineer.[71]
Enter Gentleman
How now? Who has put in?[72]
GENTLEMAN 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.
CASSIO He's had most favourable and happy speed:[74]
Tempests themselves, high seas and howling winds,
The guttered[76] rocks and congregated sands,
Traitors ensteeped[77] to enclog the guiltless keel,
As[78] having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal[79] natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.
MONTANO What is she?
CASSIO She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in[83] the conduct of the bold Iago,
Whose footing[84] here anticipates our thoughts
A sennight's[85] speed. Great Jove, Othello guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath,
That he may bless this bay with his tall[87] ship,
Make love's quick[88] pants in Desdemona's arms,
Give renewed fire to our extincted[89] spirits—
Enter Desdemona, Iago, Rodorigo and Emilia [with Attendants]
O, behold,
The riches of the ship is come on shore! ***Kneels***
You men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.—
Hail to thee, lady! And the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand
Enwheel[95] thee round! ***Rises***
DESDEMONA I thank you, valiant Cassio.
What tidings can you tell of my lord?
CASSIO He is not yet arrived, nor know I aught

But that he’s well and will be shortly here.
DESDEMONA O, but I fear. How lost you company?
CASSIO The great contention of sea and skies
Parted our fellowship.[102]— But, hark! A sail.
[VOICES] A sail, a sail! ***A shot is heard***
Within
GENTLEMAN They give this greeting to the citadel:[104]
This likewise is a friend.
CASSIO See for the news.
[Exit Gentleman]
Good ancient, you are welcome.— Welcome, mistress.—
Let it not gall[108] your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners: ’tis my breeding[109]
That gives me this bold show of courtesy. ***Kisses Emilia***
IAGO Sir, would she give you so much of her lips
As of her tongue[112] she oft bestows on me,
You would have enough.
DESDEMONA Alas, she has no speech.[114]
IAGO In faith, too much:
I find it still,[116] when I have leave to sleep.
Marry, before[117] your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart
And chides[119] with thinking.
EMILIA You have little cause to say so.
IAGO Come on, come on: you are pictures[121] out of door, bells in your parlours, wild-cats in your kitchens, saints in your injuries, devils being offended, players[122] in your housewifery,[123] and housewives in your beds.
DESDEMONA O, fie upon thee, slanderer!
IAGO Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk:[125]
You rise to play[126] and go to bed to work.
EMILIA You shall not write my praise.
IAGO No, let me not.
DESDEMONA What wouldst write of me, if thou shouldst praise me?
IAGO O gentle lady, do not put me to’t,
For I am nothing if not critical.

DESDEMONA Come on assay.[132] There’s one gone to the harbour?
IAGO Ay, madam.
DESDEMONA I am not merry, but I do beguile[134]
The thing I am by seeming otherwise.
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?
IAGO I am about it, but indeed my invention[137]
Comes from my pate[138] as birdlime does from frieze,
It plucks out brains and all. But my muse[139] labours,
And thus she is delivered:
‘If she be fair[141] and wise, fairness and wit,
The[142] one’s for use, the other useth it.’
DESDEMONA Well praised! How if she be black[143] and witty?
IAGO ‘If she be black, and thereto[144] have a wit,
She’ll find a white[145] that shall her blackness fit.’
DESDEMONA Worse and worse.
EMILIA How if fair and foolish?
IAGO ‘She never yet was foolish that was fair,
For even her folly[149] helped her to an heir.’

DESDEMONA These are old fond[150] paradoxes to make fools laugh i’th’ale-house. What miserable praise hast thou for her that’s foul[151] and foolish?

IAGO ‘There’s none so foul and foolish thereunto,[152]
But does foul pranks[153] which fair and wise ones do.’

DESDEMONA O heavy[154] ignorance! Thou praisest the worst best. But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed, one[155] that, in the authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself?

IAGO ‘She that was ever fair and never proud,
Had tongue[158] at will and yet was never loud,
Never lacked gold and yet went never gay,[159]
Fled[160] from her wish and yet said “Now I may”,
She that being ang’red, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay and her displeasure fly,
She that in wisdom never was so frail
To change[164] the cod’s head for the salmon’s tail,
She that could think and ne’er disclose her mind,

See suitors following and not look behind,
She was a wight,[167] if ever such wights were—’

DESDEMONA To do what?

IAGO ‘To suckle[169] fools and chronicle small beer.’

DESDEMONA O, most lame and impotent conclusion! Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband. How say you, Cassio? Is he not a most profane and liberal[172] counsellor?

CASSIO He speaks home,[173] madam: you may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar. ***Cassio takes Desdemona’s hand and they converse apart***

IAGO He takes her by the palm: ***Aside*** ay, well said, whisper. With as little a web as this will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do: I will gyve[176] thee in thine own courtship.[177] You say true, ’tis so, indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed[178] your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir[179] in. Very good: well kissed, and excellent courtesy![180] ’Tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? Would they were clyster-pipes[181] for your sake!— ***Trumpet within*** The Moor! I know his trumpet.

CASSIO ’Tis truly so.

DESDEMONA Let’s meet him and receive him.

CASSIO Lo,[184] where he comes!

Enter Othello and Attendants

OTHELLO O my fair warrior!

DESDEMONA My dear Othello!

OTHELLO It gives me wonder great as my content
To see you here before me. O my soul’s joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have wakened death!
And let the labouring bark[191] climb hills of seas
Olympus-high[192] and duck again as low
As hell’s from heaven! If it were now to die,[193]
’Twere now to be most happy, for I fear
My soul hath her content so absolute
That not another comfort like to this

Succeeds[197] in unknown fate.
DESDEMONA The heavens forbid
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow!
OTHELLO Amen to that, sweet powers!
I cannot speak enough of this content:
It stops[203] me here: it is too much of joy.
And this, and this, the greatest discords be ***Kisses her***
That e'er our hearts shall make!
IAGO O, you are well tuned now! ***Aside***
But I'll set down[207] the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am.
OTHELLO Come, let us to the castle.— ***To Desdemona***
News, friends: our wars are done, the Turks are drowned.
How does my old acquaintance of this isle?—
Honey, you shall be well desired in Cyprus:
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,
I prattle[214] out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comforts.[215] I prithee, good Iago,
Go to the bay and disembark my coffers.[216]
Bring thou the master[217] to the citadel:
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge[219] much respect.— Come, Desdemona,
Once more, well met at Cyprus.

Exeunt Othello and Desdemona [with Attendants. Iago and Rodorigo remain]

IAGO Do thou meet me presently at the harbour.— ***To an Attendant as he exits***

Come hither. ***To Rodorigo*** If thou be'st valiant — as they say base[222] men being in love have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them — list[223] me: the lieutenant tonight watches[224] on the court of guard. First, I must tell thee this: Desdemona is directly[225] in love with him.

RODORIGO With him? Why, 'tis not possible.

IAGO Lay thy finger thus,[227] and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but[228] for bragging and telling her fantastical lies. To love him still for prating?[229] Let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed: and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull[231] with the act of sport, there should be a game to inflame it and to give satiety a fresh appetite, loveliness in favour,[232] sympathy in years, manners and beauties, all which the Moor is defective in. Now, for want of these required conveniences,[233] her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge,[234] disrelish abhor the Moor: very nature will instruct her in it and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted — as it is a most pregnant[236] and unforced position—who stands so eminent[237] in the degree of this fortune as Cassio does? A knave very voluble,[238] no further conscionable than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane[239] seeming for the better compass of his salt and most hidden loose affection? Why, none, why, none. A slipper[240] and subtle knave, a finder of occasion, that has an eye can stamp[241] and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself: a devilish knave. Besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him that folly[243] and green minds look after. A pestilent complete[244] knave, and the woman hath found him already.

RODORIGO I cannot believe that in her: she's full of most blessed condition.[245]

IAGO Blessed fig's-end![246] The wine she drinks is made of grapes. If she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor. Blessed pudding![247] Didst thou not see her paddle[248] with the palm of his hand? Didst not mark that?

RODORIGO Yes, that I did, but that was but courtesy.

IAGO Lechery, by this hand: an index[250] and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips that their breaths embraced together. Villainous thoughts, Rodorigo! When these mutabilities[252] so marshal the way, hard[253] at hand comes the master and main exercise, th'incorporate conclusion. Pish! But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you[255] tonight: for the command, I'll lay't upon you. Cassio knows you not. I’ll not be far from you. Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline,[257] or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.[258]

RODORIGO Well.

IAGO Sir, he’s rash and very sudden in choler,[260] and haply may strike at you: provoke him that he may, for even out of that will I cause these[261] of Cyprus to mutiny, whose[262] qualification shall come into no true taste again but by the displanting[263] of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires by the means I shall then have to prefer[264] them, and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.[265]

RODORIGO I[266] will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

IAGO I warrant[267] thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

RODORIGO Adieu.

Exit

IAGO That Cassio loves her, I do well believe’t:
That she loves him, ’tis apt[271] and of great credit.
The Moor — howbeit[272] that I endure him not —
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature,
And I dare think he’ll prove to Desdemona
A most dear[275] husband. Now, I do love her too,
Not out of absolute lust — though peradventure[276]
I stand accountant[277] for as great a sin —
But partly led to diet[278] my revenge,
For that[279] I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leaped into[280] my seat, the thought whereof
Doth — like a poisonous mineral — gnaw my inwards:
And nothing can or shall content my soul
Till I am evened with him, wife for wife,
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong
That judgement cannot cure. Which thing to do,
If this poor[287] trash of Venice, whom I trace

For[288] his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip,[289]
Abuse him to the Moor in the right garb[290] —
For I fear Cassio with my night-cap[291] too —
Make the Moor thank me, love me and reward me
For making him egregiously[293] an ass
And practising upon[294] his peace and quiet
Even to madness. 'Tis here,[295] but yet confused:
Knavery's plain face is never seen till used.

Exit

Act 2 Scene 2*

running scene 5

Enter Othello's Herald with a proclamation

HERALD It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition[2] of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph:[3] some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addition[4] leads him, for besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial.[5] So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices[6] are open, and there is full liberty of feasting from this present hour of five till the bell have told[7] eleven. Bless the isle of Cyprus and our noble general Othello!

Exit

[Act 2 Scene 3*]

running scene 6

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio and Attendants

OTHELLO Good Michael, look you to the guard tonight:
Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop[2]
Not to outsport discretion.[3]

CASSIO Iago hath direction what to do,
But notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to't.

OTHELLO Iago is most honest.
Michael, goodnight: tomorrow with your earliest[8]
Let me have speech with you.—
Come, my dear love, ***To Desdemona***
The[10] purchase made, the fruits are to ensue:
That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you.—
Goodnight.

Exeunt [Othello, Desdemona and Attendants]

Enter Iago

CASSIO Welcome, Iago: we must to the watch.

IAGO Not this hour, lieutenant: 'tis not yet ten o'th'clock. Our general cast[14] us thus early for the love of his Desdemona, who let us not therefore blame: he hath not yet made wanton[16] the night with her, and she is sport for Jove.

CASSIO She's a most exquisite[17] lady.

IAGO And, I'll warrant her, full of game.[18]

CASSIO Indeed, she's a most fresh and delicate[19] creature.

IAGO What an eye she has! Methinks it sounds a parley[20] to provocation.

CASSIO An inviting eye, and yet methinks right modest.

IAGO And when she speaks, is it not an alarum[22] to love?

CASSIO She is indeed perfection.

IAGO Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoup[24] of wine, and here without[25] are a brace of Cyprus gallants that would fain have a measure to the health of black Othello.

CASSIO Not tonight, good Iago: I have very poor and unhappy[27] brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

IAGO O, they are our friends. But one cup: I'll drink for you.

CASSIO I have drunk but one cup tonight, and that was craftily qualified[30] too, and behold what innovation[31] it makes here: I am infortunate in the infirmity and dare not task my weakness with any more.

IAGO What, man? 'Tis a night of revels: the gallants desire it.

CASSIO Where are they?

IAGO Here at the door. I pray you call them in.

CASSIO I'll do't, but it dislikes me.[36]

Exit

IAGO If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk tonight already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence[39]
As my[40] young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool Rodorigo,
Whom love hath turned almost the wrong side out,
To Desdemona hath tonight caroused[42]
Potations pottle-deep;[43] and he's to watch:
Three else of Cyprus, noble swelling[44] spirits —
That[45] hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements[46] of this warlike isle —
Have I tonight flustered[47] with flowing cups,
And they watch[48] too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards
Am I to put our Cassio in some action[49]
That may offend the isle.— But here they come:

Enter Cassio, Montano and Gentlemen ***Servants following with wine***

If consequence do but approve[51] my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.[52]

CASSIO 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rouse[53] already.

MONTANO Good faith, a little one, not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

IAGO Some wine, ho!
And let me the cannikin[56] clink, clink, ***Sings***
And let me the cannikin clink.
A soldier's a man,

O, man's life's but a span:[59]
Why, then, let a soldier drink.
Some wine, boys

CASSIO 'Fore heaven, an excellent song.

IAGO I learned it in England, where indeed they are most[63] potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied[64] Hollander— Drink, ho!— are nothing to your English.

CASSIO Is your Englishman so exquisite in his drinking?

IAGO Why, he drinks you[67] with facility, your Dane dead drunk: he sweats not to overthrow your Almain:[68] he gives your Hollander a vomit ere the next pottle can be filled.

CASSIO To the health of our general!

MONTANO I am for it, lieutenant, and I'll do you justice.[71]

IAGO O sweet England!
King Stephen[73] was and-a worthy peer, ***Sings***
His breeches cost him but a crown:[74]
He held[75] them sixpence all too dear,
With that he called the tailor lown.[76]
He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down:
Then take thy auld[80] cloak about thee.
Some wine, ho!

CASSIO Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

IAGO Will you hear't again?

CASSIO No, for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that does those things. Well, heav'n's above all, and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

IAGO It's true, good lieutenant.

CASSIO For mine own part — no offence to the general, nor any man of quality[88] — I hope to be saved.

IAGO And so do I too, lieutenant.

CASSIO Ay, but, by your leave, not before me: the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this: let's to our affairs. Forgive us our sins! Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my ancient, this is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunk now: I can stand well enough, and I speak well enough.

GENTLEMEN Excellent well.

CASSIO Why, very well then: you must not think then, that I am drunk.

Exit

MONTANO To th'platform,[98] masters. ***Starts to leave*** Come, let's set the watch.

[Exeunt Gentlemen?]

IAGO You see this fellow that is gone before: ***To Montano***
He's a soldier fit to stand by Caesar
And give direction. And do but see his vice:
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,[102]
The one as long as th'other. 'Tis pity of[103] him.
I fear the trust Othello puts him in
On some odd time of his infirmity
Will shake this island.

MONTANO But is he often thus?

IAGO 'Tis evermore his prologue to his sleep:
He'll watch[109] the horologe a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle.

MONTANO It were well
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio
And looks not on his evils: is not this true?

Enter Rodorigo

IAGO How now, Rodorigo? ***Aside to Rodorigo***
I pray you, after the lieutenant, go.

[Exit Rodorigo]

MONTANO And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor
Should hazard[119] such a place as his own second
With one of an ingraft[120] infirmity:
It were an honest action to say so
To the Moor.

IAGO Not I, for this fair island:

I do love Cassio well and would do much
To cure him of this evil.— ***Cry within***
But, hark! What noise?
Enter Cassio pursuing Rodorigo
CASSIO You rogue! You rascal!
MONTANO What's the matter, lieutenant?
CASSIO A knave[128] teach me my duty?
I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.[129]
RODORIGO Beat me?
CASSIO Dost thou prate, rogue? ***Strikes Rodorigo***
MONTANO Nay, good lieutenant: ***Stops him***
I pray you, sir, hold[133] your hand.
CASSIO Let me go, sir,
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.[135]
MONTANO Come, come, you're drunk.
CASSIO Drunk? ***They fight***
IAGO Away, I say: go out and cry a mutiny.— ***Aside to Rodorigo***
[Exit Rodorigo]
Nay, good lieutenant— Alas, gentlemen—
Help, ho!— Lieutenant— Sir Montano— Sir—
Help, masters![141]— Here's a goodly watch indeed! ***Bell rings***
Who's that which rings the bell?[142]— *Diablo*, ho!
The town will rise.[143] Fie, fie, lieutenant!
You'll be ashamed[144] for ever.
Enter Othello and Attendants ***With weapons***
OTHELLO What is the matter here?
MONTANO I bleed still: I am hurt to th'death. He dies! ***Attacks Cassio?***
OTHELLO Hold, for your lives!
IAGO Hold, ho! Lieutenant— Sir Montano— Gentlemen,
Have you forgot all sense of place[149] and duty?
Hold! The general speaks to you. Hold, for shame!
OTHELLO Why, how now, ho! From whence ariseth this?
Are we turned Turks,[152] and to ourselves do that
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl!
He that stirs next to carve[155] for his own rage

Holds his soul light:[156] he dies upon his motion.—
Silence that dreadful[157] bell: it frights the isle
From her propriety.[158]— What is the matter, masters?
Honest Iago, that looks dead with grieving,[159]
Speak: who began this? On thy love,[160] I charge thee.
IAGO I do not know. Friends all but now, even now,
In quarter[162] and in terms like bride and groom
Devesting them[163] for bed: and then, but now —
As if some planet had unwitted men[164] —
Swords out, and tilting[165] one at other's breasts
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds,[167]
And would[168] in action glorious I had lost
Those legs that brought me to a part of it!
OTHELLO How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?[170]
CASSIO I pray you pardon me: I cannot speak.
OTHELLO Worthy Montano, you were wont[172] to be civil:
The gravity and stillness[173] of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure.[175] What's the matter
That you unlace[176] your reputation thus
And spend your rich opinion[177] for the name
Of a night-brawler? Give me answer to it.
MONTANO Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger:
Your officer, Iago, can inform you —
While I spare speech, which something now offends[181] me —
Of all that I do know, nor know I aught[182]
By me that's said or done amiss this night,
Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,
And to defend ourselves it be a sin
When violence assails us.
OTHELLO Now, by heaven,
My blood[188] begins my safer guides to rule,
And passion — having my best judgement collied[189] —
Assays[190] to lead the way: if I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you

Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout[193] began, who set it on,
And he that is approved[194] in this offence,
Though he had twinned[195] with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me. What, in a town of war[196]
Yet wild,[197] the people's hearts brim-full of fear,
To manage[198] private and domestic quarrel?
In night, and on[199] the court and guard of safety?
'Tis monstrous.[200] Iago, who began't?
MONTANO If partially[201] affined, or leagued in office, ***To Iago***
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.
IAGO Touch[204] me not so near:
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio,
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. This it is, general:
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help,
And Cassio following him with[211] determined sword
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman ***indicates Montano***
Steps in to Cassio and entreats his pause:[213]
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest by his clamour — as it so fell out —
The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,
Outran my purpose, and I returned then rather[217]
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords
And Cassio high in oath,[219] which till tonight
I ne'er might say before. When I came back —
For this was brief — I found them close together
At blow and thrust, even as again they were
When you yourself did part them.
More of this matter cannot I report.
But men are men: the best sometimes forget:[225]
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,[226]
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,

Yet surely Cassio, I believe, received
From him that fled some strange indignity,[229]
Which patience could not pass.[230]

OTHELLO I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince[232] this matter,
Making it light to Cassio. Cassio, I love thee,
But never more be officer of mine.

Enter Desdemona, attended

Look, if my gentle love be not raised up.
I'll make thee an example.

DESDEMONA What is the matter, dear?

OTHELLO All's well, sweeting:[238]
Come away to bed.— Sir, for your hurts, ***To Montano***
Myself[240] will be your surgeon.— Lead him off.

[Exeunt some with Montano]

Iago, look with care about the town
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.[242]—
Come, Desdemona: 'tis the soldiers' life
To have their balmy[244] slumbers waked with strife.

Exeunt [all but Iago and Cassio]

IAGO What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

CASSIO Ay, past all surgery.

IAGO Marry, heaven forbid!

CASSIO Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation, Iago, my reputation!

IAGO As I am an honest man, I had thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more sense[252] in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition:[253] oft got without merit and lost without deserving: you have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man, there are more ways to recover[255] the general again: you are but now cast in his mood — a punishment more in policy than in malice — even so as one would beat his offenceless dog to affright an imperious lion. Sue to[257] him again and he's yours.

CASSIO I will rather sue to be despised than to deceive so good a commander with so slight,[260] so drunken and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? And speak parrot? And squabble? Swagger? Swear? And discourse fustian[261] with one's own shadow? O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!

IAGO What[264] was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

CASSIO I know not.

IAGO Is't possible?

CASSIO I remember a mass of things, but nothing[268] distinctly: a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! That we should, with joy, pleasance,[270] revel and applause transform ourselves into beasts!

IAGO Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

CASSIO It hath pleased the devil drunkenness to give place to the devil wrath: one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly[274] despise myself.

IAGO Come, you are too severe a moraler.[275] As the time, the place and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen: but since it is as it is, mend it[277] for your own good.

CASSIO I will ask him for my place again: he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra,[279] such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O, strange! Every inordinate[280] cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

IAGO Come, come, good wine is a good familiar[282] creature, if it be well used: exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

CASSIO I have well approved it,[284] sir. I drunk?

IAGO You or any man living may be drunk at a time,[285] man. I tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general: I may say so in this respect, for that[286] he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark,[287] and denotement of her parts[288] and graces: confess yourself freely to her, importune her help to put you in your place again. She is of so free,[289] so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband entreat her to splinter,[291] and, my fortunes against any lay[292] worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

CASSIO You advise me well.

IAGO I protest,[295] in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

CASSIO I think it freely,[296] and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake[297] for me: I am desperate of my fortunes if they check me.

IAGO You are in the right. Goodnight, lieutenant: I must to the watch.

CASSIO Goodnight, honest Iago.

Exit Cassio

IAGO And what's he then that says I play the villain?
When this advice is free[301] I give, and honest,
Probal[302] to thinking, and indeed the course
To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy
Th'inclining[304] Desdemona to subdue
In any honest suit: she's framed as fruitful[305]
As the free elements. And then for her
To win the Moor — were't to renounce his baptism,
All seals[308] and symbols of redeemèd sin —
His soul is so enfettered[309] to her love
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,[310]
Even as her appetite[311] shall play the god
With his weak function.[312] How am I then a villain
To counsel Cassio to this parallel[313] course
Directly to his good? Divinity[314] of hell!
When devils will the blackest sins put on,[315]
They do suggest[316] at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now. For whiles this honest fool
Plies[318] Desdemona to repair his fortune,

And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
I'll pour this pestilence[320] into his ear,
That she repeals him[321] for her body's lust,
And by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit[323] with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch,[324]
And out of her own goodness make the net
That shall enmesh them all.—

Enter Rodorigo

How now, Rodorigo?

RODORIGO I do follow here in the chase,[327] not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been tonight exceedingly well cudgelled,[329] and I think the issue will be I shall have so much experience for my pains, and so, with no money at all and a little more wit,[330] return again to Venice.

IAGO How poor are they that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft,
And wit depends on dilatory[334] time.
Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou, by that small hurt, hath cashiered[336] Cassio.
Though other things grow fair against[337] the sun,
Yet[338] fruits that blossom first will first be ripe.
Content thyself awhile. In troth,[339] 'tis morning;
Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.
Retire thee: go where thou art billeted.
Away, I say! Thou shalt know more hereafter.
Nay, get thee gone.

Exit Rodorigo

Two things are to be done:
My wife must move[345] for Cassio to her mistress:
I'll set her on:
Myself the while[347] to draw the Moor apart
And bring him jump[348] when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife: ay, that's the way.
Dull not device[350] by coldness and delay.

Exit

Act 3 Scene 1[3.1]

running scene 7

Enter Cassio, Musicians, Clown

CASSIO Masters, play here: I will content your pains:[1]
Something that's brief, and bid 'Good morrow, general.' ***Music***

CLOWN Why masters, have your instruments been in Naples,[3] that they speak i'th'nose[4] thus?

MUSICIAN How,[5] sir? How?

CLOWN Are these, I pray you, wind instruments?

MUSICIAN Ay, marry, are they, sir.

CLOWN O, thereby hangs a tail.[8]

MUSICIAN Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

CLOWN Marry, sir, by many a wind instrument[10] that I know. But, masters, here's money for you: ***Gives money*** and the general so likes your music that he desires you, for love's[11] sake, to make no more noise[12] with it.

MUSICIAN Well, sir, we will not.

CLOWN If you have any music that may not be heard, to't again: but, as they say, to hear music the general does not greatly care.

MUSICIAN We have none such, sir.

CLOWN Then put up[17] your pipes in your bag, for I'll away: go, vanish into air, away!

Exeunt Musicians

CASSIO Dost thou hear me, mine honest friend?

CLOWN No, I hear not your honest friend: I hear you.

CASSIO Prithee keep[20] up thy quillets. There's a poor piece of gold for thee: ***Gives money*** if the gentlewoman[21] that attends the general be stirring, tell her there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech: wilt thou do this?

CLOWN She is stirring, sir: if she will stir hither, I shall seem[23] to notify unto her.

Exit Clown

Enter Iago

CASSIO In happy time,[24] Iago.

IAGO You have not been a-bed, then?
CASSIO Why, no: the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife: my suit to her
Is that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.
IAGO I'll send her to you presently,[31]
And I'll devise a mean[32] to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free.
Exit
CASSIO I humbly thank you for't.— I never knew
A Florentine[36] more kind and honest.
Enter Emilia
EMILIA Good morrow, good Lieutenant: I am sorry
For your displeasure,[38] but all will sure be well.
The general and his wife are talking of it,
And she speaks for you stoutly: the Moor replies
That he you hurt is of great fame[41] in Cyprus
And great affinity,[42] and that in wholesome wisdom
He might not but refuse you: but he protests he loves you
And needs no other suitor[44] but his likings
To bring you in again.
CASSIO Yet, I beseech you,
If you think fit, or that it may be done,
Give me advantage of[48] some brief discourse
With Desdemon alone.
EMILIA Pray you come in:
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom[52] freely.
CASSIO I am much bound to you. [*Exeunt*]

Act 3 Scene 2

running scene 7 continues

Enter Othello, Iago and Gentlemen

OTHELLO These letters give, Iago, to the pilot, ***Gives him letters***
And by him do my duties[2] to the senate:
That done, I will be walking on the works,[3]
Repair[4] there to me.

IAGO Well, my good lord, I'll do't.

OTHELLO This fortification, gentlemen, shall we see't?

GENTLEMEN We'll wait upon your lordship.

Exeunt

Act 3 scene 3

running scene 7 continues

Enter Desdemona, Cassio and Emilia

DESDEMONA Be thou assured, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.
EMILIA Good madam, do: I warrant[3] it grieves my husband
As if the cause were his.
DESDEMONA O, that's an honest fellow. Do not doubt, Cassio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.
CASSIO Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never anything but your true servant.
DESDEMONA I know't: I thank you. You do love my lord:
You have known him long, and be you well assured
He shall in strangeness[13] stand no further off
Than in a politic[14] distance.
CASSIO Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish[17] diet,
Or breed[18] itself so out of circumstances,
That I being absent and my place supplied,[19]
My general will forget my love and service.
DESDEMONA Do not doubt[21] that: before Emilia here
I give thee warrant[22] of thy place. Assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article: my lord shall never rest,
I'll watch him tame[25] and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift:[26]
I'll intermingle everything he does
With Cassio's suit. Therefore be merry, Cassio,
For thy solicitor[29] shall rather die
Than give thy cause away.[30]

Enter Othello and Iago

EMILIA Madam, here comes my lord.
CASSIO Madam, I’ll take my leave.
DESDEMONA Why, stay and hear me speak.
CASSIO Madam, not now: I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.
DESDEMONA Well, do your discretion.[36]
Exit Cassio
IAGO Ha? I like not that.
OTHELLO What dost thou say?
IAGO Nothing, my lord; or if — I know not what.
OTHELLO Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?
IAGO Cassio, my lord? No, sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing your coming.
OTHELLO I do believe ’twas he.
DESDEMONA How now, my lord?
I have been talking with a suitor[46] here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.
OTHELLO Who is’t you mean?
DESDEMONA Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace[50] or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take,[51]
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance and not in cunning,[53]
I have no judgement in an honest face.
I prithee call him back.
OTHELLO Went he hence now?
DESDEMONA Ay, sooth;[57] so humbled
That he hath left part of his grief with me
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.
OTHELLO Not now, sweet Desdemon: some other time.
DESDEMONA But shall’t be shortly?
OTHELLO The sooner, sweet, for you.
DESDEMONA Shall’t be tonight at supper?
OTHELLO No, not tonight.
DESDEMONA Tomorrow dinner,[65] then?

OTHELLO I shall not dine at home:
I meet the captains at the citadel.
DESDEMONA Why then, tomorrow night, on Tuesday morn,
On Tuesday noon, or night; on Wednesday morn:
I prithee name the time, but let it not
Exceed three days. In faith, he’s penitent:
And yet his trespass,[72] in our common reason —
Save that they say the wars must make example
Out of her best[74] — is not almost a fault
T’incur a private check.[75] When shall he come?
Tell me, Othello: I wonder in my soul
What you would ask me that I should deny,
Or stand so mamm’ring[78] on. What? Michael Cassio,
That came a-wooing with you, and so many a time —
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly —
Hath ta’en your part: to have so much to do
To bring him in![82] Trust me, I could do much—
OTHELLO Prithee, no more: let him come when he will:
I will deny thee nothing.
DESDEMONA Why, this is not a boon:[85]
’Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,
Or sue to you to do a peculiar[88] profit
To your own person: nay, when I have a suit
Wherein I mean to touch[90] your love indeed,
It shall be full of poise[91] and difficult weight,
And fearful to be granted.
OTHELLO I will deny thee nothing:
Whereon,[94] I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.
DESDEMONA Shall I deny you? No. Farewell, my lord.
OTHELLO Farewell, my Desdemona, I’ll come to thee straight.[97]
DESDEMONA Emilia, come.— Be as your fancies[98] teach you:
Whate’er you be, I am obedient. *Exeunt*
[Desdemona and Emilia]
OTHELLO Excellent wretch! Perdition[100] catch my soul,

But I do love thee! And when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.
IAGO My noble lord—
OTHELLO What dost thou say, Iago?
IAGO Did Michael Cassio, when you wooed my lady,
Know of your love?
OTHELLO He did, from first to last: why dost thou ask?
IAGO But for a satisfaction of my thought,
No further harm.
OTHELLO Why of thy thought, Iago?
IAGO I did not think he had been acquainted with her.
OTHELLO O, yes, and went between us very oft.
IAGO Indeed?
OTHELLO Indeed? Ay, indeed. Discern'st thou aught[114] in that?
Is he not honest?
IAGO Honest, my lord?
OTHELLO Honest, ay, honest.
IAGO My lord, for aught I know.
OTHELLO What dost thou think?
IAGO Think, my lord?
OTHELLO 'Think, my lord?' Alas, thou echo'st me,
As if there were some monster in thy thought
Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean something.
I heard thee say even now, thou lik'st not that,
When Cassio left my wife: what didst not like?
And when I told thee he was of[126] my counsel
Of my whole course of wooing, thou cried'st 'Indeed?'
And didst contract and purse[128] thy brow together
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit:[130] if thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.
IAGO My lord, you know I love you.
OTHELLO I think thou dost,
And for[134] I know thou'rt full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,
Therefore these stops[136] of thine fright me the more,

For such things in a false[137] disloyal knave
Are tricks of custom,[138] but in a man that’s just
They’re close dilations,[139] working from the heart
That passion cannot rule.[140]
IAGO For Michael Cassio,
I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.
OTHELLO I think so too.
IAGO Men should be what they seem,
Or those that be not, would they might seem none.[145]
OTHELLO Certain, men should be what they seem.
IAGO Why then, I think Cassio’s an honest man.
OTHELLO Nay, yet there’s more in this!
I prithee speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.
IAGO Good my lord, pardon me:
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that[154] all slaves are free.
Utter my thoughts? Why, say they are vile and false,
As where’s that palace whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? Who has that breast so pure,
Where no uncleanly[158] apprehensions
Keep leets[159] and law-days and in sessions sit
With[160] meditations lawful?
OTHELLO Thou dost conspire against thy friend,[161] Iago,
If thou but think’st him wronged and mak’st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.
IAGO I do beseech you,
Though I perchance am vicious[165] in my guess —
As I confess it is my nature’s plague
To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy[167]
Shapes faults that are not — that your wisdom,
From one that so imperfectly conceits,[169]
Would take no notice, nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering[171] and unsure observance.
It were not for your quiet nor your good,

Nor for my manhood, honesty and wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.
OTHELLO What dost thou mean?
IAGO Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate[177] jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse steals trash, ’tis something, nothing;
’Twas mine, ’tis his, and has been slave to thousands:
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed.
OTHELLO I’ll know thy thoughts.
IAGO You cannot, if[184] my heart were in your hand,
Nor shall not, whilst ’tis in my custody.
OTHELLO Ha?
IAGO O, beware, my lord, of jealousy:
It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock[188]
The meat it feeds on. That cuckold[189] lives in bliss
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger:[190]
But, O, what damnèd minutes tells[191] he o’er
Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet soundly loves!
OTHELLO O misery!
IAGO Poor and content is rich and rich enough,
But riches fineless[195] is as poor as winter
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!
OTHELLO Why? Why is this?
Think’st thou I’d make a life of jealousy,
To follow[201] still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No: to be once in doubt
Is to be resolved. Exchange me for a goat[203]
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufflicate[205] and blowed surmises
Matching thy inference.[206] ’Tis not to make me jealous
To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays and dances:

Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:
Nor from mine own weak merits[210] will I draw
The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt,[211]
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago,
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And on the proof, there is no more but this:
Away at once with love or jealousy.
IAGO I am glad of this, for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof:
Look to your wife, observe her well with Cassio,
Wear your eyes thus, not jealous nor secure.[221]
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty,[223] be abused: look to't.
I know our country[224] disposition well:
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks[225]
They dare not show their husbands: their best conscience
Is not to leave't undone,[227] but kept unknown.
OTHELLO Dost thou say so?
IAGO She did deceive her father, marrying you:
And when she seemed to shake and fear your looks,
She loved them most.
OTHELLO And so she did.
IAGO Why, go to[233] then:
She that so young could give out such a seeming,
To seel[235] her father's eyes up close as oak,
He thought 'twas witchcraft. But I am much to blame:
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much loving you.
OTHELLO I am bound[239] to thee for ever.
IAGO I see this hath a little dashed your spirits.
OTHELLO Not a jot, not a jot.
IAGO Trust me, I fear it has.
I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from your love.[244] But I do see you're moved:

I am to pray you not to strain my speech
To grosser[246] issues nor to larger reach
Than to suspicion.[247]
OTHELLO I will not.
IAGO Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success[250]
Which my thoughts aimed not. Cassio's my worthy friend.
My lord, I see you're moved.
OTHELLO No, not much moved:
I do not think but Desdemona's honest.[254]
IAGO Long live she so; and long live you to think so!
OTHELLO And yet, how nature erring from itself—
IAGO Ay, there's the point: as — to be bold with you —
Not to affect[258] many proposèd matches
Of her own clime,[259] complexion and degree,
Whereto we see in all things nature tends—
Foh, one may smell in such a will[261] most rank,
Foul[262] disproportions, thoughts unnatural.
But pardon me: I do not in position[263]
Distinctly[264] speak of her, though I may fear
Her will, recoiling to her better judgement,
May fall[266] to match you with her country forms
And happily[267] repent.
OTHELLO Farewell, farewell.
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more:
Set on thy wife to observe. Leave me, Iago.
IAGO My lord, I take my leave. ***Starts to leave***
OTHELLO Why did I marry? This honest creature doubtless
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.
IAGO My lord, I would I might entreat your honour ***Returns***
To scan[275] this thing no further: leave it to time.
Although 'tis fit that Cassio have his place,[276]
For sure he fills it up with great ability,
Yet, if you please to put him off awhile,
You shall by that perceive him and his means.[279]
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment[280]

With any strong or vehement importunity,
Much will be seen in that. In the meantime,
Let me be thought too busy[283] in my fears —
As worthy cause I have to fear I am —
And hold her free,[285] I do beseech your honour.
OTHELLO Fear not my government.[286]
IAGO I once more take my leave.
Exit
OTHELLO This fellow’s of exceeding honesty,
And knows all quantities,[289] with a learnèd spirit,
Of human dealings.[290] If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses[291] were my dear heartstrings,
I’d whistle[292] her off and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune.[293] Haply, for I am black
And have not those soft[294] parts of conversation
That chamberers[295] have, or for I am declined
Into the vale of years — yet that’s not much —
She’s gone. I am abused,[297] and my relief
Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage!
That we can call these delicate[299] creatures ours
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon
Than keep a corner[302] in the thing I love
For others’ uses.[303] Yet, ’tis the plague to great ones,
Prerogatived[304] are they less than the base:
’Tis destiny unshunnable, like death:
Even then this forkèd plague[306] is fated to us
When we do quicken.[307] Look where she comes:
Enter Desdemona and Emilia
If she be false, heaven mocked[308] itself!
I’ll not believe’t.
DESDEMONA How now, my dear Othello?
Your dinner, and the generous[311] islanders
By you invited, do attend[312] your presence.
OTHELLO I am to blame.
DESDEMONA Why do you speak so faintly?

Are you not well?
OTHELLO I have a pain[316] upon my forehead here.
DESDEMONA Why, that's with watching.[317] 'Twill away again:
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour ***Offers her handkerchief***
It will be well.
OTHELLO Your napkin[320] is too little: ***He pushes away the handkerchief and it drops***
Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.
Exit
DESDEMONA I am very sorry that you are not well. ***Following him***
EMILIA I am glad I have found this napkin: ***Picks up the handkerchief***
This was her first remembrance[324] from the Moor:
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Wooed[326] me to steal it, but she so loves the token —
For he conjured her[327] she should ever keep it —
That she reserves[328] it evermore about her
To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,[329]
And give't Iago: what he will do with it
Heaven knows, not I:
I nothing[332] but to please his fantasy.
Enter Iago
IAGO How now? What do you here alone?
EMILIA Do not you chide: I have a thing for you.
IAGO You have a thing for me? It is a common[335] thing—
EMILIA Ha?
IAGO To have a foolish wife.
EMILIA O, is that all? What will you give me now
For the same handkerchief?
IAGO What handkerchief?
EMILIA What handkerchief?
Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona,
That which so often you did bid me steal.
IAGO Hast stol'n it from her?
EMILIA No, but she let it drop by negligence.
And, to th'advantage,[346] I, being here, took't up.
Look, here 'tis.
IAGO A good wench: give it me.

EMILIA What will you do with’t, that you have been
So earnest to have me filch it?
IAGO Why, what is that to you? ***Snatches it***
EMILIA If it be not for some purpose of import,
Give’t me again: poor lady, she’ll run mad
When she shall lack[354] it.
IAGO Be[355] not acknown on’t: I have use for it.
Go, leave me.
Exit Emilia
I will in Cassio’s lodging loose this napkin
And let him find it. Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ:[360] this may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison:
Dangerous conceits[362] are in their natures poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,[363]
But with a little act[364] upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur. I did say so:
Enter Othello ***At a distance***
Look, where he comes! Not poppy,[366] nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou owed’st[369] yesterday.
OTHELLO Ha, ha, false to me?
IAGO Why how now, general? No more of that.
OTHELLO Avaunt,[372] be gone! Thou hast set me on the rack:
I swear ’tis better to be much abused
Than but to know’t a little.
IAGO How now, my lord?
OTHELLO What sense had I in her stol’n hours of lust?
I saw’t not, thought it not, it harmed not me:
I slept the next night well, fed well, was free[378] and merry:
I found not Cassio’s kisses on her lips.
He that is robbed, not wanting[380] what is stol’n,
Let him not know’t and he’s not robbed at all.
IAGO I am sorry to hear this.

OTHELLO I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers[384] and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So[385] I had nothing known. O, now, for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind; farewell content;
Farewell the plumèd[387] troops and the big wars
That makes ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed and the shrill trump,[389]
The spirit-stirring drum, th'ear-piercing fife,[390]
The royal banner, and all quality,[391]
Pride,[392] pomp and circumstance of glorious war!
And, O, you mortal engines,[393] whose rude throats
Th'immortal Jove's dread clamours[394] counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone.

IAGO Is't possible, my lord?

OTHELLO Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore; ***Grabs him***
Be sure of it: give me the ocular proof,
Or by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog
Than answer my waked wrath!

IAGO Is't come to this?

OTHELLO Make me to see't, or at the least so prove it
That the probation[404] bear no hinge nor loop
To hang a doubt on, or woe upon thy life!

IAGO My noble lord—

OTHELLO If thou dost slander her and torture me,
Never pray more: abandon all remorse,[408]
On horror's head horrors accumulate,
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amazed,[410]
For nothing canst thou to damnation add
Greater than that.

IAGO O grace! O heaven forgive me!
Are you a man? Have you a soul? Or sense?
God b'wi'you,[415] take mine office. O wretched fool,
That lov'st to make thine honesty a vice!
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest is not safe.

I thank you for this profit,[419] and from hence
I'll love no friend, sith[420] love breeds such offence.
OTHELLO Nay, stay: thou shouldst be[421] honest.
IAGO I should be[422] wise, for honesty's a fool
And loses that[423] it works for.
OTHELLO By the world,
I think my wife be honest and think she is not:
I think that thou art just and think thou art not.
I'll have some proof. My name, that was as fresh
As Dian's[428] visage, is now begrimed and black
As mine own face. If there be cords,[429] or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it. Would I were satisfied!
IAGO I see you are eaten up with passion:
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?
OTHELLO Would? Nay, and I will.
IAGO And may: but, how? How satisfied, my lord?
Would you the supervision[437] grossly gape on?
Behold her topped?[438]
OTHELLO Death and damnation! O!
IAGO It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect:[441] damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster[442]
More[443] than their own. What then? How then?
What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?[444]
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime[446] as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt[447] as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation[449] and strong circumstances
Which lead directly to the door of truth
Will give you satisfaction, you might have't.
OTHELLO Give me a living reason she's disloyal.
IAGO I do not like the office,
But sith I am entered in this cause so far —

Pricked[455] to’t by foolish honesty and love —
I will go on. I lay[456] with Cassio lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth
I could not sleep. There are a kind of men
So loose of soul that in their sleeps will mutter
Their affairs: one of this kind is Cassio.
In sleep I heard him say, ‘Sweet Desdemona,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves’:
And then, sir, would he grip and wring my hand,
Cry ‘O sweet creature!’ then kiss me hard,
As if he plucked up kisses by the roots
That grew upon my lips, laid his leg
O’er my thigh, and sigh,[467] and kiss, and then
Cry, ‘Cursèd fate that gave thee to the Moor!’
OTHELLO O monstrous! Monstrous!
IAGO Nay, this was but his dream.
OTHELLO But this denoted a foregone conclusion:[471]
’Tis a shrewd doubt,[472] though it be but a dream.
IAGO And this may help to thicken other proofs
That do demonstrate thinly.
OTHELLO I’ll tear her all to pieces.
IAGO Nay, yet[476] be wise: yet we see nothing done,
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this:
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
Spotted with strawberries in your wife’s hand?
OTHELLO I gave her such a one: ’twas my first gift.
IAGO I know not that, but such a handkerchief —
I am sure it was your wife’s — did I today
See Cassio wipe his beard with.
OTHELLO If it be that—
IAGO If it be that, or any it was hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.
OTHELLO O, that the slave[487] had forty thousand lives:
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.
Now do I see ’tis true. Look here, Iago,
All my fond[490] love thus do I blow to heaven.

’Tis gone.
Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow hell!
Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted[493] throne
To tyrannous hate! Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,[494]
For ’tis of aspics’[495] tongues!

IAGO Yet be content.

OTHELLO O, blood, blood, blood!

IAGO Patience, I say: your mind may change.

OTHELLO Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,[499]
Whose icy current and compulsive[500] course
Ne’er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic[502] and the Hellespont,
Even so my bloody thoughts with violent pace
Shall ne’er look back, ne’er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable[505] and wide revenge
Swallow them up. Now, by yond marble[506] heaven, ***Kneels***
In the due reverence of a sacred vow
I here engage[508] my words. ***Attempts to rise***

IAGO Do not rise yet. ***Kneels***
Witness, you ever-burning lights above,
You elements that clip[511] us round about,
Witness that here Iago doth give up
The execution[513] of his wit, hands, heart,
To wronged Othello’s service! Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,[515]
What[516] bloody business ever. ***They rise***

OTHELLO I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to’t:[519]
Within these three days let me hear thee say
That Cassio’s not alive.

IAGO My friend is dead:
’Tis done at your request. But let her live.

OTHELLO Damn her, lewd minx![524] O, damn her, damn her!
Come, go with me apart: I will withdraw
To furnish me with some swift means of death

For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

IAGO I am your own for ever.

Exeunt

Act 3 Scene 4*

running scene 8

Enter Desdemona, Emilia and Clown

DESDEMONA Do you know, sirrah,[1] where Lieutenant Cassio lies?

CLOWN I dare not say he lies anywhere.

DESDEMONA Why, man?

CLOWN He’s a soldier, and for me to say a soldier lies, ’tis stabbing.[4]

DESDEMONA Go to: where lodges he?

CLOWN To tell you where he lodges is to tell you where I lie.[9]

DESDEMONA Can anything be made of this?

CLOWN I know not where he lodges, and for me to devise a lodging and say he lies here or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.

DESDEMONA Can you inquire him out, and be edified[10] by report?

CLOWN I will catechize[11] the world for him, that is, make questions, and by them answer.

DESDEMONA Seek him, bid him come hither: tell him I have moved[13] my lord on his behalf and hope all will be well.

CLOWN To do this is within the compass of man’s wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing it.

Exit Clown

DESDEMONA Where should I lose the handkerchief, Emilia?

EMILIA I know not, madam.

DESDEMONA Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of crusadoes:[20] and but my noble Moor
Is true of mind and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

EMILIA Is he not jealous?

DESDEMONA Who, he? I think the sun[25] where he was born
Drew all such humours[26] from him.

EMILIA Look where he comes.

Enter Othello

DESDEMONA I will not leave him now till Cassio

Be called to him.— How is’t with you, my lord?
OTHELLO Well, my good lady.— O, hardness to dissemble![30]— ***Aside***
How do you, Desdemona?
DESDEMONA Well, my good lord.
OTHELLO Give me your hand. This hand is moist, my lady.
DESDEMONA It hath felt no age nor known no sorrow.
OTHELLO This argues fruitfulness[35] and liberal heart: ***Partially aside?***
Hot, hot, and moist. This hand of yours requires
A sequester[37] from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation,[38] exercise devout,
For here’s a young and sweating devil here
That commonly rebels. ’Tis a good hand,
A frank[41] one.
DESDEMONA You may, indeed, say so,
For ’twas that hand that gave away my heart.
OTHELLO A liberal hand: the[44] hearts of old gave hands,
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.
DESDEMONA I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.
OTHELLO What promise, chuck?[47]
DESDEMONA I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.
OTHELLO I have a salt[49] and sorry rheum offends me:
Lend me thy handkerchief.
DESDEMONA Here, my lord. ***Offers him a handkerchief***
OTHELLO That which I gave you.
DESDEMONA I have it not about me.
OTHELLO Not?
DESDEMONA No, indeed, my lord.
OTHELLO That’s a fault. That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give:
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people: she told her, while she kept it,
’Twould make her amiable[60] and subdue my father
Entirely to her love, but if she lost it
Or made a gift of it, my father’s eye
Should hold her loathèd and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies:[64] she, dying, gave it me,

And bid me, when my fate would have me wived,
To give it her:[66] I did so; and take heed on't,
Make it a darling like your precious eye:
To lose't or give't away were such perdition
As nothing else could match.
DESDEMONA Is't possible?
OTHELLO 'Tis true. There's magic in the web[71] of it:
A sibyl,[72] that had numbered in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses,[73]
In her prophetic fury[74] sewed the work:
The worms were hallowed[75] that did breed the silk,
And it was dyed in mummy[76] which the skilful
Conserved of[77] maidens' hearts.
DESDEMONA Indeed? Is't true?
OTHELLO Most veritable: therefore look to't well.
DESDEMONA Then would to heaven that I had never seen't!
OTHELLO Ha? Wherefore?
DESDEMONA Why do you speak so startingly and rash?[82]
OTHELLO Is't lost? Is't gone? Speak, is't out o'th'way?[83]
DESDEMONA Bless us!
OTHELLO Say you?
DESDEMONA It is not lost, but what an if[86] it were?
OTHELLO How?[87]
DESDEMONA I say it is not lost.
OTHELLO Fetch't, let me see't.
DESDEMONA Why, so I can, but I will not now.
This is a trick to put me from my suit:
Pray you let Cassio be received again.
OTHELLO Fetch me the handkerchief: my mind misgives.[93]
DESDEMONA Come, come,
You'll never meet a more sufficient[95] man.
OTHELLO The handkerchief.
DESDEMONA A man that all his time
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love,
Shared dangers with you—
OTHELLO The handkerchief.

DESDEMONA In sooth,[101] you are to blame.
OTHELLO Away!
Exit Othello
EMILIA Is not this man jealous?
DESDEMONA I ne’er saw this before.
Sure, there’s some wonder[105] in this handkerchief:
I am most unhappy[106] in the loss of it.
EMILIA ’Tis not a year or two shows us a man:
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food:
They eat us hungerly,[109] and when they are full
They belch[110] us.
Enter Iago and Cassio
Look you, Cassio and my husband.
IAGO There is no other way: ’tis she must do’t.
And, lo, the happiness![113] Go and importune her.
DESDEMONA How now, good Cassio, what’s the news with you?
CASSIO Madam, my former suit: I do beseech you
That by your virtuous[116] means I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love
Whom I with all the office[118] of my heart
Entirely honour. I would not be delayed.
If my offence be of such mortal[120] kind
That nor[121] my service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purposed[122] merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again,
But[124] to know so must be my benefit:
So shall I clothe me in a forced content,
And shut[126] myself up in some other course,
To fortune’s alms.[127]
DESDEMONA Alas, thrice-gentle Cassio,
My advocation[129] is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour[131] as in humour altered.
So help me every spirit sanctified
As I have spoken for you all my best
And stood within the blank[134] of his displeasure

For my free speech! You must awhile be patient:
What I can do I will, and more I will
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice[137] you.
IAGO Is my lord angry?
EMILIA He went hence but now,
And certainly in strange unquietness.
IAGO Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon
When it hath blown his ranks[142] into the air,
And like the devil from his very arm
Puffed his own brother:[144] and is he angry?
Something of moment[145] then. I will go meet him:
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.
Exit
DESDEMONA I prithee do so. Something, sure, of state,[147]
Either from Venice, or some unhatched practice[148]
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,
Hath puddled[150] his clear spirit: and in such cases
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so,
For let our finger ache, and it indues[153]
Our other healthful members[154] even to a sense
Of pain. Nay, we must think men are not gods,
Nor of them look for such observancy[156]
As fits the bridal. Beshrew[157] me much, Emilia,
I was — unhandsome[158] warrior as I am —
Arraigning[159] his unkindness with my soul,
But now I find I had suborned the witness,[160]
And he's indicted falsely.
EMILIA Pray heaven it be state matters, as you think,
And no conception nor no jealous toy[163]
Concerning you.
DESDEMONA Alas the day! I never gave him cause.
EMILIA But jealous souls will not be answered so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they're jealous: it is a monster
Begot upon[169] itself, born on itself.

DESDEMONA Heaven keep the monster from Othello’s mind!
EMILIA Lady, amen.
DESDEMONA I will go seek him.— Cassio, walk hereabout:
If I do find him fit, I’ll move your suit
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.
Exeunt [Desdemona and Emilia]
CASSIO I humbly thank your ladyship.
Enter Bianca
BIANCA Save[176] you, friend Cassio!
CASSIO What make you[177] from home?
How is’t with you, my most fair Bianca?
Indeed, sweet love, I was coming to your house.
BIANCA And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
What, keep a week away? Seven days and nights?
Eight score eight[182] hours? And lovers’ absent hours
More tedious than the dial[183] eight score times?
O weary reck’ning![184]
CASSIO Pardon me, Bianca:
I have this while with leaden thoughts been pressed:
But I shall, in a more continuate[187] time,
Strike[188] off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca, ***Gives her Desdemona’s handkerchief***
Take[189] me this work out.
BIANCA O Cassio, whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend:[191]
To[192] the felt absence now I feel a cause.
Is’t come to this? Well, well.
CASSIO Go to, woman!
Throw your vile guesses in the devil’s teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance;
No, in good troth, Bianca.
BIANCA Why, whose is it?
CASSIO I know not, neither: I found it in my chamber.
I like the work well. Ere it be demanded[201] —
As like enough it will — I would have it copied:

Take it, and do’t, and leave me for this time.
BIANCA Leave you? Wherefore?
CASSIO I do attend here on the general,
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me womaned.[207]
BIANCA Why, I pray you?
CASSIO Not that I love you not.
BIANCA But that you do not love me.
I pray you bring[211] me on the way a little,
And say if I shall see you soon at night.[212]
CASSIO ’Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend here: but I’ll see you soon.
BIANCA ’Tis very good: I must be circumstanced.[215]
Exeunt

Act 4 Scene 1

running scene 8 continues

Enter Othello and Iago

IAGO Will you think so?
OTHELLO Think so, Iago?
IAGO What, to kiss in private?
OTHELLO An unauthorized kiss!
IAGO Or to be naked with her friend in bed
An hour or more, not meaning any harm?
OTHELLO Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean harm?
It is hypocrisy[8] against the devil:
They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.
IAGO If they do nothing, ’tis a venial[11] slip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief—
OTHELLO What then?
IAGO Why, then, ’tis hers, my lord, and being hers,
She may, I think, bestow’t on any man.
OTHELLO She is protectress of her honour too:
May she give that?
IAGO Her honour is an essence that’s not seen:
They[19] have it very oft that have it not.
But, for the handkerchief—
OTHELLO By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it.
Thou said’st — O, it comes o’er my memory
As doth the raven[23] o’er the infectious house,
Boding[24] to all — he had my handkerchief.
IAGO Ay, what of that?
OTHELLO That’s not so good now.
IAGO What if I had said I had seen him do you wrong?
Or heard him say — as knaves be such abroad,[28]
Who having by their own importunate[29] suit,
Or voluntary dotage[30] of some mistress,
Convincèd[31] or supplied them, cannot choose

But they must blab—
OTHELLO Hath he said anything?
IAGO He hath, my lord, but be you well assured,
No more than he'll unswear.
OTHELLO What hath he said?
IAGO Why, that he did:[37] I know not what he did.
OTHELLO What? What?
IAGO Lie—
OTHELLO With her?
IAGO With her? On her: what you will.

OTHELLO Lie with her? Lie on[42] her? We say 'Lie on her' when they belie her. Lie with her! That's fulsome:[43] handkerchief — confessions — handkerchief! To confess and be hanged for his labour: first to be hanged and then to confess: I tremble at it. Nature[45] would not invest herself in such shadowing passion without some instruction. It is not words that shakes me thus. Pish! Noses,[46] ears and lips. Is't possible? Confess? Handkerchief? O devil!

Falls in a trance

IAGO Work on,
My medicine[49] works! Thus credulous fools are caught,
And many worthy and chaste dames even thus,
All guiltless, meet reproach.[51]— What, ho? My lord?
My lord, I say! Othello!—

Enter Cassio

How now, Cassio?
CASSIO What's the matter?
IAGO My lord is fall'n into an epilepsy.
This is his second fit: he had one yesterday.
CASSIO Rub him about the temples.
IAGO The lethargy[58] must have his quiet course:
If not, he foams at mouth and by and by
Breaks out to savage madness. Look he stirs:
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
He will recover straight. When he is gone,
I would on great occasion[63] speak with you.

[Exit Cassio]
How is it, general? Have you not hurt your head?
OTHELLO Dost[65] thou mock me?
IAGO I mock you not, by heaven.
Would you would bear your fortune like a man!
OTHELLO A hornèd man’s a monster and a beast.
IAGO There’s many a beast then in a populous city,
And many a civil[70] monster.
OTHELLO Did he confess it?
IAGO Good sir, be a man.
Think every bearded[73] fellow that’s but yoked
May draw[74] with you: there’s millions now alive
That nightly lie in those unproper[75] beds
Which they dare swear peculiar:[76] your case is better.
O, ’tis the spite of hell, the fiend’s arch-mock,
To lip[78] a wanton in a secure couch
And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.
OTHELLO O, thou art wise: ’tis certain.
IAGO Stand you awhile apart,
Confine yourself but in[83] a patient list.
Whilst you were here o’erwhelmèd with your grief —
A passion most unsuiting such a man —
Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,[86]
And laid[87] good ’scuses upon your ecstasy,
Bade him anon[88] return and here speak with me,
The which he promised. Do but encave[89] yourself
And mark the fleers,[90] the gibes and notable scorns
That dwell in every region of his face,
For I will make him tell the tale anew,
Where, how, how oft, how long ago and when
He hath and is again to cope[94] your wife.
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience,
Or I shall say you’re all[96] in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.
OTHELLO Dost thou hear, Iago?

I will be found most cunning in my patience,
But — dost thou hear? — most bloody.

IAGO That's not amiss,
But yet keep time[102] in all. Will you withdraw? ***Othello withdraws***
Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife[104] that by selling her desires
Buys herself bread and cloth: it is a creature
That dotes on Cassio — as 'tis the strumpet's[106] plague
To beguile[107] many and be beguiled by one.
He, when he hears of her, cannot restrain[108]
From the excess of laughter. Here he comes.

Enter Cassio

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad,
And his unbookish[111] jealousy must conster
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures and light[112] behaviours
Quite in the wrong.— How do you, lieutenant?

CASSIO The worser that you give me the addition[114]
Whose want[115] even kills me.

IAGO Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on't.[116] ***Lowers his voice***
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,
How quickly should you speed![118]

CASSIO Alas, poor caitiff![119]

OTHELLO Look how he laughs already! *He laughs*

IAGO I never knew woman love man so.

CASSIO Alas, poor rogue, I think, indeed, she loves me.

OTHELLO Now he denies it faintly,[123] and laughs it out.

IAGO Do you hear, Cassio?

OTHELLO Now he importunes him
To tell it o'er: go to, well said,[126] well said.

IAGO She gives it out that you shall marry her:
Do you intend it?

CASSIO Ha, ha, ha!

OTHELLO Do ye triumph,[130] Roman? Do you triumph?

CASSIO I marry? What? A customer?[131] Prithee bear some charity to my wit: do not think it so unwholesome.[132] Ha, ha, ha!

OTHELLO So, so, so, so: they laugh that wins.

IAGO Why, the cry[134] goes that you marry her.

CASSIO Prithee say true.

IAGO I am a very villain else.[136]

OTHELLO Have you scored me?[137] Well.

CASSIO This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery,[139] not out of my promise.

OTHELLO Iago beckons me: now he begins the story.

CASSIO She was here even now: she haunts[141] me in every place. I was the other day talking on the sea-bank[142] with certain Venetians, and thither comes the bauble, and falls me[143] thus about my neck— ***Embraces him***

OTHELLO Crying, 'O dear Cassio!' as it were: his gesture imports[144] it.

CASSIO So hangs and lolls and weeps upon me, so shakes and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha!

OTHELLO Now he tells how she plucked[146] him to my chamber. O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to.

CASSIO Well, I must leave her company.

IAGO Before me, look where she comes.

Enter Bianca

CASSIO 'Tis such another[150] fitchew! Marry, a perfumed one!— What do you mean by this haunting of me?

BIANCA Let the devil and his dam[152] haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the work? A likely piece of work,[154] that you should find it in your chamber and know not who left it there. This is some minx's[155] token, and I must take out the work? There, give it your hobby-horse:[156] She gives him the handkerchief wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

CASSIO How now, my sweet Bianca? How now? How now?

OTHELLO By heaven, that should[159] be my handkerchief!

BIANCA If you'll come to supper[160] tonight, you may: if you will not, come when you are next prepared for.

Exit

IAGO After her, after her.

CASSIO I must: she'll rail[163] in the streets else.

IAGO Will you sup there?

CASSIO Yes, I intend so.

IAGO Well, I may chance to see you, for I would very fain speak with you.

CASSIO Prithee come. Will you?

IAGO Go to: say no more.

[Exit Cassio]

OTHELLO How shall I murder him, Iago? ***Comes forward***

IAGO Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

OTHELLO O, Iago!

IAGO And did you see the handkerchief?

OTHELLO Was that mine?

IAGO Yours by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish[174] woman your wife! She gave it him, and he hath giv'n it his whore.

OTHELLO I would have him nine years a-killing. A fine woman! A fair woman! A sweet woman!

IAGO Nay, you must forget that.

OTHELLO Ay, let her rot and perish, and be damned tonight, for she shall not live. No, my heart is turned to stone: I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O, the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might lie by an emperor's side and command him tasks.

IAGO Nay, that's not your way.[183]

OTHELLO Hang her! I do but say what she is: so delicate with her needle, an admirable musician. O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear. Of so high and plenteous wit and invention![186]

IAGO She's the worse for all this.

OTHELLO O, a thousand, a thousand times! And then, of so[188] gentle a condition!

IAGO Ay, too gentle.[189]

OTHELLO Nay, that's certain. But yet the pity of it, Iago! O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

IAGO If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent[191] to offend, for if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

OTHELLO I will chop her into messes.[193] Cuckold me?

IAGO O, ’tis foul in her.

OTHELLO With mine officer?

IAGO That’s fouler.

OTHELLO Get me some poison, Iago, this night: I’ll not expostulate[197] with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide[198] my mind again: this night, Iago.

IAGO Do it not with poison: strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

OTHELLO Good, good: the justice of it pleases. Very good.

IAGO And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker:[202] you shall hear more by midnight.

Enter Lodovico, Desdemona and Attendants

OTHELLO Excellent good.

A trumpet within

What trumpet is that same?

IAGO I warrant something from Venice.
’Tis Lodovico: this comes from the duke.
See, your wife’s with him.

LODOVICO Save you, worthy general!

OTHELLO With all my heart, sir.

LODOVICO The duke and the senators of Venice greet you. ***Gives a letter***

OTHELLO I kiss the instrument[211] of their pleasures. ***Opens letter and reads***

DESDEMONA And what’s the news, good cousin[212] Lodovico?

IAGO I am very glad to see you, signior.
Welcome to Cyprus.

LODOVICO I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio?

IAGO Lives, sir.

DESDEMONA Cousin, there’s fall’n between him and my lord
An unkind breach:[218] but you shall make all well.

OTHELLO Are you sure of that?

DESDEMONA My lord?

OTHELLO ‘This fail you not to do, as you will—’ ***Reads***

LODOVICO He did not call: he’s busy in the paper.
Is there division ’twixt my lord and Cassio?

DESDEMONA A most unhappy one: I would do much
T’atone[225] them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

OTHELLO Fire and brimstone!
DESDEMONA My lord?
OTHELLO Are you wise?[228]
DESDEMONA What? Is he angry?
LODOVICO Maybe th'letter moved him,
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.
DESDEMONA Trust me, I am glad on't.[233]
OTHELLO Indeed?
DESDEMONA My lord?
OTHELLO I am glad to see you mad.[236]
DESDEMONA Why, sweet Othello?
OTHELLO Devil! ***Strikes her***
DESDEMONA I have not deserved this.
LODOVICO My lord, this would not be believed in Venice,
Though I should swear I saw't. 'Tis very much:[241]
Make her amends, she weeps.
OTHELLO O devil, devil!
If that the earth could teem[244] with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.[245]—
Out of my sight!
DESDEMONA I will not stay to offend you. ***Starts to leave***
LODOVICO Truly, an obedient lady:
I do beseech your lordship, call her back.
OTHELLO Mistress!
DESDEMONA My lord? ***Returns***
OTHELLO What would you with her, sir?
LODOVICO Who, I, my lord?
OTHELLO Ay, you did wish that I would make her turn:
Sir, she can turn,[255] and turn, and yet go on
And turn again: and she can weep, sir, weep:
And she's obedient,[257] as you say, obedient:
Very obedient.— Proceed you in your tears.—
Concerning this, sir, — O well-painted passion![259] —
I am commanded home.— Get you away:
I'll send for you anon.— Sir, I obey the mandate,

And will return to Venice.— Hence, avaunt!
[Exit Desdemona]
Cassio shall have my place.[263] And, sir, tonight
I do entreat that we may sup together:
You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.— Goats and monkeys![265]
Exit
LODOVICO Is this the noble Moor whom our full[266] senate
Call all[267] in all sufficient? Is this the nature
Whom passion could not shake? Whose solid virtue
The shot of accident nor dart of chance
Could neither graze nor pierce?
IAGO He is much changed.
LODOVICO Are his wits safe? Is he not light of brain?
IAGO He's that he is: I may not breathe my censure[273]
What he might be: if[274] what he might he is not,
I would to heaven he were!
LODOVICO What, strike his wife?
IAGO Faith, that was not so well,[277] yet would I knew
That stroke would prove the worst!
LODOVICO Is it his use?[279]
Or did the letters work upon his blood
And new-create his fault?
IAGO Alas, alas!
It is not honesty in me to speak
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him,
And his own courses will denote[285] him so
That I may save my speech: do but go after,
And mark how he continues.
LODOVICO I am sorry that I am deceived in him.
Exeunt

Act 4 Scene 2*

running scene 9

Enter Othello and Emilia

OTHELLO You have seen nothing then?

EMILIA Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

OTHELLO Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

EMILIA But then I saw no harm, and then I heard
Each syllable that breath made up between them.

OTHELLO What, did they never whisper?

EMILIA Never, my lord.

OTHELLO Nor send you out o'th'way?

EMILIA Never.

OTHELLO To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?

EMILIA Never, my lord.

OTHELLO That's strange.

EMILIA I durst,[13] my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake:[14] if you think other,
Remove your thought, it doth abuse your bosom:
If any wretch have put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse![17]
For if she be not honest, chaste and true,
There's no man happy: the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.

OTHELLO Bid her come hither: go.

Exit Emilia

She says enough, yet she's a simple bawd[22]
That cannot say as much. This[23] is a subtle whore,
A closet[24] lock and key of villainous secrets:
And yet she'll kneel and pray, I have seen her do't.

Enter Desdemona and Emilia

DESDEMONA My lord, what is your will?

OTHELLO Pray you, chuck, come hither.

DESDEMONA What is your pleasure?

OTHELLO Let me see your eyes: look in my face.

DESDEMONA What horrible fancy's this?
OTHELLO Some[31] of your function, mistress: ***To Emilia***
Leave procreants[32] alone and shut the door:
Cough or cry 'Hem' if anybody come.
Your mystery,[34] your mystery: nay, dispatch.
Exit Emilia
DESDEMONA Upon my knee, what doth your speech import? ***Kneels***
I understand a fury in your words.
OTHELLO Why, what art thou?
DESDEMONA Your wife, my lord, your true and loyal wife.
OTHELLO Come, swear it, damn thyself
Lest, being[40] like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double damned:
Swear thou art honest.
DESDEMONA Heaven doth truly know it.
OTHELLO Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.
DESDEMONA To whom, my lord? With whom? How am I false?
OTHELLO Ah Desdemon! Away, away, away! ***Weeps***
DESDEMONA Alas the heavy[47] day! Why do you weep?
Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?
If haply[49] you my father do suspect
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me: if you have lost him,
I have lost him too.
OTHELLO Had it pleased heaven
To try me with affliction, had they rained
All kind of sores[55] and shames on my bare head,
Steeped[56] me in poverty to the very lips,
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,
I should have found in some place of my soul
A drop of patience: but, alas, to make me
The fixèd figure[60] for the time of scorn
To point his slow and moving finger[61] at!
Yet could I bear that too, well, very well,
But there where I have garnered[63] up my heart,
Where either I must live, or bear no life,

The fountain[65] from the which my current runs
Or else dries up: to be discarded thence!
Or keep it as a cistern[67] for foul toads
To knot and gender[68] in! Turn thy complexion there,
Patience, thou young and rose-lipped cherubin:[69]
Ay, here look grim[70] as hell!
DESDEMONA I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.[71]
OTHELLO O, ay, as summer flies are in the shambles,[72]
That quicken[73] even with blowing. O, thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet
That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst never been born!
DESDEMONA Alas, what ignorant[76] sin have I committed?[78]
OTHELLO Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write 'whore' upon? What committed?
Committed? O, thou public commoner,[79]
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds. What committed?
Heaven stops[83] the nose at it and the moon winks,
The bawdy wind that kisses all it meets
Is hushed within the hollow mine[85] of earth
And will not hear't. What committed?
DESDEMONA By heaven, you do me wrong.
OTHELLO Are not you a strumpet?[88]
DESDEMONA No, as I am a Christian:
If to preserve this vessel[90] for my lord
From any other foul unlawful touch
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.
OTHELLO What, not a whore?
DESDEMONA No, as I shall be saved.
OTHELLO Is't possible?
DESDEMONA O, heaven forgive us!
OTHELLO I cry you mercy,[97] then:
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice
That married with Othello.— You, mistress, ***Calls***
Enter Emilia

That have the office opposite[100] to Saint Peter
And keeps the gate of hell![101] You, you, ay, you!
We have done our course:[102] there's money for your pains.
I pray you turn the key and keep our counsel.[103] ***Gives money***
Exit
EMILIA Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?[104]
How do you, madam? How do you, my good lady?
DESDEMONA Faith, half asleep.[106]
EMILIA Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?
DESDEMONA With who?
EMILIA Why, with my lord, madam.
DESDEMONA Who is thy lord?
EMILIA He that is yours, sweet lady.
DESDEMONA I have none. Do not talk to me, Emilia:
I cannot weep, nor answers have I none
But what should go by water.[114] Prithee, tonight
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets: remember,
And call thy husband hither.
EMILIA Here's a change indeed!
Exit
DESDEMONA 'Tis meet[118] I should be used so, very meet.
How[119] have I been behaved, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my least misuse?
Enter Iago and Emilia
IAGO What is your pleasure, madam?
How is't with you?
DESDEMONA I cannot tell. Those that do teach young babes
Do it with gentle means and easy tasks:
He might have chid me so, for, in good faith,
I am a[126] child to chiding.
IAGO What's the matter, lady?
EMILIA Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhored her,[128]
Thrown such despite[129] and heavy terms upon her,
That true hearts cannot bear it.
DESDEMONA Am I that name, Iago?
IAGO What name, fair lady?

DESDEMONA Such as she said my lord did say I was.
EMILIA He called her whore: a beggar in his drink
Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.[135]
IAGO Why did he so?
DESDEMONA I do not know: I am sure I am none such. ***Weeps***
IAGO Do not weep, do not weep. Alas the day!
EMILIA Hath she forsook[139] so many noble matches?
Her father? And her country? And her friends?
To be called whore? Would it not make one weep?
DESDEMONA It is my wretched fortune.
IAGO Beshrew[143] him for't!
How comes this trick[144] upon him?
DESDEMONA Nay, heaven doth know.
EMILIA I will be hanged if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging,[148] cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devised this slander: I will be hanged else.
IAGO Fie, there is no such man: it is impossible.
DESDEMONA If any such there be, heaven pardon him!
EMILIA A halter[152] pardon him! And hell gnaw his bones!
Why should he call her whore? Who keeps her company?
What place? What time? What form?[154] What likelihood?
The Moor's abused by some most villainous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy[156] fellow.
O heavens, that such companions[157] thou'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip
To lash the rascals naked through the world
Even from the east to th'west!
IAGO Speak within door.[161]
EMILIA O, fie upon them! Some such squire[162] he was
That turned your wit the[163] seamy side without
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.
IAGO You are a fool: go to.
DESDEMONA Alas, Iago,
What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him, for, by this light of heaven,

I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:
Kneels
If e’er my will did trespass gainst his love,
Either in discourse[171] of thought or actual deed,
Or that[172] mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense
Delighted them, or any other form,
Or that I do not yet,[174] and ever did,
And ever will — though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement — love him dearly,
Comfort forswear[177] me! Unkindness may do much,
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say ‘whore’:
It does abhor[180] me now I speak the word:
To do the act that might the addition[181] earn
Not the world’s mass of vanity[182] could make me.

IAGO I pray you be content: ’tis but his humour.[183]
The business of the state does him offence.

DESDEMONA If ’twere no other—

IAGO It is but so, I warrant. ***Trumpets within***
Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!
The messengers of Venice stays[188] the meat:
Go in, and weep not: all things shall be well.

Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia

Enter Rodorigo

How now, Rodorigo?

RODORIGO I do not find that thou deal’st justly with me.

IAGO What in the contrary?

RODORIGO Every day thou daff’st me[193] with some device, Iago, and rather, as it seemsto me now, keep’st from me all conveniency[194] than suppliest me with the leastadvantage of hope. I will indeed no longer endure it, nor am I yet persuaded toput up[196] in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

IAGO Will you hear me, Rodorigo?

RODORIGO I have heard too much, and your words and performances are no kin together.

IAGO You charge me most unjustly.

RODORIGO With naught but truth: I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me to deliver Desdemona would half have corrupted a votarist:[203] you have told me she hath received them and returned me expectations and comforts[204] of sudden respect and acquaintance, but I find none.

IAGO Well, go to,[206] very well.

RODORIGO Very well'! 'Go to'! I cannot go to, man, nor 'tis not very well: nay, I think it is scurvy, and begin to find myself fopped[207] in it.

IAGO Very well.

RODORIGO I tell you 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit and repent my unlawful solicitation: if not, assure yourself I will seek satisfaction[211] of you.

IAGO You have said[212] now.

RODORIGO Ay, and said nothing but what I protest intendment[213] of doing.

IAGO Why, now I see there's mettle[214] in thee, and even from this instant do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Rodorigo: thou hast taken against me a most just exception,[216] but yet I protest I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

RODORIGO It hath not appeared.

IAGO I grant indeed it hath not appeared, and your suspicion is not without wit and judgement. But, Rodorigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed which I have greater reason to believe now than ever — I mean purpose, courage and valour — this night show it: if thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery and devise engines[223] for my life.

RODORIGO Well, what is it? Is it within reason and compass?[224]

IAGO Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

RODORIGO Is that true? Why then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

IAGO O, no. He goes into Mauritania[228] and taketh away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered[229] here by some accident, wherein none can be so determinate[230] as the removing of Cassio.

RODORIGO How do you mean, removing him?

IAGO Why, by making him uncapable of Othello’s place: knocking out his brains.

RODORIGO And that you would have me to do?

IAGO Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit and a right. He sups tonight with a harlotry,[235] and thither will I go to him. He knows not yet of his honourable fortune: if you will watch his going thence — which I will fashion[236] to fall out between twelve and one — you may take him at your pleasure. I will be near to second[237] your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed[238] at it, but go along with me: I will show you such a necessity in his death that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high[240] suppertime, and the night grows to waste: about it.

RODORIGO I will hear further reason for this.

IAGO And you shall be satisfied.

Exeunt

Act 4 Scene 3

running scene 9 continues

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Emilia and Attendants

LODOVICO I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

OTHELLO O, pardon me: ’twill do me good to walk.

LODOVICO Madam, goodnight. I humbly thank your ladyship.

DESDEMONA Your honour is most welcome.

OTHELLO Will you walk, sir?— O, Desdemona!

DESDEMONA My lord?

OTHELLO Get you to bed on th’instant, I will be returned forthwith.
Dismiss your attendant there: look’t be done.

Exeunt [Othello, Lodovico and Attendants]

DESDEMONA I will, my lord.

EMILIA How goes it now? He looks gentler than he did.

DESDEMONA He says he will return incontinent,[11]
And hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bid me to dismiss you.

EMILIA Dismiss me?

DESDEMONA It was his bidding: therefore, good Emilia,
Give me my nightly wearing,[16] and adieu.
We must not now displease him.

EMILIA I would you had never seen him.

DESDEMONA So would not I: my love doth so approve[19] him
That even his stubbornness,[20] his checks, his frowns —
Prithee unpin me[21] — have grace and favour.

EMILIA I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

DESDEMONA All’s one.[23]— Good father, how foolish are our minds!—
If I do die before, prithee[24] shroud me
In one of these same sheets.

EMILIA Come, come, you talk.[26]

DESDEMONA My mother had a maid called Barbary:[27]
She was in love, and he she loved proved mad[28]
And did forsake her. She had a song of ‘willow[29]’,
An old thing ’twas, but it expressed her fortune,

And she died singing it: that song tonight
Will not go from my mind: I[32] have much to do
But to go hang my head all at one side
And sing it like poor Barbary. Prithee dispatch.
EMILIA Shall I go fetch your nightgown?
DESDEMONA No, unpin me here.
This Lodovico is a proper[37] man.
EMILIA A very handsome man.
DESDEMONA He speaks well.
EMILIA I know a lady in Venice would have walked barefoot to
Palestine for a
touch of his nether[41] lip.
DESDEMONA The poor soul sat singing by a sycamore[42] tree, ***Sings***
Sing all a green willow:
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow.
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmured her moans,
Sing willow, willow, willow:
Her salt tears fell from her, and softened the stones,
Sing willow—
Lay by these[50]— ***To Emilia***
Willow, willow— ***Sings***
Prithee, hie thee:[52] he'll come anon—
Sing all a green willow must be my garland. ***Sings***
Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve—
Nay, that's not next.— Hark, who is't that knocks?
EMILIA It's the wind.
DESDEMONA I called my love false love, but what said he then? ***Sings***
Sing willow, willow, willow:
If I court more women, you'll couch[59] with more men!—
So, get thee gone, goodnight. Mine eyes do itch:
Doth that bode[61] weeping?
EMILIA 'Tis neither here nor there.
DESDEMONA I have heard it said so. O, these men, these men!
Dost thou in conscience think — tell me, Emilia —
That there be women do abuse[65] their husbands

In such gross kind?[66]

EMILIA There be some such, no question.

DESDEMONA Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

EMILIA Why, would not you?

DESDEMONA No, by this heavenly light!

EMILIA Nor I neither by this heavenly light:
I might do't as well i'th'dark.

DESDEMONA Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

EMILIA The world's a huge thing: it is a great price[74]
For a small vice.

DESDEMONA In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

EMILIA In troth, I think I should, and undo't when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring,[78] nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition:[79] but for all the whole world, why, who would not make her husband a cuckold to make him a monarch? I should venture[81] purgatory for't.

DESDEMONA Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world.

EMILIA Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th'world, and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

DESDEMONA I do not think there is any such woman.

EMILIA Yes, a dozen, and as many to th'vantage[87] as
Would store[88] the world they played for.
But I do think it is their husbands' faults
If wives do fall.[90] Say that they slack their duties
And pour our[91] treasures into foreign laps,
Or else break out in peevish[92] jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us, or say they strike us,
Or scant[94] our former having in despite:
Why, we have galls,[95] and though we have some grace,
Yet have we some revenge.[96] Let husbands know
Their wives have sense like them: they see and smell
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do

When they change[100] us for others? Is it sport?
I think it is. And doth affection[101] breed it?
I think it doth. Is’t frailty that thus errs?
It is so too. And have not we affections?
Desires for sport? And frailty, as men have?
Then let them use[105] us well: else let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

DESDEMONA Goodnight, goodnight: heaven me such uses[107] send
Not[108] to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend!

Exeunt

Act 5 Scene 1[5.1]

running scene 10

Enter Iago and Rodorigo

IAGO Here, stand behind this bulk:[1] straight will he come.
Wear thy good rapier bare,[2] and put it home.
Quick, quick, fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow.
It makes us or it mars[4] us: think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

RODORIGO Be near at hand: I may miscarry[6] in't.

IAGO Here, at thy hand: be bold, and take thy stand. ***Conceals himself***

RODORIGO I have no great devotion to the deed,
And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons.
'Tis but a man gone. Forth, my sword: he dies. ***Draws***

IAGO I have rubbed this young quat[11] almost to the sense, ***Aside***
And he grows angry.[12] Now, whether he kill Cassio
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain. Live Rodorigo,[14]
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold and jewels that I bobbed[16] from him
As gifts[17] to Desdemona:
It must not be. If Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life
That makes me ugly: and besides, the Moor
May unfold[21] me to him: there stand I in much peril.
No, he must die. But so: I heard him coming.

Enter Cassio

RODORIGO I know his gait, 'tis he.— Villain, thou diest! ***Makes a sword-thrust***

CASSIO That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat[25] is better than thou know'st:
I will make proof[26] of thine. ***Draws and wounds Rodorigo***

RODORIGO O, I am slain! ***He falls; Iago comes forward and stabs Cassio on the leg***

[Exit Iago]

CASSIO I am maimed for ever. Help, ho! Murder, murder! ***He falls***

Enter Othello

OTHELLO The voice of Cassio: Iago keeps his word.
RODORIGO O, villain that I am!
OTHELLO It is even so.
CASSIO O, help, ho! Light! A surgeon!
OTHELLO 'Tis he. O brave[33] Iago, honest and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!
Thou teachest me.— Minion,[35] your dear lies dead,
And your unblest[36] fate hies. Strumpet, I come:
For of[37] my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted,
Thy bed, lust-stained, shall with lust's blood be spotted.
Exit Othello
Enter Lodovico and Grattano
CASSIO What, ho! No watch? No passage?[39] Murder, murder!
GRATIANO 'Tis some mischance: the voice is very direful.[40]
CASSIO O, help!
LODOVICO Hark!
RODORIGO O wretched villain!
LODOVICO Two or three groan. 'Tis heavy[44] night;
These may be counterfeits: let's think't unsafe
To come in to[46] the cry without more help.
RODORIGO Nobody come: then shall I bleed to death.
Enter Iago ***With a light and weapons***
LODOVICO Hark!
GRATIANO Here's one comes in his shirt,[49] with light and weapons.
IAGO Who's there? Whose noise is this that cries on murder?
LODOVICO We do not know.
IAGO Do not you hear a cry?
CASSIO Here, here! For heaven sake, help me!
IAGO What's the matter?
GRATIANO This is Othello's ancient, as I take it. ***To Lodovico***
LODOVICO The same indeed: a very valiant fellow. ***To Gratiano***
IAGO What are you here that cry so grievously?
CASSIO Iago? O, I am spoiled,[58] undone by villains!
Give me some help.
IAGO O me, lieutenant! What villains have done this?
CASSIO I think that one of them is hereabout,

And cannot make away.
IAGO O treacherous villains!— ***To Lodovico and Gradano***
What are you there? Come in, and give some help.
RODORIGO O, help me there!
CASSIO That's one of them.
IAGO O murd'rous slave! O villain! ***Stabs Rodorigo***
RODORIGO O damned Iago! O inhuman dog!
IAGO Kill men i'th'dark!— Where be these bloody thieves?—
How silent is this town!— Ho! Murder, murder!—
What may you be? Are you of good or evil? ***To Lodovico and Gratiano***
LODOVICO As you shall prove[72] us, praise us.
IAGO Signior Lodovico?
LODOVICO He, sir.
IAGO I cry you mercy. Here's Cassio hurt by villains.
GRATIANO Cassio?
IAGO How is't, brother? ***To Cassio***
CASSIO My leg is cut in two.
IAGO Marry, heaven forbid!—
Light, gentlemen. I'll bind it with my shirt.
Enter Bianca
BIANCA What is the matter, ho? Who is't that cried?
IAGO Who is't that cried?
BIANCA O my dear Cassio! My sweet Cassio! O Cassio,
Cassio, Cassio!
IAGO O notable strumpet! Cassio, may you suspect[85]
Who they should be that have thus mangled you?
CASSIO No.
GRATIANO I am sorry to find you thus: I have been to seek you.
IAGO Lend me a garter.[89] So.— O, for a chair
To bear him easily hence!
BIANCA Alas, he faints! O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!
IAGO Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash[92]
To be a party in this injury.—
Patience awhile, good Cassio.— Come, come;
Lend me a light. ***Shines light on Rodorigo***
Know we this face or no?

Alas, my friend and my dear countryman
Rodorigo? No. Yes, sure: yes, ’tis Rodorigo.
GRATIANO What, of Venice?
IAGO Even he, sir: did you know him?
GRATIANO Know him? Ay.
IAGO Signior Gratiano? I cry your gentle pardon:
These bloody accidents[102] must excuse my manners
That so neglected you.
GRATIANO I am glad to see you.
IAGO How do you, Cassio?— O, a chair, a chair!
GRATIANO Rodorigo?
IAGO He, he ’tis he.—
O, that’s well said:[108] the chair! ***Attendants bring in a chair***
Some good man bear him carefully from hence:
I’ll fetch the general’s surgeon.—
For[111] you, mistress, ***To Bianca***
Save[112] you your labour.— He that lies slain here, Cassio,
Was my dear friend: what malice was between you?
CASSIO None in the world, nor do I know the man!
IAGO What, look you pale?— O, bear him out o’th’air. ***To Bianca***
Stay you, good gentlemen.— Look you pale, mistress?— ***Attendants***
bear off
Do you perceive the[117] gastness of her eye?— ***Cassio and Rodorigo***
Nay, if you stare,[118] we shall hear more anon.—
Behold her well: I pray you look upon her:
Do you see, gentlemen? Nay, guiltiness will speak,
Though tongues were out of use.
[Enter Emilia]
EMILIA Alas, what is the matter? What is the matter, husband?
IAGO Cassio hath here been set on in the dark
By Rodorigo and fellows that are scaped:
He’s almost slain, and Rodorigo quite dead.
EMILIA Alas, good gentleman! Alas, good Cassio!
IAGO This is the fruits of whoring. Prithee, Emilia,
Go know of Cassio where he supped tonight.— ***To Bianca***
What, do you shake at that?

BIANCA He supped at my house, but I therefore shake not.
IAGO O, did he so? I charge you go with me.
EMILIA O, fie upon thee, strumpet!
BIANCA I am no strumpet, but of life as honest[133]
As you that thus abuse me.
EMILIA As I? Fie upon thee!
IAGO Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dressed.[136]—
Come, mistress, you must tell's another tale.
Emilia, run you to the citadel
And tell my lord and lady what hath happed.—
Will you go on afore?— This is the night ***Aside***
That either makes me or fordoes me quite.[141]

Exeunt

Act 5 Scene 2*

running scene 11

Enter Othello and Desdemona in her bed ***Othello with a light***

OTHELLO It is the cause,[1] it is the cause, my soul:
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars:
It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood,
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster:[5]
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put[7] out the light, and then put out the light.
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,[8]
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me: but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern[11] of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean[12] heat
That can thy light relume.[13] When I have plucked thy rose,
I cannot give it vital[14] growth again:
It needs must wither. I'll smell thee on the tree. ***Kisses her***
O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice[17] to break her sword! One more, one more.
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee
And love thee after. One more, and that's the last. ***Kisses her***
So sweet was ne'er so fatal.[20] I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's heavenly,
It strikes[22] where it doth love. She wakes.

DESDEMONA Who's there? Othello?

OTHELLO Ay,[27] Desdemona.

DESDEMONA Will you come to bed, my lord?

OTHELLO Have you prayed tonight, Desdemon?

DESDEMONA Ay, my lord.

OTHELLO If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconciled as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit[30] for it straight.

DESDEMONA Alack, my lord, what may you mean by that?

OTHELLO Well, do it, and be brief: I will walk by.
I would not kill thy unpreparèd spirit,
No, heavens forfend![34] I would not kill thy soul.
DESDEMONA Talk you of killing?
OTHELLO Ay, I do.
DESDEMONA Then heaven have mercy on me!
OTHELLO Amen, with all my heart!
DESDEMONA If you say,[39] I hope you will not kill me.
OTHELLO Hum!
DESDEMONA And yet I fear you, for you're fatal then
When your eyes roll so: why I should fear I know not,
Since guiltiness I know not, but yet I feel I fear.
OTHELLO Think on thy sins.
DESDEMONA They[45] are loves I bear to you.
OTHELLO Ay, and for that thou diest.
DESDEMONA That death's unnatural that kills for loving.
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:
These are portents, but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.
OTHELLO Peace, and be still!
DESDEMONA I will so. What's the matter?
OTHELLO That handkerchief which I so loved and gave thee
Thou gav'st to Cassio.
DESDEMONA No, by my life and soul!
Send for the man and ask him.
OTHELLO Sweet soul, take heed, take heed of perjury:
Thou art on thy death-bed.
DESDEMONA Ay, but not yet to die.
OTHELLO Presently:[61]
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin,
For to deny each article[63] with oath
Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception[64]
That I do groan withal.[65] Thou art to die.
DESDEMONA O, heaven have mercy on me!
OTHELLO I say, amen.

DESDEMONA And have you mercy too! I never did
Offend[69] you in my life, never loved Cassio
But with such general warranty[70] of heaven
As I might love: I never gave him token.
OTHELLO By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in's hand.
O perjured woman, thou dost stone[73] my heart,
And makes me call what I intend to do
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:
I saw the handkerchief.
DESDEMONA He found it then:
I never gave it him. Send for him hither,
Let him confess a truth.
OTHELLO He hath confessed.
DESDEMONA What, my lord?
OTHELLO That he hath used[82] thee.
DESDEMONA How? Unlawfully?
OTHELLO Ay.
DESDEMONA He will not say so.
OTHELLO No, his mouth is stopped:
Honest Iago hath ta'en order[87] for't.
DESDEMONA O, my fear interprets! What, is he dead?
OTHELLO Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach[90] for them all.
DESDEMONA Alas, he is betrayed and I undone!
OTHELLO Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my face?
DESDEMONA O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not!
OTHELLO Down, strumpet!
DESDEMONA Kill me tomorrow, let me live tonight!
OTHELLO Nay, if you strive[96]—
DESDEMONA But half an hour!
OTHELLO Being done,[98] there is no pause.
DESDEMONA But while I say one prayer!
OTHELLO It is too late.

Smothers her

Emilia at the door

EMILIA My lord, my lord! What, ho! My lord, my lord! ***Within***

OTHELLO What noise is this? Not dead? Not yet quite dead?
I that am cruel am yet merciful:
I would not have thee linger in thy pain: so, so.
EMILIA What, ho? My lord, my lord! ***Within***
OTHELLO Who’s there?
EMILIA O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you! ***Within***
OTHELLO Yes.— ’Tis Emilia.— By and by.[108]— She’s dead.
’Tis like[109] she comes to speak of Cassio’s death.—
The noise[110] was high. Ha, no more moving?
Still as the grave. Shall she come in? Were’t good?—
I think she stirs again. No. What’s best to do?
If she come in, she’ll sure speak to my wife:
My wife, my wife! What wife? I have no wife.
O insupportable! O heavy hour!
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that th’affrighted globe
Did yawn at alteration.[118]
EMILIA I do beseech you ***Within***
That I may speak with you, O, good my lord!
OTHELLO I had forgot thee.— O, come in, Emilia.—
Soft,[122] by and by: let me the curtains draw.— ***Draws the bed curtains and unlocks the door***
Where art thou? What’s the matter with thee now?
Enter Emilia
EMILIA O, my good lord, yonder’s foul murders done!
OTHELLO What? Now?
EMILIA But now, my lord.
OTHELLO It is the very error[127] of the moon:
She comes more nearer earth than she was wont,[128]
And makes men mad.
EMILIA Cassio, my lord, hath killed a young Venetian
Called Rodorigo.
OTHELLO Rodorigo killed? And Cassio killed?
EMILIA No, Cassio is not killed.
OTHELLO Not Cassio killed? Then murder’s out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.[135]

DESDEMONA O, falsely,[136] falsely murdered!
EMILIA Alas! What cry is that?
OTHELLO That? What?
EMILIA Out, and alas![139] That was my lady's voice.
Help, help, ho, help! O lady, speak again! ***Opens the bed curtains***
Sweet Desdemona! O sweet mistress, speak!
DESDEMONA A guiltless death I die.
EMILIA O, who hath done this deed?
DESDEMONA Nobody: I myself. Farewell.
Commend me to my kind lord. O, farewell! Dies ***Dies***
OTHELLO Why, how should she be murdered?
EMILIA Alas, who knows?
OTHELLO You hear her say herself it was not I.
EMILIA She said so: I must needs report the truth.
OTHELLO She's like a liar gone to burning hell:
'Twas I that killed her.
EMILIA O, the more angel she, and you the blacker devil!
OTHELLO She turned to folly,[153] and she was a whore.
EMILIA Thou dost belie[154] her, and thou art a devil.
OTHELLO She was false as water.
EMILIA Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false: O, she was heavenly true!
OTHELLO Cassio did top[158] her: ask thy husband else.
O, I were damned beneath all depth in hell,
But[160] that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.
EMILIA My husband?
OTHELLO Thy husband.
EMILIA That she was false to wedlock?
OTHELLO Ay, with Cassio. Had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,[167]
I'd not have sold her for it.
EMILIA My husband?
OTHELLO Ay, 'twas he that told me on[170] her first:
An honest man he is, and hates the slime[171]

That sticks on filthy deeds.[172]
EMILIA My husband?
OTHELLO What needs this iterance,[174] woman? I say thy husband.
EMILIA O mistress, villainy hath made mocks with[175] love.
My husband say she was false?
OTHELLO He, woman;
I say thy husband: dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband: honest, honest Iago.
EMILIA If he say so, may his pernicious[180] soul
Rot half a grain a day! He lies to th'heart:
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.[182]
OTHELLO Ha?
EMILIA Do thy worst:
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven
Than thou wast worthy her.
OTHELLO Peace,[187] you were best—
EMILIA Thou hast not half that power to do me harm
As I have to be hurt.[189] O gull, O dolt,
As ignorant as dirt! Thou hast done a deed —
I care not for thy sword — I'll make thee known,[191]
Though I lost twenty lives.— Help, help, ho, help!
The Moor hath killed my mistress! Murder, murder!

Enter Montano, Grattano and Iago

MONTANO What is the matter? How now, general?
EMILIA O, are you come, Iago? You have done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck.
GRATIANO What is the matter?
EMILIA Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man: ***To Iago***
He says thou told'st him that his wife was false:
I know thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain.
Speak, for my heart is full.
IAGO I told him what I thought, and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt[203] and true.
EMILIA But did you ever tell him she was false?
IAGO I did.
EMILIA You told a lie, an odious, damnèd lie:

Upon my soul, a lie, a wicked lie.
She false with Cassio? Did you say with Cassio?
IAGO With Cassio, mistress! Go to, charm[209] your tongue.
EMILIA I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to speak:
My mistress here lies murdered in her bed—
ALL O, heavens forfend!
EMILIA And your reports have set the murder on.
OTHELLO Nay, stare not, masters: it is true indeed.
GRATIANO ’Tis a strange truth.
MONTANO O, monstrous act!
EMILIA Villainy, villainy, villainy!
I think upon’t, I think: I smell’t: O villainy!
I thought so then. I’ll kill myself for grief.
O villainy! Villainy!
IAGO What, are you mad? I charge you get you home.
EMILIA Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak:
’Tis proper I obey him, but not now.
Perchance, Iago, I will ne’er go home.
OTHELLO O, O, O! ***He falls on the bed***
EMILIA Nay, lay thee down and roar,
For thou hast killed the sweetest innocent
That e’er did lift up eye.[228]
OTHELLO O, she was foul![229] ***Rises***
I scarce did know you, uncle:[230] there lies your niece,
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopped:
I know this act shows horrible and grim.[232]
GRATIANO Poor Desdemon! I am glad thy father’s dead:
Thy match was mortal[234] to him, and pure grief
Shore[235] his old thread in twain. Did he live now,
This sight would make him do[236] a desperate turn,
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobance.[238]
OTHELLO ’Tis pitiful, but yet Iago knows
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed: Cassio confessed it,
And she did gratify his amorous works[242]

With that recognizance[243] and pledge of love
Which I first gave her: I saw it in his hand:
It was a handkerchief, an antique[245] token
My father gave my mother.
EMILIA O heaven! O heavenly powers!
IAGO Come, hold your peace.[249]
EMILIA ’Twill out, ’twill out. I peace?
No, I will speak as liberal[250] as the north:
Let heaven and men and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I’ll speak.
IAGO Be wise, and get you home.
EMILIA I will not. ***Iago threatens to stab Emilia***
GRATIANO Fie, your sword upon a woman?
EMILIA O thou dull[256] Moor! That handkerchief thou speak’st of
I found by fortune and did give my husband,
For often, with a solemn earnestness —
More than indeed belonged[259] to such a trifle —
He begged of me to steal’t.
IAGO Villainous whore!
EMILIA She give it Cassio? No, alas! I found it,
And I did give’t my husband.
IAGO Filth,[264] thou liest!
EMILIA By heaven, I do not, I do not, gentlemen.
O murd’rous coxcomb![266] What should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?
OTHELLO Are there no stones[268] in heaven
But what serves for the thunder?— Precious[269] villain! ***He runs at Iago but is disarmed; Iago stabs Emilia***
GRATIANO The woman falls: sure, he hath killed his wife.
[Exit Iago]
EMILIA Ay, ay! O, lay me by my mistress’ side.
GRATIANO He’s gone, but his wife’s killed.
MONTANO ’Tis a notorious[273] villain. Take you this weapon
Which I have recovered[274] from the Moor:
Come, guard the door without:[275] let him not pass,
But kill him rather. I’ll after that same villain,

For ’tis a damnèd slave.
[Exeunt Montano and Gratiano]
OTHELLO I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipster[279] gets my sword:
But why should honour[280] outlive honesty?
Let it go all.
EMILIA What did thy song bode, lady?
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,[283]
And die in music:—
Willow, willow, willow— ***Sings***
Moor, she was chaste: she loved thee, cruel Moor.
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true,
So speaking as I think, alas, I die. ***Dies***
OTHELLO I have another weapon in this chamber:
It was a sword of Spain, the ice-brook’s temper:[289]
O, here it is. Uncle, I must come forth. ***Finds sword***
GRATIANO If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear: ***Within***
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce[292] must suffer.
OTHELLO Look in upon me then and speak with me,
Or, naked[294] as I am, I will assault thee.
[Enter Gratiano]
GRATIANO What is the matter?
OTHELLO Behold, I have a weapon:
A[297] better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier’s thigh. I have seen the day
That, with this little arm and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop:[301] but — O vain boast! —
Who can control his fate? ’Tis not so now.
Be not afraid, though you do see me weaponed:
Here[304] is my journey’s end, here is my butt
And very sea-mark[305] of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismayed? ’Tis a lost[306] fear:
Man[307] but a rush against Othello’s breast
And he retires. Where should Othello go?
Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starred[309] wench,

Pale as thy smock,[310] when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it! Cold, cold, my girl?
Even like thy chastity. O cursèd, cursèd slave![313]
Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight,
Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulphur,
Wash me in steep-down[317] gulfs of liquid fire!
O Desdemon! Dead, Desdemon! Dead! O, O!

Enter Lodovico, Cassio [carried in a chair], Montano and Iago [prisoner] with Officers

LODOVICO Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?
OTHELLO That's he that was Othello: here I am.
LODOVICO Where is that viper? Bring the villain forth.
OTHELLO I[322] look down towards his feet, but that's a fable:
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee. ***Wounds Iago***
LODOVICO Wrench his sword from him.
IAGO I bleed, sir, but not killed.
OTHELLO I am not sorry neither: I'd have thee live,
For in my sense[327] 'tis happiness to die.
LODOVICO O thou Othello, thou was once so good,
Fall'n in the practice[329] of a cursèd slave,
What shall be said to thee?
OTHELLO Why, anything:
An honourable murderer, if you will,
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.
LODOVICO This wretch hath part confessed his villainy.
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?
OTHELLO Ay.
CASSIO Dear general, I never gave you cause.
OTHELLO I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil
Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body?
IAGO Demand me nothing: what you know, you know:
From this time forth I never will speak word.
LODOVICO What? Not to pray?

GRATIANO Torments[344] will ope your lips.
OTHELLO Well, thou dost best.
LODOVICO Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n —
Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter
Found in the pocket of the slain Rodorigo,
And here another: the one of them imports[349]
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Rodorigo.
OTHELLO O villain!
CASSIO Most heathenish and most gross![353]
LODOVICO Now here's another discontented[354] paper
Found in his pocket too: and this, it seems,
Rodorigo meant t'have sent this damned villain,
But that belike[357] Iago in the interim
Came in and satisfied him.[358]
OTHELLO O thou pernicious caitiff![359]—
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?
CASSIO I found it in my chamber,
And he himself confessed it but even now
That there he dropped it for a special purpose
Which wrought[365] to his desire.
OTHELLO O fool, fool, fool!
CASSIO There is besides in Rodorigo's letter
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave[369] me upon the watch, whereon it came
That I was cast:[370] and even but now he spake —
After long seeming dead — Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.
LODOVICO You must forsake this room and go with us: *To Othello*
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,
If there be any cunning cruelty
That can torment him much and hold him long,[377]
It shall be his. You shall close[378] prisoner rest
Till that the nature of your fault be known

To the Venetian state.— Come, bring away.
OTHELLO Soft you; a word or two before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know't —
No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am: nothing extenuate,[385]
Nor set down aught in malice. Then must you speak
Of one that loved not wisely but too well:
Of one not easily jealous, but being wrought,[388]
Perplexed[389] in the extreme: of one whose hand,
Like the base[390] Judean, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe: of one whose subdued[391] eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drops tears as fast as the Arabian trees[393]
Their medicinable[394] gum. Set you down this,
And say besides, that in Aleppo[395] once,
Where a malignant and a turbaned Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduced[397] the state,
I took by th'throat the circumcisèd dog
And smote him, thus. ***Stabs himself***
LODOVICO O bloody period![400]
GRATIANO All that is spoke is marred.
OTHELLO I kissed[402] thee ere I killed thee: no way but this,
Killing myself, to die[403] upon a kiss. ***Kisses Desdemona***
Dies
CASSIO This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon,
For he was great of heart.
LODOVICO O Spartan dog,[406] ***To Iago***
More fell[407] than anguish, hunger, or the sea!
Look on the tragic loading of this bed:
This is thy work.— The object poisons sight,
Let it be hid. Gratiano, keep[410] the house,
And seize upon[411] the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed on[412] you.— To you, lord governor, ***To Cassio***
Remains the censure[413] of this hellish villain:
The time, the place, the torture: O, enforce it!

Myself will straight aboard, and to the state
This heavy[416] act with heavy heart relate.

Exeunt

Quarto passages that do not appear in the Folio

Following 1.3.354 (after “errors of her choice”):
she must have change, she must.
Following 1.3.370:
RODORIGO What say you?
IAGO No more of drowning, do you hear?
RODORIGO I am changed:
Following 2.1.89:
And bring all Cyprus comfort!
Following 3.1.23:
CASSIO Do, good my friend.
Following 3.1.44:
To take the safest occasion by the front
Following 3.4.96:
DESDEMONA I pray, talk me of Cassio.
OTHELLO The handkerchief!
Following 4.2.185:
And he does chide with you.
Following 5.2.100:
DESDEMONA O, lord, lord, lord!

Textual Notes

= First Quarto text of 1622
2 = a correction introduced in the Second Quarto text of 1630
= First Folio text of 1623
2 = a correction introduced in the Second Folio text of 1632
3 = a correction introduced in the Third Folio text of 1663–64
4 = a correction introduced in the Fourth Folio text of 1685
d = a correction introduced by a later editor
H = speech heading (i.e., speaker’s name)

ist of parts based on “The Names of the Actors” at end of F text, with additional information provided in parenthesis

RODORIGO *spelled thus in* F *(throughout).* Q = Roderigo *throughout* **EMILIA** *spelled* Aemilia *in* F *(throughout)*

.1.1 Never = F. Q = TVsh, neuer **4 But** = F. Q = S'blood, but **25 toga'd** = Q (toged). F = Tongued **29 Cyprus** *spelled* Ciprus in F *(and elsewhere)* **33 bless** = F. Q = God blesse **68 full** = Q. F = fall **thick-lips** = Ed. F = Thicks-lips. Q = thicklips. **75 chances** = F. Q = changes **90 Sir** = F. Q = Zounds sir **91 soul:** = Ed. F = soule **117 Sir** = F. Q = Zouns Sir **120 jennets** for germans *spelled* Gennets for Germaines *in* F **123 making** = F. Q = now making **163 hell-pains** = Ed. F = hell apines. Q = hells paines **166 sign. That** = Ed. F = signe) that

.2.41 haste-post-haste = Ed. F = haste, Post-haste **70 You, Rodorigo? Come** = F *(corrected).* F *(uncorrected)* = You *Rodorigo,* Come **98 Whither** = F2. F = Whether **103 I do** = Q. F = do

.3.24 gaze. When = Ed. F = gaze, when **58 nor** = Q. F = hor **62 and** = Q. F = snd **66 SH SENATORS** *ambiguously spelled Sen. in* F **84 your** = Q. F = yonr **100 tale** = Q. F = u Tale **110 maimed** *spelled* main'd *in* F **imperfect** = Ed. F = imperfect. **117 wrought upon** = Q. F = wtought vp on **118 SH DUKE** = Q. *Not in* F **119 overt** = Q. F = ouer **122 SH FIRST SENATOR** = Q. F = *Sen*. **136 till** = Q. F = tell **152 slavery, of** = Q. F = slauery. Of **154 antres** *spelled* Antars *in* F **155 rocks, hills** = F. Q = rocks and hils **157 other** = Q. F = others **158 Anthropophagi** *spelled Antropophague in* F **161 thence** = Q. F = hence **169 intentively** = Q. F = instinctiuely **173 kisses** = F. Q = sighes **190 speak:** = Ed. F = speake? **217 lovers.** = F. Q = louers / Into your fauour **222 preserved** = Q. F = presern'd **243 couch** = Q. F = Coach **245 alacrity** = Q. F = Alacartie **256 there reside** = Q. F = therorecide **263 I love** = F. Q = I did loue **289 against** = Q. F = againsf **318 the** = Q. F = the the **330 guinea-hen** *spelled* Gynney Hen *in* F **335 thyme** *spelled* Time *in* F **338 beam** = Ed. F = braine. Q = Ballence **341 scion** *spelled* Seyen *in* F **356 supersubtle** = F. Q = a super subtle **374 a snipe** = Q. F = Snpe **377 He** = Q. F = She

.1.2 SH FIRST GENTLEMAN = 1. Gent *in* F **9 mortise** = Q. F = Morties. **10 SH SECOND GENTLEMAN** = Q. F = 2 **13 wind-shaked surge** = F3. F = winde-shak'd-Surge mane *spelled* Maine in F **18 SH MONTANO** = Ed. F = Men. **21 SH THIRD GENTLEMAN** = Q. F = 3 **27–8 in…Cassio** = Ed. F = in: A *Verennessa, Michael Cassio* **42 th'aerial** = Ed. F = th'Eriall **44 SH THIRD GENTLEMAN** = Q. F = *Gent*. **47 Thanks, you** = Ed. F = Thankes you, **54 hopes** = Ed. F = hope's 56,**103 SH** [**VOICES**] = Ed. F = *Within* **71 engineer** *spelled* Ingeniuer *in* F **97 tell of** = F. Q = tell me of **101 of sea** = F. Q = of the sea **155 indeed, one** = Ed. F = indeed? One **155 authority** *spelled* authorithy *in* F **176 gyve** = F2. F = giue 180 courtesy *spelled* Curtsie *in* F **181 clyster-pipes** = Q (Clisterpipes). F = Cluster-pipes **222 hither** = Q. F = thither 229 prating? = Q. F = prating, **237 fortune** = Q. F = Forune does? = Q. F = do's: **241 has** = Q. F = he's **252 mutabilities** = F. Q = mutualities **260 haply** *spelled* happely *in* F **277 accountant** *spelled* accomptant *in* F 283 evened *spelled* eeuen'd *in* F **for wife** = Q. F = for wift **290 right** = F. Q = ranke **291 night-cap** = Q. F = Night-Cape

.2.6 present = Q. F = presenr **7 Bless** = F. Q = Heauen blesse

[**Act 2 Scene 3**] = Ed. *Scene is continuous in* F

.3.24 stoup = Ed. F = stope **49 to put** = Q. F = put to **66 Englishman** = Q. F = Englishmen **80 Then** = Q. F = *And* **auld** = Ed. F = *awl'd*. Q = owd **92 Forgive** = F. Q = God forgiue **94 left** = F. Q = left hand **96 SH GENTLEMEN** = Q. F = *Gent*. **126 You** = F. Q = Zouns, you **140 Sir Montano —Sir** = Ed. F = Sir *Montano:* **143 lieutenant!** = F. Q = Leiutenant, hold, **146 I bleed** = F. Q = Zouns, I bleed **149 sense of place** = Ed. F = place of sense **181 me** — = Ed. F = me. **201 leagued** = Ed. F = league **238 well,** = F. Q = well now, **269 O,** = F. Q = O God, **282 familiar** = Q. F = familiar **288 denotement** = Q. F = deuotement **293 stronger** = Q. F = stonger **297 check**

me = F. Q = check me here **307 were't to** = Q. F = were to **335 Does't** = Ed. F = Dos't **346 on:** = Ed. F = on. Q = on, **347 the while** = Ed. F = a while

.1.8 tail *spelled* tale in F **24 SH CASSIO** = Q. *Not in* F

.2.7 We'll = F3. F = Well

.3.5 fellow. Do = Ed. F = Fellow, Do **71 In faith** = F4. F = Infaith **73 example** = Ed. F = example) **79 with** = Q. F = wirh **82 much**— = Ed. F = much. **105 you** = Q. F = he **154 that all** = Q. F = that: All **free** = F. Q = free to **158 Where no** = Ed. F = Wherein. Q = But some **167 oft** = Q. F = of **168 wisdom** = F. Q = I intreate then **175 What** = F. Q = Zouns. **183 I'll** = F. Q = By heauen, I'le **203 Is** = F. Q = Is once **205 exsufflicate** *spelled* exufflicate *in* F **208 dances** = F. Q = dances well **278 put** = F2. Not in F **289 learnèd** = Ed. F = learn'd **290 human** *spelled* humane in F *(and elsewhere)* **329 talk to** = Q. F = talke too **384 Pioneers** *spelled* Pyoners *in* F **406 lord**— = Ed. F = Lord. **409 horror's** = Ed. F = Horrors **432 I see you** = F. Q = I see sir, you **466 laid** = F. Q = then layed **492 thy** = Q. F = the **498 mind may** = F. Q = mind perhaps may **501 Ne'er feels** = Q2. F = Neu'r keepes

.4.34 It hath felt = F. Q = It has yet felt **68 lose't** *spelled* loose't in F **84 Bless** = F. Q = Heauen blesse **90 I can, but** = F. Q = I Can sir, but **99 you**— = Ed. F = you. **119 honour. I** = Ed. F = honor, I **169 born** *spelled* borne *in* F **172 hereabout** = F3. F = heere about **182 lovers'** = Ed. F = Louers **191 friend:** = Ed. F = Friend,

.1.42–3 Lie…That's = F. Q = lye with her, Zouns, that's **83 list.** = Q. F = List, **85 unsuiting** = Q *(corrected)*. F = resulting **111 conster** = Q. F = conserue **113 you, lieutenant** = F. Q = you now Leiutenant **117 power** = Q. F = dowre **131 I marry** = F. Q = I marry her **140 beckons** = Q. F = becomes **143 and falls me** = F. Q = by this hand she fals **163 I** = F. Q = Faith I **205 I…Venice** = F. Q = Something from *Venice* sure, **206 Lodovico: this comes** = Ed. F = *Lodouico*, this, comes **208 Save you** = F. Q = God saue the **248 an obedient** = Q. F = obedient **285 denote** = Q. F *(corrected)* = deonte. F *(uncorrected)* = deuote

.2.34 nay = Ed. F = May **49 haply** *spelled* happely *in* F *(and elsewhere)* **52 I** = F. Q = Why I **70 Ay** *spelled* I *in* F **173 form,** = Ed. F = Forme. **193 daff'st** *spelled* dafts *in* F **198 I** = F. Q = Faith I **222 the** = Q. F = rhe **224 within** = Q. F = within,

.3.18 I = Q. F = I, **21 favour** = F. Q = fauour in them **24 before,** = F. Q = before thee, **34 Barbary** *spelled Brabarie in* F **42 singing** = F *(corrected)*. F *(uncorrected)* = sining **47 Sing…willow** = Ed. F = *Sing Willough, &c. (and elsewhere)*

.1.1 bulk = Q. F = Barke **46 in to** = Ed. F = into **115 him out** = Q. F = him

.2.39 say = F. Q = say so **61 Presently** = F. Q = Yes, presently **184 worst** = Q. F = wotst **274 have** = F. Q = haue here **347 not. Here** = Ed. F = not) heere **361 wife's** = Q. F = wiues **390 Judean** = F. Q, F2 = Indian

List of parts: **gulled** duped, deceived

Act 1 Scene 1

1.1 ***Location:*** *Venice (street)*

1 **Never tell me!** expression of disbelief **much unkindly** with great resentment/dissatisfaction

3 **this** i.e., Desdemona and Othello’s elopement

7 **him** i.e., Othello

9 **great ones** i.e., noble, influential men/official dignitaries

10 **suit** formal request, entreaty

11 **Off-capped** removed their hats (a mark of respect)

14 **bombast circumstance** elaborate evasive talk, wordy circumlocution

15 **epithets of war** military terms

16 **Nonsuits my mediators** thwarts the request of my intermediaries (from the legal term “nonsuit” meaning the withdrawal of a lawsuit) **‘Certes’** certainly

19 **Forsooth** in truth **arithmetician** i.e., mere theorist (in military matters)/mathematician (Florence was known for its bankers)

20 **Florentine** person from Florence (then a city-state in northern Italy)

21 **almost…wife** a man with a beautiful wife was **damned** because he was bound to be cuckolded; perhaps Shakespeare originally intended Cassio to be married, or else the line refers to an imminent or a narrowly avoided wedding (Bianca later claims that Cassio is going to marry her); but editors have struggled to make sense of the line, and a printer’s error is possible; the most satisfactory emendation would be limned (depicted, portrayed), which fits with Iago’s emphasis on Cassio’s effeminacy, as he compares him first to a wife and then to a spinster

22 **squadron** group of soldiers in a square formation/small detachment of soldiers

23 **division…battle** disposition of a battalion

24 **spinster** woman who stays at home spinning **unless** except for **theoric** theory

25 **toga’d consuls** toga-wearing councillors **toga** garment worn by citizens of ancient Rome **propose** discourse, hold forth

26 **prattle** idle talk

27 **had th’election** was chosen

28 **his** i.e., Othello’s

29 **Rhodes** island in the Mediterranean Sea, between Cyprus and Greece **Cyprus** Mediterranean island to the south of Turkey

30 **Christened** converted to Christianity **beleed** unable to move, as a ship is without wind (the nautical metaphor continues with **calmed**)

31 **debitor and creditor** i.e., book-keeping/a book-keeper (another dig at the **arithmetician** Cassio) **counter-caster** one who employs counters in making calculations, an accountant

32 **in good time** opportunely (sarcastic)

33 **bless the mark** apologetic expression used to excuse the mention of something unpleasant or profane **his Moorship** a contemptuous reference to Othello, varying "his worship" or "his lordship"; the term "moor" could be applied to a person of either African or Middle Eastern origin, and was often used to refer to someone from Barbary in north Africa; it was also used to mean "Muslim" **ancient** ensign (i.e., soldier who carries the military banner)

35 **service** being a servant/military duty

36 **Preferment** promotion **letter and affection** personal recommendation and favoritism

37 **old gradation** the traditional way of advancing steadily up the ranks

39 **term** manner, way **affined** bound

41 **follow** serve

43 **serve my turn** serve my own purposes (**serve** plays on the notion of being a servant)

45 **truly** loyally **mark** note, observe

46 **knee-crooking** bowing

48 **time** lifetime/time as a servant

49 **provender** food **cashiered** (he's) dismissed/discarded

50 **Whip me** whip (**me** is emphatic)

51 **trimmed** dressed up, adorned **visages** outward appearances

52 **attending on** waiting on, serving

55 **lined their coats** i.e., got all they can/lined their purses

56 **Do themselves homage** serve their own interests exclusively

59 **Were…Iago** if I was Othello I would not wish to be a servant like me/if I were in Othello's position I would not be fooled by a self-seeking servant

61 **not I for** I am not one for, I do not serve out of

62 **peculiar** personal

63 **demonstrate** display, manifest

64 **native** innate, natural **figure** form/appearance

65 **compliment extern** external show

67 **daws** jackdaws (small birds of the crow family, proverbially foolish)/fools

68 **full** perfect, complete **owe** own

69 **carry't** carry it off, manage it

71 **make after** pursue

72 **Proclaim** denounce

73 **though** even though

74 **though that** although

75 **chances** possibilities

76 **As it may** that may cause it to

78 **like timorous accent** such terrifying tones

83 **bags** moneybags

85 ***Above*** i.e., on the upper staging level or gallery

89 **Wherefore** why

90 **gown** coat/senator's robes

92 **ram** a proverbially lustful beast

93 **tupping** mounting sexually; the **ram** was proverbially lusty, hence slang for "lecher"

94 **snorting** snoring (also picks up on the bestial imagery of the previous lines) **bell** alarm bell

95 **devil** i.e., Othello (the devil was popularly imaged as black) **grandsire** grandfather

98 **reverend** respected

102 **charged** ordered **haunt** loiter, lurk

105 **distemp'ring draughts** intoxicating drinks

107 **start** startle, disrupt

110 **spirits…place** disposition and my position of authority

114 **grange** isolated house in the country

115 **grave** dignified, respected

116 **simple** honest

119 **covered** a term for copulation between a stallion and a mare **Barbary horse** i.e., Othello **Barbary** region in northern Africa including Morocco, Algiers, Tripoli and Tunis **nephews** grandsons

120 **coursers** large powerful horses **jennets** small Spanish horses **germans** close relatives
121 **profane** irreverent/foul-mouthed
123 **making…backs** i.e., having sex
126 **answer** answer for, be held responsible for
128 **pleasure** wish
130 **odd-even** time that is neither day nor night—i.e., around midnight
131 **Transported with** be transported by
132 **But with** i.e., than **knave** servant, lackey
133 **gross** lustful/vile
134 **allowance** permission
135 **saucy** insolent
138 **from** contrary to **civility** civilized behavior
139 **your reverence** the respect due to you/you, a respected person
140 **leave** permission
141 **gross** monstrous, flagrant/indecent
142 **wit** intelligence, good sense
143 **In** i.e., to **extravagant and wheeling** roaming and roving **stranger** foreigner
144 **Straight** immediately
148 **Strike…tinder** i.e., strike a light
149 **taper** candle
150 **accident** event
154 **meet** appropriate **wholesome** beneficial, conducive **place** position (as Othello's ensign)
155 **producted** produced as a witness
157 **gall** annoy **check** reprimand
158 **cast** cast off, dismiss **embarked** engaged, committed
159 **loud reason** resounding support
160 **stands in act** are underway **for** i.e., to save
161 **fathom** ability
164 **life** livelihood
165 **sign** show, display (plays on the sense of "military flag")
166 **That** in order that
167 **Sagittary** inn or house named after Sagittarius, a centaur (half-man, half-horse) famed for his archery; centaurs were associated with lust, so

Sagittarius, always depicted with bow and arrow, may be seen as a type of bestial Cupid **raisèd search** search party roused from sleep

170 **my despisèd time** the miserable remainder of my life/the remainder of my life in which I will be scorned for what has happened

172 **unhappy** misfortune-causing/ill-fated

175 **Past thought** beyond belief (or "understanding")

178 **treason…blood** rebellion against her family/revolt of the (sexual) passions

180 **charms** spells, enchantments

181 **property** rightful nature **maidhood** girlhood, virginity

188 **discover** reveal

191 **may command** have the authority to demand aid

193 **deserve your pains** reward you for your trouble

Act 1 Scene 2

1.2 ***Location:*** *Venice (outside the Sagittary)*

1 **trade** (mercantile) dealings/craft

2 **very stuff** fundamental material (**stuff** maintains the metaphor of **trade** with its senses of “fabric or goods for exchange/materials for manufacture”)

3 **contrived** premeditated **iniquity** wickedness

5 **yerked** stabbed with a sudden movement **him** i.e., Rodorigo

7 **prated** spoke insolently/told tales, blabbed

8 **scurvy** contemptible

11 **I…him** I restrained myself with great difficulty from attacking him/I tolerated him with great difficulty

12 **fast** firmly

13 **magnifico** i.e., Brabantio, one of the foremost noblemen, or Magnifici, in Venice

14 **in his effect** at his disposal **a…duke’s** a powerful influence/an influence that is potentially double that of the duke **voice** influence/vote

16 **what** whatever **grievance** hardship, oppression

18 **cable** rope, i.e., scope

20 **signiory** Venetian governing body

21 **’Tis…know** it is not yet known

23 **promulgate** declare publicly

24 **siege** throne, i.e., rank **demerits** merits, deserts

25 **unbonneted** with my hat off (i.e., respectfully, modestly)/without removing my hat (i.e., on terms of equality) **proud** great, splendid

28 **unhousèd** unconfined

29 **circumscription and confine** enclosure and confinement

30 **sea’s worth** i.e., treasure lying under the sea **yond** yonder, over there

31 **raisèd** roused from sleep/angered

34 **parts** personal qualities **title** legal rights as a husband/high military rank **perfect** unblemished, guiltless

36 **Janus** Roman god with two faces

41 **haste-post-haste** speedy, urgent

43 **matter** business

44 **divine** guess

45 **heat** urgency

46 **sequent** successive

51 **several quests** separate search parties

56 **makes he** is he doing

57 **Faith** truly **boarded** seized (a vessel) by force/had sex with **caract** carrack, large Spanish ship used in war or as a merchant vessel (implicitly loaded with “treasure,” a euphemism for “vagina” or “chastity”)

62 **Marry** by the Virgin Mary (a common oath; puns on **married**)

63 **Have with you** I’ll join you

65 **advised** warned

66 **to** with

67 **Holla** whoa, stop

71 **up** i.e., in their sheaths

74 **foul** abhorrent/wicked/ugly/dirty, black

75 **stowed** Brabantio unwittingly continues the nautical imagery: “to stow” is to store cargo on a ship or in a sexual sense “fill with the penis”

77 **refer me to** entrust myself to (the authority of)

79 **tender** young/gentle/meek **fair** beautiful/unstained/pale-complexioned, white

80 **opposite** opposed

81 **curlèd** i.e., with elegantly styled hair **dearling** darlings, favorites

82 **a general mock** universal scorn

83 **her guardage** the guardianship of her father

85 **Judge…world** let the world judge **gross in sense** blatantly obvious

86 **practised on** worked cunningly on, deceived

87 **minerals** mineral potions or poisons

88 **motion** normal faculties/perceptions **disputed on** debated formally

90 **attach** arrest

92 **arts…warrant** magical practices that are forbidden and illegal

95 **Hold** hold back, halt

96 **of my inclining** on my side

98 **Whither…I** where do you want me to

101 **course…session** the proper process of a judicial hearing (or “…of an immediate judicial hearing”)

106 **present** immediate, urgent/current

114 **brothers…state** fellow senators

116 **have passage free** i.e., go unrestrained

Act 1 Scene 3

1.3 ***Location:*** *Venice (duke's residence/council chamber)*

1 **composition** *consistency*

2 **them** i.e., the news

3 **disproportioned** inconsistent

7 **jump** agree, coincide **just account** exact amount 8 **aim** guess

12 **I…sense** this discrepancy does not make me so overconfident that I fail to recognize and fear the main point (i.e., that the Turkish fleet is making for Cyprus)

18 **preparation** force prepared for war

21 **How…by** what do you make of

23 **assay** test/endeavor **pageant** show, spectacle/trick

24 **in false gaze** looking in the wrong direction/deluded

25 **Th'importancy** the importance

28 **So…it** so can he (the Turk) win it **(Cyprus)** with less arduous conflict

29 **For that** because **brace** state of defensive readiness

30 **th'abilities** the strength/resources

31 **dressed in** equipped with

33 **latest** last

34 **attempt** undertaking/attack

35 **wage** risk

38 **Ottomites** members of the Ottoman Empire—i.e., Turks **reverend and gracious** i.e., senators

40 **injointed them** joined themselves **after** following (in the rear; nautical term)

42 **restem…course** hold once again to their former course

43 **frank** open

45 **servitor** servant

46 **free** unconstrained, willing **recommends** informs/commends himself to

51 **post-post-haste** immediately/speedily

54 **general enemy Ottoman** i.e., universal enemy to all Christians

55 **gentle** noble

58 **place** position (as a senator) **aught** anything

59 **the general care** concern for the public interest/widespread anxiety at current events

60 **particular** personal

61 **floodgate** i.e., torrential (like water released when a floodgate is opened)

62 **engluts** consumes

63 **is still itself** i.e., is unchanged or undiminished by other **sorrows**

68 **abused** wronged/misused/deceived

69 **mountebanks** charlatans/quack doctors

70 **prepost'rously** unnaturally **err** stray/blunder/sin

71 **sense** perception, discernment, reason

72 ***Sans*** without

73 **proceeding** manner of behaving/course of action

74 **beguiled** cheated/deprived/bewitched

75 **bloody** death-dealing (witchcraft was punishable by death)

77 **After…sense** according to your own interpretation (however harsh) **our proper** my own

78 **Stood…action** were the accused party in your lawsuit

85 **but** except

86 **grave** respected, wise, dignified

87 **approved** proven/esteemed

90 **head and front** highest extent (literally, “head and forehead”)

91 **Rude** uncultivated/rough

93 **since…pith** i.e., since I was seven years old **pith** strength

94 **Till…wasted** i.e., until nine months ago **wasted** passed away/waned/squandered

95 **dearest** worthiest, most valuable/best-loved **tented** covered with military tents

97 **broils** turmoil, conflict

100 **round** blunt, plain

102 **conjuration** invocation of spirits/spells

103 **withal** with

106 **motion** natural inner impulses/physical movement

108 **years** age (Othello is older than Desdemona) **credit** reputation

113 **practices** tricks/treachery/schemes

114 **vouch** assert, affirm

115 **mixtures** potions, medicines (perhaps with connotations of “unlawful sexual intercourse”) **blood** passions/sexual appetite

116 **dram** small draft, dose

117 **wrought** worked

119 **test** evidence/trial

120 **habits** clothes (i.e., appearances)

121 **modern seeming** commonplace appearance **prefer** put forward

123 **indirect** devious, deceitful **forcèd courses** forcible means

125 **question** conversation

126 **affordeth** grants, yields naturally

131 **office** official position

137 **blood** nature/passions/anger

138 **justly** exactly/truthfully **present** legal term meaning “to lay before a court”

143 **Still** continually

145 **passed** experienced/got through

148 **disastrous** unlucky/calamitous

149 **moving** changeable/emotionally stirring **accidents** events **flood and field** water and land/sea and battlefield

150 **scapes** escapes **i’th’imminent deadly breach** in the gap in a fortification (made by a battery), which presents an imminent danger of death

151 **insolent** proud, overbearing

153 **portance** bearing/conduct

154 **antres** caves **deserts idle** empty wildernesses

156 **hint** occasion/opportunity **process** story, account

158 **Anthropophagi** man-eaters

159 **these…hear** in order to hear these things

160 **seriously** earnestly **incline** be disposed mentally/lean in physically

165 **pliant** suitable, accommodating

167 **pilgrimage** i.e., his life’s journey and its adventures **dilate** relate/expand upon

168 **parcels** small parts

169 **intentively** intently, with close attention

170 **beguile her of** coax from her (perhaps a deliberate shift from the sense of “cheat” employed by the duke in line 74)

171 **stroke** blow

173 **kisses** could mean “gentle touches”

174 **passing** surpassingly, exceedingly

177 **made her** created her to be/made for her

180 **hint** opportunity/indication

184 **witness** testify to

187 **Take…best** i.e., make the best of a bad situation

192 **bad** mistaken/wrongful

198 **education** upbringing

199 **learn** teach

201 **hitherto** thus far

203 **preferring** promoting/esteeming

204 **challenge** claim, assert as a right

207 **Please it** if it please

208 **get** beget, conceive

211 **but** were it not that

212 **For your sake** because of you

214 **escape** transgression/elopement

215 **clogs** blocks of wood attached to the neck or leg to prevent escape

216 **like yourself** on your behalf/as you would speak if you were calm **lay** apply **sentence** opinion/saying, maxim

217 **grise** flight of stairs/single step

218 **remedies are past** it is too late for remedies **griefs** hardships, suffering/distress

219 **late** recently

220 **mischief** misfortune/wicked action

221 **next** nearest

222 **takes** takes away/seizes hold/strikes

223 **Patience…makes** enduring it patiently enables one to make light of the injury inflicted by fortune

225 **spends** engages in/exhausts/expends (perhaps with the suggestion of tears) **bootless** pointless/incurable

226 **beguile** cheat/deprive

228 **He…hears** he who derives only the easy comfort of such a saying certainly bears out your maxim (**bears the sentence** plays on the sense of “undergoes judicial sentence”) **free** easy/unrestrained/costless

231 **to…borrow** must try to abate his grief with the scant resources of patience **poor** unfortunate/feeble/impecunious

232 **These…equivocal** i.e., such maxims are just as sweet as they are bitter, so they are equally valid in whichever fashion they are applied

235 **bruisèd** crushed, battered **pierced** affected, moved (i.e., soothed) **through the ears** i.e., by words

238 **fortitude** strength

239 **allowed sufficiency** acknowledged ability, demonstrable competence **opinion** public opinion **effects** events/outcomes

240 **throws…you** votes for you as the more secure choice **slubber** soil, smear

241 **stubborn** difficult/unyielding **boisterous** rough, violent

243 **flinty** hard, stony **couch** bed (in addition to the nature of war in general, Othello also refers to having to sleep on the ground in one's armor)

244 **thrice-driven** i.e., extremely soft, having had the lightest feathers separated from the rest three times over **down** fine feathers of young birds **agnize** acknowledge

245 **alacrity** readiness

246 **hardness** hardship/a hard bed

248 **bending…state** submitting (possibly bowing) to your authority as duke

249 **fit disposition** suitable arrangements

250 **reference…exhibition** assignment of lodgings and financial maintenance

251 **accommodation** provision/lodgings **besort** suitable company

252 **levels with** equals/befits

258 **eye** sight

259 **unfolding** ensuing speech/explanation **prosperous** favorable

260 **charter** permission/privilege

261 **simpleness** unassuming disposition/guilelessness/foolishness

264 **violence** violation of convention/extreme strength of feeling **storm of fortunes** the tempestuous nature of my lot/the disruption of my privileged life

265 **subdued Even to** entirely submissive to/wholly conquered by

266 **very quality** fundamental nature

268 **parts** qualities

269 **consecrate** dedicate solemnly, devote

271 **moth** i.e., insignificant creature/creature that hovers idly/source of expense

272 **rites** rites of love/rights, privileges

274 **dear** heartfelt/costly

275 **voice** support, consent

276 **Vouch** witness

278 **comply with heat** submit to sexual desire **young affects** youthful passions

279 **defunct…satisfaction** no longer active (**defunct**, dead) desire for sexual satisfaction

280 **free** generous

281 **heaven** may heaven **that** if

282 **scant** neglect/diminish

283 **toys** trifles/Cupid’s arrows

284 **feathered** alludes either to Cupid’s wings or to his arrows **Cupid** Roman god of love (traditionally depicted as a blind boy with wings) **seel** blind (literally to sew up the eyes of a young hawk for training purposes) **wanton dullness** post-coital lethargy

285 **speculative…instrument** i.e., eyes, official faculties of vision

286 **That** so that **disports** (sexual) entertainments

287 **skillet** cooking pot **helm** helmet

288 **indign** unworthy, dishonorable

289 **Make head** advance/raise troops **estimation** reputation

291 **cries** calls for

298 **quality and respect** significance and relevance

299 **import** concern

302 **conveyance** escorting

307 **delighted** delightful

308 **fair** beautiful/pale/virtuous **black** ugly/dark-complexioned/wicked

312 **Honest** honorable/virtuous/truthful

315 **in…advantage** at the most favorable opportunity

317 **direction** instruction

318 **time** i.e., current urgency of affairs

320 **heart** friend

323 **incontinently** immediately/loosely, unchastely

326 **prescription** ancient right/doctor’s prescription

329 **Ere** before

330 **guinea-hen** female turkey or guinea fowl/prostitute **change** exchange **baboon** i.e., an idiot (monkeys were also associated with lechery)

331 **fond** doting, infatuated/foolish

332 **virtue** nature/power/moral strength

333 **A fig!** coarse exclamation of dismissive contempt, often accompanied by the thrusting of the thumb between the index and middle fingers

335 **set** plant **hyssop** an aromatic herb **gender** type

336 **distract** divide **sterile with idleness** unproductive as a result of neglect

337 **corrigible authority** power to correct

338 **beam** bar from which the scales of a balance are suspended/the balance itself **poise** counterbalance

339 **blood** passions **preposterous** perverse/illogical/monstrous

340 **conclusions** outcomes **motions** impulses, emotions **carnal stings** sexual urges (with phallic connotations)

341 **unbitted** unbridled, unrestrained **sect or scion** cutting or shoot

343 **will** personal inclination/sexual desire

345 **knit** tied firmly, committed **perdurable** indestructible

346 **stead** help, support

347 **defeat…beard** disfigure your face with a false beard (or perhaps “by growing a beard”)

350 **answerable sequestration** corresponding separation

352 **locusts** fruit of the carob tree **coloquintida** colocynth, a **bitter** apple

353 **change for youth** exchange Othello for a younger man/because she’s young (and therefore changeable)

355 **delicate** enjoyable/elegant/ingenious **Make** raise **sanctimony** holiness

356 **erring** roving/blundering/sinful **barbarian** person from Barbary/uncivilized savage **supersubtle** extremely refined/supremely cunning

358 **pox of** plague on **pox** plague, venereal disease **clean…way** entirely the wrong measure to take

359 **in** for **compassing** achieving/sexually embracing **joy** sexual pleasure/Desdemona

360 **fast** reliable/constant **issue** outcome

361 **art** i.e., may be

362 **hearted** grounded in the heart

363 **conjunctive** united **cuckold him** make him a cuckold (i.e., a man with an unfaithful wife)

365 **Traverse** move (a military command)

369 **betimes** early

370 **Go to** expression of dismissive impatience

373 **profane** abuse/treat irreverently

374 **snipe** fool, dupe/type of bird

375 **But** except

376 **abroad** i.e., widely

377 **done my office** performed my role (i.e., had sex with my wife)

378 **in that kind** of that nature

379 **do…surety** proceed as if it were a certainty **holds me well** has a good opinion of me

381 **proper** handsome/fine/accomplished

382 **plume up** glorify/put a feather in the cap of

385 **he** i.e., Cassio

386 **person** presence/appearance **dispose** disposition/manner

387 **framed** formed **false** unfaithful (to their husbands)

388 **free** frank/generous

390 **tenderly** easily

392 **engend'red** conceived

393 **monstrous** unnatural, deformed

Act 2 Scene 1

2.1 ***Location:*** *a port in Cyprus*

1 **cape** headland

2 **high-wrought flood** agitated sea

3 **main** sea

4 **Descry** catch sight of

7 **ruffianed** behaved as a ruffian, i.e., raged

8 **ribs** strengthening timbers in the framework of a ship **mountains** mountainous waves

9 **hold the mortise** keep their joints secure

10 **segregation** dispersal

12 **chidden** rebuked, repelled (by the shore) **billow** ocean swell

13 **mane** puns on “main” (i.e., sea)

14 **burning bear** the constellation Ursa Minor (used for navigation)

15 **guards** the two stars in Ursa Minor that were second in brightness to the Pole Star **pole** the Pole Star or North Star

16 **like molestation** similar turbulence

17 **enchafèd** furious, roused

19 **embayed** sheltered in a bay

23 **designment** enterprise

24 **sufferance** damage

28 **Veronesa** ship from or built in Verona (city in northern Italy)

31 **in…here** on his way here with full delegated authority

34 **Touching** regarding **sadly** serious, grave

35 **pray** i.e., prays

39 **full** complete, perfect

42 **the…regard** the blueness of the sea and the sky one indistinguishable sight

46 **arrivancy** people arriving

48 **approve** praise, testify to the worth of

52 **bark** ship **pilot** ship’s captain

53 **Of…allowance** acknowledged to be a man of proven expertise

54 **not…cure** not being fatally overindulged, remain confident of a good outcome (medical metaphor: “surfeit” refers to the gastrointestinal problems that result from too much food and drink)

58 **brow o’th’sea** i.e., a cliff top

60 **shape him for** imagine it to be

61 **shot of courtesy** welcoming cannon shot

67 **achieved** won

68 **paragons** excels **wild** unrestrained/excited **fame** report

69 **quirks** clever conceits/verbal tricks **blazoning** praising/proclaiming/vividly descriptive

70 **th’essential…creation** the innate God-given beauty of body or soul

vesture clothing

71 **tire the engineer** exhaust the writer trying to describe her (tire, picking up on vesture, puns on “attire”) **engineer** author

72 **put in** i.e., arrived at the harbor

74 **speed** haste/good fortune

76 **guttered** jagged **congregated sands** massed sands, i.e., sandbanks

77 **ensteeped** immersed in water **enclog** obstruct

78 **As** as if **omit** neglect

79 **mortal** deadly

83 **in…of** to be escorted by

84 **footing** landing **anticipates…speed** occurs a week earlier than we had expected

85 **sennight’s** week’s **Jove** supreme Roman god

87 **tall** brave/fine/tall-masted

88 **quick** lively/rapid/burning

89 **extincted** extinguished

95 **Enwheel** encircle

102 **fellowship** company, i.e., group of ships

104 **citadel** fortress (where a garrison would have been stationed)

108 **gall** vex, irritate

109 **breeding** upbringing

112 **tongue** i.e., in speaking incessantly/in kissing

114 **has no speech** is not a great talker/has been rendered silent with embarrassment at Iago’s words

116 **still** always **leave** a free moment/permission

117 **before** in the presence of

119 **chides** scolds

121 **pictures** i.e., silent/attractive in appearance **bells** i.e., noisy and jangling **parlours** nods at the original meaning of the word: “room set aside for conversation”

122 **players** triflers as opposed to serious workers

123 **housewifery** housekeeping **housewives** hussies, whores

125 **Turk** i.e., an infidel, not to be trusted

126 **play** with sexual connotations **work** do chores/have sex

132 **assay** try/put me to the test

134 **beguile** divert attention from

137 **invention** inventiveness

138 **pate** head/brains **birdlime** sticky substance spread on twigs to catch birds **frieze** coarse woolen cloth

139 **muse** inspiring goddess **labours** toils/is in the process of giving birth (a sense continued with **delivered**)

141 **fair** beautiful/fair-haired **wit** intelligence, perhaps playing on a “genital” sense

142 **The…it** i.e., wisdom will make use of fairness; **use** plays on sense of “sexual employment”

143 **black** dark-haired and/or complexioned

144 **thereto** in addition

145 **white** fair-complexioned person (puns on “wight,” meaning “person,” and possibly “wit,” witty fellow) **blackness** plays on sense of “vagina” **fit** suit/fit into during sex

149 **folly** foolishness/lewdness **to an heir** to marry an heir/get pregnant

150 **fond** foolish

151 **foul** ugly/black

152 **thereunto** in addition

153 **foul pranks** lewd acts

154 **heavy** grievous/burdensome

155 **one…itself** one whose virtue is so powerful that it rightfully compels the approving testimony of malice itself

158 **tongue** i.e., speech, plays on sense of “oral sex” **at will** when she wanted, plays on sense of “will”—carnal desire/penis

159 **gay** showily dressed

160 **Fled…may** denied her own wishes even when she knew she might indulge them/denied her lover until she chose

164 **change…tail** i.e., have (adulterous) sex **cod’s head** penis **salmon’s tail** vagina

167 **wight** person, plays on “white” meaning “target” (vagina)

169 **suckle** breastfeed **chronicle small beer** concern herself with trivial matters

172 **liberal** freely spoken/licentious

173 **home** directly **in the** in the role of a

176 **gyve** shackle

177 **courtship** courtly manners (plays on sense of “wooing”) **You…indeed** Iago mockingly pretends to speak to Cassio **tricks** fashionable mannerisms, courtly practices

178 **kissed…fingers** a gesture of courtesy to a lady

179 **sir** i.e., well-bred gentleman

180 **courtesy** bow, courteous gesture

181 **clyster-pipes** tubes used for anal administration of medicine or enemas

184 **Lo** look

191 **bark** sailing ship

192 **Olympus-high** as high as Mount Olympus, the home of the Greek gods

193 **to die** my time to die

197 **Succeeds** can follow

203 **stops** arrests/chokes **here** at this very moment/in my heart or throat

207 **set down** loosen

214 **prattle** chatter **out of fashion** contrary to my usual manner/unfashionably **dote** behave foolishly/indulge

215 **comforts** happiness

216 **coffers** boxes, trunks

217 **master** ship’s captain

219 **challenge** claim, require

222 **base** low-born/unworthy

223 **list** listen to

224 **watches…guard** is on duty at the guardhouse

225 **directly** completely

227 **thus** i.e., on the lips **Mark me** note, recollect

228 **but** only

229 **prating** chattering **discreet** discerning, prudent

231 **dull** sluggish **act of sport** sex **a game** sexual play/a new quarry

232 **favour** appearance **sympathy** similarity

233 **required conveniences** necessary correspondences (or “advantages”)

234 **heave the gorge** retch **disrelish** find distasteful

236 **pregnant** evident **position** proposition, assertion

237 **eminent…degree** i.e., first in line **eminent** high/conspicuous **degree** step

238 **voluble** inconstant/glib **conscionable** ruled by conscience

239 **humane** courteous/kindly **seeming** appearance **compass** achievement **salt** lecherous

240 **slipper** slippery **subtle** cunning **occasion** opportunity

241 **stamp** coin **advantages** opportunities **true** genuine/honest

243 **folly** foolishness/lewdness **green** young/inexperienced **after** out for **pestilent** poisonous/confounded

244 **complete** perfect, consummate

245 **condition** disposition

246 **Blessed fig’s-end!** exclamation of dismissive contempt **fig’s-end** vagina **The…grapes** i.e., she’s as mortal (and open to desire) as the next person

247 **pudding** sausage/penis

248 **paddle** stroke/play with her fingers

250 **index** table of contents/preface (plays on the sense of the pointing “forefinger”) **obscure** hidden

252 **mutabilities** changes, signs of sexual fickleness

253 **hard** close **main** may contribute to the language of hands and fingers with a play on the French *main* (“hand”) **exercise** action/sexual act **incorporate** carnal, united in one body

255 **Watch you** remain alert, be on the lookout **for…you** I’ll bestow on you the leading role in carrying out our plan/I’ll give you instructions about what to do

257 **tainting his discipline** casting aspersions on his military skill

258 **minister** provide

260 **choler** anger **haply** perhaps/with any luck

261 **these** i.e., the people

262 **whose…again** i.e., who will not be appeased

263 **displanting** uprooting, supplanting

264 **prefer** promote, advance

265 **prosperity** success

266 **I…opportunity** it will bring about any opportunity for me

267 **warrant** assure **his** i.e., Othello’s

271 **apt** likely/appropriate **of great credit** very believable

272 **howbeit…not** although I cannot bear him

275 **dear** beloved, precious (with grim play on the sense of “costly”)

276 **peradventure** perhaps/probably

277 **accountant** accountable

278 **diet** feed

279 **For that** because

280 **leaped into** plays on the sense of “mounted sexually” **seat** official place/saddle/(wife’s) vagina

287 **poor…Venice** i.e., Rodorigo **trace** follow

288 **For** on account of **stand…on** continues to respond to my incitements (suggestive of urging dogs on in a hunt)

289 **on the hip** at a disadvantage

290 **right garb** way I plan/most effective manner

291 **night-cap** wife/(wife’s) vagina; Iago suspects Cassio of having sex with Emilia

293 **egregiously** monstrously, shamefully

294 **practising upon** scheming against

295 **’Tis here** i.e., the plan exists/the plan is in my head

Act 2 Scene 2

2.2 ***Location:*** *Cyprus*

2 **mere perdition** total destruction

3 **triumph** public celebration of victory

4 **addition** rank/occupation

5 **nuptial** marriage

6 **offices** kitchens, pantries

7 **told** counted, struck

Act 2 Scene 3

2.3 ***Location:*** *Cyprus (the citadel)*

2 **stop** restraint

3 **outsport discretion** make merry beyond the bounds of prudence

8 **with your earliest** at your earliest convenience

10 **the…ensue** i.e., though married, Othello and Desdemona have yet to consummate their union

14 **cast** dismissed

16 **wanton** sportive/amorous/lascivious **Jove** the supreme Roman god was known for his amorous encounters with beautiful women

17 **exquisite** accomplished, perfect

18 **full of game** sexually sportive, lustful

19 **delicate** charming/dainty/elegant

20 **sounds a parley** issues a summons (literally, to military negotiations)

22 **alarum** call to arms

24 **stoup** cup, tankard

25 **without** outside **brace** pair **gallants** fine young men disposed to pleasure **fain** gladly **have a measure** i.e., drink a toast

27 **unhappy** unfortunate

30 **craftily qualified** skillfully diluted

31 **innovation** alteration/revolution **infortunate** unfortunate, unlucky

36 **it dislikes me** it displeases me/I do it reluctantly

39 **offence** aggression, readiness to take offense

40 **my…dog** the overindulged lapdog of a young lady **sick** lovesick

42 **caroused** drunk as a toast

43 **Potations pottle-deep** half-gallon drafts **watch** remain alert, be on the lookout (for a chance to provoke Cassio)

44 **swelling** proud

45 **That…distance** who are very conscious of protecting their honors (and thus quick to take offense)

46 **elements** essence, typical constituents

47 **flustered** made drunkenly excitable

48 **watch** are awake

49 **action** deed/fight

51 **approve** prove, bear out

52 **stream** current

53 **rouse** large quantity of drink

56 **cannikin** small drinking vessel

59 **span** brief period (literally, span of the hand)

63 **most…potting** big drinkers

64 **swag-bellied** with a belly that sags heavily

67 **drinks you** drinks (**you** is emphatic)

68 **Almain** German **pottle** half-gallon drinking vessel

71 **do you justice** i.e., match you in the amount you drink

73 **King Stephen** twelfth-century King of England **and-a** a

74 **crown** gold coin of varying value in different countries

75 **held** considered

76 **lown** loon, rascal, base person

80 **auld** old

88 **quality** rank

98 **th'platform** the terrace on which guns were mounted and where the night watch stood guard **set the watch** mount the guard

102 **just equinox** exact equal **equinox** moment when day and night are of equal length

103 **pity of** a pity about

109 **watch…set** remain awake during two revolutions of the clock (**horologe**)

119 **hazard…second** risk as important a place as lieutenant

120 **ingraft** engrained

128 **knave** rogue/servant, low-ranking person

129 **twiggen bottle** wicker basket (i.e., Rodorigo's body will be criss-crossed with wounds and bruises)

133 **hold** hold back

135 **mazzard** head

141 **masters** sirs

142 **bell** town alarm bell *Diablo* devil (Spanish)

143 **rise** rise up/riot

144 **ashamed** filled with shame/dishonored

149 **place** (your) official positions

152 **turned Turks** converted to Islam/betrayed ourselves **that…Ottomites** attack each other, which the heaven-sent storm prevented the Turks from

doing to us; may also allude to Islamic prohibitions against alcohol/internecine strife

155 **carve** i.e., with his sword

156 **light** of small value **he dies** i.e., I'll kill him

157 **dreadful** inspiring dread and terror

158 **From her propriety** out of its rightful ordered state

159 **grieving** distress, sorrow

160 **love** loyal affection for me

162 **quarter** conduct toward one another **terms** speech/relations with one another

163 **Devesting them** undressing themselves

164 **unwitted men** deprived men of their senses

165 **tilting** thrusting

167 **peevish odds** senseless quarrel/headstrong conflict

168 **would** wish

170 **are thus forgot** have forgotten yourself in this way

172 **wont** accustomed

173 **stillness** calmness/sobriety

175 **censure** judgment

176 **unlace** undo (the strings of a purse in order to spend the contents)

177 **opinion** reputation

181 **offends** hurts

182 **aught** anything

188 **blood** passion/anger **safer guides** i.e., reason, judgment

189 **collied** blackened, obscured

190 **Assays** attempts

193 **rout** brawl

194 **approved** proved (guilty)

195 **twinned…birth** been my twin

196 **town of war** garrison town

197 **wild** excitable, unruly, not entirely under control

198 **manage** conduct

199 **on…safety!** at the guardhouse and while on duty protecting public safety

200 **monstrous** unnatural, outrageous (ironically, a mere full stop stands in the way of the answer to Othello's question)

201 **partially…office** if, being personally predisposed (to Cassio) or allied (to him) because of your official roles

204 **Touch** test/accuse/provoke **near** intimately/closely

211 **with…him** determined to use his sword upon him (**execute** plays on sense of “put to death”)

213 **his pause** him to stop

217 **rather For that** the more rapidly because

219 **high in oath** cursing loudly

225 **forget** forget themselves

226 **him** i.e., Montano

229 **indignity** insult, affront

230 **pass** let pass

232 **mince** make light of

238 **sweeting** sweetheart, darling

240 **Myself…surgeon** i.e., I will ensure that you receive good medical care/dress your wounds

242 **distracted** confused/caused disorder among

244 **balmy** soothing

252 **sense** physical feeling, i.e., pain **idle** useless/empty

253 **imposition** thing imposed on one by others

255 **recover** regain (the favor of) **cast…mood** dismissed in his fit of anger

257 **Sue to** petition, entreat

260 **slight** worthless **indiscreet** foolish, lacking sound judgment **speak parrot** babble repetitively/speak rubbish

261 **discourse fustian** speak elaborate nonsense

264 **What** who

268 **nothing wherefore** no reason for it

270 **pleasance** pleasure

274 **frankly** openly, unreservedly

275 **moraler** moralizer

277 **mend it** improve matters

279 **Hydra** in Greek mythology, the many-headed snake that re-grew two heads for every one that was cut off **stop** stop up, silence

280 **inordinate** immoderate

282 **familiar** friendly (but quibbles on the sense of “malign attendant spirit”)

284 **approved it** found it to be so through experience

285 **a time** some time

286 **for that** (namely) that

287 **mark, and denotement** observation

288 **parts** personal qualities **importune** crave, entreat; plays on negative senses of “pester, annoy/solicit for purposes of prostitution”

289 **free** generous, but plays ambiguously on secondary sense of “sexually available”; Iago’s speech is open to a negative construction throughout **apt** ready, willing

291 **splinter** set with a splint

292 **lay** wager/lying down a woman (for sex) **crack** damage (with sexual, anatomical overtones)

295 **protest** declare, avow

296 **think it freely** believe so unreservedly **betimes** early

297 **undertake** take on the matter/vouch **desperate of** hopeless about **check** halt

301 **free** freely given/generous/frank

302 **Probal** probable, credible, reasonable

304 **Th’inclining** disposed to be sympathetic/yielding **subdue** win over

305 **framed as fruitful** created as generous

308 **seals** pledges/tokens

309 **enfettered** shackled, enslaved

310 **list** desires

311 **appetite** inclination/sexual desire

312 **function** capabilities, intellectual faculties (**weak** because he is so enamored of her); possible play on the sense of “sexual potency”

313 **parallel** i.e., to Iago’s scheming intentions

314 **Divinity** theology

315 **put on** urge, incite (men to commit)

316 **suggest** tempt

318 **Plies** solicits, works on

320 **pestilence** plague/wickedness

321 **repeals him** tries to get him reinstated

323 **credit** trust/reputation

324 **pitch** sticky black tarlike substance

327 **chase** hunt **fills…cry** makes up one of the pack

329 **cudgelled** beaten **issue** outcome

330 **wit** sense

334 **dilatory** slow/delaying

336 **cashiered** (got) dismissed

337 **against** exposed to

338 **Yet…ripe** i.e., the dismissal of Cassio demonstrates that our plan is blossoming and will ensure that the eventual outcome (fruit) of our schemes is successful

339 **troth** truth

345 **move** entreat, solicit

347 **the while** meanwhile

348 **jump** precisely

350 **device** scheming

Act 3 Scene 1

3.1 ***Location:*** *Cyprus (governor's residence/citadel)* *Musicians* music was traditionally played outside a bridal bedroom at dawn

1 **content your pains** pay for your efforts

3 **Naples** southwestern Italian city

4 **i'th'nose** with a nasal twang like that of the Neapolitan accent/like one whose nasal tissue has been damaged by syphilis, of which there was a high incidence in Naples

5 **How** what

8 **tail** penis (though the Musician hears "tale," i.e., story)

10 **wind instrument** sense has now shifted to "flatulent anus"

11 **love's** the love you bear him/Othello's lovemaking with Desdemona

12 **noise** plays on nose

17 **up** away

20 **keep…quillets** hold back your quibbles

21 **gentlewoman** female attendant **stirring** up and about (but in his response the Clown shifts the sense to "sexually arousing")

23 **seem** arrange, contrive

24 **In happy time** (you have come at) an opportune moment

31 **presently** immediately

32 **mean** method

36 **A Florentine** i.e., even a Florentine (one of Cassio's own countrymen)

38 **displeasure** being out of favor

41 **fame** reputation

42 **affinity** family/connections **wholesome** sound, beneficial

44 **suitor** petitioner

48 **advantage of** a favorable opportunity for

52 **bosom** heart, inmost thoughts

Act 3 Scene 2

2 **do my duties** convey my respects
3 **works** fortifications
4 **Repair** return/make your way

Act 3 Scene 3

3 **I warrant** I’m sure
13 **strangeness** aloofness, unfriendliness
14 **politic** discreet/expedient
17 **nice and waterish** insubstantial and thin (or possibly “luxurious and succulent”)
18 **breed…circumstances** renew itself out of various events/generate so few opportunities (for my reinstatement)
19 **supplied** filled
21 **doubt** fear
22 **warrant** assurance, guarantee
25 **watch him tame** tame him by preventing him from sleeping (a method for training hawks)
26 **board a shrift** table (shall seem) a confessional
29 **solicitor** pleader/representative/lawyer (legal language is continued with **cause**)
30 **away** up
36 **do your discretion** obey your own judgment
46 **suitor** petitioner (Desdemona unconsciously puns on the sense of “lover”)
50 **grace** virtue/favor with you
51 **present reconciliation take** restore him to your favor immediately/accept the reconciliation he now seeks
53 **in cunning** deliberately
57 **sooth** truly
65 **dinner** lunch
72 **trespass** fault, offense **common reason** everyday judgment
74 **best** best men **not almost** hardly even
75 **check** reprimand
78 **mamm’ring** stammering hesitantly
82 **in** i.e., into favor
85 **boon** favor graciously granted
88 **peculiar** particular, personal
90 **touch** test

91 **poise** heaviness, importance/balance, equipoise (making choice hard)
difficult weight hard to assess or weigh
94 **Whereon** as a result of which
97 **straight** straightaway, very soon
98 **fancies** inclinations, whims
100 **Perdition** destruction/damnation **catch** seize
114 **aught** anything
126 **of…Of** in my confidence during
128 **purse** furrow, knit
130 **conceit** imagining/idea
134 **for** because
136 **stops** hesitations/abrupt pauses
137 **false** treacherous
138 **custom** habit
139 **close dilations** secret delays/hidden accusations
140 **rule** control, restrain
145 **seem none** not be men/not seem to be anything at all, not convince in the slightest
154 **that…free** the thing that even slaves are not bound to do (i.e., speak their thoughts)
158 **uncleanly** morally impure
159 **leets** courts held by some manorial lords **law-days** days on which courts of law meet **sessions** sittings of the law court
160 **With** together with
161 **thy friend** i.e., Othello
165 **vicious** wicked/faulty/blameworthy
167 **jealousy** suspicious nature/anxious vigilance
169 **conceits** conjectures, imagines
171 **scattering** wild/random/disordered **observance** observations/dutiful care
177 **immediate** closest
184 **if** even if
188 **mock…on** taunts the victim (the jealous man) that gives it life **mock** torment/delude/ridicule
189 **cuckold** man with an unfaithful wife
190 **wronger** i.e., his wife

191 **tells** counts

195 **fineless** limitless

201 **follow…suspicions** imitate the waxing moon by growing in suspicion/like a madman, respond to each new phase of the moon with new suspicions

203 **goat** proverbially lecherous animal

205 **exsufflicate** puffed-up **blowed** blown-up/whispered/fly-blown (i.e., putrid, full of flies' eggs)

206 **inference** conclusion/implication

210 **merits** qualities/worth

211 **revolt** disobedience, infidelity

221 **secure** free from doubt/overconfident

223 **self-bounty** inherent generosity/good nature

224 **country** contains a pun on "cunt" (a similar quibble on "con" may lie within conscience)

225 **pranks** sexual mischief

227 **undone** plays on sense of "not copulated with"

233 **go to** expression of dismissive contempt

235 **seel** sew (as a young hawk's eyes are for training purposes) **oak** a closely grained wood

239 **bound** indebted (plays on sense of "tied, shackled")

244 **your love love** for you

246 **grosser** larger/more lewd **issues** conclusions **larger** broader/coarser **reach** "stretch, aim" (verb) or "scope, range" (noun)

247 **suspicion** mere conjecture

250 **success** outcome

254 **honest** chaste/virtuous

258 **affect** like, prefer

259 **clime…degree** country, race, and rank

261 **will** inclination/willfulness/sexual appetite **rank** rebellious/corrupt/rancid, foul-smelling/lascivious

262 **Foul** abhorrent/morally impure/dirty, blackened/choked with foreign matter **disproportions** deformities/lack of symmetry

263 **in position** in this assertion

264 **Distinctly** specifically

266 **fall…forms** come to compare you with men of her own nationality (conceivably **country** puns on “cunt”)

267 **happily** perhaps/with pleasure

275 **scan** examine

276 **place** official position (though **fills it up** generates a vaginal sense)

279 **means** methods/intentions

280 **strain his entertainment** urge his reinstatement

283 **busy** over-zealous/interfering

285 **hold her free** consider her innocent, plays on negative sense of “sexually available”

286 **government** self-control

289 **quantities** dimensions, aspects

290 **dealings** behavior/interaction/sexual dealings **haggard** wild (a haggard is an untamed female hawk)

291 **jesses** straps fastened around the legs of a hawk to help keep it attached to the falconer

292 **whistle…wind** set her free (a falconer dismissed a hawk with a whistle; unwanted hawks were released in the same direction as the wind was blowing)

293 **prey at fortune** fend for herself, hunt randomly **Haply, for** perhaps, because

294 **soft…conversation** pleasing sociable accomplishments

295 **chamberers** fashionable men who frequent ladies’ chambers

297 **abused** wronged/deceived

299 **delicate** charming/pleasure-seeking

302 **corner** nook/vagina

303 **uses** sexual employment

304 **Prerogatived** privileged, advantaged

306 **forkèd plague** horned affliction (cuckolds were traditionally supposed to grow horns)

307 **do quicken** are conceived

308 **mocked** deceived/flouted/parodied

311 **generous** noble

312 **attend** await

316 **pain…forehead** suggestive of the cuckold’s horns

317 **watching** not sleeping

320 **napkin** handkerchief

324 **remembrance** love token

326 **Wooed** entreated, enticed

327 **conjured her** entreated her/made her swear

328 **reserves** keeps

329 **work ta'en out** embroidery copied

332 **I nothing** I am nothing to him/I know nothing **fantasy** whim/desire

335 **common** unremarkable/vulgar/open to use by all **thing** plays on the sense of "vagina"

346 **to th'advantage** opportunely, taking the advantage

354 **lack** miss/need

355 **Be…on't** do not admit that you know anything about it

360 **holy writ** scripture

362 **conceits** ideas/imaginings

363 **distaste** be distasteful

364 **act** action

366 **poppy** opium **mandragora** sedative made from the root of the mandragora, or mandrake, plant

369 **owed'st** owned

372 **Avaunt** get away **rack** torture device that stretched the limbs

378 **free** unconstrained, untroubled

380 **wanting** missing

384 **Pioneers** foot-soldiers, the lowest kind of soldier

385 **So** as long as

387 **plumèd** wearing helmets adorned with feathers

389 **trump** trumpet

390 **fife** flute-like instrument, often used in military music

391 **quality** essential nature

392 **Pride** glory/proud magnificence **pomp and circumstance** splendid display and ceremony

393 **mortal engines** deadly machines (i.e., cannon) **rude** rough, raucous

394 **Jove's dread clamours** i.e., thunder, Jove's weapon

404 **probation** proof

408 **remorse** pity/penitence

410 **amazed** full of terror and consternation

415 **God b'wi'you** God be with you, i.e., goodbye **O wretched fool** Iago addresses himself
419 **profit** profitable lesson
420 **sith** since **offence** hurt (to me)/antagonism (in my **friend**)
421 **shouldst be** seem to be
422 **should be** ought to be
423 **that** that which
428 **Dian** i.e., Diana, Roman goddess of chastity and the moon
429 **cords…streams** i.e., means of committing suicide, or perhaps murder
437 **supervision** sight that you are gazing down on **grossly** blatantly/coarsely
438 **topped** mounted sexually
441 **prospect** point from which they might be viewed
442 **bolster** share a bed/have sex
443 **More** other **own** i.e., own eyes
444 **satisfaction** proof/freedom from doubt (plays on the sense of "sexual fulfillment")
446 **prime** lecherous **hot** sexually excited
447 **salt** lustful **wolves** reputed to be libidinous, especially females **in pride** in heat **fools** idiots/lewd people **gross** great/coarse
449 **imputation…circumstances** attribution and convincing circumstantial details
455 **Pricked** spurred
456 **lay** shared a bed
467 **sigh** Iago moves into the present tense to give his account an air of horrible immediacy
471 **foregone conclusion** event that had already occurred
472 **shrewd doubt** grievous suspicion
476 **yet** as yet
487 **slave** villain
490 **fond** foolish/doting/infatuated
493 **hearted** fixed in the heart
494 **fraught** burden
495 **aspics** asps (venomous snakes)
499 **Pontic sea** Black Sea
500 **compulsive** onward-flowing, driven

502 **Propontic** Sea of Marmora (situated between the Aegean and the Black Sea) **Hellespont** the Dardanelles (the strait between the Aegean and the Sea of Marmora)

505 **capable** capacious

506 **marble** i.e., dappled with clouds/hard and indifferent

508 **engage** pledge, commit

511 **clip** embrace

513 **execution** action, performance **wit** mind

515 **remorse** (an act of) compassion (for Othello)

516 **What…ever** whatever the bloodthirsty business

519 **to't** to the test

524 **minx** lewd, wanton woman/prostitute

Act 3 Scene 4

3.4 ***Location:*** *Cyprus (presumably outside the citadel)*

1 **sirrah** sir (used to a social inferior) **lies** lodges (the Clown puns on the sense of “to fib”)

4 **stabbing** an offense one may be stabbed for

9 **lie…throat** fib outrageously

10 **edified** instructed (the Clown plays on the sense of “spiritually improved”)

11 **catechize** question; the catechism is a form of instruction used by the Church in which a person answers a set of questions about the Christian faith

13 **moved** petitioned/persuaded

20 **crusadoes** Portuguese gold coins **but** were it not that

25 **sun…Drew** just as the sun was supposed to draw noxious vapors from the earth

26 **humours** moods (literally, bodily fluids thought to govern a person’s temperament)

30 **dissemble** deceive/disguise one’s feelings

35 **fruitfulness** generosity/fertility/sexual liberality **liberal** open/generous/licentious

37 **sequester** seclusion/separation

38 **castigation** chastisement/corrective discipline **exercise** religious observances

41 **frank** free/generous/sexually open

44 **the…hearts** i.e., whereas once people gave away their hands (in marriage) together with their hearts, nowadays people give away their hands without their hearts

47 **chuck** chick (term of endearment)

49 **salt…rheum** miserable running cold

60 **amiable** lovable

64 **fancies** loves

66 **her** i.e., my wife **heed** careful attention

71 **web** weave

72 **sibyl** prophetess

73 **compasses** annual circuits, i.e., years

74 **prophetic fury** frenzy of prophetic inspiration
75 **hallowed** holy, consecrated
76 **mummy** medicinal substance obtained from mummified bodies
77 **Conserved of** prepared/preserved from
82 **startingly and rash** abruptly and impetuously
83 **out o'th'way** misplaced
86 **an if** if
87 **How?** What?
93 **misgives** is filled with suspicion/foreboding
95 **sufficient** competent, able (with unwitting sexual connotations)
101 **In sooth** truly
105 **wonder** extraordinary or magical quality
106 **unhappy** unfortunate/miserable
109 **hungerly** hungrily
110 **belch** burp/vomit
113 **happiness** good fortune (at meeting Desdemona)
116 **virtuous** good/effective
118 **office** duty/functioning
120 **mortal** fatal
121 **nor** neither
122 **purposed…futurity** the merit I intend to display in the future
124 **But** merely **be my benefit** content me/be my gain (as I will know the worst)
126 **shut…in** confine/devote myself to
127 **To fortune's alms** relying on the charity of fortune
129 **advocation** advocacy, pleading (on your behalf)
131 **favour** appearance **humour** mood
134 **within the blank** at the center of the target/at point-blank range
137 **suffice** content
142 **his ranks** Othello's troops
144 **brother** brother-in-arms, dearly loved comrade
145 **moment** momentous importance
147 **of state** connected with state affairs
148 **practice** plot, treachery
150 **puddled** muddied
153 **indues** brings

154 **members** limbs

156 **observancy…bridal** proper attentions as those that befit the wedding

157 **Beshrew** curse

158 **unhandsome** inadequate

159 **Arraigning** indicting, accusing

160 **suborned the witness** bribed or influenced the witness to give false evidence

163 **toy** fancy, nonsensical notion

169 **Begot upon** conceived from

176 **Save** God save (common greeting) **friend** friend/lover

177 **make you** are you doing

182 **Eight score eight** i.e., 168 (the number of hours in a week) **score** twenty

183 **dial** (hours on the) clock

184 **reck’ning** counting/total, account

187 **continuate** uninterrupted

188 **Strike…score** settle this account/repay my sexual debt with copulation

189 **Take…out** copy this embroidery for me

191 **friend** lover, mistress

192 **To…cause** I now discern a cause for the absence I have suffered

201 **demanded** asked after

207 **womaned** with a woman or paramour

211 **bring** accompany

212 **soon at night** soon, tonight/early this evening

215 **circumstanced** subject to circumstances, i.e., accept the situation

Act 4 Scene 1

8 **hypocrisy…devil** i.e., by seeming to do something wicked, but in fact having virtuous intentions

11 **venial** light, pardonable

19 **They…not** those that have lost it often still appear to possess it

23 **raven** a bird of ill omen, whose cry was thought to herald death **infectious** disease-ridden

24 **Boding** predicting ominously (i.e., making its croaking cry)

28 **abroad** out and about, at large

29 **importunate** persistent

30 **voluntary dotage** willing infatuation

31 **Convincèd** conquered sexually **supplied** filled up, satisfied sexually

37 **did** plays on the sense of “had sex (with)”

42 **lie on** tell lies about **belie** slander

43 **fulsome** repulsive/lustful

45 **Nature…instruction** i.e., I would not be losing consciousness and suffering a fit (**passion**) without good reason **invest** clothe, envelop **shadowing** darkening/ominous **instruction** reliable information

46 **Noses** displaced image of the penis **lips** also the vaginal labia

49 **medicine** poison

51 **reproach** disgrace

58 **lethargy** faint, torpor

63 **on great occasion** about an important matter

65 **Dost…me?** Othello thinks that Iago is referring to the growth of a cuckold’s horns on the head 68 **hornèd** cuckolded

70 **civil** city-dwelling/civilized

73 **bearded** i.e., adult **yoked** married/constrained and oppressed by wrongs

74 **draw** pull the plow like a yoked ox

75 **unproper** improper/not entirely their own

76 **peculiar** their own

78 **lip** kiss **wanton** lover/lewd woman **secure couch** carefree bed

83 **in…list** within the bounds of patience

86 **shifted him away** got rid of him/used a ruse to get him out of the way

87 **laid…ecstasy** gave convincing explanations about your frenzy

88 **anon** shortly

89 **encave** conceal

90 **fleers** sneers

94 **cope** have sex with

96 **all…spleen** entirely overcome by violent passion

102 **keep time** remain steady and controlled

104 **housewife** hussy, prostitute

106 **strumpet** whore

107 **beguile** cheat **beguiled** charmed, ensnared

108 **restrain** refrain

111 **unbookish** unlearned/ignorant **conster** construe

112 **light** merry

114 **addition** title (of **lieutenant**)

115 **Whose want** the lack of which

116 **on't** of it

118 **speed** succeed, prosper

119 **caitiff** wretch

123 **faintly** without serious intent/unconvincingly

126 **said** done

130 **triumph** exult, gloat (literally "hold a victory procession," an ancient **Roman** celebration during which shackled captives were paraded through the streets)

131 **A customer?** i.e., Marry a whore?/I, who pay her for sex? **bear…wit** be more charitable toward my judgment; **wit** plays on the sense of "penis"

132 **unwholesome** unsound/diseased (i.e., with venereal disease)

134 **cry** rumor

136 **else** if it is not so

137 **scored me** wounded me/got one over on me sexually

139 **love and flattery** love for me and self-flattery

141 **haunts** follows, hangs around

142 **sea-bank** seashore **bauble** plaything/worthless trifle

143 **falls me** falls (**me** is emphatic)

144 **imports** signifies, shows

146 **plucked** drew **nose** probably a surrogate for the penis

150 **such another** just another, a commonplace **fitchew** polecat (known for its foul smell and lechery; also a term for a prostitute)

152 **dam** mother

154 **piece of work** puns on the senses of “prostitute” and “sexual act”

155 **minx** whore

156 **hobby-horse** prostitute

159 **should** must

160 **supper** also suggests sex

163 **rail** rant abusively

174 **foolish** stupid/lewd

183 **your way** the right attitude or course of action

186 **invention** imagination

188 **so…condition** such a well-bred nature/such a sweet and kind disposition

189 **gentle** yielding

191 **patent** license **touch** affect/provoke

193 **messes** portions of meat

197 **expostulate** argue, remonstrate

198 **unprovide** disarm

202 **his undertaker** the one to undertake the task of dealing with him

211 **instrument…pleasures** i.e., the letter containing their instructions

212 **cousin** general term for any relative other than parent or sibling

218 **unkind breach** unnatural separation, unfriendly quarrel

225 **T’atone** to reconcile

228 **wise** in your right mind

233 **on’t** of it

236 **mad** i.e., insane enough to publicly welcome Cassio’s promotion and make your love for him obvious

241 **very much** too much

244 **teem** be fertile, conceive

245 **crocodile** because crocodiles were supposed to weep insincere tears

255 **turn** introduces the additional meanings of “have sex”/”change her affections” **go on** continue (to have sex/change affections)

257 **obedient** compliant (plays on sexual sense)

259 **well-painted passion** well-faked sorrow

263 **my place** i.e., as governor of Cyprus/as Desdemona’s lover

265 **monkeys** proverbially lustful creatures

266 **full** complete, entire

267 **all…sufficient** competent in everything

273 **censure** judgment (quibbling on the sense of “condemnation”)

274 **if…were** if he is not what he might be (i.e., mad), I heartily wish he was (as only madness would explain and partly excuse his behavior)

277 **well** good **would** I wish

279 **use** habit

285 **courses will denote** actions will signify

Act 4 Scene 2

4.2 ***Location:*** *Cyprus (within the citadel)*

13 **durst** dare

14 **at stake** as the stake in the **wager**

17 **serpent's curse** after the serpent's temptation of Eve in the Garden of Eden, God cursed him and decreed that he should be the lowest and most reviled of all creatures

22 **bawd** procuress

23 **This** i.e., Desdemona **subtle** cunning

24 **closet…key** cabinet (or room) complete with lock and key

31 **Some…function** behave as one in your role (as a **bawd**) should

32 **procreants** breeders, fornicators

34 **mystery** trade, occupation **dispatch** hurry up

40 **being…heaven** resembling an angel

47 **heavy** sorrowful

49 **haply** perhaps

55 **sores** afflictions

56 **Steeped** immersed

60 **figure** number (on a clock face)

61 **finger** i.e., hour hand of a clock

63 **garnered** stored

65 **fountain** spring, source

67 **cistern** pond/water tank

68 **knot and gender** copulate **Turn…there** turn your face toward it/change your appearance (or nature) when you see it

69 **cherubin** angel (correctly "cherubim," one of the biblical orders of angels)

70 **grim** cruel, unforgiving/ugly

71 **honest** truthful, but more specifically "sexually faithful," "chaste"

72 **shambles** slaughterhouse

73 **quicken…blowing** give life even though they deposit their eggs in rotting meat

76 **ignorant** unwitting

78 **committed** Othello picks up on the senses of "committed adultery" and "fornicated"

79 **commoner** prostitute

83 **stops** stops up, closes **moon** a symbol of chastity **winks** closes its eyes

85 **mine** cave

88 **strumpet** harlot, prostitute

90 **vessel** body

97 **cry you mercy** beg your pardon

100 **office opposite** opposing job **Saint Peter** heaven’s gatekeeper

101 **gates of hell** vaginal connotations (**hell** was a slang term for the vagina)

102 **done our course** finished our business/had our bout of sex

103 **counsel** secret

104 **conceive** think, imagine

106 **asleep** stunned

114 **go by water** be expressed through tears

118 **meet** fitting **used** treated

119 **How…misuse?** What must I have done to cause him to attach even the slightest condemnation to my most minor misconduct?

126 **a…chiding** i.e., know little of being rebuked

128 **bewhored her** called her a whore

129 **despite** contempt/malice/abuse **heavy** serious/angry/violent/distressing

135 **callet** drab, trull, whore

139 **forsook** declined/given up

143 **Beshrew** curse

144 **trick** delusion

148 **cogging** cheating **cozening** deceiving

152 **halter** hangman’s noose

154 **form** manner, way

156 **scurvy** contemptible

157 **companions** rogues **unfold** reveal, expose

161 **within door** i.e., more quietly

162 **squire** fellow (contemptuous)

163 **the…without** inside out (with the seams on the outside)

171 **discourse** course, process

172 **that** if

174 **yet** still

177 **forswear** abandon

180 **abhor** revolt (puns on **whore**)
181 **addition** title, name
182 **vanity** worthless finery
183 **humour** mood
188 **stays** await **meat** food
193 **daff'st me** put me off, deflect me **device** trick/stratagem
194 **conveniency** opportunity
196 **put up** endure, tolerate
203 **votarist** nun
204 **comforts** encouraging hopes **sudden respect** imminent esteem and favor **acquaintance** familiarity/sexual intimacy (possibly with pun on "quaint," i.e., vagina)
206 **go to** Rodorigo shifts the sense to "have sex"
207 **fopped** deceived, cheated
211 **satisfaction** recompense
212 **said** had your say
213 **protest intendment** declare I have the intention
214 **mettle** spirit, vigor
216 **exception** objection **directly** straightforwardly/fairly
223 **engines** plots against
224 **compass** range
228 **Mauritania** region in north Africa consisting of parts of Morocco and Algeria
229 **abode be lingered** stay be prolonged
230 **determinate** decisive
235 **harlotry** harlot
236 **fashion…out** arrange to occur
237 **second** support, back
238 **amazed** dumbstruck, stunned
240 **high** fully **grows to waste** is passing/being wasted

Act 4 Scene 3

11 **incontinent** immediately, plays on sense of “loosely, unchastely”

16 **nightly wearing** nightclothes

19 **approve** commend

20 **stubbornness** inflexibility, obstinacy/ruthlessness, ferocity

21 **unpin me** i.e., loosen or detach parts of my clothing (sleeves etc. were secured on with pins)/ unpin my hair or remove my hair accessory

23 **All’s one** it makes no difference/all right **Good father** i.e., God in heaven

24 **thee** i.e., before you **shroud** lay, wrap (ready for burial)

26 **talk** talk nonsense, talk on idly

27 **Barbary** a form of Barbara, but the name has obvious north African associations

28 **mad** insane/wild/faithless

29 **willow** the tree symbolized lost or unrequited love

32 **I…to** it is all I can do not to

37 **proper** handsome/accomplished

41 **nether** lower (possibly with bawdy implication)

42 **sycamore** type of fig tree or, as now, a species of maple; puns on “sick amour”

50 **Lay by these** put these aside (presumably parts of her clothing or accessories)

52 **hie thee** hurry yourself

59 **couch** lie, sleep

61 **bode** foretell

65 **abuse** deceive, wrong

66 **gross kind** a great way/a coarse manner

74 **price** prize

78 **joint-ring** ring consisting of two joined halves **lawn** fine linen

79 **exhibition** gift

81 **venture** risk (going to)

87 **to th’vantage** in addition, besides

88 **store** populate **played** gambled/had sex

90 **fall** succumb sexually **duties** marital and sexual duties

91 **our…laps** the semen that is due to us into other women’s vaginas

92 **peevish** senseless/perverse/willful

94 **scant** reduce/withhold **our former having** what we had before/our former financial means **despite** spite, malice

95 **have galls** are capable of feeling bitterness and resentment **grace** charm/virtue/mercy

96 **revenge** desire for revenge

100 **change** exchange **sport** entertainment/sex

101 **affection** desire, lust

105 **use** treat/employ sexually

107 **uses** habits (of thought)

108 **Not…mend** not to learn bad habits from the bad behavior of others, but to learn from such examples to improve myself

Act 5 Scene 1

5.1 ***Location:*** *Cyprus (a street)*
1 **bulk** framework projecting from the front of a shop, a stall
2 **bare** unsheathed **put it home** drive it firmly to the target
4 **mars** destroys
6 **miscarry** go wrong, fail
11 **quat** pimple **to the sense** raw, to the tenderest part
12 **angry** inflamed/enraged
14 **Live Rodorigo** should Rodorigo live
16 **bobbed** cheated
17 **gifts** i.e., supposed gifts
21 **unfold** reveal
25 **coat** (thick) overcoat/metal-plated garment worn under outer clothing
26 **proof** trial
33 **brave** excellent/noble
35 **Minion** whore (addressing Desdemona)
36 **unblest** unholy, damned **hies** hastens
37 **of** out of, from
39 **passage** passersby
40 **direful** dreadful, dismal, horrible
44 **heavy** overcast, gloomy
46 **come in to** approach
49 **in his shirt** in his nightshirt/without a jacket
58 **spoiled** badly damaged, injured **undone** ruined
72 **prove** discover by testing, find **praise** appraise
85 **may you suspect** do you have any suspicions about
89 **garter** band worn to hold up the stocking or as a belt or sash (Iago requires it for use as a tourniquet)
92 **trash** worthless stuff, whore (i.e., Bianca)
102 **accidents** events/mishaps
108 **said** done
111 **For** as for
112 **Save…labour** don't bother to try and help Cassio, leave him alone
117 **the…eye** her terrified look **gastness** terror, dread

118 **stare** i.e., gaze fixedly in horror (suggestive of guilt and an imminent confession)

133 **honest** chaste

136 **Cassio dressed** i.e., Cassio’s wound bandaged

141 **fordoes me quite** ruins me completely

Act 5 Scene 2

5.2 ***Location:*** *Cyprus (citadel/governor’s bedroom)*

1 **cause** offense/reason for action

5 **alabaster** used for the construction of funeral monuments

7 **Put…light** quench the torch or candle and then extinguish Desdemona’s life

8 **flaming minister** i.e., the torch or candle **minister** servant

11 **cunning’st pattern** most skillfully made model (**cunning** reverberates with its sense of “deception”)

12 **Promethean** in Greek mythology the Titan Prometheus created humankind, for whom he also stole fire from heaven

13 **relume** relight

14 **vital** living

17 **Justice** traditionally depicted as a blindfolded woman carrying scales and a sword

20 **fatal** deadly, destructive/doomed

22 **strikes** delivers a blow/withers (used of frost)/destroys (used of God or of malign planetary influence)

27 **Ay** yes; Folio’s “I” could mean both “I” and “ay” (yes) and sound identical

30 **Solicit** beg forgiveness

34 **forfend** forbid

39 **say** say so, say that

45 **They…you** apparently alludes to the sin of loving a human more than God

61 **Presently** imminently

63 **article** item forming part of an accusation

64 **conception** belief/plan

65 **do groan withal** suffer with/am in labor with (playing on sense of pregnancy: **conception**)

69 **Offend** sin against, commit a crime against

70 **warranty** authorization

73 **stone** harden, turn to stone

82 **used** had sex with (Desdemona responds to a more general sense of “employed”)

87 **ta'en order** made arrangements

90 **stomach** appetite

96 **strive** struggle

98 **Being done** i.e., as I am resolved to do the deed/while it is being done

is no pause must be no hesitation

108 **By and by** in a moment (addressed to Emilia)

109 **like** likely

110 **noise** i.e., following the attack on Cassio **high** loud

118 **yawn at alteration** gape open at this great change in nature

122 **Soft** wait a moment **curtains** bed curtains

127 **error** roaming, wandering off course/mistake

128 **wont** accustomed

135 **harsh** jarring, discordant

136 **falsely** wrongfully, unjustly

139 **Out, and alas!** i.e., alas (**out** is an intensifier)

153 **folly** lewdness

154 **belie** slander

158 **top** mount sexually **else** otherwise—i.e., if you do not believe me

160 **But** were it not

167 **chrysolite** precious stone, a name given to various gems including the topaz

170 **on** of

171 **slime** viscous substance/semen

172 **filthy deeds** whorish or impure sexual acts

174 **iterance** iteration, repetition

175 **made mocks with** made sport of/made a mockery of

180 **pernicious** destructive/villainous

182 **filthy bargain** i.e., Othello **filthy** dirty, black

187 **Peace…best** you'd be better off remaining silent

189 **be hurt** endure pain inflicted by you **gull** dupe

191 **make thee known** expose you

203 **apt** likely

209 **charm** put a spell on, i.e., silence

228 **lift up eye** i.e., look up to heaven

229 **foul** corrupt/wicked/guilty of an accusation

230 **uncle** i.e., Gratiano, presumably Brabantio's brother

232 **grim** cruel, merciless

234 **mortal** fatal

235 **Shore…thread** an allusion to the three Fates: one spun the thread of a man’s life, another measured it and the third cut it

236 **do…turn** i.e., kill himself; “despair” or “desperation” are terms for the state of spiritual hopelessness thought to precede suicide **turn** act

238 **reprobance** rejection by God (suicide is a sin)

242 **works** sexual acts

243 **recognizance** token

245 **antique** ancient

249 **peace** be silent

250 **liberal…north** freely as the north wind

256 **dull** stupid (plays on the sense of “dark”)

259 **belonged** was appropriate

264 **Filth** foul thing/whore

266 **coxcomb** fool (from the headgear of a professional fool, which resembled a cock’s comb)

268 **stones** thunderbolts

269 **Precious** utter, out-and-out

273 **notorious** obvious, evident

274 **recovered** taken

275 **without** from the outside

279 **whipster** worthless wretch

280 **honour** good reputation **honesty** integrity (for which **honour** is gained)

283 **swan…music** proverbially, swans sang just before they died

289 **the ice-brook’s temper** tempered (i.e., made hard) by immersing it in the water of an ice-cold brook

292 **perforce** of necessity

294 **naked** unarmed

297 **A…sustain** i.e., a soldier never wore a better one **sustain** maintain a fixed position

301 **your stop** the obstruction presented by you

304 **Here** various possibilities: “in this place”/“this sword” (i.e., don’t be **afraid**, this will be **my** rather than your death)/Othello uses the sword to indicate the part of himself he is going to stab/Othello gestures to

Desdemona or indicates the sword (with emphasis on **my**) **butt** goal, target (archery term)

305 **sea-mark** boundary of the flow of the sea/landmark used in navigation

306 **lost** wasted

307 **Man…rush** use a mere reed

309 **ill-starred** ill-fated

310 **smock** woman’s undergarment **compt** the day of reckoning, Judgment Day

313 **slave** i.e., himself/Iago

317 **steep-down** extremely steep

322 **I…feet** i.e., to see if Iago, like the devil, has cloven feet

327 **in my sense** according to the way I feel

329 **practice** scheming, treachery

344 **Torments** torture

349 **imports** concerns/indicates

353 **gross** vile/monstrously evident

354 **discontented** filled with discontent

357 **belike** probably/perhaps

358 **satisfied him** provided him with answers and explanations (relating to the issues raised in the letter)

359 **caitiff** wretch

365 **wrought…desire** worked in accordance with his wishes

369 **Brave** challenge, confront **whereon** as a result of which

370 **cast** dismissed

377 **hold him long** keep him alive under torture for a long time

378 **close** securely confined

385 **extenuate** diminish, disparage

388 **wrought** worked on/worked up

389 **Perplexed** distressed, tormented, agitated

390 **base** unworthy **Judean** may allude to Judas Iscariot, the Judean disciple who betrayed Christ, or to Herod, the jealous Judean king who accused his wife Mariamne of adultery and had her executed

391 **subdued** overcome (by emotion)

393 **Arabian trees** i.e., myrrh trees, which drip with the gum resin

394 **medicinable** myrrh was used in astringent and expectorant tinctures

395 **Aleppo** city in Turkey

397 **traduced** slandered

400 **period** conclusion

402 **kissed…thee** perhaps another reference to Judas, who famously identified Christ to his enemies by kissing him; he later killed himself

403 **die** with shading into sense of “orgasm”

406 **Spartan dog** a particularly fierce breed of hunting dog

407 **fell** fierce/cruel

410 **keep** guard, secure/remain in/seize

411 **seize upon** take legal possession of

412 **succeed on** descend to, pass to

413 **censure** judgment/sentencing

416 **heavy** sorrowful

THE TRAGEDY OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Antony and Cleopatra is Shakespeare’s most luxuriant tragedy. The action sprawls around the Mediterranean world as it gives historical form to the mythical encounter between Venus (the embodiment of love) and Mars (the god of war). The play is structured upon a series of oppositions: between female and male, desire and duty, the bed and the battlefield, age and youth, and, above all, Egypt and Rome.

Henry Cockeram’s *English Dictionary,* published in the same year as Shakespeare’s First Folio, has an entry for Cleopatra: “an Egyptian Queen, she was first beloved of Julius Caesar; after, Marcus Anthonius was by her brought into such dotage that he aspired the Empire, which caused his destruction.” The idea that a great lawgiver or warrior could be destroyed by the lure of sexual desire was commonplace in the period. An earlier dictionary reminded the reader of how King Solomon in the Bible “exceeded all men in wisdom and knowledge” but “nevertheless was by dotage on women brought unto idolatry.” The primary definition of “dotage” was “to be mad or peevish, to play the fool (as old folks do).” To dote was to go against reason; to fall too far in love was to lose one’s wits. At the same time, the word was used with reference to old age: senility atrophies the powers of reason and makes an old person become a child again.

“Nay, but this dotage of our general’s / O’erflows the measure” says a Roman soldier in the very opening line. From the Roman point of view it is a monstrous embarrassment that one of the three men who rule their great empire should be disporting himself like an infatuated teenager. Perhaps he is indeed entering his dotage, approaching the second childhood of old age. From the Egyptian point of view, the power of desire is, on the contrary, something that transcends the petty world of tribal politics. Antony is torn between the two worlds: one moment he kisses Cleopatra and says “The nobleness of life / Is to do thus,” yet the next he says “These strong Egyptian fetters I must break / Or lose myself in dotage.”

Romanness meant controlling the passions within the restraint of reason, but in Egypt love is imagined as something that neither can nor should be controlled or measured. Its capacity is infinite. The love of Antony and Cleopatra “finds out new earth, new heaven.” And love’s medium is poetry: in this play Shakespeare gives his lyrical powers freer rein than ever before or after. Though the opening lines are spoken by a Roman, their style is loyal to Cleopatra: the sentence overflows the measure of the pentameter line, preparing the way for the liquid imagery of Egypt—with the fertile river Nile at its heart—that will overcome the measured rigidity of Rome.

Against the grain of the Renaissance idealization of the age of Augustus, *Antony and Cleopatra* depicts Octavius as a mealymouthed pragmatist. The play is concerned less with the seismic shift from republic to empire than with the transformation of Mark Antony from military leader to slave of sexual desire: “Take but good note, and you shall see in him / The triple pillar of the world transformed / Into a strumpet’s fool.” To Roman eyes, *eros* renders Antony undignified to the point of risibility, but the sweep of the play’s poetic language, down to its closing speech (“No grave upon the earth shall clip in it / A pair so famous”), celebrates the fame of the lovers, whose imagined erotic union in death is symbolic of cosmic harmony. Octavius himself has to admit that the dead Cleopatra looks as if “she would catch another Antony / In her strong toil of grace”: “toil” is sweatily sexual, but “grace” suggests that even the most Roman character of them all is now seeing Antony and Cleopatra as something other than self-deluding dotards. The aura of Cleopatra’s last speech is still hanging in the air; the power of the poetic language has been such that a sensitive listener will half-believe that Cleopatra has left her baser elements and become all “fire and air.” She is, as Charmian so superbly puts it, “A lass unparalleled”: just one of the girls, but also the unique queen and serpent, embodiment of the Nile’s fertility and the heat of life itself.

Although the “Life of Marcus Antonius” shows more than usual interest in the main female character, the historical structure of Plutarch’s narratives is always premised on the lives of his male heroes. Shakespeare’s play alters this focus to emphasize the death of the woman, not that of the warrior, as the climax of the story. The female perspective stands in opposition to the male voice that orders the march of history. In tone and language *Antony and Cleopatra* may be described as a “feminized” classical tragedy: Egyptian cookery, luxuriant daybeds, and a billiard-playing eunuch contrast with the rigors of Roman architecture and senatorial business.

At the end of the drama, young Octavius Caesar is left in sole charge of the empire. He will become Augustus, who was regarded as the embodiment of enlightened imperialism—a model for the ambitions of Shakespeare’s patron, King James. But all the poetry of the play has been on the Egyptian side. From Enobarbus’ entranced memory of the barge at Cydnus to the final enrobing for the serpent’s kiss of death, the language of Cleopatra works its magic upon the listener. Theater’s power to create illusion is of a piece with her seductive arts.

She is the consummate actress, able to change her mood on a whim, to keep all around her guessing as to whether she is in earnest or at play. Linguistically, she has a marvelous gift of combining a tone of lightness and wonderment with a sexily down-to-earth robustness (“O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!”). She is also the only woman in Shakespeare’s tragedies to have a wit comparable to that of comic heroines such as Rosalind in As *You Like It* and Portia in *The Merchant of Venice*. “Can Fulvia die?” she asks with feigned incredulity, playing on the double entendre where to die meant to have an orgasm (Roman wives, she implies, are frigid creatures). Cleopatra is a grown-up Juliet: utterly confident in her body, she relishes her own sexuality and is the dominant partner in the relationship. There is, however, a darker side to her powers. She uses both her sexual allure and her regal authority not only to seduce and to charm, but also to manipulate and to emasculate. She savages the messenger who brings news she does not want to hear. Her principal courtiers are women, Charmian and Iras. Plutarch complained that the affairs of Antony’s entire empire were determined by these two women of the bedchamber who frizzled Cleopatra’s hair and dressed her head. The only men in her entourage are a eunuch, Mardian, and a Greek, Alexas, whose name was synonymous with homoerotic desire.

Historically, Cleopatra’s allegiance was to the Greek as opposed to the Roman world. Her family, the Ptolemies, were Macedonian Greeks. Though some modern productions have played with notions of her blackness, imagining her as a kind of female Othello, Shakespeare’s contemporaries did not regard her as black. George Abbott, who was born within two years of Shakespeare, made the point explicitly in his *Brief Description of the Whole World wherein is particularly described all the Monarchies, Empires, and Kingdoms of the same:*

> Although this country of Egypt doth stand in the self same climate that Mauritania doth, yet the inhabitants there are not black, but rather dun, or tawny. Of which colour Cleopatra was observed to be; who by inticement, so won the love of Julius Caesar, and Antony. And of that colour do those runagates (by devices make themselves to be) who go up and down the world under the name of Egyptians, being indeed but counterfeits and the refuse of rascality of many nations.

“Tawny” was an orange-brown color, associated with the sun, but clearly differentiated from the blackness of the Moors of Mauritania. It was the color of “gipsies,” who claimed to come from Egypt. Whereas lago insults Othello with racial abuse directed at his black features, the Romans insult Cleopatra by calling her a gipsy, associating her with a tribe famous for indolence, vagrancy, theft, fortune-telling and verbal wiles, magic, and counterfeiting—exactly the characteristic of Shakespeare’s representation of Cleopatra’s court.

Gipsies were often associated with beggars, and part of the paradox that is Cleopatra comes from the sense in which the opposite poles of regality and beggary meet in her. Antony begins his journey with the claim that “There’s beggary in the love that can be reckoned,” while Cleopatra ends hers by recognizing that the dungy earth is both “The beggar’s nurse and Caesar’s.” Refusing to demean herself by begging in supplication to Caesar, she welcomes the beggar-like Clown instead and purchases the asp that she will nurse at her breast. It seems that her main reason for refusing to surrender to Caesar is a refusal to undergo the shame of public display: “scald rhymers” will write ballads about her and

> …The quick comedians
> Extemporally will stage us and present
> Our Alexandrian revels: Antony

Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
I'th'posture of a whore.

This is one of Shakespeare's most daring self-allusions: he is the scald rhymer, his actors the quick comedians extemporally staging the revels. Antony has been "brought drunken forth" in the person of Richard Burbage, and the "squeaking Cleopatra" who speaks these lines—in the full knowledge that boy actors were sometimes described as the players' whores—is Burbage's cross-dressed apprentice, a young man in his late teens or at most his very early twenties (a sobering thought, given that Cleopatra is now considered the supreme Shakespearean role for a mature female actor).

We do not know what role, if any, Shakespeare wrote for himself in *Antony and Cleopatra*. Probably a small one. But there is no doubt as to which role corresponds most closely to his own point of view. Shakespeare was a realist as well as a romantic, a skilled politician as well as a supreme poet; he was equally capable of imagining Antony's dramatic trajectory as a rise and as a fall. He was perpetually both inside and outside the action, both an emotionally involved participant in the world he created and a wryly detached commentator upon it. In the play, his own perspective is that of an Egyptian in Rome and a Roman in Egypt, as in earlier life his viewpoint had been that of a country outsider in London. So he invented a new character, the only major player in the story who is absent from the historical source: Enobarbus. Intelligent, funny, at once companionable and guardedly isolated, full of understanding and admiration for women but most comfortable among men (there is a homoerotic frisson to his bond with Menas and his rivalry with Agrippa), clinically analytical in his assessment of others but full of sorrow and shame when his reason overrides his loyalty and leads him to desert his friend and master, Enobarbus is as rewarding a role as any Shakespeare wrote. And it might just be the nearest thing anywhere in his complete works to a considered self-portrait.

KEY FACTS

PLOT: Following the assassination of Julius Caesar and the battle of Philippi, Mark Antony, Octavius Caesar, and Lepidus are the joint rulers of the known world. Antony, however, is captivated by Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, and neglects his responsibilities to spend time with her in Alexandria. This scandal is the talk of Rome and creates a rift between Antony and young Octavius Caesar. News comes from Rome that Antony’s wife is dead. More urgently, the power of the triumvirate is being challenged by Pompey. Antony is forced to return to Rome and resume his responsibilities. When it is suggested that he should cement the alliance with Octavius by marrying his sister, Octavia, Antony agrees. Back in Egypt, the news of Antony’s marriage sends Cleopatra into a jealous tirade. On the brink of war, Antony and Octavius make peace with Pompey. Shortly afterward, however, Antony learns that not only has Octavius attacked Pompey after all, but he has also spoken scornfully of Antony in public and has had Lepidus imprisoned on dubious charges. Antony sends Octavia back to negotiate with her brother while he returns secretly to Alexandria. News arrives in Rome that Antony and Cleopatra have crowned themselves and their children kings and queens in Alexandria. Octavius declares war on Egypt. The Egyptian forces lose the sea-battle of Actium when Antony deserts the battle to follow Cleopatra’s fleeing ship. Antony is consumed with shame and despair. However, hearing that Octavius has offered to make a secret treaty with Cleopatra, he rouses himself for a second, victorious battle. On the eve of the third battle, Antony’s soldiers are nervous and fear bad omens. Even the faithful Enobarbus deserts him. The Egyptian fleet surrenders and Antony, in his fury, accuses Cleopatra of betraying him to Octavius. She retreats from his anger to her monument and sends a false report that she is dead. On hearing this, Antony attempts suicide and is brought to Cleopatra’s monument to die in her arms. Rather than be captured and enslaved by the Romans, Cleopatra also kills herself. With all his enemies eliminated, Octavius returns victorious to Rome.

MAJOR PARTS: *(with percentage of lines/number of speeches/scenes on stage)* Mark Antony (24%/ 202/22), Cleopatra (19%/204/16), Octavius Caesar (12%/98/14), Enobarbus (10%/113/12), Pompey (4%/41/3), Charmian (3%/63/10), Lepidus (2%/30/6), Menas (2%/35/3), Agrippa (2%/28/7), Dolabella (1%/23/3), Eros (1%/27/6), Scarrus (1%/12/4).

LINGUISTIC MEDIUM: 95% verse, 5% prose.

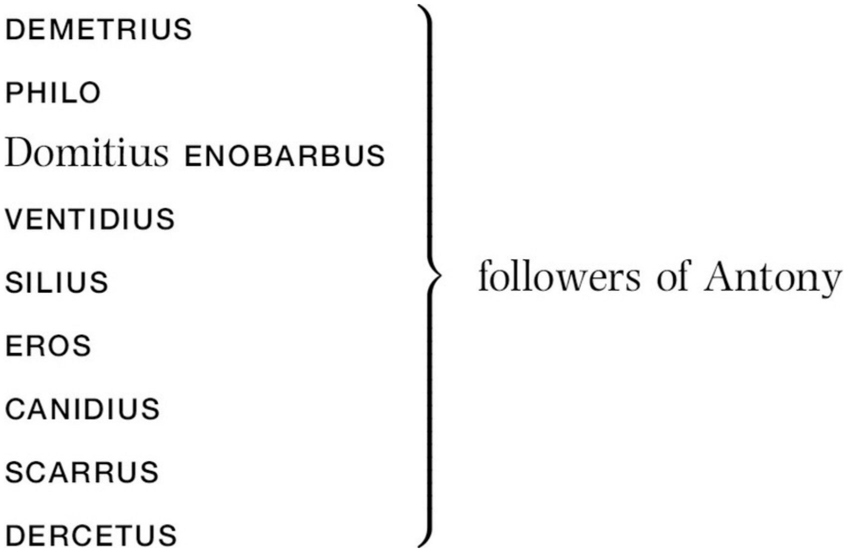
DATE: 1606–07. Perhaps performed at court Christmas 1606 or Christmas 1607. Registered for publication in May 1608 (though not actually published prior to the First Folio); it seems to have influenced a play by Barnabe Barnes that was performed and published in 1607.

SOURCES: Closely based on the “Life of Marcus Antonius” in Plutarch’s *Lives of the Most Noble Grecians and Romanes*, translated by Thomas North (1579); there are some exceptionally close verbal parallels. The main addition is the character of Enobarbus, who is only mentioned very briefly in Plutarch. Shakespeare also seems to have known Samuel Daniel’s *Cleopatra* (1594, a play written to be read rather than performed); Daniel, in turn, seems to have been influenced by Shakespeare when revising his play in 1607.

TEXT: The First Folio of 1623 is the only early text. Apparently set from a scribal transcript of Shakespeare’s manuscript, it is notably inconsistent in the spelling of proper names and has a plethora of minor errors but few major ones.

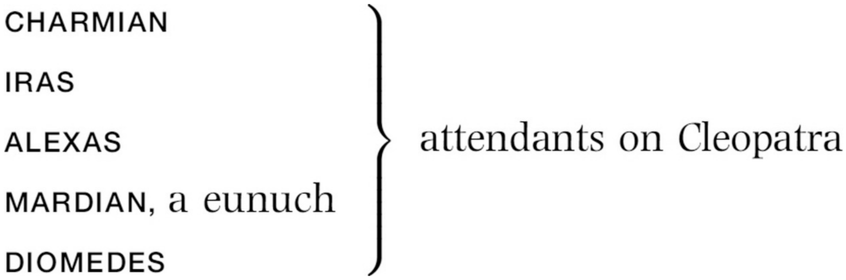
THE TRAGEDY OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

MARK ANTONY, a triumvir of Rome



DEMETRIUS
PHILO
Domitius ENOBARBUS
VENTIDIUS
SILIUS
EROS
CANIDIUS
SCARRUS
DERCETUS
followers of Antony

An AMBASSADOR for Antony, a schoolmaster
CLEOPATRA, Queen of Egypt



CHARMIAN
IRAS
ALEXAS
MARDIAN, a eunuch
DIOMEDES
attendants on Cleopatra

SELEUCUS, Cleopatra’s treasurer
Octavius CAESAR, a triumvir of Rome
LEPIDUS, a triumvir of Rome
OCTAVIA, sister to Octavius Caesar and later wife of Antony

MAECENAS
AGRIPPA
TAURUS
DOLABELLA
THIDIAS
GALLUS
PROCULEIUS
followers of Octavius Caesar

Sextus Pompeius (POMPEY), a rebel against the triumvirs

MENAS
MENECRATES
VARRIUS
followers of Pompey

A SOOTHSAYER
SERVANTS of Pompey
A BOY SINGER
A CAPTAIN of Antony’s army
A CLOWN
Attendants, Eunuchs, Sentries, Guards, Soldiers and Servants

Act 1 Scene 1[1.1]

running scene 1

Enter Demetrius and Philo

PHILO Nay, but this dotage[1] of our general's
O'erflows the measure:[2] those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters[3] of the war
Have glowed like plated[4] Mars, now bend, now turn
The office[5] and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny[6] front. His captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges[8] all temper
And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gipsy's[10] lust.

Flourish. Enter Antony, Cleopatra, her Ladies [Charmian and Iras], the Train, with Eunuchs fanning her

Look where they come:
Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple[12] pillar of the world transformed
Into a strumpet's[13] fool. Behold and see.

CLEOPATRA If it be love indeed, tell[14] me how much.

ANTONY There's beggary[15] in the love that can be reckoned.

CLEOPATRA I'll set a bourn[16] how far to be beloved.

ANTONY Then[17] must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter a Messenger

MESSENGER News, my good lord, from Rome.

ANTONY Grates me![19] The sum.

CLEOPATRA Nay, hear them,[20] Antony.
Fulvia[21] perchance is angry, or who knows
If the scarce-bearded Caesar[22] have not sent
His powerful mandate[23] to you: 'Do this, or this;
Take in[24] that kingdom, and enfranchise that:
Perform't, or else we damn thee.'

ANTONY How,[26] my love?

CLEOPATRA Perchance?[27] Nay, and most like.

You must not stay here longer: your dismission[28]
Is come from Caesar, therefore hear it, Antony.
Where's Fulvia's process?[30] — Caesar's I would say. Both?
Call in the messengers. As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine
Is Caesar's homager:[33] else so thy cheek pays shame
When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds.[34] The messengers!

ANTONY Let Rome in Tiber[35] melt, and the wide arch
Of the ranged[36] empire fall: here is my space.
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy[37] earth alike
Feeds beast as man. The nobleness of life
Is to do thus: when such a mutual[39] pair ***They embrace***
And such a twain[40] can do't, in which I bind,
On[41] pain of punishment, the world to weet
We stand up peerless.[42]

CLEOPATRA Excellent falsehood!
Why did he marry Fulvia and not[44] love her?
I'll seem[45] the fool I am not. Antony
Will be himself.

ANTONY But stirred[47] by Cleopatra.
Now, for the love of Love and her soft hours,
Let's not confound[49] the time with conference harsh;
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch[50]
Without some pleasure now. What sport[51] tonight?

CLEOPATRA Hear the ambassadors.

ANTONY Fie,[53] wrangling queen,
Whom everything becomes,[54] to chide, to laugh,
To weep, whose every passion fully strives
To make itself in thee fair and admired.
No[57] messenger but thine, and all alone
Tonight we'll wander through the streets and note
The qualities[59] of people. Come, my queen,
Last night you did desire it.— Speak not to us. ***To the Messenger***

Exeunt [Antony and Cleopatra] with[61] *the Train*

DEMETRIUS Is Caesar with Antonius prized so slight?

PHILO Sir, sometimes when[62] he is not Antony,

He comes too short of that great property[63]
Which still[64] should go with Antony.
DEMETRIUS I am full[65] sorry
That he approves[66] the common liar who
Thus speaks of him at Rome; but I will hope
Of better deeds tomorrow. Rest you happy.[68]

Exeunt

[Act 1 Scene 2]

running scene 1 continues

Enter Enobarbus, Lamprius, a Soothsayer,[*] Rannius, Lucillius, Charmian, Iras, Mardian the Eunuch and Alexas

CHARMIAN Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most anything Alexas, almost most absolute[1] Alexas, where's the soothsayer that you praised so to th'queen? O, that I knew this husband which you say must charge[3] his horns with garlands!

ALEXAS Soothsayer.

SOOTHSAYER Your will?

CHARMIAN Is this the man? Is't you, sir, that know things?

SOOTHSAYER In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.

ALEXAS Show him your hand. ***To Charmian***

ENOBARBUS Bring in the banquet[10] quickly: ***To Servants within*** wine enough Cleopatra's health to drink. ***Servants bring fruit and wine***

CHARMIAN Good sir, give me good fortune. ***Holds out her hand***

SOOTHSAYER I make not, but foresee.

CHARMIAN Pray then foresee me one.

SOOTHSAYER You shall be yet far fairer[15] than you are.

CHARMIAN He means in flesh.

IRAS No, you shall paint[17] when you are old.

CHARMIAN Wrinkles forbid!

ALEXAS Vex not his prescience:[19] be attentive.

CHARMIAN Hush!

SOOTHSAYER You shall be more beloving[21] than beloved.

CHARMIAN I had rather heat my liver[22] with drinking.

ALEXAS Nay, hear him.

CHARMIAN Good now,[24] some excellent fortune: let me be married to three kings in a forenoon[25] and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage.[26] Find me to marry me with Octavius Caesar and companion me with my mistress.

SOOTHSAYER You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

CHARMIAN O, excellent! I love long life better than figs.[29]

SOOTHSAYER You have seen and proved[30] a fairer former fortune
Than that which is to approach.

CHARMIAN Then belike[32] my children shall have no names: prithee, how many boys and wenches[33] must I have?

SOOTHSAYER If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million.

CHARMIAN Out,[36] fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

ALEXAS You think none but your sheets are privy to[37] your wishes.

CHARMIAN Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

ALEXAS we'll know all our fortunes.

ENOBARBUS Mine, and most of our fortunes tonight, shall be drunk to bed.[40]

IRAS There's a palm presages[41] chastity, if nothing else. ***Holds out her hand***

CHARMIAN E'en as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.[42]

IRAS Go, you wild[43] bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

CHARMIAN Nay, if an oily palm[44] be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Prithee tell her but a workaday[45] fortune.

SOOTHSAYER Your fortunes are alike.

IRAS But how? But how? Give me particulars.

SOOTHSAYER I have said.[48]

IRAS Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

CHARMIAN Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

IRAS Not[52] in my husband's nose.

CHARMIAN Our worser thoughts heavens mend. Alexas — come, his fortune, his fortune! O, let him marry a woman that cannot go,[54] sweet Isis, I beseech thee, and let her die too, and give him a worse, and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold[56] a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter[57] of more weight: good Isis, I beseech thee!

IRAS Amen, dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! For as it is a heartbreaking to see a handsome man loose-wived,[59] so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul[60] knave uncuckolded: therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum and fortune him accordingly.

CHARMIAN Amen.

ALEXAS Lo, now, if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they[64]'d do't!

Enter Cleopatra

ENOBARBUS Hush, here comes Antony.

CHARMIAN Not he, the queen.

CLEOPATRA Saw you my lord?

ENOBARBUS No, lady.

CLEOPATRA Was he not here?

CHARMIAN No, madam.

CLEOPATRA He was disposed to mirth, but on the sudden
A Roman thought[72] hath struck him. Enobarbus?

ENOBARBUS Madam?

CLEOPATRA Seek him and bring him hither. [***Exit Enobarbus***]
Where's AIexas?

ALEXAS Here, at your service. My lord approaches.

Enter Antony with a Messenger

CLEOPATRA We[76] will not look upon him: go with us.

Exeunt. [Antony and Messenger remain]

MESSENGER Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.[77]

ANTONY Against my brother Lucius?

MESSENGER Ay,
But soon that war had end, and the time's state[80]
Made friends of them, jointing their force[81] gainst Caesar,
Whose better issue[82] in the war from Italy
Upon the first encounter,[83] drave them.

ANTONY Well, what worst?

MESSENGER The nature of bad news infects the teller.

ANTONY When it concerns the fool or coward. On!
Things that are past are done with me. 'Tis thus:
Who[88] tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flattered.

MESSENGER Labienus[90] —
This is stiff[91] news — hath with his Parthian force

Extended[92] Asia: from Euphrates
His conquering banner shook, from Syria
To Lydia[94] and to Ionia, whilst—
ANTONY Antony, thou wouldst[95] say.
MESSENGER O, my lord!
ANTONY Speak to me home,[97] mince not the general tongue,
Name Cleopatra as she is called in Rome,
Rail[99] thou in Fulvia's phrase, and taunt my faults
With such full licence as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds
When our quick[102] minds lie still, and our ills told us
Is as our earing. Fare thee well awhile.
MESSENGER At your noble pleasure.
Exit Messenger
Enter another Messenger
ANTONY From Sicyon[105] how the news? Speak there.
SECOND MESSENGER The man from Sicyon—
ANTONY Is there such an one?
SECOND MESSENGER He stays[108] upon your will.
ANTONY Let him appear.—
[Exit Second Messenger]
These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,
Or lose myself in dotage.—
Enter another Messenger with a letter
What[111] are you?
THIRD MESSENGER Fulvia thy wife is dead.
ANTONY Where died she?
THIRD MESSENGER In Sicyon.
Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth[116] thee to know, this bears. ***Gives him the letter***
ANTONY Forbear me.[117]—
[Exit Third Messenger]
There's a great spirit gone. Thus did I desire it:
What[119] our contempts doth often hurl from us
We wish it ours again. The present pleasure,
By revolution low'ring,[121] does become

The opposite of itself. She's good, being gone.
The hand could[123] pluck her back that shoved her on.
I must from this enchanting[124] queen break off:
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness[126] doth hatch.—

Enter Enobarbus

How now, Enobarbus?

ENOBARBUS What's your pleasure, sir?

ANTONY I must with haste from hence.

ENOBARBUS Why, then, we kill all our women. We see how mortal[129] an unkindness is to them: if they suffer[130] our departure, death's the word.

ANTONY I must be gone.

ENOBARBUS Under a compelling occasion, let women die.[132] It were pity to cast them away for nothing, though between them and a great cause they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise[134] of this, dies instantly: I have seen her die twenty times upon[135] far poorer moment. I do think there is mettle in death which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity[136] in dying.

ANTONY She is cunning[138] past man's thought.

ENOBARBUS Alack, sir, no: her passions are made of nothing but the finest part[139] of pure love. We cannot call her winds and waters sighs and tears: they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs[141] can report. This cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.[142]

ANTONY Would[143] I had never seen her.

ENOBARBUS O sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work,[144] which not to have been blest withal[145] would have discredited your travel.

ANTONY Fulvia is dead.

ENOBARBUS Sir?

ANTONY Fulvia is dead.

ENOBARBUS Fulvia?

ANTONY Dead.

ENOBARBUS Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows[152] to man the tailors of the earth: comforting therein,[153] that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut,[154] and the case[155] to be lamented. This grief is crowned with consolation: your old smock[156] brings forth a new petticoat, and indeed the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

ANTONY The business[160] she hath broachèd in the state Cannot endure my absence.

ENOBARBUS And the business you have broached here cannot be without you, especially that of CIeopatra’s, which wholly depends on your abode.[161]

ANTONY No more light[162] answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedience[164] to the queen,
And get her leave to part.[165] For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,[166]
Do strongly speak to us, but the letters too
Of many our contriving[168] friends in Rome
Petition[169] us at home. Sextus Pompeius
Hath given[170] the dare to Caesar and commands
The empire of the sea. Our slippery[171] people,
Whose love is never linked to the deserver
Till his deserts are past, begin to throw[173]
Pompey the Great[174] and all his dignities
Upon his son, who, high[175] in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life,[176] stands up
For the main[177] soldier, whose quality going on,
The[178] sides o’th’world may danger. Much is breeding
Which, like the courser’s[179] hair, hath yet but life
And not a serpent’s poison. Say[180] our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove[182] from hence.

ENOBARBUS I shall do’t.

[Exeunt separately]

[Act 1 Scene 3]

running scene 1 continues

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas and Iras
CLEOPATRA Where is he?
CHARMIAN I did[2] not see him since.
CLEOPATRA See where he is, who's with him, what he does. ***To Alexas***
I[4] did not send you: if you find him sad,
Say I am dancing, if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick. Quick, and return. [*Exit Alexas*]
CHARMIAN Madam, methinks if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold[8] the method to enforce
The like[9] from him.
CLEOPATRA What should I do I do not?
CHARMIAN In each thing give him way:[11] cross him in nothing.
CLEOPATRA Thou teachest like a fool, the way to lose him.
CHARMIAN Tempt[13] him not so too far. I wish, forbear:
In time we hate that which we often fear.
Enter Antony
But here comes Antony.
CLEOPATRA I am sick and sullen.[16]
ANTONY I am sorry to give breathing[17] to my purpose—
CLEOPATRA Help me away, dear Charmian! I shall fall.
It cannot be thus long:[19] the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.
ANTONY Now, my dearest queen—
CLEOPATRA Pray you stand[22] further from me.
ANTONY What's the matter?
CLEOPATRA I know by that same eye[24] there's some good news.
What, says the married woman[25] you may go?
Would she had never given you leave to come.
Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here.
I have no power upon you: hers you are.
ANTONY The gods best know—
CLEOPATRA O, never was there queen

So mightily betrayed! Yet at the first
I saw the treasons planted.
ANTONY Cleopatra—
CLEOPATRA Why should I think you can be mine, and true —
Though you in swearing shake the thronèd gods —
Who have been false[36] to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made[37] vows
Which break themselves in swearing![38]
ANTONY Most sweet queen—
CLEOPATRA Nay, pray you seek no colour[40] for your going,
But bid farewell and go: when you sued staying,[41]
Then was the time for words: no going then.
Eternity was in our[43] lips and eyes,
Bliss in our brows bent:[44] none our parts so poor
But was a[45] race of heaven. They are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turned the greatest liar.
ANTONY How now,[48] lady?
CLEOPATRA I would I had thy inches:[49] thou shouldst know
There were a heart[50] in Egypt.
ANTONY Hear me, queen:
The strong necessity of time commands
Our services awhile, but my full heart
Remains in use[54] with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords;[55] Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port[56] of Rome.
Equality[57] of two domestic powers
Breed scrupulous faction: the hated,[58] grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemned Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace[60]
Into the hearts of such as have not thrived
Upon[62] the present state, whose numbers threaten,
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge[63]
By any desperate change. My more particular,[64]
And that which most with you should safe[65] my going,
Is Fulvia's death.

CLEOPATRA Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness. Can Fulvia die?
ANTONY She’s dead, my queen. ***Gives her the letters***
Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read
The garboils[71] she awaked: at the last, best,
See when and where she died.
CLEOPATRA O most false love!
Where be the sacred vials[74] thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia’s death how mine received shall be.
ANTONY Quarrel no more, but be prepared to know[77]
The[78] purposes I bear, which are, or cease,
As you shall give th’advice.[79] By the fire
That quickens Nilus’ slime, I go from hence
Thy soldier, servant, making peace or war
As thou affects.[82]
CLEOPATRA Cut my lace,[83] Charmian, come!
But let it be:[84] I am quickly ill and well,
So Antony loves.[85]
ANTONY My precious queen, forbear[86]
And give true evidence[87] to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.
CLEOPATRA So Fulvia told me.
I prithee turn aside and weep for her,
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt.[92] Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling,[93] and let it look
Like perfect honour.
ANTONY You’ll heat my blood[95] no more!
CLEOPATRA You can do better yet, but this is meetly.[96]
ANTONY Now, by sword—
CLEOPATRA And target.[98] Still he mends,
But this is not the best. Look, prithee, Charmian,
How this Herculean[100] Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.
ANTONY I’ll leave you, lady.

CLEOPATRA Courteous lord, one word:
Sir, you and I must part, but that’s not it:
Sir, you and I have loved, but there’s not it:
That you know well. Something it is I would:
O, my oblivion[107] is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.[108]

ANTONY But[109] that your royalty
Holds[110] idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

CLEOPATRA ’Tis sweating labour[112]
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me,
Since my becomings[115] kill me when they do not
Eye[116] well to you. Your honour calls you hence:
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you. Upon your sword
Sit laurel[119] victory, and smooth success
Be strewed before your feet.

ANTONY Let us go. Come:
Our[122] separation so abides and flies
That thou, residing here, goes yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away!

Exeunt

[Act 1 Scene 4*]

running scene 2

Enter Octavius [Caesar] reading a letter, Lepidus and their Train

CAESAR You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know
It is not Caesar’s natural vice to hate
Our great competitor.[3] From Alexandria
This is the news: he fishes, drinks and wastes
The lamps of night in revel. Is[5] not more manlike
Than Cleopatra, nor the Queen of Ptolemy[6]
More womanly than he. Hardly gave audience,[7] or
Vouchsafed[8] to think he had partners. You shall find there
A man who is th’abstract[9] of all faults
That all men follow.

LEPIDUS I must not think there are
Evils enough to darken all his goodness:
His faults in him seem as the spots of heaven,[13]
More fiery by night’s blackness; hereditary
Rather than purchased,[15] what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

CAESAR You are too indulgent. Let’s grant it is not
Amiss to tumble[18] on the bed of Ptolemy,
To give a kingdom for a mirth,[19] to sit
And keep[20] the turn of tippling with a slave,
To reel[21] the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat: say this becomes him —
As[23] his composure must be rare indeed
Whom these things cannot blemish — yet must Antony
No way excuse his foils[25] when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he filled
His vacancy[27] with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits[28] and the dryness of his bones
Call on him for’t. But to confound[29] such time
That drums[30] him from his[31] sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state and ours, ’tis to be chid

As we rate[32] boys, who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure
And so rebel to[34] judgement.

Enter a Messenger

LEPIDUS Here’s more news.

MESSENGER Thy biddings[36] have been done, and every hour,
Most noble Caesar, shalt thou have report
How[38] ’tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea,
And it appears he is beloved of those
That only have feared[40] Caesar: to the ports
The discontents[41] repair, and men’s reports
Give him[42] much wronged.

CAESAR I should have known no less.
It hath been taught us from the primal state[44]
That he[45] which is was wished until he were,
And the ebbed[46] man, ne’er loved till ne’er worth love,
Comes deared[47] by being lacked. This common body,
Like to a vagabond[48] flag upon the stream,
Goes to and back, lackeying[49] the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

[Enter another Messenger]

SECOND MESSENGER Caesar, I bring thee word
Menecrates and Menas, famous[52] pirates,
Make the sea serve them, which they ear[53] and wound
With keels of every kind. Many hot inroads[54]
They make in Italy: the borders maritime[55]
Lack blood[56] to think on’t, and flush youth revolt.
No vessel can peep forth but ’tis as soon
Taken[58] as seen, for Pompey’s name strikes more
Than could his war resisted.

CAESAR Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassails.[61] When thou once
Was beaten from Modena,[62] where thou slew’st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow, whom[64] thou fought’st against —
Though daintily[65] brought up — with patience more

Than savages could suffer. Thou didst drink
The stale[67] of horses and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at. Thy palate then did deign[68]
The roughest berry on the rudest[69] hedge.
Yea, like the stag when snow the pasture sheets,[70]
The barks of trees thou browsèd.[71] On the Alps,
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh
Which some did die to look on: and all this —
It wounds thine honour that I speak it now —
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So[76] much as lanked not.
LEPIDUS ’Tis pity of[77] him.
CAESAR Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome: ’tis time we twain[79]
Did show ourselves i’th’field,[80] and to that end
Assemble we immediate council. Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.
LEPIDUS Tomorrow, Caesar,
I shall be furnished to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able[85]
To front[86] this present time.
CAESAR Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell.
LEPIDUS Farewell, my lord. What you shall know meantime
Of stirs[90] abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.
CAESAR Doubt not, sir,
I knew it for my bond.[93]

Exeunt

[Act 1 Scene 5*]

running scene 3

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras and Mardian

CLEOPATRA Charmian!
CHARMIAN Madam?
CLEOPATRA Ha, ha. ***Yawns***
Give me to drink mandragora.[4]
CHARMIAN Why, madam?
CLEOPATRA That I might sleep out this great gap of time
My Antony is away.
CHARMIAN You think of him too much.
CLEOPATRA O, ’tis treason!
CHARMIAN Madam, I trust not so.
CLEOPATRA Thou, eunuch Mardian!
MARDIAN What’s your highness’ pleasure?
CLEOPATRA Not[13] now to hear thee sing. I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has: ’tis well for thee
That, being unseminared,[15] thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?[16]
MARDIAN Yes, gracious madam.
CLEOPATRA Indeed?
MARDIAN Not in deed,[19] madam, for I can do nothing
But what in deed is honest[20] to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think
What Venus[22] did with Mars.
CLEOPATRA O, Charmian,
Where think’st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? Or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely,[27] horse, for wot’st thou whom thou mov’st?
The demi-Atlas[28] of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men. He’s speaking now,
Or murmuring ‘Where’s my serpent of old Nile?’
For so he calls me. Now I feed myself

With most delicious poison. Think on me
That am with Phoebus'[33] amorous pinches black
And wrinkled deep in time. Broad-fronted[34] Caesar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel[36] for a monarch, and great Pompey
Would stand and make[37] his eyes grow in my brow:
There would he anchor his aspect,[38] and die
With looking on his life.[39]

Enter Alexas from Antony

ALEXAS Sovereign of Egypt, hail!
CLEOPATRA How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great med'cine[42] hath
With his tinct[43] gilded thee.
How goes it with my brave[44] Mark Antony?
ALEXAS Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kissed — the last of many doubled kisses —
This orient[47] pearl. His speech sticks in my heart.
CLEOPATRA Mine ear must pluck it thence.
ALEXAS 'Good friend,' quoth[49] he,
'Say the firm[50] Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster, at whose foot,
To mend[52] the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms. All the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress.' So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed[55]
Who neighed so high[56] that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumbed[57] by him.
CLEOPATRA What, was he sad, or merry?
ALEXAS Like to the time o'th'year between the extremes
Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor[60] merry.
CLEOPATRA O well-divided disposition! Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man;[62] but note him.
He was not sad, for he would shine on those
That make[64] their looks by his: he was not merry,
Which seemed to tell them his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy: but between both.

O heavenly mingle! Be’st thou sad or merry,
The violence[68] of either thee becomes,
So does it no man else.— Met’st thou my posts?[69]
ALEXAS Ay, madam, twenty several[70] messengers.
Why do you send so thick?[71]
CLEOPATRA Who’s[72] born that day
When I forget to send to Antony
Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, Charmian.
Welcome, my good Alexas. Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Caesar so?
CHARMIAN O, that brave Caesar!
CLEOPATRA Be choked with such another emphasis.
Say ‘the brave Antony’.
CHARMIAN The valiant Caesar.
CLEOPATRA By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Caesar paragon[82] again
My man of men.
CHARMIAN By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.
CLEOPATRA My salad days,
When I was green[87] in judgement, cold in blood,
To say as I said then. But come, away,
Get me ink and paper.
He shall have every day a several greeting
Or I’ll unpeople Egypt!
Exeunt

[Act 2 Scene 1*]

running scene 4

Enter Pompey, Menecrates and Menas, in warlike manner

POMPEY If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.
MENECRATES Know, worthy Pompey,
That what[4] they do delay, they not deny.
POMPEY Whiles[5] we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.
MENECRATES We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good: so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.
POMPEY I shall do well:
The people love me, and the sea[12] is mine;
My powers[13] are crescent, and my auguring hope
Says it will come to th'full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner,[15] and will make
No wars without[16] doors: Caesar gets money where
He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
Of[18] both is flattered, but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.
MENAS Caesar and Lepidus are in the field:
A mighty strength[21] they carry.
POMPEY Where have you this? 'Tis false.
MENAS From Silvius, sir.
POMPEY He dreams. I know they are in Rome together,
Looking for[25] Antony. But all the charms of love,
Salt[26] Cleopatra, soften thy waned lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both,
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts:
Keep his brain fuming:[29] epicurean cooks
Sharpen with cloyless[30] sauce his appetite
That[31] sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,

Even till a Lethe'd[32] dullness—

Enter Varrius

How now, Varrius?

VARRIUS This[33] is most certain that I shall deliver:
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected. Since he went from Egypt 'tis[35]
A space for further travel.

POMPEY I could have given less matter[37]
A better ear.[38] Menas, I did not think
This amorous surfeiter would have donned his helm[39]
For such a petty war: his[40] soldiership
Is twice the other twain. But let us rear[41]
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap[43] of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

MENAS I cannot hope[45]
Caesar and Antony shall well greet together;[46]
His wife that's dead[47] did trespasses to Caesar:
His brother[48] warred upon him, although I think
Not moved[49] by Antony.

POMPEY I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant[53] they should square between themselves,
For they have entertainèd[54] cause enough
To draw their swords. But how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not[57] know.
Be't as our gods will have't! It[58] only stands
Our lives upon to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas.

Exeunt

[Act 2 Scene 2*]

running scene 5

Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus

LEPIDUS Good Enobarbus, ’tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

ENOBARBUS I shall entreat him
To answer like himself:[5] if Caesar move him,
Let Antony look[6] over Caesar’s head
And speak as loud as Mars.[7] By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonio’s beard,
I[9] would not shave’t today!

LEPIDUS ’Tis not a time for private stomaching.[10]

ENOBARBUS Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in’t.

LEPIDUS But small to greater matters must give way.

ENOBARBUS Not if the small come first.

LEPIDUS Your speech is passion:
But pray you stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter Antony and Ventidius

ENOBARBUS And yonder Caesar.

Enter Caesar, Maecenas and Agrippa

ANTONY If we compose[19] well here, to Parthia.
Hark,[20] Ventidius. ***They converse apart***

CAESAR I do not know, Maecenas, ask Agrippa.

LEPIDUS Noble friends,
That which combined[23] us was most great, and let not
A leaner[24] action rend us. What’s amiss,
May it be gently[25] heard. When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit[26]
Murder in healing wounds. Then, noble partners,
The rather for[28] I earnestly beseech,
Touch[29] you the sourest points with sweetest terms,

Nor[30] curstness grow to th’matter.
ANTONY ’Tis spoken well:
Were we before our armies, and to[32] fight,
I should do thus.
Flourish
CAESAR Welcome to Rome.
ANTONY Thank you.
CAESAR Sit.
ANTONY Sit, sir.
CAESAR Nay then.[38] ***Caesar sits**, **then Antony***
ANTONY I learn you take things ill which are not so,
Or being,[40] concern you not.
CAESAR I must be laughed at
If, or[42] for nothing or a little, I
Should say myself offended, and with you
Chiefly i’th’world:[44] more laughed at that I should
Once name you derogately[45] when to sound your name
It not concerned me.[46]
ANTONY My being in Egypt, Caesar,
What was’t to you?
CAESAR No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: yet if you there
Did practise[51] on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.[52]
ANTONY How intend you,[53] ‘practised’?
CAESAR You may be pleased to catch at[54] mine intent
By what did here befall me. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me, and their contestation[56]
Was theme for you:[57] you were the word of war.
ANTONY You do mistake your business. My brother never
Did urge me[59] in his act: I did inquire it,
And have my learning[60] from some true reports
That drew[61] their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with[62] yours,
And make the wars alike against my stomach,[63]
Having[64] alike your cause? Of this my letters

Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch[65] a quarrel,
As matter whole[66] you have to make it with,
It must not be with this.

CAESAR You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgement to me, but
You patched up your excuses.

ANTONY Not so, not so:
I[72] know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause gainst which he[74] fought,
Could not with graceful[75] eyes attend those wars
Which fronted[76] mine own peace. As for my wife,
I[77] would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o'th'world is yours, which with a snaffle[78]
You may pace[79] easy, but not such a wife.

ENOBARBUS Would we had all such wives, that the men might go to wars with the women!

ANTONY So much uncurbable,[82] her garboils, Caesar,
Made out of her impatience — which not wanted[83]
Shrewdness of policy[84] too — I grieving grant
Did you too much disquiet. For that you must
But[86] say I could not help it.

CAESAR I wrote to you:
When rioting[88] in Alexandria you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe[90] my missive out of audience.

ANTONY Sir,
He fell upon me ere admitted,[92] then.
Three kings I had newly[93] feasted, and did want
Of what I was i'th'morning. But next day
I told[95] him of myself, which was as much
As to have asked him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing[97] of our strife: if we contend,
Out of our question[98] wipe him.

CAESAR You have broken
The article[100] of your oath, which you shall never

Have tongue to charge me with.
LEPIDUS Soft,[102] Caesar!
ANTONY No, Lepidus, let him speak.
The honour is sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing[105] that I lacked it. But, on, Caesar:
The article of my oath—
CAESAR To lend me arms and aid when I required[107] them,
The which you both denied.
ANTONY Neglected rather:
And then when poisoned hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge.[111] As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty
Shall[113] not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it. Truth is that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here,
For which myself, the ignorant motive,[116] do
So far ask pardon as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.
LEPIDUS 'Tis noble spoken.
MAECENAS If it might please you to enforce no further
The griefs[121] between ye, to forget them quite
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone[123] you.
LEPIDUS Worthily spoken, Maecenas.
ENOBARBUS Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant,[125] you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again: you shall have time to wrangle in when you have nothing else to do.
ANTONY Thou art a soldier only. Speak no more.
ENOBARBUS That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.
ANTONY You wrong this presence,[130] therefore speak no more.
ENOBARBUS Go to, then![131] You considerate stone.
CAESAR I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech: for't cannot be
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions[134]
So diff'ring in their acts. Yet if I knew

What hoop should hold us staunch,[136] from edge to edge
O'th'world I would pursue it.
AGRIPPA Give me leave, Caesar.
CAESAR Speak, Agrippa.
AGRIPPA Thou hast a sister[140] by the mother's side,
Admired Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.
CAESAR Say not so, Agrippa:
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof[144]
Were well deserved of rashness.
ANTONY I am not married, Caesar: let me hear
Agrippa further speak.
AGRIPPA To hold you in perpetual amity,[148]
To make you brothers and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife, whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men,
Whose[153] virtue and whose general graces speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage
All little jealousies[155] which now seem great,
And all great fears which now import[156] their dangers
Would then be nothing. Truths[157] would be tales,
Where now half-tales be truths. Her love to both[158]
Would each to other, and all loves to both
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke,
For 'tis a studied, not a present[161] thought,
By duty ruminated.
ANTONY Will Caesar speak?
CAESAR Not till he hears how Antony is touched[164]
With what is spoke already.
ANTONY What power[166] is in Agrippa,
If I would[167] say, 'Agrippa, be it so',
To make this good?
CAESAR The power of Caesar, and
His power unto[170] Octavia.
ANTONY May I never,

To this good purpose that so fairly shows,[172]
Dream of impediment![173] Let me have thy hand.
Further this act of grace,[174] and from this hour
The heart of brothers govern in our loves
And sway our great designs!
CAESAR There's my hand: *They clasp hands*
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly. Let her live
To join our kingdoms and our hearts, and never[180]
Fly off our loves again!
LEPIDUS Happily, amen!
ANTONY I did not think to draw my sword gainst Pompey,
For[184] he hath laid strange courtesies and great
Of late upon me. I must thank him, only
Lest my remembrance[186] suffer ill report:
At[187] heel of that, defy him.
LEPIDUS Time calls upon's.
Of[189] us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.
ANTONY Where lies he?
CAESAR About the Mount Misena.[192]
ANTONY What is his strength by land?
CAESAR Great and increasing, but by sea
He is an absolute master.
ANTONY So is the fame.[196]
Would[197] we had spoke together! Haste we for it.
Yet, ere[198] we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talked of.
CAESAR With most gladness,
And do invite you to my sister's view,[201]
Whither straight I'll lead you.
ANTONY Let us, Lepidus, not[205] lack your company.
LEPIDUS Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.
Flourish. Exeunt all. Enobarbus, Agrippa, Maecenas remain
MAECENAS Welcome from Egypt, sir.

ENOBARBUS Half the heart[207] of Caesar, worthy Maecenas! My honourable friend, Agrippa!

AGRIPPA Good Enobarbus!

MAECENAS We have cause to be glad that matters are so well digested.[210] You stayed well by't in Egypt.

ENOBARBUS Ay, sir, we did sleep day[212] out of countenance and made the night light with drinking.

MAECENAS Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but[214] twelve personsthere. Is this true?

ENOBARBUS This was but as a fly by[216] an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

MAECENAS She's a most triumphant[218] lady, if report be square to her.

ENOBARBUS When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed[219] up his heart upon the river of Cydnus.

AGRIPPA There she appeared indeed, or my reporter[221] devised well for her.

ENOBARBUS I will tell you
The barge she sat in, like a burnished[223] throne,
Burned[224] on the water: the poop was beaten gold,
Purple the sails, and so perfumèd that
The winds were lovesick with them: the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes.[229] For her own person,
It beggared all description: she did lie
In her pavilion, cloth-of-gold of tissue,[231]
O'er-picturing[232] that Venus where we see
The fancy out-work nature: on each side her[233]
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like[234] smiling Cupids,
With divers-coloured[235] fans whose wind did seem
To glow[236] the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.

AGRIPPA O, rare[238] for Antony!

ENOBARBUS Her gentlewomen,[239] like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i'th'eyes,[240]
And made[241] their bends adornings. At the helm

A seeming mermaid steers: the silken tackle[242]
Swell[243] with the touches of those flower-soft hands
That yarely[244] frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs.[246] The city cast
Her people out upon her, and Antony,
Enthroned i'th'market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to th'air, which, but for vacancy,[249]
Had[250] gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

AGRIPPA Rare Egyptian![252]

ENOBARBUS Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she replied
It should be better he became her guest,
Which she entreated. Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of 'No' woman heard speak,
Being barbered[258] ten times o'er, goes to the feast,
And for his ordinary,[259] pays his heart
For what[260] his eyes eat only.

AGRIPPA Royal wench![261]
She made great Caesar[262] lay his sword to bed.
He ploughed her, and she cropped.[263]

ENOBARBUS I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street
And, having lost her breath, she spoke and panted,
That[267] she did make defect perfection,
And, breathless, pour breath forth.

MAECENAS Now Antony must leave her utterly.

ENOBARBUS Never! He will not.
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale[271]
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies. For vilest[274] things
Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.[276]

MAECENAS If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle

The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessèd lottery[279] to him.
AGRIPPA Let us go.
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest
Whilst you abide here.
ENOBARBUS Humbly, sir, I thank you.
Exeunt

[Act 2 Scene 3]

running scene 5 continues

Enter Antony, Caesar, Octavia between them

ANTONY The world and my great office[1] will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.

OCTAVIA All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.

ANTONY Goodnight, sir. My Octavia,
Read[7] not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square,[8] but that to come
Shall all be done by th'rule.[9] Goodnight, dear lady.

OCTAVIA Goodnight, sir.

CAESAR Goodnight.

Exeunt [Caesar and Octavia]

Enter Soothsayer

ANTONY Now, sirrah:[12] you do wish yourself in Egypt?

SOOTHSAYER Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither.[13]

ANTONY If you can,[14] your reason?

SOOTHSAYER I see it in my motion,[15] have it not in my tongue.
But yet hie you[16] to Egypt again.

ANTONY Say to me, whose fortunes shall rise higher,
Caesar's or mine?

SOOTHSAYER Caesar's.
Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy demon,[21] that thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high unmatchable,
Where Caesar's is not. But near him, thy angel[23]
Becomes afeared, as[24] being o'erpowered: therefore
Make space enough between you.

ANTONY Speak this no more.

SOOTHSAYER To none but thee, no[27] more but when to thee.
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose, and of that natural luck

He beats thee gainst the odds. Thy lustre thickens[30]
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him,
But, he[33] away, ’tis noble.

ANTONY Get thee gone.
Say to Ventidius I would speak with him:

Exit [Soothsayer]

He shall to Parthia. Be it art or hap,[36]
He hath spoken true: the very dice obey him,
And in our sports my better[38] cunning faints
Under his chance. If we draw lots, he speeds:[39]
His cocks do win the battle still of mine
When it[41] is all to nought, and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhooped,[42] at odds. I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I’th’east my pleasure lies.— O, come, Ventidius,

Enter Ventidius

You must to Parthia: your commission’s ready,
Follow me and receive’t.

Exeunt

[Act 2 Scene 4]

running scene 5 continues

Enter Lepidus, Maecenas and Agrippa

LEPIDUS Trouble yourselves no further: pray you hasten
Your generals after.[2]

AGRIPPA Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en[4] but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

LEPIDUS Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.

MAECENAS We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount[8]
Before you, Lepidus.

LEPIDUS Your way is shorter.
My purposes do draw[11] me much about:
You'll win two days upon me.

BOTH Sir, good success!

LEPIDUS Farewell.

Exeunt

[Act 2 Scene 5][2.5]

running scene 6

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras and Alexas

CLEOPATRA Give me some music: music, moody food
Of us that trade[2] in love.

ALL The music, ho!

Enter Mardian the Eunuch

CLEOPATRA Let it alone. Let's to billiards: come, Charmian.

CHARMIAN My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.

CLEOPATRA As[6] well a woman with an eunuch played
As with a woman. Come, you'll play with me, sir?

MARDIAN As well as I can, madam.

CLEOPATRA And when good will[9] is showed, though't come too short,
The actor[10] may plead pardon. I'll none now.
Give me mine angle:[11] we'll to th'river. There,
My music playing far off, I will betray[12]
Tawny-finned[13] fishes: my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws, and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say 'Ah, ha! You're caught!'

CHARMIAN 'Twas merry when
You wagered on your angling, when your diver[18]
Did hang a salt-fish[19] on his hook, which he
With fervency[20] drew up.

CLEOPATRA That time? O times!
I laughed him out of patience, and that night
I laughed him into patience, and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed,
Then put my tires and mantles[25] on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.[26]—

Enter a Messenger

O, from Italy
Ram[27] thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

MESSENGER Madam, madam—
CLEOPATRA Antonio's dead! If thou say so, villain,
Thou kill'st thy mistress. But well and free,
If thou so yield[32] him, there is gold, and here ***Offers gold***
My bluest veins to kiss: a hand that kings ***Offers her hand***
Have lipped,[34] and trembled kissing.
MESSENGER First, madam, he is well.
CLEOPATRA Why, there's more gold.
But sirrah, mark, we use[37]
To say[38] the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.
MESSENGER Good madam, hear me.
CLEOPATRA Well, go to,[42] I will.
But there's no goodness in thy face if Antony
Be free and healthful; so tart a favour[44]
To trumpet such good tidings! If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a Fury[46] crowned with snakes,
Not like a formal[47] man.
MESSENGER Will't please you hear me?
CLEOPATRA I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st:
Yet if thou say Antony lives, 'tis well,[50]
Or[51] friends with Caesar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold[52] and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.
MESSENGER Madam, he's well.
CLEOPATRA Well said.
MESSENGER And friends with Caesar.
CLEOPATRA Thou'rt an honest[57] man.
MESSENGER Caesar and he are greater friends than ever.
CLEOPATRA Make thee a fortune from me.
MESSENGER But yet, madam—
CLEOPATRA I do not like 'But yet': it does allay[61]
The good precedence. Fie upon 'But yet'!
'But yet' is as a jailer to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor.[64] Prithee friend,

Pour[65] out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: he's friends with Caesar,
In state of health thou say'st and, thou say'st, free.
MESSENGER Free, madam? No: I made no such report.
He's bound[69] unto Octavia.
CLEOPATRA For what good turn?[71]
MESSENGER For the best turn i'th'bed.
CLEOPATRA I am pale, Charmian.
MESSENGER Madam, he's married to Octavia.
CLEOPATRA The most infectious pestilence[74] upon thee!
Strikes him down
MESSENGER Good madam, patience.
CLEOPATRA What say you?
Strikes him
Hence, horrible villain, or I'll spurn[77] thine eyes
Like balls before me! I'll unhair thy head!
She hauls him up and down
Thou shalt be whipped with wire and stewed in brine,
Smarting in ling'ring pickle![80]
MESSENGER Gracious madam,
I that do bring the news made not the match.
CLEOPATRA Say 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud:[84] the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace[85] for moving me to rage,
And I will boot[86] thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.
MESSENGER He's married, madam.
CLEOPATRA Rogue, thou hast lived too long!
Draw a knife
MESSENGER Nay then, I'll run.
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.
Exit
CHARMIAN Good madam, keep yourself[92] within yourself.
The man is innocent.
CLEOPATRA Some innocents scape not the thunderbolt.[94]
Melt Egypt[95] into Nile, and kindly creatures

Turn all to serpents! Call the slave again.
Though I am mad,[97] I will not bite him: call!
CHARMIAN He is afeard to come.
CLEOPATRA I will not hurt him.
[Exit Charmian]
These hands do lack nobility that they strike
A meaner[101] than myself, since I myself
Have given myself the cause.—
Enter the Messenger again [with Charmian]
Come hither, sir.
Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: give to a gracious[104] message
An host of tongues,[105] but let ill tidings tell
Themselves when they be felt.
MESSENGER I have done my duty.
CLEOPATRA Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worser than I do
If thou again say 'Yes.'
MESSENGER He's married, madam.
CLEOPATRA The gods confound[112] thee! Dost thou hold there still?
MESSENGER Should I lie, madam?
CLEOPATRA O, I would thou didst,
So[115] half my Egypt were submerged and made
A cistern[116] for scaled snakes! Go, get thee hence!
Hadst thou Narcissus[117] in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?
MESSENGER I crave your highness' pardon.
CLEOPATRA He is married?
MESSENGER Take[121] no offence that I would not offend you.
To punish me for what you make me do
Seems much unequal.[123] He's married to Octavia.
CLEOPATRA O,[124] that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not what thou'rt sure of! Get thee hence,
The merchandise[126] which thou hast brought from Rome
Are all too dear[127] for me: lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em!

[Exit Messenger]

CHARMIAN Good your highness, patience.

CLEOPATRA In praising Antony, I have dispraised Caesar.

CHARMIAN Many times, madam.

CLEOPATRA I am paid for’t now. Lead me from hence:
I faint! O Iras, Charmian! ’Tis no matter.
Go to the fellow, good Alexas, bid him
Report the feature[135] of Octavia: her years,
Her inclination,[136] let him not leave out
The colour of her hair. Bring me word quickly.

[Exit Alexas]

Let him[138] for ever go.— Let him not, Charmian,
Though he be painted[139] one way like a Gorgon,
The other way’s a Mars.— Bid you Alexas ***To Iras***
Bring me word how tall she is.— Pity me, Charmian,
But do not speak to me. Lead me to my chamber.

Exeunt

[Act 2 Scene 6][2.6]

running scene 7

Flourish. Enter Pompey at one door, with Drum and Trumpet, at another, Caesar, Lepidus, Antony, Enobarbus, Maecenas, Agrippa, Menas with Soldiers marching

POMPEY Your hostages I have, so have you mine,
And we shall talk before we fight.
CAESAR Most meet[3]
That first we come to words, and therefore have we
Our written purposes[5] before us sent,
Which, if thou hast considered, let us know
If 'twill tie up[7] thy discontented sword
And carry back to Sicily much tall[8] youth
That else[9] must perish here.
POMPEY To you all three,
The senators alone[11] of this great world,
Chief factors[12] for the gods: I do not know
Wherefore[13] my father should revengers want,
Having a son and friends, since Julius Caesar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,[15]
There saw you labouring for him. What was't
That moved[17] pale Cassius to conspire? And what
Made the all-honoured, honest[18] Roman, Brutus,
With the armed rest, courtiers[19] of beauteous freedom,
To drench[20] the Capitol, but that they would
Have one[21] man but a man? And that is it
Hath made me rig my navy, at whose burden
The angered ocean foams, with which I meant
To scourge[24] th'ingratitude that despiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.
CAESAR Take your time.
ANTONY Thou canst not fear[27] us, Pompey, with thy sails.
We'll speak[28] with thee at sea. At land thou know'st
How much we do o'er-count[29] thee.

POMPEY At land indeed
Thou dost o’er-count[31] me of my father’s house:
But since the cuckoo[32] builds not for himself,
Remain in’t as thou mayst.[33]
LEPIDUS Be pleased to tell us —
For this is from the present[35] — how you take
The offers we have sent you.
CAESAR There’s the point.
ANTONY Which do not be entreated to,[38] but weigh
What it is worth embraced.[39]
CAESAR And what[40] may follow,
To try a larger fortune.
POMPEY You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia, and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates. Then to send
Measures of wheat to Rome: this ’greed upon
To part[46] with unhacked edges, and bear back
Our targes[47] undinted.
CAESAR, ANTONY *and* LEPIDUS That’s our offer.
POMPEY Know, then,
I came before you here a man prepared
To take this offer. But Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience, though I lose
The praise of[53] it by telling. You must know
When Caesar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily and did find
Her welcome friendly.
ANTONY I have heard it, Pompey,
And am well studied[58] for a liberal thanks
Which I do owe you.
POMPEY Let me have your hand: ***They shake hands***
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.
ANTONY The beds i’th’east are soft, and thanks to you,
That called me timelier[63] than my purpose hither,
For I have gained by’t.
CAESAR Since I saw you last, there’s a change upon you.

POMPEY Well, I know not
What counts[67] harsh fortune casts upon my face,
But in[68] my bosom shall she never come
To make my heart her vassal.
LEPIDUS Well met here.
POMPEY I hope so, Lepidus. Thus we are agreed:
I crave our composition[72] may be written
And sealed between us.[73]
CAESAR That’s the next to do.
POMPEY we’ll feast each other ere we part, and let’s
Draw lots who shall begin.
ANTONY That will I, Pompey.
POMPEY No, Antony, take the lot:[78] but, first
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame.[80] I have heard that Julius Caesar
Grew[81] fat with feasting there.
ANTONY You have heard much.
POMPEY I have fair[83] meanings, sir.
ANTONY And[84] fair words to them.
POMPEY Then so much have I heard,
And I have heard, Apollodorus[86] carried—
ENOBARBUS No more of that: he did so.
POMPEY What, I pray you?
ENOBARBUS A certain queen to Caesar in a mattress.
POMPEY I know thee now. How far’st[90] thou, soldier?
ENOBARBUS Well,
And well am like to do, for I perceive
Four feasts are toward.[93]
POMPEY Let me shake thy hand. ***They shake hands***
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.[96]
ENOBARBUS Sir,
I never loved you much, but I ha’ praised ye
When you have well deserved ten times as much
As I have said you did.
POMPEY Enjoy thy plainness,[101]

It nothing ill becomes[102] thee.
Aboard my galley[103] I invite you all.
Will you lead, lords?

CAESAR, ANTONY *and* LEPIDUS Show's the way, sir.

POMPEY Come.

Exeunt. Enobarbus and Menas remain

MENAS Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty.—
Aside You and I have known,[108] sir. ***To Enobarbus***

ENOBARBUS At sea, I think.

MENAS We have, sir.

ENOBARBUS You have done well by water.

MENAS And you by land.

ENOBARBUS I will praise any man that will praise me, though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

MENAS Nor what I have done by water.

ENOBARBUS Yes, something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

MENAS And you by land.

ENOBARBUS There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas. If our eyes ***They shake hands*** had authority, here they might take[120] two thieves kissing.

MENAS All men's faces are true,[121] whatsome'er their hands are.

ENOBARBUS But there is never a fair woman has a true[122] face.

MENAS No slander. They steal hearts.

ENOBARBUS We came hither to fight with you.

MENAS For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

ENOBARBUS If he do, sure he cannot weep't back again.

MENAS You've said,[128] sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here. Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

ENOBARBUS Caesar's sister is called Octavia.

MENAS True, sir, she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

ENOBARBUS But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

MENAS Pray ye, sir?[133]

ENOBARBUS 'Tis true.

MENAS Then is Caesar and he forever knit together.

ENOBARBUS If I were bound to divine[136] of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

MENAS I think the policy[137] of that purpose made more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

ENOBARBUS I think so too. But you shall find, the band[139] that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold and still[141] conversation.

MENAS Who would not have his wife so?

ENOBARBUS Not he that himself is not so, which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish[144] again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Caesar, and — as I said before — that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author[146] of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is. He married but his occasion[147] here.

MENAS And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health[148] for you.

ENOBARBUS I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in Egypt.

MENAS Come, let's away.

Exeunt

[Act 2 Scene 7][2.7]

running scene 8

Music plays. Enter two or three Servants with a banquet

FIRST SERVANT Here they'll be, man. Some o'their plants[1] are ill-rooted already: the least wind i'th'world will blow them down.

SECOND SERVANT Lepidus is high-coloured.[3]

FIRST SERVANT They have made him drink alms-drink.[4]

SECOND SERVANT As they pinch[5] one another by the disposition, he cries out 'No more', reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to th'drink.

FIRST SERVANT But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.[7]

SECOND SERVANT Why, this it is to have[8] a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service as a partisan[9] I could not heave.

FIRST SERVANT To be called into a huge sphere and not to[10] be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully[11] disaster the cheeks.

A sennet sounded. Enter Caesar, Antony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Maecenas, Enobarbus, Menas, with other Captains [and a Boy Singer]

ANTONY Thus do they, sir: they take[12] the flow o'th'Nile
By certain scales[13] i'th'pyramid. They know,
By th'height, the lowness, or the mean,[14] if dearth
Or foison[15] follow. The higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises. As it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze[17] scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

LEPIDUS You've strange serpents there?

ANTONY Ay, Lepidus.

LEPIDUS Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your[21] crocodile.

ANTONY They are so.

POMPEY Sit, and some wine! ***They sit and drink*** A health to Lepidus!

LEPIDUS I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.[25]

ENOBARBUS Not till you have slept.— ***Aside*** I fear me you'll be in[26] till then.

LEPIDUS Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies'[27] pyramises are very goodly things: without contradiction, I have heard that.

MENAS Pompey, a word. ***Aside to Pompey***

PMOPEY Say in mine ear what is't. ***Aside to Menas***

MENAS Forsake[31] thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain, ***Aside to Pompey***
And hear me speak a word.

POMPEY *Whispers in's ear* Forbear[33] me till anon.— This wine for Lepidus!

LEPIDUS What manner o'thing is your crocodile?

ANTONY It is shaped, sir, like itself, and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with it own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it, and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.[37]

LEPIDUS What colour is it of?

ANTONY Of it[39] own colour too.

LEPIDUS 'Tis a strange serpent.

ANTONY 'Tis so. And the tears[41] of it are wet.

CAESAR Will this description satisfy him?

ANTONY With the health that Pompey gives him, else[43] he is a very epicure. ***Menas whispers again***

POMPEY Go hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? Away! ***Aside to Menas***
Do as I bid you.— Where's this cup I called for?

MENAS If for the sake of merit[46] thou wilt hear me, ***Aside to Pompey***
Rise from thy stool.

POMPEY I think thou'rt mad. The matter?[48] ***Aside to Menas***

Pompey and Menas step aside and converse apart

MENAS I have ever held[49] my cap off to thy fortunes.

POMPEY Thou hast served me with much faith.[50] What's else to say?—
Be jolly, lords. ***To the others***

ANTONY These quicksands,[52] Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you sink.

MENAS Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

POMPEY What say'st thou?

MENAS Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.

POMPEY How should that be?
MENAS But entertain[58] it,
And, though thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.
POMPEY Hast thou drunk well?
MENAS No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove:
Whate'er the ocean pales[64] or sky inclips
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.
POMPEY Show me which way.
MENAS These three world-sharers, these competitors,[67]
Are in thy vessel. Let me cut the cable,[68]
And when we are put off,[69] fall to their throats:
All there is thine.
POMPEY Ah, this thou shouldst have done
And not have spoke on't.[72] In me 'tis villainy:
In thee't had been good service. Thou must know,
'Tis[74] not my profit that does lead mine honour:
Mine honour, it. Repent that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betrayed[76] thine act: being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done,
But must condemn it now. Desist,[78] and drink. ***Joins the others***
MENAS For this, I'll never follow thy palled[79] fortunes more:[81] ***Aside***
Who seeks and will not take when once 'tis offered,
Shall never find it more.
POMPEY This health to Lepidus! ***They drink***
ANTONY Bear him ashore. I'll pledge[83] it for him, Pompey.
ENOBARBUS Here's to thee, Menas!
MENAS Enobarbus, welcome!
POMPEY Fill till the cup be hid.[86]
ENOBARBUS There's a strong fellow, Menas. ***Points to an Attendant who is carrying off Lepidus***
MENAS Why?
ENOBARBUS A[89] bears the third part of the world, man: see'st
not?
MENAS The third part then he is drunk: would it were all,

That it might go on wheels![92]
ENOBARBUS Drink thou: increase the reels.[93]
MENAS Come.
POMPEY This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.
ANTONY It ripens towards it. Strike the vessels,[96] ho!
Here's to Caesar!
CAESAR I could well forbear't.[98]
It's monstrous[99] labour when I wash my brain
And it grow fouler.[100]
ANTONY Be a child o'th'time.[101]
CAESAR 'Possess[102] it', I'll make answer.
But I had rather fast from all[103] four days
Than drink so much in one.
ENOBARBUS Ha, my brave[105] emperor! ***To Antony***
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals[106]
And celebrate[107] our drink?
POMPEY Let's ha't, good soldier.
ANTONY Come, let's all take hands
Till that the conquering wine hath steeped our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.[111]
ENOBARBUS All take hands:
Make battery to[113] our ears with the loud music,
The while[114] I'll place you, then the boy shall sing.
The holding[115] every man shall beat as loud
As his strong sides can volley.[116]

Music plays. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.

BOY *The Song*
Come, thou monarch of the vine, ***Sings***
Plumpy Bacchus[118] with pink eyne!
In thy fats[119] our cares be drowned,
With thy grapes our hairs be crowned.
Cup us[121] till the world go round,
Cup us till the world go round!

CAESAR What would you more? Pompey, goodnight. Good brother,[123]
Let me request you off:[124] our graver business
Frowns at this levity. Gentle lords, let's part:

You see we have burnt our cheeks.[126] Strong Enobarb
Is weaker than the wine, and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise[128] hath almost
Anticked[129] us all. What needs more words? Goodnight.
Good Antony, your hand.

POMPEY I'll try you[131] on the shore.

ANTONY And shall, sir. Give's your hand.

POMPEY O, Antony,
You have my father's house. But what,[134] we are friends?
Come down into the boat.

ENOBARBUS Take heed you fall not.—

[Exeunt all but Enobarbus and Menas]

Menas, I'll not on shore.

MENAS No, to my cabin.
These drums, these trumpets, flutes! What![138]
Let Neptune[139] hear we bid a loud farewell
To these great fellows. Sound and be hanged! Sound out!

Sound a flourish, with drums

ENOBARBUS Ho, says a.[141] There's my cap. ***Throws his cap in the air***

MENAS Ho! Noble captain, come.

Exeunt

[Act 3 Scene 1][3.1]

running scene 9

Enter Ventidius as it were in triumph, the dead body of Pacorus borne before him, [with Silius and other Roman officers and soldiers]

VENTIDIUS Now, darting Parthia,[1] art thou struck, and now
Pleased fortune does of Marcus Crassus'[2] death
Make me revenger. Bear the king's son's body
Before our army: thy Pacorus,[4] Orodes,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

SILIUS Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The[8] fugitive Parthians follow. Spur through Media,
Mesopotamia,[9] and the shelters whither
The routed fly. So thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant[11] chariots and
Put garlands on thy head.

VENTIDIUS O Silius, Silius,
I have done enough. A lower place,[14] note well,
May make[15] too great an act. For learn this, Silius:
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame when him we serve's away.
Caesar and Antony have ever won[18]
More in their officer than person. Sossius,
One of my place[20] in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achieved by th'minute,[22] lost his favour.
Who does i'th'wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain, and ambition —
The soldier's virtue — rather makes choice of[25] loss,
Than gain which darkens[26] him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him, and in his offence[28]
Should my performance[29] perish.

SILIUS Thou hast, Ventidius, that[30]

Without the which a soldier and his sword
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony?

VENTIDIUS I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected,
How with his banners and his well-paid ranks
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse[36] of Parthia
We have jaded[37] out o'th'field.

SILIUS Where is he now?

VENTIDIUS He purposeth[39] to Athens, whither, with what haste
The weight[40] we must convey with's will permit,
We shall appear before him. On there, pass along!

Exeunt

[Act 3 Scene 2][3.2]

running scene 10

Enter Agrippa at one door, Enobarbus at another

AGRIPPA What, are the brothers[1] parted?
ENOBARBUS They have dispatched[2] with Pompey, he is gone.
The other three[3] are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome, Caesar is sad, and Lepidus
Since Pompey's feast as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.[6]
AGRIPPA 'Tis a noble Lepidus.
ENOBARBUS A very fine[8] one: O, how he loves Caesar!
AGRIPPA Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!
ENOBARBUS Caesar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.
AGRIPPA What's Antony? The god of Jupiter!
ENOBARBUS Spake you of Caesar? How, the non-pareil![12]
AGRIPPA O Antony! O thou Arabian bird![13]
ENOBARBUS Would you praise Caesar, say 'Caesar': go no further.
AGRIPPA Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.
ENOBARBUS But he loves Caesar best, yet he loves Antony:
Ho! Hearts, tongues, figures,[17] scribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think, speak, cast,[18] write, sing, number, ho,
His love to Antony. But as for Caesar,
Kneel down, kneel down and wonder!
AGRIPPA Both he loves.
ENOBARBUS They are his shards[22] and he their beetle. So: ***Trumpet within***
This is to horse. Adieu, noble Agrippa.
AGRIPPA Good fortune, worthy soldier, and farewell.

Enter Caesar, Antony, Lepidus and Octavia

ANTONY No further,[25] sir.
CAESAR You take from me a great part of myself:
Use[27] me well in't. Sister, prove such a wife
As[28] my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest bond
Shall pass on thy approof. Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece[30] of virtue which is set

Betwixt[31] us as the cement of our love
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter
The fortress of it: for better might we
Have loved without this mean,[34] if on both parts
This be not cherished.

ANTONY Make me not offended in[36] your distrust.

CAESAR I have said.[37]

ANTONY You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious,[39] the least cause
For what you seem to fear. So the gods keep[40] you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends.
We will here part.

CAESAR Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well.
The elements[44] be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort. Fare thee well.

OCTAVIA My noble brother! ***Weeps***

ANTONY The April's[47] in her eyes: it is love's spring
And these the showers to bring it on. Be cheerful.

OCTAVIA Sir, look[49] well to my husband's house, and—

CAESAR What, Octavia?

OCTAVIA I'll tell you in your ear. ***Whispers to Caesar***

ANTONY Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue — the[53] swan's-down feather,
That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

ENOBARBUS Will Caesar weep? ***Enobarbus and Agrippa speak aside***

AGRIPPA He has a cloud[57] in's face.

ENOBARBUS He were the worse for that were he a horse,
So is he, being a man.

AGRIPPA Why, Enobarbus,
When Antony found Julius Caesar dead,
He cried almost to roaring, and he wept
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

ENOBARBUS That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;[64]
What willingly he did confound[65] he wailed,
Believe't, till I wept too.

CAESAR No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still:[68] the time shall not
Outgo[69] my thinking on you.
ANTONY Come, sir, come:
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love.
Look, here I have you, thus I let you go, ***Embraces him***
And give you to the gods.
CAESAR Adieu. Be happy!
LEPIDUS Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way.
CAESAR Farewell, farewell!
Kisses Octavia
ANTONY Farewell!
Trumpets sound. Exeunt

[Act 3 Scene 3][3.3]

running scene 11

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras and Alexas

CLEOPATRA Where is the fellow?[1]

ALEXAS Half afeard to come.

CLEOPATRA Go to, go to.— Come hither, sir.

Enter the Messenger as before

ALEXAS Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry[5] dare not look upon you
But when you are well pleased.

CLEOPATRA That Herod's head
I'll have: but how,[8] when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it?— Come thou near.

MESSENGER Most gracious majesty.

CLEOPATRA Didst thou behold Octavia?

MESSENGER Ay, dread[12] queen.

CLEOPATRA Where?

MESSENGER Madam, in Rome.
I looked her in the face, and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

CLEOPATRA Is she as tall as me?

MESSENGER She is not, madam.

CLEOPATRA Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongued or low?

MESSENGER Madam, I heard her speak: she is low-voiced.

CLEOPATRA That's[21] not so good: he cannot like her long.

CHARMIAN Like her? O Isis! 'Tis impossible.

CLEOPATRA I think so, Charmian: dull of tongue and dwarfish!
What majesty is in her gait?[24] Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

MESSENGER She creeps:
Her motion and her station[27] are as one.
She shows[28] a body rather than a life,
A statue than a breather.[29]

CLEOPATRA Is this certain?

MESSENGER Or I have no observance.[31]
CHARMIAN Three in Egypt cannot make better note.
CLEOPATRA He’s very knowing,
I do perceive’t. There’s nothing in her yet:[34]
The fellow has good judgement.
CHARMIAN Excellent.
CLEOPATRA Guess at her years, I prithee.
MESSENGER Madam, she was a widow.
CLEOPATRA Widow? Charmian, hark.
MESSENGER And I do think she’s thirty.
CLEOPATRA Bear’st thou her face in mind? Is’t long or round?
MESSENGER Round, even to faultiness.
CLEOPATRA For the most part, too, they are foolish that are so.
Her hair, what colour?
MESSENGER Brown, madam: and her forehead
As[46] low as she would wish it.
CLEOPATRA There’s gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill.
I will employ[49] thee back again: I find thee
Most fit for business. Go, make thee ready.
Our letters are prepared.
[Exit Messenger]
CHARMIAN A proper[52] man.
CLEOPATRA Indeed, he is so: I repent me much
That so I harried[54] him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature’s no such thing.[55]
CHARMIAN Nothing, madam.
CLEOPATRA The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.
CHARMIAN Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,[58]
And serving you so long!
cleopatra I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian:
But ’tis no matter. Thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write. All may be well enough.
CHARMIAN I warrant[63] you, madam.
[Exeunt]

[Act 3 Scene 4][3.4]

running scene 12

Enter Antony and Octavia

ANTONY Nay,[1] nay, Octavia, not only that —
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import[3] — but he hath waged
New wars gainst Pompey, made[4] his will, and read it
To public ear,
Spoke scantly[6] of me, when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour: cold and sickly
He vented[8] them, most narrow measure lent me:
When the best hint[9] was given him, he not took't,
Or did it from his teeth.[10]

OCTAVIA O my good lord,
Believe not all, or if you must believe,
Stomach[13] not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance,[14] ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts:
The good gods will mock me presently[16]
When I shall pray, 'O, bless my lord and husband!',
Undo[18] that prayer, by crying out as loud,
'O, bless my brother!' Husband win, win brother,
Prays and destroys the prayer, no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

ANTONY Gentle Octavia,
Let[23] your best love draw to that point which seeks
Best to preserve it. If I lose mine honour,
I lose myself: better I were not yours
Than yours so branchless.[26] But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between's. The meantime, lady,
I'll raise the preparation[28] of a war
Shall stain[29] your brother. Make your soonest haste,
So[30] your desires are yours.

OCTAVIA Thanks to my lord.

The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler! Wars ’twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave,[34] and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

ANTONY When it[36] appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way, for our[37] faults
Can never be so equal that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going,[39]
Choose your own company, and command what[40] cost
Your heart has mind to.

Exeunt

[Act 3 Scene 5]

running scene 12 continues

Enter Enobarbus and Eros ***Meeting***

ENOBARBUS How now, friend Eros?

EROS There’s strange news come, sir.

ENOBARBUS What, man?

EROS Caesar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

ENOBARBUS This is old. What is the success?[5]

EROS Caesar, having made use of him[6] in the wars gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivality,[7] would not let him partake in the glory of the action, and not resting here,[8] accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey, upon his own appeal seizes him: so the poor third is up,[9] till death enlarge his confine.

ENOBARBUS Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps,[10] no more,
And throw[11] between them all the food thou hast,
They’ll grind the one the other. Where’s Antony?

EROS He’s walking in the garden, thus, and spurns[13] ***Imitates Antony’s angry walk***
The rush[14] that lies before him, cries, ‘Fool Lepidus!’
And threats[15] the throat of that his officer
That murdered Pompey.

ENOBARBUS Our great navy’s rigged.[17]

EROS For Italy and Caesar. More,[18] Domitius:
My lord desires you presently.[19] My news
I might have told hereafter.

ENOBARBUS ’Twill be naught,[21]
But let it be. Bring me to Antony.

EROS Come, sir.

Exeunt

[Act 3 Scene 6][3.6]

running scene 13

Enter Agrippa, Maecenas and Caesar

CAESAR Contemning[1] Rome, he has done all this, and more
In Alexandria. Here’s the manner of’t:
I’th’market-place, on a tribunal[3] silvered,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthroned: at the feet sat
Caesarion,[6] whom they call my father’s son,
And all the unlawful issue[7] that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the stablishment[9] of Egypt, made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.
MAECENAS This in the public eye?
CAESAR I’th’common show-place[13] where they exercise.
His sons he there proclaimed the kings of kings:
Great Media, Parthia and Armenia
He gave to Alexander: to Ptolemy he assigned
Syria, Cilicia[17] and Phoenicia. She
In th’habiliments[18] of the goddess Isis
That day appeared, and oft before gave audience,
As ’tis reported, so.
MAECENAS Let Rome be thus informed.
AGRIPPA Who,[22] queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.[23]
CAESAR The people knows it, and have now received
His accusations.
AGRIPPA Who does he accuse?
CAESAR Caesar: and that having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoiled,[28] we had not rated him
His part o’th’isle. Then does he say he lent me
Some shipping unrestored.[30] Lastly, he frets
That Lepidus of the triumvirate

Should be deposed and, being,[32] that we detain
All his revenue.
AGRIPPA Sir, this should be answered.
CAESAR ’Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him Lepidus was grown too cruel,
That he his high authority abused,
And did deserve his change. For[38] what I have conquered,
I grant him part, but then in his Armenia
And other of his conquered kingdoms, I
Demand the like.
MAECENAS He’ll never yield to that.
CAESAR Nor must not then be yielded to in this.
Enter Octavia with her Train
OCTAVIA Hail, Caesar, and my lord! Hail, most dear Caesar!
CAESAR That ever I should call thee castaway![45]
OCTAVIA You have not called me so, nor have you cause.
CAESAR Why have you stol’n[47] upon us thus? You come not
Like[48] Caesar’s sister: the wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse[50] to tell of her approach
Long ere she did appear: the trees by th’way[51]
Should have borne men, and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not: nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Raised by your populous troops.[55] But you are come
A market-maid to Rome, and have prevented[56]
The ostentation[57] of our love, which, left unshown,
Is often left unloved. We should have met you
By sea and land, supplying[59] every stage
With an augmented greeting.
OCTAVIA Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrained, but did it
On my free will. My lord Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepared for war, acquainted
My grievèd ear withal,[65] whereon, I begged
His pardon for[66] return.

CAESAR Which soon he granted,
Being an abstract[68] ’tween his lust and him.
OCTAVIA Do not say so, my lord.
CAESAR I have eyes[70] upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?
OCTAVIA My lord, in Athens.
CAESAR No, my most wrongèd sister. Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore, who[76] now are levying
The kings o’th’earth for war. He hath assembled
Bocchus, the King of Libya, Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia,[79] Philadelphos, King
Of Paphlagonia,[80] the Thracian king, Adallas,
King Malchus of Arabia, King of Pont,[81]
Herod of Jewry,[82] Mithridates, King
Of Comagene,[83] Polemon and Amyntas,
The Kings of Mede and Lycaonia,[84]
With a more larger list of sceptres.[85]
OCTAVIA Ay me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends
That does afflict[88] each other!
CAESAR Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth[90]
Till we perceived both how you were wrong led[91]
And we in negligent danger.[92] Cheer your heart,
Be you not troubled with the time[93] which drives
O’er your content these strong necessities,
But let determined[95] things to destiny
Hold unbewailed their way. Welcome to Rome,
Nothing[97] more dear to me. You are abused
Beyond the mark[98] of thought, and the high gods,
To do you justice, makes his[99] ministers
Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort,
And ever welcome to us.
AGRIPPA Welcome, lady.

MAECENAS Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you.
Only th’adulterous Antony, most large[105]
In his abominations,[106] turns you off
And gives his potent regiment[107] to a trull
That noises it[108] against us.
OCTAVIA Is it so, sir?
CAESAR Most certain. Sister, welcome: pray you
Be ever known to patience,[111] my dear’st sister!
Exeunt

[Act 3 Scene 7][3.7]

running scene 14

Enter Cleopatra and Enobarbus

CLEOPATRA I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

ENOBARBUS But why, why, why?

CLEOPATRA Thou hast forspoke[3] my being in these wars,
And say'st it is not fit.

ENOBARBUS Well, is it, is it?

CLEOPATRA If[6] not denounced against us, why should not we
Be there in person?

ENOBARBUS Well, I could reply: ***Aside***
If we should serve[9] with horse and mares together,
The horse[10] were merely lost. The mares would bear
A soldier and his horse.

CLEOPATRA What is't you say?

ENOBARBUS Your presence needs must puzzle[13] Antony,
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's time
What should not then be spared. He is already
Traduced[16] for levity, and 'tis said in Rome
That Photinus an eunuch and your maids
Manage this war.

CLEOPATRA Sink Rome,[19] and their tongues rot
That speak against us! A charge[20] we bear i'th'war,
And as the president[21] of my kingdom will
Appear there for[22] a man. Speak not against it,
I will not stay behind.

Enter Antony and Canidius

ENOBARBUS Nay, I have done.
Here comes the emperor.

ANTONY Is it not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum and Brundusium[27]
He could so quickly cut[28] the Ionian Sea
And take in[29] Toryne?— You have heard on't, sweet?

CLEOPATRA Celerity[30] is never more admired

Than by the negligent.
ANTONY A good rebuke,
Which might have well becomed[33] the best of men,
To taunt at slackness. Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.
CLEOPATRA By sea, what else?
CANIDIUS Why will my lord do so?
ANTONY For that he dares us to't.
ENOBARBUS So hath my lord dared him to single fight.
CANIDIUS Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,[40]
Where Caesar fought with Pompey. But these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off,
And so should you.
ENOBARBUS Your ships are not well manned,
Your mariners are muleteers,[45] reapers, people
Ingrossed[46] by swift impress. In Caesar's fleet
Are those that often have gainst Pompey fought.
Their ships are yare,[48] yours heavy: no disgrace
Shall fall[49] you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepared for land.
ANTONY By sea, by sea.
ENOBARBUS Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute[53] soldiership you have by land,
Distract[54] your army, which doth most consist
Of war-marked footmen,[55] leave unexecuted
Your own renownèd knowledge, quite forgo
The way which promises assurance,[57] and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard
From firm security.
ANTONY I'll fight at sea.
CLEOPATRA I have sixty sails, Caesar none better.
ANTONY Our overplus[62] of shipping will we burn,
And with the rest full-manned, from th'head[63] of Actium
Beat th'approaching Caesar. But if we fail,
We then can do't at land.—

Enter a Messenger

Thy business?
MESSENGER The news is true, my lord: he is descried.[66]
Caesar has taken Toryne.
ANTONY Can he be there in person? ’Tis impossible[68]
Strange that his power[69] should be. Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land
And our twelve thousand horse. We’ll to our ship:
Away, my Thetis![72]—
Enter a Soldier
How now, worthy soldier?
SOLDIER O, noble emperor, do not fight by sea:
Trust not to rotten planks.[74] Do you misdoubt
This sword and these my wounds? Let th’Egyptians
And the Phoenicians[76] go a-ducking: we
Have used[77] to conquer standing on the earth
And fighting foot to foot.
ANTONY Well, well, away!
Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra and Enobarbus
SOLDIER By Hercules,[80] I think I am i’th’right.
CANIDIUS Soldier, thou art. But his whole action[81] grows
Not in the power on’t. So our leader’s led,
And we are women’s men.[83]
SOLDIER You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole,[85] do you not?
CANIDIUS Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola and Caelius are for sea,
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Caesar’s
Carries[89] beyond belief.
SOLDIER While he was yet[90] in Rome,
His power[91] went out in such distractions as
Beguiled[92] all spies.
CANIDIUS Who’s his lieutenant, hear you?
SOLDIER They say one Taurus.
CANIDIUS Well I know the man.
Enter a Messenger
MESSENGER The emperor calls Canidius.

CANIDIUS With news the time’s in labour, and throws forth
Each minute, some.
Exeunt

[Act 3 Scene 8][3.8]

running scene 15

Enter Caesar [and Taurus] with his army, marching

CAESAR Taurus!

TAURUS My lord?

CAESAR Strike not by land. Keep whole,[3] provoke not battle
Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed[4]
The prescript[5] of this scroll: our fortune lies ***Gives him a scroll***
Upon this jump.[6]

Exeunt

[Act 3 Scene 9][3.9]

running scene 15 continues

Enter Antony and Enobarbus

ANTONY Set we our squadrons on yond side o'th'hill
In eye[2] of Caesar's battle, from which place
We may the number of the ships behold
And so proceed accordingly.

Exeunt

[Act 3 Scene 10][3.10]

running scene 15 continues

Canidius marcheth with his land army one way over the stage, and Taurus, the lieutenant of Caesar, the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight. Alarum Enter Enobarbus

ENOBARBUS Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer:
Th'Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,[2]
With all their sixty,[3] fly and turn the rudder:
To see't mine eyes are blasted.[4]

Enter Scarrus

SCARRUS Gods and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!

ENOBARBUS What's thy passion?[7]

SCARRUS The greater cantle[8] of the world is lost
With very ignorance.[9] We have kissed away
Kingdoms and provinces.

ENOBARBUS How appears the fight?

SCARRUS On our side, like the tokened pestilence[12]
Where death is sure. Yon[13] ribaudred nag of Egypt —
Whom leprosy o'ertake![14] — i'th'midst o'th'fight
When vantage[15] like a pair of twins appeared
Both[16] as the same, or rather ours the elder,
The breeze[17] upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoists sails and flies.[18]

ENOBARBUS That I beheld:
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight and could not
Endure a further view.

SCARRUS She once being loofed,[22]
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps[24] on his sea-wing and, like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in[25] height, flies after her.
I never saw an action[26] of such shame:
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

ENOBARBUS Alack, alack!

Enter Canidius

CANIDIUS Our fortune on the sea is out of breath
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself,[32] it had gone well.
O, he has given example for our flight
Most grossly[34] by his own!

ENOBARBUS Ay, are you thereabouts?[35] Why, then, goodnight indeed.

CANIDIUS Toward Peloponnesus[36] are they fled.

SCARRUS ’Tis easy to’t,[37] and there I will attend
What further comes.

CANIDIUS To Caesar will I render[39]
My legions and my horse: six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.

ENOBARBUS I’ll yet follow
The wounded chance[43] of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against[44] me.

[Exeunt separately]

[Act 3 Scene 11][3.11]

running scene 16

Enter Antony with Attendants

ANTONY Hark! The land bids me tread no more upon't:
It is ashamed to bear me. Friends, come hither.
I am so lated[3] in the world that I
Have lost my way forever. I have a ship
Laden with gold: take that, divide it: fly
And make your peace with Caesar.

ALL Fly? Not we.

ANTONY I have fled myself and have instructed cowards
To run and show their shoulders. Friends, be gone:
I have myself resolved upon a course
Which has no need of you. Be gone.
My treasure's in the harbour: take it. O,
I followed that[13] I blush to look upon.
My very hairs do mutiny,[14] for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them[15]
For fear and doting. Friends, be gone. You shall
Have letters from me to some friends that will
Sweep your way[18] for you. Pray you look not sad
Nor make replies of loathness:[19] take the hint
Which my despair[20] proclaims. Let that be left
Which leaves itself. To the seaside straightway:
I will possess you[22] of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little.[23] Pray you now,
Nay do so, for indeed I have lost command:[24]
Therefore I pray you, I'll see you by and by.

Sits down

[Exeunt Attendants]

Enter Cleopatra led by Charmian, [Iras] and Eros

EROS Nay, gentle madam, to him, comfort him.

IRAS Do, most dear queen.

CHARMIAN Do? Why, what else?

CLEOPATRA Let me sit down. O Juno![29]
ANTONY No, no, no, no, no!
EROS See you here, sir?
ANTONY O fie,[32] fie, fie!
CHARMIAN Madam!
IRAS Madam, O good empress!
EROS Sir, sir—
ANTONY Yes, my lord,[36] yes; he at Philippi kept
His sword[37] e'en like a dancer while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius, and 'twas I
That the mad[39] Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry,[40] and no practice had
In the brave squares[41] of war: yet now, no matter.
CLEOPATRA Ah, stand by.[42]
EROS The queen, my lord, the queen!
IRAS Go to him, madam, speak to him:
He's unqualitied[45] with very shame.
CLEOPATRA Well then, sustain[46] me. O!
EROS Most noble sir, arise, the queen approaches.
Her head's declined,[48] and death will seize her, but
Your comfort[49] makes the rescue.
ANTONY I have offended reputation,[50]
A most unnoble swerving.[51]
EROS Sir, the queen!
ANTONY O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See
How I convey[54] my shame out of thine eyes
By looking back what I have left behind
'Stroyed[56] in dishonour.
CLEOPATRA O my lord, my lord,
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought
You would have followed.
ANTONY Egypt, thou knew'st too well
My heart was to thy rudder tied by th'strings[61]
And thou shouldst tow me after. O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that
Thy beck[64] might from the bidding of the gods

Command me.
CLEOPATRA O, my pardon!
ANTONY Now I must
To the young man[68] send humble treaties, dodge
And palter[69] in the shifts of lowness, who
With half the bulk o'th'world played as I pleased,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror, and that
My sword,[73] made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.[74]
CLEOPATRA Pardon, pardon!
ANTONY Fall not a tear, I say. One of them rates[76]
All that is won and lost. Give me a kiss: ***They kiss***
Even this repays me.
We sent our schoolmaster:[79] is a come back?
Love, I am full of lead.[80] Some wine
Within there and our viands![81] Fortune knows
We scorn her most when most she offers blows.
Exeunt

[Act 3 Scene 12][3.12]

running scene 17

Enter Caesar, Agrippa and [Thidias,] Dolabella with others

CAESAR Let him appear that's come from Antony.
Know you him?

DOLABELLA Caesar, 'tis his schoolmaster,
An argument[4] that he is plucked, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion[5] of his wing,
Which[6] had superfluous kings for messengers
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Ambassador from Antony

CAESAR Approach, and speak.

AMBASSADOR Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty[10] to his ends
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf[11]
To his grand sea.[12]

CAESAR Be't so. Declare thine office.[13]

AMBASSADOR Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires[15] to live in Egypt, which not granted,
He lessens his requests, and to thee sues[16]
To let him breathe[17] between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens: this for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness,
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
The circle[21] of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded[22] to thy grace.

CAESAR For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of[25] audience nor desire shall fail, so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend[26]
Or take his life there. This if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

AMBASSADOR Fortune pursue thee!

CAESAR Bring[30] him through the bands.—

[Exit Ambassador, attended]
To try thy eloquence now ’tis time. Dispatch.[31] ***To Thidias***
From[32] Antony win Cleopatra. Promise,
And in our name,[33] what she requires: add more,
From thine invention, offers. Women[34] are not
In their best fortunes strong, but want will perjure
The ne’er touched vestal. Try thy cunning,[36] Thidias:
Make[37] thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer[38] as a law.
THIDIAS Caesar, I go.
CAESAR Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,[40]
And what thou think’st his very action speaks[41]
In every power that moves.[42]
THIDIAS Caesar, I shall.
Exeunt

[Act 3 Scene 13][3.13]

running scene 18

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian and Iras

CLEOPATRA What shall we do, Enobarbus?
ENOBARBUS Think,[2] and die.
CLEOPATRA Is Antony or we[3] in fault for this?
ENOBARBUS Antony only, that would make his will[4]
Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges[6]
Frighted each other? Why should he follow?
The itch of his affection[8] should not then
Have nicked[9] his captainship, at such a point,
When half to half the world opposed, he being
The meerèd question.[11] 'Twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course[12] your flying flags
And leave his navy gazing.[13]
CLEOPATRA Prithee, peace.

Enter the Ambassador with Antony

ANTONY Is that his answer?
AMBASSADOR Ay, my lord.
ANTONY The[17] queen shall then have courtesy, so she
Will yield us up.
AMBASSADOR He says so.
ANTONY Let her know't.
To the boy Caesar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.
CLEOPATRA That head, my lord?
ANTONY To him again. Tell him he[25] wears the rose
Of youth upon him, from which the world should note
Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's, whose ministers[28] would prevail
Under the service of a child as soon
As i'th'command of Caesar. I dare him therefore

To lay his gay caparisons[31] apart
And answer me declined,[32] sword against sword,
Ourselves alone.[33] I'll write it: follow me.
[Exeunt Antony and Ambassador]
ENOBARBUS Yes, like enough, high-battled[34] Caesar will ***Aside***
Unstate his happiness,[35] and be staged to th'show
Against a sworder.[36] I see men's judgements are
A parcel of[37] their fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing[40] all measures, the full Caesar will
Answer[41] his emptiness. Caesar, thou hast subdued
His judgement too.
Enter a Servant
SERVANT A messenger from Caesar.
CLEOPATRA What, no more ceremony? See, my women,
Against the blown[45] rose may they stop their nose
That kneeled unto the buds. Admit him, sir.
[Exit Servant]
ENOBARBUS Mine honesty[47] and I begin to square. ***Aside***
The loyalty well held to fools does make
Our faith[49] mere folly. Yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i'th'story.[52]
Enter Thidias
CLEOPATRA Caesar's will?
THIDIAS Hear it apart.[54]
CLEOPATRA None but friends:[55] say boldly.
THIDIAS So, haply,[56] are they friends to Antony.
ENOBARBUS He needs as many, sir, as Caesar has,
Or[58] needs not us. If Caesar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend: for[59] us, you know,
Whose[60] he is we are, and that is Caesar's.
THIDIAS So.
Thus then, thou most renowned: Caesar entreats

Not[63] to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is Caesar.
CLEOPATRA Go on: right royal.[65]
THIDIAS He knows that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you feared him.
CLEOPATRA O!
THIDIAS The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity as constrainèd[70] blemishes,
Not as deserved.
CLEOPATRA He is a god and knows
What is most right:[73] mine honour was not yielded,
But conquered merely.[74]
ENOBARBUS To be sure of that, *Aside*
I will ask Antony. Sir, sir, thou art so leaky
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit[78] thee.
Exit Enobarbus
THIDIAS Shall I say to Caesar
What you require[80] of him? For he partly begs
To be desired[81] to give. It much would please him
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon. But it would warm his spirits
To hear from me you had left Antony
And put yourself under his[85] shroud,
The universal landlord.
CLEOPATRA What's your name?
THIDIAS My name is Thidias.
CLEOPATRA Most kind messenger,
Say to great Caesar this in deputation:[90]
I kiss his conqu'ring hand: tell him I am prompt
To lay my crown at's feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him from his all-obeying breath[93] I hear
The doom[94] of Egypt.
THIDIAS 'Tis your noblest course:
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If[97] that the former dare but what it can,

No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.
CLEOPATRA Your Caesar's father[100] oft— ***Offers him her hand***
When he hath mused[101] of taking kingdoms in —
Bestowed his lips on that unworthy place
As[103] it rained kisses.
Enter Antony and Enobarbus
ANTONY Favours?[104] By Jove that thunders!
What art thou, fellow?[105]
THIDIAS One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest[107] man and worthiest
To have command obeyed.
ENOBARBUS You will be whipped. ***Aside***
ANTONY Approach there!— Ah, you kite![110]— Now, gods and devils,
Calls for Servants
Authority melts from me of late. When I cried 'Ho!',
Like boys unto a muss,[112] kings would start forth
And cry 'Your will?' Have you no ears? I am
Antony yet.— Take hence this jack[114] and whip him.
Enter a Servant ***Other Servants follow***
ENOBARBUS 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp[115] ***Aside***
Than with an old one dying.
ANTONY Moon and stars!
Whip him. Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries[118]
That do acknowledge Caesar, should I find them
So saucy[120] with the hand of she here — what's her name,
Since she was[121] Cleopatra? Whip him, fellows,
Till like a boy you see him cringe[122] his face
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.
THIDIAS Mark Antony!
ANTONY Tug him away: being whipped,
Bring him again. The jack of Caesar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.
Exeunt [Servants] with Thidias
You were half blasted[128] ere I knew you: ha?
Have I my pillow left unpressed in Rome,

Forborne[130] the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abused
By one that looks on feeders?[132]
CLEOPATRA Good my lord—
ANTONY You have been a boggler[134] ever,
But when we in our viciousness grow hard —
O, misery on't! — the wise gods seel[136] our eyes,
In our own filth drop our clear judgements, make us
Adore our errors, laugh at's while we strut
To our confusion.[139]
CLEOPATRA O, is't come to this?
ANTONY I found you as a morsel cold upon
Dead Caesar's trencher:[142] nay, you were a fragment
Of Gneius Pompey's[143], besides what hotter hours
Unregistered in vulgar fame[144] you have
Luxuriously[145] picked out. For I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance[146] should be,
You know not what it is.
CLEOPATRA Wherefore is this?
ANTONY To let a fellow that will take rewards
And say 'God quit you!'[150] be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand, this kingly seal[151]
And plighter[152] of high hearts! O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan,[153] to outroar
The hornèd herd! For I have savage cause,[154]
And to proclaim it civilly,[155] were like
A haltered neck[156] which does the hangman thank
For being yare[157] about him.— Is he whipped?

Enter a Servant with Thidias

SERVANT Soundly, my lord.
ANTONY Cried he? And begged a[159] pardon?
SERVANT He did ask favour.
ANTONY If that thy father live, let him repent ***To Thidias***
Thou wast not made his daughter, and be thou sorry
To follow[163] Caesar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipped for following him. Henceforth

The white hand[165] of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on’t. Get thee back to Caesar:
Tell him thy entertainment:[167] look thou say
He makes me angry with him. For he seems
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,
And at this time most easy ’tis to do’t,
When my good stars that were my former guides
Have empty left their orbs[173] and shot their fires
Into th’abysm[174] of hell. If he mislike
My speech and what is done, tell him he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchèd bondman,[176] whom
He may at pleasure whip or hang or torture,
As he shall like to quit[178] me. Urge it thou.
Hence with thy stripes! Be gone!

Exit Thidias [with Servant]

CLEOPATRA Have you done yet?

ANTONY Alack, our terrene moon[181] is now eclipsed
And it portends alone[182] the fall of Antony.

CLEOPATRA I must stay his time.[183]

ANTONY To flatter Caesar would you mingle eyes[184]
With one that ties his points?[185]

CLEOPATRA Not know me yet?

ANTONY Cold-hearted toward me?

CLEOPATRA Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail
And poison it in the source, and the first stone
Drop in my neck:[191] as it determines, so
Dissolve my life! The next Caesarion[192] smite,
Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying[195] of this pelleted storm
Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried[197] them for prey!

ANTONY I am satisfied.
Caesar sets down[199] in Alexandria, where

I will oppose his fate.[200] Our force by land
Hath nobly held, our severed navy too
Have knit again, and fleet,[202] threat'ning most sea-like.
Where hast thou been, my heart? Dost thou hear, lady?
If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood:[205]
I and my sword will earn our chronicle:[206]
There's hope in't yet.
CLEOPATRA That's my brave lord!
ANTONY I will be treble-sinewed, hearted, breathed,[209]
And fight maliciously.[210] For when mine hours
Were nice[211] and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests. But now I'll set my teeth
And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,
Let's have one other gaudy[214] night: call to me
All my sad[215] captains: fill our bowls once more:
Let's mock[216] the midnight bell.
CLEOPATRA It is my birthday:
I had thought t'have held it poor,[218] but since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.
ANTONY We will yet do well.
CLEOPATRA Call all his noble captains to my lord! ***To Charmian and Iras***
ANTONY Do so, we'll speak to them, and tonight I'll force
The wine peep through their scars. Come on, my queen,
There's sap in't yet.[224] The next time I do fight
I'll make death love me, for I will contend[225]
Even with his pestilent scythe.
Exeunt [all but Enobarbus]
ENOBARBUS Now he'll outstare[227] the lightning. To be furious
Is to be frighted out of fear, and in that mood
The dove will peck the estridge;[229] and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart.[231] When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him.
Exit

[Act 4 Scene 1][4.1]

running scene 19

Enter Caesar, Agrippa and Maecenas with his Army, Caesar reading a letter

CAESAR He calls me boy, and chides as[1] he had power
To beat me out of Egypt. My messenger
He hath whipped with rods, dares me to personal combat,
Caesar to Antony. Let the old ruffian[4] know
I have many other ways to die: meantime
Laugh at his challenge.

MAECENAS Caesar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath,[9] but now
Make boot[10] of his distraction: never anger
Made good guard for itself.

CAESAR Let our best heads[12]
Know that tomorrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight. Within our files[14] there are,
Of those that served Mark Antony but late,[15]
Enough to fetch him in.[16] See it done,
And feast the army. We have store[17] to do't
And they have earned the waste.[18] Poor Antony!

Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 2][4.2]

running scene 20

Enter Antony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas with others

ANTONY He will not fight with me, Domitius?[1]

ENOBARBUS No.

ANTONY Why should he not?

ENOBARBUS He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,[4]
He is twenty men to one.

ANTONY Tomorrow, soldier,
By sea and land I’ll fight: or[7] I will live,
Or bathe[8] my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo’t[9] thou fight well?

ENOBARBUS I’ll strike, and cry ‘Take all.[10]’

ANTONY Well said. Come on.
Call forth my household servants, let’s tonight

Enter three or four Servitors

Be bounteous at our meal.— Give me thy hand:
Thou hast been rightly honest.[14]— So hast thou.—
Thou, and thou, and thou: you have served me well,
And kings have been your fellows.[16]

CLEOPATRA What means this? ***Aside to Enobarbus***

ENOBARBUS ’Tis one of those odd tricks[18] which sorrow shoots ***Aside to Cleopatra***
Out of the mind.

ANTONY And thou art honest too:
I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapped up[22] together in
An Antony, that I might do you service
So good as you have done.

ALL The gods forbid!

ANTONY Well, my good fellows, wait on me tonight:
Scant[27] not my cups, and make as much of me
As when mine empire was your fellow too

And suffered[29] my command.
CLEOPATRA What does he mean? ***Aside to Enobarbus***
ENOBARBUS To make his followers weep. ***Aside to Cleopatra***
ANTONY Tend me tonight:
Maybe it is the period[33] of your duty.
Haply[34] you shall not see me more, or if,
A mangled shadow. Perchance[35] tomorrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away, but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death.
Tend me tonight two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield[41] you for't.
ENOBARBUS What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort?[43] Look, they weep,
And I, an ass, am onion-eyed.[44] For shame,
Transform us not to women.
ANTONY Ho, ho, ho!
Now the[47] witch take me if I meant it thus!
Grace[48] grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous[49] a sense,
For I spake to you for your comfort,[50] did desire you
To burn[51] this night with torches: know, my hearts,
I hope well of tomorrow, and will lead you
Where rather I'll expect victorious life
Than death and honour. Let's to supper, come,
And drown consideration.[55]

Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 3]

running scene 21

Enter a Company of Soldiers
FIRST SOLDIER Brother, goodnight: tomorrow is the day.[1]
SECOND SOLDIER It will determine one way.[2] Fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?
FIRST SOLDIER Nothing. What news?
SECOND SOLDIER Belike[5] ’tis but a rumour. Goodnight to you.
FIRST SOLDIER Well, sir, goodnight.
They meet other Soldiers
SECOND SOLDIER Soldiers, have careful[7] watch.
THIRD SOLDIER And you. Goodnight, goodnight.
They place themselves in every corner of the stage
SECOND SOLDIER Here we: and if tomorrow
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute[10] hope
Our landmen will stand up.
FIRST SOLDIER ’Tis a brave[12] army, and full of purpose.
Music of the hautboys is under the stage
SECOND SOLDIER Peace! What noise?
FIRST SOLDIER List,[14] list!
SECOND SOLDIER Hark!
FIRST SOLDIER Music i’th’air.
THIRD SOLDIER Under the earth.
FOURTH SOLDIER It signs well,[18] does it not?
THIRD SOLDIER
FIRST SOLDIER Peace, I say! What should this mean?
SECOND SOLDIER ’Tis the god Hercules,[21] whom Antony loved,
Now leaves him.
FIRST SOLDIER Walk. Let’s see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do.
SECOND SOLDIER How now, masters?[28]
ALL How now? How now? Do you hear this? *Speak together*
FIRST SOLDIER Ay. Is’t not strange?
THIRD SOLDIER Do you hear, masters? Do you hear?

FIRST SOLDIER Follow the noise so far as we have quarter.
Let's see how it will give off.

ALL Content. 'Tis strange.

Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 4]

running scene 22

Enter Antony and Cleopatra with others

ANTONY Eros! Mine armour, Eros!

CLEOPATRA Sleep a little.

ANTONY No, my chuck.[3] Eros! Come, mine armour, Eros!

Enter Eros ***With armor***

Come, good fellow, put thine iron[4] on.
If fortune be not ours today, it is
Because we brave[6] her. Come.

CLEOPATRA Nay, I'll help too, Antony.
What's this for? ***Picks up a piece of armor***

ANTONY Ah, let be, let be! Thou art
The armourer of my heart. False,[10] false: this, this!

CLEOPATRA Sooth,[11] la, I'll help: thus it must be. ***She helps arm him***

ANTONY Well,[12] well,
We shall thrive now. See'st thou, my good fellow?
Go, put on thy defences.[14]

EROS Briefly,[15] sir.

CLEOPATRA Is not this buckled well?

ANTONY Rarely,[17] rarely:
He that unbuckles this, till we[18] do please
To doff't[19] for our repose, shall hear a storm.
Thou fumblest, Eros, and my queen's a squire[20]
More tight[21] at this than thou: dispatch!— O love,
That thou couldst see my wars today, and knew'st[22]
The royal occupation,[23] thou shouldst see
A workman[24] in't.—

Enter an armed Soldier

Good morrow to thee! Welcome!
Thou look'st like him[25] that knows a warlike charge:
To business that we love we rise betime[26]
And go to't with delight.

SOLDIER A thousand, sir,

Early though't be, have on their riveted trim[29]
And at the port[30] expect you.

Shout. Trumpets flourish

Enter Captains and Soldiers

CAPTAIN The morn is fair. Good morrow, general.

ALL Good morrow, general.

ANTONY 'Tis well blown,[33] lads.
This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note,[35] begins betimes.—
So, so. Come, give me that. This way, well said. ***To Cleopatra***
Fare thee well, dame.[37] Whate'er becomes of me,
This is a soldier's kiss: rebukable ***Kisses her***
And worthy shameful check[39] it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment.[40] I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel.— You that will[41] fight,
Follow me close. I'll bring you to't.— Adieu.

Exeunt. [Cleopatra and Charmian remain]

CHARMIAN

CLEOPATRA Lead me.
He goes forth gallantly. That[45] he and Caesar might
Determine[46] this great war in single fight!
Then Antony — but now…Well, on.

Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 5][4.5]

running scene 23

Trumpets sound. Enter Antony and Eros **A Soldier meets them**

SOLDIER The gods make this a happy[1] day to Antony!

ANTONY Would[2] thou and those thy scars had once prevailed
To make me fight at land!

SOLDIER Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted[5] and the soldier
That has this morning left thee would have still
Followed thy heels.

ANTONY Who's gone this morning?

SOLDIER Who?
One ever near thee: call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee, or from Caesar's camp
Say 'I am none of thine.'

ANTONY What say'st thou?

SOLDIER Sir,
He is with Caesar.

EROS Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.

ANTONY Is he gone?

SOLDIER Most certain.

ANTONY Go, Eros, send his treasure after: do it:
Detain no jot, I charge[21] thee. Write to him —
I will subscribe[22] — gentle adieus and greetings;
Say that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master. O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men! Dispatch.[25]— Enobarbus!

Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 6][4.6]

running scene 24

Trumpets sound. Enter Antony and Eros ***Flourish. Enter Agrippa, Caesar, with Enobarbus and Dolabella***

CAESAR Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight.
Our will is Antony be took[2] alive:
Make it so known.

AGRIPPA Caesar, I shall.

[Exit]

CAESAR The time of universal peace[5] is near:
Prove this a prosp’rous day, the three-nooked[6] world
Shall bear the olive[7] freely.

Enter a Messenger

MESSENGER Antony is come into the field.

CAESAR Go charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the van[10]
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself.

Exeunt. [Enobarbus remains]

ENOBARBUS Alexas did revolt, and went to Jewry[13] on
Affairs of Antony, there did dissuade[14]
Great Herod[15] to incline himself to Caesar
And leave his master Antony. For this pains
Caesar hath hanged him. Canidius and the rest
That fell away[18] have entertainment but
No honourable trust. I have done ill,
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Caesar’s

SOLDIER Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus.[24] The messenger
Came on my guard,[25] and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

ENOBARBUS I give it you.

SOLDIER Mock not, Enobarbus.
I tell you true: best you safed[29] the bringer
Out of the host.[30] I must attend mine office
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove.

Exit

ENOBARBUS I am alone[33] the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most.[34] O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude[36]
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows[37] my heart.
If swift thought[38] break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike[39] thought, but thought will do't, I feel.
I fight against thee? No, I will go seek
Some ditch wherein to die: the foul'st[41] best fits
My latter part of life.

Exit

[Act 4 Scene 7][4.7]

running scene 25

Trumpets sound. Enter Antony and Eros ***Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter Agrippa [and others]***

AGRIPPA Retire,[1] we have engaged ourselves too far:
Caesar himself has work,[2] and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected.

Exit

Alarums. Enter Antony, and Scarrus wounded

SCARRUS O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had droven[5] them home
With clouts[6] about their heads. ***A retreat sounds***

Far off

ANTONY Thou bleed’st apace.

SCARRUS I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now ’tis made an H.[9]

ANTONY They do retire.

SCARRUS we’ll beat ’em into bench-holes.[11] I have yet
Room for six scotches[12] more.

Enter Eros

EROS They are beaten, sir, and our advantage serves[13]
For a fair victory.

SCARRUS Let us score[15] their backs
And snatch[16] ’em up, as we take hares behind!
’Tis sport to maul a runner.[17]

ANTONY I will reward thee
Once for thy sprightly comfort,[19] and tenfold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

SCARRUS I’ll halt[21] after.

Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 8]

running scene 25 continues

Alarum. Enter Antony again, in a march, Scarrus with others

ANTONY We have beat him to his camp: run one before
And let the queen know of our gests.[2] Tomorrow,
[Exit a Soldier]
Before the sun shall see's, we'll spill the blood
That has today escaped. I thank you all,
For doughty-handed[5] are you, and have fought
Not as[6] you served the cause, but as't had been
Each man's like mine: you have shown all Hectors.[7]
Enter the city, clip[8] your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats, whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment[10] from your wounds, and kiss
The honoured gashes whole.[11]—
Enter Cleopatra
Give me thy hand. ***To Scarrus***
To this great fairy[12] I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee.—
O thou day[13] o'th'world, ***To Cleopatra***
Chain[14] mine armed neck, leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness[15] to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing![16] ***They embrace***

CLEOPATRA Lord of lords!
O infinite virtue,[18] com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?

ANTONY My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl! Though grey
Do something[22] mingle with our younger brown, yet ha' we
A brain that nourishes our nerves[23] and can
Get[24] goal for goal of youth. Behold this man:
Commend[25] unto his lips thy favouring hand. ***She offers Scarrus her hand***
Kiss it, my warrior: he hath fought today
As if a god in hate of mankind had

Destroyed in such a shape.[28]

CLEOPATRA I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold: it was a king's.

ANTONY He has deserved it, were it carbuncled[31]
Like holy Phoebus' car.[32] Give me thy hand:
Through Alexandria make a jolly march,
Bear our hacked targets[34] like the men that owe them.
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp[36] this host, we all would sup together
And drink carouses[37] to the next day's fate
Which promises royal peril.[38] Trumpeters,
With brazen[39] din blast you the city's ear,
Make mingle[40] with rattling taborins,
That[41] heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach. ***Trumpets sound***

Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 9][4.9]

running scene 26

Enter a Sentry and his Company, Enobarbus follows

SENTRY If we be not relieved within this hour,
We must return to th'court of guard:[2] the night
Is shiny[3] and they say we shall embattle
By th'second hour i'th'morn.

FIRST WATCH This last day was a shrewd[5] one to's.

ENOBARBUS O, bear me witness, night—

SECOND WATCH What man is this?

FIRST WATCH Stand close,[8] and list him. ***They stand aside***

ENOBARBUS Be witness to me — O thou blessèd moon —
When[10] men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!

SENTRY Enobarbus?

SECOND WATCH Peace! Hark further.

ENOBARBUS O sovereign[15] mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night[16] disponge upon me,
That life, a very rebel[17] to my will,
May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart
Against the flint[19] and hardness of my fault,
Which, being dried with grief,[20] will break to powder
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular,[23]
But let the world rank[24] me in register
A master-leaver and a fugitive.[25]
O Antony! O Antony! ***He sinks down and dies***

FIRST WATCH Let's speak to him.

SENTRY Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern Caesar.

SECOND WATCH Let's do so. But he sleeps.

SENTRY Swoons[31] rather, for so bad a prayer as his

Was never yet for sleep.
FIRST WATCH Go we to him.
SECOND WATCH Awake, sir, awake! Speak to us!
FIRST WATCH Hear you, sir?
SENTRY The hand of death hath raught[36] him.
Drums afar off
Hark! The drums demurely[37] wake the sleepers.
Let us bear him to th'court of guard:
He is of note:[39] our hour is fully out.
SECOND WATCH Come on, then,
He may recover yet.
Exeunt [with the body]

[Act 4 Scene 10][4.10]

Enter Antony and Scarrus with their Army

ANTONY Their preparation is today by sea,
We please them not by land.
SCARRUS For both,[3] my lord.
ANTONY I would they'd fight i'th'fire or i'th'air,[4]
We'd fight there too. But this it is: our foot[5]
Upon the hills adjoining to the city
Shall stay with us. Order for sea is given:
They have put[8] forth the haven,
Where their appointment[9] we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour.

Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 11]

running scene 27 continues

Enter Caesar and his Army

CAESAR But being charged[1] we will be still by land,
Which, as I take't, we shall,[2] for his best force
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,[3]
And hold[4] our best advantage.

Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 12]

running scene 27 continues

Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight. Enter Antony and Scarrus

ANTONY Yet[1] they are not joined: where yond pine does stand,
I shall discover all. I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go.

Exit

SCARRUS Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests. The augurers[5]
Say they know not, they cannot tell, look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant and dejected, and by starts[8]
His fretted[9] fortunes give him hope and fear
Of what he has and has not.

Enter Antony

ANTONY All is lost:
This foul Egyptian hath betrayèd me:
My fleet hath yielded to the foe, and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost. Triple-turned whore![15] 'Tis thou
Hast sold me to this novice, and my heart
Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly:
For when I am revenged upon my charm,[18]
I have done all. Bid them all fly. Be gone!

[Exit Scarrus]

O sun, thy uprise[20] shall I see no more.
Fortune and Antony part here, even here
Do we shake hands. All come to this? The hearts
That spanieled[23] me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy,[24] melt their sweets
On blossoming Caesar, and this pine[25] is barked
That overtopped them all. Betrayed I am.
O this false soul of Egypt! This grave[27] charm
Whose eye becked[28] forth my wars and called them home,

Whose[29] bosom was my crownet, my chief end,
Like a right gipsy[30] hath at fast and loose
Beguiled[31] me to the very heart of loss.
What, Eros, Eros!—
Enter Cleopatra
Ah, thou spell![32] Avaunt!
CLEOPATRA Why is my lord enraged against his love?
ANTONY Vanish or I shall give thee thy deserving
And blemish Caesar’s triumph.[35] Let him take thee
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians.[36]
Follow his chariot like the greatest spot[37]
Of all thy sex. Most monster-like, be shown[38]
For[39] poor’st diminutives, for dolts, and let
Patient[40] Octavia plough thy visage up
With her preparèd[41] nails!
Exit Cleopatra
’Tis well thou’rt gone
If it be well to live. But better ’twere
Thou fell’st into[43] my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many. Eros, ho!
The shirt of Nessus[45] is upon me. Teach me,
Alcides,[46] thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas[47] on the horns o’th’moon,
And with those hands that grasped the heaviest club[48]
Subdue my worthiest[49] self. The witch shall die.
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot. She dies for’t. Eros, ho!
Exit

[Act 4 Scene 13][4.13]

running scene 27 continues

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, Mardian

CLEOPATRA Help me, my women! O, he's more mad
Than Telamon[2] for his shield: the boar of Thessaly
Was never so embossed.[3]

CHARMIAN To th'monument![4]
There lock yourself and send him word you are dead:
The soul and body rive[6] not more in parting
Than greatness going off.[7]

CLEOPATRA To th'monument!
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself:
Say that the last I spoke was 'Antony',
And word it — prithee — piteously. Hence, Mardian,
And bring me how he takes my death. To th'monument!

Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 14]

running scene 27 continues

Enter Antony and Eros

ANTONY Eros, thou[1] yet behold'st me?
EROS Ay, noble lord.
ANTONY Sometimes we see a cloud that's dragonish,[3]
A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
A towered citadel, a pendent[5] rock,
A forkèd mountain, or blue promontory[6]
With trees upon't that nod unto the world
And mock[8] our eyes with air. Thou hast seen these signs:
They are black vesper's[9] pageants.
EROS Ay, my lord.
ANTONY That which is now a horse, even with a thought[11]
The rack[12] dislimns and makes it indistinct
As water is in water.
EROS It does, my lord.
ANTONY My good knave[15] Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony,
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt,[18] and the queen —
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine,
Which whilst it was mine had annexed unto't
A million more, now lost — she, Eros, has
Packed[22] cards with Caesar, and false-played my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.[23]
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros, there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.—

Enter Mardian

O, thy vile lady!
She has robbed[26] me of my sword.

MARDIAN
My mistress loved thee and her fortunes mingled[28]
With thine entirely.

ANTONY Hence, saucy[30] eunuch. Peace!
She hath betrayed me and shall die the death.

MARDIAN
And that she has discharged.[33] What thou wouldst do
Is done unto thy hand:[34] the last she spake
Was ‘Antony! Most noble Antony!’
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony: it was divided[37]
Between her heart and lips: she rendered[38] life,
Thy name so buried in her.

ANTONY Dead, then?

MARDIAN Dead.

ANTONY Unarm, Eros: the long day’s task is done
And we must sleep.— That[43] thou depart’st hence safe ***To Mardian***
Does pay thy labour richly. Go.— ***Exit Mardian***
Off, pluck off! ***Eros unarms him***
The seven-fold[46] shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery[47] from my heart.— O, cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,[48]
Crack thy frail case!— Apace,[49] Eros, apace!—
No more a soldier: bruisèd pieces,[50] go.
You have been nobly borne.— From[51] me awhile.—

Exit Eros

I will o’ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon.— So it must be, for now
All length[54] is torture: since the torch is out,
Lie down and stray no further. Now all labour
Mars what it does: yea, very[56] force entangles
Itself with strength. Seal[57] then, and all is done.—
Eros!— I come, my queen.— Eros!— Stay[58] for me:
Where souls[59] do couch on flowers we’ll hand in hand
And with our sprightly port[60] make the ghosts gaze.
Dido[61] and her Aeneas shall want troops,
And all[62] the haunt be ours.— Come, Eros, Eros!

Enter Eros

EROS What would[63] my lord?

ANTONY Since Cleopatra died,
I have lived in such dishonour that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quartered the world and o'er green Neptune's back[67]
With ships made cities,[68] condemn myself to lack
The courage of a woman, less noble mind
Than she which by her death our Caesar tells
'I am conqueror of myself'. Thou art sworn, Eros,
That when the exigent[72] should come, which now
Is come indeed, when I should see behind me
Th'inevitable prosecution[74] of
Disgrace and horror, that on my command
Thou then wouldst kill me. Do't: the time is come:
Thou strikest not me, 'tis Caesar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.

EROS The gods withhold[79] me!
Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts[80] —
Though enemy[81] — lost aim, and could not?

ANTONY Eros,
Wouldst thou be windowed[83] in great Rome and see
Thy master thus with pleached[84] arms, bending down
His corrigible[85] neck, his face subdued
To penetrative[86] shame, whilst the wheeled seat
Of fortunate Caesar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?[88]

EROS I would not see't.

ANTONY Come, then. For with a wound I must be cured.
Draw that thy honest[91] sword which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

EROS O, sir, pardon me![93]

ANTONY When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once,
Or thy precedent[96] services are all
But accidents unpurposed.[97] Draw, and come.

EROS Turn from me then that noble countenance
Wherein the worship[99] of the whole world lies.

ANTONY Lo thee![100] ***Turns away from him***
EROS My sword is drawn.
ANTONY Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.
EROS My dear master,
My captain and my emperor, let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.
ANTONY ’Tis said, man, and farewell.
EROS Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?
ANTONY Now, Eros.
EROS Why, there then: thus I do escape the sorrow
Of Antony’s death.
Kills himself
ANTONY Thrice-nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I[114] should and thou couldst not. My queen and Eros
Have by their brave instruction[115] got upon me
A nobleness in record.[116] But I will be
A bridegroom[117] in my death and run into’t
As to a lover’s bed. Come then,— and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus ***Fails on his sword***
I learned of thee.— How, not dead? Not dead?—
The guard, ho! O, dispatch me![121]
Enter a [Company of] Guard ***One of them Dercetus***
FIRST GUARD What’s the noise?
ANTONY I have done my work ill, friends: O, make an end
Of what I have begun!
SECOND GUARD The star is fall’n.
FIRST GUARD And time is at his period.[126]
ALL Alas, and woe!
ANTONY Let him that loves me strike me dead.
FIRST GUARD Not I.
SECOND GUARD Nor I.
THIRD GUARD Nor anyone.
Exeunt [all the Guard but Dercetus]
DERCETUS Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.

This sword but shown to Caesar with this tidings,
Shall enter[134] me with him. ***Takes Antony’s sword***

Enter Diomedes

DIOMEDES Where’s Antony?
DERCETUS There, Diomed there!
DIOMEDES Lives he? Wilt thou not answer, man?

[Exit Dercetus with Antony’s sword]

ANTONY Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and give me
Sufficing[139] strokes for death.
DIOMEDES Most absolute[140] lord,
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.
ANTONY When did she send thee?
DIOMEDES Now, my lord.
ANTONY Where is she?
DIOMEDES Locked in her monument. She had a prophesying fear
Of what hath come to pass, for when she saw —
Which never shall be found[147] — you did suspect
She had disposed[148] with Caesar, and that your rage
Would not be purged, she sent you word she was dead:
But, fearing since how[150] it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth, and I am come,
I dread, too late.
ANTONY Too late, good Diomed. Call my guard, I prithee.
DIOMEDES What, ho, the emperor’s guard! The guard, what, ho!
Come, your lord calls!

Enter four or five of the Guard of Antony

ANTONY Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides:[156]
’Tis the last service that I shall command you.
FIRST GUARD Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live[158] to wear
All your true followers out.
ALL Most heavy[160] day!
ANTONY Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp[161] fate
To grace[162] it with your sorrows. Bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it,
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft, carry me now, good friends,

And have my thanks for all.
Exeunt, bearing Antony [and Eros]

[Act 4 Scene 15][4.15]

running scene 28

Enter Cleopatra and her maids aloft, with Charmian and Iras

CLEOPATRA O, Charmian, I will never go from hence.

CHARMIAN Be comforted, dear madam.

CLEOPATRA No, I will not:
All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise. Our size of sorrow,
Proportioned to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.—

Enter Diomedes **Below**

How now? Is he dead?

DIOMEDES His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o'th'other side your monument:
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter Antony and the Guard **Below**

CLEOPATRA O sun,
Burn the great sphere[12] thou mov'st in! Darkling stand
The varying shore o'th'world![13] O Antony,
Antony, Antony! Help, Charmian! Help, Iras, help!
Help, friends below! Let's draw him hither.

ANTONY Peace!
Not Caesar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumphed on itself.

CLEOPATRA So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony, but woe 'tis so!

ANTONY I am dying, Egypt, dying: only
I here importune[22] death awhile until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.

CLEOPATRA I dare not, dear.
Dear my lord, pardon: I dare not,
Lest I be taken. Not th'imperious show[27]
Of the full-fortuned Caesar ever shall

Be brooched[29] with me. If knife, drugs, serpents have
Edge, sting, or operation,[30] I am safe:
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion,[32] shall acquire no honour
Demuring[33] upon me. But come, come, Antony.—
Help me, my women.— We must draw thee up.—
Assist, good friends. ***They begin lifting***
ANTONY O, quick, or I am gone.
CLEOPATRA Here's sport indeed! How heavy weighs my lord!
Our strength is all gone into heaviness,[38]
That makes the weight. Had I great Juno's[39] power,
The strong-winged Mercury[40] should fetch thee up
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little:
Wishers[42] were ever fools. O, come, come, come.
They heave Antony aloft to Cleopatra
And welcome, welcome! Die[43] when thou hast lived,
Quicken[44] with kissing: had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out. ***Kisses him***
ALL A heavy[46] sight!
ANTONY I am dying, Egypt, dying.
Give me some wine and let me speak a little.
CLEOPATRA No, let me speak, and let me rail so high[49]
That the false housewife[50] Fortune break her wheel,
Provoked by my offence[51]—
ANTONY One word — sweet queen —
Of Caesar seek your honour with your safety. O!
CLEOPATRA They[54] do not go together.
ANTONY Gentle, hear me:
None[56] about Caesar trust but Proculeius.
CLEOPATRA My resolution and my hands I'll trust:
None about Caesar.
ANTONY The miserable change now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at, but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I lived, the greatest prince o'th'world,
The noblest: and do now not basely die,

Not[64] cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman. A Roman by a Roman[65]
Valiantly vanquished. Now my spirit is going:
I can no more.
CLEOPATRA Noblest of men, woo't[68] die?
Hast thou no care of me? Shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty?[71]— O, see, my women,
The crown o'th'earth doth melt.— My lord?— *Antony dies*
O, withered is the garland[73] of the war,
The soldier's pole[74] is fall'n: young boys and girls
Are level now with men: the odds is gone[75]
And there is nothing left remarkable[76]
Beneath the visiting[77] moon. *She faints*
CHARMIAN O, quietness, lady!
IRAS She's dead too, our sovereign.
CHARMIAN Lady!
IRAS Madam!
CHARMIAN O madam, madam, madam!
IRAS Royal Egypt! Empress! *Cleopatra stirs*
CHARMIAN Peace, peace, Iras!
CLEOPATRA No more, but e'en[85] a woman, and commanded
By such poor passion[86] as the maid that milks
And does the meanest chares.[87] It were for me
To throw my sceptre[88] at the injurious gods
To tell them that this world did equal theirs
Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but naught:
Patience is sottish,[91] and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: then is it sin
To rush into the secret house of death
Ere death dare come to us? How do you, women?
What, what, good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian?
My noble girls? Ah, women, women! Look,
Our lamp[97] is spent, it's out.— Good sirs, take heart,
We'll bury him, and then, what's brave,[98] what's noble,
Let's do't after the high Roman fashion

And make death proud to take us. Come, away.
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women! Come, we have no friend
But resolution and the briefest end.[103]

Exeunt, bearing of Antony’s body

[Act 5 Scene 1][5.1]

running scene 29

Enter Caesar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Maecenas, [Gallus, Proculeius], with his Council of War

CAESAR Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield.
Being so frustrate,[2] tell him he mocks
The pauses[3] that he makes.

DOLABELLA Caesar, I shall.

[Exit]

Enter Dercetus with the sword of Antony

CAESAR Wherefore is that? And what art thou that dar'st
Appear thus[6] to us?

DERCETUS I am called Dercetus:
Mark Antony I served, who best was worthy
Best to be served: whilst he stood up and spoke
He was my master, and I wore[10] my life
To spend upon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Caesar: if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

CAESAR What is't thou say'st?

DERCETUS I say — O Caesar — Antony is dead.

CAESAR The breaking[17] of so great a thing should make
A greater crack.[18] The round world
Should have shook lions into civil[19] streets
And citizens to their dens.[20] The death of Antony
Is not a single doom:[21] in the name lay
A moiety[22] of the world.

DERCETUS He is dead, Caesar,
Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hirèd knife, but that self[25] hand
Which writ his honour in the acts it did
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his sword: ***Shows sword***

I robbed his wound of it. Behold it stained
With his most noble blood.

CAESAR *Points to the sword*
The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.

AGRIPPA And strange it is
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted[36] deeds.

MAECENAS His taints and honours waged equal with[37] him.

AGRIPPA A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity:[39] but you gods will give us
Some faults to make us men. Caesar is touched.

MAECENAS When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

CAESAR O Antony,
I have followed thee to this, but we do launch[44]
Diseases in our bodies. I must perforce
Have shown[46] to thee such a declining day
Or look on thine: we could not stall[47] together
In the whole world. But yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign[49] as the blood of hearts
That thou my brother, my competitor[50]
In top[51] of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front[52] of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart[53]
Where mine his thoughts did kindle, that our stars,[54]
Unreconciliable, should divide[55]
Our equalness to this.— Hear me, good friends —
But I will tell you at some meeter season:[57]
The business of this man looks[58] out of him:
We'll hear him what he says.—

Enter an Egyptian

Whence are you?

EGYPTIAN A poor Egyptian yet,[60] the queen my mistress,
Confined in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents[62] desires instruction,

That she preparedly may frame herself[63]
To th'way she's forced to.
CAESAR Bid her have good heart.
She soon shall know of us, by[66] some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her. For Caesar cannot lean[68]
To be ungentle.[69]
EGYPTIAN So the gods preserve thee!
Exit
CAESAR Come hither, Proculeius. Go and say
We purpose[72] her no shame: give her what comforts
The quality[73] of her passion shall require,
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us. For her[75] life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph. Go,
And with your speediest[77] bring us what she says
And how you find of her.[78]
PROCULEIUS Caesar, I shall.
Exit Proculeius
CAESAR Gallus, go you along.—
[Exit Gallus]
Where's Dolabella
To second Proculeius?
ALL Dolabella!
CAESAR Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employed: he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent, where you shall see
How hardly[86] I was drawn into this war,
How calm and gentle I proceeded still[87]
In all my writings.[88] Go with me and see
What I can show in this.
Exeunt

[Act 5 Scene 2][5.2]

running scene 30

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras and Mardian

CLEOPATRA My desolation[1] does begin to make
A better life:[2] ’tis paltry to be Caesar:
Not being Fortune, he’s but Fortune’s knave,[3]
A minister of her will: and it is great
To do that thing[5] that ends all other deeds,
Which shackles[6] accidents and bolts up change,
Which sleeps, and never palates[7] more the dung,
The beggar’s[8] nurse and Caesar’s.

Enter Proculeius

PROCULEIUS Caesar sends greeting to the Queen of Egypt,
And bids thee study on[10] what fair demands
Thou mean’st[11] to have him grant thee.

CLEOPATRA What’s thy name?

PROCULEIUS My name is Proculeius.

CLEOPATRA Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you, but
I[16] do not greatly care to be deceived
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquered Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

PROCULEIUS Be of good cheer:
You’re fall’n into a princely hand, fear nothing.
Make[26] your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace[27] that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency,[29] and you shall find
A conqueror that will pray in aid[30] for kindness

Where he for grace is kneeled to.
CLEOPATRA Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal[33] and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine[35] of obedience, and would gladly
Look him i'th'face.
PROCULEIUS This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caused it.—
[Enter Gallus and Roman Soldiers]
You see how easily she may be surprised:[40] ***To the Soldiers***
Guard her till Caesar come.
[Exit Gallus and Soldiers]
IRAS Royal queen!
CHARMIAN O Cleopatra, thou art taken, queen!
CLEOPATRA Quick, quick, good hands! ***Draws a dagger***
PROCULEIUS Hold, worthy lady, hold! ***Disarms her***
Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Relieved,[47] but not betrayed.
CLEOPATRA What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of anguish?
PROCULEIUS Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty by
Th'undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.[54]
CLEOPATRA Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! Come, come, and take a queen
Worthy many babes and beggars!
PROCULEIUS O, temperance, lady!
CLEOPATRA Sir, I will eat no meat,[59] I'll not drink, sir:
If idle[60] talk will once be necessary,
I'll not sleep neither. This mortal house[61] I'll ruin,
Do Caesar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinioned[63] at your master's court,
Nor once be chastised with the sober eye

Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up
And show me to the shouting varletry[66]
Of censuring[67] Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt.
Be gentle grave unto me! Rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow[70] me into abhorring! Rather make[71]
My country's high pyramides my gibbet
And hang me up in chains!
PROCULEIUS You do extend[73]
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Caesar.
Enter Dolabella
DOLABELLA Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Caesar knows,
And he hath sent for[78] thee. For the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.
PROCULEIUS So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.—
To Caesar I will speak what you shall please, ***To Cleopatra***
If you'll employ me to him.
Exit Proculeius [with Gallus and Soldiers]
CLEOPATRA Say I would die.
DOLABELLA Most noble empress, you have heard of me?
CLEOPATRA I cannot tell.
DOLABELLA Assuredly you know me.
CLEOPATRA No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.
You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams:
Is't not your trick?[90]
DOLABELLA I understand not, madam.
CLEOPATRA I dreamt there was an Emperor Antony:
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!
DOLABELLA If it might please ye—
CLEOPATRA His face was as the heavens, and therein stuck[96]
A sun and moon which kept their course and lighted
The little[98] o'th'earth.

DOLABELLA Most sovereign creature—
CLEOPATRA His legs bestrid[100] the ocean, his reared arm
Crested[101] the world: his voice was propertied
As all the tunèd spheres, and that to friends:[102]
But when he meant to quail[103] and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For[104] his bounty,
There was no winter in’t: an autumn it was
That grew the more by reaping. His delights[106]
Were dolphin-like: they showed his back above
The element they lived in. In his livery[108]
Walked crowns and crownets,[109] realms and islands were
As plates[110] dropped from his pocket.
DOLABELLA Cleopatra!
CLEOPATRA Think you there was or might be such a man
As this I dreamt of?
DOLABELLA Gentle madam, no.
CLEOPATRA You lie up to the hearing of the gods!
But if there be nor ever were one such,
It’s past the size[117] of dreaming. Nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy: yet[118] t’imagine
An Antony were nature’s piece gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.
DOLABELLA Hear me, good madam:
Your loss is as yourself, great, and you bear it
As[123] answering to the weight. Would I might never
O’ertake pursued success: but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites
My very heart at root.
CLEOPATRA I thank you, sir.
Know you what Caesar means to do with me?
DOLABELLA I am loath[129] to tell you what I would you knew.
CLEOPATRA Nay, pray you, sir.
DOLABELLA Though he be honourable—
CLEOPATRA He’ll lead me, then, in triumph.
DOLABELLA Madam, he will, I know’t.

Flourish. Enter Proculeius, Caesar, Gallus, Maecenas and others of his train

ALL Make way there! Caesar!
CAESAR Which is the Queen of Egypt?
DOLABELLA It is the emperor, madam.

Cleopatra kneels

CAESAR Arise, you shall not kneel:
I pray you rise. Rise, Egypt.
CLEOPATRA Sir, the gods
Will have it thus. My master and my lord
I must obey. ***She stands***
CAESAR Take[142] to you no hard thoughts.
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written[144] in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.
CLEOPATRA Sole sir[146] o'th'world,
I cannot project[147] mine own cause so well
To make it clear, but do confess I have
Been laden with like frailties[149] which before
Have often shamed our sex.
CAESAR Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate[152] rather than enforce:
If you apply[153] yourself to our intents,
Which towards you are most gentle, you shall find
A benefit in this change: but if you seek
To lay[156] on me a cruelty by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave[157] yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.
CLEOPATRA And may through all the world: 'tis yours, and we,
Your scutcheons[162] and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord. ***Gives him a paper***
CAESAR You shall advise me in all for[164] Cleopatra.
CLEOPATRA This is the brief[165] of money, plate, and jewels
I am possessed of. 'Tis exactly valued,

Not[167] petty things admitted.— Where’s Seleucus?
[Enter Seleucus]
SELEUCUS Here, madam.
CLEOPATRA This is my treasurer. Let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserved
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.
SELEUCUS Madam,
I had rather seal my lips than to my peril
Speak that which is not.
CLEOPATRA What have I kept back?
SELEUCUS Enough to purchase what you have made known.
CAESAR Nay, blush not, Cleopatra: I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.
CLEOPATRA See, Caesar! O, behold,
How pomp is followed![180] Mine will now be yours
And should we shift estates,[181] yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild.— O slave, of no more trust
Than love that’s hired![184] What, go’st thou back? Thou shalt
Seleucus backs away
Go back, I warrant thee: but I’ll catch thine eyes
Though[186] they had wings. Slave, soulless villain, dog!
O rarely[187] base!
CAESAR Good queen, let us entreat you.
CLEOPATRA O Caesar, what a wounding shame is this,
That thou, vouchsafing[190] here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel[193] the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy. Say, good Caesar,
That I some lady[195] trifles have reserved,
Immoment toys,[196] things of such dignity
As we greet modern[197] friends withal, and say
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia[199] and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation: must I be unfolded[200]

With one that I have bred?[201] The gods! It smites me
Beneath the fall I have.— Prithee go hence, ***To Seleucus***
Or I shall show the cinders[203] of my spirits
Through th'ashes of my chance.[204] Wert thou a man,
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

CAESAR Forbear,[206] Seleucus.

[Exit Seleucus]

CLEOPATRA Be it known that we, the greatest, are misthought[207]
For things that others do, and when we fall,
We answer others' merits[209] in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.

CAESAR Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserved, nor what acknowledged
Put we i'th'roll of conquest.[213] Still be't yours,
Bestow[214] it at your pleasure, and believe
Caesar's no merchant to make prize[215] with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheered:
Make[217] not your thoughts your prisons. No, dear queen,
For we intend so to dispose[218] you as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
Our care and pity is so much upon you
That we remain your friend, and so, adieu.

CLEOPATRA My master, and my lord!

CAESAR Not so. Adieu.

Flourish. Exeunt Caesar and his Train

CLEOPATRA He words me,[224] girls, he words me, that I should not
Be noble to myself.— But, hark thee, Charmian. ***Whispers to Charmian***

IRAS Finish, good lady, the bright day is done
And we are for the dark.

CLEOPATRA Hie thee again.[228]
I have spoke[229] already and it is provided.
Go put[230] it to the haste.

CHARMIAN Madam, I will.

Enter Dolabella

DOLABELLA Where's the queen?

CHARMIAN Behold, sir.

[Exit]
CLEOPATRA Dolabella!
DOLABELLA Madam, as thereto sworn by your command —
Which my love makes religion to obey —
I tell you this: Caesar through Syria
Intends his journey, and within three days
You with your children will he send before.[239]
Make your best use of this. I have performed
Your pleasure and my promise.
CLEOPATRA Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.
DOLABELLA I your servant.
Adieu, good queen, I must attend on Caesar.
Exit
CLEOPATRA Farewell, and thanks.— Now, Iras, what think'st thou?
Thou an Egyptian puppet[247] shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I. Mechanic slaves[248]
With greasy aprons, rules[249] and hammers shall
Uplift us to the view. In their thick[250] breaths,
Rank of[251] gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forced to drink[252] their vapour.
IRAS The gods forbid!
CLEOPATRA Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras. Saucy[254] lictors
Will catch at us like strumpets,[255] and scald rhymers
Ballad us[256] out o'tune. The quick comedians
Extemporally[257] will stage us and present
Our Alexandrian revels: Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some[260] squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
I'th'posture of a whore.
IRAS O the good gods!
CLEOPATRA Nay, that's certain.
IRAS I'll never see't, for I am sure my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.
CLEOPATRA Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation and to conquer

Their most absurd intents.—

Enter Charmian

Now, Charmian!
Show me,[269] my women, like a queen: go fetch
My best attires.[270] I am again for Cydnus
To meet Mark Antony.— Sirrah[271] Iras, go.—
Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch[272] indeed,
And when thou hast done this chare,[273] I'll give thee leave
To play till doomsday. Bring our crown and all.

[Exit Iras]

A noise within

Wherefore's this noise?

Enter a Guardsman

GUARDSMAN Here is a rural fellow
That will not be denied your highness' presence.
He brings you figs.

CLEOPATRA Let him come in.—

Exit Guardsman

What poor an[280] instrument
May do a noble deed! He brings me liberty.
My resolution's placed,[282] and I have nothing
Of woman in me: now from head to foot
I am marble-constant:[284] now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Enter Guardsman and Clown ***With a basket***

GUARDSMAN This is the man.

CLEOPATRA Avoid,[287] and leave him.—

Exit Guardsman

Hast thou the pretty worm[288] of Nilus there
That kills and pains not?

CLOWN Truly, I have him: but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal:[291] those that do die of it do seldom or never recover.

CLEOPATRA Remember'st thou any that have died on't?[293]

CLOWN Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very honest[295] woman, but something given to lie, as a woman should not do[296] but in the way of honesty. How she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt: truly, she makes a very good report o'th'worm.[297] But he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do. But this is most falliable,[298] the worm's an odd worm.

CLEOPATRA Get thee hence. Farewell.

CLOWN I wish you all joy of the worm. ***Sets down his basket***

CLEOPATRA Farewell.

CLOWN You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.[303]

CLEOPATRA Ay, ay. Farewell.

CLOWN Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people, for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

CLEOPATRA Take[307] thou no care, it shall be heeded.

CLOWN Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

CLEOPATRA Will it eat[309] me?

CLOWN You must not think I am so simple but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know that a woman is a dish for the gods if the devil dress[311] her not. But truly, these same whoreson[312] devils do the gods great harm in their women, for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

CLEOPATRA Well, get thee gone. Farewell.

CLOWN Yes, forsooth:[315] I wish you joy o'th'worm.

Exit

[Enter Iras]

CLEOPATRA Give me my robe, put on my crown: I have ***Iras brings a robe, crown and jewels***
Immortal longings[317] in me. Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip. ***The women dress her***
Yare,[319] yare, good Iras! Quick! Methinks I hear
Antony call: I see him rouse himself[320]
To praise my noble act.[321] I hear him mock
The luck of Caesar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath.[323]— Husband, I come!
Now to that name my courage prove my title![324]

I am fire and air:[325] my other elements
I give to baser life.— So, have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian. Iras, long farewell. ***Kisses them. Iras falls and dies***
Have I the aspic[329] in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke[331] of death is as a lover's pinch
Which hurts and is desired. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.[334]
CHARMIAN Dissolve thick cloud, and rain, that I may say,
The gods themselves do weep!
CLEOPATRA This[337] proves me base:
If she first meet the curlèd[338] Antony,
He'll make demand of her, and spend[339] that kiss
Which is my heaven to have.— ***To an asp, which she applies to her breast***
Come, thou mortal[340] wretch,
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate[341]
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool[342]
Be angry, and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Caesar ass
Unpolicied![345]
CHARMIAN O eastern star![346]
CLEOPATRA Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast
That sucks the nurse asleep?
CHARMIAN O, break! O, break!
CLEOPATRA As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle.—
O Antony!— Nay, I will take thee too. ***Applies another asp to her arm***
What[353] should I stay—
Dies
CHARMIAN In this wild world? So, fare thee well.—
Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies
A lass unparalleled.— Downy windows,[356] close,
And golden Phoebus never be beheld

Of[358] eyes again so royal!— Your crown's awry.
I'll mend[359] it, and then play—
Enter the Guard, rustling in
FIRST GUARD Where's the queen?
CHARMIAN Speak softly, wake her not.
FIRST GUARD Caesar hath sent—
CHARMIAN Too slow a messenger.— ***Applies an asp***
O, come apace, dispatch! I partly feel thee.
FIRST GUARD Approach, ho! All's not well: Caesar's beguiled.[365]
SECOND GUARD There's Dolabella sent from Caesar: call him.
[Exit a Guardsman]
FIRST GUARD What work is here, Charmian? Is this well done?
CHARMIAN It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.
Ah, soldier!
Charmian dies
Enter Dolabella
DOLABELLA How goes it here?
SECOND GUARD All dead.
DOLABELLA Caesar, thy[373] thoughts
Touch their effects in this: thyself art coming
To see performed the dreaded act which thou
So sought'st to hinder.
Enter Caesar and all his Train marching
ALL A way there, a way for Caesar!
DOLABELLA O, sir, you are too sure an augurer:[378]
That[379] you did fear is done.
CAESAR Bravest at the last,
She levelled[381] at our purposes and, being royal,
Took her own way. The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.
DOLABELLA Who was last with them?
FIRST GUARD A simple[385] countryman, that brought her figs:
This was his basket.
CAESAR Poisoned, then.
FIRST GUARD O Caesar,

This Charmian lived but now. She stood and spake.
I found her trimming up[390] the diadem
On her dead mistress. Tremblingly she stood
And on the sudden dropped.
CAESAR O, noble weakness!
If they had swallowed poison, ’twould appear
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,
As[396] she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil[397] of grace.
DOLABELLA Here on her breast
There is a vent[399] of blood and something blown,
The like is on her arm.
FIRST GUARD This is an aspic’s trail, and these fig-leaves
Have slime upon them such as th’aspic leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.
CAESAR Most probable
That so she died, for her physician tells me
She hath pursued conclusions infinite[406]
Of easy ways to die. Take up her bed,
And bear her women from the monument.
She shall be buried by her Antony.
No grave upon the earth shall clip[410] in it
A pair so famous: high[411] events as these
Strike[412] those that make them, and their story is
No less in pity than his glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall
In solemn show attend this funeral,
And then to Rome. Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. ***The Soldiers bearing the dead bodies***
Exeunt all

Textual Notes

= First Folio text of 1623

2 = a correction introduced in the Second Folio text of 1632
3 = a correction introduced in the Third Folio text of 1663–64
4 = a correction introduced in the Fourth Folio text of 1685
d = a correction introduced by a later editor
D = stage direction
H = speech heading (i.e., speaker's name)

ist of parts = Ed

.1.55 whose = F2. F = who

.2.3 charge = Ed. F = change **35 fertile** = Ed. F = fore-tell **45 workaday** *spelled* worky day *in* F **53 Alexas** = Ed. *Printed as a speech heading in* F **67 Saw…lord?** = F2. F = Saue you, my Lord **102 minds** = Ed. F = windes **106 SH SECOND MESSENGER** = Ed. F = *1 Mes*. **107 SH ANTONY** = Ed. *Not in* F **145 travel** *spelled* Trauaile *in* F **165 leave** = Ed. F = loue **181 place…requires** = F2. F = places…require

.3.53 services = F2. F = Seruicles **95 blood no more** = F. Ed. = blood. No more **97 by sword** = F. F2 = by my sword

.4.3 Our = Ed. F = One **8 Vouchsafed** = Ed. F = vouchsafe **9 abstract** = F2. F = abstracts **22 smell** = F2. F = smels **47 deared** = Ed. F = fear'd **49 lackeying** = Ed. F = lacking **61 wassails** = Ed. F = Vassailes **62 Modena** = Ed. F = *Medena* **63 Hirtius** = F4. F = *Hirsius* **Pansa** = F2. F = *Pausa* **81 we** = F2. F = me

.5.39 SD *Antony* = Ed. F = *Caesar* **57 dumbed** = Ed. F = dumbe **69 man** = F2. F = mans

.1.20, 23, 45 SH MENAS = Ed. F = *Mene* **26 waned** = Ed. F = wand **48 warred** = F2. F = wan'd

.2.128 soldier only. Speak = Ed. F = Souldier, onely speake **143 so** = Ed. F = say 144, **250 Cleopatra** *spelled Cleopater in* F **reproof** = Ed. F = proofe **192 Mount Misena** = Ed. F = Mount-Mesena **210 digested** = F2. F = disgested **220 Cydnus** = F2. F = Sidnis **226 lovesick with them: the** = Ed. F = Loue-sicke. With them the **232 Venus** = Ed. F = Venns **236 glow** = Ed. F = gloue **239 gentlewomen** = F2. F = Gentlewoman **257 heard** = Ed. F = hard **268 and, breathless, pour** = Ed. F = and breathless powre **274 vilest** = Ed. F = vildest

.3.10 SH OCTAVIA = F2. *Not in* F **24 afeared** = Ed. F = a feare **27 no…when** = Ed. F = no more but: when **33 away** = Ed. F = alway **35 Ventidius** = F2. F = *Ventigius (throughout)*

.4.8 at the Mount = F2. F = at Mount

.5.3 SH ALL *Omnes (Latin) in* F **13 Tawny-finned** = Ed. F = Tawney fine **125 art** = F. *Sometimes emended to* act

.6.18 Made…Roman = F2. F = Made all-honor'd, honest, Romaine **21 is** = F2. F = his 34–**5 For…take** = Ed. F = (For this is from the present how you take) **48 SH CAESAR, ANTONY *and* LEPIDUS** = Ed. F = *Omnes* **83 meanings** = Ed. F = meaning **87 more of that** = F3. F = more that **105 SH CAESAR, ANTONY and LEPIDUS** = Ed. F = *All*

.7.1 SH FIRST SERVANT = Ed. F = **1 o'their** = Ed. F = o'th'their **3 SH SECOND SERVANT** = Ed. F = **2 high-coloured** = F2. F = high Conlord **8 leif** = Ed. F = liue **70 there** = F. *Sometimes emended to* then **116 SH BOY** = Ed. *Not in* F **124 off: our** = Ed. F = of our **128 Splits** *spelled* Spleet's in F **132 sir. Give's** = Ed. F = Sir, giues **134 father's** = F2. F = Father **137 SH MENAS** = Ed. *Not in* F

.1.6 SH SILIUS = Ed. F = *Romaine (throughout scene)*

.2.17 figures = Ed. F = Figure **28 bond** = Ed. F = Band **54 at full of** = F3. F = at the full of **66 wept** = Ed. F = weepe

.4.8 them…me = Ed. F = then most narrow measure: lent me **9 took't** = Ed. F = look't **26 yours** = F2. F = your **33 Your** = F2. F = You **35 solder** *spelled* soader *in* F **41 has** = F2. F = he's

.5.10 world, thou hast = Ed. F = would thou hadst **12 the one** = Ed. *Not in* F

.6.14 he there = Ed. F = hither **kings of kings** = Ed. F = King of Kings **31 triumvirate** *spelled* Triumpherate *in* F **32 and, being, that** = Ed. F = and being that, **68 abstract** = F. *Sometimes emended to* obstruct **83 Comagene** = Ed. F = Comageat

.7.4 it is = F2. F = it it **23 SD *Canidius*** = Ed. F = *Camidias* **27 Brundusium** = F2. F = Brandusium **29 Toryne** = F2. F = Troine **45 muleteers** = F2. F = Militers **63 Actium** = F2. F = Action **82 leader's** led *spelled* Leaders leade in F **86 SH CANIDIUS** = Ed. F = *Ven* **97 in** = Ed. F = with

.10.0 SD *Enter Enobarbus* = Ed. F = *Enter Enobarbus and Scarus* **33 he** = F2. F = his

.11.7 SH ALL = Ed. F = *Omnes* **20 that** = Ed. F = them **48 seize** = F2. F = cease **62 tow** = Ed. F = stowe **63 Thy** = Ed. The = F

.12.0 SD *Dolabella* = F2. F = *Dollabello* **16 lessens** = F2. F = Lessons

.13.31 caparisons = Ed. F = Comparisons **64 Caesar** = F2. F = *Cæsars* **90 deputation** = Ed. F = disputation **127 errand** = Ed. F = arrant **192 Caesarion** = Ed. F = Caesarian **smite** = Ed. F = smile **195 discandying** = Ed. F = discandering **231 on** = Ed. F = in

.2.1 Domitius = Ed. F = *Domitian* **25 SH ALL** = Ed. F = *Omnes*

.3.4 SH FIRST SOLDIER = Ed. F = 1 **5 SH SECOND SOLDIER** = Ed. F = 2 **8 SH THIRD SOLDIER** = Ed. F = 1 **12 SD** *hautboys spelled Hoboyes in* F 26, **31 SH ALL** = Ed. F = *Omnes*

.4.9 SH ANTONY = Ed. *Not in* F **11 SH CLEOPATRA** = Ed. *Not in* F **la** = Ed. F = law **19 doff't** *spelled* daft *in* F **31 SH CAPTAIN** = Ed. F = *Alex*. 40–**1 thee Now** = Ed. F = thee. Now

.5.1 SH SOLDIER = Ed. F = *Eros. (and elsewhere throughout the scene)*

.6.10 van = Ed. F = Vant **17 Canidius** = F2. F = *Camindius* **21 more** = F2. F = mote

.8.2 gests = Ed. F = guests **4 has** = Ed. F = ha's **20 My** = F2. F = Mine

.12.5 augurers = Ed. F = Auguries **23 spanieled** = Ed. F = pannelled

.14.5 towered = Ed. F = toward **12 dislimns** = Ed. F = dislimes **22 Caesar** = Ed. F = Caesars **25 vile** *spelled* vilde *in* F **121 ho!** = Ed. F = how? **125 SH SECOND GUARD** = Ed. F = 2 *(throughout scene)* **131 SH THIRD GUARD** = Ed. F = 3

.15.85 e'en = Ed. F = in

.1.0 SD *Maecenas* = Ed. F = *Menas* **4 SD *Dercetus*** = Ed. F = *Decretas (throughout scene)* 34, **38 SH AGRIPPA** = Ed. F = *Dol*. and *Dola*. **68 lean** = Ed. F = leaue

.2.18 queen = Ed. F = Queece **49 anguish** = F. *An inked space in* F *leads most editors to read as* languish **66 varletry** = F2. F = Varlotarie **98 o'th'earth** = F. Ed = O, the earth **105 autumn** = Ed. F = *Anthony* **125 smites** = Ed. F = suites **256 Ballad** = F2. F = Ballads **264 my** = F2. F = mine **354 wild** = F. *Sometimes emended to* vile **358 awry** = Ed. F = away **359 SD *Enter…in*** = Ed. F *adds and Dolabella*

Act 1 Scene 1

1.1 ***Location:*** *Alexandria, the Egyptian capital*

1 **dotage** folly/infatuation/senility **general's** i.e., Antony's

2 **measure** prescribed limit **goodly** fine

3 **files and musters** rows of assembled troops

4 **plated** armored **Mars** Roman god of war **bend** direct

5 **office** service, duty

6 **tawny** brown-skinned **front** forehead, face (plays on the sense of "front line of troops")

8 **reneges** renounces, abandons **temper** moderation, restraint/resilience (used of swords' hardness)

10 **gipsy's** gypsies were believed to come from Egypt; "gypsy" was also a term for a deceitful woman or whore ***Flourish*** trumpet fanfare announcing the approach or departure of an important person ***Train*** retinue, followers

Eunuchs castrated males, often employed in Oriental courts

12 **triple…world** Mark Antony was one of three triumvirs who ruled the lands conquered by Rome

13 **strumpet** loose woman or whore

14 **tell** relate (in his reply, Antony responds to the sense of "count")

15 **beggary…reckoned** if love can be calculated, it's worthless

16 **bourn** boundary, limit

17 **Then…earth** i.e., his love's infinitely greater than the known world

19 **Grates me!** How annoying! **The sum** give me the gist

20 **them** i.e., the news

21 **Fulvia** Antony's wife **perchance** perhaps

22 **scarce-bearded Caesar** Octavius Caesar, another of the triumvirs and great-nephew of Julius Caesar; he was twenty-three, twenty years younger than Antony

23 **mandate** command

24 **Take in** conquer, occupy **enfranchise** liberate

26 **How** what

27 **Perchance?…like** Perhaps? No, almost certainly

28 **dismission** dismissal, order to leave

30 **process** summons (legal term)

33 **homager** vassal, one who acknowledges the duty ofloyalty and obligation **else so** or else

34 **scolds** quarrels noisily/chastises with violent language

35 **Tiber** Rome’s chief river

36 **ranged** ordered (with connotations of buildings set out in a line or troops drawn up in ranks)

37 **dungy** made up of or abounding in dung

39 **mutual** intimate (especially in sexual sense)

40 **twain** pair **bind** oblige, constrain with legal authority

41 **On…punishment** a phrase used in official statutes; Antony makes a public proclamation of their love **weet** know

42 **peerless** matchless

44 **and not** if he did not

45 **seem** pretend to be

47 **stirred** inspired/sexually aroused

49 **confound** waste, ruin **conference** conversation

50 **stretch** pass/be extended

51 **sport** entertainment (with connotations of sexual pleasure)

53 **Fie** exclamation of disgust or reproach **wrangling** noisily contentious

54 **Whom everything becomes** whom all things suit, who is beautified by all moods **chide** scold, reprimand

57 **No** i.e., I shall hear no

59 **qualities** characteristics, dispositions

61 ***with*** by **prized so slight** valued so little

62 **when…Antony** i.e., he fails to live up to his great reputation

63 **property** special personal quality

64 **still** always

65 **full** deeply

66 **approves** proves right

68 **Rest you happy** remain fortunate, go well

Act 1 Scene 2

1.2 ***Soothsayer*** one who foretells the future

1 **absolute** perfect

3 **charge** decorate, festoon **horns with garlands** cuckolds (men with unfaithful wives) were fancifully supposed to grow horns on their foreheads; to festoon them with garlands suggests Charmian’s husband will be a champion cuckold

10 **banquet** a dessert course of sweetmeats, fruit, and wine

15 **fairer** more fortunate/beautiful/plump/spotless, pale

17 **paint** use cosmetics

19 **prescience** foreknowledge

21 **beloving** loving

22 **liver** the organ regarded as the seat of the passions

24 **Good now** well then, come on

25 **forenoon** morning **Herod of Jewry** King of Judaea who ordered the slaughter of all male infants in an attempt to kill the young Jesus Christ; he appears as the villain in numerous morality plays

26 **homage** acknowledge allegiance to

29 **figs** usually euphemistic for the vagina; possible phallic connotations here

30 **proved** experienced

32 **belike** perhaps/probably **have no names** be illegitimate

33 **wenches** girls **must** shall

36 **Out** exclamation of impatience or irritation **forgive…witch** absolve you of the charge of witchcraft (because his predictions are worthless)

37 **are privy to** know of, are familiar with

40 **drunk to bed** to go to bed drunk

41 **presages** foretells

42 **Nilus presageth famine** Charmian is being ironic; the fertility of the river Nile’s flood ensured good harvests

43 **wild** flighty/mischievous/lustful

44 **oily palm** moist palms were thought to indicate sensuality **fruitful prognostication** sign of fertility **scratch mine ear** itching ears proverbially signify an enjoyment of hearing novelties

45 **workaday** humdrum, ordinary

48 **I have said** there is no more to be said

52 **Not…nose** implies that his penis would be a better place for an extra inch (though the nose itself often had phallic connotations)

54 **go** walk/have sex/carry a child **Isis** Egyptian goddess of the moon and fertility

56 **fifty-fold** fifty times over **cuckold** man with an unfaithful wife

57 **matter…weight** something of greater importance/(lover with a) bigger penis/the weight of a lover’s body during sex/the weight of a child during pregnancy

59 **loose-wived** with an unfaithful wife

60 **foul** ugly **knave** fellow **uncuckolded** with a faithful wife **keep decorum** behave appropriately/observe what is proper to character and rank

64 **they…do’t** they would stop at nothing even if it meant making themselves whores

72 **A Roman thought** a serious thought, imbued with Roman notions of virtue and honor

76 **We** the royal plural

77 **field** battlefield

80 **time’s state** circumstances at the time

81 **jointing their force** uniting their forces

82 **better issue** greater success

83 **encounter** battle **drave them** drove them (out of Italy)

88 **Who…flattered** I will listen to a truth-teller as if he were a flatterer, even if he tells of death

90 **Labienus** rebel Roman general who defected to the Parthians after the defeat of Brutus and Cassius at the battle of Philippi

91 **stiff** formidable, grave **Parthian** Asiatic people whose army were challenging Roman expansion in the Middle East

92 **Extended** seized upon (legal term) **Euphrates** one of the two main rivers of Mesopotamia (Iraq)

94 **Lydia** ancient country of Asia Minor **Ionia** ancient region of Anatolia (Turkey)

95 **wouldst** wanted, meant to

97 **home** directly, bluntly **mince…tongue** do not moderate public opinion

99 **Rail…phrase** scold me in the way that Fulvia would

102 **quick** lively **still** inactive **our…earing** being told of our misdeeds improves us as plowing (**earing**) does land

105 **Sicyon** ancient city situated in the northern Peloponnese, southern Greece **how** what is

108 **stays…will** awaits your command

111 **What** who

116 **Importeth** it concerns

117 **Forbear me** leave me alone

119 **What…again** we often wish to have again what we've thrown away in contempt

121 **By revolution low'ring** decreasing over the course of time (as the wheel of fortune turns)

123 **could** would willingly

124 **enchanting** bewitching, with the power to cast spells

126 **idleness** indolence/folly

129 **mortal** fatal, deadly

130 **suffer** permit/undergo/experience pain at

132 **die** plays on the sense of "orgasm"

134 **noise** rumor

135 **upon…moment** over a much less important matter (moment quibbles on the sense of "orgasm") **mettle** spirit, vitality/sexual vigor

136 **celerity** swiftness

138 **cunning** perhaps a buried resonance of "cunt/con"

139 **part** plays on the sense of "sexual part, vagina"

141 **almanacs** calendars containing astrological and meteorological forecasts

142 **Jove** supreme Roman god who controlled the rain; the reference may recall Jove's seduction of Danae when he took the form of a shower of gold

143 **Would** I wish

144 **piece of work** masterpiece/whore

145 **withal** with **your travel** i.e., reputation as a traveler (puns on "travail," i.e., "work/sexual labor")

152 **shows…earth** shows men that the gods are the earth's tailors (replacing worn-out wives with new ones as tailors make new clothes out of old ones); tailors were proverbially lecherous

153 **therein** in this respect **members** plays on the sense of "penises"

154 **cut** shock, blow/vagina

155 **case** plays on the sense of “vagina” **crowned** plays on the idea of the encircling vagina **consolation** puns on “con” (vagina)

156 **smock** woman’s undergarment, hence woman in her sexual capacity

petticoat woman’s skirt or undergarment, hence woman in her sexual capacity

160 **business** plays on the sense of “copulation” **broached** Enobarbus widens the sense of the word from “started” to incorporate the sexual sense of “pricked, penetrated”

161 **abode** staying

162 **light** frivolous/indecent, lewd

164 **expedience** speed/expedition requiring haste

165 **leave to part** permission to depart **alone** only

166 **touches** motives

168 **contriving** working or scheming on Antony’s behalf

169 **Petition…home** urge us to come home **Sextus Pompeius** younger son of Pompey the Great, the defeated rival of Octavius Caesar’s great-uncle Julius Caesar

170 **given…to** challenged, defied

171 **slippery** fickle, unreliable

173 **throw** bestow

174 **Pompey the Great** i.e., the title of Sextus Pompeius’ father **dignities** titles, honors

175 **high** great/dignified/proud

176 **blood and life** vigor and spirit **stands up For** shows himself to be/claims to be

177 **main** greatest, leading **quality** abilities/party, supporters **going on** continuing, being maintained

178 **The…danger** may endanger the very frame of the world (or perhaps “… the borders of the Roman empire”)

179 **courser’s…poison** refers to the belief that a horse hair placed in stagnant water would turn into a snake, a phenomenon caused by microscopic fauna attaching themselves to the hair and causing it to move **courser** large horse used in battle

180 **Say…hence** tell those who serve me that I wish to depart quickly

182 **remove** departure

Act 1 Scene 3

2 **did…since** have not seen him recently

4 **I…you** i.e., do not say I sent you **sad** serious/sorrowful

8 **hold** follow, adopt

9 **like** same

11 **give him way** let him have his own way **cross** thwart, obstruct

13 **Tempt** provoke/test **forbear** (you would) desist

16 **sullen** serious/melancholy

17 **breathing** voice, speech

19 **thus long** so long (before I die) **the…it** my constitution won’t survive the strain

22 **stand…me** i.e., give me air

24 **eye** look in your eye

25 **the married woman** i.e., Fulvia

36 **false** unfaithful **Riotous madness** unrestrained, wanton folly (on my part)

37 **mouth-made** i.e., insincere, not from the heart

38 **in swearing** even as they are being sworn

40 **colour** pretext

41 **sued staying** begged to stay

43 **our** my (Cleopatra uses the royal plural as she reminds Antony of his former praises of her)

44 **brows bent** arched eyebrows **none our parts** not one of my features (was)

45 **a…heaven** a child of heaven/inherently divine

48 **How now** exclamation of reproach

49 **inches** height/manly strength (with phallic connotations)

50 **heart** courage, resolution **Egypt** Cleopatra/the country

54 **in use** as (financial) security/in trust (legal term)/for your use (with connotations of sexual employment)

55 **civil swords** swords drawn in civil war

56 **port** city gate/harbor

57 **Equality…faction** having an equal division of power in the state (between Octavius Caesar and Lepidus) produces factional squabbles over small details

58 **hated…love** those who were hated, having grown strong, are now loved

60 **apace** rapidly

62 **Upon…state** under the present government

63 **purge** cleanse, purify itself (medical term referring to the use of emetics or laxatives)

64 **particular** personal concern

65 **safe** make safe

71 **garboils** brawls, disturbances **best** best of all (or possibly, referring to Fulvia, “when showed herself to be at her best”)

74 **sacred vials** lachrymatory bottles; small vessels placed in Roman graves and thought to have contained mourners’ tears

77 **know** learn

78 **The…bear** my intentions **are, or cease** stand or fall

79 **th’advice** the judgment **fire…slime** sun that brings fertility to the mudbanks of Egypt’s river Nile

82 **thou affects** you desire

83 **lace** the ties of her bodice as she struggles for breath

84 **let it be** leave it alone

85 **So Antony loves** Antony loves in just such a changeable manner/depending on whether or not Antony loves me

86 **forbear** be patient/control yourself

87 **give true evidence** bear witness **stands** will sustain

92 **Belong to Egypt** are shed for the Queen of Egypt

93 **dissembling** play-acting

95 **heat my blood** make me angry/passionate

96 **meetly** fairly good

98 **target** small shield; Cleopatra completes Antony’s phrase and makes it into a blustering theatrical oath **mends** improves (in his act)

100 **Herculean** heroic, prodigiously strong; Antony’s family claimed descent from the Greek hero Hercules **become…chafe** carry off his anger convincingly

107 **oblivion** forgetfulness/loss, abandonment

108 **all forgotten** forgetful/completely forgotten

109 **But** were it not

110 **holds…subject** considers frivolity beneath you/means that you are in control of frivolity **idleness** foolishness/frivolity/triviality/worthlessness

112 **sweating labour** the language of childbirth, continued with **bear**

115 **becomings** attractive qualities

116 **Eye** look, seem

119 **laurel…feet** on his return to Rome, a victorious general wore a laurel wreath, and had flowers and rushes strewn in his path

122 **Our…thee** i.e., although separated physically they will still be together since they are joined spiritually

Act 1 Scene 4

1.4 ***Location:*** *Rome*, *Italy*

3 **competitor** associate, partner (plays on the sense of “rival”)

5 **Is** he is

6 **Queen of Ptolemy** i.e., Cleopatra; in keeping with Egyptian royal tradition she was married first to her brother Ptolemy XIII and, after he was accidentally drowned, to a younger brother, Ptolemy XIV, whom she was subsequently thought to have poisoned

7 **gave audience** received messengers

8 **Vouchsafed** condescended

9 **abstract** epitome, summary

13 **spots of heaven** stars; his faults stand out against his virtues as the stars do against the dark

15 **purchased** acquired otherwise than by inheritance (legal term)

18 **tumble** have sex

19 **mirth** joke

20 **keep…tippling** take turns in drinking toasts

21 **reel** stagger drunkenly around **stand the buffet** exchange or endure blows

23 **As** though **composure** constitution, disposition

25 **foils** disgraces **when…lightness** since we have to bear an extra burden because of his frivolity (or “promiscuity”)

27 **vacancy** spare time **voluptuousness** sensual pleasures

28 **surfeits** digestive disorders resulting from too much food and drink

dryness…bones corrosion of the bones is a symptom of syphilis

29 **confound** waste

30 **drums** summons with a (military) drum

31 **his…ours** i.e., our positions as triumvirs **’tis…chid** deserves reprimand

32 **rate** berate, scold **mature in knowledge** old enough to know what’s right

34 **to** against

36 **biddings** commands

38 **How ’tis** what the situation is

40 **only have feared** have obeyed (Caesar) through fear not love

41 **discontents** discontented

42 **Give him** claim he is

44 **primal state** beginning of the world/first organized government
45 **he…were** he who is in power was only deemed desirable until he gained power
46 **ebbed** declining in fortunes, on his way out **ne’er…love** no longer powerful/unable to reward his followers
47 **Comes deared** becomes loved/becomes valued **lacked** absent, missed **This common body** the people
48 **vagabond** drifting **flag** water iris/reed, rush
49 **lackeying** following lik ea servant
52 **famous** notorious
53 **ear** plow
54 **hot inroads** violent raids
55 **borders maritime** coastal regions
56 **Lack blood** turn pale **flush youth** vigorous, lively/flushed, ruddy (i.e., unafraid)
58 **Taken** captured **strikes…resisted** causes more loss than resisting him in battle
61 **wassails** revels
62 **Modena** city in northern Italy
64 **whom** i.e., famine
65 **daintily** with fine food/in a refined way
67 **stale** urine **gilded** tinged with gold glint of scum
68 **deign** not refuse
69 **rudest** wildest
70 **sheets** covers
71 **browsèd** fed on
76 **So…not** did not so much as grow thin
77 **pity of** a shame for/about
79 **twain** two
80 **i’th’field** on the battlefield
85 **can be able** am capable of mustering
86 **front** confront
90 **stirs** events/uprisings
93 **bond** duty/obligation

Act 1 Scene 5

1.5 ***Location:*** *Alexandria*

4 **mandragora** juice of the mandrake, a plant with strong narcotic properties

13 **Not…sing** an anachronism: castrated singers were employed in Renaissance courts

15 **unseminared** castrated, deprived of virility **freer** looser, less restrained

16 **affections** desires

19 **in deed** in terms of the sexual act (punning on **indeed**) **do** perform/have sex

20 **honest** chaste

22 **Venus…Mars** the Roman goddess of love and the god of war had a passionate adulterous love affair

27 **bravely** splendidly **wot'st thou** do you know

28 **demi-Atlas** in classical mythology, Atlas carried the world on his shoulders; Cleopatra, ignoring Lepidus, describes Antony bearing responsibility for half the world **arm and burgonet** i.e., complete soldier/defender **arm** weapon **burgonet** light steel infantryman's helmet/helmet with a visor

33 **Phoebus** Greek and Roman sun god **black** i.e., deeply tanned

34 **Broad-fronted** with a broad forehead/with a wide or open face **Caesar** Julius Caesar, with whom Cleopatra had an affair

36 **morsel** beautiful woman/sexual mouthful **great Pompey** Cleopatra was actually supposed to have had an affair with Gneius (or Gnaeus) Pompey, the son of Pompey the Great (though great here may simply be a descriptive "noble" applied to Gneius)

37 **make…brow** fix his eyes on my face (but stand and grow are suggestive of penile erection)

38 **aspect** gaze **die** be consumed with desire/orgasm

39 **his life** what he lived for

42 **great med'cine** alchemical term for the supposed elixir which turned base metal into gold

43 **tinct** dye, color/transmuting elixir

44 **brave** valiant/splendid

47 **orient** lustrous

49 **quoth** said
50 **firm** constant, resolute **Egypt** the Queen of Egypt
52 **mend** make amends for **piece** enrich, augment
55 **arm-gaunt steed** slender-limbed horse/horse that is battle-hardened or eager for battle
56 **high** loud
57 **beastly dumbed** drowned out by the horse's noise/rendered inarticulate like the sounds of a beast
60 **nor sad nor** neither sad nor
62 **'tis the man** that's him exactly
64 **make…his** model themselves on him
68 **violence** extremity
69 **posts** messengers
70 **several** separate
71 **so thick** such a throng
72 **Who's** whoever is
82 **paragon** compare
87 **green** young, inexperienced **blood** passion/sexual desire

Act 2 Scene 1

2.1 ***Location:*** *Sicily*

4 **what…deny** delay does not signify denial

5 **Whiles…for** while we're praying to the gods, the thing we ask for is decaying

12 **the sea** i.e., control of the sea

13 **powers** military forces **crescent** growing, like the new moon **auguring** prophetic

15 **dinner** often euphemistic for sex

16 **without** out of

18 **Of** by **neither loves** loves neither

21 **strength** military force

25 **Looking for** expecting **charms** spells

26 **Salt** lecherous **waned** faded, aging

29 **fuming** fuddled with alcohol **epicurean** gourmet

30 **cloyless** never-cloying, which will not satiate

31 **That** so that **prorogue** delay, postpone

32 **Lethe'd** oblivious (Lethe was a river in Hades, the Greek underworld; drinking from it caused complete forgetfulness)

33 **This…deliver** what I am about to report is most certain

35 'tis…for there's been time for

37 **less matter** less serious news

38 **ear** hearing

39 **donned his helm** put on his helmet

40 **his…twain** he's twice as good a soldier as the other two (Octavius Caesar and Lepidus)

41 **rear…opinion** elevate our opinion of ourselves

43 **lap** vagina **Egypt's widow** Cleopatra was the widow of Ptolemy XIV

45 **hope** suppose

46 **well greet together** meet on friendly terms

47 **wife that's dead** i.e., Fulvia **trespasses** wrongs, injuries

48 **brother** i.e., Lucius

49 **moved** incited

53 **pregnant** obvious **square** quarrel

54 **entertainèd** received

57 **yet not** do not yet

58 **It…hands** our lives depend upon our using our greatest strength

Act 2 Scene 2

2.2 ***Location:*** *Rome*

5 **like himself** i.e., in a manner appropriate to his position/according to his natural disposition **move** angers, provokes

6 **look…head** treat him as small and insignificant

7 **loud as Mars** loudly and aggressively like the god of war **Jupiter** another name for Jove, supreme Roman god

9 **I…today** i.e., in order to dare Caesar to pluck it insultingly

10 **stomaching** resentments, being offended, or the provocation of such feelings

19 **compose** settle our differences **to Parthia** we should make for Parthia (the Middle Eastern empire that was a rival to Rome)

20 **Hark…Agrippa** Antony and Caesar both continue their private discussions until Lepidus' intervention

23 **That which combined** the cause that united

24 **leaner…us** lesser enterprise (or "military campaign") divide us **What's** whatever is

25 **gently** mildly, without anger/honorably

26 **commit…wounds** destroy attempts at healing and reconciliation

28 **The rather for** all the more because

29 **Touch** refer to, deal with

30 **Nor…th'matter** don't allow bad temper to aggravate the situation

32 **to** preparing to

38 **Nay then** well since you insist

40 **being** even if they were

42 **or…or** either…or

44 **Chiefly i'th'world** of all people/more than anyone else

45 **derogately** disparagingly

46 **not concerned me** was none of my business

51 **practise…state** plot against my position

52 **question** business

53 **How intend you** what do you mean by

54 **catch at** grasp

56 **contestation** conflict

57 **theme for you** about a subject that concerned you/about you/on your behalf **you…war** the war was in your name/your name was their war cry

59 **urge me** cite me as his motive **inquire** make inquiries into

60 **learning** information **reports** informants

61 **drew…you** fought on your side

62 **with** along with

63 **stomach** inclination

64 **Having…cause** I having the same reason as you to oppose his actions

65 **patch** put together, contrive

66 **As matter whole** though you have sufficient material

72 **I…thought** I'm sure you must have known

74 **he** i.e., Lucius

75 **graceful** friendly, favorable

76 **fronted** confronted, opposed

77 **I…another** I wish you had a wife like her

78 **snaffle** bridle bit, giving gentle control of a horse

79 **pace** put through its paces, manage

82 **uncurbable** uncontrollable (maintains the horse-handling metaphor; a "curb" is part of a horse's bit) **garboils** disturbances, tumult

83 **not wanted** did not lack

84 **policy** planning, strategy **grieving grant** regretfully admit

86 **But** only

88 **rioting** reveling

90 **gibe…audience** jeer my messenger away, out of hearing

92 **ere admitted** before he had even been announced

93 **newly** very recently **did…was** wasn't at my best

95 **told…myself** explained my condition

97 **nothing** no part **contend** quarrel

98 **question** debate, argument

100 **article** clause, terms

102 **Soft** wait a moment/go gently

105 **Supposing** implying

107 **required** requested

111 **mine own knowledge** knowing my own mind

113 **Shall…it** won't detract from my authority, nor shall I exercise that authority without **honesty**

116 **ignorant motive** unwitting cause

121 **griefs** grievances **quite** completely

123 **atone** reconcile

125 **instant** time being

130 **presence** assembly

131 **Go to, then!** expression of impatient dismissal (“Very well then!”) **You** i.e., I shall be your **considerate** showing consideration/thoughtful, deliberate

134 **conditions** characters, dispositions

136 **staunch** firm

140 **sister…side** i.e., a half-sister; historically, however, she was Caesar’s full, younger sister

144 **reproof…rashness** reprimand would be merited by your rash speech

148 **amity** friendship

153 **Whose…utter** i.e., no one else’s words can express the true nature and extent of her virtue/no one else’s virtues can match hers

155 **jealousies** suspicions, misunderstandings

156 **import** bring about/signify

157 **Truths…truths** uncomfortable truths would be dismissed instead of malicious half-truths being accepted

158 **both** i.e., Antony and Caesar

161 **present** spontaneous

164 **touched With** affected by

166 **power** authority

167 **would** were to

170 **unto** over

172 **so fairly shows** seems so agreeable, looks so promising

173 **impediment** obstacle; echoes the use of the term in the marriage service

174 **act of grace** pleasing (or “divinely sanctioned”) action

180 **never…again** may our love never desert us again

184 **For…me** Pompey had courteously received Antony’s mother when she fled Italy with Fulvia **strange** extraordinary

186 **remembrance** memory/reputation

187 **At…him** immediately after which I must nevertheless challenge him

189 **Of** by **presently** immediately

192 **Mount Misena** Misenum, a port in southern Italy

196 **fame** rumor/report

197 **Would…together!** Antony either wishes he had discussed matters with Caesar or Pompey sooner, or that he had gone to battle sooner

198 **ere** before **dispatch we** let’s speedily settle

201 **my sister’s view** see my sister

205 **Not** not even

207 **Half the heart** i.e., intimate friend

210 **digested** settled **stayed well by’t** kept at it, stuck it out well

212 **day…countenance** upset day by sleeping through it **light** bright/merry/dissolute

214 **but** only

216 **by** to **monstrous matter** strange, exotic foods

218 **triumphant** magnificent **square** just

219 **pursed** pocketed (sexual connotations; “purse” is a term for the vagina)

river of Cydnus now the Tarsus Cay; not in Egypt but Cilicia, a region in what is now southern Turkey

221 **reporter…her** made up a good story about her

223 **burnished** shining, as if made of metal

224 **Burned** gleamed as though it were in flames **poop** highest deck at the stern or back of a ship

229 **strokes** beats of the oars/caresses/blows (eroticized violence)

231 **cloth-of-gold of tissue** rich cloth, woven with gold thread

232 **O’erpicturing…nature** more beautiful than a painted image of Venus in which (the artist’s) imagination has surpassed nature

233 **her** of her

234 **like** resembling/in the guise of **Cupid** Roman god of love, son of Venus and Mercury; always depicted as a child

235 **divers-coloured** multicolored

236 **glow** make glow (with amorous excitement)

238 **rare** splendid, magnificent

239 **gentlewomen…Nereides** female attendants resembling (or “in the guise of”) beautiful sea nymphs

240 **tended her i’th’eyes** attended to her every glance

241 **made…adornings** made the scene more beautiful with their graceful bows

242 **tackle** gear, i.e., ropes and sails

243 **Swell** with connotations of penile erection

244 **yarely…office** nimbly perform the task

246 **wharfs** riverbanks/buildings

249 **but for vacancy** except that it would have created a vacuum (something nature proverbially "abhors")

250 **Had** would have

252 **Egyptian** potentially ambiguous since the word could be a synonym for "gypsy," and both Egyptians and gypsies were associated with magic and witchcraft

258 **Being barbered** having had his hair and beard trimmed and styled

259 **ordinary** supper; meal available at a fixed price in a tavern

260 **what…only** i.e., he ate nothing except with his eyes

261 **wench** loose woman/whore/lower-class woman (creates oxymoron with Royal)

262 **Caesar** Julius Caesar **lay…bed** abandon his military responsibilities/have sex/abate his erection (through orgasm)

263 **cropped** bore fruit; Cleopatra had a son by Caesar, Caesarion

267 **That** in such a way that

271 **stale** make stale (along with custom, plays on the idea of prostitution; a stale was a whore)

274 **vilest…themselves** foulest things achieve dignity (or "…become truly themselves")

276 **riggish** licentious

279 **lottery** prize

Act 2 Scene 3

1 **office** duty, position (as triumvir)

7 **Read…report** don’t believe popular accounts of my faults

8 **my square** my life in strict order (carpentry metaphor: a square is an implement for measuring right angles)

9 **by th’rule** in a direct and orderly manner (maintains carpentry image)

th’rule the ruler

12 **sirrah** sir (used to social inferiors)

13 **nor you thither** and that you had never gone there

14 **can** know it

15 **motion** inner prompting

16 **hie you** hurry

21 **demon** attendant spirit, guardian angel **that thy** thy **keeps** protects

23 **angel** spirit, demon

24 **as** as though

27 **no…thee** I shall say no more except to you personally

30 **lustre thickens** splendor darkens

33 **he** he being

36 **art or hap** magical skill or chance

38 **better…chance** greater skill fails against his luck

39 **speeds** succeeds, wins

41 **it** i.e., the odds in my favor

42 **inhooped** in cockfights, the birds were confined to a hoop to make them fight **at odds** even against the odds

Act 2 Scene 4

2 **Your generals after** after your generals (rathera than accompanying me)

4 **e’en** just, only

8 **Mount** i.e., Misena (Misenum), where Pompey’s ships are anchored

11 **draw…about** require me to go the long way around

Act 2 Scene 5

2.5 ***Location:*** *Alexandria*

2 **trade** engage, deal (with connotations of prostitution)

6 **As…play** a woman might as well play (or “have sex”) with a eunuch

9 **will** intention/sexual desire/penis **come too short** the performance is inadequate/he orgasms prematurely/the penis is too small

10 **actor** stage actor/performer of sexual deeds

11 **angle** fishing tackle (literally, the hook at the end of the line)

12 **betray** deceive, entrap

13 **Tawny-finned** with golden-brown fins

18 **your diver** i.e., one of Cleopatra’s men, who dived underwater to attach the dried fish to Antony’s hook

19 **salt-fish** dried, salted fish (a euphemism for an impotent penis; “salt” plays on the sense of “Iustful”)

20 **fervency** eagerness/sexual excitement

25 **tires and mantles** headdresses and robes

26 **Philippan** the sword he used at the battle of Philippi to defeat Brutus and Cassius

27 **Ram…barren** a highly sexualized image of being vigorously penetrated and made pregnant

32 **yield** report

34 **lipped** kissed, touched with their lips

37 **use** are accustomed

38 **say…well** i.e., because they are in heaven

42 **go to** get on with it

44 **tart a favour** sour a look

46 **Fury** in classical mythology, the Furies were the three goddesses of vengeance, commonly depicted as winged women with **snakes** for hair

47 **formal** normal/in the form of

50 **’tis well** that’s good

51 **Or…or** either…or

52 **shower of gold** may recall Jove’s seduction of Danae in the form of a shower of gold

57 **honest** worthy

61 **allay…precedence** detract from the good news that preceded it

64 **monstrous malefactor** hideous criminal

65 **Pour…ear** tell me everything (as if the messenger were a pedlar with a pack of news)

69 **bound** married (plays on the sense of “captive”; Cleopatra then shifts the sense to “indebted”)

71 **turn** the Messenger shifts the sense to “sexual act”

74 **pestilence** plague

77 **spurn** kick

80 **pickle** salt pickling solution

84 **proud** magnificent

85 **make thy peace** atone

86 **boot** enrich

92 **keep…yourself** contain yourself

94 **thunderbolt** Jove’s weapon of punishment

95 **Egypt** the country/Cleopatra **kindly** good/natural

97 **mad** angry/frenzied, like a rabid dog

101 **A meaner** one of lower social rank **I…cause** it’s my own fault I’m so upset

104 **gracious** joyful/full of esteem and nobility

105 **host of tongues** may glance at the mythological figure of Fame (renown), who was represented as multitongued **tell…felt** announce themselves as their effects are felt

112 **confound** destroy **hold there still** stick to your story

115 **So** even if

116 **cistern** pond/water tank

117 **Narcissus** in classical mythology, a young man who was so beautiful he fell in love with his own reflection

121 **Take…you** do not be offended because I am reluctant to offend you

123 **much unequal** most unjust

124 **O…of!** What a pity that Antony’s fault makes you into the villain that you’re not, by equating you with the bad news you report! **fault** failing/fornication **knave** rogue, villain

126 **merchandise** i.e., news

127 **dear** expensive/heartfelt **lie…’em** may you be unable to sell them, and be ruined

135 **feature** appearance **years** age

136 **inclination** disposition

138 **him** i.e., Antony

139 **painted…Mars** as in a perspective picture in which the image changed depending on the angle of the viewer **Gorgon** mythical creature with snakes for hair and a gaze that turned people to stone **Mars** Roman god of war

Act 2 Scene 6

2.6 ***Location:*** *near Misena (Misenum), a port in southern Italy* ***Drum and Trumpet*** drummer and trumpeter

3 **meet** fitting, appropriate

5 **purposes** proposals

7 **tie up** hang up/curb

8 **tall** brave

9 **else** otherwise

11 **senators alone** sole rulers

12 **factors** agents, representatives

13 **Wherefore** why **father** Pompey the Great, defeated by Julius Caesar **want** need/lack

15 **ghosted** haunted; Julius Caesar was assassinated by conspirators that included Brutus and Cassius; they were then defeated and killed at the battle of Philippi by Antony and Octavius Caesar

17 **moved** incited

18 **honest** truthful/honorable

19 **courtiers** wooers/courtly attendants

20 **drench** drown in blood **Capitol** Capitoline Hill, site of the senate house where Julius Caesar was killed

21 **one…man** i.e., prevent Julius Caesar, a mere mortal, from being crowned and treated like a god

24 **scourge** punish **despiteful** malicious, spiteful

27 **fear** frighten

28 **speak** encounter, fight

29 **o'er-count** outnumber

31 **o'er-count…house** alludes to the confiscation of his father's estate which Antony bought but failed to pay for **o'er-count** cheat

32 **cuckoo…himself** the cuckoo does not build its own nest but lays its eggs in another bird's

33 **as thou mayst** as long as you can

35 **from the present** irrelevant **take** respond to

38 **be entreated to** cajoled into accepting **weigh** consider seriously

39 **embraced** if accepted

40 **what…fortune** the future advantages to be gained/the dangerous consequences of fighting a battle

46 **part** depart **unhacked edges** undamaged sword blades (i.e., without fighting)

47 **targes** shields **undinted** without dents, unmarked by blows

53 **praise of** credit for **must** should, ought to

58 **studied** prepared

63 **timelier** sooner **my purpose** I intended

67 **counts** marks (literally, tally marks from adding up accounts)

68 **in…vassal** I shall never become a slave to bad luck

72 **composition** agreement, truce

73 **sealed between us** following signature, affixed with seals by each party

78 **take the lot** draw lots like the rest of us **first Or last** whether your turn comes first or last

80 **have the fame** gain the glory

81 **Grew…there** another image of sex as eating; “grew fat” may have erectile connotations

83 **fair** sincere/courteous/decent

84 **And…them** Antony’s tone may be placatory or sarcastic here

86 **Apollodorus** a Sicilian friend of Cleopatra; Plutarch tells the tale of him rolling her up in a **mattress** in order that she might be conducted to Julius Caesar in secret

90 **far’st** are (from “fare,” pronounced “fairst”)

93 **toward** forthcoming

96 **behaviour** conduct in battle

101 **plainness** bluntness, plain speaking

102 **nothing ill becomes** suits

103 **galley** Greek or Roman warship with banks of oars on each side

108 **known** met before

120 **take** arrest **thieves** i.e., hands (or possibly the men embrace after the handshake)

121 **true** honest

122 **true** genuine, i.e., without cosmetics

128 **said** spoken the truth **looked not for** did not expect to see

133 **Pray ye, sir?** Is that right?

136 **divine** predict the outcome

137 **policy…in** politics of that alliance had more to do with

139 **band** wedding ring/bond, pledge

141 **cold and still** calm, reserved, meek/sexually unresponsive **conversation** demeanor (plays on the sense of “sexual intercourse”)

144 **Egyptian dish** i.e., the delicious Cleopatra (dish plays on the sense of “vagina”) **blow…up** inflame, enrage (like a pair of bellows fans a fire)

146 **author** creator, instigator **variance** dispute, contention **use…is** satisfy his sexual appetite where it is already lodged (with Cleopatra in Egypt)

147 **occasion** opportunity

148 **health** toast, drink

Act 2 Scene 7

2.7 ***Location:*** *on board Pompey’s galley, off Misena (Misenum) in southern Italy*

banquet dessert course of sweetmeats, fruit, and wine (though possibly the main part of the feast)

1 **plants** seedlings/soles of the feet (i.e., the agreement between them is not well-founded/they’re unsteady on their feet due to alcohol)

3 **high-coloured** red in the face

4 **alms-drink** normally the remains of liquor given to the poor in charity, but here most likely Lepidus is drinking as a charitable act to further the reconciliation process

5 **pinch…disposition** snipe at and irritate each other in accordance with their differing personalities

7 **discretion** sound judgment

8 **have…fellowship** be one of a group of powerful men **as lief** rather

9 **partisan** long-handled spear **heave** lift

10 **To…cheeks** to occupy an exalted position but be seen to be incapable of filling it is as pitiful as empty eye sockets which ruin the face **sphere** refers to the belief that planets orbited within transparent concentric spheres that ringed the earth

11 **pitifully** puns on the sense of “with pits” **sennet** trumpet call signaling a procession

12 **take** measure

13 **scales** marks **i’th’pyramid** on the obelisk (rather than the conventional Egyptian pyramids)

14 **mean** middle **dearth** famine

15 **foison** plenty, abundance

17 **ooze** mud

21 **Your…crocodile** a widespread belief that the influence of the sun on vegetable matter could create certain forms of life; the repetition of the colloquial “your” suggests Lepidus is fairly drunk

25 **ne’er out** never back out

26 **in** in your cups, drunk/indoors

27 **the Ptolemies** the Ptolemaic dynasty, rulers of Egypt **pyramises** pyramids; Lepidus is slurring drunkenly

31 **Forsake** leave

33 **Forbear…anon** wait until a little later

37 **the…transmigrates** once it dies, its soul passes into another body; Antony refers to a Pythagorean theory

39 **it** its

41 **tears** crocodiles supposedly cried before eating their victims

43 **else** or else **epicure** glutton, since nothing can satisfy him/unbeliever, a follower of Epicurus who rejected the theory of life after death

46 **merit** my past services to you/my worth

48 **The matter?** What’s this all about?

49 **held…off** deferred respectfully

50 **faith** loyalty

52 **quicksands** the drunken Lepidus is unsteady on his feet

58 **entertain** consider

64 **pales** encompasses **inclips** clasps, embraces

67 **competitors** partners/rivals

68 **cable** rope or chain attached to the anchor

69 **put off** adrift/away from the shore

72 **on’t** of it

74 **’Tis…it** I always put my honor before my personal profit

76 **betrayed** revealed

78 **Desist** leave off

79 **palled** weakened

81 **more** again

83 **pledge** i.e., drink the toast

86 **hid** i.e., brimful

89 **A** he

92 **on wheels** i.e., fast/dizzily (the “world goes on wheels” was a proverbial phrase)

93 **reels** revels/staggering motions

96 **Strike the vessels** clink or fill the cups/pierce the wine casks (precise meaning unclear)

98 **forbear’t** abstain from it (drink)

99 **monstrous** huge/unnatural

100 **fouler** more dirty (despite washing)

101 **Be…o’th’time** live for the moment

102 **‘Possess…answer** my answer is “control it” (rather than be its subject)

103 **fast from all** abstain from all food (for)

105 **brave** splendid

106 **Bacchanals** dances in honor of Bacchus, the Roman god of wine

107 **celebrate** consecrate with religious ceremony

111 **Lethe** the river of forgetfulness in Hades

113 **battery to** an assault on

114 **The while** in the meanwhile

115 **holding** refrain

116 **volley** produce repeated noise (perhaps “like firearms or artillery”)

118 **Plumpy Bacchus** plump Roman god of wine **pink** half-closed/reddened from drink **eyne** eyes

119 **fats** vats

121 **Cup us** fill our cups

123 **brother** brother-in-law (i.e., Antony)

124 **off** to come ashore

126 **burnt our cheeks** i.e., they’re flushed from drinking

128 **disguise** dance/transformative powers of drink

129 **Anticked** made grotesque clowns

131 **try you** test your capacity for drink

134 **what** so what

138 **What!** i.e., strike up, let’s hear them

139 **Neptune** Roman god of the sea

141 **a** he

Act 3 Scene 1

3.1 ***Location:*** *Syria* ***triumph*** the ceremonial procession undertaken by victorious generals, in which captives and the bodies of high-ranking enemies were displayed; a Roman practice

1 **darting Parthia** the Parthians were famed for their mounted archers whose tactics included shooting arrows behind them

2 **Marcus Crassus** member of the first triumvirate with Pompey and Julius Caesar; he was defeated by the Parthians and his head taken to their king, **Orodes**, who filled its mouth with molten gold as a punishment for greed

4 **Pacorus** Orodes' son

8 **The…follow** follow the fleeing Parthians **Spur** ride swiftly **Media** eastern Iran

9 **Mesopotamia** present-day Iraq

11 **triumphant** triumphal

14 **lower place** a subordinate

15 **make…act** do too much

18 **won…person** been more successful through their officers' military skill than their own

20 **my place** the same rank I hold

22 **by th'minute** all the time

25 **makes choice of** chooses

26 **darkens** eclipses, darkens his fortunes

28 **in his offence** through his being offended

29 **performance** achievements

30 **that…distinction** i.e., good judgment, understanding, without which a soldier can scarcely be distinguished from his sword

36 **horse** cavalry

37 **jaded** exhausted and reduced to jades (inferior horses)

39 **purposeth** intends to go

40 **weight** i.e., the spoils of war, military equipment, and others **with's** with us

Act 3 Scene 2

3.2 ***Location:*** *Rome*

1 **brothers** brothers-in-law (i.e., Antony and Octavius Caesar) **parted** departed

2 **dispatched** settled matters

3 **other three** triumvirate **sealing** putting their seals to the agreement

6 **green sickness** anemic disease usually suffered by teenage girls and associated with lovesickness; Enobarbus mockingly attributes Lepidus' hangover to his adulation of his fellow triumvirs

8 **fine** puns on the Latin *lepidus* ("fine, elegant")

12 **non-pareil** paragon, matchless one

13 **Arabian bird** the phoenix, a mythical bird which was reborn from its own ashes; only one existed at a time

17 **figures** figures of speech, rhetorical conceits

18 **cast** calculate

22 **shards** patches of dung (in which some types of **beetle** live)

25 **No further** accompany me no further/you needn't continue urging your point

27 **Use…in't** treat that part of me which is in Octavia well

28 **as…approof** such a wife that my greatest pledge of your worth will be justified by your behavior **pass on** be (legally) determined by **approof** act of proving

30 **piece** masterpiece (but also a term for a woman)

31 **Betwixt** between

34 **mean** means/intermediary

36 **in** by

37 **said** finished

39 **curious** determinedly scrupulous in your inquiry

40 **keep** protect

44 **elements** weather, climate

47 **April's…on** i.e., she's weeping; "April showers bring May flowers" was proverbial

49 **look…house** think kindly of Antony's household

53 **the…inclines** unable to express her feelings, Octavia's mind is poised like a feather caught before the turn of the tide

57 **cloud** sorrowful raincloud (but Enobarbus introduces the sense of “dark spot on a horse’s face”)

64 **rheum** a cold causing streaming eyes

65 **confound** destroy, overthrow **wailed** lamented

68 **still** continually

69 **Outgo** overtake (i.e., I shall think of you constantly)

Act 3 Scene 3

3.3 ***Location:*** *Alexandria*

1 **fellow** man/servant

5 **Herod of Jewry** i.e., even the famously cruel tyrant

8 **how** can I have it

12 **dread** revered/feared

21 **That's…good** i.e., for Octavia (or for Cleopatra, who then shifts into a more optimistic vein)

24 **gait** bearing

27 **station** standing still

28 **shows** appears like

29 **breather** living creature

31 **observance** power of observation

34 **in her yet** i.e., that need concern me

46 **As…it** i.e., she would not wish it any lower (high foreheads were considered attractive)

49 **employ…again** send you back with a message

52 **proper** fine/handsome

54 **harried** ill-treated **by** according to

55 **no such thing** nothing special

58 **else defend** forbid that it should be otherwise

63 **warrant** assure

Act 3 Scene 4

3.4 ***Location:*** *Athens, Greece*

1 **Nay…that** Antony enters mid-conversation; he is in the process of listing Caesar's abuses

3 **semblable import** similar significance

4 **made…ear** a strategy to win support by suggesting that the terms of the will were advantageous to the Roman people

6 **scantly** grudgingly **perforce** of necessity

8 **vented** expressed **most…me** in the most ungenerous way

9 **hint** cue/opportunity (to praise Antony)

10 **from his teeth** feignedly, insincerely

13 **Stomach** resent

14 **chance** should happen

16 **presently** immediately

18 **Undo** and then undo

23 **Let…it** love him best who does most to preserve you and your love

26 **branchless** bare, destitute; perhaps alludes to the oak or laurel wreath awarded to a man who won honor in battle

28 **preparation…war** army

29 **stain** deprive of his luster/dishonor

30 **So…yours** in order to achieve your wishes/if that's what you want

34 **cleave** break apart **slain…rift** bodies of the dead would fill up the gap

36 **it…begins** you realize who started this **appears** becomes apparent

37 **our…them** it is impossible that Caesar and I should be equally at fault and you impartially attached to both of us

39 **Provide your going** prepare for your departure

40 **what** whatever

Act 3 Scene 5

5 **success** outcome/sequel

6 **him** i.e., Lepidus **presently** instantly

7 **rivality** equality, rights of partnership **action** military campaign

8 **resting here** stopping there **his own appeal** the authority of his own accusation

9 **up** shut up, imprisoned **enlarge his confine** releases him

10 **chaps** jaws, chops **no more** i.e., than two

11 **throw…other** however much they're given they'll grind each other down

13 **spurns** kicks

14 **rush** reed, grass

15 **threats** threatens **that his officer** that officer of his

17 **rigged** ready, equipped

18 **More** i.e., there is more to tell **Domitius** Enobarbus' first name

19 **presently** immediately

21 **naught** unimportant/bad news

Act 3 Scene 6

3.6 ***Location:*** *Rome*

1 **Contemning** scorning

3 **tribunal** dais

6 **Caesarion** Cleopatra’s son by Julius Caesar **My father’s** Octavius Caesar was adopted by Julius Caesar, his great-uncle

7 **unlawful issue** illegitimate offspring

9 **stablishment** confirmed possession

13 **common show-place** public arena **exercise** observe public ceremonies/perform public entertainments or sports

17 **Cilicia** a region in what is now southern Turkey **Phoenicia** now the coastal area of Lebanon

18 **th’habiliments** the dress, clothing

22 **Who** i.e., the Roman people **queasy** nauseated, disgusted

23 **their…him** withdraw their good opinion of Antony

28 **spoiled** destroyed/plundered **rated** allotted

30 **unrestored** which I failed to return

32 **being** that being so

38 **For** as for

45 **castaway** cast off, rejected

47 **stol’n** come stealthily

48 **Like** in a manner appropriate to

50 **horse** horses

51 **th’way** the roadside

55 **populous troops** numerous attendants

56 **prevented** forestalled

57 **ostentation** ceremonial display **left…unloved** must be demonstrated or it ceases to exist

59 **supplying…greeting** providing a more elaborate greeting at every stage

65 **withal** with this

66 **pardon for** permission to

68 **an abstract** the removal (of an impediment)

70 **eyes** spies

76 **who** and they

79 **Cappadocia** part of present-day central Turkey

80 **Paphlagonia** in modern northwestern Turkey **Thracian** from Thrace, an area of southeastern Europe including parts of present-day Greece, Bulgaria, and Turkey

81 **Pont** Pontus, part of modern Turkey

82 **Jewry** the Jews in Judaea, present-day Israel/Palestine

83 **Comagene** part of Syria

84 **Mede and Lycaonia** modern Iran and eastern Turkey

85 **sceptres** kings

88 **afflict** torment, distress

90 **breaking forth** breaking out into open conflict

91 **wrong led** misled, deceived

92 **negligent danger** danger due to our negligence

93 **time** state of affairs

95 **determined…way** events predetermined by destiny maintain their course without lamenting them

97 **Nothing…me** my dearest

98 **mark** reach

99 **his…us** us his agents

105 **large** licentious

106 **abominations** degrading vices **turns you off** rejects you

107 **potent regiment** powerful authority, government **trull** low prostitute

108 **noises it** is clamorous, cries out

111 **Be…patience** remain calm, patient

Act 3 Scene 7

3.7 ***Location:*** *Actium, on the north coast of Greece*

3 **forspoke** spoken against

6 **If…us** even if the war had not been declared against me personally

9 **serve** undertake military action (plays on the sense of “have sex”)

horse…together both male and female horses

10 **horse…lost** cavalry would be completely useless **bear…horse** carry the soldiers and have sex with the stallions

13 **puzzle** confound, make difficulties for/bewilder, perplex

16 **Traduced** blamed, censured

19 **Sink Rome** let Rome sink

20 **charge** responsibility/cost

21 **president** ruler

22 **for** as/in place of

27 **Tarentum and Brundusium** Italian ports, modern Taranto and Brindisi

28 **cut** cross **Ionian Sea** part of the Mediterranean Sea, south of the Adriatic Sea between Italy and Greece

29 **take in** conquer **Toryne** town on Greek coast north of Actium

30 **Celerity** speed

33 **becomed** suited

40 **Pharsalia** a plain in Thessaly, central Greece; site of Julius Caesar’s decisive defeat of Pompey the Great

45 **muleteers** mule drivers

46 **Ingrossed** collected wholesale **swift impress** hasty conscription

48 **yare** easily managed

49 **fall** befall

53 **absolute** consummate

54 **Distract** disrupt/confuse/demoralize

55 **footmen** foot-soldiers, infantry **unexecuted** unused

57 **assurance** sure success

62 **overplus** surplus

63 **th’head** the headland, promontory

66 **descried** spotted, seen

68 **impossible** impossibly

69 **power** army

72 **Thetis** sea nymph, mother of the great warrior Achilles; sometimes confused with Tethys, the mother of the Nile

74 **rotten planks** i.e., ships **misdoubt** doubt, mistrust

76 **Phoenicians** a seafaring people from the coastal regions of what is now Lebanon **a-ducking** getting wet (perhaps with hints of “cringing, bowing”)

77 **used** been accustomed

80 **Hercules** legendary Greek hero of immense strength, supposed ancestor of Antony

81 **action…on’t** enterprise is not founded on his military strength

83 **men** men/servingmen

85 **horse whole** cavalry undivided

89 **Carries** shoots forward like an arrow or other missile

90 **yet** still

91 **power…distractions** army was deployed in separate detachments (or “…employed such diversionary tactics”)

92 **Beguiled** deceived

97 **throws forth** delivers

Act 3 Scene 8

3.8 ***Location:*** *Actium*

3 **whole** together, undivided

4 **exceed** go beyond

5 **prescript** instruction, command

6 **jump** venture, hazard

Act 3 Scene 9

1 **yond** the further, other

2 **eye** sight **battle** army

Act 3 Scene 10

3.10 ***Alarum*** a trumpet call to arms

2 **admiral** flagship (named *Antoniad*)

3 **sixty** other ships of the Egyptian fleet

4 **blasted** blinded, as though struck by lightning or malign planetary influence

7 **thy passion** the cause of your outburst

8 **cantle** portion, section

9 **With very ignorance** through sheer stupidity **kissed away** said goodbye to, but also implying that Antony's amorous behavior is the cause

12 **tokened pestilence** final stages of the plague, when red spots ("the Lord's tokens") appear

13 **Yon** yonder, that **ribaudred** exact meaning unclear; perhaps "ribald" (licentious, immoral) or "ribald-rid" (ridden by a licentious man)—"ribald" is a variant spelling of "ribaud" **nag** worn-out old horse/whore

14 **o'ertake** infect/overcome (**leprosy** was often confused with venereal disease)

15 **vantage** advantage

16 **Both…same** equal on each side **elder** stronger, more likely to achieve victory

17 **breeze** gadfly that bites cattle (plays on the sense of "light wind," necessary to fill the **sails** of Cleopatra's departing ship)

18 **flies** flees

22 **loofed** luffed, brought around into the wind/aloof, at a distance

24 **Claps…sea-wing** hoists his sails **doting mallard** lovesick male duck

25 **in** at its

26 **action** deed/military campaign

32 **knew himself** knew himself to be (i.e., courageous, honorable)

34 **grossly** flagrantly

35 **thereabouts** considering such a course **goodnight** it's all over

36 **Peloponnesus** large peninsula in southern Greece

37 **to't** to get to it **attend** await

39 **render** surrender, hand over

43 **chance** fortunes

44 **Sits…against** is in direct opposition

Act 3 Scene 11

3.11 ***Location:*** *unspecific*

3 **lated** late, overtaken by night

13 **that** that which

14 **mutiny** quarrel with one other

15 **they them** the brown hairs reprove the white

18 **Sweep your way** make the path easy

19 **loathness** reluctance **hint** opportunity

20 **despair** spiritual hopelessness that precedes suicide **Let…itself** leave me since I have abandoned myself

22 **possess you** put you in possession

23 **little** little while **Pray you** I pray you, please

24 **command** the power to order you (to go)/authority over my troops/command over myself

29 **Juno** chief Roman goddess, wife to Jupiter

32 **fie** exclamation of disgust or reproach

36 **Yes, my lord** Antony is lost in thought; unaware of Cleopatra's presence, he addresses someone he is thinking of **he** i.e., Caesar **Philippi** the battle at which Antony and Octavius Caesar defeated Cassius and Brutus, key members of the group that had just assassinated Julius Caesar

37 **sword…dancer** in its scabbard, like a dancer's sword worn for ornament

39 **mad** foolish/insane/enraged **ended** defeated **alone** only

40 **Dealt on lieutenantry** employed subordinates to do the fighting

41 **squares** affairs/rules/squadrons

42 **stand by** be ready to help me; apparently Cleopatra feels faint

45 **unqualitied** deprived of the qualities that define him, unmanned

46 **sustain** support

48 **declined** drooping, bowed **but** unless

49 **comfort** support/well-being

50 **reputation** personal honor, my good name

51 **swerving** error, transgression

54 **convey…dishonour** hide away brooding over everything I have lost through my dishonorable behavior **eyes** sight

56 **'Stroyed** destroyed

61 **strings** heartstrings

64 **beck** nod, silent gesture of command **bidding** orders

68 **young man** i.e., Caesar **treaties** entreaties/negotiations

69 **palter** haggle, negotiate/equivocate, deal evasively or cunningly **shifts of lowness** desperate measures (or “tricks”) to which the humiliated are driven

73 **sword** phallic connotations **affection** love/passion/sexual desire

74 **on all cause** whatever the reason

76 **rates** equals, is worth

79 **sent our schoolmaster** i.e., as ambassador to Caesar **a** he (i.e., the schoolmaster)

80 **full of lead** i.e., burdened with grief

81 **viands** food

Act 3 Scene 12

3.12 ***Location:*** *Caesar’s camp outside Alexandria*

4 **argument** sign, indication **plucked** i.e., stripped of power and authority

5 **pinion** furthest section of a bird’s wing

6 **Which** who ***Ambassador*** the schoolmaster

10 **petty** insignificant **ends** plans

11 **myrtle leaf** of the myrtle, an aromatic Mediterranean shrub, sacred to Venus, symbol of love, peace and honor

12 **his grand sea** the great ocean that is Antony/the great ocean from which it originated

13 **Declare thine office** say what you’ve come for

15 **Requires** requests **not granted** if this request is not granted

16 **sues** formally requests

17 **breathe** i.e., live

21 **circle…Ptolemies** crown of the Kings of Egypt

22 **hazarded…grace** dependent upon your favor, staked on your good will

25 **Of…so** will not fail to get a hearing or her wish so long as

26 **friend** lover

30 **Bring** escort **bands** troops

31 **Dispatch** make haste/get going

32 **From…Cleopatra** persuade Cleopatra to abandon Antony

33 **in our name** on my authority (Caesar uses the royal pronoun) **add…offers** think up further offers yourself

34 **Women…vestal** women aren’t strong at the best of times but when in need the purest virgin will break her vows

36 **cunning** skill

37 **Make…pains** decide on your own reward for your efforts

38 **answer** make good, fulfil, observe

40 **becomes his flaw** behaves in his downfall

41 **very action speaks** every action means

42 **power that moves** move he makes

Act 3 Scene 13

3.13 ***Location:*** *Alexandria*

2 **Think** i.e., reflect on our situation/indulge in melancholy thoughts

3 **we** I

4 **will** desire/penis

6 **several ranges** separate battle lines

8 **affection** passion/lust

9 **nicked** negated/dented, damaged/won (gambling term)/cut off (possible castration connotations) **captainship** military leadership

11 **meerèd question** entire cause

12 **course** follow **fying** fleeing

13 **gazing** watching in amazement

17 **The…up** Cleopatra will be well treated if she gives me up to Caesar

25 **he…particular** as he has the bloom of youth on him, the world should expect some remarkable deed

28 **ministers** agents, subordinates

31 **gay caparisons** showy trappings

32 **answer me declined** fight with me in a similarly diminished fashion

33 **Ourselves alone** just the two of us

34 **high-battled** with great armies at his command

35 **Unstate his happiness** deprive himself of his powerful position and good fortune **staged to th'show** put on public display (as if in a gladiatorial contest)

36 **sworder** gladiator

37 **A parcel of** of a piece with, reflect **things…alike** calamitous external events have a corresponding psychological effect (Antony's judgment has been impaired by the deterioration in his fortunes)

40 **Knowing** understanding **measures** a "measure" is a vessel of a fixed capacity and sets up the image of power as a cup that can be **full** or empty **full** at the height of his power

41 **Answer** respond to

45 **blown** withered

47 **honesty** sense of honor, integrity **square** be in conflict

49 **faith** fidelity **he…i'th'story** he who remains loyal to his lord in defeat overcomes the ill fortune that overthrew his master and so deserves fame

and recognition

52 **i'th'story** in the narrative/history book

54 **apart** in private

55 **None but friends** all are friends here

56 **haply** perhaps/probably

58 **Or…us** or else he doesn't need us (his situation being so desperate)

59 **for** as for

60 **Whose…Caesar's** i.e., any friend of Antony is a friend of ours, so we are Caesar's friends

63 **Not…Caesar** do not worry about your situation insofar as you know you're dealing with Caesar (a deliberately ambiguous statement: being Caesar may imply mercy or the power to punish)

65 **right royal** very generous

70 **constrainèd** forced, compelled

73 **right** true

74 **merely** only/completely

78 **quit** abandon

80 **require** request

81 **desired** asked

85 **his…landlord** the protection of he who is the lord of the whole world (shroud plays ominously on the sense of "sheet in which to wrap a corpse")

90 **in deputation** as my representative/in your role as deputy

93 **all-obeying breath** voice that is obeyed by all

94 **doom** fate/sentence **Egypt** Cleopatra/the country

97 **If…it** i.e., if one is courageous enough to exercise wisdom, no ill fortune can affect matters

100 **father** by adoption only; in fact Julius Caesar was his great-uncle

101 **mused…in** thought about conquering kingdoms

103 **As** as if

104 **Favours?** i.e., referring to Thidias being allowed to kiss Cleopatra's hand (sexual connotations)

105 **fellow** (lowly) man/servant

107 **fullest** most powerful

110 **kite** whore/scavenging bird of prey (addressed to Cleopatra)

112 **muss** game in which small objects are thrown to be scrambled for

114 **jack** knave, common fellow

115 **whelp** cub

118 **tributaries** those who pay tribute

120 **saucy** familiar

121 **Since she was** who used to be

122 **cringe** contract, distort (in pain)

128 **blasted** blighted, withered

130 **Forborne** done without **getting** begetting, conceiving **a lawful race** legitimate descendants

132 **feeders** parasites/dependants who eat at another's table

134 **boggler** waverer, equivocator/one ready to use her bogle boe, i.e., vagina

136 **seel** close up (literally, sew up, as the eyes of a young hawk were for training purposes)

139 **confusion** overthrow, destruction

142 **trencher** wooden platter **fragment** scrap, leftover

143 **Gneius Pompey** son of Pompey the Great and lover of Cleopatra **hotter** more lustful

144 **vulgar fame** common gossip

145 **Luxuriously** lecherously **picked out** collected/passed

146 **temperance** restraint of sexual appetite

150 **'God quit you!'** expression of thanks from one of lower rank **quit** requite, reward

151 **seal** token, pledge

152 **plighter** one who pledges **high** noble

153 **hill of Basan** near the Sea of Galilee and described in Psalms 22:12 as frequented by "many bulls" **outroar…herd** men with unfaithful wives were popularly supposed to grow horns **outroar** bellow more angrily than, be more bull-like than

154 **savage cause** cause for beastly behavior

155 **civilly** politely

156 **haltered neck** neck with a noose around it

157 **yare** brisk, nimble

159 **begged a** did he beg

163 **follow…triumph** serve Caesar now that he's triumphant/follow in Caesar's triumphal procession

165 **hand…lady** i.e., offered for you to kiss **fever thee** put you into a feverish sweat

167 **thy entertainment** how you were received **look** make sure

173 **orbs** orbits/rotating transparent spheres in which stars and planets were thought to be contained

174 **th'abysm** the abyss

176 **enfranchèd bondman** freed bond slave (he had deserted Antony for Caesar)

178 **quit** requite, repay

181 **terrene moon** earthly moon (i.e., Cleopatra, associated with the moon goddess Isis)

182 **portends alone** foretells only (eclipses were regarded as bad omens)

183 **stay his time** wait until he's finished

184 **mingle eyes** exchange glances

185 **ties his points** does up Caesar's points (laces with metal tags, used for fastening clothes)

191 **in my neck** on my head/down my throat **determines** comes to an end, melts

192 **Caesarion** Cleopatra's son by Julius Caesar

195 **discandying** melting **pelleted** consisting of pellets, hail

197 **buried…prey** i.e., eaten them

199 **sets down** encamps

200 **oppose his fate** do battle with his destiny

202 **fleet** is afloat **sea-like** like the sea itself/seaworthy and shipshape

205 **in blood** bloodstained from battle/in full vigor/sexually aroused

206 **chronicle** place in history

209 **treble-sinewed, hearted, breathed** three times myself in muscle, heart, and breath

210 **maliciously** fiercely

211 **nice** extravagant, pampered/lascivious **men…jests** I allowed captives tobe redeemed for trifles

214 **gaudy** luxurious

215 **sad** melancholy/somber, grave

216 **mock…bell** stay up late, make a night of it (perhaps with suggestion of scorning the death bell)

218 **held it poor** marked it in a poor fashion

224 **sap in’t yet** still life left

225 **contend…scythe** compete with death, killing as many as he does with the plague (contend plays on the sense of “engage in amorous conflict, embrace”)

227 **outstare** defy, stare down **furious** full of fierce passion/frenzied, raging

229 **estridge** ostrich/goshawk

231 **heart** courage

Act 4 Scene 1

4.1 ***Location:*** *Caesar’s camp outside Alexandria*

1 **as** as if

4 **ruffian** villain/swaggering bully/protector or confederate of prostitutes

9 **breath** breathing space

10 **Make boot** take advantage **distraction** madness

12 **best heads** chief commanders

14 **files** ranks

15 **but late** only recently

16 **fetch him in** capture him

17 **store** plenty of supplies

18 **waste** extravagance

Act 4 Scene 2

4.2 ***Location:*** *Alexandria*

1 **Domitius** the only time that Antony uses Enobarbus' first name

4 **of better fortune** more fortunate than you

7 **or…Or** either…or

8 **bathe…again** a metaphor drawn from the belief that bathing in warm blood could cure one of debilitating diseases

9 **Woo't** wilt, i.e., will you

10 **'Take all'** "Winner takes all" (gambling phrase; plays on the sense of "Lower my ship's sails in defeat and surrender everything")

14 **honest** honorable, faithful

16 **fellows** fellow-servants

18 **tricks** whims, caprices

22 **clapped up** combined

27 **Scant…cups** give me plenty to drink

29 **suffered** was under, was subject to

33 **period** end

34 **Haply** perhaps **if…shadow** if you do, it will be as a mutilated ghost

35 **Perchance** maybe

41 **yield** reward

43 **discomfort** grief, distress

44 **onion-eyed** i.e., weeping

47 **the…me** may I be bewitched

48 **Grace** forgiveness/the herb of grace (rue) **hearty** kind-hearted/sincere/noble, courageous

49 **dolorous** sad, dismal

50 **for your comfort** in order to cheer you up

51 **burn…torches** i.e., spend all night in revelry

55 **consideration** serious thoughts

Act 4 Scene 3

1 **day** i.e., of battle

2 **determine one way** decide matters/conclude one way or another

5 **Belike** probably

7 **careful** cautious, wary

10 **absolute** positive, free from all doubt

12 **brave** valiant/splendid **purpose** determination *hautboys* oboe-like instruments

14 **List** listen

18 **signs well** is a good omen

21 **Hercules** legendary Greek hero of immense strength, supposed ancestor of Antony

28 **masters** sirs

29 **we have quarter** our watch extends

30 **give off** cease

Act 4 Scene 4

3 **chuck** chick (term of endearment)

4 **thine iron** the armor that you are holding

6 **brave** defy

10 **False** that’s wrong (Cleopatra has got the wrong piece of armor, or has tried to attach a piece incorrectly)

11 **Sooth** in truth **la** emphatic exclamation

12 **Well** i.e., Cleopatra’s assistance

14 **thy defences** your own armor

15 **Briefly** shortly

17 **Rarely** splendidly

18 **we…repose** I choose to remove it in order to rest (Antony uses the royal pronoun)

19 **doff’t** take it off **storm** rain of blows

20 **squire** young man of good birth attendant on a knight

21 **tight** deft **dispatch** hurry up

22 **knew’st** understood

23 **royal occupation** business of kings, i.e., warfare

24 **workman** expert craftsman

25 **him** one **knows…charge** has a military responsibility (i.e., comes to deliver a message)/has experience of fighting

26 **betime** early

29 **riveted trim** armor

30 **port** gate

33 **’Tis well blown** referring either to the flourish of trumpets or to the dawning of the morning

35 **of note** famous

37 **dame** queen/my lady

39 **check** reprimand **stand** insist

40 **mechanic compliment** formal etiquette

41 **that will** who intend to

45 **That** if only

46 **Determine** decide/end

Act 4 Scene 5

4.5	***Location:***	*Antony’s camp outside Alexandria*
1	**happy**	fortunate
2	**Would**	I wish
	prevailed	succeeded in persuading
5	**revolted**	deserted
21	**charge**	order
22	**subscribe**	sign
25	**Dispatch**	do it straight away

Act 4 Scene 6

4.6 ***Location:*** *Caesar's camp outside Alexandria*

2 **took** captured

5 **universal peace** the *Pax Romana*, a long period of relative peace established under the rule of Emperor Augustus (Octavius' subsequent title); also the beginning of the Christian era

6 **three-nooked** three-cornered; either refers to the tripartite division of lands ruled by a triumvirate, or to the continents of Europe, Africa and Asia

7 **bear the olive** bring forth the olive tree/wear an olive garland (symbolic of peace) **freely** willingly, readily/abundantly/without impediment

10 **van** vanguard, the front

13 **Jewry** Judaea, modern Israel/Palestine

14 **dissuade** persuaded to change his allegiance

15 **Great Herod** Herod the Great, King of the Jews

18 **fell away** deserted **entertainment** hospitality/employment

24 **bounty overplus** generous gift in addition

25 **on my guard** while I was on guard duty

29 **safed** escorted safely

30 **host** army **office** duties

33 **alone** the only, the worst

34 **most** more than anyone else, most acutely

36 **turpitude** wickedness, depravity

37 **blows** swells/batters

38 **swift thought** instant despair **mean** method (i.e., suicide)

39 **outstrike** deal a heavier blow than/obliterate

41 **foul'st** worst/muddiest

Act 4 Scene 7

4.7 ***Location:*** *the battlefield outside Alexandria* ***Alarum*** a call to arms
1 **Retire** retreat, fall back
2 **has work** has his hands full **our oppression** the pressure on us
5 **droven** driven
6 **clouts** cloths, bandages/blows
9 **H** puns on “ache” (the two were similarly pronounced)
11 **bench-holes** toilet holes
12 **scotches** gashes
13 **serves** is as good as/gives us the opportunity
15 **score** mark with cuts
16 **snatch…behind** an image from hare-hunting
17 **runner** one who runs away, a coward
19 **sprightly comfort** spirited encouragement
21 **halt** limp

Act 4 Scene 8

2 **gests** deeds

5 **doughty-handed** hardy in battle

6 **as…cause** as though you merely served the general cause **as't…mine** as if each of you had the same personal motivation as me

7 **shown all Hectors all** behaved like Hector, the most renowned Trojan warrior

8 **clip** embrace

10 **congealment** congealed blood

11 **whole** better, healed (puns on "hole")

12 **fairy** magical being, enchantress

13 **day** light

14 **Chain…neck** put your arms around my armor-clad neck

15 **proof of harness** invulnerable armor

16 **pants triumphing** in triumph on my panting breast

18 **virtue** courage

22 **something** somewhat

23 **nerves** muscles

24 **Get…youth** score as many victories as a young man (the image may be of running or of football)

25 **Commend** entrust

28 **such a shape** the shape of a man

31 **carbuncled** studded with gems

32 **holy Phoebus' car** the chariot of the Greek and Roman sun god

34 **targets** shields **like…them** i.e., honorably (or possibly "hacked at like the soldiers they belong to") **owe** own

36 **camp** accommodate **sup** eat

37 **carouses** toasts

38 **royal peril** great danger, fit for a king

39 **brazen** brass/bold

40 **Make mingle** combine your sounds with those of **taborins** drums

41 **That…together** so that their sounds reverberate back and forth from earth to heaven

Act 4 Scene 9

4.9 ***Location:*** *Caesar's camp outside Alexandria*

2 **th'court of guard** the guardroom

3 **shiny** bright **embattle** prepare for battle

5 **shrewd** bad, difficult/damaging

8 **close** concealed **list** listen to

10 **When…memory** when deserters are remembered with hatred in written accounts

15 **sovereign…melancholy** i.e., the moon, associated with melancholy and madness

16 **damp of night** the damp night air was considered noxious **disponge** pour down as from a squeezed sponge

17 **rebel…will** i.e., because Enobarbus wishes to die

19 **flint** stony hardness

20 **dried with grief** each sigh was thought to drain the heart of a drop of blood

23 **thine own particular** personally

24 **rank…register** publicly record me to be

25 **fugitive** deserter

31 **Swoons** faints **bad** desperate

36 **raught** seized

37 **demurely** quietly

39 **of note** an important man **hour…out** time on duty is over

Act 4 Scene 10

4.10 ***Location:*** *the battlefield outside Alexandria*

3 **both** i.e., sea and land

4 **i'th'fire or i'th'air** the remaining two of the four elements (air, earth, fire, water)

5 **foot** infantry

8 **put…haven** left the harbor

9 **appointment** purpose/equipment

Act 4 Scene 11

1 **But being charged** unless we’re attacked **still** inactive
2 **we shall** we will be able to do
3 **vales** flat lands between hills
4 **hold…advantage** stay in the most advantageous position

Act 4 Scene 12

1 **Yet…joined** battle has still not begun

5 **augurers** Roman religious officials who predicted the future by interpreting, among other things, the behavior of birds

8 **by starts** in turn

9 **fretted** worn, decayed/checkered

15 **Triple-turned whore!** i.e., Cleopatra, whose affections shifted three times: she had affairs with Julius Caesar, Gneius Pompey and Antony

18 **charm** enchantress

20 **uprise** rising

23 **spanieled** followed like fawning spaniels

24 **discandy** dissolve **melt their sweets** the image is of dogs slobbering from the treats which have dissolved in their mouths

25 **this pine** i.e., Antony himself **barked** stripped of its bark

27 **grave** serious/deadly, dangerous

28 **becked** gestured

29 **Whose…end** i.e., whose love was the aim and achievement of my life **crownet** coronet

30 **gipsy** believed to come from Egypt, proverbially deceitful **fast and loose** cheating game much practiced by gypsies in which the victim bets on the apparent security of (or bets that he can secure) a cunningly coiled belt that is then readily unrolled; plays on the sense of "sexual cheating"

31 **Beguiled** deceived

32 **spell** enchantment **Avaunt!** Be gone!

35 **blemish Caesar's triumph** spoil Caesar's triumphal procession (in which he intends to display you as a captive)

36 **plebeians** commoners

37 **spot** stain, blemish

38 **monster-like, be shown** be exhibited like a freak at a fair

39 **For** for the benefit of, to (an audience of) **poor'st diminutives** undergrown weaklings/dwarves **dolts** idiots

40 **Patient** long-suffering

41 **preparèd** ready and waiting

43 **fell'st into** had fallen victim to

45 **shirt of Nessus** the poisoned shirt that Hercules’ wife Deianira unwittingly gave him; it was soaked with the blood of the centaur Nessus, whom Hercules had shot with a poisoned arrow after the attempted rape of Deianira, and who had revenged himself by telling Deianira that his blood could be used as a love charm

46 **Alcides** Hercules

47 **Lichas** the servant who brought Hercules the poisoned shirt and who was thrown into the sea by his enraged and pain-crazed master

48 **club** famous emblem of Hercules’ strength

49 **worthiest** most heroic, noblest/most deserving of death

Act 4 Scene 13

4.13 ***Location:*** *Alexandria*

2 **Telamon…shield** Telamonian Ajax went mad and killed himself when the shield and armor of the dead Achilles were awarded to Ulysses rather than himself **boar of Thessaly** sent by Diana to ravage the kingdom of Calydon in Thessaly, central Greece

3 **embossed** driven to extremity, foaming at the mouth (used of a hunted animal)

4 **th'monument** the tomb, burial chamber

6 **rive** split

7 **going off** departing, being lost

Act 4 Scene 14

1 **thou…me** can you still see me (Antony feels himself to have become insubstantial)

3 **dragonish** dragon-shaped

5 **pendent** jutting, overhanging

6 **promontory** headland

8 **mock** deceive **signs** images/omens/pretences

9 **vesper** evening **pageants** theatrical shows/empty illusions/tricks

11 **with a thought** as quick as thought

12 **rack** cloud (plays on the sense of “torture instrument that dislocates the limbs”) **dislimns** paints out, obliterates (puns on “dislimbs,” i.e., removes the limbs from their sockets)

15 **knave** boy, lad

18 **Egypt** the Queen of Egypt

22 **Packed** stacked, shuffled **false-played** falsely played away

23 **triumph** victory/trump card

26 **robbed…sword** destroyed my soldiership/emasculated me

28 **mingled…entirely** were completely bound up with yours

30 **saucy** impudent

33 **discharged** paid in full

34 **unto thy hand** for you

37 **divided…lips** she spoke half of your name before she died, the rest was still in her heart

38 **rendered** surrendered, gave up

43 **That…richly** you may consider yourself amply rewarded by the fact that I haven’t harmed you

46 **seven-fold…Ajax** Ajax’s bronze shield was backed by seven layers of oxhide

47 **battery** assault with heavy blows, bombardment **cleave** split

48 **continent** container

49 **Apace** quickly

50 **bruisèd pieces** dented armor

51 **From** leave

54 **length** delay **torch** i.e., the life of Cleopatra (aural play on **torture**)

56 **very…strength** as an animal caught in a net is entangled by its efforts to escape

57 **Seal** conclude

58 **Stay** wait

59 **souls…flowers** i.e., the paradisiacal Elysian Fields, where, in Greek mythology, the blessed went after death **couch** lie

60 **sprightly port** lively bearing

61 **Dido…Aeneas** emblematic tragic lovers in Virgil's *Aeneid;* the Trojan hero, Aeneas, survived the sack of Troy, landed at Carthage in north Africa and became the lover of Queen Dido, whom he eventually abandoned to found Rome; she committed suicide in despair **want troops** lack followers

62 **all…ours** all will follow us (**haunt** plays on its ghostly sense)

63 **would** wishes

67 **green Neptune's back** the sea, of which Neptune was the Roman god

68 **With…cities** commanded fleets of ships so large that they were like cities **to lack** for lacking

72 **exigent** emergency/urgent legal summons

74 **prosecution** pursuit/persecution/carrying out of legal proceedings

79 **withhold** restrain/preserve

80 **Parthian darts** arrows of the Parthians, famous for shooting backward on horseback

81 **enemy** hostile

83 **windowed** placed at a window

84 **pleached** folded/crossed and bound

85 **corrigible** submissive

86 **penetrative** intense, penetrating **wheeled seat** chariot

88 **branded…ensued** marked, as a brand does a criminal, the humiliating lowliness of he who followed

91 **honest** faithful, honorable **worn Most useful** put to such good use

93 **pardon me** release me from this duty

96 **precedent** previous

97 **unpurposed** of no use

99 **worship** worth, honor

100 **Lo thee!** See!

114 **I…not** I ought to do and you couldn't do for me

115 **instruction** teaching by example **got upon me** gained before I have/got as an advantage over me
116 **nobleness in record** noble reputation in history
117 **bridegroom…bed** playing on the idea of death as orgasm
121 **dispatch me** finish me off
126 **his period** its end
134 **enter…him** gain me admittance to his service/allow me to ingratiate myself
139 **Sufficing…death** sufficient blows to kill me
140 **absolute** complete, perfect
147 **found** proved true
148 **disposed** come to terms
150 **how…work** the effect it might have
156 **bides** waits/dwells
158 **live…out** outlive your faithful men
160 **heavy** sorrowful
161 **sharp** harsh, merciless
162 **grace** honor **Bid…Which** welcome what

Act 4 Scene 15

4.15 ***Location:*** *outside Cleopatra's monument, Alexandria* ***aloft*** on the gallery above the main stage

12 **sphere** planets and stars were thought to orbit within transparent concentric spheres that ringed the earth **Darkling** in darkness

13 **The…o'th'world** the world is imaged as a coastline against which darkness and light ebb and flow; there is also suggestion of the world itself being a changeable place

22 **importune** urge, entreat (death to delay)

27 **th'imperious show** the imperial spectacle, i.e., triumphal procession

29 **brooched** adorned by my presence like a brooch

30 **operation** power, efficacy

32 **still conclusion** silent judgment

33 **Demuring** looking demurely/gazing at length

38 **heaviness** sorrow/weight

39 **Juno** supreme Roman goddess, Jove's wife

40 **Mercury** messenger of the Roman gods, traditionally depicted wearing winged sandals

42 **Wishers…fools** proverbial

43 **Die…lived** do not die until you have really lived ("die" has orgasmic connotations)

44 **Quicken** come to life

46 **heavy** grievous, pitiful

49 **rail so high** curse so loudly

50 **false housewife** treacherous whore **wheel** the Roman goddess Fortuna was conventionally depicted turning a wheel, which raised men up before casting them down (may pick up on the domestic sense of housewife to play on the sense of "spinning wheel")

51 **offence** abusive language

54 **They…together** i.e., honor and safety

56 **None…Proculeius** trust none of Caesar's officers except Proculeius

64 **Not…countryman** I have not submitted like a coward to Caesar

65 **by a Roman** i.e., by himself; Roman signifies the virtues of honor and courage

68 **woo't** wilt, i.e., will you

71 **sty** pigsty/place inhabited by whores and lustful people

73 **garland** wreath crowning a victorious war hero

74 **pole** battle-standard, pole bearing a military flag/Pole Star (phallic connotations are also present)

75 **odds is gone** distinction between great and small

76 **remarkable** wonderful, extraordinary

77 **visiting** i.e., which comes and goes as it waxes and wanes

85 **e'en** only

86 **passion** overpowering emotion/grief/a faint

87 **chares** chores

88 **sceptre** ornamental rod, symbol of royal authority **injurious** harmful/unjust

91 **sottish** foolish

97 **Our lamp** i.e., Antony **sirs** valid, if less frequently used, address form for women

98 **brave** splendid/valiant

103 **briefest end** swiftest death ***bearing of*** carrying

Act 5 Scene 1

5.1 ***Location:*** *Caesar’s camp outside Alexandria*

2 **frustrate** defeated **mocks** makes himself ridiculous in

3 **pauses** delays

6 **thus** i.e., with drawn sword in the presence of a ruler; in Shakespeare’s time this was a treasonous offense

10 **wore…haters** spent my life fighting his enemies

17 **breaking** destruction (of Antony)/disclosure (of the news)

18 **crack** loud noise/fracture

19 **civil** city/orderly

20 **their dens** their own homes/lions’dens

21 **single doom** the fate of one individual alone

22 **moiety** half

25 **self** same

36 **persisted** persistently sought

37 **waged equal with** battled equally within

39 **steer humanity** guide a man/govern mankind

44 **launch** lance

46 **shown** i.e., through my own downfall

47 **stall** dwell

49 **sovereign…hearts** potent as heart’s blood

50 **competitor** partner

51 **top…design** the loftiest of undertakings

52 **front** battlefront/forehead

53 **heart…kindle** my heart took courage from his

54 **stars, Unreconciliable** unreconcilable fortunes

55 **divide…this** separate us, who were so equally matched in everything, to this degree

57 **meeter season** fitter time

58 **looks…him** appears to be urgent judging by his expression

60 **yet** i.e., still not a Roman subject

62 **intents** intentions

63 **frame herself** ready herself, adapt herself

66 **by…ours** through my representatives

68 **lean** incline, be disposed

69 **ungentle** unkind/discourteous/ignoble

72 **purpose** intend

73 **quality…passion** nature ofher grief

75 **her…triumph** her presence at my triumphal procession would make it famous forever

77 **with your speediest** as fast as you can

78 **of her** her to be

86 **hardly** reluctantly

87 **still** always

88 **writings** i.e., to Antony

Act 5 Scene 2

5.2 ***Location:*** *inside Cleopatra's monument, Alexandria*

1 **desolation** despair/loneliness/ruin

2 **better life** more virtuous, unworldly

3 **knave** servant

5 **that thing** i.e., suicide

6 **shackles…change** prevents the effects of chance and changes of mortality

7 **palates** tastes **dung** The dungy earth

8 **beggar's…Caesar's** i.e., sustainer of all men

10 **study on** consider **fair** liberal/just

11 **Thou mean'st** you would wish

16 **I…trusting** I'm not concerned whether you deceive me since I have no interest in trust/I do not like being deceived since I know how little value there is in trust

26 **Make…reference** refer your entire situation

27 **grace** virtue/mercy

29 **sweet dependency** willing submissiveness

30 **pray in aid** crave your assistance (legal phrase)

33 **vassal** slave/servant and dependant **send…got** recognize his great achievement and authority

35 **doctrine** lesson

40 **surprised** ambushed and captured

47 **Relieved** rescued

54 **let come forth** allow to be demonstrated

59 **meat** food

60 **idle…necessary** even if I must engage in idle chatter (in order to stay awake)

61 **mortal house** her body/royal line of the Ptolemies

63 **pinioned** with clipped wings

66 **varletry** rabble

67 **censuring** disapproving, judgmental

70 **Blow…abhorring** lay their eggs in my body, making me repulsive as they hatch out

71 **make…gibbet** let me hang from the pyramids (again, seemingly thought of as an obelisk) **pyramides** i.e., four syllables with stress on second

73 **extend** exaggerate

78 **For** as for

90 **trick** custom, habit

96 **stuck** were set

98 **little** little people (most editors emend unnecessarily to “little O,” small circle)

100 **bestrid** straddled; reminiscent of the Colossus of Rhodes, the giant statue of the sun god Helios that stood astride the harbor entrance **reared** raised

101 **Crested** crowned; a raised arm brandishing a sword was a common heraldic emblem **propertied…spheres** had the same qualities as those found in the harmonious spheres (supposedly, the crystalline spheres thought to contain the planets and stars produced heavenly music as they rotated)

102 **to friends** when he spoke to friends

103 **quail** subdue, terrify **orb** earth

104 **For** as for

106 **delights…in** his joys and pleasures lifted him above the everyday world in which he lived as a dolphin’s leaps lift it clear of the water

108 **livery** particular uniform of a nobleman’s servants

109 **crowns and crownets** kings and princes

110 **plates** silver coins

117 **size** scope **wants…fancy** lacks material to make creatures that can compete with those of the imagination

118 **yet…quite** but if nature could imagine such an Antony it would be her masterpiece and would completely discredit the creations of imagination

123 **As…weight** correspondingly heavily **Would…root** may I never achieve the success I’ve sought if the grief I see reflected in you doesn’t strike to the bottom of my heart

129 **loath** reluctant **would** wish

142 **Take…thoughts** Do not reproach yourself harshly

144 **written…flesh** I bear the scars

146 **sir** master

147 **project** present, set out

149 **like frailties** similar moral weaknesses

152 **extenuate…enforce** excuse rather than emphasize (faults)
153 **apply…intents** comply with my plans
156 **lay…cruelty** make me appear cruel
157 **bereave** deprive
162 **scutcheons** shields bearing coats of arms; the shields of captured enemies were often displayed by the victor **signs** tokens/military banners
164 **for** that concerns
165 **brief** inventory, summary
167 **Not…admitted** discounting trivial items
180 **pomp is followed** those in power are served **Mine** my servants
181 **shift estates** change places
184 **hired** paid for
186 **Though** even if
187 **rarely** exceptionally
190 **vouchsafing** condescending
193 **Parcel** enumerate one by one/make up, add to
195 **lady** suitable for a lady, i.e., insignificant
196 **Immoment toys** trifling knickknacks
197 **modern** ordinary **withal** with
199 **Livia** Caesar’s wife
200 **unfolded With** exposed by
201 **bred** brought up (or “trained”) as a member of my household
203 **cinders** glowing coals
204 **chance** fortune
206 **Forbear** withdraw
207 **misthought** misjudged
209 **merits** deserts, whether good or bad
213 **i’th’roll of conquest** on the official list of booty
214 **Bestow** dispose of
215 **make prize** haggle
217 **Make…prisons** you are confined only by your own thoughts
218 **dispose** make arrangements for
224 **words me** deceives me with words **that…myself** in order to prevent me taking the noble course of action (i.e., suicide)
228 **Hie thee again** come back quickly
229 **spoke** given orders

230 **put…haste** do it quickly

239 **before** ahead

247 **puppet** actor in a pantomime (or triumphal pageant)/dressed-up doll/contemptuous term for a woman

248 **Mechanic slaves** coarse workmen

249 **rules** measuring rods

250 **thick** foul

251 **Rank of** reeking due to

252 **drink** drink in, breathe

254 **Saucy** impudent/lascivious **lictors** local officials

255 **strumpets** prostitutes **scald** scurvy, contemptible

256 **Ballad us** sing ballads about us **quick** quick-witted **comedians** actors

257 **Extemporally** in improvised performance

260 **Some…greatness** my greatness imitated by a boy with a squeaky voice; on the Shakespearean stage, Cleopatra was herself played by a boy actor

269 **Show me let** me appear

270 **attires** clothing/headdress **Cydnus** the river on which she first met Antony, now the Tarsus Cay, in southern Turkey

271 **Sirrah** sir (used to social inferiors, more commonly to men)

272 **dispatch** make haste/finish matters

273 **chare** chore

280 **poor an** a poor

282 **placed** fixed

284 **marble-constant** as firm and unyielding as marble **fleeting** changeful, inconstant ***Clown*** rustic

287 **Avoid** withdraw

288 **worm** snake

291 **immortal** malapropism for “mortal”

293 **on’t** from it

295 **honest** truthful/chaste **lie** tell lies/have sex

296 **do** plays on the sense of “have sex” **died** plays on the sense of “had an orgasm”

297 **o’th’worm** now with phallic connotations

298 **falliable** malapropism for “infallible”

303 **do his kind** do what is natural to him (do plays on its sexual sense)

307 **Take…care** don’t worry

309 **eat** bite/consume after death/enjoy sexually

311 **dress** clothe/prepare for cooking

312 **whoreson** damned, bastard

315 **forsooth** indeed

317 **Immortal longings** longings for immortality

319 **Yare** quickly, nimbly

320 **rouse himself** with connotations of penile erection

321 **act** deed/theatrical performance (with connotations of “sexual act”)

323 **their after wrath** the anger of the gods that was subsequently visited on those who became insolent in their good fortune **come** with connotations of orgasm

324 **title** right

325 **fire and air** the more spiritual of the four elements

329 **aspic** asp, a small venomous snake

331 **stroke** blow/caress/lethal snakebite

334 **leave-taking** a formal goodbye

337 **This** i.e., Iras’ death

338 **curlèd** handsome, with beautifully styled hair

339 **spend** expend, bestow (perhaps with connotations of ejaculation)

340 **mortal** deadly

341 **intrinsicate** intricate (but with shades of “intrinsic,” i.e., situated within)

342 **fool** like **wretch**, a term of endearment

345 **Unpolicied** outwitted in political intrigue

346 **eastern star** Venus, the Morning Star, visible in the eastern sky

353 **What** why

356 **Downy windows** i.e., eyelids

358 **Of** by **awry** crooked, askew

359 **mend** adjust ***rustling*** making a noise, clattering

365 **beguiled** cheated

373 **thy…this** your fears have been realized here ***Train*** retinue, followers

378 **augurer** prophet

379 **That** what

381 **levelled** took aim at, guessed **purposes** intentions

385 **simple** harmless/humble

390 **trimming up** neatening **diadem** crown/jeweled head band worn by eastern monarchs

396 **As** as if

397 **toil** net, snare **grace** charm, beauty

399 **vent** discharge **blown** swollen/deposited

406 **conclusions infinite** innumerable experiments

410 **clip** encompass/embrace

411 **high** of great magnitude/noble

412 **Strike…them** afflict with sorrow those who brought them about **their… lamented** the pity that their story provokes is as great as the glory of their conqueror (Caesar)/their story is as tragic as Antony’s glory was great

THE TRAGEDY OF CYMBELINE

Many commentators have observed how fitting it is that *The Tempest* is printed at the beginning of the First Folio of Shakespeare's plays. Its reflections on art, together with the resemblance of Prospero to a dramatist and his island to a theater, where a play is staged within the play by actors who are spirits, make it seem like a Shakespearean showpiece, a summation of his art. Far fewer commentators have considered how equally appropriate it is that *Cymbeline* is printed at the end of the First Folio. Though entitled The *Tragedy of Cymbeline*, it ends not with multiple deaths but with family reunion and political reconciliation. "Pardon's the word to all" as revelations pile in upon one another, each of them "a mark of wonder," while a nation is restored to peace: the play could equally well have been classed as a comedy or a British history. The stylistic experimentation almost serves as an ironic epilogue to the Folio's tripartite division into comedies, histories, and tragedies: tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, *Cymbeline* would have been Polonius' favorite work in the canon. Furthermore, in a manner analogous to the wittily extreme variations on classical motifs in Baroque art, both the narrative arc and the characterization revisit and revise, in a highly self-conscious manner, an array of favorite Shakespearean motifs: the cross-dressed heroine, the move from court to country, obsessive sexual jealousy, malicious Machiavellian plotting, the interrogation of Roman values.

For Shakespeare, the material provided the opportunity to reach back to some of his earliest work. As in *Titus Andronicus*, a copy of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* is brought on stage as a prop. It is Innogen's bedtime reading: "She hath been reading late, / The tale of Tereus. Here the leaf's turned down / Where Philomel gave up." The allusion marks the moment at which Innogen is betrayed. But whereas in *Titus* Lavinia's quoting of Philomel's tragic tale is the means to the revelation of her own rape, Iachimo can destroy Innogen's reputation simply by looking at her. His removal of the bracelet from her arm is a symbolic violation of her chastity.

In Shakespeare's other rape story, the poem of *Lucrece*, Tarquin presses violently down on his victim's breasts, but here Iachimo merely watches and reports, noting in particular an identifying mole on her left breast. It is the eyes of a spectator that do the undressing here, not the tearing hands of a Tarquin. When Iachimo himself alludes to the rapacious emperor—"Our" Tarquin, a fellow-Roman—he rewrites the night scene of *Lucrece* in a lyrical mode: "Our Tarquin thus / Did softly press the rushes, ere he wakened / The chastity he wounded." The sibilance seems tender rather than sinister: "Softly press" suggests not only stealth, but also a lover's touch. And "wounded" grossly understates the severity of Tarquin's deed. This has the effect of sublimating the image of rape—Philomel gives up as in a dream, not in brutal reality as on the stage of *Titus*, thus making it easier for the audience to put itself in the position of Iachimo. To note and to wonder at the beauty of the sleeping Innogen does not seem to do any harm. Yet "yellow Iachimo" does work harm, and it takes all the play's twists and turns, including an apparent death and an actual physical violation when Posthumus strikes Fidele/Innogen, to undo that harm.

The audience, then, is forced to confront its own complicity in Iachimo's deed. His gaze is ours. Shakespeare makes the point by means of the chimneypiece in the bedroom. While in the room, Iachimo records "the contents o'th'story." In his subsequent narration to Posthumus he reveals them:

> The chimney
> Is south the chamber, and the chimney-piece
> Chaste Dian bathing: never saw I figures
> So likely to report themselves; the cutter
> Was as another nature dumb, outwent her,
> Motion and breath left out.

The gaze is fixed on the naked Diana bathing: Iachimo and with him the audience stand in the position occupied in Ovidian mythology by the hunter Actaeon, who is metamorphosed into a stag and torn to pieces by his own hounds as punishment for his desiring gaze upon the goddess of chastity. Shakespeare uses this reference to introduce the motif of self-destructive sexual desire. The poetry almost makes us forget that we never saw the chimneypiece: what we witnessed was the sleeping figure of Innogen, as mediated through the language of Iachimo’s gorgeous but prurient soliloquy.

The art of the chimneypiece, like that of Hermione’s statue in *The Winter’s Tale*, is said to have outdone nature. A few lines earlier, Iachimo has reported that the tapestry in the chamber told the story of Mark Antony meeting Cleopatra at Cydnus; here Shakespeare echoes back his own recent play in which Enobarbus describes Cleopatra at Cydnus as being so desirable that “but for vacancy” the air would have joined the people of the city in going to gaze on her. The fictive chimneypiece recapitulates and goes beyond this: the artist’s figures seem on the verge of speech and movement, they are “likely to report themselves” and though they are “dumb” they seem to make nature seem dumber. The air has vacated nature and entered the artwork. When we associate Diana with Innogen, the goddess seems to step down from the chimneypiece and become embodied on stage in the form of a lovely boy actor. The image effects in the audience’s mind what The *Winter’s Tale* feigns to deliver in performance: the metamorphosis of art into life. This is late Shakespeare at his most sophisticated and self-consciously inventive.

An eyewitness account of a performance of the play in 1611 makes much of the scene in which Iachimo emerges from the trunk. Watching for the plot, what Dr. Simon Forman remembered most vividly was Innogen’s bedchamber:

> Remember also the story of Cymbeline king of England, in Lucius’ time, how Lucius came from Octavius Caesar for tribute, and being denied, after sent Lucius with a great army of soldiers who landed at Milford Haven, and after were vanquished by Cymbeline, and Lucius taken prisoner, and all by means of 3 outlaws, of the which 2 of them were the sons of Cymbeline, stolen from him when they were but 2 years old by an old man whom Cymbeline banished, and he kept them as his own sons 20 years with him in a cave. And how [one] of them slew Cloten, that was the queen’s son, going to Milford Haven to seek the love of Innogen the king’s daughter, whom he had banished also for loving his daughter, and how the Italian that came from her love conveyed himself into a chest, and said it was a chest of plate sent from her love and

> others, to be presented to the king. And in the deepest of the night, she being asleep, he opened the chest, and came forth of it, and viewed her in her bed, and the marks of her body, and took away her bracelet, and after accused her of adultery to her love, etc. And in the end how he came with the Romans into England and was taken prisoner, and after revealed to Innogen, who had turned herself into man's apparel and fled to meet her love at Milford Haven, and chanced to fall on the cave in the woods where her 2 brothers were, and how by eating a sleeping dram they thought she had been dead, and laid her in the woods, and the body of Cloten by her, in her love's apparel that he left behind him, and how she was found by Lucius, etc. ("Book of Plays," spelling modernized)

Forman's report reveals how much detail an attentive spectator could grasp in a complex Shakespearean drama—though he does seem to have momentarily muddled Cloten and Posthumus, just as Innogen/Fidele does. The account also suggests that Shakespearean playgoers worried little about the plot's dependence on frequent coincidences. Strikingly, though, this spectator's enthusiasm peters out toward the end: the closing reunions and the descent of Jupiter in Posthumus' dream do not merit a mention. The long and outlandish final scene is extremely difficult to stage effectively: it has sometimes been played as parody, is often heavily cut, and has even been comprehensively rewritten (by George Bernard Shaw).

In the movement of the action from court to country, *Cymbeline* has a similar structure to the more popular and better-known *Winter's Tale*. The two plays were probably written within a year of each other. The similarities are abundant. A man is falsely led to believe in his wife's infidelity, with the result that his powers of reasoning are distorted and his language collapses into crabbed, dense invective against female wiles:

> …for there's no motion
> That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
> It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it,
> The woman's: flattering, hers: deceiving, hers:
> Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers: revenges, hers:
> Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
> Nice longing, slanders, mutability,

All faults that may be named, nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part or all…

In fact, throughout Shakespeare's works, most of these vices and faults are to be found in the men's parts, not the women's. It is the woman—Marina, Perdita, Innogen—who restores harmony.

In *Cymbeline*, as in *The Winter's Tale*, she does so in combination with the forces of nature. The febrile air of court intrigue is cleared when we move outdoors and encounter princes disguised as shepherds. It is perhaps in *Cymbeline* that Shakespeare's art of natural observation is at its most acute. The supposedly dead Fidele is apostrophized with the phrase "the azured harebell like thy veins." The color and structure of the harebell do precisely resemble those of human veins.

The association of Innogen with nature goes back to the bedroom scene. The key token of recognition, the mole on her breast, is "cinque-spotted: like the crimson drops / I'th'bottom of a cowslip." Is there any other English poet save the country laborer John Clare who could have created such a simile, who has such an eye as acute as Shakespeare's for the intricacies of natural history and the apt metaphorical application of them to human encounters?

As well as being a pastoral fantasy and a fairy story, complete with wicked stepmother and poison (which, thanks to an honest-hearted physician, turns out to be mere sleeping potion), this is a play about the Romans in Britain, under the auspices of the god Jupiter. The title in the Folio contents list is "Cymbeline King of Britain." Shakespeare's other King of Britain was Lear, who made the mistake of dividing his kingdom in three. *Cymbeline* may have been placed among the tragedies by the editors of the Folio because it traverses the same elevated ground of national history and destiny. But whereas the disarray of the divided nation in *Lear* is a negative example, perhaps intended to make the play's original audience feel relief that King James had recently united the thrones of Scotland and England, the resolution of *Cymbeline* is altogether positive: "Never was a war did cease, / Ere bloody hands were washed, with such a peace."

Cymbeline was supposed to have been King of Britain in the year when Christ was born; at that time, the Roman emperor was Augustus.

Shakespeare’s audience would have known that Augustus was the Caesar to whom Cymbeline agrees to pay tribute money, despite the miraculous victory of the British when Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus (otherwise known as Morgan, Polydore, and Cadwal) hold the road against apparently insurmountable odds. The end of the play heralds an “Augustan peace,” in which Britain is imagined as the equal of Rome. Milford Haven in Wales is a vital location and point of reference in the play. The more historically and politically literate members of Shakespeare’s original audience would have recalled that it was the port where Henry Tudor—the Richmond of *Richard III* and the future King Henry VII—landed in 1485, the year that brought the Wars of the Roses to an end and established the Tudor dynasty that turned the tables on modern Rome and began to establish an image of their nation as the divinely chosen Christian successor-empire to that of Augustus.

Imagine King James watching the play: he would have seen himself as a composite version of Cymbeline and Augustus, both a British king and a neo-Roman emperor. From the point of view of characterization, the part of King Cymbeline is astonishingly underwritten. His interior life is never opened to us, as is that of Lear or, in this play, Princess Innogen. All he seems to do in the long closing scene is ask questions, express amazement, and pronounce benediction. This makes sense if he is intended to offer an oblique representation of James, King of Britain. It would not do to inquire too closely into the monarch’s interior life. Instead, Cymbeline is the ideal spectator: during a court performance, the king would have been sitting at the focal point of the hall. In a production that works, his amazement, his questions, and his acceptance are also ours.

KEY FACTS

PLOT: Cymbeline, King of Britain when Augustus Caesar was Emperor of Rome, has a daughter, Innogen, and two sons who were stolen in infancy. The queen, his second wife, has a son, Cloten, whom Cymbeline wishes Innogen to marry; but she has secretly married a commoner, Posthumus Leonatus. Cymbeline banishes Posthumus to Rome, where he meets Iachimo, who wagers with him that he can seduce Innogen. Arriving in Britain, Iachimo realizes that she is incorruptible, but, hiding in her bedroom, obtains evidence that convinces Posthumus that he has won the wager. Posthumus orders his servant Pisanio to kill Innogen at Milford Haven, but instead Pisanio advises her to disguise herself as Fidele, a page; in Wales, she meets her brothers, who were stolen twenty years before by the banished nobleman Belarius. Cloten pursues Innogen to Wales in Posthumus’ clothes, determined to rape her and kill Posthumus. Instead, he is killed by one of her brothers, and his decapitated body laid beside Innogen, who has taken a potion that makes her appear dead. When she revives, Innogen/ Fidele joins the Roman army, which is invading Britain as a result of Cymbeline’s failure to pay tribute to Rome. Posthumus and the stolen princes are instrumental in defeating the Roman army. A final scene of explanations leads to private and public reconciliation.

MAJOR PARTS: *(with percentage of lines/number of speeches/scenes on stage)* Innogen (16%/118/10), Posthumus Leonatus (12%/77/8), Iachimo (12%/77/6), Belarius (9%/58/6), Cymbeline (8%/81/6), Cloten (7%/77/7), Pisanio (6%/58/10), Guiderius (5%/62/6), Queen (5%/27/5), Arviragus (4%/46/5), Caius Lucius (3%/25/5), Cornelius (2%/13/2), First Gentleman (2%/ 10/1), First Jailer (1%/9/1), Second Lord (1%/20/3), Philario (1%/14/2).

LINGUISTIC MEDIUM: 85% verse, 15% prose.

DATE: 1610. Simon Forman attended a performance in April 1611; composition apparently postdates Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster* (1608–10); probably belongs to the months when the theaters were reopened in spring 1610 after a long period of closure due to the plague; the emphasis on Wales may suggest composition around the time of the investiture of Henry as Prince of Wales in June 1610; perhaps performed at court during the winter of 1610–11.

SOURCES: The plot involving Cymbeline, Guiderius, Arviragus, and the Romans in Britain is derived from a rudimentary outline in Holinshed's *Chronicles* (1587 edition); the heroic defense of the lane in the battle is imported from elsewhere in Holinshed. The story of the wager on a virtuous wife's chastity goes back to Giovanni Boccaccio's *Decameron* (2nd Day, 9th novel) via an anonymous prose romance, *Frederyke of Jennen* (1560 edition). The idea of combining pseudohistory with romance may have been inspired by Beaumont and Fletcher's recent play *Philaster*, a pioneering work of Jacobean tragicomedy with a girl disguised as a boy, a mischief making older woman, a virtuous lady accused of an illicit sexual liaison, a contrast between a noble hero and an ignoble prince, the forbidden marriage of a princess to a commoner, a movement from court to country, and elements of masque-form. Some scholars, however, propose that *Cymbeline* influenced *Philaster* rather than vice versa.

TEXT: First Folio of 1623 is the only text. Probably set from a transcript by Ralph Crane, scribe to the King's Men. Fairly well-printed text, though some correction required, especially in those parts of the play that were typeset by "Compositor E," the least competent man in the printing house. The heroine is called "Innogen" in both Holinshed's *Chronicles* and Simon Forman's notes on seeing the play; this name also appears in *Much Ado about Nothing* (as well as in works by contemporaries such as Thomas Heywood and Michael Drayton). "Imogen" did not exist as a name at this time and, besides, the heroines of Shakespeare's late plays are given symbolic names (Marina = from the sea; Perdita = the lost one; Miranda =

cause for admiration; hence Innogen = innocent one). All this very strongly suggests that Folio’s “Imogen” was a minim scribal or compositorial error for “Innogen,” so we have corrected accordingly.

THE TRAGEDY OF CYMBELINE

CYMBELINE, King of Britain
INNOGEN, his daughter by a former queen, later disguised as Fidele
QUEEN, his second wife
CLOTEN, her son, Cymbeline’s stepson
POSTHUMUS Leonatus, husband to Innogen
PISANIO, his servant
CORNELIUS, a doctor
LADY attendant on Innogen, named Helen
Two LORDS attendant on Cloten
Two GENTLEMEN
Two British CAPTAINS
Two JAILERS
BELARIUS, a banished lord, living in Wales under the name Morgan
GUIDERIUS } Cymbeline’s sons, known as sons of
ARVIRAGUS } Belarius called Polydore and Cadwal
PHILARIO, an Italian, Posthumus’ host in Rome
IACHIMO, an Italian nobleman, friend to Philario
A FRENCHMAN
A Dutchman
A Spaniard
Caius LUCIUS, general of the Roman army
SOOTHSAYER, named Philharmonus
Two Roman SENATORS
A Roman TRIBUNE
A Roman CAPTAIN
JUPITER
Ghost of SICILIUS LEONATUS, Posthumus’ father
Ghost of Posthumus’ MOTHER
Ghosts of Posthumus’ two BROTHERS
Lords, Attendants, Messengers, Musicians, Roman Tribunes, British and Roman Captains, Soldiers

Act 1 Scene 1[1.1]

running scene 1

Enter two Gentlemen

FIRST GENTLEMAN You do not meet a man but frowns.[1] Our bloods
No more obey the heavens than our courtiers
Still[3] seem as does the king.

SECOND GENTLEMAN But what's the matter?

FIRST GENTLEMAN His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom, whom
He purposed to[6] his wife's sole son — a widow
That late[7] he married — hath referred herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman. She's wedded,
Her husband banished, she imprisoned, all[9]
Is outward sorrow, though I think the king
Be touched at very heart.

SECOND GENTLEMAN None but the king?

FIRST GENTLEMAN He[13] that hath lost her too: so is the queen,
That most desired the match. But not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent[15]
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

SECOND GENTLEMAN And why so?

FIRST GENTLEMAN He that hath missed[19] the princess is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her —
I mean, that married her, alack, good man,
And therefore banished — is a creature[22] such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like,[24] there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think
So fair an outward[26] and such stuff within
Endows[27] a man but he.

SECOND GENTLEMAN You speak him far.[28]

FIRST GENTLEMAN I do extend,[29] sir, within himself,
Crush him together rather than unfold
His measure[31] duly.

SECOND GENTLEMAN What’s his name and birth?[32]
FIRST GENTLEMAN I cannot delve[33] him to the root: his father
Was called Sicilius, who did join his honour[34]
Against the Romans with Cassibelan,[35]
But had his titles by[36] Tenantius whom
He served with glory and admired success:
So gained the sur-addition[38] Leonatus.
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who in the wars o’th’time
Died with their swords in hand. For which their father,
Then old and fond of issue,[42] took such sorrow
That he quit being, and his gentle lady,
Big of[44] this gentleman, our theme, deceased
As he was born. The king he takes the babe
To his protection, calls him Posthumus Leonatus,
Breeds him, and makes him of his bedchamber,[47]
Puts to him all the learnings[48] that his time
Could make him the receiver of, which he took
As we do air, fast[50] as ’twas ministered,
And in’s[51] spring became a harvest: lived in court —
Which rare[52] it is to do — most praised, most loved:
A sample[53] to the youngest, to th’more mature
A glass[54] that feated them, and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards.[55] To his mistress,
For whom he now is banished, her own price[56]
Proclaims[57] how she esteemed him; and his virtue
By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is.
SECOND GENTLEMAN I honour him even out of[60] your report.
But pray you tell me, is she sole child to th’king?
FIRST GENTLEMAN His only child.
He had two sons — if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it — the eldest of them at three years old,
I’th’swathing clothes[65] the other, from their nursery
Were stol’n, and to this hour no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.

SECOND GENTLEMAN How long is this ago?
FIRST GENTLEMAN Some twenty years.
SECOND GENTLEMAN That a king's children should be so conveyed,[70]
So slackly[71] guarded, and the search so slow
That could not trace them.
FIRST GENTLEMAN Howsoe'er 'tis strange,[73]
Or that the negligence may well be laughed at,
Yet is it true, sir.
SECOND GENTLEMAN I do well believe you.
FIRST GENTLEMAN We must forbear.[77] Here comes the gentleman,
The queen and princess.

Exeunt

Enter the Queen, Posthumus and Innogen

QUEEN No, be assured you shall not find me, daughter,
After the slander[80] of most stepmothers,
Evil-eyed unto you. You're my prisoner, but
Your jailer shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint.[83] For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win[84] th'offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry,[85] yet
The fire of rage is in him, and 'twere good
You leaned unto[87] his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.
POSTHUMUS Please[89] your highness,
I will from hence[90] today.
QUEEN You know the peril.[91]
I'll fetch a turn[92] about the garden, pitying
The pangs[93] of barred affections, though the king
Hath charged[94] you should not speak together.

Exit

INNOGEN O dissembling[95] courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds! My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath, but nothing —
Always reserved[98] my holy duty — what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone,
And I shall here abide the hourly shot[100]

Of angry eyes: not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world
That I may see again.
POSTHUMUS My queen, my mistress:
O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more[106] tenderness
Than doth become a man. I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.[108]
My residence in Rome, at one Philario's,
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter: thither[111] write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.[113]
Enter Queen
QUEEN Be brief, I pray you:
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure.— Yet I'll move him ***Aside***
To walk this way: I never do him wrong,
But he does buy[118] my injuries to be friends:
Pays dear for my offences.
[Exit]
POSTHUMUS Should we be taking leave
As long a term[121] as yet we have to live,
The loathness[122] to depart would grow. Adieu.
INNOGEN Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty.[125] Look here, love,
This diamond was my mother's; take it, heart, ***Gives a ring***
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Innogen is dead.
POSTHUMUS How, how? Another?
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And cere[131] up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death. Remain, remain thou here ***Puts on the ring***
While sense[133] can keep it on: and sweetest, fairest,
As[134] I my poor self did exchange for you

To your so infinite loss, so in our trifles[135]
I still win of you. For my sake wear this,
It is a manacle of love. I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.[138] ***Puts a bracelet on her arm***

INNOGEN O, the gods!
When shall we see[140] again?

Enter Cymbeline and Lords

POSTHUMUS Alack,[141] the king!

CYMBELINE Thou basest[142] thing, avoid hence, from my sight:
If after this command thou fraught[143] the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest. Away,
Thou'rt poison to my blood.

POSTHUMUS The gods protect you,
And bless the good remainders[147] of the court:
I am gone.

Exit

INNOGEN There cannot be a pinch[149] in death
More sharp than this is.

CYMBELINE O disloyal thing,
That shouldst repair[152] my youth, thou heap'st
A year's age on me.

INNOGEN I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation,
I am senseless of[156] your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

CYMBELINE Past grace?[159] Obedience?

INNOGEN Past hope and in despair: that way past grace.

CYMBELINE That mightst have had the sole son of my queen.

INNOGEN O, blest that I might not: I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.[162]

CYMBELINE Thou took'st a beggar, wouldst have made my throne
A seat for baseness.

INNOGEN No, I rather added a lustre to it.

CYMBELINE O thou vile one!

INNOGEN Sir,
It is your fault that I have loved Posthumus:

You bred him as my playfellow, and he is
A man worth any woman: overbuys[170] me
Almost the sum he pays.
CYMBELINE What? Art thou mad?
INNOGEN Almost, sir: heaven restore me! Would I were
A neatherd's[174] daughter, and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son.
Enter Queen
CYMBELINE Thou foolish thing!—
They were again together: you have done ***To Queen***
Not after[178] our command.— Away with her,
And pen her up.
QUEEN Beseech[180] your patience: peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace. Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves, and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.[183]
CYMBELINE Nay, let her languish[184]
A drop of blood a day, and being aged,
Die of this folly.
Exeunt [Cymbeline and Lords]
Enter Pisanio
QUEEN Fie,[187] you must give way.
Here is your servant.— How now, sir? What news?
PISANIO My lord your son drew[189] on my master.
QUEEN Ha?
No harm I trust is done?
PISANIO There might have been,
But that my master rather played than fought,
And had no[194] help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.
QUEEN I am very glad on't.
INNOGEN Your son's my father's friend, he takes his part[197]
To draw upon an exile.— O brave sir!—
I would they were in Afric[199] both together,
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back.[201]—Why came you from your master?

PISANIO On his command: he would not suffer[202] me
To bring him to the haven:[203] left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When't pleased you to employ me.
QUEEN This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay[207] mine honour
He will remain so.
PISANIO I humbly thank your highness.
QUEEN Pray walk awhile. ***To Innogen***
INNOGEN About some half hour hence, pray you speak with me. ***To Pisanio***
You shall, at least, go see my lord aboard.
For this time leave me.

Exeunt

Act 1 Scene 2

running scene 1 continues

Enter Cloten and two Lords

FIRST LORD Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt;[1] the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice: where[2] air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

CLOTEN If my shirt were bloody, then to[4] shift it. Have I hurt him?

SECOND LORD No, faith: ***Aside*** not[5] so much as his patience.

FIRST LORD Hurt him? His body's a passable carcass[6] if he be not hurt. It is a thoroughfare for steel if it be not hurt.

SECOND LORD ***Aside*** His[8] steel was in debt, it went o'th'backside the town.

CLOTEN The villain would not stand me.[9]

SECOND LORD ***Aside*** No, but he fled forward still, toward your face.

FIRST LORD Stand you? You have land enough of your own: but he added to your having, gave you some ground.

SECOND LORD As many inches as you have oceans.[13] ***Aside*** Puppies!

CLOTEN I would they had not come between us.

SECOND LORD ***Aside*** So would I, till[15] you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground.

CLOTEN And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

SECOND LORD ***Aside*** If it be a sin to make a true election,[18] she is damned.

FIRST LORD Sir, as I told you always: her beauty and her brain go not together. She's[19] a good sign, but I have seen small reflection[20] of her wit.

SECOND LORD ***Aside*** She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

CLOTEN Come, I'll to my chamber: would there had[22] been some hurt done.

SECOND LORD ***Aside*** I wish not so, unless it had been the fall of an ass,[23] which is no great hurt.

CLOTEN You'll go with us?

FIRST LORD I'll attend your lordship.

CLOTEN Nay, come, let’s go together.

SECOND LORD Well,[28] my lord.

Exeunt

Act 1 Scene 3

running scene 1 continues

Enter Innogen and Pisanio

INNOGEN I would thou grew'st unto[1] the shores o'th'haven,
And[2] questioned'st every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost,
As offered mercy[4] is. What was the last
That he spake[5] to thee?

PISANIO It was his queen, his queen.

INNOGEN Then waved his handkerchief?

PISANIO And kissed it, madam.

INNOGEN Senseless[9] linen, happier therein than I:
And that was all?

PISANIO No, madam: for so long
As he could make me[12] with this eye, or ear,
Distinguish him from others, he did keep[13]
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as[15] the fits and stirs of's mind
Could best express how slow[16] his soul sailed on,
How swift his ship.

INNOGEN Thou[18] shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left[19]
To after-eye[20] him.

PISANIO Madam, so I did.

INNOGEN I would have broke mine eyestrings,[22] cracked them, but
To look upon him, till the diminution[23]
Of space had pointed[24] him sharp as my needle:
Nay, followed him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air: and then
Have turned mine eye, and wept. But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

PISANIO Be assured, madam,
With[30] his next vantage.

INNOGEN I did not take my leave of him, but had

Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him
How I would think on him at certain hours,
Such thoughts and such: or I could make him swear
The shes[35] of Italy should not betray
Mine interest[36] and his honour: or have charged him,
At[37] the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
T'encounter[38] me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him: or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming[41] words, comes in my father,
And like the tyrannous breathing of the north,[42]
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady

LADY The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

INNOGEN Those things I bid you do, get them dispatched.
I will attend the queen.

PISANIO Madam, I shall.

Exeunt

Act 1 Scene 4[1.4]

running scene 2

Enter Philario, Iachimo, a Frenchman, a Dutchman and a Spaniard

IACHIMO Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain; he was then of[1] a crescent note, expected to prove so worthy as since he hath been[2] allowed the name of. But I could then have looked on him without[3] the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments[4] had been tabled by his side and I to peruse him by items.

PHILARIO You speak of him when he was less furnished than now he is with that which makes him both without and within.

FRENCHMAN I have seen him in France: we had very many there could behold[8] the sun with as firm eyes as he.

IACHIMO This matter of marrying his king's daughter, wherein he must be weighed[10] rather by her value than his own, words[11] him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

FRENCHMAN And then his banishment.

IACHIMO Ay, and the approbation[14] of those that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours are wonderfully to extend him, be it but[15] to fortify her judgement, which else an easy battery[16] might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less quality. But how comes it he is to sojourn[17] with you? How creeps acquaintance?

PHILARIO His father and I were soldiers together, to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life.

Enter Posthumus

Here comes the Briton. Let him be so entertained amongst you as suits[20] with gentlemen of your knowing[21] to a stranger of his quality. I beseech you all be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine. How worthy he is I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story[23] him in his own hearing.

FRENCHMAN Sir, we[25] have known together in Orleans.

POSTHUMUS Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which[26] I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

FRENCHMAN Sir, you o’errate my poor kindness, I was glad I did atone my countryman and you: it had been pity you should have been put together, with so mortal a purpose as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

POSTHUMUS By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller, rather shunned to go even with what I heard than in my every action to be guided by others’ experiences: but upon my mended judgement — if I offend not to say it is mended — my quarrel was not altogether slight.

FRENCHMAN Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrament of swords, and by such two that would by all likelihood have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

IACHIMO Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

FRENCHMAN Safely, I think: ’twas a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses. This gentleman at that time vouching — and upon warrant of bloody affirmation — his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant, qualified and less attemptable than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

IACHIMO That lady is not now living; or this gentleman’s opinion, by this, worn out.

POSTHUMUS She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

IACHIMO You must not so far prefer her ’fore ours of Italy.

POSTHUMUS Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing, though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

IACHIMO As fair and as good — a kind of hand-in-hand comparison — had been something too fair and too good for any lady in Britain. If she went before others I have seen as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

POSTHUMUS I praised her as I rated her: so do I my stone.

IACHIMO What do you esteem it at?

POSTHUMUS More than the world enjoys.

IACHIMO Either your unparagoned[58] mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.

POSTHUMUS You are mistaken: the one may be sold or[59] given, or if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift. The other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

IACHIMO Which the gods have given you?

POSTHUMUS Which by their graces I will keep.

IACHIMO You[64] may wear her in title yours: but you know strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring[65] may be stolen too, so your brace of unprizable estimations, the one is but frail[66] and the other casual. A cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

POSTHUMUS Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince[68] the honour of my mistress, if in the holding or loss of that you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you have store[70] of thieves, notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

PHILARIO Let us leave here,[71] gentlemen.

POSTHUMUS Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me, we are familiar at first.[73]

IACHIMO With five times so much conversation, I should get[74] ground of your fair mistress, make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance and opportunity to friend.[76]

POSTHUMUS No, no.

IACHIMO I dare thereupon pawn the moiety[78] of my estate, to your ring, which in my opinion o'ervalues it something:[79] but I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation. And to bar your offence[80] herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

POSTHUMUS You are a great deal abused[82] in too bold a persuasion, and I doubt not you[83] sustain what you're worthy of by your attempt.

IACHIMO What's that?

POSTHUMUS A repulse, though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more: a punishment too.

PHILARIO Gentlemen, enough of this, it came in[87] too suddenly. Let it die as it was born, and I pray you be better acquainted.

IACHIMO Would I had put my estate[89] and my neighbour's on th'approbation of what I have spoke.

POSTHUMUS What lady would you choose to assail?

IACHIMO Yours, whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats[92] to your ring, that commend[93] me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference,[94] and I will bring from thence that honour of hers which you imagine so reserved.[95]

POSTHUMUS I will wage[96] against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger, 'tis part of it.

IACHIMO You are a friend, and therein the wiser:[98] if you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram,[99] you cannot preserve it from tainting. But I see you have some religion in you, that you fear.

POSTHUMUS This is but a custom in your tongue:[101] you bear a graver purpose I hope.

IACHIMO I am the master of my speeches, and would undergo[102] what's spoken, I swear.

POSTHUMUS Will you? I shall but lend my diamond till your return: let there be covenants drawn between's.[105] My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking. I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

PHILARIO I will have[107] it no lay.

IACHIMO By the gods, it is one. If I bring you no sufficient testimony[108] that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours, so is your diamond too. If I come off,[110] and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel and my gold are yours, provided I have your commendation[112] for my more free entertainment.

POSTHUMUS I embrace these conditions, let us have articles betwixt us.[113] Only thus far you shall answer: if you make[114] your voyage upon her and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate. If she remain unseduced, you not making it appear otherwise, for your ill opinion and th'assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

IACHIMO Your hand, a covenant:[119] we will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest[120] the bargain should catch cold and starve: I will fetch my gold and have our two wagers recorded

POSTHUMUS Agreed.

[Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo]

FRENCHMAN Will this hold,[123] think you?

PHILARIO Signior Iachimo will not from it.[124] Pray let us follow ’em.

Exeunt

Act 1 Scene 5[1.5]

running scene 3

Enter Queen, Ladies and Cornelius

QUEEN Whiles[1] yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers.
Make haste. Who has the note[2] of them?

LADY I, madam.

QUEEN Dispatch.[4] *Exeunt Ladies*
Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

CORNELIUS Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam: ***Presents a small box***
But I beseech your grace, without offence[7] —
My conscience bids me ask — wherefore[8] you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,[9]
Which are[10] the movers of a languishing death:
But[11] though slow, deadly?

QUEEN I wonder, doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question: have I not been
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learned[14] me how
To make perfumes? Distil? Preserve?[15] Yea so,
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections?[17] Having thus far proceeded —
Unless thou think'st me devilish — is't not meet[18]
That I did amplify[19] my judgement in
Other conclusions? I will try the forces[20]
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, but none human,
To try the vigour[23] of them, and apply
Allayments[24] to their act, and by them gather
Their several[25] virtues and effects.

CORNELIUS Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.[29]

QUEEN O, content thee.[30]—

Enter Pisanio

Here comes a flattering rascal, upon him ***Aside***
Will I first work: he’s for his master,
And enemy to my son.— How now, Pisanio?—
Doctor, your service for this time is ended,
Take your own way.

CORNELIUS I do suspect you, madam, ***Aside***
But you shall do no harm.

QUEEN Hark thee, a word. ***To Pisanio***

CORNELIUS I do not like her. She doth think she has ***Aside***
Strange[40] ling’ring poisons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damned nature. Those she has
Will stupefy and dull the sense awhile,
Which first, perchance, she’ll prove[44] on cats and dogs,
Then afterward up higher:[45] but there is
No danger in what show[46] of death it makes,
More than the locking-up[47] the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving.[48] She is fooled
With a most false effect: and I the truer
So to be false with her.

QUEEN No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

CORNELIUS I humbly take my leave.

Exit

QUEEN Weeps she still, say’st thou? Dost thou think in time
She will not quench,[55] and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:[56]
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
I’ll tell thee on the instant thou art then
As great as is thy master: greater, for
His fortunes[60] all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp. Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to shift his being[62]
Is to exchange one misery with another,
And every[64] day that comes comes to decay

A day’s work in him. What shalt thou expect
To be depender[66] on a thing that leans?
Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends
So much as but to prop him? ***She drops the box and Pisanio picks it up***
Thou takest up
Thou know’st not what: but take it for thy labour,
It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeemed from death. I do not know
What[73] is more cordial. Nay, I prithee, take it,
It is an earnest[74] of a farther good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her: do’t, as from thyself;[76]
Think what a chance thou changest on, but think[77]
Thou[78] hast thy mistress still, to boot, my son,
Who shall take[79] notice of thee. I’ll move the king
To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou’lt desire: and then myself, I chiefly,
That set[82] thee on to this desert, am bound
To load[83] thy merit richly. Call my women.
Think on my words.—
Exit Pisanio
A sly and constant[84] knave,
Not to be shaked:[85] the agent for his master,
And the remembrancer[86] of her to hold
The handfast[87] to her lord. I have given him that,
Which if he take, shall quite unpeople[88] her
Of liegers[89] for her sweet: and which she after,
Except[90] she bend her humour, shall be assured
To taste of too.—
Enter Pisanio and Ladies **With flowers**
So, so: well done, well done:
The violets, cowslips and the primroses
Bear to my closet.[93]— Fare thee well, Pisanio.
Think on my words.
Exeunt Queen and Ladies
PISANIO And shall do:

But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I’ll choke myself: there’s all I’ll do for you.

Exit

Act 1 Scene 6

running scene 3 continues

Enter Innogen alone

INNOGEN A father cruel and a stepdame[1] false,
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banished:[3] O, that husband,
My supreme crown of grief, and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stol’n,[5]
As my two brothers, happy: but most miserable
Is the desire that’s glorious.[7] Blest be those,
How mean[8] soe’er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons[9] comfort. Who may this be? Fie!

Enter Pisanio and Iachimo

PISANIO Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my lord with letters.

IACHIMO Change you,[12] madam:
The worthy Leonatus is in safety
And greets your highness dearly. ***Presents a letter***

INNOGEN Thanks good sir,
You’re kindly welcome.

IACHIMO All of her that is out of door[17] most rich! ***Aside***
If she be furnished[18] with a mind so rare,
She is alone th’Arabian bird,[19] and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend:
Arm me audacity[21] from head to foot,
Or like the Parthian[22] I shall flying fight,
Rather, directly fly.[23]

INNOGEN *Reads* ‘He is one of the noblest note,[24] to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect[25] upon him accordingly, as you value your trust. Leonatus.’
So far[26] I read aloud.
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warmed by th’rest, and takes it thankfully.
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I

Have words to bid you, and shall find it so
In all that I can do.
IACHIMO Thanks, fairest lady.—
What, are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch[34] and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which[35] can distinguish ’twixt
The fiery orbs[36] above and the twinned stones
Upon th’unnumbered[37] beach, and can we not
Partition[38] make with spectacles so precious
’Twixt fair and foul?
INNOGEN What makes your admiration?[40]
IACHIMO It cannot be i’th’eye: for apes and monkeys,
’Twixt two such shes,[42] would chatter this way and
Contemn[43] with mows the other. Nor i’th’judgement:
For idiots[44] in this case of favour would
Be wisely definite. Nor i’th’appetite:[45]
Sluttery,[46] to such neat excellence opposed,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,[47]
Not so allured[48] to feed.
INNOGEN What is the matter, trow?[49]
IACHIMO The cloyèd[50] will,
That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that tub
Both filled and running,[52] ravening first the lamb,
Longs after for the garbage.[53]
INNOGEN What, dear sir,
Thus raps[55] you? Are you well?
IACHIMO Thanks, madam, well.— Beseech you, sir, ***To Pisanio***
Desire[57] my man’s abode where I did leave him:
He’s strange[58] and peevish.
PISANIO I was going, sir,
To give him welcome.
Exit
INNOGEN Continues well my lord? His health, beseech you?
IACHIMO Well, madam.
INNOGEN Is he disposed to mirth? I hope he is.
IACHIMO Exceeding pleasant: none a stranger there

So merry and so gamesome:[65] he is called
The Briton reveller.
INNOGEN When he was here
He did incline to sadness,[68] and oft-times
Not knowing why.
IACHIMO I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one[71]
An eminent monsieur, that it seems much loves
A Gallian[73] girl at home. He furnaces
The thick sighs from him, whiles the jolly Briton —
Your lord, I mean — laughs from’s free lungs:[75] cries ‘O,
Can my sides hold, to think that man, who knows
By history, report or his own proof,[77]
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be, will’s free hours languish
For assurèd bondage?’
INNOGEN Will my lord say so?
IACHIMO Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter:
It is a recreation to be by
And hear him mock the Frenchman. But, heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.
INNOGEN Not he, I hope.
IACHIMO Not he: but[87] yet heaven’s bounty towards him might
Be used more thankfully. In himself ’tis[88] much;
In you, which I account[89] his, beyond all talents.
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.
INNOGEN What do you pity, sir?
IACHIMO Two creatures heartily.
INNOGEN Am I one, sir?
You look on me: what wreck discern you in me
Deserves your pity?
IACHIMO Lamentable! What,
To hide me[98] from the radiant sun, and solace
I’th’dungeon by a snuff?[99]
INNOGEN I pray you, sir,

Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?
IACHIMO That others do —
I was about to say, enjoy[104] your — but
It is an office[105] of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.
INNOGEN You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me; pray you,
Since doubting[109] things go ill often hurts more
Than to be sure they do — for certainties
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,[111]
The remedy then born[112] — discover to me
What both you spur and stop.
LACHIMO Had[114] I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon: this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's[116] soul
To th'oath of loyalty: this object,[117] which
Takes[118] prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Firing[119] it only here: should I, damned then,
Slaver[120] with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol: join grips with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood[122] — falsehood, as
With labour — then by-peeping[123] in an eye
Base and illustrous[124] as the smoky light
That's fed with[125] stinking tallow: it were fit
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.[127]
INNOGEN My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.
IACHIMO And himself. Not[130] I
Inclined to this intelligence pronounce
The beggary of his change: but 'tis your graces
That from my mutest conscience to my tongue
Charms this report out.
INNOGEN Let me hear no more.
IACHIMO O dearest soul: your cause doth strike my heart

With pity that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fastened to an empery[138]
Would[139] make the great'st king double, to be partnered
With tomboys[140] hired with that self-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield: with diseased ventures[141]
That play[142] with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature: such boiled stuff[143]
As well might poison poison. Be revenged,
Or she that bore you was no queen, and you
Recoil[146] from your great stock.

INNOGEN Revenged?
How should I be revenged? If this be true —
As I have such a heart that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse — if it be true,
How should I be revenged?

IACHIMO Should he make me
Live like Diana's priest,[153] betwixt cold sheets,
Whiles he is vaulting[154] variable ramps,
In your despite,[155] upon your purse — revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
More noble than that runagate[157] to your bed,
And will continue fast[158] to your affection,
Still close as sure.

INNOGEN What ho, Pisanio! ***Calls***

IACHIMO Let[161] me my service tender on your lips.

INNOGEN Away, I do condemn mine ears that have
So long attended[163] thee. If thou wert honourable
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st, as base as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman who is as far
From thy report as thou from honour, and
Solicit'st here a lady that disdains
Thee and the devil alike.— What ho, Pisanio!
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,
A saucy[172] stranger in his court to mart

As in a Romish stew,[173] and to expound
His beastly mind to us,[174] he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter who
He not respects at all.— What ho, Pisanio!
IACHIMO O happy Leonatus I may say,
The credit[178] that thy lady hath of thee
Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness
Her assured credit. Blessèd live you long,
A lady to the worthiest sir that ever
Country called his; and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit. Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this to know if your affiance[184]
Were deeply rooted, and shall make your lord
That which he is new o’er:[186] and he is one
The truest mannered,[187] such a holy witch
That he enchants societies into him:
Half all men’s hearts are his.
INNOGEN You make amends.
IACHIMO He sits ’mongst men like a descended god;
He hath a kind of honour sets him off
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventured
To try your taking[195] of a false report, which hath
Honoured with confirmation your great judgement
In[197] the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know cannot err. The love I bear him
Made me to fan[199] you thus, but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless.[200] Pray your pardon.
INNOGEN All’s well, sir: take my power i’th’court for yours.
IACHIMO My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
T’entreat your grace but[203] in a small request,
And yet of moment[204] too, for it concerns
Your lord: myself and other noble friends
Are partners in the business.
INNOGEN Pray what is’t?
IACHIMO Some dozen Romans of us and your lord —

The best[209] feather of our wing — have mingled sums
To buy a present for the emperor:
Which I, the factor[211] for the rest, have done
In France: ’tis plate[212] of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form, their value’s great,
And I am something curious,[214] being strange,
To have them in safe stowage: may it please you
To take them in protection?

INNOGEN Willingly:
And pawn[218] mine honour for their safety, since
My lord hath interest[219] in them. I will keep them
In my bedchamber.

IACHIMO They are in a trunk
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night:
I must aboard tomorrow.

INNOGEN O, no, no.

IACHIMO Yes, I beseech: or I shall short[226] my word
By length’ning my return. From Gallia[227]
I crossed the seas on purpose and on promise
To see your grace.

INNOGEN I thank you for your pains:
But not away tomorrow.

IACHIMO O, I must, madam.
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do’t tonight.
I have outstood[235] my time, which is material
To th’tender[236] of our present.

INNOGEN I will write:
Send your trunk to me, it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you. You’re very welcome.

Exeunt

Act 2 Scene 1

running scene 4

Enter Cloten and the two Lords

CLOTEN Was there ever man had such luck? When I kissed the jack[1] upon an upcast, to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on't: and then a whoreson jackanapes[2] must take me up[3] for swearing, as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend[4] them at my pleasure.

FIRST LORD What got he by that? You have broke his pate[5] with your bowl.

SECOND LORD ***Aside*** If[6] his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out.

CLOTEN When a gentleman[7] is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail[8] his oaths. Ha?

SECOND LORD No my lord.— ***Aside*** Nor crop the ears of them.

CLOTEN Whoreson dog! I give him satisfaction? Would he had been one of my rank.[10]

SECOND LORD ***Aside*** To have smelled like a fool.

CLOTEN I am not vexed more at anything in th'earth: a pox on't![12] I had rather not be so[13] noble as I am: they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother: every jack-slave[14] hath his bellyful of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock[15] that nobody can match.

SECOND LORD ***Aside*** You are cock and capon[16] too, and you crow, cock, with your comb on.

CLOTEN Sayest thou?[17]

SECOND LORD It is not fit your lordship should undertake[18] every companion that you give offence to.

CLOTEN No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit offence[20] to my inferiors.

SECOND LORD Ay, it is fit[21] for your lordship only.

CLOTEN Why, so I say.

FIRST LORD Did you hear of a stranger that's come to court tonight?

CLOTEN A stranger, and I not know on't?

SECOND LORD *Aside* He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

FIRST LORD There's an Italian come, and 'tis thought one of Leonatus' friends.

CLOTEN Leonatus? A banished rascal; and he's another, whatsoever[27] he be. Who told you of this stranger?

FIRST LORD One of your lordship's pages.

CLOTEN Is it fit I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation[30] in't?

SECOND LORD You cannot derogate,[31] my lord.

CLOTEN Not easily, I think.

SECOND LORD *Aside* You are a fool granted, therefore your issues,[33] being foolish, do not derogate.

CLOTEN Come, I'll go see this Italian: what I have lost today at bowls I'll win tonight of him. Come, go.

SECOND LORD I'll attend your lordship.—

Exeunt [Cloten and First Lord]

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass: a woman that
Bears all down[40] with her brain, and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty, for his heart,[41]
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Innogen, what thou endur'st,
Betwixt[44] a father by thy stepdame governed,
A mother[45] hourly coining plots, a wooer
More hateful than the foul expulsion[46] is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make![48] The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour, keep unshaked
That temple, thy fair mind, that thou mayst stand,
T'enjoy thy banished lord and this great land.

Exit

Act 2 Scene 2

running scene 5

Enter Innogen in her bed, and a Lady ***A trunk is brought in***

INNOGEN Who’s there? My woman Helen?

LADY Please you, madam.

INNOGEN What hour is it?

LADY Almost midnight, madam.

INNOGEN I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak.[5]
Fold down the leaf[6] where I have left: to bed. ***Gives her the book***
Take not away the taper,[7] leave it burning:
And if thou canst awake by four o’th’clock,
I prithee call me.— Sleep hath seized me wholly.

[Exit Lady]

To your protection I commend me, gods,
From fairies[11] and the tempters of the night.
Guard me, beseech ye.

Sleeps

Iachimo from the trunk

IACHIMO The crickets sing,[13] and man’s o’er-laboured sense
Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin[14] thus
Did softly press the rushes,[15] ere he wakened
The chastity he wounded. Cytherea,[16]
How bravely thou becom’st[17] thy bed; fresh lily,
And whiter than the sheets: that I might touch,
But kiss, one kiss! Rubies[19] unparagoned,
How dearly[20] they do’t! ’Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o’th’taper
Bows toward her, and would underpeep her lids[22]
To see th’enclosèd lights,[23] now canopied
Under these windows,[24] white and azure laced
With blue of heaven’s own tinct.[25] But my design:
To note the chamber. I will write all down.
Such and such pictures, there the window, such ***Writes***
Th’adornment[28] of her bed; the arras, figures,

Why, such and such: and the contents[29] o'th'story.
Ah, but some natural notes[30] about her body,
Above[31] ten thousand meaner movables
Would testify[32] t'enrich mine inventory.
O sleep, thou ape[33] of death, lie dull upon her,
And be her sense[34] but as a monument
Thus in a chapel lying. Come off, come off; ***Takes off her bracelet***
As slippery as the Gordian knot[36] was hard.
'Tis mine, and this will witness outwardly,[37]
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To th'madding[39] of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted:[40] like the crimson drops
I'th'bottom of a cowslip.[41] Here's a voucher
Stronger than ever law could make; this secret[42]
Will force him think I have picked[43] the lock and ta'en
The treasure of her honour. No more: to what end?
Why should I write this down that's riveted,
Screwed to my memory? She hath been reading late,
The tale of Tereus.[47] Here the leaf's turned down
Where Philomel gave up.[48] I have enough.
To th'trunk again, and shut the spring[49] of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons[50] of the night, that dawning
May bare the raven's eye! I lodge in fear:
Though this[52] a heavenly angel, hell is here.

Clock strikes

One, two, three: time, time!

Exit [into the trunk]

Bed and trunk removed

Act 2 Scene 3

running scene 5 continues

Enter Cloten and Lords

FIRST LORD Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest[1] that ever turned up ace.[2]

CLOTEN It would make any man cold[3] to lose.

FIRST LORD But not every man patient after[4] the noble temper of your lordship. You are most hot and furious when you win.

CLOTEN Winning will put any man into courage. If I could get this foolish Innogen, I should have gold enough. It's almost morning, is't not?

FIRST LORD Day, my lord.

CLOTEN I would this music would come: I am advised to give her music o' mornings, they say it will penetrate.[10]—

Enter Musicians

Come on, tune: if you can penetrate her with your fingering,[11] so: we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain:[12] but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing;[13] after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it, and then let her consider.

Song ***Sung by either Cloten or a Musician***

Hark, hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus[16] 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs[17]
On chaliced[18] flowers that lies:
And winking[19] Mary-buds begin to ope their golden eyes
With everything that pretty is, my lady sweet, arise:
Arise, arise.

CLOTEN So, get you gone: if this penetrate, I will consider your music the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears which horsehairs[23] and calves' guts, nor the voice of unpaved[24] eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[Exeunt Musicians]

Enter Cymbeline and Queen

SECOND LORD Here comes the king.

CLOTEN I am glad I was up so late, for that's the reason I was up so early: he cannot choose but take this service I have done fatherly.[27]— Good morrow to your majesty and to my gracious mother.

CYMBELINE Attend you here[29] the door of our stern daughter?
Will she not forth?

CLOTEN I have assailed her with musics, but she vouchsafes[31] no notice.

CYMBELINE The exile of her minion[32] is too new,
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time
Must wear[34] the print of his remembrance on't,
And then she's yours.

QUEEN You are most bound[36] to th'king,
Who lets go by no vantages[37] that may
Prefer[38] you to his daughter: frame yourself
To orderly solicits, and be[39] friended
With aptness of the season: make denials[40]
Increase your services: so seem, as if
You were inspired to do those duties which
You tender to her: that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismission[44] tends,
And therein you are senseless.[45]

CLOTEN Senseless? Not so.

[Enter a Messenger]

MESSENGER So like you,[47] sir, ambassadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius.

CYMBELINE A worthy fellow,
Albeit[50] he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: we must receive[51] him
According to the honour of his sender,[52]
And towards himself, his goodness forspent[53] on us,
We must extend our notice.[54] Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen and us. We shall have need
T'employ you towards this Roman.— Come, our queen.

Exeunt [all but Cloten]

CLOTEN If she be up, I'll speak with her: if not,
Let her lie still and dream.— By your leave, ho!— ***Knocks***
I know her women are about her: what
If I do line[61] one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance — oft it doth — yea, and makes
Diana's rangers[63] false themselves, yield up
Their deer to th'stand o'th'stealer:[64] and 'tis gold
Which makes the true[65] man killed and saves the thief:
Nay, sometime hangs both thief and true man: what
Can it not do and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me,[68] for
I yet not[69] understand the case myself.—

Knocks

By your leave.

Enter a Lady

LADY Who's there that knocks?

CLOTEN A gentleman.

LADY No more?

CLOTEN Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

LADY That's[75] more
Than some whose tailors are as dear as yours
Can justly boast of: what's your lordship's pleasure?

CLOTEN Your lady's person: is she ready?

LADY Ay,
To keep[80] her chamber.

CLOTEN There is gold for you, ***Gives money***
Sell[82] me your good report.

LADY How, my good name? Or to report of you
What I shall think is good? The princess.

Enter Innogen

CLOTEN Good morrow, fairest: sister,[85] your sweet hand.

[Exit Lady]

INNOGEN Good morrow, sir. You lay out[86] too much pains
For purchasing but[87] trouble: the thanks I give
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,

And scarce can spare them.
CLOTEN Still I swear I love you.
INNOGEN If you but said so, ’twere as deep[91] with me:
If you swear still,[92] your recompense is still
That I regard it not.
CLOTEN This is no answer.
INNOGEN But[95] that you shall not say I yield being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you spare me: faith,
I shall unfold[97] equal discourtesy
To your best kindness: one of your great knowing[98]
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.
CLOTEN To leave you in your madness, ’twere my sin:
I will not.
INNOGEN Fools cure not mad folks.
CLOTEN Do you call me fool?
INNOGEN As I am mad, I do:
If you’ll be patient, I’ll no more be mad.
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me[107] to forget a lady’s manners
By being so verbal:[108] and learn now, for all,
That I, which[109] know my heart, do here pronounce
By th’very truth of it, I care not for you,
And am so near the lack of charity
To accuse myself I hate you, which I had rather
You felt than make’t my boast.[113]
CLOTEN You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend[116] with that base wretch,
One bred of alms[117] and fostered with cold dishes,
With scraps o’th’court, it is no contract, none:
And though it be allowed in meaner parties[119] —
Yet who than he more mean? — to knit their souls,
On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary, in self-figured knot,[122]
Yet you are curbed[123] from that enlargement by
The consequence o’th’crown,[124] and must not foil

The precious note[125] of it with a base slave,
A hilding[126] for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler;[127] not so eminent.
INNOGEN Profane fellow,
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert[130] too base
To be his groom:[131] thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative[133] for your virtues, to be styled
The under-hangman[134] of his kingdom, and hated
For[135] being preferred so well.
CLOTEN The south-fog[136] rot him!
INNOGEN He never can meet more mischance than come
To be but named of thee.[138] His meanest garment
That ever hath but clipped[139] his body is dearer
In my respect than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men.[141]— How now, Pisanio?
Enter Pisanio
CLOTEN His garment? Now the devil—
INNOGEN To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently. ***To Pisanio***
CLOTEN His garment?
INNOGEN I am sprited[145] with a fool,
Frighted and angered worse: go bid my woman
Search for a jewel that too casually
Hath left mine arm: it was thy master's. 'Shrew[148] me
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think
I saw't this morning: confident I am.
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kissed it.
I hope it be not gone to tell my lord
That I kiss aught[154] but he.
PISANIO 'Twill not be lost.
INNOGEN I hope so: go and search.
[Exit Pisanio]
CLOTEN You have abused me:
His meanest garment?

INNOGEN Ay, I said so, sir:
If you will make't an action,[160] call witness to't.
CLOTEN I will inform your father.
INNOGEN Your mother too:
She's my good lady, and will conceive,[163] I hope,
But the worst of me. So, I leave you, sir,
To th'worst of discontent.
Exit
CLOTEN I'll be revenged:
His meanest garment? Well.
Exit

Act 2 Scene 4[2.4]

running scene 6

Enter Posthumus and Philario

POSTHUMUS Fear it not, sir: I would I were so sure
To win[2] the king as I am bold her honour
Will remain hers.

PHILARIO What means[4] do you make to him?

POSTHUMUS Not any: but abide the change of time,
Quake in the present winter's state[6] and wish
That warmer days would come: in these seared[7] hopes
I barely gratify[8] your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

PHILARIO Your very goodness and your company
O'erpays all I can do. By this[11] your king
Hath heard of[12] great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do's commission throughly.[13] And I think
He'll[14] grant the tribute: send th'arrearages,
Or look upon[15] our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet[16] fresh in their grief.

POSTHUMUS I do believe —
Statist[18] though I am none, nor like to be —
That this will prove[19] a war; and you shall hear
The legions now in Gallia sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more ordered[23] than when Julius Caesar
Smiled at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning[25] at. Their discipline,
Now mingled with their courages, will make known
To their approvers[27] they are people such
That mend upon the world.

Enter Iachimo

PHILARIO See Iachimo.

POSTHUMUS The swiftest harts[30] have posted you by land,

And winds of[31] all the corners kissed your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.
PHILARIO Welcome, sir.
POSTHUMUS I hope the briefness of your answer[34] made
The speediness of your return.
IACHIMO Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have looked upon—
POSTHUMUS And therewithal[38] the best, or let her beauty
Look through a casement[39] to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.
IACHIMO Here are letters for you. ***Gives letters***
POSTHUMUS Their tenor[42] good, I trust.
IACHIMO ’Tis very like.[43]
PHILARIO Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court
When you were there?
IACHIMO He was expected then,
But not approached.[47]
POSTHUMUS All is well yet.
Sparkles[49] this stone as it was wont, or is’t not ***Shows the ring***
Too dull for your good wearing?
IACHIMO If I had lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I’ll make a journey twice as far t’enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness which
Was mine in Britain, for the ring is won.
POSTHUMUS The stone’s too hard to come by.
IACHIMO Not a whit,[57]
Your lady being so easy.
POSTHUMUS Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport:[60] I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.
IACHIMO Good sir, we must
If you keep covenant.[63] Had I not brought
The knowledge[64] of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further,[65] but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,

Together with your ring, and not the wronger
Of her or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.[69]
POSTHUMUS If you can make't apparent
That you have tasted[71] her in bed, my hand
And ring is yours. If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour gains[73] or loses
Your sword or mine, or[74] masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.
IACHIMO Sir, my circumstances,[76]
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath, which I doubt not
You'll give me leave to spare,[80] when you shall find
You need it not.
POSTHUMUS Proceed.
IACHIMO First, her bedchamber —
Where I confess I slept not, but profess
Had that was well worth watching[85] — it was hanged
With tapestry of silk and silver,[86] the story
Proud Cleopatra when she met her Roman
And Cydnus[88] swelled above the banks, or for
The press[89] of boats, or pride. A piece of work
So bravely[90] done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value, which I wondered
Could be so rarely[92] and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was—
POSTHUMUS This is true:
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.
IACHIMO More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.
POSTHUMUS So they must,
Or do your honour injury.
IACHIMO The chimney
Is south the chamber, and the chimney-piece[102]

Chaste Dian bathing:[103] never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves;[104] the cutter
Was as another nature dumb, outwent her,[105]
Motion[106] and breath left out.

POSTHUMUS This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewise reap,[108]
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

IACHIMO The roof o'th'chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted.[111] Her andirons —
I had forgot them — were two winking[112] Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely[113]
Depending[114] on their brands.

POSTHUMUS This is her honour!
Let it be granted you have seen all this — and praise
Be given to your remembrance[117] — the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves[118]
The wager you have laid.

IACHIMO Then if you can ***Shows the bracelet***
Be pale, I beg but leave[121] to air this jewel: see,
And now 'tis up[122] again: it must be married
To that your diamond, I'll keep them.

POSTHUMUS Jove!
Once more let me behold it: is it that
Which I left with her?

IACHIMO Sir — I thank her — that.
She stripped it from her arm: I[128] see her yet:
Her pretty action did outsell[129] her gift,
And yet enriched it too: she gave it me, and said
She prized[131] it once.

POSTHUMUS Maybe she plucked it off
To send it me.

IACHIMO She writes so to you, doth she?

POSTHUMUS O no, no, no, 'tis true. Here, take this too, ***Gives the ring***
It is a basilisk[136] unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't. Let there be no honour
Where there is beauty: truth, where semblance:[138] love,

Where there's another man. The vows of women
Of no more bondage[140] be to where they are made
Than they are to their virtues, which is nothing.
O, above measure false!
PHILARIO Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again, 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable[145] she lost it: or
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,[146]
Hath stol'n it from her?
POSTHUMUS Very true,
And so[149] I hope he came by't. Back my ring, ***Takes back the ring***
Render to me some corporal sign[150] about her
More evident[151] than this: for this was stol'n.
IACHIMO By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.
POSTHUMUS Hark you, he swears: by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true, nay, keep the ring, 'tis true: I am sure
She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn[156] and honourable: they induced to steal it?
And by a stranger? No, he hath enjoyed her:[157]
The cognizance[158] of her incontinency
Is this: she[159] hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.
There, take thy hire,[160] and all the fiends of hell ***Gives the ring again***
Divide themselves between you![161]
PHILARIO Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be believed
Of one persuaded[164] well of.
POSTHUMUS Never talk on't:
She hath been colted[166] by him.
IACHIMO If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast —
Worthy the pressing — lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging. By my life,
I kissed it, and it gave me present[171] hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain[173] upon her?
POSTHUMUS Ay, and it doth confirm

Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

IACHIMO Will you hear more?

POSTHUMUS Spare your arithmetic, never count the turns:[178]
Once,[179] and a million!

IACHIMO I'll be sworn.

POSTHUMUS No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie,
And I will kill thee if thou dost deny
Thou'st[184] made me cuckold.

IACHIMO I'll deny nothing.

POSTHUMUS O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal![186]
I will go there and do't, i'th'court, before
Her father. I'll do something.

Exit

PHILARIO Quite besides[189]
The government[190] of patience. You have won:
Let's follow him and pervert[191] the present wrath
He hath against himself.

IACHIMO With all my heart.

Exeunt

Enter Posthumus

POSTHUMUS Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers?[195] We are all bastards,
And that most venerable[196] man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamped.[198] Some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seemed
The Dian of that time: so doth my wife
The nonpareil[201] of this. O, vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure[202] she restrained,
And prayed[203] me oft forbearance: did it with
A pudency[204] so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warmed old Saturn,[205] that I thought her
As chaste as unsunned snow. O, all the devils!
This yellow[207] Iachimo in an hour — wast not? —

Or less — at first?[208] Perchance he spoke not, but
Like a full-acorned boar,[209] a German one,
Cried ‘O!’ and mounted; found no opposition
But what he looked for[211] should oppose, and she
Should from encounter[212] guard. Could I find out
The woman’s part[213] in me — for there’s no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman’s part: be it lying, note it,
The woman’s: flattering, hers: deceiving, hers:
Lust and rank[217] thoughts, hers, hers: revenges, hers:
Ambitions, covetings,[218] change of prides, disdain,
Nice longing,[219] slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be named, nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part or all: but rather all,
For even to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still[223]
One vice, but of[224] a minute old, for one
Not half so[225] old as that. I’ll write against them,
Detest them, curse them: yet ’tis greater skill[226]
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:[227]
The very devils cannot plague them better.

Exit

Act 3 Scene 1[3.1]

running scene 7

Enter in state Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten and Lords at one door, and at another, Caius Lucius and Attendants

CYMBELINE Now say, what would Augustus Caesar with us?
LUCIUS When Julius Caesar — whose remembrance[2] yet
Lives in men’s eyes and will to ears and tongues
Be theme[4] and hearing ever — was in this Britain
And conquered it, Cassibelan, thine uncle —
Famous[6] in Caesar’s praises no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it — for[7] him,
And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds,[9] which by thee lately
Is left untendered.[10]
QUEEN And to kill the marvel,[11]
Shall be so ever.
CLOTEN There be[13] many Caesars
Ere such another Julius: Britain’s
A world by itself, and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.
QUEEN That opportunity
Which then they had to take from’s,[18] to resume
We have again. Remember, sir, my liege,[19]
The kings your ancestors, together with
The natural bravery[21] of your isle, which stands
As Neptune’s[22] park, ribbed and paled in
With oaks unscalable and roaring waters,
With sands that will not bear[24] your enemies’ boats,
But suck[25] them up to th’topmast. A kind of conquest
Caesar made here, but made not here his brag
Of ‘came,[27] and saw, and overcame’: with shame —
The first that ever touched him — he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten: and his shipping —
Poor ignorant baubles[30] — on our terrible seas

Like eggshells moved upon their surges, cracked
As easily gainst our rocks. For joy whereof
The famed Cassibelan, who was once at point[33] —
O giglot[34] fortune! — to master Caesar's sword,
Made Lud's town[35] with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons strut with courage.

CLOTEN Come, there's no more tribute to be paid: our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time, and, as I said, there is no more such Caesars. Other of them may have crooked[39] noses, but to owe such straight arms, none.

CYMBELINE Son, let your mother end.

CLOTEN We have yet many among us can grip[41] as hard as Cassibelan: I do not say I am one, but I have a hand. Why tribute? Why should we pay tribute? If Caesar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light: else,[44] sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

CYMBELINE You must know, ***To Lucius***
Till the injurious[46] Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free. Caesar's ambition,
Which swelled so much that it did almost stretch
The sides o'th'world, against all colour[49] here
Did put the yoke upon's; which to shake off
Becomes[51] a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be. We do say then to Caesar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius[53] which
Ordained our laws, whose use[54] the sword of Caesar
Hath too much mangled, whose repair[55] and franchise
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius made our laws
Who was the first of Britain which did put
His brows within a golden crown and called
Himself a king.

LUCIUS I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Caesar —
Caesar, that hath more kings his servants than
Thyself domestic officers — thine enemy:

Receive it from me, then. War and confusion[65]
In Caesar's name pronounce[66] I gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted. Thus defied,[67]
I thank thee for myself.

CYMBELINE Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Caesar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him: of him I gathered honour,
Which he to seek of me again, perforce,[72]
Behoves[73] me keep at utterance. I am perfect
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians[74] for
Their liberties are now in arms, a precedent[75]
Which not to read[76] would show the Britons cold:
So Caesar shall not find them.

LUCIUS Let proof speak.[78]

CLOTEN His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime[79] with us a day or two, or longer: if you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our saltwater girdle:[80] if you beat us out of it, it is yours: if you fall in the adventure,[81] our crows shall fare the better for you: and there's an end.

LUCIUS So,[83] sir.

CYMBELINE I know your master's pleasure,[84] and he mine:
All the remain[85] is 'Welcome'.

Exeunt

Act 3 Scene 2

running scene 7 continues

Enter Pisanio, reading of a letter

PISANIO How?[1] Of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monster's her accuser? Leonatus,
O master, what a strange infection
Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian,
As[5] poisonous-tongued as handed, hath prevailed
On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal? No.
She's punished for her truth,[7] and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in[9] some virtue. O my master,
Thy mind to her is now as low as were
Thy fortunes. How? That I should murder her,
Upon[12] the love and truth and vows which I
Have made to thy command? I, her? Her blood?
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity
So much as this fact[17] comes to? 'Do't: the letter ***Reads***
That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity.' O damned paper,
Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble,[20]
Art thou a fedary[21] for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.

Enter Innogen

I am ignorant in[23] what I am commanded.

INNOGEN How now, Pisanio?

PISANIO Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

INNOGEN Who, thy lord? That is my lord, Leonatus!
O, learned indeed were that astronomer[27]
That knew the stars as I his characters[28] —
He'd lay the future open. You good gods,
Let what is here contained relish[30] of love,

Of my lord’s health, of his content: yet not[31]
That we two are asunder, let that grieve him;
Some griefs are med’cinable,[33] that is one of them,
For it doth physic love:[34] of his content,
All but in that. Good wax,[35] thy leave: blest be ***Opens the seal***
You bees that make these locks of counsel![36] Lovers
And men in dangerous bonds pray not alike:
Though forfeiters[38] you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid’s[39] tables. Good news, gods!

Reads ‘Justice and your father’s wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew[41] me with your eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria,[42] at Milford Haven: what your own love will out of this advise you, follow. So he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your increasing in love, Leonatus Posthumus.’

O, for a horse with wings! Hear’st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford Haven: read, and tell me
How far ’tis thither. If one of mean affairs[47]
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? Then, true Pisanio,
Who long’st like me to see thy lord; who long’st —
O, let me bate[51] — but not like me: yet long’st
But in a fainter kind.[52] O, not like me,
For mine’s[53] beyond, beyond: say, and speak thick —
Love’s counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,[54]
To th’smothering[55] of the sense — how far it is
To this same blessèd Milford. And by th’way[56]
Tell me how Wales was made so happy as
T’inherit such a haven. But first of all,
How we may steal[59] from hence: and for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going
And our return, to excuse:[61] but first, how get hence.
Why[62] should excuse be born or e’er begot?
We’ll talk of that hereafter. Prithee, speak,
How many score[64] of miles may we well ride

’Twixt[65] hour and hour?
PISANIO One score ’twixt[66] sun and sun,
Madam, ’s enough for you: and too much too.
INNOGEN Why, one that rode to’s execution, man,
Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding wagers,[69]
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i’th’clock’s behalf.[71] But this is foolery:
Go, bid my woman feign[72] a sickness, say
She’ll home[73] to her father; and provide me presently
A riding-suit, no costlier than would fit[74]
A franklin’s[75] housewife.
PISANIO Madam, you’re best[76] consider.
INNOGEN I see before me,[77] man: nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues,[78] but have a fog in them
That I cannot look through. Away, I prithee,
Do as I bid thee: there’s no more to say:
Accessible is none[81] but Milford way.
Exeunt

Act 3 Scene 3[3.3]

running scene 8

Enter Belarius, Guiderius and Arviragus **From their cave**

BELARIUS A goodly day not to keep house[1] with such
Whose roof's as low as ours. Stoop, boys: this gate[2]
Instructs[3] you how t'adore the heavens, and bows you
To a morning's holy office.[4] The gates of monarchs
Are arched so high that giants may jet[5] through
And keep their impious turbans[6] on, without
Good morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house[8] i'th'rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers[9] do.

GUIDERIUS Hail, heaven!

ARVIRAGUS Hail, heaven!

BELARIUS Now for our mountain sport. Up to yond hill,
Your legs are young: I'll tread these flats.[13] Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place[15] which lessens and sets off,
And you may then revolve[16] what tales I have told you
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks[17] in war.
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allowed.[19] To apprehend thus
Draws us a profit from all things we see:
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded[22] beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-winged eagle. O, this life
Is nobler than attending[24] for a check,
Richer than doing nothing for a robe,[25]
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such[27] gain the cap of him that makes 'em fine,
Yet[28] keeps his book uncrossed: no life to ours.

GUIDERIUS Out of your proof[29] you speak: we poor unfledged
Have never winged from view o'th'nest, nor know not
What air's from home.[31] Haply this life is best,

If quiet life be best: sweeter to you
That have a sharper known, well corresponding
With your stiff[34] age; but unto us it is
A cell of ignorance, travelling abed,[35]
A prison for a debtor that not dares
To stride a limit.[37]

ARVIRAGUS What should we speak of
When we are old as you? When we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching[41] cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:
We are beastly:[43] subtle as the fox for prey,
Like[44] warlike as the wolf for what we eat:
Our valour is to chase what flies:[45] our cage
We make a choir, as doth the prisoned bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

BELARIUS How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries,[49]
And felt them knowingly:[50] the art o'th'court,
As hard to leave as keep,[51] whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slipp'ry that
The fear's as bad as falling: the toil o'th'war,
A pain[54] that only seems to seek out danger
I'th'name of fame and honour, which dies i'th'search,
And hath as oft[56] a sland'rous epitaph
As record[57] of fair act. Nay, many times
Doth ill deserve[58] by doing well: what's worse,
Must curtsy[59] at the censure. O boys, this story
The world may read in me: my body's marked
With Roman swords, and my report[61] was once
First with the best of note.[62] Cymbeline loved me,
And when a soldier was the theme,[63] my name
Was not far off: then was I as[64] a tree
Whose boughs did bend with fruit. But in one night,
A storm, or robbery — call it what you will —
Shook down my mellow hangings,[67] nay, my leaves,

And left me bare to weather.[68]
GUIDERIUS Uncertain favour![69]
BELARIUS My fault being nothing — as I have told you oft —
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevailed
Before my perfect[72] honour, swore to Cymbeline
I was confederate with the Romans: so
Followed my banishment, and this[74] twenty years
This rock and these demesnes[75] have been my world
Where I have lived at[76] honest freedom, paid
More pious debts to heaven than in all
The fore-end[78] of my time. But up to th'mountains!
This is not hunters' language. He that strikes
The venison[80] first shall be the lord o'th'feast,
To him the other two shall minister,[81]
And we will fear no poison, which attends[82]
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valleys.
Exeunt [Guid. and Arv.]
How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature![84]
These boys know little they are sons to th'king,
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think they are mine, and though trained[87] up thus meanly
I'th'cave wherein they bow,[88] their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces and nature prompts them
In simple and low things to prince it[90] much
Beyond the trick[91] of others. This Polydore,
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, who
The king his father called Guiderius — Jove!
When on my three-foot[94] stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say[96] 'Thus mine enemy fell,
And thus I set my foot on's neck', even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves,[99] and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
Once Arviragus, in[101] as like a figure
Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more[102]

His own conceiving.[103] Hark, the game is roused! ***A horn sounds***
O Cymbeline, heaven and my conscience knows
Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,[105]
At three and two years old, I stole these babes,
Thinking to bar[107] thee of succession, as
Thou reft’st[108] me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse,[109] they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to her[110] grave:
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan called,
They take for natural father. The game is up.

Exit

Act 3 Scene 4[3.4]

running scene 9

Enter Pisanio and Innogen ***Innogen in a riding suit***

INNOGEN Thou told'st me when we came from horse[1] the place
Was near at hand: ne'er[2] longed my mother so
To see me first as I have now. Pisanio, man,
Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From th'inward of thee? One but painted thus[6]
Would be interpreted a thing perplexed[7]
Beyond self-explication.[8] Put thyself
Into a 'haviour of less fear, ere[9] wildness
Vanquish my staider[10] senses. What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou[11] that paper to me with
A look untender? If't be summer[12] news,
Smile to't before:[13] if winterly, thou need'st
But[14] keep that count'nance still. My husband's hand?
That drug-damned Italy[15] hath out-craftied him,
And he's at some hard point.[16] Speak, man, thy tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal[18] to me.

PISANIO Please you read,
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdained of fortune.

INNOGEN *Reads* 'Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed: the testimonies[23] whereof lies bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises, but from proof as strong as my grief,[24] and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted[25] with the breach of hers; let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunity at Milford Haven. She hath my letter for the purpose: where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pander[28] to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.'

PISANIO What[30] shall I need to draw my sword? The paper ***Aside***

Hath cut her throat already. No, ’tis slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
Outvenoms[33] all the worms of Nile, whose breath
Rides on the posting winds,[34] and doth belie
All corners of the world. Kings, queens and states,[35]
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters. What cheer, madam?
INNOGEN False to his bed? What is it to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep ’twixt[40] clock and clock? If sleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? That’s false to’s bed, is it?
PISANIO Alas, good lady.
INNOGEN I false? Thy conscience witness:[44] Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency.[45]
Thou then looked’st like a villain: now methinks
Thy favour’s[47] good enough. Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting,[48] hath betrayed him:
Poor I am stale,[49] a garment out of fashion,
And for I am richer[50] than to hang by th’walls,
I must be ripped:[51] to pieces with me! O,
Men’s vows are women’s traitors. All good seeming,[52]
By thy revolt,[53] O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villainy; not born where’t grows,[54]
But worn[55] a bait for ladies.
PISANIO Good madam, hear me.
INNOGEN True honest men being heard like[57] false Aeneas
Were in his time thought false: and Sinon’s[58] weeping
Did scandal[59] many a holy tear, took pity
From most true wretchedness. So thou, Posthumus,
Wilt lay the leaven[61] on all proper men;
Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjured
From thy great fail.[63]— Come, fellow, be thou honest, ***To Pisanio***
Do thou thy master’s bidding. When thou see’st him,
A little witness[65] my obedience. Look,
I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit ***Draws sword and gives it to Pisanio***

The innocent mansion[67] of my love, my heart.
Fear not, ’tis empty of all things but grief:
Thy master is not there, who was indeed
The riches of it. Do his bidding, strike.
Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause,
But now thou seem’st a coward.
PISANIO Hence, vile instrument,[73] ***Throws away sword***
Thou shalt not damn my hand!
INNOGEN Why, I must die:
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master’s. Against self-slaughter[77]
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens[79] my weak hand. Come, here’s my heart:
Something’s afore’t:[80] soft, soft, we’ll no defence,
Obedient[81] as the scabbard. What is here? ***Takes letters from her bosom***
The scriptures[82] of the loyal Leonatus,
All turned to heresy? Away, away, ***Throws letters away***
Corrupters of my faith,[84] you shall no more
Be stomachers[85] to my heart! Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: though those that are betrayed
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands[88] in worse case of woe. And thou, Posthumus,
That didst set up[89] my disobedience gainst the king
My father, and make me put into contempt the suits[90]
Of princely[91] fellows, shalt hereafter find
It[92] is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself
To think, when thou shalt be disedged[94] by her
That now thou tirest[95] on, how thy memory
Will then be panged[96] by me. Prithee dispatch,
The lamb entreats the butcher. Where’s thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master’s bidding
When I desire it too.
PISANIO O gracious lady:
Since I received command to do this business
I have not slept one wink.

INNOGEN Do’t, and to bed then.
PISANIO I’ll wake[104] mine eyeballs out first.
INNOGEN Wherefore then
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abused[106]
So many miles with a pretence? This place?
Mine action and thine own? Our horses’ Iabour?
The time inviting thee?[109] The perturbed court
For my being absent, whereunto[110] I never
Purpose[111] return? Why hast thou gone so far
To be unbent[112] when thou hast ta’en thy stand,
Th’elected[113] deer before thee?
PISANIO But to win time
To lose so bad employment, in the which
I have considered of a course:[116] good lady,
Hear me with patience.
INNOGEN Talk thy tongue weary, speak:
I have heard I am a strumpet,[119] and mine ear,
Therein false struck,[120] can take no greater wound,
Nor tent[121] to bottom that. But speak.
PISANIO Then, madam,
I thought you would not back[123] again.
INNOGEN Most like,[124]
Bringing me here to kill me.
PISANIO Not so, neither:
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove[128] well: it cannot be
But that my master is abused.[129] Some villain,
Ay, and singular[130] in his art, hath done you both
This cursèd injury.
INNOGEN Some Roman courtesan.[132]
PISANIO No, on my life:
I’ll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it, for ’tis commanded
I should do so: you shall be missed at court,
And that will well confirm it.
INNOGEN Why, good fellow,

What shall I do the while? Where bide?[139] How live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?
PISANIO If you'll back to th'court—
INNOGEN No court, no father, nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing,
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.
PISANIO If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.
INNOGEN Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day? Night?
Are they not but[151] in Britain? I'th'world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in't:
In a great pool a swan's nest.[153] Prithee, think
There's livers[154] out of Britain.
PISANIO I am most glad
You think of other place: th'ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford Haven
Tomorrow. Now, if you could wear a mind[158]
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise
That[160] which, t'appear itself, must not yet be
But by self-danger,[161] you should tread a course
Pretty and full of view:[162] yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus; so nigh,[163] at least,
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render[165] him hourly to your ear
As truly as he moves.
INNOGEN O, for such means,
Though peril to my modesty,[168] not death on't,
I would adventure.[169]
PISANIO Well then, here's the point:
You must forget to be a woman: change
Command into obedience,[172] fear and niceness —
The handmaids[173] of all women, or more truly
Woman it[174] pretty self — into a waggish courage,

Ready in gibes,[175] quick-answered, saucy and
As quarrellous[176] as the weasel: nay, you must
Forget[177] that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it — but O, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy — to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan,[180] and forget
Your laboursome[181] and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno[182] angry.
INNOGEN Nay, be brief.
I see into thy end,[184] and am almost
A man already.
PISANIO First, make yourself but like one.
Forethinking[187] this, I have already fit — ***↓Gives a bag of clothes↓***
’Tis in my cloak-bag — doublet,[188] hat, hose, all
That answer to[189] them: would you in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season,[191] ’fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service:[192] tell him
Wherein you’re happy[193] — which will make him know,
If[194] that his head have ear in music — doubtless
With joy he will embrace you, for he’s honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad:[196]
You have me rich, and I will never fail
Beginning nor supplyment.[198]
INNOGEN Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet[200] me with. Prithee away,
There’s more to be considered: but we’ll even[201]
All that good time will give us. This attempt
I am soldier to,[203] and will abide it with
A prince’s courage. Away, I prithee.
PISANIO Well, madam, we must take a short[205] farewell,
Lest being missed, I be suspected of
Your carriage[207] from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box, I had it from the queen,
What’s in’t is precious: if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualmed at land, a dram of this

Will drive away distemper.[211] To some shade,
And fit you[212] to your manhood: may the gods
Direct you to the best.

INNOGEN Amen: I thank thee. *Exeunt*

Act 3 Scene 5[3.5]

running scene 10

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius and Lords

CYMBELINE Thus far,[1] and so farewell.
LUCIUS Thanks, royal sir:
My emperor hath wrote, I must from hence,
And am right sorry that I must report ye
My master's enemy.
CYMBELINE Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself[7]
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs[8]
Appear unkinglike.
LUCIUS So,[10] sir: I desire of you
A conduct[11] over land, to Milford Haven.
Madam, all joy befall[12] your grace, and you.
CYMBELINE My lords, you are appointed for that office:[13]
The due of honour[14] in no point omit.
So farewell, noble Lucius.
LUCIUS Your hand, my lord.
CLOTEN Receive it friendly: but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.
LUCIUS Sir, the event[19]
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.
CYMBELINE Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
Till he have crossed the Severn.[22] Happiness.

Exeunt Lucius and others

QUEEN He goes hence frowning: but it honours us[23]
That we have given him cause.[24]
CLOTEN 'Tis all the better,
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.
CYMBELINE Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us[28] therefore ripely
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:
The powers that he already hath in Gallia

Will soon be drawn to head,[31] from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

QUEEN ’Tis not sleepy business,
But must be looked to speedily and strongly.

CYMBELINE Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made us forward.[36] But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appeared
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tendered
The duty[39] of the day. She looks us like
A thing more made of malice than of duty,
We have noted it. Call her before us, for
We have been too slight in sufferance.[42]

[Exit one or more]

QUEEN Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retired[44]
Hath her life been: the cure whereof, my lord,
’Tis time must do. Beseech your majesty,
Forbear[47] sharp speeches to her. She’s a lady
So tender of[48] rebukes that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Enter a Messenger

CYMBELINE Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answered?[51]

MESSENGER Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all locked, and there’s no answer
That will be given to th’loud’st of noise we make.

QUEEN My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She prayed me to excuse her keeping close,[56]
Whereto[57] constrained by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you
Which daily she was bound to proffer:[59] this
She wished me to make known, but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.

CYMBELINE Her doors locked?
Not seen of late? Grant heavens that which I fear
Prove false.

Exit

QUEEN Son, I say, follow the king.

CLOTEN That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant
I have not seen these two days.

Exit

QUEEN Go, look after.—
Pisanio, thou that stand’st so for[69] Posthumus!
He hath a drug of mine: I pray his absence
Proceed by[71] swallowing that, for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply[73] despair hath seized her:
Or, winged with fervour of her love, she’s flown
To her desired Posthumus: gone she is
To death or to dishonour, and my end[76]
Can make good use of either. She being down,
I have the placing[78] of the British crown.—

Enter Cloten

How now, my son?

CLOTEN ’Tis certain she is fled:
Go in and cheer the king, he rages, none
Dare come about him.

QUEEN All the better: may ***Aside***
This night forestall[84] him of the coming day.

Exit Queen

CLOTEN I love and hate her:[85] for she’s fair and royal,
And that[86] she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman — from[87] every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,[88]
Outsells[89] them all — I love her therefore: but
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus, slanders[91] so her judgement
That what’s else rare[92] is choked: and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be revenged upon her. For when fools shall—

Enter Pisanio

Who is here?— What, are you packing,[95] sirrah?

Come hither: ah, you precious pander![96] Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word, or else
Thou[98] art straightway with the fiends. ***Threatens him***
PISANIO O, good my lord!
CLOTEN Where is thy lady? Or, by Jupiter,
I will not ask again. Close[101] villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus,
From whose so many weights[104] of baseness cannot
A dram[105] of worth be drawn?
PISANIO Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she missed?
He is in Rome.
CLOTEN Where is she, sir? Come nearer:[109]
No further halting:[110] satisfy me home,
What is become of her?
PISANIO O my all-worthy lord!
CLOTEN All-worthy villain,
Discover[114] where thy mistress is at once,
At the next word: no more of 'worthy lord!'
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.
PISANIO Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching[120] her flight. ***Shows a letter***
CLOTEN Let's see't: I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.
PISANIO Or[123] this, or perish. ***Aside***
She's far enough, and what he learns by this
May prove his travel,[125] not her danger.
CLOTEN Hum!
PISANIO I'll write to my lord she's dead: O Innogen, ***Aside***
Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again!
CLOTEN Sirrah, is this letter true?
PISANIO Sir, as I think.

CLOTEN It is Posthumus' hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service, undergo[132] those employments wherein I should have cause to use thee with a serious[133] industry, that is, what villainy soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly, I would think thee an honest man: thou shouldst neither want[135] my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

PISANIO Well, my good lord.

CLOTEN Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not in the course[138] of gratitude but[139] be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

PISANIO Sir, I will.

CLOTEN Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast[141] any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

PISANIO I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

CLOTEN The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service, go.

PISANIO I shall, my lord.

Exit

CLOTEN Meet thee at Milford Haven! — I forgot to ask him one thing, I'll remember't anon. — Even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee. I would these garments were come. She said upon a time[150] — the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart — that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back will I ravish her: first kill him, and in her eyes;[153] there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment[155] ended on his dead body, and when my lust hath dined — which, as I say, to vex her I will execute in the clothes that she so praised — to the court I'll knock[157] her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.—

Enter Pisanio ***With Posthumus' clothes***

Be those the garments?

PISANIO Ay, my noble lord.

CLOTEN How long is't since she went to Milford Haven?

PISANIO She can scarce be there yet.

CLOTEN Bring this apparel to my chamber. That is the second thing that I have commanded thee. The third is that thou wilt be a voluntary mute[164] to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender[165] itself to thee. My revenge is now at Milford: would I had wings to follow it. Come, and be true.

Exit

PISANIO Thou bid'st me to my loss:[167] for true to thee
Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him[169] that is most true. To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow,
You heavenly blessings, on her. This fool's speed
Be crossed[172] with slowness; labour be his meed.

Exit

Act 3 Scene 6[3.6]

running scene 11

Enter Innogen alone **In boy's clothes**

INNOGEN I see a man's life is a tedious one:
I have tired[2] myself, and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me. Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio showed thee,
Thou wast within a ken.[6] O Jove, I think
Foundations[7] fly the wretched: such, I mean,
Where they should be relieved. Two beggars told me
I could not miss my way. Will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A punishment or trial?[11] Yes; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce[12] tell true. To lapse in fullness
Is sorer[13] than to lie for need, and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars. My dear lord,
Thou art one o'th'false ones. Now I think on[15] thee
My hunger's gone; but even before,[16] I was
At point[17] to sink for food. But what is this?
Here is a path to't: 'tis some savage hold:[18]
I were best[19] not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
Ere[20] clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty and peace breeds cowards: hardness ever
Of hardiness[22] is mother. Ho! Who's here?
If anything that's civil, speak: if savage,
Take or lend.[24] Ho! No answer? Then I'll enter.
Best[25] draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't. **Draws**
Such[27] a foe, good heavens!

Exit [into the cave]

Enter Belarius, Guiderius and Arviragus

BELARIUS You, Polydore, have proved best woodman[28] and
Are master of the feast: Cadwal and I

Will play the cook and servant: ’tis our match.[30]
The[31] sweat of industry would dry and die
But for the end it works to. Come, our stomachs
Will make what’s homely[33] savoury: weariness
Can snore upon the flint[34] when resty sloth
Finds the down[35] pillow hard. Now peace be here,
Poor house, that keep’st thyself.[36]
GUIDERIUS I am throughly[37] weary.
ARVIRAGUS I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.
GUIDERIUS There is cold meat i’th’cave, we’ll browse[39] on that
Whilst what we have killed be cooked.
BELARIUS Stay; come not in: ***Looks into the cave***
But that[42] it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.
GUIDERIUS What’s the matter, sir?
BELARIUS By Jupiter, an angel! Or if not,
An earthly paragon.[46] Behold divineness
No elder than a boy.
Enter Innogen
INNOGEN Good masters, harm me not:
Before I entered here, I called, and thought
To have begged or bought what I have took: good troth,[50]
I have stol’n nought,[51] nor would not, though I had found
Gold strewed i’th’floor.[52] Here’s money for my meat: ***Offers money***
I would have left it on the board[53] so soon
As I had made my meal, and parted[54]
With prayers for the provider.
GUIDERIUS Money, youth?
ARVIRAGUS All gold and silver rather turn to dirt,
As ’tis no better reckoned[58] but of those
Who worship dirty gods.
INNOGEN I see you’re angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should[61]
Have died had I not made[62] it.
BELARIUS Whither bound?[63]
INNOGEN To Milford Haven.

BELARIUS What’s your name?
INNOGEN Fidele,[66] sir: I have a kinsman who
Is bound for Italy; he embarked at Milford,
To whom being going, almost spent[68] with hunger,
I am fall’n in[69] this offence.
BELARIUS Prithee, fair youth,
Think us no churls:[71] nor measure our good minds
By this rude[72] place we live in. Well encountered!
’Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer[73]
Ere you depart, and thanks[74] to stay and eat it.
Boys, bid him welcome.
GUIDERIUS Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard[77] but be your groom in honesty:
Ay,[78] bid for you as I’d buy.
ARVIRAGUS I’ll make’t my comfort
He is a man, I’ll love him as my brother:
And such a welcome as I’d give to him
After long absence, such is yours. Most welcome!
Be sprightly,[83] for you fall ’mongst friends.
INNOGEN ’Mongst[84] friends
If brothers.— Would it had been so that they ***Aside***
Had been my father’s sons, then had my prize[86]
Been less, and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus.
BELARIUS He wrings[89] at some distress.
GUIDERIUS Would I could free’t.[90]
ARVIRAGUS Or I, whate’er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger. Gods!
BELARIUS Hark, boys. ***They whisper aside***
INNOGEN Great men ***To herself***
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves[96] and had the virtue
Which their own conscience sealed them[97] — laying by
That nothing-gift[98] of differing multitudes —
Could not out-peer[99] these twain. Pardon me, gods,
I’d change my sex to be companion with them,

Since Leonatus'[101] false.
BELARIUS It shall be so:
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.[103] Fair youth, come in:
Discourse[104] is heavy, fasting: when we have supped
We'll mannerly[105] demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.
GUIDERIUS Pray draw near.
ARVIRAGUS The[108] night to th'owl and morn to th'lark less welcome.
INNOGEN Thanks, sir.
ARVIRAGUS I pray draw near.
Exeunt

Act 3 Scene 7[3.7]

running scene 12

Enter two Roman Senators and Tribunes

FIRST SENATOR This is the tenor[1] of the emperor's writ:
That since the common men[2] are now in action
Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,[3]
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full[5] weak to undertake our wars against
The fall'n-off[6] Britons, that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius proconsul: and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commands[9]
His absolute commission.[10] Long live Caesar!

TRIBUNE Is Lucius general of the forces?

SECOND SENATOR Ay.

TRIBUNE Remaining now in Gallia?

FIRST SENATOR With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be supplyant:[16] the words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers and the time
Of their dispatch.

TRIBUNE We will discharge our duty.

Exeunt

Act 4 Scene 1[4.1]

running scene 13

Enter Cloten alone

CLOTEN I am near to th'place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit[2] his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit[3] too? The rather — saving reverence of the word — for 'tis said a woman's fitness comes by fits.[4] Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself, for it is not vainglory[5] for a man and his glass to confer in his own chamber; I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his: no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage[8] of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions;[9] yet this imperceiverant thing loves him in my despite.[10] What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off, thy mistress enforced,[11] thy garments cut to pieces before thy face: and all this done, spurn[12] her home to her father, who may haply[13] be a little angry for my so rough usage: but my mother, having power of[14] his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe. Out, sword, and to a sore[15] purpose! ***Draws*** Fortune put them into my hand. This is the very description of their meeting-place, and the fellow dares not deceive me.

Exit

Act 4 Scene 2

running scene 14

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus and Innogen from the cave ***Innogen disguised as Fideie***

BELARIUS You are not well: remain here in the cave, ***To Innogen***
We'll come to you after hunting.
ARVIRAGUS Brother, stay here: ***To Innogen***
Are we not brothers?
INNOGEN So man and man should be,
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.
GUIDERIUS Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.
INNOGEN So sick I am not, yet I am not well:
But not so citizen[10] a wanton as
To seem to die ere[11] sick: so please you, leave me,
Stick to your journal[12] course: the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me.[14] Society is no comfort
To one not sociable: I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of[16] it: pray you trust me here,
I'll rob none[17] but myself, and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.[18]
GUIDERIUS I love thee: I have spoke it,
How much the quantity, the weight[20] as much,
As I do love my father.
BELARIUS What? How? How?
ARVIRAGUS If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me[23]
In my good brother's fault: I know not why
I love this youth, and I have heard you say
Love's reason's without reason. The bier at door,[26]
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say
'My father, not this youth.'
BELARIUS O noble strain![29] ***Aside***
O worthiness of nature, breed[30] of greatness!

Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base:
Nature hath meal and bran,[32] contempt and grace.
I'm not their father, yet[33] who this should be
Doth miracle itself, loved before me.—
'Tis the ninth hour o'th'morn. ***Aloud***
ARVIRAGUS Brother, farewell.
INNOGEN I wish ye sport.
ARVIRAGUS You health.— So[38] please you, sir.
INNOGEN These are kind creatures. ***Aside***
Gods, what lies I have heard!
Our courtiers say all's savage but[41] at court;
Experience, O, thou disprov'st report!
Th'imperious seas breeds monsters; for the dish
Poor tributary[44] rivers as sweet fish:
I am sick still, heart-sick. Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy drug. ***Drinks***
GUIDERIUS I could not stir[47] him:
He said he was gentle,[48] but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted,[49] but yet honest.
ARVIRAGUS Thus did he answer me, yet said hereafter
I might know more.
BELARIUS To th'field,[52] to th'field!
We'll leave you for this time, go in and rest.
ARVIRAGUS We'll not be long away.
BELARIUS Pray be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.
INNOGEN Well or ill,
I am bound[58] to you.
Exit [into the cave]
BELARIUS And shalt be ever.
This youth, howe'er distressed,[60] appears he hath had
Good ancestors.
ARVIRAGUS How angel-like he sings!
GUIDERIUS But his neat cookery! He cut our roots[63] in characters,
And sauced our broths as[64] Juno had been sick
And he her dieter.[65]

ARVIRAGUS Nobly he yokes[66]
A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh
Was that[68] it was for not being such a smile:
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix[70]
With winds that sailors rail[71] at.
GUIDERIUS I do note
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs[74] together.
ARVIRAGUS Grow[75] patience,
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root with[77] the increasing vine.
BELARIUS It is great morning.[78] Come away.— Who’s there?
Enter Cloten
CLOTEN I cannot find those runagates,[79] that villain
Hath mocked[80] me. I am faint.
BELARIUS ‘Those runagates’?
Means he not us? I partly know him, ’tis
Cloten, the son o’th’queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know ’tis he. We are held[85] as outlaws: hence!
GUIDERIUS He is but[86] one: you and my brother search
What companies[87] are near: pray you away,
Let me alone with him.
[Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus]
CLOTEN Soft,[89] what are you
That fly[90] me thus? Some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such. What slave art thou?
GUIDERIUS A thing
More slavish did I ne’er than answering
A[94] slave without a knock.
CLOTEN Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: yield thee, thief.
GUIDERIUS To who? To thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? A heart as big?
Thy words I[99] grant are bigger, for I wear not

My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee?
CLOTEN Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?[103]
GUIDERIUS No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather: he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.
CLOTEN Thou precious varlet,[107]
My tailor made them not.
GUIDERIUS Hence, then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool,
I am loath[111] to beat thee.
CLOTEN Thou injurious[112] thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.
GUIDERIUS What's thy name?
CLOTEN Cloten, thou villain.
GUIDERIUS Cloten, thou double villain be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it: were it toad, or adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner.
CLOTEN To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion,[120] thou shalt know
I am son to th'queen.
GUIDERIUS I am sorry for't: not seeming[122]
So[123] worthy as thy birth.
CLOTEN Art not afeard?
GUIDERIUS Those that I reverence, those I fear, the wise:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.
CLOTEN Die the death:
When I have slain thee with my proper[128] hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on[130] the gates of Lud's town set your heads:
Yield, rustic mountaineer.
Fight and exeunt
Enter Belarius and Arviragus
BELARIUS No company's abroad?[132]
ARVIRAGUS None in the world: you did mistake him, sure.[133]

BELARIUS I cannot tell: long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurred those lines of favour[135]
Which then he wore: the snatches[136] in his voice
And burst of speaking were as his: I am absolute[137]
’Twas very[138] Cloten.
ARVIRAGUS In this place we left them.
I wish my brother make[140] good time with him,
You say he is so fell.[141]
BELARIUS Being[142] scarce made up,
I mean to man, he had not apprehension[143]
Of roaring terrors: for defect of judgement[144]
Is oft the cause of fear.
Enter Guiderius ***With Cloten’s head***
But see thy brother.
GUIDERIUS This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse,
There was no money in’t: not Hercules[148]
Could have knocked out his brains, for he had none:
Yet I[150] not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.
BELARIUS What hast thou done?
GUIDERIUS I am perfect[153] what: cut off one Cloten’s head,
Son to the queen, after[154] his own report,
Who called me traitor, mountaineer, and swore
With his own single hand he’d take us in,[156]
Displace our heads where — thank the gods — they grow,
And set them on Lud’s town.
BELARIUS We are all undone.
GUIDERIUS Why, worthy father, what have we to lose
But that he swore to take, our lives? The[161] law
Protects not us, then why should we be tender[162]
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat[163] us,
Play judge and executioner all himself,
For[165] we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?
BELARIUS No single soul
Can we set eye on, but in all safe[168] reason

He must have some attendants. Though his humour[169]
Was nothing but mutation,[170] ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse, not frenzy,
Not absolute madness could so far have raved
To bring him here alone: although perhaps
It may be heard at court that such as we
Cave[175] here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make[176] some stronger head, the which he hearing —
As it is like him[177] — might break out and swear
He’d fetch us in,[178] yet is’t not probable
To come[179] alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering:[180] then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail[181]
More perilous than the head.

ARVIRAGUS Let ord’nance[183]
Come as the gods foresay[184] it: howsoe’er,
My brother hath done well.

BELARIUS I had no mind[186]
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele’s sickness
Did make my way long forth.[188]

GUIDERIUS With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta’en
His head from him: I’ll throw’t into the creek
Behind our rock, and let it to[192] the sea
And tell the fishes he’s the queen’s son, Cloten:
That’s all I reck.[194]

Exit

BELARIUS I fear ’twill be revenged:
Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done’t, though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

ARVIRAGUS Would I had done’t,
So[199] the revenge alone pursued me! Polydore,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much
Thou hast robbed me of this deed: I would[201] revenges
That possible strength[202] might meet would seek us through
And put[203] us to our answer.

BELARIUS Well, ’tis done:
We’ll hunt no more today, nor seek for danger
Where there’s no profit. I prithee, to our rock,
You and Fidele play the cooks: I’ll stay
Till hasty[208] Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.
ARVIRAGUS Poor sick Fidele!
I’ll willingly to him: to gain[211] his colour
I’d let[212] a parish of such Clotens’ blood,
And praise myself for charity.
Exit [into the cave]
BELARIUS O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, thou thyself thou blazon’st[215]
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs[217] blowing below the violet,
Not wagging[218] his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchafed,[219] as the rud’st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to th’vale. ’Tis wonder
That an invisible instinct should frame[222] them
To royalty unlearned, honour untaught,
Civility not seen from other,[224] valour
That wildly[225] grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sowed. Yet still it’s strange
What Cloten’s being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.
Enter Guiderius
GUIDERIUS Where’s my brother?
I have sent Cloten’s clotpoll[230] down the stream
In embassy to his mother; his body’s hostage
For his return.
Solemn music
BELARIUS My ingenious[233] instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds: but what occasion[234]
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion?[235] Hark!
GUIDERIUS Is he at home?

BELARIUS He went hence even now.
GUIDERIUS What does he mean? Since death of my dear'st mother
It did not speak[239] before. All solemn things
Should answer[240] solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs[241] for nothing and lamenting toys
Is jollity for apes[242] and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

Enter Arviragus, with Innogen dead, bearing her in his arms

BELARIUS Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms
Of what we blame him for.
ARVIRAGUS The bird is dead
That we have made so much on.[248] I had rather
Have skipped from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turned[250] my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.
GUIDERIUS O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the[253] one half so well
As when thou grew'st thyself.
BELARIUS O melancholy,
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom?[256] Find
The ooze[257] to show what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiliest[258] harbour in? Thou blessèd thing,
Jove knows what man thou mightst have made: but, ay,
Thou died'st a most rare[260] boy, of melancholy.
How found you him?
ARVIRAGUS Stark,[262] as you see:
Thus smiling, as[263] some fly had tickled slumber,
Not[264] as death's dart being laughed at: his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.
GUIDERIUS Where?
ARVIRAGUS O'th'floor:
His arms thus leagued,[268] I thought he slept, and put
My clouted brogues[269] from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answered[270] my steps too loud.
GUIDERIUS Why, he but[271] sleeps:

If he be gone, he'll[272] make his grave a bed:
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.
ARVIRAGUS With fairest flowers
Whilst summer lasts and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
The azured[279] harebell, like thy veins: no, nor
The leaf of eglantine,[280] whom not to slander,
Out-sweetened not thy breath: the ruddock[281] would
With charitable bill — O bill sore shaming
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie
Without a monument! — bring thee all this,
Yea, and furred moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground[286] thy corpse—
GUIDERIUS Prithee, have done,
And do not play in wench-like[288] words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration[290] what
Is now due debt.[291] To th'grave.
ARVIRAGUS Say, where shall's[292] lay him?
GUIDERIUS By good Euriphile, our mother.
ARVIRAGUS Be't so:
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have[296] got the mannish crack, sing him to th'ground
As once[297] our mother: use like note and words,
Save[298] that Euriphile must be Fidele.
GUIDERIUS Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word[300] it with thee,
For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse
Than priests and fanes[302] that lie.
ARVIRAGUS We'll speak it, then.
BELARIUS Great griefs, I see, med'cine the less,[304] for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys,
And though he came[306] our enemy, remember
He was paid[307] for that: though mean and mighty rotting

Together have one dust, yet reverence,[308]
That angel of the world, doth make distinction
Of place ’tween high and low. Our foe was princely,
And though you took his life as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.
GUIDERIUS Pray you fetch him hither.
Thersites’[314] body is as good as Ajax’
When neither are alive.
ARVIRAGUS If you’ll go fetch him,
We’ll say our song the whilst.[317] Brother, begin.
[Exit Belarius]
GUIDERIUS Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to th’east.[318]
My father hath a reason for’t.
ARVIRAGUS ’Tis true.
GUIDERIUS Come on then, and remove[321] him.
ARVIRAGUS So, Begin.
Song ***Spoken or chanted, not sung?***
GUIDERIUS Fear no more the heat o’th’sun,
Nor the furious winter’s rages,
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home[326] art gone, and ta’en thy wages.
Golden[327] lads and girls all must,
As[328] chimney-sweepers, come to dust.
ARVIRAGUS Fear no more the frown o’th’great,
Thou art past the tyrant’s stroke,
Care no more to clothe and eat,
To thee the reed is as the oak.
The sceptre, learning, physic,[333] must
All follow this and come to dust.
GUIDERIUS Fear no more the lightning flash,
ARVIRAGUS Nor th’all-dreaded thunder-stone.[336]
GUIDERIUS Fear not slander, censure rash.
ARVIRAGUS Thou hast finished joy and moan.
BOTH All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee[340] and come to dust.
GUIDERIUS No exorcizer[341] harm thee,

ARVIRAGUS Nor no witchcraft charm[342] thee.
GUIDERIUS Ghost[343] unlaid forbear thee.
ARVIRAGUS Nothing ill come near thee.
BOTH Quiet consummation[345] have,
And renownèd be thy grave.
Enter Belarius with the body of Cloten
GUIDERIUS We have done our obsequies:[347] come, lay him down.
BELARIUS Here's a few flowers, but 'bout midnight more:
The herbs that have on them cold dew o'th'night
Are strewings fitt'st for graves: upon their faces.[350]
You were as flowers, now withered: even so
These herblets shall,[352] which we upon you strew.
Come on, away, apart[353] upon our knees:
The ground that gave them first[354] has them again:
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.
Exeunt [all but Innogen]
INNOGEN Yes, sir, to Milford Haven, which is the way?
Awakes
I thank you: by yond bush? Pray how far thither?
'Od's pittikins:[358] can it be six mile yet?
I have gone[359] all night: faith, I'll lie down and sleep.
Sees Cloten's body
But[360] soft, no bedfellow! O gods and goddesses!
These flowers are like the pleasures of the world,
This bloody man the care on't.[362] I hope I dream:
For so[363] I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures. But 'tis not so:
'Twas but a bolt[365] of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes.[366] Our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgements, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear: but if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye,[370] feared gods, a part of it!
The dream's here still: even when I wake it is
Without[372] me, as within me: not imagined, felt.
A headless man? The garments of Posthumus?

I know the shape of's leg: this is his hand:
His[375] foot mercurial: his martial thigh:
The brawns[376] of Hercules: but his jovial face—
Murder in heaven! How? 'Tis gone. Pisanio,
All curses madded[378] Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted[379] on thee! Thou,
Conspired[380] with that irregulous devil, Cloten,
Hath here cut off my lord. To write and read
Be henceforth treacherous! Damned Pisanio
Hath with his forgèd letters — damned Pisanio —
From this[384] most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top![385] O Posthumus, alas,
Where is thy head? Where's that? Ay me! Where's that?
Pisanio might have killed thee at the heart,
And left this head on. How should this be, Pisanio?
'Tis he and Cloten: malice and lucre[389] in them
Have laid[390] this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The drug he gave me, which he said was precious
And cordial[392] to me, have I not found it
Murd'rous to th'senses? That confirms it home:[393]
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten: O,
Give[395] colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrider[396] may seem to those
Which chance[397] to find us! O my lord, my lord! ***Embraces the body***

Enter Lucius, Captains and a Soothsayer

CAPTAIN To them the legions garrisoned in Gallia[398]
After[399] your will have crossed the sea, attending
You here at Milford Haven with your ships:
They are in readiness.

LUCIUS But what from Rome?

CAPTAIN The senate hath stirred up the confiners[403]
And gentlemen of Italy, most willing spirits,
That promise noble service: and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Siena's[407] brother.

LUCIUS When expect you them?

CAPTAIN With the next benefit[409] o’th’wind.
LUCIUS This forwardness[410]
Makes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers
Be mustered: bid the captains look to’t. Now, sir,
What have you dreamed of late of this war’s purpose?[413]
SOOTHSAYER Last night the very gods showed me a vision —
I fast,[415] and prayed for their intelligence — thus:
I saw Jove’s bird, the Roman eagle, winged[416]
From the spongy[417] south to this part of the west,
There vanished in the sunbeams: which portends[418] —
Unless my sins[419] abuse my divination —
Success to th’Roman host.[420]
LUCIUS Dream often so,
And never false.— Soft ho, what trunk[422] is here? ***Sees Cloten’s body***
Without his[423] top? The ruin speaks that sometime
It was a worthy building. How, a page?
Or[425] dead or sleeping on him? But dead rather:
For nature doth abhor[426] to make his bed
With the defunct,[427] or sleep upon the dead.
Let’s see the boy’s face.
CAPTAIN He’s alive, my lord.
LUCIUS He’ll then instruct us of[430] this body. Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems
They crave[432] to be demanded: who is this
Thou mak’st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath altered[435] that good picture? What’s thy interest
In this sad wreck?[436] How came’t? Who is’t?
What art thou?
INNOGEN I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain. Alas,
There is[442] no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident,[443] cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never

Find such another master.
LUCIUS ’Lack,[446] good youth,
Thou mov’st no less with thy complaining[447] than
Thy master in bleeding: say his name, good friend.
INNOGEN Richard du Champ.— If I do lie and do ***Aside***
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They’ll pardon it.— Say you,[451] sir?
LUCIUS Thy name?
INNOGEN Fidele, sir.
LUCIUS Thou dost approve[454] thyself the very same:
Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well mastered, but be sure
No less beloved. The Roman emperor’s letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer[460] thee: go with me.
INNOGEN I’ll follow, sir. But first, an’t[461] please the gods,
I’ll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes[463] can dig: and when
With wildwood leaves and weeds I ha’ strewed his grave,
And on it said a century of[465] prayers,
Such as I can,[466] twice o’er, I’ll weep and sigh,
And leaving so his service, follow you,
So[468] please you entertain me.
LUCIUS Ay, good youth,
And rather father thee than master thee.
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes[474] and partisans
A grave: come, arm him.[475] Boy, he is preferred
By thee to us, and he shall be interred
As soldiers can.[477] Be cheerful, wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise.

Exeunt

Act 4 Scene 3[4.3]

running scene 15

Enter Cymbeline, Lords and Pisanio [with Attendants]

CYMBELINE Again,[1] and bring me word how 'tis with her.

[Exit an Attendant]

A fever with[2] the absence of her son,
A madness of[3] which her life's in danger: heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch[4] me! Innogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone: my queen
Upon[6] a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me: her son gone,
So needful for this present.[8] It strikes me, past
The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce[11] it from thee
By a sharp torture.

PISANIO Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will: but for my mistress,
I nothing know[15] where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes[16] return. Beseech your highness,
Hold[17] me your loyal servant.

FIRST LORD Good my liege,
The day that she was missing he was here:
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection[21] loyally. For Cloten,
There wants[22] no diligence in seeking him,
And will[23] no doubt be found.

CYMBELINE The time is troublesome.—
We'll slip[25] you for a season, but our jealousy ***To Pisanio***
Does yet depend.[26]

FIRST LORD So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen[30] by the senate sent.

CYMBELINE Now for[31] the counsel of my son and queen!
I am amazed with matter.[32]
FIRST LORD Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront[34] no less
Than what you hear of. Come more,[35] for more you're ready:
The[36] want is but to put those powers in motion
That long to move.
CYMBELINE I thank you: let's withdraw
And meet the time as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy[40] us, but
We grieve at chances[41] here. Away.

Exeunt [all but Pisanio]

PISANIO I heard no letter[42] from my master since
I wrote him Innogen was slain. 'Tis strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings. Neither know I
What is betid[46] to Cloten, but remain
Perplexed in all. The heavens still must work.
Wherein I am false I am honest: not true, to be true.
These present wars shall find[49] I love my country,
Even[50] to the note o'th'king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be cleared:
Fortune[52] brings in some boats that are not steered.

Exit

Act 4 Scene 4[4.4]

running scene 16

Enter Belarius, Guiderius and Arviragus

GUIDERIUS The noise[1] is round about us.
BELARIUS Let us from it.
ARVIRAGUS What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it[3]
From action and adventure?
GUIDERIUS Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? This way[6] the Romans
Must or for[7] Britons slay us or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.
BELARIUS Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains, there secure us.[11]
To the king's party there's no going: newness
Of Cloten's death — we being not[13] known, not mustered
Among the bands — may drive[14] us to a render
Where we have lived, and so extort from's[15] that
Which we have done, whose answer[16] would be death
Drawn on with[17] torture.
GUIDERIUS This is, sir, a doubt
In such a time nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.
ARVIRAGUS It is not likely
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quartered fires,[23] have both their eyes
And ears so cloyed importantly[24] as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,[25]
To know from whence we are.
BELARIUS O, I am known
Of[28] many in the army: many years,
Though Cloten then[29] but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance.[30] And besides, the king
Hath not deserved my service nor your loves,

Who find in my exile the want of breeding,[32]
The certainty[33] of this hard life, aye hopeless
To have the courtesy[34] your cradle promised,
But to be still[35] hot summer's tanlings and
The shrinking[36] slaves of winter.

GUIDERIUS Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to th'army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself
So out of thought,[40] and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be questioned.[41]

ARVIRAGUS By this sun that shines,
I'll thither: what thing is't[43] that I never
Did see man die, scarce ever looked on blood
But that of coward hares, hot[45] goats and venison!
Never bestrid a horse, save one that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron[47] on his heel! I am ashamed
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his blest beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

GUIDERIUS By heavens, I'll go:
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care:[54] but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due[55] fall on me by
The hands of Romans.

ARVIRAGUS So say I, amen.

BELARIUS No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My cracked[60] one to more care. Have with you, boys!
If in your country[61] wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie.
Lead, lead.— The time seems long, their[63] blood thinks scorn ***Aside***
Till it fly out and show them princes born.

Exeunt

Act 5 Scene 1[*]

running scene 17

Enter Posthumus alone ***With a bloody handkerchief***

POSTHUMUS Yea, bloody cloth,[1] I'll keep thee: for I wished
Thou shouldst be coloured thus. You married ones,
If each of you should take this course,[3] how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves
For wrying[5] but a little? O Pisanio,
Every good servant does not[6] all commands:
No bond but[7] to do just ones. Gods, if you
Should have[8] ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had lived to put on this:[9] so had you saved
The noble Innogen to repent,[10] and struck
Me, wretch, more worth[11] your vengeance. But alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
To have them fall[13] no more: you some permit
To second[14] ills with ills, each elder worse,
And make[15] them dread it, to the doer's thrift.
But Innogen is your own: do your best wills,
And make me blest to obey. I am brought hither
Among th'Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom: 'tis enough
That, Britain, I have killed thy mistress: peace,
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds[23] and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
Against the part[25] I come with: so I'll die
For thee, O Innogen, even for whom my life
Is every breath a death: and thus, unknown,
Pitied[28] nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me than my habits[30] show.
Gods, put the strength o'th'Leonati in me!

To shame the guise[32] o'th'world, I will begin
The fashion, less[33] without and more within.

Exit

Act 5 Scene 2

running scene 18

Enter Lucius, Iachimo and the Roman army at one door: and the Briton army at another: Leonatus Posthumus following like a poor soldier. They march over and go out. Then enter again, in skirmish, Iachimo and Posthumus: he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and then leaves him

IACHIMO The heaviness and guilt within my bosom[1]
Takes off[2] my manhood: I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on't[3]
Revengingly enfeebles me; or could[4] this carl,
A very[5] drudge of nature's, have subdued me
In my profession?[6] Knighthoods and honours, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.[7]
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before[8]
This lout as he exceeds our lords, the odds[9]
Is that we scarce are men and you are gods.

Exit

The battle continues, the Britons fly, Cymbeline is taken: then enter, to his rescue, Belarius, Guiderius and Arviragus

BELARIUS Stand, stand, we have th'advantage of the ground.
The lane is guarded: nothing routs[12] us but
The villainy of our fears.

GUIDERIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS Stand, stand and fight.

Enter Posthumus and seconds the Britons. They rescue Cymbeline, and exeunt. Then enter Lucius, Iachimo and Innogen

LUCIUS Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself:
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As[17] war were hoodwinked.

IACHIMO 'Tis their fresh supplies.

LUCIUS It is a day turned strangely: or[19] betimes
Let's reinforce, or fly.

Exeunt

Act 5 Scene 3

running scene 18 continues

Enter Posthumus and a Briton Lord

LORD Cam’st thou from where they made the stand?
POSTHUMUS I did.
Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.[3]
LORD I did.
POSTHUMUS No blame be to you, sir, for all was lost,
But[6] that the heavens fought: the king himself
Of his wings[7] destitute, the army broken,
And but[8] the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait[9] lane: the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue[10] with slaught’ring, having work
More plentiful than tools to do’t, struck down
Some mortally,[12] some slightly touched, some falling
Merely through fear, that the strait pass was dammed[13]
With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthened[15] shame.
LORD Where was this lane?
POSTHUMUS Close by the battle, ditched and walled with turf,
Which gave advantage to an ancient[18] soldier,
An honest one, I warrant, who[19] deserved
So long a breeding as his white beard came to
In doing this for’s country. Athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings[22] — lads more like to run
The country base than to commit such slaughter,
With faces fit for masks,[24] or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cased, or shame —
Made good[26] the passage, cried to those that fled,
‘Our Britain’s harts[27] die flying, not our men:
To[28] darkness fleet souls that fly backwards. Stand,
Or we are Romans, and will give you that[29]
Like beasts[30] which you shun beastly, and may save
But to look back in frown:[31] stand, stand.’ These three,

Three[32] thousand confident, in act as many —
For three performers are the file[33] when all
The rest do nothing — with this word ‘Stand, stand’,
Accommodated[35] by the place, more charming
With their own nobleness, which could have turned
A distaff[37] to a lance, gilded pale looks;
Part[38] shame, part spirit renewed, that some, turned coward
But by example[39] — O, a sin in war,
Damned in the first beginners! — ’gan[40] to look
The way that they did, and to grin[41] like lions
Upon the pikes o’th’hunters. Then began
A stop i’th’chaser;[43] a retire: anon
A rout, confusion thick: forthwith they fly
Chickens the way which they[45] stooped eagles: slaves,
The strides they victors made: and now our cowards,
Like[47] fragments in hard voyages, became
The life o’th’need: having[48] found the back door open
Of the unguarded hearts, heavens, how they wound!
Some[50] slain before, some dying, some their friends
O’erborne i’th’former wave, ten chased by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
Those that would die or ere resist[53] are grown
The mortal bugs[54] o’th’field.
LORD This was strange chance:
A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys.
POSTHUMUS Nay, do not wonder at it:[57] you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear
Than to work any.[59] Will you rhyme upon’t,
And vent[60] it for a mock’ry? Here is one:
‘Two boys, an old man — twice a boy[61] — a lane,
Preserved the Britons, was the Romans’ bane.[62]’
LORD Nay, be not angry, sir.
POSTHUMUS ’Lack,[64] to what end?
Who dares not stand[65] his foe, I’ll be his friend:
For if he’ll do as he is made[66] to do,
I know he’ll quickly fly my friendship[67] too.

You have put me into rhyme.
LORD Farewell, you’re angry.
Exit
POSTHUMUS Still going?[70] This is a lord! O noble misery,
To be i’th’field and ask ‘What news?’ of me.
Today how many would have given their honours[72]
To have saved their carcasses? Took[73] heel to do’t,
And yet died too.[74] I, in mine own woe charmed,
Could not find death where I did hear him groan,
Nor feel him where he struck. Being an ugly monster,
’Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words, or hath more ministers[78] than we
That draw his knives i’th’war. Well, I will find him:
For[80] being now a favourer to the Briton,
No more a Briton, I have resumed again
The part[82] I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind[83] that shall
Once touch my shoulder.[84] Great the slaughter is
Here made[85] by th’Roman; great the answer be
Britons must take. For me, my ransom’s death,
On either side[87] I come to spend my breath,
Which neither here I’ll keep[88] nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Innogen.
Enter two Captains and Soldiers
FIRST CAPTAIN Great Jupiter be praised, Lucius is taken.
’Tis thought the old man and his sons were angels.
SECOND CAPTAIN There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,[92]
That gave th’affront[93] with them.
FIRST CAPTAIN So ’tis reported:
But none of ’em can be found. Stand, who’s there?
POSTHUMUS A Roman,
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds[97]
Had answered him.[98]
SECOND CAPTAIN Lay hands on him: a dog,
A[100] leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have pecked them here: he brags his service

As if he were of note:[102] bring him to th'king.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio and Roman Captives [with Jailers]. The Captains present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Jailer

[Exeunt all but Posthumus and two Jailers]

FIRST JAILER You[104] shall not now be stol'n, you have locks upon you;
So graze as you find pasture.

SECOND JAILER Ay, or a stomach.[105]

[Exeunt Jailers]

POSTHUMUS Most welcome bondage, for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty: yet am I better
Than one that's sick o'th'gout, since he had rather
Groan[109] so in perpetuity than be cured
By th'sure physician, death, who is the key
T'unbar[111] these locks. My conscience, thou art fettered
More than my shanks[112] and wrists: you good gods give me
The[113] penitent instrument to pick that bolt,
Then free for ever.[114] Is't enough I am sorry?
So children temporal[115] fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I[116] repent,
I cannot do it better than in gyves,[117]
Desired more than constrained:[118] to satisfy,
If[119] of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render[120] of me than my all.
I know you are more clement[121] than vile men,
Who of[122] their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement:[124] that's not my desire.
For Innogen's dear life take mine, and though
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coined[126] it.
'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp:[127]
Though light,[128] take pieces for the figure's sake.
You[129] rather mine, being yours: and so, great powers,
If you will take this audit,[130] take this life,
And cancel these cold bonds.[131] O Innogen,
I'll speak to thee in silence. ***Sleeps***

Solemn music. Enter, as in an apparition, Sicilius Leonatus, father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like a warrior, leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife and mother to Posthumus, with music before them. Then, after other music, follows the two young Leonati, brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle Posthumus round as he lies sleeping

SICILIUS No more, thou thunder-master,[133] show
Thy spite on mortal flies:[134]
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That[136] thy adulteries
Rates[137] and revenges.
Hath my poor boy done aught[138] but well,
Whose face I never saw?
I died whilst in the womb he stayed
Attending nature’s law,[141]
Whose father then — as men report
Thou orphans’ father art —
Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.[145]
MOTHER Lucina[146] lent not me her aid,
But took[147] me in my throes,
That[148] from me was Posthumus ripped,
Came crying ’mongst his foes,
A thing of pity.
SICILIUS Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff[152] so fair,
That he deserved the praise o’th’world,
As great Sicilius’ heir.
FIRST BROTHER When once[155] he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel,
Or fruitful[158] object be
In eye of Innogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?[160]
MOTHER With marriage wherefore[161] was he mocked,
To be exiled, and thrown

From Leonati seat,[163] and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Innogen?
SICILIUS Why did you suffer[166] Iachimo,
Slight[167] thing of Italy,
To taint[168] his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy,
And to become the geck[170] and scorn
O'th'other's villainy?
SECOND BROTHER For this from stiller seats[172] we came,
Our parents and us twain,
That striking in our country's cause
Fell bravely and were slain,
Our fealty[176] and Tenantius' right
With honour to maintain.
FIRST BROTHER Like hardiment[178] Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline performed:
Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourned[181]
The graces[182] for his merits due,
Being all to dolours[183] turned?
SICILIUS Thy crystal[184] window ope, look out,
No longer exercise
Upon a valiant race[186] thy harsh
And potent injuries.
MOTHER Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.
SICILIUS Peep through thy marble mansion,[190] help,
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To th'shining synod[192] of the rest
Against thy deity.
BROTHERS Help, Jupiter, or we appeal,[194]
And from thy justice fly.

Jupiter descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle: he throws a thunderbolt. The Ghosts fall on their knees

JUPITER No more you petty spirits of region low[196]

Offend our hearing: hush! How dare you ghosts
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know,
Sky-planted,[199] batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium,[200] hence, and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers.
Be not with mortal accidents[202] oppressed,
No care of yours it is, you know ’tis ours.
Whom best I love, I cross, to make my gift
The more delayed, delighted.[205] Be content,
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.[207]
Our jovial star[208] reigned at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married. Rise, and fade.
He shall be lord of Lady Innogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet[212] lay upon his breast, wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine.[213]
And so away: no further with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. ***Ascends***

SICILIUS He came in thunder, his celestial breath
Was sulphurous[218] to smell: the holy eagle
Stooped[219] as to foot us: his ascension is
More sweet[220] than our blest fields: his royal bird
Prunes[221] the immortal wing and claws his beak
As when[222] his god is pleased.

ALL Thanks, Jupiter.

SICILIUS The marble pavement[224] closes, he is entered
His radiant roof. Away, and to be blest,
Let us with care perform his great behest.[226]

[The Ghosts] vanish

POSTHUMUS Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire, and begot ***Wakes***
A father to me: and thou hast created
A mother and two brothers. But, O scorn,[229]
Gone! They went hence so[230] soon as they were born:
And so I am awake. Poor wretches that depend

On greatness' favour[232] dream as I have done,
Wake and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve:[233]
Many dream[234] not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steeped in favours; so am I,
That have this golden chance and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground? A book?[237] O rare one,
Be not, as is our fangled[238] world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers. Let thy effects[239]
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As[241] good as promise.

Reads

'Whenas[242] a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece[243] of tender air: and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed[244] to the old stock,[245] and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty.'

'Tis still a dream, or else such stuff[247] as madmen
Tongue,[248] and brain not: either both or nothing,
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which[251] I'll keep,
If but for sympathy.

Enter Jailer

JAILER Come, sir, are you ready for death?

POSTHUMUS Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

JAILER Hanging is the word, sir: if you be ready for that, you are well cooked.

POSTHUMUS So, if I prove a good repast to the[256] spectators, the dish pays the shot.

JAILER A heavy reckoning[257] for you, sir. But the comfort is you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern-bills, which are as often the sadness of parting as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink: sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid[261] too much: purse and brain both empty: the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness.[262] Of this contradiction[263] you shall now be quit. O, the charity of a penny cord! It sums up thousands in a trice:[264] you have no true debitor and creditor but it: of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge:[265] your neck, sir, is pen, book and counters; so the acquittance[266] follows.

POSTHUMUS I am merrier to die than thou art to live.

FIRST JAILER Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the toothache: but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer:[270] for look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

POSTHUMUS Yes indeed do I, fellow.

FIRST JAILER Your death[272] has eyes in's head then: I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them[273] to know, or to take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know, or jump the after-inquiry[274] on your own peril: and how you shall speed[275] in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell on.[276]

POSTHUMUS I tell thee, fellow, there are none want[277] eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink[278] and will not use them.

FIRST JAILER What an infinite mock[279] is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness! I am sure hanging's the way of winking.[280]

Enter a Messenger

MESSENGER Knock off his manacles, bring your prisoner to the king.

POSTHUMUS Thou bring'st good news, I am called to be made free.

FIRST JAILER I'll be hanged then.

POSTHUMUS Thou shalt be then freer than a jailer: no bolts[284] for the dead.

[Exeunt Posthumus and Messenger]

FIRST JAILER Unless a man would marry a gallows and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone:[286] yet on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good:

O, there were desolation[289] of jailers and gallowses! I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment[290] in't.

Exit

Act 5 Scene 4

running scene 18 continues

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio and Lords

CYMBELINE Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made
Preservers of my throne: woe is my heart
That the poor soldier that so richly[3] fought,
Whose rags shamed gilded arms, whose naked[4] breast
Stepped before[5] targes of proof, cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace[7] can make him so.

BELARIUS I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing,
Such precious deeds in one that promised nought
But beggary and poor looks.

CYMBELINE No tidings of him?

PISANIO He hath been searched[13] among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.

CYMBELINE To my grief, I am
The heir[16] of his reward,— which I will add ***To Beiarius and his sons***
To you, the liver,[17] heart and brain of Britain,
By whom I grant[18] she lives. 'Tis now the time
To ask of[19] whence you are. Report it.

BELARIUS Sir,
In Cambria[21] are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boast were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add we are honest.

CYMBELINE Bow your knees: ***They kneel***
Arise my knights o'th'battle,[25] I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit[26] you
With dignities becoming your estates.[27] ***They rise***

Enter Cornelius and Ladies

There's business[28] in these faces: why so sadly
Greet you our victory? You look like Romans,
And not o'th'court of Britain.

CORNELIUS Hail, great king!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.
CYMBELINE Who worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider
By med’cine life may be prolonged, yet death
Will seize the doctor too. How ended she?
CORNELIUS With horror, madly dying, like her life,
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confessed
I will report, so please you. These her women
Can trip me[42] if I err, who with wet cheeks
Were present when she finished.
CYMBELINE Prithee, say.
CORNELIUS First, she confessed she never loved you, only
Affected[46] greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wife to your place,
Abhorred your person.
CYMBELINE She alone knew this;
And, but[50] she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening[51] it. Proceed.
CORNELIUS Your daughter, whom she bore in hand[52] to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight, whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta’en off[55] by poison.
CYMBELINE O most delicate[57] fiend!
Who is’t can read a woman? Is there more?
CORNELIUS More, sir, and worse. She did confess she had
For you a mortal mineral,[60] which being took,
Should by the minute[61] feed on life, and, ling’ring,
By[62] inches waste you. In which time, she purposed
By watching,[63] weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O’ercome you with her show;[64] and in time,
When she had fitted[65] you with her craft, to work
Her son into th’adoption[66] of the crown:

But, failing of her end[67] by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate, opened,[68] in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes, repented
The evils she hatched were not effected: so
Despairing died.

CYMBELINE Heard you all this, her women?

LADY We did, so please your highness.

CYMBELINE Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful,
Mine ears,[76] that heard her flattery, nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming.[77] It had been vicious
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter,
That it was folly in me thou mayst say,
And prove it in thy feeling.[80] Heaven mend all!

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, [the Soothsayer] and other Roman prisoners, [Posthumus] Leonatus behind, and Innogen

Thou com’st not, Caius, now for tribute. That
The Britons have razed out,[82] though with the loss
Of many a bold one: whose kinsmen have made suit[83]
That their[84] good souls may be appeased with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted,
So think of your estate.[86]

LUCIUS Consider, sir, the chance of war. The day
Was yours by accident: had[88] it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threatened
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be called[92] ransom, let it come: sufficeth
A Roman with a Roman’s heart can suffer:
Augustus lives to think on’t:[94] and so much
For my peculiar care.[95] This one thing only
I will entreat: my boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransomed: never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender[99] over his occasions, true,
So feat,[100] so nurse-like: let his virtue join

With my request, which I’ll make bold your highness
Cannot deny: he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have served a Roman. Save him, sir,
And[104] spare no blood beside.
CYMBELINE I have surely seen him:
His favour[106] is familiar to me. Boy,
Thou hast looked[107] thyself into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why, wherefore,
To say ‘Live, boy.’ Ne’er[109] thank thy master: live,
And ask of Cymbeline what boon[110] thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty and thy state,[111] I’ll give it,
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta’en.
INNOGEN I humbly thank your highness.
LUCIUS I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad,
And yet I know thou wilt.
INNOGEN No, no, alack,
There’s other work in hand: I see a thing
Bitter to me as death: your life, good master,
Must shuffle[120] for itself.
LUCIUS The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me: briefly[122] die their joys
That place them on the truth[123] of girls and boys.
Why stands he so perplexed?[124] *Innogen looks closely at Iachimo*
CYMBELINE What wouldst thou, boy?
I love thee more and more: think more and more
What’s best to ask. Know’st him thou look’st on? Speak,
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? Thy friend?
INNOGEN He is a Roman, no more kin to me
Than I to your highness, who, being born your vassal,[130]
Am something nearer.[131]
CYMBELINE Wherefore[132] ey’st him so?
INNOGEN I’ll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.
CYMBELINE Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What’s thy name?

INNOGEN Fidele, sir.
CYMBELINE Thou'rt my good youth, my page:
I'll be thy master: walk with me, speak freely. ***Cymbeline and Innogen converse apart***
BELARIUS Is not this boy revived from death?
ARVIRAGUS One sand another
Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad
Who died, and was Fidele. What think you?
GUIDERIUS The same dead thing alive.
BELARIUS Peace, peace, see further: he eyes[145] us not, forbear.
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.
GUIDERIUS But[148] we see him dead.
BELARIUS Be silent: let's see further.
PISANIO It is my mistress: ***Aside***
Since she is living, let the time run on
To good or bad. ***Cymbeline and Innogen come forward***
CYMBELINE Come, stand thou by our side,
Make thy demand aloud.— Sir, step you forth, ***To Iachimo***
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely
Or by our greatness and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow[158] the truth from falsehood. On, speak to him.
INNOGEN My boon is that this gentleman may render[159]
Of whom he had this ring. ***Points to the ring***
POSTHUMUS What's that to him? ***Aside***
CYMBELINE That diamond upon your finger, say, ***To Iachimo***
How came it yours?
IACHIMO Thou'It torture me[164] to leave unspoken that
Which to be spoke would torture thee.
CYMBELINE How? Me?
IACHIMO I am glad to be constrained to utter that
Which torments me to conceal. By villainy
I got this ring: 'twas Leonatus' jewel,
Whom thou didst banish: and — which more may grieve thee,
As it doth me — a nobler sir ne'er lived

’Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?
CYMBELINE All[173] that belongs to this.
IACHIMO That paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember — give me leave, I faint.
CYMBELINE My daughter? What of her? Renew thy strength:
I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will[178]
Than die ere[179] I hear more: strive, man, and speak.
IACHIMO Upon a time — unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour! — it was in Rome — accursed
The mansion where! — ’twas at a feast — O, would
Our viands[183] had been poisoned, or at least
Those which I heaved to head![184] — the good Posthumus —
What should I say? He was too good to be
Where ill men were, and was the best of all
Amongst the rar’st[187] of good ones — sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren[189] the swelled boast
Of him that best could speak: for feature,[190] laming
The shrine[191] of Venus or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond[192] brief nature: for condition,
A shop[193] of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for, besides that hook of wiving,[194]
Fairness which strikes the eye—
CYMBELINE I[196] stand on fire.
Come to the matter.[197]
IACHIMO All too soon I shall,
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly. This Posthumus,
Most like a noble lord in love and one
That had a royal lover, took his hint,[201]
And not dispraising whom we praised — therein
He was as calm as virtue — he began
His mistress’ picture, which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in’t,[205] either our brags
Were cracked of[206] kitchen-trulls, or his description
Proved us unspeaking sots.[207]

CYMBELINE Nay, nay, to th'purpose.[208]
IACHIMO Your daughter's chastity — there it begins.
He spake of her as Dian[210] had hot dreams
And she[211] alone were cold: whereat I, wretch,
Made scruple[212] of his praise, and wagered with him
Pieces of gold gainst this, which then he wore
Upon his honoured finger, to attain
In suit[215] the place of's bed and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery. He, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring,
And would so had it been a carbuncle[219]
Of Phoebus' wheel,[220] and might so safely had it
Been all the worth of's car.[221] Away to Britain
Post[222] I in this design: well may you, sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of[224] your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quenched
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain[227] operate
Most vilely: for my vantage,[228] excellent.
And, to be brief, my practice so prevailed
That I returned with simular[230] proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad
By wounding his belief in her renown[232]
With tokens thus, and thus:[233] averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet — ***Shows the bracelet***
O, cunning, how I got it! — nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite cracked,[237]
I having ta'en the forfeit.[238] Whereupon —
Methinks I see him now—
POSTHUMUS Ay, so thou dost, ***Comes forward***
Italian fiend! Ay me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, anything[242]
That's due to all the villains past, in being,[243]

To come! O, give me cord,[244] or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer![245] Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious:[246] it is I
That all th’abhorrèd[247] things o’th’earth amend
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That killed thy daughter — villain-like, I lie —
That caused a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief,[251] to do’t. The temple
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.[252]
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o’th’street to bay[254] me: every villain
Be called Posthumus Leonatus, and
Be[256] villainy less than ’twas! O Innogen!
My queen, my life, my wife: O Innogen,
Innogen, Innogen!
INNOGEN Peace, my lord, hear, hear. ***She runs to him?***
POSTHUMUS Shall’s have[260] a play of this? Thou scornful page,
There[261] lie thy part. ***He strikes her and she falls***
PISANIO O, gentlemen, help!
Mine and your mistress: O, my lord Posthumus,
You ne’er killed Innogen till now. Help, help!
Mine honoured lady.
CYMBELINE Does the world go round?
POSTHUMUS How comes these staggers[267] on me?
PISANIO Wake, my mistress!
CYMBELINE If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal[270] joy.
PISANIO How fares my mistress?
INNOGEN O, get thee from my sight,
Thou gavest me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.
CYMBELINE The tune[275] of Innogen.
PISANIO Lady, the gods throw stones of sulphur[276] on me if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing: I had it from the queen.
CYMBELINE New matter still.

INNOGEN It poisoned me.
CORNELIUS O gods!
I left out one thing which the queen confessed,
Which must approve[283] thee honest. ‘If Pisanio
Have’, said she, ‘given his mistress that confection[284]
Which I gave him for cordial,[285] she is served
As I would serve a rat.’
CYMBELINE What’s this, Cornelius?
CORNELIUS The queen, sir, very oft importuned me
To temper[289] poisons for her, still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
Of no esteem.[292] I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff which, being ta’en, would cease[294]
The present power of life, but in short time
All offices of nature[296] should again
Do their due functions. Have you ta’en of it?
INNOGEN Most like[298] I did, for I was dead.
BELARIUS My boys,
There was our error.
GUIDERIUS This is sure[301] Fidele.
INNOGEN Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think that you are upon a rock, and now
Throw me again. *Embraces him*
POSTHUMUS Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree[306] die.
CYMBELINE How now, my flesh, my child?
What, mak’st[308] thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?
INNOGEN Your blessing, sir. *Kneels*
BELARIUS Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not. *To Guiderius and Arviragus*
You had a motive[312] for’t.
CYMBELINE My tears that fall
Prove holy water on thee! Innogen,

Thy mother’s[315] dead.
INNOGEN I am sorry for’t, my lord.
CYMBELINE O, she was naught,[317] and long of her it was
That we meet here so strangely:[318] but her son
Is gone, we know not how nor where.
PISANIO My lord,
Now fear is from me, I’ll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady’s missing,[322] came to me
With his sword drawn, foamed at the mouth, and swore,
If I discovered[324] not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death. By accident,[325]
I had a feignèd letter[326] of my master’s
Then in my pocket, which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford,
Where in a frenzy, in my master’s garments,
Which he enforced[330] from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady’s honour. What became of him
I further know not.
GUIDERIUS Let me end the story:
I slew him there.
CYMBELINE Marry, the gods forfend![336]
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: prithee, valiant youth,
Deny’t again.[339]
GUIDERIUS I have spoke it, and I did it.
CYMBELINE He[341] was a prince.
GUIDERIUS A most incivil[342] one. The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like, for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me. I cut off’s head,
And am right glad he is not standing here
To[347] tell this tale of mine.
CYMBELINE I am sorrow[348] for thee:
By thine own tongue thou art condemned, and must
Endure our law: thou’rt dead.[350]

INNOGEN That headless man
I thought had been my lord.
CYMBELINE Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.
BELARIUS Stay, sir king.
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended[357] as thyself, and hath
More of[358] thee merited than a band of Clotens
Had[359] ever scar for.— Let his arms alone, ***To the Guard***
They were not born for bondage.
CYMBELINE Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth[362] thou art unpaid for
By tasting of[363] our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?
ARVIRAGUS In that he spake too far.
CYMBELINE And thou[366] shalt die for't.
BELARIUS We will die all three,
But I will[368] prove that two on's are as good
As I have given out him.[369] My sons, I must
For[370] mine own part unfold a dangerous speech,
Though haply[371] well for you.
ARVIRAGUS Your danger's ours.
GUIDERIUS And our good his.
BELARIUS Have at it then, by leave.[374]
Thou hadst, great king, a subject who
Was called Belarius.
CYMBELINE What of him? He is
A banished traitor.
BELARIUS He it is that hath
Assumed this age:[380] indeed, a banished man,
I know not how a traitor.
CYMBELINE Take him hence,
The whole world shall not save him.
BELARIUS Not too hot:[384]
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons,
And let it[386] be confiscate all so soon

As I have received it.
CYMBELINE Nursing of my sons?
BELARIUS I am too blunt and saucy,[389] here’s my knee: ***Kneels***
Ere I arise I will prefer[390] my sons,
Then spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine.
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood[395] of your begetting.
CYMBELINE How, my issue?
BELARIUS So sure as you your father’s. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime[398] banished:
Your pleasure was my mere[399] offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason. That[400] I suffered
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes —
For such and so they are — these twenty years
Have I trained up: those arts they have as I
Could put into[404] them. My breeding was, sir,
As your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I moved[407] her to’t,
Having[408] received the punishment before
For that which I did then. Beaten[409] for loyalty
Excited[410] me to treason. Their dear loss,
The more of[411] you ’twas felt, the more it shaped
Unto my end of[412] stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again, and I must lose
Two of the sweet’st companions in the world.
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew, for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.
CYMBELINE Thou weep’st, and speak’st:
The service[419] that you three have done is more
Unlike[420] than this thou tell’st. I lost my children:
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

BELARIUS Be pleased awhile.[423]
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours,[425] is true Guiderius:
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son. He, sir, was lapped[427]
In a most curious[428] mantle, wrought by th'hand
Of his queen mother, which for more probation[429]
I can with ease produce.
CYMBELINE Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine[432] star.
It was a mark of wonder.
BELARIUS This is he,
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp:[435]
It was wise nature's end[436] in the donation
To be his evidence now.
CYMBELINE O, what am I?
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoiced deliverance[440] more: blest pray you be,
That, after this strange starting[441] from your orbs,
You may reign in them now! O Innogen,
Thou[443] hast lost by this a kingdom.
INNOGEN No, my lord:
I have got two worlds by't. O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter
But[447] I am truest speaker. You called me brother
When I was but your sister: I you brothers,
When ye were so indeed.
CYMBELINE Did you e'er meet?
ARVIRAGUS Ay, my good lord.
GUIDERIUS And at first meeting loved,
Continued so until we thought he died.
CORNELIUS By the queen's dram she swallowed.
CYMBELINE O rare[455] instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgement[456]
Hath to it circumstantial branches,[457] which
Distinction[458] should be rich in. Where? How lived you?

And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? How first met them?
Why fled you from the court? And whither? These,
And your[462] three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded,[463]
And all the other by-dependences,[464]
From chance[465] to chance. But nor the time nor place
Will serve[466] our long interrogatories. See,
Posthumus anchors[467] upon Innogen,
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye[468]
On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting
Each object with a joy: the counterchange[470]
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,[471]
And smoke[472] the temple with our sacrifices.—
Thou art my brother, so we'll hold[473] thee ever. ***To Beiarius***

INNOGEN You are my father too, and did relieve me[474]
To see this gracious season.[475]

CYMBELINE All o'erjoyed,
Save[477] these in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.[478]

INNOGEN My good master,
I will yet do you service.

LUCIUS Happy be you!

CYMBELINE The forlorn[482] soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becomed[483] this place, and graced
The thankings of a king.

POSTHUMUS I am, sir,
The soldier that did company[486] these three
In poor beseeming:[487] 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then followed. That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo: I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.[490]

IACHIMO I am down again: ***Kneels***
But now my heavy conscience sinks[492] my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you,
Which I so often[494] owe: but your ring first,

And here the bracelet of the truest princess
That ever swore her faith.

POSTHUMUS Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you is to spare you:
The malice towards you to forgive you. Live,
And deal with others better.

CYMBELINE Nobly doomed![501]
We'll learn our freeness[502] of a son-in-law:
Pardon's the word to all.

ARVIRAGUS You holp[504] us, sir,
As[505] you did mean indeed to be our brother.
Joyed[506] are we that you are.

POSTHUMUS Your servant, princes. Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer: as I slept, methought
Great Jupiter, upon[509] his eagle backed,
Appeared to me, with other spritely shows[510]
Of mine own kindred. When I waked I found
This label[512] on my bosom, whose containing
Is so[513] from sense in hardness that I can
Make no collection of[514] it. Let him show
His skill in the construction.[515]

LUCIUS Philharmonus.[516]

SOOTHSAYER Here, my good lord.

LUCIUS Read, and declare the meaning.

SOOTHSAYER *Reads* 'Whenas a lion's whelp[519] shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air: and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty.'
Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp:
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being leo-natus,[526] doth import so much.—
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter, ***To Cymbeline***
Which we call *'mollis aer';* and *'mollis aer'*[528]

We term it ‘*mulier*’.— Which ‘*mulier*’ I divine[529]
Is this most constant wife, who even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipped about[532]
With this most tender air.
CYMBELINE This hath some seeming.[534]
SOOTHSAYER The lofty cedar,[535] royal Cymbeline,
Personates[536] thee: and thy lopped branches point
Thy two sons forth, who by Belarius stol’n,
For many years thought dead, are now revived,
To the majestic cedar joined, whose issue[539]
Promises Britain peace and plenty.
CYMBELINE Well,
My peace we will begin.— And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Caesar
And to the Roman empire, promising
To pay our wonted[545] tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen,
Whom[547] heavens in justice both on her and hers
Have laid most heavy hand.
SOOTHSAYER The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius ere the stroke[551]
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplished. For the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessened herself,[555] and in the beams o’th’sun
So vanished; which foreshowed our princely eagle,
Th’imperial Caesar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.[559]
CYMBELINE Laud[560] we the gods,
And let our crookèd[561] smokes climb to their nostrils
From our blest altars. Publish[562] we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward:[563] let
A Roman and a British ensign[564] wave

Friendly together: so through Lud’s town march,
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we’ll ratify, seal[567] it with feasts.
Set on there![568] Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were washed, with such a peace.

Exeunt

Textual Notes

= First Folio text of 1623

2 = a correction introduced in the Second Folio text of 1632

3 = a correction introduced in the Third Folio text of 1663–64

d = a correction introduced by a later editor

D = stage direction

H = speech heading (i.e., speaker’s name)

ist of parts = Ed

.1.1 SH FIRST GENTLEMAN = Ed. F = 1. *Gent, subsequently* 1 **3 king** = Ed. F = Kings **4 SH SECOND GENTLEMAN** = Ed. F = **2** ***Gent***, *subsequently* 2 **35 Cassibelan** = F2. F = *Cassibulan* **65 clothes** the other, = Ed. F = cloathes, the other **78 SD** ***Exeunt*** = Ed. F = *Exeunt* / *Scena Secunda* **SD** ***Innogen*** = Ed. F = *Imogen (throughout)* **109 Philario’s** = Ed. F = *Filorio*’*s* **131 cere** *spelled* seare *in* F

ct 1 Scene 2 = Ed. F = *Scena Tertia*

.2.1 SH FIRST LORD = Ed. F = 1 **5 SH SECOND LORD** = Ed. F = 2 **6 thoroughfare** = F3. F = thorough-fare

ct 1 Scene 3 = Ed. F = *Scena Quarta*

ct 1 Scene 4 = Ed. F = *Scena Quinta*

.4.20 Briton *spelled* Britaine in F **34 not** = Ed. *Not in* F **51 Britain** = Ed. F = Britanie 51–**2 others I have** = Ed. F = others. I haue 52–**3 not but** = Ed. F = not **60 purchase** = Ed. F = purchases **93 thousand** = F3. F = thousands **98 a friend** = F. *Sometimes emended to* afraid

ct 1 Scene 5 = Ed. F = *Scena Sexta*

.5.84 SD *Exit Pisanio printed one line earlier in* F Act **1 Scene** 6 = Ed. F = *Scena Septima*

.6.7 desire = F2. F = desires **25 trust** = F. *Sometimes emended to* truest **28 takes** = Ed. F = take **37 th’unnumbered** = Ed. F = the number’d **66 Briton** *spelled* Britaine *in* F **124 illustrous** = Ed. F = illustrious **168 Solicit’st** = Ed. F = Solicites **189 men’s** = F2. F = men **191 descended** = F2. F = defended

.1.5 SH FIRST LORD = Ed. F = 1 *(throughout scene)* **10 give** = F2. F = gaue **18 your** = Ed. F = you **23 tonight** = F2. F = night **47 husband, than** = Ed. F = Husband. Then **48 make! The** = Ed. F = make the

.2.51 bare *spelled* beare *in* F

.3.22 SH CLOTEN = Ed. *Not in* F **23 vice** = Ed. F = voyce **24 amend** = F2. F = amed **39 solicits** = F2. F = solicity **102 cure** = Ed. F = are **124 foil** = F. *Sometimes emended to* soil **142 garment** = F2. F = Garments **164 you** = Ed. F = your

.4.7 seared hopes = Ed. F = fear'd hope **20 legions** = Ed. F = Legion **26 mingled** = F2. F = wing-led **39 through** = Ed. F = thorough **42 tenor** = Ed. F = tenure **44 SH PHILARIO** = Ed. F = *Post*. **51 had** = Ed. F = haue **59 not** = F2. F = note **71 you** = F2. F = yon **74 leaves** = Ed. F = leaue **146 one of** = F2. F = one **169 the** = Ed. F = her **209 German one** = Ed. F = Iarmen on **220 may be named** = F2. F = name

.1.23 oaks = F. *Sometimes emended to* rocks **38 more** *spelled* mo *in* F **52 be. We do say** = Ed. F = be, we do. Say

.2.2 monster's her accuser = Ed. F = Monsters her accuse **21 fedary** = Ed. F = Fœdarie **61 get** = F2. F = ger **64 score** = F2. F = store **ride** = F2. F = rid **77 here, nor** = F2. F = heere, not

.3.2 Stoop = Ed. F = Sleepe **25 robe** = Ed. F = Babe. *Sometimes emended to* bauble **27 'em** = Ed. F = him **30 know** = F2. F = knowes **33 known, well** = Ed. F = knowne. Well **35 travelling** *spelled* trauailing *in* F **36 for** = Ed. F = or **88 wherein they bow** = Ed. F = whereon the Bowe **91 Polydore** = Ed. F = *Paladour* **108 reft'st** = Ed. F = refts **111 Morgan** = Ed. F = *Mergan*

.4.80 afore't = Ed. F = a-foot **90 make** = Ed. F = makes **104 out** = Ed. *Not in* F **162 haply** = Ed. F = happily

.5.22 SD *and others spelled &c. in* F **39 looks us** = Ed. F = looke vs **48 strokes** = Ed. F = stroke **54 th'loud'st** = Ed. F = th'lowd **155 insultment** = F2. F = insulment

.6.27 F *marks a new scene here: Scena Septima* **78 Ay** = Ed. F = I I'd = Ed. F = I do

ct 3 Scene 7 = Ed. F = *Scena Octaua*

.1.9 imperceiverant = Ed. F = imperseuerant **12 thy face** = F. Ed = her face **13 haply** *spelled* happily *in* F

.2.63 cookery! He = Ed. F = Cookerie? / *Arui*. He (*some editors assign* "He…dieter" *to Belarius*) **73 him** = Ed. F = them **75 patience** = Ed. F = patient **90 mountaineers** *spelled* Mountainers *in* F **157 thank** = Ed. F = thanks **169 humour** = Ed. F = Honor **233 ingenious** = Ed. F = ingenuous **257 crare** = Ed. F = care **258 Might** = F2. F = **Might'st easiliest** = Ed. F = easilest **259 ay** *spelled* I *in* F **281 ruddock** = Ed. F = Raddocke **297 once** = Ed. F = once to **355 is** = Ed. F = are **401 are** = F2. F = are heere **464 wildwood leaves** = Ed. F = wild wood-leaues **475 he is** = F2. F = hee's

.3.18 SH FIRST LORD = Ed. F = *Lord*. **46 betid** = Ed. F = betide

.4.3 find we = F2. F = we finde **11 us** = F2. F = v.. **22 the** = Ed. F = their **33 hard** = Ed. F = heard

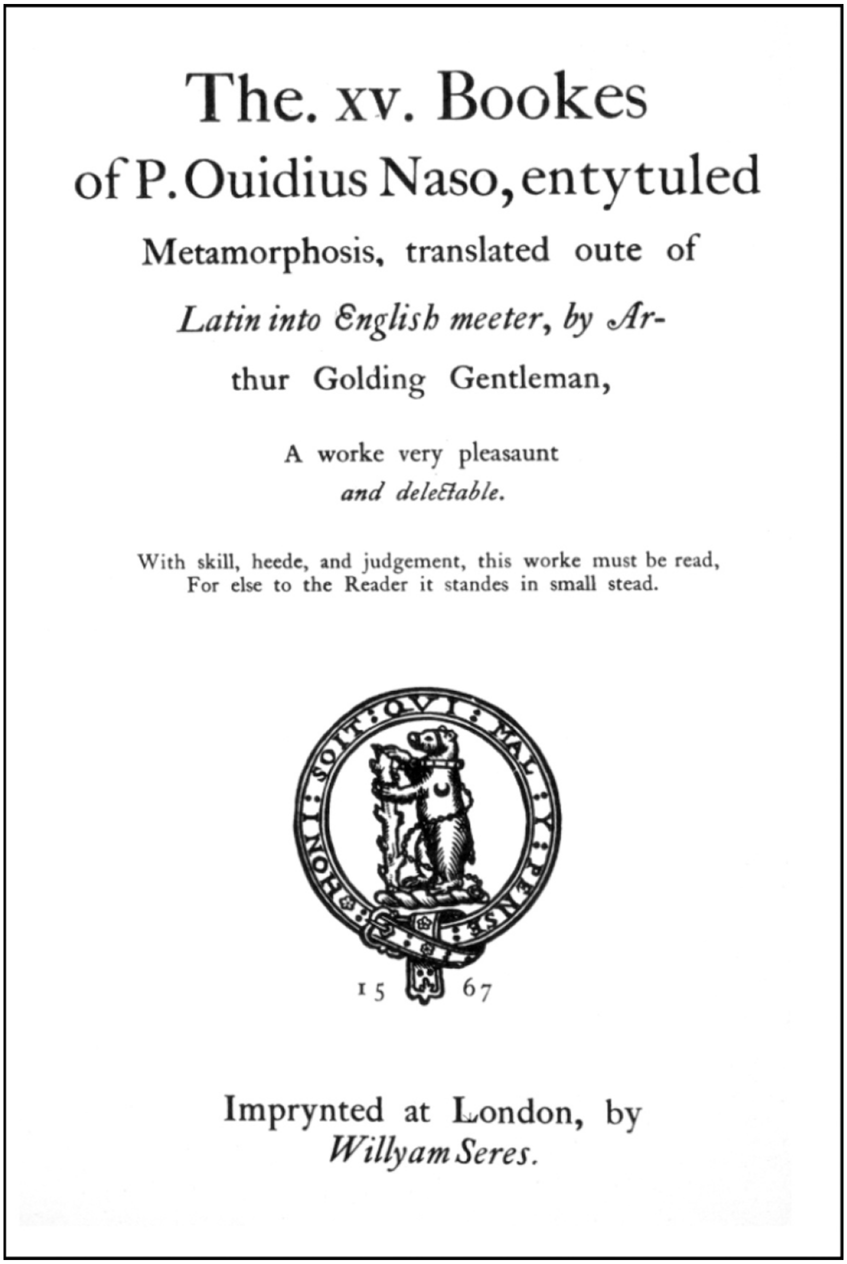
.1.1 wished = Ed. F = am wisht

.3.27 harts = Ed. F = hearts **45 stooped** = Ed. F = ftopt **46 they** = Ed. F = the **90 SH FIRST CAPTAIN** = Ed. F = 1 **92 SH SECOND CAPTAIN** = Ed. F = 2 **102 SD *Jailers*** = Ed. F = *Gaoler* **SD *Exeunt…Jailers*** = Ed. F = *Enter Posthumus, and Gaoler* (F *begins new scene here, Scena Quarta*) **103 SH FIRST JAILER** = Ed. F = *Gao*. **170 geck** = Ed. F = geeke **184 look** = F2. F = looke, / looke **221 claws** *spelled* cloyes *in* F **258 are as** = Ed. F = are **262 Of this** = Ed. F = Oh, of this **265 sir** = F2. F = Sis **276 on** = Ed. F = one

ct 5 Scene 4 = Ed. F = *Scena Quinta*

.4.76 heard = Ed. F = heare **158 On** = Ed. F = One **235 got it** = F2. F = got **302 from** = Ed. F = fro **368 on's** = Ed. F = one's **399 mere** = Ed. F = neere **400 treason. That** = Ed. F = Treason that **416 like** = F2. F = liks **449 ye** = Ed. F = we **460 brothers** = Ed. F = Brother **461 whither?**

These = Ed. F = whether these? **482 so** = F2. F = no **519 SH SOOTHSAYER** = Ed. *Not in* F **552 this yet** = F3. F = yet this



The. xv. Bookes
of P. Ouidius Naso, entytuled
Metamorphosis, translated oute of
Latin into English meeter, by Ar-
thur Golding Gentleman,

A worke very pleasaunt
and delectable.

With skill, heede, and judgement, this worke must be read,
For else to the Reader it standes in small stead.

HONI : SOIT : QUI : MAL : Y : PENSE

15 67

Imprynted at London, by
Willyam Seres.

Innogen's bedtime reading ("She hath been reading late, / The tale of Tereus. Here the leaf's turned down / Where Philomel gave up") was also one of Shakespeare's favorite books: Ovid's Metamorphoses was the main source for his knowledge of classical mythology and the direct inspiration for Venus and Adonis, Titus Andronicus, "Pyramus and Thisbe" in A Midsummer Night's Dream, as well as key aspects of the Sonnets, The Winter's Tale, and The Tempest. Arthur Golding's 1567 translation, which Shakespeare knew well, was dedicated to the Earl of Leicester, so its title page included his insignia of a chained bear and the motto of the Order of the Garter.

Act 1 Scene 1

1.1 ***Location:*** *the British royal court (the play moves between ancient Britain and Rome)*
1 **but frowns** who does not frown **bloods** dispositions, temperaments
3 **Still…king** mimic the king’s emotions; **seem** suggests a lack of sincerity
6 **purposed to** intended for, i.e., to marry
7 **late** recently **referred…Unto** given herself to/chosen
9 **all…heart** i.e., Cymbeline is deeply wounded whereas the courtiers’ **outward sorrow** is false
13 **He…her** i.e., Cloten
15 **bent** inclination
19 **missed** failed to win; also suggests Innogen’s lucky escape **thing** contemptuous being, beneath humanity
22 **creature** living being, suggesting he is beyond common humanity
24 **his like** like him **something…compare** anyone chosen for comparison would have some fault to distinguish them
26 **outward** physical appearance **stuff** substance, quality
27 **Endows…he** so enriches/is to be found in any other
28 **speak him far** speak highly of him
29 **extend…himself** i.e., praise him no further than he deserves
31 **measure** true capacity
32 **birth** parentage/social status
33 **delve…root** properly trace his family history
34 **honour** fame, renown; also himself and his forces
35 **Cassibelan** Cymbeline’s uncle
36 **by** from, under **Tenantius** Cymbeline’s father
38 **sur-addition** added title **Leonatus** means “born of a lion” (Latin)
42 **fond of issue** doting on his children
44 **Big of** pregnant with
47 **of his bedchamber** a personal servant
48 **learnings** education **time** age/experience
50 **fast** as fast
51 **in’s…harvest** reached maturity even in his youth
52 **rare** unusual
53 **sample** example, model

54 **glass** mirror **feated them** displayed them to themselves **graver** more important, influential persons

55 **dotards** old fools

56 **her own price** the price she paid/her personal merit

57 **Proclaims** shows, proves **how** to what extent/in what manner **his… read** the very fact that she chose Posthumus demonstrates his worth

60 **even out of** based only on

65 **I'th'swathing clothes** in the swaddling (i.e., baby) clothes

70 **conveyed** taken away, stolen

71 **slackly** negligently, loosely

73 **Howsoe'er 'tis strange** strange as it may seem

77 **forbear** cease/give way ***Posthumus*** meaning "after death" (Latin); so named from the deaths of his parents before and at his birth, with the name "Leonatus" living on in him ***Innogen*** Folio's "Imogen" is probably a misprint or scribal error; she is called Innogen in Shakespeare's source material, which suggests "innocence"

80 **After the slander** as in the conventional unjust image

83 **restraint** loss of liberty, perhaps an actual prison cell

84 **win** win over, persuade

85 **marry** by the Virgin Mary, i.e., indeed

87 **leaned unto** went along with, obeyed **with…you** with what resignation, compliance you must decide

89 **Please** if it please

90 **from hence** leave here

91 **peril** danger (in staying since Posthumus is banished)

92 **fetch a turn** take a walk **pitying** because I pity

93 **pangs…affections** pains caused by forbidden love

94 **charged** ordered

95 **dissembling** false, feigned, deceitful

98 **reserved…duty** having always dutifully obeyed him as a daughter

100 **hourly shot** continual glare; the eye was thought to emit beams at objects in order to see them

106 **more…man** i.e., join you in crying; not considered appropriate for a man

108 **plight troth** take marriage vows; the phrase was more often associated with engagement

111 **thither** there, to that place

113 **gall** an excrescence produced by insects on oak trees used to make ink/bile (a bitter secretion of the liver), hence bitterness of spirit, rancor

118 **buy** interpret, believe (wrongly)

121 **term** period of time

122 **loathness** reluctance, unwillingness

125 **petty** inadequate

131 **cere** wrap in a burial cloth

133 **sense** the ability to feel/control one's actions

134 **As…you** just as you gave up more than me for our marriage, you do so again in our exchange of gifts

135 **trifles** small, insignificant tokens

138 **fairest prisoner** i.e., Innogen's arm

140 **see** meet, see each other

141 **Alack** expression of sorrow, regret

142 **basest** most worthless (morally and socially) **avoid hence** get away

143 **fraught** burden/trouble

147 **good remainders** remaining courtiers/virtuous courtiers

149 **pinch** pain, torment

152 **repair** restore, renew, prolong

156 **senseless of** insensible to **touch more rare** greater pain (caused by Posthumus' departure)

159 **past grace** Cymbeline means beyond filial duty, but Innogen shifts the sense to "beyond heavenly grace/salvation"

162 **puttock** kite, seen as an inferior bird to the eagle/greedy scavenger

170 **overbuys…pays** i.e., the price he has paid is almost twice my worth

174 **neatherd** cowherd

178 **after** in accordance with

180 **Beseech** I beg

183 **best advice** calm meditation on the matter

184 **languish…folly** grow weak by loss of a **drop of blood a day** for the rest of her life until she is old and dies

187 **Fie…way** unclear as to whether this is said to Innogen or the departing Cymbeline

189 **drew** i.e., his sword

194 **no…anger** wasn't angry enough to fight seriously

197 **takes his part** does his duty/takes the king’s side

199 **Afric** i.e., a desert or remote place where they could fight without intervention

201 **goer-back** one who retreats, backs off

202 **suffer** allow

203 **haven** harbor

207 **lay** wager

Act 1 Scene 2

1 **shift a shirt** change your shirt **violence…sacrifice** i.e., your fight (with Posthumus) has made you smell (through sweat or fear) like a sacrificial animal

2 **where…vent** the air you give out (**vent**) is more wholesome than the air that comes in to replace it (ironic flattery) **abroad** outside (you)

4 **then to** then I would

5 **not…as** nothing more than

6 **passable carcass** would pass for a dead body/a body that can be stabbed (**passed**) through

8 **His…town** Cloten's sword (**steel**) rather went round the back streets like a debtor trying to avoid a creditor

9 **stand me** stand his ground/stand up to me

13 **As…oceans** i.e., none at all **Puppies!** Conceited young fools!

15 **till…ground** i.e., until you were fallen prostrate on the ground

18 **election** choice, with a pun on salvation; in Calvinist doctrine, the predestined elect were to be saved

19 **She's…sign** she has a good physical appearance

20 **reflection** evidence, indication; the Second Lord shifts the sense to "the literal reflection of light" (i.e., her radiance, which fools are unable to absorb and would dazzle her) **wit** intelligence, judgment (perhaps with sexual connotation of "genitals")

22 **would there had** I wish there had

23 **ass** i.e., Cloten

28 **Well** very well

Act 1 Scene 3

1 **grew’st unto** took root like a plant (by remaining there so long)

2 **And…sail** scrutinized every approaching ship

4 **offered mercy** perhaps God’s mercy, but a letter (**paper**) seems to favor the image of a king’s pardon arriving too late

5 **spake** spoke

9 **Senseless** inanimate

12 **make me** make me out, distinguish me

13 **keep** remain on

15 **as** as though **fits…mind** mental anguish, unsettled thoughts

16 **slow…on** reluctant he was to leave

18 **Thou…crow** you should have waited until he appeared no bigger than a crow

19 **ere left** before you ceased

20 **after-eye** gaze after

22 **eyestrings** muscles, nerves in the eye; thought to break when a person died or went blind

23 **diminution of space** reduction, contraction of the size of everything

24 **pointed** fashioned to a point, i.e., made him as small as her **needle**’s point

30 **With…vantage** at his next opportunity

35 **shes** women

36 **interest** right

37 **At…midnight** three of the hours specified for prayer by the Christian Church

38 **T’encounter…him** i.e., they can meet in heaven through prayer **orisons** prayers

41 **charming** acting as a charm, a spell to ward off evil

42 **north** the north wind, which **shakes** buds as it blows, and stops them growing

Act 1 Scene 4

1.4 ***Location:*** *Rome* **Philario** means “loving, dear” (Greek) **Iachimo** the modern Italian spelling is Giacomo (James)

1 **of…note** growing in reputation, like a crescent moon

2 **been…of** been recognized as

3 **without…admiration** without feeling any particular sense of admiration for him

4 **endowments** qualities, attributes **tabled** listed

8 **behold…he** i.e., there were many as noble as Posthumus there; eagles, the noblest birds, were thought to be able to stare at the sun

10 **weighed** judged, assessed

11 **words…matter** allows for him to be described in ways that falsely magnify his own worth

14 **approbation** approval, praise **divorce** physical separation **under her colours** from her side

15 **be it but** if only **fortify** support, justify

16 **battery** military assault

17 **sojourn** temporarily stay **creeps acquaintance** has he insinuated himself into your acquaintance

20 **suits** is appropriate, suitable

21 **knowing** knowledge/experience of the world

23 **story…hearing** speak about him/sing his praises in front of him

25 **we…together** we have been acquainted

26 **which…still** which I will spend forever repaying, although I will still be in debt

28 **atone** make peace between, reconcile

29 **put together** set in opposition with each other

30 **mortal** deadly, fatal

32 **rather…experiences** preferred not to go along with what others said

36 **arbitrament of** settlement (of the dispute) by

40 **suffer the report** bear recounting **fell out** took place

41 **our country mistresses** the women of our own countries/the women we have sex with (country puns on “cunt”)

42 **vouching** claiming, swearing **and…affirmation** with a pledge to back up what he said with bloodshed if necessary

43 **attemptable** able to be seduced

45 **by…out** by now is worn out

46 **holds** retains **mind** opinion

48 **abate her nothing** not budge in any part of my high opinion of her

49 **profess myself** confess I am

50 **hand-in-hand comparison** that seeks to imply equality

51 **went before** surpassed, were superior to

55 **rated** estimated

56 **esteem** value

57 **enjoys** possesses

58 **unparagoned** unequaled, matchless **outprized…trifle** surpassed in value by an insignificant thing (the ring)

59 **or** either

64 **You…yours** you may be able to call her yours in the legal sense (because you are married) **strange…ponds** i.e., a man's neighbor may visit (and seduce) his wife; there are also cruder sexual undercurrents; strange was an epithet for "an illicit sexual partner"; fowl was a term for "a prostitute"; pond also means "vagina"

65 **ring** plays on sexual sense of (Innogen's) "vagina" **brace** pair **unprizable estimations** objects considered beyond value

66 **frail** subject to human weakness **casual** subject to mischance, precarious **that-way-accomplished courtier** i.e., a womanizer, one who can court successfully

68 **convince** persuade/overcome

70 **store** plenty, an abundance

71 **leave here** leave off now

73 **familiar at first** on familiar terms right from the start

74 **get…yielding** succeed in advancing upon; fencing terminology with strong sexual undertones

76 **friend** befriend/become intimate with (with sexual implication)

78 **pawn the moiety** wager one half **to** against

79 **something** somewhat

80 **bar your offence** prevent you taking it as a personal affront

82 **abused** deceived **persuasion** conviction

83 **you…of** you will get what you deserve

87 **came in** came about

89 **put my estate** bet all my capital **th'approbation** the proof

92 **ten thousand ducats** anachronistic; ducats were gold coins used in Italy in Shakespeare's time, not in ancient Rome; a huge sum even for a rich nobleman

93 **commend** if you recommend

94 **conference** meeting

95 **reserved** preserved/averse to displays of emotion

96 **wage** pledge, bet

98 **friend…wiser** i.e., as her lover you know her well

99 **dram** very small amount **preserve** stop, prevent **But…fear** perhaps alluding to Psalm 3:10, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom" **that** since

101 **but…tongue** just your way of speaking, i.e., just idle talk **graver** more serious

102 **undergo** undertake

105 **covenants drawn between's** terms of (legal) agreement drawn up between us

107 **have…lay** not allow this wager

108 **testimony** proof

110 **come off** fail

112 **commendation** (letter of) introduction, recommendation **free entertainment** informal, friendly reception (both words are capable of a sexual interpretation)

113 **articles betwixt us** i.e., a legal agreement, drawn up

114 **make…her** seduce her; with blatant sexual connotations

119 **covenant** agreement, i.e., let's shake on it

120 **lest…starve** i.e., in case we have time to calm down and reflect, and end up calling it off

123 **Will this hold** will they really go through with this

124 **from it** back down

Act 1 Scene 5

1.5 ***Location:*** *Britain, the royal court*

1 **Whiles…ground** while the dew is still on the ground; plants were believed to be at their freshest, most potent when covered with dew

2 **note** list

4 **Dispatch** see it done

7 **without offence** without (wishing to cause) offense

8 **wherefore** why

9 **compounds** compounded drugs, i.e., drugs made by mixing different chemical elements together

10 **are…of** cause **languishing** long and drawn-out

11 **But…deadly** and although they work slowly, they are, nevertheless, deadly

14 **learned** taught

15 **Distil? Preserve?** extract the essences from plants and preserve them

Yea so indeed so well

17 **confections** mixtures (drugs)

18 **meet** appropriate

19 **amplify…conclusions** extend my knowledge through other experiments

20 **try** test **forces** effects

23 **vigour** strength

24 **Allayments** antidotes **act** effect

25 **several** various

29 **noisome and infectious** physically noxious, harmful/morally corrupting

30 **content thee** don't worry

40 **Strange** rare, unfamiliar/special, powerful **ling'ring poisons** poisons that cause a slow painful death

44 **prove** test, try

45 **higher** in the chain of being, i.e., on people

46 **show** appearance, illusion

47 **locking-up…time** temporary disappearance of the signs of life

48 **reviving** upon reviving

55 **quench** cool down, settle down **instructions** good advice

56 **Do thou work** i.e., on persuading Innogen to forget Posthumus and marry Cloten

60 **fortunes…gasp** i.e., Posthumus' state and reputation are like a deathbed patient about to die

62 **shift his being** change his dwelling place

64 **every…him** i.e., every day is wasted since he has no future

66 **depender** dependant **leans** is unstable

73 **What…cordial** anything more restorative

74 **earnest** instalment, foretaste

76 **as from thyself** i.e., as if it were your own opinion on the matter

77 **Think…on** think how your fortunes will improve by switching sides

78 **Thou…still** you won't lose Innogen **to boot** also, as well/to (your) advantage

79 **take…thee** acknowledge your service and make sure you are preferred **I'll…desire** I'll persuade the king to confer on you any kind of rank, social advancement you wish

82 **set…desert** persuaded you to go for this reward

83 **load** reward

84 **constant** loyal, devoted, firm

85 **shaked** shaken (in his loyalty)

86 **remembrancer** officer responsible for the collection of debts/reminder

87 **handfast** marriage contract

88 **unpeople…sweet** i.e., it will kill Pisanio if he takes it; **sweet** sweetheart

89 **liegers** ambassadors, servants

90 **Except…humour** unless she changes her attitude

93 **closet** private room

Act 1 Scene 6

1 **stepdame** stepmother

3 **husband banished** i.e., whose husband is banished

5 **thief-stol'n** stolen by a thief

7 **glorious** lofty, ambitious

8 **mean** lowly, humble, poor **wills** wishes, plays on sense of “sexual desires”

9 **seasons** adds spice to/matures with time/seasons of the year **Fie!** exclamation of reproach

12 **Change you** i.e., your color, but the phrase plays upon an ambiguous sense—“have your affections changed?”

17 **out of door** external/visible

18 **furnished** equipped, endowed **rare** exceptional

19 **th'Arabian bird** the phoenix, a mythical bird, of which, according to legend, only one could exist at any time, therefore a symbol of true uniqueness

21 **Arm me audacity** may audacity arm me/may **boldness** arm me with audacity

22 **Parthian…fight** fight as I retreat like the Parthians: ancient inhabitants of what is now Iraq known for their battle tactic of retreating on horseback while firing arrows at their pursuing enemies

23 **Rather, directly fly** or retreat outright

24 **note** reputation, distinction

25 **Reflect** bestow attention **as…trust** to the same degree as you value the quality of trust in yourself/as you value your trust in me/as you value your duty as a wife

26 **So far** thus much

34 **vaulted arch** i.e., the sky

35 **which** i.e., men's eyes

36 **fiery orbs** stars/planets **twinned** identical

37 **th'unnumbered** the uncountable

38 **Partition** distinction **spectacles so precious** miraculous organs of sight/such wondrous sights, i.e., Innogen

40 **makes your admiration** causes your amazement, wonder

42 **shes** women **chatter this way** signal approval by their chattering

43 **Contemn** scorn, slight **mows** grimaces

44 **idiots...definite** even an idiot presiding over this case of beauty (**favor**) would be resolute as would a wise judge

45 **appetite** sexual desire

46 **Sluttery** sluttishness **neat** elegant

47 **vomit emptiness** i.e., retch

48 **allured** offered, tempted **feed** plays on sense of “have sex with her”

49 **trow** in truth

50 **cloyèd** sated, surfeited **will** sexual desire; plays on sense of “genitals,” usually “penis”

52 **running** emptying, running over **ravening** ravenously devouring

53 **garbage** offal, intestines

55 **raps** possesses, transports

57 **Desire...abode** ask my manservant to remain

58 **strange** a stranger **peevish** temperamental, irritable

65 **gamesome** lively, sportive/lusty, i.e., with sexual implication

68 **sadness** gravity, seriousness

71 **one an** one (who is) an

73 **Gallian** French **furnaces...sighs** sighing frequently like a furnace

75 **from’s free lungs** openly, without restraint; **free** has connotations of licentiousness

77 **proof** experience

87 **but...thankfully** although he could be more appreciative of the gifts heaven has bestowed upon him, especially of Innogen

88 **’tis** i.e., heaven’s bounty is

89 **account** reckon **talents** personal qualities/monetary account

98 **hide me** hide myself

99 **snuff** candle end

104 **enjoy** take pleasure in, with sexual innuendo

105 **office** duty **venge** avenge

109 **doubting...ill** suspecting things are going badly

111 **timely knowing** learning in time

112 **born** found **discover...stop** reveal to me what makes your speech start and **stop** (the image is from horse riding)

114 **Had** I if I had

116 **feeler’s** i.e., the person who felt the touch (of Innogen’s hand)

117 **this object** Innogen herself/her eye

118 **Takes…motion** transfixes the restless gaze

119 **Firing** setting it aflame (with desire)

120 **Slaver** flatter/wet with saliva **common…Capitol** i.e., used by everyone

Capitol the national temple of Rome dedicated to Jupiter

122 **falsehood…labour** i.e., just as manual labor hardens the hands, habitual falsehood hardens the heart

123 **by-peeping** glancing sideways

124 **illustrous** lackluster, dull

125 **fed with** produced by **tallow** animal fat, used to make candles **fit** right, appropriate

127 **Encounter such revolt** punish such a transgression

130 **Not…pronounce** it gives me no pleasure to reveal this news

138 **empery** empire

139 **Would…double** which would double the power of even the greatest king

partnered equated, considered alongside

140 **tomboys** prostitutes **self-exhibition** same allowance of money

141 **ventures** hazards/prostitutes

142 **play** gamble **infirmities** diseases

143 **boiled stuff** women who have been made to sweat in steam rooms: a treatment for venereal disease

146 **Recoil…stock** degenerate from your royal lineage

153 **Diana's priest** Diana was the goddess of chastity, whose female priests were virgins **cold** chaste, sexless

154 **vaulting** to mount sexually **variable ramps** various prostitutes **ramp** a bold, vulgar woman

155 **In your despite** in contempt, scorn of you **upon your purse** at your expense

157 **runagate** runaway, vagabond

158 **fast** constant, firm

161 **Let…lips** allow me to kiss you

163 **attended** listened, paid attention to **thee** less polite than you as a term of address, used to inferiors but also to intimates

172 **saucy** impudent, insolent **mart** do business; literally "marketplace"

173 **Romish stew** Roman brothel

174 **us** the royal plural pronoun

178 **credit** trust, belief, good reputation, plays on economic sense

184 **affiance** trothplight, marriage promise

186 **new o'er** all over again

187 **truest mannered** most honestly given, most faithful **holy witch** i.e., good wizard who uses holy magic

195 **try your taking** test how you would take

197 **In…rare** in choosing such an exceptional husband

199 **fan** winnow; blow air through grain to separate the wheat from the chaff or husks

200 **chaffless** without chaff or refuse

203 **but** only

204 **moment** importance, significance

209 **best…wing** best among our group of friends **mingled sums** all contributed money

211 **factor** agent

212 **plate** gold or silver utensils/tableware **rare device** exceptional craftwork, carving

214 **something curious** somewhat anxious **strange** a stranger, foreigner

218 **pawn** lay down

219 **interest** a stake, a share

226 **short** fall short of, not live up to

227 **Gallia** France

235 **outstood** outstayed **material** crucial

236 **tender** giving

Act 2 Scene 1

1 **kissed the jack** bowling term, i.e., Cloten's bowl touched the small target ball **upon an upcast** meaning uncertain: by accident/tossing a throw up/on the last shot (as in upshot)

2 **jackanapes** upstart/impertinent fellow

3 **take me up** rebuke me **oaths** swearwords **of** from

4 **spend…pleasure** utter them when I please

5 **pate** head

6 **If…out** i.e., Cloten's brain is thin, poor stuff

7 **gentleman** i.e., a nobleman

8 **curtail** cut short

10 **rank** status, plays on secondary sense of "smell"

12 **a pox on't** expression of anger **pox** any disease characterized by pustules/venereal disease

13 **so** as

14 **jack-slave** low-born person

15 **cock** cockerel, plays on sense of "penis"

16 **capon** castrated cockerel/idiot **comb** i.e., like a fool; cock and comb together make "cockscomb" a jester's cap/fool

17 **Sayest thou?** What did you say?

18 **undertake** take on, fight **companion** fellow

20 **commit offence** take on in fight/be offensive to

21 **fit…only** i.e., only you would show such ill breeding (although on the surface the First Lord means "it is your right alone")

27 **whatsoever** whoever

30 **derogation** disgrace, loss of dignity

31 **You cannot derogate** i.e., because you have no dignity to lose in the first place

33 **issues** deeds, puns on "children"

40 **Bears all down** crushes everything that stands in her way

41 **for his heart** for the life of him

44 **Betwixt** between

45 **mother** i.e., stepmother **coining** devising, creating

46 **expulsion** banishment

48 **he’d make** i.e., which he would make happen, in order to marry her himself

Act 2 Scene 2

5 **weak** tired

6 **leaf** page left left off

7 **taper** candle

11 **fairies** believed to be malign in folklore **tempters…night** presumably evil spirits, perhaps incubi, male demons believed to have sex with sleeping women

13 **crickets sing** indicates that it is night and very quiet **o'er-laboured sense** overworked capacity for feeling

14 **Our Tarquin** Sextus Tarquinius raped Lucrece after which the Tarquins were driven from Rome and the republic was born (events narrated by Shakespeare in *The Rape of Lucrece*); Iachimo's use of **our**, i.e., a fellow Roman suggests a more sinister affinity

15 **rushes** reeds strewn on the floor as a covering **ere** before

16 **Cytherea** Venus, goddess of love

17 **bravely thou becom'st** how finely, admirably you adorn your bed **lily** an emblem of purity and chastity

19 **Rubies** i.e., Innogen's red lips **unparagoned** unequaled, matchless

20 **dearly** exquisitely **do't** i.e., kiss; possibly confirms that he does kiss her on the previous line

22 **underpeep her lids** peep under her eyelids

23 **lights** i.e., her eyes **canopied** covered

24 **windows** shutters, i.e., her eyelids **azure** bright blue **laced** ornamented

25 **tinct** color **But my design** but back to my purpose

28 **Th'adornment** the decoration **arras** tapestry wall hanging **figures** either sewn into the tapestry or carved into the mantelpiece

29 **contents** subject matter

30 **notes** distinctive marks **about** upon

31 **Above** more than **meaner** less important/convincing as evidence **movables** items of furniture, property

32 **testify…inventory** give credibility to my list of evidence

33 **ape** mimic **dull** heavy

34 **sense** senses **monument** carved statue of a figure lying on a tomb

36 **Gordian knot** that was tied by the Phrygian King Gordias and was so **hard** that no one could untie it; a prophecy said that whoever did so would

conquer Asia, which Alexander the Great fulfilled by cutting through the knot with his sword

37 **witness outwardly** serve as proof

39 **th'madding** the maddening

40 **cinque-spotted** having five spots **drops** spots

41 **cowslip** wild spring flower, yellow in color (which does indeed have five spots inside) **voucher** piece of evidence; in legal terms offering a warranty of title

42 **secret** intimate fact, detail

43 **picked** i.e., a delicate and skillful operation, implying he seduced her into giving up her honor to him as opposed to taking it by force

47 **Tereus** another famous rapist: King of Thrace, he ravished Philomel, his sister-in-law, and cut out her tongue to stop her revealing the crime

48 **gave up** was forced to yield/succumbed, surrendered

49 **spring** lock, catch

50 **dragons…night** night was imagined as a chariot drawn by dragons

dawning…eye ravens, considered birds of ill omen, were believed to wake at dawn

52 **this** i.e., Innogen

Act 2 Scene 3

1 **most coldest** least passionate

2 **ace** the lowest score in dice

3 **cold** gloomy, dispirited

4 **after** according to, following the example of **temper** temperament

10 **penetrate** i.e., move her emotionally, plays on sexual sense

11 **fingering** i.e., your playing, with obvious secondary image of penetrating the vagina with fingers **so** so much the better **with tongue** i.e., with voices, with the secondary image of “cunnilingus”

12 **remain** stay as she is

13 **good-conceited thing** well devised, fanciful piece **air** solo song

16 **Phoebus** Apollo, the sun god **’gins** begins to

17 **springs…lies** water from the dew that collects in flowers

18 **chaliced** cuplike

19 **winking** sleeping **Mary-buds** marigold buds

23 **horsehairs** used for the bows of stringed instruments **calves’ guts** used for the strings

24 **unpaved** without stones (testicles), i.e., castrated **to boot** into the bargain

27 **fatherly** as a father, i.e., approve of me as a husband for Innogen

29 **Attend you here** are you waiting here (at)

31 **vouchsafes** grants, confers

32 **minion** favorite

34 **wear** bear/wear out

36 **bound** indebted

37 **vantages** advantageous opportunities

38 **prefer** recommend **frame…solicits** adjust your conduct to well-mannered solicitations

39 **be…season** i.e., behaving as the situation demands will work to your advantage

40 **denials** (Innogen’s) rejections

44 **dismission** dismissal

45 **senseless** insensible, i.e., deaf, which Cloten shifts in next line to meaning “stupid”

47 **So like you** if you please

50 **Albeit** although
51 **receive** welcome
52 **his sender** Augustus Caesar, the Roman emperor
53 **forspent** exhausted
54 **notice** attention
61 **line** i.e., with money
63 **Diana’s rangers** attendants on Diana, goddess of chastity and hunting **false** betray
64 **th’stand o’th’stealer** the poacher’s hidden shooting position
65 **true** honest
68 **lawyer to me** i.e., plead on my behalf
69 **I yet not** I still don’t **understand the case** comprehend the situation; plays on sexual meanings of stand, “erection,” and case, “vagina”
75 **That’s…of** i.e., expensive clothes are all that distinguish his noble birth
80 **keep** remain in, stay inside
82 **Sell…report** i.e., let me bribe you to speak well of me to Innogen
85 **sister** stepsister **your** (give me) your
86 **lay out** expend
87 **but** only
91 **deep** moving, effective
92 **still** forever
95 **But…silent** i.e., to prevent you taking my silence as consent
97 **unfold** display, offer
98 **knowing** knowledge
107 **put me** cause me
108 **verbal** talkative
109 **which** who
113 **boast** overt exclamation
116 **pretend** claim **base wretch** i.e., Posthumus
117 **bred of alms** brought up on (Cymbeline’s) charity
119 **meaner parties** persons of lower social rank
122 **self-figured knot** bond made by themselves
123 **curbed…enlargement** restrained from that freedom of choice
124 **consequence o’th’crown** importance of the crown (and the fact that you are its heir) **foil** dishonor
125 **note** renown, distinction

126 **hilding** good-for-nothing **livery** uniform worn by servants, bearing their master’s insignia **squire’s cloth** servant’s outfit

127 **pantler** servant in the pantry

130 **thou wert** you would (still) be

131 **groom** servant **thou…envy** you would be elevated enough to make others envy you

133 **comparative…virtues** i.e., if your personal merits were compared (you and Posthumus) **styled** given the title, position of

134 **under-hangman** assistant hangman

135 **For…well** for being promoted even that highly

136 **south-fog** damp fog brought by the south wind, thought to carry diseases

138 **named of thee** named, mentioned by you **meanest garment** lowliest item of clothing

139 **clipped** encompassed, embraced

141 **made such men** turned into men such as you

145 **sprited** tormented, haunted (as if by a spirit) **with** by

148 **’Shrew** beshrew, may evil befall

154 **aught** any, i.e., anyone

160 **action** lawsuit

163 **conceive…me** think, I hope, only the worst of me

Act 2 Scene 4

2.4 ***Location:*** *Rome*

2 **win** win over, persuade **bold** confident

4 **means** approaches

6 **winter's state** i.e., his relationship with Cymbeline

7 **seared** withered

8 **gratify** repay **they failing** if they fail altogether, i.e., his hopes

11 **By this** by this time

12 **Hath heard of** will have heard from

13 **throughly** thoroughly

14 **He'll** i.e., Cymbeline will **th'arrearages** the arrears (overdue payments of tribute)

15 **look upon** face **whose remembrance** the memory of whom

16 **yet** still

18 **Statist** politician

19 **prove** prove to be, come to

23 **more ordered** better disciplined

25 **frowning** i.e., with worry

27 **their approvers** those who put them to the test **such…world** whose reputation has gone up in the eyes of the world

30 **harts** deer; i.e., Iachimo's horses have run as fast as the swiftest deer

posted swiftly conveyed, like a post-horse

31 **of…corners** from all directions

34 **your answer** i.e., the answer she gave you **made** is the cause of

38 **therewithal** in addition

39 **casement** window, i.e., as prostitutes did when trying to attract customers

42 **tenor** content, drift

43 **'Tis very like** it's very likely

47 **approached** arrived

49 **Sparkles…wont** i.e., does this diamond sparkle as brightly as it was accustomed to

57 **Not a whit** not at all

60 **sport** amusement

63 **keep covenant** keep to our bargain

64 **knowledge** i.e., carnal knowledge

65 **question further** put this to further dispute

69 **wills** wishes; plays on sense of “sexual desire”

71 **tasted** had intercourse with, experienced **my hand** i.e., a reconciliatory handshake

73 **gains…mine** i.e., in a duel

74 **or…them** i.e., because we will have killed each other

76 **circumstances** list of evidence

80 **spare** omit

85 **watching** staying awake for

86 **silver** silver lace

88 **Cydnus** river in modern-day Turkey where Antony and Cleopatra first met; the story is recounted in Shakespeare’s *Antony and Cleopatra* Act 2 Scene 2 **or** either

89 **press** crowd, throng **pride** i.e., in carrying Antony and Cleopatra

90 **bravely** splendidly, excellently

92 **rarely** excellently

102 **chimney-piece** ornamental carving on the mantel

103 **Chaste Dian bathing** perhaps depicting the story of Diana and Actaeon; according to classical mythology, Actaeon came upon Diana bathing, for which she turned him into a stag and he was destroyed by his own hounds

104 **report themselves** i.e., speak **cutter** carver, sculptor

105 **outwent her** and outdid her, i.e., nature, in perfection

106 **Motion…out** except that they could not move or breathe

108 **relation likewise reap** i.e., have also learned about through hearsay

111 **fretted** decorated with elaborate carvings **andirons** firedogs, i.e., a pair of decorative metal supports for burning wood in a fireplace

112 **winking** i.e., with closed eyes; **Cupid** the god of love, was traditionally depicted as blind

113 **nicely** skillfully, ingeniously

114 **Depending…brands** leaning on their flaming torches

117 **remembrance** memory, gift for recollection

118 **nothing saves** in no way wins/redeems

121 **leave** permission, opportunity **air** show, expose it to the open air

122 **up** away, hidden

128 **I…yet** I can still see her now

129 **outsell** exceed in value

131 **prized** valued, treasured **once** at one time

136 **basilisk** a mythical reptile with a fatal gaze

138 **semblance** seeming, outward appearance

140 **bondage** binding force, obligation

145 **probable** capable of being proved/likely

146 **corrupted** bribed

149 **so** in this manner, thus **Back** give back

150 **corporal sign** piece of physical evidence/a sign relating to her body

151 **evident** conclusive

156 **sworn** i.e., they have sworn oaths of loyalty

157 **enjoyed her** i.e., sexually

158 **cognizance** badge, token **incontinency** lack of self-restraint, faithlessness

159 **she…dearly** i.e., this is what she has paid for the name of whore

160 **hire** payment, fee

161 **you** i.e., you and her (Innogen)

164 **persuaded** who you are persuaded

166 **colted** mounted sexually

171 **present** immediate, instant

173 **stain** mark (the mole); Posthumus shifts sense to “moral blot”

178 **turns** i.e., the number of times you had sex

179 **Once…million** i.e., if you’ve had her once, you may as well have had her a million times

184 **Thou’st** thou hast (you have) **cuckold** a husband whose wife was unfaithful

186 **limb-meal** limb from limb

189 **besides** beyond, outside of

190 **government** control, management

191 **pervert** avert, turn aside

195 **half-workers** co-workers, i.e., is there no way for men to live without women? **We…bastards** i.e., because there are no faithful women in the world

196 **venerable** old and worthy of respect

198 **stamped** made, conceived **coiner** counterfeit coin maker

201 **nonpareil** unrivaled person

202 **lawful pleasure** i.e., marital sex

203 **prayed…forbearance** often entreated me to restrain my desire

204 **pudency** modesty **rosy** presumably referring to her blushes **view on't** sight of it

205 **Saturn** Roman god associated with melancholy and coldness

207 **yellow** sallow, i.e., dark-complexioned

208 **at first** straight away

209 **full-acorned boar** well-fed male pig **German** i.e., fierce and fat

211 **looked for** anticipated

212 **encounter** sexual encounter

213 **woman's part** fault specific to women; plays on sense of "vagina"
motion impulse

217 **rank** lascivious

218 **covetings** desires for material objects **change of prides** continually changing (or variety of) excesses

219 **Nice longing** wanton desires **mutability** changeableness, inconsistency

223 **still** always, constantly

224 **but of** only

225 **so** as

226 **skill** wisdom

227 **have their will** get their way, have their sexual desires fulfilled

Act 3 Scene 1

3.1 ***Location:*** *Britain, the royal court*

2 **remembrance** memory **yet** still

4 **theme** topic of discussion

6 **Famous…it** famous because Caesar praised him, but equally for the feats he performed to earn that praise

7 **for…succession** on behalf of himself and his successors, i.e., future British kings

9 **pounds** i.e., pounds weight

10 **untendered** unpaid

11 **kill the marvel** put an end to the surprise

13 **be** may/will be

18 **from’s** from us **resume…again** we have to take back again

19 **liege** lord, used to a feudal superior owed duty and allegiance

21 **bravery…isle** beauty of the land/courage of the inhabitants

22 **Neptune’s** of Neptune, Roman god of the sea **park** tract of land held by royal grant used for hunting; also used for an enclosed body of water in which oysters or fish are bred **paled in** fenced with pales (long, vertical stakes); the coastline was densely forested with trees that formed a sort of unscalable (hard to climb) perimeter fence

24 **bear** support

25 **suck…th’topmast** i.e., like quicksand they will suck the ships under until only the topmast (formerly the uppermost mast) is visible

27 **‘came…overcame’** Caesar reported his victory at the battle of Zela in 47 BC with this phrase in Latin: *veni, vidi, vici*

30 **ignorant baubles** foolish, inexperienced toys

33 **at point** ready, just about

34 **giglot** whore (i.e., fickle, disloyal) **master** overcome, defeat

35 **Lud’s town** i.e., London, after King Lud, Cymbeline’s grandfather

39 **crooked** i.e., hooked, Roman **owe** own **straight** powerful, forceful

41 **grip** i.e., the handle of a sword

44 **else** otherwise

46 **injurious** insulting/malicious

49 **against all colour** without any pretext; perhaps playing on “collar” in conjunction with **yoke** in the next line meaning “wooden collar fastened to a

pair of animals and attached to a plough or cart”

51 **Becomes** is appropriate for

53 **Mulmutius** supposedly the first British king (from fourth century BC) **which** who

54 **use** application, practice (of the laws)

55 **repair** restoration **franchise** enfranchisement

65 **confusion** destruction

66 **pronounce** proclaim

67 **Thus defied** i.e., now that I have issued this declaration

72 **perforce** by necessity

73 **Behoves…utterance** obliges me to defend it to the death **perfect** well aware/reliably informed

74 **Pannonians and Dalmatians** ancient inhabitants of what are now Hungary and the Balkans

75 **precedent** example

76 **read** interpret **cold** lacking spirit

78 **Let proof speak** let the outcome of the battle/the battle itself do the talking

79 **Make pastime** stay

80 **saltwater girdle** the sea

81 **adventure** attempt **crows** birds that feed on carrion, i.e., dead flesh

83 **So** so be it

84 **pleasure** desire, aim

85 **the remain** that remains (to say)

Act 3 Scene 2

1 **How?** What? **Wherefore** why

5 **As…handed** as capable a poisoner by word as by hand

7 **truth** loyalty **undergoes** endures

9 **take in** defeat, conquer **some virtue** some people’s virtue

12 **Upon** because of

17 **fact** deed

20 **senseless bauble** unfeeling, worthless thing

21 **fedary** confederate, accomplice

23 **ignorant in** to pretend to be ignorant of

27 **astronomer** includes sense of an “astrologer”

28 **characters** handwriting

30 **relish** taste

31 **not** i.e., not his content

33 **med’cinable** restorative, able to heal

34 **physic love** i.e., being apart makes love healthier, stronger

35 **wax** i.e., used to seal the letter **thy leave** by thy leave; Innogen is asking its permission for her to break it and read the letter

36 **locks of counsel** seals to secrecy, private matters

38 **forfeiters** defaulters of contracts

39 **Cupid’s** of Cupid, Roman god of love **tables** writing tablets

41 **even renew** could not restore

42 **Cambria** Wales **Milford Haven** most southwesterly Welsh port

47 **mean affairs** trivial business

51 **bate** abate, i.e., qualify what I have just said

52 **fainter kind** more moderate fashion

53 **mine** my longing (to see Posthumus) **thick** fast, the words crammed together

54 **bores of hearing** i.e., ears

55 **smothering** overwhelming

56 **by th’way** on the way

59 **steal** creep away, surreptitiously go

61 **to excuse** i.e., how to explain our absence **how get hence** how to get away

62 **Why…begot?** i.e., why should an excuse be made before the act that needs excusing has been performed

64 **score** twenty **well** possibly/comfortably

65 **’Twixt…hour** i.e., in an hour

66 **’twixt…sun** i.e., in a day

69 **riding wagers** horse races with bets on them

71 **i’th’clock’s behalf** in place of a clock, i.e., an hourglass

72 **feign** pretend to be affected by

73 **home** go home **presently** immediately

74 **fit** be suitable for

75 **franklin** small landowner, below the rank of a gentleman

76 **you’re best** you had better

77 **before me** what’s in front of me **nor** neither

78 **what ensues** what will happen **but** but that they

81 **none** no route

Act 3 Scene 3

3.3 ***Location:*** *Wales, outside Belarius' cave*

1 **keep house** stay inside **with such** among those

2 **gate** entrance

3 **Instructs…heavens** i.e., by forcing you to bow

4 **office** divine service

5 **jet** strut

6 **impious turbans** i.e., non-Christian (giants were frequently imaged as Saracens in Romance literature)

8 **use** treat **hardly** badly

9 **prouder livers** those who live more ostentatiously

13 **these flats** this plain

15 **place** physical position/social rank **lessens…off** diminishes and enhances

16 **revolve** consider/turn over in the mind

17 **tricks** accidents

19 **so allowed** acknowledged as such **apprehend thus** look at things in this way

22 **sharded** living in dung/with scaly wings **hold** stronghold, refuge

24 **attending** serving/awaiting **for** in exchange for **check** rebuke

25 **robe** i.e., robe of office

27 **Such** those who do so **gain…fine** gain the respect (by doffing the cap) of the tailor that provides their fine clothes

28 **Yet…uncrossed** i.e., the debts in his account book never get crossed off

to compared to

29 **proof** experience **unfledged** young things; literally of young birds "not yet covered with feathers"

31 **air's from home** the air is like away from home **Haply** perhaps

34 **stiff** rigid, not flexible or pliant

35 **travelling abed** i.e., in the imagination, dreaming of going places

37 **stride a limit** step over the threshold, go out

41 **pinching** bitingly cold/narrowly restricting

43 **beastly** beastlike

44 **Like** as

45 **what flies** what runs away, i.e., food or prey (as opposed to men who would stand and fight)

49 **usuries** corrupt financial practices

50 **knowingly** i.e., from experience **art** artifice/artfulness

51 **keep** stay in

54 **pain** labor, effort

56 **oft** often

57 **record…act** i.e., report of good deeds

58 **Doth ill deserve** i.e., is ill rewarded

59 **curtsy…censure** bow at the (unjust) reproof

61 **report** reputation

62 **best of note** most renowned, distinguished

63 **theme** topic of discussion

64 **as** like

67 **mellow hangings** ripe fruit

68 **weather** bad weather i.e., ill fortune

69 **favour** goodwill, especially of a superior or multitude

72 **perfect** unblemished, true

74 **this** these

75 **demesnes** lands, domains

76 **at** in

78 **fore-end** early part **time** life

80 **venison** deer

81 **minister** be servants

82 **attends…state** is an ever-present threat in places of greater status, pomp

84 **sparks of nature** signs of inherent qualities

87 **trained…meanly** brought up in such a humble way/in such lowly surroundings

88 **they bow** i.e., because the roof is so low **hit** i.e., reach as high as

90 **prince it** behave like princes

91 **trick** capacity, skill

94 **three-foot** i.e., having three legs (a modest item of furniture)

96 **say** when I say

99 **nerves** sinews

101 **in…figure** in a similar fashion/posture

102 **much more** i.e., than Guiderius

103 **conceiving** understanding (of the story) **Hark…roused!** Listen, the quarry (the animal being hunted) is driven from cover!

105 **whereon** for which reason

107 **bar** deprive **succession** successors (to the throne)

108 **reft’st** robbed

109 **nurse** wet nurse, i.e., a woman employed to suckle another woman’s children

110 **her** i.e., Euriphile’s

Act 3 Scene 4

3.4 ***Location:*** *near Milford Haven*

1 **came from horse** dismounted

2 **ne'er…now** i.e., the longing I have now (to see Posthumus) exceeds my mother's longing to see me for the first time

6 **but painted thus** i.e., who looked like that in a picture

7 **perplexed** troubled, distressed/confused

8 **self-explication** the ability to explain themselves **Put…fear** i.e., don't act in such a frightening way

9 **ere** before

10 **staider** calmer, more settled

11 **tender'st thou** do you offer **paper** letter

12 **summer** i.e., good

13 **to't before** i.e., before giving it to me/in accordance with it (the good news) **winterly** i.e., bad

14 **But** only **hand** handwriting

15 **drug-damned Italy** Italians had a reputation for knowledge of poisons and other substances **out-craftied** outwitted through guile

16 **hard point** tight spot, difficult situation **tongue…extremity** i.e., telling me what's in it may help me bear the worst

18 **mortal** fatal

23 **testimonies** evidence **lies…me** i.e., has cut me to the quick

24 **grief** injury/anguish

25 **tainted** contaminated

28 **pander** procurer, pimp

30 **What** why, for what purpose

33 **Outvenoms** is more poisonous than **worms of Nile** serpents of the Nile; the allusion is to the asp, which Cleopatra used to kill herself

34 **posting winds** i.e., speeding, like a post-horse, the winds carry the slanderous news far and wide **belie** deceive, spread lies over

35 **states** people of high rank, statesmen/countries

40 **'twixt…clock** from hour to hour **charge** overcomes, i.e., so that I go to sleep

44 **Thy conscience witness** perhaps addressed to the absent Posthumus

45 **incontinency** unchastity, lack of sexual self-control

47 **favour's** appearance is **jay** whore, literally a brightly colored bird

48 **painting** use of cosmetics

49 **stale** out of date/a lover made the object of ridicule for a rival's amusement

50 **richer…th'walls** too valuable to just hang on a wall (like an old coat)

51 **ripped** torn up for reusing/violently destroyed

52 **seeming** outward show, appearance

53 **revolt** reversal of ideas/betrayal

54 **born where't grows** natural

55 **worn** deliberately put on **bait** lure, temptation

57 **being heard like** who were heard to speak like **Aeneas** hero of Virgil's *Aeneid*, who swore love to, and then deserted, Dido, who committed suicide as a result

58 **Sinon** wept crocodile tears outside the walls of Troy to persuade the Trojans to admit the wooden horse containing the Greek warriors who destroyed the city

59 **scandal** discredit, disgrace **took…wretchedness** prevented truly wretched cases from receiving any pity

61 **leaven** agent for fermenting dough

63 **fail** failure

65 **witness** testify to

67 **mansion** dwelling place

73 **vile instrument** i.e., his sword

77 **self-slaughter** suicide

79 **cravens** makes a coward of

80 **afore't** in front of it **soft** not so fast, wait **we'll no defence** I shan't defend myself

81 **Obedient…scabbard** i.e., as willing to receive the sword as the scabbard is

82 **scriptures…heresy** Posthumus' letters are likened to sacred writings, which, because of his breaking faith with love, are now heretical, sacrilegious

84 **faith** truth/honesty

85 **stomachers** decorative breast coverings

88 **Stands…woe** is worse off (because guilty)

89 **set up** initiate, instigate

90 **suits** love-suits, wooing

91 **princely** royal/fine

92 **It…rareness** my love for you/my disobedience against my father was no ordinary thing, but one born of exceptional qualities, circumstances

94 **disedged** dulled, blunted, plays on sexual sense

95 **tirest** feeds (ravenously, like a bird of prey)

96 **panged** afflicted by pangs of conscience **Prithee** please, literally “I pray thee” **dispatch** hurry up/make an end (of me)

104 **wake…first** stay awake until my eyeballs drop out before I do that

106 **abused** deceived/made bad use of

109 **inviting thee** i.e., by providing such a good opportunity

110 **whereunto** to which, where

111 **Purpose** intend to

112 **be unbent** change your mind; the image is of the bent, drawn hunter’s bow being unbent again without firing at the quarry **stand** hidden shooting position

113 **Th’elected** the chosen

116 **course** i.e., of action

119 **strumpet** prostitute

120 **Therein false struck** in that matter falsely wounded **take** receive

121 **tent** surgical probe to assess the depth of a wound/roll of lint to clean a wound **bottom** probe the depths/go deeper than

123 **back** go back

124 **Most like** that’s very likely

128 **purpose would prove** plan would turn out

129 **abused** deceived

130 **singular** unrivaled

132 **courtesan** one attached to a prince’s court/prostitute

139 **bide** abide, live

151 **not but** only **I’th’world’s volume** in the book of the world; Britain is likened to a page torn out of it

153 **swan’s nest** i.e., built in the middle of a pool

154 **livers** people who live

158 **wear a mind** entertain an idea/follow a course of action

160 **That** i.e., her female identity

161 **self-danger** bringing danger upon yourself, i.e., as a woman alone

162 **view** prospects **haply** perhaps

163 **nigh** near

165 **render** bring/describe

168 **modesty** chastity **death on't** its loss

169 **adventure** take the risk

172 **Command into obedience** i.e., from a princess to a servant **niceness** coyness/fastidiousness

173 **handmaids** i.e., qualities/attributes

174 **it** i.e., her **waggish** roguish; "wag" was a term for a saucy boy, habitual joker

175 **Ready in gibes** ready to make mocking remarks **quick-answered** quick in reply

176 **quarrellous** quarrelsome

177 **Forget** neglect **rarest…cheek** i.e., pale complexion, signifying her social rank

180 **common-kissing Titan** the sun, who shines on everybody alike

181 **laboursome…trims** beautifully made and pretty clothes

182 **Juno** wife of the supreme Roman god Jupiter, was jealous of her husband's attraction to beautiful mortals

184 **end** purpose, intention

187 **Forethinking** anticipating **fit** ready

188 **doublet** close-fitting padded men's jacket **hose** clothing for the legs

189 **answer to** belong with, go with **in their serving** with them serving you, i.e., using them as a disguise

191 **season** age

192 **his service** to serve him

193 **Wherein you're happy** in what ways you are accomplished **make him know** convince him

194 **If…music** if he has any appreciation for music at all

196 **means abroad** resources away from home

198 **Beginning nor supplyment** i.e., beginning nor continuing to supply you with money

200 **diet** feed, supply

201 **even** keep up with

203 **soldier to** willing to fight for/bravely prepared for **abide** endure

205 **short** brief, hurried

207 **Your carriage** taking you away
211 **distemper** illness **shade** cover
212 **fit you** adapt, adjust yourself

Act 3 Scene 5

3.5 ***Location:*** *Britain*
1 **Thus far** i.e., this is as far (as I will accompany you)
7 **ourself myself** using the royal plural pronoun
8 **must needs** can only
10 **So** very good, so be it
11 **conduct** safe conduct/escort
12 **befall** come to
13 **office** duty, task (i.e., accompanying Lucius)
14 **honour** i.e., the honor due to Lucius as an ambassador **point** small way
19 **event** battle/outcome
22 **Severn** river bordering England and Wales
23 **it honours us** it does us credit (because we have been patriotic and defiant)
24 **cause** reason, grounds
28 **fits us** befits us, is appropriate that we **ripely** immediately (because the time is ripe)
31 **drawn to head** brought to full strength
36 **forward** prepared
39 **duty…day** daily greeting she owes Cymbeline as her father and king
looks us appears to me (us)
42 **slight in sufferance** lax in allowing such behavior
44 **retired** withdrawn, reclusive
47 **Forbear** hold back, refrain from
48 **tender of** sensitive to
51 **answered** accounted for, excused
56 **close** private, secluded
57 **Whereto…infirmity** to which she is compelled by her illness
59 **proffer** offer, present
69 **stand'st so for** support/represent
71 **Proceed by** result from
73 **Haply** it may be, perhaps
76 **end** aim, design
78 **placing** arranging, disposal
84 **forestall…day** prevent him from seeing tomorrow

85 **her** Innogen **for** because

86 **that** because **parts** qualities

87 **from…hath** as though she has taken the best qualities from each and every woman

88 **compounded** made up

89 **Outsells** exceeds in value

91 **slanders** discredits

92 **rare** exceptional about her

95 **packing** plotting, scheming/running away, leaving **sirrah** fellow (addressed to a social inferior)

96 **pander** bawd, sexual go-between

98 **Thou…fiends** i.e., I will instantly kill you, sending your soul to hell

101 **Close** secretive

104 **weights** i.e., weights and measures

105 **dram** a tiny measure

109 **Come nearer** get to the point/come (physically) closer to me

110 **halting** hesitation **home** completely

114 **Discover** reveal

120 **Touching** regarding

123 **Or…perish** i.e., either show him the letter or be killed

125 **travel** literally “traveling”; plays on “travail,” meaning “tronble”/”labor”

132 **undergo** undertake **employments** tasks

133 **serious** careful, meticulous **industry** application, diligence

135 **want** lack **relief** assistance **voice…preferment** support for your promotion, advancement

138 **course** ordinary way

139 **but** other than

141 **Hast** do you have **late** i.e., former

150 **upon a time** once

153 **her eyes** i.e., in her sight

155 **insultment** scornful, contemptuous triumph

157 **knock** beat **foot** kick

164 **voluntary mute** i.e., willingly silent; mutes were servants whose tongues were cut out to stop them telling secrets

165 **tender** offer, present

167 **to my loss** i.e., to lose my honor
169 **him…true** i.e., Posthumus
172 **crossed** hindered, thwarted **meed** reward

Act 3 Scene 6

3.6 ***Location:*** *Wales, outside Belarius' cave*

2 **tired** exhausted/dressed (attired)

6 **ken** sight

7 **Foundations…wretched** things recede as the poor or desperate approach/charitable organizations fail those who need them most

11 **trial** test of their moral character/endurance

12 **scarce** hardly ever **lapse in fullness** do wrong when in a state of prosperity

13 **sorer** worse

15 **on** of, about

16 **even before** only a moment ago

17 **At point** ready, just about

18 **hold** stronghold, lair

19 **were best** had better

20 **Ere…nature** i.e., before it kills me **it** nature

22 **hardness…mother** hardship always gives rise to (is the mother of) endurance

24 **Take or lend** take my life/money, or give me food, help me

25 **Best** I had better

27 **Such…heavens!** i.e., she begs the heavens to let it be a foe of that sort

28 **woodman** hunter

30 **match** bargain, agreement

31 **The…to** i.e., no one would work if it weren't for some purpose

33 **homely** plain

34 **flint** hard, stony ground **resty sloth** well-rested laziness

35 **down** feather

36 **keep'st thyself** i.e., looks after itself, is uninhabited

37 **throughly** thoroughly, utterly

39 **browse** nibble

42 **But that** if it weren't for the fact that **victuals** food

46 **paragon** outstanding example

50 **good troth** in good truth

51 **nought** nothing

52 **i'th'floor** on the floor/in among the rushes on the floor

53 **board** table **so** as

54 **parted** departed

58 **reckoned** valued, esteemed **but of** except by

61 **should** would

62 **made** committed

63 **Whither bound?** Where are you going?

66 **Fidele** means “the faithful one” (Latin)

68 **spent** exhausted

69 **in** into

71 **churls** impolite, mean-spirited people/peasants

72 **rude** uncivilized

73 **cheer** food/entertainment

74 **thanks** our approval

77 **hard** vigorously, boldly **but be** but to be/if I could not otherwise be **in honesty** your honest, loyal husband/by honorable means

78 **Ay…buy** i.e., woo you in the same way as I would love you as your husband

83 **sprightly** cheerful

84 **’Mongst…brothers** I must be among friends if I am among brothers

86 **prize…ballasting** value would be less since she would no longer be next in line to the throne and thus more equal to Posthumus; puns on **prize** as “cargo, booty in a captured ship”

89 **wrings** writhes/wrings his hands

90 **free’t** remove the trouble

96 **attend themselves** i.e., had no servants

97 **sealed them** confirmed in them **laying by** setting aside

98 **nothing-gift** worthless gift (flattery, adulation) **differing multitudes** fickle crowds

99 **out-peer** surpass **twain** two

101 **Leonatus’** Leonatus is

103 **dress our hunt** i.e., prepare what we have caught for cooking

104 **Discourse…fasting** speech is tedious while hungry

105 **mannerly** politely **demand** ask

108 **The…welcome** i.e., not even the night to the owl or the morning to the lark are as welcome to us

Act 3 Scene 7

3.7 ***Location:*** *Rome*

1 **tenor** substance **writ** order

2 **men** soldiers

3 **Pannonians and Dalmatians** ancient inhabitants of what are now Hungary and the Balkans

5 **Full** very

6 **fall'n off** rebellious/defaulting **incite** summon/stir up

9 **commands** appoints

10 **absolute commission** complete authority

16 **supplyant** ready to supply troops/supplementary

Act 4 Scene 1

4.1 ***Location:*** *Wales*

2 **fit** fittingly, perfectly

3 **fit** inclined, plays on sense of "sexually compatible" **saving…word** standard apology for coarse language; in this case fitness, meaning "sexual inclination"

4 **fits** fits and starts **play the workman** use my skill like a craftsman

5 **vainglory** idle boasting **glass** mirror

8 **advantage…time** i.e., current favorable circumstances **alike conversant** equally experienced **general services** military operations serving alongside others, probably with bawdy connotations

9 **single oppositions** individual combats **imperceiverant** imperceptive

10 **in my despite** in spite of my qualities/to spite me **mortality** mankind/existence/death

11 **enforced** forced, constrained/raped

12 **spurn** kick

13 **haply** perhaps **usage** treatment

14 **power of** control over **testiness** short temper/rashness **commendations** credit, renown

15 **sore** grievous, violent; bawdy quibble on sword (penis) and sore (wound/vagina) **Fortune** may Fortune

Act 4 Scene 2

10 **citizen** city-bred **wanton** weakling/spoiled child/unchaste, lewd person

11 **ere** before

12 **journal** daily, usual routine **breach of custom** disruption of usual habit

14 **amend me** make me better **Society** company

16 **reason of** talk (lucidly) about

17 **none** no one

18 **Stealing so poorly** i.e., if I steal from those who have so little

20 **weight** intensity

23 **yoke me** am joined, associated

26 **bier at door** if the coffin were at the door

29 **strain** offspring, stock/inherited character/disposition

30 **breed** lineage, ancestry

32 **meal and bran** grain and husks

33 **yet…me** it is a miracle that they should love this boy, whoever he, is more than me

38 **So…sir** at your service, sir (to Belarius)

41 **but** except

44 **tributary** subsidiary

47 **stir** move, persuade

48 **gentle** well-born

49 **Dishonestly afflicted** unjustly oppressed/troubled by others’ dishonesty

52 **To th’field** i.e., let’s go hunting

58 **bound** tied, allied/indebted

60 **distressed** troubled, afflicted

63 **roots** vegetables **characters** shapes, especially letters

64 **as** as though **Juno** wife of Jupiter and queen of the gods

65 **dieter** one who regulates the diet/feeder

66 **yokes** ties together, attaches

68 **that** what

70 **commix** mingle

71 **rail** utter abusive language

74 **spurs** tree roots

75 **Grow…vine** the wish is that **grief**, like a **stinking elder** (which had an evil reputation because of its pungent smell), will disentangle its deadly

roots from those of the growing vine (**patience**)

77 **with** from

78 **great morning** broad daylight

79 **runagates** runaways/rogues

80 **mocked** tricked, fooled

85 **held** regarded

86 **but** only

87 **companies** followers, others

89 **Soft** not so fast

90 **fly** run away, flee from

94 **A…knock** I never did anything more slavelike than responding to an insulting slave/someone calling me a slave without beating, hitting them

99 **I…mouth** i.e., I am not all talk when it comes to fighting

103 **clothes** i.e., courtly clothes, showing rank

107 **varlet** scoundrel

111 **loath** reluctant

112 **injurious** insulting

120 **mere confusion** absolute destruction/agitation of the mind

122 **not seeming** since you don’t seem

123 **So** as

128 **proper** own

130 **on…heads** the heads of traitors were fixed on poles at the gateway to London Bridge

132 **abroad** around, about

133 **sure** clearly

135 **lines of favour** facial lines, lineaments

136 **snatches** catches, hesitancy

137 **absolute** certain

138 **very** indeed

140 **make…with** to do well against

141 **fell** fierce

142 **Being…man** being intellectually defective/barely come to manhood

143 **apprehension** perception, understanding

144 **judgement** reason, i.e., the rational mind

148 **Hercules** classical hero, who wielded a club, and performed a series of impossible tasks

150 **I…this** if I hadn’t done this

153 **perfect** well aware

154 **after** according to

156 **take us in** capture us

161 **The…us** i.e., because they are banished

162 **tender** meek/submissive

163 **threat** threaten

165 **For** because

168 **safe** sane, sound

169 **humour** disposition, frame of mind

170 **mutation** changeableness (of mood)

175 **Cave** dwell in caves

176 **make…head** assemble a stronger force

177 **like him** just like him, in his nature **might break out** he might burst out

178 **fetch us in** capture us and bring us before the court

179 **To come** that he would come

180 **suffering** allowing

181 **tail** i.e., a group coming after him

183 **ord’nance** what is ordained

184 **foresay** predict/determine **howsoe’er** however it may turn out/nevertheless

186 **mind** inclination

188 **way long forth** way forward seem long

192 **to** i.e., flow to

194 **reck** care

199 **So** so that

201 **I would** I wish that (all the)

202 **possible strength** power we might muster **meet** i.e., in battle

203 **put…answer** force us to answer them in battle/cause us to show them what we’re made of

208 **hasty** rash, impetuous

211 **gain** restore

212 **let…blood** bloodletting or bleeding a patient was a common medical procedure; Arviragus is proposing a different kind of bloodletting here, shedding the blood of (killing) a parish full of Clotens to make Innogen well

215 **blazon’st** are depicted

217 **zephyrs** soft winds, breezes; the **zephyr** is the west wind

218 **wagging** moving/disturbing

219 **enchafed** heated, aroused **rud’st** roughest (rudest)

222 **frame** train, direct/fit, suit

224 **seen from other** not learned from others

225 **wildly** naturally, without being cultivated

230 **clotpoll** blockhead

233 **ingenious** skillfully constructed

234 **occasion** reason

235 **give it motion** i.e., play it

239 **speak** emit sound

240 **answer** correspond to **accidents** events

241 **Triumphs** public celebrations **lamenting toys** lamentation over trivial, inconsequential things

242 **jollity for apes** i.e., only an imitation of jollity **grief for boys** considered emotionally fickle

248 **on** of

250 **turned…crutch** i.e., turned my youth into old age

253 **the…well** half as well

256 **sound thy bottom** measure your depths **Find…in** the experience of melancholy is likened to being in a small boat sailing sluggishly through a muddy river of unknowable depth, with no way of knowing the easiest route to harbor **Find** explore

257 **ooze** i.e., the wet mud and slime at the bottom of a river **sluggish** slow-moving **crare** small trading boat

258 **easiliest** most easily

260 **rare** exceptional

262 **Stark** stiff

263 **as…slumber** as though some fly had tickled him while he was sleeping

264 **Not…at** not as though he was laughing at death’s arrow

268 **leagued** folded

269 **clouted brogues** hobnailed boots **rudeness** roughness

270 **Answered…loud** i.e., made his steps echo too loudly

271 **but** only, merely

272 **he’ll…bed** i.e., because he looks more like someone asleep

279 **azured** bright blue-colored **harebell** a native plant with delicate blue flowers on slender stems, often called “bluebell” but actually a distinct species

280 **eglantine** sweetbriar (wild rose)

281 **ruddock** robin (in folklore believed to cover the dead by strewing them with leaves and flowers, hence **charitable bill**)

286 **winter-ground** cover and protect in winter

288 **wench-like** womanish

290 **admiration** i.e., of Innogen/amazement, wonder

291 **due debt** the debt that needs to be paid, i.e., burial

292 **shall’s** shall us (i.e., shall we)

296 **Have…crack** i.e., have broken

297 **once** we once did for **like** the same

298 **Save** except

300 **word** speak

302 **fanes** temples

304 **med’cine the less** cure lesser ones

306 **came** came here as

307 **paid** given his payment, i.e., death **mean…dust** i.e., both high and low come to the same end

308 **reverence** respect, deference

314 **Thersites** in Homer’s *Iliad*, the most scurrilous and cowardly of all the Greek warriors at the siege of Troy **Ajax** heroic Greek warrior in the *Iliad*

317 **the whilst** in the meanwhile

318 **to th’east** emphasizing the pagan setting since it is the opposite in Christian practice

321 **remove** move

326 **Home** i.e., heaven **ta’en thy wages** payment for the worldly task

327 **Golden…dust** i.e., the rich must die as surely as the poor; dandelions were known as chimney sweepers in Warwickshire

328 **As** like

333 **sceptre, learning, physic** i.e., kings, scholars, doctors

336 **thunder-stone** thunderbolt

340 **Consign to thee** seal the same contract with/entrust to your charge

341 **exorcizer** one who conjures or raises spirits

342 **charm** cast a spell on

343 **Ghost…thee let** any ghost that has not been laid to rest stay away from you

345 **consummation** end, fulfillment

347 **obsequies** funeral rites

350 **upon their faces** meaning is unclear; possibly “strew the flowers on the front of their bodies”/”turn the bodies face down”/”strew the flowers on their faces”

352 **herblets shall** small herbs will also (wither)

353 **apart…knees let** us go and pray

354 **gave them first** i.e., bore them

358 **’Od’s pittikins** a diminutive of “God’s pity,” reduced to its mildest form

359 **gone** journeyed

360 **But…bedfellow!** But wait, I don’t remember any bedfellow!

362 **care on’t** its (the world’s) grief

363 **so** in the same way, i.e., dreaming

365 **bolt** arrow

366 **fumes** bodily vapors, thought to rise from the body to the brain, thus causing dreams

370 **wren’s eye** i.e., a tiny amount, the wren being regarded as the smallest bird **a part** give me some of it

372 **Without…me** outside me (a physical reality), as it was inside me (in my imagination, dream) **felt** tangible

375 **His…face** Innogen likens bodily attributes to those of gods and heroes; Mercury was the messenger of the gods, Mars the god of war, **Hercules** a hero famed for his strength, and Jove (Jupiter) king of the gods

376 **brawns** muscles

378 **madded** maddened **Hecuba** wife of Priam, King of Troy; accounts describe her frenzied grief, cursing the Greeks as they sacked Troy and murdered Priam

379 **darted** shot like darts (arrows)

380 **Conspired** i.e., having conspired **irregulous** lawless

384 **this…vessel** i.e., Posthumus, likened to a ship **bravest** most excellent/handsome/courageous, strong **of** in

385 **Struck the main-top** chopped off the top part of the ship’s mainsail, i.e., his head

389 **lucre** greed for money

390 **laid** inflicted/placed, laid out **pregnant** obvious, clear

392 **cordial** healthful, restorative

393 **home** i.e., to my heart

395 **Give…blood** i.e., she smears his blood on her cheeks

396 **horrider** more ghastly, intimidating

397 **Which chance** who happen ***Soothsayer*** one who foretells the future

398 **Gallia** France

399 **After** in accordance with **attending** waiting for

403 **confiners** those dwelling within the confines, inhabitants (presumably means common men, as opposed to **gentlemen**)

407 **Siena** Duke of Siena

409 **benefit** advantage

410 **forwardness** diligence, industriousness/promptness

413 **purpose** outcome

415 **fast** fasted **intelligence** information, message

416 **winged** flying, on the wing

417 **spongy** damp

418 **portends** indicates

419 **sins…divination** earthly sins distort my ability to communicate with the gods

420 **host** army

422 **trunk** body

423 **his** its **speaks** suggests, attests

425 **Or** either

426 **nature doth abhor** i.e., living creatures naturally detest

427 **defunct** deceased

430 **instruct us of** tell us about

432 **crave…demanded** beg to be asked about

435 **altered…picture** i.e., by cutting off the head

436 **wreck** ruin, catastrophe/mutilated person

442 **is** are

443 **occident** west **service** masters to serve

446 **’Lack** alas (alack)

447 **complaining** lamenting, mourning

451 **Say you** did you speak

454 **approve…same** i.e., prove yourself true to your name (**Fidele** means “the faithful one” in Latin)

460 **prefer** recommend

461 **an’t** if it

463 **poor pickaxes** i.e., her fingers

465 **century of** hundred

466 **can** am able to

468 **So…me** if it please you to take me into your service

474 **pikes** pointed metal tips of a staff or spear **partisans** long-handled spears with broad blades

475 **arm him** take him up in your arms **preferred** commended

477 **can** are, have the right to be

Act 4 Scene 3

4.3 ***Location:*** *Britain*

1 **Again** i.e., go back again

2 **with** due to

3 **of** as a result of

4 **touch** wound, afflict

6 **Upon…bed** i.e., she is desperately ill

8 **present** i.e., present moment

11 **enforce…thee** force it out of you

15 **nothing know** know nothing about

16 **purposes** intends to

17 **Hold** consider

21 **subjection** duty as a subject

22 **wants** lacks

23 **will** he will

25 **slip…season let** you be for a while **jealousy** suspicion

26 **Does yet depend** still hangs in the balance/remains

30 **gentlemen** i.e., officers

31 **Now for** if only I now had

32 **amazed with matter** overwhelmed by all these matters

34 **affront** confront, face

35 **Come more** if more come

36 **The…but** the only thing now needed is

40 **annoy** harm

41 **chances** events

42 **no letter** i.e., no news

46 **is betid** has happened

49 **find** reveal, prove

50 **Even…o'th'king** even to the point where the king takes note **fall** die, perish

52 **Fortune…steered** i.e., even some boats that are cast adrift are brought safely back to harbor by good fortune

Act 4 Scene 4

4.4 ***Location:*** *Wales, outside Belarius' cave*

1 **noise** i.e., of the armies preparing for battle

3 **lock it** lock it away

6 **This way** if we do this

7 **or for** either as **receive…use** recruit us, thinking us rebels to make use of and then kill us

11 **secure us** make ourselves safe, find a stronghold

13 **not…bands** i.e., not listed among the forces **mustered** enlisted as soldiers

14 **drive…render** force us to give an account of

15 **extort from's** extract from us

16 **answer** reward, recompense

17 **Drawn on with** brought about by

23 **quartered fires** campfires (from their quarters in the field)

24 **cloyed importantly** clogged, filled with important matters

25 **upon our note** in taking notice of us

28 **Of** by

29 **then** was then **wore** effaced, removed

30 **remembrance** memory

32 **want of breeding** lack of education, cultivation

33 **certainty** inevitability **aye hopeless** forever without hope

34 **courtesy** respect/refined manners **cradle** i.e., your circumstances at birth

35 **still** forever **tanlings** i.e., those tanned by constant exposure to the sun

36 **shrinking** as **slaves** will recoil from and tremble at punishment, so the **winter** cold makes one shiver

40 **out of thought** forgotten about **thereto so o'ergrown** in that respect your memory obscured/your face covered with hair

41 **questioned** suspected

43 **thing is't** ashameful thing it is

45 **hot** lecherous **venison** deer

47 **rowel Nor iron** i.e., spurs **rowel** the rotating blade at the end of the spur **iron** the framework that attaches it

54 **care** attention, caution

55 **hazard therefore due** chance, danger coming to me

60 **cracked** i.e., because old

61 **country** country’s

63 **their…out** their mettle, noble spirit/royal blood, stock despises everything until it may break out/be shed in battle

Act 5 Scene 1

5.1 ***Location:*** *Wales*

1 **bloody cloth** sent by Pisanio to Posthumus as proof that he had murdered Innogen

3 **course** i.e., of action

5 **wrying** erring, going astray

6 **does not** does not carry out

7 **No bond but** there is no obligation except

8 **Should have** had

9 **put on this** instigate Innogen’s murder/take such a fault upon myself/wear these clothes

10 **repent** i.e., her supposed unfaithfulness

11 **worth** deserving

13 **fall** i.e., sin

14 **second** support/follow up **elder** later, next (with the implication that evils mature with time)/earlier, with the more recent evils diminishing in severity until finally repentance sets in

15 **make…it** i.e., make the perpetrators fearful and repentant **thrift** gain, advantage (by becoming saved through repentance)

23 **weeds** clothes **suit** dress

25 **part** side

28 **Pitied** neither pitied

30 **habits** peasant’s clothes/customary behavior

32 **guise** custom, practice

33 **less…within** i.e., to privilege inner qualities over outward finery

Act 5 Scene 2

1 **bosom** heart
2 **off** away **belied** slandered, lied about
3 **on’t** of it
4 **or could** or else could **carl** bondman, peasant
5 **very…nature’s** natural-born slave
6 **profession** i.e., as a soldier
7 **but of scorn** only a mockery
8 **go before** outgo, excel
9 **odds** likelihood
12 **routs** defeats **seconds** give said to
17 **As** as though **hoodwinked** blindfolded
19 **or…fly** let’s either reinforce our numbers or flee before it’s too late

Act 5 Scene 3

3 **fliers** i.e., those who fled

6 **But** had it not been

7 **wings** flank of the army

8 **but** only

9 **strait** narrow **full-hearted** full of confidence

10 **Lolling the tongue** i.e., slavering like dogs, their tongues hanging out

12 **mortally** fatally **touched** wounded

13 **dammed** blocked up, like a dam

15 **lengthened** i.e., after spending the rest of their lives in shame

18 **ancient** old/noble

19 **who…to** who deserved to have lived as long a life as his white beard showed he had

22 **striplings** young men **run…base** play the rural children's game of "prisoner's base," where players run between two opposing camps or bases and try to capture players on the other team

24 **masks** worn by women to protect their delicate complexions from the sun (**preservation**), or for modesty's sake (**shame**)

26 **Made good** defended

27 **harts** male deer, plays on "hearts"

28 **To…backwards** to hell, damnation with those swift (fleet) souls who flee

29 **that** i.e., a fight

30 **Like beasts** with beastlike ferocity **beastly** cowardly

31 **frown** i.e., anger, resolved to fight

32 **Three…many** as confident as if they were three thousand, and having the effect in their actions as if they were

33 **file** entire force, (from front file to rear)

35 **Accommodated** aided **charming** spellbinding

37 **distaff** spindle used in spinning wool, i.e., a housewife would have turned soldier at their example **gilded pale looks** restored color to pale, cowardly faces

38 **Part** it was partly through

39 **But by example** only by imitating the first beginners (those who first began to flee)

40 **’gan…did** began to turn and face the way they (Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus) did

41 **grin** i.e., bare their teeth, snarl **lions…o’th’hunters** cornered lions, kept at bay with (rather than skewered by) the hunters’ spears

43 **stop i’th’chaser** halt on the part of the pursuer **retire** retreat **anon** at once

45 **they…eagles** they flee like chickens along the same path they swooped down (stooped) as eagles **slaves…made** like slaves along the same path they strode as victors

47 **Like…need** like scraps of food, gathered up as a last resort on tough voyages at sea, which become the source of life in a time of desperate need

48 **having…hearts** i.e., the Romans had dropped their guard, making it easy for the British cowards to attack them (possibly literally means stab them in the heart through their backs) as they ran away

50 **Some…twenty** i.e., Britons who earlier were cut down, dying, trampled, cowardly (ten being chased by one Roman), are now all the killers of twenty Romans each **some…wave** some of their friends knocked down in the previous attack/some who their friends knocked down in the previous retreat

53 **or ere resist** before they would fight back **are grown** have now become

54 **mortal bugs** deadly terrors **o’th’field** of the battlefield

57 **wonder at it** be amazed by it

59 **work any** perform any (wondrous deeds) **upon’t** upon the subject, about it

60 **vent** utter, proclaim **for a mock’ry** as a joke

61 **twice a boy** proverbial, “old men are twice children”

62 **bane** ruin

64 **’Lack…end?** Alas, why should I get angry?

65 **stand** stand up to, face

66 **made** naturally inclined

67 **fly my friendship** run from my friendship (so I won’t have to put up with him anymore)

70 **going** running away **O noble misery** what a miserable specimen of a noble/what a miserable state for one who is supposedly noble

72 **honours** reputations/titles

73 **Took…do’t** ran away to do it

74 **too** anyway **in…charmed** protected, kept safe (as if by a magical spell) by my own misery

78 **ministers** agents

80 **For…Briton** because he (death) now favors the Britons, I'll no longer be a Briton

82 **part** role/side

83 **veriest hind** merest timid creature **hind** female deer

84 **touch my shoulder** i.e., arrest me

85 **made** committed **Roman** Romans **answer** retribution, retaliation **be** will be

87 **either side** i.e., either dying for the Britons or the Romans **spend** use up/waste

88 **keep** preserve **bear again** bear away again

92 **silly habit** simple rustic clothes (referring to Posthumus)

93 **th'affront** attack

97 **seconds** reinforcements

98 **answered him** supported him/acted as he did

100 **A…return** i.e., not even the smallest part of Rome shall return there

102 **note** high rank

104 **You…pasture** pastured animals had weights tied to one leg to prevent them escaping or being **stolen**

105 **stomach** appetite

109 **Groan…perpetuity** i.e., put up with the pain forever

111 **T'unbar** to unlock

112 **shanks** legs

113 **The…bolt** the means of penitence to release my conscience

114 **Then ever** then (I shall be) free forever, i.e., in death

115 **temporal** worldly, as opposed to "heavenly"

116 **Must I** if I must

117 **gyves** fetters, chains

118 **constrained** forced (on me) **satisfy** atone for my sins

119 **If…part** if it (atonement) is the most important element in freeing my conscience

120 **render** repayment

121 **clement** merciful **vile men** general humanity, specifically, usurers, moneylenders

122 **of** from **broken debtors** bankrupts, those who can no longer repay their debts

124 **their abatement** i.e., the little that’s left over by the creditors for the debtors to go on living

126 **coined** created, stamping it like a new coin

127 **stamp** coin

128 **light** underweight/morally deficient **pieces** coins **figure’s sake** the symbolic sake of the figure stamped on the coin

129 **You…yours** i.e., you should accept mine since yours is the image stamped onto it

130 **audit** account

131 **bonds** legal/mortal/literal, i.e., his fetters

133 **thou thunder-master** Jupiter, king of the gods, believed to have thunder and lightning at his command

134 **flies** i.e., people, whom the gods squash like flies

136 **That** who

137 **rates** scolds, berates/reckons

138 **aught** anything

141 **Attending nature’s law** i.e., staying the full nine months in the womb, according to nature

145 **earth-vexing smart** suffering that afflicts earthly, mortal men

146 **Lucina** Roman goddess of childbirth

147 **took** i.e., to death **in my throes** while I was in labor

148 **That** so that **ripped** i.e., born by Cesarean section

152 **stuff** substance

155 **When once** when the time came that **mature for man** i.e., grown to manhood

158 **fruitful** gifted, promising/producing love’s fruits

160 **deem his dignity** judge his worth

161 **wherefore** why

163 **Leonati seat** ancestral home of the Leonati (Britain)/family seat of the Leonati (family honor)

166 **suffer** allow

167 **Slight** worthless, contemptible

168 **taint** infect

170 **geck** dupe

172 **stiller seats** quieter resting places, i.e., the fields of Elysium (in classical mythology, a paradise inhabited by the good after death)

176 **fealty** loyalty (to a lord) **Tenantius' right** duty owed to Tenantius, Cymbeline's father

178 **Like hardiment** similar deeds of valor

181 **adjourned** deferred, delayed

182 **graces** rewards

183 **dolours** sorrows

184 **crystal** transparent, like crystal **ope** open

186 **race** breed/family

190 **marble mansion** i.e., the heavens

192 **synod…rest** assembly of the other gods

194 **appeal** i.e., to the other assembled gods, as in a tribunal

196 **region low** Elysium, which was below Jupiter's palace on Mount Olympus

199 **Sky-planted** rooted in the heavens

200 **Elysium** classical equivalent of heaven

202 **mortal accidents** human events

205 **delighted** (the more) delighted (in)

207 **well are spent** are very nearly over/have been undergone to good effect

208 **jovial star** the planet Jupiter, supposed to bring good fortune, which was in the ascendant when Posthumus was born

212 **tablet** a single sheet, richly bound

213 **confine** enclose, contain

218 **sulphurous** it is very likely that small fireworks were used to create lightning effects that would have left a sulphurous smell

219 **Stooped…us** swooped down as if to seize us in its talons

220 **sweet** calm/sweet-smelling

221 **Prunes** preens, uses his beak to trim his feathers **claws his beak** scratches his beak with his talons

222 **As when** because/whenever

224 **marble pavement** the floor of the heavens

226 **behest** command

229 **O scorn** what a bitter joke

230 **so** as

232 **greatness' favor** the favor of powerful men at court

233 **swerve** digress/go astray

234 **dream…deserve** don’t dream of finding anything, and neither do they deserve to

237 **A book** i.e., the tablet **rare** exceptional

238 **fangled** foppish, novelty-obsessed

239 **effects** contents

241 **As…good** i.e., as they promise to be

242 **Whenas** when **whelp** cub

243 **piece** creature, individual **tender air** a false etymology for Latin *mulier*, meaning “woman”

244 **jointed** grafted

245 **stock** trunk

247 **stuff** nonsense

248 **Tongue…not** speak without comprehending the meaning **both** i.e., a dream and madness

251 **which** i.e., the tablet

256 **the…shot** the meal justifies its price **shot** tavern bill

257 **reckoning** settlement

261 **paid** punished **heavier…light** duller/sleepier as a result of being drunk (light-headed)

262 **drawn of heaviness** emptied of that which made it heavy i.e., money **Of** from

263 **contradiction** being light and heavy i.e., drunk **you…quit** you shall from now on be acquitted, freed **penny cord** i.e., very cheap hangman’s rope **sums up** pays the reckoning for/disposes of

264 **in a trice** instantly **debitor and creditor** account book (referring to the headings of the two columns in a ledger)

265 **discharge** payment **counters** tokens used for accounting

266 **acquittance** receipt

270 **officer** i.e., the hangman

272 **death** death’s head—a skull **pictured** depicted; death’s heads usually have empty eye sockets

273 **take upon them** profess, claim

274 **jump the after-inquiry** hazard the final judgment

275 **speed** fare

276 **on** of

277 **want** lack

278 **wink** shut their eyes

279 **mock** jest

280 **winking** i.e., closing the eyes permanently

284 **bolts** manacles

286 **prone** eager (to go to the gallows) **verier** truer **for all** even though

289 **there were desolation** that would be the end of **profit** source of income

290 **preferment** promotion, either because a world that didn’t need jailers and executions would afford better jobs, or there would be a reward in the afterlife

Act 5 Scene 4

3 **richly** nobly, profitably

4 **naked** unprotected (by armor)

5 **Stepped before** stood at the front of (the British)/stood in opposition to (the Romans) **targes of proof** shields of proven strength

7 **grace** favor

13 **searched** sought

16 **heir…reward** inheritor of the reward I should have given to him

17 **liver…brain** believed to control passion, affection, and judgment respectively

18 **grant** acknowledge, affirm

19 **of…are** where you are from

21 **Cambria** Wales **are** were

25 **knights o’th’battle** knights created on the battlefield (an especial honor)

26 **fit** supply

27 **estates** i.e., new rank as knights

28 **business** serious concern

42 **trip me** correct me/catch me out

46 **Affected** desired, longed for **by** through

50 **but** if it weren’t for the fact that

51 **opening** revealing, disclosing

52 **bore in hand** pretended, professed

55 **had Ta’en off** would have destroyed

57 **delicate** beautiful/crafty, skillful

60 **mortal mineral** fatal poison

61 **by the minute** minute by minute

62 **By…you** consume you little by little **purposed** intended

63 **watching** i.e., at your bedside by night **tendance** attention

64 **show** pretence

65 **fitted** molded, shaped

66 **th’adoption…crown** i.e., becoming adopted heir to the crown

67 **end** purpose, design

68 **opened** revealed

76 **Mine ears** nor were mine ears

77 **seeming** appearance **had been vicious** would have been reprehensible

80 **feeling** emotions/experience
82 **razed out** erased
83 **made suit** appealed
84 **their** i.e., those killed in battle
86 **estate** spiritual state
88 **had…us** had we been the victors
92 **called** named as/taken for **sufficeth** it is enough that
94 **think on't** i.e., consider a strategy (with the unspoken implication "and then revenge it")
95 **peculiar care** personal concerns
99 **tender…occasions** sensitive to his master's needs
100 **feat** deft, graceful
104 **And** even if you
106 **favour** face, countenance
107 **looked…grace** won my favor by your looks
109 **Ne'er…master** i.e., because I don't even know why I'm sparing you myself, but it's not due to his pleading on your behalf
110 **boon** request
111 **state** rank
120 **shuffle** shift, look out
122 **briefly** quickly
123 **truth** loyalty, fidelity
124 **perplexed** distressed
130 **vassal** subject
131 **Am something nearer** i.e., I am more closely connected to you by being a British subject
132 **Wherefore…so?** Why do you stare at him in that way?
145 **eyes** sees **forbear** have patience
148 **But…dead** but we see him who we know to be dead
158 **Winnow** separate, like grain from chaff
159 **render** declare, state
164 **Thou'lt torture me** i.e., if you had any idea what I have to say, you'd torture me
173 **All…this** everything relating to this matter
178 **while nature will** for as long as nature will have it/for the remainder of your natural life

179 **ere** before

183 **viands** food

184 **heaved to head** raised to my mouth

187 **rar'st** most exceptional **sadly** soberly, reservedly

189 **made barren** rendered impotent

190 **feature** shape/comeliness/form of face **laming** crippling by comparison

191 **shrine** veneration, idolizing **Venus** Roman goddess of love **straight-pight** straight pitched, i.e., erect, upright in bearing **Minerva** Roman goddess of arts and war

192 **beyond** surpassing **brief nature** the brevity of mortal life **condition** character, personality

193 **shop** storehouse

194 **hook of wiving** i.e., beauty, which is bait for marriage

196 **I…fire** i.e., I am burning with impatience

197 **matter** point

201 **hint** cue/opportunity

205 **mind put in't** described her character

206 **cracked of** boastfully uttered about **kitchen-trulls** kitchen maids **trull** wench/trollop

207 **unspeaking sots** fools/drunkards, incapable of articulate speech

208 **to th'purpose** get to the point

210 **as Dian** as though Diana (Roman goddess of chastity) **hot** erotic, lustful

211 **she** i.e., Innogen **cold** chaste

212 **scruple** doubt

215 **In suit** by courtship

219 **carbuncle** precious stone, mythical gem said to emit light in the dark

220 **Of Phoebus' wheel** from the chariot wheel of Phoebus Apollo, the sun god **might so** might have done so

221 **of's car** of his chariot

222 **Post** hurry

224 **Of** by

227 **duller Britain** refers to the idea that cold, northern countries produced slower-witted people than those from the hot south

228 **vantage** profit, gain

230 **simular** simulated, specious

232 **renown** reputation
233 **thus, and thus** of this and that kind **averring** affirming
237 **cracked** broken
238 **forfeit** that which is due when a contract is breached
242 **anything** any name, title
243 **in being** present
244 **cord** rope
245 **justicer** judge
246 **ingenious** masterly, skillful
247 **th'abhorrèd** the detested **amend** make seem better
251 **sacrilegious thief** because he sacked the **temple** that was Innogen
252 **she herself** i.e., virtue
254 **bay** bark at
256 **Be…'twas** i.e., by comparing it with what I have done
260 **Shall's have** shall we make
261 **There…part** play your part by lying on the ground
267 **staggers** giddiness, dizziness; a disease in animals that causes them to walk unsteadily
270 **mortal** earthly, human/deadly, fatal
275 **tune** voice
276 **stones of sulphur** thunderbolts
283 **approve** prove
284 **confection** mixture (drug)
285 **for cordial** as a restorative
289 **temper** mix, concoct **still pretending** always claiming
292 **esteem** value, worth
294 **cease** halt, arrest
296 **offices of nature** natural faculties/bodily parts
298 **Most like** very likely
301 **sure** definitely
306 **the tree** i.e., himself
308 **mak'st…act** do you cast me as an idiot
312 **motive** reason
315 **mother's** i.e., stepmother is
317 **naught** nothing/wicked **long of** because of (along of)
318 **strangely** as strangers/in unusual circumstances

322 **missing** absence
324 **discovered** revealed
325 **accident** chance
326 **feignèd letter** i.e., the letter falsely claiming that Posthumus was waiting at Milford Haven
330 **enforced** took by force **posts** hurries
336 **forfend** forbid
339 **Deny't again** take it back again, unsay it
341 **He…prince** i.e., killing him is therefore treasonable and merits death
342 **incivil** unmannerly
347 **To…mine** i.e., to tell you that he had cut off my head
348 **sorrow** sorry/filled with sorrow
350 **dead** condemned to die
357 **As well descended** of as good lineage, family stock
358 **of** from **merited** deserved
359 **Had…for** ever deserved for their wounds in battle
362 **worth…for** the reward you have not yet been given
363 **tasting of** experiencing, feeling
366 **thou** i.e., Belarius
368 **But I will** unless I **on's** of us
369 **given out him** declared him (Guiderius) to be
370 **For…speech** i.e., what I am about to say will prove dangerous to me
371 **haply** perhaps, with luck **well for** beneficial to
374 **by leave** with your permission
380 **Assumed this age** attained this aged appearance
384 **hot** hasty
386 **it** i.e., the payment **confiscate all** all confiscated **so** as
389 **saucy** impudent
390 **prefer** raise in social stature
395 **blood** offspring
398 **sometime** once
399 **mere** whole
400 **That…did** i.e., I did no harm at all, unless you think my suffering harmful
404 **put into** teach
407 **moved** persuaded

408 **Having…then** i.e., he had already been unjustly banished for treason, but stealing the children was actually a treasonable offense
409 **Beaten** being beaten
410 **Excited** provoked, incited
411 **of** by **shaped Unto** fitted, suited
412 **end of** purpose in (to make Cymbeline suffer)
419 **service** i.e., in battle
420 **Unlike** unlikely, amazing
423 **Be pleased awhile** permit me to speak for a few more moments
425 **as yours** as your son
427 **lapped** wrapped
428 **curious** exquisite
429 **probation** proof
432 **sanguine** bloodred
435 **natural stamp** birthmark
436 **end…donation** purpose in giving it
440 **deliverance** in giving birth **pray** I pray
441 **starting…orbs** displacement from your spheres
443 **Thou…kingdom** because Guiderius and Arviragus are immediate heirs to the throne
447 **But** anything other than
455 **rare** exceptional
456 **fierce abridgement** drastically compressed account
457 **branches** details
458 **Distinction…in** need to be distinguished fully from one another/should prove plentiful once they have been distinguished from one another
462 **your…to** what motives the three of you (Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus) had for joining
463 **demanded** asked about
464 **by-dependences** side issues, related matters
465 **chance** happening, occurrence **nor** neither
466 **Will serve** are suited to **interrogatories** interrogations
467 **anchors** concentrates his looks, attention
468 **throws her eye** gazes
470 **counterchange…all** each reciprocates the looks of the others
471 **quit this ground** leave this place

472 **smoke** fill with smoke (from incense or sacrificial fires)
473 **hold** consider
474 **relieve me** help/rescue me
475 **gracious season** joyous occasion
477 **Save** except
478 **taste our comfort** feel, experience our mercy/share in our happiness
482 **forlorn** wretched, destitute
483 **becomed** become, suited **graced** done honor to/made rich
486 **company** accompany
487 **beseeming** appearance, i.e., his peasant’s garb **fitment** preparation
490 **you finish** an end of you
492 **sinks** makes bend, weighs down
494 **often** many times over
501 **doomed** judged, sentenced
502 **freeness** generosity, benevolence
504 **holp** helped
505 **As** as if
506 **Joyed** overjoyed
509 **upon…backed** riding upon his eagle’s back
510 **spritely shows** ghostly visions
512 **label** sheet of paper (the tablet) **containing** contents
513 **so…hardness** i.e., hard to understand
514 **collection of** deduction, inference from
515 **construction** interpretation
516 **Philharmonus** i.e., lover of harmony
519 **whelp** cub
526 **leo-natus** born of a lion **import** signify, mean
528 ***mollis aer*** Latin for “soft air”; a false etymology of ***mulier***, Latin for “woman”
529 **divine** interpret (by divine inspiration)
532 **clipped about** embraced
534 **seeming** plausibility
535 **cedar** the tree was an emblem of sovereignty, especially in the Bible
536 **Personates** stands for **point…forth** indicate your two sons
539 **issue** offspring, descendants
545 **wonted** usual, accustomed

547	**Whom**	on whom
551	**stroke**	action, onset
555	**Lessened herself**	i.e., by disappearing into the distance
559	**west**	understood in classical geography as the location of Britain
560	**Laud**	praise
561	**crookèd**	curling
562	**Publish**	announce
563	**Set we forward**	let’s set on, begin marching
564	**ensign**	standard, banner
567	**seal**	confirm
568	**Set on there!**	Onward, forward march!

PERICLES

A lone figure, venerable and archaically dressed, steps onto the bare stage: “To sing a song that old was sung / From ashes ancient Gower is come.” Probably begun by a hack dramatist in 1607 and completed by Shakespeare in 1608, *Pericles* marks a fresh departure for the master after his exclusive focus on tragedy in the previous few years (*Macbeth*, *King Lear*, *Timon of Athens*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and the contemporaneous *Coriolanus*). In his next group of plays, Shakespeare worked in a much more mellow form. The sea, the voyage, the storm, the unlucky and lucky chances, the years of quest and grief, the child lost and found, the resurrection of the apparently dead: this is the matter of the enduring literary form of romance.

One of the most widely circulated and oft-repeated tales from ancient Greece was that of Apollonius of Tyre, who wandered round virtually the whole of the Mediterranean world before what he had lost was restored to him. Chaucer’s friend, John Gower, included a version of it in his rambling poetic repository of old stories, *Confessio Amantis*. Just over two hundred years later, Gower was brought back to life on the boards of the Globe Theatre, with Apollonius renamed Pericles. The poet serves as Chorus, guiding the audience through the story, asking us to hold in imagination the wanderer’s ship, two great storms, and a series of landfalls at Antioch and Tarsus in the northeastern corner of the Mediterranean, way over at Pentapolis in North Africa, back at Tarsus and Tyre, and eventually at Ephesus and Mytilene on the Aegean.

Old songs are true in deep but simple ways. If we come to *Pericles* looking for the psychological complexities of Shakespearean tragedy, we will be disappointed. There are none of the subtle shades of moral gray that endlessly fascinate us in *Antony and Cleopatra*, another play that circles around the ancient Mediterranean world and that may have been written immediately before *Pericles*. Instead, we have to accept black and white, and, most disconcertingly, white becoming black (Dionyza is protectress one moment, murderess the next), then black becoming white (Lysimachus sets out to deflower Marina in a brothel, but ends up being deemed a fit husband for her).

The play proceeds by a series of tableaux and formal dumb shows that offer stark contrasts: first Pericles woos a daughter whose relationship with her father is turned inward in incest, then he woos a daughter whose father banteringly pretends to play the oppressive patriarch when really he is delighted that she has fallen in love with the knight in rusty armor. The narrative begins with a daughter who is "an eater of her mother's flesh / By the defiling of her parents' bed." It ends with a daughter who regenerates her father. In Pericles' extraordinary line, "Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget," the daughter seems to father her father without any trace of illicit desire. Having converted the clientele of the brothel, and even the randy old Bolt, from lust to honesty, now Marina brings her father from unshaven sack-clothed wandering to a new life. The fifth act's inversion of the first act's perversion suggests that, episodic though it may be, the play has its own unity. Though the first two acts were written by another dramatist, George Wilkins, and the last three by Shakespeare, the stitching together of the plot was effectively done.

The language is more variable. It only begins to thrill with the hum of late Shakespearean verse from the great storm speech onward: "O still / Thy deaf'ning dreadful thunders, gently quench / Thy nimble sulphurous flashes!" From here to the end of the play, there are certain speeches of quite extraordinary beauty and power. Most revelatory of all is the reunion of father and daughter, which recapitulates yet somehow goes beyond the reunion of Lear and Cordelia. Shakespeare never wrote a more moving scene.

KEY FACTS

AUTHORSHIP: By Shakespeare and **George Wilkins**, author of pamphlets and plays all published in the period 1606–08, including *The Miseries of Enforced Marriage* (1607), acted by the King's Men. Most dramatic collaborations in the period include an element of alternation of scenes between authors, whereas in *Pericles* there is a clear break, with Wilkins composing the first two acts and Shakespeare the last three. This suggests that Wilkins began the play and abandoned it halfway through, leaving Shakespeare, the company dramatist, to finish it (and perhaps to apply some polish to the first half). Wilkins seems not to have written any more plays after 1608, so perhaps there was a falling out, which may have been exacerbated by his publication of a prose romance, *The Painfull Adventures of Pericles Prince of Tyre* ("Being the true History of the Play of *Pericles*, as it was lately presented by the worthy and ancient Poet *John* Gower"), closely based on the play.

PLOT: Pericles goes to Antioch as suitor to the daughter of King Antiochus. He solves a riddle, but it reveals a terrible secret about the king, so he has to flee. Unsafe even at home in Tyre, he leaves the trusted Helicanus to govern and sails for Tarsus, where he relieves the city of famine, earning the gratitude of governor Cleon and his wife Dionyza. Pericles is then shipwrecked and washed up on the shores of Pentapolis, where he is rescued by fishermen. They take him to the court of King Simonides, who is celebrating the birthday of his daughter Thaisa with a grand tournament. Pericles, concealing his identity, defeats the many knights jousting for the princess' hand and wins her. Antiochus dies. His life no longer in danger—and his identity finally revealed—Pericles sets sail for Tyre with Thaisa, now pregnant with their first child. During a storm, Thaisa dies giving birth to a daughter and is buried at sea. Pericles lands at Tarsus and entrusts his baby daughter, christened Marina, to the care of Cleon and Dionyza. Thaisa's coffin lands at Ephesus, where she is revived by the physician Cerimon. She enters the temple of Diana as a nun. Fourteen years pass. Marina attracts the envy of Dionyza, who arranges her murder, only for her to be abducted by pirates who sell her into a brothel in Mytilene, where her chastity proves bad for business. Lysimachus, the governor, visiting the brothel in disguise, is greatly impressed by her. Pericles, still wandering the seas, arrives by chance at Mytilene, where his ship is visited by Lysimachus. The latter has Marina brought aboard in an attempt to rouse Pericles from his sorrows. When their conversation reveals her to be his daughter, Pericles is overjoyed. In a dream, the goddess Diana directs him to make sacrifice at her temple in Ephesus and they set sail to accomplish this final act.

MAJOR PARTS: *(with percentage of lines/number of speeches/scenes on stage)* Pericles (25%/121/10), Gower (13%/8/8), Marina (8%/63/5), Simonides (6%/42/3), Helicanus (5%/37/5), Cleon (5%/19/3), Cerimon (4%/23/3), Lysimachus (4%/40/2), Bawd (4%/43/2), Dionyza (4%/19/ 4), Thaisa (3%/32/6), Bolt (3%/38/2), Antiochus (3%/12/1).

LINGUISTIC MEDIUM: 80% verse, 20% prose.

DATE: 1608. Registered for publication May 1608; Wilkins’ novel *The Painfull Adventures of Pericles*, cashing in on the success of the play, published 1608; performance seen by Venetian and French ambassadors, probably between April and July 1608. Frequency of editions and subsequent allusions suggest that the play was a considerable popular success.

SOURCES: Based primarily on the story of Apollonius of Tyre (an ancient romance) in book 8 of John Gower’s fourteenth-century poem, *Confessio Amantis;* some use of Lawrence Twine’s version of the same story in the 1607 novella *The Patterne of Painefull Aduentures*, which was also borrowed from extensively by Wilkins in his novelization of the play.

TEXT: Not in the First Folio, perhaps because the editors knew that Shakespeare only contributed the second half. Added to the second issue of the Third Folio (1664), together with a number of “apocryphal” plays. Though originally registered in 1608 by Edward Blount, who would eventually publish the Folio, *Pericles* appeared in Quarto in 1609 under the imprint of a different publisher, with title *THE LATE, and much admired Play, called Pericles, Prince of Tyre. With the true Relation of the whole Historie, aduentures, and fortunes of the said Prince: As also, The no lesse strange, and worthy accidents, in the Birth and Life, of his Daughter MARIANA. As it hath been diuers and sundry times acted by his Maiesties Seruants, at the Globe on the Banck-side. By William Shakespeare*. The printing is of poor quality, with many corruptions and incomprehensible sequences, thus requiring more editorial intervention than is necessary in any Folio play. Wilkins’ novelization assists in the interpretation of some passages, but since we do not know the exact status of his treatment in relation to Shakespeare’s, it is unsafe to incorporate its readings into the text, as some editors have done. The Quarto went through six editions (two in 1609 alone), attesting to the play’s popularity. The Sixth Quarto of 1635, together with the 1634 Quarto of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, may have been intended to supplement the 1632 Second Folio.

PERICLES

GOWER, the Chorus
PERICLES, Prince of Tyre
MARINA, his daughter
Antioch
ANTIOCHUS, King of Antioch
Antiochus' **DAUGHTER**
THALIARD, a lord
MESSENGER
Tyre
FIRST LORD
SECOND LORD
HELICANUS, a grave and wise counselor
ESCANES, an old counselor
THIRD LORD
Tarsus
CLEON, governor of Tarsus
DIONYZA, Cleon's wife
LORD
OTHER TARSIANS
LEONINE
FIRST PIRATE
SECOND PIRATE
THIRD PIRATE
Pentapolis
FIRST FISHERMAN, the master
SECOND FISHERMAN
THIRD FISHERMAN
SIMONIDES, King of Pentapolis
THAISA, Simonides' daughter
FIRST KNIGHT, of Sparta
SECOND KNIGHT, of Macedon
THIRD KNIGHT, of Antioch
FOURTH KNIGHT

FIFTH KNIGHT

FIRST LORD

SECOND LORD

THIRD LORD

MARSHAL

On the ship

FIRST SAILOR, the ship’s master

SECOND SAILOR

LYCHORIDA, Marina’s nurse

Ephesus

Lord CERIMON

PHILEMON, his attendant

FIRST SERVANT

A survivor of the storm

FIRST GENTLEMAN

SECOND GENTLEMAN

CERIMON’S SERVANT

DIANA, goddess of chastity

Mytilene

PANDER

BAWD, pander’s wife

BOLT, pander and bawd’s servant

FIRST GENTLEMAN

SECOND GENTLEMAN

LYSIMACHUS, governor of Mytilene

SAILOR OF TYRE

SAILOR OF MYTILENE

FIRST GENTLEMAN, of Tyre

LORD, of Mytilene

Marina’s companion

Followers, Attendants, Gentlemen, Messengers, Lords, Servants, Priests of Diana

[Prologue]

running scene 1

Enter Gower *

GOWER To sing a song that old[1] was sung
From ashes ancient[2] Gower is come,
Assuming man’s infirmities[3]
To glad your ear and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember eves[6] and holidays,
And lords and ladies in their lives
Have read it for restoratives.[8]
The purchase[9] is to make men glorious,
Et[10] *bonum quo antiquius eo melius*.
If you — born in these latter times,
When wit’s[12] more ripe — accept my rhymes,
And that to hear an old man sing
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I[15] life would wish, and that I might
Waste[16] it for you like taper light.
This Antioch,[17] then: Antiochus the great
Built up this city for his chiefest seat[18] —
The fairest in all Syria.
I tell you what mine authors[20] say:
This king unto him took a peer,[21]
Who died and left a female heir,
So buxom,[23] blithe and full of face
As[24] heaven had lent her all his grace,
With whom the father liking[25] took
And her to incest did provoke:
Bad child, worse father, to entice his own
To evil should be done by none.
But custom[29] what they did begin
Was with long use[30] account’ no sin.
The beauty of this sinful dame

Made many princes thither frame[32]
To seek her as a bedfellow,
In marriage pleasures, playfellow,
Which to prevent he made a law
To keep her still,[36] and men in awe:
That whoso[37] asked her for his wife,
His[38] riddle told not, lost his life.
So for her many a wight[39] did die, ***Points to the heads on display above, or reveals them***
As yon[40] grim looks do testify.
What now ensues, to[41] the judgement of your eye
I give my cause, who best can justify.

Exit

[Act 1 Scene 1][1.1]

running scene 1 continues

Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles and Followers

ANTIOCHUS Young Prince of Tyre,[1] you have at large received
The danger of the task you undertake?

PERICLES I have, Antiochus, and with a soul
Emboldened with the glory of her praise
Think death no hazard in this enterprise.

ANTIOCHUS Music! ***Music plays***
Bring in our daughter, clothèd like a bride
For embracements[8] even of Jove himself,
At whose[9] conception, till Lucina reigned,
Nature this dowry gave: to glad her presence[10]
The senate house[11] of planets all did sit,
To knit[12] in her their best perfections.

Enter Antiochus' Daughter

PERICLES See where she comes, apparelled like the spring,[13]
Graces her subjects,[14] and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives[15] renown to men:
Her face the book of praises,[16] where is read
Nothing but curious[17] pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever razed,[18] and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion.[19]
You gods that made me man and sway[20] in love,
That have inflamed desire in my breast
To taste[22] the fruit of yon celestial tree
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass[25] such a boundless happiness.

ANTIOCHUS Prince Pericles—

PERICLES That would be son[27] to great Antiochus.

ANTIOCHUS Before thee stands this[28] fair Hesperides,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touched,
For deathlike[30] dragons here affright thee hard.

Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view
Her countless[32] glory, which desert must gain,
And which without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach,[34] all the whole heap must die.
Yon[35] sometimes famous princes, like thyself ***Points to the heads***
Drawn by report, adventurous[36] by desire,
Tell thee with speechless tongues and semblance[37] pale
That without covering save yon[38] field of stars
Here they stand, martyrs slain in Cupid's wars,
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist
From going[41] on death's net, whom none resist.

PERICLES Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
My frail mortality[43] to know itself,
And by those fearful objects[44] to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must:
For death remembered[46] should be like a mirror
Who tells us life's but breath,[47] to trust it error.
I'll make my will, then, and as sick men do
Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe
Grip not at earthly joys as[50] erst they did.
So I bequeath a happy peace to you
And all good men, as every prince should do,
My riches to the earth from whence they came,—
But my unspotted[54] fire of love to you.— ***To Daughter***
Thus ready for the way of life or death, ***To Antiochus***
I wait the sharpest blow.

ANTIOCHUS Scorning advice, read the conclusion[57] then, ***Gives Pericles the riddle***
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
As these[59] before thee, thou thyself shalt bleed.

DAUGHTER Of all 'ssayed[60] yet, mayst thou prove prosperous, ***To Pericles***
Of all 'ssayed yet, I wish thee happiness.

PERICLES Like a bold champion I assume the lists,[62]
Nor[63] ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness and courage.

The riddle ***Reads***

'I am no viper,[65] yet I feed

On mother's flesh which did me breed.
I sought a husband, in which labour[67]
I found that kindness[68] in a father.
He's father, son and husband mild,
I mother, wife and yet his child:
How they may be, and yet in two,[71]
As you will live resolve it you.'
Sharp physic[73] is the last!— But O, you powers ***Aside***
That gives heaven countless eyes[74] to view men's acts,
Why cloud[75] they not their sights perpetually
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?—
Fair glass of light,[77] I loved you, and could still ***To Daughter***
Were not this glorious casket[79] stored with ill.
But I must tell you, now my thoughts revolt,
For he's no man on[80] whom perfections wait,
That knowing[81] sin within will touch the gate.
You are a fair viol,[82] and your sense the strings,
Who, fingered[83] to make man his lawful music,
Would draw heaven down, and all the gods to hearken.
But being played upon[85] before your time,
Hell[86] only danceth at so harsh a chime.
Good sooth,[87] ***Pericles gestures toward***
I care not for you. ***the Daughter***
ANTIOCHUS Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
For that's an article[89] within our law
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expired:
Either expound now or receive your sentence.
PERICLES Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act,
'Twould braid[94] yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who[95] has a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut than shown.
For vice[97] repeated is like the wandering wind
Blows dust in others' eyes to spread itself.
And[99] yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone and the sore eyes see clear

To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts
Copped[102] hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is thronged
By man’s oppression, and the poor worm[103] doth die for’t.
Kings are earth’s gods: in vice, their law’s their will,
And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?
It is enough you know, and it is fit,
What[107] being more known grows worse, to smother it.
All love the womb that their first being bred,
Then give my tongue like leave[109] to love my head.
ANTIOCHUS Heaven, that I had thy head! ***Aside***
He has found the meaning,
But I will gloze with[111] him.—
Young prince of Tyre, ***To Pericles***
Though by the tenor[112] of your strict edict,
Your exposition[113] misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of[114] your days,
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth[116] tune us otherwise.
Forty days longer we do respite you,
If by which time our secret be undone,[118]
This mercy shows we’ll joy[119] in such a son.
And until then your entertain[120] shall be
As doth befit our honour and your worth.
[Exeunt.] Pericles remains alone
PERICLES How courtesy would seem to[122] cover sin,
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight.[124]
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain you were not so bad
As with foul incest to abuse your soul:
Where now you’re both a father and a son
By your untimely[129] claspings with your child —
Which pleasures fits a husband, not a father —
And she an eater of her mother’s flesh
By the defiling of her parents’ bed.
And both like serpents are, who though[133] they feed

On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch farewell, for wisdom sees those men[135]
Blush not in actions blacker than the night
Will ’schew[137] no course to keep them from the light.
One sin, I know, another doth provoke:
Murder’s as near to lust as flame to smoke.
Poison and treason are the hands of sin —
Ay, and the targets[141] to put off the shame.
Then lest my life be cropped,[142] to keep you clear,
By flight, I’ll shun the danger which I fear.

Exit

Enter Antiochus

ANTIOCHUS He hath found the meaning,
For which we mean to have his head:
He must not live to trumpet forth[146] my infamy,
Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathèd manner.
And therefore instantly this prince must die,
For by his fall my honour must keep high.
Who attends us there?

Enter Thaliard

THALIARD Doth your highness call?

ANTIOCHUS Thaliard, you are of our chamber,[153] Thaliard,
And our mind partakes[154] her private actions
To your secrecy, and for your faithfulness
We will advance you, Thaliard.
Behold, here’s poison and here’s gold:
We hate the Prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him.
It fits thee not to ask the reason why:
Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

THALIARD My lord, ’tis done.

Enter a Messenger ***Running***

ANTIOCHUS Enough.—
Let[163] your breath cool yourself, telling your haste. ***To Messenger***

MESSENGER My lord, Prince Pericles is fled.

[Exit]

ANTIOCHUS As thou wilt live, fly after, and like an arrow ***To Thaliard***
Shot from a well experienced archer hits
The mark his eye doth level[167] at,
So thou never return unless thou say
Prince Pericles is dead.
THALIARD My lord, if I can get him within my pistol’s
length[171] I’ll make him sure enough, so farewell to
your highness.
ANTIOCHUS Thaliard adieu.— Till Pericles be dead,
[Exit Thaliard]
My[173] heart can lend no succour to my head.
[Exit]

[Act 1 Scene 2][1.2]

running scene 2

Enter Pericles with his Lords

PERICLES Let none disturb us!

[Exeunt the Lords]

Why should this change of thoughts,[2]
The sad companion, dull-eyed[3] melancholy,
Be my so used[4] a guest as not an hour
In the day's glorious walk[5] or peaceful night,
The tomb where grief should sleep, can breed me quiet?[6]
Here pleasures court mine eyes and mine eyes shun them,
And danger which I feared is at Antioch,
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here.
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy[10] my spirits,
Nor yet the other's[11] distance comfort me.
Then it is thus: the passions[12] of the mind,
That have their first conception by misdread,[13]
Have[14] after-nourishment and life by care,
And what was first but fear what might be done,
Grows elder now, and cares[16] it be not done.
And so with me. The great Antiochus,
Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he's so great can[19] make his will his act,
Will think me speaking though I swear to silence.
Nor boots it me[21] to say 'I honour',
If he suspect I may dishonour him.
And what may make him blush in being known,
He'll stop the course[24] by which it might be known.
With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
And with th'ostent[26] of war will look so huge,
Amazement[27] shall drive courage from the state,
Our men be vanquished ere[28] they do resist,
And subjects punished that ne'er thought offence.[29]
Which care of them, not pity of myself,

Who am no more but as[31] the tops of trees,
Which fence[32] the roots they grow by and defend them,
Makes both my body pine and soul to languish,
And[34] punish that before that he would punish.

Enter [Helicanus and] all the Lords to Pericles

FIRST LORD Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast.

SECOND LORD And keep your mind peaceful and comfortable.

HELICANUS Peace, peace, and give experience tongue![37]
They do abuse the king that flatter him,
For flattery is the bellows blows up[39] sin,
The thing the which is flattered, but a spark
To which that breath[41] gives heat, and stronger
Glowing, whereas reproof, obedient and in order,[42]
Fits kings as they are men, for they may err.
When Signior Sooth[44] here does proclaim 'peace',
He flatters you, makes[45] war upon your life.
Prince, pardon me, or strike me if you please,
I cannot be much lower than my knees. ***Kneels***

PERICLES All[48] leave us else, but let your cares o'erlook ***To Lords***
What shipping, and what lading's[49] in our haven,
And then return to us.— Helicanus,

[Exeunt Lords]

Thou hast moved[51] us, what see'st thou in our looks?

HELICANUS An angry brow,[52] dread lord.

PERICLES If there be such a dart[53] in princes' frowns,
How durst thy tongue move[54] anger to our face?

HELICANUS How dares the plants look up to heaven,
From whence they have their nourishment?

PERICLES Thou know'st I have power to take thy life from thee.

HELICANUS I have ground[58] the axe myself,
Do but you strike the blow.

PERICLES Rise, prithee rise! Sit down. Thou art no flatterer, ***Helicanus rises***
I thank thee for't, and heaven forbid
That kings should let[62] their ears hear their faults hid.
Fit[63] counsellor and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom makes a prince thy servant,

What wouldst thou have me do?
HELICANUS To bear with patience
Such griefs as you do lay upon yourself.
PERICLES Thou speak’st like a physician, Helicanus,
That ministers[69] a potion unto me
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me[71] then: I went to Antioch,
Where, as thou know’st, against the face of death
I sought the purchase[73] of a glorious beauty
From whence an issue[74] I might propagate,
Are[75] arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder,
The rest — hark in thine ear — as black as incest,
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seemed[79] not to strike, but smooth. But thou know’st this:
’Tis time to fear when tyrants seems to kiss.
Which fear so grew in me I hither fled
Under the covering of a careful[82] night,
Who[83] seemed my good protector, and, being here,
Bethought[84] me what was past, what might succeed.
I knew him tyrannous, and tyrants’ fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years.
And should he doubt[87] — as doubt no doubt he doth —
That I should open to the list’ning air
How many worthy princes’ bloods were shed
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,[90]
To lop[91] that doubt he’ll fill this land with arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him,
When all[93] for mine — if I may call’t — offence
Must feel war’s blow, who[94] spares not innocence.
Which love to all of which thyself art one,
Who now reproved’st[96] me for’t—
HELICANUS Alas, sir—
PERICLES Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks,
Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts[99]
How I might stop this tempest ere it came,

And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve for them.
HELICANUS Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to speak,
Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear —
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant
Who either by public war or private
Treason will take away your life:
Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot, or till
The destinies[110] do cut his thread of life:
Your rule direct[111] to any, if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.
PERICLES I do not doubt thy faith.
But should he[114] wrong my liberties in my absence?
HELICANUS We'll[115] mingle our bloods together in the earth
From whence we had our being and our birth.
PERICLES Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to Tarsus[117]
Intend[118] my travel, where I'll hear from thee,
And by whose letters I'll dispose[119] myself.
The care I had and have of subjects' good
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.
I'll take thy word for faith, not[122] ask thine oath:
Who[123] shuns not to break one, will crack both.
But in our orbs[124] we'll live so round and safe
That time[125] of both this truth shall ne'er convince:
Thou showed'st a subject's shine,[126] I a true prince.
Exeunt

[Act 1 Scene 3]

running scene 2 continues

Enter Thaliard alone

THALIARD So this is Tyre, and this the court. Here must I kill King Pericles, and if I do it not, I am sure to be hanged at home: ’tis dangerous. Well, I[3] perceive he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that being bid to ask what he would of[5] the king, desired he might know none of his secrets. Now do I see he had some reason for’t: for if a king bid a man be a villain, he’s bound by the indenture[9] of his oath to be one. Husht, here comes the lords of Tyre. ***Thaliard stands aside***

Enter Helicanus, Escanes, with other Lords

HELICANUS You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,
Further to question me of your king’s departure:
His sealed[13] commission left in trust with me,
Does speak sufficiently[14] he’s gone to travel.

THALIARD How? The king gone? ***Aside***

HELICANUS If further yet you will be satisfied
Why — as it were unlicensed[17] of your loves —
He would depart, I’ll give some light[18] unto you.
Being at Antioch—

THALIARD What, from Antioch? ***Aside***

HELICANUS Royal Antiochus, on what cause I know not,
Took some displeasure at him — at least he judged so —
And doubting[23] lest he had erred or sinned,
To show his sorrow, he’d correct[24] himself:
So puts[25] himself unto the shipman’s toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

THALIARD ***Aside*** Well, I perceive I shall not be hanged now although I would.[28] But since he’s gone, the[29] king’s ears this must please: he scaped the land to perish at the sea. I’ll present myself.— Peace to the lords of Tyre! ***Aloud***

HELICANUS Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

THALIARD From him I come with message unto princely Pericles, but since my landing I have understood your lord has betook[35] himself to unknown travels, now message[36] must return from whence it came.

HELICANUS We have no reason to desire it,[37]
Commended[38] to our master, not to us,
Yet ere you shall depart, this we desire:
As friends to Antioch we may feast in Tyre.

Exeunt

[Act 1 Scene 4][1.4]

running scene 3

Enter Cleon the governor of Tarsus, with his wife [Dionyza] and others

CLEON My Dionyza, shall we rest us here
And by relating tales of others' griefs
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?
DIONYZA That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it.
For who digs[5] hills because they do aspire,
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.
O, my distressèd lord, even such our griefs are:
Here they are but felt, and seen with mischief's eyes,[8]
But like to groves, being topped[9] they higher rise.
CLEON O, Dionyza,
Who wanteth[11] food and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?
Our[13] tongues our sorrows do sound deep,
Our woes into the air, our eyes to weep
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim them louder,
That if heaven slumber while their creatures want,
They may awake their helpers to comfort them.
I'll then discourse[18] our woes, felt several years,
And wanting[19] breath to speak, help me with tears.
DIONYZA I'll do my best, sir.
CLEON This Tarsus, o'er which I have the government,
A city o'er[22] whom plenty held full hand,
For riches[23] strewed herself even in her streets,
Whose towers bore heads so high they kissed the clouds,
And strangers ne'er beheld, but wondered[25] at.
Whose men and dames so jetted[26] and adorned,
Like[27] one another's glass to trim them by,
Their tables were stored full to glad[28] the sight,
And not so much to feed on as delight.
All poverty was scorned, and pride so great
The[31] name of help grew odious to repeat.

DIONYZA O, ’tis too true.
CLEON But see what heaven can do by[33] this our change.
These mouths who but of late earth, sea and air
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defiled for want[37] of use,
They are now starved for want of exercise.
Those palates who, not[39] yet two summers younger,
Must have inventions[40] to delight the taste
Would now be glad of bread and beg for it.
Those mothers who to nuzzle[42] up their babes
Thought naught too curious,[43] are ready now
To eat those little darlings whom they loved.
So sharp are hunger’s teeth, that man and wife,
Draw lots who first shall[46] die to lengthen life.
Here stands a lord, and there a lady, weeping.
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true?
DIONYZA Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.
CLEON O, let those cities that of plenty’s cup
And her prosperities so largely[53] taste
With their superfluous riots,[54] hear these tears!
The misery of Tarsus may be theirs.
Enter a Lord
LORD Where’s the lord governor?
CLEON Here.
Speak out thy sorrows, which thou bring’st in haste,
For comfort is too far for us to expect.
LORD We have descried[60] upon our neighbouring shore,
A portly[61] sail of ships make hitherward.
CLEON I thought as much.
One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor.
And so in ours: some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,

Hath stuffed the hollow vessels with their power,[67]
To beat us down, the which are down already,
And make a conquest of unhappy[69] me,
Whereas[70] no glory's got to overcome.
LORD That's the least fear,[71] for by the semblance
Of their white flags[72] displayed, they bring us peace,
And come to us as favourers,[73] not as foes.
CLEON Thou speak'st like him's[74] untutored to repeat:
Who[75] makes the fairest show means most deceit.
But bring they what they will and what they can,
What need we fear?
The[78] ground's the lowest, and we are halfway there.
Go tell their general we attend him here,
To know from whence he comes and what he craves.
LORD I go, my lord.
[Exit]
CLEON Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist,[82]
If wars, we are unable to resist.
Enter Pericles with attendants
PERICLES Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men
Be like a beacon[86] fired t'amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets.
Nor come we to add[89] sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load,
And these[91] our ships you happily may think
Are like the Trojan horse was stuffed within
With bloody veins expecting overthrow,
Are stored with corn to make your needy bread,
And give them life whom hunger starved half dead.
ALL TARSIANS The gods of Greece protect you,
They kneel
And we'll pray for you.
PERICLES Arise, I pray you, rise. *They rise*
We do not look for reverence but for love,

And harbourage for ourself, our ships and men.
CLEON The which when any shall not gratify,[101]
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,[102]
Be it our wives, our children or ourselves,
The curse of heaven and men succeed[104] their evils!
Till when — the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen —
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.
PERICLES Which welcome we'll accept, feast here awhile,
Until our stars[108] that frown, lend us a smile.

Exeunt

[Act 2 Chorus]

running scene 4

Enter Gower

GOWER Here have you seen a mighty king
His child, iwis,[2] to incest bring,
A better prince,[3] and benign lord,
That will prove awful[4] both in deed and word.Be
quiet then, as men should be,
Till he hath passed necessity:[6]
I’ll show you those[7] in troubles reign,
Losing a mite,[8] a mountain gain.
The good[9] in conversation,
To whom I give my benison,[10]
Is still at Tarsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ,[12] he speken can,
And to remember[13] what he does
Build his statue[14] to make him glorious.
But tidings[15] to the contrary
Are brought your eyes, what need speak I?

Dumb show

Enter at one door Pericles talking with Cleon, all the train with them. Enter at another door a Gentleman with a letter to Pericles. Pericles shows the letter to Cleon. Pericles gives the messenger a reward, and knights him. Exit Pericles [with his Attendants] at one door, and Cleon at another [with his Attendants]

GOWER Good Helicane[17] that stayed at home
Not to[18] eat honey like a drone
From others’ labours: though he strive
To killen[20] bad, keeps good alive.
And to fulfil his prince’ desire
Sends word of all that haps[22] in Tyre:
How Thaliard came full bent[23] with sin
And had intent to murder him,
And that in Tarsus was not best

Longer for him to make his rest.
He doing so,[27] put forth to seas,
Where when men been[28] there’s seldom ease:
For now the wind begins to blow,
Thunder above and deeps below
Makes such unquiet, that the ship
Should[32] house him safe is wracked and split,
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is tossed.
All perishen[35] of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapend[36] but himself.
Till Fortune, tired with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad.[38]
And here he comes: what shall be next,
Pardon old Gower, this ’longs[40] the text.
[Exit]

[Act 2 Scene 1][2.1]

running scene 5

Enter Pericles wet

PERICLES Yet cease your ire,[1] you angry stars ofheaven!
Wind, rain and thunder, remember earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you,
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.
Alas, the seas hath cast me on the rocks,
Washed me from shore to shore, and left my breath[6]
Nothing to think on but ensuing death.
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes,
And having thrown him from your wat'ry grave,
Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen

FIRST FISHERMAN What ho, Pilch![12]

SECOND FISHERMAN Ha, come and bring away the nets.

FIRST FISHERMAN What, Patch-breech,[15] I say!

THIRD FISHERMAN What say you, master?

FIRST FISHERMAN Look[17] how thou stirr'st now! Come away, or I'll fetch th'[18] with a wanion.

THIRD FISHERMAN Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us even now.

FIRST FISHERMAN Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help them when, well-a-day,[23] we could scarce help ourselves.

THIRD FISHERMAN Nay, master, said not I as much when I saw the porpoise[26] how he bounced and tumbled? They say they're half fish, half flesh: a plague on them, they ne'er come but I[28] look to be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

FIRST FISHERMAN Why, as men do a-land:[30] the great ones eat up the little ones. I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly[32] as to a whale: a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry[33] before him, and, at last, devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on[35] o'th'land, who never leave gaping till they swallowed the whole parish: church, steeple, bells and all.

PERICLES ***Aside*** A pretty[38] moral.

THIRD FISHERMAN But master, if I had been the sexton,[40] I would have been that day in the belfry.

SECOND FISHERMAN Why, man?

THIRD FISHERMAN Because he should have swallowed me too, and when I had been in his belly I would have kept such a jangling of the bells that he should never have left till he cast[45] bells, steeple, church and parish up again! But if the good King Simonides were of my mind—

PERICLES ***Aside*** Simonides?

THIRD FISHERMAN We would purge the land of these drones[50] that rob the bee of her honey.

PERICLES How from the finny subject[51] of the sea ***Aside***
These fishers tell the infirmities of men,
And from their wat'ry empire recollect[53]
All[54] that may men approve or men detect.—
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen. ***To Fishermen***

SECOND FISHERMAN 'Honest', good fellow? What's that? If[57] it be a day fits you, search't out of the calendar and nobody will look after it!

PERICLES May[59] see the sea hath cast upon your coast —

SECOND FISHERMAN What a drunken knave was the sea to cast[62] thee in our way!

PERICLES A man, whom both the waters and the wind
In that vast tennis-court[64] hath made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him:
He asks of you that never used[66] to beg.

FIRST FISHERMAN No, friend, cannot you beg? Here's them[67] in our country of Greece gets more with begging than we can do with working.

SECOND FISHERMAN Canst thou catch any fishes then?

PERICLES I never practised it.

SECOND FISHERMAN Nay, then thou wilt starve sure, for here's nothing to be got nowadays unless thou canst fish for't.[74]

PERICLES What I have been I have forgot to know,

But what I am, want teaches me to think on:
A man thronged up[77] with cold. My veins are chill,
And have no more of life than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help,
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that[81] I am a man, pray you see me burièd.

FIRST FISHERMAN ‘Die’, quotha?[82] Now gods forbid’t, an I have a gown here. ***Gives a gown to Pericles*** Come, put it on, keep thee warm: now, afore me,[84] a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we’ll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days[86] and, moreo’er, puddings[87] and flapjacks, and thou shalt be welcome.

PERICLES I thank you, sir.

SECOND FISHERMAN Hark you, my friend — you said you could not beg?

PERICLES I did but crave.[92]

SECOND FISHERMAN But crave? Then I’ll turn craver[93] too, and so I shall scape whipping.

PERICLES Why, are your beggars whipped, then?

SECOND FISHERMAN O, not all, my friend, not all: for if all your beggars were whipped I would wish no better office than to be beadle.[98] But, master, I’ll go draw up the net.

[Exeunt Second and Third Fishermen]

PERICLES How well this honest mirth becomes[100] their labour!

FIRST FISHERMAN Hark you, sir, do you know where ye are?

PERICLES Not well.

FIRST FISHERMAN Why, I’ll tell you: this is called Pentapolis,[106] and our king, the good Simonides.

PERICLES The good Simonides, do you call him?

FIRST FISHERMAN Ay, sir, and he deserves so to be called for his peaceable reign and good government.

PERICLES He is a happy king, since he gains from
His subjects the name of good by his government.
How far is his court distant from this shore?

FIRST FISHERMAN Marry,[113] sir, half a day’s journey. And I’ll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and tomorrow is her birthday, and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world to joust and tourney[117] for her love.

PERICLES Were my fortunes equal to my desires,
I could wish to make one[119] there.

FIRST FISHERMAN O, sir, things must be as they may, and what[121] a man cannot get he may lawfully deal for his wife’s soul.

Enter the two Fishermen, drawing up a net

SECOND FISHERMAN Help, master, help! Here’s a fish hangs in the net like a poor man’s right[124] in the law: ’twill[125] hardly come out. Ha, bots on’t, ’tis come at last, and ’tis turned to a rusty armour.

They pull pieces of armor from the net

PERICLES An armour, friends? I pray you let me see it.
Thanks Fortune yet, that after all crosses[128]
Thou givest me somewhat to repair myself.
And though it was mine own, part of my heritage,[130]
Which my dead father did bequeath to me
With this strict charge[132] even as he left his life:
‘Keep it my Pericles, it hath been a shield
’Twixt me and death’ — and pointed to this brace[134] —
‘For that[135] it saved me, keep it: in like necessity,
The which the gods protect thee from, may’t defend thee.’
It kept[137] where I kept, I so dearly loved it,
Till the rough seas, that spares not any man,
Took it in rage, though[139] calmed have given’t again.
I thank thee for’t, my shipwreck now’s no ill
Since I have here my father[141] gave in his will.

FIRST FISHERMAN What mean you, sir?

PERICLES To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,[143]
For it was sometime[144] target to a king:
I know it by this mark. He loved me dearly,
And for his sake I wish the having of it,
And that you’d guide me to your sovereign’s court,
Where with it I may appear a gentleman.
And if that ever my low fortune’s better
I’ll pay your bounties,[150] till then rest your debtor.

FIRST FISHERMAN Why, wilt thou tourney[151] for the lady?

PERICLES I’ll show the virtue[153] I have borne in arms.

FIRST FISHERMAN Why, d’ye take it,[154] and the gods give thee good on’t![155] ***Pericles puts on the armor***

SECOND FISHERMAN Ay, but hark you, my friend, ’twas we that made up[157] this garment through the rough seams[158] of the waters. There are certain condolements,[159] certain vails:[159] I hope, sir, if you thrive you’ll remember from whence you had them.

PERICLES Believe’t, I will.
By your furtherance[162] I am clothed in steel,
And spite of all the rapture[163] of the sea
This jewel holds his building[164] on my arm.
Unto thy value[165] I will mount myself
Upon a courser,[166] whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer[167] joy to see him tread.
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases[169]—

SECOND FISHERMAN We’ll sure provide: thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair, and I’ll bring thee to the court myself.

PERICLES Then honour[173] be but a goad to my will,
This day I’ll rise, or else add ill to ill.

[Exeunt]

[Act 2 Scene 2][2.2]

running scene 6

Enter Simonides with attendance, and Thaisa

SIMONIDES Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?[1]

FIRST LORD They are, my liege,
And stay[3] your coming to present themselves.

SIMONIDES Return[4] them we are ready, and our daughter,
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here like beauty's child, whom Nature gat[6]
For men to see and, seeing, wonder at.

[Exit an Attendant]

THAISA It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express[9]
My commendations great, whose merit's less.

SIMONIDES It's fit it should be so, for princes[10] are
A model[11] which heaven makes like to itself:
As jewels lose their glory if neglected,
So princes their renowns[13] if not respected.
'Tis now your honour,[14] daughter, to entertain
The labour of each knight in his device.[15]

THAISA Which to preserve mine honour I'll perform.

The First Knight passes by

His Attendant presents his shield to Thaisa

SIMONIDES Who is the first that doth prefer[17] himself?

THAISA A knight of Sparta,[18] my renownèd father,
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Ethiop[20] reaching at the sun,
The word:[21] *Lux tua vita mihi*.

SIMONIDES He loves you well that holds[22] his life of you.

The Second Knight

Passes by and his Attendant presents his shield to Thaisa

Who is the second that presents himself?

THAISA A prince of Macedon,[24] my royal father,
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an armed knight that's conquered by a lady.

The motto thus in Spanish:[27] *Piùe per dolcezza che per forza*.

The Third Knight

Passes by and his Attendant presents his shield to Thaisa

SIMONIDES And with the third?

THAISA The third, of Antioch,
And his device a wreath of chivalry.[30]
The word: *Me*[31] *pompae provexit apex*.

The Fourth Knight

Passes by and his Attendant presents his shield to Thaisa

SIMONIDES What is the fourth?

THAISA A burning torch that's turnèd upside down,
The word: *Qui*[34] *me alit me extinguit*.

SIMONIDES Which shows that beauty hath his power and will,
Which can as well inflame as it can kill.

The Fifth Knight

Passes by and his Attendant presents his shield to Thaisa

THAISA The fifth, an hand environèd[37] with clouds,
Holding out gold, that's by the touchstone[38] tried:
The motto thus: *Sic spectanda fides*[39].

The Sixth Knight [Pericles]

Passes by, wearing the rusty armor

He presents his own device to Thaisa

SIMONIDES And what's the sixth and last, the which the knight
Himself with such a graceful courtesy delivered?

THAISA He seems to be a stranger,[42] but his present is
A withered branch, that's only green at top.
The motto: *In*[44] *hac spe vivo*.

SIMONIDES A pretty moral.
From the dejected state wherein he is
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

FIRST LORD He[48] had need mean better than his outward show
Can any way speak in his just commend:
For by his rusty outside he appears
To have practised more the whipstock[51] than the lance.

SECOND LORD He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honoured triumph strangely[53] furnishèd.

THIRD LORD And on set purpose[54] let his armour rust
Until this day, to scour[55] it in the dust.
SIMONIDES Opinion's[56] but a fool that makes us scan
The outward habit for the inward man.
But stay, the knights are coming —
We will withdraw into the gallery.
[Exeunt]
Great shouts, and all cry 'The mean knight!'

[Act 2 Scene 3][2.3]

running scene 6 continues

Enter the King [Simonides, Thaisa, Marshal] and Knights from tilting

SIMONIDES Knights,
To say you're welcome were superfluous.
To place[3] upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
Since every worth in show[6] commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes[7] a feast:
You are princes and my guests.

THAISA But you,[9] my knight and guest, ***To Pericles***
To whom this wreath of victory I give
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Crowns him with a wreath

PERICLES 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my merit.

SIMONIDES Call it by what you will, the day is yours,
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing[15] artists art hath thus decreed,
To make some good but others to exceed,
And you are her laboured scholar.[17] Come, queen o'th'feast —
For, daughter, so you are — here take your place.
Marshal,[19] the rest as they deserve their grace. ***To Marshal***

KNIGHTS We are honoured much by good Simonides.

SIMONIDES Your presence glads our days: honour we love,
For who[22] hates honour hates the gods above.

MARSHAL Sir, yonder is your place. ***To Pericles***

PERICLES Some other is more fit.

FIRST KNIGHT Contend not,[25] sir, for we are gentlemen
Have[26] neither in our hearts nor outward eyes
Envies[27] the great, nor shall the low despise.

PERICLES You are right[28] courteous, knights.

SIMONIDES Sit, sir, sit. ***They sit***
By[30] Jove I wonder, that is king of thoughts, ***Aside***

These cates resist me he but thought upon.
THAISA By Juno, that is queen of marriage, ***Aside***
All viands[33] that I eat do seem unsavoury,
Wishing him my meat.[34]—
Sure, he's ***To Simonides***
a gallant gentleman.
SIMONIDES He's but a country gentleman.
He's done no more than other knights have done,
He's broken a staff,[37] or so. So let it pass.
THAISA To me he seems like diamond to[38] glass. ***Aside?***
PERICLES Yon[39] king's to me like to my father's picture, ***Aside***
Which tells me[40] in that glory once he was,
Had[41] princes sit like stars about his throne,
And he the sun for them to reverence.[42]
None that beheld him, but like lesser lights
Did vail[44] their crowns to his supremacy,
Where[45] now his son's like a glow-worm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light.
Whereby I see that time's the king of men,
He's both their parent and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.
SIMONIDES What, are you merry, knights?
KNIGHTS Who can be other in this royal presence?
SIMONIDES Here, with a cup that's stored[52] unto the brim,
As you do love, fill[53] to your mistress' lips:
We drink this health to you. ***Drinks a toast***
KNIGHTS We thank your grace.
SIMONIDES Yet pause awhile. Yon[56] knight doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a show might countervail[58] his worth.
Note[59] it not you, Thaisa?
THAISA What is't to me, my father?
SIMONIDES O, attend, my daughter,
Princes in this should live like gods above,
Who freely give to everyone that come to honour them,
And princes not doing so are like[64] to gnats,

Which make a sound, but killed are wondered at.
Therefore to make his entertain[66] more sweet,
Here, say we drink this standing bowl[67] of wine to him.

Drinks a toast

THAISA Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight[69] to be so bold:
He may my proffer[70] take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

SIMONIDES How? Do as I bid you, or you'll move me[72] else.

THAISA Now by the gods, he could not please me better. *Aside*

SIMONIDES And, further, tell him we desire to know
Of whence he is, his name and parentage?

THAISA The king my father, sir, has drunk to you— *To Pericles*

PERICLES I thank him.

THAISA Wishing it so much blood[78] unto your life.

PERICLES I thank both him and you, and pledge him[79] freely.

THAISA And, further, he desires to know of you
Of whence you are, your name and parentage?

PERICLES A gentleman of Tyre, my name Pericles,
My education being in arts and arms,[83]
Who, looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reft[85] of ships and men,
And after shipwreck driven upon this shore.

THAISA He thanks your grace, *To Simonides*
Names himself Pericles, a gentleman of Tyre,
Who only by misfortune of the seas
Bereft of ships and men, cast[90] on this shore.

SIMONIDES Now by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come, gentlemen, we sit[93] too long on trifles *To Knights*
And waste the time which looks for other revels:
Even in your armours as you are addressed,[95]
Will[96] well become a soldier's dance.
I[97] will not have excuse with saying this:
'Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads',
Since they love men in arms as well as beds.

They dance

So, this[100] was well asked, 'twas so well performed.
Come, sir, here's a lady that wants breathing[101] too, ***To Pericles***
And I have heard you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip,[103]
And that their measures[104] are as excellent.
PERICLES In those that practise them[105] they are, my lord.
SIMONIDES O, that's[106] as much as you would be denied
Of your fair courtesy!

They dance

Unclasp, unclasp!
Thanks, gentlemen, to all: all have done well,
But you the best. Pages and lights to conduct ***To Pericles***
These knights unto their several[110] lodgings!
Yours, sir, we have given order be next our own.
PERICLES I am at your grace's pleasure.
SIMONIDES Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
And that's the mark, I know, you level[114] at:
Therefore each one betake him[115] to his rest,
Tomorrow all for speeding[116] do their best.
[*Exeunt*]

[Act 2 Scene 4][2.4]

running scene 7

Enter Helicanus and Escanes

HELICANUS No, Escanes, know this of me:
Antiochus from incest lived not free,
For which the most high gods not minding longer[3]
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
Due to this heinous capital[5] offence,
Even in the height and pride of all his glory —
When he was seated in a chariot
Of inestimable value, and his daughter with him —
A fire from heaven came and shrivelled up
Those bodies even to loathing. For they so stunk
That all those eyes adored[11] them ere their fall
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

ESCANES ’Twas very strange.

HELICANUS And yet but justice: for though this king were great,
His greatness was no guard to bar[15] heaven’s shaft,
But sin had his[16] reward.

ESCANES ’Tis very true.

Enter two or three Lords

FIRST LORD See, not a man in private conference
Or council has respect[19] with him but he.

SECOND LORD It shall no longer grieve[20] without reproof.

THIRD LORD And cursed be he that will not second it.

FIRST LORD Follow me then.— Lord Helicane, a word. ***To Helicanus***

HELICANUS With me? And welcome. Happy day,[23] my lords.

FIRST LORD Know that our griefs[24] are risen to the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.

HELICANUS Your griefs, for what? Wrong not your prince, you love.[26]

FIRST LORD Wrong not yourself then, noble Helicane,
But if the prince do live let us salute him,
Or know what[29] ground’s made happy by his breath.
If in the world he live, we’ll seek him out,

If in his grave he rest, we’ll find him there.
We’ll be resolved[32] he lives to govern us,
Or dead, give’s[33] cause to mourn his funeral
And leave us to[34] our free election.
SECOND LORD Whose[35] death’s indeed the strongest in our censure.
And knowing this kingdom is without a head —
Like goodly buildings left[37] without a roof,
Soon fall to ruin — your noble self,
That best know how to rule and how to reign,
We thus submit unto: our sovereign.
ALL Live, noble Helicane!
HELICANUS Try honour’s cause,[42] forbear your suffrages!
If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear.[43]
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,
Where’s hourly trouble, for a minute’s ease.
A twelvemonth longer let me entreat you
To forbear[47] the absence of your king.
If in which time expired he not[48] return,
I shall with agèd patience bear your yoke.[49]
But if I cannot win you to this love,[50]
Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,
And in your search spend[52] your adventurous worth,
Whom[53] if you find, and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.
FIRST LORD To wisdom he’s a fool that will not yield.
And since Lord Helicane enjoineth[56] us,
We with our travels[57] will endeavour it.
HELICANUS Then you love us, we you, and we’ll clasp hands:
When peers thus knit,[59] a kingdom ever stands.
[Exeunt]

[Act 2 Scene 5][2.5]

running scene 8

Enter the King [Simonides] reading of a letter at one door, the Knights meet him

FIRST KNIGHT Good morrow to the good Simonides.

SIMONIDES Knights, from my daughter this I let you know:
That for this twelvemonth she’ll not undertake
A married life.
Her reason to herself is only known,
Which from her by no means can I get.

SECOND KNIGHT May we not get access to her, my lord?

SIMONIDES Faith, by no means, she hath so strictly
Tied her[9] to her chamber that ’tis impossible.
One twelvemoons[10] more she’ll wear Diana’s livery:
This by the[11] eye of Cynthia hath she vowed
And on her virgin honour will not break it.

THIRD KNIGHT Loath to bid farewell, we take our leaves.

[Exeunt Knights]

SIMONIDES So, they are well dispatched.[14]
Now, to my daughter’s letter:
She tells me here she’ll wed the stranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor[17] light.
’Tis well, mistress, your choice agrees with mine:
I like that well! Nay, how absolute[19] she’s in’t,
Not minding whether I dislike or no.
Well, I do commend her choice
And will no longer have it be delayed.
Soft,[23] here he comes — I must dissemble it.

Enter Pericles

PERICLES All fortune to the good Simonides.

SIMONIDES To you as much. Sir, I am beholding[25] to you
For your sweet music this last night: I do
Protest, my ears were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.

PERICLES It is your grace's pleasure to commend,
Not my desert.[30]
SIMONIDES Sir, you are music's master.
PERICLES The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.
SIMONIDES Let me ask you one thing:
What do you think of my daughter, sir?
PERICLES A most virtuous princess.
SIMONIDES And she is fair, too, is she not?
PERICLES As a fair day in summer: wondrous fair.
SIMONIDES Sir, my daughter thinks very well of you,
Ay, so well that you must be her master
And she will be your scholar, therefore look to it.
PERICLES I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.
SIMONIDES She thinks not so: peruse this writing else.[42]

Gives a letter

PERICLES What's here? ***Aside***
A letter that[44] she loves the knight of Tyre?
'Tis the king's subtlety[45] to have my life! ***Reads***
O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord, ***To Simonides***
A stranger and distressèd gentleman
That never aimed so high to[48] love your daughter,
But bent[49] all offices to honour her.
SIMONIDES Thou hast bewitched my daughter,
And thou art a villain.
PERICLES By the gods I have not!
Never did thought of mine levy[53] offence,
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might[55] gain her love, or your displeasure.
SIMONIDES Traitor, thou liest.
PERICLES Traitor?
SIMONIDES Ay, traitor.
PERICLES Even in his throat, unless it be the king
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.
SIMONIDES Now by the gods, I do applaud his courage. ***Aside***
PERICLES My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relished[63] of a base descent:

I came unto your court for honour's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state.[65]
And he that otherwise accounts of me,[66]
This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy.

SIMONIDES No?
Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter Thaisa

PERICLES Then as you are as virtuous as fair, ***To Thaisa***
Resolve[71] your angry father if my tongue
Did e'er solicit or my hand subscribe[72]
To any syllable that made love to[73] you?

THAISA Why, sir, say if you had,
Who takes offence at that, would[75] make me glad?

SIMONIDES Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?[76]
I am glad on't with all my heart!— ***Aside***
I'll tame you, I'll bring you in subjection. ***To Thaisa***
Will you, not having my consent,
Bestow your love and your affections
Upon a stranger?— Who, for aught[81] I know, ***Aside***
May be — nor can I think the contrary —
As great in blood as I myself.—
Therefore hear you, mistress, either frame[84] your will ***To Thaisa***
To mine — and you sir, hear you — either be
Ruled by me, or I'll make you man and wife! ***Joins their hands***
Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too,
And being joined I'll thus your hopes destroy, ***Pulls their hands apart***
And for further grief— God give you joy! ***Joins their hands again***
What, are you both pleased?

THAISA Yes, if you love me, sir?

PERICLES Even as my life my blood that fosters[92] it.

SIMONIDES What, are you both agreed?

BOTH Yes, if't please your majesty.

SIMONIDES It pleaseth me so well that I will see you wed,
And then with what haste you can, get you to bed.

Exeunt

[Act 3 Chorus]

running scene 9

Enter Gower

GOWER Now sleep y-slackèd[1] hath the rouse,
No din but snores about the house,
Made louder by the o’erfed breast[3]
Of this most pompous[4] marriage feast.
The cat with eyne[5] of burning coal
Now couches[6] from the mouse’s hole,
And crickets sing[7] at the oven’s mouth
Are the blither[8] for their drouth.
Hymen[9] hath brought the bride to bed,
Where by the loss of maidenhead[10]
A babe is moulded. Be attent,[11]
And time that is so briefly[12] spent
With your fine fancies[13] quaintly eche.
What’s dumb in show, I’ll plain[14] with speech.

Dumb show

Enter Pericles and Simonides at one door with Attendants. A Messenger meets them, kneels and gives Pericles a letter. Pericles shows it Simonides, the Lords kneel to him. Then enter Thaisa, with child, with Lychorida, a nurse. The King shows her the letter, she rejoices: she and Pericles take leave of her father, and depart [with Lychorida and their Attendants. Exeunt Simonides and his train]

GOWER By many a dern[15] and painful perch,
Of[16] Pericles the careful search
By the four opposing coigns[17]
Which the world together joins,
Is made with all due diligence
That horse and sail and high expense
Can stead[21] the quest. At last from Tyre —
Fame[22] answering the most strange inquire—
To th’court of King Simonides
Are letters brought, the tenor[24] these:

Antiochus and his daughter dead,[25]
The men of Tyrus on the head
Of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none.[28]
The mutiny he there hastes t’appease,[29]
Says to ’em, if King Pericles
Come not home in twice six moons,[31]
He, obedient to their dooms,[32]
Will take the crown. The sum[33] of this
Brought hither to Pentapolis
Y-ravishèd[35] the regions round,
And everyone with claps[36] can sound,
‘Our heir apparent[37] is a king:
Who dreamt? Who thought of such a thing?’
Brief,[39] he must hence depart to Tyre.
His queen, with child, makes her desire —
Which who shall cross?[41] — along to go:
Omit we all their dole[42] and woe.
Lychorida her nurse[43] she takes,
And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
On Neptune’s billow,[45] half the flood
Hath their keel cut, but Fortune, moved,[46]
Varies again. The grizzled[47] north
Disgorges such a tempest forth
That as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor ship drives.[50]
The lady shrieks and, well-a-near,[51]
Does[52] fall in travail with her fear.
And what ensues in this fell[53] storm
Shall for itself, itself perform:
I nill[55] relate, action may
Conveniently[56] the rest convey,
Which[57] might not what by me is told.
In your imagination hold[58]
This stage the ship, upon whose deck
The sea-tossed Pericles appears to speak.[60]

[Exit]

[Act 3 Scene 1][3.1]

running scene 10

Enter Pericles on shipboard

PERICLES The god[1] of this great vast, rebuke these surges
Which wash both heaven and hell, and thou[2] that hast
Upon the winds command, bind[3] them in brass,
Having called them from the deep! O, still[4]
Thy[5] deaf'ning dreadful thunders, gently quench
Thy nimble[6] sulphurous flashes!— O, how, Lychorida! ***Calls***
How does my queen? — Thou stormest venomously,
Wilt[8] thou spit all thyself? The seaman's whistle
Is as[9] a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard. Lychorida!— Lucina,[10] O ***Calls***
Divinest patroness, and midwife gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat, make swift the pangs
Of my queen's travails![14]— Now, Lychorida!

Enter Lychorida ***With the baby***

LYCHORIDA Here is a thing too young for such a place,
Who if it had conceit[16] would die,
As I am like[17] to do. Take in your arms
This piece[18] of your dead queen.

PERICLES How? How, Lychorida?

LYCHORIDA Patience, good sir, do not assist[20] the storm.
Here's all that is left living of your queen:
A little daughter. For the sake of it,
Be manly and take comfort.

Gives him the baby

PERICLES O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts
And snatch them straight away? We here below
Recall not[27] what we give, and therein may
Use[28] honour with you.

LYCHORIDA Patience, good sir, even for this charge.[29]

PERICLES Now, mild[30] may be thy life, ***To the baby***
For a more blusterous birth had never babe.
Quiet and gentle thy conditions,[32] for
Thou art the rudeliest[33] welcome to this world
That ever was prince’s child. Happy what follows:[34]
Thou hast as chiding[35] a nativity
As fire, air, water, earth and heaven can make
To herald thee from the womb.
Even at the first, thy[38] loss is more than can
Thy portage[39] quit with all thou can’st find here.
Now the good gods throw their best eyes[40] upon’t!

Enter two Sailors

FIRST SAILOR What courage, sir? God save you!

PERICLES Courage enough. I do not fear the flaw,[42]
It hath done to me the worst: yet for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh new seafarer,
I would it would be quiet.

FIRST SAILOR Slack[46] the bowlines there! Thou wilt not, wilt thou, blow and split thyself.

SECOND SAILOR But sea-room[48] an the brine and cloudy billow[49] kiss the moon, I care not.

FIRST SAILOR Sir, your queen must overboard. The sea works high,[51] the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship be cleared of the dead.

PERICLES That’s your superstition.

FIRST SAILOR Pardon us, sir. With us at sea it hath been still[55] observed, and we are strong in custom. Therefore briefly[56] yield ’er, for she must overboard straight.[57]

PERICLES As you think meet.[58] Most wretched queen!

LYCHORIDA Here she lies, sir. ***Reveals the body***

PERICLES A terrible childbed hast ***To Thaisa*** thou had, my dear.
No light, no fire, th’unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly. Nor have I time
To give thee hallowed[63] to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffined, in the ooze,
Where, for a monument[65] upon thy bones

And aye-remaining[66] lamps, the belching whale
And humming[67] water must o’erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells. O Lychorida,
Bid Nestor[69] bring me spices, ink and paper,
My casket and my jewels, and bid Nicander[70]
Bring me the satin[71] coffer. Lay the babe

Gives her the baby

Upon the pillow. Hie thee,[72] whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her. Suddenly,[73] woman!

[Exit Lychorida]

SECOND SAILOR Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches,[74] caulked[75]
and bitumed ready.

PERICLES I thank thee. Mariner, say, what coast is this?

FIRST SAILOR We are near Tarsus.

PERICLES Thither, gentle mariner,
Alter[79] thy course for Tyre. When can’st thou reach it?

FIRST SAILOR By break of day, if the wind cease.

PERICLES O, make for Tarsus!
There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus. There I’ll leave it
At careful nursing. Go thy ways,[84] good mariner,
I’ll bring the body presently.[85]

Exeunt

[Act 3 Scene 2][3.2]

running scene 11

Enter Lord Cerimon with a Servant

And another survivor of the storm

CERIMON Philemon, ho!

Enter Philemon

PHILEMON Doth my lord call?

CERIMON Get fire and meat for these poor men.

[Exit Philemon]

'T has been a turbulent and stormy night.

SERVANT I have been in many, but such a night as this
Till now, I ne'er endured.

CERIMON Your master will be dead ere you return, ***To Servant***
There's nothing can be ministered[8] to nature
That can recover him.— Give this to the 'pothecary,[9] ***To the other***
And tell me how it works.

[Exeunt all but Cerimon]

Enter two Gentlemen

FIRST GENTLEMAN Good morrow.

SECOND GENTLEMAN Good morrow to your lordship.

CERIMON Gentlemen, why do you stir so early?

FIRST GENTLEMAN Sir, our lodgings standing bleak upon[14] the sea
Shook as[15] the earth did quake:
The very principals[16] did seem to rend
And all to topple. Pure surprise and fear
Made me to quit the house.

SECOND GENTLEMAN That is the cause we trouble you so early,
'Tis not our husbandry.[20]

CERIMON O,[21] you say well.

FIRST GENTLEMAN But I much marvel that your lordship, having
Rich tire[23] about you, should at these early hours,
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.[24]
'Tis most strange nature should be so conversant[25] with pain,
Being thereto not compelled.

CERIMON I hold it ever[27]
Virtue and cunning[28] were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches. Careless[29] heirs
May the two latter darken[30] and expend,
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. ’Tis known, I ever
Have studied physic,[33] through which secret art,
By turning o’er authorities,[34] I have,
Together with my practice,[35] made familiar
To me and to my aid[36] the blest infusions
That dwells in vegetives,[37] in metals, stones,
And I can speak of the disturbances
That nature works[39] and of her cures, which doth give me
A more content[40] in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,[41]
Or tie[42] my pleasure up in silken bags
To[43] please the fool and death.

SECOND GENTLEMAN Your honour has
Through Ephesus[45] poured forth your charity,
And hundreds call[46] themselves your creatures, who
By you have been restored. And not[47] your knowledge,
Your personal pain,[48] but even your purse still open,
Hath built Lord Cerimon such strong renown,
As time shall never—

Enter two or three with a chest

CERIMON’S SERVANT So, lift there.

CERIMON What’s that?

CERIMON’S SERVANT Sir, even now
Did the sea toss up upon our shore this chest.
’Tis of some wreck.

CERIMON Set’t down, let’s look upon’t.

SECOND GENTLEMAN ’Tis like a coffin, sir.

CERIMON What e’er it be,
’Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight:
If the sea’s stomach be o’ercharged[60] with gold,
’Tis a good constraint of fortune[61] it belches upon us.

SECOND GENTLEMAN ’Tis so, my lord.
CERIMON How close[63] ’tis caulked and bitumed!
Did the sea cast it up?
CERIMON’S SERVANT I never saw so huge a billow,[65] sir,
As tossed it upon shore.
CERIMON Wrench it open.
Soft![68] It smells most sweetly in my sense.
SECOND GENTLEMAN A delicate odour.
CERIMON As ever hit[70] my nostril. So, up with it.
They open the chest
O you most potent gods! What’s here, a corpse?
SECOND GENTLEMAN Most strange!
CERIMON Shrouded in cloth of state,[73] balmed and entreasured
With full bags of spices, a passport[74] too!
Apollo,[75] perfèct me in the characters:
‘Here I give to understand, ***Reads***
If e’er this coffin drives a-land,[77]
I, King Pericles, have lost
This queen, worth all our mundane cost.[79]
Who[80] finds her, give her burying:
She was the daughter of a king.
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity.’
If thou livest, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even[85] cracks for woe. This chanced tonight?
SECOND GENTLEMAN Most likely, sir.
CERIMON Nay, certainly tonight,
For look how fresh she looks: they were too rough[88]
That threw her in the sea. Make a fire within,
Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet.[90]
[Exit a Servant]
Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The o’er-pressed[93] spirits. I heard of an Egyptian
That had nine hours lain dead, who was
By good appliance[95] recoverèd.

Enter one with napkins and fire
Well said,[96] well said — the fire and cloths. The rough and
Woeful music that we have, cause it to sound, beseech you. ***Music***
The viol[98] once more — how thou stirr’st, thou block!
The music there! I pray you give her air. ***Music again***
Gentlemen, this queen will live,
Nature[101] awakes a warm breath out of her!
She hath not been entranced above[102] five hours:
See how she ’gins[103] to blow into life’s flower again.
FIRST GENTLEMAN The heavens through you increase our wonder,
And sets up your fame for ever.
CERIMON She is alive! Behold her eyelids, cases
To those heavenly jewels[107] which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes[108] of bright gold.
The diamonds[109] of a most praisèd water
Doth appear, to make the world twice rich. Live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare[112] as you seem to be.
She moves
THAISA O dear Diana, where am I? Where’s my lord?
What world is this?
SECOND GENTLEMAN Is not this strange?
FIRST GENTLEMAN Most rare.[116]
CERIMON Hush, my gentle neighbours.
Lend me your hands, to the next chamber bear her.
Get linen. Now this matter must be looked to,
For her relapse is mortal.[120] Come, come,
And Aesculapius[121] guide us.
They carry her away. Exeunt

[Act 3 Scene 3][3.3]

running scene 12

Enter Pericles [and Lychorida with Marina] at Tarsus, with Cleon and Dionyza

PERICLES Most honoured Cleon, I must needs be gone:
My twelve months are expired, and Tyrus stands
In a litigious[3] peace. You and your lady
Take[4] from my heart all thankfulness, the gods
Make up the rest upon you.

CLEON Your shakes of fortune,[6] though they haunt you mortally
Yet glance[7] full wond'ringly on us.

DIONYZA O, your sweet queen!
That the strict fates had pleased you had brought her
Hither to have blessed mine eyes with her.

PERICLES We cannot but obey the powers above us.
Could I rage and roar as doth the sea she lies in,
Yet the end must be as 'tis. My gentle babe Marina,[13]
Whom, for she was born at sea, I have named so,
Here I charge[15] your charity withal, leaving her
The infant of[16] your care, beseeching you to give her
Princely training, that she[17] may be mannered as she is born.

CLEON Fear not, my lord, but think
Your grace that fed my country with your corn —
For[20] which the people's prayers still fall upon you —
Must in your child be thought on. If neglection[21]
Should therein make me vile, the common body[22]
By you relieved, would force me to my duty,
But if to that[24] my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To[26] the end of generation.

PERICLES I believe you: your honour and your goodness
Teach me to't[28] without your vows. Till she be married,
Madam, by bright Diana whom we honour all,
Unscissored shall this hair of mine remain, Though

I show ill in't.[31] So I take my leave:
Good madam, make me blessèd[32] in your care
In bringing up my child.
DIONYZA I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect[35]
Than yours, my lord.
PERICLES Madam, my thanks and prayers.
CLEON We'll bring your grace e'en to the edge o'th'shore,
Then give you up to the masked[39] Neptune, and
The gentlest winds of heaven.
PERICLES I will embrace your offer. Come, dearest; madam.—
O, no tears, Lychorida, no tears! ***To Lychorida***
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter.— Come, my lord.
[Exeunt]

[Act 3 Scene 4][3.4]

running scene 13

Enter Cerimon and Thaisa

CERIMON Madam, this letter and some certain jewels
Lay with you in your coffer,[2] which are
At your command. Know you the character?[3]

Shows the letter

THAISA It is my lord's. That I was shipped at[4] sea
I well remember, even on[5] my eaning time,
But whether there delivered,[6] by the holy gods
I cannot rightly[7] say. But since King Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery[9] will I take me to
And never more have joy.

CERIMON Madam, if this[11] you purpose as ye speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may abide[13] till your date expire.
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

THAISA My recompense[16] is thanks, that's all,
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.

Exeunt

[Act 4 Chorus]

running scene 14

Enter Gower

GOWER Imagine Pericles arrived at Tyre,
Welcomed and settled to[2] his own desire.
His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,
Unto Diana there's[4] a votaress.
Now to Marina bend[5] your mind,
Whom our fast-growing[6] scene must find
At Tarsus, and by Cleon trained
In music's letters,[8] who hath gained
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place[10]
Of general wonder. But, alack,
That monster envy, oft the wrack[12]
Of earnèd[13] praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife,
And in this kind:[15] our Cleon hath
One daughter and a full grown wench
Even ripe[17] for marriage-rite. This maid
Hight[18] Philoten, and it is said
For certain[19] in our story she
Would ever with Marina be,
Be't when they weaved the sleded[21] silk,
With fingers long, small,[22] white as milk,
Or when she would with sharp nee'le[23] wound
The cambric[24] which she made more sound
By hurting it, or when to th'lute
She sung, and made the night-bird[26] mute
That still records with moan,[27] or when
She would with rich[28] and constant pen,
Vail[29] to her mistress Dian. Still
This Philoten contends in skill
With absolute[31] Marina: so

With dove of Paphos[32] might the crow
Vie feathers white.[33] Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts
And not as given.[35] This so darks
In Philoten all graceful marks[36]
That Cleon’s wife with envy rare[37]
A present[38] murder does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,[41]
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead,
And cursèd Dionyza hath
The pregnant[44] instrument of wrath
Pressed[45] for this blow. The unborn event
I do commend to your content,[46]
Only I carry wingèd Time,[47]
Post[48] on the lame feet of my rhyme,
Which never[49] could I so convey
Unless your thoughts went on my way.
Dionyza does appear
With Leonine a murderer.

Exit

[Act 4 Scene 1][4.1]

running scene 15

Enter Dionyza with Leonine

DIONYZA Thy oath remember, thou hast sworn to do't.
'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known,
Thou canst not do a thing in the world so soon[3]
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
Which is but cold, inflame love[5] in thy bosom,
Nor let pity, which even women have cast off,
Melt thee, but be[7] a soldier to thy purpose.

LEONINE I will do't, but yet she is a goodly[8] creature.

DIONYZA The fitter[9] then the gods should have her.
Here she comes weeping for her only[10] mistress' death —
Thou art resolved?[11]

LEONINE I am resolved.

Enter Marina with a basket of flowers

MARINA No: I will rob Tellus[13] of her weed
To strew thy green[14] with flowers, the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall as a carpet hang upon thy grave
While summer days doth last. Ay me,[17] poor maid,
Born in a tempest when my mother died,
This world to me is as a lasting[19] storm,
Whirring[20] me from my friends.

DIONYZA How now,[21] Marina, why do you keep alone?
How chance[22] my daughter is not with you?
Do not consume your blood with sorrowing,[23]
Have[24] you a nurse of me! Lord, how your favour's
Changed with this unprofitable woe!
Come, give me your flowers, o'er[26] the sea margent
Walk with Leonine. The air is quick[27] there
And it pierces and sharpens the stomach.[28]
Come, Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

MARINA No, I pray you, I'll not bereave you of your servant.

DIONYZA Come, come.
I love the king your father and yourself
With[33] more than foreign heart. We every day
Expect him here: when he shall come and find
Our[35] paragon, to all reports, thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage,
Blame both my lord and me, that we have taker
No care to your best courses.[38] Go, I pray you,
Walk and be cheerful once again, reserve[39]
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me,
I can go home alone.
MARINA Well, I will go,
But yet I have no desire to it.
DIONYZA Come, come, I know ’tis good for you.
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least.
Remember what I have said.
LEONINE I warrant[48] you, madam.
DIONYZA I’ll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while.
Pray walk softly,[50] do not heat your blood.
What, I must have care of you!
MARINA My thanks, sweet madam.—
[Exit Dionyza]
Is this wind westerly that blows?
LEONINE South-west.
MARINA When I was born the wind was north.
LEONINE Was’t so?
MARINA My father, as nurse says, did never fear,
But cried ‘Good seamen’ to the sailors,
Galling[59] his kingly hands haling ropes,
And clasping to the mast endured a sea
That almost burst the deck.
LEONINE When was this?
MARINA When I was born.
Never was waves nor wind more violent,
And from the ladder tackle[65] washes off

A canvas climber.[66] 'Ha,' says one, 'wolt out?'
And with a dropping[67] industry they skip
From stem to stern,[68] the boatswain whistles, and
The master calls and trebles their confusion.
LEONINE Come, say your prayers.
MARINA What mean you?
LEONINE If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it. Pray, but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.
MARINA Why will you kill me?
LEONINE To satisfy my lady.
MARINA Why, would she have me killed, now?
As I can remember, by my troth,[79]
I never did her hurt in all my life.
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature. Believe me, la,[82]
I never killed a mouse nor hurt a fly.
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for't. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her any profit
Or my life imply her any danger?
LEONINE My commission[88]
Is not to reason of the deed, but do't.
MARINA You will not do't for all the world, I hope.
You are well favoured,[91] and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately
When you caught hurt[93] in parting two that fought.
Good sooth,[94] it showed well in you. Do so now:
Your lady seeks my life, come you between
And save poor me, the weaker.
LEONINE I am sworn and will dispatch. ***Seizes her***
Enter Pirates ***Leonine runs away***
FIRST PIRATE Hold, villain!
SECOND PIRATE A prize,[99] a prize!
THIRD PIRATE Half part,[100] mates, half part! Come,

let’s have[101] her aboard suddenly.
Exeunt [Pirates with Marina]
Enter Leonine
LEONINE These roguing[102] thieves serve the great pirate Valdes,
And they have seized Marina. Let her go,
There’s no hope she will return — I’ll swear she’s dead,
And thrown into the sea. But I’ll see further.
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon[106] her,
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravished[108] must by me be slain.
Exit

[Act 4 Scene 2][4.2]

running scene 16

Enter the three bawds: [Pander, Bawd and Bolt]

PANDER Bolt.

BOLT Sir.

PANDER Search the market narrowly.[3] Mytilene is full of gallants,[4] we lost too much money this mart by being too wenchless.

BAWD We were never so much out of creatures.[6] We have but poor three,[7] and they can do no more than they can do, and they with continual action[8] are even as good as rotten.[9]

PANDER Therefore let's have fresh[10] ones, whate'er we pay for them. If[11] there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.

BAWD Thou say'st true. 'Tis[13] not our bringing up of poor bastards — as I think, I have brought up some eleven—

BOLT Ay, to[16] eleven, and brought them down again. But shall I search the market?

BAWD What else, man? The stuff[18] we have, a strong wind will blow[19] it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.[20]

PANDER Thou say'st true, they're too unwholesome,[21] o'conscience:[22] the poor Transylvanian is dead that lay with the little baggage.[23]

BOLT Ay, she quickly pooped[24] him, she made him roast[25] meat for worms. But I'll go search the market.

Exit

PANDER Three or four thousand chequins[27] were as pretty a proportion[28] to live quietly, and so give over.

BAWD Why to give over, I pray you? Is it a shame to get[30] when we are old?

PANDER O, our[31] credit comes not in like the commodity, nor the commodity wages not with the danger. Therefore, if[33] in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatched. Besides, the sore[35] terms we stand upon with the[36] gods will be strong with us for giving o'er.

BAWD Come, other sorts[38] offend as well as we.

PANDER As well as we, ay, and better too. We offend worse: neither is our profession[40] any trade, it's no calling.[41] But here comes Bolt.

Enter Bolt with the Pirates and Marina

BOLT Come your ways,[42] my masters. You say she's a virgin?

FIRST PIRATE O, sir, we doubt it not.

BOLT Master, I have gone through[45] for this piece[46] you see. If you like her, so. If not, I have lost my earnest.[47]

BAWD Bolt, has she any qualities?[48]

BOLT She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes: there's[50] no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

BAWD What's her price, Bolt?

BOLT I cannot be bated[53] one doit of a thousand pieces.[54]

PANDER Well, follow me, my masters, you shall have your money presently.[56] Wife, take her in, instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw[58] in her entertainment.

[Exeunt Pander and the Pirates]

BAWD Bolt, take you the marks[59] of her — the colour of her hair, complexion, height, her age — with warrant[61] of her virginity, and cry: 'He that will give most shall have her first.' Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

BOLT Performance shall follow.[66] *Exit*

MARINA Alack that Leonine was so slack, so slow:
He should have struck, not spoke. Or that these pirates,
Not enough barbarous, had but o'erboard thrown me,
For to seek my mother.

BAWD Why lament you, pretty one?

MARINA That I am pretty.

BAWD Come, the gods have done their part[73] in you.

MARINA I accuse them not.

BAWD You are light[76] into my hands, where you are like[77] to live.

MARINA The more my fault,[78]
To scape his hands, where I was like to die.

BAWD Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

MARINA No.

BAWD Yes indeed shall you, and taste[82] gentlemen of all fashions.[83] You shall fare well, you shall have the difference[84] of all complexions. What, do you stop your ears?

MARINA Are you a woman?

BAWD What would you have me be, an[87] I be not a woman?

MARINA An honest[89] woman, or not a woman.

BAWD Marry,[90] whip the gosling! I think I shall have something[91] to do with you. Come, you're a young foolish sapling[92] and must be bowed as I would have you.

MARINA The gods defend me!

BAWD If it please the gods to defend you by[95] men, then men must comfort[96] you, men must feed you, men stir you up.[97]

[Enter Bolt]

Bolt's returned. Now, sir, hast thou cried her[98] through the market?

BOLT I have cried her almost[100] to the number of her hairs, I have drawn her picture with my voice.

BAWD And I prithee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

BOLT Faith, they listened to me as they would have hearkened to their fathers' testament.[106] There was a Spaniard's[107] mouth watered, and he went to bed to her very description.

BAWD We shall have him here tomorrow with his best ruff[109] on.

BOLT Tonight, tonight![111] But mistress, do you know the French[112] knight, that cowers i'th'hams?

BAWD Who, Monsieur Veroles?[113]

BOLT Ay, he. He offered[114] to cut a caper at the proclamation, but he[115] made a groan at it, and swore he would see her tomorrow.

BAWD Well, well. As for him, he[117] brought his disease hither, here he does but repair[118] it. I know he will come in our shadow[119] to scatter his crowns in the sun.

BOLT Well, if we had of every nation a traveller,[121] we should lodge[122] them with this sign.

BAWD Pray you, come hither awhile. ***To Marina*** You[124] have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me, you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly, despise[126] profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as ye do makes[128] pity in your lovers. Seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere[129] profit.

MARINA I understand you not.

BOLT O, take her home,[132] mistress, take her home! These blushes of hers must be quenched with some present[134] practice.

BAWD Thou say'st true, i'faith, so they must, for your bride goes to that with shame[136] which is her way to go with warrant.

BOLT Faith,[138] some do, and some do not. But mistress, if I have bargained for the joint—

BAWD Thou mayst cut[140] a morsel off the spit.

BOLT I may so.

BAWD Who should deny it?— ***To Marina***
Come, young one, I like the manner[143] of your garments well.

BOLT Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

BAWD Bolt, spend thou that in the town. ***Gives money*** Report what a sojourner[148] we have, you'll[149] lose nothing by custom. When Nature framed this piece,[150] she meant thee a good turn, therefore say what a paragon[151] she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

BOLT I warrant[153] you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels as my giving out[154] her beauty stirs up[155] the lewdly inclined. I'll bring home some tonight.

[Exit]

BAWD Come your ways,[157] follow me. ***To Marina***

MARINA If fires be hot, knives sharp or waters deep,
Untried[159] I still my virgin knot will keep.
Diana, aid my purpose![160]

BAWD What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? *Exeunt*

[Act 4 Scene 3][4.3]

running scene 17

Enter Cleon and Dionyza

DIONYZA Why, are you foolish, can it be undone?
CLEON O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er looked upon.
DIONYZA I think you'll turn a child again.
CLEON Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,
I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady,
Much less in blood[7] than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown[8] o'th'earth
I'th'justice of compare.[9] O villain
Leonine, whom thou hast poisoned too,
If thou hadst drunk[11] to him 't'ad been a kindness
Becoming well thy face. What canst thou say
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?
DIONYZA That she is dead. Nurses[14] are not the Fates,
To foster it, not ever to preserve.
She died at night, I'll say so — who can cross[16] it
Unless you play the impious innocent,
And for[18] an honest attribute, cry out
'She died by foul play.'
CLEON O, go to![20] Well, well,
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this worst.
DIONYZA Be one of those that thinks
The petty[24] wrens of Tarsus will fly hence
And open[25] this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are,
And of how coward a spirit.
CLEON To such proceeding
Whoever but[29] his approbation added,
Though not his prime consent, he did not[30] flow
From honourable courses.

DIONYZA Be it so, then.
Yet none does know but you how she came dead,[33]
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
She did disdain my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes: none would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina’s face,
Whilst ours was blurted at[38] and held a malkin
Not[39] worth the time of day. It pierced me through,
And though you call my course[40] unnatural,
You[41] not your child well loving, yet I find
It greets me[42] as an enterprise of kindness
Performed to your sole daughter.
CLEON Heavens forgive it!
DIONYZA And as for Pericles, what should he say?
We wept after her hearse, and yet[46] we mourn.
Her monument is almost finished, and her epitaphs[47]
In glitt’ring golden characters[48] express
A general[49] praise to her, and care in us
At whose expense ’tis done.
CLEON Thou art like[51] the harpy,
Which to betray, dost with thine angel’s face
Seize with thine eagle’s talons.
DIONYZA Ye’re like one that superstitiously
Do swear[55] to th’gods that winter kills the flies.
But yet I know, you’ll do as I advise.
[Exeunt]

[Act 4 Second Chorus]

running scene 18

Enter Gower

GOWER Thus time we waste[1] and long leagues make short,
Sail seas in cockles,[2] have and wish but for't,
Making to[3] take our imagination,
From bourn[4] to bourn, region to region.
By you being pardoned we commit no crime
To use one language in each several[6] clime
Where our scenes seems to live. I do beseech you
To learn of me, who stand i'th'gaps[8] to teach you
The stages[9] of our story. Pericles
Is now again thwarting[10] the wayward seas,
Attended on by many a lord and knight,
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Helicanus goes along: behind
Is left to govern, if you bear in mind,
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late[15]
Advanced in time[16] to great and high estate.
Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have brought
This king to Tarsus. Think[18] his pilot thought,
So with his steerage shall your thoughts go on
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.
Like motes[21] and shadows see them move awhile,
Your[22] ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

Dumb show

Enter Pericles at one door with all his train, Cleon and Dionyza at the other. Cleon shows Pericles the tomb, whereat Pericles makes lamentation, puts on sack-cloth, and in a mighty passion departs. [Exeunt Cleon and Dionyza]

GOWER See how belief may suffer by foul show:[23]
This borrowed[24] passion stands for true old woe.
And Pericles in sorrow all devoured,
With sighs shot through and biggest tears o'ershowered.

Leaves Tarsus and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face nor cut his hairs.
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea he bears[29]
A tempest[30] which his mortal vessel tears,
And yet he rides it out.[31] Now please you wit
The epitaph is[32] for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza:
‘The fairest, sweetest and best lies here, ***Reads***
Who withered in her spring of year:
She was of Tyrus the king’s daughter
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter.
Marina was she called, and at her birth
Thetis,[39] being proud, swallowed some part o’th’earth.
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o’erflowed,
Hath Thetis’ birth-child on the heavens bestowed.
Wherefore she[42] does, and swears she’ll never stint,
Make[43] raging batt’ry upon shores of flint.’
No visor[44] does become black villainy
So well as soft and tender flattery.
Let Pericles believe his daughter’s dead,
And bear[47] his courses to be orderèd
By Lady Fortune, while our scene[48] must play
His daughter’s woe and heavy[49] well-a-day
In her unholy service. Patience, then,
And think you now are all in Mytilene.

Exit

[Act 4 Scene 4][*]

running scene 19

Enter two Gentlemen From the brothel

FIRST GENTLEMAN Did you ever hear the like?

SECOND GENTLEMAN No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

FIRST GENTLEMAN But to have divinity[4] preached there — did you ever dream of such a thing?

SECOND GENTLEMAN No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy houses,[7] shall's go hear the vestals sing?

FIRST GENTLEMAN I'll do anything now that is virtuous, but I am out of the road[9] of rutting for ever.

Exeunt

[Act 4 Scene 5]

running scene 19 continues

Enter three bawds [Pander, Bawd and Bolt]

PANDER Well, I[1] had rather than twice the worth of her she had ne’er come here.

BAWD Fie, fie upon her, she’s able to freeze the god Priapus[4] and undo a whole generation! We must either get her ravished or be rid of her. When she should do[6] for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness[7] of our profession, she has me her quirks,[8] her reasons, her master reasons, her prayers, her knees, that she would make a puritan[9] of the devil if he should cheapen[10] a kiss of her.

BOLT Faith, I must ravish her, or she’ll disfurnish[11] us of all our *cavalleria*[12] and make our swearers priests.

PANDER Now the pox upon her green-sickness[14] for me.

BAWD Faith, there’s no way to be rid on’t[15] but by the[16] way to the pox — here comes the lord Lysimachus disguised.

BOLT We should have both lord and loon,[18] if the peevish[19] baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter Lysimachus

LYSIMACHUS How[21] now, how a dozen of virginities?

BAWD Now the[22] gods to bless your honour!

BOLT I am glad to see your honour in good health.

LYSIMACHUS You may, so: ’tis the better for you that[25] your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now? Wholesome iniquity[26] have you, that a man may deal withal[27] and defy the surgeon?

BAWD We have here one, sir, if she would — but there never came her like in Mytilene.

LYSIMACHUS If she’d do the deeds of darkness,[30] thou wouldst say.

BAWD Your honour knows what[32] ’tis to say well enough.

LYSIMACHUS Well, call forth, call forth.

[Exit Pander]

BOLT For flesh[35] and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose,[36] and she were a rose indeed, if she had but—

LYSIMACHUS What, prithee?

BOLT O, sir, I can be modest.[39]

LYSIMACHUS That[40] dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

[Enter Pander with Marina]

BAWD Here comes that[43] which grows to the stalk — never plucked yet, I can assure you. Is she not a fair creature?

LYSIMACHUS Faith, she[46] would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you. ***Gives money*** Leave us.

BAWD I beseech your honour, give me leave: a word, and I'll have done presently.[50]

LYSIMACHUS I beseech you, do.

BAWD First, I would have you note[52] this is an honourable man. ***To Marina***

MARINA I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note[54] him.

BAWD Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound[57] to.

MARINA If he govern the country you are bound[58] to him indeed, but how honourable he is in that,[59] I know not.

BAWD Pray you, without any more virginal fencing,[61] will you use him kindly?[62] He will line your apron with gold.

MARINA What he will do graciously,[64] I will thankfully receive.

LYSIMACHUS Ha' you done?

BAWD My lord, she's[67] not paced yet, you must take some pains to work[68] her to your manage.—Come, we will leave his honour and her together. ***To Bolt and Pander*** Go thy ways.[70]

[Exeunt Bawd, Bolt and Pander]

LYSIMACHUS Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?[72]

MARINA What trade, sir?

LYSIMACHUS Why, I cannot name't but I shall offend.

MARINA I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

LYSIMACHUS How long have you been of this profession?

MARINA E'er since I can remember.

LYSIMACHUS Did you go to't[80] so young? Were you a gamester[81] at five, or at seven?

MARINA Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

LYSIMACHUS Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.[84]

MARINA Do you know this house to be a place of such resort,[86] and will come into’t? I hear say you’re of honourable parts,[87] and are the governor of this place.

LYSIMACHUS Why, hath your principal[89] made known unto you who I am?

MARINA Who is my principal?

LYSIMACHUS Why, your herb-woman,[92] she that sets[93] seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing! But I protest to thee, pretty one, my[96] authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place. Come, come.

MARINA If[99] you were born to honour, show it now, If[100] put upon you, make the judgement good That thought you worthy of it.

LYSIMACHUS How’s this? How’s this? Some more, be sage.[102]

MARINA For me
That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune
Have placed me in this sty,[105] where, since I came,
Diseases[106] have been sold dearer than physic.
That the gods
Would set me free from this unhallowed place,
Though they did change me to the meanest[109] bird
That flies i’th’purer air!

LYSIMACHUS I did not think thou couldst have spoke so well,
Ne’er dreamt thou couldst!
Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had altered it. Hold, here’s gold for thee: ***Gives gold***
Persevere in that clear[115] way thou goest
And the gods strengthen thee!

MARINA The good gods preserve you.

LYSIMACHUS For me be you thoughten,[118] that I came
With no ill intent, for to me the very doors
And windows savour[120] vilely. Fare thee well —
Thou art a piece of virtue,[121] and I doubt not
But thy training[122] hath been noble.
Hold, here’s more gold for thee. ***Gives gold***

A curse upon him, die he like a thief
That robs thee of thy goodness. If thou dost
Hear from me it shall be for thy good.

[Enter Bolt]

BOLT I beseech your honour, one piece for me?

LYSIMACHUS Avaunt,[128] thou damned doorkeeper!
Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it,[129]
Would sink and overwhelm you. Away!

[Exit]

BOLT How's this? We must take another course[132] with you! If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope,[134] shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel.[135] Come your ways.

MARINA Whither[136] would you have me?

BOLT I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman[138] shall execute it. Come your ways, we'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Enter bawds [Bawd and Pander]

BAWD How now, what's the matter?

BOLT Worse and worse, mistress. She has here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus.

BAWD O, abominable!

BOLT He makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

BAWD Marry, hang her up for ever!

BOLT The nobleman would have dealt[148] with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball, saying his prayers, too.

BAWD Bolt, take her away, use her at thy pleasure: crack[152] the glass of her virginity and make the rest malleable.

BOLT An if[154] she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.[155]

MARINA Hark, hark you gods!

BAWD She conjures![157] Away with her, would she had never come within my doors. Marry, hang you! She's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of womankind? Marry, come up,[160] my dish of chastity with rosemary[161] and bays!

[Exeunt Bawd and Pander]

BOLT Come, mistress, come your way with me.

MARINA Whither wilt thou have me?

BOLT To take from you the jewel[164] you hold so dear.

MARINA Prithee, tell me one thing first.

BOLT Come now, your one thing?[167]

MARINA What[168] canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

BOLT Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather my mistress.

MARINA Neither of these are so bad as thou art,
Since they do[172] better thee in their command.
Thou hold’st a place[173] for which the painèd’st fiend
Of hell would not in reputation change:[174]
Thou art the damned doorkeeper[175] to every
Coistrel[176] that comes inquiring for his Tib.
To[177] the choleric fisting of every rogue
Thy ear is liable, thy[178] food is such
As hath been belched on by infected lungs.

BOLT What would you have me do? Go to the wars, would you?[181] Where a man may serve seven years for[182] the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

MARINA Do anything but this thou dost. Empty
Old receptacles[186] or common shores of filth,
Serve by indenture[187] to the common hangman:
Any of these ways are yet better than this,
For what thou professest[189] a baboon, could he speak,
Would own[190] a name too dear. O, that the gods
Would safely deliver me from this place!
Here, here’s gold for thee. If that thy master would gain ***Gives gold***
By me, proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
With other virtues[194] which I’ll keep from boast,
And will undertake all these to teach.
I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars.

BOLT But can you teach all this you speak of?

MARINA Prove that I cannot, take me home again And prostitute me to the basest groom That doth frequent your house.

BOLT Well, I will see what I can do for thee. If I can place thee, I will.

MARINA But amongst honest women.

BOLT Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress hath bought you, there's no going but by their consent. Therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I can. Come your ways.

Exeunt

[Act 5 Chorus]

running scene 20

Enter Gower

GOWER Marina thus the brothel scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story says.
She sings like one immortal, and she[3] dances
As goddess-like to her admirèd lays.[4]
Deep[5] clerks she dumbs, and with her nee'le composes
Nature's own shape of bud, bird, branch or berry,
That even her art sisters[7] the natural roses,
Her inkle,[8] silk, twin with the rubied cherry.
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her, and her gain
She gives the cursèd bawd. Here we her place,
And to her father turn our thoughts again,
Where we left him on the sea. We there him lost,
Whence, driven before the winds, he is arrived
Here where his daughter dwells, and on this coast
Suppose him now at anchor. The city strived
God Neptune's annual feast to keep, from whence
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
His[19] banners sable, trimmed with rich expense,
And to him in his barge with fervour hies.[20]
In your supposing[21] once more put your sight
Of heavy[22] Pericles: think this his bark,
Where what[23] is done in action, more if might,
Shall be discovered, please you sit and hark.

Exit

[Act 5 Scene 1][5.1]

running scene 21

Enter Helicanus, to him two Sailors

One of Tyre and one of Mytilene

SAILOR OF TYRE Where is Lord Helicanus? He can resolve[1] you— ***To Sailor of Mytilene***
O, here he is.—
Sir, there is a barge put off from Mytilene, ***To Helicanus***
And in it is Lysimachus, the governor,
Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

HELICANUS That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

SAILOR OF TYRE Ho, gentlemen, my lord calls!

Enter two or three Gentlemen ***Of Tyre***

FIRST GENTLEMAN Doth your lordship call?

HELICANUS Gentlemen, there is some of worth[9] would come aboard.
I pray, greet him fairly.[10]

Enter Lysimachus ***And a Lord***

SAILOR OF MYTILENE Sir, ***To Lysimachus***
This is the man that can in aught you would[12]
Resolve you.

LYSIMACHUS Hail, reverent[14] sir, the gods preserve you.

HELICANUS And you, to outlive the age I am
And die[16] as I would do.

LYSIMACHUS You wish me well.
Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,[18]
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

HELICANUS First, what is your place?[21]

LYSIMACHUS I am the governor of this place you lie before.

HELICANUS Sir, our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king,
A man, who for this[24] three months hath not spoken
To anyone, nor taken sustenance
But to prorogue[26] his grief.

LYSIMACHUS Upon[27] what ground is his distemperature?

HELICANUS ’Twould be too tedious[28] to repeat,
But the main grief springs from the loss of a
Belovèd daughter and a wife.
LYSIMACHUS May we not see him?
HELICANUS You may, but bootless[32] is your sight: he will
Not speak to any.
LYSIMACHUS Yet let me obtain my wish.
HELICANUS Behold him. ***Reveals Pericles*** This was a goodly person.
Till the disaster that one mortal[36] night
Drove him to this.
LYSIMACHUS Sir king, all hail, the gods preserve you! ***To Pericles***
Hail, royal sir!
HELICANUS It is in vain, he will not speak to you.
LORD Sir, we have a maid in Mytilene, I durst wager
Would win some words of him.
LYSIMACHUS ’Tis well bethought.
She questionless with her sweet harmony
And other chosen[45] attractions, would allure
And make[46] a battery through his deafened parts,
Which now are midway stopped,
She is all happy[48] as the fairest of all,
And with her fellow maid is now upon
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island’s side.
[Exit Lord]
HELICANUS Sure all effectless,[52] yet nothing we’ll omit
That bears recovery’s name.[53] But since your kindness
We have stretched thus far, let us beseech you
That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want
But weary for the staleness.
LYSIMACHUS O, sir, a courtesy
Which if we should deny, the most just gods
For every graft[60] would send a caterpillar
And so inflict[61] our province. Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large[62] the cause

Of your king’s sorrow.
HELICANUS Sit, sir, I will recount it to you—
[Enter Lord with Marina and her companion]
But see, I am prevented.
LYSIMACHUS O, here’s the lady that I sent for!—
Welcome, fair one— is’t not a goodly present?[67]
HELICANUS She’s a gallant[68] lady.
LYSIMACHUS She’s such a one that, were I well assured
Came of a gentle kind[70] and noble stock,
I’d wish no better choice, and think me rarely wed.[71]
Fair one, all goodness that consists[72] in beauty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient.
If that thy prosperous[74] and artificial feat
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,[75]
Thy sacred physic[76] shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.
MARINA Sir, I will use my utmost skill in his
Recovery, provided that none but
I and my companion maid be suffered[80]
To come near him.
LYSIMACHUS Come, let us leave her, and the gods make her prosperous.
The Song

All men except Pericles stand aside while Marina sings

LYSIMACHUS Marked he[84] your music? ***Comes forward***
MARINA No, nor looked on us.
LYSIMACHUS See, she will speak to him. ***Steps back***
MARINA Hail, sir! My lord, lend ear.
PERICLES Hum, ha. ***Pushes Marina away***
MARINA I am a maid,
My lord, that ne’er before invited eyes,
But have been gazed on like a comet. She speaks,
My lord, that maybe hath endured a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weighed.[93]
Though wayward[94] Fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings,

But time hath rooted out[97] my parentage,
And to the world and awkward casualties[98]
Bound me in servitude.— I will desist, ***Aside***
But there is something[100] glows upon my cheek
And whispers in mine ear, ‘Go not till he speak.’
PERICLES My fortunes — parentage — good parentage —
To equal mine? Was it not thus? What say you?
MARINA I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage
You would not do me violence.
PERICLES I do think so. Pray you, turn your eyes upon me.
You’re like something that — What countrywoman?[107]
Here of these shores?
MARINA No, nor of any shores,
Yet I was mortally brought forth and am
No other than I appear.
PERICLES I am great[112] with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been. My queen’s square brows,[114]
Her stature to an inch, as wand-like straight,[115]
As silver-voiced, her eyes as jewel-like,
And cased[117] as richly, in pace another Juno,
Who starves[118] the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry
The more she gives them speech. Where do you live?
MARINA Where I am but a stranger: from the deck
You may discern the place.
PERICLES Where were you bred?
And how achieved you these endowments which
You make more rich to owe?[124]
MARINA If I should tell my history, it would seem
Like lies disdained in the reporting.
PERICLES Prithee speak,
Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look’st
Modest as justice,[129] and thou seem’st a palace
For the crowned truth to dwell in. I will believe thee
And make senses credit thy relation[131]
To[132] points that seem impossible, for thou look’st

Like one I loved indeed. What were thy friends?[133]
Did'st thou not say when I did push thee back —
Which was when I perceived thee — that thou cam'st
From good descending?
MARINA So indeed I did.
PERICLES Report thy parentage. I think thou saidst
Thou hadst been tossed from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were opened.[141]
MARINA Some such thing I said,
And said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant[144] me was likely.
PERICLES Tell thy story.
If thine considered prove the thousand part
Of my endurance,[147] thou art a man, and I
Have suffered like a girl. Yet thou dost look
Like Patience,[149] gazing on kings' graves and smiling
Extremity[150] out of act. What were thy friends?
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind virgin?
Recount, I do beseech thee. Come, sit by me.
MARINA My name is Marina. ***Sits***
PERICLES O, I am mocked,
And thou by some incensèd god sent hither
To make the world to laugh at me!
MARINA Patience,
Good sir, or here I'll cease.
PERICLES Nay, I'll be patient.
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me
To call thyself Marina.
MARINA The name
Was given me by one that had some power:
My father, and a king.
PERICLES How! A king's daughter?
And called Marina?
MARINA You said you would believe me,
But not to be a troubler of your peace,

I will end here.
PERICLES But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse, and are no fairy?
Motion?[172] Well, speak on. Where were you born?
And wherefore called Marina?
MARINA Called Marina,
For I was born at sea.
PERICLES At sea? What mother?
MARINA My mother was the daughter of a king,
Who died the minute I was born,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Delivered weeping.[180]
PERICLES O, stop there a little!
This is the rarest dream that e'er dulled[182] sleep
Did mock sad fools withal.[183] This cannot be
My daughter, buried.[184] Well, where were you bred?
I'll hear you more, to th'bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.
MARINA You scorn. Believe me, 'twere best I did give o'er.
PERICLES I will believe you by the syllable[188]
Of what you shall deliver. Yet give me leave —
How came you in these parts? Where were you bred?
MARINA The king my father did in Tarsus leave me,
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me, and wooed a villain
To attempt it, who having drawn[194] to do't,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me,
Brought me to Mytilene. But, good sir,
Whither[197] will you have me? Why do you weep? It may be
You think me an imposture.[198] No, good faith.
I am the daughter to King Pericles,
If good King Pericles be.[200]
PERICLES Ho, Helicanus! *Calls*
HELICANUS Calls my lord?

Helicanus, Lysimachus, and Attendants come forward

PERICLES Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,

Most wise in general.[204] Tell me if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like[205] to be,
That thus hath made me weep.
HELICANUS I know not,
But here's the regent, sir, of Mytilene,
Speaks[209] nobly of her.
LYSIMACHUS She never would tell
Her parentage, being demanded that,
She would sit still[212] and weep.
PERICLES O, Helicanus, strike me!— Honoured sir, ***To Lysimachus***
Give[214] me a gash! Put me to present pain,
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me
O'erbear[216] the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness.— O, come hither, ***To Marina***
Thou that beget'st[218] him that did thee beget,
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tarsus,
And found at sea again! O Helicanus,
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods as[221] loud
As thunder threatens us: this is Marina!
What was thy mother's name? Tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirmed enough
Though doubts did ever sleep.[225]
MARINA First, sir, I pray, what is your title?
PERICLES I am Pericles of Tyre. But tell me now
My drowned queen's name, as in the rest you said
Thou hast been god-like perfect, the heir of kingdoms,
And another life to Pericles thy father.
MARINA Is it no more to be your daughter than
To say my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end
The minute I began.
PERICLES Now blessing on thee! Rise, th'art my child.— ***She rises***
Give me fresh garments.— ***To Attendants*** Mine own, Helicanus!
She is not dead at Tarsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon. She shall tell thee all,
When[239] thou shalt kneel and justify in knowledge

She is thy very princess. Who is this?
HELICANUS Sir, ’tis the governor of Mytilene,
Who hearing of your melancholy state
Did come to see you.
PERICLES I embrace you.— ***To Lysimachus***
Give me my robes. I am wild[245] in my beholding. ***To Attendants***
O heavens, bless my girl! But hark, what music?
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O’er point by point, for yet he seems to doubt[248]
How sure[249] you are my daughter. But what music?
HELICANUS My lord, I hear none.
PERICLES None?
The music[252] of the spheres! List, my Marina.
LYSIMACHUS It is not good to cross[253] him, give him way.
PERICLES Rarest[254] sounds, do ye not hear?
LYSIMACHUS Music, my lord? I hear.
PERICLES Most heavenly music.
It nips[257] me unto list’ning, and thick slumber
Hangs upon mine eyes. Let me rest. ***Sleeps***
LYSIMACHUS A pillow for his head. So, leave him all. ***To Attendants***
Well, my companion friends,
If this but answer[261] to my just belief,
I’ll well remember[262] you.

All except Pericles stand back

[Enter] Diana

DIANA My temple stands in Ephesus. Hie thee thither[263]
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.
There when my maiden[265] priests are met together,
Before the people all
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife,
To mourn thy crosses[268] with thy daughter’s. Call,
And give[269] them repetition to the life.
Perform my bidding, or thou liv’st in woe:
Do it, and happy, by my silver bow.[271]
Awake and tell thy dream.

[Exit Diana]

PERICLES Celestial Dian, goddess argentine.[273]
I will obey thee.— Helicanus!

Helicanus, Lysimachus, and Marina come forward

HELICANUS Sir.
PERICLES My purpose was for[276] Tarsus, there to strike
The inhospitable Cleon, but I am
For other service first. Toward Ephesus
Turn our blown[279] sails, eftsoons I'll tell thee why.
Shall we refresh us, sir, ***To Lysimachus*** upon your shore
And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need?
LYSIMACHUS Sir, with all my heart,
And when you come ashore I have another suit.
PERICLES You shall prevail, were it to woo my daughter,
For it seems you have been noble towards her.
LYSIMACHUS Sir, lend me your arm.
PERICLES Come, my Marina. *Exeunt*

[Act 5 Second Chorus]

running scene 22

Enter Gower

GOWER Now our sands are almost run,
More a little,[2] and then dumb.
This my last boon[3] give me,
For such kindness must relieve me:
That you aptly[5] will suppose
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
What minstrelsy,[7] and pretty din,
The regent made in Mytilene
To greet the king. So he thrived
That he is promised to be wived
To fair Marina, but in no wise[11]
Till he[12] had done his sacrifice
As Dian bade, whereto being bound,[13]
The interim,[14] pray you, all confound.
In feathered briefness[15] sails are filled,
And wishes fall out as they’re willed.
At Ephesus the temple see
Our king and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by[20] your fancies’ thankful doom.

[Exit]

[Act 5 Scene 2][5.2]

running scene 23

[Enter Pericles, Marina, Lysimachus, Helicanus and Attendants, and Thaisa, Cerimon and the Priests of Diana]

PERICLES Hail Dian! To perform thy just[1] command,
I here confess[2] myself the King of Tyre,
Who frighted from my country did wed
At Pentapolis, the fair Thaisa.
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
A maid-child called Marina whom, O goddess,
Wears[7] yet thy silver livery. She at Tarsus
Was nursed with Cleon, who at fourteen years
He sought to murder, but her better stars[9]
Brought her to Mytilene, against[10] whose shore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
Where by her own most clear remembrance she
Made known herself my daughter.

THAISA Voice and favour![14]
You are, you are, O royal Pericles! ***She faints***

PERICLES What means the nun? She dies — help, gentlemen!

CERIMON Noble sir, if you have told Diana’s altar true,
This is your wife.

PERICLES Reverend appearer,[19] no.
I threw her overboard with these very arms.

CERIMON Upon this coast, I warrant you.

PERICLES ’Tis most certain.

CERIMON Look to the lady. O, she’s but o’erjoyed.
Early one blustering morn this lady was
Thrown upon this shore. I oped the coffin,
Found there rich jewels, recovered her, and placed her
Here in Diana’s temple.

PERICLES May we see them?

CERIMON Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,
Whither I invite you. Look, Thaisa is recovered.

THAISA O, let me look! ***Rises***
If he be none of mine, my sanctity[32]
Will to my sense[33] bend no licentious ear,
But curb[34] it, spite of seeing. O my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you spake,
Like him you are. Did you not name a tempest,
A birth and death?
PERICLES The voice of dead Thaisa!
THAISA That Thaisa am I,
Supposèd dead and drowned.
PERICLES Immortal Dian!
THAISA Now I know you better.
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king my father gave you such a ring.

Points to his ring

PERICLES This, this! No more, you gods, your present kindness
Makes my past miseries sports![46] You shall do well
That on the touching of her lips I may melt
And no more be seen. O, come, be buried
A second time within these arms. ***Embraces her***
MARINA My heart ***Kneels***
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.
PERICLES Look who kneels here, flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa,
Thy burden at the sea, and called Marina
For she was yielded[54] there.
THAISA Blest, and mine own. ***They embrace***
HELICANUS Hail, madam, and my queen.
THAISA I know you not.
PERICLES You have heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre,
I left behind an ancient substitute.[59]
Can you remember what I called the man?
I have named him oft.
THAISA 'Twas Helicanus then.
PERICLES Still confirmation.
Embrace him, dear Thaisa, this is he.

They embrace

Now do I long to hear how you were found,
How possibly preserved,[66] and who to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle?
THAISA Lord Cerimon, my lord: this man
Through whom the gods have shown their power, that can
From first to last resolve you.
PERICLES Reverend sir, ***To Cerimon***
The gods can have no mortal officer[72]
More like a god than you, will you deliver
How this dead queen relives?
CERIMON I will, my lord,
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall[77] be shown you all was found with her,
How she came placèd[78] here in the temple,
No needful thing omitted.
PERICLES Pure Dian,
I bless thee for thy vision, and will offer
Night oblations[82] to thee. Thaisa,
This prince, the fair[83] betrothèd of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis,
And now this ornament[85]
Makes[86] me look dismal will I clip to form,
And what this fourteen years no razor touched
To grace thy marriage-day I'll beautify.
THAISA Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit,[89]
Sir, my father's dead.
PERICLES Heavens make a star of him! Yet there[91] my queen,
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days.
Our son[94] and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.
Lord Cerimon, we do[95] our longing stay
To hear the rest untold.[96] Sir, lead's the way.
[Exeunt]

[Epilogue]

[Enter Gower]

GOWER In Antiochus and his daughter you have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward.
In Pericles, his queen and daughter seen,
Although assailed with fortune fierce and keen,[4]
Virtue preserved from fell[5] destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven and crowned with joy at last.
In Helicanus may you well descry[7]
A figure[8] of truth, of faith, of loyalty.
In reverend Cerimon there well appears
The worth that learnèd charity aye[10] wears.
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame[11]
Had spread his cursèd deed to[12] th'honoured name
Of Pericles, to[13] rage the city turn,
That him and his they in his palace burn.
The gods for murder seemèd so[15] content
To punish, although[16] not done, but meant.
So, on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you. Here our play has ending.

[Exit]

Textual Notes

Q = First Quarto text of 1609
Q2 = a correction introduced in the Second Quarto text of 1609
Q3 = a correction introduced in the Third Quarto text of 1611
Q4 = a correction introduced in the Fourth Quarto text of 1619
Q5 = a correction introduced in the Fifth Quarto text of 1630
F3 = a correction introduced in the Third Folio text, second issue, of 1664
F4 = a correction introduced in the Fourth Folio text of 1685
PA = a reading in George Wilkins' novel, *The Painfull Adventures of Pericles, Prince of Tyre* (1608)
Ed = a correction introduced by a later editor
SD = stage direction

SH = speech heading (i.e., speaker’s name)

List of parts = Ed. *Not in* Q

Prologue 1 SH GOWER = Ed. *Not in* Q **6 holidays** = Q. *Sometimes emended to* holy-ales **11 these** = Q2. Q = those **30 account’** = Ed. Q = account’d **39 a** = F3. Q = of

1.1.18 razed = Ed. Q = racte **25 boundless** = Ed. Q = bondlesse **41 From** = Ed. Q = For **50 Grip** *spelled* Gripe *in* Q **57 SH ANTIOCHUS** = Ed. Q *prints (Antiochus) at the end of the preceding line. Some editors, noting Pericles’ frequent repetition of the king’s name, print* I wait the sharpest blow, Antiochus *followed by Antiochus’ reply*. **60, 61 ’ssayed** = Ed. Q = sayd **114 cancel** = Q3. Q = counsell **128 you’re** = Q3. Q = you **137 ’schew** = Ed. Q = shew **173 SH ANTIOCHUS** = Ed. *Not in* Q

1.2.4 Be my = Ed. Q = By me **6 should** = Ed. Q = stould **17 me. The** = Ed. Q = me the **26 th’ostent** = Ed. Q = the stint **31 am** = Ed. Q = once **36 And…comfortable** = Ed. Q = And keepe your mind till you returne to vs peacefull and comfortable **41 breath** = Ed. Q = sparke. *Sometimes emended to* wind **46 pardon** = Ed. Q = paadon **61 heaven** = Ed. Q = heaue **67 Such…yourself** = Ed. Q = such griefes as you your selfe doe lay vpon your selfe **72 Where, as** = Ed. Q = Whereas **84 me** = Ed. *Not in* Q **85 fears** = F4. Q = feare **87 he doubt** = Ed. Q = he doo’t **as doubt no** = Ed. Q = as no **93 call’t** = Ed. Q = call **124 we’ll** = Ed. Q = will

1.3.1 SH THALIARD = Ed. *Not in* Q **29 king’s ears this** = Ed. Q = Kings seas. *Sometimes emended to* king’s ears it **30 sea** = Q. *Sometimes emended to* seas **32 SH HELICANUS** = Ed. *Not in* Q **35 betook** = Ed. Q = betake **travels** *spelled* trauailes *in* Q

1.4.13 our = Ed. Q = and **do** = Ed. Q = to **22 o’er** = Ed. Q = on **36 they** = Ed. Q = thy **39 two summers** = Ed. Q = too sauers. *Sometimes emended to* two savours. *The analogous passage in* PA *reads:* this their City…not two summers younger, did so excell in pompe **58 thou** = Q4. Q = thee **67 Hath** = Ed. Q = That **74 him’s** = Ed. Q = himnes **77 fear** = Q4. Q = leaue **78 The** = Q4. Q = our **80 from…craves** = Ed. Q = for what he comes, and whence / he comes, and what he craues **96 SH ALL TARSIANS** = Ed. Q = *Omnes*.

2 Chorus 1 SH GOWER = Q4. *Not in* Q **11 Tarsus** = Ed. Q = *Tharstill* **12 speken** = Ed. Q = spoken **17 SH GOWER** = Ed. *Not in* Q **Helicane** = Ed. Q = *Helicon* **19 though** = Ed. Q = for though. *Sometimes emended to* forthy *or* for that **20 keeps** = Ed. Q = keepe **22 Sends word** = Ed. Q = Sau’d one. *Sometimes emended to* Sent word **24 had intent** = Q *(corrected)*. Q = hid in Tent **to murder** = Q *(corrected)*. Q = murdred. *Sometimes emended to* murdren **25 Tarsus** = Ed. Q = *Tharsis* **34 tossed** = Ed. Q = tost **40 ’longs** = Ed. Q = long’s

2.1.12 What ho, Pilch! = Ed. Q = What, to pelch **34 devours** = Ed. Q = deuowre **42 SH THIRD FISHERMAN** = Ed. Q = I. **51 finny subject** = Ed. Q = fenny subiect. PA = finny subjects **57 search’t** = Ed. Q = Search **58 nobody will** = Ed. Q = no body **82 quotha** = Ed. Q = ke-tha **an** = Ed. Q = and **86 holidays** = Ed. Q = all day **moreo’er** = Ed. Q = more; or **95 your** = Ed. Q = you **105 is called Pentapolis** = Q2. Q = I cald *Pantapoles* **117 joust** = Ed. Q = Iust **136 thee from, may’t** = Ed. Q = thee, Fame may. *Sometimes emended to* the Gods forfend, the same **154 d’ye** = Ed. Q *(corrected)* = do’e. Q *(uncorrected)* = di’e **on’t** = Ed. Q = an’t **163 rapture** = Ed. Q = rupture. PA = a Iewel, whom all the raptures of the sea could not bereaue from his arme **166 delightful** = Ed. Q = delight. *Sometimes emended to* delightsome **173 goad** = Ed. Q = Goale. *Sometimes emended to* equal

2.2.1 SH SIMONIDES = Ed. Q = *King (throughout)* **4 daughter** = Ed. Q = daughter heere **27–8 *Piùe per dolcezza che per forza*** = Ed. Q = *Pue Per doleera kee per forsa. Sometimes emended to Piu per dulcura que per fuerça* **30 chivalry** = Ed. Q = Chiually **31 *Me pompae provexit apex*** = Ed. Q = *Me Pompey prouexit apex* **57 for** = Ed. Q = by. PA = as Uertue was not to be approoued by wordes, but by actions, so the outward habite was the least table of the inward minde

2.3.3 To = F4. Q = I **13 yours** = Q3. Q = your **15 artists** = Ed. Q = an Artist **31 but** = Ed. Q = not **36, 37 He's** = Ed. Q = ha's **39 Yon** = Q2. Q = You **40 me** = Q4. *Not in* Q **45 son's** = Ed. Q = sonne **52 stored** = Ed. Q = stur'd. F3 = stirr'd **53 you do** = Q4. Q = do you **66 entertain** = Ed. Q = entraunce **74 And, further** = Ed. Q = And furthermore. *Sometimes emended to* Furthermore **know** = Ed. Q = know of him **83 education being** = Q5. Q = education beene. *Sometimes emended to* education's been *or* education has been **113 SH SIMONIDES** = Ed. *Not in* Q

2.4.8 Of = Ed. Q = of an **19 council has** = Ed. Q = counsaile, ha's **27 Helicane** *spelled Hellican in* Q **32 We'll** = Ed. Q = And **35 death's indeed** = Ed. Q = death in deed. *Sometimes emended to* death indeed's **57 endeavour it** = Ed. Q = endeauour. *Sometimes emended to* endeavour us

2.5.77 SD *Aside* *printed on the following line in* Q **94 SH BOTH** *spelled Ambo in* Q

3 Chorus 1 SH GOWER = Ed. *Not in* Q **rouse** = Ed. Q = rout **7 crickets sing** = Ed. Q = Cricket sing. *Sometimes emended to* crickets **13 eche** = Ed. Q = each **15 SH GOWER** = Ed. *Not in* Q **17 coigns** = Ed. Q = Crignes **29 t'appease** = Ed. Q = t'oppresse. PA = appeased the stubborne mutiny of the *Tyrians* **34 Pentapolis** *spelled Penlapolis in* Q **35 Y-ravishèd** = Ed. Q = Iranyshed **46 Fortune, moved** = Ed. Q = fortune mou'd. *Sometimes emended to* fortune's mood **57 not what** = Ed. Q = not? what **60 sea-tossed** = Ed. Q = seas tost

3.1.0 SD *on* = Q4. Q = a **7 Thou stormest** = Ed. Q = then storme **8 spit** = Ed. Q = speat. F3 = spet. *Sometimes emended to* split, spite *or* speak **11 midwife** = Ed. Q = my wife **46 Slack** = Q *(corrected)*. Q *(uncorrected)* = Slake **bowlines** = Ed. Q = bolins **55 custom** = Ed. Q = easterne. *Sometimes emended to* In ease *or* in earnest **64 the ooze** = Ed. Q = oare. *Sometimes emended to* care **66 And** = Ed. Q = The **aye-remaining** = Ed. Q = ayre remayning. *Sometimes emended to* e'er remaining **69 paper** = Q2. Q = Taper **71 coffer** = Ed. Q = Coffin **77, 80 SH FIRST SAILOR** = Ed. Q = 2.

3.2.4 'T has = Ed. Q = T'as **18 quit** = Ed. Q = quite **38 I** = Ed. *Not in* Q **50 SD *chest*** = Ed. Q = *Chist* **51 SH CERIMON'S SERVANT** = Ed. Q = *Seru. (throughout)* **54 chest** = Ed. Q = Chist **63 bitumed** = Ed. Q = bottomed **71 corpse** = Ed. Q = Corse **74–5 too! Apollo** = Ed. Q = to *Apollo* **85 even** = Q4. Q = ever. PA = thou hast a body even drowned with woe **94 lain** *spelled* lien *in* Q **96 cloths** = Ed. Q = clothes. Q4 = cloathes **101 warm** = Q2. Q = warmth

3.3.0 SD *at Tarsus* *spelled Atharsus in* Q **6 haunt** = Ed. Q = hant. *Sometimes emended to* hurt **29–30 all…remain** = Ed. Q = All vnsisterd shall this heyre of mine remayne. PA = his head should grow unscissored **31 ill** = Ed. Q = will **42 Lychorida** *spelled Licherida in* Q

3.4.0 SD *Thaisa* *spelled Tharsa in* Q **5 eaning** = F3. Q = learning. *Sometimes emended to* groaning, bearing, yearning *or* yielding **9 vestal** = Ed. Q = vastall **16 SH THAISA** = Ed. Q = *Thin*.

4 Chorus 1 SH GOWER = Q4. *Not in* Q **8 music's letters** = Q. *Sometimes emended to* music, letters **10 her** = Ed. Q = hie. *Sometimes emended to* high **heart** = Ed. Q = art **14 Seeks** = Ed. Q = Seeke **17 ripe** = Ed. Q = right **marriage-rite** = Ed. Q = marriage light **21 Be't** *spelled* Beet *in* Q **23 nee'le** = Ed. Q = needle **26 night-bird** = Ed. Q = night bed **32 With** = Ed. Q = The. *Sometimes emended to* With the **the** = Ed. Q = with the **38 murder** = Ed. Q = murderer **47 carry** = Ed. Q = carried **48 on** = Ed. Q = one

4.1.5 inflame…bosom = Ed. Q = in flaming, thy loue bosome, enflame too nicelie. *Sometimes emended to* inflaming love in thy bosom, / Inflame *or* or fanning love thy bosom / Unflame *or* or flaming love thy bosom / Enslave *or* in flaming, thy love-bosom / Inflame **19 as** = Ed. *Not in* Q **26 o'er…margent** = Ed. Q = ere the sea marre it **68 stem** = Ed. Q = sterne **82 la** = Ed. Q = law **84 trod** *spelled* trode *in* Q

4.2.4 much = Q2. Q = much much **21 they're too** = Ed. Q = ther's two **27 chequins** *spelled* Checkins *in* Q **44 SH FIRST PIRATE** = Ed. Q = *Sayler* **68 struck** = Ed. Q = strooke **69 but** = Ed. Q = not **77 like** = Q4. *Not in* Q **112 i'th'** = Ed. Q = ethe **113 Veroles** *spelled Verollus in* Q **128 lovers. Seldom** = Ed. Q = Louers sel-dome **135 SH BAWD** = F3. Q = *Mari*. **159 Untried** = Ed. Q = Vntide

4.3.1 are = Q4. Q = ere **4 child** = Ed. Q = chidle **30 prime** = Ed. Q = prince. Q4 = whole **38 malkin** = Ed. Q = Mawkin **39 through** *spelled* thorow *in* Q **53 talons** *spelled* talents *in* Q **54 Ye're** = Ed. Q = Yere

4 Second Chorus 8 i'th' = Ed. Q = with. Q4 = in **10 the** = Q2. Q = thy **12 life's** = Ed. Q = liues **13 along: behind** = Ed. Q = along behind, **14 if** = Ed. Q = it **18 his** = Ed. Q = this **19 go on** = Ed. Q = grone. *Sometimes emended to* groan *or* grow on **29 puts** = Ed. Q = put **48 scene** = Ed. Q = Steare. *Sometimes emended to* stir

4.5.12 *cavalleria* = Ed. Q = Caualereea **18 loon** = Ed. Q = Lowne **40 dignifies** = Q4. Q = dignities **67 paced** *spelled* pac'ste *in* Q **74 name't** = Ed. Q = name. *Sometimes emended to* name it **95 aloof** = Ed. Q = aloft. *Sometimes emended to* off aloof **135 ways** = Ed. Q = way **160 womankind** = Ed. Q = wemen-kinde **176 Coistrel** = Ed. Q = custerell **190 O, that** = Q4. Q = that **204 women** = Q3. Q = woman

5 Chorus 1 SH GOWER = Ed. *Not in* Q **5 nee'le** = Ed. Q = neele **8 twin** = Ed. Q = Twine **10 pour** = Ed. Q = powre **13 We…lost** = Ed. Q = wee there him left. Q4 = tumbled and tost. *Sometimes emended to* Waves there him tossed **14 Whence** = Ed. Q = Where. Q4 = And

5.1.1 SH SAILOR OF TYRE = Ed. Q = *I. Say*. **7 SH SAILOR OF TYRE** = Ed. Q = 2. *Say*. **11 SH SAILOR OF MYTILENE** = Ed. Q = *I. Say*. **34 SH LYSIMACHUS** = Q4. *Not in* Q *(this line is part of Helicanus' speech)* **35 SH HELICANUS** = Q4. Q = *Lys* **36 Till** = Ed. Q = SH *Hell*. Till **night** = Ed. Q = wight **46 deafened** = Ed. Q = defend **48–9 She…upon** = Ed. Q = shee is all happie as the fairest of all, and her fellow maides, now vpon. *Sometimes emended to* She in all happy, / As the fair'st of all, among her fellow maids / Dwells now i'th **50 leafy** = Ed. Q = leauie **59 gods** = Ed. Q = God **60 graft** = Ed. Q = graffe **71 I'd** = Ed. Q = I do **wed** = Ed. Q = to wed **72 one** = Ed. Q = on **74 feat** = Ed. Q = fate **84 Marked** = Ed. Q = Marke **98 awkward** = Ed. Q = augward **107 You're** = Ed. Q = your **107–8 countrywoman** = Ed. Q = Countrey women **108 Here** = Ed. Q = heare **shores** = Ed. Q = shewes **117 cased** = Ed. Q = caste **129 seem'st** *spelled* seemest *in* Q **palace** = Ed. Q = *Pallas* **132 look'st** *spelled* lookest *in* Q **134 say** = Ed. Q = stay **139 tossed** *spelled* tost *in* Q **140 thought'st** = Ed. Q = thoughts **148 dost** = Ed. Q = doest **151 them? Thy** = Ed. Q = thy **172 Motion? Well**, = Ed. Q = Motion well, *Sometimes emended to* Motion as well? **193 and wooed** = Ed. Q = and hauing wooed **201 SH PERICLES** = Ed. Q = *Hell*. **230 another** = Ed. Q = an other **life** = Ed. Q = like **236 garments…Helicanus** = Ed. Q = garments, mine owne *Hellicanus* **240 princess** = Ed. Q = Princes **248 doubt** = Ed. Q = doat. *Sometimes emended to* dote **269 life** = Ed. Q = like **270 Perform** = Ed. Q = or performe **271 Do it** = Ed. Q = doo't **284 suit** = Ed. Q = sleight

5 Second Chorus **16 willed** = Ed. Q = wild

5.2.10 against = Ed. Q = gainst **16 nun** = Ed. Q = mum **19 Reverend** = Q2. Q = Reuerent **23 o'erjoyed** *spelled* ouer-joyde *in* Q **24 one** = Ed. Q = in **41 Immortal** = Ed. Q = I mortall **58 SH PERICLES** = Q4. Q = *Hell* **71 Reverend** = F3. Q = Reuerent **81 I bless** = Ed. Q = blesse

Epilogue = Ed. Q = *FINIS*. **5 preserved** = Ed. Q = preferd **12 deed to th'honoured** = Ed. Q = deede, the honor'd

Marina’s Song in Act 5 Scene 1

Wilkins’ Painfull Adventures provides the following words for the song (spelling modernized):

Amongst the harlots foul I walk,
Yet harlot none am I:
The rose amongst the thorns doth grow,
And is not hurt thereby.
The thief that stole me, sure I think,
Is slain before this time.
A bawd me bought, yet am I not
Defiled by fleshly crime:
Nothing were pleasanter to me,
Than parents mine to know.
I am the issue of a king,
My blood from kings doth flow.
In time the heavens may mend my state,
And send a better day,
For sorrow adds unto our griefs,
But helps not any way:
Show gladness in your countenance,
Cast up your cheerful eyes,
That God remains, that once of naught
Created earth and skies.

Prologue

* ***Gower*** John Gower (?1330–1408), medieval poet whose *Confessio Amantis* is an important source for *Pericles*

1 **old** long ago

2 **ancient** old/venerable

3 **man’s infirmities** human form

6 **ember eves** evenings before festival (ember) days **holidays** religious feasts

8 **restoratives** medicine

9 **purchase** profit **glorious** eager for/worthy of glory

10 ***Et…melius*** “A good thing improves with age” (Latin)

12 **wit** wisdom/poetry **ripe** mature/sophisticated

15 **I…wish** I would hope to give it life

16 **Waste…light** i.e., like a candle (**taper**) my story will consume (**waste**) itself in the telling

17 **Antioch** one of the largest cities of the Roman Empire, capital of the province of Syria

18 **chiefest seat** capital

20 **authors** authorities/sources

21 **peer** mate/companion

23 **buxom** lively/bright/wanton **full of face** beautiful **full** complete/perfect

24 **As** as if

25 **liking** lustful affection

29 **But custom** but (through) habit

30 **use** usual practice (playing on **use**, i.e., “sexual intercourse”) **account’** an elision of “accounted”

32 **frame** take themselves

36 **still** silent/motionless/always **awe** reverence/subjection

37 **whoso** whoever **for** as

38 **His…not** and left (Antiochus’) riddle unsolved

39 **wight** person

40 **yon** those grim looks stern faces (i.e., the heads of former suitors)

41 **to…justify** I give my business (**cause**) to those discerning viewers (**judgement…eye**) who are most able (**best**) to judge/confirm (**justify**) it

Act 1 Scene 1

1.1 ***Location:*** *Antioch* ***Pericles*** from Latin for “peril”

1 **Tyre** Phoenician trading city on the coast of Syria **at large received** fully comprehended/heard in detail

8 **For embracements** fit for the embraces **Jove** Jupiter, king of the gods in Roman mythology

9 **whose** i.e., the Daughter’s **till Lucina reigned** until her birth **Lucina** Roman goddess of childbirth, associated with Diana and Juno

10 **glad her presence** make her presence welcome

11 **senate house** council

12 **knit…perfections** unite all virtues in her

13 **the spring** Flora, Roman goddess of the spring

14 **Graces her subjects** the Graces (personifications of beauty, grace, and artistic inspiration) are inferior to her

15 **gives** which gives **renown** reputation/honor

16 **book of praises** collection of everything praiseworthy

17 **curious** exquisite/rare (also unusual/peculiar) **as** as if

18 **ever razed** forever erased **testy** irritable

19 **mild companion** companion to someone as mild as she

20 **sway** rule

22 **taste…tree** enjoy Antiochus’ daughter sexually; also refers to the apples stolen by Hercules from the garden of Hesperus and the one eaten by Eve

yon that

25 **compass** achieve/embrace

27 **son** son-in-law

28 **this…fruit** i.e., Antiochus’ daughter; Hesperus’ garden was known as the Hesperides

30 **deathlike** deadly **dragons** Antiochus’ followers/the dragon that guarded Hesperus’ apples

32 **countless** beyond value **desert** worthiness

34 **reach** reach out for **heap** company/multitude (i.e., Pericles’ body)

35 **Yon** those **sometimes** once/formerly

36 **adventurous** made bold

37 **semblance** appearance

38 **yon** that

41 **going…net** entering into death’s trap

43 **mortality** mortal nature/humanity

44 **those fearful objects** i.e., the heads of the former suitors

46 **remembered** brought to mind

47 **life’s but breath** life is ephemeral

50 **as…did** like terminally ill men who can see heaven and no longer cling to the earthly pleasure that they once (erst) pursued

54 **unspotted** pure/free from lust

57 **conclusion** riddle

59 **these** the former suitors

60 **’ssayed** assayed/tried

62 **assume the lists** enter the combat/tournament area

63 **Nor** Nor do I

65 **viper…flesh** young vipers were supposed to eat their way out of their mother’s womb

67 **labour** hard work/sexual exertion

68 **kindness** affection/kinship/sexual acquiescence

71 **two** i.e., two people

73 **Sharp physic** harsh medicine **the last** the final line of the riddle

74 **countless eyes** the stars

75 **cloud…sights** do they not shield their eyes

77 **glass of light** the Daughter is imagined as a lantern holding a candle or a shining glass vessel; light can mean lustful, and glass often represents a woman’s (fragile) chastity

79 **casket** i.e., the Daughter’s body

80 **on…wait** who is attended by heavenly virtues

81 **knowing…gate** will enter knowing that there is evil inside/will engage in sexual relations with a depraved person **gate** vagina

82 **viol** stringed instrument played between the legs **sense** senses/reason

83 **fingered…music** “played” by an appropriate sexual partner

85 **played upon** used sexually

86 **Hell…chime** i.e., only the devil could approve

87 **Good sooth** in truth/truly

89 **article** stipulation/requirement

94 **braid** reproach **near** closely/intimately

95 **Who** whoever

97 **vice…itself** to talk about evil deeds (of powerful people) is to behave like the wind, which blows dust into eyes (of the offenders or of innocent people)

99 **And…them** but the painful lesson is that the wind (breath), i.e., the rumor, runs its course and those people harmed by it (whose sore eyes can now see) can take action to prevent further indiscretions

102 **Copped** heaped/humped **tell** tell that **thronged** crushed/overwhelmed

103 **worm** creature (either the person who dares to criticize or an innocent bystander)

107 **What…it** i.e., it is appropriate (fit) to suppress something that would be made worse by its exaggerated repetition

109 **like leave** similar permission

111 **gloze with** speak plausibly to

112 **tenor** substance/content/purpose **edict** (royal) order

113 **exposition** explanation

114 **cancel of** put an end to

116 **doth…otherwise** adjusts our mood/intention

118 **undone** solved

119 **joy** rejoice

120 **entertain** entertainment

122 **would seem to** deceives in order to

124 **sight** appearance

129 **untimely** premature

133 **though…breed** although they appear beautiful, they only produce evil

135 **those men** that those men who

137 **’schew** eschew/avoid **keep…light** i.e., keep their actions hidden

141 **targets** shields **put off** deflect

142 **cropped** harvested/cut down **clear** free from blame

146 **trumpet forth** proclaim ***Thaliard*** in the sources either a Privy Councillor or Antiochus’ steward

153 **of our chamber** one of our most trusted attendants or advisers

154 **partakes** imparts/communicates

163 **Let…haste** use your rapid breathing to cool yourself by telling me why you are in such a hurry

167 **level** aim

171 **length** range **sure** harmless (i.e., I’ll kill him)

173 **My…head** i.e., I will have no peace of mind

Act 1 Scene 2

1.2 ***Location:*** *Tyre*

2 **change of thoughts** altered mental state

3 **dull-eyed** sluggish/lacking insight

4 **used** familiar/regular **as** that

5 **day's glorious walk** daily movement of the sun

6 **breed me quiet** produce peace of mind for me

10 **joy** gladden/bring joy to **spirits** emotions

11 **the other's** danger's

12 **passions…mind** emotions/obsessions

13 **misdread** fear of evil

14 **Have…care** are fed and kept alive by anxiety

16 **cares** takes care

19 **can** that he can **make…act** turn his thoughts into actions

21 **boots it me** is it any help to me

24 **course** flowing stream

26 **th'ostent** the display/manifestation

27 **Amazement** (that) terror

28 **ere** before

29 **ne'er thought offence** never offended even in their thoughts

31 **as…them** like the treetops (i.e., the monarch), which protect and defend the roots (i.e., the people) that nourish them

32 **fence** protect

34 **And…punish** Pericles' own body punishes itself before it can be punished by Antiochus

37 **give experience tongue** let the wise/experienced speak

39 **blows up** that inflames

41 **breath** i.e., the air from the **bellows** (the flattering speech)

42 **in order** orderly/delivered in the correct manner

44 **Signior Sooth** Mister Sycophant

45 **makes…life** puts your life in danger

48 **All…else** everyone else leave me **cares** diligence **o'erlook** supervise

49 **lading's** cargo is

51 **moved** provoked/angered

52 **brow** appearance/countenance

53 **dart** an arrow or light spear
54 **move** arouse
58 **ground** sharpened
62 **let…hid** allow themselves to listen to flattery
63 **Fit** fitting/suitable
69 **ministers** provides/dispenses
71 **Attend me** listen to me
73 **purchase** benefit/acquisition/prize
74 **an issue** a child/an heir
75 **Are…subjects** i.e., royal heirs (**issue**), which are weapons/protection to princes and bring joy to their subjects
79 **Seemed** pretended **smooth** indulge/conciliate
82 **careful** protecting
83 **Who** i.e., the night
84 **Bethought** considered **succeed** follow
87 **doubt** suspect
90 **unlaid ope** undiscovered/concealed
91 **lop** remove/eliminate **doubt** suspicion **arms** weapons (i.e., soldiers)
93 **all** all my subjects **mine…offence** my offense—if I may call it that
94 **who** which (i.e., **war**)
96 **now reproved'st** was just rebuking
99 **doubts** fears/anxieties
110 **The destinies** the three Fates, who control destiny in Greco-Roman mythology
111 **direct** delegate
114 **should he** what if he (Antiochus) should **my liberties** my domains/my royal prerogatives and the rights of my subjects
115 **We'll…earth** i.e., we'll die fighting him
117 **Tarsus** a city on the River Cydnus in Cillicia, present-day Turkey
118 **Intend** direct
119 **dispose** conduct
122 **not…oath** i.e., I won't ask you to swear a formal oath
123 **Who** whoever
124 **orbs** spheres of activity (i.e., areas of influence) **round** straightforwardly/openly

125 **time…convince** time shall never disprove (**convince**) this truth regarding the pair of us

126 **shine** brightness/virtue

Act 1 Scene 3

3 **I…secrets** the poet Philippides reputedly asked this of King Lysimachus of Thrace

5 **would of** wanted from

9 **indenture** contract between a master and servant **Husht** hush/be quiet

13 **sealed** bearing the royal seal **commission** warrant

14 **speak sufficiently** proclaim satisfactorily

17 **unlicensed…loves** without your devoted approval

18 **light** enlightenment

23 **doubting** lest fearing

24 **he'd correct** he wished to punish

25 **puts…toil** subjects himself to the rigors of the sea

28 **although I would** even if I wished to be

29 **the…please** the king must be satisfied with this news

35 **betook** taken

36 **message** my message

37 **it** i.e., the message

38 **Commended** (which has been) directed/addressed

Act 1 Scene 4

1.4 ***Location:*** *Tarsus*

5 **who digs** whoever digs up (the image is of someone trying to flatten a hill by digging it up, only to create a bigger pile with the earth they have removed)

8 **with mischief's eyes** through the eyes of misfortune/misery

9 **topped** pruned/cut back (making them grow faster than before)

11 **Who wanteth** whoever lacks/desires

13 **Our…them** i.e., we proclaim (**sound**) our misfortunes (**sorrows**) low and high, then we weep until we have enough breath back (**till…breath**) to bewail our sorrows even more loudly, so that if the gods (**heaven**) are asleep and are oblivious to the suffering of their creatures, our cries may wake them in order that they can comfort those in need sound proclaim

18 **discourse** relate

19 **wanting…speak** when I want breath/because you want breath

22 **o'er…hand** over whom plenty poured her gifts

23 **riches** a personification of wealth or of plenty (from French *richesse*, "plenty")

25 **wondered** at admired/were astonished by

26 **jetted** strutted/swaggered **adorned** adorned themselves

27 **Like…by** as if they were like one another's mirror (**glass**) with which to adorn (**trim**) themselves/they mirrored one another's finery

28 **glad** gladden/make glad

31 **The…repeat** even to propose asking for help became repulsive

33 **by…change** through the example of our change in fortune

37 **want** lack

39 **not…younger** only two years ago

40 **inventions** novelties

42 **nuzzle** up nurture/bring up

43 **curious** elaborate/carefully prepared

46 **shall…life** will die so that the other can survive

53 **largely** abundantly

54 **superfluous riots** extravagant indulgence **these tears** this lamentation

60 **descried** spotted/observed

61 **portly** stately/majestic **sail** fleet **make hitherward** sail toward us

67 **power** army

69 **unhappy** wretched

70 **Whereas…overcome** in whom no glory can be gained in conquering

71 **least fear** not to be feared in the least

72 **white flags** used to show that a ship had no hostile intention

73 **favourers** friends

74 **him's…repeat** someone who has not learned (the following maxim)/someone too inexperienced to comment

75 **Who** he who

78 **The…there** i.e., the ground is as far as we can fall, and we are nearly there

82 **on peace consist** is disposed toward peace

86 **beacon** fire or light placed in a prominent position as an alarm signal

t'amaze to terrify

89 **add…tears** i.e., add to your misfortunes

91 **these…bread** although you may think that our ship is like the Trojan horse, which was filled with ferocious warriors (**bloody veins:** a metonymy), it is actually filled with grain to make bread for your hungry people **happily** haply/perhaps

101 **gratify** show gratitude for/grant

102 **in thought** even in thought

104 **succeed** inevitably follow

108 **stars** fates/fortunes

Act 2 Chorus

2 **iwis** certainly/truly (archaic)

3 **A better prince** i.e., Pericles

4 **awful** awe-inspiring/worthy of respect

6 **passed necessity** gone through extreme suffering

7 **those…reign** those who rule during periods of difficulty (or, alternatively, “trouble’s reign,” those who are ruled by trouble)

8 **mite** a tiny particle

9 **The good** i.e., Pericles **conversation** behavior/manners

10 **benison** blessing

12 **writ** holy scripture/authoritative command **he speken can** he (Pericles) is able to speak (speken is archaic)

13 **remember** commemorate

14 **Build his statue** construct a statue of him **make him glorious** glorify his deeds

15 **tidings…contrary** i.e., adverse news ***Dumb show*** a mimed sequence, common in early modern plays ***train*** retinue

17 **Helicane** i.e., Helicanus

18 **Not to** not intending to

20 **killen** kill (archaic)

22 **haps** happens

23 **full bent** fully determined

27 **doing so** doing as advised

28 **been** are (archaic)

32 **Should** which should

35 **perishen** perish (archaic) **pelf** possessions

36 **Ne aught escapend** nor did anything escape (archaic)

38 **glad** gladness/happiness

40 **’longs** belongs to/prolongs

Act 2 Scene 1

2.1 ***Location:*** *the seashore at Pentapolis*

1 **ire** fury

6 **breath** life

12 **Pilch** leather coat/jerkin

15 **Patch-breech** patched trousers

17 **Look…now!** Get a move on!/Now you're moving! (ironic)

18 **fetch th'** strike thee **wanion** vengeance

23 **well-a-day** alas

26 **porpoise** porpoises were thought to appear before stormy weather

28 **I…washed** I expect to be soaked

30 **a-land** on land

32 **fitly** appropriately **a** he

33 **fry** young fish

35 **on** of

38 **pretty** clever/ingenious **moral** story with a moral point

40 **sexton** church officer whose duties included bell ringing **belfry** bell tower

45 **cast** regurgitated

50 **drones…honey** i.e., lazy and unproductive subjects

51 **finny subject** fin-bearing citizens (i.e., fish)

53 **recollect** gather up

54 **All…detect** i.e., everything that might represent men in a positive or negative light

57 **If…it!** i.e., if honesty is a condition that suits a bedraggled creature such as Pericles, it could be eradicated and no one would miss it (it is possible that a line is missing, in which Pericles says "good day" to the fishermen) **search't** remove it

59 **May** you may **hath cast** has thrown

62 **cast** vomit

64 **that vast tennis-court** i.e., the sea

66 **never used** was never accustomed

67 **Here's them** there are those

74 **fish for't** get it through fishing/get it by artifice (i.e., begging or trickery)

77 **thronged up** overwhelmed

81 **For that** because **pray you** may I ask/please

82 **quotha** says he/indeed **gods forbid’t** i.e., god forbid **an** if/as long as

84 **afore me** a mild oath

86 **fish for fasting-days** meat was forbidden during Lent, on Fridays and Saturdays, and on some other penitential days

87 **puddings** sausages; also carries its modern meaning of a sweet or savory pudding **flapjacks** pancakes

92 **crave** request

93 **craver** supplicant/beggar

98 **beadle** parish constable, whose duties included whipping vagrants

100 **becomes** suits/is appropriate for

106 **Pentapolis** seemingly located in Greece, but should probably be identified with Cyrene in Cyrenaica, the major Greek colony in North Africa

113 **Marry** by the Virgin Mary (a mild oath)

117 **tourney** take part in a tournament

119 **make one** be one of the participants

121 **what…soul** what a man cannot otherwise obtain he may get by selling his wife for sex; plays on “wife’s soul”/”wife’s hole” (i.e., vagina) and puns on **get:** if the man cannot **get** (beget) children, then he can sell his wife to someone who will father them for him

124 **right** just claim

125 **’twill…out** the “fish” will not come out of the net/the poor man will not get the verdict he desires **bots on’t** an expletive, equivalent to “a plague on it” **bots** a maggot infection in horses

128 **crosses** misfortunes/trials

130 **heritage** inheritance

132 **charge** order/command

134 **brace** vambrace, armor covering the arms

135 **For that** because **in like necessity** in a similarly dire situation

137 **kept** dwelt/stayed

139 **though…again** i.e., now the seas are calm, they have given it back again

141 **my father** that which my father

143 **coat of worth** valuable coat (i.e., the armor)

144 **sometime** once **target** shield/protection

150 **pay your bounties** repay your generosity **rest** remain

151 **tourney** joust/take part in a tournament

153 **virtue** courage/ability

154 **d'ye take it** do you take it (i.e., take it)

155 **on't** of it/from it

157 **made up** fitted together, as in the making of clothes

158 **seams** the furrows of the waves, imagined as the seams of a garment

159 **condolements** usually means expressions of sympathy: the Second Fisherman either confuses it with "emoluments" (profits) or with "dole" (portion or share), or he is being deliberately euphemistic

159 **vails** tips/gratuities (literally, the remnants of cloth kept by tailors after a suit is finished)

162 **furtherance** assistance

163 **rapture** seizure/plundering

164 **holds his building** occupies its proper position

165 **Unto thy value** either a **jewel** on Pericles' arm has also survived, with which he will buy the horse, or Pericles will buy a horse equal to the worth of the piece of armor (described as a **jewel**)

166 **courser** horse

167 **gazer** onlooker

169 **bases** knee-length skirts worn by a knight on horseback

173 **honour…will** let honor spur me on **goad** a rod used for driving cattle

Act 2 Scene 2

2.2 ***Location:*** *Pentapolis*

1 **triumph** tournament

3 **stay** wait for

4 **Return** answer/inform

6 **gat** begat: conceived/bred

9 **express…great** praise me highly

10 **princes** men and women of high (princely) rank

11 **model** image

13 **renowns** reputations

14 **honour** honorable duty **entertain** accept/receive

15 **device** heraldic design and motto

17 **prefer** present

18 **Sparta** powerful ancient Greek city-state

20 **Ethiop** used loosely in the seventeenth century to refer to all black Africans

21 **word** motto ***Lux…mihi*** “Your light is life to me” (Latin)

22 **holds…of** regards his life as being dependent on

24 **Macedon** Macedonia, a kingdom at the northern end of the Greek peninsula that became a world power under Philip II and Alexander the Great

27 **in Spanish** puzzling as the motto is closer to Italian than Spanish ***Piùe…forza*** “More by gentleness than by force”

30 **wreath of chivalry** chaplet or garland of leaves or flowers, worn or awarded as a mark of distinction/the twisted band by which the crest is joined to a knight’s helmet

31 ***Me…apex*** the honor of the contest has led me on

34 ***Qui…extinguit*** “Who feeds me extinguishes me”

37 **environèd** surrounded

38 **touchstone** smooth black quartz or jasper, used to test the purity of gold; the touchstone became a symbol of fidelity **tried** tested

39 ***Sic spectanda fides*** “Thus is faithfulness to be tested” ***device*** may be a real branch, as Pericles has no shield

42 **stranger** unfamiliar person/foreigner **present** offering

44 ***In…vivo*** “In this hope I live”

48 **He…commend** i.e., he must prove that he is better than his appearance would suggest, because that cannot speak in his favor

51 **whipstock** handle of a whip

53 **strangely** bizarrely (playing on **stranger**) **furnishèd** equipped/fitted out

54 **on set purpose** deliberately

55 **scour** clean

56 **Opinion's…man** public opinion makes us foolishly examine (**scan**) the external appearance of a man in search of (**for**) his inner worth ***mean*** humble/poor

Act 2 Scene 3

2.3 ***tilting*** jousting

3 **place…arms** i.e., advertise your martial ability

6 **in show** inaction

7 **becomes** suits

9 **you** you are

15 **framing** making/creating

17 **her laboured scholar** the scholar into whom art has put most effort/the scholar who has laboriously studied art

19 **Marshal** arrange/position **as…grace** according to their merit

22 **who** whoever

25 **Contend not** do not argue

26 **Have** who have **outward eyes** eyes that see outward/eyes on the outside of the body

27 **Envies** that which envies

28 **right** very

30 **By…upon** by Jove, who is aware of everything, I marvel that these delicacies (**cates**) become unappetizing to me when I think of him

33 **viands** foodstuffs **unsavoury** tasteless/unappetizing

34 **meat** food/object of my sexual attention **gallant** fine/brave

37 **a staff** i.e., his opponent’s lance in the tournament

38 **to** compared with

39 **Yon** that

40 **tells me** announces or discloses (him to) me

41 **Had** when he had

42 **reverence** pay homage to

44 **vail** lower

45 **Where…light** i.e., like a glowworm, Pericles is best seen at night; in the light of his father’s glory he would not seem to glow at all **Where** whereas

52 **stored** filled

53 **fill…lips** i.e., drink a full cup in honor of your mistress

56 **Yon** that

58 **countervail** match/equal

59 **Note…you** don’t you observe it

64 **like…at** like gnats, which when they are dead seem very small considering how noisy they were

66 **entertain** entertainment

67 **standing bowl** bowl/goblet with a stem or legs

69 **stranger knight** knight who is a stranger/foreign knight **bold** shameless/immodest

70 **proffer** offering

72 **move me** provoke me

78 **blood** spirit/health

79 **pledge him** drink his health

83 **arts and arms** artistic/scholarly pursuits and martial skills

85 **reft** robbed/deprived

90 **cast** was cast

93 **sit** dwell

trifles trivialities

95 **addressed** dressed/attired

96 **Will** you will **become** suit/be appropriate for

97 **I…beds** i.e., I won't have anyone excuse themselves by saying that women don't like the loud music of a soldier's dance, as I know that they like men in arms (i.e., knights) as well as men in their beds

100 **this…asked** i.e., I did well to ask for this

101 **breathing** exercising

103 **trip** dance/step lightly/fall sexually

104 **measures** formal dance steps/strategies in wooing

105 **practise them** put them to use

106 **that's…courtesy** i.e., you are too modest

110 **several** various

114 **level** aim

115 **betake him** take himself

116 **speeding** success

Act 2 Scene 4

2.4 ***Location:*** *Tyre*

3 **not minding longer** intending no longer

5 **capital** punishable by death

11 **eyes adored** eyes that adored

15 **bar** prevent **shaft** arrow (i.e., vengeance)

16 **his** its

19 **respect** influence

20 **grieve** cause grievance

23 **Happy day** i.e., “good day”

24 **griefs** grievances

26 **you love** i.e., that you love

29 **what…breath** what country he is living in

32 **resolved** reassured/persuaded **he lives** if/that he lives

33 **give’s** i.e., it will give us **mourn his funeral** mourn at his funeral/regret his death

34 **to…election** to choose another ruler

35 **Whose** i.e., Pericles’ **strongest…censure** most likely (probability) in our assessment

37 **left** which, if left

42 **Try honour’s cause** try being honorable **forbear your suffrages** refrain from voting (for me)/avoid electing (another ruler)

43 **forbear** leave off/have patience

47 **forbear** to endure with patience

48 **not** does not

49 **yoke** harness (i.e., the servitude of the ruler to the people)

50 **love** demonstration of your affection

52 **spend…worth** demonstrate your courageous nobility

53 **Whom** i.e., Pericles **win unto** persuade to

56 **enjoineth** instructs/urges

57 **travels** journeys (or **travails**, endeavors)

59 **knit** unite

Act 2 Scene 5

2.5 ***Location:*** *Pentapolis*

9 **Tied her** confined herself

10 **twelve moons** twelve months **Diana** goddess of hunting, virginity, and the moon; also associated with childbirth and with witchcraft **livery** uniform (i.e., Thaisa will remain a virgin)

11 **the…Cynthia** the moon **Cynthia** Diana as moon goddess

14 **dispatched** dismissed

17 **nor day nor** either day or

19 **absolute** certain

23 **Soft** be quiet

25 **beholding** indebted

30 **desert** merit

42 **else** if you don’t believe it

44 **that** saying that

45 **subtlety** trick

48 **to** as to

49 **bent** directed **offices** service

53 **levy** raise/intend; possibly misused for **level**, aim

55 **might** that might

63 **relished** tasted **base** ignoble/common

65 **state** kingdom/rule

66 **accounts of me** thinks me

71 **Resolve** assure

72 **subscribe** sign

73 **made love to** courted

75 **that, would** that which would

76 **peremptory** determined

81 **aught** anything

84 **frame** adapt/accommodate **will** intentions (puns on **will**, sexual desire)

92 **fosters** nourishes

Act 3 Chorus

1 **y-slackèd** reduced to inactivity (archaic) **rouse** carousing/mirth
3 **breast** stomach
4 **pompous** magnificent/ceremonious
5 **eyne** eyes
6 **couches** lies asleep **from** away from
7 **crickets sing** i.e., crickets that sing
8 **blither** more happy **drouth** the dryness of their position (crickets were thought to like heat)
9 **Hymen** Roman god of marriage
10 **maidenhead** virginity
11 **Be attent** listen
12 **briefly** quickly
13 **fancies** imaginations **eche** eke out/supplement
14 **plain** explain
15 **dern** dreary/secret **painful** laborious **perch** unit of distance (around sixteen and a half feet)
16 **Of** for
17 **coigns** corners
21 **stead** help/assist
22 **Fame** rumor **most…inquire** inquiries from the most distant places
24 **tenor** substance/content
25 **dead** being dead
28 **will none** will have none of it
29 **t'appease** to pacify/subdue
31 **moons** months
32 **dooms** decisions/judgments
33 **sum** summary/essence
35 **Y-ravishèd** entranced/enraptured (archaic)
36 **claps** applause **can** began **sound** declare
37 **heir apparent** next in line to the throne
39 **Brief** in short
41 **cross** contradict
42 **dole** grief/sorrow
43 **nurse** nurse/midwife

45 **Neptune's billow** the waves **Neptune** god of the oceans **half…cut** they are halfway there **flood** waves/rushing water

46 **moved** provoked

47 **grizzled** grisly/horrible/gray **north** north wind (thought to raise storms)

50 **drives** is propelled

51 **well-a-near** alas

52 **Does…travail** goes into labor

53 **fell** cruel

55 **nill** will not (archaic) **action** performance

56 **Conveniently** suitably

57 **Which…told** i.e., which my story might not be able to convey

58 **hold** consider/retain

60 **appears to speak** appears and speaks

Act 3 Scene 1

3.1 ***Location:*** *a ship*

1 **The god** i.e., Neptune **vast** immense space, i.e., the sea **rebuke** repress **surges** violent waves

2 **thou** Aeolus, god of the winds

3 **bind…brass** in Homer’s *Odyssey*, Aeolus’ island was surrounded by walls of brass

4 **still** calm

5 **Thy** Pericles may now address Jove, who controlled thunder

6 **nimble** sudden **sulphurous flashes** lightning

8 **Wilt…thyself** i.e., will you spit out all of your thunder and lightning at once **seaman’s whistle** used to give orders

9 **as…Unheard** as silent as a whisper to the dead

10 **Lucina** goddess of childbirth

14 **travails** labor, with a pun on “travels”

16 **conceit** understanding

17 **like** likely

18 **piece** fragment/masterpiece

20 **assist** i.e., by ranting or weeping

27 **Recall not** do not demand the return of **therein** in that respect

28 **Use…you** deal honorably with you/deserve to be treated honorably by you

29 **charge** responsibility

30 **mild…life** i.e., may your life be mild

32 **conditions** way of life

33 **rudeliest** most roughly

34 **Happy what follows** may what follows be happy

35 **chiding** noisy/tumultuous

38 **thy…here** i.e., the cost of losing her mother is so great that in coming into the world Marina has already lost more than the world can ever repay her

39 **portage** porterage or freight charges **quit** repay

40 **best eyes** most favorable aspect

42 **flaw** gust/squall

46 **Slack** slacken **bowlines** ropes used to steady the sails **Thou** the storm

48 **But sea-room** if we have room to maneuver the ship brine sea
49 **cloudy billow** sea spray
51 **works high** is turbulent
55 **still** always **strong in custom** adhere strongly to our traditions
56 **briefly** quickly/immediately
57 **straight** immediately
58 **meet** suitable
63 **hallowed** with religious ceremony
65 **for a monument** instead of a tomb
66 **aye-remaining** lamps ever-burning votive lights **belching** spouting
67 **humming** murmuring
69 **Nestor** the name of an old and wise king in classical mythology
70 **Nicander** the name of a Greek poet, physician, and grammarian
71 **satin** satin-lined **coffer** box/chest
72 **Hie thee** go quickly
73 **Suddenly** immediately
74 **beneath the hatches** below deck
75 **caulked** sealed **bitumed** made waterproof with bitumen (pitch)
79 **Alter…Tyre** alter your direction (**course**), which is currently toward Tyre
84 **Go thy ways** go ahead/go about it
85 **presently** at once

Act 3 Scene 2

3.2 ***Location:*** *Ephesus*

8 **ministered** given in assistance **nature** a person's physical strength or constitution

9 **'pothecary** apothecary, who prepares and sells drugs for medicinal purposes

14 **bleak upon** exposed to/in an exposed position next to **bleak** windswept

15 **as** as if

16 **principals** main rafters, posts, or braces of a building **rend** tear apart

20 **husbandry** industriousness

21 **O…well** an ironic dismissal responding to the gentleman's self-depreciation

23 **tire** furnishings

24 **repose** sleep

25 **conversant** familiar **pain** labor

27 **hold it ever** have always believed

28 **cunning** skill/cleverness/knowledge

29 **Careless** prodigal/reckless

30 **darken** sully/dishonor

33 **physic** medicine

34 **turning o'er authorities** reading learned books

35 **practice** practical investigations

36 **to my aid** to assist me in healing **blest infusions** medicinal properties

37 **vegetives** plants/herbs

39 **works** causes

40 **more content** truer happiness **in course** in the pursuit

41 **tottering honour** unstable reputation

42 **tie…bags** draw all my pleasure from the acquisition of wealth

43 **To…death** i.e., which would please only a fool, or death, who will inherit in the end

45 **Ephesus** ancient city on the western coast of Asia Minor (in present-day Turkey), famous for its temple to Diana; also the setting of Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors*

46 **call…creatures** acknowledge that they owe their lives to you **creatures** dependants

47 **not** not only

48 **pain** labor **your…open** i.e., your generosity

60 **o’ercharged** overfilled

61 **constraint of fortune** act commanded by fortune

63 **close** tightly **caulked** sealed **bitumed** smeared with bitumen (pitch)

65 **billow** wave

68 **Soft!** Wait a moment!

70 **it** i.e., the lid

73 **cloth of state** material fit for a queen (literally refers to the canopy over a throne) **balmed** embalmed/anointed **entreasured** kept as in a treasury

74 **passport** document providing identification/guaranteeing admission

75 **Apollo** Greco-Roman god of medicine, learning, and music **perfèct me** help me to understand **characters** handwriting/writing

77 **drives a-land** is driven ashore

79 **mundane cost** worldly wealth

80 **Who** whoever

85 **even** just now/fully **This chanced tonight?** This happened last night?

88 **rough** hasty/careless

90 **closet** private room/inner chamber

93 **o’er-pressed** overwhelmed **spirits** vital powers or energies (in medieval and early modern medicine, substances or fluids thought to permeate the blood and organs)

95 **appliance** attention/treatment

96 **Well said** well done **cloths** the Quarto text’s spelling could indicate cloths or clothes

98 **viol** a stringed instrument **how thou stirr’st** how slow you are **block** blockhead/idiot

101 **Nature…her** i.e., Nature sets her breathing again

102 **above** more than

103 **’gins** begins **blow** blossom/bloom

107 **heavenly jewels** Thaisa’s eyes

108 **fringes…gold** Thaisa’s eyelashes

109 **diamonds…water** Thaisa’s eyes **water** luster/quality

112 **Rare** marvelous/exceptional

116 **Most rare** most unusual/extraordinary

120 **is mortal** would be fatal

121 **Aesculapius** Greco-Roman god of healing (the son of Apollo)

Act 3 Scene 3

3.3 ***Location:*** *Tarsus*

3 **litigious** contentious

4 **Take…you** i.e., I cannot thank you enough, the gods will fully reward you

6 **shakes of fortune** damaging shocks delivered by fortune **haunt you mortally** pursue you with lethal intent

7 **glance…us** touch us and amaze us

13 **Marina** “child of the sea” (from Latin *mare*)

15 **charge…withal** entrust to your kindness/burden your kindness with

16 **of** in

17 **she…born** her behavior may match her high status

20 **for…fall** the people constantly bless Pericles/the people should always bless Pericles

21 **neglection** negligence

22 **common body** people of Tarsus

24 **that** i.e., that duty **a spur** encouragement

26 **To…generation** until all procreation stops/until Cleon’s descendants die out

28 **to’t** to do it

31 **show ill in’t** (shall) look unattractive

32 **blessèd** fortunate

35 **respect** esteem/fondness or care/attention

39 **masked** deceptively calm/withdrawn

Act 3 Scene 4

3.4 ***Location:*** *Ephesus*

2 **coffer** coffin

3 **character** handwriting

4 **shipped at** sent to

5 **even on** just at **eaning time** time of giving birth (**eaning** means "lambing," but writers also use it of humans)

6 **whether there delivered** whether I gave birth there

7 **rightly** accurately

9 **vestal livery** a virgin priestess' clothing; Vestal Virgins tended the sacred fire in the temple of Vesta, Roman goddess of the hearth

11 **this…speak** you mean to do as you say

13 **abide…expire** stay for the rest of your life

16 **recompense** payment

Act 4 Chorus

2 **to** in accordance with

4 **there's** there is/there as **votaress** priestess

5 **bend** direct/turn

6 **fast-growing** i.e., because fourteen years have passed

8 **music's letters** the study of music

10 **heart and place** focal point

12 **wrack** ruin/destruction

13 **earnèd** justified

15 **kind** manner

17 **ripe** mature/sexually available

18 **Hight** is called (deliberately archaic) **Philoten** the name is taken from Gower's *Confessio Amantis*

19 **For certain** assuredly

21 **sleded** separated into fine threads, ready to be used in weaving or embroidery

22 **small** slender

23 **nee'le** needle

24 **cambric** fine white linen originally made in Cambrai, France **sound** strong (the embroidery covers the fabric, making it stronger)

26 **night-bird** nightingale

27 **records with moan** sings in a mournful fashion/recalls sadly; alludes to the classical legend of Philomela, raped by her brother-in-law Tereus and eventually transformed into a nightingale

28 **rich** eloquent **constant** consistent/loyal

29 **Vail** pay homage

31 **absolute** incomparable

32 **dove of Paphos** white dove sacred to Venus, who rose from the waves near Paphos in Cyprus

33 **Vie feathers white** compete to see which had the whiter feathers

35 **as given** as compliments **darks** eclipses

36 **graceful marks** attractive characteristics/signs of virtue

37 **rare** exceptional

38 **present** immediate

41 **stead** assist

44 **pregnant** ready/compliant
45 **Pressed** pushed forward/forced into service
46 **content** pleasure (in watching the play)
47 **wingèd Time** Time was represented as an old man with wings
48 **Post** quickly **lame…rhyme** halting verse **feet** metrical units
49 **never…way** I could not express (**convey**) without the help of your imaginations

Act 4 Scene 1

4.1 ***Location:*** *Tarsus*

3 **soon** quickly

5 **love** i.e., love for Marina

7 **be…purpose** behave like a soldier and do your job

8 **goodly** attractive

9 **fitter** more appropriate

10 **only** one and only

11 **Thou art resolved** you have decided

13 **Tellus** Roman goddess of the earth **weed** garment/clothing

14 **green** the green grass of the grave

17 **Ay me** alas

19 **lasting** perpetual

20 **Whirring** rushing/whirling

21 **How now** what is the matter **keep** remain

22 **How chance** how does it happen that

23 **sorrowing** sighing (thought to waste the blood and cause ill-health)

24 **Have…me** make me your nurse **favour's** appearance is

26 **o'er…margent** along the edge of the sea (i.e., on the seashore)

27 **quick** invigorating

28 **stomach** appetite

33 **With…heart** i.e., as if we were relatives/of the same nation

35 **Our…reports** our unequalled beauty, as all agree (**paragon** plays on sense of "rival") **blasted** blighted/withered

38 **courses** interests

39 **reserve** preserve

48 **warrant** promise/assure

50 **softly** slowly/gently **heat your blood** overexert yourself

59 **Galling** chafing/rubbing **haling** pulling/hauling

65 **ladder tackle** ropes or a rope ladder in the rigging of the ship

66 **canvas climber** sailor climbing in the rigging **wolt out** are you going

67 **dropping** dripping **industry** toil/labor

68 **stem to stern** from the front to the back of the ship **boatswain** ship's chief officer

79 **by my troth** a mild expletive, meaning "by my faith" **troth** truth

82 **la** an exclamation (like “indeed”)

88 **commission** order

91 **well favoured** of a good appearance/pleasant-looking **foreshow** indicate

93 **caught hurt** received an injury

94 **Good sooth** in good truth (a mild expletive)

99 **prize** ship or property captured at sea

100 **Half part** fair shares (either in selling Marina or in raping her)

101 **have** carry **suddenly** immediately

102 **roguing** villainous **Valdes** may refer to Pedro de Valdes, a Spanish admiral in the Armada fleet of 1588

106 **please themselves upon** i.e., rape

108 **ravished** abducted/raped

Act 4 Scene 2

4.2 ***Location:*** *Mytilene* ***three bawds*** the term “bawd” (one who sells another person for sex) could still be used of both sexes ***Pander*** a stereotypical name for a male bawd, derived from Pandarus who brought Troilus and Cressida together ***Bolt*** a projectile or a pin for fastening (both with phallic associations), “to bolt” means “to sift”

3 **narrowly** carefully **Mytilene** chief town of the Greek island of Lesbos

4 **gallants** fashionable young men **mart** market

6 **creatures** servants (i.e., whores)

7 **but poor three** only three

8 **action** sexual action

9 **rotten** diseased (“rot” means venereal disease)

10 **fresh** inexperienced/undiseased

11 **If…trade** if we don’t conscientiously provide our customers with good products (**conscience** also carries sexual puns: to have a ready **conscience** is to have an erection, and con is a slang term for the vagina)

13 **’Tis…bastards** i.e., bringing up the prostitutes’ bastard children does not make us a profit

16 **to…again** and lowered them to prostitution as soon as they turned eleven

18 **stuff** prostitutes (used to refer to the genitals and to goods)

19 **blow…pieces** make them fall apart/disintegrate as a result of syphilis

20 **sodden** suffering from syphilis (i.e., stewed, as if in a sweating tub)

21 **unwholesome** diseased

22 **o’conscience** on my conscience (a mild expletive)

23 **baggage** slut

24 **pooped** infected or killed with venereal disease (“poop” is a slang term for female genitals)

25 **roast…worms** a meal for worms **roast meat** a body corrupted by venereal disease

27 **chequins** Italian gold coins (zecchini), worth between seven shillings, and nine shillings and a sixpence

28 **proportion** portion/fortune **give over** i.e., retire

30 **get** gain/make money (can also mean breed/copulate)

31 **our…danger** a good reputation isn’t gained as easily as profits (**commodity**), nor do the profits measure up to the risks (with a pun on **commodity**, referring to the whores)

33 **if…hatched** if we could earn enough while we were young, it would not be a mistake to close our door to business

35 **sore** severe

36 **the…o’er** the gods’ disapproval should encourage us to retire

38 **sorts** kinds/social ranks/professions **as…we** in addition to us; the Pander takes it to mean “as skillfully as we do”

40 **profession** career; puns on “profession” in the sense of “declaration of love”

41 **calling** vocation

42 **Come your ways** come along

45 **gone through** bargained (puns on “go,” to copulate)

46 **piece** piece of flesh: a pejorative term for a woman or girl **so** well and good

47 **earnest** deposit

48 **qualities** accomplishments

50 **there’s…refused** i.e., these are all the qualities she needs

53 **be bated** get it reduced (by) **do it** a small Dutch coin, worth around one-eighth of a penny (i.e., a negligible amount)

54 **pieces** gold pieces (often refers to the *unite* of James I, worth about twenty shillings)

56 **presently** immediately

58 **raw** unpolished **entertainment** reception of her clients

59 **marks** characteristics

61 **warrant** assurance/guarantee

66 **Performance shall follow** I will do as you say (puns on sexual **performance**)

73 **done their part** done well by you/fulfilled their obligations in you

76 **are light** have fallen (**light** can also mean wanton/promiscuous)

77 **like** likely

78 **fault** misfortune

82 **taste** have sexual knowledge of

83 **of all fashions** of all kinds/manners

84 **difference** range/variety **complexions** constitutions/appearances

87 **an** if

89 **honest** chaste/respectable

90 **Marry** by the Virgin Mary (a mild oath) **whip the gosling** confound the little fool; prostitutes were called geese, so a **gosling** might be a young or inexperienced prostitute

91 **something…you** have some trouble with you (with a sexual pun on do)

92 **sapling** a young tree **bowed** made to bend

95 **by** by means of

96 **comfort** give (sexual pleasure) to **feed** sexually gratify

97 **stir you up** arouse you

98 **cried her** advertised her

100 **almost…hairs** in minute detail/any number of times

106 **testament** will

107 **Spaniard** syphilis was known as "the Spanish pox" **went…to** was aroused by

109 **his best ruff** may indicate the Spaniard's pleasure at the report of Marina and has further sexual connotations; **ruff** was frequently used to refer to the female genitalia and a torn **ruff** could be an emblem of the wearer's moral frailty

111 **Tonight, tonight!** i.e., he'll be here tonight

112 **French** syphilis was also known as "the French pox" **cowers i'th'hams** is bow-legged, indicating his sexual debility

113 **Veroles** from French *vérole*, "syphilis"

114 **offered** to attempted **cut a caper** leap or dance for joy; to **caper** can also mean to fornicate

115 **he…it** the attempt made him groan in pain

117 **he…hither** he was already suffering from syphilis

118 **repair** cure/renew

119 **in our shadow** under our roof **scatter…sun** refers to the baldness caused by syphilis and to French gold coins

121 **traveller** visitor (puns on "travail," painful or laborious effort, used as a euphemism for sexual activity)

122 **lodge** house/intercept **this sign** either the sign of the brothel or Marina herself

124 **You…you** i.e., you will earn a lot of money (with a sexual pun on **coming upon**)

126 **despise** seem to despise

128 **makes** encourages

129 **mere** clear

132 **take her home** talk plainly to her

134 **present** immediate **practice** sexual activity

136 **shame** modesty/reluctance **which…warrant** which she is entitled to do (may refer to the bride or to Marina)

138 **Faith…not** i.e., some of the brides are bashful, others are not

140 **cut…spit** cut some meat from the joint while it is still roasting/have sex with Marina before the customers do

143 **manner** fashion

148 **sojourner** guest

149 **you'll…custom** i.e., the greater number of customers they have, the more Bolt will earn in tips

150 **this piece** i.e., Marina **piece** girl/masterpiece **good turn** favor/good sexual experience

151 **paragon** embodiment of perfection

153 **warrant** promise/assure **thunder…inclined** just as thunder rouses eels from the mud, the description of Marina will (sexually) arouse the brothel's customers (the phallic **eels** are paralleled with the customers' penises)

154 **giving out** advertising

155 **stirs up** arouses **lewdly inclined** lecherous

157 **Come your ways** come along

159 **Untried…keep** i.e., I will protect my virginity

160 **aid my purpose** i.e., help me

Act 4 Scene 3

4.3 ***Location:*** *Tarsus*

7 **blood** rank/social status

8 **crown** ruler

9 **I'th'justice of compare** in a fair comparison

11 **drunk…face** if Dionyza had merely toasted him, sparing his life, it would have been an act that suited her appearance better

14 **Nurses…preserve** those who look after a child cannot control its destiny as the Fates can, to raise it is not to make it live forever

16 **cross** deny

18 **for…attribute** to get a reputation for honesty

20 **go to** an expression of irritation

24 **petty…Pericles** alludes to the folklore tradition in which secret murders are revealed by birds **petty** small/weak **hence** from here

25 **open** reveal

29 **but…consent** merely gave his approval, not his initial consent **approbation** expression of approval

30 **did not** would not **flow…courses** derive from honorable origins (**courses**)

33 **came dead** i.e., came to be dead

38 **blurted at** derided **malkin** wench/slut

39 **Not…day** not worth greeting

40 **course** course of action

41 **You…loving** i.e., because you don't love your own child very much

42 **greets me** presents itself to me **enterprise of kindness** action motivated by natural affection

46 **yet** still

47 **epitaphs** inscriptions on her tomb

48 **characters** letters

49 **general** universal

51 **like…talons** like the treacherous harpy, which uses its angelic face to deceive its victims, giving it the opportunity to seize them with its eagle's talons **harpy** mythological creature with a woman's face and torso and a bird of prey's wings and claws

55 **swear…flies** complain to the gods about something as natural as the winter killing flies/blame the death of flies on winter, rather than acknowledging your own guilt

Act 4 Second Chorus

1 **waste** quickly pass over **leagues** distances (a **league** is around three miles)

2 **cockles** seashells/small shell-shaped boats **and…for’t** just by wishing for it

3 **Making to** proceeding to (usually applied to ships)

4 **bourn** boundary/limit

6 **several** different **clime** country/region

8 **i’th’gaps** in time gaps (between the scenes represented)

9 **stages…story** i.e., both the periods of time and the places in which events occurred

10 **thwarting** crossing/defying **wayward** contrary/hostile

15 **late** recently

16 **time** due time

18 **Think…on** imagine that thought pilots Pericles, and let your imagination go with the steering of his ship

21 **motes** specks of dust/particles **shadows** spirits/illusions

22 **Your…reconcile** i.e., I’ll explain what you see

23 **foul show** hypocrisy

24 **borrowed** pretended/assumed **stands for** stands in for

29 **bears** carries (with him/inside him)

30 **tempest** i.e., raging emotions **mortal vessel** i.e., his body

31 **rides it out** survives it **wit** understand/be assured (perhaps archaic)

32 **is** that is

39 **Thetis…bestowed** the sea (**Thetis**—a sea nymph and the mother of the Greek hero Achilles, often confused (as here) with Tethys, the sister and wife of Oceanus) swelled with pride at the birth of Marina (**Thetis’ birth-child**), and the land, afraid of being swamped (**o’erflowed**), decided to give Marina to the heavens

42 **she** i.e., Thetis **stint** cease

43 **Make…flint** furiously beating against the rocky shore

44 **visor** mask

47 **bear** permit **courses** life (with a nautical pun; a **course** is the direction in which a ship sails) **orderèd** managed/dictated

48 **scene** stage

49 **heavy** sorrowful **well-a-day** lamentation/grief

Act 4 Scene 4

4.4 ***Location:*** *Mytilene*

4 **divinity** moral statements/talk about divine things

7 **bawdy houses** brothels **shall's** shall we ("shall us") **vestals** Vestal Virgins

9 **road** path; also a euphemism for the vagina **rutting** sexual activity

Act 4 Scene 5

1 **I...here** I would rather have lost twice what she is worth than have had her come here

4 **Priapus** god of fertility and lechery **undo...generation** prevent the conception of the next generation/make a whole generation unhappy/ruin us financially

6 **do...fitment** do that which is fitting/proper (with a sexual pun on **fit**)

7 **kindness** goodness/sexual favor

8 **quirks** verbal tricks/quibbles **master** main/principal

9 **puritan** person with strict (or apparently strict) religious or moral convictions

10 **cheapen** bargain for

11 **disfurnish** strip/deprive

12 ***cavalleria*** society of knights/gentlemen (from Italian), i.e., the regular customers of the brothel **swearers** people who use bad language/delinquents

14 **green-sickness** chlorosis, an anaemic disease (a metaphor for female sexual squeamishness) **for me** as far as I’m concerned

15 **rid on’t** rid of it

16 **the...pox** i.e., sexual intercourse

18 **loon** rogue/commoner

19 **peevish** silly/spiteful/perverse/coy **baggage** a worthless or immoral woman/slut **give way** yield sexually

21 **how** how much for

22 **the...bless** I pray the gods to bless/may the gods bless entirely

25 **that...legs** if your clients (**resorters**) appear healthy (**sound**) (with a sexual pun on **stand**)

26 **Wholesome iniquity** healthy sin

27 **deal withal** have sexual dealings with

30 **deeds of darkness** sexual acts (a common euphemism)

32 **what...say** what I am saying

35 **flesh** woman in a sexual capacity/whore/penis **blood** seat of sexual appetite/semen/may also refer to menstrual or hymeneal blood **white and red** a conventional description of female beauty

36 **rose** maid/maidenhead **if…but**— the missing words are probably “a thorn”; Bolt says that Marina is sexually inexperienced: she would be a true rose if only she would have (i.e., accept) a thorn (i.e., a penis)

39 **modest** decorous/chaste

40 **That…chaste** i.e., modesty gives a bawd a good reputation (**renown**), no less than it gives a good character (**report**) to any number of (probably unchaste) people

43 **that…yet** is a still virgin; Bolt reduces Marina to her virginity, which is a **rose** whose **stalk** has not yet been broken in being **plucked**

46 **she…sea** she would satisfy a sex-starved traveler

50 **have done presently** be done soon

52 **note** pay attention to the fact that

54 **worthily note** pay due respect to

57 **bound** obliged

58 **bound** subject

59 **in that** i.e., in his government

61 **virginal fencing** quibbling about/defense of your virginity

62 **use him kindly** treat him pleasantly/acquiesce to his sexual needs **He…gold** he will reward you financially and (it is implied) sexually (**line**, copulate with; white **aprons** were associated with whores)

64 **graciously** virtuously/through divine grace

67 **she’s…yet** she hasn’t yet been trained sexually **paced** smooth in her gait (used of a horse)

68 **work…manage** train her **manage** training of a horse

70 **Go thy ways** go along

72 **trade** profession, i.e., prostitution (euphemistically referred to as **trade**)

80 **go to’t** i.e., have sexual intercourse

81 **gamester** prostitute

84 **creature of sale** whore

86 **resort** attracting such clientele; “house of resort” is a euphemistic term for a brothel

87 **parts** qualities

89 **principal** mistress (i.e., the Bawd)

92 **herb-woman** a euphemistic title for the Bawd, playing on the sexual associations of **seed** and **root** in the following lines

93 **sets…iniquity** plants and nurtures sinful activities, with sexual puns on **seed** (semen) and **root** (penis)

96 **my…thee** i.e., I will wink at your offenses

99 **If…now** if you were born to rule, prove it

100 **If…it** if you were appointed to rule/have risen to noble status, validate the judgment of those who thought you worthy of that position

102 **sage** wise/discreet

105 **sty** brothel

106 **Diseases…physic** i.e., it costs more to buy a venereal disease (through buying a whore) than it does to pay for the treatment

109 **meanest** most humble

115 **clear** blameless/unstained

118 **be you thoughten** assure yourself

120 **savour** smell/reek

121 **piece of virtue** virtuous woman/outstanding example

122 **training** upbringing/education

128 **Avaunt** begone/go away **doorkeeper** pander

129 **prop it** hold it up

132 **course** course of action **peevish** silly/spiteful/perverse/coy

134 **cope** canopy (the sky)

135 **spaniel** proverbially submissive dog

136 **Whither…me?** what do you want of me, plays on sexual sense of “have”

138 **hangman…it** or I’ll have you executed (pun on **maidenhead** makes a common equation between sex and death)

148 **dealt…nobleman** i.e., liberally (in his sexual behavior and/or his financial reward)

152 **crack…virginity** take her virginity by force (**glass** alludes to the fragility of the hymen and of women’s sexual reputation)

154 **An if** if/even if **thornier…ground** i.e., an even more resistant victim (**ground**, woman as land vulnerable to tillage)

155 **ploughed** penetrated/raped

157 **conjures** invokes supernatural aid

160 **Marry, come up** an exclamation used to express indignant or amused surprise or contempt

161 **rosemary** used in cooking and as a decoration at weddings and funerals; recommended by some herbalists to induce menstruation or abortion **bays**

bay leaves are also used in cooking (perhaps puns on **bay**, vagina)

164 **the jewel** i.e., her virginity

167 **thing** with leering innuendo (**thing** can mean female genitalia)

168 **What…be?** i.e., what is the worst thing you could wish upon your enemy

172 **do…command** have the advantage of having authority over you

173 **place** position/job **painèd'st** most tormented

174 **change** exchange

175 **doorkeeper** pander

176 **Coistrel** knave/scoundrel **Tib** whore (a pet form of "Isabel," a general name for prostitutes)

177 **To…liable** you are vulnerable to the angry attack (**choleric fisting**) of any rogue

178 **thy…lungs** i.e., you take nourishment from something that is unhealthy

181 **would you** would you have me

182 **for…leg** only to end up losing a leg

186 **receptacles** containers/vessels **shores** waterside rubbish dumps or sewage channels

187 **by indenture** on a contract/as an apprentice

189 **professest** make a profession of **baboon** baboons were proverbially lustful

190 **own…dear** value his reputation too highly

194 **virtues** accomplishments

200 **basest groom** lowest scoundrel

204 **honest** virtuous/chaste

205 **my…little** I have few friends

210 **tractable** compliant/cooperative

211 **Come your ways** come along

Act 5 Chorus

3 **she…goddess-like** i.e., she dances as well as she sings

4 **lays** songs

5 **Deep** learned/erudite **clerks** scholars **dumbs** reduces to silence **nee'le** needle

7 **sisters** closely resembles

8 **inkle** linen tape/linen thread **silk** silk thread or the silk on which she embroiders **twin** are identical to **rubied** red

19 **His** its **sable** black (used in heraldry)

20 **hies** hurries

21 **supposing** imagination

22 **heavy** sorrowful **bark** ship

23 **what…action** i.e., what is acted **if might** if it were possible

Act 5 Scene 1

5.1 ***Location:*** *off the shore of Mytilene*

1 **resolve** satisfy/answer

9 **some of worth** someone of rank/value

10 **fairly** cordially/politely

12 **aught you would** anything you would like to know

14 **reverent** worthy of respect

16 **die…do** i.e., die honorably

18 **triumphs** festivities

21 **place** position/rank

24 **this** the past

26 **prorogue** prolong

27 **Upon…distemperature?** What is the cause of his mental disturbance?

28 **tedious** painful/tiresome

32 **bootless** fruitless/unavailing

36 **mortal** fatal

45 **chosen** choice/special **allure** win over

46 **make…stopped** i.e., penetrate the parts of his body that are currently so deafened that attempts to communicate can get only halfway in

48 **all happy** endowed with all good qualities

52 **effectless** useless

53 **bears recovery's name** can be called a cure

60 **graft** grafted plant

61 **inflict** afflict (with famine)

62 **at large** without restraint/in detail

67 **present** i.e., gift that may restore Pericles to health

68 **gallant** fine/splendid

70 **gentle kind** honorable family/lineage **stock** descent/ancestry

71 **rarely wed** i.e., married to an exceptional person

72 **consists** is embodied/resides

74 **prosperous** beneficial **artificial feat** skillful accomplishment

75 **aught** anything

76 **physic** treatment/medicine

80 **suffered** allowed ***The Song*** see text at end of Textual Notes, here.

84 **Marked he** did he notice

93 **justly weighed** assessed equally

94 **wayward** hostile/erratic **did…state** was hostile toward my welfare

97 **rooted out** torn up

98 **awkward casualties** perverse mishaps

100 **something…ear** i.e., something tells me **glows** flushes with expectation

107 **What countrywoman?** i.e., what is your nationality

112 **great** pregnant/heavy **deliver** give birth/speak

114 **square brows** high and broad forehead

115 **as wand-like straight** as straight as a rod

117 **cased** enclosed **pace** gait/movement **Juno** Roman goddess, wife of Jupiter, renowned for stately beauty

118 **starves…speech** i.e., the more she says, the more they want to hear

124 **to owe** by owning them

129 **Modest as justice** alludes to the virginal goddess of justice, Astraea **thou…in** i.e., you seem to be virtuous enough for truth to make its home in you

131 **relation** story

132 **To** even to

133 **friends** relatives

141 **opened** revealed/made plain

144 **warrant** tell/assure **likely** appropriate

147 **my endurance** what I have endured

149 **Patience** i.e., a statue of Patience on a tomb

150 **Extremity** hardship **act** action

172 **Motion?** i.e., can you move

180 **Delivered weeping** said tearfully

182 **dulled** gloomy/lethargic

183 **withal** with

184 **buried** who I thought was buried

188 **by the syllable** in every word

194 **drawn** drawn his sword

197 **Whither…me?** i.e., where are your questions leading

198 **imposture** imposter **good faith** truly

200 **be** lives

204 **general** all things

205 **like** likely

209 **Speaks** who speaks
212 **still** silent/motionless
214 **Give…gash** wound me **present** immediate
216 **O'erbear** overwhelm
218 **beget'st** gives life to
221 **as…us** with shouts as loud as the thunder with which they threaten us
225 **did ever sleep** were laid to rest
239 **When** whereupon **justify in knowledge** assure yourself beyond all doubt
245 **wild…beholding** made delirious by what I see
248 **doubt** have suspicions about
249 **sure** certainly
252 **music…spheres** harmony supposedly produced by the movement of stars and planets on the concentric spheres thought to surround the earth
List listen
253 **cross** contradict/challenge
254 **Rarest** most splendid/exceptional
257 **nips** compels
261 **answer…belief** prove true, as I expect
262 **well remember** recall you vividly/reward you handsomely
263 **Hie thee thither** go there quickly
265 **maiden** virginal/chaste
268 **crosses** trials/misfortunes **Call** speak out loudly/declare
269 **give…life** describe them faithfully
271 **silver bow** i.e., crescent moon
273 **argentine** silvery
276 **purpose was for** intention was to go to
279 **blown** swollen/wind-driven **eftsoons** shortly

Act 5 Second Chorus

2 **More a little** a little more

3 **boon** request/favor

5 **aptly** easily/readily

7 **minstrelsy** noisy music **pretty din** pleasing noise

11 **wise** way

12 **he** i.e., Pericles

13 **bound** i.e., by his promise to Diana/on his way

14 **interim…confound** make the intervening time seem as nothing

15 **feathered briefness** the speed of a bird in flight

20 **by…doom** thanks to the consent of your imagination

Act 5 Scene 2

5.2	***Location:***	*Ephesus*
1	**just**	righteous/exact
2	**confess**	admit/proclaim
7	**Wears…livery**	i.e., is still a virgin
9	**stars**	fortune/destiny
10	**against…Riding**	as we were anchored
14	**favour**	appearance
19	**reverend appearer**	person who appears reverend
32	**sanctity**	i.e., religious vows
33	**sense** **bend** **licentious**	i.e., desire direct lustful
34	**curb** **spite of seeing**	restrain in spite of what I see
46	**sports**	amusements/entertainments
54	**yielded**	born
59	**substitute**	deputy
66	**How possibly preserved**	by what possible means you were preserved
72	**officer**	agent
77	**all**	all that
78	**came placèd**	came to be placed
82	**Night oblations**	nightly/evening prayers
83	**fair**	handsome
85	**this ornament**	i.e., Pericles' beard and long hair
86	**Makes** **to form**	which makes into shape
89	**of good credit**	credible
91	**there**	in Pentapolis
94	**son**	i.e., Lysimachus
95	**do…stay**	i.e., frustrate our longing
96	**untold**	that is untold

Epilogue

4 **keen harsh/cruel**
5 **fell** cruel/savage
7 **descry** see/discover
8 **figure** emblem
10 **aye** always/forever
11 **fame** report/rumor
12 **to** against
13 **to…turn** the citizens become angry
15 **so** in this manner
16 **although…meant** even though it was not done, but only intended

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

The Two Noble Kinsmen, written in collaboration with John Fletcher, is a dramatization of the first and noblest of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, the tragic "Knight's Tale." Two near-brothers fall out with each other because of their shared desire for a woman: it is a theme familiar from many earlier Shakespearean works. Stylistic studies suggest that Shakespeare was primarily responsible for the first and last acts, Fletcher for the middle of the play. The most touching scenes are the non-Chaucerian ones featuring the Jailer's Daughter who runs mad as a result of her unrequited love for the dashing Palamon. These sequences were written by Fletcher in the style of Shakespeare: the junior partner was manifestly under the influence of one of his collaborator's most celebrated creations: the demented Ophelia.

In the final act, written in the supple blank verse that is characteristic of late Shakespeare, the kinsmen fight for Emilia by way of chivalric single combat. Arcite dedicates himself to Mars, the god of war, on the grounds that this will be the best way of winning the martial contest. Palamon, on the other hand, dedicates himself to Venus, goddess of love, on the grounds that love is at issue. Emilia admires both men equally; she sensibly prays to Diana, goddess of chastity, that either the one who loves her best should win or, failing this, that they should both be killed, leaving her a perpetual virgin. There appears to be a tragic bind: since Arcite has prayed to Mars, he will win the joust, but since Palamon has prayed to Venus, he deserves the love prize. Fortune ends up playing a subtle game: in the words of Theseus, who presides over the action, "the conquered triumphs, / The victor has the loss." Arcite wins the day, but only for an instant: he is mortally injured in a riding accident in his very victory parade. As is appropriate, the romantic hero Palamon is granted his romance with Emilia. But this "comic" requital has only been made possible by the suffering of others. "O cousin," laments Palamon, "That we should things desire, which do cost us / The loss of our desire! That nought could buy / Dear love, but loss of dear love!” This paradox comes to the heart of Shakespeare and Fletcher’s tragicomic vision of the world.

With its wedding and funeral processions, its morris dance featuring a countryman dressed as a baboon, and its knights prostrating themselves before the temples of various classical deities, *The Two Noble Kinsmen* appealed to the taste for spectacle that characterized the later Jacobean theater. The preponderance of special effects may have been the result of its being written during the period when the Globe Theatre was being rebuilt after the fire of 1613: this seems to have been one of the very few King’s Men plays written specifically for the smaller indoor Blackfriars Theatre, an intimate space where artificial effects could be more precisely controlled than in the rowdy outdoor arena of the Globe. Strikingly, the epilogue ends “Gentlemen, goodnight,” a reminder that the audience at the Blackfriars, close to the Inns of Court, was much more male-dominated than that at the Globe.

Although the play draws on the fashions of its time, it also looks back to Shakespeare’s Elizabethan comedies. The title echoes *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and the long central sequence in which assorted love tangles are played out in a wood outside Athens is structurally highly reminiscent of *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*. At times, both the language and the treatment of the relationship between friendship and sexuality suggest that Shakespeare was revisiting old territory even as he was learning from some of the new techniques of Fletcher.

One passage in particular takes him back into the vein of *Dream* and his bestselling love-poem *Venus and Adonis*. Ovid’s *Metamorphoses* become once again a template for reflections on desire and identity. Emilia remembers Flavina, whom she loved as a girl, and the way that they would each place flowers between their swelling breasts, which became an “innocent cradle, where phoenix-like / They died in perfume.” The dying flower in *Venus and Adonis* is an emblem of unrequited love. The phoenix and the turtle in Shakespeare’s marriage poem published with Robert Chester’s *Loves Martyr* are emblems of reciprocal love between male and female. In Emilia’s image, the paired flowers become two phoenixes, with the wonderful contradiction of the bird’s defining uniqueness proclaiming the perfection of same-sex love. The speech ends with the claim that “the true love ’tween maid and maind may be / More than in sex dividual.” *The*

Two Noble Kinsmen is a tragedy because same-sex love is disrupted by heterosexual desire and the conflicting demands of the different gods that are enacted in the sacrifices before their altars in the final act. The momentary fusion of the two pubescent girls remembered by Emilia cannot be replicated between Palamon and Arcite. Shakespeare's final representation of sexual relations is uncompromising. Whereas *A Midsummer Night's Dream* moved toward a celebration of the nuptials of Theseus and Hippolyta, *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, from the first disruptive entry of the three widowed queens, moves rapidly away from that union. The lost Flavina is a version of the dead votaress whom Titania loved, but one who dies before the fall into sexuality that brings so much confusion to Shakespeare's comedies. She is the mark of a yearning in Shakespeare for a kind of presexual love, free from the quest for mastery.

KEY FACTS

AUTHORSHIP: By Shakespeare and **John Fletcher**. Active collaboration is generally assumed, but the possibility of Fletcher taking over an incomplete Shakespearean work cannot be ruled out. Most scholars agree on the following division of labor, whereby Shakespeare wrote the beginning and end, Fletcher the middle (including the Jailer's Daughter subplot):

Prologue	Fletcher
Act 1	Shakespeare
2.1	Shakespeare
2.2–2.6	Fletcher
3.1–3.2	Shakespeare (some doubt about 3.2)
rest of Act 3	Fletcher
Act 4	Fletcher (some doubt about 4.2)
5.1	Shakespeare (some doubt about opening 38 lines)
5.2	Fletcher
5.3–5.4	Shakespeare
Epilogue	Fletcher

PLOT: On the day planned for his wedding to Hippolyta, Duke Theseus of Athens is petitioned by three queens to go to war against King Creon of Thebes, who has deprived their dead husbands of proper burial rites. In Thebes, the "two noble kinsmen," Palamon and Arcite, realize that their own hatred of Creon's tyranny must be put aside while their native city is in danger, but in spite of their valor in battle it is Theseus who is victorious. Imprisoned in Athens, the cousins catch sight of Hippolyta's sister, Emilia, and both fall instantly in love with her. Arcite is set free, but disguises himself rather than return to Thebes, while Palamon escapes with the help of the Jailer's Daughter, who loves him. Meeting each other, the kinsmen agree that mortal combat between them must decide the issue, but they are discovered by Theseus who is persuaded to revoke his sentence of death and instead decrees that a tournament shall decide which cousin is to be married to the indecisive Emilia and which is to lose his head. The Jailer's Daughter has been driven mad by unrequited love, but accepts her former suitor when he pretends to be Palamon. Before the tournament Arcite makes a lengthy invocation to Mars, while Palamon prays to Venus, and Emilia to Diana—for victory to go to the one who loves her best. Although Arcite triumphs, he is thrown from his horse before the death sentence on Palamon can be carried out, and with his last breath bequeaths Emilia to his friend.

MAJOR PARTS: *(with percentage of lines/number of speeches/scenes on stage)* Palamon (18%/139/8), Arcite (16%/132/10), Emilia (11%/64/10), Theseus (10%/70/9), Jailer's Daughter (10%/54/9), Jailer (4%/64/5), Pirithous (4%/37/9), Wooer (3%/38/3), Hippolyta (3%/25/9), Schoolmaster (3%/19/1), Doctor (2%/30/2), First Queen (2%/12/3).

LINGUISTIC MEDIUM: 95% verse, 5% prose.

DATE: 1613–14. Morris dance borrows from Francis Beaumont's *Masque of the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn*, February 1613; alluded to in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* (first performed October 1614); ‘‘our losses’’ in the Prologue probably refers to the Globe fire of June 1613; probably first performed at Blackfriars Theatre in the winter season of 1613–14.

SOURCES: Based on Chaucer's ‘‘Knight's Tale’’ (the debt is specifically acknowledged in the Prologue, as with the debt to Gower in *Pericles*). There is no direct source for the Jailer's Daughter subplot, but the influence of *Hamlet* is strong. The striking opening sequence of a royal wedding interrupted by harbingers of royal death may be shaped by recent public events: the wedding of King James' daughter, Princess Elizabeth, was planned for January 1613, but postponed because of the death in November 1612 of Prince Henry, heir to the throne.

TEXT: Not in the First Folio, presumably because it was thought to belong to the canon of the living Fletcher as much as the dead Shakespeare. Published in Quarto in 1634, as ''Presented at the Blackfriers by the Kings Maiesties servants, with great applause: Written by the memorableWorthies of their time: Mr John Fletcher, and MrWilliam Shakspeare. Gent[lemen].'' Thomas Cotes, the printer, also produced a new Quarto of *Pericles* the following year: the two plays may have been intended as an addendum to the Shakespeare Second Folio of 1632, which was also printed by Cotes. A well-printed text, perhaps based on a scribal transcript of the authors' manuscript, but with theatrical annotation. Some of the stage directions are intended for the bookkeeper, who acted as stage manager, preparing props backstage; they are proof of the theatrical origin of the text and of great interest in revealing stage practice. The text was reprinted in the Second Folio (1679) of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Comedies and Tragedies*.

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

The **PROLOGUE**
Thebans
THREE QUEENS, widows of besiegers of Thebes
ARCITE
PALAMON
Cousins,
and nephews to Creon, King of Thebes
VALERIUS
THREE KNIGHTS, Arcite’s supporters
THREE KNIGHTS, Palamon’s supporters
Athenians
THESEUS, Duke of Athens
PIRITHOUS, Theseus’ friend
HIPPOLYTA, Amazon queen, Theseus’ bride
EMILIA, Hippolyta’s sister
WAITING WOMAN, attendant on Emilia
Artesius, an **OFFICER** of Theseus
HERALD
JAILER
JAILER’S DAUGHTER
WOOER of Jailer’s daughter
JAILER’S BROTHER
TWO FRIENDS of Jailer
DOCTOR
Gerald, a **SCHOOLMASTER**
FIVE COUNTRYMEN: Areas, Rycas, Sennois and two others
FIVE COUNTRYWOMEN: Barbary, Friz, Luce, Maudlin, Nell
TIMOTHY, a **TABORER**
Actor playing a **BABOON**
GENTLEMEN
EXECUTIONER
TWO MESSENGERS

BOY singer	performers in the wedding procession
HYMEN	
NYMPHS	

The EPILOGUE
Other Servants, Guards and Attendants

Prologue

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*Flourish.** *[Enter the Prologue]*
New plays and maidenheads[1] are near akin:
Much followed[2] both, for both much money gi’en,
If they stand[3] sound and well. And a good play —
Whose modest scenes blush on his marriage day,
And shake[5] to lose his honour — is like her
That after holy tie and first night’s stir[6]
Yet still is Modesty, and still retains
More of the maid, to sight, than husband’s pains.[8]
We pray our play may be so, for I am sure
It has a noble breeder[10] and a pure,
A learnèd, and a poet never went[11]
More famous yet ’twixt Po[12] and silver Trent.
Chaucer — of all admired — the story gives,
There,[14] constant to eternity, it lives.
If we let fall[15] the nobleness of this
And the first sound this child hear be a hiss,
How will it shake the bones of that good man
And make him cry from under ground, ‘O, fan[18]
From me the witless chaff of such a writer
That blasts my bays[20] and my famed works makes lighter
Than Robin Hood![21]’ This is the fear we bring,
For, to say truth, it were an endless[22] thing
And too ambitious to aspire to him,
Weak as we are, and almost breathless swim
In this deep water. Do[25] but you hold out
Your helping hands and we shall tack about,[26]
And something do to save us: you shall hear
Scenes, though below his art, may yet appear
Worth two hours’ travel. To his bones sweet sleep,
Content to you. If this play do not keep
A little dull time from us, we perceive
Our losses fall so thick, we must needs leave.[32]

Flourish. [Exit]

Act 1 [Scene 1][1.1]

running scene 1

Music. Enter Hymen with a torch burning, a Boy, in a white robe, before, singing and strewing flowers; after Hymen, a Nymph, encompassed in her tresses, bearing a wheaten garland. Then Theseus between two other Nymphs with wheaten chaplets on their heads. Then Hippolyta the bride, led by [Pirithous], and another holding a garland over her head, her tresses likewise hanging. After her Emilia, holding up her train.

The song

BOY Roses their sharp spines being gone,
Not royal[2] in their smells alone,
But in their hue.
Maiden pinks, of odour faint,
Daisies smell-less, yet most quaint[5]
And sweet thyme true.

Primrose, first-born child of Ver,[7]
Merry springtime's harbinger,[8]
With harebells dim,
Oxlips in their cradles[10] growing,
Marigolds on deathbeds blowing,[11]
Lark's-heels[12] trim.

All dear Nature's children sweet,
Lie 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,

Strew flowers

Blessing their sense.[15]
Not an angel of the air,
Bird melodious, or bird fair,
Is absent hence.

The crow, the sland'rous[19] cuckoo, nor
The boding[20] raven, nor chough hoar
Nor chatt'ring 'pie,[21]
May on our bride-house[22] perch or sing,

Or with them any discord bring,
But from it fly.

Enter three Queens in black, with veils stained, with imperial crowns. The First Queen falls down at the foot of Theseus, the second falls down at the foot of Hippolyta, the third before Emilia

FIRST QUEEN For pity's sake and true gentility's, ***To Theseus***
Hear and respect[26] me.

SECOND QUEEN For your mother's sake ***To Hippolyta***
And as you wish your womb may thrive with fair ones,
Hear and respect me,

THIRD QUEEN Now for the love of him whom Jove[30] hath marked ***To Emilia***
The honour[31] of your bed and for the sake
Of clear virginity, be advocate
For us and our distresses: this good deed
Shall raze[34] you out o'th'book of trespasses
All you are set down there.

THESEUS Sad lady, rise. ***To First Queen***

HIPPOLYTA Stand up. ***To Second Queen***

EMILIA No knees[38] to me. ***To Third Queen***
What woman I may stead[39] that is distressed
Does bind me to her.

Second and Third Queens may rise here while First Queen continues to kneel, or all three may continue kneeling

THESEUS What's your request? ***To First Queen*** Deliver you for all.

FIRST QUEEN We are three queens, whose sovereigns fell before
The wrath of cruel Creon,[43] who endured
The beaks of ravens, talons of the kites
And pecks of crows in the foul fields of Thebes.
He will not suffer[46] us to burn their bones,
To urn their ashes, nor to take th'offence
Of mortal loathsomeness from the blest eye
Of holy Phoebus,[49] but infects the winds
With stench of our slain lords. O pity, duke,
Thou purger[51] of the earth, draw thy feared sword
That does good turns to th'world: give us the bones

Of our dead kings that we may chapel[53] them:
And of[54] thy boundless goodness take some note
That for our crownèd heads we have no roof,
Save this which is the lion's and the bear's,
And vault[57] to everything.

THESEUS Pray you, kneel not:
I was transported[59] with your speech and suffered
Your knees to wrong themselves. I have heard the fortunes
Of your dead lords, which gives me such lamenting
As wakes my vengeance and revenge for 'em.—
King Capaneus was your lord. The day ***To First Queen***
That he should[64] marry you, at such a season
As now it is with me, I met your groom.
By Mars's[66] altar you were that time fair:
Not Juno's[67] mantle fairer than your tresses,
Nor in more bounty spread her. Your[68] wheaten wreath
Was then nor threshed nor blasted: Fortune at you
Dimpled her cheek with smiles. Hercules[70] our kinsman —
Then weaker than your eyes — laid by his club:
He tumbled down upon his Nemean[72] hide
And swore his sinews thawed.[73] O grief and time,
Fearful consumers, you will all devour!

FIRST QUEEN O, I hope some god,
Some god hath put his mercy in your manhood,
Whereto[77] he'll infuse power, and press you forth
Our undertaker.[78]

THESEUS O, no knees, none, widow!
Unto the helmeted Bellona[80] use them,
And pray for me, your soldier. ***First Queen rises***
Troubled I am.

Turns away

SECOND QUEEN Honoured Hippolyta, ***Kneeling***
Most dreaded Amazonian, that hast slain
The scythe-tusked boar, that with thy arm, as strong
As it is white, wast[86] near to make the male
To thy sex captive, but that this thy lord

Born to uphold[88] creation in that honour
First nature styled it in, shrunk thee into
The bound[90] thou wast o'er-flowing, at once subduing
Thy force and thy affection, soldieress,
That equally canst poise[92] sternness with pity,
Whom now I know hast much more power on him
Than ever he had on thee, who ow'st[94] his strength
And his love too, who is a servant for
The tenor[96] of the speech, dear glass of ladies:
Bid him that we, whom flaming war doth scorch,
Under the shadow of his sword may cool us:
Require him he advance it o'er our heads.
Speak't in a woman's key,[100] like such a woman
As any of us three: weep ere you fail,
Lend[102] us a knee,
But touch the ground for us no longer time
Than a dove's motion when the head's plucked off.
Tell him if he i'th'blood-sized[105] field lay swoll'n,
Showing the sun his teeth, grinning at the moon,
What you would do.
HIPPOLYTA Poor lady say no more:
I had as lief[109] trace this good action with you
As that whereto I am going, and never yet
Went I so willing way. My lord is taken[111]
Heart deep with your distress: let him consider:
I'll speak anon. ***Second Queen rises***
THIRD QUEEN O, my petition was
Kneel to Emilia
Set[115] down in ice, which by hot grief uncandied
Melts into drops: so sorrow wanting form[116]
Is pressed[117] with deeper matter.
EMILIA Pray stand up:
Your grief is written in your cheek.
THIRD QUEEN O, woe, ***Third Queen rises***
You cannot read it there: there, through my tears,
Like wrinkled pebbles in a glass stream,

You may behold ’em — lady, lady, alack —
He that will all the treasure know o’th’earth
Must know[125] the centre too: he that will fish
For my least minnow, let him lead his line
To catch one at my heart. O, pardon me,
Extremity, that sharpens sundry wits,[128]
Makes me a fool.
EMILIA Pray you say nothing, pray you.
Who cannot feel nor see the rain, being in’t,
Knows neither wet nor dry. If that you were
The ground-piece[133] of some painter, I would buy you
T’instruct me gainst[134] a capital grief indeed
Such heart-pierced demonstration: but alas,
Being a natural[136] sister of our sex,
Your sorrow beats so ardently[137] upon me
That it shall[138] make a counter-reflect gainst
My brother’s heart, and warm it to some pity,
Though it were made of stone. Pray have good comfort.
THESEUS Forward to th’temple! Leave not out a jot[141]
O’th’sacred ceremony.
FIRST QUEEN O, this celebration
Will longer last and be more costly than
Your suppliants’[145] war! Remember that your fame
Knolls[146] in the ear o’th’world: what you do quickly
Is not done rashly: your first thought is more
Than others’ laboured meditance,[148] your pre-meditating
More than their actions. But, O Jove, your actions,
Soon as they move, as ospreys[150] do the fish,
Subdue before they touch. Think, dear duke, think
What beds our slain kings have.
SECOND QUEEN What griefs our beds,
That our dear lords have none.
THIRD QUEEN None fit for th’dead:
Those that with cords, knives, drams’[156] precipitance,
Weary of this world’s light, have to themselves
Been death’s most horrid agents, humane grace

Affords them dust and shadow.
FIRST QUEEN But our lords
Lie blist’ring ’fore the visitating[161] sun,
And were good kings, when living.
THESEUS It is true, and I will give you comfort,
To give[164] your dead lords graves:
The which to do must make some work with Creon.
FIRST QUEEN And that work presents[166] itself to th’doing:
Now ’twill take form, the heats are gone tomorrow:
Then, bootless[168] toil must recompense itself
With its own sweat: now he’s secure,
Not dreams, we stand before your puissance[170]
Rinsing our holy begging in our eyes
To make petition clear.[172]
SECOND QUEEN Now you may take him,
Drunk with his victory.
THIRD QUEEN And his army full
Of bread and sloth.
THESEUS Artesius, that best knowest ***To Officer***
How to draw out[178] fit to this enterprise
The prim’st[179] for this proceeding and the number
To carry such a business, forth and levy[180]
Our worthiest instruments,[181] whilst we dispatch
This grand act of our life, this daring deed
Of fate in wedlock.
FIRST QUEEN Dowagers, take hands. ***To the other Queens***
Let us be widows[185] to our woes: delay
Commends us to a famishing[186] hope.
ALL QUEENS Farewell.
SECOND QUEEN We come unseasonably: but when could grief
Cull[189] forth, as unpanged judgement can, fitt’st time
For best solicitation?
THESEUS Why, good ladies,
This is a service,[192] whereto I am going,
Greater than any war: it more imports[193] me
Than all the actions that I have foregone,[194]

Or futurely can cope.[195]
FIRST QUEEN The more proclaiming[196]
Our suit shall be neglected, when her arms,
Able to lock[198] Jove from a synod, shall
By warranting[199] moonlight corslet thee: O, when
Her twinning cherries[200] shall their sweetness fall
Upon thy taste-full[201] lips, what wilt thou think
Of rotten kings or blubbered[202] queens? What care
For what thou feel’st not, what thou feel’st being able
To make Mars spurn his drum? O, if thou couch
But one night with her, every hour in’t will
Take hostage of thee for a hundred and
Thou shalt remember nothing more, than what
That banquet bids[208] thee to.
HIPPOLYTA Though much unlike[209] ***To Theseus***
You should be so transported, as much sorry
I should be such a suitor, yet I think
Did I not by th’abstaining of my joy
Which breeds a deeper longing, cure their surfeit[213]
That craves a present[214] med’cine, I should pluck
All ladies’ scandal[215] on me. Therefore, sir ***Kneels***
As I shall here make trial of my prayers,
Either presuming them to have some force,
Or sentencing for aye[218] their vigour dumb,
Prorogue[219] this business we are going about and hang
Your shield afore your heart, about that neck
Which is my fee[221] and which I freely lend
To do these poor queens service.
ALL QUEENS O, help now, ***To Emilia***
Our cause cries for your knee.
EMILIA If you grant not ***Kneels to Theseus***
My sister her petition in that force,
With that celerity and nature, which
She makes it in, from henceforth I’ll not dare
To ask you anything, nor be so hardy[229]
Ever to take a husband.

THESEUS Pray stand up. ***They rise***
I am entreating of myself to do
That which you kneel to have me.— Pirithous,
Lead on the bride: get you[234] and pray the gods
For success and return: omit not anything
In the pretended[236] celebration.— Queens,
Follow your soldier.— As before, hence you, ***To Officer***
And at the banks of Aulis[238] meet us with
The forces you can raise, where we shall find
The moiety[240] of a number for a business
More bigger look't.— Since that our theme is haste,
[Exit Officer]
I stamp this kiss upon thy current[242] lip:
Sweet, keep it as my token. Set you forward,
For I will see you gone.—
[They begin to] exeunt towards the temple
Farewell, my beauteous sister.— Pirithous,
Keep the feast full,[246] bate not an hour on't.

PIRITHOUS Sir,
I'll follow you at heels: the feast's solemnity[248]
Shall want[249] till your return.

THESEUS Cousin,[250] I charge you
Budge not from Athens: we shall be returning
Ere you can end this feast, of which I pray you
Make no abatement.[253]— Once more, farewell all.
[Exeunt all except Theseus and Queens]

FIRST QUEEN Thus dost thou still make good the tongue o'th'world[254]
—

SECOND QUEEN And earn'st a deity equal with Mars—

THIRD QUEEN If not above him, for
Thou, being but mortal, mak'st affections[257] bend
To godlike honours: they themselves, some say,
Groan under such a mast'ry.

THESEUS As we are men,
Thus should we do, being sensually subdued[261]
We lose our human title.[262] Good cheer, ladies:

Now turn we towards your comforts.

Flourish. Exeunt

Act 1 Scene 2[1.2]

running scene 2

Enter Palamon and Arcite

ARCITE Dear Palamon, dearer in love than blood[1]
And our prime[2] cousin, yet unhardened in
The crimes of nature,[3] let us leave the city
Thebes, and the temptings in’t, before we further
Sully[5] our gloss of youth
And here to keep in abstinence we shame[6]
As in incontinence,[7] for not to swim
I’th’aid o’th’current, were almost to sink,
At least to frustrate striving,[9] and to follow
The common stream, ’twould bring us to an eddy[10]
Where we should turn or drown: if labour through,
Our gain but life and weakness.
PALAMON Your advice
Is cried up[14] with example. What strange ruins
Since first we went to school, may we perceive
Walking in Thebes! Scars and bare weeds[16]
The gain o’th’martialist,[17] who did propound
To his bold ends honour and golden ingots,[18]
Which though he won, he had not, and now flurted[19]
By peace for whom he fought. Who then shall offer
To Mars’s so scorned altar? I do bleed
When such I meet and wish great Juno would
Resume her ancient fit of jealousy
To get the soldier work, that peace might purge[24]
For her repletion and retain[25] anew
Her charitable heart, now hard and harsher
Than strife or war could be.
ARCITE Are you not out?[28]
Meet you no ruin but the soldier in
The cranks[30] and turns of Thebes? You did begin
As if you met decays of many kinds:

Perceive you none that do arouse your pity
But th'unconsidered soldier?
PALAMON Yes, I pity
Decays where'er I find them, but such most
That sweating in an honourable toil
Are paid[37] with ice to cool 'em.
ARCITE 'Tis not this
I did begin to speak of: this is virtue
Of no respect[40] in Thebes. I spake of Thebes,
How dangerous, if we will keep our honours,
It is for our residing, where every evil
Hath a good colour:[43] where every seeming good's
A certain evil: where not to be e'en jump[44]
As they are here were to be strangers, and
Such things to be, mere[46] monsters.
PALAMON 'Tis in our power —
Unless we fear that apes[48] can tutor's — to
Be masters of our manners. What need I
Affect[50] another's gait, which is not catching
Where there is faith,[51] or to be fond upon
Another's way of speech when by mine own
I may be reasonably conceived,[53] saved too,
Speaking it truly?[54] Why am I bound
By any generous bond[55] to follow him
Follows his tailor, haply[56] so long until
The followed make pursuit?[57] Or let me know
Why mine own barber is unblessed, with him
My poor chin too, for[59] 'tis not scissored just
To such a favourite's glass?[60] What canon is there
That does command my rapier[61] from my hip
To dangle't in my hand, or to go tiptoe
Before the street be foul? Either I am
The fore-horse in the team or I am none
That draw i'th'sequent trace.[65] These poor slight sores
Need not a plantain:[66] that which tips my bosom
Almost to th'heart's—

ARCITE Our uncle Creon.
PALAMON He:
A most unbounded tyrant, whose successes
Makes heaven unfeared and villainy assured
Beyond its power there’s nothing, almost puts
Faith in a fever, and deifies[73] alone
Voluble[74] chance: who only attributes
The faculties of other instruments
To his own nerves and act: commands men service,
And what they win in’t, boot[77] and glory: one
That fears not to do harm, good, dares not.[78] Let
The blood of mine that’s sib[79] to him be sucked
From me with leeches, let them break[80] and fall
Off me with that corruption.
ARCITE Clear-spirited[82] cousin,
Let’s leave his court, that we may nothing share
Of his loud[84] infamy, for our milk
Will relish of the pasture and we must
Be vile[86] or disobedient: not his kinsmen
In blood unless in quality.
PALAMON Nothing truer:
I think the echoes of his shames have deafed
The ears of heav’nly justice. Widows’ cries
Descend again into their throats and have not
Enter Valerius
Due audience of[92] the gods.— Valerius!
VALERIUS The king calls for you: yet be leaden-footed[93]
Till his great rage be off him. Phoebus, when
He broke his whipstock[95] and exclaimed against
The horses of the sun, but[96] whispered to
The loudness of his fury.
PALAMON Small winds shake him.
But what’s the matter?
VALERIUS Theseus — who, where he threats, appals[100] — hath sent
Deadly defiance to him and pronounces
Ruin to Thebes, who is at hand to seal[102]

The promise of his wrath.
ARCITE Let him approach.
But[105] that we fear the gods in him, he brings not
A jot of terror to us. Yet what man
Thirds[107] his own worth — the case is each of ours —
When that his action’s dregged,[108] with mind assured
’Tis bad he goes about?
PALAMON Leave that unreasoned.[110]
Our services stand now for Thebes, not Creon.
Yet[112] to be neutral to him were dishonour,
Rebellious to oppose: therefore we must
With him stand to the mercy of our fate,
Who hath bounded[115] our last minute.
ARCITE So we must.—
Is’t said this war’s afoot? Or it shall be, ***To Valerius***
On fail of[118] some condition?
VALERIUS ’Tis in motion.
The intelligence of state[120] came in the instant
With the defier.[121]
PALAMON Let’s to the king, who, were he
A quarter-carrier of that honour which
His enemy come in, the blood we venture
Should be as[125] for our health, which were not spent,
Rather laid[126] out for purchase: but, alas,
Our hands[127] advanced before our hearts, what will
The fall o’th’stroke do damage?
ARCITE Let th’event,[129]
That never-erring arbitrator, tell us
When we know all ourselves, and let us follow
The becking[132] of our chance.
Exeunt

Act 1 Scene 3[1.3]

running scene 3

Enter Pirithous, Hippolyta, Emilia

PIRITHOUS No further.
HIPPOLYTA Sir, farewell: repeat my wishes
To our great lord, of whose success I dare not
Make any timorous[4] question: yet I wish him
Excess and overflow of power, an't[5] might be
To dure[6] ill-dealing fortune. Speed to him!
Store[7] never hurts good governors.
PIRITHOUS Though I know
His ocean needs not my poor drops, yet they
Must yield their tribute there.— My precious maid, ***To Emilia***
Those best affections[11] that the heavens infuse
In their best-tempered pieces,[12] keep enthroned
In your dear heart.
EMILIA Thanks, sir. Remember me
To our all-royal brother, for whose speed
The great Bellona I'll solicit: and
Since in our terrene[17] state petitions are not
Without gifts understood, I'll offer to her
What I shall be advised she likes. Our hearts
Are in his army, in his tent.
HIPPOLYTA In's bosom:
We have been soldiers and we cannot weep
When our friends don their helms,[23] or put to sea,
Or tell of babes broached[24] on the lance, or women
That have sod[25] their infants in — and after eat them —
The brine they wept at killing 'em. Then if
You stay[27] to see of us such spinsters, we
Should hold you here for ever.
PIRITHOUS Peace be to you
As[30] I pursue this war, which shall be then
Beyond further requiring.[31]

Exit Pirithous

EMILIA How his longing
Follows his[33] friend! Since his depart, his sports,
Though craving seriousness and skill, passed slightly[34]
His careless execution,[35] where nor gain
Made him regard or[36] loss consider, but
Playing one business in his hand, another
Directing in his head, his mind nurse equal
To these so-differing twins.[39] Have you observed him,
Since our great lord departed?

HIPPOLYTA With much labour,[41]
And I did love him for’t. They two have cabined[42]
In many as dangerous as poor a corner,
Peril and want contending: they have skiffed[44]
Torrents whose roaring tyranny and power
I’th’least of these was dreadful: and they have
Fought out together where[47] death’s self was lodged.
Yet fate hath brought them off:[48] their knot of love
Tied, weaved, entangled, with so true, so long,
And with a finger of so deep a cunning,[50]
May be outworn, never undone. I think
Theseus cannot be umpire[52] to himself,
Cleaving his conscience into twain and doing
Each side like[54] justice, which he loves best.

EMILIA Doubtless
There is a best, and reason has no manners
To say it is not you. I was acquainted
Once with a time when I enjoyed[58] a play-fellow:
You were at wars when she the grave enriched,
Who made too proud[60] the bed, took leave o’th’moon —
Which then looked pale at parting — when our count[61]
Was each eleven.

HIPPOLYTA ’Twas Flavina.

EMILIA Yes.
You talk of Pirithous’ and Theseus’ love.
Theirs has more ground,[66] is more maturely seasoned,

More buckled[67] with strong judgement, and their needs
The one of th’other may be said to water
Two hearses ready with Palamon and Arcite: the three Queens, Theseus and his Lords ready
Their intertangled roots of love, but I
And she I sigh and spoke of were things innocent,
Loved for[71] we did, and like the elements
That know not what nor why, yet do effect
Rare issues by their operance,[73] our souls
Did so to one another. What she liked
Was then of me approved, what not, condemned,
No more arraignment.[76] The flower that I would pluck
And put between my breasts — O, then but beginning
To swell about the blossom — she would long
Till she had such another, and commit it
To the like innocent cradle, where phoenix-like[80]
They died in perfume. On my head no toy[81]
But was her pattern,[82] her affections — pretty,
Though happily[83] her careless wear — I followed
For my most serious decking.[84] Had mine ear
Stol’n some new air or at adventure hummed one
From musical coinage,[86] why, it was a note
Whereon her spirits would sojourn[87] — rather dwell on —
And sing it in her slumbers. This rehearsal[88] —
Which fury innocent wots[89] well — comes in
Like old importment’s bastard,[90] has this end:
That the true love ’tween maid and maid may be
More than in sex dividual.[92]
HIPPOLYTA You’re out of breath,
And this high-speeded pace is but to say
That you shall never — like the maid Flavina —
Love any that’s called man.
EMILIA I am sure I shall not.
HIPPOLYTA Now, alack, weak sister,
I must no more believe thee in this point —
Though in’t I know thou dost believe thyself —

Than I will trust a sickly appetite
That loathes even as it longs. But sure, my sister,
If I were ripe[103] for your persuasion, you
Have said enough to shake me from the arm
Of the all-noble Theseus, for whose fortunes
I will now in[106] and kneel, with great assurance
That we, more than his Pirithous, possess
The high throne in his heart.

EMILIA I am not
Against your faith, yet I continue mine. *Exeunt*

Act 1 Scene 4[1.4]

running scene 4

Cornets. A battle struck within, then a retreat. Flourish. Then enter [with a Herald, Lords and Soldiers,] Theseus, victor. The three Queens meet him, and fall on their faces before him

Palamon and Arcite are borne in on hearses

FIRST QUEEN To thee no star be dark![2]
SECOND QUEEN Both heaven and earth
Friend thee for ever!
THIRD QUEEN All the good that may
Be wished upon thy head, I cry ‘Amen’ to’t!
THESEUS Th’impartial gods, who from the mounted[6] heavens
View us, their mortal herd, behold who err
And in their time chastise. Go and find out
The bones of your dead lords and honour them
With treble ceremony, rather than a gap
Should be in their dear rights. We would supply’t,
But those we will depute, which shall invest[12]
You in your dignities and even[13] each thing
Our haste does leave imperfect. So adieu,
And heaven’s good eyes look on you.—

Exeunt Queens

What are those? ***Sees Palamon and Arcite***
HERALD Men of great quality,[17] as may be judged
By their appointment.[18] Some of Thebes have told’s
They are sisters’ children, nephews to the king.
THESEUS By th’helm of Mars, I saw them in the war,
Like to a pair of lions, smeared with prey,
Make lanes[22] in troops aghast. I fixed my note
Constantly on them, for they were a mark[23]
Worth a god’s view. What prisoner was’t that told me
When I inquired their names?
HERALD Wi’leave,[26] they’re called
Arcite and Palamon.

THESEUS ’Tis right, those, those.
They are not dead?
HERALD Nor in a state of life. Had they been taken
Three hearses ready
When their last hurts were given, ’twas possible
They might have been recovered, yet they breathe
And have[33] the name of men.
THESEUS Then like men use[34] ’em.
The very lees[35] of such — millions of rates —
Exceed the wine of others. All our surgeons
Convent[37] in their behoof, our richest balms,
Rather than niggard,[38] waste: their lives concern us
Much more than Thebes is worth. Rather than have ’em
Freed of this plight and in[40] their morning state —
Sound and at liberty — I would[41] ’em dead,
But forty-thousandfold we had rather have ’em
Prisoners to us than death. Bear ’em speedily
From our kind air, to them unkind,[44] and minister
What man to man may do for our sake — more,
Since I have known frights, fury, friends’ behests,
Love’s provocations, zeal, a mistress’ task,
Desire of liberty, a fever, madness,
Hath set a mark[49] which nature could not reach to
Without some imposition,[50] sickness in will
O’er-wrestling strength in reason. For our love
And great Apollo’s[52] mercy, all our best
Their best skill tender. Lead into the city,
Where having bound things scattered,[54] we will post
To Athens ’fore our army.
Flourish. Exeunt.

Act 1 Scene 5

running scene 5

Music. Enter the Queens with the hearses of their knights in a funeral solemnity, and others

ALL Urns and odours bring away, ***Sing***
Vapours, sighs, darken the day:
Our dole[3] more deadly looks than dying.
Balms and gums[4] and heavy cheers,
Sacred vials filled with tears,
And clamours through the wild air flying.
Come all sad and solemn shows,
That are quick-eyed[8] Pleasure's foes:
We convent[9] naught else but woes.
We convent naught else but woes.

THIRD QUEEN This funeral path brings to your household's grave:
Joy seize on you again, peace sleep with him.

SECOND QUEEN And this to yours.

FIRST QUEEN Yours this way: heavens lend
A thousand differing ways to one sure end.

THIRD QUEEN This world's a city full of straying[16] streets,
And death's the market-place where each one meets.

Exeunt severally[17]

Act 2 Scene 1[2.1]

running scene 6

Enter Jailer and Wooer

JAILER I may depart[1] with little while I live: something I may cast[2] to you, not much. Alas, the prison I keep, though it be for great ones, yet they seldom come: before one salmon,[4] you shall take a number of minnows.[5] I am given out to be better lined[6] than it can appear to me report is a true speaker: I would I were really that I am delivered[8] to be. Marry, what I have, be it what it will, I will assure[9] upon my daughter at the day of my death.

WOOER Sir, I demand no more than your own offer and I will estate[12] your daughter in what I have promised.

JAILER Well, we will talk more of this when the solemnity[15] is past. But have you a full promise of her?

Enter [Jailer's] Daughter ***With rushes***

When that shall be seen, I tender[16] my consent.

WOOER I have, sir. Here she comes.

JAILER Your friend and I have chanced to name[18] you here, upon the old business.[19] But no more of that now: so soon as the court hurry[20] is over, we will have an end of it. I'th'meantime, look tenderly[21] to the two prisoners: I can tell you they are princes.

JAILER'S DAUGHTER These strewings[23] are for their chamber. 'Tis pity they are in prison and 'twere pity they should be out: I do think they have patience to make any adversity ashamed. The prison itself is proud of 'em and they have all[27] the world in their chamber.

JAILER They are famed to be a pair of absolute[29] men.

JAILER'S DAUGHTER By my troth,[30] I think fame but stammers[31] 'em: they stand a grise above the reach of report.

JAILER I heard them reported in the battle to be the only doers.[34]

JAILER'S DAUGHTER Nay, most likely, for they are noble suff'rers. I marvel how they would have looked had they been victors, that with such a constant nobility enforce[38] a freedom out of bondage, making misery their mirth, and affliction a toy[40] to jest at.

JAILER Do they so?

JAILER'S DAUGHTER It seems to me they have no more sense of their captivity than I of ruling Athens: they eat well, look merrily, discourse of many things, but nothing of their own restraint[45] and disasters. Yet sometime a divided[46] sigh, martyred[47] as 'twere i'th'deliverance, will break from one of them, when the other presently[48] gives it so sweet a rebuke that I could wish myself a sigh to be so chid,[50] or at least a sigher to be comforted.

WOOER I never saw 'em.

JAILER The duke himself came privately in the night, and so did they.

Enter Palamon, and Arcite above ***In shackles***

What the reason of it is, I know not. Look, yonder[54] they are: that's Arcite looks out.

JAILER'S DAUGHTER No, sir, no, that's Palamon. Arcite is the lower[57] of the twain: you may perceive a part of him.

JAILER Go to,[59] leave your pointing: they would not make us their object. Out of their sight.

JAILER'S DAUGHTER It is a holiday to look on them. Lord, the difference of[62] men!

Exeunt

Act 2 Scene 2[2.2]

running scene 6 continues

Enter Palamon, and Arcite in prison **Above**

PALAMON How do you, noble cousin?
ARCITE How do you, sir?
PALAMON Why, strong enough to laugh at misery
And bear the chance[4] of war: yet we are prisoners,
I fear, for ever, cousin.
ARCITE I believe it,
And to that destiny have patiently
Laid[8] up my hour to come.
PALAMON O cousin Arcite,
Where is Thebes now? Where is our noble country?
Where are our friends and kindreds?[11] Never more
Must we behold those comforts, never see
The hardy[13] youths strive for the games of honour,
Hung with the painted favours[14] of their ladies,
Like tall ships under sail: then start[15] amongst ’em
And as an east wind leave ’em all behind us,
Like lazy clouds, whilst Palamon and Arcite
Even in the wagging[18] of a wanton leg
Outstripped[19] the people’s praises, won the garlands,
Ere they have time to wish ’em ours. O, never
Shall we two exercise, like twins[21] of honour,
Our arms again and feel our fiery horses
Like proud seas under us. Our good swords now —
Better the red-eyed[24] god of war ne’er wore—
Ravished[25] our sides, like age must run to rust
And deck the temples of those gods that hate us.
These hands shall never draw ’em out like lightning
To blast[28] whole armies more.
ARCITE No, Palamon,
Those hopes are prisoners with us. Here we are,
And here the graces of our youths must wither

Like a too-timely[32] spring: here age must find us,
And, which is heaviest,[33] Palamon, unmarried.
The sweet embraces of a loving wife,
Loaden[35] with kisses, armed with thousand Cupids,
Shall never clasp our necks. No issue[36] know us,
No figures[37] of ourselves shall we ev’r see,
To glad[38] our age, and like young eagles teach ’em
Boldly to gaze against bright arms and say,
‘Remember what your fathers were, and conquer!’
The fair-eyed maids shall weep our banishments
And in their songs curse ever-blinded Fortune[42]
Till she for shame see what a wrong she has done
To youth and nature. This is all our world:
We shall know nothing here but one another,
Hear nothing but the clock that tells[46] our woes.
The vine shall grow but we shall never see it:
Summer shall come and with her all delights,
But dead-cold winter must inhabit here still.
PALAMON ’Tis too true, Arcite. To our Theban hounds
That shook the agèd forest with their echoes
No more now must we hallow,[52] no more shake
Our pointed javelins whilst the angry swine[53]
Flies like a Parthian[54] quiver from our rages,
Struck with our well-steeled[55] darts. All valiant uses,
The food and nourishment of noble minds,
In us two here shall perish: we shall die,
Which is the curse of honour, lastly,[58]
Children of grief and ignorance.
ARCITE Yet, cousin,
Even from the bottom of these miseries,
From all that Fortune can inflict upon us,
I see two comforts rising, two mere[63] blessings,
If the gods please: to hold[64] here a brave patience
And the enjoying[65] of our griefs together.
Whilst Palamon is with me, let me perish
If I think this our prison.

PALAMON Certainly,
’Tis a main[69] goodness, cousin, that our fortunes
Were twined together: ’tis most true, two souls
Put in two noble bodies, let ’em suffer
The gall of hazard,[72] so they grow together,
Will never sink:[73] they must not, say they could.
A willing[74] man dies sleeping and all’s done.
ARCITE Shall we make worthy uses of this place
That all men hate so much?
PALAMON How, gentle cousin?
ARCITE Let’s think this prison holy sanctuary,
To keep us from corruption of worse men.
We are young and yet[80] desire the ways of honour,
That liberty and common[81] conversation,
The poison of pure spirits, might, like women,
Woo[83] us to wander from. What worthy blessing
Can be but our imaginations
May make it ours? And here being thus together,
We are an endless mine[86] to one another:
We are one another’s wife, ever begetting[87]
New births of love: we are father, friends, acquaintance,
We are, in one another, families:
I am your heir and you are mine: this place
Is our inheritance. No hard oppressor
Dare take this from us: here with a little patience
We shall live long and loving. No surfeits[94] seek us:
The hand of war hurts none here, nor the seas
Swallow their youth. Were we at liberty,
A wife might part us lawfully, or business,
Quarrels consume[98] us, envy of ill men
Crave our acquaintance. I might sicken, cousin,
Where you should never know it, and so perish
Without your noble hand to close mine eyes,
Or prayers to the gods. A thousand chances,
Were we from hence, would sever us.
PALAMON You have made me —

I thank you cousin Arcite — almost wanton[105]
With my captivity: what a misery
It is to live abroad[107] and everywhere!
’Tis like a beast, methinks. I find the court here,
I am sure, a more[109] content, and all those pleasures
That woo the wills of men to vanity
I see through now, and am sufficient[111]
To tell the world ’tis but a gaudy[112] shadow
That old Time as he passes by takes with him.
What[114] had we been, old in the court of Creon,
Where sin is justice, lust and ignorance
The virtues of the great ones? Cousin Arcite,
Had not the loving gods found this place for us,
We had died as they do, ill[118] old men, unwept,
And had their epitaphs, the people’s curses.
Shall I say more?
ARCITE I would hear you still.[121]
PALAMON Ye shall.
Is there record of any two that loved
Better than we do, Arcite?
ARCITE Sure there cannot.
PALAMON I do not think it possible our friendship
Should ever leave us.
ARCITE Till our deaths it cannot.
Enter Emilia and her Woman ***Below***
And after death our spirits shall be led
To those that love eternally. Speak on, sir. ***Palamon sees Emilia***
EMILIA This garden has a world of pleasures in’t. ***To her Woman***
What flower is this?
WOMAN ’Tis called narcissus,[133] madam.
EMILIA That was a fair boy, certain, but a fool
To love himself. Were there not maids enough?
ARCITE Pray forward.[136] ***To Palamon***
PALAMON Yes.
EMILIA Or were they all hard-hearted?
WOMAN They could not be to one so fair.

EMILIA Thou wouldst not.[140]
WOMAN I think I should not, madam.
EMILIA That’s a good wench:[142]
But take heed to[143] your kindness though.
WOMAN Why, madam?
EMILIA Men are mad[145] things.
ARCITE Will ye go forward,[146] cousin?
EMILIA Canst not thou work[147] such flowers in silk, wench?
WOMAN Yes.
EMILIA I’ll have a gown full of ’em, and of these.
This is a pretty colour, will’t not do
Rarely[151] upon a skirt, wench?
WOMAN Dainty,[152] madam.
ARCITE Cousin, cousin, how do you, sir? Why, Palamon?
PALAMON Never till now I was in prison, Arcite.
ARCITE Why, what’s the matter, man?
PALAMON Behold, and wonder. ***Indicates Emilia***
By heaven, she is a goddess.
ARCITE Ha! ***Sees Emilia***
PALAMON Do reverence:
She is a goddess, Arcite.
EMILIA Of all flowers
Methinks a rose is best.
WOMAN Why, gentle madam?
EMILIA It is the very emblem[164] of a maid.
For when the west wind courts her gently,
How modestly she blows[166] and paints the sun
With her chaste blushes. When the north[167] comes near her,
Rude[168] and impatient, then, like chastity,
She locks her beauties in her bud again,
And leaves him to base[170] briars.
WOMAN Yet, good madam,
Sometimes her modesty will blow so far
She falls[173] for’t: a maid,
If she have any honour, would be loath
To take example by her.

EMILIA Thou art wanton.[176]
ARCITE She is wondrous fair.
PALAMON She is all the beauty extant.[178]
EMILIA The sun grows high, let’s walk in. Keep these flowers:
We’ll see how near art[180] can come near their colours.
I am wondrous merry-hearted, I could laugh now.
WOMAN I could lie down,[182] I am sure.
EMILIA And take one[183] with you?
WOMAN That’s as we bargain,[184] madam,
EMILIA Well, agree then.
Exeunt Emilia and Woman
PALAMON What think you of this beauty?
ARCITE ’Tis a rare one.
PALAMON Is’t but[188] a rare one?
ARCITE Yes, a matchless beauty,
PALAMON Might not a man well lose himself and love her?
ARCITE I cannot tell what you have done. I have,
Beshrew[192] mine eyes for’t: now I feel my shackles.
PALAMON You love her then?
ARCITE Who would not?
PALAMON And desire her?
ARCITE Before my liberty.
PALAMON I saw her first.
ARCITE That’s nothing.
PALAMON But it shall be.
ARCITE I saw her too.
PALAMON Yes, but you must not love her.
ARCITE I will not as you do, to worship her
As she is heavenly and a blessèd goddess.
I love her as a woman, to enjoy[204] her:
So both may love.
PALAMON You shall not love at all.
ARCITE Not love at all?
Who shall deny[208] me?
PALAMON I that first saw her, I that took possession
First with mine eye of all those beauties

In her revealed to mankind. If thou lov’st her,
Or entertain’st a hope to blast[212] my wishes,
Thou art a traitor, Arcite, and a fellow[213]
False as thy title[214] to her: friendship, blood
And all the ties between us I disclaim
If thou once think upon[216] her.
ARCITE Yes, I love her
And if the lives of all my name[218] lay on it,
I must do so. I love her with my soul:
If that will lose ye, farewell, Palamon.
I say again, I love, and in loving her maintain
I am as worthy and as free[222] a lover,
And have as just a title to her beauty,
As any Palamon or any living
That is a man’s son.
PALAMON Have I called thee friend?
ARCITE Yes, and have found me so: why are you moved[227] thus?
Let me deal coldly[228] with you: am not I
Part of your blood, part of your soul? You have told me
That I was Palamon and you were Arcite
PALAMON Yes.
ARCITE Am not I liable to those affections,[232]
Those joys, griefs, angers, fears, my friend shall suffer?
PALAMON Ye may be.
ARCITE Why then would you deal so cunningly,[235]
So strangely,[236] so unlike a noble kinsman,
To love alone? Speak truly: do you think me
Unworthy of her sight?
PALAMON No, but unjust[239]
If thou pursue that sight.
ARCITE Because another
First sees the enemy, shall I stand still
And let[243] mine honour down, and never charge?
PALAMON Yes, if he be but one.
ARCITE But say that one
Had rather combat me?

PALAMON Let that one say so,
And use thy freedom: else if thou pursuest her,
Be as that cursèd man that hates his country,
A branded[250] villain.
ARCITE You are mad.
PALAMON I must be
Till thou art worthy,[253] Arcite: it concerns me.
And in this madness, if I hazard[254] thee
And take thy life, I deal but truly.
ARCITE Fie,[256] sir.
You play the child[257] extremely. I will love her:
I must, I ought to do so, and I dare,
And all this justly.[259]
PALAMON O that now, that now
Thy false self and thy friend had but this fortune:
To be one hour at liberty and grasp
Our good swords in our hands! I would quickly teach thee
What ’twere to filch[264] affection from another.
Thou art baser[265] in it than a cutpurse;
Put but thy head out of this window more,[266]
And as I have a soul, I’ll nail thy life to’t.[267]
ARCITE Thou dar’st not, fool, thou canst not, thou art feeble.
Put my head out? I’ll throw my body out
And leap the garden, when I see her next,
Enter Keeper [Jailer]
And pitch[271] between her arms to anger thee.
PALAMON No more: the keeper’s coming. I shall live
To knock thy brains out with my shackles.
ARCITE Do!
JAILER By your leave,[275] gentlemen.
PALAMON Now, honest keeper?
JAILER Lord Arcite, you must presently to th’duke:
The cause I know not yet.
ARCITE I am ready, keeper.
JAILER Prince Palamon, I must awhile bereave[280] you
Of your fair cousin’s company.

Exeunt Arcite and Keeper

PALAMON And me too,
Even, when you please, of life. Why is he sent for?
It may be he shall marry her: he’s goodly[284]
And like enough the duke hath taken notice
Both of his blood[286] and body. But his falsehood!
Why should a friend be treacherous? If that
Get him a wife so noble and so fair,
Let honest men ne’er love again. Once more
I would but see this fair one. Blessèd garden
And fruit and flowers more blessèd that still blossom
As her bright eyes shine on ye: would I were
For all the fortune of my life hereafter
Yon[294] little tree, yon blooming apricock!
How I would spread and fling my wanton arms
In at her window![296] I would bring her fruit
Fit for the gods to feed on: youth and pleasure
Still as[298] she tasted should be doubled on her
And if she be not heavenly, I would make her
So near the gods in nature, they should fear her,

Enter Keeper [Jailer]

And then I am sure she would love me.— How now, keeper,
Where’s Arcite?

JAILER Banished. Prince Pirithous
Obtained his liberty, but never more
Upon his oath and life must he set foot
Upon this kingdom.

PALAMON He’s a blessèd man.
He shall see Thebes again, and call to arms
The bold young men that, when he bids ’em charge,
Fall on[310] like fire. Arcite shall have a fortune,
If he dare make himself a worthy lover,
Yet in the field to strike a battle[312] for her:
And if he lose her then, he’s a cold coward.
How bravely may he bear himself to win her
If he be noble Arcite. Thousand ways!

Were I at liberty, I would do things
Of such a virtuous greatness, that this lady,
This blushing virgin, should take manhood to her
And seek to ravish me.
JAILER My lord, for you
I have this charge[321] too.
PALAMON To discharge my life?
JAILER No, but from this place to remove your lordship:
The windows are too open.[324]
PALAMON Devils take ’em
That are so envious to me! Prithee[326] kill me.
JAILER And hang for’t afterward.
PALAMON By[328] this good light,
Had I a sword I would kill thee.
JAILER Why, my lord?
PALAMON Thou bring’st such pelting[331] scurvy news continually,
Thou art not worthy life. I will not go.
JAILER Indeed you must, my lord.
PALAMON May I see the garden?
JAILER No.
PALAMON Then I am resolved: I will not go.
JAILER I must constrain you then: and for[337] you are dangerous
I’ll clap more irons on you.
PALAMON Do, good keeper.
I’ll shake ’em so, ye shall not sleep:
I’ll make ye a new morris.[341] Must I go?
JAILER There is no remedy.
PALAMON Farewell, kind window.
May rude wind never hurt thee.— O my lady,
If ever thou hast felt what sorrow was,
Dream how I suffer.— Come, now bury me.

Exeunt Palamon and Keeper

Act 2 Scene 3[2.3]

running scene 7

Enter Arcite

ARCITE Banished the kingdom? ’Tis a benefit,
A mercy I must thank ’em for: but banished
The free enjoying of that face I die for,
O, ’twas a studied[4] punishment, a death
Beyond imagination: such a vengeance
That were I old and wicked, all my sins
Could never pluck[7] upon me. Palamon,
Thou hast the start now: thou shalt stay and see
Her bright eyes break[9] each morning gainst thy window
And let in life into thee: thou shalt feed
Upon the sweetness of a noble beauty
That nature ne’er exceeded nor ne’er shall.
Good gods! What happiness has Palamon!
Twenty to one, he’ll come to speak to her,
And if she be as gentle as she’s fair,
I know she’s his: he has a tongue will tame
Tempests[17] and make the wild rocks wanton.
Come what can come,
The worst is death: I will not leave the kingdom.
I know mine own[20] is but a heap of ruins
And no redress[21] there. If I go, he has her.
I am resolved another shape[22] shall make me
Or end my fortunes. Either way, I am happy:
I’ll see her and be near her, or no more.

Arcite stands aside

Enter four Country People and one with a garland before them

FIRST COUNTRYMAN My masters, I’ll be there, that’s certain.

SECOND COUNTRYMAN And I’ll be there.

THIRD COUNTRYMAN And I.

FOURTH COUNTRYMAN Why then, have with ye,[28] boys. ’Tis but a chiding.
Let the plough play today, I’ll tickle’t[29] out

Of the jades'[30] tails tomorrow.
FIRST COUNTRYMAN I am sure
To have my wife as jealous[32] as a turkey.
But that's all one:[33] I'll go through, let her mumble.
SECOND COUNTRYMAN Clap her aboard[34] tomorrow night and stow her,
And all's made up[35] again.
THIRD COUNTRYMAN Ay, do but put
A fescue[37] in her fist and you shall see her
Take[38] a new lesson out and be a good wench.
Do we all hold against[39] the maying?
FOURTH COUNTRYMAN Hold? What should ail[40] us?
THIRD COUNTRYMAN Arcas will be there.

SECOND COUNTRYMAN And Sennois, and Rycas, and three better lads ne'er danced under green tree, and ye know what wenches, ha? But will the dainty[45] *domine*, the schoolmaster, keep touch do you think? For he does all,[46] ye know.

THIRD COUNTRYMAN He'll eat a hornbook[47] ere he fail. Go to: the matter's too far driven[48] between him and the tanner's daughter to let slip[49] now, and she must see the duke and she must dance too.

FOURTH COUNTRYMAN Shall we be lusty?[51]

SECOND COUNTRYMAN All the boys in Athens blow[52] wind i'th'breech[53] on's, and here I'll be, and there I'll be for our town and here again, and there again — ha, boys, hey[55] for the weavers!

FIRST COUNTRYMAN This must be done i'th'woods.

FOURTH COUNTRYMAN O, pardon me.[57]

SECOND COUNTRYMAN By any means:[58] our thing of learning says so: where he himself will edify[59] the duke most parlously[60] in our behalfs. He's excellent i'th'woods: bring him to th'plains, his learning makes no cry.[62]

THIRD COUNTRYMAN We'll see the sports, then every man to's tackle.[64] And, sweet companions, let's rehearse by any means before the ladies see us and do[66] sweetly and God knows what may come on't.

FOURTH COUNTRYMAN Content:[67] the sports once ended, we'll perform.
Away, boys and— hold.[68] ***Arcite comes forward***
ARCITE By your leaves honest friends:

Pray you, whither go you?[70]
FOURTH COUNTRYMAN Whither? Why, what a question's that?
ARCITE Yes, 'tis a question,
To me that know not.
THIRD COUNTRYMAN To the games, my friend.
SECOND COUNTRYMAN Where were you bred, you know it not?
ARCITE Not far, sir.
Are there such games today?
FIRST COUNTRYMAN Yes, marry,[78] are there
And such as you never saw. The duke himself
Will be in person there.
ARCITE What pastimes are they?
SECOND COUNTRYMAN Wrestling, and running.—
'Tis a pretty[83] fellow.
THIRD COUNTRYMAN Thou wilt not go along?
ARCITE Not yet, sir.
FOURTH COUNTRYMAN Well, sir,
Take your own time.— Come, boys.
FIRST COUNTRYMAN My mind misgives me[88] ***Aside to the others***
This fellow has a vengeance[89] trick o'th'hip:
Mark how his body's made for't
SECOND COUNTRYMAN I'll be hanged though
If he dare venture. Hang him, plum-porridge![92]
He wrestle? He roast eggs![93] Come let's be gone lads.
Exeunt four [Countrymen]
ARCITE This is an offered opportunity
I durst[95] not wish for. Well, I could have wrestled —
The best men called it excellent — and run
Swifter than wind upon a field of corn,
Curling the wealthy[98] ears, never flew. I'll venture
And in some poor disguise be there. Who knows
Whether my brows may not be girt[100] with garlands
And happiness prefer[101] me to a place
Where I may ever dwell in sight of her?
Exit Arcite

Act 2 Scene 4[2.4]

running scene 8

Enter Jailer's Daughter alone

JAILER'S DAUGHTER Why should I love this gentleman? 'Tis odds[1]
He never will affect[2] me: I am base,
My father the mean[3] keeper of his prison,
And he a prince. To marry him is hopeless,
To be his whore is witless.[5] Out upon't!
What pushes[6] are we wenches driven to
When[7] fifteen once has found us! First, I saw him:
I, seeing, thought he was a goodly man:
He has as much to please a woman in him,
If he please to bestow[10] it so, as ever
These eyes yet looked on. Next, I pitied him:
And so would any young wench o'my conscience
That ever dreamed, or vowed her maidenhead[13]
To a young handsome man. Then, I loved him,
Extremely loved him, infinitely loved him!
And yet he had a cousin, fair as he too.
But in my heart was Palamon, and there,
Lord, what a coil he keeps![18] To hear him
Sing in an evening, what a heaven it is!
And yet his songs are sad ones. Fairer spoken
Was never gentleman. When I come in
To bring him water in a morning, first
He bows his noble body, then salutes[23] me, thus:
'Fair gentle maid, good morrow. May thy goodness
Get thee a happy husband.' Once he kissed me.
I loved my lips the better ten days after:
Would he would do so every day! He grieves much,
And me as much to see his misery.
What should I do to make him know I love him?
For I would fain[30] enjoy him. Say I ventured
To set him free? What says the law then? Thus much

For law or kindred! I will do it,
And this night, or tomorrow, he shall love me.

Exit

Act 2 [Scene 5][2.5]

This short flourish of cornets and shouts within Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Pirithous, Emilia, Arcite with a garland, and others

THESEUS You have done worthily. I have not seen, ***To Arcite***
Since Hercules,[2] a man of tougher sinews.
Whate'er[3] you are, you run the best and wrestle,
That these times can allow.[4]
ARCITE I am proud to please you.
THESEUS What country bred you?
ARCITE This: but far off, prince.
THESEUS Are you a gentleman?
ARCITE My father said so,
And to those gentle uses[10] gave me life.
THESEUS Are you his heir?
ARCITE His youngest, sir.
THESEUS Your father
Sure is a happy sire, then. What proves you?[14]
ARCITE A little of all noble qualities:[15]
I could have[16] kept a hawk and well have hollowed
To a deep cry of dogs: I dare not praise
My feat in horsemanship, yet they that knew me
Would say it was my best piece:[19] last and greatest,
I would be thought a soldier.
THESEUS You are perfect.[21]
PIRITHOUS Upon my soul, a proper[22] man. ***To Emilia***
EMILIA He is so.
PIRITHOUS How do you like him, lady? ***To Hippolyta***
HIPPOLYTA I admire him.
I have not seen so young a man so noble,
If he say true, of his sort.[27]
EMILIA Believe,[28]
His mother was a wondrous handsome woman:
His face, methinks, goes that way.[30]

HIPPOLYTA But his body
And fiery mind illustrate[32] a brave father.
PIRITHOUS Mark how his virtue, like a hidden sun,
Breaks through his baser garments.
HIPPOLYTA He’s well got,[35] sure.
THESEUS What made you seek this place, sir? ***To Arcite***
ARCITE Noble Theseus,
To purchase name[38] and do my ablest service
To such a well-found[39] wonder as thy worth,
For only in thy court, of all the world,
Dwells fair-eyed honour.
PIRITHOUS All his words are worthy.
THESEUS Sir, we are much indebted to your travel,[43] ***To Arcite***
Nor shall you lose your wish.— Pirithous,
Dispose of[45] this fair gentleman.
PIRITHOUS Thanks, Theseus.—
Whate’er you are, you’re mine, and I shall give you ***To Arcite***
To a most noble service, to this lady, ***Presents him to Emilia***
This bright young virgin. Pray observe[49] her goodness.
You have honoured her fair birthday with your virtues,
And as your due, you’re hers: kiss her fair hand, sir.
ARCITE Sir, you’re a noble giver.— Dearest beauty,
Thus let me seal my vowed faith: when your servant, ***Kisses her hand***
Your most unworthy creature, but offends you,
Command him die, he shall.
EMILIA That were too cruel.
If you deserve well, sir, I shall soon see’t.
You’re mine and somewhat better than your rank I’ll use[58] you.
PIRITHOUS I’ll see you furnished,[59] and because you say ***To Arcite***
You are a horseman, I must needs[60] entreat you
This afternoon to ride, but ’tis a rough one.[61]
ARCITE I like him better, prince. I shall not then
Freeze in my saddle.
THESEUS Sweet, you must be ready.— ***To Hippolyta***
And you, Emilia— and you, friend—and all, ***To Pirithous***
Tomorrow by the sun, to do observance[66]

To flow’ry May, in Dian’s[67] wood.— Wait well, sir, ***To Arcite***
Upon your mistress.— Emily, I hope
He shall not go afoot.[69]
EMILIA That were a shame, sir,
While I have horses.— Take your choice and what ***To Arcite***
You want[72] at any time, let me but know it:
If you serve faithfully, I dare assure you
You’ll find a loving mistress.
ARCITE If I do not,
Let me find that[76] my father ever hated,
Disgrace and blows.
THESEUS Go lead the way: you have won it.
It shall be so: you shall receive all dues
Fit for the honour you have won; ’twere wrong else.—
Sister, beshrew my heart,[81] you have a servant
That, if I were a woman, would be master.
But you are wise.
EMILIA I hope too wise for that, sir.
Flourish. Exeunt

Act 2 Scene 6[2.6]

Enter Jailer's Daughter alone

JAILER'S DAUGHTER Let all the dukes and all the devils roar,
He is at liberty: I have ventured[2] for him
And out I have brought him, to a little wood
A mile hence[4] I have sent him, where a cedar,
Higher than all the rest spreads like a plane
Fast[6] by a brook, and there he shall keep close
Till I provide him files and food, for yet
His iron bracelets are not off. O Love,
What a stout-hearted child thou art! My father
Durst[10] better have endured cold iron than done it.
I love him beyond love and beyond reason,
Or wit,[12] or safety. I have made him know it:
I care not, I am desperate. If the law
Find me and then condemn me for't, some wenches,
Some honest-hearted maids, will sing my dirge[15]
And tell to memory my death was noble,
Dying almost a martyr. That way he takes,
I purpose[18] is my way too. Sure he cannot
Be so unmanly as to leave me here:
If he do, maids will not so easily
Trust men again. And yet he has not thanked me
For what I have done, no, not so much as kissed me,
And that methinks is not so well: nor scarcely
Could I persuade him to become a freeman,
He made such scruples of the wrong he did
To me and to my father. Yet I hope,
When he considers more, this love of mine
Will take more root within him. Let him do
What he will with me, so he use me kindly,[29]
For use me so he shall, or I'll proclaim him,
And to his face, no man.[31] I'll presently

Provide him necessaries and pack my clothes up
And where there is a path of ground I’ll venture,
So[34] he be with me. By him, like a shadow,
I’ll ever dwell. Within this hour the hubbub
Will be all o’er the prison: I am then
Kissing the man they look for.— Farewell, father,
Get many more such prisoners and such daughters
And shortly you may keep yourself.[39]— Now to him.
[Exit]

Act 3 Scene 1[3.1]

running scene 11

Cornets in sundry places. Noise and hallooing as people a-Maying
Enter Arcite alone

ARCITE The duke has lost Hippolyta: each took
A several[2] laund. This is a solemn rite
They owe bloomed[3] May and the Athenians pay it
To[4] th'heart of ceremony. O, Queen Emilia,
Fresher than May, sweeter
Than her gold buttons[6] on the boughs, or all
Th'enamelled knacks[7] o'th'mead or garden, yea,
We challenge too the bank of any nymph
That makes[9] the stream seem flowers: thou, O jewel
O'th'wood, o'th'world, hast likewise blest a pace[10]
With[11] thy sole presence: in thy rumination,
That I, poor man, might eftsoons[12] come between
And chop on some cold thought. Thrice-blessèd chance
To drop on[14] such a mistress, expectation
Most guiltless on't![15] Tell me, O Lady Fortune,
Next after Emily, my sovereign, how far
I may be proud.[17] She takes strong note of me,
Hath made me near her, and this beauteous morn,
The prim'st[19] of all the year, presents me with
A brace[20] of horses: two such steeds might well
Be by a pair of kings backed,[21] in a field
That[22] their crowns' titles tried. Alas, alas,
Poor cousin Palamon, poor prisoner, thou
So little dream'st upon[24] my fortune, that
Thou thinkst thyself the happier thing to be
So near Emilia. Me thou deem'st[26] at Thebes,
And therein[27] wretched, although free: but if
Thou knew'st my mistress breathed on me, and that
I eared[29] her language, lived in her eye, O coz,
What passion[30] would enclose thee!

Enter Palamon as out of a bush, with his shackles: bends his fist at Arcite

PALAMON Traitor kinsman,
Thou shouldst perceive my passion, if these signs
Of prisonment were off me and this hand
But owner of a sword! By all oaths in one,
I and the justice of my love would make thee
A confessed traitor, O thou most perfidious[36]
That ever gently looked, the void'st[37] of honour
That ever bore gentle token,[38] falsest cousin
That ev'r blood made kin: call'st thou her thine?
I'll prove it in my shackles, with these hands,
Void of appointment,[41] that thou liest, and art
A very thief in love, a chaffy[42] lord
Not worth the name of villain. Had I a sword
And these house-clogs[44] away—

ARCITE Dear cousin Palamon—

PALAMON Cozener[46] Arcite, give me language such
As thou hast showed me feat.

ARCITE Not finding in
The circuit[49] of my breast any gross stuff
To form me like your blazon[50] holds me to
This gentleness of answer: 'tis your passion
That thus mistakes, the which to you being enemy,
Cannot to me be kind: honour and honesty
I cherish and depend on, howsoev'r
You skip[55] them in me, and with them, fair coz,
I'll maintain[56] my proceedings. Pray be pleased
To show in generous[57] terms your griefs, since that
Your question's[58] with your equal, who professes
To clear[59] his own way with the mind and sword
Of a true gentleman.

PALAMON That thou durst, Arcite!

ARCITE My coz, my coz, you have been well advertised[62]
How much I dare: you've seen me use my sword
Against th'advice of[64] fear. Sure, of another

You would not hear me doubted, but your silence
Should break out, though i'th'sanctuary.[66]
PALAMON Sir,
I have seen you move in such a place which well
Might justify your manhood. You were called
A good knight and a bold: but the whole week's not fair
If any day it rain: their valiant temper[71]
Men lose when they incline to treachery
And then they fight like compelled bears,[73] would fly
Were they not tied.
ARCITE Kinsman, you might as well
Speak this and act it in your glass[76] as to
His ear which now disdains you.
PALAMON Come up[78] to me:
Quit[79] me of these cold gyves, give me a sword
Though it be rusty, and the charity
Of one meal lend me. Come before me then,
A good sword in thy hand, and do but say
That Emily is thine: I will forgive
The trespass thou hast done me, yea, my life
If then thou carry't,[85] and brave souls in shades
That have died manly, which will seek of me
Some news from earth, they shall get none but this:
That thou art brave, and noble.
ARCITE Be content:
Again betake[90] you to your hawthorn house.
With[91] counsel of the night, I will be here
With wholesome viands;[92] these impediments
Will I file off: you shall have garments and
Perfumes to kill the smell o'th'prison: after,
When you shall stretch yourself and say but, 'Arcite,
I am in plight[96]', there shall be at your choice
Both sword and armour.
PALAMON O you heavens, dares any
So nobly bear a guilty[99] business? None
But only Arcite: therefore none but Arcite

In this kind is so bold.[101]
ARCITE Sweet Palamon. ***Moves to embrace him***
PALAMON I do embrace you and your offer. For
Your offer do’t I only, sir: your person
Without hypocrisy I may not wish
Wind[105] *horns off, cornets*
More than my sword’s edge on’t.
ARCITE You hear the horns;
Enter your musit,[108] lest this match between’s
Be crossed[109] ere met. Give me your hand, farewell.
I’ll bring you every needful thing: I pray you
Take comfort and be strong.
PALAMON Pray hold your promise
And do the deed with a bent brow.[113] Most certain
You love me not: be rough with me and pour
This oil[115] out of your language. By this air,
I could for each word give a cuff,[116] my stomach
Not reconciled by reason.
ARCITE Plainly spoken,
Yet pardon me[119] hard language. When I spur
Wind horns
My horse I chide him not: content and anger
In me have but one face.[121] Hark, sir, they call
The scattered to the banquet: you must guess
I have an office[123] there.
PALAMON Sir, your attendance
Cannot please heaven and I know your office
Unjustly[126] is achieved.
ARCITE ’Tis[127] a good title.
I am persuaded this question,[128] sick between’s,
By bleeding[129] must be cured. I am a suitor
That to your sword you will bequeath this plea[130]
And talk of it no more.
PALAMON But this one word:
You are going now to gaze upon my mistress,
For, note you, mine she is.

ARCITE Nay, then.
PALAMON Nay pray you!
You talk of feeding me to breed me strength.
You are going now to look upon a sun
That strengthens what it looks on: there
You have a vantage o’er me, but enjoy’t till
I may enforce my remedy.[141] Farewell.
Exeunt

Act 3 Scene 2

running scene 11 continues

Enter Jailer’s Daughter alone **With a file**

JAILER’S DAUGHTER He has mistook the brake[1] I meant, is gone
After his fancy. ’Tis now well-nigh[2] morning.
No matter: would it were perpetual night,
And darkness lord o’th’world! Hark ’tis a wolf!
In me hath grief slain fear and but for one thing
I care for nothing and that’s Palamon.
I wreak[7] not if the wolves would jaw me, so
He had this file. What if I hallooed[8] for him?
I cannot hallow. If I whooped, what then?
If he not answered, I should call a wolf,
And do him but that service.[11] I have heard
Strange howls this livelong[12] night: why may’t not be
They have made prey of him? He has no weapons,
He cannot run: the jangling of his gyves
Might call fell[15] things to listen, who have in them
A sense to know a man unarmed and can
Smell where resistance is. I’ll set it down[17]
He’s torn to pieces: they howled many together
And then they fed on him. So much for that:
Be[20] bold to ring the bell. How stand I then?
All’s chared[21] when he is gone. No, no, I lie:
My father’s to be hanged for his escape,
Myself to beg, if I prized life so much
As to deny my act, but that I would not,
Should I try death by dozens.[25] I am moped:
Food took I none these two days,
Sipped some water. I have not closed mine eyes
Save when my lids scoured[28] off their brine. Alas,
Dissolve,[29] my life! Let not my sense unsettle
Lest I should drown, or stab, or hang myself.
O, state of nature,[31] fail together in me,

Since thy best props are warped! So which way now?
The best way is the next way to a grave:
Each errant[34] step beside is torment. Lo,
The moon is down, the crickets chirp, the screech-owl
Calls in the dawn. All offices[36] are done
Save[37] what I fail in. But the point is this:
An end, and that is all.

Exit

Act 3 Scene 3

running scene 11 continues

Enter Arcite, with meat, wine and files

ARCITE I should be near the place. Ho! Cousin Palamon!

Enter Palamon ***Hesitantly***

PALAMON Arcite?

ARCITE The same: I have brought you food and files.
Come forth and fear not, here's no Theseus.

PALAMON Nor none so honest, Arcite.

ARCITE That's no matter,[6]
We'll argue that hereafter.[7] Come, take courage:
You shall not die thus beastly.[8] Here, sir, drink —
I know you are faint—then I'll talk further with you.

PALAMON Arcite, thou mightst now poison me.

ARCITE I might:
But I must fear you first. Sit down, and good now[12]
No more of these vain parleys:[13] let us not,
Having our ancient[14] reputation with us,
Make talk for fools and cowards. To your health, sir! ***Drinks***

PALAMON Do.[16]

ARCITE Pray sit down then, and let me entreat you
By all the honesty and honour in you,
No mention of this woman: 'twill disturb us.
We shall have time enough.

PALAMON Well, sir, I'll pledge[21] you. ***Drinks***

ARCITE Drink a good hearty draught: it[22] breeds good blood, man.
Do not you feel it thaw you?

PALAMON Stay,[24] I'll tell you after a draught or two more.

ARCITE Spare it not,
The duke has more, coz. Eat now.

PALAMON Yes. ***Eats***

ARCITE I am glad you have so good a stomach.[28]

PALAMON I am gladder I have so good meat to't.

ARCITE Is't not mad lodging,[30] here in the wild woods, cousin?

PALAMON Yes, for them that have wild[31] consciences.
ARCITE How tastes your victuals? Your hunger[32] needs no sauce I see.
PALAMON Not much.
But if it did, yours is too tart, sweet cousin. What is this?
ARCITE Venison.
PALAMON ’Tis a lusty[36] meat:
Give me more wine. Here, Arcite, to the wenches
We have known in our days. The lord steward’s daughter —
Do you remember her?
ARCITE After you, coz.
PALAMON She loved a black-haired man—
ARCITE She did so: well, sir?
PALAMON And I have heard some call him Arcite, and—
ARCITE Out with’t, faith!
PALAMON She met him in an arbour.
What did she there, coz? Play o’th’virginals?[46]
ARCITE Something[47] she did, sir—
PALAMON Made her groan[48] a month for’t, or two, or three, or ten.
ARCITE The marshall’s sister
Had her share too, as I remember, cousin,
Else there be tales[51] abroad. You’ll pledge her?
PALAMON Yes.
ARCITE A pretty brown wench ’tis. There was a time
When young men went a-hunting, and a wood,
And a broad beech: and thereby hangs a tale — hey ho.[55]
PALAMON For Emily, upon my life! Fool,
Away with this strained[57] mirth! I say again,
That sigh was breathed for Emily. Base cousin,
Dar’st thou break[59] first?
ARCITE You are wide.[60]
PALAMON By heaven and earth, there’s nothing in thee honest.
ARCITE Then I’ll leave you: you are a beast now.
PALAMON As thou mak’st me, traitor.
ARCITE There’s all things needful: files and shirts, and perfumes.
I’ll come again some two hours hence, and bring

That that shall quiet all.
PALAMON A sword and armour.
ARCITE Fear[68] me not. You are now too foul, farewell.
Get off your trinkets,[69] you shall want nought.
PALAMON Sirrah—
ARCITE I'll hear no more. *Exit*
PALAMON If he keep touch,[72] he dies for't. *Exit*

Act 3 Scene 4

running scene 11 continues

Enter Jailer's Daughter

JAILER'S DAUGHTER I am very cold and all the stars are out too,
The little stars and all, that look like aglets:[2]
The sun has seen my folly.— Palamon!—
Alas no, he's in heaven. Where am I now?
Yonder's the sea and there's a ship: how't tumbles![5]
And there's a rock lies watching under water:
Now, now, it beats upon it: now, now, now,
There's a leak sprung,[8] a sound one. How they cry!
Run her[9] before the wind, you'll lose all else.
Up with a course[10] or two and tack about, boys!
Goodnight, goodnight, you're gone.— I am very hungry.
Would I could find a fine frog: he would tell me
News from all parts o'th'world: then would I make
A carrack[14] of a cockleshell and sail
By east and north-east to the king of pygmies,
For he tells fortunes rarely.[16] Now my father
Twenty to one is trussed up[17] in a trice
Tomorrow morning. I'll say never a word.
For I'll cut my green coat, a foot above my knee

Sings

And I'll clip my yellow locks, an inch below mine eye.
Hey, nonny,[21] nonny, nonny.
He's[22] buy me a white cut, forth for to ride,
And I'll go seek him, through the world that is so wide.
Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.
O, for a prick[25] now like a nightingale,
To put my breast against. I shall sleep like a top[26] else.

Exit

Act 3 [Scene 5][3.5]

running scene 11 continues

Enter a Schoolmaster, four Countrymen, and [one disguised as a] Baboon, two or three Wenches, with a Taborer

SCHOOLMASTER Fie, fie, what tediosity[1] and disinsanity is here among ye? Have my rudiments[2] been laboured so long with ye? Milked unto ye, and by a figure,[3] even the very[4] plum-broth and marrow of my understanding laid upon ye? And do you still cry ‘Where?’ and ‘How?’ and ‘Wherefore?’ You most coarse-frieze[7] capacities, ye jean judgements, have I said ‘Thus let be’ and ‘There let be’ and ‘Then let be’, and no man understand me? *Proh deum*![9] *Medius Fidius*! Ye are all dunces. For why? Here stand I. Here the duke comes: there are you, close[11] in the thicket: the duke appears: I meet him and unto him I utter learnèd things and many figures: he hears and nods and hums[14] and then cries ‘Rare!’ and I go forward. At length I fling my cap up — mark there! Then do you, as once did Meleager[16] and the boar, break comely[17] out before him: like true lovers, cast yourselves in a body decently[18] and sweetly, by a figure, trace[19] and turn, boys.

FIRST COUNTRYMAN And sweetly we will do it, Master Gerald.

SECOND COUNTRYMAN Draw[21] up the company. Where’s the taborer?

THIRD COUNTRYMAN Why, Timothy!

TABORER Here, my mad boys, have at ye.[23]

SCHOOLMASTER But I say, where’s their women?

FOURTH COUNTRYMAN Here’s Friz and Maudlin.

SECOND COUNTRYMAN And little Luce with the white legs and bouncing[27] Barbary.

FIRST COUNTRYMAN And freckled Nell that never failed her master.

SCHOOLMASTER Where be your ribbons maids? Swim[29] with your bodies
And carry it sweetly and deliverly[30]
And now and then a favour[31] and a frisk.

NELL Let us alone,[32] sir.

SCHOOLMASTER Where’s the rest o’th’music?[33]

THIRD COUNTRYMAN Dispersed as you commanded.
SCHOOLMASTER Couple[35] then
And see what's wanting.[36] Where's the bavian?—
My friend, carry your tail[37] without offence
Or scandal to the ladies, and be sure
You tumble[39] with audacity and manhood,
And when you bark do it with judgement.
BABOON Yes, sir.
SCHOOLMASTER *Quo usque tandem*?[42] Here is a woman wanting.
FOURTH COUNTRYMAN We may go whistle:[43] all the fat's i'th'fire.
SCHOOLMASTER We have,
As learnèd authors utter, washed a tile,[45]
We have been *fatuus*[46] and laboured vainly.
SECOND COUNTRYMAN This is that scornful piece,[47] that scurvy hilding
That gave her promise faithfully, she would be here:
Cicely, the sempster's[49] daughter.
The next gloves that I give her shall be dogskin![50]
Nay, an[51] she fail me once, you can tell, Arcas,
She swore by wine and bread she would not break.[52]
SCHOOLMASTER An eel[53] and woman,
A learnèd poet says, unless by th'tail
And with thy teeth thou hold, will either[55] fail.
In manners this was false position.[56]
FIRST COUNTRYMAN A fire ill[57] take her: does she flinch now?
THIRD COUNTRYMAN What
Shall we determine, sir?
SCHOOLMASTER Nothing.
Our business is become a nullity,[61]
Yea, and a woeful and a piteous nullity.
FOURTH COUNTRYMAN Now when the credit of our town lay on it,
Now to be frampul,[64] now to piss o'th'nettle.
Go thy ways,[65] I'll remember thee, I'll fit thee.
Enter Jailer's Daughter
JAILER'S DAUGHTER The *George Alow*[66] came from the south ***Sings***
From the coast of Barbary-a
And there he met with brave gallants of war,[68]

By one, by two, by three-a.
'Well hailed, well hailed, you jolly gallants,
And whither now are you bound-a?
Chair and stools out
O, let me have your company
Till I come to the sound-a.'
There was three fools, fell out about an howlet:[74]
The one said it was an owl,
The other he said nay,
The third he said it was a hawk,
And her bells were cut away.

THIRD COUNTRYMAN There's a dainty[79] madwoman, master,
Comes i'th'nick,[80] as mad as a March hare.
If we can get her dance, we are made[81] again:
I warrant[82] her, she'll do the rarest gambols.

FIRST COUNTRYMAN A mad woman? We are made, boys.

SCHOOLMASTER And are you mad, good woman? ***To Jailer's Daughter***

JAILER'S DAUGHTER I would be sorry else. Give me your hand.

SCHOOLMASTER Why?

JAILER'S DAUGHTER I can tell your fortune.
You are a fool. Tell[88] ten.— I have posed him. Buzz!—
Friend, you must eat[89] no white bread: if you do
Your[90] teeth will bleed extremely.— Shall we dance, ho?—
I know you, you're a tinker:[91] sirrah tinker,
Stop[92] no more holes but what you should.

SCHOOLMASTER *Dii boni*.[93] A tinker, damsel?

JAILER'S DAUGHTER Or a conjurer:
Raise[95] me a devil now and let him play
Chi passa[96] o'th'bells and bones.

SCHOOLMASTER Go take her
And fluently persuade her to a peace:
Et[99] *opus exegi quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis*.
Strike up and lead her in. ***Taborer plays***

SECOND COUNTRYMAN Come, lass, let's trip[101] it.

JAILER'S DAUGHTER I'll lead. ***Dances*** *Wind horns*

THIRD COUNTRYMAN Do, do!

SCHOOLMASTER Persuasively and cunningly. Away, boys!
Exeunt all but Schoolmaster
I hear the horns: give me some meditation,[105]
And mark your cue. Pallas[106] inspire me! ***Calls after them***
Enter Theseus, Pirithous, Hippolyta, Emilia, Arcite and Train
THESEUS This way the stag took.
SCHOOLMASTER Stay, and edify![108]
THESEUS What have we here?
PIRITHOUS Some country sport, upon my life, sir.
THESEUS Well, sir, go forward, we will ‘edify’.— ***To Schoolmaster***
Ladies, sit down, we’ll stay[112] it.
SCHOOLMASTER Thou doughty[113] duke, all hail.— All hail, sweet ladies.
THESEUS This is a cold[114] beginning.
SCHOOLMASTER If you but favour, our country pastime made is.
We are a few of those collected here
That ruder tongues distinguish[117] ‘villager’,
And to say verity, and not to fable,[118]
We are a merry rout,[119] or else a rabble,
Or company, or, by a figure, chorus,[120]
That ’fore thy dignity will dance a morris.
And I that am the rectifier[122] of all,
By title *pedagogus*,[123] that let fall
The birch[124] upon the breeches of the small ones
And humble with a ferula[125] the tall ones,
Do here present this machine,[126] or this frame,
And, dainty duke, whose doughty dismal[127] fame
From Dis[128] to Daedalus, from post to pillar,
Is blown abroad, help me, thy poor well-willer,[129]
And with thy twinkling eyes look right and straight
Upon this mighty ‘Moor’ — of mickle[131] weight —
‘Is’[132] now comes in, which, being glued together,
Makes ‘Morris’ and the cause that we came hither:
The body[134] of our sport, of no small study.
I first appear, though rude and raw and muddy,
To speak before thy noble grace this tenor:[136]

At whose great feet I offer up my penner.[137]
The next the lord of May, and lady bright,
The chambermaid and servingman, by night
That seek out silent hanging.[140] Then mine host
And his fat spouse that welcomes to their cost
The gallèd[142] traveller and with a beck'ning
Informs the tapster[143] to inflame the reck'ning.
Then the beest-eating[144] clown and next the fool,
The Bavian with long tail and eke[145] long tool,
Cum multis aliis[146] that make a dance.
Say 'Ay', and all shall presently advance.
THESEUS Ay, ay, by any means, dear *domine*.[148]
PIRITHOUS Produce.[149]
Music. Dance
SCHOOLMASTER *Intrate filii*![150]
Knocks for [the dance]
Come forth and foot it.
Enter the Dance
The Countrymen and Jailer's Daughter dance a morris
Ladies, if we have been merry
And have pleased ye with a derry,[152]
And a derry, and a down,
Say the schoolmaster's no clown.—
Duke, if we have pleased thee too
And have done as good boys should do,
Give us but a tree or twain[157]
For a maypole and again,
Ere another year run out,
We'll make thee laugh and all this rout.
THESEUS Take twenty, *domine*.— How does my sweetheart?
HIPPOLYTA Never so pleased, sir.
EMILIA 'Twas an excellent dance
And for a preface, I never heard a better.
THESEUS Schoolmaster, I thank you.— One see 'em all rewarded.
PIRITHOUS And here's something to paint your pole[166] withal. ***Gives money***
THESEUS Now to our sports again.

SCHOOLMASTER May the stag thou hunt’st stand long,
And thy dogs be swift and strong:
May they kill him without lets[170]
And the ladies eat his dowsets.[171]—
Wind horns
[Exeunt Theseus and his party]
Come we are all made, *dii deæque omnes*.[172]
Ye have danced rarely,[173] wenches.
Exeunt

Act 3 [Scene 6]

running scene 11 continues

Enter Palamon from the bush

PALAMON About this hour my cousin gave his faith[1]
To visit me again, and with him bring
Two swords and two good armours.[3] If he fail
He's neither man nor soldier. When he left me
I did not think a week could have restored
My lost strength to me, I was grown so low
And crest-fall'n with my wants. I thank thee, Arcite,
Thou art yet a fair foe: and I feel myself,
With this refreshing, able once again
To outdure[10] danger. To delay it longer
Would make the world think, when[11] it comes to hearing,
That I lay fatting[12] like a swine to fight
And not a soldier. Therefore this blest morning
Shall be the last, and that sword he refuses,[14]
If[15] it but hold, I kill him with: 'tis justice.
So love and fortune for me!— O, good morrow.

Enter Arcite with armours and swords

ARCITE Good morrow, noble kinsman.

PALAMON I have put you
To too much pains, sir.

ARCITE That too much, fair cousin,
Is but a debt to honour, and my duty.

PALAMON Would you were so in all, sir: I could wish ye
As kind a kinsman as you force me find
A beneficial foe, that my embraces
Might thank ye, not my blows.

ARCITE I shall think either
Well done, a noble recompense.[27]

PALAMON Then I shall quit[28] you.

ARCITE Defy me in these fair terms, and you show[29]
More than a mistress to me. No more anger,

As you love anything that’s honourable.
We were not bred to talk, man: when we are armed
And both upon our guards, then let our fury,
Like meeting of two tides, fly strongly from us,
And then to whom the birthright[35] of this beauty
Truly pertains[36] — without upbraidings, scorns,
Despisings of our persons, and such poutings
Fitter for girls and schoolboys — will be seen
And quickly, yours or mine. Wilt please you arm, sir?
Or, if you feel yourself not fitting[40] yet
And furnished with your old strength, I’ll stay,[41] cousin,
And ev’ry day discourse you into health,
As I am spared.[43] Your person I am friends with
And I could wish I had not said I loved her,
Though[45] I had died: but, loving such a lady
And justifying my love, I must not fly from’t.
PALAMON Arcite, thou art so brave an enemy
That no man but thy cousin’s fit to kill thee.
I am well and lusty:[49] Choose your arms.
ARCITE Choose you, sir.
PALAMON Wilt thou exceed[51] in all, or dost thou do it
To make me spare thee?
ARCITE If you think so, cousin,
You are deceived, for as I am a soldier,
I will not spare you.
PALAMON That’s well said.
ARCITE You’ll find it.[57]
PALAMON Then as I am an honest man, and love
With all the justice of affection,
I’ll pay thee soundly.[60] This I’ll take. ***Chooses armor***
ARCITE That’s mine then. ***Takes the other***
I’ll arm you[62] first.
PALAMON Do. Pray thee ***Arcite begins to arm him*** tell me, cousin,
Where got’st thou this good armour?
ARCITE ’Tis the duke’s,
And to say true, I stole it. Do I pinch you?

PALAMON No.
ARCITE Is't not too heavy?
PALAMON I have worn a lighter,
But I shall make it serve.
ARCITE I'll buckle't close.
PALAMON By any means.
ARCITE You care not for a grand guard?[73]
PALAMON No, no, we'll use no horses. I perceive
You would fain[75] be at that fight.
ARCITE I am indifferent.
PALAMON Faith, so am I. Good cousin, thrust the buckle
Through far enough.
ARCITE I warrant[79] you.
PALAMON My casque[80] now.
ARCITE Will you fight bare-armed?
PALAMON We shall be the nimbler.
ARCITE But use your gauntlets though. Those are o'th'least:[83]
Prithee take mine, good cousin.
PALAMON Thank you, Arcite.
How do I look? Am I fall'n much away?[86]
ARCITE Faith very little: love has used you kindly.
PALAMON I'll warrant thee, I'll strike home.[88]
ARCITE Do, and spare not.
I'll give you cause, sweet cousin.
PALAMON Now to you, sir. ***Begins to arm Arcite***
Methinks this armour's very like that, Arcite,
Thou wor'st that day the three kings fell, but lighter.
ARCITE That was a very good one, and that day
I well remember, you outdid me, cousin:
I never saw such valour: when you charged
Upon the left wing of the enemy,
I spurred hard to come up and under me
I had a right good horse.
PALAMON You had indeed:
A bright bay,[101] I remember.
ARCITE Yes, but all

Was vainly laboured in me: you outwent me,
Nor[104] could my wishes reach you. Yet a little
I did by imitation.
PALAMON More by virtue.[106]
You are modest, cousin.
ARCITE When I saw you charge first,
Methought I heard a dreadful clap of thunder
Break from the troop.
PALAMON But still before that flew
The lightning of your valour. Stay a little:
Is not this piece too strait?[113]
ARCITE No, no, ’tis well.
PALAMON I would have nothing hurt thee but my sword:
A bruise would be dishonour.
ARCITE Now I am perfect.[117]
PALAMON Stand off then.
ARCITE Take my sword, I hold[119] it better.
PALAMON I thank ye, no: keep it, your life lies[120] on it.
Here’s one: if it but hold, I ask no more
For all my hopes. My cause and honour guard me.
ARCITE And me my love.
They bow several ways, then advance and stand
Is there aught[124] else to say?
PALAMON This only, and no more: thou art mine aunt’s son
And that blood we desire to shed is mutual,
In me thine and in thee mine. My sword
Is in my hand and if thou killest me
The gods and I forgive thee. If there be
A place prepared for those that sleep in honour,
I wish his weary soul that falls may win it.
Fight bravely, cousin. Give me thy noble hand.
ARCITE Here, Palamon: this hand shall never more
Come near thee with such friendship.
PALAMON I commend[135] thee.
ARCITE If I fall, curse me, and say I was a coward,
For none but such dare die in these just trials.

Once more farewell, my cousin.

PALAMON Farewell, Arcite.

Fight. Horns within. They stand

ARCITE Lo,[140] cousin, lo, our folly has undone us.

PALAMON Why?

ARCITE This is the duke, a-hunting as I told you:
If we be found, we are wretched. O, retire,[143]
For honour's sake, and safely presently[144]
Into your bush again. Sir, we shall find
Too many hours to die in. Gentle cousin,
If you be seen you perish instantly
For breaking prison, and I, if you reveal me,
For my contempt.[149] Then all the world will scorn us
And say we had a noble difference,[150]
But base disposers[151] of it.

PALAMON No, no, cousin,
I will no more be hidden, nor put off
This great adventure[154] to a second trial:
I know your cunning and I know your cause.
He that faints[156] now, shame take him. Put thyself
Upon thy present guard.

ARCITE You are not mad?

PALAMON Or I will make th'advantage of this hour
Mine own, and what to come shall threaten me
I fear less than my fortune. Know, weak cousin,
I love Emilia and in that I'll bury
Thee, and all crosses[163] else.

ARCITE Then come what can come.
Thou shalt know, Palamon, I dare as well
Die as discourse or sleep. Only this fears[166] me:
The law will have the honour of our ends.
Have at thy life.

PALAMON Look to thine own well, Arcite.

Fight again. Horns Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Emilia, Pirithous and Train

THESEUS What ignorant[170] and mad malicious traitors

Are you, that gainst the tenor of my laws
Are making battle, thus like knights appointed,[172]
Without my leave and officers of arms?[173]
By Castor,[174] both shall die!
PALAMON Hold[175] thy word, Theseus.
We are certainly both traitors, both despisers
Of thee and of thy goodness: I am Palamon
That cannot love thee, he that broke thy prison:
Think well what that deserves. And this is Arcite:
A bolder traitor never trod thy ground,
A falser ne’er seemed friend. This is the man
Was begged[182] and banished, this is he contemns thee
And what thou dar’st do; and in this disguise
Against thine own edict follows[184] thy sister,
That fortunate bright star, the fair Emilia,
Whose servant — if there be a right in seeing
And first bequeathing of the soul to — justly
I am, and which is more, dares think her his.
This treachery, like a most trusty lover,
I called him now to answer. If thou be’st
As thou art spoken,[191] great and virtuous,
The true decider of all injuries,
Say, ‘Fight again’ and thou shalt see me, Theseus,
Do such a justice thou thy self wilt envy.
Then take my life, I’ll woo[195] thee to’t.
PIRITHOUS O heaven,
What more than man is this!
THESEUS I have sworn.
ARCITE We seek not
Thy breath of mercy, Theseus: ’tis to me
A thing as soon to die as thee to say it
And no more moved.[202] Where this man calls me traitor,
Let me say thus much: if in love be treason,
In service of so excellent a beauty,
As I love most, and in that faith will perish,
As I have brought my life here to confirm it,

As I have served her truest, worthiest,
As I dare kill this cousin that denies it,
So let me be most traitor and ye please me.
For[210] scorning thy edict, duke, ask that lady
Why she is fair, and why her eyes command me
Stay here to love her: and if she say ‘Traitor’,
I am a villain fit to lie unburied.
PALAMON Thou shalt have pity of us both, O Theseus,
If unto neither thou show mercy. Stop,[215]
As thou art just, thy noble ear against us:
As thou art valiant, for thy[217] cousin’s soul
Whose twelve strong labours crown his memory,
Let’s die together at one instant, duke.
Only a little let him fall before me,
That I may tell my soul he shall not have her.
THESEUS I grant your wish, for to say true, your cousin
Has ten times more offended, for I gave him
More mercy than you found, sir, your offences
Being no more than his. None here speak for ’em,
For ere the sun set, both shall sleep for ever.
HIPPOLYTA Alas the pity! Now or never, sister, ***To Emilia***
Speak not[228] to be denied. That face of yours
Will bear the curses else of after ages
For these lost cousins.
EMILIA In my face, dear sister,
I find no anger to ’em, nor no ruin:
The misadventure of their own eyes kill[233] ’em.
Yet[234] that I will be woman, and have pity,
My knees shall grow to[235] th’ground but I’ll get mercy.
Help me, dear sister, in a deed so virtuous,
The powers of all women will be with us.— ***Kneels***
Most royal brother—
HIPPOLYTA Sir, by our tie of marriage— ***Kneels***
EMILIA By your own spotless honour—
HIPPOLYTA By that faith,
That fair hand and that honest heart you gave me—

EMILIA By that[243] you would have pity in another,
By your own virtues infinite—
HIPPOLYTA By valour,
By all the chaste[246] nights I have ever pleased you—
THESEUS These are strange conjurings.[247]
PIRITHOUS Nay then I'll in too: ***Kneels***
By all our friendship, sir, by all our dangers,
By all you love most: wars, and this sweet lady—
EMILIA By that[251] you would have trembled to deny
A blushing maid—
HIPPOLYTA By your own eyes, by strength,
In which you swore I went beyond all women,
Almost all men, and yet I yielded, Theseus—
PIRITHOUS To crown all this, by your most noble soul,
Which cannot want[257] due mercy, I beg first—
HIPPOLYTA Next hear my prayers—
EMILIA Last let me entreat, sir—
PIRITHOUS For mercy.
HIPPOLYTA Mercy!
EMILIA Mercy on these princes!
THESEUS Ye make[263] my faith reel. Say I felt ***Emilia, Hippolyta, and Pirithous rise***
Compassion to 'em both, how would you place it?[264]
EMILIA Upon their lives: but with their banishments.
THESEUS You are a right[266] woman, sister: you have pity,
But want the understanding where to use it.
If you desire their lives, invent a way
Safer than banishment. Can these two live
And have the agony of love about 'em
And not kill one another? Every day
They'd fight about you: hourly bring your honour
In public question[273] with their swords. Be wise then
And here forget 'em. It concerns your credit[274]
And my oath equally. I have said they die.
Better they fall by th'law than one another.
Bow[277] not my honour.
EMILIA O my noble brother,

That oath was rashly made, and in your anger.
Your reason will not hold[280] it: if such vows
Stand for express will,[281] all the world must perish.
Beside, I have another oath gainst yours
Of more authority, I am sure more love,
Not made in passion[284] neither, but good heed.
THESEUS What is it, sister?
PIRITHOUS Urge it home, brave lady.
EMILIA That you would nev’r deny me anything
Fit for my modest suit and your free granting.
I tie you to your word now: if ye fail in’t,
Think how you maim[290] your honour —
For now I am set a-begging, sir, I am deaf
To all but your compassion — how their lives
Might breed the ruin of my name. Opinion!
Shall anything that loves me perish for me?
That were a cruel wisdom. Do men prune
The straight young boughs that blush with thousand blossoms
Because they may be[297] rotten? O Duke Theseus,
The goodly mothers that have groaned[298] for these
And all the longing maids that ever loved,
If your vow stand, shall curse me and my beauty
And in their funeral songs for these two cousins
Despise my cruelty and cry ‘Woe worth[302] me’,
Till I am nothing but the scorn of women.
For heaven’s sake save their lives and banish ’em.
THESEUS On what conditions?
EMILIA Swear ’em never more
To make me their contention,[307] or to know me,
To tread upon thy dukedom, and to be,
Wherever they shall travel, ever strangers
To one another.
PALAMON I’ll be cut a-pieces
Before I take this oath! Forget I love her?
O, all ye gods, despise me then! Thy banishment
I not mislike, so we may fairly carry

Our swords and cause along, else never trifle
But take our lives, duke. I must love and will,
And for that love, must and dare kill this cousin
On any piece[318] the earth has.
THESEUS Will you, Arcite,
Take these conditions?
PALAMON He’s a villain then.
PIRITHOUS These are men!
ARCITE No, never, duke: ’tis worse to me than begging
To take my life so basely.[324] Though I think
I never shall enjoy her, yet I’ll preserve
The honour of affection and die for her,
Make[327] death a devil.
THESEUS What may be done? For now I feel compassion.
PIRITHOUS Let it not fall again, sir.
THESEUS Say, Emilia,
If one of them were dead, as one must,[331] are you
Content to[332] take th’other to your husband?
They cannot both enjoy you. They are princes
As goodly as your own eyes and as noble
As ever fame yet spoke of. Look upon ’em
And if you can love, end this difference.
I give consent. Are you content too, princes?
BOTH With all our souls.
THESEUS He that she refuses
Must die then.
BOTH Any death thou canst invent, duke.
PALAMON If I fall from that mouth,[342] I fall with favour
And lovers yet unborn shall bless my ashes.
ARCITE If she refuse me, yet my grave will wed me
And soldiers sing my epitaph.
THESEUS Make choice, then. ***To Emilia***
EMILIA I cannot, sir, they are both too excellent:
For[348] me, a hair shall never fall of these men.
HIPPOLYTA What will become of ’em?
THESEUS Thus I ordain it

And by mine honour, once again it stands,
Or both shall die. You shall both to your country
And each within this month accompanied
With three fair knights, appear again in this place,
In which I’ll plant a pyramid:[355] and whether
Before us that are here, can force his cousin
By fair and knightly strength to touch the pillar,
He shall enjoy her: the other lose his head,
And all his friends. Nor shall he grudge to fall,[359]
Nor think he dies with interest in[360] this lady.
Will this content ye?
PALAMON Yes. Here, cousin Arcite, ***Offers his hand to Arcite***
I am friends again, till that hour.
ARCITE I embrace ye. ***Embraces him***
THESEUS Are you content, sister?
EMILIA Yes, I must,[366] sir,
Else both miscarry.[367]
THESEUS Come shake hands again then,
And take heed, as you are gentlemen, this quarrel
Sleep till the hour prefixed, and hold your course.[370]
PALAMON We dare not fail thee, Theseus. ***Palamon and Arcite shake hands***
THESEUS Come, I’ll give ye
Now usage[373] like to princes and to friends.
When ye return, who wins, I’ll settle here:[374]
Who loses, yet I’ll weep upon his bier.[375]

Exeunt

Act 4 Scene 1[4.1]

running scene 12

Enter Jailer and his Friend

JAILER Hear you no more? Was nothing said of me
Concerning the escape of Palamon?
Good sir, remember.

FIRST FRIEND Nothing that I heard,
For I came home before the business
Was fully ended: yet I might perceive,
Ere I departed, a great likelihood
Of both their pardons: for Hippolyta
And fair-eyed Emily, upon their knees,
Begged with such handsome[10] pity that the duke
Methought stood staggering[11] whether he should follow
His rash oath or the sweet compassion
Of those two ladies: and, to second them,
That truly noble Prince Pirithous,
Half[15] his own heart set in too, that I hope
All shall be well. Neither heard I one question
Of your name, or his scape.

Enter Second Friend

JAILER Pray heaven it hold[18] so.

SECOND FRIEND Be of good comfort man: I bring you news,
Good news.

JAILER They[21] are welcome.

SECOND FRIEND Palamon has cleared you,
And got your pardon, and discovered[23] how
And by whose means he escaped, which was your daughter’s,
Whose pardon is procured too: and the prisoner,
Not to be held ungrateful to her goodness,
Has given a sum of money to her marriage,
A large one, I’ll assure you.

JAILER Ye are a good man
And ever[30] bring good news.

FIRST FRIEND How was it ended?
SECOND FRIEND Why, as it should be: they that ne’er begged
But they prevailed[33] had their suits fairly granted:
The prisoners have their lives.
FIRST FRIEND I knew ’twould be so.
SECOND FRIEND But there be new conditions, which you’ll hear of
At better time.
JAILER I hope they are good.
SECOND FRIEND They are honourable:
How good they’ll prove, I know not.

Enter Wooer

FIRST FRIEND ’Twill be known.
WOOER Alas, sir, where’s your daughter?
JAILER Why do you ask?
WOOER O, sir, when did you see her?
SECOND FRIEND How he looks![45]
JAILER This morning.
WOOER Was she well? Was she in health, sir?
When did she sleep?
FIRST FRIEND These are strange questions.
JAILER I do not think she was very well, for now
You make me mind[51] her: but this very day
I asked her questions, and she answered me
So far from what she was, so childishly,
So sillily, as if she were a fool,
An innocent,[55] and I was very angry.
But what of her, sir?
WOOER Nothing[57] but my pity.
But you must know it, and as good by[58] me
As by another that less loves her.
JAILER Well, sir?
FIRST FRIEND Not right?[61]
SECOND FRIEND Not well?
WOOER No, sir, not well. ’Tis too true, she is mad.
FIRST FRIEND It cannot be!
WOOER Believe, you’ll find it so.

JAILER I half suspected
What you told me: the gods comfort her!
Either this was her love to Palamon,
Or fear of my miscarrying on[69] his scape,
Or both.
WOOER ’Tis likely.
JAILER But why all this haste, sir?
WOOER I’ll tell you quickly. As I late[73] was angling
In the great lake that lies behind the palace,
From the far shore, thick set with reeds and sedges,
As patiently I was attending sport,[76]
I heard a voice, a shrill one, and attentive
I gave my ear, when I might well perceive
’Twas one that sung, and by the smallness[79] of it,
A boy or woman. I then left my angle[80]
To[81] his own skill, came near, but yet perceived not
Who made the sound, the rushes and the reeds
Had so encompassed[83] it. I laid me down
And listened to the words she sung, for then,
Through a small glade[85] cut by the fishermen,
I saw it was your daughter.
JAILER Pray go on, sir.
WOOER She sung much, but no sense, only I heard her
Repeat this often: ‘Palamon is gone,
Is gone to th’wood to gather mulberries.
I’ll find him out tomorrow.’
FIRST FRIEND Pretty[92] soul!
WOOER ‘His shackles will betray him, he’ll be taken,
And what shall I do then? I’ll bring a bevy,[94]
A hundred black-eyed maids that love as I do,
With chaplets[96] on their heads of daffodillies,
With cherry lips and cheeks of damask[97] roses,
And all we’ll dance an antic[98] ’fore the duke
And beg his pardon.’ Then she talked of you, sir:
That you must lose your head tomorrow morning,
And she must gather flowers to bury you,

And see the house made handsome.[102] Then she sung
Nothing but ‘Willow, willow, willow’[103] and between
Ever was ‘Palamon, fair Palamon’,
And ‘Palamon was a tall[105] young man.’ The place
Was knee-deep where she sat: her careless tresses,[106]
A wreath of bullrush rounded:[107] about her stuck
Thousand fresh water flowers of several colours,
That methought she appeared like the fair nymph[109]
That feeds the lake with waters, or as Iris[110]
Newly dropped down from heaven. Rings she made
Of rushes that grew by and to ’em spoke
The prettiest posies:[113] ‘Thus our true love’s tied:
This you may loose, not me’ and many a one:
And then she wept, and sung again, and sighed,
And with the same breath smiled, and kissed her hand.

SECOND FRIEND Alas, what pity it is!

WOOER I made[118] in to her.
She saw me, and straight[119] sought the flood. I saved her,
And set her safe to land, when presently
She slipped away and to the city made,
With such a cry and swiftness that, believe me,
She left me far behind her. Three or four
I saw from far off cross[124] her: one of ’em
I knew to be your brother, where she stayed[125]
And fell, scarce[126] to be got away. I left them with her,

Enter Brother, Daughter and others

And hither came to tell you. Here they are.

JAILER’S DAUGHTER May[128] you never more enjoy the light…(etc.) ***Sings***
Is not this a fine song?

JAILER’S BROTHER O, a very fine one.

JAILER’S DAUGHTER I can sing twenty more.

JAILER’S BROTHER I think you can.

JAILER’S DAUGHTER Yes, truly, can I: I can sing ‘The Broom’,[133]
And ‘Bonny Robin’. Are not you a tailor?

JAILER’S BROTHER Yes.

JAILER’S DAUGHTER Where’s my wedding-gown?

JAILER'S BROTHER I'll bring it tomorrow.
JAILER'S DAUGHTER Do, very early: I[138] must be abroad else
To call the maids and pay the minstrels,
For I must lose my maidenhead[140] by cocklight,
'Twill never thrive[141] else.
O[142] fair, O sweet…(*etc.*) ***Sings***
JAILER'S BROTHER You must ev'n[143] take it patiently.
JAILER 'Tis true.
JAILER'S DAUGHTER Good ev'n, good men: pray did you ever hear
Of one young Palamon?
JAILER Yes, wench, we know him.
DAUGHTER Is't not a fine young gentleman?
JAILER 'Tis, love.
JAILER'S BROTHER By no means cross[150] her, she is then distempered
Far worse than now she shows.
FIRST FRIEND Yes, he's a fine man.
JAILER'S DAUGHTER O, is he so? You have a sister.
FIRST FRIEND Yes.
JAILER'S DAUGHTER But she shall never have him, tell her so,
For[156] a trick that I know: you'd best look to her,
For if she see him once, she's gone,[157] she's done
And undone in an hour. All the young maids
Of our town are in love with him, but I laugh at 'em
And let[160] 'em all alone. Is't not a wise course?
FIRST FRIEND Yes.
JAILER'S DAUGHTER There is at least two hundred now with child by him —
There must be four — yet I keep close[163] for all this,
Close[164] as a cockle: and all these must be boys —
He has the trick on't[165] — and at ten years old
They must be all gelt[166] for musicians
And sing the wars of Theseus.
SECOND FRIEND This is strange.
JAILER'S BROTHER As ever you heard, but say nothing.
FIRST FRIEND No.
JAILER'S DAUGHTER They come from all parts of the dukedom to him.

I'll warrant ye, he had not so few last night
As twenty to dispatch, he'll tickle't up[173]
In two hours, if[174] his hand be in.
JAILER She's lost
Past all cure.
JAILER'S BROTHER Heaven forbid, man.
JAILER'S DAUGHTER Come hither, you are a wise man. ***To Jailer***
FIRST FRIEND Does she know[179] him? ***Aside***
SECOND FRIEND No, ***Aside***
Would she did.
JAILER'S DAUGHTER You are master of a ship?
JAILER Yes.
JAILER'S DAUGHTER Where's your compass?
JAILER Here.
JAILER'S DAUGHTER Set it to th'north.
And now direct your course to th'wood,[187] where Palamon
Lies longing for me. For the tackling[188]
Let me alone.[189]— Come, weigh, my hearts, cheerily all.
Owgh![190] Owgh! Owgh!— 'Tis up, the wind's fair!—
Top the bowline!—
Out with the mainsail!— Where's your whistle, master?
JAILER'S BROTHER Let's get her in.
JAILER Up to the top,[194] boy.
JAILER'S BROTHER Where's the pilot?
FIRST FRIEND Here.
JAILER'S DAUGHTER What kenn'st[197] thou?
SECOND FRIEND A fair wood.[198]
JAILER'S DAUGHTER Bear for it, master: tack about.
When Cynthia[200] with her borrowed light…(*etc.*)
Sings
Exeunt

Act 4 Scene 2[4.2]

running scene 13

Enter Emilia alone with two pictures

EMILIA Yet I may bind those wounds up, that must open
And bleed to death for my sake else: I'll choose,
And end their strife. Two such young handsome men
Shall never fall for me: their weeping mothers,
Following the dead cold ashes of their sons,
Shall never curse my cruelty. Good heaven, ***Looks at one picture***
What a sweet face has Arcite! If wise nature,
With all her best endowments, all those beauties
She sows into the births of noble bodies,
Were here a mortal woman and had in her
The coy[11] denials of young maids, yet, doubtless,
She would run mad for this man: what an eye,
Of what a fiery sparkle and quick[13] sweetness,
Has this young prince! Here Love himself sits smiling:
Just such another wanton Ganymede[15]
Set Jove afire with and enforced the god
Snatch up the goodly boy and set him by him,
A shining constellation.[18] What a brow,
Of what a spacious majesty he carries,
Arched like the great-eyed Juno's, but far sweeter,
Smoother than Pelops' shoulder![21] Fame and honour,
Methinks, from hence,[22] as from a promontory
Pointed[23] in heaven, should clap their wings and sing
To all the underworld[24] the loves and fights
Of gods and such men near 'em.[25] Palamon, ***Looks at the other***
Is but his foil,[26] to him, a mere dull shadow:
He's swart[27] and meagre, of an eye as heavy
As if he had lost his mother: a still[28] temper,
No stirring[29] in him, no alacrity,
Of all this[30] sprightly sharpness, not a smile.
Yet these that we count errors may become him:

Narcissus was a sad[32] boy, but a heavenly.
O, who can find the bent[33] of woman's fancy?
I am a fool, my reason is lost in me,
I have no choice,[35] and I have lied so lewdly
That women ought to beat me.— On my knees
I ask thy pardon, Palamon: thou art alone
And only[42] beautiful, and these the eyes,
These the bright lamps of beauty, that command
And threaten love, and what young maid dare cross 'em?
What a bold gravity, and yet inviting,
Has this brown manly face!— O Love, this only,
From this hour, is complexion![43]— Lie there, Arcite: ***Sets Arcite's picture aside***
Thou art a changeling[44] to him, a mere gipsy,
And this the noble body.— I am sotted,[45]
Utterly lost: my virgin's faith[46] has fled me.
For if my brother but even now had asked me
Whether[48] I loved, I had run mad for Arcite:
Now if my sister, more for Palamon.
Stand both together.— Now, come ask me, brother.
Alas, I know not.— Ask me now, sweet sister.
I may go look.[52] What a mere child is fancy,
That, having two fair gauds[53] of equal sweetness,
Cannot distinguish,[54] but must cry for both.

Enter Gentleman

EMILIA How now, sir?
GENTLEMAN From the noble duke your brother,
Madam, I bring you news: the knights are come.
EMILIA To end the quarrel?
GENTLEMAN Yes.
EMILIA Would I might end[60] first!—
What sins have I committed, chaste Diana,
That my unspotted[62] youth must now be soiled
With blood of princes? And my chastity
Be made the altar where the lives of lovers,
Two greater and two better never yet

Made mothers joy, must be the sacrifice
To my unhappy beauty?
Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Pirithous and Attendants
THESEUS Bring 'em in
Quickly, by any means. I long to see 'em.—
Your two contending lovers are returned, ***To Emilia***
And with them their fair knights. Now, my fair sister,
You must love one of them.
EMILIA I had rather both,
So neither for my sake should fall untimely.[74]
Enter Messenger
THESEUS Who saw 'em?
PIRITHOUS I a while.[76]
GENTLEMAN And I.
THESEUS From whence ***To the Messenger*** come you, sir?
MESSENGER From the knights.
THESEUS Pray speak,
You that have seen them, what they are.
MESSENGER I will, sir,
And truly what I think: six braver spirits
Than these they have brought, if we judge by the outside,
I never saw, nor read of. He that stands
In the first place with Arcite, by his seeming[86]
Should be a stout[87] man, by his face a prince,
His very looks so say[88] him: his complexion
Nearer a brown than black, stern, and yet noble,
Which shows him hardy, fearless, proud of dangers.
The circles of his eyes show fire within him,
And as a heated lion, so he looks.[92]
His hair hangs long behind him, black and shining
Like ravens' wings, his shoulders broad and strong,
Armed long and round,[95] and on his thigh a sword
Hung by a curious baldric,[96] when he frowns
To seal his will with. Better[97] o'my conscience
Was never soldier's friend.
THESEUS Thou hast well described him.

PIRITHOUS Yet a great deal short,
Methinks, of him that’s first with Palamon.
THESEUS Pray speak[102] him, friend.
PIRITHOUS I guess he is a prince too,
And if it may be, greater, for his show[104]
Has all the[106] ornament of honour in’t.
He’s somewhat bigger than the knight he spoke of,
But of a face far sweeter: his complexion
Is, as a ripe grape, ruddy. He has felt[108]
Without doubt what he fights for, and so apter[109]
To make this cause his own. In’s face appears
All the fair hopes of what he undertakes
And when he’s angry, then a settled valour,
Not tainted with extremes,[113] runs through his body
And guides his arm to brave things. Fear he cannot:
He shows no such soft temper. His head’s yellow,
Hard-haired,[116] and curled, thick twined like ivy tods,
Not to undo[117] with thunder. In his face
The livery[118] of the warlike maid appears,
Pure red and white, for yet no beard has blest him.
And in his rolling eyes sits victory,
As if she ever meant to crown his valour.
His nose stands high, a character[122] of honour,
His red lips, after fights, are fit for[123] ladies.
EMILIA Must these men die too?
PIRITHOUS When he speaks, his tongue
Sounds like a trumpet: all his lineaments[126]
Are as a man would wish ’em, strong and clean.[127]
He wears a well-steeled axe, the staff[128] of gold.
His age some five-and-twenty.
MESSENGER There’s another,
A little man, but of a tough soul, seeming
As great[132] as any: fairer promises
In such a body yet I never looked on.
PIRITHOUS O, he that’s freckle-faced?
MESSENGER The same, my lord.

Are they[136] not sweet ones?
PIRITHOUS Yes, they are well.[137]
MESSENGER Methinks,
Being so few and well-disposed, they show
Great and fine art in nature. He’s white-haired,[140]
Not wanton white,[141] but such a manly colour,
Next to an auburn: tough and nimble[142] set,
Which shows an active soul. His arms are brawny,
Lined with strong sinews: to the shoulder piece,
Gently they swell, like women new-conceived,[145]
Which speaks him prone to labour,[146] never fainting
Under the weight of arms: stout-hearted, still,
But when he stirs, a tiger. He’s grey-eyed,[148]
Which yields compassion where he conquers, sharp
To spy advantages, and where he finds ’em,
He’s swift to make ’em his. He does no wrongs,
Nor takes none. He’s round-faced and when he smiles
He shows[153] a lover, when he frowns, a soldier.
About his head he wears the winner’s oak[154]
And in it stuck the favour of his lady:
His age, some six-and-thirty. In his hand
He bears a charging staff,[157] embossed with silver.
THESEUS Are they all thus?
PIRITHOUS They are all the sons of honour.
THESEUS Now, as I have a soul, I long to see ’em.
Lady, you shall see men fight now. ***To Hippolyta***
HIPPOLYTA I wish it,
But not the cause, my lord. They would show
Bravely[163] about the titles of two kingdoms:
’Tis pity love should be so tyrannous.—
O, my soft-hearted sister, what think you?
Weep not, till they weep blood. Wench, it must be.
THESEUS You have steeled[168] ’em with your beauty.— Honoured friend, ***To Pirithous***
To you I give the field:[169] pray order it
Fitting the persons that must use it.

PIRITHOUS Yes, sir.
THESEUS Come, I’ll go visit ’em. I cannot stay —
Their fame has fired me so — till they appear.
Good friend, be royal.[174]
PIRITHOUS There shall want[175] no bravery.
EMILIA Poor wench, go weep, for whosoever wins
Loses a noble cousin for thy sins. *Exeunt*

Act 4 Scene 3[4.3]

running scene 14

Enter Jailer, Wooer, Doctor

DOCTOR Her distraction is more at some time[1] of the moon, than at other some,[2] is it not?

JAILER She is continually in a harmless distemper,[3] sleeps little, altogether without appetite, save often drinking, dreaming of another world and a better: and what broken piece of matter soe'er she's about, the name Palamon lards[7] it, that she farces ev'ry business withal,[8] fits it to every question.

Enter Daughter

Look where she comes: you shall perceive her behaviour.

JAILER'S DAUGHTER I have forgot it quite: the burden[11] on't was 'Down-a down-a' and penned by no worse man than Giraldo, Emilia's schoolmaster: he's as fantastical[14] too as ever he may go upon's legs, for in the next world will Dido[15] see Palamon, and then will she be out of love with Aeneas.

DOCTOR What stuff's here? Poor soul!

JAILER Ev'n thus all day long.

JAILER'S DAUGHTER Now for this charm that I told you of: you must bring a piece of silver[20] on the tip of your tongue, or no ferry. Then if it be your chance to come where the blessed spirits are, there's a sight now! We maids that have our livers[23] perished, cracked to pieces with love, we shall come there, and do nothing all day long but pick flowers with Proserpine.[26] Then will I make Palamon a nosegay, then let him mark[27] me — then.

DOCTOR How prettily[28] she's amiss! Note her a little further.

JAILER'S DAUGHTER Faith, I'll tell you: sometime we go to barley break,[31] we of the blessed. Alas, 'tis a sore life they have i'th'other place:[32] such burning, frying, boiling, hissing, howling, chattering, cursing. O, they have shrewd measure![34] Take heed! If one be mad, or hang or drown themselves, thither they go, Jupiter bless us, and there shall we be put in a cauldron of lead and usurer's grease,[38] amongst a whole million of cutpurses, and there boil like a gammon of bacon that will never be enough.[40]

DOCTOR How her brain coins![41]

JAILER'S DAUGHTER Lords and courtiers that have got maids with child, they are in this place. They shall stand in fire up to the navel and in ice up to th'heart, and there th'offending part burns and the deceiving part freezes: in troth a very grievous punishment, as one would think, for such a trifle. Believe me, one would marry a leprous[48] witch to be rid on't,[49] I'll assure you.

DOCTOR How she continues this fancy! 'Tis not an engrafted[51] madness but a most thick and profound melancholy.

JAILER'S DAUGHTER To hear there a proud lady and a proud city wife howl together: I were[54] a beast an I'd call it good sport. One cries, 'O, this smoke!' another, 'This fire!' One cries, 'O, that ever I did it behind the arras!'[57] and then howls: th'other curses a suing fellow[58] and her garden-house.

I will be true, my stars,

Sings

my fate…(*etc.*)

Exit

JAILER What think you of her, sir?

DOCTOR I think she has a perturbed mind, which I cannot minister to.

JAILER Alas, what then?

DOCTOR Understand you she ever affected[64] any man, ere[65] she beheld Palamon?

JAILER I was once, sir, in great hope she had fixed her liking on this gentleman, my friend.

WOOER I did think so too, and would account[68] I had a great penn'orth on't,[69] to give half my state that both she and I at this present stood unfeignedly[70] on the same terms.

DOCTOR That intemperate[72] surfeit of her eye hath distempered the other senses. They may return and settle again to execute their preordained faculties,[75] but they are now in a most extravagant vagary.[76] This you must do: confine her to a place where the light may rather seem to steal in than be permitted. Take upon you, young sir, her friend, the name of Palamon. Say you come to eat with her and to commune[80] of love. This will catch her attention, for this her mind beats[81] upon: other objects that are inserted ’tween her mind and eye become the pranks and friskins[83] of her madness. Sing to her such green[84] songs of love as she says Palamon hath sung in prison. Come to her, stuck[86] in as sweet flowers as the season is mistress of and thereto make an addition of some other compounded odours[88] which are grateful to the sense: all this shall become Palamon, for Palamon can sing, and Palamon is sweet and ev’ry good thing. Desire to eat with her, carve[91] her, drink to her, and still among,[92] intermingle your petition of grace and acceptance into her favour: learn what maids have been her companions and play-feres[94] and let them repair[95] to her with Palamon in their mouths, and appear with tokens,[96] as if they suggested[97] for him. It is a falsehood she is in, which is with falsehoods to be combated. This may bring her to eat, to sleep, and reduce[99] what’s now out of square in her into their former law and regiment. I have seen it approved,[101] how many times I know not, but to make the number more I have great hope in this. I will, between the passages[103] of this project, come in with my appliance.[104] Let us put it in execution and hasten the success,[105] which, doubt not, will bring forth comfort.

Exeunt

Act 5 Scene 1[5.1]

running scene 15

Flourish. Enter Theseus, Pirithous, Hippolyta, Attendants

THESEUS Now let ’em enter and before the gods
Tender their holy prayers. Let the temples
Burn bright with sacred fires and the altars
In hallowed clouds commend their swelling[4] incense
To those above us: let no due be wanting.

Flourish of cornets

They have a noble work in hand, will[6] honour
The very powers that love ’em.

Enter Palamon and Arcite, and their Knights

PIRITHOUS Sir, they enter.

THESEUS You valiant and strong-hearted enemies
You royal german[10] foes, that this day come
To blow that nearness[11] out that flames between ye:
Lay by[12] your anger for an hour, and, dove-like,
Before the holy altars of your helpers,
The all-feared gods, bow down your stubborn[14] bodies.
Your ire[15] is more than mortal, so your help be:
And as the gods regard[16] ye, fight with justice.
I’ll leave you to your prayers and betwixt ye
I part[18] my wishes.

PIRITHOUS Honour crown the worthiest.

Exit Theseus and his train

PALAMON The glass[20] is running now that cannot finish ***To Arcite***
Till one of us expire. Think you but thus:
That were there ought in me which strove to show[22]
Mine enemy in this business, were’t one eye
Against another, arm oppressed by arm,
I would destroy th’offender, coz, I would,
Though parcel[26] of myself. Then from this gather
How I should tender[27] you.

ARCITE I am in labour

To push your name, your ancient love, our kindred
Out of my memory and i'th'self-same place
To seat something I would confound.[31] So hoist we
The sails that must these vessels port,[32] even where
The heavenly limiter[33] pleases.

PALAMON You speak well.
Before I turn,[35] let me embrace thee, cousin.
This I shall never do again. ***Embraces him***

ARCITE One farewell.

PALAMON Why, let it be so. Farewell, coz.

Exeunt Palamon and his Knights

ARCITE Farewell, sir.—
Knights, kinsmen, lovers, yea my sacrifices,[40]
True worshippers of Mars, whose spirit in you
Expels the seeds of fear and th'apprehension[42]
Which still is father of it: go with me
Before the god of our profession:[44] there
Require[45] of him the hearts of lions and
The breath[46] of tigers, yea, the fierceness too,
Yea, the speed also — to go on,[47] I mean:
Else[48] wish we to be snails. You know my prize
Must be dragged out of blood. Force and great feat[49]
Must put my garland[50] on, where she sticks
The queen of flowers. Our intercession[51] then
Must be to him that makes the camp a cistern[52]
Brimmed with the blood of men. Give me your aid
And bend your spirits towards him.— ***Prostrate before the altar***

They kneel

Thou mighty one, that with thy power hast turned
Green Neptune[56] into purple:
Whose havoc[57] in vast field comets prewarn,
Unearthèd[58] skulls proclaim, whose breath blows down
The teeming[59] Ceres' foison, who dost pluck
With hand armipotent[60] from forth blue clouds
The masoned[61] turrets, that both mak'st and break'st
The stony girths[62] of cities: me thy pupil,

Youngest follower of thy drum, instruct this day
With military skill, that to thy laud[64]
I may advance my streamer,[65] and by thee
Be styled[66] the lord o'th'day. Give me, great Mars,
Some token of thy pleasure.

Here they fall on their faces as formerly, and there is heard clanging of armour, with a short thunder, as the burst of a battle, whereupon they all rise, and bow to the altar

O great corrector of enormous[68] times,
Shaker of o'er-rank[69] states, thou grand decider
Of dusty and old titles, that heal'st with blood[70]
The earth when it is sick and cur'st the world
O'th'pleurisy[72] of people, I do take
Thy signs auspiciously and in thy name
To my design march boldly. Let us go.

Exeunt

Enter Palamon and his Knights, with the former observance

PALAMON Our stars[75] must glister with new fire or be
Today extinct.[76] Our argument is love,
Which if the goddess of it grant, she gives
Victory too. Then blend your spirits with mine,
You whose free[79] nobleness do make my cause
Your personal hazard. To the goddess Venus
Commend we our proceeding and implore
Her power unto our party.—

Here they kneel as formerly

Hail, sovereign queen of secrets,[83] who hast power
To call the fiercest tyrant from his rage
And weep unto a girl, that hast the might,
Even with an eye-glance, to choke Mars's drum
And turn th'alarm to whispers, that canst make
A cripple flourish[88] with his crutch and cure him
Before Apollo, that mayst force the king
To be his subject's vassal[90] and induce
Stale gravity[91] to dance. The polled bachelor,
Whose youth like wanton boys through bonfires

Have skipped[93] thy flame, at seventy, thou canst catch
And make him to the scorn of his hoarse throat
Abuse young lays[95] of love: what godlike power
Hast thou not power upon? To Phoebus[96] thou
Add’st flames hotter than his: the heavenly fires
Did scorch his mortal son,[98] thine him: the huntress
All moist[99] and cold, some say, began to throw
Her bow away and sigh. Take to thy grace
Me thy vowed soldier, who do bear thy yoke[101]
As ’twere a wreath of roses, yet is heavier
Than lead itself, stings more than nettles.
I have never been foul-mouthed against thy law,
Nev’r revealed secret, for I knew none: would not,
Had I kenned[106] all that were. I never practised
Upon man’s wife nor would the libels[107] read
Of liberal[108] wits. I never at great feasts
Sought to betray[109] a beauty, but have blushed
At simpering sirs that did. I have been harsh
To large confessors[111] and have hotly asked them
If they had mothers: I had one, a woman,
And women ’twere they wronged. I knew a man
Of eighty winters, this I told them, who
A lass of fourteen brided.[115] ’Twas thy power
To put life into dust: the agèd cramp[116]
Had screwed[117] his square foot round,
The gout had knit his fingers into knots,
Torturing convulsions from his globy[119] eyes
Had almost drawn their spheres,[120] that what was life
In him seemed torture. This anatomy[121]
Had by his young fair fere[122] a boy, and I
Believed it was his, for she swore it was,
And who would not believe her? Brief,[124] I am
To those that prate[125] and have done, no companion:
To those that boast and have not, a defier:[126]
To those that would and cannot, a rejoicer.
Yea, him I do not love that tells close offices[128]

The foulest way nor names concealments[129] in
The boldest[130] language. Such a one I am
And vow that lover never yet made sigh
Truer than I. O, then, most soft sweet goddess,
Give me the victory of this question, which
Is true love's merit,[134] and bless me with a sign
Of thy great pleasure.

Here music is heard, doves are seen to flutter. They fall again upon their faces, then on their knees

O thou that from eleven to ninety reign'st
In mortal bosoms, whose chase[137] is this world
And we in herds thy game: I give thee thanks
For this fair token, which being laid unto[139]
Mine innocent true heart, arms in assurance
My body to this business.— Let us rise ***They rise***
And bow before the goddess. Time comes on.[142]

They bow. Exeunt

Still music of recorders. Enter Emilia in white, her hair about her shoulders, a wheaten wreath; one in white holding up her train, her hair stuck with flowers; one before her carrying a silver hind, in which is conveyed incense and sweet odours, which being set upon the altar, her Maids standing aloof, she sets fire to it; then they curtsy and kneel

EMILIA O sacred, shadowy, cold and constant queen,
Abandoner of revels, mute contemplative,
Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure
As wind-fanned snow, who to thy female knights
Allow'st no more blood than will make a blush,
Which is their order's robe:[148] I here, thy priest,
Am humbled 'fore thine altar. O, vouchsafe[149]
With that thy rare green eye, which never yet
Beheld thing maculate,[151] look on thy virgin,
And, sacred silver mistress, lend thine ear,
Which ne'er heard scurrile[153] term, into whose port
Ne'er entered wanton[154] sound, to my petition
Seasoned[155] with holy fear. This is my last
Of vestal office. I am bride-habited,[156]

But maiden-hearted. A husband I have ’pointed,[157]
But do not know him. Out of two, I should
Choose one and pray for his success, but I
Am guiltless[160] of election. Of mine eyes,
Were I to lose one, they are equal precious,
I could doom[162] neither: that which perished should
Go to’t unsentenced. Therefore most modest queen,
He of the two pretenders[164] that best loves me
And has the truest title[165] in’t, let him
Take off my wheaten garland,[166] or else grant
The file and quality[167] I hold I may
Continue in thy band.[168]—

Here the hind vanishes under the altar, and in the place ascends a rose tree, having one rose upon it

See what our general of ebbs and flows,[169]
Out from the bowels of her holy altar,
With sacred act advances: but one rose!
If well inspired,[172] this battle shall confound
Both these brave knights and I, a virgin flower,
Must grow alone, unplucked.

Here is heard a sudden twang of instruments, and the rose falls from the tree

The flower is fall’n, the tree descends.— O mistress,
Thou here dischargest me. I shall be gathered,[176]
I think so, but I know not thine own will:
Unclasp[178] thy mystery!— I hope she’s pleased:
Her signs were gracious.

They curtsy and exeunt

Act 5 Scene 2[5.2]

running scene 16

Enter Doctor, Jailer, and Wooer in habit of Palamon

DOCTOR Has this advice I told you done any good upon[1] her?
WOOER O, very much: the maids that kept her company
Have half persuaded her that I am Palamon.
Within this half hour she came smiling to me
And asked me what I would eat and when I would kiss her.
I told her, ‘Presently’[6] and kissed her twice.
DOCTOR ’Twas well done: twenty times had been far better,
For there the cure lies mainly.
WOOER Then she told me
She would watch[10] with me tonight, for well she knew
What hour my fit[11] would take me.
DOCTOR Let her do so,
And when your fit comes, fit her[13] home, and presently.
WOOER She would have me sing.
DOCTOR You did so?
WOOER No.
DOCTOR ’Twas very ill done then.
You should observe[18] her ev’ry way.
WOOER Alas,
I have no voice, sir, to confirm[20] her that way.
DOCTOR That’s all one,[21] if ye make a noise.
If she entreat again, do anything.
Lie[23] with her if she ask you.
JAILER Ho there, doctor!
DOCTOR Yes, in the way of cure.
JAILER But first, by your leave,
I’th’way of honesty.[27]
DOCTOR That’s but a niceness.[28]
Ne’er cast[29] your child away for honesty:
Cure her first this way, then if she will[30] be honest,
She has the path before her.

JAILER Thank ye, doctor.
DOCTOR Pray bring her in and let’s see how she is.
JAILER I will, and tell her
Her Palamon stays for her. But, doctor,
Methinks you are i’th’wrong still.
Exit Jailer
DOCTOR Go, go: you fathers are fine fools. Her honesty?
And we should give her physic[38] till we find that!
WOOER Why, do you think she is not honest, sir?
DOCTOR How old is she?
WOOER She’s eighteen.
DOCTOR She may be,
But that’s all one,[43] ’tis nothing to our purpose.
Whate’er her father says, if you perceive
Her mood inclining that way that I spoke of,
Videlicet,[46] the ‘way of flesh’: you have me?
WOOER Yes, very well, sir.
DOCTOR Please her appetite
And do it home, it cures her *ipso facto,*[49]
The melancholy humour[50] that infects her.
WOOER I am of your mind, doctor. ***He withdraws***
Enter Jailer, Daughter, mad
DOCTOR You’ll find it so. She comes, pray humour her.
JAILER Come, your love Palamon stays for you, child,
And has done this long hour, to visit you.
JAILER’S DAUGHTER I thank him for his gentle patience:
He’s a kind gentleman and I am much bound[56] to him.
Did you never see the horse he gave me?
JAILER Yes.
JAILER’S DAUGHTER How do you like him?
JAILER He’s a very fair one.
JAILER’S DAUGHTER You never saw him dance?
JAILER No.
JAILER’S DAUGHTER I have, often.
He dances very finely, very comely,
And for a jig, come[65] cut and long tail to him,

He turns ye[66] like a top.
JAILER That's fine indeed.
JAILER'S DAUGHTER He'll dance the morris twenty mile an hour —
And that will founder[69] the best hobby-horse,
If I have any skill,[70] in all the parish —
And gallops to the turn of 'Light o' love'.[71]
What think you of this horse?
JAILER Having these virtues
I think he might be brought to play at tennis.
JAILER'S DAUGHTER Alas, that's nothing.
JAILER Can he write and read too?
JAILER'S DAUGHTER A very fair hand,[77] and casts himself th'accounts
Of all his hay and provender:[78] that ostler
Must rise betime[79] that cozens him. You know
The chestnut mare the duke has?
JAILER Very well.
JAILER'S DAUGHTER She is horribly in love with him, poor beast,
But he is like his master, coy[83] and scornful.
JAILER What dowry has she?
JAILER'S DAUGHTER Some two hundred bottles[85]
And twenty strike[86] of oats, but he'll ne'er have her.
He lisps in's neighing, able to entice
A miller's mare.[88] He'll be the death of her.
DOCTOR What stuff she utters!
JAILER Make curtsy, here your love comes. *Wooer comes forward*
WOOER Pretty soul,
How do ye? That's a fine maid, there's a curtsy. *She curtsies*
JAILER'S DAUGHTER Yours to command i'th'way of honesty.—
How far is't now to th'end o'th'world, my masters?
DOCTOR Why, a day's journey, wench.
JAILER'S DAUGHTER Will you go with me? *To Wooer*
WOOER What shall we do there, wench?
JAILER'S DAUGHTER Why, play at stool-ball:[98]
What is there else to do?
WOOER I am content
If we shall keep[101] our wedding there.

JAILER’S DAUGHTER ’Tis true,
For there, I will assure you, we shall find
Some blind priest for the purpose, that will venture
To marry us, for here they are nice,[105] and foolish.
Besides, my father must be hanged tomorrow
And that would be a blot i’th’business.
Are not you Palamon?
WOOER Do not you know me?
JAILER’S DAUGHTER Yes, but you care not for me: I have nothing
But this poor petticoat[111] and two coarse smocks.
WOOER That’s all one, I will have you.
JAILER’S DAUGHTER Will you surely?
WOOER Yes, by this fair hand will I. *Takes her hand*
JAILER’S DAUGHTER We’ll to bed then.[115]
WOOER Ev’n when you will. *Kisses her*
JAILER’S DAUGHTER O, sir, you would fain be nibbling.[117] *Rubs off the kiss*
WOOER Why do you rub my kiss off?
JAILER’S DAUGHTER ’Tis a sweet one
And will perfume me finely against[120] the wedding.
Is not this your cousin Arcite? *Indicates the Doctor*
DOCTOR Yes, sweetheart,
And I am glad my cousin Palamon
Has made so fair a choice.
JAILER’S DAUGHTER Do you think he’ll have me? *To Doctor*
DOCTOR Yes, without doubt.
JAILER’S DAUGHTER Do you think so too? *To Jailer*
JAILER Yes.
JAILER’S DAUGHTER We shall have many children.—
Lord, how you’re grown![130] *To Doctor*
My Palamon, I hope, will grow[131] too, finely,
Now he’s at liberty: alas, poor chicken,
He was kept down with hard meat[133] and ill lodging,
But I’ll kiss him up[134] again.

Enter a Messenger

MESSENGER What do you here? You’ll lose the noblest sight
That ev’r was seen.

JAILER Are they i’th’field?
MESSENGER They are.
You bear a charge[139] there too.
JAILER I’ll away straight.[140]—
I must ev’n leave you here.
DOCTOR Nay, we’ll go with you.
I will not lose the fight.
JAILER How[144] did you like her?
DOCTOR I’ll warrant you within these three or four days
I’ll make her right again.— You must not from[146] her ***To the Wooer***
But still[147] preserve her in this way.
WOOER I will.
DOCTOR Let’s get her in.
WOOER Come, sweet, we’ll go to dinner
And then we’ll play at cards.
JAILER’S DAUGHTER And shall we kiss too?
WOOER A hundred times.
JAILER’S DAUGHTER And twenty.
WOOER Ay, and twenty.
JAILER’S DAUGHTER And then we’ll sleep together.
DOCTOR Take her offer. ***To Wooer***
WOOER Yes, marry,[158] will we. ***To Daughter***
JAILER’S DAUGHTER But you shall not hurt me.
WOOER I will not, sweet.
JAILER’S DAUGHTER If you do, love, I’ll cry.
Exeunt

Act 5 Scene 3[5.3]

running scene 17

Flourish. Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Emilia, Pirithous and some Attendants

EMILIA I'll no step further.
PIRITHOUS Will you lose this sight?
EMILIA I had rather see a wren hawk at[3] a fly
Than this decision:[4] ev'ry blow that falls
Threats a brave life, each stroke laments
The place whereon it falls and sounds more like
A bell[7] than blade. I will stay here,
It is enough my hearing shall be punished
With what shall happen, gainst the which there is
No deafing,[10] but to hear, not taint mine eye
With dread sights it may shun.
PIRITHOUS Sir, my good lord, ***To Theseus***
Your sister will no further.
THESEUS O, she must.
She shall see deeds of honour in their kind,[14]
Which sometime show well, pencilled.[15] Nature now
Shall make and act the story, the belief[16]
Both sealed[17] with eye and ear.— You must be present: ***To Emilia***
You are the victor's meed,[18] the prize and garland
To crown the question's title.[19]
EMILIA Pardon me:
If I were there, I'd wink.[21]
THESEUS You must be there:
This trial is as 'twere i'th'night, and you
The only star to shine.
EMILIA I am extinct.[25]
There is but envy[26] in that light which shows
The one the other. Darkness, which ever was
The dam[28] of horror, who does stand accurst
Of many mortal millions, may even now,

By casting her black mantle over both
That neither could find other, get herself
Some part of a good name and many a murder
Set off[33] whereto she’s guilty.
HIPPOLYTA You must go.
EMILIA In faith, I will not.
THESEUS Why, the knights must kindle[36]
Their valour at your eye. Know, of this war
You are the treasure and must needs be by
To give[39] the service pay.
EMILIA Sir, pardon me,
The title of a kingdom may be tried
Out of itself.[42]
THESEUS Well, well, then, at your pleasure.
Those that remain with you could wish their office
To any of their enemies.
HIPPOLYTA Farewell, sister.
I am like to know[49] your husband ’fore yourself
By some small start of time: he whom the gods
Do of the two know best, I pray them he
Be made your lot.

Exeunt Theseus, Hippolyta, Pirithous and others.
[Emilia remains]

EMILIA Arcite is gently visaged, yet his eye
Is like an engine bent,[52] or a sharp weapon
In a soft sheath: mercy and manly courage
Are bedfellows in his visage. Palamon
Has a most menacing aspect:[55] his brow
Is graved,[56] and seems to bury what it frowns on,
Yet sometime ’tis not so, but alters to[57]
The quality[58] of his thoughts. Long time his eye
Will dwell upon his object. Melancholy
Becomes him nobly: so does Arcite’s mirth.
But Palamon’s sadness is a kind of mirth,
So mingled as if mirth did make him sad
And sadness merry. Those darker humours that

Stick misbecomingly[64] on others, on them
Live in fair dwelling.
Cornets. Trumpets sound as to a charge
Hark how yon spurs to spirit[66] do incite
The princes to their proof![67] Arcite may win me
And yet may Palamon wound Arcite to
The spoiling[69] of his figure. O, what pity
Enough[70] for such a chance! If I were by
I might do hurt, for they would glance their eyes
Toward[73] my seat and in that motion might
Omit a ward or forfeit an offence
Which craved[74] that very time: it is much better
Cornets. A great cry and noise within, crying ‘A Palamon!’
I am not there. O, better never born
Than minister to such harm!— What[76] is the chance?
Enter Servant
SERVANT The cry’s ‘A Palamon!’
EMILIA Then he has won:
’Twas ever likely.
He looked all grace and success, and he is
Doubtless the prim’st[81] of men. I prithee run
And tell me how it goes.
Shout and cornets, crying ‘A Palamon!‘
SERVANT Still ‘Palamon’.
EMILIA Run and inquire.— [*Exit Servant*]
Poor servant[85] thou hast lost.
Upon my right side still[86] I wore thy picture,
Palamon’s on the left. Why so, I know not:
I had no end[88] in’t, else chance would have it so.
Another cry and shout within, and cornets
On the sinister[89] side, the heart lies: Palamon
Had the best boding[90] chance. This burst of clamour
Is sure th’end o’th’combat.
Enter Servant
SERVANT They said that Palamon had Arcite’s body
Within an inch o’th’pyramid, that the cry

Was general, ‘A Palamon!’ But anon
Th’assistants[95] made a brave redemption and
The two bold titlers[96] at this instant are
Hand to hand at it.

EMILIA Were they metamorphosed
Both into one! O, why? There were no woman
Worth so composed a man: their single share,
Their nobleness, peculiar to them, gives
The prejudice of disparity values shortness,[102]

Cornets. Cry within, ‘Arcite! Arcite!’

To any lady breathing.— More exulting?
‘Palamon’ still?

SERVANT Nay, now the sound is ‘Arcite!’

EMILIA I prithee lay attention to the cry.

Cornets. A great shout and cry, ‘Arcite! Victory!’

Set both thine ears to th’business.

SERVANT The cry is
‘Arcite!’ and ‘Victory!’ Hark! ‘Arcite! Victory!’
The combat’s consummation[110] is proclaimed
By the wind instruments.

EMILIA Half-sights[112] saw
That Arcite was no babe. God’s lid,[113] his richness
And costliness[114] of spirit looked through him: it could
No more be hid in him than fire in flax,
Than humble banks can go[116] to law with waters
That drift[117] winds force to raging. I did think
Good Palamon would miscarry, yet I knew not
Why I did think so. Our reasons are not prophets
When oft our fancies are. They are coming off:[120]
Alas, poor Palamon!

Cornets

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Pirithous, Arcite as victor, and Attendants and others

THESEUS Lo, where our sister is in expectation,
Yet quaking and unsettled.— Fairest Emily,
The gods by their divine arbitrament

Have given you this knight. He is a good one
As ever struck at head.[126] Give me your hands:
Receive you her, you him, be plighted[127] with
A love that grows as you decay.

ARCITE Emily,
To buy you, I have lost what's dearest to me,
Save what is bought, and yet I purchase cheaply,
As I do rate your value.

THESEUS O, lovèd sister,
He speaks now of as brave a knight as e'er
Did spur a noble steed. Surely the gods
Would have him die a bachelor, lest his race[136]
Should show i'th'world too godlike: his behaviour
So charmed me, that methought Alcides[138] was
To him a sow[139] of lead. If I could praise
Each part of him to th'all I have spoke, your Arcite
Did[141] not lose by't, for he that was thus good
Encountered yet his better. I have heard
Two emulous[143] Philomels beat the ear o'th'night
With their contentious throats, now one the higher,
Anon[145] the other, then again the first,
And by and by out-breasted,[146] that the sense
Could not be judge between 'em: so it fared
Good space[148] between these kinsmen, till heavens did
Make hardly[149] one the winner.— Wear the garland ***To Arcite***
With joy that you have won.— For the subdued,[150]
Give them our present justice,[151] since I know
Their lives but pinch[152] 'em. Let it here be done.
The scene's not for our seeing: go we hence,
Right joyful, with some sorrow.— Arm[154] your prize, ***To Arcite***
I know you will not lose[155] her.— Hippolyta
I see one eye of yours conceives a tear,
The which it will deliver.

Flourish

EMILIA Is this winning?
O, all you heavenly powers, where is your mercy?

But that your wills have said it must be so,
And charge me live to comfort this unfriended,[161]
This miserable prince, that cuts away
A life more worthy from him than all women,
I should, and would die too,
HIPPOLYTA Infinite pity
That four such eyes should be so fixed on one[166]
That two must needs be blind[167] for't.
THESEUS So it is.
Exeunt

Act 5 Scene 4[5.4]

running scene 17 continues

Enter Palamon and his Knights, pinioned, Jailer, Executioner and other Guard
Some carrying a block and an axe

PALAMON There's many a man alive that hath outlived
The love o'th'people, yea, i'th'selfsame state
Stands many a father with his child. Some comfort
We have by so considering: we expire,
And not without men's pity: to[5] live still,
Have their good wishes: we prevent[6]
The loathsome misery of age, beguile[7]
The gout and rheum,[8] that in lag hours attend
For grey approachers:[9] we come towards the gods
Young and unwappered,[10] not halting under crimes
Many and stale.[11] That sure shall please the gods
Sooner than such,[12] to give us nectar with 'em,
For we are more clear[13] spirits.— My dear kinsmen. ***To Knights***
Whose lives, for this poor comfort are laid down,
You have sold 'em too, too cheap.
FIRST KNIGHT What ending could be
Of more content? O'er us the victors have
Fortune, whose title[18] is as momentary
As to us death is certain: a grain of honour
They not o'er-weigh us.
SECOND KNIGHT Let us bid farewell
And with our patience anger tott'ring[22] fortune,
Who at her certain'st reels.[23] ***They embrace***
THIRD KNIGHT Come, who begins?
PALAMON Ev'n he that led you to this banquet shall
Taste[26] to you all.— Aha, my friend, my friend, ***To Keeper***
Your gentle daughter gave me freedom once:
You'll see't done[28] now for ever. Pray how does she?
I heard she was not well; her kind of ill[29]

Gave me some sorrow.
JAILER Sir, she's well restored
And to be married shortly.
PALAMON By my short life,
I am most glad on't: 'tis the latest[34] thing
I shall be glad of, prithee tell her so.
Commend me to her, and to piece her portion,[36]
Tender her this. ***He gives his purse***
FIRST KNIGHT Nay, let's be offerers all.
SECOND KNIGHT Is[39] it a maid?
PALAMON Verily[40] I think so,
A right good creature, more to me deserving
Than I can quite[42] or speak of.
ALL KNIGHTS Commend us to her.
They give their purses
JAILER The gods requite[44] you all and make her thankful.
PALAMON Adieu, and let my life be now as short,
As my leave-taking.
Lies on the block
FIRST KNIGHT Lead, courageous cousin.
SECOND *and* THIRD KNIGHTS We'll follow cheerfully.
A great noise within, crying, 'Run! Save! Hold!'
Enter in haste a Messenger
MESSENGER Hold, hold! O, hold, hold, hold!
Enter Pirithous in haste
PIRITHOUS Hold, ho! It is a cursèd haste you made
If you have done[51] so quickly.— Noble Palamon,
The gods will show their glory in a life
That thou art yet to lead.
PALAMON Can that be,
When Venus, I have said, is false? How do things fare?
PIRITHOUS Arise, great sir, and give the tidings ear
That are most rarely sweet and bitter.
PALAMON What
Hath waked us from our dream?
PIRITHOUS List then: your cousin,

Mounted upon a steed that Emily
Did first bestow on him, a black one, owing[62]
Not a hair-worth of white, which some will say
Weakens his price[64] and many will not buy
His goodness with this note[65] — which superstition
Here finds allowance[66] — on this horse is Arcite
Trotting the stones of Athens, which the calkins[67]
Did rather tell[68] than trample, for the horse
Would make his length[69] a mile, if’t pleased his rider
To put pride[70] in him. As he thus went counting
The flinty pavement, dancing as ’twere to th’music
His own hoofs made — for, as they say, from iron[72]
Came music’s origin — what envious flint,
Cold as old Saturn,[74] and like him possessed
With fire malevolent, darted a spark,
Or what fierce sulphur else, to this end made,
I comment[77] not. The hot horse, hot as fire,
Took toy[78] at this and fell to what disorder
His power could give his will, bounds, comes on end,[79]
Forgets school-doing,[80] being therein trained,
And of kind manage:[81] pig-like he whines
At the sharp rowell,[82] which he frets at rather
Than any jot obeys: seeks all foul means
Of boist’rous and rough jad’ry,[84] to disseat
His lord, that kept it bravely. When nought served,
When neither curb[86] would crack, girth break, nor diff’ring plunges
Disroot[87] his rider whence he grew, but that
He kept him ’tween his legs, on his hind hoofs on end he stands,
That Arcite’s legs, being higher than his head,
Seemed with strange art to hang. His victor’s wreath
Even then fell off his head, and presently
Backward the jade comes o’er and his full poise[92]
Becomes the rider’s load. Yet is he living,
But such a vessel ’tis, that floats[94] but for
The surge that next approaches. He much desires

To have some speech with you: lo, he appears.
Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Emilia, Arcite [carried] in a chair
PALAMON O miserable end of our alliance!
The gods are mighty. Arcite, if thy heart,
Thy worthy, manly heart be yet unbroken,
Give me thy last words. I am Palamon,
One that yet loves thee dying.
ARCITE Take Emilia
And with her all the world’s joy. Reach thy hand:
Farewell. I have told[104] my last hour. I was false,
Yet never treacherous. Forgive me, cousin.
One kiss from fair Emilia. ’Tis done. ***Emilia kisses Arcite***
Take her. I die.
PALAMON Thy brave soul seek Elysium![108] ***Arcite dies***
EMILIA I’ll close thine eyes, prince: blessed souls be with thee.
Thou art a right good man, and while I live,
This day[111] I give to tears.
PALAMON And I to honour.
THESEUS In this place first you fought: ev’n very here
I sundered[114] you. Acknowledge to the gods
Our thanks that you are living:
His part is played, and though it were too short
He did it well: your day is lengthened and
The blissful dew of heaven does arrouse[118] you.
The powerful Venus well hath graced her altar
And given you your love. Our master Mars
Hast vouched[121] his oracle and to Arcite gave
The grace[122] of the contention. So the deities
Have showed due justice. Bear this[123] hence.
PALAMON O, cousin,
That we should things desire, which do cost us
The loss of our desire! That nought could buy
Dear love, but loss of dear love! ***Arcite’s body is carried out***
THESEUS Never Fortune
Did play a subtler game: the conquered triumphs,
The victor has the loss: yet in the passage[130]

The gods have been most equal.[131]— Palamon,
Your kinsman hath confessed the right o'th' lady
Did lie in you, for you first saw her and
Even then proclaimed your fancy.[134] He restored her
As your stolen jewel and desired your spirit
To send him hence forgiven. The gods my justice
Take from my hand and they themselves become
The executioners. Lead your lady off
And call your lovers[139] from the stage of death,
Whom I adopt my friends. A day or two
Let us look sadly and give grace unto
The funeral of Arcite, in whose end[142]
The visages of bridegrooms we'll put on
And smile with Palamon, for whom an hour,
But one hour since, I was as dearly sorry,
As glad of Arcite, and am now as glad
As for him sorry. O, you heavenly charmers,[147]
What things you make of us! For what we lack
We laugh, for what we have are sorry, still
Are children in some kind.[150] Let us be thankful
For that which is, and with you leave dispute
That are above[152] our question. Let's go off,
And bear[153] us like the time. *Flourish. Exeunt*

Epilogue

[Enter the Epilogue]*

I would now ask ye how ye like the play,
But, as it is with schoolboys, cannot say.[2]
I am cruel[3] fearful. Pray yet stay a while,
And let me look upon ye. No man smile?
Then it goes hard[5] I see. He that has
Loved a young handsome wench, then, show his face —
’Tis strange if none be here — and, if he will,
Against his conscience let him hiss, and kill
Our market.[9] ’Tis in vain, I see, to stay ye:
Have at[10] the worst can come then! Now what say ye?
And yet mistake me not: I am not bold:
We have no such cause.[12] If the tale we have told —
For ’tis no other — any way content ye —
For to that honest purpose it was meant[14] ye —
We have our end:[15] and ye shall have ere long,
I dare say, many a better, to prolong
Your old loves to us. We, and all our might,
Rest at your service. Gentlemen, goodnight.

Flourish. [Exit]

Textual Notes

Q = Quarto text of 1634
F = a correction introduced in the Beaumont and Fletcher Folio text of 1679
Ed = a correction introduced by a later editor
SD = stage direction
SH = speech heading (i.e., speaker’s name)

List of parts = Ed. *Not in* Q. *Inaccurate and incomplete in* F

Prologue 26 tack *spelled* take *in* Q

1.1.0 SD *Music* = Ed. *Placed after “The Song” in* Q **SD *Pirithous*** = Ed. Q = Theseus **1 SH BOY** = Ed. *Not in* Q **9 harebells** = Ed. Q = *her bels* **20 chough hoar** = Ed. Q = *Clough hee* **24 SD *First*** = Ed. Q = 1. **SD *second*** = Ed. Q = 2. **SD *third*** = Ed. Q = 3. **39 stead** *spelled* steed *in* Q **44 talons** = Ed. Q = Tallents **63 Capaneus…The** = Ed. Q = *Capaneus*, was your

Lord the **72 Nemean** = Ed. Q = Nenuan **144 longer** = Ed. Q = long **150 move** = F. Q = mooves **171 Rinsing** *spelled* Wrinching *in* Q **177 Artesius** = Ed. Q = *Artesuis* **187 SH ALL QUEENS** = Ed. Q = *All* **193 war** = Ed. Q = was **200 twinning** = Ed. Q = twyning **238 Aulis** = Ed. Q = Anly

1.2.21 Mars's *spelled Marsis in* Q **72 power** there's = Ed. Q = power: there's **77 glory: one** = Ed. Q = glory on

1.3.37 one = Ed. Q = ore **38 mind nurse** = Ed. Q = minde, nurse **47 Fought** = Q. *Sometimes emended to* Sought **62 eleven** = F. Q = a eleven **63 Flavina** = Ed. Q = *Flauia* **83 careless wear** = Ed. Q = careles, were, **85 one** = Ed. Q = on **86 musical** *spelled* misicall *in* Q **92 dividual** = Ed. Q = individuall

1.4.21 smeared = Q *(corrected)*. Q *(uncorrected)* = succard **26 Wi'** = Ed. Q = We **46 friends'** = Ed. Q = friends, **47 Love's** = Ed. Q = Loves, **51 O'er-wrestling** = Ed. Q = Or wrastling **55 'fore** = Ed. Q = for **SD *Flourish*** occurs one line earlier in Q

1.5.0 SD *Music* *located at the end of Act 1 scene 4 in* Q **1 SH ALL** = Ed. *Not in* Q **10 naught…woes** = Ed. Q = &c.

2.1.19–20 that now: = Ed. Q = that. Now, **31 grise** *spelled* greise *in* Q

2.2.24 wore = Ed. Q = were **25 Ravished** = Ed. Q = Bravishd **107 abroad and** = Ed. Q = abroade? And **131 SH EMILIA** = Ed. *Assigned to Arcite in* Q **229 your blood** = F. Q = you blood **275 SH JAILER** = Ed. Q = *Keeper (throughout this scene)* **333 you** = F. Q = yon

2.3.6 sins = Q *(corrected)*. Q *(uncorrected)* = fins **25 SH FIRST COUNTRYMAN** = Ed. Q = 1 *(throughout)* **26 SH SECOND COUNTRYMAN** = Ed. Q = 2. *(throughout)* **27 SH THIRD COUNTRYMAN** = Ed. Q = 3. *(throughout)* **28 SH FOURTH COUNTRYMAN** = Ed. Q = 4. *(throughout)* **44 ye** = Ed. Q = yet **59 says** = Ed. Q = sees **72 Yes** = Q. *Sometimes emended to* Yet

[**Scene 5**] = Ed. Q = Scæna 4.

2.5.14 proves = Q *(prooves)*. Ed = profess **16 hollowed** *spelled* holloa'd *in* Q **40 For** = F. Q = Fo

2.6.35 hubbub *spelled* whoobub *in* Q

3.1.2 laund = Ed. Q = land **rite** *spelled* Right *in* Q **37 void'st** *spelled* voydes *in* Q **43 Not** = Ed. Q = Nor **73 compelled** = Q. F = coupl'd **99 nobly** = Ed. Q = noble **108 musit** = Ed. Q = Musicke **127 'Tis** = Ed. Q = If

3.2.1 mistook the brake = Ed. Q = mistooke;the Beake **8 hallooed** = Ed. Q = hallowed **19 fed** = Ed. Q = feed **25 dozens** *spelled* dussons *in* Q **28 brine** = Ed. Q = bine **35 screech-owl** *spelled* Schreichowle *in* Q

3.3.15 sir = Ed. Q = &c. **31 them** = F. Q = then

3.4.9 Run = Ed. Q = Vpon **10 tack** *spelled* take in Q

[**Scene 5**] = Ed. Q = Scæna 6.

3.5.0 SD *Baboon* = Ed. Q = *Baum*. **7 jean** = Ed. Q = jave **25 Maudlin** *spelled Maudline in* Q **29 ribbons** *spelled* Ribands *in* Q **66 SH JAILER'S DAUGHTER** *printed on the following line in* Q **73 I** = Ed. *Not in* Q **96 *Chi passa*** *spelled Quipassa in* Q **111 SH THESEUS** = F. Q = *Per*. **150 SH SCHOOLMASTER** *Knocks for* = Ed. Q *prints as marginal SD*: Knocke for Schoole. **152 ye** = Ed. Q = *thee* **155 thee** = F. Q = *three* **172–3 made…Ye** = Ed. Q = made. *Dij Deaq; omnes*, ye

[**Scene 6**] = Ed. Q = Scæna 7.

3.6.36 upbraidings *spelled* obbraidings *in* Q **113 strait** *spelled* streight in Q **184 thine** = Ed. Q = this **289 fail** = Ed. Q = fall **295 prune** *spelled* proyne *in* Q

4.1.4 SH FIRST FRIEND = Ed. Q = 1 Fr. *(throughout)* **12 oath** = F. Q = o'th **19 SH SECOND FRIEND** = Ed. Q = 2 Fr. *(throughout)* **63 SH WOOER** *printed as speech in Q (***2. Fr**. Not well?—*Wooer*, No…well. **Woo**. Tis…mad.*)* **84 sung** = F. Q = song **107 wreath** = Ed. Q = wreake **138 early** = Ed. Q = rarely **150 means** = Ed. Q = meane **151 Far** = Ed. Q = For **169 SH BROTHER** = Ed. Q = *Daugh*. **180 SH SECOND FRIEND** = F. Q = 1. *Fr*. **187 course** = F. Q = conrse **189 all** = Ed. *Printed as SH in* Q **199 tack** *spelled* take in Q

4.2.16 Jove afire = Ed. Q = Love a fire **27 swart** *spelled* swarth *in* Q **54 SD *Enter Gentleman*** = Ed. Q = *Enter Emil. and Gent*. **74 SD *Enter Messenger*** = F. Q = *Enter Messengers. Curtis (presumably refers to Curtis Greville, an actor with the King's Men)* **86 first** = F. Q = fitst **91 fire** = Ed. Q = faire **116 tods** = Ed. Q = tops **121 crown** = Ed. Q = corect

4.3.22 spirits are, = Ed. Q = spirits, as **32 i'th'other** = F. Q = i'th|Thother **40** Q *accidentally prints an Exit here* **57 behind** = Q *(corrected)*. Q *(uncorrected)* = behold **70 unfeignedly** *spelled* unfainedly *in* Q **91 carve** = F. Q = crave **98 falsehoods** *spelled* fasehoods *in* Q

5.1.43 father of = Ed. Q farther off **52 cistern** *spelled* Cestron *in* Q **57 Whose…prewarn** = Ed. Q = Comets prewarne, whose havocke in vaste Feild **60 armipotent** *spelled* armenypotent *in* Q **125 done, no companion:** = Ed. Q = done; no Companion **126 not, a defier:** = Ed. Q = not; a defyer **127 cannot, a rejoicer**. = Ed. Q = cannot; a Rejoycer, **142 SD *They bow*** *printed two lines earlier in* Q **SD *recorders*** *spelled Records in* Q **SD *which is*** *spelled "whic his" in* Q **158 him. Out** = Ed. Q = him, out **160 election. Of** = Ed. Q = election of

5.2.47 Yes = F. Q = Yet **51 SD *mad*** = Ed. Q = *Maide* **52 humour** = Ed. Q = honor

5.3.0 SD *Flourish* *is printed at end of Act 5 scene 2 in* Q *(Florish Exeunt)* **SD *Attendants*** = Ed. Q = *Attendants, T. Tuck: Curtis. (presumably referring to Thomas Tuckfield and Curtis Greville, actors in the King's Men)* **18 prize** = Ed. Q = price **159 your** = Ed. Q = you

5.4.1 SH PALAMON = Ed. *Not in* Q **47 courageous** *spelled* couragiour *in* Q **48 SH SECOND *and* THIRD KNIGHTS** = Ed. Q = 1.2. *K*. **57 rarely** = Ed. Q = early

Prologue

* ***Flourish*** fanfare ***Prologue*** i.e., actor who speaks these lines
1 **maidenheads** virginities
2 **followed** sought after **gi'en** given
3 **stand** remain **sound** free from error/uninfected (with venereal disease)
5 **shake** tremble
6 **stir** activity (sexual)
8 **pains** exertions
10 **breeder** parent/author
11 **went** existed
12 **Po** river of northern Italy **Trent** English river
14 **There** i.e., in his works
15 **let fall** fail to live up to
18 **fan** separate (corn from chaff)
20 **bays** laurels (symbol of poetic fame)
21 **Robin Hood** "Tales of Robin Hood are good for fools" (proverbial)
22 **endless** unattainable
25 **Do…hands** i.e., applause
26 **tack about** change direction like a ship, due to wind (of applause)
32 **leave** i.e., give up acting

Act 1 Scene 1

1.1 ***Location:*** *unspecified, in or near Athens* ***Hymen*** Greek god of marriage ***Nymph*** young woman dressed as nature spirit ***encompassed…tresses*** i.e., with hair worn loose (signifying virginity) ***wheaten garland*** symbol of fertility/virginity ***chaplets*** garlands, wreaths ***Emilia*** sometimes “Emily”

2 **royal…hue** “royal purple” (actually red)

5 **quaint** pretty

7 **Ver** personification of spring

8 **harbinger** herald

10 **cradles** i.e., circle of leaves

11 **deathbeds blowing** i.e., growing on graves

12 **Lark’s-heels** larkspurs—tall blue plants of the delphinium family

15 **sense** senses

19 **sland’rous** i.e., toward married men by calling “cuckoo,” implying “cuckold,” a husband whose wife is unfaithful

20 **boding** prophesying evil **chough hoar** jackdaw

21 **’pie** magpie

22 **bride-house** house where a wedding is held ***stained*** dyed (black)

26 **respect** pay attention to

30 **Jove** Jupiter, the supreme Roman god

31 **honour…bed** i.e., your future bridegroom

34 **raze** erase **o’th’book of trespasses** i.e., record of sins kept by heaven

38 **No knees** i.e., do not kneel

39 **stead** help

43 **Creon** King of Thebes

46 **suffer** permit

49 **Phoebus** Roman god of the sun

51 **purger** cleanser, healer

53 **chapel** place into a chapel

54 **of** out of **note** notice

57 **vault** roof (i.e., the sky)

59 **transported** captivated, carried away **suffered…themselves** i.e., wrongly allowed them to remain kneeling

64 **should** was about to

66 **Mars** Roman god of war

67 **Juno** wife to Jupiter, and associated with the life of women and the sanctity of marriage
68 **Your…blasted** i.e., you were still a virgin/untroubled by misfortune
70 **Hercules** mythological hero famous for his strength and courage
72 **Nemean** of the Nemean lion, slain by Hercules
73 **thawed** dissolved (with desire)
77 **Whereto** to which
78 **undertaker** champion, helper
80 **Bellona** Roman goddess of war
86 **wast** were **make** making
88 **uphold…in** i.e., maintain the world in the order in which it was created
90 **bound** boundary, limit
92 **poise** balance
94 **ow'st** ownest
96 **tenor** meaning, purpose **glass** mirror, model
100 **key** tone
102 **Lend…knee** i.e., kneel with us
105 **i'th'blood-sized** in the blood-soaked
109 **lief** soon **trace** follow
111 **taken** seized
115 **Set…ice** i.e., coldly made **uncandied** thawed, melted
116 **form** expression
117 **pressed…matter** forced out by feeling
125 **know…too** i.e., dig deep
128 **sundry wits** some minds
133 **ground-piece** i.e., an example to be copied
134 **gainst** in anticipation of **capital** fatal, mortal
136 **natural** real (as opposed to painted)/having natural feelings
137 **ardently** burningly
138 **shall…counter-reflect** i.e., be reflected by me
141 **jot** smallest part
145 **suppliants'** petitioners', i.e., the war begged by the widows
146 **Knolls** rings, tolls
148 **meditance** meditating, prolonged thought
150 **ospreys** birds of prey, thought to have a power that made fish roll and yield to them

156 **drams** poisons **precipitance** falling headlong/rapid working (of poisons)
161 **visitating** inspecting, surveying
164 **To give** by giving
166 **presents…th'doing** i.e., needs to be done now
168 **bootless** futile
170 **puissance** power
172 **clear** pure/more intelligible
178 **draw out** choose
179 **prim'st** i.e., primest, best
180 **levy** enlist
181 **instruments** i.e., soldiers
185 **widows…woes** i.e., our complaints are dead (because unacknowledged)
186 **famishing** starving
189 **Cull** choose carefully **unpanged** untroubled by pain
192 **service** action
193 **more imports** matters more to
194 **foregone** previously undertaken
195 **cope** encounter
196 **The more proclaiming** i.e., making it more clear that
198 **lock** keep **synod** meeting (of the gods)
199 **warranting** authorizing **corslet** hold tightly (like close-fitting armor)
200 **twinning cherries** lips
201 **taste-full** i.e., full of sweet taste
202 **blubbered** tear-stained
208 **bids** invites
209 **unlike** unlikely/not liking
213 **surfeit** illness through excess (of grie)
214 **present** immediate **pluck** bring down
215 **scandal** discredit
218 **aye** always
219 **Prorogue** postpone
221 **fee** possession
229 **hardy** bold
234 **get you** go
236 **pretended** intended

238 **Aulis** seaport in southeast Greece
240 **moiety** part, portion **business…look't** i.e., a bigger, future conflict
242 **current** moving away (since he is leaving)/authentic, genuine (as of a coin); may play on "currant," i.e., sweet, red as a red currant berry
246 **full** fully **bate** lessen
248 **solemnity** i.e., the ceremony of the occasion
249 **want** be lacking
250 **Cousin** courteous form of address
253 **abatement** decrease
254 **tongue o'th'world** i.e., reputation
257 **affections** human feelings, passions
261 **sensually subdued** i.e., conquered by our senses
262 **human title** i.e., claim to humanity

Act 1 Scene 2

1.2 ***Location:*** *Thebes*

1 **blood** kinship

2 **prime** first/favorite

3 **crimes of nature** i.e., human vices

5 **Sully** stain, tarnish

6 **shame** are ashamed

7 **incontinence** lacking self-restraint

9 **frustrate striving** i.e., make effort useless

10 **eddy** whirlpool

14 **cried up** supported by **ruins** i.e., ruined individuals

16 **bare weeds** ragged clothes

17 **o'th'martialist** of the soldier **propound** i.e., set as a goal for himself

18 **ingots** coins

19 **flurted** scorned

24 **purge…repletion** i.e., make up for her excess

25 **retain** take into service

28 **out** in error

30 **cranks** winding streets

37 **paid…'em** i.e., are treated with cold contempt

40 **respect** honor

43 **colour** appearance

44 **jump** exactly

46 **mere** absolute

48 **apes** imitators of fashion **tutor's** tutor us

50 **Affect** imitate **gait** manner of walking **catching** infectious

51 **faith** self-reliance **fond upon** infatuated with

53 **conceived** understood

54 **truly** accurately, truthfully

55 **generous bond** noble obligation **follow** imitate

56 **haply** perhaps

57 **make pursuit** i.e., for unpaid bills

59 **for** because

60 **glass** image **canon** law

61 **rapier** light sword used for fencing

65 **i’th’sequent trace** i.e., in the following train of horses

66 **plantain** herb used to treat wounds

73 **deifies…chance** i.e., makes chance his only deity

74 **Voluble** inconstant

77 **boot** booty, profit

78 **good, dares not** i.e., dares not do good

79 **sib** related

80 **break** burst

82 **clear-spirited** noble-spirited

84 **loud** notorious **milk…pasture** i.e., they will be contaminated by the environment

86 **vile** wretched, shameful

92 **due audience of** proper attention from

93 **leaden-footed** slow

95 **whipstock** whip handle

96 **but** only

100 **appals** dismays, terrifies/causes to lose color

102 **seal…wrath** i.e., do as he has promised

105 **But** except

107 **Thirds** reduces to a third

108 **dregged** made cloudy

110 **Leave that unreasoned** i.e., do not think about that

112 **Yet** to continue

115 **bounded** set the limits of

118 **On fail of** if we fail to agree to or meet

120 **intelligence of state** i.e., official news of war

121 **defier** challenger

125 **as…health** i.e., like a medical bloodletting **spent** wasted

126 **laid…purchase** i.e., invested for a profit

127 **hands…damage** i.e., if we don’t fight with our hearts, how much damage can we do

129 **th’event** the outcome

132 **becking** beckoning

Act 1 Scene 3

1.3 ***Location:*** *the outskirts of Athens*
4 **timorous** fearful
5 **an't** if it
6 **dure** endure **Speed** success
7 **Store** plenty
11 **affections** inclinations
12 **best-tempered pieces** i.e., most finely crafted works
17 **terrene** earthly
23 **helms** helmets
24 **broached** impaled
25 **sod** boiled
27 **stay** wait **spinsters** i.e., women who remain at home and spin
30 **As** while
31 **requiring** praying for
33 **his** i.e., Theseus'
34 **slightly** neglectfully
35 **execution** performance **nor** neither
36 **or** nor
39 **twins** i.e., his sport and his desire to be with Theseus
41 **labour** effort
42 **cabined** been confined together (in a soldier's tent)
44 **skiffed** traveled (in a small boat)
47 **where…lodged** in classical mythology, Pirithous and Theseus went to the underworld, the abode of the dead
48 **brought them off** i.e., saved them
50 **cunning** skill
52 **umpire** mediator
54 **like** equal **which** i.e., Pirithous or Hippolyta
58 **enjoyed** had/took pleasure in
60 **proud** splendid/brave
61 **count** age
66 **more ground** i.e., a firmer basis
67 **buckled** fastened ***hearses*** biers or coffins
71 **for** because

73 **operance** operation

76 **arraignment** trial, examination

80 **phoenix-like…perfume** i.e., the death of the plucked flower gives rise to the perfume **phoenix** mythical bird that lived for 500–600 years before burning on a pyre and being reborn from the ashes

81 **toy** trivial ornament

82 **pattern** model **affections** things she fancied (to dress in)

83 **happily** perhaps

84 **decking** dressing

86 **coinage** improvisation

87 **sojourn** reside

88 **rehearsal** story

89 **wots** knows

90 **importment's bastard** i.e., a false, illegitimate version of the original events **importment** significance

92 **dividual** different

103 **ripe** ready

106 **in** i.e., go in

Act 1 Scene 4

1.4 ***Location:*** *outside Thebes* ***Cornets*** brass wind instruments signifying sounds of battle ***battle struck within*** i.e., the noise of a battle is heard offstage ***retreat*** the signal to retire is sounded ***Flourish*** fanfare to announce the arrival of a person of distinction, i.e., Theseus ***victor*** i.e., victorious in battle, perhaps signified by a laurel wreath

2 **dark** i.e., unfavorable

6 **mounted** high

12 **invest** clothe

13 **even** make even, complete

17 **quality** rank

18 **appointment** armor and arms

22 **make lanes** cut paths through

23 **mark** notable sight

26 **Wi'leave** with permission

33 **have…men** i.e., are still alive enough to be called this

34 **use** treat

35 **lees** dregs **rates** times

37 **Convent** assemble **behoof** behalf, benefit

38 **niggard** grudging

40 **in…state** i.e., as they were this morning

41 **would** wish

44 **unkind** i.e., because it might infect their wounds

49 **mark** goal, target

50 **imposition** obligation

52 **Apollo** Greek sun god associated with healing, prophecy, poetry, music, and archery

54 **bound things scattered** i.e., restored order

Act 1 Scene 5

3 **dole** mourning/fate
4 **gums** resins for incense **cheers** looks
8 **quick-eyed** sharp-eyed/lively
9 **convent** convene
16 **straying** winding
17 ***severally*** independently, separately

Act 2 Scene 1

2.1 ***Location:*** *a garden outside a prison in Athens*

1 **depart** part

2 **cast** give

4 **salmon** large princely fish, i.e., rich man

5 **minnows** small, miserable fish, i.e., poor men **given out** reputed

6 **better lined** wealthier **report** rumor

8 **delivered** reported **Marry** by the Virgin Mary, i.e., indeed

9 **assure** settle

12 **estate** endow

15 **solemnity** i.e., the wedding of Theseus and Hippolyta **of** from

16 **tender** grant/give

18 **name** speak about

19 **old business** i.e., marriage

20 **hurry** excitement, activity

21 **tenderly** carefully

23 **strewings** rushes (for the floor)

27 **all…chamber** i.e., their friendship is everything to them

29 **absolute** perfect, complete

30 **By my troth** by my faith

31 **stammers** speaks inadequately of **grise** step

34 **only doers** i.e., the only ones worth mentioning

38 **enforce** strengthen/compel

40 **toy** trifle

45 **restraint** captivity

46 **divided** broken

47 **martyred…i'th'deliverance** i.e., prevented from getting out

48 **presently** immediately

50 **chid** reproved ***above*** on the upper stage

54 **yonder** over there

57 **lower** shorter

59 **Go to** get on (exclamation) **leave** leave off

62 **of** between

Act 2 Scene 2

2.2 ***Location:*** *within the prison*

4 **chance** outcome/fortune

8 **Laid…come** i.e., resigned the rest of my life

11 **kindreds** families

13 **hardy** bold

14 **favours** tokens of regard (scarves, gloves)

15 **start** move off

18 **wagging** moving (quickly) **wanton** carefree

19 **Outstripped** moved quicker than/exceeded

21 **twins** i.e., equals

24 **red-eyed…war** i.e., Mars

25 **Ravished** torn from

28 **blast** destroy

32 **too-timely** too early

33 **heaviest** hardest to bear

35 **Loaden…Cupids** referring either to “wife” or “embraces” **Cupid** Roman god of love, son of Venus

36 **issue** offspring

37 **figures** copies

38 **glad** gladden **like…arms** “only the eagle can gaze at the sun” (proverbial)

42 **ever-blinded Fortune** Fortune is traditionally represented as blind or blindfolded

46 **tells** counts

52 **hallow** call

53 **swine** wild boar

54 **Parthian** of Parthia, an ancient kingdom of western Asia, famed for skilled horsemen and archers

55 **well-steeled** tipped with steel **uses** occupations

58 **lastly** finally

63 **mere** pure, unalloyed

64 **hold** maintain

65 **enjoying** experiencing

69 **main** major

72 **gall of hazard** i.e., bitterness inflicted by fate

73 **sink** give up **say** even if

74 **willing** stoic, accepting **sleeping** i.e., peacefully

80 **yet** still/nevertheless

81 **common** of ordinary people

83 **Woo** persuade

86 **mine** i.e., resource

87 **begetting** giving birth to

94 **surfeits** excesses that would lead to illness

98 **consume** destroy

105 **wanton** jovial, free from care

107 **abroad** outside

109 **more** greater

111 **sufficient** capable

112 **gaudy** extravagant, colorful **shadow** passing show/delusion, phantom

114 **What…old** i.e., what would we have been if we had grown old

118 **ill** immoral, wicked

121 **still** continuously, without interruption

133 **narcissus** botanical name for genus of spring flowers, grown from bulbs; in classical mythology Narcissus was a beautiful young man who fell in love with his own reflection in water and pined to death, after which he became a flower

136 **forward** i.e., go on (speaking)

140 **Thou wouldst not** i.e., be hard-hearted

142 **wench** girl

143 **heed to** care of

145 **mad** wild

146 **go forward** continue (speaking)

147 **work** embroider

151 **Rarely** beautifully

152 **Dainty** excellent

164 **emblem** symbol

166 **blows** blossoms **paints the sun** i.e., colors the sun’s rays and makes them more beautiful

167 **north** i.e., north wind

168 **Rude** rough

170 **base** non precious **briars** thorns

173 **falls** from the stem/is seduced **for’t** because of it

176 **wanton** mischievous/lewd

178 **extant** in existence

180 **art** i.e., embroidery

182 **lie down** “laugh and lie down” (proverbial), plays on sexual innuendo

183 **one** someone

184 **bargain** come to terms

188 **but** only, merely

192 **Beshrew** curse

204 **enjoy** possess (sexually)

208 **deny** forbid

212 **blast** destroy

213 **fellow** companion/contemptuous form of address

214 **title** claim, right **blood** kinship

216 **upon** about

218 **name** family **lay** i.e., were staked

222 **free** noble

227 **moved** upset

228 **coldly** calmly

232 **affections** emotions

235 **cunningly** deviously

236 **strangely** i.e., like a stranger

239 **unjust** false (to honor)

243 **let…down** i.e., fail to act honorably

250 **branded** marked

253 **worthy** sensible/honorable

254 **hazard** put at risk

256 **Fie** exclamation of indignation

257 **play the child** i.e., behave childishly

259 **justly** truly (to honor)

264 **filch** steal

265 **baser** more dishonorable/lowborn **cutpurse** thief, pickpocket

266 **more** again

267 **to’t** i.e., to the window frame

271 **pitch** land, position myself

275 **By your leave** I beg your pardon

280 **bereave** deprive

284 **goodly** handsome/kindly/excellent

286 **blood** parentage **falsehood** disloyalty

294 **Yon** that (**little tree**) over there **apricock** apricot (plays on allusion to “cock”)

296 **window** with sexual innuendo of “vagina” **bring her fruit** plays on sense of “impregnate her”

298 **Still as** whenever/even while

310 **Fall on** i.e., attack in force **fortune** chance

312 **strike a battle** i.e., make war

321 **charge** order

324 **open** with a view/easy to escape from

326 **Prithee** I pray thee, please

328 **By…light** mild oath

331 **pelting** contemptible **scurvy** worthless

337 **for** because **dangerous** difficult to deal with/reluctant to comply

341 **morris** form of folk dance for which dancers wear bells

Act 2 Scene 3

2.3 ***Location:*** *countryside outside of Athens*

4 **studied** carefully calculated

7 **pluck** bring down

9 **break** i.e., like daybreak

17 **Tempests** violent storms **wanton** sportive/free from care/changeable/reckless

20 **own** i.e., kingdom (Thebes)

21 **redress** assistance

22 **shape** disguise **make** bring success to

28 **have with ye** i.e., I'll join you **chiding** scolding (for not working)

29 **tickle't** flog, beat it

30 **jades** worn-out horses/disreputable women **tails** horse tails/female genitalia/women (derogatory)

32 **jealous…turkey** turkeys spread their tails to defend their territory

33 **all one** i.e., no matter **mumble** grumble

34 **Clap her aboard** i.e., board her (sexually) **stow** fill, cram (with the penis)

35 **made up** reconciled/filled (sexually)

37 **fescue** pointer used in a schoolroom/penis

38 **Take…out** i.e., learn a new lesson

39 **hold against** stick to our intentions/hold close (sexually) **maying** May Day celebrations

40 **ail** stop, prevent

45 **dainty** fastidious/fine ***domine*** "master" (Latin), i.e., the schoolmaster

touch his promise

46 **does all** i.e., is organizing everything

47 **hornbook** leaf of paper protected by a piece of thin horn displaying the alphabet/plays on sexual innuendo relating to the "horns" supposedly worn by a cuckold (a man with an unfaithful wife)

48 **driven** pursued/carried forward/thrust (with sexual implication)

49 **let slip** i.e., break off (the relationship/intercourse) **must see** i.e., insists on seeing

51 **lusty** lively

52 **blow…on's** i.e., run to keep up with us/break wind

53 **i’th’breech** in the buttocks
55 **hey** hurrah
57 **O, pardon me** exclamation of mild disagreement
58 **By any means** certainly **thing of learning** i.e., the schoolmaster
59 **edify** instruct
60 **parlously** amazingly
62 **makes no cry** i.e., is not heard/regarded
64 **tackle** equipment for the dance/male genitalia
66 **do** perform, with play on sexual sense
67 **Content** i.e., agreed
68 **hold** wait a moment, i.e., when he sees Arcite
70 **whither go you** where are you going
78 **marry** indeed, literally “by the Virgin Mary”
83 **pretty** naïve
88 **misgives me** makes me uneasy
89 **vengeance** formidable **trick o’th’hip** a successful wrestling throw
92 **plum-porridge** exclamation of contempt
93 **He roast eggs!** i.e., he might just as well do that as wrestle
95 **durst** dared **could have wrestled** knew how to wrestle
98 **wealthy** abundant **ears** i.e., of corn **never** ever
100 **girt** circled
101 **prefer** promote

Act 2 Scene 4

2.4 ***Location:*** *in or near the prison*

1 **’Tis odds** i.e., the chances are remote that

2 **affect** love **base** lowborn

3 **mean** of low rank/poor

5 **witless** foolish **Out upon’t!** exclamation of disgust

6 **pushes** measures

7 **When…us?** once we reach the age of fifteen, i.e., puberty

10 **bestow** give

13 **maidenhead** virginity

18 **coil he keeps** i.e., turmoil he causes

23 **salutes** greets

30 **fain** wish to **enjoy** i.e., sexually

Act 2 Scene 5

2.5 ***Location:*** *near a stadium in Athens*

2 **Hercules** greatest mythological hero, renowned for his strength **sinews** muscles/nerves/strength

3 **Whate'er** whoever

4 **allow** acknowledge

10 **gentle uses** i.e., gentlemanly pursuits **gave me life** i.e., dedicated me to

14 **What proves you?** What do you learn/demonstrate/set yourself to accomplish?

15 **qualities** accomplishments

16 **could have** knew how to have

19 **piece** accomplishment, skill

21 **perfect** completely accomplished

22 **proper** admirable/complete, worthy/handsome

27 **sort** social rank

28 **Believe** i.e., believe me

30 **goes that way** i.e., suggests it

32 **illustrate** give evidence of

35 **got** begotten (i.e., born)

38 **purchase name** win fame

39 **well-found** established

43 **travel** journey, puns on “travail” (effort)

45 **Dispose of** make arrangements for

49 **observe** respect, pay homage to

58 **use** treat

59 **furnished** i.e., provided with what you need

60 **needs** of necessity

61 **one** horse

66 **observance** dutiful ceremony

67 **Dian** i.e., Diana, Roman goddess of the moon associated with chastity and hunting

69 **afoot** on foot

72 **want** need

76 **that** i.e., that which

81 **beshrew my heart** mild oath

Act 2 Scene 6

2.6 ***Location:*** *near the prison*

2 **ventured** taken a risk

4 **hence** from here

6 **Fast** close **close** hidden

10 **Durst…endured** i.e., would rather have risked **cold iron** imprisonment in fetters/stabbing

12 **wit** sense

15 **dirge** funeral song

18 **purpose** intend/resolve

29 **kindly** affectionately/according to nature (sexually)

31 **no man** i.e., impotent

34 **So** provided

39 **keep yourself** i.e., be in jail

Act 3 Scene 1

3.1 ***Location:*** *a forest near Athens*

2 **several** separate **laund** clearing in a wood

3 **bloomed** in bloom

4 **To…ceremony** i.e., with all possible ceremony

6 **buttons** buds

7 **enamelled knacks** brightly colored ornaments (i.e., flowers) **mead** meadow **yea** yes

9 **makes…flowers** i.e., because they are reflected in the water

10 **pace** passage, narrow way (some editors emend to “place”)

11 **With…presence** i.e., by being there alone/merely by being there

12 **eftsoons** occasionally **come…chop** i.e., enter into and seize (her thoughts)

14 **drop on** come across

15 **Most guiltless on’t** i.e., without having expected to

17 **proud** elated/confident (in his belief of her regard), plays on sense of “sexually aroused” **takes strong note** pays close attention

19 **prim’st** finest

20 **brace** pair

21 **backed** ridden **field** i.e., battlefield

22 **That…tried** i.e., where claims to the throne were tried in combat

24 **upon** about

26 **deem’st** judge, estimate to be

27 **therein** in that (situation)

29 **eared** listened to

30 **passion** anger **enclose** imprison

36 **perfidious** treacherous

37 **void’st** emptiest

38 **bore gentle token** i.e., appeared like a gentleman

41 **appointment** weapons

42 **chaffy** worthless (like chaff)

44 **house-clogs** prison shackles

46 **Cozener** cheater, puns on “cousin” **give…feat** i.e., let your words correspond to your actions

49 **circuit** compass **gross** vulgar, abhorrent **stuff** quality

50 **blazon** description
55 **skip** overlook
56 **maintain** justify
57 **generous** well-bred, mannerly
58 **question’s** quarrel is
59 **clear…way** make his own way/prove himself innocent
62 **advertised** informed
64 **of…doubted** i.e., you would not let another call me a coward
66 **i’th’sanctuary** i.e., in a holy place where silence was the rule
71 **temper** temperament
73 **compelled bears** i.e., at bear-baiting
76 **glass** mirror
78 **up** forward
79 **Quit** rid **gyves** shackles
85 **carry’t** i.e., win the fight **shades** Hades, the underworld in classical mythology
90 **Betake** go
91 **With…night** i.e., in secrecy **counsel** confidence
92 **viands** food
96 **plight** fit condition
99 **guilty** shameful
101 **bold** courageous, confident/presumptuous
105 ***Wind*** blow, play ***horns*** wind instruments traditionally accompanying a hunt
108 **musit** hiding place/gap for escape (of a hare)
109 **crossed** prevented
113 **bent brow** i.e., frowning
115 **oil** glibness
116 **cuff** blow **stomach** anger
119 **pardon me** i.e., excuse me from using **hard** harsh
121 **face** outward appearance
123 **office** duty
126 **Unjustly** dishonestly
127 **’Tis…title** i.e., I earned it
128 **question** quarrel

129 **bleeding** bloodletting (medical practice used to cure illness)/bloodshed (in fighting) **I…suitor** i.e., I beg you

130 **plea** quarrel (legal)

141 **remedy** alternative/cure

Act 3 Scene 2

1 **brake** thicket **gone…fancy** i.e., wandered off

2 **well-nigh** very nearly

7 **wreak** care **jaw** devour **so** provided that

8 **hallooed** called out, shouted; to halloo or **hallow** is a louder sound and would require a stronger voice than if she **whooped**

11 **but that service** i.e., calling a wolf to attack him

12 **livelong** long—an intensive form

15 **fell** savage

17 **set it down** record it

20 **Be…bell** i.e., do not hesitate to ring his death knell

21 **chared** done

25 **death by dozens** i.e., in dozens of ways **moped** bewildered

28 **scoured…brine** i.e., were closed to get rid of their tears

29 **Dissolve** release/melt

31 **state of nature** i.e., existence **together** all at once

34 **errant** wandering **beside** i.e., in another direction

36 **offices** duties, tasks

37 **Save…in** i.e., finding Palamon and removing his shackles

Act 3 Scene 3

6 **matter** significance

7 **hereafter** later

8 **beastly** i.e., like an animal

12 **good now** please

13 **parleys** arguments

14 **ancient** former/long-established

16 **Do** i.e., do drink

21 **pledge** drink to

22 **it…blood** "good wine makes good blood" (proverbial)

24 **Stay** wait

28 **stomach** appetite

30 **mad lodging** i.e., a strange place to live **woods** woodland, plays on sense of "wood" meaning "mad"

31 **wild** erratic, mad/uncivilized

32 **hunger…sauce** proverbial

36 **lusty** well-flavored/productive of lust

46 **o'th'virginals** on the virginals (small keyboard instruments); with sexual innuendo

47 **Something** a little

48 **groan** i.e., in childbirth

51 **tales** rumors **abroad** at large

55 **hey ho** a sigh

57 **strained** forced

59 **Break** i.e., your promise not to mention Emilia

60 **wide** i.e., of the mark, mistaken

68 **Fear** doubt **foul** dirty

69 **trinkets** i.e., shackles

72 **keep touch** i.e., keeps his promise

Act 3 Scene 4

2 **aglets** spangles

5 **tumbles** rolls around, plays on sense of “copulate”

8 **leak sprung** a hole made, plays on sexual sense of a woman who had lost her virginity **sound** large

9 **Run her** sail her swiftly

10 **course** small sail attached to lower yard of a ship **tack about** change direction, plays on “tackle” meaning “male genitalia”

14 **carrack** large cargo ship **cockleshell** small, frail boat/shell of the cockle (shellfish)/perhaps playing on “vagina,” i.e., a shell for a “cock” or “penis”

16 **rarely** admirably

17 **trussed up** i.e., hanged **trice** instantly/at a single pull

21 **nonny** a nonsense word, often used in place of an indelicate word in song refrains and as a euphemism for “vagina”

22 **He’s** he shall **cut** horse (with a cut tail, or gelded), plays on sexual sense of “genitals” **ride** plays on sexual meaning also

25 **prick** thorn (which the nightingale supposedly presses against to stay awake), plays on sense of “penis”

26 **like a top** i.e., soundly (proverbial); **top** has a bawdy sense of “copulate with”

Act 3 Scene 5

3.5 ***Taborer*** player of a small drum (tabor)

1 **tediosity** i.e., tediousness **disinsanity** i.e., madness

2 **rudiments** instructions

3 **by a figure** metaphorically speaking

4 **very…marrow** i.e., rich and nutritious substance

7 **coarse-frieze** rough woollen cloth **capacities** capabilities, intellects **jean** cotton cloth

9 ***Proh deum!*** "O God!" (Latin) ***Medius Fidius!*** "So help me the god of truth" (Latin)

11 **close** hidden

14 **hums** murmurs encouragement **'Rare!'** "excellent!" **go forward** carry on

16 **Meleager** Greek warrior in classical mythology who organized a hunt in which he killed the Calydonian Boar; Theseus also participated

17 **comely** gracefully **lovers** i.e., loyal subjects **cast…body** i.e., form a group

18 **decently** properly

19 **trace** tread, step (in dancing)

21 **Draw** gather

23 **have at ye** exclamation signifying attack

27 **bouncing** strapping **Barbary** woman's name/Barbary hen (guinea fowl)—slang for "prostitute"

29 **Swim** move gracefully

30 **deliverly** nimbly

31 **favour** curtsy **frisk** caper

32 **Let us alone** i.e., leave it to us

33 **music** musician

35 **Couple** pair off, with sexual meaning

36 **wanting** missing **bavian** baboon (sometimes also spelled "babion"), an animal thought to be a cross between a dog and an ape; the word could also mean "crafty knave"

37 **tail** baboon's tail/penis

39 **tumble** perform acrobatic feats/have sexual intercourse **manhood** manliness, courage

42 ***Quo usque tandem?*** “How long then?” (Latin)—quotation from Cicero’s first oration against Catiline **wanting** missing

43 **whistle** i.e., give up—“you may whistle for it” (proverbial) **all…i’th’fire** i.e., everything is ruined (proverbial)

45 **washed a tile** i.e., labored in vain (proverbial)

46 ***fatuus*** “foolish” (Latin)

47 **piece** woman (derogatory) **hilding** worthless individual (especially woman)

49 **sempster** tailor

50 **dogskin** i.e., cheap leather

51 **an** if

52 **break** i.e., her promise

53 **eel…says** “who has a woman has an eel by the tail” (proverbial)

55 **either** both

56 **position** hypothesis

57 **fire ill** burning disease (possibly venereal) **flinch** fall short/abstain from drink or sex

61 **nullity** nonevent

64 **frampul** disagreeable **piss o’th’nettle** i.e., be in a bad temper (proverbial)

65 **Go thy ways** be off **fit** get even with, plays on sexual sense

66 ***George Alow*** name of a ship

68 **gallants of war** i.e., warships

74 **howlet** owlet (small owl)

79 **dainty** fine

80 **Comes i’th’nick** arrives just in time/experiences sexual orgasm **nick** slang term for “vagina”

81 **made** assured success

82 **warrant** pledge for **rarest gambols** most wonderful antics, perhaps with sexual implication

88 **Tell** count to **posed** baffled **Buzz!** exclamation of impatience

89 **eat…bread** i.e., father no illegitimate children

90 **Your…bleed** it was believed that a man’s teeth ached when his wife was pregnant

91 **tinker** mender of pots and pans/rascal

92 **Stop…holes** i.e., do not mend anything/do not have intercourse

93 ***Dii boni*** “Good gods” (Latin)

95 **raise** summon/cause an erection

96 ***Chi passa*** beginning of a popular dance tune **bells and bones** used as percussion instruments; plays on “bellibones” (i.e., pretty girls/prostitutes)

99 ***Et…ignis*** “And I have completed a work which neither the anger of Jove nor fire [shall undo]” (Latin)—quotation from Ovid’s *Metamorphoses*

101 **trip** skip

105 **meditation** time to think

106 **Pallas** Athena, Greek goddess of wisdom ***Train*** retinue

108 **edify** gain instruction

112 **stay** wait for/endure

113 **doughty** valiant

114 **cold** calm, deliberate, plays on “hail”

117 **distinguish** describe as

118 **fable** lie

119 **rout** company **rabble** crowd

120 **chorus** as in a Greek tragedy

122 **rectifier** director/one who puts things right

123 ***pedagogus*** “teacher” (Latin)

124 **birch** birch rod or bunch of twigs used to discipline children **breeches** short trousers

125 **ferula** cane

126 **machine** entertainment, device **frame** construction

127 **dismal** unlucky/dreadful/fatal, malign

128 **Dis** Roman god of the underworld (also called Pluto) **Daedalus** Athenian builder of the Cretan labyrinth

129 **well-willer** well-wisher

131 **mickle** great

132 **‘Is’** possibly an old spelling of “ice,” creating a pun

134 **body** main part **of…study** i.e., the result of careful thought

136 **tenor** summary (of the performance)

137 **penner** pen case/authorship

140 **silent hanging** i.e., curtains or wall hangings that will hide them while they make love **host** innkeeper

142 **gallèd** sore (from riding)

143 **tapster** innkeeper or waiter; originally a woman **inflame** augment, inflate **reck’ning** bill

144 **beest-eating** i.e., drinks the thick milk a cow gives after calving (beest)

145 **eke** also **tool** penis

146 ***Cum multis aliis*** “with many others” (Latin)

148 ***domine*** “master” (Latin)

149 **Produce** i.e., bring them on

150 ***Intrate filii!*** “Come in, my children!” (Latin) **foot it** dance away

152 **derry** word of no meaning, commonly used in chorus of folk songs

157 **twain** two

166 **paint your pole** i.e., something extra, playing on sexual innuendo in “pole” (maypole/penis) **withal** with/in addition

170 **lets** hindrance

171 **dowsets** testicles

172 ***dii deæque omnes*** “all you gods and goddesses” (Latin)

173 **rarely** splendidly **wenches** girls

Act 3 Scene 6

1 **faith** pledge

3 **armours** suits of armor

10 **outdure** outlast

11 **when…hearing** i.e., when things are generally known

12 **fatting** i.e., being fattened up

14 **refuses** i.e., Arcite is to have the choice of weapons

15 **If…hold** i.e., if it does not break

27 **recompense** repayment, return

28 **quit** repay

29 **show** i.e., show yourself to be

35 **birthright** i.e., the right belonging to one of us from birth

36 **pertains** belongs

40 **fitting** fit, ready

41 **stay** wait

43 **spared** i.e., from his duties

45 **Though…died** i.e., from the effort of suppressing his feelings

49 **lusty** vigorous

51 **exceed** i.e., surpass me

57 **find it** i.e., that it is true

60 **soundly** in full

62 **arm you** put your armor on

73 **grand guard** extra, heavy piece of armor worn to protect the chest and shoulder while jousting

75 **fain** gladly **that** i.e., on horseback

79 **warrant** guarantee (that I will)

80 **casque** helmet

83 **o'th'least** too small

86 **fall'n much away** i.e., much thinner

88 **home** unsparingly/to the end/to the heart

101 **bay** reddish-brown horse

104 **Nor…you** i.e., I could not catch you up/equal your performance

106 **virtue** courage

113 **strait** tight

117 **perfect** i.e., fully armed

119 **hold** consider

120 **lies** depends ***several ways*** in different directions

124 **aught** anything

135 **commend** i.e., to God ***within*** i.e., offstage

140 **Lo** look (drawing attention)

143 **retire** withdraw

144 **presently** immediately

149 **contempt** i.e., disregard of his banishment

150 **difference** quarrel

151 **base disposers** i.e., dishonorably settled

154 **adventure** venture

156 **faints** loses courage **Put…guard** i.e., stand on guard immediately

163 **crosses** obstacles

166 **fears** frightens

170 **ignorant** unwitting **malicious** wicked

172 **appointed** armed

173 **officers of arms** supervising officials

174 **Castor** son of the Roman god Jupiter

175 **Hold** keep

182 **begged** i.e., had his freedom begged for **contemns** scorns

184 **follows** serves/pursues

191 **spoken** i.e., said to be

195 **woo** implore

202 **no more moved** i.e., with as little emotion **Where** whereas

210 **For** as for

215 **Stop** close

217 **thy…memory** i.e., Hercules, who famously completed twelve tasks set him by Eurystheus (King of Mycenae and Tiryns); he was friend and companion to Theseus but not related, although Palamon calls them cousins

228 **not…denied** i.e., persuasively

233 **kill** kills

234 **Yet** to show

235 **grow to** become one with **but** unless

243 **that…have** i.e., whatever you would invoke to create

246 **chaste** married, lawful

247 **conjurings** invocations, entreaties

251 **that…maid** i.e., your duty as a knight to help a damsel in distress

257 **want** be lacking in

263 **make…reel** i.e., you shake my constancy to my oath

264 **place it** i.e., arrange matters

266 **right** typical

273 **question** quarrel

274 **credit** reputation

277 **Bow** cause to bend

280 **hold** uphold

281 **express will** final decisions

284 **passion** anger **heed** consideration

290 **maim** wound, damage

297 **be** become

298 **groaned** i.e., in childbirth

302 **worth** become of

307 **contention** quarrel **know** i.e., show that they know

318 **piece** i.e., of ground

324 **basely** dishonorably

327 **Make…devil** i.e., despise death as a poor fellow/regard him as an enemy and fight willingly

331 **must** i.e., must be

332 **to** as

342 **from that mouth** i.e., as a result of the words she speaks

348 **For** on account of **of** from

355 **pyramid** obelisk, pillar or column of stone **whether** whichever of the two

359 **grudge to fall** i.e., feel that he is unjustly executed

360 **with interest in** a claim to

366 **must** i.e., be content

367 **miscarry** die

370 **hold your course** i.e., keep your resolve

373 **usage** treatment

374 **settle here** i.e., establish in Athens

375 **bier** movable stand on which a corpse is placed before burial

Act 4 Scene 1

4.1 ***Location:*** *the prison in Athens*
10 **handsome** naturally graceful
11 **staggering** hesitating
15 **Half…too** i.e., who shares Theseus’ heart with Hippolyta **that** so that
18 **hold** continue
21 **They** i.e., the news
23 **discovered** revealed
30 **ever** constantly
33 **But they prevailed** i.e., without getting what they asked for **fairly** completely
45 **How he looks!** i.e., anxious
51 **mind** think of
55 **innocent** simpleton
57 **Nothing…pity** i.e., I’m only sorry (at what I have to tell)
58 **by** from
61 **right** in her right mind
69 **miscarrying on** being punished for
73 **late** recently **angling** fishing
76 **attending sport** i.e., waiting for a fish to bite
79 **smallness** high pitch
80 **angle** fishing rod
81 **To…skill** i.e., to fish by itself
83 **encompassed** surrounded
85 **glade** clearing
92 **Pretty** naïve
94 **bevy** company of
96 **chaplets** wreaths
97 **damask** variety of red rose
98 **antic** grotesque dance
102 **handsome** proper
103 **‘Willow, willow, willow’** chorus of a popular song—refers to the wearing of a willow garland by a forsaken lover
105 **tall** brave
106 **careless tresses** untidy locks of hair

107 **rounded** encircled

109 **nymph** spirit in the form of a maiden inhabiting and tending the lake

110 **Iris** Greek goddess of the rainbow and messenger to the gods

113 **posies** short rhyming mottoes often inscribed on rings

118 **made** i.e., my way

119 **straight…flood** i.e., at once threw herself into the water

124 **cross** intercept

125 **stayed** stopped

126 **scarce** with difficulty

128 **May…(etc.)** *et cetera* indicates that more of the song would have been sung, but the remaining words are lost

133 **'The…Robin'** both popular songs

138 **I…else** i.e., otherwise I shall be away from home

140 **maidenhead** virginity **cocklight** dawn, playing on "cock" (penis)

141 **thrive** go well/grow (in pregnancy)

142 **O…sweet** first words to the seventh of Sir Philip Sidney's *Certain Sonnets*

143 **ev'n** just

150 **cross** contradict **distempered** deranged

156 **For** because of

157 **gone…undone** pregnant, seduced and ruined

160 **let…alone** i.e., pay no attention to them

163 **close** secretive

164 **Close…cockle** proverbial

165 **the trick on't** i.e., the technique for only fathering boys

166 **gelt** castrated, to preserve their singing voices

173 **tickle't up** give pleasure/arouse to erection or orgasm

174 **if…in** metaphorically lucky/literally, using his hand to achieve sexual pleasure

179 **know** recognize

187 **wood** forest/state of madness

188 **tackling** rigging/male genitalia

189 **Let me alone** i.e., let me handle it **weigh** i.e., weigh anchor

190 **Owgh!** exclamation suggesting exertion **Top the bowline!** i.e., tighten the rope that keeps the sail steady in a wind

194 **to the top** i.e., of the mast (the lookout position)

197 **kenn’st** see, make out
198 **wood** forest/madwoman
200 **Cynthia** Roman goddess of the moon

Act 4 Scene 2

4.2 ***Location:*** *Theseus' palace in Athens*

11 **coy** modest

13 **quick** lively

15 **Ganymede** in classical mythology, the beautiful boy snatched from earth by Jove to become his cupbearer

18 **constellation** Ganymede was eventually changed into Aquarius

21 **Pelop's shoulder** in classical mythology, Tantalus killed his son Pelops and offered him as food to the gods who then reassembled him and replaced his eaten shoulder with an ivory one

22 **hence** i.e., his brow **promontory** mountainous stretch of land jutting into the sea

23 **Pointed** coming to a peak

24 **underworld** i.e., the earth as seen from above

25 **near 'em** i.e., like them in character

26 **foil** one who sets off another to advantage

27 **swart** swarthy, dark **meagre** thin **heavy** sorrowful

28 **still** lethargic

29 **stirring** animation

30 **this** i.e., Arcite's **smile** hint

32 **sad** serious

33 **bent** direction

35 **choice** capacity for choosing **lewdly** ignorantly

42 **only** solely

43 **is complexion** i.e., is the only attractive complexion

44 **changeling** ugly or stupid child left by the fairies in exchange for another **gipsy** i.e., dark, hence unattractive

45 **sotted** besotted

46 **faith** constancy

48 **Whether** which one **had** would have

52 **go look** i.e., for an answer (unsuccessfully)

53 **gauds** toys

54 **distinguish** choose between

60 **end** resolve, settle

62 **unspotted** pure

74 **fall untimely** die prematurely
76 **a while** briefly
86 **seeming** appearance
87 **stout** brave
88 **say** proclaim
92 **he looks** i.e., his expression shows
95 **long and round** i.e., his arms
96 **baldric** belt or girdle **when…with** i.e., to carry out his will when he is angry
97 **Better…friend** i.e., there was never a better sword
102 **speak** describe
104 **show** appearance
106 **he** i.e., the messenger
108 **felt…for** i.e., love
109 **apter** more likely
113 **extremes** violent emotions
116 **Hard-haired** tightly curled **tods** bushes
117 **undo** uncurl
118 **livery** uniform **warlike maid** Bellona, Roman goddess of war
122 **character** sign
123 **fit for** i.e., to kiss/like those belonging to
126 **lineaments** form, shape
127 **clean** well-built
128 **staff** handle
132 **great** eminent
136 **they** i.e., the freckles **sweet** attractive
137 **well** satisfactory
140 **white-haired** blond
141 **wanton white** very light so as to be feminine/childlike
142 **nimble** agile
145 **new-conceived** newly pregnant
146 **labour** hard work, punning on childbirth
148 **grey-eyed** having blue or blue-gray eyes, thought to denote compassion
153 **shows** looks like
154 **oak** wreath of oak leaves awarded for valor

157 **charging staff** lance for jousting **embossed** ornamented with figures in relief

163 **show Bravely** look splendidly (in fighting)

168 **steeled** given strength to, perhaps playing on sense of "struck (with a steel sword)"

169 **the field** i.e., management over the tournament

174 **be royal** i.e., show regal generosity in the arrangements

175 **want** lack **bravery** splendor

Act 4 Scene 3

4.3 ***Location:*** *the prison*

1 **time…moon** at certain phases of the moon/her menstrual cycle

2 **some** i.e., times

3 **harmless distemper** nonviolent derangement

7 **lards** is inserted into (like pieces of fat into a meat roast) **farces** stuffs (in cooking), plays on sense of “makes comic”

8 **withal** moreover

11 **burden** refrain

14 **fantastical** fanciful **as…legs** i.e., as any man

15 **Dido…Aeneas** in Virgil’s *Aeneid*, Dido (Queen of Carthage) fell in love with the Trojan hero, Aeneas, who afterward left her and she killed herself on a funeral pyre

20 **silver…ferry** in classical mythology, the dead were provided with a piece of silver to pay Charon, the ferryman, to take them across the River Styx to the underworld

23 **livers** thought to be the seats of human passions

26 **Proserpine** Roman queen of the underworld

27 **mark** notice

28 **prettily** charmingly **amiss** ill/in error, plays on senses of “miss” meaning “unmarried woman/whore”

31 **barley break** country game involving couples whereby one couple who are in “hell” must try to catch the others, often employed as a metaphor for “having sex”

32 **i’th’other place** i.e., in hell

34 **shrewd measure** harsh punishment

38 **usurer’s grease** moneylender’s sweat (the traditional punishment for usurers was to be boiled in oil and lead)

40 **be enough** i.e., fully cooked

41 **coins** fabricates ideas

48 **leprous** suffering from leprosy, often confused with “pox” (venereal disease)

49 **rid on’t** avoid it

51 **engrafted** implanted (horticultural metaphor)

54 **were** would be **an** if

57 **arras** tapestry used as a wall hanging
58 **suing fellow** persistent suitor **garden-house** small house or bower in the garden
64 **affected** cared for
65 **ere** before
68 **account** consider
69 **great penn’orth on’t** good bargain **state** estate
70 **unfeignedly** sincerely
72 **intemperate…eye** i.e., excessive gazing at Palamon
75 **faculties** functions
76 **vagary** wandering
80 **commune** talk
81 **beats upon** is obsessed by
83 **friskins** antics
84 **green** youthful
86 **stuck** decked
88 **compounded odours** perfumes **grateful** pleasing
91 **carve** i.e., carve for
92 **still among** intermittently
94 **play-feres** playfellows, can be used with sexual connotation
95 **repair** go
96 **tokens** small gifts of love
97 **suggested** pleaded
99 **reduce** restore **out of square** disordered
101 **approved** successfully demonstrated
103 **passages** stages
104 **appliance** remedy
105 **success** result

Act 5 Scene 1

5.1 ***Location:*** *a forest near Athens, outside of temples to Mars, Venus, and Diana*

4 **swelling** billowing

6 **will** i.e., that will

10 **german** closely related

11 **nearness** i.e., of kinship and friendship

12 **Lay by** set aside **dove-like** peacefully

14 **stubborn** antagonistic

15 **ire** anger

16 **regard** watch over

18 **part** divide

20 **glass** hourglass

22 **show** appear as

26 **parcel** part

27 **tender** regard

31 **confound** ruin, destroy

32 **port** bring to port/carry

33 **limiter** arbiter, judge

35 **turn** i.e., around and depart

40 **sacrifices** i.e., because they will die if he fails

42 **apprehension** awareness

44 **profession** solemn vow/occupation (soldiering)

45 **Require** ask

46 **breath** endurance

47 **on** forward

48 **Else** otherwise

49 **feat** deed of valor

50 **garland** victor's wreath **sticks…flowers** i.e., Emily will be the most beautiful flower he is crowned with/there will be a rose in the garland that Emily crowns him with **sticks** places/adorns/stands out

51 **intercession** prayer

52 **cistern** large vessel or receptacle for liquids

56 **Neptune** Roman water god (symbolizing the sea) **purple** i.e., with blood

57 **havoc** slaughter **field** battlefields **prewarn** foretell; comets were popularly supposed to be omens of forthcoming events

58 **Unearthèd** excavated/unburied

59 **teeming** fertile, abundantly productive **Ceres** Roman goddess of crops and fruit **foison** harvest

60 **armipotent** powerful in arms

61 **masoned** built of stone

62 **girths** walls

64 **laud** praise

65 **streamer** banner

66 **styled** named

68 **enormous** disorderly

69 **o'er-rank** overripe, rotten

70 **blood** bloodshed/bloodletting

72 **O'th'pleurisy** of excess

75 **stars** fates **glister** sparkle

76 **extinct** extinguished

79 **free** generous

83 **secrets** part of the code of courtly love was secrecy

88 **flourish** brandish

90 **vassal** servant

91 **Stale gravity** grave old man **polled** bald

93 **skipped** jumped over, avoided

95 **young lays** youthful love songs

96 **Phoebus** i.e., the sun/sun god Apollo

98 **his mortal son** i.e., Phaethon, who drove his father's sun chariot one day but was unable to control it, so that the earth was in danger of being burnt up until Zeus intervened by hurling a thunderbolt at Phaethon who fell into a river **the huntress** i.e., Diana

99 **moist** because of the moon's influence on the tides **cold** chaste

101 **yoke** servitude

106 **kenned** known **practised Upon** tried to seduce

107 **libels** slanders (against women)

108 **liberal** licentious

109 **betray** reveal the love secrets of

111 **large confessors** men who boast of their many sexual conquests **hotly** angrily

115 **brided** married

116 **cramp** rheumatism

117 **screwed** twisted **square** sturdy

119 **globy** bulging

120 **drawn their spheres** come out of their sockets

121 **anatomy** skeleton

122 **fere** wife

124 **Brief** in short

125 **prate** chatter, tattle

126 **defier** one who distains or challenges boasts

128 **close offices** secret affairs

129 **concealments** what should be concealed

130 **boldest** coarsest

134 **merit** reward

137 **chase** hunting ground

139 **laid unto** added to

142 **comes on** approaches ***Still*** soft ***hind*** female deer ***aloof*** at a slight distance

148 **order's robe** i.e., symbol of modesty

149 **vouchsafe** grant, bestow

151 **maculate** spotted

153 **scurrile** scurrilous **port** portal, opening

154 **wanton** lewd

155 **Seasoned** infused **fear** awe

156 **bride-habited** dressed as a bride

157 **'pointed** appointed to me

160 **guiltless** i.e., of condemning either Palamon or Arcite to death/of choosing to marry and therefore betraying Diana **election** choice

162 **doom** sentence, pronounce judgment against

164 **pretenders** claimants, suitors

165 **title** claim

166 **wheaten garland** symbol of virginity

167 **file and quality** rank and status (a virgin)

168 **band** fellowship

169 **ebbs and flows** the tides (influenced by Diana as moon goddess)
172 **well inspired** of divine origin **confound** destroy
176 **gathered** i.e., lose my virginity
178 **Unclasp** reveal

Act 5 Scene 2

5.2 ***Location:*** *the prison* **habit** costume

1 **upon** toward

6 **'Presently'** immediately

10 **watch** sit up

11 **fit** attack of fever/sexual desire

13 **fit her** provide her with what she needs/enter her sexually **home** thoroughly

18 **observe** humor

20 **confirm** strengthen

21 **That's all one** that doesn't matter **if** as long as

23 **Lie** lie down/have sex

27 **honesty** chastity

28 **niceness** excessive scruple

29 **cast…away** i.e., abandon her to her madness

30 **will** wants to

38 **physic** treatment

43 **all one** i.e., makes no difference

46 ***Videlicet*** "that is to say" (Latin) **'way of flesh'** i.e., sexual desire

49 ***ipso facto*** "by the very act" (Latin)

50 **humour** inclination, mood (also a reference to the four "humors," or fluids, that were believed to influence human health and disposition)

56 **bound** obliged

65 **come…tail** i.e., whatever happens (proverbial) **cut** with a cut tail/gelded **tail** horsetail/penis

66 **ye** for you

69 **founder** lame **hobby-horse** man dressed as a horse in a morris dance/prostitute

70 **skill** judgment

71 **'Light o' love'** popular song referring to a faithless lover/prostitute

77 **hand** handwriting **casts** calculates

78 **provender** feed

79 **betime** early **cozens** cheats

83 **coy** aloof

85 **bottles** bundles (of hay)

86 **strike** measure

88 **miller's mare** "as sober as a miller's mare" (proverbial)

98 **stool-ball** game similar to cricket in which a stool was used as the wicket and women usually caught the ball in their laps/innuendo for sexual intercourse

101 **keep** celebrate

105 **nice** overscrupulous

111 **petticoat** overskirt **smocks** undergarments (shifts, slips)

115 **then** after we are married

117 **fain be nibbling** gladly be eating/having sex

120 **against** in preparation for

130 **grown** got taller

131 **grow** have an erection

133 **hard meat** coarse food

134 **up** erect

139 **bear a charge** have official duties

140 **straight** immediately

144 **How…her?** i.e., what did you think of her

146 **from** leave

147 **still…way** continue with the current treatment

158 **marry** by the Virgin Mary, i.e., indeed; plays on sense of "get married"

Act 5 Scene 3

5.3	***Location:***	*in the forest, near the field of combat*
3	**hawk at**	pursue
4	**decision**	trial (by combat)
7	**bell**	death knell
10	**deafing…hear**	no way not to hear
14	**kind**	actuality
15	**pencilled**	painted
16	**belief**	i.e., in the story
17	**sealed**	authenticated, confirmed
18	**meed**	reward
19	**question's title**	winner's right in the contest
21	**wink**	close both eyes
25	**extinct**	extinguished
26	**envy**	malice
28	**dam**	mother
33	**Set off**	compensate for
	whereto	of which
36	**kindle**	incite
39	**give…pay**	reward/be the reward for (the winning knight)
42	**Out of itself**	i.e., outside its boundaries
49	**know**	know to be
52	**engine bent**	weapon (bow) ready to be discharged
55	**aspect**	look
56	**graved**	engraved, playing on "grave"
57	**to**	in accordance with
58	**quality**	nature
64	**Stick misbecomingly**	seem out of place
66	**spurs to spirit**	i.e., the trumpets
67	**proof**	trial
69	**spoiling…figure**	mutilation of his body
70	**Enough**	would be enough
73	**ward**	defensive action
	offence	offensive action
74	**craved…time**	was needed at that very moment
76	**What…chance?**	What has happened?
81	**prim'st**	best

85 **servant** i.e., Arcite
86 **still** always
88 **end** purpose
89 **sinister** left
90 **best boding** most auspicious
95 **Th'assistants** the supporting knights **redemption** rescue
96 **titlers** those fighting over the title
102 **values shortness** coming short in value
110 **consummation** end
112 **Half-sights** those who are half blind
113 **God's lid** by God's eyelid (a mild oath)
114 **costliness** rarity **looked through** was transparent
116 **go…with** take legal action against
117 **drift** driving
120 **coming off** leaving the arena
126 **struck at head** fought
127 **plighted** betrothed
136 **race** descendants
138 **Alcides** Hercules
139 **sow** bar of metal/female pig/fat, slovenly person
141 **Did** would
143 **emulous** rival **Philomels** nightingales
145 **Anon** straightaway
146 **out-breasted** outsung **sense** i.e., hearing
148 **Good space** for some time
149 **hardly** with difficulty
150 **subdued** defeated
151 **present justice** immediate execution
152 **pinch** torture
154 **Arm** give your arm to
155 **lose** part with/be deprived of
161 **unfriended** bereaved of his friend
166 **one** Emilia
167 **blind** closed for ever

Act 5 Scene 4

5.4	***pinioned***	tied up
5	**to…wishes**	people wish that we might live longer
6	**prevent**	forestall
7	**beguile**	outwit
8	**rheum**	catarrh
	lag	last
9	**grey approachers**	the elderly approaching death
10	**unwappered**	unexhausted
	halting	limping
11	**stale**	old
12	**such**	as he has been talking of
13	**clear**	pure
18	**title**	possession
22	**tott'ring**	fluctuating
23	**reels**	wavers
26	**Taste**	act as taster, go first
28	**see't done**	give me freedom (in death)
29	**kind of ill**	type of illness, i.e., insanity
34	**latest**	last
36	**piece her portion**	add to her dowry
39	**Is…maid?**	Is it her first marriage?/Is she a virgin?
40	**Verily**	truly
42	**quite**	repay
44	**requite**	reward
51	**done**	finished
62	**owing**	owning
64	**Weakens his price**	all-black horses were thought to be vicious
65	**note**	characteristic
66	**allowance**	confirmation
67	**calkins**	raised edges of horseshoes that prevent slipping
68	**tell**	count
69	**length**	pace, stride
70	**pride**	mettle, spirit
72	**iron…origin**	based on the biblical story of Jubal (Genesis 4:21–2)
74	**Saturn**	Roman god associated with the harvest, but originally perhaps a blight god and regarded as malevolent

77 **comment** speculate

78 **toy** foolish aversion **fell** abandoned himself

79 **comes on end** i.e., rears up on his hindquarters

80 **school-doing** training

81 **kind manage** gentle handling

82 **rowell** spur

84 **jad'ry** behavior of an inferior horse/ignoble behavior **disseat** unseat, throw off

86 **curb** controlling chain or strap passed under a horse's jaw **girth** saddle-securing belt **diff'ring plunges** different sudden, violent movements

87 **Disroot** dislodge **grew** i.e., stayed as though rooted

92 **poise** weight

94 **floats…approaches** i.e., only until the next wave comes

104 **told** counted **false** i.e., against Palamon's prior claim to Emilia

108 **Elysium** final resting place in the underworld of classical mythology for the souls of the heroic and virtuous

111 **This day** the anniversary of this day

114 **sundered** parted

118 **arrouse** bedew, sprinkle, plays on "arouse" meaning "excite sexually"

121 **vouched** upheld

122 **grace** favor, success

123 **this** i.e., Arcite's body

130 **passage** of arms

131 **equal** impartial

134 **fancy** love

139 **lovers** supporters **stage of death** i.e., scaffold

142 **in whose end** at the end of which

147 **charmers** the gods (who work charms or enchantments)

150 **kind** way/disposition

152 **above** beyond our capacity

153 **bear…time** behave appropriately for the funeral and then the wedding

Epilogue

* ***Epilogue*** i.e., actor who speaks these lines
2 **say** speak (for shyness)
3 **cruel** terribly
5 **goes hard** is going badly
9 **market** chances of success/profit
10 **Have at** let us face
12 **cause** purpose
14 **meant** intended for
15 **end** purpose

POEMS AND SONNETS

Shakespeare became famous as a poet before most people knew that he also wrote plays. To judge by the frequency of admiring allusions and demand for printed copies, *Venus and Adonis* was the most popular long poem of the Elizabethan age. Like Shakespeare's subsequent narrative poem *The Rape of Lucrece* it was written during the period in 1593–94 when the theaters were closed due to plague, and based on the works of the Roman poet Ovid. These works are calling cards which announce Shakespeare's poetic sophistication, perhaps in response to the jibe in *Greene's Groatsworth of Wit* (1592) about "Shake-scene," the "upstart crow," the vulgar jack-of-all-trades from the country.

Great swaths of *Venus and Adonis* are composed in the form of dialogue, while the eye contact between male and female subjects is self-consciously the atricalized. In both their speech patterns and their accompanying actions, Venus and Adonis are turned into dramatic characters, their story into a theatrical encounter, albeit one that relies on a naturalistic rural setting peopled with animals and natural forces that could not have been represented on stage. The Elizabethan reader's pleasure in the poem lay in its cunning rhetoric, the inventive conceit of its language. The resourceful Venus has many an example, as when she compares herself to a park and Adonis to a deer. The double entendre whereby landscape and body parts become as one is typical of the poem: Shakespeare is trying out that language of indefatigable innuendo that will characterize so many of his subsequent plays. He is also experimenting with the idea that sexual attraction is sparked by contrariness and apparent disdain. The dynamic between a pair of erotically charged horses anticipates not only the relationship of Venus and Adonis, but also those of the speaker of the sonnets and his beloved, not to mention Berowne and Rosaline in *Love's Labour's Lost* and Beatrice and Benedick in *Much Ado about Nothing*.

For most of *Venus and Adonis*, sexual desire is a source of comedy, whereas in *The Rape of Lucrece* the story of sexual pursuit is replayed in a darker key. Having made a comic spectacle of the rapacious goddess, Shakespeare makes a tragic spectacle of the raped emblem of chastity. The two poems are opposite sides of the same coin, as may be seen from their structural resemblance: in each, an ardent suitor attempts to gain the reluctant object of her/his sexual desire by means of rhetorical persuasion, fails, and indirectly or directly precipitates the death of the object of desire. Both poems are centrally interested in the way in which linguistic art is instrumental in the pursuit of sexual satisfaction. Nothing provokes desire more than antithesis. The more artless Lucrece is, the more Tarquin wishes to exercise the arts of love upon her.

The Rape of Lucrece is not only Shakespeare's most sustained imitation of a classical source, it is also a supreme example of the art of "copiousness" that was recommended by sixteenth-century humanist literary theorists: Shakespeare expanded the seventy-three lines of the Lucrece story in Ovid's *Fasti* into nearly two thousand. As with *Venus and Adonis*, the most significant elaborations are those that invest the characters with linguistic arts. Three extended discourses are introduced: Tarquin's inward disquisition as to whether he should carry through his desire, the disputation between the two characters in the bedroom, and Lucrece's formal "complaint" after the rape. At the end of the poem, the final consequence of the rape is played through as the Tarquins are heaved off their throne and the Roman republic is established. It is because loss of empire is the ultimate cost which Tarquin pays for his conquest—the military metaphors are all-pervasive—that his victory is a defeat. The oxymoronic structure of the narrative is thus brought to a climax: Tarquin's gain is his family's loss, Lucrece's loss is Rome's gain. She is the sacrificial victim required for the bringing of a new political order.

Shakespeare was much possessed by death, even when—as in *Venus and Adonis* and the comedies—he wrote in the genres of life and love. Venus expostulates against Death because he is the destroyer of beauty. She proposes to Adonis that the beautiful have a duty to reproduce themselves, not to hoard their loveliness in the manner of a miser (or, in the bawdy subtext, a masturbator). The first seventeen of Shakespeare's sonnets are a set of variations on the same theme. Throughout the entire collection of **154** sonnets, there is a frequent return to questions first explored in Venus *and Adonis:* not only mortality and endurance, beauty and its transience, but also the paradoxes of self and other, truth and delusion, in the dynamics of desire. Adonis' eyes are "Two glasses" (i.e., mirrors) where Venus "herself herself beheld / A thousand times." At the climax of the sonnet sequence, a key pun plays on the same idea: "For I have sworn thee fair: more perjured eye, / To swear against the truth so foul a lie." The relationship between "I" and "eye," inner self and the object of the gaze, is an obsession in the sonnets, while "perjured" is an example of another hallmark of the collection, the application of legal language to the promises made and broken by lovers. So, for instance, in Sonnet 33 ("When to the sessions of sweet silent thought"), term after term has legal connotations ("sessions," "summon," "dateless," "canceled," "expense," "grievances," "account," "restored").

It is probable that Shakespeare began composing sonnets soon after writing *Venus and Adonis*—several are woven into *Romeo and Juliet* and *Love's Labour's Lost*, plays that he wrote soon after the theaters reopened in 1594, and others circulated in manuscript by 1598. But the collection entitled *Shakespeare's Sonnets* was not published until 1609. We know neither whether it was authorized nor whether its arrangement of the sequence was purposeful, though some clearly belong together, in that successive sonnets sometimes allude to each other or enact variations on a similar theme.

As one would expect from the hand of a dramatist, there does seem to be a plotline running through the sequence and a "character" to each of the personae. The first 126 poems appear to be written to a man (or a succession of men?). The narrative extends over a considerable period of time and runs the full gamut of emotions. The person addressed is younger than Shakespeare and of higher rank. He is lovely and the image of his mother. The first seventeen poems are exhortations to breed, in the manner of Venus' address to Adonis: "From fairest creatures we desire increase, / That thereby beauty's rose might never die." There is then a modulation toward the idea that the poet's own work of praise may enable the young man to escape the ravages of time and death. Some sort of relationship is then imagined, with the youth in a position of power and the poet in one of supplication. Absence, travel, "disgrace," melancholy, estrangement, and reunion are variously implied. The young man appears to have an affair with the poet's mistress, thus abusing the bond of friendship. But he is eventually forgiven: “Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all: / What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?” Later, the poet is discomposed by a rival who claims to have been taught by spirits to write “above a mortal pitch” and who, with “the proud full sail of his great verse,” wins the patronage of the fair youth. The sequence ends with its key motif of the battle between love and time. The final poem to the youth is two lines short of the sonnet form’s customary fourteen. It ends with a pair of empty brackets, signaling some kind of closure or lacuna.

Sonnets 127–52, by contrast, explore the poet’s relationship with a mistress, a dark-complexioned and sexually voracious woman who has “raven black” brows. Sometimes her dark beauty is wittily defended against the blonde Elizabethan ideal, but more frequently these poems are filled with self-abnegation, misogyny, a lingering sense of the sour taste that comes after sex, and disgust at the way in which the body rules the spirit. The woman is accused of infidelity, including an apparent affair with the “man right fair” who is the poet’s “better angel”—this seems to allude back to the purported relationship between “friend” and “mistress” in the earlier sequence. Some of the “dark lady” poems are seeringly honest about the deceptions that may occur between lovers (“O, love’s best habit is in seeming trust…Therefore I lie with her and she with me, / And in our faults by lies we flattered be”), while others are dazzlingly playful (notably 135–6, with their multiple punning on senses of the word “Will,” including a persistent play on Shakespeare’s own name). The final two sonnets are imitations of a Greek epigram about the fire of love being quenched in a cool well, with clear allusion to the Elizabethan custom of taking mercury baths as a cure for syphilis. The implicit suggestion is that the poet has been venereally infected by the “dark lady.”

Shakespeare’s sonnets are a source of endless biographical fascination because they seem to be the one work in which he speaks in his own voice. “Scorn not the sonnet,” William Wordsworth wrote two centuries later: “With this key, Shakespeare unlocked his heart.” So it is that the sonnets are often believed to bear a wholly different relationship to Shakespeare’s biography from that of the rest of his literary work. There is, however, no intrinsic reason why a sonnet—a highly artificial literary form—should not be a dramatic performance just as a play is. It may perfectly well be argued that for an Elizabethan poet to dash off a sequence of sonnets was a kind of exercise, a proof of artistic skill akin to the work of a composer writing a set of variations on a musical theme. If Shakespeare could imagine Hamlet and Romeo and Viola, he could also have invented the “plot” and “characters” of his sonnets. Robert Browning responded to Wordsworth’s claim: “If so, the less Shakespeare he!” Maybe the sonnets are best read as assays of Shakespeare’s art, demonstrations of his seemingly effortless verbal facility.

Unlike several contemporary sonneteers, Shakespeare does not name names. Because he is so guarded, the circumstances of composition have provoked centuries of speculation. The young man to whom the bulk of the poems are addressed may or may not be synonymous with the mysterious “Mr W. H.” named in the collection’s dedication. The traditional candidates for the role of addressee are the Earl of Pembroke and the Earl of Southampton, though neither of them was a “Mr.” A very strong case has been made for the possibility that “Mr W. H.” is actually a misprint for “Mr W. S.” and that in the dedication Thomas Thorpe, the publisher, is merely acknowledging Shakespeare as the “only begetter” of the sonnets (“begetting” was a common metaphor for authoring).

Dozens of male Elizabethan poets wrote sonnet sequences, but only Shakespeare and Richard Barnfield addressed their poems explicitly to a man. Barnfield wrote in the explicitly homoerotic tradition of ancient Greek pastoral poetry, whereas Shakespeare’s sequence emphasizes the spiritual aspects of the poet’s love for the fair youth. The only sonnets in the collection where “Will” is actually in bed with a lover are addressed to the dark lady. The young man’s “thing” (which has been “pricked out” by nature) is, says the poet in Sonnet 20, “to my purpose nothing”—though this is supremely ambiguous, since it could mean either that he is not interested in a physical relationship or that the prick serves him in the same way as a woman’s “nothing” (vagina). Taken in their entirety, the sonnets associate heterosexual desire with consummation and disgust, homoerotic attraction with spirituality and an intensity that derives in large measure from the impossibility of consummation. Tempting as it may be to infer Shakespeare’s sexuality from this duality, it might be better to read the opposition between dark lady and fair youth as a dramatic device: one is a “character” representing desire in its sexual manifestation, the other in its idealizing and spiritual.

Several short poems of the period have been attributed to Shakespeare, but in only two cases is the attribution absolutely secure. One is a beautifully turned epilogue that meditates on time in an address to Queen Elizabeth at the end of a court performance in February 1599. It remained unknown in manuscript until the late twentieth century. The other is the mysterious poem that has become generally known as “The Phoenix and Turtle” (though Shakespeare did not give it a title).

In 1601, a minor author called Robert Chester published a long allegorical poem entitled *Love’s Martyr*, in which the mythical phoenix, representing Queen Elizabeth, accepts the devoted service of a turtledove, symbolizing a loyal courtier. The poem was dedicated to John Salusbury of Llewenni, Denbighshire, and seems to have been printed in honor of his being knighted by the queen in June 1601. Salusbury is therefore a prime candidate for the role of the turtledove. When the poem was published, it was accompanied by “Diverse Poetical Essays on the Former Subject; viz. The Turtle and Phoenix,” also dedicated to Salusbury and dated 1601. One of these poetical essays, beginning “Let the bird of loudest lay,” was signed “William Shakespeare” and is unmistakably in his style. The poem seems to be a response to the closing sequence of Chester’s: it imagines a group of birds at the funeral of the phoenix and turtle. Again, the phoenix seems to be Elizabeth, the turtle a loyal subject: “Distance and no space was seen / ’Twixt this turtle and his queen.” But “Distance and no space” is more than a metaphor for the combination of propriety and loyalty required by good courtiership. It is also a metaphysical conundrum. On being invited (and presumably paid) to contribute to Chester’s volume, Shakespeare took the opportunity to rework the union of phoenix and turtle as a philosophical tour de force instead of a piece of routine poetic flattery. A line such as “Either was the other’s mine” may allude back to a lengthy and tedious section of Chester’s poem concerning different kinds of mining, but it works primarily as a brilliant pun on the exchange of selfhood that is the core of true love. Whereas Chester’s ambition was to gain or retain Salusbury’s patronage, Shakespeare rose above the occasion and indulged a vein of serious intellectual play of a kind much closer to the dazzling mind-bending of John Donne. “Single natures, double name, / Neither two nor one was called”: these paradoxes could serve not only as an epitaph for the phoenix and the turtle, but also as an epigraph for the double vision—the “I am not that I am,” the seeing “with parted eye, / When everything seems double”—that shapes Shakespeare’s dramatic universe.

KEY FACTS

LINGUISTIC MEDIUM: *Venus and Adonis* is in a six-line stanza rhyming *ababaa*, *Lucrece* in a seven-line stanza rhyming *ababbcc* (known as “rhyme royal”), both staple meters for poetic romance. Shakespeare’s sonnets, like most other English examples of the period, are shaped as three quatrains and a couplet (typically rhyming *ababcdcdefefgg*), in contrast to the Petrarchan or Italian structure of an octave and a sestet. “Let the Bird of Loudest Lay” and “To the Queen” are both written in trochaic tetrameters (as is, for example, the Fairies’ song at the end of *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*).

DATE: *Venus and Adonis* was published in 1593, *The Rape of Lucrece* in 1594, “To the Queen” was written for a court performance on February 20, 1599. “Let the Bird of Loudest Lay” was commissioned for a book published in 1601. The date of the sonnets is much disputed: the published volume was registered for publication in May 1609, but the vogue for sonneteering was at its height around the 1592–94 closure of the theaters due to plague. According to Francis Meres, some of Shakespeare’s “sugared sonnets” were circulating “among his private friends” in manuscript by 1598 (variant manuscript texts exist for several of them). Sonnet 107 apparently alludes to Queen Elizabeth’s death (spring 1603). Analysis of rare words suggests that 1–103 and 127–54 may date from the 1590s, 104–26 from the early 1600s.

SOURCES: *Venus and Adonis* is based on a story in book 10 of Ovid’s *Metamorphoses*, with some use of other Ovidian stories such as those of the lovely boys Narcissus (book 3) and Hermaphroditus (book 4). *Lucrece* derives from book 2 of Ovid’s *Fasti* and perhaps a translation from Livy’s *History* in William Painter’s *Pallace of Pleasure* (1566). The sonnets draw on, but also parody, an array of sonneteering conventions in the tradition that goes back to Petrarch;

Ovidian interests such as desire and narcissism, time and change, and the durability of poetry are also pervasive.

TEXT: The well-printed 1593 Quarto of *Venus and Adonis* was reprinted in 1594, 1595?, 1596, 1599, 1599, 1602?, 1602, 1602, 1617, making it by a considerable margin Shakespeare's bestseller in print. The well-printed 1594 Quarto of *Lucrece* was a little less popular but still much in demand (reprinted 1598, 1600, 1600, 1607, 1616). "To the Queen" remained in manuscript until 1972. "Let the Bird of Loudest Lay" was included in *LOVES MARTYR OR, ROSALINS COMPLAINT. Allegorically shadowing the truth of Loue, in the constant Fate of the Phoenix and Turtle* (1601), a verse collection dedicated to Sir John Salusbury, which included work by John Marston, George Chapman, and Ben Jonson appended to a long allegorical poem by the little-known Robert Chester; Shakespeare's contribution is untitled and only became generally known as "The Phoenix and Turtle" (i.e., turtledove) from 1807. *SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS. Never before Imprinted* was published in 1609, with "A Louers complaint. BY WILLIAM SHAKE-SPEARE" filling up the final leaves (not included in this edition). Littered with printing errors, it was little noticed upon publication and not reprinted. In 1640, John Benson published a collection of *Poems: Written by Wil. Shake-speare. Gent*., mainly based on the 1609 volume, but with considerable additions and alterations. The sonnets and poems did not enter the tradition of "Complete Works" Shakespeare until Edmond Malone edited them for his supplement to the 1778 Samuel Johnson/George Steevens edition.

EXCLUSIONS: *The Passionate Pilgrim*, a tiny volume containing 20 sonnets and song lyrics, was attributed to Shakespeare on publication in late 1598 or 1599. It is a mix of five poems by Shakespeare (two of the sonnets, and three lyrics from *Love's Labour's Lost*), some by others and some of uncertain authorship. We exclude it, since the Shakespearean poems appear elsewhere in our *Complete Works*, albeit in variant texts. "A Lover's Complaint" was published with the sonnets and attributed to Shakespeare, but his authorship has often been doubted, and recent scholarship (notably Brian Vickers, *Shakespeare, "A Lover's Complaint" and John Davies of Hereford*, 2007) has devastated the claim to Shakespearean authenticity and made a strong case for the authorship of John Davies of Hereford (1565?–1618), an admirer and imitator of Shakespeare. Various other short poems, notably several epigrams and epitaphs, have early attributions to Shakespeare, but none sufficiently secure to merit inclusion. Edited and annotated texts of *The Passionate Pilgrim* and "A Lover's Complaint" are downloadable from our Web site, www.rscshakespeare.co.uk.

VENUS AND ADONIS

Vilia miretur vulgus; mihi flavus Apollo Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLEY, EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON AND BARON OF TITCHFIELD RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I KNOW not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden; only if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather and never after ear so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your heart's content, which I wish may always answer your own wish and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your honour's in all duty,
William Shakespeare

EVEN as[1] the sun with purple-coloured face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheeked Adonis hied him[3] to the chase.
Hunting he loved, but love he laughed to scorn.
Sick-thoughted[5] Venus makes amain unto him
And like a bold-faced suitor 'gins to woo him.

'Thrice-fairer than myself', thus she began,
'The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
Stain to[9] all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
More white and red[10] than doves or roses are:
Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,
Saith[12] that the world hath ending with thy life.

'Vouchsafe,[13] thou wonder, to alight thy steed

And rein his proud[14] head to the saddle-bow.
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed[15]
A thousand honey secrets[16] shalt thou know:
Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,
And being set,[18] I’ll smother thee with kisses.

‘And yet not cloy thy lips with loathed satiety,[19]
But rather famish them amid their plenty,
Making them red and pale with fresh variety:
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty.
A summer’s day will seem an hour but short,
Being wasted[24] in such time-beguiling sport.’

With this she seizeth on his sweating[25] palm,
The precedent[26] of pith and livelihood,
And trembling in her passion, calls it balm,[27]
Earth’s sovereign[28] salve to do a goddess good:
Being so enraged,[29] desire doth lend her force
Courageously[30] to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty[31] courser’s rein,
Under her other was the tender[32] boy,
Who blushed and pouted in a dull disdain,
With leaden[34] appetite, unapt to toy,
She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded[37] bridle on a ragged bough
Nimbly she fastens. O, how quick is love!
The steed is stallèd up,[39] and even now
To tie the rider she begins to prove:[40]
Backward she pushed him, as she would[41] be thrust,
And governed[42] him in strength though not in lust.

So[43] soon was she along as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:

Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown
And ‘gins to chide,[46] but soon she stops his lips
And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,[47]
‘If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open.’

He burns with bashful shame, she with her tears
Doth quench the maiden[50] burning of his cheeks,
Then with her windy sighs and golden hairs
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks.
He saith she is immodest, blames her miss:[53]
What follows more, she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty[55] eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires[56] with her beak on feathers, flesh and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge[58] be stuffed or prey be gone:
Even so she kissed his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where she ends, she doth anew begin.

Forced to content,[61] but never to obey,
Panting he lies and breatheth in her face.
She feedeth on the steam, as on a pray,[63]
And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace,
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were dewed with such distilling[66] showers.

Look, how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So fastened in her arms Adonis lies.
Pure shame and awed[69] resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes:
Rain added to a river that is rank[71]
Perforce[72] will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats and prettily[73] entreats,
For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale.
Still is he sullen, still he lours[75] and frets,

’Twixt[76] crimson shame and anger ashy-pale:
Being red, she loves him best, and being white,
Her best is bettered with a more delight.

Look[79] how he can, she cannot choose but love,
And by her fair immortal hand she swears
From his soft bosom never to remove[81]
Till he take truce with her contending[82] tears,
Which long have rained, making her cheeks all wet,
And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless[84] debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a dive-dapper[86] peering through a wave,
Who, being looked on, ducks as quickly in:
So offers he to give what she did crave,
But when her lips were ready for his pay,
He winks[90] and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger[91] in summer’s heat
More thirst for drink than she for this good turn.[92]
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get,
She bathes in water,[94] yet her fire must burn:
‘O, pity,’ ’gan she cry, ‘flint-hearted boy!
’Tis but a kiss I beg, why art thou coy?[96]

‘I have been wooed, as I entreat thee now,
Even by the stern and direful god of war,[98]
Whose sinewy[99] neck in battle ne’er did bow,
Who conquers where he comes in every jar,[100]
Yet hath he been my captive and my slave
And begged for that which thou unasked shalt have.

‘Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
His battered shield, his uncontrollèd[104] crest,
And for my sake hath learned to sport[105] and dance,
To toy, to wanton, dally, smile and jest,

Scorning his churlish[107] drum and ensign red,
Making my arms[108] his field, his tent my bed.

‘Thus he that overruled I overswayed,[109]
Leading him prisoner in a red rose chain.
Strong-tempered[111] steel his stronger strength obeyed,
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
O, be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For mast’ring her that foiled[114] the god of fight.

‘Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine —
Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red —
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine.
What see’st thou in the ground? Hold up thy head.
Look in mine eyeballs, there[119] thy beauty lies,
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?

‘Art thou ashamed to kiss? Then wink[121] again,
And I will wink, so shall the day seem night.
Love keeps his revels[123] where there are but twain:
Be bold[124] to play, our sport is not in sight.
These blue-veined[125] violets whereon we lean
Never can blab nor know not what we mean.

‘The tender spring[127] upon thy tempting lip
Shows thee unripe; yet mayst thou well be tasted.
Make use of time, let not advantage slip,
Beauty within itself should not be wasted.
Fair flowers that are not gathered in their prime
Rot and consume themselves in little time.

‘Were I hard-favoured,[133] foul or wrinkled-old,
Ill-nurtured,[134] crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
O’erworn,[135] despisèd, rheumatic and cold,
Thick-sighted,[136] barren, lean and lacking juice,
Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not for thee,

But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

‘Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow,
Mine eyes are grey[140] and bright and quick in turning:
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,
My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow[142] burning,
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palm dissolve or seem to melt.

‘Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or like a fairy trip[146] upon the green,
Or like a nymph[147] with long dishevelled hair
Dance on the sands and yet no footing[148] seen.
Love is a spirit[149] all compact of fire,
Not gross[150] to sink, but light and will aspire.

‘Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie,
These forceless[152] flowers like sturdy trees support me:
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky
From morn till night, even where I list[154] to sport me.
Is love so light,[155] sweet boy, and may it be
That thou should think it heavy[156] unto thee?

‘Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?[157]
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?[158]
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected:
Steal thine own freedom and complain on[160] theft.
Narcissus[161] so himself himself forsook,
And died to kiss his shadow[162] in the brook.

‘Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties[164] to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
Herbs for their smell and sappy[165] plants to bear.
Things growing to themselves are growth’s abuse:
Seeds spring from seeds and beauty breedeth beauty.
Thou wast begot: to get[168] it is thy duty.

‘Upon the earth’s increase[169] why shouldst thou feed,
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed?
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine[172] may live when thou thyself art dead:
And so, in spite of death, thou dost survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive.’

By this[175] the lovesick queen began to sweat,
For where they lay the shadow had forsook them,
And Titan,[177] tirèd in the midday heat,
With burning[178] eye did hotly overlook them,
Wishing Adonis had his team[179] to guide,
So[180] he were like him and by Venus’ side.

And now Adonis with a lazy sprite[181]
And with a heavy, dark, disliking[182] eye,
His louring brows o’erwhelming his fair sight[183]
Like misty vapours[184] when they blot the sky,
Souring[185] his cheeks, cries, ‘Fie, no more of love!
The sun doth burn my face. I must remove.’

‘Ay me,’ quoth Venus, ‘young and so unkind,
What bare[188] excuses mak’st thou to be gone!
I’ll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun:
I’ll make a shadow for thee of my hairs,
If they burn too, I’ll quench them with my tears.

‘The sun that shines from heaven shines but warm,
And, lo, I lie between that sun and thee:
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me,
And were I not immortal, life were done[197]
Between this heavenly[198] and earthly sun.

‘Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel?

Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth:
Art thou a woman’s son and canst not feel
What ’tis to love, how want[202] of love tormenteth?
O, had thy mother[203] borne so hard a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.[204]

‘What am I that thou shouldst contemn[205] me this?
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?[206]
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?
Speak, fair, but speak fair words or else be mute:
Give me one kiss, I’ll give it thee again,
And one for int’rest, if thou wilt have twain.

‘Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
Well-painted idol, image dull and dead,
Statue[213] contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred:
Thou art no man, though of a man’s complexion,[215]
For men will kiss even by[216] their own direction.’

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause,
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth[219] her wrong:
Being[220] judge in love, she cannot right her cause;
And now she weeps and now she fain[221] would speak,
And now her sobs do her intendments[222] break.

Sometime she shakes her head and then his hand,
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;
Sometime her arms enfold him like a band,
She would,[226] he will not in her arms be bound:
And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
She locks[228] her lily fingers one in one.

‘Fondling,[229]’ she saith, ‘since I have hemmed thee here
Within the circuit of this ivory pale,[230]

I’ll be a park[231] and thou shalt be my deer:
Feed where thou wilt on mountain[232] or in dale,
Graze on my lips and, if those hills be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

Within this limit[235] is relief enough,
Sweet bottom-grass[236] and high delightful plain,
Round rising hillocks,[237] brakes obscure and rough,
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain:
Then be my deer, since I am such a park,
No dog shall rouse[240] thee, though a thousand bark.’

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple;
Love made those hollows, if[243] himself were slain,
He might be buried in a tomb so simple,
Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,
Why, there love lived and there he could not die.

These lovely caves,[247] these round enchanting pits,
Opened their mouths to swallow Venus’ liking:
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?[249]
Struck[250] dead at first, what needs a second striking?
Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,[251]
To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn.

Now which way shall she turn? What shall she say?
Her words are done, her woes are more increasing,
The time is spent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing: ‘
Pity!’ she cries, ‘Some favour, some remorse![257]’
Away he springs and hasteth to his horse.

But, lo, from forth a copse that neighbours by,[259]
A breeding[260] jennet, lusty, young and proud,
Adonis’ trampling courser[261] doth espy,

And forth she rushes, snorts and neighs aloud.
The strong-necked steed, being tied unto a tree,
Breaketh his rein and to her straight[264] goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girths[266] he breaks asunder,
The bearing[267] earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven’s thunder,
The iron bit he crusheth ’tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was controllèd with.

His ears up-pricked, his braided hanging mane
Upon his compassed crest[272] now stand on end,
His nostrils drink the air and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send:
His eye, which scornfully glisters[275] like fire,
Shows his hot courage[276] and his high desire.

Sometime he trots, as if he told[277] the steps
With gentle[278] majesty and modest pride,
Anon[279] he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who should[280] say, ‘Lo, thus my strength is tried
And this I do to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder that is standing by.’

What recketh he[283] his rider’s angry stir,
His flattering[284] ‘Holla’, or his ‘Stand, I say’?
What cares he now for curb[285] or pricking spur?
For rich caparisons[286] or trappings gay?
He sees his love and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look when a painter would surpass the life
In limning out[290] a well-proportioned steed,
His art with nature’s workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed:

So did this horse excel a common one
In shape, in courage, colour, pace and bone.[294]

Round-hoofed, short-jointed, fetlocks[295] shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head and nostril wide,
High crest,[297] short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look what a horse should have he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometime he scuds[301] far off and there he stares,
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather:
To bid[303] the wind a base he now prepares,
And where[304] he run or fly they know not whether:
For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who[306] wave like feathered wings.

He looks upon his love and neighs unto her,
She answers him as if she knew his mind:
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
She puts[310] on outward strangeness, seems unkind,
Spurns at[311] his love and scorns the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embracements[312] with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malcontent,
He vails[314] his tail that like a falling plume
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent.
He stamps and bites the poor flies in his fume:[316]
His love, perceiving how he was enraged,
Grew kinder and his fury was assuaged.

His testy[319] master goeth about to take him,
When, lo, the unbacked[320] breeder, full of fear,
Jealous of catching,[321] swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left Adonis there:
As[323] they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,

Outstripping crows that strive to overfly them.

All swoll’n with chafing,[325] down Adonis sits,
Banning[326] his boist’rous and unruly beast;
And now the happy[327] season once more fits
That lovesick love[328] by pleading may be blest:
For lovers say the heart hath treble wrong
When it is barred the aidance[330] of the tongue.

An oven that is stopped[331] or river stayed
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage:
So[333] of concealèd sorrow may be said
Free vent[334] of words love’s fire doth assuage,
But when the heart’s attorney[335] once is mute,
The client[336] breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming and begins to glow,
Even as a dying coal revives with wind,
And with his bonnet[339] hides his angry brow,
Looks on the dull earth with disturbèd mind,
Taking no notice that she is so nigh,[341]
For all[342] askance he holds her in his eye.

O, what a sight it was, wistly[343] to view
How she came stealing to the wayward[344] boy,
To note the fighting conflict of her hue,
How white and red each other did destroy:
But[347] now her cheek was pale and by and by
It flashed forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before[349] him as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels,
With one fair hand she heaveth[351] up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels:
His tend’rer cheek receives her soft hand’s print,
As apt[354] as new-fall’n snow takes any dint.

O, what a war of looks was then between them,
Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing,[356]
His eyes saw her eyes, as[357] they had not seen them,
Her eyes wooed still, his eyes disdained the wooing:
And all this dumb play[359] had his acts made plain
With tears, which chorus-like[360] her eyes did rain.

Full[361] gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lily prisoned[362] in a jail of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaster band,[363]
So white a friend engirts[364] so white a foe:
This beauteous combat, wilful[365] and unwilling,
Showed like two silver doves that sit a-billing.[366]

Once more the engine[367] of her thoughts began,
‘O fairest mover[368] on this mortal round,
Would thou wert[369] as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound,[370]
For one sweet look thy[371] help I would assure thee,
Though nothing but my body’s bane[372] would cure thee.’

‘Give me my hand,’ saith he, ‘why dost thou feel it?’
‘Give me my heart’, saith she, ‘and thou shalt have it.
O, give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel[375] it,
And being steeled, soft sighs can never grave[376] it.
Then love’s deep groans I never shall regard,[377]
Because Adonis’ heart hath made mine hard.’

‘For shame!’ he cries, ‘Let go and let me go:
My day’s delight is past, my horse is gone,
And ’tis your fault I am bereft[381] him so.
I pray you hence[382] and leave me here alone,
For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,
Is how to get my palfrey[384] from the mare.’

Thus she replies, ‘Thy palfrey, as he should,

Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire:
Affection[387] is a coal that must be cooled,
Else, suffered,[388] it will set the heart on fire.
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none,
Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone.

‘How like a jade[391] he stood, tied to the tree,
Servilely mastered with a leathern rein,
But when he saw his love, his youth’s fair fee,[393]
He held such petty bondage in disdain,
Throwing the base thong[395] from his bending crest,
Enfranchising[396] his mouth, his back, his breast.

‘Who sees his true-love in[397] her naked bed,
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
His other agents[400] aim at like delight?
Who is so faint[401] that dares not be so bold
To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

‘Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy,
And learn of[404] him, I heartily beseech thee,
To take advantage on[405] presented joy.
Though[406] I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee.
O, learn to love: the lesson is but plain,
And once made perfect,[408] never lost again.’

‘I know not love,’ quoth[409] he, ‘nor will not know it,
Unless it be a boar and then I chase it,
’Tis much to borrow and I will not owe[411] it.
My[412] love to love is love but to disgrace it,
For I have heard it is a life in death,
That laughs and weeps and all but[414] with a breath.

‘Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinished?
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?

If springing[417] things be any jot diminished,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth:
The colt that's backed and burdened[419] being young
Loseth his pride and never waxeth[420] strong.

'You hurt my hand with wringing, let us part
And leave this idle[422] theme, this bootless chat.
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart:
To love's alarms[424] it will not ope the gate.
Dismiss your vows, your feignèd tears, your flattery,
For where a heart is hard they make no battery.[426]'

'What, canst thou talk?' quoth she, 'Hast thou a tongue?
O, would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing.
Thy mermaid's[429] voice hath done me double wrong:
I had my load before, now pressed[430] with bearing:
Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh sounding,
Ear's deep-sweet music and heart's deep-sore wounding.

'Had I no eyes but ears, my ears would love
That inward[434] beauty and invisible,
Or were I deaf, thy outward parts[435] would move
Each part in me that were but sensible:[436]
Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,
Yet should I be in love by touching thee.

'Say that the sense of feeling were bereft me,
And that I could not see nor hear nor touch,
And nothing but the very smell were left me,
Yet would my love to thee be still as much:
For from the stillatory[443] of thy face excelling
Comes breath perfumed that breedeth love by smelling.

'But O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,
Being nurse and feeder of the other four.[446]
Would they not wish the feast might ever last

And bid suspicion[448] double-lock the door,
Lest jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
Should by his stealing in disturb the feast?’

Once more the ruby-coloured portal[451] opened,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield,
Like a red morn that ever yet betokened[453]
Wrack to the seaman, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gusts and foul flaws[456] to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage[457] advisedly she marketh,
Even as the wind is hushed before it raineth,
Or as the wolf doth grin[459] before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth,
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
His meaning struck her ere[462] his words begun.

And at his look she flatly[463] falleth down,
For looks kill love and love by looks reviveth:
A smile recures[465] the wounding of a frown.
But blessèd bankrupt that by love[466] so thriveth,
The silly boy, believing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red,

And all amazed brake off his late intent,[469]
For sharply he did think to reprehend her,
Which cunning[471] love did wittily prevent:
Fair fall[472] the wit that can so well defend her!
For on the grass she lies as she were slain,
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings[475] her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,
He chafes her lips: a thousand ways he seeks
To mend the hurt that his unkindness marred.

He kisses her and she, by her good will,
Will never rise, so[480] he will kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turned to day.
Her two blue windows[482] faintly she upheaveth,
Like the fair sun when in his fresh array
He cheers the morn and all the earth relieveth:
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumined with her eye,

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fixed,
As if from thence they borrowed all their shine.
Were never four such lamps together mixed,
Had not his clouded with his brow’s repine,[490]
But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,
Shone like the moon in water seen by night.

‘O, where am I?’ quoth she, ‘In earth or heaven,
Or in the ocean drenched[494] or in the fire?
What hour is this? Or[495] morn or weary even?
Do I delight to die or life desire?
But now I lived and life was death’s annoy,[497]
But now I died and death was lively joy.

‘O, thou didst kill me! Kill me once again!
Thy eyes’ shrewd[500] tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them scornful tricks and such disdain
That they have murdered this poor heart of mine,
And these mine eyes, true leaders[503] to their queen,
But[504] for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

‘Long may they kiss each other for this cure!
O, never let their crimson liveries[506] wear,
And as they last, their verdure[507] still endure
To drive infection from the dangerous year
That the star-gazers,[509] having writ on death,

May say the plague[510] is banished by thy breath.

‘Pure lips, sweet seals[511] in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?
To sell myself[513] I can be well contented,
So[514] thou wilt buy and pay and use good dealing,
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips[515]
Set thy seal-manual[516] on my wax-red lips.

‘A thousand kisses buys my heart from me,
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.
What is ten hundred touches[519] unto thee?
Are they not quickly told[520] and quickly gone?
Say for non-payment that the debt should double,
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?’

‘Fair queen,[523]’ quoth he, ‘if any love you owe me,
Measure[524] my strangeness with my unripe years,
Before I know[525] myself, seek not to know me.
No fisher but the ungrown fry[526] forbears:
The mellow[527] plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,
Or being early plucked is sour to taste.

‘Look, the world’s comforter[529] with weary gait
His day’s hot task hath ended in the west,
The owl,[531] night’s herald, shrieks, ’tis very late,
The sheep are gone to fold,[532] birds to their nest,
And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven’s light
Do summon us to part and bid good night.

‘Now let me say “Goodnight”, and so say you:
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.’
‘Goodnight’, quoth she and ere he says ‘Adieu’
The honey fee of parting tendered[538] is.
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace:
Incorp’rate[540] then they seem, face grows to face,

Till, breathless, he disjoined[541] and backward drew
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
Whereon they surfeit,[544] yet complain on drouth:
He with her plenty[545] pressed, she faint with dearth,
Their lips together glued, fall to the earth.

Now quick desire hath caught the yielding prey,
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth.
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
Paying what ransom the insulter[550] willeth,
Whose vulture[551] thought doth pitch the price so high
That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry.

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,[553]
With blindfold fury she begins to forage:[554]
Her face doth reek and smoke,[555] her blood doth boil,
And careless[556] lust stirs up a desperate courage,
Planting oblivion,[557] beating reason back,
Forgetting shame's pure blush and honour's wrack.[558]

Hot, faint and weary, with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being tamed with too much handling,
Or as the fleet-foot roe[561] that's tired with chasing,
Or like the froward[562] infant stilled with dandling,
He now obeys and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.[564]

What wax so[565] frozen but dissolves with temp'ring,
And yields at last to every light impression?
Things out of hope[567] are compassed oft with vent'ring,
Chiefly in love, whose[568] leave exceeds commission:
Affection faints not like a pale-faced coward,
But then woos best, when most his choice[570] is froward.

When he did frown, O, had she then gave over,[571]

Such nectar from his lips she had not sucked.
Foul[573] words and frowns must not repel a lover:
What though the rose[574] have prickles, yet ’tis plucked!
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,[575]
Yet love breaks through and picks them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him:
The poor fool prays her that he may depart.
She is resolved no longer to restrain him,
Bids him farewell and look well to[580] her heart,
The which, by Cupid’s[581] bow she doth protest,
He carries thence incagéd in his breast.

‘Sweet boy,’ she says, ‘this night I’ll waste[583] in sorrow,
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.[584]
Tell me, love’s master, shall we meet tomorrow?
Say, shall we? Shall we? Wilt thou make the match?[586]’
He tells her, ‘No’, tomorrow he intends
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

‘The boar?’ quoth she, whereat a sudden pale,
Like lawn[590] being spread upon the blushing rose,
Usurps her cheek: she trembles at his tale
And on his neck her yoking[592] arms she throws.
She sinketh down still hanging by his neck,
He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists[595] of love,
Her champion[596] mounted for the hot encounter:
All is imaginary she doth prove,[597]
He will not manage[598] her, although he mount her,
That[599] worse than Tantalus’ is her annoy,
To clip[600] Elysium and to lack her joy.

Even so poor birds, deceived with painted grapes,[601]
Do surfeit by the eye and pine the maw:[602]

Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,[603]
As those poor birds that helpless[604] berries saw.
The warm effects,[605] which she in him finds missing,
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain: good queen, it will not be.
She hath assayed[608] as much as may be proved.
Her pleading hath deserved a greater fee:
She's love, she loves and yet she is not loved.
'Fie,[611] fie!' he says, 'You crush me! Let me go!
You have no reason to withhold me so.'

'Thou hadst[613] been gone', quoth she, 'sweet boy, ere this,
But that thou told'st me thou wouldst hunt the boar.
O, be advised![615] Thou know'st not what it is
With javelin's point a churlish[616] swine to gore,
Whose tushes[617] never sheathed he whetteth still,
Like to a mortal[618] butcher bent to kill.

'On his bow-back[619] he hath a battle set
Of bristly pikes[620] that ever threat his foes,
His eyes like glow-worms shine when he doth fret,[621]
His snout digs sepulchres[622] where'er he goes:
Being moved,[623] he strikes whate'er is in his way,
And whom he strikes, his crooked tushes slay.

'His brawny[625] sides with hairy bristles armed
Are better proof[626] than thy spear's point can enter,
His short thick neck cannot be easily harmed,
Being ireful[628] on the lion he will venture:
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
As fearful of him, part, through whom he rushes.

'Alas, he nought esteems that face of thine,
To which love's eyes pays tributary[632] gazes,
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips and crystal eyne,[633]

Whose full perfection all the world amazes,
But having thee at vantage[635] — wondrous dread! —
Would root[636] these beauties as he roots the mead.

‘O, let him keep his loathsome cabin[637] still:
Beauty hath nought to do with such foul[638] fiends.
Come not within his danger by thy will:[639]
They that thrive well take counsel of their friends.
When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,[641]
I feared thy fortune and my joints did tremble.

‘Didst thou not mark my face? Was it not white?
Saw’st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?
Grew I not faint? And fell I not downright?[645]
Within my bosom whereon thou dost lie,
My boding[647] heart pants, beats and takes no rest,
But like an earthquake shakes thee on my breast.

‘For where love reigns, disturbing jealousy[649]
Doth call himself affection’s sentinel,[650]
Gives false alarms, suggesteth[651] mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry ‘Kill, kill!’
Distemp’ring[653] gentle love in his desire,
As air and water do abate[654] the fire.

‘This sour informer, this bate-breeding[655] spy,
This canker[656] that eats up love’s tender spring,
This carry-tale,[657] dissentious jealousy,
That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring,
Knocks at my heart and whispers in mine ear
That if I love thee, I thy death should fear,

‘And more than so,[661] presenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry, chafing boar,
Under whose sharp fangs on his[663] back doth lie
An image like thyself, all stained with gore,

Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed
Doth make them droop with grief and hang the head.

‘What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,[667]
That[668] tremble at th’imagination?
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
And fear doth teach it divination;[670]
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar tomorrow.

‘But if thou needs wilt[673] hunt, be ruled by me,
Uncouple[674] at the timorous flying hare,
Or at the fox which lives by subtlety,[675]
Or at the roe[676] which no encounter dare:
Pursue these fearful creatures o’er the downs,
And on thy well-breathed[678] horse keep with thy hounds.

‘And when thou hast on foot[679] the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch: to overshoot[680] his troubles,
How he outruns the wind and with what care
He cranks and crosses[682] with a thousand doubles.
The many musets[683] through the which he goes
Are like a labyrinth to amaze[684] his foes.

‘Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep
To make the cunning[686] hounds mistake their smell,
And sometime where earth-delving conies[687] keep
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell,
And sometime sorteth[689] with a herd of deer —
Danger deviseth shifts,[690] wit waits on fear —

‘For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado[694] the cold fault cleanly out.
Then do they spend their mouths:[695] echo replies,

As if another chase were in the skies.

‘By this, poor Wat,[697] far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with list’ning ear
To harken if his foes pursue him still.
Anon their loud alarums[700] he doth hear,
And now his grief may be comparèd well
To one sore[702] sick that hears the passing-bell.

‘Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled[703] wretch
Turn and return,[704] indenting with the way.
Each envious[705] briar his weary legs do scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay:
For misery is trodden on by many
And, being low, never relieved[708] by any.

‘Lie quietly and hear a little more —
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise —
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar:
Unlike myself[712] thou hear’st me moralize,
Applying this to that and so to so —
For love can comment upon every woe.

‘Where did I leave?[715]’ ‘No matter where’, quoth he,
‘Leave me and then the story aptly[716] ends:
The night is spent.’ ‘Why, what of that?’ quoth she.
‘I am’, quoth he, ‘expected of[718] my friends,
And now ’tis dark and going I shall fall.’
‘In night’, quoth she, ‘desire sees best of all.

‘But if thou fall, O then imagine this,
The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
Rich preys make true[724] men thieves: so do thy lips
Make modest Dian[725] cloudy and forlorn,
Lest she should steal a kiss and die forsworn.[726]

‘Now of[727] this dark night I perceive the reason:
Cynthia[728] for shame obscures her silver shine,
Till forging[729] nature be condemned of treason
For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine,
Wherein she framed[731] thee, in high heaven’s despite,
To shame the sun by day and her by night.

‘And therefore hath she bribed the destinies[733]
To cross[734] the curious workmanship of nature,
To mingle beauty with infirmities
And pure perfection with impure defeature,[736]
Making it subject to the tyranny
Of mad mischances[738] and much misery,

‘As burning fevers, agues[739] pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence[740] and frenzies wood,
The marrow-eating sickness[741] whose attaint
Disorder[742] breeds by heating of the blood,
Surfeits,[743] impostumes, grief and damned despair:
Swear nature’s death for framing thee so fair.

‘And not the least of all these maladies
But in one minute’s fight brings beauty under:
Both favour,[747] savour, hue and qualities,
Whereat th’impartial gazer late did wonder,
Are on the sudden wasted, thawed and done,
As mountain snow melts with the midday sun.

‘Therefore, despite of fruitless[751] chastity,
Love-lacking vestals[752] and self-loving nuns
That on the earth would breed a scarcity
And barren dearth[754] of daughters and of sons,
Be prodigal:[755] the lamp that burns by night
Dries up his oil[756] to lend the world his light.

‘What is thy body but a swallowing grave,

Seeming to bury that posterity
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
If thou destroy[760] them not in dark obscurity?
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
Sith[762] in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

‘So in thyself thyself art made away,[763]
A mischief[764] worse than civil home-bred strife,
Or theirs whose[765] desperate hands themselves do slay,
Or butcher-sire[766] that reaves his son of life:
Foul-cank’ring[767] rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that’s put to use[768] more gold begets.’

‘Nay, then,’ quoth Adon, ‘you will fall[769] again
Into your idle over-handled[770] theme;
The kiss I gave you is bestowed in vain,
And all in vain you strive against the stream,
For, by this black-faced night, desire’s foul[773] nurse,
Your treatise[774] makes me like you worse and worse.

‘If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
And every tongue more moving[776] than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton[777] mermaids’ songs,
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown:
For know, my heart stands armèd in mine ear
And will not let a false sound enter there,

‘Lest[781] the deceiving harmony should run
Into the quiet closure[782] of my breast,
And then my little heart were quite undone,[783]
In his bedchamber to be barred of rest:
No, lady, no! My heart longs not to groan,
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

‘What have you urged that I cannot reprove?[787]
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger:

I hate not love, but your device[789] in love
That lends embracements unto every stranger —
You do it for increase? O strange excuse,
When reason is the bawd[792] to lust’s abuse!

‘Call it not love, for love to heaven is fled,
Since sweating lust on earth usurped his name,
Under whose simple semblance[795] he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting[796] it with blame,
Which[797] the hot tyrant stains and soon bereaves,
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

‘Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But lust’s effect is tempest after sun:
Love’s gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust’s winter comes ere summer half be done:
Love surfeits not, lust like a glutton dies:
Love is all truth, lust full of forgèd lies.

‘More I could tell, but more I dare not say:
The text[806] is old, the orator too green.
Therefore in sadness now I will away.
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen,[808]
Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,
Do burn themselves for having so offended.’

With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast
And homeward through the dark laund[813] runs apace,
Leaves love upon her back deeply distressed.
Look how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
So glides he in the night from Venus’ eye,[816]

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
Gazing upon a late-embarkèd[818] friend
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,

Whose ridges[820] with the meeting clouds contend;
So did the merciless and pitchy[821] night
Fold in[822] the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amazed, as one that unaware
Hath dropped a precious jewel in the flood,[824]
Or stonished[825] as night-wand’rers often are,
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood,
Even so confounded[827] in the dark she lay,
Having lost the fair[828] discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbour[830] caves, as seeming troubled,
Make[831] verbal repetition of her moans:
Passion[832] on passion deeply is redoubled,
‘Ay me!’ she cries and twenty times, ‘Woe, woe!’
And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She, marking them, begins a wailing note
And sings extemporally[836] a woeful ditty:
How love makes young men thrall[837] and old men dote,
How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty.
Her heavy[839] anthem still concludes in woe,
And still the choir of echoes answer so.

Her song was tedious and outwore the night,
For lovers’ hours are long, though seeming short:
If pleased themselves, others, they think, delight
In suchlike circumstance, with suchlike sport:
Their copious[845] stories, oftentimes begun,
End without audience and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal[847]
But idle sounds resembling parasites,[848]
Like shrill-tongued tapsters[849] answering every call,
Soothing the humour[850] of fantastic wits?

She says ‘’Tis so’. They answer all ‘’Tis so’,
And would say after her, if she said ‘No’.

Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet[854] mounts up on high
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty,
Who doth the world so gloriously behold
That cedar tops and hills seem burnished gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow,
‘O thou clear[860] god and patron of all light,
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow
The beauteous influence[862] that makes him bright,
There lives a son[863] that sucked an earthly mother
May[864] lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other.’

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle[865] grove,
Musing the morning is so much o’erworn,[866]
And yet she hears no tidings of her love.
She hearkens[868] for his hounds and for his horn:
Anon she hears them chant it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth[870] to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
Some twined about her thigh to make her stay.
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace
Like a milch doe,[875] whose swelling dugs do ache,
Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.[876]

By this she hears the hounds are[877] at a bay,
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder
Wreathed up in fatal folds[879] just in his way,
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder:
Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds

Appals[882] her senses and her spirit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,[883]
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud:
Finding their enemy to be so curst,[887]
They all strain court’sy[888] who shall cope him first.

This dismal[889] cry rings sadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to surprise[890] her heart,
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part:
Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
They basely fly[894] and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy,[895]
Till, cheering up her senses all dismayed,
She tells them ’tis a causeless fantasy
And childish error that they are afraid,
Bids[899] them leave quaking, bids them fear no more —
And with that word she spied the hunted boar,

Whose frothy[901] mouth, bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A second fear through all her sinews[903] spread,
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither.
This way runs and now she will no further,
But back retires to rate[906] the boar for murther.

A thousand spleens[907] bear her a thousand ways,
She treads the path that she untreads again.
Her more than haste is mated[909] with delays,
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,
Full of respects,[911] yet naught at all respecting,
In hand[912] with all things, naught at all effecting.

Here kennelled in a brake she finds a hound
And asks the weary caitiff[914] for his master,
And there another licking of his wound,
Gainst venomed sores the only sovereign plaster.[916]
And here she meets another, sadly scowling,
To whom she speaks and he replies with howling.

When he hath ceased his ill-resounding[919] noise,
Another flap-mouthed[920] mourner, black and grim,
Against the welkin[921] volleys out his voice.
Another and another answer him,
Clapping[923] their proud tails to the ground below,
Shaking their scratched ears, bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world’s poor people are amazed
At apparitions, signs and prodigies,[926]
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gazed,
Infusing[928] them with dreadful prophecies:
So she at these sad signs draws up[929] her breath
And, sighing it again, exclaims on[930] death.

‘Hard-favoured[931] tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful divorce[932] of love’ — thus chides she Death —
‘Grim-grinning ghost, earth’s worm,[933] what dost thou mean
To stifle beauty and to steal his breath,
Who when he lived, his breath and beauty set
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?

‘If he be dead — O no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it!
O yes, it may! Thou hast no eyes[939] to see,
But hatefully at random dost thou hit:
Thy mark[941] is feeble age, but thy false dart
Mistakes that aim and cleaves[942] an infant’s heart.

‘Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had[943] spoke,

And, hearing him, thy power had lost his power —
The destinies will curse thee for this stroke —
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck’st a flower:
Love’s golden arrow[947] at him should have fled,
And not death’s ebon[948] dart to strike him dead.

‘Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok’st such weeping?
What may a heavy[950] groan advantage thee?
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?
Now nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,[953]
Since her best work is ruined with thy rigour.[954]’

Here overcome as one full of despair,
She vailed[956] her eyelids who like sluices stopped
The crystal tide[957] that from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropped,
But through the floodgates breaks the silver rain
And with his strong course[960] opens them again.

O, how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow:[961]
Her eye seen in the tears, tears in her eye,
Both crystals,[963] where they viewed each other’s sorrow,
Sorrow that friendly sighs sought still to dry,
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable[967] passions throng her constant woe
As striving who should best become[968] her grief:
All entertained,[969] each passion labours so
That every present sorrow seemeth chief,
But none is best. Then join they all together
Like many clouds consulting for[972] foul weather.

By this,[973] far off she hears some huntsman hollo.
A nurse’s song ne’er pleased her babe so well:

The dire imagination[975] she did follow
This sound of hope doth labour to expel,
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice
And flatters her it is Adonis’ voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prisoned in her eye like pearls in glass,
Yet sometimes falls an orient[981] drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass
To wash the foul[983] face of the sluttish ground,
Who is but drunken when she seemeth drowned.

O hard-believing[985] love, how strange it seems
Not to believe and yet too credulous!
Thy weal[987] and woe are both of them extremes,
Despair and hope makes thee ridiculous:
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought:[991]
Adonis lives and Death is not to blame.
It was not she that called[993] him all to naught,
Now she adds honours to his hateful name:
She clepes[995] him king of graves and grave for kings,
Imperious supreme[996] of all mortal things.

‘No, no,’ quoth she, ‘sweet Death, I did but jest,
Yet pardon me I felt a kind of fear
Whenas[999] I met the boar, that bloody beast,
Which knows no pity, but is still severe:[1000]
Then, gentle shadow[1001] — truth I must confess —
I railed on[1002] thee, fearing my love’s decease.

‘’Tis not my fault, the boar provoked my tongue:
Be wreaked[1004] on him, invisible commander,
’Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong —

I did but act,[1006] he’s author of thy slander.
Grief hath two tongues and never woman yet
Could rule them both without ten women’s wit.’

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect[1010] she doth extenuate,
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With death she humbly doth insinuate,[1012]
Tells him of trophies,[1013] statues, tombs and stories,
His victories, his triumphs and his glories.

‘O Jove,[1015]’ quoth she, ‘how much a fool was I
To be of such a weak and silly mind
To wail his death who lives and must not die
Till mutual[1018] overthrow of mortal kind!
For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

‘Fie, fie, fond[1021] love, thou art as full of fear
As one with treasure laden, hemmed with[1022] thieves:
Trifles, unwitnessèd with eye or ear,
Thy coward heart with false bethinking[1024] grieves.’
Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
Whereat she leaps that was but late[1026] forlorn.

As falcons to the lure,[1027] away she flies,
The grass stoops not she treads on it so light,
And in her haste unfortunately[1029] spies
The foul boar’s conquest on her fair delight,
Which seen, her eyes, are murdered with the view,
Like stars ashamed of day, themselves withdrew,

Or as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there, all smothered up, in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again:

So at his bloody view her eyes are fled
Into the deep dark cabins[1038] of her head,

Where they resign their office[1039] and their light
To the disposing[1040] of her troubled brain,
Who bids them still[1041] consort with ugly night
And never wound the heart with looks again,
Who,[1043] like a king perplexèd in his throne,
By their suggestion[1044] gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject[1045] quakes,
As when the wind,[1046] imprisoned in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth’s foundation shakes,
Which with cold terror doth men’s minds confound.[1048]
This mutiny each part doth so surprise[1049]
That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes,

And, being opened, threw unwilling light[1051]
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trenched[1052]
In his soft flank,[1053] whose wonted lily white
With purple[1054] tears, that his wound wept, had drenched.
No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf or weed,
But stole[1056] his blood and seemed with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth.
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head,
Dumbly she passions,[1059] franticly she doteth,
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead:
Her voice is stopped, her joints forget to bow,[1061]
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.[1062]

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly
That her sight dazzling[1064] makes the wound seem three,
And then she reprehends her mangling[1065] eye
That makes more gashes where no breach should be:
His face seems twain, each several[1067] limb is doubled,

For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

‘My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet’, quoth she, ‘behold two Adons dead!
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turned to fire, my heart to lead.
Heavy heart’s lead melt at mine eyes’ red fire!
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

‘Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!
What face remains alive that’s worth the viewing?
Whose tongue is music now? What canst thou boast
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim,[1079]
But true sweet beauty lived and died with him.

‘Bonnet[1081] nor veil henceforth no creature wear!
Nor sun nor[1082] wind will ever strive to kiss you,
Having no fair[1083] to lose, you need not fear:
The sun doth scorn you and the wind doth hiss you,
But when Adonis lived, sun and sharp air
Lurked like two thieves to rob him of his fair,

‘And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudy[1088] sun would peep.
The wind would blow it off and, being gone,
Play with his locks, then would Adonis weep,
And straight,[1091] in pity of his tender years,
They both would strive who first should dry his tears.

‘To see his face the lion walked along
Behind some hedge because he would not fear[1094] him.
To[1095] recreate himself when he hath sung,
The tiger would be tame and gently hear him.
If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey
And never fright the silly[1098] lamb that day.

‘When he beheld his shadow[1099] in the brook,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills,
When he was by,[1101] the birds such pleasure took
That some would sing, some other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries and ripe red cherries:
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

‘But this foul, grim[1105] and urchin-snouted boar,
Whose downward[1106] eye still looketh for a grave,
Ne’er saw the beauteous livery[1107] that he wore:
Witness the entertainment that he gave.
If he did see his face, why then I know
He thought to kiss him and hath killed him so.

“Tis true, ’tis true! Thus was Adonis slain:
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
Who did not whet[1113] his teeth at him again
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there,[1114]
And, nuzzling[1115] in his flank, the loving swine
Sheathed unaware the tusk in his soft groin.

‘Had I been toothed like him, I must confess,
With kissing him I should have killed him first,
But he is dead and never did he bless[1119]
My youth with his — the more am I accurst.’
With this, she falleth in the place she stood
And stains her face with his congealèd blood.

She looks upon his lips and they are pale,
She takes him by the hand and that is cold
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,
As if they heard the woeful words she told.
She lifts the coffer-lids[1127] that close his eyes,
Where, lo, two lamps burnt out in darkness lies:

Two glasses,[1129] where herself herself beheld

A thousand times and now no more reflect,
Their virtue[1131] lost wherein they late excelled,
And every beauty robbed of his[1132] effect.
‘Wonder of time,’ quoth she, ‘this is my spite,
That, thou being dead, the day should yet be light.

‘Since thou art dead, lo, here I prophesy
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend:
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning but unsavoury end,
Ne’er[1139] settled equally, but high or low,
That all love’s pleasure shall not match his woe.

‘It shall be fickle, false and full of fraud,
Bud and be blasted[1142] in a breathing while,
The bottom poison and the top o’erstrawed[1143]
With sweets[1144] that shall the truest sight beguile:
The strongest body shall it make most weak,
Strike the wise dumb and teach the fool to speak.

‘It shall be sparing[1147] and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures.[1148]
The staring[1149] ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures.
It shall be raging mad and silly[1151] mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

‘It shall suspect where is[1153] no cause of fear,
It shall not fear where it should most mistrust,
It shall be merciful and too severe,
And most deceiving when it seems most just,[1156]
Perverse[1157] it shall be where it shows most toward,
Put fear to[1158] valour, courage to the coward.

‘It shall be cause of war and dire events
And set dissension ’twixt the son and sire,[1160]

Subject and servile to all discontents,[1161]
As dry combustious[1162] matter is to fire:
Sith[1163] in his prime death doth my love destroy,
They that love best their loves shall not enjoy.’

By this, the boy that by her side lay killed
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his blood that on the ground lay spilled,
A purple[1168] flower sprung up, chequered with white,
Resembling well his pale cheeks and the blood
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to smell,
Comparing it to her Adonis’ breath,
And says within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is reft[1174] from her by death.
She crops the stalk and in the breach[1175] appears
Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

‘Poor flower,’ quoth she, ‘this was thy father’s guise,[1177]
Sweet issue[1178] of a more sweet-smelling sire,
For every little grief to wet his eyes.
To grow unto himself[1180] was his desire,
And so ’tis thine: but know, it is as good
To wither in my breast as in his blood.

‘Here was thy father’s bed, here in my breast,
Thou art the next of blood,[1184] and ’tis thy right.
Lo, in this hollow cradle[1185] take thy rest,
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night.
There shall not be one minute in an hour
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love’s flower.’

Thus weary of the world, away she hies[1189]
And yokes her silver doves, by whose swift aid
Their mistress, mounted, through the empty skies

In her light chariot quickly is conveyed,
    Holding their course to Paphos,[1193] where their queen
    Means to immure[1194] herself and not be seen.

Epigraph ***Vilia…aqua*** "Let the rabble admire worthless things, / May golden Apollo supply me with cups full of water from the Castalian spring" (from Ovid, *Amores* 1.15.35–6; Apollo is the sun god, and the Castalian spring on Mount Parnassus was sacred to him and to the Muses) **Dedication HENRY WRIOTHESLEY** poets commonly sought noble patrons for their work; the Earl of Southampton was nineteen in 1593 when the poem was published **idle hours** a conventionally modest disclaimer, but may refer to the closure of the theaters due to an outbreak of plague **some graver labour** Shakespeare may be thinking of *The Rape of Lucrece*, published the following year and also dedicated to Wriothesley **graver** more important, substantial **first…invention** i.e., first published work/first poetic work (deemed more literary than a play) **ear** plow **survey** literary examination, evaluation

1 **EVEN as** just when/in the same way as **purple-coloured** red (with connotations of regality or of the flush of dawn)

3 **hied him** hurried **chase** hunt

5 **Sick-thoughted** lovesick **makes amain** hastens

9 **Stain to** eclipsing, making tarnished (the beauty of) **nymphs** beautiful young women/female spirits **lovely** beautiful (usually used of a woman)

10 **white and red** i.e., in terms of complexion

12 **Saith** says

13 **Vouchsafe** deign, condescend **alight** dismount from

14 **proud** splendid/high-spirited **saddle-bow** the arched front of a saddle

15 **meed** reward

16 **honey secrets** sexual sweets (**secrets** has vaginal connotations)

18 **set** seated

19 **satiety** excess

24 **wasted** spent/diminished **sport** sexual entertainment

25 **sweating** a moist, warm **palm** was thought to be a sign of an amorous, sexually vigorous nature

26 **precedent…livelihood** indicator of sexual vitality

27 **balm** soothing ointment

28 **sovereign** superlative/healing

29 **enraged** inflamed, ardent

30 **Courageously** boldly/lustfully

31 **lusty** lively/lustful courser large powerful horse

32 **tender** youthful

34 **leaden** dull, inert (with phallic implications) **appetite** sexual appetite, desire **unapt** not inclined/not able **toy** engage in sexual play

37 **studded** ornamented with studs, a sign of luxury **ragged** rough

39 **stallèd up** confined, secured

40 **prove** try

41 **would** wished to **thrust** penetrated sexually

42 **governed…lust** was stronger than him but unable to arouse him sexually

43 **So…down** she lay down beside him as soon as he was down

46 **chide** rebuke (her)

47 **broken** interrupted

50 **maiden** virginal/girlish

53 **miss** wrongdoing, misbehavior

55 **empty** unfed **sharp by fast** made hungry by lack of food

56 **Tires** pulls, tears

58 **gorge** crop, gullet in which partially digested food is stored

61 **content** please/be content

63 **pray** prayer (puns on “prey”)

66 **distilling** falling in minute drops

69 **awed** awestruck, terrified **fret** annoyed, vexed

71 **rank** full

72 **Perforce** of necessity

73 **prettily** ingeniously/coaxingly (sense then shifts to “attractive”)

75 **lours** frowns, looks angry

76 **’Twixt** between

79 **Look…can** however he looks

81 **remove** withdraw (from a siege)

82 **contending** striving, antagonistic

84 **countless** numberless/infinitely valuable

86 **dive-dapper** dabchick, a small diving water-fowl

90 **winks** shuts his eyes/winces

91 **passenger** traveler on foot

92 **turn** favor (plays on sense of “sexual act”)

94 **bathes in water** i.e., weeps

96 **coy** shy/reserved/disdainful

98 **god of war** i.e., Mars, with whom Venus had an adulterous affair

99 **sinewy** muscular **bow** acknowledge defeat

100 **jar** fight

104 **uncontrollèd** unconquered **crest** feathers on the top of a helmet

105 **sport…dally** all terms that can also signify “have sex”

107 **churlish** harsh, because it signifies war; **red** suggests blood and anger, but in line 110 the color signifies passion **ensign** battle flag

108 **arms** plays on sense of “weapons” **field** battlefield

109 **overswayed** ruled, exercised power over

111 **Strong-tempered** made strong by tempering (heating steel and then immersing it in cold water) **his…obeyed** submitted to his superior strength

114 **foiled** defeated

119 **there…lies** i.e., reflected in the pupils of her eyes

121 **wink** close your eyes

123 **keeps his revels** holds his festivities/has sex (the erotic sense continues in **play** and **sport**) **but twain** only two

124 **bold** courageous/sexually immodest **in sight** observed

125 **blue-veined** suggestive of closed eyes (and perhaps with connotations of the erect penis)

127 **tender spring** youthful growth (of stubble)

133 **hard-favoured** harsh-featured **foul** ugly

134 **Ill-nurtured** coarse, ill-bred **crooked** deformed

135 **O’erworn** worn out by age or work **rheumatic** afflicted by catarrh or by the watering eyes of old age **cold** afflicted by a cold/dispirited/sexually passionless

136 **Thick-sighted** poor-sighted **juice** vigor/vaginal moisture

140 **grey** regarded as a particularly beautiful eye color

142 **marrow** vitality/sexual essence

146 **trip** dance lightly

147 **nymph** female spirit who lived in the sea

148 **footing** footprint

149 **spirit** may play on sense of “penis” **compact** composed

150 **gross** heavy, earthy **light** may play on sense of “unchaste, lustful” **aspire** rise/be ambitious/grow erect

152 **forceless** powerless

154 **list** please, choose

155 **light** unimportant/weightless/unchaste

156 **heavy** serious/troublesome/weighty

157 **affected** in love

158 **upon thy left** i.e., by grasping your left hand

160 **on** of

161 **Narcissus** in Greek mythology, a beautiful young man who fell in love with his own reflection in a pool; in some versions of the tale he drowned attempting to embrace himself **himself himself forsook** abandoned himself (for himself)

162 **shadow** reflection

164 **Dainties** delicacies, sweetmeats **the use** enjoyment/sex

165 **sappy** sap-filled **bear** bear fruit

168 **get** beget, reproduce

169 **increase** produce

172 **That thine** so that your offspring

175 **this** this time, now

177 **Titan** another name for the Greek sun god **tirèd** weary/dressed, attired

178 **burning…hotly** i.e., hotly/lasciviously

179 **his team** i.e., Titan's team of horses that drew the sun's chariot

180 **So…him** provided that Titan could be like Adonis

181 **lazy sprite** sluggish spirit

182 **disliking** disapproving, reluctant

183 **fair sight** beautiful eyes/handsome appearance

184 **vapours** clouds or noxious fogs rising from the ground

185 **Souring** contracting, pursing

188 **bare** poor, unconvincing

197 **done** ended

198 **heavenly…sun** the sun in the sky and Adonis himself

202 **want** lack/desire

203 **thy mother** Adonis was the incestuous product of his mother, Myrrha's love for her own father

204 **unkind** cruel/unnatural

205 **contemn** disdain, scorn **this** thus

206 **suit** request/courtship

213 **Statue** Adonis was a descendent of Pygmalion and the statue he had made, fallen in love with, and married after she had been brought to life by

Aphrodite/Venus

215 **complexion** appearance

216 **by…direction** of their own accord

219 **blaze forth** proclaim/burn forth

220 **Being…cause** i.e., even though she is the goddess of love and supreme judge of amorous affairs, she cannot determine matters in her own favor

221 **fain** willingly

222 **intendments** intentions

226 **would** wants to (bind him)

228 **locks…one** intertwines her fingers (so that he cannot escape her embrace)

229 **Fondling** foolish one/one who is doted upon

230 **ivory pale** i.e., fair-skinned arms encircling him (a **pale** is a fence; plays on sense of “white”)

231 **park** enclosed tract of land reserved for keeping and hunting game
deer puns on “dear”

232 **mountain…dale** i.e., breasts and vagina (replete with pleasure-giving **fountains**)

235 **limit** area defined by a boundary **relief** feeding, pasturing (hunting term)/sexual ease

236 **bottom-grass** lush grass growing at the base of the valley/pubic hair (bottom signifies “lower regions,” not “buttocks/anus,” a sense not then in use) **plain** i.e., stomach (possibly pubic mound)

237 **hillocks** i.e., buttocks (possibly breasts) **brakes** thickets, i.e., pubic hair
obscure hidden, secret/dark

240 **rouse** cause to issue forth from cover (hunting term); Adonis will instead be “roused” sexually by Venus

243 **if** so that if he

247 **caves…pits** i.e., dimples

249 **wits** sanity

250 **Struck…first** having already been smitten by love

251 **in…forlorn** helpless and wretched under your own rules/unable to control your own area of authority

257 **remorse** pity, compassion

259 **neighbours by** is nearby

260 **breeding** in heat **jennet** small Spanish horse **lusty** lively/lustful **proud** spirited/sexually aroused

261 **trampling courser** stallion stamping on the ground

264 **straight** directly/immediately

266 **girths** straps that hold the saddle in place

267 **bearing** carrying his weight/enduring his injuries/fertile

272 **compassed crest** arched ridge of the neck

275 **glisters** sparkles, glitters

276 **courage** disposition/sexual desire

277 **told** counted

278 **gentle** noble/calm

279 **Anon** shortly **curvets** springs, frisks

280 **As who should** like one who might **tried** proven

283 **recketh he** cares he for **stir** fuss, agitation

284 **flattering** coaxing, wheedling **Holla** stop (used to a horse)

285 **curb** restraining strap passing under the horse's jaw and fastened to the bit

286 **caparisons** decorated saddle cloths **trappings gay** colorful ornamental coverings

290 **limning out** painting

294 **bone** frame

295 **fetlocks** the tufts of hair growing on parts of horse's ankle joints **shag** rough, shaggy

297 **crest** ridge of the neck **passing** surpassingly, exceedingly

301 **scuds** darts nimbly

303 **bid…base** challenge the wind to a chase (from the children's game in which two teams occupy separate bases and chase opponents trying to leave their **base**)

304 **where** possibly a contraction of "whether"

306 **who** which

310 **puts…strangeness** makes a show of aloofness **unkind** cruel/unaffectionate, not sexually interested

311 **Spurns at** kicks out at/rejects

312 **kind embracements** affectionate embraces (i.e., as the stallion mounts her for sex) **heels** mares often kick out as they're mounted

314 **vails** lowers in submission **tail** probably with phallic connotations **plume** feathers (here probably imagined in a military helmet)

316 **fume** anger

319 **testy** irritated

320 **unbacked** unbroken/riderless **breeder** mare in heat

321 **Jealous of catching** fearful of being caught **forsake** abandon

323 **As** as if **wood** wordplay, since it could also mean “mad” **hie them** hasten

325 **swoll’n with chafing** bursting with anger

326 **Banning** cursing

327 **happy…fits** moment is opportune again

328 **lovesick love** i.e., Venus

330 **aidance** assistance

331 **stopped** stopped up, closed **stayed** dammed up

333 **So** likewise

334 **vent** uttering

335 **attorney** i.e., the tongue

336 **client** i.e., heart **breaks** may play on sense of “goes bankrupt” **as** i.e., being **suit** lawsuit/courtship

339 **bonnet** hat

341 **nigh** near

342 **all…eye** he watches her out of the corner of his **eye**/he watches her mistrustfully

343 **wistly** intently

344 **wayward** willful, obstinate

347 **But** just

349 **just before** right in front of

351 **heaveth** lifts

354 **apt** receptively **dint** impression

356 **suing** pressing their case

357 **as** as though

359 **dumb play** theatrical dumb show, mime **his** its **made plain** explained

360 **chorus-like** like characters commenting on the action of a play or dumb show

361 **Full** very

362 **prisoned** imprisoned **jail** Shakespeare’s spelling “gaile” may pun on “gale”

363 **band** bond, shackle

364 **engirts** surrounds

365 **wilful** willing/persistent/desirous

366 **a-billing** caressing one beak with the other

367 **engine** instrument, i.e., tongue

368 **mover** one in motion, i.e., mortal **mortal round** earth

369 **Would thou wert** I wish you were

370 **wound** i.e., profoundly wounded heart

371 **thy…thee** I would assure you of my help

372 **bane** death, destruction

375 **steel** harden (puns on “steal”)

376 **grave** engrave, make an impression upon

377 **regard** notice

381 **bereft** deprived of

382 **hence** go away

384 **palfrey** horse for ordinary riding (as opposed to a warhorse)

387 **Affection** passion, lust

388 **suffered** permitted (to burn)

391 **jade** worn-out horse

393 **fee** due, reward

395 **thong** leather strap, i.e., rein **bending crest** arched neck

396 **Enfranchising** freeing

397 **in…bed** naked in her bed

400 **agents** parts (i.e., penis) **like** similar

401 **faint** feeble, faint-hearted **bold** daring/sexually immodest

404 **of** from

405 **on** of **presented** offered, available

406 **Though** even if **yet** still, nevertheless **proceedings** behavior

408 **made perfect** learned by heart

409 **quoth** said

411 **owe** i.e., take on the responsibility of the debt

412 **My…it** the only desire I feel for love is the urge to discredit it

414 **but…breath** in the same breath, at the same time

417 **springing** sprouting, growing **diminished** weakened, deprived

419 **backed and burdened** broken in and ridden

420 **waxeth** grows

422 **idle** worthless **bootless** pointless

424 **alarms** calls to arms **ope** open

426 **battery** assault by heavy bombardment

429 **mermaid's** i.e., Siren's, a mythical creature, part-woman, part-bird, whose enchanting singing lured sailors to their death (also slang for prostitute)

430 **pressed** (I am) oppressed, crushed

434 **inward…invisible** inner, invisible beauty (i.e., his voice)

435 **outward parts** physical appearance **move** stir/sexually arouse (picking up on the genital sense of **part**)

436 **sensible** capable of feeling

443 **stillatory** still (in which perfume is distilled) **face excelling** incomparably beautiful face

446 **other four** i.e., senses

448 **suspicion** wariness of evil

451 **ruby-coloured portal** i.e., his lips

453 **betokened Wrack** signified shipwreck

456 **flaws** squalls of wind

457 **presage** omen **advisedly** attentively, warily **marketh** observes, notes

459 **grin** bare his teeth

462 **ere** before

463 **flatly** prostrate/without hesitation

465 **recures** cures, heals

466 **love** some editors emend to “loss” **thriveth** prospers

469 **late intent** recent intention

471 **cunning** skillful/crafty **wittily** ingeniously

472 **Fair fall** may fair befall, good luck to (playing on Venus' literal “fall”)

475 **wrings** pinches

480 **so…still** as long as he continues to kiss her (**still** may play on sense of “motionless”)

482 **blue windows** blue-veined eyelids/eyes (though these were gray in line 140)

490 **repine** discontent

494 **drenched** immersed/drowned

495 **Or** either
497 **death’s annoy** i.e., as distressing as death
500 **shrewd** severe, harsh
503 **leaders** military captains (who serve the **queen**)/guides
504 **But** were it not **piteous** merciful, compassionate
506 **liveries** uniforms worn by a particular nobleman’s servants **wear** wear out
507 **verdure** freshness/taste
509 **star-gazers** astrologers
510 **plague** in 1593, the year of the poem’s publication, the plague was particularly virulent in London
511 **seals…imprinted** stamps that have left their authoritative impression in my lips, as if in wax
513 **sell myself** connotations of prostitution
514 **So** provided that **use good dealing** trade fairly/have good sex
515 **slips** errors/counterfeit coins/sexual lapses
516 **seal-manual** signature/personal seal on a ring
519 **touches** kisses
520 **told** counted
523 **queen** may pun on “quean,” i.e., prostitute **owe** bear, have for
524 **Measure…with** i.e., attribute my aloofness to
525 **know** plays on sense of “have sex with”
526 **fry** very young fish **forbears** spares
527 **mellow** ripe
529 **world’s comforter** i.e., sun
531 **owl…shrieks** considered a bird of ill omen, the owl’s cry was thought to herald death
532 **fold** the pen, enclosure
538 **tendered** paid (in settlement of a debt)
540 **Incorp’rate** united in one body
541 **disjoined** broke off
544 **surfeit** drink to excess **on drouth** of drought
545 **plenty** abundance (of desire/flesh/kisses) **pressed** overwhelmed/pressed literally **dearth** famine
550 **insulter** (victorious) attacker

551 **vulture** i.e., ravenous desire, predatory imagination **pitch** fix, set (may play on a sense of the noun: “highest point to which a bird of prey soars before swooping on its victim”)

553 **spoil** booty, goods acquired by plunder

554 **forage** plunder, pillage/glut oneself like a wild beast

555 **reek and smoke** sweat **reek** smoke with heat

556 **careless** reckless

557 **oblivion** generating heedlessness

558 **wrack** destruction

561 **roe** species of small deer **chasing** being hunted

562 **froward** refractory, fretful **dandling** rocked or joggled up and down

564 **listeth** desires

565 **so** is so **temp’ring** heating

567 **out of hope** (that seem) hopeless **compassed** achieved **vent’ring** taking risks

568 **whose…commission** who has license to go further than his orders

570 **choice** object of choice

571 **gave over** given up

573 **Foul** harsh, unkind

574 **rose…plucked** like lock-picking, a standard image of (female) virginity loss

575 **fast** safe, secure

580 **look well to** take good care of

581 **Cupid** the Roman god of love was Venus’ son; he caused people to fall in love by firing arrows at them **protest** declare

583 **waste** spend

584 **watch** remain awake

586 **make the match** agree to the assignation, appoint a rendezvous (**match** plays on sense of “sexual encounter”)

590 **lawn** fine white linen/alternative name for the plant “hound’s tongue” or “Venus’ navelwort”

592 **yoking** fastening around the neck/subduing

595 **lists** official enclosure in which tournaments were held (possibly plays on sense of “list” as “pleasure/appetite”)

596 **champion** opponent/one who fights on her behalf **mounted** on horseback, i.e., on top of her **hot encounter** spirited fight/lustful sexual

encounter

597 **prove** discover

598 **manage** take a horse through a series of exercises/handle sexually, “ride”

599 **That** so that **Tantalus** in Greek mythology, a king who stole from the gods and was condemned to stand in a pool below a fruit tree that remained just out of his reach

600 **clip** embrace **Elysium** the heaven of classical mythology

601 **painted grapes** refers to Pliny’s account of Zeuxis the painter, apparently so skillful that birds mistook his painted grapes for real ones

602 **pine the maw** starve the stomach

603 **mishaps** misfortunes

604 **helpless** useless

605 **warm effects** sexual feelings and arousal

608 **assayed** attempted **proved** demonstrated, achieved

611 **Fie** expression of impatience or disgust

613 **hadst** would have

615 **advised** warned

616 **churlish** rough, violent

617 **tushes** tusks **whetteth still** sharpens continually

618 **mortal** death-dealing **bent** determined (referring to the butcher)/curved (referring to the tusks)

619 **bow-back** arched back **battle** battalion in full array

620 **pikes** spines (maintains the image of armed troops by playing on sense of “long-handled weapons with pointed steel heads”)

621 **fret** rage

622 **sepulchres** tombs

623 **moved** angered/forced to leave his lair (hunting term)

625 **brawny** covered with hardened skin, unfeeling

626 **proof** armor

628 **ireful** angry **venture** dare to attack

632 **tributary** i.e., submissive (a tributary pays homage to his conqueror)

633 **eyne** eyes

635 **vantage** his advantage

636 **root** dig up, destroy **mead** meadow

637 **cabin** lair

638 **foul** wicked

639 **will** wish, intention

641 **not to dissemble** I won't lie

645 **downright** straight down/straightaway

647 **boding** foreboding, fearful

649 **jealousy** anxious care for another's safety

650 **sentinel** guard, lookout

651 **suggesteth** incites

653 **Distemp'ring** disturbing the natural constitution of/diluting with water

654 **abate** put out

655 **bate-breeding** strife-producing

656 **canker** parasitic grub that destroys plants **tender spring** youthful growth

657 **carry-tale** rumormonger, telltale **dissentious** quarrelsome

661 **so** that

663 **his** i.e., Adonis'

667 **indeed** in reality

668 **That** I who

670 **divination** prophetic insight

673 **needs wilt** must

674 **Uncouple** release your dogs **flying** fleeing

675 **subtlety** cunning

676 **roe** species of small timid deer **encounter** fight

678 **well-breathed** fit, not out of breath

679 **on foot** in pursuit **purblind** dimly sighted (which hares were thought to be)

680 **overshoot** outstrip, overtake

682 **cranks and crosses** twists and turns about and crosses backward and forward **doubles** sharp turns

683 **musets** gaps in hedges and fences/hares' lairs

684 **amaze** confuse

686 **cunning** well-trained/crafty

687 **earth-delving conies** burrowing rabbits **keep** live

689 **sorteth** mixes

690 **shifts** stratagems **waits on** attends

694 **ado** fuss, difficulty **cold fault** point at which they lost the scent

695 **spend their mouths** bark loudly **echo** in Greek mythology, Echo was the nymph who loved self-obsessed Narcissus and pined away on his account until only her voice was left

697 **Wat** common name for a hare

700 **alarums** sounds of their approach

702 **sore** grievously **passing-bell** bell tolling for the souls of the dead

703 **dew-bedabbled** made wet by the dew

704 **return** turn again/turn back **indenting** zigzagging

705 **envious** malicious

708 **relieved** helped

712 **Unlike myself** i.e., contrary to my usual behavior as the goddess of love

moralize explain the moral meaning

715 **leave** break off

716 **aptly** promptly, readily

718 **of** by

724 **true** honest

725 **modest Dian** i.e., Diana, Roman goddess of chastity (modesty), the moon, and hunting

726 **forsworn** having broken her vow (of chastity)

727 **of…reason** I see the reason for the darkness of the night

728 **Cynthia** the Greek name for Diana

729 **forging** counterfeiting

731 **framed** created, shaped **high heaven's despite** defiance of heaven

733 **destinies** in Greek mythology, the three Fates were also known as "Destinies": one spun the thread of a man's life, another measured it, and the third cut it

734 **cross** thwart, oppose **curious** ingenious, beautifully fashioned

736 **defeature** disfigurement

738 **mischances** misfortunes, disasters

739 **agues** acute fevers

740 **pestilence** plague **wood** mad

741 **marrow-eating sickness** syphilis (which corrodes the bones) **attaint** infection

742 **Disorder** disturbance of bodily balance/(sexual) misdemeanors **blood** sexual desire

743 **Surfeits** digestive disorders resulting from excessive eating or drinking **impostumes** abscesses

747 **favour** facial features **savour** sweet scent **hue** complexion

751 **fruitless** childless/useless

752 **vestals** virgins (specifically the priestesses who guarded the sacred fire of the temple of Vesta in Rome) **self-loving** i.e., not giving their love to a man/selfish because producing no children

754 **dearth** famine

755 **prodigal** extravagant

756 **oil** with connotations of semen (**burns** then refers to sexual heat)

760 **destroy…obscurity** also alludes to masturbation

762 **Sith** since **pride** arrogance, self-love/state of (masturbatory) phallic erection **slain** picking up on the sexual sense of “to die” (“to orgasm”)

763 **made away** murdered

764 **mischief** calamity/evildoing

765 **whose…slay** who commit suicide (but continues the play on masturbation) **desperate** spiritually hopeless (the state that preceded suicide)

766 **butcher-sire** murdering father **reaves** deprives

767 **Foul-cank’ring** discoloring and corroding **treasure** plays on sense of “semen” **frets** erodes, decays

768 **put to use** loaned out with interest/employed sexually

769 **fall** return (plays on the notion of Venus’ literal fall and on sense of sexual succumbing)

770 **over-handled** too commonly treated (with sexual connotations)

773 **foul** wicked, immoral/dirty, black

774 **treatise** tale, talk

776 **moving** persuasive (also suggests busy literal motion)

777 **wanton** lustful

781 **Lest** in case

782 **closure** enclosure

783 **undone** ruined

787 **reprove** reject, condemn

789 **device** tricks, wily ingenuity

792 **bawd** pimp

795 **semblance** appearance

796 **blotting** tarnishing, staining

797 **Which** refers to **beauty hot tyrant** i.e., lust **stains** sexually defiles **bereaves** robs, plunders

806 **text** theme on which one speaks **green** young, inexperienced

808 **teen** sorrow, affliction

813 **laund** glade, open space in a wood **apace** swiftly

816 **eye** sight

818 **late-embarkèd** recently departed on a ship **friend** could also mean “lover”

820 **ridges** crests **contend** strive in conflict

821 **pitchy** intensely black (“pitch” is a tarlike substance)

822 **Fold in** enfold, envelop

824 **flood** sea

825 **stonished** astonished/bewildered/dismayed

827 **confounded** confused/defeated

828 **fair…way** i.e., Adonis, whose presence illuminated the path

830 **neighbour** neighboring

831 **Make…of** echo

832 **Passion** lament **deeply** solemnly/loudly

836 **extemporally** spontaneously, improvised

837 **thrall** captive **dote** infatuatedly fond/foolish

839 **heavy** sad **anthem** song in which two voices sing in response to one another

845 **copious** abundant, verbally elaborate

847 **withal** with

848 **parasites** flatterers

849 **tapsters** innkeepers

850 **humour** mood, whim **fantastic wits** young men with fanciful ideas and wild notions

854 **moist cabinet** dewy dwelling (lark’s nest on the ground)

860 **clear** shining

862 **influence** flow of power thought to emit from stars and planets

863 **a son** i.e., Adonis, mortal but brighter than the sun (on which “son” puns)

864 **May** who may

865 **myrtle** the evergreen shrub or small tree was sacred to Venus

866 **o'erworn** gone by

868 **hearkens** listens

870 **coasteth** approaches/pursues at a distance (hunting term) **cry** yelping of hounds

875 **milch doe** lactating female deer **dugs** teats, udder

876 **brake** thicket

877 **are…bay** have cornered the prey, forcing it to turn to defend itself

879 **folds** coils

882 **Appals** dismays, terrifies **confounds** overcomes

883 **chase** animal that is hunted

887 **curst** fierce, savage

888 **strain court'sy** are excessively polite regarding (i.e., hang back) **cope** encounter, fight

889 **dismal** ominous

890 **surprise** ambush

894 **basely fly** run away in a cowardly manner **stay the field** remain on the battlefield

895 **ecstasy** frenzy (of anxiety)

899 **Bids** commands

901 **frothy** foaming

903 **sinews** nerves

906 **rate** berate, angrily reprove **murther** murder/(being) a murderer

907 **spleens** impulses

909 **mated** checked, thwarted

911 **respects** considerations/intentions **naught…respecting** heeding nothing at all/incapable of proper thinking

912 **In hand** preoccupied

914 **caitiff** wretch

916 **sovereign plaster** sure remedy (i.e., **licking**)

919 **ill-resounding** harshly echoing

920 **flap-mouthed** a mouth with broad, hanging lips

921 **welkin** sky **volleys…voice** i.e., barks repeatedly

923 **Clapping** pressing down, fixing

926 **prodigies** extraordinary events, regarded as omens

928 **Infusing** imbuing, filling **dreadful** terrifying

929 **up** in

930 **exclaims on** cried out on, loudly accuses

931 **Hard-favoured** harsh-featured

932 **divorce** separator

933 **earth's worm** i.e., creature that feeds on dead bodies

939 **no eyes** Death's face is traditionally represented as a skull with empty eye sockets

941 **mark** target **dart** arrow

942 **cleaves** splits

943 **he had** Adonis would have

947 **golden arrow** i.e., that causing love (as opposed to Cupid's lead arrow, which provoked loathing) **fled** hastened

948 **ebon** ebony (wood)/black

950 **heavy** sorrowful

953 **mortal vigour** deadly strength (an oxymoron, as **vigour** refers to the strength or attributes of living things)

954 **rigour** harshness, pitilessness

956 **vailed** lowered in defeat **who** which **sluices** dams, floodgates

957 **crystal tide** i.e., flow of tears

960 **course** flow, current

961 **lend and borrow** reflect one another

963 **crystals** mirrors (or possibly "magic crystals")

967 **Variable** changeable, fluctuating **passions** strong emotions/sorrow/means of expressing suffering **throng** crowd around and press upon

968 **become** befit, suit

969 **entertained** received, given hearing **labours so** makes such efforts (to be supreme)

972 **consulting for** conferring about/planning

973 **this** this time, now **hollo** huntsman's call to his hounds

975 **imagination** image, train of thought

981 **orient** lustrous, shining (used of **pearls**)

983 **foul** dirty **sluttish** grimy/immoral, whorish (as all men tread on it)

985 **hard-believing** incredulous, skeptical

987 **weal** happiness, well-being

991 **wrought** made

993 **called…naught** claimed Death was worthless

995 **clepes** calls

996 **Imperious supreme** imperial ruler

999 **Whenas** when

1000 **still severe** always rigorous in punishment

1001 **shadow** dark presence/ghost

1002 **railed on** loudly abused

1004 **wreaked** revenged

1006 **act** i.e., utter his words

1010 **suspect** suspicion **extenuate** seek to excuse

1012 **insinuate** ingratiate herself

1013 **trophies** memorial monuments erected after wars

1015 **Jove** supreme Roman god

1018 **mutual…kind** i.e., universal destruction, the end of the world

1021 **fond** foolish/infatuated

1022 **hemmed with** surrounded by

1024 **with false bethinking** misguidedly

1026 **but late** only recently

1027 **lure** bunch of feathers used by keepers to recall a hawk (i.e., deceptively enticing)

1029 **unfortunately** ill-fatedly

1038 **cabins** caves, i.e., eye-sockets

1039 **office** function

1040 **disposing** direction, management

1041 **still** always

1043 **Who** refers to the heart **perplexèd** confused/afflicted

1044 **suggestion** prompting/incitement

1045 **tributary subject** one who acknowledges subordination and pays homage

1046 **wind…ground** thought to be the cause of earthquakes

1048 **confound** throw into confusion, overwhelm

1049 **surprise** ambush

1051 **threw unwilling light** eyes were thought to emit light, which enabled them to see

1052 **trenched** gouged, dug (but, like **flank**, the word also had the military sense it does now)

1053 **flank** fleshy side between ribs and hip **wonted** customary

1054 **purple** blood-red

1056 **But stole** that did not steal

1059 **passions** expresses her grief **doteth** behaves in a deranged manner (with suggestion of “dotes infatuatedly on him”)

1061 **bow** bend

1062 **till now** before now (for a lesser cause)

1064 **dazzling** blurring (with the intensity of her gaze or with tears)

1065 **mangling** that mutilates, disfigures

1067 **several** separate

1079 **trim** pretty

1081 **Bonnet** hat

1082 **Nor sun nor** neither sun nor

1083 **fair** pale complexion/beauty (puns on **fear**)

1088 **gaudy** brilliantly fine

1091 **straight** straightaway

1094 **would not fear** did not wish to frighten

1095 **To…sung** when he entertained himself by singing (the rhyme is stronger with the old spelling and pronunciation “song”)

1098 **silly** defenseless

1099 **shadow** reflection

1101 **by** nearby

1105 **foul, grim** ugly **urchin snouted** with a snout like a hedgehog

1106 **downward** directed to the ground (implies literal and moral lowness)
still constantly

1107 **beauteous livery** i.e., Adonis’ physical beauty

1113 **whet** sharpen **again** in return

1114 **persuade him there** win him over/persuade him to stay

1115 **nuzzling** rootling, burrowing with the snout/nestling affectionately

1119 **bless…his** give himself to me (possibly “give me a child”)

1127 **coffer-lids** lids of either a treasure chest or coffin **lids** i.e., eyelids

1129 **glasses** mirrors

1131 **virtue** power

1132 **his** its

1139 **Ne’er…low** never emotionally balanced, always swinging between elation and misery (or perhaps “never between social equals”)

1142 **blasted** withered, as if by frost **a breathing while** the space of a mere breath

1143 **o’erstrawed** strewn over, concealed

1144 **sweets** delights **beguile** deceive

1147 **sparing** frugal, modest **riot** revelry, debauchery, excess

1148 **tread the measures** dance

1149 **staring** bold-faced

1151 **silly** helplessly, weakly

1153 **where is** where there is

1156 **just** honest, upright

1157 **Perverse** self-willed, stubborn **shows most toward** appears most docile, willing to learn

1158 **to** into

1160 **sire** father

1161 **discontents** grievances/malcontents

1162 **combustious** combustible, easily kindled

1163 **Sith** since

1168 **purple** blood-red

1174 **reft** stolen

1175 **breach** break

1177 **guise** manner

1178 **issue** offspring

1180 **grow unto himself** i.e., not produce offspring/mature, grow up

1184 **next of blood** next of kin/literally created from Adonis’ blood

1185 **hollow cradle** i.e., the cleft between Venus’ breasts

1189 **hies** hastens

1193 **Paphos** coastal town in southwest Cyprus; sacred to Venus

1194 **immure** shut away

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLEY, Earl of Southampton and Baron of Titchfield

The love I dedicate to your lordship is without end: whereof this pamphlet without beginning is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours, what I have to do is yours, being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater: meantime, as it is, it is bound to your lordship, to whom I wish long life still lengthened with all happiness.
Your lordship's in all duty,
William Shakespeare

THE ARGUMENT

Lucius Tarquinius (for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus) after he had caused his own father-in-law, Servius Tullius, to be cruelly murdered and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper every one commended the virtues of his own wife: among whom Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humor they posted to Rome, and intending by their secret and sudden arrival to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife, though it were late in the night, spinning amongst her maids: the other ladies were all found dancing and reveling or in several disports, whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius, being inflamed with Lucrece' beauty yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp, from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself and was, according to his estate, royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stealeth into her chamber, violently ravished her and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius, and, finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor and whole manner of his dealing and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins, and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king: wherewith the people were so moved that, with one consent and a general acclamation, the Tarquins were all exiled and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

From the besiegèd Ardea all in post,[1]
Borne by the trustless[2] wings of false desire,
Lust-breathèd[3] Tarquin leaves the Roman host
And to Collatium bears the lightless[4] fire
Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire[5]
    And girdle[6] with embracing flames the waist
    Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply[8] that name of 'chaste' unhapp'ly set
This bateless[9] edge on his keen appetite,
When Collatine unwisely did not let[10]
To praise the clear unmatchèd red and white,[11]
Which triumphed[12] in that sky of his delight,
    Where mortal stars,[13] as bright as heaven's beauties,
    With pure aspects[14] did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before in Tarquin's tent
Unlocked the treasure of his happy state:
What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent

In the possession of his beauteous mate,
Reck’ning his fortune at such high proud rate[19]
That kings might be espousèd[20] to more fame,
But[21] king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

O, happiness enjoyed but of[22] a few
And, if possessed, as soon decayed and done[23]
As is the morning’s silver-melting dew
Against[25] the golden splendour of the sun,
An expired[26] date, cancelled ere well begun.
Honour and beauty in the owner’s arms
Are weakly fortressed[28] from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of[29] itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator:
What needeth then apology[31] be made
To set forth that which is so singular?[32]
Or why is Collatine the publisher[33]
Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
From thievish ears because it is his own?

Perchance[36] his boast of Lucrece’ sov’reignty
Suggested[37] this proud issue of a king,
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be.
Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,
Braving compare,[40] disdainfully did sting
His high-pitched[41] thoughts that meaner men should vaunt
That golden hap[42] which their superiors want.

But some untimely[43] thought did instigate
His all-too-timeless[44] speed, if none of those:
His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,[45]
Neglected all, with[46] swift intent he goes
To quench the coal which in his liver[47] glows.
O rash false heat,[48] wrapped in repentant cold,
Thy hasty spring still blasts[49] and ne’er grows old!

When at Collatium this false lord arrived,
Well was he welcomed by the Roman dame,
Within whose face Beauty and Virtue strived
Which of them both should underprop[53] her fame.
When Virtue bragged, Beauty would blush for shame,
When Beauty boasted blushes, in despite[55]
Virtue would stain that o’er with silver white.

But Beauty, in that white intitulèd,[57]
From Venus’ doves[58] doth challenge that fair field.
Then Virtue[59] claims from Beauty Beauty’s red,
Which Virtue gave the golden age[60] to gild
Their silver cheeks and called it then their shield,[61]
Teaching them thus to use it in the fight:
When shame assailed,[63] the red should fence the white.

This heraldry[64] in Lucrece’ face was seen,
Argued[65] by Beauty’s red and Virtue’s white:
Of either’s colour was the other queen,
Proving from world’s minority[67] their right.
Yet their ambition makes them still[68] to fight,
The sov’reignty of either being so great
That oft they interchange each other’s seat.[70]

This silent war of lilies and of roses,
Which Tarquin viewed in her fair face’s field,
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses,[73]
Where, lest between them both it should be killed,
The coward captive vanquishèd doth yield
To those two armies that would let him go
Rather than triumph in[77] so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband’s shallow tongue,
The niggard prodigal[79] that praised her so,
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,
Which far exceeds his barren skill to show.

Therefore that praise, which Collatine doth owe,[82]
Enchanted Tarquin answers[83] with surmise,
In silent wonder of still-gazing[84] eyes.

This earthly saint, adorèd by this devil,
Little suspecteth the false worshipper:
For unstained thoughts do seldom dream on evil.
Birds never limed[88] no secret bushes fear:
So guiltless she securely[89] gives good cheer
And reverend[90] welcome to her princely guest,
Whose inward ill no outward harm expressed.

For that[92] he coloured with his high estate,
Hiding base sin in pleats[93] of majesty,
That[94] nothing in him seemed inordinate,
Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,
Which, having all, all could not satisfy;
But, poorly rich, so[97] wanteth in his store
That, cloyed with much, he pineth[98] still for more.

But she that never coped[99] with stranger eyes
Could pick no meaning from their parling[100] looks,
Nor read the subtle shining secrecies[101]
Writ in the glassy margents[102] of such books:
She touched no[103] unknown baits, nor feared no hooks,
Nor could she moralize[104] his wanton sight
More[105] than his eyes were opened to the light.

He stories[106] to her ears her husband’s fame,
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy,
And decks[108] with praises Collatine’s high name,
Made glorious by his manly chivalry
With bruisèd arms[110] and wreaths of victory.
Her joy with heaved-up[111] hand she doth express,
And wordless so greets[112] heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither,
He makes excuses for his being there.
No cloudy show of stormy blust’ring weather
Doth yet in his fair[116] welkin once appear
Till sable[117] night, mother of dread and fear,
Upon the world dim darkness doth display
And in her vaulty[119] prison stows the day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
Intending[121] weariness with heavy sprite,
For after supper long he questionèd[122]
With modest Lucrece and wore out[123] the night.
Now leaden slumber with life’s strength doth fight
And everyone to[125] rest themselves betake,
Save thieves and cares[126] and troubled minds that wake.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving[127]
The sundry[128] dangers of his will’s obtaining,
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,
Though weak-built hopes[130] persuade him to abstaining:
Despair to gain doth traffic[131] oft for gaining
And when great treasure[132] is the meed proposed,
Though death be adjunct,[133] there’s no death supposed.

Those that much covet are with gain so fond[134]
That[135] what they have not, that which they possess
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
And so by hoping[137] more they have but less,
Or gaining more, the profit of excess
Is but to surfeit,[139] and such griefs sustain
That they prove bankrupt in this poor rich gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
With honour, wealth and ease in waning age,
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
That one[144] for all or all for one we gage:

As[145] life for honour in fell battle’s rage,
Honour for wealth and oft that wealth doth cost
The death of all and all together lost.

So that in vent’ring[148] ill, we leave to be
The things we are for that which we expect:[149]
And this ambitious foul infirmity,[150]
In having much, torments us with defect[151]
Of that we have: so then we do neglect
The thing we have and, all for want of wit,[153]
Make something nothing by augmenting[154] it.

Such hazard[155] now must doting Tarquin make,
Pawning his honour to obtain his lust,
And for himself himself he must forsake.[157]
Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust?
When shall he think to find a stranger just,
When he himself himself confounds,[160] betrays
To sland’rous tongues and wretched hateful days?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
When heavy sleep had closed up mortal eyes.
No comfortable[164] star did lend his light,
No noise but owls’ and wolves’ death-boding cries.[165]
Now serves the season[166] that they may surprise
The silly[167] lambs: pure thoughts are dead and still,
While lust and murder wakes to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leapt from his bed,
Throwing his mantle[170] rudely o’er his arm,
Is madly tossed between desire and dread:
Th’one sweetly flatters, th’other feareth harm,
But honest fear, bewitched with lust’s foul charm,
Doth too too oft betake[174] him to retire,
Beaten away by brainsick rude[175] desire.

His falchion[176] on a flint he softly smiteth,
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly,
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which must be lodestar[179] to his lustful eye,
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly,[180]
‘As from this cold flint I enforced this fire,
So Lucrece must I force to my desire.’

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate[183]
The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,
And in his inward mind he doth debate
What following sorrow may on this arise.
Then looking scornfully, he doth despise
His naked armour of still-slaughtered lust[188]
And justly[189] thus controls his thoughts unjust:

‘Fair torch, burn out thy light and lend it not
To darken her whose light excelleth thine,
And die, unhallowed[192] thoughts, before you blot
With your uncleanness that which is divine.
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine.
Let fair humanity abhor the deed
That spots and stains love’s modest snow-white weed.[196]

‘O shame to knighthood and to shining arms!
O foul dishonour to my household’s grave![198]
O impious act, including all foul harms!
A martial man to be soft[200] fancy’s slave!
True valour still[201] a true respect should have,
Then my digression[202] is so vile, so base,
That it will live engraven in my face.

‘Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive
And be an eyesore in my golden coat:[205]
Some loathsome dash[206] the herald will contrive
To cipher me[207] how fondly I did dote,

That my posterity, shamed with the note,[208]
Shall curse my bones and hold it for[209] no sin
To wish that I their father had not been.

‘What win I, if I gain the thing I seek?
A dream, a breath, a froth[212] of fleeting joy.
Who buys a minute’s mirth to wail a week?
Or sells eternity to get a toy?[214]
For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
Would with the sceptre straight[217] be strucken down?

‘If Collatinus dream of my intent,
Will he not wake and in a desp’rate rage
Post[220] hither, this vile purpose to prevent?
This siege that hath engirt[221] his marriage,
This blur[222] to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
This dying virtue, this surviving shame,
Whose crime will bear an ever-during[224] blame?

‘O, what excuse can my invention[225] make,
When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed?
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake,
Mine eyes[228] forgo their light, my false heart bleed?
The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed,[229]
And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,[230]
But coward-like with trembling terror die.

‘Had Collatinus killed my son or sire,[232]
Or lain in ambush to betray my life,
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
Might have excuse to work upon[235] his wife,
As in revenge or quittal[236] of such strife.
But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

‘Shameful it is: ay, if the fact[239] be known,
Hateful it is: there is no hate in loving.
I’ll beg her love, but she is not her own:[241]
The worst is but denial and reproving.
My will[243] is strong, past reason’s weak removing:
Who[244] fears a sentence or an old man’s saw
Shall by a painted cloth[245] be kept in awe.’

Thus, graceless,[246] holds he disputation
’Tween frozen conscience and hot burning will,
And with good thoughts make dispensation,[248]
Urging the worser sense for vantage still,[249]
Which in a moment doth confound[250] and kill
All pure effects,[251] and doth so far proceed
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth[253] he, ‘She took me kindly by the hand
And gazed for tidings in my eager eyes,
Fearing some hard[255] news from the warlike band,
Where her belovèd Collatinus lies.
O, how her fear did make her colour rise!
First red as roses that on lawn[258] we lay,
Then white as lawn, the roses took[259] away.

‘And how her hand, in my hand being locked,
Forced it[261] to tremble with her loyal fear!
Which[262] struck her sad and then it faster rocked,
Until her husband’s welfare she did hear,
Whereat she smilèd with so sweet a cheer
That, had Narcissus[265] seen her as she stood,
Self-love had never drowned him in the flood.

‘Why hunt I then for colour[267] or excuses?
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth,
Poor[269] wretches have remorse in poor abuses,
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth:

Affection[271] is my captain and he leadeth,
And when his gaudy[272] banner is displayed,
The coward[273] fights and will not be dismayed.

‘Then, childish fear, avaunt![274] Debating, die!
Respect and reason, wait on wrinkled age!
My heart shall never countermand[276] mine eye;
Sad[277] pause and deep regard beseems the sage:
My part is youth and beats these from the stage.
Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize:
Then who fears sinking[280] where such treasure lies?’

As corn o’ergrown by weeds, so heedful[281] fear
Is almost choked by unresisted[282] lust:
Away he steals with open list’ning ear,
Full of foul hope and full of fond mistrust,[284]
Both which, as servitors[285] to the unjust,
So cross[286] him with their opposite persuasion
That now he vows a league[287] and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
And in the selfsame seat sits Collatine.
That eye which looks on her confounds his wits,[290]
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,[291]
Unto a view[292] so false will not incline,
But with a pure appeal seeks[293] to the heart,
Which once corrupted takes the worser part,

And therein heartens up[295] his servile powers,
Who, flattered by their leader’s jocund[296] show,
Stuff up[297] his lust, as minutes fill up hours,
And as their captain, so their pride[298] doth grow,
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.
By reprobate[300] desire thus madly led,
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece’ bed.

The locks between her chamber[302] and his will,
Each one by him enforced, retires his ward,[303]
But as they open they all rate his ill,[304]
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard:[305]
The[306] threshold grates the door to have him heard,
Night-wand’ring weasels[307] shriek to see him there,
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal[309] yields him way,
Through little vents and crannies of the place,
The wind wars with his torch to make him stay[311]
And blows the smoke of it into his face,
Extinguishing his conduct[313] in this case.
But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch,

And, being lighted, by the light he spies
Lucretia’s glove,[317] wherein her needle sticks.
He takes it from the rushes[318] where it lies,
And gripping it, the needle his finger pricks,
As who should[320] say, ‘This glove to wanton tricks
Is not inured.[321] Return again in haste,
Thou see’st our mistress’ ornaments[322] are chaste.’

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him.
He in the worst sense consters[324] their denial:
The doors, the wind, the glove that did delay him,
He takes for accidental things of trial,[326]
Or as those bars[327] which stop the hourly dial,
Who with a ling’ring stay his course doth let[328]
Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

‘So, so,’ quoth he, ‘these lets attend[330] the time,
Like little frosts that sometime threat[331] the spring
To add a more[332] rejoicing to the prime
And give the sneapèd[333] birds more cause to sing.

Pain pays the income[334] of each precious thing:
Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves[335] and sands,
The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands.’

Now is he come unto the chamber door
That shuts him from the heaven[338] of his thought,
Which with a yielding latch and with no more
Hath barred him from the blessèd thing[340] he sought.
So from[341] himself impiety hath wrought
That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
Having solicited th’eternal power
That his foul[346] thoughts might compass his fair fair,
And they[347] would stand auspicious to the hour,
Even there he starts.[348] Quoth he, ‘I must deflow’r.
The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact:
How can they then assist me in the act?[350]

‘Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide.
My will is backed with resolution:
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried,
The blackest sin is cleared[354] with absolution,
Against love’s fire fear’s frost hath dissolution.[355]
The eye of heaven[356] is out, and misty night
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight.’

This said, his guilty hand plucked up the latch,
And with his knee[359] the door he opens wide.
The dove sleeps fast[360] that this night owl will catch.
Thus treason works[361] ere traitors be espied.
Who[362] sees the lurking serpent steps aside,
But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortal[364] sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks[365]
And gazeth on her yet unstainèd bed:
The curtains[367] being close, about he walks,
Rolling his greedy eyeballs in his head.
By their high treason[369] is his heart misled,
Which gives the watchword[370] to his hand full soon
To draw the cloud[371] that hides the silver moon.

Look as[372] the fair and fiery-pointed sun,
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves[373] our sight,
Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun
To wink,[375] being blinded with a greater light.
Whether it is that she reflects so bright[376]
That dazzleth them, or else some shame supposed,
But blind they are and keep themselves enclosed.[378]

O, had they in that darksome prison[379] died
Then had they seen the period[380] of their ill:
Then Collatine again, by Lucrece’ side,
In his clear[382] bed might have reposèd still.
But they must ope[383] this blessèd league to kill,
And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight
Must sell her joy, her life, her world’s delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,
Coz’ning[387] the pillow of a lawful kiss,
Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,[388]
Swelling[389] on either side to want his bliss,
Between whose hills her head entombèd is,
Where like a virtuous monument[391] she lies,
To be admired of[392] lewd unhallowed eyes.

Without[393] the bed her other fair hand was
On the green coverlet, whose perfect white
Showed like an April daisy on the grass
With pearly sweat resembling dew of night.

Her eyes, like marigolds,[397] had sheathed their light
And, canopied in darkness, sweetly lay
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair like golden threads played with her breath —
O modest wantons, wanton modesty! —
Showing life’s triumph in the map[402] of death
And death’s dim look in life’s mortality.[403]
Each[404] in her sleep themselves so beautify,
As if between them twain[405] there were no strife,
But that life lived in death and death in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,
A pair of maiden[408] worlds unconquerèd,
Save of their lord no bearing yoke[409] they knew,
And him by oath they truly honourèd.
These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred,
Who like a foul usurper went about
From this fair throne to heave the owner out.

What could he see but mightily he noted?
What did he note but strongly he desired?
What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
And in his will[417] his wilful eye he tired.
With more than admiration he admired
Her azure[419] veins, her alabaster skin,
Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim[421] lion fawneth o’er his prey,
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,
So o’er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,[423]
His rage of lust by gazing qualified,[424]
Slaked,[425] not suppressed, for standing by her side,
His eye, which late[426] this mutiny restrains,
Unto a greater uproar[427] tempts his veins.

And they, like straggling slaves[428] for pillage fighting,
Obdurate[429] vassals fell exploits effecting,
In bloody death and ravishment[430] delighting,
Nor[431] children’s tears nor mothers’ groans respecting,
Swell in their pride,[432] the onset still expecting.
Anon[433] his beating heart, alarum striking,
Gives the hot charge[434] and bids them do their liking.

His drumming heart cheers up[435] his burning eye,
His eye commends[436] the leading to his hand,
His hand, as proud of such a dignity,
Smoking with pride, marched on to make his stand[438]
On her bare breast, the heart of all her land,
Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,[440]
Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They, must’ring[442] to the quiet cabinet
Where their dear governess and lady lies,
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset[444]
And fright her with confusion of their cries.
She, much amazed, breaks ope her locked-up eyes,
Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming torch dimmed and controlled.

Imagine her as one in dead of night
From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,
That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly[451] sprite,
Whose grim aspect[452] sets every joint a-shaking —
What terror ’tis! But she, in worser taking,[453]
From sleep disturbèd, heedfully[454] doth view
The sight which makes supposèd[455] terror true.

Wrapped and confounded in a thousand fears,
Like to a new-killed bird she trembling lies:
She dares not look, yet winking[458] there appears
Quick-shifting[459] antics, ugly in her eyes:

Such shadows[460] are the weak brain’s forgeries,
Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,
In darkness daunts[462] them with more dreadful sights.

His hand that yet remains upon her breast —
Rude ram[464] to batter such an ivory wall —
May feel her heart (poor citizen[465]) distressed,
Wounding[466] itself to death, rise up and fall,
Beating her bulk[467] that his hand shakes withal.
This moves in him more rage and lesser pity
To make the breach[469] and enter this sweet city.

First like a trumpet doth his tongue begin
To sound a parley[471] to his heartless foe,
Who o’er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,
The reason of this rash alarm[473] to know,
Which he by dumb demeanour[474] seeks to show.
But she with vehement prayers urgeth[475] still
Under what colour[476] he commits this ill.

Thus he replies, ‘The colour in thy face,
That even for anger makes the lily pale
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace,
Shall plead for me and tell my loving tale.[480]
Under that colour am I come to scale
Thy never-conquered fort: the fault is thine,
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

‘Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide:[484]
Thy beauty hath ensnared thee to this night,
Where thou with patience must my will[486] abide,
My will that marks thee for my earth’s delight,
Which[488] I to conquer sought with all my might,
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.[490]

‘I see what crosses[491] my attempt will bring,
I know what thorns the growing rose defends,
I think the honey[493] guarded with a sting:
All this beforehand counsel[494] comprehends.
But will is deaf and hears no heedful friends,
Only he hath[496] an eye to gaze on beauty,
And dotes on what he looks, gainst law or duty.

‘I have debated, even in my soul,
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall breed
But nothing can affection’s course control
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.
I know repentant tears ensue[502] the deed,
Reproach, disdain and deadly enmity,
Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy.[504]’

This said, he shakes[505] aloft his Roman blade,
Which, like a falcon[506] tow’ring in the skies,
Coucheth[507] the fowl below with his wings’ shade,
Whose[508] crooked beak threats if he mount he dies.
So under his insulting[509] falchion lies
Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells
With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcons’ bells.[511]

‘Lucrece,’ quoth he, ‘this night I must enjoy thee.
If thou deny,[513] then force must work my way,
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy[514] thee.
That done, some worthless slave of thine I’ll slay,
To kill thine honour with thy life’s decay,
And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
Swearing I slew him seeing thee embrace him.

‘So thy surviving husband shall remain
The scornful mark[520] of every open eye,
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
Thy issue blurred[522] with nameless bastardy;

And thou, the author of their obloquy,[523]
Shalt have thy trespass[524] cited up in rhymes
And sung by children in succeeding times.

‘But if thou yield, I rest[526] thy secret friend:
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted,
A little harm done to a great good end
For[529] lawful policy remains enacted.
The poisonous simple[530] sometime is compacted
In a pure compound, being so applied
His venom in effect is purified.

‘Then, for thy husband and thy children’s sake,
Tender my suit,[534] bequeath not to their lot
The shame that from them no device[535] can take,
The blemish that will never be forgot,
Worse than a slavish wipe[537] or birth-hour’s blot:
For marks descried[538] in men’s nativity
Are nature’s faults, not their own infamy.’

Here with a cockatrice’[540] dead-killing eye
He rouseth up himself[541] and makes a pause,
While she, the picture of pure piety,
Like a white hind[543] under the gripe’s sharp claws,
Pleads[544] in a wilderness where are no laws
To the rough beast that knows no gentle[545] right
Nor aught[546] obeys but his foul appetite.

But when a black-faced cloud the world doth threat,
In his dim mist th’aspiring mountains hiding,
From earth’s dark womb some gentle gust doth get,[549]
Which blows these pitchy[550] vapours from their biding,
Hind’ring their present fall[551] by this dividing,
So his unhallowed[552] haste her words delays,
And moody Pluto[553] winks while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,[554]
While in his holdfast[555] foot the weak mouse panteth.
Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,[556]
A swallowing gulf[557] that even in plenty wanteth.
His ear her prayers admits,[558] but his heart granteth
No penetrable[559] entrance to her plaining:
Tears harden[560] lust, though marble wear with raining.

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fixed
In the remorseless wrinkles of his face.
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mixed,
Which to her oratory adds more grace.
She puts[565] the period often from his place,
And midst the sentence so her accent[566] breaks
That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by[568] high almighty Jove,
By knighthood, gentry[569] and sweet friendship's oath,
By her untimely[570] tears, her husband's love,
By holy human law and common troth,[571]
By heaven and earth and all the power of both,
That to his borrowed[573] bed he make retire
And stoop[574] to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, 'Reward not hospitality
With such black payment as thou hast pretended,[576]
Mud[577] not the fountain that gave drink to thee,
Mar[578] not the thing that cannot be amended,
End thy ill aim[579] before thy shoot be ended.
He is no woodman[580] that doth bend his bow
To strike[581] a poor unseasonable doe.

'My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare me.
Thyself art mighty, for thine own sake leave me:
Myself a weakling, do not then ensnare me.
Thou look'st not like deceit, do not deceive me.

My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave[586] thee.
If ever man were moved[587] with woman’s moans,
Be movèd with my tears, my sighs, my groans,

‘All which together, like a troubled ocean,
Beat at thy rocky and wrack-threat’ning[590] heart,
To soften it with their continual motion,
For stones dissolved to water do convert.
O, if no harder than a stone thou art,
Melt at my tears and be compassionate:
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

‘In Tarquin’s likeness I did entertain thee:
Hast thou put on his shape[597] to do him shame?
To all the host of heaven I complain me.
Thou wrong’st his honour, wound’st his princely name:
Thou art not what thou seem’st, and if the same,
Thou seem’st not what thou art, a god, a king,
For kings like gods should govern everything.[602]

‘How will thy shame be seeded[603] in thine age
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring?
If in thy hope[605] thou dar’st do such outrage,
What dar’st thou not when once thou art a king?
O, be remembered, no outrageous thing
From vassal actors[608] can be wiped away,
Then kings’ misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.[609]

‘This deed will make thee only loved for[610] fear,
But happy[611] monarchs still are feared for love.
With[612] foul offenders thou perforce must bear,
When they in thee the like offences prove.
If but for fear of this, thy will remove.[614]
For princes are the glass,[615] the school, the book,
Where subjects’ eyes do learn, do read, do look.

‘And wilt thou be the school where lust shall learn?
Must he in thee read lectures[618] of such shame?
Wilt thou be glass wherein it shall discern
Authority for sin, warrant[620] for blame,
To privilege[621] dishonour in thy name?
Thou back’st[622] reproach against long-living laud
And mak’st fair reputation but a bawd.[623]

‘Hast thou command?[624] By him that gave it thee,
From a pure heart command thy rebel will:
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,[626]
For it was lent thee all that brood[627] to kill.
Thy princely office[628] how canst thou fulfil,
When, patterned by[629] thy fault, foul sin may say,
He learned to sin and thou didst teach the way?

‘Think but how vile a spectacle it were
To view thy present trespass in another.
Men’s faults do seldom to themselves appear:
Their own transgressions partially they smother.
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother.
O, how are they wrapped in with infamies[636]
That from their own misdeeds askance[637] their eyes!

‘To thee, to thee, my heaved-up[638] hands appeal,
Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier.[639]
I sue for exiled majesty’s repeal:[640]
Let him return and flatt’ring[641] thoughts retire.
His true respect[642] will prison false desire
And wipe the dim mist from thy doting eyne,[643]
That thou shalt see thy state[644] and pity mine.’

‘Have done’, quoth he. ‘My uncontrollèd tide
Turns not, but swells[646] the higher by this let.
Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide
And with the wind in greater fury fret:

The petty streams that pay a daily debt
To their salt sovereign[650] with their fresh falls’ haste
Add to his flow, but alter not his taste.’

‘Thou art’, quoth she, ‘a sea, a sovereign king,
And, lo, there falls into thy boundless flood
Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.[655]
If all these petty ills shall change thy good,
Thy sea within a puddle’s womb is hearsed,[657]
And not the puddle in thy sea dispersed.

‘So shall these slaves[659] be king and thou their slave,
Thou nobly base, they basely dignified,
Thou their fair life and they thy fouler grave,
Thou loathèd in their shame, they in thy pride.
The lesser thing should not the greater hide.
The cedar stoops not to the base shrub’s foot,
But low shrubs wither at the cedar’s root.

‘So let thy thoughts, low vassals[666] to thy state —’
‘No more’, quoth he, ‘by heaven, I will not hear thee.
Yield to my love. If not, enforcèd hate
Instead of love’s coy[669] touch shall rudely tear thee.
That done, despitefully[670] I mean to bear thee
Unto the base bed of some rascal groom[671]
To be thy partner in this shameful doom.[672]’

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
For light and lust are deadly enemies:
Shame folded up in blind concealing night,
When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.
The wolf hath seized[677] his prey, the poor lamb cries,
Till with her own white fleece[678] her voice controlled
Entombs her outcry in her lips’ sweet fold.[679]

For with the nightly linen[680] that she wears
He pens her piteous clamours in her head,
Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears
That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
O, that prone[684] lust should stain so pure a bed,
The spots whereof could weeping[685] purify,
Her tears should drop on them perpetually!

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life
And he hath won what he would lose again:
This forcèd league[689] doth force a further strife,
This momentary joy breeds months of pain,
This hot desire converts to cold disdain,
Pure chastity is rifled[692] of her store,
And lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look as the full-fed hound or gorgèd[694] hawk,
Unapt[695] for tender smell or speedy flight,
Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk[696]
The prey wherein by nature they delight:
So surfeit-taking[698] Tarquin fares this night:
His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
Devours his will that lived by foul devouring.

O, deeper sin than bottomless conceit[701]
Can comprehend in still imagination![702]
Drunken desire must vomit his receipt,[703]
Ere he can see his own abomination.
While lust is in his pride,[705] no exclamation
Can curb his heat or rein his rash desire,
Till like a jade[707] self-will himself doth tire.

And then with lank and lean discoloured cheek,
With heavy eye, knit brow and strengthless pace,
Feeble desire, all recreant,[710] poor and meek,
Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case:

The[712] flesh being proud, desire doth fight with grace,
For there[713] it revels and when that decays,
The guilty rebel for remission[714] prays.

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,
Who this accomplishment so hotly chased,
For now against himself he sounds this doom,[717]
That through the length of times he stands disgraced.
Besides, his soul’s fair temple is defaced,
To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,
To ask the spotted princess[721] how she fares.

She says her subjects[722] with foul insurrection
Have battered down her consecrated wall,
And by their mortal[724] fault brought in subjection
Her immortality and made her thrall[725]
To living death and pain perpetual,
Which in her prescience[727] she controllèd still,
But[728] her foresight could not forestall their will.

Ev’n in this thought through the dark night he stealeth,
A captive victor that hath lost in gain,
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The scar that will, despite of cure, remain,
Leaving his spoil[733] perplexed in greater pain.
She bears the load of lust[734] he left behind,
And he the burden of a guilty mind.

He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence,
She like a wearied lamb lies panting there.
He scowls and hates himself for his offence,
She, desperate,[739] with her nails her flesh doth tear.
He faintly flies,[740] sweating with guilty fear,
She stays, exclaiming on[741] the direful night.
He runs and chides his vanished, loathed delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite,[743]
She there remains a hopeless castaway.[744]
He in his speed looks for the morning light,
She prays she never may behold the day.
‘For day’, quoth she, ‘Night’s scapes[747] doth open lay,
And my true eyes have never practised how
To cloak offences with a cunning brow.[749]

‘They think not but[750] that every eye can see
The same disgrace which they themselves behold,
And therefore would[752] they still in darkness be,
To have their unseen sin remain untold.
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
And grave,[755] like water that doth eat in steel,
Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel.’

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast
And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
Some purer chest to close[761] so pure a mind.
Frantic with grief thus breathes she forth her spite[762]
Against the unseen secrecy of night:

‘O comfort-killing Night! Image of hell!
Dim register[765] and notary of shame!
Black stage[766] for tragedies and murders fell!
Vast sin-concealing chaos![767] Nurse of blame!
Blind, muffled bawd! Dark harbour for defame![768]
Grim cave of death! Whisp’ring conspirator
With close-tongued[770] treason and the ravisher!

‘O hateful, vaporous and foggy Night!
Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,
Muster[773] thy mists to meet the eastern light,
Make war against proportioned[774] course of time,

Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb
His wonted[776] height, yet ere he go to bed,
Knit[777] poisonous clouds about his golden head.

‘With rotten damps[778] ravish the morning air,
Let their exhaled unwholesome breaths make sick
The life[780] of purity, the supreme fair,
Ere he arrive[781] his weary noontide prick,
And let thy musty vapours march so thick
That in their smoky ranks his smothered light
May set at noon and make perpetual night.

‘Were Tarquin Night, as he is but Night’s child,
The silver-shining queen[786] he would distain.
Her twinkling handmaids[787] too, by him defiled,
Through Night’s black bosom should not peep again.
So should I have co-partners in my pain,
And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,
As palmers’[791] chat makes short their pilgrimage.

‘Where now I have no one to blush with me,
To cross their arms[793] and hang their heads with mine,
To mask their brows and hide their infamy,
But I alone alone must sit and pine,[795]
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine,
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,
Poor wasting[798] monuments of lasting moans.

‘O Night, thou furnace of foul-reeking[799] smoke,
Let not the jealous day behold that face
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak
Immodestly lies martyred with disgrace.
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,
That all the faults which in thy reign are made
May likewise be sepulchred[805] in thy shade.

‘Make me not object[806] to the tell-tale day:
The light will show, charactered in my brow,
The story of sweet chastity’s decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlock vow.
Yea, the illiterate, that know not how
To cipher[811] what is writ in learnèd books,
Will quote[812] my loathsome trespass in my looks.

‘The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin’s name.
The orator, to deck[815] his oratory,
Will couple[816] my reproach to Tarquin’s shame.
Feast-finding minstrels,[817] tuning my defame,
Will tie[818] the hearers to attend each line,
How Tarquin wrongèd me, I Collatine.[819]

‘Let my good name, that senseless reputation,[820]
For Collatine’s dear love be kept unspotted.
If that be made a theme for disputation,[822]
The branches[823] of another root are rotted,
And undeserved reproach to him allotted
That is as clear[825] from this attaint of mine
As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

‘O unseen shame! Invisible disgrace!
O unfelt sore! Crest-wounding,[828] private scar!
Reproach is stamped in Collatinus’ face,
And Tarquin’s eye may read the mot[830] afar,
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
Alas, how many bear such shameful blows,
Which not themselves, but he that gives them knows.

‘If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
From me by strong assault it is bereft:[835]
My honey lost and I, a drone-like[836] bee,
Have no perfection[837] of my summer left,

But robbed and ransacked by injurious[838] theft.
In thy weak hive a wand’ring wasp hath crept
And sucked the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

‘Yet am I guilty of thy honour’s wrack,[841]
Yet for thy honour did I entertain him:[842]
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,[843]
For it had been dishonour to disdain[844] him.
Besides, of weariness he did complain him
And talked of virtue — O unlooked-for evil
When virtue is profaned in such a devil!

‘Why should the worm[848] intrude the maiden bud?
Or hateful cuckoos[849] hatch in sparrows’ nests?
Or toads infect fair founts[850] with venom mud?
Or tyrant folly[851] lurk in gentle breasts?
Or kings be breakers of their own behests?[852]
But no perfection is so absolute
That some impurity doth not pollute.

‘The agèd man that coffers up[855] his gold
Is plagued with cramps and gouts and painful fits
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
But like still-pining[858] Tantalus he sits
And useless barns[859] the harvest of his wits,
Having no other pleasure of his gain
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

‘So then he hath it when he cannot use it
And leaves it to be mastered by his young,
Who in their pride do presently[864] abuse it:
Their father was too weak and they too strong
To hold their cursèd-blessèd fortune long.
The sweets we wish for turn to loathèd sours
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

‘Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring,
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers,
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing,
What virtue breeds iniquity devours.
We have no good that we can say is ours,
But ill-annexèd Opportunity[874]
Or[875] kills his life or else his quality.

‘O Opportunity, thy guilt is great!
’Tis thou that execut’st[877] the traitor’s treason:
Thou sets[878] the wolf where he the lamb may get.
Whoever plots the sin, thou point’st[879] the season.
’Tis thou that spurn’st[880] at right, at law, at reason,
And in thy shady cell,[881] where none may spy him,
Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

‘Thou mak’st the vestal[883] violate her oath,
Thou blow’st the fire when temperance[884] is thawed,
Thou smother’st honesty;[885] thou murd’rest troth:
Thou foul abettor, thou notorious bawd,
Thou plantest scandal and displacest laud.[887]
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,
Thy honey turns to gall,[889] thy joy to grief.

‘Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
Thy private feasting to a public fast,
Thy smoothing[892] titles to a ragged name,
Thy sugared tongue to bitter wormwood[893] taste:
Thy violent vanities[894] can never last.
How comes it then, vile Opportunity,
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

‘When wilt thou be the humble suppliant’s[897] friend
And bring him where his suit may be obtained?
When wilt thou sort[899] an hour great strifes to end?
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chained?

Give physic[901] to the sick? Ease to the pained?
The poor, lame, blind, halt,[902] creep, cry out for thee,
But they ne’er meet with Opportunity.

‘The patient dies while the physician sleeps,
The orphan pines[905] while the oppressor feeds.
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps,
Advice[907] is sporting while infection breeds.
Thou grant’st no time for charitable deeds.
Wrath, envy, treason, rape and murder’s rages,
Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.[910]

‘When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,
A thousand crosses[912] keep them from thy aid.
They buy thy help, but Sin ne’er gives a fee:
He gratis[914] comes and thou art well apaid
As well to hear as grant what he hath said.
My Collatine would else[916] have come to me
When Tarquin did, but he was stayed[917] by thee.

‘Guilty thou art of murder and of theft,
Guilty of perjury and subornation,[919]
Guilty of treason, forgery and shift,[920]
Guilty of incest, that abomination:
An accessary by thine inclination[922]
To all sins past and all that are to come,
From the creation to the general doom.[924]

‘Misshapen Time, copesmate[925] of ugly Night,
Swift subtle post,[926] carrier of grisly care,
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
Base watch of woes,[928] sin’s packhorse, virtue’s snare,
Thou nursest all and murd’rest all that are.
O, hear me then, injurious, shifting Time,
Be guilty of my death, since of[931] my crime.

‘Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,
Betrayed the hours thou gav’st me to repose?
Cancelled my fortunes and enchainèd me
To endless date[935] of never-ending woes?
Time’s office[936] is to fine the hate of foes,
To eat up errors by opinion[937] bred,
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

‘Time’s glory is to calm contending[939] kings,
To unmask falsehood and bring truth to light,
To stamp the seal of time in agèd things,
To wake the morn and sentinel[942] the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right,
To ruinate[944] proud buildings with thy hours
And smear with dust their glitt’ring golden towers,

‘To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books and alter their contents,
To pluck the quills[949] from ancient ravens’ wings,
To dry the old oak’s sap and cherish springs,[950]
To spoil antiquities of hammered steel
And turn the giddy round of Fortune’s wheel,[952]

‘To show the beldame[953] daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a child,[954]
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
To tame the unicorn and lion wild,
To mock the subtle[957] in themselves beguiled,
To cheer the ploughman with increaseful[958] crops
And waste[959] huge stones with little water drops.

‘Why work’st thou mischief[960] in thy pilgrimage,
Unless thou couldst return to make amends?
One poor retiring[962] minute in an age
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,

Lending[964] him wit that to bad debtors lends.
O, this dread Night, wouldst thou one hour come back,
I could prevent this storm and shun thy wrack.

‘Thou ceaseless lackey[967] to eternity,
With some mischance cross[968] Tarquin in his flight,
Devise extremes beyond extremity
To make him curse this cursèd crimeful night,
Let ghastly[971] shadows his lewd eyes affright,
And the dire thought of his committed evil
Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

‘Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,[974]
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans,
Let there bechance[976] him pitiful mischances
To make him moan, but pity not his moans.
Stone him with hardened hearts harder than stones,
And let mild women to him lose their mildness,
Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.

‘Let him have time to tear his curlèd hair,
Let him have time against himself to rave,
Let him have time of Time’s help to despair,
Let him have time to live a loathèd slave,
Let him have time a beggar’s orts[985] to crave,
And time to see one[986] that by alms doth live
Disdain[987] to him disdainèd scraps to give.

‘Let him have time to see his friends his foes
And merry fools to[989] mock at him resort,
Let him have time to mark how slow time goes
In time of sorrow and how swift and short
His time of folly and his time of sport.[992]
And ever let his unrecalling[993] crime
Have time to wail th’abusing[994] of his time.

‘O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curse him that[996] thou taught’st this ill.
At his own shadow let the thief run mad,
Himself himself seek every hour to kill:
Such wretched hands such wretched blood should spill,
For who so base would such an office have
As sland’rous deathsman[1001] to so base a slave?

‘The baser is he, coming[1002] from a king,
To shame his hope[1003] with deeds degenerate.
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honoured or begets him hate:[1005]
For greatest scandal waits on[1006] greatest state.
The moon being clouded presently[1007] is missed,
But little stars may hide them when they list.

‘The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire[1009]
And unperceived fly with the filth away,
But if the like[1011] the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay.
Poor grooms[1013] are sightless night, kings glorious day,
Gnats are unnoted wheresoe’er they fly,
But eagles gazed upon with every eye.

‘Out,[1016] idle words, servants to shallow fools,
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators![1017]
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools,[1018]
Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters,
To trembling clients be you mediators.
For me, I force[1021] not argument a straw,
Since that my case[1022] is past the help of law.

‘In vain I rail[1023] at Opportunity,
At Time, at Tarquin and uncheerful Night,
In vain I cavil[1025] with mine infamy,
In vain I spurn[1026] at my confirmed despite:

This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.
The remedy indeed to do me good
Is to let[1029] forth my foul defilèd blood.

‘Poor hand, why quiver’st thou at this decree?
Honour thyself to rid me of this shame,
For if I die my honour lives in thee,
But if I live thou liv’st in my defame.
Since thou couldst not defend thy loyal dame
And wast afeard to scratch her wicked foe,
Kill both thyself and her for yielding so.’

This said, from her betumbled couch[1037] she starteth,
To find some desp’rate instrument of death.
But this, no slaughterhouse, no tool imparteth[1039]
To make more vent for passage of her breath,
Which thronging[1041] through her lips, so vanisheth
As smoke from Aetna[1042] that in air consumes
Or that which from dischargèd cannon fumes.[1043]

‘In vain,’ quoth she, ‘I live and seek in vain
Some happy mean to end a hapless[1045] life.
I feared by Tarquin’s falchion[1046] to be slain,
Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife;
But when I feared I was a loyal wife.
So am I now — O no, that cannot be!
Of that true type[1050] hath Tarquin rifled me.

‘O, that is gone for which I sought to live,
And therefore now I need not fear to die.
To clear this spot[1053] by death, at least I give
A badge[1054] of fame to slander’s livery,
A dying life to living infamy:
Poor helpless help, the treasure stol’n away,
To burn the guiltless casket where it lay.

‘Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know
The stainèd taste of violated troth,
I will not wrong thy true affection so,
To flatter[1061] thee with an infringèd oath.
This bastard graff[1062] shall never come to growth:
He shall not boast who did thy stock[1063] pollute,
That thou art doting father of his fruit.

‘Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state,
But thou shalt know thy int’rest[1067] was not bought
Basely with[1070] gold, but stol’n from forth thy gate.
For me, I am the mistress of my fate,
And with my trespass never will dispense
Till life to death acquit my forced offence.

‘I will not poison thee with my attaint[1072]
Nor fold my fault in cleanly coined[1073] excuses.
My sable ground[1074] of sin I will not paint
To hide the truth of this false night’s[1075] abuses.
My tongue shall utter all, mine eyes like sluices,
As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale,[1077]
Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale.’

By this,[1079] lamenting Philomel had ended
The well-tuned warble of her nightly sorrow,
And solemn night with slow, sad gait descended
To ugly hell, when, lo, the blushing morrow
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow.
But cloudy[1084] Lucrece shames herself to see,
And therefore still in night would cloistered be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies
And seems to point her out where she sits weeping,
To whom she sobbing speaks: ‘O eye of eyes,
Why pry’st thou[1089] through my window? Leave thy peeping,

Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are sleeping,
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,
For day hath nought to do[1092] what’s done by night.’

Thus cavils she with everything she sees:
True grief is fond[1094] and testy as a child,
Who wayward[1095] once, his mood with nought agrees:
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild,[1096]
Continuance[1097] tames the one, the other wild,
Like an unpractised swimmer plunging still,
With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep-drenchèd[1100] in a sea of care,
Holds disputation with each thing she views
And to herself all sorrow doth compare.
No[1103] object but her passion’s strength renews,
And as one shifts, another straight[1104] ensues.
Sometime her grief is dumb and hath no words,
Sometime ’tis mad and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning’s joy
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody,
For mirth[1109] doth search the bottom of annoy.
Sad souls are slain in merry company,
Grief best is pleased with grief’s society:
True sorrow then is feelingly sufficed[1112]
When with[1113] like semblance it is sympathized.

’Tis double death to drown in ken[1114] of shore,
He ten times pines[1115] that pines beholding food,
To see the salve[1116] doth make the wound ache more,
Great grief grieves most at that[1117] would do it good,
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
Who, being stopped, the bounding[1119] banks o’erflows:
Grief dallied[1120] with nor law nor limit knows.

‘You mocking-birds,’ quoth she, ‘your tunes entomb
Within your hollow-swelling feathered breasts,
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb,
My restless[1124] discord loves no stops nor rests:
A woeful hostess brooks[1125] not merry guests.
Relish[1126] your nimble notes to pleasing ears:
Distress likes dumps[1127] when time is kept with tears.

‘Come, Philomel, that sing’st of ravishment,
Make thy sad grove in my dishevelled[1129] hair.
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,[1130]
So I at each sad strain will strain[1131] a tear
And with deep groans the diapason[1132] bear:
For burden-wise[1133] I’ll hum on Tarquin still,
While thou on Tereus[1134] descants better skill.

‘And whiles against[1135] a thorn thou bear’st thy part,
To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,
To imitate thee well, against my heart
Will fix a sharp knife to affright mine eye,
Who, if it wink,[1139] shall thereon fall and die.
These means, as frets[1140] upon an instrument,
Shall tune our heartstrings to true languishment.

‘And for,[1142] poor bird, thou sing’st not in the day,
As shaming[1143] any eye should thee behold,
Some dark deep desert,[1144] seated from the way,
That knows not parching heat nor freezing cold
Will we find out, and there we will unfold
To creatures stern,[1147] sad tunes to change their kinds:
Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds.’

As the poor frighted deer that stands at gaze,[1149]
Wildly determining which way to fly,
Or one encompassed[1151] with a winding maze
That cannot tread the way out readily,

So with herself is she in mutiny:
To live or die which of the twain were better,
When life is shamed and death reproach’s debtor.[1155]

‘To kill myself,’ quoth she, ‘alack, what were it
But[1157] with my body my poor soul’s pollution?
They that lose half with greater patience bear it
Than they whose whole is swallowed in confusion.[1159]
That mother tries[1160] a merciless conclusion
Who, having two sweet babes, when death takes one,
Will slay the other and be nurse to none.

‘My body or my soul, which was the dearer,
When the one pure, the other made divine?[1164]
Whose[1165] love of either to myself was nearer
When both were kept for heaven and Collatine?
Ay me! The bark peeled from the lofty pine,
His leaves will wither and his sap decay,
So must my soul, her bark being peeled away.

‘Her house is sacked,[1170] her quiet interrupted,
Her mansion battered by the enemy,
Her sacred temple spotted, spoiled, corrupted,
Grossly engirt[1173] with daring infamy.
Then let it not be called impiety,
If in this blemished fort[1175] I make some hole
Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

‘Yet die I will not till my Collatine
Have heard the cause of my untimely death,
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.
My stainèd blood to Tarquin I’ll bequeath,
Which by him tainted shall for him be spent,[1182]
And as his due writ in my testament.[1183]

‘My honour I’ll bequeath unto the knife
That wounds my body so dishonourèd.
’Tis honour to deprive[1186] dishonoured life:
The one will live, the other being dead.
So of shame’s ashes shall my fame[1188] be bred,
For in my death I murder shameful scorn:
My shame so dead, mine honour is newborn.

‘Dear lord of that dear jewel[1191] I have lost,
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee?
My resolution,[1193] love, shall be thy boast,
By whose example thou revenged may’st be.
How Tarquin must be used,[1195] read it in me:
Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,
And for my sake serve thou false Tarquin so.

‘This brief abridgement of my will I make:
My soul and body to[1199] the skies and ground,
My resolution, husband, do thou take,
Mine honour be the knife’s that makes my wound,
My shame be his that did my fame confound,[1202]
And all my fame that lives disbursèd[1203] be
To those that live and think no shame of me.

‘Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee[1205] this will —
How was I overseen[1206] that thou shalt see it!
My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill,
My life’s foul deed my life’s fair end shall free it.
Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say “So be it.”
Yield to my hand, my hand shall conquer thee:
Thou dead, both die and both shall victors be.’

This plot of death when sadly she had laid
And wiped the brinish pearl[1213] from her bright eyes,
With untuned[1214] tongue she hoarsely calls her maid,
Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies,[1215]

For fleet-winged duty with thought’s feathers[1216] flies.
Poor Lucrece’ cheeks unto her maid seem so
As winter meads[1218] when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good morrow
With soft, slow tongue, true mark of modesty,
And sorts[1221] a sad look to her lady’s sorrow,
For why[1222] her face wore sorrow’s livery,
But durst not ask of her audaciously[1223]
Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsèd so,
Nor why her fair cheeks over-washed with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,
Each flower moistened like a melting eye,
Even so the maid with swelling drops gan[1228] wet
Her circled eyne,[1229] enforced by sympathy
Of those fair suns set in her mistress’ sky,
Who in a salt-waved ocean quench their light,
Which makes the maid weep like[1234] the dewy night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling:
One justly[1235] weeps, the other takes in hand
No cause, but company,[1236] of her drops spilling.
Their gentle sex to weep are often willing,
Grieving themselves to[1238] guess at others’ smarts,
And then they drown their eyes or break their hearts.

For men have marble, women waxen minds,
And therefore are they formed as marble will:[1241]
The weak oppressed, th’impression of strange kinds[1242]
Is formed in them by force, by fraud, or skill.[1243]
Then call them not the authors of their ill,
No more than wax shall be accounted evil
Wherein is stamped the semblance[1246] of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign[1247] plain,
Lays open[1248] all the little worms that creep.
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
Cave-keeping[1250] evils that obscurely sleep.
Through crystal walls each little mote[1251] will peep,
Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,
Poor women’s faces are their own faults’ books.

No man inveigh against[1254] the withered flow’r,
But chide[1255] rough winter that the flow’r hath killed:
Not that devoured, but that which doth devour,
Is worthy blame. O, let it not be hild[1257]
Poor women’s faults, that they are so fulfilled
With men’s abuses: those proud lords, to blame,
Make weak-made women tenants to their[1260] shame.

The precedent[1261] whereof in Lucrece’ view,
Assailed[1262] by night with circumstances strong
Of present death and shame that might ensue
By that[1264] her death, to do her husband wrong.
Such danger to resistance did belong
That dying fear[1266] through all her body spread,
And who cannot abuse a body dead?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak
To the poor counterfeit[1269] of her complaining:
‘My girl,’ quoth she, ‘on what occasion break
Those tears from thee that down thy cheeks are raining?
If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,[1272]
Know, gentle wench, it small avails[1273] my mood:
If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

‘But tell me, girl, when went’ — and there she stayed[1275]
Till after a deep groan — ‘Tarquin from hence?’ ‘
Madam, ere I was up’, replied the maid,
‘The more to blame my sluggard[1278] negligence.

Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense:[1279]
Myself was stirring ere the break of day,
And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away.

‘But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,
She would request to know your heaviness.[1283]’
‘O, peace!’ quoth Lucrece. ‘If it should be told,
The repetition cannot make it less:
For more it is than I can well express,
And that deep torture may be called a hell
When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

‘Go, get me hither paper, ink and pen —
Yet save that labour, for I have them here.
What should I say? One of my husband’s men
Bid thou be ready, by and by, to bear
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear.
Bid him with speed prepare to carry it.
The cause craves haste and it will soon be writ.’

Her maid is gone and she prepares to write,
First hovering o’er the paper with her quill.
Conceit[1298] and grief an eager combat fight:
What wit[1299] sets down is blotted straight with will.
This is too curious good,[1300] this blunt and ill:
Much like a press of people at a door
Throng her inventions[1302] which shall go before.

At last she thus begins: ‘Thou worthy lord
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,
Health to thy person. Next vouchsafe t’afford[1305] —
If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see —
Some present speed to come and visit me.
So I commend me,[1308] from our house in grief:
My woes are tedious[1309] though my words are brief.’

Here folds she up the tenor[1310] of her woe,
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.
By this short schedule[1312] Collatine may know
Her grief, but not her grief’s true quality:
She dares not thereof make discovery,[1314]
Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,
Ere[1316] she with blood had stained her stained excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion[1317]
She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her,
When sighs and groans and tears may grace the fashion
Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her
From that suspicion which the world might bear her.
To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter
With words, till action[1323] might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told,
For then the eye interprets to the ear
The heavy motion[1326] that it doth behold,
When every part[1327] a part of woe doth bear.
’Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear:
Deep sounds[1329] make lesser noise than shallow fords,
And sorrow ebbs, being[1330] blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is sealed and on it writ
‘At Ardea to my lord with more than haste’.
The post[1333] attends and she delivers it,
Charging[1334] the sour-faced groom to hie as fast
As lagging[1335] fowls before the northern blast.
Speed[1336] more than speed but dull and slow she deems:
Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villain[1338] curtsies to her low,
And, blushing on her, with a steadfast eye
Receives the scroll without or yea[1340] or no
And forth with bashful innocence doth hie.

But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie
Imagine every eye beholds their blame:
For Lucrece thought he blushed to see her shame,

When, silly[1345] groom, God wot, it was defect
Of spirit, life and bold audacity.
Such harmless creatures have a true respect
To talk in deeds, while others saucily
Promise more speed, but do it leisurely.
Even so this pattern[1350] of the worn-out age
Pawned[1351] honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled[1352] duty kindled her mistrust,
That two red fires in both their faces blazed.
She thought he blushed, as knowing Tarquin’s lust,
And, blushing with him, wistly[1355] on him gazed.
Her earnest eye did make him more amazed.[1356]
The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,
The more she thought he spied in her some blemish.

But long she thinks[1359] till he return again,
And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone.
The weary time she cannot entertain,[1361]
For now ’tis stale[1362] to sigh, to weep and groan:
So woe hath wearied woe, moan tirèd moan,
That she her plaints[1364] a little while doth stay,
Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of skilful painting, made for Priam’s Troy,[1367]
Before the which is drawn[1368] the power of Greece,
For Helen’s rape[1369] the city to destroy,
Threat’ning cloud-kissing Ilion[1370] with annoy,
Which the conceited[1371] painter drew so proud
As heaven, it seemed, to kiss the turrets bowed.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
In scorn[1374] of nature, art gave lifeless life.
Many a dry drop seemed a weeping tear
Shed for the slaughtered husband by the wife.
The red blood reeked,[1377] to show the painter’s strife,
And dying eyes gleamed forth their ashy lights,
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioneer[1380]
Begrimed with sweat and smearèd all with dust,
And from the towers of Troy there would appear
The very eyes of men through loopholes[1383] thrust,
Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust:[1384]
Such sweet observance[1385] in this work was had
That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty
You might behold, triumphing in their faces.
In youth, quick[1389] bearing and dexterity.
And here and there the painter interlaces[1390]
Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces,
Which heartless peasants did so well resemble
That one would swear he saw them quake and tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses,[1394] O, what art
Of physiognomy[1395] might one behold!
The face of either ciphered[1396] either’s heart.
Their face their manners most expressly told:
In Ajax’ eyes blunt[1398] rage and rigour rolled,
But the mild glance that sly[1399] Ulysses lent
Showed deep regard[1400] and smiling government.

There pleading[1401] might you see grave Nestor stand,
As ’twere encouraging the Greeks to fight,
Making such sober action[1403] with his hand,
That it beguiled[1404] attention, charmed the sight.

In speech, it seemed, his beard, all silver white,
Wagged up and down and from his lips did fly
Thin winding breath which purled[1407] up to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,
Which seemed to swallow up his sound advice,
All jointly list’ning, but with several graces,[1410]
As if some mermaid did their ears entice,
Some high, some low — the painter was so nice.[1412]
The scalps of many, almost hid behind,
To jump up higher seemed, to mock the mind.[1414]

Here one man’s hand leaned on another’s head,
His nose being shadowed by his neighbour’s ear.
Here one, being thronged,[1417] bears back, all boll’n and red.
Another smothered seems to pelt[1418] and swear,
And in their rage such signs of rage they bear
As, but[1420] for loss of Nestor’s golden words,
It seemed they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there:
Conceit deceitful,[1423] so compact, so kind,
That for[1424] Achilles’ image stood his spear,
Gripped in an armèd hand, himself behind
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind:
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head
Stood for the whole to be imaginèd.

And from the walls of strong besiegèd Troy,
When their brave hope, bold Hector,[1430] marched to field,
Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy
To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield,
And to their hope they such[1433] odd action yield
That through their light joy seemèd to appear,
Like bright things stained, a kind of heavy fear.

And from the strand of Dardan,[1436] where they fought,
To Simois’[1437] reedy banks the red blood ran,
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought
With swelling ridges[1439] and their ranks began
To break upon the gallèd[1440] shore and then
Retire again, till, meeting greater ranks,
They join and shoot their foam at Simois’ banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
To find a face where all distress is stelled.[1444]
Many she sees where cares have carvèd some,[1445]
But none where all distress and dolour[1446] dwelled
Till she despairing Hecuba[1447] beheld,
Staring on Priam’s wounds, with her old eyes,
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus’ proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomized[1450]
Time’s ruin, beauty’s wrack and grim care’s reign.
Her cheeks with chaps[1452] and wrinkles were disguised:
Of what she was[1453] no semblance did remain.
Her blue[1454] blood changed to black in every vein,
Wanting the spring[1455] that those shrunk pipes had fed,
Showed life imprisoned in a body dead.

On this sad shadow[1457] Lucrece spends her eyes
And shapes her sorrow to the beldame’s[1458] woes,
Who nothing wants[1459] to answer her but cries
And bitter words to ban[1460] her cruel foes.
The[1461] painter was no god to lend her those,
And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong
To give her so much grief and not a tongue.

‘Poor instrument,’ quoth she, ‘without a sound,
I’ll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue,
And drop sweet balm in Priam’s painted wound,
And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong,

And with my tears quench Troy that burns so long,
And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes
Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

‘Show me the strumpet[1471] that began this stir,
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.
Thy heat of lust, fond[1473] Paris, did incur
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear.
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here,
And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,
The sire, the son, the dame,[1477] and daughter die.

‘Why should the private pleasure of some one
Become the public plague of many moe?[1479]
Let sin, alone committed, light[1480] alone
Upon his head that hath transgressèd so.
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe.
For one’s offence why should so many fall,
To plague[1484] a private sin in general?

‘Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus[1486] swoons,
Here friend by friend in bloody channel[1487] lies,
And friend to friend gives unadvisèd[1488] wounds,
And one man’s lust these many lives confounds.
Had doting[1490] Priam checked his son’s desire,
Troy had been bright with fame and not with fire.’

Here feelingly she weeps Troy’s painted woes,
For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes;[1494]
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell.[1495]
So Lucrece, set a-work,[1496] sad tales doth tell
To pencilled[1497] pensiveness and coloured sorrow:
She lends them words and she their looks doth borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting round,
And whom she finds forlorn she doth lament.
At last she sees a[1501] wretched image bound,
That piteous[1502] looks to Phrygian shepherds lent.
His face, though full of cares, yet showed content.
Onward to Troy with the blunt swains[1504] he goes,
So mild, that patience seemed to scorn his woes.

In him the painter laboured with his skill
To hide deceit and give the harmless show[1507]
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,[1508]
A brow unbent[1509] that seemed to welcome woe,
Cheeks neither red nor pale, but mingled so
That blushing red no guilty instance[1511] gave,
Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmèd devil,
He entertained a show[1514] so seeming just,
And therein so ensconced[1515] his secret evil,
That jealousy itself could not mistrust
False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust
Into so bright a day such black-faced storms
Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skilled workman[1520] this mild image drew
For perjured Sinon whose enchanting[1521] story
The credulous old Priam after slew,
Whose words like wildfire[1523] burnt the shining glory
Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,
And little stars shot from their fixèd places,
When their glass[1526] fell wherein they viewed their faces.

This picture she advisedly[1527] perused
And chid the painter for his wondrous skill,
Saying, some[1529] shape in Sinon's was abused:
So fair a form lodged not a mind so ill.

And still on him she gazed, and gazing still,
        Such signs of truth in his plain[1532] face she spied
        That she concludes the picture was belied.[1533]

‘It cannot be,’ quoth she, ‘that so much guile’ —
She would have said ‘can lurk in such a look,’
But Tarquin’s shape came in her mind the while
And from her tongue ‘can lurk’ from ‘cannot’ took.
‘It cannot be’ she in that sense forsook
        And turned it[1539] thus, ‘It cannot be, I find,
        But[1540] such a face should bear a wicked mind.

‘For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,
So sober-sad, so weary and so mild,
As if with grief or travail[1543] he had fainted,
To me came Tarquin armèd to beguild[1544]
With outward honesty but yet defiled
        With inward vice: as Priam him[1546] did cherish,
        So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish.

‘Look, look, how list’ning Priam wets his eyes
To see those borrowed tears that Sinon sheds!
Priam, why art thou old and yet not wise?
For every tear he falls[1551] a Trojan bleeds:
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds.
        Those round clear pearls of his that move thy pity
        Are balls[1554] of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

‘Such devils steal effects[1555] from lightless hell,
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold
And in that cold hot-burning fire doth dwell.
These contraries such unity do hold
Only to flatter fools and make them bold:
        So Priam’s trust false Sinon’s tears doth flatter,
        That he finds means to burn his Troy with water.’

Here, all enraged, such passion her assails
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.
She tears the senseless[1564] Sinon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy[1565] guest
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest.
At last she smilingly with this gives o’er:[1567]
‘Fool, fool!’ quoth she, ‘His wounds will not be sore.’

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,
And time doth weary time with her complaining.
She looks for night and then she longs for morrow,
And both she thinks too long with her remaining.
Short time seems long in[1573] sorrow’s sharp sustaining:
Though woe be heavy,[1574] yet it seldom sleeps,
And they that watch[1575] see time how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipped[1576] her thought
That she with painted images hath spent,
Being from[1578] the feeling of her own grief brought
By deep surmise of others’ detriment,[1579]
Losing her woes in shows[1580] of discontent.
It easeth some, though none it ever cured,
To think their dolour others have endured.

But now the mindful[1583] messenger come back
Brings home his lord and other company,
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black,
And round about her tear-distainèd[1586] eye
Blue circles streamed,[1587] like rainbows in the sky.
These water-galls[1588] in her dim element
Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,
Amazedly in her sad face he stares.
Her eyes, though sod[1592] in tears, looked red and raw,
Her lively colour killed with deadly cares.

He hath no power to ask her how she fares.
Both stood, like old acquaintance in a trance,
Met far from home, wond’ring each other’s chance.[1596]

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand
And thus begins: ‘What uncouth[1598] ill event
Hath thee befall’n, that thou dost trembling stand?
Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent?
Why art thou thus attired in discontent?[1601]
Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness
And tell thy grief, that we may give redress.’

Three times with sighs[1604] she gives her sorrow fire,
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe.
At length addressed[1606] to answer his desire,
She modestly prepares to let them know
Her honour is ta’en prisoner by the foe,
While Collatine and his consorted[1609] lords
With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan[1611] in her wat’ry nest
Begins the sad dirge[1612] of her certain ending:
‘Few words,’ quoth she, ‘shall fit the trespass best,
Where no excuse can give the fault amending.
In me more woes than words are now depending,[1615]
And my laments would be drawn out too long
To tell them all with one poor tirèd tongue.

‘Then be this all the task it hath to say:
Dear husband, in[1619] the interest of thy bed
A stranger came and on that pillow lay
Where thou was wont[1621] to rest thy weary head,
And what wrong else may be imaginèd
By foul enforcement might be done to me,
From that, alas, thy Lucrece is not free.

‘For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight
With shining falchion[1626] in my chamber came
A creeping creature with a flaming light
And softly cried, “Awake, thou Roman dame,
And entertain[1629] my love, else lasting shame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my love’s desire do contradict.

“ ‘For some hard-favoured groom[1632] of thine,” quoth he,
“Unless thou yoke thy liking[1633] to my will,
I’ll murder straight and then I’ll slaughter thee
And swear I found you where you did fulfil
The loathsome act of lust and so did kill
The lechers in their deed: this act will be
My fame and thy perpetual infamy.”

‘With this I did begin to start and cry,
And then against my heart he sets his sword,
Swearing, unless I took all patiently,
I should not live to speak another word.
So should my shame still[1643] rest upon record
And never be forgot in mighty Rome
Th’adulterate[1645] death of Lucrece and her groom.

‘Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
And far the weaker with so strong a fear.
My bloody[1648] judge forbade my tongue to speak,
No rightful plea might plead for justice there.
His scarlet[1650] lust came evidence to swear
That my poor beauty had purloined[1651] his eyes,
And when the judge is robbed the prisoner dies.

‘O, teach me how to make mine own excuse,
Or at the least this refuge let me find:
Though my gross[1655] blood be stained with this abuse,
Immaculate and spotless is my mind:

That was not forced, that never was inclined
To accessary yieldings,[1658] but still pure
Doth in her poisoned closet[1659] yet endure.’

Lo, here, the hopeless merchant[1660] of this loss,
With head declined,[1661] and voice dammed up with woe,
With sad set eyes and wretched arms across,[1662]
From lips new-waxen[1663] pale begins to blow
The grief away that stops his answer so.
But, wretched as he is, he strives in vain:
What[1666] he breathes out his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide
Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste,
Yet in the eddy[1669] boundeth in his pride
Back to the strait[1670] that forced him on so fast,
In rage sent out, recalled in rage, being past:
Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,[1672]
To push grief on and back the same grief draw.

Which speechless woe of his poor she attendeth,[1674]
And his untimely frenzy[1675] thus awaketh:
‘Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
Another power,[1677] no flood by raining slaketh.
My woe too sensible[1678] thy passion maketh
More feeling-painful. Let it then suffice
To drown on[1680] woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

‘And for my sake, when I might charm thee so,
For she that was thy Lucrece, now attend[1682] me:
Be suddenly[1683] revengèd on my foe,
Thine,[1684] mine, his own. Suppose thou dost defend me
From what is past. The help that thou shalt lend me
Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die,
For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

‘But ere I name him, you fair lords,’ quoth she,
Speaking to those that came with Collatine,
‘Shall plight[1690] your honourable faiths to me,
With swift pursuit to venge[1691] this wrong of mine,
For ’tis a meritorious fair design
To chase injustice with revengeful arms:
Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies’ harms.’

At this request, with noble disposition
Each present lord began to promise aid,
As bound in knighthood to her imposition,[1697]
Longing to hear the hateful foe bewrayed.[1698]
But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,[1699]
The protestation[1700] stops. ‘O, speak,’ quoth she,
‘How may this forcèd stain be wiped from me?

‘What is the quality[1702] of my offence,
Being constrained with dreadful circumstance?
May my pure mind with[1704] the foul act dispense,
My low-declinèd honour to advance?[1705]
May any terms[1706] acquit me from this chance?
The poisoned fountain clears itself again,
And why not I from this compellèd stain?’

With this, they all at once began to say,
Her body’s stain her mind untainted clears,
While with a joyless smile she turns away
The face, that map which deep impression bears
Of hard misfortune, carved in it with tears.
‘No, no,’ quoth she, ‘no[1714] dame, hereafter living,
By my excuse shall claim excuse’s giving.’

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,
She throws forth Tarquin’s name. ‘He, he,’ she says,
But more than ‘he’ her poor tongue could not speak,
Till after many accents and delays,

Untimely[1720] breathings, sick and short assays,
She utters this, ‘He, he, fair lords, ’tis he,
That guides this hand to give this wound to me.’

Even here she sheathèd in her harmless breast
A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheathed.
That blow did bail[1725] it from the deep unrest
Of that polluted prison[1726] where it breathed.
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeathed
Her wingèd sprite,[1728] and through her wounds doth fly
Life’s[1729] lasting date from cancelled destiny.

Stone-still, astonished with this deadly deed,
Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew,[1731]
Till Lucrece’ father, that beholds her bleed,
Himself on her self-slaughtered body threw,
And from the purple fountain Brutus[1734] drew
The murd’rous knife and, as it left the place,
Her blood, in poor revenge, held[1736] it in chase,

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide
In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
Circles her body in on every side,
Who, like a late-sacked[1740] island, vastly stood
Bare and unpeopled in this fearful flood.
Some of her blood still pure and red remained,
And some looked black and that false Tarquin stained.

About the mourning and congealèd face
Of that black blood a wat’ry rigol[1745] goes,
Which seems to weep upon the tainted place,
And ever since, as pitying Lucrece’ woes,
Corrupted blood some watery token shows,
And blood untainted still doth red abide,
Blushing at that which is so putrefied.

‘Daughter, dear daughter,’ old Lucretius[1751] cries,
‘That life was mine which thou hast here deprived.
If in the child the father’s image lies,
Where shall I live now Lucrece is unlived?
Thou wast not to this end from me derived.
If children predecease progenitors,[1756]
We are their offspring and they none of ours.

‘Poor broken glass,[1758] I often did behold
In thy sweet semblance my old age new born,
But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,
Shows me a bare-boned death by time outworn.
O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn,
And shivered[1763] all the beauty of my glass,
That I no more can see what once I was.

‘O time, cease thou thy course and last no longer,
If they surcease[1766] to be that should survive.
Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger
And leave the falt’ring feeble souls alive?
The old bees die, the young possess their hive.
Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again and see
Thy father die and not thy father thee.’

By this, starts Collatine as from a dream
And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place,[1773]
And then in key-cold[1774] Lucrece’ bleeding stream
He falls and bathes the pale fear in his face,
And counterfeits[1776] to die with her a space,
Till manly shame bids him possess his breath
And live to be revengèd on her death.

The deep vexation[1779] of his inward soul
Hath served a dumb arrest upon his tongue,
Who, mad that sorrow should his use control,
Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,

Begins to talk, but through his lips do throng
Weak words, so thick come[1784] in his poor heart’s aid,
That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime ‘Tarquin’ was pronouncèd plain,
But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.
This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
Held back his sorrow’s tide, to make it more.
At last it rains and busy winds give o’er.[1790]
Then son and father weep with equal strife[1791]
Who should weep most, for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.
The father says, ‘She’s mine’. ‘O, mine she is,’
Replies her husband. ‘Do not take away
My sorrow’s interest,[1797] let no mourner say
He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
And only must be wailed by Collatine.’

‘O,’ quoth Lucretius, ‘I did give that life
Which she too early and too late hath spilled.’
‘Woe, woe,’ quoth Collatine, ‘she was my wife,
I owed[1803] her and ’tis mine that she hath killed.’
‘My daughter’ and ‘my wife’ with clamours filled
The dispersed[1805] air, who, holding Lucrece’ life,
Answered their cries, ‘my daughter’ and ‘my wife’.

Brutus,[1807] who plucked the knife from Lucrece’ side,
Seeing such emulation[1808] in their woe,
Began to clothe his wit[1809] in state and pride,
Burying in Lucrece’ wound his folly’s show.[1810]
He with the Romans was esteemèd so
As silly-jeering idiots are with kings,
For sportive words and utt’ring foolish things,

But now he throws that shallow habit[1814] by,
Wherein deep policy[1815] did him disguise,
And armed his long-hid wits advisedly,
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.
'Thou wrongèd lord of Rome,' quoth he, 'arise!
Let my unsounded[1819] self, supposed a fool,
Now set thy long-experienced wit to school.

'Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe?
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds?
Is it revenge to give thyself a blow
For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?
Such childish humour[1825] from weak minds proceeds.
Thy wretched[1826] wife mistook the matter so,
To slay herself that should have slain her foe.

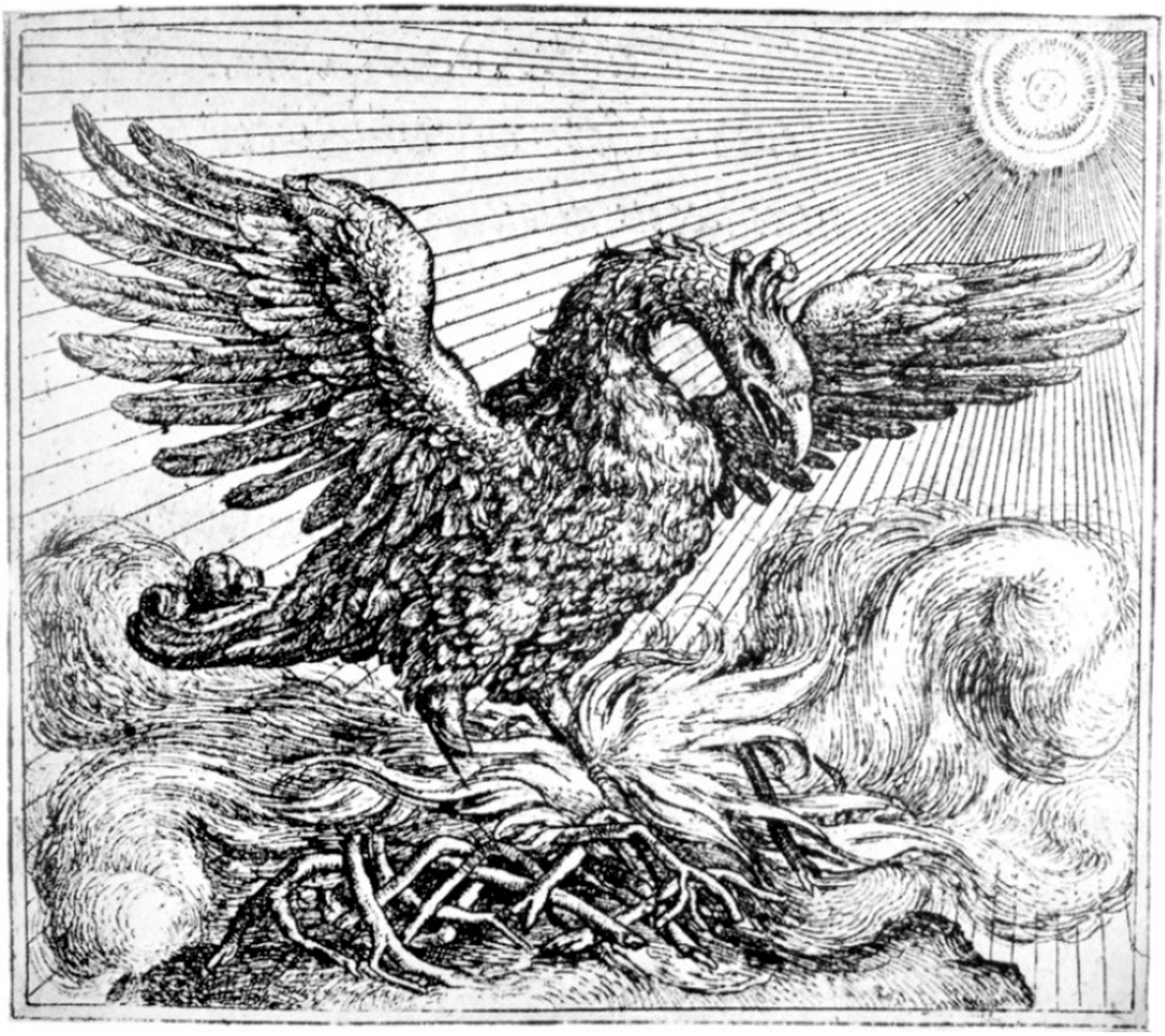
'Courageous Roman, do not steep[1828] thy heart
In such relenting[1829] dew of lamentations,
But kneel with me and help to bear thy part
To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,[1831]
That they will suffer[1832] these abominations —
Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgraced —
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chased.

'Now, by the Capitol[1835] that we adore,
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stained,
By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat[1837] earth's store,
By all our country rights in Rome maintained,
And by chaste Lucrece' soul that late complained
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife
We will revenge the death of this true wife.'

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,
And kissed the fatal knife, to end his vow,
And to his protestation[1844] urged the rest,
Who, wond'ring[1845] at him, did his words allow.

Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow,
And that deep vow, which Brutus made before,
He doth again repeat and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advisèd doom,[1849]
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence,
To show her bleeding body thorough[1851] Rome,
And so to publish Tarquin’s foul offence;
Which being done with speedy diligence,
The Romans plausibly[1854] did give consent
To Tarquin’s everlasting banishment.



The Phoenix: mythical bird that is the only one of its kind, perpetually regenerating itself from its own ashes, sometimes serving in the period as an image of Queen Elizabeth, but perhaps also suggesting the regenerative power of poetic art.

Dedication love loyalty and respect (though of course the word can signify a more personal affection also) **pamphlet** short publication (a modest way of referring to this longer work) **without beginning** *Lucrece* begins *in medias res* (in the middle of the story) **moiety** small part **warrant** assurance/guarantee (possibly suggesting that Shakespeare had been rewarded for *Venus and Adonis*) **What…done** i.e., *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece* **what…do** future work **being** you being **my…greater** i.e., I would have been able to produce a greater poem **ARGUMENT** summary, plot outline **Lucius Tarquinius** last King of Rome (reigned 535–510 BC) **Superbus** "proud" (Latin) **Servius Tullius** sixth king of Rome (reigned 578–535 BC), killed when his daughter, Tullia, drove her chariot over him **requiring or staying** asking or waiting **suffrages** votes **Ardea** a city of the Latin Rutuli people, about twenty-five miles south of Rome **humour** mood **posted** rode with speed **make trial of** test **avouched** asserted **several disports** various amusements (sexual connotations) **privily** secretly **according…estate** in accordance with his status **Collatium** Collatia, a town ten miles northeast of Rome **ravished** raped **habit** clothing **actor** culprit **dealing** conduct (with grim play on sense of "copulation") **withal** with that **wherewith** at which

1 **post** haste

2 **trustless** untrustworthy **false** treacherous

3 **Lust-breathèd** inspired by or well-exercised in lust **host** army

4 **lightless** smoldering, giving no light

5 **aspire** rise, break into flames (perhaps with connotations of penile erection)

6 **girdle** encircle, embrace

8 **Haply** perhaps, by chance **unhapp'ly** unhappily/by mischance

9 **bateless** impossible to blunt **keen** sharp/eager

10 **let** cease, stint

11 **red and white** i.e., of her complexion

12 **triumphed…delight** i.e., shone triumphantly in her face

13 **mortal stars** i.e., Lucrece's eyes

14 **aspects** glances/astral positions (which, according to astrology, influenced human affairs) **peculiar duties** expressions of deference that were exclusive to him

19 **proud rate** glorious price

20 **espousèd** married/attached to

21 **But** but neither **peerless** unequaled, incomparable

22 **of** by

23 **done** over, destroyed

25 **Against** exposed to

26 **expired…begun** period which has run out, rendered void before properly started

28 **fortressed** defended

29 **of** in

31 **apology** argument, justification

32 **singular** notable, eminent/exceptional, oustanding

33 **publisher** publicizer

36 **Perchance** perhaps **sov'reignty** preeminence

37 **Suggested** tempted, incited **proud** arrogant (plays on sense of "sexually desirous") **issue** offspring

40 **Braving compare** defying comparison

41 **high-pitched** proud, ambitious **meaner** lesser, lower ranking **vaunt** brag, boast of

42 **hap** fortune **want** lack/desire

43 **untimely** inopportune

44 **all-too-timeless** over hasty

45 **state** high status

46 **with…intent** determined to act swiftly

47 **liver** considered the seat of the passions, especially sexual desire

48 **heat** lust

49 **still blasts** always withers

53 **underprop** support, maintain

55 **despite** spite

57 **in…intitulèd** entitled to that white

58 **Venus' doves** the goddess of love had a chariot drawn by white doves **fair** pale, white **field** battlefield/surface of a shield on which the heraldic device is displayed (i.e., Lucrece's face)

59 **Virtue…red** i.e., as red is the color of modest blushes

60 **golden age** mythical first age of perfection and happiness **gild** tinge with gold or red

61 **shield** protection/insignia
63 **assailed** attacked **fence** defend
64 **heraldry** heraldic symbolism
65 **Argued** (disputed over and) demonstrated
67 **world's minority** the beginnings of time
68 **still** constantly
70 **seat** throne
73 **traitor eye encloses** treacherous gaze is surrounded
77 **in** over
79 **niggard prodigal** i.e., both inadequate, yet unwisely lavish in her praises
82 **doth owe** has yet to pay
83 **answers** makes good, pays **surmise** conjecture, imagination
84 **still-gazing** gazing uninterruptedly
88 **limed** caught with birdlime, a sticky substance smeared on branches **secret** deceptive, containing a trap
89 **securely** unsuspectingly **cheer** welcome, hospitable entertainment
90 **reverend** respectful
92 **that** i.e., his **inward will coloured** concealed
93 **pleats** folds (of cloth as if his **majesty** were a cloak)
94 **That** so that **inordinate** irregular, out of the ordinary
97 **so…store** feels so deprived despite having so much
98 **pineth** starves/yearns
99 **coped** encountered (literally, fought/embraced sexually) **stranger** a stranger's
100 **parling** speaking/negotiating (military term)
101 **subtle shining secrecies** sly secret thoughts that gleamed in his eyes
102 **margents** margins
103 **touched no** sensed, guessed at/had nothing to do with (plays on sense of "had no sexual contact with")
104 **moralize** interpret **wanton sight** lascivious gaze
105 **More…light** other than to note that his eyes gleamed in the light
106 **stories** relates
108 **decks** adorns
110 **bruisèd arms** dented armor
111 **heaved-up** raised
112 **greets** i.e., thanks

116 **fair** clear, cloud-free **welkin** sky, i.e., face
117 **sable** black
119 **vaulty** cellarlike/having an arched roof **stows** stores
121 **Intending** pretending **heavy spright** sleepy spirits
122 **questionèd** conversed
123 **wore out** passed
125 **to…betake** goes to bed
126 **cares** troubles, anxiety
127 **revolving** turning over in his mind
128 **sundry** various **of…obtaining** involved in achieving his sexual desires
130 **weak-built hopes** little expectation of success
131 **traffic…gaining** often trades dishonestly for profit
132 **treasure** quibbles on sense of “vagina” **meed** reward
133 **adjunct** the consequence **supposed** anticipated, thought of
134 **fond** foolish/infatuated with
135 **that…bond** i.e., they waste what they do have in an attempt to get what they do not
137 **hoping** hoping for
139 **surfeit** overindulge and become ill **sustain** suffer
144 **one…gage** i.e., we’re willing to stake everything
145 **As** such as **fell** fierce, savage
148 **ventr’ing ill** undertaking a foolish risk/venturing to commit a sin **leave** cease
149 **expect** hope for
150 **infirmity** weakness
151 **defect** insufficiency
153 **wit** sense, intelligence
154 **augmenting** i.e., seeking to augment
155 **hazard** a risk, gamble **doting** foolish/infatuated
157 **forsake** abandon
160 **confounds** defeats, overthrows
164 **comfortable** comforting
165 **death-boding cries** animal noises which foretold death; the sounds of owls and wolves were considered ill omens
166 **season** time **surprise** attack suddenly
167 **silly** defenseless

170 **mantle** cloak **rudely** roughly
174 **betake…retire** withdraw
175 **rude** violent/uncivilized/unruly
176 **falchion** curved sword **smiteth** strikes
179 **lodestar** guiding light
180 **advisedly** deliberately
183 **premeditate** ponder upon, anticipate
188 **His…lust** his poor defense of his intentions, namely lust, which is always destroyed upon being satisfied
189 **justly** rightfully, rationally
192 **unhallowed** wicked, unholy
196 **weed** garment
198 **grave** memorial tomb, i.e., the future reputation of his family
200 **soft** unmanly, effeminate **fancy's** desire's
201 **still** always
202 **digression** moral deviation
205 **golden coat** royal coat of arms
206 **loathsome dash** mark of dishonor in the coat of arms
207 **cipher me** express, symbolize **fondly** foolishly/infatuatedly **did dote** was infatuated/behaved madly
208 **note** mark, sign
209 **hold it for** consider it
212 **froth** perhaps with connotations of semen
214 **toy** trifle
217 **straight** immediately
220 **Post** hasten
221 **engirt** surrounded
222 **blur** blemish
224 **ever-during** everlasting
225 **invention** imagination, ingenuity
228 **eyes…light** eyes were thought to see by emitting beams of light
229 **doth still exceed** is even greater
230 **fly** flee
232 **sire** father
235 **work upon** strive to persuade/have sex with
236 **quittal** requital, payment

239 **fact** crime

241 **not her own** i.e., she is married

243 **will** intention/sexual desire (could also mean “penis”) **past…removing** beyond the power of reason to dissuade

244 **Who** he who **sentence** moral maxim **saw** saying

245 **painted cloth** wall-hanging depicting scenes from moral or biblical tales (a cheaper substitute for tapestries)

246 **graceless** merciless/impious **disputation** debate

248 **makes dispensation** dispenses

249 **for vantage still** constantly to advantage

250 **confound** destroy, overthrow

251 **effects** influences

253 **Quoth** said

255 **hard** bad

258 **lawn** fine linen

259 **took** having been taken

261 **it** i.e., Tarquin’s hand

262 **Which** refers to her **fear it** i.e., Lucrece’s hand

265 **Narcissus** in Greek mythology, a beautiful young man who fell in love with his own reflection in a pool; in some versions of the tale he drowned attempting to embrace himself

267 **colour** pretext

269 **Poor…abuses** worthless, lowly people feel remorse for their trivial misdemeanors

271 **Affection** passion, lust

272 **gaudy** brightly colored

273 **The coward** i.e., even the coward **dismayed** discouraged, over come with fear

274 **avaunt** begone **Debating, die!** Let debate cease!

276 **countermand** revoke a command from

277 **Sad** serious **beseems** suit, befit

280 **sinking** perhaps, bearing in mind the vaginal connotations of **treasure,** plays on sense of “sexual penetration”

281 **heedful** mindful, wary

282 **unresisted** irresistible

284 **fond mistrust** foolish doubt

285 **servitors** attendants

286 **cross** thwart **opposite persuasion** conflicting advice

287 **league** alliance

290 **confounds his wits** overthrows his reason

291 **as more divine** since it's more clear-sighted and rational

292 **view** sight/judgment **incline** be disposed

293 **seeks** applies, looks for support

295 **heartens up** encourages **servile powers** inferior faculties, base instincts **powers** faculties/troops

296 **jocund** cheerful

297 **Stuff up** bolster, fill out (with suggestions of penile erection)

298 **pride** plays on sense of "sexual arousal, erection"

300 **reprobate** depraved, morally corrupt

302 **chamber** plays on sense of "vagina" **will** plays on sense of "penis"

303 **retires his ward** withdraws its guard

304 **rate his ill** reprove his wickedness (by squeaking)

305 **regard** caution

306 **The…heard** in order to have him discovered, the door makes a grating noise as it opens across the threshold

307 **weasels** sometimes kept by households for the purposes of rat-catching

309 **portal** door (along with **vents and crannies** continues the vaginal imagery)

311 **stay** stop

313 **conduct** guide **case** matter (plays on sense of "vagina")

317 **glove…needle** continuing the sexually suggestive language; both nouns were euphemisms for "vagina" (**needle** due to its eye)

318 **rushes** conventionally strewn over floors

320 **who should** one who might **wanton tricks** sex

321 **inured** accustomed

322 **ornaments** accessories

324 **consters** construes, explains **denial** hindrance, refusals

326 **of trial** designed to test him

327 **bars** divisions on a clock face

328 **let** hinder

330 **attend** accompany

331 **threat** threaten

332 **a more** greater **prime** spring

333 **sneapèd** pinched with cold

334 **income** entrance fee/beginning

335 **shelves** sandbanks

338 **heaven** sexual bliss **thought** imagination

340 **thing** plays on sense of “vagina”

341 **from** far from, unlike **wrought** fashioned, made him

346 **foul** sinful/dirty (to contrast with **fair**) **compass** obtain/embrace

347 **And they** and that the **heavens auspicious** favorable

348 **starts** flinches, recoils

350 **act** deed/sexual act

354 **cleared** cleaned/declared legally innocent **absolution** forgiveness of sins (not necessarily in a religious context)

355 **hath dissolution** dissolves

356 **eye of heaven** i.e., the moon **out** extinguished, in darkness

359 **knee…wide** an action that anticipates the rape itself

360 **fast** soundly

361 **works** plays on sense of “copulates”

362 **Who** whoever

364 **mortal** deadly **sting** phallic connotations

365 **stalks** walks stealthily

367 **curtains** bed curtains **close** closed

369 **high treason** extreme treachery/betrayal of the sovereign, i.e., Tarquin himself

370 **watchword** signal to begin an attack **full** very

371 **draw the cloud** open the bed curtains (another symbolic anticipation of the rape) **moon** symbol of chastity

372 **as** just as, in the same way that

373 **bereaves** robs, deprives (us of)

375 **wink** close

376 **bright** brightly

378 **enclosed** closed

379 **darksome prison** i.e., behind his eyelids

380 **period** end

382 **clear** innocent, unsullied/bright

383 **ope** open **league** alliance, i.e., Collatine and Lucrece’s marriage

387 **Coz'ning** cheating

388 **in sunder** in two

389 **Swelling** i.e., as if in anger (possible phallic connotations and suggestion of sexual frustration) **to want his** at the lack of its

391 **virtuous monument** effigy of a virtuous wife on a tomb; such a figure was commonly presented asleep beside her husband with her head on a pillow

392 **of** by **lewd** ignorant/lascivious/wicked **unhallowed** impious, sinful

393 **Without** outside

397 **marigolds…light** these daisy-like flowers close up their petals at night

402 **map** picture

403 **life's mortality** human life

404 **Each** i.e., life and death

405 **twain** two

408 **maiden** chaste, faithful to her husband

409 **bearing yoke** i.e., weight of a man during sex

417 **will** lust **tired** exhausted/feed greedily

419 **azure** bright blue **alabaster** white substance used, among other things, in the making of funeral monuments

421 **grim** fierce, savage

423 **stay** linger, pause

424 **qualified** moderated

425 **Slaked** lessened

426 **late** a moment ago

427 **uproar** insurrection, outbreak of disorder

428 **straggling slaves** lowly, contemptible soldiers **pillage** plunder, stealing from the defeated enemy

429 **Obdurate** hard-hearted **vassals** slaves, inferiors **fell** fierce, cruel **effecting** carrying out

430 **ravishment** rape

431 **Nor…nor** neither…nor **respecting** considering, heeding

432 **pride** arrogance/sexual desire; Tarquin is getting an erection **onset** military/sexual assault

433 **Anon** at once **alarum** a call to arms (signaled on a drum)

434 **charge** order for attack in which troops bear down on an opposing force **do their liking** do as they please/have sex

435 **cheers up** encourages

436 **commends** commits, entrusts

438 **make his stand** take up position (prior to attack); possible quibble on sense of “penile erection”

440 **scale** mount, ascend/attack with ladders

442 **must’ring** assembling in preparation for battle **cabinet** private room, i.e., mind/heart

444 **beset** surrounded, besieged

451 **ghastly** terrifying/ghostly, pale **sprite** spirit

452 **grim aspect** stern appearance

453 **taking** situation/agitation

454 **heedfully** attentively

455 **supposèd** imagined

458 **winking** with eyes closed/blinking rapidly

459 **Quick-shifting** rapidly moving, changing **antics** grotesque figures

460 **shadows** illusions **forgeries** fictions, inventions

462 **daunts** subdues, overwhelms

464 **ram** battering ram

465 **citizen** i.e., of Lucrece’s besieged body

466 **Wounding…death** i.e., with furious pounding against her rib cage

467 **bulk** body **that** so that **withal** with it

469 **breach** gap in fortifications caused by a sustained bombardment (a vaginal image)

471 **parley** trumpet summons to negotiation with the enemy **heartless** disheartened, lacking courage

473 **alarm** sudden attack

474 **by dumb demeanour** silent expression

475 **urgeth** asks repeatedly

476 **colour** pretext/military insignia

480 **loving tale** tale of love

484 **chide** scold, rebuke

486 **will** purpose/sexual desire/penis **abide** endure/await

488 **Which** refers to his **will**

490 **newly bred** revived once more (erectile connotations)

491 **crosses** troubles, afflictions

493 **think the honey** know that such sexual sweets are

494 **counsel** deliberation/prudence

496 **Only he hath** he solely has

502 **ensue** follow

504 **infamy** shame, disgrace

505 **shakes** brandishes **Roman blade** phallic connotations

506 **falcon** puns on **falchion**

507 **Coucheth** causes to hide

508 **Whose** refers to the falcon **mount** flies up

509 **insulting** insolent, scornful **falchion** curved sword

511 **bells** attached to straps around the legs of birds that were being trained

513 **deny** refuse

514 **destroy** kill

520 **mark** target, object

522 **blurred** tainted **nameless** having no legal right to a name (as the father is unknown)

523 **obloquy** disgrace

524 **trespass** sin, fault

526 **rest** remain **secret friend** lover

529 **For…enacted** is deemed permissible/becomes enshrined in law

530 **simple** herb or plant used for medicinal purposes **compacted** mixed

534 **Tender my suit** grant my request

535 **device** measure, contrivance/heraldic emblem

537 **wipe** mark (either from a blow or lash, or from the brand with which slaves were marked) **birth-hour's blot** a birthmark

538 **descried** observed

540 **cockatrice** basilisk (a mythical reptile whose gaze could kill); slang term for a prostitute

541 **rouseth up himself** with connotations of penile erection

543 **hind** female deer **gripe** vulture or griffin (a mythological creature, part-eagle, part-lion); plays on sense of the verb, i.e., “grip”

544 **Pleads** plays on the legal sense

545 **gentle** noble

546 **aught** anything

549 **doth get** is created

550 **pitchy** black **their biding** where they hang

551 **their present fall** i.e., the imminent storm

552 **unhallowed** wicked, profane
553 **Pluto** god of the classical underworld; he was notoriously ill-tempered but so charmed by **Orpheus**' musical skill that he allowed him to retrieve his wife, Eurydice, from the underworld as long as he refrained from looking at her as they made their way back; unfortunately, as she called to him, Orpheus turned around and she was lost again **winks** shuts his eyes
554 **dally** toy with her/delay
555 **holdfast** tenacious
556 **vulture folly** predatory madness
557 **gulf** stomach/appetite
558 **admits** allows to enter/acknowledges/concedes the validity of
559 **penetrable** i.e., really effective, moving **plaining** lamentation, complaints
560 **harden** with phallic connotations
565 **puts…place** does not pause in the usual places **period** full stop
566 **accent** speech
568 **conjures him by** appeals to him in the name of **Jove** supreme Roman god
569 **gentry** the quality of being a gentleman
570 **untimely** ill-timed, inopportune
571 **troth** loyalty, honesty, good faith
573 **borrowed** i.e., guest's **retire** return/military retreat
574 **stoop** yield, submit
576 **pretended** offered
577 **Mud** soil, muddy (an image suggestive of staining the vaginal **fountain** with semen)
578 **Mar** spoil **thing** may play on sense of "vagina"
579 **aim** intention/marksman's aim **shoot** plays on sense of "ejaculation" **ended** completed and goal-achieving (plays on sense of "in the vagina")
580 **woodman** huntsman (plays on sense of "womanizer")
581 **strike** plays on sense of "have sex with/rape" **unseasonable** out of season
586 **heave** remove
587 **moved** emotionally affected/physically displaced
590 **wrack-threat'ning** shipwreck-threatening
597 **shape** appearance

602 **everything** i.e., including their passions

603 **be seeded** ripen, mature

605 **hope** expectation (of being **king**) **outrage** violence/rape

608 **vassal actors** low-born who perform such deeds

609 **hid in clay** buried, hidden

610 **for** out of

611 **happy** fortunate **still** always **feared** revered, held in awe

612 **With…prove** you will necessarily have to put up with sinful offenders because their actions match your own

614 **thy will remove** change your mind/abandon your intentions

615 **glass** mirror

618 **lectures** lessons

620 **warrant** authorization

621 **privilege** grant immunity to

622 **back'st** support **laud** praise

623 **bawd** pimp

624 **command** military authority/self-control

626 **iniquity** sin, injury to another

627 **brood** offspring (of iniquity)

628 **office** role and responsibilities

629 **patterned by** with the model of

636 **infamies** disgrace, shameful acts

637 **askance** turn aside

638 **heaved-up** raised

639 **relier** dependant/quality on which you depend

640 **exiled majesty's repeal** the return of the dignity and greatness you have banished from yourself

641 **flatt'ring** false, delusory

642 **respect** respectful consideration/dignity

643 **eyne** eyes

644 **state** regal status/condition

646 **swells** with phallic connotations **let** hindrance, obstruction

650 **salt sovereign** i.e., the sea

655 **blood** nobility/bloodline

657 **hearsed** buried, entombed

659 **these slaves** i.e., the petty ills

666 **vassals** subordinates owing allegiance

669 **coy** gentle

670 **despitefully** cruelly/contemptuously

671 **rascal groom** lowborn servingman

672 **doom** fate

677 **seized** fastened its claws upon; the Latin for “to seize” is *rapere*, the etymology of “to rape”

678 **white fleece** i.e., nightclothes **controlled** smothered

679 **fold** plays on sense of “sheep pen” (an image maintained by **pens**)

680 **nightly linen** bedclothes or perhaps a smock (though Elizabethans usually slept naked)

684 **prone** eager/horizontal/evilly disposed

685 **could weeping** if weeping could

689 **league** union

692 **rifled** plundered

694 **gorgèd** crammed with food

695 **Unapt** unready

696 **balk** refuse

698 **surfeit-taking** overindulging

701 **bottomless conceit** limitless imagining

702 **still imagination** silent thought

703 **receipt** what he has received

705 **pride** state of sexual arousal **exclamation** protest

707 **jade** worn out horse

710 **recreant** cowardly, faint-hearted

712 **The…proud** humanity being arrogant/the penis being erect

713 **there** i.e., in the **flesh revels** makes merry/has sex **when that decays** when such pleasures subside/when the erection is lost

714 **remission** pardon, release from debt

717 **doom** judgment, sentence

721 **spotted princess** i.e., Tarquin’s morally blemished soul

722 **subjects** i.e., will and passions

724 **mortal** deadly/human

725 **thrall** a slave

727 **prescience** foreknowledge **controllèd still** always (in theory) controlled

728 **But** i.e., but even

733 **spoil** sexual plunder (Lucrece); with connotations of damage **perplexed** afflicted

734 **load of lust** emotional burden and repercussions of his lust/semen

739 **desperate** in a state of spiritual hopelessness (thought to precede suicide)

740 **faintly flies** flees in a cowardly manner

741 **exclaiming on** blaming, crying out against

743 **heavy convertite** sad penitent

744 **castaway** one who has been abandoned

747 **scapes** moral transgressions, sins **open lay** disclose, reveal

749 **cunning brow** sly, crafty countenance

750 **think not but** can only think

752 **would…be** they wish to remain always in darkness

755 **grave** engrave (with connotations of death and burial)

761 **close** enclose

762 **spite** reproach, outrage

765 **register** record/registrar **notary** recorder

766 **Black stage** possibly refers to an Elizabethan practice of draping the stage with black for the performance of a tragedy, although the evidence for this is fairly slight **fell** savage, cruel

767 **chaos** the formless void from which the ordered universe emerged
blame blameworthiness, guilt

768 **defame** dishonor

770 **close-tongued** secretive/silent

773 **Muster** assemble for war

774 **proportioned…time** i.e., the regular passing of day and night (so that night may be prolonged to conceal shame)

776 **wonted** usual, customary

777 **Knit** draw closely together

778 **damps** fogs, mists **ravish** carry off by force (the word could also, of course, mean “rape”)

780 **life** life-giving properties

781 **arrive** arrive at **noontide prick** the dot of noon (marked on a sundial)

786 **silver-shining queen** i.e., the moon, symbol of chastity **distain** defile, dishonor/cause to look dim

787 **handmaids** i.e., the stars

791 **palmers** pilgrims who had been to the Holy Land, signified by the carrying of a palm leaf

793 **cross their arms** a conventional posture of grief

795 **pine** suffer

798 **wasting…moans** transitory memorials to permanent grief

799 **foul-reeking** “reeking” meant “steaming, smoking” in the period; sense of “smelling” was not yet active

805 **sepulchred** entombed

806 **object** a sight, spectacle

811 **cipher** read, decipher

812 **quote** observe, notice **my loathsome trespass** the vile shame done to me, the abhorrent breach of my person

815 **deck** adorn

816 **couple** link (plays on sense of “unite sexually”)

817 **Feast-finding minstrels** musicians looking for feasts at which to play and sing **tuning my defame** making a song about my dishonor

818 **tie** oblige

819 **I Collatine** i.e., how I wronged Collatine

820 **senseless reputation** reputation for lacking sensuality

822 **theme for disputation** subject of debate

823 **branches…root** i.e., Collatine’s family tree will be destroyed (**branches** plays on sense of “divisions of an argument”)

825 **clear** innocent **attaint** stain of dishonor

828 **Crest-wounding** damaging the family crest (may also suggest the pain of cuckoldry: the husband of an unfaithful wife was supposed to grow horns on his head)

830 **mot** motto

835 **bereft** stolen

836 **drone-like** the male honeybee is a nonworker whose function is to impregnate the queen bee

837 **perfection** i.e., honey

838 **injurious** damaging

841 **wrack** wreck, overthrow

842 **entertain him** receive him as a guest (Lucrece unwittingly plays on sense of “have sex with him”)

843 **put him back** refuse to receive him

844 **disdain** treat with contempt

848 **worm** cankerworm, a parasitic grub that destroyed plants (here symbolic of the penis)

849 **cuckoos** birds that lay their eggs in other birds’ nests

850 **founts** fountains **venom** toads were thought to be poisonous

851 **folly** lust **gentle** noble/benign

852 **behests** vows/commands

855 **coffers up** hoards in a chest

858 **still-pining** constantly tormented/always yearning/forever starving

Tantalus in Greek mythology, a king who stole from the gods and was condemned to stand in a pool below a fruit tree that remained just out of his reach

859 **barns** puts in a barn

864 **presently** immediately

874 **ill-annexèd Opportunity** circumstances (**opportunity**) that lend themselves to evil

875 **Or…or** either…or **quality** special character/excellence

877 **execut’st** carries out

878 **sets** places

879 **point’st** decides, appoints **season** time, occasion

880 **spurn’st** aims a kick at, rejects

881 **cell** small dwelling

883 **vestal** virgin

884 **temperance** moderation, self-restraint

885 **honesty** integrity/chastity **troth** loyalty, honesty, good faith

887 **laud** praise

889 **gall** bitterness/poison

892 **smoothing** flattering **ragged name** damaged or worthless reputation

893 **wormwood** a plant known for its bitter taste

894 **vanities** empty, worthless delights

897 **suppliant’s** petitioner’s

899 **sort** choose

901 **physic** medicine

902 **halt** limp

905 **pines** starves

907 **Advice** medical counsel **sporting** at play

910 **as their pages** like their personal servants

912 **crosses** obstacles

914 **gratis** freely **apaid** rewarded

916 **else** otherwise

917 **stayed** prevented

919 **subornation** inducing a person to commit an evil action

920 **shift** trickery, subterfuge

922 **inclination** nature, disposition

924 **general doom** the end of the world, Judgment Day

925 **copesmate** partner, accomplice/sexual partner

926 **post** messenger **carrier** bearer, messenger

928 **watch of woes** watchman who brings bad news **packhorse** horse used to carry heavy burdens

931 **since of** since you are guilty of

935 **date** period, duration

936 **office** duty **fine** finish/penalize, punish

937 **opinion** report, rumor

939 **contending** fighting, antagonistic

942 **sentinel** stand guard over

944 **ruinate** bring to ruin

949 **quills** large feathers

950 **springs** new growth, shoots

952 **Fortune's wheel** the Roman goddess Fortuna was conventionally depicted turning a wheel, which raised men up before casting them down

953 **beldame** grandmother/old woman

954 **a child** i.e., old

957 **the subtle** crafty people **in themselves beguiled** self-deluded/foiled by their own guile

958 **increaseful** productive, fruitful

959 **waste** erode, destroy

960 **mischief** wickedness

962 **retiring** returning

964 **Lending…lends** i.e., giving a poor decision-maker the wisdom of hindsight

967 **ceaseless lackey** constant servant (specifically, a footman who ran beside his master's carriage; **lackey** has connotations of obsequiousness)

968 **cross** thwart, obstruct
971 **ghastly** frightening/ghostly **lewd** wicked, unprincipled
974 **trances** states between sleep and waking/states of extreme dread
976 **bechance** befall
985 **orts** scraps, leftovers
986 **one…live** i.e., a beggar, dependent on charity
987 **Disdain…give** disdain to give him even the scraps from his own meal of leftovers **disdained** already scorned, despised
989 **to…resort** gather to mock him
992 **sport** entertainment/pleasure/sex
993 **unrecalling** irrevocable, that cannot be called back
994 **th'abusing** the misuse
996 **that** to whom
1001 **sland'rous deathsman** reviled executioner
1002 **coming** descending
1003 **hope** future prospects
1005 **begets him hate** generates hatred of him
1006 **waits on** accompanies/lies in wait for **state** status, high rank
1007 **presently** immediately
1009 **mire** mud
1011 **like** same thing
1013 **grooms** manservants
1016 **Out** expression of dismissal **idle** worthless
1017 **arbitrator** impartial person who decides the outcome of a dispute
1018 **skill-contending schools** competitive formal debates were a feature of life in schools and universities
1021 **force…straw** attach no significance to argument (straws were proverbially worthless)
1022 **case** plays on sense of "vagina"
1023 **rail** verbally abuse, rant
1025 **cavil** dispute, find fault
1026 **spurn** kick out at **confirmed despite** established shame
1029 **let…blood** bloodletting was a standard medical practice; Lucrece, however, has suicide in mind
1037 **betumbled couch** disordered, unmade bed/bed on which sex ("tumbling") had occurred

1039 **imparteth** provides

1041 **thronging** forcing its way

1042 **Aetna** Mount Etna, a volcano in Sicily **consumes** vanishes

1043 **fumes** smokes

1045 **hapless** unfortunate, luckless

1046 **falchion** curved sword

1050 **true type** honest name/authentic character

1053 **spot** moral blemish

1054 **badge…livery** i.e., Lucrece’s shame will be partly moderated by the fact that her death is honorable **livery** servant’s uniform on which a heraldic **badge** indicated which noble household the servant belonged to

1061 **flatter** lie to **infringèd** broken, violated

1062 **graff** new shoot grafted to mature plant or tree (Lucrece anticipates being pregnant)

1063 **stock** tree trunk/family

1067 **int’rest** legal title to property (i.e., right to Lucrece)

1070 **with…dispense** will never excuse my sin

1072 **attaint** infection, stain of dishonor

1073 **cleanly coined** cleverly forged

1074 **sable ground** black background (of a heraldic shield)

1075 **night’s** puns on “knight’s”

1077 **dale** valley

1079 **this** this time, now **Philomel** raped by Tereus, Philomel had her **tongue** cut out to prevent her naming him as the perpetrator; she revealed his identity by weaving an account of what had happened and was turned into a nightingale by the gods (Ovid tells the tale in *Metamorphoses*)

1084 **cloudy** sorrowful, darkened by misfortune

1089 **pry’st thou** do you peer, spy

1092 **do** do with

1094 **fond** foolish/mad, dazed **testy** irritable/aggressive, rash

1095 **wayward** willful, obstinate

1096 **mild** mildly, with patience

1097 **Continuance** continuity, habit

1100 **deep-drenchèd** deeply immersed/drowning

1103 **No…renews** everything she sees renews her grief

1104 **straight** straightaway

1109 **mirth…annoy** happiness probes the depths of injury (as if it were a doctor probing a wound)

1112 **feelingly sufficed** emotionally satisfied

1113 **with…sympathized** i.e., it meets with a corresponding emotion

1114 **ken** sight

1115 **pines** starves

1116 **salve** healing ointment

1117 **that** that which

1119 **bounding** forming a boundary

1120 **dallied** trifled with/delayed **nor law nor** neither law nor

1124 **restless** uneasy, troubled/without musical pauses **stops nor rests** hindrances or intervals (plays on the musical senses: a "stop" is "the closing of a finger hole in a wind instrument" and a "rest" is "an interval of silence during music")

1125 **brooks** tolerates

1126 **Relish** sing, warble/make pleasant **pleasing ears** i.e., listeners who are pleased

1127 **dumps** mournful songs

1129 **dishevelled** a conventional indicator of distress and here reminiscent of the recent rape

1130 **languishment** grief, suffering

1131 **strain will strain** melody will squeeze out

1132 **diapason** bass accompaniment below the melody

1133 **burden-wise** like a bass accompaniment (**burden** plays on sense of "heavy load")

1134 **Tereus** brother-in-law of **Philomel** who raped her and cut out her tongue **descants** sing the melodious accompaniment above the melody **better skill** with better skill than I

1135 **against…waking** in order to stay awake and sing of her sorrows all night, the nightingale supposedly rested her breast upon a sharp thorn

1139 **wink** shut

1140 **frets** ridges on stringed instruments to regulate fingering (plays on sense of "torments")

1142 **for** because

1143 **As shaming** as if ashamed that

1144 **desert** deserted place, wild, uninhabited region **seated…way** situated away from road or path

1147 **stern** cruel, merciless **kinds** natures

1149 **at gaze** bewildered

1151 **encompassed** surrounded

1155 **death reproach's debtor** suicide will incur reproach

1157 **But…pollution** to add the pollution of my soul (through suicide) to the pollution of my raped body

1159 **confusion** ruin, destruction

1160 **tries** tests

1164 **the…divine** the purity of my body made my soul divine/my body was pure, my soul divine

1165 **Whose…nearer** which did I love more

1170 **sacked** plundered, ravaged

1173 **Grossly engirt** flagrantly surrounded

1175 **blemished fort** damaged stronghold, i.e., her body

1182 **spent** shed/paid out (as a legacy)

1183 **testament** last will and testament

1186 **deprive** take away

1188 **fame** honor

1191 **dear jewel** chastity

1193 **resolution** determination, unwavering purpose

1195 **used** treated

1199 **to** i.e., I bequeath respectively to

1202 **confound** overthrow, destroy

1203 **disbursèd** paid out, given away

1205 **oversee** be legal executor of

1206 **overseen** deceived

1213 **brinish pearl** i.e., salty tear

1214 **untuned** harsh-sounding, discordant

1215 **hies** hastens

1216 **thought's feathers** i.e., as swiftly as thought

1218 **meads** meadows

1221 **sorts** adapts, suits

1222 **For why** because

1223 **audaciously** impudently, presumptuously

1228 **gan** began to

1229 **circled eyne** rounded eyes **enforced** compelled

1234 **Like…cisterns** the women resemble fountains in which ivory spouts fill a central reservoir (i.e., their eyes, red from weeping)

1235 **justly** with reason

1236 **company** fellowship, sympathy

1238 **to…smarts** merely at guessing the cause of another's pain

1241 **will** wishes

1242 **strange kinds** other natures

1243 **skill** cunning

1246 **semblance** image, appearance

1247 **champaign** open, level

1248 **Lays open** reveals

1250 **Cave-keeping** i.e., that remain hidden **obscurely** in darkness, concealed

1251 **mote** speck/blemish

1254 **inveigh against** reproach, denounce

1255 **chide** scold

1257 **hild** held

1260 **tenants to their** inhabitants, sharers in men's

1261 **precedent** example, pattern

1262 **Assailed** attacked (sexually) **strong…death** strongly suggesting her imminent death

1264 **By that** on account of

1266 **dying fear** paralyzing fear/fear of death

1269 **counterfeit** imitation, i.e., the maid

1272 **of my sustaining** sustained by me

1273 **small avails** little helps

1275 **stayed** paused

1278 **sluggard** lazy, sluggish

1279 **dispense** excuse

1283 **heaviness** (cause of) sorrow

1298 **Conceit** thought/mode of expression

1299 **wit** thought, intellect **blotted straight** immediately crossed out **will** emotion

1300 **curious good** overelaborate **blunt and ill** crude and badly phrased

1302 **inventions** ideas, attempts to write **which…before** competing over who shall go first

1305 **vouchsafe t'afford** graciously consent to grant

1308 **commend me** entrust myself to you (conventional form of greeting)

1309 **tedious** long and troublesome

1310 **tenor** general drift/legal transcript

1312 **schedule** note, outline

1314 **thereof make discovery** reveal it fully

1316 **Ere…excuse** i.e., before she had a chance to excuse her shame through suicide

1317 **passion** suffering

1323 **action** accompanying oratorical gestures **become** suit, adorn

1326 **heavy motion** serious emotion/sad action (**motion** plays on sense of "entertainment, puppet show")

1327 **part…bear** body part bears a portion of woe (**a part** plays on sense of "a theatrical role")

1329 **sounds** straits/inlets/noises

1330 **being…words** i.e., diminishes through verbal expression

1333 **post** messenger

1334 **Charging** ordering

1335 **lagging** loitering, tardy

1336 **Speed…deems** the greatest speed nevertheless seems **dull** and **slow** to her

1338 **homely villain** simple lowborn fellow **curtsies** bows

1340 **or yea** either a yes

1345 **silly** simple **wot** knows **defect** absence, deficiency

1350 **pattern…age** example from bygone times

1351 **Pawned** pledged **to gage** as a guarantee

1352 **His kindled** his blushing

1355 **wistly** intently

1356 **amazed** confused/alarmed

1359 **long she thinks** it seems to her a long time

1361 **entertain** occupy, fill up

1362 **stale** wearisome

1364 **plaints** lamentations **stay** pause

1367 **Priam's Troy** Priam was the King of Troy, and the **painting** depicts a scene from the Trojan War in which the Greek army is besieging the city; the cause of the war was Paris' abduction of **Helen**, the wife of Menelaus, King of Sparta

1368 **drawn** assembled/depicted **power** army

1369 **rape** abduction/sexual violation

1370 **Ilion** Troy, renowned for its tall towers **annoy** trouble, damage

1371 **conceited** ingenious (plays on sense of **proud**) **proud** arrogant/splendid/high

1374 **scorn** contempt, defiance **lifeless life** apparent life to inanimate things

1377 **reeked** smoked **strife** effort/contest with nature/engagement in the battle scene

1380 **pioneer** foot soldier who dug trenches and cleared the terrain

1383 **loopholes** narrow vertical openings in walls from which arrows were fired

1384 **lust** friendly inclination

1385 **sweet observance** delightful attention to detail, pleasing care

1389 **quick** lively/vivid, lifelike

1390 **interlaces** mingles, inserts

1394 **Ajax and Ulysses** two of the Greek generals; **Ajax** was known for his strength and **Ulysses** for his ingenuity and cunning

1395 **physiognomy** the facial features as indicators of character

1396 **ciphered** expressed, delineated **either's** his own

1398 **blunt** dull, insensitive **rigour** harshness

1399 **sly** skillful/crafty

1400 **regard** observant attention **government** leadership/self-control

1401 **pleading** i.e., being a persuasive orator **grave** dignified **Nestor** Greek elder statesman renowned for wisdom

1403 **action** oratorical gesture

1404 **beguiled** diverted, charmed

1407 **purled** curled (puns on "pearled," suggesting a luminous appearance)

1410 **several graces** distinct postures/different features

1412 **nice** subtle/skillful/precise

1414 **mock the mind** deceive the mind of the viewer

1417 **thronged** crowded **bears** presses, turns **boll'n** swollen, puffed up

1418 **pelt** express anger/hurl abuse

1420 **but…of** were it not for fear of missing
1423 **Conceit deceitful** skillful artifice **compact** well-composed **kind** natural, lifelike
1424 **for…spear** Achilles, the foremost Greek warrior, is represented by his famous spear
1430 **Hector** eldest son of **Priam** and **Hecuba**, foremost of the Trojan warriors
1433 **such…yield** display such unusual gestures **odd** unusual/at odds (with joy)
1436 **strand of Dardan** Trojan shore
1437 **Simois** river just outside Troy
1439 **ridges** crests
1440 **gallèd** war torn/eroded **then** the rhyme is stronger with the original spelling, "than"
1444 **stelled** delineated, portrayed
1445 **some** to a certain extent
1446 **dolour** sorrow
1447 **Hecuba** wife of Priam, who was killed by Achilles' son **Pyrrhus**
1450 **anatomized** minutely analyzed, dissected
1452 **chaps** deep lines, cracks
1453 **was** had been
1454 **blue** i.e., noble **black** perhaps also suggestive of melancholy, supposedly caused by an excess of black bile
1455 **spring** source of water/youth **pipes** veins
1457 **shadow** image (but also suggesting Hecuba is a shadow of her former self) **spends** employs (perhaps also suggestive of weeping)
1458 **beldame** old woman
1459 **wants…her** lacks in order to match Lucrece in sorrow
1460 **ban** curse
1461 **The…those** i.e., the painter didn't have immortal powers with which to give his painted figures the ability to speak
1471 **strumpet** whore, i.e., Helen (of Troy) whose abduction by **Paris** caused the war
1473 **fond** foolish/infatuated/lustful
1477 **dame** wife/mother
1479 **moe** more
1480 **light** alight, descend

1484 **plague…general** punish everyone for one person’s offense

1486 **Troilus** another Trojan warrior, son of Priam and Hecuba and brother to Hector **swoons** faints (the rhyme is stronger with the original spelling, “sounds”)

1487 **bloody channel** stream of blood/gutter running with blood

1488 **unadvisèd** rash, unintended

1490 **doting** foolish, indulgent **checked** curbed, restrained

1494 **goes** continues

1495 **knell** tolling of a bell to mark a person’s death

1496 **set a-work** once she starts

1497 **pencilled…sorrow** i.e., to the images in the picture

1501 **a…bound** the image of a miserable prisoner (**Sinon**, who deceived the Trojans into believing he had deserted the Greeks and convinced them to allow the wooden horse into Troy; it contained Greek soldiers and heralded Troy’s downfall)

1502 **piteous…lent** made the Trojan shepherds look on him with pity

1504 **blunt swains** rough, unpolished rustics

1507 **harmless show** i.e., the painting

1508 **wailing still** continually expressing grief/constantly weeping

1509 **unbent** not furrowed or cast down

1511 **guilty instance** suggestion of guilt

1514 **entertained a show** maintained an appearance

1515 **ensconced** concealed

1520 **workman** expert craftsman

1521 **enchanting** spell-like, bewitching

1523 **wildfire** a combination of highly flammable substances used in warfare

1526 **glass** mirror (i.e., Troy)

1527 **advisedly** thoughtfully, attentively

1529 **some…abused** some innocent person had been wrongfully depicted as Sinon

1532 **plain** open, unwrinkled/honest

1533 **belied** false

1539 **turned it** changed the meaning

1540 **But** but that

1543 **travail** labor

1544 **beguild** beguile, deceive

1546 **him** i.e., Sinon

1551 **falls** lets fall

1554 **balls…fire** i.e., wildfire

1555 **effects** appearances

1564 **senseless** inanimate/unfeeling

1565 **unhappy** misfortune-bringing

1567 **gives o’er** desists

1573 **in…sustaining** when sorrow has to be endured

1574 **heavy** sorrowful/sleepy

1575 **watch** remain awake

1576 **overslipped** slipped unnoticed past

1578 **from** away from

1579 **detriment** grief, loss

1580 **shows** images

1583 **mindful** dutiful

1586 **tear-distainèd** tear-stained

1587 **streamed** streamed out, were luminously visible

1588 **water-galls** secondary, imperfectly formed rainbows or other signs portending rain **dim element** overcast sky, i.e., face

1592 **sod** sodden, soaked

1596 **each other’s chance** what had befallen the other

1598 **uncouth** unknown/strange

1601 **attired in discontent** wrapped in grief/dressed in mourning black

1604 **sighs…fire** i.e., as if blowing a smoldering wick prior to lighting and discharging artillery

1606 **addressed** prepared

1609 **consorted** accompanying/associated, leagued

1611 **swan…ending** swans were believed to sing before they died

1612 **dirge** funeral song

1615 **depending** waiting for settlement (legal term)/hanging heavily

1619 **in…of** claiming, usurping

1621 **wont** accustomed

1626 **falchion** curved sword

1629 **entertain** receive (sexually)

1632 **hard-favoured groom** ugly manservant

1633 **yoke thy liking** submit yourself/unite your desire

1643 **still…record** be forever recorded in writing

1645 **Th'adulterate** the adulterous

1648 **bloody** cruel, bloodthirsty

1650 **scarlet** the color both of **lust** and of a judge's robes **evidence to swear** to present sworn testimony

1651 **purloined** stolen

1655 **gross** bodily (as opposed to spiritual)/corrupted

1658 **accessary yieldings** compliance

1659 **closet** private room or cabinet, i.e., body

1660 **merchant** i.e., Collatine

1661 **declined** lowered, drooping

1662 **across** folded, a conventional gesture of melancholy

1663 **new-waxen** newly grown

1666 **What…again** i.e., he tries to speak but his breath catches and he swallows his words

1669 **eddy** water that has had its course interrupted and runs contrary to the current **boundeth in** restrains

1670 **strait** narrow channel of water

1672 **make a saw** works with a sawing motion, backward and forward

1674 **attendeth** observes

1675 **untimely frenzy** ill-timed madness

1677 **Another power** added strength

1678 **sensible** capable of feeling, painful

1680 **on** in

1682 **attend** pay attention to

1683 **suddenly** immediately

1684 **Thine…own** i.e., his actions have made Tarquin enemy to Collatine, Lucrece, and himself

1690 **plight…faiths** take an oath on your honors

1691 **venge** avenge

1697 **imposition** the task she imposed

1698 **bewrayed** exposed, accused

1699 **said** completed

1700 **protestation** declarations, avowals

1702 **quality** nature

1704 **with…dispense** be exonerated from the sinful deed

1705 **advance** raise up
1706 **terms** arguments **chance** misfortune
1714 **no…giving** no woman who comes after will be able to cite my being excused as reason for her to be excused
1720 **Untimely** ill-timed, irregular **assays** attempts (to speak)
1725 **bail** liberate, release
1726 **prison** i.e., her body
1728 **sprite** spirit, soul
1729 **Life's…destiny** eternal life, which escapes the mortal life she has ended
1731 **crew** companions
1734 **Brutus** Lucius Junius Brutus, who went on to lead the overthrow of Tarquin's father Tarquinius Superbus, an event that marked the end of Roman kingship and the establishment of the republic
1736 **held…chase** followed, came after it
1740 **late-sacked** recently plundered **vastly** desolate, empty
1745 **wat'ry rigol** ring or circle of watery fluid (the blood-serum that separates from clotting blood)
1751 **Lucretius** Lucrece's father
1756 **predecease progenitors** die before their parents
1758 **glass** mirror, in which her father saw himself young again
1763 **shivered** shattered
1766 **surcease** cease
1773 **place** precedence
1774 **key-cold** i.e., cold as metal
1776 **counterfeits** appears, seems
1779 **vexation** distress, torment
1784 **so thick come** coming in such a rush or so incomprehensibly
1790 **At…o'er** i.e., sighs and speech finally give way to tears
1791 **strife** pain, distress/contention
1797 **interest** entitlement/share
1803 **owed** owned
1805 **dispersed** a transferred epithet; it is the **clamours** that are scattered through the air
1807 **Brutus** Lucius Junius Brutus had pretended to be an idiot (Latin *brutus*) in order to escape the fate of his brother who had been murdered by Tarquin's father

1808	**emulation**	rivalry
1809	**wit**	intellect
1810	**folly's show**	pretence of stupidity
1814	**habit**	guise/accustomed manner
1815	**deep policy**	far-seeing strategy
1819	**unsounded**	untested/not uttered
1825	**humour**	mood, behavior
1826	**wretched**	unhappy
1828	**steep**	drench
1829	**relenting**	softening, weakening
1831	**invocations**	prayers for aid
1832	**suffer**	allow
1835	**Capitol**	hill in Rome, site of the great temple of Jupiter
1837	**fat**	fertile
1844	**protestation**	declared resolution
1845	**wond'ring**	marveling
	allow	approve, accept
1849	**advisèd doom**	considered judgment
1851	**thorough**	throughout
1854	**plausibly**	**approvingly**

To the Queen

As the dial[1] hand tells o’er
The same hours it had before,
Still beginning in the ending,
Circular account still lending,
So, most mighty Queen we pray,
Like the dial day by day
You may lead the seasons on,
Making new when old are gone,
That the babe which now is young
And hath yet no use of tongue
Many a Shrovetide[11] here may bow
To that empress I do now,
That the children of these lords,
Sitting at your council boards,[14]
May be grave and agèd seen
Of her that was their fathers’ queen.
Once I wish this wish again,
Heaven subscribe it with ‘Amen’.

“Let the Bird of Loudest Lay”[*]

LET the bird[1] of loudest lay
On the sole Arabian tree
Herald sad and trumpet[3] be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,[5]
Foul precurrer[6] of the fiend,
Augur[7] of the fever’s end,
To this troop come thou not near.

From this session[9] interdict
Every fowl[10] of tyrant wing,
Save[11] the eagle, feathered king:
Keep the obsequy[12] so strict.

Let the priest in surplice[13] white,
That defunctive[14] music can,
Be the death-divining[15] swan,
Lest the requiem lack his right.[16]

And thou treble-dated[17] crow,
That thy sable gender[18] mak’st
With the breath thou giv’st and tak’st,
’Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem[21] doth commence:
Love and constancy is dead;
Phoenix[23] and the turtle fled
In[24] a mutual flame from hence.

So[25] they loved, as love in twain
Had the essence[26] but in one,
Two distincts,[27] division none:
Number[28] there in love was slain.

Hearts remote,[29] yet not asunder;
Distance[30] and no space was seen
’Twixt this turtle and his queen:
But[32] in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine
That the turtle saw his right[34]
Flaming in the phoenix’ sight:[35]
Either[36] was the other’s mine.

Property[37] was thus appalled
That the self was not the same:[38]
Single[39] nature’s double name
Neither two nor one was called.

Reason, in itself confounded,[41]
Saw division grow together,[42]
To[43] themselves yet either neither,
Simple[44] were so well compounded,

That it[45] cried, ‘How true a twain
Seemeth this concordant[46] one!
Love hath reason, reason none,
If what[48] parts can so remain.’

Whereupon it made this threne[49]
To the phoenix and the dove,
Co-supremes[51] and stars of love,
As chorus to their tragic scene.

THRENOS[52]

Beauty, truth and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here enclosed in cinders lie.

Death is now the phoenix’ nest,
And the turtle’s loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity.[59]
’Twas not their infirmity,[60]
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem but cannot be,
Beauty brag but ’tis not she,
Truth[64] and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair[65]
That are either true or fair,
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.
William Shakespeare

Textual Notes

VENUS AND ADONIS

Q = First Quarto text of 1593
Q2 = a correction introduced in the Second Quarto text of 1594
Ed = a correction introduced by a later editor

185 Souring = Q (So wring) **193 shines but** = Q *corrected by hand in unique copy to* shineth but **198 earthly** = Q *corrected by hand in unique copy to* this earthly **231 deer** *spelled* deare *in* Q **325 chafing** = Q. Ed = chasing **466 love** = Q. Ed = loss **654 air** = Q. Ed = earth **748 th’impartial** = Q2. Q = the th’impartiall **754 sons** = Q2. Q = suns **832 deeply** = Q. Ed = doubly **873 twined**

= Q (twin'd). Ed = twine **962 the** = Q. Ed = her **1031 are** = Q. Ed = as **1054 had** = Q. Ed = was **1095 sung** = Ed. Q = song **1113 did** = Q. Q2 = would

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

Q = First Quarto text of 1594
Q *(uncorrected)* = uncorrected version of this edition
Q *(corrected)* = corrected version of this edition
Q2 = a correction introduced in the Second Quarto text of 1598
Ed = a correction introduced by a later editor

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE = Q *(poem header and running header, but just* **LUCRECE** *on title page)* **21 peer** = Q. Q2 = prince **24 morning's** = Q *(corrected)*. Q *(uncorrected)* = morning **31 apology** = Q *(uncorrected)*. Q *(corrected)* = Apologies **48 repentant** = Q. Ed = repentance **50 Collatium** = Q *(uncorrected)*. Q *(corrected)* = Colatia **77 in** = Q. Ed = o'er **125 themselves betake** = Q *(corrected)*. Q *(uncorrected)* = himself betakes **126 wake** = Q *(corrected)*. Q *(uncorrected)* = wakes **425 Slaked** *spelled* Slakt *in* Q. Ed = Slacked **550 blows** = Ed. Q = blow **684 prone** = Q. Ed = proud/foul **755 in** = Q. Ed. = e'en **782 musty** = Q. Ed = misty **812 quote** *spelled* cote *in* Q **950 cherish** = Q. Ed = perish/blemish **1037 betumbled** *spelled* betombled *in* Q **1310 tenor** *spelled* tenure *in* Q **1316 stained her stained** = Q. Ed = stained her strain'd/stained her stain's **1452 chaps** *spelled* chops *in* Q **1652 robbed** *spelled* rob'd *in* Q **1680 on** = Q. Ed = one/in **1712 The** = Q. Ed = Her **1713 in it** = Ed. Q = it in **1822 wounds help** = Q. Ed = wounds heal

To the Queen

Stanford = a reading in the original manuscript of "To the Queen" (commonplace book of Henry Stanford, Cambridge University Library MS Dd.5.75, fol. 46)
Ed = a modern editorial reading

To the Queen = Stanford ("to the Q. by the players 1598"); *date is old style calendar* **16 fathers'** = Ed. Stanford = father

"Let the Bird of Loudest Lay"

The 1601 Quarto printing in Robert Chester's collection, *Love's Martyr*, contains no disputed readings

To the Queen

1 **dial** clock

11 **Shrovetide** the three days immediately preceding the season of Lent; this epilogue was written for a court performance by Shakespeare’s company on Shrove Tuesday February 20, 1599

14 **boards** tables

“Let…Lay”

* **“Let…Lay”** untitled when originally published, this poem has been known since the early 1800s as “The Phoenix and Turtle”

1 **bird…lay** never positively identified within the poem; the following line suggests that it might refer to the mythological **Arabian** phoenix **lay** song

3 **trumpet** trumpeter

5 **shrieking harbinger** often identified as the screech owl, regarded as a bird of ill omen whose cry heralded death

6 **precurrer** precursor **fiend** devil

7 **Augur** predictor (literally soothsayer who made predictions based on the behavior of birds)

9 **session** sitting (of court or parliament) **interdict** prohibit

10 **fowl…wing** bird of prey/usurper, despot

11 **Save** except

12 **obsequy** funeral rites **strict** restricted, exclusive/rigorously maintained

13 **surplice** ecclesiastical garment (here, the swan’s white feathers)

14 **defunctive** deathly, funereal **can** knows

15 **death-divining** the **swan** was thought to know that its own death was coming, at which point it would sing

16 **his right** what is due (either to the swan or to the requiem; puns on “rite”)

17 **treble-dated** living three times the normal span

18 **sable gender** black offspring; the **crow** was thought to reproduce chastely through the touching of beaks and exchange of breath

21 **anthem** piece of music or song of praise

23 **Phoenix** mythological Arabian bird which lived for five hundred years, was consumed by fire and then reborn from the ashes; only one existed at a time **turtle** turtledove, a bird renowned for love and constancy **fled** have departed this life

24 **In…flame** together in one flame

25 **So…as** they so loved that **twain** two

26 **essence…one** essential irreducible quality of one thing

27 **distincts** separate things

28 **Number** the concept of plurality

29 **remote** apart **asunder** separated

30 **Distance** distance and proximity was seen

32 **But…wonder** in anyone other than them it would have been extraordinary

34 **right** due, what belonged to him

35 **sight** eyes, gaze

36 **Either…mine** they belonged to each other/each was the source of the other’s wealth

37 **Property** ownership/self-possession

38 **the same** itself

39 **Single…called** i.e., their nature was both separate and united, so it could not properly be called either one or two

41 **confounded** confused/overthrown

42 **division grow together** separateness resolve into one

43 **To…neither** i.e., each one was nothing without the other

44 **Simple** a single unmixed substance **compounded** combined

45 **it** i.e., Reason **true** truly/faithful

46 **concordant** harmonious

48 **what…remain** separate elements remain so united

49 **threne** threnody, song of lamentation for the dead

51 **Co-supremes** joint rulers

52 **THRENOS** threnody, funeral lament

59 **posterity** offspring

60 **infirmity** physical inability

64 **Truth…be** i.e., since both truth and beauty are buried with the phoenix and the turtle, whatever appears like them cannot really be so

65 **repair** make their way

SHAKESPEARE’S SONNETS

TO THE ONLY BEGETTER OF
THESE INSUING SONNETS
MR. W. H. ALL HAPPINESS
AND THAT ETERNITY
PROMISED
BY
OUR EVER-LIVING POET
WISHETH
THE WELL-WISHING
ADVENTURER IN
SETTING
FORTH

T.T.

1

FROM fairest creatures we desire increase,[1]
That[2] thereby beauty’s rose might never die,
But as the riper should by time decease,
His tender[4] heir might bear his memory:
But thou,[5] contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed’st[6] thy light’s flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou that art now the world’s fresh[9] ornament
And only herald[10] to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud[11] buriest thy content
And, tender churl,[12] mak’st waste in niggarding.
    Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
    To eat the world’s due,[14] by the grave and thee.

2

When forty[1] winters shall besiege thy brow
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty’s field,[2]
Thy youth’s proud livery,[3] so gazed on now,
Will be a tattered weed[4] of small worth held:
Then being asked where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure[6] of thy lusty days,
To say within thine own deep-sunken eyes
Were an all-eating shame[8] and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserved[9] thy beauty’s use
If thou couldst answer,[10] ‘This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count[11] and make my old excuse’,
Proving his beauty by succession[12] thine.
    This were[13] to be new made when thou art old
    And see thy blood[14] warm when thou feel’st it cold.

3

Look in thy glass[1] and tell the face thou viewest
Now is the time that face should form another,
Whose fresh repair[3] if now thou not renewest
Thou dost beguile[4] the world, unbless some mother.
For where is she so fair whose uneared[5] womb
Disdains the tillage[6] of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond[7] will be the tomb
Of his self-love, to stop[8] posterity?
Thou art thy mother’s glass and she in thee
Calls back[10] the lovely April of her prime:
So thou through windows[11] of thine age shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
    But if thou live remembered[13] not to be,
    Die[14] single and thine image dies with thee.

4

Unthrifty[1] loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty’s legacy?[2]
Nature’s bequest gives nothing but doth lend,
And being frank[4] she lends to those are free.
Then, beauteous niggard,[5] why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largesse given thee to give?
Profitless usurer,[7] why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?[8]
For having traffic[9] with thyself alone,
Thou[10] of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit[12] canst thou leave?
Thy unused[13] beauty must be tombed with thee,
Which, usèd, lives th’executor[14] to be.

5

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame[1]
The lovely gaze[2] where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same
And that unfair[4] which fairly doth excel:
For never-resting time leads[5] summer on
To hideous winter and confounds[6] him there,
Sap checked[7] with frost and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o’ersnowed[8] and bareness everywhere.
Then, were not summer’s distillation[9] left
A[10] liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty’s effect with[11] beauty were bereft,
Nor[12] it nor no remembrance what it was.
But flowers distilled, though they with winter meet,
Lose but their show,[14] their substance still lives sweet.

6

Then[1] let not winter’s ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distilled:
Make sweet some vial;[3] treasure thou some place
With beauty’s treasure, ere it be self-killed.[4]
That use[5] is not forbidden usury,
Which happies[6] those that pay the willing loan;
That’s for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten[8] times happier be it ten for one.
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigured[10] thee.
Then what could death do, if thou shouldst depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity?[12]
Be not self-willed,[13] for thou art much too fair
To be death’s conquest and make worms thine heir.

7

Lo, in the orient[1] when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under[2] eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty.
And having climbed the steep-up[5] heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage.
But when from highmost pitch,[9] with weary car,
Like feeble age he reeleth[10] from the day,
The eyes, fore[11] duteous, now converted are
From his low tract[12] and look another way:
So thou, thyself outgoing[13] in thy noon,
Unlooked on diest[14] unless thou get a son.

8

Music to hear,[1] why hear’st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lov’st thou that which thou receiv’st not gladly,
Or else receiv’st with pleasure thine annoy?[4]
If the true concord of well-tunèd sounds,
By unions[6] married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide[7] thee, who confounds
In singleness[8] the parts that thou shouldst bear.
Mark[9] how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes[10] each in each by mutual ordering,
Resembling sire[11] and child and happy mother
Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing,
Whose speechless[13] song, being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee: ‘Thou[14] single wilt prove none.’

9

Is it for fear to wet a widow’s eye
That thou consum’st thyself in single life?
Ah, if thou issueless[3] shalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee, like a makeless[4] wife,
The world will be thy widow and still[5] weep
That thou no form[6] of thee hast left behind,
When every private[7] widow well may keep
By[8] children’s eyes her husband’s shape in mind.
Look what[9] an unthrift in the world doth spend
Shifts but his[10] place, for still the world enjoys it,
But beauty’s waste[11] hath in the world an end,
And, kept unused,[12] the user so destroys it.
No love toward others in that bosom[13] sits
That on himself such murd’rous shame[14] commits.

10

For shame[1] deny that thou bear’st love to any,
Who for thyself art so unprovident.[2]
Grant,[3] if thou wilt, thou art beloved of many,
But that thou none lov’st is most evident:
For thou art so possessed with murd’rous hate
That gainst thyself thou stick’st[6] not to conspire,
Seeking that beauteous roof[7] to ruinate
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
O, change thy thought,[9] that I may change my mind.
Shall hate be fairer lodged[10] than gentle love?
Be as thy presence[11] is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyself at least kind-hearted prove.
Make thee another self,[13] for love of me,
That beauty still[14] may live in thine or thee.

11

As fast as thou shalt wane,[1] so fast thou grow’st
In one of thine,[2] from that which thou departest,
And that fresh blood[3] which youngly thou bestow’st,
Thou mayst call thine when thou from youth convertest.[4]
Herein[5] lives wisdom, beauty and increase:
Without this, folly, age and cold decay.
If all were minded so,[7] the times should cease,
And threescore year[8] would make the world away.
Let those whom nature hath not made for store,[9]
Harsh, featureless[10] and rude, barrenly perish.
Look whom[11] she best endowed she gave the more,
Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty[12] cherish.
She carved thee for her seal,[13] and meant thereby
Thou shouldst print[14] more, not let that copy die.

12

When I do count[1] the clock that tells the time
And see the brave[2] day sunk in hideous night,
When I behold the violet past prime[3]
And sable[4] curls all silvered o’er with white,
When lofty trees I see barren[5] of leaves,
Which erst[6] from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer’s green all girded up[7] in sheaves
Borne on the bier[8] with white and bristly beard:
Then of thy beauty do I question make[9]
That thou among the wastes[10] of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties[11] do themselves forsake
And die as fast as they see others grow,
    And nothing gainst Time’s scythe[13] can make defence
    Save breed,[14] to brave him when he takes thee hence.

13

O, that you[1] were yourself! But, love, you are
No longer yours than you yourself here[2] live.
Against[3] this coming end you should prepare
And your sweet semblance[4] to some other give.
So should that beauty which you hold in lease[5]
Find no determination:[6] then you were
Yourself again after yourself's decease,
When your sweet issue[8] your sweet form should bear.
Who lets so fair a house[9] fall to decay,
Which husbandry[10] in honour might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
O, none but unthrifts![13] Dear my love, you know
You had a father: let your son say so.

14

Not from the stars do I my judgement pluck[1]
And yet methinks I have[2] astronomy,
But not to tell of good or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths,[4] or seasons’ quality,
Nor can I fortune[5] to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain and wind,
Or say with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict[8] that I in heaven find.
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And, constant stars, in them I read such art[10]
As[11] truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store[12] thou wouldst convert:
Or else of thee this I prognosticate,[13]
Thy[14] end is truth’s and beauty’s doom and date.

15

When I consider[1] everything that grows
Holds in perfection[2] but a little moment,
That this huge stage[3] presenteth nought but shows
Whereon[4] the stars in secret influence comment:
When I perceive that men as[5] plants increase,
Cheerèd and checked[6] ev’n by the selfsame sky,
Vaunt[7] in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear[8] their brave state out of memory:
Then the conceit[9] of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful[11] time debateth with decay
To change your day of youth to sullied[12] night,
    And all in war[13] with Time for love of you,
    As he takes from you, I engraft you new.[14]

16

But wherefore[1] do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody[2] tyrant, Time?
And fortify[3] yourself in your decay
With means more blessèd than my barren rhyme?
Now stand you on[5] the top of happy hours,
And many maiden[6] gardens, yet unset,
With virtuous wish would bear your living flowers,
Much liker[8] than your painted counterfeit:
So should the lines of life[9] that life repair,
Which this,[10] Time’s pencil, or my pupil pen,
Neither in inward worth nor outward fair,[11]
Can make you live yourself[12] in eyes of men.
To give away yourself[13] keeps yourself still,
And you must live, drawn[14] by your own sweet skill.

17

Who will believe my verse in time to come
If it were filled with your most high deserts?[2]
Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life and shows not half your parts.[4]
If I could write the beauty of your eyes
And in[6] fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say, ‘This poet lies:
Such heavenly touches[8] ne’er touched earthly faces.’
So should my papers, yellowed with their age,
Be scorned like old men of less[10] truth than tongue,
And your true[11] rights be termed a poet’s rage
And stretchèd[12] metre of an antique song.
But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice — in it and in my rhyme.

18

Shall I compare thee to a summer’s day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate.[2]
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer’s lease[4] hath all too short a date.
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven[5] shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed,
And every fair[7] from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature’s changing course untrimmed:[8]
But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession[10] of that fair thou ow’st,
Nor shall death brag thou wand’rest in his shade,
When in eternal lines[12] to time thou grow’st.
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this[14] and this gives life to thee.

19

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion’s paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood,[2]
Pluck the keen[3] teeth from the fierce tiger’s jaws
And burn the long-lived phoenix[4] in her blood,
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet’st[5]
And do whate’er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world and all her fading sweets.[7]
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
O, carve[9] not with thy hours my love’s fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique[10] pen.
Him in thy course untainted[11] do allow
For beauty’s pattern[12] to succeeding men.
Yet do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,
My love[14] shall in my verse ever live young.

20[*]

A woman’s face with[1] Nature’s own hand painted
Hast thou, the master-mistress[2] of my passion,
A woman’s gentle heart, but not acquainted[3]
With shifting change as is false[4] women’s fashion,
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,[5]
Gilding[6] the object whereupon it gazeth:
A[7] man in hue, all hues in his controlling,
Which steals men’s eyes and women’s souls amazeth.
And for[9] a woman wert thou first created,
Till Nature as she wrought[10] thee fell a-doting,
And by addition me[11] of thee defeated
By adding one thing[12] to my purpose nothing.
 But since she pricked thee out[13] for women’s pleasure,
 Mine[14] be thy love and thy love’s use their treasure.

21

So is it not with me as with that Muse,[1]
Stirred[2] by a painted beauty to his verse,
Who heaven[3] itself for ornament doth use
And every[4] fair with his fair doth rehearse,
Making[5] a couplement of proud compare
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,
With April's first-born flowers and all things rare[7]
That heaven's air in this huge rondure[8] hems.
O let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child,[11] though not so bright
As those gold candles[12] fixed in heaven's air.
Let them say more that like of hearsay[13] well:
I will not praise that purpose[14] not to sell.

22

My glass[1] shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date,[2]
But when in thee time’s furrows[3] I behold,
Then look I[4] death my days should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee
Is but the seemly raiment[6] of my heart,
Which in[7] thy breast doth live, as thine in me:
How can I then be elder than thou art?
O, therefore, love, be[9] of thyself so wary
As I, not for myself, but for thee will,
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary[11]
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
    Presume[13] not on thy heart when mine is slain:
    Thou gav’st me thine, not to give back again.

23

As an unperfect[1] actor on the stage,
Who with[2] his fear is put besides his part,
Or some fierce thing replete[3] with too much rage,
Whose strength’s abundance weakens his own heart,
So I, for[5] fear of trust, forget to say
The perfect[6] ceremony of love’s rite,
And in mine own love’s strength seem to decay,
O’ercharged[8] with burden of mine own love’s might.
O, let my books[9] be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers[10] of my speaking breast,
Who[11] plead for love and look for recompense,
More than that tongue[12] that more hath more expressed.
    O, learn to read what silent love hath writ:
    To hear with eyes belongs to love’s fine wit.[14]

24

Mine eye hath played the painter and hath stelled[1]
Thy beauty’s form in table[2] of my heart,
My body is the frame[3] wherein ’tis held
And perspective[4] it is best painter’s art.
For through[5] the painter must you see his skill
To find where your true image pictured lies,
Which in my bosom’s shop[7] is hanging still,
That[8] hath his windows glazèd with thine eyes.
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done:
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, wherethrough the sun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee.
Yet eyes this cunning want[13] to grace their art:
They draw but what they see, know[14] not the heart.

25

Let those who are in favour with their stars
Of[1] public honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph[3] bars,
Unlooked for[4] joy in that I honour most.
Great princes’ favourites their fair leaves[5] spread
But as the marigold[6] at the sun’s eye,
And in[7] themselves their pride lies burièd,
For at a frown they in their glory[8] die.
The painful[9] warrior famousèd for might,
After a thousand victories once foiled,[10]
Is from the book of honour razèd[11] quite
And all the rest forgot for which he toiled.
Then happy I, that love and am beloved
Where I may not remove[14] nor be removed.

26

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage[1]
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,[2]
To thee I send this written ambassage[3]
To witness[4] duty, not to show my wit.
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting[6] words to show it,
But that I hope some[7] good conceit of thine
In thy soul’s thought, all naked, will bestow it,
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving[9]
Points on me graciously with fair aspect[10]
And puts apparel on my tattered loving
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect.
  Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee:
  Till then not show my head where thou mayst prove me.[14]

27

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear[2] repose for limbs with travel tired,
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body’s work’s expired:
For then my thoughts, from far[5] where I abide,
Intend[6] a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see,
Save that my soul’s imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow[10] to my sightless view,
Which,[11] like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous and her old face new.
Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For[14] thee and for myself no quiet find.

28

How[1] can I then return in happy plight
That am debarred the benefit of rest,
When day’s oppression[3] is not eased by night,
But day by night and night by day oppressed?
And each, though enemies to either’s reign,
Do in consent shake hands[6] to torture me,
The[7] one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, still further off from thee.
I tell the day, to please him thou art bright
And dost him grace[10] when clouds do blot the heaven:
So flatter I the swart-complexioned[11] night,
When sparkling stars twire[12] not thou gild’st the even.
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief’s length seem stronger.

29

When in disgrace[1] with Fortune and men’s eyes,
I all alone beweep[2] my outcast state
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless[3] cries
And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured[6] like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man’s art[7] and that man’s scope,
With[8] what I most enjoy contented least:
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply[10] I think on thee and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising,
From sullen[12] earth sings hymns at heaven’s gate,
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change[14] my state with kings.

30

When to the sessions[1] of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh[3] the lack of many a thing I sought
And with old woes new wail[4] my dear time’s waste.
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,[5]
For precious friends hid in death’s dateless[6] night,
And weep afresh love’s long since cancelled[7] woe,
And moan th’expense[8] of many a vanished sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,[9]
And heavily[10] from woe to woe tell o’er
The sad account[11] of fore-bemoanèd moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

31

Thy[1] bosom is endearèd with all hearts,
Which I by lacking[2] have supposèd dead,
And there reigns love and all love’s loving parts[3]
And all those friends which I thought burièd.
How many a holy and obsequious[5] tear
Hath dear[6] religious love stol’n from mine eye
As interest[7] of the dead, which now appear
But things removed[8] that hidden in there lie.
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies[10] of my lovers gone,
Who all[11] their parts of me to thee did give:
That due of[12] many now is thine alone.
Their images I loved[13] I view in thee,
And[14] thou, all they, hast all the all of me.

32

If thou survive my well-contented day,[1]
When that churl[2] death my bones with dust shall cover,
And shalt by fortune[3] once more resurvey
These poor rude[4] lines of thy deceasèd lover,
Compare them with the bett’ring[5] of the time,
And though they be outstripped by every pen,
Reserve[7] them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height[8] of happier men.
O, then vouchsafe[9] me but this loving thought:
‘Had my friend’s Muse[10] grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth[11] than this his love had brought
To march[12] in ranks of better equipage,
But since he died and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I’ll read, his for his love.’

33

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy,[4]
Anon[5] permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack[6] on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage[7] hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all-triumphant[10] splendour on my brow:
But out, alack,[11] he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud[12] hath masked him from me now.
    Yet him for this my love no whit[13] disdaineth:
    Suns[14] of the world may stain when heaven’s sun staineth.

34

Why didst thou[1] promise such a beauteous day
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o’ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy brav’ry[4] in their rotten smoke?
’Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve[7] can speak
That heals the wound and cures not the disgrace.[8]
Nor can thy shame give physic[9] to my grief:
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss.
Th’offender’s sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence’s cross.[12]
Ah, but those tears are pearl, which thy love sheds,
And they are rich and ransom[14] all ill deeds.

35

No more be grieved at that which thou hast done:
Roses have thorns and silver fountains mud,
Clouds and eclipses stain[3] both moon and sun,
And loathsome canker[4] lives in sweetest bud.
All men make faults and even I in this,
Authorizing[6] thy trespass with compare,
Myself corrupting,[7] salving thy amiss,
Excusing[8] thy sins more than thy sins are:
For[9] to thy sensual fault I bring in sense —
Thy[10] adverse party is thy advocate —
And gainst[11] myself a lawful plea commence.
Such civil war is in my love and hate
That I an accessory[13] needs must be
To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

36

Let me confess that we two must be twain,[1]
Although our undivided loves are one:
So shall those blots[3] that do with me remain,
Without thy help by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,[5]
Though in our lives a separable spite,[6]
Which though it alter not love’s sole[7] effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love’s delight.
I may not[9] evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailèd guilt[10] should do thee shame,
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
Unless thou take[12] that honour from thy name.
But do not so: I love thee in such sort[13]
As,[14] thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

37

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by Fortune’s dearest spite,[3]
Take all my comfort of[4] thy worth and truth.
For whether beauty, birth or wealth or wit,[5]
Or any of these all or all or more,
Entitled[7] in thy parts do crownèd sit,
I make[8] my love engrafted to this store:
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despised,
Whilst that this shadow[10] doth such substance give
That I in thy abundance am sufficed[11]
And by a part of all thy glory live.
    Look what[13] is best, that best I wish in thee.
    This wish I have: then ten times happy me.

38

How can my Muse[1] want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour’st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument,[3] too excellent
For every vulgar[4] paper to rehearse?
O, give thyself the thanks, if aught[5] in me
Worthy perusal[6] stand against thy sight,
For who’s so dumb[7] that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself dost[8] give invention light?
Be thou the tenth Muse,[9] ten times more in worth
Than those old nine which rhymers invocate,[10]
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal[12] numbers to outlive long date.
If my slight Muse[13] do please these curious days,
The pain[14] be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

39

O, how thy worth[1] with manners may I sing,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
And what is’t but mine own when I praise thee?
Even for[5] this let us divided live,
And our dear[6] love lose name of single one,
That[7] by this separation I may give
That due to thee which thou deserv’st alone.
O absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
To entertain[11] the time with thoughts of love,
Which[12] time and thoughts so sweetly dost deceive,
And that thou teachest how to make one twain[13]
By praising him here[14] who doth hence remain.

40

Take[1] all my loves, my love, yea, take them all:
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call:
All mine was thine before thou hadst this more.
Then if for my love[5] thou my love receivest,
I cannot blame thee for[6] my love thou usest.
But yet be blamed, if thou this self[7] deceivest
By wilful taste[8] of what thyself refusest.
I do forgive thy robb’ry, gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee[10] all my poverty:
And yet love knows it is a greater grief
To bear love’s wrong[12] than hate’s known injury.
    Lascivious grace,[13] in whom all ill well shows,
    Kill me with spites,[14] yet we must not be foes.

41

Those pretty wrongs that liberty[1] commits
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
Thy[3] beauty and thy years full well befits,
For still[4] temptation follows where thou art.
Gentle[5] thou art and therefore to be won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assailed.[6]
And when a woman woos, what woman’s son
Will sourly[8] leave her till he have prevailed?
Ay me, but yet thou mightst my seat forbear[9]
And chide[10] thy beauty and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot[11] even there
Where thou art forced to break a two-fold truth:[12]
Hers[13] by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine[14] by thy beauty being false to me.

42

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said I loved her dearly,
That she hath thee is of[3] my wailing chief,
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
Loving offenders,[5] thus I will excuse ye:
Thou dost love her, because thou knowst I love her,
And for my sake even so[7] doth she abuse me,
Suff’ring[8] my friend for my sake to approve her.
If I lose thee, my loss is my love’s[9] gain,
And losing her, my friend hath found that loss:
Both find each other and I lose both twain,[11]
And both for my sake lay on me this cross.[12]
  But here’s the joy: my friend and I are one.
  Sweet flatt’ry![14] Then she loves but me alone.

43

When most I wink,[1] then do mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unrespected,[2]
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee
And, darkly[4] bright, are bright in dark directed.
Then thou, whose shadow[5] shadows doth make bright,
How would thy[6] shadow’s form form happy show
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade[8] shines so?
How would, I say, mine eyes be blessèd made
By looking on thee in the living[10] day,
When in dead night thy fair imperfect[11] shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay?
    All days are[13] nights to see till I see thee,
    And nights bright days when dreams do show thee me.

44

If the dull[1] substance of my flesh were thought,
Injurious[2] distance should not stop my way,
For then despite[3] of space I would be brought,
From limits[4] far remote, where thou dost stay.
No matter[5] then, although my foot did stand
Upon the farthest earth removed from thee,
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land
As soon as think the place where he would be.
But ah, thought kills me that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that so[11] much of earth and water wrought,
I must attend time’s leisure[12] with my moan,
Receiving naught by elements so slow
But heavy[14] tears, badges of either’s woe.

45

The other two,[1] slight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide:
The first[3] my thought, the other my desire,
These present-absent[4] with swift motion slide.
For when these quicker[5] elements are gone
In tender embassy[6] of love to thee,
My life, being made of four, with two alone[7]
Sinks[8] down to death, oppressed with melancholy,
Until life’s[9] composition be recured
By those swift messengers returned from thee,
Who even but now[11] come back again, assured
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me.
    This told, I joy[13] — but then no longer glad,
    I send them back again and straight[14] grow sad.

46

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal[1] war
How to divide the conquest[2] of thy sight:
Mine[3] eye my heart thy picture’s sight would bar,
My heart mine eye the freedom[4] of that right.
My heart doth plead[5] that thou in him dost lie —
A closet[6] never pierced with crystal eyes —
But the defendant[7] doth that plea deny
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
To ’cide[9] this title is empannellèd
A quest[10] of thoughts, all tenants to the heart,
And by their verdict is determinèd[11]
The clear eye’s moiety[12] and the dear heart’s part,
As thus:[13] mine eye’s due is thy outward part,
And my heart’s right thy inward love of heart.

47

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league[1] is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other:
When that[3] mine eye is famished for a look,
Or heart[4] in love with sighs himself doth smother,
With[5] my love’s picture then my eye doth feast
And to the painted banquet bids[6] my heart.
Another time mine eye is my heart’s guest
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part.
So, either by thy picture or my love,
Thyself away are present still with me,
For thou not further than my thoughts canst move,
And I am still[12] with them and they with thee.
    Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
    Awakes my heart to heart’s and eye’s delight.

48

How careful was I, when I took my way,[1]
Each trifle under truest bars[2] to thrust,
That to my use[3] it might unusèd stay
From[4] hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust.
But thou, to whom[5] my jewels trifles are,
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
Thou, best of dearest and mine only care,[7]
Art left the prey of every vulgar[8] thief.
Thee have I not locked up in any chest,
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
Within the gentle closure[11] of my breast,
From whence at pleasure[12] thou mayst come and part:
And even thence thou wilt be stol’n, I fear,
For truth[14] proves thievish for a prize so dear.

49

Against[1] that time, if ever that time come,
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
When as[3] thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
Called to that audit by advised respects[4] —
Against that time when thou shalt strangely[5] pass
And scarcely greet me with that sun thine eye,
When love, converted[7] from the thing it was,
Shall reasons[8] find of settled gravity —
Against that time do I ensconce me[9] here
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,[10]
And this[11] my hand against myself uprear
To guard[12] the lawful reasons on thy part:
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,[13]
Since why[14] to love I can allege no cause.

50

How heavy[1] do I journey on the way,
When what[2] I seek, my weary travel’s end,
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
‘Thus far the miles are measured from thy friend.’
The beast[5] that bears me, tirèd with my woe,
Plods dully[6] on, to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch[7] did know
His rider loved not speed, being made[8] from thee:
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,
Which heavily[11] he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me than spurring to his side,
For that same groan doth put this in my mind:
My grief lies onward and my joy behind.

51

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence[1]
Of my dull bearer[2] when from thee I speed:
From where thou art why should I haste me thence?
Till I return, of posting[4] is no need.
O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,
When swift extremity[6] can seem but slow?
Then should I spur,[7] though mounted on the wind:
In[8] wingèd speed no motion shall I know.
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace:
Therefore desire, of perfects[10] love being made,
Shall neigh — no dull flesh[11] — in his fiery race,
But love, for love,[12] thus shall excuse my jade,
    Since from thee going he went wilful-slow,
    Towards thee I’ll run and give him leave to go.[14]

52

So[1] am I as the rich, whose blessèd key
Can bring him to his sweet up-lockèd treasure,
The which he will not ev’ry hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom[4] pleasure.
Therefore are feasts[5] so solemn and so rare,
Since, seldom coming, in the long year set
Like stones of worth they thinly placèd[7] are,
Or captain[8] jewels in the carcanet.
So is the time that keeps you as[9] my chest,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
To make some special instant[11] special blest
By new unfolding his imprisoned pride.[12]
Blessèd are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
Being[14] had, to triumph, being lacked, to hope.

53

What is your substance, whereof[1] are you made,
That millions of strange[2] shadows on you tend?
Since every one hath, every one, one shade,[3]
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.[4]
Describe Adonis,[5] and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you.
On[7] Helen’s cheek all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new.
Speak of the spring and foison[9] of the year:
The[10] one doth shadow of your beauty show,
The other as your bounty[11] doth appear,
And you in every blessèd shape we know.[12]
In all external grace[13] you have some part,
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

54

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By[2] that sweet ornament which truth doth give.
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem[3]
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker blooms[5] have full as deep a dye
As the perfumèd tincture[6] of the roses,
Hang on such thorns and play[7] as wantonly
When summer’s breath their maskèd buds discloses:[8]
But, for[9] their virtue only is their show,
They live unwooed[10] and unrespected fade,
Die to themselves.[11] Sweet roses do not so:
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made.[12]
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that[14] shall fade, my verse distils your truth.

55

Not marble nor the gilded monuments[1]
Of princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme,
But you shall shine more bright in these contents[3]
Than unswept stone besmeared with[4] sluttish time.
When wasteful[5] war shall statues overturn,
And broils[6] root out the work of masonry,
Nor[7] Mars his sword, nor war’s quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
Gainst death and all oblivious enmity[9]
Shall you pace forth, your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.[12]
    So, till the[13] judgement that yourself arise,
    You live in this,[14] and dwell in lovers’ eyes.

56

Sweet love,[1] renew thy force. Be it not said
Thy edge[2] should blunter be than appetite,
Which but[3] today by feeding is allayed,
Tomorrow sharpened in his former might.
So love, be thou, although today thou fill
Thy hungry eyes even till they wink[6] with fullness,
Tomorrow see again and do not kill
The spirit of love with a perpetual dullness.[8]
Let this sad int’rim[9] like the ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted new[10]
Come daily to the banks, that,[11] when they see
Return of love, more blest may be the view:
    Or call it[13] winter, which being full of care
    Makes summer’s welcome thrice more wished, more rare.[14]

57

Being your slave, what should I do but tend[1]
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide[5] the world-without-end hour
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
When you have bid your servant once adieu.
Nor dare I question with my jealous[9] thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,[10]
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought
Save where you are how happy you make those.[12]
    So true a fool is love that in your Will,[13]
    Though you do anything, he thinks no ill.

58

That[1] god forbid, that made me first your slave,
I should in thought[2] control your times of pleasure,
Or at[3] your hand th’account of hours to crave,
Being your vassal,[4] bound to stay your leisure.
O, let me suffer, being at your beck,[5]
Th’imprisoned[6] absence of your liberty,
And patience[7] tame to sufferance, bide each check
Without accusing you of injury.
Be where you list,[9] your charter is so strong
That you yourself may privilege[10] your time
To what you will: to you it doth belong
Yourself to[12] pardon of self-doing crime.
I am to wait, though waiting so be hell,
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

59

If there be nothing new, but that which is
Hath been before, how are our brains beguiled,[2]
Which, labouring[3] for invention, bear amiss
The second burden of a former child.
O, that record[5] could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courses[6] of the sun,
Show me your image in some antique book,
Since mind[8] at first in character was done,
That I might see what the old world could say
To this composèd[10] wonder of your frame:
Whether we are mended,[11] or whe’er better they,
Or whether revolution[12] be the same.
O, sure I am the wits[13] of former days
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

60

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end,
Each changing place with[3] that which goes before,
In[4] sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity,[5] once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crowned,
Crooked[7] eclipses gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.[8]
Time doth transfix[9] the flourish set on youth
And delves the parallels[10] in beauty’s brow,
Feeds on the rarities[11] of nature’s truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe[12] to mow.
And yet to times in hope[13] my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

61

Is it thy will thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadows[4] like to thee do mock my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send’st from thee
So far from home into my deeds to pry,
To find out shames and idle hours in me,
The scope[8] and tenure of thy jealousy?
O no, thy love, though much, is not so great:
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake,
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat
To play the watchman ever for thy sake.
For thee watch I,[13] whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
From me far off, with others all too near.

62

Sin of self-love possesseth[1] all mine eye
And all my soul and all my every part,
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious[5] is as mine,
No shape so true,[6] no truth of such account,
And for myself[7] mine own worth do define,
As[8] I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass[9] shows me myself indeed,
Beated and chopped[10] with tanned antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read:
Self[12] so self-loving were iniquity.
’Tis[13] thee, my self, that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

63

Against[1] my love shall be as I am now
With Time’s injurious[2] hand crushed and o’er-worn,
When hours have drained his blood[3] and filed his brow
With lines and wrinkles, when his youthful morn
Hath travelled on to age’s steepy[5] night,
And all those beauties whereof now he’s king
Are vanishing, or vanished, out of sight,
Stealing[8] away the treasure of his spring:
For such a time do I now fortify[9]
Against confounding[10] age’s cruel knife,
That[11] he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love’s beauty, though[12] my lover’s life.
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live and he in them still green.[14]

64

When I have seen by Time’s fell[1] hand defaced
The rich proud cost[2] of outworn buried age,
When sometime[3] lofty towers I see down-razed
And brass[4] eternal slave to mortal rage,
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of[7] the wat’ry main,
Increasing[8] store with loss and loss with store,
When I have seen such interchange of state,[9]
Or state[10] itself confounded to decay,
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate[11]
That Time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

65

Since[1] brass nor stone nor earth nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o’er-sways[2] their power,
How with this rage[3] shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action[4] is no stronger than a flower?
O, how shall summer’s honey breath hold out
Against the wrackful[6] siege of batt’ring days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays?
O fearful meditation! Where, alack,
Shall Time’s best jewel from[10] Time’s chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back,
Or who his spoil[12] of beauty can forbid?
O none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

66

Tired with all these,[1] for restful death I cry,
As to behold desert[2] a beggar born,
And needy[3] nothing trimmed in jollity,
And purest[4] faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded[5] honour shamefully misplaced,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,[6]
And right[7] perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And strength by limping sway[8] disablèd,
And art[9] made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly doctor-like[10] controlling skill,
And simple truth miscalled simplicity,[11]
And captive good attending[12] captain ill.
Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that to[14] die I leave my love alone.

67

Ah, wherefore[1] with infection should he live,
And with his presence grace impiety,[2]
That sin by[3] him advantage should achieve
And lace[4] itself with his society?
Why should false painting[5] imitate his cheek
And steal dead seeing[6] of his living hue?
Why should poor[7] beauty indirectly seek
Roses of shadow,[8] since his rose is true?
Why should he live, now Nature bankrupt is,[9]
Beggared of blood to blush through lively[10] veins,
For she hath no exchequer[11] now but his,
And, proud of many,[12] lives upon his gains?
O, him she stores,[13] to show what wealth she had
In days long since, before these last so bad.

68

Thus[1] is his cheek the map of days outworn,
When beauty lived and died as flowers do now,
Before these bastard[3] signs of fair were born
Or durst inhabit[4] on a living brow,
Before the golden[5] tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres,[6] were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head,
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:[8]
In him those holy antique hours[9] are seen,
Without all ornament, itself and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new,
  And him as for a map doth Nature store,
  To show false Art what beauty was of yore.[14]

69

Those parts[1] of thee that the world's eye doth view
Want[2] nothing that the thought of hearts can mend:
All tongues, the voice of souls, give thee that due,
Utt'ring bare truth, even[4] so as foes commend.
Thy outward[5] thus with outward praise is crowned,
But those same tongues that give thee so thine own[6]
In other accents[7] do this praise confound
By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.
They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in guess,[10] they measure by thy deeds.
Then, churls,[11] their thoughts, although their eyes were kind,
To thy fair flower add the rank[12] smell of weeds:
But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
The soil[14] is this, that thou dost common grow.

70

That thou art blamed[1] shall not be thy defect,
For slander’s mark[2] was ever yet the fair:
The[3] ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow[4] that flies in heaven’s sweetest air.
So thou be[5] good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being wooed oft-time:
For canker[7] vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present’st a pure unstainèd[8] prime.
Thou hast passed by the ambush[9] of young days,
Either not assailed[10] or victor being charged:
Yet this thy praise cannot be so[11] thy praise,
To tie[12] up envy evermore enlarged.
If some suspect of ill[13] masked not thy show,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.[14]

71

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen[2] bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world with vilest worms to dwell.
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it, for I love you so
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.[8]
O, if, I say, you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compounded[10] am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,[11]
But let your love even with my life decay,
Lest the wise world should look[13] into your moan
And mock you with me[14] after I am gone.

72

O, lest the world should task[1] you to recite
What merit lived in me, that you should love
After my death, dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove,
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie
To do more for me than mine own desert
And hang more praise upon deceasèd I
Than niggard[8] truth would willingly impart.
O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
That you for[10] love speak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
For I am shamed by that[13] which I bring forth,
And so should you,[14] to love things nothing worth.

73

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruined choirs,[4] where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou see’st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death’s second self,[8] that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see’st the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed[12] with that which it was nourished by.
    This thou perceiv’st, which makes thy love more strong
    To love that[14] well which thou must leave ere long.

74

But[1] be contented when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away:
My life hath in this line[3] some interest,
Which for memorial[4] still with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest[5] this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate[6] to thee.
The earth can have but earth, which is his due:
My spirit is thine, the better part of me.
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead,
The coward[11] conquest of a wretch’s knife,
Too base[12] of thee to be rememberèd.
    The worth of that[13] is that which it contains,
    And that is this,[14] and this with thee remains.

75

So are you to my thoughts as food to life
Or as sweet-seasoned[2] showers are to the ground,
And for[3] the peace of you I hold such strife
As ’twixt[4] a miser and his wealth is found:
Now proud as an enjoyer and anon[5]
Doubting[6] the filching age will steal his treasure,
Now counting[7] best to be with you alone,
Then bettered[8] that the world may see my pleasure,
Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,
And by and by clean[10] starvèd for a look,
Possessing or pursuing no delight,
Save what is had or must from you be took.
Thus do I pine[13] and surfeit day by day,
Or[14] gluttoning on all, or all away.

76

Why is my verse so barren of new pride?[1]
So far from variation or quick change?
Why with the time do I not glance aside
To new-found methods and to compounds strange?[4]
Why write I still all one,[5] ever the same,
And keep invention[6] in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost tell my name,
Showing their birth and where they did proceed?[8]
O know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument:[10]
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent,
    For as the sun is daily new and old,
    So is my love still telling[14] what is told.

77

Thy glass[1] will show thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial[2] how thy precious minutes waste,
The vacant leaves[3] thy mind’s imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning[4] mayst thou taste.
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show
Of[6] mouthèd graves will give thee memory,
Thou by thy dial’s shady stealth[7] mayst know
Time’s thievish progress to eternity.
Look what thy memory cannot contain
Commit to these waste blanks[10] and thou shalt find
Those children[11] nursed, delivered from thy brain,
To[12] take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices,[13] so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee and much enrich thy book.

78

So oft have I invoked thee for my Muse[1]
And found such fair[2] assistance in my verse
As[3] every alien pen hath got my use
And under thee[4] their poesy disperse.
Thine eyes that taught the dumb on high[5] to sing
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
Have added feathers[7] to the learnèd’s wing
And given grace[8] a double majesty.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,[9]
Whose influence is thine and born of thee.
In others’ works thou dost but mend[11] the style,
And arts[12] with thy sweet graces gracèd be:
But thou[13] art all my art and dost advance
As high as learning my rude[14] ignorance.

79

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace,[2]
But now my gracious numbers[3] are decayed
And my sick Muse[4] doth give another place.
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument[5]
Deserves the travail[6] of a worthier pen,
Yet what of thee[7] thy poet doth invent
He robs thee of and pays it thee again.
He lends thee virtue and he stole that word
From thy behaviour, beauty doth he give
And found it in thy cheek: he can afford[11]
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

80

O, how I faint[1] when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit[2] doth use your name
And in the praise thereof spends all his might
To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame.
But since your worth, wide as the ocean is,
The humble as[6] the proudest sail doth bear,
My saucy bark[7] inferior far to his
On your broad main[8] doth wilfully appear.
Your shallowest help[9] will hold me up afloat,
Whilst he upon your soundless[10] deep doth ride,
Or being wrecked, I am a worthless boat,
He of tall building[12] and of goodly pride.
Then if he thrive and I be cast away,[13]
The worst was this: my[14] love was my decay.

81

Or[1] I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten,
From hence[3] your memory death cannot take,
Although in[4] me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to[6] all the world must die.
The earth can yield me but a common[7] grave,
When you entombèd in men’s eyes shall lie.
Your monument[9] shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o’er-read,
And tongues to be[11] your being shall rehearse
When all[12] the breathers of this world are dead.
You still[13] shall live — such virtue hath my pen —
Where breath most breathes, ev’n in the[14] mouths of men.

82

I grant[1] thou wert not married to my Muse
And therefore mayst without attaint[2] o’erlook
The dedicated words[3] which writers use
Of their fair subject, blessing[4] every book.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,[5]
Finding thy worth a limit past[6] my praise,
And therefore art enforced to seek anew
Some fresher stamp[8] of the time-bett’ring days.
And do so, love, yet when they have devised
What strainèd[10] touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou, truly fair, wert truly sympathized[11]
In true plain words by thy true-telling friend.
    And their gross[13] painting might be better used
    Where cheeks need blood: in thee it is abused.[14]

83

I never saw that you did painting[1] need,
And therefore to your fair[2] no painting set.
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
The barren tender[4] of a poet’s debt,
And therefore have I slept[5] in your report,
That[6] you yourself being extant well might show
How far a modern[7] quill doth come too short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
This silence for my sin[9] you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb,
For I impair not beauty being mute,
When others would[12] give life and bring a tomb.
There lives more life in one of your fair eyes
Than both your poets[14] can in praise devise.

84

Who is it that says most, which[1] can say more
Than this rich praise, that you[2] alone are you,
In whose confine immurèd[3] is the store
Which should example[4] where your equal grew?
Lean penury[5] within that pen doth dwell
That to his subject lends not some small glory,
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, so[8] dignifies his story.
Let him but[9] copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what nature made so clear,
And such[11] a counterpart shall fame his wit,
Making his style admirèd everywhere.
    You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
    Being[14] fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

85

My tongue-tied Muse[1] in manners holds her still,
While comments of your praise, richly compiled,
Reserve their character[3] with golden quill
And precious phrase by all the Muses filed.[4]
I think good thoughts whilst other write good words,
And like unlettered clerk[6] still cry ‘Amen’
To every hymn that able spirit affords[7]
In polished form of well-refinèd pen.
Hearing you praised, I say, ‘’Tis so, ’tis true’,
And to the most of praise add something more:
But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
Though words come hindmost, holds[12] his rank before.
Then others for[13] the breath of words respect,
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.[14]

86

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize[2] of all-too-precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,[3]
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
Was it his spirit,[5] by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch,[6] that struck me dead?
No, neither he nor his compeers[7] by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonishèd.[8]
He, nor that affable familiar ghost[9]
Which nightly gulls[10] him with intelligence,
As victors of my silence cannot boast.
I was not sick of any fear from thence,
But when your countenance[13] filled up his line,
Then lacked I matter,[14] that enfeebled mine.

87

Farewell, thou art too dear[1] for my possessing,
And like enough thou know’st thy estimate.[2]
The charter[3] of thy worth gives thee releasing,
My bonds[4] in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of[7] this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent[8] back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gav’st, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav’st it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,[11]
Comes home again, on better judgement making.
Thus have I had thee as a dream doth flatter:
In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.[14]

88

When thou shalt be disposed to set me light[1]
And place[2] my merit in the eye of scorn,
Upon thy side against myself I’ll fight
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.[4]
With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
Upon thy part[6] I can set down a story
Of faults concealed, wherein I am attainted,[7]
That[8] thou in losing me shalt win much glory:
And I by this will be a gainer too,
For bending[10] all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage,[12] double-vantage me.
Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.[14]

89[*]

Say that thou didst forsake[1] me for some fault
And I will comment upon[2] that offence,
Speak of my lameness and I straight will halt,[3]
Against thy reasons making no defence.
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
To[6] set a form upon desirèd change,
As I'll myself disgrace, knowing thy will,
I[8] will acquaintance strangle and look strange,
Be absent from thy walks,[9] and in my tongue
Thy sweet belovèd name no more shall dwell,
Lest I, too much profane, should do it wrong
And haply[12] of our old acquaintance tell.
    For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,[13]
    For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

90

Then[1] hate me when thou wilt, if ever, now,
Now, while the world is bent[2] my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop[4] in for an after-loss.
Ah do not, when my heart hath scaped[5] this sorrow,
Come[6] in the rearward of a conquered woe,
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow
To linger[8] out a purposed overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset[11] come: so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune’s might,
And other strains[13] of woe, which now seem woe,
Compared with loss of thee will not seem so.

91

Some glory[1] in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their body’s force,
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill,[3]
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse,
And every humour[5] hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest,
But these particulars are not my measure:[7]
All these I better[8] in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder[10] than garments’ cost,
Of more delight than hawks or horses be:
And having thee, of all men’s pride I boast —
  Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take
  All this away and me most wretched make.

92

But[1] do thy worst to steal thyself away,
For term of life[2] thou art assurèd mine,
And life no longer than thy love will stay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.
Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,[5]
When in[6] the least of them my life hath end.
I see a better state to me belongs
Than that which on thy humour[8] doth depend.
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
Since that my life on[10] thy revolt doth lie.
O, what a happy[11] title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die.
But what’s so blessèd-fair[13] that fears no blot?
Thou mayst be false,[14] and yet I know it not.

93

So[1] shall I live, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceivèd husband: so love’s face[2]
May still seem love to me, though altered new,[3]
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place,
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
In many’s looks the false heart’s history
Is writ in moods and frowns and wrinkles[8] strange,
But heaven in thy creation did decree
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell.
Whate’er thy thoughts or thy heart’s workings be,
Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.
How like Eve’s apple[13] doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet virtue answer[14] not thy show.

94

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the[2] thing they most do show,
Who, moving[3] others, are themselves as stone,
Unmovèd, cold,[4] and to temptation slow:
They rightly do inherit heaven’s graces
And husband[6] nature’s riches from expense.
They are the lords[7] and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards[8] of their excellence.
The summer’s flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself[10] it only live and die,
But if that flower with base[11] infection meet,
The basest[12] weed outbraves his dignity:
For sweetest things[13] turn sourest by their deeds,
Lilies[14] that fester smell far worse than weeds.

95

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame
Which, like a canker[2] in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot[3] the beauty of thy budding name.
O, in what sweets[4] dost thou thy sins enclose!
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,[6]
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise:
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
O, what a mansion[9] have those vices got
Which for their habitation chose out thee,
Where beauty’s veil doth cover every blot,
And all things turns to fair that eyes can see.
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege:[13]
The hardest knife[14] ill-used doth lose his edge.

96

Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonness,[1]
Some say thy grace is youth and gentle[2] sport,
Both grace and faults are loved of[3] more and less:
Thou[4] mak’st faults graces that to thee resort.
As on the finger of a thronèd queen
The basest[6] jewel will be well esteemed,
So are those errors[7] that in thee are seen
To truths[8] translated and for true things deemed.
How many lambs might the stem wolf betray,
If like[10] a lamb he could his looks translate?
How many gazers[11] mightst thou lead away,
If thou wouldst use the strength[12] of all thy state?
    But[13] do not so: I love thee in such sort
    As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

97

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year.
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen,
What old December’s bareness everywhere.
And yet this time removed[5] was summer’s time,
The teeming[6] autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing[7] the wanton burden of the prime,
Like widowed wombs after their lords’[8] decease:
Yet this abundant issue[9] seemed to me
But[10] hope of orphans and unfathered fruit,
For summer and his pleasures wait[11] on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute —
Or if they sing, ’tis with so dull a cheer
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter’s near.

98

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied[2] April dressed in all his trim
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,
That[4] heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with him.
Yet nor[5] the lays of birds nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers[6] in odour and in hue
Could make me any summer’s[7] story tell,
Or from their proud[8] lap pluck them where they grew.
Nor did I wonder at the lily’s white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose.
They were but[11] sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after[12] you, you pattern of all those.
    Yet seemed it winter still and, you away,
    As[14] with your shadow I with these did play.

99[*]

The forward[1] violet thus did I chide:
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy[2] sweet that smells,
If not from my love’s breath? The purple pride[3]
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion[4] dwells
In my love’s veins thou hast too grossly[5] dyed.
The lily I condemnèd[6] for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram[7] had stol’n thy hair:
The roses fearfully on[8] thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white[9] despair,
A third, nor red nor white, had stol’n of both
And to his robb’ry had annexed thy breath:[11]
But for[12] his theft, in pride of all his growth,
A vengeful canker[13] eat him up to death.
  More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
  But[15] sweet or colour it had stol’n from thee.

100

Where art thou, Muse,[1] that thou forget’st so long
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?
Spend’st thou thy fury[3] on some worthless song,
Dark’ning[4] thy power to lend base subjects light?
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight[5] redeem
In gentle numbers[6] time so idly spent,
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays[7] esteem
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.[8]
Rise, resty[9] Muse, my love’s sweet face survey,
If Time have any wrinkle graven[10] there,
If any, be a satire to[11] decay
And make Time’s spoils[12] despisèd everywhere.
Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life,
So[14] thou prevent’st his scythe and crooked knife.

101

O truant Muse,[1] what shall be thy amends
For thy neglect of truth[2] in beauty dyed?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends,[3]
So dost thou too, and therein dignified.[4]
Make answer, Muse. Wilt thou not haply[5] say,
‘Truth needs no colour,[6] with his colour fixed,
Beauty no pencil,[7] beauty’s truth to lay,
But best is best, if never intermixed[8]’?
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so, for’t lies in thee[10]
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb
And to be praised of ages yet to be.
    Then do thy office,[13] Muse. I teach thee how
    To make him seem long hence,[14] as he shows now.

102

My love is strengthened, though more weak in seeming:[1]
I love not less, though less the show appear.
That love is merchandised[3] whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish[4] everywhere.
Our love was new and then but in the spring,
When I was wont[6] to greet it with my lays,
As Philomel[7] in summer's front doth sing
And stops his pipe[8] in growth of riper days:
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild[11] music burdens every bough,
And sweets[12] grown common lose their dear delight.
Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull[14] you with my song.

103

Alack, what poverty[1] my Muse brings forth,
That having such a scope to show her pride,[2]
The argument all bare[3] is of more worth
Than when it hath my added praise beside.
O, blame me not, if I no more can write.
Look in your glass,[6] and there appears a face
That overgoes[7] my blunt invention quite,
Dulling[8] my lines and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,[9]
To mar[10] the subject that before was well?
For to no other pass[11] my verses tend
Than of your graces[12] and your gifts to tell.
And more, much more, than in my verse can sit
Your own glass shows you when you look in it.

104

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,[2]
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
Have from the forests shook three summers’ pride,[4]
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turned
In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burned,
Since first I saw you fresh, which[8] yet are green.
Ah yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,[9]
Steal[10] from his figure and no pace perceived:
So your sweet hue,[11] which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion[12] and mine eye may be deceived.
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred:[13]
Ere[14] you were born was beauty’s summer dead.

105

Let not my love be called idolatry,[1]
Nor my belovèd as an idol show,[2]
Since[3] all alike my songs and praises be
To[4] one, of one, still such and ever so.
Kind[5] is my love today, tomorrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence.
Therefore my verse to constancy confined,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
‘Fair,[9] kind and true’ is all my argument,
‘Fair, kind and true’ varying to[10] other words,
And in this change is my invention spent,[11]
Three[12] themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
Fair, kind and true have often lived alone,
Which three till now never kept seat[14] in one.

106

When in the chronicle[1] of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,[2]
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead and lovely[4] knights,
Then in the blazon[5] of sweet beauty’s best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have expressed
Even[8] such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring,
And, for[11] they looked but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder,[14] but lack tongues to praise.

107

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the[3] lease of my true love control,
Supposed as[4] forfeit to a confined doom.
The[5] mortal moon hath her eclipse endured
And the sad augurs[6] mock their own presage,
Incertainties[7] now crown themselves assured
And peace proclaims olives[8] of endless age.
Now with the drops of this most balmy[9] time
My love looks fresh and Death to me subscribes,[10]
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he insults[12] o'er dull and speechless tribes.
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,[13]
When tyrants' crests[14] and tombs of brass are spent.

108

What’s in the brain that ink may character[1]
Which hath not figured[2] to thee my true spirit?
What’s new to speak, what now to register,[3]
That may express my love or thy dear merit?
Nothing, sweet boy, but yet like prayers divine
I must each day say o’er the very same,
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when first I hallowed[8] thy fair name.
So that eternal love in love’s fresh case[9]
Weighs not[10] the dust and injury of age,
Nor gives[11] to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity[12] for aye his page,
    Finding the first conceit[13] of love there bred,
    Where time and outward form would show it[14] dead.

109

O, never say that I was false of heart,[1]
Though absence seemed my[2] flame to qualify.
As easy might I from myself depart
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie:
That is my home of love. If I have ranged,[5]
Like him that travels I return again,
Just[7] to the time, not with the time exchanged,
So that myself bring water[8] for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature reigned
All frailties[10] that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously[11] be stained,
To leave for nothing[12] all thy sum of good:
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose — in it thou art my all.

110

Alas, ’tis true, I have gone[1] here and there
And made myself a motley[2] to the view,
Gored[3] mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made[4] old offences of affections new.
Most true it is that I have looked on truth
Askance and strangely,[6] but, by all above,
These blenches[7] gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays[8] proved thee my best of love.
Now all is done, have what[9] shall have no end:
Mine appetite[10] I never more will grind
On newer proof,[11] to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confined.[12]
Then give me welcome, next[13] my heaven the best,
Even to thy pure and most most loving[14] breast.

111

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,[1]
The guilty goddess of[2] my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means[4] which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,[5]
And almost[6] thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer’s hand.
Pity me then and wish I were renewed,[8]
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eisel[10] gainst my strong infection,
No bitterness[11] that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance to correct correction.[12]
Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

112

Your love and pity doth th’impression[1] fill
Which vulgar[2] scandal stamped upon my brow,
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So[4] you o’er-green my bad, my good allow?
You are my all the world and I must strive
To know my shames and praises from your tongue.
None[7] else to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steeled sense or changes right or wrong.
In so profound abysm[9] I throw all care
Of others’ voices, that my adder’s sense[10]
To critic and to flatterer stoppèd are.
Mark how[12] with my neglect I do dispense:
    You are[13] so strongly in my purpose bred
    That all the world besides me thinks you’re dead.

113

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind,
And that[2] which governs me to go about
Doth part[3] his function and is partly blind,
Seems seeing,[4] but effectually is out,
For it no form delivers to the heart[5]
Of bird, of flower, or shape which it doth latch.[6]
Of his quick objects[7] hath the mind no part,
Nor[8] his own vision holds what it doth catch,
For if it see the rud’st or gentlest[9] sight,
The most sweet favour[10] or deformed’st creature,
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
The crow or dove, it shapes[12] them to your feature.
    Incapable of[13] more, replete with you,
    My most true[14] mind thus makes mine eye untrue.

114

Or[1] whether doth my mind, being crowned with you,
Drink up the monarch’s plague, this flattery?
Or whether shall I say mine eye saith true,
And that your love taught it this alchemy,[4]
To make of monsters and things indigest[5]
Such cherubins[6] as your sweet self resemble,
Creating every bad[7] a perfect best,
As fast as objects to his beams[8] assemble?
O, ’tis the first, ’tis flatt’ry in my seeing,
And my great mind most kingly[10] drinks it up:
Mine eye well knows what[11] with his gust is ’greeing,
And to his palate doth prepare the cup.
If it be poisoned, ’tis the lesser sin
That mine eye loves it and doth first begin.[14]

115

Those lines that I before have writ do lie,
Even those that said I could not love you dearer:
Yet then my judgement knew no reason why
My most full[4] flame should afterwards burn clearer.
But reckoning time,[5] whose millioned accidents
Creep in ’twixt vows[6] and change decrees of kings,
Tan[7] sacred beauty, blunt the sharp’st intents,
Divert strong minds to th’course of alt’ring[8] things —
Alas why, fearing of Time’s tyranny,
Might[10] I not then say, ‘Now I love you best’,
When I was certain o’er incertainty,
Crowning[12] the present, doubting of the rest?
  Love[13] is a babe: then might I not say so,
  To give[14] full growth to that which still doth grow?

116

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit[2] impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds
Or bends[4] with the remover to remove.
O no, it is an ever-fixèd mark[5]
That looks on tempests and is never shaken,
It is the star[7] to every wand’ring bark,
Whose worth’s unknown,[8] although his height be taken.
Love’s not Time’s fool,[9] though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending[10] sickle’s compass come:
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.[12]
If this be error and upon me proved,[13]
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

117

Accuse[1] me thus: that I have scanted all
Wherein I should your great deserts repay,
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,[3]
Whereto all bonds[4] do tie me day by day,
That I have frequent[5] been with unknown minds
And given[6] to time your own dear-purchased right,
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
Which should transport me farthest from your sight.
Book[9] both my wilfulness and errors down,
And on just proof[10] surmise, accumulate,
Bring me within the level[11] of your frown,
But shoot not at me in your wakened hate,[12]
Since my appeal[13] says I did strive to prove
The constancy and virtue[14] of your love.

118

Like as[1] to make our appetites more keen
With eager compounds[2] we our palate urge,
As to prevent our maladies unseen[3]
We sicken[4] to shun sickness when we purge,
Even so,[5] being full of your ne’er-cloying sweetness,
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding[6]
And, sick of welfare,[7] found a kind of meetness
To be diseased ere[8] that there was true needing.
Thus policy[9] in love, t’anticipate
The ills that were not, grew to faults assured
And brought to medicine[11] a healthful state
Which, rank of[12] goodness, would by ill be cured.
But thence I learn and find the lesson true,
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

119

What potions have I drunk of siren[1] tears,
Distilled from limbecks[2] foul as hell within,
Applying[3] fears to hopes and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to[4] win?
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessèd never?[6]
How have mine eyes out of their spheres[7] been fitted
In the distraction of this madding[8] fever?
O benefit of ill, now I find true
That better is by evil still made better,
And ruined love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
So I return rebuked to my content[13]
And gain by ills thrice[14] more than I have spent.

120

That you were once unkind befriends me[1] now,
And for that sorrow which I then did feel
Needs must I[3] under my transgression bow,
Unless my nerves were brass or hammered steel.
For if you were by my unkindness shaken
As I by yours, you’ve passed a hell of[6] time,
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken[7]
To weigh[8] how once I suffered in your crime.
O, that our night of woe might have remembered[9]
My deepest sense how hard true sorrow hits,
And soon to you, as you to me then, tendered[11]
The humble salve[12] which wounded bosoms fits.
But that your trespass[13] now becomes a fee:
Mine ransoms[14] yours and yours must ransom me.

121

’Tis better to be vile than vile esteemed,[1]
When not to be receives reproach of being,[2]
And the just[3] pleasure lost which is so deemed
Not by our feeling but by others’ seeing.
For why should others’ false[5] adulterate eyes
Give salutation to[6] my sportive blood?
Or on[7] my frailties why are frailer spies,
Which in their wills[8] count bad what I think good?
No, I am that[9] I am and they that level
At my abuses[10] reckon up their own:
I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel.[11]
By[12] their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown,
    Unless this general evil they maintain:[13]
    All men are bad and in[14] their badness reign.

122

Thy gift, thy tables,[1] are within my brain
Full charactered[2] with lasting memory,
Which shall above that idle rank[3] remain
Beyond all date,[4] even to eternity,
Or at the least, so long as brain and heart
Have faculty[6] by nature to subsist,
Till each to razed[7] oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be missed.
That poor retention[9] could not so much hold,
Nor need I tallies[10] thy dear love to score.
Therefore to[11] give them from me was I bold,
To trust those[12] tables that receive thee more.
To keep an adjunct[13] to remember thee
Were to import[14] forgetfulness in me.

123

No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change.
Thy pyramids[2] built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange:
They are but dressings[4] of a former sight.
Our dates[5] are brief and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist[6] upon us that is old,
And rather make them born[7] to our desire
Than think that we before have heard them told.
Thy registers[9] and thee I both defy,
Not wond'ring[10] at the present nor the past,
For thy[11] records and what we see doth lie,
Made[12] more or less by thy continual haste.
This I do vow and this shall ever be:
I will be true,[14] despite thy scythe and thee.

124

If my dear love[1] were but the child of state,
It might for[2] Fortune’s bastard be unfathered,
As subject to time’s love or to time’s hate,
Weeds[4] among weeds, or flowers with flowers gathered.
No, it was builded far from accident,[5]
It suffers[6] not in smiling pomp, nor falls
Under[7] the blow of thrallèd discontent,
Whereto[8] th’inviting time our fashion calls.
It fears not policy,[9] that heretic,
Which works[10] on leases of short-numbered hours,
But all alone stands hugely politic,[11]
That it nor[12] grows with heat nor drowns with showers.
To this I witness[13] call the fools of time,
Which die for goodness,[14] who have lived for crime.

125

Were’t[1] aught to me I bore the canopy,
With[2] my extern the outward honouring,
Or laid great bases[3] for eternity,
Which[4] proves more short than waste or ruining?
Have I not seen dwellers[5] on form and favour
Lose all and more, by paying too much rent,[6]
For[7] compound sweet forgoing simple savour,
Pitiful thrivers,[8] in their gazing spent?
No, let me be obsequious[9] in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation,[10] poor but free,
Which is not mixed with seconds,[11] knows no art,
But mutual render,[12] only me for thee.
    Hence, thou suborned informer,[13] a true soul
    When most impeached[14] stands least in thy control.

126

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
Dost hold Time’s fickle glass,[2] his sickle hour,
Who hast by waning grown,[3] and therein show’st
Thy lovers withering as thy sweet self grow’st —
If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,[5]
As thou goest onwards,[6] still will pluck thee back,
She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
May Time disgrace[8] and wretched minutes kill.
Yet fear her, O thou minion[9] of her pleasure:
She may detain, but not still keep,[10] her treasure.
Her audit,[11] though delayed, answered must be,
And her quietus[12] is to render thee.
(   )[13]
(   )

127

In the old age[1] black was not counted fair,
Or if it were, it bore[2] not beauty’s name.
But now is black beauty’s successive[3] heir
And beauty[4] slandered with a bastard shame:
For since each hand hath put on[5] nature’s power,
Fairing the foul[6] with art’s false borrowed face,
Sweet beauty hath no name,[7] no holy bower,
But is profaned,[8] if not lives in disgrace.
Therefore my mistress’ brows are raven black,
Her eyes so suited,[10] and they mourners seem
At such who, not[11] born fair, no beauty lack,
Sland’ring[12] creation with a false esteem.
Yet so they mourn, becoming[13] of their woe,
That every tongue says beauty should look so.

128

How oft, when thou, my music,[1] music play’st
Upon that blessèd wood[2] whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway’st[3]
The wiry concord[4] that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks[5] that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest[7] reap,
At the wood’s boldness by thee blushing stand.
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips[10]
O’er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more blest than living lips.
Since saucy[13] jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

129

Th’expense[1] of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action,[2] and till action, lust
Is perjured,[3] murd’rous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude,[4] cruel, not to trust,
Enjoyed no sooner but despisèd straight,[5]
Past reason[6] hunted and, no sooner had,
Past reason hated as a swallowed bait
On purpose laid to make the taker mad,
Mad in pursuit and in possession so,
Had, having and in quest to have, extreme,
A bliss in proof[11] and proved a very woe,
Before, a joy proposed[12] — behind, a dream.
    All this the world well knows, yet none knows well
    To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.[14]

130

My[1] mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun,
Coral is far more red than her lips' red,
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun,[3]
If hairs be wires,[4] black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damasked,[5] red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks,
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.[8]
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound.
I grant I never saw a goddess go:[11]
My mistress when she walks treads on the ground.
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she[14] belied with false compare.

131

Thou art as tyrannous,[1] so as thou art,
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel,
For well thou know’st to my dear[3] doting heart
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
Yet in good faith[5] some say, that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan.[6]
To say they err I dare not be so bold,
Although I swear it to myself alone.
And to be sure that is not false I swear
A thousand groans but[10] thinking on thy face
One[11] on another’s neck do witness bear
Thy black[12] is fairest in my judgement’s place.
In nothing art thou black save in thy deeds,
And thence this slander[14] as I think proceeds.

132

Thine eyes I love and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart torment me with disdain,
Have put on black and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth[4] upon my pain.
And truly not the morning[5] sun of heaven
Better becomes[6] the grey cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star[7] that ushers in the even
Doth half that glory to the sober[8] west,
As those two mourning[9] eyes become thy face:
O, let it then as well beseem[10] thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,[11]
And suit[12] thy pity like in every part.
    Then will I swear beauty herself is black,
    And all they foul[14] that thy complexion lack.

133

Beshrew[1] that heart that makes my heart to groan
For that deep wound[2] it gives my friend and me.
Is’t not enough to torture me alone,
But slave to slavery[4] my sweet’st friend must be?
Me from myself thy cruel eye[5] hath taken,
And my next self[6] thou harder hast engrossed.
Of[7] him, myself and thee, I am forsaken,
A torment thrice threefold thus to be crossed.[8]
Prison[9] my heart in thy steel bosom’s ward,
But then my friend’s heart let my poor heart bail,[10]
Whoe’er keeps[11] me, let my heart be his guard:
Thou canst not then use rigour[12] in my jail.
    And yet thou wilt, for I, being pent[13] in thee,
    Perforce am thine and all[14] that is in me.

134

So, now I have confessed that he[1] is thine,
And I myself am mortgaged to thy will,[2]
Myself I’ll forfeit, so[3] that other mine
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still:
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art covetous and he is kind.[6]
He learned but surety-like[7] to write for me
Under that bond[8] that him as fast doth bind.
The statute[9] of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usurer,[10] that put’st forth all to use,
And sue[11] a friend came debtor for my sake:
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.[12]
Him have I lost, thou hast[13] both him and me:
He pays the whole,[14] and yet am I not free.

135

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy Will,[1]
And Will to boot,[2] and Will in overplus:
More than enough am I that vex[3] thee still,
To[4] thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou, whose will[5] is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe[6] to hide my will in thine?
Shall will in others seem right gracious,[7]
And in[8] my will no fair acceptance shine?
The sea all water, yet receives rain still
And in abundance addeth to his store.
So thou, being rich in Will,[11] add to thy Will
One[12] will of mine, to make thy large Will more.
Let[13] no unkind, no fair beseechers kill:
Think all[14] but one and me in that one Will.

136

If thy soul check[1] thee that I come so near,
Swear to thy blind[2] soul that I was thy Will,
And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there:[3]
Thus far for love[4] my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.
Will[5] will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
Ay, fill[6] it full with wills, and my will one.
In things of great receipt[7] with ease we prove
Among a number one is reckoned none.
Then in the number let me pass untold,[9]
Though in thy store’s account[10] I one must be:
For[11] nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
That nothing me,[12] a something sweet to thee.
Make but[13] my name thy love and love that still,
And then thou lovest me, for my name is Will.

137

Thou blind[1] fool, love, what dost thou to mine eyes,
That they behold and see not what they see?
They know what beauty is, see where it lies,[3]
Yet what[4] the best is take the worst to be.
If eyes corrupt[5] by over-partial looks
Be anchored in the bay[6] where all men ride,
Why of eyes’ falsehood hast thou forged hooks,
Whereto the judgement of my heart is tied?
Why should my heart think that a several plot[9]
Which my heart knows the wide[10] world’s common place?
Or[11] mine eyes seeing this, say this is not,
To[12] put fair truth upon so foul a face?
    In things right true my heart and eyes have erred,
    And to this false plague[14] are they now transferred.

138[*]

When my love swears that she is made of truth,[1]
I do believe her, though I know she lies,[2]
That[3] she might think me some untutored youth,
Unlearned in the world’s false subtleties.[4]
Thus vainly[5] thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply[7] I credit her false-speaking tongue:
On both sides thus is simple truth suppressed.
But wherefore[9] says she not she is unjust?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O, love’s best habit[11] is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not to have years told.[12]
Therefore I lie[13] with her and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flattered[14] be.

139

O, call not me to justify the wrong
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart,
Wound[3] me not with thine eye but with thy tongue,
Use[4] power with power and slay me not by art,
Tell me thou lov’st elsewhere, but in my sight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside.
What need’st thou wound with cunning when thy might[7]
Is more than my o’erpressed[8] defence can bide?
Let me excuse thee: ah, my love well knows
Her pretty looks[10] have been mine enemies,
And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
That they elsewhere might dart their injuries:
Yet do not so, but since I am near slain,
Kill me outright with looks and rid my pain.

140

Be wise as thou art cruel, do not press[2]
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain,
Lest sorrow lend me words and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.[4]
If I might teach thee wit,[5] better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so,
As testy[7] sick men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their physicians know.[8]
For if I should despair, I should grow mad,
And in my madness might speak ill of thee.
Now this ill-wresting world[11] is grown so bad,
Mad slanderers by mad ears believèd be.
That I may not be so,[13] nor thou belied,
Bear[14] thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go wide.

141

In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors[1] note,
But ’tis my heart that loves what they despise,
Who in despite of[4] view is pleased to dote.
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue’s tune delighted,
Nor tender feeling to base touches[6] prone,
Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited
To any sensual feast[8] with thee alone.
But my five wits[9] nor my five senses can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
Who leaves[11] unswayed the likeness of a man,
Thy proud heart’s slave and vassal[12] wretch to be:
Only my plague[13] thus far I count my gain,
That she that makes me sin awards me pain.[14]

142

Love is my sin and thy dear[1] virtue hate,
Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful[2] loving.
O, but with mine compare thou thine own state,
And thou shalt find it merits[4] not reproving,
Or if it do, not from those lips of thine
That have profaned[6] their scarlet ornaments
And sealed[7] false bonds of love as oft as mine,
Robbed[8] others’ beds’ revenues of their rents.
Be it[9] lawful I love thee, as thou lov’st those
Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune[10] thee.
Root[11] pity in thy heart, that when it grows,
Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.
    If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,[13]
    By self-example[14] mayst thou be denied.

143

Lo, as a careful[1] housewife runs to catch
One of her feathered creatures[2] broke away,
Sets down her babe and makes all swift dispatch[3]
In pursuit of the thing she would have stay,
Whilst her neglected child holds[5] her in chase,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing[8] her poor infant’s discontent:
So runn’st thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I, thy babe, chase thee afar behind.
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother’s part, kiss me, be kind.[12]
    So will[13] I pray that thou mayst have thy Will,
    If thou turn back and my loud crying still.[14]

144[*]

Two loves[1] I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest[2] me still:
The better angel is a man right fair,[3]
The worser spirit a woman coloured ill.[4]
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.[8]
And whether that my angel be turned fiend[9]
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
But being both from me,[11] both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another’s hell.[12]
Yet this shall I ne’er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire[14] my good one out.

145[*]

Those lips that Love’s own hand did make
Breathed forth the sound that said ‘I hate’
To me that languished for her sake.
But when she saw my woeful state,
Straight[5] in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue that ever sweet
Was used in giving gentle doom,[7]
And taught it thus anew to greet:
‘I hate’ she altered with an end
That followed it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who like a fiend
From heaven to hell is flown away.
‘I hate’ from hate away[13] she threw
And saved my life, saying ‘not you’.

146[*]

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
[ ] these rebel powers[2] that thee array,
Why dost thou pine[3] within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?[4]
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion[6] spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge?[8] Is this thy body’s end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant’s[9] loss
And let that pine to aggravate[10] thy store,
Buy terms divine[11] in selling hours of dross,
Within be fed, without[12] be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on death,[13] that feeds on men,
And death once dead, there’s no more dying then.

147

My love is as a fever, longing still[1]
For that which longer nurseth[2] the disease,
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,[3]
Th’uncertain[4] sickly appetite to please.
My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me and I desperate now approve[7]
Desire is death,[8] which physic did except.
Past cure I am, now reason is past care;[9]
And frantic-mad with evermore[10] unrest,
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen’s are,
At[12] random from the truth vainly expressed.
For I have sworn thee fair[13] and thought thee bright,
Who art as black[14] as hell, as dark as night.

148

O me, what eyes hath love[1] put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight,
Or if they have, where is my judgement fled
That censures falsely[4] what they see aright?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love’s eye[8] is not so true as all men’s ‘no’.
How can it? O, how can love’s eye be true,
That is so vexed[10] with watching and with tears?
No marvel then though[11] I mistake my view:
The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.
O cunning love, with tears thou keep’st me blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults[14] should find.

149

Canst thou, O cruel, say I love thee not,
When I against myself with thee partake?[2]
Do I not think on thee, when I forgot[3]
Am of myself, all tyrant[4] for thy sake?
Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?
On whom frown’st thou that I do fawn upon?
Nay, if thou lour’st[7] on me, do I not spend
Revenge upon myself with present moan?[8]
What merit do I in myself respect,[9]
That is so[10] proud thy service to despise,
When all[11] my best doth worship thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?
But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind:
Those[14] that can see thou lov’st, and I am blind.

150

O, from what power hast thou this powerful might
With insufficiency[2] my heart to sway,
To make me give[3] the lie to my true sight
And swear that brightness[4] doth not grace the day?
Whence hast thou this becoming[5] of things ill,
That in the very refuse[6] of thy deeds
There is such strength and warrantize[7] of skill
That in my mind thy worst all best exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
O, though I love what others do abhor,[11]
With others thou shouldst not abhor my state.
    If thy unworthiness raised love in me,
    More worthy I to be beloved of thee.

151

Love[1] is too young to know what conscience is,
Yet who knows not conscience[2] is born of love?
Then, gentle cheater, urge[3] not my amiss,
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove.
For, thou betraying me,[5] I do betray
My nobler part[6] to my gross body’s treason.
My soul doth tell my body that he may
Triumph in love: flesh[8] stays no further reason,
But rising[9] at thy name doth point out thee
As his triumphant prize.[10] Proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poor drudge[11] to be,
To stand[12] in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
No want[13] of conscience hold it that I call
Her ‘love’ for whose dear love I rise and fall.

152

In loving thee thou know’st I am forsworn,[1]
But thou art twice forsworn to[2] me love swearing:
In act[3] thy bed-vow broke and new faith torn
In vowing new[4] hate after new love bearing.
But why of two oaths’ breach do I accuse thee,
When I break twenty? I am perjured most,
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse[7] thee,
And all my honest faith in thee is lost.
For I have sworn deep oaths of[9] thy deep kindness,
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy,
And to enlighten[11] thee gave eyes to blindness,
Or made them swear against the thing they see.
For I have sworn thee fair: more perjured eye,[13]
To swear against the truth so foul[14] a lie.

153

Cupid[1] laid by his brand and fell asleep.
A maid of Dian’s[2] this advantage found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep[3]
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground,[4]
Which borrowed from this holy fire of love
A dateless[6] lively heat, still to endure,
And grew[7] a seething bath, which yet men prove
Against strange[8] maladies a sovereign cure.
But at my mistress’ eye love’s brand new-fired,[9]
The boy[10] for trial needs would touch my breast.
I, sick withal,[11] the help of bath desired,
And thither hied,[12] a sad distempered guest,
But found no cure: the bath for my help lies
Where Cupid got new fire — my mistress’ eyes.

154

The little Love-god[1] lying once asleep
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,[2]
Whilst many nymphs that vowed chaste life to keep
Came tripping by, but in her maiden hand
The fairest votary[5] took up that fire
Which many legions of true hearts had warmed,
And so the general[7] of hot desire
Was, sleeping, by a virgin hand disarmed.
This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
Which from love’s fire took heat perpetual,
Growing a bath and healthful remedy
For men diseased:[12] but I, my mistress’ thrall,
    Came there for cure, and this by that I prove:
    Love’s fire heats water, water cools not love.

FINIS

Textual Notes

Q = First Quarto text of 1609
MS = a reading in an early manuscript copy
O1 = First Octavo of *The Passionate Pilgrim* (1598/99)
Ed = a correction introduced by a later editor
2.4 tattered = MS. Q = totter’d **10 ‘This…excuse’** *speechmarks* = Ed.
5.14 Lose *spelled* Leese *in* Q
6.4 beauty’s = Ed. Q = beautits
8.0 MS *Sonnet* 8 = *title* “In laudem musice et opprobrium contemptoris eiusdem” (“In praise of music and opprobium of those who hold it in contempt”) **14 ‘Thou…none’** *speechmarks* = Ed.
12.4 all silvered o’er = Ed. Q = or siluer’d ore. *Alternate* Ed = are silver’d o’er/o’er-silvered all/ensilvered o’er/o’er-silvered are
13.7 Yourself = Ed. Q = You selfe
14.8 oft = Q. Ed = aught/ought
17.12 metre *spelled* miter *in* Q
19.5 fleet’st = Q. Ed = fleets **14 ever live** = Q. Ed = live ever
20.7 man in = Q. Ed = maiden/native/maid in
21.5 couplement = Q (coopelment). Ed = Complement
22.3 furrows = Q (forrwes). Ed = Sorrows **4 expiate** = Q. Ed = expirate
23.6 rite *spelled* right *in* Q **9 books** = Q. Ed = looks **14 with…wit** = Ed. Q = wit…wiht
24.1 stelled *spelled* steeld *in* Q

25.9 might = Ed. Q = worth. *Alternate* Ed = fight **11 quite** = Q. Ed = forth

26.11 tattered *spelled* tottered in Q **12 thy** = Ed. Q = their

27.2 travel *spelled* trauaill in Q **10 thy** = Ed. Q = their

28.5 either's = Q (ethers). Ed = other's **12 gild'st the even** = Ed. Q = guil'st th' eauen **13–14 longer…length…stronger** = Q Ed = longer…strength…stronger/ stronger…length…longer

30.8 sight = Q. Ed = sigh

31.8 there = Q. Ed = thee

32.10 'Had…love' *speechmarks* = Ed

33.8 west = Q. Ed = rest

34.12 cross = Ed. losse = Q

35.8 thy…thy = Ed. Q = their…their. *Alternate* Ed = thy…their/their…thy/thee…thy/these…these **9 in sense** = Q (in sence). Ed = Incense

37.7 thy = Ed. Q = their

39.12 dost = Q. Ed = do/doth

40.7 this self = Q. Ed = thy self **8 thyself** = Q (thy selfe). Ed = thy sense

41.8 he = Q. Ed = she **9 mightst** = Ed. Q = mighst

43.11 thy = Ed. Q = their

44.13 naught = Ed. Q = naughts

45.5 For = Q. Ed = Forth/So **12 thy** = Ed. Q = their 46.3, **8 thy** = Ed. Q = their 13, **14 thy** = Ed. Q. = their. *Alternate* Ed = thine

47.10 are = Q. Ed = art **11 not** = Ed. Q = nor. *Alternate* Ed = no

50.4 'Thus…friend' *speechmarks* = Ed **6 dully** *spelled* duly *in* Q

51.11 neigh = Q (naigh). Ed = weigh/raign **54.14 fade** *spelled* vade *in* Q **my** = Ed. Q = by

55.1 monuments = Ed. Q = monument **9 all oblivious** = Q. Ed = all-oblivious/all oblivion's

56.13 Or = Ed. Q = As. *Alternate* Ed = Else

58.11 To = Q. Ed = Do

59.11 whe'er *spelled* where *in* Q

61.8 tenure = Q. Ed = tenor

62.7 for = Q. Ed = so **do** = Q. Ed = so **10 Beated** = Q. Ed = 'Bated/Batter'd/Blasted/Beaten

63.3 filed = Ed. Q = fild. *Alternate* Ed = filled

65.10 chest = Q. Ed = quest **12 Or…of** = Ed. Q = Or…or. *Alternate* Ed = Or…o'er

67.6 seeing = Q. Ed = seeming **12 proud** = Q. Ed = prov'd

69.3 that due = Ed. Q = that end. *Alternate* Ed = thy due **5 Thy** = Ed. Q = Their. *Alternate* Ed = Thine **14 soil** = Ed. Q = solye. *Alternate* Ed = solve

70.1 art = Ed. Q = are **6 Thy** = Ed. Q = Their **oft-time** = **MS** (oftime). Q = of time

71.2 surly sullen = Q. MS = sullen surly **8 you** = Q. MS = me

72.6 To…me = Q. Ed = To do for me more

73.4 Bare ruined choirs = Ed. Q = Bare rn'wd quires. *Alternate* Ed = Bare ruin'd quires/Barren'd of quires

74.5 review = Q (reuew). Ed = renew

75.3 peace = Q. Ed = price/sake

76.7 tell = Ed. Q = fel. *Alternate* Ed = fell/sell

77.1 wear = Ed. Q = were **3 The** = Q. Ed = These **6 thee** = Q. Ed = the **10 blanks** = Ed. Q = blacks

78.7 learnèd's = Q (learneds). Ed = learnedst

82.8 the = Q. Ed = these

85.3 Reserve their = Q. Ed = Preserve their/Rehearse your/ Reserve your **4 filed** = Q (fil'd). Ed = filled **9 ''Tis…true'** *speechmarks* = Ed

86.13 filled = Q (fild). Ed = fil'd
88.1 disposed = Ed. Q = dispode
89.11 profane = Q *(corrected)*. Q *(uncorrected)* = proface
90.11 shall = Ed. Q = stall
91.9 better = Ed. Q = bitter
95.12 turns = Q. Ed = turn
96.11 mightst = Ed. Q = mighst
97.4 bareness = Q. Ed = barrenness
98.9 lily's *spelled* Lillies *in* Q **11 were** *spelled* weare *in* Q
99.9 One = Ed. Q = Our **13 eat** = Q (eate). Ed = ate
100.14 prevent'st = Ed. Q = preuenst. *Alternate* Ed = preven'st
101.11 him = Q. Ed = her **14 him…he** = Q. Ed = her…she
102.8 his = Q. Ed = her
104.1 friend = Q. Ed = love **5 autumn** = Q (Autumne). Ed = autumns
106.1 chronicle of wasted = Q. MS = annals of all-wasting **2 descriptions** = Q (disciptions). Ed = discription **3 rhyme** = Q. Ed = mine **6 Of…foot** = Q. MS = Of face, of hand **of eye** = Q. MS = or eye **of brow** = Q. MS = or brow **9 their** = Q. Ed = these **11 divining** = Q. MS = deceiving **12 skill** = MS/Ed. Q = still. *Alternate* Ed = style **your** = Q. MS/Ed = thy
108.3 now = Q. Ed = new
111.1 with = Ed. Q = wish **2 harmful** = Q. Ed = harmless **12 to** = Q. Ed = too
112.8 or changes = Q. Ed = e'er changes/o'erchanges **14 you're** *spelled* y'are *in* Q
113.6 bird, of = Q. Ed = birds, or **latch** = Ed. Q = lack **8 catch** = Q. Ed = take **10 sweet favour** = Q (sweet-fauor). Ed = sweet-favored **14 makes mine eye** = Ed. Q = maketh mine. *Alternate* Ed = mak'th mine eye
116.8 worth's = Q. Ed = north's
118.5 ne'er-cloying = Q (nere cloying). Ed = neare cloying
119.7 fitted = Q. Ed = flitted
126.2 fickle = Q. Ed = tickle **sickle** = Q. Ed = fickle/tickle **8 minutes** = Ed. Q = mynuit
127.9 brows…eyes = Ed. Q = eyes…eyes. *Alternate* Ed = eyes…brows/eyes…hairs/hairs…eyes/eyes…brow **10 and** = Q. Ed = that/as
128.14 thy fingers = Ed. Q = their fingers. MS = youre fingers **thy lips** = Q. MS = youre lipes
129.11 and proved a = Ed. Q = and proud and
132.2 torment = Q. Ed = torments **6 the east** = Ed. Q = th'East
136.14 lovest = Q. Ed = lov'st
138.12 to have = O1. Q = t'haue
140.13 belied = Ed. Q = be lyde
144.6 side = O1. Q = sight **9 fiend** *spelled* finde *in* Q
145.2, 9, 13 'I hate' *speechmarks* = Ed **14 'not you'** *speechmarks* = Ed
146.2 [] **these** = Ed. Q = My sinful earth. *Alternate* Ed = Fool'd by those/Starv'd by the/Hemmed with these/Gull'd by these/Feeding these/Spoiled by these/Seiged by these
148.8 'no' *speechmarks* = Ed. Q = all mens: no
151.14 'love' *speechmarks* = Ed
152.14 so = Ed. Q = fo
153.8 strange = Q (strang). Ed = strong **14 eyes** = Ed. Q = eye

Dedication **BEGETTER** creator, father, author; could possibly mean "inspirer" **MR. W. H.** often assumed to be the young man addressed in Sonnets 1–126, he has been variously identified—the most likely candidates are Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton (to whom *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece* were dedicated) and William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke (to whom the First Folio was dedicated); however, **MR.** does not suggest an aristocrat, so it is possible that **W. H.** is a misprint for "W. S.," and that this is the publisher's dedication to the author **ETERNITY** immortality **OUR EVER-LIVING POET** Shakespeare (if a certain W. H. is the dedicatee)/God, via a pun on **poet** as "maker" (if "W. H." should actually read "W. S.") **ADVENTURER** one who undertakes a commercial venture (i.e., the publisher) **T. T.** Thomas Thorpe, the publisher of the sonnets

1

1 **increase** reproduction/offspring

2 **That** so that

4 **tender** young/loving **bear his memory** be a reminder of him

5 **thou** in ordinary speech, “thou” was generally more intimate than “you” (like *tu* in French), but it was also the conventional pronoun for poetic address **contracted** betrothed (plays on the sense of “diminished,” i.e., by not having children) **eyes** perhaps puns on “I’s”

6 **Feed’st…fuel** i.e., like a candle, the young man feeds his **flame** (i.e., his life) with his own body

9 **fresh** young, lively, blooming

10 **herald** messenger (announcing the approach of spring) **gaudy** bright (without connotations of vulgarity)

11 **bud** an image of youth, also of virginity; may additionally refer to the glans of the penis **content** happiness/contents (i.e., potential children)

12 **tender churl** a paradox: he is both loving/sensitive (**tender**) and mean/boorish (a **churl**) **mak’st waste** wastes/lays waste, destroys **niggarding** being mean, stingy; another paradox—he wastes by being sparing

14 **the world’s due** what he owes the world (children) **by…thee** i.e., his potential children are eaten twice: by his self-absorption and by the grave that will bury him

2

1 **forty** often used to mean “many”

2 **field** meadow/battlefield: the fresh meadow of the young man’s beauty will become a battlefield full of trenches (wrinkles)

3 **proud livery** splendid uniform (of a nobleman’s servant or a soldier)

4 **weed** garment/wild plant

6 **treasure** may play on the sense of “semen” **lusty** vigorous/sexually desirous

8 **all-eating shame** gluttonous shame that totally consumes one **thriftless** unprofitable

9 **deserved…use** would the active employment of your beauty deserve (**use** incorporates the senses of “money lending at interest” and “sexual employment”)

10 **answer** quibbles on the sense of “pay back, meet a financial obligation”

11 **sum my count** add up my accounts, make up the balance sheet (of my life) **make…excuse** justify me when I am old/be plentiful reparation

12 **succession** inheritance **thine** i.e., derived from you

13 **were** would be

14 **blood** actual blood/blood line, family (may include suggestion of “sexual desire/semen”)

3

1 **glass** mirror

3 **fresh repair** youthful condition

4 **beguile** cheat **unbless some mother** deprive some woman of the blessing of being a mother

5 **uneared** unplowed

6 **tillage** (sexual) plowing **husbandry** agricultural cultivation (plays on the sense of “role as a husband”)

7 **fond** foolish/infatuated **will be** that he will willingly

8 **stop** prevent, halt/stop up, enclose **posterity** future generations

10 **Calls back** literally summons back/remembers

11 **windows** i.e., eyes

13 **remembered…be** to be forgotten

14 **Die** may play on the sense of “orgasm” (giving **self-love** masturbatory connotations)

4

1 **Unthrifty** unprofitable, wasteful **spend** plays on the sexual sense of “ejaculate”

2 **beauty’s legacy** the beauty you have inherited (and should bequeath to your children)

4 **frank** generous **those** i.e., those who **free** generous/noble/sexually available

5 **niggard** miser

7 **usurer** moneylender (notorious for charging high interest rates) **use** use up, spend/make use of for profit

8 **live** make a living/live on through descendants

9 **traffic** trade, business/sexual dealings (i.e., masturbation)

10 **Thou…deceive** you trick yourself out of enjoying the best part of yourself

12 **audit** final account, balance sheet

13 **unused** unemployed/not used for profit/sexually inactive **tombed** entombed, buried

14 **th’executor** one who ensures that the provisions of a will are carried out (i.e., the child who will maintain the father’s beauty)

5

1 **frame** create
2 **gaze** that which is gazed at **dwell** linger
4 **unfair** make ugly **fairly** beautifully/justly, legitimately
5 **leads** guides/lures deceptively
6 **confounds** destroys
7 **checked** halted **lusty** strong, healthy
8 **o'ersnowed** covered in snow
9 **distillation** essence, perfume
10 **A…glass** kept (like rosewater) in a bottle
11 **with** along with **were bereft** would be lost
12 **Nor…was** (leaving) neither itself nor any memory of what it had been
14 **show** appearance **still** always/yet (aurally echoes distilling)

6

1 **Then…distilled** the argument continues directly from Sonnet 5 **ragged** rough

3 **vial** flask, container (i.e., womb) **treasure** make rich/ejaculate into **place** vaginal connotations

4 **self-killed** suggestive of solitary orgasm (“death”)

5 **use** employment/sexual activity/money lending at interest

6 **happies** makes happy **pay…loan** take on the loan willingly

8 **ten…one** ten children rather than one

10 **refigured** replicated (quibbles on the sense of “made a new number of”)

12 **posterity** your descendants

13 **self-willed** obstinate/one who bequeaths his assets only to himself/one who directs his sexual desire toward himself **fair** beautiful/just

7

1 **orient** east **gracious light** i.e., the sun

2 **under** earthly, mortal/lesser, lowly

5 **steep-up** precipitous **heavenly hill** i.e., the sky

9 **pitch** the highest point (literally, in a falcon’s flight before it swoops to attack) **car** chariot (like that of Phoebus, the classical sun god)

10 **reeleth** staggers

11 **fore** before, previously **converted** turned away

12 **tract** course

13 **thyself outgoing** outstripping, exhausting yourself **noon** prime, peak/state of (masturbatory) sexual arousal

14 **diest** plays on the sense of “orgasm” **get** beget, conceive **son** puns on “sun”

8

1 **Music to hear** when there is music to hear/you, whom it is music to hear
sadly gravely/sorrowfully
4 **annoy** vexation, pain
6 **unions** harmonizing chords (plays on the sense of “marriages”)
7 **chide** scold, rebuke **confounds** destroys
8 **singleness** refusing to participate in musical harmony/being a bachelor
parts…bear personal qualities you should reproduce/musical part you should sing
9 **Mark** notice
10 **Strikes…each** resonates mutually (**strikes** plays on the sense of “has sex”)
11 **sire** father
13 **speechless** i.e., instrumental, without voices
14 **‘Thou…none’** by remaining unmarried, you will amount to nothing

9

3 **issueless** childless **hap** chance

4 **makeless** mateless, i.e., widowed

5 **still** continually

6 **form** likeness

7 **private** individual

8 **By** by means of, by looking into her

9 **Look what** whatever **unthrift** spendthrift, wasteful person

10 **his** its **the…it** i.e., it remains in circulation

11 **beauty’s waste** the waste or consumption of beauty

12 **unused** plays on the sense of “virginal/not employed sexually” **user** waster (with suggestion of “masturbator”)

13 **bosom** heart

14 **murd’rous shame** shameful behavior that destroys the doer (with suggestion of masturbation)

10

1 **For shame** shame on you/out of a sense of shame (some editors add an exclamation mark after this phrase) **bear'st** feel

2 **unprovident** careless

3 **Grant** admit, accept

6 **stick'st** hesitate

7 **roof** i.e., body that houses the young man's soul/family, the house to which he belongs

9 **thought** intention **mind** opinion (of you)

10 **be fairer lodged** have better lodgings

11 **presence** appearance, manner **kind** benevolent/natural/possessed of family affection

13 **another self** i.e., a child

14 **still** always **thine or thee** your descendants or yourself

11

1 **wane** decline, become older and weaker (with suggestion of “become detumescent after sex”)

2 **one of thine** a child of yours (or just possibly “your wife” who has become pregnant) **from…departest** (which child is formed) out of that which you leave behind, i.e., youth/semen

3 **fresh blood** lifeblood/semen **youngly** in your youth

4 **from youth convertest** i.e., are old **convertest** turn away/change

5 **Herein** i.e., in having children **increase** prosperity, advancement/reproduction/children

7 **minded so** of your intention (not to have children)

8 **threescore year** sixty years **make…away** bring the world to an end

9 **for store** to have children/to preserve

10 **featureless** lacking attractive features **rude** rough, crude

11 **Look whom** whomever

12 **in bounty** generously

13 **seal** stamp of authority

14 **print** impress or stamp with a seal **copy** pattern from which copies (i.e., descendants) are made/abundance/lease (of life; legal term “copyhold”)

12

1 **count** i.e., count the hours the clock strikes **tells** counts out/reveals

2 **brave** splendid

3 **prime** its peak (originally, “the first hour of the day”)

4 **sable** black

5 **barren** bare (with connotations of infertility)

6 **erst** formerly **canopy** protect, give shade to

7 **girded up** tied up firmly

8 **bier** barrow for carrying harvested crops/stand for a coffin **white… beard** i.e., the bristly bundles of pale harvested crops (personified as the corpse of a bearded old man)

9 **question make** wonder, speculate

10 **wastes** deserted or uncharted lands/vast expanses/ruins (with connotations of “wasted moments”)

11 **sweets and beauties** sweet and beautiful things **forsake** abandon

13 **Time’s scythe** the figure of Time was traditionally depicted carrying a scythe with which to cut down the living (continues the harvesting metaphor)

14 **breed** children **brave** defy

13

1 **you** although “thou” was usually a more intimate form of address, it was also more self-consciously poetic, so the decisive shift to “you” (and the use of **love**) signals a more personal, less conventional approach

2 **here** i.e., in this world

3 **Against** in anticipation of/to defend yourself against

4 **semblance** appearance, likeness **some other** i.e., a child

5 **in lease** by leasehold, temporarily

6 **determination** end (legal term relating to the cessation of tenancy) **were** would be

8 **issue** child(ren) **your…bear** would look like you/would carry your body (to the grave)

9 **house** i.e., body/family

10 **husbandry** careful household management (plays on the sense of “being a husband”)

13 **unthrifts** wasteful people

14

1 **my judgement pluck** draw my knowledge

2 **have** understand

4 **dearths** famines **seasons' quality** what the weather governing the seasons will be like

5 **fortune…tell** predict every minute of the future

8 **oft predict** frequent predictions

10 **art** knowledge

11 **As** i.e., as the knowledge that

12 **store** having children **convert** change/turn

13 **prognosticate** foretell

14 **Thy…date** your death will bring the final end of truth and beauty **date** limit of a fixed period of time

15

1 **consider** consider that

2 **Holds in perfection** remains perfect

3 **stage** i.e., the world

4 **Whereon…comment** which the stars comment on and secretly influence

influence the supposed flowing from the stars of ethereal fluid that affected human destiny

5 **as** like

6 **Cheerèd and checked** encouraged and restrained

7 **Vaunt** boast, exult **at height decease** start to decay when they are at their height

8 **wear…memory** wear out their splendid appearance and vigor until it is quite forgotten

9 **conceit** notion **this inconstant stay** our uncertain stay in the world

11 **wasteful** ruinous **time…decay** i.e., either time and decay compete over who shall ruin the youth, or together they discuss the way they will do so

12 **sullied** gloomy/tarnished

13 **all in war** in all-out war

14 **engraft you new** i.e., restore you—“grafting” is the horticultural practice of inserting a shoot from one tree into another; puns on “engrave,” suggesting the reanimation of the young man through the writing of poetry about him

16

1 **But wherefore** but why (the argument continues from Sonnet 15)

2 **bloody** bloodthirsty

3 **fortify** strengthen against attack

5 **on…hours** at the peak of your life

6 **maiden** virgin **gardens** a common metaphor for the female body or uterus **unset** unplanted or unseeded (with semen)

8 **liker** more like (you) **counterfeit** portrait

9 **lines of life** family lineage/physical features (of children); also suggests the lines of a poem **that life repair** renew that life

10 **this** i.e., this sonnet/ **Time’s pencil Time’s pencil** the paintbrush with which Time has “painted” the young man’s appearance **pupil** inexperienced, amateur

11 **fair** beauty

12 **live yourself** a living reality

13 **give away yourself** i.e., to marry and create children **keeps yourself still** preserves you forever

14 **drawn…skill** i.e., in the children you create; the young man’s pen is his penis

17

2 **deserts** merits, worth

4 **parts** qualities/physical features

6 **in…number** enumerate in new verses

8 **touches** qualities/brushstrokes

10 **less…tongue** more talk than truthfulness

11 **true** genuine/rightful/regular **rights** may pun on “rites,” suggesting worshipful ceremonies **poet’s rage** frenzied poetic inspiration

12 **stretchèd** strained, irregular **antique** old; may pun on “antic,” i.e., “grotesque, mad”

18

2 **temperate** even-tempered, moderate

4 **lease** temporary period of occupancy **date** duration

5 **eye of heaven** i.e., the sun

7 **fair…declines** beautiful thing loses its beauty at some point

8 **untrimmed** stripped of ornament and beauty

10 **possession** includes the legal sense of “exclusive control over property” (in contrast to **lease**) **fair thou ow’st** beauty you own

12 **lines** i.e., of poetry (also suggestive of family lineage) **to…grow’st** you become an integral part of time

14 **this** i.e., this sonnet

19

2	**brood**	children (who all return to the **earth** in death)
3	**keen**	sharp/eager
4	**phoenix**	mythical Arabian bird that lived for five hundred years, was consumed by fire and then reborn from its own ashes; only one existed at a time
5	**fleet’st**	fly past
7	**sweets**	delights, pleasures
9	**carve**	i.e., carve wrinkles
10	**antique**	ancient (puns on “antic,” i.e., “grotesque, distorting”)
11	**untainted**	unmarked/uninjured
12	**pattern**	ideal model, exemplar
14	**My love**	the man I love (with secondary sense of “my love for him”)

20

* a sonnet in which each line has a feminine ending (i.e., an extra, unstressed syllable)

1 **with…painted** created by Nature herself/not painted with cosmetics

2 **master-mistress** sovereign mistress/man with female qualities or beauty—a person who fulfills the traditional role of a lover’s mistress to whom sonnets were addressed, yet is a man and perhaps a social superior **of my passion** the object of my passionate love/the master who directs my passions

3 **acquainted** plays on the sense of “equipped with a vagina” (a “quaint”)

4 **false** fickle, unfaithful

5 **rolling** straying

6 **Gilding** adding shine to, coating with a superficial layer of gold

7 **A…controlling** one with the form of a man, but whose facial beauty has the power to enthrall both men and women **hue** form/facial appearance/complexion

9 **for** as, to be

10 **wrought** made, fashioned **fell a-doting** became infatuated (with you)

11 **me…defeated** deprived me of you

12 **one thing** i.e., a penis **to…nothing** irrelevant to my purposes (apparently a denial of homosexual interest, but since nothing can also mean “vagina,” there may be a suggestion of “(a penis that) for my purposes is the equivalent of a vagina”

13 **pricked thee out** selected you (by marking your name on a list)/gave you a prick (penis) **pleasure** sexual enjoyment

14 **Mine…treasure** let me have your love and women have sex with you **use** sexual employment (quibbles on the sense of “profit, financial interest”) **treasure** may have connotations of “semen”

21

1 **Muse** i.e., poet (inspired by a Muse)

2 **Stirred** moved, inspired **painted** artificial, made up with cosmetics

3 **heaven…use** invokes heaven itself as a poetic comparison for his beloved

4 **every…rehearse** describes every beautiful thing there is alongside the beauty of his mistress

5 **Making…compare** linking her in proud comparisons

7 **rare** splendid, exceptionally beautiful

8 **rondure** sphere (the world) **hems** encloses

11 **any mother's child** i.e., any human being (a deliberately homely expression to contrast with the extravagant language attributed to other poets; perhaps, though, there is also the suggestion that to a mother, her child is always the fairest of all)

12 **gold candles** i.e., stars

13 **hearsay** rumor, secondhand information

14 **purpose** intend

22

1 **glass** mirror
2 **one date** the same age
3 **furrows** i.e., wrinkles
4 **look I** I expect **expiate** end
6 **raiment** clothing
7 **in…me** refers to the popular poetic concept of lovers exchanging hearts
9 **be…wary** take good care of yourself
11 **chary** carefully
13 **Presume…heart** do not expect to receive your heart back

23

1 **unperfect** not word-perfect

2 **with…part** forgets his lines out of stage fright

3 **replete** filled

5 **for…trust** from lack of confidence/for fear of not being trusted

6 **perfect…rite** correct words that make up the rituals of love (**rite** puns on "right," i.e., what is owed to a lover)

8 **O'ercharged** overloaded **might** strength

9 **books** i.e., writings (the sonnets)

10 **presagers** indicators/announcers (to create an oxymoron with **dumb**) **breast** heart

11 **Who** i.e., my books

12 **that tongue** i.e., the tongue of some other person

14 **fine wit** sharp intelligence and understanding

24

1 **stelled** portrayed, delineated

2 **table** flat board on which a picture is painted

3 **frame** picture frame, but plays on the sense of “body”

4 **perspective** type of painting in which the image appeared distorted (or different) until it was viewed from a particular angle

5 **through** i.e., in the work of/by looking into the eyes of

7 **shop** can mean “workshop” **still** forever

8 **That…eyes** i.e., the young man stares into the poet’s eyes (**windows**), where his own are reflected

13 **this cunning want** lack this skill

14 **know** understand, see into

25

1 **of** from

3 **triumph** exultation

4 **Unlooked for** unexpectedly/overlooked, disregarded **joy…most** take pleasure in what I consider most worthy of honor

5 **leaves** petals

6 **marigold** the bright orange-yellow flower was noted for opening its petals in response to the sun

7 **in…burièd** i.e., without the sun, their splendor is lost (shut up within petals)

8 **glory** magnificence/brightness

9 **painful** suffering pain **famousèd** made famous **might** the Quarto text has “worth” here, but the failure to rhyme with quite has caused most editors to emend to **might** (or “fight”); some retain “worth” and emend **quite** to “forth”

10 **foiled** defeated

11 **razèd** erased

14 **remove** move away (i.e., be unfaithful)

26

1 **vassalage** total service and allegiance (feudal term)

2 **knit** bound

3 **ambassage** formal message

4 **witness** bear witness to **wit** intelligence/ingenuity

6 **wanting** lacking

7 **some…it** some clever poetic device that you think up will embellish my plain expression of duty/some favorable opinion of yours will cause you to lodge my vulnerable duty in your soul

9 **moving** life and fortunes

10 **fair aspect** favorable influence (astrological term)

14 **prove me** put me to the test

27

2 **dear** precious **travel** plays on the sense of “travail” (hard work)

5 **far** i.e., far away from you

6 **Intend** proceed on/devote themselves toward

10 **shadow** image/ghost

11 **Which** i.e., which shadow **ghastly** frightening/ghostly

14 **For** on account of

28

1 **How…then** the argument continues from Sonnet 27 **plight** state, condition

3 **oppression** the oppressive **toil** mentioned in Sonnet 27

6 **shake hands** make a pact

7 **the…complain** night by causing me to complain

10 **dost him grace** i.e., by shining in the sun’s place

11 **swart-complexioned** black-faced

12 **twire** twinkle/peep out **gild’st the even** make the evening glitter

29

1 **in disgrace** out of favor

2 **beweep** weep about

3 **bootless** useless

6 **Featured…possessed** having the looks of one man and the friends of another

7 **art** skill/learning **scope** freedom

8 **With…least** least satisfied with what I have most of

10 **Haply** perhaps/by good fortune (puns on “happily”) **state** i.e., state of mind

12 **sullen** dark/melancholy

14 **change** exchange

30

1 **sessions…summon** the metaphor is of a law court, to which thoughts are summoned as witnesses

3 **sigh** sigh at

4 **new wail** lament anew **dear** valuable (as in line 13)

5 **flow** i.e., weep

6 **dateless** endless

7 **cancelled** rendered invalid (another legal term)

8 **th’expense** the loss

9 **grievances foregone** past sorrows

10 **heavily** sorrowfully **tell o’er** add up/relate

11 **account** financial account/narrative (the financial metaphor is maintained with **pay** and dear) **fore-bemoanèd moan** griefs lamented in the past

31

1 **Thy…dead** i.e., the qualitites and affections of dead friends live on in the young man (but there is also the suggestion that the poet has been deserted by his friends or lovers in favor of the young man) **bosom** heart **endearèd with** loved by/made more valuable by
2 **lacking** not having, missing
3 **parts** attributes
5 **obsequious** funereal, mourning
6 **dear** tender, heartfelt **religious** reverent/conscientious
7 **interest** financial interest (owed to the **dead**)
8 **removed** moved elsewhere **there** i.e., in the young man's **bosom**
10 **trophies** spoils, memorials, relics
11 **all…give** gave all their shares in me to you
12 **That due of** that which was owed to
13 **I loved** which I loved
14 **And…me** and you, who are all of them, have all of me

32

1 **my well-contented day** the day of my death, which I welcome/the day when I shall pay all my debts (to nature)

2 **churl** base villain/miser

3 **fortune** chance/good fortune

4 **rude** unpolished

5 **bett'ring…time** superior work subsequently being produced

7 **Reserve** preserve, keep **rhyme** poetic qualities

8 **height** i.e., height of achievement **happier** more fortunate, talented

9 **vouchsafe** deign to bestow upon me

10 **Muse** inspiration/skill

11 **dearer birth** i.e., better literary creation

12 **march…equipage** a military metaphor, literally "march among ranks of better equipped soldiers"—i.e., be in the company of more sophisticated **poets**

33

4 **alchemy** the power to turn base metals into gold

5 **Anon** soon **basest** lowliest/darkest

6 **rack** mass of clouds driven by the wind (puns on “wrack,” i.e., wreck)

7 **visage** face

10 **all-triumphant** glorious

11 **out, alack** alas

12 **region cloud** cloud of the upper air

13 **no whit** in no way, not at all

14 **Suns…world** earthly kings (but also puns on “sons of the world,” i.e., ordinary mortals) **stain** become stained, lose brightness/become dishonored

34

1 **thou** i.e., the sun; continuing the theme of Sonnet 33, the young man’s deception is addressed through weather imagery

4 **brav’ry** splendor **rotten smoke** unhealthy vapors (clouds were believed to carry disease)

7 **salve** soothing ointment

8 **disgrace** affront/disfigurement (i.e., scar)

9 **physic** medicine

12 **cross** affliction

14 **ransom** pay, atone for

35

3 **stain** darken (also implying moral corruption)

4 **canker** cankerworm, a parasitic grub that destroys plants

6 **Authorizing…compare** justifying your misdeeds by making comparisons

7 **corrupting** compromising morally (plays on the sense of “infecting”)

salving thy amiss (by) smoothing over your misdeeds **salving** healing/soothing

8 **Excusing…are** going to greater lengths to excuse your sins than they deserve/offering excuses that are greater than your relatively small sins

9 **For…sense** to defend your sins of the body I introduce reason

10 **Thy…advocate** your legal opponent is also your defense lawyer

11 **gainst…commence** I initiate a lawsuit against myself

13 **accessory** accomplice

36

1 **twain** two separate beings
3 **blots** disgraces
5 **respect** mutual regard
6 **separable spite** malignant situation that separates us
7 **sole** single/unique
9 **not…thee** never greet you publicly again
10 **my bewailèd guilt** the shame I have already lamented
12 **take…name** are prepared to damage your reputation
13 **sort** a way
14 **As…report** that, because you are mine, your good reputation is mine also

37

3 **dearest spite** deeply felt injury

4 **of** in, from

5 **wit** intelligence

7 **Entitled…sit** you rightfully sit crowned among your good qualities

8 **make…store** graft my love onto this plentiful stock (and am enriched by it)

10 **shadow** image (of his friend’s good qualities)

11 **sufficed** fully satisfied

13 **Look what** whatever

38

1 **Muse** poetic inspiration **want…invent** lack material for literary invention

3 **argument** subject matter

4 **vulgar…rehearse** commonplace piece of writing to describe

5 **aught** anything

6 **Worthy perusal** worth reading **stand…sight** meet your eye

7 **dumb** lost for words

8 **dost…light** brings the light of inspiration

9 **tenth Muse** in classical mythology, there were nine Muses, goddesses who presided over and inspired people in the various branches of the arts

10 **rhymers invocate** poets call upon (**rhymers** is disparaging)

12 **Eternal…date** immortal verses that will outlive all time

13 **slight Muse** small talent **curious** exacting, highly critical

14 **pain** effort

39

1 **worth** merit/value **with manners** decently (without boasting)

5 **Even for** precisely because of

6 **dear** beloved/valuable

7 **That** so that

11 **entertain** while away

12 **Which…deceive** you, **absence**, who cunningly charm away that time and those thoughts

13 **twain** two

14 **here** in the place where I am/in this sonnet **hence** elsewhere

40

1 **Take** with connotations of sexual possession **all my loves** all the different kinds of love I have/all those I love

5 **for my love** in return for my love/out of love for me **thou…receivest** you accept my love/you have sex with one I love

6 **for…usest** because you employ (or exploit) my love/because you have sex with one I love

7 **this self** i.e., me, your other self

8 **wilful taste** lustful indulgence in sexual pleasures **refusest** perhaps refers to the young man's refusal of lawful sex in marriage

10 **steal thee** take for yourself **my poverty** the little I have

12 **love's wrong** an injury done by a lover

13 **Lascivious grace** an oxymoron: the young man is still lustful yet full of grace (charm/favor/virtue) **all…shows** all that is bad seems good, all vices appear virtues

14 **spites** injuries

41

1 **liberty** freedom/sexual license

3 **Thy…befits** (such **wrongs**) befit your beauty and youth

4 **still** constantly

5 **Gentle** well-born/tender, compliant

6 **assailed** wooed vigorously/seduced (military metaphor)

8 **sourly** ill-naturedly **prevailed** won (sexually)

9 **my seat forbear** stay away from my lover **seat** place where I have sexual rights/vagina

10 **chide** scold **straying** unfaithful

11 **riot** debauchery **even there** to that very place

12 **truth** troth, vow, pledge

13 **Hers** her vow to me

14 **Thine** your vow to me **false** unfaithful

42

3 **of…chief** my chief sorrow

5 **Loving offenders** you who injure me by your loving/because I love the offenders

7 **even so** in the same way **abuse** wrong/deceive

8 **Suff'ring** allowing **approve** praise/try out sexually

9 **my love's** i.e., my female love's, my mistress'

11 **both twain** the two of them

12 **cross** burden, affliction

14 **flatt'ry** comforting delusion

43

1 **wink** close my eyes

2 **unrespected** not worthy of respect

4 **darkly…directed** able to see in the dark, are directed to your light in the darkness

5 **shadow…bright** image makes the darkness bright

6 **thy…show** your real presence make a joyful spectacle

8 **shade** imagined image (plays on the sense of “darkness” to generate an oxymoron in **shade shines**)

10 **living** full of life and activity

11 **imperfect** incomplete, because only an image (**fair imperfect** is oxymoronic)

13 **are…see** appear like night

44

1 **dull** heavy, inactive, spiritless

2 **Injurious** harmful, malicious

3 **despite** in spite

4 **limits** regions **where** to where

5 **No matter** it would not matter

11 **so…wrought** made so completely out of earth and water (the body was thought to be composed of earth, water, fire, and air)

12 **attend time’s leisure** wait for time to pass (the image is of a lowly petitioner waiting for a great man)

14 **heavy** sorrowful/weighty **badges…woe** signs of the sorrows of each of these elements (earth being heavy and water wet)

45

1 **two** i.e., two elements (the theme continues from Sonnet 44) **slight** insubstantial **purging** purifying

3 **the first** i.e., air **the other** i.e., fire

4 **present-absent** both with the poet and not with him

5 **quicker** speedier/more lively

6 **In tender embassy** to deliver an affectionate message (**tender** also implies the greater delicacy of the **quicker elements**)

7 **two alone** i.e., only earth and water

8 **Sinks…melancholy** the oppressive nature of melancholy is emphasized by the extra syllable in the line

9 **life's…recured** bodily balance is restored

11 **even but now** just this moment

13 **joy** rejoice

14 **straight** straightaway

46

1 **mortal** deadly

2 **conquest…sight** spoils of war (the sight of you)

3 **Mine…bar** my eyes want to ban my heart from seeing you

4 **freedom…right** liberty to exercise that right

5 **plead** urge the claim (legal term)

6 **closet** cabinet, but also used for the pericardium, the membranous sac around the heart

7 **defendant** i.e., the eye, the opponent in the lawsuit

9 **’cide** decide **title** claim, entitlement **empanellèd** enrolled as a jury

10 **quest** jury **tenants** i.e., and therefore loyal to their landlord

11 **determinèd** decided/adjudged

12 **moiety** share

13 **As thus** as follows **outward part** external appearance

47

1 **league** alliance (in contrast to the **mortal war** of Sonnet 46)
3 **When that** when
4 **Or heart** or when my heart **himself** itself
5 **With** on
6 **bids** invites
12 **still** always

48

1 **took my way** set out on a journey

2 **under truest bars** firmly under lock and key

3 **to my use** ready for my use

4 **From…falsehood** safe from thieving hands **sure** secure **wards** protection/guards/parts of locks’ mechanisms

5 **to whom** compared to whom/in whose eyes

7 **care** responsibility/preoccupation/cause of anxiety

8 **vulgar** common

11 **closure** enclosure, containment

12 **at pleasure** as you please

14 **truth** (even) honesty **dear** valuable/beloved

49

1 **Against** in anticipation of/to defend myself against

3 **When as** when **cast…sum** calculated its final total (i.e., closed its account)

4 **advised respects** careful consideration

5 **strangely** like a stranger

7 **converted** changed

8 **reasons…gravity** find weighty reasons for no longer knowing me/find reasons to maintain a dignified distance

9 **ensconce me** fortify myself

10 **mine own desert** what I deserve

11 **this…uprear** raise my hand as if testifying against myself in a court of law

12 **guard** defend

13 **strength of laws** law on your side

14 **why…cause** I can offer no reason why you should love me **cause** reason/adequate legal grounds

50

1 **heavy** miserably/unwillingly/slowly

2 **what…friend** when the urge to reach my destination and rest only reminds me how far I have traveled from my friend

5 **beast** i.e., horse

6 **dully** slowly

7 **wretch** poor thing

8 **being made** journeying away

11 **heavily** miserably

51

1 **slow offence** offense of slowness

2 **dull bearer** horse

4 **posting** riding swiftly

6 **swift extremity** (even) extreme speed

7 **spur** use the spur

8 **In…know** even at the speed of flight I will not feel like I am moving

10 **perfects** most perfect

11 **no dull flesh** being made of no heavy, earthly flesh (rather, being dominated by the element of fire)

12 **for love** for love’s sake/out of charity **jade** worn-out horse

14 **go** depart/walk

52

1 **So…rich** I am like a rich man
4 **seldom** infrequent, rare
5 **feasts** feast days **solemn** special, ceremonial **rare** choice, splendid
7 **thinly placèd** spaced out, sparingly distributed
8 **captain** chief **carcanet** jeweled collar or necklace
9 **as** like **chest** treasure chest
11 **instant** occasion **special** specially
12 **imprisoned pride** locked-away splendor
14 **Being…hope** for one to exult in having you, yet still feel hope in your absence

53

1 **whereof** of what

2 **strange** indefinable, odd/different, other/foreign **shadows** images (with connotations of various other senses of the word, including “ghosts/reflections/shadows cast by the sun”) **on you tend** follow, serve you

3 **shade** shadow cast by the sun/image

4 **every shadow lend** lend (attributes) to everyone else

5 **Adonis** in classical mythology, the beautiful youth loved by Venus, goddess of love (Shakespeare tells their story in *Venus and Adonis*)

counterfeit copy/forgery—i.e., the poor attempt to describe Adonis

7 **On…new** use all the arts of beautification to depict Helen and the result is a portrait of you in Grecian clothing (**tires**) **Helen** Helen of Troy, supposedly the most beautiful woman in the world; her abduction by Paris provoked the Greeks to attack Troy

9 **foison** abundance, harvest

10 **The…show** the spring is a reflection of your beauty

11 **bounty** abundance (of attributes)

12 **know** recognize

13 **grace** beauty

54

2 **By** by means of

3 **deem** judge

5 **canker blooms** dog roses/wild poppies

6 **tincture** essence

7 **play** can have sexual connotations **wantonly** sportively/recklessly/lasciviously

8 **maskèd buds discloses** opens their shut buds (an image that may suggest yielding lips or vaginas)

9 **for…show** because their worth lies only in their appearance (**virtue** may incorporate a sense of “chastity”)

10 **unwooed** unsought **unrespected** disregarded/not esteemed

11 **to themselves** alone

12 **sweetest odours made** i.e., perfume distilled from rose petals

14 **that** i.e., your beauty

55

1 **monuments** tombs or other memorial structures

3 **these contents** the subject matter of these poems/these containers (poetry as a tomb)

4 **with** by **sluttish time** time is personified as a slovenly housewife

5 **wasteful** destructive

6 **broils** turmoil, war **root out** uproot

7 **Nor…nor** neither nor **Mars his** Mars' (Roman god of war) **quick** swift (plays on the sense of "living" to create a contrast with the destruction it causes)

9 **all oblivious enmity** hostility that is completely oblivious to everything/hostility that destroys all records of the past/all destructive hostilities

12 **ending doom** end of the world, Judgment Day

13 **the…arise** you rise from the dead on Judgment Day

14 **this** i.e., this sonnet **dwell** live/linger

56

1 **love** the emotion/the object of love

2 **edge** edge of a blade/sharpness of (sexual) appetite **appetite** sexual appetite/hunger

3 **but** only for

6 **wink** close

8 **dullness** lack of enthusiasm/bluntness/sexual lethargy

9 **int’rim** interim, period apart

10 **contracted new** newly betrothed

11 **that** so that

13 **it** i.e., the **sad int’rim care** anxiety, sorrow

14 **rare** special, splendid

57

1 **tend** attend, wait

5 **chide** rebuke **world-without-end** seemingly endless

9 **jealous** suspicious/envious

10 **suppose** imagine, speculate about

12 **those** i.e., those who are with you

13 **in your Will** with regard to your desire (including sexual urges); plays on the sense of “as far as your Will Shakespeare is concerned”

58

1 **That…slave** i.e., may Cupid (the god of love who enthralled me to you) forbid

2 **in thought** even in my thoughts **control** plays on the sense of “check and regulate payments regarding”

3 **at…crave** request an itemized account of how your time has been spent

4 **vassal** slave **stay your leisure** wait for a time that is convenient for you

5 **beck** disposal, beck, and call

6 **Th’imprisoned…liberty** the separation from you that your freedom of action brings and which is like an imprisonment to me

7 **patience…sufferance** with patient endurance/with the patience that comes from suffering **bide each check** bear each rebuke or rebuff

9 **list** wish **charter** right, entitlement

10 **privilege** authorize, license

12 **to…crime** it is your responsibility to pardon your own crimes (or crimes you have committed against yourself)

59

2 **beguiled** deceived

3 **labouring** toiling/being in childbirth **invention** new subject matter **bear…child** give birth mistakenly to a child that already exists (i.e., write about a subject that has already been tackled)

5 **record** memory

6 **courses…sun** years

8 **mind…done** thoughts were first expressed in writing

10 **composèd…frame** your miraculously well-constructed body (plays on the idea of literary composition)

11 **mended** improved **whe’er** whether

12 **revolution…same** the cycle produces the same things again

13 **wits** clever men

60

3 **changing place with** replacing

4 **In…contend** toiling in succession, they strive onward

5 **Nativity** birth/a newborn baby **main** broad expanse (figurative development from the sense “open sea”)

7 **Crooked** malign/distorted (as the moon seems to diverge from its usual course) **eclipses** thought to be bad omens **glory** beauty/luminescence

8 **confound** destroy

9 **transfix** pierce **flourish** bloom/adornment

10 **delves the parallels** digs parallel lines, i.e., wrinkles

11 **rarities** delicacies, choice objects **truth** integrity, essential quality

12 **scythe** the tool of **Time**, bringer of death

13 **times in hope** the hoped-for future

61

4 **shadows** images/illusions/ghosts **mock** delude

8 **scope…of** purpose and purport of (or possibly “the domains legally held by”) **tenure** authority, control/possession, plays on “tenor” meaning “purport”

13 **watch I** I cannot sleep/I stay on guard **wake** stay awake (for sexual pleasure)

62

1 **possesseth** with connotations of disease or demonic possession

5 **gracious** lovely

6 **true** well-formed **truth** well-formed physique/moral integrity **account** value

7 **for myself** for my own pleasure/with regard to myself

8 **As…surmount** to the effect that I possess more virtues than everyone else collectively

9 **glass** mirror

10 **Beated and chopped** weather-beaten and chapped **tanned antiquity** age with its leathery skin

12 **Self…iniquity** it would be sinful for one such as me to be so self-loving

13 **’Tis…praise** it is you (my other self) that I praise as myself

63

1 **Against** in preparation for when/to counter the time when

2 **injurious** damaging **o’er-worn** worn out

3 **drained his blood** blood was thought to dry up with age; also suggests “drained his vigor” **filed** engraved/defiled

5 **steepy** precipitous (also suggests night’s power to engulf or “steep” the young man)

8 **Stealing…spring** (time) dishonestly taking the beauties of his youth/his youthful beauties creeping away

9 **fortify** strengthen defenses against attack

10 **confounding** destructive

11 **That** so that

12 **though** though he cut off

14 **green** fresh, youthful

64

1 **fell** fierce, cruel/destructive, deadly

2 **proud cost** splendid extravagance **outworn** worn-out (clothing image)/eroded (suggests tombs or inscriptions)

3 **sometime** formerly **down-razed** demolished, razed to the ground

4 **brass** seen as the most durable of substances **mortal rage** death's destructive fury or frenzy

7 **of** from **main** sea

8 **Increasing…store** i.e., each side alternately winning and losing, each loss being the other side's gain **store** abundance

9 **interchange of state** alternating conditions/exchanges of power and position/shifts within the political state

10 **state** existence/a kingdom **confounded to decay** overthrown and ruined

11 **ruminate** puns on **ruin** and "ruinate"

65

1 **Since** i.e., since there is neither

2 **o’er-sways** overrules

3 **with this rage** against this violence **hold a plea** uphold an argument (legal metaphor)

4 **action** power/lawsuit

6 **wrackful** wrecking, destructive **batt’ring** bombarding repeatedly (as a means of breaching defenses)

10 **from** somewhere other than **Time’s chest** i.e., age and death; the treasure chest will become a coffin

12 **spoil** goods (seized during war)/destruction, pillaging

66

1 **all these** i.e., the following

2 **desert…born** merit born in poverty

3 **needy…jollity** worthlessness adorned with finery

4 **purest…forsworn** the most solemn oaths broken/the betrayal of those who have kept their half of a mutual vow

5 **gilded** golden

6 **rudely strumpeted** crudely prostituted/coarsely slandered (for promiscuity)

7 **right** true, absolute

8 **limping sway** crippled authority, weak leadership

9 **art** scholarship/literature

10 **doctor-like** in a knowledgeable manner

11 **simplicity** stupidity

12 **attending** in service to

14 **to** i.e., were I to

67

1 **wherefore** why **infection** moral corruption

2 **grace impiety** make sin attractive

3 **by** through **advantage** profit, social advancement

4 **lace** adorn (as with a lace trimming) **society** company

5 **false painting** use of cosmetics/portraiture

6 **dead seeing** a lifeless appearance **of** from **hue** complexion

7 **poor** inferior

8 **Roses of shadow** imitation roses

9 **Nature bankrupt is** i.e., because she has given all her riches to the young man

10 **lively** living

11 **exchequer** treasury

12 **proud of many** although boasting of her many creations/proud of the young man’s many attributes **gains** profits

13 **stores** preserves, hoards

68

1 **Thus** the argument continues from Sonnet 67 **map** image/epitome/record **days outworn** times past

3 **bastard…fair** false appearances of beauty (i.e., cosmetics) **born** sustains the image of illegitimate children, but also puns on “borne,” i.e., worn, displayed

4 **durst inhabit** dared live

5 **golden…dead** wigs were often made from the hair of corpses (**golden** hair was particularly favored)

6 **sepulchres** tombs

8 **gay** attractive, bright

9 **holy antique hours** blessed ancient times

14 **of yore** in the past

69

1 **parts** personal features

2 **Want** lack **the…mend** heartfelt thoughts can improve on

4 **even…commend** that even your enemies are obliged to express approval of

5 **Thy outward** your appearance **with outward** with public

6 **thine own** what is due to you

7 **accents** words/tones **confound** overthrow, ruin

10 **in guess** by conjecture

11 **churls** villains

12 **rank** rotten, loathsome

14 **soil** solution (with possible play on sense of contamination) **common** vulgar/promiscuous (like a weed that grows everywhere)

70

1 **blamed** censured, criticized **defect** fault

2 **mark** target

3 **The…suspect** beauty is always accompanied by (literally “adorned with”) suspicion

4 **crow** a bird associated with malice and evil

5 **So thou be** as long as you are **approve** prove

7 **canker** the cankerworm, a parasitic grub that destroys plants

8 **unstainèd** blameless/unfaded **prime** youth/springtime

9 **ambush…days** dangers that lie in wait for the young

10 **assailed** attacked (with overtones of seduction) **victor being charged** the winner if assaulted

11 **so** sufficiently

12 **tie…enlarged** restrict envy, which is always at liberty

13 **suspect of ill** suspicion of wrongdoing **masked** overshadowed

14 **shouldst owe** would possess

71

2 **sullen** gloomy/of deep, mournful sound **bell** the passing bell that tolled for the dead

8 **make you woe** cause you sorrow

10 **compounded** mixed

11 **rehearse** utter, repeat

13 **look…moan** probe the cause of your sorrow

14 **with me** on my account

72

1 **task** challenge **recite** describe, give an account of
8 **niggard** miserly
10 **for…untrue** out of love praise me undeservedly
13 **that…forth** i.e., his poetry
14 **should you** i.e., be ashamed

73

4 **choirs** the branches are compared to chancels (**choirs**), the parts of churches reserved for singers **late** recently

8 **Death's second self** i.e., night and, by extension, sleep **seals…rest** seals people up in sleep as if in a coffin/shuts people's eyes as a young hawk's eyelids are "seeled" (i.e., sewn shut for training purposes)

12 **Consumed…by** i.e., the fire is smothered by the ashes of the substance on which it fed

14 **that** i.e., the poet (and perhaps life/youth) **leave** lose/give up

74

1 **But** the argument continues from Sonnet 73 **fell** cruel/deadly **arrest** death is seen as an officer taking men away to prison

3 **line** i.e., verse **interest** right of possession or occupation (legal sense)

4 **for memorial** as a reminder/monument **still** always

5 **reviewest** look over, read

6 **consecrate** solemnly dedicated

11 **coward** cowardly **wretch's knife** the knife wielded by an assassin (perhaps Death himself), or one used by a suicide

12 **base** worthless

13 **of that** i.e., of the body

14 **this** i.e., the poem (which contains the poet's spirit)

75

2 **sweet-seasoned** springtime/sweetly flavored

3 **for…you** for the sake of the **peace** that you bring me (**peace** puns on “piece” to continue the food imagery) **hold such strife** engage in such conflict

4 **’twixt** between

5 **anon** immediately

6 **Doubting** fearing **filching** thieving

7 **counting** considering (it); also suggestive of counting money

8 **bettered** thinking it even better

10 **clean** utterly

13 **pine** starve **surfeit** overindulge (in food)

14 **Or…or** either…or **all away** having nothing

76

1 **pride** adornment

4 **compounds strange** new compound words/new or different literary styles

5 **all one** in the same way

6 **invention** creativity/literary composition **noted weed** well-known garment (the clothing imagery is maintained in **dressing**)

8 **did proceed** came from

10 **argument** subject matter

14 **telling** relating/counting over (picking up on financial imagery in **spending**)

77

1 **glass** mirror **wear** endure/wear out

2 **dial** clock/sundial

3 **vacant leaves** empty pages (**this book** may suggest that the poem was given along with a blank notebook) **thy mind’s imprint** i.e., written thoughts and feelings

4 **learning** i.e., the profit derived from recording one’s thoughts

6 **Of…memory** will serve as a reminder of open graves

7 **shady stealth** faintly perceptible movement/slowly moving shadow (perhaps suggestive of a sundial; **stealth** has connotations of “sneaky, **thievish**”)

10 **waste blanks** empty pages

11 **children** i.e., thoughts, born of the brain and nurtured by being recorded

12 **To…of** ready to be reintroduced to

13 **offices** duties

78

1 **Muse** inspiring goddess of poetry, or creative inspiration generally

2 **fair** favorable

3 **As** that **alien** stranger’s **got my use** adopted my practice (of taking the young man as inspiration)

4 **under thee** under your influence

5 **on high** loudly

7 **added feathers** an image from falconry, referring to the adding of feathers to a bird’s damaged wing; improving a poet’s quill pen is also suggested

8 **grace** excellence **majesty** glory, splendor

9 **compile** compose, write

11 **mend** improve **style** plays on the sense of “stylus,” i.e., old form of pen

12 **arts** literary style **gracèd be** are given added charm and distinction

13 **thou…art** all of my literary ability lies in you **advance** promote, elevate

14 **rude** unpolished

79

2 **gentle grace** refined elegance/noble favor

3 **gracious numbers** elegant verses/verses graced by your favor

4 **sick Muse** failing inspiration **doth…place** is forced to make way for another (poet)

5 **thy lovely argument** the lovely subject matter of you

6 **travail** labor

7 **of thee** about you **invent** become inspired by, write about

11 **afford** offer/manage to pay

80

1 **faint** lose heart

2 **better spirit** superior, more inspired poet

6 **as** as well as **proudest** grandest (with connotations of arrogance)

7 **saucy bark** impertinent little boat

8 **main** open sea **wilfully** perversely, stubbornly

9 **shallowest help** slightest assistance—a small boat can float in shallower water

10 **soundless** unfathomable

12 **tall building** high structure **goodly pride** handsome splendor (but with connotations of arrogance)

13 **cast away** shipwrecked/rejected

14 **my…decay** my feelings were the cause of my ruin/the person I loved ruined me

81

1 **Or…Or** whether...or (whichever of them survives the longer in flesh, the beloved will endure through the poet’s work)

3 **hence** the world/the sonnet/henceforth

4 **in…part** all of my attributes

6 **to…world** to everyone, all posterity

7 **common** ordinary/shared (such as paupers were buried in)

9 **monument** tomb or other memorial structure **gentle** tender/noble

11 **to be** of people not yet born **your…rehearse** shall recount your existence (**rehearse** puns on “re-hearse”—i.e., once again commemorate with funeral rites)

12 **all…world** everyone alive in the world now

13 **still** yet/always **virtue** power

14 **ev’n in the** in the very

82

1 **grant** concede **Muse** inspiring goddess of poetry, or creative inspiration generally

2 **attaint** dishonor **o’erlook** read

3 **dedicated words** devoted words/words used in a poem’s dedication to a particular individual

4 **blessing** which **words** bless/which **subject** favors as a patron

5 **hue** complexion, appearance

6 **limit past** region beyond the scope of

8 **fresher stamp** newer creation (**stamp** may suggest a newly printed book)

the time-bett’ring days current improved times

10 **strainèd** effortful/far-fetched, artificial

11 **truly sympathized** depicted with true feeling/presented faithfully

13 **gross** excessive/crass **painting** representation/ornamentation/cosmetics

14 **abused** misused/unnecessary/wasted

83

1 **painting** the argument continues from Sonnet 82

2 **fair** beauty **set** applied

4 **barren tender** worthless offer of repayment

5 **slept…report** kept quiet about you

6 **That** so that **extant** alive

7 **modern** ordinary, commonplace **come…grow** fail to depict, in discussing your worth, the real worth that grows within you

9 **for my sin** as a sin **impute** reckon, regard

12 **would** wish to **bring a tomb** kill (by overpraising)

14 **both your poets** i.e., Shakespeare and a rival/two rival poets

84

1 **which** i.e., which poet (the theme continues from Sonnet 83)

2 **you…you** you are unique

3 **immurèd** enclosed, walled up **store** abundance (of qualities)

4 **example…grew** provide a pattern on which to model your likeness

5 **penury** poverty

8 **so…story** thus elevates his writing

9 **but** only

11 **such…wit** such a reproduction will make his ingenuity famous

14 **Being…worse** i.e., your eagerness for praise encourages flattery and thus debases the praise you receive/being so fond of praise is a weakness that undermines the praise you receive (alternatively, **fond on praise** may refer to an enjoyment of giving praise indiscriminately to others)

85

1 **Muse** inspiring goddess of poetry, or creative inspiration generally

in…still remains politely silent

3 **Reserve their character** preserve their appearance (i.e., are written down)

with golden quill i.e., in exquisite style—“aureate” (**golden**) also refers to a highly ornamental literary style

4 **filed** polished

6 **unlettered clerk** illiterate parish clerk (who assisted the priest in church by leading the responses to prayers)

7 **able spirit affords** gifted poets provide

12 **holds…before** maintains its position in the lead

13 **for…respect** value others for the breath of words

14 **in effect** through action

86

2 **prize** rich booty

3 **inhearse** bury

5 **spirit** intellectual vigor/vital powers **spirits** supernatural inspiration/ghosts (of dead writers perhaps)

6 **pitch** height (literally, the highest point in a falcon’s flight before it swoops to attack) **struck me dead** rendered me dumbstruck

7 **compeers** associates

8 **astonishèd** stunned into silence

9 **affable familiar ghost** kindly attendant spirit

10 **gulls** deceives **intelligence** information

13 **countenance** face/approval **filled up** occupied, served as subject matter for/repaired, filled in (giving **line** a suggestion of “crack”) **line** i.e., the rival poet’s lines of verse; possible play on the additional sense of “ship,” picking up the nautical imagery at the start of the poem

14 **matter** subject matter/substance (with which to fill in a flaw)

87

1 **dear** expensive (with play on the sense of “beloved”)

2 **estimate** worth

3 **charter…worth** privilege that results from your merit **releasing** freedom/legal dispensation from contractual obligations (**charter** also has the sense of “legal document relating to the transference of property”)

4 **bonds** ties/legal agreements **determinate** terminated (legal term relating to the cessation of tenancy)

7 **cause of** justification for receiving **wanting** lacking

8 **patent** right of ownership **back…swerving** is reverting to you

11 **upon misprision growing** coming from a misunderstanding

14 **no such matter** nothing of the kind

88

1 **set me light** value me little

2 **place…scorn** look scornfully at my worth (or cause others to do so)

4 **forsworn** perjured, one who has broken their word

6 **Upon thy part** on your side, on your behalf

7 **attainted** dishonored/convicted (or, rarely, “accused”)

8 **That** so that

10 **bending** directing

12 **vantage** advantage **double-vantage** doubly benefit

14 **bear all wrong** endure all hardship/take responsibility for all wrongdoing/behave wrongfully (toward myself)

89

* the argument continues from Sonnet 88

1 **forsake** abandon

2 **comment upon** expand on, give details of

3 **halt** limp

6 **To…change** in order to make your desire to leave me look justifiable and acceptable

8 **I…strange** I will completely suppress my familiarity with you and treat you like a stranger

9 **thy walks** the places where you habitually walk

12 **haply** perhaps

13 **vow debate** commit myself to conflict

90

1 **Then** follows on from Sonnet 89

2 **bent** determined **cross** thwart

4 **drop…after-loss** fall upon (me) for further injury in the future

5 **scaped** escaped

6 **Come…woe** a military metaphor—“come along behind an army (**woe**) that I have managed to defeat”

8 **linger…overthrow** prolong a planned defeat

11 **onset** initial assault

13 **strains** varieties

91

1 **glory** exult, take pride

3 **new-fangled ill** highly fashionable but ugly

5 **humour** mood/temperament **adjunct** corresponding

7 **measure** standard (of happiness)

8 **better** outdo

10 **prouder…cost** more splendid than costly garments/higher than the cost of garments

92

1 **But** continues the argument from Sonnet 91

2 **term of life** (my) lifetime

5 **worst of wrongs** worst injury (i.e., being entirely abandoned by his lover)

6 **in…end** the least slight or hint of a rebuff will kill me

8 **humour** mood

10 **on…lie** lies at the mercy of your change of mind

11 **happy** joyous/fortunate **title** entitlement

13 **blessèd-fair** fortunately happy (**fair** also suggests “flawless/pale”) **blot** blemish, stain

14 **false** unfaithful

93

1 **So** the argument continues from Sonnet 92

2 **love's face** the appearance of love

3 **altered new** newly altered, different

8 **wrinkles** grimaces

13 **Eve's apple** the apple that Eve picked in the Garden of Eden, beautiful in appearance, but doomed to bring evil to humankind when eaten (biblical)

14 **answer…show** does not correspond to your appearance

94

2 **the…show** the action (sex) that, based on their (attractive) appearances, they seem most likely to do

3 **moving** provoking sexual desire in

4 **cold** lacking passion, chaste

6 **husband…expense** preserve their natural endowments from being wasted (**expense** suggests the emission of semen)

7 **lords…faces** the rightful owners of their beauty

8 **stewards** domestic managers, administrators

10 **to itself** alone

11 **base** degrading (perhaps also suggesting “in the lower regions”)

infection suggestive of venereal disease, as well as moral corruption

12 **basest** most common **outbraves** surpasses, outdoes in appearance

13 **things** may play on the sense of “genitals” **deeds** actions/sexual exploits

14 **Lilies…weeds** this line also appears in *Edward III* (1596), thought by many scholars to contain some material by Shakespeare

95

2 **canker** cankerworm, a parasitic grub that destroys plants
3 **spot** stain **name** reputation
4 **sweets** sweet things (perhaps suggestive of furled petals)
6 **sport** pleasures/sexual activity
9 **mansion** i.e., the young man’s body
13 **large privilege** extensive freedom
14 **knife** phallic connotations **ill-used** misused sexually **edge** effectiveness/sexual appetite

96

1 **wantonness** wildness/willfulness/lechery
2 **gentle** suitable to a gentleman
3 **of…less** by high and low classes alike
4 **Thou…resort** you turn the faults that attend you into virtues
6 **basest** cheapest, humblest
7 **errors** sins/inaccuracies
8 **truths** virtues/valid things **translated** transformed
10 **like…translate** he could change his appearance to that of a lamb
11 **gazers** admirers **away** i.e., astray
12 **strength…state** power that your qualities and birth give you
13 **But…report** repeats the closing couplet of Sonnet 36

97

5 **time removed** period of separation

6 **teeming** fertile **big** pregnant **increase** offspring

7 **Bearing** carrying/giving birth to **wanton…prime** offspring of lustful spring (an image suggestive of ripened fruit dropping from trees and crops being harvested)

8 **their lords'** i.e., spring's

9 **issue** offspring

10 **But…fruit** i.e., not much hope at all **unfathered** fatherless

11 **wait** attend

98

2 **proud-pied** splendidly multicolored **trim** adornment, finery

4 **That** so that **heavy Saturn** the planet and god were associated with melancholy (“heaviness”)

5 **nor…nor** neither…nor **lays** songs

6 **different flowers** flowers differing

7 **summer’s** i.e., cheerful, bright

8 **proud** showy **lap** i.e., the earth

11 **but** only, merely **figures** sketches

12 **after** in imitation of **pattern** model, exemplar

14 **As** as if **shadow** image

99

* the only poem in the collection with fifteen lines

1 **forward** early/presumptuous **chide** rebuke, upbraid

2 **thy…smells** i.e., your sweet perfume

3 **purple pride** the purple color you are so proud of/purple splendor

4 **for complexion** as (artificial) coloring

5 **grossly** obviously/crudely

6 **condemnèd…hand** blamed for stealing the whiteness of your hand

7 **buds of marjoram** these are tightly curled and sweet-smelling

8 **on…stand** grew on thorny stems, but the phrase can also mean “in a state of high anxiety” (the roses are fearful because they have committed theft)

9 **white** i.e., fearful

11 **annexed thy breath** added the crime of stealing your breath for his perfume

12 **for** in punishment for **pride…growth** the glory of its prime

13 **canker** cankerworm, a parasitic grub that destroys plants **eat** ate

15 **But…thee** that had not stolen its scent or color from you

100

1 **Muse** inspiring goddess of poetry, or creative inspiration generally

3 **fury** creative energy, poetic frenzy

4 **Dark'ning…light** hiding your real power to give prominence to unworthy subjects

5 **straight** straightaway

6 **gentle numbers** noble verses **idly** worthlessly/foolishly

7 **lays** songs

8 **argument** subject matter

9 **resty** sluggish, lazy

10 **graven** engraved

11 **satire to** satirist toward (i.e., ridicule, vilify)

12 **spoils** destruction, plundering

14 **So** thus **prevent'st** forestall, confound **scythe…knife** a tautology—a scythe is a crooked (curved) knife

101

1 **Muse** the address to the Muse continues from Sonnet 100 **what…amends** how can you make amends
2 **truth…dyed** truth imbued with beauty
3 **depends** are subordinate, dependent for their existence
4 **dignified** you acquire dignity
5 **haply** perhaps
6 **colour** cosmetics, rouge (plays on the sense of “excuse”) **his colour fixed** its complexion ingrained
7 **pencil** paintbrush **to lay** apply in layers (as paint on canvas)
8 **intermixed** adulterated, added to and debased
10 **lies in thee** is in your power
13 **office** duty
14 **long hence** far into the future **shows** appears

102

1 **seeming** appearance

3 **merchandised** treated as a saleable commodity **rich esteeming** high value

4 **publish** announce publicly

6 **wont** accustomed **lays** songs (poems)

7 **Philomel** the nightingale (in classical mythology, Philomel was raped and had her tongue cut out by her brother-in-law; she was later turned into a nightingale by the gods) **summer’s front** the beginning of summer

8 **pipe** music **in…days** i.e., as summer moves toward autumn

11 **wild** belonging to wild birds/unrestrained **burdens** weighs down/fills with song (a “burden” can mean “a chorus”)

12 **sweets** sweet things, pleasures

14 **dull** bore, blunt your appetite

103

1 **poverty** poor poetic efforts
2 **pride** splendid abilities/pride in the beautiful youth
3 **argument all bare** unadorned subject matter (i.e., the young man)
6 **glass** mirror
7 **overgoes** outdoes, surpasses **invention** creative skill
8 **Dulling** making tedious/rendering **blunt**
9 **mend** improve
10 **mar** spoil
11 **pass** end
12 **graces** beauties/attributes

104

2 **eye I eyed** an aural pun

4 **pride** splendor

8 **which…green** you who are still young and **fresh**

9 **dial hand** the hand of a clock (as in Shakespeare’s poem “To the Queen”)

10 **Steal** creep away/rob **figure** (clock’s) numeral/appearance/face **pace** movement/footstep

11 **hue** complexion **still doth stand** remains motionless/remains yet

12 **Hath motion** does move, change

13 **age unbred** unborn future age

14 **Ere** before

105

1 **idolatry** excessive devotion/worship of many gods

2 **show** appear/display

3 **Since** since in fact, in my defense (or possibly “simply because”)

4 **To…one** only addressed to and about one person **still** always

5 **Kind** loving/generous

9 **Fair** beautiful/just **true** genuine/faithful **argument** theme

10 **varying to** expressed in various

11 **invention spent** creativity exhausted

12 **Three…one** the religious theme continues with the suggestion of the Christian Trinity (God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost)

14 **kept seat** resided/were enthroned

106

1 **chronicle** historical record **wasted** past, consumed (with suggestion of “squandered”)

2 **wights** people (deliberately archaic word)

4 **lovely** handsome/amorous

5 **blazon** description (literally, of a coat of arms)

8 **Even** just, exactly **master** are owner of

11 **for** because **divining** predicting (rather than definitively knowing)

14 **wonder** admir

107

3 **the…control** regulate the duration of my love/restrict my right to possession of love (the person or the emotion)

4 **as…doom** subject to a fixed term

5 **The…endured** probably a reference to the death (**eclipse**) of Queen Elizabeth I in 1603; as the Virgin Queen, she was associated with the **moon**, symbol of chastity **endured** undergone

6 **augurs** prophets **presage** prediction

7 **Incertainties…assured** uncertainties are brought securely to an end (**crown** suggests the coronation of the childless Elizabeth's successor, James I, putting to an end the uncertainties about England's future)

8 **olives…age** the olive tree (symbol of peace) will last forever (King James regarded himself as an international peacemaker)

9 **balmy** soothing (again suggestive of coronation, at which the monarch was anointed with "balm," i.e., holy oil)

10 **subscribes** surrenders

12 **insults** triumphs, exults

13 **monument** tomb or other memorial structure

14 **crests** heraldic devices on coats of arms **spent** gone, wasted away

108

1 **character** write

2 **figured** represented

3 **register** record

8 **hallowed** treated as holy (with suggestion of “halloo,” i.e., call out)

9 **case** clothing/condition

10 **Weighs not** does not care about

11 **gives…place** yields to the inevitable lines of old age

12 **antiquity** age **aye** ever **page** boy attendant (plays on the sense of “page of poetry”)

13 **conceit** notion, conception/poetic device, metaphor **there** i.e., in the **sweet boy**/in the poetry

14 **show it** make it seem

109

1 **false of heart** disloyal, unfaithful

2 **my…qualify** to moderate my passion

5 **ranged** wandered, strayed

7 **Just…exchanged** punctual and not changed by time

8 **water…stain** tears to wash away my fault

10 **frailties** moral weaknesses **blood** temperament/sexual desire

11 **preposterously** unnaturally (literally, “inversely, back to front”) **stained** polluted, morally tarnished

12 **for nothing** as something of no value/for no reason

110

1 **gone** may play on the sense of “had sex”

2 **motley** fool (after the multicolored costume of a jester, so perhaps alluding to Shakespeare’s acting career)

3 **Gored** wounded/cut into triangles (resembling the diamond patches of a fool’s **motley**)

4 **Made…new** offended old friends or lovers by finding new ones/repeated former sins because of new passions/committed plenty of sins with the new objects of my affections

6 **Askance and strangely** with a side glance and in an unfriendly way **all above** i.e., heaven

7 **blenches** swervings

8 **worse essays** trying out worse loves

9 **what…end** i.e., eternal love

10 **appetite** implies sexual desire **grind** whet, sharpen (as a phallic knife; “to grind” could mean “to have sex”)

11 **proof** experiments, experiences (i.e., lovers) **try** test the worth of/subject to strain, afflict

12 **confined** restricted

13 **next…best** you, who are to me the next best thing to heaven

14 **most most loving** i.e., supremely loving, but perhaps subverted by a slight suggestion of the young man’s own tendency to love many people

111

1 **with Fortune chide** rebuke or complain at Fortune

2 **of** responsible for

4 **public means** a means of making a living that involves catering to the public (probably a reference to Shakespeare’s theatrical career) **public manners breeds** generates (or is generated by) the sort of (low) behavior associated with public life

5 **brand** criminals (including strolling players, if they were arrested as vagabonds) were branded on the face or hand with a hot iron

6 **almost** applies to **subdued** (“my nature is almost subdued”) **subdued To** conquered by

8 **renewed** restored

10 **eisel** vinegar (i.e., **bitterness**)

11 **No bitterness** i.e., there is no bitterness

12 **correct correction** correct again what has already been corrected

112

1 **th'impression** the mark left by the **brand** of Sonnet 111 (line 5)

2 **vulgar** base/public

4 **So** so long as **o'er-green** gloss over/grass over **allow** praise

7 **None…wrong** no one other than you has the power to alter my fixed sensibilities either for better or for worse, and I do not have such a power over anyone at all

9 **so profound abysm** such a deep abyss

10 **adder's sense** i.e., deaf ears; proverbially, adders blocked their ears in order to avoid succumbing to the music of the snake charmer

12 **how…dispense** note how I disregard others' neglect of me

13 **are…bred** exist so powerfully in my thoughts

113

2 **that…about** eyesight, which shows me where to go
3 **part** divide/abandon
4 **Seems seeing** appears to see **effectually is out** in effect is blind
5 **heart** i.e., inner consciousness
6 **latch** catch hold of, apprehend
7 **his quick objects** the living (or “fleeting”) things he sees
8 **Nor** nor does
9 **rud’st or gentlest** most uncouth or most well-bred
10 **favour** appearance/face
12 **shapes** transforms, remodels
13 **Incapable of** unable to receive, contain
14 **true** faithful **untrue** deceptive, unreliable

114

1 **Or…whether** is it the case that…or that **crowned with you** made into a king by your love

4 **alchemy** pseudo-science that sought to turn base metal into gold

5 **indigest** shapeless, crude

6 **cherubins** angels

7 **Creating every bad** making every bad thing into

8 **beams** eye beams, rays of light thought to be emitted by the eye and to enable vision

10 **most kingly** like a king (subject to deceptive flattery)

11 **what…'greeing** what agrees with (the mind's) taste

14 **doth first begin** i.e., drinks first from the poisoned cup itself

115

4 **full** intense

5 **reckoning time** calculating time **whose** starts a long relative clause that continues to the end of line 8, but is not followed by a main clause (which may be purposeful or may be the result of “divert” being a misprint for “diverts,” which would then be the main verb belonging to **reckoning time**

millioned accidents innumerable chance events

6 **’twixt vows** between (lovers’) vows and their fulfillment

7 **Tan** i.e., render unattractive, fair skin being considered a mark of beauty

8 **alt’ring** changeable

10 **Might…say** was it not natural for me then to say

12 **Crowning** seeing as best, privileging

13 **Love…babe** Cupid, the god of love, was traditionally depicted as a child

then…so sol should not have spoken as I did

14 **give…grow** attribute maturity to love that was still in its infancy

116

2 **Admit** acknowledge, concede **impediments** echoes the words of the marriage service in the Book of Common Prayer, where the couple and the congregation are asked to declare if they know of any impediment to the marriage

4 **bends…remove** is inclined to cease if abandoned by the object of love (or perhaps "is inclined to be unfaithful in response to infidelity from the object of love")

5 **ever-fixèd mark** lighthouse, beacon, or landmark

7 **star** the North (or Pole) Star, used in navigation **bark** small ship

8 **worth's unknown** value cannot be fully known or measured **height be taken** height above the horizon can be scientifically measured

9 **Time's fool** the plaything of Time, or subject of its mockery

10 **bending** curved **compass** scope/arc

12 **doom** doomsday, the end of the world

13 **upon me proved** I am proved to have committed it (legal language)

117

1 **Accuse** initiates legal imagery that continues through the sonnet
scanted stinted, neglected
3 **call** visit/invoke/appeal (to)
4 **bonds** physical ties/legal documents
5 **frequent** familiar, in company/often **unknown minds** strangers
6 **given…right** given away your richly bought right to my time
9 **Book** record
10 **on just proof** on top of what can be fairly proved **accumulate** pile up (charges)
11 **level** aim/line of fire/sights
12 **wakened hate** the hate that my behavior has roused in you
13 **appeal** legal appeal for a second hearing
14 **virtue** moral integrity/power

118

1 **Like as** just as

2 **eager compounds** pungent concoctions **our palate urge** stimulate our appetite

3 **maladies unseen** i.e., potential illnesses

4 **sicken** make ourselves ill **shun** prevent **purge** use laxatives or emetics

5 **Even so** in just such a manner

6 **frame my feeding** adapt my diet (sexual connotations)

7 **welfare** good health **meetness** appropriateness

8 **ere…needing** before there was any real need

9 **policy…assured** my stratagem of anticipating and preventing diseases generated actual ill health

11 **to medicine** into a condition requiring medicine

12 **rank of** full of/bloated with/diseased by

119

1 **siren** a mythical creature, part-woman, part-bird, whose enchanting singing lured sailors to their deaths (presumably suggests a person with whom the poet has been unfaithful)

2 **limbecks** alembics, vessels with long nozzles used in distillation **foul** loathsome/diseased/sinful/black

3 **Applying** administering (medical sense)

4 **saw myself to** believed I was going to

6 **so blessèd never** never so blessed, as happy as possible

7 **spheres** sockets (eyes are compared to planets or stars, which were thought to inhabit concentric hollow spheres that orbited the earth) **fitted** forced out by fits or seizures

8 **madding** frenzied/maddening

13 **content** contentment

14 **thrice** three times

120

1 **befriends me** stands me in good stead

3 **Needs must I** I must of necessity **under…bow** bow my head in shame at my wrongdoing

6 **hell of** hellish

7 **no leisure taken** spared no time

8 **weigh** consider

9 **remembered** reminded

11 **tendered** offered

12 **humble salve** soothing ointment of contrition **fits** suits

13 **that your trespass** that trespass of yours

14 **ransoms** pays for, redeems

121

1 **vile esteemed** thought to be despicable, worthless

2 **being** i.e., being **vile**

3 **just** legitimate **so deemed** i.e., thought to be vile

5 **false** deceitful/unfaithful **adulterate** impure, corrupt/adulterous

6 **Give salutation to** greet (knowingly) **sportive blood** playful temperament/lust

7 **on…spies** why are my weaknesses spied on by those who are even more at fault themselves (**frailty** often implies succumbing to sexual temptation)

8 **wills** desires/sexual urges

9 **that** what (**I am that I am** were God’s words to Moses in Exodus 3:14)
level guess/aim a metaphorical gun

10 **abuses** misdeeds **reckon** count

11 **bevel** crooked

12 **By** through **rank** foul/diseased/lustful **shown** viewed, interpreted

13 **maintain** assert

14 **in…reign** prosper in their badness/are supremely bad

122

1 **tables** writing tablet, notebook

2 **Full charactered** completely inscribed

3 **idle rank** trivial series (of writings in the notebook)/worthless type (of memorandum)

4 **date** limit

6 **faculty** power, ability

7 **razed** erased, obliterated

9 **That poor retention** i.e., the **tables**, memorandum book

10 **tallies** sticks marked with notches (scored) to record a debt

11 **to…bold** I dared to give them away

12 **those…more** the notebook (my memory) that holds you more completely (or “retains more of you”)

13 **adjunct** external aid

14 **import** imply

123

2 **pyramids** obelisks (perhaps suggestive of those built in London to celebrate the coronation of King James I in 1603) **newer might** more recent strength/more modern skills

4 **dressings…sight** dressed-up versions of something seen before

5 **dates** (lives') duration

6 **foist** palm off (originally a term for cheating at dice)

7 **born…desire** created for our wishes

9 **registers** records

10 **wond'ring** marveling

11 **thy…lie** both records of the past and what we see for ourselves are deceptive

12 **Made…haste** changing in perspective and significance in accordance with the swift passage of time

14 **true** faithful (plays on the idea of historical validity as opposed to records and perceptions that **lie**)

124

1 **my dear love** the precious love I feel **child of state** product of circumstances

2 **for** as **unfathered** deemed illegitimate, of no fixed identity

4 **Weeds…gathered** i.e., rejected or valued according to the whims of Time (or the times)

5 **accident** chance

6 **suffers…pomp** does not become corrupt as a result of being favored by the great (or "…as a result of fortune and riches")/does not suffer due to the whims of the great

7 **Under…discontent** by being imprisoned for political discontent/by being enslaved to dissatisfaction

8 **Whereto…calls** to which the present times draw people of our sort

9 **policy** political cunning, scheming **heretic** dissident

10 **works…hours** operates on a short-term basis

11 **politic** prudent, wise

12 **nor…nor** neither…nor

13 **witness** as witnesses **fools of time** i.e., those who allow themselves (and their love) to be subject to fashion and change **fools** idiots/dupes/playthings/laughingstocks

14 **for goodness** in the name of goodness, i.e., as martyrs or in an attempt to achieve a good reputation

125

1 **Were't…me** would it mean anything to me if **canopy** such as would be carried over a monarch in a public procession

2 **With…honouring** honoring public displays of respect with my outward appearance (or behavior)

3 **bases** foundations for statues or memorial monuments **for eternity** i.e., to last for eternity

4 **Which** may refer either to **bases** or to **eternity**

5 **dwellers…favour** those who are preoccupied with ceremony and the favor of the great (or "…with bodily and facial appearance"); **dwellers** plays on the literal sense of "inhabitants"

6 **too much rent** too high a price

7 **For…savour** giving up simple tastes in favor of complex or artificial sweetmeats

8 **Pitiful thrivers** materially prosperous but deserving of pity (or contempt)/people who prosper poorly **in…spent** exhausted by their gazing (on **form and favour**)

9 **obsequious** obedient (also "dutiful in performing mourning rites," a sense that is picked up in oblation)

10 **oblation** offering (often in a religious context)

11 **seconds** inferior material **art** skill/cunning

12 **render** handing over

13 **suborned informer** bribed informant (or witness)

14 **impeached** accused (often, of treason)

126

2 **fickle glass** changeable and unreliable hourglass **sickle hour** time for harvesting (i.e., death)

3 **by waning grown** grown older with the passing of time/increased in beauty as you have grown older

5 **wrack** wreck, ruin

6 **goest onwards** move forward in time

8 **disgrace** shame (at being outwitted by **Nature**) **minutes kill** i.e., destroy the effects of time

9 **minion** darling, favorite

10 **keep** preserve

11 **audit** final account, reckoning **answered** paid

12 **quietus** discharge of a payment, settling of a debt **render** hand over, pay in settlement of a debt

13 **( )** the empty parentheses that appear here in the original 1609 Quarto edition suggest a missing final couplet, but the preceding twelve lines consist of six couplets (unlike the other sonnets), and the poem is complete syntactically; the blanks may be seen as a visual representation of the closure of the sequence addressed to the young man and possibly of his absence/death

127

1 **the old age** times past **black** this is the first of the “Dark Lady” sonnets, addressed to a dark-haired and/or dark-complexioned woman **fair** beautiful/pale

2 **bore…name** was not explicitly called beautiful

3 **successive** legitimate

4 **beauty…shame** what was called beauty is disgraced by being termed illegitimate (or is falsely created through cosmetics)

5 **put on** assumed (through use of cosmetics)

6 **Fairing the foul** making the ugly beautiful

7 **name** good reputation/secure paternity

8 **profaned** desecrated, treated with irreverence

10 **so suited** the same color

11 **not…lack** despite not having been born beautiful, achieve (false) beauty through the use of cosmetics

12 **Sland’ring…esteem** giving natural beauty a bad name by being praised for false beauty

13 **becoming…woe** looking attractive in their black “mourning”

128

1 **thou, my music** you, who are my music (delight, harmony)

2 **wood** the wooden keys of the virginals **sounds** resounds

3 **sway'st** govern/move rhythmically

4 **wiry concord** harmony of strings **confounds** amazes

5 **jacks** i.e., keys (in fact pieces of wood fixed to the backs of the keys, carrying the quills that pluck the strings); plays on the sense of “rascals, knaves”

7 **that harvest** i.e., of kisses

10 **chips** the wooden keys

13 **saucy** impudent/lascivious

129

1 **Th'expense** the using up, expenditure/the ejaculation **spirit** vital energy/semen **waste of shame** shameful **waste** (puns on "waist," the shameful place where the semen is emitted)

2 **lust in action** sexual intercourse

3 **perjured** oath-breaking **full of blame** completely blameworthy

4 **rude** brutal/coarse **to trust** to be trusted

5 **straight** straightaway

6 **Past reason** illogically/insanely

11 **in proof** while being experienced **proved** having been tried

12 **proposed** anticipated **behind** afterward **dream** i.e., a fleeting, insubstantial thing

14 **hell** plays on the slang sense of "vagina"

130

1 **My…sun** comparing eyes to the sun was common in love poetry; the sonnet goes on to mention a number of conventional similes

3 **dun** gray-brown

4 **wires** fine golden wires, used for ornamentation (in, for example, headdresses)

5 **damasked** of the damask variety/multicolored (**red and white**)

8 **reeks** exhales (did not imply unpleasant odors at this time)

11 **go** walk

14 **she…compare** woman misrepresented by untrue comparisons

131

1 **tyrannous** cruel and domineering **so…art** just as you are

3 **dear** dearly

5 **in good faith** truly

6 **groan** with desire/with despair

10 **but** merely

11 **One…neck** one following rapidly after another

12 **Thy black** your black hair and/or complexion **fairest** most beautiful/palest **in…place** to my mind

14 **this slander** i.e., the claim (in line 6) that she is not beautiful enough to provoke such love

132

4 **petty ruth** small pity

5 **morning** puns on “mourning”

6 **becomes** befits, suits

7 **full star** bright star, i.e., the planet Venus (known as Hesperus, the Evening Star) **even** evening

8 **sober** subdued in color

9 **mourning** plays on “morning”

10 **beseem** befit, suit

11 **doth thee grace** makes you more beautiful

12 **suit…part** dress your pity entirely in the same way

14 **foul** ugly (plays on the sense of “dirty, black”)

133

1 **Beshrew** curse

2 **wound** plays on the sense of “vagina”

4 **slave to slavery** slave to tyranny, utterly enslaved

5 **eye** possible vaginal connotations

6 **my next self** i.e., my friend **harder** perhaps suggestive of penile erection **engrossed** bought up wholesale, monopolized/made larger and firmer

7 **Of** by **forsaken** abandoned

8 **crossed** thwarted, tormented

9 **Prison** imprison **ward** prison cell

10 **bail** bail out, release

11 **keeps** guards **his** i.e., the friend’s

12 **rigour** harshness/torture

13 **pent** imprisoned

14 **all…me** i.e., and so is my friend, kept in my heart

134

1 **he** i.e., the friend of Sonnet 133
2 **will** resolve/wishes/sexual desire
3 **so…mine** provided that my other self (the friend)
6 **kind** generous/courteous/loving
7 **surety-like…me** to act as my guarantor, to underwrite my debt (and release me)
8 **bond** legal agreement/fetter, shackle **fast** firmly
9 **statute** legal entitlement, specifically the agreement that enabled a creditor to retain the debtor's security (lands, property) if loan repayments were not met
10 **usurer** moneylender (notorious for charging high rates of interest)
put'st…use lends out everything/makes herself entirely sexually available
11 **sue** pursue for payment/woo **came debtor** who got into debt
12 **my unkind abuse** cruel mistreatment I have received from you/my unkindness toward him (having got him into debt)
13 **hast** plays on the sense of “have sex with”
14 **pays the whole** pays the whole debt/satisfies her sexually (**whole** puns on vaginal “hole”)

135

1 **Will** the sonnet plays on various meanings of the word: Will Shakespeare/wishes/sexual desire/male or female genitals

2 **to boot** in addition **overplus** excess

3 **vex** harass (with sexual demands) **still** yet/constantly

4 **To…addition** contributing to your desires with my own/filling up your vagina with my penis

5 **will…spacious** desire is unrestrained/vagina is wide

6 **vouchsafe** condescend, agree **will in thine** penis in your vagina

7 **right gracious** most attractive

8 **in…shine** no favor be shown to my will (all senses)

11 **rich in Will** rich in your (sexual) desire/in total possession of me (or another lover called Will) **thy Will** the man called Will whom you possess/your (sexual) desires/your vagina

12 **One…mine** a (sexual) desire of mine/my penis **make…more** increase your vaginal capacity or your sexual desire/make your lover Will's penis erect

13 **Let…kill** do not be unkind, do not kill courteous or attractive wooers

14 **all…Will** of all your lovers as one person and of me as your only William/only desire/only penis

136

1 **check** rebuke **come so near** implies sexual intimacy (**come** may play on the sense of “orgasm”)

2 **blind** Cupid, Roman god of love, was traditionally depicted as blind or blindfolded **Will** this sonnet continues the wordplay on Will Shakespeare/wishes/sexual desire/genitals

3 **admitted there** acknowledged in your soul/allowed in your body

4 **for love** out of charity **love-suit** loving request, request for sex

5 **Will** William/William’s penis **fulfil** fill up **treasure…love** vagina

6 **fill…one** i.e., have sex with as many men as you want (fill yourself up with penises) and make me one of them

7 **receipt** (vaginal) capacity

9 **untold** uncounted/unspoken of

10 **thy store’s account** the list of your possessions (i.e., lovers; **account** puns on “cunt”)

11 **For…me** consider me insignificant **so** provided **hold** embrace

12 **nothing me** worthless thing that is me **something** suggestive of “some thing,” i.e., penis

13 **Make but** only make **my name** still playing on Will/sexual desire **still** always

137

1 **blind** refers to Cupid, god of love, depicted as blind
3 **lies** plays on the sense of “deceives”
4 **what…be** think the worst is the best
5 **corrupt…looks** damaged by looking with too much partiality
6 **bay** vaginal harbor **ride** anchor their ships/have sex
9 **several plot** separate, private plot of (vaginal) ground
10 **wide…place** promiscuous vagina, open to all men
11 **Or** or why should **not** not so
12 **To…place** so that they see beautiful virtue in such a vile appearance
14 **false plague** unfaithful disease of a woman (an image suggestive of venereal disease)

138

* a version of this sonnet appears in *The Passionate Pilgrim* (1598/99)

1 **made of truth** all fidelity (**made** puns on “maid”)

2 **lies** plays on the sense of “has sex with other men”

3 **That** so that

4 **false subtleties** deceitful tricks

5 **vainly** in vain, pointlessly/foolishly/out of vanity

7 **Simply** foolishly, naively **credit** believe

9 **wherefore** why **unjust** unfaithful

11 **habit** usual behavior/dress, guise **seeming** apparent

12 **told** counted/spoken aloud

13 **lie** fib/have sex

14 **flattered** pleasantly deceived

139

3 **Wound…tongue** tell me of your infidelities, rather than demonstrating them with your wandering gaze
4 **Use…power** employ direct force (not **cunning**) **art** cunning, deception
7 **might** power
8 **o'erpressed** overburdened **bide** stand, endure
10 **pretty looks** charming (or cunning) glances/attractive appearance

140

2 **press** perhaps suggestive of *peine forte et dure*, the process by which a person who refused to plead guilty or innocent to a crime was pressed with heavy weights until he either spoke or died

4 **pity-wanting pain** pain that lacks (or craves) pity

5 **wit** wisdom

7 **testy** fretful

8 **know** hear

11 **ill-wresting world** world that is prone to interpret everything in its worst sense

13 **so** i.e., believed when I slander you **belied** defamed, slandered

14 **Bear…straight** look straight ahead (at me) **go wide** i.e., wide of the mark (like a mis-aimed arrow)

141

1 **errors** moral defects

4 **in despite of** regardless of

6 **base touches** vulgar caresses

8 **sensual feast** banquet of erotic pleasures

9 **five wits** intellectual as opposed to sensory powers, defined as common sense, imagination, fantasy, estimation, memory

11 **leaves…man** i.e., leaves me ungoverned, the mere appearance of a man

12 **vassal** servile

13 **plague** disease (of love; connotations of venereal infection)

14 **awards me pain** i.e., makes me suffer now (thus lessening the penitential pain I will have to suffer after death); **pain** is also erotically suggestive, however

142

1 **dear** precious

2 **sinful** i.e., lustful

4 **merits** deserves

6 **profaned** committed sacrilege on

7 **sealed** i.e., with a kiss

8 **Robbed…rents** deprived others of their rightful dues in bed, i.e., through adultery

9 **Be it** if it is

10 **importune** beg

11 **Root** plant

13 **hide** withhold (i.e., pity)

14 **self-example** following your own example

143

1 **careful** attentive/anxious

2 **feathered creatures** i.e., hens (may imply that the men the poet's mistress chases after are fops in plumed hats) **broke away** that has escaped

3 **dispatch** haste

5 **holds…chase** chases her

8 **Not prizing** thinking nothing of

12 **kind** loving/sexually benevolent

13 **Will** man called Will/desire

14 **still** calm

144

* a version of this sonnet also appears in *The Passionate Pilgrim* (1598/99)

1 **loves** lovers/kinds of love

2 **suggest** tempt, incite **still** constantly

3 **fair** beautiful/pale-complexioned/virtuous

4 **coloured ill** of ugly complexion/of evil disposition (in terms of color, suggests dark looks—considered unattractive—or use of cosmetics)

8 **foul pride** ugly vanity; **pride** plays on the sense of “sexual desire” (often used of female animals)

9 **fiend** i.e., an inhabitant of the vaginal **hell**

11 **from me** away from me **friend** friend/lover

12 **hell** a slang term for the vagina

14 **fire…out** drive him out/infect him with venereal disease

145

* the only poem in the collection to have lines of only eight syllables

5 **Straight** straightaway

7 **gentle doom** a kind judgment, lenient sentence

13 **hate away…And** it has been suggested that these words pun on “Hathaway” and “Anne” (the surname and first name of Shakespeare’s wife)

146

* [] two syllables are missing here because “My sinful earth” was inadvertently repeated by the printer; many suggestions have been made about them (e.g., “Feeding,” “Fooled by,” “Spoiled by,” “Thrall to,” “Worn by”) but all are necessarily conjectural

2 **rebel powers** i.e., rebellious flesh, the body **array** clothe/place in readiness for battle

3 **pine** starve **dearth** famine

4 **gay** fine, bright

6 **mansion** i.e., body

8 **charge** expense

9 **thy servant** i.e., your body (subservient to the soul)

10 **aggravate** pile up, increase

11 **terms divine** eternal life/favorable terms from God **hours of dross** time devoted to worthless material pleasures

12 **without** on the outside, in terms of appearance

13 **feed on death** i.e., be nourished spiritually

147

1 **still** continually

2 **nurseth** sustains, nurtures

3 **ill** sickness

4 **Th'uncertain** the unreliable, changeable **appetite** includes sexual appetite

7 **approve** am proof of/discover by experience

8 **Desire is death** sexual desire is fatal (perhaps with connotations of orgasmic "death") **which…except** which desire medicine forbade

9 **past care** i.e., past caring

10 **evermore** continual

12 **At…truth** wandering haphazardly from the truth **vainly** pointlessly, ineffectually

13 **fair** beautiful/fair-complexioned/virtuous

14 **black** ugly/dark-complexioned/sinful

148

1 **love** perhaps recalls the fact that Cupid, the Roman god of love, was conventionally depicted as blind

4 **censures falsely** judges wrongly (not necessarily in a negative manner)

8 **Love’s eye** again recalls Cupid and puns on “ay” (“yes”)

10 **vexed** troubled **watching** remaining awake

11 **though** if **mistake my view** misunderstand what I see

14 **foul faults** ugly defects, loathsome sins (perhaps also suggests “diseased vagina”)

149

2 **partake** take sides

3 **forgot Am of** am forgotten by

4 **tyrant** cruel (to myself)

7 **lour’st** scowl, frown **spend** may play on the sense of “ejaculate”

8 **present moan** immediate lamenting (with possible connotations of erotic groaning)

9 **respect** value, esteem

10 **so…despise** too proud to serve you

11 **all…defect** all that is best in me adores your imperfection

14 **Those…lov’st** you love those who can see

150

2 **insufficiency** imperfection **sway** rule

3 **give…to** call a liar

4 **brightness…day** i.e., because the poet’s mistress is dark, light ceases to be an attractive quality

5 **becoming…ill** power to make vile things attractive

6 **refuse…deeds** worst of your actions/worthless rubbish that your deeds consist of

7 **warrantize** evidence, proof

11 **abhor** hate; puns on the sense of “make a whore of”

151

1 **Love…young** Cupid, the Roman god of love, was always depicted as a child

2 **conscience** moral sense; puns on “con-science,” i.e., “cunt knowledge”

3 **urge…amiss** do not accuse me of (or lead me into) wrongdoing

5 **betraying me** revealing my sins/leading me treacherously into sin

6 **nobler part** i.e., the soul **to…treason** to be treacherously overcome by my gross body **gross** coarse/earthly (not spiritual)

8 **flesh…reason** the penis doesn’t wait for more justification

9 **rising** becoming erect

10 **triumphant prize** spoils of victory **pride** state of sexual arousal, erection

11 **drudge** (sex) slave

12 **stand…fall** fight and die by your side like a loyal soldier/grow erect in your vagina and then flaccid after sex

13 **want** lack **hold** consider

152

1 **forsworn** perjured, an oath-breaker

2 **to…swearing** in swearing love to me

3 **act** the sexual act **bed-vow** marriage vow

4 **new…bearing** i.e., you tear up a new contract of love (to me) by saying that you hate me (or “…by saying that you hate me now that you have yet another lover”—if this is the sense then **bearing** suggests bearing the weight of the new lover’s body during sex)

7 **misuse** mistreat/slander/deceive/exploit sexually

9 **of…kindness** about your profound generosity (also suggests an accommodating vagina)

11 **enlighten** illuminate, make fairer

13 **eye** puns on “I”

14 **foul** loathsome/sinful/dirty, dark

153

1 **Cupid** Roman god of love, often depicted carrying a **brand** or flaming torch with which to inflame passion

2 **Dian** i.e., Diana, Roman goddess of chastity

3 **steep** dip

4 **of that ground** nearby

6 **dateless** eternal **still to endure** lasting forever

7 **grew** became **prove** find

8 **strange** unfamiliar/foreign (perhaps syphilis, variously thought to have come from Italy, France or the New World; steam baths were a form of treatment) **sovereign** excellent/healing

9 **new-fired** rekindled

10 **boy** i.e., Cupid **for trial** to test (it) **needs would** had to **touch my breast** i.e., inflame my heart

11 **withal** with it **help of bath** steam baths used in treating syphilis

12 **hied** hurried **distempered** diseased

154

1 **little Love-god** i.e., Cupid; this sonnet tells the same tale as Sonnet 153

2 **heart-inflaming brand** flaming torch used to kindle love

5 **votary** devotee

7 **general** i.e., Cupid, commander of **hot desire**

12 **men diseased** i.e., with syphilis, for which steam baths were a treatment

thrall slave **FINIS** the end

A SCENE FOR *SIR THOMAS MORE*

Since no manuscripts survive for any of Shakespeare’s printed plays (they were probably thrown out or used as waste paper after the printers had set the plays into type), the four handwritten pages that he contributed to a play entitled *Sir Thomas More* rank among the most important dramatic manuscripts extant. One page of the manuscript is reproduced in the plates section, and we here present an exact transcription (based upon fresh examination of the manuscript in the British Library) followed by a modernized version.

The original script of *Sir Thomas More*, written by Anthony Munday in the early 1590s, was rejected by the Master of the Revels, the government censor, who instructed the acting company to “Leave out the insurrection wholly and the cause thereof and begin with Sir Thomas More at the mayor’s sessions with a report afterwards of his good service done being sheriff of London upon a mutiny against the Lombards only by a short report and not otherwise at your own perils.” In the wake of the censor’s objections and threats, it appears that the manuscript was shelved until nearly a decade later when a number of dramatists—including Shakespeare, Henry Chettle, Thomas Dekker, and Thomas Heywood—were called in as “play doctors” to revise the original.

Shakespeare’s participation in the project was not particularly interactive: it seems that he did not even know the names of the characters in the play, for he uses the place-holder speech heading “other” in several places, and the individual characters’ names were subsequently inserted by a theatrical scribe. Shakespeare apparently regarded his scene as a rough draft, known in the period by the descriptive term “foul papers.” The draft ends abruptly on the final page with a single speech heading “all” but no further dialogue.

As the unique example of a Shakespearean rough draft, the More manuscript offers a fascinating view of the playwright at work. Heminge and Condell’s claim in their preface to the First Folio that “we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers” is called into question by the many instances here of Shakespeare changing his mind in the act of composition: altering “watrie” to “sorry” (line 9), “theise” to “the” (63), “helpe” to “advauntage” (67), “and” to “w^t” (71), “warrs” to “hurly” (109), “sayeng” to “alas alas” (118) and “their” to “yo^r” (133). Shakespeare’s figurative fingerprints, if not his literal ones, appear throughout: the unusual spellings “a leven” (1–2), “argo” (5), “scilens” (46), “deule” (49), “adicion” (114) and “elaments” (132) are found in the manuscript and in Shakespeare’s printed texts but rarely elsewhere in the literature of the period. Interestingly, the phrases “peace scilens” (46), “bloody tymes” (62) and “woold feed on on[e] another” (83) are also unique to Shakespeare.

The *More* manuscript provides the opportunity for analysis of Shakespeare’s handwriting, through which several anomalies in the early printed texts can be resolved. For instance, an examination of “nature” in line 122 (see Plate) reveals Shakespeare’s tendency to close up his manuscript *u*, making it indistinguishable from his manuscript *a*. This explains why Gertrude is spelled “Gertrad” in the Second Quarto *Hamlet*. Moreover, the *u/a* confusion combined with Shakespeare’s idiosyncratic spelling of “devil” as “deule” explains the curious line in the Second Quarto *Hamlet:* “The spirit that I haue seene may be a deale, and the deale hath power t’assume a pleasing shape.”

Unfortunately, a nineteenth-century attempt to preserve the manuscript by pasting tracing paper over it backfired: the tracing paper darkened with age and now obscures much of the first page. In places where the manuscript has deteriorated, the present transcription relies upon a transcript made in 1844, and brackets those readings; boldfaced readings are alterations introduced by the theatrical scribe.

Eric Rasmussen

KEY FACTS

AUTHORSHIP: The first draft of the play was written by Anthony Munday, perhaps in collaboration with Henry Chettle, and the original sixteen-page manuscript is in Munday’s hand. Paleographic and stylistic analysis suggests that the playwrights who worked on the revised version included Chettle, Shakespeare, Thomas Dekker, and Thomas Heywood.

PLOT: The apprentices of London are up in arms against foreigners in the city—who they believe have been accorded preferential treatment—and plan to massacre the “aliens” on May Day. A Sergeant-at-Arms, the Lord Mayor, and the Earls of Surrey and Shrewsbury have little success in their attempts to calm the mob, but the insurgents are prepared to listen to Sir Thomas More, the Sheriff of London, who appears to have established himself as a popular figure. More’s eloquent arguments ultimately succeed in stemming the tide of the insurrection.

DATE: The original play was probably composed in 1592–93, the years in which “libels” against foreigners were frequently posted throughout London in an attempt to incite violence against them. (The playwright Christopher Marlowe was suspected by the authorities of having written one of these libels.) Stylistic evidence, and the contribution of the younger dramatists Dekker and Heywood, suggest that the revisions date from around 1600–04. Thomas Goodale, an actor named in one of the other “additions,” was with the Lord Chamberlain’s Men by 1597–98.

SOURCE: Holinshed’s *Chronicles* (1587) provides an account of the May Day riot of 1517. Although the historical More failed to quell the insurrection, he did petition King Henry VIII to obtain a pardon for the insurgents.

A Scene for *Sir Thomas More* – Transcription of the Manuscript

[Folio 7v]

Enter Lincoln · Doll · Clown · Georg betts williamson others And A sergaunt at armes

[Folio 8r]

Lincolne Peace heare me, he that will not see [a red] hearing at a harry grote, butter at a levenpence a pou[nde, meal at] nyne shillings a Bushell and Beeff at fower nob[les a stone, lys]t to me

~~other~~ Geo bett yt will Come to that passe yf strain[gers be su]fferd mark him

Linco our Countrie is a great eating Country, argo they eate more in our Countrey then they do in their owne

~~other~~ betts clow by a half penny loff a day troy waight

Linc they bring in straing rootes, which is meerly to the vndoing of poor prentizes, for whats ~~a watrie~~ a sorry psnyp to a good hart

~~oth~~ william trash trash,: they breed sore eyes and tis enough to infect the Cytty w^{t} the palsey

~~Lin~~ nay yt has infected yt w^{t} the palsey, for theise basterds of dung as you knowe they growe in Dvng haue infected vs, and yt is our infeccion will make the Cytty shake which ptly Coms through the eating of psnyps

~~o~~ Clown betts trewe and pumpions togeather

Enter

seriant what say y[o^{u}] to t[he] mercy of the king do yo^{u} refuse yt

Lin yo^{u} w[oo]ld haue [vs] vppon thipp woold yo^{u} no marry do we not, we accept of the kings mercy but wee will showe no mercy vppō the straingers

seriaunt yo$_{u}$ ar the simplest things that eu’ stood in such a question

now prenty

Lin how say yo^u prentisses symple downe wth him
all prentisses symple prentisses symple
Enter the L maier Surrey
Shrewsbury
~~Sher~~ Maior hold in the kings name hold
Surrey frends masters Countrymen
mayer peace how peace I ~~sh~~ Charg yo^u keep the peace
Shro my masters Countrymen
~~Sher~~ williamson The noble Earle of Shrewsbury letts hear him
Ge betts weele heare the Earl of Surrey
Linc the earle of Shrewsbury betts weele heare both
betts weele heare both
all both both both both
Linc Peace I say peace ar yo^u men of Wisdome ~~qar or~~ what ar yo^u
Surr ~~But~~ what yo^u will haue them but not men of Wisdome
all weele not heare my L of Surrey, ~~all~~ no no no no
Shrewsbury shr
moor whiles they ar ore the banck of their obedyenc thus will they bere downe all things
Linc Shreiff moor speakes shall we heare shreef moor speake
Doll Letts heare him a keepes a plentyfull shrevaltry, and a made my Brother Arther watchin[s] Seriant Safes yeoman lets heare shreeve moore
all Shreiue moor moor more Shreue moore

[Folio 8v]

moor [ev]en by the rule yo^u haue among yo^r sealues Comand still audience
all [S]urrey Sury
all moor moor
Lincolne betts peace peace scilens peace
moor Yo^u that haue voyce and Credyt w^t the mv nvmber Comaund them to a ftilnes
Lincolne a plaigue on them they will not hold their peace the deule Cannot rule them

moor Then what a rough and ryotous charge haue yo^{u}
to Leade those that the deule Cannot rule good masters heare me speake

Doll I byth mas will we moor thart a good howskeeper and I
thanck thy good worship for my Brother Arthur watchins

all peace peace

moor look what yo^{u} do offend yo^{u} Cry vppō
that is the peace; not [on] of yo^{u} heare present
had there such fellowes lyvd when yo^{u} wer babes
that coold haue topt the p[ea]ce, as nowe yo^{u} woold
the peace wherin yo^{u} haue till nowe growne vp
had bin tane from yo^{u}, and the bloody tymes
coold not haue brought yo^{u} to ~~theise~~ the state of men
alas poor things what is yt yo^{u} haue gott
although we graunt yo^{u} geat the thing yo^{u} seeke

~~D~~ Bett marry the removing of the straingers w^{ch} cannot choose but
much ~~helpe~~ advauntage the poor handycraftes of the Cytty

moor graunt them remoued and graunt that this yo^{r} ~~y~~ noyce
hath Chidd downe all the matie of Ingland
ymagin that yo^{u} see the wretched straingers
w^{t}
their babyes at their backs, ~~and~~ their poor lugage
plodding tooth ports and costs for transportacion
and that yo^{u} sytt as kings in your desyres
aucthoryty quyte sylenct by yo^{r} braule
and yo^{u} in ruff of yo^{r} ~~yo~~ opynions clothd
what had yo^{u} gott.,. Ile tell yo^{u}, yo^{u} had taught
how insolenc and strong hand shoold prevayle
how orderd shoold be quelld, and by this patterne
not on of yo^{u} shoold lyve an aged man
for other ruffians as their fancies wrought
wth sealf same hand sealf reasons and sealf right
woold shark on yo^{u} and men lyke ravenous fishes
woold feed on on another

Doll before god thats as trewe as the gospell
~~Betts~~ lincoln nay this a sound fellowe I tell yoᵘ lets mark him
moor Let me sett vp before yoʳ thoughts good freinds
on supposytion, which if yoᵘ will marke
yoᵘ shall pceaue howe horrible a shape
your ynnovation beres, first tis a sinn
which oft thappostle did forwarne vs of vrging obedienc to aucthory[ty]
and twere ~~in~~ no error yf I told yoᵘ all yoᵘ wer in armes gainst [god]

[Folio 9r]

all marry god forbid that
moo nay certainly yoᵘ ar
for to the king god hath his offyc lent
of dread of Iustyce, power and Comaund
hath bid him rule, and willd yoᵘ to obay
and to add ampler matie to this
he god hath not le only lent the king his figure
&
his ~~throne~~ his sword, but gyven him his own name
calls him a god on earth, what do yoᵘ then
rysing gainst him that god himsealf enstalls
but ryse gainst god, what do yoᵘ to yoʳ fowles
in doing this o desperat ~~ar~~ as you are.
wash your foule mynds wᵗ teares and those same hands
that yoᵘ lyke rebells lyft against the peace
lift vp for peace, and your vnreuerent knees
~~that~~ make them your feet to kneele to be forgyven
~~is safer warrs, then euer yoᵘ can make~~
~~in in to yoʳ obedienc~~
~~whose discipline is ryot, why euen yoʳ warrs hurly~~
tell me but this
~~cannot pceed but by obedienc what rebell captaine~~
n
as mutyes ar incident, by his name

can still the rout who will obay ~~th~~ a traytor
or howe can well that pclamation sounde
when ther is no adicion but a rebell
to quallyfy a rebell, youle put downe straingers
kill them cutt their throts possesse their howses
and leade the matie of lawe in liom
~~alas alas~~
to flipp him lyke a hound; ~~sayeng~~ say nowe the king
as he is clement,. yf thoffendor moorne
shoold so much com to short of your great trespas
[.]as but to banysh yo^{u}, whether woold yo^{u} go·
what Country by the nature of yo^{r} error
shoold gyve you harber go yo^{u} to ffraunc or flanders
to any Iarman pvince, ~~to~~ spane or portigall
nay any where ~~why yo^{u}~~ that not adheres to Ingland
why yo^{u} must needs be straingers., woold yo^{u} be pleasd
to find a nation of such barbarous temper
that breaking out in hiddious violence
would not afoord yo^{u}, an abode on earth
whett their detested knyves against yo^{r} throtes
spurne yo^{u} lyke doggs, and lyke as yf that god
owed not nor made not yo^{u}, nor that the elaments
yo^{r}
wer not all appropriat to ~~their~~ Comforts.
but Charterd vnto them, what woold yo^{u} thinck
to be thus vsd, this is the straingers case
and this your montanish inhumanity

all faith a saies trewe letts vs do as we may be doon by

~~all~~ Linco weele be ruld by yo^{u} master moor yf youle stand our freind to pcure our pdon

~~moor~~ Submyt yo^{u} to theise noble gentlemen
entreate their mediation to the kinge
gyve vp yo^{r} sealf to forme obay the maiestrat
and thers no doubt, but mercy may be found yf yo^{u} so seek [yt]

[Folio 9v]

all

A Scene for *Sir Thomas More* – Modernized Version

Enter Lincoln, Doll, Clown, George Betts, Williamson, others [a crowd of armed Prentices[*]*]* ***More could enter here***

LINCOLN Peace, hear me! He that will not see a red herring at a Harry groat,[2] butter at eleven pence a pound, meal[3] at nine shillings a bushel and beef at four nobles[4] a stone, list to me.

GEORGE BETTS It will come to that pass if strangers[5] be suffered.[6] Mark him.

LINCOLN Our country is a great eating country: *argo*,[7] they eat more in our country than they do in their own.

CLOWN By a halfpenny loaf a day — troy weight.[10]

LINCOLN They bring in strange roots,[11] which is merely to the undoing of poor prentices, for what's a sorry parsnip to a good heart?[13]

WILLIAMSON Trash, trash! They breed sore eyes[14] and 'tis enough to infect the city with the palsy.[15]

LINCOLN Nay, it has infected it with the palsy, for these bastards of dung — as you know, they grow in dung — have infected us: and it is our infection[18] will make the city shake,[19] which partly comes through the eating of parsnips.

CLOWN True, and pumpkins together.

Enter a Sergeant-at-Arms

SERGEANT What say you to the mercy of the king?
Do you refuse it?

LINCOLN You would have us upon th'hip,[24] would you? No, marry,[25] do we not. We accept of the king's mercy, but we will show no mercy upon the strangers.

SERGEANT You are the simplest[28] things that ever stood in[29] such a question.

LINCOLN How say you now, ***To the Prentices*** prentices? 'Prentices simple'? Down with him!

ALL Prentices simple? Prentices simple!

Enter Lord Mayor, Surrey, Shrewsbury ***More could enter here***

LORD MAYOR Hold,[33] in the king’s name, hold!

SURREY Friends, masters,[34] countrymen—

LORD MAYOR Peace ho, peace! I charge you keep the peace.

SHREWSBURY My masters, countrymen—

WILLIAMSON The noble Earl of Shrewsbury, let’s hear him.

GEORGE BETTS We’ll hear the Earl of Surrey.

LINCOLN The Earl of Shrewsbury.

GEORGE BETTS We’ll hear both.

ALL Both, both, both, both!

LINCOLN Peace, I say, peace! Are you men of wisdom, or what are you?

SURREY What[46] you will have them, but not men of wisdom.

ALL We’ll not hear my Lord of Surrey! No, no, no, no, no! Shrewsbury, Shrewsbury!

MORE Whiles they are[50] o’er the bank of their obedience
Thus will they bear down all things.

LINCOLN Sheriff More speaks! Shall we hear Sheriff
More speak?

DOLL Let’s hear him. A[54] keeps a plentiful shrievaltry, and a made my brother, Arthur Watchins,[55] Sergeant Safe’s yeoman.[56] Let’s hear Sheriff More.

ALL Sheriff More! More, More, Sheriff More!

MORE Even by the rule you have among yourselves,
Command still audience![59]

ALL [***part of the mob***] Surrey, Surrey!

ALL [***another part of the mob***] More, More!

LINCOLN ***and* GEORGE BETTS** Peace, peace, silence, peace!

MORE You that have voice[64] and credit with the number,
Command them to a stillness.

LINCOLN A plague on them, they will not hold their peace.
The devil cannot rule them!

MORE Then what a rough and riotous ***To Lincoln*** charge[68] have you,
To lead those that the devil cannot rule.—
Good masters, hear me speak. ***To the Prentices***

DOLL Ay, by th’mass will we, More. Thou’rt a good housekeeper,[72] and I thank thy good worship for my brother Arthur Watchins.

ALL Peace, peace!

MORE Look what[75] you do offend you cry upon,
That is the peace. Not one of you here present
Had there such fellows lived when you were babes
That could have topped[78] the peace as now you would,
The peace wherein you have till now grown up
Had been ta’en from you, and the[80] bloody times
Could not have brought you to the state of men.
Alas, poor things, what is it you have got
Although we grant[83] you get the thing you seek?

GEORGE BETTS Marry, the removing of the strangers, which cannot choose but much advantage the poor handicrafts[86] of the city.

MORE Grant[87] them removed, and grant that this your noise
Hath chid down[88] all the majesty of England.
Imagine that you see the wretched strangers,
Their babies at their backs, with their poor luggage
Plodding to th’ports and coasts for transportation,
And that you sit as kings in your desires,
Authority quite silenced by your brawl
And you in ruff of your opinions clothed.
What had you got? I’ll tell you: you had taught
How insolence and strong hand[96] should prevail,
How order should be quelled, and by this pattern
Not one of you should live an agèd man,
For other ruffians, as[99] their fancies wrought
With selfsame hand, self[100] reasons and self right,
Would shark on[101] you, and men like ravenous fishes
Would feed on one another.

DOLL Before God, that’s as true as the gospel.

LINCOLN Nay, this’[104] a sound fellow, I tell you: let’s mark him.

MORE Let me set up before your thoughts, good friends,
One supposition, which if you will mark
You shall perceive how horrible a shape

Your innovation[109] bears: first, ’tis a sin
Which oft th’apostle[110] did forewarn us of,
Urging obedience to authority.
And ’twere no error if I told you all
You were in arms gainst God.
ALL Marry, God forbid that!
MORE Nay, certainly you are,
For to the king God hath his office[116] lent
Of dread,[117] of justice, power and command,
Hath bid him rule, and willed you to obey.
And to add ampler majesty to this,
He hath not only lent the king his figure,[120]
His throne and sword, but given him his own name,
Calls him a god on earth. What do you then,
Rising gainst him that God himself installs,
But rise gainst God? What do you to your souls
In doing this? O, desperate as you are,
Wash your foul[126] minds with tears, and those same hands
That you like rebels lift against the peace
Lift up[128] for peace, and your unreverent knees,
Make them your feet. To kneel to be forgiven
Is safer wars than ever you can make
Whose discipline is riot.
In,[132] in, to your obedience! Why, even your hurly
Cannot proceed but by obedience.
Tell me but this: what rebel captain,
As mut’nies are incident,[135] by his name
Can still the rout?[136] Who will obey a traitor?
Or how can well that proclamation sound
When there is no addition[138] but ‘a rebel’
To qualify a rebel? You’ll put down[139] strangers,
Kill them, cut their throats, possess[140] their houses,
And lead the majesty of law in lyam[141]
To slip[142] him like a hound. Alas, alas! Say now the king,
As he is clement[143] if th’offender mourn,
Should so much come too short of your great trespass

As but[145] to banish you. Whither would you go?
What country, by the nature of your error,
Should give you harbour? Go you to France or Flanders,
To any German province, Spain or Portugal —
Nay, anywhere that not adheres to[149] England —
Why, you must needs[150] be strangers. Would you be pleased
To find a nation of such barbarous[151] temper
That breaking out in hideous violence
Would not afford you an abode on earth,
Whet their detested knives against your throats,
Spurn[155] you like dogs, and like as if that God
Owed[156] not nor made not you nor that the elements
Were[157] not all appropriate to your comforts
But chartered[158] unto them? What would you think
To be thus used?[159] This is the strangers' case,
And this your mountainish inhumanity.

ALL Faith, a says true. Let's do as we may be done by.

LINCOLN We'll be ruled by you, Master More, if you'll stand[164] our friend to procure our pardon.

MORE Submit you to these noble gentlemen,
Entreat their mediation to the king,
Give up yourself to form,[167] obey the magistrate,
And there's no doubt but mercy may be found,
If you so seek it.

ALL

Textual Notes

MS = unique manuscript of The Book of Sir Thomas More (signatures 8r–9v)
Ed = a correction introduced by a later editor

21 SD *Sergeant-at-Arms* = Ed. *Placed at the opening direction in* MS **48** *Although the theatrical scribe deleted Shakespeare's "all" in the middle of this line, the dramatist may have intended that the first half of the line be spoken by part of the mob, with the second half spoken by the other* **97 order** = Ed. MS = orderd **130 Is…obedience** *these lines were deleted by the* *theatrical scribe who then interlined* “tell me but this” **160 mountainish** = MS. Some editors read momtanish and suggest a possible form of Mohammetanish, meaning “un-Christian”

* ***Prentices*** apprentices

2 **a Harry groat** fourpenny coin minted in the reign of Henry **VIII**

3 **meal** flour **bushel** when applied to flour, a measure of weight of varying quantities

4 **nobles** gold coins worth a third of a pound **stone** measure of weight usually equivalent to about fourteen pounds **list** listen

5 **strangers** foreigners

6 **suffered** tolerated **Mark** pay attention to

7 ***argo*** i.e., *ergo* (Latin for "therefore")

10 **troy weight** (according to) the standard system for weighing bread

11 **strange roots** foreign vegetables (Lincoln seems to confuse **parsnips** with the newly imported potato) **merely** entirely

13 **heart** fine fellow

14 **sore eyes** symptom of syphilis (perhaps suggested by phallic shape of **parsnips**)

15 **palsy** paralysis or weakness, often accompanied by shaking

18 **infection** perhaps suggestive of plague

19 **shake** i.e., become weakened/agitate, mutiny

24 **upon th'hip** at a disadvantage (wrestling term)

25 **marry** by the Virgin Mary

28 **simplest** most foolish

29 **stood in** remained resolute over/took a stand against, fought over **question** issue/cause for dispute

33 **Hold** desist, stop

34 **masters** sirs

46 **What** whatever

50 **are…of** have flooded

54 **A…shrievaltry** he is a generous sheriff **shrievaltry** either role of or term of office as sheriff

55 **Watchins** like **Safe**, a name suggestive of law enforcement; Watchins may be part of the watch, the group of men responsible for maintaining order in the streets

56 **yeoman** assistant

59 **audience** hearing, attention

64 **voice** influence, authority **credit** trust/reputation **number** crowd, multitude

68 **charge** task, responsibility

72 **housekeeper** hospitable, generous person

75 **what** that which **cry upon** shout about, call for

78 **topped** shouted down/mutilated

80 **the…men** things would have been so violent that you would not have survived to adulthood

83 **Although we grant** even if

86 **handicrafts** craftsmen, artisans

87 **Grant** suppose, imagine

88 **chid down** scolded into submission

96 **strong hand** force, (illegal) violence

99 **as…wrought** according to the workings of their particular whims

100 **self** same

101 **shark on** prey on, devour

104 **this’** this is

109 **innovation** riot, commotion (may pick up on fancies to suggest also “novelty, new fashion”)

110 **th’apostle** i.e., Paul, who states, in Romans 13:1–6, that kings are God’s ministers on earth

116 **office** role and responsibilities

117 **dread** awe and reverence

120 **figure** image, likeness

126 **foul** sinful/dirty

128 **Lift up** i.e., in prayer

132 **In…obedience!** i.e., go home obediently/be bound by your obedience

hurly turmoil, riot

135 **incident** common, liable to happen

136 **rout** mob/riot

138 **addition** title/mark of honor

139 **put down** suppress/kill

140 **possess** seize (legal term)

141 **lyam** a leash for hounds

142 **slip** unleash, set loose

143 **clement** merciful **mourn** repent

145 **but** merely

149 **not adheres to** is not part of

150 **needs** of necessity
151 **barbarous** savage, violent/foreign
155 **Spurn** kick
156 **Owed** owned
157 **Were…appropriate** did not belong
158 **chartered** belonged as a privilege
159 **used** treated
164 **stand** remain
167 **form** formal procedure

SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS:
A Conjectural Chronology

Probable Date: 1589-91
Work and Authorship: Possible authorship of at least one scene in Arden of Faversham, a domestic tragedy (involvement of Thomas Kyd and/or Christopher Marlowe has also been proposed)
Evidence for Date: Play is based on a story in 1587 edition of Holinshed's Chronicles; registered for publication Apr. 1592
First Publication and Relationship of Texts: Anonymous Quarto 1592. Not in Folio. Assigned to Shakespeare in a printer's catalogue of 1656. Not included in this edition
Probable Date: 1589–92
Work and Authorship: *The Taming of the Shrew*
Evidence for Date: Assumed on stylistic grounds to be early work; references to villages around Stratford-upon Avon may suggest that Shakespeare had not long been a London resident at time ofwriting; if anonymous Quarto Taming of a Shrew (published 1594) is a version rather than a source, then predates plague closure of 1592–94
First Publication and Relationship of Texts: Folio 1623, though bears some relation to anonymous 1594 Quarto *Taming of a Shrew*
Probable Date: 1589–92
Work and Authorship: Possible authorship of Countess of Salisbury scenes and perhaps one battle scene in Edward the Third, a history play mostly by an anonymous coauthor
Evidence for Date: Registered for publication Dec. 1595; Armada allusions suggest early 1590s; ballad based on Countess scenes registered for publication Mar. 1593
First Publication and Relationship of Texts: Anonymous Quarto 1596. Not in Folio. Assigned to Shakespeare in a printer's catalogue of 1656. Not included in this edition
Probable Date: 1591

Work and Authorship: *The Second Part of Henry the Sixth*, originally called *The First Part of the Contention betwixt the Two Famous Houses of York and Lancaster*. Element of coauthorship possible
Evidence for Date: A line in its sequel was parodied in 1592. Registered for publication Mar. 1594
First Publication and Relationship of Texts: Quarto version 1594, reprinted 1600 and, with *True Tragedy*, 1619. Folio 1623 (major variations)
Probable Date: 1591
Work and Authorship: *The Third Part of Henry the Sixth*, originally called *The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York*. Element of coauthorship probable
Evidence for Date: Parodied 1592
First Publication and Relationship of Texts: Octavo version 1595, reprinted 1600 and, with *Contention*, 1619. Folio 1623 (major variations)
Probable Date: 1591–92
Work and Authorship: *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*
Evidence for Date: Mentioned by Francis Meres 1598; stylistically related to works of John Lyly, suggesting early 1590s
First Publication and Relationship of Texts: Folio 1623
Probable Date: 1591–92; perhaps revised 1594
Work and Authorship: *The Lamentable Tragedy of Titus Andronicus*, probably cowritten with, or revising an earlier version by, George Peele
Evidence for Date: Performed Jan. 1594. Title page may imply performance by two earlier companies, suggesting a version (Peele's?) in existence prior to plague closure of 1592–93
First Publication and Relationship of Texts: Quarto 1594, reprinted 1600, 1611. Folio 1623 (one additional scene)
Probable Date: 1592
Work and Authorship: *The First Part of Henry the Sixth*, probably with Thomas Nashe and others
Evidence for Date: Performed Mar. 1592, apparently marked as "new"; praised by Nashe later that year
First Publication and Relationship of Texts: Folio 1623
Probable Date: 1592 or 1594
Work and Authorship: *King Richard the Third*

Evidence for Date: Closely related to 3 *Henry VI*. 1592 suggested by flattering portraits of Stanley and Pembroke, whose descendants were patrons of the acting companies Shakespeare seems to have been associated with at this time; some scholars, however, date to 1594, immediately after theaters reopened when plague abated, so perhaps written as first play for newly formed Chamberlain's Men, with Burbage as Richard
First Publication and Relationship of Texts: Quarto version 1597, reprinted 1598, 1602, 1605, 1612, 1622. Folio 1623 (major variations)
Probable Date: 1593
Work and Authorship: *Venus and Adonis* [long narrative poem]
Evidence for Date: Registered for publication Apr. 1593; poetry written when theaters were closed due to plague
First Publication and Relationship of Texts: Quarto 1593, reprinted 1594, 1595?, 1596, 1599, 1599, 1602?, 1602, 1602, 1617 (by a considerable margin, Shakespeare's bestseller in print)
Probable Date: 1593–94
Work and Authorship: *The Rape of Lucrece* [long narrative poem]
Evidence for Date: Registered for publication May 1594; dedication indicates written after Venus; poetry written when theaters were closed due to plague
First Publication and Relationship of Texts: Quarto 1594, reprinted 1598, 1600, 1600, 1607, 1616
Probable Date: 1593–1608
Work and Authorship: Sonnets [154 poems] possible authorship of *A Lover's Complaint* [narrative poem in form of elegiac monologue]
Evidence for Date: Registered for publication May 1609. Vogue for sonnets was at height around time of 1592–94 plague closures; Meres knew of some by 1598; others may date from early 1600s; Sonnet 107 apparently alludes to Queen Elizabeth's recent death (spring 1603). Analysis of rare words suggests that 1–103 and 127–54 may date from the 1590s, 104– 26 from after 1600
First Publication and Relationship of Texts: Two sonnets included in The *Passionate Pilgrim* 1599. Whole sequence, with *A Lover's Complaint*, 1609. Date of *Lover's Complaint* unknown: vocabulary has been linked to plays of 1603–05 such as *All's Well*, but Shakespeare's authorship has been strongly challenged, so not included in this edition

Probable Date: 1594
Work and Authorship: *The Comedy of Errors*
Evidence for Date: Performed at Gray’s Inn Dec. 1594
First Publication and Relationship of Texts: Folio 1623
Probable Date: 1595
Work and Authorship: *Love’s Labour’s Lost*
Evidence for Date: Possibly alludes to Christmas 1594 Gray’s Inn revels; performed at court Christmas 1597
First Publication and Relationship of Texts: Quarto 1598, reprinted Folio 1623; there seems to have been an earlier Quarto that is now lost (Folio has minor editorial changes)
Probable Date: 1595–97
Work and Authorship: *Love’s Labour’s Won*, either a lost play or the original title for another comedy, e.g. *Much Ado*, *As You Like It* or *All’s Well*
Evidence for Date: Mentioned by Meres 1598
First Publication and Relationship of Texts: Edition is mentioned in bookseller’s catalogue of 1603, all copies lost
Probable Date: 1595–96
Work and Authorship: *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*
Evidence for Date: Weather references suggest 1595–96; close links with *Romeo*
First Publication and Relationship of Texts: Quarto 1600, reprinted 1619, Folio 1623 (minor editorial changes, deriving from theater)
Probable Date: 1595–96
Work and Authorship: *The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet*
Evidence for Date: Includes part for Will Kempe, who joined Lord Chamberlain’s Men in 1594; first edition assigns to “Lord Hunsdon’s Men” (the name of Shakespeare’s company from Jul. 1596 to Aug. 1597); astrological allusions and earthquake reference may suggest composition in 1595–96; close links with *Dream*
First Publication and Relationship of Texts: Quarto version 1597 (corrupt text). Quarto 1599, reprinted 1609, 1622, Folio 1623 (minor editorial changes; prologue missing from Folio)
Probable Date: 1595–96
Work and Authorship: *King Richard the Second*

Evidence for Date: Influenced by Daniel's *Civil Wars* (published early 1595); registered for publication Aug. 1597; style closer to "lyrical" plays (*Romeo*, *Dream*) than earlier histories; described by Shakespeare's company in early 1601 as "old and long out of use"
First Publication and Relationship of Texts: Quarto 1597 (with deposition scene censored out), reprinted 1598 (twice), 1608 (this and subsequent editions included the deposition scene), 1615, Folio 1623 (with editorial changes and better printing of deposition)
Probable Date: 1595–97, possibly earlier
Work and Authorship: *The Life and Death of King John*
Evidence for Date: Mentioned by Meres 1598; close relationship to two-part *King John* play published 1591, but stylistically closer to later histories
First Publication and Relationship of Texts: Folio 1623
Probable Date: 1596–97
Work and Authorship: *The First Part of Henry the Fourth*
Evidence for Date: Registered for publication Feb. 1598; name of Oldcastle probably changed to Falstaff either during months when William Brooke, Lord Cobham, was Lord Chamberlain (Aug. 1596– Mar. 1597) or following suppression of playing (Jul.–Oct. 1597) caused by inflammatory *Isle of Dogs*
First Publication and Relationship of Texts: Quarto 1598 (two printings, one of them lost save for a few sheets), reprinted 1599, 1604, 1608, 1613, 1622, Folio 1623 (minor editorial changes)
Probable Date: 1597–98
Work and Authorship: *The Second Part of Henry the Fourth*
Evidence for Date: Registered for publication Aug. 1600; must follow *1 Henry IV* and precede *Henry V*, which is datable to early 1599
First Publication and Relationship of Texts: Quarto 1600, reprinted Folio 1623 (minor but complex alterations)
Probable Date: 1598
Work and Authorship: *Much Ado About Nothing*
Evidence for Date: Late 1598: not mentioned by Meres but includes part for Kempe, who left company by early 1599
First Publication and Relationship of Texts: Quarto 1600, reprinted Folio 1623
Probable Date: 1598–99

Work and Authorship: *The Passionate Pilgrim* [collection of twenty poems attributed to W. Shakespeare; five definitely by Shakespeare, four by other authors, eleven of uncertain attribution]
Evidence for Date: First edition (title page lost) published some time after Sep. 1598; second edition published 1599; Poems 1 and 2 are version of sonnets published in the 1609 collection; the three other definitely Shakespearean poems are from *Love's Labour's Lost*
First Publication and Relationship of Texts: Octavo 1598–99, reprinted 1599, then reprinted 1612 with additional poems by Thomas Heywood (a practice to which Heywood and apparently Shakespeare objected). Not included in this edition
Probable Date: 1599
Work and Authorship: *The Life of Henry the Fifth*
Evidence for Date: Registered for publication Aug. 1600; not mentioned by Meres in Sep. 1598; choruses apparently written during Earl of Essex's Irish campaign (Mar.–Sep. 1599)
First Publication and Relationship of Texts: Quarto 1600 (corrupt text), reprinted 1602, 1619. Folio 1623 (major variations)
Probable Date: 1599
Work and Authorship: "To the Queen"
Evidence for Date: Written for court performance of 20 Feb. 1599
First Publication and Relationship of Texts: Not printed in Shakespeare's lifetime
Probable Date: 1599
Work and Authorship: *As You Like It*
Evidence for Date: Registered for publication Aug. 1600; "all the world's a stage" may allude to Globe Theatre, built 1599; includes apparent allusions to Marlowe and his death, as described in a book of 1599
First Publication and Relationship of Texts: Folio 1623
Probable Date: 1599
Work and Authorship: *The Tragedy of Julius Caesar*
Evidence for Date: Performed at Globe Sep. 1599; not mentioned by Meres 1598
First Publication and Relationship of Texts: Folio 1623
Probable Date: 1600–01
Work and Authorship: *The Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*

Evidence for Date: Registered for publication Jul. 1602 as “lately acted”; allusion to acting of Julius Caesar’s death suggests written soon after that play; apparently known to Gabriel Harvey before execution of Essex in Feb. 1601; “little eyases” passage about boy actors probably added in 1601; an earlier *Hamlet* play was extant by 1589 (a few commentators have associated this with Shakespeare, but *Hamlet* is not in Meres’ 1598 list of plays)

First Publication and Relationship of Texts: Quarto version 1603 (corrupt text). Quarto 1604–05. Folio 1623 (substantial cuts and variations)

Probable Date: 1600–01 (perhaps revising version of 1597–99)

Work and Authorship: *The Merry Wives of Windsor*

Evidence for Date: Registered for publication Jan. 1602; must postdate *1 Henry IV*; not mentioned by Meres in 1598; a version may have been performed at Garter festivities in 1597 or 1599

First Publication and Relationship of Texts: Quarto version 1602 (corrupt text), reprinted 1619. Folio 1623 (major variations)

Probable Date: 1600–03

Work and Authorship: Probable authorship of riot-quelling scene for *Sir Thomas More*, a play originally by Anthony Munday, with other revisions by Henry Chettle, Thomas Dekker, and Thomas Heywood

Evidence for Date: Original version may be as early as 1592; additions, including Shakespearean scene, almost certainly date from several years later (Thomas Goodale, an actor named in one of the other additions, was with the Lord Chamberlain’s Men by about 1597)

First Publication and Relationship of Texts: No early printed edition; manuscript not published until 1844. “Hand D” additions believed by most scholars to be only extant manuscript in Shakespeare’s own hand. This scene only included in this edition

Probable Date: 1601

Work and Authorship: “Let the Bird of Loudest Lay,” known since 1807 as “The Phoenix and Turtle” (turtledove) [short elegiac poem]

Evidence for Date: In a collection published in honor of John Salusbury’s knighthood, Jun. 1601, among a group of poems by Marston, Jonson, and Chapman, who were active around this time; has been connected to events of Feb. 1601

First Publication and Relationship of Texts: Published in Robert Chester, *Love's Martyr*, 1601
Probable Date: 1601
Work and Authorship: *Twelfth Night*, or *What You Will*
Evidence for Date: Performed at Middle Temple Feb. 1602; not mentioned by Meres 1598; alludes to Anthony Sherley's visit to the Persian Sophy (1598–1601) and to a map first published in 1599; parodies Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels* (late 1600–early 1601) and is apparently alluded to in his *Poetaster*, 1601
First Publication and Relationship of Texts: Folio 1623
Probable Date: 1601–02
Work and Authorship: *The Tragedy of Troilus and Cressida*
Evidence for Date: Registered for publication Feb. 1603; indebted to Chapman's Homer, published 1598; seems to postdate Jonson's *Poetaster*, performed 1601
First Publication and Relationship of Texts: Quarto 1609. Folio 1623 (major variations)
Probable Date: 1604
Work and Authorship: *The Tragedy of Othello, the Moor of Venice*
Evidence for Date: Performed at court Nov. 1604; apparently uses Knolles' *History of the Turks*, published late 1603; probably postdates plague closure of May 1603–Apr. 1604
First Publication and Relationship of Texts: Quarto 1622. Folio 1623 (major alterations and additional passages)
Probable Date: 1604
Work and Authorship: *Measure for Measure*
Evidence for Date: Performed at court Dec. 1604; probably written after plague closure of May 1603– April 1604
First Publication and Relationship of Texts: Folio 1623, in a version that may include elements of post- Shakespearean theatrical alteration, perhaps by Thomas Middleton
Probable Date: 1605
Work and Authorship: *All's Well That Ends Well*
Evidence for Date: No firm evidence for date, though not mentioned by Meres 1598; close links to *Measure for Measure*, so may well have been

written after plague closures of May 1603– Apr. 1604 and May–Sep. 1604; since not in court season of late 1604, probably written in 1605
First Publication and Relationship of Texts: Folio 1623
Probable Date: 1605
Work and Authorship: *The Life of Timon of Athens*, probably with Thomas Middleton
Evidence for Date: No firm evidence for date or performance; some resemblances between Timon and Lear
First Publication and Relationship of Texts: Folio 1623
Probable Date: 1605–06
Work and Authorship: *The Tragedy of King Lear*
Evidence for Date: Performed at court Dec. 1606; draws on earlier *Leir* play (published 1605); seems to refer to eclipses of Sep. and Oct. 1605; borrows from books by Samuel Harsnett and John Florio published 1603
First Publication and Relationship of Texts: Quarto version 1608, reprinted 1619. Folio 1623 (very major alterations, additions and cuts)
Probable Date: 1605–08
Work and Authorship: Possible authorship of one or more of *The Four Plays in One* (lost), perhaps with Thomas Middleton and others
Evidence for Date: *All's One, or One of the Four Plays in One, called A Yorkshire Tragedy as it was played by the King's Majesty's Players*, based on a pamphlet published in 1605, registered May 1608
First Publication and Relationship of Texts: *A Yorkshire Tragedy written by W. Shakespeare* Quarto 1608, reprinted 1619, added to second issue of Third Folio 1664; not included in this edition, now attributed to Middleton
Probable Date: 1606
Work and Authorship: *The Tragedy of Macbeth*
Evidence for Date: Compliments King James; performed at Globe in Apr. 1611 and perhaps at court in Aug. or Dec. 1606; local allusions suggest written soon after trial of Gunpowder Plot conspirators (Jan.–Mar. 1606); the ship Tiger, mentioned in Act 1 Scene 3, sailed for the east in 1604 and returned after a terrible voyage in the summer of 1606
First Publication and Relationship of Texts: Folio 1623, with probable additions by Thomas Middleton
Probable Date: 1606–07
Work and Authorship: *The Tragedy of Antony and Cleopatra*

Evidence for Date: Registered for publication May 1608; apparently seen by Barnabe Barnes before summer 1607; perhaps performed at court Christmas 1606 or 1607

First Publication and Relationship of Texts: Folio 1623

Probable Date: 1608

Work and Authorship: *The Tragedy of Coriolanus*

Evidence for Date: No firm evidence for date; probably indebted to Camden's *Remains* (1605); may allude to great frost of winter 1607–08; alluded to in Jonson's *Epicoene* (1609); theaters closed for plague most of time from Jul. 1606 to Feb. 1610, so may belong to open period Apr.–Jul. 1608

First Publication and Relationship of Texts: Folio 1623

Probable Date: 1608

Work and Authorship: *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, with George Wilkins

Evidence for Date: Registered for publication May 1608; Wilkins' *Painfull Adventures of Pericles*, cashing in on success of play, published 1608; performance seen by Venetian and French ambassadors, probably between Apr. and Jul. 1608

First Publication and Relationship of Texts: Quarto 1609 (corrupt text), reprinted 1609, 1612, 1619. Not in Folio 1623, perhaps for copyright reasons; added to second issue of Third Folio 1664

Probable Date: 1610

Work and Authorship: *The Tragedy of Cymbeline*

Evidence for Date: Performed at Globe Apr. 1611; apparently postdates Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster* (1608–10); probably belongs to period when theaters were reopened in spring 1610 after long period of plague closure; perhaps performed at court during winter 1610–11

First Publication and Relationship of Texts: Folio 1623

Probable Date: 1611

Work and Authorship: *The Winter's Tale*

Evidence for Date: Performed at Globe May 1611; dance of satyrs apparently borrows from a court entertainment of Jan. 1611; performed at court Nov. 1611

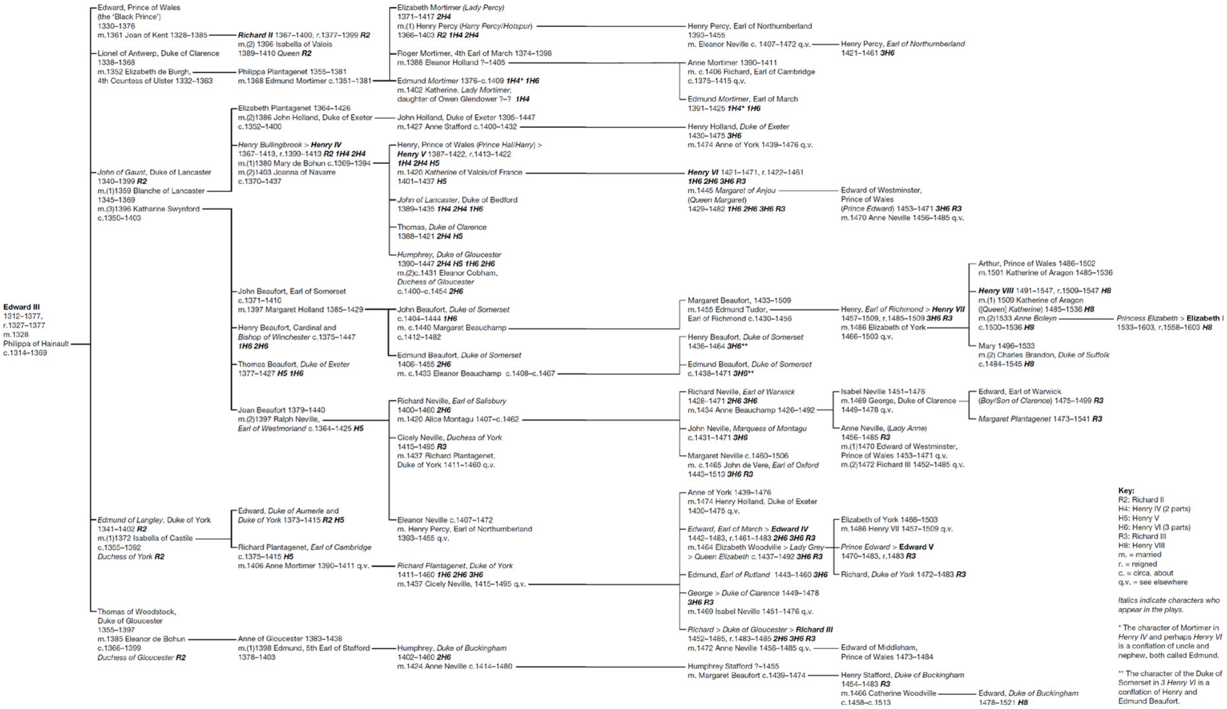
First Publication and Relationship of Texts: Folio 1623

Probable Date: 1611

Work and Authorship: *The Tempest*

Evidence for Date: Performed at court Nov. 1611; indebted to sources not available before late 1610
First Publication and Relationship of Texts: Folio 1623
Probable Date: 1612–13
Work and Authorship: *Cardenio*, with John Fletcher, a lost play
Evidence for Date: Performed at court May and Jul. 1613; based on translation of *Don Quixote* published 1612
First Publication and Relationship of Texts: Registered for publication Sep. 1653 as by Shakespeare and Fletcher, but not published; adaptation deriving from theater manuscript published by Lewis Theobald in 1728 as *Double Falsehood*
Probable Date: 1613
Work and Authorship: *Henry VIII (All is True)*, with John Fletcher
Evidence for Date: Performed at Globe Jun. 1613 (when the theater burned down); recorded at this time as a new play, acted no more than two or three times before
First Publication and Relationship of Texts: Folio 1623
Probable Date: 1613–14
Work and Authorship: *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, with John Fletcher
Evidence for Date: Morris dance borrowed from a Beaumont masque of Feb. 1613; prologue apparently alludes to Globe fire of Jun. 1613; alluded to by Jonson in *Bartholomew Fair* (first performed Oct. 1614)
First Publication and Relationship of Texts: Quarto 1634, by “William Shakespeare and John Fletcher”; reprinted in Beaumont and Fletcher Second Folio 1679

THE HOUSES OF YORK AND LANCASTER: A Genealogy


Edward III 1312–1377, r.1327–1377 m.1328 Philippa of Hainault c.1314–1369
Edward, Prince of Wales (the 'Black Prince') 1330–1376 m.1361 Joan of Kent 1328–1385
Richard II 1367–1400, r.1377–1399 R2 m.(2) 1396 Isabella of Valois 1389–1410 Queen R2
Lionel of Antwerp, Duke of Clarence 1338–1368 m.1352 Elizabeth de Burgh, 4th Countess of Ulster 1332–1363
Philippa Plantagenet 1355–1381 m.1368 Edmund Mortimer c.1351–1381
Elizabeth Mortimer (Lady Percy) 1371–1417 2H4 m.(1) Henry Percy (Harry Percy/Hotspur) 1366–1403 R2 1H4 2H4
Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland 1393–1455 m. Eleanor Neville c. 1407–1472 q.v.
Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland 1421–1461 3H6
Roger Mortimer, 4th Earl of March 1374–1398 m.1388 Eleanor Holland ?–1405
Anne Mortimer 1390–1411 m. c.1406 Richard, Earl of Cambridge c.1375–1415 q.v.
Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March 1391–1425 1H4* 1H6
Edmund Mortimer 1376–c.1409 1H4* 1H6 m.1402 Katherine, Lady Mortimer, daughter of Owen Glendower ?–? 1H4
John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster 1340–1399 R2 m.(1)1359 Blanche of Lancaster 1345–1369 m.(3)1396 Katharine Swynford c.1350–1403
Elizabeth Plantagenet 1364–1426 m.(2)1386 John Holland, Duke of Exeter c.1352–1400
John Holland, Duke of Exeter 1395–1447 m.1427 Anne Stafford c.1400–1432
Henry Holland, Duke of Exeter 1430–1475 3H6 m.1474 Anne of York 1439–1476 q.v.
Henry Bullingbrook > Henry IV 1367–1413, r.1399–1413 R2 1H4 2H4 m.(1)1380 Mary de Bohun c.1369–1394 m.(2)1403 Joanna of Navarre c.1370–1437
Henry, Prince of Wales (Prince Hal/Harry) > Henry V 1387–1422, r.1413–1422 1H4 2H4 H5 m.1420 Katherine of Valois/of France 1401–1437 H5
Henry VI 1421–1471, r.1422–1461 1H6 2H6 3H6 R3 m.1445 Margaret of Anjou (Queen Margaret) 1429–1482 1H6 2H6 3H6 R3
Edward of Westminster, Prince of Wales (Prince Edward) 1453–1471 3H6 R3 m.1470 Anne Neville 1456–1485 q.v.
John of Lancaster, Duke of Bedford 1389–1435 1H4 2H4 1H6
Thomas, Duke of Clarence 1388–1421 2H4 H5
Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester 1390–1447 2H4 H5 1H6 2H6 m.(2)c.1431 Eleanor Cobham, Duchess of Gloucester c.1400–c.1454 2H6
John Beaufort, Earl of Somerset c.1371–1410 m.1397 Margaret Holland 1385–1429
John Beaufort, Duke of Somerset c.1404–1444 1H6 m. c.1440 Margaret Beauchamp c.1412–1482
Margaret Beaufort, 1433–1509 m.1455 Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond c.1430–1456
Henry, Earl of Richmond > Henry VII 1457–1509, r.1485–1509 3H6 R3 m.1486 Elizabeth of York 1466–1503 q.v.
Arthur, Prince of Wales 1486–1502 m.1501 Katherine of Aragon 1485–1536
Henry VIII 1491–1547, r.1509–1547 H8 m.(1) 1509 Katherine of Aragon ([Queen] Katherine) 1485–1536 H8 m.(2)1533 Anne Boleyn c.1500–1536 H8
Princess Elizabeth > Elizabeth I 1533–1603, r.1558–1603 H8
Mary 1496–1533 m.(2) Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk c.1484–1545 H8
Henry Beaufort, Cardinal and Bishop of Winchester c.1375–1447 1H6 2H6
Edmund Beaufort, Duke of Somerset 1406–1455 2H6 m. c.1433 Eleanor Beauchamp c.1408–c.1467
Henry Beaufort, Duke of Somerset 1436–1464 3H6**
Edmund Beaufort, Duke of Somerset c.1438–1471 3H6**
Thomas Beaufort, Duke of Exeter 1377–1427 H5 1H6
Joan Beaufort 1379–1440 m.(2)1397 Ralph Neville, Earl of Westmorland c.1364–1425 H5
Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury 1400–1460 2H6 m.1420 Alice Montagu 1407–c.1462
Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick 1428–1471 2H6 3H6 m.1434 Anne Beauchamp 1426–1492
Isabel Neville 1451–1476 m.1469 George, Duke of Clarence 1449–1478 q.v.
Edward, Earl of Warwick (Boy/Son of Clarence) 1475–1499 R3
Margaret Plantagenet 1473–1541 R3
Anne Neville, (Lady Anne) 1456–1485 R3 m.(1)1470 Edward of Westminster, Prince of Wales 1453–1471 q.v. m.(2)1472 Richard III 1452–1485 q.v.
John Neville, Marquess of Montagu c.1431–1471 3H6
Margaret Neville c.1460–1506 m. c.1465 John de Vere, Earl of Oxford 1443–1513 3H6 R3
Cicely Neville, Duchess of York 1415–1495 R3 m.1437 Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York 1411–1460 q.v.
Eleanor Neville c.1407–1472 m. Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland 1393–1455 q.v.
Edmund of Langley, Duke of York 1341–1402 R2 m.(1)1372 Isabella of Castile c.1355–1392 Duchess of York R2
Edward, Duke of Aumerle and Duke of York 1373–1415 R2 H5
Richard Plantagenet, Earl of Cambridge c.1375–1415 H5 m.1406 Anne Mortimer 1390–1411 q.v.
Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York 1411–1460 1H6 2H6 3H6 m.1437 Cicely Neville, 1415–1495 q.v.
Anne of York 1439–1476 m.1474 Henry Holland, Duke of Exeter 1430–1475 q.v.
Edward, Earl of March > Edward IV 1442–1483, r.1461–1483 2H6 3H6 R3 m.1464 Elizabeth Woodville > Lady Grey > Queen Elizabeth c.1437–1492 3H6 R3
Elizabeth of York 1466–1503 m.1486 Henry VII 1457–1509 q.v.
Prince Edward > Edward V 1470–1483, r.1483 R3
Richard, Duke of York 1472–1483 R3
Edmund, Earl of Rutland 1443–1460 3H6
George > Duke of Clarence 1449–1478 3H6 R3 m.1469 Isabel Neville 1451–1476 q.v.
Richard > Duke of Gloucester > Richard III 1452–1485, r.1483–1485 2H6 3H6 R3 m.1472 Anne Neville 1456–1485 q.v.
Edward of Middleham, Prince of Wales 1473–1484
Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester 1355–1397 m.1385 Eleanor de Bohun c.1366–1399 Duchess of Gloucester R2
Anne of Gloucester 1383–1438 m.(1)1398 Edmund, 5th Earl of Stafford 1378–1403
Humphrey, Duke of Buckingham 1402–1460 2H6 m.1424 Anne Neville c.1414–1480
Humphrey Stafford ?–1455 m. Margaret Beaufort c.1439–1474
Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham 1454–1483 R3 m.1466 Catherine Woodville c.1458–c.1513
Edward, Duke of Buckingham 1478–1521 H8
Key:
R2: Richard II
H4: Henry IV (2 parts)
H5: Henry V
H6: Henry VI (3 parts)
R3: Richard III
H8: Henry VIII
m. = married
r. = reigned
c. = circa, about
q.v. = see elsewhere
Italics indicate characters who appear in the plays.
* The character of Mortimer in Henry IV and perhaps Henry VI is a conflation of uncle and nephew, both called Edmund.
** The character of the Duke of Somerset in 3 Henry VI is a conflation of Henry and Edmund Beaufort.

To download a PDF of this chart, click here.

KINGS AND QUEENS OF ENGLAND: From the History Plays to Shakespeare’s Lifetime

	Lifespan	Reign
Angevins:		
Henry II	1133–1189	1154–1189
Richard I	1157–1199	1189–1199
John	1166–1216	1199–1216
Henry III	1207–1272	1216–1272
Edward I	1239–1307	1272–1307
Edward II	1284–1327	1307–1327 deposed
Edward III	1312–1377	1327–1377
Richard II	1367–1400	1377–1399 deposed
Lancastrians:		
Henry IV	1367–1413	1399–1413
Henry V	1387–1422	1413–1422
Henry VI	1421–1471	1422–1461 and 1470–1471
Yorkists:		
Edward IV	1442–1483	1461–1470 and 1471–1483
Edward V	1470–1483	1483 not crowned: deposed and assassinated
Richard III	1452–1485	1483–1485
Tudors:		
Henry VII	1457–1509	1485–1509
Henry VIII	1491–1547	1509–1547
Edward VI	1537–1553	1547–1553
Jane	1537–1554	1553 not crowned: deposed and executed
Mary I	1516–1558	1553–1558
Philip of Spain	1527–1598	1554–1558 coregent with Mary
Elizabeth I	1533–1603	1558–1603
Stuart:		
James I	1566–1625	1603–1625 James VI of Scotland (1567–1625)

THE HISTORY BEHIND THE HISTORIES: A Chronology

Date: May 22, 1200
Event: Truce between King John and Philip Augustus
Location: Le Goulet, Normandy
Play: *King John*
Date: Apr. 1203
Event: Death of Arthur
Location: Rouen
Play: *King John*
Date: 1209
Event: Pope Innocent III excommunicates King John
Play: *King John*
Date: Oct. 18/19, 1216
Event: Death of King John
Location: Swineshead, Lincolnshire
Play: *King John*
Date: Apr.–Sep. 1398
Event: Quarrel, duel, and exile of Bolingbroke and Mowbray
Location: Coventry
Play: *Richard II*
Date: Feb. 3, 1399
Event: Death of John of Gaunt
Location: Leicester
Play: *Richard II*
Date: Jul. 1399
Event: Bullingbrook lands in England
Location: Ravenspur, Yorkshire
Play: *Richard II*
Date: Aug. 1399
Event: Richard II captured by Bullingbrook

Location: Wales
Play: *Richard II*
Date: Sep. 30, 1399
Event: Richard II abdicates
Location: London
Play: *Richard II*
Date: Oct. 13, 1399
Event: Coronation of Henry IV
Location: London
Play: *Richard II*
Date: Jan.–Feb. 1400
Event: Death of Richard II
Location: Pontefract Castle
Play: *Richard II*
Date: Jun. 22, 1402
Event: Owen Glendower captures Edmund Mortimer
Location: Bryn Glas, Wales
Play: *1 Henry IV*
Date: Sep. 14, 1402
Event: Henry Percy defeats Scottish army
Location: Homildon Hill, Yorkshire
Play: *1 Henry IV*
Date: Jul. 21, 1403
Event: Battle of Shrewsbury; death of Henry Percy (Hotspur)
Location: Battlefield, near Shrewsbury, Shropshire
Play: *1 & 2 Henry IV*
Date: Feb. 1405
Event: Tripartite Indenture between Owen Glendower, Edmund Mortimer, and Northumberland (Henry Percy)
Location: Bangor
Play: *Henry IV*
Date: May–Jun. 1405
Event: Rebellion of Archbishop of York (Richard Scroop), Earl of Norfolk (Thomas Mowbray) and Lord Bardolph
Location: Yorkshire
Play: *2 Henry IV*

Date: Jun. 8, 1405
Event: Trial and execution of Archbishop of York and Earl of Norfolk
Location: York
Play: *2 Henry IV*
Date: Mar. 20, 1413
Event: Death of Henry IV
Location: Westminster Abbey
Play: *2 Henry IV*
Date: Apr. 9, 1413
Event: Coronation of Henry V
Location: Westminster Abbey
Play: *2 Henry IV*
Date: c.1415–16?
Event: Death of Owen Glendower
Location: Wales?
Play: *2 Henry IV*
Date: Early Aug. 1415
Event: Execution of Earl of Cambridge, Lord Scroop and Sir Thomas Grey
Location: Southampton
Play: *Henry V*
Date: Aug. 14–Sep. 22, 1415
Event: Siege of Harfleur
Location: Harfleur, Normandy
Play: *Henry V*
Date: Oct. 25, 1415
Event: Battle of Agincourt
Location: Agincourt, Pas de Calais
Play: *Henry V*
Date: Aug. 31, 1422
Event: Death of Henry V
Location: Bois de Vincennes, near Paris
Play: *1 Henry VI*
Date: Jan. 18, 1425
Event: Death of Edmund Mortimer
Location: Ireland
Play: *1 Henry VI*

Date: Oct. 1428–May 1429
Event: Siege of Orléans
Location: Orléans
Play: *1 Henry VI*
Date: Oct. 17 1428
Event: Death of Lord Salisbury
Location: Orléans
Play: *1 Henry VI*
Date: Jun. 18, 1429
Event: Capture of Lord Talbot at battle of Patay
Location: Patay, near Orléans
Play: *1 Henry VI*
Date: Jul. 18, 1429
Event: Coronation of Charles VII
Location: Rheims Cathedral
Play: *1 Henry VI*
Date: Nov. 6, 1429
Event: Coronation of Henry VI as King of England
Location: Westminster Abbey
Play: [*1 Henry VI*]
Date: May 23, 1430
Event: Capture of Joan of Arc
Location: Compiégne, near Soissons
Play: *1 Henry VI*
Date: May 30, 1431
Event: Execution of Joan of Arc
Location: Saint-Ouen, near Paris
Play: *1 Henry VI*
Date: Dec. 16, 1431
Event: Coronation of Henry VI as King of France
Location: Notre Dame Cathedral, Paris
Play: *1 Henry VI*
Date: Sep. 14, 1435
Event: Death of Duke of Bedford
Location: Rouen
Play: *1 Henry VI*

Date: Summer–Autumn 1441
Event: Arrest and trial of Eleanor Cobham and accomplices
Location: London
Play: *2 Henry VI*
Date: May 20, 1442
Event: Lord Talbot created Earl of Shrewsbury
Location: Paris
Play: *2 Henry VI*
Date: Apr. 23, 1445
Event: Marriage of Henry VI and Margaret of Anjou
Location: Titchfield, Hampshire
Play: *2 Henry VI*
Date: Feb. 23, 1447
Event: Death of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester
Location: Bury St. Edmunds
Play: *2 Henry VI*
Date: Apr. 11, 1447
Event: Death of Cardinal Beaufort
Location: Winchester
Play: *2 Henry VI*
Date: May 2, 1450
Event: Death of Earl of Suffolk
Location: English Channel
Play: *2 Henry VI*
Date: Jun.–Jul. 1450
Event: Rebellion of Jack Cade
Location: Kent and London
Play: *2 Henry VI*
Date: Spring 1452
Event: Richard, Duke of York, marches on London
Location: London
Play: *2 Henry VI*
Date: Jul. 17, 1453
Event: Death of Lord Talbot at battle of Cantillon
Location: Cantillon, Gascony
Play: *1 Henry VI*

Date: May 22, 1455
Event: First battle of St. Albans
Location: St. Albans, Hertfordshire
Play: *2 Henry VI*
Date: Jul. 10, 1460
Event: Battle of Northampton
Location: Northampton
Play: [*3 Henry VI*]
Date: Oct. 1460
Event: Richard, Duke of York, holds Parliament
Location: London
Play: *3 Henry VI*
Date: Dec. 30, 1460
Event: Battle of Wakefield
Location: Wakefield, Yorkshire
Play: *3 Henry VI*
Date: Feb. 2, 1461
Event: Battle of Mortimer’s Cross
Location: Near Wigmore, Herefordshire
Play: *3 Henry VI*
Date: Mar. 29, 1461
Event: Battle of Towton
Location: Near Tadcaster, Yorkshire
Play: *3 Henry VI*
Date: Jun. 28, 1461
Event: Coronation of Edward IV
Location: Westminster Abbey
Play: *3 Henry VI*
Date: May 1, 1464
Event: Marriage of Edward IV and Elizabeth Woodville
Location: Northamptonshire
Play: *3 Henry VI*
Date: Jul. 1465
Event: Henry VI captured
Location: Lancashire
Play: *3 Henry VI*

Date: Jul. 26, 1469
Event: Battle of Edgecote Moor
Location: Near Banbury, Oxfordshire
Play: *3 Henry VI*
Date: Oct. 1470–Apr./ May 1471
Event: Readeption (restoration) of Henry VI
Location: London
Play: *3 Henry VI*
Date: Apr. 14, 1471
Event: Battle of Barnet; death of Warwick
Location: Barnet, near London
Play: *3 Henry VI*
Date: May 4, 1471
Event: Battle of Tewkesbury; death of Edward, Prince of Wales
Location: Tewkesbury, Gloucestershire
Play: *3 Henry VI*
Date: May 21, 1471
Event: Death of Henry VI
Location: Tower of London
Play: *3 Henry VI*
Date: Jul. 12, 1472
Event: Marriage of Richard, Duke of Gloucester, to Anne
Location: Westminster Abbey
Play: *Richard III*
Date: Feb. 18, 1478
Event: Death of Duke of Clarence
Location: Tower of London
Play: *Richard III*
Date: Apr. 9, 1483
Event: Death of Edward IV
Location: Westminster
Play: *Richard III*
Date: Jun. 1483
Event: Death of Lord Hastings
Location: Tower of London
Play: *Richard III*

Date: Jul. 6, 1483
Event: Coronation of Richard III
Location: Westminster Abbey
Play: *Richard III*
Date: Nov. 2, 1483
Event: Death of Duke of Buckingham
Location: Salisbury
Play: *Richard III*
Date: Mar. 16, 1485
Event: Death of Queen Anne
Location: Westminster
Play: *Richard III*
Date: Aug. 22, 1485
Event: Battle of Bosworth Field
Location: Leicestershire
Play: *Richard III*
Date: Oct. 30, 1485
Event: Coronation of Henry VII
Location: Westminster Abbey
Play: [*Richard III*]
Date: Jan. 18, 1486
Event: Marriage of Henry VII and Elizabeth of York
Location: Westminster Abbey
Play: [*Richard III*]
Date: Jun. 1520
Event: Meeting of Henry VIII and Francis I
Location: “Field of the Cloth of Gold,” near Calais, France
Play: [*Henry VIII*]
Date: May 17, 1521
Event: Death of Duke of Buckingham
Location: Tower Hill, London
Play: *Henry VIII*
Date: Nov. 29, 1530
Event: Death of Wolsey
Location: Leicester
Play: *Henry VIII*

Date: Jan. 25, 1533
Event: Marriage of Henry VIII and Anne Bullen (Boleyn)
Location: Whitehall
Play: *Henry VIII*
Date: Jun. 1, 1533
Event: Coronation of Anne Bullen (Boleyn)
Location: Westminster Abbey
Play: *Henry VIII*
Date: Sep. 7, 1533
Event: Birth of Princess Elizabeth
Location: Greenwich Palace
Play: *Henry VIII*
Date: Sep. 10, 1533
Event: Christening of Princess Elizabeth
Location: Greenwich Palace
Play: *Henry VIII*

THE HISTORY BEHIND THE TRAGEDIES: A Chronology

Era/Date: Greek myth
Event: Trojan War
Location: Troy
Play: *Troilus and Cressida*
Era/Date: Greek myth
Event: Theseus King of Athens
Location: Athens
Play: *The Two Noble Kinsmen*
Era/Date: c. tenth–ninth century BC?
Event: Leir King of Britain (legendary)
Location: Britain
Play: *King Lear*
Era/Date: 535–510 BC
Event: Tarquin II King of Rome
Location: Rome
Play: *The Rape of Lucrece*
Era/Date: 493 BC
Event: Caius Martius captures Corioli
Location: Italy
Play: *Coriolanus*
Era/Date: 431–404 BC
Event: Peloponnesian war
Location: Greece
Play: *Timon of Athens*
Era/Date: Mar. 17, 45 BC
Event: Battle of Munda: Caesar’s victory over Pompey’s sons
Location: Munda, Spain
Play: *Julius Caesar*
Era/Date: Oct. 45 BC

Event: Caesar returns to Rome for triumph
Location: Rome
Play: *Julius Caesar*
Era/Date: Mar. 15, 44 BC
Event: Assassination of Caesar
Location: Rome
Play: *Julius Caesar*
Era/Date: Nov. 27, 43 BC
Event: Formation of Second Triumvirate
Location: Rome
Play: *Julius Caesar*
Era/Date: Oct. 42 BC
Event: Battle of Philippi
Location: Philippi, Macedonia
Play: *Julius Caesar*
Era/Date: Winter 41–40 BC
Event: Antony visits Cleopatra
Location: Egypt
Play: *Antony and Cleopatra*
Era/Date: Oct. 40 BC
Event: Pact of Brundisium; marriage of Antony and Octavia
Location: Italy
Play: *Antony and Cleopatra*
Era/Date: 39 BC
Event: Pact of Misenum between Pompey and the triumvirs
Location: Campania, Italy
Play: *Antony and Cleopatra*
Era/Date: 39–38 BC
Event: Ventidius defeats the Parthians in a series of engagements
Location: Syria
Play: *Antony and Cleopatra*
Era/Date: 34 BC
Event: Cleopatra and her children proclaimed rulers of the eastern Mediterranean
Location: Alexandria
Play: *Antony and Cleopatra*

Era/Date: Sep. 2, 31 BC
Event: Battle of Actium
Location: On the coast of western Greece
Play: *Antony and Cleopatra*
Era/Date: Aug. 30 BC
Event: Death of Antony
Location: Alexandria
Play: *Antony and Cleopatra*
Era/Date: Aug. 12, 30 BC
Event: Death of Cleopatra
Location: Alexandria
Play: *Antony and Cleopatra*
Era/Date: Early first century AD
Event: Cunobelinus/Cymbeline rules Britain (and dies before AD 43)
Location: Britain
Play: *Cymbeline*
Era/Date: During the reign of a fictional (late?) Roman emperor
Location: Rome
Play: *Titus Andronicus*
Era/Date: c. ninth–tenth century AD
Event: Existence of legendary Amleth?
Location: Denmark
Play: *Hamlet*
Era/Date: Aug. 15, 1040
Event: Death of Duncan I of Scotland
Location: Bothnguane, Scotland
Play: *Macbeth*
Era/Date: 1053
Event: Malcolm invades Scotland
Location: Scotland
Play: *Macbeth*
Era/Date: Aug. 15, 1057
Event: Death of Macbeth
Location: Lumphanan, Scotland
Play: *Macbeth*
Era/Date: Oct. 7, 1571

Event: Naval battle of Lepanto between Christians and Turks
Location: The Mediterranean, off the coast of Greece
Play: A context for *Othello*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

We are immensely grateful to our distinguished international Advisory Board for reading material and making invaluable comments and suggestions, often at very short notice. For their lessons in the art of editing, Eric Rasmussen owes a huge personal debt to David Bevington, and Jonathan Bate to Richard Proudfoot and Stanley Wells.

Jonathan Bate wishes to express special thanks to the team for sustaining the edition during the exceptionally difficult months when his young daughter Ellie was seriously ill. The editors and the RSC wish to thank everyone at Random House (notably Judy Sternlight, Vincent La Scala, Richard Elman, Jane von Mehren, Benjamin Dreyer), Palgrave Macmillan (Sam Burridge, Paula Kennedy, Tim Fox, Vicky Capstick) and Chase Publishing Services (Ray Addicott, Tracey Day) for the breathtaking speed and quality of the production process.

Paula Byrne and Tom and Ellie Bate endured a permanently closed study door with heroic forbearance and good humor, while Harry Bate obligingly remained in the womb a few extra days to allow for the delivery of the final Folio plays, then proved himself an exemplary baby during the writing of the general introduction. With bemused understanding, Vicky Hines and Tristan and Arden Rasmussen put up with a husband and father who persisted in collating First Folio texts in the most unlikely of venues (including a Wimbledon queue, a Venetian vaporetto, and a sea-turtle nesting beach).

Both Jonathan Bate and the Royal Shakespeare Company owe a huge debt to Andrew Wylie, literary agent extraordinaire, for making the deal happen. Kate Horton coordinated RSC input into the edition with great aplomb, with Helen Robson undertaking picture research.

Jonathan Bate is grateful to the British Academy for a small grant toward the cost of research assistance in collating and checking textual variants.

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